

SEA STORY

An Original Screenplay

by

Bill Phillips

PROPERTY OF:
HYE WHITE BREAD PRODUCTIONS

SECOND DRAFT POLISH

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.

SEA STORY

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: SEA STORY.

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. JESSIE 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 JESSIE - THE FIGHTING TERNS

4

They are devouring the old loaf of bread.

5 COTTAGE WINDOW

5

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

6 INT. BEDROOM

6

Jessie 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
- Jessie 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 - JESSIE 8
- Jessie 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 - JESSIE 10
- Jessie 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 JESSIE - 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

Jessie 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

Jessie 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. JESSIE'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?

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

I hate to see a government employee have to work, especially when there's nothing for you to find.

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

18 INT. JESSIE'S APARTMENT - THE SHOWER

18

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

19 NEXT ROOM

19

Jessie 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...

Jessie shuts off the radio.

20 EXT. APARTMENT

20

Jessie 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 Jessie hurrying down the pier, keys in her hand.

FIRST FISHERMAN

Here she comes.

SECOND FISHERMAN

About time.

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

JESSIE

Sorry I'm late.

THIRD FISHERMAN

Rough night last night, Jessie?

Several fishermen smile lewdly at the suggestion. This doesn't bother Jessie 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.

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

JESSIE

Anything else?

FIRST FISHERMAN

(using an old trick)

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

Jessie 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.

JESSIE

How much do you want?

FIRST FISHERMAN

Just a handful.

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

JESSIE

I gotta sell ya a half pint.

FIRST FISHERMAN

Fine.

Jessie 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. Jessie brings the bait to the counter. First Fisherman pays her. She turns her attention to SCOTTY NICKERSON, 75.

JESSIE

What'll it be, Scotty?

SCOTTY

Gimme some of that sandshark.

Jessie 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. Jessie looks up, says nothing. Neither does Collins. He busies himself by browsing at tide charts while Jessie works.
- JESSIE
That's eighteen fifty-five.
- CUSTOMER
(paying, joking)
That was a good year.
- Jessie is in no mood for jokes. Collins exhales a big puff of smoke. He stands before a No Smoking sign.
- JESSIE
Out of twenty.
- Jessie makes change. Customer and his two friends exit. Collins walks to the register, RINGS it open.
- COLLINS
How's business?
- JESSIE
(uneasily)
Okay.
- Collins paws through the money, flicks an ash into the quarters section, then turns to Jessie, stares at her.
- COLLINS
You were late.

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED:

27

JESSIE
(nervously)
Fifteen minutes.

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

JESSIE
I'm sorry.

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

Jessie doesn't answer.

COLLINS (CONT'D)
(angrily)
I asked you a question!

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

JESSIE
Go ahead. I don't need this job.

Collins smiles to himself. He seems to know better.

COLLINS
I'm good to you, Jessie.

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

JESSIE
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

Jessie softens a little. She smiles faintly.

JESSIE

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.

Jessie 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)

Jessie, another pitcher over here!

Jessie 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.

Jessie brings the beer. Ulysses makes no effort to pay. Someone else always takes care of that. Jessie 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

Jessie 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.

JESSIE

(to Hal)

You want another one?

Hal nods sullenly.

JESSIE (CONT'D)

You mad or somethin'?

HAL

You took off kinda fast this morning.

JESSIE

I was late.

Hal just scowls. Jessie 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. Jessie 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.

JESSIE (CONT'D)

What'll it be, sailor?

CHARLIE

Can I use your phone?

JESSIE

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

(CONTINUED)

CHARLIE

It's broken.

JESSIE

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?

JESSIE

(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 Jessie)
I'll even pay for the call.
You can dial it. 555-7244.

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED: (2)

32

On hearing the number, Jessie 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 Jessie's stained glass mermaid, hanging in the window of her apartment.

37 CHARLIE - JESSIE'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, Jessie 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 Jessie and her towel crossing the room, then hesitating before him.

JESSIE

Your eyes are twitching.

39 CHARLIE & JESSIE

39

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

JESSIE

You okay?

Charlie nods.

CHARLIE

What happened?

JESSIE

Hal fights dirty when he's mad.

Charlie contemplates Hal for a moment.

CHARLIE

He your husband?

Jessie shakes her head. She is smiling.

CHARLIE

What are you laughing at?

JESSIE

You sure looked surprised when he hit you.

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

JESSIE (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.

JESSIE

Where?

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED:

39

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

CHARLIE
Where's my jacket?

JESSIE
You can't see Henry Sykes.

Charlie stops, stares at Jessie.

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

CHARLIE
Knew him?

JESSIE
He's dead.

Charlie wasn't ready for that news.

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

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

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

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

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

CHARLIE
You have a vivid imagination.

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED: (2)

39

JESSIE

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?

JESSIE

I was around a lot.

CHARLIE

You seem the type.

Jessie doesn't appreciate the insult.

JESSIE

You should talk?

CHARLIE

(treating her sarcasm
as a question)
No, I should go to bed. Thanks
for a swell time.

JESSIE

You can stay here.

CHARLIE

Figures.

He exits. Jessie 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

Jessie? 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 Jessie 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 Jessie)
What're you starin' at?

Jessie snaps out of it, smiles to the customer.

(CONTINUED)

JESSIE

Nothing.

CUSTOMER

The young nothing or the old
nothing?

JESSIE

(incredulous, whispering)
Ulysses bought the beer tonight.

This is major news at the Foc's'le. The Customer ponders
this. Jessie 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 Jessie 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 Jessie)
This oughta be classic.

Jessie 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, all right.

Customer sits down at a nearby table, joining seven or eight locals. They make room for him.

Jessie continues to watch Charlie and Ulysses from across the smoky room.

When it seems all right to continue their conversation, Charlie leans a little closer to Ulysses.

CHARLIE

If all this is true, what are you doing on the Cape? Why aren't you scooping up all these goodies on your own?

ULYSSES

Can't do it alone.

(pause)

Even if conditions were right.
And that's my ticket... I know
when, where, and how.

(confidentially)

They say Time and Tide wait for
no man... but they're wrong.

(pause)

Listen...

From across the bar, Jessie watches Ulysses weave his spell
on Charlie. She is pensive. Her thoughts are interrupted
by another of the Foc's'le's regulars.

CARL

How 'bout some service, Madamwazelle?

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

CARL
Busy tonight?

JESSIE
So-so.

CARL
I mean after work.

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

Jessie 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.

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

JESSIE
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 Jessie)
That's what I call service.

JESSIE
This one's on the house.

She eyes Charlie for a moment too long.

CHARLIE
Have a seat.

JESSIE
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.

JESSIE

(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 Jessie 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. Jessie 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 Jessie passes his car.

COLLINS

Wanna get lucky?

Jessie

Not tonight, Fred.

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

COLLINS

Don't you like me any more?

JESSIE

(beleaguered)

I like you fine.

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED:

44

Collins moves closer, puts his arms around Jessie.

