

# **MOBY DICK**

by

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From the novel by Herman Melville

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IN A LIQUID DARKNESS --

clouds of marine colloids blur frame in the glow cast off by millions of PHYTOPLANKTON -- tiny bioluminescent stars abloom in moonlight, this is how twilight looks from the sea floor.

Somewhere in the sea of silent and sparkling beauty, a WHALE SONG erupts, heralding the appearance of a HUMPBACK WHALE -- clocking in at 75 feet, it swims overhead in all its glory.

EXT. THE OCEAN - NIGHT

A majestic WHALE SHIP alone at sea, as it glides closer, pick out the name in gold letters on the transom - *THE PEQUOD*.

SUPERIMPOSE: *THE PACIFIC OCEAN - 1828*

EXT. CROW'S NEST - THE PEQUOD - NIGHT

High above the deck, a teen SPOTTER fingers a set of Greek KOMPOLOI WORRY BEADS. Squints at something on the horizon.

A GEYSER OF WATER --

in the distance, it erupts from the humpback's blowhole.

SPOTTER  
WHALE HO! THERE SHE BLOWS!

EXT. MAIN DECK - SAME

A BELL MAN jolts to the cry, RINGS an IRON BELL.

BELL MAN  
All hands on deck! All hands!

INT. CREW QUARTERS - SAME

QUICK SHOTS: muscled WHALERS spill out their bunks; lace up pants; strap on boots; pull leather gloves onto hands.

EXT. CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS - SAME

BOOTS hit the floor, CAMERA RISING up the **two** strong legs of

CAPTAIN AHAB --

strong-faced and handsome, this is the man as *he once was*. He snares a razor-sharp LANCE and marches out of the room.

EXT. MAIN DECK - NIGHT

Ahab stalks across the deck, calls out to the mates lowering four WHALEBOATS into the water with practiced precision.

AHAB

First one to strike blood gets an  
extra pull of rum!

The men CHEER him as his boat's lowered down to the sea.

EXT. OPEN OCEAN - NIGHT

Gothic gray seas. The humpback rolls the white caps, unaware  
of the WHALE BOATS stalking it from behind.

QUICK SHOTS: muscled OARSMEN row heavy oars; HARPOONERS fit  
sharp irons into long poles; OFFICERS sharpen LANCE edges.

Ahab watches the humpback surging up ahead, calls to his men.

AHAB

Tie up, brothers!

The whalers tie LENGTHS OF ROPE to one another, TYING OFF in  
pairs of two. Repeating a credo with each KNOT...

WHALER

In the bonds...

WHALER #2

Brothers forever.

1st mate SEAMUS ties up, passes the rope to best friend Ahab.

SEAMUS

In the bonds, Captain.

AHAB

Brothers forever.

SEAMUS

And a pint at Murf's says it's  
my lance that finishes him today.

AHAB

Ready to buy me another pint of  
ale, are ya?

Ahab ties up and turns to his men, raises his lance overhead.

AHAB (Cont'd)

Men, these ropes are the ties that  
bind us together! In the bonds...

ALL

BROTHERS FOREVER!

The boats start to form a kill zone around the whale, one off each side and Ahab's boat trailing after it in the rear.

SEAMUS

He's heading into the mist.

A thick mantle of FOG rises off the sea ahead of the whale.

AHAB

Then so are we.

SEAMUS

Aye...

(calls out)

Captain says follow him through!

The two boats up ahead row into the fog after the whale, disappearing from view. Ahab's boat slowly nears the eerily dense curtain 50-yards behind, unable to see into it, when...

SCREAMS ERUPT --

blood curdling CRIES OF PAIN from the boats ahead, they're followed by the sound of WOOD and FLESH being TORN APART. Ahab's men stop rowing, listen as more SCREAMS resound.

SEAMUS (Cont'd)

What in the God's name...?

As if God himself were responding, a monstrous ROAR comes from the fog. And then...all goes silent. Ahab's men share horrified looks, Ahab calling into the fog.

AHAB

All mates call out!

No response from within the fog, Seamus's face suddenly goes slack at something -- a DEAD BODY drifting out of the fog, it's just the top of a man's torso...body ripped in half.

SEAMUS

Captain...

The men stare in terror as other BODY PARTS float from the fog -- carried atop a stew of bloody water and broken whale boats...it looks like the aftermath of a carnage.

AHAB

Back to the ship...turn us around.

The men start to row back toward the ship, when a GEYSER OF WATER suddenly erupts in front of them. Blown up into the air from the water's below, it startles the men to a stop.

Has them looking over the sides for any sign of a whale...but there's nothing. Just an eerie quiet. Ahab looks back to the glassy ocean surface, furrows his brow at the sight of

BUBBLES --

percolating on the surface like effervescence, it's a curious occurrence. The men trading confused looks as MORE BUBBLES erupt, building into a swelling FROTH OF FOAM.

SEAMUS

Captain, what's happening?!

As if the sea itself is rising up around them like walls, the men hold their boat sides. Ahab looking closer at the black waters rapidly giving way to an opaque gray.

AHAB

HOLD FAST!

Like some encroaching underwater mist, gray evolves into an astonishing WHITE SPRAWL -- so large its circumference bleeds out the water center, surrounding the boat ten-fold.

The men panic in fear, when a MONSTROUS WHITE FORM erupts from the sea with a ROARING mouth of GIANT TEETH, just as we

CUT TO:

A 24" BLUE FISH --

SPLASHING out of the water and FLAPPING airborne, it's HOOKED on a line. Yanked hard towards a DINGHY floating on...

EXT. THE EAST RIVER - NEW YORK CITY - DAWN

"Captained" by our twenty-something hero NEW YORK, he reels in the blue fish with strong arms...

NEW YORK

Thought you'd get away from me,  
huh? Well, you ain't alone.

...and tosses it on a PILE of fish, then grips the oars.

EXT. THE EAST RIVER - LATER

Low buildings of Manhattan rise in the b.g. as N.Y. ROWS through the water. Dragging a full FISH NET behind the boat, the oars CREAK with each of his forceful pulls on them.

SUPERIMPOSE: *New York City - 1848*

As our hero rows, he passes a CREW RACE -- rich COLLEGE BOYS racing sculling boats to the finish, their FRIENDS cheer the winner: blonde-haired EDWARD. Life for them is grand.

EXT. FULTON STREET BAZAAR - DAY

The gruff DOCK MASTER surveys our hero's catch on a SCALE.

DOCK MASTER  
Decent catch. You keep pulling  
that weight, you just might make  
something of yourself.

He hands N.Y two DIMES and walks off, leaves him angrily staring at the meager coins.

INT. TINY APARTMENT - NIGHT

Some COINS spill out a mason jar onto a table, N.Y.'s pretty girlfriend ELIZABETH counting it up.

ELIZABETH  
Seventy four plus...  
(proffers coins)  
...six makes eighty.

NEW YORK  
They paid you six cents to clean  
their house? That's robbery.

ELIZABETH  
What do you got, Mr. Moneybags?

N.Y. digs into his pocket, pulls out his TWENTY CENTS.

NEW YORK  
We officially have one dollar to  
our names.

ELIZABETH  
Well look on the bright side.

NEW YORK  
We're six months behind on rent,  
haven't eaten anything but bread  
for weeks and can barely afford  
to change our clothes. What could  
possibly be on the bright side?

ELIZABETH  
Love is still free.

NEW YORK

I'm going to be someone one day,  
Elizabeth. I promise.

ELIZABETH

You already are someone. You're  
a good man.

NEW YORK

I love you.

With that, he kisses her and they fall back into a tumble on  
their bed...very much in love.

EXT. FULTON STREET BAZAAR - DAY

Like some Middle Eastern souk, TRADERS hawk wares from every  
corner of the globe. Amongst them, a wraithlike man (PELEG)  
looks over some WHALING WEAPONS -- lances, harpoons, guns.

Nearby, N.Y. mends his nets, looks off at the sound of the  
college kids' LAUGHTER. Watches them DRINK and LAUGH on the  
rocky shore, their one-man sculling racers pulled aground.

He looks down at his fish net, then drops it and stalks off.

DOCK MASTER

Where the hell you going?

EXT. ROCKY SHORELINE - DAY

The college kids carouse. Ringleader YALE in his college  
sweater stands with his arm around golden boy Edward,  
taunting the gathered crowd.

YALE

C'mon, now, you can't *all* be  
cowards. Somebody here's gotta  
wanna race my man Edward.

NEW YORK (O.S.)

I'll race him.

They turn to see N.Y. press through the crowd.

YALE

Our race isn't open to bonackers.

NEW YORK

Dollar says I beat him by a length.

The rich kids snicker at that proposition, unimpressed.

YALE

Dollar, huh? I dunno, Edward?  
Think you can handle that action?

Edward smirks, peels off his jacket...ready for action.

EXT. RIVER BANK - MOMENTS LATER

A single DOLLAR BILL in a cigar box, N.Y. dumps a handful of CHANGE into the box. Yale looks up at him quizzically.

NEW YORK

Hey, man...a dollar's a dollar.

EXT. THE EAST RIVER - DAY

N.Y. sits in his racer at the START BUOY, looks over at Edward pulling on leather gloves in his racer. N.Y. has no gloves of his own, spits in his palms and grips the oars.

Yale delivers the rules before the SPECTATORS on the shore.

YALE

You race to the far buoy and back.  
First man past this buoy wins. No  
smacking oars, no bumping boats.  
(raises a PISTOL )  
On your mark...

**BANG!** The oars PLUNGE into the water with a SPLASH, N.Y. and Edward pulling off the line like thoroughbreds from the gate.

EXT. FULTON STREET BAZAAR - SAME

Peleg looks up at the sound of the gunshot, sees the sculling boats skimming across the river. Steps closer, watching with rapt interest as our hero jumps off to an early lead.

Nearby, three WORKERS gut porgies, one of them looking up...

WORKER

Hey, look who it is!

He points to the river, where N.Y. rows with an almost supernatural strength towards the far buoy.

ANOTHER WORKER

Let's go, bonacker! Come on!

They hurry to the bulkhead, the dock master protesting...

DOCK MASTER

Hey! Get back here!

LIGHTNING CRACKS the sky and THUNDER roars.

ON THE RIVER --

N.Y. leads around the buoy, but Edward cheats -- KNOCKING N.Y.'s OAR, then SLAMMING HIS BOAT, sending it off course.

NEW YORK

HEY!

The rich kids CHEER Edward's move as he leads the way back by several boat lengths. But it only seems to spur N.Y. on harder, injustice lighting a fierce fire within him.

N.Y. rights his boat and HEAVES on his oars, the paddles filleting the water with hypnotic speed. His boat trailing Edward with such force that he *BLURS* past the dock workers.

Edward looks up from his rowing crouch, expecting to see N.Y. far behind. Eyes going wide at our hero speeding towards him fast as a torpedo, CAMERA SNAP ZOOMS in

ON NEW YORK --

eyes fierce with determination, he pulls his oars with all-mighty effort. Arms chugging in-and-out like pistons, his back muscles ripple as he draws ever CLOSER to Edward...

...who looks over his shoulder at the finish, then back to N.Y. Pulling CLOSER with otherworldly strength, N.Y.'s oar locks heat up and glow orange from the incredible friction...

...starting to bend against the strain, N.Y.'s so strong that his hull HYDROPLANES out of the water. Boat gliding just off the water's surface, N.Y. speeds past Edward...

...who stares mouth agape at N.Y.'s racer flying by him, no match for our hero. Struggles to row through N.Y.'s wake of white-water, but he might as well give up, as N.Y. has already

CROSSED THE FINISH LINE --

beating Edward by far more than a length, the dock workers CHEER N.Y.'s victory. Leaving a dejected Edward to angrily slam his oars, the rich kids eating crow on the shoreline.

INT. TAVERN - DAY

A rowdy working-class pub, N.Y. sits at the bar drinking a beer and looking at EMPLOYMENT ADS in the newspaper, when...

VOICE (O.S.)

Quite a show back there.

N.Y. turns to see Peleg step up beside him.

PELEG

The way you ran him down like that  
in the end. Impressive.

NEW YORK

Yeah...well, sorry if you lost  
money on college boy.

PELEG

I'm not a betting man. In my  
business, I only deal in absolutes.

NEW YORK

You don't look like a priest.

PELEG

No, though some call it *God's work*.

Peleg slides TWO DOLLAR BILLS across the bar to N.Y.

NEW YORK

Big guy upstairs pays top dollar  
for labor now, huh? Usually it's  
spit for pay, but then you get the  
eternal salvation benefit package --

PELEG

There's more where that came from.  
(off N.Y.'s look)  
So...you interested in some real  
money or not?

N.Y. considers the money on the bar, not biting...yet.

NEW YORK

You haven't told me what it is  
we're talking about here.

EXT. WASHINGTON SQUARE PARK - MAGIC HOUR

N.Y. and Elizabeth on a bench, sunset casting a lambent glow.

ELIZABETH

Whaling? What do you know about  
whaling?

NEW YORK

I know they pay three times what  
I'd get at the docks.

ELIZABETH

That's because its three times as dangerous. Whaling's not the same thing as rowing, you know.

NEW YORK

Elizabeth...you're all I have in this life, but I can't get us out from under...let alone ahead...if I don't at least try. This could be the chance I've been waiting for.

She considers a slip of PAPER with an ominous illustration of a WHALE SHIP.

ELIZABETH

*The Pequod*. The boat's named after a massacred Indian Tribe. That should be a sign.

NEW YORK

I'm telling you: something good will come of this. Trust me.

She's not happy about it, but she can see his conviction.

EXT. WASHINGTON SQUARE PARK - DAY

A DRIVER throws a bag on top of a déclassé steel carriage as N.Y. says goodbye to Elizabeth.

ELIZABETH

You should've booked a train.

NEW YORK

Why waste the money? Besides I got plenty of time to get up to New Bedford.

ELIZABETH

Well, every minute your gone matters to me.

She proffers a cheap POCKET WATCH, N.Y. just staring at it.

NEW YORK

Elizabeth...

ELIZABETH

Open it.

He opens it to see a small TIN-TYPE PHOTO of Elizabeth inside.

ELIZABETH

It was my father's. I put a  
picture inside for good luck.

They hug, Elizabeth stifling tears as a PIOUS VOICE bleeds in.

FATHER MAPPLE (O.S.)

Whenever we venture into life's  
unknown, we must always remember...

EXT. HILLS OF MASSACHUSETTS - EVENING

A team of snarling CLYDESDALES pull a CARRIAGE past skeletal  
trees towards a port town, N.Y. peering out the window.

FATHER MAPPLE (O.S.)

Woe falls unto he who spills oil on  
the water when God has brewed them  
into a gale...

EXT. TOWN SQUARE - NEW BEDFORD - EVENING

N.Y. climbs out of the carriage, looks at the crooked  
buildings and winding alleys...

FATHER MAPPLE (O.S.)

But delight to he who lays sin to  
rest, and utters in worship...

...turning to see a STATUE of a WHALER standing atop the bow  
of a ship, HARPOON poised in a hand -- a memorial to men lost  
at sea, he looks past it to see PEOPLE entering a CHURCH.

FATHER MAPPLE (Cont'd, O.S.)

Oh, Father...here I die...

EXT. THE OLD WHALER'S CHURCH - EVENING

Packed. Our hero kneels in his pew, looking up at FATHER  
MAPPLE atop a pulpit ominously fashioned after a ship's bow.

FATHER MAPPLE

I have driven to be yours, rather  
than my own. Yet this is nothing.

INT. THE CROSSED HARPOONS INN - NIGHT

A raucous whaler's pub made from the bulwarks of a condemned  
craft, WHALERS carouse with a handful of WHORES. N.Y. pours  
himself some rum at the bar, when he stops.

Notices the bar is framed within a WHALE'S JAW BONE -- sharp  
teeth around him, he's shocked by their otherworldly size.

FATHER MAPPLE (O.S.)  
I leave eternity to you.

N.Y. considers the jaws a moment, is about to drink his shot, suddenly interrupted by the gruff BARTENDER.

BARTENDER  
Put it down, big guy.

N.Y.'s confused, realizes the man's not talking to him. Looks down the bar to see the mythic presence that is

QUEEQUEG --

a towering savage warrior from the South Pacific, he's covered head-to-toe in TATTOOS that appear *burned* in. He puts down the bottle of rum he was about to pour.

QUEEQUEG  
I have money.

BARTENDER  
We don't serve your kind.

NEW YORK  
I'll serve him then.

N.Y. plunks a penny in the pay jar, takes the bottle and pours a shot. Slides it to Queequeg.

BARTENDER  
You should mind your own business.

NEW YORK  
And what's my business exactly?

Six TOUGH LOCALS close ranks around him, our hero setting down his drink. Balls his fists, ready to fight, when...

TAP...TAP...TAP --

bleeding in from outside, it's the sound of someone walking the cobblestone streets...someone with a *peg leg*. A hush falling over the room, locals and whalers step away and look

OUT THE WINDOW --

a FLASH OF LIGHTNING lights the street, offers a fleeting glimpse of a TOP HAT-clad figure limping into the dark. The bar's silence broken by one of the whalers as he whispers...

WHALER  
Ahab...

The men chilled by the vision, Queequeg whispers to N.Y.

QUEEQUEG

We go.

With that, they slink out through the back.

EXT. BACK ALLEY - NIGHT

N.Y. and Queequeg emerge into the narrows behind the bar.

NEW YORK

We could have taken those guys.

QUEEQUEG

Queequeg could have taken by self.

Some thanks, N.Y. scans the gloomy backstreet.

NEW YORK

Who's Ahab?

QUEEQUEG

Captain Ahab. Of Pequod.

NEW YORK

The Pequod...I'm crewing that ship.

QUEEQUEG

Me too. You have place to stay?

NEW YORK

I was just gonna find a bench.

QUEEQUEG

You sleep on bench on ship.  
Tonight you take Queequeg bed.

NEW YORK

Oh, I couldn't --

But Queequeg's already walked off into the night. N.Y. considers the darkness a moment, then follows him.

INT. GUEST ROOM - THE SPOUTER INN - MORNING

Our hero sleeps in bed, dust dancing in the sunlight bleeding through the window. He feels its warmth, eyes fluttering open, when he suddenly bolts upright at the sight of

A DISEMBODIED SHRUNKEN HUMAN HEAD --

sitting on the pillow next to him, N.Y. hurriedly backs away.

NEW YORK

AGH!

He struggles to catch his breath, looks disgustedly at it as he turns to see Queequeg perched before the hearth. BURNING a tattoo to the top of his foot with his RED HOT harpoon head.

NEW YORK (Cont'd)

That's a...it's a...

QUEEQUEG

Yojo. Head of enemy.

NEW YORK

You...killed this...person.

QUEEQUEG

Before I leave Rokovoko.

(off N.Y.'s look)

Merry Christmas.

EXT. WATERFRONT STREET - NEW BEDFORD - DAY

A Poe-esque bowery of cantilevered quays, savage WHALE SHIPS rise over MEN loading supplies. N.Y. and Queequeg pass some DEAD BODIES being unloaded from a ship, N.Y. blanching away.

NEW YORK

Did those hurt? Your tattoos.

QUEEQUEG

Tattoos tell life story. Some parts hurt. Some not.

