

## PART TWO

FADE IN:

ACT 1

EXT. CARIBBEAN SEA - DUSK

A boundless seascape, the tiny Pequod far in b.g.  
Beyond, the orange sun disappears below the horizon.

In f.g., a huge white mass surfaces with jarring  
suddenness -- MOBY DICK, a hundred feet of scarred,  
barnacled tonnage! The spout from his forehead  
blows out a geyser of mist, clouding our view.

EXT. PEQUOD (AT SEA) - TOPMAST - DUSK

High on the lookout, Ishmael points excitedly.

ISHMAEL

There she blows again! Hard  
to port beam!

EXT. QUARTERDECK - DUSK

Ahab, his blazing eyes fixed on the distant whale,  
suddenly reels about with an earth-shaking roar:

AHAB

Clear away the boats!!

STARBUCK

In the night, Captain?!

AHAB

Clear away, I said!

STARBUCK

Ye want us to give him chase  
in the NIGHT?!

AHAB

Aye! In the night -- we'll  
give chase by night and see  
his whiteness better than by  
daylight!

Starbuck hesitates. Ahab turns hard to him.

AHAB (cont'd)  
Order the men, Starbuck!

STARBUCK  
Aye, aye sir...  
(to the men)  
Prepare to lower away boats!

EXT. MIDDECK - DUSK

Jarred from their astonished stares, the crewmen scramble into action. Ishmael rope-slides to the deck like an expert seaman. Pip runs the length of the ship, shaking his tambourine, yelling excitedly.

Ahab strides toward the main mast and stops in front of the nailed gold coin. He bangs a fist on it.

AHAB  
My harpooners...strike and  
the gold will be yours!

Tashtego looks up from a loggerhead, feeding out line. He raises his harpoon like an Apache warrior.

TASHTEGO  
WOO-HAA-HEE! Aye, Capt'n!  
Dat Moby Dick come near Tash  
an' he be a dead fish!

Dagoo leaps into a boat, lines wrapped around his shoulders and tied to his two harpoons, one in each hand. He lifts them high, a flash of teeth.

DAGOO  
KEE-HA! KEE-HA! He might  
see a white man by night --  
but not Dagoo! I'll kill  
'im for ye, Capt'n, and win  
that gold!

Fedallah snickers at him from the spare boat, shaking his head with a self-confident sneer.

Queequeg leaps onto the bulwark with raised harpoon.

QUEEQUEG

Smoke out him pipes me will!  
 Make-em straight dat crooked  
 jaw!

Ahab tosses a lance at Queequeg, who takes it on the fly with a powerful war cry:

QUEEQUEG (cont'd)  
 HALA-LA PAO-LOO! FA-TONGA!

In the bustle, Pip sneaks through the boarding gate and climbs unseen over the side.

All the whalers pile en masse into the lowering boats.

EXT. SHIP'S SIDE - DUSK

Four whaleboat keels hit the water in tandem -- one quick SPLASH-DOWN after another.

Ahab, full of sudden youthful energy, swings over the side on a halyard and rope-climbs down fast toward Fedallah's boat. His hands slip the last few feet -- he falls hard into the boat with a CRUNCH! He tries to stand, but he can't. His peg leg is splintered.

The crew turns to Ahab's SHOUT OF RAGE, ringing out in the dusk. An Arab rower tries to help him. Ahab pushes him away. He picks up pieces of his jaggedly broken peg leg, tosses them into the water. Hobbles his way to the stern, booming to his rowers:

AHAB  
 START her, men! Start her  
 like thunderclaps! Like  
 a thousand grinning devils!

The Arabs row out like demons possessed. Fedallah takes his place at the bow, silent and stealthy.

Ishmael and Starbuck watch Ahab from their boat... unaware of little Pip, climbing over its stern.

He slithers under a box plank and hides behind a loggerhead basket. Starbuck turns around.

STARBUCK  
 Crack on! Pull those oars!

Ishmael takes an oar, Bulkington beside him.

EXT. CARIBBEAN SEA - DUSK

An aerial view over moonlit waters: four whaling boats, lit by pole lanterns. One in the lead, three fanned out behind it.

To the horizon...a formidable white shape glides off into a fog bank.

EXT. STUBB'S BOAT - DUSK

Stubb lights his pipe, as his men row furiously.

STUBB

Go, lads, row like the wind!

He looks toward Ahab's boat: streaking far ahead.

Starbuck's boat glides by. Stubb turns aside.

STUBB (cont'd)

Who'd have thought it, eh?!  
At night, to boot! If I had  
only one leg, ye wouldn't  
catch ME in a boat by night...  
unless maybe to stop a leak  
with a whalebone toe!

EXT. STARBUCK'S BOAT - DUSK

Starbuck turns to Stubb's boat, shaking his head.

STARBUCK

He's possessed, I tell ye!  
God has shipwrecked his soul!

The boats plunge into a fog bank, enveloped in a moonlit mist.

STARBUCK (cont'd)

Look at this! A fog! Where  
did it come from?! An' look  
at us -- rowin' blind in the  
night, after a whale as white  
as this fog! Was it a whale  
we saw, or a ghost?!

Rowing before him, Ishmael looks up at the moon:

An opaque eye in the thick mists, its glow surreal.

EXT. FLASK'S BOAT - DUSK

Flask's boat passes beside Starbuck's.

FLASK

It was Moby Dick, all right!  
Fog, snow or hail, I don't  
care -- I'll fetch that gold  
doubloon or die tryin'!

(to rowers)

Pull, damn ye! Show some  
muscle!

Dagoo sings a rhythmic AFRICAN CHANT, the oarsmen  
echoing him, rowing to his beat.

Ahead of them: Ahab's boat materializes out of  
the dense fog, moving steadily forward.

EXT. AHAB'S BOAT - DUSK

Ahab stands stiffly by the tiller, using it as both  
crutch and guide. He grips a rower's head of hair  
to keep his balance, glaring ahead into the white  
night as if he could see through the fog. A manic  
energy in his furrowed-brow concentration.

AHAB

Roar and pull, ye devils...  
I can see fifty seas off! A  
hundred seas! It's Moby Dick  
out there, I tell ye! Chase!  
Crack your backbones, bite  
your knives in two!

(clasping forehead)

Dear Lord, I'm going to go  
stark staring mad...

(exhorting on)

Close to, ye hairy-hearted  
ghouls, get me close to him!

The Arabs HUM as they row, an odd, syncopated SOUND.  
Fedallah stands motionless at the bow, harpoon ready.

EXT. STARBUCK'S BOAT - DUSK

Starbuck stares ahead at Ahab with deep chagrin. Ishmael rows, his sweaty face glistening under the boat lamps. Behind the basket next to him, Pip crouches in hiding.

The sea becomes strangely still. Starbuck glances around him.

EXT. AHAB'S BOAT - DUSK

A deathly quiet, only the SLAP of oars against the water. Beyond...DISTANT GURGLING SOUNDS. Ahab tenses.

AHAB

Hark! Prick ears...listen!

EXT. FLASK'S BOAT - DUSK

FLASK

Hold the oars! Hold still!

The men raise their oars and look out into the luminous night. Dagoo commands the bow, taking a firm grip of his harpoon.

EXT. STUBB'S BOAT - DUSK

Stubb cups an ear, shifting the pipe in his mouth, tuned into every sound around him. His voice hushed:

STUBB

Softly, softly...whoa, babes!  
Still now!

The rowers stop rowing and lift up their oars. Tashtego readies himself at the bow.

EXT. STARBUCK'S BOAT - DUSK

The becalmed waters around the boat spin in rivulets. Starbuck's voice cuts the air like a knife:

STARBUCK

Stop!

The rowers lift their oars and freeze.

Ahead in the fog: Ahab's boat drifts soundlessly.

Ishmael listens, unsettled by the stillness around him. He turns nervously to Starbuck.

ISHMAEL

What d'ye make of it, sir--

STARBUCK

Hist! Eyes sharp...

Everyone watches and listens. A long, tense beat...

EXT. CARIBBEAN SEA - DUSK

The fog begins to lift...a full view of all four boats. Whalers listen to the eerie quiet.

A calm, empty sea. Then, GURGLINGS all around...

A SCHOOL OF SPERM WHALES breaches -- a full circle around the boats! With a great SIGH, dozens of spouts release jets of watery air!

EXT. STARBUCK'S BOAT - DUSK

Starbuck spins his head around -- whales everywhere! Ishmael stares amazed, slack-jawed. Queequeg bolts to the bow with his harpoon.

EXT. AHAB'S BOAT - DUSK

Ahab spins around, loses his balance and falls. He rises quickly, glaring beyond the black shapes all around him...then points outside the gentle fleet of whales, his finger like a fixed bayonet.

AHAB

There! THERE!

EXT. CARIBBEAN SEA - DUSK

MOBY DICK breaches with a tremendous jump -- three times the size of the other whales! Then swims steadily away.

EXT. AHAB'S BOAT - DUSK

Ahab crashes his way toward the bow...

AHAB  
Row, you monkeys -- ROW!

He seizes Fedallah's harpoon and rushes forward...

AHAB (cont'd)  
Move aside...

He stumbles and falls, keeps going frantically...

AHAB (cont'd)  
...LET ME GIVE IT TO HIM!

EXT. STARBUCK'S BOAT - DUSK

A sperm whale suddenly breaches half under the boat with a HARD BUMP, lifting it up! The boat slides off its back, landing upright in the water next to it.

Wasting no time, Queequeg thrusts his harpoon with great power -- WHISH! Deep into the whale's hump!

A giant's GRUNT, followed by a thrashing tail, slapping the water beside them! Instant chaos...

STARBUCK  
Stern all, stern all! Quick!

The oarsmen immediately row away from the agonizing whale and its deadly flukes.

STARBUCK (cont'd)  
Give him another, Queequeg!

Queequeg aims, throws another harpoon into the mountain of thrashing blubber -- another deadly hit!

The whale's spout gushes spasmodically. The air fills with bloody mist, spraying the whalers red as they row frantically away from the sea beast's death throes.

The whale starts to dive. Harpoon lines spin out of the loggerhead basket -- rolls of line uncoil rapidly, the basket shaking violently!

Unnoticed by the others, frightened Pip scrambles out from beneath the box plank and stumbles into the basket -- his little legs tangled in spinning lines!

Queequeg lets loose a WAR CRY at the fast-receding whale. Ishmael jumps to his feet, straining to get a look...

A QUICK, TINY SCREAM startles him from behind!

Pip suddenly squirts out past him, dragged by a line and yanked overboard -- into the churning water!

ISHMAEL

Man overboard, Mister  
Starbuck! Man overboard!

He quickly throws a lifebuoy to the boy. Starbuck sees what's happened, but he's too distracted.

ISHMAEL (cont'd)

For God's sake...it's PIP,  
sir! He's out there!

The boat suddenly lurches forward -- dragged at great speed by the wounded, diving whale. The running lines around a stanchion start to smoke.

STARBUCK

Wet the line! Wet the line!

Queequeg dumps a bucket of water over the smoking rope. The boat vibrates with the power of the drag. Gripping the tiller, Starbuck quickly scans around him.

EXT. CARIBBEAN SEA - DUSK

The circle of panicking whales tightens around the three boats, Ahab's moving beyond it. Starbuck's boat is pulled deeper into the fray.

EXT. STARBUCK'S BOAT - DUSK

Queequeg snatches up a lance and points urgently at the taut lines.

QUEEQUEG

Me cut-em, sir?! Cut dem lines 'fore we be splintered up by dem whales?!

STARBUCK

NO! Not yet...look!

He points forward.

EXT. CARIBBEAN SEA - DUSK

An opening between the circling whales, out toward the calm, moonlit sea. The boat flies through the gap.

EXT. STARBUCK'S BOAT - DUSK

Ishmael turns and looks far astern:

EXT. CARIBBEAN SEA - DUSK

Pip clings to the floating lifebuoy, floundering in the eruption of white water all around him. The boy SCREAMS INAUDIBLY, waving a frantic arm for help.

EXT. STARBUCK'S BOAT - DUSK

Ishmael turns to Starbuck in a panic.

ISHMAEL

Sir! What about Pip--

Beside him, Bulkington grips his arm.

BULKINGTON

Sit down, boy. Nothin' we can do.

EXT. AHAB'S BOAT - DUSK

Ahab hangs over the prow, harpoon held before him with fixed intensity. Dead ahead:

EXT. CARIBBEAN SEA - DUSK

Outward bound, the white whale swims steadily and obliviously...still too far to strike.

EXT. AHAB'S BOAT - DUSK

AHAB  
ROW! ROW! ROW!!

He glares back at the other boats, but they're too far away to offer any support. He looks forward:

EXT. CARIBBEAN SEA - DUSK

MOBY DICK's giant flukes rise up in the moonlit air, then drop quickly into the calm water...disappearing into the deep blue. He's gone.

Ahab GROWLS with monumental frustration.

EXT. STARBUCK'S BOAT - DUSK

The lines go slack, and the boat suddenly slows. Ishmael jumps up, unable to suppress himself.

ISHMAEL  
Mister Starbuck, sir! We  
can't just act as if nothing  
has happened! We've GOT to  
go back for him!

STARBUCK  
Sit down! SIT, I tell you,  
before ye wind up in the  
water too!

ISHMAEL  
But he'll drown if we don't  
go back!

Starbuck pushes Ishmael back onto the rowers' bench.

STARBUCK  
Take back that oar, sailor!  
We've got other business to  
attend to. We can't just  
drop everything and set off

on a salvage mission! SIT!

He turns his attention back to the becalmed water. Ishmael glances helplessly at Bulkington. Queequeg hauls in the lines as fast as he can.

The struck whale surfaces...missing the boat by a few feet. It spins slowly in the water, its massive jaws opening and closing with dwindling energy.

Queequeg and two oarsmen pull together on the slack lines until they're taut with the harpoons imbedded in the whale. They tow the boat toward the dying creature.

As they pull up alongside it, Ahab's boat appears.

EXT. AHAB'S BOAT - DUSK

Ahab guides his craft behind Starbuck's boat. He scans the whale with a grave look. Subdued now, but storming inside. In a quiet voice:

AHAB

Did ye not see HIM, Mister Starbuck?

STARBUCK

I did, sir.

Ahab turns a fierce expression on him, but his voice remains low.

AHAB

And why did ye strike THIS whale, if ye could see Moby Dick?

EXT. STARBUCK'S BOAT - DUSK

Starbuck is silent for a beat.

STARBUCK

I'm a whaler, sir.

EXT. AHAB'S BOAT - DUSK

Long, silent eye contact. Ahab abruptly turns away

and waves at his Arab oarsmen. His boat pulls away from Starbuck's. Ahab calls back over his shoulder:

AHAB

Get that blubber on deck tonight, Starbuck, before daylight. We'll be pushin' on in the morning.

EXT. STARBUCK'S BOAT - DUSK

Starbuck glances at Ishmael. He quickly shouts to Ahab's retreating boat.

STARBUCK

What about the boy, sir?!

EXT. AHAB'S BOAT - DUSK

Ahab signals his oarsmen, and the boat slows.

In b.g., Stubb's and Flask's boats row in close to join them, the whalers assessing the new kill.

Ahab turns, his face in shadow like a phantom in the still gloom.

AHAB

What boy?

EXT. STARBUCK'S BOAT - DUSK

STARBUCK

Pip, sir. He's lost at sea.