COLLINS

I got a fire goin' in my cottage.

JESSIE

No, thank you.

COLLINS

(playfully, grabbing)

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

JESSIE

(squirming uncomfortably)

Then I'll kick you in the balls.

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

COLLINS

Don't play with me that way, missie.

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

45 JESSIE'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, Jessie walks around the corner. Charlie stops playing.

JESSIE

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.

JESSIE

I'll teach it to you.

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

46 INT. JESSIE'S APARTMENT

46

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

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

Charlie nods.

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

Charlie throws Jessie a pointed look, nods again.

JESSIE (CONT'D)
(self-consciously)
All the comforts of home.

CHARLIE
What more could a man want?

Jessie 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 JESSIE'S APARTMENT

48

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

49 INT. JESSIE'S BED

49

Jessie 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. Jessie looks serene. Charlie looks exhausted.

JESSIE

How'd you sleep?

Charlie stirs, looks at the clock.

CHARLIE

What're you doing up this early?

JESSIE

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

(pause)

I got fired.

CHARLIE

How come?

JESSIE

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

CHARLIE

When was this?

JESSIE

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. Jessie gets out of bed.

JESSIE (CONT'D)

Want some breakfast?

CHARLIE

I'm starved.

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED:

49

Jessie opens the refrigerator, finds the pizza.

JESSIE
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, Jessie makes her way back to the bed with a couple Pepperidge Farm cookies, giving one to Charlie.

JESSIE
You married?

CHARLIE
Nope.

JESSIE
Ever been?

Charlie shakes his head.

JESSIE
I think it's bullshit... marriage.

CHARLIE
I don't think about it.

JESSIE
Me neither.

Charlie looks at her skeptically.

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

JESSIE
That's right.

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

JESSIE
You're pretty narrow-minded.

CHARLIE
(shrugging)
Realistic.

(CONTINUED)

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

CHARLIE
I've got other interests.

JESSIE
Like what?

CHARLIE
(after a pause)
Real estate.

JESSIE
(laughing derisively)
Yeah. You look like a realtor.

CHARLIE
No. Just one piece. An island.

JESSIE
(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.

JESSIE
What are you waiting for?

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

JESSIE (CONT'D)
How much?

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

Long silence.

JESSIE
What do you make in a year?

CHARLIE
None of your business.

Another silence, this one awkward.

(CONTINUED)

JESSIE

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.

JESSIE

Doing what?

CHARLIE

What I do. Carrying stuff.

JESSIE

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...

JESSIE

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.

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

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

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

JESSIE

You must make a lot of money.

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED: (4)

49

CHARLIE

Sometimes.

JESSIE

You could make a down payment.

CHARLIE

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

JESSIE

If I were rich, I'd help you.

Charlie looks at Jessie skeptically.

JESSIE (CONT'D)

I would. No strings.

She kisses him. They roll into an embrace.

JESSIE (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 Jessie.

CHARLIE

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

JESSIE

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.

JESSIE

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. Jessie 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.

Jessie looks fascinated.

JESSIE

Maybe he has.

CHARLIE

It sounds crazy, though.

JESSIE

A lot of people think Ulysses is crazy.

CHARLIE

Do you?

JESSIE

(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 just outside the cabin of the old boat. Illumination is amber from a dim bare bulb in the cabin. We hear distant FOGHORNS, closer RINGING of bells on buoys. We also hear the sound of LIQUID POURING out of a cask and SPLASHING into the cove. Ulysses is dumping the contents of a large wooden wine cask. Two others stand nearby, one already empty and on its side.

The cask is nearly empty. Charlie watches, mildly amused. In the background, inside the cabin, Dinty Moore beef stew is cooking on Ulysses' portable two-burner stove. His cabin is strewn with supplies for a voyage: water bottles, kerosene, dried food, storm gear, etc.

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 finishes with the now-empty cask, lowers it to the deck.

ULYSSES (CONT'D)

Corryvreckan did that to me. That whirlpool is the doorway to hell. (struggles with next cask) Or heaven... I dunno which. Don't know that it matters, really. Whatever... it got me drinkin' this stuff real faithful.

(needs help with cask)

Gimme a hand, will ya?

Charlie helps lift the cask onto the rail. Ulysses uncorks it and pours as he talks.

ULYSSES (CONT'D)

Time to change all that. I'm goin' back with a clear head... and an empty barrel.

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.

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED:

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.

This offer generates Charlie's interest.

ULYSSES (CONT'D)

(aware he has him hooked)
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.
Don't wanna be followed. 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 reaching Corryvreckan
by the solar eclipse in July. That water,
like any other, is affected by the sun and
the moon. That's the time to hit it.

Ulysses notices the stew is burning. He passes the bulk of
the emptying cask's weight to Charlie before hurrying off
to the stew.

ULYSSES (CONT'D)

Here. Take over.

(examines the stew)

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

Charlie begrudgingly smiles as the wine continues to pour out
of the cask. Ulysses dishes out two tin plates of stew.

51a INT. FISHING BOAT CABIN - A MOMENT LATER

51a

Ulysses pours Charlie a cup of steaming coffee to go with his plate of hot stew. Neither man has touched his food yet. Ulysses pours himself some coffee.

ULYSSES

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

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. Jessie is busy pouring drinks and serving counter customers. MUSIC plays on the jukebox.

Collins sits at one end of the bar. He eyes Jessie very closely, finishes his scotch, and plunks the glass down loudly on the bar as Jessie passes. They don't speak to each other, but his gesture indicates he wants another. Jessie doesn't break her stride as she pours him another scotch and continues about her other tasks. A few rowdy sailors call Jessie'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 Jessie is there to take his order.

(CONTINUED)

JESSIE
Hi.. What'll ya have?

BRODY
Gimme a ginger ale, will ya?

JESSIE.
Want a cherry in it?

BRODY
Yeah, live it up.

Jessie serves him his drink. He reveals his identification.

BRODY (CONT'D)
What can you tell me about Charles
Alsop?

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

JESSIE
Not much.

BRODY
What do you two talk about?

JESSIE
Not a whole heckuva lot.
(pause)
I got customers to wait on.
Excuse me.

BRODY
I've got all night.

JESSIE
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.

Jessie 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)

The two men drink in silence... Collins his scotch, Brody his ginger ale. Jessie 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?

JESSIE

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

BRODY

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

JESSIE

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.

JESSIE

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

DISTANT CUSTOMER

Jessie? More beer, hunh?

JESSIE

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

JESSIE
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 JESSIE'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 JESSIE'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 Jessie's apartment stairway. He looks to the darkened apartment, climbs back up the stairs, breaks in, and enters.

62 INT. JESSIE'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 JESSIE'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.

JESSIE'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 & JESSIE

72

Jessie is helping herself to a box of raisins.

JESSIE

(mouth full, mock-childish)

Are we there yet?

Charlie jumps out of his bunk so fast he hits his head. Jessie tries not to laugh. She is still wearing her waitress uniform.

CHARLIE

What the hell are you doing here?

