

THE PERFECT STORM

by

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SUPER OVER BLACK:

**MORE PEOPLE ARE KILLED ON
FISHING BOATS, PER CAPITA,
THAN IN ANY OTHER JOB IN
THE UNITED STATES**

4 INT. BEDROOM ABOVE CROW'S NEST - NIGHT

4

The bed's occupant, soaked in perspiration and eyes wide open, bolts upright, panicked by a nightmare. CHRISTINA COTTER, 30's, shorewise and seawise, lights a cigarette, tiptoes to the window, tentatively parts the curtain to look out upon the raging ocean: startled to find it flat as an opaque sheet of glass.

5 INT. CROW'S NEST - MORNING

5

ETHEL SHATFORD, 55, the Crow's Nest bartender, her face lined with decades of smokes and rum-and-cokes, sets down her bar rag. She crosses to the window, peers out; sees Chris propped against a piling inhaling, intensely, a cigarette.

6 EXT. DOCK, GLOUCESTER - MORNING

6

Chris is anxiously staring out to sea as around her, in the harbor, boats move about, the waterfront bustling with activity. Ethel approaches:

ETHEL

You're staring so hard, you're going to drill holes in the horizon.

CHRIS

I want him back, and I want him now.

ETHEL

There you go again, not speaking your mind.

CHRIS

What do you want me to do? Be brave, be stoic? Well I'm no Gloucesterwoman. I love Bobby Shatford and I want him with me every single minute.

ETHEL

That's no way to hook a fisherman.

CHRIS

Sorry. But if it's a swordboat he wants to get under the covers with, see y'around.

ETHEL

-- They just passed Newburyport.

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED:

6

CHRIS

(a sudden smile)

Who says?

ETHEL

Billy Tyne called in, set 'em up
for his crew. What about you,
could you use a drink? C'm'on.

Ethel puts her arm around Chris, leads her back to the
Crow's Nest.

CHRIS

I'm difficult, aren't I?

ETHEL

Very. But worth it...

7 ERT. DOCK, GLOUCESTER - DAY - TITLE SEQUENCE

7

A BURST of MUSIC as the swordboats, Andrea Gail and
Hannah Boden enter the harbor, AIRHORNS blasting.

VARIOUS CUTS

of townspeople responding to the boats' arrival, kids and
dogs, bicycles and skateboards, the place coming all
alive when boats come home, a corny tradition but a
treasured one.

Chris weaves her way through the impromptu crowd, she
arrives at the dock as the Andrea Gail ties up, its crew
sharply executing its commands without any audible
instruction from its captain, BILLY TYNE, 40: no wasted
motion, no wasted words. Billy's eyes shift from ropes-
to-cleats, checking the performance of his crew.
Everything normal, the way he likes it.

The crew: DALE MURPHY, 32 (fisherman-as-wrestler, a
powerful deck rat), BUGSY MORAN, 27, (Murph's contrasting
bookend, a sinewy, undersized blue-collar eccentric),
ALFRED PIERRE, 31, (an irresistible Jamaican, intimate
with the sea all his life), DOUG KOSCO (a journeyman non-
loyalist) and finally BOBBY SHATFORD, 29, (the crew's
Billy Budd, a youth looking to learn who, ironically,
keeps his own counsel).

CHRIS

BOBBY!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Bobby sees Chris and laughs, she runs and jumps right into his outstretched arms, buries her face in his neck, the crew finding their 'people' or, in Murph's case, not finding them. Buggy expects no one while Alfred Pierre smiles intimately at his lanky blonde girlfriend, they take each other's hand and head straight for an upstairs room at the Crow's Nest.

Ethel, angling towards Bobby, detours:

ETHEL

Hey, Murph --

Murph smiles ironically at her vicarious hug.

ETHEL (cont'd)

How're you doing, welcome home --

MURPH

-- Thanks, Ethel.

A VOICE behind Ethel:

BOBBY

Mom --?

Ethel does a 180, opens her arms so her son can run to her, Bobby picks Ethel up, squeezes the life out of her.

BOBBY (cont'd)

You're looking good, Beautiful.

ETHEL

Hello, Bobby...

Ethel closes her eyes.

ETHEL (cont'd)

...Home safe.

ON BILLY TYNE, DECKSIDE - DAY

Distant from the reunions, Billy's eyes sweep his boat, a man always in movement, checking, pulling a hatch to, feeling the tension of a bow line. His attention is caught by LINDA GREENLAW, 33, at the adjacent slip, the skipper of the Hannah Boden. A female swordboat captain, Linda enjoys being an oddity, at the same time she is a not unattractive, dedicated professional.

Billy meets Linda coming up from her boat, behind Linda, members of her crew hauling an old man's body recovered from the icy fish hold.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BILLY

Who's that --?

LINDA

-- Ole Ben.

BILLY

No...

Billy observes as the frozen body is hefted up the slip, but his concentration is broken by BOB BROWN, 54, owner of both the Andrea Gail and Hannah Boden.

BROWN

(to Linda, pleasantly)

...What's the score?

Linda hands Brown a tally sheet, the breakdown of her catch.

BROWN (cont'd)

(smiles)

My kind of numbers.

LINDA

I lost Ben.

BROWN

Who?...Ben Pulley?

LINDA

Passed away onboard.

BROWN

-- Sorry to hear that.

(a moment)

How'd you hit 'em, Billy --?

Billy reaches in his pocket, presents a piece of paper.

BROWN

-- Not hard. Blame it on the sophomore jinx...except you've been at this all your life.

BILLY

Did you hear the lady? Ben Pullay's dead.

BROWN

Death by picklemant. 7&7's chased by Narragansetts. With Ben, it was never a question of 'if' but 'when'. I'll have him buried.

(CONTINUED)

7

CONTINUED:

7

LINDA

I'll pay for it.

BILLY

(to Brown)

See, you got what you wanted.

BROWN

(to Billy)

Bring your fish in. It shouldn't
take long.

Linda and Billy watch Brown go.

LINDA

A hard man.

BILLY

In parts. The rest is only mean.

8

SERIES OF SHOTS (LATER)

8

- a) The dock is boiling with activities as the swordboats unload their catches: everywhere there are shouting, cursing men -- forklifts, scales, trucks...
- b) On the Andrea Gail, Bobby is down in the hold, hacking the catch out of ice bins with a hatchet as Chris washes others down with a deck hose. Behind them, Murph and Buggy struggle to drag one of Billy's few 'markers' (100 lbs. or more) toward an hydraulic lift.

Chris squirts Bobby with a hose, dodges as he lobs a piece of ice down her shirt.
- c) Linda motions a forklift into position as her crew heaves a 'marker' up from the hold.
- d) Billy shouts directions at Kosco and Alfred Pierre hefting a broadbill from forklift to scale. Billy reads the scale, scrawls on the belly of the fish: 327. Kosco and Alfred Pierre lift the big fish off the scale as Murph, Bobby and Chris strain to dump another one on. Tough, backbreaking work.
- e) Linda heaves one more 'merker' from the scale onto a forklift which PUTT-PUTTS to a truck. Here, hip-booted teamsters with meathooks, lob the fish over a tailgate for the haul to distant markets.

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED:

8

f) On deck on the Andrea Gail, Murph, Kosco and Alfred Pierre scrub the pen boards with soap, water and bleach as Bobby and Chris dump a basket of red ice overboard.

TITLES OUT

9 EXT. ANDREA GAIL, DECK - DAY (LATER)

9

The crew are filing by Bob Brown for their checks, as Billy casually observes. Bobby, Chris beside him, pauses before he signs a ledger.

BROWN

What's the matter?

BOBBY

Twenty-two, twenty-one. Aren't we a little short?

Brown looks Bobby up and down.

BROWN

You're new, aren't you?

BOBBY

Second trip, sir. Last night we were shering up -- I thought I was looking at three plus for sure.

BROWN

What it is, is what it is.

Brown ticks off some figures now, meant less for Bobby than his Captain, Billy Tyne.

BROWN (cont'd)

You stocked 21,000 pounds at 3.50 a pound, total \$73,500. Deduct \$35,000 for fuel, tackle and bait leaves \$38,500. Half for me, I own the boat. Your Captain takes double share, \$5923, three crewmen one share each, \$2961, a rookie like you, three-quarters share -- \$2221.

Silence, Bobby holding fast with Chris at his side.

(CONTINUED)

BROWN

If you want to check these figures, my accountant's in Boston, State Street, right next to Brown Brothers, Harriman. I forget the number.

Bobby looks to Billy, who shrugs. Bobby signs the ledger, Chris, trying to salvage some pride, puts her arm in Bobby's and they parade away. Kosco takes Billy aside.

KOSCO

You going out again this season, Skipper?

BILLY

Why?

Kosco hesitates.

BILLY (cont'd)

You got a site in Florida, Dougie?

KOSCO

...Bradenton Beach.

BILLY

-- George Fuller. The 'Cecile'?

KOSCO

That's it.

BILLY

A slab. Pack your shit and get out of here.

But Kosco doesn't leave, shifts from foot-to-foot.

BILLY (cont'd)

You like Florida? Humidity so high you wake up in a pool of sweat?

KOSCO

Well, it beats the Grand Banks in October --

BILLY

Ah, the truth. When it gets brisk up here, Dougie likes the sun down there. And he think he'll score better with another captain.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KOSCO

I didn't say that, Billy.

BILLY

Yes, you did.

(a moment)

G'bye.

Kosco leaves. Brown hands Billy a check.

BROWN

Here's your cut -- \$5923.76.

Isn't that a record?

Billy folds the check, looks at Brown quizzically.

BROWN

-- Record low, that is.

BILLY

You're getting to be rude, y'know?

BROWN

Don't get your dander up. I was once the best...just like you. But I knew it couldn't last, so I bought these boats. Why don't you buy a boat?

Billy glances at his check.

BILLY

How's \$5923 down payment on this one?

Brown smiles.

BROWN

I like you, Billy. Always have. But I like my boat better. And if you don't make it pay, we'll get somebody else who will.

BILLY

Coach, you trying to put a charge up my ass?

BROWN

I've got a captain on a cold streak. I'm trying to encourage him, how shall I put it -- to catch some fish.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BILLY

I'm going to bring you more fish
than you ever dreamed of.

(smiles)

Can you still dream, Mr. Brown?

Brown is rendered suddenly uncomfortable by Billy's tone.

BILLY (cont'd)

When I fish out the Grand Banks
next time, they're not going to be
so Grand anymore.

BROWN

You just struck out on the Grand
Banks.

BILLY

Then I'll go further -- keep
going, as far as the Flemish Cap.

BROWN

Too far, too frisky.

BILLY

'Far'? 'Frisky'? Also fish.
That's what I do. I run a
swordfish boat. And you're on it.
Now get off.

BROWN

This is my boat.

BILLY

Not while I'm Skipper. Not while
I'm on deck. And if you want to
yank my site, go ahead.

Brown hesitates, Billy politely waits for him to leave,
finally Brown does.

EXT. CROW'S NEST - NIGHT

The ship deserted, but the NOISE deafening, it emanates
from inside the Crow's Nest tavern, the place bursting
past capacity. DIRTY LAUGHTER and WHISTLES, MUSIC
BLARING off a major antique jukebox, BEGGAE ('Could You
Be Loved, Don't let them fool you, Oh no! We've got a
mind of our own, So go to hell...')

Murph is pacing outside, a wallflower out of sync with
the celebration inside. He hears footsteps, looks up
eagerly, but sees only Billy.

(CONTINUED)

10

CONTINUED:

10

BILLY

Hey, Murph, what are you doing out here? Get in there. Get drunk.

MURPH

Waiting for my 'ex' --

BILLY

And little Murph?

MURPH

That's Dale Jr., he's coming too.

Billy trances for the moment, he is somewhere else, Murph shifts, and Billy comes back.

BILLY

Well, you give him lots of hugs and kisses tonight.

MURPH

Don't need no prompting, Skipper.

Murph looks past Billy down the street again, Billy become briefly uneasy, steps inside the Crow's Nest.

11

INT. CROW'S NEST - NIGHT

11

Tonight the hottest, most raucous bar from Calais, Maine to the Connecticut line. MUSIC, the crowd joining the jukebox on an old 45 of COUNTRY JOE AND THE FISH:

COUNTRY JOE	CROW'S NEST
'Gimme and F!'	F!
COUNTRY JOE	CROW'S NEST
'Gimme an I!'	I!
COUNTRY JOE	CROW'S NEST
'Gimme an S!'	S!
COUNTRY JOE	CROW'S NEST
'Gimme an H!'	H!
COUNTRY JOE	CROW'S NEST
'What's that spell?'	FISH!

The bar HOWLS with laughter, Billy squeezed in with all, Bobby and Chris in a world of their own, foreplay in a crowd. Next to them is a Crow's Nest perennial, the OLD-TIMER, tolerated by Ethel because that's her nature, besides his pension pays for his drinks. He glances over at Bobby, blissfully unaware where Bobby's attention is:

(CONTINUED)

OLD-TIMER

(boozily)

What's your site, son?

BOBBY

The Andrea Gail.

Bobby returns to Chris's neck.

OLD-TIMER

Billy Tyna? Good. But I was better. Y'know who you're looking at? A swordboat captain who mugged 'em where nobody goes -- The Flemish Cap.

The Old-Timer's head drops into his drink as Chris glances over Bobby's shoulder, sees Billy working the room, stop at Buggy, who has a glass in his hand:

BILLY

What's happening, Buggy?

BUGSY

Grapefruit and vodka. I thought Greyhounds might make my moves a little swifter.

BILLY

-- Any rabbits?

BUGSY

Not even a hat.

At this moment Alfred Pierre, with his lanky blonde lady, heads back upstairs. Buggy regards them:

BUGSY (cont'd)

Now take Alfred, they were upstairs, they came down, a little refreshment, now they're going back up again...

Bobby and Chris tune in to Buggy on Alfred Pierre.

BUGSY (cont'd)

(in wonderment)

Half an hour ago, they shook the lamps over the bar.

CHRIS

Last time she brought her sister. You should have seen the lamps then.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

11

Chris GUFFAWS at her own observation, Bobby loves it and her, Billy right there with them. But Buggy, lost, addresses Bobby.

BUGSY

How do he do it, mon..?

BOBBY

He fish with a longer pole than you, mon. That's how he do it.

More HOWLS as all KNOCK DOWN their drinks.

12 EXT. CROW'S NEST - NIGHT

12

A Chevy, its color all-purpose, its fenders rusty with pock marks from last winter's rock salt, pulls up with Murph's ex-wifa, DEBRA, and five-year-old son DALE, JR.

DEBRA

They had a sale on kids' shoes at Bradlee's. Sorry.

MURPH

No problem
(to his son)
Hi, Dale!

DALE JR.

Hullo.

Dale Jr. stares down at his shoes.

MURPH

(to Debra)
Have a drink or something? Ethel hired this cook got laid off in Manchester. The guy makes a mean hamburger.

(to Dale Jr.)

Want a burger?

Dale Jr. shakes his head.

MURPH

How about a cheeseburger?

DEBRA

He doesn't like cheeseburgers.

(CONTINUED)

MURPH

Hum.

(to Debra, a moment)
What d'you say, for old times?

DEBRA

It was the old times that killed us, honey.

Murph reaches in his pocket, takes out his pay.

MURPH

I'm short. It weren't no 'slammer' --

Debra divides the roll, hands half the bills back.

DEBRA

Half for you, I'm working.

MURPH

(to Dale Jr.)
Want to play pool?

Dale Jr. ignores Murph.

MURPH (cont'd)

-- Wanna shoot a little pool?

Debra unlocks the door for Dale. Jr., who leaves the car, but doesn't take his father's outstretched hand.

DEBRA

Bring him home in an hour. And no Jack Daniels in his Ginger.

The lid about to blow off, a BOB MARLEY TUNE is playing, the laughter rising through the DIN, now the cheap glass droplets embroidering the bar lamps start to shake, the lamps themselves begin to rattle, the customers' heads tilt up, spontaneously the crowd joins, in admiration of Alfred Pierre's prowess upstairs, in the song:

CROW'S NEST

EVERYTHING'S GONNA BE ALL RIGHT!
EVERYTHING'S GONNA BE ALL RIGHT..!

The atmosphere getting celebratory, Murph surrounds Dale Jr. who kneels up on the edge of the pool table, Murph shooting his cue with him, in the b.g. couples woozily dancing, barely remaining upright.

(CONTINUED)

On the phone in a corner is Billy, talking and gesticulating. However, Chris, who has been part of the hilarity, at the same time has been keeping her eye on Billy.

Murph and Dale Jr. have drawn a crowd. The customers giving Dale Jr. an 'ooh' and 'aah' at his every shot, which is actually executed by Murph.

Bugsy, forwardly offers a drink to a cute Portuguese girl in tight pants, she accepts it with a smile, then pivots and takes the arm of a mustached bruiser from the Cape Verde Islands.

BILLY

(phone)

You can't miss her -- first berth...the Andrea Gail --

Billy hangs up as Murph and Dale Jr. execute a beautiful CBrom, the crowd CHEERS, Dale Jr. beams, he's having a helluva time. At the bar, Bobby and Chris are buried in each other, Chris looks up as Billy appears:

CHRIS

(tipsily)

-- Here's our fearless leader, Captain Tyne. A plesser. I'll bet he's about to give us some bad news -- pleasingly.

Billy gets Chris's hostility, but refuses to pick up on it.

BILLY

(to Bobby)

She's not only pretty, she's wise.

(to Chris)

Yes, we are going out.

CHRIS

(to Bobby)

What'd I tell you!

Murph has crept up beside the group, lifts Dale Jr. to the bar, at the same time Bugsy adds his presence.

MURPH

When?

BILLY

A few days.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS

'Few' means two.

BILLY

Two days is right.

BOBBY

Shit, Skip, we just got in.

BILLY

If you don't want your site, a replacement is a phone call away.

CHRIS

(to Bobby)

You owe me fifty, I told you why he was on the phone, he was offering a site.

BILLY

I'm leaving a 'yard' with Ethel, more drinks for you guys, myself, I'm going to bed. Join me, don't join me but there's time for one last shot this season. And the Andrea Gail's gonna take it -- and I promise you, she'll come back with a shitload of fish and set the market.

(a moment)

Excuse me, men --

(to Chris, a smile)

-- madam.

Billy walks out, the noise has subsided a bit, as for this corner of the bar, it is stone silent.

CHRIS

(to Bobby)

What're you gonna do?

BOBBY

I'm gonna stick it up his ass.

MURPH

Let me hear you say that.

BOBBY

Say what?

MURPH

When you tell the Skipper, you're going to stick it up his ass.

(CONTINUED)

13

CONTINUED:

13

Chris watches Bobby's mouth open, but nothing comes out.

MURPH

That's exactly how I'd tell him.

Chris, who is doing a slow burn, explodes:

CHRIS

(to Bobby)

You bastard! Why do I love you?!

She bolts, scuttling across the barroom to the stairs.

BUGSY

(to Bobby)

When you get the answer to that question, let me know. I could use some of it myself.

BOBBY

Get laid, Bugsy.

BUGSY

Easy for you to say.

Bugsy wanders away in his fruitless pursuit of a woman as Bobby, benumbed, keeps his eyes on the stairs.

MURPH

Get up there. Don't make the same mistake I did.

Bobby grabs two drinks, sprints toward the stairs. Murph turns back to his son who is observing him:

MURPH (cont'd)

So? What's on your mind?

DALE JR.

You're going away again.

MURPH

So --?

DALE JR.

Take me with you.

Murph doesn't know how to answer. Silence.

14

INT. CHRIS'S AND BOBBY'S ROOM ABOVE CROW'S NEST - NIGHT 14

Bobby angles towards Chris carefully, tenders her a drink. She snatches it, drains it, throws the glass against the wall.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS

One more trip and the Andrea Gail will own you like it owns Billy Tyne. Who are you doing? Her -- or me?

BOBBY

The Andrea Gail doesn't smell as good as you. On the other hand, she's not so rough around the edges.

Billy comes closer to Chris and she falls into his arms, they hold on tight.

CHRIS

Do what you did before, baby, weld boats, pack cod, mend tackle.

BOBBY

I'm sick of it.

CHRIS

It's safe -- and it pays.

BOBBY

Not enough. One more time --

CHRIS

'One more time' and y'know what happens then? If it's between me'n the boat, you'll take the boat.

BOBBY

We need the money, baby --

CHRIS

(a whisper)

Money. It's always about money.

They are both atremble, they stretch each other out to arm's length, trying to get control of themselves.

BOBBY

I've got a divorce lawyer --

CHRIS

Yes, I know, and a mountain of debt, too --

(painfully)

'N there's my kids --

(CONTINUED)

14

CONTINUED:

14

BOBBY

You've got to get your kids
back --

CHRIS

(gently)

Do you think you'll love them?

BOBBY

Forever more. They're yours,
aren't they?

Chris folds into him and they kiss, collapse onto the
bed, pulling at each other's clothes. Suddenly, Chris
grabs Bobby's wrist.

CHRIS

-- Go ahead.

BOBBY

'Go ahead', where? What do you
mean?

CHRIS

Go. Go fish.

She laughs less at the saying from a card game, than at
herself.

CHRIS (cont'd)

Baby, that's what you do.

15

INT. CROW'S NEST - NIGHT

15

The crowd thinned out slightly, but plenty of
boisterousness from those remaining. Bugsy, inebriated,
peers down the bar, sees a BIG, RED-HEADED woman nursing
a drink, trying to catch the sports recap on TV; Bugsy
slides over to her.

BUGSY

-- Buy you a drink?

BIG RED

Seeing as I got two in front of
me, I don't think so.

Bugsy grins sheepishly.

BUGSY

Not very observant, am I?

(CONTINUED)

BIG RED

I got a feeling, yes -- along with
a lot of other things.