Stubb's boat steers side by side with Starbuck's.

STUBB

Aye, I saw him myself! Miles of sea between him and us by now. We can't afford to lose this fine kill on account of that minstrel's foolishness.

AHAB

Pip, ye say? The tambourine boy? And how did HE come to be in your boat, Mister Starbuck?

## STARBUCK

Stowed away, sir, where he  
wasn't supposed to be. He's  
just a shipkeeper, Captain,  
a tender-hearted jolly boy...  
and I fear we've lost 'im.

Ishmael waits expectantly, full of worry. Queequeg  
too looks concerned and steps forward.

## QUEEQUEG

Me go find Pip! Pip be dead,  
dat be bad magic!

Across the water, Ahab deliberates for a beat. He  
grunts to his Arabs, and they continue to row. His  
boat drifts away, as he calls back:

## AHAB

Ye have 'til dawn to find  
that ungracious little brat,  
or whatever the sharks've  
left of him, so make haste.

(to his oarsmen)

Give way now, greyhounds!  
Dog to it!

Ishmael breathes a sigh of relief. So does Starbuck,  
as he turns to Bulkington.

## STARBUCK

Organize a search party,  
Mister Bulkington. And take  
Queequeg and Ishmael.

## BULKINGTON

Aye, sir.

In b.g., Flask leans over from his boat and grins at  
Queequeg, gesturing at the dead whale.

## FLASK

Seems a shame to leave behind  
such a noble prize.

Queequeg grunts scoffingly and turns away to the  
bow, more interested in the rescue than the whale.

EXT. STUBB'S BOAT - DUSK

Starbuck jumps across from his boat into Stubb's.

STARBUCK

Let's bring this fish in,  
Mister Stubb.

Stubb glances at Starbuck's boat, Bulkington now in command. Stubb shakes his head.

STUBB

Ye got a hundred barrels of  
sperm oil here -- why would ye  
be wastin' yer men's time  
lookin' for a cabin boy?

STARBUCK

It's the rightful thing to do.  
A child's life is worth more  
than a whale's hide.

STUBB

Aye, can't argue with that.

EXT. BULKINGTON'S BOAT - DUSK

Waving the men to their oars, Bulkington gazes out into the darkness.

BULKINGTON

Let's to it, boys!

The oarsmen row. Ishmael wields his oar vigorously, redoubling his efforts.

Receding away in Stubb's boat, Starbuck shouts back:

STARBUCK

I'll bust open a hogshead of  
brandy to the man who finds  
the boy! Will ye spit fire,  
men?!

AYE, AYES all around. They row away from the other boats, Queequeg perched at the bow, scanning the sea like a hawk.

FADE OUT.

ACT 2

EXT. PEQUOD (AT SEA) - AFT DECK - NIGHT

A polished harpoon, sharpened on a spinning grindstone, sparks flying. The sparks fill our view, behind them Ahab's hard-set features. Waiting intensely.

The Blacksmith raises the harpoon, presenting its two-flued razor head before the Captain. Ahab nods with approval.

Glimpsed in b.g, a gigantic, severed whale's head is hoisted and swung suspended over the deck by pulley chains straining from yard arms. The deck tilts to one side under its heavy weight.

Tri-works furnaces burn and boiling pots smoke, adding a nightmarish atmosphere to the scene.

EXT. CARIBBEAN SEA - NIGHT

Deep in the heart of moonlit darkness drifts a lone, lamp-lit whale boat.

EXT. BULKINGTON'S BOAT - NIGHT

Glimmering lanterns held high, Bulkington, Ishmael and the men search the calm sea. Queequeg peers intently across the black, ominous waters. Not a sign of life. The men call out sporadically:

CREWMEN

Pip! Pip! Where are ye, boy?!

INT. STARBUCK'S CABIN - NIGHT

Starbuck dozes over an open bible on his bunk, a flickering candle beside him. The room tilts, timbers GROANING and CREAKING.

The candle burns down...a TIME-LAPSE EFFECT, as hours pass in seconds...to a melted, dead stump by the light of dawn.

EXT. CARIBBEAN SEA - DAWN

Dawn's early light creeps over an endless horizon.

Pip clings helplessly to the lifebuoy, alone in the vast emptiness. He sings a little DITTY in a trembling voice.

His head jerks around with a moan of despair...

A shark's fin streaks through the water with lethal swiftness, circling around him.

Pip bobs frantically, gasping with terror, wide eyes fixed on the approaching predator.

The shark fin disappears under. Instinctively, Pip dives...

EXT. UNDERWATER - DAWN

Holding his breath, Pip sees the shark closing in with smaller circles, fixed on him with cold, unblinking black eyes. Pip waves his arms and legs furiously in a vain effort to scare off the death mask before him. The circling shark moves in for the kill, its jaws widening...

Pip manages to land a fist directly onto the shark's nose! It flips its tail, darts away...then streaks in again, relentlessly closer...

A massive white wall suddenly fills the deep -- passing within inches of Pip! The shark flees. Pip surfaces...

EXT. CARIBBEAN SEA - DAWN

Pip sucks in air, clutching the lifebuoy. His wide eyes on the titantic white whale, plunging away, leaving swells in his wake. MOBY DICK is gone as quickly as he appears.

An empty sea again, the waves too high for Pip to see far. Then...

Another, bigger shark's fin approaches. Again circling him, again submerging...

Pip takes deep gulps of air, then dives again.

EXT. UNDERWATER - DAWN

Pip gapes. A great white shark, three times larger. It circles once, then zeros in. Resigned to death, Pip shuts his eyes and exhales bubbles of air... sinking. The big shark draws closer, closer...

A sharp WHISSHHH -- a harpoon spears through the shark's body! Thrashing in a cloud of blood, the

great white vanishes from sight.

Eyes closed, losing consciousness, Pip sinks down...

A tattooed arm dips down from above -- a hand seizes Pip by the hair and hauls him up toward the light.

INT. CAPTAIN'S CABIN - MORNING

Ahab stands by the cabin window, staring morosely at the rising sun.

The Carpenter kneels at his feet, working to fit a new whale-bone peg leg, having a difficult time setting it in its place.

CARPENTER

If the Capt'n pleases...let  
me measure it now, sir.

Ahab glares down at his poorly fitted stump, his irritation more of a good-humored bark than bite.

AHAB

Are you a manmaker, Carpenter,  
that you'd measure me like a  
suit?! Well, carry on...it's  
not the first time.

The Carpenter secures the peg leg with a tightening tool.

AHAB (cont')

Accursed fate, that my soul  
would have such a craven  
mate for a body.

CARPENTER

How does that feel, sir?

AHAB

I canst say. I only feel  
what is not there.

CARPENTER

Aye. A dismasted man never  
loses the feeling of his  
lost spar.

AHAB

Ah, that's better...good!

He bends down and grasps the bone stump with both hands, then grabs the Carpenter's tool to tighten it harder.

CARPENTER

Oh sir, careful, sir! It'll break bones, that will...

AHAB

(laughs bitterly)

No fear! I like a good grip! I like to feel something in this slippery world that I can hold onto!

Ahab straightens up and gazes inwardly.

AHAB (cont'd)

You ever hear of an old Greek named Prometheus?

CARPENTER

No, sir...can't say I ever shipped with the man, sir.

AHAB

Prometheus was he who made men. Made 'em whole with tools, like this...

(indicates tool)

Then he animated them from FIRE! 'Twas he who should have made me...what's made in fire must properly belongs to fire.

The Carpenter finishes and looks up, clearly mystified by him. Ahab looks inspired, spilling out the words:

AHAB (cont'd)

Then I would've been complete!  
Fifty feet high in my socks!  
My legs would have ROOTS, my  
arms three feet to the wrist!  
No heart at all...eyes? No!  
A skylight atop my head to  
light up an acre of brains.  
Proud as a Greek god...AYE!  
A Greek god...

(looks down)  
 And not standing on a broken  
 stick of dead bone.

He gazes wretchedly at his stump, back to reality.

AHAB (cont'd)  
 Aye...my torn soul and gashed  
 body...they bleed into each  
 other.

(to himself)  
 Aye. The truth shakes me  
 falsely.

In b.g. by the cabin doorway, a turbaned figure  
 lingers in the shadows. Fedallah.

The Carpenter rises stiffly, bent with arthritis.

AHAB (cont'd)  
 I thank ye, Carpenter. Now,  
 go back to your fixin's...  
 leave Ahab to the gods.

CARPENTER  
 Aye, aye, sir.

He shuffles out. Ahab sits deep in his broodings,  
 then recognizes the shadowy presence. A gruff,  
 impatient tone:

AHAB  
 What d'ye want?

Fedallah eases into the lamp light, an inscrutable  
 smile of broken teeth. His English is thickly  
 accented, his voice gnarled and sibilant:

FEDALLAH  
 The dream comes to me again...  
 of my master's death.

Ahab doesn't move or react.

AHAB  
 MY death? Then I pray ye go  
 before me.

Fedallah shrugs, as if the thought were supremely  
 indifferent to him.

FEDALLAH

I shall. As your pilot.

AHAB

Well then, me pilot, I pledge  
to ye that I will slay Moby  
Dick -- and survive it!

Fedallah's voice lowers, full of dark meaning:

FEDALLAH

Only rope can destroy Ahab.

AHAB

(laughs)

The gallows, then? Ha! Well  
then...I am immortal!

Fedallah slinks back into the shadows, saying no more. Ahab glares scornfully after him...yet unnerved by him.

EXT. MIDDECK - MORNING

The suspended whale's head, stripped of blubber, is hoisted overboard from the lower mast cranes. Almost a skeleton, it's a ghastly sight.

Starbuck oversees crewmen gathered around the port side, working the chains and pulleys and about to drop it into the sea. A SHOUT from the lookout:

DAGOO (O.S.)

Whaleboat to starboard helm!  
They got PIP!

Starbuck and the men rush in unison to the starboard side. WILD CHEERS ring out, as Bulkington's boat rows in fast.

EXT. QUARTERDECK - MORNING

Ahab emerges from his cabin and looks down to see the rescue party climbing aboard. Surprised by the sight of Pip, his harsh face softens, almost a smile.

EXT. MIDDECK - MORNING

Queequeg boards with little Pip in his arms, the boy dazed but alive. Bulkington takes him and hands him to Flask, who gives him to Stubb. The men pass the boy between them like a bucket brigade...to Starbuck, who sits Pip atop an oil barrel.

STARBUCK

We missed ye, lad! Bring 'im  
his music!

Pip stares vacantly, disoriented. Stubb turns to Bulkington with a laugh.

STUBB

Well, this is a fine day!  
We'd given him up for lost!

BULKINGTON

Thank Ishmael and Queequeg.  
They spotted him.

Stubb turns to pound Ishmael's back with a mighty whack.

STUBB

By jimminy! You're a credit  
to us all!

Ishmael smiles proudly, as men give him and Queequeg hearty pats. The two trade grins of brotherly kinship. They step over to Pip.

Everyone gathers round the boy, as Tashtego pushes the tambourine into Pip's hands.

TASHTEGO

G'won, Pip! Do us a tune!

Pip focuses glassy eyes on the tambourine, as if he doesn't recognize it. Then...he throws it violently to the deck. Stunned, silent looks all around. Queequeg picks it up with a disturbed frown. Ishmael reaches out to Pip.

ISHMAEL

Pip...what is it, boy?

Pip scans the men's face, as if they were strangers. Ishmael lays a gentle hand on him -- Pip thrashes

out, delirious, pummeling him with his small fists. Then he leaps off the barrel and dashes away. The men watch, horrified.

Pip scurries aimlessly around the deck in a wild panic, slips and falls. Around him, the planks are slick with whale blood and bones. Pip stares at the blood on his hands, then gapes up toward:

The giant, skeletal whale head, hanging over the side above him. Pip gives an ear-shattering SHRIEK!

Bewildered, the men don't know what to do. Queequeg rushes over and quickly releases a pulley chain...

The whale head plummets into the sea, a huge SPLASH!

Pip staggers up and runs to a whaleboat, flailing his arms as he did underwater with the sharks. He climbs into it, as if out of the sea. Crouches inside of it, huddled and BABBLING to himself. Completely insane.

The crew stares at him with befuddled looks, their morale shattered. Queequeg turns grimly to Ishmael.

QUEEQUEG

Dis bad magic. BAD magic.

EXT. QUARTERDECK - DAY

Witnessing the scene below, Ahab too is affected. But his mind turns elsewhere, as he shouts down:

AHAB

Prepare to set sail, Starbuck!  
We've wasted enough time!

STARBUCK

Right away, sir. Up sails,  
mates, let's catch a breeze!

Men disperse to their duties, too demoralized to jump to it, slowly climbing the masts. Ahab booms at them:

AHAB

Make speed, ye lackies! Do  
ye not know he's out there?!  
Thunder away at it! We'll not  
be whalers again -- 'til it's

MOBY DICK'S head hangin' from  
these yard arms!

Driven by his voice, the crew picks up the pace.

EXT. SOUTH ATLANTIC OCEAN - DAY

Clear skies to the horizon. The full-sailed Pequod speeds across deeper, bluer waters. Her bow dips and plows through powerful swells.

EXT. PEQUOD (AT SEA) - MASTS - DAY

All sails billow out like canvas balloons, masts swaying in a strong breeze. A breathtaking view.

EXT. QUARTERDECK - DAY

By the helm, Starbuck squints toward the horizon and checks his compass. He turns to the wheelman.

STARBUCK

Two points east southeast.  
Steady before the breeze.

EXT. MIDDECK - DAY

Starbuck steps down to middeck before a curious sight at the bottom of the main mast:

Ahab stands on the flat seat of a custom-made cradle suspended a few feet off the deck. Stubb and Flask rig pulley lines beside him. Starbuck approaches Ahab.

STARBUCK

If the wind holds up, sir,  
we should be around the Cape  
in two days hence.

AHAB

Aye, but no later than that.  
(indicates cradle)  
Now I too will stand lookout.  
Is it ready, Mister Stubb?

STUBB

Secure as a mother's arms, sir.

AHAB

Starbuck, take the rope and  
raise your captain. I will  
commend my life into thy hands.

Looks between them, as if this were a test of loyalty.  
Starbuck steps forward, takes the pulley line, then  
hauls Ahab's cradle up the mast with strong hands.

AHAB (cont'd)

I'll have first sight of the  
white whale. Aye, myself!

As he ascends, he slams a fist against the gold coin.

AHAB (cont'd)

And win back my doubloon!

The cradle rises to the maintop, swinging in the  
breeze. Ahab stands like an iron statue, keeping  
perfect balance, fiery eyes fixed to the horizon.

All the crew watch his upward progress. Fedallah  
smiles to himself with feline cunning. Watching from  
their station, Ishmael and Queequeg turn toward Pip:

Still in the whaleboat, Pip MUTTERS incomprehensibly  
to himself in some strange, mindless language. Never  
again will he smile or dance.

EXT. SOUTH ATLANTIC OCEAN - DAY

The Pequod plunges up and down through rolling swells,  
waves crashing against her bow.

EXT. PEQUOD (AT SEA) - MAINTOP - DAY

Ahab's high cradle swings like a pendulum. He keeps  
a determined watch, rigid on his peg leg.

EXT. MIDDECK - DAY

The crew swabs the deck clean. None of them notice  
Pip, who scrambles out of the whaleboat and makes a  
beeline for the main mast.