JESSIE

(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. Jessie doesn't know what to say. Charlie is getting redder and redder. His veins are showing. Jessie 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 Jessie, looking hopeful and guilty. No one speaks.

JESSIE

(finally, uncomfortably)

I brought money. I can pay my way.

(CONTINUED)

CHARLIE

The boat sleeps two.

JESSIE

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.

Jessie 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.

JESSIE

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.

JESSIE

The crucifix.

Ulysses smiles. His eyes sparkle.

JESSIE (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

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

CHARLIE

And you're ours.

JESSIE

(angry)

May I talk to you... privately?

CHARLIE

No privacy on this boat.

Jessie 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.

JESSIE

I don't eat much... really.

CHARLIE

Well I do.

Jessie glowers at Charlie.

JESSIE

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

JESSIE

(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!

JESSIE

(tears forming)

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

CHARLIE

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

JESSIE

(crying)

If that's what you want...

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

JESSIE (CONT'D)

Let go of me.

ULYSSES

Don't bluff with the ocean.

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

JESSIE

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 iridescent 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.

Jessie 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, Jessie stops him.

JESSIE

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

CHARLIE

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

(CONTINUED)

76 CONTINUED:

76

JESSIE

(bluffing)

I told you: I don't eat much.

Charlie takes Jessie'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. Jessie 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 gonna be too crazy to want to eat or rest. You'll see.

(pause)

Something happens. That whirlpool is like a magnet. It draws you in, sucks you down. People act 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.

Ulysses stops, feels self-conscious. Jessie and Charlie are affected by the warning. Charlie quietly scrapes food back onto Jessie'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

Jessie 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 Jessie 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.

JESSIE

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. Jessie smiles. Another whale becomes apparent. Within moments, Charlie and Jessie find themselves following a school of whales.

CHARLIE

Pilot whales.

Jessie nods. She already knows that. It is not a defiant nod. Charlie settles back down next to Jessie. 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.

JESSIE

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.

JESSIE (CONT'D)

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

Charlie scowls.

CHARLIE

A kiss?

JESSIE

(self-consciously)
Sex.

CHARLIE

Listen to you.

JESSIE

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

JESSIE
(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 Jessie 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 Jessie is preoccupied with steel-wooling the mast in preparation for the varnish she is about to apply.

Jessie'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 Jessie reaches high onto the mast, her stretch rippling certain muscles which both men find inviting.

The heat is broiling, and Jessie'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

(disliking the idea)

Why?

ULYSSES

Generator could stand a boost.

(looks to birds atop 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)

Be nice to have a head start.

Charlie hadn't noticed the storm petrels sitting on the mast.

JESSIE

How do they know a storm's coming?

ULYSSES

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

(to Charlie)

Wouldn't hurt to get a running jump
on this weather.

Jessie, sensing tension between the two men, keeps working.
The men pepper their talk with repeated looks to her.

CHARLIE

I want to save the fuel until we
absolutely need it.

ULYSSES

I think that's a mistake.

Charlie slams the deck with his fist.

CHARLIE

This whole trip is a mistake.

Jessie and Ulysses steal a quick and worried glance to each
other.

ULYSSES

Nobody's makin' you do anything
you don't wanna do.

(CONTINUED)

78 CONTINUED: (3)

78

Charlie looks to Jessie. She stirs uneasily, feeling naked under his penetrating gaze. He stares out at the sea.

ULYSSES (CONT'D)

You won't think it's a mistake when we start hauling out the treasure.

CHARLIE

(turning to Ulysses)

How are we going to do that?

Ulysses taps an empty barrel.

ULYSSES

With these.

CHARLIE

And how do we get up?

Ulysses taps the barrel again. Jessie stirs uncomfortably, as does Charlie. Ulysses sees their lack of confidence.

ULYSSES

I've done it myself.

CHARLIE

(to Jessie)

We're in the middle of the ocean with a madman.

ULYSSES

(laughing, digs out old book)
Go ahead, call me names. You'll eat your words when we come out of the Corryvreckan dripping with riches. Laugh all you want.

(opens book)

They said Archimedes was a madman, too.

Charlie and Jessie are puzzled by this reference.

ULYSSES (CONT'D)

He did the same thing I did... but he didn't risk his life doing it. He used mathematics.

(hands Charlie the book)

De Incidentibus in Fluido.

Charlie examines the book. It is in Latin.

(CONTINUED)

78 CONTINUED: (4)

ULYSSES (CONT'D)

What I discovered by swallowing half the Atlantic... he figured out with a pencil... or whatever they had then... stylus, maybe.

CHARLIE

I can't read Latin.

ULYSSES

(laughing)

Neither can I! Look in the margin. A professor at B.U. translated that part for me.

Charlie looks closer, tries to read.

CHARLIE

Into what, English?

ULYSSES

English and math. Vortex refers to the whirlpool, in our case. These babies are the cylinders.

Ulysses again taps a barrel. Jessie looks on, puzzled.

ULYSSES (CONT'D)

(to Jessie)

What it means is that my coming back from the jaws of death wasn't just dumb luck. This here shape is man's best friend when he's being sucked fast to the bottom of the sea.

(pause)

I didn't know that at the time. I just grabbed it.

(sad pause)

My partners weren't so lucky.

Charlie, not noticing Ulysses' pensiveness at his last remark, seems impressed with the document, hands it over to Jessie.

CHARLIE

What about when you wanna come up?

ULYSSES

(taps the barrel)

It floats, Charlie.

Charlie and Jessie don't look very convinced.

(CONTINUED)

ULYSSES (CONT'D)

I'm sure enough to bet my life on it.

Jessie, who has stopped working, resumes steel-wooling the mast in silence. Charlie quietly returns to the anchor.

ULYSSES (CONT'D)

I don't expect either of you to believe any of this till we get there.

(long silence)

What d'ya wanna do about the engine?

CHARLIE

(with tension)

I want to save the fuel.

Ulysses is about to protest again, but he refrains. He just looks at Charlie for a moment.

ULYSSES

You're the boss.

(CONTINUED)

78 CONTINUED: (6)

78

CHARLIE
(testily)
That's right.

Jessie looks to Charlie, aware that he is suffering from a combination of sexual frustration and threatened authority.

When he notices her watching him, she smiles at him sensually, an act which nearly sends him into a frenzy, considering his condition.

Ulysses has caught this. He and Jessie exchange uncomfortable glances. Charlie notices this, and he and Ulysses exchange similar looks. Unprecedented sexual tension aboard the sloop.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
Anybody want a drink?

ULYSSES
I could use a little juice.

JESSIE
I'll get it.

CHARLIE
I'll get it.
(pause)
And I mean a real drink.

ULYSSES
Not for me, thanks.

Charlie reaches the door to the cabin, goes below. Jessie 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. Jessie reaches him by the time he has it in his hand.

JESSIE
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. Jessie 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.

JESSIE

(whispering)

So do I.

(pause, referring to Ulysses)

So does he.

