

## **THE FISHERMAN**

Written by

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Inspired by true events and  
Based on the character created by  
Peter Benchley\*

#### **UNDER THE OCEAN - NIGHT**

Ribbons of moonlight pierce the dark ocean from above as we glide forward underwater with embodied, animal purpose.

OBJECTS begin to fall into view ahead: various shapes sinking from the surface as we move between them... AN AMMO BOX, A CHAIR, PIECES OF TWISTED METAL raining down everywhere...

We shift direction between the debris, moving forward...

A more familiar silhouette sinks in front of us: A HUMAN CORPSE. But we ignore it, turning to slowly pass it.

Now, in the gloomy distance ahead, see LIGHTS FLICKERING from portholes, briefly illuminating the surreal sight of a U.S. NAVY HEAVY CRUISER as it sinks, going down into the deep, bubbles and debris spewing from TWO GASHES in its side.

As we watch, pressure snuffs its lights and it becomes just a shadow in the dark, barely visible, falling into the abyss as we continue onward with cold indifference to its fate...

DISSOLVE TO:

#### **EXT. DRIVING OUT TO SEA - DAY**

A fine day off the coast of NEW ENGLAND. AUGUST 1946. A thirty-five foot NOVA SCOTIA LOBSTER BOAT drives out to sea.

Vapor trails from its tall exhaust beside the flying bridge. She's a little worn in but still in her prime with decades of life left in her.

Printed on the stern in large letters is her name: "ORCA".

#### **EXT. FLYING BRIDGE - ORCA - DAY**

The man at the helm is twenty but seems older. He's weathered, from sun and from drinking, with unkempt hair and a beard and icy eyes, piercing and haunted. Barely a year has passed since the war ended, but it did its work on this man.

They call him QUINT.

He glances behind him. A little harbor and the island of Martha's Vineyard are shrinking into the distance.

He tightens his grip on the wheel, glancing down at the boat beneath him and its hull cutting the water. He seems nervous.

He reaches for a mug on the console and lifts it to his mouth, only to find it already emptied. He throttles down.

**INT. CABIN - ORCA - MOMENTS LATER**

Beneath the flying bridge is a compact cockpit/cabin with a tiny kitchenette, table and booth, all surrounded by windows.

Quint climbs down from above and stumbles inside. He grabs a nearly-empty bottle of schnapps and empties it into the mug.

He downs it in an easy gulp.

But then the endless ocean outside the window gives him pause. He stares at it with anxious uncertainty.

He turns away and digs in a grocery bag, past bread and bologna and cheese, to reach a fresh bottle of whiskey.

**EXT. REAR DECK - ORCA - DAY**

Jazz warbles from a HAND-CRANK GRAMOPHONE inside the cabin. Quint stands up from a wooden rocking chair, as his fishing rod bends with a catch on the line. He works to reel it in.

He pulls up a nice-sized stripers. Stuffing one hand into a glove, he grabs the fish to remove the hook.

QUINT  
Beauty, aren't you.

The fish squirms and he loses his grip, dropping it to the deck. He clumsily tries to grab it as it flaps around, but he knocks his mug from the top of a tackle box. It SMASHES on the floor -- whiskey spills across the deck.

QUINT  
Shit.

He kicks the fish into a corner. He's drunk, frustrated.

ANGLE ON: THE FISH, flapping in spilt whiskey, when... BAM! A knife slams through its head, pinning it to the deck.

Quint stares at it, grimly. Blood seeps into booze...

He pulls the knife out, opens a cooler box and drops the fish inside to join a few others he already caught, on ice.

He pauses, staring down into the box.

QUINT  
What are you looking at? Huh?

Long beat. He glares at the dead fish. But then a smile cracks across his face, becoming a rasping chuckle.

He reaches for his mug but is reminded that it's broken. So he snatches the bottle instead and raises it to the fish.

QUINT

This was a good idea. I feel better.  
But I'll need more of you than this.

**EXT. REAR DECK - ORCA - DUSK**

LATER, the daylight is fading. The ice box is now stuffed full with more fish that he's caught.

QUINT sways across the deck, fishing rod in hand as the line jerks and he struggles to reel another in.

QUINT

Nice strong fella.

After a few minutes of effort, the fish is close enough to glimpse: a TWO-FOOT MACKEREL shimmering below the surface.

Quint reaches for his glove when suddenly -- THE LINE IS YANKED VIOLENTLY, pulling on the rod, then it goes limp...

Confused, he reels in easily... And he pulls up ONLY THE MACKEREL'S HEAD, still attached to the line, dripping blood on the deck... Its body has been bitten away.

Quint blanches, staring at it.

Unnerved, he moves to peer over the edge but he sees nothing. Just a diffuse patch of blood in the water.

His breath quivers. He looks back at the fish in his ice box.

QUINT

Okay. Time to play your part now.

**EXT. REAR DECK - ORCA - NIGHT**

ANGLE ON: A FAT STRIPER slaps down onto a cutting board. A kitchen knife slices through it.

Quint chops the fish up by lamplight, quickly and crudely. He's not cleaning it, he's just making mincemeat out of it.

He carefully tips the chopping board so that the blood runs off into A BUCKET that is already full of chum soup.

He pushes fresh hunks into bucket too. He pauses for a swig of whiskey, then he grabs the next fish when suddenly --

He hears DISTANT CRIES AND SCREAMS from across the water.

He looks up, nervous, peering into the dark beyond the boat. But he sees nothing, hears nothing... But it scares him:

**INT. CABIN - ORCA - MOMENTS LATER**

Quint retreats inside, where LOW JAZZ crackles on the gramophone and A STRANGE PANIC starts to take hold of him.

He downs another mug of booze. He tries to calm his breath but SUDDEN FLOODS OF DISCONNECTED IMAGES start to rush him:

*A bloody hand reaching... A blur of grey in the water... Meat on a grill... A girl smiling... Artillery firing... Flesh tearing... Bodies writhing during sex... Blood from a nose...*

Quint shakes it off, turning to a window. But with the light on inside, he sees HIS OWN REFLECTION in the glass -- a face he hardly recognizes, let alone admires.

He switches off the light. His eyes adjust to see THE ENDLESS OCEAN outside instead, and now fear swells from that:

*Limbs thrashing underwater... Smoking cigarettes on a ship's deck at night... Waves crashing... Fire raging...*

He switches the light back on: there's his face again. He switches it off: there's the open water beyond. He groans; agitated and claustrophobic as A HAMMERING SOUND grows...

**INT. CABIN - ORCA - LATER**

THE HAMMERING continues. SEE: shirts and sweaters, nailed up over the windows to form makeshift drapes. No reflections anymore, no ocean visible. The cabin is a little dark cave.

FIND: QUINT hammering a shirt above the last window.

He reaches into his duffel for another shirt but is surprised to find a WOMAN'S SCARF, jumbled in with his clothes.

He pauses. Feeling it in his hands, remembering. He steps backward to climb down but HE SLIPS AND --

FALLS HARD to the floor.

He lies dazed, eyes open, listening to the water lapping outside and the soft jazz warbling from his gramophone...

CUT TO:

**INT. JAZZ BAR, SAN FRANCISCO - NIGHT - MAY 1945**

A live band plays the same song in a wartime San Francisco lounge full of sailors and ladies drinking and dancing.

Quint is at the bar. He's a year younger but starkly different: crew-cut, clean-shaven and fresh faced, eyes clear and gleaming with youthful confidence and natural charm.

He's in uniform with two shipmates. BRUBAKER (20s) is his closest friend, wiry-tough and loyal. HART (17) is a new recruit deckhand who's maybe never even been away from home, let alone inside a bar.

QUINT  
Put it away, Brubaker.

Brubaker is holding out a thin chain from his neck, which is looped through a DIAMOND RING. He turns to Hart.

BRUBAKER  
No, I'm showing Hart. This was my mother's ring, that's a real diamond. It's all I got to my name, so I'm not gonna just leave it in my bunk.

QUINT  
Brubaker wears a wedding ring round his neck and wonders why he's got no sweetheart.

BRUBAKER  
It's an engagement ring. Neck's the best place for it. It shows them I got nothing but noble intentions for them, unlike you Quint.

HART  
That really works, Brubaker?

Brubaker turns back to Hart, suddenly mock-angry.

BRUBAKER  
What did we tell you? You don't talk while me and Quint are talking.

QUINT  
No, tell us. How is that working out?

BRUBAKER  
It works great -- I just haven't found the right girl is all.

Smiling, Quint scans the bar and, as the crowd parts, he sees a vision: LAURA FOSTER (25) is a humble, intelligent beauty, chatting with her friend DIANE (25). Laura was looking at him, but as he makes eye contact she turns away.

Beside Quint, Hart is put out by Brubaker's comment.

HART

I don't see why y'all had to bring me out here if I can't talk.

BRUBAKER

'Cause you're greener than green, gup, look at you. Still flush full of 'rental cash, and it's tradition you buy your olders and wisers some drinks once you graduate training.

HART

That's a real tradition?

BRUBAKER

You questioning your superiors? Quint, he needs some manners. Quint?

He turns to see Quint making his way across the bar.

**ACROSS THE BAR**

Laura and Diane are watching the band play. Laura turns to see Quint appear next to her. He tips his hat to her.

He pretends to watch the band too, but he sneaks sideways glances at her. She knows it, and she smiles.

LAURA

Can I help you, sailor?

QUINT

Actually, I thought we might be able to help each other.

LAURA

Oh really?

QUINT

Yes, ma'am. See, I'm hoping to enjoy a refreshing beverage and stimulating conversation with a beautiful woman. Thinking you might be up to the task.

LAURA

How'd you figure that?

QUINT

Because of the look you gave me.

LAURA

Look? I think I may have merely glanced your way by accident.

Diane turns from the music, noticing Quint with them.

QUINT

You were looking. Staring, really, but we'll give it the benefit of the doubt and call it a glance. Thing is though, these days with a war on and all this turmoil in the world, got to take chances on a glance like that.

DIANE

A real philosopher, you are. I'm Diane, this is Laura.

QUINT

You can call me Quint.

LAURA

Quint? Is that a first or last name?

QUINT

(ignoring her, to Diane)  
Laura seemed a little shy. Figured I'd come help her out.

LAURA

I'm not shy.

DIANE

She's not shy.

Then Brubaker arrives beside Quint, faux-serious.

BRUBAKER

Sorry to interrupt. Quint, we got a serious problem. That damn greenie sonofabitch - pardon my language, ladies - that new kid Hart.

QUINT

What did he do?

BRUBAKER

Well he's a babyfaced boot-mouth and he fumbles through our order, and now we got four martinis instead of two. I don't know what to do, it'd be an awful shame to waste them but we can't drink them ourselves because --

QUINT

Because we're on duty tomorrow. My god, Brubaker, this is a disaster. Is there anything we could do?

DIANE  
(bemused)  
Oh for goodness sake. Yes, we'll join  
you for a drink.

BRUBAKER  
Really?

Diane takes Brubaker by the arm and leads him back to the bar, leaving Laura with Quint.

They look at each other. The eye contact lingers.

LAURA  
I'm not shy.

QUINT  
Prove it.

**INT. JAZZ BAR - SAN FRANCISCO - NIGHT - LATER**

Quint and Laura are dancing together now, later in the night. Brubaker and Diane, and other couples, dance around them. It's slow, close and intimate, and they talk as they go.

LAURA  
I'm a New Englander too. Boston's home, but we summer in the Vineyard.  
Have you ever been there?  
(catching his look)  
What? What is it?

QUINT  
All moneyed up aren't you. Fancy college and all, studying psychotics.

LAURA  
Psychology. Yes, I'm very fortunate.

QUINT  
See, I was all set to go to Harvard but then this damn war happened...

LAURA  
(going with his joke)  
Oh, is that so?

QUINT  
Straight-A student, I was. Sometimes it's hard, you know, being a brave fighting sailor in the United States Navy, while also being such an intellectual. The other guys just don't understand me.

LAURA  
Oh, I'm sure you get bullied.

QUINT  
It never stops. Professor Quint,  
that's what they call me.

She smiles at his jokes.

LAURA  
Well I told you about me, Professor.  
You still haven't told me where  
you're from. Where is home for you?

Beat. Quint's eyes darken in thought. A pregnant pause hints at perhaps broken homes and no living loved ones.

QUINT  
The sea.

She laughs at this overly dramatic statement.

LAURA  
The sea?

QUINT  
Been round water my whole life. On  
the water I feel free, I feel safe.  
Isn't that what home is?

LAURA  
I suppose.

QUINT  
One day, I'll get my own vessel. Then  
I'll show you blue bloods the freedom  
I got that you can't buy.

Laura looks at him sweetly.

LAURA  
You've got a war to win first.

Beat. They look into each other's eyes.

QUINT  
Lady, I don't know how long we'll be  
stationed in San Francisco, but let  
me see you again while we are and I  
promise: I'll go end it for you.

Her smile is answer enough for him. He twirls her as the band  
strikes a new tune and a TRUMPET plays, becoming --

**INT. CABIN - ORCA - DAY - AUGUST 1946**

-- A GULL SQUAWKING loudly, waking Quint, lying where he fell in the cabin. He groans in pain from a hangover.

The cabin sways from waves, startling him -- he sits up in shock, as if only just remembering he's on a boat.

**EXT. REAR DECK - ORCA - MOMENTS LATER**

Coming outside, Quint finds the boat is engulfed by a THICK SEA MIST with little visibility beyond thirty feet.

A half-chopped up fish still lies on a cutting board. But an oddly elegant, beautiful WHITE GULL is nipping at it.

It SQUAWKS at him, rather boldly.

QUINT

Okay. Go on now.

It just seems to eye him. It SQUAWKS again.

QUINT

Go on. This isn't your business.

As he waves at it, the gull takes flight. Quint watches it rise and settle into a hover high above the boat.

Quint lifts the lid from the bucket of chum and sneers at its already rotten smell. He glances at his ice box - a few fish left to add. He grabs his knife, and gets back to work.

**EXT. FOREDECK - ORCA - DAY, LATER**

Quint shimmies along the side of the boat to the front deck. There he finds a few old LOBSTER CAGES stacked together.

**EXT. REAR DECK - ORCA - MOMENTS LATER**

Quint ties a lobster cage off on gunwale cleats so that it hangs down outside the stern, sitting in the water.

Then he ladles chum in through a flap in the cage. Fish hunks are caught inside; blood and oil ooze outward into the water.

**EXT. FLYING BRIDGE - ORCA - DAY**

Quint peers into the mist as he drives slowly forward. He hears a SQUAWK and looks up to see THE GULL is following.

**EXT. OCEAN - DAY**

The Orca seems a ghost ship, suspended in a cloud of grey.

**EXT. REAR DECK - ORCA - NIGHT**

Holding a lantern, Quint spoons more chum into the lobster cage. A line is cast out into the dark from his rod.

He sits into his rocking chair, rocking it with one foot up on a tackle box. It creaks and groans, creaks and groans.

AGAIN: SCREAMS AND SPLASHES echo faintly from the dark, distant and muffled. He pauses, eyes darting. Spooked.

MOMENTS PASS. Then he sips from his mug and resumes rocking when -- the RADIO inside the cabin squawks to life.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.) (RADIO)  
*Fry Bait to Orca. Fry Bait to Orca.*  
*You out there? Come in Orca.*

Quint glances back at the cabin with dark suspicion.

**INT. CABIN - ORCA - MOMENTS LATER**

Quint staggers in and grabs the receiver.

MAN'S VOICE (RADIO)  
*Fry Bait to Orca. Come in Orca.*

QUINT  
 (into receiver)  
 What do you want, Bill?

BILL (RADIO)  
*There you are. Uh, just trying to*  
*check you're okay. I got someone here*  
*who wants to talk to you pretty bad.*

Quint frowns with suspicion and worry.

LAURA (RADIO)  
*Hello? It's me, it's Laura... Are you*  
*there?*

He drops his head into his hand, closing his eyes.

QUINT  
 I'm here.

LAURA (RADIO)  
*Jesus, are you okay? We didn't know*  
*where you were last night. I was*  
*worried sick. We called around and*  
*Bill said you bought a boat. How did*  
*you even-- I mean, how could you*  
*afford a boat?*

Beat. Quint winces, trying to think.

LAURA (RADIO)  
*He said you loaded up and left by  
yourself. Without a word. Please,  
just tell me what's going on. What  
are you doing out there?*

Quint looks out the doorway at the dark ocean. Then he speaks with grim conviction.

QUINT  
I'm fishing.

SILENCE: Laura is disconcerted. Quint just swigs from his mug, hating himself for it at the same time.

LAURA (RADIO)  
*When are you coming back?*

Quint glances around his den, bleary-eyed.

QUINT  
When I've caught what I need to  
catch. When I've cleared my head.

LAURA (RADIO)  
*Are you drinking?*  
(beat, hear her emotion)  
*This isn't the way. I can help if you  
just talk to me. I want to help you.*

QUINT  
Why?

LAURA (RADIO)  
*You know why...*

He does know. Hear it in her voice: she loves him.

LAURA (RADIO)  
*Don't run away. Don't do this to  
me... I don't deserve that.*

QUINT  
No. You deserve better. You've always  
deserved better.

LAURA (RADIO)  
(beat)  
*Look. There's a storm coming in. You  
have to at least come in for that,  
then if you want to go back out...*

Long beat. He's silent. It hurts him to hurt her like this.

LAURA (RADIO)  
Quint. If you can't talk to me, I  
can't wait for you. I won't wait.

Quint wrestles with this a few moments. Finally he lifts the receiver to speak when -- a NEW VOICE crackles over the air:

FISHERMAN 1 (RADIO)  
(laughing)  
*Just go back to her, boy! She's ready  
for you!*

LAURA (RADIO) FISHERMAN 2 (RADIO)  
Quint? Quint? Bill, what is Oh yeah! I'd hurry, she  
this-- sounds ready to go alright --

FISHERMAN 1 (RADIO)  
*I gotta say, this is better than the pictures, I could listen to you two going back and forth all night!*

FISHERMAN 3 (RADIO)  
That you, Gardner? I thought I was  
the only one listening to this drama.

FISHERMAN 1/GARDNER (RADIO)  
*Yes sir, glad I came down the  
Vineyard. Good catches today but  
nothing as entertaining as this.*

There's more CACKLING and BANTER back and forth between the anonymous eavesdropping fishermen...

Quint clenches his eyes shut, embarrassed not for himself but for her -- he knows this must be hurting her.

FISHERMAN 2 (RADIO)  
You still there, boy? Little lady? I  
think we scared them off.

He's got enough sense to know not to respond to them.

BILL (RADIO)  
Come on guys, cut it out will ya.

FISHERMAN 1 (RADIO)  
*Ah take a joke, Bill!*

FISHERMAN 3 (RADIO)  
Bill, tell her I'd be happy to come  
fill in instead. (laughing)

BAM-BAM! Quint loses it -- SMASHES the receiver several times against the wall. He hurls the radio, silencing the laughs.

Miserable, he finishes his mug and slumps to the floor. But there he sees HER SCARF under the table where he dropped it.

He picks it up. He breathes in the lingering smell on it.

**INT. GUEST ROOM, DIANE'S APT - MORNING - JULY 1945**

Quint stirs, waking in a dim apartment bedroom to see Laura in bed beside him, looking at him with affection.

LAURA  
(whispered)  
Hi.

QUINT  
Hi back.