NEW YORK

Why'd you tattoo the name of our ship on your foot this morning?

QUEEQUEG

Because that the end of story.

That comment stops N.Y. in his tracks, has him uneasily watching Queequeg walk the gangplank onto

THE PEQUOD --

a cursed-looking vessel, it appears like its been through hell and back. Skeletal masts dangling with whalebones. Once majestic...it now looks haunted by the Devil himself.

N.Y. considers the ship's gloomy presence, feels somehow unnerved by it, when...

STARBUCK (O.S.)  
You must be our man from New York.

N.Y. turns to see STARBUCK approach -- chiseled stature of a Homeric hero, dignity of bearing suggests he's a born leader.

STARBUCK  
Our scout Mr. Peleg says you're quite the strong oarman. I'm John Starbuck...first mate.

They shake hands, Greek KOMPOLOI BEADS draping his forearm.

NEW YORK  
Nice to meet you, Mr. Starbuck.

STARBUCK  
You're surprised by our ship's appearance?

NEW YORK  
I don't know...if this is God's work, he needs a new workplace.

Starbuck's off-put by our hero's cocky remark.

STARBUCK  
Peleg mentioned you had a sharp tongue. Careful how you use it, your new brothers might rip it out.

NEW YORK  
Thanks for the warning, but I can take care of myself. Sir.

With that, he marches up the gangplank onto the ship.

CUT TO:

A MASSIVE HAMMER striking a GIANT IRON BELL, SPARKS FLY as metal-meets-metal. A resounding RING brought on by OSLO, the Viking-like blacksmith wields the hammer with armored arms.

OSLO  
ANCHORS UP!

The ANCHOR rises out of thick muck, hauled by huge STRONG MEN turning the crank...each man more muscled than the next.

EXT. AFT CASTLE - EVENING

Starbuck looks out over the main deck, SAG HARBOR beside him at the wheel -- spiked hair and lips pierced as a pin cushion, he looks like someone who fronts a punk band.

STARBUCK  
Full rudder to port, helmsman.

SAG HARBOR  
Full rudder to port!

ON THE MAIN DECK --

Scottish second mate STUBB twirls a KEYHOLE DAGGER on his finger like the street brawler he is, spins to the bow.

STUBB  
FULL RUDDER TO PORT! UNFURL THE  
GALLANT SAIL!

Up ahead, Canuck third mate FLASK swigs off a flask of whiskey and barks to the main mast.

FLASK  
You heard him! Climb, spiders!

RIG MEN scramble up the masts, nimble Persian LASCAR leading the way -- clad head-to-toe in leather to fend off rope-burn, he climbs the riggings, jumping rig-to-rig like Spiderman.

FLASK (Cont'd)  
Tighten up!

On the deck, N.Y. over-confidently steps over to the tacking rope dangling loosely from the sail up above.

NEW YORK  
I got it.

N.Y. grabs the rope, looks up to see Lascar descending from up above on another rope. Our hero takes a step back, inadvertently steps into the EXTRA ROPE on the deck and is

YANKED UP INTO THE AIR --

as Lascar descends onto the deck on the corresponding rope, N.Y. bobs upside down like a piñata.

NEW YORK (Cont'd)  
Little help?

Someone THROWS AN AXE, N.Y.'s eyes going wide as it hurtles towards him. Stealing himself for impact, when...

*SHHHWIIINK* --

the axe slices the rope, dropping N.Y. to the deck with a THUD. Our hero looking up to see DAGGOO approach to retrieve his axe -- a hulking Jamaican harpooner, think Kimbo Slice.

NEW YORK (Cont'd)

Thank you...

DAGGOO

Daggoo.

NEW YORK

Daggoo, nice to...

N.Y. extends a hand for a lift up, but Daggoo just grabs his axe and walks away.

NEW YORK (Cont'd)

...meet you.

EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - NIGHT

Waves crest valleys of water, a figurehead fashioned after a Pequot Indian crashing into frame as The Pequot passes.

INT. CREW MESS - SAME

Mates eat like wolves, packed around a table. N.Y. struggles to balance as he carries his plate, looks for a place to sit.

NEW YORK

Mind if I sit here?

Rogue BIRMINGHAM answers with a mouthful of METAL TEETH...

BIRMINGHAM

Yes, I do.

N.Y. moves along, passes Queequeg on his way out of the room.

QUEEQUEG

Me thought you from New York.

NEW YORK

I am.

QUEEQUEG

Then you should know: *No ask.*  
Tell.

N.Y. considers that, looks over at huge Russian Master of Arms GURYEV alone at the end of the table. Steps to him.

NEW YORK

You: move over.

GURYEV

What did you say?

NEW YORK  
I said...move over.

Guryev stares at him, then throws N.Y. against the wall. Flashes a STILETTO to our hero's neck, when a BLADE is pressed to Guryev's throat...a machete held by Queequeg.

QUEEQUEG  
Think mine bigger than yours.

A moment, then Guryev cracks a grin. Looks to N.Y.

GURYEYEV  
Have a seat. Plenty of room.

N.Y. takes a seat, offers Queequeg an appreciative glance.

INT. CREW QUARTERS - NIGHT

Dark and cramped, the men sleep to the sound of the ship's CREAKINGS. N.Y. lies awake in his mattress-less wood bunk, looking at the picture of Elizabeth inside the pocket-watch.

He stares at her image, lost in her eyes, when he hears a familiar TAP...TAP...TAP -- beckoning from the deck above.

EXT. MAIN DECK - MOMENTS LATER

N.Y. pokes his head out the main hatch, climbs onto the deck and looks around...but the fog is too thick. The TAP-TAP-TAP continuing within the mist, N.Y. strains to make out

A SILHOUETTE --

emerging backlit by the moon by the forward mast, it's a man in a top hat and three-quarter length jacket...a jacket that all-too-well exposes his right PEG LEG.

N.Y. tightens at the vision before him, watching the figure move toward the bow...and disappear into the fog.

EXT. CROW'S NEST - THE PEQUOD - THE NEXT DAY

One-eyed mast header PALERMO stands belted to the iron railing high above the deck. A steam punk-looking TELESCOPIC GOGGLE strapped over his good eye, he scans the infinite sea.

EXT. MAIN DECK - SAME

Queequeg stocks a WHALE BOAT with HARPOONS. N.Y. lugs heavy ROPE COILS over his shoulders, throws them in another boat.

QUEEQUEG  
Ten more.

NEW YORK

I don't understand what we need  
with all these ropes.

Starbuck steps to them, forever flipping his worry beads.

STARBUCK

They're not just ropes. They're  
the ties that bind us together.  
The thing that girds our loyalty  
to one another.

Our hero digests that, recalls something he once read...

NEW YORK

*Do not let loyalty forsake you;  
bind it around your body...*

STARBUCK

I see you know your scriptures.

NEW YORK

The sisters at the orphanage didn't  
give me much of a choice.

PALERMO (O.S.)

THERE SHE BLOWS!!!!

The men crane their necks up at Palermo pointing seaward...

PALERMO (Cont'd)

There! She blows starboard!

...where a GEYSER blows off the ocean surface, spray erupting  
from a whale. The crew spill to the rails and excitedly  
pound the sides. Starbuck turns to N.Y.

STARBUCK

You: row for me. Queequeg, you're  
on the harpoon. Let's go.

N.Y. feels an adrenaline rush, when...

VOICE (O.S.)

What color is she?!

A commanding voice, the men slowly turn from the rails to see

**CAPTAIN AHAB --**

standing outside the officer's doors, he's a far cry from the  
untainted man in our opening -- a *wicked* scar streaking his  
face; long, wild hair; his lower right leg cut of whale bone.

Unlike any Ahab we've seen...the devil's heart in man's body.

AHAB (Cont'd)  
I asked you the color!!

N.Y. considers Ahab in all his fierce virility, his form suggesting some inner crucifixion. Sputters out...

NEW YORK  
Blue, sir. Two of them.

The briefest disappointment flashes Ahab's face, but the men don't notice it. Too fired up by the hunt that awaits.

AHAB  
Tell me, devils: do you feel like fogging your spears on their last dying breath?!  
(off their ROAR)  
'Feel like quenching your thirst on their last drop of blood!?'  
(off their ROAR)  
Then row hard, stab deep and harvest their oil for the good of man and country!

The men wildly CHEER, Starbuck calling out over them...

STARBUCK  
LOWER THE BOATS!

QUICK SHOTS: cranes rotate out; RIGGERS lower the masts; HARPOONERS grab weapons; OARSMEN pile into three harpoon boats; ROPE MATES ready to lower the crafts.

A scene of organized and cleanly calculated chaos, each harpoon boat holds an Officer, a Harpooner and four Oarsman.

ON FLASK & DAGGOO'S BOAT --

FLASK  
Down, devils! Let's go. Down!

Mates lower it away to the swirling sea below.

IN STUBB'S BOAT --

Oarsmen assume their positions, Stubb calling out...

STUBB  
Up for some scalping, Tashtego?

TASHTEGO, a war-painted Apache, BOUNDS from atop the tryworks, KICKS off the mast and effortlessly lands in Stubb's boat.

NEW YORK

How did he do that -- ?

STARBUCK

You're with the best of the best.  
Now sit your ass down.

N.Y. gets situated next to Queequeg. Rope mates start to lower the boat below the starboard rail, when Starbuck sees

THE OFFICER'S STAIRWELL DOOR OPEN --

revealing dark Egyptian sorcerer FEDALLAH, shock white hair coils his head like a turban over albino-blue eyes. His cloaked form brandishing a scimitar-like harpoon.

Starbuck furrows his brow at the man's ominous presence, calls out to the rope men...

STARBUCK (Cont'd)

Wait.

Men stop lowering the boat as he watches Ahab cross to speak to Fedallah, when FOUR MEN emerge behind the Egyptian -- clad in shinobis, they're masked, Ninja-like presences.

AHAB

Ready to work your magic, sorcerer?

Fedallah looks out at the whales, just devilishly smiles as Guryev sidles up to Ahab.

GURYEV

You want me to break out the new hardware, Captain?

AHAB

No. Save it for the real fight.

Ahab sees Starbuck staring, his boat still not in the water.

AHAB (Cont'd)

Lower away, man! Damn you down!

STARBUCK

Aye, Captain.

He nods to the rope men, who lower the boat down.

EXT. OPEN OCEAN - DAY

A dramatic monochrome of wind and whitecap. Starbuck, Flask and Stubb's boats row against the swirling walls of water.

ON FLASK'S BOAT --

mates heave the massive oars, Flask steering from stern between slugs on his trusty flask.

FLASK

PULL, ladies! Like a lady pulls her man!

ON STUBB'S BOAT --

the oarsmen pull hard alongside Starbuck's boat.

STUBB

There's a quarter-hull of oil in these two, Mr. Starbuck!

ON STARBUCK'S BOAT --

STARBUCK

A perfect way to start, my man!  
(to his men)  
That's oil that lights our nation's lamps, gentlemen. Today, we fight for that light.

N.Y. rows hard amidst the oarsmen, when AHAB'S BOAT swings around the front of The Pequod, the Ninja oarsmen stroking like a team of black horses -- twice as fast as other boats.

AHAB

Mr. Flask! Fan out. You're too close to one another.

FLASK

Aye, sir!  
(to Starbuck & Stubb)  
Captain says spread yourselves!

ON STARBUCK'S BOAT --

Starbuck steers off from Stubb, N.Y. marveling at the Ninjas.

NEW YORK

God, those guys row fast...

STARBUCK

Just do your job. You think about anything but those two whales, we end up as fish food.

The boats pull into attack formation around the whales, Starbuck's behind; Flask's to port; Stubb's to starboard; Ahab's oarsmen getting ahead of the whales.

ON NEW YORK --

gazing upon the TWO WHALE TAILS lazily RISING up and SLAPPING the water. He marvels at their beauty, slows on his oar.

NEW YORK  
They're incredible...

The sonorous WHALE SONG sounds up ahead as one of them rolls to its side. Offers a full view of its big PECTORAL FINS...

NEW YORK (Cont'd)  
They must be the most beautiful  
things I've ever seen...

...then suddenly turns toward Starbuck's boat and

REARS ITS JAWS --

angel turned demon, N.Y. leans out of the way as the jaws SNAP short of the boat. Crash the water, splashing them.

STARBUCK  
Stop sight-seeing and ROW! You'll  
get us all killed!

N.Y. ROWS, spins the boat into safer position. Waters SWELLING under the whale's thrashing, the men are JOSTLED.

STARBUCK (Cont'd)  
TIE UP!

The whalers tie familiar LENGTHS OF ROPE to one another, TYING OFF in twos. Repeat their credo with each KNOT...

WHALER  
In the bonds...

WHALER #2  
...brothers forever.

Queequeg ties rope to his waist, hands the other end to N.Y.

QUEEQUEG  
In the bonds...

N.Y. takes the rope, feels a certain kinship.

NEW YORK  
Brother's forever.

He links himself to Queequeg, Starbuck firing up his men.

STARBUCK

One of us against those whales and  
we die for certain! But together,  
we live to bring her treasures  
home! Now get us in the fight!

N.Y. and the oarsmen TURN THE BOAT AROUND, pull towards the  
whale. Queequeg THROWS HIS HARPOON like a bullet and

IMPALES THE WHALE'S BACK --

alerting the whale to their presence, the harpoon boat heaves.

STARBUCK (Cont'd)

HOLD SIDES!

The WHALE'S TAIL spasms, its entire rear third heaping back.  
Dislodging the harpoon and displacing a torrent of water,  
N.Y. and the men grip the boat sides as it rolls the wake.

ON AHAB'S BOAT --

AHAB

(to Starbuck)

PULL AROUND THE FRONT!

(to Flask and Stubb)

YOU TWO, GET YOUR HOOKS IN!

ON STARBUCK'S BOAT --

STARBUCK

You heard him! Around front!

N.Y. and the oarsmen ROW the boat up ahead of the whales,  
giant WAVES slamming against the craft.

ON STUBB'S BOAT --

STUBB

NOW!

Tashtego releases his harpoon, IMPALES the whale and sends  
BLOOD SPURTING OUT. Impact making the whale BUCK and RUN,  
the harpoon line goes taut as TAIL FLUKES recoil and

WHIP OUT OF THE WATER --

swiping through the air like a giant boomerang...

ON AHAB'S BOAT --

AHAB

DOWN!

...Ahab, Fedallah and three of the ninjas duck as the tail slices above their heads, but the fourth ninja

IS SWATTED --

nearly broken in half by the crippling blow, it yields a sickening SYMPHONY OF BONE CRUNCHES.

ON NEW YORK --

reeling at the horrible sight, he pauses on his oars.

STARBUCK

I didn't tell you to stop!

NEW YORK

But that man --

STARBUCK

Keep on those oars or we'll be joining him!

ON STUBB'S BOAT --

pulled like a sleigh behind the whale by the twenty feet of harpoon line, it creates a TIGHTROPE between boat and whale. Stubb hands Tashtego a HOOK attached to a LENGTH OF CABLE.

STUBB

Get the hook in and we'll set fly-boy loose.

They look back at wiry CHARLESTON seated at the stern -- the length of cable attached to a chest harness, he's holds a CLOAK OF SAIL CLOTH tightly around himself.

Tashtego takes the HOOK with the cord linked to Charleston, climbs up onto the bow. Then amazingly RUNS ACROSS THE TAUT LINE like a tightrope walker towards the whale.

ON NEW YORK --

stunned by the incredible circus feat before him, he watches as Tashtego crosses the rope line ONTO THE WHALE'S BACK. Then SPIKES the HOOK into it and signals back to

STUBB'S BOAT --

where the second mate wheels around to Charleston...

STUBB

Up and away!

...who opens his arms to his sides, sail cloth SNAPPING OPEN. Wind filling his sails like a chute behind a drag racer, he's yanked to the sky...wind resistance SLOWING THE WHALE down.

ON NEW YORK --

watching Charleston soar above, he marvels at the spectacle.

ON FLASK'S BOAT --

Daggoo HARPOONS the other whale, the men CHEERING as blood showers out. The whale THRASHING right towards

STARBUCK'S BOAT --

STARBUCK  
ABOUT-FACE! We're too close!

The oarsmen effortlessly TURN AROUND in their seats to row the other direction, but N.Y.'s confused...

STARBUCK (Cont'd)  
Around, boy. TURN!

...gets in the way as he tries to turn, stumbles and blocks the other oars as the whale LURCHES and

BUCKS THE BOAT --

launching N.Y., Queequeg, Starbuck and the other oarsmen into the air, the boat CAPSIZES the men INTO THE OCEAN.

ON AHAB --

disgusted by Starbuck's boat's failure, he sees the whales run on their harpoon lines. Barks to Stubb and Flask...

AHAB  
They're staring to run! HAUL IN!

The men in Stubb and Flask's boats pull on the harpoon ropes linking their boats to the whales, drawing closer.

ON NEW YORK --

resurfacing in the frothy water, he struggles to get his bearings. Eyes wide as an OAR SPIRALS TOWARDS HIM like a loose propeller blade, he DUCKS, when from behind him...

QUEEQUEG  
LOOK OUT!

...Stubb's boat comes RIGHT AT HIM, pulled behind the whale. N.Y. stares like a deer in the headlights, about to get run over, but Queequeg YANKS THEIR ROPE binding and pulls N.Y...

OUT OF HARMS'S WAY --

narrowly avoiding impact, N.Y. watches Stubb's boat skip off behind the whale. Turns to Queequeg and the others treading water, nods to Starbuck.

NEW YORK

Ties that bind. Got it.

ON FLASK'S BOAT --

men pull the boat toward the whale, Flask barking to Daggoo.

FLASK

Get on there and slow her down!

Daggoo raises his battle axe, oarsmen sliding to the sides in unison. Exposing seat board for Daggoo to run across, gaining speed before he LEAPS off the bow and onto

THE BACK OF THE WHALE --

his METAL SPIKED SHOES finding footholds in the thick skin, the whale THRASHES. Daggoo effortlessly walks its back toward the tail, raises his battle axe overhead and...

CHOPS OFF THE TAIL FLUKES --

a single blow, the whale's rendered immobile. It REARS OUT OF THE WATER in pain, tossing Daggoo into the drink.

ON NEW YORK, STARBUCK & QUEEQUEG --

climbing back into their righted boat with the others, N.Y. feels A SHADOW. Looks up to see Charleston soaring the sky overhead, the other whale still running with Stubb's boat.

ON AHAB'S BOAT --

Ninja oarsmen pulling closer to the running whale, Ahab looks to Fedallah with a devious smile.

AHAB

Now, man!

Fedallah shoots one of his cuffs, a GLASS BALL sliding into his hand -- ribbons of ELECTRICITY inside, he THROWS IT with a fast-ball's speed, the ball CATCHING FIRE mid-flight as it

EXPLODES AGAINST THE WHALE --

sending the beast ROARING out of the water, it crashes back to the surface with a SPLASH OF FIRE. N.Y. shields his eyes.

NEW YORK

What was that thing?

Queequeg stares awestruck, as unknowing as our hero.

ON AHAB'S BOAT --

pulling up beside the crippled whale, its tail just lazily FLOPPING. Ahab climbs out onto the whale's back, raising his sharp LANCE overhead as he turns to his men.