Bugsy sighs, stares down into his drink.

BUGSY

Why don't we start over?

Big Red waits for the 'start over'.

BUGSY (cont'd)

I'd like to fuck you.

Big Red staring dead ahead, doesn't respond then turns to
Bugsy with a look that would freeze a Doberman.

BUGSY (cont'd)

No good?

He hangs his head, but there is something so downcast
about him that perversely engages Big Red. She pushes
one of her drinks towards him.

BIG RED

Have a drink. It's not that bad.

Bugsy stares down at the drink, takes it, raises the
glass. Big Red, reluctantly, does the same.

BUGSY

Here's to crime.

Big Red, digesting his words, explodes with laughter.

BIG RED

You ~~are~~ pathetic.

BUGSY

But aren't I cutest pathetic
little guy you ever met?

Big Red weighs the question, she regards Bugsy again.

BIG RED

Yes...c'm'ere.

Bugsy slides his barstool next to Big Red's. Ethel,
whose radar is always tuned to her customers, refreshes
their drinks.

16 EXT. CHURCH OF GOOD VOYAGE, GLOUCESTER - NIGHT 16

Murph driving his battered pickup, Dale Jr. beside him, slows as they pass the local Catholic pastorage.

PAN UP the church to a statue of the Virgin Mary, in her arms she holds a prototype of a 19th century schooner.

17 INT. MURPH'S PICKUP - NIGHT 17

Murph's lips move silently, he crosses himself.

MURPH

Never hurts to say thank you...for
guys like your Dad.

Dale Jr. does not respond, seems lost in thought.

MURPH (cont'd)

Dale --?

DALE JR.

-- What?

MURPH

You still want to be a fisherman?

DALE JR.

Who said I wanted to be a
fisherman?

MURPH

You said you wanted to come with
me.

DALE JR.

I want to come with you but I
don't want to be a fisherman.

A moment.

MURPH

(sweetly)

One of these days your mom will
find you a new Dad.

DALE JR.

I don't want a new Dad.

MURPH

Mom can't sit around by herself
forever.

DALE JR.

She isn't going to.

(CONTINUED)

17

CONTINUED:

17

Another moment.

MURPH

-- What's his name?

Dale Jr. doesn't answer.

MURPH (cont'd)

Never mind, I don't want to know
anyway.

18

EXT. DEBRA MURPHY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

18

Murph pulls up in front of a weathered clapboard cottage, the neighborhood solid, blue-collar Gloucester. He notices two cars in the driveway, one of them new.

MURPH

Well, he's got to be a good guy.
Your Mom wouldn't take up with
anybody but a good guy. And you
know I want you and Mom to be
happy.

DALE JR.

You happy?

MURPH

Who? Me? I'm happy as a clam.

DALE JR.

You're no clam and you don't look
happy.

(a moment)

Can we talk about something else
now..?

Suddenly Dale Jr. starts to cry, Murph picks him up.

MURPH

What?...What is it?!

The little guy is really sad, a kind of hysteria to him.
Murph swallows him in his arms, holds on tight.

MURPH (cont'd)

I miss you too, baby. I miss you
so damn much...

19

INT. CROW'S NEST - NIGHT

19

Bugsy and Big Red nurse two more dark drinks.

(CONTINUED)

BUGSY

Well...uh -- Red -- what was your name again?

BIG RED

'Irene.' Is that so tough?

BUGSY

I'm sorry -- Can I -- umm -- maybe take you home --?

BIG RED

I don't think so. I came here to watch the Bruins' game. Instead I got schnockered with a guy named 'Bugsy'. Not a fit evening for a grown woman. What does 'Bugsy' stand for again?

BUGSY

Um -- Michael.

BIG RED

Nice name, why don't you use it?

BUGSY

Because people know me as Bugsy.

Big Red runs her tongue over her upper teeth.

BIG RED

Well, I'm gonna shove off now. Big day tomorrow. Trotter Treadmills on Route 128. Check the tension on the belts -- for all those starlets who want to stay thin.

BUGSY

Can't take you home --?

BIG RED

In a wheelbarrow? Crew guys like you never have cars.

BUGSY

Hey, please don't keep beating up on me. I got feelings, too.

BIG RED

Where, down in your pants?

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED:

19

BUGSY

Jesus, lady, where's the passion
in your life?

BIG RED

Home in bed. One of them's four,
the other one's six.

Silence, Buggy mulling this over.

BUGSY

Well, all I can say is they got
the right kind of mother.

A moment, Big Red sensing Buggy's sincerity.

BIG RED

You wouldn't be messing with me,
would you?

BUGSY

Haven't got time, we're going out
day after tomorrow.

BIG RED

Sorry to hear that, Michael. I'll
see you when you come back.

Big Red formally shakes Buggy's hand and exits. Buggy
trances on the lipstick on the rim of Big Red's glass.

20 INT. ANDREA GAIL - WHEELHOUSE - MORNING

20

Billy traces a course on a chart, past Sable Island to
the Grand Banks. Far northeast, almost off this chart he
pencils in lightly, 'The Flemish Cap'. Down below, the
crew are at work, loading the boat. Billy SNIPPS.

BILLY

...I smell Coppertone. That means
Captain Linda Greenlaw, a lady
vain about her nose, is in my
wheelhouse.

LINDA

Make that Hawaiian Tropic.

BILLY

At least I got the nose right.

Billy turns around, greets Linda with a smile, turns back
to continue his work.

(CONTINUED)

LINDA

I saw your guys loading bait. You doing a turnaround?

BILLY

No rest for the weary.

LINDA

There you go. Flaunting your work ethic.

BILLY

I don't have a work ethic. I just have work.

(smiles)

If I'm going to catch up to you.

Linda observes Billy with an odd mixture of respect and amusement.

LINDA

I love to watch you read charts.

BILLY

Why --?

LINDA

Because you know them all by heart.

BILLY

What is so special about today, that you are blowing smoke up my ass?

LINDA

I thought I'd make a pass. You see, Captain, I'm looking for a guy to come home to Maine with me, buy a house and breed some kids.

BILLY

And what does the guy and you do after?

A gap-like moment, Linda laughs.

LINDA

The thing is...I don't know how much more of this I can take. I don't like fish, I used to throw it up every Friday at St. Catherine's Seminary in Lewiston.

(CONTINUED)

BILLY

But you've 'got it'. I've seen 'em come and go -- the day I laid eyes on you, I said to myself, she's going to be a good one.

(a moment)

And you can't be good unless you love it.

LINDA

I don't 'love' it.

BILLY

Oh yes, you do. ~~We~~ do...The fog's just lifting, you throw off your bowline, throw off your stern, you move out the South Channel, past Rocky Neck and Tenpound Island, past Niles Pond -- where I skated as a kid -- on to Black Bess Point, blow your airhorn and throw a wave to the lighthouse keeper's kid on Thatcher Island -- then the birds arrive -- Blackbacks and Herring Gulls, Big Dump Ducks and Green-Legged Coots. The sun hits you, you head north and open up to twelve -- steaming now -- the guys are busy and you're in charge. And y'know what? You're a goddam swordboat captain and is there anything better in the world?

Linda is struck dumb. She starts to respond, almost fearfully. And then all the air goes out of the balloon.

BILLY (cont'd)

See you, kid. I got to get back to work.

Billy bends over a chart.

LINDA

I'll be four or five days behind you, save a few for me.

BILLY

Three blue dogs and two oilfish.

Linda regards him for a moment, then exits.

21 INT. '78 VW BEETLE, DOCK - DAY

21

ADAM RANDALL, 31, hair long and blond, peers out over the dock, his girl, PATSY, pulls to a stop, MOTOR RUNNING.

BUGSY

That's her --?

RANDALL

-- The Andrea Gail.

He steps out with his seabag.

PATSY

This is it then, huh?

RANDALL

Yep. Be back in a sec to kiss
goodbye.

22 EXT. ANDREA GAIL - DAY

22

Randall, seabag over his shoulder, steps onto the boat, Billy angles over to greet him.

BILLY

...You're right on time. Thanks
for that. G'morning, I'm Billy
Tyne.

Billy extends his hand.

RANDALL

Adam Randall, Skipper.

They shake. By way of introduction, Billy points out Bobby and Murph already at work at the bait table, but before he can complete the formality, Bugsy interrupts:

BUGSY

Cap, got a second?

Billy signals Bobby and Murph who wave a 'hello' to Randall.

BILLY

(to Randall)

...Make yourself at home.

Billy disappears with Bugsy, Randall sets his seabag down, shifting from foot-to-foot he scans the boat.

23

EXT. WHALEBACK, ANDREA GAIL - DAY

23

Billy joins Buggy, who is checking out the ice machine.

BUGSY

The compressor's about had it --

BILLY

What in the compressor's had it?
Seals, the condenser --?

BUGSY

Aw, Skip, it's the whole friggin'
thing. This machine is old.
Couldn't you get the owner to
spring for a new one?

BILLY

'Suicide' Brown? The man's not
known for his Christianity. Move.

Buggy steps aside as Billy buries his head in the
machine.

24

EXT. DECK, ANDREA GAIL - DAY

24

Randall moves to the bow, surveys the boat. Takes a half
step this way, half-step that, as if trying to get a
perspective. He runs the palms of each hand, alternately
and rapidly, down his flashy mane of hair; a nervous
gesture.

25

EXT. WHALEBACK, ANDREA GAIL - DAY

25

Billy gives a knacky jerk to a tiny crank, the COMPRESSOR
starts up, rolls into gear, CLICKS along like new now.

BILLY

How's that sound to you--?

Buggy rubs his hung-over forehead.

BUGSY

A-okay, Skipper.

Billy surveys Buggy, who is now anxious, red-rimmed eyes,
an effusion of morning-after pain.

BUGSY (cont'd)

...Got the slows today, Skip.

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED:

25

BILLY

'Today'? And were you hoping
'today' to get the rest of the
week off by using the compressor,
which rejected your loving touch
'today', as an excuse?

As Buggy attempts to sort out Billy's response, Billy
turns away to catch Randall hurrying off the boat.

26 INT. '78 VW BEETLE - DAY

26

Patsy pushes open the passenger door as Randall sprints
back to the car. Her lips pucker for a goodbye kiss.

RANDALL

Let's go! HIT IT!

Randall pitches his sea bag into the back, Patsy SWITCHES
ON the IGNITION, splinters of wood from the dock spit
smoke as she pulls away.

27 EXT. WHALEBACK, ANDREA GAIL - DAY

27

Observing Randall's sudden exit, Billy shrugs: another
employment problem, par for the course. He checks with
Bobby and Murph, they saw the whole deal, return to work.

28 INT. '78 VW BEETLE - DAY

28

RANDALL

You ever get a feeling --?

Randall, his face glistening with sweat, can't finish the
thought.

PATSY

-- What 'feeling'?

RANDALL

I've changed my mind, I don't want
a site, I'll work construction.

PATSY

Honey, what are you sweating
about?

RANDALL

Keep going, will you? Step on it!

Patsy floors it.

INT. CAPE ANN MARKET - DAY (LATER)

Bobby, Chris, and Murph move down the aisles of the supermarket with a train of already half-filled carts, grabbing loaves of bread by the armfuls.

BUGSY

Coming to you!

His crewmates look up as box after box of cereal comes sailing over the rack from Buggy's aisle on the other side. Other shoppers frown and get out of the way as Bobby, Chris and Murph dart about to catch the flying boxes.

SERIES OF SHOTS - SHOPPING

Murph fills a cart with porterhouse steaks as Buggy throws a hundred-pound sack of potatoes into a cart.

Bobby rakes an entire shelf of cupcakes into a cart.

Buggy pitches carton-after-carton of cigarettes across the aisle into Murph's cart.

Bobby and Chris push yet another filled cart to the back of the store, to join the growing herd.

Buggy juggles three onions as hands reach out to grab: peanut butter, bacon and eggs, frozen pizzas and lasagna, cans of powdered milk; videos, paperbacks.

Checkers at two cash registers stare in horror as a train of now-filled carts comes speeding towards them.

A 'total' key is exhaustedly RUNG UP: \$3,911.20.

EXT. DOWNTOWN, GLOUCESTER - DUSK

Billy's Ford F-150 truck finds its way into a run-down industrial park. Pulls up beside a rusted excuse for a machine shop, out front a man is cannibalizing a marine engine for parts; DAVID SULLIVAN, 28, old tattoos ('Death Before Dishonor', a Hawk) on biceps, and a small but nasty scar over his cheekbone. Sully is a guy with a history, and he wants you to know it.

BILLY

Hi, Sully.

Sully nods.

(CONTINUED)

BILLY (cont'd)

So what d'you think?

Sully doesn't answer, not a man to leap to agreement about anything.

BILLY

You been busy?

SULLY

I was working menhaden in Annisquam, but they laid off Labor Day. Mended some nets over in Fairhaven and -- uh -- umm --

Sully drifts into silence. Shrugs.

BILLY

What's this you're doing now?

SULLY

Helping out a friend.

BILLY

He paying you?

SULLY

-- He's my friend.
(a moment)
Murphy keep his site --?

Billy smiles peculiarly.

BILLY

You want a job or not, Sully?

SULLY

Where y'going?

BILLY

The Grand Banks.

A moment, but no more than that.

SULLY

Okay.

Sully chucks a carburetor into the grass, tags right along behind Billy to his truck.

Billy alone with his boat tonight, mean MUSIC drifts over from the Crow's Nest, Metallica.

(CONTINUED)

34

CONTINUED:

34

He moves from bow-to-stern, eyes flickering over the gear, the provisions, the careful work done by crew for departure. It is the eve of a voyage, and the Andrea Gail is shipshape.

Billy moves back up to his wheelhouse, relaxes in his Captain's chair, CLICKS a WILLIE NELSON tape into his audio cassette:

WILLIE

'...I've got to run to keep
from hiding
'I'm bound to keep on riding
'And I've got one more silver
dollar
'And I ain't gonna let them catch
me
'No, I ain't gonna let them catch
the midnight rider.'

Billy's gaze now rises unconsciously to two SNAPSHOTS tacked over the tiller, his pre-teen daughters, Erica and Billie Jo. MOVE IN on the SNAPSHOTS of the girls.

36

EXT. GLOUCESTER - MORNING

36

The town sleeps under the heavy morning mist.

37

INT. BEDROOM ABOVE CROW'S NEST - MORNING

37

Bobby splashes water on his face, peers in the mirror, notices Chris standing behind him, she is focused on Bobby's huge, fresh black eye.

CHRIS

...Lord, did I do that?

BOBBY

And the Lord said, 'Yes, you did, young lady, you pack a mean left hook'.

CHRIS

I don't mind a guy taking liberties, but what you did was ridiculous.

Bobby hugs Chris from behind, all full of endearment:

(CONTINUED)

37

CONTINUED:

37

BOBBY

But I'm not completely blind, I can still see out of the other one.

CHRIS

Collect disability, stay home, become a man of leisure. Think of all those handicapped parking spaces.

Silence.

CHRIS (cont'd)

Was last night worth it?

BOBBY

Can't remember.

CHRIS

Can't remember? My ass.

BOBBY

...Yes, I do remember your ass.

They turn towards each other, regard each other from this short distance, but do not move any closer.

BOBBY (cont'd)

Last night was worth it. There's nothing like sleeping with you.

(a moment)

And 'sleeping' is what I mean.

38

INT. CROW'S NEST - MORNING

38

The only customers present are Billy Tyne's men, nursing their hangovers with beers, the atmosphere pervaded with departure gloom. Ethel, drawing brews, one eye on TODD GROSS, the Channel 7 weatherman, giving his report.

TODD (V.O.)

...Indian Summer, clear skies, light winds, this high holding all week, a good time, folks, to check out the last of the foliage...

Bobby and Chris drift downstairs, Murph, all beered-up and attempting to play pool with Sully, spots Bobby's black eye.

MURPH

...Who gave you the shiner?

(CONTINUED)

BOBBY

Allow me to introduce you to Miss
Christina Cotter.

A moment.

MURPH

-- Ohboyohboyohboy.

Ethel steps up, sets down beers for Bobby and Chris as
they join the prickly Murph and Sully.

ETHEL

(to Bobby)

G'morning. Where'd you get the
mouse?

MURPH

Chris gave it to him.

Ethel shrugs forbearingly, crosses back to the bar as
Bugsy inspects Bobby's eye.

BUGSY

God, what I'd give to get a love
pat like that.

Sully shoots, the cueball leaps the table, spins back on
the floor.

BUGSY (cont'd)

Put some hair around that hole, I
bet you could hit it.

MURPH

Not with a pool cue, or any other
pointed instrument.

The humor is ugly, the atmosphere rank, a wary Ethel at
the bar shifts into her 'heads up' mode.

SULLY

What do you know about anything
except to cut squid and take 'em
to bed with you?

(a mean grin)

'Foo-ya-rak-a-saki

'Want some seafood, Mama!'

(CONTINUED)

MURPH

Ethel, where you getting your customers these days, the Welfare Office? And what's that thing on his face? Looks like a piece of purple spaghetti he forgot to wipe off.

(pointedly, to Sully)

-- Remember who gave you that?

Sully turns his pool cue into a bat, prepares to swing at Murph who has made a fist but before either can unload, Ethel has snatched Sully's pool cue.

ETHEL

Back off!

The bad-blooded Murph and Sully try to reach past her, but Ethel yokes them both by their belts:

ETHEL (cont'd)

FREEZE! How're you going to act on board if you're already at each other's throats?

They quiet slightly.

OLD-TIMER

No space for fools on the Grand Banks.

Sully and Murph reluctantly retire to opposite ends of the bar, Ethel returns to her post.

BOBBY

(to Chris, smiling)

That's my Mom. She's fighting cruiserweight in Fall River next month.

OLD-TIMER

I had a Mother like that. Didn't spare the whip. Made me the man I am today.

Alfred Pierra and his girlfriend appear on the stairs, she is dabbing at her eyes with a crumpled hankie.

ETHEL

One for the road?

ALFRED

Thank you, m'am, no.

(CONTINUED)

BUGSY
'~~Thank~~ you'. Guy can't even speak
good English.

Billy appears at the door.

BILLY
(to his crew)
Let's go.

The men chug-a-lug their beers, Ethel comes out from behind the bar, Chris picks up Bobby's seabag, files out with everybody.

CHRIS
I'll wait for you in the car,
Bobby.

She goes, closing the door behind her.

BOBBY
(a sweet shrug)
Well...g'bye, Mom.

Ethel regards her son's face as if memorizing it, a familiar gesture for her in this situation. She's done it so many times before, with Bobby's father, with her brothers.

ETHEL
Bobby --

She stops mid-sentence, censoring herself.

BOBBY
'The Grand Banks in October are no
joke'.
(a smile)
Took the words out of your mouth?

Ethel hugs him now, trying to stanch a few tears.

ETHEL
Remember, you're the cream of my
crop.

Bobby shrugs embarrassedly, hurries away. The Old-Timer gazes out the window: Murph and Sully distanced and wobbly, Alfred Pierre groggy from his nights of love, Buggy all unstable, too, Bobby trotting over to an anxious Chris, waiting in her junker Volvo.

OLD-TIMER
...There goes the crew of the
Andrea Gail.

Chris hides a note she wrote in the seabag, quickly zips the bag shut as Bobby slides in beside her.

Chris lights a cigarette, hands it to Bobby, lights one for herself.

CHRIS

At least we'll get cancer together.

Bobby doesn't answer, nervously rubs his face in a hand.

BOBBY

Why is it always gray when you go out and sunny when you come in?

Chris doesn't answer for a moment.

CHRIS

(suddenly)

Don't go.

BOBBY

Y'know, I'm thinking about it.

CHRIS

Don't go, Bobby, I'll moonlight, sell my car, you can weld, carpenter, you can paint. We'll work nights and weekends, paycheck-to-paycheck-to-paycheck, little by little we'll put something away...

Exhausting herself with her fantasy, she drifts into silence. Bobby stares out at the dock.

BOBBY

I got to go. You heard the Skipper. He's going to 'set the market'. Y'know what that means for us?

(a moment)

Make a killing and lift-off to a new life.

(resignedly)

Besides, it's too late not to go.

They desperately embrace.

41 EXT. ANDREA GAIL - MORNING

41

The ENGINE THROTTLES up, Buggy on deck and all alone, longingly observes Alfred Pierre and his girl buried in each other's arms, looks the other way to see Bobby and Chris entwined in Chris's Volvo.

Now Billy appears dockside, ambles over to Chris's car.

42 INT. CHRIS'S VOLVO - MORNING

42

Bobby and Chris glance up as Billy knocks gently on Bobby's window. Bobby, his eyes rimmed, quickly looks away as Chris reaches over and rolls down the window beside Bobby.

CHRIS

(to Billy)

Give us another minute.

BOBBY

(gathering himself)

...No, it's okay.

He starts to reach for his seabag, but Billy stops him.

BILLY

Take another minute.

43 EXT. DOCK - MORNING

43

Alfred Pierre kisses his girl one last time, he swings his seabag over his shoulder, climbs aboard and she turns away. Buggy is already untying the sternline when, unexpectedly, Big Red appears.

BIG RED

Michael --

Buggy looks up.

BUGSY

(excitedly)

-- It's -- uh --

BIG RED

(reminding)

Irene.

(a moment)

I just wanted to say g'bye.

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED:

43

A long moment.

BUGSY

No one ever said goodbye to me
before.

More silence as Big Red digests the gravity of what Buggy
has said.

BUGSY (cont'd)

G'bye, Irene. I wish it were
night so I could say "G'night,
Irene".

BIG RED

That'll come later.

A BLAST from the Andra Gail's AIRHORN.

44 EXT. CHRIS'S VOLVO - MORNING

44

Bobby, gripping his seabag, slides out of the car with
Chris, the AIRHORN sounds again.

BOBBY

That's it.

