

INT. AUDITORIUM. NIGHT

An immense movie palace with gilded carvings and three balconies. It looks like an opera house. The members of the audience excitedly take their seats. They are dressed in black tie and evening clothes. Flashbulbs go off, the lights dim, and a spotlight shines on a dark, thin man with glasses. He says in Italian (subtitled in English):

FESTIVAL DIRECTOR

Ladies and gentlemen, we are very pleased to welcome you to the world premiere of Part 1 of the newest film from a great favorite of ours here at Loquasto, Mr. Steve Zissou. A brief Q & A will immediately follow the screening. Thank you very much.

The man leaves the stage as the spotlight goes off. The audience applauds. The words Loquasto International Film Festival appear projected against a gold silk curtain. The gold curtain opens, a red curtain beneath it rises, and the film begins.

The first title slides into the center of the frame against a black background. It is accompanied by a spinning globe logo.

TITLE:

Oseary Drakoulias presents

CUT TO:

An underwater shot of five divers approaching in pale blue wet suits with navy stripes down the sides. They wear red flippers and have yellow aqualungs strapped to their backs. A gold barracuda with black teeth swims by and swallows a translucent starfish with a live shrimp in its stomach.

The next title appears in red:

TITLE:

THE LIFE AQUATIC

CUT TO:

A shirtless man in a knitted red cap standing alone on the deck of a ship. He is fifty. He has silver hair and a beard with curls. A flock of gulls descends from above and fills the frame. He looks up at them and laughs. The image freezes.

TITLE:

with Steve Zissou

The image un-freezes, and the birds fly away.

EXT. COMPOUND. DAY

A small Mediterranean island. There is a marina in the foreground and a collection of houses and laboratory buildings in the background.

TITLE:

Adventure No. 12: "The Jaguar Shark"
(Part 1)

INT. OFFICE. DAY

Zissou stands next to a window in an office overlooking the compound and the ocean beyond it. He wears a brown suit with pinstripes and a thin black tie. He speaks calmly into the camera:

ZISSOU
The Oubyamywe Peninsula. A remote and fascinating region teeming with extraordinary marine life.

Zissou pulls down a chain and lowers a map from an apparatus mounted on the wall. He points with a pencil to a spot on the Western coast of Africa.

ZISSOU
We chose its mysterious waters as the Belafonte's next destination.

Zissou sits at his desk with charts and graphs in front of him and a model of his ship, the Belafonte, at his side.

ZISSOU
In preparation for our voyage, the members of Team Zissou gathered at my oceanographic observatory here on Pescespada Island.

The camera slowly zooms in on Zissou.

ZISSOU
This was to be our most ambitious adventure to date -- and, ultimately, a tragic one.

EXT. MAIN DECK. DAY

The crew of the Belafonte sets to work on-board the ship. They wear pale blue swimsuits with navy stripes down the

sides, long-sleeved aquamarine polyester shirts with epaulets and Team Zissou logos on them, and red knitted caps. Each has a Glock pistol in a holster on his belt. Zissou introduces them in voice-over.

ZISSOU (V.O.)
Our team included:

CUT TO:

A heavy-set, slightly hunched man with a shaved head and a bull's neck but soft eyes. He directs the lowering of a mini-sub suspended from a crane.

ZISSOU (V.O.)
Esteban du Plantier, 66, Chief Diver. Our senior statesman, my closest colleague for twenty-seven years.

CUT TO:

A tall, rakish man holding a pair of sunglasses in his mouth. He checks the air pressure gauges on an oxygen tank.

ZISSOU (V.O.)
Klaus Daimler, 40, Engineer. Calm, collected, German.

CUT TO:

A spindly Indian man with a long beard and a red turban. He puts a 16mm camera onto his shoulder and adjusts the focus.

ZISSOU (V.O.)
Vikram Ray, 28, Cameraman. Born on the Ganges.

CUT TO:

A young Japanese-American man in a wet suit treading water beside the ship. A dolphin surfaces next to him. He strokes it.

ZISSOU (V.O.)
Bobby Ogata, 22, Frogman. Can hold his breath for seven minutes, thirty-eight seconds.

CUT TO:

A weathered, aristocratic-looking man wearing headphones. He leans over the railing with a microphone on a boom.

ZISSOU (V.O.)
Renzo Pietro, 45, Editor/Sound Man.

CUT TO:

A very skinny man with goggles on top of his head sitting behind a microscope. He holds up a slide and squints at it.

ZISSOU (V.O.)
Vladimir Wolodarsky, 33, Physicist/
Original Score Composer.

CUT TO:

A wavy-haired girl with freckles, topless in a bikini. She clicks off a stopwatch and writes something on a clipboard.

ZISSOU (V.O.)
Anne-Marie Sakowitz, 25, Script-girl.

CUT TO:

A dark-skinned Brazilian man. He holds a burning flare over his head. Sparks shower all around.

ZISSOU (V.O.)
Pelé dos Santos, 30, Safety Expert.

CUT TO:

A beautiful woman in her late forties standing at the prow of the ship smoking a brown cigarette. Her hair is wet, long, and black, parted on the side with a clip in it. She wears a white bathrobe.

ZISSOU (V.O.)
Eleanor Zissou, my wife/Vice-President of
the Zissou Society.

EXT. MARINA. DAY

Seven slightly-built college students dressed in Team Zissou T-shirts and camp shorts walk up the gangplank carrying extremely heavy equipment.

ZISSOU (V.O.)
We had also invited seven marine science students from the University of North Alaska to accompany us as unpaid interns in exchange for school credit.

EXT. OCEAN. DAY

The ship is anchored at sea in open waters. A narrator announces:

NARRATOR (V.O.)
October 12. Entry in the logbook of the
Belafonte by Captain Zissou.

EXT. MAIN DECK. DAY

Zissou and Esteban pose in their diving gear looking into the camera with their arms around each other's shoulders. Zissou kisses Esteban on the cheek. Esteban breaks a saltine in two and gives Zissou half.

ZISSOU (V.O.)
Esteban and I explore the blue reefs
beyond the peninsula.

CUT TO:

Zissou and Esteban swimming underwater through a bright blue atoll. A school of gently glowing pink fish moves past them.

ZISSOU (V.O.)
Fluorescent snapper unexpectedly appear
in the shallows -- extremely rare at this
depth.

Zissou captures one of the fish with a cloth net. It glows pink beneath the thin fabric. Zissou and Esteban laugh through their mouthpieces, and bubbles cascade all around them.

EXT. MAIN DECK. DAY

Klaus and Ogata look nervously over the side of the ship. The water beneath them bubbles violently and begins to turn red. Klaus yells to Ogata:

KLAUS
Where's your gun?

Ogata hesitates. Zissou surfaces suddenly. There is blood on his wet suit. He rips off his mask and gasps. He looks disoriented and wildly agitated. He points into the camera and shouts with his voice raspy and cracking:

ZISSOU
Is that rolling? Vikram!

KLAUS

Steve? What's happening? Where's --

ZISSOU

Tail slate! Second sticks! Take one!
Encounter with highly abnormal shark-like
fish at least ten meters in length with
unfamiliar dorsal features and spots all
over it! I shot it dorsally with a homing
dart! Esteban was eaten! Check the
scanning monitor and start tracking it
before it dives too --

KLAUS

(stunned)

Esteban was bitten?

ZISSOU

(pause)

Eaten!

KLAUS

(shocked)

Is he dead?

ZISSOU

(emphatically)

Esteban was eaten! Check the scanning
monitor before it goes too deep!

KLAUS

(confused)

Was he -- he was swallowed whole?

ZISSOU

(hesitates)

No! Chewed! Check the scanning monitor!

Ogata is filming with a second camera. He puts it down and starts to run inside. Klaus notices that Zissou's eyes are pinned and blood-shot, and there is a green film around his lips. He says to himself:

KLAUS

He's got hydrogen psychosis. Crazy-eye!

(yelling to Ogata)

Wait! Get him out of the fucking water!

There's something down there!

Klaus and Ogata scramble down a ladder to help Zissou. Klaus says loudly but calmly:

KLAUS

Steve, we think you've got crazy-eye!
Don't try to --

Zissou suddenly loses control of himself, jerking around and screaming hysterically toward the water:

ZISSOU

Esteban! Esteban! Esteban! Esteban!

CUT TO:

Zissou sitting in the audience viewing the film. He wears a red pin in the lapel of his tuxedo. A gold legion of honor medal hangs around his neck. There is a diamond star earring in his left earlobe. His face looks hollow, and his eyes are dark and sunken. He watches expressionlessly.

Eleanor sits beside him looking down at the floor. She has her hair in a French twist and wears a sleek, silver dress and pearls.

CUT TO:

Zissou and the director of the festival sitting at a table on-stage after the screening. The audience has thinned out significantly. The director of the festival points to a man in the orchestra. The man asks a question in Italian. The director of the festival translates for Zissou:

FESTIVAL DIRECTOR

Was it a deliberate choice never to show
the jaguar shark?

ZISSOU

No, I dropped the camera.

The audience laughs. The director of the festival translates Zissou's answer into Italian, and the audience laughs again.

ZISSOU

Why are they laughing?

The audience laughs.

An exceptionally clean-cut man in his late twenties sits in the front row of the highest tier of the balconies. He has short blond hair, parted neatly on the side. He wears an airline pilot's uniform with a Colonel Sanders-type string tie and has his cap tucked under his arm. He is Ned Plimpton.

Ned raises his hand, and the director of the festival points to him. Ned speaks with the accent of a deep Southerner:

NED

What's next for Team Zissou?

Zissou shields his eyes from the lights with his hand and squints at Ned. He says evenly:

ZISSOU

Well, that was only Part 1. It's a cliff-hanger. Now I'm going to hunt down that shark or whatever it is, and, hopefully, kill it. I'm not sure how, maybe dynamite.

A murmur goes through the audience. Some of them have already begun to gather their things and make their way to the exits. The director of the festival looks confused.

FESTIVAL DIRECTOR

You don't know what it is?

ZISSOU

No. I've never seen anything like it in my life.

FESTIVAL DIRECTOR

You said it was a jaguar shark. That's the title of the film.

ZISSOU

He was coming right at us. I said the first two words that came into my head.

The director of the festival hesitates. Zissou points to a young woman in the audience with her hand in the air. She asks a question in French. The director of the festival translates for Zissou:

FESTIVAL DIRECTOR

It's an endangered species, at most. What would be the scientific purpose of killing it?

Silence. Zissou answers as if it goes without saying:

ZISSOU

Revenge.

The director of the festival translates Zissou's answer into French.

INT. LOBBY. NIGHT

The lobby of the theatre. A terrace opens onto the harbor, and the Belafonte is anchored in the distance. The members of the audience flood out of the auditorium. Zissou walks with the director of the festival at his side. An elderly man dressed in a safari jacket follows, stalking them. A pale, angular woman wearing bright red lipstick and a complex, asymmetrical hat intercepts them.

PALE WOMAN

Bravo! What fun!

FESTIVAL DIRECTOR

Steve, I'd like to introduce you to Antonia Cook, the new head of the film society.

The woman clasps Zissou's hands.

PALE WOMAN

You must be so excited!

ZISSOU

(distracted)

I hope so. You thought it went OK?

PALE WOMAN

No, congratulations. Seriously.

ZISSOU

Thanks. I wish it didn't need the seriously, but --

PALE WOMAN

Hm?

(suddenly pensive)

Well, I just don't think they knew what to make of it.

ZISSOU

Yeah. Oh, well. Fuck it, I guess.

Zissou pushes through the crowded room. He comes upon a seventy-year-old Englishman with white hair, oiled and combed straight back, and large, round sunglasses. He wears a black suit, a white shirt, and a white tie. He is Oseary Drakoulias. Drakoulias takes hold of Zissou's arm and says enthusiastically:

DRAKOULIAS

Steve --

ZISSOU
 (to himself)
 It's a shit turnout tonight.

DRAKOULIAS
 (hesitates)
 I believe you know Larry Amin, Chairman
 of Saudifilm.

Drakoulias motions to a small Arab man standing next to him. The man has a neat, white beard and a military-style beret with a jewel pinned into it. Zissou nods restlessly.

ZISSOU
 Oh, yeah. Hi.

DRAKOULIAS
 Larry and I were just discussing our
 financial predicament. Shall the three of
 us ride out to the party together?

ZISSOU
 Why? Has Larry got that kind of spending
 bread to invest?

A pair of photographers interrupts:

PHOTOGRAPHER
 Captain Zissou, can we get a shot of you
 and Captain Hennessey?

Zissou frowns. He turns and sees an immaculately dressed man in black tie and chromium-framed eyeglasses with the same medal around his neck and pin in his lapel that Zissou wears. He also has several additional ribbons and badges, and he holds a gold-plated award statuette of a barracuda. He is surrounded by a Japanese television crew. He is Alistair Hennessey. Zissou says to the photographers:

ZISSOU
 Make it quick.

Zissou and Hennessey stand shoulder-to-shoulder for the photographers. The elderly man in the safari jacket stands among them, watching. Flashbulbs start popping.

HENNESSEY
 Hello, Steven. How are things going with
 your -- what are you calling it? Leopard
 fish?

ZISSOU
 Jaguar shark.

HENNESSEY

(thrilled)

Jaguar shark, exactly! I love it!

(gravely)

Tell me something. Does it actually exist?

Pause. Zissou smiles slightly.

ZISSOU

Well, you know, Allie. I don't want to give away the ending.

Hennessey nods and smiles.

HENNESSEY

Good man. Here comes our girl.

Hennessey motions to Eleanor approaching from across the room. He kisses her on both cheeks.

HENNESSEY

You're the most ravishing creature I've seen in my life.

ELEANOR

Hello, Skinny.

Eleanor points to one of Hennessey's medals.

ELEANOR

Is that a new merit badge?

HENNESSEY

(pleased)

As a matter of fact, it is. I just became a knight in Portugal. The presidente --

ZISSOU

(interrupting)

Don't be nice to Allie. He's my nemesis.

Hennessey laughs. He kisses Eleanor again and rejoins his Japanese television crew. Eleanor takes Zissou by the arm and walks with him.

ZISSOU

How could you lay that slick faggot?

ELEANOR

Well, I was in love with him, at the time.

ZISSOU

(sighs)

Yeah, I know. He's charismatic.

ELEANOR

How are you feeling?

ZISSOU

(strangely)

I'm right on the edge. I don't know what comes next.

Eleanor looks into Zissou's eyes. She frowns. She opens her handbag and digs inside. She says to Zissou:

ELEANOR

Wait here. I'll be right back.

Eleanor walks away. A tall, beautiful African girl comes over and stops squarely in front of Zissou. Zissou looks nervous.

AFRICAN GIRL

I just wanted to say hello. Hi.

ZISSOU

(relieved)

Hey, baby.

Zissou starts to kiss the African girl on the cheek. She blocks him with her arm and feints away. Zissou looks surprised.

AFRICAN GIRL

I said I wanted to say hello. I didn't say I wanted you to touch me.

Silence. Eleanor returns with a glass of whiskey and two Valiums for Zissou. She and the African girl stare at each other. Zissou points to Eleanor.

ZISSOU

I'm here with my wife. Eleanor, this is Mandeenza. Mandeenza --

ELEANOR

Do we really want to put me through this?

Pause. Zissou shakes his head. Eleanor hands him the whiskey and the pills. She and the African girl walk swiftly away in different directions. Zissou sees the elderly man in the safari jacket spying on him from behind a lamp. The elderly man moves away. Zissou swallows the pills and drinks the whiskey. He goes over to a television set on a pedestal.

It shows him being interviewed on an English talk show. Esteban sits beside him. The host says:

HOST (ON T.V.)
 People say Eleanor is the brains behind
 Team Zissou. What is Steve?

Zissou hesitates. Esteban interrupts slyly:

ESTEBAN (ON T.V.)
 He's the Zissou.

Esteban shrugs.

Zissou smiles identically on television and watching it. He reaches out and touches Esteban's face on the screen. Static crackles at his fingertip. He turns away from the television set and looks across the room blankly. Klaus brings over a ten-year-old German boy with bronze-colored skin and nearly-white hair in a buzz-cut. He wears lederhosen. He carries a small plastic bag filled with water.

KLAUS
 Steve, this is my little nephew, Werner.
 He wanted to meet you.

Zissou pats the boy on the head.

ZISSOU
 How you doing, Werner?

Werner holds out the plastic bag.

KLAUS
 He brought you a present.

Zissou takes the plastic bag and holds it up to his eyes. There is a tiny blue, green, yellow, red, and orange striped sea-horse swimming inside. Zissou says quietly:

ZISSOU
 A crayon pony-fish.

Zissou looks down at Werner.

ZISSOU
 Thanks, pal.

Zissou takes off his tie and puts it into his pocket. He tugs on his collar and takes a deep breath. Klaus frowns.

KLAUS
 You don't look too good, Steve.

Zissou licks his hand and presses down his hair awkwardly, rearranging his cowlicks. He looks to Klaus.

ZISSOU

How about now?

Klaus hesitates. Zissou sees the elderly man in the safari jacket lurking behind him. He snaps:

ZISSOU

What do you need, old man?

The elderly man thrusts a photograph and a pen into Zissou's hands.

ELDERLY MAN

Could you sign this, please?

Zissou looks at the photograph. It is a picture of a younger, blond Zissou underwater pointing a spear-gun at a black squid with four blue eyes and yellow ink. A title across the bottom says Shadow Creatures of the Lurisia Archipelago.

Zissou signs the photograph.

ELDERLY MAN

And this.

The elderly man hands Zissou another photograph. It is a picture of two divers with movie cameras filming a swarm of writhing sea-cobras. A title across the bottom says The Battling Eels of Antibes.

Zissou signs the photograph.

ELDERLY MAN

And this.

The elderly man hands Zissou another photograph. It is a picture of a younger Zissou running at a full sprint alongside a black panther with white spots. A title across the bottom says Island Cats!

Zissou frowns.

ZISSOU

How many you got there?

Zissou sees that there are about twenty-five more photographs in the elderly man's hand. He frowns.

ZISSOU

Just forge the rest of them, will you?

ELDERLY MAN

(hesitates)

But I could've done that --

ZISSOU

Get lost. Get out of here.

The elderly man looks startled. He walks away.

Zissou sees Eleanor standing alone outside the window looking into the harbor. He raps on the glass. Eleanor turns to look at him. Zissou shrugs. He waves to her. Eleanor waves back sadly. She holds up a pill of her own and swallows it with a drink of whiskey.

Zissou smiles.

EXT. AUDITORIUM. NIGHT

Zissou and Eleanor come out of the theatre and walk down the red carpet along the front steps surrounded by a mob of fans and paparazzi snapping pictures, jostling, and yelling. Drakoulias, Klaus, Ogata, Pelé, Renzo, and Vikram follow them. Zissou is blank and silent. He puts on his red cap.

A tall man in a polo shirt motions to Zissou.

TALL MAN

Hey, Steve! How come you're not sitting shiva for your friend Esteban?

Zissou stops. He looks at the man.

ZISSOU

What'd you say?

Pause. The man shrugs and says with a slight smile:

TALL MAN

Who you going to kill in Part 2?

The man points a pocket camera at Zissou and takes a snapshot. Zissou stares at the man. He lunges through the crowd and reaches for the man's throat. The man dodges awkwardly and clips Zissou across the mouth with his camera. Klaus and Drakoulias pull Zissou back. The mob goes into a panic. Eleanor lights a cigarette.

Zissou moves away, disoriented, holding his hand against his mouth. A line of blood runs down the side of his chin. He looks at his sea-horse. The plastic bag is leaking.

Zissou takes a glass of champagne out of someone's hand. He empties it onto the ground. He pours the sea-horse and the rest of the water into the glass. He walks down the steps in a daze, holding the glass carefully above the crowd.

EXT. MAIN DECK. NIGHT

A party on-board the Belafonte moored in the bay. Pelé sits on deck playing a David Bowie song on a guitar. The guests are writers, artists, scientists, socialites, movie stars, fashion models, government officials, and business tycoons. Three motorboats flying Team Zissou flags wait tied alongside the ship.

The lights of hotels and casinos glimmer on the shore.

INT. SALON. NIGHT

A living room with faux-wood Formica walls and tables for backgammon, chess, and cards. Drakoulias sits in a red vinyl armchair. Eleanor is on a red vinyl sofa playing solitaire. There are strips of duct tape to repair rips in the vinyl. Zissou has a swollen cut on his lip. He paces around the room. Klaus and Wolodarsky play backgammon in the corner. Drakoulias holds a glass of sherry. The party continues outside.

DRAKOULIAS

Larry Amin's flying back to Mecca tonight
to see if he can make the numbers work.
He'll have an answer for us in ten days.

ZISSOU

(immediately)
Tell him we need to know by Sunday.

DRAKOULIAS

(hesitates)
Why would I do that, my darling?

ZISSOU

(shrugs)
To call his bluff, dammit. To light a
fire under his ass.

DRAKOULIAS

My darling, we haven't made a hit
documentary in nine years. Let's not fuck
with Larry Amin. Explain it to him,
Eleanor.

ELEANOR

(flipping a card)

He understands. Amin has to make a projection of the world grosses to see if he can get a tax break and run it through his output deal.

ZISSOU

I don't understand -- but I can tell it's bullshit.

Eleanor looks to Zissou. Zissou stares down at her cards.

ZISSOU

You can put the three on the four.

Pause. Eleanor moves the three of clubs onto the four of hearts.

KLAUS

Werner, what are you doing?

Werner stands on a table in the corner of the room with his sleeve rolled up to his shoulder and his arm reaching for a turtle at the bottom of an aquarium filled with water.

ZISSOU

Be careful, Werner. That's a snapper.

Werner lifts the turtle out of the aquarium. It has red and yellow markings and a slightly broken shell. He flips it over. The word Albert is written on the bottom of the turtle in magic marker. He drops it back into the tank.

Silence. Zissou shrugs.

ZISSOU

Well, if you'll excuse me, I'm going to go on an overnight drunk, and in ten days I'm going to head out to find the shark that ate my friend and destroy it. Anyone who wants to join me is more than welcome.

Zissou goes out the door.

EXT. MAIN DECK. NIGHT

The party is in full swing. Zissou puts on his red cap and walks purposefully toward the bar. The pilot from the upper balcony at the screening approaches him and says reluctantly:

NED
Captain Zissou? I'm sorry to bother you.
I'm Ned Plimpton.

ZISSOU
(distracted)
OK, man.

NED
My mother was Katherine Plimpton.

Zissou stops. He looks confused.

ZISSOU
You're kidding.

NED
No.

ZISSOU
(hesitates)
How is she?

NED
She died last month.

ZISSOU
(pause)
Oh. I'm sorry. Holy shit. She was -- Hm.

A long, complicated moment passes between Zissou and Ned.
Zissou says quietly:

ZISSOU
I've heard of you.

