THE SEA-WOLF

screenplay by

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based on the novel by

Jack London

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1 EXT SAN FRANCISCO BAY NIGHT 1

Fog, thick as cake frosting, swirls in the night air over the wine-dark sea below.

SAN FRANCISCO BAY, 1901

The dim glow of the city is visible in the distance.

VOICE (O.S.)
Once, as a boy, I fell into the sea...

A sound drifts toward us through the fog, the faint SINGING of a ferry boat whistle far off to the right. A moment later, a steamboat's horn BELLOWS in answer, from off to the left. A faint light moves in the dense fog on the left, that must be the steamer.

The ferry boat whistle sounds again from the right, louder now, and we detect a faint glow in the thick fog on that side of the screen, moving toward the center.

The steamboat's horn sounds again, louder this time, as the two ships head toward each other. The horns sound yet again, but still the ships approach.

The lights in the distance, nearly touching now, disappear into the thickest part of the fogbank. After a painful moment of silence, VOICES SHOUT in panic --

-- and the ships collide. We hear the sickening CRUNCH of timber ripping apart, the heavy SPLASH of water parting, and the high-pitched SCREAMS of terrified people as they're thrown into the bone-cold waters of the Bay.

We drop lower in the fog, now just over the tops of the waves. Below us, wreckage from the crash drifts along on the current. We drift with it, the sounds of the shipwreck and the rescue efforts growing fainter.

A figure drifts below us, not a boy at all but a young man, struggling against the tide. It's hard to tell much about HUMPHREY VAN WEYDEN, he's wearing an old-fashioned straw-filled life preserver, his lips are blue from cold, his teeth chattering. He tries to SHOUT for help, but small whitecapped breakers crash over him, filling his mouth with saltwater.

Van Weyden keeps trying to swim back the way he came, but the seas are heavier out here. He is sucked along rapidly by the tide as it rushes out through the Golden Gate -- not the bridge, which hasn't been built yet, but the natural gateway that leads out of San Francisco's harbor and into the endless black moonlit shimmer of the open sea.

2 FURTHER OUT, 2

some time has gone by, it's hard to tell how much. Van Weyden blinks his eyes, in and out of consciousness. He hears a sound and twists around, looking back in the direction of land. Almost above him, the bow of a vessel, a three masted barque, emerges from the fog.

The bow plunges down, just missing him and SPLASHING a sheet of water over his head. The long, black side of the ship slips past him, headed out to sea. He reaches out, trying to grab hold, but the slime-covered hull gives no purchase.

He CRIES OUT, but the ship keeps moving, leaving him in its wake. He gets a glimpse of her stern, of the name of the ship (the *Ghost*), of a MAN standing at the wheel, staring ahead, and ANOTHER MAN standing casually beside him, smoking a cigar.

VAN WEYDEN
(with the last of his strength)
Help... please...

Cigar Man turns in Van Weyden's direction, blowing out a cloud of smoke. Maybe he saw Van Weyden, maybe he didn't, but the corners of his mouth turn up in a faint strange Mona Lisa smile.

Van Weyden's eyes close and everything goes black. Somewhere, a great GONG strikes.

FADE OUT.

3 INT *GHOST* - GALLEY DAY 3

Still in blackness, the GONG strikes again, this time accompanied by the rhythmic splashing of a ship's hull rising and falling on ocean waves. The GONG strikes yet again, more of a CLANGING now, and --

-- Van Weyden half opens his eyes. The first thing he sees is a GREASY FACE, close to his, as a man goes through his pockets. Van Weyden stirs, and the Greasy-Faced Man moves quickly away, to the other side of the room.

Van Weyden looks around, semi-conscious. He's lying on a wooden bench in a ship's galley. Above him, he sees the source of the gong -- a frying pan hung from a rafter, BANGING against other pans. He looks to the side.

The Greasy-Faced Man is THOMAS MUGRIDGE, ship's cook. He resumes a conversation with JOHNSON, a heavy Swede. From their glances, they're talking about Van Weyden. The odd phrase reaches him.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED: 3

MUGRIDGE
...soft skin... like a lady's...

JOHNSON
...queer fish to pull out of the sea alright.

MUGRIDGE
Pretty. Ain't he?

From up on deck, they hear a THUD, followed by some SHOUTING and the BELLOW of a very angry man.

JOHNSON
Now what?

Mugridge drops what he's doing and they both hurry up on deck.

Van Weyden, left alone, summons his strength and stands. We get a better look at him. He's in his early thirties, dressed in fancy clothes which have been ruined by seawater.

From up on deck, the SHOUTING continues. Van Weyden heads toward it.

4 EXT DECK OF THE GHOST DAY 4

Van Weyden steps out onto the deck. The *Ghost* is a three-masted barque, 150 feet long, thirty wide. The ship has cleared the fogbanks that surround the bay and is in the middle of the open sea. Sunlight glitters off the sparkling water. There are no other ships on the horizon.

Van Weyden speaks to a SAILOR who's passing him.

VAN WEYDEN
Where am I? What ship is this?

The Sailor ignores him. None of the CREW MEMBERS pay any attention to Van Weyden, as there's a more interesting show going on. The FIRST MATE lies unconscious, struggling mightily to breathe, his breath RASPING in and out ominously. A SAILOR pulls a canvas bucket of seawater up on a rope and dumps it unceremoniously on the Mate, an attempt to revive him. It has no effect. The Sailor looks up, to a figure that paces the deck, chewing a cigar.

WOLF LARSEN, the captain of the ship, is the man whose casual glance saved Van Weyden's life. He nods to the Sailor, who dumps the bag over the rail of the ship for more water.

4 CONTINUED: 4

The Mate suddenly goes into a violent paroxysm of suffocation. He wrenches and writhes convulsively, his chin points up into the air, his muscles tense. Everyone stops what they're doing and stares, but no one moves to help.

The Mate stiffens in one great tense effort, he straightens his legs, rolls his head from side to side --

-- and then he stops. A sigh, almost of relief, floats up from his lips, which roll back to reveal two rows of tobacco-stained teeth.

There is a respectful silence for a moment. It is filled by Wolf, who speaks softly, incredulously, to the corpse.

WOLF
Are you planning to die?

He leans over the body, stares into its face, daring the man to defy him. He seizes the Mate's lapels with one hand and lifts him to his feet. He holds him close and whispers in his ear.

WOLF (cont'd)
You think you can drink yourself to death and leave me short a man?! NOBODY dies unless I say so!!

He thrusts the mate away from him, holds him suspended at arm's length, stares incredulously into his face. He is clearly dead. Wolf lets go of him and turns away in disgust. The Mate drops to the deck, his head cracks into the wood with the sickening CRUNCH of a fractured skull. He's lucky he's dead.

WOLF (cont'd)
Eriksen.

A SAILOR steps forward quickly.

WOLF (cont'd)
Get your palm and needle and sew the bastard up. You'll find some old canvas in the sail locker. Make it do.

ERIKSEN
Aye aye, sir.

WOLF
Mugridge.

Mugridge pops his head out from the back of the group.

4 CONTINUED: (2) 4

WOLF (cont'd)
Go below and fill a sack with coal. Anybody got a Bible or a prayer book?

No one answers. Several laugh.

WOLF (cont'd)
All right, then we'll drop him over without any palavering, unless our clerical-looking castaway knows the burial service at sea by heart.
(to Van Weyden)
Well? You a preacher?

More LAUGHS, these at Van Weyden's expense. Most come from a group of six men grouped over near the weather rail. These are the HUNTERS, a tough bunch who eat, sleep and skulk around together, muttering under their breath or laughing at some dark joke.

VAN WEYDEN
(flustered)
No. I'm not.

WOLF
What do you do for a living?

MUGRIDGE
He's a gentleman, sir!

The Hunters laugh. Mugridge addresses Van Weyden, his tone overly solicitous, like someone seeking a tip.

MUGRIDGE (cont'd)
I mean it as a compliment, sir. I took you for a gentleman right away. I did, sir.

VAN WEYDEN
Thank you, Mr. --

MUGRIDGE
Thomas Mugridge, sir.
(an absurd little bow)
At your service.

VAN WEYDEN
Thank you, Mr. Mugridge, I can answer my own questions.
(to Wolf)
I have an income.

4 CONTINUED: (3)

WOLF
An "income"? Oh, you mean an inheritance?

VAN WEYDEN
(indignant)
I have an income. All this is beside the point. I am a shipwreck victim. The ferry boat on which I was riding last night was struck by-

WOLF
An inheritance, I thought so. So your father earned it. *He* feeds you. You stand on dead men's legs. You couldn't walk alone between two sunrises, couldn't hustle the meat for your belly for three meals. Do I have it right?

VAN WEYDEN
I'd like to be put ashore as soon as possible. I'll pay you whatever you think your delay and trouble are worth.

WOLF
I have a counter-proposition to make. My first mate --
(gestures to the dead body)
-- has just retired. There'll be some promotions around here. A sailor comes aft to be the mate, cook's boy goes forward to take the sailor's place, and you become the new cook's boy. What do you say -- sign the articles for the cruise, twenty dollars per month and found. Sound good?

VAN WEYDEN
This is absurd.

Mugridge comes back on deck. LEACH, a glowering, powerful Irishman of eighteen or so, follows him, carrying a heavy sack of coal.

WOLF
You. Cook's boy. What's your name?

LEACH
George Leach, sir.

WOLF
Irish?

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED: (4) 4

LEACH
Yes, sir.

WOLF
Paddy written all over your mug. Leach is no Irish name. Change it, did you? Or did your mother fall for a stranger's blarney in a weak moment?

Leach colors with rage, but stays where he is.

WOLF (cont'd)
But let that go. You probably have very good reasons for forgetting your name, and you're hoping some gentlemen of the law will do the same while you're away, right? It sticks out all over your mug. I know your kind. You're tough as they make 'em, and twice as nasty, aren't you? Who shipped you?

LEACH
McCready and Swanson.

WOLF
SIR!

LEACH
McCready and Swanson, sir.

WOLF
Who got the advance money? You or them?

LEACH
They did, sir.

WOLF
(whistles)
Couldn't make yourself scarce too quick, eh? Blood under your fingernails?

LEACH
(livid)
That's a-

He stops himself.

WOLF
A what?

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED: (5) 4

LEACH
Nothin', sir. I take it back.

WOLF
You'll do. Pack up your kit and go forward into the forecastle. You're a boat puller now. You're promoted.
(turns away)
Eriksen, do you know anything about navigation?

ERIKSEN
No, sir.

WOLF
Well, never mind, you're first mate just the same. Get your traps aft into the mate's berth.

ERIKSEN
Aye aye, sir!

Wolf turns. Leach has not moved.

WOLF
What are you waiting for?

LEACH
I didn't sign for boat puller, sir. I signed for cook's boy, and that's what I aim to be.

Wolf walks closer to him, just a foot or two away. His voice is gentle.

WOLF
Pack up and go forward.

Leach still doesn't move, just stares eye to eye with Wolf.

Wolf's hand whips up and grabs Leach by the back of his neck. Leach's feet go right out from under him and before he can even react he's swept forward, straight down.

Wolf goes down to one knee as he CRACKS Leach's head into the decking, right next to the dead Mate and mashes his head into the decking, hard. Leach's face turns red as he finds himself eye to eye with the corpse.

WOLF (cont'd)
It's a big decision. Take your time. Think it over.

4 CONTINUED: (6) 4

Leach's face turns deep blue as he stares into the dead man's eyes.

WOLF (cont'd)
Well? What's it going to be? Are you going forward?

LEACH
(chokes it out)
Yes, sir.

Wolf stands and turns to Van Weyden.

WOLF
What about you?

VAN WEYDEN
I'll give you a thousand dollars if you'll take me ashore, a thou-

WOLF
Stow that. Are you going to take up your duties as cook's boy?

VAN WEYDEN
For how long? Where are we-

WOLF
Or do I have to take you in hand?

Van Weyden looks around, desperate for help, but sees only the unsympathetic faces of the rest of the crew.

WOLF (cont'd)
Well?

VAN WEYDEN
I -- I'll do it.

WOLF
(almost kindly)
Then say "yes, sir."

VAN WEYDEN
Yes, sir.

WOLF
All right. Now that we've got everything straight, let's have the funeral and get the decks cleared of useless lumber. Eriksen, call all hands.

5 AT THE RAIL, 5

several SAILORS pick up a hatch cover on which the body of the First Mate has been placed, sewn in canvas. The sack of coal has been tied to the feet. They rest the hatch cover on the rail of the ship.

The entire crew, twenty-two hands including Van Weyden (but not the dead Mate), stand with their hats off, waiting for some sort of service to start.

WOLF
I only remember one part of the service. "And the body shall be cast into the sea." So -- cast it in.

The men holding the hatch cover look at each other, puzzled by the briefness of the ceremony.

WOLF (cont'd)
Cast it in, God damn it! What the hell's the matter with you?!

They lift one end of the hatch cover. The dead man slips feet first into the sea. The coal drags him down and he's gone.

WOLF (cont'd)
Eriksen, keep all hands on deck now they're here. Get in the topsails and jibs and make a good job of it. We're in for a sou'easter. Better reef the mainsail too while you're about it. GO TO IT!

All hands snap into action, thoughts of the First Mate banished, an incident dropped overboard. Several hands LAUGH at a private joke as they go back to work. Van Weyden looks around, completely disoriented, at a loss.

WOLF (cont'd)
Get that mournful look off your face. This could be the making of you. You might learn in time to stand on your own legs; maybe even walk along a bit. Are you married?
(Van Weyden shakes his head no)
Engaged?
(no again)
The sort of fellow who won't be missed. Good. What's your name, anyway?

VAN WEYDEN
Van Weyden. Sir.

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED: 5

WOLF
First name?

VAN WEYDEN
Humphrey, sir. Humphrey Van Weyden.

WOLF
Bit of a mouthful. You'll be Hump to me. Go find the cook and learn your duties. Welcome aboard, Hump.

CUT TO:

6 INT *GHOST* - GALLEY DAY 6

Miserable, Van Weyden is at a basin in the cramped galley, putting a peeler to use on a stack of potatoes. The ship pitches and rolls in heavy seas and the peeler slips off, taking a strip of skin off the back of one of his fingers. He CURSES.

VAN WEYDEN
Mugridge, you seem to be a sensible man, so I'm going to make you a business proposition. A straightforward-

As servile and fawning as Mugridge was to Van Weyden before, he is now domineering and bellicose.

MUGRIDGE
What's this, you're still about them potatoes?

VAN WEYDEN
Name your price. If you can help me get aboard the next ship we pass, I'll see to it that-

MUGRIDGE
Christ in a blanket, will you shut up, Hump?

VAN WEYDEN
My name, Mugridge, is-

MUGRIDGE
MR. Mugridge to you!

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED: 6

VAN WEYDEN
Humphrey Van Weyden is my name. If that's too difficult for you to remember, you might try breaking it up into little pieces and practicing a few times.

MUGRIDGE
Don't get highfalutin' with me, you snivelling swab.

VAN WEYDEN
At least have the decency to tell me where I'm going! What ship is this?

MUGRIDGE
Fasten down the rough-weather trays in the cabin and bring the tea and bread up to the captain and Henderson and them lot. I'll do the rest meself. You're about as much use as a nun's tit.

Van Weyden is confused. Mugridge rolls his eyes in a pained, exaggerated way and shoves a heavy metal teapot into Van Weyden's hands.

MUGRIDGE (cont'd)
Tea.
(two loaves of bread under his arms)
Bread.
(points out the door and across the deck)
Cabin.
(kicks him in the ass)
GO!

Van Weyden staggers out, tea in hand, and up the galley stairs.

MUGRIDGE (cont'd)
AND LOOK SHARP OR YOU'LL GET DOUSED!

7 EXT DECK DAY 7

The ship battles through a boarding sea (moderate to heavy waves). Van Weyden spots an open door in the direction Mugridge gestured, must be the cabin. He starts across the deck toward it.

7 CONTINUED: 7

HENDERSON, one of the hunters, passes him, headed aft toward the cabin. Wolf is up on the poop deck (bridge), smoking his cigar. From behind, Mugridge calls out to Van Weyden.

MUGRIDGE
Here she comes! Better sling yer hook!

VAN WEYDEN
Sling my what?

But all he gets is a quick glimpse of Mugridge's urgent face before the galley door swings shut with a BANG as the ship starts to heel over.

Van Weyden turns, puzzled. Henderson is moving, fast, leaping for the main rigging. He shoots up it, not stopping till he's ten feet off the deck, and clings there.

Van Weyden hears a WHOOSHING sound and turns toward the weather rail (the side of the ship across which the wind is blowing, the lee rail is the downwind side).

A TREMENDOUS WAVE curls up over the rail, nearly silent, it seems. Hump's eyes widen. Wolf calls out from the poop.

WOLF
Grab hold of something!

But it's too late. Hump springs toward the rigging, but the wave hits and he is swept under it.

8 IN THE WAVE, 8

Van Weyden tumbles, ass over teakettle (literally). He's raked across the deck, flipped over like a rag doll. He's finally righted, but the force of the wave SMASHES him, knee first, into the hard lee rail.

9 ON DECK, 9

the wave recedes, leaving Van Weyden gasping on the other side of the deck. He touches his injured knee, the pain agonizing. On the poop, Wolf shakes his head and turns back to the wheel. From the galley door, Mugridge is shouting.

MUGRIDGE
The pot! Where's the tea pot? If that pot's lost overboard you might as well jump in after it.

Van Weyden manages to hold up the teapot, still clenched in one hand, a minor victory. He staggers to his feet and half limps, half hops back to the galley.

10 INT GALLEY DAY 10

While Van Weyden looks at his horribly injured knee, Mugridge pours fresh boiling water into the teapot.

MUGRIDGE
What're you good for? Can't even carry a bit of tea aft without losin' it. Oh, what're you snifflin' about? Cause you hurt yer poor little leg? Poor little mamma's darlin'.

VAN WEYDEN
I am not "sniffling," you congenital idiot, I'm in pain. Are you too stupid to tell the difference?

MUGRIDGE
You do what Stupid tells you and get that tea up to the Captain, you Hump, before I kick your teeth in.

Van Weyden stares at him for a moment --

-- and backs down. He takes the tray and hobbles back up the stairs.

CUT TO:

11 INT MAIN CABIN NIGHT 11

Night has fallen. Sea lamps cast a sickly yellow light on the ship's main cabin, which is barely big enough for the table that occupies it. Wolf and the six hunters (Henderson, SMOKE, KERFOOT, LATIMER, "JOCK" HORNER, and STANDISH) are crowded around the table, eating. There's no talk at this table, the only sound is chewing, and it's kinda gross. Commentary on the food is limited to positive or negative grunts.

Van Weyden limps around them, pouring tea into their cups. Mostly into the cups, anyway, the sea is still heavy. Van Weyden's face is unnaturally pale, he's woozy, nauseous with pain, the room swimming around him. He sets down the teakettle and pulls his pant leg up to inspect his injured knee. It's grotesque. Even through the prodigious swelling, he can see that the kneecap itself is standing up on end.

KERFOOT
Looks nasty.

SMOKE
Tie a rag around it. It'll be all right.

11 CONTINUED: 11

There is general consensus with this medical advice and they all go back to eating.

WOLF
Don't let a little thing like that bother you. You'll get used to it. It may cripple you some, but you'll be learning to walk. That's what you call a paradox, isn't it?

VAN WEYDEN
(barely able to speak)
Yes, it... sir, it is.

WOLF
I suppose you know a bit about literary things? Good.

Henderson BELCHES. Standish, next to him, COUGHS and waves the air. It smells. Kerfoot laughs.

WOLF (cont'd)
You see what passes for conversation in here. These men have reduced the language of Shakespeare and Milton to a few grunts and a handful of curses. Glad to have you aboard.

He claps the cook's boy on the back sportively, but Van Weyden, who was balancing on one foot, stumbles and CRACKS his injured knee into the table leg.

12 EXT OPEN SEA NIGHT 12

Van Weyden's SCREAM OF PAIN echoes over the night sea. The *Ghost*, under full sail, chops through the Pacific.

CUT TO:

13 INT GALLEY SLEEPING QUARTERS NIGHT 13

Off the galley, there is a tiny sleeping quarters. Mugridge is asleep, SNORING noisily on a spacious bunk -- spacious, that is, compared to the narrow plank Van Weyden has been given.

He lies there, eyes wide open, in uncomfortable proximity to the noisy Mugridge. He stares up at his clothes, which hang from the rafters above him, drying, empty, a fleshless version of the man he used to be.

