

~~DARE THE DEVIL~~

~~A Sea Story~~

An

Original Screenplay
by
Bill Phillips

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SECOND

~~FIRST DRAFT~~
~~July 8, 1982~~
SEPT 10,

The events in this story take place in the present, beginning in Provincetown, Massachusetts, on Cape Cod, and leading to the treacherous whirlpool Corryvreckan, near the feared isle of Scarba, found among Scotland's Inner Hebrides.

DARE THE DEVIL

FADE IN:

1 EXT. GIGANTIC DUNE - PROVINCETOWN, MASSACHUSETTS

1

Dawn is beginning as we face an immense tan-yellow wall of sand. A few tufts of beach grass blow atop the dune, lending a little relief to the monolithic quality of the hundred-foot mound.

The wind has blown wave patterns into the sand. We see no water, but we HEAR the CRASHING OF WAVES upon a shore.

SUPERIMPOSE CREDITS as the sun begins to rim the crest of the dune.

After a moment, CAMERA SLOWLY RISES above the dune, to REVEAL the ATLANTIC OCEAN. It is high tide. The powerful waves make a plaything of a once-anchored snow fence. Now the rotted slats and rusted wire knock and scratch and tangle with huge clumps of seaweed.

Terns dive at scampering crabs. One crab makes his way to a temporarily-formed puddle, buries his body in the sand. A tern attacks, snatching him out of the hole. Water quickly fills the hole, and we watch the swirling of water, a miniature whirlpool, as we SUPERIMPOSE: DARE THE DEVIL.

2 COTTAGE

2

Nestled in the lee of the huge dune sits a ramshackle old cottage, its weathered shingles falling off in clumps. Sand blows across its roof. Birds attack a moldy loaf of bread on its porch. They fight over it, CRYING OUT their complaint.

3 INT. COTTAGE

3

A palace fit for a slob. No taste here. No cleanliness. Dirty dishes. Dirty clothes. Dirty counters. Food left out. The refrigerator door is open, a dim bulb illuminating a few morsels of cold cuts. Not much else.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED:

3

A CLOCK TICKS next to the bed. It is 5:44. The SLOB snores. He needs a shave. His hair is mussed. His skin is weathered by the wind and sun. He is about 35. Next to him, the long, dark hair of a woman extends from beneath the filthy sheet. Outside, the TERNS CRY out. The woman stirs.

Her bloodshot eyes appear from under the sheet. They fix on the ticking clock.

The ALARM begins to RING from the clock, but barely more than a half-second escapes before the WOMAN'S HAND SLAPS the clock to silence. Only the TICKING continues.

Now we see her face. BRANDY is about 30. Quite dishevelled, she is nevertheless pretty. With a few hours more sleep, she might be stunning. She looks to the man in the bed, showing him absolutely no emotion. She decides not to wake him. She hurries out of bed. She is naked and cold.

She has to remove a saucer of cherrystone clam shells to get to her waitress uniform. Black polyester and too short. She stuffs the frilly white apron in the uniform pocket, throws the uniform on. Her bra follows her apron into the pocket.

Outside, the TERNS are still heard FIGHTING. She goes to the window, peers out.

4 EXT. POV BRANDY - THE FIGHTING TERNS

4

They are devouring the old loaf of bread.

5 COTTAGE WINDOW

5

Through the greasy gray glass, Brandy smiles at the contest. She is waking up. She leaves the window.

6 INT. BEDROOM

6

Brandy throws on her pale blue sweater, starts to leave, remembers something. She quietly approaches the sleeping hulk in the bed, carefully searches in the bedclothes. Somewhere around the foot of the bed, on his side, she finds them: her underpants. She slips them on, then hurries out of the cottage, closing the door carefully.

- 7 EXT. BEACH - SUNRISE 7
- Brandy runs along the shorebreak, her feet prancing in the foaming backwash. She is invigorated by the cold water. She leaps over a huge clump of driftwood in her path.
- 8 POV THROUGH BINOCULARS - FROM THE SEA - BRANDY 8
- Brandy running, leaping, noticing her observer, stopping, looking curiously out to sea.
- 9 OFF THE COAST - A SAILBOAT 9
- CHARLIE ALSOP, 31, puts down the binoculars. He is rugged and handsome. Salt spray glistens on his face, the wind blows his thick hair as he sits in the cockpit of his Yankee 28-foot sloop. He adjusts his course to run parallel with the Cape Cod beach. He handles his craft with prowess.
- ROCK MUSIC plays on a radio from within the cabin.
- 10 THE BEACH - BRANDY 10
- Brandy walks up a small dune, stops again to look out at the sea.
- The sailboat is a beautiful sight in the morning sun.
- She heads up over the dune, hesitates when she sees something.
- 11 POV BRANDY - COAST GUARD BOAT 11
- A Coast Guard 40-footer runs full speed away from shore in a direction to head off the sailboat. Men with guns are aboard. A blue light flashes.
- 12 AT SEA - THE SAILBOAT 12
- Charlie notices the power boat cutting him off up ahead. He looks behind him to see another one gaining on him full throttle. It also has a flashing blue light with armed men aboard.
- He HEARS a NOISE in the air. A Coast Guard Helicopter approaches overhead and begins circling the sloop.
- Charlie adjusts his sails, drops anchor, and allows the very efficient operation to begin.

12 CONTINUED:

12

The boat to Charlie's bow draws nearer, its crew preparing to board the sloop by throwing fenders into place. The boat to Charlie's stern is doing the same.

The two boats meet the sloop at approximately the same moment. Police and Coast Guard climb aboard at the bow, F.B.I. agents and Coast Guard at the stern. Charlie sits calmly, says nothing.

13 ON THE BEACH

13

Brandy is watching the seizure from a sheltered spot in the dune. She is puzzled about it, but doesn't linger. She heads over the dune toward town.

14 ON THE SLOOP

14

The officer in charge, Brody, approaches Charlie with a slip of paper in his hand.

BRODY

Are you Charles Alsop?

Charlie nods. Brody nods to two agents, who quickly grab Charlie and spread-eagle him against the cabin. They begin a body search as others swarm over the sloop, combing the deck and noisily clattering open lockers and drawers in the cabin below.

CHARLIE

Hey...!

BRODY

This is a search warrant.

CHARLIE

(still being held)

Just don't wreck anything, okay?

(pause)

What's this all about?

BRODY

Shut up.

CHARLIE

I have a right to...

Brody wheels and clubs Charlie in the mouth with a short wooden police stick, drawing blood.

15 PROVINCETOWN VILLAGE

15

Brandy races through the narrow cobblestone streets, up an outside stairway to a second floor apartment, crowded among the many small dwellings in the village. She unlocks the door, enters.

16 INT. BRANDY'S APARTMENT - THE SHOWER

16

Her face is massaged awake by the strong pulse of the shower. A RADIO PLAYS from the next room. It is a different station from the one aboard Charlie's sloop.

17 EXT. AT SEA - THE SLOOP

17

The agents have found nothing on Charlie's body. Brody eyes him coldly as a Policeman emerges from within the cabin, carrying a shotgun he has found below. His colleagues continue to work noisily below.

POLICEMAN

Look at this.

Brody looks at it, unimpressed.

CHARLIE

That's for sharks.

Brody looks up coldly.

BRODY

You hard of hearing? I said shut up.

CHARLIE

(to Policeman)

The license for that is below in the pouch next to the mast.

Brody gives Charlie another icy stare, hefts his stick. A Coast Guard Frogman goes over the side of his boat, begins diving under the sloop. Charlie looks on with a rather detached curiosity.

BRODY

You wanna talk? I got a question for you.

(pause)

What do you know about a little emerald and gold crucifix belonging to the United States government?

17 CONTINUED:

17

CHARLIE

What are you talking about?

Brody knows he's not going to get anywhere with Charlie.

BRODY

We'll take this boat apart if we have to.

CHARLIE

(disturbed)

Please don't.

Two agents tear open Charlie's storm jib, ripping the sail as they search. Charlie looks on in anger.

18 INT. BRANDY'S APARTMENT - THE SHOWER

18

Brandy turns it off. The RADIO is still playing in the next room.

19 NEXT ROOM

19

Brandy lives in a small studio apartment. One room serves as living room and bedroom, and it faces a modest kitchen. Her furnishings are fairly tasteful, if inexpensive. The finest possession she has is a stained-glass mermaid. She admires the way the morning sun refracts through the figure as she pulls on her faded jeans.

RADIO VOICE (FEMALE)

... with two-to-three foot swells. Down here at the Marconi Station in South Wellfleet, we have a very pleasant sixty-one degrees, with an estimated high for the day of 78.

RADIO VOICE (MALE)

A real bonus for those of you who can't wait till Memorial Day to get down to the Cape.

RADIO VOICE (FEMALE)

That's right, Jerry. But we do have a dip in the barometer, so there's no guarantee how long this unseasonably warm weather is going...

Brandy shuts off the radio.

20 EXT. APARTMENT

20

Brandy hurries down the stairs. She wears a gray hooded sweatshirt, jeans, and dirty white canvas sneakers. She carries a ring of keys in her hand. Her hair is still wet.

21 PROVINCETOWN PIER - MACK REED'S BAIT SHOP

21

Fifteen fishermen, ranging in age from thirty-five to seventy-five, sit sullenly in front of the Bait Shop. Their faces are weathered by the sea. Their clothes are made for hauling fish. Someone sees Brandy hurrying down the pier, keys in her hand.

FIRST FISHERMAN

Here she comes.

SECOND FISHERMAN

About time.

Brandy jogs up to the men, jangling her keys as she searches for the right ones to unlock both locks on the Bait Shop door.

BRANDY

Sorry I'm late.

THIRD FISHERMAN

Rough night last night, Brandy?

Several fishermen smile lewdly at the suggestion. This doesn't bother Brandy one bit, but she ignores them as she unlocks the door, opens it, and enters. The men appreciate her tight jeans as they follow her in.

22 AT SEA

22

The sloop is a mess. The searchers have found nothing. The Coast Guard Frogman is climbing back into his boat. Brody sits staring at Charlie. Charlie has nothing to say. Brody issues his next order with his eyes still on Charlie.

BRODY

Prepare to tow this vessel
ashore for further inspection.

Charlie's eyes burn with anger at Brody's bureaucratic power play.

BRODY (CONT'D)

I hope this doesn't inconvenience
you, Mister Alsop.

Charlie just stares at Brody.

23 INT. BAIT SHOP

23

Signs and chalkboards list the types of bait for sale, with prices. Bins of squid, sandshark, sea worms, and other delectables make this a kind of nautical Baskin & Robbins.

FIRST FISHERMAN

Gimme two gallons o' that squid.

Brandy digs out two gallons of squid, not minding getting it all over her hands.

BRANDY

Anything else?

FIRST FISHERMAN

(using an old trick)

Yeah... gimme some o' them sea worms.

Brandy walks to the opposite side of the aisle behind the counter, opens an ice-cream freezer, bends into it to dig out the worms. Her jeans look especially fetching from this angle, which is the only reason the man ordered the worms. Third Fisherman pokes Second Fisherman to call his attention to the event. The men stare hungrily.

BRANDY

(unaware)

How much do you want?

FIRST FISHERMAN

Just a handful.

He smirks at his comrades, who appreciate his double-entendre.

BRANDY

I gotta sell ya a half pint.

FIRST FISHERMAN

Fine.

Brandy bends into the freezer for the worms. The men crane their necks to see. As she pulls out, they try very hard to become immediately nonchalant. Brandy brings the bait to the counter. First Fisherman pays her. She turns her attention to SCOTTY NICKERSON, 75.

BRANDY

What'll it be, Scotty?

SCOTTY

Gimme some of that sandshark.

Brandy digs out the sandshark.

24 EXT. PIER PARKING LOT

24

A shiny Jaguar sedan pulls up, looking very out of place among the fishermen's vehicles. The driver, FRED COLLINS, 42, is dressed in an outfit from the L.L. Bean catalog. He looks out onto the pier. He is upset.

25 POV COLLINS - FROM INSIDE JAGUAR - THE PIER

25

Several fishermen exit the bait shop. In the background, fishing boats depart the cove, seagulls following them.

26 PARKING LOT

26

Collins lights a rather large cigar, takes a few puffs, continues to look toward the Bait Shop. He gets out of his car.

27 INT. BAIT SHOP

27

Only three fishermen remain when Collins enters the shop, causing a little bell over the door to RING. Brandy looks up, says nothing. Neither does Collins. He busies himself by browsing at tide charts while Brandy works.

BRANDY

That's eighteen fifty-five.

CUSTOMER

(paying, joking)

That was a good year.

Brandy is in no mood for jokes. Collins exhales a big puff of smoke. He stands before a No Smoking sign.

BRANDY

Out of twenty.

Brandy makes change. Customer and his two friends exit. Collins walks to the register, RINGS it open.

COLLINS

How's business?

BRANDY

(uneasily)

Okay.

Collins paws through the money, flicks an ash into the quarters section, then turns to Brandy, stares at her.

COLLINS

You were late.

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED:

27

BRANDY

(nervously)
Fifteen minutes.

COLLINS

(pocketing some money
from the register)
Twenty-two.
(pause)
That costs me money. These
boys don't wait around long.

BRANDY

I'm sorry.

COLLINS

You can make it up to me.
(pause)
Who'd you sleep with last night?

Brandy doesn't answer.

COLLINS (CONT'D)

(angrily)
I asked you a question!

Brandy has no intention of answering. Collins SLAPS her face.
She flushes, her eyes become fiery.

COLLINS (CONT'D)

(under his breath)
I'll fire your ass.

He holds Brandy close. She pulls away. He grabs her by the
sweatshirt, tugs her back to him, ripping the shirt and hurting
her neck.

BRANDY

Go ahead. I don't need this job.

Collins smiles to himself. He seems to know better.

COLLINS

I'm good to you, Brandy.

She doesn't deny it. She doesn't say anything for a moment.

BRANDY

You don't own me. Nobody owns me.

COLLINS

(amused)
That's what I like about you.
You're a dreamer.

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED: (2)

27

Brandy softens a little. She smiles faintly.

BRANDY

Hey, no smoking in here.

She takes the cigar out of Collins' hand, snuffs it out. He kisses her. This time, she lets him.

She can see out the window. The two Coast Guard boats escort Charlie's sloop into the cove.

28 EXT. THE COVE

28

The sloop and its escorts sail amidst the fishing boats, making their way toward the pier.

Brody sits next to Charlie in the sloop. Neither man speaks to the other.

As the boats approach the pier, they pass several docked vessels, including one particularly derelict old fishing boat. A weather-beaten seaman (ULYSSES) is aboard. He sits drinking beer as Charlie and Brody pass. His eyes sparkle. He finishes his beer, spits at the sight of the authorities, and goes below deck.

On the sloop, Brody turns to Charlie.

BRODY

You could make it easy on yourself.

CHARLIE

I don't know what you're talking about.

The searchers continue to turn over every item on the sloop.

DISSOLVE TO:

29 THE SLOOP - DOCKED

29

The sun is setting. Charlie sits alone on his boat, surveying the damage done by the thorough searchers. His rigging is a shambles. Fixtures have been dismantled and left strewn across the deck. The sails are in disarray and torn. Charlie hefts his shotgun, opens the chamber, looks to the setting sun. He looks toward the village, sees the neon lights from a local bar, The Foc's'le. MUSIC plays from within.

Fishermen and Unemployed Locals populate the bar, presenting a diversity of odd shapes and features. A ballad plays on the JUKE BOX. It is a rowdy bunch.

At one table, a violent brand of mumblety-peg goes on. Men lay down dollar bills in rapid succession as a Fisherman jabs the table between the spread fingers of his Partner. He uses a bait knife, and the jabbing increases in speed as he moves from space to space between fingers. The Partner fears being pinned to the table with the knife. The betting is based on whether he will or not.

Brandy works at the bar in her short black uniform with the white apron. The predominantly male clientele is visibly appreciative of her presence.

One of the many noisy tables in the bar is dominated by ULYSSES, seen previously. At closer glance, it is difficult to determine his age. His leathery skin and prematurely white hair and beard make him look older than he is, but his wiry build, his sparkling eyes, and his peppy machine-gun staccato way of talking make him, in one sense, the youngest one there. He is drunk, which doesn't at all slow down his progress in downing beer after beer.

ULYSSES

These men existed. These are no fairy tales. They roamed the high seas and they did what they damn pleased, and they operated with impunity, mind you, because, whether they were kidding themselves or not, they truly believed they had a pact with the devil. Take Dahul. What kind of man would force parents to eat their own offspring for supper, and to say grace before the meal? This is documented. Any more beer?

Ulysses drinks until his mug is empty.

FIRST LOCAL

(calling to bar)

Brandy, another pitcher over here!

Brandy nods, deftly starts another pitcher from the tap while serving several other drinks at the bar. She moves with the skill of an experienced bartender who can do five things at once.

At the table, Ulysses pours another man's beer into his mug.

(CONTINUED)

ULYSSES

Greed's a funny thing. It'll change a man. But we don't have to go back in history to find that. Pirates? Hell. We see 'em today. Take that British fella caught sellin' his own men into white slavery to the Chinese.

(pause, drinks)

Took 'em years to catch up with him. Some Members of Parliament actually wanted to reinstate torture to punish him. He beat 'em to it, though. Took his own life. Hanged himself. Said the devil made him do it.

SECOND LOCAL

You're full of shit, Ulysses. I ain't never heard of that.

ULYSSES

(drinks)

Nineteen seventy-nine. It was in the papers. Hey, I don't have to convince you. You believe what you want to. As for me, I wouldn't waste my breath on tall tales. The true ones are bizarre enough.

Brandy brings the beer. Ulysses makes no effort to pay. Someone else always takes care of that. Brandy picks up her tip, and one local refills Ulysses' mug before pouring for the others.

FIRST LOCAL

Tell us about that time when you was in the Bermuda Triangle.

ULYSSES

Hell, you don't wanna hear that one again, do ya?

SECOND LOCAL

Sure we do!

