

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.

Scene 10

Lights up revealing Shaw searching for alcohol under the hatch. On the floor...

*SFX: Launch approaching and bumping the boat.
Dreyfuss enters.*

DREYFUSS. Ahem!

SHAW. Oh, Christ, it's you!

DREYFUSS. What the hell are you doing?

SHAW. Last month I hid a bottle of Lagavulin in here so cunningly, with such Machiavellian guile, that I have subsequently been completely unable to find it.

DREYFUSS. You need it? I mean it's the last day, for Christ's sake.

SHAW. Yes, I need it.

DREYFUSS. Well, how hard can it be? Like Roy said, it's not that big a boat.

SHAW. That is a misquotation, my friend. Christ, I've been over every square inch of this place.

DREYFUSS. Well, I can help!

They both start to search the benches.

SHAW. If you think I'm letting you near any of my booze after that stunt you pulled!

DREYFUSS. I don't have a death wish. Jeez—But, come on, I'm really good at finding stuff. One time, we were in Italy...

SHAW. What were you doing in Italy?

DREYFUSS. Oh, we travelled a lot around Europe when I was a kid.

SHAW. You go to Ireland?

DREYFUSS. Ireland? Nope.

SHAW. Pity. It's a wonderful country. Of course the people are completely mad, but that's what's so wonderful about them. Do you know I once ordered spaghetti in a Cork restaurant and when it arrived it was still in the shape of the can?

DREYFUSS. They eat canned spaghetti?

SHAW. They eat pig's trotters and skirts and kidneys.

DREYFUSS. Jesus! —