They kiss, a last desperate hug, Bobby walks away, stops
impulsively, turns around, smiles.

BOBBY (cont'd)

I love you. I'll always love
you...Christina.

His smile broadens again, then he sprints for his boat.

45 EXT. ANDREA GAIL - MORNING

45

Murph, Sully and Buggy, who waves a steamship-like
goodbye to Big Red, cast lines off as Bobby jumps aboard,
the Andra Gail pushes off from its dock, stirring the
waters about its hull, casting an ever-widening ripple
which reaches under the pilings, spills out to the
beaches, is finally swallowed up by the Atlantic beyond.

Chris steps to the edge of the dock as the distance
between her and the boat extends, she waves one last
time, her outstretched arm stays suspended like some
forlorn status -- as the Andra Gail speeds out into the
open sea.

46

EXT. BERMUDA, REMOTE BEACH - DAY

46

A wizened, old man works with ancient but nimble fingers, mending a homemade fishnet strung between bamboo poles on the water's edge, as his 4-year-old grandson draws circles in the sand beside him.

A dark cloud drifts overhead. The old man glances up, a gust of wind RUFFLES the tops of nearby PALM TREES then -- as if it were some animate object -- the gust kicks up a rooster-tail of sand, coming now fully alive, it starts sweeping across the beach directly towards them.

The old man snatches up his grandson, holds him close, shielding him from the whirligig of blowing sand, together they watch as the gust crosses the beach, moves out over the water, scattering gliding gulls, now gains purchase, whitecaps multiplying on an otherwise calm ocean.

The old man is rapt with attention as the small waves form up, head north: he pulls his grandson closer; he has lived too long not to respect portents.

A-50

EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN, YAN RUYN - DAY

A-50

The 100,000 ton Dutch tanker, Yan RuyN out of Amsterdam, plows the Great Atlantic, deep blue waves making way for her towering prow.

B-50

EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN, AEOLIS - DAY

B-50

A majestic cargo ship, the Aeolis out of Athens, proudly breasts the ocean, dozens of huge containers several stories high, lashed on deck.

58

EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN, MISTRAL - DAY

58

Bobbing on the sea is a white-hulled sailboat, the Mistral, a 32-foot cutter out of Portsmouth NH, making good headway this sparkling day.

On board are its owner, SANDY McINTYRE, 59, a middle-manager banker on early retirement and his crew, EDIE BAILEY, 42, MELISSA BROWN, 38, who have been around sailboats all their lives: a new breed of New England women, with flinty resonances of the old.

Melissa emerges from the galley with paper plates of steaming lasagna, Edie, checking a chart, puts hers aside to continue work as Sandy takes a big bite of pasta.

(CONTINUED)

SANDY

Mamma -- good. You Italian,
Melissa?

MELISSA

My name is Brown. I went to
Brown. I learned to bake lasagna
a summer job in Providence.

SANDY

Ah, a sous-chef?

EDIE

Melissa's a sailor, Sandy, like
me. What's our course?

SANDY

I've been sailing for forty-two
years, I've never plotted a
course. I set the compass, I ride
it, we'll be in Bermadoo in no
time. When we get there, I'll
arrange berths for you guys
ferrying yachts like this, right
back to New York --

EDIE

That'd be great, you think you
could?

SANDY

Young lady, leave it to me.
Melissa, trim that jib. Fair
skies and a following wind, feels
like we could squeeze twelve
knots. Hey, America's Cup, here
we come!

(sings)

'Take a ride
'A Bermuda buggy ride
'An old-fashioned buggy ride
'While the moon is bright
outside...'

Waves roll endlessly catching the sun and in the far
distance, a speck edges eastward... the Andrea Gail.

- a) In the wheelhouse Billy is busy and attentive, checking his tiller, compass, dialing up the Single Side Band and VHF, peering back to the stern, reading the boat's wake.
- b) In the galley the men are asleep, SNORES and unconscious BELCHES. Disorder, boxes of food, video tapes and paperbacks scattered, the crew allowed to sleep it off.
- c) The Andrea Gail cruises through a moonlit night under a blanket of stars.
- d) In the Engine Room, Billy casually appears, scrutinizes the myriad gauges, listens to the turbines. He likes it down here, in the heart of the boat.
- e) Murphy slings the hash for the men's post-hangover appetites. Mountains of eggs, greasy bacon, white bread and butter, they scarf it down.
- f) The crew in full swing now, setting-up: Alfred Pierre and Sully place the sideboards in the empty swordfish bins.
- g) Murph arranges videos and paperbacks over his stove in the galley.
- h) Billy and Bobby lower the outriggers, their 300 lb. 'birds' drop off the end into the water, stabilizing the boat for any rough weather. Buggy spraypaints 'AG' initials onto poly balls, Alfred Pierre blows them up below with a hose attached to an air compressor.
- i) Bobby observes as Alfred Pierre dribbles a poly ball across deck, Murph raises a bottomless bushel basket to catch Alfred's shot, the plastic ball drops through.

BOBBY

Two points, Olajuwon! -- And you fouled him, Buggy!

BUGSY

I did not!

MURPH

Flegrant.

(to Alfred Pierre)

Shoot two, Hakim!

(CONTINUED)

50

CONTINUED:

50

The game gains momentum, Sully and Bobby joining the impromptu contest. Billy gives the AIRHORN a gentle blast and the crew scurries back to work.

The crew after supper in loose assembly watching 'The Green Berets'. Sully is late to arrive, Murph pointedly moves when Sully sits too near him. Bobby drifts to his seabag, reaches in for a pair of socks, he finds an envelope, opens it, it is Chris's letter:

CHRIS (V.O.)

Hi, Bobby, you're somewhere out there on the deep blue, goddam sea and I'm writing this on the box of two semi-down pillows I secretly bought for us at Penney's...

51

EXT. GLOUCESTER, CHRIS'S VOLVO - DUSK

51

Chris's car, its back seat and roped trunk stuffed with a mattress, plastic nest chairs, baby seats, giveaway lamps with red-white-and-blue New England Patriot shades: the car turns into the projects, close-to-crumbling apartment houses.

CHRIS (V.O.) (cont'd)

...And I'm smiling to myself because of the surprise I have in store for you. I'm talking 'removal', from our dungeon in the Crow's Nest to --

52

INT. CHRIS'S NEWLY RENTED APARTMENT - DUSK

52

Small, bare, sagging wallpaper, Chris pauses in the doorway, holding her nest of three plastic chairs, gazes from corner-to-corner, floor-to-ceiling, takes a deep breath, enters:

CHRIS (V.O.) (cont'd)

-- our own place. It's no great shakes, but you've got to begin with a baby shake, right? Main thing, who's going to occupy it? Answer: you and me, me and you --
(sings gently)

"We're gonna build a little home for two or three or four or maybe more..." Just kidding!

She crosses to the window and opens it, a breath of fresh air, sun seeking to slant in, she smiles:

(CONTINUED)

52 CONTINUED:

52

CHRIS (V.O.) (cont'd)
 Forever love, Bobby. I'm in this
 for the long run.

A-57 EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN, ANDREA GAIL - DUSK

A-57

A breathtaking sunset over the Canadian Atlantic, the
 Andrea Gail steams on picturesquely, MUSIC over:

WILLIE NELSON (V.O.)
 'On the road again
 'Going places that I've never
 been...'

57 INT. WHEELHOUSE, ANDREA GAIL - DUSK

57

Billy checks a bearing on the chart, revolves a
 protractor, WHISTLING to his audio CASSETTE playing
 WILLIE NELSON. Bobby enters with a small cotton bag of
 powder:

BOBBY
 Slocum Outfitters' newest bait dye
 -- 'char-troose'.

With his knife Billy cuts the bag open, drops a pinch of
 the powder into a bottle of water; shakes it, nods.

BILLY
 Better...that greenish stuff they
 gave 'em last time scared 'em
 away. -- You want coffee?

BOBBY
 How 'bout a beaker of brandy?

Billy smiles as Bobby helps himself to coffee, Billy
 gently tapping his foot to the MUSIC.

BOBBY (cont'd)
 You're a happy man, aren't you?

BILLY
 Tonight? Yes. How 'bout you?

BOBBY
 When do you get unhappy?

BILLY
 The day we come 'home'.

(CONTINUED)

BOBBY

Where is your 'home'? I ask, but
nobody seems to know.

BILLY

I think of myself as a
Gloucesterman. Middle linebacker
on the high school football team,
the Gloucester Fishermen.

(sings)

'Wave the colors, let them fly...
'Gloucester, Gloucester ev'ry time
'Gloucester by the sea!'

(laughs)

... 'Home', I guess, is Pensacola,
Florida, ermpit of the Gulf Coast.
My 'ax' lives there. Jodi. And
my kids.

He looks up at the snapshots of his two pratty pre-
teeners:

BILLY (cont'd)

...I saw them Easter. Erica sat
on this knee, Billie Jo sat on
this one, both of them said:
'Don't you think we look like you,
Daddy?'...Do you think they look
like me?

Billy sighs, not wanting an answer. He has a plateful of
raw carrots in front of him, takes one, bites off a
piece.

BILLY (cont'd)

Every conclusion you've leapt to
is true. I am a lousy father --
and a worse husband.

(another shrug)

You're looking at a burn victim.
Handicapped. A man who can't live
life as it's s'p'osed to be lived.
Wife. Children. A home with
'things' in it.

BOBBY

So, what are you so happy about?

BILLY

Aw, you just got me on a good
night. I'm doing what I was made
to do -- and I've got a sneaky
feeling I'm going to do it even
better this time.

(CONTINUED)

57

CONTINUED:

57

BOBBY

(a smile)

Well, I'm not 'handicapped'. I got a woman who I can't stand to be two minutes away from --

BILLY

Congratulations.

Silence.

BOBBY

-- Then again, I also like to fish.

BILLY

Son, you've got a problem.

Billy eases into his captain's chair, props his feet up on a crate, closes his eyes: Bobby, catching the signal, takes the tiller.

A-58

EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - ANDREA GAIL - DUSK

A-58

The radiant evening sky illuminates the boat steaming peacefully northeast. As it passes, PAN OVER to an altogether different horizon to the west, an eerie sight, dark, menacing clouds swelling fearsomely over a barren spit of useless land. A spidery web of lightning.

SUPER: 'Sable Island'.

59

INT. CHANNEL 7 NEWSROOM, BOSTON - MORNING

59

Weatherman Todd Gross files through the maze of computers and wire service tickers. He wears a crisp pink shirt, Kleenex under his collar, passes his secretary, PAM.

PAM

(to Todd)

What d'you think, Star? Blue skies, green lights -- ?

TODD

Your guess is as good as mine.

PAM

Or better.

Todd sits down at his computer, clicks over to satellite images, pauses: a developing mass of clouds near Bermuda.

(CONTINUED)

TODD

Hum...

He reaches for his coffee and a couple of donuts.

TODD (cont'd)

-- What happened to my Chocolate
Glazed with Rainbow Sprinkles?

PAM

They were out, so I got you Boston
Cremes.

He takes a bite.

TODD

Mmmm...

CLICK, he uses his WAND to bring in the northeastern
coast, the weather all clear except for one small area;
Sable Island, a second developing mass.

TODD (cont'd)

Hum -- ugly.

(to Pam)

Tell Bernie I'll need two
graphics: 'Bermuda', 'Sable
Island' --

PAM

Will do.

TODD

And where the hell is Makeup?
(touches his face)
I'm a little light today...

Today seems to be the day. The crew, on the tips of
their toes, dressed in warm weather, idiosyncratic
fashion: tank tops and shorts, some bare-to-the-waist,
in an attack mode.

All eyes are trained on the wheelhouse, PAN UP to Billy
as he bobs and weaves the tiller, searching for the
'break' where warm water hits the cold, where squid and
mackerel feed, the prey of the Atlantic swordfish.

(CONTINUED)

Billy CUTS the MOTOR now, puts the Andrea Gail in a controlled drift. The men on edge, Murph at the bait table, Bobby and Buggy preparing fish hooks, Alfred Pierre sharpening an alarmingly long knife and Sully, the 'grunt', stacking bait-illuminating lightsticks.

Billy THROTTLES abruptly, the men jarred, are forced to hold on. Billy smiles slyly, CUTS the motor again, leans out the wheelhouse:

BILLY

Alrighty, boys --
(measuredly)
Let's go fishing!

A YELP of excitement from the crew, Buggy hits the MUSIC on his BOOMBOX and the men of the Andrea Gail leap into action. Murph threads the first of the longline through a steel ring on the stern, ties a radar-sounding 'beeper' buoy to it, kisses the buoy, tossed it overboard.

MURPH

We're in!

Billy SLAMS the Andrea Gail THROTTLE FULL AHEAD, the longline begins SPINNING off its giant, guided spool:

MURPH (cont'd)

-- GO!

Bobby and Buggy YANK 7-fathom long 'gangions' (a hook on one end, a clip on the other) off a piled-high cart as Alfred Pierre attaches lightsticks hustled forward by Sully. Murph baits, pitches the baited hook in the water while Bobby and Buggy clip them on the longline. Murph sings along with The Andrews Sisters:

MURPH (cont'd)

'...Hold tight, hold tight
'Foo-ya-rack-a-saki
'Want some seafood, Mama!...'

Buggy slaps a hook into Murphy's hand, he baits it with a fat squid:

BUGBY

'...When I come home at night
'I get my favorite dish, FISH!'

The dance at sea ensues, each man executing precisely what is expected of him with Murph, the star, a one-man band playing hooks, balldrops and 'beeper' buoys. Up in the wheelhouse, Billy keeps a vigilant eye on his crew.

62 INT. WHEELHOUSE, ANDREA GAIL - DUSK 62

Night coming on, baiting ever more rapid, Billy leans out:

BILLY

Highflyer!

Murph ties a radar-reflector to the longline, tosses it over. In the wheelhouse, fireworks on the video screen as buoys BEEP, highflyers FLASH.

62A EXT. ANDREA GAIL - DUSK 62A

The boat steams on into the still Atlantic evening, from OVERHEAD its telltale longline can be seen trailing out behind, orange balldrops, flashing highflyers -- miles and miles of longline; a wavy filament, with no end to it.

63 EXT. ANDREA GAIL - NIGHT 63

LIGHTS now illuminate the deck and its frantic activity: the baiting continuing. Fatigue by Exhaustion out of Excited Anticipation. Sully points a lightstick at Alfred:

SULLY

May the force be with us.

MURPH

If you're going to play with the lightsticks, Sullivan, why don't you stick them up your ass? Or do you know the difference?

BOBBY

Easy, Murph, easy --

MURPH

The guy's dead weight, always has been. A juicer and a head. Cape Ann, bottom shelf.

SULLY

Your wife didn't feel that way.

SMACK! Murph whacks Sullivan in the face with a mackerel, Sully's head jerks back.

BOBBY

Jee-zus.

A COMMANDING voice BARKS down from the wheelhouse:

(CONTINUED)

63

CONTINUED:

63

BILLY

COOL IT! I'll head for land and
the Newfies will throw you both in
jail! Back to work, f'God's
sake...

ALFRED PIERRE

(assessing, ruminative)

...Skipp-uh's got it this time. I
can feel it.

MURPH

(to Sully)

Gimme a light!

Sully slaps a lightstick in his hand, Murph takes it.

BOBBY

(mediating)

There you go. Two weeks, you guys
will be holding hands in Las
Vegas.

64

INT. GALLEY - NIGHT (LATER)

64

Three hours off, the crew staggers to their bunks.
Alfred Pierre flops into his stretched-tight blanket,
pulls out a half-eaten beef sandwich, swallows it in two
bites. The others rack out cold, Alfred Pierre now, too.

A-65

EXT. ANDREA GAIL - NIGHT

A-65

The boat executes a sweeping turn, circles back to the
head of its longline. GLITTERING MOONLIGHT reflecting
off the waves, illuminates this solitary vessel.

65

INT. WHEELHOUSE, ANDREA GAIL - NIGHT

65

Billy alone, the only one awake, the stubble of his beard
and the heaviness of his eyelids belie tension and
excitement. He has done all he can to seduce his prey.
Now, will the fish bite? Will they even come?

66

EXT. ANDREA GAIL - DAWN

66

The first hint of light comes up, muted by an endless
fog, suddenly spackled by work lights BLINKING on again
as the boat returns to life: the atmosphere spooky,
'wondrous strange' as the boat circles back to its '#1'
beeper buoy, the beginning of the line. Haulback.

66A INT. WHEELHOUSE, ANDREA GAIL - DAWN 66A

Billy **BLASTS** the AIRHORN to wake the crew, MOVE IN ON Billy's face, his jaw set. **This is it.**

67 INT. GALLEY, ANDREA GAIL - DAWN 67

The crew leap out of their bunks, their clothes wrinkled from last night's sleep, grabbing only their cigarettes.

68 EXT. ANDREA GAIL - DAWN 68

Billy hustles down to the auxiliary tiller, he will operate on deck now as the crew streams up excitedly from below, but not fast enough for him:

BILLY

On the double! Get the money!

The WHANK of Murph's WINCH cues 'haulback': Murph unsnaps hooks, Buggy coils unbitten line, close by Bobby, Sully and Alfred Pierre stand like medieval footsoldiers, long-poled gaffs at the ready.

BOBBY

(a whisper)

Do it, Skipper, do it. Make a killing.

But the hooks are coming up empty, two hooks, three hooks, Billy scrutinizing the water, lets the line run lightly through a gloved hand, feeling for any sign of tension; nothing yet. Suddenly, he CUTS the THROTTLE, his hand grips the line as it grows taut.

BILLY

(squiver)

One's on.

Murph, on the winch, taking his cue from the Skipper, reels the catch in feather-easy, slow but sure.

MURPH

(aburst, to Billy)

A 'marker'... a 'marker'...

Bobby, Sully and Alfred Pierre arrange themselves in tight formation. Two hands on the gaffs now, water churning, Bobby leans over, suddenly LEAPS backwards as a huge swordfish EXPLODES UP, missing Bobby's face by inches.

(CONTINUED)

68

CONTINUED:

68

SULLY

(in thrall, to Bobby)

Ooh, they love eyeballs, Sonny --

But the crew do not let excitement hamper their performance. Bobby GAFFS the swordfish now, Sully and Alfred Pierre drag the huge thing up onto the deck where Buggy, with a three-foot meatsaw, severs its sword and tail. Alfred Pierre cuts off the fins and head, carves an expert slice down the belly and the guts spill out like lava.

BUGSY

He's a marker, he's a marker all right!

ALFRED PIERRE

He's a sha.

The crew, surrounding the fish like lions around a hippo at a water hole, poke and pull at it: tense excitement, nervous laughter as Alfred Pierre and Buggy drag the catch down to the hold.

BANG! Another sword hits the line, WHAM! Bobby drives his gaff into it, Billy manipulating the tillar, the crew behind him in a fever.

69

INT. HOLD, ANDREA GAIL - MORNING

69

Buggy and Alfred Pierre slide the swordfish into a bin. Buggy rips the stomach cavity open, instantly Alfred Pierre rakes ice into it, his island voice SINGS OUT:

ALFRED PIERRE

'No woman, no cry
'No woman, no cry...

70

EXT. ANDREA GAIL - MORNING

70

Murph WINCHES up one more swordfish, Billy plying the auxiliary wheel like a master. This one THRASHES, leaps, hits the side of the boat, Bobby expertly SLAMS his gaff into it.

The crew picks up Alfred's SONG from below. They're dancing now, going nuts as yet another sword WHANGS in.

71

INT. CHRIS'S APARTMENT, GLOUCESTER - DAY

71

Chris is painting a radiator, Ethel hanging a curtain, the CHANNEL 7 FOUR O'CLOCK NEWS mumbles in the b.g.

CHRIS

So what d'you think, do you think he'll like it?

She straightens up as Ethel expertly pinches the last two inches onto a rod.

ETHEL

He'll love it.

CHRIS

Enough to live with me in it?

ETHEL

By now you know him better than I do, honey.

Chris sees she's not going to get anymore out of Ethel, squats to give a last lick to the radiator.

CHRIS

Oh God, I wish he were here. How's that joke go, Ethel -- ?

ETHEL

'What's the second thing a fisherman does when he gets home?'

CHRIS

'Puts down his bags!'

They laugh, behind them the news has segued to the weather, Todd Gross stands in front of a satellite photo.

TODD (V.O.)

... this activity down over Bermuda is picking up speed, given the volatile warm water of the Gulf Stream, without much encouragement this storm could develop into a hurricane...

The satellite CLICKS to Sable Island, DISSOLVE through to newsfilm of huge waves POUNDING the empty lighthouse:

TODD (V.O.) (cont'd)

-- This just in, footage of Sable Island. The low here looks like it means business, winds up to sixty miles per hour -- major...

(CONTINUED)

71

CONTINUED:

71

The TV has both Ethel's and Chris's attention now.

CHRIS

-- You like this guy?

ETHEL

What does he know?

CHRIS

He thinks he knows a lot. I hate it when he says, 'This just in'.

ETHEL

He says that when it's sunny in Puerto Rico.

Chris manages a weak smile but the two women, paint brush and tie-back in hand, now patiently stand back and watch.

72

INT. SEDAN - DAY

72

At the wheel is Captain Darryl ENNIS, 30, helicopter pilot in flight uniform sans helmet, in the rear struggling to get his civilian clothes off and his military ones on is Tech Sergeant Jeremy MITCHELL, 25, Parajumper (PJ).

ENNIS

We got to get you a pager --

MITCHELL

I don't want a pager. This world suffers from too much technology.

ENNIS

They called you three times, I called you nine --

MITCHELL

Went to the Islanders game with this beautiful model from Garden City.

ENNIS

A model? From Garden City?

MITCHELL

Or did I mistake her for a goalie with two hockey pucks.

ENNIS

Jeremy, when will you grow up?