AHAB

From hell's heart, I STAB THEE!

With that, he THRUSTS the lance into the whale -- BLOOD SPURTING up, it showers down over Ahab like he's struck oil.

ON NEW YORK --

considering Ahab standing on the whale amidst the rain of blood, he's stunned by the display of rage and power. The men CHEERING on Ahab and their moment of victory.

EXT. MAIN DECK - DUSK

BLOOD coats the deck as every man serves as butcher in the gruesome act of rendering oil from the DEAD WHALES -- their bloody masses roped along the ship's CUTTING RIGS.

N.Y. helps pull a SLAB OF BLUBBER onto the deck -- filthy work, he's covered in blood. French cook BOURGOGNE vomits.

STARBUCK

Toughen up or get back in the kitchen, cookie.

BOURGOGNE

The smell --

STARBUCK

That's the smell of a hundred thousand lamps lighting across our country. Now get back to work.

N.Y. sees Bourgogne struggling back to work...

NEW YORK

Here.

...pulls out a small VIAL OF MULLED SEA SALT.

NEW YORK (Cont'd)

Rub some under your nose, it'll  
steady your legs. We use at the  
fish market. Trust me.

Bourgogne appreciatively takes the salve and walks off.  
N.Y. turning back around to meet Starbuck's fierce gaze.

STARBUCK

Glad to see you're at least handy  
on deck. Maybe that's where we  
should keep you on the next hunt.

NEW YORK

I'm sorry about what happened out  
there. It won't happen again.

STARBUCK

I'll have you walk the plank before  
it happens again.

N.Y. bitterly holds Starbuck's gaze, when...

AHAB (O.S.)

Listen up, boys!

Ahab emerges out onto the deck, a general walking among  
his troops. A burnished bronze chalice in hand.

AHAB (Cont'd)

Not bad for our first kill. I see  
why Mr. Peleg considers you the  
finest crew of men ever assembled.  
(glances at N.Y.)  
For the most part.

N.Y. withers, Starbuck puffing up...vindicated.

AHAB (Cont'd)

To celebrate our good fortune, I  
offer up the spoils of our victory.

The men CHEER as Ahab hands the chalice to Flask.

AHAB (Cont'd)

Take the cup of whale blood and  
drink! Drink deep and pass!

Flask drinks and passes. Each man eagerly completes the  
ritual, their LIPS STAINED with blood.

AHAB (Cont'd)

I imagine everyone we know back  
home is asleep right now, aye?

(MORE)

AHAB (Cont'd)

Darkness crawled into their homes,  
prayers were murmured, and off to  
bed they went. Some of them may  
have even said prayers for us, I  
don't know. But if they did --  
they were the only ones. Not many  
stop to thank the souls who help  
light their every tomorrow. No one  
prays for the spoke of the wheel.  
*But we roll anyway. Aye?*

The men CHEER...proud warriors.

AHAB (Cont'd)

By my count, we've filled forty  
barrels...a quarter hull of oil.  
And now -- as we turn our eyes  
towards filling the balance -- I  
want you to keep your eyes fixed  
on this...!

Ahab proffers a shiny GOLD COIN...

AHAB (Cont'd)

You see this gold coin, boys?

...holds it up like a prized game ball, moving amongst them.

AHAB (Cont'd)

Take a good look.

He passes in front of N.Y., his eyes widening at it. All  
of the men coveting the fortune, Ahab grabs a Mallet.

AHAB (Cont'd)

Whichever of you spots me a white  
whale with a crooked jaw and a body  
the size of Nantucket town itself --  
will have this gold ounce.

He HAMMERS THE COIN TO THE MAST with a single swing, has the  
men BUZZING with excitement. N.Y. takes the chalice, looks  
uneasily for a moment at the blood within, then drinks.

AHAB (Cont'd)

*This* is how we will fill the hull.  
Not with the oil of six whales, but  
the oil of one: the *white whale*.

Hushed murmurs of enthusiasm, N.Y. lowers the cup at its  
mention. BLOOD staining his face as he passes it along.

AHAB (Cont'd)

The whale they call MOBY DICK.

The men CHEER, N.Y. right along with them, caught up in the bonding moment. Notices Starbuck, the only man not enthused.

AHAB (Cont'd)

Every man here has doubtless heard stories of his rampage and tales of his destruction. But on this voyage, it is we who will rage and he who will be destroyed!

(off their CHEERS)

DEATH TO MOBY DICK!!!

ALL

DEATH TO MOBY DICK!!!

The men rally behind Ahab. N.Y. clocks Starbuck drifting away from the group revelry, watches a beat...then rejoices with them, caught up in their call for blood vengeance.

EXT. HIGH SEAS - NIGHT

THUNDER cracks and LIGHTNING flashes as rain pounds down on The Pequod. Somewhere, the sound of raucous IRISH MUSIC.

INT. CREW MESS - SAME

A drunken feast, the men stab their food with knives. Mates play FIDDLE and DRUM in a precursor to punk rock. N.Y. sits with Palermo, Flask and Sag Harbor.

PALERMO

An ounce of gold! I'll have a whore a night for a year!

FLASK

Stupid fool...we kill this whale, you'll have a whore a night for the rest of your life -- paying with reputation alone.

NEW YORK

I never knew there was even such a thing as a white whale.

Cook Bourgogne puts a big platter of MEAT on the table.

BOURGOGNE

Twice the size of a carnival tent, stronger than a steam engine.

SAG HARBOR

You're all gas. The thing's a myth. No one's ever seen him.

Birmingham pipes up from the end of the table.

BIRMINGHAM  
That's 'cause they're all dead.

NEW YORK  
How do you know?

BIRMINGHAM  
You calling me a liar?

NEW YORK  
I'm asking how you know.

Birmingham considers the men staring at him, beckoning...

BIRMINGHAM  
Every year, dozens of ships set to sea and don't return. Storms take some of 'em to their watery grave, but the others...they get finished off by the executioner: Moby Dick.

N.Y. shares a look with the others, unsettled by this info.

CUT TO:

A NAUTICAL CHART --

one that's been marked and re-marked with a maze of PATHS, COURSES and TIDES -- obsessively scratched SYMBOLS and rough PICTURES OF WHALES, there's a mad scientist's feel to it.

INT. CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS - NIGHT

Ahab studies the chart at his desk, half-listening to the CARPENTER -- who doubles as doctor on whaling ships.

CARPENTER  
Your privateer appears to have multiple fractures -- his ribs, shoulders, arms. He'll live, but he won't row again.

AHAB  
Thank you for tending to him, Mr. Carpenter. See he takes as much rum as needed to ease the pain.

Carpenter exits, passes Starbuck as he approaches the door.

STARBUCK  
Permission to enter, Captain.

AHAB

Come in.

Ahab doesn't look up as Starbuck enters, closes the door.

STARBUCK

We're approaching the Barrier Isles  
off the Carolinas.

AHAB

I've known you since you were 15.  
You didn't come to report our  
course. What's on your mind?

STARBUCK

Well...it's just, I didn't know we  
were going after Moby Dick.

AHAB

You've watched me draw these charts  
for the better part of 20 years.  
You didn't understand their purpose?

STARBUCK

Early on I thought you'd try  
to find him...it seemed a fair  
sentiment given what happened.  
But as time wore on...I guess I  
thought your charting was just  
a way to make sense of that day.

AHAB

There is no sense to that day until  
he's dead.

Starbuck shifts his weight, clearly troubled by that.

STARBUCK

You should have told me before you  
told the men.

AHAB

You wouldn't have shipped had you  
known I was after the white whale.  
Would you?

STARBUCK

If he comes to us in the course of  
our business, I'll be the first to  
fight. But hunting him exclusively?

AHAB

We're doing a service to every man  
that sets to sea.

STARBUCK

Is that really what we're doing?

Ahab bristles at the suggestion of an ulterior motive.

AHAB

I don't understand how you sleep knowing he's still out there -- men you've sailed with are dead because of him and more die every year.

STARBUCK

Captain, that whale is just a dumb brute. He acts purely out of self preservation, but you talk as if he has some motive.

AHAB

A killer is a killer, regardless of its species.

STARBUCK

We were in the wrong place at the wrong time. He attacked us out of instinct. There was no malice, only insult --

AHAB

I'd strike the sun if it insulted me!!

The outburst of rage startles Starbuck, but he regroups.

STARBUCK

With all due respect, those don't sound like the words of a man who's only seeking justice, sir.

AHAB

I don't have to explain myself to you. This is my ship. And we will sail it to wreak our vengeance on Moby Dick for what he does.

Starbuck opens the door...

STARBUCK

You mean for what he did.

...and walks out, leaving Ahab angrily stewing.

EXT. MAIN DECK - LATER THAT NIGHT

Rain subsided, The Pequod rides beneath a cloud-cloaked moon.

EXT. MAIN MAST - SAME

Starbuck shields himself from the light rain under the blacksmith shelter, rolling his worry beads over his fingers.

NEW YORK (O.S.)

Mr. Starbuck?

Starbuck looks up as N.Y. emerges from the main hatch.

NEW YORK (Cont'd)

It's my shift with the sails.  
Should I lower the gallant?  
Save her from the salt wind?

STARBUCK

Leave her fly. Our captain mandates  
we make haste.

N.Y. nods, turns to leave...then backtracks.

NEW YORK

If I may, sir...I couldn't help but  
notice before...you seemed ill-at-  
ease at the Captain's order.

STARBUCK

How I *seem* is not your's to notice.

NEW YORK

It's just...the men are all excited.

STARBUCK

That's what a good captain does.  
Rallies his men to duty -- like  
the great iron bell at your town's  
Fulton Market.

NEW YORK

You've ported in New York?

Starbuck softens a moment.

STARBUCK

Once. I almost quit this bloody  
business all together for a pursuit  
with more brains to it in New York.

NEW YORK

Why didn't you?

STARBUCK

I didn't have a choice. My father helped start the Continental Navy. My story was already written.

NEW YORK

At least you have a story.

STARBUCK

We all have our stories. Whatever yours is...well, you'll have to figure that out for yourself.

N.Y. considers that for a beat, then...

NEW YORK

The hunt the other day...I lost my head out there. I'm sorry.

STARBUCK

Apologies are useless at sea. Just get better...

(walks off)

...or get off my ship.

EXT. MAIN DECK - THE NEXT DAY

N.Y. stands on THE PLANK over the calm water, the CANNONBALL in his hands SHACKLED to his leg. Queequeg beside him.

NEW YORK

You're not serious.

QUEEQUEG

To kill whale, you must be like whale. Know whale spirit. Breathe like whale. Two minutes.

NEW YORK

*Two minutes* underwater?

Queequeg holds up N.Y.'s pocket watch with a nod.

QUEEQUEG

I time. Get in.

NEW YORK

Are you crazy? I'm not --

Queequeg PUSHES HIM off into the water below with a SPLASH!

UNDERWATER --

N.Y. sinks, tugged by the cannonball, struggling against its weight. Panic sets in, AIR BUBBLES escaping his lips.

EXT. MAIN DECK - SAME

Queequeg flips open the pocket watch, watches the second hand TICKING...notices the picture of Elizabeth within the faceplate. Looks curiously at it, when Daggoo walks up.

DAGGOO  
How's he doing?

QUEEQUEG  
Probably dead.

Daggoo nonchalantly nods and walks away. Queequeg looks back at the calm sea, sees AIR BUBBLES blistering the surface. Yanks a WIRE COIL snaking from the plank into the water.

UNDERWATER --

N.Y. sinks deeper, moments from drowning, when the cannonball SHACKLE RELEASES. Freeing him, he scrambles back up toward

THE SURFACE --

where Queequeg watches N.Y. break water, GASPING for air.

NEW YORK  
Two...minutes...wasn't...so hard.

QUEEQUEG  
That was thirty seconds.

He walks away, leaves an exasperated N.Y. alone in the water.

EXT. FORECASTLE - DAY

Queequeg puts a crudely-painted barrel-top BULL'S EYE on the rail. Grabs a HARPOON and walks toward N.Y. 10-yards away, Master of Arms Guryev watching from nearby.

QUEEQUEG  
To be whaler, must learn harpoon.  
To learn harpoon, man use baby walk.

NEW YORK  
Steps. The expression is "baby steps."

QUEEQUEG  
No correct man who hold harpoon.  
(as N.Y. demurs)  
(MORE)

QUEEQUEG (Cont'd)  
 First baby walk: throw harpoon at  
 fix target.

Queequeg hands him the harpoon, N.Y. cockily rolling his eyes.

NEW YORK  
 A fixed target? I mean, gimme a  
 little credit --

QUEEQUEG  
 Throw.

N.Y. takes a step and THROWS -- TOTALLY MISSING the target,  
 it goes over the side into the sea.

QUEEQUEG (Cont'd)  
 (to Guryev)  
 Maybe harpoon not best choice.

CUT TO:

AN INCREDIBLE ARSENAL OF WEAPONRY --

PRONGED SPEARS, MECHANIZED CROSS-BOWS, GREENER GUNS, BOMB  
 LANCES, FISTED CUTLASSES, GATLING-GUN HARPOON LAUNCHERS --  
 they're the bastard step-children of medieval armaments.

GURYEV (O.S.)  
 Firearms, big edges, small edges,  
 explosives...

INT. ARMORY - THE PEQUOD - DAY

A mad scientist's weapons room, Guryev leads our impressed  
 hero down rows of wood shelves and table-tops -- stacked with  
 DEADLY TREATS of every make, model, shape and size.

GURYEV  
 Any kind of ordnance man could want.

NEW YORK  
 Where'd you get all this stuff?

GURYEV  
 War scraps mostly. My job is to  
 match the man with right weapon.

N.Y. picks up a MORNING STAR...

NEW YORK  
 Like this morning star?

...swings the SPIKED METAL BALL and chain, getting into it...

NEW YORK (Cont'd)  
 I could be like a knight in a  
 Tennyson poem. Come on whale!  
*En guard!*

...when, WHAM! He inadvertently CRUSHES open a BARREL OF GUN  
 POWDER, black dust POOFING up in a cloud. N.Y. coughs as  
 Guryev steps over and takes the morning star back from him.

GURYEV  
 We find you something else.

Guryev scans his hardware as N.Y. dusts the gunpowder off  
 himself. Guryev picks up a SHOTGUN.

GURYEV (Cont'd)  
 Try this.

N.Y. takes the SHOTGUN -- a HARPOON sticking out its muzzle,  
 there's a rope linked from the iron to a SPOOL on the side.

NEW YORK  
 A harpoon gun...

GURYEV  
 A retractor gun. Simple shoulder  
 gun, but fitted with a winch spool  
 that triggers on impact.

NEW YORK  
 So it pulls your target towards  
 you. Very smart.

GURYEV  
 Be careful...

N.Y. mistakenly FIRES the gun, sends the harpoon ZIPPING into  
 the wall. The winch instantly triggers and rapidly RETRACTS  
 the line around the spool at blazing speed...

...pulling N.Y. along for the ride, face first into the wall.

GURYEV (Cont'd)  
 Maybe you stick with knives.

EXT. MAIN DECK - NIGHT

Sag Harbor at the wheel, he struggles to see The Pequod  
 through a seemingly impenetrable THICK FOG. N.Y. nurses a  
 BRUISE on his head, Queequeg looking into the fog beside him.

NEW YORK  
 Good thing the carpenter doesn't  
 amputate heads.

QUEEQUEG

Woman no want man with no head.  
 (off N.Y.'s look)  
 I see picture in watch. Pretty.

N.Y. nods his appreciation.

NEW YORK

Do you have a woman back home?

QUEEQUEG

Many women. Father king.

NEW YORK

I guess that makes you a prince.

QUEEQUEG

Women like prince.

A vaguely lascivious grin from Queequeg, N.Y. smiles, when...

PALERMO (O.S.)

SHIP, HO!

IN THE CROW'S NEST --

Palermo points into the thick fog obscuring the sea surface.

PALERMO (Cont'd)

OFF STARBOARD!

ON THE DECK --

men hurry up the stairs and press to the rail for a look.  
 N.Y. joins them, peers into the merciless fog, sees nothing.

NEW YORK

Where is it?

Nothing but white coils of eddying fog, suddenly SOMETHING  
 SHIFTS in the sea smoke. A tense moment. N.Y. and the men  
 look closer, stunned by the sudden emergence of

A GHOST SHIP --

tattered sails, the davits dangle free of whale boats. The  
 men stare at it uncertainly as Starbuck sidles up to Ahab.

STARBUCK

Where are its whale boats?

Ahab doesn't answer, looks at the ship drifting 200-yards off  
 their side. Raises his TELESCOPE for a CLOSER look...

TELESCOPE POV: scanning over the deck, it appears deserted.

AHAB

It looks abandoned.

STARBUCK

Shall I prepare the boarding party?

AHAB

No.

(to the crew)

I want one man to board that ship.

Our hero watches as Daggoo, Tashtego and Queequeg step up to volunteer...then takes *two* steps forward out of line.

QUEEQUEG

Don't --

NEW YORK

It would be my honor, sir.

Ahab gives our hero a once over, before...

AHAB

Very well. Bring me their  
Captain's log.

EXT. MAIN DECK - MOMENTS LATER

Guryev hands KNIVES to N.Y. -- one-after another, our hero tucks them into his pants and belt.

NEW YORK

Am I getting the captain's log or  
attacking the ship?

GURYEYEV

Just in case.

NEW YORK

In case what?

Guryev doesn't answer, just walks away from him. N.Y. walks past the gathered crew to a waiting DINGHY, climbs into it as Starbuck hands him a lantern.

STARBUCK

Good luck.

With that, Queequeg, Tashtego and Daggoo lower the boat down to the dark water below. N.Y. getting a last glimpse of the crew's down-turned FACES...staring as though he's a dead man.

EXT. OPEN WATER - NIGHT

N.Y. rows away from The Pequod, moving slowly across the 200-yard gap towards the ghost ship -- with the chowdery fog, eerie DRIPS of sea and CRACKLE of oar against oarlock...

...it's like he's crossing the River Styx itself.

EXT. GHOST SHIP - NIGHT

N.Y. ties the dinghy to a hull ring, passes his lantern over the name on the transom - *THE JEROBOAM* - calls to its deck.

NEW YORK

Hello? I'm from the whale ship  
Pequod. Permission to board?  
(no response)  
Don't say I didn't ask.

He raises the familiar RETRACTOR GUN, aims it at the main mast and SHOOTS the HARPOON -- unfurling straight UP, it skewers the wooden cross-mast, locks into place, and...

WHOOSH! --

N.Y.'s pulled Batman-style into the air by the retracting coil. Up the ship's side and over the rail, he drops onto...

EXT. CENTERDECK - THE JEROBOAM - CONTINUOUS

...steadies himself as he pans the lantern over the BLOOD STAINED deck. Grimaces at the sight, then looks back to The Pequod...fog rising up around it, obscuring it from view

N.Y. returns his gaze to The Jeroboam deck, opens the MAIN HATCH to reveal a DARK STAIRWELL -- leading into the unknown, the lantern light offers no help.

NEW YORK

Hello?

N.Y. looks closer, notices that the floor seems to be *moving*. Takes a few steps down to finally see it's

FULL OF RATS --

a veritable hoard clawing over one another, they SCRATCH off into hiding as the lantern light falls upon them.