CHARLIE

You'd know if anybody would.

Jessie looks hurt. Charlie takes another sip.

JESSIE

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

CHARLIE

That's my business.

He drinks again, smirks in defiance.

JESSIE

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. Jessie 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.

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

Jessie 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.

Jessie 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?

JESSIE
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.

JESSIE
(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. Jessie 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)
Jessie!?

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

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Secure all loose gear on deck.

JESSIE

(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. Jessie 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 Jessie. 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. Jessie sits back to enjoy the change in the weather. Charlie climbs toward the prow to inspect Jessie'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 Jessie 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, Jessie, 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.

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

ULYSSES

Jessie! Tie yourself down!

She doesn't hear him. Another wave crashes over the boat, this one catching Jessie 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 Jessie 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 Jessie below.

84 INT. CABIN

84

The boat rocks tumultuously as Ulysses helps Jessie 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 Jessie 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 Jessie, 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 Jessie, whose mouth looks better today. She touches a sensitive spot on his back. He winces.

(CONTINUED)

89 CONTINUED:

89

JESSIE
Does that hurt?

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

JESSIE (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...

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

JESSIE
Hey!

CHARLIE
... for trying to help me.
(pause)
Even though you blew it.

Jessie smiles shyly. She shrugs.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
C'm'ere.

JESSIE
Why?

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

JESSIE (CONT'D)
(softly)
Am I hurting your back?

CHARLIE
My back doesn't feel a thing.

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

JESSIE
(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.

Jessie 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. Jessie 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.

Jessie 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 JESSIE - 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 JESSIE

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.

JESSIE
(under her breath)
Do you see that?

She looks out again.

96 POV JESSIE - THE FOG BANK

96

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

97 JESSIE

97

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

JESSIE
(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 JESSIE - 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.

JESSIE (O.S.)
Charlie! Ulysses!

99 THE SLOOP - JESSIE CHARLIE ULYSSES

99

JESSIE
(continuing)
That boat's in trouble!

Charlie hurries to the bow.

CHARLIE
What boat?

JESSIE
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.

JESSIE
I lost it before, too. Just
keep looking.

Ulysses joins them.

JESSIE (CONT'D)
It was... twisting around...
pretty fast, like it was being
sucked down or something.

ULYSSES
It's nothing.

JESSIE
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.

JESSIE
(to both)
Do something.

CHARLIE
It's a mirage, Jessie.

(CONTINUED)

99 CONTINUED:

99

JESSIE

(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.

Jessie takes the tiller.

JESSIE

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?

JESSIE

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

CHARLIE

Jessie... no two numbers are
the same.

JESSIE

(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. Jessie 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. Jessie 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. Jessie starts to shiver.

CHARLIE

Why don't you make some hot coffee?

JESSIE

Are you looking for that boat?

CHARLIE

(withholding his opinion)

I'll keep my eyes peeled, okay?

Jessie 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 Jessie in the galley. Time passes.

ULYSSES

(from the fog)

Hear that?

Charlie listens. Jessie 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 Jessie)

Gulls.

(CONTINUED)

99 CONTINUED: (3)

99

JESSIE

Thank you, Jacques Cousteau.

Charlie shrugs. Jessie 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. Jessie gives him his coffee.

ULYSSES

Thanks.

Jessie kisses his cheek. He smiles to her, touched by the gesture. He sips the coffee. Jessie sips hers. The GULLS are getting louder, their PROTESTATIONS more vehement. Jessie 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?

Jessie'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 Jessie on his way to the bow. Jessie 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 Jessie 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 JESSIE/ULYSSES' POV

102

The fog is as thick as ever. Jessie 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 Jessie 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 Jessie stare ahead.

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

Jessie 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 Jessie, 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
Jessie)
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.

JESSIE

What happened?

Neither man knows. Neither tries to answer.

ULYSSES

We should give 'em a proper
burial.

CHARLIE

(reluctantly)

All right.

Jessie 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.

Jessie 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...

JESSIE
(giggling)
...beds...

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

JESSIE
(lustily)
... heads...

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

JESSIE
(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)

JESSIE

(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.

JESSIE

(looking to Ulysses for
approval)

That's your problem.

Ulysses laughs louder than Charlie does. Jessie 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. Jessie takes pity on poor Charlie.

JESSIE (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 Jessie 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.

JESSIE

You're an asshole.

Jessie 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 Jessie outside.

CHARLIE
Jessie? 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

Jessie 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.

Jessie petulantly refuses without a word.

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

JESSIE
Why not?

Charlie is uncomfortable expressing any deeper emotions.

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

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

JESSIE
Just leave me alone, okay?

CHARLIE
What are you afraid of?

(CONTINUED)

105 CONTINUED:

105

Jessie, 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?

JESSIE

(reluctantly)

No.

CHARLIE

(carefully)

Then... let me...

(takes her hand)

... do this.

(pause, smile)

Is that so bad?

JESSIE

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

CHARLIE

Tonight. When he's asleep. Okay?

Jessie nods.

JESSIE

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 Jessie, who declines. Charlie drinks from it.

ULYSSES

Sorry. Say, how 'bout a story?

(CONTINUED)

106 CONTINUED:

106

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

JESSIE

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 Brecan... that's where we get the name Corryvreckan... Brecan/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.

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

ULYSSES (CONT'D)

Being a Prince, Brecan 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. Jessie 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

Jessie'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.

JESSIE

(whispering)

Hey... Charlie...

She shakes him.

CHARLIE

(asleep)

Mmm.

JESSIE

Come on.

But Charlie sleeps on. Jessie 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

JESSIE (CONT'D)

(whispering)

Are you in on this, or what?

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

JESSIE (CONT'D)

Shh.

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

110 EXT. DECK

110

Charlie is just waking up as Jessie 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 Jessie 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. Jessie starts moving a little more than Charlie wants her to. He starts to take control of the moment.

CHARLIE

Stay still.

Jessie gives him a questioning look.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Let the waves do it.

Jessie 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.

Jessie 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.

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

ULYSSES (CONT'D)

(to Jessie)

Sleep okay?

Jessie 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...

JESSIE

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 Jessie)
You stay here.

JESSIE

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?

JESSIE

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

JESSIE

Why? Who cares? What ever happened
already happened.

ULYSSES

Aren't you curious?

JESSIE

No. I'm staying here.

CHARLIE

(testily)

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

JESSIE

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 Jessie, who takes a seat on the deck.
Ulysses follows Charlie up the ladder.

115 POV MADMAN

115

Jessie 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
Jessie. 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

Jessie 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
Jessie is more alert now. She is scanning the rig. Her eyes
fix on CAMERA (MADMAN).
- 122 POV JESSIE - THE OIL RIG 122
The skeletal creature ducks into a shadow. He is close to
the ladder.
- 123 THE SLOOP 123
Jessie is scared.

