

"JAWS 2"

Final Draft Screenplay

by

Carl Gottlieb

Based on a Story

by

Howard Sackler

FADE IN:

UNDERWATER - DAY

Dramatically lit by sunlight filtering down from the surface.

A dim shape, massive, threatening, swims towards us from the distance. Then it divides -- what was one is two, and the shape becomes reality; two divers in Scuba gear swimming side by side. They are wearing minimal rubber, considering the cool New England waters: "Farmer John" wetsuits with cut-off legs, assorted sport-diving paraphernalia, including an expensive camera with a flash attachment.

One motions "Down there," the other signals "OK, I see it," and they dive deeper, into darker waters, where the shafts of sunlight pour into the depths, broken up by seaweed and floating vegetation into cathedral-like columns of illumination.

SEA BOTTOM - DAY

The wreck of the working fisherman's boat "ORCA," formerly under the command of the late Captain Quint, deceased these four years.

Buried in the sand near it, still connected by rusting strands of cable, the mangled remains of a shark cage, glimmering with stainless steel highlights. A fitful flash of yellow from under a mossy beard -- a battered barrel, similarly tangled.

The divers, Bert and Ernie, appear. They're fascinated by the find, and Bert, with the camera, snaps a few flash shots. The rapid sequence of flashes signals the presence of a motor drive camera.

ANOTHER POINT OF VIEW

Distant flashes, obscured by vegetation in the foreground.

SEA BOTTOM, THE ORCA

Ernie is exploring the abandoned cabin; doors open and shut, moved by invisible currents stirred by his passage.

An occasional "Flash!" lights up the bottom as Bert continues snapping away souvenir shots of this local landmark.

BERT'S POINT OF VIEW - CAMERA VIEWFINDER (PROCESS)

Ernie floats up out of a hatch, sees the camera, and strikes a pose, clowning for the photographer's benefit. A big hand, f.g., motions him up into clear water for a formal portrait.

He obliges. Now he floats in front of us, gently paddling his flippers to maintain vertical stability. One flash.

Another. Then a large, dim movement in the b.g.

Something's out there, moving towards us.

Flash. It's bigger, bearing down like a train in a tunnel.

Flash! It's on us. Flash! Teeth? Blood? Flash! Blackness, Death.

OCEAN BOTTOM, INSERT

The camera floats gently down and settles in the sand. A dark red mist eddies by. A last weak flash.

MATCH DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. OCEAN - SUNDOWN

Flash! An expensive cabin cruiser, the "Diver Working" flag fluttering limply in the breeze, is riding alone at anchor.

Flash! A distant lighthouse beacon winks at us. The boat rocks in the ceaseless swell.

On the stern, "Elizabeth T. - Newport, R.I." A long way from home...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. AMITY BEACH - DAY

A blue-and-white police jeep is bouncing over the sand. A figure in civilian clothes driving alone on some urgent mission. It's Martin Brody, Chief of Police on Amity.

The jeep slows to a stop, and he takes a flight of stairs leading to a concrete patio two at a time. A classical trumpet

solo is playing in the background. Brody charges through a door, then abruptly slows and starts moving warily through a hotel interior: The Holidome, a three-story extravaganza of a motel, where some sort of formal ceremony is already in progress. A banner announces: "Grand Opening Ball -- Amity Scholarship Fund Benefit." Brody crosses under a High School band, arranged dance-band style on a balcony; the trumpet player, Polo, is finishing his solo, the assembled crowd applauds politely. Brody is taking his place with some dignitaries on the dais, as the presiding authority, Amity Mayor Larry Vaughn, begins speaking.

VAUGHN

Thank you, Paul Lohman, for that eloquent solo. Now, for that point in the ceremonies where we formally dedicate this magnificent resort-hotel complex, a worthwhile addition to the recreational paradise we call Amity.

ANGLE ON THE DAIS

Seated on folding chairs, wearing their good suits, several of Amity's Selectmen, Real Estate Developer Len Peterson, and Ellen Brody, very chic. Brody slips into the vacant chair next to her. The following is conducted in urgent whispers, sotto voce, while Vaughn drones on.

ELLEN

Where the hell were you?

BRODY

Late.

ELLEN

I can see that. Don't you know this is a big deal?

BRODY

Couldn't help it.
Hendricks over there...
(he indicates his
deputy)
...still has the keys
to the jeep in his
pocket, and I couldn't
find the spares.

ELLEN

Terrific. Act as if
you've been here all
along.

BRODY

How'm I supposed to do

that?

ELLEN

Look bored.

VAUGHN

(droning along)

Holiday Inn joins the Amity Shores development condominium complex in a welcome expression renewed interest in Amity Island as the hub of the Northeast Recreational Vacation Wonderland. We're happy once again to be in the center of things, where the action is... We've had our share of hard times and long winters and the past few years have not been easy. But today, the sun is rising on a new Amity, a new island filled with promise.

(applause)

Len Peterson's Amity Shores Development is an exciting addition to our island. The Holiday Inn we stand in is likewise a new friend who we welcome as family. Amity means 'friendship' and our community extends its friendship to all who seek her shores in peace and harmony.

(applause)

Brody settles into polite attentiveness, acknowledging a wave from Hendricks, a politely bland young town cop in his idea of civilian finery. Hendricks is fussing with the banner on an attractive young lady in a bathing suit...

ANGLE ON VAUGHN

VAUGHN

...And now, Tina Wilcox, this year's Miss Amity, will cut the ribbon that officially opens this luxurious new hotel...

Tina (the girl in the bathing suit) escapes Hendricks' attentions, and teeters on high heels towards the ribbon, while Phil Fogarty, the local photographer, snaps away.

VAUGHN

Tina was selected from more than 20 of this island's lovely young ladies in the Miss Amity competition held every spring, and she'll represent Amity Island in the Miss Massachusetts Competition in Worcester next month. When she cuts this ribbon, she will be opening our island to growth, to development, to planned expansion with full employment for our thriving community.

ANGLE ON THE BAND

Paul Lohman ("Polo" to his friends) is exchanging whispers with Lucy, a flute player nearby.

LUCY

I don't think she's such hot stuff.

POLO

When are we going out? You and me?

LUCY

Not tonight.

POLO

You going with Patrick?

Lucy nods, Polo shrugs, and turns to Jane, a girl nearby.

POLO

Listen, Jane -- you want to dance as soon as we get out of these monkey suits?

She nods happily, they whisper together, while we:

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON DAIS

Martin and Ellen have been joined by their youngest son, Sean.

SEAN

Mom, Michael won't talk to me.

BRODY

(to Ellen)

Shouldn't he be at home?

ELLEN

Mrs. Silvera couldn't come.

VAUGHN

This money tree, you may have noticed, is made entirely of twenty-dollar bills, donated by Len Peterson, the builder of Amity Shores Condominiums, as a gesture of goodwill towards the community. \$500 as a special gift to the Amity township scholarship fund...

Applause from the crowd, Len takes a bow.

VAUGHN

(prompting)

Go ahead, Tina.

ANGLE ON TINA

as she reaches out with the scissors. Something catches her eye, and she winks at her boyfriend, Ed Marchand, smirking in the crowd. He winks back, and makes "Cut it" motions with his fingers.

ANGLE ON THE CEREMONY

Tina cuts the ribbon, and Tom Andrews, a local diver, pushes a decorated float out into the pool; sparklers sputter, balloons drop from the ceiling.

VAUGHN

Thanks to Tom Andrews, of Amity Aqua-Sports, for contributing the special decorations. And now, the Amity High School band. Refreshments on the patio, everyone...

The band swings into "Downtown," and the crowd gets up to dance, to eat, and to break into small groups to talk.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HOLIDOME - LATER

Ellen is dragging Brody over to where Len Peterson and Larry Vaughn, the mayor, are in conversation. They pass vignettes:

Tina and Ed, Tom Andrews and Jane, Marge, other interesting Amity townspeople.

BRODY

(seeing Peterson and Vaughn)

Do I have to talk to those two?

ELLEN

My boss and your boss. Sure.

VAUGHN

Hello, hello. It went well, I thought.

BRODY

Very impressive ceremony. Good speech.

VAUGHN

Thank you, thank you. You know my son, don't you?

He beckons over their heads to Larry Vaughn, Jr., a young man uncomfortable in his correct tie and blazer. They exchange perfunctory greetings.

PETERSON

The speech was right on the money.
(to Ellen)
Be a love and make sure the bar's open, will you?

He puts his arm around her, a little too familiarly for Brody's liking.

PETERSON

(to Brody)
Fantastic lady. Don't know what I'd do without her.

BRODY

Me neither.

PETERSON

(looking around)
Y'know, Brody -- for the first time in years it's worth putting money into this town.

BRODY

All of us thank you, okay?

ELLEN

Watch Sean for a minute?

And she hands Sean off to Brody, leaving him with an over-active 10 year old, while she's gone.

SEAN

Can I go swimming?

BRODY

No. Find your brother, okay?

Sean nods and runs off, happy to have a mission.

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON MICHAEL BRODY - NEAR THE BAND

He is talking to Brooke Peters, a mop-maned teen-ager with a pleasant face.

Timmy Weldon, a grade behind, lurks nearby. A plumpish, curly-haired buddy, Andy Nicholas, is enjoying a cup of punch.

MIKE

How old is your cousin?

BROOKE

Seventeen. She's a senior.

MIKE

I'm not crazy about blind dates.

ANDY

They're okay, if they got little white canes and tin cups.

BROOKE

That's awful.

ANDY

What the hell.

(to Mike)

Did your mom put all this together?

MIKE

Yeah, it's her job.

ANDY

Is she responsible for the punch?

MIKE

No.

ANDY

Good. It's terrible.

BROOKE

My cousin will be here tomorrow.

MIKE

Great.

Sean finds them, and bursts into their group.

SEAN

Michael, Michael, Dad said to find you.

ANDY

Okay, you did that.

SEAN

Come on, Mikey, come on...

He tugs at Mike's sleeve; Mike allows himself to be dragged off.

MIKE

Okay, okay. Got to go.

Andy and Brooke are left standing together, Tim moves in.

TIM

(to Brooke)

Want to dance?

(she shakes her head

"no")

Okay. Later?

On her shrug, as she turns to Andy:

CUT TO:

INT./EXT. HOLIDOME PATIO/TERRACE - NIGHT

It's later; night has fallen, the band is playing its version of "When I Fall in Love." Many teen-agers are dancing out on the patio, some adults are dancing inside, the buffet is ravaged, Timmy is watching Brooke, who's dancing with Polo.

Douglas Fetterman ("Doug") joins him, after asking Marge for a dance and striking out.

DOUG

Get a dance yet?

TIMMY

Nope.

DOUG

Me neither.

TIMMY

Who'd you ask?

DOUG

Tina Wilcox.

TIMMY

You're crazy. She's Ed's girl friend.

DOUG

Doesn't hurt to ask. Sometimes the most beautiful girls are the loneliest.

TIMMY

That's a crock of shit.

DOUG

I know.

Bob Burnside, a tall pal of Larry Vaughn Jr.'s, turns up by their side.

BOB

Same tired old faces. You see Vaughn?

DOUG

The mayor?

BOB

Larry Vaughn Junior?

(Doug shrugs)

If you see him, tell him I got a six-pack, a blanket, and the Brebner twins.

He exits, on the prowl.

TIMMY

No class.

DOUG

None at all.

(pause)

I wonder what the Brebner twins are doing tomorrow night.

ANGLE ON BRODY AND ELLEN

BRODY

Can you take a little time out from your busy schedule to dance with the old man?

ELLEN

Why?

BRODY

Because they're playing our song.

And sure enough, they are -- the band has turned to a Fifties slow-dance standard: "I Wish You Love." Peterson approaches.

PETERSON

May I have this dance?

BRODY

Sorry, I'm all booked up...

(taking Ellen)

Come, m'dear.

They slowly fox trot out onto the terrace. Both of them nodding greetings to townspeople and kids -- everyone knows the chief.

BRODY

Remember 1959, the Jersey shore?

ELLEN

And how. I thought you wouldn't respect me.

BRODY

I did, I did.

The music and the summer moon are working their magic.

BRODY

Listen -- what are you doing later?

ELLEN

Fooling around?

BRODY

Right.

He dips with her; they look up and notice Sean, sound asleep on a bench.

ELLEN

Let's get the kid home.

BRODY

Home it is.

He crosses to the sleepy Sean and hoists him with a grunt.

BRODY

(to the kid)

You're getting a little big for this.

Sean murmurs sleepily and hugs his dad. Mike, dancing with Marge, waves good-bye. The Brodys start to leave, passing a bucket with a bottle of champagne still in it. They exchange a look, nod agreement, and Brody boosts the bottle, sneaking it out of the building while Ellen giggles.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BRODY BEDROOM - DAY

Brody and Ellen are snuggling under the covers while early morning light streams under the blinds. It's The Morning After, and the clothes from the night before are scattered all over the room. Brody rolls against Ellen, spoon-fashion, morning-horny.

BRODY

Mmmm.

ELLEN

MMMMmmorning...

They start to move a little, then turn face to face. Outside their door, the sounds of little feet; Sean padding downstairs.

BRODY

Sean's awake.

ELLEN

Door's locked.

BRODY

(kissing)

Good.

Their bodies move under the blankets. There's a crash from the kitchen. They stop for a beat. As they resume, little feet return.

SEAN'S VOICE

The milk fell out of the 'frigerator.

ELLEN

(whispering)

Put a towel down. And shh -- daddy's sleeping.

SEAN'S VOICE

Okay.

His feet paddle off. Brody and Ellen start to slide together, passion resumes.

ELLEN

C'mere...

Bigger feet go downstairs; Michael's up. The Brodys kiss, trying to ignore the sounds of spirited discussion between brothers over who's responsible for spilled milk. Then the sound of a car pulling into the driveway, and a horn beep.

BRODY

Mrs. Silvera?

ELLEN

Mrs. Silvera.

They try to kiss again, there's a door slam downstairs, and talk between the boys and Mrs. Silvera. The Brodys look at each other and break up laughing at the morning, and themselves.

ANGLE ON THE BED

As Ellen and Brody, with the practice of 18 years of marriage, swing back-to-back, and put their feet on the floor, each on their side of the bed, still chuckling, up for the day.

BRODY

Need a ride?

ELLEN

As far as the office.

CUT TO:

EXT. AMITY STREET DAY

The police jeep is driving through the picturesque streets, Brody behind the wheel, Ellen and Sean passengers. It slows near the foot of the street, dockside, where a real estate office marked "Amity Shores Development, Leonard Peterson, Pres." sits. Peterson's big Cadillac is parked illegally at the curb. It has the Amity Shores logo on its side.

BRODY

Some people.

SEAN

What's daddy doing?

ELLEN

Writing a ticket.

Brody is out of the car, his pad in his hand.

ELLEN

Hey! That's my boss!

BRODY

Better yet.

Peterson, in shirt-sleeves and a tie, hustles out of the office

PETERSON

Wait a minute...

BRODY

Too late, it's written.

PETERSON

Heck of a way to treat a taxpayer.

(to Ellen)

Don't you have any pull with the chief, here?

ELLEN

Do I have to?

PETERSON

(taking the ticket)

Better get a sales kit together for
after lunch. I'm taking some prospects
out.

Ellen kisses Brody, and starts in for her day's work.

ELLEN

See you later.

PETERSON

(to Brody)

Can't we fix it up to get this made
into a green zone or something?

BRODY

Len, pay the two dollars.

Peterson shrugs and goes inside his office. Brody's attention
is drawn by some noise by the dock.

EXT. DOCKSIDE, AMITY - DAY

Hendricks and an old codger, Red, are working on Amity's
newest bit of police equipment; a blue power launch for
patrolling local waters. The boat is Hendricks' personal
pride and joy.

HENDRICKS

(to Red)

Tie it off on your left. Your other
left!

As Red complies, Hendricks spots his boss.

HENDRICKS

Good morning!

BRODY

(walking onto the
dock, Sean tagging
along)

Aren't you off-duty?

HENDRICKS

Till noon. This is on my own time.

(to Sean)

Hi, Shorty.

SEAN

I'm not short. I'm eleven.

There's a hoot from a passing boat horn. Sean waves happily.

ANGLE ON THE BOAT

It has slowed to a halt in front of the police berth; it's a scruffy working fisherman, back from the banks with a full load. The Skipper hails Brody.

SKIPPER

Yo! Chief!

BRODY

What?

SKIPPER

You got a gold-plater drifting in the main channel. Big cruiser.

HENDRICKS

Whereabouts?

SKIPPER

Off the Point. No running lights, just a diver's flag.

HENDRICKS

(aside to Brody)

Want me to run out there?

BRODY

On your own time?

HENDRICKS

Happy to do it.

BRODY

Then check it out. I'll be in the office.

Hendricks nods, and starts the engine importantly.

HENDRICKS

Cast off your bow line. And your stern line. Spring line...

While Red grumbles, Brody and Sean are walking up to the street.

Michael and some teen-agers are headed down to the dock.

ANGLE ON BRODY AND THE KIDS

It's Mike, Polo, Patrick, Lucy, Brooke, Ed and Tina.

BRODY

Where to?

MIKE

No place special. Just hanging out.

BRODY

Sailing?

Mike nods.

BRODY

Watch your kid brother, huh?

He gets into his jeep, leaving Sean with the teen-agers.

BROOKE

Bye, Mr. Brody.

The others ad lib appropriate greetings/good-byes, as Brody drives off in his jeep.

EXT. DOCKSIDE - DAY

The Kids busy themselves with their boats while Sean hovers around Mike, who's not happy at baby-sitting his kid brother.

POLO

Anyone want to sail to
the lighthouse?

PATRICK

Machs nix to me.

LUCY

Anyone got a spare
mooring line? Mine's
shot.

TINA

I've got one...

SEAN

Can I go too?

MIKE

No.

SEAN

Please.