He stares dourly at the shiny gold coin nailed to the  
wood. A whispery singsong voice:

PIP

We, ye, they...are all bats!

Ishmael and the others turn, watching perplexedly.  
Pip points to the Captain's cabin.

PIP (cont'd)  
There! In there! Two bones  
stuck in trousers...and one  
be not his, but a whale's!

Stubb steps over to observe him, chuckling nervously.

STUBB  
I fear we should've left  
Pip to his fate, poor boy!

Pip recoils from Stubb and darts up the mast ropes  
like a little monkey.

EXT. MAIN MAST - DAY

He perches halfway on the ladder, GIBBERING AWAY in  
mad terror. Higher above him, Ahab nods off from  
weariness.

EXT. MIDDECK - DAY

Stubb shakes his head up at him. He turns to peer  
closely at the doubloon. Starbuck, Flask and  
Ishmael join him.

STUBB  
Sixteen dollars. HAH! I've  
seen doubloons before, nothin'  
but round things made of gold.  
Not much wonder in 'em. But  
whoever kills that white  
demon, this round thing  
belongs to him!

FLASK  
It's ship's bounty to ME,  
Stubb -- it'll win me nine  
hundred and sixty cigars!

In b.g., Fedallah chortles mischievously at them with  
a toothy grin and shakes his head.

STARBUCK

It's the ship's navel, I tell  
ye. And everyone's on fire  
to unscrew it. But unscrew  
a navel and see what happens.

Stubb and Flask look at him, uncomprehending. Ishmael  
nods understandingly.

ISHMAEL

Aye. To me it speaks wisely...  
but sadly. It's all in one's  
perception.

STARBUCK

Perception? How d'ye mean?

ISHMAEL

Different ways of lookin',  
sir. I used to teach my  
school children about...what  
Man sees and what God sees.  
But Man sees only one thing,  
what he WANTS to see.

EXT. MAINTOP - DAY

Exhausted, Ahab dozes as he stands on his lookout  
cradle. Above him on the top lookout, Tashtego  
scans the horizon and suddenly cries out:

TASHTEGO

There she blows, Cap'n!! It's  
WHITE! The white whale!

Startled, Ahab pops his eyes open and peers out.

EXT. SOUTH ATLANTIC OCEAN - DAY

Far to the horizon, a distant spout amidst rolling  
whitecaps. A whale, but too far away to distinguish.

EXT. MAINTOP - DAY

Ahab's face twists into a glower of such hatred that  
he's momentarily incapable of speaking. Then...

AHAB

Lower me away! Quick, there!

EXT. MIDDECK - DAY

Deckhands rush to man the pulley ropes, while others hasten to the bulwarks to sight the whale.

Starbuck and Ishmael gaze up at Ahab, tiring of all this madness.

ISHMAEL

'Tis like the old man and his whale. He sees but a monster of destruction...  
 (turns to Starbuck)  
 Perhaps in God's eyes, Moby Dick is just another of His creatures, doin' what's natural...

Absorbing this, Starbuck looks between lowering Ahab and the mast coin beside him. Its brilliant gold reflection catches his eye...blinding him.

ISHMAEL (cont'd)

Just that. Just a whale.  
 Starbuck shields his eyes and turns away.

STARBUCK

Damnably coin! It's put here to blind us all!

Ahab lands on the deck before them. He quickly THUNK-CLOPS to the bulwark with feverish energy.

AHAB

Steward! My eyeglass!

Starbuck leans calmly over the side amidst excited sailors, gazing out with an eagle's eye.

STARBUCK

It's not white, Captain, it's grey. Probably a humpback.

Ahab snatches his eyeglass from the Steward and peers out. He can't see well enough and angrily tosses it.

AHAB

It's Moby Dick, I tell ye!  
 (shouts up)  
 Unfurl the topgallants -- we

need more sail!

Starbuck catches sight of something else and points seaward.

STARBUCK

Lo, sir! Sperm whales, to  
the starboard beam!

EXT. SOUTH ATLANTIC OCEAN - DAY

A small pod of spouting sperm heads, a half-mile across  
the water. A healthy harvest.

EXT. MIDDECK - DAY

Ahab keeps his eyes glued to the bow, refusing to even  
glance starboard. Starbuck turns to him.

STARBUCK

Shall we lower away, sir?

AHAB

Up all sails, Mister Starbuck!  
Drive on!

STARBUCK

There's barrels of gold out  
there, sir -- worth far more  
than a Spanish coin!

AHAB

Those are my orders!

STARBUCK

But SIR!--

AHAB

SAIL ON, I SAY!

A tense beat, Starbuck rebellious. But he does nothing.  
He turns to see Fedallah smiling slyly at him, picking  
his teeth with his long fingernail. Starbuck shouts to  
the wheel.

STARBUCK

Steady on course, helmsman!  
Sail onward...  
(to himself)

Nowhere.

EXT. TOPMASTS - DAY

High on the tallest mast, hands unfurl the topgallant sails. One after another, until every sheet is taut with wind.

EXT. SOUTH ATLANTIC OCEAN - DAY

All sails full, the Pequod drives hard to leeward in pursuit of the elusive spout...a speck on the sea.

EXT. MIDDECK - DAY

Stubb and Bulkington lean over the side, harsh spray in their faces, watching seaward:

EXT. SOUTH ATLANTIC OCEAN - DAY

The distant, unrecognizable whale dives out of sight.

EXT. MIDDECK - DAY

Ahab ROARS, frustrated again. He paces across the ship at that half-stomping gait, stewing away.

Stubb turns out of the wind and lights his pipe.

STUBB

Well, that's that. He'll not breach for an hour, and miles from here. He's a cunning one, that Moby Dick.

BULKINGTON

If it WAS Moby Dick...

He looks off toward pacing Ahab, with deep knowledge:

BULKINGTON (cont'd)

But he'll make us chase him across the Antarctic, if we let 'im. And when we're good and exhausted, when it's time to turn back, Ahab'll say "Drive on!"

(turns to Stubb)

He's seen Moby Dick...he's

looked again into that cold  
eye. He won't let up now.

Ahab stops at the port side to look out, desperate for  
a sign. Fedallah edges close beside him. He hisses  
aside to him in deepest privacy, nodding toward sea.

FEDALLAH

He IS out there, my master.  
Very near now...very near!

EXT. SOUTHERN OCEAN - DAY

The Pequod speeds southward through colder waters,  
her sails straining against the wind. On the horizon,  
drifting ice floes speckle the grey sea.

EXT. MIDDECK - DAY

The tri-works furnace burns, billowing black smoke.  
The Cook pulls out a baked loaf of bread on the blade  
end of a harpoon. The Blacksmith dumps in a bucket  
of whale oil to fuel the tri-works' blaze.

Bundled in winter coats and scarves, Stubb, Flask and  
others huddle close to the warmth of its open hearth.  
Ishmael paces nearby to ward off the cold.

Starbuck steps over to watch the Blacksmith dip his  
bucket into an open oil cask.

STARBUCK

Burning the cargo, are we now?  
Wasting our profits?

FLASK

What good is our damned profits  
if we freeze to death?!

Starbuck nods resignedly and kneels down to warm  
himself beside Bulkington and Pip. The men glance  
sullenly toward their lone captain on the bow.

EXT. BOW DECK - DAY

Ahab stands fixed on the bow in his thin black coat,  
inured to the subzero chill, eyes riveted to the  
horizon as if trying to will the whale to appear.

EXT. MIDDECK - DAY

Ishmael paces beside the bulwark and gazes down at the water:

EXT. SHIP'S SIDE - DAY

Small chunks of ice float past in the currents.

EXT. SOUTHERN OCEAN - DAY

An antarctic desolation of sea and ice. The Pequod's course is slowed by massive bergs and broken floes the size of islands. Beyond lie endless fields of ice.

EXT. MIDDECK - DAY

Halyard ropes are frozen, riddled with icicles. Crewmen move stiffly about, slipping on the sleet-covered deck. Ishmael and Queequeg gape out in wonder at the high peaks of passing bergs.

EXT. BOW DECK - DAY

Ahab stares wearily forward, his face frostbitten, his energy sapped by the cold. Starbuck approaches him, hugging his coat, chilled to the bone. Weary irony in his voice:

STARBUCK

Captain. Might I be so bold to suggest that we turn north now. Back on course, sir, toward the Cape.

Ahab offers no reply, eyes fixed forward.

STARBUCK

There are no whales in these waters, sir.

AHAB

He's there, Mister Starbuck. He dares me to follow.

He peers over the masses of ice with forced confidence.

AHAB

I've sailed over Greenland waters worst than this. We can force through this ice.

STARBUCK

Aye, but not THIS time of year.  
The ice is too thick for such  
a gamble -- it can break this  
ship up into matchwood!

AHAB

We will drive on.

STARBUCK

But Moby Dick's trackings are  
due EAST, sir -- you told me  
yourself! Around the Cape!

Ahab's will almost weakens, but he won't give in.

AHAB

He's taunting us, man, don't ye  
see that? He's taunting us!

EXT. SHIP'S SIDE - DAY

Huge ice chunks collide against the bow hull.

EXT. BOW DECK - DAY

Starbuck and Stubb stare over the side with worrisome  
frowns.

STARBUCK

Pack ice.

STUBB

Aye, a bad sign. Shouldn't we  
turn about?

STARBUCK

(a bitter smirk)

Captain's orders.

EXT. QUARTERDECK - DAY

At the helm, shivering Dough-Boy steers through the  
obstacle course of icebergs. He glances anxiously at  
his captain at the railing.

Ahab gazes across the expanse, a lifeless figure, his  
eyes fixed on the frozen wasteland.

EXT. BOW DECK - DAY

Starbuck and Stubb stare grimly forward: dead ahead, the passage between ice floes narrows into a twisty water lane through solid sheets of whiteness.

EXT. SHIP'S SIDE - DAY

An ice floe's edge SCRAPES dangerously against the hull.

INT. FORECASTLE - DAY

Hull timbers CREAK under a terrible pressure. Frozen faces listen to the SCRAPING SOUNDS outside, Ishmael and Queequeg crouched together in thick blankets.

ISHMAEL

That old man's going to kill  
us all!

QUEEQUEG

He de devil.

The Carpenter and the Cook look over from their bunks.

CARPENTER

I wouldn't judge 'im too harshly.  
How'd ye feel if YOU had a stick  
of whalebone for a bedfellow?

The Cook glances over the old, bent man with a scoff.

COOK

Wouldn't do YOU much good, now  
would it?

The Carpenter glares back at him.

EXT. SOUTHERN OCEAN - DAY

A forward view of the Pequod: the sharp points of two giant ice floes close in rapidly, blocking her path! Men run to the bow bulwarks in alarm.

A rear view of her stern: massive chunks of pack ice drift in behind, the ship now trapped from both sides!

INT. FORECASTLE - DAY

The cabin shakes from a terrible CRUNCH of ice! Ishmael

cowers in fear. Everyone bolts up and dashes deckside.

EXT. QUARTERDECK - DAY

Dismayed by the impact, Ahab shouts to his helmsman.

AHAB

Hard to port!

Dough-Boy spins the wheel hard. The deck shudders violently -- the SOUNDS of GNASHING, GRINDING ICE!

EXT. SOUTHERN OCEAN - DAY

The Pequod slows to an agonizing halt -- wedged into the joined points of the ice floes! Ice edges grip her bow hull like a slowly closing vise.

EXT. BOW DECK - DAY

Starbuck and Stubb rush to the side and look down. Ahab THUNK-CLOPS furiously forward and stares out in despair, crewmen behind him.

AHAB

Crack my heart, I've lost him!

STARBUCK

Lost HIM?! Dammit, we're losing our SHIP!

He leaps down to middeck, shouting orders.

STARBUCK (cont'd)

Quick, men, lower the sheets!  
Dump the anchors! Carpenter,  
fetch timber! You harpooners,  
come below deck!

INT. SHIP'S CORRIDOR - DAY

Starbuck and others clamor downstairs. Walls around them GROAN from the weight of wedged ice.

EXT. BOW DECK - DAY

Ahab stands fast at the frozen bow, oblivious to the commotion, staring at the white vastness around him.

AHAB

Oh my insufferable foe...thy  
whiteness blinds me! My feud  
is undone...

He shuts his eyes from the white expanse.

INT. BOW HOLD - DAY

A bulkhead GROANS and CREAKS from the crushing pressure outside. Starbuck, Bulkington and the harpooners lift a heavy mast timber to shore up the bow walls, its length spanning the full width of the hold. The old Carpenter carries in another huge timber on his back, crouched over like Christ bearing the cross.

EXT. SOUTHERN OCEAN - DAY

The Pequod sits silent and immobile between the floes, marooned in a prairie of ice. Just beyond the wedge lies a gap of open sea. So close, so unreachable.

INT. CAPTAIN'S CABIN - DAY

Ahab moves to an open window and gazes out defeatedly at the frozen expanse outside, an icy breeze in his face. Tears well up in his eyes. Then, an angry outcry...

AHAB

Why must I endure these  
torments?! If I had but ONE  
MOMENT, flank to flank with  
that demon whale, I'd face a  
thousand-fold perils!

(clenches a fist)

Damn yer white hide, where  
ARE ye?! Show yourself!  
Show me a sign!

He listens to the antarctic silence. No sound but the WHISTLING WIND against his face.

He turns and slumps down in a chair before his table of cluttered maps, staring futilely at them.

AHAB

So be it...

He sweeps them off the table in a fury. Then realizes with a sudden inward horror:

AHAB (cont'd)  
 Plague my soul...I AM Jonah  
 now! The God-fugitive!

He buries his face in his hands. Sobs uncontrollably.

The cabin door creeps open...the shadowy figure of Fedallah towers before him. In b.g., a commotion of men running through the corridor.

Ahab looks up, as Fedallah takes a musket hanging from a wall and slowly approaches with an inscrutable smile. Ahab hardens, noting the weapon with irony.

AHAB  
 What prophecy is this, then?  
 A mutiny or a speedy death?

Fedallah's silent smile broadens to a grin.

AHAB  
 That bad, aye? What savagery  
 have I wrought...so consumed  
 with the hot fire of my purpose  
 that I've murdered my own men!

Fedallah draws very close and removes a pouch hanging from the musket. He opens Ahab's palm and trickles a handful of black powder into it. Gunpowder.

FEDALLAH  
 All is not lost, my master.

Ahab puzzles over the powder in his hand. Then, a knowing smile spreads across his face.

INT. BOW HOLD - DAY

Starbuck, Bulkington and the harpooners brace the ends of a timber under their shoulders, pushing and grunting with herculean strength, leaking water streaming over them.

STARBUCK  
 Push, damn ye! Harder!!

A new leak gushes into Dagoo's face. He lets go in panic.

DAGOO  
 Ain't no good! We all gonna

drown!! I ain't gon' die...

He turns to escape the hold -- Bulkington seizes him and wields a huge Bowie knife against his throat.

BULKINGTON

Get back here, ye black bastard!

Dagoo struggles against him, grappling his knife hand.

DAGOO

Leggo o' me, white dog!

Locked together, might against might...the Bowie knife poised between them. The stronger of the two, Dagoo slowly turns the blade toward Bulkington's throat.

A SHOT RINGS OUT -- a bullet splinters the bulkhead, inches from their face! The two freeze. Ahab looms from the corridor behind them, the smoking musket in hand.