LAURA  
You talk different in your sleep.

QUINT  
Slander and lies. I do not.

LAURA  
It's true. It's like a whole  
different accent. I never heard  
anything like it.

QUINT  
(teasing, evading)  
Oh, you got a lot to compare it to?

LAURA  
I'm not in the habit of bringing men  
home with me, good sir.

QUINT  
Hope not. Otherwise this guy here,  
the one you been going steady with  
for almost four weeks now, he'd have  
something to say about that.

He kisses her. But at this, Laura's smile fades.

QUINT  
What? What is it?

LAURA  
I'm sorry... You're late.

QUINT  
      (dread)  
      What? What time is it? Laura --

He turns to check a clock across the room.

      QUINT  
      Shit!

Quint leaps out of bed, naked, and frantically starts getting dressed in his civilian clothes.

      QUINT  
      Why didn't you wake me?! Laura!

      LAURA  
      I'm sorry! I just... I didn't want  
      you to leave.

Buttoning his shirt, Quint turns to see the guilt and emotional vulnerability on her face. She's upset.

      LAURA  
      I don't know when I'll see you again,  
      if I'll even see you again at all.

Quint is in a terrible rush, but knows he owes her this brief moment. He sits and takes her face in his hands.

      QUINT  
      Laura Foster, nothing's going to  
      happen to me.

      LAURA  
      That a promise?

A twinkle in his eye; he puts on a salty sailor inflection.

      QUINT  
      I'm just goin' home, remember?

      LAURA  
      (smiling)  
      That's it, that voice! He's trouble.

      QUINT  
      (teasing, accented)  
      You girls don't know me. This is me.  
      That sea's my home, nothin' gonna  
      touch me there--

She silences him with a finger on his lips.

LAURA  
Thank you for sneaking out to see me.

QUINT  
(sincere again)  
I didn't have a choice, I had to.

LAURA  
Okay, go... Go on, sailor!

He kisses her again, then he's up and grabbing his jacket and stuffing feet into boots as he opens the door --

**INT. DIANE'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS**

He bursts from the bedroom and rushes through the apartment, passing Diane in the kitchen in a robe, sipping coffee.

QUINT  
Bye Diane!

The door slams. Diane walks to the guest bedroom where Laura puts on a brave smile. Diane sits on the bed and hugs her.

DIANE  
I'll tell you one thing about this war, it gives you an easy out. Come on, I'll buy you breakfast.

**EXT. PORT OF EMBARKATION, SAN FRANCISCO - DAY - JULY 1945**

A taxi pulls up close to docks that are teeming with MILITARY VEHICLES AND PERSONNEL. Quint leaps out and runs to a --

**CHECKPOINT**

A FEW GUARDS man it, checking sailors' papers. GUARD 1 looks at him, bedraggled in his civilian clothes.

GUARD 1  
You got papers to come through here?

QUINT  
My ship's leaving!

GUARD 2  
(recognizing him)  
Quint? Shit, I don't want to know what's gonna happen to you for this. She's already casting off. Go go!

Guard 2 waves him through. Quint starts sprinting.

**EXT. WHARF - CONTINUOUS**

MOVE WITH QUINT rounding a corner at a run, to reveal the:

USS INDIANAPOLIS

610 feet of sleek steel-grey US Navy cruiser; smaller and nimbler than a battleship but bigger and deadlier than a destroyer, she's built for speed and quick, hard strikes.

TUG BOATS are already pulling her away from the wharf as Quint pulls his stashed sailor suit from a trash can and sprints toward the gangway. At the top, a DECKHAND sees him.

DECKHAND

Jesus H. Christ... What the hell are you doing off the ship?! Whoa, whoa, no you're too late!

But Quint just races straight up the gangway --

**EXT. QUARTERDECK - INDIANAPOLIS - CONTINUOUS**

HE LEAPS from the end, across the eight-foot gap, and lands on deck next to the DECKHAND. He gives a cheeky salute.

DECKHAND

You're certifiable, man. You're insane, you know that?

QUINT

Nah.

Quint rushes across the quarterdeck and starts down a STAIRWELL, heading below decks.

**INT. CREW QUARTERS - INDIANAPOLIS - MOMENTS LATER**

The ship is a labyrinth of narrow corridors; a floating city with 1300 men onboard. Quint squeezes past men going in all directions. Some smirk at his civilian clothes.

PASSING SAILOR

Nice rags, Quint. You stitch 'em yourself?

QUINT

Your mother made 'em, Lynch. Gave 'em to me last night.

**INT. MESS HALL - INDIANAPOLIS - CONTINUOUS**

Quint ducks into one of the ship's two MESS HALLS.

A few OFF-DUTY GUYS are still sitting and talking, a few others are mopping floors and cleaning tables around them.

Quint heads for the serving counter. A couple of the clean-up crew, HILL and GRIFFS, see him coming.

HILL

Look at this.

GRIFFS

Quint, where the hell you been?

(realizing)

Oh goddammit. No. You got some last night, didn't you?

QUINT

A gentleman never tells.

HILL

You ain't no gentleman, Quint, you're a sailor.

GRIFFS

Two months in port, I get nothing. What am I doing wrong?

HILL

You jerk the line, Griff. When you set the hook, you jerk it too hard. Lose fish that way.

GRIFFS

I'm not talking about fishing. This isn't fishing.

QUINT

Everything's fishing.

GRIFFS

You're gonna tell me about this later, Quint. I gotta at least live varicosely.

HILL

It's vicariously, idiot. The word is vicariously.

Leaving Hill and Griff to bicker, Quint arrives at the counter. One of the cooks, HUGHES, is cleaning up behind it.

HUGHES

Breakfast's over.

QUINT

Hughes, I gotta get on duty, I need something. Please, just a cup of coffee, maybe some toast?

Hughes just stares at him. He raises four fingers.

Quint pulls out a pack of cigarettes and hands over four. Hughes takes them, then pours a coffee and gets out bread and peanut butter and pushes it all across the counter.

QUINT

Hughes, I love you.

HUGHES rolls his eyes, goes back to cleaning.

QUINT slides into a table next to a group of FIVE VETERAN SAILORS and starts smearing peanut butter onto his bread.

QUINT

Fellas.

They all grunt various hellos, as guys do. JENSEN reads a newspaper. FRENCH, HOLLOWAY and GIBSON are close to Quint in age. ROBERTS is a grizzled old lifer (late 40s), tattooed and weathered and respected by all as kind of totemic shaman.

QUINT

Anyone know where we're headed?

FRENCH

Nope. But Roberts has a bad feeling.

GIBSON

Don't say it. Stop talking about it.

FRENCH

Why? It's important, because he's usually right.

JENSEN

We're going to war, anyone who doesn't have a bad feeling is either drunk or an idiot.

HOLLOWAY

Alright, but Roberts knows things. He foretold that Jap kamikaze that hit us back at Okinawa, remember that?

JENSEN

(still reading newspaper)

He's not magic, just because he's the oldest. No offense, Roberts.

Roberts shrugs: none taken.

QUINT  
(eating his bread)  
It true? You got a bad feeling?

ROBERTS  
Bad luck been brought aboard.

HOLLOWAY  
They loaded something into hangar  
one. Big box, under Marine guard.  
Nobody's allowed near it. Nobody  
knows what it is.

But just then, the ship's INTERCOM crackles to life:

CAPTAIN MCVAY (V.O.)  
Men, this is your Captain. This is a  
speed run, we're pushing as fast as  
we can to the island of Tinian, where  
we'll deliver cargo. We can't afford  
to dally, so all hands be sharp...

They all look at each other as the announcement continues.

GIBSON  
Tinian. Must be for a big invasion of  
Japan, right? That's the plan?

QUINT  
Quicker we do it, quicker we get to  
go home. See you boys out there.

Quint drains his coffee and they grunt goodbyes. As he goes,  
he points to Griff's and Hill, still cleaning.

QUINT  
At ease, gentlemen.

GRIFFS  
Yeah yeah, up yours, Quint.

#### INT. CORRIDORS - INDIANAPOLIS

Quint moves fast in the bustling corridors, eating his PB&J.  
Catch glimpses of life on the ship through passing doorways.

#### INT. QUINT'S BUNK ROOM - INDIANAPOLIS - MOMENTS LATER

Quint finishes pulling on his sailor's dungarees. Bunks are  
lashed to the walls, four levels high. A couple NIGHT SHIFT  
GUYS are napping or browsing girlie magazines.

VOICE (O.S.)  
Where the hell have you been?

Quint kicks his pile of civvies out of sight under a bunk and turns round to salute LT BARNES (25) coming in.

QUINT  
Sir! Went to see Doc Smith. Been having a little stomach problem.

LT BARNES  
That's a load of bullshit. You're damn lucky I didn't catch you coming onboard in your civvies, Quint.

QUINT  
No idea what you mean, sir.

LT BARNES  
Sure. We've been through some shit together but don't push your luck. I'm still your officer, and we're at war. Get back to work.

QUINT  
On my way, thank you sir.

Lt Barnes nods and leaves, with Quint following behind.

**INT. CORRIDORS - INDIANAPOLIS - MOMENTS LATER**

Quint slides around a couple people, then climbs back up a series of STEEP STAIRS toward the deck:

**EXT. FORECASTLE DECK - INDIANAPOLIS - DAY**

He emerges past the ship's 8" GUNS, but something makes him pause. He glances back at San Francisco, receding behind them. A moment's thought for Laura, left behind...

But then other sailors are gazing upward in awe, pointing.

Quint looks up. The ship is steaming under the GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE to open sea and war beyond. It's exhilarating.

**EXT. FORECASTLE DECK - ANCHORED OFF TINIAN - DAY**

A PV-1 VENTURA plane roars low overhead, going in to land, as Quint is now standing along the Indy's railing with other sailors, including GIBSON, several days of sailing later.

The Indianapolis is anchored off the coast of TINIAN, an island leveled by shelling and rebuilt as a huge airbase.

Sailors watch as a MYSTERY BOX is hoisted via crane from the Indy's hangar deck and lowered down to a smaller boat, part of a FLOTILLA gathered around the big cruiser.

Quint smokes, watching SPECIALISTS also carry a strange BLACK CANISTER off the ship with reverential care. TURNER, a Marine, watches through BINOCULARS next to him.

PVT TURNER

Hell of a welcome party for it, whatever it was. High ranks down there too, and not just Navy.

He offers the binoculars to Quint, who takes a look.

Sure enough, there are TOP MILITARY BRASS on the boats. Quint sees a GENERAL cross himself as the canister draws near.

GIBSON

I don't get it. What the hell could be so important?

JENSEN arrives from behind them.

JENSEN

New orders from CINCPAC, shipping us straight onward to Leyte, via Guam.

Quint watches the flotilla take the precious cargo. It troubles him -- he too is getting a bad feeling now.

Hearing the ROAR of more planes above him, Quint looks up --

**INT. CABIN - ORCA - MORNING - AUGUST 1946**

Quint's sits upright in his cot and bangs his head as a SOFT RUMBLING fades in the distance - A plane? Thunder?

He groans, hungover again. He gets up and starts to fix a little hair of the dog from a bottle nearby.

Then he halts as he hears SOMETHING ELSE... He listens.

The boat creaks. Waves rock against it. But then -- a MUZZLED METALLIC CLANGING, coming from outside...

**EXT. REAR DECK - ORCA - MOMENTS LATER**

Quint steps out into a grey, blustery day. There's the noise again. It seems to be coming from the lobster cage, hanging outside the stern. It CLUNKS with sudden loudness.

Quint moves across to the stern and peers over:

But the lobster cage hangs there, still and quiet, just as he left it. He's confused. Was he imagining it?

He reaches down over the side.

He grabs one of the ropes holding it in place.

He starts to pull the cage up when:

A HUGE SHARK EXPLODES UPWARD FROM BELOW, ATTACKING THE CAGE WITH ITS GAPING JAWS.

Quint drops it and leaps backward in shock.

The shark (an 18' GREAT WHITE) completely mangles the cage, chomping at the steel mesh before one rope snaps and the shark suddenly yanks the whole cage underwater, disappearing.

A FEW MOMENTS PASS and Quint stares at the surface where it used to be, blood draining from his face in shock.

Then he cautiously picks up the line and starts pulling it in. Soon the cage reappears: torn apart, fish parts gone.

Quint stares at it, numb.

Movement draws his eye...

He turns, leaving the cage, shuffling across the stern to the other side of the boat where...

The BIG SHARK is gliding slowly right past the stern, dark dorsal fin cutting the surface.

Quint grips the boat's edge, trying to reassure himself that he is safe from it here onboard.

THUNDER RUMBLES in the distance...

Quint turns to see the shark is swimming toward a horizon heavy with BLACK STORM CLOUDS. Slowly, his fear gives way to a rising hatred and determination instead...

QUINT

Alright. I'm here now. I'm coming for you.

**EXT. BRIDGE - ORCA - NIGHT**

Quint drives through a summer storm in the dark. It's no hurricane, but the rain is hard and the swells kick the Orca.

Quint swigs from a bottle as he works the wheel.

He glances at a LIFE JACKET, sitting nearby, as if it were tempting him, mocking him. He shakes his head at it.

QUINT  
Ahhh, fuck you!

He snatches the life jacket up and hurls it overboard when --  
BANG! Below him, the cabin door bursts open, rain pouring in.

He jumps down onto the ladder, trying to reach the door to close it again, but it swings away from him.

Unattended, the wheel spins freely. The boat veers sideways and lists as a wave crashes over it from the side.

Quint falls, in terror as the far side of the boat rises above him and it comes awfully close to being rolled over --

ANGLE ON: THE CABIN, as boxes fall and bottles smash. A few inches of water wash inside, hurling loose debris around.

But the swell is merciful, and the boat swings upright again.

Quint abandons the cabin door and climbs back up the ladder to grab control of the wheel once more.

Regaining his breath, he focuses out into the swirling dark, and there, IN THE BLINK OF A LIGHTNING FLASH, he glimpses:

A US NAVY HEAVY CRUISER, away on the horizon.

ANGLE ON: QUINT, dazed with shock, blinking rain away...

Lightning flashes again but now there is NOTHING THERE.

QUINT  
It's nothing. It's not real.

He takes another swig of booze, then pulls his hood over his head to block it out and fixes his eyes ahead.

CLOSE ON QUINT: the sound of the storm fades as his nerve begins to fray with each crack of lightning and wave...

**INT. BAR, SAN FRANCISCO - DAY - MAY 1946**

Quint is slumped over a bar alone. The place is mostly empty. He's haggard here, far from the polished sailor he once was.

GIRL (O.S.)  
Hello.

He turns to see: LAURA standing there, beautifully put together but also nervous, unsure of herself. It's been almost a year since they last saw each other.

QUINT

Laura...

LAURA

I hardly recognized you.

QUINT

Yeah, the beard. No more sailor whites for me, you know. War's over.

LAURA

(gentle)

So I heard. About eight months ago.

That slides past him. He's awkward, a shadow of the confident man she knew. He moves in and quickly pecks her cheek.

QUINT

Nice to see you again.

LAURA

I'm glad you called me.

QUINT

Yeah, sorry if it was a little loud in that place I called you from...

Hey, you want a drink? Here, I'll get you a drink.

(to bartender)

Can I get another of these, and a martini for the lady.

LAURA

(to bartender)

That's okay, I'm fine. Thank you.

Quint turns to look at Laura. She forces a smile.

LAURA (CONT'D)

It's still a little early for me.

He gazes at her, as if he's not even sure she's real.

LAURA

What is it? Do I look different?

QUINT

(a compliment)

No. You're exactly the same.

Laura sits, spotting his duffel bag beside him.

LAURA  
Are you on your way somewhere?

QUINT  
This? No. Just, uh--  
(lying)  
I'm moving in with a friend. New  
place. But how are you? You okay?

LAURA  
I'm well. I'm done with school for  
the summer, going to drive back to  
see my folks on the Vineyard. Do you  
have plans to go back east at all?

QUINT  
Sure. Maybe. I'm working on it, you  
know. When I get enough for the fare.

An awkward beat. Quint seems to be growing more anxious.

QUINT  
It's good you're back in school.

LAURA  
Yes, I think so.

QUINT  
How is it?

LAURA  
It's... It's really fascinating. I'm  
learning a lot.

Quint nods, absently. He takes a large swig of his new drink.

LAURA  
Quint? Are you okay?

Her kind eyes bore into him, making him uncomfortable. He's not okay; he's struggling to control a rising emotional tide he didn't even realize had been triggered by seeing her.

QUINT  
What do you mean?

Sensing it, she takes his hand in hers, genuinely concerned.

LAURA  
(quiet)  
I mean, is anything wrong?

He looks at his hand in hers: this might be the first genuine human contact he's had since the war. He's isolated himself, and this innocent concern is a spotlight shining into him.

He tries to force a laugh, but it chokes in his throat. Tears form against his will.

QUINT  
I'm fine. Really. I'm swell.

But he can't stop it now. A dam is cracking.

LAURA  
Oh dear. It's alright. Come on.

Laura pulls him to a booth to gain some privacy. Quint is embarrassed. He tries to brush it off, but it doesn't work.

QUINT  
It's fine. I'm fine. I'm just really tired, you know. Been a little sick.

LAURA  
Quint...

Beat. He looks away, eyes red. He shakes his head against it.

LAURA  
What happened? Tell me... Did something happen to you?

**EXT. THE OCEAN - NIGHT - AUGUST 1946**

The Orca sits low in the dark ocean, cabin lights glowing through the rain. Lightning forks in the distance now.

**EXT. REAR DECK - ORCA - NIGHT - AUGUST 1946**

Quint drops down from the bridge into A FOOT OF STANDING WATER inside the boat that sloshes back and forth, carrying unsecured flotsam with it.

Soaked and troubled, Quint looks at the miserable scene.

He starts picking up debris, righting his rocking chair when--

He notices a STRANGE BLACK SHAPE coming toward him, out in the sea. He squints at it with concern -- what is it? A ship?

At first it's hard to tell. Strange masts spike upward and the whole silhouette seems to be SUBMERGING as it comes, but still -- it's on a COLLISION COURSE with the Orca.

QUINT  
(shouting, warning)  
Hey... HEYYY!

But his voice chokes as the staggering form becomes recognizable: the prow sinks below the water but the signal mast and conning tower of a JAPANESE B3 TYPE CRUISER SUBMARINE still come at him, even as its dive continues...

Quint stands frozen in shock as it just submerges in time to PASS DIRECTLY UNDERNEATH THE ORCA.

HIGH ANGLE: lightning flashes reveal the monstrous submarine, dwarfing the Orca as it glides beneath it.

It leaves NO WAKE; it wasn't real. Quint knows it but he's in shock anyway as the vision dissolves in the dark below...

**INT. QUINT'S BUNK ROOM - INDIANAPOLIS - NIGHT - JULY 1945**

Quint lies in his crew bunk, sweating in the heat. Men snore or mutter quietly around him. He's reading an old dog-eared copy of "The Complete Works of Shakespeare".

QUINT  
Brubaker, you awake?

Brubaker is in his own bunk, idly toying with the engagement ring on its chain around his neck.

BRUBAKER  
Feel like I'm being cooked in here.

QUINT  
You really read this whole thing?

BRUBAKER  
Sure. Didn't think you'd actually do it though.

QUINT  
I told you, got to educate myself.

BRUBAKER  
Quint, you got a long way to go before you're in that girl's league.