THIRD LOCAL

Yeah, when you lashed onto that shark.

ULYSSES

Well, as you probably remember, that was a few years ago, before all this talk about the Bermuda Triangle got popular. I had just gotten my sloop...

31 EXT. FOC'S'LE

31

Charlie approaches the bar as the sun disappears over the horizon. He steps into a phone booth just outside the door. He drops in some change. It falls through the phone. He tries again. Same result. He steps out of the phone booth and enters the bar.

32 INT. FOC'S'LE

32

Brandy is serving HAL, the man who appeared as the "slob" in the opening scene of the film. He takes a boilermaker the old fashioned way, plunking the full shot glass of bourbon into his beer mug, glass and all, letting it sink to the bottom, then downing the concoction in one long drink.

Charlie watches as he steps inside. He sits next to Hal.

BRANDY

(to Hal)

You want another one?

Hal nods sullenly.

BRANDY (CONT'D)

You mad or somethin'?

HAL

You took off kinda fast this morning.

BRANDY

I was late.

Hal just scowls. Brandy gets him another shot of bourbon and another beer. Charlie notices her uniform, recognizing it from this morning. He looks at Hal, who looks at Charlie as though he were intruding simply by sitting next to him. Brandy returns with the boilermaker, plunks it down for Hal, who immediately goes through his ritual of drinking it. She turns to Charlie, nods her readiness for his order. Charlie answers her nod with a smile.

BRANDY (CONT'D)

What'll it be, sailor?

CHARLIE

Can I use your phone?

BRANDY

That's the bar phone. There's one outside.

(CONTINUED)

CHARLIE

It's broken.

BRANDY

Then try the Windjammer Motel
next door.

CHARLIE

What's wrong with that one over
there?

HAL

(feeling his boilermakers)
You heard the lady. That's the
bar phone.

Charlie totally ignores Hal, which displeases Hal immensely.

CHARLIE

You let your customers use that phone?

BRANDY

(hiding her amusement)
Sometimes.

CHARLIE

If I order a drink can I use that
phone? It's just a local call.

Hal gets up off his bar stool, tipping it in the process.
It noisily clatters on the floor as he reaches for Charlie's
arm.

HAL

Listen, fella...

Charlie doesn't want to listen, and he demonstrates this by
throwing Hal into a hammerlock. Hal is paralyzed by the hold.

CHARLIE

I've had a hard day. I don't want
to talk to you. I was talking to
her. Okay?

Hal nods. Charlie releases him.

From across the room, Ulysses reacts with a big grin.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

(to Brandy)
I'll even pay for the call.
You can dial it. 255-4427.

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED: (2)

32

On hearing the number, Brandy reacts with a shock of recognition. Or she might be reacting to Hal's clenched fist coming down on Charlie's clavicle. His other fist pummels Charlie's kidney. Charlie buckles over in pain, only to have his head thrown against the bar. He doesn't even get a punch in before Hal is joined by a few friends, who jab and kick at Charlie.

33 POV CHARLIE HAL & FRIENDS

33

Hal's image blurs as he and his friends stand over him.

HAL

Asshole.

Everything goes more blurry, then dark.

DISSOLVE TO:

34 POV CHARLIE - LATER

34

Soft, blurry colors. A mermaid.

35 CHARLIE

35

He is disoriented, just coming to. He stares at something, trying to make sense of it.

36 POV CHARLIE - THE MERMAID

36

It is Brandy's stained glass mermaid, hanging in the window of her apartment.

37 CHARLIE - BRANDY'S APARTMENT

37

He is on her couch, wrapped in a quilt. It is 2 A.M. In the next room, the shower is running. Charlie raises his head, which is quite sore, and looks around the room. Brandy's covers are turned down. No one else is present. Her waitress uniform is draped over a chair. He recognizes it. He is about to get up when he hears the shower stop, then the shower-enclosure door slide open, followed by wet footsteps onto tile. A moment later, Brandy walks into the room, wrapped in a towel. Charlie closes his eyes, squints them open ever-so-slightly.

38 POV CHARLIE - THROUGH SQUINTED EYES

38

He sees the blurry flesh-and-blue form of Brandy and her towel crossing the room, then hesitating before him.

BRANDY

Your eyes are twitching.

39 CHARLIE & BRANDY

39

Charlie opens his eyes. Brandy sits next to him on the couch.

BRANDY

You okay?

Charlie nods.

CHARLIE

What happened?

BRANDY

Hal fights dirty when he's mad.

Charlie contemplates Hal for a moment.

CHARLIE

He your husband?

Brandy shakes her head. She is smiling.

CHARLIE

What are you laughing at?

BRANDY

You sure looked surprised when he hit you.

Charlie doesn't need this aggravation. He tries to get off the couch.

BRANDY (CONT'D)

Wait.

CHARLIE

I don't feel like waiting. I don't know how you got me here, or why, but at the risk of seeming rude, I really should be going.

BRANDY

Where?

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED:

39

Charlie doesn't answer. He manages to get by Brandy.

CHARLIE
Where's my jacket?

BRANDY
You can't see Henry Sykes.

Charlie stops, stares at Brandy.

BRANDY (CONT'D)
That's the number you wanted
to call, isn't it?
(pause)
I knew him very well.

CHARLIE
Knew him?

BRANDY
He's dead.

Charlie wasn't ready for that news.

BRANDY (CONT'D)
I was with him when he died.
(pause)
Heart attack.

CHARLIE
(eyeing Brandy)
I can understand that.
(pause)
Worse ways to go, I suppose.
(pause)
Were you dressed like that?

Brandy hikes up her towel, crosses to the bed, pulls on a
sweatshirt and some shorts.

BRANDY
You're Charlie Alsop, right?
(pause)
The smuggler?
(pause)
I know about the cross. Do
you have it?

Charlie doesn't know who Brandy is, and he isn't ready for
this kind of conversation.

CHARLIE
I don't know what you're talking
about. Thanks for the use of your
couch... I think.

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED: (2)

39

BRANDY

What are you going to do with it?
Henry paid for it. All you have
coming to you is the transportation
fee.

CHARLIE

What, did he tell you everything?

BRANDY

I was around a lot.

CHARLIE

You seem the type.

Brandy doesn't appreciate the insult.

BRANDY

You should talk?

CHARLIE

(treating her sarcasm
as a question)

No, I should go to bed. Thanks
for a swell time.

BRANDY

You can stay here.

CHARLIE

Figures.

He exits. **Brandy** runs to the door, leans out after him,
reconsiders saying anything, watches Charlie disappear
around a corner. She comes back inside, closes her door,
looks to the empty couch, sighs softly, and walks to her
bed. She sits, thinking.

40 EXT. THE PIER - DAY

40

Charlie is repairing his jib. His RADIO is playing as he
works. He doesn't notice ULYSSES shuffling up beside the
sloop. Ulysses watches for awhile, his eyes sparkling with
amusement. After a moment, he speaks, always in staccato.

ULYSSES

You need eyes in back of your
head. That's your problem.

Charlie looks up, somewhat annoyed.

(CONTINUED)

ULYSSES (CONT'D)

Only reason that guy clobbered you last night was you didn't see what hit you. Can't turn your back on a man like that. That type's out for no good, and they like to find it with a stranger. I knew there'd be a fight soon as you blew in last night.

CHARLIE

Thanks for telling me.

ULYSSES

You wouldn't've believed me. You'd've thought I was drunk or crazy, or both.

CHARLIE

(trying to resume work)
Yeah, well...

ULYSSES

Permission to come aboard?

Charlie looks askance at Ulysses.

CHARLIE

What for?

ULYSSES

You're gonna need a hand when it comes time to hoist that jib.

CHARLIE

I've managed all right by myself so far.

ULYSSES

(stepping aboard anyway)
Suit yourself. I'm not trying to nose in. Some people like to work alone. You're obviously one of 'em.

(pause, snooping around)
What do you do, anyway?

(taking in more details)
You don't fish. You're not the idle rich. I can tell that from your rigging.

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED: (2)

40

Ulysses peeks below deck.

ULYSSES (CONT'D)

Whatever you do, you use this boat.

(explores further)

And I'd say whatever it is cannot
be strictly defined as legal.

Charlie is amused. He looks over at Ulysses as the older
man takes a bottle from his coat, swigs from it.

ULYSSES (CONT'D)

Don't get me wrong. I'm not
omniscient by any means. I saw
you towed in yesterday.

CHARLIE

(referring to the bottle)

What is that stuff?

ULYSSES

Rotgut.

CHARLIE

Want something solid to go with it?

Ulysses smiles with all his crusty charm.

41 INT. SLOOP CABIN

41

Ulysses and Charlie share a plate of powdered eggs and a
pot of coffee.

ULYSSES

Nice sloop.

(pause)

I had one like this once.

British made.

(pause)

I've singlehanded to just about
any port you could name.

CHARLIE

I'll take your word for it.

ULYSSES

You get around much?

CHARLIE

I know my way around.

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED:

41

Ulysses scrutinizes Charlie with such delight that it becomes disconcerting to Charlie.

 ULYSSES
 Been down the Amazon?

Charlie coolly nods.

 ULYSSES (CONT'D)
 How 'bout Cuba?

Charlie nods again.

 ULYSSES (CONT'D)
 Hah! I knew it!
 (pause)
 Contraband!

Charlie doesn't respond to Ulysses. He pours himself another cup of coffee, gestures an offer for more to Ulysses. He shakes his head "no".

 ULYSSES (CONT'D)
 Not a better way in this man's
 world to make money, and lots
 of it. Then again, some people
 are in it for the risk.
 (pause)
 Nothing like living on the edge.

He looks to Charlie for a response, gets none.

 ULYSSES (CONT'D)
 The Coast Guard didn't find it,
 did they?

 CHARLIE
 You sure talk a lot.

 ULYSSES
 Talk a lot, learn a lot.
 (pause)
 I knew Henry Sykes. I know what
 you've got. I know what he paid
 for it. And I know what you got
 coming to ya. Too bad he died.
 His estate lawyers are gonna be
 looking mighty hard for that
 crucifix.
 (pause)
 Now that's privileged information.

(CONTINUED)

CHARLIE

Couldn't be too privileged. I heard the same thing from that barmaid at the Foc's'le.

ULYSSES

Brandy? That could be. She was kinda close to Henry herself. I doubt anyone else in town knows about it, though, 'cept the police. Hell, he had a record of the purchase in his desk. They found that when they found the body. That's why you got such a welcome yesterday.

CHARLIE

What are you getting at?

ULYSSES

Nothing. Nothing at all.

(pause)

Hey, don't think for a minute I'm tryin' ta weasel in on a piece of that cross. No, sir. What would I do with a seventeenth century amulet from the Spanish Armada? Worth a fortune, but I can't fence it. Maybe you can. I doubt it. Too hot.

Charlie squirms uncomfortably.

ULYSSES (CONT'D)

No. I'm here for a reason, but that's not it. If I were you I'd get rid of that thing soon as possible. A treasure like that can be more of a burden than anything else. Too many people know about it. Too many people want it. Too many people think you have it. I say dump it. We got better things to do.

Charlie laughs.

CHARLIE

Like what?

Ulysses leans toward Charlie with a religious zeal in his eyes.

ULYSSES

Our own treasure... very high stakes. Very high risk. Interested?

41 CONTINUED: (3)

41

CHARLIE

(amused, curious)

Why me?

ULYSSES

Just a hunch. Nothin' wrong with money, no sir. I'm as greedy as the next fella. But that's not what does it. There comes a point for some men when they can walk away from all the wealth in the world... but not the risk. That's what motivates 'em in the end. The hunger for a bigger thrill.

(pause)

I know. I've had both.

(pause)

And I see that in you.

Charlie smiles politely, trying to hide the interest Ulysses is stirring in him.

ULYSSES (CONT'D)

The sea has a way of doing that to a man when she gets a mind to.

(pause)

Plus... you got the boat.

CHARLIE

You've got your own.

ULYSSES

My old tub'd never make it across the Atlantic.

Charlie raises his eyebrows.

42 INT. FOC'S'LE BAR - NIGHT

42

MUSIC plays on the jukebox as Brandy gets caught looking a little too long across the smoke-filled room. Her eyes are on a corner table, where Charlie and Ulysses are huddled over a pitcher of beer. A CUSTOMER notices her preoccupation.

CUSTOMER

(to Brandy)

What're you starin' at?

Brandy snaps out of it, smiles to the customer.

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED:

42

BRANDY

Nothing.

CUSTOMER

The young nothing or the old
nothing?

BRANDY

(incredulous, whispering)
Ulysses bought the beer tonight.

This is major news at the Foc's'le. The Customer ponders
this. Brandy RINGS open the cash register, fishes out a
handful of silver dollars.

BRANDY (CONT'D)

Look what he paid with.

Customer hefts a couple of the dollars.

CUSTOMER

(puzzled)

These are the real thing.
No wonder he hangs onto his money.

(long pause)

Who's he trying to impress?

Now Brandy and the Customer stare together across the room.

Ulysses and Charlie are involved in a heated discussion.

Customer picks up his beer and starts over toward the far
table.

CUSTOMER (CONT'D)

(to Brandy)

This oughta be classic.

Brandy shakes her head, puts the silver dollars back in the
cash register.

CAMERA FOLLOWS CUSTOMER to Ulysses and Charlie's table.
Ulysses is talking in his customary rapid-fire manner.
He has Charlie's full attention.

ULYSSES

Sixty-one of Oliver Cromwell's
frigates went down in that very
spot. And we know they were
carrying gold. A nation's tax
revenue!

(CONTINUED)

CHARLIE

Why didn't they avoid the channel?

ULYSSES

The fog! Same thing that plagued the Vikings. Leif the Lucky wrote about it. He never saw anything like it. Neither have I, Charlie, and I've seen everything there is to see.

CUSTOMER

(interrupting)

And then some. What are you guys talking about, anyway?

ULYSSES

(protectively)

Nothing. Nothing. Same old bullshit. Nothing that'd interest you.

Charlie looks warily at the Customer.

CUSTOMER

Mind if I join you?

CHARLIE

That seat's taken.

Customer takes a hint, looks a little embarrassed.

CUSTOMER

You're crazy, Ulysses.

ULYSSES

That's right. I'm crazy, alright.

From across the bar, Brandy sees the Customer take a seat at a large table, joining seven or eight locals. They make room for him. She sees him whisper to the man next to him, and the two glance over at Ulysses and Charlie, then dismiss them and turn their attention to the group.

SECOND CUSTOMER (CARL)

How 'bout some service, Madamwazelle?

Brandy turns her attention to the bar, pours Carl his usual.

BRANDY

Hi, Carl.

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED: (3)

42

CARL
Busy tonight?

BRANDY
So-so.

CARL
I mean after work.

BRANDY
Ah... yeah, I am.
(pause)
Sorry.

Brandy doesn't really feel like talking with Carl. She looks back at Ulysses and Charlie. They are talking animatedly. She starts filling a pitcher with beer.

CARL
I miss seein' ya around the shop.
(no response)
You oughta come by sometime. We got a new lathe.

Brandy is distracted. The pitcher is full. She has only half heard Carl.

BRANDY
I'll have to come by.

She heads across the room toward Ulysses and Charlie.

CARL
Love ta have ya.

She hasn't heard him. She approaches the table, pours the beer remaining in Ulysses' pitcher into his nearly empty glass, replaces it by plunking down the full pitcher.

ULYSSES
(to Brandy)
That's what I call service.

BRANDY
This one's on the house.

She eyes Charlie for a moment too long.

CHARLIE
Have a seat.

BRANDY
I gotta work.

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED: (4)

42

Ulysses pours himself some more beer, then fills Charlie's glass. He watches the two interact, says nothing, sees everything their silence is communicating.

CHARLIE

Maybe I'll come by after.

BRANDY

(not showing her emotions)

Okay.

She heads back for the bar. Charlie and Ulysses watch her walk away. So do others. One Customer takes a slap at her bottom. She ignores him and continues to the bar, picking up some empty glasses from an abandoned table on her way.

ULYSSES

Nice.

Charlie doesn't say anything. He looks at Brandy a moment longer, drinks his beer. Ulysses joins him, downing his full glass in one long draught.

43 EXT. THE FOC'S'LE BAR - AFTER MIDNIGHT

43

The neon beer sign in the window goes out. The back light goes out. Brandy appears at the back door, locks up, starts her lone walk back to her apartment, her heels clicking on the cobblestones of the Provincetown streets, echoing along the road. She rounds a corner.

44 NEW STREET - THE JAGUAR

44

Collins leans out his window as Brandy passes his car.

COLLINS

Wanna get lucky?

BRANDY

Not tonight, Fred.

Brandy keeps walking. Collins gets out of his car and hurries after her. Brandy hears him, turns abruptly, and faces him, perturbed. He catches up to her.

COLLINS

Don't you like me any more?

BRANDY

(beleaguered)

I like you fine.

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED:

44

Collins moves closer, puts his arms around Brandy.

COLLINS

I got a fire goin' in my cottage.

BRANDY

No, thank you.

COLLINS

(playfully, grabbing)

What if I won't take no for an answer?

BRANDY

(squirming uncomfortably)

Then I'll kick you in the balls.

Collins takes Brandy by a thick lock of her hair, pulls back forcefully.

COLLINS

Don't play with me that way, missie.

Brandy quickly raises her knee into Collins' groin. He releases her hair as he buckles over in pain. Brandy walks away, her heels clicking loudly on the cobblestones.

45 BRANDY'S APARTMENT STAIRWAY

45

Charlie sits on the stairs, playing a soft tune on his harmonica. He isn't very good, but he's responding to the romantic setting under the clear and starry sky. A moment later, Brandy walks around the corner. Charlie stops playing.

BRANDY

You can come in if ya know Melancholy Baby.

She starts up the stairs. Charlie sits there. She stops halfway up the stairs, looks down to him.

CHARLIE

I don't know Melancholy Baby.

BRANDY

I'll teach it to you.

Charlie rises and heads up the stairs after her. They enter.

