LIFEBOAT

Screenplay by
Jo Swerling

with revisions: 9/16/43
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SMOKESTACK OF A FREIGHTER. There is a large shell hole through it. The siren is screaming shrilly. A slight sea mist shrouds the whole picture. The MAIN TITLES DISSOLVE OVER THIS.

1 EXT. SEA -(DAY) - CLOSE SHOT

As the last title dissolves out we see water rising from the bottom of the screen. Finally the smokestack gives a lurch to one side, and as it disappears, the siren gives a final moan and dies suddenly. There is a gurgle of sizzling, bubbling water and the roar of sliding machinery and muffled explosions from inside the sinking ship.

CAMERA begins to PULL BACK and we reveal the swirling water above a newly sunken ship. We cannot see the horizon because of the mist.

CAMERA PULLS BACK farther and we see debris rising to the surface. CAMERA BEGINS TO PAN AROUND among it and we see the remains of a shattered lifeboat.

2 EXT. SEA -(DAY) - CLOSE SHOT

Lifeboat shows that it has been smashed by shell fire. It rolls over on one side and starts to sink.

The CAMERA TRAVELS over the surface of the still bubbling water and begins to note other objects. A packing case rises to the surface and drifts right under the lens, so near that we are able to read the black ink markings on it, which indicate that they are Red Cross supplies for the American Army in the United Kingdom.

Other objects come into view and the CAMERA TRAVELS ALONG a pack of cards which is beginning to spread out on the surface. Nearby are one or two dollar bills and a few cigarettes. A wicker basket chair floats by, and then a New Yorker magazine, whose cover is gay and humorous. In contrast to the New Yorker, a baby's basket comes into view, blankets and pillow still inside. It is rocking from side to side, but in passing under the CAMERA, shows us that it is empty.

An orange case is rolling around on the surface. It breaks open and the fruit begins to spread over the surface of the sea. Some cabbages and leeks float by, accompanied by a few carrots. A wooden spoon or two floats past. The cook's galley has obviously disgorged some of its contents.

(CONTINUED)
A woman's hat, and some knitting, come into view.

We catch sight of a checkerboard and nearby a piece of sheet music with a Stephen Foster song title on it. A sailor's duffle bag is half open, and socks and suspenders hang from it, accompanied by a picture of a pin-up girl, who smiles up at us.

Finally the camera moves away into clear water and seems to go on quite a while, until it enters a smooth, black patch of oil, which remains absolutely solid. A lifebelt appears.

EXT. SEA - (DAY) - CLOSEUP

The lifebelt - it supports a floating figure - a dead man, his face forward in the water, the back of his head is shaved and square - on the lifebelt we are able to read the stencilled identification of the German firm that manufactured the lifebelt.

The camera pans up and surveys the whole of the distant debris, over which we have just traveled. Beyond it and in the distance through the mist there is one solitary and arresting thing, it is a lonely lifeboat, occupied by a single figure.

Dissolve to:

EXT. SEA - LIFEBOAT - (DAY) - SEMI-LONG SHOT

One solitary lifeboat drifting on the flat oil-covered ocean. There are pieces of wreckage, and all kinds of odds and ends floating around. There is still some fog.

As the lifeboat drifts nearer to us we see that in it sits a woman, one of the passengers of the torpedoed freighter: Mrs. Constance Porter - Connie to her friends in New York, London, Paris, Rome, Berlin, Vienna, Prague, Warsaw, Chungking and points East, North, West and South. Connie is crowding forty, but Helena Rubenstein and her own dauntless efforts have created a camouflage that makes her get away with thirty, when she's had a good night's sleep. Right now she might be thirty-two.

Her mink coat is Revillon Freres. Her suit is Hattie Carnegie. On the seat at her side is a de luxe model 16 mm movie camera. At her feet is a square alligator-skin case. She looks as if she has just stepped out of "21" rather than a torpedoed freighter. The lifeboat on the oil-covered sea might be a gondola in Venice. Not a strand of her beautifully coiffed hair seems to have been disturbed. From her purse, (by Mark Cross) she takes a gold cigarette case, (Tiffany) selects a cigarette, puts it into a silver cigarette holder, (Cartier) lights it with a jewelled lighter, (Dunhill).
INT. LIFEBOAT - (DAY) - CLOSE SHOT - MRS. PORTER

Her glance roves over the interior of the lifeboat, of which she is the sole passenger. We get a feeling of calm inventory. Here is a woman to whom being torpedoed is just another experience. There's neither fear nor hysteria in her eyes as she notes the damage done to the lifeboat - the wrecked compartments, the crushed first aid kit, miscellaneous junk scattered about. But suddenly her face takes on an expression of vexed irritation as she looks at:

INT. LIFEBOAT - (DAY) - CLOSE SHOT - MRS. PORTER'S LEGS

Whatever Mrs. Porter's age, her legs are still eighteen. But the stocking on her right leg has a run in it. A sibilant sound comes over the SHOT - a whispered expletive from Mrs. Porter. It could be "Son-of-a-bitch!"

INT. LIFEBOAT - (DAY) - CLOSE SHOT

From the expression on Mrs. Porter's face, as she regards the run in her stocking, it's apparent the rest of her supply of Nyons must have gone down with the freighter. Then with a shrug she lets her gaze wander out over the sea. And again she reacts, reaching instantly for the camera on the seat at her side. She makes a quick professional appraisal of the lighting and her hand goes to the lens for an adjustment to compensate for the slight fog.

INSERT: THE LENS MECHANISM

showing Mrs. Porter's hand making the proper adjustment for the lighting in dull weather.

BACK TO SHOT

Mrs. Porter focuses the camera, releases the lever and as we hear the hum of the camera operating:

EXT. SEA - (DAY) - SEMI-LONG SHOT

As seen from the lifeboat, Kovac, J., oiler, late of the engine crew of the freighter Frances Sweeney, is swimming toward us with easy, purposeful strokes. Except for his strictly Caucasian features, he could, at the moment, be quite naturally mistaken for a negro. Between the grease of the engine room and the slime of the oil through which he has been swimming, his face and powerful torso are quite black beneath the life jacket he is wearing. As he comes nearer to CAMERA he suddenly sees, floating ahead of him on the surface of the oily water, several playing cards and a twenty dollar bill.
11 EXT. SEA - (DAY) - CLOSE SHOT

Kovac's hand lunges into the picture and makes a grab for the twenty dollar bill. CAMERA PULLS BACK as he resumes his swimming toward the lifeboat.

12 EXT. SEA AT LIFEBOAT - (DAY) - SEMI CLOSE SHOT

Mrs. Porter lowers the angle of her camera to take in the approaching swimmer. Kovac comes into SHOT and it is only when he has grabbed hold of the handle line scalloped over the edge of the lifeboat that she lowers the camera and puts it down on the seat beside her. Puffing like a porpoise, Kovac tries to hoist himself onto the boat. His oily hands slither on the edge of the boat and Mrs. Porter, somewhat reluctantly, has to come to his assistance. Gingerly, she reaches out her hand to help him, and he finally succeeds in plopping into the boat. Mrs. Porter stares at her hands, covered with oil from her contact with Kovac. She holds them at arm's length so as not to get any of the filth on her clothes, and looks about to see what she can do about it. She bends and ripples her hand in the water, but that doesn't help. The oil still sticks. She picks up her purse with the tips of her fingers, opens it and produces a hand-embroidered linen handkerchief. Ruthlessly she uses it as a towel. He looks longingly at the cigarette she's smoking. She gets out the cigarette case, selects a cigarette, leans over to place it in his mouth. She ignites the jeweled lighter and holds it for him.

13 INT. LIFEBOAT (DAY) - SEMI CLOSE SHOT - MRS. PORTER AND KOVAC

Strangely contrasting figures -- she, peaches and cream, fragrant with "Echo Troublant;" he, filthy and smelling from oil and grease. Her observing eyes, however, are aware of the fact that Kovac is a fine figure of a man and probably, with the grime cleaned off, good looking, in an oakum way. As she holds the lighter he notices a beautiful diamond bracelet on her wrist.

KOVAC

Mm-n... Thanks.

An animal sigh of content as he puffs the smoke. He looks her over, his eyes puzzled. She's fumbling with the clasp of her bracelet, which seems to be loose.

KOVAC

Lady, you certainly don't look like somebody that's just been shipwrecked.

(CONTINUED)
MRS. PORTER

Man, I certainly feel like it. Look at my bracelet. The clasp's busted. There's a run in my stocking, and one of my fingernails is broken. I've never been so buffeted about in my life... I wonder what became of Charcoal.

KOVAC

Charcoal?

MRS. PORTER

The steward-man. Black as four a.m. in Pittsburgh, he was. He helped me into the lifeboat.

Kovac takes a look around at the splintered and battered insides of the boat.

KOVAC

I thought this lifeboat was abandoned.

MRS. PORTER

Not by me, it wasn't. It looked mighty good to me, hanging on the thing like a broken toy on a Christmas tree. The lifeboat over it had come down and smashed into it, but Charcoal said it would float, and that was good enough for me.

KOVAC

How'd he ever get it launched?

MRS. PORTER

I don't know. I was busy taking pictures. But he did, and he got me into it, and my typewriter and things, and safely away from the undertow when the ship went down. Then there was a cry from the fog, somebody calling for help, and over he went. You haven't seen anything of him, have you?

KOVAC

No.

MRS. PORTER

What part of the ship are you from?

KOVAC

Engine room. I was off duty -- in the washroom -- I was caught with my -- I was washing my hands when the torpedo smacked us. Most of the engine crew were trapped like rats. When I got to topside it was a shambles.

(CONTINUED)
MRS. PORTER
Terrific, wasn't it? Reminded me of an air raid once that hit me in Chungking.

KOVAC
Reminded me of a slaughter house I once worked at in Chicago.

His lifebelt is now off and he flings it disgustedly in the bottom of the boat. He speaks with sudden bitterness.

KOVAC
Those Nazi buzzards! A tinfish ain't enough -- they've got to shell us, too.

Past them the weirdly assorted flotsam of the torpedoed freighter floats by. She suddenly reaches out and salvages something -- a tennis racquet.

MRS. PORTER
Now I can perfect my backhand.

She makes a practice swing, then notices something else floating by and calls out to Kovac, pointing.

MRS. PORTER
Get that -- it might come in handy.

He reaches out and pulls in a wicker armchair. As he does this she sees something else that interests her and bends to pick it up. It's a military hat of some sort. As she looks at it:

KOVAC
(harshly)
What are we worrying about this junk for? We'd better look around for some of the others before that U-boat surfaces again and sees us.

MRS. PORTER
She won't surface, one of our shells got her.

KOVAC
Are you sure?

MRS. PORTER
She was killed dead, darling.

KOVAC
Did you see it?

(CONTINUED)
MRS. PORTER

I not only saw it, I photographed it.

He stares at her, then his eyes go to the movie camera. He lifts his hand and points at her, almost as if making an accusation.

KOVAC

You're Constance Porter. I heard you were aboard... so you took pictures, huh?

MRS. PORTER

Nothing else but. Priceless stuff. I caught some wonderful shots on deck.

(rapturously)

A little bunch of people around one of the lifeboats -- they looked kind of slow and fat and heavy with their life-belts on and terribly lonesome, darling, and then a shell hit the lifeboat and they all jumped overboard. I got a beautiful shot of the gun crew firing at the submarine -- but the best of all was when I was in the lifeboat with Charcoal. I got the freighter going down, and one of the lifeboats caught in the suction and pulled under. I got some of the U-boat crew jumping overboard, and I -- Look! There's a lovely touch!

He follows her gaze to:

14

EXT. SEA (DAY) - CLOSE SHOT

A section of wreckage from the freighter, featuring a baby bottle, half-full of milk, with nipple attached.

15

INT. LIFEBOAT (DAY) - SEMI CLOSE SHOT - MRS. PORTER AND KOVAC

She lets fall the military cap and reaches for her camera but before she has a chance to use it Kovac reaches out with the tennis racquet and savagely strikes at the milk bottle.

16

EXT. SEA (DAY) - CLOSE SHOT

The milk from the broken bottle whitens a tiny area about it, then is blended with the sea.

17

INT. LIFEBOAT (DAY) - SEMI CLOSE SHOT - MRS. PORTER AND KOVAC

MRS. PORTER

(resentfully)

What did you do that for?

(CONTINUED)
KOVAC

"why didn't you wait for the baby to float by and photograph that?"

As she stares at him, enraged, a sound drifts in out of the mist. They listen and the faint cry for help is repeated. Mrs. Porter instantly raises her camera.

KOVAC

Gangway!

As he moves past her to reach for the steering oar, he accidentally hits the camera and knocks it out of her hand. It falls into the sea and is lost. Her face contorted, she turns on Kovac who is working the oar.

MRS. PORTER

(a scream of rage)

You stupid, clumsy, son-of-a --

A lurch of the lifeboat, as Kovac swings it around, sends her down sharp on her backside at the bottom of the lifeboat, her Nylon-clad legs (with one run) into the air.

INT. LIFEBOAT (DAY) - CLOSE (MOVING) SHOT

Kovac, sculling with the steering oar, as Mrs. Porter continues from her undignified position.

MRS. PORTER

(almost hysterical with rage)

Why didn't you look where you were going? Absolutely irreplaceable stuff, priceless, the best film I ever took -- and it goes to the bottom of the sea!

KOVAC

(grunting)

That's better than going there yourself.

INT. LIFEBOAT (DAY) - MED. SHOT

Mrs. Porter picks herself up as the swimmer comes into view. Kovac shifts the oar and leans over the side to give the newcomer a hand. Mrs. Porter instinctively shrinks back from the rescued man to avoid getting any of the oil slick on her mink coat. The newcomer is Stanley Garrett, second radio operator of the Frances Sweeney. He is dressed in a dark blue uniform. He has on a life jacket. Like Kovac, he's pretty well camouflaged by the coating of oil that covers his face. Later on, when he's cleaned up a bit, we'll discover that he's young - about twenty-six - and rather good-looking. He lies panting in the bottom of the boat.
INT. LIFEBOAT (DAY) - CLOSE SHOT - THE THREE

Mrs. Porter's chief concern is still with her precious lost camera.

MRS. PORTER
I wouldn't have parted with that film for a million dollars. When will I have another chance to get stuff like that? Of all the --

KOVAC
Shut up!
(to Stanley)
Sparks, did you have time to send out an SOS?

STANLEY
Hardly. The first shell from the U-boat got the radio shack.
(he half lifts himself up)
Keep going, Kovac, there's some more people out there.

He points. Kovac starts using the steering oar again to manipulate the boat in that direction. As he does this Stanley sees the military cap, fished out of the sea by Mrs. Porter, and reaches for it. As he stares at it:

INSERT - THE MILITARY CAP
On the visor is the insignia of the Army Red Cross Service

BACK TO SHOT

STANLEY
Where'd this come from?

MRS. PORTER
It was floating by.

Stanley clamberers to his feet, then suddenly calls out into the mist:

STANLEY
'Miss Mackenzie! Miss Mackenzie!

He listens and presently a faint answering call comes back. Stanley picks his way over to where Kovac is working the steering oar, and grabs hold of it, helping Kovac to row. There's a look of joy and relief in his eyes.

STANLEY
She's out there! --She's alive!

He pushes Kovac out of the way in his frantic haste to reach the source of the call for help.

KOVAC
(peering into the mist)
There they are!

Stanley backs water with all his might and works the steering oar to swing around to:
EXT. SEA - FROM LIFEBOAT (DAY) - SEMI LONG SHOT

Half-submerged, three people - two men and a girl - are clinging to a raft. As we get CLOSER to them we see they all have life belts. They are Charles Rittenhouse, an American industrialist; Gus Smith, a sailor, and Lieutenant Alice Mackenzie, a Red Cross nurse. Rittenhouse wears a business suit. Gus has a peajacket over his sweater and Alice is in uniform. The oil on their faces prevents us from getting any idea of what they look like.

Later we'll discover that Rittenhouse is about fifty, the sort of one hundred and ten percent American that would make an admirable model for Norman Rockwell or the late Grant Wood. Strictly American Gothic.

Gus Smith is American too, but more than that, he's Brooklyn, and more than that, he's Eastpoint. He's about thirty, short, squat, heavy-built.

Alice Mackenzie, about twenty-four, looks like the wrath of God just now, but when she's cleaned up, she'll not be at all hard to look at. She's American too -- more essentially American than either Rittenhouse or Smith; as truly representative of America as Stanley Garrett is truly representative of Britain.

EXT. SEA (DAY) - CLOSE SHOT - THE LIFEBOAT

It has reached the raft and the three people hanging onto the raft reach for the ropes on the lifeboat. Gus's face pops up over the gunwale of the lifeboat and the first thing he reacts to is the sight of Mrs. Porter.

GUS

A dame!

Alice's first reaction is to the sight of Stanley.

ALICE

Stanley!

Rittenhouse's first remark is much more practical.

RITTENHOUSE

Give us a hand, somebody!

As Stanley reaches over to help Alice:

ALICE

Never mind me -- get him -- (she indicates Gus)

He's hurt.

(CONTINUED)
Kovac is helping Rittenhouse into the boat as Stanley helps Gus. Mrs. Porter, rather gingerly, lends a hand to Alice. As Gus is helped into the boat we see that part of his right trouser has been blown away and there's a deep gash in his leg. Once safe in the lifeboat Rittenhouse and Gus speak almost simultaneously.

RITTENHOUSE
Well folks, we're in business again.

GUS
Anybody got any liquor?

Rittenhouse is fumbling with his lifebelt, trying to get it off.

MRS. PORTER
Ritt, you old rat!

Rittenhouse gapes, then smiles broadly.

RITTENHOUSE
Connie!

(he stares at her
in astonishment)
Did you come from the freighter or the Stork Club?

MRS. PORTER
So you finally hit oil, eh, Ritt?

Meanwhile Alice, Stanley and Kovac have grouped about Gus. Alice is examining his wounded leg. The men are helping Gus off with his life jacket.

GUS
I'm all right, Sparks. What happened to Nolan?

STANLEY
I was on my way from the bridge to bring him our position when a shell from the U-boat smashed the radio room.

GUS
I was at the wheel, waiting for Hennessy to relieve me, all set to mugg up with some hot java --

He suddenly becomes aware of the smashed-up condition of the lifeboat.

GUS
Holy gee! Look at this mess!

(CONTINUED)
Rittenhouse glances over the wreckage.

**RITTENHOUSE**

(worried)

You think we can stay afloat?

**KOVAC**

If the buoyancy tanks are okay she'll float, even if she's water-logged.

He starts to examine the buoyancy tanks. During this Rittenhouse, with some difficulty, has been trying to get out of his life jacket. He still keeps staring at Mrs. Porter, her fur coat, her alligator-skin case, her steamer blanket draped beside it.

**RITTENHOUSE**

I see you've even managed to get some of your luggage aboard.

**MRS. PORTER**

A few things.

**RITTENHOUSE**

Where's the electric hair drier?

**MRS. PORTER**

(blandly)

In the case.

From under the life jacket he pulls out a cigar box and opens it. The box is full of water -- and one long obese cigar.

**RITTENHOUSE**

Six boxes and I had to grab this one!

**MRS. PORTER**

Don't cry, lamb, it's big enough to last till we're picked up.

**RITTENHOUSE**

Good old colophane!

He rips the colophane jacket off the cigar, bites the end of it off and sticks the cigar in his mouth. During the above, in the group around Gus:

**STANLEY**

The first shall must've done for the Skipper.

**KOVAC**

And most of the sky gun crew.

(CONTINUED)
STANLEY
What happened to the woman with the baby?

ALICE
See if you can find a first aid kit.

Stanley starts to look for one. During this:

RITTENHOUSE
(to Mrs. Porter)
I thought everybody was killed. I never expected to see you alive.

MRS. PORTER
I'm practically immortal, darling. I've got nine lives and I've only used up three or four.

RITTENHOUSE
I thought I was done for. We were playing poker in the saloon --

He still has difficulty getting out of his life jacket and calls out irritably:

RITTENHOUSE
How do you get this thing off?

Kovac turns to help him.

RITTENHOUSE
It was the biggest pot in the game, and I won it.

Back of them Stanley comes up with the remains of the first aid kit.

STANLEY
Here's the kit -- it's been pretty well smashed.

Alice takes it from him and sets it down, then looks up in quick inventory of the lifeboat and its occupants. She spots the folded steamer blanket which lies beside Mrs. Porter's alligator-skin case.

ALICE
Let me have the blanket, please.

Kovac reaches for Mrs. Porter's steamer blanket and tosses it to Stanley, who hands it to Alice.

(CONTINUED)
MRS. PORTER
(glares at Kovac)

Well!
(a little bitterly)
Share and share alike, I always say.

RITTENHOUSE
And just as I laid down my hand —
three queens and a pair of aces —
the torpedo hit us.

Behind them Alice folds the blanket into a pillow and
places it back of Gus's head.

ALICE
Lie down, please.

GUS
What for?

ALICE
You'll be more comfortable. I want
to take a look at your leg.

GUS
(leering)
Sure, Babe — an' maybe sometime you'll
let me return the compliment.

Without any reaction to this, Alice shoves him gently
back and goes to work on his leg.

GUS
I think it's got a hunk of slug in it.

During this:

RITTENHOUSE
The biggest pot of the game, but
believe you me, I never even stopped
to collect. The pot went to Davy
Jones.

KOVAC
Not all of it.

He takes from his pocket the slimy greenback he found in
the sea and shows it.

KOVAC
Here's twenty bucks Mr. Jones didn't
get.

He offers it to Rittenhouse.

RITTENHOUSE
It's yours.

KOVAC
It was floating in the water —

(CONTINUED)
Salvage. Perfectly legitimate. I insist... Are you one of the crew, Son?

Engine crew. Oiler. The name's Kovac.

Rittenhouse. (extends his hand)

Glad to -- (reaction)

Rittenhouse?

Rittenhouse smiles, obviously pleased at Kovac's awareness of his identity.

(jovially)

That's right.

C. J. Rittenhouse?

Rittenhouse's expression can only be described as demure. The great man is accustomed to such homage.

C. J. Rittenhouse.

Junior.

Mrs. Porter

Kovac

Here -

He thrusts the twenty dollar bill into Rittenhouse's hand, and exits toward Gus.

INT. LIFEBOAT (DAY) - CLOSE SHOT THE GROUP (REVERSE ANGLE)

Gus's hurt leg has been stretched out and Stanley is holding it up while Alice works at it. Kovac comes over and watches. In the background, Rittenhouse and Mrs. Porter continue their conversation, ad lib.

Alice

(to Stanley)

You're sure there's no sulfanilamide left in the kit?

Not any.

Stanley

Gus suddenly winces.
ALICE  
Hurt?

GUS  
Nah!

She hands him a piece of metal she has got out of the gash in his leg.

ALICE  
Here's the shrapnel. You might like to keep it as a souvenir.

GUS  
Nah! (he flings it overboard)

My hide was full o' that stuff on the last trip.

Alice starts to bandage the leg.

GUS  
(to Stanley)  
I oughta have my head examined.  
This is the fourth time I've shipped out since the war, an' I got no place yet.  
(wistfully)  
Gee — I wished I could make the round trip once.

KOVAC  
(to Alice)  
How does it look?  
(his eyes are on Gus's wound)

ALICE  
(dubiously)  
Pretty deep cut.

GUS  
(to Alice)  
It's leaking. I'm not gonna be stuck with a gimp'y leg, am I?

STANLEY  
Not enough to interfere with your jitterbugging.

ALICE  
(smiles up at Gus)  
Jive, huh?

GUS  
Tell her, Sparks.
STANLEY
They tell me he's the champion
hooper of the Merchant Marine.

GUS
(to Kovac)
Tell her what I done in Jersey
City. Listen, I copped two prizes
at Roseland one year while all the
time I'm sufferin' somethin' terri-
ble from double pneumonia. Say, I
can jive figure eights around any
of them cats -- even with a bum gam.

Rittenhouse and Mrs. Porter come into the SHOT.

RITTENHOUSE
(chewing on the
end of his cigar)
Everything under control? Any-
thing I can do?

GUS
Maybe you got a little liquid
refreshment on you somewhere?

RITTENHOUSE
Sorry, son, not a drop.

MRS. PORTER
(reluctantly)
I have some brandy, darling.

GUS
(his eyes lighting up)
I would sure enjoy to gargle a
little ef that.

MRS. PORTER
I'll get my flask.

ALICE
No, in a case like this the rule
is --

GUS
Ah, come on, we're among friends.

(CONTINUED)
ALICE
(to Mrs. Porter,
shaking her head)
I don't think it's advisable.

GUS
(begging)
Just one slug. It'll pick me up --

MRS. PORTER
Make up your minds, darlings.

The argument is interrupted by a distant shout, thinned by the fog. Gus, the brandy, everything else is forgotten for the moment, as Kovac springs into action, taking his place at the oars. Stanley moves to the seat with him and takes one of the oars to help him row. The others all look off in the direction of the sound, peering through the fog which has now approached the pea-soup stage. Mrs. Porter peers into the mist and cries:

MRS. PORTER
It's Charcoal!

EXT. SEA (DAY) - SEMI-CLOSE SHOT

Joe, the negro assistant steward of the freighter, supported by a life jacket, is in the water. With one hand he's holding onto the hair of a Mrs. Higgins, one of the passengers of the freighter. With the other, he manages to hold a baby over his shoulder, to keep it above the surface of the water. Neither the woman nor the baby has a life jacket on. The baby is inert in Joe's arm -- either dead or unconscious. The eyes of the woman are closed; we can't tell whether she's alive or not. The faces of all three are covered with oil slick.