QUINT  
That's what I'm saying, slow and steady... Gotta admit there's some good stuff in here, despite all this sappy romantic shit.

BRUBAKER

Which one are you on?

QUINT

Romeo and Juliet.

BRUBAKER

There's more to it than that.

Beat. Quint raises the book again. Brubaker seems troubled.

BRUBAKER

Hey Quint... You think we're going to  
be part of an invasion?

Quint looks up, realizing this isn't just friendly banter.

QUINT

I don't know. Maybe.

BRUBAKER

I'm getting real tired of this war,  
pal. I know we're not supposed to say  
it, but it's true. I want to go home.

QUINT

It's as good as over. We've got them  
on the run now.

BRUBAKER

That just makes me more scared, you  
know? I don't wanna be the last one  
to go from this thing.

The sombre thought hangs in the quiet. Quint glances at him.

QUINT

Brubaker?

BRUBAKER

What?

QUINT

You keep wearing that ring on your  
neck, you're never going to get laid.

Brubaker smiles and gives him the finger. Quint gets out of  
bed and pulls his clothes on, grabbing his blanket.

QUINT

Too damn hot. Gonna try the deck.

BRUBAKER

Good luck.

**EXT. QUARTERDECK - INDIANAPOLIS - NIGHT**

It's dark and quiet. Quint steps carefully between SLEEPING MEN, scattered on the quarterdeck to escape the heat below.

He finds a spot among them and sits with his back to a wall.

**EXT. THE OCEAN - SAME TIME**

HIGH ANGLE: The Indy is a black shadow cutting across the dark ocean, leaving a faint phosphorescent wake behind it.

**EXT. QUARTERDECK - INDIANAPOLIS - NIGHT**

Quint closes his eyes but he can't get comfortable. The deck is hard and something is troubling him.

He stands and makes his way across to the STARBOARD RAILING.

He leans into it, relishing the breeze on his face...

Without warning, a MASSIVE EXPLOSION shreds sixty feet of the starboard bow to pieces, blowing debris and flames sky-high.

Quint falls sideways, only to then spot the slightest flash of SOMETHING DARK in the water, coming at them --

A SECOND TORPEDO HITS the same side, closer to tower one, and results in an EVEN BIGGER EXPLOSION, and the combined concussive force actually lifts the massive ship up off the water before it slams back down at a new angle.

Quint was thrown across the deck. Recovering, eyes wide with shock, he sees the ship become a hellish inferno in seconds.

A GEYSER OF FIRE shoots up out of the main smokestack as thousands of gallons of high-octane fuel ignite below decks.

He feels SUCCESSIVE CONCUSSIONS from below: exploding powder magazines, tearing the ship apart from the inside-out.

Men are SHOUTING, SCREAMING and RUNNING on deck.

VOICES IN THE DARK  
Action stations! / We're under  
attack! / Mines! / It's a bomber!

QUINT  
Torpedoes... They were torpedoes.

But his voice is hoarse, and no one is listening to him.

The ship GROANS AND RUMBLES beneath him, and it starts to list gradually toward starboard.

Suddenly, someone grabs him from behind:

CHIEF PETTY OFFICER  
You! Come on, you're okay, let's get  
to work! Everyone, get on the hoses,  
we gotta get these fires out!

Afraid, Quint joins up with a SMALL GROUP, moving forward.

**EXT. FORECASTLE DECK - INDIANAPOLIS - NIGHT**

Quint runs through dark and smoke and flaming confusion. They grab HEAVY FIRE HOSES, dragging them forward to fires ahead.

CHIEF PETTY OFFICER  
This way! We're almost there!

SURVIVORS come stumbling past them, screaming, charred and burning, skin falling off their bodies.

But the sight ahead shocks Quint's group: the ship is mangled, steel deck plates splitting apart. Flames erupt through the fissures from below, as if up from hell itself.

CHIEF PETTY OFFICER  
Here! Here! Hook up the hoses!

Quint's team connect the hoses to HYDRANTS. They throw the valves open but then -- NOTHING HAPPENS.

SAILOR  
What's wrong with it?

SAILOR 2  
Pressure's gone! The mains must be damaged!

CHIEF PETTY OFFICER  
Keep trying! Get to the next one!

But Quint's attention is torn away by INJURED MEN SCREAMING AND WRITHING on the deck. Quint looks down: the soles of his boots are SMOKING from contact with the SUPERHEATED METAL...

Quint and others rush forward to help. He grabs one man whose legs are broken and starts dragging him away -- but his cooked flesh sticks to the deck, pulling off from his bones.

The ship rolls further to starboard. Quint helps his shrieking invalid uphill to safety.

QUINT  
Medic! Medic?!

Men are running past everywhere now: anonymous shadows in the FLICKERING, CHAOTIC DARK. Some OTHERS take the injured man from Quint as another EXPLOSION shakes them from below.

Quint reaches his FIRE HOSE GROUP -- still no progress. The CPO tries a COMMS BOX but it's down too. He looks to Quint.

CHIEF PETTY OFFICER  
You! Go check the main pumps, see if you can get pressure going again!

QUINT  
You want me to go down below?

CHIEF PETTY OFFICER  
Unless an abandon ship order is given, we have to try to save her!

Quint is scared, but he nods -- okay.

**INT. CORRIDORS - INDIANAPOLIS - MOMENTS LATER**

Quint drops down a ladder into hell.

Fires rage in the tight hallways. A river of burning fuel runs down one corridor, turning steel beams to molten slag; water rushes down other halls carrying debris and body parts.

A SAILOR whose face is burned off stumbles toward him, weeping. Quint grabs him and guides him to a ladder --

QUINT  
This way! Here, grab hold and climb!

As the sailor heads up, Quint moves off into the labyrinth.

The ship now lists THIRTY DEGREES to starboard, putting everything on a slant. Quint stumbles sideways into a steel wall which sears his arm badly. He yells in pain.

He hears SHOUTING up ahead, and pushes quickly forward as one ABLE-BODIED GUY comes the other way, supporting another NAKED SAILOR with one leg missing, his clothes burned off.

QUINT  
That way! You're almost there!

Quint pushes past survivors, coughing from smoke as he goes.

He turns a corner and a TORRENT OF SEAWATER knocks him down.

He struggles upright, gasping and sputtering, pulling himself against the current until he ducks into the PUMP ROOM --

**INT. PUMP ROOM - INDIANAPOLIS - CONTINUOUS**

-- where he heads straight over to find MANGLED EQUIPMENT instead of working water pumps: there's no saving them...

Then, sensing something, he turns around to find HALF THE ROOM IS GONE. He's looking out through a DEVASTATING HOLE, gouged across multiple decks and rooms by one torpedo...

Water carries oil and debris out from the other side of the breach in a torrent -- beds and equipment and corpses trailing behind the ship that is still moving forward.

At the same time the ship takes on water. Soon its list will put his floor at the waterline and even more will flow in.

QUINT  
(realizing)  
She's going down...

**INT. CREW QUARTERS - INDIANAPOLIS - MOMENTS LATER**

Quint stumbles past MORE MEN making their escape.

ABLE-BODIED SAILOR  
You're going the wrong way! We have  
to get out!

Frantic, Quint ignores them and moves to his bunk room:

**INT. QUINT'S BUNK ROOM - INDIANAPOLIS - CONTINUOUS**

Steel walls are buckling, debris floats everywhere in a foot of oily water. A few BODIES lie broken and dead.

QUINT  
Brubaker?! Hart?!

Quint is about to leave when he hears the SLIGHTEST MOAN and spots the WAVING FINGERS of a survivor, trapped.

He drags a bed away to find GRIFFS, alive but with a broken leg, bone protruding, and he's covered in black engine oil.

QUINT  
Jesus, Griffs!

GRIFFS  
(delirious, shouting)  
I can't breathe!... They left us!

Quint grabs him and starts to lift him out --

Then he sees Griff's is holding a BODY in his arms -- it's HILL, dead. Griff blinks, eyes thick with smoke blindness.

GRIFFS

Who are you? Who is that?

QUINT

It's Quint! Come on, we gotta go!  
You gotta leave him! Griff's!

GRIFFS

(loud, trying to hear)  
What?!

Quint realizes that GRIFFS is mostly deaf and blind.

QUINT

He's dead! You gotta leave him!

GRIFFS

It's Hill! I'm getting him

QUINT

No! He's --

out!

The ship lurches further onto its side. Griff's falls. Exasperated, Quint roughly tears his grip from the body.

GRIFFS

(trying to grab him again)  
No! Hill! No, where'd he go!

QUINT

Hold onto me! Just hold on to me!

Finally Griff's grabs onto Quint, who starts leading him out.

**INT. CREW QUARTERS - INDIANAPOLIS - CONTINUOUS**

They stumble down the hallways, now walking as much on the wall as the floor, due to the ship's increasing lean.

Quint finds the way he came is now BLOCKED by an inferno.

He turns back around another corner, moving down the hall to find -- A HATCH BEING CLOSED ON THEM up ahead.

QUINT

NO! No, wait!

CLANG! The hatch is SEALED SHUT from the other side. Quint hits it but it's helpless. Water rises against it, knee high.

GRIFFS

What is it? What's happening?

QUINT  
They're dogging the hatches...

ON QUINT: desperately thinking...

**INT. PUMP ROOM - INDIANAPOLIS - MOMENTS LATER**

Quint and Griff斯 arrive back at the ruined pump room. The waterline has now reached this deck -- pouring in through the breach in a torrent. It's a struggle to even stand.

Quint grabs a drifting LIFE VEST and puts it on Griff斯.

QUINT  
Put this on!

GRIFFS  
What are we doing?

Quint leans out of the breach and looks up. He sees ROPE and BURNED NETTING hanging down from the deck above them.

BOOM! The ship shakes. Fire spreads into the room, closing in. They have no choice now but out and up.

QUINT  
We have to climb. Stay close!

Quint climbs out of the hole and grabs the rope. He hands it off to Griff斯.

QUINT  
You got it? Come on, we have to go!

**EXT. SIDE OF SHIP - INDIANAPOLIS - CONTINUOUS**

Griff斯 swings out on the rope and painfully starts climbing the twenty feet to the deck.

After Griff斯 transfers from the rope onto the netting above, Quint swings out below him and starts following.

BUT SUDDENLY: the ship JOLTS and lists further over -- GRIFFS LOSES HIS GRIP AND FALLS past Quint, tumbling into the water.

QUINT  
Griff斯!

Quint watches him bob up in his life jacket then trail away into the darkness as the ship keeps moving forward.

Quint has no choice but to keep climbing.

**EXT. QUARTERDECK - INDIANAPOLIS - CONTINUOUS**

Quint pulls himself up through the railing onto the deck, now awash with BLOOD AND BODIES. HUNDREDS OF MEN climb uphill against the sixty degree lean.

QUINT

Man overboard, there's a man overboard!

RESCUER

There's a lot of men overboard!

Quint sees men up on the port side lose their grip and tumble down across the deck -- Quint leaps sideways to avoid being struck as they hit the railing beside him and FLIP OVERBOARD.

Nearby, men hand out foam LIFE VESTS and LIFE BELTS. Quint takes a vest, moving with the flow of men toward the stern, CLIMBING UPWARD across the deck using his hands.

But a shout comes from a SILHOUETTE on the bridge above them:

CAPTAIN

Abandon ship! Abandon ship!

The cry is taken up and spread by the frightened crowd.

CROWDS/ALL

Abandon ship!

Quint searches the chaotic crowd. He grabs someone:

QUINT

Hey! You seen anyone from B-deck?  
Brubaker? Jensen?

But the sailor shakes his head, too terrified to focus.

HUNDREDS gather along the port rail as it lifts higher into the air. Men start climbing over it and jumping together in droves, DROPPING EIGHTY FEET into the darkness below.

Quint climbs upward across the deck, grabbing bulkheads and loose lines to help him, moving toward the stern through a CRUSHING, SHOUTING CROWD as men slip and fall down the deck.

A GROUP nearby tries to free one of the ship's LIFE BOATS from its stanchions, but the angle makes it hard work. The boat suddenly BREAKS FREE AND FALLS, crushing a sailor.

Quint thinks he catches a glimpse of Brubaker, stumbling blindly away from him along the railing up ahead.

QUINT  
Ed! Brubaker!

He pushes to catch up but the man turns -- and it's not him.

**EXT. MID-SHIP DECK - INDIANAPOLIS - CONTINUOUS**

QUINT grabs the PORT SIDE RAILING as it rises higher -- he climbs through until he is standing with others on the outside as the ship rolls NINETY DEGREES on its side.

ON QUINT: terrified, he takes in the surreal scene for a few moments... But then THE CROWD SHOVES HIM OVER THE EDGE --

POV QUINT: sliding wildly, down across the huge stretch of EXPOSED HULL, and into the VAST BLACK OF THE SEA below...

**EXT. OCEAN - SINKING INDIANAPOLIS - MOMENTS LATER**

Quint surfaces in oil-slicked water churning with bodies and debris. The hull's WALL OF STEEL looms beside him.

Worried it might roll back onto him, he starts swimming away hard. As he passes level with the stern, it starts RISING UP OUT OF THE WATER like the tail of some metal leviathan.

Men leap from the top. Some hit a SPINNING PROPELLER on the way down and are batted at sickening angles into the dark.

Quint keeps stroking away frantically in 10' swells. HAUNTING SCREAMS AND SPLASHING echo around in the dark...

A wave crashes against him, sending him briefly under.

He comes back up, sputtering. He blinks oil-stung eyes that slowly adjust to a dark, GREYSCALE SEASCAPE.

A CORPSE floats past him, face-down in its life jacket.

He pushes onward toward other debris, looking for any help.

He grabs A CHAIR but it sinks under his weight.

Quint sees something ahead: a SMALL LIFE RAFT with men in it.

QUINT  
Hey! Help!

His voice is lost in the waves and the cacophony of unseen men in the water, spread for a mile around, all shouting.

He starts swimming toward the raft. It's slow going. He flails. He sinks. He chokes and gasps and fights closer.

QUINT  
Hey!

RAFT VOICE 1  
There's another one! He's got a vest  
on, he's afloat!

Quint reaches the raft, and someone inside it grabs onto him by the life jacket. The tiny dingy is crowded with bodies. Someone is moaning in agony, while others try to comfort him.

RAFT VOICE 1  
Got you. You okay? Hey, you hear me?

Quint just keeps coughing up seawater and oil.

RAFT VOICE 1  
There's no room inside, but tie your jacket to the raft and hang on.

Quint nods and fumbles with his jacket, suffering from shock.

**INT. CABIN - ORCA - DAWN - AUGUST 1946**

Quint is on his hands and knees, up to his chest in the waterlogged cabin, an addict searching for a fix.

QUINT  
No... No no no! Goddammit!

All he finds are soaked grocery bags and smashed remnants of fallen liquor bottles. He tips dregs into his mouth.

His face is pale, drawn and shaky. He looks sick.

**EXT. REAR DECK - ORCA - MOMENTS LATER**

Quint splashes through the water and PUKES overboard.

But then he freezes, bloodshot eyes staring out...

PULL AROUND HIM TO REVEAL:

The sea all around the Orca is awash with black fuel oil, and the SURVIVORS of the Indianapolis are floating in it, scattered for miles in each direction, broken and dying.

He turns away and collapses inside the boat. It's hard to see a man laid so low; haunted by trauma and guilt.

QUINT  
What the hell is wrong with me?

DAWN SUNLIGHT flashes in his eyes:

**EXT. ADRIFT LIFE RAFT - OCEAN - DAY - DAY ONE 1945**

Quint winces from a scorching sun. The survivors are cooking alive in the black, oil-covered, choppy sea. He lifts his hand to see HIS SKIN IS WRINKLED AND PRUNED.

Swells attack the pitiful raft. Made of balsa wood and canvas, it's already damaged and coming apart.

GRIMES (O.S.)  
Lieutenant? Sir, I think this guy here is dead.

LT BARNES stands to look but the floor cracks beneath him.

Quint glances at the miserable faces in the raft. Familiar among them are LT BARNES and ROBERTS and TURNER. FRENCH too, but he's in bad shape: listless, his flesh fire-scorched and shredded. Among the new faces are GRIMES and NORMAN.

LT BARNES  
We can't keep him, not in this heat.

So Grimes and others awkwardly lift a CORPSE out of the raft and into the water and push it away.

IT FLOATS -- they forgot to take the life vest off. Quint and others watch it drift nearby like a ghoul, haunting them.

RAFTER  
Plane... A plane! Look!

They all look up to see a SPECK passing high overhead. They SHOUT AND WAVE, SPLASHING THE WATER to be more visible.

Quint shouts too, until he notices that Roberts is just sitting uneasily. Something about it makes Quint stop.

It's quickly clear the plane won't see them.

ROBERTS  
Shouldn't thrash and holler.

Everyone glances at Roberts. Half his scalp is burned, making him seem even wilder, but it doesn't seem to bother him.

GRIMES  
We're trying to get rescued, Roberts.

ROBERTS  
Should stay still in the water.

He glances at Quint as he speaks. Catching an unspoken meaning, a quiet dread starts to grow in Quint's mind.

He turns and glances behind him, but there's no sign of the floating corpse between the waves anymore...

**INT. CABIN - ORCA - DAY - AUGUST 1946**

Quint is staring at the fallen radio, ready to admit defeat. He switches it on. It crackles with poor reception...

BEN GARDNER (RADIO)  
*...storm wasn't worth it. Gonna be a fine day today though.*

FISHERMAN 2 (RADIO)  
*That's the truth. Best catches I've had all month this morning. Drinks on me tonight, Gardner.*

BILL (RADIO)  
*Hey, any of you boys heard anything from the Orca? Been trying to hail him all day. Over.*

BEN GARDNER (RADIO)  
*You mean the kid from yesterday?*

Quint listens closely.

BILL (RADIO)  
*Yeah that little lady's worried sick. He's solo. He was out in the storm.*

FISHERMAN 2 (RADIO)  
*Seemed a storm that could've been handled.*

BILL (RADIO)  
*I don't know the boy, dunno if he knows what he's doing out there.*

BEN GARDNER (RADIO)  
*Maybe you should call him in missing?*

Long beat.

BILL (RADIO)  
*Ah... I don't want to make a fuss. He's probably fine -- I'll just keep trying the radio and wait to hear...*

FISHERMAN 2 (RADIO)  
*Will keep an eye out.*

BILL (RADIO)  
*Fry Bait to Orca, come in Orca...*

Quint finally reaches for the receiver but finds it smashed open. He clicks transmit but nothing happens. Broken.

So he turns the radio off again, silencing the chatter. He looks around his ruined cabin. *He's on his own out here.*

**EXT. FLYING BRIDGE - ORCA - DAY**

Quint tries a BILGE PUMP SWITCH - it hums somewhere below but falters, broken. Exasperated, he turns away.

**EXT. MID-DECK - ORCA - MOMENTS LATER**

Quint splashes across the deck and leans out over the side to see water barely trickling out from the BILGE PIPE.

He turns, surveying the scene in frustration when he spots LAURA'S SCARF wafting in the standing water nearby.

He grabs it, but her scent is all washed out. So he wrings it out and carefully lays it out on a table to dry.

Resigning to his fate, he grabs a bucket floating nearby, and starts BAILING THE WATER OUT OF THE BOAT BY HAND...

LAURA (PRE-LAP)  
What are you thinking about?