46 INT. BRANDY'S APARTMENT

46

Brandy starts unbuttoning her waitress uniform as she heads to the bathroom.

BRANDY

Make yourself at home. There's pot in that drawer, beer in the fridge. You hungry?

Charlie nods.

BRANDY (CONT'D)

There's some cold pizza in there. You can heat it up. You know how to use an oven?

Charlie throws Brandy a pointed look, nods again.

BRANDY (CONT'D)

(self-consciously)
All the comforts of home.

CHARLIE

What more could a man want?

Brandy gives him an answer with eye contact before tossing her head back and entering the bathroom. She closes the door.

Charlie shakes his head, gets up, searches for the pizza in the refrigerator, finds it. He goes to the oven, tries turning it on. It doesn't start. He checks the broiler. Tries again. Still no luck. He finds some matches, lights one, tosses it in the area of the pilot light. A burst of flame shoots out of the oven, sending Charlie crashing back against the opposite kitchen counter. No damage. Just a fright. Charlie's hands are shaking as he picks the pizza back up, puts it back in the refrigerator. He walks to the bathroom door. The shower can be heard running. He pauses for a moment, softly knocks, waits, then enters, removing his shirt.

46A BATHROOM

46A

Charlie looks to the shower stall. He likes what he sees, steps closer.

47 EXT. THE BEACH - MORNING

47

Two terns fight each other furiously over a morsel of food. They are just above the shorebreak. One finally wins, devouring the prize.

48 **BRANDY'S APARTMENT**

48

A shade is pulled, snapping up and rolling at the top of a window.

49 **INT. BRANDY'S BED**

49

Brandy arranges a curtain to let more light into the room. She climbs back down under the covers, nestling against Charlie, who is half awake. The morning light plays gently across the bedspread. Brandy looks serene. Charlie looks exhausted.

BRANDY

How'd you sleep?

Charlie stirs, looks at the clock.

CHARLIE

What're you doing up this early?

BRANDY

Habit. I used to have to work at the Bait Shop by now.

(pause)

I got fired.

CHARLIE

How come?

BRANDY

Slight disagreement with the boss. He thought he owned me.

CHARLIE

When was this?

BRANDY

Last night.

(pause)

See, I'm really not as materialistic as you think. And I'm not interested in Henry's crucifix... even though he claimed he bought it for me.

(pause)

I turn down a lot of gifts.

Charlie says nothing. Brandy gets out of bed.

BRANDY (CONT'D)

Want some breakfast?

CHARLIE

I'm starved.

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED:

49

Brandy opens the refrigerator, finds the pizza.

BRANDY

I thought you were going to cook this last night.

CHARLIE

(not admitting his failure)

I wasn't in the mood.

During the remainder of the conversation, Brandy makes her way back to the bed with a couple Pepperidge Farm cookies, giving one to Charlie.

BRANDY

You married?

CHARLIE

Nope.

BRANDY

Ever been?

Charlie shakes his head.

BRANDY

I think it's bullshit... marriage.

CHARLIE

I don't think about it.

BRANDY

Me neither.

Charlie looks at her skeptically.

CHARLIE

You're not into material possessions and you don't think about marriage.

BRANDY

That's right.

CHARLIE

There's not a woman in the world who isn't after one or the other... or both.

BRANDY

You're pretty narrow-minded.

CHARLIE

(shrugging)

Realistic.

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED: (2)

49

BRANDY

So... it's just you and your
boat, hunh?

CHARLIE

I've got other interests.

BRANDY

Like what?

CHARLIE

(after a pause)

Real estate.

BRANDY

(laughing derisively)

Yeah. You look like a realtor.

CHARLIE

No. Just one piece. An island.

BRANDY

(enthusiastically)

I could relate to that. Tropical?

CHARLIE

Nope. Four seasons. A log cabin.
Wood stove. My boat, of course.
Fish. Ducks. Certain wild animals.

BRANDY

What are ~~you~~ we waiting for?

Charlie gestures by rubbing his fingers together: "money".

BRANDY (CONT'D)

How much?

CHARLIE

The one I'm looking at's over a million.

Long silence.

BRANDY

What do you make in a year?

CHARLIE

None of your business.

Another silence, this one awkward.

(CONTINUED)

BRANDY

I made eighty-three hundred last year, counting tips. 'Course, I don't declare all that in taxes, so it works out more like eleven or twelve K.

CHARLIE

The government gets ya coming and going. I worked for them once.

BRANDY

Doing what?

CHARLIE

What I do. Carrying stuff.

BRANDY

Smuggling.

CHARLIE

My first job I was sixteen. Had a twelve footer off Key West. Made a delivery for the State Department, of all people...

BRANDY

Delivery of what?

CHARLIE

Firearms for some banana republic. They spoke a weird kind of Spanish I never heard before. Anyway, I get ten thousand from some slush fund. 'Course, I don't declare it. I mean, the government isn't even supposed to be doing this shit. I figure if I put it on my income tax, I'm getting them in trouble. So what happens? The fuckers audit me two years later and take away my new boat for failure to pay back taxes.

Brandy finds it more amusing than Charlie does. He finally smiles.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

So, now I work for individuals only. No governments.

BRANDY

You must make a lot of money.

(CONTINUED)

CHARLIE
Sometimes.

BRANDY
You could make a down payment.

CHARLIE
Cash only. Otherwise, the government
finds out from the bank.

BRANDY
If I were rich, I'd help you.

Charlie looks at Brandy skeptically.

BRANDY (CONT'D)
I would. ~~No strings.~~

She kisses him. They roll into an embrace.

BRANDY (CONT'D)
My grandmother has a wood stove
she doesn't use.
(pause, laugh)
That's a start.
(longer, thoughtful pause)
Ulysses has an island. Least
he says he does. Probably
under water somewhere.

Charlie leans on an elbow, pulls slightly back from Brandy.

CHARLIE
What's with Ulysses? Is he all
talk or what?

BRANDY
He sounds that way, but I'll tell
you something. Nobody's ever been
able to catch him in a lie. And we
all try.

CHARLIE
(pensively)
He told me about a place...
(pause)
Don't tell him I told you.

BRANDY
Okay.

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED: (5)

49

CHARLIE

There's a huge... whirlpool...

(pause)

It's off the coast of Scotland.

I've got it on my charts.

Charlie is uneasy about continuing, as though just the thought of this place is unsettling to him. Brandy waits.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

The waters are unnavigable. But because they are, there are shipwrecks at the bottom of the whirlpool, some of which go back to prehistoric times.

(pause)

He says he's seen them.

Brandy looks fascinated.

BRANDY

I'd love to go there.

CHARLIE

It sounds crazy, though.

BRANDY

A lot of people think Ulysses is crazy.

CHARLIE

Do you?

BRANDY

(thoughtfully)

No.

(pause)

I'd go.

There is silence between them.

50 EXT. ULYSSES' FISHING BOAT - NIGHT

50

Several harbor SOUNDS are heard as we see the figures of Charlie sitting and Ulysses standing inside the cabin of the old boat. Illumination is amber from a dim bare bulb overhead. We hear distant FOGHORNS, closer RINGING of bells on buoys. After a moment, we hear the sound of liquid pouring out of the boat and into the cove. It is a light and splashing sound. A CLOSER VIEW shows a booze bottle protruding through a porthole. Its contents are being dumped.

51 INT. ULYSSES' FISHING BOAT

51

Ulysses tosses the empty bottle into a newly formed pile. As he talks, he opens another one, sticks it through the porthole, and dumps it, again tossing the empty on the pile. After awhile, he must stop to attend to the Dinty Moore beef stew beginning to burn on his portable two-burner stove. His cabin is strewn with supplies for a voyage: water bottles, kerosene, dried food, storm gear, etc.

1
 ULYSSES

It's not much of an island, no sir. I tried calling it home once. Lasted nearly a year. Too damn lonely for my taste. Funny, I don't really like people that much, but I like to be around 'em. Too many years alone at sea, I guess.

Ulysses dumps an empty into the pile.

ULYSSES (CONT'D)

Corryvreckan did that to me. That whirlpool is the doorway to hell. (referring to the booze)

Did this, too, in a way.

(pause)

Time to change all that. I'm goin' back with a clear head.

CHARLIE

I haven't said I'm going with you.

ULYSSES

Nobody can make a man go to sea if he doesn't want to.

(referring to provisions)

But I want to, and all I can do is prepare what I can and hope you'll want in on it.

(pause)

Your mind's too cluttered with getting rid of that Spanish amulet to let you concentrate on anything else. I know that. But I figure I should stake us to provisions in partial payment for the use of your boat... if you decide to come along.

Charlie is amused by Ulysses' optimism

ULYSSES (CONT'D)

Maybe I could sweeten the deal with that old island of mine. Although I think you'd be disappointed.

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED:

51

This offer generates Charlie's interest.

ULYSSES (CONT'D)

(aware he has hooked him)

On the other hand, what we bring back from the whirlpool will buy ten islands.

CHARLIE

(poker-faced)

I don't want to disappoint you, but I'm planning to take off tomorrow.

ULYSSES

Fine. I'll be ready.

CHARLIE

Alone.

ULYSSES

I wouldn't take that crucifix with you, if I were you. Sell it to the highest bidder and take what you can when you can, if you want my advice.

CHARLIE

I don't want your advice.

ULYSSES

Didn't think so.

(pause)

I figure if we take off tomorrow, we have a good shot at getting to Corryvreckan by the solar eclipse in July. That water, like any other, is affected by the moon. That's the time to hit it.

Ulysses notices the stew burning, hurries over to it.

ULYSSES (CONT'D)

Stew's ready. Want some?
Specialty of the house.

Charlie begrudgingly smiles. Ulysses dishes it out, brings it to Charlie on a tin plate. He serves himself some.

ULYSSES (CONT'D)

Any foods you're particularly partial to? I hope I didn't stock up on anything that makes you sick.

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED: (2)

51

Charlie's mind is elsewhere.

CHARLIE

Assuming I did like that island of yours, what would you want for it?

ULYSSES

I told you.

CHARLIE

I mean... to buy it.

ULYSSES

It's not for sale.

(pause)

I'd give it to a partner, though.

(tastes the stew)

Good. Didn't get too burned.

Ulysses digs in at the stew. Charlie hesitates, eyes the coy scoundrel, and finally starts eating.

52 EXT. ULYSSES' BOAT

52

Ulysses and Charlie can be seen eating inside the boat. After a moment, it becomes apparent that they are being watched by TWO MEN on the pier. They look like Cops out of uniform. They look cold.

FIRST MAN

I think Brody's got us on a wild goose chase.

SECOND MAN

Wouldn't be the first time.

53 INT. THE FOC'S'LE

53

The bar is in full swing again tonight, minus Ulysses and his storytelling. Brandy is busy pouring drinks and serving counter customers. MUSIC plays on the jukebox.

Collins sits at one end of the bar. He eyes Brandy very closely, finishes his scotch, and plunks the glass down loudly on the bar as Brandy passes. They don't speak to each other, but his gesture indicates he wants another. Brandy doesn't break her stride as she pours him another scotch and continues about her other tasks. A few rowdy sailors call Brandy's name, to which she responds by briskly making it over to their table and taking care of their refills. After a moment, Brody enters the bar. He takes a seat next to Collins. It isn't long before Brandy is there to take his order.

(CONTINUED)

BRANDY

Hi. What'll ya have?

BRODY

Gimme a ginger ale, will ya?

BRANDY

Want a cherry in it?

BRODY

Yeah, live it up.

Brandy serves him his drink. He reveals his identification.

BRODY (CONT'D)

What can you tell me about Charles Alsop?

Brandy momentarily falters, looks to Collins, who scrutinizes her more closely now.

BRANDY

Not much.

BRODY

What do you two talk about?

BRANDY

Not a whole heckuva lot.

(pause)

I got customers to wait on.
Excuse me.

BRODY

I've got all night.

BRANDY

I don't know anything. You can wait all night and I'll tell you the same thing.

BRODY

Don't mind if I do.

Brandy waits on another customer. Brody sips his ginger ale. Collins just looks on in silence. Brody notices him staring.

BRODY (CONT'D)

Hi.

COLLINS

Hi.

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED: (2)

53

The two men drink in silence... Collins his scotch, Brody his ginger ale. Brandy walks by again. Brody reaches out to get her attention.

BRODY

That cross is worth a lot of money. It belongs to the United States government. It came off a treasure ship in United States territorial waters. You know what the penalty is for withholding information in a case like this?

BRANDY

Why should I know? Do I look like a lawyer?

BRODY

Don't be nasty. There's a nice reward for its return.

BRANDY

What kind of reward?

BRODY

Twenty-five thousand dollars. More for information leading to the arrest and conviction of the thief.

Collins sips his scotch, listening intently, saying nothing and not looking toward Brody.

BRODY (CONT'D)

We know he has it somewhere.

BRANDY

Then you know more than I do. Maybe you'll get the reward.

DISTANT CUSTOMER

Brandy? More beer, hunh?

BRANDY

Yeah, yeah, wait a minute.
(pause, to Brody)
I got work to do.

She fills another pitcher with beer. Brody eats the cherry out of his ginger ale.

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED: (3)

53

BRANDY

Those give ya cancer.

She exits to the table. Brody just waits. Collins sips his scotch.

54 EXT. ULYSSES' FISHING BOAT

54

Charlie and Ulysses are climbing on deck from the cabin.

CHARLIE

You're a fine cook, Ulysses.

ULYSSES

There's plenty more of that stuff if you want me to heat it up.

CHARLIE

(patting his stomach)

A little of that goes a long way.

Ulysses subtly taps Charlie, lowers his voice.

ULYSSES

You expecting friends for the evening?
Don't look now.

CHARLIE

Clear night.

ULYSSES

Yup.

(lower)

Over by that sixty-footer. Two of 'em, at least.

Ulysses picks up a gaffing hook, passes it to Charlie on the blind side of those watching them.

ULYSSES (CONT'D)

(louder)

Good night for a walk, don't you think?

CHARLIE

I think I'll just head back to my boat.

ULYSSES

I'll join ya.

Ulysses picks up a wooden club, hides it in his shirt. They step off the fishing boat, head in the direction of Charlie's sloop (and the observers).

55 THE OBSERVERS

55

The two cops duck back further into the shadows.

Charlie and Ulysses approach them, come abreast of them.

ULYSSES
(cordially)
Evenin' gentlemen.
(pause)
Lost?

Charlie and Ulysses stop.

FIRST MAN
No.

Awkward silence between the four men.

SECOND MAN
We're just out for a walk.

ULYSSES
Good night for it.

Charlie inadvertently lets his gaffing hook clang into a metal pole on the pier. Everyone notices.

CHARLIE
(referring to their
precarious position
in the shadows)
Must be hard to walk over there.

The two men emerge from the shadows. Now Ulysses recognizes them.

ULYSSES
Well if it ain't Tod and Henry.
You boys know Charlie Alsop?
Charlie, these are two of Provincetown's
finest. You boys working tonight?

FIRST MAN
Uh... kind of.

CHARLIE
Good to see it. There's quite a
bit of vandalism out here lately.

SECOND MAN
We're trying to put a stop to it.

ULYSSES
Keep up the good work, boys.

(CONTINUED)

55 CONTINUED:

55

FIRST MAN

Thanks.

ULYSSES

We'd stick around and jaw, but we
don't wanna blow your cover.

CHARLIE

Good luck.

Charlie and Ulysses walk on toward the sloop, trying not
to laugh as the two undercover cops walk off the pier.

56 AT CHARLIE'S SLOOP

56

Charlie and Ulysses approach the sloop cautiously, their
levity diminishing as they reach it. Charlie boards first,
holding the gaffing hook ready to use, if necessary.
Ulysses follows with his club. They search the deck, then
climb below in the darkness.

57 INT. SLOOP

57

Ulysses peers out a porthole as Charlie puts down the
gaffing hook and picks up his shotgun. Ulysses taps him,
points outside. Charlie pivots and points the gun at the
entrance to the cabin. They hear someone approach the
sloop, STEP aboard. Charlie cocks the hammers of his
shotgun. The FOOTSTEPS approach the entranceway.

VOICE (COLLINS, O.S.)

(softly)

Alsop?

Charlie has his gun trained on the entrance. He says
nothing. Ulysses takes cover behind the galley table.

VOICE (CONT'D)

You in there, Alsop? I want to
talk to you.

Charlie looks to Ulysses, who shrugs.

CHARLIE

Who is it?

Collins leans in, is surprised to see himself staring down
the barrel of a shotgun.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Talk.

(CONTINUED)

57 CONTINUED:

57

COLLINS

Put that thing down.
(he sees Ulysses)
Hi, Ulysses.

ULYSSES

Fred.

Charlie relaxes a bit with the gun. He still holds it.

COLLINS

Ah, mind if I talk to him alone,
Ulysses?

Ulysses starts to oblige, but Charlie interrupts.

CHARLIE

Stick around, Ulysses.
(to Collins)
Anything you gotta say, you can
say to my partner, here.

Both Collins and Ulysses are surprised to hear that.

COLLINS

I hear you might have some jewelry
for sale.

CHARLIE

Nope.

COLLINS

Something of a religious nature.
I'm a very religious man.

Ulysses spits.

CHARLIE

You got some bad information.

COLLINS

I'm willing to bet ten thousand
dollars I've got good information.

CHARLIE

Sorry.

Collins lays down a stack of bills.

COLLINS

Twelve-five. You can count it.

(CONTINUED)

57 CONTINUED: (2)

57

ULYSSES

Did you say seventeen-five?
(to Charlie)
Did you hear that?

COLLINS

Fifteen. That's final.

CHARLIE

Seventeen-five is a bit low.

Collins is sweating. Charlie is cool. Ulysses watches.
Charlie picks up the money, hands it back to Collins.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Apparently you need this more
than we do.

COLLINS

All I've got is fifteen.

Charlie just looks hard at Collins. His mind is racing.

CHARLIE

If you had twenty, I'd sell it
to you on the spot...

COLLINS

I don't.

CHARLIE

... if I had it.

ULYSSES

The reward is twenty-five.