AHAB

Is it a fight ye want, lads?!  
Then the fight is out there!

INT. CARGO HOLD

A key turns in a door lock -- the door swings open to reveal barrels of gunpowder. Hands quickly grab them.

EXT. SOUTHERN OCEAN - ICE FLOES - DAY

A burning fuse inches toward powder barrels dug into the fissure between the ice floes...KABLOOM! A quick fireball! Ice chunks rain down! The smoke clears to reveal a narrow gap...just wide enough for the Pequod to pass through.

EXT. BOW DECK

The crew BELLOWS OUT A MASS CHEER! Ahab storms through their midst, addressing all with tornado brows.

AHAB

MOBY DICK, my hearties! Have  
ye too soon forgotten?! Then

let me raise the ante...

He turns and gestures to the gold coin on the mast.

AHAB

Upon the day that white whale  
be killed, THIRTY times this  
sum shall be divided among ye!  
A piece o' gold for EACH AND  
EVERY one of ye! Now what  
d'ye say to that?!

Starbuck and the crew stare at him, dumbfounded.

AHAB

I do not order ye! Ye shall  
WILL IT SO! If Moby Dick  
will not come to us -- then  
we will come to him! DEATH  
to Moby Dick!

The crew echoes him passionately, shouting as one:

CREWMEN

MOBY DICK!!

EXT. ICE FLOES - DAY

Crewmen are fanned out on each side of the narrow  
waterway -- towing the ship by ropes fastened to her  
bow. They pull on lines attached to canvas belts  
around their waists, struggling on foot across the  
white ice with all their strength and their hearts,  
SINGING in rhythm to every straining tug.

CREWMEN

Ho! The fair wind!  
Ho-he-ho! Cheerily, men!

Everyone pulls with dogged passion. Slaves to their  
captain's will. In b.g., the tall-masted Pequod  
inches ponderously along.

EXT. BOW DECK - DAY

Ahab watches the approach of the widening gap onto the  
open sea, Starbuck behind him. Ahab towers tall in the  
frozen gloom, proud as Lucifer, victorious. He gazes  
yonder.

## AHAB

The masterless, untamed sea,  
Mister Starbuck. Behold its  
tranquil skin...but beneath  
it pants a tiger heart. This  
velvet paw but conceals a  
remorseless fang. But we'll  
not yield to it, shall we?

Starbuck gazes hard at Ahab's back.

## STARBUCK

No, Captain. I shall not  
yield to it.

## INT. CAPTAIN'S CABIN - DAY

Deserted, quiet. The door creeps open. Pip ventures in, HUMMING some mad melody. Wandering through Ahab's forbidden domain, he comes upon a large carved box and opens it: scrimshaw chess pieces, an ivory chess board.

Pip runs his hands over exquisitely carved whale pieces. He spills the contents onto the floor. Kneeling down, he carefully selects the black king and places it on the board. Looks around the cabin, searching for something.

He jumps up and snatches up a whale-tooth paperweight. Pip plops back on the floor and places the tooth on the board...the white whale...directly in front of the black king. He leans back and seriously studies the board, HUMMING AWAY. Then jumps up and browses around...

Two spare whale-bone peg legs protrude from an open sea chest. Pip touches them with a strange reverence.

An arctic breeze wafts in from the window and knocks Ahab's top hat off a clothes rack full of black coats. The hat rolls along the floor...stopping before Pip.

## EXT. ICE FLOES - DAY

The Pequod passes through onto open waters. Men on the floes drop their ropes and give her a ROUSING CHEER!

## EXT. BOW DECK - DAY

Ahab nods triumphantly at them, aside to Starbuck:

AHAB

We may master this ocean yet!

EXT. SOUTHERN OCEAN - DAY

The freed Pequod hugs the wind, forging at full knots.

EXT. QUARTERDECK - DAY

Sailors tumble aloft to man the sails. Starbuck takes over the helm. Stubb mans the rigging with Ishmael and Queequeg. Ahab hurries toward his cabin, shouting orders all around.

AHAB

Look to the binnacle! Square  
the yards up there!

He stops dead in his tracks, staring forward. The others stare in his direction, their eyes widening.

Framed in the cabin doorway is a tall figure in a black coat and top hat, standing on two white peg legs. It's Pip -- dressed in Ahab's clothes, weaving with precarious balance on whale-bone stilts!

Ahab stares at Pip's disguise. Clearly amused.

AHAB

By God, it's my reflection...  
in everything but the eyes!  
Who are ye, mister?

PIP

Bell-boy, sir! Ship's crier!  
Ding dong ding! Pip! Sir!

Stubb steps forward to reach out and grab the boy.

STUBB

Quiet, ye crazy loon! Away  
from the Captain's quarters--

AHAB

(stops him)

Shhh! Hands off His Holiness!

The greater idiot ever scolds  
the lesser!

He takes Pip in hand. Truly smiles for the first  
time.

AHAB (cont'd)  
Oh, frozen heavens, look down  
upon this luckless child!  
Here, come with me, Pip...

He ushers him back into his cabin, Pip wobbling along.

AHAB (cont'd)  
My cabin shall be your home  
from now on -- for as long as  
Ahab lives. You're tied to me  
with cords of heartstrings, my  
lad, you've touched my center!  
Come along, Pip...

He ushers him gently inside. Starbuck trades confused  
looks with Stubb -- who bursts out laughing.

STUBB  
Blood and thunder! Well,  
there go two crazy ones now!  
One crazy with strength, the  
other crazy with weakness!  
A "greater idiot," am I,  
eh? Than Pip?! HA!

Ishmael and Queequeg exchange bewildered looks.

FADE OUT.

#### ACT 4

EXT. CAPE HOPE SEAS - DAY

The Pequod plunges through heavier seas. A gusty,  
sunlit day, but the waters here are forever stormy.

Approaching in b.g., tall sails. A whaling ship.

LOOKOUT (O.S.)  
Sail ho!

EXT. PEQUOD (AT SEA) - BOW DECK - DAY

Wind blistering his face at the bow, Ahab searches the horizon with piercing curiosity.

AHAB

Where away?!

LOOKOUT (O.S.)

Three points on the larboard bow, sir! She's bringin' down her breeze to us!

Ahab turns forward to port and sees her:

EXT. CAPE HORN SEAS - DAY

The Rachel, a veteran ship like the Pequod, making for us under full sail.

EXT. MIDDECK - DAY

Starbuck and Stubb peer out from the port bulwarks, expectancy on their faces.

STUBB

Well, now! That's a cheerin' sight!

Bulkington stares out, an intense look on his face, as if the nearing ship were a means of escape.

EXT. CAPE HORN SEAS - DAY

An airborne view: the Rachel is almost abreast of the Pequod, maneuvering to cut the wind from her sails.

EXT. MIDDECK - DAY

The crew watches from the port rails, the Rachel in full view as the two ships heave side by side on the rough seas.

The Rachel's sailors SHOUT GREETINGS, but our crew just stares back. Frozen in place, waiting for Ahab.

EXT. BOW DECK - DAY

Ahab balances himself atop the bow gunwale and stands

tall above his crew, looking down on the Rachel's deck. Starbuck approaches, Stubb and Ishmael in tow.

STARBUCK

Shall we reef the sails for  
boarding, sir?

AHAB

No time, Mister Starbuck.

Starbuck gives him a look, expecting that.

Across the patch of rolling waters, the CAPTAIN of the Rachel yells through a megaphone:

RACHEL CAPTAIN

Have ye seen a whale boat  
adrift, Captain?!

Ahab's face tightens, taken back by that. He clings to a stay, cups his hand to his mouth and shouts:

AHAB

Have ye seen the White Whale?!

RACHEL CAPTAIN

(distractedly)

Aye, we have...this morning...

Ahab reacts with renewed excitement, beside himself.

AHAB

Where was he, Captain?! Not  
dead, was he? Not...killed!?

RACHEL CAPTAIN

What does that matter?!

As beside himself as Ahab, the Captain shouts out with misery in his voice:

RACHEL CAPTAIN (cont'd)

My boy, sir! I lost a whale  
boat -- my own SON is on that  
boat! For God's sake, I beg  
of ye...help me find 'im!

EXT. MIDDECK - DAY

Ahab's crew react, eyes turned on their Captain.

EXT. BOW DECK - DAY

Ahab shakes his head, a desperate man.

AHAB

Don't! No, don't ask me to,  
Captain...

The Rachel's Captain shouts louder, just as desperate.

RACHEL CAPTAIN

I know you, Ahab -- we have  
shipped together! Let me  
charter your ship, sir, just  
for one day! I will gladly  
pay for it and pay handsomely!  
You must...you must and you  
shall do this for me, Ahab!

Starbuck, Stubb and Ishmael listen to his pleadings,  
Stubb overwhelmed.

STUBB

By heavens, we must help the  
man! To hell with Ahab and  
his damned whale!

Starbuck reacts to Stubb's unusual display of emotion.

STARBUCK

The boy's drowned, Stubb.  
You know it as well as I do.

ISHMAEL

Drowned? How d'ye know that,  
Mister Starbuck?

He looks between him and Stubb, both nodding sadly.

Ahab, clearly pained by the Rachel Captain's loss,  
fights off any show of feeling and stands stiffly.

AHAB

The whale, Captain! Where  
was he when ye last clapped  
eyes on him?!

RACHEL CAPTAIN

Captain Ahab! I will not go

'til I hear ye say AYE to me!  
 I know ye have a child of  
 your own, safe in Nantucket!  
 You know I'd do for you and  
 your son what I'm askin' ye  
 to do for mine! Yes, yes,  
 I can see that you relent!...

Ahab's face almost weakens, but he stands like an  
 anvil. The Rachel Captain shouts on determinedly:

RACHEL CAPTAIN (cont'd)

I see it! You're relenting,  
 Ahab!

(to his crew)

Run, men! Stand by to square  
 in the yards!

(across to Ahab)

We're all going to look for  
 that whale boat, sir, and  
 find my boy!

Ahab shakes his head, roaring into the wind:

AHAB

NAY! Touch not a rope-yarn!  
 Not a block nor a stay!

EXT. MIDDECK - DAY

Shocked reactions from all around him.

EXT. BOW DECK - DAY

AHAB (cont'd)

I will not do it, Captain  
 Gardiner! Even as we speak,  
 I am losing time and I'll  
 not lose any more!

(turns quickly)

Mister Starbuck! Prepare  
 to turn windward!

Stubb and Ishmael stare at him in utter disbelief.  
 Unsurprised, Starbuck just glares at him, refusing  
 to budge. Ignoring him, Ahab bellows at his crew:

AHAB (cont'd)

Man the yards, we're sailing  
 on! ON THE DOUBLE!

Fearful of his wrath, the deckhands rush to their duties. Starbuck stands there fixed, hatred in his eyes. Ahab shouts across the water:

AHAB (cont'd)  
 Goodbye, Captain Gardiner!  
 Goodbye and may God help ye,  
 man! May I forgive myself,  
 but now I MUST GO!

RACHEL CAPTAIN  
 (a voice of doom)  
 GOD will not forgive you for  
 this, Ahab! He will not  
 forgive you!!

Across the waters, the Rachel starts to recede, as we steer off. The distant Captain stands fast, his figure dwindling away.

Ishmael stares out at the sight, dread in his eyes.

EXT. MIDDECK - DAY

Ahab sweeps across toward the quarterdeck...

AHAB  
 Helmsman! Steady on an  
 easterly course--

Queequeg suddenly blocks his way, harpoon in hand. A tower of defiance.

QUEEQUEG  
 Queequeg sail no more!

AHAB  
 To your station, harpooner!

QUEEQUEG  
 Cap'n be BAD MAGIC!

AHAB  
 Obey me!--

Queequeg SLAMS his harpoon down -- its sharp point into the deck between Ahab's feet! Ahab edges back.

QUEEQUEG

Queequeg harpoon NO MORE!

With that, he struts to the foot of the main mast, plops down on the deck and sits erect and unmoving. Gazing dead ahead. Rooted to the spot.

Ahab is near exploding. He thinks twice, glancing around at the men. Faces stare at him. Deciding to ignore Queequeg, he marches away to his cabin.

Starbuck, no longer able to contain himself, starts after Ahab.

STARBUCK

Captain!

Ahab presses on, refusing to hear him.

STARBUCK (cont'd)

Captain Ahab, sir!

INT. CAPTAIN'S CABIN - DAY

Ahab storms in, starts to shut the door -- Starbuck blocks it open. Ahab reacts with angry surprise.

AHAB

Let go that door, Mister Starbuck!

STARBUCK

Permission to speak with ye--

AHAB

Permission denied!

STARBUCK

I WILL speak, sir!

AHAB

Return to your duties, man!  
On your toes--

Starbuck forces his way into the cabin. Ahab backs away, outraged. Starbuck closes the door behind him.

In b.g., little Pip sits on Ahab's bunk, bundled up in the Captain's robe, toying with chess pieces,

BABBLING to himself. Oblivious to them.

In sudden fury, Ahab seizes a musket hanging on a wall. He points it at Starbuck, who stands defiant.

AHAB

Ye insubordinate bastard!  
Back to deck -- or by God I'll  
deliver ye straight into hell!

STARBUCK

I AM in hell, sir!

Ahab eases his grip, taken back by that. Starbuck faces him with calm fortitude, a voice of reason:

STARBUCK

Capt'n, we've sailed thousands  
of miles to stock oil. We're  
breakin' a solemn oath chasing  
this...mirage of a whale!  
What will the OWNERS say if  
we return with an empty hold?

AHAB

Owners?! What cares Ahab?!  
Let those miserly OWNERS stand  
on Nantucket beach and outyell  
the typhoons, for all I care!  
They're not my conscience --  
MY conscience is in this  
ship's keel!

(threatens musket)

Now get back on deck!

Starbuck stands fast, unconcerned by the pointed weapon.

STARBUCK

Your conscience, Capt'n, is  
drawin' water. In the end  
it'll sink ye down -- and  
drag US down in your wake!

AHAB

Damnation! AGAIN you dare  
to question me--

STARBUCK

In Jesus' name, think of your  
 MEN! No more of this madness!  
 The angels mob ye with warnings,  
 sir -- do ye not SEE them?!

Ahab cocks the musket threateningly, ready to use it.

AHAB

Out! Get back to the deck!

STARBUCK

Nay, sir, not yet!

(with forced calm)

I only ask that we try to  
 be reasonable men...

AHAB

Then listen to me, Mister  
 Starbuck. There is one God  
 that is lord over the earth,  
 and one Captain who's lord  
 over the Pequod! GET BACK  
 TO YOUR POST!

Starbuck sees the burning fire in Ahab's eyes and  
 realizes there is no way to reason with this man.

STARBUCK

As you wish, Captain. You  
 needn't beware of Starbuck...

(eyes burning back)

But let Ahab beware of AHAB!  
 Beware of YOURSELF, old man!

Stunned by his words, Ahab's rage dissipates. He  
 lowers the musket, regarding him curiously.

AHAB

You face me like a brave man,  
 shipmate. Yet you obey me.

Resigned to it, Starbuck turns and opens the door.

AHAB (cont'd)

You're too good of a man,  
 Starbuck.

Starbuck turns back. A calm but fierce expression.

STARBUCK

I wish I were not.

He quickly exits.

EXT. MIDDECK - DAY

Queequeg sits at the foot of the mast, hunched over a tiny fire of wood shavings on the deck. He CHANTS a Polynesian ritual, praying to his Yojo.