EXT. SEA (DAY) - MED. SHOT

The lifeboat comes nearer to them. Alice leans forward to take the baby from Joe's arm. Kovac reaches for Joe. Rittenhouse grabs hold of the woman. Mrs. Porter stands watching.

INT. LIFEBOAT (DAY) - MED. SHOT

Joe, exhausted, is slumped against the side of the boat. Alice has commandeered the blanket from under Gus's head and already has the baby wrapped up in it, preparing to go through the necessary steps of resuscitation. On one of the seats Rittenhouse has hold of Mrs. Higgins.

INT. LIFEBOAT (DAY) - CLOSE SHOT - THE GROUP

Efficiently and tirelessly, Alice is working to get the baby to breathe again; slapping it, pumping it's little arms and legs, trying everything she has learned. Finally she puts her mouth against the mouth of the child, holding its nose as she blows into its lungs.
30 INT. LIFEBOAT (DAY) - THREE SHOT - KOVAC, STANLEY AND JOE

Joe has recovered his breath and is sitting up, looking offscene.

JOE
She kept fighting me all the time in the water. She wanted to drown the baby and herself with it.

Stanley and Kovac follow his gaze to:

31 INT. LIFEBOAT (DAY) - TWO SHOT - RITTENHOUSE AND MRS. HIGGINS

Her hair is down, her eyes are still closed. Rittenhouse is rubbing her hands with stupid but well-intentioned violence.

RITTENHOUSE
It's all right, sister -- you're safe. The baby's safe. It's all right.

The woman opens her eyes, looks at him blankly, meaning.

32 INT. LIFEBOAT (DAY) - CLOSE SHOT - MRS. PORTER

As she watches, we get the feeling she's making a mental note of everything for the book (first person singular) which she will write some day about this experience. The thickening fog has brought with it a cold wind. Mrs. Porter shivers and drapes the collar of her mink coat closer about her neck. The voice of Rittenhouse drifts over this SHOT in a monotonous litany.

RITTENHOUSE'S VOICE
The danger's over -- you're safe now. There's nothing to worry about.

Mrs. Porter looks toward:

33 INT. LIFEBOAT (DAY) - CLOSE SHOT - ALICE AND BABY

Alice has stopped working on the child. Quietly she wraps the blanket round it a little tighter, lays it down on the thwart beside her. For one second she raises her eyes, with almost no expression. The baby is dead.

34 INT. LIFEBOAT (DAY) - CLOSE SHOT - MRS. PORTER

The slightest frown creases Mrs. Porter's forehead. She looks over toward:

35 INT. LIFEBOAT (DAY) - TWO SHOT - RITTENHOUSE AND MRS. HIGGINS

Rittenhouse is looking horrified in the direction of the dead baby. He relaxes his hold of the woman. The woman's eyes wander vaguely round the boat. Suddenly she comes to life and before Rittenhouse is aware of her move, she has rushed out of scene.
INT. LIFEBOAT (DAY) - CLOSE SHOT - THE GROUP

The woman makes a grab for the baby and before anyone can stop her, she has torn the front of her dress open and is holding the child to her breast. She talks to it, trying to cover its head under her own wet clothes.

INT. LIFEBOAT (DAY) - CLOSE SHOT - MRS. HIGGINS AND BABY

She is muzzling the child against her breast, trying to get it to suck. She looks around vaguely - her eyes stary and the whites showing all round.

INT. LIFEBOAT (DAY) - CLOSE GROUP SHOT - FEATURING STANLEY - and including Gus, Rittenhouse, Kovac, Mrs. Porter, Joe and Alice: They don't want to look, but can't help being drawn to the awful sight.

STANLEY
Her name's Higgins. Her home was in Coventry. She was one of a batch of shell-shock cases sent to America. Her baby was born in New York.

INT. LIFEBOAT (DAY) - CLOSE SHOT - MRS. HIGGINS AND BABY

STANLEY'S VOICE
Her husband was at Dunkirk. He lost sight of both eyes. She said to me on the ship: "I'm going home to show him the baby."

Mrs. Porter comes into the shot. She has taken off her fur coat.

MRS. PORTER (very casually)
Here, darling, better put this over you.

Gently she drapes the fur coat around Mrs. Higgins.

INT. LIFEBOAT (DAY) - MEDIUM SHOT - THE GROUP

Gus, who is staring ahead, breaks the silence.

GUS
Hey, look! -- another customer!

They all turn and look to the side of the boat.
INT. LIFEBOAT (DAY) -- CLOSE SHOT -- THE GROUP

Two hands are clinging to the side of the boat. Kovac and Rittenhouse rush into shot and grab them. They start to lift a man over the side. His head is slumped sideways. He plombs into the bottom of the boat, face downwards for a moment, exhausted. His attire does not identify him as either a passenger or a crew member of the freighter. It consists of dark blue trousers of rough cloth and dark blue shirt.

INT. LIFEBOAT (DAY) -- CLOSE SHOT -- THE GROUP

Directly grouped around the man are Stanley, Kovac, Mrs. Porter, Gus, (seated) Joe and Rittenhouse. Alice stands near Mrs. Higgins and the baby. They all are looking down at the man fished from the sea. He lifts his head and turns it to look up at those around him. Streaked though it is with oil, there's no doubting the man's nationality. And if there's any doubt, it's dispelled at once when he speaks.

THE MAN

Danke -------

The word has an electrifying effect on them. They look at each other.

THE MAN

Danke schoen.

FADE OUT
FADE IN

INT. LIFEROAT (DAY) - CLOSE SHOT - THE GERMAN

He is seated now on the wicker chair salvaged from the wreckage of the freighter; like the defendant in a murder case. He has recovered his breath and speaks calmly.

THE GERMAN
Ich bin Ihnen sehr dankbar. Sie haben mein Leben gerettet.

CAMERA MOVES BACK to take in the others. Mrs. Porter, Rittenhouse, Kovac, Joe, Stanley and Gus face the German. Apparently he is addressing his remarks to Mrs. Porter. Mrs. Higgins, removed from the group, with Mrs. Porter's fur coat about her, is preoccupied with the baby, holding it close, looking at it. Alice sits by her. For the moment the others have forgotten about Mrs. Higgins.

THE GERMAN
Es tut mir leid, dass wir Ihr Schiff versenken mussten.

The others look at Mrs. Porter, who apparently the only one of them who speaks German, now translates.

MRS. PORTER
He's very grateful to us for saving his life, and regrets very much the U-boat was compelled to sink our ship.

KOVA C
(grimly)
Ask him why they shelled our lifeboats.

MRS. PORTER
Warum schiessen sie auf Rettungsboote?

THE GERMAN
Befehl des Kapitäns.

MRS. PORTER
Those were the captain's orders.

STANLEY
If you ask me, he's the captain himself.

RITTENHOUSE
What makes you think so?

(CONTINUED)
STANLEY
I saw a Nazi submarine skipper in Liverpool once. He was a prisoner and he wore much the same sort of rig as this man.

GUS
Sure, that's why he slipped his coat off -- to make us think he was a crew member.

RITTENHOUSE
(to Mrs. Porter)
Ask him if he's the captain.

MRS. PORTER
(to the German)
Sind Sie der Kapitän des U-boots?

THE GERMAN
(shakes his head)
Nein. Ich bin nur ein Mann -- der Besatzung -- Kein Offizier.

MRS. PORTER
He denies he's a captain or officer. He's just a crew member.

KOVAC
Crew member or skipper -- he's German! That's what I can't stomach!

GUS
(rather mildly)
A guy can't help being a German if he's born a German, can he?

KOVAC
(fiercely)
Neither can a rattlesnake help being a rattlesnake if he's born a rattlesnake -- that don't make him a nightingale.
(savagely)
Get him out of here!

The German's light blue eyes dart from one face to the other in the group about him, searching, appraising, sizing up.

MRS. PORTER
Don't be silly, darling -- he can't very well get off in the middle of the ocean, can he?

KOVAC
Throw him off.
RITTENHOUSE
Have you gone out of your mind?

KOVAC
Throw the Nazi buzzard overboard!

RITTENHOUSE
It's out of the question -- it's against the law.

KOVAC
Whose law? We're on our own here.
We can make our own law.

MRS. PORTER
Now, wait. This man was acting under
orders. The freighter was an enemy
ship. After all, we're at war --

Kovac looks at her, then points at Mrs. Higgins who seems
to be totally oblivious to what's going on.

KOVAC
Is that woman at war? Is her baby
at war?

The German, who has been listening, suddenly makes a
gesture of inquiry to Mrs. Porter.

THE GERMAN
Was ist dem los?

MRS. PORTER
Ach, der Mann ist aufgeregt - er wird
sehr schnell böse.

THE GERMAN
Ach --- ?
(smiles at Mrs. Porter)
Sie sprechen sehr gut deutsch Haben
Sie... Beziehungen in Deutschland?

MRS. PORTER
Nicht dass ich wuerste.

KOVAC
(suspiciously)
What did he say?

MRS. PORTER
He says I speak his language well.
He asked if I had any German connections.

KOVAC
Have you?

(CONTINUED)
MRS. PORTER
(flarung up)
Certainly not!

KOVAC
Then how come you know the lingo so well? And how come when I climbed into this lifeboat, you were the only one in it—all dressed up like you knew you were going some place?

MRS. PORTER
Because I was going some place. I was going into a lifeboat.

Kovac looks down at the alligator-skin case.

KOVAC
You certainly didn't forget to bring plenty of luggage along.

MRS. PORTER
Luggage?
(her voice goes ragged with exasperation)
You silly, ridiculous ass! I had two trunks aboard that freighter. I just grabbed my case because it has my typewriter, my makeup and my jewelry in it.

KOVAC
What about the camera? It's against the law to bring a camera aboard.

MRS. PORTER
I got special permission. As an accredited war correspondent, I — (she breaks off)
What is this? Are you insinuating —

KOVAC
You seem to be pretty anxious to stand up for your friend, here.

MRS. PORTER
(shrill with rage)
What do you mean, my friend?

RITTENHOUSE
(breaking in)
Wait a minute! Wait a minute! Let's keep our shirts on.

(CONTINUED)
KOVAC
I haven't got a shirt.
(glares at Mrs. Porter)
Or a mink coat, either.
She glares back at him with interest. A dawning look of comprehension creeps into her eyes.

MRS. PORTER
I get it. A fellow traveler! I thought the Comintern was dissolved.

RITTENHOUSE
(again interrupting)
Now, children!

He assumes his best board of arbitration manner; firm entreaty. He takes the cigar out of his mouth.

RITTENHOUSE
We're all sort of fellow travelers here, in a mighty small boat on a mighty big ocean. And the more we quarrel and criticize and misunderstand each other, the bigger the ocean gets and the smaller the boat.

KOVAC
The boat's too small right now for me and that German.

RITTENHOUSE
Now look - I'm perfectly willing to leave it to the decision of the majority. That's the American way.

INT. LIFEBOAT (DAY) - CLOSEUP - THE GERMAN

RITTENHOUSE'S VOICE
If we harm this man in any way, we're guilty of the same tactics you hate him for. On the other hand, if we treat him with decency and consideration, we might convert him to our way of thinking.

INT. LIFEBOAT (DAY) - CLOSE SHOT - THE GROUP

RITTENHOUSE
That's the Christian way.

KOVAC
Okay. Now, me, I'm American, too. I was born right in Chicago. But my people are from Czechoslovakia.

(continued)
He turns to the German and almost spits the name in his face.

**KOVAC**

Did you ever hear of that place?

The German’s face is inscrutable. Kovac turns to the others.

**KOVAC**

I say, throw him overboard — and then stick around and watch him drown.
And when he goes down, I’ll dance a jig like Hitler did when France went down.

**GUS**

Me, too.

Now they all look at him.

46

**INT. LIFEBOAT (DAY) — CLOSE SHOT — GUS**

**GUS**

First of all, for the record, I’m an American, too. But I’m in a kind of a spot. My name is Schmidt, but I changed it to Smith.

47

**INT. LIFEBOAT (DAY) — CLOSE SHOT — GROUP**

**GUS**

That’s what I got against these guys more than anything else. They make me ashamed o’ the name I was born with. I got a lot o’ relatives in Germany. For all I know this guy might be one o’ them.

He looks at the German and delivers his verdict harshly:

**GUS**

I say chuck ’im to the sharks!

In the silence that follows, Rittenhouse turns to Stanley.

**RITTENHOUSE**

Sparks, do you —

**STANLEY**

(diffidently)

Well, I hardly know what to say. The man’s a prisoner of war, isn’t he?

**MRS. PORTER**

Certainly.

(CONTINUED)
STANLEY
Well then, the way it's done -- he should be held till we're picked up, it seems to me, and then turned over to the proper authorities.
(to Alice)
Don't you think so, Miss Mackenzie?

ALICE
(almost indifferently)
I don't understand any of it.
(her eyes are on Mrs. Higgins)
I don't understand people hurting each other or killing each other.

KOVAC
Then why'd you join up?

ALICE
(turning)
I'm doing the only thing I can -- trying to put them together again when they get hurt. As far as the German's concerned I --
(she hesitates)
I agree with Stanley.

MRS. PORTER
So do I. I'll talk to the man -- perhaps I can get some information from him --

KOVAC
(scornfully)
Material for your book?

MRS. PORTER
(blithely)
Incidentally.

Rittenhouse looks toward Joe. Around his neck, on a string, is a small flute. Somewhere he's found a bit of cotton waste and is polishing the flute with it.

RITTENHOUSE
George?

KOVAC
What about you, Joe.

JOE
(looks up)
Do I get to vote, too?

We don't know whether it's sarcasm or genuine surprise.

(CONTINUED)
47 (Cont.1)

RITTENHOUSE
(taken aback)
Why, yes, certainly.

JOE
I guess I'd rather stay out of this.

He resumes the polishing of his flute. Rittenhouse looks toward Mrs. Higgins, the only one who hasn't voted.

RITTENHOUSE
How about you, sister?

CAMERA SWINGS to a CLOSER ANGLE around Mrs. Higgins. There's no answer from her. The emptiness in her face is dreadful.

MRS. HIGGINS
(casually)
My baby's dead.

Her eyes close again and she sways uncertainly. Her arms, which are holding the dead baby, relax, and the bundle begins to fall to the bottom of the boat. There's a spontaneous movement on the part of those around her to catch the falling baby. The German being nearest, gets it first. He and the others are instantly conscious of the irony as they straighten themselves. The situation causes the German to hold the bundle rather helplessly. Suddenly Mrs. Higgins, opening her eyes, flings herself upon him, striking and clawing at the German's face and body. In her insane fury, her blows fall alike on the German and the dead baby. Kovac lunges forward and grabs her, yanking her away from the German, who stands bewildered, still holding the dead baby. The woman struggles in Kovac's arms. She grabs the baby away from the German. They force her back to the thwart.

48 INT. LIFEBOAT (DAY) - CLOSE SHOT - THE GERMAN

Staring at the woman. The crazy moans of the mother come over the SHOT.

49 INT. LIFEBOAT (DAY) - CLOSE SHOT - MRS. HIGGINS

rocking the dead baby in her arms.

DISSOLVE TO:
INT. LIFEBOAT (SUNSET) - CLOSE SHOT - THE GROUP

Rittenhouse, chewing his cigar, is watching the other men, who, with the exception of Gus (unable to do anything of account of his wounded leg) are busying themselves in various activities. Kovac is fussing around with the man going through the preliminary business of repairing it. Joe and Stanley are clearing the boat of refuse and wreckage. Rittenhouse, like a padre, is doing nothing but getting into everybody's way. Mrs. Higgins lies in the bow of the boat with her dead baby in her arms, a ghastly figure in Mrs. Porter's mink coat. The woman's eyes are closed, but she isn't asleep. She turns fitfully, muttering incoherent words. Alice and Mrs. Porter sit near her, watching her. The German sits isolated from the rest, in a sort of moral quarantine. As he works at the mast, Kovac keeps looking at the German with an expression of murderous hatred in his eyes. The oblique light of the setting sun falls across the faces of the people in the boat, creating an effect of almost silhouette. Presently Mrs. Higgins' moaning ceases and she lies still. Alice bends to look at her, then speaks in a low voice.

ALICE

She's asleep.

They all look toward the woman to verify this, then look at each other. There's a general feeling of indecision.

ALICE

Somebody get some cord and some sort of weight.

Stanley, Kovac and Joe move to obey this order.

51

INT. LIFEBOAT (SUNSET) - CLOSE SHOT - MRS. HIGGINS

She has the dead child clutched tightly to her bosom, as Alice bends over her and gently takes the little bundle, still wrapped in Mrs. Porter's steamer blanket. As Alice moves out of SHOT:

52

INT. LIFEBOAT (SUNSET) - CLOSE SHOT - THE GERMAN

Watching, as:

53

INT. LIFEBOAT (SUNSET) - CLOSE SHOT - THE GROUP

Featuring Alice, who has put the baby on one of the seats and is wrapping the blanket tightly about it. Kovac, Stanley and Joe help her put the cord around the blanket and tie the weight to the bundle. The CAMERA MOVES SLOWLY from face to face, showing the reactions of the various people in the group as the pathetic little bundle is being readied for the sea. During this:

(CONTINUED)
ALICE

Does anybody know the service for burial at sea?

Nobody answers.

RITTENHOUSE

I suppose any prayer —
   (he thinks a moment, takes the cigar out of his mouth, then resumes)
The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures — Ho — He —

Rittenhouse has forgotten the rest of the words. Joe picks them up.

JOE

Leadeth me beside the still waters.
He restoreth my soul.

54

INT. LIFEBOAT (SUNSET) — CLOSE SHOT — THE GERMAN

JOE'S VOICE

He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for His name's sake.

55

INT. LIFEBOAT (SUNSET) — CLOSE SHOT — THE GROUP

The sun is sinking below the rim of the horizon. The sea is darkening. The people in the boat are now pure silhouette.

JOE

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me. Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me.

56

INT. LIFEBOAT (SUNSET) — CLOSE SHOT — MRS. HIGGINS

JOE'S VOICE

Surely, goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

In her sleep, for the first time, Mrs. Higgins' face is peaceful. We hear a small splash.

57

INT. LIFEBOAT (SUNSET) — MED. SHOT — GROUP

The group of profiles looking down as the prayer finishes. The figure of Kovac straightens from his task of lowering the body of the baby into the sea. The light seems to fade leaving them in silhouette.

DISSOLVE TO:
EXT. SKY - (NIGHT) - LONG SHOT

The moon is just emerging from behind a cloud formation.

INT. LIFEBOAT (NIGHT) - CLOSE SHOT - GROUP

The shadow of the obscured moon is lifted from their faces as the moonlight brings them into clear focus. Rittenhouse seems to have more or less assumed command of the lifeboat and is giving out with instructions.

RITTENHOUSE
At any rate we're shipshape. None of the buoyancy tanks have been smashed, the water breaker's been taped up, in the morning we'll rig up the sail and get going. Kovac, don't forget to wake me up for my watch. Sparks -

He stops, arrested by a motion of Mrs. Higgins who starts squirming into a sitting position. Mrs. Porter addresses her in as casual a voice as possible.

MRS. PORTER
How do you feel, darling?

MRS. HIGGINS
Better, thank you. Much better. Have I been asleep long?

She becomes aware suddenly of the mink coat she's wearing, and stares at it, puzzled. She runs her fingers over the fur.

MRS. HIGGINS
What's this?

ALICE
Mrs. Porter lent you her coat to help you keep warm.

MRS. HIGGINS
It's a beautiful coat. Is it real mink?

MRS. PORTER
I hope so.

MRS. HIGGINS
It's lovely. I've always admired mink. It's the most ladylike fur there is. I always said, So warm and comfortable. Thank you so much for letting me wear it,

(CONTINUED)
She has been stroking one of the sleeves and now, suddenly, she becomes aware of the fact that she no longer holds a baby in her arms.

MRS. HIGGINS
Where's Johnny?

Nobody answers. The expression on her face changes. She gets to her feet.

MRS. HIGGINS
(wildly)
Where's my baby?

She looks past the group facing her, toward the German at the other end of the boat, and starts forward. Alice tries to intercept her but she pushes by.

MRS. HIGGINS
(to the German)
What did you do with him? What did you do with my baby?

Rittenhouse and Mrs. Porter get in her way and grab her. She looks at them, an awful despair in her eyes. She speaks past them at the German.

MRS. HIGGINS
You killed him, didn't you?

She looks toward the moonlit water and her face contorts, her voice goes ragged with pain.

MRS. HIGGINS
Poor little thing, and the sea so big and terrible —

Suddenly she breaks loose and leaps to throw herself overboard. Kovac and Stanley grab her.

MRS. HIGGINS
(moaning)
Let me go with him!

It requires all the strength of the two men to hold her back.

KOVAC
Get a rope, somebody. We've got to tie her up.

Joe scrambles for a length of rope, hands it to Kovac, who starts to bind her.
60  INT. LIFEBOAT (NIGHT) - CLOSE SHOT - THE GROUP (ANOTHER ANGLE)

Mrs. Higgins' arms pinioned by the rope, is being half led, half carried, to the bow of the boat by Kovac and Stanley. They force her down into the wicker chair and proceed to tie her to it, running the end of the rope under the thwart to secure it there.

61  INT. LIFEBOAT (NIGHT) - CLOSE SHOT - THE GERMAN

He watches, expressionless, then makes himself comfortable, curls up and goes to sleep.

FADE OUT
FADE IN

INT. LIFEBOAT (DAWN) - LONG SHOT

The lifeboat fills the scene. All the occupants are in various stages of sleep or half-sleep. Some of them are using their life jackets as covers for warmth. Some hours have passed, and we see beyond them just a faint streak of light dividing the horizon and the night sky.

INT. LIFEBOAT (DAWN) - SEMI-CLOSEUP

A cigar clenched in his mouth, Rittenhouse, his head weaving up and down on his chest, is asleep on watch. CAMERA PULLS BACK to include Stanley, who is just opening his eyes. He looks over at the nodding Rittenhouse, gets up, comes over to where Rittenhouse is, bends over the gunwale, scoops up some water and starts to wash his face. The sound awakes the nodding Rittenhouse. The sudden waking causes the cigar to drop from his mouth.

RITTENHOUSE
Oh, good morning, Sparks!

He reaches down, picks up the cigar and dusts the end of it carefully.

STANLEY
(through his ablutions)
Good morning, sir!

RITTENHOUSE
Asleep on watch.
(He puts the cigar back into his mouth)
Fine thing -- I ought to be court-martialed.

During this Stanley has produced a toothbrush from one of his pockets, dipped it into the sea water, and now, his back turned to Rittenhouse, is cleaning his teeth.

RITTENHOUSE
(gaping)
I wonder how much we've drifted.

STANLEY
Not very much.
(he bends to clean the toothbrush in the sea)
With the sea anchor out --

(CONTINUED)
RITTENHOUSE
Oh sure, the sea anchor. You know, I had no idea what those things looked like. Thought they were great heavy things, with a hook to hold onto the sea bottom. When you put the thing out, I thought it was a toy parachute or something. Do they really keep the boat from drifting?

STANLEY
(producing a comb)
Last time I was adrift a sea anchor held us up forty-eight hours in a storm.

(he combs his hair)

RITTENHOUSE
You've been torpedoed before?

STANLEY
Twice.

Rittenhouse looks at him with a new respect.

RITTENHOUSE
How long before you were picked up?

STANLEY
Well, the last time it was forty-four days.

Rittenhouse reacts sharply to this.

RITTENHOUSE
That must have been awful.

STANLEY
Well, we did get a bit sunburned.

CAMERA PULLS BACK to take in the others, still asleep.

STANLEY
Of course, we had a good sound lifeboat then, everything intact, plenty of food and water.

RITTENHOUSE
(nervously)
Well, haven't we got plenty, too?

(CONTINUED)
STANLEY
A good deal of our food's been spoiled, three of the four water breakers are smashed, and a lot of the water leaked out of the fourth one before it was taped. But what worries me is the compass. Smashed to pieces. That's a bit awkward. And then, of course, there's the German.

(he greets Mrs. Porter who has wakened)

Good morning, Mrs. Porter!

MRS. PORTER
(querulously)

What's good about it? How soon will we be picked up?

RITTENHOUSE

We were just discussing that. There's no way of telling.

STANLEY

Did you sleep well?

MRS. PORTER

(loudly)

Not a wink.

Her loud voice wakens the others. There's a general stirring of figures. Mrs. Porter painfully struggles to a sitting position. She grimaces. We get the feeling her mouth tastes like a bat's nest.

MRS. PORTER

Not only that, I froze. If I only could have had my coat to cover me —

Her coat reminds her of Mrs. Higgins and she looks off toward the end of the boat. Her face goes blank.

MRS. PORTER

Where's Mrs. Higgins?

All eyes turn to where Mrs. Higgins was.

64

INT. LIFEBOAT (DAWN) - CLOSE SHOT - THE WICKER CHAIR

Empty and leaning over toward the end of the boat.

65

INT. LIFEBOAT (DAWN) - SEMI-LONG SHOT

The group of silhouetted figures pick their way forward to the prow of the boat.

66

INT. LIFEBOAT (DAWN) - CLOSE SHOT AT PROW (REVERSE ANGLE)

As all eyes look in the direction of CAMERA, we PAN DOWN to show the rope that was holding Mrs. Higgins is now hanging, taut, over the side of the boat.
INT. LIFEBOAT (DAWN) - CLOSE SHOT - THE GROUP

Their faces horrified at the implication of the taut rope. Joe is the first to bend and start pulling at the rope.

INT. LIFEBOAT (DAWN) - CLOSEUP

Joe's hand pulling on the taut rope.

INT. LIFEBOAT (DAWN) - SEMI-LONG SHOT

As the group gaze over the side, Rittenhouse's voice breaks in.