JESSIE
Charlie! Ulysses!
She runs for the cabin.
- 124 LADDER ON RIG 124
The Madman reaches the top rung. Starts climbing down.
- 125 THE CABIN - JESSIE 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
Jessie 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 Jessie is paying
out, neutralizing her efforts. Their eyes meet, and he smiles
an eerie, hollow smile.

(CONTINUED)

MADMAN

Hi.

Jessie 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. Jessie 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. Jessie is backing away from the intruder, knife still in hand. Madman tightens his garrote.

JESSIE

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 Jessie, 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.

JESSIE

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 Jessie in the cockpit.

MADMAN

Hi.

JESSIE

(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 Jessie. 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 Jessie'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. Jessie 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, Jessie at the helm under a nearly full moon (three days to go). Lights burn in the cabin and on the deck. Jessie 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 Jessie)

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. Jessie 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?!

JESSIE

Who do you think you are?

HOLLINS

(to Ulysses)

Do you know this place?

Ulysses grimly nods. Charlie and Jessie 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 Jessie. 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 Jessie, 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. Jessie stirs.

ULYSSES (CONT'D, O.S.)

Give me a hand.

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

JESSIE

(excited)

Hey...!

She follows Charlie into the cabin with the news.

147 INT. CABIN

147

JESSIE
(ducking in)
I see land!

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

ULYSSES
Bastard died in his sleep.

JESSIE
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.

JESSIE
(self-consciously)
Amen.

Charlie is uncomfortable with the liturgy.

CHARLIE
Anybody hungry?

Jessie and Ulysses each give Charlie a reproving glance.

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

He heads for the cabin. Ulysses reaches out to him, stops him.

ULYSSES
Y'know, Charlie... if there is
such a thing's a soul, I figure
it deserves a decent send-off.

(CONTINUED)

148 CONTINUED:

CHARLIE
(uncomfortably)
Yeah, well... you did a nice job.

He starts to duck into the cabin.

ULYSSES
I'd do the same for you.

Charlie finds the thought unpleasant, disappears below deck.
Jessie squeezes Ulysses arm sympathetically.

ULYSSES (CONT'D)
(to Jessie)
Tomorrow you'll see Corryvreckan.

Jessie shares Ulysses solemnity, 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. Jessie 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 Jessie and Charlie.

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

JESSIE
(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

JESSIE
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 Jessie and Charlie)

This way!

(to the whirlpool)

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

Jessie 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 Jessie, 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, Jessie, and Charlie. They near the end of a considerable climb. They are winded. Ulysses is euphoric.

(CONTINUED)

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 Jessie, 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, but it is not a vortex at this moment.

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 Jessie 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!

JESSIE

(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.

On the cliff, the three look on in awe, Jessie and Charlie becoming caught up in the infectious excitement generated by this display of infinite power.

ULYSSES (CONT'D)

We're at ebb tide. That's why you don't see the funnel. What you're lookin' at is relatively calm. Just wait. It cycles every six hours.

Charlie and Jessie are transfixed.

CHARLIE

And this is what we escape to?

Ulysses nods. Charlie looks like he wants to go home.

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

JESSIE

Maybe we should go get him.

CHARLIE

He likes it up on that cliff.

Let him have his reunion.

(pause)

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

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

JESSIE

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.

JESSIE (CONT'D)

Then again, it beats bartending.

CHARLIE

You must have your own dream.

JESSIE

Let's go find Ulysses.

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

CHARLIE

Do you?

JESSIE

(after hesitation)

No.

Charlie won't accept that answer. Jessie grows self-conscious.

JESSIE

Just to get out of here alive and eat hamburger again. Heh. Simple stuff. Nothing like you and Ulysses.

(CONTINUED)

157 CONTINUED:

157

CHARLIE

Have you ever been in love?

JESSIE

I don't like talking this way.

CHARLIE

Why not?

JESSIE

Please don't. I'm sorry.

CHARLIE

Just answer my question. Yes or no?

JESSIE

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)

Forget I said anything.

He starts for the cabin.

JESSIE

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.

JESSIE (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.

JESSIE

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

(CONTINUED)

157 CONTINUED: (2)

157

CHARLIE

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

JESSIE

I was in love once... with Ulysses.

CHARLIE

(not comprehending)
Heh.

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

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Are you serious?

Tears come to Jessie'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.

JESSIE

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?

JESSIE

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?

Jessie nods.

(CONTINUED)

JESSIE

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

(reeling from the confession)

So did he tell you the night we were leaving?

Jessie nods. Charlie has to sit down.

JESSIE

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

CHARLIE

(jealous)

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

JESSIE

Yes.

CHARLIE

How touching.

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

JESSIE

Charlie...?

He looks to her with hurt in his eyes.

JESSIE (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 Jessie's face shows her to be telling the truth. Charlie's look back indicates he believes her, or wants to.

FADE OUT

158 CLIFF SIDE - DIZZYING ANGLE - 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 Corryvreckan.

Ulysses leads the way in belaying down the craggy cliff toward the ROARING water below. Jessie and Charlie follow more cautiously. Each wears a wetsuit, equipped with diving belt, tools, and a powerful waterproof spotlight.

Wild dogs watch from nearby cliffs.

The three eventually descend to a rock ledge. Ulysses receives the first of three barrels.

Jessie and Charlie join him moments later. Below them all, Corryvreckan is in the same agitated state as seen previously. No whirlpool is evident yet, but the churning water is beginning to form hundreds of miniature vortices about five hundred yards out.

Jessie and Charlie react to the unusual sight by staring in awe.

ULYSSES

It's starting.

159 THE FORMATION OF THE WHIRLPOOL

159

INTERCUT the following phenomena with views of Ulysses, Jessie, and Charlie witnessing it, where appropriate.

The powerfully turbulent sea rapidly changes from randomly choppy to a more patterned series of whirling whitecaps, all churning in the same counterclockwise direction and creating a strong current which becomes visible even at the rocky shore below the observers.

Huge logs begin to pitch and roll, one by one becoming caught up in the current and floating toward the pattern of small whirlpools in the distance.

ULYSSES

(to his startled companions)

Hold tight, because when it starts,
the cliff will shake.

Ulysses watches with fervor.

Each of the countless whirlpools creates its own frenzied convulsion of surf and spray, the water boiling and hissing madly. Channels of sea water form between the whirlpools, like hundreds of powerful rivers dashing off in conflicting directions. As the force increases, these rivers form newer, larger whirlpools, which overpower the smaller ones and suck them into their own vortices.

(CONTINUED)

159 CONTINUED:

159

Now streaks of foam appear where none had been before, accenting the powerful channels and pouring into the newly forming larger whirlpools.

A depression seems to be forming in the center of all this activity, as the second-stage whirlpools seem to be forming in a circular pattern around a relatively calm central core.

The sunlight diminishes greatly as the moon comes into near eclipse of the sun.

The wild dogs begin HOWLING at the strange heavenly sight, but their cries cannot be heard because of the DEAFENING ROAR of the waters below.

Jessie looks to Charlie as though they are witnessing the end of the world.