He closes his eyes, just for a split-second, he opens them --

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED: 13

-- and Mugridge is standing over him, grinning sadistically.

MUGRIDGE
(whispering)
Have you had a good night's sleep, sir?

VAN WEYDEN
(disoriented)
What time is it?

MUGRIDGE
It's half past five, sir. Will the gentleman be wanting his coffee now, sir?

VAN WEYDEN
Where am I?

Mugridge grabs him by the lapels and hauls him out of bed, dumping him on the floor. Van Weyden lands with a painful GRUNT.

MUGRIDGE
On board the *Ghost*, you cockroach. Get up. And get to work.

He throws Van Weyden's clothes over his face.

A velvet money purse falls from one of Van Weyden's pockets. He picks it up, feels something odd about its weight, and opens it. It's empty.

14 INT *GHOST* - GALLEY DAY 14

In the galley, Mugridge clatters about, cooking breakfast for the crew. Van Weyden enters from the sleeping quarters and stares at him angrily.

MUGRIDGE
Get on your knees and blow some life into that fire.

VAN WEYDEN
I've been robbed.

He pulls the purse from his pocket and holds it out.

VAN WEYDEN (cont'd)
I had a hundred and eighty-five dollars in this bag. It's gone.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED: 14

MUGRIDGE
Too bad. Now get down there like I said.

Van Weyden doesn't move, just stares at him. Mugridge correctly interprets the stare. He picks up a scullery knife and presses the point into Van Weyden's gut.

MUGRIDGE (cont'd)
(indignant)
You calling me a thief?

Van Weyden backs into a wall. Mugridge closes in, bringing the knife up to his throat.

MUGRIDGE (cont'd)
You got somethin' to say?

VAN WEYDEN
You have the knife. I'd say the conversation is over.

Satisfied, Mugridge throws the knife expertly at the timber wall where it sticks, an inch deep, quivering, a threat and a warning.

MUGRIDGE
You'll be peeling potatoes around here, Hump, the rest of this voyage. You get that? And clean them ashes there out of the stove and empty 'em over the rail. And set the captain's cabin right, while you're up there. You do know how to make a bed, don't you?

CUT TO:

15 EXT ON DECK DAY 15

Van Weyden carries a bucket of ashes up on deck. It's a beautiful day, a fair wind, getting warmer as they head south. Wolf is in conversation with LOUIS, a chubby Irish crew member.

Van Weyden steers a course around Wolf and heads to the weather rail with the bucket. Louis catches his eye and tilts his head indicating the other side of the boat. Van Weyden nods back, thinking Louis is just saying hello.

Van Weyden flicks the bucket, but he has flung the ashes to windward. They do a U-turn in midair and blow straight back onto the deck of the ship, all over him, Louis --

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED: 15

-- and Wolf. The captain momentarily halts his conversation, walks over to Van Weyden, and kicks him in the gut.

Van Weyden crumples, nearly sick. Wolf walks calmly away across the deck and resumes his conversation. Johnson, the big Swede, comes over and puts a sympathetic hand on Van Weyden's back. Van Weyden is gasping for air.

JOHNSON
Ashes over the lee rail next time. Downwind, that means.

Van Weyden nods, grateful. Johnson starts to rise, but Van Weyden grabs hold of him.

VAN WEYDEN
Where are we? Where's... ship headed?

JOHNSON
We're off the Farallons, heading about sou'west. We're bound seal-hunting to Japan.

VAN WEYDEN
How long?

JOHNSON
Depends how soon we hit the herd. For many weeks we can look and never find. Last time I crewed a sealer I was gone more than half a year.

VAN WEYDEN
(stares, horrified)
Six... six months?

The severity of his predicament sinks in with terrifying clarity.

CUT TO:

16 INT WOLF'S CABIN DAY 16

In Wolf's cabin, Van Weyden makes the bed. He discovers a book tangled in the sheets, open to a certain page. He checks the spine, instinctively. It's the complete works of Browning. Impressed, he looks at the page it was open to.

The poem is called "In a Balcony," and here and there, passages are underlined in pencil. A sheet of paper falls out of the book. Van Weyden picks it up. It's scrawled over with geometrical diagrams and calculations of some sort.

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED: 16

Curious, Van Weyden turns and looks to the walls. Bookshelves are built in, leather straps restraining a large number of volumes. He checks the authors -- Shakespeare, Tennyson, Poe, Shaw, Darwin, astronomy, physics, grammar -- Wolf's appetite is wide-ranging.

WOLF (o.s.)
How's the gut?

Van Weyden turns. Wolf is in the doorway.

VAN WEYDEN
Not as bad as the knee, sir.

Wolf goes to his humidor and selects another cigar.

WOLF
Any other complaints?

VAN WEYDEN
Well -- as a matter of fact, yes. I've been robbed.

WOLF
Sir.

VAN WEYDEN
I've been robbed, sir. Of a considerable sum. It was in a money bag in my pocket; the bag is still there but now it's empty.

WOLF
Any notion who took it?

VAN WEYDEN
It had to be Mr. Mugridge, sir.

WOLF
How much did he get?

VAN WEYDEN
One hundred and eighty-five dollars, sir.

WOLF
Have you talked to him?

VAN WEYDEN
He was not... open to discussion of the matter.

16 CONTINUED: (2) 16

WOLF
I'll bet. Well, consider it a lesson. You should learn how to take care of your money for yourself. I suppose up till now your lawyer's done it for you, or your business agent. But they're not aboard this ship, are they?

VAN WEYDEN
How can I get it back again?

WOLF
(choosing a cigar and clipping its end)
That's your lookout. A man who leaves his money lying around the way you did deserves to lose it. Besides, you've sinned. You have no right to put temptation in the way of your fellow creatures. You tempted Mugridge, and he fell. You have placed his immortal soul in jeopardy. Not that I believe in the immortal soul. But we'll get into weightier issues later.

From the galley, Mugridge's irritating voice bellows out.

MUGRIDGE (o.s.)
HUMP, GOD DAMN IT!

WOLF
Right now you need to look alive.

VAN WEYDEN
Nevertheless, what he did was wrong.

WOLF
Wrong? A man can't wrong another man, he can only wrong himself. He wants to keep your money, he's stronger than you, so he can -- and he does. Might is right. Weakness is wrong. You're going to have to shake a few of the wrinkles out of your thinking, Hump. On shore you're one thing, on this ship you're something very different.

MUGRIDGE (o.s.)
WHAT IN CHRIST'S NAME IS TAKIN' SO LONG?!

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED: (3) 16

WOLF
Run along, Hump. A better man is calling.

17 INT GALLEY DAY 17

Van Weyden stands in the galley, peeling a mountain of potatoes. He looks over his shoulder. Through a narrow doorway behind him, Mugridge is contentedly asleep on his bunk, snoring loudly. Van Weyden grits his teeth and goes on with his work.

The ship is pitching and rolling. The potatoes roll from side to side. The hanging pots and pans bang away at each other. Van Weyden braces his legs to keep his equilibrium. His face is ashen with a sheen of cold sweat.

He has a sudden stomach spasm. He clutches his hand to his mouth and hurries out of the Galley colliding with the walls as the ship lurches.

CUT TO:

18 EXT ON DECK DAY 18

Darkness at noon, the clouds are thick and low today as the ship rides a heavy sea. Van Weyden climbs out of the galley hatch and lunges for the side. He feels the wind in his face. He stops. He's learnt his lesson. He turns and staggers across to the lee side and vomits over the rail.

A dozen crew members are gathered on deck, looking up into the rigging which is swaying alarmingly. Eriksen, the mate, stands with hands on hips, staring up, angry. Louis approaches Johnson.

LOUIS
What's the trouble?

JOHNSON
Foresail sheet jammed in the blocks. Eriksen sent Harrison into the halyards to clear it.

Van Weyden wipes his mouth and follows their gaze up into the rigging. High up, eighty feet off the deck, HARRISON, a young sailor not yet twenty years old, is frozen in the rigging, clinging to one of the gaffs, halfway out along it, too frightened to move.

18 CONTINUED: 18

LOUIS
Harrison, he sent? He's never climbed no riggin' before, he's still Ordinary Seaman, ain't he?

JOHNSON
The Wolf picked him special for the job.

LOUIS
Why don't he just lower the foresail?

JOHNSON
The old man say he want all the canvas he can get.

ERIKSEN
(bellowing up to Harrison)
GOD DAMN IT, HARRISON, YOU THINK I'VE GOT NOTHIN' BETTER TO DO?! *MOVE IT,* I SAID, GET YOUR HIDE TO THE END OF THAT GAFF, BY CHRIST, OR I'LL COME UP THERE AND HEAVE YOUR ASS ONTO THE DECK MYSELF!

Wolf appears behind him.

WOLF
That'll do, Mr. Eriksen. I do the cursing on this ship. If I need your assistance, I'll call you in.

ERIKSEN
He won't move, sir, he's froze up there.

WOLF
He'll move.

19 UP IN THE RIGGING, 19

Harrison is white with fear, trembling as he clings to the horizontal gaff. He looks down, at the upturned faces, takes a deep breath, and starts to inch his way further out.

20 DOWN ON DECK, 20

he looks like an enormous spider crawling along a very thin strand of its web. The crew watches, some with idle interest. The hunters seem amused by the whole thing.

21 UP IN THE RIGGING, 21

Harrison crawls further out on the gaff, sweating profusely. He's nearly reached the end when his hair blows across his face.

It's a puff of wind. Alarmed, Harrison looks up, in time to watch the wind fill the sagging foresail. The sail billows, it goes taut, and the gaff starts to move.

Harrison tightens his grip as the gaff swings wide. It SNAPS to an abrupt halt as the halyard reaches its end. Jarred, Harrison loses the grip with one hand, holds momentarily with the other, but then loses that too. His body pitches out and down, which fortunately brings his legs up over his head, and he manages to loop them over the gaff.

He hangs there, upside down, suspended by his legs, SCREAMING.

22 ON DECK, 22

there is some mild interest in this turn of events.

WOLF
I'll bet he's got no appetite for supper now.

23 IN THE RIGGING, 23

Harrison brings his hands up to the halyards again and manages to regain his former position. But now he's frozen in fear.

24 DOWN ON DECK, 24

Van Weyden is aghast. Johnson is angry, muttering to Louis.

JOHNSON
The boy's willing enough, he'll learn if he has a chance, but this is --

Louis silences him with a sharp "HSSST!" and a nod of his head toward Wolf. Johnson clams up. Standish, one of the hunters, turns to Wolf.

STANDISH
Look here, that's my boat puller, and I don't want to lose him.

WOLF
He's your boat puller when you've got him in the boat, but he's my sailor when I have him aboard, and I'll do what I damn well please with him.

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED: 24

STANDISH
But that's no reason to-

WOLF
I've told you what's what, Standish, now leave it at that. The man is mine; I'll make soup of him and eat it if I want to.

25 UP IN THE RIGGING, 25

Harrison is shivering, immobile.

26 DOWN ON DECK, 26

Johnson springs for the rigging and starts to climb it.

WOLF
What are you up to, Johnson?!

JOHNSON
I go to get that boy down.

WOLF
You'll get down out of that rigging, and damn lively about it! D'ye hear? Get down!

Johnson, cowed, climbs out of the rigging. Van Weyden can't take it any more. He lurches over to Wolf, who cuts him off before he begins.

WOLF (cont'd)
Don't bother, Hump. You don't understand. Harrison wants to make Able Seaman on this voyage, told me so himself. I intend to help him. An Able Seaman knows how to clear the rigging.

VAN WEYDEN
But this is brutal.

WOLF
Harrison wants to make Able Seaman. An Able Seaman can clear the rigging.

VAN WEYDEN
He's not only a Seaman, he's also a human being. This is, it's... well, it's unethical!

26 CONTINUED: 26

Wolf turns to him slowly. Rather than rage, the look on his face is one of surprise and delight.

WOLF
At one time in my life, I thought some day I might be the kind of man who talked about things like "ethics", but, would you believe, Hump, this is the first time I've ever heard the word pronounced. Never thought I'd hear it spoken on this ship!

VAN WEYDEN
Don't you place any value on human life?!

WOLF
(warming to the debate)
Value? What kind of value? How do you measure it? Who values it?

VAN WEYDEN
I do!

WOLF
What's it worth to you? Another man's life, I mean. Come on, what's it worth to you?

Van Weyden can't take his eyes off the terrified young man, frozen eighty feet above them.

VAN WEYDEN
This is no time for a philosophical debate!

WOLF
I can't think of a better time for a philosophical debate.

From above, a muted GROWLING sound comes from Harrison.

WOLF (cont'd)
Watch out, here she comes.

He pulls Van Weyden out of the way as Harrison's vomit hits the deck where he was standing. Wolf doesn't lose his train of thought.

WOLF (cont'd)
You see, you can't put a value on it, because it is valueless. Life is the cheapest thing in the world.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED: (2) 26

WOLF (cont'd)
Nature spills it out everywhere, where there's room for one life, she sows a thousand, and leaves a million more demanding to be born. Look up there at Harrison. He holds on as if he were a precious thing, a treasure. But if he falls and drips his brains on this deck, there will be no loss to the world. He's nothing to the world. To himself only he has value, and to show how fictitious even this value is, once he's dead he's even unconscious that he's lost himself. The one person who thought he had value won't even know he's gone.

27 UP IN THE RIGGING, 27

Harrison makes an attempt to move toward the ladder, but his hand slips and he nearly falls again. He wraps himself completely around the gaff, too terrorized to move.

28 DOWN ON DECK, 28

Wolf presses his point to Hump.

WOLF
Well? What have you got to say?

VAN WEYDEN
If you don't believe in the value of every human life, then nothing matters.

WOLF
That's it. Nicely put. Nothing matters.

Van Weyden trembles with rage. Wolf smiles indulgently as a man might when a puppy snaps at his ankles.

VAN WEYDEN
I see why they call you Wolf.

WOLF
Careful, Hump. I'll give you latitude like the kings of old did to their fools, but only as long as you amuse me.

He casts a glance up at the frozen figure of Harrison, then calls out to the rest of the crew.

28 CONTINUED: 28

WOLF (cont'd)
Break it up. You've had enough entertainment for one day.

The crew reluctantly disperses, leaving Harrison frozen in the rigging. Johnson, Louis, and Van Weyden remain alone on deck, staring up.

JOHNSON
I get him down.

LOUIS
You defy him, Johnson, he'll break you.

JOHNSON
How long we take orders from a mad dog?

As Wolf steps into his cabin, Johnson springs to the rigging and starts to climb up, as fast as he can, to rescue Harrison. Louis shakes his head and mutters to Van Weyden.

LOUIS
You got plucked outta the water by the wrong boat, Hump.

VAN WEYDEN
Why would any man serve that monster?

LOUIS
They all got some excuse for sailing with Wolf Larsen.

Van Weyden looks up. Above him, the figure of Johnson climbs, remarkably agile, almost sprinting up the rigging.

LOUIS (cont'd)
There's them that's so bad they can't sail with better men, like them hunters, or who couldn't get themselves onto a steamship. Or the rest of us poor bastards that never heard of the Wolf and didn't know no better. We all got some excuse.

Wolf is standing at the door of his cabin taking note of Johnson. Above, Johnson has reached the edge of the gaff, stretching out a hand to the terrified young man, who gratefully accepts the other man's kindness and grabs hold. Louis shakes his head.

28 CONTINUED: (2) 28

LOUIS (cont'd)
Johnson, he's decent all right. But this hell ship ain't no place for a decent man.

CUT TO:

28A INT GALLEY NIGHT 28A

Van Weyden enters with a stack of pots and dirty dishes. Having found his sea legs, he is steadier than before. He sets them down, takes the steaming kettle from the stove, pours boiling water into two large glasses, grabs a poker with his free hand and stirs up the fire. He's on top of the job.

With the glasses on a tray he hurries out, still limping slightly.

29 EXT ON DECK NIGHT 29

Van Weyden climbs up on to the deck from the Galley. It's a beautiful night. A silver path stretches across the limitless ocean from a low moon. He looks up, awestruck by the majesty of a sky crowded with a billion stars.

MUGRIDGE (O.S.)
Hump! Get in here with that grog.

Van Weyden jogs to the main cabin, his tray held high, the very image of a professional waiter.

29A INT MAIN CABIN NIGHT 29A

Wolf and Mugridge are at the table playing cards. Mugsy throws down his hand and Wolf scoops up his stake with a smug smile.

WOLF
Another hand?

Van Weyden sets down the glasses and Wolf adds a generous slug of rum. Mugridge takes a big gulp.

MUGRIDGE
(bitterly)
You've cleaned me out, Captain.

Wolf smiles enigmatically at Van Weyden.

WOLF
Easy come, easy go, eh, Mugsy?

(CONTINUED)

29A CONTINUED: 29A

As Van Weyden tidies up the cabin, Mugridge watches blearily as Wolf counts up his winnings.

WOLF (cont'd)
And by the way, Mugsy, dinner tonight was inedible. Keep the grease and dirt out of the food from now on, and wash that shirt once in a while, or you'll get a tow over the side. Understand?

MUGRIDGE
Yes, sir.

He gets unsteadily to his feet and makes for the door. He turns back and snarls at Van Weyden, someone to take it out on.

MUGRIDGE (cont'd)
Get your ass in that galley and clean up them dishes before you turn in.

He staggers off. Wolf, pulling contentedly on his cigar steps out on deck. Van Weyden summons his nerve and follows him.

29B EXT ON DECK NIGHT 29B

VAN WEYDEN
May I ask how much fortune bestowed upon you, sir?

WOLF
Oh, must be about, let's see, I'd say... hundred eighty-five dollars.

VAN WEYDEN
That money is mine, sir.

WOLF
Is mine? Hump, I'm a bit drunk, but I've studied some grammar in my day, and I think you've got your tenses tangled. *Was* mine is what you meant to say.

He pockets the money and wanders away, lighting a cigar. Van Weyden summons his nerve and follows him up to the poop deck.

VAN WEYDEN
That money was stolen from me, sir. And you know it. I've seen quite a few commandments broken on this ship. Here's another: thou shalt not steal.

(CONTINUED)

29B CONTINUED: 29B

WOLF
Oh, you believe there's a man up there keeping score, do you? Good deeds on this side, sins on that?

VAN WEYDEN
I believe in the immortal soul.

WOLF
Ah, the soul, I told you we'd get back to that. Have you seen that look of rapturous joy when religious folk talk of immortality? You know what that is? That's just the life that's in them, crying out to live forever. It's the champagne of the blood. It's the lie that makes life liveable. Deep down, *you* don't believe in immortality either. Watch, I'll prove it.

Wolf's hand whips up, to Van Weyden's throat. He locks his fingers around his windpipe and squeezes, his grip vise-like.

WOLF (cont'd)
Look at the fear of death in your eyes. Your hand grabs at my arm, it feels like a butterfly. You exert all your puny strength to struggle to live. Why, if there's an afterlife? Why try to live? *Now,* at this very moment, you admit the truth. Life, *this* life, is the only one there is.

He releases him, and Van Weyden falls to the deck, coughing and gasping.

WOLF (cont'd)
Well? Have I convinced you?

He gasps, struggling to reclaim his breath.

VAN WEYDEN
Are you really without hope?

WOLF
Hope? I hope to live on as the master of my Fate. The day I can't is the day I prefer to die.

VAN WEYDEN
It's a day we can all look forward to.

Wolf catches the double meaning and smiles.

(CONTINUED)

29B CONTINUED: (2) 29B

WOLF
A day we can all look forward to, *sir.*

CUT TO:

30 INT GALLEY DAY 30

On a stove in the galley, a large steamkettle simmers at a slow boil.

Van Weyden is at the basin, washing dishes. Mugridge bumps into him as he passes, no words of excuse. Van Weyden lets it go, trying to ignore him. Mugridge picks up a stack of dirty plates from the far table and brings them over to the sink.

MUGRIDGE
Good Christ, Hump, you worthless piece of human scum, d'ya have to leave these out in me way? Twenty-two men I have to feed, and where in Jesus' name am I supposed to do my work?

He drops the dishes next to Hump; they make an ungodly clatter. Van Weyden hisses through his teeth, controlling his temper.

VAN WEYDEN
I'm waiting for the hot water, you gelatinous blob.

Mugridge doesn't know what that means, but he knows he doesn't like it. Over at the stove, the kettle is spouting steam. Mugridge yanks it off, comes up behind Van Weyden, and dumps the water into the sink where Van Weyden still has his hands.

