PART TWO

FADE IN:

ACT 1

EXT. CARIBBEAN SEA - DUSK

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

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

EXT. PEQUOD (AT SEA) - TOPMAST - DUSK

High on the lookout, Ishmael points excitedly.

ISHMAEL
There she blows again! Hard to port beam!

EXT. QUARTERDECK - DUSK

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

AHAB
Clear away the boats!!

STARBUCK
In the night, Captain?!

AHAB
Clear away, I said!

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

AHAB
Aye! In the night -- we'll give chase by night and see his whiteness better than by daylight!
Starbuck hesitates. Ahab turns hard to him.

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

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

EXT. MIDDECK - DUSK

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Queequeg leaps onto the bulwark with raised harpoon.

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

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

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

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

All the whalers pile en masse into the lowering boats.

EXT. SHIP'S SIDE - DUSK

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

STARBUCK
Crack on! Pull those oars!
Ishmael takes an oar, Bulkington beside him.

EXT. CARIBBEAN SEA - DUSK

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

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

EXT. STUBB'S BOAT - DUSK

Stubb lights his pipe, as his men row furiously.

STUBB

Go, lads, row like the wind!

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

Starbuck's boat glides by. Stubb turns aside.

STUBB (cont'd)

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

EXT. STARBUCK'S BOAT - DUSK

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

STARBUCK

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

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

STARBUCK (cont'd)

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

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

EXT. FLASK'S BOAT - DUSK

Flask's boat passes beside Starbuck's.

FLASK
It was Moby Dick, all right!
Fog, snow or hail, I don't care -- I'll fetch that gold doubloon or die tryin'!
(to rowers)
Pull, damn ye! Show some muscle!

Dagoo sings a rhythmic AFRICAN CHANT, the oarsmen echoing him, rowing to his beat.
Ahead of them: Ahab's boat materializes out of the dense fog, moving steadily forward.

EXT. AHAB'S BOAT - DUSK

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

AHAB
Roar and pull, ye devils...
I can see fifty seas off! A hundred seas! It's Moby Dick out there, I tell ye! Chase! Crack your backbones, bite your knives in two!
(clasping forehead)
Dear Lord, I'm going to go stark staring mad...
(exhorting on)
Close to, ye hairy-hearted ghouls, get me close to him!

The Arabs HUM as they row, an odd, syncopated SOUND. Fedallah stands motionless at the bow, harpoon ready.
EXT. STARBUCK'S BOAT - DUSK

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

The sea becomes strangely still. Starbuck glances around him.

EXT. AHAB'S BOAT - DUSK

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

AHAB
Hark! Prick ears...listen!

EXT. FLASK'S BOAT - DUSK

FLASK
Hold the oars! Hold still!

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

EXT. STUBB'S BOAT - DUSK

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

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

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

EXT. STARBUCK'S BOAT - DUSK

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

Stop!

The rowers lift their oars and freeze.

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

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

ISHMAEL

What d'ye make of it, sir--

STARBUCK

Hist! Eyes sharp...

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

EXT. CARIBBEAN SEA - DUSK

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

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

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

EXT. STARBUCK'S BOAT - DUSK

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

EXT. AHAB'S BOAT - DUSK

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

AHAB

There! THERE!

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

EXT. Ahab's Boat - Dusk

Ahab crashes his way toward the bow...

AHAB
Row, you monkeys -- ROW!

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

AHAB (cont'd)
Move aside...

He stumbles and falls, keeps going frantically...

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

EXT. Starbuck's Boat - Dusk

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

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

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

STARBUCK
Stern all, stern all! Quick!

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

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

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

The whale's spout gushes spasmodically. The air fills with bloody mist, spraying the whalers red as they row frantically away from the sea beast's death throes.
The whale starts to dive. Harpoon lines spin out of the loggerhead basket -- rolls of line uncoil rapidly, the basket shaking violently!

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

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

A QUICK, TINY SCREAM startles him from behind!

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

ISHMAEL
Man overboard, Mister
Starbuck! Man overboard!

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

ISHMAEL (cont'd)
For God's sake...it's PIP, sir! He's out there!

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

STARBUCK
Wet the line! Wet the line!

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

EXT. CARIBBEAN SEA - DUSK

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

EXT. STARBUCK'S BOAT - DUSK
Queequeg snatches up a lance and points urgently at the taut lines.

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

STARBUCK
NO! Not yet...look!

He points forward.

EXT. CARIBBEAN SEA - DUSK

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

EXT. STARBUCK'S BOAT - DUSK

Ishmael turns and looks far astern:

EXT. CARIBBEAN SEA - DUSK

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

EXT. STARBUCK'S BOAT - DUSK

Ishmael turns to Starbuck in a panic.

ISHMAEL
Sir! What about Pip--

Beside him, Bulkington grips his arm.

BULKINGTON
Sit down, boy. Nothin' we can do.

EXT. Ahab's Boat - DUSK

Ahab hangs over the prow, harpoon held before him with fixed intensity. Dead ahead:
EXT. CARIBBEAN SEA - DUSK

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

EXT. Ahab's BOAT - DUSK

Ahab
ROW!  ROW!  ROW!!

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

EXT. CARIBBEAN SEA - DUSK

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

Ahab GROWLS with monumental frustration.

EXT. STARBUCK'S BOAT - DUSK

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

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

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

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

Starbuck pushes Ishmael back onto the rowers' bench.

Starbuck
Take back that oar, sailor! We've got other business to attend to. We can't just drop everything and set off
on a salvage mission! SIT!

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

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

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

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

EXT. AHAB'S BOAT - DUSK

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

   AHAB
   Did ye not see HIM, Mister Starbuck?

   STARBUCK
   I did, sir.

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

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

EXT. STARBUCK'S BOAT - DUSK

Starbuck is silent for a beat.

   STARBUCK
   I'm a whaler, sir.

EXT. AHAB'S BOAT - DUSK

Long, silent eye contact. Ahab abruptly turns away
and waves at his Arab oarsmen. His boat pulls away from Starbuck's. Ahab calls back over his shoulder:

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

EXT. STARBUCK'S BOAT - DUSK

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

STARBUCK
What about the boy, sir?!

EXT. AHAB'S BOAT - DUSK

Ahab signals his oarsmen, and the boat slows.

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

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

AHAB
What boy?