Collins digs out the rest of his money.

COLLINS

Here's seventeen. Take it or
leave it.

CHARLIE

Empty your pockets.

Collins hesitates, finally empties them, leaving them hanging
out, depositing some change and his car keys on the seat next
to him.

(CONTINUED)

COLLINS

I haven't even seen the damn thing.

Charlie cracks open the shotgun, startling Collins and Ulysses. He reaches for a tool kit, keeping his eyes on Collins. He opens the kit, takes out a small screwdriver. He dismantles a metal plate on the inside of the gunstock. It falls aside, clanging to the floor. Charlie slides out a block of matching wood from behind the location of the plate. Behind that is a recess. Charlie keeps his eyes on Collins as he tips the gunstock up. A cloth-covered object falls into his lap. Charlie readjusts the gun, closes it. He hands the cloth-covered object to Collins. Ulysses' eyes grow wider with every action. He has trouble refraining from obvious glee.

Collins unwraps the object, revealing a Spanish crucifix. It is small, but solid gold with a generous number of emeralds on its surface. Its effect on all three men is significant. Magical.

CHARLIE

I know what it's worth.

(pause)

But I never want to see another fed or another cop again.

COLLINS

(awed by the cross)

Do we have a deal?

Charlie looks to Ulysses. Ulysses isn't sure he should render an opinion, but he feels the pressure of being consulted. He looks to Collins, notices the handsome watch on his wrist.

ULYSSES

Nice watch, Fred.

Collins gets the hint.

COLLINS

That's an eight-hundred dollar watch.

ULYSSES

(to Charlie)

What if he throws in the watch, too?

Collins and Charlie stare at each other for a moment. Collins removes the watch, tosses it at Charlie's feet.

(CONTINUED)

57 CONTINUED: (4)

57

ULYSSES
Hope it's shockproof.

Collins counts out the money for Charlie: seventeen thousand dollars. He wraps the cross back in the cloth, pockets it. Charlie puts down his shotgun, picks up the watch. Collins stands, nods to each of the men, and silently exits. Charlie looks to Ulysses, who looks back with excitement.

58 EXT. THE PIER

58

Collins looks pleased with himself as he steps off the pier and approaches his car. He can't resist opening the cross again and looking at it. He tucks it back into his pocket, gets in his car, and drives off.

Across the parking lot, another car starts up, follows Collins out of the lot with its lights out.

59 INT. THE SLOOP

59

Charlie hands the watch to Ulysses.

CHARLIE
Here. You earned it.

Ulysses examines the watch more closely, is pleased with its features. He puts it on.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
We'd better get out of here.
(pause)
Load up your stuff. I'll meet you
back here in two hours.

Charlie gets up, heads outside, turns back to Ulysses.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
Be ready to shove off.

Ulysses grins his broadest, toothiest grin yet.

60 BRANDY'S APARTMENT

60

Charlie rounds the corner to the apartment, climbs the stairs. He peers inside. No sign of anyone there. He looks over near the bed. In the moonlight, he can see that it is vacant. He hurries down the stairs again.

61 THE FOC'S'LE (AND STREETS TO BRANDY'S)

61

The bar is dark. Charlie approaches it to find it closed. He thinks for a moment, makes some kind of decision, runs off. CAMERA FOLLOWS him through the streets of Provincetown. He passes several other establishments, looking for signs of night life. He finds none.

He ends up back at Brandy's apartment stairway. He looks to the darkened apartment, climbs back up the stairs, breaks in, and enters.

62 INT. BRANDY'S APARTMENT

62

Charlie finds a sheet of paper. He rummages through a drawer for a pencil, finds one. He writes her a note: SORRY I MISSED YOU. WANTED YOU TONIGHT. ENJOY. C.A.

He leaves the note on the kitchen table, goes to the refrigerator, opens the door. In the dim light of the refrigerator, we see him count out a thousand dollars and leave it between two yoghurts. He closes the door.

63 EXT. THE PIER

63

Charlie runs down the pier toward his sloop. He passes Ulysses' fishing boat, stops in. Ulysses has his arms full of gear. He steps off the old boat.

ULYSSES

I've got everything but the beef stew.

CHARLIE

Forget the beef stew. Let's get out of here before they put somebody back on our tail.

ULYSSES

Aye-aye, Cap'n.

CHARLIE

(after a reacting pause)
And let's knock that shit off right from the start.

(CONTINUED)

63 CONTINUED:

63

ULYSSES

Whatever you say, partner.

The two men head for Charlie's sloop.

FADE OUT

FADE IN:

64 THE OPEN SEA - DAY

64

The sloop runs prettily before a stiff wind, its prow dipping in the white caps, water streaming down its gunnels and back into the deep blue and turbulent sea. Charlie rides on the prow.

The sun shines through the full white sails, the light diffused upon the deck as it is filtered through the canvass.

Ulysses sits in the cockpit, tending to the tiller like the veteran he is, but exhibiting a childlike joy at being back on the sea. He can't resist an impromptu whoop of merriment as he tacks into the wind, causing the sails to billow even more than before.

Charlie enjoys Ulysses' pleasure as he climbs from the prow back to the cockpit. He leans toward Ulysses, shouts against the wind.

CHARLIE

I'm getting some sleep!

ULYSSES

(euphoric with the sailing)

Fine! Fine!

(pause)

We're making good headway!

Charlie nods back, then disappears below deck.

Ulysses enjoys the solitude even more. He tacks again, getting as much speed out of the sloop as he can muster.

65 INT. THE CABIN

65

Charlie takes off his windbreaker, loosens his shirt, and arranges his bedding. He lies down, closes his eyes, and breathes deeply, relaxing as his craft is skillfully guided by Ulysses.

(CONTINUED)

65 CONTINUED:

65

Just before closing his eyes, Charlie hears a repetitive light KNOCKING. He drowsily looks up to see a safety clasp on a lifejacket knocking against the wooden storage shelf below it. He considers getting up to adjust the clasp, but he nods off to sleep, opening his eyes a few times in half-hearted resistance to the needed rest.

66 POV CHARLIE - THROUGH HEAVY EYELIDS

66

The clasp KNOCKS with the movement of the boat over waves. Then, all goes BLURRY.

67 EXT. THE COCKPIT

67

Ulysses enjoys piloting the craft on the open sea, salt spray wetting his face and beard.

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

68 INT. THE CABIN

68

Charlie sleeping soundly.

SUPERIMPOSE over his sleeping face:

The KNOCKING of the clasp on the life jacket, then

The slow and silent turning of an indented brass handle leading to a storage compartment, then

A NEW ANGLE of the storage door slowly CREAKING open.

Charlie stirs, but does not awaken. All this while, the light KNOCKING continues steadily.

69 NEW ANGLE ON CHARLIE

69

No superimpositions now. He sleeps, but it is a fitful attempt. He smiles in his sleep, ever-so-slightly.

70 BRANDY'S FACE

70

She smiles down on Charlie. This looks like a dream until her hand reaches out for the KNOCKING life jacket clasp. She steadies it, hooks it so it becomes silent.

71 CHARLIE

71

The break in the monotony of the knocking arouses Charlie. He manages to half-open his eyes. He is still asleep.

BRANDY'S VOICE (O.S.)

Hi.

CHARLIE

(eyes closing)

Mmm.

He repositions himself. SOMETHING CROSSES in the foreground as we hear a cabinet SHUT. On that sound, Charlie is startled wide awake.

72 CHARLIE & BRANDY

72

Brandy is helping herself to a box of raisins.

BRANDY

(mouth full, mock-childish)

Are we there yet?

Charlie jumps out of his bunk so fast he hits his head.

Brandy tries not to laugh. She is still wearing her waitress uniform.

CHARLIE

What the hell are you doing here?

BRANDY

(shyly)

I thought I'd come along.

Charlie grabs her by the arm. He is too surprised to know what to say to her next. It becomes evident he is hurting her. He lets go. He is trembling with anger. Brandy doesn't know what to say. Charlie is getting redder and redder. His veins are showing. Brandy starts eating her raisins again.

CHARLIE

Ulysses!

73 EXT. ON DECK - LATER

73

The wind has died down. We alternate on Close Shots of Charlie, looking resentful; Ulysses, looking philosophical; and Brandy, looking hopeful and guilty. No one speaks.

BRANDY

(finally, uncomfortably)

I brought money. I can pay my way.

(CONTINUED)

CHARLIE

The boat sleeps two.

BRANDY

Well, if we're going straight for Scotland, there'll always be somebody in the cockpit. We only need to sleep two.

CHARLIE

(pointing)

See that? It's a self-steering mechanism.

(pause)

Nice try.

Brandy looks to Ulysses for support. He tries to avoid being drawn in. He won't say anything.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

We've got to turn back and drop you off.

BRANDY

I'm not going back there.

(pause)

I came down to tell you last night: the police... they're asking all kinds of questions about you and your...

She isn't sure whether it's good form to say any more than that in front of Ulysses.

CHARLIE

Go on.

BRANDY

The crucifix.

Ulysses smiles. His eyes sparkle.

BRANDY (CONT'D)

What's so funny?

Ulysses isn't sure he should say anything.

CHARLIE

Tell her.

ULYSSES

He don't have the damn thing. Unloaded it on Fred Collins. Now it's his problem.

(CONTINUED)

73 CONTINUED: (2)

73

Brandy smiles at the thought. Ulysses grins back. Brandy looks to Charlie. He isn't smiling. Her smile fades instantly.

CHARLIE

And you're ours.

BRANDY

(angry)

May I talk to you... privately?

CHARLIE

No privacy on this boat.

Brandy and Ulysses exchange awkward glances.

ULYSSES

I'll go fix something to eat.

CHARLIE

Stay here. This affects you, too.

ULYSSES

It's your boat.

CHARLIE

This whole trip was your idea. We don't have enough provisions for three.

ULYSSES

Depends on how much we eat.

BRANDY

I don't eat much... really.

CHARLIE

Well I do.

Brandy glowers at Charlie.

BRANDY

Look, I'm sorry to inconvenience you like this. I thought you might enjoy my company on a trip like this as much as I would enjoy going on one.

CHARLIE

Then why did you stow away?

(CONTINUED)

73 CONTINUED: (3)

73

BRANDY

(angry)

Because I knew you'd act this way.

CHARLIE

Me!? You're the one who snuck on board like some...

(can't think of a word)

You're the one who's jeopardizing this voyage!

BRANDY

(tears forming)

What do you want me to do... swim back?

CHARLIE

Yeah! Why don't you show us the backstroke?

BRANDY

(crying)

If that's what you want...

She starts removing her waitress uniform. Ulysses stops her from getting very far.

BRANDY

(CONT'D)

Let go of me.

ULYSSES

Don't bluff with the ocean.

Brandy, disgruntled, sits. She wipes tears from her cheeks. After a moment, she adjusts her dishevelled uniform, trying to regain some lost dignity.

BRANDY

I wasn't bluffing.

Charlie, too angry to speak, ducks into the cabin.

74 INT. CABIN

74

He angrily crosses the cabin, throws himself down on his bunk. He lies with his arms crossed behind his head, fuming. He thinks awhile, finally allowing a slight smile to cross his face. He closes his eyes. In a moment, he is asleep.

FADE OUT

FADE IN:

75 EXT. THE SLOOP - NIGHT

75

The sloop seems to be travelling on her own, without any human assistance, piloted by the self-steering mechanism, which adjusts the tiller with each shift of the wind to keep her on a steady course.

Lights burn in the cabin, the amber glow accented by the exterior green prow light, the red stern light, and the white running lights on deck. There is an eerie irridescent quality to the scene, as this light mingles with the moon's radiation on the ocean's whitecaps. The size of the waves indicates they are well out at sea, but the ocean is gentle.

76 INT. CABIN

76

Ulysses nibbles gingerly at the rice as he pulls it off the burner. Charlie looks especially hungry as he waits for Ulysses to doctor his concoction with no fewer than a dozen spices. Each spice not only adds new risk to what Charlie's palate might have to experience, but also represents a delay in being served, and Charlie is growing impatient.

Brandy watches, too. She has changed into jeans and a sweatshirt. She manages to hide evidence of her hunger.

CHARLIE

I swear, Ulysses, you dump one more thing on that rice and it's going to eat you.

Ulysses, who has exhausted his supply of condiments, looks for one more. He sees the salt, which he hasn't yet used, and he adds it, looking at Charlie as though taking his dare.

ULYSSES

Come and get it!

He dishes out three plates of the doctored rice. As he starts the third plate, Brandy stops him.

BRANDY

None for me, thanks. I'm not hungry.

CHARLIE

You must be. You haven't eaten in almost two days.

(CONTINUED)

76 CONTINUED:

76

BRANDY

(bluffing)

I told you: I don't eat much.

Charlie takes Brandy's plate and immediately scrapes her portion onto his own plate. She tries not to react, but Ulysses can see her heart sink. Charlie starts eating. He enjoys a few bites before turning to Ulysses.

CHARLIE

I owe you an apology. This isn't bad!

Ulysses starts eating his.

ULYSSES

(quietly)

I think we should all eat.

Charlie stops eating, looks up. Brandy is uncomfortable.

ULYSSES (CONT'D)

There's enough food to go around. It doesn't matter if you're hungry or not. When we reach Corryvreckan, we're going to need our strength, and we're going to need our sleep, and we're not going to want either. *(pause) to think, but either. I'll see.* Something happens. That whirlpool is like a magnet. It draws you in, sucks you down. People are different around there. You may not understand this now, but believe me, the most important thing we can do is get in the habit of keeping our strength. *get*

Ulysses stops, feels self-conscious. Brandy and Charlie are affected by the warning. Charlie quietly scrapes food back onto Brandy's plate, hands it over to her. She quietly begins eating. The way she attacks the food reveals how ravenously hungry she really was. No one is amused, however. All are too uneasy. Nervous looks between them as they eat in silence.

77 EXT. ON DECK - BEFORE DAWN

77

Brandy sits in the cockpit, piloting the sloop as she waits for the sun to rise. She has pulled the hood up on her sweatshirt. She looks tired. A moment later, Charlie quietly climbs out of the cabin, silently joins her at her side.

(CONTINUED)

77 CONTINUED:

77

Charlie watches Brandy work the tiller for awhile. Neither speaks. The sloop sails along at a good clip. The sun starts to peek over the horizon, bringing warm hues to their faces.

BRANDY

I couldn't sleep.

Charlie doesn't say anything. He just nods.

They sail on for awhile. A pilot whale surfaces ahead of the sloop. Charlie stands, pleased at the presence of the escort. Brandy smiles. Another whale becomes apparent. Within moments, Charlie and Brandy find themselves following a school of whales.

CHARLIE

Pilot whales.

Brandy nods. She already knows that. It is not a defiant nod. Charlie settles back down next to Brandy. He puts his arm around her. She stiffens slightly, says nothing. He looks at her, enjoys her pretty sunlit face. He kisses her. She ducks away. She concentrates on the whales.

BRANDY

I love the ocean.

Charlie feels rebuffed (which he is). He waits, then kisses again. She doesn't return the affection, although she wants to.

BRANDY (CONT'D)

I don't want that to be the basis of my being here.

Charlie scowls.

CHARLIE

A kiss?

BRANDY

(self-consciously)

Sex.

CHARLIE

Listen to you.

BRANDY

You've made me feel cheap enough. I don't need to feel worse.

Charlie suddenly realizes how he's hurt her. He attempts to soothe her with another embrace.

(CONTINUED)

77 CONTINUED: (2)

77

BRANDY

(evading him)

Cut it out!

Charlie backs off. He is hurt and angry, not to mention a little sexually frustrated.

CHARLIE

Okay. Okay.

He gets up, walks to the prow of the sloop. He pretends to care about the whales he is watching, but he reveals his real thoughts when he looks back to Brandy in the cockpit. She averts her eyes, continues to sail.

The sun has fully risen now, warmly lighting both the sloop and the school of pilot whales swimming before it.

DISSOLVE TO:

78 THREE WEEKS LATER

78

The ocean is disturbingly still. The sloop sits becalmed, its sails drooping in the sunlight. The boat is drifting.

Ulysses sits cross-legged at the bow. He is shirtless, and his body looks leaner and younger than we might have expected on seeing him earlier. His beard is slightly more scraggly, and his tan is considerably darker. He is sewing a sail-seam.

Charlie has a three-week beard growth. He is also shirtless and in cutoffs. His tan is dark, too. He is scraping and painting the rust off the storm anchor. His mind isn't completely on his work. His eyes keep drifting toward the base of the mast, where Brandy is preoccupied with steel-wooling the mast in preparation for the varnish she is about to apply.

Brandy's tan line shows the most contrast. Her shorts are rolled enticingly high, her blouse rolled just as provocatively high above her flat and tan midriff. Bits of white flesh poke through and around ragged edges of clothing, and it is precisely here that Charlie's mind is focused. He looks upon her with a hunger that is partly resentful. Even Ulysses seems somewhat distracted as Brandy reaches high onto the mast, her stretch rippling certain muscles which both men find inviting.

The heat is broiling, and Brandy's repetitious movements of the steel wool over the mast only serve to heighten the men's lust.

The conversation, however, is strictly business, and, as usual, is dominated by Ulysses in his rapid-fire manner.

(CONTINUED)

ULYSSES

I think we ought to consider using
the engine when we're finished here.

Charlie is about to protest when Ulysses cuts him off.

ULYSSES (CONT'D)

I know. You want to conserve fuel...
so do I. But we're right on schedule
so far, and we'll have time to refuel
before we reach Corryvreckan.

(pause)

Besides, the generator could stand
it if we ran the engine a little more
today.

(looks to top of mast)

We ought to get out of this low
pressure trough as fast as possible,
although by the look of those critters,
I'd say there's no avoiding a storm now.

(pause)

Nice to get a head start.

Charlie hadn't noticed the "critters" Ulysses refers to.
He takes Ulysses' cue and looks to the top of the mast,
where several storm petrels (birds) have landed.

BRANDY

How do they know a storm's coming?

ULYSSES

Easy. The air's too light to support
'em.

