

SCHEIDER. What a president! Christ! Well there's one thing to be said for all this...there will never be a more immoral president than Tricky Dicky.

DREYFUSS. Hey, you know who kind of looks like Nixon? Murray.

SHAW. Hahaha! He does! I wonder if that's why Steven cast him as the mayor?

SFX: Shark-repair noises from shore.

SCHEIDER. Do you know what they're doing to it?

SHAW. According to the lad Joyner, the damn fool contraption has salt water in its workings. It's going to take at least an hour to hoist it out of the brine and drain it.

SCHEIDER. I think we've underestimated the power of the sea.

SHAW. Yes lads—we have angered Neptune.

DREYFUSS. I think you mean Poseidon.

SHAW. Christ, what did they teach you at school? They're the same bloody god!

DREYFUSS. Oh, shit. I knew that. What, you think I'm an idiot?

SHAW. I presume that's a rhetorical question.

SCHEIDER. Oh by the way, Robert, here's the latest version of the Indianapolis speech.

SHAW. D'you read it?

SCHEIDER. Uhhh, yeah.

SHAW. *(Reading.)* By Christ there's some stinky writing here! And it's five pages long! We're not doing a bloody play!

SCHEIDER. I'm not sure even Olivier could make it work! They might have to cut it.

SHAW. They can't cut it—it's the heart of the film. It explains why Quint's a fucking maniac.

DREYFUSS. Robert, listen...I er...I haven't had the chance to tell you how much I loved your Claudius. It was... You were the best Claudius I've ever seen... Do you think I could do Shakespeare?

Pause while Shaw takes a good look at Dreyfuss, summing him up.

Shaw: Ophelia 1A

SHAW. ...No!!

Beat.

DREYFUSS. Are we going to be here for the rest of our lives?

SHAW. I hope to god not! What a godforsaken place. Have either of you noticed certain facial features keep cropping up with the locals round here? There's a nose and a jawline that I keep seeing again and again.

SCHEIDER. Now that you mention it...

SHAW. I don't suppose there's much else to do here in the winter months. Might as well cuddle up with your sister!

Dreyfuss makes the sound of a banjo, like the musical duel in Deliverance.

SCHEIDER. Did you know Bob built the squid in *20,000 Leagues Under the Sea*?

SHAW. I did know that. The technicians are wonderful.

DREYFUSS. We should have shot it in a goddamn tank! It's grueling and pointless!

SHAW. It wouldn't look the same in a tank. The story's important, the shark's important, but the sea is crucial. I wouldn't have taken the job if we were shooting in a bloody tank. You think you're working too hard, do you? You think you're overstretched? You Beverly Hills milk puff! Well, do you?

~~**DREYFUSS.** I think I'm pretty much busting my balls, yes.~~

SHAW. Good god! When they call wrap and take us in speedboats back to the local bar and you drape yourself in a blonde or—what was it last night? A brunette—what do you think the crew are doing? Those poor bastards have been freezing their arses off in the water half the time, and then they have to clean and maintain the cameras, reweld, repatch, and all the other lugging, striking, and general shit that we never see—why do you think we're first at the bar? Mike has to balance the camera on his shoulders and flex his legs to keep the dancing horizon steady in shot—do you know how physically demanding that is? If you punched his torso, you'd break your little TV actor's hand. The divers' fingers are cut to pieces by the barnacles—and you sit there whining like a fucking baby!

START
END

considers it...then moves to leave but stops in the cabin doorway. He pauses, wrestling in his mind. Then reaches back and picks up the half-drunk bottle of Lagavulin and leaves.
As the lights fade to black.

Scene 11—Indianapolis 3

They are placed for the reshoot of the Indianapolis speech.

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR. (Voice-over.) Okay, quiet please! Camera?

CAMERA OPERATOR. (Voice-over.) Rolling.

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR. (Voice-over.) Sound.

SOUND RECORDIST. (Voice-over.) Speed.

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR. (Voice-over.) Mark it.

FOCUS PULLER. (Voice-over.) Scene 191, D. Take two.

SFX: Clack.

SPIELBERG. (Voice-over.) Action!

SHAW. "Japanese submarine slammed two torpedoes into our side, chief. We was comin' back...from the island of Tinian to Leyte, we'd just delivered the bomb. The Hiroshima bomb. Eleven hundred men went into the water. Vessel went down in twelve minutes.

"Didn't see the first shark for about a half an hour. Tiger. Thirteen-footer. You know how you know that when you're in the water, chief? You tell by lookin' from the dorsal to the tail. What we didn't know, was our bomb mission had been so secret, no distress signal had been sent. Ha! They didn't even list us overdue for a week. Very first light, chief, sharks come cruisin', so we formed ourselves into tight groups.