RITTENHOUSE
(babbling)
I'm sorry - I'm terribly sorry - it was pitch black when I relieved you, Kovac - I couldn't see her - for all I know it might have happened during your watch.

One or two heads turn towards him accusingly for a moment. The light on the figures begins to increase, Kovac leans forward. From his dungarees he produces a large jack knife, opens it, then slashes at the taut rope.

INT. LIFEBOAT (DAWN) - CLOSE SHOT

The knife severing the rope. The weight at the bottom of the rope causes it to slip quickly away.

EXT. SEA (DAWN) - CLOSE SHOT

The rope slips quickly into the sea and disappears. CAMERA PANS SLOWLY UP until it reveals the horizon - the beginning of a beautiful sunrise. As it increases in golden splendor, we

Dissolve To:

EXT. SEA (MORNING) - LONG SHOT - THE LIFEBOAT

In an expansive view of the open sea -- calm, with a brisk breeze blowing, the sun shines brightly.
INT. LIFEBOAT (MORNING) - CLOSE SHOT - A COMPASS

It's a watch-compass held concealed in the German's hand. CAMERA PULLS UP AND OVER the German's head, and we see he is furtively consulting the compass. He closes the case, puts it into his pocket, and looks around to make sure he hasn't been observed. As he does this, CAMERA LEVELS to take in the rest of the boat. Coats and jerseys are off and draped on the side of the boat, drying. For the first time we get a sense of community on the lifeboat. Everybody's busy at his own particular job. Rittenhouse and Joe are checking supplies. Rittenhouse is in his shirt-sleeves. He has a pencil and paper in his hand and looks very important and efficient, checking off the rations which Joe is preparing. Kovac is working on the sail. Alice is changing the bandage on Gus's wounded leg. Stanley is watching her. Mrs. Porter, seated in the wicker chair, has taken out her typewriter, set it up on a thwart, and is busy pecking away at the keys. As Joe rations out the food for the morning meal, Rittenhouse makes alterations in his inventory.

JOE
That's eight biscuits --

RITTENHOUSE
(checking them off)
Minus eight biscuits --

Joe, using a section of broken planking for tray, proceeds to pass among the others and hand out the morning rations of biscuit.

RITTENHOUSE
(briskly)
Kovac, how's the sail coming along?

KOVAC
Coming along.

Stanley notices Rittenhouse's cigar is unlit and produces a box of matches.

STANLEY
Light?

RITTENHOUSE
No, thanks. I've got to hoard this heater until we get some place.

(CONTINUED)
RITTENHOUSE (Cont.)

(he looks up and
announces with
gusto)

Well folks, I'm taking inventory and
we're in the black -- a going concern.
It's no use lying around waiting to
be picked up, we might have to wait
as long as -- er --

(he remembers
Stanley's remark)

As long as forty-four days. So we
might as well get organized. The
first order of business is depart-
ment heads. Sparks --

STANLEY

Yes, Mr. Rittenhouse?

RITTENHOUSE

Call me Ritt.

(he squeezes Stanley's
arm affectionately)

We're all in the same boat.

STANLEY

(solemnly)

Yes, sir, Ritt.

RITTENHOUSE

You'll be in charge of navigation.

STANLEY

Aye, aye, sir!

(he winks at Gus)

George --

RITTENHOUSE

JOE

(turning)

Call me Joe.

RITTENHOUSE

Is your name Joe?

JOE

Yes, sir.

RITTENHOUSE

(a little
reluctantly)

Joe it is. You're head of the
commissary.

(continued)
J O E

Yes, sir.
(he winks at Stanley)

R I T T E N H O U S E
(to Mrs. Porter)
Connie, will you keep the ship's log?

M R S . P O R T E R
Righto Ritto -- providing I control the copyright and all publication rights.
(afterthought)
Including the Scandinavian.

R I T T E N H O U S E
Miss Mackenzie, you're in charge of sick bay.

74 INT. LIFEBOAT (MORNING) - THREE SHOT - STANLEY, ALICE, AND GUS

S T A N L E Y
(guarded voice)
Don't look now, but I think we have a skipper.

A L I C E
Who elected Mr. Rittenhouse?

S T A N L E Y
Mr. Rittenhouse.

G U S
Ritt, to you.

A L I C E
Do you think he's capable?

G U S
Sure he is -- till the sail goes up.

He reaches over behind him to the gunwale and brings forth a pair of silk stockings which have been draped over the side to dry.

G U S
Here's your stockings, Sparks.
(he holds them aloft)
I guess they're dry now.

(CONTINUED)
STANLEY

Thanks.

He takes the stockings from Gus. Gus unbuttons his pea-jacket and from under it he takes a wrinkled newspaper which he starts to read. Stanley starts carefully folding the stockings. The clatter of Mrs. Porter's typewriter stops suddenly, and her voice comes into the SHOT.

MRS. PORTER'S VOICE

Is it a mirage?

CAMERA SWINGS OVER to take in Mrs. Porter. She is staring wide-eyed at the stockings in Stanley's hands.

MRS. PORTER

Or do I really see a pair of nylons?

STANLEY

It's all I was able to save.

He notices the covetous look on her face and adds quickly:

STANLEY

They're a present for somebody.

MRS. PORTER

Oh?

She looks over toward Alice and decides to enter the lists at once,

MRS. PORTER

You know, Sparks, I've gone through earthquakes, pestilence, war and shipwreck, with my head bloody but unbowed, but there's one thing I know I can't survive --

She lifts her leg and shows Stanley the run in her stocking which has now widened considerably.

MRS. PORTER

Darling, it does things to my morale!

STANLEY

They're a present for my sister.

Mrs. Porter's lips form a cozening pout.

STANLEY

I had an awful time getting them --

(he appeals to Kovac)

Didn't I, Kovac?

(CONTINUED)
Kovac is looking toward the German, who is being handed his rations by Joe. The German starts in voraciously on the biscuit. Kovac pays no attention to Stanley -- he probably doesn't even hear him.

KOVAC

We never should've let him stay on board. He'll eat our food, drink our water and doublecross us the first chance he gets.

MRS. PORTER

What are you afraid of? He's one against seven.

KOVAC

It was eight yesterday -- or have you forgotten?

Mrs. Porter looks at him a moment then resumes her typing.

INT. LIFEBOAT (MORNING) -- CLOSE SHOT -- FEATURING ALICE AND GUS

Gus is reading the newspaper. In the ANGLE OF CAMERA we can see a three-column ad for: "REDUCO", the sensational new obesity-slayer. There is a "Before and After" photograph of a three hundred pound gent who, by the timely use of Reduco, is now down to a mere two hundred. The deflated one, before and after, bears a striking resemblance to the eminent director Alfred Hitchcock.

GUS

There's a piece here about some people who were adrift in a lifeboat for eighty days.

(he lowers the paper, grinning with relish of an idea that has occurred to him)

Say, maybe we can beat that record.

RITTENHOUSE

(looks up from his notes)

Heaven forbid!

GUS

We might even make the newsreels. Rosie'd get a bang out o' that. It'd remind her of the first cup we ever won in a marathon dance at the Garden. We done eighty consecutive hours.

STANLEY

Consecutive?

(CONTINUED)
GUS
Well -- ten minutes off every four hours for coffee and cakes and whatnot.

ALICE
How did you feel after eighty hours of dancing?

GUS
I had a slight headache. But Rosie -- she was just wound up. She grabbed a cab and went right over to Roseland.

ALICE
Does she work there?

GUS
She lives there.

Alice has concluded the bandaging and now looks up.

ALICE
How does the leg feel now?

GUS
It don't feel at all.
   (he notices the worried look on her face and continues:)
All I hope is it don't leave me gimpy. Al'd love that.

ALICE
Who's Al?

GUS
Al Magaroulian -- an Armenian rug-cutter. He knew Rosie before I did. He's got fallen arches -- keeps him outa the draft, but not outa Roseland.

Rittenhouse is crouching by the water breaker, peering into it, taking notes.

RITTENHOUSE
   (mumbling)
The breaker carried twenty gallons...
about a third full... say, seven gallons,
that makes eight hundred and ninety-four ounces --

Stanley passes by him and CAMERA PULLS BACK to take in Kovac and Mrs. Porter, as Stanley starts helping Kovac with the sail. As Mrs. Porter types, her bracelet comes loose and comes over her hand.

MRS. PORTER
Kovac, you know something about machinery, don't you?

KOVAC
   (preening)
A little.

   (CONTINUED)
MRS. PORTER

See if you can fix this clasp.

Kovac comes over and takes Mrs. Porter's hand. He begins to work on the loose clasp. As he does this she is glancing at the stuff she has typed. For a moment there is silence, then:

KOVAC

Mrs. Porter, I've read a lot of your stuff.

She looks up, pleased, but on guard.

KOVAC

You want to know what's the matter with it?

Mrs. Porter's response comes with unexpected, deceptive mildness.

MRS. PORTER

No, do tell me.

KOVAC

(working on the sail)

You've been all over the world, and you've met all kinds of people -- but you never write about them. You only write about yourself. You think the whole war's a show put on for you to cover, like a Broadway play, and if enough people die before the last act, maybe you might give it four stars.

Mrs. Porter gets up from her wicker chair.

MRS. PORTER

(tensely)

All right, Tovarich, now listen to me --

STANLEY

(interrupting)

Gangway! Heads down! - or heads up!

The sail is unfurling.

INT. LIFEBOAT (MORNING) - SEMI-CLOSE SHOT

An attractive SHOT of the sail billowing.

INT. LIFEBOAT (MORNING) - CLOSE SHOT - THE GROUP

The billowing sail is a symbol of hope and they all watch it with eager expressions. Rittenhouse gets to his feet.

RITTENHOUSE

(jubilantly)

Folks, we're under weigh!

KOVAC

Where to?

RITTENHOUSE

Huh?

(Continued)
Where are we going?

Apparently, with all of his notes and inventories, this is one subject Rittenhouse hasn't considered. Stanley breaks the silence that follows.

STANLEY
The first operator said the freighter was headed for Bermuda.

RITTENHOUSE
(relieved)
Good. You'd better take the tiller.

STANLEY
But what about the course?

Again silence. They look at each other.

RITTENHOUSE
Does anybody here know the course to Bermuda?

GUS
I was at the wheel when we got punctured. The course was a hundred and fifteen -- east southeast.

RITTENHOUSE
Fine. East southeast it is.

STANLEY
Yes, sir. But where is east southeast? Without a compass --

RITTENHOUSE
What about the sun?

STANLEY
With the sun this high, it's pretty hard to tell the points of the compass.
(points)
I think it's out that way.

MRS. PORTER
You think!

RITTENHOUSE
(helplessly)
Doesn't anybody know?

Apparently nobody does. Mrs. Porter suddenly addresses the German.

MRS. PORTER
Können Sie uns die Richtung Ost-Sued-Ost angeben?

The German hesitates, takes a squint at the sun, then points a direction a little further north of Kovac's. (Later we'll find out it's actually the east.)

THE GERMAN
Bitte sehr.  

(CONTINUED)
MRS. PORTER
He says east southeast is in that direction.

KOVAC
How does he know?

MRS. PORTER
He ought to know -- I was under the impression his sub was operating around here, wasn't it?

KOVAC
Do you suppose he'd lead us to Bermuda -- British territory --

Mrs. Porter is stumped. She has no answer for this.

THE GERMAN
Was sagt ehr?

MRS. PORTER
Haben Sie keine Angst, als Gefangener nach Bermuda zu kommen?

THE GERMAN
(shrugs and smiles)
Ich bin hier auch Kriegsgefangener. In Bermuda werde ich wenigstens gutes Essen und ein Bett haben.

MRS. PORTER
He says he'd rather be a prisoner of war in Bermuda than here. At least he'd have good food and a bed.

KOVAC
.stubbornly
I wouldn't trust anything he says.

RITTENHOUSE
Kovac, you're so prejudiced you can't think straight. If anybody's in a position to know where we are and where Bermuda is, he's the one.

KOVAC
Who says so?

RITTENHOUSE
We'll follow the German's course.

KOVAC
Who elected you skipper?

(continued)
RITTENHOUSE
(taken aback)
Well, I --
(hes looks around
at the others)
If there's anybody else you'd rather
have --

KOVAC
What do you know about a ship?

Rittenhouse bridles. Mrs. Porter springs to his defense.

MRS. PORTER
Well, among other things, he just
happens to own a shipyard, that's
all.

KOVAC
Has he ever been in it?

MRS. PORTER
He has thousands of employees -- he
knows how to handle men.

KOVAC
Not in a lifeboat. What we need is
an able seaman. And we've got one.
(he points to Gus)

GUS
Who? -- Me?
(hes shakes his head)
Right now I'm a kind of a disabled
seaman. An' I never did have no
exakative ability. I think maybe
Sparks, here --

STANLEY
No, really -- I know a bit about
navigation, but when it comes to
taking charge of a ship -- What
about Kovac?

Before Kovac has a chance to answer Mrs. Porter bursts
forth indignantly:

MRS. PORTER
That clunk? Run this boat? With
what? An oil can?
(she gets a
sudden idea)
If you're talking about a skipper --
(she lowers her
voice)
We've got a skipper right on this boat --

(CONTINUED)
They all look at the German.

RITTENHOUSE
But he wasn't the captain.

MRS. PORTER
Wasn't he?
(She calls out suddenly)
Herr Kapitaen!

The German, who has affected a complete non-interest in the proceedings and has his back turned toward them, looking out to sea, whirls suddenly. Mrs. Porter smiles at the success of her ruse and the gesture of her hands indicates: "There you are, ladies and gentlemen."

MRS. PORTER
There you have a man who's familiar with these waters. He knows seamanship. He knows navigation. What about it?

Her suggestion leaves the others dumbfounded.

KOVAC
(incredulously)
Do you mean you want to turn the boat over to the man who sunk our freighter and shelled our lifeboats?

MRS. PORTER
(with irritating calm)
I mean I want you to turn over the boat to the man obviously best qualified to run it.

KOVAC
(exploratively)
You're crazy!

RITTENHOUSE
Now wait a minute --
(he chews his cigar savagely)
There's two sides to everything. Let's look at this straight -- calmly and reasonably. The German's just as anxious to get to safety as we are. And if he's a trained skipper, why shouldn't he take charge?

KOVAC
(fiercely)
Because I'm taking charge!

(continued)
Since when?

KOVAC
As of now, I'm skipper. And anybody
don't like it can get out and swim
to Bermuda. What about that?

He looks around.

GUS
I'll buy it.

STANLEY
It suits me.
(he looks at
Alice)
What about you?

ALICE
I'm for it.

JOE
Yes, sir.

Kovac looks at Rittenhouse.

RITTENHOUSE
(uncertainly)
Well, if the rest agree --

It's more or less unanimous now, except for Mrs. Porter.
She looks at Kovac with loathing.

MRS. PORTER
All right, Commissar, what's the
course?

KOVAC
Well, we --

He hesitates. He is by no means sure and he realizes
as well as anybody the German probably knows more about
it than anybody else. He looks at Stanley.

KOVAC
Stanley, what did you say --

Stanley points as before. The German sees the gesture
and shakes his head. He speaks with deep and apparently
sincere urgency.

(CONTINUED)
THE GERMAN

Nein! Nein!
(he points as before)
Der Mann hat keine Ahnung! Wenn Sie
ihm folgen, kommen Sie nur weiter
hinaus ins Meer - nicht nach Bermuda!
Bermuda liegt in dieser Richtung!
(he points again)
Das ist Ost-Sued-Ost!

MRS. PORTER
He says if we go your way we'll only
head further out to sea. He insists
the course to Bermuda is that way.
(she points)

KOVAC
(points where Stanley
pointed)
We'll head that way.
(to Stanley)
Take the tiller, Sparks,

STANLEY
Aye, aye, sir!

He clambers over to the tiller and works it to head the
boat in the direction he recommended. The boat starts
to swing slowly in that direction.

INT. LIFEBOAT (MORNING) - CLOSEUP - THE GERMAN
He turns his head away, trying to hide his annoyance.

INT. LIFEBOAT (MORNING) - CLOSE SHOT - THE GROUP
As the boat swings around, a strong wind catches the sail
and the boat tilts over at quite an angle. Mrs. Porter's
typewriter, on the seat, starts to slide forward. She
sees this and makes a frantic grab to save it, but it's
too late. All she succeeds in saving is the sheet of
paper that had been in the typewriter. It's in
Mrs. Porter's hand as the typewriter sinks.

KOVAC
(blithely)
Including the Scandinavian.

As she turns and glares at Kovac, we
EXT. SEA (LATE AFTERNOON) - MUSIC - MED. SHOT

We get a TOP ANGLE view of the lifeboat, sail billowing. The German is alone at the bow. All the others are grouped together in the stern. The effect is one of moral and physical isolation for the German. In the group at the stern, Joe is playing his flute. Near him Gus is propped up, his head resting against a section of board somebody has rigged up for him as a headrest. Kovac is making a deck of cards from a small memo pad he has borrowed from Mrs. Porter. Rittenhouse has got hold of Gus's newspaper and is reading it. His cigar is noticeably smaller. Mrs. Porter has picked up the tennis racquet salvaged by Kovac, and as she talks, she practices backhand swipes with the racquet. Stanley is at the tiller. Alice sits by him.

INT. LIFEBOAT (LATE AFTERNOON) - MED. SHOT

SHOOTING from the edge of the group in the stern toward the bow of the boat, where, behind the sail, the German sits alone. Above the tootling of Joe's flute we hear, ad lib:

MRS. PORTER'S VOICE
That typewriter went with me everywhere -- Paris, Berlin, Rome, London --

RITTENHOUSE'S VOICE
Now Connie, quit grouses.

MRS. PORTER'S VOICE
Why shouldn't I grouse? Little by little, I'm being stripped of all my earthly possessions.

During the foregoing the German, casually and unobtrusively, starts edging along the thwart, a foot or two nearer the group at the stern.

INT. LIFEBOAT (LATE AFTERNOON) - CLOSE SHOT - GROUP AT STERN

CAMERA SHOOTING PAST Rittenhouse and Gus in the foreground, features Mrs. Porter whose morale seems to have sunk to a new low, following the loss of her typewriter. She seems weary and dispirited as she sits with her chin cupped in her hand, reciting the litany of her woes.

MRS. PORTER
First my camera -- I don't mind the loss of the camera so much, but the film in it... I get ill when I think of it!

(CONTINUED)
RITTENHOUSE
(from behind the newspaper)
Remember the boom we had after the last war?
    (he lowers the paper
and speaks impressively)
The boom we'll have after this one's over will make the other one look like a mild flurry.

Gus is fussing with his bandages. He winces. CAMERA MOVES IMPERCEPTIBLY CLOSER to Mrs. Porter.

MRS. PORTER
Then my steamer rug goes -- then
my fur coat -- and now my typewriter!

RITTENHOUSE
Take China, for example. Four hundred million customers waiting to sign on the dotted line as soon as peace is declared.

MRS. PORTER
I was a fool to take the freighter. I should've gone by clipper.

RITTENHOUSE
Me too. I'd have been in Spain by now.

KOVAC
(looks up)
Spain? Were you going for the State Department?

RITTENHOUSE
Certainly not. I was going for C.J. Rittenhouse.

KOVAC
What for?

RITTENHOUSE
Well -- after the war --

MRS. PORTER
Cheese it, Ritt, the Gay - Pay - oo!

With her eyes she indicates Kovac; then suddenly reacts to the fact that he is using her memo pad.

MRS. PORTER
(indignantly)
Say, where did you get that memo pad?
KOVAC
I borrowed it from you, to make a
deck of cards.

MRS. PORTER
You mean to say you opened my bag --

KOVAC
It was open.

He tosses the remnants of the pad into her lap and ad-
dresses Rittenhouse.

KOVAC
How about a little poker?

RITTENHOUSE
(eagerly)
Okie-doak!

KOVAC
(to Mrs. Porter)
Deal you in?

MRS. PORTER
With the deck you made, darling?

As the men prepare for the poker game:

INT. LIFEBOAT (LATE AFTERNOON) - MED. SHOT

As before, the ANGLE OF CAMERA is from the edge of the
group in the stern, toward the bow. The German is watch-
ing the proceedings at the stern end.

KOVAC'S VOICE
Jacks openers?

RITTENHOUSE'S VOICE
That'll do for a starter.

During the foregoing the German, as unobtrusively as
before, sidles a few feet nearer the group at the stern.

INT. LIFEBOAT (LATE AFTERNOON) - CLOSE SHOT - GROUP AT
STERN

In the foreground Gus is concerned with his injured leg.
Mrs. Porter has moved up to watch the poker game.
Rittenhouse has produced a wallet and is removing bank-
notes from it. Kovac has put some greasy greenbacks of
small denomination before him. Joe tootles aimlessly on
the flute. In the background, Stanley at the tiller,
Alice sitting by.

(CONTINUED)
What about stakes?

Dollar limit?

Okie-doak.

They cut for deal. Rittenhouse wins. As he starts to deal Kovac takes off his denim jacket and puts it aside. CAMERA MOVES CLOSER to feature Kovac and Mrs. Porter. Her chin cupped in her hand, her head askew, she is looking at Kovac's bare chest, upon which are tattooed several sets of initials.

INSERT: THE INITIALS ON KOVAC'S CHEST

BACK TO SHOT

We get the feeling that the sight of tattooed monograms tends to lift Mrs. Porter from the doldrums a trifle.

What are those letters on your diaphragm?

Love letters.

Oh, you believe in advertising.

Kovac looks at his hand, shoves a bill forward.

Open.

I never could fathom this quaint business of making a billboard out of one's torso.

Stay.

Three cards.

Rittenhouse deals him three and three for himself.

I must say, however, that you've shown most commendable delicacy just tattooing the initials, and not printing the names, addresses and telephone numbers.
KOVAC
(grimly)
Bet one.

RITTENHOUSE
See you. (turns his hand)
Kings.

KOVAC
(shows his hand)
Aces.

He rakes in the money, picks up the cards and starts to shuffle them.

MRS. PORTER
Let's see, how many are there? (she starts to count)
One -- two -- three -- four -- five.

KOVAC
(shuffling cards)
Remind me to show you the rest of them some time.

On Mrs. Porter's reaction:

INT. LIFEBOAT (LATE AFTERNOON) - MED. SHOT

From the edge of the group at the stern. Ad lib talk from the poker game comes into the SHOT. The German nudges a few feet closer to CAMERA.

INT. LIFEBOAT (LATE AFTERNOON) - CLOSE SHOT - GROUP AT STERN

Kovac is dealing a new hand. From the background the voice of Stanley becomes audible.

STANLEY
(to Alice)
What made you join the Red Cross?

ALICE
I don't know.

CAMERA MOVES PAST the foreground group to feature them.

ALICE
I never thought I'd go in for it. I used to faint at the sight of blood...
What made you join the Merchant Marine?

(CONTINUED)
STANLEY
I don't know. I've never really thought about it. I suppose it was because I was brought up in Greenwich. Maybe it was the river there, and the ships.

ALICE
This is the first time I've ever been to sea. I was born and raised in the wheat country. At times, when the wind blows through the wheat, it looks something like the sea.

STANLEY
It's not a bad life in the Merchant Marine, except for the U-boats, of course. After a while you get to taking them in your stride, but the first time is rather scary, isn't it?

ALICE
I'm glad the freighter was torpedoed.

Stanley's reaction of astonishment is matched by:

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INT. LIFEBOAT (LATE AFTERNOON) - CLOSE SHOT - THE GROUP

Everybody's head, except Gus who is bent over his leg, comes up with the same astonished reaction to the strange remark of Alice's. As Alice looks at them confused, a sound from Gus attracts their attention. The sound is half-growl, half-moan. Alice leaves her place alongside of Stanley and starts over toward Gus. The flute playing of Joe stops. Rittenhouse, Kovac and Mrs. Porter get up and come over as Alice stands by Gus who is unwrapping the bandage on his leg.

ALICE
What are you doing that for?

GUS
Loof, it's just the -- the bandage is too tight, or somethin'.

ALICE
Wait, let me.

She gets down on her knees and starts taking the bandage off. ANGLE OF CAMERA is such that it takes in the faces of the people, but not the injured leg. But we know the bandages are off by the expression on all their faces. Their reactions tell us what the CAMERA cannot show.

(CONTINUED)
(cont.)

GUS
(admiringly)
Holy mackerel!
For a moment, he forgets his pain in the fact that he's now the center of attraction.
GUS
Ain't it a hon?

RITTENHOUSE
(to Alice)
What about it?

ALICE
I don't know. I'm afraid I --

She looks helplessly down at the leg and shakes her head.

GUS
Looks more like a leg o' lamb, doesn't it?

THE GERMAN'S VOICE
Das Bein sieht schlimm aus.
(That leg looks bad.)

All heads go up and all eyes look into CAMERA.

INT. LIFEBOAT (LATE AFTERNOON) - CLOSE SHOT - THE GERMAN
He has finally effected his furtive progress across the lifeboat, and now stands directly before the group facing him.

THE GERMAN
(gravely)
Sehr schlimm.
(Very bad.)

INT. LIFEBOAT (LATE AFTERNOON) - CLOSE SHOT - THE GROUP
(NOW INCLUDING THE GERMAN)

KOVAC
(harshly)
Get away from here!

The German ignores him and continues to look at Gus's leg.

KOVAC
(to Mrs. Porter)
Tell him to get back to his place before I throw him overboard.

Before Mrs. Porter can say anything, the German speaks.

THE GERMAN
Das Bein muss amputiert werden.
(That leg has to be amputated.)

Everyone turns to the German, then automatically to Mrs. Porter. She makes no effort to translate.

(CONTINUED)
GUS
What did he say?

