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FINAL SCRIPT

PART I

Part I

1350

THE GHOST SHIP

Original Screen Play

by

Donald Henderson Clarke

based on a story

by

Leo Mittler

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*Changes
8/17/43*

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THE GHOST SHIP

PART I

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Received from

RKO RADIO PICTURES, INC.

THE GHOST SHIP

PART I

FINAL

THE GHOST SHIP

The MAIN and CREDIT TITLES are SUPERIMPOSED on a STOCK SHOT of a freighter steaming slowly through wraith-like mists and over glassy water.

EXT. DISPLAY WINDOW - SAN PEDRO STREET - NIGHT

- 1 A display of pocket knives arranged on a board in the center of a window. The light glistens and reflects from the opened blades. Over this scene we hear a merry voice singing, "Blow the Man Down."

VOICE

(o.s., singing)

Come all ye young fellows
who follow the sea...

CAMERA BEGINS TO MOVE BACK to show the display window of Rubin's Seamen's Outfitting Co. The display consists of cheap blue sweaters, stiff-looking civilian hats, watch caps, oilskins, and the other simple paraphernalia of a sailor's life. In one corner is an enormously enlarged photo of Rubin himself, in his prime, fighting Joe Jeffries. Across the face of the window, in reflection, can be seen figures typical of a San Pedro street; sailors, merchant jacks, and one rolling drunk. The rhythm of their walk seems to have the lilt of the song being sung.

At the left-hand corner of the window can be seen the reflection of a Negro singer, a blind man, with a zither suspended from a strap around his neck. On the face of this instrument is a placard reading, "I am Blind." A cup is suspended underneath it. As the CAMERA MOVES STILL FURTHER BACK, the actual figure of the blind beggar is disclosed. It is he whose merry voice is singing "Blow the Man Down."

BLIND BEGGAR

(singing)

It's starboard and larboard we
jump to the call
When kicking Jack Roberts commands
the Black Ball.
Oh, give me some time to blow the
man down.

- 2 CLOSEUP. A man's hand and arm comes into the scene, and a coin spins from the hand and falls with the clink of silver into the blind man's cup.

TOM'S VOICE

For luck.

(CONTINUED)

BLIND BEGGAR

(breaking off
his song)

Thank you, sir. Being a sailor,
you'll need luck.

3-4 MED. SHOT - Blind Beggar and Tom Merriam. Tom Merriam, a young man dressed in a very obviously new blue suit and carrying a new suitcase, is arrested by the last phrase, and turns to look again at the Beggar. The Beggar, almost sensing his movement of halting and looking, smiles.

BLIND BEGGAR

And you're a young sailor, too,
sir. Don't need eyes to tell me
that. Young seamen all want
luck when they're outward bound.
Only the old ones know there's
nothing but bad luck and bad
blows at sea.

Tom puts down his suitcase. The Beggar grins at him.

BLIND BEGGAR (cont'd)

You're an officer, too --

TOM

How do you know?

BLIND BEGGAR

I heard your suitcase go down. A
seaman would be having a soft bag.

Tom smiles and begins to search his pocket for another
coin.

BLIND BEGGAR (cont'd)

(even before
getting the money)

Thank you, thank you. If it's
the Altair you're boarding, it's
a bad ship.

Tom puts the coin in his hand.

TOM

You've got a blind man's tricks
for telling what men are like --
but ships -- you can't tell about
ships.

He picks up his suitcase and starts off.

5 REVERSE SHOT - Tom crossing the street toward where the
Altair lies against the bulkhead. In the f.g., the Blind
Beggar resumes his playing and singing.

6 Tom comes walking onto the gangway and begins to climb. At the head of the gangway can be seen the hunched figure of a little man seated at the juncture of gangway rail and deck rail. This is the Finn. He is an odd, gnome-like little man, direct and quick of movement. He wears his watch cap in a peculiar fashion so that it has the appearance of a Phrygian bonnet, adding to the gnome-like quality of his appearance. As Tom ascends the gangway, the Finn looks up with bright, direct eyes. He never ceases whetting his long-bladed shive on a whetstone which he holds in his lap.

7 TWO SHOT - Tom and Finn. Tom comes up to the head of the gangway. The Finn looks at him and continues sharpening his knife, not missing a stroke on the stone.

TOM

I'm the Third Officer. Where can I find the Captain?

Without saying a word, the Finn gestures with his knife blade to the forward portion of the vessel. Tom looks at him somewhat questioningly, and the Finn again makes the gesture with his knife. Tom starts off.

8 CLOSE SHOT - the Finn. He looks after Tom and, as he looks, his voice can be heard, in narration.

FINN

(narration)

Another man I cannot talk to -- that I can never know and who can never know me -- because I am a mute and cannot speak. I am walled about with silence, cut off from other men, but I can see things they cannot see. I see the white steel thirsting for blood and the blood running to meet it.

(he brings his knife up to eye level to look at it)

I am a Finn, and my soul is in my hand here, white and cold, and knowing all things.

EXT. BOAT DECK - NIGHT

9 Tom comes up the ladder from the main deck and goes toward the door of the Captain's cabin. The noise of loading from the well deck attracts his attention and he looks off.

EXT. WELL DECK - NIGHT

- 9a LONG SHOT of the forward well deck with Tom in the f.g. The hatch is open and light streams from it. A gang of men are working around the hatch, fitting the main hatch cover.

EXT. BOAT DECK - NIGHT

- 10 Tom turns back toward the door of the Captain's cabin. He sets down his suitcase, drapes his overcoat over it, shrugs his shoulders into his jacket, straightens his tie, and knocks on the door. It is slightly ajar and swings open a few more inches under Tom's knuckles. Tom looks through the opening of the door into the Captain's office, and waits a few seconds. Then he knocks a second time, and the door swings easily open. He goes in.

INT. CAPTAIN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

- 11 The desk, with neatly piled papers, is in the left b.g. A swivel chair is before the desk, an upholstered chair on the right. In back of the desk is a stair which leads up to the bridge. Books fill bookcases set alongside the bulkheads. Tom looks over the office, which is that of a man of unusually good taste, education and culture. A Hogarth print catches his eye. This is "The Gin Drinker," a picture full of the cruelty and the madness sometimes so apparent in Hogarth's works. Tom glances at the bookcase, and then looks closer. The books are beautifully bound and unusual, to say the least, in a freighter Captain's quarters. Footsteps are heard from Tom's left, as he stoops to look at the book titles. Tom straightens and turns.
- 12 REVERSE SHOT. An officer is descending the staircase leading down from the bridge. This is the Captain of the Altair, a man of vigorous middle age, with a sailorly neatness in his dress and an air of quiet and competent authority. Halfway down the stairs he speaks.

CAPTAIN

Mr. Merriam?

TOM

(drawing himself
up a little)

Yes, sir.

The Captain crosses to him, extending his hand. Tom moves forward to shake hands.

13

MED. CLOSE TWO SHOT. Between the two men a wooden placard can be seen on the cabin bulkhead. Carved into it are the words:

WHO DOES NOT HEED THE RUDDER SHALL MEET THE ROCK

CAPTAIN

(taking Tom's hand)

I am Captain Stone.

14

MED. SHOT - Captain and Tom. The two men look at each other for a brief moment. There is appraisal in the Captain's glance; some uncertainty and nervousness in Tom's. Finally the Captain smiles.

CAPTAIN

I chose you, Merriam. I don't regret my choice.

TOM

(politely)

Thank you, sir.

CAPTAIN

(as if he had not even heard Tom)

I looked up the records of all the training-ship graduates. You seemed the most likely man for me. Do you know why?

Tom shakes his head.

CAPTAIN (cont'd)

(smiling - continuing)

Your history could have been my own at your age: -- an orphan, serious, hard-working, anxious to get somewhere. We'll get on, you and I.

The boy smiles; very pleased.

CAPTAIN (cont'd)

I like a good ship, a clean ship, an obedient ship. As Third Officer, you have a certain authority. Use it well and the Altair will be that kind of ship.

TOM

(eagerly)

I'll do everything I can.

gk

(CONTINUED)

CAPTAIN

Good.

(letting his
hand drop from
the boy's shoulder)

And now you'd better go to your
quarters -- get yourself ready
for work.

Tom moves toward the door. The Captain accompanies him. Near the door an electric light is burning in a fixture set into the bulkhead. A covey of moths flutter and dodge around the light. Tom, almost automatically, lifts both his hands to catch and kill one. The Captain catches hold of his sleeve, restraining him.

CAPTAIN (cont'd)

Don't.

Tom turns to look at him.

CAPTAIN (cont'd)

(as if in
explanation)

You haven't the right to kill that
moth. Its safety doesn't depend
on you. No right --

TOM

(interrupting;
puzzled)

I'm sorry. I don't understand.

CAPTAIN

(smiling)

Never mind. I'll explain some
time. We've a long voyage ahead
of us. That's the nice thing
about long voyages --- time for
talk --- time for friendship --
(he pauses)

You'll find your cabin on the
main deck.

Tom steps out onto the boat deck.

THE BOAT DECK - NIGHT

- 15 Tom comes out of the Captain's office, closes the door behind him and starts down the ladder to the main deck.

THE MAIN DECK - NIGHT

- 16 Tom descends the ladders and starts down the deck in search of his cabin. Raphael, the steward, is coming in the opposite direction, a pile of linen in his arms.

gk

Steward?

TOM

(CONTINUED)

RAPHAEL

Yes, sir.

TOM

My name is Merriam. I'm the
new Third.

RAPHAEL

Your quarters are right over
here, Mister Merriam.

He indicates a door to the left, and Tom crosses over
and opens the door.

INT. TOM'S CABIN - NIGHT

17 SHOOTING THROUGH the doorway, between the two men, the
CAMERA SHOWS Tom's cabin. The berth is unmade, blankets
and sheets in great disorder. Tom turns to Raphael.

TOM

The berth isn't made up.

Raphael stands staring at the berth, as if perhaps he
did not like to look at it, or as if the berth had some
hidden significance. With his deadpan, which never
relaxes into a smile just as it never contracts into
a frown, he answers, smoothly and politely:

RAPHAEL

Sorry, sir. I haven't had a
chance since Mr. Lingard died.
He was the last Third Officer.

Tom looks at the berth and then at Raphael.

TOM

He died in this berth?

RAPHAEL

That's right, sir. He had such
convulsions, he would have died
on the floor if he hadn't been
held on the berth.

Tom is silent. He goes into the room. The steward
follows him.

RAPHAEL (cont'd)

It seemed more proper for him
to die there than on the floor,
sir.

TOM

(exclaiming, his
voice subdued)

What was the matter with him?

RAPHAEL

I don't know, sir. But he didn't want to die. He was always telling funny stories.

Tom shrugs.

TOM

(points to
the berth)

Well --- make it up. Can you change the blankets as well as the sheets?

Raphael nods.

TOM (cont'd)

And open the porthole. As soon as we're under way we'll get some air in here.

RAPHAEL

Yes, sir. We'll be pushing off in an hour, sir.

Tom glances at the berth as he starts undoing his coat buttons.

DISSOLVE

EXT. FORECASTLE HATCH - NIGHT

- 18 A CLOSEUP of Boats, the bo'sun's face, underlit by the light coming up from the forecastle, as he brings two fingers up to mouth, blows and emits a piercing whistle.

EXT. BOATS AT FORECASTLE HATCH - NIGHT

- 19 MED. SHOT. He leans down to peer into the forecastle. From below comes the sound of a strange melody being played on a bagpipe.

BOATS

(bellowing)

On deck you guys! The Captain wants a look at you.

(in a sing-song
tone)

Rise and shine for the Dunham Line.
I don't mean one, I don't mean two.
I mean the whole sweet bellboy crew.

There is a shout of laughter from below and the men begin coming up by ones and twos, dark hulking silhouettes coming up out of the light. Talking and laughing they go past the boatswain. The last of the men seems to have come up on deck, but still the music of the bagpipes continues. The bo'sun looks down the hatch,

(CONTINUED)

BOATS (cont'd)

Hey, you, Scotty, can that
music. On deck.

A curly-haired seaman, with a swarthy complexion, comes up the companionway and stands for a moment in the light. This is Peter. The bagpipes are still under his left arm. He flashes white teeth in a broad grin.

BOATS (cont'd)

(starting aft)

Come on, Scotty.

PETER

(falling into
stop with him)I ain't Scotch, Boats. I'm
Greek.(holding up
the bagpipe)

It's only the Greeks can play
these things good. In the
home country, we play them to
the sheeps.

The CAMERA BEGINS TO PAN WITH them as they start aft
toward the break of the well deck.

BOATS

(as they walk)

Sheeps! You'll get all the sheeps
you want. We're going to Patagonia
for a full sheep cargo -- sheep
hides, mutton, tallow --

(making a grimace

and holding his nose)

-- we even bring back the smell
of the sheep.

They have come up to where the other men are standing near the main hatch in an irregular semi-circle. The deck is illuminated by a hanging light near the starboard ladder leading to the boat deck. Boats looks up.

EXT. FORWARD END OF MAIN DECK - NIGHT

20

The Captain, Tom and Mr. Bowns, the First Officer, are standing at the head of the ladder. Bowns, an ordinary-looking man, perhaps a little more serious than most, is dressed in a dingy serge uniform without either collar or tie. Tom has changed to his working clothes, dark trousers, dark sweater and an officer's cap.

CAPTAIN

(to Tom)

You and Mr. Bowns had better have
a look at the crew.

(CONTINUED)

Bowns has already started for the ladder.

BOWNS
(turning back to Tom)
Come on, Merriam.

Tom starts after him.

EXT. WELL DECK - NIGHT

21 Bowns, followed by Tom, descends the ladder to the well deck. Boats, with his men before him, stands on the hatch cover, pulling a folded bit of paper from his trouser pocket. Bowns goes all the way down the ladder and stands beside it. Tom stops about three steps up the ladder. Bowns nods to the boatswain.

BOWNS
Go ahead, Boats.

The boatswain begins reading the roll from the bit of paper in his hand. The reading of the roll goes quickly.

BOATS
Ausman, Jack.

AUSMAN
Here.

BOATS
Benson, William.

BENSON
Here.

BOATS
Burch, Harry -

BURCH
Yo!

BOATS
Carter, Claude -

CARTER
Present.

Louie whistles at the name, "Claude." The men laugh.

BOATS
Pipe down, there... Corbin, John -

JOHN
Here.

(CONTINUED)

BOWNS
(interrupting the
roll-call to call
up to the Captain)
I've shipped with this man
before. He's a good seaman,
sir.

JOHN
Thank you, Mister.

BOATS
Farnham, Ed -

FARNHAM
Here.

During the roll-call, Louie continues to pantomime his
reaction to the name, "Claude." The men around him
are amused, but under the eyes of the officers, are
somewhat embarrassed.

BOATS
Hauser, Frank -

HAUSER
Here.