Zissou and Ned step out of the crowd and stand together next
to the railing of the ship.

ZISSOU
I don't know if it's true, by the way. Do
you?

NED
No, I don't.

ZISSOU
I hadn't seen her in maybe thirty years.
(pause)
I guess it's too late now.

Ned nods. Silence.

ZISSOU

She never contacted me, you know.

NED

Yes, I see.

ZISSOU

You're supposed to be my son, right?

NED

I don't know. But I did want to meet you,
just in case.

ZISSOU

I appreciate that.

Zissou pats Ned gently on the shoulder. He takes a deep breath. He nods. Ned looks at him with a hopeful expression. Zissou suddenly finds himself struggling to hold back his emotions. He looks up at the sky. He shakes his head.

ZISSOU

I'll be right back. Don't go away.

Zissou turns and walks quickly among the party-goers. They try to get his attention, but he does not respond. He climbs a set of stairs. He goes to the prow of the ship. He reaches into his pocket, takes out a joint, and lights it.

He stands alone, smoking, and looks out at the dark ocean.

CUT TO:

Zissou coming back to Ned, who has not moved an inch.

ZISSOU

Sorry about that. You're catching me with
one foot off the merry-go-round tonight.

NED

Oh, that's all right. I don't want to
take up any more of your time. Thank you
very much for talking to me.

Drakoulias grabs Zissou and Ned by their arms. He is now slightly drunk.

DRAKOULIAS

We'll find a way, mate.

ZISSOU

I know we will.

Drakoulias hugs Zissou.

DRAKOULIAS

I just had a lovely chat with Si Perlman, and he wants to make a big to-do of the Oceanographic Explorer article and possibly give you the cover, so do be nice to this girl Miss Winslett-Richardson. Apparently, she worships you, and we dearly need the press.

Zissou nods and motions to Ned.

ZISSOU

This is probably my son, Ned. We just met.

DRAKOULIAS

(pause)

Ah. Delightful.

EXT. UPPER DECK. NIGHT

A long table under an awning at the back of the ship. It is filled with people, including Drakoulias, talking loudly and drinking. Eleanor sits with her legs crossed holding a champagne cocktail and smoking a cigarette.

Zissou stands above her with Ned just behind them.

ZISSOU

Obviously, this all comes unexpectedly. You never knew about it. But --

ELEANOR

I'd heard the story -- and you told me it wasn't true.

ZISSOU

Well, it probably isn't. We're talking ancient history here. But, anyway, his mother just died, plus we're having some problems --

Eleanor gives Zissou a cold look. Ned jams his hands into his pockets and shifts uncomfortably.

ZISSOU

-- and I just think it's a very special opportunity for all of us. Especially him. He needs this deal.

ELEANOR
 (quickly)
 OK. Bring him over.

ZISSOU
 (hesitates)
 Well, he's right here.

Zissou points to Ned. Eleanor turns around and sees him. Ned bows awkwardly. Eleanor looks flustered. She says simply:

ELEANOR
 I'm sorry. How do you do?

INT. BRIDGE. NIGHT

Zissou and Ned sit in the dark at the controls of the ship. Lights blink on the consoles. Zissou smokes a joint.

ZISSOU
 No, it went OK. There's just a lot in play here that's got nothing to do with you, in terms of me and Eleanor.

Zissou hands the joint to Ned. Ned hesitates, then takes a puff. He exhales.

ZISSOU
 So tell me. What do you do?

Pause. Ned points to his pilot's cap.

NED
 I'm a pilot. For Air Kentucky. Co-pilot, actually.

ZISSOU
 Air Kentucky. Yeah. I don't know that one.

NED
 (nods)
 We hub out of Louisville.

ZISSOU
 Oh, sure. There's some pretty country around those parts. Land-locked. Can I get that number back over here for a second?

Zissou points to the joint in Ned's hand. Ned quickly hands it back to Zissou.

NED

I beg your pardon.

Zissou nods and smokes.

NED

I have to tell you, I've been a member of the Zissou Society since I was eleven.

Ned shows Zissou a Team Zissou ring on his finger. It is very old and looks like it came out of a cereal box. Zissou looks at it and says with admiration:

ZISSOU

Well, I'll be damned. Look at that.

Zissou offers the joint back to Ned.

ZISSOU

You want to kill this?

NED

Frankly, I'd better not. I don't usually try grass.

Ned takes an old-fashioned pipe out of his jacket pocket. He lights it with a match, takes a puff, and smiles at Zissou. Zissou shakes his head.

ZISSOU

Are you putting me on? Is this what you're really like?

NED

(hesitates)
In what sense?

Pause. Zissou nods.

ZISSOU

OK. I buy it.

Zissou picks up his model of the Belafonte and holds it in his hands.

ZISSOU

Let me tell you about my boat.

CUT TO:

A life-sized cross-section of the entire ship anchored in shallow waters. The hull is rusted along the water-line and needs a coat of paint. It is day, and the sky is pink. Zissou

stands on deck with a fishing pole in his hands. People move among the cabins inside. There are schools of fish, coral, and seaweed below. The camera takes us from one area to the next as Zissou describes the facilities in voice-over:

ZISSOU (V.O.)

The Belafonte was a long-range sub-hunter during the second world war, which we bought from the U.S. Navy for \$900,000. This is my mentor, Lord Mandrake. He's dead now.

A silver-nitrate photograph of a dashing old man hangs on the wall of the dining room. In the picture, the man stands on a beach dressed all in white with his trouser legs rolled-up.

The camera booms down two levels to a completely blue-tiled spa on the lowest deck. Steam fills the air. A sturdy, Nordic woman in her sixties gives Klaus a violent massage.

ZISSOU (V.O.)

The sauna was designed by an engineer from the Chinese space program, and we keep a Swedish masseuse on staff.

We move quickly past a laboratory with a large, colorful periodic table hanging from the wall. Wolodarsky sits on a stool noodling on a Casio keyboard and a cheap drum machine. A beaker of orange liquid bubbles on a Bunsen burner. Zissou says dismissively:

ZISSOU (V.O.)

Here's where we do all our different science projects and experiments and so on.

We arrive at the kitchen. There is a fancy, new dishwasher, a computerized refrigerator, and a digital toaster-oven. The wine cellar is twice the size of the laboratory. A cook ices Happy Birthday, Ogata! across the top of a cake.

ZISSOU (V.O.)

This is the kitchen, which contains probably some of the most technologically advanced equipment on the ship.

The next cabin is lined with books from floor to ceiling on every wall, with a Dewey decimal system card-catalogue. There is a metal rack displaying a twenty-five volume collection of Zissou Society books on various, esoteric undersea creatures and phenomena: Tragedy of the Red Octopus, The Sexual Maturity of the Moonfish, The Arctic Night-lights. They are all written by Eleanor Zissou, and she sits behind the rack correcting a set of proofs and smoking a brown cigarette.

ZISSOU (V.O.)

Eleanor put together a top-notch research library for us, with a complete, first-edition set of the Life Aquatic companion series.

We go to a sound-proofed room the size of a closet. Vikram sits inside behind a glass partition. He wears headphones. Renzo operates a tape recorder. There is also a flat-bed editing console and an accumulation of out-dated film developing machines.

ZISSOU (V.O.)

We process our own rushes and keep a cutting room on-board so we can do an assembly while we're shooting.

There are three little beeps before Vikram speaks into a microphone in a panicked voice:

VIKRAM

I can't find them!

Renzo murmurs some mild approval and presses a button. We move to a metal sphere with portholes all over it connected to the bottom of the ship. Ogata is inside. He looks out with his face pressed against the glass.

ZISSOU (V.O.)

This is the observation bubble, which I thought up in a dream, actually.

There are two white dolphins with cameras and electronic gear attached to them swimming underwater alongside the vessel. They have pink eyes.

ZISSOU (V.O.)

Two albino scouts swim with the ship. They're supposedly very intelligent, although I've never seen any evidence of it.

We move past the screw and rudder back up into the ship. The motor looks old and jerry-rigged, with a severely rusted and warped section of rods and valves, which leak into a pan.

ZISSOU (V.O.)

Here's the engine room. The bearing-casings aren't supposed to look like that, but we can't afford to fix them this year.

The main deck is outfitted with an array of weather-beaten equipment, two cranes, and a helicopter landing deck. Pelé sits in a chair tuning his guitar.

ZISSOU (V.O.)

Topside, we've got the bridge, the mini-sub, an old chopper, and all kinds of radar and sonar and underwater movie gadgets.

A submersible vessel on deck was once called Jacqueline, but that word has been crossed-out, and Deep Search has been printed below it.

NED (V.O.)

What happened to Jacqueline?

ZISSOU (V.O.)

(bittersweet)

She didn't really love me.

All the lights in the ship dim suddenly, and the light of the pink sky and the blue water gently fades to black.

EXT. EXPLORERS CLUB. DAY

The next morning. A converted palazzo behind a church. A brass plaque next to the door says Explorers Club.

INT. EXPLORERS CLUB. DAY

The great hall. There are paintings of adventurers on the walls: big-game hunters, arctic explorers, archaeologists, astronauts, aviators, etc. Under a stuffed and mounted swordfish, there are portraits of three oceanographers.

One is of Mandrake, based on the photograph. One is of Zissou, underwater in a swimsuit. One is of Hennessey, dressed in a tailored white lab coat, tweed pants, sandals, and a pink cashmere scarf. He wears a supercilious half-smile.

Zissou and Ned are still in their clothes from the night before. They look very dishevelled. Zissou points to the picture of Hennessey.

ZISSOU

This guy's a big-time asshole. We were room-mates at the Academy, and he used to be married to Eleanor.

(more)

ZISSOU(cont'd)

(pause)

He hogs up all the grant money.

CUT TO:

The dining room, which is empty except for a few leathery, battle-hardened old men and a group of young academics. A waiter stands beside Zissou and Ned at their table.

ZISSOU

You think you'll want to change your name?

NED

(hesitates)

Ned?

ZISSOU

No, not the Ned part, unless you want to. I mean your last name. I thought you might let me give you mine.

NED

(pause)

Ned Zissou.

ZISSOU

Ned Zissou, exactly. Or, if you want, you can change the first part, too. I would've named you Kingsley if I'd had a say in it.

NED

Kingsley. I don't know. Maybe I'll stick with Ned, for now.

ZISSOU

Sure. That's OK. Anyway, I'll order you some correspondence stock.

The waiter opens a bottle of red wine and pours a little bit into Ned's glass for him to taste. Zissou looks horrified. He says to the waiter:

ZISSOU

What are you doing?

The waiter hesitates. Ned looks uneasy.

ZISSOU

He doesn't know anything about wine. I ordered the wine. Pour it here.

The waiter pours some wine for Zissou. Zissou leans forward and sniffs it. He nods. The waiter fills their glasses.

NED

You know, I wasn't sure you'd even want to meet me.

ZISSOU

Yeah. Well, we still need to find out if we're really compatible as father and son, I guess.

(annoyed)

Are those assholes talking about me?

One of the young academics at the next table says loudly in Italian (subtitled in English):

YOUNG ACADEMIC

No, I thought that was Steve Zissou. Have you seen him lately? He's gotten creepy. He wears a gay little earring, and he drunkenly tried to hit on my fifteen-year-old cousin at a French disco. She was terrified. What happened to him? His last movies are just total --

One of the young academic's companions whispers something to him. The young academic frowns.

YOUNG ACADEMIC

What? No.

The young academic turns around quickly and looks Zissou square in the eye. Zissou stares at him coldly. The young academic looks mortified. He turns away and sinks into his chair.

Silence. Zissou suddenly bursts out laughing hysterically.

EXT. STREET. DAY

A narrow, cobble-stoned alley at the edge of a square. Zissou sits on a curb in the shadows curled over with his head buried in his lap and his arms wrapped around his knees. Ned squats beside him.

ZISSOU

People tell me when someone says something like that about you, it's because they're jealous -- but it still hurts.

(with a catch in his voice)

It hurts bad.

NED

That man was damn rude. He can go to hell.

Zissou stands up. He takes the earring out of his ear and throws it into the street. Ned picks it up and hands it back to Zissou. Zissou puts it into his pocket. (He will never wear it again.)

ZISSOU

How'd she die, by the way? Your mother.

NED

(pause)

She took her own life. She took sleeping pills.

ZISSOU

(wounded)

Why would she do that?

NED

Well, she was in a great deal of pain, you know.

ZISSOU

(quietly)

Oh. I see. Yeah.

(pause)

You know, my best friend just got killed. Esteban.

NED

I know he did. I'm sorry.

Zissou nods. Pause.

ZISSOU

Let's go to my island.

NED

(hesitates)

Well, but I'm supposed to be back in Kentucky on Thursday.

ZISSOU

Thursday, OK. That's OK.

Zissou looks up and down the street. He turns to Ned.

ZISSOU

Where can we charter a water-plane around here?

EXT. OCEAN. DAY

A small, single-engine sea-plane flies low over the water and banks around a group of tiny, volcanic islands.

EXT. MARINA. DAY

Zissou and Ned climb out of the sea-plane onto the dock at Pescespada Island. Zissou carries an open bottle of black rum, and each holds a shot glass. They walk toward the compound.

EXT. ZISSOU HOUSE. DAY

The main living quarters is a white and pale blue terra-cotta house with peeling paint and numerous French doors, all wide open. White curtains ripple in the breeze, and dozens of domesticated birds fly in and out of the rooms. Five Siamese cats prowl around the front porch. There are olive trees and grape vines and two Irish wolfhounds in the garden. There is a small wooden tower ten feet tall with a ladder up the side and a telescope on the top.

Eleanor stands at the end of the path. She wears white pants and a white tunic with a string of turquoise beads around her neck. She holds a white tulip bulb and a trowel. There are grass stains and dirt on her clothes. She watches as Zissou and Ned shuffle over to her.

Zissou drinks the last of the rum and hands Ned the empty bottle.

ELEANOR

Your cat's dead.

ZISSOU

(stunned)

What? Which one?

ELEANOR

Marmalade. I'm sorry.

ZISSOU

(pained)

What happened?

ELEANOR

A rattlesnake bit it in the throat.

ZISSOU

(hesitates)

Goddammit, Eleanor. Why do you have to
(more)

ZISSOU(cont'd)

say it like that? Couldn't you break it
to me a little --

Eleanor turns away and walks into the garden. Zissou and Ned
stand together in silence. Zissou finally sighs and says:

ZISSOU

She's a rich bitch, you know. She was
raised by maids. Her parents paid for
this island and two of my worst movies.

(pause)

People say she's the brains behind Team
Zissou.

NED

People say a lot of things. What kind of
cat was it?

ZISSOU

(upset)

Who gives a shit?

Pause. Zissou says sadly:

ZISSOU

I think she was a tabby.

Ned nods. Eleanor finishes planting her tulip and walks past
Zissou and Ned, toward the house.

ELEANOR

Come inside, Ned. Let's make-up a room
for you.

Ned looks to Zissou and follows Eleanor into the house.
Eleanor says without looking back:

ELEANOR

That reporter called.

Zissou nods. He goes over to a bucket of ice near the front
door and takes out a fish. He walks through the garden to a
large swimming pool adjacent to the laboratory buildings. He
stands on the edge of a platform and holds the fish out over
the water. He waits expressionlessly.

A killer whale bursts into the air, takes the fish out of
Zissou's hand, and splashes back into the water.

INT. ZISSOU HOUSE. NIGHT

A guest bedroom. Ned is asleep with the windows open. A
digital flip-clock reads 2AM. Zissou's voice shouts from an
intercom next to the bed:

ZISSOU (V.O.)

Ned, wake up!

Ned opens his eyes and looks around the room in confusion.

ZISSOU (V.O.)

I'm on the echo-box! Push the red button to answer! Throw on your slop and meet me on the beach in twelve minutes!

Ned finds the intercom. He holds down a red button and says:

NED

OK.

EXT. BEACH. NIGHT

There is a mist along the shore. Ned has a tape recorder slung around his neck. He wears headphones and holds a microphone. Klaus carries a 16mm camera with a spotlight attached to it on his shoulder. Zissou and Ogata stand in front of them. They have large flashlights, which are turned off. They all wear pale blue and green striped pajamas. Zissou speaks into Klaus' camera:

ZISSOU

Seven-apple, take one.

(dramatically)

Only twice before have I had the good fortune to observe a rubber tide -- that rare occurrence when hundreds of electric jellyfish spontaneously wash onto a beach-head at once. Ogata brings exactly this to our attention tonight.

Zissou nods to Ogata. They turn on their flashlights. There is a sea of man-of-wars awash on the shore. They shimmer and breathe in the soft glow. Silence.

NED

Steve, what produces that effect of illumination? Is there a chemical inside the organism?

ZISSOU

(pause)

No, Ned. It's actually the reflection of our flashlights off their outer membranes.

(impressed with Ned's line)

That was a good ad-lib.

Zissou stares at Ned. He turns to Klaus suddenly.

ZISSOU

Klaus, move into a two-shot of me and Ned.

Zissou stands next to Ned. Klaus points the camera at the two of them. Zissou puts his hand on Ned's shoulder and says with heightened significance:

ZISSOU

Would you like to join my crew?

Klaus looks horrified. Ned hesitates.

NED

What do you mean?

ZISSOU

I want you on Team Zissou.

Ned looks surprised and moved. Klaus cuts the camera. Ned says reluctantly:

NED

I don't think I can do that.

ZISSOU

(thrown)

Why not?

NED

Well, for one thing, it's not my field. I don't have the background for it.

ZISSOU

Nobody here does. Klaus used to be a bus driver. Wolodarsky was a high-school substitute teacher. I found Esteban slinging cassoulet in a cheap road-side brasserie.

(standing on his toes)

We're all a pack of strays -- don't you get it?

NED

I'm not even that strong of a swimmer, Steve.

Zissou stares at Ned with a blank expression. Ned says suddenly:

NED

The answer is yes.

ZISSOU

Well, it's got to be. I'll order you a red cap and a Speedo.

Zissou hugs Ned. Ned seems overwhelmed. Zissou turns to Klaus.

ZISSOU

Cut.

Zissou sees that Klaus is pointing the camera at the ground.

ZISSOU

Klaus! Why aren't you rolling? You're supposed to be getting this.

KLAUS

Can I have a word with you, please?

Zissou frowns. He goes over to Klaus, and they speak privately.

ZISSOU

That was a goddamn tear-jerker. Why'd you cut it, man?

KLAUS

Because the sound's going to be shit. He doesn't know how to hold a boom. He doesn't know diddly-jack about what we do.

ZISSOU

Don't cut unless I say cut.

NED

(excitedly)

I've never seen so many electric jellyfish in my life!

Zissou and Klaus look at Ned. A voice behind them says:

JANE

Those are Viet-Cong man-of-wars.

They all turn around and see a pregnant, thirty-year-old woman with three suitcases standing about twenty-five feet away in the mist near the water. She wears rolled-up khaki shorts, a safari jacket, and rubber boots. Her hair is in a braided pony-tail. She chews gum. She looks severely exhausted.

Zissou stares down at one of the man-o-wars. He nudges it with his foot.

ZISSOU

Shit. She's right. I guess we'll have to loop that line.

(to Jane)

Where'd you come from? You look pregnant.

JANE

I am pregnant. I'm not even going to ask what you men are doing out here in your matching pajamas, by the way.

ZISSOU

(annoyed)

We're producing a film, as matter of fact. Who are you?

JANE

I'm Jane Winslett-Richardson. I'm the reporter from Oceanographic Explorer.

ZISSOU

Oh, yeah. Sure. How'd you get out here?

JANE

I hired some drunk with a fishing boat.

ZISSOU

(hesitates)

Well, that takes four hours. Why'd you --

JANE

Because no one picked me up at the f-ing airport.

ZISSOU

You're kidding. Jesus Christ, Klaus! I'm sorry. One of my guys was supposed to do that.

INT. CORRIDOR. NIGHT

Ned and Klaus carry Jane's suitcases down a long hallway. Zissou and Jane walk with them, empty-handed. There are action-photographs of crew members past and present on every wall. Jane says to Ned:

JANE

How long have you been working with Zissou?

NED
 (hesitates)
 Approximately only ten minutes, actually.
 I was hired during the scene on the
 beach.

KLAUS
 (skeptically)
 He's Steve's son, supposedly.

JANE
 (surprised)
 You are? No, you're not. He doesn't have
 one.

ZISSOU
 (warmly)
 Well, we're not 100 percent sure about
 that. We just met yesterday.

CUT TO:

Zissou and Klaus standing outside of Jane's room while Ned lugs her bags through the door. They see Jane's reflection in the bathroom mirror as she shakes some sand out of her shoe. She is cocked over with her shirt tugged up in the back. She blows a bubble.

Zissou looks to Klaus. Klaus raises an eyebrow. Zissou shakes his head.

ZISSOU
 Not this one, Klaus.

KLAUS
 Hm?

ZISSOU
 You heard me. Not this one, Klaus.

KLAUS
 (shrugs)
 OK.

INT. CAMERA EQUIPMENT CLOSET. NIGHT

The room is filled with racks of lenses, filters, tripods, etc. Zissou puts a can of exposed film into a refrigerator. Eleanor stands in the doorway dressed in her white bathrobe.

ELEANOR
 What are you going to do with him?

ZISSOU
 Who? Ned? What do you mean?
 (hesitates)
 I don't understand the question.

Eleanor shrugs. She turns away and starts to go.

ZISSOU
 I offered him a spot on the Belafonte.

Eleanor stops and stands with her back to Zissou. She says darkly:

ELEANOR
 He didn't take it, did he?

ZISSOU
 (urgently)
 Of course, he took it. We're going to put him on the map, Eleanor. We're going to throw him a life saver. I believe in this boy.

ELEANOR
 Why?

Pause. Zissou shrugs. He says simply:

ZISSOU
 Because he looks up to me.

INT. CORRIDOR. NIGHT

Ned stands at the end of the hallway talking on a wall-mounted telephone. He holds an Air Kentucky travel bag of toiletries.

NED
 Yes, sir. And McKinnon's willing to take over my shuttle flights. That's right.

Ned listens for a minute. He says quietly:

NED
 Well, I just feel I need to see this thing through, sir.
 (pause)
 Thank you for understanding. I'll check in with the Louisville office again next month.

CUT TO:

Ned walking barefoot down the corridor. He goes past one of the guest rooms. The door is half-open. He stops and listens. A Bach cassette plays on a tape recorder, and Jane says in a loud, measured voice:

JANE

Perhaps if her eyes had not been quite so black -- which was what struck one most forcibly on first seeing her -- I would not have been, as I was, so especially enamored of their imagined blue.