SFX: Indianapolis music.

"Oh it was kinda like old squares in a battle, like you see in a calendar, like the Battle of Waterloo, and the idea was shark comes to the nearest man, that man he start poundin' and hollerin' and screamin'

Shaw Option 1B

and sometimes that shark he go away...sometimes he wouldn't go away. Sometimes that shark he looks right into you. Right into your eyes. You know th' thing about a shark is he's got...lifeless eyes, black eyes, like a doll's eyes. When he comes at ya, he doesn't seem to be livin'...until he bites ya, and those black eyes roll over white and then...ah then you hear that terrible high-pitched screamin', the ocean turns red, and despite all the poundin' and the hollerin' they all come in and they...rip you to pieces.

"You know by the end of that first dawn, lost a hundred men. I don't know how many sharks, maybe a thousand. I don't know how many men, they averaged six an hour. On Thursday mornin', chief, I bumped into a friend of mine, Herbie Robinson from Cleveland. Baseball player. Bosen's mate. I thought he was asleep. I reached over to wake him up. He bobbed up and down in the water, he was like a kinda top. Upended. Well, he'd been bitten in half below the waist. Noon the fifth day,

"Mr. Hooper, a Lockheed Ventura saw us. He swung in low and he saw us, young pilot, a lot younger than Mr. Hooper, anyway he saw us and come in low. And three hours later a big fat PBY comes down and start to pick us up. You know that was the time I was most frightened? Waitin' for my turn. I'll never put on a life jacket again. So, eleven hundred men went in the water, three hundred and sixteen men come out, the sharks took the rest, June the 29th, 1945... Anyway...we delivered the bomb."

SPIELBERG. (Voice-over.) Cut!

Blackout.

End of Play

Concentrate on the flame.

He flicks it on in front of Dreyfuss's face.

DREYFUSS. *(Recoiling from the flame.)* Gaaaagh!

SCHEIDER. SORRY... Sorry!

Scheider pulls it back.

SFX: A launch approaches.

Shaw climbs onto the boat.

Richard, it's right here. I want you to concentrate on the flame.

DREYFUSS. Which part?

SCHEIDER. What?

DREYFUSS. *(Still struggling to breathe.)* The blue part or the yellow part? WHICH PART?

SCHEIDER. All of it, Richard! Just breathe in, breathe out. Concentrate on the entire flame.

DREYFUSS. All I can see is the burning monk you were talking about!

Dreyfuss gets worse.

SCHEIDER. *(Putting his hand on Dreyfuss's shoulder.)* Richard, stop! Everything is okay. You're a wonderful actor.

SFX: A launch strikes the boat.

Dreyfuss falls into Scheider's arms and sobs. Scheider cradles him.

You're exactly where you're meant to be, Richard. You're wonderful. You're wonderful.

Shaw enters. It looks like they are in a romantic embrace.

SHAW. What the holy fuck are you two doing?

SCHEIDER. Take it easy Robert, Richard's having a panic attack.

SHAW. Oh, I see. I thought I'd stumbled into Woodstock for a moment!

SCHEIDER. I really think he needs some space, Robert.

SHAW. Oh for god's sake! What's the matter with you, Petunia?!

Dreyfuss explodes in Shaw's face.

Shaw 2

DREYFUSS. JUST FUCK OFF ROBERT WOULD YOU?!
FUUUUCK OFFFFF!

Dreyfuss collapses sobbing under the table. Scheider glances disbelieving at Shaw and then looks away. Pause. Shaw sits on the deck with the others. He considers the moment, then...

SHAW. *(Slowly, gently, meaningfully—not Royal Shakespeare Company.)* "When, in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,
I all alone beweep my outcast state,
And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries,
And look upon myself and curse my fate,
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
Featured like him, like him with friends possessed,
Desiring this man's art and that man's scope,
With what I most enjoy contented least;

Shaw takes out a half bottle of Jamaican rum.

"Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,
Haply I think on thee, and then my state,
(Like to the lark at break of day arising
From sullen earth) sings hymns at heaven's gate;
For thy sweet love remembered such wealth brings
That then I scorn to change my state with kings."

Shaw drinks. Dreyfuss looks up.

Pause.

I wrote that when I was five.

They all laugh.

SCHEIDER. Where have you been?

SHAW. Highland Links. Shot eighty-eight.

DREYFUSS. Is that good or bad?

SHAW. I started out with two birdies on the front nine, but I fucked up coming back. Lost two balls. Putting was horrendous. Every time I'm about to hit my first shot, I say to myself "today's the day!" but it never is.

SCHEIDER. Why do you put yourself through it?

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