NEW YORK (Cont'd)

At least it's not sinking.

With that, he begins his descent into the unknown.

INT. CREW GALLEY - THE JEROBOAM - CONTINUOUS

Cold, cavernous and swathed in darkness, the dull glow from N.Y.'s lantern illuminates an abandoned space -- empty bunks, ravaged plates of food, broken jugs of rum.

NEW YORK

Anyone here?

A CREAK startles N.Y., has him turning to see a DOOR across the room barely cracked open. Raises a knife.

NEW YORK (Cont'd)

Show yourself!

But the darkness returns no answer, N.Y. moving tentatively towards the door. Each step seeming like an eternity, the door comes closer...closer...until...

...he's finally at the door. Reaches for the handle, then aggressively throws it open to reveal...

THE ROPE ROOM --

more RATS scampering the sideboards, he pans the light over rows of STACKED ROPE COILS. Suddenly, a RUSTLING SOUND -- somewhere up ahead, N.Y. confronts the darkness again.

NEW YORK (Cont'd)

I am not here to commandeer this vessel. Show yourself!

He raises his lantern, winds through the maze of rope coils. Tension rising as he nears the end of the bilge, he reaches the last row of coils. Swings around the corner to see

A PILE OF DEAD BODIES --

their clothes wet, torn and covered in blood...

NEW YORK (Cont'd)

Ugh...

...N.Y. averts his eyes, then looks back at the scene of mass death before him. Steels himself. Then walks closer and inspects the uniforms. All identical, until he sees...

THE DEAD CAPTAIN --

his telltale overcoat in tatters, he still bares a maritime insignia on his frayed sleeve. N.Y. kneels down closer to the man. Reaches into the breast pocket and removes...

THE CAPTAIN'S LOG --

a small leather book, N.Y. starts to flip through it, when...

**THE CAPTAIN'S HAND GRABS HIS ARM --**

sending N.Y. reeling back, he SCREAMS in horror.

NEW YORK (Cont'd)

AGH! AGH!

He falls back, tries to scamper away. Realizes the Captain barely has any life left in him...

DYING CAPTAIN

We've...

NEW YORK

What, sir? Who did this?

The man struggles to get words out, N.Y. leaning closer.

DYING CAPTAIN

We've...been...boarded.

With that, the man dies, his words harrowing our hero.

NEW YORK

Boarded...?

He feels eyes upon him, slowly stands and turns to see

A DOZEN BARBARIC MARAUDERS --

Barbary Coast bad-asses, they're a hairy band of heathens.

NEW YORK (Cont'd)

Oh, this is bad...

With that, he abruptly turns and RUNS towards an OPEN DOOR at the back of the galley. The Marauder CHIEFTAIN throws his AXE, sends it SPINNING AFTER N.Y.

N.Y. makes it through the doorway, turns to see the AXE baring down on him. SLAMS THE DOOR closed, but the BLADE BREAKS THROUGH the wood...nearly slicing his nose off.

A stunned look of relief, he turns, shocked to face ANOTHER MARAUDER -- lunging with a SPEAR, N.Y. skirts out of the way, KICKS the man in the groin and dashes up a STAIRWELL.

EXT. MAIN DECK - THE JEROBOAM - CONTINUOUS

N.Y. emerges, runs to the rail, when the Chieftain and his crew pour up the hatch. Raise BLOW GUNS to their lips and

ZWIPPP! --

they shoot POISON DARTS, the feathered missiles *thwacking* the ship's rail like bullets from a machine gun just as

N.Y. DIVES OVERBOARD --

hits the water with a SPLASH, quickly swims to the dinghy.

BACK ON THE DECK --

the Chieftain stalks to the rail, sees our hero climbing into the dinghy. Looks off at The Pequod cloaked in fog some 300 yards away, then turns to his army of two dozen...

CHIEFTAIN

Open fire.

EXT. OPEN WATER - NIGHT

N.Y. ROWS the dinghy fast as he can, frantically looking over his shoulder to shout back to The Pegoud.

NEW YORK

HELP! OVER HERE!

He glances back at The Jeroboam, eyes wide at the sight of...

NEW YORK (Cont'd)

Oh shit...

...GUN PORTS sliding open on its side, CANNON MUZZLES poke out. N.Y. pulls his oars fast as he can, when

BOOM! --

a cannonball BURSTS from a cannon, rockets **RIGHT FOR HIM**. N.Y. DUCKS just before it takes off his head, EXPLODING in the water ahead of him. A near miss.

EXT. MAIN DECK - THE PEQUOD - SAME

The men press to the rails at the sound of the cannon fire, see red muzzle FLASHES erupting from the foggy Jeroboam.

FLASK

She's firing on us, Captain!

EXT. OPEN WATER - RESUME

Shells EXPLODE the water around N.Y.'s dinghy as he ROWS out of their way with sharp maneuvering. CANNON BLASTS erupting in rapid succession, they SHRIEK the air en route towards...

EXT. MAIN DECK - THE PEQUOD - SAME

The HOWL of soaring cannonballs, Stubb YELLS to the men...

STUBB  
INCOMING!

...who hit the deck as CANNON BALLS pound the MASTS and RIGGINGS. Send wood SPLINTERING in all directions like shrapnel, the men peel themselves off the deck...

...await Ahab's orders as he looks through his TELESCOPE.

TELESCOPE POV: The Jeroboam's broadside fully exposed, another cannon flash from its gun ports.

Ahab lowers the scope as the shot SCREAMS past, lands with a column of spray just off their side. Commands Sag Harbor...

AHAB  
Turn us towards her.

STARBUCK  
Towards her? Sir, that's --

AHAB  
Head on across her broadside.  
(unsheathes a BOWIE KNIFE)  
Fools brought guns to a knife  
fight.

EXT. OPEN WATER - SAME

N.Y. pulls his oars, sees The Pequod turning TOWARDS HIM.

NEW YORK  
That way! What are you doing?!

EXT. MAIN DECK - THE JEROBOAM - SAME

The marauder Chieftain sees The Pequod approaching.

CHIEFTAIN  
RELOAD!

INT. GUN DECK - THE JEROBOAM - SAME

The barbaric Marauders SCRAMBLE to reload their cannons.

EXT. OPEN WATER - SAME

The Pequod bares down on N.Y.'s dinghy, racing closer as our hero tries to ROW out of its way.

NEW YORK  
Shit-shit-shit...

EXT. MAIN DECK - THE PEQUOD - SAME

Stubb rides the bow piece, calls out their impending impact with N.Y.'s dinghy.

STUBB  
Hard to port!

Sag Harbor sets to spin the wheel, but Ahab grabs it.

AHAB  
Stay the course!

EXT. OPEN WATER - SAME

N.Y. ROWS hard, The Pequod's razor hull nearly upon him...

EXT. DECK - THE JEROBOAM - SAME

The Chieftain's eyes widen, bracing for impending COLLISION.

CHIEFTAIN  
He's crazy...

EXT. OPEN WATER - SAME

N.Y.'s dinghy narrowly avoids The Pequod -- when CRACK! -- The Pequod RAMS The Jeroboam. Wood BUCKLES and SPLINTERS.

EXT. MAIN DECK - THE PEQUOD - SAME

Impact jars the whalers, Ahab RAISING his knife overhead.

AHAB  
BOARD AND CONQUER!

A collective BATTLE CRY fills the air as our tide of blood-thirsty whalers SPILL OVER THE SIDES onto...

EXT. MAIN DECK - THE JEROBOAM - CONTINUOUS

...where they CLASH with the barbaric Marauders in bloody hand-to-hand combat, an unholy CLANK of metal-meeting-metal.

EXT. OPEN WATER - SAME

His dinghy caught between the two ship's waistlines, N.Y. sees his mates pour onto The Jeroboam overhead. Just then, a GUN PORT opens on The Jeroboam's side and a cannon pokes out.

N.Y. grabs the ANCHOR ROPE, scales up the side of the ship. Swings into the gun port and KICKS THE CANNON just as it's fired with a deafening

BOOM! --

the explosion rocking the INSIDE OF THE JEROBOAM, cannon kick back SQUASHES a Marauder against a wood hull beam.

EXT. MAIN DECK - THE JEROBOAM - SAME

Our whalers do battle with the Marauders -- man-against-man, the brothers of The Pequod SLASH ruthlessly through them. Men HACKING and dodging one another, it's absolute carnage.

ON AHAB --

ferociously swinging his knife, he TAKES OFF A HEAD, his knife stuck on the mast. Another Marauder about to strike, Ahab quickly grabs a HAMMER from nearby...

...and SMASHES the man across the face, PUMMELING him as a SPATTER OF BLOOD erupts.

ON THE CHIEFTAIN --

fighting fiercely even as his men die, he's surrounded by chaos on all sides. Suddenly spots Ahab cross the deck and makes his way towards him.

INT. GUN DECK - THE JEROBOAM - SAME

N.Y. unsheathes KNIFE-AFTER-KNIFE, ducking-turning-and-sticking them in a string of oncoming Marauders. Reaches the stairwell and goes RACING UP it.

EXT. MAIN DECK - THE JEROBOAM - SAME

Ahab fights through the fray, eyes burning a zealous fire as he kills one after the next -- SKEWERING man-after-man like Bill the Butcher, Marauders fall at his feet.

ACROSS THE DECK --

the Chieftain cuts a collision course towards Ahab, sees his men falling all around him...

IN SLOW MOTION --

speared by Queequeg's harpoon; split by Daggoo's axe; scalped by Tashtego's knife; bit by Birmingham's teeth; smothered in Charleston's sailcloth; struck with Oslo's hammer.

Victory no longer an option, the Chieftain only cares about

AHAB --

finishing off a Marauder with another STAB, he suddenly stumbles on his peg leg. Falls to his knees and looks up to find himself before the Chieftain...his Axe raised to strike.

Ahab just stares helplessly -- his last moments of life counting down -- when the Chieftain suddenly freezes. His eyes wide in a mixture of entreaty and astonishment, as

BLOOD POURS FROM HIS THROAT --

splattering Ahab, the Chieftain falls forward with a KNIFE stuck in the back of his neck to reveal N.Y. behind him. Blood all over his clothes, he proffers the CAPTAIN'S LOG.

NEW YORK

The Captain's log, sir.  
(off his look)  
As requested.

Ahab takes it from him, struck by our hero's mettle.

INT. CREW MESS - NIGHT

The warriors eat post-battle, alone with their thoughts. N.Y. takes a spoonful of the gruel, when Flask approaches.

FLASK

Captain wants you.

INT. OFFICER'S MESS - NIGHT

Ahab sits alone at a table, eating chicken and drinking wine. N.Y. enters, Ahab nods for Flask to shut the door.

NEW YORK

You wanted to see me, sir?

AHAB

Sit.

N.Y. sees a place set for him, tentatively sits. Watches the Captain tear into his food like an animal.

AHAB (Cont'd)

Go ahead, pull off some bird.  
(off N.Y.'s look)  
Don't worry, it's not seagull.

N.Y. takes some of the meat from the platter.

AHAB (Cont'd)

Wine?

(off N.Y.'s hesitation)

Don't tell me you prefer white with chicken.

NEW YORK

No, sir. This is wonderful.

Ahab pours the blood-red wine into N.Y.'s glass, then goes back to eating. N.Y. eats uncomfortably, when Ahab slides the CAPTAIN'S LOG across the table.

AHAB

You did well getting me this. That ship sighted our white whale a month before they were boarded by those marauders.

NEW YORK

Can you catch up with him?

AHAB

I've already adjusted our course.

Another uncomfortable beat, then...

NEW YORK

If I may, sir...why this whale? I mean, out of all the whales in the world's oceans...why are we after this one?

Ahab just stares at him, studies his face...N.Y. feeling like he might reach across the table and rip it off, before...

AHAB

What's the most important thing a man can have?

NEW YORK

I suppose I'd say a family.

AHAB

Strange given your childhood. Mr. Starbuck tells me you're an orphan.

NEW YORK

I guess we value most what we have the least.

Ahab nods at that, preys upon his insecurities.

AHAB

I was a singleton, too. Mother died when I was a boy and father, well, he found work in the wrong end of the rum business -- which didn't make him the most popular Quaker in Nantucket. Some of my beloved "Society of Friends" even called me the devil's spawn and turned a cheek to me. Which helps a boy learn it best to not rely on anyone but himself. You probably know something about that.

NEW YORK

Yes, sir.

Ahab picks up an APPLE, starts to cut it with a knife.

AHAB

But even Ishmael of the Bible -- the orphan of Abraham himself -- learned he couldn't go it alone.

NEW YORK

He found God.

AHAB

And you found brothers. Whaling makes men brothers. And once you have brothers, you stand by them at all costs. That is why we sail on Moby Dick.

Ahab offers N.Y. a slice of apple, our hero taking it as he glances at the Captain's Log.

NEW YORK

Sir, if you'll allow it, I'd like to have a look at the logbook. See what I can learn about this whale.

AHAB

Good.

Ahab turns towards his quarters.

NEW YORK

And Captain...when we row for Moby Dick, I want to row for you.

Ahab thinks about that for a moment, then...

AHAB  
If you're ready.

EXT. THE PEQUOD - MORNING

Moving South into cooler waters, wind WHISTLES the riggings.  
Find N.Y. huddled by the tryworks, reading the Captain's log.

NEW YORK (V.O.)  
June 17, 1848. 600 miles off  
Fortaleza, we spot white herons  
flying the sky.

EXT. CALM SEAS - DAY

N.Y. ROWS hard in a whale boat with three other OARSMEN.  
Starbuck issuing orders, he's getting his men in shape.

NEW YORK (V.O.)  
It is an odd sight given our  
distance from land...but nothing  
compared to what happened next.

EXT. MAIN DECK - AFTERNOON

Queequeg pushes N.Y. off the plank with a familiar CANNONBALL  
shackled to his leg, our hero disappearing with a SPLASH!

NEW YORK (V.O.)  
Our ship is rammed by a whale.

EXT. AFT CASTLE - DUSK

N.Y. throws a harpoon, STRIKING the painted bull's eye.

NEW YORK (V.O.)  
It's a white whale...

EXT. ROUGH SEAS - MORNING

N.Y. and crew PULL against wind and waves, practicing turning  
the boat in tight radiuses.

STARBUCK  
PORT! STARBOARD! AGAIN!

NEW YORK (V.O.)  
...so vast, its size nearly double  
that of our ship.

EXT. ROPE BETWEEN WHALE BOATS - DAY

Two whaleboats 15-feet apart with a rope connecting the bows. N.Y. walks the tightrope between them, almost falters, but recovers. Tashtego urging him on from one of the boats.

NEW YORK (V.O.)

Four boats take the seas in pursuit,  
but we're no match for its strength.

EXT. MAIN DECK - AFTERNOON

Queequeg stands watching the seconds tick on N.Y.'s pocket watch. Surpassing two minutes, he tugs the coil releasing the cannonball shackle...but N.Y. doesn't surface.

NEW YORK (V.O.)

Its skin cripples our harpoons.  
Its jaws crush our boats...

A moment of panic crosses Queequeg's face...did he drown? And then...N.Y. breaks the water. Queequeg smiles, relieved.

EXT. STORMY SEAS - DUSK

Rain pouring down in sheets, N.Y.'s team rows UP A CREST with the strength of Clydesdales. Pulling up a nearly impossible slope, the GIANT WAVE threatens to topple and crush the boat.

NEW YORK (V.O.)

I order retreat, but he pursues us...

Looking like they'll be flipped, our hero PULLS with all his strength and...they crest the wave! Cascade down the slope.

EXT. BOW OF WHALE BOAT - OCEAN - MORNING

N.Y. stands, harpoon poised at three SHARKS circling the waters around the boat. Suddenly THROWS the harpoon...

NEW YORK (V.O.)

The hunted becomes the hunter.

...grabs and throws ANOTHER, then ANOTHER...as Queequeg joins N.Y. at his side to assess: three dead sharks.

EXT. ROPE BETWEEN WHALEBOATS - OCEAN - AFTERNOON

N.Y. walks across the tightrope, mere feet from the other boat...waves surging beneath him...when he makes it across.

NEW YORK (V.O.)

By the time he's through with us,  
12 of my men are dead...

INT. CREW QUARTERS - NIGHT

The men sleep. N.Y. finishes reading the Captain's log.

NEW YORK (V.O.)  
 ...as though we'd been struck by  
 the hand of an angry, wrathful God.

He closes the book, harrowed by what he's just read. Looks to his open pocket watch...Elizabeth's photo looking back.

EXT. WATERS NORTH OF ANTARCTIC PENINSULA - DAY

FUR SEALS rests atop a floating ICE SHEET, watching The Pequod soundlessly creep the still waters.

EXT. BOW - SAME

Flask rides the figurehead, looking for ice.

FLASK  
 Rudder to port 15 clicks!

EXT. DECK - SAME

Stubb relays the message further back.

STUBB  
 15 clicks to port!

EXT. AFT CASTLE - SAME

Starbuck relays the message to Sag Harbor at the wheel.

STARBUCK  
 Rudder to port 15 clicks.

As Sag Harbor turns the wheel, Starbuck looks to Ahab calmly assessing his charts in a chair.

STARBUCK (Cont'd)  
 Captain...perhaps we drop anchor  
 until we can plot a safe course.

AHAB  
 No. Carry on.

N.Y. stands at the rail, expertly looping ropes with Birmingham, both watching Ahab and Starbuck.

BIRMINGHAM  
 This is madness, sailing the ice  
 this way. We'll end up at the  
 bottom of the ocean.

NEW YORK  
 Captain knows what he's doing.

BIRMINGHAM  
 Are you telling me, or convincing  
 yourself?

With that, Birmingham walks off, when suddenly we hear...

A WHALE SONG --

sounding from somewhere, it ECHOES ominously off surrounding  
 ICEBERGS. Mates stop what they're doing, look out at the ice-  
 strewn seascape for the sound's origin.

Ahab slowly stands, searches the icy waters with eyes ablaze.

IN THE CROW'S NEST --

Palermo scours the horizon for any sight of a whale, sees  
 nothing but frozen ice sheets and icebergs.

ON NEW YORK --

adrenaline surging at the sound, he casts a glance to the  
 GOLD COIN on the mast, then peers over the rail, muttering...

NEW YORK  
 C'mon...show yourself...

He scans the slushy arctic waters down below...when...

THE SHIP IS JOLTED --

fiercely thrown to the side, the men are stunned by the  
 sudden impact. Grab for any hand hold.

STUBB  
 Mr. Carpenter! Secure the oil and  
 assess damage!

CARPENTER  
 Aye, sir!

Carpenter scurries off, the mates looking over the side rails  
 for any sign of ice. But Ahab's composed, a vague hint of a  
 smile on his face...like he senses something.

STARBUCK  
 We must've hit an ice sheet!  
 (to Sag Harbor)  
 Weren't you listening?!

Sag Harbor's shaken by the unexpected jolt at the wheel...

SAG HARBOR

I did just as ordered, sir!

...as Starbuck wheels on Ahab.

STARBUCK

I told you we should stop and re-chart our course! I demand we anchor until our oil has been --!

AHAB

Shut up!