Ned looks inside. Jane is sitting-up in her bunk. She wears an army issue bathrobe and has a copy of a book by Marcel Proust in her lap. Her bags are unpacked, and clothes, papers, and junk-food wrappers are strewn all over the room. She sees Ned. Ned freezes. He ducks out into the hall. Jane frowns. She says loudly:

JANE

Hold it.

Ned looks back into Jane's room. Pause.

NED

Is that a poem?

JANE

(hesitates)

No, it's a six-volume novel.

Jane points to the other five volumes stacked on a chair next to the bed.

NED

Mercy. Are you going to read the whole thing to yourself out loud?

JANE

I'm not reading it to myself. I'm reading it to him.

Jane points at her stomach. Ned nods.

NED

That's nice. I bet it'll make him smarter.

Jane shrugs. Pause. She points at Ned.

JANE

When did you learn Zissou was your father?

Ned looks uneasy. Jane raises an eyebrow.

JANE

Does it freak you out for me to ask that?

NED

No, but it's a difficult question. I sort of pieced it together over the years.

JANE

Well, how did he first contact you?

NED

He didn't. I came looking for him after my mother died last month. She had ovarian cancer, and then it spread to her stomach and liver, and then she took her own life.

JANE

(pause)

Oh.

NED

Well, good-night, I guess.

JANE

Good-night.

Ned looks to the door. He looks back to Jane. Pause.

NED

Do you mind if I stay and listen for a little while?

JANE

(long pause)

OK.

Ned quickly takes the stack of books off the chair and sits down. Jane shrugs.

JANE

You want me to catch you up on the story?

NED

No, I'll figure it out.

Jane nods. She turns the page and continues.

EXT. ZISSOU HOUSE. DAY

The next morning. Zissou sits outside in a yellow folding lawn chair. Klaus and Jane stand beside him. The patio door is open, and Ned sweeps the kitchen floor in the background. He is dressed in his pilot's uniform and a Team Zissou apron.

Zissou slices open a large cardboard box with a diving knife.

ZISSOU

They made them for three and a half years
before they terminated my sponsorship.

Zissou holds the knife in his teeth while he pulls away some bubble wrap and spills out a pile of Styrofoam packaging peanuts. The box is filled with white sneakers with aquamarine laces and aquamarine, navy, and swimming-pool-green stripes. The labels on the sneakers read: Adidas Zissou.

Zissou takes out a pair and checks the size. He says quietly:

ZISSOU

I'd say this lot comes from around 1987.

Zissou slips on a pair, stands up, and starts jumping up and down, bouncing on the fresh treads. He says wildly enthusiastically:

ZISSOU

Wow! These are great!

INT. WRITING SHED. DAY

A tiny hut the size of a closet. Eleanor sits in a green velvet armchair with a board covered in billiard-table felt across her lap. She is writing on a yellow legal pad. Drawings and photographs of different species of penguin are pinned all over the walls around her, along with dozens of pictures of her observing and photographing them in the arctic.

Ned walks past the window carrying his mop and a bucket of soapy water. Eleanor hesitates.

ELEANOR

Ned? What are you doing?

Ned stops and looks to Eleanor. Pause.

NED

Steve gave me a few assignments to finish before lunch, and I wanted to get right on them -- first day and all.

Eleanor frowns. Ned sees a small live penguin chewing on a sardine in a wicker cage next to Eleanor's chair. Ned looks surprised. He points at the penguin.

NED

Can that gentleman survive here?

ELEANOR

(distractedly)

Him? Yeah.

Ned shakes his head, impressed. He speaks quietly to the penguin:

NED

You must be perspiring under that tuxedo, my little companion.

Eleanor stares at Ned's pilot's cap. She has a distant look in her eye.

ELEANOR

Kentucky. I once had a dirty weekend in Kentucky.

NED

(hesitates)

A dirty weekend? What's that?

Eleanor looks at Ned curiously. She starts to go on but stops. She says frankly:

ELEANOR

A dirty weekend is when you're in a place where you're not supposed to be, with someone you're not supposed to be with. Can I say something to you as your potential stepmother?

NED

(caught off-guard)

I'd be delighted.

ELEANOR

Be careful. OK?

Ned hesitates. He looks at his mop and says vaguely:

NED

I won't walk on it 'til after it's dry.

ELEANOR

I'm not talking about the floor.

INT. LABORATORY. DAY

An underground room filled with out-dated computers and recording equipment. A large window looks into a deep swimming pool with the killer whale in it. Wolodarsky sits in a corner mixing chemicals, which rapidly change colors. Zissou and Jane sit across from each other at a metal desk. Zissou wears his Team Zissou shirt and matching aquamarine pants with navy blue stripes down the sides. Jane has a tape recorder and a little notebook in front of her.

Zissou is eating a banana.

JANE

May I turn this on?

ZISSOU

(chewing)

Fire one.

Jane presses record on her tape recorder. She says directly, with earnest concern:

JANE

So what happened, in your opinion?

ZISSOU

(pause)

What are you talking about?

JANE

Well, don't you think the public perception of your work has --

ZISSOU

(frowns)

That's your first question? I thought this was supposed to be a puff-piece.

JANE

(hesitates)

Should we come back to it?

ZISSOU

(sighs)

Yeah.

JANE

OK. Is it true this is going to be your last voyage?

ZISSOU

(stunned)

Wow. No comment. Who told you that? No, goddammit -- I'm only fifty-two. Let's warm up with some stock dialogue, OK? Favorite color: blue. Favorite food: sardines.

JANE

How do you feel about part 1 of your new film?

ZISSOU

(pause)

Why? How do you feel about part 1 of my new film?

JANE

(reluctantly)

Well, I'm honest, you know. I don't think I should --

ZISSOU

Just say it.

JANE

(pause)

I thought aspects of it seemed slightly fake. Fake in the sense that --

ZISSOU

Wolodarsky, you want to take five?

Wolodarsky looks at Zissou. He hesitates. He gets up carrying a beaker of bubbling liquid and goes out of the room. Zissou turns on Jane and says aggressively:

ZISSOU

Did it seem fake when my best friend got bitten in half right in front of me? And then eaten alive? Screaming?

Jane looks stricken. Zissou points at her and says brutally:

ZISSOU

I think you're fake. I think you're a phony and a bad reporter. How does that feel? Tell me something: does this seem fake?

Zissou makes a face expressing pure, animal rage. Jane shouts at him:

JANE

How dare you? This entire article was my idea! No one else gives a shit!

ZISSOU

(disturbed)

What about Si Perlman?

JANE

Are you joking? He's not even covering my expenses!

Pause. Zissou says carefully:

ZISSOU

You're taking something out on me.

Jane looks confused. She turns away and tears suddenly stream down her face. Zissou hesitates.

ZISSOU

Stop crying. What's the deal here? I'm just trying to defend myself.

Jane looks back to Zissou, furious.

JANE

Well, you did a great job. Congratulations. You'll make a terrific father.

EXT. GARDEN. DAY

Ned comes around the corner, onto the path, carrying two full bags of trash. He stops suddenly.

Klaus is in front of him, blocking the way.

KLAUS

So you really think you're a Zissou?

NED

(pause)

I don't know.

KLAUS

Well, you travelled a long way for I don't know, sonny.

NED

That's true, but it's important to me.

KLAUS

Yeah? Well, a lot of things are important to some of us around here, sonny.

NED

Klaus, don't call me --

KLAUS

And another thing: it's the Steve Zissou show. It's not the Ned show.

Klaus slaps Ned briskly in face. Ned looks stunned.

KLAUS

You hear me?

NED

(pause)

I do, sir.

Klaus turns away and starts up the path. The garden lamps flicker on.

NED

Klaus, if you ever touch me again I'll kick your goddamn teeth out. Is that understood?

Klaus stops. He looks back to Ned. He laughs to himself self-consciously and says, trying to sound intimidating while searching for the words:

KLAUS

Not if I don't see you first, sonny.

INT. ZISSOU HOUSE. NIGHT

Ned's bedroom. Zissou stands in the doorway with a small cardboard box in his hand. He is dressed in his striped pajamas. Ned sits on the edge of the bed, looking down at the floor.

ZISSOU

We got to watch ourselves around this Jane character. Don't tell her anything personal, and if you're in doubt about something, change the subject and look for me. This bull-dyke's got something against us.

NED
 (without looking up)
 I don't think she's a lesbian. She's pregnant.

ZISSOU
 Bull-dykes can get pregnant. Anyway, I'd back-out now, but we need the press. See you in the morning.

Zissou starts to close the door. Ned finally looks up.

NED
 Steve?

Zissou stops and waits. Ned says quietly:

NED
 When did you first hear about me?

Zissou looks away. He thinks for a minute. He looks back to Ned.

ZISSOU
 Around five years ago, I guess. I read it in an article about myself.

NED
 (pause)
 Did you believe it?

ZISSOU
 (shrugs)
 It was in the paper. I assumed they checked their facts.

NED
 Then why didn't you contact me?

ZISSOU
 (pause)
 Because I hate fathers, and I never wanted to be one.

Silence. Ned nods. Zissou goes out and closes the door. He immediately opens it again.

ZISSOU
 I forgot. Your correspondence stock came in.

Zissou sets the little box on the table. He goes out and closes the door. Ned walks over to the box and opens it.

INSERT:

A pale blue notecard with Kingsley (Ned) Zissou engraved across the top.

CUT TO:

Ned staring at the card for a long time.

INT. CORRIDOR. NIGHT

Jane stands at the end of the hallway talking on a wall-mounted telephone. She sounds depressed and anxious:

JANE

Hi, Ross. We started this morning. It went pretty weird, but I still feel strongly there's a story in this. It might not be a comeback like I was predicting, but something's going to happen. He's got a son I've never heard of. Anyway, I'll forward some pages to you through the copy department.

(pause)

You were probably right, though. What am I doing here? I miss you, and -- God, I don't know, Ross. Where are you?

Jane looks down at the floor. She shakes her head. Her voice cracks as she says:

JANE

Listen, I'm not leaving this message. I don't even know why I'm still pregnant. All my best, Jane.

INSERT:

A hand holding a Polaroid of Ned in a Team Zissou uniform standing at the end of a dock with the Belafonte behind him. A second hand brings in another Polaroid of Ned (closer and now wearing a red Zissou cap) and holds it next to the first.

CUT TO:

Zissou and Ned standing together at the end of the dock looking at the Polaroids. Ned still wears the Team Zissou uniform. Zissou swings his thumb toward someone down the beach.

ZISSOU

The script girl uses these for continuity.

Ned nods. Zissou tucks the Polaroids into his pocket. He holds out a Glock and a box of bullets.

ZISSOU

Here.

NED

(hesitates)

Oh. Uh --

ZISSOU

No exceptions. Everyone has one.

Ned is reluctant to take the pistol. Zissou yells to Anne-Marie lying on a towel on a chaise longue on the beach reading a paperback copy of *The Exorcist*. There is a Polaroid camera and a bottle of sunscreen on a basket beside her.

ZISSOU

Anne-Marie! Do the interns get Glockes?

ANNE-MARIE

(turning a page)

No. They all share one.

ZISSOU

(vindicated)

Take it, Ned.

Ned takes the Glock. Klaus' voice shouts from an intercom mounted on a post:

KLAUS (V.O.)

Steve? You there? Oseary on line one!

Pause. Zissou turns suddenly and sprints full-speed toward his office. Ned runs after him.

INT. OFFICE. DAY

Zissou is behind his desk with an old speakerphone in front of him. Ned sits across from him. Drakoulias' voice comes over the line:

DRAKOULIAS (V.O.)

I spoke with Larry Amin, and it's a pass.

Silence. Zissou nods.

ZISSOU

In other words, you fucked us.

DRAKOULIAS (V.O.)
 (hesitates)
 Let's not cast stones at one another, my
 boy.
 (screaming)
 Do you hear me, dammit!

ZISSOU
 (screaming)
 No, I don't! I told you how to play it,
 and you just --

DRAKOULIAS (V.O.)
 (screaming)
 Listen here, mate! If you think --

NED
 May I interrupt for a moment?

Zissou looks to Ned. Pause.

DRAKOULIAS (V.O.)
 Who in the blazes is that?

NED
 It's me. Ned. Maybe this is nothing,
 maybe it's something. I don't know your
 problems -- I don't know -- but I just
 inherited \$275,000. Would that amount
 make any difference?

Zissou stares at Ned. Silence.

DRAKOULIAS (V.O.)
 What sort of expression is the lad
 wearing on his face?

EXT. LABORATORY. DAY

Zissou and Ned walk quickly across a narrow metal bridge over
 the killer whale tank. Zissou looks back to Ned and says:

ZISSOU
 Can you fly a chopper?

Ned hesitates. Zissou opens a metal cabinet filled with
 snorkels and diving masks. He takes a set of keys off a
 little hook inside the door and closes it.

NED
 I have, but I'm not licensed in any way,
 shape, or form.

ZISSOU
 (handing Ned the keys)
 Good. Let's go.

Zissou walks back across the bridge.

EXT. COMPOUND. DAY

The yellow Team Zissou helicopter flies out from behind one of the buildings and banks out to sea.

INT. HELICOPTER. DAY

Ned flies the chopper over the water. He wears a Team Zissou flight-suit. Zissou sits in the seat beside him. The engine is extremely loud and makes erratic, grinding sounds. Ned looks uneasy. He yells over the sound of the motor:

NED
 When was this whirlybird last serviced?

ZISSOU
 I don't know! Klaus is supposed to check it every six months!

INT. HIGH-RISE. DAY

Drakoulias' office on the top floor of a twelve-story building overlooking the city. Every surface in the room is made of white marble, set at right angles, except for the chairs and sofas, which are black leather. There is a gigantic marble desk with one black pen on it in the middle of the room. Zissou and Ned stand at the window, waiting.

The door opens. Drakoulias walks quickly into the room and starts talking. He is followed by a well-groomed thirty-year-old man in a Savile Row suit. He is Phillip.

DRAKOULIAS
 You're back on the water, boys. The wire transfer came in from Kentucky straight away, and Jackman and Wordsley will gap-finance the rest -- but there's a few hooks on it, so take a pew for a spell.

Drakoulias sits at his desk and motions for Zissou and Ned to join him, which they immediately do.

DRAKOULIAS
 One. The bank's going to need a drug screen from everyone on the crew before they'll release the funds.

ZISSOU

A piss test?

DRAKOULIAS

Yes, a piss test. Two. A stooge from the bond company's going to be riding with you for the whole shoot to keep you on budget.

ZISSOU

Who's the stooge?

DRAKOULIAS

A chap by the name of Bill Ubell, and there's not a damn thing you can do about it. Three. They want your word you do not intend to kill that shark or whatever it is, if it actually exists.

ZISSOU

(pause)

I'm going to fight it, but I'll let it live. How about my dynamite?

DRAKOULIAS

Phillip? Dynamite?

Phillip nods and writes something on a little card. Drakoulias stands up, crosses to the door, and opens it.

DRAKOULIAS

I'm off to Zurich, boys.

A forty-five-year-old man in a short-sleeved shirt and tie sits in the waiting room just outside the office. He wears aviator-style eyeglasses and has a briefcase in his lap. He is Bill Ubell. He stands up and comes to the door.

DRAKOULIAS

Mr. Ubell, I'd like you to know Steve Zissou, and this is our equity partner, Ned.

INT. ELEVATOR. DAY

Zissou, Ned, and Bill ride down through the center of a winding staircase in an old, wrought-iron elevator car.

ZISSOU

I hope you're not going to bust our chops, Bill.

BILL
 (hurt)
 Why would I do that?

ZISSOU
 (shrugs)
 Because you're a bond company stooge.

BILL
 (wounded)
 Well, I'm also a human being.

Zissou hesitates. He nods. He says gently:

ZISSOU
 All right. I take that back. Yeah.

Zissou puts out his hand, palm down.

ZISSOU
 Let's have some teamsmanship.

Zissou bumps Ned with his elbow and whistles. Ned puts his hand on top of Zissou's. Zissou and Ned both look to Bill. Bill reluctantly puts his hand on top of theirs. Zissou shouts abruptly:

ZISSOU
 Ho!

MONTAGE:

Zissou, Ned, and Bill speed in a Zodiac motorboat from the Belafonte -- with the helicopter on its landing platform -- to the marina at Pescespada Island.

Zissou and Eleanor chart a course on a large chart spread out across a table. Zissou draws a route with a red Sharpie, sticks pins in different spots, spins a compass, and moves around a tiny model of the Belafonte. Eleanor shakes her head, rearranges everything, and opens a bottle of liquid paper.

Zissou leads his crew on a brisk run along the beach. He nods to Jane shortly as they pass by her in the garden. Ned stops and jogs in place. He gives Jane a tiny sand-dollar. It glitters. Ned says something and Jane laughs. Zissou looks back and shouts at Ned. Ned sprints to catch up.

Klaus peels a strip off a chart on the wall labelled Shooting Schedule. He throws the strip out the window. Bill sits at a desk in the corridor typing numbers into a calculator and making notations in ledger books. Wolodarsky sits in a broom

closet playing two Casio keyboards simultaneously. A piece of tape on the door says Recording in Progress. Vikram stands in front of a window filming Pelé, who holds a color chart in front of his face. Renzo sits in a corner eating a tuna fish sandwich with his headphones on. Eleanor studies a bulletin board labelled Stunt Work. She puts an X across the words Skydive into Volcano. The interns stand in a row outside as Zissou walks in front of them yelling like a drill sergeant. They look terrified. Anne-Marie quickly loads a Polaroid camera with film. She presses stop on her stopwatch and looks at it. She is topless.

OMITTED

Pelé jams a stick of dynamite into a pile of rocks underwater. He jumps into a trench with a snorkel still in his mouth and crouches next to Wolodarsky. There is a large crate of explosives beside them. Wolodarsky spits on his fingers and rubs two wires together. The dynamite explodes, blasting a shower of water and fish into the air. Wolodarsky makes a notation on a clipboard.

Ogata shows Ned how to adjust the valves on his aqualung. They put in their mouthpieces and tip-over backwards into the killer whale tank.

CUT TO:

Zissou and Klaus giving Ned C.P.R. Ogata holds down Ned's feet. Zissou counts off the beats as he presses on Ned's chest:

ZISSOU
One, two, three.

Klaus blows into Ned's mouth. Zissou goes again.

ZISSOU
One, two, three.

Klaus blows into Ned's mouth. Ned wakes up suddenly, coughing and choking.

ZISSOU
Here he is! Here he comes! Ned? Are you OK?

Ned nods, gasping, and sits up. Zissou holds him by the shoulders. Everyone looks nervous but relieved.

ZISSOU
OK, give him some room. He's OK. Just drank a little water, that's all.

Zissou turns and sees Vikram filming the scene. He looks up at the sky, then back to Vikram.

ZISSOU

How you shooting this, Vikram? Wide-open?

Eleanor watches from the window of her writing hut.

INT. LOUNGE. NIGHT

A rec-room with a ping-pong table, air hockey, and a Team Zissou pinball machine. Ned sits on an old pale blue, vinyl sofa watching a beat-up, portable television set on top of a foot-locker. He is dressed in a bathrobe and has a thermometer in his mouth. Klaus, Ogata, Pelé, and Wolodarsky sit around him.

INSERT:

The television set. A tape of an early episode of *The Life Aquatic* is playing. There is a shot of the Belafonte trapped in a polar ice floe. The crew is on deck in Team Zissou parkas and furs. Zissou serves them hot chocolates with marshmallows. Ogata looks to be about twelve years old, and Klaus has a mohawk. Zissou announces in voice-over:

ZISSOU (V.O.)

As always -- even in the most challenging circumstances -- the members of Team Zissou find ways to keep morale high.

EXT. NORTH POLE. DAY

Zissou in his swimsuit swings on a rope from the ship's deck-winch out over a glacier hot-spring. He lets go, does a double back-flip, and hits the steaming water. The crew bursts into cheering and applause. They surround Zissou, treading water as he comes up laughing.

Zissou suddenly frowns. He shouts:

ZISSOU

Quiet! Hold it! Shhh!

Zissou waves his hands for silence. Everyone goes quiet and stares at him curiously. Zissou listens for a moment. He says urgently:

ZISSOU

Was that a distress bark? Is something wounded out there?

EXT. GLACIER. DAY

Esteban, Klaus, Pelé, and Wolodarsky stand over a deep chasm pulling a rope through a pulley.

ZISSOU (V.O.)

We quickly locate the source of the mysterious cry.

Esteban calls out each pull in French. Zissou emerges out of the crevasse covered in snow and is hoisted onto the ice. He cradles a sleeping, white animal in his arms, stroking its fur. Esteban kneels down close to Zissou.

ESTEBAN

What is she, Steve?

ZISSOU

(whispering)

A wild snow mongoose. We thought they were extinct. Her ankle's broken. Ogata, run get some hot milk -- and put these guys in the incubator.

Zissou produces two pink baby mongoose pups. They whimper quietly. Ogata scoops them carefully into his mittens and hurries back toward the boat.

ZISSOU (V.O.)

We radio for the emergency transport of our rare, beautiful, new friends.

CUT TO:

Ned, Klaus, Ogata, Pelé, and Wolodarsky in the lounge. Klaus points at the screen and says wistfully:

KLAUS

That's what it used to be like.

Ogata nods. Klaus sees Zissou standing in the doorway, watching blankly from the shadows. Klaus hesitates. Zissou turns and walks away.

INT. ZISSOU HOUSE. NIGHT

Zissou and Eleanor's bedroom. There is a little refrigerator next to the bed. Mosquito netting hangs in front of the open terrace doors. Small birds fly all around the room.

Eleanor sits in an old, pale blue, vinyl armchair smoking a cigarette. One of the birds is perched on the armrest. Zissou comes in the door. He takes off his red cap and throws it

across the room into a basket full of red caps. He takes his Glock out of its holster, checks it, and sets it on top of the refrigerator. He walks quickly toward the bathroom.

ELEANOR

Had Ned's heart stopped beating before you pulled him out of the water?

Zissou stops. He looks guilty. He says quickly to himself:

ZISSOU

Had Ned's heart stopped beating before we pulled him out of the water?

(reluctantly)

Yes -- but we got him going again pretty quick.

ELEANOR

Don't go on this voyage right now, Steve. One of you's already dead, after all.

ZISSOU

Who?

(sadly)

Oh, you mean Esteban. Yeah, thanks for bringing that up.

Eleanor stares at Zissou. She nods once. She stands up and goes into the next room. Zissou listens as she dials the telephone and speaks off-screen:

ELEANOR (O.S.)

Zissou. Account number 9942. Is Tino available? No, immediately.

ZISSOU

(loudly)

Are you chartering a water-plane?

EXT. COMPOUND. NIGHT

Zissou follows Eleanor out the door of the house. She carries three suitcases and wears a raincoat. Zissou holds a flashlight. They walk quickly through the gardens toward a sea-plane waiting in the marina. Its engines are running. Zissou says forcefully:

ZISSOU

Who's going to tell us the Latin names of all the fishes and everything? You know I can't remember that shit! Please, stop, Eleanor. Please, stop!