(CONTINUED)

72 CONTINUED:

72

MITCHELL

I grew up in Desert Storm, now I'm
trying to grow back down again.

A-73 EXT. WESTHAMPTON BEACH, LONG ISLAND - DAY

A-73

As the sedan speeds on towards the Air National Guard at the Suffolk Air Base, a fleet of H-60 helicopters can be seen on the tarmac beyond the barbed hurricane fence.

73 EXT. GATE, ANG STATION, WESTHAMPTON - DAY

73

Ennis pulls up.

ENNIS

(to a Guard)

Captain Ennis and Sergeant
Mitchell, Search and Rescue Alert.

The Guard checks the backseat, as Mitchell wriggles up his pants a buttock reveals a tattoo of two, cute green feet. Sensing the Guard's gaze, Mitchell quickly buttons his pants, faces forward, but the gate is not raised.

MITCHELL

What seems to be the problem here,
Corporal?

GUARD

No-o-o problem, sir.

He steps back resolutely, gives a military arm-flag to proceed and Ennis speeds through the gate.

ENNIS

That Airman loved your ass.

MITCHELL

If the model dumps me, he's my
fallback position.

74 EXT. ANDREA GAIL - DAY

74

The day after. The excitement has diminished, Billy looking anxious as he reads a 'break', a swordfish strikes but only a 40 lb. 'puppy' is reeled in. The crew's disappointment compounded by some empty hooks, now another strike but even smaller, a 25 lb. 'rat'. These fish, little ones and paying little, are tossed into bins holding only a scattering of other fish; no 'markers'.

75

INT. GALLEY, ANDREA GAIL - DAY (LATER)

75

Murph, laying out a big tray of pasta, gazes about at the crew: all fatigue and frustration. 'The Green Berets' on TV.

MURPH

(cheerfully)

I put in so much ground beef and sausage, this lasagna weighted out at twenty pounds.

SULLY

Why don't you cut off its head and tail, and store it in the ice bins?

No reaction as the men eat nervously, wolfing the food down.

MURPH

... Hey, we're longlining. Faast or famine.

ALFRED PIERRE

And how. 'Faast or famine'.

BUGSY

That's always the excuse for 'brokers.'

BOBBY

What's the Skipper say -- ?

SULLY

He's too scared to say.

ALFRED PIERRE

Skipp-uh's not scared. Skipp-uh disappointed.

SULLY

(to Murph)

You know why this lasagna weighs twenty pounds? You threw in a shot-put.

Sully pushes his plate away, Murph regards him.

MURPH

I once worked a site with a guy like you. Guy had an accident. There are so many accidents at sea.

SERIES OF SHOTS - ANDREA GAIL

- a) Haulback. The crew observes in silence as Murph winches empty hooks; then more empty hooks.
- b) Buggy and Alfred Pierre ice down a small swordfish in the hold. The bins remain almost empty.
- c) On deck Bobby, carefully, and Sully, sulkily, attend to the messy job of applying the 'chartreuse' dye to the bait.
- c) Night. Billy, in the wheelhouse, studies his instruments: bearing down, searching for the elusive 'break.'
- e) The crew sacked out: their sleep restless, fitful SNORES, heaps of empty chip bags, cans of soda, Hostess cupcake wrappers. The AIRHORN sounds, they stumble out of their bunks, search for their clothes.
- i) A cold wind blows, the seas are rough, the hooks empty. But suddenly Billy CUTS the THROTTLE, he has felt something...

BILLY

Something big --

The men rush to the cutout, gaffs at the ready, the atmosphere hectic and nervous. Water boiling about the stern as whatever is on the line THRASHES underwater; a tell-tale fin surfaces.

BUGSY

SHARK!

More of the creature comes INTO VIEW:

BUGSY (cont'd)

MAKO!

The crew makes room for Billy who, in a fast reaction, has run down from the wheelhouse with a shotgun. The shark wholly visible now, BUCKING wildly.

BUGSY (cont'd)

-- Will y'look at this?! Have you ever seen one big as this?!

As the crew heeds the FLAILING sherk, Billy aims his shotgun, but he does not get a chance to fire: the huge Mako LEAPS through the cutout, teeth SNAPPING, his SWISHING TAIL upends Buggy at his knees and he falls face first on the deck, now the shark SLIDES across the deck towards Bobby, whose leg has been outstretched to gain purchase on the haulback line.

(CONTINUED)

77

CONTINUED:

77

BILLY

Bobby!

Billy dives onto the deck made SLICK by the shark, slides on his belly right across it, shotgun aimed. The shark is already tearing at Bobby's rubber boot: panicked, Bobby puts himself at even greater risk by trying to kick the creature away, but the shark digs deeper...

BLAM! The shark's head EXPLODES, a SHOWER of FISH MATTER because Billy has FIRED point blank into the shark's eye. Bobby falls away from the shark, looks down at his boot, shards of bloody rubber.

BILLY (cont'd)

-- Get it off.

Bobby peels away the gory boot revealing a blood-red sock. He dabs at his foot with the sock, Alfred Pierre hands him a clean rag and Bobby cleans his foot: teeth marks, lacerations, but no more. MURMURS of RELIEF, nervous LAUGHTER partly stifled, the crew disperses.

BUGSY

(to Bobby, as he goes)

-- You're short a boot, kid.

Billy, alone with Bobby now, smiles.

BILLY

Beats a leg, don't it?

78

EXT. SKY OVER BERMUDA - DAY

78

A U.S. Air Force weather reconnaissance plane flies over the Atlantic. Below, the clouds of the tropical storm north of Bermuda move with the swirling counterclockwise motion of a hurricane.

The plane banks and cruises right into the mass of weather, disappearing into its dark wall.

79

INT. WEATHER RECONNAISSANCE PLANE - DAY

79

The crew takes a butt-jarring pounding as their plane enters the wall. Suddenly, they are in the eye of the hurricane; the turbulence immediately abates, above them a clear sky where terns and gulls slide peacefully, but below the ocean tosses, churns.

A-76 EXT. ANDREA GAIL - DAY

A-76

More empty hooks. The crew leaning on gaffs, brooding about. The mood is ugly.

B-76 INT. ANDREA GAIL - NIGHT

B-76

The exhausted crew chows down in the cramped galley; paperbacks scattered, videos once neatly arranged, in disarray. Again, 'The Green Berets' on TV. Buggy, who has been writing on a cereal box, reads his work out loud:

BUGSY

'Billy Tyne
'Is no fine wine
'He's lost his touch
'With our longline
'Steamed here and there
'And all about
'What's out tally?
'We've struck out!'

Buggy, all proud, looks for a reaction; gets none.

76 INT. WHEELHOUSE, ANDREA GAIL - DAY

76

A gloomy day, rain hammering the windows.

Billy, anxious and jittery, dials in his SSB, then irritated with the CHATTER, turns it off. Bobby enters with a piece of fruit.

BOBBY

How 'bout a mango? Murph said you liked them. Alfred Pierre was about to eat it -- last one.

BILLY

Give it to Alfred --

BOBBY

Aw, c'mon, Skipper.
(shifts, jokingly)
Couldn't you use a little juice?

Billy looks at him funny, takes the mango, peels it with his pocket knife.

BILLY

Why aren't you down there watching the movie?

(CONTINUED)

BOBBY

I got sick of looking at the
creases in John Wayne's beret...

Bobby hesitates, anxious over what he is about to broach:

BOBBY (cont'd)

Skipper -- what are you going to
do about those sets? They --
umm -- suck. We're not doing
squat.

Billy takes a bite of his mango, a hard piece of fruit to
eat, but Billy knows how.

BILLY

You dishing with the boys? How
Billy Tyna's lost it -- I hadn't
lost it first set when we pulled
all 'markers', but soon as it's
'rats' and 'puppies' they're ready
to draw and quarter you. I just
didn't think you'd go along.

BOBBY

This is my last voyage, Skipper.
I need the money. A lift-off to a
new life.

BILLY

So why don't you get out now?

BOBBY

(totally incredulous)
Where? Here --?

BILLY

Sure.

The question hangs there, Billy sucks the great pit of
the mango, pushes it up in his mouth until he looks
Ubangi, spits it into his palm.

BOBBY

I've forgotten my bathing cap.

BILLY

Last trip I thought you might have
something to offer, but all in
all, you're a punk. A Mama's boy.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BILLY (cont'd)

Friday night get drunk with the boys, Saturday build shelves from Home Depot, Sunday watch the Patriots' game and slurp Miller Genuine Draft. Tell the girlfriend to change the baby.

BOBBY

(heatedly)

I need the money, Cap'n! You promised us a shitload of fish!

BILLY

I've been in bad patches so many times, then motored home with so much stock, land-locked boys like you had to pack them right on the fish pier. '86, total 'broker', steamed on 500 miles, found a 'break' at hell n' gone. Filled my bins in one set and made it back on my last barrel of fuel. Same thing, two years ago. I always find the fish. You know why? I am a fish. I got a dorsal and a bill. I cut through water with my fin. And with my bill, I take care of minnows like you... Baby, I've been there. I've seen the elephant. Don't fuck with me.

An awful silence: Bobby swallows, now he smiles.

BOBBY

I just wanted to see what you were made of -- Skipper.

(a moment)

...And I love the way you ate that mango.

On deck, the mood is oppressive, the GLARE of worklights illuminating sullen faces.

BILLY

(SHOUTS from wheelhouse)

Set 'em closer, Murph! Closer!
Give 'em a banquet!

(CONTINUED)

MURPH

(to Billy,
ironically)

Aye aye, sir.

But Murph now hastens to respond to Billy's order, performs the baiting on automatic.

MURPH (cont'd)

(to Sully)

Get the lead out of your ass,
Sullivan. Lightsticks!
Lightsticks!

SULLY

Shaddup, asshole! You couldn't
bait fish in a barrel!

The temperature between Sully and Murphy has reached boiling point. As a result, Sully, all hassled as he hustles with a boxful of lightsticks, trips, lightsticks SPRAY the deck. A cacophony of insults from the man, led by Murph, follows:

MURPH

What a moron! Down-time!

Murph takes off his glove, lights a cigarette, grabs the line with the hook as Bobby hustles to help Sully, Bugsy about to join Bobby to do the same.

MURPH (cont'd)

The guy's a spastic idiot! And
we're stuck with him!

A distracted Bugsy clips the gangion (to which Murph's unbaited hook is attached) to the longline. As Bugsy, Sully and Bobby retrieve the spilled lightsticks, their backs to Murph, the gangion unspools with its unbaited hook.

Within seconds, the hook whizzes towards Murph's ungloved hand, ZWOM!, it catches his palm, goes right through it. Murph is HOOKED, he flies skyward over the gunwales, into the ocean.

Murph splashes underwater, then desperately struggles to pull the hook out of his palm. His blood flows so thickly it clouds the lightstick on the hook, as the longline pulls him down-down-down.

- 82 **EXT. ANDREA GAIL - NIGHT** 82
- Bugsy, Bobby and Sully, their backs to Murph's station, are still picking up lightsticks, not aware what happened.
- 83 **EXT. UNDERWATER - NIGHT** 83
- Murph **TWISTS** and **TURNS** like some exotic denizen of the sea, **SINKING** ever **DEEPER**, ripping his flesh as he tries to force the hook out.
- 84 **EXT. ANDREA GAIL - NIGHT** 84
- Sully turns in Murph's direction. **BLINKS**, where the hell is Murph?
- SULLY**
(screams)
MU--U-RPH!
- Instantly, the men are aware Murph is gone, **SCREAMS** in every direction, 'Murph! Get him! Get him!', Sully has already whipped off his boots, dives in, Bobby **SCREAMS** up to Billy --
- BOBBY**
'Man overboard!'
- and Billy, reacting like lightning, **SHUDDERS** back the **THROTTLE** as Bobby jumps into the water behind Sully.
- 85 **EXT. UNDERWATER - NIGHT** 85
- Sully and Bobby, following the lightsticks, swim powerfully towards the depths.
- Murph motionless now, his hand still impaled on the hook, sinks deeper and deeper.
- 86 **INT. WHEELHOUSE - NIGHT** 86
- Billy again sharply **BACKS** the engine:
- BILLY**
Reel him in! Reel him the hell
in!
- Alfred Pierre **POPS** the winch's hydraulic lever, the longline pays back onto its spool, returning gangions, floats, buoys, lightsticks, but no Murph.

87 EXT. UNDERWATER - NIGHT

87

Sully and Bobby appear out of the darkness to find Murph, his arm outstretched, dangling from the hook on the longline.

Bobby pulls out his pocketknife as they swim to him, Sully grabbing Murph around the chest while Bobby cuts the gangion.

Their lungs bursting, Sully and Bobby kick for the surface with Murph between them.

88 EXT. ANDREA GAIL - NIGHT

88

Billy SWEEPS the water with the Andrea Gail searchlight, THROTTLES back FULL again, water pouring over the stern.

BILLY

Come to me, Murph, come to me --

Frantic, Billy SLAPS the searchlight every which way, suddenly -- POP, one head, Sully's, then Bobby's, Murph lifeless between them. Bugsy and Alfred Pierre dive in the water now, too, to help haul in Murph.

BILLY (cont'd)

Grab the line!

The crewmen in the water reach for it, one-by-one they are reeled in, hanging like wet laundry.

Billy leans dangerously over the gunwale, grabs Murph by the hair, hefts him aboard, the others clambering over behind him. Billy drops to all fours to give mouth-to-mouth to Murph.

BOBBY

Go, Skipper, go --!

...Murph's head suddenly jerks upwards, his skull slamming into Billy's chin, spontaneously Murph retches and blows lungs full of water into Billy's face, then he rolls over, COUGHS and VOMITS.

89 INT. GALLEY - NIGHT (LATER)

89

Murph bites on a wooden spoon as Billy cuts the barb and eye of the hook off with a pair of pliers, then pushes the hook out through the gory hole in Murph's palm.

MURPH

Who's the hero?

(CONTINUED)

89

CONTINUED:

89

Billy sets the bloody hook aside and reaches for a syringe.

BILLY

Sully and Bobby. Bend over.

Billy shows him the syringe.

BILLY (cont'd)

Tetanus.

Murph, all consternation, drops his pants.

MURPH

Sully?

Billy doesn't answer, plunges the needle into his hip.

90

EXT. ANDREA GAIL - DAY

90

Murph emerges, his hand inventively bandaged to give him enough flexibility to bait hooks.

BUGSY

...Ladies and gentleman, Mr. Michael Murphy out of Cortez, Florida, the only fish the Andrea Gail has hooked in three days.

Murph peers around at his colleagues, sheepish, embarrassed.

MURPH

(to Bobby)

Thank you --

He moves to Bobby now, holds out his arms and embraces him, looks over Bobby's shoulder, sees Sully.

BOBBY

(quietly, to Murph)

It was Sully who swam point.

Murph approaches Sully, hesitates.

MURPH

...Umm --

SULLY

You'd've done the same for me. Isn't that what I'm s'po'sed to say?

(CONTINUED)

90

CONTINUED:

90

MURPH

Uhh --

(a moment)

No...I mean you're not s'po'sed to say that. What I mean is -- um --

(quickly)

Maybe one day I'll get a chance to do the same for you.

Sully smiles.

SULLY

That's big of you, Murph.

MURPH

And all I can manage right now -- but I'll work on it.

A lopsided SMILE creeps over Murph's face; it's over.

A-91 INT. GALLEY, MISTRAL - ATLANTIC OCEAN - DAY

A-91

WHOMP! The boat takes a HIT, cans, bottles and charts fly every which way, the fax machine JITTERS a last message and conks out, the fax salvaged by Melissa, struggling to regain her balance.

91 EXT. MISTRAL, ATLANTIC OCEAN - DAY

91

Sandy at the tiller, pretending to enjoy what has become an extremely dangerous sea. Edie trims a halyard as Melissa emerges with the fax. Sandy peruses it, Edie returning to the cockpit, snatches the fax, reads it, SHOUTS over the storm's ROAR:

EDIE

We've got to head in -- make Watch Hill!

SANDY

In this stuff, a harbor's dangerous.

MELISSA

'Harbor -- dangerous'?

SANDY

... 'Building' weather you slam into anchored boats, run aground on breakwaters.

(CONTINUED)

91 CONTINUED:

91

EDIE

(off the fax)

This is a hurricane coming straight at us -- and our anemometer is already reading forty knots.

SANDY

I love the way you say 'anemometer'. Sounds like Summa Cum Laude from Smith.

MELISSA

Let me shorten sail, Sandy, or even go bare poles.

SANDY

This is my boat. We're going to ride this thing out. Not for fun, for safety. We do what I've done all my life. Go with the flow.

A GUST of wind heels the boat over, but the seaworthy vessel rights itself.

SANDY (cont'd)

(to Melissa)

I love that Beef Stroganoff you made for lunch, any left?

92 EXT. ANDREA GAIL - DAY

92

Rough, choppy seas now, rain hammering the boat. The crew doggedly plugs away at their fruitless routine: lots of hooks, no fish.

A sudden, strange sight: out of nowhere, a wave forty feet high and foaming weirdly at its crest, approaches the Andrea Gail, the phenomenon metastasizing now, climbing higher, gathering in its energy... a ROGUE.

BOBBY

Oh please, God, no --

The ROGUE WAVE slams the Andrea Gail broadside, throwing her on her side, water CASCADING over the deck, only the wheelhouse visible. Inside, Billy performs acrobatics behind the tiller. On deck, the crew is WHACKED every which way, heads, elbows, and knees taking a fearful shellacking.

(CONTINUED)

92

CONTINUED:

92

Billy hangs in there, THROTTLES the Andrea Gail's powerful engine to the max and now the boat comes about, clumsily rights itself as the rogue wave sweeps grotesquely on northwards, spitting foam like a fantasied dragon.

A-93

INT. WHEELHOUSE, ANDREA GAIL - DAY (LATER)

A-93

Billy is bent over his charts, mapping out a course far northeast. A RAP on the door.

BUGSY

The crew would like to have a word with you, Cap'n.

Bugay's words give Billy pause, then:

BILLY

Okay. Take over.

He turns the tiller over to Buggy.

93

INT. GALLEY, ANDREA GAIL - DAY

93

Waiting for Billy are the crew, all banged up from rogue wave FALLS and HITS, their expressions run from glum to rage. Billy gathers himself, he is ready for them:

BILLY

-- Well?

Bobby steps up.

BOBBY

We're pissed off, Skipper.

BILLY

Me, too.

Billy looks around at the mess of video tapes and cereal boxes, scattered by the rogue wave.

BILLY (cont'd)

When this 'meeting' is over, straighten this crap up. I like my decks clear and my galley clean.

(to Bobby)

-- You were saying?

(CONTINUED)

BOBBY

The guys are getting an 'unlucky' feeling. Murph goes over, the shark, a rogue wave...

BILLY

-- What else?

ALFRED PIERRE

Yah, Boss, whera's duh fish?

BILLY

Hiding up your curly locks.

(a moment)

You guys look like you got busted in a brawl in Scollay Square.

BOBBY

That's how we feel. We want to go home.

BILLY

'Home'. What does that mean? You horny for that young mama who was all over you at the dock? Well, she can't hold your hand out here.

BOBBY

That 'young mama' is none of your business.

BILLY

But you are. All of you. And if you don't like it, get the hell off!

Silence.

BILLY (cont'd)

I look around and what I see are dicks stuck nervously into pockets, instead of pointing out where they belong -- towards paydirt.

MURPH

Whera's that?

SULLY

-- We've covered every fathom on The Grand Banks.

(CONTINUED)

BILLY

The Grand Banks are West of us.
I'm headed East.

An astonished silence.

ALFRED PIERRE

Where dat, Skipp-uh?

BILLY

The Flemish Cap.

A silence beyond a silence.

MURPH

'The Flemish Cap'? We say as well
steam to Portugal.

SULLY

Off the charts. I don't get it --

Billy surveys the crew coolly.

BILLY

This is the moment of truth, this
is where they separate the men
from the boys.

BOBBY

Who is 'they'?

BILLY

Me.

A moment.

MURPH

I don't think we've got enough
fuel for The Flemish Cap.

BILLY

You see those reserve barrels on
deck? That's what they're there
for. Just enough gas -- to go for
broke.

BOBBY

Is there any alternative?

BILLY

Yeah. Crawl home...busted.

(CONTINUED)

The men are uneasy, the only one keeping his own counsel is Alfred Pierre. Billy seems to draw sustenance from him.

BILLY

This is men-from-the-boys time.
What the phonies call The Ultimate
Choice...because they can't ever
make it. Are we Gloucestermen?

Sully unconsciously traces his scar.

SULLY

-- But why go all the way to The
Flemish Cap to prove it?

BILLY

Tell 'em, Alfred.

ALFRED PIERRE

Because --

Alfred Pierre falters, shrugs. A strained silence.

BILLY

(completing Alfred's
thought)

-- that's where the fish are.

BOBBY

How do you know?

BILLY

Because I say so.

Billy looks from one man to another, his gaze lands on Bobby.

BOBBY

(a shrug)

...Okay, Skipper.

SULLY

That's why you get the big bucks.

A chorus of mumbled 'okays'. Sure, they'll go...

A huge WAVE CRASHES over the bow of the massive tanker and now, incredibly, she is in trouble. Thirty-foot waves are toying with her. WHAM! She takes another HIT, actually ROLLS over on her side; haltingly recovers.

B-97 EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN, AEOLIS - DAY

B-97

The container ship is in worse shape. Its giant boxes AWASH as it FALLS in and out of the towering waves. The vessel FOUNDERS now, stricken motionless by the storm, a wave LIFTS it, its powerful TURBINES kick in, it PUSHES on.

97 EXT. HANNAH BODEN, ATLANTIC OCEAN - DUSK

97

Linda Greenlaw's boat fights her way through building seas.