**INT. LAURA'S CAR - DRIVING - DAY - MAY 1946**

Laura is driving her car, wearing the scarf, with Quint in the passenger seat, staring at the landscape rolling by.

LAURA (CONT)  
Hey, you okay? You still with me?

Quint blinks back to reality and looks at her.

LAURA  
You were someplace else there.  
(beat, he says nothing)  
You don't have to tell me about it.  
But I just want you to know that you can, you know, if you want to. I'm a good listener. And we've got a lot of hours left in this car.

QUINT  
Thank you, for inviting me to come.

LAURA  
My parents were on my back about doing the journey alone. They're relieved I've got a friend along.

QUINT  
Laura, I don't want to impose --

LAURA  
You won't be. They love having  
guests. And, bonus! You're a veteran.  
(beat, sweet)  
Get some rest. Tomorrow I'm making  
you drive.

He leans back but his eyes are open; he'll get no real rest.

**EXT. REAR-DECK - ORCA - DAY - AUGUST 1946**

Quint finally stops bailing water, hours later. He's got the  
worst of it - now just a couple inches of standing water.

**EXT. MID-DECK - ORCA - DAY**

Quint is underneath the decking, in more water, working on  
the bilge pump. He tightens a gasket, checks his handiwork.

**EXT. FLYING BRIDGE - ORCA - DAY**

The engine coughs to life as Quint starts it.

He leans over the side to see - WATER is pumped out of the  
BILGE PIPE again, down below. But Quint is sweating, ill.

**INT. CABIN - ORCA - DAY**

Quint uses a mop to push the last of the water out. He stops,  
crouching to pick up pieces of broken liquor bottles.

QUINT  
All my booze in the bilge.

He looks around, as if addressing the boat herself.

QUINT  
I see what you're doing. Think you  
can clean me up too? Just slowing me  
down, making it all worse.

He glances outside where he sees his FISHING GEAR waiting.

**EXT. REAR DECK - ORCA - DAY**

Quint digs in a tackle box to find a spool of HEAVY DUTY  
FISHING LINE. He spends time threading it onto his rod.

**EXT. REAR DECK - ORCA - DAY**

Quint reaches into the half-empty chum bucket, gagging. He pulls out a dripping hunk and uses it to bait his hook.

**EXT. STERN - ORCA - DAY, LATER**

The rod sits in its holster, line cast out, while he scoops chum overboard. He's feeling so sick his hand is trembling. He's delirious, staring at the blood blooming in the water....

EXT. ADRIFT LIFE RAFT - OCEAN - DUSK - DAY ONE 1945

The man floating next to Quint outside the raft has a NASTY CUT on his arm that's bleeding slightly into the water...

QUINT  
Herb? You alright?

The man, HERBIE ROBINSON, turns. Quint nods at the wound.

HERBIE  
It's fine, just nicked it open again.  
I might die of thirst though.

PARKS turns to them from inside the raft -- a tough farm boy.

**PARKS**

A SUNSET fades, pink and orange. Between the swells Quint glimpses a MUCH LARGER GROUP OF SURVIVORS, floating several hundred yards away. He hears the WAILS of their wounded.

GRIMES  
Maybe the bigger group over there  
have got tins of water. You never  
know. Think we should keep paddling  
to reach them, don't you?

NORMAN, in the water, lets out a sudden CRY OF SHOCK.

LT BARNES  
What? What is it?

NORMAN

A fish, I think. Bumped right into me!

Quint turns to look, suspicious.

GRIMES  
Hey maybe we could catch one? For food? Japs eat fish raw don't they?

NORMAN  
 (unnerved)  
 I dunno, man. It felt pretty big...

FRENCH (O.S.)  
 (delirious, feeble)  
 Boat! There's a PT boat going by.

They all turn to look where he's pointing. There's no boat, but Quint does see remnants of a small wake dissipating...

PARKS  
 You're imagining things, Frenchie.

FRENCH  
 I saw it going by, right there.

ROBERTS  
 It weren't no boat...

As usual when Roberts speaks, they listen. His face is grim.

There's a SUDDEN SPLASH from behind them. Quint and some others turn to look -- another small wake dissipating.

Something is out there, in the water...

GRIMES  
 What was that? Anybody see?

ON NORMAN: HE SAW. His eyes are wide and he just turns to bury his face into the raft, terrified.

Quint glances down as -- a LARGE SHADOW glides right beneath his dangling legs, disappearing under the raft.

Quint looks up, and sees Roberts staring at him ominously.

ROBERTS  
 I told you... It weren't no boat.

Others start looking, and then they all see the same thing: A LARGE DORSAL FIN cutting the water, right behind Norman.

PARKS  
 Jesus Christ...

Quint tenses in fear. Norman and others have a harder time.

GRIMES  
 That's a big fish. That's an awful big fish...

LT BARNES  
It's alright. Stay calm. What did the  
manuals say? Splash at them, try to  
make a ruckus, scare 'em off.

ROBERTS  
That'll only bring more of 'em in.

QUINT  
We should get to the other group.  
Better if we're in a big group.

Lt Barnes looks to Roberts for confirmation.

ROBERTS  
Maybe so. The more of us the better.

As if on cue, they all hear a BLOOD-CURDLING SCREAM coming  
across the water from the big group. Then FRANTIC SHOUTING.

GRIMES NORMAN  
What was that? Huh? What was Oh my god, oh my god...  
that about?

LT BARNES  
It's nothing. They've been screaming  
like that all day. Men are wounded.

GRIMES  
Not like that, sir.

QUINT  
Just start paddling, nice and easy.

NORMAN  
I want to get in the raft. Let me get  
in the raft!

LT BARNES  
Everyone just try to stay calm!

NORMAN  
You're not in the water!

PARKS  
Can it, Norman! Start swimming.

But Lt Barnes is getting scared, on behalf of his men.

LT BARNES  
We push until we reach the other  
group. In the meantime, just--  
Everyone just try to ignore them.

But it's too late. They're already jumping at every splash.

POV QUINT: he glances down again, past his vulnerable legs, to see a couple more SHARKS rising up from the deep...

**EXT. REAR DECK - ORCA - DAY - AUGUST 1946**

A three-foot JUVENILE BLUE SHARK thrashes as Quint heaves it up out of the water, hanging from his fishing line.

Holding it up, he stares into it for a few moments. It's a beauty, but Quint's eyes are as cold and dark as the shark's.

He glances at his chum bucket nearby -- it's almost empty.

Suddenly, he slits its belly open bottom to top with his knife. Flesh opens, entrails tumble out into the water.

Quint removes the leader and drops the shark into the water. It thrashes, then instinctively attacks its own entrails, intestines passing back through the hole in its belly.

Quint watches with morbid intensity as it dies eating itself.

A FEW MOMENTS LATER: a four-foot blue shark swims past, drawn by the fresh blood, and takes a bite out of the dead one.

Satisfied, Quint grabs his rod, baits it, and casts it again.

He hears a SQUAWK and looks up to see the WHITE GULL has returned, hovering above the boat.

QUINT

He turns back to the rod but the bird SQUAWKS.

QUINT  
(mimicking, retaliating)  
Squawk!

It SQUAWKS back softly. He looks up at it, fierce.

QUINT  
Squawk-squawk-squawk! What's wrong with you, bird? You going to follow me out to sea? I got work to do.

But watching it hover silently, something about the pretty bird moves him. Perhaps it's just having a companion.

He picks out a small piece of fish from the chum.

He holds it up, then throws it --

The gull expertly snatches it out of the air, swallowing it.

QUINT  
Birds and fishermen... Bad pairs.

**EXT. FOSTER HOUSE - DAY - MAY 1946**

Quint and Laura wait outside the door of a large, beautiful house on Martha's Vineyard. He tries to smooth his shirt.

The door opens and ANNE FOSTER (45), Laura's mother beams with excitement as she pulls her daughter in for a hug.

ANNE  
Laura! My Laura, come here! I missed you so much!

LAURA  
I missed you too, Mom.

ANNE  
And this must be Mister Quint.  
Delighted to meet you! Come on, come on inside, both of you!

She ushers them both inside as Laura's father, WELLINGTON FOSTER (60) comes downstairs.

MR. FOSTER  
Is that really my little Laura, the all grown up college girl?

LAURA  
Hi Daddy.

They hug. Quint looks around; never seen a home like this.

ANNE  
And this is --

MR. FOSTER  
Quint, Seaman First Class, so my daughter tells me.

QUINT  
(shaking hands)  
Yes sir.

MR. FOSTER  
An enlisted man. I respect that, and thank you for your service. Laura told us all about you on the phone. You're a New Englander yourself?

QUINT  
I moved around a lot as a kid.  
Fishing vessels and the like.

MR. FOSTER  
Well we're happy to help a sailor  
out. The guest cabin out back is all  
yours, and I phoned a few people in  
town. There's a job waiting for you  
at the club if you'll have it.

QUINT  
Thank you, that's very kind.

ANNE  
You stay as long as you need. Now  
come on and we'll get some lunch.

Anne pulls Laura onward through the house. Quint is about to follow but realizes that Mr. Foster is still looking at him.

MR. FOSTER  
I want to thank you for accompanying  
my daughter on her journey. Lot of  
troubled men out there, after the  
war. I'm glad she had someone to look  
out for her.

Mr. Foster smiles but the tacit warning hangs in the air.  
Nervous, Quint begins to hear echoes of: *rolling waves, men muttering, then A DISTANT SCREAM --*

**EXT. LIFE RAFT - CALM SEAS - DAWN - DAY TWO 1945**

Quint glances across the water in the murky half-dark just before dawn. He's floating beside the life raft and most of the men seem to be asleep, but a few are still gently paddling by hand, talking in hushed voices.

RAFTER 1  
You hear that? It doesn't sound safer  
over there.

RAFTER 2  
I don't care if it's safer or not, if  
we don't find food or water soon  
we're all dead. We have to try.

Quint can also hear MUTED VOICES from the LARGER GROUP, not far ahead now. They've paddled closer in the night.

A SPLASH behind him. Quint turns, but sees nothing.

He starts kicking against the raft, helping the paddling.

ANOTHER SCREAM, followed by SHOUTS OF ALARM, reach them from the main group, waking a few others on the raft.

GRIMES

Jesus, what's going on over there?

Roberts looks at the brightening glow of the coming sunrise.

ROBERTS

This is their time.

GRIMES

Whose time? What do you mean?

SPLISH-SPLASH! A tail whips quickly through the water. Another flashes past on the other side... Moving fast now.

LT BARNES

Wake the others.

The boys start waking each other up, to moans and grumbles of pain and hushed whispers.

Quint turns to Herbie, floating next to him, asleep in his life jacket with his back to him.

QUINT

Herb? Hey, Herbie. You gotta wake up.

No answer... Quint edges around the raft to reach him.

QUINT

Herb? Come on, Robinson, wake up.

Quint gently takes his shoulder, turning him to see...

Herbie Robinson's face is stiff and contorted with utter terror, eyes wide open and -- DEAD.

Quint flinches backward in horror as Herbie's whole torso rolls over itself like a top, to reveal:

HE'S BEEN GRUESOMELY BITTEN IN HALF BELOW THE WAIST.

Quint raises his hand, realizing his own skin is stained with fresh blood, seeped into the water all around them...

QUINT

Oh my god...

WHAM! A TIGER SHARK bursts upward and attacks Herbie's remains, shaking it like a dog with a chew toy, severing the vest straps attached to the raft, and it takes him under.

For a moment, the men all stare, utterly speechless.

ROBERTS  
(calm)  
We best get moving.

But fear and panic takes over. Some spring into action, shouting. Others seem to go catatonic in shock.

LT BARNES  
Everyone paddle! We're getting to the main group, now!

Quint is not one to show his fear openly, but see it in his eyes: he's terrified. He hooks one arm over the side of the raft and STARTS KICKING to help with the effort...

They're creating a SPLASHING, FROTHING PANIC. And now they can see DOZENS OF SHARKS around them in the dawn light.

MORE SCREAMS reach them from the larger group, visible up ahead. MORE ATTACKS are happening over there.

Suddenly NORMAN tries to climb into the raft, TIPPING IT -- water starts pouring into it from the lowered side.

NORMAN  
You can't do this! You can't keep me out here with them!

PARKS  
Goddammit, Norman! You're going to sink us all! Get off!

NORMAN  
No! No!

Men THRASH AND FIGHT, trying to free the hysterical Norman from the unstable, wildly tipping raft.

PARKS and another guy lose their balance and fall out of the raft into the water. Immediately, two other guys in the water try to climb in and take their place.

It's an ugly chaos of SHOUTING AND SPLASHING.

BANG! Suddenly a GUNSHOT rings out. The shock of it briefly freezes them all -- they turn to see LT BARNES shakily standing, with a pistol raised. He's exasperated.

LT BARNES  
You men in the water, you stay in the water. That means you too now, Parks, I'm sorry.  
(MORE)

LT BARNES (CONT'D)  
You men in the boat, you stay in the  
boat. We don't have time to argue.  
Right now our mission is to get to  
the others, and as the highest rank  
in this group it's my --

CRUNCH! He doesn't get to finish because just then: a HUGE  
SHARK bursts up through the pathetic, already-damaged  
floorboards of the raft, biting and tearing.

Quint watches in shock as a lot happens all at once:

The raft's floor crumbles, men fall on top of the shark. Men  
kick down on it even as ANOTHER SHARK attacks the raft.

Then SOMEONE IS SCREECHING on the other side of the raft and  
men are scrambling away from him --

POV: glimpses of flailing limbs and blood spurting into the  
air and a tail flipping up...

QUINT turns and swims in the other direction with others.

THE RAFTERS cling to floating remains of the raft, kicking  
and pushing, everyone shouting, panicking, fighting --

NORMAN treads water, seeing LARGE SHARKS pass inches away  
from him, cutting right through the middle of the group.

GRIMES is swimming when a shark takes him, biting a chunk out  
of his torso, killing him instantly and dragging him under.

Gasping, Quint swims past the raft wreckage as it splinters  
and comes apart, forcing men to abandon it.

The water is red with blood now. The sharks dart past all  
around them, working up into a FEEDING FRENZY.

Quint sees old Roberts, calmest of the group, grab the life  
jacket strap of a CATATONIC BOY on the edge of the group,  
paralyzed by fear. Roberts drags the boy away with him.

Most are frantically scattering away from each other.

LT BARNES  
Stay together! Everyone gather on me!

Some of them hear him, SHOUTING to others. Quint grabs Norman  
on his way, who has tears streaming down his face.

QUINT  
Come on! Swim!

They both swim toward Barnes. Norman screams as sharks bump them with their noses and flit away -- testing, probing.

A GROUP OF SEVEN assembles around Barnes, including Quint.

LT BARNES  
Hold onto each other, face out. Kick 'em! Hit 'em! Do whatever you can to keep them away!

As Quint maneuvers into the group, another LONE SWIMMER in the background is pulled under. None of them even notices it.

RAFTER 1  
Who's not here? Who are we missing?!

Then Quint turns and they see French, badly injured from the explosions, flailing helplessly away from the group.

PARKS  
Frenchie!

With no thought for his own safety, PARKS breaks from the group and starts swimming for his friend.

LT BARNES  
No, wait!

The rest watch him helplessly as sharks circle closer.

UNDERWATER: fragile, vulnerable legs all kicking together to stay afloat, as sharks glide and swoop around them.

RAFTER 2  
Come on, Parks! Come on!

The group sees Parks reach French and grab him, but now they seem terribly far, as Parks starts towing his friend back.

GROUP/ALL  
Swim! Keep swimming Parks! Don't look, just swim!

Utterly exhausted, Parks gasps, barely keeping them afloat.

QUINT  
(to the group)  
Come on, kick toward him!

All together, the group starts swimming, closing the gap.

Quint looks up, seeing a dorsal fin heading for Parks...

QUINT  
No!

BUT THEN: A SCREAM erupts RIGHT BEHIND HIM -- a shark bursts into the group and attacks the boy that Roberts was holding. It takes his leg off. The boy WAILS IN HORROR as more blood blooms in the water and Roberts holds onto him from behind.

ROBERTS  
I've got you, I've got you!

WHAM! ANOTHER SHARK bites into a man beside Quint, who vomits up blood, screaming, and then is yanked underwater.

Then suddenly: an arm grabs Quint from behind, startling him--

It's Parks and French, alive. They made it, but Parks barely has the energy to keep himself afloat. Someone takes French while Parks grabs hold of Quint, briefly dragging him under --

UNDERWATER POV: he glimpses DOZENS OF SHARKS around them before he kicks back up again, dragging Parks up with him.

PARKS  
I'm sorry Quint, I got nothing left!

LT BARNES  
Look! The other group is right there!

The big group is now maybe forty meters away. It's a A FEW HUNDRED MEN, clinging to FLOATER NETS.

But the sight is no comfort to Quint's group, who all halt, staring ahead in shock...

PARKS  
Sweet jesus...

A MASSIVE FEEDING FRENZY is taking place at the big group.

Men are scattering and panicking in all directions and Quint witnesses NUMEROUS ATTACKS, producing blood and screams...

As the sun rises: SEE HUNDREDS OF SHARKS circling them.

ON QUINT'S GROUP: watching the nightmare, realizing there's no safety there. See it in their faces: hope is collapsing.

CLOSE ON: QUINT, frantic and paralyzed, knowing there's nothing he can do but wait...

**EXT. REAR DECK - ORCA - DAY - AUGUST 1946**

Quint is hunched over the stern, chum ladle in hand. He looks terrible, pale and sickly. He glances up at the GULL, still hovering above, then returns to staring at the water.

TICK-TICK-TICK... Little tugs on his holstered rod's reel.

A bite? Quint turns and eyes the rod when --

THE REEL SCREAMS as line is taken out fast. The rod bends under pressure --

Quint grabs it just as the rod lifts out of its shallow holder. The fish runs a few moments and then finally stops.

Quint heaves backward, but only gets a tiny amount of slack. The rod bends. It's SOMETHING BIG...

QUINT

Okay. Alright now.

Quint is nervous but determined, leaning back, using his weight but still barely getting an inch from this fish.

And then it runs again -- he lets the reel whine as line is taken out FAST. Fast enough to SCARE HIM...

Quint drops down into his rocking chair and kicks his feet up against the stern. It's no sport fishing chair but it'll do in a pinch. He heaves on the rod as he gets tension again.

His knuckles are white. He breathes hard, straining, when the gull starts SQUAWKING overhead.

QUINT

Shut up or go away! I have to do this, you hear!

He reels in a bit as he settles in for a long struggle.

**EXT. REAR DECK - ORCA - LATER**

Quint is pale and drenched in sweat. His blistered hands are bleeding on the rod. He's still fighting this fish and it's closer in to the boat now.

ANGLE ON: THE ROCKING CHAIR as it is dragged forward in little budges, sleds scraping across the wet deck.

Quint stands out of the chair and guides the line around the stern as the boat chugs slowly on, wheel locked on course.

Then line shifts direction as the fish dives under the boat.

QUINT  
No, no! Come on!

He angles the rod around the edge of the stern, moving up the port side of boat. But the line doubles back underneath --

**EXT. UNDERWATER - SAME TIME**

The fishing line is pulled in against the side and keel of the boat, continuing deeper where it disappears into gloom.

Nearby, the boat's PROPELLER SHAFT SPINS, THROBBING...