MIKE

I said, 'No.'

Tina's in her boat, "Tina's Joy," a neat sloop. Mike is going over his "Green Machine," a sleek catamaran.

BROOKE

You're not going out right away, are you?

MIKE

Waiting for Andy.

BROOKE

I want you to meet my cousin.

MIKE

I will, I will.

SEAN

I want to go out with you. You need a crew, don't you?

Before Sean can protest further, Mike spots his crew: Andy Nicholas, a round-faced, frizzy-haired pal, wearing a bathing suit, and carrying some scuba gear from an early-morning diving class. Marge and Denise, two other divers, are with him, with their gear. They ad-lib "good-byes."

MIKE

I don't need you. Andy's here.

SEAN

You always go with Andy.

MIKE

(to Andy)

How was dive class?

ANDY

Same as always -- glub-glub, bubble-bubble, stroke-stroke. There sure is some weird shit on the bottom of the ocean.

BROOKE

Shells and lobsters and stuff?

ANDY

Mostly old garbage. Today we found a '48 Hudson.

SEAN

Do I have to play with the little kids?

MIKE

Yeah. Go on, beat it.

Sean mopes away while Andy and Mike get their boat ready for sea.

FOLLOW SEAN OFF THE DOCK

Up on the street, where a pretty girl with a sexy face and a provocative post-pubescent walk is asking him directions.

He points down at the dock. The Girl, Jackie Peters, waves at her cousin, Brooke.

JACKIE

Brooke! Hey!

One of the boats has a portable radio going. It's playing some medium-hot salsa. Jackie does a couple of dance steps on her way down the dock.

CLOSE ON ANDY AND MIKE

ANDY

Who's that? Quick -- I'm in love.

MIKE

I hope that's the cousin.

BROOKE

Over here. I want you to meet somebody.

ANDY

Lucky. Lucky, lucky, lucky.

As the four teen-agers come together in a tight quartet, the music rocks up and we:

CUT TO:

EXT. HARBOR - DAY

Later in the day, sailboats with bright colored sails and ornately painted hulls tack back and forth. Lots of chatter between boats, horseplay, splashing, and general good times.

It's cruising, on water.

EXT. HARBOR, ABOARD MIKE'S BOAT - DAY

with Mike, Andy, Jackie and Brooke.

JACKIE

How fast does this go?

ANDY

With the right wind, 15-20 knots.

JACKIE

What?

MIKE

Real fast.

He sheets in, heeling the boat over in the stiff breeze.

BROOKE

Far out!

Jackie screams in excitement; for a city girl, this is more fun than a roller coaster.

ANGLE ON A RED CATAMARAN, "SIZZLER"

overtaking Mike's boat. It's piloted by Larry Vaughn, Jr., the Mayor's Son; with him is his good friend, Bob Burnside.

LARRY

Coming up!

BOB

Gangway, Turkies!

It's immediately a race between the red boat -- "Sizzler," and Mike's "Green Machine." The Kids ad-lib -- "Faster," "Lookout," "Gybe, gybe."

ANDY

We're carrying weight.

LARRY

We'll take your supercargo.

JACKIE

Is that me?

BROOKE

That's you.

JACKIE

I've never been supercargo.

Donny and Denise's boat cuts in, stealing the Sizzler's air.

LARRY

Hey, get out of our air!

DONNY

Want a passenger?

ANGLE ON THE SIZZLER AND FELIX

Denise hops nimbly from one boat to the other as Danny sails tight as a tick to the red cat.

BOB

Way to go!

QUICK CUTS: FUN AT SEA

The sailboats cutting up, cruising the harbor, the local teen-agers partying with each other:

- Patrick and Lucy's Sol Cat, flying its hull.
- Susie's Laser heeled 'way over' in a stiff breeze.
- Polo and a pretty girl in his sloop, "Sea Witch."
- Timmy Weldon and Doug Fetterman playing catch-up in their respective boats, the Doughdish and the Inflatable.
- Marge in her Lightning, sailing close to Ed and Tina in Tina's Joy.

CUT TO:

UNDERWATER NEAR THE ORCA - DAY

Silent, green-blue depths. A diver, Crosby, working the bottom, running a search pattern. Another diver, Tom Andrews, running close. They signal to each other, and make another pass.

Follow Tom Andrews as he skims the bottom, near the wreck of the Orca, half-buried in the silt. A diver's line runs up and

OUT OF THE FRAME, TO:

EXT. OCEAN - DAY

Bobbing on the surface are three boats: the Amity Police launch, the deserted Elizabeth T., from Newport, flying a diver's flag, and the ScubaVue, a local diveboat operated by Tom Andrews and his partner, Crosby; it has "Amity Aqua Sports" lettered on it somewhere. Hendricks and Red are on the deck of the police boat, peering at the cruiser.

HENDRICKS

Rich or poor, it's nice to have money.

RED

Figure they split?

HENDRICKS

Happens every season -- someone takes off. Once we had a schooner for a month while the owners went fox hunting.

A sudden eruption in the water nearby startles them -- it's Andrews, surfacing, holding up the underwater flash camera.

ANDREWS

This is all there is.

Crosby pops up next to him, shows empty hands.

HENDRICKS

If that's it, that's it.

The divers head for their boat, Hendricks fires up his engine, and we:

CUT TO:

INT. BRODY'S OFFICE - DAY

Brody is trying to reason with an indignant fat man.

INDIGNANT MAN

I can't watch the news, I can't watch a ball game, I can't watch movies -- all I hear is that rotten kid with his rotten radio... "Breaker, Breaker..."

BRODY

I'll do what I can, but you're talking about a federal jurisdiction...

INDIGNANT MAN

(leaving in a huff)
So call the FBI!

POLLY

Black, two sugars.

BRODY

Thanks. What else is out there?

POLLY

One petty theft, one domestic disturbance, and an exhibitionist.

BRODY

I'll take the exhibitionist, you handle the others.

WOMAN

Chief Brody? I want you to do something about my first husband.

Brody is caught in the open.

WHITE-HAIRED MAN

Martin, you have got to demand that Grace Kinney keep her shades down.

2ND MAN

What about enforcing the "No Parking"
ordinance on Beach Road?

BRODY

In a minute, in a minute -- talk to
Mrs. Prendergast, please...

WOMAN

(continuing)

Albert keeps coming
around when I'm with
gentlemen friends and
he throws mud on their
cars...

2ND MAN

(eager to be heard)

Every time there's an out-
of-state car in my driveway,
I lose another mailbox.
Those little iron sailboats
cost thirty-two dollars
each!

BRODY

(to White Haired Man)

Talk to me about Mrs. Kinney.

WHITE-HAIRED MAN

Her bedroom window faces my oldest
boy's bedroom, and she's teasing
him, dancing around in a towel, or
less...

BRODY

Dancing?

Hendricks has entered, carrying the camera brought up from
the bottom by the divers.

HENDRICKS

Chief...

BRODY

Hendricks. I want to go over your
reports and your Form 908.

They go into Brody's inner office; the uproar continues behind
the door, but it's calm in here.

HENDRICKS

I never heard of a 908.

BRODY

I just made it up. It means, "Get me

out of there."
(notices the camera)
What the hell's that?

HENDRICKS

Diver's camera. Tom Andrews brought it up from under that abandoned cruiser.

BRODY

Abandoned? It's a little early in the season for that.

HENDRICKS

Rich people. Home port is Newport, Rhode Island.

BRODY

If I had a \$100,000 boat, I sure as hell wouldn't leave it anchored alone in the channel.

HENDRICKS

If you had a \$100,000 boat there'd be an investigation.

Hendricks puts the camera in an informal "Lost & Found" box sitting in the office. Brody makes the mistake of opening the door, revealing the White-Haired Man.

WHITE-HAIRED MAN

Grace Kinney is driving my boy to distraction.

BRODY

Hendricks, get a description of that dance.

LARGE MAN

(to Brody)

Chief Brody? I want to talk to you about my daughter... she's 15, but mature for her age...

WOMAN

Chief, I've been telling Mrs. Prendergast that it's no good just talking about Albert, she's got to do something...

2ND MAN

Look -- the township is responsible for protecting life and property, and my

property is unprotected...

As Brody turns to deal with the mess, we:

CUT TO:

UNDERWATER

Looking up at the surface, where a hull floats in silhouette against the daylight. There's a commotion, and a water ski drops into view. Then another one. Pale legs churn the water.

CUT TO:

EXT. OCEAN - DAY

Off Amity Beach, a bilious green lap-straked boat is bobbing in the water, the engine idling. Two girls are fooling around; the one in the water is Terry, the one driving the boat is Diane.

TERRY

Did you ever see a dolphin?

DIANE

Sure. They like to play. We may see some today.

TERRY

Great!

She fumbles with her skis.

TERRY

Whoops, almost lost one. Can't play with the dolphins without skis...

DIANE

Ready?

TERRY

Hang on, hang on... Okay, go.

Diane goes to the controls, and puts the engine into gear, starting forward. Terry waves "okay," Diane opens up the throttle, the boat surges forward, pulling Terry upright.

A wake boils out from under her skis.

ANGLE ON THE BEACH

Ed and Tina are camped on a blanket, necking in the shelter of the dunes. There's a portable radio, a cooler with some beer, and some sandwiches -- a perfect afternoon alone. Above the dune, behind them lies the ocean, where the girls' ski boat can be seen, raising a big wake. Tina disengages, and

sits up, brushing sand out of her hair.

TINA

Take a break for a minute, okay?

ED

Huh?

Tina stands, and looks out to the sea, where the boat is towing Terry on the water.

TINA

Eddie, can we do that?

(no reaction)

Can we go skiing? We can use my Uncle's boat. Eddie?

ED

Next week.

TINA

With you, everything's next week. I want to go skiing soon. Tomorrow?

Ed grunts non-comittally. Tina takes a beer from the cooler, and goes up on the dune to watch Terry and Diane. She waves to them, and to someone down the beach.

EXT. BEACH HOUSE - DAY

An old lady, Grace Witherspoon, is rocking on her porch, also enjoying the view of young people enjoying themselves. She acknowledges Tina's distant wave, and turns her attention back to the skiers.

ANGLE ON THE SKIERS

having a wonderful time. Terry is good, criss-crossing the wake, showing off.

CLOSE ON TERRY

rushing through the water, waving, stunting.

TERRY

Faster! Faster!

She waves at Diane, who leans over the controls, to coax more speed out of the old engine.

UNDERWATER

following the skis effortlessly, closing in on the turbulent wake.

ON THE SURFACE

Terry whipping along; a fin raises near her. She glances at it, waves, thinking it's a porpoise.

TERRY

Porpoise! Look! A dolphin!

The fin slides low in the water, heading towards her. She puts the rope around her waist, leaving both hands free.

UNDERWATER

Closing in on the wake, crossing it.

TERRY - ON THE SURFACE

The fin cuts across her path. Too late to maneuver, Terry hits the looming gray back of the Shark. The skis bump, leave the water, Terry takes a spectacular spill. The rope around her waist tows her helpless through the water, gagging her, preventing her from shouting. She flounders as Diane slows the boat to see what's happened.

ANGLE ON THE BOAT

turning back to see if her friend hit a submerged log or hurt herself.

DIANE

Terry! You okay?

TERRY

Help! Help!

DIANE

Okay, okay, coming...

She still doesn't realize the gravity of the situation -- she hasn't seen the fin.

ANGLE ON TERRY

hysterical, pulling herself hand-over-hand up the rope, trying to get to the boat.

UNDERWATER

Closing in on the thrashing figure.

TERRY

Screaming, as the Shark rises from the deep and takes her.

Suddenly she's gone, a swirl of pink froth marking the water where she went under.

IN THE BOAT - DIANE

Looking around for her friend, suddenly panicky. She pulls the rope hard, and tumbles backward as it comes up with nothing on it -- just a cleanly bitten end.

DIANE

(screaming)

Terry!

Then the Shark appears, blood on its mouth, lunging up and butting the stern, jarring the engine loose. Fuel spills from a ruptured line.

DIANE

Help! God, help!

She throws things at the Shark, which slides back under the water.

DISTANT ANGLE ON THE BOAT - FROM THE BEACH

Diane can be seen flailing in the boat, very distant screams floating across the water; at this range they sound like the normal shrieks of teen-age girls having fun....

ANGLE ON THE BOAT - CLOSE

as the Shark hits from a fresh angle, this time taking a chunk out of the boat, biting down with powerful jaws. Diane hurls seat-cushions, oars, anything she can lay hands on.

She fumbles desperately in a compartment, produces a flare pistol. She cocks it and fires point-blank at the shark.

CLOSE ON THE SHARK

The flare hits, wet fuel glistening on the water and skin of the Shark explodes in a sheet of flame.

DIANE

A last flash before the gasoline explodes.

DIANE

No-o-o-o-o-o...!

A sheet of fire, she's in the middle, screaming, aflame, the Shark forgotten. She falls into the water as the ruined boat overturns and there's an oily explosion.

EXT. BEACH - DAY - ED AND TINA

Ed and Tina look up as they hear the distant "crump" of the boat blowing up.

EXT. PORCH - DAY

Mrs. Witherspoon looks up, startled by the sudden tragedy.

She gets up to go to the phone, indoors, and we:

CUT TO:

EXT. OCEAN - DAY - AMITY POLICE BOAT

The launch is anchored at the site of the explosion, offshore.

Red is fishing up bits of flotsam with a boathook. Hendricks is on the radio, talking to the shore.

HENDRICKS

I can't find anyone out here. They must've gone to the bottom, or drifted with the current.

BRODY ON SHORE

He's on the porch of the Witherspoon house, using his portable walkie-talkie. Mrs. Witherspoon is waiting in the b.g.

Nearby, we can see a sign: "BURIED CABLE: Call New England Light and Power Before Digging." The cable itself surfaces in a chain-link fenced enclosure, and climbs a power pole for distribution to the island. Ed and Tina are also there, having given statements.

BRODY

There should be bodies. Witnesses say two people; one in the boat, one skiing.

HENDRICKS (O.S.)

(filtered)

I told you -- nothing here.

BRODY

Try dragging.

HENDRICKS (O.S.)

For how long? Current's moving everything around, and it's getting dark.

BRODY

Stay on it. I don't care how long it takes.

HENDRICKS (O.S.)

10-4.

Brody turns to Ed and Tina, and takes out his notebook.

TINA

We heard this noise, like a 'boomp'
out there, and when we looked, there
was just this cloud of smoke.

GRACE

That was the explosion. One minute
they were having a wonderful time,
the next, bang!

BRODY

GRACE

I don't know what could've done that.

Brody stares out at the quiet sea -- what's lurking under
that calm surface?

TINA

Can we go now?

Brody's still looking past them, towards the ocean.

TINA

Chief Brody -- can we go? Please?

BRODY

Oh, yeah. Sure.

As he gazes at the ocean, we hear the sound of a distant
siren, and

CUT TO:

EXT. AMITY - DAY

An ambulance, siren wailing and red light flashing, drives
on its melancholy way through the picturesque town.

DISSOLVE TO:

ABROAD THE POLICE BOAT - NIGHT

Hendricks has the winch in operation, the cable in his hand,
with big grappling hooks attached. The boat is lit by its
powerful worklights. Hendricks heaves them out, watches as
the current takes them, then puts the winch in gear, hauling
back.

RED

How much longer?

HENDRICKS

Until we find something.

RED

I don't care about the overtime, I'm hungry. And cold. And most of all, bored.

INSERT - THE WINCH CABLE

It goes taut with a sudden strain.

ANGLE ON HENDRICKS

He sees it, too.

HENDRICKS

I think we got something.

Red moves to the winch, watching warily as it slows to a near stall with the weight.

RED

About damn time.

HENDRICKS

What the hell is it?

There's a strain on the cable -- it's pulling the stern of the boat down as it struggles with the weight.

HENDRICKS

Here it comes...

ANGLE ON THE WATER

lit by the harsh worklights on the deck of the launch. The cable from the winch is taut, pulling something up from the black depths. What? The coupling appears, then the hook, and an oily cable.

RED

Oh shit. Drop it.

HENDRICKS

What is it?

RED

Power line.

HENDRICKS

Oh, great.

He hits the release on the winch, and the cable whines as it spins out and settles back on the bottom. Red jiggles the line, trying to free it up.

RED

It comes here from Cable Junction.

HENDRICKS

Untangle it and let's go -- We don't need a blackout on the island.

RED

(at the winch)

Now you're talking. Let's get out of here before we do find something.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BRODY KITCHEN - DAY

The next morning, the Brody family is downstairs, each getting his own special breakfast. Mike gets cereal for himself and Sean, Ellen is cracking some soft-boiled eggs, Brody is drinking coffee and smoking.

ELLEN

You have to smoke so early in the morning?

BRODY

It's good with coffee.

ELLEN

So's a donut.

SEAN

I want Fruit Loops!

MIKE

Eat Cheerios.

SEAN

You eat Cheerios. I want Fruit Loops.

ELLEN

Eat Cheerios.

BRODY

What're you guys doing today?

MIKE

(indicates Sean)

I don't know about him -- I'm going down to the dock, maybe go sailing.

BRODY

Every day?

MIKE

What else is there to do?

BRODY

You could work out at the beach,
make a few bucks for school.

MIKE

Do I have to?

BRODY

You'll have to make up your own mind
about that.

ELLEN

Where's my day book?

BRODY

In the den.

Ellen passes them on the way to the den to look for it.

ELLEN

He doesn't have to work all the time,
it's his vacation.

Mrs. Silvera enters from the service porch.

MRS. SILVERA

Good morning -- everyone up early
today?

BRODY

There's a lot going on.

He follows Ellen into the den.

INT. DEN - DAY

Ellen is rummaging around the papers on the end table, looking
for her book.

ELLEN

Why don't you take a half day and
clean this junk up?

BRODY

Because, I'm in the middle of a
boating accident, I got only four
regular cops and one secretary, and
a Chief Deputy who is constantly
fiddling with the police boat. He's
another one.