LINDA (V.O.)
Whiskey Zebra Kilo 1-0-5-2, do you
read me?

98 EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN, ANDREA GAIL - DUSK

98

The Diesels are THROBBING as Billy's boat SWALLOWS the miles to The Flemish Cap.

BILLY (V.O.)
Andrea Gail, Whiskey Zebra Kilo
1-0-5-2 coming back to the Hannah
Boden.

99 INTS. WHEELHOUSES, ANDREA GAIL-HANNAH BODEN - DUSK

99

LINDA
-- Ahoy, Captain Tyne.

Billy smiles.

LINDA (cont'd)
What's happening -- ?

BILLY
Slim to none. Where you?

LINDA
Tail of The Banks. Kicking up
something wicked here -- made a
coupla sets, tho'.

BILLY
Doing any good?

LINDA
Nine, first set. Twelve, second,
no, make that a baker's dozen,
second. Coupla 'markers' t'boot.

(CONTINUED)

A moment, Billy takes a deep breath.

BILLY

That hand of yours is so hot, I
can feel the heat from here.

LINDA

I've asked you t'team up --

BILLY

...I don't like partners.

A CRACKLED silence.

BILLY (cont'd)

Business-wise, that is.

Linda smiles now.

LINDA

Okay, okay, what's your position?

BILLY

45 north, 43 west.

Silence.

LINDA

-- You headed for The Flemish Cap?

BILLY

The lady knows her coordinates.
Yes, I'm steaming full-bore.

LINDA

(alarmedly)

'The Flemish Cap'?! That's almost
off the charts! What in hell are
you trying to prove? You've seen
the forecast. We got Gale Force
out of Bermuda, plus stuff at
Sable Island. As for me, I'm
looking here at solid white
chop --

BILLY

-- You're behind me, Linda. And
so is your weather.

LINDA

But you're going to have to go
through it to get back.

(CONTINUED)

BILLY

Good point!

LINDA

(after a moment)

Billy, you're not going to like this, but I'm going to say it anyway: Be careful...

BILLY

...Yes, mother.

Another moment.

LINDA

Does it bother you that I'm a woman?

BILLY

No, but sometimes I think it bothers you. Why don't we pick this up later? Off and clear, Hannah Boden.

Linda hangs up her mike, stares at her speaker.

101

EXT. CROW'S NEST, GLOUCESTER - DAY

101

A carpenter nails plywood over the tavern's windows, his helper sets sandbags at the front and rear doors.

102

INT. CROW'S NEST - DAY

102

Chris seated at the bar, Ethel behind it, both glued to the weather report, down at the end the Old-Timer with a drink in front of him, comfortably within himself.

TODD (V.O.)

...Hurricane Grace out of Bermuda is on its way. Compounding the problem, she's picking up moisture over the Gulf Stream and here's the capper, aleet --

The door opens, Ethel and Chris see Big Red enter.

BIG RED

...You guys use some company?

Chris taps the seat beside her, Ethel lays on a cup of coffee as Big Red also turns her attention to the TV:

(CONTINUED)

TODD (V.O.) (cont'd)

-- mid-Atlantic, moving rapidly northeast, twenty-foot waves. Folks, leave the boat at its mooring this weekend -- getting mean, and getting ready for meaner --

BIG RED

What d'you hear?

OLD-TIMER

The Andrea Gail's out on The Flemish Cap. Bob Brown told me. In '61, I went there. Lots of fish, but also lots of weather -- hurricanes, squalls, typhoon --

ETHEL

You're fulla shit, Quentin.

OLD-TIMER

That's right, I am.

His head falls back into his drink.

BIG RED

...So, are they okay?

CHRIS

We don't know.

(smile)

I saw you with that turnip, what's his name --?

ETHEL

Michael Moran. 'Bugsy'. The little guy.

CHRIS

Yeah, 'Bugsy'. Aren't you a lot of woman for him?

BIG RED

(amicably)

Maybe he's got a brother, I'll take both of 'em on.

A-103 EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN, ANDREA GAIL - DAY

A-103

The boat makes a wide, sweeping turn, once more aiming for the head of its endless longline. The sea all glassy, a strange patch of ocean, everything weirdly still.

(CONTINUED)

A-103 CONTINUED:

A-103

SUPER: The Flemish Cap

103 EXT. ANDREA GAIL, THE FLEMISH CAP - DAY

103

'Haulback', in eery silence. Murph winches the line, it runs through Billy's gloved hand as he checks it for tension. Bobby and Alfred Pierre, smoking nervously, cross their gaffs in a religious gesture. Billy's grip tightens on the line -- he smiles...

104 SERIES OF SHOTS

104

They're 'mugging' them now! The swords biting like mad dogs...the deck ankle-deep in fish offal.....knives and meatsaws flashing...bloody hands pulling guts out of carcasses...gaffs plunging into more swordfish...the BOOMBOX blaring:

PAULA ABDUL (V.O.)

'...Rush, rush
'I want to see you get free with
me
'Rush, rush
'I can feel it, I can feel you all
through me
'Rush, rush 'Ooh what you do to
me'

...Rubber waders slosh through red water and fish innards and floating cigarette butts...swordfish carcasses mounting up in icy bins, almost half-full now...great fisheyes wide and staring, skins glistening...booted feet kicking guts and fins through scuppers into the sea...small fish swarm, gulping greedily as crew stretch over the gunwales with their gaffs, ready to WHACK every swordfish for miles...

Cavemen at sea: a slaughter.

105 EXT. MISTRAL, ATLANTIC OCEAN - NIGHT

105

GIANT SEAS: the lonely sailboat is slammed broadside, does a 360-degree rollover.

106 INT. MISTRAL, ATLANTIC OCEAN - NIGHT

106

Sandy, Edie and Melissa roll over, too, the galley flies open and cans of food SHOOT past their berths, seawater pours through the hatch but, spontaneously, the Mistral rights itself. Edie unbuckles, jumps out of her bunk.

(CONTINUED)

SANDY

Where are you going?!

EDIE

To point this boat up into this storm -- and scream for help.

SANDY

We lay ahull. Beam to the waves, slip sideways. Standard procedure.

EDIE

Forget it, Sandy, we're not going to make it --

(to Melissa)

Missy, get on the VHF.

SANDY

We can make it.

EDIE

(to Melissa)

Mayday!

SANDY

This is my boat --

EDIE

-- This is my life. Go, Melissa!

Melissa unbuckles.

106A EXT. MISTRAL, ATLANTIC OCEAN - NIGHT

106A

Eddie appears on deck, wind WHIPPING, waves CASCADING, she blindly fights her way to the tiller.

106B INT. GALLEY, MISTRAL - NIGHT

106B

Sloshing through knee-high water, Melissa reaches the VHF.

MELISSA

Mayday! Mayday! Mayday! Mistral sailing vessel -- 39.49 north, 69.42 west --

107 EXT. CAPE COD - NIGHT

107

A Falcon JET ZOOMS up and out into starless Cape skies, directly into Hurricane Grace.

- 107A INT. COCKPIT, FALCON JET - NIGHT 107A
- FALCON PILOT
-- Coast Guard Rescue Falcon Jet
2141 -- sailing vessel, Mistral --
on the way...
- 108 EXT. SUFFOLK AIR BASE, WESTHAMPTON, L.I. - NIGHT 108
- Ennis and Mitchell, along with TSgt RICK SMITH (PJ),
Flight Engineer SSgt BORGERS and Co-Pilot PETTIT sprint
across the tarmac to an H-60 helicopter, rotors WHIRLING.
- 109 INT. H-60 AIR NATIONAL GUARD RESCUE HELICOPTER - NIGHT 109
- The crew strap themselves in, plug into their
communication systems:
- MITCHELL
Where are we going, Darryl?
- ENNIS
Two girls and a guy.
- MITCHELL
Ooh, another 'dirty' rescue.
- RICK SMITH
That's your mind, Jeremy, not our
mission. These people were
delivering a sailboat to Bermuda.
- MITCHELL
In this weather? Haven't they
heard of Federal Express?
- ENNIS
Jeremy, kindly put your head
between your legs and keep it
there.
- 110 EXT. PROVINCETOWN, CAPE COD - NIGHT 110
- The Coast Guard cutter Tamaroa slices through Buzzard's
Bay, heads out into the throat of the storm.
- 110A INT. TAMAROA - BRIDGE - NIGHT 110A
- A dozen Coast Guard officers manning stations up here.
- COMMANDER BRUDNICKI
(to Helmsman)
Full ahead.

111 EXT. ANDREA GAIL - RED DAWN

111

Euphoria! The Andrea Gail buried under swordfish... Bobby, laboring on fumes but delirious with success, rips out another handful of bloody guts...

- a) Alfred Pierre and Buggy drag a carcass down to the bins which are now stacked to the ceiling, Alfred Pierre throwing ice over them like coins in a fountain...
- b) Bobby passes Buggy whose head is in the ice machine:

BOBBY

Keep them cubes coming, Buggy,
we're running short.

BUGSY

I hear you --

Buggy leans back into the ice machine...Murph hails Bobby to take the other end of yet another carcass, they stagger towards the hold...

BOBBY

Money, money, money -- we got the
money...

Billy shakes a clenched fist in the air as if he were rolling a pair of dice, then creps-like, throws the fist and shoots open his fingers: TRIUMPH!

- c) MORE FISH, the crew pushing to the max, the excitement compounding the fatigue. Headed for sixty thousand pounds of fish, the ultimate for a swordboat. Winch CRANKING, Billy THROTTLING, repeated hoarse YELLS of success.

From another direction the SOUND of a machine, part of the regular rhythm of the boat, but it sputters now, BUP-BUP-BUP-BUP then...nothing.

BOBBY (O.S.)

Cap'n --

Billy turns to see Bobby and Buggy step out from the whaleback.

BOBBY

Ice-maker's down. Out. Ka-put.

Sully, Alfred Pierre and Murph, blood all over them, stare in shock at Buggy.

BILLY

Check the evaporators?

(CONTINUED)

BUGSY

Roger.

BILLY

Freon?

BUGSY

Plenty, but nowhere to flow --

BILLY

For crissake, Bugsy, try a little spit and glue!

BUGSY

Fresh out. I told your owner, buy us one of those nice, new Howels. But he goes for another overhaul. Cheap sonofabitch.

All eyes are on the Skipper. What now?

BILLY

(to Bobby)

Seal the hatch to the fish hole. Murph -- you and Alfred Pierre get out that old tarp from utility. Wet it and lay it over the bins. How's the cooler on your bait locker?

MURPH

Okay.

BILLY

Open the locker door -- the cooler'll draft the fishhold. It'll help a hair.

MURPH

Then how do I chill my bait?

BILLY

You won't. We're going home.

The last word resounds like a cannon shot.

BILLY (cont'd)

We're iced nice. Going full steam ahead, and with a little bit of luck, we could deliver this catch and set the market. Pull the gear up, boys, we're coming about.

A WHOOP from the crew, they're going home, they rush to haul in the gear as Billy heads up to the wheelhouse.

116A INT. WHEELHOUSE, ANDREA GAIL - DAY

116A

DING-DING-DING as Billy enters, a weatherfax squeezes out, he tears it off. MOVE IN on Billy's face, the news is not good.

INSERT: All craft warning! ALL POINTS STORM!

A-119 EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN, VAN RUYN - DAY

A-119

VOOM! The tanker has become unmanageable. The huge ship, supposedly an unsinkable dreadnought, rolls over like a sea monster, is flipped, unbelievably, back on its other side, then slowly surges upwards.

119 EXT. ANDREA GAIL - DAY

119

The crew are assembled in front of Billy, a rare 'all hands' summons, the tiller tied down as Billy, fax in hand, addresses them:

BILLY

...Forty-five-foot waves,
GaleForce winds. A real bad one,
right in our path.

BUGSY

The Weather Service is jerking off
again.

BILLY

I wish it were.

ALFRED PIERRE

You scairt, Skipp-uh? I nev-uh
seen you scairt.

BILLY

Well, it's scary stuff out there,
that's for sure. So, we either
hang out here or a few days 'til
it calms down or --

MURPH

But we got sixty thousand pounds
of fish down there. It'll all
spoil, we can feed 'em to the
birds.

SULLY

Weren't we going to set the
market, make a killing --

(CONTINUED)

119 CONTINUED:

119

BILLY

-- OK we say 'Up yours, Storm!',
and drive right through it.

He gazes down at the men, battered, beaten, they've been through it and they're not about to give it up.

SULLY

Wasn't it you who said, 'We're
Gloucestermen'?

BOBBY

And you know what they say in
Gloucester, 'If you don't like the
weather, wait a minute'.

(addressing, the man)

What do you say, Gloucester?!

A euphony of agreement: 'Let's go home!' 'Set the
market!' 'We got the money!'. Billy looks over his
seasoned vets, a doughty bunch, a tough-as-nails feeling
to them now. Billy can't suppress a smile.

BILLY

Okay. Let's get her lashed down.

The men, like a football team pouring out of a stadium
dressing room, break for their assignments.

A-117 EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN, AEOLIS - DAY

A-117

A WAVE of WAVES in one fell swoop, buries the Aeolis,
when she emerges, her immense cargo, dozens of stories-
high containers, EXPLODE into the ocean, the BOXES
BOBBING away from a deck suddenly bare, FOAM spilling
over it.

117 INTS. WHEELHOUSES, ANDREA GAIL-HANNAH BODEN - DAY

117

Billy rattacks, over the tiller, the snapshots of Erica
and Billie Jo, smooths the edges; they'll stay for sure.
Suddenly, his VHF CRACKLES:

LINDA

Victor Adam Bravo 8-7-12, the
Hannah Boden --

Billy DIALS UP his VHF:

BILLY

Winston Zebra Kilo 1-0-5-2, the
Andrea Gail --

(CONTINUED)

LINDA

Did you get it?
(reading)
'...Hurricane Grace accelerating
northeast --

BILLY

I'm paid in full to the Weather
Service, received my fax --
Where're you?

LINDA

Grand Banks. Heading the hell
south, running away from this
snotty stuff -- where're you?

BILLY

Going in.

LINDA

-- 'Going in'?!
(a moment)
You can't do that! You'll run
right into this thing. Lay up.
No matter how wicked, one day they
go away.

BILLY

Can't. Got a hold full of fish
and a dead ice machine.

Silence.

LINDA

...Hear this, Billy... 'Weather''s
been spitting faxes every hour.
They're running out of scary
words.

BILLY

I got a quarter million dollars'
worth of fish. I'll be the first
in, set the market at four dollars
a pound.

LINDA

What good does four dollars a
pound do you if your boat's forty
fathoms down?

A moment.

(CONTINUED)

117 CONTINUED:

117

BILLY

Give me a minute and I'll think of something.

The VHF CRACKLES through the silence.

LINDA

You're a jerk.

BILLY

Of course. But I have to take a shot.

LINDA

What if you miss the target? Like Freddie White did in '89. A crew of five.

BILLY

I liked Freddie. He kept liquor onboard.

More CRACKLES.

BILLY (cont'd)

Linda... 'Greenlaw'. Where'd y'get that name, sounds like some freaky political party?

LINDA

You think I'd like 'Tyne' batter?

BILLY

Never know until you try.

(a moment)

Andrea Gail coming back to the Hannah Bodan. Over and out.

Billy hangs up his mike, Linda stares at hers.

LINDA

Go for it, Billy.

(a moment)

And, please, God, get him there.

118 INT. CHANNEL 7 NEWSROOM, BOSTON - DAY

118

Todd Gross, on fire, donning suspenders, sporting an eyeshade, is bent over his computer. Pam peaks over his shoulder:

(CONTINUED)

TODD

You know the saying, Pam, 'Trouble comes in threes'...

Todd CLICKS on the satellite image of Hurricane Grace:

TODD (cont'd)

I'd like to explain it.

PAM

Please don't explain it. I don't give a shit. This thing blows, I'll get under the covers with Jesse and drink a quart of Amaretto.

TODD

...Hurricane Grace, moving northwest up the Atlantic seaboard, huge and growing huger --

He CLICKS on the Sable Island weather map:

TODD (cont'd)

Number two, this front around Sable Island, ready to explode...

Todd turns to a map of the Midwest, CLICK:

TODD (cont'd)

Three, a fresh cold front swooping down from Canada. If that's all it was, they'd get out their long underwear in Iowa and open the pee-wee hockey season in Minnesota --

Todd CLICKS on a larger map revealing all three systems.

TODD (cont'd)

-- But the damn thing's caught a ride on this jetstream and is motoring hell-bent towards the Atlantic.

Immediately, Todd shifts his arrow sharply northwest:

TODD (cont'd)

-- And Hurricane Grace is going to run smack into it, both systems'll stop dead in the water. Sit there and grind on each other like two furious old women. Stir in this baby off Sable Island --

(CONTINUED)

118

CONTINUED:

118

Todd draws a circle until Sable Island intersects with Hurricane Grace:

TODD (cont'd)

-- scrounging for energy, she'll start feeding off both Canadian Cold Front and Hurricane Grace.

Todd CLICKS off his cursor, TRANCES now on the Halloween tchotchkes on Pam's desk: pumpkins, goblins...vampires.

TODD (cont'd)

Sable Island will become a vampire, sucking the blood out of these two huge storms -- once it starts, no force on earth can stop it. It will take everything into itself, every raindrop, every gust of wind, every bolt of lightning and it'll grow, Miss Pamela --

Todd's voice has grown hypnotic, Pam falling under it:

TODD (cont'd)

-- You can be a meteorologist all your life and never see something like this.

Pam, snapping out of it, regards a distant Todd:

PAM

-- So what category do we put her in? Bernie in Graphics wants to know.

TODD

There is no category. This is a perfect storm. Translated meteorologically?...It couldn't be worse.

124

EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - DAY

124

The Andrea Gail, a dot on the ocean, edges ever closer towards a swirling, massive, blue-black wall of a storm that blankets the entire sky in front of her: the doorstep to hell.

125

EXT. ANDREA GAIL - DAY

125

The crew, clustered at the bow, stare in stupefied awe as the Andrea Gail approaches the WALL of the storm.

(CONTINUED)

Billy, down from the wheelhouse, joins them:

BILLY

She's coming on, boys, and she's coming on strong.

The water is still calm, but the wind slowly building. The crew all just stand and stare. Suddenly Alfred Pierre SCREAMS, the startled crew regards him, the SCREAM from Alfred Pierre quiets, he speaks:

ALFRED PIERRE

Fo'ce 9.

Abruptly Alfred Pierre SHRIEKS, the crew's heads jerking in reaction.

BUGSY

-- What the hell is this?!
Jamaica Johnny's losing it!

ALFRED PIERRE

Fo'ce 9 is a scream. Fo'ce 10,
she's a shriek...

Alfred Pierre is in some private place, but the crew has, eerily, gone right there with him:

BOBBY

What's Force 11, Alfred Pierre?

Alfred Pierre MOANS, a weird, terrifying sound.

ALFRED PIERRE

But the greatest Fo'ce of all,
Fo'ce 12 --

Now Alfred Pierre emits the most bizarre sound, an unearthly BASSO PROFUNDO, the crew nonplused:

ALFRED PIERRE (cont'd)

-- She's a church organ.

WHOOSH! The sailboat shoots out over a TOWERING wave, it CRESTS, dumps the Mistral into a trough.

PUSH IN on Edie at the tiller, fighting to keep the boat upright.

126-A INT. GALLEY, MISTRAL - DAY

126-A

Melissa and Sandy bail frantically as the water LAPS at their knees.

The VHF CRACKLES, then a calm, military VOICE:

FALCON PILOT (V.O.)
Sailing vessel Mistral, sailing
vessel Mistral --

126-B EXT. MISTRAL - DAY

126-B

The storm is raging. Edie, near exhaustion, looks up to see a Falcon Jet SCREAM by. Melissa's head appears above the hatch, she is almost giddy with excitement:

MELISSA
Edie, the Air National Guard --

Edie points to the H-60, THWAPPING toward them out of the storm, like a giant dragonfly:

EDIE
-- They're here!

127 INT. AIR NATIONAL GUARD H-60 - DAY

127

Ennis peers down into the storm, below a roiling mass of waves spouts foam under gathering darkness, the Mistral, looking like a toy bathtub boat, hoves INTO VIEW:

ENNIS
(to Mitchell)
There she be, Jeremy --

Mitchell crosses to the jump door, Rick Smith, his PJ colleague, slides the door open, prepares for rescue. Mitchell stares down, tracks the merciless beating of the Mistral, the two women waving wildly.

MITCHELL
(to Ennis)
She's ready to braach, Darryl.
-- Requesting lift-off, pronto.

128 EXT. USCG TAMAROA, ATLANTIC OCEAN - DAY

128

The cutter, Tamaroa, KNIFES through infinite waves towards the Mistral, tardy miles behind the H-60 operation.

128-A INT. BRIDGE, TAMAROA - DAY

128-A

As Cmdr Brudnicki barks commands to his Helmsman, he is interrupted by a teammate's VOICE on the cutter's VHF:

FALCON PILOT

Tamaroa, sailing vessel Mistral,
now 39.49 by 69.52, taking on
water...

129 INT. H-60 HELICOPTER - DAY

129

Mitchell, in rescue gear, and the others ready a hoist as Ennis maneuvers the helicopter over the Mistral. But, as the sailboat pitches, its mast FLAILS wildly.

MITCHELL

(to Ennis)

...Cozy up, Darryl. Cozy up,
baby --

Ennis now positions the helicopter directly over the Mistral:

ENNIS

Jeremy, they're all yours.

Mitchell lowers the cable-and-basket towards the Mistral. Edie and Melissa stretch for it. But a wave HITS and the boat's mast DIPS, instantly the cable WINDS around the mast like a snake.