**EXT. REAR DECK - ORCA - DAY**

Quint keeps his grip, but he knows he's in a tough spot with the line going under the boat and no one to help him.

ANGLE ON: his feet shuffle across a still-wet deck.

Suddenly his prey runs and several things happen ALL AT ONCE:

Quint's FOOTING SLIPS on the wet deck and he falls --

**EXT. UNDER THE BOAT - CONTINUOUS**

The line is pulled across the ACTIVE PROPELLER and tangles in it -- the prop shaft STARTS EATING UP LINE --

**EXT. REAR DECK - ORCA - CONTINUOUS**

-- as Quint is unbalanced by his fall, the rod is yanked out and sideways, ripping him forward across the deck --

He SLAMS into the gunwale before he lets go of the rod and just manages to grab onto the edge as he tumbles over it --

**EXT. UNDERWATER - ORCA - SAME TIME**

The rod is pulled underwater and mangled by the propeller as the heavy duty line spirals and tangles all around it --

**EXT. REAR DECK - ORCA - DAY**

Terrified, Quint hangs on outside of his boat, feet kicking the water, before he manages to heave himself back inside.

But then the engine is making a HORRIBLE GRINDING SCREECH from the prop shaft jamming up --

He bolts upright, runs and climbs up to the bridge --

**EXT. BRIDGE - ORCA - CONTINUOUS**

-- Quint kills the straining engine. SILENCE returns.

He wipes his face. He glances down at the rear deck: empty chum bucket, empty fish locker, empty rod holster...

And then, from the high vantage point he sees...

The large dark shadow of a GREAT WHITE SHARK, swimming away from the boat until it melts into the deep and is gone.

Quint slumps down to the floor, shaky. Stranded with no gear left: a failure. His eyes are vacant with a hopeless stare...

**INT. RESTAURANT KITCHEN - DAY - JUNE 1946**

Quint works as a DISH BOY in a restaurant kitchen, COOKS behind him. He washes plates in an industrial sink. He takes another from a dirty pile, as a BUSBOY deposits more on top.

BUSBOY

Rand's gonna be in here in a minute.  
Get this pile done.

As the busboy leaves, Quint stares down into the sink...

ANGLE ON: the oily, dirty water, churning with his hands.

Quint looks out the window above the sink --

ANGLE ON: ocean swells crashing against the rocks outside.

ON QUINT: memories stir. He holds a quivering hand up to see that the SKIN ON HIS FINGERS IS PRUNING...

THUD-THUD-THUD... He glances behind him, where a cook is cleaving ribs from a blood-red rack of meat.

The details begin to assault him, repeating: *waves crash, meat cleaves, swing doors creak, cars pass outside, water gurgles in the drain, dirty dishes clunked down on the pile.*

The intensity builds, paralyzing him until --

**EXT. PARKING LOT - RESTAURANT - MOMENTS LATER**

Quint bursts from a service door, hyperventilating, in a cold sweat. He pulls a pocket hip flask and takes a long swig.

He looks up at the ocean across the street, as if it were taunting him, calling to him. But he's afraid.

THUMP! The door open again, and then the restaurant manager RAND (45) finds him.

RAND

What the hell is this? I've got dishes piling up in there and customers complaining about the wait and you're out here -- drinking? Are you trying to lose your job?

(Quint ignores him)

Are you even listening to me? Look at me. Look at me, son!

Quint takes another swig, right in front of him.

RAND

Give me that.

He tries to take it from Quint --

RAND (CONT'D)

I'm not having employees drinking on the job. Give it to me!

As he reaches for the flask, Quint suddenly grabs his arm and aggressively shoves him up against the wall.

Beat. Quint's bloodshot eyes bore into him, dangerous pain churning below the surface. But then Quint turns the flask upside down and empties it onto the ground at their feet.

QUINT

Sorry, boss. Just having a bad day.

He lets go and walks away, leaving the manager stunned.

RAND

You're done, you understand? I took you on as a favor to the Fosters, but that's it. Go destroy yourself someplace else!

**EXT. MARINA - NIGHT - JUNE 1946**

Later that night, Quint sways along a path by the marina, drinking from a bottle, when he stumbles and falls down.

He's unhurt but he stays where he landed. He gazes out into the dark, toward the ocean. A BUOY BELL dings gently offshore. Water laps against boats moored along the docks.

FISHERMAN (O.S.)

I see ya there.

Quint turns to see A FIGURE sitting on a bench nearby, face concealed by shadow. He's toying with a length of rope, tying and untying knots, smoking a cigarette. Seems about sixty.

FISHERMAN  
You're not one of them.

QUINT  
What?

FISHERMAN  
Not your town. Not your island.  
Island full of guppies, that's what  
this is. You're not guppy. You're a  
fisher, same as me.

QUINT  
You don't know me, old man.

FISHERMAN  
I know you. Call yourself Quint.

Quint turns, spooked now.

QUINT  
Who are you?

FISHERMAN  
I'm about between here and Amity  
Island, where I do my business. I  
seen you around this past month.  
You're a drinker. Sometimes you're a  
talker when you're a drinker.

(beat)  
You want to get better, get back on  
the water. But you're scared. So  
you're drinking and country clubbing  
and playing with guppies.

(beat)  
Ain't the truth of you, who should be  
hooking 'em instead.

QUINT  
I'm just trying to... There's a girl.

FISHERMAN  
'Course. You got a choice, between  
that or what you feel you got to do.  
Some get a choice in life. Some  
don't. Some's just guppies.

QUINT  
What the hell are you talking about?

FISHERMAN

She's landlocked, isn't she? But you, you got salt in you. You been on the sea, in it, across it, under it and back up again. Can't leave it now.

Beat. Quint looks out where the ocean is concealed by a darkness that seems to beckon to him.

QUINT

I still see them. Every night they're there. Think I'm going crazy.

FISHERMAN

You been with some bad fish, boy.

QUINT

What do I do?

FISHERMAN

With bad fish? Put 'em to rest.

Quint glances at the man, who lights up a new cigarette.

QUINT

I don't know if I can go out there again.

FISHERMAN

You been hurt in the leg, you don't try to fix your shoulder.

(beat)

You been hurt out there, don't try to fix it here. You want to reckon with bad fish, you got to go to them.

Beat. The buoy's bell CHIMES in the distance. Staring ahead, Quint doesn't look at the man again.

QUINT

I don't even have a boat.

FISHERMAN (O.S.)

It'll come. When you decide to start lookin', it'll come.

**EXT. ORCA - DAY - AUGUST 1946**

Smoke coughs from the high exhaust as the engine STRAINS and a sickening GRINDING sounds from the tangled prop shaft.

Quint cuts the engine and climbs down from the bridge. He leans out over the stern, trying to glimpse the problem, but the propeller is hidden underneath.

He scans an empty horizon on all sides of him: he's alone, no help available. He knows what he has to do, but he's afraid.

**EXT. STERN - ORCA - DAY**

Quint hooks a gunwale ladder on the outside of the stern, then takes the time to strip down to his undershorts.

He glances up, as if for the gull, but it's not with him now.

He picks up his knife.

Slowly, carefully, he climbs out onto the ladder.

He pauses, staring at the water just below him with dread.

He hesitates for a long moment, paralysed.

It's a gut-wrenching, awful fear that makes him physically nauseous, almost gagging. Tears well up in his eyes.

But finally he closes his eyes and, for the first time since his ordeal, lowers himself back down into the salt water.

He gasps and begins to hyperventilate, just from the feel of it again, as he is immersed up to his shoulders, still gripping the ladder.

Tears run down his cheeks. He looks down at his feet, dangling freely over the deep once again.

Panic starts to rise. He turns, frantically glancing around as if checking for any threats below.

But there's nothing. He closes his eyes, trying to calm himself a little... But he knows it's not going to work.

He steels himself, then takes a breath and ducks underwater.

**EXT. UNDER THE STERN - CONTINUOUS**

Quint uses his hands to pull himself under the boat where he finds the propeller -- its shaft completely tangled in heavy fishing wire. Pieces of the smashed fishing rod hang from it.

He inspects it for a moment. It's a mess. It's going to take some time and effort down here...

**CLOSE ON: HIS FACE** - a growing unease in his eyes. He spins around, checking behind him, but there's nothing there...

Then he looks down... And sees the SHADOWY FORMS OF SEVERAL SHARKS rising from the gloom far below...

Panicking, he starts pulling himself back to the surface.

**EXT. STERN - ORCA - CONTINUOUS**

Quint bursts up to the surface, gasping for air. He grabs the ladder but now he sees no sign of the sharks below...

He closes his eyes but it starts to bring back the same HAUNTING SOUNDS of men in the water, MUTTERING AND MOANING...

**EXT. FLOATER NETS - GENTLE SEAS - DAY - DAY THREE 1945**

Quint and his group now cling to FLOATER NETS among a group of a HUNDRED AND FIFTY MEN. The nets barely keep afloat, sinking and shifting horribly, providing no rest.

The sun scorches. Men are parched and burned. HUNDREDS OF SHARKS circle, some mere feet away, but more docile for now.

Quint is startled when someone grabs him. He turns to see the ship's level-headed DOCTOR SMITH, a reassuring presence.

DOC SMITH

Quint? Thought that was you. Jesus, you look like hell. I been making rounds, I didn't know you were here with us. You alright? You hurt?

QUINT

Reached you this morning. Guys are in bad shape, Doc. French needs help, he's septic. He tried to drink the seawater last night.

DOC SMITH

You didn't let him?

QUINT

I'm not stupid. He's over there.  
(as Doc starts to leave)  
Hey, Doc. You seen any of my guys?  
Brubaker? Griffis? Gibson?

DOC SMITH

(hesitates)

Brubaker. He's on the other side of the group.

QUINT

(off his look)

What? What is it?

DOC SMITH

I'm sure he'd like to see you.

This worries Quint. He turns to LT BARNES, listless nearby.

**QUINT**

L.T., I'm going round the other side  
of the group. Something I got to do.

Lt Barnes just nods like a man losing hope. So Quint starts maneuvering himself past boys, eliciting a cry of pain here and there as he brushes past --

He reaches the edge of the group and - WHOOSH! A SHARK glides past, inches away from him. Some nearby men flinch away in panic, while others seem to have become numb to the threat.

Nervous, Quint steels himself then pushes out and STARTS SWIMMING around the outside of the group, facing inward, searching among the blistered, miserable faces.

As he goes, he hears SPLASHES AND MOVEMENT behind him. He freezes in fear several times, but keeps going.

**BACK WHERE HE STARTED**

ROBERTS watches Quint's progress from a distance.

He's enigmatic, but there's a hint of admiration for Quint. Very softly, he starts SINGING an old sailors' song:

**ROBERTS**  
(singing, slow and soft)  
*Farewell and adieu, to you bright  
Spanish ladies... Farewell and adieu,  
to you ladies of Spain... For we've  
received orders, to sail back to  
Boston... And we hope in a short  
time, to see you again...*

NEARBY MEN start to come out of their stupor. One by one, others join in, SOFTLY SINGING the words too:

**ROBERTS AND OTHERS**  
*We'll rant and we'll roar, like true  
Yankee whale men... We'll rant and  
we'll roar, across the salt sea...  
Until we sight Amity beside Martha's  
Vineyard... Straight up the channels  
of New England we'll roll...*

**MOVING THROUGH THE GROUP**

Quint continues on as THE MELANCHOLIC SONG SPREADS, picking up more voices, getting gradually more energetic, more defiant, with subsequent verses and chorus refrains...

The music gives him courage. Exhausted, he swims onward, checking faces as more men wake up to the song or join in.

## **BRIEF SEQUENCE:**

- Quint passes men in various stages of unbearable hell. Some float in their underwear or naked, clothes burned off their backs, others in full uniform. All are oil-stained.
  - Chronic dehydration causes delirium and horrible pain. Everyone is hollow-eyed, tongues and eyeballs swollen out.
  - Some are burned, others are mutilated. Small fish swirl between them, nipping at wounds.
  - A group of men remove the life jacket of a dead comrade and push his body away from the group as it sinks.
  - One man pushes in front of Quint, mumbling nonsense, his mind broken, and starts swimming away from the group. Quint watches him until he is suddenly attacked by a shark.
  - He sees another boy, unseen in the middle of a group, calmly let his face drop into the water and drown himself.
  - A shark noses up against Quint and he kicks it away.
  - Moving carefully, Quint makes his way through the misery.

## OTHER SIDE OF THE GROUP

Finally, Quint glimpses a familiar face clinging to the nets.

QUINT  
(hoarse)  
Hart! Hart!

HART turns and sees Quint with relief and hope.

Quint?! HART

Quint maneuvers through the survivors, barely keeping his head above the water until he can grab onto a floater net.

Hart is holding onto SOMEONE ELSE, facing away. He sees Quint struggling to stay afloat, despite his life jacket.

HART  
The jackets, they're taking on water.  
Mine's almost useless too.

QUINT  
You alright, you hurt?

HART  
Hanging in. But Quint...

Face full of dread, Hart turns the man he's holding onto:

It's BRUBAKER, terribly burned. Skin blackened and peeling off him. Eyes swollen shut. It's gruesome and heart-breaking.

BRUBAKER  
Who is that?

HART  
He can't see.

QUINT  
It's me, pal. It's Quint.

Brubaker's mutilated face pauses, then contorts as he seems to cry, reaching out to Quint.

BRUBAKER  
Quint? Quint, you're alive. I don't know what's happening. Why aren't we rescued?

Quint gently slides next to him, all floating up to their shoulders. Brubaker winces from each small contact.

QUINT  
I don't know. Don't worry, we're together now. We'll be alright.

BRUBAKER  
You should've stayed behind.  
Shouldn't have got on the boat.

QUINT  
That's the damn truth. I been looking for you all over, and here you are with this little twerp Hart, huh?

HART  
He saved my life.

BRUBAKER  
I didn't.

HART  
He got me out. I was knocked out cold. Came round and he's dragging me out. He shielded me from the fire, took it himself.

BRUBAKER  
 (trying to make light of it)  
 Liar... You think I'd rescue some  
 greenie piece of shit...

But Hart is the one getting emotional now, looking at Brubaker and the evident sacrifice he made.

HART  
 No. I didn't think you would. But you did.

They're interrupted by A SCREAM and commotion - yet another shark attack, a ways away. But they just block it out.

BRUBAKER  
 Quint, I'm hurt bad.

QUINT  
 No, no. You're looking fine.

BRUBAKER  
 No. Something's wrong. I can feel it.  
 It's been days; they'd be here by  
 now. You gotta get Hart out, okay?

Quint glances at Hart, who is shaking his head in disbelief.

BRUBAKER  
 You gotta get him out.

HART  
 Stop saying that, Brubaker. I can take care of myself.

BRUBAKER  
 I don't care what you think.  
 (back to Quint)  
 He's a greenie. He's the youngest.

Quint just stares at his delirious friend, unsure what to make of this, while Hart feels both shame and guilt.

BRUBAKER  
 Just keep him alive, don't make what I did be in vain.

Quint leans in conspiratorially, voice roughing at the edges as his real accent comes through.

QUINT  
 Okay listen, no more Navy bullshit,  
 I'll tell you what's what. We keep  
 alive, together.  
 (MORE)

QUINT (CONT'D)  
Think a little fire or sharks can  
take us down? Huh?

(Brubaker allows a smile)  
No, no. Not you, not me. Not even  
baby-hands Hart here. Not on my  
watch. They scuppered our vessel and  
we're in the salt now but it's *home*.  
We're still gonna fish, you'll see.

BRUBAKER  
Yeah. Just promise me. Say it anyway.

QUINT  
I promise.

Brubaker reaches out blindly and takes Quint's hand.

BRUBAKER  
I got another favor to ask you.

He painfully removes the silver chain from his neck, DIAMOND  
RING attached to it, and puts it in Quint's hand.

QUINT  
No don't-- Don't take that off.

BRUBAKER  
It hurts my neck. Just hold onto it.

QUINT  
(beat, taking it)  
Don't mean we're engaged or anything.

BRUBAKER  
You been my best friend in this  
fucking war. You'll know what to do  
with it.

QUINT  
I'll hold it, that's all. You're  
gonna find a nice birdie back home  
and you're gonna give it to her.

Quint loops the chain over his own head. Brubaker reaches out  
and feels it around Quint's neck.

BRUBAKER  
Good.

Brubaker turns and leans back against Quint. MOMENTS LATER he  
seems to be asleep. Quint glances at Hart --

But then Brubaker suddenly slips down out of his life jacket,  
which he undid without them noticing. He immediately SINKS.

QUINT  
No!

Bubbles erupt as Brubaker EXPELS ALL OF HIS AIR, sinking deeper below. Quint fights free of the net then DIVES UNDER --

**EXT. UNDERWATER - CONTINUOUS**

Quint swims downward, past dangling legs and circling sharks, and there sees: Brubaker convulsing as he sinks deeper.

Quint only stops when he sees the truth: Brubaker is already drowned, now just sinking away into the deep.

REVERSE ANGLE: but now it is 1946 bearded Quint, who has dived down from the Orca's ladder, staring into the gloom below as the vision of Brubaker fades from present reality.

Realizing where he is, he quickly kicks back up again.

**EXT. REAR DECK - ORCA - MOMENTS LATER**

Dripping wet on deck, Quint is wrecked from the memory but also his failure to get the job done and fix the propeller.

QUINT  
I'm sorry. I'm sorry...

The profound quiet and loneliness weighs on him. Then he finds himself shivering... He looks ill, eyes sunken.

**EXT. THE OCEAN - DUSK - AUGUST 1946**

The Orca is a tiny speck in a vast ocean as the light fades.

**INT. CABIN - ORCA - NIGHT**

Quint rummages through the cabin's kitchenette once more. He finds an intact bottle but only gets a few drops from it.

He eyes the sandwich items and food he brought, but most of it is soaked and ruined. He groans in pain, quivering.

He pops painkillers and sits at the table. He starts HITTING HIS HEAD compulsively, until he sees LAURA'S SCARF opposite him where he left it, now dried out.

But unlike before, now he stares at it coldly, emotionless.

**INT. BURGER JOINT - NIGHT - JULY 1946**

Quint looks at the scarf, draped over a booth seat behind Laura who is sitting opposite him, beginning to eat.

LAURA

I used to come here as a kid. Best burgers on the island. But it's these milkshakes that do it.

UNDER THE TABLE: Quint tops up his Coke from a hip flask.

LAURA

So how was work today?

QUINT

I think your dad's friend likes me.

LAURA

Rand? You think so?

QUINT

Sure.

LAURA

Well that's great. Really great!

She takes a bite of her food. Quint stares into his.

LAURA

(mouth full)

Aren't you going to eat?

QUINT

Why are you doing this? Why are you all being so nice to me?

Beat. Laura isn't hurt by this. She looks at him, ragged beard growing in, dark circles under his eyes.

LAURA

Because. I met this guy once. He was happy and charming. And he could dance pretty well. And I liked him.

QUINT

You sure that was the real me? You sure you actually know me?

LAURA

What are you talking about?

QUINT

I thought maybe the Navy'd give me an escape. Give me a chance at a life like yours. A chance to change where I came from. But maybe it didn't.

Beat. Laura stares at him.

LAURA

You think you fooled me? I admired that you were working to make a future for yourself. I believe in that guy I knew for a few happy weeks. He was real. And I don't think you should give up on him.

MAN (O.S.)