Mrs. Porter doesn't answer Gus, but continues with the German.

MRS. PORTER
Amputiert? Hier?
(Amputated? Here?)

THE GERMAN
Jawohl.
(Yes.)

MRS. PORTER
Jetzt gleich?
(Right away?)

THE GERMAN
Unverzüglich.
(Immediately.)

During this, Gus's eyes have gone from Mrs. Porter's face as she speaks to the German's face as he answers. Gus can't understand what is being said, but he tries to catch the meaning from the expressions on their faces.

INT. LIFEBOAT (LATE AFTERNOON) - CLOSEUP - GUS

Like a tennis player watching the course of a ball over the net, Gus's head keeps turning first to Mrs. Porter then to the German, as he listens.

MRS. PORTER'S VOICE
Wenn wir warten konnten bis wir auf Land stossen -
(If we could wait until we reach land -)

THE GERMAN'S VOICE
Ausgeschlossen.
(Out of the question.)

MRS. PORTER'S VOICE
Ist es wirklich so schlimm?
(Is it really that bad?)

THE GERMAN'S VOICE
Jawohl.
(It is.)

MRS. PORTER'S VOICE
Aber wir haben keine Instrumente -
(But we have no instruments -)

THE GERMAN'S VOICE
Das ändert nichts an den Tatsachen.
(That makes no difference.)
INT. LIFEBOAT (LATE AFTERNOON) - CLOSE SHOT - THE GROUP

THE GERMAN
-die Operation muss sofort gemacht werden, oder der Mann wird sterben.
(The operation must be made immediately or the man will die.)

Mrs. Porter looks at Gus. She finds it difficult to speak.

MRS. PORTER
Gus, I'm afraid your leg --

She stops. Gus looks down at his leg, then up at her again.

GUS
(thickly)
Gangrene?

Now all the others look at the German and he nods.

THE GERMAN
Jawohl, Gangrène.
(Yes, gangrene.)

MRS. PORTER
The leg will have to be amputated at once.

Gus looks bleakly at his leg. He's too stunned to say anything. The others all turn, automatically, to Alice. She shakes her head, terrified.

ALICE
No, I've -- I've never -- I've never even seen an amputation --

The German has been able to follow her speech by her manner, and now turns to speak to Mrs. Porter.

THE GERMAN
Unter den gegebenen Umstaenden halten
Sie es vielleicht fuer unangemessen,
meine Dienste in Anspruch zu nehmen,
Aber ich bin Chirurg von Beruf und
habe viele Amputationen durchgefuehrt.
(Under the circumstances you may think
it improper to avail yourself of my
services. But I am a surgeon by pro-
fession and I have done many amputations.)

Mrs. Porter translates promptly.

MRS. PORTER
He says he knows he's an enemy, and
technically our prisoner, so perhaps
we won't care to trust him with the
operation, but he's willing to do it.

(CONTINUED)
What the devil does he know about it?

He said he was a surgeon in civilian life. He's done many operations.

(fiercely)
If he did, they probably were illegal. If he's a medical man, why isn't he in the medical service?

(impatiently)
I don't know and I don't care. Maybe the gangrene isn't legal, but it's there and the leg has to come off.

No dice.

(shakes his head)
I don't want no operation.

Darling, you want to live, don't you?

Not with one leg.

Don't be a sap, Gus.

You don't understand.

Sure I do.

(grimly)
Rosie.

What's Rosie got to do with it?

Everything. If I lose my leg, I lose Rosie.

Well, of course, I don't know Rosie --

She loves to dance. It's her hobby -- her whole life. Put yourself in her place. Do you like to dance?

(continued)
MRS. PORTER

Mad about it.

GUS

Well, then what good's a hepcat with one gam among the missin'. If my leg goes, Rosie goes.

KOVAC

Well, if she's that kind of a --

GUS

(flares up)

Don't you call Rosie that kind of a

KOVAC

I ought to know, I introduced you to her, didn't I?

Unconsciously his eyes go down to the initials on his chest.

GUS

No you didn't. 'Al Magaroulian introduced me to her.

KOVAC

I knew her before Al Magaroulian did.

GUS

Al Magaroulian --

MRS. PORTER

To heck with Al Magaroulian! What's he got to do with it?

GUS

Rosie's as good as anybody!

MRS. PORTER

And a darn sight better.

KOVAC

If she was the right kind of a woman --

GUS

Kovac, you take that back!

MRS. PORTER

Darling, don't pay any attention to that human 24-sheet. You listen to me. I may not know Rosie but I know women. Some of my best friends are women. And one of them is that kind of a.

(CONTINUED)
What kind of a?

A free soul.

That's Rosie.

An independent spirit, who lives her own life.

That's Rosie all over.

With a heart that embraces all humanity. Her motto is "to give."

Rosie'd give anybody the shirt off her back. She's got a heart as big as her head.

And you want to break it.

Who? Me?

You'd rather die than trust her.

Who says I don't trust her? It's Al Magarouli I don't trust.

Standing around waiting for an emergency operation to occur, while Gus defends the honor of Rosie.

Gus's Voice

He knew Rosie before I did. She swore to me there was nothin' between 'em, an' maybe they want it. But Rosie's human like everybody else, an' it ain't like we was married or had a home an' all.

Maybe we should've got hitched before I left on the last cruise. I should've took care of that insurance. Rosie kep' askin' about it. The kid's always thinkin' of me.

That's why you've got to think of her.

(With the utmost sincerity)

Back home, waiting for you, putting on a brave front -- dancing, smiling and apparently having a good time --
MRS. PORTER (Cont.)
-- but all the while her heart aching,
torn with loneliness and uncertainty,
not knowing whether you're dead or
alive -- and then at last to find out
that you risked your life, perhaps
died, just because you had no faith
in her --

Apparently overcome by emotion, she turns away.

INT. LIFEBOAT (LATE AFTERNOON) -- CLOSEUP -- MRS. PORTER
Under her breath she mutters to herself.

MRS. PORTER
God forgive me.

INT. LIFEBOAT (LATE AFTERNOON) -- CLOSEUP -- GUS
Tears glint in his eyes, as he looks down at his leg.

GUS
Poor kid -- she'll be broken-hearted
when she --

He looks up bleakly at the faces looking down at him and
announces his decision:

GUS
(ferociously)
Well, what're you all waitin' for?
Let's go.

INT. LIFEBOAT (LATE AFTERNOON) -- CLOSE SHOT -- THE GROUP

MRS. PORTER
(to the German)
Bitte operieren Sie.
(Please operate.)

THE GERMAN

Na also.
(Well.)

The German immediately starts rolling up his shirt sleeves.
Alice goes to the compartment, gets out the First Aid box
and comes back with it. The German indicates by a ges-
ture to lay Gus on a thwart. Rittenhouse and Kovac pro-
cceed to do this, with assistance from Joe. There's a gen-
eral bustle of preparation. The German leans over the side
of the boat and washes his hands in the sea, then straigt-
ens and looks around. Mrs. Porter passes a clean handker-
chief to Alice, who hands it to the German. They have
automatically become doctor and nurse. The German starts
to carefully inspect the contents of the box. During this:

(CONTINUED)
THE GERMAN
Haben Sie irgendwelche Medikamente....
Betasubstanzmittel? (Have you any medicines...anesthetics?)

MRS. PORTER
(to Alice)
Have we any sort of an anesthetic?

ALICE
Nothing.

MRS. PORTER
(to the German)
Nichts. Keinerlei Medikamente. (Nothing. No medical supplies at all.)

KOVAC
(to Mrs. Porter)
You have some brandy, haven't you?

MRS. PORTER
(to the German)
Tut's Kognak nicht auch? (Won't Cognac do it?)

THE GERMAN
Besser als garnichts. (It's better than nothing.)

Mrs. Porter goes to her case and takes out a crystal silver-topped flask, filled with brandy.

GUS
Did I hear brandy?

Mrs. Porter returns with the flask.

GUS
Hi-yo, Silver!

She hands him the flask. As he starts unscrewing the top:

THE GERMAN
Wir brauchen etwas zum Abbinden--
en einen Gürtel vielleicht. (We need something for a tourniquet -- a belt perhaps.)

MRS. PORTER
He needs something for a turniquet -- a belt or something.

(CONTINUED)
Stanley pulls out his leather belt and hands it to the German. From now on, in this section of the sequence, there will be two dominating overtones — the efficient, professional and unemotional preparation for the operation by the German; and the progressive effect of the brandy on Gus. He has opened the flask and is looking down at his leg. He waves his hand in a ceremonial gesture to the leg he's about to lose.

GUS
It was nice knowin' you.

He takes a long pull.

THE GERMAN
Ich brauche ein Messer, eine Nadel und Zwirn.
(I need a knife, a needle and thread.)

MRS. PORTER
A needle and thread. I think I have one... Who has a knife?

Kovac draws his large jack-knife from his pocket and hands it over to the German, almost before he, himself, is conscious of what he's doing. The others react to the implication of the knife. Luckily, Gus has the back of his head to the German and is unable to see the knife. Mrs. Porter leaves for the needle and thread.

GUS
(smacking his lips)
Yummy! Am I gonna feel good pretty soon?

(he looks at Kovac and scowls)
Kovac, why didja wanta say that about Rosie?

KOVAC
Say what?

GUS
What you said.

KOVAC
I'm sorry, Gus.

GUS
Take it back.

KOVAC
Okay, I take it back.

(CONTINUED)
He's taking another pull as Mrs. Porter returns with needle and thread.

THE GERMAN
(to Mrs. Porter)
Bitten Sie die Schwester den Zwirn einzufädeln.
(Please ask the nurse to thread the needle.)

Mrs. Porter hands Alice the needle and thread.

MRS. PORTER
He wants you to thread it.

Alice takes the needle and thread. She is watching Gus. She speaks into Mrs. Porter's ear in a low tone.

ALICE
Ask him how much of the stuff he can drink.

MRS. PORTER
(to the German)
Wieviel davon kann er trinken?
(How much may he drink?)

THE GERMAN
Soviel er will.
(As much as he wants.)

Mrs. Porter nods to Alice, addresses Gus.

MRS. PORTER
Go ahead, Gus, the works -- down the hatch.

GUS
(gratefully)
I'll never forget you.

Already, his eyes are beginning to lose focus. The bottle is about a fourth empty. The German, who has been examining the knife, now addresses Mrs. Porter.

THE GERMAN
Ihr Feuerzeug, bitte.
(Your lighter, please.)

Mrs. Porter hands the lighter to him. He lights it, then as the wind blows the flame out, he indicates he will need some assistance. Before striking it again, he indicates to them to cup their hands around it to prevent the flame from blowing out. This is done in a group about him.

(CONTINUED)
GUS
(with hiccup)
Kovac, do you know what I think o' that snake-in-the grass friend o' yours - Al Magareulian?

KOVAÇ
Magareulian's no friend of mine.

GUS
Magareulian's a skunk.
(afterthought)
A two-legged skunk.

KOVAÇ
I hate his guts.

GUS
You're okay, chum.

During this, the German has been running the sharp edge of the blade backward and forward toward the flame. Alice has been threading the needle. This done, she sticks the needle into one of the bandage rolls. She puts her hand on Gus's shoulder in a gesture of comfort.

GUS
(grinning)
Hi, Loot!

ALICE
(smiles back at him, but her face puckers in the attempt)
Hi, Gus!

GUS
(to reassure her he can face it)
Well, anyway, it's an experience.

Now the German, satisfied that the knife has been sterilized as much as possible, blows out the flame of the lighter and returns the lighter to Mrs. Porter. Gus takes another swig at the bottle.

GUS
Kovac, when Rosie'n I get hitched, I want you to be my best man.

KOVAÇ
Glad to.

GUS
Pal, you're the best pal I have in the world.

KOVAÇ
Have one on me, kid.

(CONTINUED)
During this, the German has been proceeding, as carefully and methodically as if he were in a first-rate hospital. He concentrates intently on everything he does, using expert movements. Occasionally, he casts a quick appraising look toward Gus, who is now very evidently beginning to pass out.

**GUS**

I oughta have my head examined. I didn't have to go to sea -- I coulda got a job in a defense plant, makin' good jack -- or I coulda joined the army -- or even the navy an' instead o' that I had to stay in that stinkin' old rust belly --

**THE GERMAN**

Einer muss ans Steuer.
(Somebody should take the tiller.)

**MRS. PORTER**

He wants somebody at the tiller.

**KOVC**

(to Stanley)

Sparks, take it.

**STANLEY**

Aye, aye, sir.

He goes to the tiller.

**GUS**

(as if it were something very important)

Mr. Rittenhouse --

**RITTENHOUSE**

(leaning forward eagerly)

Yes, son?

**GUS**

Call me Gus.

The German apparently has completed his preparations and now he leans over the boat and starts again to wash his hands. Gus suddenly speaks in a fierce voice.

**GUS**

If that rat Margaroulian thinks he can crawl in, he's nuts. I'm a better man with one leg than he is with two.

(to Mrs. Porter)

Hi, Babe!

**MRS. PORTER**

Hi, Toots!

*(CONTINUED)*
GUS
(totally unexpectedly)
Give us a kiss.

For an instant -- but only a brief instant -- Mrs. Porter is stymied. Then she bends down and kisses Gus on the lips. Gus makes a deep growling sound in his throat, indicative of ecstasy. He drinks down the last of the brandy and the bottle slips from his fingers. His eyes now are completely out of focus and so is his mind. He suddenly grabs hold of an idea.

GUS
Hey, Joe -- what'd you stop playin' for? Give's a little music.

JOE
Yes, sir.

He starts to play some fragment of a classic. Gus wags his head in violent disapproval.

GUS
None o' that slicker music -- come on, boogie it up -- let's have a jam session.

JOE
Yes, sir.

He changes to a swing tempo of "Don't Sit Under The Apple Tree." The boat is pitching a little now.

THE GERMAN
Kurs auf die Wellen -- das Boot muss so ruhig gehalten werden wie moeglich. (Steady on the waves -- the boat must be kept as quiet as possible.)

MRS. PORTER
He wants the boat held steady as possible.

KOVAC
(yells out to Stanley)
Head her into the sea!

STANLEY
(calls back)
Righto!

During this Gus has started to sing.

GUS
(singing)
Don't sit under the apple tree,
With anyone else but me,
anyone else but me,
anyone else but me --

(CONTINUED)
Apparently he forgets the rest of the song and continues like a broken phonograph record.

GUS
Anyone else but me,
anyone else but me,
anyone else but me --

Suddenly he stops and his foggy mind fixes on another thought.

GUS
Sayin' a thing like that -- just
because she like to dance an' have
a good time. Nobody's gonna call
Rosie --

He makes an effort to get up, fails and calls out:

GUS
KOVAC!

Kovac comes over and bends down, waiting. The flute music stops. Gus glares at him truculently.

GUS
You're a no-good heel!

With all his remaining strength he hits Kovac in the face. Kovac's head jerks back, but it's Gus, striking the blow, who goes out for the count. The German comes over and looks at Gus.

INT. LIFEBOAT (LATE AFTERNOON) - CLOSEUP - THE GERMAN

The man's face has changed. It's not the face of a U-boat captain. It's the face of a surgeon, of a man who has forgotten his Nazi oath to Hitler and remembered another unspoken oath to Hippocrates.

INT. LIFEBOAT (LATE AFTERNOON) - CLOSEUP - RITTEHOUSE

Watching - scared. He takes the cigar from his mouth and puts it into his pocket.

INT. LIFEBOAT (LATE AFTERNOON) - CLOSEUP - KOVAC

Watching - grim.

INT. LIFEBOAT (LATE AFTERNOON) - CLOSEUP - MRS. PORTER

There is nothing of the brittle sophisticate about her now as she watches.
INT. LIFEBOAT (LATE AFTERNOON) - CLOSEUP - JOE
Praying - his lips moving with soundless words.

INT. LIFEBOAT (LATE AFTERNOON) - CLOSEUP - STANLEY
His hands are gripped on the tiller - his eyes fixed dead ahead.

INT. LIFEBOAT (LATE AFTERNOON) - CLOSEUP - ALICE
Her eyes down watching Gus. We get a glimpse of the knife as it flashes by and out of picture.

INT. LIFEBOAT (LATE AFTERNOON) - CLOSEUP - THE GERMAN
His head bent in concentration, Suddenly he flashes into life. Little beads of perspiration begin to pop out on his face. We see by the slight movement of his shoulders he has started to cut.

INT. LIFEBOAT (LATE AFTERNOON) - SEMI CLOSEUP - THE GROUP
CAMERA PANS AROUND for reactions.

INT. LIFEBOAT (LATE AFTERNOON) - CLOSEUP - STANLEY
At the tiller - his face is strained. He sees:

EXT. SEA (LATE AFTERNOON) - SEMI LONG SHOT
An approaching swell coming toward the boat.

INT. LIFEBOAT (LATE AFTERNOON) - CLOSEUP - STANLEY
Strains on the tiller with all his strength in an attempt to ride the swell smoothly. He makes it, gives a swift look toward the group and his eyes go ahead again, as the boat proceeds calmly.

INT. LIFEBOAT (LATE AFTERNOON) - CLOSEUP - JOE
His lips are moving.

INT. LIFEBOAT (LATE AFTERNOON) - MED. SHOT - THE GROUP
A silent SHOT - an effect of tableau. Mrs. Porter has become an assistant nurse, helping the German in the operation.

INT. LIFEBOAT (LATE AFTERNOON) - SEMI CLOSEUP - STANLEY
Sees another approaching wave - but this time, in spite of his struggling to keep the boat steady, it hits the wave and a tremour shakes the boat. Stanley looks in alarm toward the group.
114
INT. LIFEBOAT (LATE AFTERNOON) - SEMI CLOSEUP - GROUP
The German raises himself slightly. Kovac swings around toward Stanley and yells angrily:

KOVAC
Keep her steady, you fool!

115
INT. LIFEBOAT (LATE AFTERNOON) - CLOSEUP - STANLEY
A big head. He is struggling with all his might. Beads of perspiration on his forehead. He does not reply to Kovac. The boat steadies down.

116
INT. LIFEBOAT (LATE AFTERNOON) - CLOSE SHOT - GROUP
The German resumes his task. There is dead silence. Suddenly it is broken by a low moan from Gus. The German continues, undisturbed. Joe notices that Rittenhouse can't take it. He takes him by the arm and turns him to the side of the boat. Rittenhouse leans over; nausea.

117
INT. LIFEBOAT (LATE AFTERNOON) - SEMI CLOSEUP
The group round Gus - now only the German, Alice, and Kovac. Kovac holds something in his hand - CAMERA MOVES IN CLOSER and we see it is a shoe. As he tosses it aside under a thwart, we

FADE OUT
FADE IN

118 INT. LIFEBOAT (TOWARD SUNSET) - CLOSE SHOT - THE GROUP

In the background Stanley may be seen at the tiller. In the foreground Gus is asleep with Alice sitting by him watching, waiting to be of service the instant she may be needed. Joe is playing on his flute; no tune, just a series of aimless runs and trills. Like everybody else but the German, he is watching Gus waiting for him to wake up after the operation. Rittenhouse and Kovac have resumed their poker game and now they have a third hand, Mrs. Porter. The German is sitting behind Mrs. Porter, kibitzing. He has accomplished his purpose of being a member of the group, and from his manner one would think he had always been so. Kovac is shuffling the cards. As he starts to deal, Gus in his sleep, stirs and moans. The poker game stops, the flute stops, and they all look at him, then at each other, uneasily, almost guiltily, as if somehow they were responsible for the loss of Gus’s leg.

STANLEY
(to Alice)
Is he coming to, Miss?

ALICE
(bends over Gus)
I don’t think so.

The German’s eyes rove from one face to another. We get the feeling of calculation, planning.

MRS. PORTER
Maybe we ought to wake him up.

ALICE
No, let him be.

Purtively the German takes out his watch-compass and consults it.

119 INT. LIFEBOAT (TOWARD SUNSET) - CLOSE SHOT - THE COMPASS

120 INT. LIFEBOAT (TOWARD SUNSET) - CLOSE SHOT - THE GROUP

As Kovac starts to deal, the German is putting his watch-compass back in his pocket. As he moves to look over the side of the boat, he bumps against Mrs. Porter and murmurs an apology. The incident is just enough to attract the attention of Mrs. Porter for a moment to the fact that the German is now looking into the water.

RITTENHOUSE
Lucky for Gus we had somebody aboard who knew how to meet an emergency like this.

(CONTINUED)
120 (Cont.)

(NOTE: The German conversation between Mrs. Porter and the German is in the nature of background dialogue and may be cut, at the discretion of the director.)

THE GERMAN
(idly to Mrs. Porter)
Die Stroemung ist ziemlich stark.
(The current is quite swift.)

MRS. PORTER
Ist das gut oder schlecht?
(Is that good or bad?)

121 INT. LIFEBOAT (TOWARD SUNSET) - CLOSE SHOT - JOE

Listening to the conversation between Mrs. Porter and the German. Although he cannot understand German, he seems quite interested in what they're saying.

THE GERMAN'S VOICE
Wenn die Stroemung uns hilft, ist es natuerlich gut.
(Well, it's good if the drift is helping, of course.)

MRS. PORTER'S VOICE
Natuerlich.
(Of course.)

122 INT. LIFEBOAT (TOWARD SUNSET) - CLOSE SHOT - THE GROUP

RITTENHOUSE
The thing that got me was his coolness. You'd think he was operating in a hospital, with all the necessary tools and equipment.

THE GERMAN
Wenn die Stroemung unserm Kurs entgegengesetzt ist, muss man das natuerlich beruecksichtigen.
(If the current's against our course naturally you have to make allowances for it.)

MRS. PORTER
Natuerlich.
(Naturally.)

RITTENHOUSE
And when you think what he had to work with --

He shakes his head, looks at his cards and shoves a match forward.

(CONTINUED)
Open for one.

THE GERMAN
Stroemungen sind nicht immer konstant. Sie sendern sowohl die Richtung wie auch ihr Tempo. Das muss bei jeder Kursaenderung selbstverstaendlich beruecksichtigt werden. (Currents aren't always constant. They change direction as well as their rate of flow. You have to adjust your course accordingly.)

MRS. PORTER
Natuerlich. (Obviously.)

RITTENHOUSE
Say, what're you gabbing about?

MRS. PORTER
Currents. Not the pie kind, darling, the ocean kind. Fascinating subject, currents. They're either for you or agin you.

RITTENHOUSE
Do you stay or pass?

Mrs. Porter lets the German see her hand.

MRS. PORTER
Soll ich mein Glueck versuchen? (Shall I take a chance?)

RITTENHOUSE
(impatiently)

CONNIE

MRS. PORTER
Hold your horses, darling, I'm in a conference.

Out of the corner of her eyes she looks at the German. He purses his lips and blinks. Apparently Mrs. Porter takes this to be a green light. She shoves a match forward.

MRS. PORTER
I'll stay.

Kovac shoves a match forward.

KOVAC
Stay.

(Continued)
MRS. PORTER
Fortunately, Herr Kapitaon seems to think we’re in a favoring current. And quite swift.

STANLEY
We’ve got a favoring breeze, too.

RITTENHOUSE
We should be in Bermuda in no time.

ALICE
I hope so, for Gus’s sake.

MRS. PORTER
That is, if we’re on the right course.

RITTENHOUSE
(looks up nervously)
Does he still think we’re not?

MRS. PORTER
He hasn’t said anything about it.

RITTENHOUSE
Ask him.

MRS. PORTER
Glauben Sie immer noch, dass wir nicht den richtigen Kurs auf Bermuda steuern?
(Do you still think that we are not on the right course to Bermuda?)

THE GERMAN
(shrugs)
Ohne Kompass ist das wirklich schwer zu sagen...
(Without a compass that is really hard to tell...)

MRS. PORTER
He says you can’t be sure without a compass.

STANLEY
He was pretty certain a few hours ago.

RITTENHOUSE
(suspiciously)
Yes, what made him change his mind?

Kovac’s face is a thundercloud of scowling disapproval.

MRS. PORTER
Warum haben Sie Ihre Ansicht geändert?
(What made you change your mind?)

(CONTINUED)
Wir dürfen nicht vergessen, dass wir auch von der Stroemung abgetrieben werden.
(We must not forget that the current is also making us drift somewhat.)

MRS. PORTER
We've probably drifted somewhat on account of the current.

KOVAC
(with angry impatience)
We've been through all that.
(glares at the German)
What's he doing in this part of the boat, anyway?

MRS. PORTER
Why, is he in quarantine?

KOVAC
Tell him to get back to the bow, where he belongs.

MRS. PORTER
I'll do nothing of the sort! You may be skipper of this lifeboat, but you're not dictator... or are you?

RITTENHOUSE
(placatingly)
There's no need to treat the man like a leper. He did save Gus's life, you know.

MRS. PORTER
For the time being. After all, it was an emergency operation. Don't you realize it's imperative we get Gus to a hospital as soon as possible?

KOVAC
Sure I do.

MRS. PORTER
Then why not listen to somebody who knows?
(turns to the German and speaks earnestly)
Wir mussten sicher sein, schon wegen des Verwundeten. Wenn Sie glauben, dass der Kurs falsch ist...
(We should be certain, on account of the wounded man. If you think the course is wrong...)
THE GERMAN
Das habe ich nicht behauptet.
(That I did not say.)

MRS. PORTER
(urgently)
Aber Sie glauben es -
(But you think so - )

THE GERMAN
Unter den gegebenen Umständen habe ich nicht das Recht bzw. zu glauben. Ich konnte die Verantwortung nicht übernehmen.
(Under the circumstances I have no right to think. I could not accept the responsibility.)