The helicopter LUNGES, YANKED almost out of the sky as the Mistral HEELS over on her side, dragging the helicopter down with her. Edie and Melissa, tethered to the sailboat, are thrown into the water. Sandy, hearing their screams, runs on deck, tries to pull the woman back on board.

Ennis jiggers his controls, DROPS his aircraft on top of the waves, releasing the tension and the cable unravels.

As the Mistral rights, Ennis MANEUVERS sharply, still the Mistral's mast WHACKS the H-60's hull when it ARCS away. The crew REELS in the cable, Ennis turns to Mitchell:

ENNIS (cont'd)

Go get 'em yourself, Jeremy.

Mitchell adjusts his mask, covers his face, crouches by the door once more as Ennis hovers perfectly above the water, only a ten-foot margin of error.

Reading the waves, Mitchell waits... LEAPS.

Eddie and Melissa, back on board, are tossed every which way as Eddie strives to keep the Mistral pointed up into the storm. Mitchell surfaces, SWIMS powerfully towards the Mistral. Eddie and Melissa riveted on him.

Mitchell STROKES up the front side of a wave, only to be thrown down into the trough of the next as the Mistral BOBS away.

Mitchell SIGNALS up to his helicopter: no dica. The crew lowers the cable-and-basket to Mitchell, he climbs in and the crew HOISTS him back up...two feet...six feet...

Suddenly a mammoth, sixty-foot wave CRESTS, the women and Sandy watch in horror as the wave avalanches over Mitchell and drives both Mitchell and basket underwater, the attached cable flying free to dangle uselessly. All three watch fearfully, but Mitchell does not come back up. Seconds pass, it feels like an eternity, but then --

WHOOOSH! Mitchell, still in the basket, blows spectacularly to the surface. Mitchell re clips the cable to the basket, is lifted again all the way to the helicopter jump door. Another crewman WAGGLES a huge chalkboard down at the Mistral, 'Channel 16'.

Sandy rushes down into the galley, followed by Malisse. He twirls the VHF dial, babbling immediately:

SANDY

...I'm not getting off, I'm going to lay shull!

ENNIS (V.O.)

Your name again, sir?

SANDY

Alexander McIntyre, III.

ENNIS (V.O.)

Got anything shorter?

130A INT. H-60 HELICOPTER - DAY

130A

ENNIS

...My friend, I'm declaring the Mistral a 'manifestly unsafe boat' and ordering you off. Now get the survival suits out for and your lady friends, and get your candy ass up on deck or we'll come down there and haul you off.

130B INT./EXT. MISTRAL - DAY

130B

But Melissa has already retrieved the survival suits.

MELISSA

-- Up on deck, Sandy. They're ordering you.

Sandy sulkily follows Melissa up on deck, confronts Edie:

SANDY

I won't abandon ship. I left the banking world behind for the sea. My boat is who I am.

EDIE

We're not in the sea anymore, Sandy. We're in the soup. Put the suit on or I'll put it on for you!

131 EXT. ANDREA GAIL - DAY

131

Waves coming like dinosaurs, their march inexorable, their shapes weird, their color foul. But a powerful Andrea Gail is holding its own.

132 INT. WHEELHOUSE, ANDREA GAIL - DAY

132

Billy slams the THROTTLE home now, the Andrea Gail falls in step with the mammoth waves. Spinning the tiller with each wave, Billy manages to keep the boat stable as Bobby, clutching the console, shouts OVER the DIN:

BOBBY

Man, you're having a great time here, aren't you?

BILLY

Want a turn?

BOBBY

This 'watch' I want t'watch. Studying up for that day when I get my own boat.

Billy regards Bobby, smiles.

BOBBY (cont'd)

Weird...before this I never wanted anything in my life but to pick up a paycheck Friday, have enough for a beer and a smoke, go up to Salisbury Beach with Chris, ride the Go-Karts.

(CONTINUED)

132 CONTINUED:

132

BILLY

Promise me when you get back,
you'll still ride the Go-Karts.
(grins)

-- Meanwhile, gimme a hand!

Bobby jumps on the tiller, joins a struggling Billy as a huge WAVE SMACKS the WINDOWS of the wheelhouse. They laugh, they're having a helluva time.

133 INT. ANDREA GAIL - DAY

133

The crew have hunkered down below, a bull-session ensues on the only topic: money, and how they'll spend it.

MURPH

7-K, five easy --

BUGSY

Eight minimum! I'm going to get me a new used Ford 150. Take a ride up to the Gaspé Peninsula with Irene.

ALFRED PIERRE

I'm g'wine to get drunk with my bruthuh, eat like a pig, sleep like a child. Fish an' fun-gee.

BUGSY

'Fish'?!'

ALFRED PIERRE

'An' fun-gee', cornmeal. When you're ridin' high, it's 'fish an' fun-gee'!

A WAVE HITS, the crew holds on:

BUGSY

Fundge you, Alfred Pierre.

They all CACKLE.

134 INT. H-60 RESCUE HELICOPTER - DAY

134

Mitchell watches as Edie, Melissa and Sandy, in survival suits now, clasp hands and jump into the frenzied ocean.

He waits until they're clustered, adjusts his mask and jumps back down again.

Sandy, Edie and Melissa BOB UP, Mitchell drops and hits the backside of the same wave: in an instant he is beside them, lifts his mask, shouts over the HOWLING WIND:

MITCHELL

(to Edie)

Good afternoon, madam. Sergeant Jeremy Mitchell, I'll be your rescue swimmer. How're you today?

A startled SILENCE.

EDIE

Okay, so far.

Mitchell looks skywards, the basket once more being lowered.

MITCHELL

-- Who's first?

A mountainous wave washes over them, as they surface Melissa struggles to catch her breath.

EDIE

Melissa.

Mitchell surrounds Melissa with an arm, strokes powerfully towards the lowered basket; but WAVES keep TOSSING it out of his reach. Above, raging WINDS are playing havoc with the H-60, Ennis attempts a sweep-move with the basket, no success.

Mitchell, leaping out of the water as the basket swings by, makes contact but a wave knocks the wire mesh just beyond his fingertips. He loses Melissa for a moment, but instantly another wave delivers her right to him. As the basket swings back one last time Mitchell snatches it, holds it fast:

MITCHELL

Hop in, please.

MELISSA

I can't make it, I can't --

Mitchell, his hands tucked in Melissa's armpits, pushes her upwards.

MITCHELL

You're going to go make it.

He releases her unexpectedly, disappears, then EXPLODES back out of the water and PROPELS her into the basket. ZOOM! Melissa is reeled up by the H-60.

136 INT. CHANNEL 7 NEWSROOM (BOSTON) - DAY

136

TODD

-- Pamela, look at this!

Pam hustles over to Todd's weather station, he is showing signs of fatigue, a loosened tie, his hair oddly mussed. He LIGHTS a map, puts his arm around Pam:

TODD (cont'd)

Hurricane Grace.

(CLICK, squeezes Pam)

Canada, cold front.

(CLICK, squeezes Pam)

...Sable Island, the three systems have met, Pamela -- this is it...

He tears a weather fax off his machine, it shows the same terrifying satellite pictures, as Todd squeezes Pam harder.

TODD (cont'd)

Yes, this is it!

Todd squeezes Pam tight -- real tight.

PAM

(resignedly)

Todd, you're hurting me.

137 EXT. CELESTIAL POV - DAY

137

The three systems approach COLLISION:

Northwest: HURRICANE GRACE, a proper and extremely powerful hurricane with a defined eye, its walls WHIRLING, ROARING counterclockwise...

Southwest: Sable Island storm, also TUMBLING counterclockwise, without a defined eye...

Southeast: A ribbon of cold air approaching Hurricane Grace and the Sable Island storm, expanding, with a view to swallowing them up...

EXPLOSION! The SYSTEMS COLLIDE. Deafening THUNDER, blinding LIGHTNING, VOLLEYS of weather SHOTS as the Canadian cold front SLAMS into the WHIRLING WINDS of Hurricane Grace, all combine to home in on the Sable Island storm. Waves DRENCH, then DESTROY all land in its way as well as any pathetic, man-made artifacts which might dare to sail the seas.

- 138 EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - ANDREA GAIL - DUSK 138
 The boat **PLUNGES** on, the **EXPLOSIONS** of waves **SLAMMING** into her bow like cannonfire. But she fights back -- defiantly.
- 139 INT. WHEELHOUSE, ANDREA GAIL - DUSK 139
 Bobby and Billy ricochet off walls. The fax machine unhinges, flies upwards, bounces off the rafters.
 Billy grips the wheel as if he were holding a stack of cinderblocks. He feels obsessed now, invincible. Bobby watches him -- his will and his power are contagious.
- 140 EXT. WHEELHOUSE, ANDREA GAIL - DUSK 140
 A towering wave **SPILLS** over the wheelhouse superstructure, clears for an instant, revealing the brain of the boat's electronic instruments, its antenna, dangling from its post.
- 141 EXT. HANNAH BODEN, ATLANTIC OCEAN - DUSK 141
 In calmer seas but plenty of weather, Linda surfs her way shrewdly, going with the storm, letting the wind supply her boat's momentum.
- 142/
 143 INTS. WHEELHOUSES, HANNAH BODEN-ANDREA GAIL - DUSK 142/
 143
 Linda snatches a weatherfax out of her machine. An **INTAKE** of **BREATH** from Linda. She dials up the VHF, switches in the wrong direction, switches back, panicky **ADJUSTMENTS** of **FREQUENCIES** caused by the news; Linda all disturbed.
- LINDA
 Victor Adam Bravo 8-7-2, the
Hannah Boden --
- No response.
- LINDA (cont'd)
 Calling Whiskey Zebra Kilo
 1-0-5-2, Andrea Gail!
- Again, no answer.

(CONTINUED)

LINDA

Andrea Gail, do you read me?! Do you read me?! Come in, come in! For God's sake, come in! These storms have exploded!

The VHF CRACKLES faintly, all his dangling antenna can transmit:

LINDA (cont'd)

-- Where are you, Billy? Andrea Gail, come in! Talk to me, Billy!

BILLY

(to Bobby)

Who is it -- ?

BOBBY

I don't know, can't make it out.

BILLY

Give them some coordinates.

Bobby leans toward the compass, but before he can read the coordinates out, more CRACKLES:

LINDA

Look at your fax, dammit. Look at your fax!

Linda's VOICE is faint, almost incomprehensible, Billy checks the Andrea Gail's compass over Bobby's shoulder:

BILLY

44 north, 56.4 west. Repeat, 44 north, 56.4 west --
(uneasily)

-- Linda?

(a moment)

Hannah Boden?!?

Linda, hearing the above only in fragmented bits, DOODLES on her weatherfax, then in an instant makes angry circles on her map, draws arrows, right to the HEART of the STORM.

LINDA

Billy! GET OUTA THERE! Come about! Let it blow you away! WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING?!

Both VHF's have gone WILD now, all STATIC and BLIPS, words coming in pieces. Billy and Linda SHOUTING into their respective VHF's, Bobby DIALING and WHACKING their unit:

(CONTINUED)

143 CONTINUED:

143

BILLY

Linda -- ? Linda, are you there?!

Linda has not heard a word:

LINDA

-- Three storms-in-one! You are steaming into a BOMB! Turn back for crissake!

The STATIC on the Andrea Gail's VHF is overwhelming, Billy and Bobby cannot decipher a word. Bobby looks inquiringly at Billy:

BILLY

(quietly)

It's the antenna.

Linda puts her mouth to the speaker of her VHF, SCREAMS through a torrent of STATIC:

LINDA

Come about, Billy! TURN AROUND!
Billy, can you hear me? Turn
back, you're headed right into the
middle of this monster!...Jesus,
Billy...

Only dead silence from the Andrea Gail now, more STATIC overwhelms Linda, her head falls in her hands, her baseball cap burying her like an ostrich.

LINDA (cont'd)

Oh, Billy...Billy boy.

Over on the Andrea Gail, Billy and Bobby have not heard a word of any of the above.

143A EXT. ANDREA GAIL, ATLANTIC OCEAN - DUSK

143A

An ONSLAUGHT of waves attacks the wheelhouse, the antenna DANGLES now on a single, thin wire.

143B INT. WHEELHOUSE, ANDREA GAIL - DUSK

143B

The lone, disabled antenna wire produces an agonized disembodied BLAST from the VHF, Billy turns to Bobby:

BILLY

Take the tiller.

(CONTINUED)

143B CONTINUED:

143B

BOBBY

No, let me try...

Billy BLINKS, all impressed as Bobby opens the door to the wheelhouse, loses his balance when a BLAST of WIND and SPRAY almost knocks him down.

144 INT. WHEELHOUSE, HANNAH BODEN - DUSK

144

Linda puts her lips to her VHF, her voice calm and measured, praying for a response.

LINDA

Captain Tyne. Andrea Gail.
Captain Billy Tyne, come in.

Nothing. Inutterable SILENCE, now Linda starts dialing other FREQUENCIES, lays a dime store plastic ruler on her weatherfax map, pivots it:

LINDA (cont'd)

Coast Guard, Boston! Mayday,
Mayday, Mayday. This is a Mayday
relay -- swordboat Andrea Gail,
last position 44 north, 56.4 west.

145 EXT. WHEELHOUSE, ANDREA GAIL - DUSK

145

The storm SHRIEKS^d, the waves becoming mountains.

The Andrea Gail PITCHES crazily as Bobby, flat on his belly, inches across the roof toward the dangling antenna. A wave HITS, the spray peppering him like buckshot.

Bobby inches on, the antenna dangling on the single thin wire from its post just in front of him.

Bobby reaches, but the antenna SWINGS away. He creeps forward, a wave trying to tear him off, reaches again, his fingers almost touching as another wave HITS.

146 EXT. H-60 HELICOPTER - DUSK

146

The H-60, CHURNING in screaming winds, ROARS overhead.

147 INT. H-60 RESCUE HELICOPTER - DUSK

147

Edie, Melissa and Sandy huddle under blankets, Pettit pores over a map, Ennis SIGNS OFF:

(CONTINUED)

147 CONTINUED:

147

ENNIS

'Roger, Boston, over and out'.

He switches channels, speaks to the crew:

ENNIS (cont'd)

Boston coastias, Mayday for
 Gloucester swordboat. The Andrea
Gail, 44 north, 56.4 west, headed
 west.

Pettit examines his map.

MITCHELL

Where the hell ~~are~~ they?

PETTIT

On the wrong side of this storm.
 Headed straight into hell.

MITCHELL

'Gloucester...'

RICK SMITH

Yeah, they're always from
 Gloucester.

ENNIS

The Colonel cleared us for an
 'increased risk mission.'

(a moment)

It's up to us.

Ennis falls silent.

MITCHELL

(lightly)

Decisions, decisions.

(to Ennis)

Lonely at the top, Darryl?

RICK SMITH

How're we doing on fuel?

ENNIS

Short.

MITCHELL

What d'you think, air-to-air?

Ennis's eyes flicker over the mess of weather below:
 waves reaching skywards, winds BLASTING.

(CONTINUED)

147

CONTINUED:

147

ENNIS

Refuel in hell? Pretty sporty.

The crew's eyes are on Ennis, who wrestles with the decision.

MITCHELL

Don't you find you get aroused sexually on air-to-air, Darryl?

Ennis smiles, now the rest of the crew smiles, too.

MITCHELL (cont'd)

(to the crew)

All together now, guys --

With Mitchell as cheerleader:

MITCHELL AND CREW

(to Ennis)

LET'S GO!

Mitchell turns around to Sandy, Edie and Melissa:

MITCHELL

People, a slight change of plans. We've got some swordfishermen out of Gloucester who've lost their way. Or their minds.

Ennis leans on the stick, the H-60 does a 180.

148

EXT. WHEELHOUSE, ANDREA GAIL - DUSK

148

Bobby CRASHES onto the deck below, WASHES across it, SLAMS against the gunwale, is spilled right over the edge.

For a moment, Bobby is gone. Then, fingers on the gunwale. Now head and shoulders, little by little, Bobby pulls himself over the rail, but WAVES slapping at him, throw him back.

A last, desperate effort, Bobby rolls over the gunwale onto the deck, scrambles to his feet, peers up at the wheelhouse: the antenna is gone!

Bobby DIVES to the deck as another wave avalanches on him.

149 INT. USCG TAMAROA, ATLANTIC OCEAN - DUSK 149

As Cadr Brudnicki fights to hold his cutter steady in the raging sea, the H-60 slowly descends to within four feet of the storm-tossed deck. Edie, Melissa and Sandy jump, land in the arms of the crewmen waiting below.

150 INT. H-60 RESCUE HELICOPTER - DUSK 150

Ennis hovers, checks his fuel gauge, jittering at a quarter.

ENNIS

What's the word from air-to-air?

PETTIT

Tanker on the way.

ENNIS

Roger that -- we'll meet 'em.

Ennis OPENS the THROTTLE, his AIRCRAFT ROARS away.

151 INT. WHEELHOUSE, ANDREA GAIL - DAY 151

Billy, fiercely gripping his tiller, glances behind him as the door opens. Bobby stumbles in, returned as if from the dead. The two men fight to make themselves heard over SCREAMING winds and a ROARING sea:

BILLY

No good..?

BOBBY

It's gone.

Billy, striving to keep his boat upright, has trouble receiving this information. Bobby, drenched and battered, watches for his reaction.

BILLY

No antenna? No radio... we're back in the 19th Century. Like a schooner without sails.

BOBBY

Up shit creek without a radio.
Can't even send a Mayday.

Bobby takes a moment to catch his breath.

(CONTINUED)

BOBBY (cont'd)

What do you want to do, Skipper?
Is this it -- What the phonies
call The Ultimate Choice?

(painfully)

You want to call it quits?... Come
about?

Another wave SLAMS the wheelhouse. Billy is fighting the
tiller, his adrenaline bursting.

BILLY

That's not me. I'm going all the
way -- with or without an antenna.

(with certainty)

I've done it before.

(looks over to Bobby)

What d'you think?

BOBBY

(smiles, all pumped up)

I think she's a helluva boat --

BILLY

With a helluva crew.

BOBBY

And a helluva Skipper.

BILLY

Okay then, Gloucester --

(shouts to the waves)

We're coming home!

WHAM! One wheelhouse window explodes, knocked out by a
huge, heavy object. Water CASCADES in, WASHES Bobby
across the floor.

Billy leans over to see one of the 300 lb. lead 'birds'
swinging back out to the water, and already BOOMERANGING
back towards the wheelhouse; its cable tangled in a
pulley at the end of the outrigger's wing.

BILLY (cont'd)

Jee-zus!

Billy JERKS the tiller and the 'bird' whizzes inches past
his wheelhouse window, then PENDULUMS back to the end of
the wing.

Bobby scrambles to his feet to find the 'bird' once more
SWINGING back to the wheelhouse, SMASH! Another window
is SHATTERED.

(CONTINUED)

151 CONTINUED:

151

BILLY (cont'd)

Take the tiller.

Bobby, sensing Billy's intention, seizes up:

BOBBY

No, Skipper, don't --

BILLY

Take the tiller and that's a
goddam order!He fights his way out the door as the crew edge up the
companionway, stare at all the mess here.

152 INT. H-60 RESCUE HELICOPTER - DUSK

152

A furious rain pounds the windows. Ennis and his crew
fly on, the storm relentless, the fuel gauge hitting
one/eighth, the crew's noses pressed against the
windshield in search of their air-to-air tanker.

153 INT. CHRIS'S APARTMENT, GLOUCESTER - DUSK

153

Chris WHACKS her TV, SNOW and STATIC, the phone RINGS.
She answers but cannot hear, the wind RATTLES her window.

CHRIS

(phona)

Ethel? Oh, thank God -- I'm going
crazy, even the weather guys's
gone bananas. Ethel? -- Christ,
where are you?

(a moment)

ETH-ELL!

Chris throws the handsat down, runs out.

154 EXT. ABOVE WATERFRONT, GLOUCESTER - DUSK

154

Chris's Volvo races away from the projects, trees down
everywhere, surface streets floodlets of water, a house
collapsed on its foundation. Sheets of plywood afloat,
sandbags riding on them.

154-A INT. CHRIS'S CAR - DUSK

154-A

MOVE IN on Chris's face, terrified, driving through what
once was dry land, now become hall.

155 INT. H-60 RESCUE HELICOPTER - NIGHT

155

Ennis and his crew are flying deep into the nightmare, headwinds 75 knots, visibility zero: the crew batted around like dice in a cup, manuals flying about the cockpit, the fuel gauge digging empty, Co-Captain Pettit puking into his lap.

ENNIS

(punching channels)

Come in, Andrea Gail. Come in!

RICK SMITH

What's the gauge say?

ENNIS

Zero, out of zero, by zero.

RICK SMITH

How many gallons is that?

Then, out of the darkness, a dark, whale-shaped monster emerges, lines itself up in front of the H-60 rescue helicopter: the air-to-air tanker.

ENNIS

There he is! Come to me, Big Fella. Let's see what you got.

Ennis pulls his night goggles down, holds his breath as out from the tanker, a long skinny DROGUE winds, waving lengthily and tantalizingly in the turbulent currents.

MITCHELL

Talk about pissing in the wind.

156 EXT. ANDREA GAIL - NIGHT

156

The WIND SCREAMS, SHRIEKS, MOANS through the stays and cables of the Andrea Gail as she is thrown about, every wave threatening to breach her, send her down.

157 EXT. ANDREA GAIL - DECK - NIGHT

157

Billy, a lit cutting TORCH in hand, fuel canister over his shoulder, crawls out on the wing which swings wildly left, right, up in the air, WASHED OVER by the raging sea, its cable hopelessly tangled at the wing's tip 30-foot out.

Bobby spins the wheel this way and that, trying to stay upright in the storm, shouts to the crew:

(CONTINUED)

157

CONTINUED:

157

BOBBY
GO OUT! HELP HIM!

