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J A W S I I

Final Draft Screenplay

by

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## JAWS II

FADE IN

1 UNDERWATER - SEA BOTTOM - DAY

1

A pair of divers, one in a black suit and one wearing orange, search for lobster in the nooks and crannies of a rock formation. Black Suit carries a camera with strobe light. Orange Suit has a canvas bag clipped to his belt. He flushes out a large lobster and holds it up...an admiring "Hmmm!" from Black Suit, who brings up his camera and focuses. A funny pose with the lobster and -- flash! -- Black Suit takes the shot, and moves off to try another spot -- and gives another "Hmmm!" -- there's a length of heavy rope, frayed and overgrown with algae. It leads across the bottom. They follow it through rocks...and suddenly the bottom is no longer there. The rope cascades down, disappearing in the gloom beyond the lip of a cliff. They check their depth gauges, surprised to find this sudden dropoff leading down to God knows where. They follow the line down. Seaweed hangs from a ruined metal barrel strung on the line. They proceed further down ---

2 THE ORCA

2

The line is leading them to a hulking shape...its outline clearer now...a sunken boat! A battered, algae-covered wreck, lying on its side in the depth. The gentle back-and-forth of the water sways a forest of eelgrass and creaks the cables of the rigging. Excited hums and whinnies from the divers, and Black Suit rubs at the green muck on the prow, revealing the boat's name: ORCA! Animated nods and gestures -- they recognize it, and what a find, and salvage rights for the two of them! Clowning elatedly, Orange Suit turns a somersault, then whips out his knife and begins to scratch their claim on the hull.

Black Suit moves off alone to explore their prize. The slant of the deck is disorienting. He swims into the dark entrance to the cabin. Scratching noises from the knife are amplified in the water. Junk floats against the cabin ceiling.

Orange Suit finishes writing "CLAIMED BY J. MONATO & M. LAUB." He looks around for his friend and doesn't see him. Swimming over the wreck he looks into the broken windows of the cabin. Something's moving in the darkness. He enters through the window. The lid of a hatch swings soundlessly back and forth. Light from the cabin door barely penetrates the dark chamber. No sign of his buddy. Silence except for his breathing and the soft steady creaking of metal rigging. He fins toward the open door and suddenly, lurching in his face, is Black Suit, screaming wildly. He's found a huge skillet, several bottles of soda, and some booze.

Orange Suit grabs the liquor and indicates it's time to go back up. As they rise slowly, he mimes (for his buddy's camera) drinking from the bottle -- and accidentally drops it. Groaning, he swims quickly down, snatching it before it lands. A flash goes off and he turns smiling up into the camera, and there he sees to his horror, his buddy in the jaws of a Great White, a cloud of blood half-obscuring them. A moment of staring-eyed hesitation and then, knife poised, he fins toward the Shark...which tosses aside the dead man and now swiftly seizes on him...a thrashing, a glimpse of the knife dropping, and the end of him dimly seen through the darkening water.

#### TITLES

- |   |                                                                                                                                                                                                                  |   |
|---|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|
| 3 | EXT. AMITY ROAD - DAY                                                                                                                                                                                            | 3 |
|   | Martin Brody's squad car speeds past the Amity billboard, weather-stained, peeling and flaking in the strong May sunshine. Over the wind we hear snatches of a speech-making voice on a P. A. system.            |   |
| 4 | INT. SQUAD CAR - BRODY                                                                                                                                                                                           | 4 |
|   | has the look of a survivor who will never shake off the memory of what he survived. He passes:                                                                                                                   |   |
| 5 | BEACHSIDE COTTAGES                                                                                                                                                                                               | 5 |
|   | closed and in disrepair. A faded upside-down FOR RENT sign in one of the windows. The o.s. voice continues --                                                                                                    |   |
| 6 | BOARDINGHOUSE                                                                                                                                                                                                    | 6 |
|   | Its only sign of life an old woman, bundled up and sitting on a rocking chair near the steps, her face raised to the sun. The o.s. voice continues --                                                            |   |
| 7 | THE BEACH                                                                                                                                                                                                        | 7 |
|   | No people, just a few stray dogs chasing each other and rooting in the sand. Dominating the beach is a 50-foot-high metal shark tower. As the o.s. voice elicits a distant patter of applause, Brody arrives at: |   |

EXT. SWIMMING POOL AND GROUNDS OF AMITY SHORES

where a ceremony is taking place: above the speech-maker -- Mayor Vaughan -- stretches a banner reading AMITY SHORES, INC. and applauding around the pool are the leading townsmen of Amity and their friends.

Behind Mayor Vaughan is his wife, caught up in the prevailing mood, and their son, Reeves.

The newly-built pool is on the grounds of a housing project in construction. Beyond the buffet table is the high school band.

Prominent at the poolside is Brody's family: his wife Ellen, and his sons Mike (15) and Sean (7) fidgeting. Brody slips through the crowd to join them.

VAUGHAN

And so, before we inaugurate this lovely new swimming facility, I'd like to say, on behalf of my fellow Amity-ites....

BRODY

(simultaneously  
whispering to Ellen)  
Sorry I'm late. I got a call from the Coast Guard.

Ellen slips her arm around him.

VAUGHAN

...how grateful we are to Resort Enterprises and their representative here, our new neighbor Len Peterson ---

Applause and whistles as the man beside him waves acknowledgment. Leonard Peterson, about 50, is an impressive looking man with an air of good-humored irony.

VAUGHAN

-- not just for making this pool available to us, I mean for everything. By casting an eye on our little town and coming to develop Amity Shores here, well, that's going to give us a whole new lease on life -- and after a few of the toughest years this town's ever had, we're not too proud I hope to admit it!

Applause. Next to Brody is a thirtyish gym teacher and skin-diving instructor, Tom Andrews. The Mayor's speech continues in the b.g. as Andrews smiles at Brody and gestures at the pool ---

ANDREWS  
(whispering)  
Perfect, huh?

BRODY  
Two divers from Dutch Harbor are  
missing.

ANDREWS  
Who?

BRODY  
Don't know. The Coast Guard found  
their boat. Beer, some uppers,  
no divers.

ANDREWS  
(already suspicious)  
What was the name of their boat?

BRODY  
The Sea something.

ANDREWS  
The Sea Dart?  
(Brody nods)  
I knew those guys. I dove with  
them once.

Andrews stares somberly into the water; Brody thinking, as:

VAUGHAN  
(continues)  
...and Len estimates that within a  
few months he'll have fifty condo-  
minium units completed and occupied --  
(plows on through  
a smattering of  
applause)  
-- and twice that many again in  
another few months!

More applause. Vaughan continues o.s. as:

BRODY  
(emphatically)  
So you're going to have the kids  
skin-dive here in this pool. Aren't  
you, Tom?

ANDREWS  
Not Mike and his group, they've  
done their pool work. He'll be  
taking his open-water Junior soon.  
Open-water -- you know, in the ocean.

BRODY

In the ocean. Not Mike.

ANDREWS

(shakes his head,  
laughing)

Come on Martin, we went through this  
when you signed the form.

BRODY

In fact, I don't want him diving  
at all.

Brody's son is overhearing, taking it in stride.

ANDREWS

He's the best of my juniors, Mike!  
First-rate diving material!

BRODY

Were your two friends from Dutch  
Harbor first-rate diving material  
too?

ANDREWS

They weren't my friends. A couple  
of spaced out machos. Probably  
stoned and weren't watching their  
air. Maybe got stuck in a cave or  
a net...anything could've happened  
with those guys!

BRODY

With both of them?

Andrews shrugs: yes, conceivably with both of them. Brody  
concedes -- it's possible.

VAUGHAN

(continuing)

-- and next year, God willing,  
another set of fine condominiums,  
real homes for people with fire-  
places, round-the-clock tennis  
courts, an eighteen-hole golf course  
and for some of you younger frisk-  
ier marrieds like the Brodys over  
there and maybe this'll get his  
attention, yes I see it has -- we  
even have plans for -- a jacuzzi!

(Brody joins in  
the general  
laughter.

Ellen pretends  
to blush, covers  
her face)

But seriously, folks, we're gonna  
be back on our feet, we're gonna  
be back on top as a secure family-  
oriented resort community and that's  
why we say

(over crescendo  
of applause, Brody  
clapping too)

Welcome, Amity Shores! We say  
Welcome, Amity Shores!

A fanfare from the band cuts across the applause, and we see  
the town's five Selectmen, in bathrobes, lining up dutifully  
at the other end of the pool, Officer Hendricks beside them.

VAUGHAN

Ready? Okay!

(as they take off  
their robes and  
stand shivering)

Here, to make this opening a hundred  
percent official --

(over whistles  
and laughter)

I give you the Amity Board of  
Selectmen!

HENDRICKS

(raising his  
pistol)

On your mark...get set....

He fires, and they flop in. As they do their laps, the band  
playing a gallop and their fellow townsmen cheering them on,  
we close in on Brody. He's not entertained, he's just looking  
at the splashing arms and legs.

High above the beach, perched atop the fifty-foot shark tower, Brody watches the activity below.

The season's first bathers carefully toe the water. It's still too cold, except for a few hearty souls...like Harry, the old guy from the first picture wearing "one crazy hat," who streaks past to plunge into the icy surf.

Len Peterson, of Amity Shores, Inc., appears at the base of the tower. His Mercedes waits near Brody's squad car with its door open -- someone sits in the front seat.

PETERSON

(calling up)

Chief!

BRODY

Yeah? Oh, hiya Mr. Peterson. You want to see me?

PETERSON

Several potential buyers are coming here on Sunday. I'll be running groups over every weekend.

BRODY

(starts to climb  
down)

Fine, I'll make sure everything's tidied up, no uncollected garbage or anything.

PETERSON

I wonder if this could be taken down?

BRODY

It's permanent.

PETERSON

What do you watch from it? Been nothing for two or three years.

BRODY

Nothing we've been able to see.

PETERSON

That's exactly what it makes people feel.

BRODY

(arriving at  
his side)

If it were up to me, Mr. Peterson,  
I wouldn't only have a watchtower,  
I'd have that water protected with  
a ring of steel from the beach to  
fifty yards out.

(they walk  
toward the  
car)

Wouldn't cost all that much either.  
One-hundred-gauge steel mesh with  
concrete blocks at the bottom.

PETERSON

Any time off for good behavior?

BRODY

I know how it sounds, but I know  
this too...years ago the water  
was full of fish, plenty for sharks  
to eat. Now, fewer fish and the  
water's full of people. Know what  
I mean?

They've reached the beach road. Mayor Vaughan sits in  
Peterson's car.

BRODY

Hi Larry, didn't see you.

VAUGHAN

Staying in here where it's warm.  
Are you still pushing that beach  
plan?? You know we can't afford  
it.

BRODY

I thought he might be interested.

(starting  
for his  
car)

Think it over, Mr. Peterson.

PETERSON

Kind of intense about it, isn't  
he?

VAUGHAN

Don't mind the Chief. He gets  
like that every year at this time.  
You can understand why.

(pause)

He's a good man though, Len.

PETERSON

You don't seem so sure of it.

DISSOLVE TO

8-A-1 EXT. AMITY - DAY - BRODY PATROLS HIS TOWN

8-A-1

He views with mixed feelings signs that spring is further advanced. Trees are blooming, boats are being launched -- among them we notice one with a fresh coat of yellow paint being lowered into the water by Heller. Slipping out of his coat, he greets Brody.

HELLER

Hey, Martin, how you doing? Feel that sun...be summer before you know it...ain't you warm in that thing?

BRODY

No. I like to pretend it's still winter.

CUT TO

9 AMITY STREET - DAY

9

Two teenage bicyclists in "Andover" windbreakers, one of them Reeves Vaughan the Mayor's son, are trying to give Brody an argument as he writes them a citation.

REEVES

We didn't hit anyone.

BRODY

Yet.

REEVES

Be a sport, Chief! My dad'll kill me!

BRODY

I warned you last weekend, Reeves -- no riding on the sidewalk.

(hands him the  
citation)

My regards to the Mayor.

10 EXT. FERRY SLIP - NIGHT

10

Stillness, except for the base thudding of the ferry's engine as it noses in and bumps into place. The doors open and footsteps clang down the gangway. Brody watches the first few tourists of the season stream through pools of light. Summer -- it's beginning.

DISSOLVE TO

11 DOCK - DAY - THE YELLOW BOAT

11

is filling with a party of four, beer, water-skis, and extra five gallon can of gas, fishpoles, lunch. Heller, his wife Dee and another couple have brought enough stuff for a trans-Atlantic crossing in their little boat.

HELLER

(donning a  
nautical cap)  
Stand by to cast off.

DEE

Avast ye swabs! Port to Starboard!  
Yo Ho Heave Ho! Straight as she  
goes ---

HELLER

(breaking out  
the beer)  
-- and a bottle of rum before and  
aft....

This nonsense fades as they chug away from the dock.

CUT TO

12 SEA OFF AMITY - PETERSON'S CABIN CRUISER

12

Heading toward the town...Peterson in a yachting cap, at the controls, splicing to the new group of prospective buyers -- two late-middle-age couples, a thirtyish couple with a Little Girl, and an Elderly Man with an expensive-looking camera.

PETERSON

Over there's the harbor, been in  
use two hundred years, nearly...  
Quite a few sort of antique houses,  
too ---

At the cry of a pelican the Elderly Man looks up and aims his camera.

as he eagerly lines up his shot ---

PETERSON (o.s.)

How's it feel to breathe real air,  
huh?

A chorus of appreciative "mm's."

seen through his viewfinder: it wheels and dives full tilt  
straight down, smashing the water with a crazy suicidal splash  
-- the shutter clicks. The pelican emerges with a fish.

As we follow its circling ascent:

PETERSON (o.s.)

Honey, you want to steer the boat  
awhile?

The pelican dives again...the shutter clicks.

LITTLE GIRL (o.s.)

I don't like boats.

Laughter...the bird comes up with another fish. Another click.  
We following its wheeling again.

PETERSON (o.s.)

She'll learn to like 'em in Amity!  
Little guys her age practically  
live in the water here ---

The pelican dives -- click!

PETERSON (o.s.)

Plenty to do and see for everybody,  
all ages. Well, you know our con-  
cept, let the place speak for  
itself.

Pause...the pelican has not come up...the Little Girl begins  
humming...it still doesn't come up.

He's lowering his camera, looking out to sea, very puzzled,  
as Peterson's boat passes the yellow boat in the mouth of  
the harbor.

As they clear the harbor mouth the other couple drops off the back of the boat with their black Fiberglas water-skis.

WOMAN

Okay, wait, wait, don't start yet.

HELLER

Say when.

DEE

Isn't it too crowded here?

HELLER

Yeah, I'll go over that way.

WOMAN

Watch me now, watch how I get up.

A false start -- she's not very good -- and she's up.

They head out to a deserted stretch of water.

WOMAN

Look, watch this!

Whooping and carrying on, she does a spastic, one-legged ballerina.

MAN

Oh, Boy! That's really -- terrible.

Two pairs of black water-skis leave a frothy trail.

appears in the water behind the skiers.

21 BOAT - DEE

21

is the first to spot it.

DEE  
(stiffens)  
Jesus Christ!

22 ANGLE

22

HELLER  
Shark. A shark!

DEE  
Oh God, do something.

HELLER  
Get them the hell away from it.

He twists the throttle and the little boat jerks forward almost pulling the skiers off balance.

MAN  
Hey! What the hell?

Then he too sees the fin.

At first, they try to outrun it.

WOMAN  
I can't! I'll fall!! Please!  
Please somebody help me.

23 BOAT - HELLER

23

is forced to slow down.

DEE  
Can't we get them aboard?

24 THE SKIERS

24

sink a little in the water as the boat slows.