BOATS
Lindstrom, Pavlo -

The Finn raises his hand, but the bos'n, intent on the
paper, does not see it.

BOATS (cont'd)
Pavlo Lindstrom - !

Louie indicates the Finn's upraised hand.

LOUIE
He ain't askin' any questions,
teacher. The guy's a dummy.

The bos'n jerks his head up and is about to retort,
but Bowns comes in first.

BOWNS
A Finn! Watch the man, Boats.
I don't want any trouble on
this ship.

The Finn is motionless. After a quick glance, the bos'n
continues.

BOATS
McCall, Tom -

McCALL
Yo - !

O'Connor, Jack - BOATS

Present. O'CONNOR

The bos'n looks at Louie.

Parker, Louis - BOATS

Here, teacher. LOUIE

Boats gives him a hard look, but goes on.

Radd, William - BOATS

Billy Radd, a Negro, raises his hand.

(singing) BILLY
I'm Billy Radd
From Trinidad.

(interrupting) BOATS
Pipe down, you!

(resuming the
roll call)
Jensen, George.

There is a short silence.

George Jennsen -! BOATS (cont'd)
(tries another
pronunciation)
Yannsen!

Still no answer.

Vaughn, Jack - BOATS (cont'd)

Here. VAUGHN

Waite, Leonard - BOATS

Here. WAITE

The bos'n puts the list back in his pocket, and turns to Bowns.

BOATS

Everybody here, sir, - except Jennsen.

He looks toward the forecastle.

BOWNS

Maybe in the foc'sle.

JOHN

(to Bowns)

George was right next me
when we came out the foc'sle.

Bowns cups his hands before his mouth and bellows.

BOWNS

Jennsen! George Jennsen!

There is no answer. In the silence that follows the echo of the mate's shout, Tom reaches up and takes hold of the lamp just above his head. He swings it forward to extend the periphery of the light. The pool of lamplight oscillates, extends in a long sweep, then comes swinging back. As the lamp itself comes swinging back to him, Tom grabs it and gives it another and a stronger heave. The light races forward again, goes on past the limits of its last sweep, and illuminates for a brief moment the figure of a man prone on the deck. Then the lamp comes swinging back. The men, exclaiming in hushed tones, start forward.

EXT. WELL DECK - NIGHT

22

The body of George Jennsen as the men gather around. One of them has a small flashlight and the wavering beam of this light illuminates the scene. Bowns, with Tom at his heels, comes through the men and kneels to examine the fallen man. With the aid of John, he turns the body over, examines the eyes, feels the pulse. The men watch him intently. Finally he straightens up and looks off toward where the Captain stands on the main deck.

BOWNS

Captain, I don't get any pulse.
I'm afraid the man's dead.

EXT. MAIN DECK - NIGHT

23

Captain Stone, standing at the head of the ladder, looks down to where Bowns and the others are grouped about the dead man.

(CONTINUED)

CAPTAIN

Most likely heart failure, Mr.
Bowns. He was an old man.

He turns away.

EXT. WELL DECK - NIGHT

- 24 CLOSE SHOT OF THE FINN -
He stands looking down at the body before him. Tom
Ferriam stands quite near him. He too is looking at
the body. The CAMERA shoots past Tom's profile to
take in the Finn's CLOSEUP.

FINN

(narration)

The man is dead. The waters
of the sea are open to us.
With his blood we have bought
passage. There will be the
agony of dying and another death
before we come to land again.
Men's lives are the red coin
thrown into the sea so that we
may come and go across the waters.

As his thoughts find expression on the SOUND TRACK,
the Finn's eyes go to Tom's earnest young face. Tom
continues to look down at the dead man.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

- 25 STOCK SHOT - a bow view of a freighter steaming through
fog (the same STOCK SHOT as was used behind the Main
Title).

QUICK DISSOLVE

- 25a A freighter's bow going through wraithlike fog.

THE TAFFRAIL - DAY - (FOG).

- 26 On the taffrail, preparing to stream the log, are John,
the Finn and Ausman. Tom, his watch in his hand, is
supervising the operation. The line runs off the reel
at a quickening pace. The red tab which marks the end
of the stray line passes over the taffrail.

JOHN

Mark. Stray line out.

Tom looks at his watch with the air of one making a
mental note. He turns to go.

THE CAPTAIN - DAY - (FOG)

27

ANOTHER ANGLE -

Transparency background. The new angle reveals the fact that Captain Stone has been watching this operation, and also shows that the boat is steaming slowly past the lighthouse at the end of the San Pedro breakwater. The lighthouse and the sea wall are lightly veiled with fog. The Captain falls into step beside Tom. CAMERA DOLLIES with them as they walk toward the ladder leading to the after well deck.

TOM

We streamed the log at exactly 9.18.23.

CAPTAIN

Fine.

TOM

It seems good to get going. I heard one of the men putting it another way -- I heard him say, "The ship comes to life at sea."

CAPTAIN

I suppose that's the way all sailors feel. It's good to go to sea for a sailor -- and even better for an officer.

They have reached the ladder, and the Captain pauses for a moment before beginning the descent. He breathes deeply.

CAPTAIN (cont'd)

It's a good feeling. In San Pedro I was just another captain -- at sea, I am the Captain.

He looks off for a moment and then begins climbing down the ladder. Tom follows.

AFTER WELL DECK - DAY

28

MED. SHOT - Louie and Jim. Jim is helping Louie coil down a large cable.

LOUIE

It has to be coiled with the sun. It's a law of the sea.

JIM

What difference does it make which way the rope is coiled, huh? How can they have a law about it -- there ain't no cops.

h

(CONTINUED)

Louie looks at him with an air which displays disgust, amusement and the most snobbish sort of superiority.

LOUIE

You say you used to be a veterinary --
is there two ways to milk a cow?

Jim shakes his head.

LOUIE (cont'd)

Well, there's only one way to
coil a rope. It's a law.

JIM

That ain't law. If you break a
law, you get arrested. If you milk
a cow the wrong way, she kicks.
If you coil a rope the wrong way,
it can't kick. I believe in logic.

LOUIE

Aboard ship you'd better believe
in the Captain and forget logic.
You coil a rope the wrong way
once -- and you'll find out.
The Captain has more law at sea
than any guy on land has got --
even the King of -- of Siam --
or the President of the United
States. A Captain can marry
you ---

JIM

Not me. I had a wife.

While these men have been talking and working, the
Captain and Tom have passed by in the near background
and started up the ladder leading to the main deck.

EXT. MAIN DECK - DAY - (FOG)

29 DOLLY SHOT of the Captain and Tom as they walk forward
on the starboard main deck.

TOM

(continuing
conversation)

...No, sir, I don't feel any
different. When I was on the
training ship, I was a cadet.
Now I'm an officer. But somehow
I don't feel different.

h

(CONTINUED)

CAPTAIN

(smiling)

You should. It's all the difference between being a boy and being a man. It's more than that. It's the difference between being a man and being an officer.

TOM

I know, but somehow I can't believe yet that I'm an officer -- I passed my examinations, I'm qualified, but still I haven't that feeling you speak about -- the feeling of authority.

CAPTAIN

You'll learn it -- you'll even learn to take great joy in it.

This conversation has brought the two men as far as the ladder leading to the boat deck. At the foot of the boat deck, Billy and Peter are lashing the gangway to the rail. When the officers have passed them, Peter stops work and holds his hand to the right side of his abdomen. Bill looks up, grinning.

BILLY

You sea sick?

PETER

I've never been sea sick -- the Poppa rocked me in his arms when I was baptized. That's the way you keep a good Greek kid from getting sick at sea.

BILLY

What's the matter with your belly, then?

PETER

It hurts.

EXT. BRIDGE - DAY - (FOG) - (PROCESS)

30- The Captain and the boy come up the ladder and stand
32 in the open wing of the bridge. Forward they have a beautiful view of the ship's bow as it rises and falls over the long oncoming swells. The horizon is limited by the light fog.

TOM

She's a beautiful ship, Captain -- a beautiful ship for a first berth.

CAPTAIN
She's a beautiful ship to
command.

The Captain turns and goes into the wheelhouse. Tom follows him in.

EXT. AFTER WELL DECK - DAY - (FOG)

33 Louie and Jim have finished coiling down, but they have not finished their argument about law. Louie makes his final point.

LOUIE
By the time we get to the three-mile limit, there ain't no other law but the Captain.

Jim looks off, presumably in the direction of the breakwater astern.

JIM
We should be out about that far now.

Louie nods.

EXT. BOAT DECK - DAY - (FOG)

34 Tom comes down the ladder from the bridge and begins walking aft in a most businesslike way. As he passes the open door of the radio shack, a voice calls out to him.

SPARKS' VOICE
Hi, Tertius.

Tom stops and turns as Sparks, a young good-looking fellow some years older than the Third Officer, comes to the doorway of the radio shack.

SPARKS
I'm Sparks.

TOM
What'd you call me?

SPARKS
Tertius.

TOM
What's that mean?

SPARKS
You share Bill Shakespeare's lack of knowledge -- no Latin and less Greek. Tertius, my ignorant friend, means third, and you're the Third Officer.

(CONTINUED)

Tom grins.

TOM

I suppose it would be a big help to give deck orders in Latin.

Sparks grins.

SPARKS

It isn't much use on the radio either. Come on in.

Tom accepts his invitation and turns into the radio shack.

INT. RADIO SHACK - DAY

35 Sparks seats himself on the edge of the desk containing the keyboard and other apparatus, and motions to Tom to take the chair. Tom sits down. Sparks passes him a crumpled package of cigarettes. Tom takes one. As they go through the business of lighting up, they talk.

TOM

(settling himself
in the chair)

It's a relief to find someone aboard I can talk to. I've been doing nothing but saying 'yes sir' all morning.

SPARKS

The Captain?

Tom nods.

SPARKS (cont'd)

Me -- I take the Captain cum granus salus.

TOM

Remember, I'm like Shakespeare --

SPARKS

(explaining,
off-handedly)

With a grain of salt.

TOM

I like the Old Man. He seems a good skipper.

SPARKS

I've sailed with him before.

TOM

No, I mean it. I like the way he talks -- the things he has to say.

SPARKS

I don't know -- I just stick to my job here. I don't mix with the officers.

(breaking the conversation)

But I'll be glad to teach you Latin -- or take some money away from you at cards.

TOM

(getting up)

I'll look in on you after my watch.

He starts for the door.

EXT. FORWARD WELL DECK - DAY (FOG)

- 36 The cargo boom has been cocked up, and from it hangs a heavy steel cable, with an enormous hook at the end. Under the direction of Boats, two members of the crew have begun painting this hook with aluminum paint. Tom, on his way forward, stops for a moment to watch the work.

BOATS

The Captain thought it might be a good idea to paint this while we've a flat sea.

Tom nods, looks at the hook and looks aloft, then walks forward.

BOATS (cont'd)

Come on, boys, slap it on -- and no holidays.

The men begin painting with a will.

DISSOLVE.

- 37 STOCK SHOT - the ALTAIR sailing over a flat sea - DAY.

INT. WHEELHOUSE - DAY

- 38 Tom is standing his watch. The Finn tends the wheel. The ship's clock sounds eight times. The Finn reaches up and rings the ship's bell eight times, almost in echo. Ausman comes onto the bridge. The Finn points out the course on the binnacle compass.

(CONTINUED)

AUSMAN

(slapping the
Finn's back)

Okay, I gotcha. Sou'west by
south, half-south.

The Finn nods. The Captain goes onto the bridge. Tom
nods to him.

CAPTAIN

Everything gone well on your
watch, Mr. Merriam?

TOM

Everything's fine.

Tom looks forward and down, then turns to the Captain.

TOM (cont'd)

But I think I'll have that cargo
hook secured before I go below.
We might run into a sea.

EXT. WELL DECK - DAY

39 As seen from the bridge, SHOOTING between Tom and the
Captain.

CAPTAIN

That's fresh paint, Mr. Merriam.
A rope will mar it. I like a
neat ship.

TOM

Yes, sir.

40 ~~MED~~: CLOSE SHOT - Tom and the Captain. The Captain
turns to look at the binnacle, and Tom goes out onto the
bridge. He starts down the ladder.

EXT. WELL DECK - DAY

41 Two men, under Boats' direction, are picking up their
paint pots and brushes and generally tidying up before
quitting work. The huge cargo hook gleams whitely
— silver in the later afternoon sunlight, swinging very
gently at the end of the long cable, only an inch or two
each way. Tom comes into the scene, walks up to inspect
the hook. It sways gently toward him.

BOATS

Watch out for the paint, mister.

Tom steps back half a step.

(CONTINUED)

-1 (CONTINUED)

BOATS (cont'd)

You want that hook stoppered,
mister? It might be hard to do
in a sea way.

TOM

(frowns)

No, Boats, not yet. Paint's
too wet.

Boats looks at him quizzically.

BOATS

(shrugging
his shoulders)

Okay.

Tom turns and starts aft for the bridge. The boatswain
continues to look at the hook, glances aloft, then down
again, and shakes his head.

EXT. MAIN DECK - DAY

42 The Captain is slowly pacing astern. Tom comes up from
the ladder and quickens his step to overtake him.

TOM

Excuse me, sir.

The Captain turns, smiling.

CAPTAIN

It's about the hook, I presume.

Tom is taken a little bit aback. He nods.

CAPTAIN (cont'd)

The paint's still wet, isn't it?

Tom nods again.

CAPTAIN (cont'd)

I told you I like a neat ship.
It's my watch, and if there's
any danger, Mr. Merriam, I'll
make certain the hook is
secured.

He turns and walks aft, leaving Tom staring after him.

DISSOLVE OUT

DISSOLVE IN

INT. WHEELHOUSE - NIGHT

- 43 A seaman is at the wheel and the Captain stands behind him. Both their faces are lit from the binnacle light of the ship's clock. It strikes four bells and the helmsman repeats the strokes on the bell. From the fo'c'slehead, four bells re-echo as the lookout sounds them. Then his voice can be heard.

LOOKOUT'S VOICE

Four bells -- and lights are
bright.

EXT. STARBOARD SIDE - FORWARD WELL DECK - NIGHT

- 44 Tom and Sparks are leaning against the bulwark looking out to sea. As the last note of the lookout's shout fades away, both toss their glowing cigarette ends into the sea.

SPARKS

Better turn in, Tom, and get
some sleep before your watch.

TOM

Okay

They both turn toward the midship section and start walking. There is a gentle movement of the ocean and the boat is rolling slightly. Suddenly, white and spectral, the painted cargo hook comes swinging out of the darkness. Sparks steps quickly to avoid it. He looks at it as it swings back into the midship darkness.

SPARKS

Don't you deck officers have any
regard for life and limb?

TOM

That's all right.

SPARKS

All right? You fellows could
kill a guy with that. Better
tie it off.

- 45 The Captain is standing at the starboard ladder looking down into the well deck. It is obvious he can hear the conversation of the two men.