Ulysses looks to both of them. He is in a manic state of euphoria. He laughs. Charlie laughs back, becoming caught up in the excitement of this seemingly supernatural yet all-too-natural event.

ULYSSES (CONT'D)

(reverently)

Makes you want to believe.

Neither Charlie nor Jessie will disagree.

Below them, the first-stage whirlpools have all but disappeared, the larger, second-stage vortices now beginning to whirl together in a more distinct pattern around the deepening and smoothing central depression.

Suddenly, the ROAR of the sea increases, and the secondary whirls give way in a simultaneous explosion of spray to a vast yet definite and powerful whirlpool nearly a thousand yards in diameter. Corryvreckan is born.

The water below the observers is a virtual river, flowing out to the huge whirlpool in the distance.

A whale surfaces, its spouting insignificant in comparison to the tumultuous spray nearby. Ulysses sees it first.

ULYSSES (CONT'D)

Look!

The whale is caught in the whirl. It tries in vain to escape the periphery of the maelstrom, a broad belt of gleaming spray. Its thrashing is inaudible against the ROAR of the water. It slips closer and closer to the center of the newly forming central funnel.

(CONTINUED)

159 CONTINUED: (2)

159

ULYSSES (CONT'D)

He won't escape... because he's
fighting it. You can't fight it.

CHARLIE

(entranced)

It makes you want to go in.

Ulysses understands perfectly. Jessie thinks both men are
crazy.

The interior of the funnel is shining and smooth. Its
slopes are moving, increasing in their angle of decline,
each shift of the millions of gallons of water sending
forth ROARING, agonizing sounds.

The cliff trembles. The solar eclipse is total.

ULYSSES

It's time to move. Remember, getting
in is easy once we're clear of the
cliff wall. Just go with it. Let it
suck you down, and stay with your
cask... if you want to come back.

As the trembling of the mountain subsides, Ulysses slips
down over the ledge, belaying toward the shore below, whose
rocky substance is breaking up and giving way to the currents.

Charlie prepares to climb over.

CHARLIE

(to Jessie)

You know what to do...?

JESSIE

(after a pause)

I'm not going down there.

Charlie gives a doubletake at this last-minute decision.

Jessie winces at what appears to be the beginning of a tirade
from him. But he softens.

CHARLIE

(quietly)

Okay.

He looks lovingly to Jessie, then starts over the edge.

JESSIE

Charlie, be careful...!

(CONTINUED)

159 CONTINUED: (3)

159

Jessie isn't sure he has heard her, since he has dropped out of sight. She leans over the ledge to get a view of him climbing down, only to be surprised that he is returning to her for a moment. He leans up for a kiss, the raging water eroding the shore below him.

CHARLIE

I will.

He descends rapidly as the CAMERA BELAYS with him down the rock face to merely a few feet above the strong current.

160 AT WATER LEVEL

160

Ulysses readies his barrel for the ride as Charlie lowers his own from the ledge above him.

Ulysses gives Charlie one last look, communicating a mixture of confidence and gratitude, then pushes off into the powerful salt river.

His cask is propelled hundreds of yards in seconds.

Charlie can't believe the speed with which Ulysses has been catapulted toward the huge whirlpool. It takes him a moment to recover. He continues to lower his barrel.

161 THE LEDGE

161

Jessie looks out at the spectacle of Ulysses riding toward the increasingly powerful hole in the sea. She is moved by a mixture of fear and excitement. She looks down to Charlie.

162 POV JESSIE - CHARLIE

162

He pushes off, and in a matter of seconds, he is halfway to the perimeter of the huge whirlpool.

163 JESSIE

163

As she watches them head irrevocably toward the Corryvreckan, her excitement turns to envy. She feels very alone.

JESSIE
(muttering)
Fools...

She watches a moment longer, letting her desire to join them build and build until she can no longer resist. She scurries over the ledge, belays down the cliff to the water.

164 CORRYVRECKAN

164

The whirlpool ROARS and swirls in all its majesty. A wall of constant sea spray encircling its thousand yard mouth, the spray shooting sixty feet into the eclipse-darkened sky.

Below the spray, and fanning out from the perimeter for about a hundred feet, foaming white water rolls, as if downhill, crashing against the current which is bringing Charlie and Ulysses toward the mouth.

Inside the perimeter is different. No waves break, the spray is minimal. The powerful water whirls smoothly and gradually toward the darkened center of the maelstrom, perhaps a hundred yards lower than the water at the perimeter.

165 ULYSSES

165

enters the white water, blinding sheets of spray erasing any reference to the outside world. His eyes bulge with temporary insanity. His muscles tighten as he clings to his wooden cask. The NOISE is deafening.

166 CHARLIE

166

is fast approaching the perimeter of the whirlpool. He looks ahead, totally entranced and not a bit frightened.

167 POV CHARLIE - ULYSSES

167

Ulysses disappears into the foam and spray.

168 JESSIE

168

lowers her barrel into position above the departure point on shore.

169 ULYSSES

169

crashes over the final barrier of breaking waves and flying spray, moving instantaneously from the DEAFENING ROAR of the outer perimeter of the whirlpool into the RELATIVE CALM and SILENCE of the funnel. He whirls slowly around the inside of Corryvreckan, the cylindrical shape of the cask ensuring a slow and gradual descent toward the central black hole, from which he can now see a foggy mist rising.

ULYSSES

I told you I'd be back!

He laughs crazily as he continues his gradual course to the center.

170 CHARLIE

170

enters the white water. His eyes are wild with joy.

CHARLIE

(singing, barely audible)

Let's go surfin' now, everybody's
surfin' now,

Come on a safari with me --

Dah dah dah dah dah dah...

(rolled by a wave)

Whoa!

Drenched, he comes up laughing, and then is lost in the mist.

171 JESSIE

171

hangs on tightly to her cask as she shoots rapidly toward Corryvreckan, CAMERA travelling with her, the craggy cliff speedily receding in the background.

JESSIE

(half-swearing, half-praying)

Oh, Jesus...

172 INSIDE THE FUNNEL

172

Ulysses is two-thirds of the way toward the misting central core of the funnel.

A SPLASH at the perimeter is followed by Charlie bobbing up into sight. He gets his bearings, adjusts to the quiet WHOOSH of the funnel, and spots Ulysses.

173 JESSIE

173

reaches the white water. The same infectious excitement that has affected her partners is beginning to work on her. Her fear begins to give way to euphoria. A moment later, she is swallowed up by a wave, shot into the funnel.

CAMERA FOLLOWS her underwater roll as she finally breaks through to the relative calm of the funnel, its surface reflecting the strange light of the solar eclipse. She hears the SHOUTS of Charlie and Ulysses.

THE MEN
(almost simultaneously)
Jessie!

She spots Charlie about thirty yards further in and slowly circling in the whirling water. Then she notices Ulysses about sixty yards in.

ULYSSES
Hey, there, Mermaid!

She relaxes into the steady pull of the vortex.