MAN  
No! We can't stop!!

Heller speeds up. For an eternity the Shark seems content just to follow what is being so appetizingly trolled. They attempt a wide turn to head back toward land...the skiers screaming.

25 BEACH HOUSE DECK - AN OLD LADY  
25

glances up from her book. From where she sits they seem to be having a wonderful time.

26 THE SKIERS

26

try to work their way hand-over-hand to the boat but as they approach safety the wake is too much for the woman and she loses her balance. The Shark strikes her as she falls. She is dragged for a few seconds through the water by the rope, then grabbed by her husband. She clings to him screaming in terror as the Shark hits her again. And again.

27 DEE AND HELLER

27

are crying and flinging clothes, picnic basket, and oar, everything they can lay their hands on at the Shark. He shouts at her to open the extra can of gasoline and pour some on a rag.

The man is doing his best to hang on to his wife, but he's losing her. He brutally takes a turn of her hair around his hand. The Shark, seemingly confident that its victims won't escape, is taking its time. It swims leisurely in for more.

WOMAN  
BILLY! BILLY!

She hugs his legs, begging him for help. The Shark brushes her with its head and drops back a few yards.

On the boat, Dee hysterically slops gas down her legs and on the deck. Heller crams the soaked rag into the mouth of the can.

In the water, the woman's no longer screaming. Billy looks down at her. Her face is a pallid mask. She's no longer aware who her husband is. She's dying. Billy can't stand it, it's too much for him and he loses his balance.

The Shark thrusts its powerful tail, coming in for the kill as Billy cartwheels awkwardly into the water, twisting, hugging, snarling in the tow-line in his pathetic determination to hold on to what is no longer the woman. The line snaps taut pulling his shoulder from its socket, raising a wide cloud of pink spray as they're dragged through the water sideways. No longer content with slashing bites, the Shark's jaws close on the woman and won't let go, its head vibrating from side to side. Billy is strangling in the line ---

Heller lights the soaked rag and heaves the five gallon can at the Shark.

A tremendous explosion of shrapnel, a ball of flame, and the enraged Shark crashes onto the stern of the boat with one side of its head aflame...sending Dee, the gas-soaked deck, and the boat's own tank up in blinding succession leaving nothing but a smoldering, sinking mess to plunge to the bottom.

DISSOLVE TO

28 DUSK - THE AMITY P.D. BOAT

28

is fishing up a few pieces of what remains. A tangle of towline leads across the deck to a body covered with a sheet of black vinyl.

HENDRICKS

(on 2-way)

Yeah, just the one guy who got strangled in the line. Nothing much else to do here, Chief. A few cushions, some miscellaneous. We'll have to drag tomorrow for the others.

29 BEACH HOUSE - DECK - BRODY AND OLD LADY

29

BRODY

(on 2-way)

Better get started tonight.

HENDRICKS (o.s.)

But Chief -- this swell's coming up. And the current's moved everything anyway ---

BRODY

Tonight.

HENDRICKS (o.s.)

(groans)

Roger.

Brody turns back to the Old Lady.

BRODY

So, that's all you saw?

OLD LADY

That's all. One minute they were havin' a heck of a time and the next I know the whole thing just blew to smithereens. Who were they? Off-islanders?

BRODY

No, friends.

CUT TO

30 EXT. BRODY HOUSE - EVENING

30

Glad to be home, Brody turns into his driveway. There is a light from the garage. His sons Mike and Sean and Mike's chubby friend, Andy, are scrubbing a catamaran sailboat. Mike Brody is fifteen, very good-looking and knows it.

BRODY

(slowly getting  
out of his car)  
What the hell is that?

MIKE

Doug let me have it cheap. A beaut isn't it? What's the matter?

BRODY

Nothing.

SEAN

(7 years old)  
That old boat was too small. Mike said we couldn't race with that. I'm going with them.

MIKE

No you aren't.

ANDY

(wears heavy braces)  
The guys run out to the lighthouse and back now, Mr. Brody. He needs this. It's much safer.

MIKE

This will be a racer, and the old boat leaks and I'm paying for this myself.

SEAN

I like it. Don't you like it, Dad?

BRODY  
(turning to go in)  
I don't want to talk about it now.  
I guess at least it's better than  
diving.

MIKE  
You know I wish you'd believe Tom  
Andrews. Diving is safer than  
camping out or driving a car ---

BRODY  
Or parachute jumping.

CUT TO

31 INT. KITCHEN DINING AREA

31

Ellen turns the stove on to heat up his dinner.

BRODY  
(pouring a drink)  
I'm not too hungry.

ELLEN  
Yeah, I heard. How did it happen?

BRODY  
I wish I knew.

The three Kids stream through the kitchen on their way to  
get something from Mike's room. Sean hangs back and leans  
up against his father.

SEAN  
Guess what, Dad?

BRODY  
What?

SEAN  
Andy's moving away. And his  
mother too.

BRODY  
No kidding.

ELLEN  
How come you're moving, Andy?

He tromps back in and rummages through the refrigerator.

ANDY

My mother got laid off again. Not enough work in the restaurant.

ELLEN

That's too bad. Mike'll miss you.

SEAN

Me too.

MIKE

(entering)

Miss him? Barf!

ELLEN

Can't she find another job?

BRODY

In this town?

ANDY

She's got a job on the mainland, I think, in the fall.

ELLEN

Maybe she could get a job here with the Amity Shores project before then. Martin says some people are getting work already, and if they really get rolling....

ANDY

...anyway, until this is all resolved, you won't mind if I sort of move into your refrigerator.

ELLEN

I thought you had.

Andy smiles, peanut butter sticking to his braces.

MIKE

He's selling his braces. Wanta buy them.

ELLEN

No thanks.

ANDY

Your loss.

The Kids go back outside, Andy dripping peanut butter and jelly across the kitchen floor.

ANDY  
(going out the door)  
Things'll never be the same without  
me, huh?

Brody sits in silence for a moment -- smiling, but involved  
in his own thoughts.

CUT TO

32 UNDERWATER - NIGHT - A LARGE METAL RAKE  
32

scrapes along the ocean floor leaving clouds of silt in its  
wake. It rises toward the surface.

The P.D. Boat's searchlight scans the waves: the wind has  
risen sharply, whipping their crests to foam. Winching the  
rake to the stern, Hendricks frees it of seaweed and drops  
it back in.

CUT TO

33 INT. BRODY BEDROOM - MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT 33

Brody is awake. There's something he can't get out of his  
mind. He gets out of bed, pulls on his pants.

34 ON HIS DESK 34

is a photograph. He's smiling, shaking hands with Matt Hooper.  
And a plaque: "Martin Brody, Amity Man of the Year, 1975."  
Beyond the desk is the sea. A storm is coming. He unlocks  
a drawer and takes out: a box of .38 caliber hollow-point  
bullets, a twenty-five cc vial of sodium cyanide, and a dispos-  
able plastic syringe. From a cupboard in the dining room he  
gets a red candle. He turns the desk lamp on, opens the box  
of bullets. Carefully, one by one, he stands them on end.

CUT TO

35 AT SEA - MIDDLE OF NIGHT - THE P.D. BOAT 35

is still dragging.

HENDRICKS  
Okay, pull her up.

They put the boat in neutral and start the winch. A few yards  
of line come up, then the winch grinds slowly to a stop with  
the weight of something very heavy.

HENDRICKS  
(working its gears)  
Damn, this thing never works right.

Now the line begins to rise again, slowly tipping the boat,  
bringing its stern almost level with the waves from the weight  
of its burden.

HENDRICKS  
Jesus, something really heavy.

What could be so heavy...a piece of the burned boat...a body?

It's coming up. The searchlight finds it. They bring it  
closer. Great tendrils of kelp hang from the rake, obscuring  
what's underneath. Afraid of what he'll find, Hendricks  
carefully removes slippery weeds and discovers, draped across  
the rake's claws, a six-inch-thick insulated cable.

HENDRICKS  
For Christ's sakes, it's the  
electric line from the mainland!  
(he frees it and  
drops it back in)  
I told him we'd never find anything  
in this weather.

ANOTHER OFFICER  
One more time?

The P.D. Boat's lights cast eerie forms on the waves and it's  
cold -- Hendricks doesn't like it at all.

HENDRICKS  
Let's get the hell out of here  
before we do find something.

CUT TO

36 BRODY'S DESK - LETHAL BLUE LIQUID

36

is drawn from the vial into the syringe. Brody inserts the  
needle into the hollow point of a bullet and fills it. He  
tips the candle, sealing the poison in with a drop of wax.  
A hand touches him.

ELLEN  
For God's sake, Martin! What is  
the matter? Why are you doing  
that?

BRODY  
Why do you think?

ELLEN

What I think doesn't matter. It's what you think.

BRODY

I want to ask you a question. Four people are...

ELLEN

We've been through this already.

BRODY

(carefully placing  
the prepared bullets  
back in the box)

Four people are out in a boat. It blows up with two of them in it. Okay. The other two are water-skiing behind it. What happens to them? Could they blow up? One of them is strangled in the tow-line. The other can't be found. What happened to that one?

ELLEN

I don't know.

BRODY

(locks box in drawer)  
I'm asking you, doesn't that seem strange to you?

ELLEN

Yes it does, but the whole incident is weird...Martin, come back to bed,  
(going)  
you're exhausted.

BRODY

I don't know what I am. All I know is what I'm afraid of.

He doesn't follow her.

CUT TO

37 EXT. PORCH - NIGHT

37

Brody comes out and walks to the water. Mike's old boat is banging against the dock with the rising swells. It's half full of water. Brody walks along the beach.

CUT TO

38	BEACH - NIGHT - SNOW FENCE	38
	<p>Billowing clouds and a steady surf breaking, high tide is rolling in...the bell in a buoy rings with each surge. Along the deserted flotsam-littered shore, darkly communing with himself, plods Brody.</p>	
39	POINT OF VIEW FROM THE WATER	39
	<p>Something unseen keeps slow pace with him.</p>	
40	BEACH - BRODY	40
	<p>stops, and looks out to sea, the source of his haunting fears and nightmarish memories. After a moment he walks on, then stops and turns. He's seen something in the surf, he's curious...peering, he walks out onto the wet sand. We see it now, near the buoy, a large piece of something bright yellow. From the boat? Brody can't tell, steps out farther, water's flowing over his shoes, he hardly notices.</p> <p>The waves aren't bringing it in, he looks around for a stick, a pole...nothing...he'll have to wade out for it. Three steps and he's up to his knees. He backs away as a wave breaks, then goes forward again, keeping his eye on the yellow object. Slower now, almost parallel with it...another wave is coming...and suddenly a black shape lunges upon him from a wave. He cries out, striking blindly at it ---</p>	
41	A BODY	41
	<p>burned beyond recognition.</p>	
42	BRODY	42
	<p>stands there panting...then, appalled by what he must do, he forces himself to approach the thing rolling in the sea.</p>	
43	UNDERWATER	43
	<p>Brody's legs moving toward the body.</p>	
44	BRODY	44
	<p>closes his eyes and grabs. The thing comes apart. Gasping, he rushes from the water.</p>	
45	UNDERWATER	45
	<p>Brody's legs pump out of reach.</p>	

CUT TO

46 INT. BRODY'S OFFICE - GRAY LIGHT

46

Brody and his elderly secretary Polly (she's wearing signs of having been summoned in the middle of the night) are filling out a mountain of forms. Coroner Santos comes in.

CORONER

Wind's dying down.

BRODY

Well?

CORONER

(dictating to Polly)

Minor lacerations, complete charring of the body.

BRODY

Lacerations??

CORONER

Not from what you think.

He places a plastic bag containing several small pieces of jagged metal on the desk in front of Brody.

CORONER

These were embedded.

47 ANGLE - METAL PIECES

47

Brody turns them in his hand.

BRODY (o.s.)

Gasoline can.

POLLY

What do you think Chief?

He doesn't answer.

CORONER

A false alarm now would break this town.

BRODY

So would a shark attack.

POLLY

(pause)

Well, what's the decision?

CORONER

If you're suspicious Martin, close  
the beaches.

BRODY

I am suspicious! But dammit, there's  
no proof and if I'm wrong how's this  
town going to make it through the  
summer?

CUT TO

48 MAIN STREET - BRIGHT DAY - TWO HOT YOUNG THINGS  
48

one pretty, one plain, swing along looking in shop windows and  
keeping an eye out for local boys. Reeves Vaughan cycles past.

REEVES

See anything you like?

BROOKE

(the plain one,  
sourly)

Not you, certainly.

REEVES

Who's talking to you?

ANGELA

(the pretty one)  
Don't make the attempt, sir.

He cycles off.

CUT TO

49 DOCK - MIKE BRODY'S CATAMARAN

49

A considerable amount of work has been done on the new sailboat.  
Sean Brody sits on the dock throwing pieces of a hotdog to a  
school of small fish. He watches his older brother Mike hang  
over the water to screw in supports for a fire extinguisher. A  
cassette player is mounted on the mast. Andy selects a tape.  
Music.

SEAN

Gee, that'll be neat when we're  
out on the water.

ANDY

What do you mean "we?"

SEAN

I can come with you, can't I Mike?

MIKE

Sometimes, but let's get this straight, Nudge, fundamentally this boat is for one thing and one thing only.

SEAN

Yeah...what?

MIKE

Making out.

SEAN

(oily)

Oh....

ANDY

See these cushions? You know what they're for?

SEAN

They're lifesavers

Mike and Andy crack up.

MIKE

They sure are.

(crooning under  
his breath)

Don't look now, but...mammaries....

ANDY

(whirling around)

Where?

MIKE

I said don't look!

They busy themselves about the boat. Mike eases the volume up on the music, and lounges on the bow casually dangling one hand in the water, very smooth. Andy adjusts his velvet hat to a more attractive angle.

MIKE

God damn this zit! Can you see it from where you are?

ANDY

(grinning slowly,  
wickedly)

Can you see my braces?

are walking in their direction. They are indeed very well endowed -- although in different directions: Angela on top, Brooke on the bottom. They notice the boys, and pass by slowly, busying themselves in conversation.

SEAN  
(yelling)  
They're passing!

ANDY  
Shut up!

SEAN  
(whispering)  
Say something!

MIKE  
Hey, where are you girls from?

ANGELA  
I beg your pardon?

MIKE  
(smooth)  
Where you from? Haven't seen you  
around before.

The girls exchange a look...snazzy boat, the chubby guy's kinda cute, and the other one -- !

BROOKE  
New York.

ANDY  
Far out! His father's from New  
York too.

ANGELA  
Oh yeah?

Mike nods, very casual.

BROOKE  
What a great boat!

ANGELA  
(smiles)  
Yeah, stereo and everything.

Sean is impressed.

CUT TO

51 OUT AT SEA - OFF THE LIGHTHOUSE  
51

About 20 small sailboats of every sort (dinghies, catamarans, Sunfishes, inflatables) are cruising around, most of them manned by young people in their teens and early twenties. Doug, a 17-year-old on his own in a tiny inflatable, knows what he's doing as he neatly comes about. A scream from behind him. All heads turn ---

52 MIKE BRODY'S CATAMARAN 52

is nearly keeling over with a sudden gust, one pontoon high off the water, the other running below the surface. Even part of the canvas framework stretched between the two pontoons is awash. The scream was from Brooke, who's terrified at how far they're keeled over. Mike eases off a little, and the boat levels.

BROOKE  
(screaming and  
laughing at  
the same time)  
This is fun? Jesus Christ!

ANDY  
(in quotes)  
Brooke, my darling, come sit by me  
and I'll protect you.

BROOKE  
Yeah sure you'll protect me.

Angela smiles warmly at Mike Brody, tossing her hair back.