ELLEN

One what?

(she finds the book)

Ah-ha!

BRODY

Boat nut. What is it about this place
that makes everyone a freak for
boating?

ELLEN

It's an island.
(she pecks him on the
cheek)
Got to run.

She heads out the door for the office. Mike approaches.

ANGLE ON MIKE AND BRODY

MIKE

I'm going.

BRODY

What about tennis? Riding? Fixing up
old cars? Bartending?

MIKE

Bartending? I'm 17.

BRODY

Okay, not bartending. Why on the
water every day?

MIKE

Because.

BRODY

Look, humor the old man -- just be
careful.

MIKE

(going)
I'll be careful. I'll see y'later.

INT. KITCHEN

Mike passes through on his way out, nodding to Mrs. Silvera
who acknowledges his passage. Brody is close on his heels.

BRODY

Don't go out if it's rough or
anything, huh? We've had a lot of
trouble.

MIKE

Okay, okay.

The back door slams behind him.

SEAN

Can I go with you today?

BRODY

You stay with Mrs. Silvera, Tootsie.
Okay?

Sean nods, resigning himself to the inevitable.

MRS. SILVERA

(to Sean)

You can come with me to the market.

SEAN

All right.

BRODY

I'll be at the office.

Mrs. Silvera nods, and pours Sean a glass of milk. Brody sighs, and heads out the door. Sean calls after him.

SEAN

Bye, Daddy. I'm going to be careful,
all day.

CUT TO:

EXT. OCEAN - DAY

Sitting snug and ship-shape on Mike's Green Machine are Mike, Andy, Brooke, and Jackie. They are heeled over in a brisk wind, making good headway; sailing nearby in the b.g. are Patrick and Lucy and Donny and Denise, in their boats.

LUCY

(from her boat)

Where're we going?

ANDY

Oh, out a ways. Maybe the lighthouse.

BROOKE

The lighthouse?

ANDY

No big thing, we'll see who's out
there, maybe picnic.

MIKE

We got some stuff at the store. Ed
and Tina are going to be there.

BROOKE

Oh, sure, they would be.

JACKIE

What's the lighthouse?

MIKE

It's an island, near here, with a lighthouse. We sometimes hang out there, you know...

JACKIE

Great. I got some wine.

She opens her big floppy bag, revealing the top half of a jug of Mountain Red. Brooke slides over to her.

ANGLE ON BROOKE AND JACKIE

BROOKE

(aside)

The lighthouse is a make-out spot.

JACKIE

Now I really want to see it.

BROOKE

You going to fool around with Mike?

(Jackie shrugs)

Well, I'm not doing anything with him.

She indicates Andy, who pretends great indifference.

JACKIE

Well, maybe I will, then.

Andy does about a triple take before he regains his cool.

Mike concentrates on his sailing, Jackie grins an impish, vixen grin, Brooke shrugs.

CUT TO:

EXT. LIGHTHOUSE - DAY

spectacular view from the top of the old lighthouse, showing ocean, sandy beach, some of the Kids' catamarans pulled up on the sand, other pleasure boats cruising in the b.g.

Ed and Tina are running down the stairs, laughing.

ED

Come on back up here!

TINA

Nope.

ED

Give me back my hat!

TINA

Double nope!

ANGLE ON THE SAND

where Andy, Mike, Jackie, and Brooke are camped around a blanket listening to a portable radio. Ed and Tina run by.

ANDY

Why'd they decide to move?

BROOKE

Too hot in the lighthouse?

MIKE

Too hot for those two? I can't believe it.

JACKIE

Is there something I don't know about?

BROOKE

I told you, remember?

JACKIE

Oh, yeah. So why aren't they doing it now?

There's a little round of giggling.

ANDY

Maybe by now they are.

MIKE

They're moving pretty fast.

JACKIE

He's cute...

ANGLE ON ED & TINA

running towards a dune and over it.

ANGLE ON MASSIVE SHAPE

in f.g., covered with birds. Ed and Tina appear over the crest of a dune, and the frame explodes in a flurry of seagulls, suddenly disturbed. The whir and drumbeat of wings, and the shrieking of the gulls is a jarring shock.

CLOSEUP - TINA

reacting.

TINA

Yech!

HER POINT OF VIEW

The huge hulk of a beached, decomposing dead whale, a few birds still pecking at scraps of blubber and entrails. Big festering red holes mark its sides.

DISSOLVE TO:

LONG SHOT - SAND AND WHALE

From the top of the lighthouse, we can see a group of interested spectators, clustered around the whale like ants at a picnic. A few more boats are beached and riding at anchor just off the shore, including the Amity police boat.

Three Ants are walking towards the crowd, one of them gesturing.

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON BRODY, HENDRICKS AND A WOMAN

She's Lureen Elkins, a marine biologist from the Oceanographic Institute, and she's skeptical. Brody is the ant whose antennae were waving in the long shot.

BRODY

As soon as I heard about it, I called you. This thing is big!

His arms indicate big.

ELKINS

After we've looked, we'll talk.

HENDRICKS

This is it.

He moves forward to clear the crowd. Some kids are poking the massive hulk with sticks. A tourist couple is snapping away with a Polaroid SX-70. The whole mess stinks, too.

HENDRICKS

Move back, please... back off... open it up a little...

The crowd edges back, giving way to Brody and Elkins.

BRODY

See? What'd I tell you?

ANGLE ON THE WHALE

Brody is holding a handkerchief to his nose as he approaches

the dead thing, indicating a huge open wound on the side.

BRODY

Look at that!

ELKINS

First things first.

She produces a tape measure and gives one end to Brody.

ELKINS

From the tip of the snout, please.

Elkins is measuring the length of the creature. She calls off numbers to Hendricks, who is officiously writing it all down, repeating numbers as he hears them.

ELKINS

Length, 22 feet, 8 inches.

BRODY

Come on, let's check the bite radius.

ELKINS

(cold)

The what?

BRODY

Bite radius. You know, the size of the mouth?

ELKINS

The whale's mouth?

BRODY

The Shark's mouth.

ELKINS

What shark?

Brody pitches his voice low, so that the crowd won't listen.

BRODY

The shark that did this. It was a shark, wasn't it?

ELKINS

We don't know that, do we?

BRODY

But that's what we're here to find out, right?

ELKINS

You don't tell me my job, and I won't tell you about yours, okay?

HENDRICKS

I can't hear you if you're going to whisper.

MIKE

Can we go now?

He turns to join the kids as they slip through the crowd to return to their blanket, ad-libbing good-byes.

BRODY

(to Mike)

You stay here a minute.

MIKE

Oh, c'mon.

BRODY

You heard me.

JACKIE

We'll be over by the lighthouse.

MIKE

I'll be right there. Wait up.

They hang around, waiting for him. Elkins has reclaimed Brody's attention.

ELKINS

Could be a shark. But maybe not.

BRODY

Look, I know a little bit about sharks.

ELKINS

Do you?

BRODY

I know that this was probably a Great White Shark. Car-cadon... Caradan...

He fumbles for the correct Latin.

ELKINS

(helping out)

Carcharadon Carcharias.

BRODY

That's it.

ELKINS

Okay, so that's it.

BRODY

Is there one in these waters?

ELKINS

What makes you think there might be?

BRODY

Because this big fish has been bitten by some other big fish...

ELKINS

This is a mammal, not a fish.

BRODY

Jesus, don't quibble with me. I want to know if a Great White Shark did this.

ELKINS

Probably.

BRODY

That's it? Probably? Look, sharks are attracted by blood, and thrashing around...

ELKINS

And sound.

BRODY

(this is a new one)
Sound?

ELKINS

Sound. Like sonar, or radar. They home in on irregular sounds, unusual sounds, any rhythmic low-frequency vibration.

BRODY

So there's one around here.

ELKINS

Not necessarily. These wounds could've been inflicted 30 miles out to sea, or more. None of them are immediately fatal. Currents could've carried the body 10 miles further.

HENDRICKS

(chiming in)
We got a helluva tide this month.

BRODY

Could you just keep that crowd back, please?

MIKE

(fidgeting)

Pop...

BRODY

You stay right here. You're going in
with me.

ANGLE ON BRODY AND MIKE

As Elkins examines the whale, calling her observations to
Hendricks.

MIKE

We came out in my boat.

BRODY

Andy can sail in it.

MIKE

I got a date!

BRODY

She'll understand.

MIKE

She won't.

ELKINS

Lower jaw displaced and
lacerated by predator
attempt to seize the tongue.
Additional large tissue
loss in the dorsal and sub-
dorsal areas, as well as
the caudal. Oriamal bite
radius 37 inches, allowing
for salt-water erosion and
subsequent small predator
and scavenger tissue
attacks...

The Kids have moved a little closer to hear what's going on
between father and son.

BRODY

I don't want to discuss it.

Elkins crosses to Brody.

ELKINS

It's either a Great White, or another
killer whale.

BRODY

Can't you tell?

ELKINS

Not when it's like this. This animal has been ashore for 10, 12 hours, and drifting for a day, at least. Every little nibbler in the sea's taken a bite.

BRODY

Look -- can Great White Sharks communicate? Send out signals, or something? You know, take revenge, sense an enemy...

ELKINS

Don't be ridiculous -- Sharks don't take things personally.

MIKE

Dad, please...

Brody turns on him. This at least, is something he can do something about.

BRODY

No more sailing. You come back with me, and that's it.

MIKE

Why me?

BRODY

Because I say so.

ANDY

I'll tie up at the town dock, don't worry, man.

JACKIE

See you later, Mikey...

ED AND TINA

Later, bye...
(ad lib)

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. AMITY TOWN HALL - DAY

Vaughn and Brody enter, walking through the spare, empty town meeting hall, towards the conference table. They are alone.

VAUGHN

I'm showing summer rentals. We got a

helluva season going.

BRODY

We have got to talk, and we have got to talk alone.

VAUGHN

We're alone.

BRODY

Larry, I don't know how to say this, but I think we got a shark problem. A real one.

Vaughn stares at him, then unlocks the door to his private office -- "Mayor" -- and leads Brody in.

INT. VAUGHN'S OFFICE - DAY

Small, expensively furnished in antiques, with a few symbols of Amity boosterism cluttering one wall: a photo of the beach, featuring a shark tower; an architect's rendering of the new Holiday Inn, some charts and graphs showing upward progress, a few stills of businessmen's luncheons, plaques, awards, etc.

VAUGHN

Are you serious?

BRODY

Of course. Look -- I've got some missing persons, fatalities, evidence of a large predator...

VAUGHN

No one has seen a shark -- no fin, no bites, nothing. Be realistic.

BRODY

I got a feeling. I have to act on it -- you can understand that, can't you?

VAUGHN

Of course I can, but can't it wait? These things cost money, and this town doesn't have much money.

BRODY

We have to do something.

VAUGHN

We have done something -- hell, we damn near went broke putting up a shark watch tower on the beach -- it's the only one in 2000 miles, y'know.

BRODY

I know, I know...

VAUGHN

And I stood by while you told the people from Ramada and Marriott that if they put up a hotel they'd need \$800,000 worth of steel net around their beaches! In New England? We all lost on that one.

BRODY

It's still a good idea.

VAUGHN

Martin, when we build up our tax base a little, you can have everything you want; right now, the town's broke.

BRODY

Please, Larry -- there's good reason. Those water skiers...

VAUGHN

(interrupting)

A tragedy. But that was a boating accident; no bites, no sharks, nothing but a boating accident.

BRODY

Two of them are still missing!

VAUGHN

There's always deaths in these waters that never turn up. Are they all shark victims?

BRODY

Maybe they are!

Brody's overstated his case, and he realizes it.

VAUGHN

Bullshit.

BRODY

(shouting)

Bullshit? I'll give you bullshit -- there's a dead whale out there with bites all over it!

VAUGHN

(shouting back)

What am I, an ass? When you called me, I called Elkins, and her bosses.

Nothing she saw is proof of anything.

BRODY

Someone has to do something.

VAUGHN

(back in control)

Don't push it this time. If you do,
it won't turn out the way you want,
I guarantee you that.

The two men study each other for a long moment. Then,

VAUGHN

I've got to get back to work.

He holds the door for Brody, who walks out as Vaughn lags behind, locking up his sanctum.

CUT TO:

EXT. AMITY BEACH ROAD - DAY (DUSK)

Brody is alone in the jeep, headed for the safety of home and family. He drives past the town's billboard: it's covered with an architect's rendering of the Amity Holiday Inn. The sign reads: "WHEN IN AMITY, ENJOY THE HOLIDAY INN."

Plastered across it is an added streamer: "NOW OPEN." Barely visible underneath are older notices: "UNDER CONSTRUCTION," and "OPENING IN JUNE."

As Brody passes the sign, he impulsively swings off the main road and heads down towards the beach.

EXT. BEACH - DUSK

Brody is on restless patrol, checking the water's edge as he continues on home. As he drives along, he sees: a clambake; some teen-agers in a group, necking and dancing; and a few solitary surfcasters and fishermen.

The beach is deserted, the sun is setting, and Brody and his jeep have the sand to themselves. It's then that he sees something:

BRODY'S POINT OF VIEW

A big bow section of a ruined, burnt boat is bobbing in the surf just off the beach ahead. It's a piece of the waterskiers' boat; Brody heads towards it.

ANGLE ON THE SURF

As Brody slows his jeep just short of the water, and gets out to look at the flotsam. His shoes get wet. He backs up

onto dry sand, then tries to edge closer to examine this object.

It bobs up and down in the surf; Brody makes "Get in here" motions. The junk resists.

BRODY

Come on, give a guy a break.

No response. He takes off his shoes and socks, and rolls up his trouser legs. A silly sight. He wades into the water after it.

BRODY

Come on. Here boy. Come to Poppa...

It eludes him, and he flounders after it. A big wave breaks across his crotch.

BRODY

Hoo! Cold!

He's almost there, it's just beyond his reach, he's got it, he's lost it, he has it again, it's slippery...

BRODY

(ad lib)

Come here. Come on, Sweetheart. You bastard. A little closer... Here y'go...

Then, he's got it ---

BRODY

(exultant)

Gotcha!

CLOSE ON BRODY IN THE WATER

As he grabs the ruined wood, and pulls it towards him. Suddenly, the mass of wreckage breaks apart, and something lunges out of the mess and into Brody.

SHOCK CUT CLOSEUP - "THE THING"

Brody is suddenly pinned under a soggy charred horror; the gory remains of Diane, burnt beyond recognition, : flesh peeled away, discolored, charred, ruined by days in salt water. He screams, and scrabbles in the wet sand, trying to get out of the dreadful clutches of the half-human thing he's dredged from the water.

ANGLE ON BRODY

Extricating himself, puking, retching, splashing water on his face, washing his hands frantically, just behind him,

The Thing lying on the sand, a gruesome joke played by the sea.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BRODY'S OFFICE - NIGHT - EXTREME CLOSEUP - CYANIDE BOTTLE

Macro close on a pharmaceutical bottle of Sodium Cyanide, from which a syringe is withdrawing a healthy dose. Follow the syringe and reveal Brody, working at his desk in the deserted office. He is injecting the deadly chemical into some jacketed .38 hollow-point ammunition; a dozen cartridges are lined up in neat array, he is filling the last of them, sealing the points with wax from a burning red candle. The radio scanner is monitoring the local police band: routine reports faintly in the b.g. -- a slow night in pre-season Amity.

ANGLE ON BRODY

As a sound at the door makes him look up. He hides the odd gear as Hendricks enters, starched and crisp in his uniform.

HENDRICKS

Chief?

BRODY

In here.

HENDRICKS

I missed you at the funeral home.
Santos said you were here.

BRODY

You didn't miss much. Christ, what a mess.

HENDRICKS

Positive I.D.?

BRODY

The woman passenger on the boat that blew up.

HENDRICKS

Oh.

There's an awkward pause. Brody sees the box with the divers' stuff sitting where it was left earlier.

BRODY

What about that camera?

HENDRICKS

What camera?

BRODY

That one -- from the wreck. You brought it up, did you look inside it?

Hendricks' guilty look confirms he didn't.

BRODY

Well, what the hell -- might be something worth seeing. Take it somewhere and see if there's film in it...

HENDRICKS

(catching on)
If there is, develop it!

BRODY

You got it.

The Deputy rummages in the locker, happy to be on the trail.

HENDRICKS

I know just where to go.

BRODY

Not the drugstore!

HENDRICKS

Of course not, They're closed. Phil Fogarty's place. He'll do it for me.

BRODY

The drugstore's closed? What the hell time is it?

HENDRICKS

Nine-thirty, ten maybe.

BRODY

Shit -- I'm late for dinner... Close up, okay?

And he runs for the door, the speed-loaders with the Cyanide bullets safely in his pocket.

BRODY

(at the door)
Oh yeah -- I'm expecting a long distance call, very important. Give them my home phone.

HENDRICKS

Right.

Brody pats his pockets to make sure the speed-loaders are safe inside, then exits. As Hendricks watches him go,

CUT TO:

EXT. BRODY HOUSE - NIGHT

Brody's jeep pulls up, and he gets out, beat. He is slouching towards the door when he hears the phone ring inside. He perks up, and starts to move faster.

CUT TO:

INT. BRODY HOUSE - NIGHT

Ellen is on the phone in the den as Brody enters the house.

The Kids are on the floor in front of the TV, playing an electronic video game that pings and beeps softly under the following.

ELLEN

(into the phone)

Thank you. I'll tell him.

BRODY

For me?

ELLEN

(hanging up)

Sort of -- Matthew Hooper is aboard the research vessel Aurora, presently in the Antarctic Ocean, and won't be in radio range until half-past next spring.

BRODY

Damn.

He starts upstairs, casually concealing the towel-wrapped package of gun and ammunition.

MIKE

Is Hooper coming to dinner?

BRODY

Not till next year.