TOM'S VOICE
It's freshly painted -- We
don't want to mar the paint.

The Captain smiles.

EXT. WELL DECK - NIGHT

- 46 DOLLY SHOT of Tom and Sparks as they come up to the foot of the ladder.

SPARKS
You'll mar somebody's skull
unless you do something about it.

TOM
I'll speak to the Captain.
(starts up
the ladder)

EXT. MAIN DECK - NIGHT

- 47 Tom climbing the ladder gets to a point where his head has reached the deck level. He sees the Captain standing some few feet aft.

TOM
Excuse me, sir.

CAPTAIN
(turning)
If you're going to discuss the
cargo hook with me, Merriam, I
have already given you my
considered opinion as to the
danger involved.

He turns on his heel. Tom climbs the rest of the way to the main deck.

DISSOLVE

EXT. FO'C'SLEHEAD - NIGHT

- 48 The lookout, bundled in pea-jacket and watch cap, is huddled up in the bow, looking forward. A wind is blowing. As he stands, a sea splashes against the plates of the bow and blows a white shower of foam past him.

(CONTINUED)

Behind him there is the resounding ring of metal as some heavy object strikes the steel sides of the bulwarks. He turns and starts walking aft on the fo'c'slehead, pulling an electric torch from his pocket.

EXT. WHEEL DECK AND FO'C'SLEHEAD - NIGHT

49 SHOOTING FORWARD PAST the swinging hook, the lookout's figure is outlined against the night sky on the fo'c'slehead. The beam of his searchlight plays on the hook.

LOOKOUT
Ahoy -- the bridge.

THE BRIDGE - NIGHT

50 REVERSE SHOT. A window in the wheelhouse is thrown open. The helmsman leans out.

EXT. WELL DECK AND FO'C'SLE DECK - NIGHT

51 The lookout shouts again.

LOOKOUT.

The hook --

He turns on a flashlight and with its beam points out the swinging hook.

INT. TOM'S STATEROOM - NIGHT

52 Tom is sleeping. There is very little light in the room. The radium-treated dial of his watch hung up on a hook beside his berth can be seen plainly, faintly glowing. The wind puffing through the open porthole blows the short curtain stiffly into the room. Tom stirs restlessly. Finally, he awakens. He gropes for a match box, strikes a match, holds it up to illuminate the telltale compass and list indicator over his berth. The list indicator is swinging violently from side to side. Tom blows out the match and listens. Faintly, he can hear above him the sound of shouting and the running back and forth of men's boots on a steel deck. He jumps out of bed.

EXT. WELL DECK - NIGHT

53 A LONG SHOT taken from the bridge. A floodlight has been turned on. The well deck is brilliantly lit. Through the broad bar of light, the hook swings violently. Men can be seen running about trying to pass a rope around it.

64 CLOSER SHOT. Two of the men, each holding an end of a line, attempt to pass the bight of the rope around the hook by circling it in opposite directions. John, crouched by the bulwark, watches closely.

JOHN

(warning)

Look out! Heads!

The hook swings toward one of the two men. He promptly falls to his face on the deck and the hook goes over his body. The other man scuttles to safety.

55 MED. LONG SHOT. The men retreat to a position outside the range of the hook. John runs across the deck to join them. They stand talking excitedly. From above, a voice bellows:

CAPTAIN'S VOICE

John! John!

The men turn and look up.

THE BRIDGE - NIGHT

56 MED. CLOSE SHOT. The Captain on the wing of the bridge with a speaking trumpet in his hands. He shouts through it.

CAPTAIN

You men, there -- get in and get that hook!

EXT. WELL DECK - NIGHT

57 MED. CLOSE SHOT - the three seamen.

JOHN

(to the other
two sailors)-

Make fast this line here. I'll pass it around the hook.

The two men take one end of the line. John takes the other end and starts running off with it.

58 SHOT of John running toward the hook.

59 SHOT of the hook knocking the ship's boat to flinders.

60 SHOT of John throwing himself on the deck as the hook swings over his head and knocks away a section of the rail.

- 27
- 61 SHOT OF John leaning on the plunging rail, as a dollop of water sweeps over the rail -- crest of a giant wave -- as the hook describes an arc, sweeping close to him.
- 62 SHOT of Raphael and Cook staring from galley entrance.
- 63 SHOT of crew members looking. Tom comes to the edge of the main deck and looks down. He has hastily thrown on a sweater, trousers and sneakers. John, crouched, waits for the hook to reach the extreme limit of its swing. As it pauses in mid-air, he reaches forward and passes the rope in such a way that when the hook falls back, it falls back against the bight of the rope.
- 64 CLOSE SHOT of John bracing himself against the weight of the hook. It pulls him across the deck. As he reaches the hatch cover, he is forced to let go of the rope end. It sweeps away.
- 65 EFFECT SHOT as the hook swings toward the two other sailors. They leap out of its way.
- 66 SHOT of the hook as it swings out again toward John. It strikes the mast, deflects and almost hits him. John, crawling along the deck to pick up the rope end again, crouches waiting for the hook to reach the extremity of its range. This time, he runs forward before the hook can begin its return swing and manages to throw a loop around the hook end itself. Again he braces himself, holding hard.
- 67 SHOT of Tom running down the ladder.
- John still straining against the pull of the hook, looks off momentarily, shouts a warning.
- JOHN
Look out, Mister! Look out!
- 68 LONGER SHOT of Tom running in front of the hook in order to reach John. The hook barely misses him.
- 69 CLOSE SHOT of John as Tom runs in and tails on to the rope. The two men pull it across the deck.-- there is a violent jerk as the hook begins to swing the other way. Before it can gather new momentum, they snub the rope around the corner of the hatch. The hook is under control. The two men stand shaking, exhausted.

70

FULL SHOT of the Captain as he looks down at Tom and John and calmly gives his order.

CAPTAIN

Put a stopper on that hook,
Mr. Merriam!

DISSOLVE

INT. OFFICERS' DINING SALON - MORNING

71

The engineer and deck officers, with the exception of Bowns, who is on watch, are finishing breakfast. As the scene opens, the chief engineer pushes his chair back from the table, stretches, says:

CHIEF ENGINEER

Well, boys -- back to the black
hole of Calcutta.

The other engineer officers get to their feet amid a great scraping of chair legs and shuffling of feet. One or two hastily gulp the remains of their coffee as they are getting up. Finally, all of them have filed out of the dining salon, leaving the Captain and Tom. The Captain is at the head of the table; Tom is seated near the foot of the table. He goes on quietly drinking his coffee, avoiding the Captain's gaze. The Captain lights a cigar, takes a few contemplative puffs, leans his elbow on the table and addresses Tom.

CAPTAIN

What are you thinking about,
Mr. Merriam?

Tom turns toward him and seems to grope for words.

CAPTAIN (cont'd)

I think I can tell you. You're
thinking about the hook. You've
made up your mind I was negligent.
That's about it -- isn't it?

TOM

(facing him)

Yes, sir. I was thinking that.

CAPTAIN

(pleasantly)

You have no right to think that,
you know. The responsibility
is yours.

TOM

(growing a
little heated)

I don't see that, sir. I warned
you about the hook. I told you
twice about it.

CAPTAIN

(still
pleasantly)

Exactly. That's what I referred to. You almost forced me into a position where I had to show my authority even though it put me in the wrong.

TOM

(after a
moment)

I'm sorry -- I didn't see it that way. But granted that I was wrong, sir, I don't see how you dared to risk the lives of John -- the other men.

The Captain looks at him, takes a long drag on his cigar and calmly blows out the smoke before replying.

CAPTAIN

The lives of the crew? I have rights over their lives, Mr. Merriam.

(pauses to sip
his coffee)

You'll recall when you first came to my office -- you wanted to kill a moth and I stopped you. You remember what I said?

TOM

Only vaguely. I didn't understand.

CAPTAIN

I'll explain now. I told you you had no right to kill the moth. That its safety did not depend on you. But I have the right to do what I want with the men because their safety does depend on me. I stand ready any hour of the day or night to give my life for their safety and the safety of this vessel -- because I do, I have certain rights of risk over them. Do you understand?

TOM

Yes -- I think I understand.

CAPTAIN

It's the first thing you must learn about authority.

Tom nods thoughtfully.

FADE OUT

EXT. FO'C'SLEHEAD - DAY

72

SHOT of Peter and Jim. Peter, nude to the waist, is lying a little on his right side on the deck, and Jim is rubbing the left side. Jim is sweating and acts tired. He picks up a big bottle and pours liniment on his hand and resumes rubbing.

JIM

(grunts)

This liniment shoulda penetrated by this time, Peter. It always worked like magic on cows and horses, and it was the only stuff that ever cured my old man's lumbago.

There is a pause while Jim rubs, but slower.

JIM (cont'd)

Of course, it's the liniment plus a kinda hypnotism or something I got in my hands.

Jim stops rubbing, sweating and exhausted. Peter lies with his eyes closed.

JIM (cont'd)

How is that? You feel okay now, don't you?

Peter opens his eyes and speaks quite calmly.

PETER

It's the other side, where the pain is, Jim.

Jim's mouth opens as he stiffens in surprise and disgust.

JIM

You mean to tell me you've just been laying there letting me work on this side, when it was over here? You --

As he speaks, Jim pokes a forefinger not too gently into the right side of Peter's abdomen. Peter reacts with a groaning shriek of agony, a violent convulsive movement, stiffens, and relaxes in a faint. Jim stares down at Peter's face, shakes him, and Peter's head rolls like a rag doll's. Jim looks around scared. He sees Tom come up the ladder to the fo'c'slehead. He calls out to him.

JIM

Mr. Merriam!

Tom saunters over.

(CONTINUED)

JIM (cont'd)
I was working on him -- I
touched him here --
(points to the
place)
-- and he passed right on out.

TOM
(kneels down)
Has he complained of pain here?
(touching the
spot)

Jim nods. Tom looks thoughtfully at Peter's abdomen --
shakes his head.

DISSOLVE

INT. RADIO SHACK - DAY

73 CLOSEUP of ether cone. Under this shot, comes the sound
of a voice speaking on the radio -- harsh, rasping,
businesslike.

VOICE
Panama calling Altair---
Is the patient under anesthetic?

SPARKS' VOICE
Altair calling Panama. Patient
asleep, breathing very heavily.

With the sound of Sparks' voice, the CAMERA begins to
DRAW BACK in order to reveal the radio room, with the
Captain, Tom and Sparks, and Peter lying on a table with
his abdomen exposed. The Captain stands at the right
side of the table, with a scalpel in his right hand.
There is a cone over his face, and Tom stands in back of
him dripping ether from a can into the cone. Sparks is
at his radio apparatus. The two amateur operators have
their heads swathed in towels, their mouths muffled in
towels, and wear cooks' aprons borrowed from the cook.
They wear rubber gloves. They are tense and nervous as
the Voice continues.

VOICE
If the patient is completely
anesthetized, you may proceed.
Are you ready?

Sparks looks over at the Captain. The Captain nods.

SPARKS
Altair to Panama -- we are ready.

Tension grips the three men. The Captain stands
immobile. Sparks fusses with his apparatus. Tom
continues to slowly pour the ether over the cone. The
patient breathes stentoriously.

(CONTINUED)

VOICE

Panama to Altair -- Captain Stone will bring his right hand to the point which we have already established as the region of the appendix. Place the point of the scalpel exactly on this spot --

74 CLOSE SHOT of hand and scalpel moving into position.

VOICE

-- make the incision -- incise to a depth of one quarter inch -- continue with the incision vertically -- four inches.

The hand and the scalpel do not move.

75 MED. CLOSE SHOT of Captain Stone as he stands motionless looking down at the patient.

VOICE

Have you made the incision?

76 MED. FULL SHOT showing the four men in the cabin. Sparks and Tom are looking at the Captain. He does not move. The radio continues.

VOICE

Panama to Altair -- have you made the incision? Have you made the incision?

77 CLOSE SHOT of the Captain. His face is strained, perspiration beads his brow. He stands as if paralyzed.

VOICE

Altair -- Altair -- have you made the incision?

78 GROUP SHOT. Sparks looks at the Captain, looks at Tom, and then turns back to his instrument.

SPARKS

Altair to Panama -- wait a minute -- we're not ready yet.

79 TWO SHOT - Captain and Tom. Tom leaves the patient's head, comes up and stands beside the Captain. Almost simultaneously, his hand moves to take the scalpel and the Captain's hand moves up to offer it to him. Obviously relieved, the Captain steps back, slumps down on a bench next to the bulkhead. Tom takes his place. He nods to Sparks.

MED. FULL SHOT - the Captain. Sparks is turning to his instruments.

SPARKS

Altair to Panama -- we are ready -- please repeat.

81 CLOSE SHOT of Tom's face and shoulders.

VOICE

Make an incision a quarter of an inch deep -- four inches on the vertical line already described.

We see Tom's face and the hunch of his shoulders react to the orders.

82 MED. CLOSE SHOT.

SPARKS

Altair to Panama -- the incision has been made.

VOICE

Tie off the severed blood vessels as previously directed -- the acting nurse will keep the area clean --

EXT. WELL DECK - DAY

83 The men are seated on and around the hatch. Louie has Peter's bagpipe under his arm and is vainly trying to play it. John speaks to him.

JOHN

You're not doing so good with that. The Greek says you gotta be a Greek to play on it.

LOUIE

How do I know I aint?

JIM

(indicating
the bagpipes)

How do you know you ain't gonna catch appendicitis from it.

Louie hastily removes the mouthpiece from the instrument.

LOUIE

Huh?

JIM

I heard it's catching.

(CONTINUED)

Aw --

LOUIE

JOHN

(with a glance
toward the
radio shack)

I wonder how they're getting on.

JIM

Me, I got magnetic hands --
healin' hands -- and still, I
wouldn't want to be in the
Captain's shoes.

JOHN

(still looking
aft)

It ain't easy.

Louie moves nervously.

INT. RADIO ROOM - DAY

84

Sparks, Tom, the Captain, and the unconscious patient lying on the table. Sparks is talking into the instrument. He has his earphones on. The Captain is standing somberly by.

SPARKS

Hello, Panama. Hello. Government Hospital, Panama. Dr. Ostglow. Steamship Altair. Radio Operator speaking. Hello, Doctor. Patient is breathing normally. Heart beat good. Thank you Dr. Ostglow. We will continue to follow instructions. The compliments of Captain Stone, and thank you again. Altair signing off.

At the end of this speech, Captain Stone quietly exits, leaving Tom, Sparks, and the patient.

SPARKS (cont'd)

Tertius -- well done -- You're a gent -- and you'll be a scholar if you hang around me.

TOM

Give me a cigarette!

Sparks gives him a cigarette, a light, and goes over and looks down into Peter's face. Now that the ether cone has been removed, the patient is breathing more quietly.

(CONTINUED)

SPARKS

(quite
reverently)
He'll live -- God willing --
(he pauses)
-- and no thanks to the Captain.