MRS. PORTER
(impatiently)
How do you like that? Now he isn't sure -- he won't take the responsibility.

rittenhouse
What's that got to do with it? The point is, are we headed for Bermuda?
What's come over the man? All he has to do is to answer yes or no.

MRS. PORTER
Herr Kapitaen, wir bitten Sie um Ihre Meinung - wir alle hier.
(Captain, we beg you for your opinion -- all of us here.)

THE GERMAN
(protestingly)
Ich bin nicht in der Lage -
(I am not in a position - )

MRS. PORTER
(firmly and emphatically)
Haben wir oder haben wir nicht Kurs auf Bermuda?
(Are we or are we not on the right course to Bermuda?)

THE GERMAN
(almost pitously)
Bitte, gnaedige Frau -
(Please, dear lady - )

(continued)
MRS. PORTER
(imperiously)
Antworten Sie!
(Answer?)
(shouts)
Ja oder nein?
(Yes or no?)

The German hesitates, apparently in great inner conflict as to whether or not to commit himself, but when his answer comes, it is emphatic.

THE GERMAN

Nein!
(No!)

MRS. PORTER
He admits we're on the wrong course.

KOVAC
Admits? He's only saying what he said before.

MRS. PORTER
I had to drag it out of him, but he says --

KOVAC
I don't care what he says.

RITTENHOUSE
But suppose he's right?

KOVAC
That's my funeral.

MRS. PORTER
No it isn't! It's Gus's funeral!

Her loud voice wakes Gus. He looks around trying to conceal from the others the torment of his amputated leg.

GUS
(weakly)
Hey, wait a minute! What is this?

Rittenhouse comes over to him and bends down with his best professional bedside manner.

RITTENHOUSE
(much too heartily)
Well, fella, how do you feel?

Pain is written in Gus's eyes, but he makes the letter "O" with his tongue and index finger and clicks his tongue -- the classic gesture meaning "tops!"

(CONTINUED)
GUS

In the pink -- outside of a little hangover.

(He eyes the piece of cigar in Rittenhouse's mouth)

Right now I'd give the other leg for a cigarette.

Kovac looks at Mrs. Porter. She reaches in her pocket, produces her cigarette case, opens it and looks into it.

INSERT: CIGARETTE CASE

Only one cigarette left in it.

BACK TO SHOT

Mrs. Porter takes the last cigarette from the case and leans forward to place it between Gus's lips. As she gets out her lighter Gus is looking down at his amputated leg.

GUS

Guess maybe I lost a little weight, huh?

Mrs. Porter straightens and Gus takes a deep puff on the cigarette. Then he winces and stifles a moan of anguish. Alice puts her hand in a gesture of comfort on his shoulder.

ALICE

You'll be all right, Gus. He did a swell job.

GUS

He sure did.

He looks up at the German. Agony is written in his eyes, but he manages a grin.

GUS

(to the German)

Danke schoen.

(to Kovac)

Well, Skipper, how soon do we get to Bermuda?

Kovac is silent a moment. Suddenly there is a sense of hostility in the eyes of the others as they look at him, and he realizes it.

(CONTINUED)
KOVAC
Pretty soon, Gus. We've got a good breeze and a favoring current. But there's a little difference of opinion about the direction we're headed.

Gus says nothing. His face is set with pain.

KOVAC
Trouble is, I'm not sure about our course. I'm only sure of one thing -- I don't trust that Nazi. There must be other submarines around, and he knows where they are. Or maybe a supply ship, and he knows where that is, too. On general principle, I'd copper anything he says. That's how I stand. Do you agree with me, Stanley?

Stanley is silent.

KOVAC
Does anybody agree with me?

He looks from one face to the other. The silence is overwhelming, damning.

INT. LIFEBOAT (TOWARD SUNSET) - CLOSEUP - KOVAC

He concentrates his gaze upon:

INT. LIFEBOAT (TOWARD SUNSET) - CLOSEUP - THE GERMAN

His face is expressionless but there is the faintest gleam of mockery in his eyes.

INT. LIFEBOAT (TOWARD SUNSET) - CLOSE SHOT - THE GROUP

We get a feeling now that somehow or other Kovac, and not the German, is the one isolated, in quarantine, a leper. He fixes his gaze on:

INT. LIFEBOAT (TOWARD SUNSET) - CLOSE SHOT - GUS

His face a mask of pain, he answers the unspoken question in Kovac's eyes.

GUS
You're the skipper.

To conceal his anguish he turns his head away.

(continued)
INT. LIFEBOAT (TOWARD SUNSET) - CLOSE SHOT - THE GROUP

Kovac sinks to a seat on the thwart.

KOVAC  
(tiredly)
All right Sparks, follow the German's course.

The German lowers his head to conceal the manifest triumph in his eyes.

INT. LIFEBOAT (TOWARD SUNSET) - CLOSEUP - JOE

From the expression in his eyes, and the faintest shaking of the head, involuntarily he expresses disapproval of Kovac's decision. But he says nothing.

INT. LIFEBOAT (TOWARD SUNSET) - CLOSE SHOT - THE RUDDER

We see it turn, changing the course of the boat.

INT. LIFEBOAT (TOWARD SUNSET) - CLOSE SHOT - THE COMPASS

As the course of the boat is shifted we see the needle moving slightly.

INT. LIFEBOAT (TOWARD SUNSET) - CLOSE SHOT - THE GERMAN

He lifts his head and as he puts the watch-compass back into his pocket, he takes a deep breath of the breeze that is now sending the lifeboat in the direction he wants.

DISSOLVE TO:
EXT. SKY (NIGHT) - FULL SHOT

The sky is star-studded. CAMERA PANS DOWN, past the stern of the lifeboat, where Stanley is at the tiller, then DOWN past him to the bottom of the boat, CENTERING on Mrs. Porter. She is stretched out on the boat bottom, her eyes closed, apparently asleep. Her head rests on one arm so that her face is quite close to the jewelled bracelet. Something causes her to stir and awake, and as her eyes open and focus on something off-screen, CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal Alice, propped up against one side of the boat and looking fixedly at Mrs. Porter. The dangling feet of Stanley are in the shot.

ALICE
(a little embarrassed)
I was admiring your bracelet.

Mrs. Porter's head relaxes back again to its former position.

MRS. PORTER
A gift from my husband.

ALICE
It's gorgeous.

MRS. PORTER
(for the record)
My first husband.

Her eyes close again and it seems she has gone to sleep, but she hasn't, for presently she speaks again, abruptly but without opening her eyes.

MRS. PORTER
I'm glad the freighter was torpedoed.

ALICE
(startled)
What?

MRS. PORTER
That's what you said yesterday.

Alice is silent.

MRS. PORTER
Funny thing to say.

ALICE
I didn't mean it exactly.

MRS. PORTER
What did you mean, exactly?

(CONTINUED)
134 (Cont.)

ALICE
I only meant I was rather glad that we -- well, I wasn't particularly anxious to get to London.

MRS. PORTER
What are you afraid of in London?

ALICE
Myself.

Mrs. Porter's eyes open, and she thinks on this for an instant.

ALICE
I mean, it's a personal problem.
In other words --

MRS. PORTER
I know, I know. Genus Homo, male.

ALICE
And married -- but not to me.

MRS. PORTER
You call that a problem?

ALICE
It is to me.

MRS. PORTER
Fiddlesticks.
(closes her eyes again, settling herself to sleep then, drowsily)
I don't want to pry into your affairs, but do you know what's the matter with you? You've been reading Kipling -- an incredible old stuffed shirt.

135 INT. LIFEBOAT (NIGHT) - CLOSE SHOT - ALICE

In this ANGLE the legs of Stanley dangle into the scene behind her.

MRS. PORTER'S VOICE
"The sins that you do two by two, you shall pay for one by one." Now who do you suppose told Kipling that? Probably dear old Queen Victoria. I don't know who the guy is, but I know men -- especially married men. Some of my best friends --

(CONTINUED)
There is a silence, then a tiny snore. Alicereacts
to this, then looks at the feet dangling behind her,
swinging gently. Then as her eyes go up, CAMERA
TILTS UP, taking in Stanley.

STANLEY
Mrs. Nylon been at you again?

Alice doesn't answer. She gets up and takes a seat
by him at the tiller.

STANLEY
The way that woman pries into
everybody's affairs!

ALICE
I didn't mind. I wanted to talk.
Maybe that's why I'm all mixed
up -- because I've never told any-
body.

She looks at him steadily for a moment, as if debating
something.

ALICE
I think I'd rather tell you than
anybody.

Tears glint in her eyes. She is unaware of the bleak
despair in his eyes.

ALICE
His name is Stephen. He's a doctor.
We worked in the same hospital. All
the time I knew he was married. His
wife was a fine woman, and they have
two beautiful children. So you see
it was hopeless, quite hopeless.

She turns away and puts the back of her hand to her
eyes. He has to struggle inwardly with an overwhelm-
ingly impulse to put his arms around her and comfort
her. But he manages to speak quite matter-of-factly.

STANLEY
Go ahead, cry a bit -- do you good.

ALICE
We both decided to forget about it.
And when he enlisted and was sent to
London, I was glad. I tried to forget
him but I couldn't. He wrote me several
times. I never answered. And then I
was assigned to London, myself. I knew
if we met there, away from home, away
from everything --

(CONTINUED)
ALICE (Cont.)
(she breaks off
suddenly)
I'm sorry. Maybe I'd better wait
till I get home, and take it up
with Mr. Whosis on the Good Will
Hour.

His head is bent over his chest. We can't see the
expression on his face.

STANLEY
That's an interesting program.
Sometimes it's funny -- sometimes
it isn't a bit. People are in
trouble, they turn themselves in-
side out, and they seem to feel
better when they get some sort of
an answer.

ALICE
Even if they don't get an answer
they feel better. Thank you,
Stanley.

His head comes up. He smiles.

STANLEY
Lovely night, isn't it?
(he looks up)
Lots of stars out.

She looks up, too.

ALICE
When I was a kid I used to try and
count 'em. Wasn't that silly?

STANLEY
Not at all. You could've done it.

ALICE
Millions and millions of 'em?

STANLEY
Less than five thousand are visible
to the naked eye, and you can't see
more than half of 'em at any one time.

ALICE
Really?

STANLEY
If you wanted to see all five thousand
of 'em on any one night, you'd have to
be at the equator and watch from sunset
to sunrise.
ALICE
If I'm ever around the equator I'll remember that.

STANLEY
Of course, if you had a telescope it'd be different. With a good telescope you could see about one hundred million stars. Most of 'em are pretty far away from us. The one nearest to us is Alpha Centauri, and that's twenty-five trillion miles away.

ALICE
You know a good deal about the stars, don't you?

STANLEY
I got most of it from my father.

ALICE
He was interested in astronomy?

STANLEY
He devoted his whole life to it, you might say -- forty years with the Greenwich Observatory.

ALICE
Head of it, you mean?

STANLEY
Astronomer Royal?
(tongue in cheek)
Well, not exactly. He was the night watchman... It's a wonderful hobby -- keeps you from being lonely when you're at sea. It's nice knowing their names, and how far away they are and when they're due for a visit. The night before we were torpedoed, Nolan -- he was my first --

ALICE
Yes, I met him on the boat. He was telling me all about his home in Bermuda, and how it's changed since the war. They've got automobiles in Bermuda now, for the first time -- army trucks. And he told me --

She stops, struck by the strange expression on his face as he looks up at the stars.

(Continued)
ALICE
What is it?

He looks at her.

STANLEY
Nolan's wife was having a baby.

ALICE
(bewildered)
A baby?

STANLEY
I remember his saying if we would only continue our course we would land in Bermuda and he'd have a chance to find out whether it was a boy or a girl. I remember when Nolan pointed our course over the bow, I saw the planet Mars low on the horizon.

She looks up at:

136 EXT. SKY (NIGHT) - FULL SHOT

Taking in the sea and horizon, halfway to the zenith and featuring two prominent stars -- Mars to the right and Venus to the left.

STANLEY'S VOICE
See there -- that's Mars to the right, and that's Venus --

137 INT. LIFEBOAT (NIGHT) - CLOSE SHOT - STANLEY AND ALICE

Taking in the prow of the lifeboat and above it the star Venus, with Mars slightly to starboard. Stanley's voice is low but tense with excitement.

STANLEY
We're heading for Venus, we're going East --

Their eyes come down and they look at each other.

STANLEY
We're not heading for Bermuda. We're heading to miss Bermuda.

With one accord their eyes go over to:

138 INT. LIFEBOAT (NIGHT) - CLOSE SHOT - THE GERMAN

On his face there is a smile, as if in his dreams he knows that all is well -- Heil Hitler!
INT. LIFEBOAT (NIGHT) - TWO SHOT - STANLEY AND ALICE

Taking in the prow of the boat and above it the stars Venus and Mars.

STANLEY
We'll see about that.

He bears down on the tiller. We see the prow of the lifeboat swing away from Venus and bear on Mars.

DISSOLVE TO:
INT. LIFEBOAT (MORNING - FULL SHOT - THE LIFEBOAT

SHOOTING PAST the sleeping German in the bow, TOWARD the others grouped at the stern. In the distance we see that a sharp change has come over the weather. In the course of the scene the threatening storm will become a reality. The wind has risen considerably and the lifeboat rides in an augmented swell. The group at the stern are looking toward the sleeping German on the other side of the boat.

INT. LIFEBOAT (MORNING) - CLOSE SHOT AT Stern

Stanley is at the tiller and occasionally through the scene we see him tugging hard at the tiller to keep the boat as steady as possible in the rising sea. Over the SHOT we hear the whine of the rising wind.

GUS

Now you know why I changed my name to Smith.

RITTENHOUSE

I still say let's not condemn the man without a hearing. Perhaps the course he gave us is wrong, but that doesn't prove anything. He might have been mistaken.

MRS. PORTER

Yes, after all when I questioned him yesterday he didn't want to commit himself. He said one couldn't be sure without a compass.

RITTENHOUSE

The thing to do is to wake him up and question him.

KOVAC

What for? You'll get nothing but lies! That's what he was brought up on.

RITTENHOUSE

I was brought up on the idea a man's innocent until he's proved guilty.

KOVAC

What do you want me to do -- appoint one of us to be his lawyer?

RITTENHOUSE

Don't you see -- without a compass --

ALICE

(interrupting)

Mrs. Porter --

(CONTINUED)
Mrs. Porter turns to face her.

ALICE
Remember, yesterday, after the operation, you looked at your wristwatch and told the German the time?

MRS. PORTER
(martyred)
Yes--?

ALICE
Did he ask you the time?

MRS. PORTER
Of course he did.

ALICE
(almost to herself)
That's funny.

MRS. PORTER
What's funny about it?

ALICE
He had a watch of his own.

RITTENHOUSE
What of it?

ALICE
If he had a watch, why did he have to ask Mrs. Porter for the time?

RITTENHOUSE
What does that prove? Lots of times I have a watch in my pocket and I ask somebody for the time. Lots of people do that. It saves time.

ALICE
But he looked at his own watch just before he asked Mrs. Porter.

MRS. PORTER
Maybe his own watch had stopped.

STANLEY
I remember when he asked for the time he took a squint at the sun.

(CONTINUED)
RITTENHOUSE

Are you trying to convict a man just because he looked at the sun? Is it a crime to ask for the time?

KOVAC

Certainly not. (blandly)
What time is it?

MRS. PORTER
(consults watch)
Ten after seven.

KOVAC

I think you're slow.

MRS. PORTER
(indignantly)
Slow! That's a Phillipe Patek --

KOVAC

I want to know what time it is by the German's watch.

MRS. PORTER

Well, wake him up and ask him.

GUS

You don't have to wake him up. Not with Joe around.

He's looking quite fixedly at Joe who grows increasingly nervous and makes an effort to avoid Gus's eyes. Gus high-signs Kovac, who nods.

KOVAC

Joe --

JOE

Yes, sir?

KOVAC

Operate.

JOE

Huh?

KOVAC

Do your stuff.

Joe's face is eloquent of puzzled innocence, with an overtone of panic.

(CONTINUED)
JOE
What stuff? I don't know what you mean.

GUS
He means frisk the mugg for his biscuit.

JOE
(reproachfully)
You know I quit that stuff a long time ago.

KOVAC
But this is an emergency. The folks'll understand.

RITTENHOUSE
(puzzled)
Understand what?

GUS
Joe used to be one o' the best all-round -

JOE
Hush your mouth! You got no right bringing up what used to be.

MRS. PORTER
It's all right, Joe - some of my best friends -

JOE
But I made me a pledge -- a solemn pledge -

KOVAC
(mock sternness)
Do you want to commit mutiny?

JOE
(mournfully)
Is it an order?

KOVAC
It's an order.

Morosely Joe turns and looks toward the German offscene.

JOE
I can't. The man's asleep.

KOVAC
Well, that's a break, isn't it?

(CONTINUED)
JOE
It's like shooting a sitting duck.

KOVAC
Quit stalling.
(impatiently)
If your conscience bothers you,
wake him up -- only get the ticker.

Joe looks unhappily at the others, then looks again
toward the German. There's a momentary huff in the wind.
Joe reaches for his flute.

INT. LIFEBOAT (MORNING) - CLOSEUP - JOE

He goes into a spirited rendition of "Ach du Leiber
Augustine," fortissimo.

INT. LIFEBOAT (MORNING) - CLOSEUP - THE GERMAN

The music wakes him up and he sits up listening, then
looks toward the group.

INT. LIFEBOAT (MORNING) - FULL SHOT, TOP ANGLE

The people at the stern turn away half guiltily, so that
Joe may proceed on his nefarious enterprise without being
openly observed. The boat is now rolling a bit and Joe
has difficulty negotiating the distance between him and
the German. From the point of view of the people at the
stern, we see him reach the German, who watches the ap-
proach without moving or changing his expression. As he
reaches the German, the pitching of the boat causes Joe
to stumble against the German. The people in the stern
hear his mumbled "excuse me, I'm sorry," then Joe turns
and as he starts on his stumbling way back to them:

INT. LIFEBOAT (MORNING) - CLOSE SHOT AT STERN

Joe comes into the SHOT and hands Kovac the German's
watch. As Kovac examines it, the others bend to look
at it too.

INSERT: THE GERMAN'S WATCH

As Kovac's hand snaps the case open we see it isn't a
watch at all, but a compass.

KOVAC'S VOICE
Now you know the right time.

Kovac's other hand comes into the SHOT with his jackknife.
And as the blade of the jackknife comes open:
BACK TO SHOT

They are so concerned with the proof of the German's treachery, and the murderous implication of the open jackknife in Kovac's hand that they don't notice the imminent menace of the rising storm.

RITTENHOUSE
(horrified, to Kovac)
What are you going to do?

KOVAC
(grimly)
What do you think we're going to do?

RITTENHOUSE
Don't say WE!
(violently)
You'll never get me to consent to anything like that!

KOVAC
I'm not consulting you. I'm not consulting anybody.

RITTENHOUSE
(gulping)
But, Kovac, it's murder—

The wind is rising. They have to raise their voices to be heard.

STANLEY
Execution isn't murder.

Alice is as terrified as though it was she that was going to be killed instead of the German.

ALICE
(frantically)
No, we can't! We mustn't!

MRS. PORTER
Why can't we tie him up—keep a watch on him—

GUS
Let him have it, Kovac!

MRS. PORTER
(raising her voice)
I'm not defending the man, but why can't you do it in the night, so that in the morning—

(CONTINUED)
XOVAC
(shouting her down)
What are you so squeamish about?
We're at war, aren't we? You've
been there, you've seen them killed,
haven't you?

MRS. PORTER
[out-shouting him]
In battle, yes, but not in cold
blood, like this --

Joe's sudden yell drowns her out.

JOE

LOOK OUT!

149 INT. LIFEBOAT (MORNING) - FULL SHOT - THE GROUP

The following action is simultaneous: Alice clambers to
the side of the boat over which Stanley has just been
swept, to try to help him; Gus grabs hold of the side
of the boat to keep from being thrown from the thwart;
Xovac and Joe rush over to the sail and grab hold of the
sail rope to ease the violent pull on Stanley which might
yank his arm off otherwise; and also to keep the bellying
sail from breaking the mast: Mrs. Porter works her
way toward Gus, to help him: Rittenhouse clings to the
thwart near which he was seated, half-drowned from the
wave that entered the boat: And from the bow end of
the boat the German makes his way, grabbing an oar as he does
so, continuing on to the tiller.

150 INT. LIFEBOAT (MORNING) - CLOSE SHOT - ALICE

As she leans over the side of the boat to try and reach
Stanley, to help him, he is swept past her by the pull
of the rope from the bellying sail. CAMERA PANS OVER TO:

151 INT. LIFEBOAT (MORNING) - CLOSE SHOT - MRS. PORTER AND GUS

Mrs. Porter desperately tries to keep Gus from falling
off the thwart. As she holds onto him we see the head
of Stanley, in the water behind them go by, pulled by
the sail rope. CAMERA PANS OVER TO:
INT. LIFEBOAT (MORNING) - TWO SHOT - KOVAC AND JOE

With all their strength they hold onto the sail rope. Back of them, in the sea, Stanley comes into the SHOT and Kovac rushes over to the side of the boat to haul him in. As he starts pulling on the rope:

INT. LIFEBOAT (MORNING) - CLOSE SHOT - THE GERMAN

Standing up in the stern of the boat and manipulating it to avoid the danger of capsizing, caused by the out-of-control sail. From his point of view we see:

INT. LIFEBOAT (MORNING) - FULL SHOT

A huge wave tosses Stanley right back into the boat again, and at the same time knocking Gus off the thwart into the bottom of the lifeboat. For an instant they are all but obliterated by the water which has swept into the boat.

INT. LIFEBOAT (MORNING) - CLOSE SHOT - THE GERMAN

Struggling with the steering oar to keep the boat from capsizing, his eyes are on:

INT. LIFEBOAT (MORNING) - CLOSE SHOT - KOVAC, GUS AND JOE

Joe lets go the short rope to help Kovac pick Gus up and sit him on the thwart next to the sail. They find some rope and start to lash Gus to the mast.

INT. LIFEBOAT (MORNING) - CLOSE SHOT - ALICE, STANLEY AND RITTENHOUSE

As Alice is helping Stanley up from the bottom of the boat, Rittenhouse reaches for a nearby life jacket and starts trying to get into it.

INT. LIFEBOAT (MORNING) - CLOSE SHOT - MRS. PORTER

She stares with dismay at her beautiful suit, now drenched with sea water. We get the feeling that tragedy has finally reached her. She spots her alligator-skin box in the water the boat has shipped, and struggles to lift it to a thwart.

INT. LIFEBOAT (MORNING) - CLOSE SHOT - THE GERMAN

LOW CAMERA ANGLE. An enormous figure against the storm-ridden sky, the German stands struggling with the steering oar. His face as black as the storm clouds behind him, the German yells furiously.

THE GERMAN

You fools, stop thinking about yourselves -- think of the boat!
160 INT. LIFEBOAT (MORNING) - CLOSE SHOT - THE GROUP

ANGLE from the German's point of view.

THE GERMAN
Joe, take the sheet -- make it fast!
Kovac, man the pump! The rest of
you bail!

Joe starts to make the sheet rope fast around a section
of the thwart. Kovac goes to the pump. In the general
excitement nobody, even the German himself, is aware of
his sudden lapse into perfectly good English. We get the
feeling that, automatically and without thinking about
it, the others have relinquished the destiny of the life-
boat into the hands of the German. The storm has reached
full fury now. The German is doing a superb job with the
steering oar. Just as before he had the look of a sur-
geon, master of his vocation, now he has the look of a
sailor, master of his avocation. The boat is shipping
water and the German is exerting superhuman effort to
keep it from being swamped. There's no doubt about his
satisfaction in having reversed the situation immediately
preceding the storm. Gus, being the only one unoccupied,
is the first to realize this.

161 INT. LIFEBOAT (MORNING) - CLOSE SHOT - GUS

Looking offscene toward the German, his mouth open.

GUS
What do you know? We got a Fuhrer!

162 INT. LIFEBOAT (MORNING) - CLOSE SHOT - MRS. PORTER AND
KOVAC

Kovac at the pump, Mrs. Porter still struggling to pro-
tect her baggage.

THE GERMAN'S VOICE
You!--Never mind that baggage! Start
bailing!

They realize at the same instant the fact of the German's
extraordinary lapse into English. They look at each
other, then look offscene toward the German.

MRS. PORTER
(to the German)
You speak English?

163 INT. LIFEBOAT (MORNING) - CLOSE SHOT - THE GERMAN

THE GERMAN
Of course, I speak English.
INT. LIFEBOAT (MORNING) - CLOSE SHOT - THE GROUP

ANGLE from the German's point of view. Now they are all looking at the German, astounded at the revelation of his duplicity and stunned at the full impact of the fact of his taking charge. Rittenhouse is still struggling ineffectually to get into the life jacket.

THE GERMAN'S VOICE

Rittenhouse looks up.

THE GERMAN'S VOICE
Forget about your life jacket, get busy!

A wave smashes against Rittenhouse.

RITTENHOUSE
(mouth full of water)

Glob -

THE GERMAN'S VOICE
Come on, get busy -- everybody bail!

Rittenhouse is now struggling to get out of the half-donned life jacket. Kovac works the pump. The others find whatever they can to bail with and start bailing.

INT. LIFEBOAT (MORNING) - THREE SHOT - RITTENHOUSE, STANLEY AND ALICE

Rittenhouse is struggling to get out of his life jacket. Alice and Stanley are bailing.

STANLEY
We'll never make it.

RITTENHOUSE
(gasping)

Yes, we will -

He looks up toward:

INT. LIFEBOAT (MORNING) - CLOSE SHOT - THE GERMAN (FLASH)

Wrestling with the storm.