MUGRIDGE
This hot enough for you?

Van Weyden yanks his hands back, but he is spattered with the near-boiling water.

VAN WEYDEN
GOD *DAMN* YOU!

Mugridge, enraged by the curse, raises his hand to Van Weyden, to backhand him across the face. But the cook's boy snaps and lunges forward. He doesn't raise a hand, he just SNARLS, animal-like, right in Mugridge's face.

VAN WEYDEN (cont'd)
TRY IT!

Mugridge backs off. Van Weyden turns and goes back to work.

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED: 30

MUGRIDGE
Ahhh. I see. All right, Hump. I see how you want it. All right.

He picks up the scullery knife, pulls a whetstone from a drawer, sits on a stool directly across from Van Weyden --

-- and starts sharpening. No talk, no verbal threats, just a rhythmic SCRAPING sound as he drags the knife back and forth across the stone, eyes boring into Van Weyden's.

31 EXT DECK DAY 31

Van Weyden empties a bucket of ashes, over the proper rail this time. He turns to go back into the galley. Mugridge stands in the doorway, staring at him, knife and whetstone in hand. SCRAPE, SCRAPE, SCRAPE.

32 INT GALLEY DAY 32

The hairs on Mugridge's arm fall gently off as he drags the now razor-sharp knife lightly along his skin.

Over at the stove, Van Weyden notices. Mugridge just stares at him and goes back to sharpening. SCRAPE, SCRAPE, SCRAPE.

32A INT GALLEY NIGHT 32A

Van Weyden is tossing and turning in the throes of a nightmare. The sound of scraping haunts his sleep. Suddenly it stops. He jerks awake, throws his arms up to protect himself from the expected blow. Across the galley, Mugridge snores contentedly.

Van Weyden lies back, eyes wide open, fear in his bones.

33 EXT DECK NEXT DAY 33

Smoke and two other Hunters are huddled together, discussing something in high spirits. Johnson happens by.

JOHNSON
What's so funny?

SMOKE
Mugsy. He's sharpening his knife for Hump.

34 INT MAIN CABIN DAY 34

Van Weyden serves tea to Wolf and the Hunters. They all sneak glances at him and MUTTER to one another. Wolf buttonholes Van Weyden and speaks in his ear.

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED: 34

WOLF
Stick a knife in him before he does you. Set his spirit free, let it wing its way heavenward, you believe in all that crap.

Van Weyden pulls away, disgusted, but Wolf pulls him back.

WOLF (cont'd)
He's getting forty-five dollars a month. I'll give you his job.

35 INT GALLEY NIGHT 35

George Leach, the hotheaded eighteen year old, is in the larder, sneakily rooting through the food supplies. He closes his fingers around a can of condensed milk, turns to flee --

-- and Mugridge's knife flashes, slicing Leach's right arm open. Leach SCREAMS in pain and covers the wound, blood flowing out between his fingers.

LEACH
YOU CUT MY ARM OPEN!!

MUGRIDGE
And you'll get worse if I find you in here again!

LEACH
I'm gonna get you, Mugridge. And I ain't gonna be in no hurry about it. You'll be without that knife when I come for you.

MUGRIDGE
GET *OUT!*

Leach turns and hurries up the galley steps, past Van Weyden, who's just returning. Mugridge picks up a cloth and wipes the blood from the blade, staring meaningfully at his next victim.

36 EXT DECK DAY 36

Van Weyden limps to the far rail, where Johnson is coiling heavy rope.

VAN WEYDEN
Where can I get a knife?

JOHNSON
(still working)
Plenty of potato knives in the kitchen.

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED: 36

VAN WEYDEN
Not that kind. I need something that can cut through meat and bone.

Johnson stops what he's doing and looks at Hump appraisingly.

JOHNSON
Well. This dog's got teeth.

37 INT GALLEY NIGHT 37

Van Weyden sneaks into the galley, carrying a sea torch. He looks to the left, where Mugridge is fast asleep in his berth.

He creeps across the galley floor and opens the door to the larder. He reaches far into the back and pulls out two cans of condensed milk.

38 EXT DECK NIGHT 38

The cans pass from Van Weyden's hands to Leach's. In return, Leach reaches into his jacket and hands something over.

39 INT GALLEY DAY. 39

Mugridge is on his customary stool, sharpening his knife. SCRAPE, SCRAPE, SCRAPE. Van Weyden is doing the dishes.

Henderson, the Hunter, is leaning near the stove, listening as Mugridge regales him. But it's obvious who the cook is talking to.

MUGRIDGE
Knife just like this one. I stuck it in him, like into soft butter, and the way he squealed was better than a twopenny gaff. "I didn't mean it, Tommy," he was snifflin', "so help me God I didn't mean it!" But I cut him to ribbons.
(turns to Van Weyden)
He was a sight, Hump, he was.

Van Weyden drops what he's doing, wipes his hands on a towel, and goes to the larder. He moves a sack of potatoes, picks something up, and comes back. He takes the other stool, sets it about six feet from Mugridge's, and sits down, facing the cook.

He's holding a truly impressive knife, a real dagger, in one hand and a whetstone in the other. Staring at Mugridge, Hump starts to sharpen his own knife.

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED: 39

Mugridge looks at him, stunned. Hump doesn't say a word. Just keeps sharpening. And staring.

Henderson, watching, breaks into a huge smile and hurries up on deck. Hump keeps sharpening.

Up on deck feet THUMP as word is passed. A dozen Crew Members show up in the doorway and jockey for position.

Mugridge is starting to sweat. He looks back and forth, from Van Weyden's knife to the leering crowd in the doorway. Finally, Mugridge puts his knife down and leans toward Van Weyden, lowering his voice.

MUGRIDGE
Now, look, Hump, what's the good of us making a show of ourselves just for them bastards? Why should we cut each others throats for their benefit?

Hump keeps sharpening. And staring. Mugridge forces a jocular laugh, but it rings hollow with fear.

MUGRIDGE (cont'd)
You're not half bad, Hump. You've got spunk, I can see that now.
(Hump keeps sharpening)
I like you, in a way. I do!
(puts down his knife)
Come on. Let's shake.

He holds out his hand. Van Weyden doesn't take it, just keeps sharpening. Mugridge looks over to the crew members, nervously, as they drink in the scene. Mugridge forces a cheery voice, but he is clearly frightened.

MUGRIDGE (cont'd)
A'right! Take it or leave it, I like you none the less for it.
(to the Crew)
A'right, get outta my galley doors, you bunch of hyenas! I've got work to do!

VAN WEYDEN
The potatoes.

MUGRIDGE
What?

VAN WEYDEN
Peel the potatoes.

39 CONTINUED: (2) 39

Mugridge stares at him for a long moment, then picks up his knife and goes to the sink.

MUGRIDGE
Yeah, fine, all right. I could take a turn, I don't mind, must be my turn by now, at least.

He starts peeling potatoes. Van Weyden finally stops scraping and pries his own fingers off the knife. He looks at his hand, it's white and shaking, trembling with adrenaline.

The assembled crew members in the doorway, realizing there will be no knife fight today, disperse. As they clear away, they reveal Wolf, staring in at Van Weyden.

WOLF
Mugsy! Harrison will help you get the meals from now on. Hump's comin' up on deck.

CUT TO:

40 EXT OPEN SEA DAY 40

As the ship moves into southern waters, the sea warms and changes color, turning a beautiful turquoise.

41 EXT DECK DAY 41

Sailors strip off their shirts as the weather warms. Van Weyden is on deck, hauling sheet (pulling rope) in through the blocks. Louis, next to him, demonstrates a better technique.

Van Weyden adjusts, and the ropes fly in. He's a fast learner. He looks up, catches the eye of the Wolf, at the wheel. Wolf sees the exhilaration on Van Weyden's face.

WOLF
Champagne of the blood, Hump?

A cry from Leach, the look out in the crow's nest

LEACH
SMOKE AHOY! NOR'NOR'EAST!

Wolf hands the wheel to Eriksen and searches the horizon through his binoculars. Wolf's face darkens, his body tenses.

WOLF
Mr. Eriksen. Change of course. Four points north, if you please.

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED: 41

Eriksen turns, surprised. He catches the Wolf's change of mood.

ERIKSEN
I thought we were putting in to the island for water, sir.

WOLF
Put on more sail. Make this lady run.

ERIKSEN
Water's low, sir.

WOLF
Cut the ration. We have a rival at hand.

Eriksen bellows out his orders. The men scurry about the deck.

A sail is dragged out of the locker. A man climbs aloft to unreef the topsail.

Wolf raises his binoculars. The shape of a steam ship is rising over the horizon. The new sail is hoisted.

41A INT GALLEY NIGHT 41A

The men are pressed together on both sides of a long narrow table. They gulp down their meager rations. Henderson and Mugridge clear the table.

LOUIS
You've outdone yourself today, Mugsy. That was the worst slop I ever tasted.

A few rueful laughs, but most of the men are too fatigued and ill-fed to see the humour of it.

LEACH
Bad as it was, I could've eaten twice as much again.

MUGRIDGE
Tell the Captain, not me. Can't make nothing out of nothing.

Van Weyden is sitting across from Johnson.

VAN WEYDEN
How much more will they take?

41A CONTINUED: 41A

JOHNSON
Sailors always grumble. They never do nothing.

42 EXT UP IN THE RIGGING DAY 42

Van Weyden climbs awkwardly, twenty feet above the deck. He leaves the ratlines (lower rigging) below him, swinging all his weight out by his grip on a single low gaff and pulling himself still higher. He nearly falls, has to clutch at the ropes.

42A EXT DECK DAY 42A

Wolf watches Van Weyden's struggles with a derisive smile.

WOLF
Get a grip on yourself, Hump, or you'll be back in the galley.

Wolf strides over to the midships hatch and bellows down it.

WOLF (cont'd)
Get up here, you Hunters. And bring your weapons for inspection.

Van Weyden drops down from the rigging as the Hunters sullenly line up on deck with their weapons -- long-barreled rifles, shot guns, harpoons.

Wolf looks down one of the barrels.

WOLF (cont'd)
Dirt in that barrel, Smoke.

He hits Smoke on the side of the head with the back of his hand and sends him sprawling.

WOLF (cont'd)
No oil on that rifle, Kerfoot. Salt air corrodes like the grave. You Hunters have no duties but to be in readiness. So be ready.

He sinks his fist into Kerfoot's gut and the man doubles over and sinks to the deck, gasping for air.

Wolf raises his binoculars and searches out the steam ship. He is gratified to see that it is getting no closer. Eriksen comes up alongside him.

42A CONTINUED: 42A

WOLF (cont'd)
She's making no water on us, Mr. Eriksen.

CUT TO:

43 INT HUNTERS' SLEEPING QUARTERS NIGHT 43

Van Weyden has been assigned new sleeping quarters, with the hunters now, in a tiny compartment midships which they jokingly call steerage. Oilskins and sea boots hang from the walls, rifles and shotguns rest in their racks. The hunters are all asleep, but they're a noisy bunch, FARTING and GROANING in their sleep. The sound of CREAKING planks and deviated septums fills the air.

Van Weyden, awake in his bunk, holds up his hands and studies the palms. No longer quite so raw and bloodied, they're starting to grow callouses.

He is startled by the appearance of shadowy figures creeping silently into the steerage. The swaying lantern throws light and shadow intermittently over the faces of the crew -- Johnson, Leach, Louis and the rest. They wake the Hunters, signaling them to be silent. The Hunters grumble and curse.

LOUIS
(whispers)
We've had a belly full. We're sending Johnson here, to the Wolf with our grievances. Do you stand with us, bully boys?

SMOKE
You won't budge the Wolf with talk. Stick 'a dynamite up his ass, and even then...

KELLY
... he'd shit it out and eat it for breakfast.

MUGRIDGE
Water won't last more than a couple of weeks.

JOHNSON
We ask only that he put in for water and supplies. That's all. But all must agree.

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED: 43

With nods and grunts they give their assent.

CUT TO:

44 EXT UP IN THE RIGGING DAY 44

Van Weyden climbs the rigging again, now forty feet above the deck. His movements are smoother, more coordinated.

The ship is becalmed, the ocean flat and motionless, "As idle as a painted ship, upon a painted ocean." Van Weyden looks down at Wolf pacing the deck, willing the wind into being.

The steam ship is bearing down on them, its funnel belching smoke which rises directly upward into an azure sky.

44A EXT DECK DAY 44A

Wolf comes to a stop on the poop deck next to the mate. He stares at the oncoming ship.

WOLF
Mr. Eriksen, have the Hunters up on deck with their weapons at the ready.

ERIKSEN
HUNTERS! ON DECK AT THE READY!

The steam boat bears down on them, cutting a swath through the glassy sea. Wolf's eyes are fixed on it. The Hunters spill out on to the deck.

WOLF
Load! Train your rifles on that abomination of a ship.

The ship passes them some hundred yards to port. Her name is visible, the *Macedonia*. Her CAPTAIN stands by the wheel staring across at Wolf. Wolf stares back.

The Captain of the *Macedonia* bears a resemblance to Wolf, a gnarled, darker, grotesque version of the same man. The crew of the *Ghost* watches as the two Captains stare each other down, neither flinching, neither looking away as the two ships drift closely past one another.

WOLF (cont'd)
(his voice cracking, little more than a whisper)
Fire!

(CONTINUED)

44A CONTINUED: 44A

The Hunters hesitate, looking back and forth between the two men. They are thoroughly spooked. The steam ship is moving away from them.

WOLF (cont'd)
(barely audible)
I said fire.

Wolf is swaying as though about to pass out. His face is twisted in pain. The steam boat is pulling further away. The Hunters let off a desultory round or two. They fall harmlessly short.

Wolf's eyes never leave the boat as it steams away, getting smaller and smaller.

Finally he turns and walks stiffly to his cabin. The air is heavy, the crew silent. Van Weyden exchanges looks with Johnson. The invincible Wolf seems broken.

The steamship looks insubstantial as it shimmers in the heat haze.

JOHNSON
Was that real?

They watch Wolf stagger as he opens the door to his cabin.

JOHNSON (cont'd)
He don't look too tough now.

VAN WEYDEN
Maybe this is the right moment for you to tackle him.

Johnson doesn't look too happy but he nods and starts off towards the cabin. All eyes follow him. He looks forlorn.

Impulsively, Van Weyden catches up with him.

VAN WEYDEN
Let me go in first. Soften him up.

Johnson is mightily relieved. Van Weyden knocks on the door. No response. He waits, then gathers his courage and enters.

CUT TO:

45 INT MAIN CABIN DAY 45

Van Weyden peers carefully around the door. The blinds are drawn, the room darkened, but shafts of hot sunlight cut into the cabin where the curtains don't meet. Wolf is groping at his cabinet, searching feverishly for something.

VAN WEYDEN
Captain Larsen, sir. Is there... is there something I can do for you?

Wolf turns, his teeth bared. He takes up a fighting stance like a wrestler or a bear. Van Weyden is taken aback.

WOLF
Hump?

Wolf drops his arms, sags into his chair, and puts his head in his hands, grimacing with pain.

WOLF (cont'd)
There's some pills here somewhere. See if you can put your hand on them.

Van Weyden advances gingerly and finds the glass bottle immediately. With shaking hands Wolf gulps down three pills.

WOLF (cont'd)
I curse this calm. With a fair wind I can run him ragged.

VAN WEYDEN
Sir... that man. Who was he? He looked...

WOLF
My brother. Older than me. Barely. Two sons, born at the same time... it's a terrible burden on a poor family.

He falls silent as a spasm of pain takes him. Van Weyden waits silently.

WOLF (cont'd)
There was bread enough for one. So we fought each other for it. And we've fought all our lives. I don't suppose you can imagine something like that.

He looks across at Van Weyden but his gaze is wide of the mark. With a start, Van Weyden realizes he is blind. He passes his hand in front of Wolf's face.

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED: 45

Then he clears his throat and Wolf immediately adjusts his look to the sound. Van Weyden allows himself a smile.

WOLF (cont'd)
He outruns me with steam when the wind is slack. The last two years he's stolen my seal herds. He's not half the hunter I am, so he waits till I find them, then he cuts in.

Wolf pulls a flask from his pocket and takes a slug. He rubs his forehead.

WOLF (cont'd)
It's easing, easing.
(a sigh)
I'll kill him this time, and have done with it.

Van Weyden watches him carefully, gauging his moment.

VAN WEYDEN
This may not be the right time, sir, but the crew has deputed Johnson to voice their grievances. He's waiting outside.

Wolf is immediately on guard. He snarls at Van Weyden.

WOLF
So, you thought you'd catch me in a weak moment? And you're the brain behind this, Hump. Is that it? Well, bring him in. Let's see what he's made of.

Van Weyden opens the door to admit Johnson who clumps in awkwardly and removes his cap. Van Weyden whispers in his ear.

VAN WEYDEN
He can't see.

Johnson is startled. He peers into Wolf's face. He can see that Wolf is not looking at him.

WOLF
Well, Yonson --

JOHNSON
(boldly, that was a jab at his Swedish accent)
My name is Johnson, sir.

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED: (2) 45

WOLF
You're a brave man, Yonson, if you're going to presume to tell me how to run my ship.

JOHNSON
We ask only what is fair. Water and chow and some dignity.

Wolf rises from his chair and advances on Johnson.

WOLF
Well, Mr. Johnson, here's a message for the men.

He hurls himself at Johnson who staggers but stands his ground. Johnson is a big powerful man but no match for the huge strength of Wolf.

Wolf smashes him against the wall of the cabin and strikes a crushing blow in the middle of Johnson's chest. Johnson's legs buckle and Wolf loses him. He gropes for him, raining blows at the air. There is no escape in the tiny cabin and Wolf finds him again and crashes his fist into Johnson's face. Johnson goes down and Wolf is on top of him, pummelling his body.

Van Weyden attempts to intervene, but with a ROAR of anger, Wolf knocks him aside with a blow to the side of his head so forceful that it throws Hump clear across the cabin, where he crashes into a wall. He falls to the floor, blood filling one ear, and somehow ends up near eye to eye with Johnson, who lies on the floor a few feet from him, eyes wide open as Wolf pummels his defenseless body.

Van Weyden hauls himself up and stretches a hand out towards Wolf.

VAN WEYDEN
Stop! For the love of God.

WOLF
Here's one for God.

He lands a massive punch to the side of Van Weyden's head.

CUT TO BLACK.

45A INT MAIN CABIN DAY 45A

When Van Weyden comes round, he sees Wolf, sitting at his desk -- READING! Wolf glances up as Van Weyden stirs.

(CONTINUED)

45A CONTINUED: 45A

WOLF
That little rumpus did me the world of good. "Richard is himself again." Know your Shakespeare, Hump?

Van Weyden is too woozy to respond. He sees Johnson inching his way painfully across the floor towards the door.

WOLF (cont'd)
Look at him, Hump. What do you think of this aggregation of dust that believes in human fictions like fairness and honesty?

VAN WEYDEN
I think he's a better man than you. I think he is noble.

WOLF
I think you're right. And you see how fares nobility.

Van Weyden gets to feet and helps Johnson out of the cabin.

46 EXT ON DECK DAY 46

Van Weyden looks for help but no one comes forward, until George Leach bursts from the crowd, and helps Van Weyden tend to Johnson's wounds.

Wolf strolls out of the cabin and heads up to the poop, lighting a cigar. Leach, trembling with rage, sees the mess he has made of Johnson, who is insensate. Leach stands.

LEACH
(low)
You coward.

Everyone freezes. Wolf stops, his back still turned.

LEACH (cont'd)
(a *tiny* bit louder)
Murderer. You pig. You --

Wolf cocks his head, but doesn't turn around. Leach's tone was low, so low the Captain may or may not have heard it.

Wolf stands stock still, waiting. A puff of smoke rises up above him. Leach fights for his courage. The entire crew stares at him.

But he bites his tongue.

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED: 46

Wolf, who still hasn't turned around, simply resumes walking, headed up to the poop deck.

From behind him, Leach hears a TSKING sound. Mugridge is at the rail, dumping a bucket overboard. He's thoroughly enjoying Leach's insubordination.

MUGRIDGE
Such disrespect. Shocking!

Leach narrows his eyes. Here, suddenly, is a target for his anger. He raises his arm, showing the long, poorly-healed knife wound inflicted by Mugridge.

LEACH
On deck without your knife, Mugsy?