TOM

Sparks --

Sparks looks at him.

TOM (cont'd)

Let's not say anything about
this.

SPARKS

What do you mean?

TOM

I mean -- let's not tell anyone
the Captain didn't do the
operation.

SPARKS

You're crazy!

TOM

But, you know how it is. Some
guys don't like the sight of
blood -- and things like that.

SPARKS

Okay -- If you want it that
way. But me, I'd like to hear
the next conversation you have
with the Captain -- one of
those talks he gives on
authority.

DISSOLVE OUT

EXT. BRIDGE - DAY

85

It is noon. The Captain is shooting the sun. Tom stands beside him, his watch in one hand, and a small pad and pencil in the other. The Captain moves the sextant arm until he has the sun on the horizon.

CAPTAIN

Mark!

(pause)

Time.

Tom returns his watch to his pocket and makes a notation on his pad. The two men turn and walk silently into the wheelhouse.

INT. WHEELHOUSE - DAY

86

Tom and the Captain walk through on their way to the chartroom.

INT. CHARTROOM - DAY

87

The Captain seats himself at the little desk and proceeds to arrange paper and pencils to suit his taste. Tom gets down a big book of logarithms and brings it to the Captain. The Captain begins to figure. Tom stands silently watching him. After a moment, the Captain lays down his pencil and swings around in his chair to face Tom.

CAPTAIN

Mr. Merriam, I'd like to thank you for yesterday.

TOM

That's all right, sir.

CAPTAIN

I'd like to thank you --- and I'd like to explain.

TOM

A lot of people are squeamish about blood --

Captain silences him with an upraised hand.

CAPTAIN

(interrupting)

I am not squeamish, Mr. Merriam, and I am not afraid of anything but failure.

He stands up in order to face Tom more squarely.

(CONTINUED)

CAPTAIN (cont'd)

That is why I did not go through with the operation. I am a sea captain. I know my profession. I am not a doctor, and I could have failed. You see that, don't you, Tom?

The Captain reaches out and puts his hand on Tom's shoulder in a friendly way. This, and the use of Tom's Christian name for the first time, bring a false sense of intimacy into the scene. Tom slowly nods in response to the Captain's question. The Captain smiles.

CAPTAIN (cont'd)

I knew you would see it. I knew you'd see it, just as I knew that first day that you were the man for me -- a man who'd think as I think. I have not been disappointed.

INT. RADIO SHACK - DAY

88

Raphael is serving lunch to Sparks. Sparks is eating, reading a magazine and listening to the radio through his head phones. Raphael takes away a plate of soup which Sparks has just finished, puts it down, and replaces it with a plate of steak and potatoes. Still reading and listening, Sparks cuts a piece of meat and starts to chew. It proves tough. By dint of great molar exertion, he finally gets it down. Picking up the rest of the meat on his fork, he holds it aloft and addresses it solemnly.

SPARKS

Old horse, what do you here,
From Barnagat to Portland Pier?
(then in a
whinnying
falsetto
voice)

I was killed by work and sore abuse
And salted up for sailors use.

At the conclusion, he flips the meat out of the porthole.

RAPHAEL

(protesting)

After I go to all the trouble
of bringing it to you, Mr. Sparks.

SPARKS

If you want to know how the Red
Rover makes out in the next
installment---

(indicating
head phones)

---you'd better feed me good:

(he passes
the plate
to Raphael)

Get me something I can eat.

(CONTINUED)

Raphael shrugs, takes up the plate and exits. In the doorway, he almost collides with Tom as Tom is coming in.

SPARKS
(removing his
ear phones)
Hello, Tertius.

Tom settles himself on the bench.

TOM
You haven't said anything, Sparks ---
about my having performed the
operation?

Sparks shakes his head.

TOM (cont'd)
I just thought I'd remind you.

SPARKS
Been talking with the Captain?

TOM
Yes.

SPARKS
He's been talking about authority
again?

TOM
That's right and he made a lot of
sense. There's something in what
he says.

SPARKS
There wasn't much sense in what he
did yesterday, was there?

TOM
(eagerly)
He explained that.

SPARKS
I bet he did. He's a smooth man
with the words, the Captain.

He looks at Tom intently and then speaks very
deliberately.

TOM
Wait a minute, Sparks. You've got
him all wrong. He's the first
older man who has treated me like
a friend. That means something.

(CONTINUED)

SPARKS

Yeah, I know---I can see your way of thinking. You had a tough life as a kid---not much friendliness. But, Tom, there's a friendliness that tries to get you to thinking wrong.

(putting back
his ear phones)

But that's got nothing to do with me. We're bound south---it's a long voyage and I've a radio to tend.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

89 STOCK SHOT - Freighter steaming south - DAY

Over this scene, we hear the music playing "Blow The Man Down."

THE FORECASTLE HEAD. DAY.

89a Billy, on watch is amusing himself by singing, "Blow The Man Down."

90 CLOSEUP of a chart. A course protractor swings into position along the coast of Mexico and a pencil draws a line south.

DISSOLVE

INT. CHARTROOM - DAY

91 The Captain, Bowns and Tom are figuring the position of the ship with a book of logarithms open on the chartroom table. Bowns finishes first.

BOWNS

I get latitude (so-and-so)
longitude (so-and-so)

TOM

I get so-and-so. (different
from Bowns.)

Tom and Bowns look at the Captain, who smiles at Tom.

CAPTAIN

(to Bowns)

You might figure it again, Mr. Bowns, and see if you don't come closer to Mr. Merriam's reckoning.

Bowns shoots a glance -- not of love and admiration -- at Tom. He walks back to the bridge.

DISSOLVE OUT

EXT. FO'C'SLEHEAD - GRAY DAWN

92 Louie is standing lookout. He looks off to port. He leans forward and peers. He turns to face aft, and cups his hands to his mouth.

LOUIE
(top of his
lungs)
Land off the port bow.

The CAMERA DRAWS BACK to show John, who has been sleeping on the forecastle head, suddenly awakened, and not happy about it.

JOHN
That's the Galapagos Islands,
Fathead. And nothing to yell about.

LOUIE
Have they got women there?

Louie stares wistfully at the Galapagos Islands.

JOHN
No, but you can see the kind of
lizards they raise just by staying
drunk for a week.

DISSOLVE

93 STOCK SHOT of a ship sailing steaming south.

DISSOLVE

EXT. GALLEY DOOR - NIGHT

94 Men are grouped around the galley door and the cook is handing out mugs of coffee. Bowns walks into the scene and addresses Boats.

BOWNS
The Captain's been complaining
about the way the deck's being
kept.

BOATS
I know, Mister. It ain't as
spic and span as I'd like it.
We're short-handed with Jennesen
dead and the Greek in his berth.

LOUIE
The boys been taking turns
standing double watches.

BOWNS
(turning away)
I can't help that. The Captain
wants a clean ship.

DISSOLVE

INT. CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS - NIGHT

95 CLOSEUP of men on a chess board. The CAMERA PULLS BACK to show the Captain and Tom playing chess. The Captain slowly takes a pawn away.

CAPTAIN
Never trust the pawns.

DISSOLVE

EXT. SEA - NIGHT

96 NIGHT SHOT of freighter under way.

DISSOLVE

EXT. FO'C'SLEHEAD - TWILIGHT

97 The Finn stands on lookout. From the bridge, the bell sounds six bells. He turns, looks at the port light, then the starboard light and waves his hand aloft to indicate that all is well. Turning, he resumes his brooding lookout at the bow. Behind him, great cloud shapes, lit and darkened at the same time by the setting sun, roll majestically into an already darkened sky.

FINN

(narration)

All's well! I signal it with my hand because I cannot shout it with my lips. That is all that I can tell them---all's well. The sea is empty and clear and safe before them; I can tell them that with a wave of my hand - I cannot tell them of the dark clouds, the storms rising in men's hearts---breeding the lightning strokes of anger and of death---

FADE OUT

EXT. FO'C'SLE HATCH - DAY

98

The watch, off duty, is taking its ease on the fo'c'slehead. Billy, Louie, Jim, John and the Finn are lounging about in the warm sunlight. Peter, convalescent, lies on a mattress with his beloved doodle-sack under his arm, and he attempts to play it. The Finn is carving a bit of bone with his knife. Louie is washing out a suit of long underwear in a bucket of fresh water.

JOHN

(calmly, to
Louie)

You're crazy! Who ever heard of a Captain puttin' into port just because one man's dead and one man's off duty. I've been to sea since I've been a boy and I've never heard of anything like that.

LOUIE

That's 'cause most sailors don't know the law. With the Greek sick, the Captain oughta put into the nearest port to fill up the crew.

JIM

You told me yourself the Captain is the law at sea.

Louie is taken aback and gives this some thought.

LOUIE

That's the way it used to be. Now they got new laws, and the new laws say the Captain's got to put into port to fill up his crew on a coastwise trip.

JOHN

Never heard of it.

BILLY

Why don't you tell all that to the Captain, Louie?

John looks at Louie and grins. Louie jumps up from his bucket, holding up a long-legged pair of woolen drawers aloft.

LOUIE

Who wants to bet I don't dare.

BILLY

I'll bet you a thousand bucks you don't.

(CONTINUED)

LOUIE

You fourflushers wouldn't dare
to bet ten real cents.

John fishes a dime from his pocket and throws it to the
deck.

JOHN

Put up or shut up.

The rest laugh at Louie. Peter gives several discordant
squawks of derision on his doodle-sack.

DISSOLVE

INT. CAPTAIN'S OFFICE - DAY

99

The Captain is seated at ease in one of the leather
chairs, a cigar poised between his fingers, while Louie,
very humble and uncomfortable, stands before him
kneading his cap in his hands. Tom stands behind the
Captain watching.

LOUIE

... so I felt it only proper to
bring this just complaint of the
men to you in person, Captain.

The Captain looks at him coldly and smiles without mirth.

CAPTAIN

(softly)

You know there are Captains who
might hold this against you,
Louie.

Louie squirms and touches his forehead in a half salute.

DISSOLVE

EXT. FO'C'SLEHEAD - DAY

100

The Finn, Jim, Billy and Aussman are tapping the anchor
chain, which is flaked out in U-shaped curves on the
deck. Tom is standing at the port rail, watching the
work. Jim, nearest the chain pipe, puts his head down
to the opening.

JIM

(calling)

Hey, in there! Have you nearly
finished?

VOICE FROM CHAIN LOCKER

(muffled and
indistinct)

In --- minutes.

- 101 Louie is scrubbing the sides of the locker with a coir brush. He dips this brush in a pail of water standing beside him on the floor of the locker and scrubs swiftly, finishing the last foot or so of the locker nearest the manhole. He stops, wipes the perspiration from his forehead with his fingers, straightens up wearily, and looks around the locker. He sees a holiday, steps to it and brushes it. He looks around again, examining the locker, then steps to the manhole, pushes open the heavy steel door, and puts the bucket and brush outside. There is no handle on the inside of the door, which is as smooth as the wall, so that when he draws the door as if to shut it, it remains ajar. He goes from the door to the chain pipe and yells up.

LOUIE

HEY! OKAY! Let her come.

EXT. FO'C'SLEHEAD - DAY

- 102 We see the men start the chain down the pipe. They are using crowbars in order to keep the great curves of links in order. A rattle arises as the chain pays out link by link at first.

INT. CHAIN LOCKER

- 103 Louie is guiding down the first links of the chain. The manhole door is partly ajar.

THE ALLEY OUTSIDE THE CHAIN LOCKER

- 104 The Captain is descending a companionway. He walks with deliberation to the chain locker, stretches out his right hand, grasps the handle of the manhole door, closes the door and locks it with a heavy dog. The Captain stands there. The noise of the chain now makes a terrific rattling roar.

EXT. FO'C'SLEHEAD - DAY

- 105 Where the men now are working hard controlling the chain, which is roaring into the locker with increasing momentum and din.

INT. CHAIN LOCKER

- 106 Where the chain has risen to Louie's knees. He is having difficulty now avoiding it. He turns and starts toward the manhole. He sees the door is closed. He leaps to the manhole and pushes against the door. It won't budge. He heaves his shoulder against it, desperately. He opens his mouth. He is yelling, but all that can be heard is the roar and rattle of the chain now pouring into the locker.

- 107 Where the men are guiding the chain, which now is rushing into the locker, a Niagara of steel.
- 108 SHOT of the Captain walking down the passage, seemingly preoccupied.

INT. CHAIN LOCKER - DAY

- 109 The chain is up to Louie's waist. He is trying to fight it off with feeble efforts of his hands. We stay with him while the chain rises to his chest. He has stopped screaming now. His face, horror and terror stricken, becomes composed. He grins at the last instant when a tier of chain engulfs him.

EXT. FO'C'SLEHEAD - DAY

- 110 The last of the chain is rattling into the locker through the pipe. The deafening din ceases. There is a dead silence, which Tom breaks. Tom speaks to men resting on their crowbars.

TOM

Start washing down. I'll take
a look at the locker.

Tom starts away from the fo'c'slehead.

INT. ALLEY OUTSIDE THE CHAIN LOCKER - DAY

- 111 Tom walks in the alley-way outside the chain locker. He comes up to the chain locker, swings open the manhole cover and looks in. What he sees causes him to stiffen. He steps back, closing the door gently. It is at this moment that the Captain comes back along the corridor. He looks at Tom and at the partially closed manhole.

CAPTAIN

What's wrong?

At the same time he asks the question, he opens the door and looks in. He peers in for a moment and then turns to Tom, leaving the door wide open as he does so.

CAPTAIN (cont'd)

Better get a couple of men down
here and get that cleaned up.

TOM

(shocked)

Louie!

CAPTAIN

He was a trouble-maker.

Tom looks at him.

(CONTINUED)

TOM

But he was a nice guy --
always kidding --

CAPTAIN

(musingly)
You're impressed -- death is
so absolute. You looked into
the chain locker --

He makes a gesture with his hand.

CAPTAIN (cont'd)

-- and no more Louie -- no
more insolent remarks -- no
more danger to the discipline of
the ship.

Tom stares at him for a long moment.

TOM

You didn't like him.

CAPTAIN

Of course I didn't like him.
He was a sea lawyer -- full of
windy complaints, seasoned with
bad comedy.

TOM

So you shut the hatch.

CAPTAIN

(genuinely
surprised)
Shut the hatch? What do you
mean, Mr. Merriam?

TOM

The hatch was shut --
(a little
hesitantly,
trying to
remember)
-- and I think it was locked.

CAPTAIN

And you accuse me of doing this
out of spite because the man
was insubordinate.

TOM

(with a
glance at
the chain
locker)
This is what you meant when (cont'd)

(CONTINUED)

TOM (cont'd)
you said you had rights over
the lives of the crew. You
murdered him.

CAPTAIN
(controlling
his anger)
You're a little hasty, Mr. Merriam.