ANDY  
(glad for  
his friend)  
Hey buddy why don't you head for  
ol' lighthouse. We can go  
ashore, walk around, find shells,  
etcetera.

Mike nods as if the suggestion is a merely practical one and heads away from the other boats toward the lighthouse.

ANGELA  
(changing  
the subject)  
Your little brother's so cute.

ANDY  
Puleese.

ANGELA  
Aw, you're mean to him. You should've  
let him come.

MIKE  
(with meaning)  
He would've just been...in the way.

ANGELA  
(husky)  
Yeah.

53 THE ROCKS BENEATH THE LIGHTHOUSE

53

are steep. Waves break against them with hollow thuds.  
A small sailboat rides at anchor...Ed is 17, Tina is pretty  
and all his. They are making their way down from the con-  
cealment of the rocks to swim back to their boat.

ANDY  
(calling)  
Nice day!

TINA  
(tying the back  
of her bathing  
suit)  
Mind you own business you fat fag!

Andy strains to think of a snappy comeback...and fails.

BROOKE  
(suddenly)  
Hey! What's that -- over there -- ?

From their point of view: a black, floating shape on the  
water.

BROOKE  
(pointing to  
the shape)  
Let's go see.

ANGELA  
What is it?

Ed and Tina have seen it too, and are on their way to  
investigate. Mike's boat cuts through the chop.

54 ANGLE - THE SHAPE

54

ahead of them, closer, more defined now...a whale.

They're peering ahead. Then:

ANDY

It's a whale, a dead whale!

MIKE

(cautious)

How do you know it's dead?

ANDY

Look!

We're close enough now to see that it's listing slightly -- and that its flank is pocked with large red holes.

Ed and Tina arrive at the carcass. It reeks, but they're fascinated.

ED

(awed)

Something's sure been chewing on him.

From their point of view, the whale's flank: now we can see clearly how great hunks of flesh have been torn from it.

DISSOLVE TO

The Amity P.D. Boat idles alongside the floating carcass, deputies manning the boat. We see it is well equipped -- first aid gear, emergency flares, and inflatable "Res-Q-Raft" in a suitcase-sized pack. Brody leans over the side with his camera, taking a close shot of one of the bites. His shark paranoia is rising -- and the smell of the decomposition is making him ill.

BRODY

Now I want to measure a couple.

He climbs over and takes a steel tape measure from his pocket, pulls out a couple feet of tape.

BRODY

Jesus, look at its teeth. What the hell kind of whale is this?

Brody looks at a bite, and pulls out a bit more tape. He leans out to measure, holding the rail with one hand.

DEPUTY

Must be this warm spell, making it smell so high.

Close on Brody, measuring the huge gouges.

BRODY

Fifty-one vertical...forty seven  
horizontal.

DEPUTY

(writing it down)  
What you gonna do with all this,  
Chief?

BRODY

Take it over to the Mainland...  
Woods Hole.

CUT TO

57 WOODS HOLE LABORATORY - MORNING  
57

Humming, buzzing, clicking, flashing electronic gear.  
Specimens of fish and eels in tanks. Young men and women  
peer into microscopes, monitoring instruments. Not dis-  
tracted by the array, Brody's only concern is what Dr. Elkins  
(the Institute's director) has to say about his photographs  
and measurements.

DR. ELKINS

(looks at them  
and nods)

Yes. I would say this was the  
work of a Great White.

Relieved to have it out in the open, terrified of what it  
means, Brody is far away in another time.

BRODY

I knew it.

DR. ELKINS

There's no cause for alarm, though ---

BRODY

It was only ten miles out, Doctor  
Elkins. Listen...do sharks ever  
return to the same location?

DR. ELKINS

Let me show you something ---

Charts depicting types of sharks, glass cages containing rows of labeled teeth, a blowup of an aerial shot of thousands of migrating sharks, and a large map of the world, the oceans marked with many little symbols.

DR. ELKINS

This is what we know of the world's shark population. Whites often travel through these waters --  
(points from the Carolinas to Maine)  
-- quite a way out where it's deep as a rule, between late spring and early summer.

BRODY

Like around now.

DR. ELKINS

Yes...Probably they're following whales, they like mammals.

BRODY

Yeah.

DR. ELKINS

That's when the whales are up here, migrating north. Baby sperm whales, pilot whales, they're favorite targets of the Whites. This one though, is a bit unusual. This is a killer whale, did you know that? Yes, it took a particularly powerful Great White to kill him. Still...so far out it really implies no danger to your beaches again.

BRODY

Attacks by sharks -- are they pretty much random, or do they happen in the same places?

DR. ELKINS

Yes, where there are a lot of sharks, like Australia, or South Africa. There's no other pattern as far as we know. And it's not a common occurrence anyway. More than five times as many people are struck by lightning.

BRODY

And lightning never strikes twice in the same place?

DR. ELKINS  
(leading him  
from the room)  
Not often. I have something you  
might be interested in ---

59 SHARK LAB - "AUTHORIZED PERSONNEL ONLY"  
59

Several testing systems in operation. Two assistants are  
dissecting a brown shark. Brody looks around uncomfortably.

DR. ELKINS  
(gesturing  
toward the  
dissecting table)  
Sharks produce an anti-body that  
protects them from cancer. Did  
you know that?  
(Brody shakes  
his head)  
Yes...if we can find out what that  
anti-body is, sharks may prove to  
be of great value to man. Might  
even save human lives ---

BRODY  
That would be a switch.

DR. ELKINS  
(watching Brody)  
-- yet people are terrified of  
sharks. So terrified that they  
hunt them down, mutilate them --  
club them to death. Sharks,  
Mr. Brody, are God's creatures too.  
(moves to a  
glass tank)  
We're just beginning to learn about  
them, so much is still a mystery.

ASSISTANT  
(at a tank)  
Like a run on Elvis, Doctor?

DR. ELKINS  
(nods, then  
to Brody)  
Visual stimuli. Here, stand up  
close to it...  
(Brody hesitates)  
...there's no need to be afraid.

As Brody looks at the shark's head behind the Plexiglas, the Assistant draws a blackout curtain around them...Brody and Dr. Elkins watch as he then proceeds, with a complex flashlight, to beam rays of different colors and intensities directly at the shark's eyes...lighting up the whole head with an eerie changing glow.

DR. ELKINS

Color and intensity...watch the response....

Close on the shark's eyes as the nictitating membrane and pupils move with the changes of light.

BRODY

My God, does that excite them too?  
I thought it was just blood or  
splashing ---

DR. ELKINS

(drawing back  
the curtain)

Any number of things. Sounds of  
all sorts. Sound is top of the  
list, in fact.

(stepping to the  
shark on the  
dissecting table)

They have extraordinary hearing  
apparatus, a kind of radar --

(pointing it out)  
-- sensors running from head to  
tail -- they pick up certain  
frequencies and home in, like a  
guided missile.

BRODY

What kind of frequencies?

DR. ELKINS

(moving to the  
large tub)

Oh, quite a range. And over con-  
siderable distances. Irregular  
sounds, unusual sounds, electrical  
impulses, almost any low-frequency  
vibrations --

(to another  
Assistant)

Tape please, Bob?

(to Brody, pointing  
to a spot in the wall  
of the tub)

There's a little speaker in there.  
Watch.

The Assistant starts a tape machine, and Brody looks down into the tub, following the movements of the lemon shark with rigid fascination.

DR. ELKINS

Now he's just hearing peaceful  
marine life...nothing special...  
but now he hears the sound of a  
wounded grouper a mile away --  
(the shark noses  
at the speaker,  
agitated)

Now just silence --  
(the shark resumes  
circling as before)

Now -- watch him -- a Waring Blender,  
low speed, same distance ---

The shark pauses, then strikes at the speaker repeatedly,  
jaws wide and snapping. Brody watches, appalled.

BRODY

Let me ask you -- this might seem  
kind of stupid --

DR. ELKINS

What's that?

BRODY

They must get signals from each  
other too ---

Dr. Elkins shrugs.

BRODY

See, I've read how dolphins send  
out whole messages -- I just won-  
dered if a shark --

(pauses, embarrassed)

I mean, that one I killed...how do  
we know it didn't communicate with  
other sharks before it died. May-  
be it had a mate or something.  
Maybe I left a trace in the water,  
a smell -- or maybe they just sense  
me in some way you don't know about  
yet. They never go for revenge or  
anything like that, do they?

DR. ELKINS

(slightly amused)

Sharks, Mr. Brody, never take any-  
thing personally.

Brody nods, then looks back into the tub: the lemon shark is  
circling again.

CUT TO

60 AMITY BEACH - DAY

60

Brody on a dune above the beach, sweating, peering through field glasses.

61 BEACH FROM HIS POINT OF VIEW

61

The cabanas, their paint weathered, are being scrubbed up for the season. About 100 people on the beach, a dozen in the water. Although it's the first swimmable weekend of the season, it's still a bit early in the day, and the water's cold.

Reeves Vaughan and a boy with heavy sideburns arrive on their expensive ten-speeds and a sprawl in the sun.

The Amity P.D. Boat is patrolling off shore. The watchtower: a guard on duty at the top, a warning bell hangs beside him. As Brody scans out to sea again:

SEAN (o.s.)

Mom said eat your lunch.

The boy has hiked up the dune -- he holds out a sandwich and thermos to his father. Ellen has spread a blanket out on the sand.

BRODY

You eat it, Sean.

SEAN

I just had lunch.

BRODY

Good, then you can't go in the water.

Sean looks at him, wishing he hadn't said that. We hear the sound of a large vehicle braking ---

62 A BRIGHTLY PAINTED BUS

62

with AMITY SHORES lettered on its side pulls up close to the beach. Peterson and Mayor Vaughan disembark, all smiles, followed by several affluent-looking couples carrying picnic lunches.

Brody watches for a moment and looks seaward again.

Two more people emerge from the Amity Shores bus: a tired-looking mother and a girl of nine (Bunny) dragging her terrible dog behind her.

They look around as Peterson continues his soft sell.

PETERSON

...Never very crowded or noisy,  
almost a private beach really, one  
of the finest on this coast. Any-  
one low on Bain de Soleil?

(they chuckle  
appreciatively)  
Enjoy yourselves.

The people disperse to the sands.

ELLEN

Hi Larry! Mr. Peterson! Want some  
lunch?

PETERSON

(sitting)  
That's the best offer I've had  
all...

He breaks off: the mother and her little girl are coming over,  
the child still dragging the dog.

MRS. RYAN

Oh, Mr. Peterson, I wanted to ask...  
Bunny, stop that, leave that thing  
alone!

PETERSON

Yes, Mrs. Ryan?

MRS. RYAN

I know I'm being silly, but is it  
really safe to go in?

PETERSON

Absolutely.

VAUGHAN

Couldn't be safer!  
(gestures at the  
tower and P.D. Boat)  
All these precautions!

MRS. RYAN

Yes, I noticed the policeman there.

They follow her glance: there's Brody, conspicuously poised  
at his vigil.

ELLEN

Oh, he's...bird watching, you know  
...seagulls, ducks....

BUNNY

No, he's not.

PETERSON

You and your little girl have your  
dip, Mrs. Ryan.

Nodding a bit doubtfully, she walks away.

PETERSON

There goes that sale.

ELLEN

He's doing his job.

PETERSON

Well, maybe we should ask him to  
hold off doing his job until these  
people leave.

63 BRODY

63

is peering out at the bathers.

His point of view: Mrs. Ryan and Bunny wade into the water,  
Bunny carrying her reluctant dog out for a swimming lesson.

VAUGHAN (o.s.)

Martin, for Pete's sake.

Brody lowers his binoculars, and sees Vaughan wallowing up the  
dune toward him.

VAUGHAN

Please quit standing up here with  
those glasses. There's no reason  
for it, Martin, you'll scare people  
to death.

Brody doesn't reply, and continues his watch. Vaughan  
crouches down beside him not wanting to be seen.

VAUGHAN

Will you stop acting crazy? A  
whale, a whale got killed fifteen  
miles out....

BRODY

(scanning the beach)

Ten.

Bunny is waist-deep trying to get her dog to swim. It clings  
to her in terror. She throws it into deeper water and her  
mother screams at her. Bunny sticks her tongue out.

Brody raises his binoculars beyond Bunny and goes rigid as he sees a large shadow undulating in the water.

BRODY

There. What's that?

Whatever it is, is moving in like a giant amoeba. Gulls hover as it glides along beneath the surface, then dart and plunge, screaming as it moves closer.

Brody drops his glasses. Horrified, waving at the watchtower, he starts to run toward the beach.

VAUGHAN

(following)

Martin! ---

64 BRODY

64

running -- down the dune to the beach, gesturing frantically -- why doesn't the guard ring the bell?!!

65 TOWER PLATFORM - SAM THE GUARD

65

is looking through field glasses, checking via walkie-talkie with the police boat.

SAM

What the hell is it?

66 OFF-SHORE - P.D. BOAT

66

OFFICER

(into walkie-talkie)

Don't know. Too big to be a shark.

67 BRODY RUNNING HARDER

67

He pulls out his gun as he runs and loads the prepared bullets. He trips on the edge of a blanket and staggers on, flying sand catching a child in the face.

Still running, his eyes strain into glaring reflections on the water...it's difficult to determine what the shadow is.

The child is crying. People back off in alarm at the sight of him running, gun drawn. Bunny's mother screams at her to get out of the water.

The obscure shape slides closer, rolling in toward shore.

BRODY  
(screaming up  
at the tower)  
RING THE BELL!!

Some bathers have seen the thing in the water and race out.  
Others point in wonder at the dark mass as little fish spring  
up from it.

Attracted by all the excitement, Sean Brody has come down to  
the water's edge to investigate.

Bunny has succeeded too well. Her dog swims happily -- away  
from her. She refuses to leave the water without him.

BUNNY  
(crying, following  
into deeper water)  
Snapper, please come in! Snapper!!

She grabs him. Her mother screams at her.

68 BRODY

68

reaches the tower and starts to climb.

SAM  
(leaning over)  
It's okay, Chief!

BRODY  
What are you talking about....

He climbs the tower. Vaughan, panting heavily, lumbers up  
below.

VAUGHAN  
Martin...please!

BRODY  
(on top)  
Ring the bell! Ring it!!

SAM  
It's okay, Chief, look! It's a  
school of bluefish.  
(laughing)  
Get your fishing rod!

Several men have brought out their fishing gear, one's already casting. Big blues flash wildly as the water bubbles and boils with activity...the blues are chasing bait fish.

Stomping out of the water, Bunny spansks her wet rat of a dog. The fishermen connect as soon as their lines hit the water.

Hoots and howls of excitement waft up to Brody as he stands there sweating and panting, staring in amazement at the sight before him.

BRODY

Oh, yeah...I didn't see....

A little unsteady, he puts his gun away and starts to climb down. People are watching him.

The child is still crying. Sean is embarrassed for his father. Peterson looks at Ellen.

PETERSON

(sarcastic)

Thorough at his job, isn't he?

drops down, his box of red-tipped bullets spilling out on the sand. He brushes them off with too much concentration.

BRODY

(to the Mayor)

Sorry, Larry.

VAUGHAN

(helping  
pick them up)

What the hell are these red things,  
Martin?

BRODY

Cyanide. There's cyanide inside...  
can kill a shark instantly.

Vaughan puts an understanding hand on his shoulder, and they walk beyond the tower, away from the crying. People here and there are staring after Brody and talking among themselves. Reeves Vaughan comes up.

REEVES

Anything wrong, Dad?

VAUGHAN  
(banishing his son  
with a glance, then  
to Brody)  
Maybe you ought to take some time  
off. Before the summer really  
starts.

BRODY  
(gazes out  
to sea)  
Mine's already started.