174 THE THREE FRIENDS

174

whirl peacefully toward their fate in this surrealistic salt-water carousel, surrounded by a wall of churning water and shooting spray. It is a beautiful sight in the strange light, and the looks between the three reveal a profound bond forming.

.75 CLOSE ON ULYSSES

175

He is about to disappear into the dark core of the funnel, mist enveloping him as he speaks.

ULYSSES

(shouting)

Remember...! Don't fight it!

(pause)

I'll see you in Heaven, children!

He disappears into the darkness and the mist.

76 CHARLIE AND JESSIE

176

exchange looks as though they both think for a moment that they have been led to their deaths by a madman.

Before any action can be taken, Charlie begins to disappear into the mist.

JESSIE

(to herself)

Oh... no...

But she plummets after him.

77 THE FALL

177

of Charlie and Jessie reveals fragments of Viking ships, a mast from an eighteenth century frigate, the conning tower of a German U-boat, the skeleton of a sperm whale.

This occurs in what appears to be the interior of the funnel of a liquid cyclone.

Charlie's cries of fear cannot be heard in the RUSH of water.

Jessie's pleading for salvation cannot be heard amidst the CRASHING of ancient wood, the ROAR of the whirlpool, the DEAFENING HISS of mist rising from the center of the abyss.

78 ULYSSES

178

reaches bottom, the tube of water narrowing to a diameter of no more than ten feet. The source of the mist becomes evident: the churning water dead-ends between two massive rock formations. The only channels beyond are narrow crevices, too narrow to accept most solid objects. Anything travelling that far is pulverized by the force of the water, its tiny fragments flowing into the mist.

(CONTINUED)

178 (CONT'D)

178

Before one reaches that void, however, there is a small rock ledge, worn smooth by the powerful water. Just above and beyond the ledge, visible only as a darkened splotch through the wall of water, lies a narrow fissure in the rock. It is a small entrance to a cave.

As Ulysses reaches the ledge, he looks up with eyes wild, then dives through the wall of water, disappearing into the rock orifice.

179 JESSIE

179

looks down to see Charlie clutching his cask and whirling in smaller and smaller circles. Suddenly, below Charlie, she can see a bright light. It illuminates the center of the funnel, the reflection of the artificial light bouncing and refracting upwards in the narrowing funnel.

A FAINT MAD LAUGH can be heard from below.

180 CHARLIE

180

reaches the fissure, approaches the LAUGHTER and the light as he disappears into the now multicolored illuminated crashing water.

A moment later, a loud WHOOP goes up, echoing in the funnel.

181 INT. THE FISSURE

181

Amidst steam and the nearby crashing of a wall of water, Charlie follows Ulysses' lead and turns on his lantern. Now there are two light sources in this wet but air-filled pocket of rock at the base of the whirlpool.

Visibility is poor, but we can make out the image of Ulysses leaning toward Charlie. There isn't enough room to stand.

ULYSSES

She can't miss. The barrel won't
fit down the other channels.

A moment later, Jessie plummets into the cave, breaking through the torrent of water which flows past the fissure.

ULYSSES (CONT'D)

(to his startled companions)
Follow me, children!

(CONTINUED)

181 (CONT'D)

181

His light disappears further up what is revealed to be a winding and narrow rock passageway. Charlie's light follows, then Jessie's is turned on, and hers follows the other two.

182 FURTHER ALONG THE TUNNEL

182

At the crest of the slight incline, the cave widens and drops, the craggy floor levelling off. Mist still rises from everywhere, water still flows along the floors of the tunnel, and the artificial spotlights are the only illumination, but they light up a sight worthy of Dali. The cave is littered with nautical artifacts, encrusted with salt, bloated by seawater, but preserved in relative dormancy in the dankness of the cave.

Ulysses hops up and down with glee as he bends over something, then thrusts it into Charlie's face.

(CONTINUED)

182 CONTINUED:

182

It is a handful of large gems, only visible through the mist when it is thrust close to Charlie's nose.

ULYSSES

Here's your island.

(singling out just one gem)

And here's one.

(pointing to another in his hand)

And here's another!

(pause)

Ah, Charlie! We've died and gone to Heaven, and this is our reward! Where's my Mermaid?!

Jessie appears from behind her light in the misty cave.

ULYSSES (CONT'D)

Here, Jessie! How could I tell you about this without you seeing for yourself?!

Ulysses shines his light along the walls of the cave, dragging Jessie by the hand as he forces her into close proximity with artifact after artifact, some of them treasures, some of them wretched souvenirs of one or another mariner's untimely death.

CHARLIE

(bewildered)

Why...? Why isn't this all washed away?

ULYSSES

(laughing)

For the same reason we're standing here, Charlie, and not bloated up with seawater with our faces blue and our eyeballs popped out of our skulls. We're in Heaven, my boy!

Charlie tries to shake some sense into Ulysses, alarmed by his excessively euphoric state.

CHARLIE

What are you talkng about!?

ULYSSES

Corryvreckan! These rock formations we're standing on are what makes the whirlpool! When she takes down her victims, Charlie, she sorts them out nice!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ULYSSES (CONT'D)

The big pieces get dashed on the bottom of the sea, but our size fits nicely into this little cave.

(referring to Jessie)

That's why I said she couldn't miss. We circle by the fissure a dozen times before sinking to the bottom.

JESSIE

But the water?

ULYSSES

It's moving too fast, darlin'. Oh, it'll be back. When Corryvreckan calms down, when the tide changes again, that wall of water will slow down and flood in here so fast we won't know what hit us.

(pause)

But we'll be long gone by then. Answer me one thing. Had I told you it'd be like this, would you have believed me?

Neither says anything.

ULYSSES (CONT'D)

Good! Then I did the right thing. Let's work fast.

(thumping his cask)

And hang onto these. When the tide changes, they'll be worth more'n any treasure.

Charlie offers back the large gems.

CHARLIE

Here. These are yours.

ULYSSES

My gift to you, Charlie. But from now on, you're on your own. Stay in each other's light. And when mine dies, we head back. It'll be time then.

Ulysses heads off on his own, picking over objects, discarding most, accepting only a few. Charlie and Jessie follow his example.

A moment later, Charlie finds something.

(CONTINUED)

182 CONTINUED: (4)

182

He shows Jessie a medal he's found. It's made of gold.

JESSIE
It looks Spanish.

ULYSSES (O.S.)
Let's save show and tell for when we
get out of here. We don't have
much time.

Charlie takes back the medal, and the three continue further
down into the cave.

JESSIE
I wonder where this leads... I mean
if we went as far as we could.

ULYSSES
Straight to Hell, Mermaid. Straight
to Hell.

Jessie is chilled at the thought.

183 EXT. CORRYVRECKAN

183

The whirlpool rages with full power. The light begins to
change.

184 THE SKY AND SEA

184

The solar eclipse begins to wane. The moon passes beyond the
sun, allowing its rays to filter through the clouds and light
up the funnel of the whirlpool.

185 INT. THE CAVE

185

Ulysses kneels before a still pool of water. He peers in,
shines his light, and seems stunned at what he sees. He drops
the booty he has gathered.