TOM
(Heatedly)
You can't expect me to just stand
by and watch you kill a man.

A gleam of anger comes into the Captain's eyes. His face
hardens, but he still speaks softly.

CAPTAIN
(Sarcastic)
What do you propose to do?
Denounce me?

The two men stand facing each other.

DISSOLVE

INT. CHART ROOM - NIGHT

112 Tom enters the chart room, where Bowns, his back turned
to Tom, is making an entry in the log. Tom hesitates.
Bowns keeps writing slowly.

TOM
May I speak to you a moment,
Mr. Bowns -- on a matter of
great importance?

Bowns keeps on writing and does not turn around, but he
replies.

BOWNS
What is it?

TOM
What's the law about an incompetent
Captain, Mr. Bowns?

Bowns turns around, pen in hand, and glares at Tom.

BOWNS
Why interrupt me, when I'm working,
with a question like that? You
know yourself. The First Officer
would take over.

TOM
I think the Captain's incompetent.

(CONTINUED)

Bowns looks at him scornfully, incredulous.

TOM (cont'd)

Louie getting killed in the chain locker -- that wasn't an accident. The Captain did it purposely.

Bowns looks at Tom intently.

BOWNS

I don't know what you're trying to pull, fella, but my advice is to pull in your ears before you get into a jam you won't like. Now get away from me. I'm busy.

Bowns turns back to his work.

TOM

But, Mr. Bowns, I'm not joking.

Bowns turns around again to face him.

BOWNS

You heard me -- and I'm the First Officer.

Tom nods and leaves.

DISSOLVE

INT. SHIP'S RADIO OFFICE - NIGHT

113

Sparks has on a set of ear phones and is dancing to music which is not recorded by the sound track. The moment he sees Tom, Sparks removes the ear phones and lays them on the shelf of the radio apparatus, or on a table, and faint dance music can be heard coming from them during the rest of the scene. Sparks looks at Tom's face.

SPARKS

What's wrong, Kid?

TOM

(blurts)

The Captain's crazy, Sparks.

Sparks stares at Tom as soon as he begins to speak, and interrupts him at this point.

SPARKS

Sure he's crazy. Any guy who'd ride one hobby horse so hard is bound to be bugs -- and what a hobby to pick -- authority.

(CONTINUED)

TOM

(relieved)

Well, I'm glad you believe me.
Bowns practically threw me off
the bridge.

SPARKS

(lightly)

Sure, the Captain is a little teched.

He puts back his earphones and starts his dancing step
again. Tom is appalled. He grabs Sparks' arm and stops
him. Sparks reluctantly removes the earphones.

TOM

This isn't a gag -- I mean it.
He's really crazy -- insane.

SPARKS

I know. Most people are.

TOM

But he killed Louie. That wasn't
an accident in the chain locker.
That was murder.

SPARKS

You might be a little excited
yourself, you know.

TOM

Let me tell you from the beginning.

SPARKS

Not me. Don't tell me. I like my
job and I want to keep it.

TOM

When we get to port, I'm going to
tell the company agent.

Sparks shakes his head.

SPARKS

You'll lose a good job. Even if
I believed you, I'd advise you not
to do it.

TOM

But you can't mean that, Sparks.

SPARKS

I believe in keeping my nose clean --
really clean -- and out of other
people's business. That's the only
way to get on.

(CONTINUED)

TOM

Not me. When something is wrong, I've got to do something about it. I'm reporting this ashore.

DISSOLVE

INT. WHEELHOUSE - NIGHT

- 114 Tom is standing on the enclosed bridge forward and to the starboard of John. In front of John is the compass with the binnacle lighting illuminating it. In front of John, over the compass, is the ship's chronometer. Tom is standing as if thinking. The ship is moving smoothly, with only the sound of the engine. Otherwise, there is silence.
- 115 SHOT of Finn, a lonesome, brooding figure, standing lookout on the fo'c'slehead. Finn is looking off to starboard. He swings his gaze dead ahead, and then turns to port. He leans forward slightly and raises his hand to shade his eyes. He steps back to the big ship's bell and rings it.
- 116- SHOT of Tom in the wheelhouse, as the bell forward
117 sounds: BONG! BONG! At the first BONG, Tom straightens and stands listening. At the second BONG, he steps to a tray over the binnacle, lifts a pair of binoculars, steps to the port side of the bridge and points the binoculars. Aussman stands near him.

Light can be seen from shipboard. Tom replaces the binoculars, picks up a flashlight from the tray, holds it over the bridge faced forward, and in the gloom which reigns over the ship, points it toward the fo'c'slehead and flickers the light.

TOM

(to Aussman)

Tell the Captain we've picked up San Sebastian lighthouse, two points off the port bow.

Aussman turns to go.

- 118- SHOT of Finn on the fo'c'slehead, watching the
119 flickering light in the darkness.

DISSOLVE OUT

DISSOLVE IN

THE PIER AT SAN SEBASTIAN - DAY

120 Through the arches of the pier the Altair can be seen alongside the quay. Jim, John, Aussman, Benson and the Finn are letting down the gangplank. Several men are waiting on the landing; chief among them is a tall middle-aged American, Mr. Roberts, the agent for the Dunham Line. No sooner has the gangplank rattled into place than he starts up.

EXT. MAIN DECK - DAY

121 Roberts comes up the gangway and is met on deck by Captain Stone. Behind the Captain stand Bowns and Tom. Tom is dressed in his shore-going clothes.

ROBERTS

(as he shakes the
Captain's hand)

Hello, Will. It's good to see
you.

CAPTAIN

It's always good to see you,
Charlie.

(half turning)

I'd like you to know my First
Officer, Mr. Bowns, and the
Third, Mr. Merriam -- Mr. Roberts,
our agent here.

There is general handshaking and how-do-you-dos.

ROBERTS

This your first voyage to this
port, Mr. Merriam?

TOM

Yes. In fact it's my first
voyage.

ROBERTS

If you'll drop into the office
I'll see you get a guide.

(CONTINUED)

121 (CONTINUED)

TOM

Thank you, sir.

CAPTAIN

Be sure to take him up on it,
Tom, The Dunham Line may be
strict aboard ship but you'll
find it friendly ashore.

The Captain turns toward the ladder to the boat deck.
Roberts follows him. He half turns to speak to Tom.

ROBERTS

Be sure to drop by the office.

When the two men have exited, Tom starts down the
gangway.

EXT. STREET - SAN SEBASTIAN - DAY

122 Tom is coming out of the warehouse which is attached to
the end of the pier. He steps out into the full hard
light of the street and looks around him at this strange
new world. The street with its bleak, dull houses is
uninteresting, but the people of the city passing along
the streets and the road are new and colorful to Tom.
He sees the ponchoed Indians with their hard hats, the
squaws marching ahead of their menfolk, smoking red clay
pipes. A small herd of sheep, tended by a shepherd
mounted on an ass, goes baaing past. There is a strange
combination of the modern and antiquated. A shiny
automobile goes past a mule-drawn barouche. A truck and
a wooden ox cart are parked side by side at the curb.
Tom starts walking down the street looking into the shop
windows, pausing to gaze after an attractive girl. He
crosses the street, looks off and starts down another
street.

DISSOLVE

122a Mr. Roberts comes walking around the same corner Tom
had passed some time earlier and goes down the street
in the same direction as Tom.

EXT. STEAMSHIP OFFICE - DAY

123 On the window is printed, "DUNHAM SHIPPING LINE," and in
smaller type, "Charles S. Roberts, Steamship Agent."
Roberts comes up the street, flicks away a cigarette and
turns into the building with the accustomed air of one
who goes in and out of this door a dozen times a day.

INT. ROBERTS' OFFICE - DAY

124 Roberts comes in and finds Tom waiting for him. The clerk is fussing about, handing Tom an ashtray, etc.

ROBERTS

I'm glad you accepted my invitation so promptly, Mr. Merriam.

TOM

(getting to his feet)

Actually, I'd like to have a few words with you, Mr. Roberts, on a matter of great importance.

Roberts goes around the desk and seats himself.

ROBERTS

Of course. Please sit down. Make yourself comfortable.

(to the clerk)

All right, Jose. You can go.

Jose departs. When he is gone, Roberts turns to Tom.

ROBERTS (cont'd)

Now, Mr. Merriam, what is this matter of importance?

TOM

(nervously)

It's about Captain Stone.

ROBERTS

An old friend -- a great friend of mine, Mr. Merriam.

TOM

That makes it all the more difficult. What I have to tell you is extremely unpleasant.

DISSOLVE OUT

INT. AGENT'S OFFICE - DAY

125

At the left, middle, Roberts is sitting behind his desk. At his right, Captain Stone is sitting, serene and self-contained. Bowns, with Sparks slightly behind him, is sitting behind the Captain. To the Captain's left, Tom is sitting, taut and nervous. At the left of the desk, in front of it, is sitting a male stenographer, bent over notes which he is making most laboriously. It is apparent from the number of pages that the hearing has been in progress some time. In the rear of the room, sitting and standing, are members of the crew -- John, Jim, Finn, Billy and Peter. Also the cook, Raphael and two maintenance men. Boats is standing in front of the desk, testifying. They all have on shore clothes.

BOATS

-- not the Captain. It was Mr. Merriam himself gave the order not to stopper the hook.

(shakes his head)

To my mind, sir, Mr. Merriam has been working too hard or something. This is my first voyage with Captain Stone, as it is the first for all the crew except Mr. Bowns, the radio operator, and the steward, and the men are all agreed that a fairer and abler Captain....

ROBERTS

That will do, Boats. Thank you.

Boats, embarrassed, wipes his face with his handkerchief and backs into a chair. Roberts consults a list before him.

ROBERTS (cont'd)

(calling out)

Billy.

Billy, smiling, comes forward.

ROBERTS (cont'd)

Well, Billy, I'd like to hear what you have to say about the Captain. I'd like to know whether you think him competent -- whether you think he had anything to do with the death of Louie Carter.

BILLY

No, sir. It's just like the others said. We just can't understand it. The Captain is a good Captain -- what you call a kind man -- and a gentleman. And Mr. Merriam -- he was always a fine gentleman too. We all liked Mr. Merriam, too.

(CONTINUED)

ROBERTS
That'll do now. Thank you.

Peter gets up.

PETER
If I could have your permission,
I would like to mention just one
thing, Mr. Roberts, sir. The
Captain here, hasn't only given
us the best food and looked
after the ship his ownself at
all times, but he saved my life
by that operation at sea. And
I never in my life can forget
that.

Tom opens his mouth, glances at Sparks, who looks
at the floor. Tom sinks slightly in his chair.
The Captain smiles pleasantly. The crew nod accord.
Peter sits down.

ROBERTS
(to Tom)
Should I call in any more
witnesses, Mr. Merriam?

Tom shakes his head.

ROBERTS (cont'd)
(addressing
all the men)
You men may be a little puzzled
by what's been going on here.
Mr. Merriam has made certain
statements and I called this
informal hearing to prove to
him how unfounded they were.
I felt it was my duty as the company
agent to prevent public
investigation of a baseless
charge. Thank you all for
cooperating so splendidly --

The men start to get up, shuffling and moving awkwardly.

ROBERTS (cont'd)
(as they
start filing
out the door)
-- and have a good time.

The men nod and grin in response as they are crowding
out the door. When they have gone, leaving only Tom,
the Captain and Mr. Roberts, the Captain slowly gets
up and crosses over to Tom.

CAPTAIN
I'm sorry this had to happen, Tom.

(CONTINUED)

Tom looks at him, then without a word, picks up his hat and starts out of the door. The Captain and Roberts watch him as he leaves. Roberts picks up his hat and a light coat.

ROBERTS

Ellen will be wanting to see you.
I'm sure she's been waiting ever
since she saw the Altair come
into the harbor last night.

CAPTAIN

Ellen.
(he smiles)
Does she watch for my ship?

Roberts gives him a quick look as they start for the door.

ROBERTS

She always watches for your ship.
She's down there now, waiting for
you. She's got good news.

EXT. STREET SAN SEBASTIAN - DAY

126 The two men, Roberts and the Captain, come out of the office and walk up the street. They are deep in conversation and pause occasionally to talk more easily. The CAMERA DOLLIES WITH them, pausing as they pause. At the end of the collonade, they stop beside Robert's car.

CAPTAIN

Charlie, I think it might be a
good idea if you would take the
lad off the Altair and get me
another third officer.

Roberts looks at him a little puzzled.

ROBERTS

Will, this isn't like you. I've
never known you to hold grudges.

CAPTAIN

It's not a grudge. I like the boy.
I see so much of myself in him.
I'm talking like a father about a
son for whom he has a deep
affection, and Charlie, I have.

ROBERTS

Then why don't you give him another
chance? He seems a fine honest
chap.

CAPTAIN

I don't want him on my ship.

Roberts looks inquiringly at the Captain.

CAPTAIN (cont'd)

I like him too well to hurt him.

ROBERTS

That's a strange remark, Will.

CAPTAIN

I've not been myself lately. My nerves are on edge. I lose my temper. Things aren't right with me. I don't sleep. There's a ringing in my ears. Something's wrong.

ROBERTS

(laughing)

You've worked too hard too long, Will. When you get back to the States, have a thorough medical checkup-- get your basal metabolism tested. And then take a rest.

CAPTAIN

It isn't my metabolism I'm worried about---it's my mind. I've lived a lonely life---a hard life. You and Ellen are the only friends I've had. That's not right. It's not natural. Maybe it's been wrong for me. I don't know. I've been badly worried about it, Charlie. My mind is what I take pride in--- what I most treasure.

ROBERTS

Your mind's all right. You just see a good doctor as I said. Meanwhile, I'll remove young Merriam and get you a good man to take his place. All you need are some new interests.

They have reached his car and he turns aside to open the car door. The Captain stands still, looking straight ahead of him.

CAPTAIN

There are no new interests---
just authority---authority.

DISSOLVE OUT

DISSOLVE IN

EXT. STREET SAN SEBASTIAN - DAY

127. CLOSE SHOT. An obviously foreign sailor with blond, close-cut hair is seated on a rickety chair set out on the sidewalk before a Cantina. He wears a jersey on which is written S.S.Kronprinz Wil--; the rest of the name cannot be distinguished. On his knee sits a pretty brunette girl in a fanciful national costume. The sailor is trying to kiss her and she is demurely attempting to avoid his caress. Over the scene we hear a weakly protesting male voice.

JOE SNITZ

Please, mister, hold the pose --
just the pose, please.

The CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal the fact that the sailor and the girl are merely subjects for a street photographer. He has his camera set up, and by the tripod stand various boxes and pieces of equipment. One of the boxes has printed on it in large letters the following words:

PARISIENNE PHOTOGRAPHER

Photos with Native Model -- 10 pesos
Joe Snitz -- Paris, Ill.