He goes upstairs, Ellen waits a few beats, then follows him.

CUT TO:

INT. BRODY HOUSE - UPSTAIRS - NIGHT

Brody comes up the stairs and goes into the bedroom, where he carefully puts the gun in the bed table. Ellen finds him.

BRODY

Oh, hi -- How was dinner?

ELLEN

Oh, perfect -- a 75 per cent family affair. Where were you?

BRODY

(getting up)
Santos' place.

They both know what that means -- the morgue. Brody goes into the bathroom and starts scrubbing his hands compulsively.

INT. BRODY HOUSE - BATHROOM AND HALLWAY - NIGHT

Ellen follows Brody, watches as he washes under too-hot water.

BRODY

Oww!

ELLEN

Careful. What's wrong?

BRODY

Nothing.

ELLEN

Nothing, huh?

BRODY

That's what I said. Is there any of that hand cleaner stuff?

ELLEN

Use the little brush there. Why were you at Santos'?

BRODY

Found one of the missing victims from that boat deal.

ELLEN

Oh. Want to talk about it?

BRODY

No.

ELLEN

Terrific.

Mike comes up the stairs, and is starting into his room when Brody spots him; Sean is just behind him.

BRODY

Michael.

MIKE

Yeah?

BRODY

You want to come here a minute?

Mike shrugs and crosses to his father; Sean whizzes past on into his room.

SEAN

Hi Dad.

BRODY

Hiya yourself.

MIKE

What is it?

He expects something: this is a formal audience with the Head of The House.

BRODY

I got something for you to do tomorrow.

MIKE

I kind of had plans...

BRODY

Sailing?

(Mike nods)

Forget it. You're beached. Grounded. No more boats.

MIKE

Hey, come on...

BRODY

No backtalk! I spoke to Upton, at the beach, and he's got a job for you there. You can work until school starts.

ELLEN

All summer?

BRODY

He wanted a job, he's got one. I want to see that boat out of the water by tomorrow night.

We see Sean's door opening as he peeps into the hall to see what the fuss is about.

ANGLE ON SEAN'S DOOR

It opens a few inches, he looks out at the grownups and his brother, decides he wants no part of this, and quietly closes the door.

MIKE (O.S.)

Dad, please...

BRODY (O.S.)

Tomorrow night. Out of the water.

ANGLE ON THE HALLWAY

Mike silently storms into his room, not-so-silently slamming the door as he exits. From inside the room, loud rock music muffled behind the door -- an expression of teen-age rebellion.

ELLEN

Not so loud!

The music lowers its volume. Brody turns to go into the bedroom, to take his shoes off, to go to bed...

BRODY

I know what you're going to say.

ELLEN

Do you?

BRODY

(on the bed)

In the city, it happened all the time -- some Kid o.d.'s on a rooftop, top, a drunk gets cut in pieces under the Brooklyn local, old people die alone in shitty apartments and three weeks later someone calls the cops because of the smell and the flies. Call the cops. What are we, immune?

ELLEN

It was bad, wasn't it.

BRODY

The goddamn smell is always the same.
(he shudders at the
recollection)

ELLEN

Are you going to be able to sleep?

BRODY

Yeah. I think so.
(he raises his voice)

Mike! Keep it down, for chrissake!

Ellen gets up, and quietly closes the door. The upstairs hallway is empty, the doors closed. The Brody household compartmented and closed for the night.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. AMITY BEACH - DAY

The familiar striped cabanas flank the white sands; there's a crowd of midweek seasonal tourists and locals oblivious to the tall steel tower that dominates the beach.

A classy van outfitted for passengers pulls into the parking area, followed by Vaughn's Cadillac; the parking attendant waves them into a preferential area, where they disembark:

Vaughn, Peterson, Ellen, and some more prospects, including a woman named Bryant and her daughter, Renee.

PETERSON

This is the town beach; the development naturally has its own private access, but I wanted you to see the concession area. Look at that sand -- like sugar!

He scoops up a handful of the fine powder. Ellen directs the attention of the photographers.

ELLEN

During the summer, the sun sets right there...

(she points)

Over the water. Beautiful.

VAUGHN

(to Ellen)

I'll say hello for you.

Ellen nods, preoccupied. Vaughn strolls away, headed in the direction of the cabanas. Mary Nichols, a local Selectwoman, emerges from behind the counter of one of the concessions.

NICHOLS

Hello -- selling some more of the good life?

ELLEN

A piece here, a piece there, it all adds up.

NICHOLS

Your husband's been here all morning. What's he doing?

ELLEN

(good-naturedly)
His job.

Michael Brody, dressed in township workman's coveralls, is repainting some flaking woodwork. Sean is happily mixing paint. Vaughn joins them.

VAUGHN

Your dad got you working?

MIKE

Yeah.

He continues his chore, without enthusiasm.

SEAN

I'm helping.

VAUGHN

You know where your dad is?

MIKE

Up there.

He points at the tower.

VAUGHN

Oh, for Christ's sake.

He crosses briskly to where Peterson is finishing.

PETERSON

And if you have any questions about recreational possibilities, Ellen Brody here will be happy to answer them.

VAUGHN

Len, can I see you a minute?

Peterson excuses himself and joins the Mayor.

PETERSON

I think we got a couple of live ones.

VAUGHN

Brody's riding his tower.

PETERSON

(looking up)
Oh, shit.

BRODY IN THE TOWER

sweeping the water with binoculars, restless eyes trying to scan everything, a grim watchman high over the heads of the unseeing crowd.

ON THE WATER

Larry Vaughn, Jr. comes skimming in close to the surf. Bob is handling the sheets, Larry is giving young Jackie sailing lessons -- at the moment he's showing her how the tiller works. He's on her like glue.

JACKIE

This is fun! Can we go faster?

LARRY

(to Bob)

Trim.

Bob does, Larry trims the main, and the hull lifts.

JACKIE

Yay!

She snuggles in Larry's arms. He waves to someone.

LARRY

That's my dad!

Jackie waves without seeing.

ON THE BEACH

Vaughn waves back, preoccupied. Near him, Mike Brody looks up, his face grim, jealous, and now a little nuts. He splashes paint onto the wood with angry abandon.

VAUGHN

(to Peterson)

Wave to my son.

PETERSON

(waving)

How the hell do we get him down from there?

VAUGHN

Maybe nobody will notice. Let's get them back in the bus.

Mrs. Bryant approaches them, tugging her daughter.

MRS. BRYANT

Renee wants to know what that man is doing way up there?

PETERSON

He's, ah, watching. A lookout.

MRS. BRYANT

For what?

RENEE

(a precocious little
girl)

It's a shark tower. I saw one in
Florida. He's looking for sharks.

VAUGHN

It's an observation platform. That's
our Chief of Police. He's just
checking it.

PETERSON

Normally, it's used for, ah, bird
watching. Nature observation. Weather
measurements, that sort of thing.

(a little desperate)

Ellen, we're running late!

ELLEN

Okay. Folks, if we could get back
on, we'll show you the country club,
and stop for lunch...

At the mention of lunch, the prospects, all hungry, begin
flocking back into the van. Peterson herds them along.

PETERSON

The country club has an 18-hole
course, putting greens, and twelve
tennis courts...

CUT TO:

BRODY IN THE TOWER

still scanning. His body suddenly tenses. There's something
out there. He mashes his binoculars to his eyes, trying to
get a better look.

HIS POINT OF VIEW (PROCESS)

Through the binoculars, something big and black, moving under
the buoys and into the swimming area.

BRODY AGAIN

He can't believe it. But looking past him, we can see it
with the unaided eye: a seething dark mass, moving through
the water towards the unprotected bathers.

BRODY

(screaming)
Out of the water! Everyone out of
the water!

No one can hear him. A few little faces look up, unable to catch what he's saying. He starts climbing down the ladder shouting.

BRODY

Get out of the water! Tell everyone
to get out! Now! Out of the water!

ANGLE ON PETERSON, VAUGHN, AND NICHOLS

reacting.

VAUGHN

(recalling another
panic)
Oh, my God...

PETERSON

What the hell is he doing?

NICHOLS

Oh, no!

ELLEN, MIKE, AND SEAN

Looking up, startled at Brody's sudden panic.

THE WATER

The dark mass almost on top of the swimmers, who are starting to look around. Most of them are oblivious to what's happening on shore.

FOLLOW BRODY

as his feet hit the sand and he starts running for the water, fumbling for his gun and the speed-loader with the cyanide bullets. He is bumping into people, knocking little kids over, stepping on blankets and umbrellas, a madman.

BRODY

Out of the water! Now! Everyone!

VAUGHN

Running too, half-stumbling, half-believing, remembering...

ELLEN

Moving after her husband, while Mike steadies Sean, holding the impulsive kid back.

ELLEN

(seeing something)
Martin! No!

ANGLE ON BRODY AGAIN

The gun is out now, he's trying draw a bead on the shape in the water; chest heaving, he tries to steady his shaky grip. People see the gun and scream, throwing themselves flat on the sand, running, some of them going into the water.

BRODY

No! Don't go in! Stay out! Stay clear!

He fires. Again. Bullets ricochet off the water, howling towards the horizon. Real panic now. Four more shots.

Reloading, ejected rounds falling bright into the sand, Brody on his knees, fumbling with bullets.

ANGLE ON A LIFEGUARD

standing on his platform, shocked, watching the Chief of Police fumbling with his gun.

LIFEGUARD

It's bluefish! It's a school of bluefish! Chief! It's bluefish!

ANGLE ON THE WATER

It is bluefish -- a tight mass of them, churning up the water in a dark, dense group. The swimmers look around, confused by the shots and excitement.

A SWIMMER

What's going on?

ANOTHER SWIMMER

Fish! Anyone got a net?

3RD SWIMMER

Someone get me a rod and reel!

Laughter defuses the tension in the water; bathers move around, some getting closer to see the fish, others leaving the water to join friends and families on the sand.

ANGLE ON THE BEACH

where Brody is now standing, panting, coming down as a crowd collects at a safe distance around him: Ellen emerges from a group that includes Vaughn, Peterson, and Nichols.

BRODY

Sorry. I'm sorry. False alarm...

Curious crowd murmurs as they watch this lunacy. Brody realizes he's fired his weapon, that spent shells litter the sand at his feet.

BRODY

Okay, it's all over, go on, it's over. No trouble...

Ellen joins him.

ELLEN

It's okay. It's over...

Brody drops to his knees, fumbling for the cyanide bullets in his gun, trying to put things in order, scrabbling in the sand for the empty shells.

The crowd is curious and embarrassed. Some turn away, others drift back to their blankets, talking about what's just happened, others stare rudely. Brody is coming apart.

BRODY

It's all right, everything's all right...

Sean emerges from the crowd, and helps his daddy pick up the bullets, Ellen moves to disperse the rudely curious.

ELLEN (O.S.)

Let's go, everyone... Mrs. Bryant, Len, please...

CLOSE ON BRODY AND SEAN

He sees Sean, his eyes fill with tears, and he grabs the kid in a fierce hug.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. TOWN HALL - DAY

A hurriedly called meeting of the town's Selectmen is in session: Vaughn, Peterson, and three others: Kaiser, an old man still in his grocery clerk's apron; Sansom; and Nichols, the woman on the beach.

VAUGHN

Brody's a good man.

KAISER

Nobody says he isn't.

PETERSON

You should've been out there. You

should've seen him waving that gun,
like a maniac. There were shots fired!

VAUGHN

He thought he had a good reason.

MS. NICHOLS

But that's not rational behavior!

PETERSON

That's what I'm saying!

VAUGHN

How many people were there?

MS. NICHOLS

Hundred! Literally hundreds. What
are they going to say about us?

PETERSON

(to Vaughn)

Larry, I'm a businessman, trying to
make a buck like anybody else.

VAUGHN

So? So?

PETERSON

So it can't be done like that. The
man's a menace, plain and simple.

VAUGHN

Look, what am I supposed to do? It's
done, it's over. We have to deal
with the consequences.

SANSOM

That's what we're here to do.

VAUGHN

All right. Let's go into my office,
where we can have a little privacy.

ANGLE FROM INSIDE VAUGHN'S OFFICE

as the selectmen troop into the cramped quarters. Vaughn
deliberately closes the door as they find seats around the
room.

VAUGHN

I believe we have a quorum, and
informally, I suggest we call this
meeting an executive session and
dispense with minutes...

CUT TO:

INT. BRODY'S OFFICE - DAY

Brody, alone, is sitting at his desk, morosely studying a little gold statuette of a pistol marksman. What's done is done, and Brody is trying to figure out how to live with it. The phone rings, is answered in the other room. The buzzer sounds. Brody picks up his end.

BRODY

Polly, no calls, please...

(she insists)

Okay, okay.

(he punches a button)

Hello... Phil? Fogarty? What pictures... I'll be right down...

He slams down the phone and gets up to go, suddenly possessed with a purpose.

CUT TO:

INT. DARKROOM - DAY

Amid the equipment, clutter and proofs, some shots of the holidome opening, drying on wires. Phil Fogarty, the indignant fat man and town photographer, is locking the door behind an impatient Brody.

PHIL

I don't know what you did, but that kid stopped. I haven't heard one peep, not one 'breaker breaker' for days. Believe me, it's a pleasure...

BRODY

You said something about a camera.

PHIL

Sure, sure -- Jeff Hendricks brought in this camera, see, from underwater, and I didn't know how to get it open, but my brother-in-law, in Montauk, he works at a hi-fi store, and they sell cameras, so he...

BRODY

(interrupting)

Did you get any pictures?

PHIL

Well, yeah, I did, that's the funny thing. You can't tell much from the negatives, I was going to blow 'em up. Here's a test I did...

He holds out an 8 x 10 proof, Brody snatches it from him.

INSERT - PHOTOGRAPH

Brody stares down at it. Sure enough, the ghostly outlines of the Orca, underwater, a diver on the deck making a gesture at the camera.

BRODY (O.S.)

Oh, Jesus. That boat...

ANGLE ON BRODY AND PHIL

PHIL

Not bad -- that's a real fast lens, probably 1.4. Look at the diffusion, though...

BRODY

What else you got?

PHIL

Let's see -- you got a minute?

BRODY

Come on, Phil, don't jerk me around.

PHIL

Okay, okay -- stand over there...

He gestures, Brody steps to one side of a table with some big enamel pans for washing and developing prints. Phil switches to a red light, and takes some printing paper, putting it under the enlarger.

QUICK CUTS:

-- Enlarger light going on.

-- Timer ticking, the hand turning.

-- Quick negative images: water, boat, diver, hand, boat again, tantalizing fragments of the opening sequence projected on the enlarger's flat base.

-- Hypo and Developer sloshing in a pan under Phil's hands.

-- Brody staring down.

INSERT (PROCESS)

Quietly gaining contrast in a pan of developer, a print of what at first looks like seaweed, then is unmistakably the grinning jaws of the Great White.

SUBLIMINAL FLASH CUT - SHARK

A quick nightmare vision of Brody, alone in a sinking Orca, trapped in a battered cabin interior; a Great White crashes through the glass, its head huge as it lunges.

INSERT PHOTOGRAPH IN DEVELOPER (PROCESS)

The close-up detail of this otherwise blurred and unreadable photo is unmistakably a detail from a very close view of the snapping jaws of a Great White; if you hadn't seen it as a memory, it would make no sense at all. For Brody, the meaning is all too clear; for anyone who's never seen the monster face-to-face, it's nothing.

BRODY (O.S.)

(shaken)

That one there. That one...

Phil's hands, holding plastic tongs, gently slosh the print in the bath. The shark's features are indistinguishable from the surrounding detail.

CUT TO:

EXT. TOWN HALL - NIGHT

Brody walks into view, and starts up the steps into the town hall, already lit from within. He's carrying a large envelope.

INT. TOWN HALL - NIGHT

The Selectmen (Kaiser, Sansom, Nichols), Len Peterson, and Vaughn are seated informally around the big table.

PETERSON

(looking up)

Speak of the devil.

Brody enters, carrying the envelope with the photo.

BRODY

Thank God you guys were all together.
I got something for you. Proof!

VAUGHN

Martin, this is kind of an official meeting

BRODY

Perfect. Look at this ---

He fumbles with the envelope.

VAUGHN

Chief -- the Board of Selectmen has a question only you can answer.

BRODY

(preoccupied)

What?

PETERSON

Is Jeff Hendricks qualified to fill in as an interim Chief of Police in your absence?

BRODY

Temporarily? Uh... sure... The question's out of left field. Why are they asking?

NICHOLS

So Jeff could handle things? He knows the routine, he has the authority?

BRODY

Yeah. Why?

PETERSON

It came up during the meeting.

BRODY

Look -- I just got this from Phil Fogarty. It was in the camera belonging to the missing divers. It proves I was right, all along.

He throws the picture down in front of them. They bend over to study it, pass it around, look at it.

KAISER

Seaweed?

NICHOLS

It's underwater, isn't it?

That's

why it's so dark.

SANSOM

I don't know -- what is it?

BRODY

It's a shark! A Great White! Jesus, it's right there!

He snatches up the photo.

INSERT PHOTO

Just as before, an ambiguous pattern of light and dark; not proof of anything without Brody's inner vision.

VAUGHN (O.S.)

It's nothing I can see.

ANGLE ON BRODY

waving the picture.

BRODY

What are you all, blind? It's a shark.
Look -- teeth, jaw, gills.

PETERSON

Is that what it is?

BRODY

You're damn right that's what it is.

NICHOLS

I'm sorry, I just don't see it.

Sansom and Kaiser agree, ad lib, "That's nothing..."

VAUGHN

Martin, it could be anything.

BRODY

(exploding)

What the hell does it take to make
sense to you numbskulls? Jesus, it's
right there in front of you. I know
what a goddamn shark looks like,
I've been through it, don't you
understand? I've seen this sonofabitch
before!

The Selectmen look at each other in the face of Brody's
agitation. Tempers are running high.