(stage-whispering loudly)

There's a reporter from Oceanographic

(more)

ZISSOU(cont'd)

Explorer watching from the bunk-house.
Don't look at her.

Eleanor stops. She looks back to the house. Jane is peering out from her bedroom window. She ducks back inside. Eleanor sighs. Pause.

ZISSOU
Why are you leaving?

ELEANOR
I'm leaving because I don't want to be a part of whatever's going to happen out there.

ZISSOU
Nobody knows what's going to happen! And then we film it. That's the whole concept.

Eleanor starts walking again. Zissou follows her.

ZISSOU
You knew when you married me I was an adventurer.

ELEANOR
Don't call yourself that. If somebody says it about you, OK. But --

ZISSOU
Whatever I am, then. You knew it from the beginning. And, besides, I don't think adventurer sounds that bad.

Zissou tests this theory, saying to himself pleasantly:

ZISSOU
Adventurer.

They stop on the dock and look at each other. Eleanor says over the sound of the plane:

ELEANOR
I can't believe you took that boy's money.

ZISSOU
(hesitates)
He's an investor!
(faintly)
He's my sidekick.

Zissou touches Eleanor's arm suddenly and points his flashlight at something on the ground. He says wistfully:

ZISSOU

The sugar crabs are back.

There are two very white, nearly translucent crabs tangled up together scrambling around in circles on the beach. One has pink candy-stripes all over it, and the other has pale blue.

ELEANOR

They're early this year. I've never seen them mating before the solstice.

ZISSOU

(unsure)

Is that mating?

The male crab is now dead. The female crawls away carrying one of the dead male's arms. Pause.

ELEANOR

Good-bye, Steve.

ZISSOU

(pained)

Don't say that. Even if it's true, don't say that. It's too painful.

ELEANOR

What do you want me to say?

ZISSOU

Say, Bon voyage.

Long pause. Eleanor says sadly:

ELEANOR

Bon voyage.

Eleanor gets into the sea-plane. The pilot guns the motor and pulls away from the marina. Zissou stands alone at the end of the dock as the sea-plane lifts-off the water, into the air.

Ned watches from his bedroom window. He turns out the light.

INSERT:

The screen of a flat-bed editing console. A work-print is running. It has scratches and splices in it. The first image is a shot taken from the deck of the Belafonte of the open sea with the Team Zissou flag in the foreground.

TITLE:

Adventure No. 12: "The Jaguar Shark"
(Part 2)

CUT TO:

A close-up of Ned in his red cap and a pair of sunglasses. He smokes his pipe. The wind blows through his hair. Zissou says in voice-over:

ZISSOU (V.O.)
Kingsley Ned Zissou, 29, Junior Grade
Diving Tech, Executive Producer.
Energetic, spirited, youthful.

INSERT:

A chart of the ocean. A hand spins a compass and makes a mark with a pencil.

ZISSOU (V.O.)
Day three. En route to the Sea-Lab.

INT. ZISSOU'S CABIN. DAY

An extra-large stateroom with an office in it. Maps, awards, and photographs of Zissou and various marine animals cover the walls. Zissou wears his brown suit with pin-stripes and a thin black tie. He sits next to an overhead projector on a cart. He speaks calmly into the camera:

ZISSOU
Normally, we would track the jaguar shark with the scanning monitor we keep on-board the Belafonte, but its power tubes have seized up and blown a gasket.

An elevation-type drawing of a chrome undersea building labelled Operation Hennessey/Bernstein Sea-Laboratory appears on a pull-down screen. The Belafonte is pictured on the water above the sea-lab. Ned stands beside the projected image. He is dressed in a suit identical to Zissou's. He motions to different parts of the drawing with a pointer.

ZISSOU
We now proceed to the more advanced system located on a colleague's off-shore facility.

Zissou steps in front of the screen.

ZISSOU

This will be Team Zissou's next stop.

Zissou looks to Ned. Ned nods. There is a flash of white and the film runs out.

CUT TO:

Zissou, Ned, Renzo, and Vikram in the cutting room on the Belafonte. Each has a cup of coffee. Renzo rewinds the film.

ZISSOU

See, this is what I'm talking about, Renzo. A relationship sub-plot.

(to Ned)

There's chemistry between us, you know?

Ned smiles and nods. Zissou looks to Renzo for his response. Renzo shrugs. Zissou looks irritated.

ZISSOU

Shouldn't somebody be taking notes on what I'm saying? Let's get this down on paper.

Renzo sighs. He digs around on the bench for a pencil. Zissou dictates:

ZISSOU

Zissou and Ned sub-plot, Scene two, Ned assists Zissou with diagram and pointer.

EXT. UPPER DECK. DAY

Zissou and Jane sit at a table under a crane near the back of the ship. Jane's tape recorder is in-between them. Zissou looks tense. Jane turns a page in her notebook.

JANE

Here's a quote:

ZISSOU

(frowns)

Wait up. Who from?

JANE

Zissou has an almost magical connection to the life of the sea. He speaks its language fluently. I've never met a boy like that in all my life. -- Lord Mandrake.

Zissou is moved as Jane reminds him of these remarks. He says softly:

ZISSOU
You should've opened with that one.

JANE
He was your mentor. What was the --

ZISSOU
Hey, intern!

An intern with curly black hair carries a large, unwieldy iron pipe across the deck. He stops and looks to Zissou, struggling under the weight of the pipe.

ZISSOU
Get me a Campari, will you?

INTERN
(hesitates)
On the rocks?

Zissou snaps his fingers and gives a thumbs up. The intern goes inside. Zissou looks to Jane and says cheerily:

ZISSOU
You want to go up in my balloon?

CUT TO:

Pelé staring up at the sky as he operates a lever on the deck-winch. Gears turn and grind. Klaus sprays some grease onto a sprocket.

Pelé looks to Klaus. He points into the air says:

PELÉ
I like her hair-do.

KLAUS
(shrugs)
Me, too, but Steve already called her.

EXT. BALLOON. DAY

Zissou and Jane sit together in a basket hanging from a balloon fifty feet above the Belafonte. The balloon is pale blue, with a giant Team Zissou logo printed across it. A cable runs from the basket down to the ship below. Zissou holds a glass of Campari on ice. He says enthusiastically:

ZISSOU

I invented this for a network special on winds and currents. It's kind of a pain to inflate, but it's great once you're up here.

Jane nods. She offers Zissou a stick of gum. He shakes his head. She puts one in her mouth. They look down past their feet at the Belafonte below.

ZISSOU

I'm sorry I made you cry the other day.

JANE

(pause)

That's OK. It's not completely your fault, anyway. I'm going through some personal problems.

ZISSOU

(interested)

Really? What do you got?

JANE

Well, I'm five months pregnant. My editor's the father. He's married -- but not to me.

ZISSOU

Wow. That's a rough ticket.

(pause)

You know, my first wife left me when I was your age.

Zissou rolls-up his sleeve. A tattoo on his arm has Jacqueline, crossed-out, on top and Deep Search below it.

JANE

What's Deep Search?

ZISSOU

My submarine.

Zissou smiles. A Team Zissou flag attached to the ropes above the basket ripples in the breeze behind him. Jane smiles.

JANE

I had this exact image of you tacked-up on the wall above my aquarium all through elementary school.

ZISSOU
 (surprised)
 Oh, yeah? The official one, where I'm
 doing this?

Zissou extends his arm and points to the horizon with a grim, determined look on his face. Jane looks suddenly transported. She says quietly:

JANE
 That's the one.

ZISSOU
 Uh-huh. Well, maybe it's just me, but I
 don't feel like that person. I never did.

JANE
 Why not?

ZISSOU
 (pause)
 To answer that question I'd have to tell
 you about my childhood, which I'm not
 going to do.

Jane nods. She squints in the sun. Zissou holds up his hand and blocks the light from her eyes. They look at each other for a minute. Zissou takes his hand away. The sun hits Jane's eyes. Zissou kisses her on the lips. Jane pulls away slightly. Zissou reaches toward her face. Jane stops him with her hand and stares at him, frozen.

JANE
 Why'd you abandon Ned?

ZISSOU
 (pause)
 I didn't. I never even met him. What kind
 of piece are you writing, cubbie?

JANE
 (hesitates)
 It's a three-part profile.

ZISSOU
 Yeah, but what's your angle? Are you
 going to screw us on this deal?

Silence. Jane says strangely:

JANE
 I hope not.

Pause. Zissou shrugs. Jane spits out her gum over the side, into the ocean. She takes the glass of Campari out of Zissou's hand and drinks it in one sip. She gives it back to him. He frowns.

ZISSOU

You really think it's cool to hit the sauce when you got a bun in the oven?

Jane looks at Zissou coldly. Zissou presses the red button on an intercom behind them and says:

ZISSOU

Pelé, bring us back down, please.

Zissou takes a joint out of his pocket. He reaches up above, pulls down on a chain, and lights the joint off the balloon's hot air burner. He takes a puff.

INT. LABORATORY. DAY

Zissou and Anne-Marie sit with Wolodarsky at a console. Wolodarsky is composing a piece of music on his keyboard. Anne-Marie is topless. Two monitors display moving underwater point-of-view shots. They are labelled Dolphin 1 and Dolphin 2. Zissou pours himself a fresh glass of Campari on ice.

ZISSOU

I don't have a problem with objective reporting. What I have a problem with is some wombat coming on my boat and trying to railroad me, you know?

Wolodarsky does not respond. He keeps playing his music. Zissou sighs.

ZISSOU

See if you can get one of the dolphins to swim under the hull and give us a look.

Wolodarsky stops playing his music and types a Morse Code-style message into a computer. He waits for an answer. He types it again. He turns to Zissou.

WOLODARSKY

Either they can't hear us, or they don't understand.

ZISSOU

(shakes his head)

Son of a bitch. I'm sick of these dolphins!

(to Anne-Marie)

(more)

ZISSOU(cont'd)

Run a cost breakdown of what we're spending on them, and give me a report.

EXT. BELAFONTE. NIGHT

A porthole to the library. Jane sits at a desk writing intently in her note book. She unwraps a stick of gum and starts chewing it.

BOOM TO:

Klaus, Wolodarsky, and Ogata on the main deck, one level up. They lean against the railing, drinking red, orange, and yellow frozen cocktails. Klaus takes a little paper umbrella out of his drink and opens it.

DOLLY TO:

The window of the bridge. Pelé sits inside, at the wheel, strumming his guitar. He makes an adjustment on the instrument panel.

BOOM TO:

The top of the look-out tower. Zissou stands alone above the ship smoking a joint in the moonlight. Ned comes out and joins him. He lights his pipe. An oil tanker goes by slowly in the distance. Thunder rumbles. Zissou says mysteriously:

ZISSOU

Quiet out there tonight. Can you hear the jack-whales singing?

Ned listens. A foghorn blows long and low. He whispers:

NED

It's beautiful. What do you think they're saying?

ZISSOU

(hesitates)

Well, that was the sludge tanker over there, but --

A mournful whale cry now sounds in the distance. Zissou holds up his finger.

ZISSOU

There you go. That's them.

Ned smiles and nods.

NED

By the way, would you mind if I made some modifications to the Team Zissou insignia? I had a few ideas that might --

ZISSOU

You mean the patch?

NED

The insignia.

ZISSOU

Yeah, it's probably kind of dated, isn't it? Sure, take a crack at it. Make it a little trendier.

NED

(pleased)

All right.

Zissou pats Ned on the back. He smiles.

ZISSOU

I really enjoy being around you, Ned.

(looking down over the railing)

He's got a very nice way about him. Don't you think, Klaus?

Klaus' voice answers from off-screen, below:

KLAUS (O.S.)

How should I know? I'm not his estranged father.

Zissou nods. He says to Ned sincerely:

ZISSOU

Are you finding what you were looking for? Out here with me? I hope so.

Ned hesitates. He says suddenly:

NED

I wrote you a letter about seventeen years ago.

ZISSOU

(pause)

You mean like a fan letter?

Ned nods. A strange look crosses Zissou's face. He hesitates.

ZISSOU

Did I write you back? I try to answer as many personally as I can.

Ned reaches into his pocket and takes out an old, beaten up envelope. He hands it to Zissou. Zissou opens it.

INSERT:

A worn and faded typewritten note on Team Zissou stationery. Zissou reads it in voice-over.

Dear Ned Plimpton,

First, in answer to your question: always. Second, thank you very much for naming your bug after me. My wife tells me it is actually a type of gnat. You strike me as a very special boy and a key member of the Zissou Society. I wish I could come visit you in Kentucky and assist you with your work. I remember your mother. Take care of yourself, Ned Plimpton. You've served well.

Your friend,

Capt. Steve Zissou

Dictated but not read. (SZ/jz)

CUT TO:

Zissou with tears in his eyes. He nods and says to Ned:

ZISSOU

Yeah. More or less standard boilerplate, I guess.

EXT. SEA-LABORATORY. DAY

A large, chrome cylinder with a pod at the top sticks twenty-five feet out of the ocean. Operation Hennessey is written across the side, with Bernstein Labs Ltd. below it. There are portholes and a platform with a railing around the pod, and a ladder runs down the cylinder into the water. A Zodiac motorboat is tied to the bottom of the ladder, and the Belafonte sits at anchor fifty feet away.

Zissou, Ned, and Jane stand on the platform waiting in the rain. An intern holds an umbrella over Zissou. Zissou has on his swimsuit. Everyone else wears Team Zissou slickers.

The door of the sea-laboratory has a thick steel chain laced through the handle with a padlock on it.

ZISSOU

There's some real high-tech gear inside this deal, believe me. First, we'll go downstairs and turn on the tracking
(more)

ZISSOU(cont'd)

system, and as long as the batteries on that homing dart haven't gone dead, we'll get --

NED

Who locked us out?

ANNE-MARIE

(bitterly)

No one. We're trespassing.

NED

(hesitates)

Steve, are we allowed to go in there?

ZISSOU

(pause)

It's the scientific community, man.

BILL

I'm required by law to notify the bank of any illegal activities.

ZISSOU

(annoyed)

Just do what you got to do to cover your ass, Bill.

Klaus comes up the ladder onto the platform. He carries a large crowbar.

KLAUS

I got it.

ZISSOU

Good. Here.

Klaus hands Zissou the crowbar. Zissou cracks open the padlock. He pulls the chain off the door handle. He takes a key out of his pocket, unlocks the door, and opens it. A burglar alarm goes off.

ZISSOU

Fuck! They wired it. Klaus, go back and get me cable snippers.

CUT TO:

A life-sized cross-section of the lowest level of the sea-laboratory at the ocean's floor. This is a highly sophisticated laboratory filled with computers, aquariums, microscopes, and cameras. Large windows look out into the ocean. Stilts reach from the bottom of the structure ten feet down into the sand. A manta ray swims by outside.

Zissou, Ned, Pelé, and Bill sit at a radar monitor. A small green blip pulses on the screen and beeps. Vikram stands in the corner with a 16mm camera on his shoulder. An intern wearing headphones operates the boom. Three other interns wait beside him.

Zissou takes a deep breath and says quietly to himself:

ZISSOU

OK. Action.

(performing)

Well, look who's back in town. You've travelled 150 miles since we last heard from you. This son of a bitch is headed for the South Pacific.

Jane and Anne-Marie come down the stairs into the laboratory. Zissou points to Jane and says intensely:

ZISSOU

Turn on your tape recorder, cubbie!

Jane looks at the radar screen. She turns to Zissou.

JANE

Is it the jaguar shark?

ZISSOU

On the record? Yes.

(to Vikram)

Cut it.

Vikram cuts the camera. Jane looks confused.

JANE

Was I just in the movie?

ZISSOU

Yeah. You need to sign a release.

JANE

But you've actually located the shark?

ZISSOU

(excited)

You bet your fucking ass, we did!

Zissou stands up and puts out his hand to Jane for her to give him five. Jane hesitates. She slaps Zissou's hand. Zissou says to his crew:

ZISSOU

All right. We've got twenty-five to thirty minutes before the Coast Guard gets here to arrest us. I want you to load all Hennessey's best gear onto the Belafonte in fifteen.

BILL

(in disbelief)

You're going to steal his stuff?

ZISSOU

(hesitates)

No, we'll get it back to him. Interns, let's see some hustle.

The interns start unplugging equipment and putting things in boxes. Operation Hennessey is stencilled on everything. Anne-Marie looks at a chart next to the radar monitor. She frowns. Zissou walks out through a hatch and closes it behind him. Anne-Marie picks up the chart.

ANNE-MARIE

What's this, Pelé?

Pelé looks uneasy. He shrugs. Anne-Marie goes out the hatch after Zissou. He is on his way up a ladder. She follows him.

ANNE-MARIE

Steve?

ZISSOU

Uh-huh?

Zissou and Anne-Marie enter the upper level of the underwater section of the structure, which is the living quarters. There is a kitchen, a bathroom, a dining room, and two cabins with sets of bunks and exercise equipment.

ANNE-MARIE

Do you know you've just charted us on a course through unprotected waters?

Anne-Marie shows Zissou the chart. Zissou says agreeably:

ZISSOU

Yeah, we're going to take the short cut.

ANNE-MARIE

(concerned)

But it's outside I.M.U. jurisdiction. There isn't any --

ZISSOU

I know, baby, but look at the map. If we go your way, it's about --

Zissou glances at the chart and holds up his fingers to indicate:

ZISSOU

-- four inches. If we go mine, it's an inch and a half. You want to pay for the extra gas?

They walk past Klaus and Wolodarsky in the dining room. Klaus watches Wolodarsky work on a piece of equipment on the table. He says casually:

KLAUS

What kind of system is this?

WOLODARSKY

They just upgraded to the Bernstein Nines last summer.

KLAUS

(surprised)

The Nines are out already?

Wolodarsky nods. Zissou sees an espresso machine on the kitchen counter. He examines it.

ZISSOU

Does this do cappuccino?

Zissou picks up the espresso machine and carries it away. Anne-Marie follows him through another hatch, and they start climbing a spiral staircase that winds upwards. A school of fish swims by outside.

ANNE-MARIE

Wait a second, Steve. This isn't the procedure.

There is a loud crashing sound from below. Zissou stops and looks down the stairwell. Wolodarsky yells up to him:

WOLODARSKY (O.S.)

Steve, one of the interns just fell down the stairs with the main tracking processor.

ZISSOU

Well, make sure we steal the back-up.

Zissou and Anne-Marie approach the top of the staircase. Outside the cylinder is the water's surface.

ANNE-MARIE

Are you listening to me? Eleanor told me --

ZISSOU

Shut up before you jinx us, Anne-Marie.

Anne-Marie stops. She looks furious. She turns and walks back down the staircase. Zissou goes up, out the door, onto the platform at the top of the structure.

Ogata is fishing from the railing in the rain.

ZISSOU

You catching anything?

Ogata shakes his head. Zissou hands the espresso machine to the intern with the curly hair.

ZISSOU

Hook this up and make me a latte.

The intern nods. Zissou opens an umbrella. He takes out a joint and lights it. He checks his watch. The interns start coming out with crates and boxes. They set them on the platform and go back inside for more. Ned appears in the doorway. He stands next to Zissou. Zissou sighs.

ZISSOU

You know, cubbie's kind of a sucker-maker, but she's got some moves.

NED

I agree.

ZISSOU

If she wasn't a bull-dyke, I think I might have a little bit of a thing for her.

Ned turns to Zissou blankly.

EXT. OCEAN. DUSK

The Belafonte runs at full speed on an open sea under grey skies.

INT. CARGO HOLD. NIGHT

A storage room at the bottom of the ship. Folding chairs have been set up among the suitcases, crates, and boxes. The exercise equipment and espresso machine from Hennessey's sea-laboratory are also there.

Zissou and Wolodarsky sit at a radar monitor connected to a large jumble of electronic gadgets stacked precariously on top of one another and fastened together with rubber bands and duct tape. There are cords and wires all over the room.

Ned, Jane, Klaus, Ogata, Anne-Marie, and Bill watch intently. They have flashlights and candles. Wolodarsky points to a large blip near the edge of the screen.

WOLODARSKY

If the creature continues on its current migratory route, our paths should converge in less than four days.

ZISSOU

(instantly)

I want to get there in three. Ogata, check the --

NED

Vladimir, what is this blip over here?

Ned points to a smaller, fainter blip near the center of the screen.

WOLODARSKY

I don't know. I've been trying to figure that out. We might have both of them mixed up, or it could be the other way around. Anyway, we'll be right on top of it first thing in the morning.

Jane looks to Ned, impressed. Zissou says grudgingly:

ZISSOU

Good eye, Ned.

NED

Thank you. Should we investigate it?

Everyone turns to Zissou. He looks slightly irritated.

ZISSOU

Yeah. We'll do a quick dive at six AM and scope out this phantom signal -- it's probably just one of Hennessey's research
(more)

ZISSOU(cont'd)

turtles -- but I want to be back on the road by lunch.

CUT TO:

Zissou pulling Ned aside as the rest of the group walks out of the cargo hold and starts up the stairs. Renzo stays behind listening to Wolodarsky play a composition on his keyboard. Zissou says to Ned confidentially:

ZISSOU

Do me favor, will you? Next time you get a hot idea in front of the reporter, whisper it in my ear, first. Otherwise, I look like kind of a daydream-johnny, you know?

INT. SPA. NIGHT

Ned floats in the jacuzzi. Jane sits on the edge across from him with her feet in the water. They both have on Team Zissou swimsuits, and Ned wears a pair of diving goggles. The air is filled with steam. Jane says in disbelief:

JANE

You let him change your name?

NED

Well, we changed it together.

JANE

What was it before?

NED

I left Kentucky as Edward Plimpton.

JANE

(indignant)

That's a million times better. Change it back, Ned. I really don't see you as a Kingsley Zissou.

NED

(sighs)

Yeah, probably, me, neither. Anyway, I don't know if I even belong here. Do you think Steve and I have a family resemblance?

Jane reaches out to Ned and lifts his goggles off his face onto the top of his head. She looks at him for a minute.

JANE

No.

NED
I guess it doesn't really matter, anyway.

JANE
(pause)
Why the f are you paying for this movie
out of your own pocket?

NED
(hesitates)
Well, I think it's a good investment. Or,
besides, I don't have anything better to
do with my money, anyway. I'm alone now.

Ned puts his goggles back on and sinks lower into the water.
Jane watches him curiously.

NED
I admire the man. He inspires people.

JANE
That may very well be true, but he's
also --

NED
(gently)
So what, Jane?

Jane hesitates. Ned says sincerely:

NED
He's not taking advantage of me.

JANE
(pause)
OK.

Ned and Jane stare at each other in silence. The condensation
on Ned's goggles fogs them over completely.

NED
I feel bad for you and that baby.