INT. LIFEBOAT (MORNING) - THREE SHOT - RITTENHOUSE, STANLEY AND ALICE

He'll pull us through.

The boat rises sharply on one side.

(CONTINUED)
MRS. PORTER'S VOICE
(screaming)
Ritt!--Help me!

Her alligator-skin case comes into the SHOT, crashing into the side of the boat and breaking open, scattering all of her possessions about -- jewelry, makeup, notes, pads and everything else in the box. Mrs. Porter, on hands and knees, comes into the SHOT.

MRS. PORTER
(an anguished moan)
My things...

Rittenhouse opens his mouth to say something and the cigar drops from his mouth.

RITTENHOUSE
(agonized)
My cigar!

165C INT. LIFEBOAT (MORNING) -- TWO SHOT -- RITTENHOUSE AND MRS. PORTER

Together they start searching in the water, slashing about in the lifeboat bottom -- he for his cigar, she for her possessions. Mrs. Porter resurrects a comb and holds it in her mouth as she frantically searches in the water, as one scrambling in sand for something, and comes up with a lipstick. Rittenhouse finds the lost cigar and clamps it back in again between his teeth.

THE GERMAN'S VOICE
Rittenhouse! Lash down that food!

He moves to obey the order, crawling on hands and knees to where the food is. A lurch of the boat and a wave causes Rittenhouse to fall flat on his face in the boat bottom. As he starts to pick himself up:

165D INT. LIFEBOAT (MORNING) -- CLOSE SHOT -- GUS

Tied to the mast which is now swaying gently. As Gus, helpless, and racked with pain looks up, CAMERA MOVES UP to take in the upper section of the mast, swaying under the pull of the billowing sail.

165E INT. LIFEBOAT (MORNING) -- CLOSE SHOT -- STANLEY AND ALICE

Stanley's eyes are on something offscene as he yells out:

STANLEY
There goes the grub!
165F INT. LIFEBOAT (MORNING) - CLOSE SHOT - RITTENHOUSE
Making a futile grab after the food supply as it is washed overboard.

165G INT. LIFEBOAT (MORNING) - CLOSE SHOT - GUS
Looking up at the swaying mast above him, utterly helpless.

165H INT. LIFEBOAT (MORNING) - CLOSE SHOT - JOE
Lurching with the pitching of the boat, as he bails, he yells out a warning:

   The water breaker!

165I INT. LIFEBOAT (MORNING) - CLOSE SHOT - GUS
The mast now sways more violently than before. Suddenly there's a grinding noise and Gus's eyes involuntarily close, as CAMERA TILTS UP, and the mast topples over toward the bow. The break occurs directly over Gus's head, leaving him tied to the unbroken section of the mast.

165J INT. LIFEBOAT (MORNING) - CLOSE SHOT - THE GERMAN
Behind him a giant wave is coming and he exerts all his strength to keep the mastless lifeboat from being capsized by the onrushing wave.

165K INT. LIFEBOAT (MORNING) - TWO SHOT - MRS. PORTER AND KOVAC
She sees the approaching giant wave and instinctively cowers back for the protection of Kovac's arms. Kovac lets go of the pump and grabs her, bracing for the shock of the onrushing wave. The lifeboat twists convulsively, throwing Kovac right on top of Mrs. Porter.

   KOVAC
   We might as well go down together,
   eh, Connie?

Their lips come together. A huge wave comes over the lifeboat, engulfing them. As CAMERA MOVES CLOSER the surging water of the huge wave FILLS ENTIRE SCREEN. We HOLD on this for an appreciable interval -- perhaps twenty feet -- before we:

DISSOLVE TO:
EXT. SEA (DAY) - LONG SHOT

As the placid, glassy sea is in strong contrast to its storm-tossed mood just seen, so is the stillness in contrast to the howling of the wind just heard. Again the sun is shining, the sky blue and cloudless. In the distance we see the lifeboat, with somebody, we can't see who, rowing it. The dead quiet is broken only by a tiny, at first unidentifiable, sound.

EXT. SEA (DAY) - MED. SHOT - THE LIFEBOAT

Now we know at least that the German has survived. He is rowing and lustily singing a familiar old German folk song, a song of the Germany that was. And we know there must be somebody else alive on the lifeboat since he is being accompanied by the music of a flute.

INT. LIFEBOAT (DAY) - CLOSE SHOT - THE GERMAN

ANGLE OF CAMERA is such that, as he bends forward each time to row, the hands holding the oars come DIRECTLY INTO CAMERA, then BACK FROM CAMERA, creating a queer illusion in perspective. The German's hands, clasped about the oars, become huge as they approach CAMERA, giving an impression of strength and vitality. The German rows with powerful, methodical strokes, and as he sings he is looking at:

INT. LIFEBOAT (DAY) - CLOSE SHOT - THE GROUP

- as seen by the German. In contrast to his own strength and vitality, the others in the lifeboat are inert -- a huddled mass, some lying in the boat, some half sitting--a composition of exhaustion and apathy.

Rittenhouse is playing the flute. Next to him is Joe. Instantly we get the feeling of time lapse through the fact that Rittenhouse's beard has sprouted considerably since the last time we saw him. The tycoon looks a good deal like a beachcomber now. He has taken off his shoes and socks, his coat, shirt and undershirt, and the sun of several days has tanned his body (as it has all the others, except Joe's) a rich brown.

Joe has found or constructed, a fishing line and, using a piece of sail canvas as bait, is fishing. Joe, however, is not concerned at the moment with his fishing. He's looking at Rittenhouse with an expression of approval which indicates the pride of a teacher in the accomplishment of his pupil.

Alice has done her hair up, using a piece of string as a hair ribbon. She is gazing out to sea. Stanley is looking at her with an expression which clearly tells that he has fallen completely and unequivocally in love with her.

(CONTINUED)
We get the feeling he's itching to put his arms around her, to embrace her in some way, and that it requires all of his self control not to do so. He compromises by reaching forward and undoing the makeshift hair bow by pulling at one end. Alice turns and gives him a tired, tolerant little smile. Gus has managed to get himself into a position where he can look down into the water. He seems hypnotised by it.

Kovac is stretched out on the bottom of the boat, his back against a thwart. His eyes are fixed on the German. Mrs. Porter lies near him, her head in his lap.

The German concludes his song. Rittenhouse lowers the flute and looks up at him.

RITTENHOUSE
How'd I do, Willi?

THE GERMAN
(smiling)
Fine, Ritt, fine! You are a born accompanist.

His speech in English is taken now as a matter of course. He has only the slightest accent. His whole attitude and demeanor has changed. There's a cute gopher-like quality about his smile. There's only one word to describe him now: Gematlich.

JOE
Mr. Ritt, you didn't make a single mistake --- hardly.

RITTENHOUSE
I know what you mean --- that part in here ---

He starts tooting on the flute again --- an elderly child with a new toy.

JOE
(approvingly)
That's it --- that's it.

Kovac shoves Mrs. Porter's head off his lap and bursts into a roar of laughter. They all stare at him, alarmed.

KOVAC
(through gusts of laughter)
Ritt, you're a born accompanist! We're all born accompanists! How'd I do, Willi?

He chokes with uncontrollable mirth.

(CONTINUED)
GUS

Slap-happy.

MRS. PORTER

You silly goon, what're you laughing about?

KOVAC

That's one for the book -- your book -- only when you write it, they won't believe you. Our enemy -- our prisoner of war -- and now we're his prisoners, and he's gauleiter of the boat, singing German lullabies to us while he rows us to his supply ship and a concentration camp.

(to the German)

Tell 'em, Willi, tell 'em how funny that is.

THE GERMAN

(frowning)

That is not funny. That is logical. During the storm we were blown quite a bit off our course. Without a sail it would take us weeks to get to Bermuda.

RITTENHOUSE

Certainly. It's perfectly logical. The supply ship's our only chance.

KOVAC

You know how I feel about that -- I'd rather take my chances with the sharks. But he'll never make it. Without food and water how long do you think he can keep on rowing like this?

THE GERMAN

Long enough, Mr. Kovac, to reach my objective.

RITTENHOUSE

(anxiously)

You're sure, Willi?

(to the others)

Maybe one of us had better try to relieve you at the oars.

THE GERMAN

That is not necessary.

STANLEY

Maybe I can spell you for a while.
THE GERMAN

(peremptorily)
I'll row.

ALICE
How can you keep rowing, Willi, hour after hour, when the rest of us can hardly lift an oar?

KOVAC
(sarcastically)
It's the master race -- the Herrenvolk, Don't you know they can do anything?

RITTENHOUSE
(staring at the German)
I'm beginning to believe it.

THE GERMAN
(grinning)
Right living is what does it,
(he winks to Mrs. Porter)
Or, as the French say -- Qui tot se couche bien se porte,
(Who goes to bed early always feels well.)

MRS. PORTER
Sacre bleu! You speak French, also?

THE GERMAN
Oh yes, I spent some time in Paris.

MRS. PORTER
(a little venomously)
Oh, yes,
{she studies him a moment}
Tell me, Willi -- why didn't you speak English when you first got on the boat?

THE GERMAN
Well, you see --
(he smiles)
I didn't know then whether I could trust you or not.

Mrs. Porter reacts to this extraordinary statement, then lies down again. The German turns a benign eye on Gus.

THE GERMAN
Wie gehts, Herr Schmidt?

(continued)
GUS
Smith's the name.

THE GERMAN
All right, Mr. Smith - how do you feel today?

GUS
Same as yesterday -- thirsty.
The word has a clammy effect on the others.

THE GERMAN
(to Joe)
Well, steward, anything for the commissary yet?

(CONTINUED)
JOE

No sir, Willi — nary a nibble.

THE GERMAN

Keep trying. If you catch some fish you'll not only have food, but drink. When you chew raw fish there's always a little water.

JOE

Water —

The word is a prayer. He starts to jerk on the line to make the cloth fragment jump in the water. The words of the German have put hope in his heart for a moment. Rittenhouse resumes his flute practice and Kovac reaches for Gus's discarded newspaper and starts to read it. Gus, looking up at the sky, says suddenly:

GUS

What a day for a ball game!

STANLEY

(his eyes are also on the sky)

There's a cloud.

GUS

St. Louie's the team to watch this year.

JOE

(a sigh)

If only we had some bait —

STANLEY

(his eyes on the cloud)

It's been there all day.

ALICE

(looks up)

Looks like a powder puff.

STANLEY

Sometimes they start like that and end up a nimbus.

ALICE

A nimbus?

STANLEY

A rain cloud.

GUS

St. Louie's got batters. Lookit the way Vernon Stevens been cloutin' 'em out.

RITTENHOUSE

(lowers his flute)

What about Chet Leeds? He's been knocking out plenty of homers.

(continued)
KOVAC
(from behind his newspaper)
They've got some A-1 pitchers, too.

GUS
You said it. If the Dodgers had a guy like Ernie Benham, or even Johnnie Humphreys —

JOE
Pittsburgh's the team to watch.

GUS
Yeah, only seventy-one points below St. Louie. If we take Pittsburgh an' St. Louie loses to Boston... Say, Kovac —

KOVAC
(from behind his newspaper)
Yeah?

GUS
Who do you think'll pitch for Pittsburgh today?

Kovac lowers his newspaper and stares at Gus. Joe and Rittenhouse exchange a glance, then look at Gus. We get the feeling this isn't the first time Gus's mind has wandered.

KOVAC
I don't know. I haven't been following the games much this season.

GUS
It'll probably be Newsom for the Dodgers. Maybe Sewell for Pitt.

RITTENHOUSE
(trying hard to keep his voice natural)
Probably Sewell.

GUS
I hope so. I think I'll take Rosie.

RITTENHOUSE
(humoring him)
Where to, Gus?

GUS
Ebbets Field. It'll be a good game this afternoon,

He closes his eyes and his head goes back against the thwart.

STANLEY
(under his breath)
Off the beam again.

(CONTINUED)
To cover his uneasiness Rittenhouse turns to the German.

**RITTENHOUSE**

Willi, how about another song?

**THE GERMAN**

(jovially)

Certainly. What would you like, my friend? Do you know "Rosslein auf der Heide"?

**RITTENHOUSE**

How does it go?

The German hums the opening bars.

**RITTENHOUSE**

Oh, that? Sure!

He starts to play the tune. The German begins to sing.

170 **INT. LIFEBOAT (DAY) - CLOSEUP - THE GERMAN**

singing the lovely old German song.

171 **INT. LIFEBOAT (DAY) - CLOSE SHOT - GUS**

He has managed to get himself in a position where he can look down into the water. He licks his dry lips and the craving in his eyes is painful as he sees:

172 **INSERT - THE WATER**

Cool, tempting, glistening green. The song of the German and the music of the flute come into the SHOT.

173 **BACK TO SHOT**

The expression on Gus's face is obscene with desire as he looks at the water. Then he turns and looks about him. Near him is an empty tin can. He reaches for it.

174 **INT. LIFEBOAT (DAY) - TWO SHOT - KOVAC AND MRS. PORTER**

Kovac is seated in the bottom of the boat, his back against the thwart. Mrs. Porter is stretched out near him. Her blouse is open, revealing just enough of her bosom to show the sharp demarcation between the pearly white natural color of her skin and the sharply defined line of rich tan which she has acquired during the interval since the storm. She's not at all unaware of the fact that Kovac has rather a good view of her charm from the angle at which he sits. Kovac tries valiantly not to look, but nevertheless his eyes keep straying to where they shouldn't. What he sees does not by any means exercise a tranquilizing effect.

(continued)
The expression on Mrs. Porter's face doesn't help any either. Her eyes have that cloudy enigmatic look which has disturbed men ever since Eve. It disturbs Kovac now and he reaches for the tattered remnants of Gus's newspaper which lies nearby, and puts it up before him as a shield to protect him. The German concludes his song and goes directly into another one: "Du, Du liegst mir im Herzen".

THE GERMAN'S VOICE
(singing)
Du, Du liegst mir im Herzen,
Du, Du liegst mir im Sinn -
(You, you are in my heart,
(You, you are in my mind - )

INT. LIFEBOAT (DAY) - TWO SHOT - STANLEY AND ALICE

Alice is looking out to sea. Stanley is looking as though hypnotized at the bit of string with which Alice has tied up her hair. We get the feeling of an intense longing on his part to undo it.

THE GERMAN'S VOICE
(singing)
Du, Du machst mir viel Schmerzen,
Weisst nicht wie gut ich Dir bin.
(You, you are causing me great pain,
(Not knowing how I care for you.)

Stanley reaches up and undoes the string. Alice turns and looks at him. Stanley is much disconcerted, as though caught in the act of committing a misdemeanor, if not a felony.

ALICE
(smiling)
Stanley, why do you like to do that?

STANLEY
I don't know.

INT. LIFEBOAT (DAY) - CLOSE SHOT - GUS

Looking around, searching for something - reaches down and picks up a shoe - the shoe which came off his amputated leg. He stares at it a moment, then begins to remove from it the shoelace. He then begins to tie the shoelace to the tin can in such a manner as to be able to use it for a dipper. His actions are furtive and stealthy. His intent is obvious. The German's song comes over the SHOT.

INT. LIFEBOAT (DAY) - TWO SHOT - MRS. PORTER AND KOVAC

From her many possessions she seems to have salvaged a lipstick and a small hand mirror. She's using them, but as
she does so, with her bare toes she is slyly tickling the
bare feet of Kovac. The newspaper in front of him prevents
us from seeing his reaction, but his knees come up to get
away from her provocative footwork. She looks at the back
of the newspaper thoughtfully and changes her position so
she's directly in front of it.

INT. LIFEBOAT (DAY) - CLOSE SHOT - THE GERMAN
As he concludes his song, he is very much interested in:

INT. LIFEBOAT (DAY) - TWO SHOT - MRS. PORTER AND KOVAC
He is reading the newspaper. Softly she quotes:

MRS. PORTER
I burn my candle at both ends,
it will not last the night.

INT. LIFEBOAT (DAY) - CLOSEUP - KOVAC
Intent upon the editorial page of the newspaper.

MRS. PORTER'S VOICE
But ah, my foes, and oh, my friends,
it gives a lovely light.

There is no response from Kovac. The editorial must be
engrossing indeed. Suddenly a finger comes through the
editorial. As he stares at it, CAMERA PULLS BACK and we
see it's Mrs. Porter's finger. With the other hand she
reaches up and deliberately takes the newspaper out of
Kovac's hand and throws it aside. She nudges perceptibly
closer to him.

INT. LIFEBOAT (DAY) - CLOSE SHOT - GUS
He has fixed the shoelace onto the tin can, and now, fur-
tively, he starts lowering it into the sea.

INT. LIFEBOAT (DAY) - CLOSE SHOT - THE GERMAN
He has been watching Gus, now he turns to look at:

INT. LIFEBOAT (DAY) - TWO SHOT - ALICE AND STANLEY
Alice is fussing with her hair, trying to do it up again
with the bit of string. Stanley is looking up at the sky.

STANLEY
Does it look to you as if those clouds
are darkening up?

ALICE
(looks up)
At the center, a bit.  

(CONTINUED)
STANLEY
Those are really rain clouds this time.

ALICE
I hope so, for Gus's sake.

STANLEY
Yes, if we could only get Gus back to his Rosie.

Alice, with a sudden petulant gesture, throws the bit of string overboard.

ALICE
I despise Rosie.

STANLEY
You know her?

ALICE
No, but it's obvious what she is. Here's Gus, crazy in love with her -- the kind of love every woman dreams about -- and what does she do? The minute his back is turned, this Al Magaroulian --

STANLEY
But maybe she's in love with Magaroulian.

ALICE
Then why does she keep Gus dangling on a string? That's the cruelest thing a woman can do.

STANLEY
But sometimes a woman isn't sure. Rosie might like Gus a lot -- an awful lot -- and yet, Magaroulian --

ALICE
I can see you don't know very much about women. When a woman's in love she knows it, and she lets nothing stand in her way.

STANLEY
That's what Connie Porter told you, isn't it?

ALICE
Yes, and it's true.

STANLEY
Then why were you glad when the freighter was torpedoed?

(CONTINUED)
ALICE
I don't know -- I was all mixed up.

STANLEY
Are you still glad?

ALICE
Well, I --

But she has no answer for this. She stares helplessly at Stanley. The German's voice comes into the SHOT, calling her name.

THE GERMAN'S VOICE
Alice!

Alice looks up.

THE GERMAN'S VOICE
Will you come over a minute?

Alice hesitates, looks at Stanley, then exits SHOT toward the German.

INT. LIFEBOAT (DAY) - CLOSE SHOT - THE GERMAN

Alice enters the SHOT and faces him inquiringly. Without stopping his rowing he looks at her, and his gaze has so much appraisal in it that she feels uncomfortable.

THE GERMAN
Why didn't you answer him?

ALICE
Because I didn't know the answer.

THE GERMAN
I know the answer.
   (he rows an instant
   in silence)
I've been thinking very much about
your problem with Stephen.

ALICE
   (taken aback)
What do you know about Stephen?

THE GERMAN
Well, we live here in a goldfish bowl.
I couldn't help hearing. Do you mind
if I offer you some advice?

ALICE
   (sulkily)
Why not? Everybody else has.

(continued)
THE GERMAN
Like your Stephen, I'm a married man.
Like him, I have two children. One
of them is a girl. She is about your
age. When I speak to you it is the
same as if I speak to her... So I say
to you, ja, I did you a favor when I
torpedoed your ship. I not only made
it impossible for you to meet Stephen,
but I made it possible for you to meet
Stanley.

She follows his gaze offscene to Stanley.

THE GERMAN
(low)
He is in love with you.

ALICE
How do you know?

THE GERMAN
He is always untangling the string in
your hair.

ALICE
What's that got to do with it?

THE GERMAN
Well, it's in a book by Freud.

ALICE
I thought you burned up Freud's books
long ago.

THE GERMAN
I read them before they were burned.

She realizes suddenly that he isn't looking at her, but,
with an expression of lively interest, at Gus, offscene.
She follows his gaze and reacts to:

INT. LIFEBOAT (DAY) - CLOSE SHOT - GUS

Over the side of the boat he is lifting the tin can, now
full of sea water. Concealing his act as well as he is
able, he's about to lift the can to his lips, when Alice
comes into the SHOT, just in time to take the can away
from him. Gus's eyes are full of suffering as he looks
up at her.

GUS
Please, Loot, I just wanted to wet
my lips a little.

(CONTINUED)
185 (Cont.)

ALICE
{pityingly}
The salt'd only make you thirstier.

GUS
{pleadingly}
Just a little sip?

ALICE
You might just as well sip poison. It'll kill you.

She empties the contents of the can over the side of the boat.

186
INT. LIFEBOAT (DAY) - CLOSE SHOT - THE GERMAN

He has lost interest in Alice and Gus and, with relish, is looking at:

187
INT. LIFEBOAT (DAY) - TWO SHOT - MRS. PORTER AND KOVAC

With her fingertip she is retracing the largest of the various sets of initials on his chest. Kovac's eyes are fixed on the diamond bracelet on her wrist.

MRS. PORTER

M. B. . . Her initials are larger than the others. Was she the last?

Kovac doesn't answer.

MRS. PORTER

Or the first?

Silence from Kovac.

MRS. PORTER

What was her name?

No answer.

MRS. PORTER

So you won't talk, huh?

KOVAC

Where'd you get the handcuff, Mrs. Porter?

Mrs. Porter looks at the bracelet.

MRS. PORTER

You may call me Connie. You did once, during the storm - remember? (she toys with the bracelet)

You said "we might as well go down together, eh, Connie?" I liked the way you said "Connie". It was like a punch in the jaw.

KOVAC

Tell me about the bracelet.
MRS. PORTER
That was a dead giveaway -- your wanting us to die together like that. Dying together is even more personal than living together.

KOVAČ
What did you pay for the bracelet?

MRS. PORTER
Nothing.

KOVAČ
Barter?*

MRS. PORTER
You're a low person, darling, obviously out of the gutter... Maybe that's why I'm attracted to you... and maybe that's why you're attracted to me.

KOVAČ
Quit slumming.

MRS. PORTER
Funny part of it is, I'm from the same gutter.

He looks at her suspiciously.

MRS. PORTER
Remember when you first got on the boat, you said you used to work in the packing house section of Chicago? Well, I came from there, too.

KOVAČ
(Interested)
The South side?

MRS. PORTER
Ashland Avenue, back of the yards. And I lived there until I got this.

188 INSERT: THE BRACELET ON HER WRIST

MRS. PORTER'S VOICE
And it worked miracles for me.

189 BACK TO SHOT

MRS. PORTER
It took me from the South side to the North side.

With her lipstick she starts tracing something on his chest.

(CONTINUED)
MRS. PORTER
It was my passport from the stockyards
to the Gold Coast. It got me social
position, a fine home and servants,
and clothes, the best of food and wines.

He looks at what she has lettered on his chest.

190  INSERT
The initials C.P.

MRS. PORTER'S VOICE
It got me everything I wanted.

191  BACK TO SHOT
Mrs. Porter's arms go around Kovac's neck and as their
lips meet, CAMERA MOVES UP VERY CLOSE. Out of the corner
of his eyes Kovac sees the flashing bracelet and rudely he
disengages himself from Mrs. Porter's embrace.

KOVAC
Quit slumming.

With his palm he starts to rub out Mrs. Porter's initials
on his chest. As he does this he calls out to Rittenhouse:

KOVAC
What about a few hands, Ritt?

RITTENHOUSE'S VOICE
(eager)

OKIE-DOKE.

Kovac gets to his feet and exits. Mrs. Porter looks after
him, frowning, then notices that her bracelet has come
loose again. CAMERA PANS with her as she moves over to
where Rittenhouse and Kovac are preparing to resume their
poker game. They're playing with matches for chips. Mrs.
Porter watches a moment in silence as Kovac cuts the cards
for Rittenhouse, who starts dealing.

MRS. PORTER  
(to Kovac)
My clasp has come loose again.

Kovac ignores her. He studies the hand dealt him and
thrusts forth a match.

KOVAC
Open.

THE GERMAN'S VOICE
Connie, I'll fix it for you.

MRS. PORTER
Thank you, Willie.

She gives Kovac a murderous look and exits to the German.
INT. LIFEBOAT (DAY) - TWO SHOT - THE GERMAN AND MRS. PORTER

The German rests on his oars as Mrs. Porter comes into the SHOT and extends her hand. He starts to work on the clasp. The voices of the poker players drift into the scene.

RITTENHOUSE'S VOICE
Kovac, how much do I owe you?

KOVAC'S VOICE
Twelve thousand bucks.

RITTENHOUSE'S VOICE
Merely temporary, my friend. I'll get it back.

KOVAC'S VOICE
Deal 'em.

THE GERMAN
(work on the bracelet)
Looks like bits of ice.

MRS. PORTER
I wish they were.

THE GERMAN
They are really nothing but a few pieces of carbon crystallized under high pressure -- at high heat.

MRS. PORTER
Quite so -- if you want to be scientific about it.

THE GERMAN
I am a great believer in science.

MRS. PORTER
Like tears, for instance. They're nothing but H2O with a trace of sodium chloride.

THE GERMAN
Ja.

He notices she's not looking at him, but at Kovac, off-scene. He smiles his gopherlike smile.

THE GERMAN
He likes you. But he hates the bracelet.

He bends his head over the bracelet as he works on the clasp.

(CONTINUED)
THE GERMAN
You will have to get rid of it.

MRS. PORTER
The bracelet?

THE GERMAN
Ja.

MRS. PORTER
I've worn it for fifteen years. As long as I've had it, it's brought me nothing but good fortune.

THE GERMAN
He hates it.

MRS. PORTER
I wouldn't take it off for anything or anybody in the world.