PETERSON

What have you seen before? This is
nothing. Seaweed. Mud. Something in
the lens.

BRODY

My ass!

VAUGHN

Be reasonable, please...

PETERSON

(to Vaughn)

Forget it, he won't listen.

BRODY

There is nothing to discuss.

PETERSON

(blowing up)

Will you listen to this man? Will you just listen to him?

(to Brody)

You really caused a panic on a public beach, you shoot up the place, God knows who could've been injured -- what if somebody decides to sue us? That could ruin us.

BRODY

Is that what it is? Dollars? Money? I'll pay for it. Take it out of my salary.

PETERSON

You don't make enough.

BRODY

Maybe I don't make as much money as some bullshit rip-off artists around here, but I don't work the same way.

PETERSON

What's that supposed to mean?

BRODY

It means I don't like all that grab-ass and heavy breathing with my wife, it means I know who's out to screw me here, and it means that I know something none of you know because I've been there -- and I don't want to go through that horror again. Ever!

There's a long pause.

VAUGHN

Martin, could you wait here for a few minutes while we make up our minds about something?

BRODY

Go ahead, whatever it's worth.

The Selectmen file into Vaughn's office, leaving Brody alone in the room. The last one in the door very carefully makes sure it's tightly shut.

Brody sits alone at the table.

CUT TO:

INT. VAUGHN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

They are sitting there, deliberating.

PETERSON

I won't mention his personal attack on me.

NICHOLS

I've never seen him like this.

PETERSON

And Hendricks is qualified, you heard that from his own mouth.

KAISER

We made a motion and it was already seconded.

VAUGHN

(official)

Very well then. It is moved and seconded that Martin Brody be relieved of his duties as Chief of Police, his contract with the township be terminated, and that Jeff Hendricks be appointed Acting Chief in the interim. Those in favor?

All the hands go up.

PETERSON

Anyone opposed, or is it unanimous?

Vaughn's hand goes up, the sole dissent. They stare at him.

VAUGHN

I'm sorry, but I respect his convictions. The motion is carried.

He goes to the door, and opens it.

VAUGHN

Martin? Could you come in please?

CUT TO:

EXT. BRODY HOUSE - NIGHT

The police jeep pulls up and stops; although the engine's shut down, Brody still sits quietly inside the car. Then his hand appears at the window, and he drops an empty beer can onto the lawn. Clink.

After a while, he drops another beer can, then another, until the "clinks" tell us he's polished off a six-pack on the way home. Not too steady on his feet, Brody climbs out of the

car and starts for the door to his house.

CUT TO:

INT. BRODY HOUSE - NIGHT

Ellen is working at her desk in the den. She is looking towards the door, expectantly -- it's been an unusually long pause between car arrival and husband arrival. Brody enters.

ELLEN

Hi. I closed a sale today, without Len. That's \$1200 commission, if the papers go through.

BRODY

That's great.

ELLEN

Sean's asleep.

BRODY

That's great too. Gorgeous.

He takes a long look at her.

BRODY

You look about 22 years old sitting there. Like you were doing homework...

He goes to join her, bumping into some furniture in the dimly lit room. Ellen has a beer and sandwich half-finished on her desk; Brody takes a healthy swallow from the beer.

ELLEN

(sensitive)

What's wrong?

BRODY

Ooohh, nothing. I just got fired, that's all.

He tosses the photo sloppily on the desk.

ELLEN

What?

BRODY

What'd I say?

ELLEN

That you were fired.

BRODY

Then that's what I meant. Fired. Canned. Out on my fanny. The Selectmen

just made Hendricks the new Chief of Police. Just like that.

ELLEN

Because of today? The beach?

BRODY

(expansively)

No sweat. A blessing in disguise. Back to the city, you can go to Bloomingdale's without waiting six hours for the ferryboat... we're surrounded by water here, you realize that? Me, surrounded by water... Ridiculous.

ELLEN

Stop that! We're not going any place. You love it here. Tell me what the hell happened!

BRODY

Showed them the photo, showed them the goddamn Shark, big as life. They didn't see it. Not like me. Not like the poor son-of-a-bitch who snapped this li'l picture... He's out there, somewhere... I shot off my gun, shot off my big mouth, so they fired me...

ELLEN

(studying the photo)

Honey, this is nothing... I don't know what it is. What did they...

BRODY

(going on)

...Everybody wants the job. No one wants the authority. Except Hendricks. Fine. He can go out there in that precious boat, and when he looks whitey in his big mouth he can just call me. Call me in New York... tell him to kiss my ass...

ELLEN

(seeing his pain)

They have no right to treat you like that. You've given them everything. For four years, you've protected this town, the people on this island...

BRODY

Fired me!

(at Ellen)

I'm not a hysterical man. I'm responsible. I know what I saw...

ELLEN

I know you did...

BRODY

I try. Goddamnit, I tried... Now, I'm tired... I can't keep fighting it... I'm too tired... I'm... I'm...

Brody's slipping under; the beers and the day have finally overcome him. He slumps in Ellen's arms.

ELLEN

You're drunk is what you are...

She eases him onto the couch, tucking a comforter over his inert shape.

ELLEN

Take it easy... Easy...

ANGLE ON THE STAIRWELL

Sean comes down the stairs, sleepy, in his pajamas.

SEAN

Is dad home? I heard something...

He comes into the darkened den.

ELLEN AND SEAN

ELLEN

Shhhh. Go back upstairs. Daddy's sleeping.

Sean finds the photo, and stares at it idly.

SEAN

What's this?

ELLEN

Nothing, sweetheart. Seaweed.

She takes him by his sleepy hand and leads him out of the room, leaving Brody tucked in on the couch, dead to the world.

CUT TO:

INT. NEWSSTORE - NIGHT

This is the Amity teen-ager's hangout -- a newsstand and pinball arcade with a minimal refreshment counter where soft drinks and submarine sandwiches are dispensed. A jukebox is

blaring some n.d. rock music. Present are Donnie, Doug, Timmy, Bob, Larry Vaughn Jr., Brooke, Marge, Denise, Jane, Andy, and Mike. The boys are passing around hot-rod van and custom boat magazines; the girls are looking at Silver Screen, Tiger Beat, People, and Time. Andy and Mike are at the counter, splitting a sandwich.

DOUG

(holding a book)

That's what I want -- a gaff rig.

TIMMY

Gaff rigged? Why not a staysail schooner? Go anywhere. Look at this -- the Mayan, an Alden schooner.

BOB

Hey, Mike -- I saw your dad over at the town hall.

MIKE

I know.

DOUG

(innocently)

Did he really freak out at the beach?

MIKE

I don't know.

ANDY

Hey, it's all bullshit. Anyone want to play pong for money?

No one does. There's a bustle at the door, and some couples enter from the movies: Patrick and Lucy, Ed and Tina, Polo and Jackie. There are a lot of ad-lib greetings;

LARRY

How was the show?

ED

Yech.

TINA

It was okay.

PATRICK

I'd rather go the lighthouse.

LUCY

Who wouldn't.

POLO

Anyone want to go the lighthouse?

BROOKE

Now? At night?

POLO

Nah. Tomorrow. Early, spend the day.
My folks left two cases of beer in
the garage.

PATRICK

Is it still there?

POLO

Nope. Got it in my boat.

LUCY

All-right.

JACKIE

Let's go for it.

There's a general ad-lib agreement to organize a day's sailing picnic.

TINA

Mike, you going?

MIKE

Why shouldn't I?

LARRY

I thought you might still be painting
the restrooms at the beach.

Laughter from the gang.

BROOKE

Anyone want a coke or anything?

They break up into pairs and trios, some going for the soda fountain, others hanging out by the magazines.

ANGLE ON JACKIE AND MIKE

JACKIE

I'd like to go out to the lighthouse
with you.

MIKE

I'm not sure I can.

JACKIE

It'll be fun, come on!

MIKE

Maybe you and Brooke could come over
to the town beach...

JACKIE

No way. Everybody's going sailing.
If you don't want to take me, just
say so.

MIKE

That's not it. My dad told me not to
go.

JACKIE

You do everything your parents tell
you?

MIKE

No.

JACKIE

Good. I'll be on the dock at eight.
(to the gang)
Eight o'clock, everybody!

They ad lib agreement.

JACKIE

(aside to Mike)
I really want to to be there.
(to the crowd)
Who's bringing the wine? And who's
got a quarter for the box?

Brooke takes Mike aside, as Jackie goes to the jukebox.

Larry is right there with a quarter, standing next to her as
they select a tune.

BROOKE

She just likes to tease. I think she
really likes you.

MIKE

Great.

Some rock music starts, and we:

CUT TO:

INT. BRODY BEDROOM - DAY

Ellen is asleep under the covers, Brody, still in his clothes
from the night before, is sprawled on top; obviously he's
stumbled upstairs sometime during the night. There's a noise
down the hall, from Mike's room. Brody stirs, but doesn't
wake up.

CUT TO:

INT. MIKE'S ROOM - DAY

Mike is holding a lamp that's almost fallen -- the noise we just heard. He's almost dressed, but not quite satisfied with his image in the mirror. He takes off his clean shirt, and checks a more comfortable, worn shirt. A brief sniff to make sure it's okay for another day, and he puts it on; he tiptoes to the hall, where a noise stops him in his tracks.

INT. BRODY HALLWAY - DAY

Mike is frozen in his part-opened bedroom door. Sean's door opens, and little Sean, also fully dressed, comes sneaking out.

SEAN

(whispering)
You're going out.

MIKE

Yeah.

SEAN

You're going sailing.

MIKE

Maybe.

SEAN

Take me.

MIKE

No.

SEAN

(louder)
I want to go with you!

MIKE

Quiet! Shhh!

SEAN

(even louder)
Michael...

MIKE

Okay, okay. Close your door.

Sean does, and happily tiptoes with exaggerated stealth to Mike; the two of them start downstairs.

CUT TO:

EXT. BRODY HOUSE

Michael and Sean are walking away towards the road into town.

CUT TO:

INT. BRODY UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - DAY

Brody emerges from the bathroom, dressed in sweatshirt, and cutoffs: no uniform today. He starts downstairs, stopping only to look into Mike's room. It's empty.

BRODY

Good morning, America...

A grin crosses his face -- "My son, the Don Juan..." He goes downstairs.

CUT TO:

INT. BRODY KITCHEN - DAY

Brody enters from upstairs. He heats coffee. Ellen enters dressed for work. He pours two cups.

ELLEN

What're you going to do today?

BRODY

Turn in the car. Clean my desk, explain things to our sons, then maybe get shit-faced and punch your boss.

ELLEN

I'll give notice.

BRODY

Don't rush into it -- we may need the income.

She pours the coffee, they drink it for a moment.

BRODY

Mike left early. Couldn't wait to make out. Must be a morning man.

Ellen and Brody sip their coffee quietly for a few moments.

Mrs. Silvera arrives, carrying groceries.

MRS. SILVERA

Morning. Anything special today?

ELLEN

Sean's not up yet. You know what he likes, just some Fruit Loops

and milk. No candy.

BRODY

The sink upstairs is busted.
Try some Drano, or a
plunger, maybe. Or call
your brother, the plumber,
what's his name...

MRS. SILVERA

Frankie. He's my cousin.

BRODY

Frankie. Okay. Ask him if he needs
an apprentice.

Brody and Ellen are at the door.

MRS. SILVERA

Have a nice day.

They leave.

CUT TO:

EXT. DOCKSIDE - DAY

The Kids are into their boats, fitting out for a day of recreational offshore sailing. Mike and Andy are readying his Tornado, while Sean gets in the way. In the b.g., Hendricks can be seen puttering around on the Amity police boat.

ANDY

If you're beached, why are we doing
this? For practice?

MIKE

Yeah.

ANDY

Then why are we futzing around the
dock? We can make a few bucks working
at the beach.

Sean knocks something over, Mike snaps at him.

MIKE

Look -- if you're going to get in
the way, you can just go home.

SEAN

I'm not in the way. Andy, am I in
the way?

ANDY

You're always in the way.

Marge joins them, scooping Sean up.

MARGE

This guy giving you any trouble?

SEAN

Put me down!

ANDY

Put him down in the water.

MARGE

(to Sean)

You want to go out in my boat?

SEAN

Yeah.

MIKE

Would you take him?

MARGE

Sure.

ANDY

You've just made someone very happy.

Marge and Sean go over to her Lightening. Brooke and Jackie come down the dock, dressed for sailing.

BROOKE

Mike! Are you going out?

MIKE

Maybe.

JACKIE

I thought you were grounded.

MIKE

I can go out if I want to.

ANDY

You can?

JACKIE

You going to the lighthouse?

MIKE

Why not?

ANDY

I could give you a dozen good reasons.

MIKE

(to Andy)
Shut up.

ANDY

Okay, okay, don't say I didn't remind you.

JACKIE

Is there room on your boat for all of us?

Mike looks: Andy, Jackie, Brooke, himself... Timmy moves in, sensing the chance of a lifetime.

ANDY

Well, we're pretty crowded, and I don't know when we're leaving...

Timmy makes his move.

TIMMY

I've got room.

BROOKE

Great.

(to Andy)
That's okay -- I'll go with Timmy.

TIMMY

You will?

BROOKE

Sure.

And she walks towards his boat, looking back for him to follow. He's dumbstruck by his sudden good fortune.

TIMMY

Fan-tas-tic!

He runs to join her, untying mooring lines like crazy; they're together again at last for the first time. Andy is left shuffling with Mike and Jackie.

JACKIE

I'm ready.

And she plops down in Mike's boat, ready to be taken. Anywhere.

JACKIE

Come on, you guys.

ANDY

Well, I don't know...

Jackie flashes him one of her pouty little smiles. Why break one heart when you can break two? Or more?

JACKIE

Please come with us?

Mike is glaring. The message is clear, if unspoken.

JACKIE

For me...?

ANDY

What the hell. For you...

Andy joins them. Mike casts off, while Andy helps, and Jackie sits there, looking cute.

ANGLE ON LARRY AND BOB

watching what's going on.

BOB

I thought you said she was going with us?

LARRY

Let's just go sailing, okay?

BOB

(casting off)
Want to talk about it?

LARRY

Want to swim home?

Bob gets the message and shuts up. The Sizzler fills its sails, and points out of the harbor.

WIDE ON THE HARBOR

Lots of day-sailing Kids, a few bigger, adult boats, some working fishermen and sport fishers; a typical recreational boating mix. The Kids are finding the same general direction, pointing out of the harbor.

QUICK CUTS

-- Sails being trimmed.

-- Brooke and Timmy, staring into each other's eyes as he sets a course straight for the lighthouse.

-- Larry, lifting a hull, almost losing Bob.

EXT. HARBOR MOUTH - DAY

The Kids' boats, in a loose bunch, slipping out to sea.

REVERSE - LOOKING OUT TO SEA

The dive class boat, isolated near the channel, a group of Kids in wet suits and tanks assembled with three adult instructors: Tom Andrews, Crosby, and Sparky.

EXT. DIVING BOAT - DAY

Andrews and his assistant instructor, Sparky, are addressing the class, when Mike and Andy's "Green Machine" sails by, close.

ANDREWS

Hey! Nicholas! You're supposed to be in class!

ANDY

Today I'm staying topside. You dive for me!

ANDREWS

I'm going for lobster.

JACKIE

Great! Find one for me.

ANDY

With butter, if they got any...

Andrews dismisses them with a good-natured wave.

ANDREWS

So long, turkies.

He turns to his class.

ANDREWS

Sparky will take you down today. If everyone's got a buddy, we'll drop.

The class dutifully lines up and starts going in, while in the b.g. the Kids sailboats head out to sea. Andrews' two partners, Crosby and Sparky, get ready to follow the class over.

CROSBY

(to Andrews)

Let's get some dinner.

He goes over, Andrews following. Sparky is with the class, signaling "Down;" they submerge like clumsy seals.

CUT TO:

UNDERWATER

The class, paired up, is drifting down; Sparky offering encouragement as they descend. Andrews and Crosby are already disappearing, swimming away with strong kicks.

FOLLOWING ANDREWS AND CROSBY

as they go over the edge of a shelf and drop into darker, deeper waters. Crosby checks his depth, his watch, looks around...

HIS POINT OF VIEW

far above him, the class, going about their business.

Below him, murk, depth, and suddenly, a big lunger bass.

Andrews sees it, too.

ANGLE - ON ANDREWS

Assuming Crosby is following, he takes off, following the big lunger. Crosby, hung up in some minor equipment problem, misses seeing him go. The two men are separated. Follow Andrews as he twists and turns after the bass, going deeper, losing him in the rocks, suddenly rounding a boulder, and meeting, almost face-to-face, horror:

BELOW HIM THE SHARK

The Great White Shark, taking the striper in a single gulp, it's looking up at Andrews with one glassy doll's eye; it turns to face him directly, and we see the scar; ugly, red and black, charred flesh from jaw back on the right side, eyes and teeth gleaming like raw bone in the massive, uncaring face.

Andrews' mouth clamps violently on his mouthpiece, then goes wide as he screams in fear into the water. Finning backwards, he ditches his weights, gulps for air, and yanks the cord on his safety vest. It balloons out, and pulls him up, surging towards the surface. The mouthpiece, useless, falls away from his lips.

Eyes closed, hose dangling, Andrews hurtles upward, holding his breath in a final, fatal panic, passing a startled Crosby.

THE DIVERS

look over at the rocketing ascent. What's wrong? Sparky signals "up," and they begin to carefully follow him towards the surface. Crosby's already surfacing.

CUT TO:

DECK OF THE DIVING BOAT - DAY

Andrews is on his side, bloody froth on his lips. One of the class is clinging to his legs, trying to arrest his convulsions. Sparky is holding his shoulders, trying to administer mouth-to-mouth.

SPARKY

Get us in! For Christ's sake, get us in!

In his arms, Andrews writhes, pain knotting his limbs.