EXT. STARBUCK'S BOAT - DUSK

STARBUCK
Pip, sir. He's lost at sea.

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

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

AHAB
Pip, ye say? The tambourine boy? And how did HE come to be in your boat, Mister Starbuck?
STARBUCK
Stowed away, sir, where he wasn't supposed to be. He's just a shipkeeper, Captain, a tender-hearted jolly boy... and I fear we've lost 'im.

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

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

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

AHAB
Ye have 'til dawn to find that ungracious little brat, or whatever the sharks've left of him, so make haste.
(to his oarsmen)
Give way now, greyhounds! Dog to it!

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

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

BULKINGTON
Aye, sir.

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

FLASK
Seems a shame to leave behind such a noble prize.

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

EXT. STUBB'S BOAT - DUSK
Starbuck jumps across from his boat into Stubb's.

STARBUCK
Let's bring this fish in,
Mister Stubb.

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

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

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

STUBB
Aye, can't argue with that.

EXT. BULKINGTON'S BOAT - DUSK

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

BULKINGTON
Let's to it, boys!

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

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

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

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

FADE OUT.
ACT 2

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

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

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

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

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

EXT. CARIBBEAN SEA - NIGHT

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

EXT. BULKINGTON'S BOAT - NIGHT

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

CREWMEN
Pip! Pip! Where are ye, boy?!

INT. STARBUCK'S CABIN - NIGHT

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

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

EXT. CARIBBEAN SEA - DAWN

Dawn's early light creeps over an endless horizon.
Pip clings helplessly to the lifebuoy, alone in the vast emptiness. He sings a little DITTY in a trembling voice.

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

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

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

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

EXT. UNDERWATER - DAWN

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

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

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

EXT. CARIBBEAN SEA - DAWN

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

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

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

Pip takes deep gulps of air, then dives again.

EXT. UNDERWATER - DAWN

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

A sharp WHISSHHH -- a harpoon spears through the shark's body! Thrashing in a cloud of blood, the
great white vanishes from sight.

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

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

INT. CAPTAIN'S CABIN - MORNING

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

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

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

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

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

The Carpenter secures the peg leg with a tightening tool.

    Ahab (cont')
    Accursed fate, that my soul would have such a craven mate for a body.

    Carpenter
    How does that feel, sir?

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

    Carpenter
    Aye. A dismasted man never loses the feeling of his lost spar.
AHAB
Ah, that's better...good!

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

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

AHAB
(laughs bitterly)
No fear! I like a good grip! I like to feel something in this slippery world that I can hold onto!

Ahab straightens up and gazes inwardly.

AHAB (cont'd)
You ever hear of an old Greek named Prometheus?

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

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

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

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

AHAB (cont'd)
Then I would've been complete! Fifty feet high in my socks! My legs would have ROOTS, my arms three feet to the wrist! No heart at all...eyes? No! A skylight atop my head to light up an acre of brains. Proud as a Greek god...AYE! A Greek god...
(looks down)
And not standing on a broken
stick of dead bone.

He gazes wretchedly at his stump, back to reality.

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

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

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

The Carpenter rises stiffly, bent with arthritis.

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

CARPENTER
Aye, aye, sir.

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

AHAB
What d'ye want?

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

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

Ahab doesn't move or react.

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

Fedallah shrugs, as if the thought were supremely
indifferent to him.
FEDALLAH
I shall. As your pilot.

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

Fedallah's voice lowers, full of dark meaning:

FEDALLAH
Only rope can destroy Ahab.

AHAB
(laughs)
The gallows, then? Ha! Well
then...I am immortal!

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

EXT. MIDDECK — MORNING

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

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

DAGOO (O.S.)
Whaleboat to starboard helm!
They got PIP!

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

EXT. QUARTERDECK — MORNING

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

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

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

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

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

BULKINGTON
Thank Ishmael and Queequeg.
They spotted him.

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

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

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

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

TASHTEGO
G'won, Pip! Do us a tune!

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

ISHMAEL
Pip...what is it, boy?

Pip scans the men's face, as if they were strangers. Ishmael lays a gentle hand on him -- Pip thrashes
out, delirious, pummeling him with his small fists. Then he leaps off the barrel and dashes away. The men watch, horrified.

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

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

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

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

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

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

QUEEQUEG
Dis bad magic. BAD magic.

EXT. QUARTERDECK - DAY

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

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

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

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

AHAB
Make speed, ye lackies! Do ye not know he's out there?! Thunder away at it! We'll not be whalers again -- 'til it's
MOBY DICK'S head hangin' from these yard arms!

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

EXT. SOUTH ATLANTIC OCEAN - DAY

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

EXT. PEQUOD (AT SEA) - MASTS - DAY

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

EXT. QUARTERDECK - DAY

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

   STARBUCK
   Two points east southeast.
   Steady before the breeze.

EXT. MIDDECK - DAY

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

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

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

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

   STUBB
   Secure as a mother's arms, sir.
AHAB
Starbuck, take the rope and raise your captain. I will commend my life into thy hands.

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

AHAB (cont'd)
I'll have first sight of the white whale. Aye, myself!

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

AHAB (cont'd)
And win back my doubloon!

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

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

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

EXT. SOUTH ATLANTIC OCEAN - DAY

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

EXT. PEQUOD (AT SEA) - MAINTOP - DAY

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

EXT. MIDDECK - DAY

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

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

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

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

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

Stubb steps over to observe him, chuckling nervously.

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

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

EXT. MAIN MAST - DAY

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

EXT. MIDDECK - DAY

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

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

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

In b.g., Fedallah chortles mischievously at them with a toothy grin and shakes his head.
STARBUCK
It's the ship's navel, I tell ye. And everyone's on fire to unscrew it. But unscrew a navel and see what happens.

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

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

STARBUCK
Perception? How d'ye mean?

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

EXT. MAINTOP - DAY

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

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

Startled, Ahab pops his eyes open and peers out.

EXT. SOUTH ATLANTIC OCEAN - DAY

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

EXT. MAINTOP - DAY

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

AHAB
Lower me away! Quick, there!
EXT. MIDDECK - DAY

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

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

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

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

ISHMAEL (cont'd)
Just that. Just a whale.
Starbuck shields his eyes and turns away.

STARBUCK
Damnable coin! It's put here to blind us all!

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

AHAB
Steward! My eyeglass!