Ishmael hunkers down before him, terribly concerned.

ISHMAEL

Queequeg! What's got into  
ye, man! If ye don't work,  
you'll get a floggin' for  
sure! Queequeg -- speak  
to me!

Queequeg chants away, withdrawn into himself. Dagoo leans over him and shakes his head.

DAGOO

He's got de voodoo in 'im.

Tashtego appears and kneels down with a handful of wood shavings. He drops them beside Queequeg. Queequeg feeds the shaving into the fire without a word. Just his low, rhythmic, rumbling chant.

ISHMAEL

Tashtego, what do ye think  
ails him?!

TASHTEGO

His spirit is ill. It be  
his time to die.

He looks at Queequeg with deep understanding. Sings a low-voiced INDIAN PRAYER, as if to guide him along.

ISHMAEL

Time to die?! What manner  
of nonsense is that?!

He shakes Queequeg hard, desperate to bring him around.

ISHMAEL (cont'd)

Queequeg! Enough of this!

No response. Ishmael rises up, exasperated and afraid. He turns to Dago, shaking his head.

ISHMAEL (cont'd)  
Such madness! First the old man, then Pip, now Queequeg... are we all goin' mad?!

DAGOO  
It's Ahab, I tell ye. He's put de voodoo in alla us!

Starbuck strides angrily across the middeck from the cabin. He stops to behold Queequeg's burning ritual.

STARBUCK  
What the devil is this?

ISHMAEL  
My friend's not well, sir.

STARBUCK  
Queequeg, put out that flame!  
You'll set the whole ship on fire!

Queequeg suddenly looks up, as if foreseeing a vision.

QUEEQUEG  
Ship on fire...aye! Whole big ship! Ship all BURNS!...  
(resigned to it)  
An' Queequeg go him island in sky.

Ishmael kneels down, gazing at him, trying to understand. Queequeg clutches his arm in a vice-like grip.

QUEEQUEG (cont'd)  
Quick...fetch carpenter!

DAGOO  
I'll fetch 'im for ye, mate.

He hurries off. Ishmael leans close to Queequeg.

ISHMAEL

Why d'ye need the carpenter?

QUEEQUEG

Need him build canoe...like  
dem canoes place 'em inside  
when dem Nantucket whalem  
dead! Dark wood...like dem  
war-wood canoes on me island!

STARBUCK

What on earth is he saying?

ISHMAEL

He's talking about a coffin.

QUEEQUEG

To lie him in and take him  
go island in sky! Not in me  
foc'sle hammock, sabe?

Ishmael nods, saddened. He translates to Starbuck,  
as Dago appears with the Carpenter.

ISHMAEL

He's asking us not to bury  
him in his hammock, but to  
set him afloat in a canoe...

(rises up)

A coffin. He's spoken to  
me about this before...it's  
how warriors are buried in  
his homeland.

Starbuck shakes his head in bafflement.

The Carpenter shuffles forward.

CARPENTER

Aye, so? What's he want?

ISHMAEL

A coffin that floats. Can  
ye manage that?

The Carpenter shrugs. Without a second thought, he  
produces a string and measures Queequeg's tattooed  
body, length and breadth. Then he shuffles away.

During this, Queequeg mutters a final prayer to his  
Yojo...then promptly tosses it on the fire.



under the mast in the same spot, as if in a frozen coma. A squall whips away the ashes before him.

Ishmael sleeps close by his friend, huddled in a blanket. MUFFLED FOOTSTEPS stirs him awake. Not moving, he watches a shadow streak across the deck.

A small dinghy drops overboard, SPLASHES down, its tow line strung to the deck above.

A figure leans over the landward railing, feeding out rope. Bulkington, his back turned to us. He starts to climb over -- a hand clamps on his shoulder.

Starbuck behind him. Bulkington stiffens defensively.

STARBUCK

Clutch my soul! Have ye gone mad too, Bulkington?

BULKINGTON

I got a young bride waitin' for me, sir. It's not my fate to die with that man.

He nods toward the captain's cabin. Starbuck seems to understand...then slowly reaches into a coat pocket.

Bulkington tenses. The Bowie knife materializes in his hand.

BULKINGTON

I always liked ye, Starbuck, but don't try to stop me.

Starbuck stops, hand in his coat. A long, tense beat between them. Then...he withdraws a letter.

STARBUCK

It's for my missus. If ye make it to Nantucket, I'd be grateful if ye'd pass it on.

Bulkington nods and takes the letter. A moment of communion between two reasonable men. They look at the silhouetted African vista against the dusky sky.

BULKINGTON

Why don't ye give it to her

yourself? There's room in  
the boat.

Starbuck smiles and shakes his head. Bulkington leaps over and starts to climb down the ship's side. He takes his knife and cuts the tow line. Then stabs it down into the bulwark top.

BULKINGTON (cont'd)

You'll need that more than  
me. May God go with ye, mate!

With that, he descends into his boat. Starbuck steps up to the bulwark to watch him:

EXT. CAPE HORN SEAS - BEFORE DAWN

Bulkington rows fast toward the rocky shore, the dinghy a dark form on the choppy, treacherous waters.

EXT. MIDDECK - BEFORE DAWN

Starbuck gazes longingly after him. His eyes sweep along the expanse of land beyond, then turns back on Bulkington:

EXT. CAPE HORN SEAS - BEFORE DAWN

In the distance, the dinghy rides the crest of a steep wave then dips down, propelled too quickly toward the shore rocks! The boat smashes against the rocks -- its timbers shatter out from a powerful, crashing wave! Bulkington is gone.

EXT. MIDDECK - BEFORE DAWN

Starbuck looks on in abject horror. He shuts his eyes from the doomed sight, slamming a fist against the bulwark top with angry despair. He lowers his head in grief and opens his eyes. His grim gaze falls on:

The big Bowie knife, protruding from the top.

EXT. CAPE HOPE SEAS - DAY

The Pequod approaches the blustery Cape of Good Hope, her bow dipping in the swells.

The horizon before her is black with thunderheads. A storm dead ahead.

INT. CAPTAIN'S CABIN - DAY

Chess pieces are scattered around Pip, who lies on the floor. He plays a game of battle between the black king and the white whale's tooth, crashing them against each other with animated sounds.

PIP

Crish, crash, damn yer eyes!  
Die, ye white fiend! Splash!  
Beware the tail, splat! Ahh!

Ahab pores over his sea charts, exhausted for lack of sleep. The overhead lamps swings, the cabin sways. Distracted by Pip, Ahab half-smiles at the boy.

The door cracks open, and Starbuck peers in.

STARBUCK

Sorry to disturb ye, sir.

Ahab goes back to his maps without reply, his usual severe manner. Starbuck steps in and stands by the door, acting polite to hide his contempt.

STARBUCK (cont'd)

The oil barrels are leaking,  
sir. The cask wood's rotten.

AHAB

So? Tar them up.

STARBUCK

It would be more prudent to  
ship into the next port and  
replace the lot of 'em.

AHAB

Mister Starbuck, we'll not  
stray from our course. Is  
that understood?

STARBUCK

We're losin' our profit, sir.  
Would ye wish to strip the  
men of all hopes of cash?

AHAB

(an ironic tone)

Cash...aye, a hard matter that.  
Hard it is that to fire others,

the match must be wasted.  
                   (dismissing him)  
 Tar up the barrels.

STARBUCK  
 That won't be good enough--

AHAB  
 Mind your words, Starbuck!  
 Those are my orders.

Hard looks between them. Seething under the surface,  
 Starbuck starts to speak again...

AHAB (cont'd)  
 That is all!

Starbuck turns away, eying him with pity and hatred.

EXT. MIDDECK - DAY

The deck pitches and rolls on the brewing seas. Men  
 climb spider-like across the yards, trying to control  
 the wind-beaten sails. Stubb shouts up at them:

STUBB  
 Furl those t'gallant sails!  
 And close reef them topsails,  
 fore and aft!

Starbuck marches over to them, shouting over the wind.

STARBUCK  
 A word with you, Stubb! You  
 too, Flask!

FLASK  
 What, now?!

STARBUCK  
 Now!

The three hurry away. Under SHRIEKING wind, a SOUND  
 from below deck: the BANGING of the Carpenter's hammer.

At the foot of the main mast, Queequeg is still frozen  
 in the same position. Chanting prayers, oblivious to  
 the blasting wind and tossing deck.

Kneeling beside him, Ishmael prods a cup of steaming

chowder at him.

ISHMAEL

For Christ's sake, Queequeg,  
ye got to eat! Come on now,  
just a few sips, then ye can  
go back to your prayers...

Queequeg keeps chanting at a steady rhythm, as if  
Ishmael doesn't exist. Ishmael gives up in despair.

ISHMAEL (cont'd)

My poor savage...my pagan  
friend who'd gladly die for  
me...don't ye understand?!  
I don't want ye to die!

The Carpenter appears, hauling a coffin up on deck.  
He loses his balance from the pitch of the ship,  
falling under the coffin's heavy weight.

Ishmael hastens over to help him. Crewmen ignore  
the struggling pair, turning superstitious faces away  
to avoid looking at the coffin. Dragging it across  
to the mast, the two slide it before Queequeg.

Suddenly aware of the coffin, Queequeg snaps back  
to reality. He leans forward to examine it.

The Carpenter opens the lid and gives him a look.

CARPENTER

Got to do a fittin'.

Queequeg nods, understanding. He takes his harpoon  
and rises unsteadily on cramped legs. Then steps  
into the coffin and lies down like a model corpse,  
resting the harpoon on his chest.

Ishmael watches, deeply chagrined by it all.

The Carpenter nods, satisfied. Queequeg rises and  
steps out. He squats back down against the mast  
and continues chanting. Completely tuned out again.

INT. BARREL HOLD - DAY

The dark bowels of the ship. Oil barrels are piled  
high against the hull. The three mates stand in an

inch of leaking oil covering the floor, balancing themselves to the ship's liltng sway.

Starbuck illuminates the sinister hold with a lamp, Stubb and Flask staring at him.

STUBB

How d'ye mean, "usurpation"?

STARBUCK

A captain cannot use a ship for ill-gotten gains, other than for the purposes of her owners. It's in the code of merchant seamen.

FLASK

We're not merchantmen, we're whalers.

Starbuck gestures down at the oil-flooded floor, charged with angry energy.

STARBUCK

Are ye that blind to what's happenin' here? All that we toiled for is bein' wasted -- and HE'LL not lift a finger to save it! He doesn't CARE!

Disturbed by him, Stubb starts to light his pipe with a cinder. Flask leans forward urgently.

FLASK

Careful there, Stubb! The whole damn ship could go up.

Eying the oil leak, Stubb cautiously puts the pipe away.

STUBB

What're ye proposin', mate?

STARBUCK

We have the legal right to refuse all further obedience. We can even wrest command of this ship.

Stubb trades disconcerting looks with Flask.

STUBB

That's dangerous talk...I  
can't abide by it. If the  
Capt'n says to tar up the  
barrels, let's tar 'em up.

STARBUCK

Open your eyes, man! We're  
not whalers any more, we're  
just sheep followin' a  
madman! Wanderin' from  
all mortal reason!

STUBB

Aye, that might be true...  
but Ahab's still capt'n. And  
a fearless one at that!

FLASK

Aye, a mighty capt'n! The  
king of the seas, the lord of  
leviathans -- we can't go up  
against that!

Starbuck turns away, frustrated, trying to collect  
his wits to get through to them.

STARBUCK

Listen to me well, mates:  
a fearless man is far more  
dangerous than a coward.  
No storms nor whales can  
match the terrors menacing  
us from the brow of an angry  
man! We MUST NOT let Ahab's  
fatal pride drag this ship  
down to doom with him!

STUBB

But MUTINY, sir! That's an  
idea born of an undigested  
stomach. That's a killin'  
ground you're standing on!

FLASK

Aye! I'll have no part of it!

He turns and climbs out of the hold. Starbuck looks  
at Stubb with unyielding eyes. Stubb shakes his head.

STUBB

This is a sharkish business  
we're in, Starbuck. Are ye  
shark enough for THIS?

STARBUCK

I can no longer stand by to  
the willful murder of this  
good crew. I cannot obey my  
God by obeying HIM! Do ye  
understand me, Stubb?

STUBB

I do, mate. But I ain't a  
religious man, nor a brave  
one. Ye stand alone.

EXT. CAPE HOPE SEAS - DUSK

Dark thunderclouds blot out the sunset. The Pequod  
drives on between mountainous waves that seem to  
engulf it. Dead ahead...a black, roiling tempest.

EXT. MIDDECK - DUSK

Powerful winds pound the deck. Stubb shouts at  
sailors on the rigging.

STUBB

Back the mainyard and break  
out the mainhold! A sea  
storm's comin' to greet us!

He stares at Starbuck, who paces the aft deck and  
glances repeatedly at the Captain's cabin. Stubb  
frowns, sensing his moral dilemma.

Ishmael pulls hard on a halyard, turning to glimpse  
his friend: Queequeg still sits in the same place,  
swaying to the ship's rise and fall. The coffin  
slides around him.

INT. CAPTAIN'S CABIN - DUSK

Pip sleeps on the floor amidst a flotsam of chess  
pieces, curled up peacefully at Ahab's feet like a  
napping pup.

Dozing in his armchair, Ahab resembles more a weary  
old pensioner than a raging tyrant. The cabin sways

around him, STORM WINDS HOWLING in b.g. Ahab opens his tired eyes and peers down at Pip.

AHAB

Poor, gentle, mad Pip...

He opens a locket and gazes at a miniature portrait of his young wife and baby son in better times. His warm gaze turns dark and bitter. He shuts away the locket from sight and mind. Stormy again.

AHAB (cont'd)

Oh, were I the wind! I'd  
blow no more on this wicked,  
wolfish world! Where lies  
that final harbor, where we  
unmoor no more?...

He clutches his forehead, wracked by a strange agony.

AHAB (cont'd)

God, stave my brain -- how  
he GORES me! Accursed whale,  
begone from my head, or I'll  
clear the world of thee!

(looks madly around)

If I could only sleep...but  
Ahab never sleeps, he only  
feel, feels, feels! Aye,  
that's tingling enough for  
mortal man!

He focuses on the twisted sheets of his bunk, tormented.

AHAB (cont'd)

My grave-dug berth, my tomb.  
Ahab and anguish, together  
in one hammock. Dear God...  
I must sleep...

He rests back in the chair and dozes off again.

A long beat. A shadow creeps into the cabin. We follow the padded footfalls of wet boots across the floor...up to a pair of trousers...then the Bowie knife in Starbuck's hand.

Starbuck looms over dozing Ahab in the armchair. The swinging lamp casts surreal, dancing shadows. Slowly raising the glistening blade, Starbuck inches toward the Captain...then stops, staring down at Pip,

sleeping docilely at his feet.

Starbuck lowers the knife. He can't do it. Ahab stirs. Starbuck buries the knife away in his belt. Ahab's groggy eyes blink open, focusing on the figure before him.

AHAB

What...what is it?

A ferocious GALE RISES above deck, matching the storm on Starbuck's face.

STARBUCK

A storm, Captain.

EXT. MIDDECK - NIGHT

A typhoon rages! Huge waves sledge-hammer the deck! Men rush about the washed deck in the blasting winds and torrential rain, lashing down everything in sight.