Behind them, in the water, the fin surfaces, and casually turns towards... the ocean. The Shark is headed for the sea. And for the now distant Kids in their sailboats, dotting the horizon in their familiar bright colors.

CUT TO:

EXT. OCEAN - ED AND TINA'S SANDPIPER - DAY

They are alone. In the middle distance, the rest of the Kids' sails can be seen, headed for the lighthouse in the distance. The Sandpiper's sails are luffing, they're making no headway.

TINA

You want to tack, or just leave her pointed up like this?

ED

(snuggling close)
Just like this.

TINA

What about sailing?

ED

The tide's running. It'll take us to the light.

TINA

It'll take us to Budapest if you're not careful.

Ed is lashing the rudder as they continue to drift with the current.

ED

First things first.

He fumbles in a cooler chest, produces a bottle of wine.

TINA

What about the others?

ED

They'll be there when we get there.
Might even have a fire started.

TINA

What're we going to do in the mean
time?

ED

I dunno. We'll think of something.

He pours the wine into the two paper cups.

ED

But first, a little juice...

TINA

And second?

ED

(kissing her)
Mmmmmmm.

TINA

(resisting)
Wait a minute. Promise me something.

ED

Anything. Anything.

TINA

That you'll put down a blanket. I've
got black and blue marks all over my
butt, and my Mom's getting uptight
about them.

ED

You got it.

And he fumbles for a blanket in a locker, thumping and banging
gear around as he rummages for it. Tina sips wine contentedly,
satisfied to wait.

UNDERWATER

The Sandpiper's hull, alone above us, as the Shark rises
with dreadful certainty, attracted by the erratic sounds of
Ed's hasty search.

ANGLE ON TINA - WATCHING THE OCEAN

The terrible fin breaks the surface, about 20 yards out,
then dips and disappears. Then, impossibly fast, the entire
Sandpiper is lifted from underneath by a powerful surge, as
the Shark lunges up against it from below, an unseen horror.

Ed is knocked over the side, into the water.

ANGLE ON ED

as he breaks the surface, shaking the hair out of his eyes, trying to orient himself, finding the boat. He starts to swim for it, Tina extending an arm to help him climb aboard.

ANGLE OVER THE GUNWALE, TOWARDS ED

He has barely taken two strokes when a powerful force takes him from below the surface, rushing him towards us through the water. Tina screams. Before Ed can react to the pain, he is slammed face first into the boat. His jaw breaks, blood smears his nose and lip.

His hands grab the wooden-cap rail with a death-grip.

REVERSE

Tina is staring down at the water, terror-stricken; Ed's arms and head are f.g., as he locks onto the boat with desperate hands.

INSERT

Ed's hands on the rail, knuckles white, an iron grip. With awful finality, the force pulls down, and the wood shatters and splits away as Ed's hands are pulled down and under by the awful force.

TINA

her mouth working silently, unable to scream, staring down at the blood and froth on the water, swirling in a grim eddy under her, the Sandpiper rocking gently in the diminishing swell.

EXT. OCEAN - DAY - ESTABLISHING SHOT

On the way to the lighthouse, but away from the harbor, the Kids are sailing in fairly close order: The sloops (Polo, Timmy, Marge) heeled well over in the stiff breeze, the faster cats (Mike, Larry, Donny, etc.) skimming around, tacking more often, faster and more maneuverable.

CLOSE ON PATRICK AND LUCY

LUCY

Faster! Faster!

PATRICK

Coming about...

She ducks under the boom, handling the jib sheets with easy

familiarity. They come about and scoot off on a new tack.

CLOSE ON POLO

Reading the wind, trimming sail expertly, competent and alone.

POLO

(to a near-by boat)

Great day! I think the wind's going
to change...

CLOSE ON TIMMY AND BROOKE

He comes about, she slides into him, he holds her to steady her, she snuggles into his arms. True love, at last... He's thrilled.

CLOSE ON DOUG

In his inflatable, poking slowly along. Marge passes him, Sean hooting with glee.

MARGE

Coming up.

SEAN

Slowpoke! Slowpoke! Marge is faster!

DOUG

I'm getting new sails, then watch out. Just a question of modifying the rigging!

ANGLE ON MIKE'S "GREEN MACHINE"

Jackie, Mike and Andy, clipping along, Larry Vaughn and Bob in the Sizzler nearby. Mike lifts the hull, Jackie squeals in delight.

JACKIE

Wheee! Faster!

ANDY

How fast is enough?

JACKIE

I want to go faster!

MIKE

Hang on...

He trims his sheets, the cat heels more, one hull flying, Andy and Jackie clinging to the trampoline.

ANGLE ON THE SIZZLER

Larry is carefully adjusting his tiller, Bob senses what he's doing.

BOB

You coming up on him?

LARRY

You bet. Hang on...

They gybe sharply, running up behind the green cat.

LARRY

Coming up! Give way!

ANDY

Like hell! We're on the starboard tack!

THE SIZZLER AND THE "GREEN MACHINE"

Running close to each other; very tight two-by-two.

JACKIE

Don't let him pass. Faster!

Mike and Larry silently fight for clean air, racing. Water splashes over them.

JACKIE

My hair's getting wet!

ANDY

So's mine.

CLOSE ON MIKE'S BOAT

He veers onto a less dramatic tack, sparing Jackie's hair.

Larry and Bob speed by, yelling.

JACKIE

When do we get to the lighthouse?

ANDY

Soon, dark eyes, soon.

MIKE

The tide's turning.

Andy reveals a knowledgeable side to his character.

ANDY

We're going to be fighting the current.

(he looks up)

Wind's backing around a few points,

too.

Jackie snuggles against Mike.

JACKIE

I can't wait to get there.

ANDY

But of course.

He goes forward to trim the jib, leaving the lovebirds snuggling astern. They pull away from us, and we:

CUT TO:

EXT. AMITY WATERFRONT STREET - DAY

Ellen and Brody are in the jeep; he's driving her to work.

There's a crowd at dockside, and the town ambulance's now familiar blinking red light. Brody, out of force of habit, wheels the jeep towards the action, nudging through the crowd, which gives way to the official blue-and-white vehicle.

ELLEN

Hey -- it's not your job any more.
I'm going to be late for work.

BRODY

Just one minute...

He gets out, and pushes through the crowd, Ellen following.

DOCKSIDE

The dive boat is moored at a clumsy angle next to the Police Boat, where Hendricks has been pulling routine maintenance.

The Police launch is cluttered with tools and spare parts; some non-essential piece of gear is stripped and laid out on the deck. Hendricks is on the dive boat, kneeling next to Andrews.

ABOARD THE DIVE BOAT

Andrews is shaking, bloody froth on his lips and chest. The shaken divers are huddled together, an ambulance attendant is wheeling a gurney into position. Crosby and Sparky are stunned.

BRODY

What the hell happened?

SPARKY

Embolism. Air bubbles in his blood.
Came up too damn fast. Held his

goddamn breath!

He is near collapse himself.

HENDRICKS

Easy...

CROSBY

He panicked! Something scared him!

An Ambulance Attendant is putting a blanket around Sparky.

ATTENDANT

It's okay. We're taking care of him.

The other attendant holds something out to Brody. Brody examines it; a scuba mouthpiece, bitten in two, useless.

BRODY

How'd this happen?

SPARKY

Bite reflex, like a spasm.

BRODY

When?

HENDRICKS

Right after, the Kids went out?

ELLEN

What Kids? Who went out?

HENDRICKS

All of them. Mike, Junior Vaughn, Brookie Peters, Pat, Lucy -- all that whole gang.

ELLEN

Mike? Our Mike?

HENDRICKS

Yep. Looked like they were headed to the lighthouse.

BRODY

How long ago?

HENDRICKS

About an hour, maybe two.

(thinking)

Let's see -- I came on about eight...

Brody is gone, pushing through the crowd.

THE POLICE BOAT

Brody is casting off lines. Ellen is on the dock, watching him.

ELLEN

What're you doing?

BRODY

Going out.

HENDRICKS

Uh, Chief -- look. You're not Chief any more.

Brody keeps working, making ready for sea.

HENDRICKS

I can't let you take her out.

BRODY

You can't stop me.

Ellen is climbing aboard, taking off her heels.

HENDRICKS

Mrs. Brody, look -- if he can't go, then you can't go. Neither of you can go.

ELLEN

I'm going.

BRODY

Mike's out there.

HENDRICKS

But I signed for the boat. You're not authorized any more.

Brody starts the engines with a roar, and slams it into reverse. The boat starts out of the slip, then lunges to a halt, shuddering on its still-fastened bow mooring line.

BRODY

Untie that rope.

HENDRICKS

Please. It's my job.

ELLEN

I'll do it.

And she moves purposefully towards the boat cleat.

HENDRICKS

Mrs. Brody, please...

Brody is shifting gears, the boat is crabbing sideways as he puts the helm hard over. It bumps the dock, hard.

HENDRICKS

You're too close. Back off.

BRODY

Goddamnit, Hendricks, untie the rope there.

Hendricks goes to the bow, jumps aboard and frees the bow line. The boat slips into reverse, the water boiling as Brody guns it away from the dock.

HENDRICKS

Let me. Please.

He takes the wheel, eases off on the rudder, and comes about, pointing the launch out to sea.

ELLEN

Hurry, please.

HENDRICKS

What the hell, they can't fire both of us -- someone's got to be in charge, right? Which way are we going?

BRODY

Find the Kids. The lighthouse -- you said something about the lighthouse. Get us there.

WIDE ON THE HARBOR

The Amity Police Boat, Brody, Ellen and Hendricks aboard, is headed under full power out to sea. Hendricks is pumping the horn, warning boats out of the way, ignoring the rules of the road; as small boats scatter out of the way, we can see the ambulance, red light flashing, pushing out slowly through the crowd at dockside.

CUT TO:

ABOARD THE AMITY POLICE BOAT - DAY

As they clear the harbor mouth, Brody is on the radio, Ellen is crouching in the shelter of the deckhouse, Hendricks is steering.

BRODY

Amity Launch to Harbor Patrol, over.

HARBOR PATROL (V.O.)

(filtered)

Harbor Patrol. Is that you, Brody?

BRODY

Affirmative. Can you get your chopper airborne?

PATROL VOICE

10-4, in a few minutes. He's down checking a buoy in the Bay Channel.

BRODY

Get him the hell over to Amity Point, the old lighthouse. Right now.

PATROL VOICE

What for?

BRODY

There's a bunch of Kids day-sailing that way. Turn them back to port.

PATROL VOICE

That's it?

BRODY

That's it. Just do it, all right?

PATROL VOICE

10-4, soon as I can raise him.

BRODY

If they're not at the light, look for them. I don't want them out there. Get them back to port!

PATROL VOICE

(exasperated)

Affirmative, affirmative. Turn the Kids day-sailing back to port. I heard you. Patrol out.

As Brody's eyes sweep the horizon anxiously, Hendricks pours it on, and the police boat surges forward.

CUT TO:

EXT. OCEAN - DAY - KIDS SAILING

Donnie and Denise and Susie are sailing close to each other.

DONNIE

Hungry?

DENISE

Starving. Let's go eat now.

DONNIE

(shouting to Susie)
We're going in to eat!

She nods agreement, their boats veer off from the rest and head towards the lighthouse.

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON THE SIZZLER

as it sails close to the Green Machine.

LARRY

Hey! Brody! Want to race?

MIKE

(confident)
Sure.

LARRY

How about a side bet to make it interesting?

JACKIE

That's fun! Let's race for something!

MIKE

Name it.

LARRY

Loser sails home alone.

ANDY

(aside to Mike)
You're betting what you already got.

MIKE

I don't care.

JACKIE

I love it.

ANDY

Sure you do -- you win either way.

JACKIE

(simply)
I'm supposed to.

LARRY

It's a bet. Once around the marker buoy?

MIKE

That's the pin -- the buoy.

Larry is confident -- he's got the air, but Mike suddenly gybes without warning, snapping onto a new fast tack, downwind. Larry and Bob are caught by surprise, and lose precious moments as they fumble with their sails.

ANDY

(pulling away)
Turkeys! Eat wind!

MIKE

Yee-hah!

He pounds with glee on the canvas trampoline as their boat moves ahead, a drumming sound.

UNDERWATER

The twin hulls of a catamaran's hull, the muffled, eerie sound of drumming, as the water carries the tempting "thud-thud-thud" sound down to the deep.

ANGLE ON DOUG IN HIS INFLATABLE

falling behind as the boats change course for the marker buoy, following Larry and Mike's lead.

DOUG

Hey! Wait for the H.M.S. Invincible!

Brooke and Timmy sail by him, laughing; Polo with them.

BROOKE

Can't -- we're watching a race!

DOUG

Since when? Who's racing?

TIMMY

Larry and Mike!

PATRICK AND LUCY

Pat and Lucy are trimming sail, moving faster.

LUCY

Mike and Larry are racing! Loser goes home alone!

PATRICK

If we beat them, they can both go home stag! Single-O! Alone! Jackie can come back in this boat!

LUCY

What about me?

PATRICK

Uh. Well. Maybe you could give Polo
a hand going in...

LUCY

(snapping him with a
rope)

Your ass I will. Besides, the wind's
turning with the tide. Sailing back
is going to be a bitch.

QUICK CUTS - SAILBOAT RACING MONTAGE

- Ropes and sails rattling through blocks.
- Sails snapping taut, filling with wind.
- Catamarans heeled over, racers hanging over the water,
dangerously suspended in trapeze harnesses.
- Skippers' faces, concentrating on boat handling.

AERIAL VIEW - SAILBOATS

It's the chopper's point of view, as the Harbor Patrol copter
from the Cape flies towards the Kids, following Brody's
previous instructions. He sees the sailboats and fly that
way.

PILOT

(filtered, into his
mike)

Air Patrol to Base. I have visual
contact on the Kids. Going down to
use the loud hailer...

LOOKING UP AT THE APPROACHING COPTER

It approaches the sailboats, losing altitude fast, rotor
blades chuffing up a storm.

The Pilot has his microphone to his lips, and his voice is
blaring down at them.

PILOT (V.O.)

This is the Harbor Patrol. Return to
port immediately. Return -- to --
port -- immediately.

THE BOATS

The Kids look at each other, some coming about awkwardly,
others luffing, wondering what this is all about.

ANDY

(to Mike)
Your dad must be really pissed.

MIKE
We better go back in.

ANDY
It's not going to be easy.

JACKIE
What's wrong?

MIKE
We're fighting wind and current. I
though we'd be out longer, catch the
incoming tide.

ANDY
Putz -- that won't be for hours.

MIKE
I was counting on hours.

CHOPPER (V.O.)
Return -- to -- port.

MIKE
We're trying, we're trying.

He waves acknowledgement, and puts about. The others take
their cue from him, and set a rough course back, but without
much success.

PATRICK AND LUCY

LUCY
Heading back?

PATRICK
Might as well.

ANGLE ON THE THREE SLOOPS

Polo, Timmy and Brooke, Marge and Sean. They see the faster
catamarans come about and try to beat back.

POLO
They're turning around.

LUCY
Coming about, then.

SEAN
Are we going back?

MARGE

Going to try. Lighthouse, everybody...

She puts about, the three of them start back towards the lighthouse, not making much headway. Doug's inflatable is the slowest, and he is now, by virtue of his position, at the head of the line beating back towards the island.

DOUG'S BOAT

The others in the b.g.

DOUG

Make way for the Carrier Enterprise!

INSERT - A WEAK PATCH IN THE RUBBER

It whistles and visibly leaks under the strain.

DOUG

looking down in dismay.

DOUG

Make that the Titanic.

He rigs a little foot pump, and begins thumping away, trying to breath air back into the raft.

INT. CHOPPER - LOOKING DOWN AT THE SAILBOATS

PILOT

Patrol One to Base. Looks like they're turning back.

CONTROL

All right, Patrol. Go back to work.
You've wasted enough time.

UNDERWATER

Looking up at the scattered hulls of the sailboats, the turbulence from the low-flying chopper making a vast circular pattern of irregular vibrations.

LOOKING UP AT THE CHOPPER

It wheels around, and heads back towards land.

CUT TO:

ABOARD THE AMITY POLICE BOAT - DAY

Rushing through the seas under full power. About three hundred yards ahead, a small, seemingly empty sailboat; Ed and Tina's Sandpiper. Further off, a day-sailing power cruiser, sport fishing.

ELLEN

Michael?

BRODY

It's not his boat.

Hendricks maneuvers closer, slowing the engine, reversing in time to bring them alongside with a gentle bump. Ellen watches apprehensively as Brody drops into the little boat.

ELLEN

Be careful...

HENDRICKS

Anything?

BRODY

(on the Sandpiper)

Nope...

(he sees something)

Hold on...

Brody moves around on the deck of the Sandpiper, until he discovers Tina, cowering in shock; a sudden revealing of a terrorized victim.

BRODY

Tina!

TINA

(a moan)

N-o-o-o-o-o-o...

BRODY

It's okay, it's okay. What's the matter? Tina? Honey? Hey --

TINA

No! It's still there!

BRODY

What is it? What's there?

TINA

It's still there!

BRODY

(to Hendricks and
Ellen)

I need a hand here...

Hendricks has gotten a blanket, and he steps over, putting it over the shivering girl's shoulders. Ellen comforts the girl.

ELLEN

Tina, baby... what is it?

TINA

Sh... Sh... Shark...

ANGLE ON BRODY - FOLLOWING HIM AS HE REACTS

BRODY

I knew it. I goddamn well told them.

He moves abruptly, stepping up onto the police launch, snapping on the radio, leaving Hendricks, Ellen and Tina on the sailboat moored alongside.

BRODY

Amity Launch to Harbor Patrol.

PATROL COMMANDER (V.O.)

(filter)

This is Cape Patrol -- what is it, Brody? I heard you weren't chief anymore.

BRODY

Skip that. What about those kids out sailing?