In the silence that follows Rittenhouse's voice comes into the SHOT.

RITTENHOUSE'S VOICE
In the old days, there was a place in Boston -- Young's Hotel -- had the best restaurant in the world.

KOVAC'S VOICE
I'll bet it wasn't any better than Henrici's Coffee House in Chicago. Or Bookbinder's in Philly. That was food for you.

Mrs. Porter's face is twitching with incipient hysteria.

THE GERMAN
There, it is fixed.

He addresses himself to the men at the poker game.

THE GERMAN
In Munich there is a place called Lorber's. Their specialty is pot roast.

193 INT. LIFEBOAT (DAY) - CLOSE SHOT - THE GROUP

RITTENHOUSE
Pot Roast? Young's used to have a menu of a hundred and fifty pages.

He's unaware of the fact that Mrs. Porter is looking at him with loathing. He continues blithely:

(CONTINUED)
RITTENHOUSE
Yes, sir, one-hundred-and-fifty
solid pages of eatments. And what
eatments!

KOVAČ
Did you ever eat in Antoine's in
New Orleans?

RITTENHOUSE
Doesn't compare with Young's. You
never saw such food in your life.

The muscles on Mrs. Porter's face are twitching. She
holds onto herself by dint of the greatest effort.

RITTENHOUSE
Especially seafood -- steamed clams
and lobsters -- lobsters a la Newberg,
with a special wine sauce.

MRS. PORTER
(furiously)
Ritt, shut up!

RITTENHOUSE
(surprised)
What's wrong?

MRS. PORTER
Stop jabbering about food!

She comes over, hysteria creeping into her voice.

MRS. PORTER
Isn't it enough that you lost all
our supplies through your carelessness?

RITTENHOUSE
(injured)
Carelessness?

MRS. PORTER
Yes, stupid, criminal carelessness!

RITTENHOUSE
It wasn't me. I wasn't in charge of
the food. Joe took care of the
commissary.

MRS. PORTER
(with rising hysteria)
You dirty rat! Trying to shift the
blame onto Joe!

(continued)
J.O.E.
Maybe it was my fault.

MRS. PORTER
No, it wasn't!
(to Rittenhouse)
If you'd had the brains of an ant
you'd have taken care of it when
you saw the storm coming.

RITTENHOUSE
(fearfully)
Connie, what's the matter with you?

KOVAC
She's all right. Just a little hungry.
(he looks at her
and continues)
What're you squawking about? When
you write your book it'll make a
swell chapter — how it feels to be
starving — first person singular.
Those are good things to write about —
hunger and thirst — if you really
come from back of the yards —

She hits him across the face with all her might. He gets
up and grabs her hand. She tears and claws at him with
her free hand. Alice comes over with Stanley and they
take hold of Mrs. Porter.

MRS. PORTER
(wildly)
Kovac, why don't you kill Willi?

194 INT. LIFEBOAT (DAY) — CLOSE SHOT — THE GERMAN
rowing steadily. Mrs. Porter's hysterical voice comes
into the SHOT.

MRS. PORTER'S VOICE
Why don't you take your knife, as you
said you would, and cut his throat?

195 INT. LIFEBOAT (DAY) — CLOSE SHOT — THE GROUP
The rest are all looking at her as she struggles in the
grasp of Alice and Stanley.

MRS. PORTER
(shrieking)
I'll tell you why — you're not strong
even. He's made of iron and the rest
of us are just flesh and blood — hungry
flesh and blood — and thirsty!

(CONTINUED)
Suddenly she gives up struggling and sinks, sobbing, into Alice's arms. In the silence that follows Rittenhouse and Kovac sit down to resume their poker game.

196 INT. LIFEBOAT (DAY) - CLOSEUP - GUS

His eyes go from Mrs. Porter to the tin can with the shoelace tied to it. He reaches for it and picks it up. His motions are stealthy and surreptitious.

197 INT. LIFEBOAT (DAY) - CLOSE SHOT - JOE

He has turned away from his fishing during Mrs. Porter's hysteria. Now he resumes patiently yanking at the fish line.

198 INT. LIFEBOAT (DAY) - TWO SHOT - RITTENHOUSE AND KOVAC

Kovac looks at Rittenhouse chewing nervously on the butt of his cigar as he shuffles the cards. The sight of it seems to infuriate Kovac.

KOVAC
(explosively)
For the love of Mike, will you throw that ratty cigar stub away?

RITTENHOUSE
(glaring)
Why should I? Does it annoy you?

KOVAC
Yes, it makes me nervous watching you chew on it all the time.

RITTENHOUSE
It makes me feel good.

KOVAC
Oh, you feel good, do you? That's fine. Fine.

RITTENHOUSE
(he toys with the matches in front of him)
Ritt, how much money are you worth?

RITTENHOUSE
Enough to buy and sell you a million times.

KOVAC
What about raising the ante?

(CONTINUED)
RITTENHOUSE
Anything you say.

KOVAC
From now on each match is a hundred dollars.

RITTENHOUSE
Anything you say.

KOVAC
Deal 'em.

Rittenhouse starts dealing.

KOVAC
How many factories do you own?

RITTENHOUSE
What business is that of yours?

KOVAC
I was just thinking - by the time we get home I might own one of them. (he shoves a match forward)
Open for a hundred.

RITTENHOUSE
Raise you a hundred.

KOVAC
See you.

RITTENHOUSE
I'll take three.

Kovac deals Rittenhouse three cards, himself two. As he deals:

KOVAC
I think I'll go for one of your airplane plants. I've got ideas of my own about how to run a factory.

RITTENHOUSE
Into the ground.

KOVAC
We'll have a labor-management committee. We'll meet every week, and the first thing we'll do --

(CONTINUED)
RITTENHOUSE
(interrupting fiercely)
Are you trying to tell me how to run
my factories?

KOVAC
Not all of them -- just the one I'm
going to run.
(shoves forth a match)
Bet a hundred.

RITTENHOUSE
(viciously)
See you.
(turns over his hand)
Queens.

KOVAC
Kings.

He shows his hand and rakes in the chips. Rittenhouse
is now staring at him with open suspicion.

RITTENHOUSE
Funny the way you keep winning all
the hands.

KOVAC
I'm a lucky guy.

He shuffles the cards.

RITTENHOUSE
Just the same, I wish we had a new
deck....Another stack of chips.

Kovac doles out the matches, then turns to cut another
notch in the gunwale scoreboard. Mrs. Porter comes into
the scene. She has got hold of herself.

MRS. PORTER
Sorry.

KOVA C
Cut in?

MRS. PORTER
I have no money.

KOVA C
That's all right --
(looks at her wrist)
Your bracelet --

(CONTINUED)
MRS. PORTER

No, thanks.

Kovac is pushing a fresh stack of matches over to Rittenhouse.

RITTENHOUSE

What's the score?

KOVAC

Fourteen grand.

RITTENHOUSE

Let's raise the ante.

KOVAC

It's your funeral.

RITTENHOUSE

A thousand apiece?

KOVAC

Right.

RITTENHOUSE

Deal 'em.

Kovac deals. As Rittenhouse picks up his hand:

INT. LIFEBOAT (DAY) - CLOSE SHOT - RITTENHOUSE

He looks at his hand and reacts to:

INSERT: RITTENHOUSE'S HAND

Three deuces and a pair of face cards.

BACK TO SHOT

Rittenhouse tries hard to cover up his excitement at the three deuces by assuming what he thinks is a poker face.

RITTENHOUSE

Open for a thousand.

Kovac studies his hand a moment.

KOVAC

Raise you two.

Rittenhouse looks at his hand again, then looks up, sadistic glee in his eyes.

(CONTINUED)
RITTENHOUSE

Raise you two.

The faces of Stanley, Joe and Alice come into the SHOT to join Mrs. Porter in observing what seems to be an epochal hand in this protracted poker game. No banker foreclosing a mortgage could feel more satisfaction than Rittenhouse does as Kovac debates whether or not to continue. The others, too, for the moment have forgotten their hunger and thirst and the death that hangs over them as they watch.

KOVAC

See you. How many cards?

RITTENHOUSE

Two.

KOVAC

(deals him two)

Some day you'll learn it don't pay to hold a kicker -- if you live long enough.

He deals himself three cards. Rittenhouse looks at his hand and we see him swallow hard. Fortunately for him Kovac is looking at his own hand and doesn't see this.

INT. LIFEBOAT (DAY) - CLOSE SHOT - RITTENHOUSE

Looking at his cards held in a trembling hand.

INSERT: RITTENHOUSE'S HAND

He has picked up a fourth deuce.

INT. LIFEBOAT (DAY) - CLOSE SHOT AT POKER GAME

Rittenhouse tries hard to keep his voice under control.

RITTENHOUSE

Well, I guess I'll keep the pikers out. Bet five.

Mrs. Porter, who has been leaning back apathetically, now sits up and takes notice. Kovac looks at Rittenhouse, then at his own hand.

INSERT: KOVAC'S HAND

A full house.
BACK TO SHOT

KOVAC
Matched your kicker, eh?

RITTENHOUSE
(breathing hard)
Five's the bet. Going to see me?

KOVAC
And raise you five.

He shoves over the matches. Rittenhouse looks at his cards again to make sure of what he has. Now he can't keep the satisfaction out of his voice.

RITTENHOUSE
Now you're talking my language.
I'll up you ten.

He shoves in his two remaining matches and draws aside eight to indicate the amount he's shy in the pot. Mrs. Porter is now watching with something approaching animation. The other kibitzers await Kovac's move. Kovac is studying Rittenhouse's face. He looks up at Mrs. Porter. She's watching him with a faint sneer on her lips. The sneer is what decides him.

KOVAC
I'll see your ten and raise you one.

He shoves forth the matches. Rittenhouse now drops all pretense.

RITTENHOUSE
(gloatingly)
Kovac, this is the moment I've been waiting for. I've got you over a barrel.

(puts his cards face down before him on the seat and leans forward)
We'll do the bookkeeping later. I'm raising you all the chips you've got -- plus all the money I owe you --

Kovac hesitates. We get the feeling he's about to fold.

MRS. PORTER
(deliberately goading)
Kovac, I think you've stepped out of your class this time.

KOVAC
I'll call you, Rittenhouse. What've you got?

(CONTINUED)
As Rittenhouse reaches to pick up his cards a sharp
gust of wind sweeps them off the seat and into the sea.
Rittenhouse makes a terrific lunge after the fluttering
cards, almost going overboard in his effort to save them.
Then he turns to Kovac, his face working.

RITTENHOUSE
That was my pot! You couldn't
possibly beat me.

KOVAC
I have a full house.

RITTENHOUSE
I had four deuces.

KOVAC
How do I know you had four deuces?

RITTENHOUSE
You ought to know. You made the
cards, didn't you?
(his voice grows shrill
and ragged)
And you marked them, too! They're
crooked! And you're crooked!

He suddenly lunges for Kovac's throat.

INT. LIFEBOAT (DAY) - CLOSE SHOT - THE GROUP

The two men lurch about, struggling. Stanley runs over
and tries to separate them. In the middle of this the
German looks up and announces:

THE GERMAN
It's raining.

Nobody hears him and he calls out louder,

THE GERMAN
IT'S RAINING!

This time they hear and the struggle stops. All eyes go
upward and fierce hope flares into them as they see it is
indeed raining. Only a few isolated drops at first, the
mere promise of a shower, but as they watch the promise
is fulfilled with sudden and dramatic intensity. With
accelerated force, the rain pours down. It galvanizes,
electrifies them into aimless activity. They're like
wild people, without plan, until a shout from the German
canalizes their sudden unleashed energies.

(CONTINUED)
THE GERMAN

Get the tarpaulin!

Joe and Stanley make a grab for the tarpaulin and start spreading it. The others crawl over, each one grabbing for a section of the tarpaulin. Their hands fumble, the tarpaulin falls. They pick it up again and hold it so that it dips in the center.

The German stops rowing and rests on his oars to watch. He makes no attempt to join in the frantic, half-crazy quest for water. The drumming sound of the rain on the tarpaulin is the sweetest music they've ever heard.

208 INT. LIFEBOAT (DAY) - CLOSE SHOT - GUS

Panting, looks toward the group with the tarpaulin.

209 INT. LIFEBOAT (DAY) - CLOSE SHOT - GROUP AT TARPAULIN

Camera moves up closer to take in the faces of the people holding onto the canvas, and catches the maniac joy in their eyes as they look at:

210 INT. LIFEBOAT (DAY) - CLOSE SHOT - THE TARPAULIN

The glistening raindrops drum on it and we see the dry surface of the tarpaulin changing color as the rain begins to hit it. Then, as suddenly as it began, the shower stops. The canvas is barely wet through. Camera pans up from it to take in the people holding it. The joy is drained from their faces, replaced by an anguished despair.

211 INT. LIFEBOAT (DAY) - CLOSE SHOT - GUS

His parched tongue comes out and licks his cracked lips. He dips the tin can overboard, fills it with sea water and drinks the water. Then his eyes go up to look at:

212 EXT. SEA (DAY) - LONG SHOT - THE SKY

Featuring a gorgeous cloud formation from behind which we see the sun radiantly emerging.

DISSOLVE TO:

213 EXT. SEA (NIGHT) - LONG SHOT - THE MOON

as it emerges in pale splendor from behind a cloud formation.

DISSOLVE TO:
EXT. SKY (TWILIGHT BEFORE DAWN) - FULL SHOT

We see the glow of the not yet risen sun beginning to faintly illumine the horizon.

INT. LIFEBOAT (DAWN TWILIGHT) - CLOSE SHOT - THE GROUP

The German is rowing, all the others seem to be asleep. We hear Gus muttering in delirium.

GUS'S VOICE
I'm at the wheel when she hits -- my watch is just about over -- I'm all set to go down for a hot cup o' java --

INT. LIFEBOAT (DAWN TWILIGHT) - CLOSE SHOT - THE GERMAN

GUS'S VOICE
When she keels over the siren's screamin' -- like a human bein' -- right till the end she's screamin' --

INT. LIFEBOAT (DAWN TWILIGHT) - CLOSE SHOT - GUS

As the result of drinking the sea water he's on his last leg, figuratively as well as literally. His face is gray and gaunt, his eyes bright with fever as he tosses about.

GUS
An' oh, you should of heard the rain drummin' on the canvas -- the most beautiful sound you ever heard -- when I looked up a couple o' drops fell on my lips...

He stops as if suddenly aware of something and turns in the direction of Joe.

GUS
Hey, Joe - what's the matter, why've you stopped playin'?

Thinly Joe's flute music comes into the SHOT and Gus grins.

INT. LIFEBOAT (DAWN TWILIGHT) - CLOSE SHOT - JOE

He is asleep in the bottom of the boat.

GUS'S VOICE
Come on, Joe - heat it up.

The flute music begins to take on an accelerated tempo.
219 INT. LIFEBOAT (DAWN TWILIGHT) - CLOSE SHOT - GUS

GUS
Come on, come on, give it the Harry James.

The flute music begins to take on the jive coloration of Harry James' trumpet. As this happens CAMERA MOVES UP CLOSER to Gus and a look of peace settles on his face. He looks about, seeking among the sleeping figures and suddenly his expression changes and a name comes from his lips.

GUS
(sibilantly, as if he were awakening somebody)
Hey, Rosie!

220 INT. LIFEBOAT (DAWN TWILIGHT) - CLOSE SHOT - ALICE, ASLEEP

We cannot see her face, we recognize her only by her dress.

GUS'S VOICE
Rosie!

The figure of Alice stirs and the head comes up, but it's Rosie's head. She looks just as Rosie should look but is dressed in Alice's outfit. She's yawning widely and chewing on bubble gum. CAMERA MOVES CLOSER to Rosie's face as she blows the gum into a bubble. As the bubble bursts:

221 INT. LIFEBOAT (DAWN TWILIGHT) - CLOSE SHOT (ANOTHER ANGLE)
Rosie changes to Alice.

ALICE
Go to sleep, Gus.

She sinks back to sleep herself.

222 INT. LIFEBOAT (DAWN TWILIGHT) - CLOSE SHOT - GUS

GUS
Sleep? What for?

Now the flute music actually does become Harry James' trumpet and back of it comes a full swing band in a hot rendition of some well known swing tune.

GUS
I wanna dance -- I wanna dance all night.

From the idyllic expression on Gus's face we know he has left the lifeboat. He's in Roseland now, dancing with Rosie; his eyes closed, his voice low and tender.
GUS

Gee, Rosie baby, you're an armful - an armful o' honey, that's what you are... Been a good girl, sugar? Did you miss me? Do you notice sumpin' different? I mean I... How'm I doin'? I mean I... Well, when you been away on a cruise it takes a little time to get your land legs back again, kinda, an' I thought maybe I... Say, Rosie, I'm thirsty. How about a drink?... Set 'em up, Rudy -- tall ones, plenty of ice... Here's lookin' at you, Rosie.

As he lifts the glass in a toast to Rosie.

INT. LIFEBOAT (DAWN TWILIGHT) - CLOSE SHOT - THE GERMAN

At an ANGLE SHOOTING UP, we see him lifting Mrs. Porter's flask, about a quarter filled with water, to his lips. CAMERA MOVES UP CLOSER to his face so that it FILLS THE ENTIRE SCREEN as he drinks from the flask. A little of the water dribbles down the side of his mouth.

INT. LIFEBOAT (DAWN TWILIGHT) - CLOSE SHOT - GUS

He's looking off-sheen toward the German, drinking. He does not react particularly, but the background music stops and Gus is now hovering on the borderline between sense and delirium. His eyes grow puzzled as if he's trying to figure out a mystery but can't. CAMERA MOVES PAST him to take in Stanley. Gus's hand nudges Stanley. He jiggles Stanley's shoulder, trying to rouse him. At first Stanley ignores this, but finally his eyes open.

STANLEY
(drowsily)
What is it, Gus?

GUS
(quite matter of fact)
Willi's got some water.

STANLEY
(like humoring a child)
Yes, Gus.

Another one of Gus's vagaries of delirium. Stanley's eyes close again. Gus has edged closer to Stanley and his mouth is against Stanley's ear. Again he shakes Stanley by the shoulder, trying to rouse him from the stupor which is more exhaustion than sleep. Stanley's eyes remain closed. Gus speaks into his ear.

GUS
I just had a tall one, with plenty of ice.

(CONTINUED)
Stanley answers automatically without opening his eyes. We get the feeling he hasn't even heard what Gus has said.

STANLEY

Sure, Gus.

GUS

But Willi only had water.

STANLEY

Sure.

GUS

I better get back to Rosie.

Stanley doesn't answer. He's asleep. Slowly, painfully, Gus starts to crawl to the edge of the boat. CAMERA MOVES BACK to take in the German, rowing. He turns his head as he hears Gus crawl over behind him, and, without pausing in his rowing, watches. Gus gets hold of the side of the boat behind where the German is rowing. With great effort he starts to get to his feet. The German watches. He makes no effort to either help or hinder Gus. Finally, holding onto the side of the boat, Gus manages to stand up. It has taken his last ounce of strength to make it and he breathes heavily.

GUS

Willi, where'd you get the water?

The German makes a warning gesture, finger to lip.

GUS

(raises his voice a little)

You been holdin' out on us.

THE GERMAN

Ssh...you mustn't wake up the others. They're tired.

GUS

How about you? Ain't you tired?

No.

THE GERMAN

GUS

Me neither. I feel fine. Except my right foot's asleep.

—he grins at the German

I can hardly feel it.

He looks down and his smile fades. Then he looks at the German again.

(CONTINUED)
GUS

Tell me, Willi - should I oughta write Rosie first an' tell her about -- about it -- or should I wait'll I see her?

THE GERMAN

Wait till you see her.

GUS

I can't walk in on her, gimpy an' all, without no warnin', can I? I gotta find some way to break it to her gentle.

THE GERMAN

It'll be all right.

GUS

Okay. So long, Willi -

(he extends his hand)

The German takes it.

THE GERMAN

(tenderly)

Goodbye, Gus.

Gus looks at him, vainly trying to break through the fog of fever, but it's no go.

GUS

I'll never forget what you done for me, Willi. If they's anything I can ever do for you, just speak up.

THE GERMAN

There is something you can do for me. You can remember your name is Schmidt.

Gus tries to dope this out.

GUS

You like it better'n Smith?

THE GERMAN

Much better. You'd better hurry, Gus, she's waiting.

GUS

Yeah.

Again the look of accusation comes into Gus's eyes.

GUS

That water you was drinkin' --
224 (Cont. 2)

THE GERMAN
(urgently)
Rosie's waiting for you.

GUS
Why didn't you share it with the rest of us?

He turns his head as if about to rouse the others, and the German's hand comes up to Gus's chest in a restraining gesture.

THE GERMAN
Gus, don't wake them up.

GUS
Okay, Willi.

His mind struggles between illusion and reality. He looks toward the others, then down at the German's hand on his chest.

THE GERMAN
Why don't you go off to Rosie? She's waiting at Roseland. There - don't you see the lights?

As Gus turns his head to look for the lights of Roseland the German gives him a slight push and Gus goes overboard. There's no splash, just a murmurous plop as Gus's body slips into the water.

225 EXT. SEA (DAWN TWILIGHT) - CLOSE SHOT - GUS

Instinctively trying to swim. The shock of immersion yanks him out of his delirium and for an instant sanity comes back, and with it, terror.

GUS
(in a strangled cry)
Help!

226 INT. LIFEBOAT (DAWN TWILIGHT) - CLOSE SHOT - STANLEY

Gus's voice comes into the SHOT.

GUS'S VOICE
Stanley!

Stanley wakes and gets up.

GUS'S VOICE
Stanley!

Stanley gets to his knees and looks off toward:
227 EXT. SEA (DAWN TWILIGHT) - CLOSE SHOT - GUS

Trying to keep afloat.

GUS

Willi -- he's got --

The words are cut off by the water in his mouth, as he sinks below the surface of the sea.

228 INT. LIFEBOAT (DAWN TWILIGHT) - CLOSE SHOT - THE GROUP

There's a stirring among the bodies stretched out on the boat, awakened by the cries of the drowning man. The German rests on his ears as the others get to their feet.

RITTENHOUSE

(frightened)

Willi, what is it? What happened?

THE GERMAN

Schmidt went over the side.

STANLEY

He was calling my name. That's what woke me.

THE GERMAN

You can't imagine how painful it was to me all night long to watch him, turning about and suffering, and nothing I could do for him.

KOVAC

Why didn't you stop rowing?

THE GERMAN

Why should I?

STANLEY

To help him.

THE GERMAN

The best way to help him was to let him go.

There is silence. They stare at him. Once again we get the feeling of isolation for the German. Suddenly he is no longer part of a group, but an individual alone, aloof, almost of a different species from the rest. He continues affably, like a school master explaining something to a group of not very bright pupils.

THE GERMAN

I had no right to stop him, even if I wanted to. A poor cripple, dying of hunger and thirst - what good would life be to a man like that?

(CONTINUED)
He grows uneasy at the way the others are looking at him. Their silence is far more damning than words.

STANLEY
Gus was trying to tell me something.
If I could only remember --

THE GERMAN
He's better off now, out of his trouble.

STANLEY
It was something about water.

Suddenly Mrs. Porter and Kovac, by some telepathic current between them, get the same notion and look at each other. A hunted look creeps into the German's eyes as he watches them.

ALICE
He was in agony from thirst. I wanted to cry, but the tears wouldn't come.

MRS. PORTER
No, how could they?
(to the German, quite casually)
If I remember rightly, tears are water with a trace of sodium chloride.

INT. LIFEBOAT (DAWN TWILIGHT) - CLOSEUP - THE GERMAN

His forehead is covered with beads of sweat.

MRS. PORTER'S VOICE
Isn't that so, Willi?

THE GERMAN
Ja.

INT. LIFEBOAT (DAWN TWILIGHT) - CLOSE SHOT - THE GROUP

kovac
What about sweat?

Instinctively the German lifts his hand and with the back of it wipes the sweat off his brow.

kovac
What's the chemical composition of sweat?

MRS. PORTER
Water, with a trace of something or other.

(continued)
STANLEY

Now I remember --

He pauses.

231 INT. LIFEBOAT (DAWN TWILIGHT) - CLOSE GROUP SHOT

Featuring Stanley, and taking in Alice, Mrs. Porter, Kovac and Rittenhouse as, for a moment, they take their eyes off the German to look at Stanley.

STANLEY

Gus said that Willi had some water.

JOE'S VOICE

Yes, sir!

They all react sharply to:

232 INT. LIFEBOAT (DAWN TWILIGHT) - CLOSE SHOT - THE GERMAN

Next to him Joe is holding up Mrs. Porter's flask, with an inch or so of water in it. Obviously he has just purloined it from the German.

JOE

Right under his shirt --

The German reaches up and grabs Joe's wrist. They struggle. The flask falls and breaks.

233 INT. LIFEBOAT (DAWN TWILIGHT) - CLOSE SHOT - THE GROUP

The others look down with mute anguish at the broken flask, with its precious fluid wasted, and then, slowly, they turn their gaze at the German, with a silent, overwhelming hostility. The German shows no sign of either fear or guilt.

THE GERMAN

Quite so.

Still they stare, wordless, as if the strangling hate in their hearts has stricken them dumb.

THE GERMAN

I took the precaution of filling the flask from the water breaker before the storm -- just in case of emergency.

There's a striking contrast between the quiet, reasonable talk, and the aura of hatred that hovers about the group like something visible and palpable.

The German continues in a calm rational manner.

(CONTINUED)
THE GERMAN
And I had food tablets and energy pills, too. Everybody on a U-boat has them. You should be grateful I had the foresight to think of such things. To survive one must have a plan.