Brandy keeps working. The men pepper their talk with repeated
looks to her.

CHARLIE

I'd rather save the fuel till we
need it.

ULYSSES

All I'm saying is it wouldn't hurt
to get a running jump on this weather.

CHARLIE

And all I'm saying is we might need
the fuel to get us out of the real
thing.

ULYSSES

You're the boss.

(CONTINUED)

78 CONTINUED: (2)

78

CHARLIE

(testily)

That's right.

Brandy looks to Charlie, as if to ascertain whether he's merely suffering sexual frustration or if he's got the beginnings of cabin fever. From the look she gets back, she is satisfied that he's not crazy... just on edge. She can't resist smiling at him, an act which nearly sends him into a frenzy, considering his condition.

Charlie and Ulysses exchange uncomfortable glances, as do Brandy and Ulysses. There is clearly unprecedented sexual tension aboard the sloop.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Anybody want a drink?

ULYSSES

I could use a little juice.

BRANDY

I'll get it.

CHARLIE

I'll get it.

(pause)

I mean a real drink.

ULYSSES

(smiling)

Not for me, thanks.

Charlie reaches the door to the cabin, goes below. Brandy looks to Ulysses, then follows Charlie. Ulysses looks after her, then continues with his sewing, feeling the strain of tension aboard.

79 INT. CABIN

79

Charlie digs among supplies, comes up with a bottle of whiskey. Brandy reaches him by the time he has it in his hand.

BRANDY

You're acting like a kid, and
I don't think it's fair.

CHARLIE

You're not fair to me.

(needily)

Look at you.

(CONTINUED)

79 CONTINUED:

79

He breaks the seal on the whiskey bottle. Brandy tries to stop him from drinking it. He pulls away forcefully. He takes a drink from the bottle, eyeing her the whole time. She shakes her head in disapproval.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

I have needs too, you know.

BRANDY

(whispering)

So do I.

(pause, referring to Ulysses)

So does he.

CHARLIE

You'd know if anybody would.

Brandy looks hurt. Charlie takes another sip.

BRANDY

Go ahead. Drink the whole thing.
How many more do you have?

CHARLIE

That's my business.

He drinks again, smirks in defiance.

BRANDY

What a man.

(pause)

I hope you get drunk and drown.

Charlie abruptly reaches for her, pulls her close to him in one powerful yank, buries his lips in hers. She resists for a moment, so he pushes her against a wall, forces his body against hers. She begins to yield. When she does, he backs off.

CHARLIE

See how you like it.

He puts down the bottle, leaves the cabin. Brandy stands in disbelief, her breathing heavy, her lips smarting. She looks to the bottle, picks it up.

CHARLIE (CONT'D, O.S.)

(to Ulysses)

Let's get the storm jib up.

I'll start the engine.

Brandy takes a drink from the bottle as the engine starts.

80 EXT. THE SLOOP

80

The storm jib flies into place and immediately billows under a fresh gust of wind.

The sky is becoming overcast, ominous cloud formations making their way toward the sloop from the horizon.

Ulysses is watching a distant freighter, the smoke from its smokestack rising straight up, another indication of extremely low barometric pressure. He looks concerned.

Charlie climbs from the mast toward the cabin door as Brandy emerges from inside, now dressed in warmer clothing. They pass each other without a word as Charlie disappears into the cabin to change.

Brandy approaches Ulysses. They seem to want to say more to each other, but they both refrain. Ulysses pulls on his T-shirt.

ULYSSES

Getting chilly.

Brandy nods.

A gust of wind blows across the surface of the ocean, rippling the water, promoting whitecaps. A LOW MOAN is heard in the distance.

ULYSSES (CONT'D)

Hear that?

BRANDY

It sounds human.

ULYSSES

That's the sound of a northeaster just before it hits. We'd better get ready. It's going to be a rough ride.

BRANDY

(lightly)

Good practice for the whirlpool?

Ulysses just looks at her silently, a vague fear coming into his eyes. He ducks below, into the cabin. Brandy hugs herself as the wind picks up, feeling the sudden chill of the approaching storm.

81 INT. CABIN

81

Charlie pulls on the last of his foul-weather gear. Ulysses starts changing.

CHARLIE

What do you think? Want to take the helm for awhile?

ULYSSES

Nothing I'd like better.

Ulysses notices the whiskey bottle on the table, ignores it, continues dressing. As he pulls a jersey over his head, Charlie picks up the bottle, packs it away in a storage locker.

CHARLIE

(shouting to deck)

Brandy!?

Brandy ducks her head down and peers into the cabin through a nearby window.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Secure all loose gear on deck.

BRANDY

(through the window)

Okay.

Charlie closes a porthole. Ulysses finishes dressing. He starts out of the cabin.

CHARLIE

(to Ulysses)

Hey.

Ulysses turns. Charlie pulls two life jackets off a shelf, tosses them one at a time to Ulysses. He catches them, carries them with him as he exits to the deck. Left alone, Charlie gets out his charts, plots the sloop's exact location. Another MOAN of DISTANT THUNDER is heard.

82 EXT. THE SLOOP

82

The sky is darker now. Ulysses sits at the helm, exuberant in the gusting wind. Brandy is near him, enjoying the ride as she buckles on her life jacket. Ulysses gestures out to the horizon. Activity looks different there.

ULYSSES

Rain.

(CONTINUED)

82 CONTINUED:

82

Charlie climbs out of the cabin, carrying safety cords with him. He hands them to Ulysses and Brandy. Ulysses fastens his to his belt, then hooks the other ends to through-drilled holes in the cockpit. THUNDER rumbles closer now. Ulysses grins at the sound. Brandy sits back to enjoy the change in the weather. Charlie climbs toward the prow to inspect Brandy's efforts to lash everything down. He finds everything in order, says nothing to her.

The sloop sails beautifully under a stiff wind, heading right into the storm. The seas become higher, the whitecaps more prevalent.

Ulysses, Charlie, and Brandy sit in the cockpit as the prow is drenched by rain seconds before the stern is hit.

When the rain hits them, Ulysses tightens his grip on the tiller.

ULYSSES

Hang on, children! We're going
for a ride!

83 MONTAGE

83

The sloop rides further into the storm, disappearing amidst sheets of rain.

The sails are battered by wind and rain.

Water gushes off the deck, back into the ocean.

Ulysses maneuvers the sloop into a forty-five degree angle approach to the oncoming waves, minimizing the impact of each wave as it crashes upon the deck. The loudness of wind and rain make it difficult to hear speech.

CHARLIE

(shouting to Ulysses)
Let's get inside! I'll rig up
the self-steerer!

ULYSSES

What?!

CHARLIE

(bellowing over the wind)
The self-steerer!

Ulysses understands this time, shakes his head no. He wants to stay out in the elements.

(CONTINUED)

83 CONTINUED:

83

Lightning strikes the deck, galvanizing the faces of Ulysses, Brandy, and Charlie in fear. Charlie attaches a lifeline to his life jacket, makes his way to the bow to assess the damage. Something is smoldering. A huge wave crashes over the prow, drenching the burning wood and nearly washing Charlie off the deck. His body is hurtled back against the sloop's perimeter lifelines. He is hurt. It seems to be his back.

Brandy makes her way forward to help him. Ulysses notices she isn't wearing her safety strap.

ULYSSES

Brandy! Tie yourself down!

She doesn't hear him. Another wave crashes over the boat, this one catching Brandy and propelling her back toward Ulysses, forcing her against a post, cutting her mouth. Blood pours out. Ulysses detaches himself from the safety lines holding him into place, abandons the tiller, reaches Brandy as another wave crashes over them, this one tearing their lifeboat loose. Charlie tries to reach it, but the boat rocks, tipping him back against the lifeline again. He is in pain. He tries again. Meanwhile, Ulysses helps Brandy below.

84 INT. CABIN

84

The boat rocks tumultuously as Ulysses helps Brandy inside, blood still streaming from her mouth. They are both thrown around inside the cabin.

85 EXT. ON DECK

85

Charlie does a makeshift job of lashing down the lifeboat as another wave strikes. He is lost from sight for a moment, so powerful have the seas become. At last he is seen, crawling back alongside the cabin. He makes his way to the cockpit, lowers the sail, allowing the sloop to become a passive recipient of the force of the storm. He locks down the tiller, gets out the storm anchor, and drops it over the side of the boat. Each movement he makes is done in pain. Several times he is thrown about the deck, having to recover before continuing. He finally makes it to the cabin, pulling the hatch over him as he drops inside.

86 INT. CABIN

86

Ulysses has strapped Brandy onto a cot, the pitching of the boat no longer tossing her about the cabin. He has wedged himself close by. He is pouring disinfectant onto a cotton pad, hands it to Brandy, who applies it to her cut mouth. When she sees Charlie, she tries to get up to help him.

ULYSSES

I'll take care of him.

CHARLIE

Stay put, both of you. I'm okay.

The sloop drops between two huge waves, then is pummelled by one of them, water rushing into the cabin from a point near the bow where the lightning hit. Charlie is thrown forward, and Ulysses grabs onto him with both arms.

ULYSSES

Have a seat.

The three sit tightly together as the sloop pitches and rolls in the storm.

87 EXT. THE SLOOP

87

The storm continues relentlessly, thrashing the sloop and drenching her under the dark sky.

LONG DISSOLVE TO:

88 CALM - DAY

88

The sloop drifts slowly on the open sea, its damage visible in the morning sunlight.

After a moment, Ulysses emerges from the cabin. He stands in the cockpit, surveys the damage, climbs to the bow of the sloop, inspects the singed gash left by the lightning. He starts cleaning up.

89 INT. CABIN

89

Charlie lies shirtless on his stomach. He is receiving a thorough back massage from Brandy, whose mouth looks better today. She touches a sensitive spot on his back. He winces.

(CONTINUED)

89 CONTINUED:

89

BRANDY

Does that hurt?

Charlie rolls on his side, looks to Brandy as though she's just asked the stupidest question of the day.

BRANDY (CONT'D)

Stay put.

She massages him back into place, manipulating him until he is once again on his stomach. He turns and faces her again.

CHARLIE

I just wanted to thank you for trying to...

Brandy covers his lips with her hand. He tries to bite her.

BRANDY

Hey!

CHARLIE

... for trying to help me.

(pause)

Even though you blew it.

Brandy smiles shyly. She shrugs.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

C'm'ere.

BRANDY

Why?

Charlie pulls her closer, kisses her gently. She responds with gentleness back. She repositions herself carefully above him.

BRANDY (CONT'D)

(softly)

Am I hurting your back?

CHARLIE

My back doesn't feel a thing.

They embrace more passionately. Charlie starts to undo Brandy's clothing. Reluctantly, she resists him.

BRANDY

(quietly)

He'll hear.

Charlie, although disgruntled, takes it politely.

90 EXT. ON DECK

90

Ulysses works silently at the prow. He seems to have heard the conversation below. He seems a bit sad... in the way. He continues to clean up the damage.

Charlie climbs onto the deck. He and Ulysses lock eyes for a moment, communicating both sympathy and competition. They don't speak. Ulysses returns to his work. Charlie readies the mainsail, and the sloop begins gliding forward.

Brandy emerges in the cabin doorway, leans in its frame. She eyes Charlie with a simmering desire she tries to hide. But he sees it, shares it, and ignores it as he mans the tiller.

91 NEW ANGLE

91

The wind picks up, and the sloop tacks into it, sailing toward the rising sun. A quarter moon can be seen in the daytime sky.

DISSOLVE TO:

92 THE SLOOP - DAYS LATER

92

The sloop sails under a half-moon now. The day is warm and bright, but overcast. A fog bank is building on the horizon.

All damage to the sloop has been repaired. Brandy lolls at the prow of the boat, relaxing in the warmth. Ulysses is at the helm. Charlie sits near him, reading his charts.

CHARLIE

We'll be getting to Scarba in about five nights.

ULYSSES

We should plan to arrive during daylight.

(pause)

I wouldn't get there at night.

Charlie tries to determine whether Ulysses is trying to be ominous, or what. His look cues Ulysses to continue.

ULYSSES (CONT'D)

Scarba's a strange place. You'll like it better in daylight.

CHARLIE

(uneasy laugh)

You trying to spook me, Ulysses?

(CONTINUED)

ULYSSES

Partner, I wouldn't have picked you if I didn't think you could handle anything we run into.

(pause)

But I don't care where you've been or what you've done... Scarba is a weird old place. The locals won't even go near it.

CHARLIE

Why should they? You said there's nothin' on it.

ULYSSES

Nothing anybody wants, that's for sure. It's a ghost island. Pirates' Hell, they call it.

CHARLIE

Nice of you to mention that now.

ULYSSES

We won't be there long. But I'd rather show up during the day, just the same.

CHARLIE

Sometimes I think you have incredible insight... and sometimes I think you're just plain crazy.

ULYSSES

You're not the first, Charlie. But you'll appreciate me a little more when we drop down into the jaws of that whirlpool and you come up with a fistful of gold.

CHARLIE

Ulysses, you're all right.

Charlie shakes his head in amusement. Ulysses smiles back.

Brandy raises her head from her prone position, looks out to the horizon, rolls over onto her back. She does a doubletake, looks back to the horizon.

94 POV **BRANDY** - THE FOG BANK

94

On the horizon, the fog bank is growing thicker, darker. It appears to be moving rapidly toward the sloop. Within the gray-black mist, a sloop appears to be sailing. It looks exactly like Charlie's boat, but there is no color to it. It matches the fog, perhaps because it is sailing in the fog.

95 **BRANDY**

95

She is transfixed. She looks back to Charlie and Ulysses, who are still talking at the tiller. She considers saying something, but she only manages to mumble something as she takes another look.

BRANDY

(under her breath)

Do you see that?

She looks out again.

96 POV **BRANDY** - THE FOG BANK

96

The fog bank is thicker, darker, and closer now. The boat cannot be seen.

97 **BRANDY**

97

She is getting chilly. She puts on Charlie's windbreaker, sits up.

BRANDY

(to the men, louder, unsure)

Did you see that boat?

The men haven't heard her. She looks out to the horizon again.

98 POV **BRANDY** - THE FOG BANK

98

The fog bank approaches with the dimensions and speed of a gaseous tidal wave. Amidst the gray mass, the image of the sloop can again be seen. Now it is whirling, sinking, as though being dragged down into a whirlpool.

BRANDY (O.S.)

Charlie! Ulysses!

99 THE SLOOP - BRANDY CHARLIE ULYSSES

99

BRANDY

(continuing)

That boat's in trouble!

Charlie hurries to the bow.

CHARLIE

What boat?

BRANDY

It's like ours.

She looks back to the horizon, strains her eyes to see.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

That fog bank's been rolling in
now for twenty minutes.

BRANDY

I lost it before, too. Just
keep looking.

Ulysses joins them.

BRANDY (CONT'D)

It was... twisting around...
pretty fast, like it was being
sucked down or something.

ULYSSES

It's nothing.

BRANDY

I saw it! Those people are in
trouble! Are we just going to
sit here and wait for the bodies
to float up... or what?!

CHARLIE

It's fog.

ULYSSES

That happens sometimes.

BRANDY

(to both)

Do something.

CHARLIE

It's a mirage, Brandy.

(CONTINUED)

99 CONTINUED:

99

BRANDY

(angrily)

Then my ass is a mirage.

She makes her way to the tiller. The two men stand at the bow, watching her go.

ULYSSES

(amused)

She's got a point there.

Charlie follows her back.

Brandy takes the tiller.

BRANDY

I don't care what you think...
I'm going to help those people.

Charlie restrains himself, decides to let her take over and act upon her "fantasy". He sits beside her. She changes course.

CHARLIE

What exactly did you see?

BRANDY

I told you. It was just like
ours. It had the same number
on the sail.

CHARLIE

Brandy... no two numbers are
the same.

BRANDY

(after an uneasy pause)

Maybe the number was different.

The conversation stops. The fog bank approaches.

CHARLIE

I'm taking over when we go into
the fog.

Ulysses ducks into the cabin, digs out two jackets, hands one to Charlie and puts the other one on. A moment later, the fog totally enshrouds the sloop. Moisture condenses on the crew's skin. Brandy reluctantly gives the tiller over to Charlie. Visibility is under twenty feet. One can't even see the bow of the sloop.

ULYSSES

I'll stand watch at the bow.

(CONTINUED)

99 CONTINUED: (2)

99

Ulysses disappears into the fog. Brandy clutches Charlie's arm. He encircles her with one arm, holds her closer. He kisses her. She returns the kiss with passion. Their faces glisten with moisture from the fog. They pull apart, both moved by the kiss. There is a slight embarrassment, followed by smiles. They resume their search, looking in vain into the mist, listening with their senses of hearing enhanced by the presence of the thick fog.

Charlie begins to fear collision with an unseen object, so he calls to Ulysses.

CHARLIE

Lower the jib.

ULYSSES

(from the fog)

Will do.

We hear the sounds of the sail coming down. Brandy starts to shiver.

CHARLIE

Why don't you make some hot coffee?

BRANDY

Are you looking for that boat?

CHARLIE

(withholding his opinion)

I'll keep my eyes peeled, okay?

Brandy nods, goes into the cabin. All we can hear is the sound of water lapping at the sides of the sloop, and the sounds of Brandy in the galley. Time passes.

ULYSSES

(from the fog)

Hear that?

Charlie listens. Brandy steps out of the cabin with three cups of steaming hot coffee, the vapors mix with the fog, and water droplets instantly form on the cups. She hands one to Charlie, who signals for her to be quiet as they listen. They HEAR the faint "eek-eek-eek-eek-eek" of SEAGULLS relentlessly staking their claim of something in the distance.

CHARLIE

(to Brandy)

Gulls.

(CONTINUED)

99 CONTINUED: (3)

99

BRANDY

Thank you, Jacques Cousteau.

Charlie shrugs. Brandy makes her way to the bow, disappearing into the fog.

100 THE BOW

100

The jib is tied down now. Ulysses leans forward, straining to hear and see anything ahead of them. Brandy gives him his coffee.