COMMANDER (V.O.)

It's all okay -- Colby got to them. They were turning back when he left 'em.

BRODY

He left them?

COMMANDER (V.O.)

Sure. He's got work to do in Bay Channel.

BRODY

Get him the hell back there! We got possible fatalities! Brody out...

His eyes wild, Brody looks over at the Sandpiper, then scans the nearby waters with sudden tension.

BRODY'S POINT OF VIEW

Ellen and Hendricks comforting Tina on the Sandpiper. Nearby, a big cabin cruiser casually trolling by. Brody pulls the police boat's air horn, the cruiser's passengers look over, Hendricks and Ellen jump at the unexpected blast.

ANGLE ON BRODY

BRODY

I'm going out there.

HENDRICKS

Hey -- you can't do that.

ELLEN

What is it? What's the matter?

BRODY

Mike's out there.

Brody starts the launch's motor, throwing clear the mooring line that ties the two boats together.

BRODY

(to Hendricks)

Get her in. Get them both in.

ELLEN

Martin, please!

HENDRICKS

Chief, be sensible...

BRODY

Where are they?

HENDRICKS

About 10 degrees off your starboard bow, take a heading leeward of Sand Island, and lay her north by northeast...

BRODY

Never mind that shit. Just point.

Hendricks complies.

HENDRICKS

(pointing)

See where Cable Junction is? Look to the left. The lighthouse. That's it.

BRODY

Got it.

And he kicks the engine into gear, moving the launch away and out toward the sea.

ELLEN

Come back! Martin!

He guns the engine as soon as he's clear. Hendricks gives his jacket to a suddenly chilled Ellen, and hails the cabin cruiser, already changing course to pick them up, sounding

its horn.

Ellen stares after the receding boat.

ELLEN

My purse is on that boat.

CUT TO:

EXT. OCEAN - DAY - THE KID'S SAILBOATS

They are trying to beat back towards the lighthouse, fighting wind and tide. Only Doug's inflatable, with its clumsy little motor, is making any headway.

ANGLE ON DOUG

playing at being Charles Laughton.

DOUG

Mr. Christian! Mr. Christian! Pump up this boat! And shave that silly moustache!

Pumping, steering, he's floundering along.

UNDERWATER - MOVING TOWARDS THE SURFACE

The Shark has fixated on something -- one outlying shape, the easily identifiable outline of Doug's inflatable, thumping and putting. It homes in on the sound.

ANGLE ON DOUG AND THE KIDS

The other kids exchange banter with Doug in his raft, as he clowns for their benefit.

DOUG

England expects every man to do his duty... You may fire when ready, Gridley... Damn the torpedoes, full speed ahead...

Despite his pumping, the bulging patch bursts with a loud bang.

DOUG

Oh, shit.

ANDY

Someone pop your balloon?

DOUG

No problem, no problem.

JACKIE

Want a lifesaver?

MARGE

How about a skyhook?

DOUG

You sail your boat, I'll sail mine.

A fin rises partially, almost invisible to most of the kids, but Mike notices it, believing it to be a porpoise.

MIKE

Hey, Fetterman -- You got company.

DOUG

Company? The place is a mess...

Before anyone can react, the shape rises behind Doug, striking his raft a terrible blow.

DOUG

Whoops.

CUT TO:

THE OTHERS, WATCHING

Not making any headway themselves, they casually watch the class clown, wondering what he's up to this time.

DOUG'S BOAT

a distance from the rest. It shakes, then blows up as big teeth grip it from below. Doug goes flying into the drink.

The Shark has the inflatable in his teeth, and is shaking it from side to side. Doug's eyes bug out as he sees what's going on. He begins treading water, backing away as fast as he can, waving his arm in the air frantically -- "pick me up, quick..."

MIKE'S BOAT

MIKE

Doug's down!

He sails to where Doug is being carried along by the current.

The inflatable is a mess -- shredded rubber and dead engine; the Shark didn't like it.

ANDY

Doug! This way!

Doug carefully -- oh, so carefully -- strokes over to where Mike and Andy can pull him abroad. Some of the others sail

closer to get a look.

PATRICK

What was that about?

MARGE

You okay?

LUCY

What was that?

LARRY

So much for the rubber duck.

THE GROUP, DRIFTING TOGETHER

This incident hasn't yet touched them -- no one actually saw what it was, except Doug, who's never been serious about anything. Until now.

DOUG

A shark ate my boat.

BOB

Come on.

DOUG

I'm telling you, a goddamn shark ate my goddamn boat!

ANDY

If he liked your boat, I got some sneakers he'll love.

There's nervous laughter from all around as they examine the remains of Doug's inflatable. Some of those jagged rents could be made by teeth...

KIDS

(ad lib)

...Jeez -- what did that?... A porpoise, maybe...Nah, killer whale... I think he snagged it... I hate to pop his balloon... (Etc.)

ANGLE ON MIKE'S BOAT

Doug's inflatable is draped over the tip of one hull, forward.

Without warning, the Shark hits. Screams, terror, confusion.

Mike, Andy, Jackie into the water.

CLOSE ON MIKE

His head bangs on a metal fitting as the boat turns over.

ON THE GROUP

Patrick and Lucy ram into Timmy's boat, locking into it, knocking Timmy into the water as Brooke screams.

CONFUSION

As the following events take place:

- Larry's red cat rams and locks onto Mike's Tornado.
- Marge's boat capsizes, putting Sean and Marge into the drink.
- Marge scrambles up on the over-turned hull, pulling Sean up with her, just in time.
- Polo, under full sail, scoops Mike out of the water before the Shark can get to him.
- The Shark dips out of sight.

SURFACE, WIDE OVER THE STERN OF POLO'S BOAT

showing the results of the turmoil:

ANGLE ON THE SURVIVORS

As they make ineffectual, frightened moves towards grouping together, Andy is the first to gain any composure.

ANDY

Raft up! Raft 'em up!

He reaches towards a drifting line, and pulls Timmy's Doughdish towards them, tying it off as it comes close.

LARRY

Tie off to your strongest point.

PATRICK

Anyone need an extra line?

Polo has Mike and Timmy aboard his boat. Timmy is looking up from examining Mike's dazed body.

TIMMY

Mike's bleeding!

ANDY

Can you sail?

POLO

(testing his rudder)
Yeah! We'll take him in!

He starts to make sail back towards the lighthouse, on a severe, but manageable tack. Polo, Timmy, and the injured Mike sail towards safety, leaving the others behind.

Tackle the job at hand, concentrating on survival. Jackie is strangely quiet; things are out of control...

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON A NAUTICAL CHART - DAY

clearly marked: Amity Island, Amity Lighthouse, Cable Junction. Brody's nervous finger traces an approximation of his course. It fumbles, pauses, stops.

ABOARD THE POLICE BOAT - DAY

Brody, looking up from his chart, scans the ocean. Ahead is the Lighthouse, his immediate destination. Out of sight to the right, Cable Junction, and beyond that, 2500 miles of cold Atlantic. Brody looks up from his chart, and grabs the radio.

BRODY

(on radio)

Amity Launch to Patrol Air Unit One.
Harbor Air, where are you?

CHOPPER PILOT (V.O.)

(filter)

This is Air One. That you, Brody?

BRODY

It's me. Any fix on those Kids?

PILOT (V.O.)

Negative. I'm still down.

BRODY

For Christ's sake, get going! I'm all alone out here!

PILOT (V.O.)

Brody, I got to switch frequencies, call my boss. We'll meet you over by Francis Shoal. Harbor Air out...

BRODY

Where the hell is Francis Shoal?

Static. No answer. Brody realizes something

BRODY

I'm all alone out here.

RUNBY

The Amity Police Boat, under full power, surging through the heavy swell, Brody very much alone at the helm.

EXT. OCEAN, NEAR THE LIGHTHOUSE - DAY

We can see Brody's boat approaching. It slows as it nears the island.

CLOSE ON BRODY

staring, perplexed. Which way?

BRODY

Shit.

He puts the wheel over, slewing the boat around. To the left - the wrong way.

ANGLE ON THE BOAT, LIGHTHOUSE IN B.G.

It barrels off to the left.

DISSOLVE TO:

THE RAFTED BOATS

floating in the current, drifting away from the lighthouse, towards the open sea. Floating on the wreckage and tangled boats are: Doug, Andy, Jackie, Patrick, Lucy, Larry, Bob, Brooke, Marge, and Sean.

LARRY

Anyone know what time it is?

DOUG

3:30.

MARGE

Damn!

Larry, Bob, Patrick, and Lucy (the practiced sailors) ad lib equal dissatisfaction.

JACKIE

What's wrong?

BROOKE

Tide doesn't turn for three hours.

DOUG

Low tide at Cable Junction is 7:46 p.m.

ANDY

What'd you do? Memorize the tide tables?

DOUG

I can't help it, it sticks in my mind.

BROOKE

(making light of it)
Anyone want to play charades?

No one does.

PATRICK

As long as we're drifting, might as well go with the flow.

ANDY

Not funny.

PATRICK

Three knot current?

LUCY

At least. And an offshore wind.

SEAN

What's after Cable Junction?

BOB

The Atlantic. Then Ireland.

JACKIE

Can't we stop?

Silence from the group.

BROOKE

They're probably looking for us.

DOUG

What about the fish?

LARRY

Maybe it's gone.

DOUG

They tend to follow moving things.
Maybe it's following Polo and Timmy.

They consider this.

BROOKE

So all we have to do is land at Cable

Junction and wait.

PATRICK

First we got to get there.

LARRY

How're we going to do that floating
on this garbage...?

BOB

Anyone got another set of sails?

The Kids scramble to rig whatever canvas is available.

SEAN

Is that big thing still out there?

MARGE

Shhhh.

CUT TO:

HELICOPTER (AERIAL) FLY-BY

A panorama of open ocean; a quick fly-by to orient us: First,
Cable Junction, then, a mile or so ahead, the raft.

THE RAFT

More sail, some improvised rigging, Patrick and Lucy trimming
what there is, trying to steer the clumsy contraption. From
afar, the distant sound of an approaching chopper.

LARRY

Hey!

BOB

(waving)

Over here!

The Kids react with enthusiasm to the arrival of the rescue
chopper.

ANDY

Don't everyone jump around!

But they ignore him. The copter is descending.

INT. COPTER - DAY

A one-man light spotter; the space next to the pilot cluttered
with tools and floats, lashed in place. Below, seen through
the plastic bubble, the raft growing larger as the chopper
sets down.

PILOT

Air One to Base. I have a positive location on that sailing party. Disabled and adrift...
(he checks chart on his knee board)
...about 3/4 miles west of Cable Junction, wind and current carrying them just about due east. I count ten juveniles.

THE RAFT

The helicopter is creating a lot of turbulence as it sets down, a huge circular pattern of prop-wash on the surface as the rotors slow to a halt. The Kids are waving and jubilant.

ANGLE ON THE COPTER

As the Pilot unbuckles, opens the door, and steps out on one pontoon; he speaks through a bullhorn.

PILOT

Everyone okay? Any injuries?

The Kids ad-lib in the affirmative.

ANDY

Can you put us on Cable Junction?

PILOT

I got no room for passengers.

ANDY

How about a tow? Can you rig that?

The Pilot nods. Larry heaves a line to him, the Pilot catches it and makes it fast to a convenient tie-off on the undercarriage.

LARRY

As soon as you get us on the island, you got to call in. My dad's the mayor...

ANDY

(interrupting)
There's a shark...

The other Kids all chime in, adding their ad-lib shouts describing what happened, calling for help, etc. It's all a noisy jumble, the Pilot ignores it, trying to do his job.

ANGLE ON THE RAFT

The Kids all shouting at once; Jackie is screaming.

JACKIE

You have to take us off! You have to! Why don't you take us!

DOUG

(calming her)
It's an observation spotter, he doesn't have the room...

ANGLE ON THE PILOT

He finishes tying off, and yells through his bullhorn at the Kids.

PILOT

Listen. I'm going to give you an assist to get you on Cable Junction. Then I'll call in, and get the Coast Guard to send a cutter. Hang on to something.

He climbs into his bubble, shuts the door, gives the Kids a "thumbs up," and starts the engine.

QUICK CUTS - RAFT AND CHOPPER

Engine turning over.

A line tied off to one of the ringbolts on an overturned hull; it pulls taut out of the water.

INT. CHOPPER, THE PILOT INTENT ON HIS JOB.

The raft, Kids watching in fascination and anticipation.

The whole operation, getting under way.

UNDERWATER

looking up at pontoons, wreckage, wind turbulence on the surface, the heavy "thud-thud-thud" of chopper blades.

WIDE ON THE RAFT AND CHOPPER

In the f.g., the fin rises, and starts for the scene.

Follow it.

CLOSE ON THE CHOPPER

as it starts to lift, inexplicably. The Pilot reacts as;

THE SHARK

attacks one of the pontoons, biting down on it, clamping great scarred jaws onto the bulbous floats.

THE RAFT

Kids screaming.

QUICK CUTS

- Rotor blade spinning wildly.
- Pilot's hands jerked on the delicate controls.
- Med. shot, copter shaking.
- Closeup engine and gas tanks, rotor head spinning.
- Med. closeup Pilot in buffeting cockpit.

RAFT AND COPTER

The Kids watch, horror-stricken, as the giant Shark hangs on the roaring copter; in the b.g., Cable Junction is looming closer. The copter tilts dangerously, the Shark bites deeper, harder.

ANGLE ON THE COPTER

as it tilts. Then, the unspeakable -- the blades touch the water and explode. Chunks of murderous steel break off the shattered blades and whistle through the air like projectiles.

THE KIDS

reacting, ducking in terror. Huge chunks of disintegrating rotors are flying all around. Masts and sails left standing before are chopped into a deadly salad. Screams.

LOW IN THE WATER

as blades skip and crash, the bubble of the overturned copter, Pilot trapped inside, sinks into the sea.

THE COPTER COCKPIT - UNDERWATER

Pilot struggling with his safety harness, trying to hit switches, working on instinct. Some air in the bubble, but water too, and sparks as electrical connections short out and burn.

Then, the Shark, powering out of the murk.

ANGLE ON THE PILOT - UNDERWATER

as grim death batters at his fragile bubble. Screaming.

The bubble cracks. Water floods, teeth snap at the slippery plastic, the Pilot fumbles for oxygen as the Shark veers off

into the murk.

ON THE SURFACE - THE RAFT

The Kids, reacting as the broken copter sinks beneath the waves. Calm for a moment, then:

LARRY

Look out!

JACKIE

(screams)

No-o-o-o!

The Shark reappears, and batters at the raft.

SHARK ATTACK

The raft shudders, and begins to break up under the pounding.

The Kids cling for their lives to masts and wreckage.

Marge's overturned hull is struck a fierce blow from beneath.

SEAN

Help!

He and Marge topple into the water.

ANDY

Don't struggle!

Sean is bobbing in his life-vest, Marge strokes to be near him.

ANGLE ON MARGE AND SEAN

in the water, swimming for the apparent safety of the raft.

Then, the fin, and the massive bulk of the killer, heaving up through the waves.

MARGE

Sean!

She heaves him up out of the water, hurling him with desperation towards the safety of the floating hull.

ANGLE ON SEAN

screaming, hands and feet scrabbling like a monkey as he struggles for a grip on the slippery surface. Behind him, Marge helping as much as she can from the water. Then, behind her;

THE SHARK

rising like grey doom, then dropping out of sight. Marge is gone.

UNDERWATER

Marge ducking under the bulk of the Shark, shoving off with panicky reserves of strength, swimming away underwater, while the Shark takes a massive crunching bite out of a submerged hull.

Follow Marge as she swims.

COPTER WRECKAGE

Huddled in the cracked plastic bubble, the Pilot is sucking air from his oxygen tank. He sees Marge, and slips out of his bubble, headed for her.

MARGE

As the Pilot overtakes her -- a moment of horror, as she thinks the Shark has found her, then relief, as the Pilot motions to the bubble, and indicates "Air." She follows him.

MARGE AND THE PILOT

Scuttling like two crabs into the shelter of the broken chopper, buddy breathing as he passes her the oxygen tube.

The chopper tilts, and moves, breaking up on the bottom as currents move it. They struggle silently.

ANGLE ON THE CHOPPER

as it slips across the bottom, the current pulling it, broken parts breaking off in slow motion, dirty swirls of oil and hydraulic fluid clouding the water.

CUT TO:

ON THE SURFACE - THE RAFT

A parallel struggle for survival, as the current separates Sean from the other Kids; Marge is gone, the little boy is clinging alone to the free-floating Lightening.

PATRICK

Sean! Sean!

ANDY

Don't move!

SEAN

Andy! Please help! Help!

ON THE SURFACE - A DISTANCE AWAY

Copter wreckage is bubbling up from underneath, like a submarine destroyed by depth charges; an oil slick, pieces of broken blade, a seat cushion, then, suddenly, the Pilot, and Marge, almost choked to death, their air run out. They cling to a section of pontoon, panting, looking around with oxygen-starved eyes.

They are alone on the ocean; a half-mile away, the distant sails of the broken raft, and the low-lying shape of Cable Junction. Safe, for now...

CUT TO:

BRODY - ALONE IN THE POLICE BOAT - DAY

He throttles down, and the boat slumps in the water. He looks around, sees nothing, in all directions. He hits his radio.

BRODY

Harbor Air, this is Brody. Air One, come in.

Static, no answer. He tries a couple of times, checking the knobs and dials to make sure the unit's working.

BRODY

Harbor Air, do you read? Over?

PATROL VOICE

Brody? This is Patrol Base.

The familiar voice is tinged with annoyance. He's had a long shift, and nothing's going right.

BRODY

Where the hell is Air One?

PATROL VOICE

That's what I'd like to know. Lost transmission at Cable Junction.

BRODY

Did he raise the Kids?

PATROL VOICE

Last transmission said ten juveniles.

BRODY

Yeah? Then what?