A wave **CASCADES** over Billy, tosses the Andrea Gail on her side, **SUBMERGES** the wing and Billy. Murph and his mates fight their way to the base of the outrigger, grab cables and metal struts, trying to stabilize the wild, swinging wing.

Bobby struggles to maneuver the wheel and the Andrea Gail begins to right herself, the wing **RISES** slowly out of the water, but Billy is not there. The crew stare out in shock -- as the bird **SLAMS** the wheelhouse again.

Then -- there's Billy! Suddenly, the crew see him, dangling off the wing, the sea **WHACKING** him wave-after-wave.

Billy tries to swing his legs over the wing but another wave knocks him back, he has no recourse but to hang one-handed from the wing.

The wing riding on a **CREST**, rises higher and higher, Billy barely hanging on. At the base of the wing, the crew pulls, their hands bleeding, giving it everything they have.

Bobby sees Billy now throw his other arm over the wing, Bobby spins the tiller, manages to steady the boat for Billy by riding the **CREST**.

Bobby's maneuver gives Billy the second he needs to chin himself back up onto the wing.

158

INT. H-60 RESCUE HELICOPTER - NIGHT

158

Ennis, sparring with the winds and rain, lines up on the wildly inaccurate drogue, **STABS**, misses. He **WHIRLS** around for another try, the storm drowning out the normal racket of his rotors.

MITCHELL

This guy's like some cheap trick
shaking his thing up Eighth
Avenue.

Ennis **THROTTLES**, **SLANTS** up, prepares for another **STAB**.

159

EXT. ANDREA GAIL - SERIES OF SHOTS

159

Billy goes on, flattening himself on the wing as the 'bird' **WHIZZES** by, **SLAMS** into the wheelhouse wall.

(CONTINUED)

159

CONTINUED:

159

Still Billy crawls on, every wave, trying to SLUG him off the wing, HITS him with such force, they RIP his slicker to shreds.

The crew hang in there, stabilizing this heavy swinging monster, two on the cable, two on the struts. The men are in pain, close to breaking point.

Billy's hands are now rubbed raw as another wave PUNCHES him in the face. Blood gushes from his nose. He plods on, the bird WHIZZES by again.

BOBBY

C'mon, Billy! Do it! Do it!

Billy inches forward, SPASMS of pain as the 'bird,' on a backwing, grazes his shoulder, knocks his canister off.

The canister falls oceanwards, jerks to a stop midair, suspended on the hose from Billy's cutting torch. He reaches down, hand-over-hand, lifts the canister back to him, the waves striving to tear it away.

Bobby, all the time fighting to keep the boat steady.

BOBBY (cont'd)

Easy, Billy, easy...

Billy slowly raises the canister. But the boat LURCHES, the cutting torch SNAKES across Billy's thigh, BURNS through to the skin. His teeth bared in pain, Billy REACHES, STRETCHES farther, out to the cutting torch SNAKING wildly this way and that, BURNING his stomach, chest, neck. Then, with a sudden snatch, Billy has the canister in hand. The cutting torch now, too.

160

INT. H-60 RESCUE HELICOPTER - NIGHT

160

The H-60 PITCHES dangerously. Ennis again stabs at the drogue, misses, glances at his fuel gauge: bouncing towards empty now. Ennis, getting a little frantic, lines up to stab once more.

ENNIS

Jesus Christ, let's get this thing done...

161

EXT. ANDREA GAIL - SERIES OF SHOTS

161

The crew, breathless, watches as Billy crawls closer and closer to the end of the wing.

(CONTINUED)

161 CONTINUED:

161

MURPH

Come on, Skipper...Come on...

Suddenly, Billy's there, cutting at the tangled cable with the torch.

BOBBY

Yeah! Yeah!

Billy's torch CUTS through the cable just as Bobby looks up to see the 'bird' make a wide twisting loop. Reacting, Billy JAMS the cutting torch deeper into the cable as the 'bird' ARCS, comes flying back towards him.

The 'bird' is swinging at Billy now like the Devil's own mallet. Certain to be hit, he CRAMS the torch deeper, sparks fly. Suddenly, the tangled cable PARTS and the 'bird,' only yards away now, GRAZES the top of the wing, SPLINTERING it and then, with a last flutter, the 'bird' falls harmlessly into the ocean.

Billy chucks the torch and canister, catches his breath, BACKS down the wing again.

162 INT. CROW'S NEST - NIGHT

162

Customers force the door closed behind Chris as she steps inside. Seated at the bar is Ethel, Murph's 'ex', Debra, Big Red and her two CARROT-TOP KIDS. Beside them, Murph's son, Dale Jr. playing Liar's Poker with the Carrot-Tops and the Old-Timer.

CHRIS

(to Ethel)

Anything yet --?

ETHEL

Nuthin' about boats.

OLD-TIMER

(to Dale Jr.)

-- Bid four nines.

CARROT-TOP KID

He's a liar!

BIG RED

Shush, Florence.

The TV ANCHORMAN is excitedly reading reports:

(CONTINUED)

162

CONTINUED:

162

CHANNEL 7 ANCHOR (V.O.)

... Salem, Swampscott, Lynn,
houses destroyed. Two motorists
drowned on Marblehead Neck.
Damage estimates are in the high
millions... and, folks, the worst
is yet to come...

A satellite appears, a mass of DARK, SWIRLING lines:

CHANNEL 7 ANCHOR (V.O.) (cont'd)

... The Storm of the Century.
Stay inside, pack sandbags against
every door frame --

A News Assistant hands the Anchor a tearsheet:

CHANNEL 7 ANCHOR (V.O.) (cont'd)

A report here... the Cape Ann
fishing industry in tatters.
Lobstermen from Gloucester to
Scituate lost their traps --
(checks report)
-- a missing swordboat, the Andrea
Gail out of Gloucester with a crew
of six, an Air National Guard
rescue helicopter has been
dispatched... at Logan
International Airport, flooded
runways --

The room FREEZES. Chris reaches for Ethel, who hugs her
tight.

163

INT. WHEELHOUSE, ANDREA GAIL - NIGHT

163

CHAOS: SHATTERED glass, water SLOSHING.

Billy and the crew stumble in, a terrible sight:
battered, sweaty, bloody, beyond exhaustion.

Their heads jerk twitchily as they examine each other,
appalled at their appearance, but something makes Billy
smile, and now Bobby, too. Joining them, Murph. Alfred
cannot suppress a basso LAUGH, now Sully LAUGHS, now they
are all looking at each other creased with LAUGHTER, the
LAUGHTER rolls, then peaks with a screeching sound that
is unmistakable -- VICTORY. They've made it!

A SHAFT of water BLOWS through the shattered wheelhouse
windows.

(CONTINUED)

163 CONTINUED:

163

BILLY

-- Better get these goddamn windows boarded up!

The crew haggard yet courageous, climb to their feet, push out through the door, adrenalin pumping again.

164 INT. H-60 RESCUE HELICOPTER - NIGHT

164

Ennis THROTTLES yet again for the air-to-air, does a controlled stall, STABS, misses, the LURCH knocks Mitchell's head into the ceiling, BANG. Ennis stabs again, misses.

MITCHELL

(woozily)

Tell these guys forget it, we'll get our gas somewhere else.

Rick Smith glances at Mitchell, but Mitchell is already staring at Ennis. The mood is becoming grim.

MITCHELL (cont'd)

What d'you think, Darryl?

Ennis glances down at his motionless gauge.

ENNIS

We're running on fumes.

Ennis aims the probe at the flailing drogue one more time: the probe touches, then flies away again. The ENGINE SPUTTERS, slowing them down and the tanker disappears into the storm.

Ennis, drained, considers their options. There are none.

ENNIS (cont'd)

(to Mitchell)

Get Coast Guard Tamara on the pipe, give them our coordinates. We're ditching, dear boy.

165 EXT. WHALEBACK, ANDREA GAIL - NIGHT

165

Bobby and crew struggle to separate a sheet of plywood from the stack under the whaleback. But the storm LASHES them furiously.

(CONTINUED)

165 CONTINUED:

165

The wind HITS, RIPS the sheet of plywood out of their hands, it SAILS off like a Frisbee. The men are about to pick up another. But the wind HITS again, PEELS sheets of plywood off the stack one after another like cards from a deck.

Bugsy leaps on to the pile, holds the last sheet down with his body just as it threatens to launch. The rest of the crew pile on now, too.

166 EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - NIGHT

166

The sea CHURNS, its towering waves reach for the sky, a dense blanket of clouds. The helicopter's spotlights pierce the blackness like needles. The H-60, batted about like a tennis ball, DROPS to a hundred foot hover.

167 INT. H-60 RESCUE HELICOPTER - NIGHT

167

The crew, in survival gear, line up at the jump door, observe as their SPOTLIGHTS dance over the storm-ravaged ocean. Discerning the difference between crests and troughs is going to be impossible.

ENNIS

Hold on, guys, looking to eyeball these waves...

Ennis, using the spotlights to gauge his descent, suddenly flinches as a bolt of lightning SPIKES the ocean only yards away, KNOCKS OUT his electrical system.

Flying blind, Ennis fights the controls as his aircraft descends. An ENGINE FLARES.

RICK SMITH

Number one's out!

The H-60 slews VIOLENTLY.

ENNIS

Bail! Bail out!

Pettit JUMPS, disappears into an abyss. Smith follows, now Borgers, swallowed up by the darkness.

Mitchell moves to the jump door. A 70-foot WAVE SLAPS the bottom of the H-60, KNOCKS Mitchell on his butt.

The helicopter CAREENS sideways, Ennis fights to control her, does barely.

(CONTINUED)

167 CONTINUED:

167

ENNIS

Go, Jeremy! I love you!

Mitchell pats Ennis on the helmet.

MITCHELL

...Let's have coffee.

Mitchell jumps.

The second engine **FLARES OUT**. Ennis sees the ocean rising fast up to meet him. A lunar landscape, cratered, gouged, deformed by wind. None of his crew in sight.

168 EXT. DECK, ANDREA GAIL - NIGHT

168

Bobby and the crew inch their way across the deck toward the wheelhouse with the sheet of plywood.

A wave **HITS**, **WASHES** them across the deck on top of the plywood.

169 EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - NIGHT

169

The H-60 **SLOWS**, then plunges into the crazed ocean. The rotors, hitting a wave, **SPLINTER**, skitter away as if made of balsa wood.

Now, another torrent **WASHES** over the helicopter. It sinks, taking Ennis with it.

170 EXT. UNDERWATER - NIGHT

170

Swaying **SLOW MO**-like underwater, the H-60 turns over on its belly, drifts towards the bottom.

In the flooded cockpit, Ennis tears off his **HEEDS** bottle, a three-minute air supply strapped to his left leg, takes a breath and **QUICK-RELEASES** his safety belt. **SHOVES** the chopper door open, **SWIMS** out, **TRIPS** the CO2 cartridge on his life vest, **SHOOTS** upwards in a column of bubbles.

171/2 EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - NIGHT

171/2

As Ennis **BLOWS** to the surface, he is greeted by **ROARING** darkness and **LANDSLIDING** seas. One moment he is in a trough, waves towering over him, the next, riding a mountainous **CREST**.

(CONTINUED)

171/2 CONTINUED:

171/2

Two strobe lights BLINK from another CREST -- Borgers and Pettit! Ennis swims, and swims, until he reaches his crewmates, they grab and hold on:

ENNIS

-- Where's Smitty?

PETTIT

Dunno.

ENNIS

Jeremy --?

Again, 'dunno'. They all lock hands-to-wrists, RIDE the huge waves together, Ennis all anxious.

173 EXT. ANDREA GAIL - WHEELHOUSE - NIGHT

173

Lightning FLASHES outside the wheelhouse, Sully and Buggy, lifelines CLIPPED to their waists, struggle with the sheet of plywood, waves SLAPPING at them left and right. The wind, MOANING through the cables, tears at their slickers.

174 INT./EXT. ANDREA GAIL - WHEELHOUSE - NIGHT

174

Another mountainous wave SLAMS the Andrea Gail.

Inside the wheelhouse, Bobby, Murph and Alfred Pierre reach through the broken window, try to manhandle the plywood into place. But outside, the headwinds and waves are SLUGGING Sully and Buggy back. Bobby shouts down to Billy at the tiller:

BOBBY

-- They can't make it!

Billy looks out, the seas are becoming impossibly high:

BILLY

Tell 'em to hang on!

Billy SPINS the wheel, takes the wave at angles as the Andrea Gail turns broadside.

For an instant, Sully and Buggy are out of the wind. They inch the plywood to the blown-out windows.

But a 70-foot wave SLAPS the Andrea Gail, sends her SKIDDING down its face.

(CONTINUED)

Sully and Bugsy are rendered helpless as the Andrea Gail PLUNGES into the trough, SUBMERGING them.

At the same time, Bobby, Murph and Alfred Pierre lose their balance as a wave BLASTS through the windows, FLOODING the wheelhouse.

Billy with the bow and half the wheelhouse underwater, SPINS the wheel, HITS the throttle. The Andrea Gail rises up out of the water, rights herself, and again takes the storm head on.

Bobby, Murph and Alfred Pierre now jump to the broken-out windows. Sully and Bugsy are still there, clinging to the outside of the wheelhouse with the plywood.

BOBBY

Lay it on!

Billy watches as Sully and Bugsy manhandle the plywood up to the opening, press it in place, holding it with the pressure of their bodies as the WIND tries to tear it out of their hands. But they won't let go. They're fighting, desperate to win this battle.

Sully, with a power unit, drills a hole through the plywood and window post. Bugsy crams through a bolt.

Inside the wheelhouse, Bobby and Murph thread a washer and nut on the bolt, Alfred Pierre wrenches it tight. Sudden, smiling faces now -- they're going to make it.

Outside the wheelhouse, Bugsy reaches to cram another bolt in, but a huge BLAST of wind hits, tears at the FLAPPING sheet of plywood. Another gust HITS.

Suddenly, the plywood TAKES FLIGHT like a kite.

BOBBY (cont'd)

Bugsy!

Bobby's hand snakes out to grab Bugsy's wrist but Bugsy's lifeline SNAPS.

Murph grabs Sully's lifeline, it BURNS through his hands, TEARS flesh as Sully, still holding onto the plywood, flies off into the storm. But Alfred Pierre's hands miraculously flash out to snatch Sully's lifeline, his flight halts, leaving him aboard his plywood, yet hanging in mid-air.

A straining Bobby pulls Bugsy back toward the window. Now a wave HITS, tears Bugsy right out of Bobby's grasp, TOSSES him out into the raging ocean.

(CONTINUED)

BOBBY (cont'd)

Oh no-o-o.

Bobby runs to the door with a tethered life preserver.

A horrified Billy has seen the sheet of plywood rip out of Sully's hands. Sully levitates, TWISTING in the gale, then DROPS into the ocean. But Alfred Pierre, along with Murph, have Sully's lifeline in their grasp.

BILLY

Pull him in, f'God's sake!

Alfred Pierre and Murph HEAVE, putting their backs into it.

Bobby, outside now, throws Buggy the life preserver as he THRASHES in the water.

BOBBY

Grab it, Buggy! Grab it!

But Buggy, dazed, stares back blankly as Sully is pulled STEADILY towards the wheelhouse behind him.

BOBBY (cont'd)

C'm'on, Buggy, grab it!

Another wave POURS over the Andrea Gail. When it clears, Buggy is gone.

BOBBY (cont'd)

BUGSY!

Bobby grabs a gaff from the side of the wheelhouse as Murph and Alfred Pierre reach through the window to pull Sully to safety.

Bobby plunges the gaff into the dark water again and again, hoping to hook the unseen Buggy.

BOBBY (cont'd)

Oh god, Jesus --

Bobby falls to his knees to plunge the gaff deeper, feels a weight on the end of it. He heaves, Buggy BLOWS to the surface, gaffed through his jacket, still alive.

Immediately, Murph and Alfred Pierre appear, help pull Buggy back on board.

Billy fights the wheel as his three crewmen struggle back into the wheelhouse with Buggy, collapse on the floor alongside Sully. All are COUGHING, GASPING for breath.

(CONTINUED)

Billy looks back out into the storm, the weight of their plight hits home as another wave CRASHES through the broken windows.

Billy surveys his crew:

Totally defeated, in a state of shock:

Billy, shaking his head, tries to obliterate this bad dream:

BILLY

Boys --

The men look up to him.

BILLY (cont'd)

That's it. We can't beat her...We're coming about.

Billy lets the words sink in, the men's spirits sinking with them.

MURPH

Haw --

BUGSY

What about our catch?

BILLY

We'll mug 'em next time. This piece of water belongs to us, and it knows it. The fish'll congregate again for the Andrea Gail -- when we come back.

The sentiments comfort his desperate men, but the moment has come for a decision from Billy. A moment he prayed would never come:

BILLY (cont'd)

Find a nice warm place anywhere you can. Tie yourself down. I'm going to come about and this is going to be the 'come about' of all time. Textbook.

The men are suddenly alert.

BILLY (cont'd)

Get ready.

The crew struggles to their feet.

(CONTINUED)

174 CONTINUED:

174

BILLY (cont'd)

Bobby --

Bobby, endearingly, attempts to come to 'Attention'.

BOBBY

I'm with you, Skipper.

BILLY

Get some rope.

175 EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - NIGHT

175

The Falcon Jet WHOOSHES so low over CRESTING waves, they almost WASH the belly of the plane.

176 INT. JET - NIGHT

176

The Falcon Pilot PICKS UP a weak SIGNAL on his radar, drops altitude, pulls his night vision goggles down, focuses on an Airman BOBBING motionless in his lifevest. A stretch of water away, three other Airmen are swimming towards him.

FALCON PILOT

Come in, Ismaros. Four in the water, one possible casualty --

177 EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - NIGHT

177

Ennis, Pettit, and Borgers breasting unswimmable water, have spotted Mitchell in the distance. They stroke towards him, energized that their buddy has survived.

ENNIS

Hold on, Jeremy! -- We're coming!

BORGERS and PETTIT

On the way, Mitch! On the way!

Mitchell doesn't respond, and now they apprehend his motionless body, their strokes slow as a wave WASHES him close. Ennis stares down despairingly at his friend, suddenly Mitchell's eyes, bulging from sea water, open.

ENNIS

Jeremy! Oh, Jeremy, baby!

(hugs him)

Talk to me -- talk to me!

(CONTINUED)

177 CONTINUED:

177

MITCHELL

I'm all busted up, Dee -- can't breathe --

Ennis cups Mitchell's chin lifeguard-style, Borgers scans the endless, mountainous waves. Pettit leans into Mitchell's ear:

PETTIT

-- You seen Smitty?

Mitchell shakes his head 'no', tries to speak.

ENNIS

Don't talk, Jeremy, please.

(gently)

Save it for the model from Garden City.

Mitchell hears his buddy, his eyes close just as a wave CASCADES over all four of them.

178 INT. CROW'S NEST - NIGHT

178

The door blows open, a visitor enters, removes his sou'wester, revealing Bob Brown. The Andrea Gail's owner pulls a stool up next to Ethel's. The bar is crowded, more shots of coastal destruction unfold on the TV.

ETHEL

...The bad penny.

CHRIS

The bad, golden penny.

Bob Brown clears his throat, thinks better of speaking.

CHRIS (cont'd)

(to Bob Brown)

I've been calling you for three days. All I got was your answering machine -- today, I got nothing.

ETHEL

(to Chris)

If it were good news, he would've called us.

BROWN

The news is -- uh -- the rescue helicopter had to ditch.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS

And --?

BROWN

We can't raise the Andrea Gail.

It's getting very quiet. People stare at Brown.

CHRIS

-- What does that mean?!

BROWN

We don't know anything. Check that, one thing...if there's anybody who can survive this storm, it's that goddam Billy Tyns. I'll give him that.

CHRIS

Am I supposed to clap?

Bob Brown, sensing the mood in the bar, falls silent.

CHRIS (cont'd)

I guess you want credit for having the guts to walk in here?

BROWN

I do.

OLD-TIMER

(perversely)

Give it to him!

BROWN

How are you, Quentin? How've you been?

OLD-TIMER

Very good, gov'nor.

CHRIS

(to Bob Brown)

You're counting your money. And my guy is out there with the wind and the waves, risking his life for a bunch of stupid fish.

BROWN

(a gentle shrug)

That's the game.

CHRIS

I hate the goddam game!

(CONTINUED)

178

CONTINUED:

178

A desperate Chris steps close to Bob Brown now.

CHRIS (cont'd)

D'you read me, 'guv'nor'?

Now she pushes him.

CHRIS (cont'd)

Do you? DO YOU?!

She is HITTING Brown on his chest now, Ethel jumps in and pulls her off, Chris struggles but then collapses in SOBS, buries her head in Ethel's bosom.

179

EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - NIGHT

179

- a) Ennis backstrokes as he cups Mitchell's chin, Pettit and Borgers nudge both of them along. Suddenly a SEARCHLIGHT HITS the water, instantly the Airmen's arms WAVE frantically -- it's the Tamaroa blowing through the storm.
- b) On the Tamaroa, Coast Guardsmen SCRAMBLE to unfurl cargo nets. But every time the crew gets into position, waves WASH over them and they HIT the deck. At last, the nets FALL over the side.
- c) Cmdr Brudnicki is fighting to get up sea of the men in the water:

COMMANDER BRUDNICKI

Up a third.

He keeps his binoculars trained ahead as the Tamaroa's searchlights illuminate the downed Airmen.

In the area behind Cmdr Brudnicki are the dazed survivors of the Mistral, sea blankets hugging their shoulders.

- d) Ennis's spirits lift as he sees the Tamaroa managing to lumber up sea:

ENNIS

Okay, Jeremy, this is it. When she passes, we have to swim for her.

Mitchell doesn't answer, Ennis shouts in his ear:

ENNIS (cont'd)

Can you swim, Jeremy?!