Mugridge's eyes widen. He makes a move for the galley door, but Leach cuts him off and leaps upon him, knocking him to the deck. Mugridge SCREAMS, SQUEALS for help. He wriggles free and gets to his feet, lunging away, but Smoke cuts him off, shoving him back into Leach, who hammers him to the deck, then springs on him and starts to beat him about the face and neck. No one makes a move to stop the beating, or even slow it down. But they do press in to watch.

Suddenly, from the stern of the ship, SHOUTS rise up. Another fight has erupted back there. A voice BELLOWS out.

VOICE (o.s.)
Harrison and Black are at it again!

Four or five Sailors fly past Hump and race toward the stern, joining what sounds like a horrible fray.

Up on the poop deck, Wolf just stares out at the carnage, almost seeming to approve of the unchecked violence.

Louis, standing next to Van Weyden, shakes his head sadly.

LOUIS
Nobody sails with Wolf Larsen twice.

On the poop deck, Wolf ignores the mayhem below. He looks up at the sails. A breeze ruffles the canvas.

WOLF
We have a fair wind at last, Mr. Eriksen. Put the men to work. We have seals to hunt.

46A EXT OCEAN DAY 46A

Its sails billowing, the *Ghost* is a brave sight.

CUT TO:

47 INT STEERAGE NIGHT 47

The middle of the night. Van Weyden is in his bunk, awake, the Hunters asleep around him. He takes a hand and wipes his brow, which is covered in sweat. Too hot to sleep. He grabs his blanket and heads up the stairway.

48 ON DECK, 48

it's a muggy night, no wind to speak of, the boat moving at barely a knot an hour. Van Weyden passes the binnacle, where young Harrison is at the wheel. Harrison stares straight ahead, eyes wide open, rigid at the wheel.

Van Weyden looks at him, then up at the gently luffing sails.

VAN WEYDEN
I believe you're off the wind, Harrison. Two or three points?
(no answer)
What's the matter? Are you sick?

Harrison doesn't answer, just moves the wheel, barely a spoke over. Van Weyden is confused. He notices some movement out of the corner of his eye.

A sinewy *hand* reaches over the aft rail, dripping with water. A second hand pops up beside it. Van Weyden watches, fascinated, as Wolf Larsen, soaking wet, climbs back onto his own ship. His right cheek is red with blood.

VAN WEYDEN (cont'd)
Good God!

WOLF
All right, Hump. Where's the mate?

Dumbfounded, Van Weyden shakes his head.

WOLF (cont'd)
Harrison? Where's Eriksen?

HARRISON
(terrified)
I don't know, sir. I saw him go forward a little while ago.

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED: 48

WOLF
So did I go forward. But you'll observe that I didn't come back the way I went. Can you explain it?

HARRISON
You -- must have been overboard. Sir.

WOLF
God damn hunters. Too fat and lazy to stand a four hour watch. All right, Hump. You'll do. Come with me.

49 ON THE FORECASTLEHEAD, 49

three Sailors are asleep. Wolf turns one of them over.

WOLF
Who's lookout?

LATIMER
Uh... me, sir. I winked off just this very minute, sir. I'm sorry, sir. It won't hap-

WOLF
Did you hear or see anything on deck?

LATIMER
No, sir!

Wolf turns away with a snort of disgust, gesturing for Van Weyden to follow.

WOLF
Softly, Hump. Don't make a sound.

VAN WEYDEN
Where are we going?

WOLF
To get the bastards who did this.

He lowers his head, revealing a ghastly wound to his scalp.

WOLF (cont'd)
We've got business in the forecastle.

He reaches out and quietly opens the scuttle (hatch cover) that covers the entrance to the forecastle. He descends the stairs, into the inky black.

Van Weyden follows. Reluctantly.

50 INT FORECASTLE NIGHT 50

Built directly into the eyes of the ship, the forecastle is in the shape of a triangle. Along the three sides stand the bunks, in double tier, twelve of them. It's cramped, sour, musty, its walls hung deep with sea boots, oilskins, clean and dirty clothes.

Eight crew members are asleep in the bunks, four bunks are empty with the current watch, which we saw asleep on deck. At the base of the stairs, Wolf takes the sea lamp from its swinging frame and hands it to Van Weyden. He creeps into the chamber, soft with SNORES, and goes to the first bunk.

OOFTY-OOFTY, a Hawaiian deepwater sailor, is sound asleep. Or is he? Wolf edges over to him and puts a thumb and forefinger to his wrist, feeling his pulse. Wolf looks over at Van Weyden and shakes his head, "not him."

He moves on to Louis, the Irishman, and feels his pulse. Louis awakens, opening his big blue eyes and staring straight into Wolf's.

Wolf puts a finger to his lips, be quiet. Louis obediently snaps his eyes shut again, not one to get involved.

Wolf moves on. The next bed is an upper berth, occupied by Johnson, the Swede Wolf pummeled. He gestures to Van Weyden to move closer with the lamp. He does.

Van Weyden notices Johnson's chest. His breathing is deep and quick, the blanket rising up and down.

Wolf reaches up, to Johnson, toward his wrist. Van Weyden doesn't notice behind him, where George Leach is slowly sitting up in his bunk, wide awake and staring at them.

Just as Wolf touches Johnson's wrist, Johnson sits bolt upright and SHOUTS at the top of his lungs.

JOHNSON

GET HIM!

Leach springs onto Van Weyden's back. The sea lamp hits the floor and winks out. The only light coming into the forecastle now is the star and moonlight streaming through the open scuttle. In the near-dark, a great infuriated ROAR goes up from Wolf as he is attacked. Van Weyden, dimly visible, struggles to shake Leach off his back, but he is crushed under another flying body as a free-for-all begins.

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED: 50

LEACH
(shouting in the dark)
Get a knife, somebody!

But Leach is immediately staggered by a blow to the mouth. He falls back.

JOHNSON
I've got him, I've got him! Pound him in the head, mash his brains out!

LEACH
For Christ's sake, somebody get a knife!

As the entire forecastle gets into the ugly, ill-defined brawl, Van Weyden manages to slug his way over to the ladder that leads out of there. As the fight rages behind him, he latches a hand on either side of the ladder and starts to pull himself up, a heroic effort.

A body sails through the air and SLAMS into him, but Van Weyden maintains his grip, steadily pulling himself up, toward the starlight that shows the way out of this snakepit.

LEACH (cont'd)
We've got him, we've got him, doesn't anybody have a God damn knife?!

51 EXT ON DECK NIGHT 51

Van Weyden's hands appear at the top of the forecastle scuttle as he slowly, painfully drags himself out of there. Bloodied, he rolls over on deck and looks down into the pit.

Incredibly, at the bottom of the ladder, he can see the face of Wolf Larsen. There are four bodies clinging to him, pounding him, but Wolf is still managing to haul himself slowly up the ladder.

WOLF
Hump...

He pulls one hand free from the ladder and holds it out in supplication. Below him, it's a wriggling mass of cursing, brawling bodies. His eyes lock with Van Weyden's, plead silently.

Van Weyden hesitates, torn. Part of him desperately wants to let Wolf be killed. The other part can't allow it.

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED: 51

Van Weyden stands and turns away. From below he can hear the sickening THUDS of the fists that pummel the Captain, the GROANS and SCREAMS of a man being beaten to death.

VAN WEYDEN
Damn it!

He turns back and reaches down into the fray. He locks both hands around the captain's wrist, and with a superhuman effort drags him up and out of the forecastle.

They roll free and scramble to their feet. Seemingly of its own accord, the forecastle hatch SLAMS shut, muting the SHOUTS of anger and recrimination below.

Bloodied and beaten, Wolf and Hump look at each other.

WOLF
You can send your father's legs back into the grave. You've got your own now.

VAN WEYDEN
The very morals you've mocked just saved your life. I can't go along with murder whoever the victim. What are you going to do to them?

WOLF
Don't concern yourself with them.
(turns to go, then turns back)
As you know, we're short a mate on this voyage. From now on, you'll stand watches, receive seventy-five dollars per month, and be addressed fore and aft as Mr. Van Weyden. That all right with you?

VAN WEYDEN
I don't know the first thing about navigation.

WOLF
There's more important things.

VAN WEYDEN
Will you put in for supplies and ease up on the men?

Wolf flushes with anger for a moment, then he smiles, conceding gracefully.

51 CONTINUED: (2) 51

WOLF
Very well, Mr. Van Weyden, let us study the charts for a haven.

52 INT FORECASTLE NIGHT 52

Down in the forecastle, the damage from the battle is even worse. Leach and Johnson sit across from one another, wiping blood from their faces while the other crew members nurse their own wounds.

LEACH
Maybe he won't know it was us.

They all look at him like he's nuts.

JOHNSON
Leach... we're dead men.

CUT TO:

53 OMITTED 53

53A EXT ISLAND DAY 53A

The *Ghost* lies at anchor. Barrels of water are being hauled up from one of the sealing boats. Two other Dores are rowing back from the island with supplies.

Van Weyden supervises the operation. Wolf is nowhere in evidence.

54 EXT OPEN SEA DAY 54

From high above, the *Ghost* clips along in fair seas, swept by the tradewinds.

55 AFT, ON THE POOP, 55

Wolf blows out a cloud of cigar smoke, which curls sharply off to the side. He watches it, then looks up at the sails with a critical eye.

WOLF
Wind's hauled a few points, Mr. Van Weyden. Will you kindly put about to the port tack?

Van Weyden, who's at the wheel, SHOUTS out to the crew.

VAN WEYDEN
All hands, ready about, please.

(CONTINUED)

55 CONTINUED: 55

The Crew Members on the deck below stare at him for a moment. Who the fuck do you think you are?

VAN WEYDEN (cont'd)
I SAID READY ABOUT!

Reluctantly, the Crew Members man the sheets. There are a few grumblings of "Ready about, sir."

VAN WEYDEN (cont'd)
HARD-A-LEE, THEN, HERE WE GO! HARD-A-LEE!

He spins the wheel.

56 FROM THE REAR, 56

the great barque changes course across the wind, gaffs swinging wide and SNAPPING across the deck. But the foresail sheet sticks in the blocks and the sail luffs violently.

57 ON DECK 57

several crew members stare up at the jammed block morosely.

VAN WEYDEN
What's the problem?

ERIKSEN
Foresail sheet's jammed in the blocks. Somebody's gotta go up and free it.

LEACH
Who's it gonna be?
(sarcastically)
"Sir?"

They look at him, resentful, afraid of being chosen. Van Weyden thinks.

VAN WEYDEN
All right, Leach. Up you go.

Leach stares at him levelly.

LEACH
No.

Van Weyden assesses this challenge. He looks back, over his shoulder. Wolf is staring down at him from the poop. He decides not to confront.

(CONTINUED)

57 CONTINUED: 57

VAN WEYDEN
Mr. Johnson. Will you please-

JOHNSON
No, I won't.

VAN WEYDEN
Clear the rigging, Mr. Johnson. That's an order.

JOHNSON
What are you going to do? Tell the Captain? Go on. I'm dead already.

A crowd is beginning to gather, and Van Weyden is starting to sweat. He needs to do something bold, or risk losing the entire crew.

And Wolf is still watching.

VAN WEYDEN
We'll discuss this later.

He turns, at first it appears he's going to Wolf, but instead he turns and leaps --

-- into the rigging himself.

58 IN THE RIGGING, 58

Van Weyden climbs again. This time, the practice has paid off and he's monkey-like. Within a minute he's at the very top of the rigging.

Eighty feet above the deck, he crawls out onto the same high gaff Harrison was stuck on earlier. He reaches the end, where a rope is tangled in the blocks (pulleys). Working with one hand, holding one with the other, and trying like hell not to look down, Van Weyden frees the sheet.

It spins through the pulley and the sail fills dramatically. Van Weyden turns and looks into the sun, closing his eyes as the sea air whips through his hair. It's a stunning day. He's alive.

He notices something on the horizon. He blinks. He rubs his eyes and looks again -- did I see right? A VOICE cries out from the lookout's perch, two-thirds of the way up the mast.

VOICE (o.s.)
SEALS HO!

59 ON DECK, 59

the men bang into the rail, climbing on top of each other to get a look in the direction the Lookout is pointing.

60 HIGH ABOVE THEM, 60

we see what they're looking at. Several hundred yards downwind, the relatively calm water is strangely spotted, turned black by an enormous HERD OF SEALS.

61 ON DECK, 61

the crew is euphoric.

LOUIS
Look at that lot, I've never seen a herd so thick, the water's black with 'em! We'll be headed home with full shares in a week's time!

WOLF
LOOKOUT! SMOKE ON THE HORIZON?

VOICE (O.S.)
NOT A PUFF, SIR!

WOLF
LOWER THE BOATS!! ALL HANDS AWAY!!

62 IN THE RIGGING, 62

Van Weyden scrambles down the rigging as fast as he can.

63 OVER THE RAIL, 63

the hunters' boats are ten footers, single-masted, heavy-keeled. Their lines whiz through the blocks and they SPLASH into the sea, which is becoming calmer by the minute.

64 IN STEERAGE, 64

the Hunters pull their rifles from their racks.

65 ON DECK, 65

Crew Members slip into oilskins, protective clothing for the bloody hunt to come.

66 ALONGSIDE THE SHIP, 66

Crew Members drop over the side and take their positions in the ten foot hunter boats, three men per boat, a Hunter, a Boat Puller, and a Boat Steerer.

Sails are raised and oars break the ocean surface as the boats set off toward the waiting seal herd.

67 ON THE DECK OF THE *GHOST*, 67

Mugridge, Wolf, and Van Weyden stand at the rail, the three men left to run the ship. They watch the hunter boats become smaller as they close the distance to the seal herd.

MUGRIDGE
We'll see the deck red with hides in short order, won't we, sir?!

Wolf is watching the boats through binoculars as they run away downwind, closing in on the herd.

WOLF
Almost there...

VAN WEYDEN
What do we do with the meat, and the oil?

MUGRIDGE
Leave 'em for the sharks, there's no money in that rest. It's the hides that fill our pockets, thanks to the vanity of a few proper women.

WOLF
Look for it...

Far in the distance, a half a dozen silent white puffs leap out from the barrels of the Hunters' rifles --

WOLF (cont'd)
THERE IT IS!

-- and a second later the sound of the RIFLE SHOTS reaches them, followed by a faint, faraway WHOOPING as the Hunters and their crews set to work on the slaughter.

MUGRIDGE
Cash in the bank!

67 CONTINUED: 67

Wolf pulls the binoculars down and wipes sweat from his forehead, noticing the mugginess of the day for the first time. He turns, a look of concern on his face. He looks down at the water nearer the ship. The sea is completely placid now, the boat is scarcely rolling at all.

He turns and walks away quickly, toward his cabin.

VAN WEYDEN
What's the matter with him?

68 INT WOLF'S CABIN DAY 68

Wolf hurries into his cabin and goes to the far wall, where a barometer hangs. He consults the needle, taps it, doesn't like what he sees.

69 BACK ON DECK, 69

Van Weyden looks out at the ocean, which is like glass now.

VAN WEYDEN
Not a breath of wind.

He turns, just as Wolf comes out his cabin door. The captain stops in his tracks, looking at something over Van Weyden's head. Van Weyden turns around, following his line of vision to the eastern skies --

-- *and a jet-black line of storm clouds.*

MUGRIDGE
It's... a squall, that's all it is.

WOLF
That's no squall.

He turns and looks out at the sealer boats. They're further away now, nearly over the bulge of the earth.

WOLF (cont'd)
The herd's moving, boats are chasing it. Damn it, they'll be over the horizon in a minute and we can't move an inch. When it blows, it'll be all at once, and it'll be against them. They'll never make it back to us.

He BANGS his fist off the rail. He looks back at the line of storm clouds, thinking.

VAN WEYDEN
What do we do?

(CONTINUED)

69 CONTINUED: 69

WOLF
Wait for the wind, then run down to save our boats before our canvas is ripped out of us. The sticks'll stand it, I hope.

VAN WEYDEN
Will we make it to them in time?

WOLF
Some of them. But there'll be empty bunks tonight.

70 ON THE OPEN SEA, 70

the *Ghost*, becalmed on the crystalline sea, looks tiny underneath the giant, billowing storm clouds. She waits.

71 BACK ON DECK, LATER, 71

the day has darkened considerably. The sun has dimmed and disappeared from sight. There's a ghostly, purplish sort of twilight hanging over them.

Wolf stands at the rail, staring into the storm, nostrils twitching, eyes alert. Van Weyden's beside him, awaiting orders. The quiet is unearthly.

Beads of sweat trickle down Van Weyden's face. He wipes them away.

VAN WEYDEN
This heat... the air doesn't move.

WOLF
It will.

Above them, just ever so slightly, the boom CREAKS. They turn, slowly, and look at it. It's dead still again.

Two or three locks of hair that have fallen across Van Weyden's forehead stir to life, stand up for a second, then fall again. Wolf looks up at the sail. It flutters, ever so slightly.

WOLF (cont'd)
Mugridge. Let go that foreboom tackle and pass it across, and when she's willing let go the sheet and come in snug with the tackle. And if you make a mess of it, it'll be the last you ever make, understand?

(CONTINUED)

71 CONTINUED: 71

Mugridge jumps to follow the orders.

WOLF (cont'd)
Mr. Van Weyden, stand by to pass the headsails over. Then jump for the topsails and spread 'em quick as God'll let you -- the quicker you do it the easier you'll find it. And if Mugridge isn't lively, bat him between the eyes.

Above them, the mainsail SNAPS softly as it fills with a puff. They notice.

WOLF (cont'd)
Better make it quick, Hump.

Van Weyden leaps to the task, springing forward to the jibs. Wolf shoves a cigar in his mouth and heads for the wheel.

He looks out over the sea. He sees a line of dark ripples racing across the calm waters toward the *Ghost* like a spreading stain. It's the wind, coming all at once.

WOLF (cont'd)
Sweet Jesus.

72 ON THE FOREDECK, 72

the jibs fill as the wind hits them like a fist; they jump as if with sudden fear. The booms swing wide.

Van Weyden ducks under the swinging booms as Wolf jibes across the wind. He eases the sheets, letting the sails out full. The *Ghost* begins to move.

Van Weyden leaps from one sail to another, from jib to flying jib to staysail, trimming and securing all sheets, every bit of canvas out to starboard. That done, he hurries back, toward the wheel.

He's sure footed on the deck, which is rising and falling as the *Ghost* crests the mounting waves, running away downwind, surfing the biggest breakers as the sea rapidly rises up.

73 AT THE WHEEL, 73

Wolf tosses Van Weyden a set of binoculars.

WOLF
Now take a run up with the glasses and get me a bearing on the boats.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

73 CONTINUED: 73

WOLF (cont'd)
Feel it, Hump, we've made at least ten knots and we're headed for twelve or thirteen! The old girl knows how to *walk!*

Van Weyden slips the binoculars around his neck, hurries to midships and leaps into the rigging.

74 IN THE RIGGING, 74

he climbs expertly and reaches the crow's nest, seventy feet above the deck. He straps himself in and raises the binoculars, searching the horizon for any sign of the hunters' boats.

75 THROUGH THE BINOCULARS, 75

the seas are heavy already, it doesn't seem possible any small boat could survive such stress of wind and water. He pans quickly back and forth across the horizon. No sign of life.

VAN WEYDEN
NOTHING!

WOLF
KEEP LOOKING!

Van Weyden watches as the *Ghost* surfs the massive breakers. He looks behind them, at the size of the waves they are outrunning. They are terrifying.

VAN WEYDEN
Oh, my God.

WOLF
KEEP LOOKING!

Van Weyden turns back to the sea.

76 THROUGH THE BINOCULARS, 76

he sees a tiny black speck, far in the distance. It's a boat.

VAN WEYDEN
I'VE GOT ONE! BOAT HO, FOUR SPOKES TO STARBOARD!

77 AT THE WHEEL, 77

Wolf adjusts their course. The ship responds smartly, headed off to starboard.

78 THROUGH HUMP'S BINOCULARS, 78

he watches the ocean, hoping for another glimpse of the boat. It rises up from the valley of a wave, closer now, and for a second, he gets a glimpse of the three men in it, bailing water desperately, fighting a battle against the sea which they will lose imminently.

The speck grows larger, swiftly. This ship is *moving.*

Van Weyden pulls down the binoculars, unclips himself, and half-climbs, half-falls down the rigging.

79 BACK ON DECK, 79

Van Weyden makes his way back to the wheel, now slogging through the breaking waves that curl over the deck like boiling milk. He reaches Wolf, who's SHOUTING ORDERS before he even gets there.