EXT. QUARTERDECK - NIGHT

At the helm Stubb struggles to keep the wheel steady, fighting for balance, singing at the top of his lungs:

STUBB

Oh, jolly is the gale, and a  
joker is the whale! Such a  
sporty, jokey, hokey-pokey  
lad is the ocean, oh!

Starbuck climbs up the quarterdeck steps toward him.

STARBUCK

Avast, mate! Let the storm  
do the singin'! Be a braver  
man and hold your tongue!

Stubb laughs -- a gigantic wave washes over them! He shakes the sea water from his eyes.

STUBB

I told ye I weren't a brave  
man, Starbuck! I'm a coward,  
if truth be known...and I'll  
sing to keep up my spirits!  
No way to stop me, sir, but  
to cut my throat!

STARBUCK

Well, jump overboard and  
sing away, if you must!

Ahab appears on deck, face illuminated by a blinding  
flash of lightning. A deafening THUNDER CLAP!

Starbuck and Stubb regard him warily. Stubb grips the  
wheel harder, trying to control it.

STUBB

Bad work, Mister Starbuck!  
Bad work! The sea's havin'  
its way! We can't fight it!  
Nobody can! Not even HIM!

Starbuck helps him with the wheel, looking up: torn  
sails flap violently, men nearly thrown off the rigging.

STARBUCK

We'll go no further in this  
squall! We must turn round!

He struggles his way toward the Captain.

EXT. MIDDECK - NIGHT

Queequeg sits glued to the foot of the mast, chanting,  
undaunted by the tempest. Sea water washes over him.  
Ishmael staggers over, holding on for dear life.

ISHMAEL

Queequeg! Get below!  
(tugging at him)  
Come on, mate -- you'll be  
washed overboard!

Queequeg will not budge. Another powerful wave slams  
Ishmael against the mast!

EXT. QUARTERDECK - NIGHT

Ahab clings to a rail, unbending in the wind, his eyes  
fixed outward to the boiling sea. Starbuck hurries  
desperately over.

STARBUCK

Captain, sir! We could turn  
 this gail into a fair wind if  
 we TURN ABOUT -- let it drive  
 us toward home! Leeward,  
 sir, and homeward!

AHAB

Don't lecture me, Starbuck,  
 I know these seas as I know  
 myself! Never think this  
 voyage over -- before Moby  
 Dick is in my grasp!

A wave crashes over them -- Starbuck collides against  
 the deckhouse! Ahab holds fast, rooted to the rail.

Starbuck grapples his way back toward him.

STARBUCK

IN THE NAME OF GOD, AHAB!  
 WE MUST TURN ABOUT!

AHAB

You heard my orders! WE  
 DRIVE ON!

ISHMAEL (O.S.)

Starbuck!! Help us!!

EXT. MIDDECK - NIGHT

Ishmael clings to the mast, gripping Queequeg, trying  
 to keep him from washing away. Queequeg sits there,  
 making no move to save himself from the onslaught.

Starbuck rushes over and grabs a handhold by the mast.

STARBUCK

Get 'im below!

ISHMAEL

He won't move, sir!

Grabbing a rope, Starbuck hoists Queequeg up.

STARBUCK

Let's raise 'im up...against  
 the mast!

The two struggle to lift the limp giant to a standing position, flat against the mast. Starbuck lashes him to it, wrapping the rope around his chest and waist.

EXT. QUARTERDECK - NIGHT

Ahab stands rigid, defiant against the storm. A vision catches his eye, far out to sea:

EXT. CAPE HOPE SEAS - NIGHT

A large white form materializes over the crests of giant waves. Indistinguishable, it could be a huge whitecap...or it could be a white whale.

EXT. QUARTERDECK - NIGHT

Ahab glowers at it with murderous eyes. To him, it is Moby Dick. He spins around toward the crew below, pointing outward.

AHAB

He's THERE, men! He's riding  
the storm with us!

EXT. MIDDECK - NIGHT

Holding on, the men turn seaward. They see nothing. Starbuck shouts up from the mast:

STARBUCK

Captain -- leave that whale  
to his ghostly wanderings!  
We must save our ship!!

A lightning bolt strikes a life raft at the stern with a violent CRACK -- the raft flies overboard and falls burning into the sea!

EXT. QUARTERDECK - NIGHT

Ahab turns back and fixes on the image at sea:

EXT. CAPE HOPE SEAS - NIGHT

Visible now in the flashes of lightning, like a blurry mirage, MOBY DICK plunges through swells and whitecaps. Following the same course as the ship.

EXT. QUARTERDECK - NIGHT

Convinced of what he sees, Ahab gestures over the heaving rail like a messiah.

AHAB

Behold, shipmates! Believe  
your own eyes -- he's THERE!

EXT. MIDDECK - NIGHT

The men stagger to reach the bulwark. All stare out into the black maelstrom, straining their eyes.

EXT. CAPE HOPE SEAS - NIGHT

Thousands of whitecaps over dark, raging waters. But no sign of a whale.

EXT. QUARTERDECK - NIGHT

Ahab points and exhorts the men below, spurring them on.

AHAB

THERE! D'ye see him?! Look  
at him! See his white brow,  
his magnitude, his malignity!  
Most monstrous, mountainous  
sea mastodon, against whom we  
will declare everlasting war!

EXT. MIDDECK - NIGHT

Flask, caught up in Ahab's delusion, points excitedly.

FLASK

There!! I see him, Capt'n!

EXT. CAPE HORN SEAS - NIGHT

Over whitecaps, the same blurry mirage -- MOBY DICK!  
Swimming parallel to the ship, drawing closer.

EXT. MIDDECK - NIGHT

Stubb spots him too and nods enthusiastically, echoed quickly by the rest of the crew.

STUBB/CREW

Aye! I see him too! There  
he blows! Clear as day!

FLASK

By flukes! Is he a ghost?!

AHAB

Nay! He's as real as DEATH!

Behind them, Starbuck sees nothing. He edges beside Ishmael who clings to the mast with dazed Queequeg. Straining to see, Ishmael turns to Starbuck.

ISHMAEL

Where is he, sir?! I don't  
see him!

STARBUCK

Of course ye don't! The old  
man's blastin' all reason  
straight out of their heads!

Another tidal wave plows over them with piledriver force -- Starbuck and Ishmael topple over each other! Queequeg stands secure, like Ulysses bound to the mast, chanting dazedly. Starbuck rises determinedly and bounds up the quarterdeck steps.

EXT. QUARTERDECK - NIGHT

Starbuck takes the wheel from Stubb and turns it full circle with all his might. The deck lurches to port. Ahab wheels around in rage.

AHAB

Avast! Away from there!!

He seizes the wheel from Starbuck, demented with fury.

AHAB (cont'd)

Touch not that wheel, or I'll  
strike ye into eternity!!

He wrenches Starbuck away and spins the wheel back -- the ship careens to starboard with whiplash force!

Men are thrown across the middeck. Flattened against the deckhouse, Starbuck shouts at Ahab.

STARBUCK

We must turn about or we'll  
PERISH!

AHAB

Nay, I say! We'll DRIVE ON!

STARBUCK

WE'LL LOSE THIS SHIP!!

Undaunted and driven, Ahab helms the ship back into the storm. Starbuck dashes back down to middeck.

EXT. MIDDECK - NIGHT

A titantic wave sweeps across the deck, submerging everyone! A screaming deckhand washes overboard!

Ishmael clamps himself to the mast, holding Queequeg close -- the two momentarily underwater. Drenched crewmen cling to shrouds, battling for ground against wind and sea. Their eyes stare up toward:

EXT. QUARTERDECK - NIGHT

Ahab at the wheel, riding the storm, wind beating his face, whipping back his hair, a man obsessed. Suddenly... a phosphorescent glow reflects off his face.

EXT. MIDDECK - NIGHT

Struggling with a halyard, Starbuck and Ishmael glance up at a bizarre phenomenon:

A green, ghoulish flash skips along the top rigging, sparking out veins of electrical discharge!

ISHMAEL

What is it?!...

STARBUCK

St. Elmo's fire!...

The other men don't see it, their eyes glued on Ahab...

EXT. QUARTERDECK - NIGHT

His body and the wheel all aglow in the otherworldly

green light -- flashing veins sparking down the stern mast onto the high deck! A ghostly, mystical sight. Then, just as suddenly...

The storm abates, as if in the eye of a hurricane. The deck keeps pitching, wind still HOWLING, rain flying aft...but the assault of waves recedes.

EXT. MIDDECK - NIGHT

All the men stand frozen, staring up at glowing Ahab, dominating the ship -- as if it is he who has quelled the storm. Then they gape higher up, aghast:

The St. Elmo's fire spreads across the tops of the masts, filtering down over sails and rigging! Its green hue transforms -- into a blinding whiteness!

STUBB

God have mercy on us all!!

The crew staggers back in fear. Dagoo reflexively seizes his harpoon to protect himself. Tashtego falls to his knees, praying for his life. Even Fedallah and his Arabs fall back in terrified awe. Ahab THUNK-CLOPS down to middeck with a triumphant air.

AHAB

Aye! Aye, shipmates! Mark it well! The white flame but lights the way to the WHITE WHALE!

He snatches the harpoon away from Dagoo and holds it up into the static stratosphere just above his head...

A blinding flash! A ring of St. Elmo's fire engulfs the harpoon head -- shining a white, sparkling beacon!

The men GASP in unison, trembling before him. Starbuck, the lone disbeliever, gazes hard at Ahab's grand performance. Ishmael gapes.

ISHMAEL

Jesus Christ in heaven! What is he doing?!

STARBUCK

Oh, he knows exactly what he's doing!

Ahab laughs defiantly, scans the awestruck faces of his crew then stares deep into the crackling light.

AHAB

Leap! Leap up and lick the  
sky! I leap with you, burn  
with you -- I command the  
very HEAVENS!

A forked light deflects off the harpoon tip, casting a laser beam off at a high angle. Ahab turns the harpoon, reflecting the light down -- towards the main mast. The magical beam burns down the length of the mast, hitting the gold doubloon. The coin shines brilliantly, sparks flickering out like white sun rays!

Controlled by Ahab's harpoon, the beam travels down onto Queequeg's face. Ishmael and Starbuck recoil back. The harpooner's eyes brighten, as if he sees an angel.

Starbuck can stand no more. He dashes over.

STARBUCK

No, Ahab! Don't do this!  
Enough witchcraft, old man,  
God will turn against you!  
T'is an ill voyage, ill  
begun and ill done! Stop  
this blasphemy, Captain --  
STOP IT NOW!!

He seizes his arm to stop him. Ahab hurls him away with inhuman strength. He booms at the crew, his wide eyes translucent with maniacal fervor.

AHAB

All your oaths, shipmates, are  
AS BINDING AS MINE! Make no  
mistake! Heart, body and soul,  
lungs and life, Ahab is BOUND!

He lifts the glowing harpoon higher above his head -- its glow intensifies, lighting up his whole body!

QUEEQUEG

Cap'n!! Cap'n!!

Ishmael turns in shock. Queequeg struggles at the ropes, suddenly and fully conscious, his lucid eyes

focused on Ahab. Ishmael quickly unties him.

Queequeg staggers to Ahab, as if he's just seen God.

QUEEQUEG (cont'd)  
Queequeg sabeel!...Queequeg see!

He falls to Ahab's feet, clutches them worshippingly.

QUEEQUEG (cont'd)  
Me Cap'n...me Cap'n...me GOD!

Stubb and Flask, their faces aglow in Ahab's white light, kneel before him on the pitching, windy deck. Dagoos drop to his knees beside Tashtego. Fedallah and the Arabs genuflect, prostrate before the master.

Removed from it all, Ishmael puzzles over this mad scene. He watches Starbuck: angry but stricken, fighting all the temptations of the devil.

Ahab extends a fatherly hand to Starbuck, yearning for his soul as well.

AHAB  
Ye see, Starbuck? My pulse  
makes these very planks beat!  
(to his men)  
Look, shipmates! Raise your  
heads! Look here as I blow  
out your last fear! ALL OF  
IT! GONE!!

He blows on the flaming white beacon of his harpoon -- the light is extinguished!

Above, a blinding lightning flash! A deafening THUNDER CRACK!

Then darkness...as the winds rise and the storm returns full fury. A primordial flooding from both sea and sky.

FADE OUT.

## ACT 6

EXT. INDIAN OCEAN - DAWN

The storm has passed. Thin, layered clouds blend with a dazzling, bright-colored sunrise. The Pequod

sails toward the sun on calm seas, leaving the Cape far behind.

EXT. PEQUOD (AT SEA) - DECK/MASTS - DAWN

A deathly quiet reigns over the deck, like a ghost ship. Broken spars and scattered rigging from the storm lie about, unattended to. The ship seems at first glance deserted, but there are seamen about...

Dough-Boy, aloft in the lookout. Dagoo and Tashtego squat on the bow gunwale, harpoons in hand, eyes fixed on the horizon with warrior-like intensity.

Stubb cons the ship on the wheeldeck, puffing his pipe. Flask at the helm. Both gaze steadily seaward with fanatical concentration.

Fedallah and his crew straddle yard arms, staring uniformly out to sea. Zealous sentinels, watching and waiting.

Not a sound from anyone. No talking, no laughter, not even from Stubb. All are focused on whatever is out there. All with one singular purpose.

INT. BARREL HOLD - DAWN

By flickering lamplight, a chaos of scattered casks broken by the storm. Cracked barrels bleed oil... six inches over the flooded floor now.

Holding the lamp, Starbuck stares appalled at the damage. A total loss.

INT. FORECASTLE - MORNING

The rest of the crew sleeps in exhaustion.

Queequeg and Ishmael sit at a mess table over breakfast. His normal self, Queequeg shovels away an immense pile of food on his plate, consuming it with gusto. He's starving. Ishmael studies him with ironic awe.

ISHMAEL

I just don't fathom ye. You said you were goin' to die!

QUEEQUEG

Only man go dead WANTS to  
go dead. No bad magic kill  
man NOT want to go dead!  
Only big things...big fire,  
big water, big whale dat don't  
THINK! Only dat kill man not  
want to go dead! Sabee?

Queequeg smiles charismatically and stuff his mouth.  
Ishmael sighs, watching his feeding frenzy.

ISHMAEL

I think I'll draft my will.  
You can be my witness.

QUEEQUEG

Aye! Queequeg much happy to!

Ishmael ponders to himself, clearly distressed.

INT. STARBUCK'S CABIN - DAWN

Starbuck sits hunched over the edge of his bunk  
and leafs through his bible, brooding distractedly.  
Ishmael appears in the doorway, looking troubled.

ISHMAEL

Don't mean to bother ye, sir.

Starbuck looks up, agitated. Then nods patiently.

STARBUCK

What is it, Ishmael?

ISHMAEL

I don't know, sir, I just...  
I feel such dread. What's  
gotten over this crew? They  
all seem to have lost their  
wits, like they cannot think.

Starbuck shuts the bible and runs his hand through  
his hair, more troubled than Ishmael.

STARBUCK

They don't see his madness,  
Ishmael...they can't. HE  
won't give 'em a chance to  
think! Only to feel. And

they feel they must obey him.  
 (a resigned nod)  
 Oh, I'll obey him as well...  
 but I'll hate him for it!

ISHMAEL  
 Perhaps I must obey him too.

STARBUCK  
 Don't. Don't give in. At  
 least not in your heart!