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

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

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

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

Starbuck catches sight of something else and points seaward.

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

EXT. SOUTH ATLANTIC OCEAN – DAY

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

EXT. MIDDECK – DAY

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

    STARBUCK
    Shall we lower away, sir?

    Ahab
    Up all sails, Mister Starbuck!
    Drive on!

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

    Ahab
    Those are my orders!

    STARBUCK
    But SIR!–

    Ahab
    SAIL ON, I SAY!

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

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

EXT. TOPMASTS - DAY

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

EXT. SOUTH ATLANTIC OCEAN - DAY

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

EXT. MIDDECK - DAY

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

EXT. SOUTH ATLANTIC OCEAN - DAY

The distant, unrecognizable whale dives out of sight.

EXT. MIDDECK - DAY

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

Stubb turns out of the wind and lights his pipe.

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

   BULKINGTON
   If it WAS Moby Dick...

He looks off toward pacing Ahab, with deep knowledge:

   BULKINGTON (cont'd)
   But he'll make us chase him across the Antarctic, if we let 'im. And when we're good and exhausted, when it's time to turn back, Ahab'll say "Drive on!"
   (turns to Stubb)
   He's seen Moby Dick...he's
looked again into that cold eye. He won't let up now.

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

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

EXT. SOUTHERN OCEAN - DAY

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

EXT. MIDDECK - DAY

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

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

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

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

FLASK
What good is our damned profits
if we freeze to death?!
Starbuck nods resignedly and kneels down to warm himself beside Bulkington and Pip. The men glance sullenly toward their lone captain on the bow.

EXT. BOW DECK - DAY

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

EXT. MIDDECK - DAY
Ishmael paces beside the bulwark and gazes down at the water:

EXT. SHIP'S SIDE - DAY

Small chunks of ice float past in the currents.

EXT. SOUTHERN OCEAN - DAY

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

EXT. MIDDECK - DAY

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

EXT. BOW DECK - DAY

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

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

Ahab offers no reply, eyes fixed forward.

STARBUCK
There are no whales in these waters, sir.

Ahab
He's there, Mister Starbuck. He dares me to follow. He peers over the masses of ice with forced confidence.

Ahab
I've sailed over Greenland waters worst than this. We can force through this ice.
STARBUCK
Aye, but not THIS time of year.
The ice is too thick for such
a gamble -- it can break this
ship up into matchwood!

AHAB
We will drive on.

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

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

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

EXT. SHIP'S SIDE - DAY
Huge ice chunks collide against the bow hull.

EXT. BOW DECK - DAY
Starbuck and Stubb stare over the side with worrisome
frowns.

STARBUCK
Pack ice.

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

STARBUCK
(a bitter smirk)
Captain's orders.

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

Ahab gazes across the expanse, a lifeless figure, his
eyes fixed on the frozen wasteland.
EXT. BOW DECK - DAY
Starbuck and Stubb stare grimly forward: dead ahead, the passage between ice floes narrows into a twisty water lane through solid sheets of whiteness.

EXT. SHIP'S SIDE - DAY

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

INT. FORECASTLE - DAY

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

ISHMAEL
That old man's going to kill us all!

QUEEQUEG
He de devil.

The Carpenter and the Cook look over from their bunks.

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

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

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

The Carpenter glares back at him.

EXT. SOUTHERN OCEAN - DAY

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

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

INT. FORECASTLE - DAY

The cabin shakes from a terrible CRUNCH of ice! Ishmael
cowers in fear. Everyone bolts up and dashes deckside.

EXT. QUARTERDECK - DAY

Dismayed by the impact, Ahab shouts to his helmsman.

AHAB
Hard to port!

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

EXT. SOUTHERN OCEAN - DAY

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

EXT. BOW DECK - DAY

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

AHAB
Crack my heart, I've lost him!

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

He leaps down to middeck, shouting orders.

STARBUCK (cont'd)
Quick, men, lower the sheets! Dump the anchors! Carpenter, fetch timber! You harpooners, come below deck!

INT. SHIP'S CORRIDOR - DAY

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

EXT. BOW DECK - DAY

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

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

He shuts his eyes from the white expanse.

INT. BOW HOLD - DAY

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

EXT. SOUTHERN OCEAN - DAY

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

INT. CAPTAIN'S CABIN - DAY

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

\begin{verbatim}
AHAB
Why must I endure these torments?! If I had but ONE MOMENT, flank to flank with that demon whale, I'd face a thousand-fold perils!
(clenches a fist)
Damn yer white hide, where ARE ye?! Show yourself!
Show me a sign!
\end{verbatim}

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

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

\begin{verbatim}
AHAB
So be it...
\end{verbatim}

He sweeps them off the table in a fury. Then realizes with a sudden inward horror:
AHAB (cont'd)
Plague my soul...I AM Jonah
now! The God-fugitive!

He buries his face in his hands. Sobs uncontrollably.

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

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

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

Fedallah's silent smile broadens to a grin.

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

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

Fedallah
All is not lost, my master.

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

INT. BOW HOLD - DAY

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

Starbuck
Push, damn ye! Harder!!

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

Dagoo
Ain't no good! We all gonna
drown!! I ain't gon' die...

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

**BULKINGTON**
Get back here, ye black bastard!

Dagoo struggles against him, grappling his knife hand.

**DAGOO**
Leggo o' me, white dog!

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

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

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

**INT. CARGO HOLD**

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

**EXT. SOUTHERN OCEAN – ICE FLOES – DAY**

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

**EXT. BOW DECK**

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

**AHAB**
MOBY DICK, my hearties! Have ye too soon forgotten?! Then
let me raise the ante...

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

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

Starbuck and the crew stare at him, dumbfounded.

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

The crew echoes him passionately, shouting as one:

CREWMEN
MOBY DICK!!

EXT. ICE FLOES - DAY

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

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

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

EXT. BOW DECK - DAY

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

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

Starbuck gazes hard at Ahab's back.

STARBUCK

No, Captain. I shall not
yield to it.

INT. CAPTAIN'S CABIN - DAY

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

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

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

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

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

EXT. ICE FLOES - DAY

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

EXT. BOW DECK - DAY
Ahab nods triumphantly at them, aside to Starbuck:

AHAB
We may master this ocean yet!