Ahab crosses the deck to the rail, where N.Y. stands looking up at some WHITE HERONS in the distance.

NEW YORK

Hérons.

AHAB

He's close.

Ahab takes in every image in silence. His eyes settling on one ICE SHEET in the far off distance...a large WHITE MASS.

AHAB (Cont'd)

When I was a child, the minister cut down a tree by my shack. In it, he found a silver ring. A wedding band. Hammered into the trunk and overgrown with bark. The townspeople wondered how it ever got there.

Ahab turns to the GOLD COIN shining on the mast.

AHAB (Cont'd)

And someday, in the resurrection, voices will ask how this coin became fixed to this mast. For it will never be taken by you or any man on this ship.

NEW YORK

Moby Dick won't be spotted?

AHAB

Oh, he'll be spotted...but the coin will remain, as *I spotted him first*.

N.Y.'s confused by that, Ahab powerfully pointing at the long "ICE SHEET" he was just focusing on...

AHAB (Cont'd)  
The white whale is there!!

...its WHITE TAIL FLUKES rising out of the water, even at a distance, you can tell just how large they are.

NEW YORK  
It's huge...

Palermo calls out from the crow's nest.

PALERMO  
Whale ho! There! Whale ho!

The men stare incredulously, the tail SLAPPING repeatedly at the water...as if saying "come and get me."

AHAB  
Ready the boats, Mr. Starbuck!

Starbuck would rather not, but the men CHEER Ahab's command.

STARBUCK  
As you wish. Ready boats!

The men hurry to ready the boats, Ahab turning to Guryev.

AHAB  
Master of Arms!

GURYEV  
Yes, sir.

AHAB  
Bring out the toys.

CUT TO:

AN ARRAY OF WEAPONS --

ones we've seen before -- GREENER GUNS, GATLING GUNS, SWIVEL GUNS, RETRACTOR GUNS, BOMB LANCES -- they're quickly grabbed, STOCKED and FITTED into boats here on

EXT. MAIN DECK - MOMENTS LATER

Ahab surveys the swirl of action, stalks towards his boat.

STARBUCK  
Boats are ready, Captain!

AHAB  
Then why you still talking to me?

Starbuck veers off, grabs N.Y.

STARBUCK  
In the boat. Let's go.

AHAB  
No.  
(off their looks)  
He comes with me.

EXT. ANTARCTIC WATERS - DAY

N.Y. rows with three Ninja Oarsmen, Fedallah at the bow beside a heavy mounted HARPOON GUN, Ahab facing the men at the stern.

FROM ABOVE --

the four whale boats fan out from The Pequod, CAMERA  
RETREATING over the surface until we find ourselves over a

HUGE WHITE MASS --

a WHITE CLOUD stretching beneath the surface, its TAIL FLUKES  
towers **30-feet high** as they SMACK away at the water.

ON AHAB --

watching the flukes SLAP the water a few hundred yards ahead,  
he glances over at N.Y.

AHAB  
See the way he taunts me? The way  
he tests my resolve?

N.Y. looks over his shoulder at the massive flukes, sees  
Fedallah hooking a HEAVY CHAIN to the HARPOON GUN.

NEW YORK  
What happened to the ropes?

AHAB  
Our ropes aren't strong enough.

N.Y. feels an unease rise within him at that.

NEW YORK  
Perhaps we should tie off then.

AHAB  
Mr. Starbuck may have an affection  
for antiquated codes, but not in my  
boat. No better way to assure a  
man's death than tie him to another.

ON STARBUCK'S BOAT --

Starbuck turns to Queequeg standing beside a MOUNTED HARPOON.

STARBUCK  
Ever seen something that big?

QUEEQUEG  
Only in nightmare.

STARBUCK  
Well get off a good shot, or we'll  
be living that nightmare.

Queequeg nods, confidence clearly shaken by the whale's size.

ON STUBB'S BOAT --

Tashtego mans a GREENER GUN at the bow. Stubb looks to Charleston at stern, holding his sail cloth around him.

STUBB  
You ready?

CHARLESTON  
Just make sure Tash gets that hook  
set. This bird ain't meant to swim.

ON FLASK'S BOAT --

Daggoo minds the HARPOON GATLING GUN at the bow, Flask calling up to him from the stern.

FLASK  
Get your irons in, then get up  
there fast as you can with that  
bomb lance.

Daggoo nods, hoists the menacing BOMB LANCE at his side.

ON AHAB --

eyes peeled at Moby Dick's white flesh rising and dipping the water, he calls out to his men...

AHAB  
On my orders...

N.Y. stares enthralled at the massive beast rolling adjacent to them, Ahab's eyes narrowing with a gleam, before...

AHAB (Cont'd)  
FIRE!

ON QUEEQUEG --

FIRING his HARPOON, chains trail after it in a CLATTERING stream before it IMPALES Moby Dick's side.

ON DAGGOO --

steadying his aim, he FIRES the GATLING GUN. Sends a TRIO OF HARPOONS zipping into the whale with a POCK-POCK-POCK.

ON TASHTEGO --

FIRING the GREENER GUN, the harpoon EXPLODES from the muzzle. Chains dragging out behind as it IMPALES in Moby Dick's side.

ON FEDALLAH --

FIRING the HARPOON GUN with a KA-CHUNK, it sizzles off.

HARPOON P.O.V.: flying over the wavy water, it pounds into the side of the whale, uprooting...

A GEYSER OF BLOOD --

showering down like oil, Ahab sadistically delights in it.

AHAB (Cont'd)

HA!

The thick crimson stock SPLATTERS down over N.Y., his face streaked with blood as the whale starts to THRASH ABOUT.

NEW YORK

I think we got its attention.

AHAB

We're just getting started.

Fedallah slides one of his GLASS BALLS into his hand and THROWS IT. The ball CATCHES FIRE as it SMASHES into Moby's side, but it doesn't slow him...only seems to piss him off.

AHAB (Cont'd)

HOLD FAST!

The men grip the sides, a mere moment to steady themselves as

MOBY DICK REELS OUT OF THE SEA --

its giant head displacing a ton of water with a shrieking ROAR, N.Y.'s hair is literally blown back by the force. Eyes widening as the whale CRASHES BACK INTO THE SEA.

AHAB (Cont'd)

ROW!

N.Y. and the Ninjas ROW the boat through a RISING WAVE, but Starbuck's boat isn't so lucky. The sudden surge of water

CAPSIZES THE BOAT --

FLIPPING Starbuck's boat as if it were a toy, it violently up-ends and sends the men tumbling into the frigid waters.

ON AHAB --

adrenaline surging at the sight of Starbuck's overturned boat, he looks to N.Y. with an almost competitive smile.

AHAB (Cont'd)

Lucky you're in my boat, boy...

The whale SURGES ahead, sending the heavy chains attached to the harpoon quickly unfurling. N.Y. eying the chains as they near the end of their reins...

NEW YORK

He's gonna run! Hang on!

...and the boat is violently JERKED FORWARD, taut chains pulling it off behind the whale.

EXT. ANTARCTIC WATERS - DAY

Our 300-foot white whale powers through the icy waters -- pulling four 20-foot whale boats behind, it's the most incredible "Nantucket Sleigh Ride" in history.

ON NEW YORK --

holding on for his life, wind whips his face as he glances at

STARBUCK'S CAPSIZED BOAT --

skimming along the surface at a breakneck speed, Queequeg perilously holds onto the back, Starbuck skipping haphazardly behind him...roped together by the ties that bind.

NEW YORK

(to Ahab)

I gotta cut their boat loose.

AHAB

You'll stay put!

(to Flask)

HAUL IN, MR. FLASK!

ON FLASK'S BOAT --

zipping behind the whale, Flask BARKS back to his men.

FLASK  
HAUL IN! HAUL IN!

Flask's oarsmen grab the chains and begin pulling the boat CLOSER to the whale. Flask calls up to Daggoo by the bow.

FLASK (Cont'd)  
I'll get you close as I can! Just  
don't blow yourself up!

ON STUBB'S BOAT --

the oarsmen struggle to steady ten feet of tightrope chain between boat and whale. Stubb calls out to Tashtego.

STUBB  
Go get on him!

Tashtego takes a BOMB LANCE from him, climbs up onto the bow with the loose end of sail cord linked to Charleston. Then incredibly walks the tightrope chain towards Moby Dick.

ON NEW YORK --

heaving the chains to bring his boat closer to Moby Dick, he watches Tashtego's perilous act.

AHAB  
Closer! Get me closer!

But Moby Dick suddenly TURNS, banking hard in the water. Sends N.Y.'s boat reeling sideways towards STUBB'S BOAT.

NEW YORK  
LOOK OUT!

ON STUBB --

eyes going wide as the boats COLLIDE, sudden IMPACT sends Tashtego stumbling off balance on the tightrope. He drops the BOMB LANCE, impact with the water creating a sudden

KABOOOM!!! --

the force blasts Tashtego off the tightrope and INTO THE WATER below -- caught in the waves, Tashtego snags the chain with one hand, holds on as Stubb's boat PIN-BALLS towards

FLASK'S BOAT --

where an oarman's arm rests outside the boat, he can't pull it in before the boats COLLIDE -- a sickening CRACK, the man SCREAMS as his arm is BROKEN at an inhuman angle.

He lifts his OTHER HAND off the rail to tend to his broken appendage, sheer speed and wind RIPPING HIM OUT of his seat. Sending him tumbling backwards into the water.

ON NEW YORK --

watching the man skip the water and break every bone, he looks at Queequeg and Starbuck being pulled behind their boat. Knows they'll meet a similar fate, when he spots

THE RETRACTOR GUN --

laying in the base of the boat, he makes his choice. He stops pulling the chains and grabs the retractor gun.

AHAB

What do are you doing?

NEW YORK

They'll be killed if I don't release their boat.

AHAB

And you'll be killed if you do!

NEW YORK

At least I'll have lived for something.

Our hero takes aim and FIRES, the corded HARPOON DART flying free and impaling

MOBY DICK'S TAIL FLUKES --

cord recoiling on impact, N.Y. winched out of the boat and

INTO THE WATER --

retractor gun rewinding, it rapidly reels him in. Dragging our hero towards the whale like a human torpedo.

ON AHAB --

watching N.Y. zipping through the water, drawing ever CLOSER to the TAIL FLUKES -- rising and falling, it SWATS the water with enough force to SPLATTER him to bits.

AHAB

(to himself)

Time it right, boy...

ON THE TAIL --

SLAP! It hits the water right before N.Y.'s face, missing him by inches. Then rises in time for him to pull past to

THE WHALE'S SIDE --

where N.Y. unsheathes a KNIFE and STABS IT into the whale's flesh. Uses it to pull himself onto its backside.

ON AHAB --

marveling at the sight of N.Y. standing on the whale's back as it moves through the water, dragging four boats behind it.

ON NEW YORK --

hurrying to the harpoon line stretching to Starbuck's boat, he heaves on it. Pulls it free and looks back at

STARBUCK'S CAPSIZED BOAT --

slowing down in the wake of its newfound freedom, Starbuck and Queequeg emit sighs of relief.

ON MOBY DICK'S BACK --

N.Y. hurries over to Tashtego clinging to the chain from Stubb's boat. Reaches out to him...

NEW YORK

Hand me the sail coil!

Tashtego stretches his other arm with all his might, hands N.Y. the wire SAIL COIL. N.Y. quickly SPIKES IT into the whale's back, then calls out to Charleston...

NEW YORK (Cont'd)

FLY!

...who releases his arms to his sides, sail cloth SNAPPING OPEN behind him. Wind filling his sails and pulling him up into the air, like a parachute erupting behind a drag racer.

ON AHAB --

watching Charleston fly, eyes suddenly wide at something...

AHAB

He's taking us into the ice!

ON NEW YORK --

spinning to see ICE SHEETS pocking the surface, larger ICEBERGS rise up as Moby Dick pulls them into the icy minefield. Has N.Y. muttering to himself...

NEW YORK

Like I needed something to make  
this more difficult.

(to Daggoo)

GET UP HERE WITH THAT BOMB!

Still a long-jumper's distance away from the whale on Flask's boat, Daggoo steals himself. Oarsmen sliding to expose seat board as Daggoo runs across the wood boards and

LEAPS INTO THE AIR --

striding over the watery distance like Carl Lewis, he lands on Moby Dick's back. Spiked shoes yielding blood on impact. N.Y. reaches out, GRABS HIS HAND.

NEW YORK (Cont'd)

HERE!

ON AHAB --

watching N.Y. pull Daggoo onto the whale, he looks up IN THE AIR -- where Charleston rides the breeze, his sail cloth doing little to slow the whale down. Barks to N.Y...

AHAB

Get that bomb in him! We gotta  
slow him down!

Just then, Ahab's boat grazes the edge of an ice sheet. RIPS AWAY some sideboards as the boat takes on water.

ON NEW YORK & DAGGOO --

Daggoo raises the BOMB LANCE overhead, brings it down hard. Blood ERUPTING as it pierces skin, Moby Dick ROARS, violently kicks its tail flukes up in pain and

LAUNCHES NEW YORK INTO THE AIR --

sending him soaring, he comes down hard on the whale's back. KNIFES THE BLUBBER to keep from rolling into the icy water.

ON TASHTEGO --

the jolt sending him falling back towards the water again, his FOOT GETS CAUGHT in one of the chain links. Drags him upside down through the white-water.

ON MOBY DICK --

plowing ahead, he SHATTERS ice sheets with brute force.

ON AHAB --

tensing at an approaching ICE SHEET, the boat skips off it and CATCHES AIR. Goes soaring right TOWARDS FLASK'S BOAT...

FLASK  
LOOK OUT!

Flask's oarsmen look up in horror at Ahab's boat hurtling towards them, but one Oarsman ducks too late and is

DECAPITATED BY THE HULL --

torso slumping forward, Ahab's boat CRASHES back to the water and fans off the OTHER SIDE.

ON CHARLESTON --

watching the chaos below from in the sky, he looks up, face falling at something o.s. SCREAMS to the men down below...

CHARLESTON  
ICEBERG!!!!!!

But they can't hear him, unaware of the massive ICEBERG rising out of the low-lying fog up ahead.

ON NEW YORK --

staggering back to standing atop Moby Dick, he doesn't see Charleston wildly gesticulating in the sky up above. Just goes about trying to reach Tashtego's flailing form.

NEW YORK  
HANG ON! I'm coming!!

ON AHAB'S BOAT --

the men struggle to hold onto it as it takes on water, Ahab YELLING up at Daggoo...

AHAB  
Get that charge in!

ON DAGGOO --

unsheathing a cloth-wrapped EXPLOSIVE CHARGE, he pulls the pin, sets to drop it in the open lance hole, when...

MOBY DICK'S BLOW HOLE ERUPTS --

sending water skyward, it blasts Daggoo to his back. A stunned beat as he shakes it off, opens his hand to reveal the EXPLOSIVE still there -- barely a last breath before...

NEW YORK

NO!

**IT EXPLODES --**

a loud BOOM, Daggoo SPLATTERS in 500 directions all at once. BLOOD and GUTS raining down all over N.Y., he looks up at

CHARLESTON ABOVE --

wildly gesturing, N.Y. follows where he's pointing to see the ICEBERG -- looming straight ahead, Moby pulls them toward it.

NEW YORK (Cont'd)

Holy shit...

No time to waste, he pulls out the harpoon linking Stubb's boat to the whale, sends Tashtego and the boat floating free.

ON AHAB --

confused by what appears to be N.Y.'s retreating tactics...

AHAB

NO! NO! WHAT ARE YOU DOING!?

ON NEW YORK --

spinning to knife THE SAIL COIL linking Charleston to Moby Dick, he cuts Charleston free. Runs to the harpoon pegging Flask boat's to Moby Dick.

ON FLASK'S BOAT --

Flask watches our hero sprint across the whale's back...

FLASK

Get there. Get there...

...at last looking up, eyes wide in horror at...

THE JAGGED ICEBERG --

nearly upon them, terror somehow gives him the foresight to jump OVERBOARD a moment before the boat...

COLLIDES WITH THE ICEBERG --

turning it to SAWDUST, the oarsmen evaporate in a MIST OF RED.

ON NEW YORK --

still atop Moby Dick's surging backside, he looks back at Ahab's boat...but it's too far off for him to get to it.

AHAB  
BEHIND YOU!

Alone atop the whale's back, N.Y. wheels around to see an  
ICE BRIDGE --

cut into a dry-dock shaped ICEBERG, neither boat or whale will fit under. N.Y. turns back to Ahab's boat. Looks to Moby Dick's flapping TAIL, has no choice...

...but to run the length of the whale's backside away from the ever-approaching ice-bridge.

ON AHAB --

a look of dread coming over his face...

AHAB (Cont'd)  
No...

...as N.Y. runs down the whale's back towards its tail, racing up the beast's rising flukes as they wag UP and

LAUNCH HIM INTO THE AIR --

sending him soaring free for a moment, he lands HARD and TUMBLES into Ahab's boat. The men all taking deep breaths and gripping rail ropes just as

MOBY DICK DIVES BENEATH THE SURFACE --

taking the speeding boat underwater right along with him.

EXT. UNDERWATER - ANTARCTIC WATERS - CONTINUOUS

Moby Dick's tail flukes fan the waters through the chill, pulling Ahab's boat behind, weaving its way around the

UNDERSIDES OF ICEBERGS --

jutting down like stalagmites, the men hold their breath. N.Y.'s EYES peeled back by the rush of water, he ducks just as an OARSMEN is SLICED IN HALF by a jutting stalagmite.

Blood clouds the water, N.Y. unable to see as Moby leads them

INTO AN ICE TUNNEL --

a wide cavern in the belly of the berg, walls glow blue around them. Air bubbling out the men's mouths, N.Y.'s eyes bulge in the absence of air as they're hauled toward

THE END OF THE TUNNEL --

where Moby juts up, drags the TOW CHAIN across the rim of the tunnel -- its razor edge GRINDING the chain, it SNAPS it and

RELEASES THE BOAT --

drifting freely out of the tunnel, the men untie their hand holds and swim to the surface, when N.Y. discovers that **HE'S STUCK** -- rope wrapped around his foot, he can't shake free.

Weight of the sinking boat pulling him down...last breaths bubble out N.Y.'s lips, when Ahab emerges in the watery haze. Quickly cuts N.Y. free and drags him up towards the surface.

EXT. ANTARCTIC WATERS - DAY

All quiet and still, until Ahab breaches the surface with N.Y. Greedily GASPING for air, Fedallah and two remaining Ninja Oarsmen bob up from underwater as well.

Ahab quickly get his bearings, spots an ICE SHEET. Pulls an unconscious N.Y. onto it, Fedallah and the oarsmen following suit. The men staring at N.Y.'s lifeless form, when

HE SUDDENLY COUGHS --

sputtering up water and gasping for air, N.Y. fights to find focus on the savior looming over him...Ahab.

CUT TO:

A WARMING STOVE --

fire burning in a radiator, MATE lower N.Y. and Ahab beside it -- blue-faced and shivering, they're wrapped in blankets.

STARBUCK (O.S.)  
Gently down. Gently down.

EXT. MAIN DECK - THE PEQUOD - NIGHT

Starbuck stands with the Carpenter, fingering his worry beads. Stubb near N.Y. and Ahab's trembling forms.