DISSOLVE TO

71 BRODY HOUSE - PORCH - DUSK

71

Head back, eyes closed, Brody is listening to the sound of the waves crashing on the beach. A heavy wind has come up, turning the sky a deep red-purple. Ellen joins him.

ELLEN  
What do you want for dessert?

BRODY  
Wheat fields, farms, big stretches  
of land.

ELLEN  
You want to move again.

BRODY  
A little.

ELLEN  
As in 'a little pregnant?'

BRODY  
I don't know. I've always lived  
on an island. I mean, Manhattan  
is an island, too.

ELLEN  
(amused)  
That's true. I never thought of  
it that way. How would you like  
to take a walk with a person who  
loves you?

DISSOLVE TO

are walking along the edge of the water. The ocean is luminescent.

BRODY

Look out there. I wonder how many sharks are spawned each year. Millions probably. Millions of eating machines...And we're soft, we're meat. Did you ever think of yourself as meat?

ELLEN

Well, as a matter of fact....

He slips his arm around her and they walk a few steps in silence. Far down the beach some kids have made a bonfire and are singing.

ELLEN

I wonder if they sense fear. I mean dogs sense fear, and I bet sharks do too.

BRODY

Everything else attracts them, so you know they're attracted by fear. And if they are, we're in big trouble.

ELLEN

Why?

BRODY

(fake chuckle)  
Cause I'm really scared.

She looks up at him...his face against the star-filled sky.

BRODY

I had a dream last night. I was on this sliver of sand in front of a huge dune, a cliff really. that went straight up with no shrubs or anything to hold onto. Then from a long way out I saw a giant wave, like a hundred stories high, coming. So I tried to climb the cliff, but the sand slipped through my fingers and I fell. And all the time the wave was getting closer, and, you know, higher -- until it almost filled the sky. But it wasn't the wave I was afraid of. It was what was under the wave...and I had to kill it, and then another one came. And I had to kill that one too, and I was afraid they'd come too fast and I wouldn't have a chance.

He stops and gazes out at the satiny black water.

BRODY

I can't stop looking out there. I try, but when I turn away from it, I get this creepy feeling that it's coming closer...so I have to keep watching...you see I just can't shake the idea, that it's waiting for me, and it's going to get me. Not just anyone, me.

ELLEN

(muffled)

For what reason?

BRODY

Because it wants revenge! So call the men in the white coats. Hey! Ellen! Are you crying? Why're you crying? I wasn't really serious. I was just, oh hey don't cry.

ELLEN

If there's a shark that wants revenge he's sure getting it.

BRODY

What do you mean?

ELLEN

By making you feel like this. That's his revenge. Somehow we've got to put this thing behind us because it's destroying us. We can't live like this anymore. My God, Martin, look at the state you're in. Nothing's happened for three years!

BRODY

Six people dead in a month.

ELLEN

Three years ago there was concrete evidence...you know you're not really sure now.

BRODY

Oh, he's there.  
(looks out to  
sea, his voice  
rising)  
He's out there and he's playing with us! Goddammit I know that son-of-a-bitch is out there!

CUT TO

73 AMITY VILLAGE - PRE-DAWN

73

Street lights glow icily in the mist and go out with the first somber sign of dawn.

A lone fisherman makes his way down to the dock. One light still shines on the pier, its reflections reaching out into glassy swells where cabin cruisers swing from moorings in the harbor. Japanese lanterns are strung like gems between the masts of a large yawl.

And out there beyond the mouth of the harbor is the ocean, barely discernable in the grey light creeping in from the east. Waves tumble and roll through the portal, bringing in the open sea. Something is there, stealing along with the incoming tide. Two gulls resting on a wooden piling lift off soundlessly. Rigging creaks. A dinghy scrapes ominously along the side of a yacht, and the Japanese lanterns sway back and forth.

A bell-buoy tolls softly as the Shark slides unnoticed into the harbor.

CUT TO

74 AMITY SHORES CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY  
74

Construction progressing...gardeners planting saplings near the pool. Walking toward the parking lot are Peterson and six very worried townsmen -- Mayor Vaughan and the five Selectmen: Mr. Santini, Mrs. Nichols, Joan Taft, Mr. Kaiser and Mr. Sansom.

SANTINI

Yeah -- who got bit? Who got ate?  
The odds it happens again is  
astronomical!

VAUGHAN

Surely he'll see that himself in  
a week or two and straighten out.

MRS. TAFT

Look how he's acting. You can't find  
him when you need him -- he's always  
up in that tower. Maybe we should  
get somebody who will take care of  
the town!

VAUGHAN

I think you're jumping the gun.

MRS. TAFT

Oh, Larry...

PETERSON

(getting in his car)  
Your loyalty's touching, Larry, but  
I think you'd better start looking  
for a new Police Chief.

Gestures "it's up to you" and goes. They watch him, then  
avoiding each others' eyes drift toward their cars.

MR. KAISER

I'll make some calls, see who's  
available...just as a precaution.

MRS. NICHOLS

We're forgetting what the man did  
for us.

SANSOM

But he's not the same man.

CUT TO

Mike Brody, his friend Andy and little Sean Brody come out of a nautical supply store, their arms loaded with new sails, and head down the dock for their boat.

ANDY

What'll we do if they don't show  
on Saturday?

MIKE

They'll show, don't worry. How  
much we got left?

Reeves Vaughan and three of his friends from Andover breeze by on their ten-speeds...too close and fast for comfort.

ANDY

(spitting)  
Three bucks.

MIKE

And we need money for wine too.  
(sophisticated)  
Angela said they like white.

SEAN

I have three dollars, Mike. You  
could have it. You could have my  
allowance too, and I could go with  
you guys, huh?

MIKE

How many times do I have to tell  
you no? NO, N.O.

SEAN

How're ya gonna get wine anyway?  
You're not old enough.

ANDY

(to Sean)  
Will you go drown or something.

Andy's spitting has not gone unnoticed by Reeves. He's turned around and come back.

REEVES

Did you spit at us?

ANDY

I? Spit never crossed my lips.

Mike, Andy and Sean continue on their way; the Andover boys keep pace on their bikes.

ANDOVER #1

Watch it, fat boy!

Mike and Andy try to ignore them, but it's hard considering Andovers' need for a fight. They reach the boat and busy themselves sorting out their goods.

ANDOVER #2

The metal in that kid's mouth alone  
will sink their little dinghy, huh  
Gordon?

ANDOVER #1

More likely the weight of his fat ass.

MIKE

Hey Reeves, why don't you guys knock  
it off?

REEVES

(coming up to him)  
What did you say -- you conceited  
asshole?

MIKE

(touching him)  
Just go, ride your bikes.

REEVES

Don't put your hands on me, Brody.  
You know, you're not the only one  
around here with a boat --

One of the Andover boys is fooling with their sailing gear.

MIKE

(turning)  
Hey!

With that Reeves pushes Mike into the water. Mike's cool  
vanishes.

MIKE

I'll kill you!

Andy's glasses go flying as he tackles Reeves from behind  
throwing him down for a moment of glory, but then Reeves  
easily gets the better of him, mashing his face into the  
dock. Sean flies to the rescue.

SEAN

(kicking Reeves)  
You leave us alone. I'm gonna  
tell my father.

REEVES  
(picking Sean up)  
That nut! He's too busy looking  
for sharks.

SEAN  
You shut your mouth!

REEVES  
He can't help being sick !

ANDOVER #2  
Maybe we should help the Chief by  
putting out a little bait, huh?

REEVES  
A little shark bait.

They hold Sean over the edge of the dock, kicking and screaming.

SEAN  
HELP, MIKE! MIKE!

MIKE  
I'm warning you!!

Reeves casually drops Sean ---

76 UNDERWATER

76

Through the cloudy water we see a silent splash as Sean hits the surface with the flat of his back and goes under. He panics, swallowing water, arms and legs flailing in every direction.

77 SURFACE - MIKE

77

strokes toward his brother and Andy jumps in.

78 UNDERWATER - SHARK'S POINT OF VIEW

78

Andy breaks the surface with a splash and swims toward Sean. His velvet hat floats behind him on the surface, its long feather trailing down like a wounded bird. Mike's arms and legs chop the surface as we veer toward him...then toward Sean twisting about wildly. We glide in closer as Mike and Andy dive down, pulling Sean to the surface, up to their boat, their legs leaving the water in the nick of time.

Sean is gasping and crying.

ANDY

Hey, where's my hat?

Nowhere to be seen.

CUT TO

The Kids are getting out of their wet, dirty clothes before going into the house.

MIKE

Nothin', Ma. Reeves Vaughan is a creep, that's all.

ELLEN

You mean you didn't do anything to start it?

MIKE

I told ya, no!

Brody drives in.

SEAN

I'm gonna tell Daddy.

ELLEN

Oh, honey, let's not bother him with it right now, okay?

SEAN

I have to.

ELLEN

Sean, I don't want you to say anything about it now. You understand?

Brody approaches, sizes up the situation.

BRODY

Mike, I know this'll be hard on you but I'd like you to hold off on sailing for a while, okay?

MIKE

DAD!! I've got a new boat and everything! Why?

BRODY

I'm sorry Mike, it's just for a while...as a favor. Now, you want to tell what happened at the dock?

MIKE

Nothin'. Reeves is a creep is all.

BRODY

Some people might agree with you. What's the matter Sean? Sean?

SEAN

Nothing...

(looks at his mother)

Nothing...Daddy...

(bursts into tears)

He called me sharkbait! He said you're always looking for sharks cause you're sick. I'm gonna punch him out! I HATE HIM!

Brody gathers him up in his arms.

BRODY

It's okay Sean, okay...it doesn't matter what people say, does it....?

Ellen watches, thinking her own thoughts.

DISSOLVE TO

81 WATCHTOWER - SUNSET

81

The tower casts a long shadow across the deserted sand to where the last bathers are loading their cars. The lights of Amity are going on...it's dinner time. High in his perch, his form dark against the sunset, Brody wipes his nose on his sleeve and continues his vigil.

CUT TO

82 EXT. BRODY HOUSE AND GARAGE - NIGHT

82

Sean watches Mike and Andy unload sails, rudder, and other equipment from Ed's station wagon.

ED

(holding cushions)

You want these back in plastic or you think they'll be all right?

ANDY

Plastic. God knows how long it'll be before we'll use them.

MIKE

(has things under  
control)  
This won't last long.

ED

You hope. Without your boat it's  
kinda hard to make out.

MIKE

The hell it is. I'm gonna pick  
Angela up at the ferry tomorrow  
and get her to come over here.

ED

In your garage?

MIKE

Yeah.

ED

You hope.

MIKE

These cushions will get used, don't  
worry.

SEAN

She only likes you because of your  
boat.

MIKE

(loud)  
I'm gonna smash you in the mouth,  
you know that? Why don't you get  
outa here?

ED

(watches Sean  
scurry away)  
Poor kid lives always at the edge  
of physical violence.

Ellen comes to the garage.

ELLEN

Oh, I thought I heard your father  
drive in. Good, you brought your  
stuff back.

(turns to go  
in and stops)

Mike, can I talk to you for a  
second?

(he comes to her)

I just want to thank you for being  
so understanding lately.

MIKE

I have? That's all right. I know summer isn't Dad's favorite season. It's just it is a little hard right now, this no sailing business -- with the new boat, and everything.

ELLEN

I know. You're a good boy, and it's appreciated.

(he pretends he  
doesn't want to  
hear anymore)

I wanted you to know.

She goes in, closing the door quietly behind her.

ED

Your mother's really nice...Built too.

MIKE

(dry)

Yeah.

DISSOLVE TO

83 AMITY - INLET BRIDGE

83

Dawn comes.

CUT TO

84 WATCHTOWER - EARLY MORNING

84

Brody climbs the tower for another day. It's already getting hot.

CUT TO

85 BEACH - MORNING

85

Mike and Angela are sprawled out on the sand looking seaward. She's sulking. It's a perfect day for sailing, and several boats are already out. A large gray powerboat is passing offshore with rubber-suited figures on its deck.

ANGELA

What's that?

MIKE

(bitterly)

Skin-diving class.

She turns over on her back and stares up at the clouds. He moves closer and puts his arm across her. She doesn't move. He leans over and gently touches her neck with his lips... she lets him. Good. Now his hands reach out for her breast, but she pushes him away and sits up.

MIKE

What's the matter?

ANGELA

I don't like to make a public display of myself.

MIKE

Why don't we go back to my house?  
I have the garage to myself.

ANGELA

The garage? How enticing! How romantic!

MIKE

Mike is embarrassed, searching for something to say.

MIKE

There's always Pine Groves.

ANGELA

And wade through bodies? You just sit on the ground there, you get pregnant.

She sighs, turns over on her stomach, brushing him with her big breasts, and stares out to sea again.

ANGELA

See, I thought we'd go out to some place where nobody goes. Someplace special, you know what I mean?

MIKE

Yeah. Winter Island. Nobody there.

ANGELA

We could bring a picnic and a blanket. And wine...nice and cool. And you know, like that ...all alone.

She pulls him down on top of her and kisses him full on the mouth.

ANGELA

(smiling, whispering  
in his ear)  
I really like you, Mike.

She quickly pushes him away again, but looks at him out of the corner of her eye. He's beside himself.

MIKE

Yeah. Well, maybe we could. I mean I can really do what I want anyway. I just don't like to upset my father, but I...ah, I can do what I want.

CUT TO

86 AT SEA

86

The gray dive boat drops anchor, eight rubber-suited divers aboard.

Tom Andrews (the diving instructor Brody spoke to by the pool) and Andrews' Assistant are helping the student divers put on tanks and weight belts. They're a mixed group -- half adults, half teenagers.

ANDREWS

You won't see much today, not much visibility -- but don't let that make you nervous.

One of the boys is a little wide-eyed with excitement.

ASSISTANT

You okay?  
(the boy nods)  
And how do you tell me that under the water?

The boy gives the okay sign.

ANDREWS

Right, over you go. Stick with your buddies.

The class backrolls in one by one.

ASSISTANT

Coming?

ANDREWS

Go ahead. I'm gonna try to get dinner.

The Assistant backrolls in and joins the scuba divers on the surface. He signals "Down!"

Andrews picks up a spear gun and giant-steps into the water. He swims looking down, cocking the spear gun.

from Andrews' point of view: the divers descending, nearly obscured in the murk. One looks up and waves. Concerned by the poor visibility, Andrews drops down to join them. He glides from one pair of buddies to the other, giving and receiving the okay sign. He can tell from the bubbles that one woman's breathing is too rapid -- she needs a bit of calming, so Andrews takes her arm for a moment, exaggeratedly breathing along with her more slowly...Okay? Okay.

They all descend lower.

CUT TO

Mike Brody and Andy are sneaking the sailing equipment out. A clatter as something is kicked -- "sshh!" -- they head toward the road. Sean appears.

SEAN

(whispering)

I'm coming with you, right?

MIKE

Get outa here.

SEAN

Please, oh Mike, please!

(but they just  
keep moving, so  
he turns to go  
inside)

Okay, I'm telling Mom.

MIKE

(alarmed)

You are not!

SEAN

Yes I am.

Pause.

MIKE

(giving in)

What the hell....

CUT TO

89 UNDERWATER

89

The diving class explores the murk. Andrews shakes his head, the visibility is just too poor this far down; he signals to his Assistant -- take them up to 25 feet and level off...

They obey, Andrews watching them ascend, staying down to observe how they do it -- glancing for a moment at a school of mackerel streaking by him at top speed ---

From his point of view, we see the divers 20 feet above him, and up beyond them, very dimly, on the surface, the hull of the dive-boat.