WOLF
STAND BY TO BACK THE JIB OVER TO WINDWARD! UP TILL NOW WE'VE BEEN RUNNING AWAY WITH THE WIND, EXPECT ALL HELL TO BREAK LOOSE WHEN I HEAVE TO IT! JUST KEEP THE JIB BACKED AS LONG AS YOU CAN!

VAN WEYDEN
YES, SIR!

He turns and makes his way back up toward the foresails. Off the starboard rail, he can see the desperate hunter boat, some fifty yards away, its mast and sail dropped overboard as a sea anchor, bobbing like a cork on the roiling sea. They actually pass it, and then --

WOLF
HERE WE GO!

-- the captain spins the wheel and the *Ghost* abruptly changes course, swinging right across the barrel of the wind, headed for the hunter boat.

The wind hits the boat like a sledgehammer as they come around at a right angle to it. Van Weyden, midships, is stood up like a wall. He watches, momentarily powerless, as a wave rises far up above the weather rail.

This time his reactions are quicker, and he knows what to do. Summoning all his strength, he springs smartly for the rigging and clings to it, preparing for the impact.

(CONTINUED)

79 CONTINUED: 79

But Thomas Mugridge is neither quick nor smart, and is standing unprotected when the wave overtops the ship and crashes down on its deck.

80 UNDERWATER, 80

Van Weyden clings to the rigging as the raging waters try to tear him away. His hold stays fast.

81 ON DECK, 81

the wave recedes. At the mainsail, Wolf is hauling in the sheet, hard, hand over fist.

WOLF
HUMP, BACK THAT JIB, GOD DAMN IT, BACK THAT JIB!

Van Weyden heads forward, passing Mugridge, who lies groaning against the rail, clutching his ribs. Van Weyden steps over him and hurls himself at the foresail, hauling its boom back across the deck and, using every ounce of his strength and body weight, actually pushing it out the opposite side *against* the wind, using it as a kind of crude brake.

Above him, the flying jib and staysail are hit by a sudden ROAR of wind. Its invisible violence splits the cloths apart with a deafening RIP, they dissolve into a hundred flapping tatters. Hump holds on as, all around him, there is a horrible rending and CRASHING of wood and canvas.

Now facing the full brunt of the wind, the *Ghost* is being torn apart. The foresail and fore-topsail, with no one to mind them, are splintering from rail to rail. The air is thick with flying wreckage, detached ropes and stays hissing and coiling like snakes.

82 AT THE WHEEL, 82

Wolf mightily holds his course, somehow bringing the ship alongside the floundering hunter boat.

83 ALONGSIDE THE SHIP, 83

the next roll brings the little boat hard up against the side of her mother ship. Kerfoot, the hunter aboard, SHRIEKS in pain as his hand is trapped between the rails of the two boats, his finger crushed to a pulp. The sea rolls the other way and the boat drops back into the water, ten feet below the rail of the *Ghost*.

83 CONTINUED: 83

Wolf and Van Weyden appear at the rail and sling down the tackle; Oofty-Oofty and Kelly, the other two crew members in the boat, quickly SNAP the ropes into the bow and stern hooks.

84 ON DECK, 84

Wolf and Van Weyden haul like crazy, pulling the little boat up. The three crew members leap aboard, grab the rails of their boat, and flip it over, onto the deck of the *Ghost.* Blood streams from Kerfoot's hand; he ignores it.

WOLF
STAND BY TO LET THAT JIB OVER, YOU OOFTY! JOHNSON, COME AFT AND SLACK OFF THE MAINSHEET! KERFOOT, GO FORWARD AND SEE WHAT'S BECOME OF MUGRIDGE! MR. VAN WEYDEN, RUN ALOFT AGAIN AND SIGHT THE OTHER BOATS, AND CUT AWAY ANY STRAY STUFF ON YOUR WAY!!

They move, all at once, to follow his orders. Wolf springs aft, toward the wheel again, and is nearly there in three tigerish leaps. The *Ghost* rolls back and forth on the waves like a thing in pain.

85 IN THE RIGGING, 85

Van Weyden is just ten feet off the deck when he spots another boat, this one upside down in the waves, three men clinging to its hull. The storm is too loud for words, he just turns and waves to Wolf, pointing to the boat.

86 AT THE WHEEL, 86

Wolf changes course, heading for the boat.

87 IN THE WATER, 87

the *Ghost* pulls alongside the swamped hunter boat. Jock Horner, Louis, and Johnson catch the lines that are tossed down to them and make them fast to the fore and aft hooks.

88 ON DECK, 88

they leap aboard, joining the others, and help haul their badly damaged boat aboard, GROANING with the effort. From behind them, Oofty-Oofty SHOUTS out, pointing in the other direction.

OOFTY-OOFTY
NUMBER FOUR BOAT OFF THE PORT RAIL!

(CONTINUED)

88 CONTINUED: 88

Wolf turns. Another hunter boat bobs on the waves, upside down, the inverted number four visible on her prow.

WOLF
STAND BY TO BACK THE JIB, MR. VAN WEYDEN, I'M BRINGING HER ABOUT TO THE NUMBER FOUR BOAT!

Van Weyden looks. No men cling to the boat. They're gone.

VAN WEYDEN
THERE'S NO ONE ON IT!

WOLF
I SAID BACK THE JIB, GOD DAMN IT!

VAN WEYDEN
THERE'S NO SURVIVORS ON HER, SIR!

WOLF
THAT'S MY BOAT! I WON'T BE ROBBED OF MY BOAT BY ANY STORM THAT EVER BLEW OUT OF HELL! NOW BACK THE JIB! THE REST OF YOU TAIL AFT TO THE MAINSHEET!

He gives Van Weyden a violent shove, sending him forward while he heads aft, to the wheel.

89 AT THE WHEEL, 89

Wolf spins it, hard, tacking the boat directly across the wind.

90 ON DECK, 90

the crew members' eyes widen as the boat veers recklessly past the dead-on force of the wind. She breaks past it and pulls up neatly beside the overturned boat. Johnson and Oofty-Oofty hit the rail and haul the number four boat aboard.

91 FORWARD, 91

Van Weyden desperately backs the jib, working like hell to slow the boat so the men can do their work. But up ahead, he sees a terrifying sight.

AN ENORMOUS WAVE curls up before them, ready to pounce on the ship. Van Weyden opens his mouth and SCREAMS out a wordless warning.

92 AT THE WHEEL, 92

WOLF
GRAB HOLD, NOW SHE TAKES IT!

93 ON DECK, 93

the number four boat flops aboard and the crew members spring for whatever they can grab hold of. But Kelly, working to make fast the lines from the hunter boat, doesn't see it coming.

JOHNSON
KELLY! KELLY, GRAB-

The wave hits, completely submerging the deck of the boat. Van Weyden, who was hit first, is swept before it, toward the stern, where the wave sweeps up the unsuspecting Kelly. He and Van Weyden head straight over the rail, into the angry sea, they claw to stop themselves but can't, they THUNK right *over* the rail, they're lost for sure --

-- until Johnson reaches up, grabs Van Weyden with one strong arm, and hauls him back aboard.

Van Weyden grabs hold of the rigging and stares in awe as the *Ghost*, completely buried by the massive wave, slowly rises back up out of the ocean, first the masts, then the deck itself, spilling the seawater off her back. Finally, back at the wheel, the figure of Wolf Larsen seems to rise right out of the black ocean, hands still firmly clamped onto the wheel, as if he was born, lived, and intends to die there.

On deck, in the spot where Kelly was working to secure the number four boat, there's nothing.

JOHNSON
KELLY?! KELLY!!

But he's gone.

CUT TO:

94 EXT OPEN SEA DUSK 94

The storm has eased, but the seas are still heavy.

95 ON THE DECK OF THE *GHOST*, 95

the surviving crew members, who number only eighteen now, are on deck with the salvaged boats, staring at each other numbly.

(CONTINUED)

95 CONTINUED:

JOHNSON
Henderson's lost. Holyoak. Williams.

VAN WEYDEN
And Kelly.

WOLF
All boats accounted for?

JOHNSON
(contemptuous)
Yes, sir. All boats.

WOLF
Kerfoot, you know we'll have to lop off that finger, sew up the stump.

KERFOOT
(hand wrapped in a bloody rag)
Who's gonna do it? Kelly was ship's surgeon.

WOLF
Mr. Van Weyden can figure it out.
(Van Weyden gives him a look)
I've got some medical books in my cabin, do a little reading and give it a whack in the morning. Can't be much trick to it. And Mugridge, he'll see to those ribs of yours too, in the morning. Right now, all hands turn in, get some sleep. To hell with a lookout tonight. If anything's going to run us down we couldn't get out of its way.

No one moves. There's something unsaid. Van Weyden says it.

VAN WEYDEN
You think it was worth it?

He kicks the splintered hull of the number four boat, which is upside down on the deck.

VAN WEYDEN (cont'd)
A broken boat, for Kelly's life?

Wolf just looks at him levelly.

WOLF
Kelly didn't amount to much. Good night.

(CONTINUED)

95 CONTINUED: (2) 95

He turns and heads for his cabin, leaving the crew staring in silent rage. Van Weyden shouts after him, livid.

VAN WEYDEN
Who next? WHO NEXT?!

CUT TO:

96 INT STEERAGE NIGHT 96

Van Weyden is sound asleep when someone HISSES in his ear. He opens his eyes. By dim lamplight, he can see Leach's face just next to his. He whispers.

LEACH
Can you tell me, Mr. Van Weyden, how far we are off the Japanese coast and what the bearings of Yokohama are?

VAN WEYDEN
We're west-northwest, about five hundred miles away.

LEACH
Thank you, sir.
(thinks)
Will you do me a favor, Mr. Van Weyden? If it's your luck to ever make it back to 'Frisco, will you hunt up Matt McCarthy? He's my old man. He lives on the Hill, back of the Mayfair bakery, runs a cobbler's shop, everybody knows it, you'll have no trouble. Tell him I... just tell him I'm sorry for the trouble I brought him and the things I done, and... that's all. Just tell him.

VAN WEYDEN
Think about what you're doing. You've got a better chance of making it back alive on this ship than you do on the open sea in a ten foot boat.

LEACH
No. Not with him up there. He's got his eye on me and Johnson. It's us or him, if we stay he'll find a way to do us for sure.

VAN WEYDEN
Good luck.

(CONTINUED)

96 CONTINUED: 96

LEACH
Good luck to *you,* sir.

He blows out his lamp and disappears into the darkness.

CUT TO:

97 EXT OPEN SEA DAY 97

The day is bright and sunny, the wind moderate, the crew members working to repair the *Ghost.* Up near the bow, Harrison and Louis re-step the foremast, which toppled in the storm. They're using a windlass, a hand cranked winch about two feet square that gives them far more pulling power than they'd have doing it manually. Van Weyden observes, eager to learn as much as he can. As the windlass is cranked, it makes a loud and distinctive SQUEAKING sound.

Eriksen, now the second mate, springs up out of the forecastle, something very heavy on his mind. He scurries across the deck, checks the poop deck, doesn't find what he's looking for.

He hops the rail and lands at the door to Wolf's cabin. He knocks once and swings it open.

98 INT WOLF'S CABIN DAY 98

Eriksen bursts into Wolf's cabin.

ERIKSEN
Johnson and Leach, sir, they're missing. So are their beds and seabags, three water breakers and grub boxes -- and the number six boat.

Wolf bolts to his feet and heads for the deck.

WOLF
They'll be headed for Japan. Change your heading --

99 EXT DECK DAY 99

WOLF
-- for west-northwest, full trim, let's put her through her paces, whether she's ready or not. Mr. Van Weyden.

Van Weyden turns from the weather rail.

99 CONTINUED: 99

WOLF (cont'd)
Go aloft into the lookout with the glasses and keep an eye sharp for...

He stops, noticing the defiant look on Van Weyden's face.

WOLF (cont'd)
No. Never mind, Mr. Van Weyden. Mr. Eriksen! Find Smoke and Kerfoot. Send them aloft into the lookout and crosstrees with glasses.

ERIKSEN
Yes, sir! ALL HANDS READY ABOUT!

VOICES (o.s.)
READY ABOUT, SIR!

ERIKSEN
HARD-A-LEE, THEN!

Wolf looks back at Van Weyden, who returns his glare.

WOLF
Not only legs of his own, now a mind too. What next?

100 AT THE STERN, 100

the great ship changes course, tacking across the wind. It picks up speed.

101 UP IN THE RIGGING, 101

Kerfoot, his hand now with a (relatively) clean bandage, holds the glasses up to his eyes, scanning the horizon for any sign of a boat.

102 NEARBY, 102

Smoke is perched in the crosstrees, binoculars to his eyes, an eager grin on his face. Searching.

103 ON DECK, 103

Wolf paces angrily, eyes on the horizon. Van Weyden watches him, thinking.

104 IN THE SKY, 104

the sun burns brightly, reaching midday strength.

105 IN THE CROSSTREES, 105

Smoke, covered in sweat but tireless, continues to scan the horizon for any sign of life. Suddenly, he stiffens, a smile spreading across his face.

SMOKE
BOAT HO!

106 DOWN ON DECK, 106

Wolf and Van Weyden look up as the cry repeats.

SMOKE (o.s.)
BOAT HO!

WOLF
WHERE?!

SMOKE (o.s.)
THIRTY DEGREES TO STARBOARD! SINGLE MAST!

WOLF
(shouting back to Eriksen)
CHANGE YOUR COURSE, THIRTY DEGREES TO STARBOARD!

ERIKSEN
THIRTY DEGREES TO STARBOARD, YES SIR!

Van Weyden goes to the rail. He can just make out the speck of a boat on the horizon. He turns, racked with indecision, as the *Ghost* bears down on the tiny craft. He walks, numbly, back toward the entrance to steerage, the hunters' sleeping quarters he shares.

107 INT STEERAGE DAY 107

The sleeping quarters are cramped, every inch of ceiling and wall space occupied by hanging oilskins, clothing, equipment --

-- and rifles. Van Weyden goes to the gun rack and picks one out with shaking hands. He pulls a box of slugs from the floor beneath a bunk, removes two, and slides them into the belly of the gun. He cocks the gun, bringing a slug up into the chamber.

108 ON DECK, 108

the little boat is closer, its mast and sail visible now. Wolf stares, eyes hard.

108 CONTINUED: 108

Behind him, Van Weyden creeps up the stairs, rifle held in trembling hands. Wolf is at the rail, some ten feet away, back to him, eyes on the sea.

SMOKE (o.s.)
BOAT A HUNDRED YARDS, DEAD AHEAD!

Van Weyden creeps closer to Wolf.

SMOKE (o.s.)
SEVENTY-FIVE YARDS!

Van Weyden raises the gun. Louis and Harrison, the youngest crew member, are at the opposite rail and staring right at him. Louis immediately turns his back, doesn't want to know, but Harrison makes eye contact with Van Weyden. He nods -- "Do it."

SMOKE (o.s.)
FIFTY YARDS!

Van Weyden points the gun at the back of Wolf's head.

109 UP IN THE RIGGING, 109

Smoke abruptly pulls the binoculars away from his face, surprised by something he sees.

SMOKE
Five?

He looks through the binoculars again.

110 ON DECK, 110

Van Weyden closes one eye, tenses his finger on the trigger.

111 IN THE RIGGING, 111

SMOKE
THERE'S FIVE MEN IN THAT BOAT! IT ISN'T THEM!

112 ON DECK, 112

Wolf and Van Weyden turn and look up at him at the same time.

SMOKE (o.s.)
IT ISN'T THEM!

With his head half turned, Wolf notices Van Weyden behind him, and the rifle that is pointed at him.

(CONTINUED)

112 CONTINUED: 112

WOLF
In the back? That's a step for you, all right, Hump, but I'm not sure it's the right direction.

Van Weyden lowers the gun. Smoke comes bouncing down out of the rigging and lands between them, laughing.

WOLF (cont'd)
What's so funny?

SMOKE
Come and have a look! Talk of a mess...

VAN WEYDEN
What's wrong?

They go to the rail, to get a look at the boat they have just overtaken. It's a wooden lifeboat, a twelve footer, with five human figures inside.

SMOKE
Don't you see there? In the stern sheets, on the bottom. May I never shoot a seal again if that ain't a woman!

They look closely, as the rest of the crew members flock to the rail to get a look. Sure enough, the boat contains FOUR MEN and, wrapped in a long ulster (overcoat) so that only her sunburned face and a thick patch of blond hair are showing, is MAUD BREWSTER, thirtyish. She's unconscious.

Every single member of the crew gapes at Maud. No one speaks. Wolf turns to Van Weyden.

WOLF
Mr. Van Weyden --
(noticing the gun still in Van Weyden's hands)
If it would be possible to postpone my murder till later, would you please take the lady below and see to her comfort? Make up the spare port cabin.

VAN WEYDEN
Yes, sir.

WOLF
Eriksen, change your heading back to west-northwest. Smoke, Kerfoot, back up into the crosstrees.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

112 CONTINUED: (2) 112

WOLF (cont'd)
The minute you lay eyes on those deserters, I want to know.

He turns and walks away as the rescued men pass Maud's unconscious body up to the eager hands of the men on deck. What should take two or three men now takes six, as the crew members all try to, well, to feel her up.

VAN WEYDEN
(muscling in)
I'll take her.

He pulls her from their greedy hands and loops his arms under her slender body. He stares down at her face, red from the sun, lips cracked, but peaceful enough as she sleeps.

The assembled crew members stare at her too, still crowded around. Van Weyden crosses the deck, carrying her. As he goes, men barely move out of his way, if they move at all.

113 INT PORT CABIN DAY 113

Van Weyden comes into the tiny spare port cabin, which is being used for storage of water casks. He lays Maud down on the stiff, narrow cot crammed into one corner. He slowly unwraps the ulster she was using to protect herself from the sun. Her long hair tumbles out and she MOANS, coming to slightly as the air touches her sensitive skin.

Van Weyden feasts on her face, the delicacy, the femininity, the promise of civilization. He is so moved that a kind of sob escapes him.

VAN WEYDEN
(to himself)
I've seen this face before...

She opens her eyes, groggy, and sees Van Weyden. She looks around, dimly realizes she's on a ship.

MAUD
Am I...?

VAN WEYDEN
Shhhh... go back to sleep...

MAUD
I'm... safe now?

He strokes her hair gently and she closes her eyes, lapsing back into unconsciousness.

(CONTINUED)

113 CONTINUED: 113

VAN WEYDEN
You will be. I give you my word, you will be safe here.

CUT TO:

114 EXT ON DECK DAY 114

Later. Van Weyden comes out on deck. The weather has freshened, now the ship pitches and rolls in moderate to heavy seas. He heads back to the poop deck where Louis is at the wheel. There's water in the air; Louis has on his oilskins.

VAN WEYDEN
Have we sighted them yet?

LOUIS
Just ahead. And it's a stroke of luck for Misters Leach and Johnson, too. Healthy gale comin' up. They wouldn't have lasted another hour in that eggshell of a boat. Feel that?

A puff catches the boat, Louis has to put the wheel up rapidly to keep her out of the wind. Below them, Wolf Larsen turns away from the rescued men, with whom he has been having an animated discussion. He bounds up the steps to the poop.

WOLF
Three oilers and a fourth engineer. But we'll make sailors out of them, or boat pullers, at any rate. They were on a mail steamer, the *City of Tokyo*, from 'Frisco, bound for Yokohama. Disabled in the typhoon. Old tub. Opened up like a sieve. Who's the lady?

VAN WEYDEN
I don't know. She was barely conscious.

WOLF
Wife? Widow? Maiden?

VAN WEYDEN
I said I don't know.

WOLF
Well, we'll find out about that too, won't we?

Van Weyden glares at him. Too much glint in Wolf's eye.

(CONTINUED)

114 CONTINUED:

VAN WEYDEN
What do you intend to do with Leach and Johnson?

WOLF
Really, Hump, I don't know. You see, with these additions, I've got about all the crew I need.

VAN WEYDEN
Are you going to kill them?

WOLF
I might. Then again, man has always taken pleasure in the keeping of ferocious beasts, hasn't he?

VAN WEYDEN
If you lay a hand on them, I'll...

WOLF
...So the worm turns. You were unfortunate in having your life cast in easy places, Hump, but you're coming along, and I like you a hell of a lot better this way.
(thinks)
Now if you swear an oath, is that a sacred thing to you?