JANE
(pause)
Don't feel bad for us.

Silence. Ned shrugs.

NED
Here.

Ned holds out Jane's miniature, sparkling sand-dollar. It hangs on a pink thread.

NED

I stole it back and strung it on some peppermint dental floss in case you want to wear it like a necklace.

Jane puts the string around her neck. She looks at Ned and smiles. She moves along the edge, closer to him. She kisses him on the lips. Ned says quietly:

NED

I've only had two girlfriends in my life. That I've gone to bed with, I mean.

Jane looks surprised, then dazed.

JANE

Wow. That makes me want to cry.

The door bursts open. Ogata and Pelé rush into the room and jump into the jacuzzi. Pelé leans back and puts on a sleeping mask. Ogata tears the wax paper wrapping off a ham sandwich and takes a bite.

INT. JANE'S CABIN. NIGHT

Jane's clothes, papers, and junk-food wrappers are strewn all over the room. Zissou stands at the desk reading one of Jane's notebooks. He has a crowbar in his hand. He turns the page. Jane appears in the doorway with a towel wrapped around her. Her hair is wet. She hesitates. She says loudly:

JANE

Woah!

Zissou looks to Jane and holds up the notebook.

ZISSOU

Are you happy with the piece, Jane?

JANE

(shocked)

What are you --

ZISSOU

Am I? No.

JANE

Put that down!

ZISSOU

I assume I'm Mr. Z. I'm sorry you think my hat is -- what was the word?

(checking Jane's notes)

Contrived. And that:

Zissou flips to another page. He reads at random:

ZISSOU

The Zissou of my childhood represents --
(frowning)

-- every dream I've come to regret? What? Why?

Jane crosses over to Zissou and grabs her notebook out of his hand. She says bitterly:

JANE

I'm going to have to start locking my f-ing door.

ZISSOU

It was locked. I kicked it in.

(irritated)

Why don't you just curse?

JANE

(pause)

Because I'm trying to get out of the habit before I have my fucking baby.

ZISSOU

(realizing)

Oh. That makes sense. Well, clean this room up, anyway. It looks like it was hit by a goddamn typhoon.

JANE

Get out.

Zissou sighs. He takes off his hat and looks at it.

ZISSOU

Please, don't make fun of me. I just wanted to flirt with you.

Jane hesitates.

ZISSOU

I'll get an intern to fix the door.

Zissou turns away and walks out.

INSERT:

A high-speed message transmission module as it laser-prints the following words onto a pink form:

FROM: I.M.U. Headquarters
TO: Operation Hennessey
ATTN: Carl

INT. RADIO ROOM. NIGHT

A pristine cabin filled with ultra-modern satellite telecommunications equipment. Three large portholes look out to the ocean outside. The moon sits low on the horizon. A young, blond Englishman in a white Operation Hennessey uniform tears the pink document out of the printer.

CUT TO:

A long corridor with illuminated floors and glowing white walls. The ship's turbines hum from below. The young Englishman walks briskly down the hallway carrying the pink document.

EXT. REAR DECK. NIGHT

Hennessey sits on a chaise lounge at the back of his ship. His hair is wet, and he wears only a white Operation Hennessey swimsuit and a towel around his neck. A young, blond Englishman dressed only in an Operation Hennessey swimsuit sits on a stool beside him.

The first Englishman arrives with the pink document and hands it to Hennessey. Hennessey reads it and frowns.

HENNESSEY

This is a message from the I.M.U. Coast Guard. Apparently, some crooked fuckers broke into my sea-lab yesterday.

SWIMSUIT ENGLISHMAN

How awful. Did they nick anything?

HENNESSEY

It doesn't say. They probably just trashed the place.

(gritting his teeth)

I'm so pissed I want to spit.

Hennessey crumples the document in his fist. He spits on the deck. He uncrumples the document and looks at it again. He says to the first Englishman:

HENNESSEY

Hugo, tell Carl to load my elephant gun with buckshot. We're going to hunt down these sickos.

EXT. MAIN DECK. DAY

The next morning, onboard the Belafonte. Pelé assists Zissou, Ned, Klaus, and Ogata as they put on their wet suits and check their equipment. They carry nets and shovels and bags of gear. Zissou has a spear-gun. Jane, Anne-Marie, and the interns stand gathered around watching and helping. Vikram films the scene.

Zissou plugs a cord into a socket on the side of his helmet and adjusts an antenna on the top of his head. He says to Jane:

ZISSOU

Supposedly, Cousteau and his cronies invented the idea of putting walkie-talkies into the helmet, but we made ours with a special rabbit ear on top so you can pipe in some music.

The group of divers jumps into the water.

EXT. OCEAN. DAY

An undersea forest. Large tree-like plants reach thirty feet up from the ocean's floor. They sway and quiver in the current. Schools of fish dart among the trunks. A web-footed water lizard swims past Zissou, Ned, Klaus, Ogata, and Vikram.

They turn on flashlights as they enter the thicket. Vikram films the others as they make their way through the tangled branches, into a small clearing.

A partially demolished charter jet lies half-buried in the sand. It is covered with barnacles, and fish swim in and out of the windows.

INSERT:

A black-box recording console stuck in the wreckage. It beeps quietly, and a red light blinks next to an antenna on its casing. A blowfish swims over to it and puffs up like a balloon.

CUT TO:

Zissou as he turns to Vikram and says over a radio head-set built into his diving mask:

ZISSOU

Let's start with the reverse.

Vikram nods and moves beyond Zissou, to a second position. Zissou motions for Ned, Klaus, and Ogata to follow him back into the trees. Ned says to Zissou over his radio head-set:

NED

Would it be possible for me to address you as Dad in this scene?

ZISSOU

(instantly)

No. Why?

Ned hesitates. He looks embarrassed.

NED

Oh. Excuse me. I'm sorry. I forgot you --

KLAUS

(bewildered)

Where you coming from, jack-off? Shit!

ZISSOU

(to himself)

It's not a bad impulse, though. Some kind of nick-name. Not that one -- it's too specific -- but try to think of something else.

NED

(hesitates)

Another name?

OGATA

How about Steevsy?

ZISSOU

That's good. Try it. What were you going to say before?

Silence. Ned says simply:

NED

Good luck, Steevsy.

ZISSOU

Fantastic. Let's go.

Zissou leads the other three, swimming into the clearing again. They approach Vikram. They stare in amazement at the wreckage while Vikram films them in close-up. Zissou signals for Vikram to cut.

The five divers enter the crashed plane. A bright red octopus jets out of a hole in the fuselage.

INT. CUTTING ROOM. DAY

Zissou sits in the sound booth talking into a microphone. He wears headphones. Renzo and Vikram watch him through the glass. Zissou finishes performing his narration:

ZISSOU

We examine the crash-site, but are careful not to disturb the forensic evidence.

(to Renzo)

How was that?

RENZO

Not bad. The first take was a little faster. Here's the footage of Ned saving your life.

ZISSOU

(frowns)

I told you not to print that, Vikram. He didn't save my life. That's not the way I want this sub-plot to go.

INSERT:

The screen of the flat-bed editing console. A slate says Reel 3, Take 1, Mysterious Jet Sequence.

Inside the plane. Zissou's leg is pinned under an exposed turbine sticking through the side of the fuselage. A thermos with barnacles all over it falls from the luggage rack and clunks him on the head. He looks up and sees a large metal trunk shifting precariously above him. He reaches up and puts his hand against it to stop it from falling on him. A miniature sea-scorpion circles near his neck. He tugs at his leg violently with a look of panic on his face under his diving mask.

Ned swims over and kneels down beside Zissou. He pulls and twists on part of a crushed seat-back pressed against Zissou's ankle. An arm-rest breaks off, and Zissou's leg is freed. Zissou and Ned dodge away as the trunk crashes down, and the sea-scorpion darts away.

Zissou swims directly into the camera and puts his hand over the lens.

CUT TO:

Zissou focussed on the image on the screen. He shakes his head and says, annoyed:

ZISSOU
That's incoherent. I wouldn't know how to use this bit.

INT. HALLWAY. DAY

Ned comes down the stairs and sees Klaus at the end of the corridor. He pauses.

NED
Could I have a moment with you, Klaus?

Klaus looks to Ned. He frowns. Ned walks down the hallway and stops in front of Klaus. They stare at each other.

KLAUS
What?

Ned slaps Klaus in the face. Klaus looks taken aback.

KLAUS
Why'd you do that?

NED
Because I owed you one.

KLAUS
(upset)
But you gave me a warning already. You stood up for yourself.

NED
I still owed you one.

KLAUS
Well, now I owe you one.

NED
No. Now we're even.

Klaus looks confused. He sounds highly emotional.

KLAUS
Why're you doing this to me? He's not my father, you know? I don't have that.

NED
 (hesitates)
 What are you talking about?

KLAUS
 We're even, dammit! That's it!

CUT TO:

The ocean under a heavy mist. An old, ramshackle speedboat darts past the Belafonte, circles back, and races away. Zissou watches from the look-out tower. He frowns.

INT. BRIDGE. DAY

Zissou flips through a book called *Trawlers, Junks, and Dinghies: A Vessel Identification Manual* by Eleanor Zissou. Pelé is at the wheel. Klaus sits glumly beside him.

ZISSOU
 No, it was like a beat-up little jalopy.
 I don't know what you'd call it. You
 didn't see it?

PELÉ
 (staring straight ahead)
 I didn't see it, boss.

ZISSOU
 (irritated)
 Well, keep your eyes peeled.

Zissou looks through the windshield into the fog with a pair of boy scout binoculars. He lowers them.

ZISSOU
 Klaus, check who's on watch. I'll be in
 the sauna.

Zissou walks out of the bridge. Klaus looks at a clipboard hanging on the wall.

KLAUS
 Pelé and --
 (frowns)
 -- who the shit is Kingsley Zissou?

INT. NED'S CABIN. DAY

Jane sits on the edge of Ned's bunk. She wears a tight sleeveless T-shirt. Ned has on a Team Zissou swimsuit. He is leaning into Jane's lap with his ear pressed against her stomach. He feels the baby kick. He looks startled.

NED
Is that him?

JANE
Uh-huh. That's him.

NED
I've never felt a baby in someone's
stomach before.

Ned sits up. He seems very moved.

NED
I think you'll make a very good single
mother.

Jane smiles sadly. She spits out her gum into her hand. She drops it into a glass of water. She says softly:

JANE
Thanks.

NED
Although it puts you both at a tremendous
disadvantage.

Pause. Ned and Jane start to make-out passionately with their hands all over each other. Jane pulls-off Ned's shirt. Ned suddenly looks concerned.

NED
You know, Steve has a little bit of a
thing for you.

JANE
(surprised)
Why do you say that?

NED
Because he told me.

JANE
(intrigued)
Really? I thought he hated my guts.

NED
Well, I think you hurt his feelings, but
that doesn't mean --

JANE
He says I hurt his feelings?

Jane shakes her head. She says philosophically:

JANE
That's so f-ed up.

NED
He called you a sucker-maker.

JANE
(hesitates)
What's a sucker-maker?

Ned considers this. He shrugs. One of the albino dolphin scouts stares in through a porthole.

INT. CORRIDOR. DAY

Zissou walks past the doorway to the laboratory dressed in his bathrobe with a towel around his neck and a bottle of Pellegrino in his hand. A rolled-up plastic sandwich baggie filled with pot sticks out of his pocket. He stops. He comes back. He looks into the room.

INSERT:

The screen of one of the dolphin camera monitors. There is a glimpse of Jane touching Ned's cheek in the porthole before the image darts away into the water.

CUT TO:

Zissou. He hesitates. He walks away.

EXT. STERN. DAY

Pelé sits at the back of the ship playing a David Bowie song on his guitar. He does not notice the speedboat approaching again through the mist behind the ship. As it nears the Belafonte, it becomes apparent that its passengers are fourteen Indonesian men with machetes and machine-guns. One of them raises a bamboo ladder into the air.

INT. SPA. DAY

Zissou sits alone in the sauna smoking a joint with his eyes closed. He is dressed in a swimsuit. He has an ashtray balanced on his knee. The air is filled with steam.

There is a loud cracking sound from the decks above, followed by a low rumble. Zissou frowns. He opens his eyes. There is a sudden rush of footsteps flooding down the stairs. Someone pounds on the door. Zissou hesitates.

ZISSOU
Yeah?

KLAUS (O.S.)

Steve, would you mind opening the door?

Silence. Zissou takes one last puff on the joint, puts it out, and sets the ashtray aside. He stands up and goes to the door. He rubs the condensation off the porthole.

Klaus' face is revealed with the end of a machine-gun stuck into his temple, a machete held against his neck, and a fist gripping a handful of his hair.

INT. NED'S CABIN. DAY

Ned and Jane lie on the bed together. There is a knock on the door. They look at each other. Jane frowns.

JANE

Uh-huh?

ZISSOU (O.S.)

(confused)

Jane? Is Ned in there?

NED

Hi, Steevsy.

ZISSOU (O.S.)

(pause)

Uh, hi. What's going on?

NED

(shrugs)

Just doing a little book-reading.

There is some sudden shoving and yelling in Indonesian in the hallway.

ZISSOU (O.S.)

I guess you better let us in.

Ned gets up and looks under the door. He sees Zissou's powder blue slippers and the dirty feet of seven men in worn-out boots, tattered sandals, and sneakers with duct-tape holding them together -- plus the tip of a machete. He is stunned:

NED

What's happening? Is that -- Are those hi-jackers?

ZISSOU (O.S.)

Well, we call them pirates out here, Ned. You're supposed to be on watch, by the way.

Ned checks his watch. He looks horrified.

NED

Oh, my God. You're right.

Ned opens the door. The pirates instantly burst into the room. They have scars on their faces and wild looks in their eyes. They chaotically manhandle Zissou, Ned, and Jane, screaming and swinging machetes.

CUT TO:

Zissou, Ned, and Jane on the floor tied-up with ropes and twine. The door is closed, and they are alone in the room.

ZISSOU

You know, if we had a little warning, we could've fought these guys off.

NED

(upset)

I'm sorry, Steve.

ZISSOU

This is why we're supposed to have our Glocks on us at all times.

(yells at the ceiling)

Even the interns, Anne-Marie!

(calmly)

So tell me again -- you're reading to each other in French?

NED

No, it's in English. It was translated.

ZISSOU

Well, you know, you're not supposed to go into each other's cabins on a boat.

JANE

Why not?

ZISSOU

It's just kind of an unwritten maritime rule when you're at sea. Especially for the goddamn look-out.

(screaming at Ned)

I'm furious at you!

NED

(shaken)

I'm so sorry.

ZISSOU

Me, too, pal. You hung us out to dry. You know, if we don't handle this right, we're going to all get murdered, including her unborn British child.

Jane bursts into tears. Ned looks devastated. The door opens. A pirate wearing a kamikaze headband comes in, goes over to Ned, and pounds him in the head with the butt of his machete. Ned falls over, knocked-out cold.

Zissou kicks and thrashes around but is bound fast to a pipe on the wall. The pirate drags Ned out the door. Zissou yells after him desperately:

ZISSOU

I'm going to kill you for that, you asshole! I'm going to hit you so fucking hard you won't --

The pirate closes the door.

ZISSOU

Please, don't hurt him!

CUT TO:

Zissou and Jane coming up the stairs together with their hands tied behind their backs. One of the pirates follows them with a machine-gun.

ZISSOU

Watch me. I'll let you know when I'm ready to make a move.

JANE

(urgently)

Steve, it's way safer for us to just do what they say. They probably only want our money and jewels and shit.

ZISSOU

Uh-huh, well, how am I supposed to finish my movie, then?

Zissou, Jane, and the pirate walk out onto the deck. A dog with only three legs runs wildly over to them, snarling. The entire crew is lined-up facing a wall, down on their knees, blindfolded, with their arms bound. Zissou looks shocked.

ZISSOU

Fuck! Jesus! Holy fuck!

KLAUS

They're going to kill us, Steve!

Zissou looks to Klaus. Klaus is sobbing. Zissou yells to him:

ZISSOU

I'm patting you on the back right now,
Klausie! Don't be scared! I'm going to
get us through this, everybody! Ogata?
Como esta, pal?

Zissou looks over the side of the ship. The pirates are loading cans of fuel into their speedboat. A skinny, thirteen-year-old Indonesian boy huddles terrified at the rudder. Ned lies unconscious, tied-up on the floor, partially stuffed into a potato sack. There is blood all over the side of his face. Zissou looks as if he is about to cry. He yells strangely:

ZISSOU

Wake up, Ned-o! I'm sorry I yelled at
you!

(to the pirates)

I need to speak to the man in charge,
fellas!

The pirate with the kamikaze headband holds a Glock to the back of an intern's head and shouts at him hysterically.

ZISSOU

Don't point that at him. He's an unpaid
intern.

Zissou slowly moves his bound hands in front of the gun onto the back of the intern's head. He notices Vikram has one of the cameras in his hand.

ZISSOU

What kind of coverage you getting,
Vikram?

VIKRAM

I just kept it rolling until they put
this hood over my head.

Bill and one of the pirates start an animated discussion in Indonesian. The pirate shouts something to his colleagues. Zissou says to himself:

ZISSOU

Bill speaks their language.

(yelling)

What's he saying, Billy?

BILL

Apparently, they're going to take a
hostage, and they've chosen Ned, but --

Bill holds up a finger and listens as the pirates negotiate
with one another. He nods.

BILL

Yes. Now that they've learned I speak
Indonesian, they seem to have changed
their minds.

Five of the pirates surround Bill. One of them takes out a
buck-knife. An older pirate comes out of the bridge. He wears
a baseball cap. He and the other pirates talk rapidly with
one another.

BILL

Do we have a vault? He wants to know
about the vault.

ZISSOU

(blankly)
There's no vault.

BILL

He says, Give us the currency? I believe
that's the word. He appears to have seen
one of your films.

CUT TO:

A small, jerry-rigged television set behind a cheap
restaurant kitchen in the slums of Jakarta. The pirates watch
a fifteen-year-old episode of The Life Aquatic. Some of them
appear to be cooks or waiters. In the program, Zissou and
Klaus sit beside Esteban as he opens a yellow safe on-board
the ship. He shows the camera bills and coins from various
countries. Zissou explains in voice-over:

ZISSOU (V.O.)

Our vault contains at least ten different
currencies from all over the world at any
given moment, and we are prepared for
every kind of financial necessity.

The pirates look intrigued.

CUT TO:

Zissou staring at Bill.

ZISSOU
Tell him times have changed.

Four pirates come out onto the deck carrying the yellow safe. Zissou sighs.

ZISSOU
There goes Ned's inheritance.

BILL
Should I try to negotiate with them?

ZISSOU
(pause)
Yeah. Try that. Tell them to get off my boat right now, or there's going to be a major shit-storm.

Bill calmly addresses the pirates in Indonesian. Zissou interrupts:

ZISSOU
Did you say shit-storm?

BILL
(hesitates)
Well, I'm trying to be more --

ZISSOU
(sharply)
Translate what I'm saying, Bill.

Pause. Bill nods. He translates more aggressively to the pirates. The largest of the pirates punches Bill in the stomach. Bill doubles over onto the deck. Zissou looks surprised.

ZISSOU
Woah! Woah! Woah! Step it down a notch!

Bill lies moaning on the deck. The large pirate picks him up and heaves him over the side of the ship into a net. He is lowered from a pulley to the speedboat with a crate of bananas. Ned is hoisted back up and thrown on the deck. Zissou calls out to him:

ZISSOU
Ned-o? Can you hear me?

Ned does not respond. Zissou and Jane are forced down onto their knees and blindfolded. Zissou yells desperately:

ZISSOU

We'll get you back, Billy! Is everybody else safe? Anne-Marie! You OK, honey?

Anne-Marie sounds miserable. Her voice cracks:

ANNE-MARIE

No, I'm not. I told you these were unprotected waters.

Zissou shakes his head and all the energy seems to drain from his body. He says to himself in a pained voice:

ZISSOU

What a fucking nightmare.

Dark clouds roll in above the ship. Zissou turns to Jane and says suddenly:

ZISSOU

Be cool on this shit, OK, cubbie? I mean, at least try to show both sides.

JANE

(quietly)

I need to find a baby for this father.

ZISSOU

(pause)

Yeah. I think I know what you mean.

Zissou nods. He wriggles his arms, testing the knots. Thunder rumbles in the distance. Zissou takes a deep breath. He says calmly to himself in a loud, clear voice:

ZISSOU

OK. This is it, Zissou. Here we go.

Klaus turns toward Zissou. He hesitates.

KLAUS

Steve? What are you --

ZISSOU

(yelling)

I said get your ass the hell off of my boat!

Zissou jumps up and whips off his blindfold. He throws a lever on a valve, and steam shoots out of a pipe. He punches one of the pirates in the face. He grabs the pirate's pistol, throws him overboard, and starts shooting. Bullets ricochet. A hose snaps open, and water bursts out. An electrical fuse-

box breaks apart, showering sparks. The pirate with the kamikaze headband holds a machete over the intern with the curly black hair. Zissou shoots the pirate in the neck. The pirate clutches at his throat, moaning, but manages to chop into the intern's shoulder.

Eight of the pirates are already in their speedboat. The remaining four burst into frenzied screaming and shooting. They beat and kick at Zissou's crew. One of them throws a hand grenade. Zissou hollers:

ZISSOU

Grenade!

Everyone dives for cover. There is an explosion near the back of the ship. The pirates scramble over the railings, jump into their speedboat, and race away. Zissou stands at the prow of the Belafonte and empties his pistol at the speedboat. He throws the gun after them. Pause. He says to himself:

ZISSOU

I've never seen a bond company stooge stick his neck out like that.

Zissou shakes his head. The pirate with the kamikaze headband lies face down on the deck in a pool of blood. Zissou stands over him and says defiantly:

ZISSOU

I know this asshole. I told him I was going to kill him.

Zissou turns to his passengers and crew. They are all looking at him with their blindfolds on. The ship is in flames behind them. An electrical storm crackles on the horizon. Strange lightning bolts shoot upwards. Pelé tilts his head curiously with tears running down his cheeks from under his blindfold.

PELÉ

What's that sound? Is that --

ZISSOU

The Arctic Night-lights, yeah.

(quoting)

As if the natural world's been turned upside-down. -- Lord Mandrake.

(unquote)

Vikram, get some cut-aways of this miracle. Klaus, Ogata, put out the deck-fires before we sink.

The three-legged dog goes over to Zissou and growls at him.

ZISSOU

Those fucking amateurs. You left your
dog, you idiots!

CUT TO:

The look-out tower. Zissou stands with Klaus and Ogata above the blackened, smoldering ship. Pelé sprays a fire extinguisher on the bridge, below. Everyone on deck looks shell-shocked. Zissou shakes his head and says sadly:

ZISSOU

Wrap the stiff in a tablecloth. We're
going to bury him at sea.