EXT. SOUTHERN OCEAN - DAY

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

EXT. QUARTERDECK - DAY

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

AHAB
Look to the binnacle! Square the yards up there!

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

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

Ahab stares at Pip's disguise. Clearly amused.

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

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

Stubb steps forward to reach out and grab the boy.

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

AHAB
(stops him)
Shhh! Hands off His Holiness!
The greater idiot ever scolds
the lesser!

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

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

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

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

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

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

Ishmael and Queequeg exchange bewildered looks.

FADE OUT.

ACT 4

EXT. CAPE HOPE SEAS - DAY
The Pequod plunges through heavier seas. A gusty,
sunlit day, but the waters here are forever stormy.

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

LOOKOUT (O.S.)
Sail ho!

EXT. PEQUOD (AT SEA) - BOW DECK - DAY
Wind blistering his face at the bow, Ahab searches the horizon with piercing curiosity.

AHAB
Where away?!

LOOKOUT (O.S.)
Three points on the larboard bow, sir! She's bringin' down her breeze to us!

Ahab turns forward to port and sees her:

EXT. CAPE HORN SEAS - DAY

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

EXT. MIDDECK - DAY

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

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

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

EXT. CAPE HORN SEAS - DAY

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

EXT. MIDDECK - DAY

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

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

EXT. BOW DECK - DAY

Ahab balances himself atop the bow gunwale and stands
tall above his crew, looking down on the Rachel's
deck. Starbuck approaches, Stubb and Ishmael in tow.

    STARBUCK
    Shall we reef the sails for
    boarding, sir?

    AHAB
    No time, Mister Starbuck.

Starbuck gives him a look, expecting that.

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

    RACHEL CAPTAIN
    Have ye seen a whale boat
    adrift, Captain?!

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

    AHAB
    Have ye seen the White Whale?!

    RACHEL CAPTAIN
    (distractedly)
    Aye, we have...this morning...

Ahab reacts with renewed excitement, beside himself.

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

    RACHEL CAPTAIN
    What does that matter?!

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

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

EXT. MIDDECK - DAY

Ahab's crew react, eyes turned on their Captain.
EXT. BOW DECK - DAY

Ahab shakes his head, a desperate man.

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

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

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

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

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

Starbuck reacts to Stubb's unusual display of emotion.

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

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

He looks between him and Stubb, both nodding sadly.

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

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

Rachel Captain
Captain Ahab! I will not go
'til I hear ye say AYE to me!  
I know ye have a child of  
your own, safe in Nantucket!  
You know I'd do for you and  
your son what I'm askin' ye  
to do for mine!  Yes, yes,  
I can see that you relent!...

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

    RACHEL CAPTAIN (cont'd)  
    I see it!  You're relenting,  
    Ahab!  
    (to his crew)  
    Run, men!  Stand by to square  
in the yards!  
    (across to Ahab)  
    We're all going to look for  
that whale boat, sir, and  
find my boy!

Ahab shakes his head, roaring into the wind:

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

EXT. MIDDECK - DAY

Shocked reactions from all around him.

EXT. BOW DECK - DAY

    AHAB (cont'd)  
    I will not do it, Captain  
    Gardiner!  Even as we speak,  
    I am losing time and I'll  
not lose any more!  
    (turns quickly)  
    Mister Starbuck!  Prepare  
to turn windward!

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

    AHAB (cont'd)  
    Man the yards, we're sailing  
on!  ON THE DOUBLE!
Fearful of his wrath, the deckhands rush to their duties. Starbuck stands there fixed, hatred in his eyes. Ahab shouts across the water:

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

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

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

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

EXT. MIDDECK - DAY

Ahab sweeps across toward the quarterdeck...

AHAB
Helmsman! Steady on an easterly course--

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

QUEEQUEG
Queequeg sail no more!

AHAB
To your station, harpooner!

QUEEQUEG
Cap'n be BAD MAGIC!

AHAB
Obey me!--

Queequeg SLAMS his harpoon down -- its sharp point into the deck between Ahab's feet! Ahab edges back.
QUEEQUEG
Queequeg harpoon NO MORE!

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

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

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

STARBUCK
Captain!

Ahab presses on, refusing to hear him.

STARBUCK (cont'd)
Captain Ahab, sir!

INT. CAPTAIN'S CABIN - DAY

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

AHAB
Let go that door, Mister Starbuck!

STARBUCK
Permission to speak with ye--

AHAB
Permission denied!

STARBUCK
I WILL speak, sir!

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

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

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

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

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

STARBUCK
I AM in hell, sir!

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

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

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

(threatens musket)
Now get back on deck!

Starbuck stands fast, unconcerned by the pointed weapon.

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

AHAB
Damnation! AGAIN you dare to question me--

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

Ahab cocks the musket threateningly, ready to use it.

AHAB
Out! Get back to the deck!

STARBUCK
Nay, sir, not yet! (with forced calm)
I only ask that we try to be reasonable men...

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

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

STARBUCK
As you wish, Captain. You needn't beware of Starbuck... (eyes burning back) But let Ahab beware of AHAB! Beware of YOURSELF, old man!

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

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

Resigned to it, Starbuck turns and opens the door.

AHAB (cont'd)
You're too good of a man, Starbuck.

Starbuck turns back. A calm but fierce expression.

STARBUCK
I wish I were not.

He quickly exits.

EXT. MIDDECK - DAY

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

Ishmael hunkers down before him, terribly concerned.

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

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

DAGOO
He's got de voodoo in 'im.

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

ISHMAEL
Tashtego, what do ye think ails him?!

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

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

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

He shakes Queequeg hard, desperate to bring him around.

ISHMAEL (cont'd)
Queequeg! Enough of this!

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

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

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

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

STARBUCK
What the devil is this?

ISHMAEL
My friend's not well, sir.

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

Queequeg suddenly looks up, as if foreseeing a vision.

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

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

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

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

He hurries off. Ishmael leans close to Queequeg.

ISHMAEL
Why d'ye need the carpenter?

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

STARBUCK
What on earth is he saying?

ISHMAEL
He's talking about a coffin.

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

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

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

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

Starbuck shakes his head in bafflement.

The Carpenter shuffles forward.

CARPENTER
Aye, so? What's he want?

ISHMAEL
A coffin that floats. Can
ye manage that?

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

During this, Queequeg mutters a final prayer to his
Yojo...then promptly tosses it on the fire.
ISHMAEL
Queequeg! That's your god!