VAN WEYDEN
Of course.

WOLF
Then here's a deal. If I swear not to lay my hands upon Leach and Johnson, as you say, will you swear, in turn, not to attempt to kill me? Not that I'm afraid of you, understand, not that I'm afraid of you.

There's something about the hastiness of that last comment that encourages Van Weyden. Why did Wolf need to say it at all.

WOLF (cont'd)
Hurry up, now, we're almost on their boat. Is it a deal?

VAN WEYDEN
It's a deal.

They shake. Wolf is delighted.

(CONTINUED)

114 CONTINUED: (2)

LOUIS
Boat close at hand on the port side, sir.

WOLF
Thank you, Louis. Give the wheel to Mr. Eriksen.

LOUIS
Yes, sir.

Eriksen steps up to the wheel. Wolf gestures grandly for Van Weyden to go first, down the steps of the poop. He does. Wolf follows.

115 AT THE PORT RAIL, 115

they approach the number six boat, which is ten seconds ahead of them. She's bobbing on the waves, her sail flapping crazily in the wind, untended, as Leach and Johnson are occupied with bailing. They've taken on a lot of water and are in immediate danger of capsizing.

WOLF
Back the jib, you Oofty! Bring us up slow, near dead to a stop, Mr. Eriksen!

Cries of "Aye, sir!" come from fore and aft. The *Ghost* slows, approaching the number three boat at a crawl now. Van Weyden looks at Wolf, trying to guess what he has in mind. But Wolf's face is blank.

Van Weyden looks back at the number six boat, raises a hand in greeting to the men aboard, trying to reassure them. Leach stops bailing long enough to stare back. But there's death in his eyes. He knows once they're aboard, they're Wolf's.

A surge comes and raises the boat up high again, then hurls it back down into a trough. A wave breaks over her and they go back to frenzied bailing, waiting for their shipmates to take them aboard. They're nearly even with the *Ghost* now.

VAN WEYDEN
They'd have had it in another few minutes.

WOLF
Yes, I suppose they would.

They drift closer and closer to the little boat, finally pulling even with it. Wolf raises a hand in greeting, crew members' hands reach out to the boat, they come closer and closer and --

(CONTINUED)

115 CONTINUED: 115

-- pass the helpless little boat.

First it seems like a mistake, but as the *Ghost* plows on ahead, the eyes of Leach and Johnson pop open in terror. Van Weyden straightens suddenly, figuring out what Wolf has in mind, the crew members turn in shock as the mother ship leaves the number six boat in its wake.

WOLF (cont'd)
Fall off the wind, Mr. Eriksen. Back on your course for the seal herd.

116 AT THE WHEEL, 116

Eriksen grins.

ERIKSEN
Yes, sir!

He spins the wheel.

117 ON DECK, 117

the ship turns, widening the gulf between the two boats. Wolf laughs sharply, turns back to the number six boat, and waves one hand cheerily over his shoulder, inviting them to follow.

The crew members gather at the rail, as do the recently rescued men, watching the cold-blooded murder in shock.

WOLF
(to Van Weyden)
I think you'll agree I've not laid my hands on them. Far from it, far from it. A deal, after all, is a sacred thing. I'll expect you to remember your end.

He laughs again, turns, and strides happily back to the poop.

Van Weyden watches, horrified, at the number six boat as it becomes smaller, receding from them as they run away downwind. While he watches, an especially tall wave curls right over their little craft, and when it rolls past --

-- the boat is gone.

Van Weyden turns away, revolted. One of the rescued men simply cannot believe his eyes. He turns to Van Weyden.

RESCUED MAN
Good God, sir. What kind of a craft is this?

(CONTINUED)

117 CONTINUED: 117

VAN WEYDEN
(trembling himself)
You have eyes.

LOUIS
This is the beginnin' of things, Mr. Van Weyden. It's the bare beginnin' of things.

CUT TO:

118 INT PORT CABIN DAWN 118

The next morning. Maud Brewster awakens. She surveys her unfamiliar surroundings, disoriented.

119 EXT DECK DAY 119

Maud comes up the narrow stairway from the spare cabin. She arrives on deck at sunup. The half dozen crew members sailing the ship stare hard at her. She meets their eyes. They don't look away.

Ahead of her, she hears VOICES from the open door to the main cabin. She heads for it.

120 INT MAIN CABIN DAY 120

Wolf, Van Weyden, and the Hunters are at the table, eating breakfast. The usual GRUNTING, CHEWING, and semi-intelligible MUTTERING is interrupted by a delicate voice from the doorway.

MAUD
Excuse me, gentlemen.

The hunters stop mid-chew. All heads turn.

MAUD (cont'd)
How long will it be until we reach Yokohama?

No one speaks. A few sneak a look at Wolf, greedy for the answer themselves. Wolf sits back in his chair.

WOLF
In four months. Possibly three, if the season closes early.

MAUD
I -- I thought -- I'm sorry, I was given to understand that Yokohama was only a day's sail away.

(CONTINUED)

120 CONTINUED:

WOLF
It is, if we were headed west. But we're headed north. Following the seal herd. They tend toward the colder water this time of year.

MAUD
But, I assumed -- I thought shipwreck victims were always shown -- consideration.

WOLF
You have been. But we're shorthanded.

MAUD
But that's... this isn't right.

WOLF
Right and wrong? Those are questions you'll have to settle with Mr. Van Weyden here. He's what you may call an authority on such lofty things. Me, I'm only a sailor.

She looks at Van Weyden beseechingly.

MAUD
Is it true? There's no hope you'll take us to Yokohama?

VAN WEYDEN
I've been on board this ship for nearly two months. I've learned it's best not to hope for anything.

WOLF
Why, that's not true at all.
(to Maud)
I understand from your shipmates that you were headed to Japan for your health. I can assure you it'll improve no better anywhere than on board the *Ghost*. Just look at Mr. Van Weyden. Not that he's much to speak of, but you should have seen him when he came on board. A more scrawny, pitiful specimen of humanity one could hardly conceive. Right, Smoke?

Smoke, who has had his eyes glued to Maud's breasts, drops his knife on his plate.

SMOKE
Hah?

WOLF
Developed himself by peeling potatoes and washing dishes. Eh, Kerfoot?

KERFOOT
Yeh.

WOLF
Look at him now. True, he's not what you would term muscular, but still he has muscles, which is more than he had when he came aboard.

The hunters snicker. Maud looks at Van Weyden, sympathy in her eyes. She's not sure what conflict she's walked into, but she knows whose side she's on.

VAN WEYDEN
Please. Sit down and eat something.

MAUD
Thank you.

But there are no seats at the table. Van Weyden looks at Latimer, who's sitting next to him.

LATIMER
Wha?

VAN WEYDEN
Move.

Latimer grunts and shoves over, making a tight space between himself and Van Weyden. Maud slips into it, uncomfortable. Smoke stares at her, mouth agape, openly lustful. Van Weyden looks up at Mugridge, who lurks in the shadows.

VAN WEYDEN (cont'd)
Coffee please, Mr. Mugridge.

Mugridge steps in and pours her a coffee.

MAUD
Thank you.

Wolf has been watching this with a jealous eye.

WOLF
Mr. Van Weyden would love to paint himself as the only civilized one among us. But you'll notice he's the one wearing a knife on his belt. A rather unusual thing for a ship's officer to do. You see Mr. Van Weyden is sometimes -- how shall I say? -- quarrelsome. He's quite reasonable and fair in his calm moments, such as now, but only yesterday he threatened my life.

Van Weyden gets up from the table abruptly and goes to the sideboard, under the pretext of getting more food.

WOLF (cont'd)
I'll have to arm myself before I dare go on deck with him.

The hunters laugh, too hard, at Wolf's humor. Van Weyden, turned away from the group, stares up at a cracked mirror that hangs over the sideboard, taking a look at himself for the first time in a long time. His shirt is torn, the button missing from his collar. His face is deeply tanned. He raises a hand, touching the thick beard that covers his features. Now he looks at the hand, its knuckles skinned, the fingers swollen, the nails rimmed with black.

WOLF (cont'd)
Mr. Van Weyden may like to think otherwise, but he's no different than anyone on board. He's quite one of us now.

MAUD
You can't seriously intend to keep me aboard for three months. I have no clothes, nothing.

Smoke says something under his breath to Kerfoot, who giggles.

WOLF
I'll give you some cloth, needles and thread. You won't dislocate any joints making yourself a dress or two. By the way, what do you do for a living?

While Wolf goes on, Smoke intentionally drops his fork on the floor. He bends down to pick it up and looks across at Maud's legs. Nice. He leans closer, trying to see up her dress.

WOLF (cont'd)
For example, these men here shoot seals in order to live. I sail this ship. Mr. Van Weyden earns his salty grub by helping me, between assassination attempts. What do you do?

Van Weyden notices Smoke has been bent under the table for some time. He swings a leg, viciously. There is a THUD and a cry of pain from underneath.

MAUD
At the moment, it seems I'm a prisoner on a sealing ship.

WOLF
What I mean is, do you feed yourself, or does someone else feed you?

Smoke sits up, rubbing his throat and glaring at Van Weyden.

MAUD
What is the point of this interrogation?

WOLF
Have you ever earned a dollar by your own labor?

VAN WEYDEN
You don't have to answer that.

MAUD
I remember my father giving me a dollar once, when I was a little girl, for remaining absolutely quiet for five whole minutes.

WOLF
That's what I thought.

MAUD
Now, however, I earn about eighteen hundred dollars a year.

All eyes turn and look at her simultaneously.

WOLF
Eighteen hundred? Eighteen *hundred?*

MAUD
That's right.

WOLF
And, uh... how exactly do you manage to do that?

MAUD
With a typewriter.

Van Weyden looks at her closely.

WOLF
You're a journalist? What paper pays that kind of money?

MAUD
I'm a novelist.

VAN WEYDEN
You're Maud Brewster!

MAUD
(impressed)
How did you know?

VAN WEYDEN
I recognized you from your portrait, on the back cover of -- I read your book, "A Kiss Endured." It was remarkable! It was a landmark.

SMOKE
(through a mouthful of food)
Wha's it about?

VAN WEYDEN
(embarrassed)
It's, um, well, it's rather, uh -- it's quite frank, in that-

MAUD
It's about the sexual awakening of a Southern housewife.

Kerfoot spits out his coffee.

LATIMER
The *what?!*

SMOKE
Wha'd she say?

Wolf falls quiet, leaning forward on the table, one hand to his temple.

WOLF
(softly)
The food's disgusting, Mugsy.

VAN WEYDEN
You're much younger than I thought. How is it possible you could have written such a worldly book at your age?

MAUD
You're trying to flatter me. The truth is, I didn't write a word of fiction until I was twenty-six.

VAN WEYDEN
Why did you wait so long?

MAUD
I think the mistake of too many of our modern writers is taking up a life of writing before they have a life worth writing about.

VAN WEYDEN
And what life had you led?

MAUD
I don't know you well enough to tell you that.

VAN WEYDEN
Not yet, anyway.

He's not a bad flirt, and this coziness between them is driving Wolf insane. He fumes silently. Van Weyden notices.

WOLF
Oh, don't mind me. I don't count. Go on, go on, please.
(they don't)
Talk, I said.

Tension is rising. Latimer and Kerfoot get up to leave.

WOLF (cont'd)
Sit down.

They do. Wolf levels a hard look at Van Weyden.

WOLF (cont'd)
Talk. Now.

120 CONTINUED: (7) 120

He takes a large bite of sausage.

VAN WEYDEN
The Captain isn't quite himself. It seems Mr. Larsen is, in fact, mortal like the rest of us. You see, from time to time, he's stricken with rather ferocious headaches. Perhaps that explains his callous disregard for human life. People in pain do dangerous things. Of course, he'll never admit to his infirmity, he thinks none of us have noticed and his condition is never spoken of on this ship, because that would be-

Wolf spits out his mouthful of food and leaps to his feet.

WOLF
GOD DAMN IT, MUGSY, THIS FOOD'S NOT FIT FOR HUMAN CONSUMPTION!
(grabs Mugridge by the neck)
AND WHEN'S THE LAST TIME YOU WASHED THIS SHIRT, MUCH LESS YOUR FILTHY BODY?! I'VE GIVEN YOU WARNING, NOW YOU'VE GOT TO TAKE YOUR MEDICINE! SOMEBODY GET ME A ROPE!

As one, the hunters leap gleefully to their feet.

MAUD
What's happening?!

121 EXT DECK DAY 121

Thomas Mugridge bursts out the door of the main cabin, hurled from behind by Wolf Larsen, who follows. The gleeful WHOOPS of the hunters spread quickly to the rest of the bored and malicious crew members, and the news travels fast:

VOICE (o.s.)
MUGSY'S GETTIN' A TOW OVER THE SIDE!

Mugridge, terrified, makes a break for it across the deck, but strong arms quickly envelop him.

122 AT THE STERN, 122

a coil of heavy rope THUDS down on the deck. Mugridge lands next to it, pinned by the hands of four of the hunters. The crew gathers around in frenzied sadism.

(CONTINUED)

122 CONTINUED: 122

While Mugridge whimpers and pleads, Wolf Larsen quickly fashions a bowline from the end of the rope and slips it over the quivering cook's shoulders.

MUGRIDGE
NO, PLEASE, PLEASE, NO, I CAN'T SWIM, *I CAN'T SWIM!*

WOLF
Don't worry, you won't have to.

Van Weyden and Maud appear at the stern of the boat. Maud watches, wide-eyed, as Wolf and the hunters lift Mugridge off the deck and hurl him into the ocean.

123 IN THE WATER, 123

it's a relatively calm day, thank God, and the ship is moving slowly. Mugridge lands with a SPLASH and SPUTTERS, flailing in the water as the *Ghost* sails slowly away from him.

124 ON DECK, 124

the coil of rope plays out quickly while Oofty-Oofty hurries to secure the other end around a cleat.

125 IN THE WATER, 125

the rope pulls tight. Mugridge, struggling under the waves, is abruptly yanked to the surface. Dragged helplessly behind the boat, the pace doesn't seem that slow at all.

Though gentle, the waves are long and tall, and every time the bow of the *Ghost* rises to climb the next one, it drives the stern down, the line slackens, and Mugridge sinks.

But then he is dragged violently up again as the bow falls over the crest of the wave. He can't actually drown this way, but he is kept constantly on the verge of it.

126 ON DECK, 126

while all the others have their eyes on Mugsy, Smoke saunters casually up behind Maud, looking her up and down. Maud doesn't notice, she's shouting defiantly at Wolf.

MAUD
Pull him in!

WOLF
Man-play, Miss Brewster, that's all it is. Man-play. You're just not used to it.

126 CONTINUED: 126

MAUD
It's sadistic! It's criminal torture! Pull him in right now!

WOLF
Give him another couple of minutes, Oofty.

He turns away and heads for his cabin.

Van Weyden sees Smoke move even closer to Maud, inappropriately close. He leans forward and smells her hair. She still doesn't know he's there. Van Weyden takes a step toward Smoke to put a stop to it, but suddenly Oofty-Oofty stands bolt upright, staring at the sea.

OOFTY-OOFTY
SHARK HO, SIR!

Wolf whirls around and goes to the aft rail, looking in the direction Oofty is pointing. Behind Mugridge, a black fin cuts the water, headed for him.

WOLF
HEAVE IN! LIVELY! ALL HANDS TAIL ON!

Van Weyden is the first one to the cleat. He hauls hard on the heavy rope, to make a bit of slack, uncleats it, and starts hauling in for all he's worth. Oofty, Wolf, and the others fall in on the rope and start pulling hard, in unison.

Smoke, meanwhile, reaches out and gently *touches* the back of Maud's hair. Thinking it's a bug or a breeze, Maud waves it off.

127 IN THE WATER, 127

Mugridge has heard Oofty's cry and is panicking, craning around to get a look behind him. Between the violent jerks of the rope and the waves breaking over him, he gets a momentary view of the fin closing in on him.

He SCREAMS in horror and tries to drag himself forward on the rope.

128 ON DECK, 128

the crew is pulling as hard as it can on the rope, dragging Mugridge toward the boat with good speed. But the shark is closing on him with much greater swiftness.

Mugridge is only twenty feet away.

129 IN THE WATER, 129

Mugridge, straining to see behind him, can make out the slithery gray outline of the shark's head.

130 ON DECK, 130

the crew pulls Mugridge directly beneath the stern of the boat. But, as luck would have it, at that particular moment the stern is falling instead of rising, giving a momentary advantage to the shark.

The fin disappears. The belly flashes white in a swift upward rush.

Van Weyden throws his strength into one tremendous jerk. Mugridge's body leaves the water. So does part of the shark's. As Mugridge rises he bends his knees, pulling his legs up out of the water. The shark just barely touches the bottom of them.

Pulled by Van Weyden, Mugridge seems to fly the rest of the way out of the water, clears the rail easily, and flops down on the deck. As he slides forward, we see both his thighs are perfectly intact. Both knees, unharmed. Two shins, looking good. Right foot, no problem.

Shark got the left.

Mugridge SCREAMS in agony as blood flows from the stump that is now the punctuation of his left leg.

Van Weyden staggers back in horror. Oofty-Oofty covers his mouth with his hands. Maud is on the verge of passing out.

KERFOOT
Whoops.

Wolf sighs and looks at Maud.

WOLF
Man-play. Somewhat rougher than usual, I'll grant you. The shark wasn't in the reckoning. It-

Mugridge rolls over on his belly and sinks his teeth deep into Wolf's calf. The Captain winces in pain and holds up a finger to Maud.

WOLF (cont'd)
'Scuse me.

(CONTINUED)

130 CONTINUED: 130

He bends down and presses his thumb and finger at the rear of Mugridge's jaws, below the ears. But Mugridge holds fast with his teeth, and blood flows from Wolf's leg. While hunters and crew members jump in to aid one or the other of them, Smoke takes advantage of the chaos. His hand clamps over Maud's mouth. He pulls her out of sight, down the aft staircase into the cargo hold.

131 IN THE STAIRWAY, 131

Maud's eyes are wide with terror and she tries to scream, but Smoke's filthy hand is like a catcher's mitt over her mouth. He pushes her head back with such force that she's pinned to the wall.

He presses forward, mashing himself into her. She has one arm pinned behind her body, but the other is free. She reaches up and gouges Smoke's eyes with it. It looks painful as hell, but he barely seems to notice.

132 ON DECK, 132

chaos still reigns as Mugridge spurts blood onto the deck. Wolf shouts orders.

WOLF
Eriksen! Bring a tourniquet and a sailmaker's needle, on the double. Mr. Van Weyden, you've got another stump to close up!

Van Weyden doesn't answer, as he's staring at the space on the deck where Maud was standing. She's gone. He looks around.

133 IN THE STAIRWAY, 133

Maud is losing the fight. Smoke paws her dress up with one hand, reaches down and undoes his pants with the other.

She lashes out a foot, kicks him in the groin and twists away from him. He lunges after her, lands on top of her. He reaches under her skirt and grabs her very substantial underwear. He wrenches at it trying to drag it off but it won't shift. Instead he drags her whole body across the hold. She cries out for help. He clamps his hand over her mouth again. With his other hand he finally gets her underpants around her ankles.

He pulls down his pants. But what he needs to be down there isn't. He is horrified.

SMOKE
Come on! Come on, God damn it!

133 CONTINUED: 133

He looks at her, humiliated, flails at his flaccid groin once more --

SMOKE (cont'd)
Bitch!

He hits her across the face. As he raises his hand again, Van Weyden comes racing down the stairs. Half way down he launches himself at Smoke and hits his head with both feet. Smoke's head cracks into a sea chest. He crumples to the floor, unconscious.

VAN WEYDEN
Are you... did he?!

She shakes her head. She struggles to catch her breath, won't allow herself to cry.

MAUD
(bitterly)
He wasn't much of a rapist.

She turns and runs up the steps.

Furious, Van Weyden punches the wall.

134 INT MAUD'S CABIN DAY 134

Maud races into her cabin, SLAMS the door behind her, and locks it. She leans against it, sobbing.

CUT TO:

135 INT MUGRIDGE'S CABIN NIGHT 135

Thomas Mugridge lies on his bunk in his tiny cabin just off the galley. He's squirming, delirious with pain. Van Weyden is beside him, trying to make him comfortable. Wet towels on the forehead are nice, but the hypodermic full of morphine he's pumping into Mugsy's arm is nicer.

Mugridge MOANS at the needle prick.

VAN WEYDEN
Shhh, it's okay, this'll make you feel better.