Laura?! Laura Foster!

Laura and Quint look up as handsome, all-American BRIAN MCCLAIN (25) comes back to their table from a passing group.

LAURA

Gosh, Brian.

BRIAN

I didn't know you were back in town! It's been too long! And you look just great.

(turning to Quint)

Hi. Brian McClain.

(shaking his hand)

Laura and I grew up together - our fathers are friends. I used to chase her around on the beach and pull her hair, didn't I?

LAURA

I believe I gave as good as I got.

BRIAN

Very true. I heard you were in school out west?

LAURA

It's picking back up now the war's over. I hope to graduate next year.

Quint sips his Coke, watching them.

BRIAN

Racing ahead of me again. The war kept me back but I'm starting Princeton in the fall. I really can't wait. Well hey, I don't want to interrupt your meal here but-- Look, if you two don't have plans you should come join us later, we're headed to Ernie's after.

LAURA

Sounds fun. Maybe we will.

BRIAN  
Alright, I hope so.

Brian rejoins his friends, leaving. Quint glances at Laura.

LAURA  
What?

QUINT  
Nothing.

Stone-faced, Quint drains the rest of his spiked Coke.

**INT. ERNIE'S LOUNGE - NIGHT - LATER**

Quint sits at a beach bar watching a crowd dance to a band.

ACROSS THE BAR: Laura talks with Brian and another girl. Brian is clearly flirting with her; she's just being nice.

She glances over at Quint and smiles to him. He hardly reacts, eyes glazed. She breaks away and comes over to him.

LAURA  
Did you pick up on that?

QUINT  
What?

LAURA  
(flirting)  
I gave you a look. You know, a  
glance. You used to claim you knew  
all about glances.

QUINT  
Oh, right. Yeah. I know what it  
meant. It meant you want me to rescue  
you from that asshole.

Laura's smile fades.

LAURA  
He's not an asshole. He's a friend.  
Just be nice.

QUINT  
I am being nice.

She gives him a "yeah right" look.

QUINT  
I know *that* look. That look means...  
You want another drink with me.

LAURA  
 You've had enough. Come dance.  
 (encouraging)  
 Come on, it'll be fun. Get up.

She takes his hand, leading. He sways a little on the way.

**DANCE FLOOR**

They dance together, his hand at her waist. She steps closer. She smiles up at him. But his eyes start to dart around the swirling room, at the different people, at the band...

LAURA  
 Hey. Eyes down. I'm right here.

Quint looks down at her.

LAURA  
 You alright?

He just nods, but he's never really okay these days. He seems anxious, nervous, and of course, drunk.

A girl SHRIEKS behind them, causing Quint to suddenly jerk around in fright -- but she's just crying out in fun as her boyfriend dips her.

The KICK DRUM startles him as the band ups the tempo. Dancers CHEER AND WHIRL around them. It all starts BLURRING INTO:

**EXT. FLOATER NETS - OCEAN - DAWN - DAY THREE 1945**

-- Quint spins round in the water, seeing MEN FIGHTING each other in the half-light. VICIOUS FIGHTS break out everywhere in the group as MASS PARANOID DELUSIONS spread like wildfire.

VOICES (O.S.)  
 (shouting)  
 It's a Jap! / He's trying to get me!  
 / Kill them! / Kill the Japs!

Driven mad from exposure, dehydration and hypothermia, men are screaming, stabbing, biting and drowning each other.

HART (O.S.)  
 Quint! Quint, help!

Quint spots Hart being attacked and pulled under by TWO MEN.

Quint swims over and throws a punch at FIGHTER 1, knocking him backward where he's then consumed by a different brawl --

But then FIGHTER 2 has Hart in a hold, trying to drown him.

QUINT  
Hart!

Terrified for him, Quint grabs Fighter 2 round the neck and all three GO UNDERWATER, fighting, wrestling.

But Hart is failing, going limp... There's no other option...

Quint wrenches the man's neck and with a CRACK -- HE DIES.

Quint pulls Hart to the surface, both gasping for life.

HART  
They've gone mad. They've gone mad!

Quint is in shock, at having killed one of their own...

LAURA (PRE-LAP)  
Quint? Hey...

**INT. ERNIE'S LOUNGE - NIGHT - JULY 1946**

Quint's frantic eyes re-settle on Laura. She can tell he's on edge, that he's not present. She's gentle, compassionate.

LAURA  
Just look at me, okay? You're alright. You're safe.

He holds her gaze and they slowly dance, and it helps.

For a few moments the music takes them. It's just him and her, and everything else starts to fade into the background.

For a few moments, he's at peace with her.

But then A HAND slaps his back, startling him --

BRIAN (O.S.)  
Hey, you two! We were just --

He's cut off as Quint instinctively, and violently, lashes out in defense -- GUT-PUNCHING BRIAN.

Brian falls, winded, to gasps of shock from the crowd --

LAURA  
What are you doing?!

Quint blinks back to the present, seeing what he's done.

QUINT  
He-- He grabbed me.

LAURA  
He touched you!

BRIAN  
What the fuck is wrong with your friend, Laura?

LAURA  
Brian, I'm sorry, he's just drunk!

She helps Brian up, comforting him.

QUINT  
(confused, anxious)  
I didn't... I thought you were...

BRIAN  
Thought I was what, dammit? A fucking Nazi? Get a hold of yourself, man, the war's over!

Quint turns, feeling the crowd pressing in around him:

**INT. CABIN - ORCA - NIGHT - AUGUST 1946**

Quint turns circles in the cabin, vision blurring and shadows shifting from the swinging light bulb and his delirium. It's claustrophobic in here with the windows covered.

**EXT. REAR DECK - ORCA - MOMENTS LATER**

Quint stumbles out into the dark and manages to collapse into his rocking chair. He gulps in the cool night air.

He looks up at a clear night sky full of cold stars.

But then he starts to hear them again: the lost cries and voices of the MEN OUT IN THE WATER just beyond the boat.

He curls into the chair, a wretch, not daring to look.

QUINT  
Leave me alone. Please go away.

For a few moments he is QUIET. Then A VOICE comes from nearby... It's his voice, but with a true salty dog edge:

"QUINT" (O.S.)  
They want vengeance, boy.

QUINT  
No... I can't. I can't do it.

"QUINT"

Can't, can't. Okay, that's fine. Then you cry away like a little baby, when there's work to be done, or you mope back to shore and cuddle your nice birdie, when there's work to be done.

A MAN'S SHADOW falls over Quint in the chair, leaning closer.

"QUINT"

You know why they're out there. You know why they're hollerin' and dying in your head still. You had the right idea.

QUINT

The rod's broken. It's all broken.

"QUINT"

You been through worse than a broken rod. You been through hell. You got this boat, fine boat, with everything you need. Good name for her too. You know them fish ain't the top o' the food chain. You know what is. You know what's king out here.

QUINT

Leave me alone. Get out of my head.

"QUINT"

Get out of my head! I don't need you. Thought you could run away from what you are and play sailor or country club boy. Look what that got you. A mess. You want me to do it? You want me to do your work, is that it?

QUINT

Stop talking...

ANGLE ON: QUINT curled in the rocking chair, when suddenly HANDS grab him by the shirt, YANKING HIM UP.

He's dragged, resisting, across the deck and into --

**INT. CABIN - ORCA - CONTINUOUS**

Strong arms hurl Quint against the sink and fasten round his neck from behind. A hand grabs a plastic bottle of water and pours it over his head and face, then hold it to his lips.

"QUINT"

Drink! Drink it, you need it!

Quint sputters and gasps, held fast, and drinks the water.

When he finishes it, he's thrown hard across the cabin. He SLAMS into the bench where he crumples down, stunning him:

PAN AROUND TO SEE: Quint, his face hard and mean, snatches a KITCHEN KNIFE and roars back to yank Quint up from the floor.

SEE: two sets of arms and bodies, but never two faces in the same frame at the same time.

They crash into the booth, opposite each other, and "Quint" holds the knife down against the weakened Quint's wrist.

QUINT  
(terrified)  
Don't! Let me go!

“QUINT”  
Why? So you can wallow and bitch like a crazed gull for the rest of your life, huh? Caw-caw-caw! Or are you going to do something? Come on, do it then. Cut yourself open and it's all over. That's fine. Do it!

NO! QUINT

ANGLE ON: QUINT, eyes suddenly fierce and defiant.

“QUINT”

Why not? You’re thinking about the girl still. You want her, huh? No no, you listen. Remember that Shakespeare book he gave us? I remember. Romeo and Juliet. Everyone knows the story. Everyone thinks it’s a love story, but I don’t think so. Not really. Romeo and his little birdie, they known each other what, five minutes? No, that’s not love. You know what it’s about? It’s about war.

REVERSE TO: QUINT, quivering, captivated.

"QUINT" (CONT'D)  
Two peoples, fightin' each other over nothing. That's what war is, that's what you got us involved in. Juliet and him, all they did is find someone to take their minds off the madness. That's their 'love' -- an escape.

( MORE )

"QUINT" (CONT'D)  
 But then you know how it goes, one thing leads to another, and Romeo's friend Mercutio is slain by Tybalt. Romeo, now that's his best friend dying before him, his *brother*. He loved him for sure. And so... What can he do? He can wallow and cry back to his split tail for her comfort, or he can straighten things out. You remember what he chooses. You know what he says to Tybalt.

(beat, gesturing above)  
 "Mercutio's soul is but a little way above our heads, staying for thine to keep him company. Either thou, or I, or both must go with him."

"Quint" presses the blade until it starts to draw blood.

"QUINT"  
 You're in the same boat now. No shame either way, but your brother's still there above your head, *in* your head every day, right? Either thou, or I, or both must go with him.

QUINT  
 I don't know how to --

"QUINT"  
 Just say it!

QUINT  
 Either thou, or I, or both must go with them.

"QUINT"  
 Not to me, you know who to say it to. Them that took 'em, out there.

QUINT  
 Either thou, or I, or both must go with them!

"QUINT"  
 That's the spirit. Again.

QUINT  
 Either thou, or I, or both must go with them!

"QUINT"  
 Yes! You hear that, you grey-finned porkers?!

QUINT  
EITHER THOU, OR I, OR BOTH MUST GO  
WITH THEM!

"QUINT"  
I can still catch this fish!

"Quint" SLAMS the knife point-down into the table as he gets up and starts tearing the makeshift curtains off the windows.

"QUINT"  
Either thou, or I, or all must go  
with them! Hahaha! All of them! One  
by one. That's it!

ANGLE ON: QUINT at the table, hearing the other crashing around the cabin, but his own gaze is fixed on the KITCHEN KNIFE in front of him, as if forming an idea...

QUINT (V.O.)  
I'm alive. Alive and I got a debt to  
pay. Been afraid too long. Either  
thou, or I, or all must go with them.

A crazed half-smile of realization appears on his feverish face and suddenly there is SILENCE...

WIDE: ONLY ONE QUINT is sitting alone in the cabin, now open to the moonlight streaming through the windows.

He grabs the knife, ripping it from the table as he gets up.

**SERIES OF SHOTS:**

- Hands grab a hammer, chisel, and a C-clamp from a toolbox.
- The KITCHEN KNIFE is C-clamped onto a work surface on the Orca's deck, blade up... CLANG! Quint starts hammering the chisel into the big knife blade --
- Quint leans in, hammering precisely, metal on metal..
- Quint forces himself to CHUG WATER.
- Quint cobbles together A MEAL from supplies, eating it.
- A MOP is grabbed from a storage closet in the cabin.
- Quint saws the mop's head off of the handle.
- Quint whittles with a utility knife on the wooden shaft.
- A new reel of HEAVY-GAUGE FISHING LINE is grabbed.

- Bench seats are lifted up to reveal a storage locker. A self-inflating LIFE RAFT is pulled out from inside, encased in its plastic barrel container.

- CLOSE ON: Quint threads a line leader through a hole punched in the stainless steel.

**EXT. FORWARD DECK - ORCA - DAWN - AUGUST 1946**

Quint is hunched over, working on the front deck. Satisfied, he finishes and stands, silhouetted in the pre-dawn light.

In his hand is a MAKESHIFT HARPOON...

The kitchen knife has been cut and bent into a SINGLE-FLUE BARBED HARPOON SHAPE. It's attached onto the end of the wooden mop handle, and the fishing line is laced through it.

Quint tests its heft. It feels good. It feels fierce.

There's a stillness in him now as he turns and looks at the sun just rising at the horizon, off the bow of the Orca.

**EXT. FLOATER NETS - OCEAN - DAY - DAY FOUR 1945**

Hot sun glares off the flat sea, burning retinas. Quint, Barnes, Hart and Roberts cling to nets -- the overall group is now a third of its original size, mostly due to sharks.

Salt water sores cover their burned skin. The lack of food or drink for almost four days ravages bodies and minds.

Quint stares down into the water, watching tropical fish and sharks swirl below their feet. Hart floats beside him.

HART

Quint...

QUINT

I don't want to talk about it.

HART

He was gonna kill me. He wasn't himself... None of us are. You saved me and I just want to say thank you.

But Quint says nothing. Numb by the barrage of horrors...

LT BARNES (O.S.)

Hey... Hey! Where are you boys going?

HALLUCINATING SAILOR (O.S.)

The hotel, over there. Gonna get water, then catch the bus home.

Quint and Hart both turn to see THREE BEDRAGGLED SAILORS swimming away into the open ocean, to Lt Barnes' dismay.

LT BARNES  
No! It's not real, dammit!

Lt Barnes starts to swim after them but Roberts grabs him.

ROBERTS  
You go after them, use up what little you got left, you'll drown too. Men been going like that all morning.

Upset, Barnes watches them get further away. One is suddenly taken by a shark. Another falters and drowns from exhaustion.

ON QUINT: he stares into the water again, his mind numb and miserable. Then something catches his eye off camera...

MOVE AROUND QUINT, TO REVEAL:

The lobster boat, ORCA, cruising slowly between the floating men, forty feet away, and there on the deck is QUINT as he is a year from now, bearded and grim, harpoon in hand...

The two Quinnts lock eyes with each other.

For a long eerie moment it's not even clear which Quint is real and which is a hallucination...

HART (O.S.)  
You guys hear that...? Hey, Quint!

Quint is grabbed by Hart, causing him to duck briefly underwater. Coming up again, Quint searches but the vision of the Orca is gone... And Hart is pointing up at the sky.

HART  
A plane. You see that? It's coming this way, it's low!

QUINT  
(not even looking)  
It's not real. We're all seeing things. We're losing our minds.

HART  
No... I see something. Look!

And then, one by one, they start to hear the distant drone of a plane's engines, growing rapidly louder.

LT BARNES  
(turning to look)  
Oh my god...

DOC SMITH  
I see it... I see it!

Quint's brow furrows, and he slowly turns to look himself as:

A LOCKHEED VENTURA PV-1 zooms low over the ocean toward them and men start HOLLERING AND WAVING like crazy and then...

It WAGS ITS WINGS to signal to them: "I see you."

The men burst into ecstatic yelling and splashing. Hart is laughing and crying, he turns to Quint.

But Quint is quiet now, too exhausted and broken to celebrate. He watches the plane roar onward.

In the distance, the plane circles and drops emergency supplies: a few small life rafts and ration packs.

HART  
No! What are they doing?! Why are they dropping supplies way out there?

Without thinking, some men start breaking from the group, swimming out across open water toward the far-off supplies.

LT BARNES  
There must be another group. There must be more survivors over there.

The plane circles back past them but it drops nothing more.

HART  
But what about us?

LT BARNES  
They've spotted us now. They'll be coming. Ships will come.

But they can't hide their growing anxiety as they realize they're still stuck, STILL WAITING, just as one of the swimmers is hit by a shark with a BLOOD-CURDLING SCREAM...

**INT. GUEST HOUSE - NIGHT - JULY 1946**

QUINT STARTS AWAKE, crying out in a cold sweat, in his small studio guest house behind the Foster residence.

A SOFT KNOCK at the door, then it opens and Laura slips inside, wearing a robe. She closes the door quietly.

QUINT  
What are you doing here?

      LAURA  
You were shouting in your sleep. I  
heard you from the house.

Beat. She walks across the darkened room and sits on the bed.  
Quint seems nervous to have her here.

      QUINT  
If your parents find out you were in  
here with me --

      LAURA  
Tell me about the nightmares. Tell me  
what happened.

Beat. He just can't.

She reaches out and takes his hand.

      LAURA  
I see what it does to you. You think  
I won't understand. Maybe you're  
right. What do I know? What can I  
possibly say that could help? But  
maybe it's not what I can say but  
what you have to say. One day, I  
think you'll tell somebody what  
happened. Then maybe you'll finally  
be free of it.

      (beat)  
Will you let me just be with you?

Quint matches her gaze in the darkness. She leans in and  
kisses him, soft and tender.

He kisses her back. She draws close as it becomes heated.

Still kissing him, she undoes her robe, slipping out of it to  
just her silk night gown.

He pulls her further into his bare torso, kissing her.

Straddling him now, she breaks off, holding his face. She  
reaches down and draws the night gown up over her head.

Naked, she kisses him again and he wraps her in his embrace.

They continue. She's growing more passionate, shifting  
position until --

Eventually, she senses something is wrong...

He looks away, ashamed. Softly, she lies down beside him.

ON LAURA: self-conscious. Thinking maybe she can't help him.

**EXT. STERN - ORCA - MORNING - AUGUST 1946**

Quint is standing up on the gunwale in his undershorts.

Determined now, he jumps and plunges down into the water.

**EXT. UNDER THE STERN - CONTINUOUS**

Quint swims to the propeller shaft and uses his buck knife to cut tangled pieces of wire until he can pull them free.

He works quickly and effectively, but there's a lot to do.

## EXT. STERN - ORCA - MOMENTS LATER

Quint comes up for air but he doesn't waste time, doesn't allow the fear to affect him, before he dives under again.

## EXT. UNDER THE STERN - MORNING

Quint saws tangled lines when the KNIFE SLIPS and nicks his other hand. A little blood seeps out... He looks at it, uneasy, but goes back to work, pulling the last tangle free.

## EXT. STERN - ORCA - MOMENTS LATER

Quint surfaces. He glances at his cut hand for a moment. Then he turns to find himself --

**EXT. OCEAN - DUSK - DAY FOUR 1945**

-- IN THE PAST, where Roberts is floating nearby, now barely conscious. Quint swims to him.

QUINT  
Come on, Roberts. Stay awake.  
(seeing Lt Barnes)  
Lieutenant! Hey, I need help!

But Lt Barnes is also too weak and sick. Parks and Hart watch, floating nearby.

PARKS  
They're not going to last. We need  
the boats to get here.

Quint looks up helplessly at TWO PLANES circling above, now seeming more like buzzards then angels. THEIR ENGINES BECOME--

**EXT. FLYING BRIDGE - ORCA - DAY - AUGUST 1946**

--THE ORCA'S ENGINE GRUMBLING to life, sounding smooth again. At the helm, still dripping wet, Quint almost smiles.

**EXT. REAR DECK - ORCA - DAY**

Quint opens the chum bucket but finds only a little left. He pours it overboard, watching the last drops with grim malice.

He hurls the bucket away, thinking. Then he looks down, at the LITTLE CUT on his hand...

**EXT. STERN - ORCA - DAY**

Quint sets his harpoon upright in the corner, then climbs up and throws a leg over the stern gunwale to sit straddling it.