While the sailor continues his playful efforts to kiss the girl, the CAMERA PULLS STILL FURTHER BACK to reveal Jim, John, Aussman and Benson standing in a semicircle watching the photographer and his two subjects. The foreign sailor finally manages to implant a kiss on the girl's lips. The photographer comes out from under his black cloth and advances protestingly.

JOE SNITZ (cont'd)

Mister, you can't do that --
she's my wife.

The crew from the Altair laughs uproariously when the German sailor gives Snitz a playful shove that sends him sprawling. The girl tries to break away from the sailor.

GIRL

(in a tough voice
that has oft been
used to cheer the
Dodgers)

You let me go. Ain't you got no
sense of decency? Let me go.

John suddenly grins.

JOHN

Say, that girl's from Brooklyn
-- that's my home town.

He steps forward and pulls her away from the German.

(CONTINUED)

127 (CONTINUED)

JOHN (cont'd)

You leave her alone.

The German makes a pass at him and misses, and John lets him have one in the breadbasket. The German doubled up in pain, but the blow seems to have loosed a hornet's nest. The door of the Cantina flies open and an overwhelming number of the German's fellow crew members come flooding out of the Cantina.

Cheese it. JIM)
) (almost
) simultaneously)
 JOHN)
Too many of them. Get going.

The Altair men take to their heels, pursued down the street by the German seamen.

THE PIER - DAY

128

The Altair can be seen framed in the arches of the pier structure. The CAMERA IS SHOOTING PAST the outlined figure of a woman who stands watching the gangway. This is Ellen Roberts, a lovely woman, smartly yet appropriate dressed in a simple suit. She has an air of aloof charm and casual elegance that would distinguish her in any company.

(CONTINUED)

ELLEN

That sounds serious. While I'm waiting, why don't you let me give you a lift? You could tell me all about it.

TOM

No. Thank you.

ELLEN

Those bags'll get awfully heavy before you get to the hotel.

Tom stands hesitantly for a moment. Ellen takes his arm.

ELLEN (cont'd)

Come along.

He picks up his bags and follows.

EXT. WAREHOUSE ENTRANCE - DAY

129

Ellen followed by Tom comes out across the sidewalk to where a mule-drawn barouche with a driver stands waiting. Tom hands Ellen into the carriage, places his bags in the coachman's compartment and climbs in beside her. They start off down the street.

DISSOLVE

INT. BAROUCHE - DAY - (PROCESS) - STREET BACKGROUND

130

Ellen and Tom who have evidently been talking. She looks at him with sympathy and understanding.

ELLEN

...and so you're dreadfully disappointed and dreadfully hurt. The whole world seems to have turned against you -- just because you made a mistake.

TOM

(bitterly)
I didn't make a mistake.

Ellen smiles.

ELLEN

It's almost the Captain's voice, Tom. I didn't make a mistake -- I couldn't make a mistake -- I'm authority -- I'm the Third Officer -- I'm the Captain.
(pauses)
I've heard it all so often and it's all so wrong.

(CONTINUED)

TOM

It's what I was taught. It's what the Captain thinks.

ELLEN

Exactly! You're just like the Captain. Lonely, austere, bitter -- without friends or family, condemning yourself to the heights -- heights which you call authority.

TOM

I don't know any other way of life.

ELLEN

(gently)

How long do you think I've known the Captain, Tom?

Tom shakes his head.

ELLEN (cont'd)

I've known him fifteen years. For fifteen years I've tried to give him love instead of loneliness -- but always that austerity -- that singleness of purpose. He has become a changed man and an unhappy man, and all the while I was helpless. I couldn't do anything about it. You mustn't be like him. You've got to embrace warmth and life -- a good joke -- a pretty girl.

TOM

I don't know any girls.

ELLEN

(smiling)

That's clear enough. But you will. I have a younger sister in San Pedro. She's a secretary for the Dunham Line. She'll meet you on your next trip north. I'll see to that. If you don't like her, she will introduce you to other girls and other young men -- young men who don't even know what the word authority means.

(almost gaily)

I'll see that you don't become another Captain Stone -- I'm going to change him too. I can now. I have the right.

DISSOLVE OUT

EXT. CANTINA - DAY

131 The place is quiet again. Ellen's carriage drives up and Tom gets out. She extends her hand to say good-bye.

ELLEN

We must be good friends, Tom. Knowing the Captain, I feel I know you. I wish you'd come to dinner tomorrow night. I want to do everything I can to make your life a happy one -- please let me.

TOM

(very
simply)

I would like to be friends.

ELLEN

Good. I'll see you tomorrow then. You mustn't forget.

TOM

I won't.

She waves to him as the carriage drives away. He stands on the sidewalk, staring after her.

DISSOLVE

EXT. HEAD OF GANGWAY - NIGHT

132 The Finn sits in his accustomed place on the rail. He has his knife in his right hand and the whetstone in the left, but he is not using these implements. His hands hang down listlessly between his knees and he is gazing off into the darkness.

EXT. FORWARD PORTION OF THE MAIN DECK - NIGHT

133 Ellen stands near the rail, looking forward, the wind lightly blowing her hair. Behind her in the darkness of the alleyway, the Captain stands leaning against the deckhouse, smoking a cigar and watching her.

ELLEN

(quietly)

I have something to tell you, Will.

CAPTAIN

That's what Charlie said.

ELLEN

I wanted to be here -- aboard the Altair -- when I told you.

(CONTINUED)

She turns to him, smiling.

ELLEN (cont'd)

I want my rival to hear and
feel my triumph.

The Captain smiles at her.

CAPTAIN

I've always loved your fancies,
Ellen.

ELLEN

This isn't a fancy. I want the
old Altair to know I'm a free
woman -- that I can take you
from her, and keep you from her.

CAPTAIN

You won your case?

ELLEN

He finally gave in. The final
papers came through last week.
I'm a free woman.

She turns to him. He takes a draft on the cigar,
inhaling the smoke and blowing it out again as if solely
engrossed in this habitual act. She watches him in
expectant silence. It is a silence he does not break.

ELLEN (cont'd)

(disappointedly)

I had expected a different
response, Will.

The Captain still remains silent and again draws on the
cigar.

ELLEN (cont'd)

I thought we were both waiting
for this.

The Captain moves uneasily, then speaks precisely
choosing his words and avoiding her eyes, holding his
cigar between them almost as a barrier.

CAPTAIN

I had waited -- I had wanted
this, now there is little I can
do or say.

(almost
whispering)

I'm afraid.

(CONTINUED)

ELLEN

(with a laugh,
half hysteria
and half forced
amusement)

Afraid of me, Will?

CAPTAIN

Of my mind, Ellen. I don't
trust it any more.

ELLEN

(with quick
anxiety,
stepping
forward)

Your mind?

CAPTAIN

Don't come close to me. Stand
there.

ELLEN

But, Will --

CAPTAIN

I remember Captain Blaker of
the Ajax -- she was my first
ship -- I was the mess boy.
I watched him lose his mind --
little by little -- and he
knew it and could do nothing
about it. It was awful, Ellen.
I've never forgotten it.

He takes another drag from the cigar and speaks more
calmly.

CAPTAIN (cont'd)

We were run down in a fog off
the coast of the Mersey. The
Ajax sank like a rock. Blaker
went down with her. He was
lucky.

Ellen takes the step forward that he had forbidden.
She reaches out her hands and takes one of his hands
between her palms.

ELLEN

It's only a memory that
frightens you.

The Captain shakes his head.

(CONTINUED)

CAPTAIN

It's more than that, Ellen.
I've felt strange. I've done
things I couldn't remember doing.
I've had moments when I've felt
myself on the verge of losing
control -- of doing terrible,
stupid, ugly things. This
morning when the boy testified
against me, I could barely keep
my seat --

He lapses into silence as if the memory of his thoughts
were too awful to mention. They stand looking at each
other.

CAPTAIN (cont'd)

Give me a little time to get
over this -- this feeling that
I don't know myself -- that I
don't control my thoughts --
my actions.

ELLEN

(very
softly)

You can have all the time in the
world.

(forcing
a smile)

I'll be waiting here for the
Altair on her next voyage.

DISSOLVE OUT

EXT. CANTINA - NIGHT

134 The German sailors off the Cecillie Herzogin are milling about the door of the Cantina. Somehow they have caught and made a captive of Billy. They have the little colored man backed up against the wall. The leader of the gang is evidently trying to force him to sing.

GERMAN SAILOR

(translate to German)

Go ahead and sing, or we'll break your neck.

BILLY

I'm a British subject, I am, and I'll not sing for you or any other Heinie.

The German sailor shoves him roughly against the wall. Billy hits at him, ineffectually, and is given a harder shove for his pains.

It is at this moment that Tom, neatly dressed in his shore clothes, comes out of the Cantina, evidently on his way to keep his appointment with Ellen.

BILLY (cont'd)

Mr. Merriam!

Tom stops in the doorway.

TOM

What are you men up to? What goes on here?

He steps forward, obviously intent on intervening. One of the German seamen punches him. Tom lays one on his chin and knocks him down. From behind him, as Tom turns to deal with another man, a third sailor hits him over the head with a club. He goes down. Billy, who has been trying to get to Tom's side to help him, is shoved roughly aside, falls sprawling. The German sailors take to their heels. Billy gets unsteadily to his feet, goes over to Tom, kneels down beside him and tries to take care of him. A few people have been attracted by the altercation and have formed a ring around the fallen man.

BILLY

(supporting
Tom's head)

You all right, Mr. Merriam?

Tom makes no answer. One of the bystanders, a kindly man, kneels down beside Tom.

(CONTINUED)

134 (CONTINUED)

BILLY

(to the man)
This man here is my officer from
the Altair. He's been hurt. I
got to get him back aboard.

DISSOLVE

135 STOCK SHOT - DAY - FREIGHTER STEAMING NORTH

INT. TOM'S CABIN - DAWN

136 Tom is lying asleep in his bed. His mouth moves as if his lips are dry. He opens his eyes, befuddled for a moment. Gray dawn is coming dimly through the porthole over his bed. Gradually he realizes that he is back aboard the Altair, in his old cabin. He sits up suddenly in bed. The movement causes him to put his hand to his head, which is aching. He groans as he looks around the familiar room. He gets up slowly, in his pyjamas, and goes to the wash basin, which might be of the collapsible variety, draws and drinks a glass of water. He moves to a full-length mirror and examines his reflection.

As he stands in front of this mirror, he is making up his mind what to do. He suddenly comes to a decision, goes to his closet, opens it, and takes out a suit of clothes. He starts to unbutton his pyjama jacket.

DISSOLVE

INT. CAPTAIN'S CABIN - DAY

137 The Captain is breakfasting from a tray on his desk. He eats with inimitable neatness, precisely bringing each forkful to his mouth, taking exactly two sips from the coffee cup each time he brings it to his lips. There is something deadly and menacing in this over-dainty feeding. Tom, who has quite evidently just entered, stands before him.

TOM

-- and so I thought I'd best
report to you at once.

The Captain takes a forkful of ham, chews, swallows, and lifts the coffee cup to his lips.

TOM (cont'd)

Naturally, had I had anything to
say about it, I wouldn't be here.
Evidently Billy had the policeman
bring me aboard.

(CONTINUED)

The Captain carefully spears another forkful of ham and brings it to his mouth, his eyes still on Tom's face. Tom is embarrassed now. He is almost blurting his words as he talks.

TOM (cont'd)

Of course, Sir, I know that I have no right whatsoever to be aboard the Altair. I'll be glad to make arrangements to pay my passage when we reach San Pedro.

The Captain has reached the coffee stage of his eating routine. Tom keeps silent while he sips, waiting for him to make some sort of answer. The Captain picks up his fork again, and it is obvious that there will be no word from him.

TOM (cont'd)

(rather heatedly;
out of patience)

I don't want to be aboard any more than you want me here, but there's nothing I can do about it. You can't expect me to swim---

CAPTAIN

(interrupting)

That's quite the wrong tone, Merriam. I was just about to say that you would be my guest on the trip North. You'll have no duties. We'll try to make it as pleasant a voyage as possible.

TOM

Thank/you.

The Captain waves his thanks away with a gesture of his hand.

CAPTAIN

In fact, Merriam, I'm rather glad to have you aboard. There are some theories of mine I'd like to prove to you. In fact, it should prove a very interesting and instructive voyage. There are many things you can learn from me.

TOM

(just for politeness
sake, but somewhat
alarmed)

I've never doubted that, sir.

CAPTAIN

I'm sure you never doubted it when you told Mr. Roberts I was a murderer and incompetent.

(CONTINUED)

Tom is about to say something. The Captain silences him with a gesture.

CAPTAIN (cont'd)

But we'll forget all that,
Mr. Merriam.

TOM

(slowly and a
little
dubiously)

Thank you, Captain.

He turns to go. At the door, the Captain's voice stops him.

CAPTAIN

Mr. Merriam. You know, there are
some Captains who would hold this
against you.

He smiles. Tom goes out.

EXT. BOAT DECK - DAY

- 138 Tom has just closed the door of the Captain's office. The ship's horn sounds, a mournful note. The sound of the radio comes from Sparks' office. Tom listens to this and walks down the corridor. He meets Raphael, who appears from the opposite direction.

TOM

I was wondering if you got me to
bed last night. I don't remember---

Raphael does not even stop, but looks Tom in the eyes and passes him along the corridor. Tom turns and looks after Raphael. He hesitates, then steps to the radio room.

- 139 Tom standing in the doorway to the radio room. Sparks is sitting at the radio. Sparks looks up as -

TOM

Hi, Sparks. I seem to have
gotten myself----

SPARKS

(grinning)

Don't come in here, fella. I
don't want to get mixed up in
any funny business with you.

Tom goes into the radio shack.

140 Tom and Sparks.

TOM

Look, Sparks, we're friends.
I've got to have your help. Stop
kidding and listen to me, will
you?

SPARKS

I'll stop kidding---but as to
listening, I'm dead serious when
I tell you I don't want to hear a
word you have to say.

TOM

The Captain's going to kill me,
Sparks. I can see it in his face.

Sparks makes a gesture of deep and significant disgust.

TOM (cont'd)

I'm not too dumb a guy, Sparks,
I'm not yellow---I'm not
hysterical---and I'm telling you
he's going to kill me and I need
your help.

SPARKS

(with finality)

That is hogwash.

TOM

(after a little
pause)

At least, do me one favor---
send a wireless to Miss Roberts
in San Sebastian.

Sparks, shaking his head, seats himself, turning his back
to Tom. He busies himself with his apparatus.

SPARKS

I can't do that. The Captain's
forbidden all wireless---
unless he personally okays it.

TOM

Don't you see? That's part of
what I meant.

SPARKS

(with profound
disbelief)

Yeah?

DISSOLVE OUT

INT. TOM'S CABIN - NIGHT

- 141 Tom enters, switches on the light, and closes the door, which does not catch but swings open slightly. He pushes it closed, and again it fails to stay tightly shut. Tom examines the door. The lock has been removed. It is impossible for him to make the door stay closed. He looks around the cabin for some article with which he can fasten the door. His chair is fastened to the floor. Nothing movable is available. He takes a letter, or a piece of paper, from his pocket, folds it, and inserts it between the door and the jamb. He stands looking unhappily at this flimsy device.