CARPENTER  
Science says man can take a minute  
per-degree in water like that.

STARBUCK

I'd say we found them just in time.

N.Y. stares with glazed eyes at some DEAD BODIES laying twisted on the decks, shivers and averts his gaze to see

QUEEQUEG --

being helped back from one of the rescue boats, he just stares blankly ahead. A shell-shocked look on his face.

STARBUCK

Mr. Stubb: until the Captain regains his strength, I'll take the wheel. Have the helmsman chart course for Valdivia in the Chilean basin. We'll put in for repairs.

STUBB

Yes, sir.

AHAB (O.S.)

You'll do no such thing.

They turn to see Ahab struggling to standing.

STUBB

Captain, you should sit --

AHAB

You're relieved, Mr. Starbuck. I appreciate you rising to the occasion in my moment of need. I'll be sure to note it in my log.

STARBUCK

I could care less about the log --

AHAB

Mr. Stubb, continue North to the Galapagos. We'll cut this bastard whale off at the feeding grounds.

But Stubb doesn't move, unsure whose orders to follow. Starbuck leans closer to Ahab, discretely whispers...

STARBUCK

I'd like a word in private.

AHAB

Now now. I've no time for your reflections.

(sees Stubb hasn't moved)

North, Mr. Stubb.

STARBUCK

Please, Ahab...just a moment.

Ahab sees the crew watching the exchange, reluctantly softens.

AHAB

Perhaps some tea, Mr. Stubb.

Stubb nods and exits. Ahab barely masking his annoyance as he moves a few steps away with Starbuck.

AHAB (Cont'd)

You can have your moment, but you call me Captain.

STARBUCK

I'm sorry, Captain. It's just that...we've known each other a long time and your courage has always inspired me -- as it will undoubtedly inspire the men if you resume your place at the wheel. But this is a time for prudence. You should take leave and re-asses our journey's purpose.

Ahab casts a glance at N.Y., watching their conversation. Our hero quickly looking away as Ahab turns back to Starbuck.

AHAB

Our purpose remains unchanged. We sail on the whale.

With that, he walks away, leaving Starbuck ill-at-ease.

EXT. OPEN OCEAN - DUSK

The Pequod heads North into warmer territory.

STARBUCK (O.S.)

God our strength and our redeemer:  
do not abandon us in our dark hour.

EXT. BOW - SAME

Dead crewmen's BODIES wrapped in burlap by the plank, all the mates are gathered for a funeral at sea.

STARBUCK

Renew in us your sustaining  
strength and will to do your work.

CREW

Amen.

N.Y. and Ahab stand side-by-side, solemnly watching as the dead bodies are released over the side into the ocean.

INT. CREW MESS - NIGHT

The men eat in silence, tension hanging in the air. N.Y. registers the unease, crossing the room with a plate of food.

BIRMINGHAM

It's impossible. That whale's too big. Too strong.

CHARLESTON

Had you seen it from where I was, there'd be no question: this is a fool's errand.

The men GRUMBLE their agreement as N.Y. approaches Queequeg's bunk, the big man laying stock still and virtually catatonic.

NEW YORK

I brought you some food.  
(no answer)  
Are you okay? Queequeg?

N.Y. worriedly furrows his brow, turns to see Starbuck alone at the officer's table -- removing beads from his familiar kompoloi strand, the first mate clocks N.Y.'s concern.

STARBUCK

Still not talking?

NEW YORK

It's like he's in a state of shock. You ever seen anything like it?

STARBUCK

Once. A savage from the Ivory Coast. He put himself in a trance like this.

NEW YORK

Did he come out of it?

STARBUCK

Yes. Just long enough to hang himself.

That wasn't the answer N.Y. was hoping for, regards the beads.

NEW YORK

Maybe say an extra prayer for him.

STARBUCK

This isn't a rosary. They're worry beads -- from Greece. One bead for every man under my command.

N.Y. looks at the loose beads he's taken off the strand.

NEW YORK

Why'd you take those off?

STARBUCK

Our Captain's quest has given me a few less people to worry about.

INT. CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS - NIGHT

A blanket-wrapped Ahab looks over his charts, Fedallah pouring him some tea. There's a KNOCK at the door.

AHAB

Who is it?

NEW YORK (O.S.)

It's me, Captain. New York.

Ahab nods to Fedallah, who opens the door for N.Y.

AHAB

How are those fingers of your's? Got their feeling back, I hope?

NEW YORK

They'll be okay.

AHAB

Good. And what of the mood below?

NEW YORK

I'm not sure.

Ahab starts to roll a cigarette.

AHAB

You don't have to feign ignorance because you're afraid of telling me something I don't want to hear.

NEW YORK

Their shaken up, sir. I think some of them have lost their spirit.

Ahab's unfazed by that, licks his cigarette closed.

AHAB

This being your first voyage,  
you're unfamiliar with the way a  
whaler's spirit ebbs and flows with  
victory and loss. But trust me:  
the men will be fine.

NEW YORK

I'm glad to hear that...because I  
wouldn't want to fight that whale  
again at anything but full strength.

Ahab stares at him a beat, a slow smile creeping into his  
features as he lights his smoke. Turns to Fedallah.

AHAB

Tell the helm I want to divert our  
course to Easter Island. Have the  
cook prepare a feast and open a  
cask of my private ale. For the  
next week, we rest.

Fedallah exits.

NEW YORK

Will that be all, sir?

AHAB

You showed real courage out there.  
How did it make you feel?

N.Y. thinks about that for a long moment, then...

NEW YORK

Scared.

AHAB

That's what courage is - the power  
to carry on in the face of fear.  
What was it that scared you most?

NEW YORK

Its eyes.

AHAB

You saw evil.

NEW YORK

I saw God.

That point-of-view surprises Ahab, has him imperceptibly  
bristling as N.Y. leaves. From somewhere, the sound of  
PRIMAL DRUMMING bleeds in, heralding our arrival at...

EXT. HANGA ROA - MAGIC HOUR

MIST crawls over this Easter Island port town, wooden shacks on stilts climbing the cliffs like a primitive Portofino. This is the depot of depravity whalers come for R & R.

The Pequod sits anchored in the harbor.

EXT. OPEN AIR BAR - HANGA ROA - SAME

A TRIBAL BAND pounds out a raw and throbbing beat on their conga drums. Rhythms serving as soundtrack for the NATIVE WOMEN who seductively dance for our drunken whalers.

Amongst them, find N.Y. drunk with a rum jar -- a boozy smile etched into his face, he watches a particularly sexy

NATIVE WOMAN --

sparkling green eyes offset by braided black hair, she dances for our hero's delight. He's captivated by her, but too shy to meet her gaze...looking away each time she glances his way.

ACROSS THE ROOM --

two NATIVE BEAUTIES drape Ahab, who trades tokes with his men off a PIPE offered by the women. He exhales a plume of blue smoke, clocks N.Y.'s reluctant fixation on the sexy dancer.

He gets up, crosses through the bacchanalia to N.Y.'s table. Offers our hero the pipe.

AHAB

Smoke this. You'll see better.

N.Y. hesitates a beat, then tokes the pipe. Fragrant embers glowing as he inhales, he suddenly COUGHS -- spewing thick smoke, Ahab just laughs at N.Y., then gestures to the woman.

AHAB

Now reel her in.

N.Y. considers the sexy woman with dilated eyes, still unsure.

AHAB (Cont'd)

This is another world, whale man.  
No one's watching. Go reel her in.

He shoulders N.Y., who woozily smiles. Then drifts off in a stoned haze toward the sexy woman, offers his hand and leaves the bar with her.

At another table, Starbuck looks up from playing cards, watches N.Y. exit with the woman.

EXT. BEACH - DAWN

The sun peaks over the horizon, its glow alighting on our sleeping hero. His eyes flutter open, blink back the light with a disoriented look. Wonders where he is, when he sees

THE SEXY NATIVE --

asleep naked on the beach beside him, his memory fights his surging hangover. The night before slowly coming together...

NEW YORK

Shit.

EXT. FRESH WATER STREAM - MORNING

N.Y. splashes water on his face, trying to wash it all away. Looks up at the nearby lagoon, where the sexy native showers beneath a waterfall. An uneasy sigh escaping him, when...

STARBUCK (O.S.)

You should go home.

N.Y. turns to see Starbuck approaching from the treeline.

NEW YORK

What?

STARBUCK

There's another ship at anchor one port over. Her oil hull's almost full and she'll be on her way home soon enough. Follow the stream, you'll board her by midday.

NEW YORK

You want me to run away?

STARBUCK

I'm offering you a way out. You shouldn't have been a part of this in the first place.

NEW YORK

What do you know about what I should be a part of?

STARBUCK

I know you think you're doing this to make a better life for yourself. For your girl back home. But you'll never get to live that better life if you're dead.

NEW YORK

I don't need to listen to this --

STARBUCK

You're a kid whose been on your own since the day you were born and now you think you've found a family -- but you're not one of us.

NEW YORK

Peleg chose me because --

STARBUCK

Peleg chose you because you can row. You're a grunt. A mule. But you don't belong here. And I'm starting to think you're too dumb to realize you don't have to be.

NEW YORK

Why are you telling me this?

Starbuck hands him a single WORRY BEAD.

STARBUCK

Because...I never had a choice, but you do.

Starbuck heads back into the jungle, leaving N.Y. alone to consider the worry bead.

EXT. DOCKS - HANGA ROA - MAGIC HOUR

Mates load fresh supplies onto The Pequod, Stubb overseeing.

STUBB

Let's go. Hurry up. Before we lose the light.

Ahab steps over to him.

AHAB

All hands on board, Mr. Stubb?

STUBB

All but one.

EXT. FRESH WATER STREAM - MAGIC HOUR

N.Y. looks downstream at THE RACHEL -- anchored against the angelic glow of the setting sun, it looks like salvation.

AHAB (O.S.)

You with her or you with me?

N.Y. turns to see Ahab, holding a fierce harpoon.

NEW YORK

I'm with you.

AHAB

Then why aren't you on my ship?

N.Y. doesn't answer, Ahab taking a menacing step closer.

AHAB (Cont'd)

You lay with a stranger 6000 miles from N.Y. and you gotta run home to tell your girl about it? Absolve your sins to a priest? 'Cause if that's the man you are, I don't want you anyhow.

NEW YORK

I'm not proud of that...but that's not it.

AHAB

Then spill your guts, or so help me, I'll spill 'em for you.

N.Y knows he's not bluffing.

NEW YORK

Do you ever think that maybe that whale isn't meant to be beaten?

AHAB

No.

NEW YORK

Well there's a part of me that does.

AHAB

Nothing's meant to be beaten until it is. The ocean wasn't meant to be crossed; the Rockies weren't meant to be passed -- but man found a way. That's what man does...he finds a way to beat the things that can't be beaten. We clear?

(off his silence)

Are we clear?

A moment, then a weak...

NEW YORK

Yes, sir.

Ahab sizes him up, then turns away.

AHAB

Then make your decision.

EXT. DOCKS - HANGA ROA - NIGHTFALL

Starbuck stalks the deck on The Pequod, securing the davits. Stops to watch Ahab cross the gangplank onto the ship **alone**. Something akin to relief blossoming on Starbuck's face...

...when he sees N.Y. hurrying down the dock toward the ship.

EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN - NIGHT

A typhoon-class storm pounds The Pequod, tossing the ship like a piece of cork and threatening to pull it apart.

INT. OFFICER'S QUARTERS - SAME

Starbuck draws a nautical chart, looks up to see N.Y. standing in the open doorway.

STARBUCK

Welcome back.

NEW YORK

I just wanted to let you know that you were right about what you said.

STARBUCK

Then why are you still here?

NEW YORK

'Cause I know what it's like to have someone turn their back on you. And I can't do that.

He puts the worry bead Starbuck gave him on the desk and walks out. Starbuck considering it with a troubled look.

INT. CREW QUARTERS - LATE NIGHT

Queequeg sits in his trance, N.Y. uneasily watching him from his bunk. Stubb emerges from the toilet, climbs into his bunk. Sees N.Y. awake eyeing Queequeg.

STUBB

Whale must've spooked him pretty good.

N.Y. regards "The Pequod" tattoo on Queequeg's foot.

## NEW YORK

Before we boarded, he said he burned the name of our ship into his foot because it's the end of his life story.

## STUBB

Climax, maybe...but this sure as hell ain't the end. Win or lose, every man on this ship's gonna live forever.

With that, Stubb blows out his candle lantern, thrusting the room into darkness.

## INT. CREW QUARTERS - LATER

Stubb and the men slumber three sheets to the wind, not a soul stirring. Just then, Charleston and Birmingham shift in their bunks, quietly slip down onto the floor and slink out.

## ON NEW YORK --

stirring, he sees them leave. Wonders what they're up to.

## INT. OFFICER'S QUARTERS - SAME

Starbuck looks at the clock on his desk, takes a deep breath and stands. Rolls up the chart and exits into the hall. He crosses to Ahab's door, presses his ear to it, then KNOCKS.

## STARBUCK

Captain?

## EXT. MAIN DECK - SAME

Charleston and Birmingham skulk behind the Try Works, keeping watch over Sag Harbor above at the aft castle. One silently picks up a MALLET, the other an IRON.

## INT. OFFICER'S HALLWAY - RESUME

Starbuck waits for an answer, knocks again.

## STARBUCK

Captain...

A beat, then...Starbuck gently turns the handle, quietly shifts the door open and peers inside...

## INT. CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS - CONTINUOUS

Dark but for a dull dust of moonlight, he scans the room...

STARBUCK  
I've finished the chart.

...leans further in to see Ahab asleep in his bed.

EXT. TRY WORKS - NIGHT

Charleston and Birmingham watch Sag Harbor at the helm, anxiously awaiting opportunity to move to the officer's quarters. They speak in a whisper...

BIRMINGHAM  
We don't get to Fedallah before  
Mr. Starbuck pulls the trigger,  
we might as well hang ourselves.

INT. CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS - RESUME

Starbuck slides quietly into the room, carefully closes the door behind him. Pulse quickening as he turns to consider Ahab's slumbering form, then shifts his gaze to

THE GUN RACK --

where Ahab's MUSKET stands, Starbuck crosses to it and picks it up. The gun inadvertently eliciting a hollow CLICK as he checks the chamber.

He freezes and looks to Ahab, holds his breath...but Ahab doesn't stir. Starbuck breathes a silent sigh of relief, looks into the chamber...it's LOADED.

EXT. AFT CASTLE - SAME

Sag Harbor steps from the wheel, gazes back at the rudder.

CHARLESTON  
Let's go.

Charleston and Birmingham move swiftly across the deck to the officer's quarters and slip in...unnoticed.

INT. CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS - RESUME

Starbuck quietly COCKS the musket, fingers the trigger. Walks toward Ahab, asleep and blissfully unaware of the fate that awaits him...Starbuck raises the musket to Ahab's FACE.

INT. OFFICER'S HALLWAY - SAME

Charleston and Birmingham snake along the wall to Fedallah's door. Crack it and peak inside...his blanketed form in bed.

INT. CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS - RESUME

Sweat dots Starbuck's brow, musket trained to Ahab's head.

CLOSER: Starbuck's finger jitters on the trigger, his hand shakes nervously...struggling with a crisis of conscience.

He tries to pull the trigger...but it's as if some higher power won't allow him to do it. Finally, he lowers the gun, slump-shouldered as he stares at Ahab's slumbering form, when

AHAB'S EYES SNAP OPEN --

glowing like a wolf's, Starbuck reels in shock, tries to raise the gun again, but AHAB GRABS THE MUZZLE -- Starbuck struggling as Ahab RIPS THE GUN from his hand...

...and SMASHES Starbuck in the head with the gun's butt.

INT. FEDALLAH'S QUARTERS - SAME

Charleston and Birmingham storm in, raise their mallet and iron and proceed to POUND away at Fedallah's blanketed form -- THUD after THUD, they strike until they can strike no more.

Winded, they pull the blanket back to examine their handiwork, stunned to see a SACK OF GRAIN. They share an unnerved look, turn just as Fedallah lunges from the shadows, forcing a

BLACK OUT.

REOPEN ON:

EXT. GALAPAGOS ISLANDS - THE NEXT DAY

Coral beaches and lava flows, it teems with exotic animals. In the distance, The Pequod rolls the crystal blue.

EXT. MAIN MAST - SAME

Lascar and the RIGGERS climb the rigs, tearing down the tattered sails. Flask stalks the deck, barking orders.

FLASK

Pull 'em down. Every one!

He passes N.Y. at the Tryworks, firing Ahab's harpoon. Our hero removes the hot iron, HAMMERS it on the anvil. Keeps an eye on catatonic Queequeg, suddenly turning his head to N.Y.

NEW YORK

Queequeg...?

QUEEQUEG  
Bring me carpenter.

N.Y. puts down the harpoon, rushes over to him.

NEW YORK  
What? What did you say?

QUEEQUEG  
Carpenter.

N.Y. quickly crosses to the Carpenter mending whale boats.

NEW YORK  
Mr. Carpenter. Mr. Carpenter!

Carpenter sees Queequeg has "awoken," walks towards him.

CARPENTER  
What the hell's wrong with you, man?

Queequeg speaks in a whisper...

QUEEQUEG  
One time in port. I see dead man  
sleep in wood. Not burlap like on  
ship. Wood box.

CARPENTER  
They're called coffins. You saw  
dead bodies in coffins.

QUEEQUEG  
You build coffin for me.

CARPENTER  
I suppose...

Queequeg proffers a small pouch, nods for the Carpenter to take it. He takes the pouch, spills the contents into his hand -- gold and silver coins, it's a small fortune.

QUEEQUEG (Cont'd)  
Take what you need.  
(re: N.Y.)  
Rest for him.

Carpenter selects a single silver piece, hands the rest of the money to N.Y., then walks off.

NEW YORK  
Queequeg, this is crazy. I can't  
take this. And why do you need a --

He's interrupted by a RING from the ship's big iron bell being struck by Oslo. Looks up to see Stubb at center mast.

STUBB  
ALL HANDS ON DECK! ALL HANDS!

N.Y. joins the assembly around Stubb, noticing Starbuck, Charleston and Birmingham conspicuously absent. Suddenly, the Officer's Quarters door opens and Starbuck steps out.

Bound in SHACKLES, Ahab ushers him towards center mast, roughly pushes the first mate to the ground.

AHAB  
Gentlemen...this man is a mutineer.  
A traitor to our purpose. But look  
closer...what do you really see?

Ahab scans their faces...no one dares to speak.

AHAB (Cont'd)  
I see a man afraid to accept his  
destiny. A man afraid to accept  
the glory that awaits, as we hoist  
Moby Dick to our deck and dismantle  
his husk bit by bit. As we render  
his fat to treasure -- this fool  
will rot in our hold. And when we  
return to New Bedford, to women  
and song and money and fame beyond  
our dreams, he will hang from the  
executioner's rope. While the  
*legend* of our conquest stretches  
to every corner of Earth, this  
gutless shell will turn his ear  
from Tarnation's pit and hear the  
whispers of his name evaporate on  
the autumn winds.  
(crossing to N.Y.)  
So take notice: this is a man who  
fears his fate...and these are his  
conspirators.