QUEEQUEG
No more. Don't matter wedder be Fiji god or Nantucket god, no more god on dis ship... (deep whisper)
No more god.

He withdraws back into his chanting, impervious now to Ishmael, lost in a world beyond communication.

Ishmael looks plaintively between Starbuck, Dagoo and Tashtego. Their grim expressions offer no solace.

The Yojo burns. An ominous chill to the scene.

FADE OUT.

ACT 5

EXT. CAPE HOPE SEAS - BEFORE DAWN

The dusk before sunrise. The Pequod rests on choppy, windswept seas. In b.g., the dark silhouette of a mountainous mass of land. The South African coast.

INT. FORECASTLE - BEFORE DAWN

Darkened, oil lamps swinging. Men sleep in their bunks. A lone shadow creeps past and upstairs.

INT. CAPTAIN'S CABIN - BEFORE DAWN

Pip sleeps in Ahab's bunk, twitching from terrible dreams. The Captain sleeps fitfully in an armchair by the bunk. He too has nightmares, his sweat-sheened head tossing from side to side, his fists clenched.

One of his hands momentarily opens, torn by his fingernails...his palm bloody.

EXT. MIDDECK - BEFORE DAWN

Strong winds buffet the deck. Queequeg sits rigidly
under the mast in the same spot, as if in a frozen coma. A squall whips away the ashes before him.

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

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

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

Starbuck behind him. Bulkington stiffens defensively.

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

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

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

Bulkington tenses. The Bowie knife materializes in his hand.

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

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

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

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

BULKINGTON
Why don't ye give it to her
yourself? There's room in the boat.

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

BULKINGTON (cont'd)
You'll need that more than me. May God go with ye, mate!

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

EXT. CAPE HORN SEAS - BEFORE DAWN

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

EXT. MIDDECK - BEFORE DAWN

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

EXT. CAPE HORN SEAS - BEFORE DAWN

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

EXT. MIDDECK - BEFORE DAWN

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

The big Bowie knife, protruding from the top.

EXT. CAPE HOPE SEAS - DAY

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

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

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

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

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

The door cracks open, and Starbuck peers in.

**STARBUCK**
Sorry to disturb ye, sir.

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

**STARBUCK (cont'd)**
The oil barrels are leaking, sir. The cask wood's rotten.

**AHAB**
So? Tar them up.

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

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

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

**AHAB**
(an ironic tone)
Cash...aye, a hard matter that. Hard it is that to fire others,
the match must be wasted.
    (dismissing him)
Tar up the barrels.

    STARBUCK
That won't be good enough--

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

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

    AHAB (cont'd)
That is all!

Starbuck turns away, eying him with pity and hatred.

EXT. MIDDECK - DAY

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

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

Starbuck marches over to them, shouting over the wind.

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

    FLASK
What, now?!

    STARBUCK
Now!

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

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

Kneeling beside him, Ishmael prods a cup of steaming
chowder at him.

**ISHMAEL**

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

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

**ISHMAEL (cont'd)**

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

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

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

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

The Carpenter opens the lid and gives him a look.

**CARPENTER**

Got to do a fittin'.

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

Ishmael watches, deeply chagrined by it all.

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

**INT. BARREL HOLD - DAY**

The dark bowels of the ship. Oil barrels are piled high against the hull. The three mates stand in an
inch of leaking oil covering the floor, balancing themselves to the ship's lilting sway.

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

**STUBB**

How d'ye mean, "usurpation"?

**STARBUCK**

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

**FLASK**

We're not merchantmen, we're whalers.

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

**STARBUCK**

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

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

**FLASK**

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

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

**STUBB**

What're ye proposin', mate?

**STARBUCK**

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

Stubb trades disconcerting looks with Flask.
STUBB
That's dangerous talk...I can't abide by it. If the Capt'n says to tar up the barrels, let's tar 'em up.

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

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

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

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

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

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

FLASK
Aye! I'll have no part of it!

He turns and climbs out of the hold. Starbuck looks at Stubb with unyielding eyes. Stubb shakes his head.
This is a sharkish business we're in, Starbuck. Are ye shark enough for THIS?

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

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

EXT. CAPE HOPE SEAS - DUSK

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

EXT. MIDDECK - DUSK

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

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

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

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

INT. CAPTAIN'S CABIN - DUSK

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

Dozing in his armchair, Ahab resembles more a weary old pensioner than a raging tyrant. The cabin sways
around him, STORM WINDS HOWLING in b.g. Ahab opens his tired eyes and peers down at Pip.

AHAB

Poor, gentle, mad Pip...

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

AHAB (cont'd)

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

He clutches his forehead, wracked by a strange agony.

AHAB (cont'd)

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

(looks madly around)

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

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

AHAB (cont'd)

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

He rests back in the chair and dozes off again.

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

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

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

AHAB
What...what is it?

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

STARBUCK
A storm, Captain.

EXT. MIDDECK - NIGHT

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

EXT. QUARTERDECK - NIGHT

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

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

Starbuck climbs up the quarterdeck steps toward him.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

He struggles his way toward the Captain.

EXT. MIDDECK - NIGHT

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

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

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

EXT. QUARTERDECK - NIGHT

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

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

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

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

Starbuck grapples his way back toward him.

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

AHAB
You heard my orders! WE DRIVE ON!

ISHMAEL (O.S.)
Starbuck!! Help us!!

EXT. MIDDECK - NIGHT

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

Starbuck rushes over and grabs a handhold by the mast.

STARBUCK
Get 'im below!

ISHMAEL
He won't move, sir!

Grabbing a rope, Starbuck hoists Queequeg up.

STARBUCK
Let's raise 'im up...against the mast!
The two struggle to lift the limp giant to a standing position, flat against the mast. Starbuck lashes him to it, wrapping the rope around his chest and waist.

EXT. QUARTERDECK - NIGHT

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

EXT. CAPE HOPE SEAS - NIGHT

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

EXT. QUARTERDECK - NIGHT

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

AHAB

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

EXT. MIDDECK - NIGHT

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

STARBUCK

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

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

EXT. QUARTERDECK - NIGHT

Ahab turns back and fixes on the image at sea:

EXT. CAPE HOPE SEAS - NIGHT

Visible now in the flashes of lightning, like a blurry mirage, MOBY DICK plunges through swells and whitecaps. Following the same course as the ship.
EXT. QUARTERDECK - NIGHT
Convinced of what he sees, Ahab gestures over the heaving rail like a messiah.