He removes his jacket, and footsteps, slow and methodical sound in the corridor. He pauses, with his jacket still in his hands, listening. The slow footsteps grow louder as they approach his door, behind which he is standing. The footsteps stop outside the door, and there is a silence as Tom stands, breathlessly, waiting and listening. Then the footsteps begin again, this time continuing down the corridor in diminuendo. As they die away, Tom quickly tosses the jacket aside, removes the paper stopper, opens the door and looks down the corridor.

- 142 SHOT of a shadow moving on the wall down the corridor and vanishing, as Tom looks. There is silence.
- 143 SHOT of Tom as he moves back into the cabin again, fastens the door with the paper and, without undressing further and leaving his lights burning, lies down in trousers and shirtsleeves on his bed, watching the door.

INT. TOM'S CABIN - NIGHT

- 144 SHOT of Tom lying on the bed. His head nods. He starts awake, and comes to his feet on the floor, listening. He goes to the washstand and washes his face with cold water. He is fighting sleep. He half sits, half lies on the bed, watching the door. The lights in the room suddenly flicker and go out. A faint moonlight comes in through the porthole. As quickly as possible, Tom arises and moves across the cabin, and stands against the wall of the door, waiting and listening.
- 145 Tom - still standing beside the door. But now, after pressing his ear against the door panel, he moves back to the bed. His head nods. He hears the paper he has placed beneath the door scrape. He starts up. A flashlight blinds him. Tom is staring into the flashlight, blinded by the sudden brilliance. From the darkness behind the flashlight Raphael's voice comes over.

RAPHAEL'S VOICE

I brought you some tea, sir.

(CONTINUED)

Raphael is depositing a teapot and toast on Tom's desk.

RAPHAEL

I have a bulb too, sir. The
Captain's orders.

Raphael goes to the light socket, unscrews the old bulb
and inserts a new one. The light comes on.

TOM

What made the lights go out?

RAPHAEL

I don't know, sir, but I think
there is a short or something
here. The Captain hopes you
enjoy your tea, sir. He told
me to say that he won't forget
you.

During and after this speech, Raphael stares at Tom, and
then his eyes go to the tea. Tom looks at the tea also.

RAPHAEL (cont'd)

Pleasant dreams, sir.

Raphael goes out the door, which swings ajar.

146 Tom, standing by his desk, looking at the door, then at
the teapot. He lifts the teapot and holds it in pouring
position over the teacup. But he does not pour any tea.
Instead, he stands staring at the pot. He moves to the
wash basin, and empties the tea into the basin. His
eyes go around the cabin, and focus on the porthole. He
goes to the porthole, which is over the bed, kneels on
the bed, and looks out.

Tom sits down again on the bed, looking at the door.

DISSOLVE

EXT. MAIN DECK - DAY

147 Tom is walking along the deck, and meets Bowns, emerging
from a companionway.

TOM

Good morning, Mr. Bowns.

Mr. Bowns merely looks at Tom without replying.

Tom walks to the after well deck where Chips, the
carpenter, is sawing a board, or planing a new hatch
timber. Tom pauses beside Chips and watches him work a
moment.

(CONTINUED)

TOM

There isn't any lock on my cabin door, Chips. I wonder if you could put one on.

Chips goes on working without speaking, or even looking up. Tom stands for a moment, and walks on.

- 148 Tom passing the galley, as Alfred emerges from the galley with a pan of refuse, and steps to the rail. They pass one another without speaking.

EXT. FORWARD WELL DECK - DAY

- 149 A group of the men are working around the forward mast, doing rope work. Tom comes in, idly watches them. One of them lays down a large, wooden marlin spike. Tom steps forward.
- 150 SHOT of Tom's right hand as it closes over the marlin spike. As his hand grasps this article, another hand takes hold of it.
- 151 SHOT of the Captain and Tom, both holding the marlin spike. The Captain smiles.

CAPTAIN

Since you have no earthly need of this --

Tom holds his grasp for a moment, and tenses. But he looks past the Captain, and sees, as does the CAMERA, Bowns watching. Tom releases the marlin spike. He turns away, without a word.

DISSOLVE

INT. TOM'S CABIN - NIGHT

- 152 Tom, fully clothed, is sitting on his bed, listening. He yawns. He is afraid to go to sleep. He arises and goes to the door, and stoops to test the paper he has wedged between it and the sill. He grasps the handle and pulls, and the door opens. He looks out into the corridor, protruding his head, comes back and lies down on the bed.

He dozes, suddenly awakens with a start and jumps to his feet, and listens. Eight bells sounding in various parts of the ship, as previously described, come over the sound track. Tom goes to and tests the door again. He stands motionless, looking around his cabin. He looks at his desk lamp, looks at a pipe overhead. He goes to the bed, pulls back the blankets, and yanks off a sheet. He tears a strip lengthwise from the sheet.

EXT. FOC'SLE - NIGHT

153 The lookout strikes a later hour.

INT. TOM'S CABIN - NIGHT

154 Tom has made a long rope of the strips of sheet. One end is knotted to the doorknob. He draws the other end over the pipe which runs across the ceiling. He attaches the free end to the chain which lights the lamp bulb, and sets the lamp on the floor, raising the shade so that the lamp will shine on the door. He tests his device first by drawing on the sheet. The lamp lights and illuminates the door. He extinguishes the lamp, and goes to the door and opens it. The lamp shines brightly on the opened doorway. He closes the door again, replaces the paper stopper, and lies down, still dressed.

At this moment, there is a crash in the cabin, and Tom leaps to his feet, looking around in the dim light from the porthole. He cautiously lights a light, and looks around. He sees either that the collapsible washstand has fallen, or that a carafe of water, or a bottle has crashed into the wash bowl, due to the roll of the ship. He goes back to bed, where he piles up the pillows, and half sits, half reclines. His eyes close wearily, then open, then close, and his head nods.

DISSOLVE OUT

DISSOLVE IN

EXT. BRIDGE DECK - NIGHT

- 155 A seaman is standing looking off into the darkness. From the wheelhouse can be heard the striking of still another hour.

INT. TOM'S CABIN - NIGHT

- 156 Tom is sleeping. His trick alarm system is all rigged. He sleeps peacefully. Suddenly the door opens. The light flashes on. The cans rattle. He wakes up, startled, jumps out of his berth, stands tensed, waiting. Nothing happens. He goes and looks out into the corridor.

INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

- 157 The corridor is dimly lit. There is no sight of anyone. No sound of movement.

INT. TOM'S CABIN - NIGHT

- 158 Tom returns. He looks around, starts to re-rig his apparatus. The porthole over his berth bangs back and forth with the roll of the ship. He gets on the berth to close it. The locking lugs have been taken away. Tom stands watching this porthole for a few moments. He steps silently to the door, and listens.
- 159 SHOT of Tom as he stands for a moment thinking, and we should know that he has reached a crisis. He makes up his mind. He removes his shoes, disconnects his sheet-light alarm, opens his door with natural precautions, and enters the corridor.
- 160 SHOT of Tom walking cautiously, listening at every step, down the corridor.

EXT. MAIN DECK - NIGHT

- 161 Tom comes out of the deck house and passes along the main deck to the ladder. He starts up.

EXT. BOAT DECK - NIGHT

- 162 Tom comes up to the boat deck, cautiously looks around, sees no one, and makes his way to the door of the Captain's office. Very quietly, he opens the door and sneaks into the cabin.

163

Tom stands near the arms locker, listening. After a moment, he takes a step to the door of the arms locker and opens it. The locker is empty. At this moment the Captain's chuckling low laughter comes o.s. from behind Tom. Tom wheels around.

Tom faces the Captain at a distance of about eight feet. The Captain holds a revolver in his right hand. They stand motionless for a second or two. Tom tenses as if to charge the Captain, who raises the revolver and points it at Tom's abdomen.

CAPTAIN

Hold it.

Tom stands tensed facing the Captain.

CAPTAIN (cont'd)

(softly,
but grimly)

One move, and you'll have a
bullet through your abdomen --
not a pleasant or a quick death.
Perhaps you've never seen a man
die that way.

Tom clears his throat to speak, squares his shoulders.

CAPTAIN (cont'd)

But, I want you to live.-- I
want you to learn the great
lesson I once thought I had
taught you -- that authority
cannot be questioned or defied.

TOM

(steadily)

That's crazy talk.

The Captain thinks this over a moment, and his face becomes set and strained.

CAPTAIN

I never felt more sane in my
life than I feel at this moment.
Who is crazy -- you who defied
me and are helpless and
discredited, or I who control
your destiny and the destiny of
the Altair and all the lives on
board?

TOM

I wish Bowns, I wish the crew
could see what I see now --
could hear you talk.

(CONTINUED)

CAPTAIN

You think I'm insane?

TOM

Yes. And they would too if they could see you now -- raving and ranting.

The Captain makes an almost visible effort to calm himself.

CAPTAIN

I'm the Captain -- so long as I wear these strips you won't get a man in the crew to believe you or to help you. You'll find them too lazy, too cowardly or too disinterested, Merriam. That's what I want you to learn -- men are worthless cattle -- and a few men are given authority to drive them.

TOM

You won't even be able to prove that to me with a gun, Captain. I know people aren't that way -- they're usually good and kind -- willing to help other people. It's only hard to get them to understand.

CAPTAIN

(laughing)

I'm going to give you a chance to make them understand. You can go out of here -- you can go anywhere you want on the ship -- you can talk to anyone -- and see who'll help you -- who'll dare to stand up with you against authority.

(pauses)

Even your friend, Sparks, he won't help you.

He makes a motion with his gun.

CAPTAIN (cont'd)

(almost hysterically)

Go ahead! Get out. Try to get help -- against me -- try -- try.

Tom turns and starts out of the cabin. The camera, set up behind the Captain, shows him as he leaves and disappears into the darkness, the gun always pointed at his back.

DISSOLVE OUT

EXT. FO'C'SLE HEAD - DAY

164 Tom is standing beside Jim, who is polishing the big ship's bell.

TOM

(low voice)

But Louie was your pal -- the best friend you had on board.

Jim keeps on polishing the bell, apparently oblivious to Tom.

TOM (cont'd)

How do you think your pal was caught in the chain locker? Do you think that hatch cover closed itself?

Jim moistens his rag from a can of polish and without looking up.

JIM

If you'll take my advice, you'll stop trying to make trouble around here.

As Tom listens to this speech with tired despair, Boats comes into the scene.

TOM

Boats, you're a sensible man.

BOATS

(interrupts)

Listen, kid. Take my advice and quit trying to stir up the crew against the Old Man. They don't like it. They don't like you. And besides -- did you ever hear about mutiny?

Tom stares at Boats, opens his mouth, but says nothing, and walks o.s. forward, dejectedly.

EXT. MAIN DECK - DAY

165 Tom is walking along the deck, and meets Bowns, emerging from a companionway.

TOM

Good morning, Mr. Bowns.

Mr. Bowns merely looks at Tom without replying.

166 SHOT of Tom passing the galley, as Alfred emerges from the galley with a pan of refuse, and steps to the rail. They pass one another without speaking.

EXT. BOAT DECK - DAY

167 SHOT of Tom walking through the corridor, past the officers' quarters. He is walking briskly, as if his mind was made up. He opens the door of the wireless room and enters.

INT. RADIO ROOM - DAY

168 Sparks is listening with his earphones on. When he sees Tom enter and close the door, he removes the earphones and arises to his feet.

SPARKS

Listen, Tom. You'll only get any one you try to talk to in Dutch. Why don't you be a good guy and --

TOM

Get this. I'm desperate, Sparks. Why is the lock off my --

SPARKS

I don't know a thing. There's just one way you can please me -- and that's by keeping away from me and not talking to me. It seems to me the Captain is being pretty decent after what you --

TOM

(in desperate earnestness)

But it's true. I've got to convince you -- someone. The Captain is a homicidal maniac. We've got to do --

Sparks replaces his earphones and tunes up his apparatus so that he cannot hear Tom, and Tom stops talking and turns to leave, in despair.

DISSOLVE

EXT. FO'C'S'LE HEAD - DAY

169 Finn is standing watch. Tom comes into the scene and stands behind the Finn. They both stand in this position for a moment.

FINN

(narration)

I know this man -- I know his trouble -- and I believe him. But I cannot tell him. I can only watch -- watch and guard him.

- 171 TWO SHOT of Tom and Finn standing together. Tom can only see Finn's sinister face.

INT. WHEELHOUSE - EVENING

- 172 The Captain is sitting at the chart table writing in the log when Sparks comes into the scene and lays a radio message on the table and stands by. The Captain leisurely reads the message.

INSERT RADIO MESSAGE

Captain Stone/ S.S. Altair. Is Thomas Merriam aboard ship. Please reply immediately as Ellen is worried.
(signed) Charles

- 173 The Captain is at the table and Sparks on his feet waiting as the Captain writes a brief message on a bit of paper. He hands this message to Sparks.

CAPTAIN

Get this off right away.

Sparks takes the message and reads it with no show of emotion. He goes out.

EXT. MAIN DECK - NIGHT

- 174 Tom walks very dejectedly and turns down the corridor leading to his cabin.

INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

- 175 Tom walks through and into his cabin.

(END OF PART I)

FADE OUT

INT. TOM'S CABIN - NIGHT

176

Tom enters. A small lamp makes a swaying pool of lamplight on the floor of the cabin. Hunched in the shadows by the berth is a lean figure that straightens itself up as Tom comes in. It is Sparks.

SPARKS

Hi, Tertius. Close the door.

Tom closes the door behind him. The two boys stand looking at each other a moment without a word. Sparks hands over a wireless blank. Tom turns it toward the lamp to read it, then faces about and looks at Sparks.

TOM

I don't get this.

(reading)

"Tom Merriam not aboard Altair.

Regards."

(turning

back to

Sparks)

Why in the world would the Captain want to send this to Mr. Roberts.

SPARKS

It's just because I don't know that I'm beginning to believe your story, Tom.

Tom studies the wireless form again and shakes his head.

SPARKS (cont'd)

This was sent in reply to a message from Roberts asking if you were aboard. The way I figure it, maybe you're right -- maybe the Captain does intend to get rid of you.

TOM

Now you know, are you going to help me?

Sparks nods.

SPARKS

Yeh, I'm going to take this to Bowns in the morning. It'll be enough to get him to listen to you anyhow. Meanwhile, you'd better get some rest.

He starts toward the door. At the door he pauses.

SPARKS (cont'd)

So long, Tertius.

TOM

So long, and thanks.