INT. CAPTAIN'S CABIN - MORNING

Dressed and ready for battle, Ahab puts on his top hat.  
 He turns to leave -- Pip scurries over and wraps his  
 arms around his leg. Frightened, a strangled whisper:

PIP  
 Master, master...don't go!

Ahab turns, unusually patient and affectionate.

AHAB  
 No, lad. Ye mustn't follow  
 Ahab. Not now...not ever!  
 (losing patience)  
 Ye have the wrong effect on  
 me, son...like a cure to a  
 malady I must keep as my own.  
 Now do as I say and stay here.  
 I'll have them serve ye -- as  
 though you were Captain!

PIP  
 No, please! Use me as yer leg!  
 Lemme be a part of you!

AHAB  
 Don't speak to me so, Pip...  
 don't! My purpose will keel  
 up in me, and I tell ye...  
 it CANNOT BE!

Pip cries out. Ahab is torn by his voice, angry now.

AHAB (cont'd)  
 Weep and I'll murder ye, boy!  
 For Ahab too is mad!

Pip sobs uncontrollably, refusing to let go. Ahab

relents and squats down to comfort him. The boy hugs him tight, tears flowing. Ahab sighs, agonizing.

AHAB (cont'd)

Oh, you're true, aren't ye,  
Pip! As the circumference to  
its center...

He pulls back gently, gazing into his little face.

AHAB (cont'd)

Listen to me. If ye stay here,  
you'll hear my ivory foot on  
the deck. Then you'll know  
that I'm there.

Pip lets go and looks at him with sad, tearful eyes.

AHAB (cont'd)

Ye stay put now and be my  
commander. My Captain Pip!

Pip snuffles, nods and puffs his chest out proudly.

PIP

Aye, aye -- Capt'n Pip!

Moved by him, Ahab pats his head and leaves.

EXT. MIDDECK - MORNING

White seabirds soar over the ship, their HIGH-PITCHED  
SQUAWKS unsettling the men on deck. Albatrosses.

Crewmen clear away broken spars and rigging, repair  
sails and scrub the deck. No sound of voices, except...

CARPENTER (O.S.)

I don't like it!

The Carpenter is tarring the inside of the coffin,  
sealing the seams with pitch. Stubb stands over  
him, listening to his irate grumblings.

CARPENTER (cont'd)

I make a coffin for Queequeg  
but now HE don't want it --  
and now YOU want me to turn  
it into a LIFE BUOY! It's...

it's just plain undignified!

STUBB

Well, there's nothin' else for it. We lost the old one, we need a new one. So stop yer complainin' -- just rig it!

The Carpenter snorts peevishly. Nearby, the Cook turns with a mock command.

COOK

Hammer it good, ye old scamp!  
We don't want a leaky coffin!

CARPENTER

(scowling back)

I'll hammer yer lips together  
if ye don't shut up!

Stubb laughs at the two of them, his old self again.

STUBB (cont'd)

Just make a good job of it!  
If the ship sinks, there'll  
be thirty lively men fightin'  
for one coffin -- and that's a  
sight I don't want to miss!

The deckhands around them LAUGH, the mood on deck brightening, until...

Familiar PEG LEG FOOTSTEPS cause a sudden hush. A charged air of anticipation, as everyone glues their eyes on...

EXT. QUARTERDECK - MORNING

Ahab emerges into the light, carrying a quadrant. He squints into the sun and scans the men below. Noticing the Carpenter working on the coffin, he hobbles to the bannister and leans down.

AHAB

What is this, old man?

CARPENTER

A life buoy, Capt'n. Mister

Stubb's orders.

AHAB

You're the legmaker, are ye not?

CARPENTER

Yessir, so I am.

AHAB

Are ye also the undertaker?

CARPENTER

Aye, sir! 'Twas a coffin before, sir, but now they got me turnin' it into a buoy!

AHAB

A BUOY?! Ye might be a jack of all trades, shipmate, but you're as unprincipled as the gods!

CARPENTER

I do what I do, sir!

AHAB

Look at ye, you old gray-headed woodpecker -- turnin' the dreaded symbol of grim death into an instrument of help and hope! Hah! A life buoy of a coffin!

CARPENTER

Faith, sir...

AHAB

(sharply)

Faith?...what faith?

CARPENTER

Why, faith...just sort of an exclamation like, sir.

Ahab glares over the remodeled coffin, dismissing him with an irritable wave.

AHAB

Get that thing below where

it belongs! Let me not see  
it again!

He hobbles to the center of the quarterdeck and raises the quadrant, pointing it toward the sun. Starbuck watches him evenly.

EXT. MIDDECK - MORNING

The rest of the crew observe Ahab in silence, their faces a mix of reverence and dread. Fedallah alights down from his mast watch and squats low, studying Ahab with sinister intensity.

EXT. QUARTERDECK - MORNING

Ahab takes measurements with the quadrant. He stops and frowns up at the burning sun, speaking to it:

AHAB

Oh, high and mighty pilot...  
ye can tell me where I am,  
but can ye tell me where I  
shall be...where HE is at  
this very moment?

Pip steps anxiously from the cabin, decked out in Ahab's oversized robe. A long-absent sight to the crew. Their eyes follow him with strange curiosity.

Pip bolts across the deck and crouches at Ahab's feet, fearful of the men, the ship, the sea all around. He stays close to Ahab for protection.

Ignoring the boy, Ahab lowers his gaze and scans the vast expanse.

AHAB (cont'd)

Where is Moby Dick?!  
(up at the sun)  
Ye can see him, can't ye?!  
My eyes look at the very eye  
that even now beholds HIM!

Ahab glares down at the quadrant in his hand. A growing disgust spreads across his face...

AHAB (cont'd)

Foolish toy! A baby's play  
thing for commodores! What  
can ye do but tell me the

poor, pitiful point where YOU  
 happen to be now, but not one  
 jot more than that! Ye can't  
 tell me where one drop of  
 water will be tomorrow -- or  
 where be that WHITE WHALE!

Pip recoils from Ahab's feet, sliding away from him.

AHAB (cont'd)

You're IMPOTENT -- and with  
 your impotence you insult  
 the very SUN!

He suddenly raises the quadrant and SMASHES it down  
 on the deck, shattering it into useless pieces!

AHAB (cont'd)

Curse you, ye vain, paltry  
 thing! Thus I spit on ye!  
 I'll no longer guide my  
 earthly way by ye!

He crushes the broken pieces under his peg leg with  
 fury, then THUNK-CLOPS away.

Pip kneels over the quadrant pieces, studying them  
 for meaning like a gypsy reading tea leaves.

From all around, dumb reactions. Then the men go  
 about their business, as if nothing had happened.

Narrowing his eyes on Ahab, Starbuck rests a hand  
 over the buckhorn handle of the Bowie knife in his  
 belt. Touching it to muster false courage.

EXT. MIDDECK - MORNING

Swabbing the deck with Ishmael, Queequeg smokes his  
 tomahawk pipe. He offers it to Ishmael, who takes a  
 deep pull and hands it back. Smiles between them.

A distant, eerie SOUND distracts them: unearthly  
 WAILS and MOANS from out at sea, like the human  
 cries of lost souls. Ishmael squints seaward.

ISHMAEL

What could it be, Queequeg?  
 Whales?

Queequeg shakes his head, just as puzzled as he.

ISHMAEL (cont'd)  
 Sounds like the voices of  
 drowned men.

Others on deck hear it too, all eyes focusing out.  
 Looks of nervous forboding.

EXT. INDIAN OCEAN - DAY

The Pequod slashes through rolling swells, flying  
 all sails and heading true before the wind.

She passes an islet of sea-washed rocks...populated  
 by a colony of seals. Sunning on the rocks, they  
 WAIL that eerie, human-like CRY. As the Pequod  
 sails by, the seals flee into the water.

EXT. PEQUOD (AT SEA) - MIDDECK - DAY

Crewmen watch the seals from the side, chuckling  
 among themselves.

EXT. BOW DECK - DAY

A distance apart on the port bow, Starbuck and  
 the Captain view the seals. Ahab turns to give  
 Starbuck a half-smile. Starbuck doesn't smile  
 back, turning his eyes to the horizon.

Ahab sidles over beside him, both looking out.  
 He breathes deep, sucking in the sea air.

AHAB  
 T'is a mild, mild wind, is  
 it not, Mister Starbuck?  
 And a mild-lookin' sky!

He turns away to scan the blue heavens. Hard,  
 nervous eyes fixed on his back, Starbuck slowly  
 reaches for the Bowie knife in his belt.

AHAB (cont'd)  
 On such a mild day as this,  
 I struck my first whale...

The knife inches out of Starbuck's belt, exposing its long, sharp blade. Ahab's back is still turned.

AHAB (cont'd)

A boy harpooner of eighteen!  
Forty years ago! Forty years  
of whalin', of privation and  
peril and storms! Aye...and  
in all those years I have not  
spent more than three ashore!

The knife is almost out. Fighting his conscience, Starbuck wills himself to do it...

AHAB (cont'd)

Forty years of desolation  
and solitude...whole oceans  
away from that young wife I  
wedded and gave a son.

The knife freezes in Starbuck's grasp, as he listens.

AHAB (cont'd)

Did I say WIFE? Rather a  
WIDOW with her own husband  
alive, poor girl! Her and  
that sad, neglected spit of  
a boy...my dear, sweet child.

Starbuck eases the knife back into his belt, too swayed by decency and compassion. Ahab turns to him.

AHAB (cont'd)

Aye, Starbuck, I widowed 'em  
both! With all the madness,  
frenzy, boilin' blood and  
smokin' brow that for a  
thousand lowerings I have  
chased my prey...more a  
demon than a man!

Starbuck studies Ahab's face, trying to understand him more than hate him. Ahab's brow tightens.

AHAB (cont'd)

How richer or better am I  
now for all that effort?  
(his head reels)  
I feel deadly faint...oh

GOD, heal my cracked heart!  
I feel so old...

He leans against Starbuck for support, drawing close to him. Starbuck braces him steady.

AHAB (cont'd)  
Come close to me, Starbuck...  
let me look into a human eye.  
It's better than to gaze into  
sea or sky...or God Himself...

Their eyes lock. Ahab's gazes deeply into Starbuck's.

AHAB (cont'd)  
I see my wife and my son in  
those eyes, Starbuck. I see  
home in them...faraway home!

Genuinely moved by him, Starbuck holds him close.

STARBUCK  
My Captain! In these eyes  
are MY wife, MY children --  
and I fear I'll never see  
them again!

He tightens his grip on him, begging earnestly:

STARBUCK (cont'd)  
Let's sail away from these  
wretched waters! Leave right  
now, sir! Let me alter the  
course -- head us back to  
old Nantucket again!

Ahab pulls away, dark and stormy again. Frustrated beyond reason, Starbuck prays to the sky with clenched fists.

STARBUCK (cont'd)  
Great God in heaven -- SHOW  
yourself to this man!

Impulsively, he yanks out the knife from his belt.

STARBUCK (cont'd)  
Or give ME the strength to do  
your bidding!

He turns toward Ahab, his teeth clenched, the blade

pointed to strike.

Ahab looks at the knife and regards him deeply, torn with new conflicting emotions. He stares grimly to sea, as if suddenly realizing his folly.

AHAB

What have I done? What cruel  
master commands me?!

Starbuck stares at him, frozen in step, the knife poised.

AHAB (cont'd)

What IS this unearthly thing,  
pushing me to do what in my own  
heart I would not dare?!

A look of dark revelation, his eyes fixed on the far horizon, gazing inward. Almost a whisper:

AHAB (cont'd)

Is Ahab...no longer Ahab?

EXT. INDIAN OCEAN - DAY

Dead ahead of the Pequod, bubbles rise on the sea's surface...from deep below. They increase, until water erupts with the release of air from some great spout!

EXT. BOW DECK - DAY

The tense tableau between Ahab and Starbuck is suddenly broken by a bellowing cry above:

DOUGH-BOY (O.S.)

THAR SHE BLOWS!!

EXT. TOP MAST - DAY

High on lookout, Dough-Boy shakes with violent glee.

DOUGH-BOY (cont'd)

She blows! She blows! Dead  
to the bow, Capt'n! It's  
HIM -- the WHITE WHALE!

EXT. MIDDECK - DAY

Men tumble madly against the bulwarks and leap onto gunwales, gaping out.

EXT. BOW DECK - DAY

Ahab and Starbuck stare dead ahead over the bow, their eyes wide. Starbuck's knife lowers in his hand.

EXT. INDIAN OCEAN - DAY

A half-mile out, MOBY DICK breaches directly in the Pequod's path -- his whole, gigantic body leaps high out of the water! SPLASHING DOWN with the might of a seaquake! Waves shoot up!

A tremendous blast of spout water explodes, filling the air! Mist fills our view.

FADE OUT.

## ACT 7

EXT. INDIAN OCEAN - DAY

MOBY DICK's massive shape plows through the swells in f.g., parallel to the dwarfed Pequod a hundred yards away in b.g. A half-dozen broken harpoons stick out of his white, mottled hump. A jet of liquid air gushes from his great spout.

EXT. PEQUOD (AT SEA) - DAY

Whalers' faces gape seaward. Starbuck, Stubb, Flask, Ishmael, Queequeg, Tashtego, Dagoo, Fedallah. With anticipation or dread, this is the moment they've all been waiting for.

Ahab stands rigid, focused and still -- until murderous rage explodes full force from his face.

AHAB  
LOWER THE BOATS!

A frenzy of activity! Crewmen rush to the divets to man the lowering chains.

Starbuck stands there a beat, powerless, his weapon impotent in his hand. He puts it away and shouts up:

STARBUCK

In stunsails! Down the  
topgallants!

Chaos on deck! Shouts and whistles, the BANGING of wood blocks, RINGING of chainlinks, BEATING of boots running over the plankings.

Fedallah stops by the gold coin on the mast, SLAPS it greedily with a fist, dashes on. Others follow suit, slapping the coin as they run by.

Queequeg, Tash and Dago snatch up their harpoons in quick order.

Whalers pile into the swinging boats like pirates on the attack -- some leaping from the deck. They man the oars and rope lines.

Ahab storms out his cabin door, his two polished harpoons in each hand. Pip runs frantically behind him, trips on the oversized length of his robe. He screams hysterically after Ahab:

PIP

Master, master...come back!  
The sharks! The sharks!

Impervious to him, Ahab shouts to the Blacksmith:

AHAB

Light up those try-works,  
blacksmith! We'll have tons  
of blubber to burn tonight!

The Blacksmith turns to fuel the huge furnaces.

Over the side, whaleboats drop -- SLAPPING DOWN on the water in quick succession. Fedallah's boat is the first to set off, rowing with amazing speed.

Ahab climbs over and reacts to Fedallah's flight. He waves his harpoons after him, out of his mind with rage.

AHAB

Fedallah!! Come back, ye  
 heathenish traitor! Damn  
 your soul!  
 (shouts down)  
 Starbuck! Hold fast there!

He climbs down a rope by the strength of one arm  
 and lands into Starbuck's boat. Starbuck doesn't  
 have time to react. Ahab plows forward to the bow  
 on a nimble peg leg, pushing Queequeg aside.

AHAB (cont'd)  
 Row, ye blisterin' fools!  
 Pull with all your hearts!

Ishmael and the oarsmen row energetically, the  
 boat streaking out with Stubb's and Flask's boats.