ULYSSES

Thanks.

Brandy kisses his cheek. He smiles to her, touched by the gesture. He sips the coffee. Brandy sips hers. The GULLS are getting louder, their PROTESTATIONS more vehement. Brandy starts back toward the cockpit. When she is just out of sight of Ulysses, and before she is able to see Charlie, Ulysses sees something.

ULYSSES (CONT'D)

(from the fog)

Charlie!

CHARLIE

(from the fog)

What?

Brandy's head looks back and forth as she tries to follow the conversation without seeing her companions.

ULYSSES

We got something here.

Charlie seems to appear from nowhere as he reaches Brandy on his way to the bow. Brandy precedes him, and the three peer out into the fog. There is a vaguely definable shape ahead, the source of the GULLS' NOISE, which is growing louder. It seems to be a small boat or a raft. It is loaded with seagulls. Charlie heads back for the cabin, once again disappearing into the fog. Ulysses and Brandy look ahead. The object they are watching drifts in and out of visibility, never clear enough to give them a good look. Charlie starts the ENGINE. The GULLS continue their steady stream of "eeks".

101 THE STERN

101

Charlie mans the tiller, heads toward the SOUND.

102 INTERCUT BETWEEN SLOOP'S BOW AND BRANDY/ULYSSES' POV

102

The fog is as thick as ever. Brandy and Ulysses strain to make out the object ahead. Now they draw closer. Now it comes into view. It is clearly a small wooden skiff. It is full of seagulls. They are devouring something inside.

An uneasy glance between Brandy and Ulysses.

The object becomes clearer. A gull tries to retreat from the oncoming sloop by pulling its dinner along with it. But the object resists. It is a decayed hand and forearm. The resistance comes at what little remains of the elbow. It was human.

The sloop draws closer. Ulysses and Brandy stare ahead.

More evidence of decayed human flesh. At least four men.

Brandy is nauseated. Ulysses is more accustomed to such sights. A SHOTGUN is fired, startling both the gulls and Charlie's companions. Charlie can now be seen standing behind Brandy, the gun under his arm, pointing into the sky.

The gulls scatter. Bits of human skin and bones are dragged with them. One piece is too heavy, and it drags the gull toward the water with it, then sinks. Three gulls dive for it, and Charlie fires again, this time at the gulls.

The sloop draws up beside the lifeboat. Ulysses uses a gaffing hook to keep the boats in line. Overhead, the gulls circle, squawking their complaint as their feast is examined.

The stench makes it difficult to get too close. Ulysses leans down, nevertheless.

CHARLIE

Don't touch them.

Ulysses doesn't.

ULYSSES

(reading a hat logo)

British Petroleum.

(looks to Charlie and
Brandy)

Oil riggers.

CHARLIE

Are those bullet holes?

(CONTINUED)

102 CONTINUED:

102

He is referring to a spray of holes in one of the skulls.

Ulysses looks to Charlie, nods.

ULYSSES

Looks like.

BRANDY

What happened?

Neither man knows. Neither tries to answer.

ULYSSES

We should give 'em a proper
burial.

CHARLIE

(reluctantly)

All right.

Brandy watches in morbid curiosity as Ulysses fetches a small gasoline container, douses the lifeboat in gas, trying not to get sick in the process. Once the job is done, Ulysses takes the tiller, runs the engine in reverse. The sloop backs away from the lifeboat. The farther away it gets, the braver the seagulls become. They hover closer and closer to their booty, but the first one to dive for the remains finds them soaked in gasoline. The squawking is relentless now.

Charlie loads his shotgun, waits for the sloop to clear the lifeboat. Twenty feet away, he starts losing visibility. Thirty feet away, the boat can't be seen any longer, but Charlie keeps his eyes on the spot. Forty feet away, he FIRES into the fog. He misses. He fires once again, igniting the boat in an explosion of flame and black smoke. The flaming shape drifts away into the fog, the orange glow finally disappearing in the grayness.

ULYSSES

(under his breath)

Bless their souls.

FADE OUT

FADE IN:

103 A THREE-QUARTER MOON - NIGHT

103

The sea shimmers in the moonlight. The sloop makes its way forward. Lights burn inside the cabin. Deck lights are lit. SINGING can be HEARD from inside.

104 INT. CABIN - NIGHT

104

As CAMERA MOVES INTO cabin, we find the three companions singing and drinking from Charlie's liquor bottle, which is now only half full.

ALL THREE
(never quite in unison,
occasionally solo)
Cape Cod boys they have no combs
Heave away, heave away,
They comb their hair with codfish bones
We are bound for Australia.

Heave away, my bully bully boys
Heave away, heave away.
Heave away, my bully bully boys
We are bound for Australia.

Brandy is combing Ulysses beard with a dirty fork. All three are quite drunk and pleasantly high. Sexual tension is letting up a bit in favor of liquored libidos.

ALL THREE (CONT'D)
(off-key, too)
Cape Cod girls they have no sleds...

BRANDY
(giggling)
...beds...

ALL THREE
Heave away, heave away,
They slide down hills on codfish heads...

BRANDY
(lustily)
... heads...

ALL THREE
We are bound for Australia.
Heave away, my bully bully boys...

BRANDY
(interrupting)
You guys got it all wrong.
(pause)
How stupid can you get?

Charlie and Ulysses are enjoying her performance.

ULYSSES
How stupid do you want?

They all find this funnier than we do.

(CONTINUED)

BRANDY

(drunk)

Cape Cod girls they have no beds.

(pause)

Not sleds. Who needs a sled, anyway?

Doesn't even snow on the Cape.

(whining)

And I miss my bed.

(giggling)

It's a posture-peter mattress.

They break up at this. More liquor is poured.

CHARLIE

Posture-pedic.

BRANDY

(looking to Ulysses for approval)

That's your problem.

Ulysses laughs louder than Charlie does. Brandy gives the older man a juicy wet kiss on the lips. He's surprised. He looks to Charlie with a big smile on his face, but Charlie isn't smiling. Brandy takes pity on poor Charlie.

BRANDY (CONT'D)

Aw... want one?

She climbs over to him. Ulysses happily lets her go. She leans up to Charlie, tries to kiss him.

CHARLIE

(drunk)

I wouldn't kiss that mouth...

(to Ulysses)

Who knows where it's been?

Charlie thinks he was funny, but Ulysses doesn't, and Brandy likes it least of all. She SLAPS Charlie in the face. She withdraws from Charlie, staying away from both men. She is hurt.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

(feeling guilty)

I was only kidding.

BRANDY

You're an asshole.

Brandy gets up, leaves the cabin, walking in a state of obvious inebriation. Charlie looks to Ulysses for support, gets none.

(CONTINUED)

104 CONTINUED: (2)

104

ULYSSES
(to Charlie)
She's right, y'know.

Charlie winces at the slur, gets up and follows Brandy outside.

CHARLIE
Brandy? Don't go out there.
You'll fall off.

Ulysses watches Charlie go, shakes his head, picks up the bottle, drinks generously from it.

105 EXT. ON DECK

105

Brandy keeps her balance on the safety rail on the port side of the sloop. Her position looks precarious. Charlie comes out.

CHARLIE
Get off the rail. Come on.

Brandy petulantly refuses without a word.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
Please.
(pause)
I was drunk.
(pause)
I didn't like you kissing him.

BRANDY
Why not?

Charlie is uncomfortable expressing any deeper emotions.

CHARLIE
(painfully)
Because... I like you.
(pause)
Please get off the rail.

Brandy slinks down off the rail, giving not an inch more than is asked of her. Charlie relaxes a bit. He steps closer to her.

BRANDY
Just leave me alone, okay?

CHARLIE
What are you afraid of?

(CONTINUED)

105 CONTINUED:

105

Brandy, still feeling her liquor, suddenly finds Charlie amusing. She laughs a little. He takes advantage of it, moves a little closer. He laughs with her.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

You afraid of me?

BRANDY

(reluctantly)

No.

CHARLIE

(carefully)

Then... let me...

(takes her hand)

... do this.

(pause, smile)

Is that so bad?

BRANDY

I want you. I'm going to go crazy if I can't have you.

CHARLIE

Tonight. When he's asleep. Okay?

Brandy nods.

BRANDY

I hate boats.

CHARLIE

Let's go back in.

The two return to the cabin.

106 INT. CABIN

106

They are greeted by Ulysses, who is finishing the bottle on his own.

ULYSSES

Everything satisfactory?

CHARLIE

Hey, save us some of that.

Charlie grabs the bottle away from Ulysses, offers it to Brandy, who declines. Charlie drinks from it.

ULYSSES

Sorry. Say, how 'bout a story?

(CONTINUED)

106 CONTINUED:

106

Brandy and Charlie settle into a comfortable position, she leaning into his shoulder.

BRANDY

You and your stories.

ULYSSES

(undaunted)

This place we're goin' was once inhabited by a beautiful princess. They're always beautiful in these stories. This character, Prince Breacan... that's where we get the name Corryvreckan... Breacan/Vreckan?

CHARLIE

Anyway...

ULYSSES

He falls in love with her. But like a typical woman, she's no pushover. In my opinion, the woman must've been a masochist. She demands that if any man is to win her hand, not to mention the other delicacies... he has to spend three nights riding out the whirlpool.

Brandy is already beginning to pass out. Charlie is listening.

ULYSSES (CONT'D)

Being a Prince, Breacan has connections to a witch. She tells him how to survive the whirlpool. First night, she instructs him to anchor his boat with a horsehair rope. This he does, and it holds. He makes it home the next morning, dry as a bone. Next night, he's told to anchor his vessel on a sealskin hawser. He finds the sealskin, rigs the hawser, and rides out the night safe and sound. Third and final night, the witch tells him that in order to survive, he must use an anchor line made of virgin's hair. So, for reasons not totally understood by me, the good Prince gets his intended bride's cooperation in the form of a human-hair rope. He rigs it up to his boat, shoves off into the whirlpool, and the damn thing breaks, plunging the poor sucker down into the whirlpool.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

106 CONTINUED: (2)

106

ULYSSES (CONT'D)

Needless to say, wedding arrangements
were called off.

Ulysses laughs with drunken glee. It takes him a moment to
realize he is laughing alone. Brandy and Charlie are asleep.

ULYSSES (CONT'D)

Well... I've always enjoyed that one.

He settles down onto his cot, gets up to turn out the lantern,
settles back down, and closes his eyes.

107 EXT. THE SLOOP

107

The darkened vessel sails on, guided by the self-steering
mechanism.

DISSOLVE TO:

108 SIMILAR SHOT - LATER

108

The water is getting a little choppy. The boat progresses,
the waves lapping more loudly at the sides of the sloop.

109 INT. CABIN

109

Brandy's eyes are open. She has just awakened to find herself
lying with Charlie in the dark. She nuzzles his neck. He
sleeps soundly. She touches him lightly, in an attempt to
stir him. No response. She waits a moment, looks quietly
to Ulysses, sees him sleeping soundly, whispers to Charlie.

BRANDY

(whispering)

Hey... Charlie...

She shakes him.

CHARLIE

(asleep)

Mmm.

BRANDY

Come on.

But Charlie sleeps on. Brandy shakes him. His eyes open.
Then shut. She shakes him again, lightly slaps his face.
She is too needy to let him off this easy. His eyes open
again. Now he is awake.

(CONTINUED)

109 CONTINUED:

109

BRANDY (CONT'D)

(whispering)

Are you in on this, or what?

Charlie immediately realizes what she's proposing. He gets up a little too quickly.

BRANDY (CONT'D)

Shh.

The two make their way in the darkness to the deck.

110 EXT. DECK

110

Charlie is just waking up as Brandy seems to be calling the shots. She positions herself on Charlie's lap, and she holds him with both arms around him. We see them only from the waist up. He is now comprehending where he is and what he's doing. We hear the o.s. sound of zippers, then we see Brandy raise herself up a bit, then lower herself down again, slowly, carefully. Ecstasy appears on her face. Charlie is doing all right himself. They kiss, remaining interlocked for an extended moment. Brandy starts moving a little more than Charlie wants her to. He starts to take control of the moment.

CHARLIE

Stay still.

Brandy gives him a questioning look.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Let the waves do it.

Brandy gives an appreciatively outraged expression. They simply sit there, not moving, not speaking. The boat moves slowly, and we HEAR the LAPPING of the WAVES. An occasional MOAN breaks their silence.

111 INT. CABIN

111

Ulysses lies on his cot, listening, blinking, pain in his eyes. Sadness. There may be subtle human sounds from outside.

FADE OUT

112 EXT. THE SLOOP

112

Dawn. Ulysses shakes the two lovers awake. They are in an embrace, but decently covered. They are embarrassed to be found this way.

ULYSSES

Get up.

(pause)

I want you to see something.

Brandy and Charlie rise, look off to starboard.

113 THEIR POV - AN ABANDONED OIL RIG

113

The fog has lifted, but there is a hazy grayness to the scene. The rig appears uninviting, ominous, in the gray light of early morning. Windows are broken. A rusted chain extends from one of the rig's cranes down into the sea below, washing and rattling with the waves. There are no signs of life, except for the seagulls perched on the highest extremities of the structure.

114 THE SLOOP

114

ULYSSES

(continuing)

British Petroleum.

CHARLIE

Let's check it out.

Brandy isn't sure she likes that idea. Ulysses clearly does. Charlie ducks into the cabin for his shotgun.

ULYSSES (CONT'D)

(to Brandy)

Sleep okay?

Brandy doesn't answer. Charlie returns to the deck with his shotgun. Ulysses starts the engine, and the sailboat glides under the rig. The closer they get, the eerier the structure appears. Ulysses spots something in the water.

ULYSSES (CONT'D)

Look at that...

A steady circular current flows in a small circle in the water under the largest of the drill housings.

CHARLIE

Previews of coming attractions?

(CONTINUED)

ULYSSES

It's a whirlpool, all right.
Not much of one. But still...

BRANDY

They must have hit something.

ULYSSES

Poked a hole in the ocean floor,
looks like. Didn't get oil.

The water continues to swirl at a steady pace. The sloop gets caught in it, but it isn't very strong, and one surge of the engine gets them out of it. The three crew members are so distracted by the need to anchor safely away from the small maelstrom that they don't notice the brief appearance of a creature in one of the broken windows of the rig. It has a human skeletal appearance, with wisps of hair on the head and large, rather mad eyes. It ducks away as quickly as it appeared, its appearance so brief we should not be sure that we saw it.

CHARLIE

(to Brandy)

You stay here.

BRANDY

I'm not staying here alone.

Charlie doesn't even bother to argue. He gives her a knife.

CHARLIE

(irritated)

Then bring this with you.

She takes the knife. They start to climb up a rusty ladder. Charlie takes the lead, shotgun in hand. He reaches the top third of the ladder when a rung gives way. He falls, dropping his shotgun, barely able to cling to a rung below, cutting his hand. The three watch the shotgun sink into the ocean. They are helpless. Charlie looks to Ulysses.

ULYSSES

Booby traps?

BRANDY

I don't think we really need to
look around.

CHARLIE

Something happened here. We might
as well find out what it is.

(CONTINUED)

114 CONTINUED: (2)

114

BRANDY

Why? Who cares? What ever happened already happened.

ULYSSES

Aren't you curious?

BRANDY

No. I'm staying here.

CHARLIE

(testily)

That's what I told you in the first place.

BRANDY

Don't snap at me. I didn't lose the goddamn gun.

The two exchange dirty looks. Charlie continues to climb. Ulysses looks back to Brandy, who takes a seat on the deck. Ulysses follows Charlie up the ladder.

115 POV MADMAN

115

Brandy sitting alone on the deck.

116 INT. OIL RIG

116

We get a better glimpse of the MADMAN. It is still brief, but we can ascertain that he is skeleton thin with crazed eyes. He looks more frightening because he also looks frightened... like a caged animal. He has been watching Brandy. He has a strand of piano wire, which he draws taut between both bony hands. He leaves the window.

117 TRACKING SHOT - INSIDE OIL RIG

117

Charlie and Ulysses reach the main deck of the oil rig. CAMERA FOLLOWS them both until they reach two separate doorways. The interior of the structure lies in ruins. Evidence of violent activity, blood spatters on the walls, bullet holes sprayed into furniture and walls, all add tension to the already eerie atmosphere. Charlie and Ulysses separate at the two doorways. CAMERA FOLLOWS Charlie.

He walks up an iron stairway, reaches another door. He carefully opens it. We are STARTLED by the SCREECH of a SEAGULL, which FLIES INTO CAMERA before darting away through a broken skylight. (The screech should be deafening.) It echoes through the rig. Charlie is pale from the scare.

118 ADJACENT STAIRWAY - ULYSSES

118

He hurries back up his stairway in response to the screech.

ULYSSES

You okay?

No response from Charlie. Ulysses becomes more cautious, re-enters the larger room (where the two had last been together) and exits following Charlie's path. He climbs the stairway taken by Charlie.

119 EXT. THE SLOOP

119

Brandy has heard the echoing sounds. She is standing now. She fingers her knife unconsciously. A FIGURE (the MADMAN) DARTS across an open expanse. She catches only a peripheral glimpse of it. It is closer to the sloop.

120 INT. OIL RIG

120

Ulysses enters the room previously encountered by Charlie, the door now left open. CAMERA FOLLOWS him in. It is empty, but there is another room beyond this one. The door is open.

ULYSSES

Charlie?

After a pause, he continues toward the open door. CAMERA FOLLOWS him in, REVEALING CHARLIE bent over a makeshift campfire set-up. Charlie looks sickened at what he sees. Ulysses approaches for a better look. Feathers are strewn around the area. Charlie examines the remains of something.

CHARLIE

Somebody's hungry.

(pause)

This seagull isn't even stiff.

Ulysses pokes in the ashes.

ULYSSES

(sickened)

Ohhhh.

He looks to Charlie in disbelief. Charlie takes a look at what he's found. Neither wants to confirm.

CHARLIE

Human?

ULYSSES

Fingers.