MUGRIDGE
Oh, I hate him... how I hate him...

Van Weyden puts the needle aside and checks Mugridge's leg. He's been unable to stop the blood loss, the bandages are completely soaked, dripping into a bucket on the floor below.

(CONTINUED)

135 CONTINUED: 135

Van Weyden grabs a fresh patch of cloth and wraps it around the stump even tighter. Mugridge CRIES OUT in pain.

VAN WEYDEN
I'm sorry. We've got to stop the bleeding, Mugsy. Tom.

MUGRIDGE
Tommy. Nobody calls me Tommy no more.

VAN WEYDEN
Tommy.

MUGRIDGE
I never had no chance. Who was there to send me to school, or put food in my belly, or wipe my snotty nose for me when I was a kid? Who ever did anything for me? I never had no chance but to be treated like a dog.

VAN WEYDEN
You've got long years ahead of you. You can make anything you want of yourself.

MUGRIDGE
It's a lie, Hump, and you know it. I'm already made, an' made out of leavin's an' scraps.

Mugridge thrashes, which makes the re-bandaging that much more difficult. Van Weyden is starting to panic, no idea how to stem the flow of blood.

VAN WEYDEN
Please, you've got to try to hold still, I think you've torn yourself open again.

MUGRIDGE
(very weak)
You don't know, Hump, you was born a gentleman, you don't know what it's like to be a sailor, or to be in hospital half your bleedin' life. I've had the fever in Aspinwall, in Havana, in New Orleans. I near died of the scurvy and was rotten with it six months in Barbados. Smallpox in Honolulu --

VAN WEYDEN
Jesus, there's so much blood...

(CONTINUED)

He flips pages in an out of date medical textbook. He's getting desperate.

MUGRIDGE
(mumbling, ranting)
Two broken legs in Shanghai, pneumonia in Unalaska, three busted ribs an' my insides all twisted in Frisco... now look at me.

Mugridge looks up at him through clouding eyes. The morphine is kicking in. He has a moment of quiet calm.

MUGRIDGE (cont'd)
(frankly)
I'm bleedin' to death. Ain't I?

Van Weyden looks at him. Mugridge's eyes are penetrating.

VAN WEYDEN
Yes, Tommy. I think you are.

Mugridge looks away. Tears stream silently down his cheeks.

MUGRIDGE
Oh, Christ... is this all I was made for?

There is silence for a long moment, then:

MUGRIDGE (cont'd)
He's got no right to live. The Good Word says it, "He shall surely die," and I say, Amen, and damn soon at that. I wish somebody on this ship were man enough to drive a spar right through his black heart.

His eyes close softly and he is still for a moment. Van Weyden squeezes his hand, once. Mugridge opens his eyes again and smiles weakly. He's very high now.

MUGRIDGE (cont'd)
Don't worry, Hump. God hates me too much to let me die.

CUT TO:

136 EXT DECK NIGHT 136

Van Weyden stands a night watch at the wheel. From his perch on the poop deck, he looks to the port rail, where Maud is staring mournfully out at the night sea.

137 AT THE RAIL, 137

the dark of night has gotten to Maud, and desperation is setting in. Wiping away tears, she turns to go down to her cabin.

WOLF
"And her eyes should be my light while the sun went out behind me..."

She turns. Wolf is leaning in the doorway of his cabin.

WOLF (cont'd)
"And the viols in her voice be the last sound in my ear."

MAUD
You've been reading Dowson.

WOLF
May I give you something to keep you occupied?

He shifts, gesturing to the rows of bookshelves in his cabin behind him, and for her to come in. She hesitates, the books tempt her.

WOLF
Time to read. It's the great virtue of the sea.

MAUD
Thank you, no.

WOLF
Miss Brewster, this verges on insulting. If you won't at least allow me the gentlemanly courtesy of lending you a book...

He's disarming, but she's still wary. She glances up at the poop deck, where Van Weyden is watching them.

WOLF (cont'd)
I will do nothing you would not wish me to do.

138 ON THE POOP DECK, 138

Van Weyden furrows his brow as he watches them talk a bit more. Then Maud walks into Wolf's cabin.

139 INT WOLF'S CABIN NIGHT 139

Maud browses at the shelves. Wolf, behind her, closes the door.

WOLF
Can I make a recommendation?

He reaches past her and pulls a book from the shelves. He hands it to her.

MAUD
"Paradise Lost." I know it well.

WOLF
Hurled into hell, and still Lucifer was unbeaten. A third of God's angels he brought with him. *Why* was he driven out of heaven? Because he was less brave than God? Less proud? Less aspiring? No! Because he was a free spirit. He did not care to serve God, he cared to serve nothing. To serve was to suffocate. He stood on his own legs. He was an individual.

In Maud's hands, the book falls open to a certain page, where a passage has been worn, dog-eared, underlined.

WOLF (cont'd)
Read it. It would greatly please me to hear those words passing your lips.

MAUD
"Here at least we shall be free; the Almighty will not drive us hence; Here we may reign secure; and in my choice to reign is worth ambition, though in hell..."

WOLF
(finishing)
"Better to reign in hell than serve in heaven."

She looks up. He now stands directly over her. His sky blue eyes are vivid against his tanned face. She looks into those eyes. She weakens, her will sapped by his power.

140 EXT POOP DECK NIGHT 140

Van Weyden strains to see them through the cabin window, but can't make them out any more. What the hell are they *doing*?

141 INT WOLF'S CABIN NIGHT 141

An empty glass THUNKS onto the table. Maud and Wolf are sharing a bottle, and the alcohol has put a flush in Maud's cheeks.

WOLF
I know that you despise me.

MAUD
I despise certain of your actions.

WOLF
I accept that I am hated, even though, for some reason I can't quite figure out, your hatred... wounds me.

MAUD
I don't hate you. There is, in the worst of us, still the capacity for good.

WOLF
That thought means nothing to me. It isn't even a thought, it's a feeling, a sentiment, a fairy tale. You were raised in comfort, spoon-fed these illusions since before you could talk, and you've lived long enough and happily enough for your fantasies to harden into reality. But they *are* fairy tales, Miss Brewster. They are not the way of the world.

MAUD
Mr. Larsen, I was married when I was sixteen years old. When I was twenty-three, I lost my husband and my six year old son, both of them, to a fever. That's when I picked up a pen. Are these fairy tales and illusions?

She finishes her glass. Wolf looks at her; she grows in his estimation.

WOLF
Books and brains and she handles her liquor to boot.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

141 CONTINUED: 141

WOLF (cont'd)
You're well-rounded, Maud. Fit to be the wife of a pirate chief.

She looks up sharply. He fills her drink.

142 EXT ON DECK NIGHT 142

Van Weyden, who still can't see them, is going out of his mind with jealousy or concern, he can't decide which.

143 INT WOLF'S CABIN NIGHT 143

the drinks are emptied yet again. Maud and Wolf are in animated conversation, she's less inhibited.

WOLF
Good and evil are beside the point. As I see it, a man does things because of desire. He has many desires. He may desire to escape pain or to enjoy pleasure. But whatever he does, he does because he desires to do it.

MAUD
But suppose he desires to do two opposite things? Neither of which will permit him to do the other?

WOLF
The very thing I was coming to.

MAUD
Between these two desires is the soul of the man. If it is a good soul, it will desire and do the good action, and the contrary if it is a bad soul.

WOLF
(a question)
But even the good soul desires what lies on the bad side.

MAUD
(the answer is yes)
Of course it does. But the soul decides.

WOLF
No it doesn't. The desire decides. Say for example I desired this.

He pulls his chair around closer to hers. He reaches out to her throat, but his fingers fall on an emerald amulet she wears hanging around her neck.

143 CONTINUED: 143

He raises it gently, his hand resting against her bare skin. She allows it. Their heads are close together now, their voices low. She is trembling, whether from fear or desire.

WOLF (cont'd)
I want to take it. Also, I want not to take it, because to take it would be to violate you. What am I to do? I am a creature of my desires, and of the two desires, I will obey the stronger one. I can take whatever I want from you. But then again... why should I take what will, in due course, be freely given.

There is a knock at the door. They break their gaze.

WOLF (cont'd)
Yes?

The door opens and Van Weyden steps in. He is surprised by the intimacy of their pose.

VAN WEYDEN
The wind's shifted a bit, sir. Shall I put about?

WOLF
Your gallantry is as unnecessary as that question, Mr. Van Weyden.

Wolf looks back at Maud, and slips his fingers out from under the amulet, brushing them against her bare skin.

WOLF (cont'd)
Miss Brewster was just coming.

Embarrassed by her own temptation, Maud puts down her glass and heads for the door, leaving the two men staring at each other.

144 EXT ON DECK NIGHT 144

Van Weyden comes out of the cabin, sees Maud headed below. He hurries to catch up to her. He grabs her by the arm and turns her around.

VAN WEYDEN
Don't think you can bat your eyes and control him, it won't work. This isn't a parlor game, you're overmatched.

144 CONTINUED: 144

MAUD
How dare you. Don't judge me. I'm the only woman on a ship of men, how much time do you think I have? Who will protect me here, Mr. Van Weyden? You?

He thinks, then:

VAN WEYDEN
We're five hundred miles from Japan. How long could you make it in a lifeboat?

MAUD
When?

VAN WEYDEN
Tomorrow, as we hit the seal herd. We'll have to move fast, there'll be a moment, we'll know it when it comes. Could you survive two weeks, if we were at sea that long?

MAUD
I made it last time, just about.

VAN WEYDEN
There'll be less than an inch of wood between us and the bottom of the sea. Think hard, Maud. You're going to trust me with your life.

145 ACROSS THE DECK, 145

Wolf emerges from his cabin. He sees the two of them, a short distance away, engaged in their intimate conversation. He stares for a long moment, thinking.

They notice him watching and end their conversation. Van Weyden heads back toward the poop deck. He takes the helm from Louis, relieving the watch.

Wolf saunters up to him, stands by his side, his tone soft, almost wistful.

WOLF
You know, Hump... sometimes I catch myself wishing that I were like you. That I was blind to the facts of life and only knew its fancies and illusions. They're wrong, all wrong, of course, and contrary to reason;
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

145 CONTINUED: 145

WOLF (cont'd)
but in the face of them, my reason tells me that to dream and live illusions gives greater delight. And after all, delight is the wage for living. Isn't it? Without delight, living is a worthless act. To labor at living and be unpaid is worse than to be dead. I envy you. I envy Miss Brewster. I am a sober man looking upon drunken men, and greatly weary, wishing he too were drunk. A wise man looking upon fools, wishing he too were a fool.

VAN WEYDEN
We're a ship of fools.

WOLF
(smiles)
Ah, more quotations.

He pats Van Weyden on the back and wanders away. He mutters to himself.

WOLF
My mistake was in ever opening the books.

CUT TO:

146 EXT DECK DAY 146

A needle and thread sew a tattered chunk of sail canvas shut over the lifeless face of Thomas Mugridge. The crew is gathered at the rail, hats off. They're in colder waters now, the men are wearing jackets, some have mittens. Van Weyden and Oofty-Oofty hoist Mugridge's shrouded body on to the side rail and are about to pitch it over the side. He holds up his hand gesturing Oofty-Oofty to wait. The men stare at him. He feels the need to say something, but can't find the words.

VAN WEYDEN
Mugsy... Thomas. I...

WOLF
(cutting him off)
And the body shall be cast into the sea. So cast it in.

The anonymous canvas lump is swallowed up by the ocean.

Wolf stares out at the sea implacably. He furrows his brow, seeing something far in the distance. We follow his gaze.

147 THE SEA 147

stretches on into infinity. We race out over its limitless expanse. Waves and water go by, faster and faster, until suddenly the surface of the water changes, darkens, covered as far as we can see --

--by the seal herd. It's massive, breathtaking.

148 ON BOARD THE *GHOST,* 148

the hunting boats are lowered, shotguns and oilskins thrown aboard, hunters and boat crews working eagerly. There is much excitement among the crew, giddiness and laughter, even. Maybe this hell voyage will pay off after all.

Suddenly, a cry rings out from the far rail, where Eriksen has been studying the horizon with a pair of binoculars.

ERIKSEN (o.s.)
SMOKE HO!

All ears prick up at that. It's not good news. Van Weyden hurries to the rail with several other crew members. Maud is beside him.

MAUD
What does that mean?

VAN WEYDEN
He's spotted a steamship.

She squints out at the horizon. A column of white smoke is visible in the distance.

WOLF
(to Eriksen)
How's it bear?

ERIKSEN
Dead to starboard, sir. Just on the edge of that fogbank.

WOLF
The *Macedonia.* I'll bet my life on it. Son of a bitch!

He turns and hurries belowdecks.

MAUD
(to Van Weyden)
He knows the ship?

(CONTINUED)

148 CONTINUED: 148

VAN WEYDEN
His brother's the master. This is it, he's going to be distracted.
(pulls her aside quickly)
Go into the galley and bring up as much hardtack and dry food as you can, I'll get water and a weapon. Put it into the number five boat, she's hanging over the starboard side. Anyone asks what you're doing, tell them it's Captain's orders. If he asks, tell him I told you to. Be done in five minutes.

149 INT WOLF'S CABIN DAY 149

Wolf grabs his rifle from a rack and dumps a box of ammunition on his desk. As he's loading the gun, he's crippled by another of his headaches. He staggers to a cabinet, rips it open, and finds the bottle of pills inside.

He swallows a handful of them, the rest spill between his fingers like sand, bouncing onto the floor.

150 BACK ON DECK, 150

Eriksen is at the rail with the binoculars when Wolf returns.

ERIKSEN
She's cut right across us, sir, and jumped the thick of the herd. She must be makin' twenty knots. She's already lowered half her boats.

Wolf grabs the binoculars and has a look.

151 THROUGH THE BINOCULARS, 151

he sees the *Macedonia* at the edge of the seal herd, lowering her boats.

WOLF
God *damn* it! Get every rifle on deck. Open fire on their boats.
(they hesitate)
Do you want to get paid for this voyage or not?! Do you want to eat?! Then defend what's yours!

Rifle in hand, Wolf turns to the rail. He sights in on a boat in the distance and squeezes the trigger.

151 CONTINUED: 151

There is a sharp report, then a few moments later the ANGRY CRIES of the men on the boat he fired upon drift across the water. The crew presses forward, energized, can't believe he did it.

LATIMER
Do we aim to frighten 'em? Put a few across their bows?

WOLF
You've learned to shoot, haven't you? Then shoot to hit! NOW GET TO IT!

A great CHEER rises up from the crew and they race to get their weapons.

152 INT LAZARET DAY 152

Van Weyden, in the lazaret (a supply room), fills a sack with stolen supplies.

153 EXT DECK DAY 153

On deck, half a dozen rifles steady on the rail. They open fire on the steamship.

Across the deck at the far rail, Maud frantically loads supplies into the number five boat.

154 OUT AT SEA, 154

the *Macedonia* changes course and heads toward the *Ghost.* She moves fast, the smoke from her stack changes from white to ugly black. The fogbank behind her is rolling in toward the *Ghost* too, it seems to be accompanying the ship.

WOLF
She's makin' for us! Keep it up!
(shouting at the steamer)
GO ON! RACK YOUR ENGINES INTO SCRAP!

Answering rifle shots ring out from the steamship's hunter boats. Some whiz past the *Ghost* and skip across the water, others SPLINTER into the mast and booms.

155 BEHIND WOLF, 155

Maud ducks out of the galley, arms full of more provisions. In the chaos, no one takes notice of her. She goes to the opposite rail, dumps the food into the number five boat, and turns back to the galley for more.

Wolf sees her. What the hell is she up to?

156 EXT DECK DAY 156

As Van Weyden comes back out on deck, the *Macedonia* is bearing down hard on them. The black smoke billowing from her stack tears off at nearly a right angle, she's going so fast.

Wolf sees Van Weyden headed for the number five boat as well and starts immediately for it. But the THUD of a heavy report from the steamship's deck stops him. He SHOUTS.

WOLF
CANNON FIRE!

Maud is just returning with another armload of provisions. Van Weyden hears the high pitched WHISTLING sound of the incoming cannonball. He leaps, knocking her to the deck and covering her with his body. A split-second later, two rifle slugs CRUNCH into the rail where she was standing.

Above them, a great round hole RIPS through the mainsail. The cannonball continues on past them, landing in the sea with a great SPLASH.

ERIKSEN
CANNON! SHE'S CARRYING CANNON!

There is another THUD from the steamship, and this time a fiery flash from the muzzle of a cannon is visible. A cannonball CRACKS through the rigging of the *Ghost*, dismasting the topmast, sending its sails spinning crazily.

There is a great TEARING and RENDING of sail as a giant mass of rigging collapses, CRASHING through the roof of the galley. Debris flies in all directions.

On the other side of the boat, Van Weyden helps Maud climb over the rail and into the number five boat, which is hanging in its tackle.

Across the deck, Wolf sees them. He turns and takes aim on Van Weyden. He fires as Van Weyden leaps over the rail. Wolf's shot sails off into space, barely missing, and his next shot CLICKS on an empty cylinder.

157 IN THE FIVE BOAT, 157

Maud and Van Weyden are dangling ten feet over the ocean, and there's no time for a gentle lowering. Van Weyden pulls his knife and races to the stern.

VAN WEYDEN
HOLD ONTO SOMETHING, TIGHT, SHE'LL SPILL HARD!

(CONTINUED)

157 CONTINUED: 157

Maud grabs hold of the wooden seat built into the front of the boat. Van Weyden slits the stern line that holds the boat aloft. That end of the boat drops crazily, now hanging at a forty-five degree angle. Van Weyden climbs up to the bow.

158 ON DECK, 158

rifle fire and cannon balls from the steamship are raining down on the *Ghost,* causing wholesale destruction. Calmly, Wolf ignores it all, flicks open the cylinder of his revolver and begins to reload, walking toward the far rail, where the five boat dangles.

159 IN THE FIVE BOAT, 159

Van Weyden slits the bow line of the dangling five boat. It drops into the sea with a great SPLASH.

160 ON DECK, 160

Wolf reaches the far rail and looks down. The five boat is directly beneath him. He flicks the cylinder shut, takes aim on Hump.

160A IN THE BOAT, 160A

Hump looks up, too late. Wolf has already drawn a bead on him. But instead of blowing Hump's head off, Wolf just smiles grimly, moves the barrel a few inches to the side, pulls the trigger --

-- and BLASTS a hole right through the bottom of the lifeboat. A geyser of seawater shoots up through it.

Wolf squeezes off five more precise shots, drawing a line of bulletholes right down the middle of the small craft. Five more geysers spit up between and around Maud and Van Weyden.

Wolf turns away and rejoins the battle.

Maud and Van Weyden lunge for the side of the *Ghost,* abandoning their rapidly sinking lifeboat.

160B ON THE DECK OF THE GHOST, 160B

they climb back over the rail and into withering cross-fire. The *Macedonia* is less than thirty yards away now, her massive, black hulk turned broadside, every gun on her unloading into the *Ghost.*

Van Weyden leans over the rail, looks up and down the ship for another hunter boat to steal.

(CONTINUED)

160B CONTINUED: 160B

But they're all either gone already or being boarded by desperate crew members trying like hell to get away.

Van Weyden drops to a crouch and tilts his head to Maud, follow me. They crawl through the carnage, toward the hatchway entrance to the ship's hold.

All around Wolf, panicked crew members give up the fight, leaping overboard, signalling to the steamship to pick them up, attempting to defect, to surrender, anything.

A figure appears out of the smoke on the deck of the *Macedonia,* clad in a flowing black ulster -- Wolf's brother. The brothers are eye to eye, locked together.

Wolf raises his rifle, gets his brother in his sights, aims. The brother smiles contemptuously at Wolf and holds his ground. Wolf's finger is on the trigger, an eternity passes, then --

-- Wolf lowers his weapon. He just stands there, as still as death as the rigging collapses, masts fall, and sails burst into flame around him. Despite all he's said, he cannot kill his own brother.

Across the deck, Maud and Van Weyden reach the entrance to the hold. Van Weyden throws open the hatch cover and moves aside, helping Maud to slither down inside to safety.

He pauses, looks back, and sees a rifle lying on the deck a few feet away, next to Latimer, who is dead. He crawls toward the gun, to bring it with him for protection.

He looks back across the deck and sees Wolf standing alone among the wreckage of his ship.