EXT. INDIAN OCEAN - DAY

Viewed from high above, the four tiny boats  
 converge on the whale like ants to a mole hill.  
 Fedallah's boat far in the lead.

White, SHRIEKING seabirds materialize in the sky,  
 circling chaotically around boats and whale.

EXT. STARBUCK'S BOAT - DAY

A mad race to get there first. Rowers work with  
 mindless concentration, muscle and rhythm in sync,  
 racing full speed ahead of Stubb's and Flask's boats.

Ahab exhorts them from the bow, leaning fiercely  
 forward, looking like Moses on a Red Sea.

AHAB  
 Pull, pull, ye murderous  
 rogues, dash on! BEACH me  
 on his white back! Do  
 that for me!

EXT. FEDALLAH'S BOAT - DAY

Silent, powerful strokes. Fedallah at the prow,  
 harpoon ready. Dead ahead...MOBY DICK, swimming at  
 a free, unhurried pace. A magnificent sight.

The rowers turn oars to flank him, drawing closer.

EXT. INDIAN OCEAN - DAY

The white leviathan looms tall, as Fedallah's small boat streaks alongside his fins. MOBY DICK's enormous tail SMACKS the water as if in challenge, tossing up waves!

EXT. FEDALLAH'S BOAT - DAY

The boat rocks on the waves. Steady and swift on the prow, Fedallah launches his harpoon with superhuman strength -- into the massive white midsection!

A VOLCANIC REACTION! Giant flukes beat the water, a chaos of waves and foam! The spout exhales angrily, as MOBY DICK charges away full speed!

The harpoon line goes taut -- the boat lurches forward! Fedallah grips the line with a spirited cackle, Arabs hanging on for a rollercoaster ride.

EXT. INDIAN OCEAN - DAY

Towing Fedallah's boat, MOBY DICK lifts his huge tail and sounds, seawater cascading from majestic flukes like a waterfall. Down he goes!

EXT. FEDALLAH'S BOAT - DAY

The harpoon line suddenly goes slack. Reacting curiously, Fedallah searches the waters. No sign of his prey.

A tense, shuddery beat. In b.g., the other three boats close in around him.

Fedallah glances up at the rapacious flights of SHRIEKING birds above him. Then looks forward... with sudden horror!

EXT. INDIAN OCEAN - DAY

From his viewpoint, MOBY DICK breaches with a surge of colossal energy -- charging forward, directly toward us, his monstrous head splitting the water! A terrifying image! His giant, crooked jaws open to reveal huge, jagged teeth!

EXT. FEDALLAH'S BOAT - DAY

Fedallah, paralyzed with awe. His Arabs leap up in terror and scramble for the sides...

Bearing down relentlessly, MOBY DICK's immense head lurches up with gaping jaws -- takes the whole boat into his mouth and SNAPS Fedallah and the boat in two with crushing force!

EXT. INDIAN OCEAN - DAY

With pieces of wrecked boat and human bodies still in his jaws, MOBY DICK dives back into the deep!

Stillness over the sea. Only the SCREAMS of birds.

EXT. STUBB'S/FLASK'S BOATS - DAY

Their boats rocking in the wake of destruction, Stubb and Flask stare awestruck, speechless. The men look on in wondrous fear.

EXT. STARBUCK'S BOAT - DAY

Starbuck is dumbstruck, like the rest. Ishmael shuts his eyes, foreseeing his doom. Queequeg gazes stoically, accepting his.

Stunned for a beat, Ahab mutters a seaward growl:

AHAB

Gone! So ye've gone before  
me, Fedallah -- but no ROPE  
can smite me now! I'll slay  
that demon yet!

As if in reply, a DEEP RUMBLE of bubbles rises in the water before them. MOBY DICK breaches mightily with a powerful geyser -- only twenty yards away!

He glides past, his spray raining over the boat.

STARBUCK

God in heaven!!

He and the others recoil in humbled terror. Ahab leans forward and shouts with demonic triumph:

AHAB

Breach your last to the sun,  
Moby Dick! Your hour...  
(brandishes harpoons)  
and THESE are at hand!

STARBUCK

Captain, it's not too late to  
stop this madness! Let's  
turn back--

AHAB

BE SILENT!

STARBUCK

I cannot! I'm under orders to  
obey you, not to DIE for ye!

AHAB

But I AM under orders! I'm  
the Fates' lieutenant! Pull  
on, men, burst in upon him!  
PULL! PULL!

Queequeg pulls hard, Ishmael and the frightened oarsmen pulling to his beat.

EXT. INDIAN OCEAN - DAY

The chase is on again, building momentum. Starbuck's boat closes in on the mountainous whale, Stubb's and Flask's boats right behind them.

EXT. STARBUCK'S BOAT - DAY

The boat pulls close alongside, within twenty feet of MOBY DICK.

AHAB

Steady, men, steady...

Hanging over the prow, his harpoon ready, Ahab is

close enough to strike. He sees the small eye in MOBY DICK's titanic head and glowers fiercely at it.

AHAB (cont'd)  
Accursed fish! May black  
vomit wrench thee...

He raises the harpoon to strike, a mighty roar:

AHAB (cont'd)  
From hell's heart I STAB at  
thee!

A powerful thrust -- the harpoon strikes the side of the head, joining other ancient spears! MOBY DICK turns, barely flinching, his dark eye facing Ahab. Ahab raises and aims his second harpoon...

AHAB (cont'd)  
For hate's sake I spit my  
last BREATH at thee!!

Another thrust! The harpoon hits directly above the eye! MOBY DICK lunges forward, dragging the boat full throttle! Men tumble over each other. Ahab holds onto the tight harpoon lines, refusing to let go -- he's wrenched overboard!

EXT. INDIAN OCEAN - DAY

Dragged hard through the water, pelted by waves but holding on, Ahab pulls himself along the lines toward the speeding leviathan!

EXT. WHALE BODY - DAY

With a ghastly grin, Ahab hoists himself up onto the white mountainside and climbs up higher, using stuck harpoons as rungs...toward the whale's hump!

EXT. STARBUCK'S BOAT - DAY

As the boat plows behind him, the rowers watch in open-jawed amazement. Starbuck stares, inspired by the heroic, horrific scene before him.

EXT. WHALE BODY - DAY

Ahab rides the whale, clinging on, his foot and peg leg supported by impaled harpoons! In the

rushing chaos, their lines flail around Ahab's legs and begin to entangle themselves around his thighs, up to his waist...

Ahab yanks out an ancient lance -- stabs its sharp point downward into MOBY DICK, again and again, laughing and shouting with hateful exhilaration!

MOBY DICK submerges -- taking Ahab down with him!

EXT. STARBUCK'S BOAT - DAY

Starbuck leaps forward to the bow and leans out, screaming in despair...

STARBUCK

My Captain!!

EXT. INDIAN OCEAN - DAY

From Starbuck's viewpoint: MOBY DICK resurfaces, still dragging the boat.

Fastened to the whale, dead Ahab sprawls upright across his hump with a ravaged face -- wrapped up in coils and coils of harpoon rope! His glazed eyes wide open in fossilized fury, staring directly at us!

EXT. STARBUCK'S BOAT - DAY

Starbuck's direful face fixes on Ahab.

STARBUCK

My Captain...my Captain...

He suddenly turns with a savage heart, transformed, exhorting the others with Ahab's own mighty rage:

STARBUCK (cont'd)

Come on, men! Let's not  
let him die in vain! Let's  
gash that whale's heart --  
let's SPILL HIS GORE!!

Seizing hold of the taut line, he pulls furiously to drag the boat closer to their prey. Shouts back:

STARBUCK (cont'd)

Damn yer eyes, pull! PULL!

Queequeg grips a line and pulls with him. Caught up in Starbuck's fever, the others take the lines.

Only Ishmael hangs back, too petrified to move.

EXT. STUBB'S BOAT - DAY

Witnessing the scene, Stubb angrily tosses his pipe into the sea and seizes Tashtego's harpoon, brave as fearless fire, shouting at his oarsmen:

STUBB

Thunder away at him, lads,  
PULL! I'll strike at 'im  
myself and send him to a  
FIERY HELL!

EXT. FLASK'S BOAT - DAY

Flask echoes Stubb, inflamed with passion.

FLASK

Pull, dammit, pull! DEATH  
to Moby Dick!!

Dagoo leaps onto the prow with raised harpoon and a BOOMING WAR CRY.

EXT. INDIAN OCEAN - DAY

Stubb's and Flask's boats advance rapidly toward MOBY DICK -- the giant whale heading their way, dragging Starbuck's boat behind him.

EXT. STARBUCK'S BOAT - DAY

Starbuck and his men pull fiercely on the lines, battling the racing tide, drawing closer and closer to the whale's stern...twenty feet away!

Queequeg leaps to the bow. Fighting for balance, he raises and aims his harpoon...

EXT. INDIAN OCEAN - DAY

MOBY DICK suddenly accelerates, dragging the boat faster! Then raises his mammoth head high -- and dives straight down!

EXT. STARBUCK'S BOAT - DAY

The boat lurches up over a wave -- Queequeg tumbles off the bow with his harpoon, Ishmael spills out the stern! Airborn for a split second, the boat plunges downward!

Starbuck SCREAMS before a wall of water rushing up at him -- the last image he sees!

EXT. INDIAN OCEAN - DAY

Starbuck's boat plummets down into the deep with a violent SPLASH -- disappears! It's over in seconds.

EXT. STUBB'S BOAT - DAY

Stubb hasn't time to react, as he looks down over the bow:

Underwater, a massive white head breaches up toward us from the depths with terrifying swiftness!

EXT. INDIAN OCEAN - DAY

MOBY DICK shoots straight up out of the water like an explosion -- lifting Stubb's boat high, rupturing it! The boat splinters into pieces, scattering wood and men far and wide!

Plunging back down with a huge SPLASH, the whale wields its great tail over Flask's boat...

EXT. FLASK'S BOAT - DAY

Raised up, giant flukes CRASH DOWN atop the men's heads with sledgehammer power -- crushing them, their SCREAMS cut short! The tail smashes the boat to smithereens!

EXT. INDIAN OCEAN - DAY

Nothing is left of Stubb, Flask, their men or their boats but flotsam and floating bodies.

MOBY DICK turns away from the carnage and plows his ominous way toward the ship itself.

Ishmael flounders in the choppy waters, trying to keep his head afloat. He sees someone and swims desperately toward him...

Queequeg drifts, clinging weakly to a floating oar. The end of his harpoon juts oddly from the water. Ishmael holds onto the oar, gasping, spitting water.

ISHMAEL

Queequeg! Hang on, mate!  
You'll be all right!...

Then he sees the blood in the water: Queequeg's harpoon has impaled one side of his waist from the fall. Queequeg focuses weakly on his friend's face...a glimmer of a smile. Then he lets go and sinks.

ISHMAEL

Queequeg!!

Desperate to save him, Ishmael dives...

EXT. UNDERWATER - DAY

Queequeg sinks fast, surrendering to the depths. Ishmael grips his arm to pull him up, Queequeg's great weight pulling him down. Queequeg yanks Ishmael's hand free, forcing him to save himself. He disappears into the deep.

EXT. INDIAN OCEAN - DAY

Ishmael surfaces, sucking in air. He clutches the puny oar. And CRIES OUT in spiritual agony!

Far across the waters, MOBY DICK charges toward the Pequod with renewed fury...then submerges.

EXT. PEQUOD (AT SEA) - MIDDECK - DAY

Among the stunned shipboard crewmen, the Cook looks out over the faraway wreckage but sees no sign of the whale. He turns to the main mast.

The Spanish gold coin is still there, nailed to the mast. Eying it greedily, the Cook glances around...then takes a kitchen knife and works at the coin to pry it loose.

EXT. INDIAN OCEAN - DAY

From an aerial view: the drifting Pequod. A half league out...an immense, white underwater mass forges steadily toward the ship.

EXT. MIDDECK - DAY

At the mast, the Cook unloosens the gold coin. He senses someone behind him and turns to see...

The grinning Carpenter's face -- WHACK! His hammer knocks the Cook out cold. A gleeful grin.

CARPENTER

THAT'LL shut you up!

Taking his place, the Carpenter easily pries off the coin and holds it up with a thieving smile. He gazes at its golden glow, as...

EXT. INDIAN OCEAN - DAY

MOBY DICK's white head surfaces and barrels through the water with a great thrust of his tail! Swimming faster and faster toward the ship, an engine of destruction...

The whale COLLIDES head on into the Pequod with the impact of a cannonball!

EXT. MIDDECK - DAY

Quick devastation across the deck! The Carpenter topples back against the mast. Rigging falls around him, killing deckhands!

INT. LOWER HOLD - DAY

Tons of seawater pour through the splintered hull!

INT. CAPTAIN'S CABIN - DAY

Terrified Pip dashes through the cabin and leaps into Ahab's chest of peg legs. He shuts the lid over himself to hide.

EXT. PEQUOD (AT SEA) - DAY

MOBY DICK'S giant tail sweeps across the deck, his flukes toppling the pots on the lit furnaces! Spilled whale oil ignites -- flames spread over the planking, setting the deck on fire!

Burning oil pours down an open bow hatch into the barrel hold...

INT. BARREL HOLD - DAY

Flames light up the oil-flooded floor, licking all around the oil casks...KABLOOM!

EXT. PEQUOD (AT SEA) - DAY

An explosive fireball consumes the entire bow!

The middeck tilts askew. Fires sweep aft and rage through the whole ship!

EXT. INDIAN OCEAN - DAY

Ishmael thrashes in the water, clinging helplessly to the oar. In b.g., the distant Pequod burns and sinks, flames and smoke roiling skyward.

EXT. MIDDECK - DAY

The ship goes down. Through the flames of the low-tilting deck, the dead Carpenter hangs from toppled rigging, flat against the mast...his arms spread out like a crucifixion. In his open hand,

the Spanish gold coin.

EXT. INDIAN OCEAN - DAY

Ishmael struggles in the water, the lone survivor. In b.g., the Pequod's burning bow sinks from sight. Ishmael looks toward the horizon...but the ship is gone. Nothing but black smoke and a empty sea.

Ishmael can't hold on much longer. His grip on the oar weakens...

Out of the floating wreckage, Queequeg's coffin pops up into view. Ishmael swims toward it and hangs on for blessed life.

EXT. UNDERWATER - DAY

The blue wilderness of the deep. A pale corpse sinks down into our view...Ahab, coiled in ropes, dislodged harpoons floating around him. His dead eyes open in cold, frozen rage...as he descends to his watery grave.

In b.g., the great white whale streaks by.

EXT. INDIAN OCEAN - SUNSET

A fiery sunset. Alone amidst an endless seascape, Ishmael lies in the floating coffin. Exhausted and parched, but alive.

ISHMAEL (V.O.)

Saved by my friend's coffin,  
I drifted on a soft, calm sea  
for two days and a night...

On the dimming horizon, the faraway sails of a ship drift into view.

ISHMAEL (V.O.)

(cont'd)

On the evening of the second day, a whaling ship found me at last. It was the Rachel, still searching for her lost son. Instead, she found another orphan.

EXT. INDIAN OCEAN - DAY

The unbounded sea. A thousand leagues of blue.

On the calm, peaceful waters, a swell of bubbles...

MOBY DICK breaches -- leaping skyward out of the sea in a triumphant arc! The majestic white whale dives back down, his great flukes our last image.

Then he's gone.

FADE OUT.

THE END