OGATA

(hesitates)

Shouldn't we give him to the authorities
or something?

ZISSOU

(pause)

No.

KLAUS

I'll write up a few words to read over
him.

Zissou nods. One of the interns comes out onto the tower, shivering. His arm is in a bloody sling. Zissou says gently:

ZISSOU

How you holding up there, intern? You
doing OK?

The intern nods. Zissou sighs. He pats the intern on the back.

INT. DINING ROOM. NIGHT

A lobster dinner for the crew. There is a half-empty jeroboam of champagne on the table. Everyone looks exhausted and depressed. Anne-Marie has a black eye. Zissou is not present.

ANNE-MARIE

I believe it's criminal that Steve
allowed this to happen to us -- by which
I mean illegal. We're being lead on an
illegal suicide mission by a selfish
maniac.

KLAUS

(pause)

I hear what you're saying, but I think
you misjudge the guy.

INT. HALLWAY. NIGHT

Zissou comes down the corridor. Klaus is waiting outside the dining room. Loud shouting and commotion comes from inside. Klaus whispers urgently:

KLAUS

Steevsy, I think the crew might be ready
to mutiny.

Pause. Zissou cracks open the door to the dining room and looks inside. He says wearily:

ZISSOU

Ah, man. What a drag.

EXT. MAIN DECK. DAY

The next morning. Zissou, Ned, Klaus, Pelé, and Ogata stand with their heads bowed and their hands clasped in front of them. They are gathered around the body of the dead pirate. It is wrapped in a red and white gingham-checked tablecloth. The three-legged dog sits beside it. Ned is covered with bruises, stitches, and bandages. He leans on a cane. Vikram films the scene.

Klaus unfolds a a bundle of little scraps of paper. He clears his throat and begins:

KLAUS

St. Paul said to the Corinthians --

ZISSOU

(looking off)

Holy shit. Son of a bitch.

(to Vikram)

Cut.

Vikram keeps filming. An enormous, space-age, highly futuristic yacht made of plastic, glass, and titanium pulls-up dangerously close alongside the Belafonte and comes to a full stop. Twenty-five men in white uniforms throw lines, jump down steps, run across catwalks, and watch with binoculars. Operation Hennessey is printed on the crew members' caps and across the side of the ship.

Hennessey stands at the prow in his lab coat and pink cashmere scarf with an elephant gun cocked over his shoulder.

His Japanese television crew is circled around him. He yells over a P.A. system:

HENNESSEY

This is Captain Hennessey! We've come in response to your distress signal! Remain calm and -- good God, is that you, Steven?

ZISSOU

(to Ogata)

Run downstairs and put a tarp over anything with Hennessey written on it.

Ogata nods and goes inside. Klaus motions to the dead pirate at their feet.

KLAUS

What about this guy?

ZISSOU

(pause)

Just throw him in.

INT. HENNESSEY'S QUARTERS. DAY

An immaculate, polished-teak sitting room. There are numerous control panels with blinking displays and buttons. A silver-nitrate print of the photograph of Lord Mandrake is framed on the wall. Hennessey sits draped over a camel's hair sofa with a glass of white wine in his hand. Zissou is in a pink silk armchair with fringe on it across from him.

The three-legged dog growls at Zissou's side. Silence.

HENNESSEY

Your engine blew up and all your fuel's been stolen. Is that correct?

ZISSOU

Uh-huh.

HENNESSEY

Well, I certainly know how you feel. Some crooked fuckers just stripped my sea-lab, you know.

Zissou hesitates. He mumbles:

ZISSOU

Probably the same dudes.

HENNESSEY

(shrugs)

I can tow you as far as Port-au-Patois. I'll need your signature on this invoice first. It accounts for the expenses of the rescue operation, as well my time and that of my crew.

Hennessey hands Zissou a bill. Zissou examines it.

ZISSOU

This is more than the budget of my whole project.

HENNESSEY

It's an estimate.

Zissou sighs. He re-reads the invoice. The dog scratches at the sides of Zissou's armchair.

HENNESSEY

What's your dog's name?

ZISSOU

(pause)

Cody.

Hennessey nods. He rolls up a newspaper. He goes over to the dog, still scratching at the chair, and swats it hard across the body. The dog yelps and recoils.

HENNESSEY

Be still, Cody.

Zissou looks startled. He frowns and pets the dog. Hennessey sits back down on the sofa. Zissou holds up the invoice.

ZISSOU

I have to run this by my bond company stooge.

HENNESSEY

He's been kidnapped.

ZISSOU

(hesitates)

That's true. I got to rescue him first.

HENNESSEY

Sign it now, or I'm leaving you out here.

Pause. Zissou signs the bill. Hennessey takes it. Something catches Zissou's eye in an aquarium across the room. He

frowns. He points at it and looks to Hennessey. Hennessey nods knowingly.

Zissou gets up and walks over to the aquarium. Hennessey turns off the overhead lights and joins him. Plastic tubes and wires stick out of the water, and a digital thermometer hangs on the edge of the tank, connected to a computer. There is a navy blue squid-like creature the size of a football swimming figure-eight patterns and turning itself inside out and back again. It has one green eye.

Hennessey says quietly:

HENNESSEY
Hydronicus Inverticus.

ZISSOU
(awestruck)
A rat-tail envelope fish. This is the first one I've ever seen.
(looking to Hennessey)
How much you want for him?

HENNESSEY
Not for sale, I'm afraid.

Zissou taps on the glass and stares at the creature. It breathes audibly.

HENNESSEY
All right. Let him go back to sleep.

CUT TO:

Hennessey holding the door open for Zissou and the three-legged dog to walk across a gangplank back to the Belafonte. Hennessey has his arm around Zissou's shoulder. He wears a neat leather supply belt around his waist. Zissou notices it and says distractedly:

ZISSOU
Where'd you get that little fanny pack from?

HENNESSEY
(suspiciously)
What? My supply belt? It's by Hartwell and Kent. Why?

ZISSOU
(shrugs)
Not a bad crew gift.

HENNESSEY

(suddenly)

Oh, I dined with Eleanor last weekend, by the way. She's summering at my villa in West Port-au-Patois, don't you know. Say, how's Team Zissou holding up without her?

INSERT:

A line being drawn on a wooden floor with a piece of chalk.

CUT TO:

Zissou on the deck of the Belafonte. His arms are folded in front of his chest. His crew stands across from him. The three-legged dog sits beside him, growling.

ZISSOU

The first thing that goes through a captain's head when he hears there's low morale going around is, What'd I do? Is it all my fault? Well, he's probably right. Most of us have been together a long time, and there's others who were here before that. Do you guys not like me anymore? I mean, what am I supposed to do? I don't know.

(pause)

Look, if you're not against me, don't cross this line. If yes, do. OK? I love you all.

Klaus immediately steps across the line. He looks to Zissou. Zissou looks pained and stunned. He can barely manage to say:

ZISSOU

Are you -- are you sure?

KLAUS

(confidently)

Yes, I am.

ZISSOU

I don't understand. Why?

KLAUS

(confused)

What do you mean? Wait a second. What are we doing? I thought you said cross the line if --

ZISSOU

Cross the line if you want to quit.

Klaus quickly goes back to the other side.

KLAUS

Do it again. I misunderstood.

The interns whisper and murmur with each other. They all cross the line. So does Anne-Marie. Silence.

INT. RADIO ROOM. DAY

A tiny cabin with telephone books from numerous exotic cities stacked on shelves and hundreds of telephone numbers scribbled on the walls. Jane sits alone at a little desk talking on the wireless. She says into the microphone:

JANE

Hi, Ross. You're probably at lunch, which is why I'm calling now. I got your corrections on the proofs. They're fine, but -- I'm not coming back. It's over. Please, don't try to contact me, OK? You'll hear from us sometime.

(pause)

We got attacked by pirates. I feel like life is -- well, you get the idea. Anyway, take care of yourself. Jane.

INT. NED'S CABIN. DAY

Ned and Jane sit side by side on his bunk holding hands. There is a paper sack on a chair next to the bed. Ned does not look at Jane. Jane sounds distraught:

JANE

I'll probably just stay with my weirdo sister until I get things figured out. You understand, right?

Ned nods. He says quietly:

NED

Yes, that sounds like a good decision. Will you write to me?

JANE

Of course. Give me the address.

Ned reaches into the paper sack and takes out a stack of envelopes.

NED

Well, actually, I went ahead and stamped and self-addressed fifty or so envelopes to make it easier for you.

Ned hands Jane the envelopes. Jane looks touched.

JANE

Thanks. I'll use them.

NED

Each one has three blank pages in it, and here's a pen.

Ned gives Jane a blue and white ballpoint pen with four different colors that click from the tip. Pause.

JANE

Maybe I'm going to write you a letter right now.

NED

(pleased)
OK.

Jane laughs. She kisses Ned on the cheek and then the lips.

JANE

I bet I'm going to really miss you, Ned.

NED

I'm going to miss you, too. In fact, I feel like --

(with a lump in his throat)

I don't know. I feel like my heart's getting broken. I guess I'm over-reacting.

Jane hesitates. She looks suddenly lost.

JANE

Is that really true?

Ned nods sadly.

INT. HALLWAY. DAY

Jane comes down the corridor toward her cabin. She has tears in her eyes. She opens her door and starts to go inside. Zissou yells from the stairwell at the end of the hallway:

ZISSOU

That was all off the record, cubbie! That whole deal. Actually, I'm surprised you didn't cross the line yourself.

JANE

What line?

ZISSOU

(annoyed)

The line I drew on the deck just now. Weren't you up there?

JANE

No.

ZISSOU

(frustrated)

You're kidding! That was one of the most dramatic things that's ever happened on this boat. I just lost all my best interns. I thought you were supposed to be covering this story.

JANE

You just said it was all off the record.

ZISSOU

Yeah, but you didn't know that.

JANE

Well, I was down here packing.

Jane points to her packed suitcases lined up inside her cabin. Zissou looks disappointed. He walks wearily toward her.

ZISSOU

So you are leaving. You're jumping ship on me.

JANE

I'm going to scrap the article.

ZISSOU

(hurt)

You mean you're not even going to write the cover story on me? Man, I just don't have any stature any more.

JANE

I'm sorry, Steve. Everything just got too weird, that's all.

ZISSOU

Yeah, but I gave you a goddamn show-stopper out there. We got --

(pause)

Are you sleeping with Ned?

JANE

(hesitates)

That's none of your business.

ZISSOU

OK, but --

JANE

No, I'm not.

Zissou nods. He sighs.

ZISSOU

You're going to miss the jaguar shark or whatever it is, if it actually exists.

(suddenly)

Are you crying? What's wrong, Jane?

Jane shrugs. Zissou says gently:

ZISSOU

You cry easily, don't you?

Zissou takes out a Team Zissou handkerchief and dries the tears on Jane's cheeks.

INT. RADIO ROOM. NIGHT

Zissou sits wearily at the wireless. Drakoulias' voice comes over the line:

DRAKOULIAS (V.O.)

Bloody hell. God save that poor little stooge. This never would've happened if Eleanor was with us.

ZISSOU

(pause)

Thanks, man.

DRAKOULIAS (V.O.)

Your luck had damn well better change soon, laddie. Now I must away. I'll send you a postcard from my travels.

ZISSOU

(concerned)

What? Hold it. Where you going?

DRAKOULIAS (V.O.)

(mysteriously)

Abroad for a spell, my darling. It's my passport status, you see. I'm X-9, at the moment. Legally, I'm a fugitive. Now I must bid you --

ZISSOU

(upset)

Wait a second! They stole my budget. The boat's broken. You're ditching me up the creek. What am I supposed to do?

DRAKOULIAS (V.O.)

(long pause)

Well, I must say, nothing's jumping to -- Phillip, any suggestions?

(pause)

No. He's shaking his head.

EXT. HENNESSEY'S YACHT. DAY

A sailor in a crisp, white, Operation Hennessey uniform stands in the crow's nest above the ship surrounded by computers and high-tech navigation equipment. He raises a pair of digital binoculars to his eyes. He lowers them suddenly. He reaches toward a button on a panel and starts to say something -- but is interrupted by Klaus' voice yelling:

KLAUS (O.S.)

Port-au-Patois! Dead ahead!

The sailor turns and looks quickly behind him. He holds up his digital binoculars.

CUT TO:

A digital binocular shot of Klaus standing alone on the look-out tower of the Belafonte watching the horizon with Zissou's boy scout binoculars. He picks up a bell and rings it violently. He shouts at the top of his lungs:

KLAUS

Land, ho!

CUT TO:

The sailor lowering his binoculars. He frowns.

EXT. OCEAN. DAY

Hennessey's ship tows the Belafonte into the bay at Port-au-Patois.

EXT. MAIN DECK. DAY

The interns stand in a cluster in front of Zissou with all of their duffel bags and knapsacks. Zissou says tensely:

ZISSOU

No, I can't give you full credit, but I'm not going to flunk you, either. You're all going to get incompletes.

The interns look furious. One of them mutters:

INTERN

This is bullshit.

Zissou walks across the deck to the railing. He takes out his passport and checks it. He puts on his red cap. Ned goes over to him, smoking his pipe. Zissou examines the cuts and bruises on Ned's face.

ZISSOU

They bashed you up pretty good, I guess.

Ned nods. Pause. He says quietly:

NED

Steevesy, I just wanted to say, in regards to the argument we had during the attack, because I still feel upset about it, and also in terms of the nick-names, well, I just wanted to say that -- what are we to each other? Am I --

ZISSOU

(sharply)

Let's just keep it in the moment, OK, Ned-o?

Ned looks startled. He says reluctantly:

NED

OK.

(suddenly snapping)

Why? What does that mean?

Zissou hesitates. He shakes his head and waves his hands. He seems confused and agitated.

ZISSOU

Strike that. Look, why don't you just decide what we are to each other, and whatever you come up with is fine with me, OK?

Zissou climbs down a ladder onto the diving platform. Klaus is pouring fuel from a gasoline can into the tank on a Zodiak motorboat. Zissou sighs.

ZISSOU

Klaus, take down those interns mailing addresses and make sure they all get fanny packs. Hartwell and Kent.

EXT. HARBOR. DAY

Pelé drives Zissou to the marina in the Zodiak.

EXT. PORT-AU-PATOIS. DAY

A deeply impoverished tropical island. There are beggars and children and soldiers with machine-guns. Zissou and a small, Filipino driver race through a shanty-town in a taxi with two Port-au-Patois flags on the corners of the hood.

EXT. VILLA. DAY

A large house on the shore with a woven bamboo and grass roof. There are gardens, palm trees, and a goldfish pond. A collection of small chrome buildings, observation towers, and a geodesic dome surround the main structure. Zissou's taxi waits in the road. Zissou knocks on the ornately carved front door. He watches some tiny black frogs leaping around on the path doing little back-flips. Hennessey Villa is written on the pavement beneath them in chrome mosaic tile.

Eleanor opens the door. She is dressed in a black leotard and pink tights with a cream-colored scarf wrapped around her waist. Her hair is tied back into a knot, and loose strands stick to the sweat on her forehead. Classical music plays loudly from the next room.

ELEANOR

Oh, shit. What do you want?

ZISSOU

Do you mind if I butter you up a little before I answer that question?

ELEANOR

Yes, I do. Tell me now.

ZISSOU

I need some money to get the boat out of hock and rescue my bond company stooge who got kidnapped. Could we ask your parents to loan it to me?

ELEANOR

No.

ZISSOU

(pause)

OK. Could I go ahead and butter you up, anyway? It took me two and half hours to get out here.

INT. VILLA. DAY

Zissou follows Eleanor through a hallway into a living room with grass-mat floors, chaises-longues, and oil lamps. There are photographs of Hennessey with various celebrities and dignitaries on the walls. The sun is setting on the ocean outside. Eleanor turns down the volume on the stereo.

A tall Spanish man in a leotard waits in the next room stretching with one foot on a table. Zissou sees him and frowns. He points at the Spanish man.

ZISSOU

Who's that dude?

ELEANOR

Oh. That's my research assistant, Javier. Javier, te presento Steve.

The Spanish man stands up and shakes Zissou's hand. He and Eleanor exchange a few words in Spanish, and the Spanish man goes outside. Zissou watches out the window as the Spanish man runs down the stairs peeling off his leotard. Zissou sighs.

Zissou bends down to examine a twenty-year-old picture of Eleanor and Hennessey sharing a bellini in a gondola on the Grand Canal in Venice.

ZISSOU

I'd be jealous about you staying at Allie's place, except I've always thought he was kind of a closet queer.

Eleanor and Zissou sit across from each other in two wicker settees. There is a table in between them covered with Eleanor's notes, charts, diagrams, and pictures of different

species of penguin. There is also a manuscript entitled Classic Penguins by Eleanor Zissou.

Eleanor takes out a brown cigarette, puts it in her mouth, and lights it.

ELEANOR

How's your father-son relationship coming along?

ZISSOU

The sub-plot? Oh, you mean in real life. Yeah, I think I've become something of a father-figure to Ned. Or, at the very least, he's my half-son.

ELEANOR

(hesitates)

Half-son?

ZISSOU

Well, nobody has a lock on any of this, so I'm not sure how it all times out. I mean, I want him to think of me like a father, but the fact that there's an outside chance he really could be my actual biological son makes it --
(struggling)
-- very difficult for me.

Eleanor nods. A yellow and green lizard darts onto the arm of Zissou's settee. He lets it crawl onto his hand. The lizard looks at him and yawns. Zissou sighs.

ZISSOU

You know I'm not big on apologizing, so I'll just skip it, if it's all the same to you.

ELEANOR

OK.

ZISSOU

Anyway, I'm sorry. I know I haven't been at my best this past decade.

ELEANOR

(gently)

That's true, but let's just say it's all right and -- leave it be.

Pause. Zissou flicks the lizard onto the floor and walks outside.

EXT. TERRACE. DAY

Dusk. The balcony of Villa Hennessey looks out over a cliff high above the sea. The Spanish man exercises on another balcony below. Zissou stands at the railing and says sadly:

ZISSOU

What happened to me? Did I lose my talent? Am I ever going to be good again?

Eleanor comes out to join Zissou. She smokes a brown cigarette.

ELEANOR

I don't know.

ZISSOU

Well, it doesn't matter, anyway. This is probably the last adventure I've got in me. I was hoping to go out in a flash of blazes, but now I think I'll just head home -- unless you're planning to sell the island.

ELEANOR

(pause)

I wonder how much I could get for it?

ZISSOU

In this market? Oh, Eleanor.

(sighs)

You were probably right, all along. We should've had a kid together. Of course, you were kind of already on the edge of being too old, but I guess maybe that's a cop-out.

ELEANOR

It's worse than a cop-out. I was thirty-four.

Zissou nods. He takes out a joint and puts it in his mouth. He says sincerely:

ZISSOU

It's good to see you, Eleanor.

ELEANOR

You, too.

Zissou leans forward and lights his joint off the cigarette in Eleanor's mouth.

INT. NED'S CABIN. NIGHT

The Belafonte. Ned's room is dark. The door opens. Zissou comes in and closes it behind him. He looks at Ned and Jane asleep in the bunk. He says quietly:

ZISSOU

I'm about to blow my stack. I turn my back, and the bullshit begins.

Ned opens his eyes. He sits up quickly.

ZISSOU

Ned, you're a scumbag.

Zissou turns on the lights. Jane wakes up.

ZISSOU

And, Jane, you're a goddamn liar.

JANE

(furious)

What the fuck are you doing in here?

ZISSOU

What the f are you doing in here? I warned you before about being in the wrong cabins. You were supposed to go home.

JANE

Well, you convinced me to stay and finish the story.

ZISSOU

(pause)

Is it still the cover?

JANE

(angrily)

I don't fucking know.

Ned gets out of bed. He wears white boxer shorts. He puts on his Team Zissou pants.

ZISSOU

Don't you dare put on that uniform.

NED

(hesitates)

It's all I have with me.

ZISSOU

I told you I have a little bit of a thing
for her, dammit. Not this one, I said.

NED

You said, Not this one, Klaus.

ZISSOU

(points to Ned)
So you heard me.

JANE

You're too old for me, Steve.

ZISSOU

(pause)
Well, you're pregnant!

JANE

I don't respect either one of you,
anyway.

ZISSOU

(thrown)
Well, I know why you don't respect me,
but why don't you respect him -- because
he didn't hit me when I burst in here?
(to Ned)
I'll tell you one thing: you never
would've gotten away with calling me a
scumbag in my cabin.

NED

I never would've wanted to.

JANE

I meant you and Klaus. He's been a dick
to Ned.

ZISSOU

(pause)
You're right. What's the deal with that?

NED

(to Zissou)
May I have a word with you privately?

Pause. Zissou shouts:

ZISSOU

Yeah!

Zissou and Ned go out the door and close it behind them. Klaus stands at the end of the hallway in his striped pajamas.

KLAUS
Are you two fighting?

ZISSOU
I'll deal with you later!
(to Ned)
Follow me.

Ned follows Zissou up the stairs.

NED
Look, Steve. I know we both like her, and you're angry and embarrassed, but --

ZISSOU
You think that's what this is about? Shit, Ned. What's that bull-dyke been telling you?

NED
(suddenly)
All right. I'm going to warn you now. Be a gentleman.

Zissou and Ned walk down a corridor into the library. The intern with curly black hair and his arm in a sling sits on a sofa reading a copy of Oceanographic Explorer with a picture of Hennessey on the cover. Zissou sees him and frowns.

ZISSOU
What are you doing here? I thought all you interns walked out on me.

INTERN
I want to help you find that shark.

ZISSOU
(defiantly)
Goddammit!

Zissou grips the intern's shoulder. The intern grimaces and cries out in agony. Zissou lets go of him.

ZISSOU
Thank you, intern. You're getting an A.

Zissou and Ned walk out of the library and go up another set of stairs.

NED
His name's Nico.

ZISSOU
(confused)
Who?

Zissou and Ned walk through the laboratory and go into the kitchen. Vikram stands in the pantry door with a camera on his shoulder. Ned sees him.

NED
Hello, Vikram.

Zissou turns and sees Vikram filming them. He screams:

ZISSOU
Give me that camera! I'm going to smash
it over your head!

Zissou lunges at Vikram. Vikram ducks out the back of the pantry and disappears around the corner. Zissou yells:

ZISSOU
Cut!

Zissou and Ned walk through the chart room and up another set of stairs.

ZISSOU
I misread you, man. I'm going to have to
re-think some shit.

NED
(offended)
You don't know me. You never wanted to
know me. I'm just a character in your
film.

ZISSOU
(hesitates)
It's a documentary. It's all really
happening.

NED
Well, damn you for that.