Charleston and Birmingham's DEAD BODIES flop onto the deck -- thrown out the Officer's Quarters door by Fedallah and Flask, the crew stares aghast...N.Y. shudders, mutters to himself.

NEW YORK  
This is crazy...

AHAB  
Any man who stood witness to their  
plan, speak now and spare yourself  
the same result!

He scans the men's faces, mates exchanging looks with one another. Ahab turns his eyes on N.Y...steps closer to him.

AHAB (Cont'd)

What about you?

NEW YORK

Me?

AHAB

You contemplated deserting. I wouldn't put mutiny past you.

NEW YORK

I didn't know anything.

Ahab studies his face, hands him a rope.

AHAB

Then you shouldn't have a problem keel-hauling Mr. Starbuck.

NEW YORK

This is our first mate, sir.

AHAB

And I'm your captain.

N.Y. looks to the crew narrowing their gaze on him -- filled with blood lust...N.Y. has no choice, murmurs...

NEW YORK

This isn't right.

AHAB

You don't get to decide.

EXT. SKY OVER THE PEQUOD - DAY

A flock of BLACK BIRDS circle overhead, smelling a meal.

EXT. DECK - SAME

The entire crew looks on somberly as N.Y. ties a ROPE to the rear rail, then throws the gathered coil overboard to

FLASK & STUBB --

waiting in a whale boat down below, they gather the loose end and begin to row off around the side of The Pequod. Rope line feeding out into the water as they go.

INT. CARPENTRY - SAME

The Carpenter lays long wood planks across two saw horses.

EXT. UNDERWATER - SAME

The rope snakes under The Pequod's barnacle-covered keel, Flask and Stubb's whale boat stroking the surface above.

INT. CARPENTRY - SAME

The Carpenter SAWS the boards, sharp teeth SHREDDING wood.

EXT. THE PEQUOD - SAME

Flask and Stubb row the boat to the base of the bow, throw the loose end of the rope

UP TO NEW YORK --

now standing up above the figurehead, the rope's stretched in a U-shape under The Pequod's hull.

INT. CARPENTRY - SAME

The Carpenter planes the boards, smoothing their surface.

EXT. BOW - SAME

N.Y. takes the rope over to a Starbuck, loops it through his HAND SHACKLES. Sets to walk away, when in a whisper...

STARBUCK

I was there when he lost his leg.

That stops N.Y. in his tracks, his eyes meeting Starbuck's...

NEW YORK

What?

STARBUCK

The day he confronted Moby Dick --

AHAB

Get him in there!

Before N.Y. can get any more info, Fedallah stalks up and pushes Starbuck OVERBOARD into the sea.

INT. CARPENTRY - SAME

The Carpenter pounds NAILS into the coffin body.

EXT. AFT DECK - SAME

N.Y. pulls the rope, dragging it under The Pequod's keel.

EXT. WATERS OFF BOW - SAME

Starbuck is pulled by his hands towards the front of The Pequod. He takes a big BREATH, before he's yanked...

EXT. UNDERWATER - CONTINUOUS

...where his naked body is dragged under the boat, the razor-sharp BARNACLES on the keel scraping the length of him. Blood bleeding out into the water in red wisps.

INT. CARPENTRY - SAME

The Carpenter shapes the coffin lid, sanding it to size.

EXT. AFT DECK - SAME

N.Y. heaves on the rope with all his might, the crew looking over the aft rail at the water below to see

STARBUCK BREAK THE SURFACE --

his flesh GOUGED, SCRAPED and RIPPED OPEN, the brisk burn of salt water compounding matters. Has him SCREAMING in pain as he's hoisted up along the waist of the ship, dripping blood.

Ahab look ominously down from above, unmoved by his pain.

INT. CARPENTRY - SAME

The Carpenter fits the lid to the top, admires his work.

EXT. MAIN DECK - LATER

Starbuck stares blankly in a state of utter shock, a mate wrapping his shredded body in cloth bandages. N.Y. looks on, traumatized by the vision of the man he just tortured.

The Carpenter emerges from the main hatch with the finished coffin. N.Y. watching in dismay as he lays it down before Queequeg sitting by the rail.

N.Y.'s face awash with a feeling of foreboding doom, he realizes any semblance of sanity has given way to madness.

EXT. OPEN OCEAN - DOLDRUMS - DAY

Utterly still, The Pequod afloat in the calm before the storm.

INT. CREW'S QUARTERS - THE PEQUOD - DAY

A troubled N.Y. considers the photo of Elizabeth in his pocket watch, like he's looking for answers. The lamp starts to FLICKER and GO OUT, Oslo grousing from his nearby bunk.

OSLO

Wick's burned out.

N.Y. gets an idea.

NEW YORK

I'll get some more.

EXT. CREW MESS - DECK - DAY

Bourgogne plates gruel for someone's meal in the tiny mess at the far stern, when N.Y. approaches.

NEW YORK

I need a measure of wick.

BOURGOGNE

Snap it yourself.

N.Y. slices a piece of WICK from a spool, looks at the plate.

NEW YORK

If that's for Mr. Starbuck, I'm headed under. Save ya a few steps.

Bourgogne nods, suspiciously watches him take the tray.

INT. STOCKADE - DAY

An iron-barred cell set amidst a mess of CASKS and SUPPLIES. Starbuck sits against the sideboard, a bloody and beaten mess. Too weak to even flip the worry beads in his fingers.

He hears a CREAK, looks up at N.Y. approaching with the tray.

STARBUCK

You shouldn't be down here --

NEW YORK

Now I understand why you were trying to get me off the boat. You thought I was loyal to the Captain.

STARBUCK

Are you?

NEW YORK

I was.

He places the tray into the cell, remorse on display.

STARBUCK

Don't feel bad about what you did  
to me. You were doing your job.

NEW YORK

That doesn't make it right.

Starbuck considers N.Y.'s plaintive face, sees he's sincere...

NEW YORK (Cont'd)

Tell me what happened.

...and digs into a painful memory.

STARBUCK

Twenty years ago. I was the mast  
header when we spotted Moby Dick.  
Ahab led four boats into the water.

FLASH CUT TO:

EXT. OPEN OCEAN - NIGHT (**FLASHBACK**)

Where we left off at the beginning, BUBBLES percolate the  
surface around the whale boats. The men trading confused  
looks as the bubbles build into a swelling FROTH OF FOAM.

SEAMUS

Captain, what's happening?!

The men hold their boat sides. Ahab looks closer at the  
black waters rapidly giving way to an opaque gray.

AHAB

HOLD FAST!

Like some encroaching underwater mist, gray evolves into an  
astonishing WHITE SPRAWL. The men panic in fear, when a  
MONSTROUS WHITE FORM roars from the sea and...

ALL HELL BREAKS LOOSE --

Moby Dick erupting, we can only see FLASHES of him. His  
giant TEETH. Hypnotic EYES. Razor-like FINS. Bloody SCARS.

Ahab and his men fight for their lives, hurling HARPOONS;  
stabbing with LANCES; struggling to steady themselves as  
the monster PITCHES and THRASHES.

EXT. THE CROW'S NEST - NIGHT (**FLASHBACK**)

Young Starbuck looks through his telescope, watching the scene in horror as Moby Dick capsizes Ahab's boat.

YOUNG STARBUCK  
CAPTAIN!

EXT. OPEN OCEAN - SAME (**FLASHBACK**)

Ahab's men whipped by the waves in all directions, their TIE ROPES GO TAUT...*keeping them together* in pairs. Seamus surfaces, turns to see a WHALE BOAT skipping towards Ahab...

SEAMUS  
BEHIND YOU!

...and PULLS AHAB'S ROPE, yanking Ahab out of the way of the boat's cascading RUDDER an instant before it

SMASHES INTO THE MONSTER'S SIDE --

obliterated in a SPLATTER of BLOOD and SAWDUST, Ahab looks at the swirling chaos as Moby turns to Seamus and

OPENS HIS MASSIVE JAWS --

stiletto teeth and a fleshy tongue, Seamus doesn't see it.

AHAB  
SEAMUS!

Seamus turns, but it's too late...as the JAWS HAVE SHUT on him. His sudden capture pulling the lifeline between he and Ahab taut, Ahab's DRAGGED head-on towards the monster.

AHAB (Cont'd)  
NO!

Pulled CLOSER and CLOSER towards its jaws, he comes face-to-face with the beast. Tries to push off with his legs, but the rope linking him to Seamus inside the mouth anchors him.

Struggling to pull free, Ahab gets a look at one of the beast's dark EYES...sees his own scared reflection staring back, he makes a split-second decision...

...unsheathes a KNIFE from his belt.

EXT. CROW'S NEST - NIGHT (**FLASHBACK**)

Young Starbuck's stunned by what's he's seeing through the telescope, almost too dismayed to watch.

EXT. OPEN OCEAN - NIGHT (**FLASHBACK**)

Ahab CUTS THE TIE ROPE linking himself to Seamus, freeing himself. Just then, the monster's jaws open to reveal...

SEAMUS ALIVE INSIDE THE MOUTH --

water-logged but alive, he looks out in terror to see Ahab.

SEAMUS  
CAPTAIN! HELP!

Seamus pulls his lifeline, only to see ITS BEEN CUT. Looks up at Ahab in confused horror, Ahab staring shocked as he realizes his breach of code has cost his friend his life.

SEAMUS (Cont'd)  
NOOOO!!!

His scream jolting Ahab into action, he makes a frantic grab for Seamus's lifeline just as the jaws SNAP CLOSED.

FLASH CUT TO:

EXT. STOCKADE - THE PEQUOD - RESUME

N.Y. listens to Starbuck's tale, sickened.

STARBUCK  
Ahab was the only one to come back.

NEW YORK  
Moby Dick took Ahab's leg.

FLASH CUT TO:

YOUNG CAPTAIN AHAB --

wet, SCREAMING and covered in blood, his right leg a mangled mess of bone and flesh. Three MATES struggle to hold him down on a WORKBENCH as the CARPENTER raises a SERRATED BLADE.

STARBUCK (V.O.)  
The Carpenter took Ahab's leg...

Young Starbuck jams a STICK in Ahab's mouth. Stares in horror as the Carpenter SAWS through Ahab's bone, our Captain SCREAMING in pain. Young Starbuck splattered with BLOOD.

FLASH CUT TO:

EXT. STOCKADE - RESUME

STARBUCK  
 ...Moby Dick took his soul.

N.Y.'s shell-shocked by the information.

NEW YORK  
 So Ahab broke the code himself. No wonder he holds it in such disdain.

STARBUCK  
 That whale is just a scapegoat. And he blames him for everything he lost...his crew, his leg...who he used to be.

NEW YORK  
 And now he'll lead everyone to their demise to find him again.

STARBUCK  
 Unless someone stops him.  
 (off N.Y.'s look)  
 Just because a man is in a position of responsibility, it doesn't mean he acts responsibly.

N.Y. can't deny that wisdom, knows he has to do something.

INT. ARMORY - MOMENTS LATER

N.Y. strides into the room, scans the weapons splayed out before him. Sets his sights on a REVOLVER, grabs it.

INT. STAIRS - MOMENTS LATER

N.Y. marches up toward the deck with the gun in hand, when...

BOOM! --

the ship is JOLTED, ferociously thrown with seismic force. N.Y. hits the wall hard, drops the gun and sends it SKITTERING all the way down the stairs.

INT. STOCKADE - SAME

Starbuck SLAMS into the wall, looks up as an OIL LAMP CRASHES to the ground...and IGNITES the leaking whale oil slicking the floorboards. Starts a FIRE.

INT. STAIRS - RESUME

N.Y. pulls himself back to standing, hears urgent VOICES from the deck up above. Looks down the stairs, contemplates going to retrieve the gun, then turns and continues to the deck.

EXT. FORECASTLE - DAY

A swirl of activity, battle preparations under way. Men ready boats and scan the sea for the whale. Ahab yells up to Lascar in the main mast riggings.

AHAB

Raise the main sail! Keep us moving!

(to Palermo up above)

ANYTHING?

Palermo scans the seas from the crow's nest, calls down.

PALERMO

Nothing, sir!

N.Y. hurriedly approaches.

NEW YORK

Captain, I need to talk to you.

AHAB

KEEP LOOKING!

(to N.Y.)

Do you see them?

Ahab points to some WHITE HERONS in the distance.

NEW YORK

I need to talk to you right now.

AHAB

In the boat. You can talk to me in my boat.

(to Guryev)

Bring me everything we have left!

NEW YORK

I know why you're doing this. But what happens today isn't going to change what happened back then.

AHAB

Shut up and get in the boat.

NEW YORK

It can't be killed!

AHAB  
**EVERYTHING CAN BE KILLED!**

PALERMO (O.S.)  
 WHALE HO!

Ahab and N.Y. turn, look to the ocean surface to see  
 MOBY DICK EXPLODE FROM THE WATER --

rocketing straight-up into the air 100 yards off the deck,  
 he spins in the air like a drill-bit. Then drops back to  
 the surface with a SPLASH that creates a roll of waves.

The ship rocks and rolls with the impact of each wave.  
 Ahab turning back to his men.

AHAB  
 TO THE BOATS! LOWER AWAY!

The men climb into the boats, N.Y. trailing Ahab to his.

NEW YORK  
 I'm telling you: don't do this!

AHAB  
 20 years ago I watched that beast  
 kill my best friend --

NEW YORK  
 Your friend died because you cut  
 him loose! No measure of revenge  
 can alter that --

AHAB  
 (overlapping)  
 YOU SHUT UP!

NEW YORK  
 (overlapping)  
 I WILL NOT DIE FOR YOUR SINS!

N.Y.'s rage stops Ahab cold, our hero staring him down.

NEW YORK (Cont'd)  
 Part of you may have died that day,  
 Captain...but don't ask these men  
 to die today to get it back.

Ahab appears to consider N.Y.'s warning, casts a look at Moby  
 beckoning a few hundred yards off the port side. A brief  
 moment of decision...then he grabs Bourgoigne as he passes by.

AHAB

You...  
 (an expectant beat)  
 ...row in his place.

BOURGOGNE

Yes, sir.

With that, Ahab turns away from N.Y. and climbs into his whale boat. Our hero watching as it's lowered over the side, Ahab casting a last damning look at him.

INT. STOCKADE - SAME

FIRE alights more of the leaking whale oil, Starbuck backing away from the growing SMOKE.

EXT. MAIN DECK - SAME

Queequeg climbs into Flask's boat, N.Y. entreating him...

NEW YORK

Queequeg, you don't have to go!

QUEEQUEG

This end of Queequeg story.  
 Goodbye, brother.

The whale boats lower down over the side, N.Y. left watching his brothers row off into battle...when he sees SMOKE wisping through the deck boards. Quickly breaks to the main hatch.

EXT. OPEN OCEAN - DAY

A swirling chop of wind and whitecaps, the three whaleboats row away from The Pequod -- Flask/Queequeg; Stubb/Tashtego; Ahab/Fedallah -- drifting ever-closer to Moby Dick.

ON AHAB --

staring at the approaching white whale with a feverish intensity, he sniffs the wind. Turns to Fedallah.

AHAB

You smell that, Fedallah?

FEDALLAH

Grass.

AHAB

Toil as we may, in the end...we all sleep in the field.

ON STUBB --

watching the CREST of Moby Dick's back present itself, a hideous mangling of ROPES, CHAINS and HARPOONS trail behind.

STUBB

He's gonna dive, Captain!

AHAB

Not without our irons he won't!  
FIRE ON HIM!

Queequeg and Tashtego FIRE their bow-mounted harpoon guns, chains CLANKING out after the flying harpoons. Sharp irons spiking Moby's side, blood spurts as Ahab maniacally CHEERS.

AHAB (Cont'd)

TRY TO DIVE NOW!!!

INT. STOCKADE - DAY

N.Y. bounds down smoke-filled stairs, finds the floor aflame. Fire licking the sides and threatening the oil casks.

STARBUCK (O.S.)

HELP!

NEW YORK

Mr. Starbuck!

N.Y. runs through the FIRE towards the stockade.

EXT. OPEN OCEAN - DAY

Harpoons from Flask and Stubb's boats in its sides, Moby thrashes. Ahab's boat floats closer, he looks to Fedallah...

AHAB

Any magic left up those sleeves?

Fedallah shoots his cuffs, a GLASS BALL sliding into each hand. He THROWS them one after the next, sends them FLAMING through the air and EXPLODING on the whale's side.

Moby Dick bucks in the water, seems momentarily stunned.

INT. STOCKADE - DAY

Starbuck watches our hero emerge through the flames.

NEW YORK

Mr. Starbuck!

STARBUCK

Get me out of here!

N.Y. picks up a HAMMER.

NEW YORK  
Stand back!

He STRIKES the lock, but it doesn't break.

EXT. OPEN OCEAN - DAY

Ahab sees Moby Dick slowing in the wake of the explosions.

AHAB  
He's slowed down! Get on there and  
plant those bombs!

Queequeg and Tashtego grab the BOMB LANCES in their boats.

INT. STOCKADE - DAY

N.Y. HAMMERS the lock again, when it breaks and falls free.

NEW YORK  
Let's go!

He starts to lead Starbuck out, stopped in his tracks by  
GURYEV --

standing amidst the smoke and fire, he's blocking their exit.

GURYEV  
Where do you think you're going?

NEW YORK  
We gotta get out of here.

Guryev draws a big Russian KINZHAL SWORD.

GURYEV  
Those aren't the Captain's orders.

EXT. OPEN OCEAN - DAY

Queequeg and Tashtego scamper across the harpoon chains  
linking their boats to Moby Dick with the bomb lances.  
Ahab ordering them on from his bobbing whale boat.

AHAB  
Get 'em in there!

INT. STOCKADE - DAY

Guryev LUNGES at N.Y. with his sword, our hero parrying  
and SHOVING him back. Flames rising up around them.

EXT. OPEN OCEAN - DAY

Queequeg SPIKES his bomb lance into Moby Dick, blood flaring out as Tashtego follows suit. Both men quickly pull the explosive PINS and drop them in the open lance holes.

INT. STOCKADE - DAY

N.Y. and Guryev go at it in heated battle, fire engulfing the sideboards. N.Y. charges, puts a SHOULDER into Guryev's gut and drives him backwards into the wall...

...but Guryev's a bigger man, SMASHES N.Y. across the face with the butt of his weapon. Staggers him back into the flaming oil, leering over him with the sword.

EXT. OPEN OCEAN - DAY

Queequeg and Tashtego hurry across the tightrope chains to their respective whale boats. Ahab barking to the oarsmen.

AHAB

Get clear!

The men start to row away, when the BOMBS EXPLODE on Moby Dick's back -- blasting BLOOD and BLUBBER all over the men, the whale REELS in pain and SMASHES into The Pequod's side.

INT. STOCKADE - SAME

The sudden jolt sends Guryev reeling off N.Y., crashing into an oil cask that EXPLODES on impact -- engulfing Guryev in flames, he SCREAMS in pain. N.Y. stands, grabs Starbuck.

NEW YORK

C'mon!

EXT. OPEN OCEAN - DAY

Moby starts to flee, Ahab calling to Stubb and Flask's boats.

AHAB

NOW HAUL IN! All hands grab a spade and carve him apart!