177 Sparks passes from Tom's door to the door leading on to the main deck.

PASSAGEWAY - MAIN DECK - NIGHT

178 Sparks steps out of the corridor doorway and starts along the passage. From the shadow Captain Stone steps suddenly and falls into step beside him. They turn toward the stern as they reach the main deck.

EXT. MAIN DECK - NIGHT

179 CAMERA DOLLIES with Sparks and the Captain as they walk silently along the main deck toward the stern. They pass the Finn working the big valve. In passing, Sparks taps the Finn on the arm. The Finn slowly turns to look at him.

The CAMERA HOLDS with the Finn, then PANS TO FOLLOW the two other men from his viewpoint. Sparks drops a piece of paper to the deck. The Finn watches until the two men have disappeared in the gloom aft, then steps forward. He bends down and retrieves the paper. He opens it and holds it awkwardly, examining the whole rather than any particular, in the manner of one who does not know how to read.

INSERT THE WIRELESS BLANK. It reads:

CHARLES S. ROBERTS
SAN SEBASTIAN
PATAGONIA

TOM MERRIAM NOT ABOARD ALTAIR. REGARDS.

STONE
MASTER - S.S. ALTAIR

It is written in the sharp angular backhand the Captain employs.

The Finn stares at the paper, then looks off after the two men.

DISSOLVE

INT. TOM'S CABIN - NIGHT

180 It is dark in the cabin. The only light comes from the porthole. The door opens and a dim light shines in from the hall. The Captain enters, turns on the bulkhead light. The room blazes with light. Tom awakens out of a deep sleep, sits up startled and wide-eyed to find the Captain looking calmly down at him.

CAPTAIN
Do you know how to operate the
wireless, Mr. Merriam?

(CONTINUED)

Yes, sir.

CAPTAIN

If you don't mind, I'd like you to get up and send a message for me.

Tom swings his legs out of the bed and sits on the edge of the berth. He is dressed in plain white pyjamas. He gropes on the deck for his straw slippers and shoves his feet into them. By this time enough sleep has cleared from his brain to allow him to think and question.

TOM

I beg your pardon, sir, but why can't Sparks send it?

CAPTAIN

The message I'm asking you to send will answer that question.

He starts for the door and Tom shuffles after him.

EXT. WELLDECK - NIGHT

181 Near the fo'c'sle hatch the Finn sits holding the message in front of him. Aussman on his way into the fo'c'sle, stops a moment and looks down at the paper.

AUSSMAN

Can you read, Finn?

The Finn shakes his head.

AUSSMAN (cont'd)

What do you want that paper for?

The Finn shrugs.

INT. THE WIRELESS ROOM - NIGHT

182 The room is empty but lit and alive with the tap-tap of the receiving instrument. The Captain, followed by Tom comes in. Tom sits down at the instrument board, puts the head-phones on and adjusts the instrument. All the while the Captain watches him.

TOM

Okay, sir. I'm ready.

Smiling, the Captain steps forward and lays a message blank in front of Tom. Tom reads it in a glance.

INSERT

WIRELESS FORM

DUNHAM SHIPPING LINE
SAN PEDRO, CALIFORNIA

JACOB WINSLOW RADIO OPERATOR LOST OVERBOARD IN
HEAVY SEAS.

STONE, MASTER, S.S. ALTAIR

(CONTINUED)

Tom jumps to his feet, pulling off the ear-phones.

TOM

This is a lie. You killed him.
You knew he was going to help
me.

The Captain merely smiles. Enraged, desperate and without thinking, Tom leaps at him. The Captain grapples with him and tries to hold him off. They go plunging through the open door to the deck beyond.

EXT. TOP DECK - NIGHT

183

Tom and the Captain struggle to find a footing on the deck. The Captain, exerting superior strength, holds him immobilized.

TOM

(excited and
hysterical)

You killed him. I know you
killed him./

Bowns, followed by Benson, comes running on to the deck. Each of the men grabs one of Tom's shoulders, pulling him away from the Captain. Tom struggles to free himself and attack the Captain again. Two more seamen come clumping up the ladder and help restrain him. The Captain stands watching the struggling mass of men, coolly.

TOM (cont'd)

(shrilly)

He killed Sparks. Let me go.
I tell you he didn't fall overboard.
Captain Stone killed him, -- just
as he killed Louie -- just as he
wants to kill me. I tell you he's
crazy -- can't you understand he's
crazy -- crazy --

The Captain stands smiling.

CAPTAIN

Mr. Merriam may be giving us
some clue as to what's wrong
with him, Bowns.

BOWNS

You mean the boy is --

He breaks off and makes a twirling motion near his forehead.

TOM

It's not me -- it's the Captain
He's mad I tell you.

(CONTINUED)

CAPTAIN

I don't know how you'd describe
conduct such as this, Mr. Bowns.

Tom struggles more violently to get away from the men who
are holding him.

TOM

Let me go -- please -- let me go.
He killed my friend. He killed
Louie.

The men hold him even more tightly.

CAPTAIN

(to Bowns)
Perhaps we'd better have the boy
restrained --
(he turns
to go)
-- so he won't hurt himself.

Tom makes a last desperate effort to break away. The
whole mass of men moves with his effort.

BOWNS

Get a rope, lads. Truss him up
and put him in his berth.

THE WHEELHOUSE - NIGHT

184 The man at the wheel is alone. The Finn comes in from
the port side and looks about as if looking for someone.
He has the wireless form in his hand. McCall is on
watch.

McCALL

What's all the excitement?

The Finn mutely shakes his head.

McCALL

(recollecting;
disappointed)

Aw - you couldn't be telling.

The Finn goes out the starboard side, still behaving as
if he were looking for someone.

INT. TOM'S CABIN - NIGHT

185 The men have just finished putting Tom into his berth.
His arms have been bound close to his chest with strips
of canvas. There is a gag in his mouth. The Captain,
holding a flat tin box in his hand, is watching them put
Tom into the berth. Bowns is supervising the job.

(CONTINUED)

BOWNS

That's fine, boys. That's enough.

The men trail out, leaving the Captain and Bowns alone with Tom. Tom fights against the gag and against his bonds. The Captain watches him, then turns to Bowns.

CAPTAIN

You'd better give him a sedative.

He hands Bowns the flat tin box.

CAPTAIN (cont'd)

There's a needle all made up.

BOWNS

You think he needs that?

CAPTAIN

He looks pretty bad. It might quiet him.

Bowns nods and takes the hypodermic needle out of the kit. The Captain watches him do this, then turns and leaves the cabin. Bowns, with the needle in hand, bends down and starts to bare Tom's arm. Tom twists and turns and tries vainly to speak with his eyes to beg Bowns to wait - to give him a chance. Bowns methodically rolls up Tom's pajama sleeve, dabs on alcohol and gives the injection. (The actual act of giving the hypodermic should be masked from the camera.)

Almost immediately, Tom's lids grow heavy; his eyes grow dull. Bowns gets up, gives Tom a last look of inspection, turns, goes to the door and exits.

EXT. MAIN DECK - NIGHT

186

The Finn is standing in the alleyway lounging against the bulkhead, obviously waiting for Bowns to step out of the corridor door into the alleyway. Bowns comes out and the Finn steps toward him, putting his hand on his sleeve to halt him.

BOWNS

What do you want?

The Finn hands him the wireless form. Bowns looks at the Finn and then at the paper, moves a little to catch a better light from the corridor, then begins to read.

EXT. MAIN DECK - NIGHT

187

The Captain is slowly descending the ladder from the boat deck. He sees something below him, stops and looks toward the alleyway.

- 188 The Finn and Bowns. Bowns has finished reading. 87
He stuffs the paper into his jacket pocket and proceeds to walk off. The Finn stops him, points questioningly at his pocket. Bowns nods, pats the Finn's shoulder in a gesture of reassurance, and again starts aft. The Finn, still standing in the alleyway, watches him. When he has gone, the Captain comes down from the ladder, walks slowly after him, calmly smoking a cigar.

INT. TOM'S CABIN - NIGHT

- 189 CLOSE SHOT of Tom, who is struggling to fight off the effects of the opiate. His eyes close, and he opens them with an effort of will and stares rigidly. They begin to close again and again he forces them open and shakes his head.

EXT. MAIN DECK - NIGHT

- 190 The Captain standing outside of the officers' dining saloon looking through a partially open port. He stands calmly smoking.

INT. DINING SALOON - NIGHT

- 191 The first engineer and second officer are seated with mugs of coffee before them. Bowns stands across the table from them. The wireless is on the table between them.

FIRST ENGINEER

That is an odd message surely.
Can't make head nor tail of it.
With the boy here and alive --

BOWNS

Orders is orders, so I had the kid tied up and gave him a sedative -- but maybe he ain't the crazy one at that.

FIRST ENGINEER

(following a
swig of
coffee)

You deck officers have your problems.

BOWNS

This is going to be you fellows' problem as well as mine. After me you're next in rank, and you've got to back me up.

The engineer picks up the wireless and studies it again.

BOWNS (cont'd)

If the boy is right.

EXT. MAIN DECK - NIGHT

- 192 The Captain is still listening to the conversation in the officers' dining saloon. Suddenly he seems to make up his mind about something. He begins walking forward. Over the sound track can be heard Bown's voice repeating over and over, "The boy's right. The boy's right."

INT. DINING SALOON - NIGHT

- 193 The first engineer, second officer and Bowns.

FIRST ENGINEER

I don't know. It's very puzzlin'.
I hate to cross the Captain.

BOWNS

You don't think I like it, do you?
This is all such a strange business.
I feel we ought to get to the
bottom of it.

FIRST ENGINEER

Now don't go off half-cocked --
Let's consider.

INT. CAPTAIN'S CABIN - NIGHT

- 194 The Captain is just coming in. He turns on the light near the door, takes off his uniform cap and mops his brow. For a moment he stands rather indecisive, then he looks off at his printed motto.

Who doth not heed the rudder
Must meet the rock.

He crosses to it and stands staring. In the polished surface of the wood his face can be seen "as in a glass, darkly." On the sound track Bown's voice can still be heard, repeating "The boy is right." And now Ellen Robert's voice chimes in with the same words. The Captain's features contort. His eyes glow. Then with a quick movement, the Captain reaches up and takes hold of the sign. He digs his fingernails around the edges. With great strain, he tears it loose from the wall, holds it a moment, then crashes it across his knee. It shivers into several pieces. He turns, takes down the Circassian dagger from the wall, rips it from its sheath and goes quickly out the door.

INT. DINING SALOON - NIGHT

- 195 The first engineer, second officer and Bowns.

BOWNS

But Mac, we've got to do
something about this. We can't
just let things stand this way.

FIRST ENGINEER

Well, now, I don't know --

EXT. WELL DECK - NIGHT

196 Several of the crew are clustered about the main hatch.
The Greek is playing his bagpipe and Billy is dancing
and singing to the music.

- 197 The room is lit only by the faint light coming through the portholes and the movement of the boat causes these shafts of light to move about the room. In this dim light can be distinguished the dark figure of the Captain as he stands over Tom's bunk.
- 198 The Captain from Tom's angle. He stands still, almost brooding, the upraised dagger in his hand.
- 199 CLOSE SHOT of Tom. He is still struggling against the effects of the drug. He keeps his eyes open only by an effort of will. They are heavy lidded and strained as he gazes upward.
- 200 CLOSE SHOT of the Captain. Suddenly in the immobility of his face there is a flicker of movement; a flash of purpose in his eyes. He is about to strike.
- 201 MED CLOSE SHOT - the door as it suddenly swings open revealing the Finn who is pulling his shiv from its sheath.
- 202 MED. SHOT - the Captain as he whirls to meet the Finn. He sees the deadly purpose in the Finn's crouch, and he half turns in the hope of stabbing Tom before having to fight this new antagonist.

The Finn moves in quickly. He stabs at the Captain, knocking him off balance so that he goes reeling across the room, crashing into the washstand, which splinters with his weight.

The Finn leaps at him; but before he can engage, the Captain has thrust himself to his feet. He meets the Finn's blow with a parry of his knife. The two blades shrill with the sound of steel on steel.

The two men fight in deadly silence, stabbing and hacking at each other about the room, first one and then another falling and then regaining his feet and then coming back to fight once more. Blood drips from them and in the close confines of the pitching cabin, they pant and gasp for breath. All the while above them is the faint sound of the bagpipe and the merry slap of Billy's dancing feet.

The Captain forces the Finn into a corner and moves his knife into position for the kill. The Finn grasps the blade in his naked hand. The Captain twists the knife and pulls it from his clutch, but even this moment of pain has given the Finn respite enough to leap away, gather himself and charge again.

Again the Captain fights him off, and now the Captain's superior bulk and strength comes to his aid. The Finn,
(cont'd)

(CONTINUED)

to save himself, has grabbed the Captain's knife wrist in his hand, and the Captain, parrying a low thrust from the Finn, grabs the Finn's wrist with his left hand. The Captain pushes with all his strength against the Finn's wounded hand, and little by little the fingers give way, the knife going down closer and closer to the Finn's heart. The Finn pushes with all his might against the Captain's restraining hand and cannot move his knife forward a single inch, then suddenly he brings his knee up and kicks the knife blade home into the Captain's groin. The Captain falls.

The Finn stands over him and from the mute's throat comes a horrible sound, a dumb man's crow of triumph.

203 CLOSE SHOT of Tom. He gives up the fight against the drug and falls asleep.

DISSOLVE

INT. BRIDGE - NIGHT

204 Tom is on the bridge. The Finn is at the wheel beside him. The light from the binnacle is glowing. The chronometer in front of the Finn rings four bells. He reaches up and pulls the cord, which rings the bridge bell, four times. From forward comes the answering four strokes of the big bell on the forecastle, and the lookout's voice:

LOOKOUT

Lights are burning bright.

DISSOLVE

SIDE OF THE PIER AT SAN PEDRO - DAY

205 Tom comes down the gangplank, bag in hand. At the foot of the gangplank stands the blind beggar playing his zither and still singing:

BLIND BEGGAR

"Oh give me some time to blow
the man down."

— Tom pauses, puts down his bag and fishes in his pocket for a coin. He drops it into the man's tin cup.

TOM

For luck.

BLIND BEGGAR

Thank you, sir. Being a sailor
you'll need luck.

Tom stands grinning at him.

BLIND BEGGAR

Oh, you're a sailor all right,
sir. I don't need eyes to tell
me you're a seaman outward bound.

Tom merely grins and starts to pass on toward the left.
From the right a young girl's voice calls to him.

GIRL'S VOICE

Oh, Mr. Merriam -- Mr. Merriam!

Tom turns inquiringly to his right. On the ship's side
the shadow of a fashionable young girl can be seen. He
smiles and begins to step toward her.

GIRL'S VOICE (cont'd)

Mr. Merriam, my sister, Ellen,
told me to meet your ship.

Tom steps out of frame. The old beggar feels in the
cup for the coin Tom had flung him.

On the ship's side the shadow of Tom and the girl can
be seen extending their hands to each other.

FADE OUT

THE END