- 121 EXT. POV MADMAN - THE SLOOP 121
Brandy is more alert now. She is scanning the rig. Her eyes
fix on CAMERA (MADMAN).
- 122 POV BRANDY - THE OIL RIG 122
The skeletal creature ducks into a shadow. He is close to
the ladder.
- 123 THE SLOOP 123
Brandy is scared.
Charlie! Ulysses!
BRANDY
She runs for the cabin.
- 124 LADDER ON RIG 124
The Madman reaches the top rung. Starts climbing down.
- 125 THE CABIN - BRANDY 125
She reaches a portable fog horn (pressurized air powered).
She releases it, SOUNDING the HORN. She sees the Madman
heading for the sloop.
- 126 INT. OIL RIG 126
Charlie and Ulysses drop the bones, hurry back, taking the
path they used to get there. Charlie is ahead of Ulysses.
They round a corner on the steel staircase, and a railing
gives out under Ulysses. He topples down the next half-
flight of stairs. He seems hurt. Charlie hesitates.
ULYSSES
Leave me!
Charlie does, proceeding toward the sloop.
- 127 THE SLOOP 127
Brandy is paying out the anchor hawser, allowing the sloop
to drift farther away from the rig. The Madman is at the
bottom of the ladder, but he has too far to go to get to
the sloop. He starts pulling up the slack Brandy is paying
out, neutralizing her efforts. Their eyes meet, and he smiles
an eerie, hollow smile.

(CONTINUED)

MADMAN

Hi.

Brandy keeps paying out the line. When she sees what he is doing, she starts hacking at the line with her knife. It doesn't cut easily. Meanwhile, the Madman is making progress taking up the hawser's slack. Now his tugs bring the sloop closer to him. Brandy has not yet cut through the rope. Charlie reaches the hatchway to the ladder just as the Madman jumps to the sloop. The rope gives way, freeing the vessel to drift. Charlie makes it down the ladder to find himself barely within reach of the sloop. Brandy is backing away from the intruder, knife still in hand. Madman tightens his garrote.

BRANDY

Get away!

Madman looks over his shoulder to see Charlie standing ready to jump.

MADMAN

(to Charlie)

Hi.

CHARLIE

We're here to help you.

The Madman doesn't believe Charlie. He just laughs insanely. He shakes his head.

MADMAN

Bye.

He turns to Brandy, raises his eyebrows, starts toward her. She brandishes her little knife in as threatening a manner as she can. It doesn't bother the Madman.

Charlie is about to jump when he sees a shark in the water.

BRANDY

We have food.

He simply looks at her the way some would eye a tenderloin. He nods in agreement with her.

Ulysses reaches a window overlooking the scene. He sees the shark, sees Charlie's predicament. The sloop is drifting farther away. The current is drawing it closer to the small whirlpool. Ulysses ducks out of the window.

128 THE SLOOP

128

The Madman corners Brandy in the cockpit.

MADMAN

Hi.

BRANDY

(trying anything)

Hi. You look hungry. Want some food? You like soup? I've got some.

129 INT. OIL RIG

129

Ulysses reaches the campfire area, scrounges for finger bones, notices a larger bone in the corner. This leads him to a closet. He quickly peers in, nearly faints.

130 POV ULYSSES - THE CLOSET

130

Human carcasses. The big pieces. Bad flesh still on some.

131 EXT. BASE OF RIG AND SLOOP

131

CHARLIE

(to Madman)

Leave her alone!

Madman closes in on Brandy. He is bony, but strong. She jabs at him with the knife, and he catches her wrist in his garrote, twisting it around, cutting her, causing her to drop the knife. She kicks him in the stomach, hurtling him back, whipping the wire around her wrist, cutting it more deeply, but freeing her. She runs toward the bow.

132 NEW ANGLE - THE RIG

132

Ulysses, nearly gagging from the stench, dumps rotting human limbs off a far corner of the oil rig. They splash into the ocean, attracting Charlie's attention as well as that of several sharks. The predators move swiftly to the food.

133 BASE OF RIG

133

Charlie takes his only chance and dives for the sloop, swims to it.

134 THE SLOOP

134

Madman recovers from the kick, picks up Brandy's knife. She climbs the mast. He heads for it.

135 BOW OF SLOOP

135

Charlie reaches the cut rope hanging from the bow.

136 THE SHARKS

136

One of the sharks seems to lose interest, since the food has been exhausted. He circles wide, possibly taking in Charlie, when another load of flesh is dropped. The shark is once again diverted from Charlie.

137 THE SLOOP

137

The Madman sits at the base of the mast. Brandy sits high on the mast. He starts hacking away at the wood at the base of the mast, a tedious process with such a small knife. A moment later, an anchor hawser is slipped around his neck. Charlie comes up behind him, dripping wet, and puts him in a stranglehold with the rope. The Madman puts up a fight, prompting Charlie to apply pressure to the man's arm. His brittle bone breaks, snapping loudly, astonishing Charlie, vanquishing the man.

138 THE OIL RIG

138

Ulysses looks out on the scene, satisfied that the threat has been subdued. He takes the opportunity to do what he has postponed until now. He gets sick.

139 EXT. THE SLOOP - NIGHT

139

It is under sail, Brandy at the helm under a nearly full moon (three days to go). Lights burn in the cabin and on the deck. Brandy regards the proceedings inside as unsavory.

140 INT. THE CABIN

140

The Madman is tied to a bunk. He has a splint on the arm Charlie broke. He eats soup with his free arm. Ulysses and Charlie look on him with fascination.

ULYSSES

Don't eat too fast now, you'll
bust an intestine.

(CONTINUED)

140 CONTINUED:

140

The Madman is in ecstasy at the taste of conventional food.

MADMAN

Ain't had soup like this for months.

CHARLIE

Who are you?

MADMAN

(hereafter known as:)

Carroll Hollins.

(pause)

You c'n call me Holly.

ULYSSES

We want to know more than your name.

HOLLINS

I beat 'em all. Never thought it'd be me at the end.

CHARLIE

You work for British Petroleum?

HOLLINS

Hah hah hah hah! Me? Hah hah hah! No.

(pause, slurp)

Them blokes quit this rig six months ago. Drilled through the earth's crust, they did. Been leakin' down there ever since.

ULYSSES

(to Charlie)

I knew it.

HOLLINS

Company sent out scientists. Gov'ment sent out Lords and such. Nobody c'd figure it out, so they quit the site.

(pause)

That's when we come in.

CHARLIE

Who's "we"?

HOLLINS

Ten other gen'l'men and myself. We took over the rig. Made it look active. (MORE)

(CONTINUED)

HOLLINS (CONT'D)

We was going to hail a passing
freighter with a distress signal,
then hi-jack 'er.

ULYSSES

(delighted)

Pirates, then?

HOLLINS

Just eleven men tryin' to make ends
meet was how we saw it.

(self-conscious pause)

But then the damn thing exploded.
Right out of that hole in the sea,
like the Devil himself was behind
it. Three men died on the spot.
The rest panicked. There was a
struggle for the one boat not blown
to bits by the gusher.

(growing disturbed)

Then the shooting started.

He stops eating. He can't talk. He is just realizing all
that has passed. Ulysses is mesmerized. Charlie is cynical.

CHARLIE

And you had the gun.

HOLLINS

No, sir. I made it on my wits
alone, sir.

(pause, referring to Brandy)
I hope her hand mends all right.

ULYSSES

So your food and water ran out...

HOLLINS

(grimly)

That's it in a nutshell.

ULYSSES

And all you had was each other.

Hollins nods. Tears come to his eyes.

HOLLINS

It wasn't murder. I only killed
when attacked, y'see?

ULYSSES

What's it taste like?

(CONTINUED)

140 CONTINUED: (3)

140

Charlie is offended by the question.

HOLLINS

Rather like poultry, sir. Better,
sweeter.

Charlie's anger overcomes him. He attacks Hollins, knocking the soup bowl to the floor, wounding him with a few punches before Ulysses can subdue him. Brandy hurries in from the cockpit to see the disturbance quelled.

HOLLINS (CONT'D)

It's nothing I'm proud of, sir.
But you'd do the same thing if
you were in my shoes. I'm sure
of it. A man will do what he has
to do... and that's the God's-honest
truth.

Ulysses releases Charlie.

HOLLINS (CONT'D)

You going to turn me in?

CHARLIE

Of course we're going to turn you
in. You're a murderer.

Ulysses looks to Charlie with a clear signal of disagreement.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

(to Ulysses)

He ate people! I say we turn him
over to the police when we reach
Scarba.

The name "Scarba" frightens Hollins more than we have seen him frightened. Ulysses notices, hopes Hollins won't say anything.

HOLLINS

Not Scarba. You're not going to
Scarba...? There's nothing on
Scarba.

(to Ulysses)

Where do you go next?

ULYSSES

We're going to the Corryvreckan.

HOLLINS

(outraged)

But why!!!?

(CONTINUED)

140 CONTINUED:

140

CHARLIE
That's our business.

HOLLINS
Are you people mad?!

BRANDY
Who do you think you are?

HOLLINS
(to Ulysses)
Do you know this place?

Ulysses grimly nods. Charlie and Brandy don't like the way the conversation is going.

CHARLIE
What's he talking about?

ULYSSES
I told you... it's kind of a weird place. The locals aren't too fond of it.
(pause)
That's good for us, though.

HOLLINS
You'll all die.

CHARLIE
You shut your mouth.

The discussion has put a pall over the group.

FADE OUT

FADE IN:

141 EXTREME TELEPHOTO - HORIZON LOOKING EAST - DAYBREAK

141

Moonlight still lingers as an orange hue slowly blossoms at the rippling edge of the sea. There is a break in the linear quality of the horizon, falling right at the center. It is too dark, at first, to determine the cause of this, but as the sun rises, the interruption can be seen to be breakers, the whitecaps barely visible between the dark sea and the blue-orange sky. There is another mass above them... the cause of the breakers. As the sun climbs higher, we can perceive land. A jagged, dark, ominous mass. The sun has lightened the sky, but the orange ball itself has been obscured by the island. Now it crests the highest peak of the land mass: Scarba. The sloop glides into the foreground, making its way toward the land.

142 EXT. SLOOP DECK

142

CLOSE on Brandy. She lies wrapped in a sleeping bag, the morning sun warming her face as she sleeps. We HEAR her BREATHING, slow, peaceful, deep sleep.

143 CLOSE ON CHARLIE

143

He lies sleeping at the doorway to the cabin. We HEAR his STEADY BREATHING. There is a slight snore.

144 INT. CABIN - CLOSE ON ULYSSES

144

His chest rises and falls as he sleeps. We HEAR his BREATHING. There is a rasp to it, but it is strong.

145 CLOSE ON HOLLINS

145

He lies peacefully, eyes closed, on a cot. He is still tied down. There is no breathing. He is absolutely still. The sunlight filters through a porthole, accenting his lifeless form.

146 EXT. ON DECK

146

Charlie awakens. He looks to Brandy, rolls on his side, faces her more directly, and watches her sleep. She looks pretty in the morning sun. He likes the way her lips are parted as she sleeps. Even without the bandage on her wrist, she would look vulnerable. He smiles to himself. It is a peaceful moment. From inside, Ulysses breaks it.

ULYSSES (O.S.)

Charlie...?

Charlie turns, leans into the cabin. Brandy stirs.

ULYSSES (CONT'D, O.S.)

Give me a hand.

Charlie ducks into the cabin. Brandy gets up. She sees the land.

BRANDY

(excited)

Hey...!

She follows Charlie into the cabin with the news.

147 INT. CABIN

147

BRANDY
(ducking in)
I see land!

The news is less stirring under the circumstances. Ulysses and Charlie are covering Hollins' body with a burlap sack. Brandy starts at the sight.

ULYSSES
Bastard died in his sleep.

BRANDY
After all that...

CHARLIE
We should be so lucky.

They finish covering the body.

148 EXT. THE SLOOP

148

The body bag SPLASHES into the sea and sinks rapidly. The three crew members watch it go.

ULYSSES
Forgive us our trespasses as we
forgive those who trespass against
us. Ay-men.

BRANDY
(self-consciously)
Amen.

Charlie is uncomfortable with the liturgy.

CHARLIE
Anybody hungry?

Brandy and Ulysses each give Charlie a reproving glance.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
(after a pause)
Well, I am.

He heads for the cabin. They silently follow him.

ULYSSES
(to Brandy)
Tomorrow you'll see Corryvreckan.

She squeezes Ulysses' arm, feeling both very solemn and very happy for what this means to him.

FADE OUT

FADE IN:

149 SCARBA'S WATERS

149

The sloop makes its way toward a narrow strait, which lies in the shadow of the imposing land formation. The high craggy cliffs are uninviting. The sun is frequently lost behind a bluff as the boat sails along. The current is growing stronger.

Charlie lowers the jib. Brandy mans the tiller. The engine is running. Ulysses is checking a regulator. He sits amidst an array of scuba equipment. His energy level has never been higher. He is whistling "Cape Cod Boys". His euphoria far surpasses that of Brandy and Charlie.

Charlie finishes with the sail, heads back toward the cockpit. Brandy has been scanning both the water and the cliffs as they proceed forward. She has seen something.

BRANDY

(to Charlie)

We're being watched.

She indicates a spot on the cliff. Charlie looks up.

150 POV CHARLIE - MOVING SHOT FROM SLOOP

150

A pack of wild dogs follows the path of the sloop. Some disappear beyond the edge of the bluff, but then others pick up the watch at a different level, some walking along ledges. They look dangerous and extremely hostile.

151 THE SLOOP

151

BRANDY

They've been with us a while.

ULYSSES

(overhearing her, gleeful)

Scarba Chamber of Commerce. They won't hurt us.

CHARLIE

They don't look like they won't hurt us. They look hungry.

ULYSSES

Oh, they're hungry all right. I've seen 'em devour a wild boar in six minutes. But they won't come in the water, and we won't go on their property, so... except for a little howlin' at night, we c'n forget about them.

(CONTINUED)

151 CONTINUED:

151

Ulysses finishes with the regulator. He picks up a speargun.

ULYSSES (CONT'D)

If you get in a jam, use one of these. Just don't stick around long. They travel in packs.

The three look up to the cliffside.

152 SCARBA CLIFFSIDE - THE WILD DOGS

152

They watch hungrily as the sloop continues toward the fork.. One dog angrily snaps at another too close on its tail.

153 THE SLOOP

153

It approaches the fork. A ROAR OF WATER is HEARD in the distance. It brings new life to Ulysses' already heightened state of mind. He stands, goes to the prow of the sloop, points.

ULYSSES

(to Brandy and Charlie)

This way!

(to the whirlpool)

I'm back, you bastard! Ha ha!!

Brandy adjusts the tiller to follow Ulysses' directions as Charlie joins his partner, looking ahead with enthusiasm.

ULYSSES

Cut the engine. We'll drift to that far bank and come up on her backside! No dogs there... hurts their sensitive ears! Ha ha!

(pause)

Ah, children...! You're about to see the gateway to Heaven and Hell!

(to the whirlpool)

I told you I'd be back! And I'm ready for you!

He grins broadly to Charlie and Brandy, who smile back politely, a little subdued and more than a little nervous.

154 HIGH ANGLE ON ANCHORED SLOOP - A SHORT WHILE LATER

154

From a steep angle high on the "safe" bank, we see the sloop anchored. The lifeboat rests on the shore below. INTO CAMERA walk Ulysses, Brandy, and Charlie. They near the end of a considerable climb. They are winded. Ulysses is euphoric.

(CONTINUED)

↓ START CHANGES AROUND HERE

101.

154 CONTINUED:

154

The ROAR of the WHIRLPOOL BELOW is DEAFENING. Ulysses reaches a promontory, looks down, falls forward to hug the cliff as he gazes out at the sight below. CAMERA REMAINS with Charlie and Brandy, FOLLOWS them to Ulysses' side, REVEALS CORRYVRECKAN BELOW.

155 POV FROM CLIFF TOP - THE WHIRLPOOL

155

It is the most turbulent, powerful, and intimidating body of water ever beheld by man.

There is a sheer drop of over one hundred feet from the cliff Ulysses clings to.

156 CLIFF TOP - THE THREE

156

The view is dizzying for Brandy and Charlie, but they are no more capable of drawing away from the sight than is Ulysses.

ULYSSES

(to the whirlpool)

I'll have you yet, you beautiful creature!

BRANDY

(to Ulysses)

We're going down into that?

ULYSSES

(enthusiastically)

It's not so bad once you're in.

The water crashes off the rocky banks below with hurricane force.

157 THE SLOOP - NIGHT

157

The ROAR of the WHIRLPOOL continues in the background, joined from time to time by the HOWLING of the dogs. Ulysses is not there. Brandy and Charlie sit under a full moon and a starry sky.

BRANDY

Maybe we should bring him some food.

CHARLIE

He'll be back.

(pause)

Do you realize this is the first time we've been alone since Provincetown?

(CONTINUED)

157 CONTINUED:

157

Brandy likes the implication of his remark, relaxes into his arms. They kiss.

BRANDY

Sometimes... when Ulysses gets acting crazy... or when things go crazy, like at the oil rig... I feel like I'm in somebody else's dream, y'know? And like it's turning into their nightmare, and somehow I got stuck in it.

Charlie kisses her again.

BRANDY (CONT'D)

Then again, it beats bartending.

CHARLIE

You must have your own dream..

BRANDY

Let's go find Ulysses.

She starts to move away: Charlie keeps her in place.

CHARLIE

Do you?

BRANDY

(after hesitation)

No.

(pause)

Just to get out of here alive and eat hamburger again. Heh.

(self-consciously)

Simple stuff. Nothing like you and Ulysses.

CHARLIE

Have you ever been in love?

BRANDY

Really, I don't like talking this way. I'm sorry.

CHARLIE

Why not?

BRANDY

Please don't.

CHARLIE

Just answer my question. Yes or no?

(CONTINUED)

157 CONTINUED: (2)

157

BRANDY

Dammit.

She breaks away from Charlie, starts to get off the sloop. A HOWLING DOG makes her reconsider. She sits on the rail of the sloop.