(CONTINUED)

Mitchell nods.

e) The Tamaroa bears down directly on the Airmen.

f)

ENNIS

This is it, Jeremy! Swim! SWIM!
July fourth at Rockaway! You
wanna be there!

No response, Ennis seizes Mitchell by the life-vest, paddles furiously towards the lowered cargo nets.

g) Pettit and Borgers, as the Tamaroa looms up, stroke on past Ennis and Mitchell.

h) Every crewmember of the Tamaroa along with Sandy, Edie and Melissa, SCREAM encouragement to the stranded Airmen. But only Pettit and Borgers make headway.

i) Ennis, cupping Mitchell's chin, watches enviously as Pettit and Borgers leap for rungs of the cargo net and are hauled up immediately. Ennis and Mitchell gaze at the Tamaroa, sailing agonizingly away.

j) Cdr Brudnicki, his Communications Officer beside him, ruefully take in the scene: the sea driving their cutter away from Ennis and Mitchell. Brudnicki braces himself:

CMDR BRUDNICKI

All right, we're coming about. If they can't get to us, we'll get to them. Broadside.

COMMUNICATIONS OFFICER

Don't do it, Commander. It's too dangerous. Too hairy for us --

CMDR BRUDNICKI

I'm not going to let two men drown.

(a moment)

Not on my watch.

(to the Helmsman)

Prepare to come about.

The waves are indescribable, mountains of water, no valleys between, the wind a SHRIEKING banshee. The Andrea Gail disappears under a wave, BLOWS back up on the CREST of the next.

181

INT. WHEELHOUSE, ANDREA GAIL - NIGHT

181

Bobby ropes himself to the console as Billy, already tied down, studies the angry sea.

BOBBY

Ready.

Bobby sets his hands on the wheel next to Billy's.

BILLY

We only get one chance.

BOBBY

After that --?

BILLY

We pray.

Billy studies the troughs, Bobby trying to read his thoughts. He stands beside Billy, waits anxiously.

BILLY (cont'd)

Wait...wait...

182

INT. GALLEY, ANDREA GAIL - NIGHT

182

The crew has sought refuge in their bunks, bracing themselves, for the coming about. MOVE IN on their faces, their thoughts come to life, private, peaceful images:

- a) Bugsy -- of 'Irene,' the only woman who ever said good-bye to him, beside him en route to Gaspe Peninsula in his 'new, used' Ford F-150, two Carrot-Tops between them, Big Red radiant, almost beautiful.
- b) Murph -- teaching Dale Jr. to flycast on some sweet South Florida stream.
- c) Sully - completes his tattoo removal at a parlor, combs his hair conservatively, hits the street. An elegant woman, as civilized as he is not, excitedly takes his arm.
- d) Alfred Pierre - in Montego Bay with his lanky blonde girlfriend, bending backwards under a bamboo rod as they spectacularly perform the limbo.

Alfred Pierre glances over at Murph whose eyes are focused in the middle distance, Murph senses Alfred Pierre's gaze. The two prox' eyes meet: they've been in tough spots before, never anything like this.

The Andrea Gail rises suddenly and precipitously, the men GRIP their bunks.

183 INT. WHEELHOUSE, ANDREA GAIL - NIGHT

183

Billy, one hand on the WHEEL, the other on the THROTTLE as Bobby's outstretched hands grip the wheel with him. They watch, weirdly fascinated as the Andrea Gail rides HIGHER, HIGHER on this INCREDIBLE WAVE:

BILLY

Wait...wait...wait --

The Andrea Gail BLOWS through the CREST, appearing miraculously below them is a deep, wide trough.

BILLY (cont'd)

-- NOW!

Billy SLAMS the THROTTLE, SPINS the wheel, Bobby spinning right with him as they go DOWN this rollercoaster, both men spontaneously SCREAMING with fear and excitement.

184 INT./EXT. ANDREA GAIL - NIGHT

184

- a) The Andrea Gail, its diesels GROANING, turns SIDEWAYS to the storm. A hundred-foot wave SLAPS it broadside, sends it SLIDING off the crest, PUSHES her DOWN and OVER.
- b) Billy, teaming powerfully with Bobby, SPINS the wheel the other way.
- c) The Andrea Gail is starting to come about...but then it is blindsided by another wave from BEHIND. Once HIT, her stern is BURIED, the IMPACT sending her flying up the backside of yet another wave, to this wave's CREST.
- d) Murph, Alfred Pierre, Bugsy and Sully SPILL OUT of their bunks, ROLL across the galley floor.
- e) The Andrea Gail HANGS, her bow on one side of the huge CREST, her stern on the other. BANG! WHACKED again, she TOPPLES, PLUNGING into the trough below, disappearing as the crest of this wave BREAKS and WASHES over her.
- f) Billy and Bobby clutch the wheel as the Andrea Gail NOSEDIVES deep into the ocean, water CRASHING through its blown-out windows.
- g) For a moment, the Andrea Gail is SUSPENDED underwater. WHAP! Suddenly buoyant, she SHOOTs BACKWARDS, BLOWS SIDEWAYS. Another wave PILEDIVES into her, a broadside SMASH. The Andrea Gail HEELS OVER, the wheelhouse SUBMERGES.

(CONTINUED)

- h) Billy and Bobby, spun on the wheel, are flung upside down as the SEA pours in and the Andrea Gail, as it ROLLS, SLIPS OVER on its side.
- i) Murph, Alfred Pierre, Bugsy and Sully TUMBLE across the CEILING of the galley.
- j) Still ROLLING, the Andrea Gail surfaces right side up, having come three hundred sixty degrees.
- k) Water is up to Billy and Bobby's knees, but somehow they get leverage when the Andrea Gail rights again. A sudden WHOOSH of speed, Billy nods his head excitedly.

They have made it. The storm is at their backs at last.

- l) In the galley, Murph, Alfred Pierre, Bugsy and Sully come to their feet, dazed and bruised. They look at each other, at themselves, they're alive.
- m) Billy and Bobby, each with a hand on the wheel, feel smiles creep onto their faces.

BOBBY

We did it, Skipper. We did it.

Bobby now on the verge of triumphancy. He SHOUTS down the companionway:

BOBBY (cont'd)

Hey, swabbies, we're alive! We're alive!

- n) The men below respond with crazy SHOUTS of their own: 'Goddam right!' 'Captain Billy Tyne!' 'Bobby, baby!'

o)

BOBBY (cont'd)

(to Billy)

And, Skipper! I'm giving you notice -- this is my last trip. I'm going up to Salisbury Beach with Chris -- and we're going to ride the Go-Karts, full-time!

They both laugh, but the next big wave returns them to reality. Bobby, all serious now, looks over to Billy. But Billy stares out at the furious ocean, refuses to take his eyes off it.

(CONTINUED)

184 CONTINUED:

184

BOBBY (cont'd)

What do you think, Skipper?

BILLY

We're busting twelve knots. If we keep this up, make it 'til morning, who knows, we might get out of here.

185 EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - SERIES OF SHOTS

185

a) Ennis, keeping Mitchell afloat, now sees the Tamara drift back towards them, her gunwales rocking with every wave, from water-level to thirty feet in the air. An incredibly dangerous maneuver.

ENNIS

They're coming around, Jeremy.

MITCHELL

(a whisper)

...They're coming for you.

ENNIS

Wrong, mister. We got plans -- and the Commander of this cutter has got balls. He's turned her broadside, she could go down. One chance. To grab those nets -- Roger that?

MITCHELL

(a death-rattle)

Over and out.

ENNIS

Picture this, Jeremy. You're a hero, the toast of all Long Island, Senator D'Amato introduces you on the floor of Congress, everybody loves you --

Mitchell shakes his head, Ennis puts his ear to Mitchell's mouth.

MITCHELL

I didn't vote for D'Amato.

Ennis cups Mitchell's chin now, no more talk, paddles furiously.

(CONTINUED)

- b) Cndr Brudnicki maneuvers the Tamaroa towards Ennis and Mitchell, Edie and Melissa watching from the bridge.
- c) As the Tamaroa approaches, a huge wave lifts Ennis and Mitchell thirty feet higher than the Tamaroa, the wave falls and the Tamaroa is upon them.

Ennis, dragging Mitchell with one hand, snags the cargo net with the other.

Another wave HITS, DROPS right out from under them. Suspended for an instant, Ennis loses his grip and he and Mitchell fall twenty feet into the wild ocean.

- d) Ennis and Mitchell are DRIVEN underwater. Ennis grabs Mitchell again, fights upwards.
- e) Ennis and Mitchell POP UP beside the Tamaroa's hull and lowered cargo nets.

ENNIS

Now, Jeremy! NOW! REACH!

Mitchell weakly lifts one arm. Ennis shouts:

ENNIS (cont'd)

THIS IS IT! NO SECOND CHANCE,
JEREMY. DO IT!

Ennis partly lifts Mitchell but he can't raise him up. Mitchell, somehow finding an ounce of strength, drapes one arm over a rung of the cargo net. Now they both have hands gripping the net.

Reacting instantly, Pettit, Borgers and Tamaroa crewmen pull the two men up, as waves SLAM over the cargo net.

PENDULUMING with the roll of the ship, SLAPPED by huge waves, Ennis and Mitchell are slowly raised to the rail.

All hands on deck lean over, grab Ennis and Mitchell by the hair, arm, vest, anything they can get their hands on, drag them to safety.

Ennis, retching water, rolls over, sees Medics hurrying away with Mitchell on a stretcher.

Borgers and Pettit help Ennis to his feet. They embrace, but with a sense of desperation.

(CONTINUED)

185 CONTINUED:

185

ENNIS

What about Smitty?

Borgers and Pettit exchange glances.

BORGERS

-- They're searching.

Ennis gazes out over the ocean, CHURNING relentlessly

186 EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - DAWN

186

The light, all gray, feels like a shroud, peaks and craters of water broken by nothing, not a hint of the Andrea Gail.

Then -- CRASH! On the CREST of an enormous wave she appears, still taking punches, on her feet.

187 INT. WHEELHOUSE, ANDREA GAIL - DAWN

187

Billy and Bobby, looking like ghosts, brace as the boat plunges into a trough. More water WASHES through the broken windows.

Suddenly, a change of ATMOSPHERE: the ocean seems to SUBSIDE, the wind SLACKENS, the Andrea Gail STEADIES. Beams of light SHINE down from the clouds, the feeling that the ship, this patch of ocean, has been touched by God. For Billy and Bobby, the feeling is breathtaking, unworldly.

BOBBY

(a whisper)

We're gonna make it...good god.

Billy looks around, examines every quadrant of the storm, his spirit attuned to every nuance.

187-A INT. GALLEY, ANDREA GAIL - DAWN

187-A

Murph, Alfred Pierre, Buggy and Sully, step cautiously out of their bunks, exchange looks, the feeling under their feet is unmistakable, the Andrea Gail is steadying. The feeling is divine; on the brink of exaltation.

Suddenly, the insidious breath of a BREEZE. A freshening wind WHIPS to a SHRIEK, then a MOAN. The men fall back on their bunks.

187-B INT. WHEELHOUSE, ANDREA GAIL - DAWN

187-B

Billy and Bobby hang on the tiller, watch the BEAMS of sunlight SUCK BACK into the clouds, a sudden, eery darkness. The waves BUILD, coming at them now from all directions. The WIND WHIPS faster through the WIRES. It sounds like a church organ now. A hundred church organs, a thousand, a FORCE 12 GALE and beyond. And still growing.

It is incomprehensible. But Billy knows what it means.

BILLY

She's not going to let us out.

Billy and Bobby see the whole ocean rising straight up in front of the Andrea Gail, a single gargantuan wave, foam blowing down its face like a waterfall.

Billy and Bobby stand motionless with astonishment, the wave is rising HIGHER and HIGHER and HIGHER, now BREAKS and HEADS straight for them.

BOBBY

Sweet mother of god.

Billy grits his teeth, grips the wheel like a reincarnation of the statue of the embattled Gloucester wheelman. He is ready:

BILLY

Yeah! Come on, you bitch!

Billy SLAMS IN the throttle.

188 SERIES OF SHOTS

188

- a) The Andrea Gail HITS the base of the huge wave, CLIMBS its face.
- b) In the galley, as the Andrea Gail's bow goes up, Murph and the Crewmen SPILL across the flooded floor.
- c) Billy and Bobby at the wheel, try to will the Andrea Gail up the wave, Billy giving her all he's got.

BILLY

COME ON! COME ON!

- d) The Andrea Gail struggles further up the face of the wave, STOPS. For an excruciating moment she HANGS there, almost vartical.

(CONTINUED)

- e) Billy and Bobby gaze up to see the foam-whipped CREST of the wave EXPLODE as it CURLS like a great fish above them.
- f) The wave SLAMS down on them, violently throwing the Andrea Gail backwards, end-over-end.
- g) Billy and Bobby, their lifelines breaking, fly into the wall, then up to the ceiling as the Andrea Gail FLIPS upside down, mid-air.
- h) In the galley, Murph CRASHES headfirst against the sharp corner of a bunk as Alfred Pierre is thrown out the door and SLAMS into the companionway. The electrical system sparks, electrocuting Alfred Pierre.
- i) The Andrea Gail COLLAPSES belly up in the trough, the foaming CREST of the WAVE POUNDING her hull like a giant sledgehammer.
- j) Windows EXPLODE one after another. Water FLOODS the wheelhouse from all directions, Billy and Bobby STUMBLE through the maelstrom.
- k) Buggy staggers over to Murph, whose head is bleeding, he tries to stand. Buggy pulls him to his feet, struggles to keep him upright as the water CUSHES towards them.

MURPH

(whispers)

This is gonna be hard on my boy.

- l) Sully CLAWS his way up the stairs to the engine room, the water BLOWING in behind him.
- m) The Andrea Gail NOSES down as another wave PUNCHES her belly.
- n) Billy, gasping for air, surfaces in a pocket against the floor of the wheelhouse. Bobby is there, too, his eyes wide with fear as the water rises:

BOBBY

...How do we do this, Skipper?

BILLY

No school for it. Never was.

Billy's eyes penetrate Bobby's:

BILLY (cont'd)

...Please forgive me.

(CONTINUED)

BOBBY

For what --?

BILLY

For killing you.

The waves LAP, filling the SILENCE.

BILLY (cont'd)

Never knew no other way to live my
life. Had to go all the way.
This is the price. No regrets.
The only thing is -- I took you
with me.

(a moment)

...Forgive me.

BOBBY

No, Skipper. Don't say that. I
learned, I lived. I've seen the
elephant.

(a moment)

Thank you.

Billy reaches out to Bobby, in the murky water they embrace desperately. Billy takes a last huge GULP of air, grabs Bobby by the wrist and swims off with him as the air pocket CLOSES.

- p) Billy, underwater and pulling Bobby behind him, fights his way through the wheelhouse debris.
- r) Billy, gripping Bobby, shoves stuff aside to find a broken-out window. He does, and sets Bobby in front of him, pushes him through. Bobby looks back over his shoulder, Billy nods a last goodbye, gives Bobby a final push to the surface. Billy, left behind now, feels a kind of peace settle over him as Bobby kicks upwards.
- s) Bobby blows to the surface amid terrifying waves, in time to see the Andrea Gail, her STEEL BODY CREAKING and MOANING like a lonesome soul, begin to slip slowly beneath the surface.
- t) Inside the Andrea Gail: Buggy's lifeless body floats downstairs toward Alfred Pierra's scorched remains.
- u) Murph and Sully, cheek-to-cheek in an unexpected embrace, revolve gently in the galley.
- v) Billy, his hands outstretched, drifts peacefully about his wheelhouse; around and around and around.

(CONTINUED)

188

CONTINUED:

188

- w) Bobby, treading water, watches in utter disbelief as the Andrea Gail slides beneath the surface.
- x) UNDERWATER: The Andrea Gail sinks, ultimately disappears into the silence of the deep.
- y) Bobby is alone on the sea, only his head above water. MOVE IN on Bobby, his imagined thoughts come to life:

Chris: - he sees Chris as he remembers her, on the dock, waving one last time, her outstretched arm suspended like some forlorn statue.

BOBBY

Christina...Christina, can you hear me? I don't know if you can hear me but I'm talking to you, baby -- Do you know how much I love you? I loved you the moment I saw you, I love you now, I'll love you forever. No goodbye...there's only love, Christina...only love.

PULL BACK until Bobby is but a tiny DOT on the vast, storm-ravaged ocean. Then even the dot sinks beneath the surface -- nothing is left.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

189

EXT. GLOUCESTER - DAY (DAYS LATER)

189

Workmen clear storm damage. Chainsaw downed trees, reset telephone poles and restring wires, drag the skeleton of a house out of the surf with heavy equipment. Remove sandbags and crowbar the plywood off the windows of the Crow's Nest.

190

EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - DAY

190

The ocean is herself again, as calm as when first seen, the silence broken by THWAP-THWAP-THWAP, as the shadow of a GIANT DRAGONFLY passes over the quiet sea: an aircraft.

191

INT. H-60 RESCUE HELICOPTER - DAY

191

Ennis at the controls, searches below.

(CONTINUED)

191 CONTINUED:

191

At their positions, Mitchell, Pettit and Borgers, along with Rick Smith's replacement. The VOICE of the Anchorman at Channel 7:

CHANNEL 7 ANCHOR (V.O.)

-- it's been a week of round-the-clock flights involving the combined efforts of half a dozen East Coast air rescue stations. As of this hour the Coast Guard has officially suspended its search for Air National Guard Tech Sergeant Rick Smith --

The H-60 whirls on, disappears into the distance:

CHANNEL 7 ANCHOR (V.O.) (cont'd)

-- He leaves a wife and three daughters.

192 EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - HANNAH BODEN - DAY

192

Linda observes intently as one of her crew reaches out with a gaff to snag a fuel barrel off the water, marked 'AG'.

CHANNEL 7 ANCHOR (V.O.) (cont'd)

-- The search for the Andrea Gail, the swordboat out of Gloucester...

193 INT. ADAM RANDALL'S MOBILE HOME - DAY

193

Randall and his girlfriend, Patsy, watch the Channel 7 News, MOVE IN on Randall's face, as he absorbs the report.

CHANNEL 7 ANCHOR (V.O.) (cont'd)

...has also been permanently suspended, after aircraft covered 116,000 square miles of ocean without finding a single survivor...

195 INT. ST. ANNE'S CHURCH (GLOUCESTER) - DAY

195

Every seat in every pew is filled, the choir SINGS the Mariner's Recessional Hymn.

(CONTINUED)

195 CONTINUED:

195

Seated in front are next-of-kin: Ethel holds hands with Chris on one side of her, and Linda Greenlaw on the other. Up the aisle, Debra with Dale Jr., Big Red and her Carrot-Tops, Bob Brown and his wife, Alfred Pierre's girlfriend, Billy's 'ex', Jodie, and his daughters, Erica and Billie Jo.

The Old-Timer steps to the pulpit, unrecognizable today, cleaned up, a nice suit, shirt and tie:

OLD-TIMER

I want to thank Father Florian for inviting me to speak. I was in the boats since I was eighteen, took me off when I was forty-one. A young man's game, a single man's game. A Gloucesterman's game. The crew of the Andrea Gail were good men, knew them all, a rare privilege. They take their place with those that came before them and those, most surely, that will come after.

(a moment)

Lives are never measured by years.

196 EXT. CITY HALL - DAY

196

MOVE IN on City Hall and its twin towers.

197 INT. WALLS, CITY HALL - DAY

197

PAN OVER the names of Gloucestermen lost at sea, PAN THROUGH centuries, decades, arriving at 1991, six fresh names engraved:

Captain William Tyne

Robert Shatford

Dale Murphy

Michael Moran

David Sullivan

Alfred Pierre

DISSOLVE:

198 EXT. GLOUCESTER - DAY 198

A warm November afternoon, the old rowhouses looking attractive in the sunlight, lobstermen hauling crab from traps set under jetties, the MISS of the blow-torches as barnacles are blown away from hulls.

199 EXT. CROW'S NEST - DAY 199

Chris and Ethel sit on stuff stacked outside the back door, taking the sun and a cigarette:

CHRIS

-- I got a message from him. I heard it loud and clear. 'I love you', he said, 'I loved you the moment I saw you, I love you now, and I'll love you forever. No goodbye. There's only love, Christina.'

(a moment)

.. like he was in the room with me.

ETHEL

(a smile)

Surely, he was.

They look up to see a swordboat heading out -- the Hannah Boden.

200-B EXT. HARBOR (GLOUCESTER) - DAY 200-B

The HANNAH BODEN PUTT-PUTTS out, picking up speed as it approaches the mouth of the harbor.

200-C INT. HANNAH BODEN - WHEELHOUSE - DAY 200-C

Linda, the sun catching her eyes, peers out at the sparkling sea, hears the SOUND of a VOICE:

BILLY (V.O.)

'...You move out the South Channel past Rocky Neck and Tenpound Island, past Niles Pond -- where I skated as a kid -- onto Black Bass Point, blow your airhorn and throw a wave to the lighthouse keeper's kid on Thatcher Island -- then the birds arrive -- Blackbacks and Herring Gulls, Big Dump Ducks and Green-Legged Coots.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

200-C CONTINUED:

200-C

BILLY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

The sun hits you, you head north
and open up to twelve -- steaming
now -- the guys are busy and
you're in charge. And y'know
what? You're a goddam swordboat
captain and is there anything
better in the world?'

Linda takes off the baseball cap she has always worn,
shakes her hair out, looks unexpectedly beautiful. She
gives a big blast to her AIRHORN.

A YOUTH, 18-years-old, one of her crew coiling rope on
the deck below, glances up:

YOUTH

...What was that for?

LINDA

That was for Captain Billy Tyne.

PULL BACK as the Hannah Boden KICKS ON course, SAILS OUT
to sea.

THE END