Beat. He flicks open his pocket buck knife and looks at it. He glances out at the empty sea around him.

QUINT

It's you or me. I'm here.

Quint suddenly CUTS A LONG GASH DOWN HIS OUTSIDE LEG, just below the knee. It immediately starts bleeding profusely...

He winces as he maneuvers so that the blood runs down off his foot, dripping into the ocean below.

SQUAWK! He looks up to see the WHITE GULL has returned. Quint's steely eyes are inscrutable as he watches it.

He starts HUMMING an old sailor ballad. He leans across to reach his TACKLE BOX nearby, and drags it toward him...

ANGLE ON: BLOOD drips from his wound and blooms in the water as the gull starts eerily SQUAWKING OVERHEAD.

**INT. LOCAL JAIL - NIGHT - JULY 1946**

Quint sits in a small jail cell, bruised and disheveled from fighting.

MR. FOSTER and a local SHERIFF arrive outside the cell. The Sheriff unlocks the door as Mr. Foster looks at Quint.

MR. FOSTER  
Get up. Let's go.

**INT. ALL NIGHT DINER - NIGHT - LATER**

Quint is sitting in a booth opposite Mr. Foster. A WAITRESS (50s) sets down an order on their table.

WAITRESS  
Two coffees, and a fruit salad.

As she leaves, Mr. Foster pushes the fruit toward Quint.

MR. FOSTER  
You should eat. I'm sure you have a headache, it'll do you good.

QUINT  
I'm not hungry.

Mr. Foster shrugs. He sips his coffee.

MR. FOSTER  
Are you in love with my daughter?

Long beat. Quint is taken aback. He thinks, nervous.

QUINT  
She's the best girl I ever met.

MR. FOSTER  
Yet here you are, abusing her family's hospitality. A drunken disgrace every night. Getting in fights. Getting fired from a job I got you. Getting arrested.

(beat)  
I know what happened to you. I did some digging, I know about the Indianapolis. It's a terrible thing and I'm truly sorry for it.

(beat)  
I also found out that you're currently absent without leave, with a year still left on your Navy contract. That's a serious crime.

Quint shifts in his chair, uncomfortable.

MR. FOSTER  
Don't worry, they won't find you because of the arrest.

Quint looks at him, helpless. The waitress returns, filling a silence as she refills Mr. Foster's coffee, then she leaves.

MR. FOSTER  
The Navy's busy enough after the war. Maybe they'd find you, maybe not. But I can get you a general discharge, get you out of your contract a year early, no questions asked.

QUINT  
How?

MR. FOSTER  
You know I have influential friends.

QUINT  
You'd do that for me?

MR. FOSTER  
I know you disdain my wealth and status but I'm not here to stand in the way of my daughter's love. That said, right now you're not suitable for her. You don't have a job, you have no prospects. You're a drunk. But I realize you're struggling, as does she. She wants to help you.

QUINT  
It's not her problem, it's mine.

MR. FOSTER  
You made it her problem when you agreed to come here with her.

Quint doesn't know what to say.

MR. FOSTER  
You know, I fought a war once. I also saw things no man should ever see. Though I made it to the end alive, for a long time my mind was still there. Still fighting. The army flew me back on an airplane, but do you know what actually brought me home? The love I accepted from my wife.

(beat)  
You need to find your way home, or you need to end it with her.

Mr. Foster gets up and drops a few bills on the table.

MR. FOSTER  
Think it over. And eat the fruit salad, you'll feel better.

**EXT. REAR DECK - ORCA - DAY - AUGUST 1946**

Quint is sitting on stern, leg bleeding. He's pallid, picking at a loaf of bread, breaking off pieces and eating them.

He scans the clear, calm sea: *nothing*.

He hears a flutter nearby and sees the WHITE GULL has landed on the side of the boat nearby. They both eye each other.

QUINT

You think this is a mistake. Think I should be spilling my guts out to the girl, crying about it to everyone instead of working with the sea. They all think that'll help this.

Quint's demeanor and voice is rougher. The Navy boy is gone.

He tears off a piece of bread. He throws it at the seagull who snatches it and eats it quick. It looks for more.

He looks at his leg. The wound is coagulating, bleeding less.

QUINT

You think I'm crazy, just like they all do. Just like she does. You two're birds of a feather, flapping over my head, making a damn fuss.

He throws another piece of bread to the gull, which eats it up. He keeps tearing bits off and throwing them to the gull:

QUINT

All them millions dead. The world deserved what it got in this war. All of us did. We were all part of it. On and on and on. We never change, we just get better at doing what we do.

Beat. The gull hops closer along the gunwale, chasing pieces of bread as he throws them.

QUINT

Maybe I went crazy too. But this here isn't part of it. No, I'll tell you what was crazy. Running away from yourself, joining the damn United States Navy who don't give a shit about you.

(beat)

Changing the way you talk, trying to be somebody you're not, trying to impress fancy girls in big cities when really you got nothing to offer but the salt in your veins. What I was doing, that was crazy.

He throws crumbs. The seagull snatches them. It squawks.

QUINT

But this, this is me coming back.  
Coming home. From now on, no more  
bullshit. From now on I'm just me by  
myself, just Quint, and I do what has  
to be done.

ANGLE ON: ONE HAND reaches down beside him to a length of  
fishing line attached to A HOOK, BAITED WITH BREAD...

QUINT

Because this here's my vessel, you  
understand? I'm the Captain here. And  
I don't want no new mates.

With that, he hurls another piece of bread to the waiting  
gull, that hungrily snatches it out of the air only to find --  
--it has eaten a FISHING HOOK too.

Quint yanks on the attached line with his hands and the hook  
pulls the gull down into the boat by its beak.

It SHRIEKS LOUDLY and FLAPS FRANTICALLY UPWARD but -- Quint  
is on his feet now and yanking the line violently inward --  
The gull falls again, panicking, tangling, squawking until --  
Quint grabs it, pinning it down beneath him on the deck.

CLOSE ON: QUINT -- eyes cold and merciless as we hear a  
SUDDEN SNAP and the white gull falls silent in his arms.

NEW ANGLE: Quint rises, gull in hand, and grabs his KNIFE as  
he returns to his same spot and sits over the edge again.

He scans the water again, but sees nothing.

QUINT

I'm not done. Either thou, or I, or  
both must go with them.

NEW ANGLE: FRESH BLOOD runs into the water, mingling with  
that from his own leg, as he takes his knife to the gull...

ANGLE: THE BLEEDING CARCASS drops into the water, attached to  
the line, which he ties off on a cleat... BAIT.

**EXT. BEACH - DAY - JULY 1946**

Quint sits on a towel, Laura in a swimsuit in front of him.

LAURA

Don't get me wrong, I love it here in summer. But it feels so small now. So quiet. Most of the people have already left. It'll be good to get back to a busy campus.

REVEAL: He's concealing a small OPEN BOX in his hand, and inside it is A RING. The same ring that Brubaker gave him.

He seems to be building the courage to present it to her.

LAURA

I thought maybe you might come with me. Back west. You could find a job and we could visit the city, like when we met.

QUINT

Sure. That sounds really nice.

LAURA

(feeling foolish)

It's just an idea.

QUINT

Laura, I been thinking and there's something I wanted to ask you...

But just then, something in the ocean behind her catches his attention... *Was there something there, in the water?*

He stares, strangely transfixed by the breaking waves.

She turns to look, expecting to see something. She smiles, getting the wrong idea.

LAURA

What is it? You want to go in?

QUINT

What?

LAURA

Alright, let's swim! Come on!

QUINT

No, no, no --

Laura pulls him up and forward, and he starts to panic.

LAURA

It'll be fun. I won't take no for an answer. The water'll do us some good--

QUINT  
(wrenching away)  
NO, dammit!

She stares at him, shocked and hurt. Then she glances at the ocean, recognizing that his outburst came from fear.

LAURA  
I'm sorry...

Quint can't meet her gaze. Quivering, angry at himself.

LAURA  
We don't have to-- We can go home.

But Quint steps past her, moving toward the water. She stays put, watching him go.

He stops at the water's edge. Surf washes up over his feet. Feeling the sea again, something stirs deep within. He kneels down in it, still holding the ring box in his hand.

He gazes out at the horizon.

QUINT  
(whispered)  
I can't. This is my home.

He snaps the ring box closed as he stands. Then he pockets it and walks back up the beach, leaving Laura bewildered.

LAURA  
Quint, where are you going?

**EXT. MARINA - DAY - LATER**

Quint walks quickly through the marina, scanning the docks. Sail boats, fishing boats: none are what he's looking for.

Frustrated, he finally finds himself standing by the same bench where the mysterious fisherman talked to him one night.

He sits down in the fisherman's spot, dejected.

He looks out at the marina, but then he spots something...

He gets up again. He heads down a long dock toward it, passing boats on the way.

He arrives at the boat called ORCA. On its side a sign is hung: "FOR SALE - INQUIRE AT HARBOR MASTER"

Quint stares. He walks around it. He runs his hands along its side, peering in the windows. *This is it.*

**INT. HARBOR MASTER OFFICE - DAY**

Quint enters a small office near the harbor. He finds the HARBOR MASTER (60) who looks up from his paper.

HARBOR MASTER  
Help you?

QUINT  
That boat out there, the Orca.

The harbor master eyes him over his spectacles.

HARBOR MASTER  
You interested in buying?

QUINT  
That's why I'm asking.

HARBOR MASTER  
You got the money to buy a boat?

Quint hesitates. He reaches into his pocket, and pulls out the small box. He opens it to reveal Brubaker's ring.

He stares at it for a long moment, weighing the decision.

HARBOR MASTER  
You going to propose to me, boy? That boat requires money.

Quint looks up at the harbor master.

QUINT  
Is there a pawn shop on the island?

PRELAP: hear the increasing whine of an ENGINE APPROACHING--

**EXT. OCEAN - DUSK - DAY FOUR 1945**

Quint is holding onto Roberts, Hart holding Lt Barnes, with Parks nearby in the water. They all look up, watching as:

A PBY-5A CATALINA, built for landing on flat water, breaks formation with another plane and descends toward them.

PARKS  
He's gonna land... Crazy sonofabitch is going to land it in these waves!

It roars down over their heads, landing somewhere just out of sight. Quint and Hart and Parks exchange looks.

HART

That's a chance. We have to get to that plane. If we don't these two might not make it.

Quint nods, just as yet another wave splashes up against him.

**EXT. OFF THE STERN - ORCA - DAY - AUGUST 1946**

Quint surfaces outside the Orca, coughing. He looks at his boat, realizing he must've fallen off it in his sleep.

He shakes his head. But the water actually feels good again. He kicks onto his back and just floats there.

ANGLE ON: QUINT - calm for a moment, gazing up at the sky...

But then a twinge of disquiet makes him come upright.

He looks at the boat again... At the length of FISHING LINE dangling from a cleat...

THE SEAGULL CARCASS IS GONE...

ANGLE ON: QUINT -- as a LARGE DORSAL FIN glides slowly past in the background, unseen by him.

Fear grips him. He scans around but sees nothing. He turns and swims back to the step ladder, breath quickening.

He grabs hold of the ladder and starts climbing up when:

WHAM! THE WHITE SHARK breaches the surface, reaching for him.

Quint kicks upward as it CLAMPS DOWN onto the bottom step of the ladder instead, but then his bare feet land on top of its slippery head -- he SHOUTS in terror -- struggling to pull himself away until the shark twists away with its bulk --

-- its tail SMACKS HIM SIDEWAYS and he falls into the water.

**EXT. UNDERWATER - CONTINUOUS**

Quint is briefly stunned by the blow, sinking downward.

He opens his eyes, coming back to his senses even as he sees the terrifying form of the shark coming around again.

**EXT. OFF THE STERN - ORCA - DAY**

Quint bursts upward, reaching frantically for the ladder --

-- but the mangled bottom rung BREAKS OFF IN HIS HAND and he drops underwater again.

He lets it go and then he's up and reaching for the higher rungs, and he's got it, and he's climbing up when he sees --

THE HARPOON is sitting there.

A moment of decision, then he snatches it up with dark determination, turning, still on the ladder outside the boat.

He glances down: the tail's rough skin cut through his shirt, leaving harsh grazes, seeping blood.

Gripping the ladder with one hand, harpoon in the other, he sinks his body down LOWER into the water...

He sees the shark coming, dorsal fin cutting the surface.

      QUINT  
Either thou, or I. Come on!

The shark submerges. Quint rises up out of the water, up one ladder rung, to try and keep track of it.

THERE -- it's still coming, and coming fast, like a terrible wraith in the grey-green water, speeding straight for him.

He raises the harpoon. He YELLS out a battle cry.

JAWS breach the surface, gaping toward him, but he is ready.

Quint springs up the ladder and STRIKES DOWN HARD with harpoon, spearing its back beside the dorsal fin.

The shark WRENCHES AWAY, SPRAYING WATER UP -- Quint narrowly misses being hit by the tail again, but the harpoon's broom handle is SNAPPED like a toothpick --

But as the shark dives -- fishing line flies out past Quint, attached to the harpoon tip, which held fast deep in the shark's flesh.

**EXT. REAR DECK - ORCA - CONTINUOUS**

Quint rolls over the gunwale into the boat, as fishing line reels out FAST --

-- the other end is attached to the LIFE RAFT CANISTER. He grabs it, pulls its ripcord and hurls it overboard.

Panting for breath, Quint watches anxiously as the life raft hits the surfaces and SELF-INFLATES in a matter of seconds.

It's a SMALL, TWO-MAN RAFT made of tough rubber.

Almost immediately, the raft is then YANKED FROM BELOW, and towed across the surface by the shark as it tries to dive.

While undoubtedly big, this is no super shark, and it won't be strong enough to pull the raft under completely.

A grin cracks across Quint's face.

QUINT  
Haha! You sonofabitch!

The raft skims away across the surface as the shark runs. Quint turns and leaps onto the ladder to the bridge.

**EXT. FLYING BRIDGE - ORCA - CONTINUOUS**

Quint attacks the controls, firing up the engine. He glances behind him to see the life raft towed away over the water.

QUINT  
You're not getting away. Not now!

He cranks the throttle and spins the wheel around.

**EXT. THE OCEAN - DAY**

HIGH ANGLE: The life raft skips and tumbles, dragged quickly by the shark below, while the Orca chases after it.

**EXT. BRIDGE - ORCA - DAY**

ON QUINT: driving his boat in pursuit, eyes blazing.

**EXT. SWIMMING AWAY FROM THE GROUP - NIGHT - DAY FOUR 1945**

Quint, Hart and Parks are swimming, dragging Roberts and Lt Barnes with them, desperate as the sky gets darker.

Behind, remnants of their large group are just visible between the rolling waves. Ahead, LIGHTS shine outward from the floating PBY, searching for stray survivors to pick up.

Quint's breath is ragged and uneven. He freezes in terror as a dorsal fin swoops past. Hart sees the growing fear in him.

HART  
Hey, Quint. We get out of this, I want to learn fishing. I want you to teach me. Will you teach me?

PARKS  
When I get out of this, I'm never going near the ocean again. Why the hell you want to learn to fish?

HART

(long beat)

Sharks. I want to learn to fish so I  
can catch one of these sharks and  
fucking kill it.

They all take in the cold desire for revenge. Quint glances  
at Hart, whose face is dead serious. He's no greenie anymore.

QUINT

Okay.

**EXT. THE OCEAN - DAY - AUGUST 1946**

THE LIFE RAFT is pulled away from the Orca until...

Finally it slows to a stop. It settles upside down, but the  
line still jerks it slightly from somewhere below.

Quint pilots the Orca, slowing to a stop alongside it. Sharp  
and tense now, he eyes the raft, anticipating further moves.

**EXT. THE OCEAN - NIGHT - DAY FOUR 1945**

Quint checks on Roberts in his arms as he carries him. His  
eyes are closed, his breath thin and raspy.

The PBY taxis vaguely toward Quint's group in the gloom.

PARKS

Hey! Over here!

HART

We can make it. Keep kicking.

But they barely have any energy left. Every few seconds, one  
of them slips under and struggles back up, gasping for air.

**EXT. REAR DECK - ORCA - DAY - AUGUST 1946**

Quint climbs down from the bridge, watching the raft that  
sits just off his stern...

WHAM! Suddenly the shark bursts up from below and attacks the  
raft -- teeth piercing its rubber hide. The shark vanishes  
again as air starts hissing out of the it.

Frantic, Quint rushes to grab a LONG BOAT HOOK POLE.

He runs back with it and hurls it out to try and catch the  
fishing line between the raft and the shark.

He misses. He tries again, but it's JUST OUT OF REACH.

The raft SQUEALS and GRADUALLY COLLAPSES as it is tugged from below -- one side sinking beneath the water. If he loses it, he loses the shark too.

QUINT  
No no! Please!

Quint tries going for the raft itself with the boat hook. But the deflating raft is PULLED AWAY from him by the shark.

QUINT  
No!

The deflated raft is just limp rubber and canvas now, DRAGGED DOWNWARD away from the boat...

Desperate, QUINT JUMPS OVERBOARD after it, boat hook in hand.

**EXT. OFF THE STERN - CONTINUOUS**

He plunges underwater, swimming and reaching like a madman -- and just manages to hook one of its sturdy handholds!

Quint kicks back up, gasping, eyes searching for the shark, towing the boat hook and raft behind him as he swims --

UNDERWATER POV: COMING UP FROM BELOW, see legs flailing...

**EXT. STERN - ORCA - CONTINUOUS**

Quint claws his way up the boat ladder, pole in hand when --

The shark speeds past below, snagging the line so the boat hook is yanked with it -- SMACKING HIM in the head, knocking him down across the gunwale.

Quint strains and pulls the boat hook inward until he can grab the LIFE RAFT'S HANDLE --

-- which he wrenches down and hooks it over a horn cleat.

Immediately, the fishing line PULLS TAUGHT and Quint sees the shark BREACH THE SURFACE at the end of the line, FIGHTING.

Quint spins around, thinking fast, and spots a RIGGING WINCH on a wall near the bridge, used for raising lobster cages...

**EXT. REAR DECK - ORCA - MOMENTS LATER**

Quint comes from the cabin, fitting work gloves on his hands.

He grabs the fishing line, feeling the tension of the shark in the line.

As the shark turns toward the boat, Quint gets some slack, which he pulls back across the deck toward the winch --

A SUDDEN TUG on the line makes him slip and fall, but he recovers and loops the line around the winch spool. He starts CRANKING THE HANDLE, which now acts to reel in the line.

QUINT  
(under his breath)  
Come on. Come on in now.

Quint cranks the line. The shark fights away --

He lets it spin out a bit -- then catches the handle again and cranks it in, careful to not dislodge the harpoon.

Then the shark is visible, swimming at the surface, getting closer. It's tiring, from blood loss and dragging the raft.

Quint is also battered, bleeding from his leg, side and forehead. A flicker of uncertainty in his eyes.

QUINT  
(to himself)  
Now what are you gonna do, huh?

He glances around until he spots a big GAFF HOOK on a metal pole, stowed nearby. He gets an idea...

He heaves on the winch arm then quickly slams a HOLDING BOLT into it, to stop it from reeling out --

He leaps down across the deck to grab the gaff hook.

The shark splashes nearby, 20' off the stern now, fighting the line, blood blooming from the harpoon in its back.