Zissou looks confounded. He shakes it off. He and Ned go out the door, onto the main deck. Pelé sits by the railing strumming his guitar. Ogata and Renzo are with him. Zissou yells:

ZISSOU

Go to sleep, you sons of bitches!

Ogata, Pelé, and Renzo look startled but make no move to go. Pause. Zissou turns away and climbs up the ladder to the top of the look-out tower. Ned follows him.

They stand high above the ship in silence.

ZISSOU

That pregnant slut's been playing us like a cheap fiddle.

Pause. Ned says in a steely voice:

NED

That's it. I'm going to fight you, Steve.

Zissou feints to one side and sucker-punches Ned in the face. Ned hits the floor. Zissou shakes his head.

ZISSOU

You never say, I'm going to fight you, Steve. You just smile and act natural -- and then you sucker-punch him.

Ned stands up and stares at Zissou.

NED

You fight your way, and I'll fight mine.

ZISSOU

(patronizing)
Listen, Ned. Don't try to --

Ned sucker-punches Zissou in the face. Zissou hits the floor. He puts his finger to his lip and shows Ned a drop of blood.

ZISSOU

I think your Team Zissou ring might've caught me on the lip.

Ned takes off his ring and puts it into his pocket. Jane comes out onto the tower and stands behind Ned, chewing gum. Zissou gets up. He says simply:

ZISSOU

You call yourself my son, but I just don't see it.

(shrugs)
It's nothing personal.

Ned looks wounded. Zissou points at Jane and snaps:

ZISSOU
What do you want?

Pause. Jane blows a bubble, then pops it back into her mouth.
She says calmly:

JANE
Nothing.

ZISSOU
(annoyed)
That's so arrogant. That's -- screw off!

Jane shrugs. Ned shakes his head and says, humiliated:

NED
I can't believe I asked if I could call
you Dad. What was I thinking? Of course,
you said no.

ZISSOU
(pause)
I let you call me Steevsy. It sounds
better.

NED
(exploding)
It doesn't mean the same thing!

Silence. Zissou looks disturbed. Jane puts her arms around
Ned's waist. Ned says quietly:

NED
I hadn't planned to mention this, but
just to set the record straight: a week
before she killed herself, my mother told
me you'd known about me since the day I
was born. Is that a fact?
(long pause)
Answer me! Is that a fact?

ZISSOU
That's a fact.

NED
I didn't come looking for you because I
wanted to join your crew. I ought to have
stayed in Kentucky, where I belong --
(suddenly)
-- and now I've made a fool of myself.

Ned turns away sadly. The three-legged dog starts barking crazily on the deck below. Zissou frowns. He goes over to the railing and looks down.

Eleanor stands with her suitcases and a steel briefcase at the prow of the ship over a ladder that comes up from the water. A harbor taxi idles alongside the Belafonte. Eleanor points at the dog and says sternly:

ELEANOR

Quiet!

The dog stops barking and sits. Eleanor looks up to Zissou, Ned, and Jane on the look-out tower. She shouts:

ELEANOR

Somebody pay for this water taxi!

Pause. Zissou says to Ned:

ZISSOU

You got any petty cash on you?

INT. CARGO HOLD. NIGHT

The entire crew sits around Zissou and Eleanor at a folding table with Eleanor's steel briefcase open in front of them. It is filled with neatly stacked 100 dollar bills. Eleanor has a telephone receiver to her ear, listening. Ned stands alone in the corner.

ZISSOU

Klaus, remind me to send Eleanor's parents a thank-you note on the good correspondence stock.

Klaus nods. Eleanor addresses the group:

ELEANOR

This is the message we received earlier tonight on our answering machine at Pescespada Island.

Eleanor places the receiver on a cradle connected to a speakerphone. Bill's voice comes over the line. There are jungle sounds and static on it.

BILL (V.O.)

Bill Ubell, here. I'm on a pay-phone.

INSERT:

The answering machine at Pescespada Island. There is a photograph of the original Team Zissou, with Zissou and Esteban front and center, on the wall behind it.

BILL (V.O.)

I'm still blindfolded, and my arms are bound, but a young boy has been kind enough to assist me. There's not much chance I'll get another opportunity to call, so I thought I'd ask if --

(suddenly)

No, no, I'm just talking to my wife! Our daughter's graduating from high school and --

Bill switches into rapid Indonesian and the line goes dead.

CUT TO:

The cargo hold. Eleanor hangs up the speakerphone.

ZISSOU

Well, thanks for checking in, Bill. Maybe next time you could let us know where you're at.

ELEANOR

Based on the quality of the connection, the variety of the wildlife in the background, and the elapsed time between Mr. Ubell's capture and this message -- there's a good chance he's on one of the Ping Islands.

Eleanor unfolds a map of the area onto the table. She indicates a circle with her finger around a cluster of tiny islands.

ELEANOR

There was once a four-star hotel on Little Ping, but the entire island was destroyed by monsoon five years ago. It's been uninhabited ever since.

Zissou sighs. He shakes his head.

ZISSOU

I know the place. Hotel Citroën. Cubbie, I want to go on the record.

(with admiration)

Eleanor's always been the brains behind Team Zissou. By the way, are you going to
(more)

ZISSOU(cont'd)

put in a good description of the command center I set up down here?

Jane ignores this question. Zissou turns to the rest of the crew.

ZISSOU

Well, are we clear, gang? Set a course for Little Ping Island, full-speed ahead.

NED

(coldly)

You'll need to hire a team of mechanics and re-build the engine first, of course.

ZISSOU

(hesitates)

I know. I'm saying, after that.

Ned walks out of the room. Zissou and Eleanor stand aside as the meeting breaks up.

ELEANOR

Just because I've decided to save your neck again and help you do this rescue doesn't mean you've won me back.

ZISSOU

(quietly)

OK.

Wolodarsky sits at the radar monitor across the room. A blip glows near the center of the screen.

INT. GALLEY. NIGHT

Eleanor cooks grilled cheese sandwiches with sardines on the stove. Jane sits at the kitchen table drinking a glass of milk. They both wear bathrobes. Ned stands on deck outside the window smoking his pipe, looking out across the harbor.

Eleanor sees Jane watching Ned affectionately. Pause. She points to him with a spatula.

ELEANOR

I think Ned's the politest person I've met in my life.

Jane nods and smiles sadly. Eleanor brings over the sandwiches and sits down next to her.

JANE

Thanks.

Eleanor nods. She points at Jane's stomach.

ELEANOR
Is the father out of the picture?

JANE
Uh-huh. I was actually kind of terrified
to have this baby --
(realizing)
-- but right now I'm not really scared of
anything.
(pause)
Maybe it's my hormones.

ELEANOR
That makes sense.

JANE
What's going to happen to you and Steve?

ELEANOR
(shrugs)
Nobody knows.

Eleanor goes to the refrigerator and gets a pitcher of milk. She refills Jane's glass. She sits back down and stares at Jane for a minute. She says finally:

ELEANOR
I'm going to tell you something confidentially, which won't be mentioned again. I'm pretty sure I'm the only person that can say this, including Steve. Never mind how I found out -- I'm a scientist. It's the thing that puzzles me about Ned's situation.

JANE
What is it?

ELEANOR
Zissou shoots blanks.

JANE
(hesitates)
Uh-huh.

ELEANOR
(pause)
I think maybe it's because he's spent half his life underwater.

Jane nods thoughtfully. She looks to Ned outside.

CUT TO:

Ned staring into the distance. Jane and Eleanor watch him through the kitchen porthole in the background. Ned extinguishes his pipe and shakes out the ashes. Little sparks float around him. He slips the pipe into his pocket and goes inside.

INT. CUTTING ROOM. DAY

Zissou, Renzo, and Wolodarsky sit at the flat-bed editing console.

ZISSOU

Let's try track three against picture.

Wolodarsky presses play on a reel-to-reel tape recorder. A piece of brooding, suspenseful electronic music begins. Renzo rolls the film.

INSERT:

The screen of the flat-bed.

The first image is of Ogata, alert in the observation bubble, looking out as the ship barely slips by among the tangled branches of a coral reef. He says something into a walkie-talkie.

ZISSOU (V.O.)

A treacherous reef surrounds the Ping Islands, warning intruders to keep their distance.

INT. BRIDGE. DAY

Zissou listens by walkie-talkie on the bridge. He gives a command to Pelé. Pelé quickly spins the wheel.

ZISSOU (V.O.)

Today, we discover one of its victims off the coast of Ping Three.

EXT. OCEAN. DAY

The Belafonte slowly approaches the smoldering wreckage of Hennessey's research vessel, half-sunken in the bay. It looks deserted. The crew of the Belafonte watches, frightened and disturbed. Zissou smiles slightly.

ZISSOU (V.O.)
Our colleague Alistair Hennessey and his
crew are nowhere to be found.

EXT. RESEARCH VESSEL. DAY

Zissou poses for the camera standing on the prow of Hennessey's ship, which juts vertically out of the water. He has a determined look on his face. He gives a thumbs-up.

ZISSOU (V.O.)
We will land at dawn.

CUT TO:

Wolodarsky turning a knob on the tape recorder. The music fades out. Renzo stops the film. Zissou nods. He looks to Wolodarsky and says in a determined voice:

ZISSOU
Not bad. We'll temp it with that, anyway.

Wolodarsky looks pleased.

EXT. BEACH. DAY

Dawn. A forgotten beach with demolished cabanas and tattered umbrellas stuck in the sand. A torn poster with an image of the resort as it once was hangs rustling on a crooked board. The sea is calm at low tide. The three-legged dog paddles in from the surf and walks onto the beach. It shakes the water off itself.

The head of a diver in a mask and a Team Zissou wet suit pops up out of the ocean inside the breakers. Seven other divers emerge one by one and advance on the shore.

The first diver to reach land takes off his mask. He is Zissou. He scans the tree-line with a spear-gun at the ready. He lets out a wild yelp. Ned, Klaus, Ogata, Renzo, Pelé, and Wolodarsky take off their masks and aqualungs. They check their Glocks. Pelé helps Wolodarsky inspect a bundle of dynamite. Vikram films the scene.

Zissou sees the dog digging in the sand. He whistles.

ZISSOU
Cody!

The dog goes over to Zissou. Zissou and his team run into the jungle.

EXT. MARSH. DAY

Zissou leads his team through a rice paddy and emerges from the mud among a herd of grazing water buffaloes. He looks at his ankle and frowns. He pulls off a leech.

ZISSOU

Oh, shit! Swamp leeches! Everybody! Check for swamp leeches and pull them off of you!

Zissou pulls leeches off his arms, hands, feet, and neck. The others check, but no one else has been bitten. Zissou begins to notice this.

ZISSOU

Nobody else got hit? What's the deal? I'm the only one?

The others shrug and shake their heads. Zissou seems annoyed. Wolodarsky pulls a leech from behind Zissou's ear. He examines it closely and touches it with his tongue. He puts it into a tiny, Zip-loc specimen bag. Zissou looks at him like he is insane. Wolodarsky explains:

WOLODARSKY

These have curative properties.

ZISSOU

(hesitates)

Well, yeah, I know, but they probably taste like shit.

Zissou whistles, and they continue through the jungle.

CUT TO:

The seven divers and the dog hidden in the bushes on the edge of a clearing with their Glocks out and ready. A five-story cement hotel that looks like a bunker stands across from them. It is overgrown with vines and trees, and most of its windows have been smashed out. There is an empty, Olympic-sized swimming pool with dirty water and algae at the bottom. Small monkeys run and swing on branches in the courtyard. A destroyed golf cart lies on its side, partially buried, with a red and white striped snake winding around its steering wheel. A sign above the front entrance says Hotel Citroën.

Zissou shakes his head. He says sadly:

ZISSOU

What a shame. They had a bartender here, Kino, made the best rum cannonball I ever tasted.

Zissou sighs. He turns to Vikram.

ZISSOU

You ready, Vikram?

Vikram holds up his light meter and takes a reading. He nods. Zissou looks to everyone else and shrugs.

ZISSOU

Should we do this?

No one responds. Zissou runs out into the clearing. His group follows him in single-file around the side of the hotel. They cut across a deserted tennis court with a fallen net and plants growing out of it. They quickly climb a chain-link fence and drop down into a desolate rose garden. They go inside through the service entrance.

INT. HOTEL. DAY

Zissou and his team run through the kitchen, down a back corridor, and up the fire stairs, anxiously checking every closet and corner. They hand-signal to each other elaborately and continuously.

EXT. HOTEL. DAY

Zissou and his team come out onto the roof. Zissou cocks his head to one side abruptly. He licks his pinky and holds it up in the air. He nods.

ZISSOU

The barometer's falling. It's going to rain in five minutes. We got to be quick.

OGATA

Well, where are they?

ZISSOU

Unknown. Split into two groups. I'll take Ned, Ogata, and Wolodarsky.

KLAUS

(hurt)

Thanks. Thanks a lot for not picking me.

Klaus walks away to the edge of the roof, shaking his head, with his back to the group. Zissou sighs. He goes over to Klaus and stands behind him.

ZISSOU

We're smack in the middle of a lightning strike rescue op, Klaus. What's the deal?

Klaus shrugs and says without looking back to Zissou:

KLAUS

I'm sick of being on B-squad.

ZISSOU

(surprised)

Listen, you may be on B-squad, but you're the B-squad leader.

Zissou punches Klaus gently in the back. Klaus turns around. There are tears in his eyes. Zissou continues:

ZISSOU

Don't you know me and Esteban always thought of you as our baby brother?

Klaus nods. He shakes his head. He says, choked up:

KLAUS

I always thought of you two as my dads. Please, don't let anyone make fun of me for saying so.

Zissou hesitates. He hugs Klaus.

ZISSOU

I can't guarantee that, Klausie, but I'll try. Can we get on with the maneuvers now?

There is a flash of lightning, then a thunderclap. Everyone looks up at the sky.

CUT TO:

Zissou, Ned, Ogata, and Wolodarsky running silently down a corridor. They open each hotel room and look inside with their guns drawn. Zissou shouts:

ZISSOU

You got something?

WOLODARSKY

Not yet!

CUT TO:

Klaus, Pelé, Renzo, and Vikram racing across a balcony along the front of the building. They peer into the windows. Klaus yells:

KLAUS

Anybody see anybody?

PELÉ

Empty!

CUT TO:

Zissou and his group convene with Klaus and the others at the top of the main staircase above the lobby.

ZISSOU

Klaus? Pirates?

KLAUS

Zip. I think this whole place is deserted.

ZISSOU

Shit! We played a bum hunch. Fuck! OK, let's not get down on ourselves. There's still two more Ping Islands to check out, except I don't know if we got enough gas to get there. Dammit, Steve!

(depressed)

This sucks. I'm disappointed in myself.

Zissou sighs. He surveys the lobby below. It is filled with trash, overturned furniture, and a huge chandelier which has crashed onto the floor. The entire room appears to have been underwater at some point, and there are shells and seaweed everywhere. The concierge desk remains intact. It has started to rain outside. Zissou says quietly:

ZISSOU

My first wife, Jacqueline, and I spent our honeymoon here.

(pause)

Things are pretty different now.

Zissou turns to Ned beside him. Ned looks to Zissou uncertainly. Zissou takes a deep breath. He motions down the stairs and says loudly to the rest of the group:

ZISSOU

All right. Let's check out.

Zissou starts down the staircase. He immediately slips on the slick marble and tumbles hard, bouncing and rolling all the way down to the lobby. He lies on his back, sprawled out on the wet paisley carpet.

Everyone races down after Zissou. They circle around him. Vikram is filming. Zissou says calmly:

ZISSOU

Did you get that, Vikram?

VIKRAM

(hesitates)

Uh -- yeah.

ZISSOU

Good. We'll give them the reality this time.

(utterly defeated)

A washed up old man with no friends, no distribution deal, wife on the rocks, people laughing at him, feeling sorry for himself. Up until now we had a documentary about me being a shitty person --

(almost pleased)

-- but now it's actually sad. Can I have a word alone with my son, please?

Everyone moves away leaving Ned kneeling over Zissou.

NED

Are you all right?

ZISSOU

Not really. By the way, thanks for saving my life when that trunk was about to fall off the luggage rack and cold-cock me.

NED

(pause)

It probably wouldn't've killed you.

ZISSOU

Well, it would've left a hell of a knot. I've been trying to think of a nick-name that might mean the right thing. I came up with Papa-Steve.

Ned hesitates. He nods sadly. He helps Zissou to his feet.

ZISSOU

I'm sorry I never acknowledged your existence all those years. It won't happen again. I mean it.

Zissou puts his hand around the back of Ned's neck.

ZISSOU

You are my son to me. Almost more so. See, for me to meet a guy like you at this time in my life, it's just --

Zissou starts to say something more, but stops. He looks down at the floor and shrugs.

ZISSOU

I don't know. I want to communicate my feelings to you, but I think I might start to cry.

NED

(gently)
That's OK.

Klaus rings the bell at the reception desk on the other side of the lobby. Zissou and Ned look at him. He points to an open closet and says in a loud stage-whisper:

KLAUS

Something's in the coat-check.

INT. COAT-CHECK. DAY

A few faded wind-breakers and topcoats hang from a rod. Zissou tries a knob on a door at the back of the room. It is locked. He knocks lightly and ducks away around the corner with his gun poised. There is a quiet tapping and squeaking from behind the door.

Zissou motions to Ogata. Ogata hands him a crowbar. Zissou cracks open the door and looks inside.

INT. LAUNDRY ROOM. DAY

There are rows of rusted and dilapidated washing machines and electric dryers along the walls. Bill sits with Hennessey's Japanese television crew on folding metal chairs. They are tied up and blindfolded, with duct tape over their mouths. They look starved and half-conscious, and have been beaten severely.

Zissou runs over to Bill. He says hopefully:

ZISSOU

Billy? You OK?

Zissou undoes Bill's blindfold and carefully pulls the tape off his mouth. Bill says immediately in a parched, cracking voice:

BILL

Did you get my message?

ZISSOU

Yeah. It was kind of garbled.

Ned and Klaus untie the Japanese television crew, who look disoriented and terrified. Zissou says to Bill:

ZISSOU

Where is everybody? When was the last time you heard from these screwballs?

BILL

(pause)

Honestly? You lose track of time.

CUT TO:

Zissou and his group supporting Bill and the Japanese television crew as they exit the building. Zissou stands at the revolving door, pushing it as each person goes through. He follows them out. He stops suddenly.

There are ten fresh graves lined up in a row next to the front door. An Operation Hennessey hat hangs from a make-shift cross on each mound of dirt. Everyone waits in silence. They look shocked. Klaus says nervously:

KLAUS

Jesus. These pirates are monsters.

ZISSOU

(hesitates)

Well, yeah, but remember I shot one of their guys in the neck last week and killed him, so I think we're OK, too.

(suddenly)

Where's Cody?

INT. HOTEL. DAY

Zissou comes back inside through the revolving door. He sees the three-legged dog across the lobby, near the bottom of the stairs, staring transfixed at a door, growling.

Zissou frowns. He yells:

ZISSOU

Cody?

The dog does not respond. Pause. Zissou walks slowly toward him. Ned watches from outside through a glass door. Zissou stands over the dog. He opens the door.

Fifteen Indonesian men sit at a table smoking cigarettes and playing cards in an abandoned ballroom. There are dollars, euros, rupees, and yen crumpled and tossed in front of them. Three other men cook turtle soup and rice over cans of Sterno. Another twenty-five or thirty men stand around with shot-glasses in their hands. There are rifles, pistols, and machetes strewn across the tables and floor. There are cans of fuel and crates of stolen food and clothing stacked along the walls. There are piles of watches, television sets, pornographic videotapes, jewelry, and bottles of liquor.

The pirates are all staring at Zissou. Hennessey sits among them holding a hand of cards in front of him. His hair has been shorn off, and there are cuts and scratches all over his scalp and face. He has lost several teeth. He hesitates.

HENNESSEY

Steven, are you rescuing me?

Pause. Zissou nods reluctantly. Hennessey looks deeply touched. He drops his cards on the table and says to the pirates:

HENNESSEY

Fold.

(to Zissou)

What's our next move?

Zissou hesitates. A pirate across the table shoots Hennessey. Hennessey is knocked down flat on the floor. Zissou grimaces in horror. He ducks behind the staircase and struggles to get his Glock out of its holster. The rest of the pirates scramble, grabbing weapons and shooting. Zissou shoots back.

EXT. HOTEL. DAY

The rain is coming down hard. Ned stands outside watching through the glass door as the gunfire starts inside. His eyes widen. He turns to Klaus and yells:

NED

Klaus, bring the dynamite!

Klaus grabs the bundle of dynamite from Pelé. He and Ned run into the lobby through the revolving door. The dog darts out while it is still spinning.

Bill, Ogata, Renzo, Pelé, Wolodarsky, and the Japanese television crew stand frozen at the edge of the empty swimming pool. The shooting inside bursts into a frenzy. Ogata and Pelé exchange a look. They draw their Glocks. There is a large explosion inside the hotel.

Pause. Zissou, Ned, and Klaus run out, dragging Hennessey, who limps and hops. They are all completely covered in black soot, and Klaus is on fire. Hennessey is bloody. Smoke pours from the lobby through the revolving door. Klaus rapidly peels off the top of his burning wet suit. His skin is clean and white beneath it. He stamps out the flames. Zissou shouts:

ZISSOU

They're in there, after all! Run! Go!
Move! Now!

Zissou and his group sprint panicking back into the jungle.

EXT. JUNGLE. DAY

Zissou leads everyone across a narrow footbridge over a gorge. He says to Hennessey as they run:

ZISSOU

Vikram got some great footage of your boat out there. I guess it's totalled, huh?

HENNESSEY

Perhaps, but we're extremely well-insured. I'll probably come out ahead, in the end -- although we'll obviously have to crew-up from scratch next time.

(quietly)

They made soup out of my research turtles.

Zissou sees a half-destroyed poster for the Ping Invitational pasted-up at the end of the bridge next to a sign pointing to the ninth hole. He shakes his head.

ZISSOU

The ninth was a long four, but you had to hook it short before the bluff or you'd end up skipping out into that rice paddy.

A bullet zings past Zissou. He looks back. The pirates emerge shooting from the other side of the gorge. Pelé takes a bullet in the shoulder but keeps running. Zissou and his group duck behind an embankment. They exchange a volley of gunfire with the pirates. Zissou yells:

ZISSOU

Ogata, do some first aid on Pelé!
Klausie! Ned-o! Dig in and hold these
rustlers off while I call in the rendez-
vous! We'll meet on the beach!

Zissou signals for the others to run. He starts to go himself but hesitates. He points to Ned and Klaus.

ZISSOU

You're A-squad!

Klaus gives Zissou an annoyed look. He and Ned continue the gunfight as Zissou takes off.

EXT. BEACH. DAY

The skinny, thirteen-year-old Indonesian boy sits alone cooking a sea-crab on a spit over a campfire in the sand. He hears gunfire from the jungle and looks up quickly. He frowns. He picks up a machete.