160C DOWN IN THE HOLD, 160C

Maud reaches the bottom of the ladder and moves away from the smoking entrance to the hold. But she's not the only one hiding out down here. She scurries back into a corner, right next to the previously hidden face --

-- of Smoke, the failed rapist. She SCREAMS.

160D ON DECK, 160D

Van Weyden hears the scream, grabs the rifle, and races back across the deck, just as he sees Smoke's face appear in the entrance to the hold and sling the hatch cover shut.

At the last second, Van Weyden shoves the barrel of the rifle into the hatchway, which THUNKS against it.

160D CONTINUED: 160D

Smoke struggles desperately to slam shut the hatch and throw the bolt, but the barrel prevents it.

Using the gun, Van Weyden pries open the hatch, reaches down in with both hands, and hauls Smoke out onto the deck. Smoke gets his hands around Van Weyden's neck, but Van Weyden lands a punch to Smoke's throat, rolls over and over, tumbles down through the open hatch cover --

160E DOWN IN THE HOLD, 160E

-- and lands, hard, on the floor of the hold. He scrambles up the ladder, just as Smoke approaches, SLAMS shut the hatch cover, and throws the bolt. The noise of the battle above mute into dull THUDS and BOOMS, CRIES and SCREAMS.

The hatch cover rattles as hands fall upon it and pull, frantically, others seeking refuge in their bomb shelter.

VAN WEYDEN
Get back, get away from it.

Maud backs away into a corner of the hold. He stands in the center, looking up at the bolt, praying it will hold as it's pulled, again and again and again from above.

For the moment, it holds.

CUT TO:

160F INT HOLD LATER 160F

A match strikes. Daylight no longer falls through the cracks in the ship's hull, so night must have fallen outside. Van Weyden lights two sea lamps that hang from the rafters. They cast a wavering, golden light on the refuge Maud and Van Weyden have created for themselves.

MAUD
It's quiet. Should we go up?

VAN WEYDEN
Not now, not at night. I'll go first, in the morning.

She nods. She's shivering, knees drawn up to her chest. He sees how cold she is. He brings the sea lamps over in front of her, turns up their flames and opens the doors in their fronts to release some of the heat in her direction.

MAUD
Thank you.

He nods and sits opposite her.

MAUD (cont'd)
For... everything.

He looks at her. He nods again, looking into her eyes this time. She looks back at him, through the flames, the ship CREAKING as it rolls gently from side to side. He looks good by the light of the sea lamps, his face weather-beaten and strong.

MAUD (cont'd)
Cold.

He looks around, finds some ragged blankets. He wraps them around her. She extends one arm to the side, inviting him to share the blanket. He shoves over on the floor, up under her arm, and she closes the blanket around them both.

MAUD (cont'd)
Your shirt's still wet.

He knows what she means. He strips his shirt off, over his head. He stands and hangs them over a beam to dry. She watches him, notices his naked torso. He's become well-developed.

He comes back under the blanket with her. They sit, their bodies touching, the unspoken very loud between them. Van Weyden turns to her. She's wearing men's clothes, a heavy shirt and pants. He unbuttons the first two buttons of her shirt. She raises her arms over her head. He strips her shirt off. She's naked underneath.

She turns slightly away from him. He pulls up close against her, pressing his chest against her naked back. She lies down and he lies with her, skin to skin, holding onto her.

His arms wrap around her waist. She reaches down, takes his hand, and guides it onto her breast. He pulls her closer.

She turns and kisses him. The ship GROANS as it rises and falls on the waves, above they hear the SNAPPING of sail and the CREAK of timber as a fresh wind snaps at the ship.

Maud starts to roll toward Van Weyden, but he pushes her the other way, onto her stomach, and moves onto her back, kissing her neck and running a hand through her hair hard. She responds.

Van Weyden snakes one hand beneath her, under her belly, and lifts her hips off the ground. She cooperates as he drapes himself across her back and moves into her.

160F CONTINUED: (2) 160F

The sea lamps throw their exaggerated, moving shadows onto the walls of the hold. They are the only people in the world.

CUT TO:

161-174 OMITTED 161-174

174A INT HOLD DAY 174A

Van Weyden, cradling his rifle, opens the hatch an inch and peers through. Nothing. He pushes it back and climbs out into the dazzling light of morning. Maud looks up at him anxiously. He signals her to wait.

174B EXT DECK OF THE *GHOST* DAWN 174B

The sun is rising out of an empty sea. Van Weyden advances cautiously, rifle at the ready. The rolling deck of the ship is a mess, fallen masts, torn, smoldering sails, mangled, tangled lines and bulletholes everywhere.

And there's no one aboard.

The ship just drifts with the currents. Van Weyden looks out at the ocean, studies the skies. The seas are moderate to heavy, the skies gray and lowering.

His expression darkens.

174C INT HOLD DAY 174C

an Weyden's face appears suddenly in the entrance to the hold.

VAN WEYDEN
We have a serious problem.

175 EXT DECK OF THE *GHOST* DAY 175

Maud climbs out hurriedly and joins Van Weyden on deck. He's working as fast as he can, trying to sort out the horrible snarl of halyards and sheets. She stares in horror at the mess the boat has become.

MAUD
Where did they go?!

VAN WEYDEN
(talking as fast as he works)
There are three dead, the others must have taken the hunter boats or got themselves aboard the steamer.

175 CONTINUED: 175

MAUD
What about Larsen?

VAN WEYDEN
I don't know. We have greater concerns at the moment.

MAUD
What are you doing?

VAN WEYDEN
Somehow we have to get this boat back in shape enough to sail it. And I'd say we have about two hours to get it done.

A flash of distant lightning draws Maud's attention. She turns around and sees an enormous thundercloud piling up in the distance.

MAUD
Oh, my God.

Thunder RUMBLES out from the base of the thundercloud.

VAN WEYDEN
Maybe one.

MAUD
Tell me what to do.

176 IN THE FORECASTLE, 176

it's very dark, the only illumination a dirty gray daylight that streams through the cracks in the hull. We hear BREATHING here in the forecastle, but can't see much, save for the outline of a man. Above us, feet POUND as Maud and Van Weyden set to work.

Someone is still alive. And we can guess who it is.

177 UP ON DECK, 177

Van Weyden is at the base of the mainmast, looking up into the rigging. Maud follows him; he moves and talks fast.

VAN WEYDEN
I'm going up there to clear the raffle while you fix the topsail canvas. Patch together anything you can find, cut up the mainsail and use it if you have to.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

177 CONTINUED: 177

VAN WEYDEN (cont'd)
We'll use the windlass to give us enough leverage to lift the yard of the topmast and raise the staysails and jib. Won't give us much power, but with a little luck I might have just enough control to sail her through the weather.

MAUD
What if you can't?

He looks at her evenly.

VAN WEYDEN
Then this boat will sink.

177A ON DECK, 177A

Maud unfurls the topsail. The canvas has long tears everywhere, half of it is charred or burned away.

177B IN THE RIGGING, 177B

Van Weyden climbs the rigging, fast, catlike in his grace.

177C ON DECK, 177C

Beneath the giant spread of canvas, Maud sews as fast as she can, using a sailmaker's needle and heavy thread. She stops, noticing red smears on the canvas beneath her hands. She turns them over. Her fingers are cut and bleeding.

She keeps working.

177D HIGH IN THE RIGGING, 177D

Van Weyden works methodically, his hands tugging and prying, untangling the halyards, sheets, and shrouds that are massed around the fallen topmast, which dangles in the air high over the deck.

The day continues to darken. Lightning flares, closer now.

178 ON DECK, 178

Maud throws the repaired sail off to one side and stands. Immediately, she starts, seeing something on the ocean that wasn't there before. She races to the rail and stares in disbelief.

178A ACROSS THE DECK, 178A

Van Weyden leaps out of the rigging, strides across the deck, flips open a cargo bench, and peers inside. It's empty.

(CONTINUED)

178A CONTINUED: 178A

VAN WEYDEN
Where the hell is it?

178B ON DECK, 178B

Maud digs out a pair of binoculars and races to the rail with them.

178C THROUGH THE BINOCULARS, 178C

we see what she sees. Less than a mile away, a ROCKY ISLAND looms up before them, its shoreline a jagged rim of vertical black rock. Waves crash upon the rocks and send geysers of water a hundred feet into the air.

178D ON DECK, 178D

Maud yanks the binoculars away from her face.

MAUD
Oh, no.

179 INT BELOWDECKS DAY 179

Deep in a darkened storage area of the ship, Van Weyden digs through piles of sea-shifted tools and cargo, looking for whatever it is he can't find.

180 INT MAIN CABIN NIGHT 180

Van Weyden, growing frantic, tears through toppled supply cabinets in the main cabin, searching everywhere.

VAN WEYDEN
WHERE THE HELL IS IT?!

181 EXT DECK DAY 181

Maud intercepts him as he stomps back out on deck. From somewhere near them, there is an audible SQUEAKING sound. They speak on top of each other.

VAN WEYDEN
I can't find the windlass!

MAUD
Listen to me --

VAN WEYDEN
The windlass, it's a winch, we need a winch to raise the sails --

(CONTINUED)

181 CONTINUED: 181

MAUD
There's an island, it can't be more than a mile away, the wind is blowing us right to it --

VAN WEYDEN
-- We'd need six men to do it by hand!

MAUD
We're going to crash on the rocks!

They pause, both having heard what the other said.

181A THROUGH THE BINOCULARS, 181A

we see the island again, closer now. It is nothing more than a barren rock surrounded by a wicked, jagged reef. There is no way a craft can make a safe landing on her shore. They will be dashed to bits.

181B ON DECK, 181B

Van Weyden lowers the binoculars.

VAN WEYDEN
Good God.

He cocks his head, hearing that SQUEAKING sound again. He turns, his eyes scanning the deck.

MAUD
What is that sound?

VAN WEYDEN
That... is the windlass.

Van Weyden's eyes settle on the forecastlehead.

VAN WEYDEN (cont'd)
It's him. He's in the forecastle. He's waiting for me.

Around them, the weather continues to worsen. Although rain has not yet begun to fall, the seas have risen and the boat is beginning to heave, moving steadily toward the island, which grows larger as they drift towards it.

Van Weyden draws his knife from his sheath and races to the front of the ship. He reaches the forecastle and rips open the hatch. Below, all he can see is a slimy, dripping, inky black hollow. Rage overcoming his fear, he descends into the pit.

182 INT FORECASTLE DAY 182

Van Weyden's feet skip off the steps of the ladder and he lands, hard, on the floor of the forecastle. It's completely black inside. He squints into the darkness.

VAN WEYDEN
Larsen?

Nothing. He takes a step further in. The only light shining in is the bright shaft beaming down through the open hatchway.

VAN WEYDEN (cont'd)
LARSEN?!

From the far corner comes the SQUEAKING sound of a rusty handle being turned. Van Weyden turns. The light streaming through the hatch is enough to illuminate Wolf's figure.

The Captain is hunched in the very prow of the ship, at the point where the two sides join in a V. He has one hand on the windlass, which is beside him.

WOLF
Crew turned on me, Hump, can you beat that? Begged their way onto my brother's ship. Marooned me on my own vessel.

VAN WEYDEN
You know what I'm here for.

WOLF
So you're trying to patch up a jury-rig. Didn't think you had it in you, Hump.

182A EXT ON DECK DAY 182A

Maud watches helplessly as the island grows steadily larger and the boat is swept toward it on the rising seas. She can hear the menacing sound of the surf breaking on the reef.

182B INT FORECASTLE DAY 182B

Van Weyden confronts Wolf.

VAN WEYDEN
I have a knife.

WOLF
Then why not just kill me? I'm unarmed.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

WOLF (cont'd)
(Van Weyden doesn't move)
You can't do it, Hump. Your morality is stronger than you. In spite of everything I've taught you, it won't let you kill an unarmed, unresisting man.

He waves one hand in front of his face, as if brushing away cobwebs. Van Weyden notices. There's something odd about Wolf's stare again.

WOLF (cont'd)
And how is Miss Brewster this morning? Or is it "Mrs. Van Weyden" yet?

Van Weyden raises one hand and passes it through the light. As the resulting shadow falls across Wolf's face, he makes a sudden movement to the side, sensing an attack coming.

Van Weyden lowers his hand. Wolf is blind again.

VAN WEYDEN
The ship will go down if I can't raise sail power, Larsen. Give me that windlass.

WOLF
Come take it from me.

VAN WEYDEN
Don't you want to live?

WOLF
It's a captain's privilege to go down with his ship. I intend to die here.

VAN WEYDEN
I don't.

Van Weyden takes two steps forward. Wolf raises his hands in surrender.

WOLF
You have a knife. I have no sight. Might is right.

He stands and moves away, along the hull of the ship, and off into the darkness, leaving the windlass unguarded.

Van Weyden steps forward, to the winch, and bends to pick it up.

With a loud THUNK, the forecastle is suddenly plunged into total darkness. Wolf has closed the hatch cover.

182C EXT ON DECK DAY 182C

Maud turns at the sound, sees the hatch of the forecastle, now closed, hears the bolt SCRAPE shut as Larsen locks it from the inside.

MAUD
Humphrey?!

She starts to race over, but a sudden lurch of the ship knocks her off her feet. She crawls frantically toward the hatch.

182D INT FORECASTLE DAY 182D

It's pitch black in the forecastle.

WOLF
Horrible, isn't it? To be left in the darkness.

VAN WEYDEN
Open the God damn hatch!

WOLF
Open it yourself. If you think you can get past me. Of course, I've had some time to adapt to my condition. This blackness is all new to you. But go on. Test yourself, Hump.

Wolf's voice is moving, circling Van Weyden (and us), as he pads softly around the edges of the forecastle.

We hear a CREAK of footsteps as someone moves forward toward the ladder, then a black shape WHOOSHES past and we hear the sound of both men hitting the floor, hard.

182E EXT ON DECK DAY 182E

Maud is thrown around violently as the ship's hull SCRAPES against the first of the island's outlying shoals. She reaches the hatch cover and tries to open it, but the bolt holds.

182F INT FORECASTLE DAY 182F

Inside the forecastle, the hatch cover bangs up and down as Maud tries to open it. The bolt holds it shut, but it flies open an inch or two each time she pulls, throwing erratic shafts of flashing light down into the forecastle.

By those flashes, we see Wolf and Van Weyden, struggling viciously on the floor.

(CONTINUED)

Wolf gets position on Van Weyden's back. He curls an arm around Van Weyden's head and tries to bend him over backwards, to break his neck.

He pulls back. And back. And back. The horrible wet crunch of Van Weyden's spine snapping must come at any moment. But with a great guttural cry of life, Van Weyden summons his strength into one great convulsion and rolls his aggressor off.

While Van Weyden's momentarily on his back, Wolf pounces, wrapping his hands around Van Weyden's throat. Van Weyden's face purples --

-- but his hands are still free, and in his right hand he holds his knife. It flashes up, toward the side of Wolf's head. The Captain senses it. He pulls one hand from Van Weyden's throat and holds it out at the last second to intercept the blow.

The knife plunges through his palm.

Wolf SCREAMS in pain and pulls the other hand from Van Weyden's throat, holding his injured hand. Van Weyden gives the knife a sharp tug, pulling it free.

While Wolf agonizes, Van Weyden draws himself to his feet. He hits Wolf, two, three, four tremendous blows to the head. Wolf GROANS, his bloody hands go to the sides of his head and he falls to the ground, convulsing.

Van Weyden takes two steps up the ladder and throws open the hatchway door, spilling light into the forecastle. In a murderous fury, he turns and leaps off the ladder, landing a few feet from the prostrate form of the Captain. Wolf's eyes are wide open, staring unblinkingly, straight into the light as the ship pitches and rolls around him.

WOLF
Hump, I... I can't feel my arms or legs. I can't move, Hump.

Van Weyden drops onto the Captain's chest and puts the knife at his throat, pushes the blade into Wolf's softly beating jugular.

VAN WEYDEN
Can you feel that?

WOLF
Do it.

Van Weyden pushes the knife in deeper. He breaks the skin, a trickle of blood begins to flow.

182F CONTINUED: (2) 182F

WOLF (cont'd)
Do it, Hump.

Van Weyden is about to, he *wants* to --

-- but he doesn't. He stands, sheaths his knife again.

VAN WEYDEN
I don't take orders from you.

183 EXT ON DECK DAY 183

With a primal ROAR of exertion, Van Weyden drops the windlass into the center of the ship's deck, where it lands with a BOOM like thunder. He looks up, sees the cliffs ever closer.

VAN WEYDEN
(to Maud)
Go take the wheel. Do what you can to keep the boat pointed into the wind, *into the wind,* understand? Go!

She takes off, up onto the poop deck. Van Weyden hurries to work, feeding a double-thick rope into the winch and throwing everything he has into turning its crank. We follow the rope out of the windlass and up, into the mast, where the block and tackle. It is strung tight as piano wire.

The great topmast comes into view, rising slowly back to vertical as it is pulled out of the wreckage by the windlass.

184-190 OMITTED 184-190

191 ON THE POOP DECK, 191

Maud is thrown forward as the ship SCRAPES against the next of the island's shoals. A crash against the cliffs, which loom over us, is now nearly imminent.

192 ON DECK, 192

Van Weyden feels the scrape and redoubles his efforts as the black cliffs tower over him, just a few hundred yards away.

193 ABOVE THE SHIP, 193

the patched topsail, a crazy quilt of what was left of all the canvas, is hauled up the re-stepped mast, LUFFING violently in the wind.

194 ON THE POOP DECK, 194

Van Weyden comes flying up from the deck to help Maud, who's struggling with the wheel. With three sails now flying above them, the boat is lurching even more ferociously, battered this way and that.

With a bundle of ropes over his shoulder, he SHOUTS to Maud:

VAN WEYDEN
Now, spin it to starboard, hard as you can!

Maud grabs hold of the spokes and spins the wheel --

-- Van Weyden hauls sheet like crazy --

-- taming the sails, which SNAP and fill with wind --

-- and the bow of the boat veers sharply away from the island.

On the poop deck, Maud and Van Weyden stand there, heaving breath as the ship heads back out to sea, out of immediate danger.

They look at each other, incredulous, almost unable to believe what they have just accomplished.

CUT TO:

195 INT FORECASTLE DAY 195

A match lights a sea lamp, throwing light into the forecastle. Van Weyden walks across the floor to Wolf, who lies in the same position he was before, paralyzed.

Van Weyden squats down, snakes his arms under the Captain, and rises, with great difficulty. Wolf looks up, in the direction of Van Weyden's face, his eyes unseeing.

WOLF
Hump, please, I'm... I'm begging you. Finish me. Don't leave me helpless like this. *Kill me.* You're going to kill me, aren't you?

VAN WEYDEN
No, Larsen, I'm not. I'm going to *provide* for you.

He lays the Captain gently on one of the bunks built into the hull of the forecastle.

(CONTINUED)

195 CONTINUED: 195

VAN WEYDEN (cont'd)
I'm going to give you a place to sleep, and spoon-feed your meals to you, and give you morphine when you're in pain.

He covers him with a blanket, brings it up just under Wolf's chin.

VAN WEYDEN (cont'd)
And when you die, I'm going to pray for your immortal soul.

He turns and heads for the ladder. Wolf's eyes widen as he realizes the personal horror of what Van Weyden has just said to him.

WOLF
You... rag puppet, you little echoing mechanism! You'd kill a snake or a shark but you can't kill me because I have hands and feet and a body shaped a little bit like yours?!

Van Weyden begins to climb the ladder.

WOLF (cont'd)
HUMP?! *KILL ME, I SAID!!* WHAT THE HELL IS THE MATTER WITH YOU?! WHAT KIND OF MAN ARE YOU?!

Reaching the top, Van Weyden turns and looks back down.

VAN WEYDEN
A better one.

He SLAMS the hatch, leaving Wolf alone.

With his thoughts.

WOLF
HUUUUUMMMMMPPPPPP!

196 EXT ON DECK DAY 196

The Captain's shout echoes over the open sea.

Maud surrenders the wheel to Van Weyden as he returns to the deck of their ragged ship. He holds course, piloting her carefully through the storm. Maud moves up against him and he puts an arm around her, pulling her close to him.

196 CONTINUED:

VAN WEYDEN (V.O.)
In a few weeks time, we'll cross the trade routes and chance upon some cutter or steamship that will sail us back to San Francisco. But I've already been rescued.

He turns his tanned face into the driving rain, feels the sting of fresh water on his cheeks.

VAN WEYDEN (V.O.)
Once, as a boy, I fell into the sea. I sank until I learned to swim, and climbed out as a man.

FADE OUT.