Moving fast, Quint ties an end of COILED ROPE onto the gaff --

Then he climbs out onto the hook ladder again, gaff in hand.

QUINT  
Come on! I'm here! You see me.

The shark swims closer to the boat then tries to dive. Quint notices the line rubbing and straining against the gunwale.

QUINT  
(to the line)  
Please hold. Don't break now.  
(to the shark)  
Come on, you bastard!

Then the grey blur is coming up again, right below him.

Quint rears back up as -- WHAM! It attacks the bottom and --

HE SWINGS THE GAFF HOOK with all his might -- STABBING IT DEEP through the muscle of the shark's tail.

The shark thrashes and swipes -- Quint lets go and falls onto his back inside the boat as the FLYING GAFF'S ROPE WHIPS OUT.

HE GRABS THE ROPE with both hands, which yanks him up to his feet again and HE YELLS as he heaves against it.

QUINT

Fuck you! You're mine!

THE SHARK, as long as the width of the boat, is now stuck with two lines, flailing near it in the bloody water.

Rope burns through Quint's gloved hands. He lets go to grab the remaining slack so he can tie it off but then --

THE SHARK catches the FISHING LINE with its teeth - it SNAPS!

Quint looks down, realizing the unsecured gaff rope he's holding in his hands is now the only line to the shark --

WHAM! He's pulled hard against the stern -- almost yanked overboard -- but still HE DOESN'T LET GO.

Heaving inward, he just manages to hook the rope around a cleat.

The shark tries to reach the rope with its jaws too -- but it can't twist to reach its own tail where the gaff is embedded.

QUINT

Stop it! Stop fighting!

(beat, dark)

This is where it ends!

Quint quickly removes the loops of fishing line from the winch spool and then rigs the gaff's rope up to it instead.

Quint grabs hold of the winch handle once again and starts CRANKING IT AS HARD AS HE CAN, straining with the effort...

**EXT. THE OCEAN - NIGHT - DAY FOUR 1945**

Quint and his boys struggle closer to the plane in the dark until at last, its spotlight turns and finds them.

PARKS AND HART

Help! We're here! Help!

Quint can hear the GHOSTLY CRIES of the wounded who have already been picked up by the plane. But he also hears the PIERCING SCREAMS of fresh shark victims far behind them...

They see the CREW at the plane's doors, shouting instructions inside, guiding the plane toward them.

RESCUER 1  
I see you! We're coming!

It gets closer, feet away now. Then a RESCUER is reaching:

RESCUER 2  
Come on, give me your hand.

QUINT  
The Lieutenant, get him on.

Hart and Parks maneuver Lt Barnes into the rescuers' hands. He is pulled inside, while the others continue to wait.

**EXT. ORCA - DAY - AUGUST 1946**

ON QUINT AT THE WINCH: the rope runs out taught behind him, disappearing behind the stern. Still he cranks furiously.

SEE BEHIND HIM: the tip of the shark's tail appears at the stern, dragged inch by inch up out of the water...

**EXT. OCEAN OUTSIDE PBY - NIGHT - DAY FOUR 1945**

The RESCUERS come back to the door of the plane.

RESCUER  
(to Hart)  
Your hand! Come on, let's go!

HART  
No, Roberts next!

They push Roberts into the waiting hands and watch him lifted on board. Quint, Hart and Parks hold each other, waiting.

But Hart notices Quint looking down into the water, scanning it, and he is terrified. Did he see something?

HART  
Quint. Hey, Quint.  
(beat, he looks at him)  
It's okay. We're okay.

**EXT. ORCA - DAY - AUGUST 1946**

QUINT AT THE WINCH: sweat and blood stream down his face.

Behind him, the stern dips as the gaff hook and the SHARK'S TAIL are pulled across the gunwale... Still it kicks and thrashes, dragged backward, throwing water into the air.

Quint closes his eyes against the effort and the past:

**EXT. OCEAN OUTSIDE PBY - NIGHT - DAY FOUR 1945**

Quint, Hart and Parks tread water beside the door of the plane as the rescuers keep working to help them.

RESCUER 1

Alright, last three. Come on.

Rescuer 2 lifts Parks in through the door.

Quint glances at Hart, who nods to him. He and Hart each grab a rescuer's hand.

RESCUER 1

Got you! Nice and easy now.

Rescuer 2 starts to drag Hart inside when -- he's JERKED DOWNWARD, and a SMALL GASP escapes his mouth. Quint looks over, cold fear gripping him --

QUINT

No...

But then there's THRASHING, and a SCREAM GURGLES from Hart's mouth, and he is TORN AND PULLED UNDER by a LARGE SHARK --

Hands grab Quint from behind, lifting him away as he struggles against them, FIGHTING to get back in the water.

QUINT

No! Hart! Let me go, let me go! I have to bring him back! No!

Quint is pulled inside the door of the plane, crying and screaming as the rescuers easily restrain him.

QUINT

I promised! You have to let me go!

CLOSE ON QUINT: his whole being is cracked open and torn up. He doesn't hear the words of the rescuers, he doesn't notice the plane crowded with gruesomely injured survivors.

Rescued at last, Quint is left a sobbing wreck.

**EXT. ORCA - DAY, AUGUST 1946**

QUINT CRANKS THE WINCH, in tears from exertion and memories.

Behind him, the grey hulk of the shark is dragged backwards by its tail across the gunwale, flailing and squirming until--

It rolls over the fulcrum of the stern and CRASHES INSIDE THE REAR DECK, still very much alive and kicking.

BAM! In one swoop, its tail connects with the empty CHUM BUCKET and METAL TOOLBOX, sending them flying --

THE TOOLBOX HITS QUINT in the ribs -- he stumbles and falls --

HE LANDS BESIDE THE SHARK, a foot away. HE YELLS IN FEAR, snatching his feet away as it SNAPS FOR HIM --

HE KICKS at its nose but he's caught on his back between the wall and the furious shark's huge jaws --

Desperate, he reaches out for the ROCKING CHAIR nearby. His fingertips just manage to grab hold as THE SHARK LUNGES --

Quint twists and kicks off the wall, sliding across the soaked floor as -- he topples the chair over into his place.

Quint scrambles away to the cabin door as it snatches his rocking chair in its jaws and instantly CRUSHES IT to pieces.

Out of reach now, Quint catches his breath on the floor, watching as the shark continues to flail helplessly...

Its bulk fills the entire rear deck but here, out of its element, it seems absurd and clumsy, weighing it down.

Here, this apex predator seems as pathetically vulnerable as an injured man adrift on the sea... Its awesome presence inspires fear even as its impotence deserves pity.

As it squirms and bleeds, Quint stares into its black eyes. Cold tears begin to well in his own tired, bloodshot eyes.

QUINT

Here we are, together again. Every day I see what you did to us.  
Sometimes I drink and it goes away.  
Sometimes it doesn't go away.  
Sometimes I think I'm still there,  
floating, waiting my turn to die.

Quint gets to his feet, quivering, and goes into the cabin.

ANGLE ON: THE SHARK continues to thrash for a few moments.

Then Quint is back, CARRYING SOMETHING. It snaps toward him but he edges around behind it where it can't reach him.

Quint runs a hand along its back as it bucks, almost as if to reassure it. He inches forward, passing its dorsal fin.

Quint swings a leg across its back to straddle it, behind its head. Jaws maw open, bucking, but it cannot reach him.

QUINT

Now it's your turn.

REVEAL: in his hand is a HATCHET. He pauses for a moment, as all the pain and fear and rage wells up inside him...

Then Quint raises the hatchet high, YELLS OUT LOUD and he sinks it down into the top of the shark's head. He furiously lifts it and brings it down, again and again, hacking the top of the shark's skull apart. Blood spatters against him.

ANGLE ON: THE SHARK'S TAIL slaps frantically as Quint digs deeper and deeper, down toward its brain.

ANGLE ON: QUINT continues the gruesome, fanatical execution until finally the shark goes limp beneath him.

At last he drops the axe and steps away from the carcass, covered in blood. He sits down on the floor, facing it.

He looks up at the sky above, breath calming, listening to the quiet and the gentle lapping of the water.

Finally it's peaceful, and beautiful.

ANGLE ON: LAURA'S SCARF lying crumpled on the deck nearby. Shark's blood seeps into it, utterly ruining it...

**EXT. AMITY ISLAND HARBOR - DAY - AUGUST 1946**

A CROWD of dock workers, fishermen and passers-by gather along the jetties, gasping and pointing as Quint brings the Orca in, everyone in awe at the huge shark slumped inside it.

FISHERMEN secure the boat while Quint climbs from the bridge.

FISHERMAN 1

Unbelievable... You're alone? Hey,  
you brought that monster in alone?

Quint eyes them, clothes still bloodstained, face beat up and bruising. He's young, but he cuts an imposing figure now.

QUINT

Nobody else on board.

He steps onto the dock and starts away through the crowd.

FISHERMAN 2

That's impossible. You can't bring in something like that on your own.

FISHERMAN 3

I never seen one this big, not in thirty years.

FISHERMAN 1

You're not from the island, are you? What brings you here to Amity?

QUINT

Came from the Vineyard, I'm looking for a new berth maybe.

FISHERMAN 2

What's your name, son?

Quint stops for a moment, looking at their salty faces. His own demeanor has changed, he's more confident, stronger.

And now he has a familiar twinkle in his eye.

QUINT

You can call me Quint. Shark ain't going anywhere, so... Buy me a drink, I'll tell you all about it.

The fishermen grin, instantly taking a liking to him.

**INT. FISHERMAN BAR - NIGHT - LATER**

Quint sits at a table with the fishermen and OTHER LOCALS gathered around. He holds a confident rhythm and wily charm.

QUINT

So... the gaff held, and the winch held. Gave me just enough leverage. Inch by inch it dragged him - right out of the water. Then he's flapping and fighting, you know like a snapper does, only he's the size of my whole boat. Never seen a killer like that looking helpless before. Almost makes you pity him.

(beat, deadpan)

But then the bastard ate my rocking chair.

The fishermen laugh at the absurdity of it.

QUINT

That's when I knew he had to die.

More laughing.

QUINT  
Anyway, that's about the sum of it.

Fisherman 1 raises a glass. The others follow suit.

FISHERMAN 1  
Helluva tale. Here's to Quint.

QUINT  
No, no, no!

He stops them before they drink. He raises his glass.

QUINT  
Not to me. Here's to... Here's to  
swimming with bow-legged women.

They cheer that and drink. A BARMAID smiles at him from across the room but it makes his own smile fade slightly.

QUINT  
(turning to Fisherman 1)  
Hey, there a telephone in here?

FISHERMAN 1  
In the back. Through that door.

Quint gets up, slipping away from the drinkers.

**INT. ADMIN OFFICE - BACK OF BAR - NIGHT**

Quint comes into a back office and closes the door. He picks up the phone and dials a number. He listens as it connects.

MR. FOSTER (PHONE)  
*Foster residence.*

QUINT  
Hello, Mr. Foster.

MR. FOSTER (PHONE)  
*Quint... You're back on shore.*

QUINT  
Stopped in over at Amity Island.

MR. FOSTER (PHONE)  
*Amity? You're moving on, then?*

QUINT  
Making progress.

MR. FOSTER (PHONE)  
*I spoke to my Navy contacts. They agreed to help. You can consider yourself discharged from service.*

QUINT  
Thank you... Mr. Foster? How is she?

MR. FOSTER (PHONE)  
(pause)  
*You made your decision, Quint. She's not your concern anymore.*

CLICK. The line goes dead. Quint stands there, dazed. He hangs up the receiver and sits down in a chair.

Outside the window he sees the harbor and beyond it, the sea. Suddenly, the phone rings. Quint looks at it, suspicious. He gets up again, and lifts the receiver to his ear...

LAURA (PHONE)  
*I know you're there.*

He closes his eyes to the sweet sound of her voice.

LAURA (PHONE)  
*I know you won't tell me where you are. I know you won't talk because you think you're protecting me, or that I can't help you. So just listen instead. This isn't how you fix it. This isn't how you get better. You're making a mistake.*

Tears appear in his eyes. In the bar, the fishermen banter.

LAURA (PHONE)  
*I would've married you. I just wanted you to know that. But I have a life of my own and I'm choosing to go live it now.*  
(long beat)  
*Goodbye, Quint.*

CLICK. She hangs up the phone, leaving him numb.

**INT. FISHERMAN BAR - MOMENTS LATER**

Quint comes back into the bar to cheers, a few backslaps and a new drink from waiting fishermen. He takes a large drink.

A few OFF-ISLANDERS, rich summer residents, are watching. They nudge one forward, MANSFIELD, who approaches Quint.

MANSFIELD

Mister Quint? You caught that shark out there? On that boat, the Orca?

QUINT

That's why we're drinking.

MANSFIELD

Could you find a shark like that again?

Quint pauses, eyeing the guy. A few others take notice too.

MANSFIELD

My friends and I are looking for a charter boat, looking for big sport. We were wondering if we could hire your services, to take us out again, perhaps find another shark like that. We have some gear, anything more the boat needs we could purchase for you.

FISHERMAN 2

Hah! It's a fluke boy-- There're no sharks like that in these waters!

QUINT

There's sharks like that in all waters.

The sudden gravity of his pronouncement silences everyone.

MANSFIELD

That's what I hoped you'd say.

QUINT

You want to pay me to take you out and kill sharks?

Beat. Mansfield NODS. Quint thinks long and hard as a new, unexpected avenue of life seems to open up before him...

**INT. HOSPITAL BARRACKS - GUAM - DAY - JULY 1945**

QUINT sits with his back to a wall in bed, inside a hospital tent full of SURVIVORS in various grim states.

A man arrives and drops a NEWSPAPER down on the bed.

ANGLE ON THE NEWSPAPER: the headline reveals that this is just a day after the atomic bomb has been dropped on Hiroshima -- "Reports indicate the entire city is destroyed."

The man sits: it's Roberts. Quint can't even look at him.

QUINT

We did that. That container we carried to Tinian. We delivered the bomb. That's why we were secret, why no one knew we were lost.

ROBERTS

I know.

QUINT

They say maybe a hundred and fifty thousand people died. Civilians. A hundred and fifty thousand.

Beat. Roberts considers that, but says nothing. Quint finally looks at him, profound pain in his eyes.

QUINT

What are we supposed to do now?

Roberts is quiet for a moment.

ROBERTS

I'm going to ship out again.

Quint can't even comprehend this. Quint glances around then leans closer in a hushed tone.

QUINT

The Navy fucked us, Roberts. They weren't even looking for us, it was a fluke that plane found us. And you're going to go back to work for them?

ROBERTS

Quint, I been on the water my whole life. Don't know anything else. Don't have anything else. My blood's in the ocean now. Maybe yours is too.

Quint stares at Roberts, unnerved by this.

**INT. OLD SAILOR'S SHACK - NIGHT - AUGUST 1946**

Quint wears an apron and rubber gloves, spattered with blood, in a spacious WOOD SHACK full of fishing gear and junk with a mezzanine layer above.

He lifts the lid from an industrial cooking pot and uses tongs to reach into the bubbling hydrogen peroxide inside.

He lifts out the whitened, stiffened jaws of the shark he caught -- huge, man-eating jaws.

He rinses them off in a sink and lays them out on a table.

He stares at his trophy with some satisfaction... But then... FAINT, DISTANT SCREAMS begin to echo in his mind once more.

Behind him, the shark's mutilated corpse hangs by its tail from a rafter, silhouetted and hidden by shadow.

Quint looks at it. Then he picks up a knife and walks to it.

**EXT. OLD SAILOR'S SHACK - MORNING**

Quint stands outside the shack beside two LARGE BARRELS, watching his FOUR OFF-ISLANDER CLIENTS unload their gear from a nice car nearby. They approach while Quint drinks a beer.

MANSFIELD

Well, here we are.

QUINT

Okay. You brought some apricot  
brandy, you buy lunch - maybe dinner  
too when we bring in a good bird.  
Then champagne, caviar, whole deal.

He stands and points to the barrels... Full of bloody CHUM.

QUINT

You take those down to the boat while  
I close up.

The off-islanders sneer at the smell from the barrels.

MANSFIELD

What is that?

QUINT

That's my shark. We'll use him.  
(off their look)  
Come on now. This isn't a party, get  
to work.

OFF-ISLANDER 2

"Please" would be nice.

Quint shoots the older, richer man a look that withers him.

QUINT

You're going on my vessel, you hear?  
I know what I'm doing, not you. This  
isn't no pleasure cruise or day sail.  
I'm talking about sharking. You'll do  
what I say when we're reckoning with  
death.

Beat. The off-islanders are spooked by his intensity... But then Quint's face cracks into a smile and he starts cackling.

QUINT

Look at your faces. Haha! Bunch of city folk, can't take a joke. Get the damn barrels onboard, will you. You see a shark, Mister Mansfield, swaller! Hahaha!

Quint heads inside, leaving them to lift the barrels.

**INT. OLD SAILOR'S SHACK - CONTINUOUS**

Quint goes about grabbing his duffel and a few remaining supplies. Whether he's drunk or not is unclear, but he's certainly energized, upbeat and talking wildly now --

QUINT

(calling out to them)

Porkers! Time to catch a porker! No more cutting money for you, time to work! Wars over, you boys get ready to fight now!

The off-islanders are gone, carrying barrels to the boat, and Quint pauses.

He looks down at his arm -- his sleeve is rolled up to reveal: a USS INDIANAPOLIS tattoo on his arm.

He frowns. Then he pulls his sleeve down to cover it. He walks back outside but WE REMAIN IN THE SHACK.

QUINT (O.S.)

Alright now, easy with that Mister Mansfield! Don't spill it on those nice clothes of yours! Don't wanna stain 'em! What're you here for, a country club picnic?! Haha!

**ANGLE ON A WINDOW:** but now Quint's huge SHARK JAWS are newly hung in front of the glass, creating a toothy frame.

**PUSH IN THROUGH THE JAWS:** to see them down below in the harbor, bustling on deck and Quint at the helm of the Orca.

Hear his shouted orders and cackling banter as the boat pulls away from the dock, driving out to sea.

**EXT. BRIDGE - ORCA - DAY**

Quint drives the Orca, sun on his back and wind in his hair.

He glances back at his clients on the deck below, fussing with their gear as Amity Island recedes behind them.

He sips from a mug and turns back to face the great blue expanse stretching out ahead of them. He smiles.

He starts to SING A FAMILIAR TUNE to himself...

QUINT

(soft)

*Farewell and adieu, to you fair  
Spanish ladies... Farewell and adieu,  
to you ladies of Spain... For we've  
received orders, to sail back to  
Boston... And so never more shall we  
see you again.*

He chuckles to himself. He takes another sip. But then there's the slightest hint of disquiet behind his eyes...

FADE TO BLACK

MALE SAILOR CHOIR (V.O.)

(continuing the song)

*We'll rant and we'll roar, like true  
Yankee whale men... We'll rant and  
we'll roar, across the salt sea...  
Until we sight Amity beside Martha's  
Vineyard... Straight up the channels  
of New England we'll roll...*

(break)

*Let every man here drink off his full  
bumper... Let every man here drink up  
a full glass... Drink and be jolly,  
and drown melancholy... And here's to  
the health of our true hearted lass.*

**THE END**

\*Based on the character created by  
Peter Benchley

As was realized for the screen in JAWS by  
Peter Benchley, Carl Gottlieb, Steven Spielberg  
and Robert Shaw