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

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

EXT. CAPE HOPE SEAS - NIGHT
Thousands of whitecaps over dark, raging waters. But no sign of a whale.

EXT. QUARTERDECK - NIGHT
Ahab points and exahorts the men below, spurring them on.

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

EXT. MIDDECK - NIGHT
Flask, caught up in Ahab's delusion, points excitedly.

Flask
There!! I see him, Capt'n!

EXT. CAPE HORN SEAS - NIGHT
Over whitecaps, the same blurry mirage -- MOBY DICK!
Swimming parallel to the ship, drawing closer.

EXT. MIDDECK - NIGHT
Stubb spots him too and nods enthusiastically, echoed quickly by the rest of the crew.
Aye! I see him too! There he blows! Clear as day!

By flukes! Is he a ghost?!

Nay! He's as real as DEATH!

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

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

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

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

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

Avast! Away from there!!

He seizes the wheel from Starbuck, demented with fury.

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

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

Men are thrown across the middeck. Flattened against the deckhouse, Starbuck shouts at Ahab.
STARBUCK
We must turn about or we'll PERISH!

AHAB
Nay, I say! We'll DRIVE ON!

STARBUCK
WE'LL LOSE THIS SHIP!!

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

EXT. MIDDECK - NIGHT

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

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

EXT. QUARTERDECK - NIGHT

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

EXT. MIDDECK - NIGHT

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

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

ISHMAEL
What is it?!...

STARBUCK
St. Elmo's fire!...

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

EXT. QUARTERDECK - NIGHT

His body and the wheel all aglow in the otherworldly
green light -- flashing veins sparking down the stern mast onto the high deck! A ghostly, mystical sight. Then, just as suddenly...

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

EXT. MIDDECK - NIGHT

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

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

STUBB
God have mercy on us all!!

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

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

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

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

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

ISHMAEL
Jesus Christ in heaven! What is he doing?!

STARBUCK
Oh, he knows exactly what he's doing!
Ahab laughs defiantly, scans the awestruck faces of his crew then stares deep into the crackling light.

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

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

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

Starbuck can stand no more. He dashes over.

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

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

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

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

QUEEQUEG
Cap'n!! Cap'n!!

Ishmael turns in shock. Queequeg struggles at the ropes, suddenly and fully conscious, his lucid eyes
focused on Ahab. Ishmael quickly unties him.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

FADE OUT.

ACT 6

EXT. INDIAN OCEAN - DAWN

The storm has passed. Thin, layered clouds blend with a dazzling, bright-colored sunrise. The Pequod
sails toward the sun on calm seas, leaving the Cape far behind.

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

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

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

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

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

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

INT. BARREL HOLD – DAWN

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

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

INT. FORECASTLE – MORNING

The rest of the crew sleeps in exhaustion.

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

ISHMAEL
I just don't fathom ye. You said you were goin' to die!
QUEEQUEG
Only man go dead WANTS to
go dead. No bad magic kill
man NOT want to go dead!
Only big things...big fire,
big water, big whale dat don't
THINK! Only dat kill man not
want to go dead! Sabee?

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

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

QUEEQUEG
Aye! Queequeg much happy to!

Ishmael ponders to himself, clearly distressed.

INT. STARBUCK'S CABIN - DAWN

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

ISHMAEL
Don't mean to bother ye, sir.

Starbuck looks up, agitated. Then nods patiently.

STARBUCK
What is it, Ishmael?

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

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

STARBUCK
They don't see his madness,
Ishmael...they can't. HE
won't give 'em a chance to
think! Only to feel. And
they feel they must obey him.
(a resigned nod)
Oh, I'll obey him as well...
but I'll hate him for it!

ISHMAEL
Perhaps I must obey him too.

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

INT. CAPTAIN'S CABIN - MORNING

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

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

Ahab turns, unusually patient and affectionate.

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

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

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

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

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

Pip sobs uncontrollably, refusing to let go. Ahab
relents and squats down to comfort him. The boy hugs him tight, tears flowing. Ahab sighs, agonizing.

AHAB (cont'd)
Oh, you're true, aren't ye, Pip! As the circumference to its center...

He pulls back gently, gazing into his little face.

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

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

AHAB (cont'd)
Ye stay put now and be my commander. My Captain Pip!

Pip sniffs, nods and puffs his chest out proudly.

PIP
Aye, aye -- Capt'n Pip!

Moved by him, Ahab pats his head and leaves.

EXT. MIDDECK - MORNING

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

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

CARPENTER (O.S.)
I don't like it!

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

CARPENTER (cont'd)
I make a coffin for Queequeg but now HE don't want it -- and now YOU want me to turn it into a LIFE BUOY! It's...
it's just plain undignified!

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

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

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

CARPENTER
(scowling back)
I'll hammer yer lips together if ye don't shut up!

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

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

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

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

EXT. QUARTERDECK - MORNING

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

AHAB
What is this, old man?

CARPENTER
A life buoy, Capt'n. Mister
ahab

You're the legmaker, are ye not?

carpenter

Yessir, so I am.

ahab

Are ye also the undertaker?

carpenter

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

ahab

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

carpenter

I do what I do, sir!

ahab

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

carpenter

Faith, sir...

ahab

(sharply)

Faith?...what faith?

carpenter

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

ahab

Get that thing below where
it belongs! Let me not see it again!

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

EXT. MIDDECK - MORNING

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

EXT. QUARTERDECK - MORNING

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

**AHAB**

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

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

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

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

**AHAB (cont'd)**

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

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

**AHAB (cont'd)**

Foolish toy! A baby's play thing for commodores! What can ye do but tell me the
poor, pitiful point where YOU happen to be now, but not one jot more than that! Ye can't tell me where one drop of water will be tomorrow -- or where be that WHITE WHALE!

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

AHAB (cont'd)
You're IMPOTENT -- and with your impotence you insult the very SUN!

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

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

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

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

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

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

EXT. MIDDECK - MORNING

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

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

ISHMAEL
What could it be, Queequeg? Whales?
Queequeg shakes his head, just as puzzled as he.