Zissou races out of the trees. He shouts into a walkie-talkie:

ZISSOU

Renzo! Renzo! Renzo! Anybody! Hello?
Hello?

Zissou frowns at the walkie-talkie. He shouts to Wolodarsky behind him:

ZISSOU

This gizmo's out of juice!

Wolodarsky grabs the walkie-talkie out of Zissou's hands and looks at it. He smashes it onto the ground. Zissou sees the boy on the beach. He points his spear-gun at him. The boy stands up slowly as a look of panic comes over his face.

Bill puts his hand in front of Zissou's spear-gun and says with emotion:

BILL

That's Cédric. He's a friend.

Bill waves to the boy. The boy waves back with his machete.
Zissou says wistfully:

ZISSOU
Merci, Cédric.
(to Bill)
Remind me, we'll send him a red cap and
Speedo.

EXT. MARINA. DAY

Zissou runs onto a deserted pier, followed by the rest of his group. There is a large fishing boat moored near the shore. The pirates' speedboat sits tied at the end of the dock. Zissou yells to Pelé:

ZISSOU
Grab the keys out of that fishing boat
and throw them in the water! No, wait!
They might have a spare set! Just blow it
up!

Pelé nods. He has a tourniquet on his arm. He climbs onto the fishing boat and runs inside. Zissou directs everyone else to board the speedboat. He gets in after them. Bill freezes. He stares at something on deck at the prow. Zissou goes over to him and looks.

The yellow safe from the Belafonte sits in front of them.

Ogata starts the speedboat's motor. Pelé runs from the fishing boat, down the dock, and jumps into the speedboat. The sounds of yelling and shooting grow louder from the jungle. Wolodarsky administers to Hennessey's and Pelé's bullet wounds. Zissou looks to the beach.

Ned and Klaus sprint out of the jungle, firing back over their shoulders. Zissou opens fire at the trees to cover them. Ned and Klaus throw themselves onto the speedboat. Klaus guns it, and they pull away from the dock. Zissou says to Ned:

ZISSOU
Well, it looks like we recovered your
inheritance.

Zissou motions to the safe. Ned nods, breathing heavily. Zissou kneels down and spins the dial left and right. He opens the safe. There is large hole blown in the back, and the ocean is beyond it. The safe is empty. Ned's face appears in the hole. He looks at Zissou through the safe.

ZISSOU

All right. That's it. I'm retired.

Ned frowns. He shakes his head. He motions for Zissou to come toward him. Zissou leans into the safe. Ned whispers in the darkness -- with a strange metallic echo magnifying his voice:

NED

This might not be the right time or place to discuss this, Papa-Steve, but we've still got a shark to wrestle, and --

ZISSOU

(curiously)

The acoustics are unbelievable in here. Testing! Testing!

Ned hesitates. The fishing boat explodes near the shore behind them. Zissou pulls himself out of the safe and runs to the back of the speedboat. He makes a congratulatory gesture to Pelé. Pelé shrugs sheepishly. Zissou suddenly spots the three-legged dog stands alone at the end of the pier, wagging its tail, watching them.

ZISSOU

Oh, no! We got to go back and get --

Zissou turns around to his passengers. They all look at him -- blackened, bloody, and shell-shocked. Zissou sighs. He turns away again to look at the dog as it recedes behind them. He waves to it and says quietly:

ZISSOU

Good-bye, Cody.

The pirates begin to appear on the beach in the distance one by one as the speedboat races away from the marina. A Zodiac motorboat pulls up alongside them. Eleanor is at the wheel, with the curly-black-haired intern beside her. She waves to Zissou enthusiastically. Zissou shrugs. Ogata throws a rubber ring at one of the dolphin scouts swimming with the Zodiac. The dolphin catches the ring on its nose. The sound of a helicopter fades-in under the scene.

INT. HELICOPTER. DAY

Ned flies Zissou's chopper low over the ocean. He wears a Team Zissou flight-suit. Zissou sits in the seat beside him looking out with his boy scout binoculars. They speak in voice-over:

NED (V.O.)

See, this represents the Belafonte, and here's Pescospada Island, and this circle represents friendship, and the K here stands for Klaus.

CUT TO:

Zissou, Ned, and Klaus standing on the deck of the Belafonte looking down at something in front of them. Zissou looks depressed. Ned has a needle and thread in one hand and a pair of scissors in the other. The sound of the chopper continues under the scene.

Klaus turns to Ned suddenly. He seems moved.

KLAUS

Where's your symbol, Ned?

NED

(hesitates)

Oh, I didn't want to impose myself.

ZISSOU

(sadly)

Klaus is right. The flag needs a Ned symbol.

NED

(pleased)

Well, I suppose I could put an N on the side of this octopus.

ZISSOU

(pointing)

What's that stand for over there?

CUT TO:

Zissou and Ned flying in the helicopter. They speak in voice-over:

NED (V.O.)

That's Esteban.

CUT TO:

The cargo hold. An extremely large number of electronic parts are scattered across a tarp on the floor. Zissou and Wolodarsky stand together in front of the disassembled scanning monitor. Sparks and smoke come out of it. The sound of the chopper continues under the scene.

WOLODARSKY

It was working OK until late last night, but now the whole tracking system's gone completely on the fritz.

ZISSOU

Screw it. We'll sell it for scrap, along with the boat and the submarines. I'm going home.

CUT TO:

Ned pulling Zissou aside in the stairwell. The sound of the chopper continues under the scene. Ned says firmly:

NED

Let's take up the chopper and see what we find out there, anyway. I've got a feeling we can spot this fish from a hundred and eleven feet up.

ZISSOU

(defeated)

Ned, I don't know if I ever even saw this bastard.

NED

(raising his voice)

I have \$275,000 invested in this damn production. Something ate Esteban, didn't it? Now lead!

Zissou looks at Ned curiously. Ned hesitates. He says hopefully:

NED

Right?

Ned puts out his hand, palm down.

NED

Right?

Ned throws his hand up into the air.

NED

Ho!

CUT TO:

Zissou and Ned flying in the helicopter. Zissou signals for Ned to alter their course. Ned nods.

CUT TO:

Ned's cabin. The sound of the chopper continues under the scene. Ned zips up his Team Zissou flight-suit and ties the laces on his boots. An envelope slips under the door into his room. He picks it up and looks at it. He smiles. Zissou says in voice-over:

ZISSOU (V.O.)
What's that?

CUT TO:

Zissou and Ned coming out onto the upper deck of the Belafonte. The sound of the chopper continues under the scene. Ned wears a helmet with his flight-suit. He is reading his letter, smiling, as he and Zissou walk toward the helicopter platform.

NED
A letter from Jane.

ZISSOU
(hesitates)
What does she say?

NED
(wistfully)
Nothing to speak of.

Ned waves to Jane standing in the wind on the look-out tower. Hennessey and Bill are beside her. Hennessey is shirtless, with a large bandage over his mid-section. Jane smiles down at Ned and waves back to him.

CUT TO:

Zissou and Ned flying in the helicopter. Ned and Klaus shout in voice-over:

KLAUS (V.O.)
Thank you for putting me on the flag,
Ned!

NED (V.O.)
Of course, Klaus! It was my pleasure!

CUT TO:

Ned sitting in the chopper with the motor running. Zissou is beside him. Klaus stands crouched over outside Ned's door. He holds Ned's arm and yells earnestly over the sound of the engine:

KLAUS
Yeah, but you stitched me onto the
dolphin, and I want you to know how much
it means to me!

NED
Well, I'm very pleased you liked it!

KLAUS
(sharply)
You're not listening to me! I didn't just
like it!

Klaus hesitates. He salutes Ned formally. Pause.

KLAUS
Do you understand?

CUT TO:

Zissou and Ned flying in the helicopter. Ned shouts gratefully in voice-over:

NED (V.O.)
Yes, I do! Thank you, Klaus!

Zissou reaches into his pocket and takes out an old, beaten up envelope. He yells to Ned:

ZISSOU
I've still got yours, of course!

NED
(confused)
My what?

Zissou takes a letter out of the envelope. He unfolds it and hands it to Ned.

INSERT:

A worn and faded typewritten note on graph paper. A young boy reads it in voice-over.

Dear Captain Zissou,
I am 12 years old and live in Jawbone, Kentucky. A creek runs behind our house where I live with my mother (she met you once some years ago), and I collect and catalogue

amphibians, reptiles, and insects. I don't know what this one is called, so I named it myself:

There is a drawing in pencil of a gnat labelled Kentucky Zissou Fly.

You are probably my one of if not the favorite person I have ever studied. I plan to be either:

- a) an oceanographer.
- b) an architect.
- c) a pilot.

Thank you very much for your good work.

Sincerely,
Ned Plimpton
Blue Star Cadet, Zissou Society

P.S. Do you ever wish you could breathe underwater?

CUT TO:

Ned with tears in his eyes. He says to Zissou:

NED

I still wish I could breathe underwater.

ZISSOU

(sadly)

Me, too, Ned.

Something catches Zissou's attention in the water below. He looks down the side of the chopper through his binoculars. A school of gently glowing pink fish swims rapidly in the shallows. Zissou turns to Ned and says excitedly:

ZISSOU

Fluorescent snapper!

NED

(hesitates)

What's that?

ZISSOU

A good sign! Last time we saw this big shit-kicker, he was --

The helicopter hits an air pocket and bounces once hard. There is a loud thump and a whoosh, followed by a metallic ping from above. Ned turns quickly to Zissou, concerned. Zissou looks uneasy. He points toward the ceiling.

ZISSOU

Something popped up there, didn't it?

Ned nods and checks his instruments.

NED

I heard a pin snap loose in the --

There is a sudden, deafening groan overhead. The sound of the rotor blades slows and then cracks. The chopper drops like a stone. Zissou and Ned brace themselves. Ned pulls on the controls. The helicopter rattles and rumbles vigorously. A chunk of twisted steel rips into the roof, tearing open the cockpit. Glass shatters, and parts of the helicopter break away.

Ned turns to Zissou and smiles uncertainly. Zissou hesitates. Ned shrugs and smiles more broadly. Zissou reaches out to Ned and puts his arm across Ned's chest, bracing him. He says blankly:

ZISSOU

This is going to hurt.

EXT. UNDERWATER. DAY

Bubbles rocket past them as they sink.

CUT TO:

The ocean. Zissou surfaces among the wreckage and burning debris of the destroyed helicopter. There is blood all over him. He sees Ned right away, draped calmly over a flotation cushion. His helmet is still on, and his face is white. Zissou yells to him:

ZISSOU

Ned?

Ned nods to Zissou and says evenly:

NED

Hey, Steevesy.

Zissou swims over to Ned and pulls his helmet off.

ZISSOU

Are you OK?

NED

I think so.

Ned slides off the flotation cushion and starts to slip beneath the surface. Zissou puts his arms around Ned's body and holds him above the water.

ZISSOU
What happened? We hit something?

NED
Most likely not. I think maybe the push-rod failed.

ZISSOU
I'm sorry, Ned. I should've scrapped this chopper ten years ago.

NED
(getting an idea)
You know, maybe I should've auto-rotated and performed a high-bank through our descent. We might've crashed a little softer.
(pause)
Probably wouldn't've made any difference, though.

Ned closes his eyes, and his body goes limp. Zissou puts his finger to Ned's neck to check for a pulse. He looks around in a panic.

EXT. BEACH. DAY

Zissou carries Ned out of the surf and sets him down in the sand. Smoke rises from the crash site beyond the breaking waves. Zissou sits on his knees next to the body. He takes Ned's hand and holds it.

EXT. OCEAN. DAY

Dusk. The Belafonte sits at anchor with two sea-planes docked alongside it. White Christmas lights are strung along the ship's railings and around the edges of its windows.

EXT. MAIN DECK. DAY

Zissou and his crew stand with Jane, Drakoulias, Phillip, Hennessey, Bill, the Japanese television crew, and two middle-aged men in Air Kentucky pilot uniforms around a casket wrapped in a Team Zissou flag. Zissou has cuts, bruises, and bandages all over his face and body.

Klaus reads from a bundle of little scraps of paper. Everyone listens with tears all over their faces -- except Zissou, who stares straight ahead with a hollow look in his eyes.

Klaus finishes. Jane steps forward with a stack of letters in her hand. She tucks them into the casket. She presses the lid

shut and takes a slow, deep breath. She closes her fist around the glittering sand-dollar hanging from her neck.

CUT TO:

Zissou, Klaus, Ogata, Pelé, and the two Air Kentucky pilots sliding the casket off the side of the deck. It drops lengthwise into the surf.

INT. OBSERVATION BUBBLE. DAY

Eleanor watches sadly through the portholes underwater as the casket sinks past her. She smokes a cigarette.

INT. SALON. NIGHT

A small reception after the funeral. Pelé is in the corner playing a quiet David Bowie song on his guitar. Eleanor sits in a red vinyl armchair next to Drakoulis. She has a box of Kleenex in her lap. She touches one to her eyes and tilts her head back to keep the tears from running down her face.

Zissou, Klaus, and Ogata stand together drinking glasses of whiskey.

ZISSOU

This is the first time Eleanor's ever cried in front of me as long as I've known her -- except once when she got her arm caught in the deck-winch. Broke it in two places.

Hennessey fills two cups of coffee at an espresso machine on the counter. A label on the base of the machine says Operation Hennessey. Hennessey turns abruptly to Bill.

HENNESSEY

Is this my espresso machine? How'd you get my espresso machine?

BILL

(pause)

Ah, we fucking stole it, man.

Hennessey frowns. He brings a cup of coffee over to Eleanor. Zissou sits down next to them and says to Hennessey:

ZISSOU

Allie, why don't you go powder your nose? I want to talk to your ex-wife.

Hennessey nods. He holds Zissou by the arm and says confidentially:

HENNESSEY

We've never made great husbands, have we?
Of course, I have a good excuse. I'm part-
gay.

Zissou shrugs. He smiles and says warmly:

ZISSOU

Supposedly, everyone is.

Hennessey hugs Zissou and walks away. Zissou turns to
Eleanor.

ZISSOU

I never told you this, but I was hoping
we were going to get the chance to adopt
Ned. I think he would've wanted it that
way. Would you have gone along with me on
that one?

ELEANOR

He was thirty, Steve -- but I would've
considered it.

ZISSOU

(moved)
Thanks, Eleanor.

Zissou goes over to Drakoulias. They stand together in front
of the window. The moon is up, but it is still light outside.

DRAKOULIAS

We're a dying breed.

ZISSOU

Yeah. I guess we were all right while we
lasted, though, weren't we?

DRAKOULIAS

Oh, we were like glory's gate, my
darling. We were like that bloody shark
of yours. We swam with the -- goddammit,
I had it on the plane. What was I going
to say? Oh, well. It's good to see you.

ZISSOU

How's your passport status?

DRAKOULIAS

Much better, thank you. I'm back down to
X-4.

Drakoulias motions to Jane sitting alone on a red vinyl sofa across the room. She looks devastated. Mascara runs down her cheeks.

DRAKOULIAS
Who knocked-up the reporter?

ZISSOU
(pause)
I don't know.

Zissou picks up a chocolate-covered strawberry and a napkin off a tray. He walks over to Jane and sits down beside her. He hands her the strawberry. She takes a bite.

ZISSOU
By the way, thanks for showing me your first draft.

JANE
You read it? What'd you think?

ZISSOU
Well, at first I was embarrassed. Obviously, people are going to think I'm a showboat and a little bit of a prick -- but then I realized: that's me. I said those things. I did those things.
(shrugs)
I can live with that.

Jane smiles desolately. She takes the napkin and rubs off some of her smeared mascara. Zissou says simply:

ZISSOU
You're a good writer, Jane.

JANE
It's the f-ing cover.

ZISSOU
(wistfully)
That a girl.

Wolodarsky opens the door and says:

WOLODARSKY
Excuse me. I'm sorry to interrupt, but we just got the scanning monitor back up, and the jaguar shark or whatever it is we're tracking looks like it's in a trench on the far side of the reef.

Silence. Zissou looks to the rest of the party and shrugs. He says sadly:

ZISSOU
Anybody feel like going for a ride?

INT. MINIATURE SUBMARINE. NIGHT

Zissou, Eleanor, Jane, Klaus, Drakoulis, Bill, Wolodarsky, Ogata, Pelé, Vikram, Renzo, Hennessey, and the remaining intern with the broken arm are all squeezed into Zissou's submersible Deep Search, formerly Jacqueline. Flowing water casts shadows in patterns on their faces. Zissou is at the wheel. A depth-sounding ping echoes periodically.

There is a large, dead tuna with clusters of sparkling chips among its scales trailing at the end of a line behind them. Zissou points it out to Jane:

ZISSOU
I hooked a rhinestone bluefin on a rope
to give him something to eat.

Jane nods.

INSERT:

The dashboard control panel. A warning sticker below the fuel gauge reads: No more than six (6) passengers permitted at any time. Zissou presses a button and a piece of dreamy electronic music begins to play.

CUT TO:

Zissou steering the vessel into a pitch-black trench. He flips a switch and turns on the lights outside the submarine. They descend through schools of luminous fish, past giant crabs, sea-turtles, electric eels, and octopuses which dart out from their caves to see them. Tiny, glowing, translucent creatures circle around them as they dive deeper and deeper.

They arrive at the bottom of the trench. Black water smokes from stacks among the rocks below, and strange flowers and vines float and shiver on the ocean's floor. An undersea river with a mist over it winds through a shallow canyon. The submarine hovers.

Zissou compares the numbers on the instrument panel with a list in a notebook. Wolodarsky types something into a calculator and turns to Zissou. He shrugs. Zissou nods. He dims the lights. They look out into the darkness.

A school of gently glowing pink fish suddenly swarms around the vessel, swirling in all directions, and disappears. Zissou breathes heavily. Everyone waits in silence.

A gigantic shark seventy feet long emerges slowly from the darkness. It looks scratched and scarred and pre-historic. Its skin is covered with black and gold rings and circles, and it shimmers with a silver lustre. A small homing device on the end of a dart blinks brightly on it's back. It swims quietly toward them. Zissou swallows. Everyone watches, hypnotized. Vikram films it. Klaus says oddly:

KLAUS

Is that him?

Hennessey answers quietly, with emotion:

HENNESSEY

That's him, Klaus.

The shark sweeps gently past the tiny submarine and bumps it lightly, snapping away the tuna. The submarine dips violently and tips over. The passengers are thrown sideways. They look at each other, terrified. Zissou rights the submarine and steers away from the rocks. Jane whispers:

JANE

Are we safe in here?

Zissou turns to Jane and smiles.

ZISSOU

I doubt it.

The shark circles back around them. Klaus looks concerned.

KLAUS

Do we still want to blow it up?

ZISSOU

(pause)

Nah. We're out of dynamite, anyway.

Eleanor looks to Zissou. She smiles. She says warmly (in spite of everything):

ELEANOR

It is beautiful, Steve.

ZISSOU

Yeah, it's pretty good, isn't it?

Eleanor nods. Silence. Zissou says softly:

ZISSOU

I wonder if he remembers me.

Pause. Tears suddenly stream down Zissou's cheeks. His body clenches up, and his arms coil around his shoulders. He covers his face and starts crying. Eleanor puts her hand on the top of Zissou's head. Jane puts her hand on Zissou's knee. Klaus holds Zissou's shoulder. Drakoulias takes Zissou's hand. Ogata takes the other. Pelé, Bill, and the broken-armed intern touch Zissou's back. Hennessey places his hand on the back of Zissou's neck.

Zissou reaches out to Jane and puts his hand on her stomach. Jane smiles sadly.

JANE

In twelve years, he'll be eleven and a half.

Zissou looks surprised and touched. He says with his voice cracking:

ZISSOU

That was my favorite age.

INT. AUDITORIUM. NIGHT

The screen at the Loquasto Film Festival. The scene in progress shows the jaguar shark as it swims away into the darkness.

CUT TO:

Zissou, Ned, and Jane on the deck of the Belafonte, leaning against the railing, looking out at the sunset. Ned points to the horizon, imitating Zissou's pose from the official publicity still. He says to Zissou:

NED

Like this?

Zissou nods. He answers wistfully:

ZISSOU

Just like that.

Ned takes Jane's hand. Jane turns to Zissou.

JANE

You do it, too.

Zissou smiles. He points to the horizon. The image freezes, and he says in voice-over:

ZISSOU (V.O.)

We complete the adventure, but another member of our crew has been lost.

INSERT:

The new flag. It is pale blue, pale green, and white. There is a red Z inside a circle at the center. There is an E in a life-ring on the left. There is a B on an anchor at the right. There is a K on a dolphin at the top. There is an N on an octopus below.

ZISSOU (V.O.)

This one was my son.

CUT TO:

A close-up of the back of Ned's head with the new flag flying on a pole beyond him. He has his pipe in his mouth, and the wind blows the smoke.

ZISSOU (V.O.)

Also our equity partner.

A dedication appears at the bottom of the screen:

TITLE:

IN MEMORY

Ned Kingsley Plimpton Zissou

CUT TO:

The audience at the screening watching intently. There is an empty seat in-between Eleanor and Drakoulias.

ZISSOU (V.O.)

We start the voyage home in our wounded vessel.

Jane sits in the front row of the highest tier of the balconies chewing gum and watching the screen. She wears a sad, remote look on her face. She holds her baby wrapped in a blanket with a miniature knitted red cap on its head.

EXT. THEATRE. NIGHT

Zissou sits alone on the steps outside the auditorium. A red carpet runs down to the street in front of him. There are a few guards with machine-guns at the entrance to the theatre, and a quiet crowd waits behind a barricade.

Zissou wears his red pin in the lapel of his tuxedo and his gold legion of honor medal around his neck. There is a gold-plated award statuette of a barracuda on the pavement beside him. He smokes a joint.

The sound of applause is heard from inside.

Klaus' nephew, Werner, comes out and sits next to Zissou. Zissou looks at him. Pause. Zissou reaches into his pocket and takes out Ned's Team Zissou ring. He gives it to Werner. Werner examines it and puts it onto his finger.

Zissou makes a little flick of the wrist and says quietly:

ZISSOU

Ho.

Werner looks up at Zissou. He nods.

WERNER

Ho.

Strings of lights flicker over Zissou and Werner's heads. Zissou says wearily with hope and regret:

ZISSOU

This is an adventure.

Three sets of double-doors open at once and the audience bursts out from the lobby. The waiting crowd pushes through the barricade. Fans and paparazzi surround Zissou and Werner. Zissou grabs his award statuette. He picks up Werner with one hand and sets him onto his shoulders. He walks sadly down the red carpet with Werner floating above the rushing mob. Flashbulbs go off all around them. They disappear into the congregation as it flows down the street to the marina.

The Belafonte waits moored in the bay.