90 ANDREWS

90

looks up, then down at his watch and depth gauge. His eyes widen as he sees something below him: down in the murk, a big striped bass. He shoots and misses. The lunker bass takes off and he follows in hot pursuit to deeper water. The striper easily outswims him. It slows, he takes aim and it streaks off again, darting back and forth below him. He shouldn't be doing this, leaving his students for so long, but this fish is a beauty. He follows it down. For a moment, he loses it in cloudy water, then his eyes widen with horror at what he sees below him ---

91 THE GREAT WHITE SHARK

91

looms up out of the darkness with the striper in its mouth. One side of the Shark's massive head, charred and knotted by scars, has hardened into hideous armor.

Enraged, blackened from dorsal to mouth, white teeth flashing, staring up at him, the Shark rises like a mad beast.

Andrews panics...finning backward and tearing at his weight belt to ditch it, he pulls the inflator cord of his safety vest. Instantly it swells up and he surges upward, eyes shut tight, not exhaling. He pumps past the other divers, and shoots to the surface.

92 THE DIVERS

92

looking up at him...at each other...what's going on?  
The Assistant signals: Ascend. As they carefully rise ---

Andrews unconscious, bleeding from the nose, bobbing on the surface.

The Assistant and the other divers come up. A boy waves desperately for the boat to come as the Assistant tries to pry the mouthpiece from Andrews' teeth.

CUT TO

Angela arrives to find several sailboats are being made ready. Brooke is watching Mike and Andy prepare Mike's catamaran.

ANGELA

(to Mike)

You call this alone?

MIKE

No sweat. Once we're out there, we'll ditch 'em.

ANGELA

(meaning Andy  
and Brooke)

What about them?

ANDY

We have our own things to do.

SEAN

(locks his  
bike, hovers)

Are we ready to go yet?

MIKE

You know, Sean, I'm worried. I think someone better stand guard on that corner.

SEAN

I'll do it!

He dashes off, passing two girls (Kathy and Laura) who are sliding their sailboat into the water. They look jealously at Angela, whose windbreaker, jeans and sneakers are all black.

KATHY

Gawd. The Black Dahlia.

LAURA

I'm not bitter. I fell out of love with Mike a long time ago.

The couple who were caught making it at the lighthouse (Ed and Tina) board their boat.

- 95 CORNER - SEAN BRODY 95
- sneaking along the wall like an infantryman in combat...reaches the corner and cautiously peers around.
- 96 SEAN'S POINT OF VIEW - MAIN STREET 96
- People, shoppers, but no Martin Brody.
- SEAN  
(calling)  
All clear!
- He runs back to the dock.
- SEAN  
All clear, Mike.
- A thump from one of the boats, followed by giggles and a "sshh" and we see ---
- 97 ED AND TINA'S SAILBOAT 97
- They aren't visible.
- SOMEBODY (o.s.)  
Hey! What're you two doin' in there?
- TINA  
(head pops up)  
None of your business!
- 98 ANGELA 98
- gets in Mike's boat. Her friend Brooke hesitates.
- ANDY  
(on board)  
Come on, Brooke! Mike's gotta get back.
- BROOKE  
That's okay, I'm, uh -- goin' with Polo.
- ANDY  
Oh, great.

ANGELA

Thanks a lot, Brooke!

They watch her skulk off with the embarrassed Polo to a sleek little sloop.

ANDY

Another rejection. Spurned even by scuzz.

ANGELA

(to Mike)

So it's just the three of us, then?

ANDY

Hey, don't worry about me. We get to the Island, I'll get lost.

SEAN

(still on dock and  
getting worried)

Mike, can you pull the boat in closer for me? Mike?

MIKE

Sorry, but there just isn't room ---

SEAN

Mike! --

MIKE

-- and I don't like blackmail.

Sean pulls a fit.

SEAN

You promised! You said!

(kicking and  
screaming, he  
rolls on the dock)

Please! I can't stand it! You're making me crazy!

MIKE

This won't do you any good.

Kathy and Laura stick up for Sean.

KATHY

Don't be a rat, Mike.

LAURA

You probably did promise him, didn't you?

ANDY  
(a dark look  
at Brooke in  
Polo's boat)  
Promises are made to be broken.  
I should know.

Sean watches his brother's catamaran raise sail and begin to slide away.

LAURA  
That's okay, you can come with us.

SEAN  
With girls?

LAURA  
If you don't want to ---

SEAN  
No, I do, I do.

CUT TO

102 EXT. DIVE BOAT AT DOCK - DAY

102

In the boat a Physician kneeling over Andrews, working on him...no response...Brody and the Assistant close by, the other divers on the dock, shivering and watching...The Physician rises.

PHYSICIAN  
(to Brody)  
I'd say an embolism. Air breaking  
through into the bloodstream,  
bubbles reaching his brain.  
(shrugs helplessly)  
The way he came up, without  
exhaling ---

BRODY  
How could that happen, though?  
Tom was an instructor, experi-  
enced ---

PHYSICIAN  
Any diver can panic. I'm a diver  
myself and a good one and I know  
that just a sudden sense of being  
down there can do it. Or maybe  
equipment failure ---

ASSISTANT  
(with Andrews'  
tank and regulator)  
It wasn't that.  
(presses the purge  
valve: a hiss of  
air)  
Working perfectly.

Brody examines the mouthpiece: we can see it's been bitten  
half through.

PHYSICIAN  
Consistent with panic. Biting  
down like that, intake of breath,  
feeling you have to surface. It's  
a kind of claustrophobia.

ASSISTANT  
Yeah, I've had it sometimes. Not  
as bad as Tom, though....

Brody's own panic is visibly surging as the ambulance arrives.

CUT TO

103 SAILBOATS AT SEA

103

Some boats are already tacking around when Mike's catamaran  
and the others get there. An athletic Redhead is alone on  
a little Sunfish. Doug is also single-handed in his tiny  
inflatable. A brisk wind is blowing, there's a light chop,  
and it's clouding up.

DOUG  
(calling as Mike's  
boat approaches)  
Where you going?

ANDY  
To the lighthouse!

ANGELA  
(to Andy)  
What're ya telling them for??!

104 ANGLE OTHER BOATS

104

DOUG  
(calling)  
Okay! The lighthouse!

REDHEAD  
Race you there!

ANGELA

Oh, that's great!

MIKE

We'll lose them.

Music is heard. A Tornado catamaran with a brown sail has a radio fastened to its mast.

ANGELA

Whose boat is that?

The Tornado turns about, revealing its captain, Reeves Vaughan.

ANDY

Aw, shit.

ANGELA

Who's that?

MIKE

The town idiot.

Reeves is with the boy with spectacular Sideburns.

SIDEBURNS

(calling to  
them, trying to  
be friendly)

Ya wanna race to the lighthouse?

ANDY

Race to the nuthouse, creeps!

REEVES

(passing close)  
What're you doing with such trash,  
my pretty?

(calling to  
everyone)

To the lighthouse! On your mark!

Mike takes out a whistle, gives a short blast, tosses it to Andy.

ANDY

(calling to  
other boats)

When I blow the whistle, okay?

ANGELA  
(laughing)  
Is that a police whistle?

MIKE  
Naturally.

107 ED AND TINA'S SAILBOAT

107

Ed at the bow, groaning at Tina, who's handling the boat ineptly.

ED  
No, Tina, let me take her.

TINA  
All right, Hercules, you got it.

She simply lets go of sail and rudder. The boom whips around. Ed catches it, gives her a look as they switch positions.

He's trying to get the boat lined up...a long blast from the whistle, a cheer, and the others are off. Ed slaps the hull as if it were the flank of a horse ---

ED  
(frustrated)  
Come on, come on....

TINA  
(smiling innocently at him)  
Gee, you're terrific!

108 MIKE'S CATAMARAN

108

Cheers and coyote yelps from racers on either side...Reeves' Tornado surges ahead

REEVES  
(calling to Angela)  
You're in the wrong boat, honey.  
I'll show you a race.

ANGELA  
(showing him a smart middle finger salute)  
Race this!!

109 NINE BOATS 109

    racing away in a ragged line.

110 UNDERWATER 110

    We see, from the Shark's point of view, all the skimming hulls, silhouetted on the surface far above.

                    CUT TO

111 AMITY DOCK - DAY 111

    Rear doors of the ambulance slam shut. Brody turns away as it leaves.

    He sees, resting on its side -- Sean's bike. Where's Sean? Mike's sailboat -- IT'S GONE.

                    CUT TO

112 BOATS AT SEA 112

    The race progressing. Brightly colored sails -- crimson, brown, lavender, striped -- are strung out along the course. Boats are widely separated now, on at the rear more so than others. We hear snatches of music ---

113 REEVES' TORNADO 113

    The radio fastened to his mast is blaring away. Reeves and his friend Sideburns are singing along. They're running first. In the b.g. Mike Brody's catamaran gains a little on them.

114 MIKE BRODY'S BOAT 114

                    ANGELA

            Come on, come on, I want to be first!

115 FROM THEIR POINT OF VIEW - THE BOATS BEHIND THEM  
115

    Spread out over a hundred yards, and beyond them the last boat, straggling even further behind now.

    Right behind Mike:

handles her boat smartly, stealing wind from the skiff next to her.

Behind her:

117 OTHER BOATS AND SLOOP WITH POLO AND BROOKE  
117

He's hoisting a black jib. She lifts her face to the wind like a happy dog in a car window.

Behind them:

118 SAILBOAT WITH TWO GIRLS AND SEAN BRODY  
118

Sean's wearing a lifejacket. His mood has changed and he's having a ball. Kathy edges out to join Laura on the windward side, harnessing herself so she hangs way out over water. Even with the two of them there, the pontoon only skims the surface.

Sean starts to join them.

SEAN

I'll help.

KATHY

(it's too dangerous)

No, stay where you are.

Disappointed, Sean trails a finger in the rushing water... watching its wake...another finger, then the hand...a heavier wake....

119 ED AND TINA'S SAILBOAT

119

This is the straggler: Tina has taken over again, clumsily zig-zagging, letting out too much sail. The music from the boat ahead hardly audible here.

ED

(good humored  
about it)

Let me catch up.

TINA

I'm learning!

ED

(reaching for  
the rudder)

Not enough, baby ---

TINA  
(pushing it  
away, playful)  
Be a good boy ---

The boat veers.

ED  
(laughing)  
Hey --  
(scuffling  
with her)  
Gonna let me? Huh?

TINA  
(resisting)  
Ooh! You dirty thing!!  
You're -- too -- competitive ---

Squeals as he tickles her ---

120 UNDERWATER - FROM SHARK'S POINT OF VIEW  
120

The veering hull above us, we're rising to it...hearing the  
sounds they're making on the hull.

121 ED AND TINA 121  
both laughing as they grapple over who's to hold the sail  
and tiller -- suddenly Tina, looking past him, freezes ---

122 THE FIN 122  
huge, half-blackened, breaking the surface, approaching ---

123 THE BOAT 123  
Ed, terrified, shoves Tina away toward the bow. Both have  
let go of the sail, and it swings free. Ed seizes the  
tiller, he's trying to rudder around...the boat slews  
sideways...Ed half rises, grabs for the rigging, staring  
at the fin -- and the wind-filled sail comes whizzing back  
at him, the boom knocking him overboard...Tina screams.

124 ANGLE - ED 124  
gasping the water, lunges for the boat, but it's drawing  
away, and the fin is turning towards him...we glimpse the  
other boats, they're too far to see or hear a thing. Ed  
tries to flail toward the boat.

A tremor ripples down the Shark's marble body. One quick thrust of its tail and it turns -- we see the hideously mottled side of its massive head. The giant is homing in...Tina screams ---

125 TINA

125

clutches the boom, eyes widening at what she sees now...she screams again.

126 THE THREE BOATS AHEAD OF HER

126

sail blithely on as the music wails over the water, the girls boat in the f.g...Sean looks back for a moment....

127 ANGLE

127

We see from his point of view the floundering sailboat almost a quarter-mile away...He faces forward with a patronizing smile.

KATHY

(to Laura)

At it again!

128 THE RACE

128

proceeding -- minus Ed and Tina.

CUT TO

129 DOCK - BRODY'S SQUAD CAR

129

He's on the radio.

BRODY

See anything, Sam?

130 BEACH WATCHTOWER - SAM

130

Scanning the horizon with binoculars. It's become a gray day. A few sailboats in the distance are disappearing into haze, leaving only the straggler in sight, too far away to see what's going on.

SAM

(into walkie-talkie)

No sign of his boat, Martin. Three little kids throwing sand. Should I bust 'em?

131 BRODY'S CAR - DOCK

131

He's not amused.

BRODY

Just keep a sharp lookout. You  
see my kid's boat, you holler.

He breaks off and just sits for a moment, half-in, half-out  
of his car. Nearby, Hendricks is idly swabbing the deck of  
the P.D. Boat.

HENDRICKS

Want to go out and get 'em?

Brody hesitates. Is he over-reacting again, should he go out  
or not? He can't decide.

132 WATCHTOWER - SAM

132

Something has caught his attention. That sailboat out there,  
it is moving kind of funny, turning in circles like that. He  
picks up his walkie-talkie.

CUT TO

133 AT SEA - OFF THE LIGHTHOUSE

133

The sailboats are approaching the finish of the race. Reeves'  
Tornado is still in the lead. The girls' boat lets out a  
violet spinnaker. They're gaining on Mike Brody's catamaran.

LAURA

I want a closer look at the com-  
petition.

KATHY

Oh, he's so vain.

SEAN

I think you ought to leave them  
alone.

LAURA

No way! We're going wherever they  
go today, my friend.

SEAN

(judgmental)  
It's up to you.

Neck and neck with Mike's boat, and a little too close,  
Kathy and Laura peer evilly over at him, huge grins on their  
faces.

ANGELA

What's the matter with them?

MIKE

They want something they can't have.

ANGELA

What?

ANDY

His flesh!

ANGELA

Who can blame them?

MIKE

Let's get rid of this whole group.

He abruptly presses the tiller over, turning the catamaran to the right of the lighthouse.

Seeing this, the girls signal to the others to turn to the right.

KATHY

To the Cape! To the Cape!

Most of the boats follow them.

ANGELA

(appalled)

They're following us!

MIKE

We'll lose them in those islands over there.

Reeves has just arrived at the lighthouse and turns triumphantly to the group.

REEVES

I WIN! Hey! Where you all going??

CUT TO

134 ED AND TINA'S SAILBOAT

134

seems to be sailing itself, a ghost boat rolling with the swells, its rudder drifting back and forth. Without direction, the sail billows first one way, the swings completely across to the other side. The P.D. Boat approaches.

BRODY

Hello?

No answer. Hendricks eases them a little closer. The sailboat is empty...and eerie, with its sail slapping. They draw the sailboat toward them with a hook and Brody boards it. At first, only her arm is visible. Brody kneels and there cowering in the crawl space under the deck, is Tina.

BRODY

(softly)

What's the matter, honey...huh?  
...Come on...

No response. Her eyes stare at him wide with terror.

BRODY

(to Hendricks)

We gotta get her in.

He tries to move her from under the deck. She hangs on. As gently as he can, he tries to pry her hands loose. She starts to whimper. He keeps going.

BRODY

It's okay now.

HENDRICKS

(still in the

P.D. Boat)

Jesus, what happened?

BRODY

What happened, Tina, please try and  
tell me. What happened -- please -- !

TINA

Ed went over and -- and --

BRODY

Tell me --  
(he pulls her out,  
shakes her)  
What happened?

TINA

I yelled. They couldn't hear ---

Her mouth works soundlessly as he manages to get her on her feet. She sees the water and screams.

TINA

IS IT THERE?  
(crouches back down,  
whimpering)  
Is it still there?

BRODY

(level, deadly)

It was a shark.