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

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

EXT. INDIAN OCEAN - DAY

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

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

EXT. PEQUOD (AT SEA) - MIDDECK - DAY

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

EXT. BOW DECK - DAY

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

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

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

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

AHAB (cont'd)
On such a mild day as this, I struck my first whale...
The knife inches out of Starbuck's belt, exposing its long, sharp blade. Ahab's back is still turned.

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

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

AHAB (cont'd)
Forty years of desolation and solitude...whole oceans away from that young wife I wedded and gave a son.

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

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

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

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

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

AHAB (cont'd)
How richer or better am I now for all that effort? (his head reels) I feel deadly faint...oh
GOD, heal my cracked heart!
I feel so old...

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

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

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

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

Genuinely moved by him, Starbuck holds him close.

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

He tightens his grip on him, begging earnestly:

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

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

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

Impulsively, he yanks out the knife from his belt.

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

He turns toward Ahab, his teeth clenched, the blade
pointed to strike.

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

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

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

Ahab (cont'd)
What IS this unearthly thing, pushing me to do what in my own heart I would not dare?!

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

Ahab (cont'd)
Is Ahab...no longer Ahab?

Ext. Indian Ocean - Day

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

Ext. Bow Deck - Day

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

Dough-Boy (O.S.)
Thar she blows!!

Ext. Top Mast - Day

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

Dough-Boy (cont'd)
She blows! She blows! Dead to the bow, Capt'n! It's HIM -- the WHITE WHALE!
EXT. MIDDECK - DAY

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

EXT. BOW DECK - DAY

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

EXT. INDIAN OCEAN - DAY

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

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

FADE OUT.

ACT 7

EXT. INDIAN OCEAN - DAY

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

EXT. PEQUOD (AT SEA) - DAY

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

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

AHAB
LOWER THE BOATS!

A frenzy of activity! Crewmen rush to the divets to man the lowering chains.
Starbuck stands there a beat, powerless, his weapon impotent in his hand. He puts it away and shouts up:

STARBUCK
In stunsails! Down the topgallants!

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

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

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

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

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

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

Impervious to him, Ahab shouts to the Blacksmith:

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

The Blacksmith turns to fuel the huge furnaces.

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

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

AHAB
Fedallah!!  Come back, ye heathenish traitor!  Damn your soul!

(shouts down)
Starbuck!  Hold fast there!

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

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

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

EXT. INDIAN OCEAN - DAY

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

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

EXT. STARBUCK'S BOAT - DAY

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

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

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

EXT. FEDALLAH'S BOAT - DAY

Silent, powerful strokes. Fedallah at the prow, harpoon ready. Dead ahead...MOBY DICK, swimming at a free, unhurried pace. A magnificent sight.
The rowers turn oars to flank him, drawing closer.

EXT. INDIAN OCEAN - DAY

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

EXT. FEDALLAH'S BOAT - DAY

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

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

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

EXT. INDIAN OCEAN - DAY

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

EXT. FEDALLAH'S BOAT - DAY

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

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

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

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

EXT. FEDALLAH'S BOAT — DAY

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

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

EXT. INDIAN OCEAN — DAY

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

Stillness over the sea. Only the SCREAMS of birds.

EXT. STUBB'S/FLASK'S BOATS — DAY

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

EXT. STARBUCK'S BOAT — DAY

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

Stunned for a beat, Ahab mutters a seaward growl:

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

As if in reply, a DEEP RUMBLE of bubbles rises in the water before them. MOBY DICK breaches mightily with a powerful geyser — only twenty yards away!
He glides past, his spray raining over the boat.

**STARBUCK**

God in heaven!!

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

**AHAB**

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

**STARBUCK**

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

**AHAB**

BE SILENT!

**STARBUCK**

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

**AHAB**

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

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

**EXT. INDIAN OCEAN - DAY**

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

**EXT. STARBUCK'S BOAT - DAY**

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

**AHAB**

Steady, men, steady...

Hanging over the prow, his harpoon ready, Ahab is
close enough to strike. He sees the small eye in MOBY DICK's titanic head and glowers fiercely at it.

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

He raises the harpoon to strike, a mighty roar:

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

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

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

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

EXT. INDIAN OCEAN - DAY

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

EXT. WHALE BODY - DAY

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

EXT. STARBUCK'S BOAT - DAY

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

EXT. WHALE BODY - DAY

Ahab rides the whale, clinging on, his foot and peg leg supported by impaled harpoons! In the
rushing chaos, their lines flail around Ahab's legs and begin to entangle themselves around his thighs, up to his waist...

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

**MOBY DICK** submerges -- **taking Ahab down with him**!

**EXT. STARBUCK'S BOAT - DAY**

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

**STARBUCK**

My Captain!!

**EXT. INDIAN OCEAN - DAY**

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

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

**EXT. STARBUCK'S BOAT - DAY**

Starbuck's direful face fixes on Ahab.

**STARBUCK**

My Captain...my Captain...

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

**STARBUCK (cont'd)**

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

Seizing hold of the taut line, he pulls furiously to drag the boat closer to their prey. Shouts back:
STARBUCK (cont'd)
Damn yer eyes, pull! PULL!

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

Only Ishmael hangs back, too petrified to move.

EXT. STUBB'S BOAT - DAY

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

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

EXT. FLASK'S BOAT - DAY
Flask echoes Stubb, inflamed with passion.

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

Dagoo leaps onto the prow with raised harpoon and a BOOMING WAR CRY.

EXT. INDIAN OCEAN - DAY

Stubb's and Flask's boats advance rapidly toward MOBY DICK -- the giant whale heading their way, dragging Starbuck's boat behind him.

EXT. STARBUCK'S BOAT - DAY

Starbuck and his men pull fiercely on the lines, battling the racing tide, drawing closer and closer to the whale's stern...twenty feet away!

Queequeg leaps to the bow. Fighting for balance, he raises and aims his harpoon...
EXT. INDIAN OCEAN - DAY

MOBY DICK suddenly accelerates, dragging the boat faster! Then raises his mammoth head high -- and dives straight down!

EXT. STARBUCK'S BOAT - DAY

The boat lurches up over a wave -- Queequeg tumbles off the bow with his harpoon, Ishmael spills out the stern! Airborn for a split second, the boat plunges downward!

Starbuck SCREAMS before a wall of water rushing up at him -- the last image he sees!

