

Scene Synopsis:

A heated and hilarious argument between the three men. Hooper pushes Quint's buttons one too many times by tossing his whiskey overboard, sending Quint into a rage. As tempers flare and insults fly, Brody finds himself stuck in the middle, desperately trying to keep the two from tearing each other apart. The scene showcases Quint's stubborn toughness, Hooper's youthful confidence, and Brody's role as the reluctant peacemaker.

SHAW. *Shaw drinks again.*

It's funny. I always thought I must live at least as long as he did. I don't know why. Perhaps it's something all men feel.

SCHEIDER. How old was he when he died?

SHAW. Fifty-two.

SCHEIDER. And how old are you now?

SHAW. Forty-seven. Five more years to go...if I make it.

DREYFUSS. Yeah? Well... I can help with that.

Dreyfuss rises and grabs the bottle of whisky.

SCHEIDER. Richard?

SHAW. What are you doing, boy?

DREYFUSS. I'm saving your life, pal!

Dreyfuss exits to stern.

SCHEIDER. Uh Richard...

Dreyfuss holds the bottle over the side of the boat.

SHAW. WHAT ARE YOU FUCKING DOING?!!!!

DREYFUSS. I shoulda done this weeks ago.

Dreyfuss drops bottle over side.

SHAW. NOOOO!!

Dreyfuss reenters. Shaw grabs him by lapels.

WHAT HAVE YOU DONE YOU FUCKING SWINE???

Shaw swings him round.

I'LL KILL YOU! I'LL FUCKING KILL YOU!

Shaw grabs Dreyfuss by the throat.

SCHEIDER. ROBERT!

SHAW. FUCKING LITTLE BASTARD!

DREYFUSS. *(Choking.)* You're choking me!

SCHEIDER. *(Trying to intervene like a boxing referee.)* THAT'S ENOUGH!

SHAW. NEVER TOUCH ANOTHER MAN'S BOOZE! DID NO ONE EVER TELL YOU THAT? NEVER TOUCH ANOTHER MAN'S BOOZE!

SCHEIDER. Let go of him, Robert, you're going to hurt him!

SHAW. I'M GONNA KILL HIM!

SCHEIDER. Robert! We are shooting a movie for Universal Pictures. If you kill him, they will sue you. They will sue your wife. Sue your kids. Hell, they may even sue me!

Beat. Shaw lets Dreyfuss go.

DREYFUSS. Lunatic. You're a fucking lunatic! You could have injured me badly!

SHAW. Oh shut up you little cry baby! I barely touched you!

DREYFUSS. My whole life flashed in front of my eyes.

SCHEIDER. *(To Dreyfuss.)* It would seem your theatrical gesture backfired.

DREYFUSS. Yeah, I gotta say that played out a lot better in my head.

SHAW. *(To Dreyfuss.)* You owe me ten dollars for the bottle!

DREYFUSS. It was half-empty!

SHAW. GIMME THE MONEY!

Shaw "Monologue"

Scene 3—Indianapolis (Flashback)

SFX: Sound of film being rewound through editing suite.

Lights up.

Shaw, Dreyfuss, and Scheider in their Indianapolis positions, scripts at the table.

The crew are in the cabin area, out of sight.

FIRST ASSISTANT DIRECTOR. *(Voice-over.)* Lighting!... Overhead!... Okay: Quiet please! Rehearsing... And...whenever you're ready, gentlemen...

SHAW. "That was the USS Indianapolis, Mr. Hooper. You've heard of that, right? Well, I was there. Let me tell you about the USS Indianapolis. It was 1945, chief. The Pacific was filled with Japanese submarines. They were everywhere. We'd just left the island of Tinian, a lovely place, chief."

Oh for god's sake, I can't say this! It's duller than my tax return.

He picks up the script and reads the rest out loud, quickly getting more and more exasperated.

I mean, listen to this: "In the middle of the second day, some of us started to go crazy from the thirst. One fella cried out he saw a river, another claimed he saw a waterfall, some started to drink the ocean and choked on it, and some left our little group squares and swam off alone lookin' for islands and the sharks took them right

away. It was mainly the young fellas that did that—the older ones stayed where they was."

For fuck's sake! It goes on for FIVE pages like this!

SPIELBERG. *(Voice-over.)* Alright, Robert, we'll give it back to John.

SHAW. No, no, no, don't give it back to Milius! *I'd* like to take a crack at it. There's some gold in there somewhere. Let me take it away and I'll write it myself.