CUT TO

135 ANGLES - SAILBOATS 135  
thru thru  
138 They trail after Mike Brody's catamaran. Doug in is high  
138 spirits running before the wind in his tiny inflatable. Only  
inches from the water, the Redhead maneuvers for position.  
The lighthouse disappears behind them, eclipsed by an island.

CUT TO

139 BRODY AND HENDRICKS 139  
Hendricks turns the sailboat toward Amity.

HENDRICKS  
You know how to work that thing?

BRODY  
(in P.D. Boat)  
I'll manage.

Which lever? He guesses right and it starts. He sets out alone to face his enemy. Speeding in the direction of the lighthouse, he takes out his cyanide bullets and loads the gun, then places it snugly on the shelf beside him. The lighthouse looms ahead on the horizon.

CUT TO

140 SAILBOATS AND SLOOP - POLO AND BROOKE  
140  
Polo efficiently lets out sail, chest hair curling through his wet T-shirt.

BROOKE  
(shouts ahead)  
Beep beep!

Doug's inflatable is ahead. They gain on him.

POLO  
(to Brooke)  
Come on this side. We can pass him easy.

The two of them extend far out over the water. In his effort to gain speed without capsizing, his shoulders nearly skim the surface.

POLO  
Yeah! Yeah! Yeah!

141 DOUG 141  
shouts as they pass, poking one of his boat's compartments.

DOUG  
Got an air leak...slowing me down!!

142 ANGLES - SAILBOATS 142  
thru thru  
145 Afternoon sunlight breaks through the clouds. Multi-colored  
145 sails stream through shafts of light. Happy kids, flying  
with the wind.

CUT TO

146 HARBOR 146  
Hendricks guides the sailboat to the dock. Many hands reach  
out to help Tina off. A crowd of people has gathered and an  
ambulance is waiting. They descend on her with a swarm of  
questions, shouts of "Let her through!", mass confusion.

ANDY'S MOTHER  
(calling over  
the crowd)  
Is Andy out there? Is he all right?

A blanket is thrown around Tina as she's rushed through the  
crowd toward the ambulance.

ED'S MOTHER  
(grabbing at her)  
Where's Ed? Tina...where's my boy?

Tina turns a vacant look in her direction, and is hustled on.

SOMEBODY  
What happened out there?

VAUGHAN  
Everything's going to be all right.  
All of you just stay calm now. The  
Coast Guard's on the way.

Hendricks helps the orderlies put Tina into the ambulance.  
It drives off, revealing --

147 ELLEN BRODY

147

on the other side of it, facing Hendricks. It's happening... again...

CUT TO

148 AT THE LIGHTHOUSE - BRODY

148

All is silent except for the rollers booming around the rocks. No sign of the kids.

BRODY

(on radio)

Well, they're not here.

VOICE

That's where she said they'd be.

BRODY

Well, where are they, then? Any word from the Coast Guard yet?

VOICE

Chief, their chopper went out.

BRODY

Let me know the minute they spot them. I'm gonna try --  
(which way)  
-- over towards Woods Hole.

He turns the boat to the left -- the wrong way.

CUT TO

149 SAILBOATS - MIKE BRODY'S CATAMARAN

149

They can't shake the other boats.

ANDY

(to Mike)

Don't you have to be back?

MIKE

No, plenty of time. We're almost there.

150 REEVES AND SIDEBURNS 150

pass Doug's leaky inflatable.

SIDEBURNS

(calling)

Nice seeing you, see you later.

Ha. Ha.

No comment from Doug. An oncoming helicopter is heard.

Doug looks up ---

151 SUNFISH 151

The Redhead looks up, the chopper louder ---

152 COAST GUARD HELICOPTER 152

Pilot and Spotter in the cockpit. The Spotter lowers his glasses and says something to the Pilot, who nods and starts to take her down. We follow, seeing all the boats below.

153 THE BOATS - FAVORING MIKE'S 153

He's looking up along with the others, all with apprehension, at the chopper swooping down toward them. What's this about?

154 HELICOPTER 154

hovering at 50 feet. The Spotter opens the hatch and calls through a loud-hailer.

SPOTTER

Return -- to -- port -- immediately.

Return -- to -- port -- immediately.

155 THE BOATS 155

The Kids look at each other in confusion. Should they obey? Something must have happened.

ANGELA

(wants to go on)

What'll we do?

MIKE

(bitterly)

Better go in...I don't believe this!!

SPOTTER'S VOICE

Return -- to -- port -- immediately.

Mike turns his catamaran about.

156 ANGLES - OTHER BOATS 156  
thru thru

159 Confusion and maneuvering as they turn around. The Redhead  
159 turns her Sunfish back into the wind, sail fluttering ---

REDHEAD  
(calling to  
Mike's boat)  
Not so easy in this wind!

SPOTTER'S VOICE  
Return -- to -- port -- immediately ---

160 SAILBOATS 160

turning about. Brooke yells up at the chopper.

BROOKE  
All right, all right! We heard!  
We're returning to port!

161 HELICOPTER 161

The Spotter pauses. From his point of view we see the boats,  
all turning now, heading back toward Amity. The chopper  
descends a bit and passes over them --

162 SEAN BRODY 162

loves it, it's scary but delicious. The air from the chopper  
whips at sails, clothes, hair -- and at the water.

163 UNDERWATER 163

Wind from the blades causes a circular turbulence on the  
surface. The thudding of the chopper is vibrating down into  
the depths. From the gloom, we see the Great White Shark  
approaching.

164 CHOPPER COCKPIT 164

Pilot's on radio --

PILOT  
They're heading back. Return to  
base. Over.

COMMANDER'S VOICE

Yeah. Over and out.

165 BOATS

165

tacking into the wind as the chopper arcs upward and away.  
Sean waves good-bye.

166 FROM THE RISING CHOPPER

166

The boats recede to a small patch of brightly colored sails  
in a big dark sea.

CUT TO

167 AMITY DOCK AREA

167

Peterson joins a cluster of worried parents. Mayor Vaughan  
is listening to the radio in Brody's squad car. Ellen has  
Sean's bike.

ELLEN

(to Peterson)

I think both my boys are out there.

VAUGHAN

(comes out of the car)

So is mine. They're on their way in.

ELLEN

How far out are they?

VAUGHAN

A helicopter just went out. They're  
coming in. They're safe.

Ellen takes this in, says nothing. Peterson looks at her in  
torment -- how can he find words to tell her how sorry he is...

PETERSON

He was right.

ELLEN

(looking out  
to sea)

I just wish he hadn't been.

CUT TO

between the lighthouse and Woods Hole. Brody is on the radio, furious.

BRODY

The chopper left them??

COMMANDER'S VOICE

Yeah, they're coming in.

BRODY

They left them??

COMMANDER'S VOICE

We'll go meet them passing the light-  
house then, for Christ's sake!  
They're coming in, Chief!

Brody breaks contact, there's not time to argue, shoves a lever -- a loud squeal of too many engine revs. He whirls the P.D. Boat around in a tight circle -- it's almost out of control -- and speeds back toward the lighthouse.

CUT TO

tacking into the teeth of the wind. They're going fast but have made little headway. A thin line of land is visible behind them.

Mike Brody's catamaran and Reeves' Tornado are neck and neck, both straining to hold as tight to the wind as they can.

REEVES

(calling to Mike)

Gonna block your wind, sport --

MIKE

Stand by to ram!

Horselaughs from Sideburns and Reeves, ready to ward them off. Mike deftly angles his boat and bumps them...again....

REEVES

My paint!! Asshole.

Mike cleverly hangs back a moment, then bumps them from behind...Andy laughs admiringly.

Reeves is livid. He tenderly rubs the spot where Mike has chipped the paint on his catamaran.

REEVES  
(yelling at Mike)  
You're paying for this!

Crunch...Mike gives it to him again. Reeves is having a fit.  
Screw the paint -- he strikes back ---

170 UNDERWATER - THE TWO CATAMARANS  
170

pontoons banging, almost tangling, then banging again ---

171 SURFACE 171

They streak past Doug's inflatable. Attaching his pump to the valve of his leaky compartment -- it's noticeably softer now -- he proceeds to stamp away at the foot pump as hard and fast as he can. Passed by everyone on the way out, now he's passed again by everyone on the way back.

First, the girls' boat with Sean:

LAURA  
(passing)  
Haven't I seen you someplace before?

This cracks Sean up. Doug ignores them -- keeps pumping. Then the Redhead, slowing a little as she passes:

REDHEAD  
You need help? Wind's backing around.

He shakes his head and she goes on. Then Polo's sloop:

POLO  
Hey! You look familiar!

172 AHEAD - MIKE AND REEVES 172

turn into their windward tack.

REDHEAD  
(calling to them)  
We'd do better going the other way!

MIKE  
(it's far)  
To the Cape?!

Reeves' Tornado is already turning in that direction.

ANDY  
(to Mike)  
Easier than beating our way back  
to Amity -- be dark before we make  
it.

ANGELA  
Make it to the Cape easy with this  
wind.

MIKE  
And then what?

ANGELA  
Sleep on the beach -- you chicken?

Mike hesitates, sneaks a look at Andy.

ANDY  
Okay with me, but what about your  
father?

MIKE  
Too late, I've already had it.  
Might as well enjoy it. Yeah.  
(changing  
course, shouts  
to those  
behind him)  
The Cape! To the Cape!

173 UNDERWATER 173

From the Shark's point of view, we see far above us the  
shadows of the sailboats -- all turning to run before the  
wind again.

174 DOUG'S INFLATABLE 174

In the "lead" once more, he's still stamping away at his pump.

175 UNDERWATER 175

Faint sound of the thudding foot pump from above...and we  
see the Shark, moving in a zigzag, excited ---

176 DOUG 176

pumping...the compartment swelling taut ---

177 UNDERWATER

177

Homing in, the Shark circles upward, the thudding louder as the beast rises toward it...then still louder ending with an explosive sound ---

178 SURFACE

178

Hoots of laughter at Doug: the compartment has burst and he's standing up in chagrin; no danger of sinking, he's still water-tight. And now:

179 THE FIN

179

rears above the surface. He sees it gliding toward him, tail hissing through the water.

Mike's catamaran is heading straight at him ---

DOUG

Help!! Help!!

Doug's holding onto his mast, watching the fin. It dips, then comes up right beside him and slices through the other compartment of his inflatable...air rushing out....

180 TWO BOATS

180

converge as they hurry toward him, collide with each other... sails flying free...shouts...bumping and pushing....

181 CLOSE - DOUG

181

He's frantically turning to see where Mike is, then he's whirled up along with his boat through the air ---

182 CLOSE - MIKE AND ANDY

182

appalled at the sight ahead ---

183 THE SHARK

183

has seized the inflatable in its jaws, shaking it like a terrier with a rat in its mouth. Doug can't hold on. He's pitched into the water and swims toward Mike's boat for all he's worth.

heading toward Doug ---

MIKE  
(terrified)  
Where is it? Where'd it go?

They reach out and grab Doug -- the boat tips...screams...  
Mike throws himself across to balance as Doug struggles onto  
the catamaran.

The demolished inflatable bobs to the surface.

ANDY  
Head away from that.

But which way is safe to go?

MIKE  
WHERE IS IT?

ANDY  
Hurry! Just go!

The other boats are coming on ---

ANDY  
(has Mike's whistle)  
Warn them ---

He gives a blast and all at once the catamaran beneath them  
is lifted out of the water. The four of them are first  
hurled to one side -- Mike bangs his head -- and then, as  
their boat capsizes, they're all four pitched into the sea.

Three heads bob up, swiveling around to see -- and with  
horror they do see ---

weaving around them. Their catamaran is drifting. The  
three of them thrash toward it, the fin on the other side  
of it now, coming back. They claw at the hull. Doug  
scrambles up and reaches back for Angela. Andy wallows  
onto the canvas stretched between the pontoons.

The three of them gasp for breath, looking around wildly ---

ANDY  
Where's Mike??

He's floating half-conscious back where they turned over.

187 POLO'S SLOOP

187

tacking swiftly toward him, Polo leaning out to grab him, scared, looking for the fin ---

188 OTHER BOATS

188

maneuver in confusion. One is getting away.

The girls with Sean are terror-stricken. Turning to flee the scene, they cut across the path of boats going to help. A near collision with one -- and they plow straight into the side of another, almost impaling its occupant.

189 THE SHARK

189

is circling. A skiff veers too sharply into the wind and turns over, tumbling two boys into the sea.

190 POLO'S SLOOP

190

is running for it with Mike aboard. Coming to, Mike looks around -- where are the rest of them?

MIKE

(yelling)

SEAN!!?

(to Polo)

We gotta go back.

Polo keeps going.

191 TWO BOYS

191

are climbing onto the hull of their overturned skiff. The Shark angles toward them with short lashes of its crescent tail. They draw their legs up, cringing...a jarring impact as the giant snout bashes their hull.

192 REEVES' TORNADO

192

appears, swinging in between the overturned boats. He's holding a coil of rope, not sure where to throw it. He flings it toward the skiff, then staggers backward as the fin slices by a few feet in front of him, nearly as tall as he is.

The girls with Sean are kicking the splintered dinghy, trying to free it from their bow.

Andy flings a line to them.

ANDY

Pull all the boats togeth...

Another butting charge by the Shark knocks him to his knees.  
A scream of pain as Angela is thrown into a center board.

ANDY

(to everyone)

Pull in --- pull in ---

193 BOATS CONVERGING

193

Reeves sails his Tornado up onto the half-submerged frame of the catamaran.

ANDY

Pull in -- throw that line over  
there ---

The boats all draw together: Reeves pulls in the capsized skiff. The girls haul in. The Redhead's Sunfish is the last boat in.

ANDY

(to Redhead)

Lash that to your mast!

(she hesitates)

We have to tie them up! All of  
them!!

REDHEAD

No -- !

ANDY

Alone nobody has a chance!!

Two boys leap onto her Sunfish, tip it on its side, and lash her mast to theirs, making a barrier.

Panicky disorder. Sails rip, rigging tangles. Boats are hauled on top of other boats and lashed haphazardly together. A hopefully protective little island.

SEAN

(to Angela)

You're bleeding.

She looks down. The slash isn't deep.

SEAN

(softly to Andy)

Where's Mike?

ANDY

He's okay.

ANGELA

They got away.

She looks into the boy's terrified eyes...at the fearful faces of the others watching for the next attack...what have they gotten into? Screams as the Shark, unseen below, butts the raft of boats.

Andy lifts himself up to the top of the heap.

ANDY

Here! Everybody up here!

Angela helps Sean up -- the others are scurrying up now too. Clinging to the pile of boats: six boys and four girls, cold wet, shivering, the full extent of their predicament hitting them. Angela scans the ocean, and we see from her point of view the two escaping boats, distant now, making for Winter Island. One of them is Polo's sloop, its back sail gliding through the haze like the fin of a shark.

CUT TO

193-A P.D. BOAT - CLOSE SHOT - MAP

193-A

Brody traces the anticipated course of the sailboats from where the chopper intercepted them to the lighthouse.

194 OFF THE LIGHTHOUSE - P.D. BOAT

194

Brody desperately searches the horizon. Haze, no sails. Where are his kids? They should be here! The sun is sinking! Which way should he go?

195 BESIEGED SAILBOATS - HAZY SUNSET

195

A splintering crash again rocks the floating island. Kids grab onto anything they can. The Redhead slips down into the water between boats. The Shark hits the sailboats again, pinning her legs, grinding them between gunnels, the blow jolting Sean down into a swamped dinghy where Reeves is trying to detach the mast.

Before Sean can get back up, the Shark hits again...and again... the battering coming too fast for anyone to hold on. They fall, clutching at anything, shouting, slipping...And then it stops.

The Redhead is gone. A dark cloud billows up in the water between the boats where she disappeared. Silence. The "raft" rocks gently.