EXT. INDIAN OCEAN - DAY

Starbuck's boat plummets down into the deep with a violent SPLASH -- disappears! It's over in seconds.

EXT. STUBB'S BOAT - DAY

Stubb hasn't time to react, as he looks down over the bow:
Underwater, a massive white head breaches up toward us from the depths with terrifying swiftness!

EXT. INDIAN OCEAN - DAY

MOBY DICK shoots straight up out of the water like an explosion -- lifting Stubb's boat high, rupturing it! The boat splinters into pieces, scattering wood and men far and wide!

Plunging back down with a huge SPLASH, the whale yields its great tail over Flask's boat...

EXT. FLASK'S BOAT - DAY

Raised up, giant flukes CRASH DOWN atop the men's heads with sledgehammer power -- crushing them, their SCREAMS cut short! The tail smashes the boat to smithereens!
EXT. INDIAN OCEAN - DAY

Nothing is left of Stubb, Flask, their men or their boats but flotsam and floating bodies.

MOBY DICK turns away from the carnage and plows his ominous way toward the ship itself.

Ishmael flounders in the choppy waters, trying to keep his head afloat. He sees someone and swims desperately toward him...

Queequeg drifts, clinging weakly to a floating oar. The end of his harpoon juts oddly from the water. Ishmael holds onto the oar, gasping, spitting water.

ISHMAEL
Queequeg! Hang on, mate! You'll be all right!

Then he sees the blood in the water: Queequeg's harpoon has impaled one side of his waist from the fall. Queequeg focuses weakly on his friend's face...a glimmer of a smile. Then he lets go and sinks.

ISHMAEL
Queequeg!!

Desperate to save him, Ishmael dives...

EXT. UNDERWATER - DAY

Queequeg sinks fast, surrendering to the depths. Ishmael grips his arm to pull him up, Queequeg's great weight pulling him down. Queequeg yanks Ishmael's hand free, forcing him to save himself. He disappears into the deep.

EXT. INDIAN OCEAN - DAY

Ishmael surfaces, sucking in air. He clutches the puny oar. And CRIES OUT in spiritual agony!

Far across the waters, MOBY DICK charges toward the Pequod with renewed fury...then submerges.
EXT. PEQUOD (AT SEA) - MIDDECK - DAY

Among the stunned shipboard crewmen, the Cook looks out over the faraway wreckage but sees no sign of the whale. He turns to the main mast.

The Spanish gold coin is still there, nailed to the mast. Eying it greedily, the Cook glances around...then takes a kitchen knife and works at the coin to pry it loose.

EXT. INDIAN OCEAN - DAY

From an aerial view: the drifting Pequod. A half league out...an immense, white underwater mass forging steadily toward the ship.

EXT. MIDDECK - DAY

At the mast, the Cook unloosens the gold coin. He senses someone behind him and turns to see...

The grinning Carpenter's face -- WHACK! His hammer knocks the Cook out cold. A gleeful grin.

CARPENTER

THAT'LL shut you up!

Taking his place, the Carpenter easily pries off the coin and holds it up with a thieving smile. He gazes at its golden glow, as...

EXT. INDIAN OCEAN - DAY

MOBY DICK's white head surfaces and barrels through the water with a great thrust of his tail! Swimming faster and faster toward the ship, an engine of destruction...

The whale COLLIDES head on into the Pequod with the impact of a cannonball!

EXT. MIDDECK - DAY

Quick devastation across the deck! The Carpenter topslles back against the mast. Rigging falls around him, killing deckhands!
INT. LOWER HOLD - DAY

Tons of seawater pour through the splintered hull!

INT. CAPTAIN'S CABIN - DAY

Terrified Pip dashes through the cabin and leaps into Ahab's chest of peg legs. He shuts the lid over himself to hide.

EXT. PEQUOD (AT SEA) - DAY

MOBY DICK'S giant tail sweeps across the deck, his flukes toppling the pots on the lit furnaces! Spilled whale oil ignites -- flames spread over the planking, setting the deck on fire!

Burning oil pours down an open bow hatch into the barrel hold...

INT. BARREL HOLD - DAY

Flames light up the oil-flooded floor, licking all around the oil casks...KABLOOM!

EXT. PEQUOD (AT SEA) - DAY

An explosive fireball consumes the entire bow!

The middeck tilts askew. Fires sweep aft and rage through the whole ship!

EXT. INDIAN OCEAN - DAY

Ishmael thrashes in the water, clinging helplessly to the oar. In b.g., the distant Pequod burns and sinks, flames and smoke roiling skyward.

EXT. MIDDECK - DAY

The ship goes down. Through the flames of the low-tilting deck, the dead Carpenter hangs from toppled rigging, flat against the mast...his arms spread out like a crucifixion. In his open hand,
the Spanish gold coin.

EXT. INDIAN OCEAN - DAY

Ishmael struggles in the water, the lone survivor. In b.g., the Pequod's burning bow sinks from sight. Ishmael looks toward the horizon...but the ship is gone. Nothing but black smoke and a empty sea.

Ishmael can't hold on much longer. His grip on the oar weakens...

Out of the floating wreckage, Queequeg's coffin pops up into view. Ishmael swims toward it and hangs on for blessed life.

EXT. UNDERWATER - DAY

The blue wilderness of the deep. A pale corpse sinks down into our view...Ahab, coiled in ropes, dislodged harpoons floating around him. His dead eyes open in cold, frozen rage...as he descends to his watery grave.

In b.g., the great white whale streaks by.

EXT. INDIAN OCEAN - SUNSET

A fiery sunset. Alone amidst an endless seascape, Ishmael lies in the floating coffin. Exhausted and parched, but alive.

ISHMAEL (V.O.)
Saved by my friend's coffin,
I drifted on a soft, calm sea
for two days and a night...

On the dimming horizon, the faraway sails of a ship drift into view.

ISHMAEL (V.O.)
(cont'd)
On the evening of the second
day, a whaling ship found me
at last. It was the Rachel,
still searching for her lost
son. Instead, she found
another orphan.
EXT. INDIAN OCEAN - DAY

The unbounded sea. A thousand leagues of blue.

On the calm, peaceful waters, a swell of bubbles...

MOBY DICK breaches -- leaping skyward out of the sea in a triumphant arc! The majestic white whale dives back down, his great flukes our last image.

Then he's gone.

FADE OUT.

THE END