CHARLIE

Just somebody else's nightmare
howling at the moon.

Neither says anything for a moment. The DOG continues.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

(giving up)

Forget I said anything, okay?

He starts for the cabin.

BRANDY

I want to answer you.

He stops, faces her without approaching. She hesitates a bit, then slides off the rail, walks to Charlie. She takes his hands.

BRANDY (CONT'D)

I'm afraid... I'm afraid you
won't understand.

CHARLIE

Try me. I can be very understanding.

She smiles at his nervousness.

BRANDY (CONT'D)

I want this to stay between us.
No one else.

CHARLIE

Who'm I going to tell? Ulysses?
Heh.

BRANDY

I was once in love with Ulysses.

CHARLIE

(not comprehending)

Heh.

It takes him a moment to realize that Brandy is serious. He grows confused. He thinks she's teasing him. She isn't.

(CONTINUED)

CHARLIE

Are you serious?

Tears come to Brandy's eyes. She ignores them. He notices them, tries to brush them away. She ducks back, not wanting him to touch her. She tries to laugh off her evasiveness, but nothing seems funny to either of them at the moment.

BRANDY

Do you know he's no older than we are?

(pause)

I knew him from Gloucester. We grew up there. He always thought I was cute. Called me his mermaid because I spent all my time at the pier.

CHARLIE

Is this for real?

BRANDY

Let me finish.

(pause)

I was in love with him when he left for England last time. About twelve years ago. He ended up here. The whirlpool changed him. He used to go off to sea for months at a time, and whenever he came back, he'd stay with me. He used to bring me things.

CHARLIE

He brought you a mermaid, didn't he?

BRANDY

(nods)

After Corryvreckan, he never went anywhere. He said there wasn't anything left to see. He was too afraid to go back... he just drank. Too much.

(pause)

I followed him to the Cape. It took me a long time to realize he'd never love anybody after what he'd been through.

CHARLIE

So did he tell you the night we were leaving?

Brandy nods. Charlie has to sit down.

(CONTINUED)

157 CONTINUED: (4)

157

BRANDY

He wanted me to see what happened to him. He wanted me to know why things worked out the way they did.

CHARLIE

(a little jealous)

So you followed your true love to the ends of the earth... in my boat.

BRANDY

Yes.

CHARLIE

How touching.

He is crushed. He gets up, heads for the cabin. She tries to take his arm, but he resists.

BRANDY

Charlie...?

He looks to her with hurt in his eyes.

BRANDY (CONT'D)

You're the one I was following.

He wasn't expecting this. He is too surprised to respond with more than a little laugh under his breath.

The look on Brandy's face shows her to be telling the truth.

Charlie's look back indicates he believes her, or wants to.

FADE OUT

FADE IN:

158 EXT. THE PRECIPICE OVERLOOKING CORRYVRECKAN - DAY

158

The full moon slices into a section of the rising sun... the first stages of the solar eclipse. The light changes on the rock face overlooking the whirlpool. There, Charlie, Brandy, and Ulysses prepare their diving gear. Each has a mask, a tank, a speargun, and a wetsuit. Ulysses has a bright spotlight designed for underwater use. Ropes extend down the face of the cliff and into the water, well below their position midway down the wall.

(CONTINUED)

ULYSSES

Time to move. Remember, getting in is easy. Just go with it and stay clear of that cliff wall. Let it suck you down to the calm water.

(points to ropes below)

That's north. I'll go first. When I get down there, I'll spike this light...

(indicates the spotlight)

... into the north face. If you lose your bearings, look for the light.

Ulysses looks to the progressing eclipse, then at his watch.

ULYSSES (CONT'D)

There'll be plenty of sunlight down there because of the shape of the funnel. At total eclipse, we'll lose the sunlight, but the water will subside enough for us to make it to the spotlight. Follow that up and you'll have the ropes there.

Brandy and Charlie look with him to the hanging safety ropes below.

ULYSSES (CONT'D)

And no matter what you've got a hold of... when we lose the sunlight, bring it with you, or drop it... but head out. Don't get greedy.

BRANDY :

We've got this memorized, Ulysses. We'll be okay.

CHARLIE

(to Ulysses).

Hey. Just 'cause you're first... don't hog all the big pieces.

ULYSSES

(grinning)

Maybe I'll see ya down there. \

He puts on his mask, gathers his courage, then kicks off the face of the cliff, belays to a point just above the churning water.

159 WATER LEVEL - ULYSSES

159

He turns on his regulator, looks to the partially eclipsed sun, overcomes a last-minute surge of fear, and plunges into the foamy water.

160 UNDER THE WATER

160

Ulysses is pulled with incredible force into the center of the vortex. Sunlight bursts through foam and bubbles as he travels in his rapid, swirling descent. His face is contorted from the force of the water.

161 POV ABOVE BRANDY AND CHARLIE

161

Ulysses' dark, wetsuited figure can be seen completing a revolution within the maelstrom before sinking out of sight. Brandy looks to Charlie in awe and trepidation.

CHARLIE

Can you swim?

Brandy makes a face, then belays down the cliff, stopping above the water level. The ROAR is tremendous.

162 WATER LEVEL - BRANDY

162

She looks afraid. The water is much more threatening here. She looks up to Charlie.

163 POV BRANDY - CHARLIE

163

He pushes off the cliff, belays down TOWARD CAMERA, stopping beside Brandy. He looks exhilarated.

164 UNDER THE WATER

164

A myriad of colored light swirls Ulysses deeper into the maelstrom. He seems to be in the strange and bubbly atmosphere of a distant planet. He is euphoric.

165 WATER LEVEL - BRANDY AND CHARLIE

165

They await the spotlight's illumination below. The eclipse is progressing gradually.

(CONTINUED)

165 CONTINUED:

165

BRANDY

Do you think he's all right?

CHARLIE

Let's wait.

BRANDY

We should be seeing the light
by now.

CHARLIE

(unconvinced of his own
explanation)

Maybe he dropped it.

They wait, anxiety building. Meanwhile, Corryvreckan ROARS.

166 HIGH ON A NEARBY CLIFF

166

A wild dog looks down on the people, illuminated by the
eerie sunlight of the impending eclipse.

167 WATER LEVEL - BRANDY AND CHARLIE

167

CHARLIE

Maybe I'd better go down.

BRANDY

Let me.

They are at a momentary impasse when the spotlight SHINES
below the water. Brandy gives Charlie a hug. She turns on
her regulator, releases herself into the whirlpool.

168 UNDER THE WATER - BRANDY

168

Brandy rolls uncontrollably in the foaming, churning water.
Her mask is ripped loose, nearly getting away. But she
hangs on as she plummets amidst sunlit swirls of water.
We don't know whether or not she is all right.

169 WATER LEVEL - CHARLIE

169

He plunges into the Corryvreckan, issuing a shout before
stuffing the breathing apparatus into his mouth.

CHARLIE

Yahoo!

170 UNDER THE WATER - CHARLIE

170

He falls in an embryonic forward roll. The NOISE and color and light combine with relative weightlessness and the force of the whirlpool to create an atmosphere unlike any ever encountered. More active and more colorful than outer space.

171 BELOW THE MAELSTROM - BRANDY

171

Brandy readjusts her face mask. She floats in relatively calm water just below the huge and powerful jets of turbulence which moves above her. SOUND is subdued. The loud roar heard from above is now only a dull but steady presence. Brandy looks up to the maelstrom to see Charlie shoot out of the danger zone. He continues his roll, unbending as he seems to fly through the colorfully lit water.

Brandy swims toward him, but his trajectory carries him increasingly out of reach. Nevertheless, she follows him down.

172 ELSEWHERE - ULYSSES

172

It is darker here, but still bright enough to see. The colors are deeper. There is vegetation. Strange, hostile-looking. Colorful strangely iridescent fish dart in and out among the plants. Ulysses has his speargun ready. He dives to the bottom. He finds something. Old and wooden. It comes apart in his hands. It seems to be the gunwail of an old frigate. He finds that much of it is buried in silt. He follows it beyond a rock ledge. Before continuing on, he checks his bearings, looks to the spotlight high above him in the distance. He then proceeds ahead.

173 CLOSER ON SPOTLIGHT

173

Charlie comes to rest from his initial dive. He checks his position relative to the light. He hefts his speargun, starts to release a safety catch. Brandy taps him on the shoulder, startling him. He fires the gun, the spear shooting off into nowhere. The surprise causes him to drop his mouthpiece. Air bubbles stream into the atmosphere around him, taking on strange hues and shapes as they rise toward the churning maelstrom. Brandy shrugs her apology as Charlie puts his air supply back in place. Brandy points down, and they follow Ulysses' path.

They swim by an otherworldly creature whose eyes follow them downward. It had looked like a rock formation until it opened its eyes. Now it slowly sinks after them.

174 ABOVE CORRYVRECKAN

174

The sun is about halfway toward total eclipse. The land takes on a strange appearance. The water already begins to behave differently.

175 BELOW THE SEA - ULYSSES

175

He finds a decaying shipwreck. Its hull is torn open, and its cargo has been spewn out onto the sand beside it. Ulysses approaches a safe. The door comes off in Ulysses' hands. It is heavy, and it drops to the earth below him. He peers inside to find what was once paper money. As he touches the pile, it turns to liquid ash, disintegrating in his hands. In vain, he searches for something more valuable. It is not to be found in the safe. With great exertion, he topples the safe out of the way, begins to explore other cargo.

He doesn't notice the safe sinking into the sand, ever-so-slowly, as he works.

Brandy and Charlie approach. Ulysses waves them toward his find. They join him, begin working over the wreck.

In the sand nearby, the safe sinks out of sight. The sand begins to follow, caving into the spot where the heavy object just disappeared.

The explorers continue their work. Brandy finds an encrusted spoon. She finds another. She sweeps her hand across a layer of dirt to uncover a silver serving set. She wants to tell someone, but her partners are too engrossed in their own exploring.

Ulysses finds a goblet. He gets Charlie's attention, pretends to drink out of it as would a pirate in days of old. Charlie laughs, the bubbles shooting out from his mask in a different shape than those created simply from breathing.

Above them, as we follow the bubbles upward, we see a darkening of the whirlpool light. It is gradual, but definite.

Charlie uncovers a skeleton. Around its waist is a decaying life preserver. He searches on.

A small hole has formed in the wake of the disappearing safe. Sand pours steadily downward. Water flows into it, particles of silt and undersea flora following with the newly formed current.

Brandy is gathering her silverware, happy with her find.

(CONTINUED)

175 CONTINUED:

175

Ulysses abandons his goblet in favor of a pile of coins. He begins to stuff them into a sack at his belt.

176 ABOVE CORRYVRECKAN - THE ECLIPSE

176

The solar eclipse is nearing totality. The sky and the surrounding area have a weird cast to them.

177 BELOW THE SEA - AT THE TREASURE

177

Charlie notices the darkening of the whirlpool now. He swims over to Brandy, taps her, points up. She nods. They look to Ulysses. They are surprised at what they see.

178 POV BRANDY AND CHARLIE - ULYSSES

178

Ulysses has his belt pouch nearly stuffed. He is oblivious to the undersea whirlpool forming behind him. The hole has become larger. The current is swifter. He drops a coin, and it floats toward the hole, rather than down.

179 BRANDY AND CHARLIE

179

Alarmed, Brandy starts to swim to Ulysses, but Charlie stops her. He points upward, indicates they must start up now. Brandy hesitates, then swims to Ulysses, signals to him that they must retreat. He nods to her, and she fights the stronger current back to Charlie. Once Charlie sees that she is following, he turns his attention toward the effort of reaching the spotlight. Brandy, however, looks back. She hesitates for a moment, watches Ulysses below her.

180 POV BRANDY - ULYSSES

180

Ulysses has discovered the hole. He looks on with renewed fascination as objects are sucked into the darkness.

181 BRANDY

181

She dives for Ulysses. She reaches him, shakes his shoulder, indicates it is time to head up. Ulysses gives her a "wait a minute" gesture. She doesn't accept it. Several wooden objects float by them and into the hole. It is growing larger. Brandy insistently tugs on Ulysses, who reluctantly follows her. As they head upwards, Ulysses looks back once again on the growing undersea hole. He wants to go back.

182 CLOSER TO THE SPOTLIGHT

182

Charlie looks back once again. Brandy is not there. He dives back down, swims several yards, sees her making her way toward him. He reverses, starts climbing up again, confident that Brandy and Ulysses are close behind. The light above them is severely diminished. Only the spotlight burns. The tumult of Corryvreckan begins to subside a bit.

183 BRANDY

183

Brandy swims upward toward the spotlight. She swims a few strokes alone before turning back to check on Ulysses' progress. She is startled at what she sees.

184 POV BRANDY - ULYSSES

184

Ulysses stands transfixed at the sight of huge portions of ship wreckage crumbling into the hole. A phosphorescent glow is given off... perhaps from the collision of so many undersea creatures with so much debris. One doesn't know why, but it has Ulysses transfixed.

185 CLOSE ON ULYSSES

185

He looks upon the phenomenon unfolding before him with total fascination. He is riveted before it. An unearthly glow is reflected in his eyes. He seems to grow older in the eerie light.

186 NEW ANGLE INCLUDING BRANDY

186

She is horrified to see that in this surreal undersea world, something is happening to render everything else ordinary. She starts back for Ulysses, who is paralyzed with intrigue at the mysterious opening.

Brandy pulls off her regulator, tries to shout through the water. A bizarre WAILING is all that escapes... siren-like. Ulysses turns toward Brandy, responding to the weird call. His face is unrecognizeably aged. He is serene.

187 POV ULYSSES - BRANDY'S IMAGE

187

In his eyes, she is a mermaid. Her body glows radiantly. Her tail shimmers, and she disappears.

188 ULYSSES

188

He is euphoric. He seems to smile at Brandy as he turns back to the newly formed whirlpool. Ulysses steps forward, and his one step dislodges him so that he joins the other debris pouring into the now huge cavern. As he disappears into the light below, he removes his mask, jettisons his regulator and tank. He allows himself to be taken into the light with total abandon. His body glows brilliantly. He disappears into the oblivion.

189 BRANDY (HUMAN)

189

She is horrified at the sight. We see her objectively now, not as Ulysses had. She fits her oxygen supply back into her mouth, fights the growing current. She is thrown against a large chunk of wreckage. She is stunned by the blow. She fights the current as it draws her toward the opening. She drops her treasure find, and it sinks into the brilliant depths below. Unlike Ulysses, Brandy avoids looking at the intoxicating light below. She swims toward the spotlight, relatively dim in comparison to the wonders below. Her progress is barely visible against the current.

190 AT THE SPOTLIGHT

190

Charlie's air supply is running low. He looks down below, is confused to see the bright phosphorescence below. The whirlpool has greatly subsided. He has no choice but to head up. He exhausts the air in his tank as he approaches a safety rope hanging yards above the spotlight. He grabs it, pulls himself up, lungs nearly bursting. He reaches air. He is on the wall of the cliff.

191 ABOVE THE WATER LEVEL

191

The area is in total eclipse. The whirlpool churns steadily. Charlie searches the surface for evidence of Brandy or Ulysses. He is exhausted, dejected. He removes his oxygen tank, and as he does so, he sees another one wash up to the surface, bobbing lightly before being caught in the central core of the whirlpool.

In the sky, the moon clears a portion of the sun. The eclipse begins to abate.

Charlie scans the water for more evidence of his companions. Seeing none, he decides to dive down once again, this time without benefit of breathing apparatus. He dives in, follows the ropes down toward the light.

192 UNDER WATER - ABOVE THE SPOTLIGHT 192

Charlie holds his breath as long as possible, then must retreat to the surface. He takes one last look.

193 POV CHARLIE - DOWNWARD 193

Only a faintly shimmering luminosity is visible in the increasingly murky depths. No sign of anyone.

194 SURFACE OF CORRYVRECKAN 194

The whirlpool begins its mighty ROAR as the sun increasingly bears down on the waters. After a moment, Charlie shoots up, gasping for air. He hangs onto a line, begins his lone climb toward a safe position higher on the cliff side. Once he reaches it, he rests, looks back below. His grief shows. He is nearly overcome by the loss.

The whirlpool rages once again.

Charlie looks down to the spotlight. It is growing dimmer. But something passes in front of it. A dark object continues to rise. Charlie hurriedly hooks himself into his climbing ropes, descends to the water level, tries to keep going further down, his ropes tangling in the maelstrom... then tangling arms. Female arms. Brandy grasps the rope. Charlie pulls her up, gasping for breath himself. She follows him to the surface. She is choking. He thinks she is drowning. He tries to administer mouth-to-mouth in the churning water, but she shakes him off her.

BRANDY
(out of breath)
Get me out of here!

Charlie smiles, but doesn't linger. The whirlpool is pulling at them both. Only the ropes hold them close to the cliff. They inch their way up to safety.

195 THE SKY 195

The sun is nearly clear of the eclipse. Normal, natural, beautiful color returns to the scene.

196 CORRYVRECKAN 196

The whirlpool rages, looking much as it had when first encountered.

197 TOP OF PRECIPICE - OVERLOOKING CORRYVRECKAN

197

Charlie and Brandy lie wrapped in blankets, still recovering from the ordeal. Brandy gazes down at the whirlpool. Charlie holds her tightly, keeping her warm.

BRANDY

(looking out)

He wasn't crazy, was he?

CHARLIE

(after a pause)

He was crazy.

BRANDY

(turning to Charlie)

But he was right. About the treasure.

Charlie looks down at the raging whirlpool. It looks more malevolent than ever. He turns to Brandy.

CHARLIE

(deadpan)

What treasure?

BRANDY

The wrecks...

She understands, stops.

CHARLIE

There's nothing down there.

(pause)

I think I've got everything I need for a while.

He caresses her shoulder.

BRANDY

Yeah? How long a while?

CHARLIE

I guess that depends on you.

Brandy is pleased.

BRANDY

Could we discuss this over a hamburger somewhere?

They kiss. Corryvreckan roars below them.

FADE OUT

- THE END -