SOMEONE

Oh my God, Oh God ---

Someone's weeping, someone's reciting The Lord's Prayer, and terror among them is reaching unbearable proportions.

REEVES  
(to Sideburns)  
Give me a hand.

They pull up on the mast -- it sticks in its socket.

SIDEBURNS  
That won't keep it off anyway.

But they go on working at it, chipping at the corrosion that's frozen it in place.

ANDY  
(re-lashing things  
together)  
A few more times and all of us --  
It's battering us to pieces.

ANGELA  
It can get us any time it really  
wants to.

Clouds are gathering as the light fades. A foggy haze hangs over darkening water. They're cold and wet. Sean crawls over to Andy -- he's trembling, crying.

SEAN  
(whispering)  
I peed my pants --

Andy puts his arm around him.

CUT TO

196 P.D. BOAT - BRODY

196

Behind him, the revolving beam of the lighthouse is disappearing in fog. Where are they, for God's sake? He puts his running lights on.

CUT TO

197 BESIEGED SAILBOATS - ANDY AND SEAN

197

ANDY  
When we're not back, they'll send  
that helicopter out again.

SEAN  
(thinks)  
But how will they see us? It's  
getting dark...

ANDY  
(moving away)  
Then they'll find us in the morning.

BOY  
(as Andy  
joins him)  
-- If we can keep this thing together that long.

ANDY  
Maybe it's had enough.

ANGELA  
What if they don't ever have enough?

She looks toward Winter Island. It's farther away now -- only a line of the horizon, disappearing in the dusk.

BOY  
We're drifting -- !

ANGELA  
I'm sure they went to get help.

BOY  
If they made it.

ANGELA  
Somebody'll spot them...

Sean is shivering. Angela takes off her windbreaker and puts it around him. She's wearing a halter top. Something is hanging out of it.

SEAN  
What's that?

She looks down to see, trailing from under her left breast, a nylon stocking. Gasping, she stuffs it back in, but it's too late. They've seen. Everyone knows her secret...falsies. Reeves wears a stupid grin.

ANGELA  
So what? Big deal.

REEVES  
No. Small deal.

The rigging creaks with a gentle shifting of the "raft."

ANDY  
It's back!

They brace themselves. A long scraping from below and then, very slowly, as the Shark runs its body against submerged areas, the "raft" begins to rotate. A flapping sail starts to tear along a seam. And then, as they turn away from the wind, all the booms swing violently across at once. They're turning in a circle.

ANGELA

(softly)

What's it DOING?

For a moment, nothing. Then, thirty yards away, the fin appears.

BOY

(to Reeves)

HURRY!

They wrench the mast free. Reeves carries it to the edge of the raft, looking to his right --

ANDY

No, this side! This side!

Reeves turns toward it, bracing himself. Behind him, the others watch as he holds the mast out over the water like a lance, following the movement of the fin. The raft is still turning enough to make it hard for him. The Shark speeds in. Reeves stumbles to the best footing he can find, aims the mast, dips it below the surface -- and shudderingly connects. It hardly checks the Shark's momentum. Reeves is barely able to maintain his grip on the mast as the whole floating conglomeration is shoved through the water for a few seconds.

Reeves lowers the mast, wincing in pain.

REEVES

My ribs --

Andy takes the mast as the Shark circles again. Andy braces. He's scared. And here it comes.

Andy lowers the mast, but this charge is even more ferocious. The impact drives the mast back through his hands and arms, friction-burning. He nearly drops it. The castaways perched above him cling on through the impact, watching the battle, still frightened, but feeling less like sitting ducks since some opposition is being offered.

And now the Shark comes in for the third time. Again Andy aims the mast -- but this time, the Shark seizes it in its jaws, biting down with an awful crunch. He holds on as the Shark jerks the mast from side to side sending up showers of spray. He's nearly pulled overboard, then hurled back stunned, the bent mast yanked out of his grasp and sent flying high in the air.

He gingerly climbs to join the huddled group...watching and waiting. There's nothing they can do...but keep their eyes riveted on the relentlessly circling fin....

CUT TO

198 AT SEA - BRODY

198

The P.D. Boat reduces speed as it nears Winter Island. Hauled up out of the rocky surf are the two escaped sailboats. Faint shouts. Brody can barely make out the form of the Kids in the dusk.

BRODY  
(peering tensely,  
calling)  
MIKE?! SEAN?

More clearly now, he can see five figures of equal size, no Sean. Three boys and two girls, yelling and waving their arms.

MIKE  
(calling)  
Yeah, Dad!

BRODY  
(shouting ahead)  
Mike! Where's Sean?

The Kids are yelling but he can't hear them over the motor and the waves crashing on the rocks.

BRODY  
What? Where are the others?

They start to splash out to him, but Brody signals them to stay where they are.

He carefully threads his way closer to shore. He's within hearing range now and can make out what they're saying.

MIKE  
They're between here and the Cape!  
Get out there quick, Dad! There's  
a shark...

BRODY  
(grabs the radio-  
phone)  
MAYDAY! MAYDAY! MAYDAY!

199 LONG SHOT - THE P.D. BOAT

199

is broadside to the Kids, slowly turning as they climb aboard. Brody's on the radio, his words lost in the surf. The boat's getting closer to the rocks.

200 CLOSE - BRODY

200

does his best to hold the boat where it is ---

BRODY

(on radio)

Somewhere between here and the Cape!  
Send your chopper out and tell me  
where, I'll get to them -- over.

(starting to turn

the boat around,

he calls to Mike)

Is Sean all right?

MIKE

I don't know, I didn't see!  
Hurry, Dad!

A grinding from below. The boat's on the rocks. He reverses, rips back across, tries forward again -- stops. He's aground.

CUT TO

201 THE SAILBOATS

201

The whole heap is violently rocking -- the Shark is bashing from below now, unseen, as the fear-numbed castaways regroup themselves, getting up as high on the flotsam as they can.

ANDY

(trying to encourage)

We're getting closer to it ---

A sand bar is a quarter-mile away.

DOUG

(bitterly)

No, we're going to pass it ---

ANDY

Maybe the wind will change ---

Suddenly, the sound of a helicopter...they all look up.

202 FROM THEIR POINT OF VIEW - HELICOPTER  
 202  
 coming in through thickening fog.

203 THE BOATS 203  
 all waving and yelling ---

204 HELICOPTER COCKPIT 204  
 Spotter looking down, aghast...as Pilot reports on radio.

PILOT  
 Position is six point three miles  
 -- zero four one degrees of  
 Queepecket Light ---

205 FROM CHOPPER'S POINT OF VIEW 205  
 The castaways on the piled-up boats and the fin.

SPOTTER  
 My God!

206 COCKPIT 206  
 SPOTTER  
 (to Pilot)  
 Better get 'em to that sand bar ---

PILOT  
 (nods)  
 Proceeding to assist ---

207 HELICOPTER AND BOATS 207  
 The chopper swoops down toward them. They're cheering. It descends to 20 feet directly above them, but the down rush of buffeting air from the rotor is clearly a danger as the precarious structure rocks and tips. The Kids scream, and the chopper skitters a short distance away. It touches down, rotor still turning. The Spotter opens the hatch.

SPOTTER  
 (over loud-  
 hailer)  
 Okay, we'll put you on the sand bar, two at a time. First two down to the waterline, let's go.

A moment of indecision on the boats, then ---

SIDEBURNS

(to two girls)

Move it.

They make their way to the edge of the floating heap, anxiously scanning the surface around them. The chopper begins to approach. Then Sideburns spots it, the fin, surfacing on the far side of the chopper, coming toward it ---

SIDEBURNS

(shrieking and  
pointing)

Look out! Look out!

The Spotter can't hear over the chopper's noise. He glances around confused. Then he sees it, head on, breaking the surface ---

SPOTTER

(to Pilot)

Lift off!

But before the Pilot can gain any height, the charging Shark fastens onto the chopper's substructure. Engine shrilling, metal squealing, the chopper heaves and yaws, the upward thrust of its rotor fighting the pull of the Shark -- and suddenly this sends it flipping over, upside down into the sea. The Spotter, thrown clear, comes choking to the surface.

208 UNDERWATER

208

Bent askew but still turning, the rotor chews its way into the body of the helicopter like some prehistoric creature destroying itself. The glass bubble of the cockpit begins to fill with water. Upside down and half-conscious, the Pilot struggles with his seat belt. The whirling blades bite through the metal...dark fuel rises in an oily cloud and spreads toward the surface.

209 HIGH ANGLE

209

The rotary action causes the thing to crawl in an arc. It lodges in a tangle of superstructure and spars against the "raft" of sailboats. The blades stop. A wisp of smoke trails up from the belly.

The Spotter swims through smudges of fuel which are rapidly extending themselves across the surface of the water.

The Spotter strokes toward the sailboats, but the Shark slides toward him faster than he moves toward safety.

The Kids desperately cheer him on. He's getting close.

is raised half out of the water by a terrible force, flung from side to side bellowing with terror, then suddenly released. He hangs for a moment in the water, gasping for breath. He's injured, but there's nothing to do but keep swimming... a stroke...another...then it happens again.

The fuel has reached the sailboats and the partly submerged decks of some of them are slippery with it. Half wading, splashing, slipping, the Kids try to hold out a boom, some rigging anything for the Spotter to grab...but he's too far away and anyway, he's no longer swimming...just kind of rest-in the water as if he's thinking hard about something or other.

The glass bubble fills with water and smoke too rapidly for the dazed Pilot to free himself. He fights for consciousness. Hanging upside down, he sees through the glass an indistinguishable form. At first shadowy and veiled, materializing as it approaches, mouth working as if gasping for breath, the Great White comes right up to the glass and hangs there, gills rippling. A tiny sucker fish holds fast to the unburned side of the slack, grinning jaw. The Shark's black, deadly eye is riveted on the Pilot as he breathes in water.

Andy goes in after the wounded Spotter. He swims toward him cautiously...closer and still no Shark...he swims harder, a little splashing...careful...closer, he almost has him... he reaches....

And suddenly, the Spotter lunges, grabbing the boy in the death hug of a drowning, dying full-grown man.

A half-second later, the Shark hits full force and Andy's alone in bloody water...A shower of flaming chunks of metal descends as the helicopter's belly erupts in a volcano of exploding fuel.

The fire spreads across the water in jagged leaps.

The raft of sailboats is on fire. Slick places in the water smolder. By the time he makes it back to the boats, Andy's shoulders have been singed.

The Kids have nothing adequate to hold water to fling on the flames that are consuming the helicopter and rapidly spreading through the tangled rigging and sails of their "raft."

The heat is unbearable at such close quarters. The surrounding fog glows an angry hot pink.

ANGELA

I can't stand this -- I'm going in.

GIRL

No --

ANGELA

I'm not gonna burn to death.

She goes in. They wait for the attack, but nothing happens. It gets hotter by the second.

REEVES

I'm going in too.

He slips in and hangs onto the raft, looking about terrified. No shark. Oily smoke twists up from flaming nautical plastics. Some of the Kids try breathing through wet clothing wrapped across their faces. The unbearable heat forces them all into the water. Their "raft" is riding lower. Crying and scared, Sean is held tight by one of the girls.

215 UNDERWATER

215

The Kids hang on the surface like parasites around the rim of the glowing "raft."

CUT TO

216 OFF WINTER ISLAND - THE P.D. BOAT

216

is still on the rocks. The Kids are in the water, working to free it. Brody is on the radiophone.

BRODY

Why -- what's wrong?

COAST GUARD (v.o.)

We don't know. The chopper's just not answering. It went dead.

In agonizing frustration, Brody stares off. In the distance, the sky is lit with a pink glow. The Kids stop working --

SOMEONE (v.o.)  
What's that?

CUT TO

217 THE "RAFT" OF SAILBOATS 217

is still on fire, the castaways hanging off it. Doug and Andy grab lungsfull of air, and dive.

218 UNDERWATER - THEIR POINT OF VIEW 218

Great dark forms of the broken boats hang beneath the surface, the sail billowing downward in the current. No sign of the Shark. The boys swim as fast as they can under the "raft."

They come up in a pocket of air trapped beneath the overturned catamaran, groping blindly in maddening little compartments until they find what they came for, a fire extinguisher. The body of the Pilot hangs upside down, head nodding in the water-filled glass bubble. Gasping, Doug and Andy speed to the surface.

219 LONG SHOT 219

The glow in the fog diminishes as they get the fire under control.

220 CLOSER 220

Wisps of smoke trail from charred rigging. One by one, the Kids pull themselves back onto the raft, watching, always watching the water. Cold and wet, there is still a glimmer of hope as they huddle together in the night air.

ANDY  
I think it's gone.

SOMEONE  
Maybe the explosion scared it off.

CUT TO

221 OFF WINTER ISLAND - THE P.D. BOAT 221

Mike and the others are in the water rocking the boat -- it grates off the rocks and floats free. Brody starts the engine immediately, and turns the boat around, Mike climbing aboard...

BRODY

No, stay here.

MIKE

But I have to help you...I shouldn't  
have taken the boat out...I'm respon...

BRODY

(hugs him)

That doesn't matter, Mike. You stay  
here. At least I know you're safe.

MIKE

(near tears, looks  
at his father)

But I don't want you to go, Dad.  
I'm afraid for you...

BRODY

I'll pick you up. On the way back.  
Okay?

(Mike nods)

222 MIKE

222

jumps down and makes his way to shore, Brody keeping his  
searchlight on him until he reaches land...Mike turns a  
worried face to him and waves. They look at each other.  
They may never see each other again...

CUT TO

223 RAFT OF SAILBOATS - NIGHT

223

Still no sign of the Shark. Just black water, wind in the  
rigging, the terror and mystery of the sea at night. The  
Kids are still...a few asleep or trying to...everything's  
quiet, except for Reeves' labored breathing. Sean is looking  
at him. He hasn't forgotten the older boy threw him in the  
water. Reeves meets his eyes, and for a long inscrutable  
moment, their gazes lock...nothing is said.

CUT TO

224 AT SEA - P.D. BOAT - BRODY

224

sees something ahead, slows down. Seagulls are sleeping on  
the water, but there's something else there, drifting...a  
shapeless object. Fearing the worst, he cuts his motor and  
turns his spotlight on it. Doug's demolished inflatable.  
He snags it with a boathook and lifts the thing a little. In  
the beam of light: a great jagged curve where the Shark has  
bitten through. Brody is frozen. It's not a dream, he's  
coming closer, closer to the real thing, closer to death.

In the water, there's a soft lapping, a slapping sound. He turns his beam...around the inflatable, a small shark...another...another...

He spears down at them impotently with the pole. Suddenly, a rush of wings as all around him the sleeping gulls lift off, whirring in confusion through the beam of his light and screaming off into the night.

Silence again. Then, all at once, the little sharks disappear. It's here. Brody knows it's here...

He carefully reaches for his gun...eases the safety off. For an eternity, nothing happens. Brody is ready. The boat lifts gently with a passing swell -- the dragging rake creaks in its brace. He drifts and waits...poised...

He turns the lights off. In the darkness, the sound of water lapping, the wind, and a soft metallic click: his gun is cocked.

He stirs the water with the boathook...nothing happens. Drawing a deep breath, he reaches carefully down with his hand and brushes the surface with his fingers. Gaining courage, he gives a tentative pat, then more...he slaps at the surface. His gun ready, he puts his hand all the way in and flutters it like a wounded fish. He turns the searchlight on and shines it in the water...nothing there but his hand, stone-white, enlarged, and dead-looking in the water.

Maybe he's wrong. Maybe it's not here and he's losing valuable time...he'd better get the Kids. He goes to start the boat -- and there's a low scraping sound against the hull. Scanning the water, he sees nothing. Again the pulling beneath him, stronger this time. Brody raises the gun, and throws the motor on. There...a glimpse of the fin in the spotlight! Two quick shots smack the water and the Shark is gone.