Behind him, Charlie and Jessie explore, their spotlights
indicating their relative positions.

CHARLIE
(to Ulysses)
Everything okay?

(CONTINUED)

185 CONTINUED:

185

Ulysses doesn't answer. He stares into the pool of seawater.

186 ULYSSES' POV - INTO THE POOL

186

It is difficult to see clearly, because of the darkness of the cave and the extreme brightness of the reflection of his spotlight, but it appears to be a skeleton. Its arms are missing.

187 ULYSSES

187

seems to know the man whose skeleton he has found.

ULYSSES
(under his breath)
Right where I left you...

JESSIE (O.S.)
What?

Ulysses doesn't answer her. He stoops over, dips both arms into the pool, carefully raises the bones out of the water. They separate, some SPLASHING back into the murky pool. Ulysses is distressed.

ULYSSES
I'm taking you home, Sam.

188 JESSIE AND CHARLIE

188

are about ten yards from Ulysses. They carefully place selected booty into the same wooden cask.

JESSIE
(to Charlie)
What's he talking about?

CHARLIE
Hey! Ulysses...?!

Ulysses' spotlight flickers, then goes out. He doesn't notice.

Charlie looks curiously to Jessie, walks over to Ulysses. CAMERA FOLLOWS.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
C'mon, partner. It's time.

(CONTINUED)

188 CONTINUED:

188

Ulysses doesn't take his eyes off the remains of the body in his hands. He is uncharacteristically emotional.

ULYSSES
See how the neck is broken?

CHARLIE
Yeah. Let's get outa here, man.
Where's your stuff?

ULYSSES
I did it, Charlie.

Jessie approaches in the background.

CHARLIE
I'm sure whoever it is won't be
offended. We gotta go.

JESSIE
What's wrong?

Charlie doesn't have an answer.

Water starts to trickle into the cave.

JESSIE (CONT'D)
(to Ulysses)
It's time to go. Your light went
out.

ULYSSES
Say hello to Sam, Jessie.

Jessie is shocked. Corryvreckan's RUMBLE grows louder.

CHARLIE
(perplexed)
This is a helluva time for
introductions. Can we go now?

Jessie starts to pull on Ulysses, to get him up.

JESSIE
He's right. We can talk about
this later.

Ulysses resists. When he pulls away from Jessie, more bones
SPILL into the tide pool.

Charlie's light begins to flicker, then to die.

(CONTINUED)

ULYSSES

He tried to kill me, Jessie.

CHARLIE

(to Jessie)

What's he talking about?

JESSIE

(with horrified knowledge)

His partner... from Gloucester.

ULYSSES

Greed's a funny thing. It'll change a man. He tried to stab me in the back... but I broke his neck.

(wading into the pool)

I'll bet I can show you the knife.

Ulysses starts feeling his way around the bottom of the pool, drenching his face in the foul water.

Charlie tries to pull Ulysses out of the pool, but Ulysses strikes back hard.

Jessie's light begins to flicker. She and Charlie seem to make a wordless decision with one quick glance to each other. They doubleteam Ulysses and try to pull him out.

ULYSSES

No!

He plunges into the pool. The floor of the cave gives way to the force of his body. The rock splits, the water of the pool pouring down to unseen depths below, leaving Ulysses embracing the scattered pile of bones beneath him. Beside the hand of one of the skeleton's loose arms lies a large and rusty knife, its wooden handle rotted by seawater.

Jessie and Charlie barely have time to react to the sight. The ground is giving way too quickly. This crack widens until Ulysses and the pile of bones plunge out of sight.

Charlie sees the fissure widening and moving toward himself and Jessie. He turns to Jessie and calls to her.

CHARLIE

Run!

She has the only remaining source of light, and it is flickering dimly as she runs for the wall of water at the beginning of the tunnel, Charlie right on her heels, the extending fissure moving toward them both. The barrel they had been filling is crushed by falling rock and shattered, its rich and shiny contents spilling into a widening crevasse in the cave floor.

(CONTINUED)

188 CONTINUED: (3)

188

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Jessie!

She turns just before hurtling her barrel into the sheet of falling water. She sees Charlie's plight, reaches out to him as he dives for the opening. The two of them escape together into the funnel of water, which is now partially illuminated by sunlight streaming into it.

Behind them, the cave floor rips apart, and water gushes back in, filling the cave and washing its treasures away in one horrible deluge.

189 EXT. CORRYVRECKAN

189

Seen from a distance, the raging whirlpool seems to be slightly subsiding.

As the sun is freed from the shadow of the moon, normal, natural, beautiful color returns to the scene.

The central depression of Corryvreckan's funnel begins to rise.

The secondary whirlpools begin to take shape once again, the immense wall of foaming sea and spray gradually dissipating.

An object appears to be floating in the rapidly disappearing funnel. A barrel.

Only one person can be seen clinging to it. It is Jessie. Her skin is pale, her eyes dulled, her hair unkempt. She looks older than before. We watch her for an extended moment. She seems to be simply surviving. She has the look of someone who has experienced tragedy.

After a moment, she speaks, as though to herself.

JESSIE

Are you all right?

Charlie's voice answers from the far side of the barrel.

CHARLIE (O.S.)

I think so.

As the floating cask turns in the rapidly changing sea, we glimpse Charlie, looking aged and haggard by the ordeal, but nevertheless clinging to Jessie and the cask. For a moment, they are caught up in the fury of one of the many smaller whirlpools, but this rapidly gives way to a choppy sea, and they can be seen hanging on to each other as the cask drifts toward the rocky shore of Scarba.

(CONTINUED)

After a while, Jessie looks back to what was once the mouth of the whirlpool. Now it is just a turbulent sea.

JESSIE

He wasn't crazy.

CHARLIE

(after a pause)

Oh, he was crazy.

(drifting a while)

But I'd say he got a proper burial.

JESSIE

(sadly nodding)

He was right about the treasure.

Charlie looks back at the now-choppy surface of the sea. It still looks malevolent and uninviting.

CHARLIE

(deadpan)

What treasure?

(pause)

There's nothing down there.

JESSIE

(smiling)

Well... I got what I came for.

Charlie is touched by her apparent sentiment. He reaches out, caresses her shoulder for a second, then resumes kicking toward Scarba's shore. Jessie reaches down into her wetsuit.

JESSIE (CONT'D)

What d'you think we can get for this?

She reveals a large and valuable ruby. Charlie just stares at her with a mixture of admiration for her resourcefulness, and suspicion at her sneakiness. She grows a little embarrassed under his gaze, nevertheless feeling proud of herself. She carefully tucks the ruby back into the snugness of her wetsuit. For a moment, neither says another word, but their faces are beaming with victory and love.

CHARLIE

(understating)

I think we'll get by.

CAMERA PULLS BACK as the two survivors kick their way toward Scarba's craggy shore, any further conversation lost under the roar of the sea.

FADE OUT

- THE END -