The men CHEER, start to pull the boats closer by their chains, when the whale ROARS from the water -- jaws bared, a monster unleashed, it CRASHES the surface, releasing...

A STAGGERING SPLASH --

one so large it throws a MASSIVE WAVE at The Pequod, the boat TILTS sharply sideways.

ON THE PEQUOD --

keeling up out of the water, Sag Harbor holds the helm for dear life...the ship leaning to its side so sharply, the hull peers out from underneath.

INT. STAIRS - SAME

N.Y. and Starbuck are THROWN to the side as they scramble up.

EXT. CROW'S NEST - SAME

Palermo's one eye goes wide as he rides the crow's nest down, the froth of water racing toward him in advance of his sudden

SPLAT! --

smashed to the surface like it's cement, he's flattened to pieces not ten feet in front of

AHAB'S BOAT --

oarman Bourgogne staring in shock, Ahab and the men steady themselves against the rolling wake of water just as

THE PEQUOD BOBS BACK UPRIGHT --

as though yanked by God's hand, Sag Harbor clutches the helm.

INT. STAIRS - SAME

N.Y. and Starbuck hit the walls, THROWN the other way.

EXT. OPEN OCEAN - SAME

Ahab claws his way to the bow of his boat by the HARPOON GUN.

AHAB  
WE GOTTA GET MORE IRON IN HIM!

EXT. MAIN DECK - SAME

Black smoke rises up off the deck as N.Y. and Starbuck stagger out, stop in awe...

NEW YORK  
My God...

CAMERA WHIPS AROUND to reveal a scene of VAST CHAOS in the water surrounding The Pequod -- Ahab, Flask and Stubb's boats engaged in battle with the whale, CAMERA RETREATS back in

ON NEW YORK --

eyes reflecting the mayhem before him, *TIME SLOWS DOWN* and *SOUND GOES HOLLOW* as he takes in the whale's carnage:

-- BITING Stubb's boat in half, he *DEVOURS* the oarmen with *POPS OF BLOOD*, Tashtego and Stubb spilling into the water;

-- tail flukes *SPLATTER* Flask's oarmen in one fell swoop, Flask and Queequeg *FLAILING* amidst *BROKEN WOOD* and waves;

-- *ROARING* before Ahab, Fedallah goes to throw a *GLASS BALL*, but it *DROPS* and *EXPLODES*. Flames *BURNING* Bourgoigne and the Ninja Oarsmen alive as Ahab and Fedallah fall overboard.

Mass battlefield decimation all around him, *SOUND* and *SPEED* quickly return, calling N.Y. into action...

NEW YORK (Cont'd)  
I gotta help them...

STARBUCK  
Wait...!

But he's already off and running towards the main mast...

NEW YORK  
Get some water on that fire!

...snatching a *HARPOON* from the Tryworks with one hand, he grabs a *RIGGING ROPE* with the other and

**SWINGS OUT OVER THE WATER --**

soaring above the action, he *THROWS THE HARPOON*. Sends it *SIZZLING* like a bullet through the air and

**IMPALES MOBY DICK'S FATTY SNOUT --**

a *BURST* of blood and gore spewing out, the monster *REARS* away from The Pequod and dives below the surface just as

N.Y. *RELEASES THE RIG ROPE --*

dropping from up above, he lands in the water with a *SPLASH*.

EXT. MAIN DECK - SAME

Starbuck pulls buckets of water up the side, dumps them on the growing fire -- a sudden *FLAME UP* sending him staggering backwards towards the main mast, coughing on *SMOKE*.

EXT. OPEN OCEAN - SAME

N.Y. pulls himself into Ahab's empty whale boat, takes the oars and rows for any man who's still alive. Spots...

NEW YORK  
 QUEEQUEG!

...slapping the surface, N.Y. reaches into the water. Grabs Queequeg and pulls him into the boat.

EXT. CENTER DECK - SAME

FLAMES lick their way though the floorboards, rising up and surrounding Starbuck. Sends our first mate stumbling back against the mast, clutching his WORRY BEADS in hand.

EXT. OPEN OCEAN - SAME

Our hero rescues Flask, then Stubb -- heaving them all in to this last remaining whale boat with he and Queequeg.

NEW YORK  
 Hurry! Get in!

IN THE WATER --

Ahab struggles, sees a GEYSER OF WATER erupt 50-yards off. Mist from Moby Dick's blowhole, Ahab BARKS to Sag Harbor.

AHAB  
 Sail on the whale!

Sag Harbor tosses Ahab a LIFE BUOY from The Pequod's deck.

SAG HARBOR  
 Here, Captain!

AHAB  
 FORGET ABOUT ME!! SAIL ON THE  
 WHALE! RAM HIM!

Sag Harbor spins the wheel, heading towards Moby Dick.

ON NEW YORK'S WHALE BOAT --

he pulls Tashtego into the boat with Flask, Stubb and Queequeg, sees the burning Pequod turning towards them.

NEW YORK  
 What the hell is he doing?!

He looks over his shoulder, sees Moby Dick resurface and swim full-force towards The Pequod -- a deadly game of chicken, Moby barrels ahead, undeterred by the harpoons ribbing him.

EXT. THE PEQUOD - SAME

Sag Harbor's eyes go wide at the helm as the impending collision draws nearer.

ON STARBUCK --

huddled by the mast amid a ring of fire, face black with smoke. He clutches his WORRY BEADS...resigned to his fate.

EXT. OPEN OCEAN - SAME

N.Y. rows the whale boat out of the way, sees Moby Dick speed past them. Tashtego suddenly stands up, raises a HATCHET...

NEW YORK

Tash, what are you doing...?

...and LEAPS across the watery expanse onto Moby Dick's back. Tashtego digging his HATCHET into the flesh to hold on.

NEW YORK (Cont'd)

NO!

EXT. AFT CASTLE - SAME

Sag Harbor crosses himself at the helm, impact seconds away.

EXT. MOBY DICK'S BACK - SAME

Tashtego claws his way towards the whale's head, suddenly looks up with eyes wide in terror as

MOBY DICK COLLIDES WITH THE PEQUOD --

SPLATTERING Tashtego, The Pequod's hull BUCKLES under the strain of impact...

EXT. THE PEQUOD - SAME

...sends Sag Harbor flying forward, IMPALING HIMSELF on the steering spokes just as a

CONCUSSIVE BLAST ERUPTS --

oil casks EXPLODING below, the deck surrounding Starbuck falls away. Starbuck swallowed up by a rising INFERNO.

EXT. OPEN OCEAN - DAY

N.Y. rows the whaleboat around towards Ahab in the water.

NEW YORK

Queequeg, throw him the rope!

Queequeg grabs a coil of rope, throws it to Ahab, who ties it around himself. Queequeg quickly reeling him into the boat.

AHAB  
Get Fedallah!

Flask reaches for Fedallah in the water off the other side, just misses. The man slapping the water inches away, when

MOBY DICK EMERGES BEHIND HIM --

mouth open wide, he SWALLOWS Fedallah up in one fell swoop. N.Y. and the other men reeling at the gruesome sight.

NEW YORK  
Grab oars! Back to the ship!

Flask, Stubb and Queequeg pick up oars, start to row.

AHAB  
No one's rowing anywhere but towards that whale! Turn about!

NEW YORK  
Captain, we need to retreat --

AHAB  
We have him half-down! Get me in close for another shot!

Ahab makes a play for the HARPOON GUN mounted on the bow of the whaleboat, but he's suddenly

**PULLED UP SHORT --**

unable to reach the harpoon, he turns around to see N.Y. tying Ahab's loose end of rope around himself.

AHAB  
What do you think you're doing?!

NEW YORK  
Sorry, Captain. Ties that bind...

AHAB  
You take me to that whale!

Queequeg's face falls.

QUEEQUEG  
I think whale come to us.

Ahab turns back around, the men following his gaze to see

MOBY DICK EMERGE IN FRONT OF THEM --

mouth wide and bearing its SHARP TEETH and FLESHY TONGUE, it's size is now fully-apparent -- two stories tall and wide as a two-car garage, they're swept right

INTO THE OPEN MOUTH --

where Ahab and Queequeg STAB at the whale's massive gums with their harpoons -- prompting a violent slosh of tongue, water and whaleboat, Ahab screams wildly amidst the spurting blood.

N.Y., Flask and Stubb shield themselves with oars as Moby thrashes, gets a TOOTH lodged in an OAR RING. SHAKES the boat like a cat killing prey, sending everyone tumbling out

INTO THE MOUTH --

where a sudden WHOOSH OF WATER pulls Stubb towards the dark belly cavern beyond, he grabs holds of Flask's leg. Stubb's weight threatening to pull them both to their death...

FLASK

LET GO! YOU'LL KILL US BOTH!

...Flask tries to shake Stubb off, when he loses his own grip. Both men tumbling backwards into the belly with a SCREAM, N.Y. watches them disappear into the darkness...

...when he's grabbed from behind, Queequeg pulling him past giant teeth and freely back out into

THE STEWING WATERS --

just outside Moby's open mouth, N.Y.'s still linked to Ahab by the ties that bind -- the Captain STABBING blindly away in the mouth, maniacally SCREAMING with each STAB...

AHAB

FROM HELL'S HEART I STAB AT YOU!

NEW YORK

CAPTAIN...!

He yanks the rope to pull Ahab out, but it's too late...the JAWS HAVE SHUT. The line between he and Ahab goes taut as Ahab's swallowed, DRAGGING N.Y. head-on towards the monster.

NEW YORK (Cont'd)

NO!

Pulled CLOSER and CLOSER towards its jaws, he comes face-to-face with the beast. Tries to push off with his legs, but the rope linking him to Ahab inside the mouth anchors him.

Struggling to pull free, N.Y. gets a look at one of the beast's EYES...sees his own scared reflection staring back...

...unsheathes a KNIFE -- *perhaps to cut himself free* -- but rather, he STABS the whale IN THE EYE. The beast BELLOWS, opens its jaws to reveal...

AHAB ALIVE INSIDE THE MOUTH --

water-logged but alive, N.Y. pulls the rope and drags Ahab out...like Ahab could have done 20 years ago. Frantically splashes away from the whale, before it DISAPPEARS UNDERWATER.

NEW YORK

(to Queequeg)

We gotta get back onto the ship!

AHAB

Forget the god damn ship! The ship's a pile of embers!

NEW YORK

The ship's all we have left!

N.Y.'s strength overpowers Ahab, pulling him through the water as he swims back towards The Pequod.

EXT. THE PEQUOD - MOMENTS LATER

Waters a growing goulash of FOAM and DEBRIS, N.Y., Ahab and Queequeg reach the side of the burning and slowly-sinking ship. Queequeg grabs a rope dangling from one of the davits.

QUEEQUEG

I'll pull you up!

N.Y. quickly wraps the rope around he and Ahab, and Queequeg sets to pulling them up the waist of the ship. Taking every ounce of strength, it's a Herculean effort...

...one that goes unnoticed by Ahab, maniacally SCREAMING as he scans the sea for any sign of the whale.

AHAB

Show yourself! Show yourself so I can SPIT MY LAST BREATH AT YOU!

EXT. MAIN DECK - SAME

N.Y. reaches the top rail with Ahab, releases themselves from the ropes. A hint of defeat bleeding into Ahab's features at the sight of the fire raging over the deck.

AHAB

Where are you going!?

NEW YORK

The life vests!

He runs through the smoke and flames, opens a SEA CHEST and starts to pull out some LIFE VESTS, when there's...

A WHALE SONG --

haunting and eerie, we've heard it before. Ahab searches the surrounding waters for any sign of Moby Dick. Queequeg pulls himself onto the deck, joins Ahab at the rail.

AHAB

Show yourself.

ON NEW YORK --

hurrying back through the fire and smoke towards Ahab and Queequeg, he's got three life vests.

NEW YORK

Put these on!

But Ahab and Queequeg ignore him, looking over the rail at

THE OPEN OCEAN --

starting to BUBBLE as if it's boiling, N.Y. eyes widen at the sight of a swell of water rolling higher and higher...dark seas giving way to GRAY, then an astonishing WHITE ahead of

MOBY DICK --

ERUPTING up from the water, the white whale bodily soars through the air. N.Y., Ahab and Queequeg stare at its massive form arcing overhead...casting them in shadow.

NEW YORK (Cont'd)

RUN!

N.Y. and Ahab split off in opposite directions, but Queequeg is utterly immobilized in the middle as Moby Dick...

CRASHES DOWN ONTO THE DECK --

CRUSHING Queequeg under his massive weight, N.Y. witnesses his friend's "story" coming to its tragic end...

NEW YORK (Cont'd)

NOOOOO!

...as flames ROAR UP from below and the main deck BUCKLES. Masts falling in a maelstrom of SCREECHING fury, they drag the yards and rigging right along with it.

ON NEW YORK --

struggling to hold the bow rail, he looks for Ahab. Spots him perilously clinging to the aft mast rigging...

NEW YORK (Cont'd)

CAPTAIN!

...when Moby Dick SLAPS his tail flukes for effect, the force of which creates an unholy CRACK as

THE BOAT SPLITS IN HALF --

a great yawning chasm opening with a thunder of BREAKING WOOD, oil casks BOB out into the flaming water. Catch fire and **EXPLODE** like floating bombs, dousing flaming oil over

AHAB --

catching fire like a human torch, his mouth drops in a scream. Falls in flames from the riggings to the water, N.Y. getting a last look before a wave crashes over him.

EXT. OPEN OCEAN - CONTINUOUS

A mess of fire water and floating debris, the bow and stern sides of The Pequod start to sink.

ON NEW YORK --

plunged into the water amidst flaming oil slicks, he slaps at the surface. Searching for anything to grab hold of, when suddenly through the smoke, he sees...

MOBY DICK --

circling the wreckage site like a bird hunting prey, N.Y. watches it swim round and round...faster and faster...

NEW YORK

Please...God...please...

...it slowly coming clear that Moby Dick has...

CREATED A WHIRL POOL --

a spiraling swirl of water around the wreckage, it gathers speed and force. Starts to pull debris underwater, The Pequod CRUMPLING in on itself as it's pulled down.

## NEW YORK (Cont'd)

No! HELP! HELP!

The sudden plunge creates a vortex of water, N.Y. fighting to hold the surface. Grasping for a plank before he's yanked

EXT. UNDERWATER - CONTINUOUS

N.Y. drifts down amid the debris swirling around like he's in a tornado. DEAD BODIES spinning limp as dolls, parts of The Pequod swirl by in the slurry as we watch

THE MAST-BOUND GOLD COIN --

sinking down to the depths, N.Y. struggles as the vortex sucks him down, suddenly sees the glint of his

POCKET WATCH --

falling past, the now-blurred PHOTO OF ELIZABETH smiling back at him as he reaches out to try and grab it.

EXT. WASHINGTON SQUARE PARK (MEMORY BEAT) - MAGIC HOUR

Elizabeth bidding him farewell, soft sun rimming her perfectly as she smiles her beatific smile...

EXT. UNDERWATER - RESUME

The pocket watch drifts away out of N.Y.'s reach, our hero blinking back against death. Life slipping away...

INT. TINY APARTMENT (MEMORY BEAT) - MAGIC HOUR

N.Y. and Elizabeth kiss playfully on their bed, young love blossoming in a memory...

EXT. UNDERWATER - RESUME

Air bubbles escape N.Y.'s lips as he sinks deeper, his eyes starting to close, when he suddenly sees

TAIL FLUKES --

giant white ones disappearing into the dark waters, they displace a quarter-ton of water with each swipe. Creating a current with such force, it augments the natural BLOW-BACK...

...and sends N.Y. rocketing straight up towards the surface.

EXT. OPEN OCEAN - CONTINUOUS

Still aflame, N.Y. suddenly breaches -- COUGHING and GASPING for air. He spins in a panic to get his bearings amidst the smoke and fire...nothing but death and destruction.

FLAMING DEBRIS rips past as if he's in Hell's own seascape, when somewhere...a hollow aquatic GURGLING sound, before

A COFFIN POPS UP --

Queequeg's coffin, its abrupt appearance startles N.Y. Floating like a life raft in the **BLOOD RED WATERS**, N.Y. regards it with stupefied curiosity.

Swims over and pulls himself atop it. Uses his hands to paddle out of harm's way, he moves through the minefield of FIRE, DEBRIS and BODIES, when he spots

CAPTAIN AHAB --

floating face down, he paddles quickly over to him. Pulls Ahab onto the edge of the coffin by burnt clothes, turning him over to reveal his SCORCHED SCALP and FACE...

NEW YORK

Captain...Captain!

...his eyes barely lazing open to find focus on N.Y., parched lips uttering in a whisper...

AHAB

Did we kill him?

N.Y. stares at him in disbelief -- to his last breath, Ahab has one care. But N.Y. can't bring himself to tell the truth.

NEW YORK

Yes, sir...Moby Dick is dead.

Ahab lets the trace of a smile alight on his lips as his eyes close...and he dies. N.Y. watching as he sinks away, fading down into Hell's waters...a devil returning to his plane.

Slowly, our CAMERA RISES UP off the RED SEA OF BLOOD and destruction -- our hero drifting atop the coffin and debris, inadvertently affecting overtones of a crucifixion as we...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. OPEN OCEAN - DAWN

Where sea meets sky, it's a Hiroshi Sugimoto-esque suggestion of the infinite. In the distance, a coffin bobs the surface.

CLOSER: N.Y. lies atop the coffin, lips CRACKED and BLOODIED.

Barely alive, his eyes flutter open, blink back the sunlight. He speaks to Heaven in a voice pulled from life's final breath, recalling words from Father Mapple's sermon...

NEW YORK

Oh, Father, here I die. I have  
driven to be yours, rather than my  
own. Yet this is nothing. I leave  
eternity to you.

His eyes close, coffin floating along...when a distant BELL rings. N.Y.'s eyes slowly open, wondering if its heaven's bells. He manages to lift his head, finds focus on...

A SHIP --

approaching from the opposite horizon, his eyes flicker with something akin to surprise -- too weak to even grin.

EXT. MAIN DECK - THE RACHEL - DAWN

The whaling ship we saw docked off Easter Island, MATES hoist N.Y. up onto the deck.

GARDINER (O.S.)

Is he alive?

CAPTAIN GARDINER rumbles up to a mate we'll call ROCHESTER.

ROCHESTER

By the grace of God.

Gardiner sympathetically considers N.Y.'s broken form.

GARDINER

Send for the carpenter to tend  
to this man's health. And bring  
rum...he's got open wounds.

The shipmates leave to attend to his orders, Gardiner kneeling paternally over N.Y.

NEW YORK

Where am I?

GARDINER

You're on The Rachel of Nantucket.  
We carry home under full sail.

NEW YORK

Did anyone else...?

Gardiner shakes his head, then...

GARDINER

We saw your wreckage a few miles  
back, but you're the only soul  
we've found. Not even a captain's  
log to reconstruct the tale.

NEW YORK

If you give me a journal, I'll  
write down an account.

GARDINER

That would be of great use.  
(beat)  
What's your name, son?

Our hero considers that question for a moment, then...

NEW YORK

Call me, Ishmael.

The Rachel's CARPENTER arrives to attend to the wounds of  
our "Ishmael"...the man who will soon come to be known as  
the world's most famous narrator.

FADE OUT.

THE END