225 CHASE

225

Brody pursues the ghostly form through the fog. It glides before him like a reflection of the moon racing across the water, leading him as much as fleeing, a dark mirage that he follows with a strange elation, curving after it first one way, then another, never quite getting a shot...becoming hopelessly turned around.

Pushing the throttle hard, aiming his gun, he closes in on the Shark, but it sounds, disappearing like an apparition. He races ahead, turns back, turns around in every direction looking for the Shark, fighting to control the wheel, the gun held loosely in his hand --

226 A BUTTING CHARGE

226

by the Shark lifts the bow off the water, throws Brody against the rail --

227 THE GUN

227

flies up into the air and spirals down with an irretrievable plop into the water.

He can't believe it...beats at the boat with his fists.

BRODY

(roaring)

You son of a bitch!

He looks around. Out of sight of everything, completely turned around...he's lost. He cuts the motor and drifts in silence. He reaches for the radio. And then he hears it...very faint, in the distance...a whistle, a police whistle, faint but unmistakable. Brody listens...peers out into the fog...listens again.

CUT TO

228 RAFT OF SAILBOATS

228

Andy is blowing the whistle. About to give another blast, he breaks off --

ANDY

Lights.

Rigid and silent, the gaze out to sea. There through the fog, a glowing aura from the lights of the oncoming P.D. Boat. It's turning toward them --

SOMEONE

They see us!!

Shouts and cheers. From somewhere in the wreckage there's an ominous creak. They stiffen, looking down --

SOMEONE

It's underneath us -- !

SIDEBURNS

(pauses, listening)

No, something shifted.

Brody sees silhouetted against the fog, the group on the floating wreckage, twenty yards ahead. They're calling to him to hurry. His eyes strain to see if his son is there --

BRODY  
(calling)  
Are you all right?

SEAN  
Daddy! Help, Daddy! Help!

Brody sees him now, standing up, smaller than the others...He looks okay. Brody almost weeps with relief.

BRODY  
Are you all right?

SEAN  
Yes! But I'm scared -- get me off  
of here!!

BRODY  
Okay Sean, don't worry, I'll get  
you! Is everybody safe?

ANDY  
No.

The downward sail sways in the current. A boom swings. The burned helicopter still hangs there. High above us, Brody's hull comes alongside the jagged wreckage.

Too many Kids try to get off at once. They rush toward the edge, cling as the raft tips almost vertical for a moment.

They regroup, balancing. Brody draws in for another try.

BRODY  
Two at a time...easy...be careful...

SIDEBURNS  
It's okay, it's gone.

They look around, guessing how their weight is distributed.

ANDY  
(pointing to Reeves  
and Sideburns)  
You two better go first.

Very gingerly, they start to get down. Reeves is pale. Every breath hurts his broken ribs...maybe he's dizzy... Perilously unsteady on his feet for such a delicate operation. He and Sideburns step out on the canvas framework stretched between the pontoons of the half-submerged catamaran -- a tentative step, another, the whole framework tipping gently as they work their way out. Reeves slides a little -- Sideburns steadies him. They're wading knee-deep. Another step...another...a few more and they'll be to the P.D. Boat...another...

231-A BRODY

231-A

reaches for them ---

232 THE HUGE BURNED HEAD

232

come up right through the canvas, ripping the heavy fabric -- hangs up there straining for the boys -- and crashes heavily down, shearing the metal framework and pitching the boys back onto the "raft."

233 BRODY

233

circles and comes in for another try...a shower of spray as the Shark's tail lashes the boat. And almost immediately, another swipe jars the wreckage...screams....

234 THE SHARK

234

wheels back and forth between his boat and the sailboats. For a moment, Brody is transfixed by his first good look at the thing. Its pale head half-shrouded in scar tissue, brushing the sailboats.

Some of the kids are getting desperate.

SOMEONE  
Please -- please -- get us off ---

235 BRODY

235

comes in fast. Two are ready on the belly of the chopper, he's almost got them when the Shark rams into his boat with such driving impact that everyone is stunned. It's as if it has been waiting for this moment to unleash its full power.

Brody snatches up a lifesaver attached to a coil of line and flings it toward the wreckage with all his might -- maybe he can tow them -- the ring falls short ---

236 UNDERWATER

236

The line smacks the surface and lies there like a snake. A few yards from the ring, water washes over a half-submerged pontoon. Sideburns' feet wade out on it. From the depths, the Shark is rising.

A pole enters the water...trying to snag the ring ---

237 SURFACE

237

Sideburns hooks it and pulls it closer...now he can reach it with his hands....

The Shark bursts up only a few feet away. He jerks the ring over his head...the Shark mustn't get that line.

SIDEBURNS

Take it -- get it up high -- !

Andy hauls the line up, stretching it between them and the P.D. Boat. As the line goes taut, the Shark wheels under it and back again, as if daring them to proceed.

ANDY

(calling  
to Brody)

The sandbar -- over there ---

Brody turns the searchlight to a shallow criss-cross of tiny waves washing over a sandbar. About a hundred yards away. It couldn't be more than ankle-deep.

238 BRODY

238

tries to tow the "raft." He revs his engine. A shifting, a grinding as the wreckage realigns itself to this new force. Screams of "no" and "stop"...He eases off a little but continues cautiously to pull it toward the sandbar. The Shark dips and twists, its rhythm more agitated, whipping back and forth under the tow-line.

239 SEVENTY-FIVE YARDS

239

The Kids are all clumped close together now, up high, prayerfully measuring the distance to the sandbar. Another shift. A wire halyard strains taut and snaps, whistling like a whip past their ears.

240 FIFTY YARDS 240

Crash, the Shark hits the sailboats hard -- and circles to come in again ---

241 FORTY YARDS 241

They're drawing closer now --- a thump and heavier spray.

242 THIRTY YARDS 242

a terrible grinding -- the "raft" scrapes bottom. Hanging far down underneath, like an iceberg, it stops -- twenty-five yards from the sandbar. Brody strains his engine. A tearing. The whole precarious heap is beginning to come apart. He can't get them any closer. He doesn't know what to do.

243 THE KIDS 243

have reached the breaking point...so close to safety...

BOY  
Come on! Pull us in!

GIRL  
(screaming)  
Please -- please -- take us ---

244 BRODY 244

lowers himself over the side of the boat.

BRODY  
When I say go, you GO!

245 SEAN 245

is appalled, nearly biting through his lip. His father hangs there dangling his body in the water. What's he doing? Brody kicks and splashes. The Shark turns from the raft and cruises in Brody's direction.

BRODY  
GO!!!

246 THE KIDS 246

They must go in the water. They hesitate.

247 BRODY

247

churning the water, watching the Shark arc toward him.

BRODY

Go, Goddammit, GO! NOW!

248 KIDS

248

Three of them slip into the water and swim as silently as possible for the sandbar. Angela, Laura and Doug.

Shivering in anticipation, the Shark comes straight as Brody. He pulls himself up, feet slipping, just as the Shark drives its mouth into the side of the boat where he was hanging.

The Kids are halfway to the sandbar, swimming hard.

The Shark comes at the boat again, in a rage, battering the transom, splintering it -- Then it suddenly stops --

The swimmers are splashing toward shore. It's heard them... it's turning --

BRODY

Look out -- it's coming!

249 THE SWIMMERS

249

splash and scream, swimming blindly toward the sandbar. Angela is expecting it any second. Laura is like a rabbit, caught, watching the fin come closer. Doug grabs her by the hair and hauls her up on the sandbar. Angela crawls up on her hands and knees, crying.

The first three are safe.

250 P.D. BOAT - BRODY

250

plunges his whole body up and down in the water. The Shark turns back toward him, coming fast --

BRODY

GO!

251 FIVE MORE KIDS

251

hit the water and make for the sandbar.

252 THE SHARK

252

goes under.

253      BRODY      253

twisting, looking for the Shark, making as much disturbance  
in the water as he can.

254      UNDERWATER      254

On the surface high above us, the small forms of the five  
swimmers, arms and legs thrashing through the water...The  
Shark rising ---

255      BRODY SPLASHING      255

A scream -- he sees --

256      THE FIN      256

appearing in the water behind the swimmers.

KATHY  
Oh God, Oh God! Oh, GOD....!

REEVES  
IT TOUCHED ME!

The Kids on the raft are frantic...Pulling himself back up  
on his boat, Brody staggers toward the controls.

257      UNDERWATER      257

Reeves is swimming madly, the Shark nosing his legs. It  
nuzzles the scarred side of its head along his torso,  
scraping it raw. It turns and brushes Kathy with the entire  
length of its sandpaper back.

258      SURFACE - KATHY      258

her face deadly white, shrieks in panic and pain.

259      UNDERWATER - THE SHARK      259

comes up beneath them for another pass. It presses its giant  
snout deep into Reeves' belly, testing his soft vital organs,  
smelling, savoring --

260 REEVES

260

screams as if he's dying. Another pass by the Shark, a glimpse of Kathy's raw chest, and Brody rams the Shark with the prow of his boat, driving right up onto its back. A flick of its tail and it's gone.

261 THE SANDBAR

261

The boys pull Kathy and Reeves up, raw, but intact. Eight are safe. Brody turns his spotlight ---

262 THE "RAFT"

262

Three remain: Sideburns, Andy -- and Sean, whimpering with fear, rocking now with each blow as the enraged Shark, returning to finish off the "raft," is battering, ripping, breaking it apart. The boys hang on as the much-reduced wreckage is destroyed from under them. The monster heaves upward through it, pitching Sideburns into a jagged pipe-end of the catamaran's framework, and shearing off two boats.

263 BRODY - P.D. BOAT

263

heading toward them.

264 THE THREE

264

Sideburns is bleeding. Very little holds them now -- and with another blow, they're thrown into the water.

Brody has Sean, he's hauling him onto the boat, hugging him... Andy is swimming for the sandbar...

265 SIDEBURNS

265

is in the water. Brody hurls him a lifesaver ring...Sideburns swims for all he's worth, reaching for it -- and suddenly, he's being propelled toward it.

SIDEBURNS

(staring at Brody)

BRODY -- !

One arm waving, hanging onto the life-line with the other, still being propelled, he's being shaken. He twists the line around his arm.

SIDEBURNS

(hoarsely)

PULL UP -- PULL UP!!

Brody pulls against a great opposing force. He's not able to pull him in...then something gives ---

His mouth open with horror, Brody continues to pull Sideburns up...but only half of him. His torso, severed at the waist, is pouring blood into the water. And right behind him, following the stream of blood --

266 THE HUGE BURNED HEAD

266

open-jawed. black eyes catching the spotlight, worse than any dream, it rises up in Brody's face. Bloody spray flies. Brody goes wild. The dragging rake. He grabs it. Out of control now, beyond reason, he brings the metal rake crashing down. It glances off the marble skin. The Shark hits the gunnel a sledge-hammer thud. Water pours in. Brody chops at the Shark, again, it bounces off. In a blinding rage, he hurls the rake with all his strength at the Shark's head...and catches it in the eye.

Brody is ecstatic as the giant struggles to get free of the "hook," then to his horror finds the boat's being pulled along swiftly in the water, stripping line from the winch.

267 THE SHARK

267

is fleeing with the rake embedded in its head. It twists and shakes, but the metal claw sinks deeper.

268 BRODY AND SEAN

268

drawn along behind, their boat taking water as it careens through the waves. Sean clings to something and it suddenly inflates around him, mashing him into the transom. The rubber Res-Q-Raft.

269 THE SHARK

269

rises into the air, shakes to free itself of the thing...and sounds. Black waves cover its going.

270 THE P.D. BOAT

270

stops. The line goes slack. The Shark doesn't come up.

SEAN

Where is it? Is it gone?

The fog is lifting. In the distance, the lights of Amity twinkle like stars.

271 BRODY

271

operates the winch. It comes up slowly...something very heavy on it. Dead weight...the Shark is dead, it must be that. Coming...coming up...it's pulling the boat down. The water's over Brody's knees now. Sean clings to the rubber raft. It's almost up...now it's surfacing, pulling the already swamped boat down further.

Brody swivels the searchlight, leans out to see what's coming up, holding his breath...to his alarm, it's the electrical cable caught in the teeth of the rake. It's pulling the boat under! He tries to stop the winch, but he can't. It strains and burns with the weight of its load.

He forces the controls, they jam and strip, the winch goes into high, spinning the cable up out of the water, whirling the rake at the top, snagging there, and stopping --

272 THE P.D. BOAT

272

is level with the waves, the six-inch high-powered electric cable from the mainland draped like an enormous snake over the back of the boat. Brody tries to lift it off. And there, a distance from the boat --

273 THE SHARK SURFACES

273

The boat is settling deeper in the water. The searchlight shorts out. Darkness. The Shark moves slowly toward them. No need to hurry.

274 BRODY

274

hammers at the cable, can't get it off. He splashes the cockpit -- a few cylinders cough to life, he jams a lever, the boat strains against the cable, engine noises rise to a shriek, and stop. They're caught.

275 THE GREAT WHITE

275

swims slowly in a wide circle.

The boat is level with the water, and the rubber raft drifts away from it, attached by only a rope. Sean splashes toward it and climbs in. Brody's mind is racing.

A flick of its tail and the Shark turns in.

Too frightened to scream, Sean watches the white body slide languorously through the water toward them.

276 THE FIN

276

crosses in front of Sean...so close...in front of his face...  
higher than the raft...enormous. Brody screams...he would  
kill the thing with his hands...it hits the boat with the  
force of a comet, and with a great lunge, hurls itself onto  
the sinking deck, mouth open, its bloody eye a lurid pit. A  
terrible grinding snap as the teeth just miss Brody's legs ---  
he falls back gasping, eyes riveted. Beating its tail, the  
Shark comes across the boat after him. Brody splashes madly  
for the rubber raft.

277 THE SHARK

277

plunges into the water and disappears.

278 BRODY'S HANDS

278

tear at the rope holding the rubber raft...the knot's too  
tight. Sean screams. Twenty yards away, the fin surfaces and  
slips like a blade through the black waves toward them.

279 BRODY

279

jumps into the rubber raft with Sean...they're trapped! Now,  
picking up speed, the Shark beats its way in for the kill.

280 BRODY

280

on an impulse, grabs the cable with both hands and pulls the  
raft behind it.

281 THE CABLE

281

is the only thing between them and death. Beyond it, its  
frenzy peaking, the ravenous beast devours everything in its  
path...only the cable stands between it and the thing it wants.

BRODY  
(a flash of  
realization)  
Come on -- come on --

282 THE JAWS OPEN WIDE

282

reach and strain for Brody -- and close like a great steel  
gate on the cable, biting deep --

283 THE GREAT WHITE 283

rises up on its tail, thrashing and vibrating as 60,000 volts  
tear through it.

284 THE CABLE 284

twists and whips as spasms wrack the creature. Sheets of  
electrical fire roll down its enormous body.

285 BRODY AND SEAN 285

cleave to each other safe in their rubber raft, as sparks  
shower around them.

286 THE SHARK 286

Aglow, brilliantly lit against the night sky, dancing on its  
tail. In the distance, the lights of Amity dim, and die.

287 UNDERWATER 287

The Great White drifts silently down into the darkness.

288 A STAR 288

streaks across the sky, hangs like a jewel for a moment, and  
fades over --

289 THE RUBBER RAFT 289

Sean weeps in his father's arms. Then, smiling to himself,  
Brody reaches for the oar, and slowly begins to paddle toward  
the sandbar. The Kids are cheering. Sean, tears streaming  
down his face, gallantly waves to them.

BRODY

Finally got your brother to take  
you sailing, didn't you?

SEAN

They made me come.

THE END