PATROL VOICE

Then nothing. If you see him, tell him to switch to an operational frequency, or give me a status report

yourself.

BRODY

Did you say Cable Junction?

PATROL VOICE

That's what he said.

BRODY

When?

PATROL VOICE

1530 hours. Might still be there.
Base out.

Brody revs up, and powers out, headed for Cable Junction.

CUT TO:

EXT. OCEAN - DAY - THE RAFT

Sean is crying on his isolated perch, clinging to the upturned keel. The other Kids are throwing a rope, trying to get him back. Patrick heaves, and misses.

LARRY

Sean! Catch the rope!

BOB

The rope! The rope!

The others shoot fearful glances at the waters.

PATRICK

He's got to help or it won't work.

LUCY

Sean, baby, please...

Sean is ignoring the efforts to rescue him, paralyzed by fear, he shivers alone. Jackie is near catatonia herself, Brooke and Doug trying to soothe her.

JACKIE

It killed her. It ate her.

BROOKE

Shh. Shhh...

DOUG

It's okay, it's okay...

ANDY

Sean! Listen! Listen to me, Sean.

The kid looks up dully.

ANDY

Goddamn it, Sean, you listen to me
or I will kick your ass, do you hear
me?

LUCY

Listen to Andy, Sean.

ANDY

We're throwing a rope and you better
catch it, hear?

Sean nods. The other Kids are encouraged. The rope is thrown -
it misses.

ANDY

(to Bob)

Keep an eye out for that fish.

Bob climbs to a vantage point, watching.

LARRY

Throw it.

ANDY

Sean! Catch it!

Another miss. In his haste to help, Larry overreaches to
fish the trailing rope out of the water, and falls headlong
into the sea. Shrieks of fright from the others.

LUCY

Larry!

He scrambles out, hardly wet, that's how fast he's moving.

Finally -- Patrick takes the crucial throw, and the rope
practically knocks Sean off his perch, but he clutches and
holds it. As Andy carefully calls instructions, Sean secures
the rope and the others carefully, carefully begin to pull
him in.

ANGLE - ON SEAN

as they pull. The slippery rope is undoing itself.

THE RAFT

With the kids reaching out hands, sticks, rope, anything to
pull the little one to safety. The ocean swells rise and
fall with hidden menace.

QUICK CUTS

-- Hands gripping rope.

-- The knot, pulling apart.

-- Anguished faces, concentrating, as Patrick, Lucy, Larry, and Andy struggle to bring him in.

ANDY AND SEAN

Success. He's pulled to safety. They lash his little hull as tight as they can to the rest of the floating wreckage.

Bob sees something.

BOB

Cable Junction's ahead!

LUCY

Can we make it?

BOB

I don't know.

BOB'S POINT OF VIEW

looking over the wreckage to Cable Junction, now much closer.

Beyond it, miles of empty Atlantic. It's off to one side, and unless they can slow down or alter course, they will miss it.

THE RAFT

LARRY

(to Jackie)

You okay?

She's not. Shaking, silent, eyes glazed.

LUCY

(alone)

Dear Jesus, Holy Mary, Mother of God, help us, please...

(her lips move
inaudibly)

BROOKE

(to Doug)

Keep her warm.

(to Jackie)

Jackie? Baby?

PATRICK

Can someone help me rig a jury rudder?
We might steer this...

Andy joins him, and they try to make a sweep or a rudder out of whatever wreckage they can use.

DOUG

By 7:46, when the tide turns around,
we'll be twenty miles out. More,
with this wind.

LARRY

Shut up.

DOUG

I can't stop thinking!

LUCY

(praying aloud)
God, please help us, Merciful Father,
in Christ's name, we beg you, help
us, please, Dear God, save us, help
us, please, God, help...

CUT TO:

BRODY'S POLICE BOAT - DAY

He is rounding a sand bar off the lighthouse when he looks ahead and sees the bright sails of some of the survivors' boats.

BRODY

Thank Christ.

He puts the helm over and heads for them.

CUT TO:

EXT. OCEAN NEAR LIGHTHOUSE - DAY

Polo's sloop is beating back towards the harbor when the police launch bears down, Brody leaning on the air horn.

The Kids signal and wave.

POLO

Over here! Yo!

BRODY

I'm coming alongside!

The launch slows clumsily. Timmy gets a line around a cleat, and pulls them fast.

BRODY

Mike? Is that you?

MIKE

Pop. I'm sorry.

BRODY

It's okay. What happened?

POLO

A shark hit us out there.

TIMMY

Mike got knocked over.

Brody goes for his radio, to report in, to call for help.

MIKE

I passed out, but I'm okay.

BRODY

At least you're safe. What about the others?

The three boys look at each other.

BRODY

Jesus, don't freeze on me. What about the others?

MIKE

(tears in his eyes)
Sean's still out there.

BRODY

What?

He stops in his tracks, radio forgotten. heartsick. Mike goes on,

MIKE

He wanted to come. It was okay, wasn't it? It was okay before...

POLO

The others are ratted together.
Drifting.

BRODY

Which way?

TIMMY

With the current. Towards Cable Junction.

Brody jerks the mooring line holding them together, freeing it. He starts for his controls, obsessed.

MIKE

Dad, I'm sorry...

BRODY

Stay here. Don't go anywhere. Just stay here.

He indicates the lighthouse, then guns his engine.

BRODY

Stay at the lighthouse!

He roars off, headed towards Cable Junction.

CUT TO:

EXT. OCEAN - DAY - THE RAFT

approaching Cable Junction the rafted boats are drifting towards the Cable Junction. Larry, Patrick and Andy are working on improvised tiller lines to a jury rudder made out of wreckage. Lucy has another line out to a sea anchor, trying to slow their drift.

ANDY

Bring her to port a little. That's it -- steady.

DOUG

I think we're changing course a little.

BROOKE

Can we land on it?

LUCY

If we can get to it.

JACKIE

We're going to die.

BROOKE

(comforting her)
It's all right, we're okay.

ANDY

More to port.

BOB

It's all the way over.

ANDY

Shit.

SEAN

Are we going to go on the island?

BROOKE

You bet, kiddo.

ANDY

(the realist)

I don't know.

LARRY

What the hell, we're steering for it.

DOUG

The wind drift is lateral.

LARRY

What's that mean?

DOUG

Sideways -- For every yard we go this way, we also slide sideways this way...

His hands illustrate the predicament.

LUCY

But we had it! We were headed right for it!

ANDY

Shit. Shit, shit, shit!

JACKIE

We're going to miss it!

The others are silent. It's true.

ANGLE ON THE RAFT

Larry, Bob and Brooke try to alter its course by padding.

ANDY

Don't!

DOUG

Stop paddling!

LUCY

But the island!

ANDY

The Shark.

They freeze, as the raft grinds against something.

UNDERWATER

The inverted mast of one of the wrecked boats is snagged on

the rocks on the bottom.

ANGLE ON THE RAFT

as it slows, then stops, hung up from below.

BROOKE

What is it?

ANDY

We're hung up on something.

DOUG

Maybe the bottom.

JACKIE

(hysteria)

It's that thing. It's going to kill us now... We're going to die!

LARRY

Shut up! Just shut Up!

BROOKE

Leave her alone!

BOB

Lighten up, man...

LARRY

It's bad enough without her freaking out.

PATRICK

She's hysterical, goddamn it!

LUCY

Don't yell at her!

The group dissolves in bitter exchanges. No one is rational.

Lucy is the first to notice something...

LUCY

Wait a minute! Listen! Listen!

The group subsides, only Jackie is left, keening to herself.

There's a distant sound of a boat's engine. Bob spots it first, and waves.

The others follow his pointing finger.

BOB

Over there! Coming this way!

HIS POINT OF VIEW - BRODY'S POLICE BOAT

under full power, heading straight for them,

THE KIDS

go crazy, waving, yelling, screaming, "Over here!" "Help!"
"Hey!"

SEAN

It's Dad!

ANGLE ON BRODY AND THE RAFT

in the boat, coming up on the Kids fast. He throttles back,
his bow wave almost swamping them as he slides past.

ANDY

Easy, easy -- you'll swamp us!

DOUG

Back down!

Brody fumbles with the throttle, manages to hold his boat
steady between the raft and Cable Junction island.

LARRY

We're hung up here. Snagged.

BOB

Can you get us a line?

Brody finds a coil of line, makes one end fast, then throws
it to the Kids on the raft. They catch it, and tie it off to
a cleat.

DOUG

We got it!

PATRICK

Go ahead, slow.

LUCY

Be careful.

Brody throttles forward, the police boat shudders under the
strain as the line goes taut.

ANGLE ON THE RAFT

where the rope is tied off to a cleat. The wood groans, screws
pop --

ANDY

Whoa!

Too late. The cleat rips out, Brody's boat leaps forward.

DOUG

Come around again!

ANGLE ON BRODY'S BOAT

as he repositions; he's now between the raft and the island, preparing to throw his line. He heaves, the Kids grab, they have it, they tie off again,

ANDY

Hang on, hang on -- we got it. You're on!

SEAN

Dad! Help!

Brody starts to pull the raft again, when:

THE SHARK

surfaces, and moves purposefully towards the gap that separates the police boat from the raft. It lunges at Brody as it passes the launch; the fin hits the taut rescue line, snapping it.

ANGLE ON BRODY'S BOAT

Brody recoils in horror as the beast rushes past, he spins the wheel and hits the throttle, sending the launch hard to port. Out of control, it runs up on the rocks of Cable Junction.

INSIDE THE BOAT

as it tips up on the rocks. Brody falls, equipment and loose material breaks loose and falls.

INSERT - THE RADIO

held by only a few screws, it pulls out of its mount and shatters on the deck.

ANGLE ON THE STERN

lifting high out of the water, the screw turning in air.

THE KIDS ON THE RAFT

Their horrified reactions.

BRODY IN THE BOAT

picks himself up, and staggers to the rail, sees his

predicament.

BRODY

Hang on!

SEAN

Dad! Dad!

BRODY

I'm okay, baby, I'm here. It's okay...

He climbs over the rail, onto the slippery wet rocks, trying to get to where he can help. The Shark patrols the gap, waiting.

BRODY

Can you get a line to me?

ABOARD THE RAFT

the Kids find some line. Andy coils, and throws.

CABLE JUNCTION - THE RAFT

Brady catches the Kids' line. He heaves on it with all his might. Nothing. Jackie is hysterical, some of the other Kids are screaming. The Shark's fin catches the taut line, it slides up and over, Brody and the Kids are nearly pulled into the water. The raft doesn't budge.

UNDERWATER

the mast bends under the strain, but holds the raft stuck fast.

CABLE JUNCTION - BRODY AND THE KIDS

He sees the winch and hooks on his launch, and makes the towline fast to the steel winch cable; puts it in neutral.

The Kids haul their line, trying to bring the steel cable to them.

The shark rams their raft, impatient now. Screams and scrambling as they let go their line and try to avoid the beast. Brooke huddles with Sean, Jackie cowers alone. Larry is lashing his big buck knife to a pole, an improvised weapon.

ANGLE ON THE WINCH LINE

Unattended, it drops into the water.

THE KIDS

ANDY

Get the cable in! Pull!

They do, but now the winch cable is snagged under the surface.

It comes taut, but doesn't budge. Brody watches, helpless for the moment.

BRODY

Son of a bitch is stuck!

BRODY

climbs back onto the boat, starts the winch engine, trying to pull the cable free.

THE SHARK

on the offensive now, takes an outrigger pontoon, biting it, tearing it off the raft, shaking everything.

ON THE RAFT

the Kids react to this fresh attack.

DOUG

It's killing us!

JACKIE

I don't want to die! Mommy!

IN THE BOAT

The winch smokes and stalls, the weight it's pulling almost too much.

BRODY

Come on, you bastard, come on, pull.
Pull!

THE RAFT

bursts apart from the center as the Shark lunges up through the canvas trampoline of the Sizzler. The Kids, screaming, fall into the water as the attack forces the fragile structure into pieces. Only Sean, Brooke, and Jackie are left on the remaining segment.

ANGLE ON BRODY

watching the destruction, seeing Sean practically alone in the water.

BRODY

Sean! Hang on!

He looks around the deck frantically, spots a rubber emergency inflatable in its case. He wrestles it off its brackets, and

breaks the seals urgently. He hits the auto-inflate.

BRODY'S POINT OF VIEW - SEAN

Alone on the raft, Brooke and Jackie helpless nearby, the other Kids flailing in the water. The huge bulk of the Shark, fin cutting the water as it closes in on the confusion.

IN THE WATER

While Brody inflates the rubber raft and throws it in the water, the Kids scramble for safety, swimming for their lives. Each one is sure this moment is going to be his last.

ANDY

Get on the rocks!

DOUG

Swim for it!

Andy is pulling himself towards the boat, scrambling up on the exposed wooden hull.

PATRICK

Lucy! Look out!

ANGLE ON LUCY AND BOB

As she looks over her shoulder and screams -- the monster is sliding past her, intent on Bob. The rough hide scrapes her, tearing her clothes, leaving raw bleeding lacerations on her torso.

LUCY

I'm bleeding!

Larry and Patrick help her towards the rocks.

BOB

Help!

He's clinging to a piece of broken boat; the Shark lunges at him.

INSERT - WINCH

grinding, smoking, hauling something out of the water -- heavy, slimy, dripping metal cable, the main powerline from the mainland!

BRODY IN THE WATER

paddling the raft towards Sean with desperate strokes, heedless of the danger around him.

BRODY

Hang on! Just hang on!

He fights to see in the gathering gloom. Suddenly, a strange glare snaps on, then more illumination, in a series of escalating clicks.

CABLE JUNCTION

Silhouetted against the evening sky. Automatic timers are turning on navigation and worklights, illuminating the barren rocks and rusty steel with their glare -- throwing dark shadows, putting the surrounding water into black limbo by their contract.

ANGLE ON BRODY

straining to see what's going on. Looking for his son.

SEAN (O.S.)

Dad! Help! Daddy!

BRODY

I'm coming!

He looks around desperately, sees Andy safe on the launch.

BRODY

Andy! Use the lights! The lights!

ANGLE ON ANDY

soaked, clinging to the rail of the launch, hearing Brody, fumbling in the cabin, turning on worklights, the boat throwing erratic shafts of powerful light from its many lamps and searchlights. Andy grabs one and sweeps the water with it, trying to help.

ANDY

Where are you? Chief!

His light pokes and sweeps through the gloom.

BRODY IN THE WATER

He hears the horrendous sounds of wood and metal breaking, as the raft pounds to pieces on the rocks. He is blinded by the sweeping searchlight, the confusion of terror-stricken teen-agers screaming. It's the middle of The Inferno.

BRODY'S POINT OF VIEW - SEAN

Sean, standing up, reaching out to him, the Shark hitting his fragile perch, Sean tumbling backwards, towards what seems to be certain death.

BRODY (O.S.)

Sean!

ANGLE ON BRODY

as he hurls his paddle at the Shark, anything to get even, to distract it.

BRODY

You bastard!

He looks around him wildly, searching for a weapon, finding a steel boathook. He screams at the unfeeling Shark...

BRODY

Come here, you son-of-a-bitch!

The huge gray hulk obligingly turns towards this new irritation. Brody bangs on the raft, yelling, creating a commotion.

THE SHARK SPEEDS TOWARDS HIM

THE SHARK

lunges at the raft, Brody sliding desperately away, smashing at the snout with his steel, the tail fin bashing him as it passes...

ANGLE ON THE STERN OF THE POLICE BOAT

Brody is drifting close to the cable, drawn heavy and wet cut of the water. He reaches up to it.

ANGLE ON BRODY

dangling his feet in the water, holding onto the cable, seeing it, inspired with a lunatic idea...

BRODY

Over here! You bastard! Over here

THE SHARK

turns, bleeding from a superficial cut on its snout, its scar glistening wet and terrible. It heads for Brody.

BRODY

Possessed, yelling at the top of his lungs.

BRODY

Come and get me! Come and get me!

THE SHARK

Attacking. Missing Brody, who hauls himself up out of the

way in life-or-death spasm. The great jaws close, fastening onto the thick cable. Shaking it. The cable resists for a moment, then splits, layers of insulation and armor crack open, the jaws clamp harder -- 20,000 tons of pressure -- then the live copper core is reached. Zap!

THE SHARK

dying. Leaping and convulsing as hundreds of thousands of volts surge through its body, grounded in the salt sea. Hot white fire shimmers like a halo, the fish smokes and stinks, sputters, and dies.

BRODY

watching, cowering on the rubber raft to which he fell when the shark hit the cable. It's strangely silent. The lights on Cable Junction flicker and die as circuit breakers shut down the mains, protecting the line. Only the boat's worklights provide light now.

BRODY

Sean?

No answer. Water lapping at the rocks, some Kids sobbing quietly. Brody listlessly paddles towards the wreckage of the raft, expecting the worst...

ANGLE ON THE WRECKAGE

Timmy's Doughdish, where we last saw Sean. There's a scrabbling from inside, and Sean appears, soaked, from under the seat where he'd fallen.

SEAN

Dad?

Brody moves toward him, holds out his arms, taking Sean onto his raft. They paddle back towards the rocks.

THE ISLAND

with the Kids clinging like drowned rats to the rocks; they're wet, scared, exhausted, but safe. Sean hugs his daddy as they step onto land.

SEAN

They made me go with them.

BRODY

Sure they did...

He kisses the damp forehead.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. AMITY HARBOR - DAY

A crowd of worried parents and adults, Ellen and Hendricks in the forefront, are staring towards the harbor mouth. It's dawn and the sun is rising. They see something, a cheer goes up.

ANGLE ON THE WATER

A big Coast Guard cutter is steaming into the harbor, a little group of survivors on the foredeck.

CLOSE ON THE CUTTER

Brody and the surviving Kids wave to their families on land.

FADE OUT:

ROLL END CREDITS.

THE END