SPIELBERG. *(Voice-over.)* Okay, Robert, take a shot at it.

SHAW. Thank you, Steven.

FIRST ASSISTANT DIRECTOR. *(Voice-over.)* Moving on, everybody!

Fade to black.

Scheider -"Monologue"

Scene 9

Lights up on Scheider reading his New York Times.

RADIO. (Voice-over.) Mr. Scheider, there are still boats in the shot. Go ahead and take your lunch.

Satisfied, Scheider sets down his newspaper. He disrobes down to his tight black Speedos. He folds his clothes carefully and places them on the seat, then he lights a cigarette and puts on his sunglasses. He picks up a deck chair and a beach bag containing his sun mirror and goes through the door onto the deck.

Scheider unfolds a deck chair and lifts up his face to the sun. He then positions the chair so as to best face the sun and stretches before sitting down. He takes a deep breath in and out.

SCHEIDER. Peace.

SFX: Boat air horn honks.

Scheider waves then flips off the passing boat.

He picks up his tanning mirror and unfolds it, resting it on his chest so as to reflect the sun's rays onto his face.

RADIO. (Voice-over.) Mr. Scheider?

Scheider ignores the radio, quickly settles back into sunbathing.

Pause.

Mr. Scheider, Mr. Scheider?

Pause.

Mr. Scheider?

Pause.

Mr. Scheider, please respond.

Pause.

Mr. Scheider, do you copy?

Suddenly Scheider turns his head and shouts at the radio.

SCHEIDER. SHUT UP!!

Pause.

Scheider returns to his sunbathing.

Long pause.

Thank you.

RADIO. (Voice-over.) Mr. Scheider, the sailboat's out of shot and the background is clear. Lunch is cancelled. We've got to shoot. Sending a boat over, please respond.

Scheider leaps up and picks up Quint's sawn-off baseball bat (priest) and lifts it over the radio, ready to smash it to pieces.

Mr. Scheider, can you pick up, please? Do you copy? Mr. Scheider? Mr. Scheider, can you come in? We are sending a boat, please be ready, we've got to shoot!

Scheider takes a very deep breath and manages to put the bat down. He smooths his hair. Deep breath.

Mr. Scheider, are you receiving?

SCHEIDER. (Forcing himself to sound bright.) I'll be right there!

Blackout.

Dreyfus - "Monologue"

Scene 8

Lights up.

Dreyfuss is at the table replaying lines. He's already shot. He gets more and more anxious, as he thinks he's messed up the scene.

DREYFUSS. "That's it. Goodbye. I'm not gonna waste my time arguing with a man who's lining up to be a hot lunch..."

Pause.

"That's it. Goodbye..."

Pause.

"That's it. Goodbye..."

Pause.

"That's it. Goodbye. I'm not gonna waste my time arguing with a man who's lining up to be a hot lunch...oh shit!"

He bows his head, beaten.

Dreyfuss's hands fall on Quint's cap. He puts it on.

(With sinister frustration.) Piece of advice, boy. Listen to me—when I was on the London stage playing *Macbeth* back in 1906, Sir Robertson Fuckwad said to me, he said to me "Shaw, you are the biggest douchebag I have ever had the misfortune to have met." And since that day, boy, I have striven, with the sweat of my brow and the strain of my sinew to become the largest douchebag in the history of the universe. And I have done it, boy, I have done it!

Now where's my booze? I've only had six bottles of rum today! I need more!

SFX: A launch approaches.

Dreyfuss does not notice Scheider appear and come to the door.

Dreyfuss finds a bottle.

Ah! Marvelous! Don't you think so, Roy?

SFX: A launch strikes the boat.

Dreyfuss takes off the cap and moves to Scheider's normal position.

(Impersonating Scheider.) Actually Robert, here's an interesting fact, interestingly enough.

Scheider enters and observes.

The douchebag is a contraceptive device first used by Martha Washington in the eighteenth century. Now isn't that interesting? Don't you think that's interesting?

SCHEIDER. Am I interrupting?

DREYFUSS. *(Rumbled.)* No, no, no! Just doing some lines. Script lines.

SCHEIDER. You want me to go over them with you?

DREYFUSS. There's no need... We already shot the scene.

SCHEIDER. Uh-huh... Why are you doing them, then?

DREYFUSS. Oh, just the usual... You know, torturing myself.

Scheider sits down and yawns.