INT. LIFEBOAT (DAWN TWILIGHT) - CLOSE PAN SHOT - THE FACES OF THE OTHERS
Their eyes fixed upon the German as upon a loathsome reptile, creeping up on them.

THE GERMAN'S VOICE
There's nothing to worry about -- soon we'll reach the supply ship -- and then we'll all have food and water. It's too bad Schmidt couldn't have waited.

CAMERA now is on Alice's face and we can hardly recognize it for the hate which has transfigured it. Strangely enough it is Alice who, with an animal cry, is the first to hurl herself at the German.

INT. LIFEBOAT (DAWN TWILIGHT) - CLOSE SHOT - THE GROUP
Alice's attack is like a trigger that releases in them -- men and women alike -- the same uncontrollable desire to kill. Now they all leap at the German.

INT. LIFEBOAT (DAWN TWILIGHT) - CLOSE SHOT - JOE
Aloof, motionless -- the only one who doesn't take part in the attack on the German. Into the SHOT, hurled backward by a blow on the face by the German, staggers Alice, right into Joe's arms. There is blood trickling from her mouth. He holds onto her, trying to prevent her from going back to attack on the German.

JOE
Please don't -- please -- Miss Alice --
She wrenches herself free and hurls herself forward again.

INT. LIFEBOAT (DAWN TWILIGHT) - CLOSE SHOT - THE GROUP
The ferocity of the attack is intensified by the complete silence under which it takes place. The German is like a bear, ambushed by a pack of wolves. The two women, if anything, are more unbridled and primitive in their attack than the men. Alice, who knew nothing of war, and whose business was only to mend, now finds out about war.

(CONTINUED)
and thinks only of how to destroy. Mrs. Porter's brittle sophistication has cracked in her lust to kill. The bear is strong, the wolves are famished and weak, but they are five to one, and their hatred lends them strength. They fight with fist, tooth and nail, hitting, kicking, biting, clawing. They are lost in their orgasm of murder. The boat rolls and pitches with the struggle, threatens to capsize, but none of them notice this or care about it. They have only one instinct - to kill.

INT. LIFEBOAT (DAWN TWILIGHT) - CLOSE SHOT - JOE

INTERCUT with the ACTION SHOTS -- of Joe, as he watches, his expression a compound of terror and compassion.

INT. LIFEBOAT (SUNRISE) - CLOSE SHOT - THE GROUP

The sun is beginning to rise now, dawn is coming. The job of executing the German is done clumsily. His face is bruised and bleeding from the clawing nails of the women. Overcome by the sheer weight of attack, he momentarily grabs hold of the edge of a seat for support. Mrs. Porter kicks at his hands until they let go. Two boots of the men crash into the face of the German when he's down. You get the feeling it's a snake or some poisonous toad that's being killed, rather than a man. And in the end, it's the uptilting of the craft, by the weight of the struggle on one side of the boat, that sends the German overboard. The German grabs for the side of the boat. Kovac and Stanley kick at his hands and they let go. Rittenhouse has bent down and picked up the discarded shoe from Gus's amputated leg. As the German makes another clutch at the side of the boat, Rittenhouse uses the shoe as a cudgel, with the fury of a maniac, beats with it at the German's face until he lets go.

And now the German, like Gus, utters a shout of some sort, but the water in his mouth, as he sinks, drowns out the sound of it. Could it have been "Heil Hitler!"

INT. LIFEBOAT (SUNRISE) - CLOSE SHOT - ANOTHER ANGLE

By now the new day has dawned. Panting and exhausted, their blood lust sated, they sit in the boat and look at each other.

JOE

There's only five of you, but you're a mob.

(reproachfully to Alice)

And you're the ringleader.

Alice stands, ashamed and miserable. Stanley comes to her side. Instinctively she seeks the refuge of his arms. As he puts them protectingly around her shoulders:
The survivors of the lifeboat are seated about in a dejected group. We get the feeling they have acknowledged final defeat. Rittenhouse's cigar is down to its last ragged half inch.

**RITTENHOUSE**
To my dying day I'll never understand Willi and what he did. He tried to kill us all with his torpedoes but we pulled him out of the sea anyway and took him aboard and shared everything with him, and all he could do was to plot against us. What do you do with people like that?

Nobody has an answer for him. He then offers a brilliant suggestion.

**RITTENHOUSE**
Maybe somebody ought to try to row.

Nobody stirs. Rittenhouse answers the question in his own and everybody else's mind.

**RITTENHOUSE**
Where to?

Silence. He takes the cigar stub out of his mouth and looks at it speculatively.

**RITTENHOUSE**
What for?

He throws the cigar stub into the sea -- a gesture of unconditional surrender.

**RITTENHOUSE**
When we killed the German we killed our motor.

**JOE**
No, sir, we still got a motor.

**RITTENHOUSE**
Who?

Joe looks up; that's his only answer.

**RITTENHOUSE**
(shakes his head)
Nah! We're through.
INT. LIFEBOAT (EARLY MORNING) - TWO SHOT - STANLEY AND ALICE

They're seated together, a little removed from the rest. Alice looks at Stanley as if to say: "Do you agree with him?" Stanley nods.

STANLEY
As a matter of fact, we'll probably never get out of this.

ALICE
That's what I think.

STANLEY
Are you afraid?

Alice considers this a minute before answering.

ALICE
I don't think so.

STANLEY
You know, if we had, I was going to ask you to marry me. What do you think you'd have said?

ALICE
I think I would have said yes.

STANLEY
Well, then, whatever happens, I'd like you to marry me.

ALICE
Stan, that's silly. When people get married it's to share the rest of their lives together.

STANLEY
That's right.

ALICE
You still think we may be rescued?

STANLEY
No. We're for it all right. But, then, when you come to think of it, so is everybody else on earth eventually. Funny, isn't it? A lifetime seems just like a few hours, when you come to the end. And a few hours can be a whole lifetime, if you —

-(urgently)
Will you? I mean here — now —

(CONTINUED)
ALICE

But Stan, how can we —

STANLEY

Why can't we say the words ourselves?

ALICE

There's no reason, I guess.

They're discussing the matter as if there were nobody else on the boat. To them, at the moment, it's so. He refreshes his memory of the marriage ceremony by mumbling the words to himself.

STANLEY

(mumbling, barely audible)

Take lawful wedded wife... better, worse, richer, poorer...

(louder, to Alice)

all you have to say is... I take you, Stanley (he reaches for her hand)

Alice...

(his voice trembles as he continues)

I take you, Alice, for my lawful wedded wife.

ALICE

I take you, Stanley —

STANLEY

For better, or for worse, for richer or poorer, in sickness and in health —

Till —

He can't bring himself to say it, Mrs. Porter says it for him.

MRS. PORTER'S VOICE

(sarcastic)

Till death do you part?

As they look up:

251 INT. LIFEBOAT (EARLY MORNING) — CLOSE SHOT — THE GROUP

MRS. PORTER

Congratulations! Well, that's settled!

She looks at the beaten figures of Kovac, Rittenhouse and Joe.

MRS. PORTER

And what, now, little men?
Their heads come up slowly, dispiritedly.

RITENHOUSE
I've been a widower for eighteen years. I have no children. All I will leave are a great many millions of dollars. I hope they'll do some good.

MRS. PORTER
So we're all going to fold up and die just because that ersatz superman is gone.

RITENHOUSE
My only regret is, that in the end, I joined a mob.

MRS. PORTER
Baloney! We weren't a mob when we killed him.
(with fine scorn)
We were a mob when we sat around, kowtowing to him, obeying him, practically heiling him, because he was kind enough and strong enough to take us to a concentration camp!

She gets to her feet, her eyes flashing, and fixes her gaze on Alice and Stanley.

MRS. PORTER
You two -- Mr. and Mrs. -- you're married now, in the presence of witnesses. And how are you going to start life together? By dying?
(his eyes wander over to the others)
Good grief, look at you!

Rittenhouse cowards before her scornful gaze.

MRS. PORTER
Rittenhouse -- C.J. Rittenhouse -- self-made man! Made of what?

For an instant it looks as if she might tell him in a four letter word, but she spares him that.

MRS. PORTER
As long as you're sitting there thinking of your last will and testament. I'll write your epitaph for you now -- "Ritt, Ritt: the man who quit"
MRS. PORTER (Cont.)
(she turns her taunting
wrath on Kovac)
And that goes for you, too, Narcissus!
There's room on your chest for another
letter -- Q for quitter!
(to Joe)
And you, Joe, it's all right for you
to look up and trust in somebody --
but how about giving Him a hand?

MRS. PORTER
What's the matter with us? We not
only let the Nazi do our rowing for
us, but our thinking! Ye Gods and
little fishes!
(she stops and
repeats)
Fishes! Ye Gods!

MRS. PORTER
We haven't got energy pills, but
the sea's full of them -- millions
of fish swimming around! Why don't
we catch some?

RITTENHOUSE
We tried it. We have no bait.

Mrs. Porter hesitates, then looks at her hand with the
diamond bracelet.

SURE WE HAVE!

She rips the bracelet off and holds it aloft.

RITTENHOUSE
They stare at her dumbfounded.

KOVAC
Are you kidding?

SURE WE HAVE!

Kidding, my foot -- I'm starving!
Well, what're you standing around
for? Where's the fish line?
They all look around. Kovac spots Joe's line and bends to pick it up. Mrs. Porter thrusts the bracelet into his hand.

MRS. PORTER

(gaily)
Bait your line, chum!

Kovac starts to fix the bracelet to the end of the line. The whole atmosphere in the boat has changed magically. The mere promise of food has lifted their spirits extravagantly. They crowd about Kovac, all jabbering at once.

RITTENHOUSE: Not only food, but oil! We can squeeze the fish for the oil! It's better than water.

MRS. PORTER: I can recommend the bait. I should know — I bit on it myself.

ALICE: I've never eaten raw fish before.

STANLEY: Oh, I have many times — it's good.

RITTENHOUSE: Better not count our chickens before they're hatched.

KOVAC: What do you mean, chickens?

254 INT. LIFEBOAT (SUNRISE) - CLOSEUP - JOE

During this, Joe has sat by himself, detached, and taking no part in the activity. He keeps looking out to where the German drowned, his face mournful, his eyes infinitely sad. Part of the foregoing chatter comes over the SHOT.

255 INT. LIFEBOAT (SUNRISE) - CLOSE SHOT - GROUP

Kovac holds the end of the line aloft for inspection. The diamond bracelet turns and sparkles.

RITTENHOUSE

Wow! Show me the poor fish that won't bite on that!

Kovac turns and casts the line into the sea. On his knees, he holds onto the line as the others crouch about him; their faces intent, prayerful — their mouths open with excitement and hope — all except Joe, who sits by himself, staring out to sea.
UNDERWATER SHOT - THE BRACELET

As it sinks slowly below the surface of the sea.

CLOSE SHOT - THE FISHING LINE

A tugging at the line indicates the bait from Cartier's has attracted the attention of a fish.

INDIVIDUAL CLOSEUPS -
to
Rittenhouse, Kovac, Mrs. Porter, Alice, Stanley. These are INTERCUT with:

UNDERWATER SHOTS
to
A large fish is following the diamond bait. Each succeeding SHOT builds up the feeling that the fish is about to strike. This fact is reflected in the reactions of the INDIVIDUAL CLOSEUPS above.

INT. LIFEBOAT (SUNRISE) - CLOSE SHOT - THE GROUP

They know their lives depend on the caprice of the fish following the sparkling bait, and their expressions graphically reflect this knowledge. Not a word from any of them.

EXT. SEA (SUNRISE) - CLOSE SHOT - FISH LINE

Suddenly there's a powerful tug on the line. Over the SHOT, with all the power of five pairs of lungs, comes the sort of sound (in miniscule) that you hear in a football stadium when a long forward pass is completed, or in the ring when a fighter goes down from an uppercut.

INT. LIFEBOAT (SUNRISE) - CLOSE SHOT - THE GROUP

There's something animal, almost obscene in the expressions of the group around Kovac, who is tugging on the line that has suddenly become taut in his hands. It may be the line between life and death, and they all know it. We see the fish struggling fiercely as Kovac tugs at the line. The fish gets nearer and nearer to the lifeboat. Then Joe interrupts the tense silence by an announcement which he makes without any particular emotion.

JOE

There's a ship.

The matter-of-fact announcement wrenches the others momentarily from their preoccupation with the fish. They all look out to sea. Apparently it is no mirage.
EXT. SEA (SUNRISE) - LONG SHOT

On the horizon the ball of sun is just coming up, and sharply silhouetted against it is a ship.

INT. LIFEBOAT (SUNRISE) - CLOSE SHOT - THE GROUP

KOVAC

Gangway!

The fish line slips from his grasp as he leaps to action, grabbing an oar. In doing so, he bumps against Mrs. Porter and, as once before, early in their meeting, he knocks her over.

INT. LIFEBOAT (SUNRISE) - CLOSE SHOT - MRS. PORTER

- picking herself up.

MRS. PORTER

Why, you --

Suddenly she sees something which causes her to burst into a fit of hysterical laughter.

INSERT: THE FISH LINE

- rapidly disappearing over the side of the boat in the wake of the escaping fish.

INT. LIFEBOAT (SUNRISE) - CLOSE SHOT - THE GROUP

Mrs. Porter's immoderate laughter continues as the rest of them -- Rittenhouse, Joe, Alice and Stanley rush to help Kovac with the oar. Their combined strength, the energy borrowed from a last flicker of hope, sends the boat ahead toward the ship on the horizon.

INT. LIFEBOAT (SUNRISE) - FULL SCREEN CLOSEUP - MRS. PORTER

Screaming with laughter, as we

DISSOLVE TO:
INT. LIFEBOAT (DAY) - CLOSE SHOT - THE GROUP

They are all lined up on one side of the boat. CAMERA is close enough so that we can see the bleak emptiness in their eyes as they look off to:

EXT. SEA (DAY) - LONG SHOT (SERSEN)

The plate shows a nearer view of the supply ship approaching.

INT. LIFEBOAT (DAY) - CLOSE SHOT - THE GROUP

The four men and two women are so spent and exhausted that they haven't even got enough vitality to react to the implications of the approaching supply ship, and their talk is toneless and expressionless.

RITENHOUSE
It's the supply ship, all right.

KOVAC
(but without emotion)
Yes, she's flying the good old Nazi doublecross.

STANLEY
Well, Willi's got the last word, at that.

JOE
They're lowering a boat.

Mrs. Porter speaks with a lightness obviously contrived.

MRS. PORTER
Well, some of my best friends are in concentration camps. (to Stanley
and Alice)
Perhaps if you tell them you are just married they'll send you to the same camp.

As they stare out to sea:

EXT. SEA (DAY) - LONG SHOT (SERSEN)

The supply ship has launched a small boat which is pulling away from the ship and approaching in the direction of the lifeboat.

INT. LIFEBOAT (DAY) - CLOSE SHOT - THE GROUP

Only Rittenhouse seems to be recovering his spirits and getting a grip on himself.

(CONTINUED)
282 (Cont.)

RITTENHOUSE
(lecherously)
Do you suppose the ship'll have any
coffee -- real coffee?

A distant shout comes into the scene and they strain
forward to listen.

283 INT. LIFEBOAT (DAY) - CLOSE ANGLE - REVERSE SHOT
(SERSEN E.G.)

The Serzen plate shows the supply ship in the background
and the approaching small boat coming nearer. The men in
it are now visible. One of them is standing up and
shouting something in German.

284 INT. LIFEBOAT (DAY) - CLOSE SHOT - THE GROUP

Rittenhouse eagerly clutches Mrs. Porter's arm.

RITTENHOUSE
What did he say?

MRS. PORTER
He says, yes, they've got coffee --
and Wienschnitzel and pigs' knuckles
-- and sauer kraut -- and apple streudel
-- hot,

A joyous look comes into Rittenhouse's face, followed by
a delayed takem.

STANLEY
Look -- they're signalling --

285 EXT. SEA (DAY) - LONG SHOT (SERSEN)

The blinker of the supply ship is signalling. A figure
in the small boat sees the blinker, nudges the man
standing up and he turns. We see the small boat stop its
progress toward the lifeboat and start to turn.

286 INT. LIFEBOAT (DAY) - CLOSE SHOT - THE GROUP

Puzzled at the strange maneuvering of the small boat.

RITTENHOUSE
What's happening? Why are they
turning around?

MRS. PORTER
Maybe they forgot the cream for the
coffee.

(CONTINUED)
STANLEY
(unbelievingly)
They're not going to pick us up.

RITTENHOUSE
(agitated)
That's impossible! They can't leave us here like this! Why—why—it's inhuman!

EXT. SEA (DAY) - LONG SHOT (SESEN)
The small boat has now turned around completely and is rowing back toward the supply ship.

INT. LIFEBOAT (DAY) - CLOSE SHOT - THE GROUP

RITTENHOUSE
(with rising indignation)
In fact, it's a violation of international law.
(angrily)
What are you going to do, Kovac?

KOVAC
Sue them.

EXT. SEA (DAY) - LONG SHOT (SESEN)
The small boat is nearing the supply ship. Suddenly there's a flash of light on the far horizon behind it — almost like a flash of lightning.

INT. LIFEBOAT (DAY) - CLOSE SHOT - THE GROUP

There's the sound of a distant boom. There's sufficient time between the flash and the sound of explosion to indicate the distance of the origin of sound.

RITTENHOUSE
What's happening? Who are they shooting at?

MRS. PORTER
Whom are they shooting at?

EXT. SEA (DAY) - LONG SHOT (SESEN)
The small boat is quite near the mother ship now. Suddenly a huge geyser of water comes up between the small boat and the supply ship.
INT. LIFEBOAT (DAY) - CLOSE SHOT - THE GROUP
(SER SEN B.G.)

They strain forward, watching.

RITTENHOUSE

What's that?

As if in answer, another shell hits the water, each time closer to the lifeboat.

RITTENHOUSE

(aghast)
Do you know, I think we're being shelled by our own ship?

(angrily)
They're shooting at us! What's the matter with them? Can't they see us? Why don't we signal our position?

KOVA C

With what?

Rittenhouse's anger obliterates his fright.

RITTENHOUSE

But our own ship -- it's fantastic -- what're you going to do?

KOVA C

(irritatedly)
Take it up with the State Department.

EXT. SEA (DAY) - LONG SHOT (SER SEN)

Another flash on the horizon and the same effect of light and delayed boom, followed by the huge splash of the exploding shell. This time the shell hits closer to the supply ship.

INT. LIFEBOAT (DAY) - CLOSE SHOT - THE GROUP

Another shell hits behind the lifeboat. Mrs. Porter speaks. Her words are dry but her voice is shaky.

MRS. PORTER

I think it would be a good idea to get out of here.

Her words break the spell which has enveloped them all, and there's another mad rush for the car -- Stanley, Alice, Joe and Mrs. Porter scrambling after Kovac.

EXT. SEA (DAY) - LONG SHOT (SER SEN)

The small boat is now frantically rowing away from the supply ship. Suddenly the guns of the supply ship begin to fire toward the horizon.
296  INT. LIFEBOAT (DAY) - CLOSE SHOT - THE GROUP

The five at the oar strain with superhuman effort to pull away.

RITTENHOUSE

Where are we going?

297  EXT. SEA (DAY) - LONG SHOT (SERSEN)

The supply ship starts forward at top speed, her guns blazing at the right. The small boat is also rowing forward.

298  INT. LIFEBOAT (DAY) - CLOSE - THE GROUP

RITTENHOUSE

What's the best place to go?

299  EXT. SEA (DAY) - LONG SHOT (SERSEN)

A shell falls right beside the small boat. It's lifted clean into the air and tosses its occupants into the water.

300  INT. LIFEBOAT (DAY) - CLOSE SHOT - THE GROUP

The disaster to the small boat causes the people at the oar to stop their frenzied rowing. As they stare seaward:

301  EXT. SEA (DAY) - LONG SHOT (SERSEN)

There is nothing left of the small boat but splintered wreckage floating on the sea. The supply ship, guns still blazing, is coming toward the lifeboat at increasing speed.

302  INT. LIFEBOAT (DAY) - CLOSE SHOT - THE GROUP

The people at the oar realize that the supply ship is bearing down on them in a direct collision course, and they resume rowing even more violently than before to get out of the path of the oncoming supply ship.

303  EXT. SEA (DAY) - LONG SHOT (SERSEN)

The supply ship is bearing down on them at full speed. The firing in the distance continues, followed by the same pauses before the shell explosions. Geyser of water come up all around the onrushing supply ship.

304  INT. LIFEBOAT (DAY) - CLOSE SHOT (SERSEN B.G.)

The people at the oar pull with all their strength, their eyes fixed on the oncoming vessel. Their superhuman effort is just sufficient to move the lifeboat away from the path of the ship.
INT. LIFEBOAT (DAY) - CLOSE SHOT (SERSEN B.G.)

As the huge bulk of the ship grinds by, the people at the oar fling themselves to the bottom of the boat in full expectation that this is their finish. Kovac has one arm around Mrs. Porter, the other around Joe. Stanley's arm is around Alice. In this moment Rittenhouse crouches alone. Alice sees this and her arm goes around Rittenhouse's shoulder. They are like little children, acting instinctively and without inhibitions, as they crouch in the bottom of the boat.

306 EXT. SEA (DAY) - MED. SHOT (SERSEN)

The people in the lifeboat are tossed about as the lifeboat is bumped by the side of the supply ship going by.

INT. LIFEBOAT (DAY) - CLOSE SHOT - THE GROUP

The boat is tossed about in the wake of the retreating vessel. The people in the lifeboat hardly dare to look up. When they do:

MRS. PORTER
(a little cross-eyed)
In a word - Wow!

Kovac's eyes go upward in an involuntary gesture of gratitude for divine help. He does not say it, but he's thinking "Thank God!" He notices that next to him Joe has made the same gesture. Kovac grins sheepishly.

JOE
That wasn't really picking a pocket that time -- was it?

 KOVAC
Nah!

Then the attention of the rest of them is directed to Rittenhouse. As the others get to their feet he remains on his knees at the bottom of the boat. We see that his eyes are shut tight. He already considers himself as good as dead.

JOE
Relax, Mr. Rittenhouse.

Rittenhouse opens his eyes and a look of swooning relief comes into his face as he sees:

INT. LIFEBOAT (DAY) - CLOSE SHOT - THE GROUP (SERSEN)

In the background we see the whirling propellers of the supply ship which has just passed by.
The people in the lifeboat start getting up to stare at the stern of the supply ship now pulling away from the lifeboat, the propeller still showing.

The ANGLE now shows their faces. In the background there is just a touch of the supply ship pulling away. In the expressions on their faces we show their realization of the narrow margin by which they have just escaped death. A shell explodes in the water behind them, and acting on pure reflex, they fling themselves into the bottom of the lifeboat.

They are all crouching in the lifeboat now as a second shell strikes behind them.

The geyser of water produced by the exploding shell descends on the lifeboat and almost obliterates them. There's a terrific explosion, followed by a rain of small debris into the lifeboat. On the faces of the figures, as they look up, a great bright light is reflected, as though it were the setting sun. Kovac raises himself slightly and looks off as:

Shells have hit the supply ship and it has already begun to sink, going down rapidly.

One by one the group raise their heads. They are too awed by the sight to speak. They just look. The glare on their faces begins to die down.

The supply ship is just disappearing beneath the surface of the sea, the water finally extinguishing the roaring fire. Debris floats around, but by now the light is really going and after the glare has gone, everything looks dim and unreal.
INT. LIFEBOAT (DAY) - CLOSE SHOT - THE GROUP

The six in the lifeboat stand awed, frozen. Wordless, they react to:

EXT. SEA (DAY) - LONG SHOT (SERSEN)

Away off in the distance, a mere speck against the horizon, a warship has appeared.

INT. LIFEBOAT (DAY) - CLOSE SHOT - THE GROUP

They lock, six sinners, forgiven, and getting their first glimpse of heaven.

KOVAC

She ought to pick us up in about twenty minutes.

Rittenhouse visibly expands.

RITTENHOUSE

(in his old manner)

Well, folks, we're in business again. We --

He catches himself with a wry gesture of deprecation and subsides, muttering ruefully.

RITTENHOUSE

There I go again.

Suddenly and unaccountably Mrs. Porter turns and seeks refuge for her sobbing against Alice's breast. The others stare, stupefied. Mrs. Porter's tears are as great a miracle as their imminent rescue. Kovac looks out to sea, toward the approaching warship. The others turn away, embarrassed.

JOE

I only hope Mrs. Spencer hasn't been worrying too much.

STANLEY

Who's Mrs. Spencer?

JOE

My wife.

RITTENHOUSE

George, you're married?

JOE

Yes, sir. Those things happen to everybody.
He digs into his pocket for a wallet, opens it and hands it to Rittenhouse who looks at it, as Mrs. Porter gets control of herself and lets go of Alice, prey to a fresh panic.

MRS. PORTER

Twenty minutes! Good heavens!
My hair -- my nails -- I must
look a fright!

Out from somewhere comes her powder puff, her fragment of lipstick and the little mirror. She starts to use the lipstick, then remembers her manners and offers the lipstick to Alice.

MRS. PORTER

Here, darling -

ALICE

No, darling, you first.

MRS. PORTER

(as she starts doing her lips)

Y-see, one of my best friends is in the navy.

Stanley has come up to Alice. She smiles and a strange look comes into her face.

ALICE

Stanley -- do you realize I don't even know your last name?

STANLEY

You mean your last name.

(fondly)

Mrs. Garrett.

ALICE

How do you spell it?

STANLEY

G-A-double R-E-double T.

ALICE

(making sure she will remember it forever, murmurs)

Garrett.

During this Rittenhouse is gazing admiringly at something on the inside of Joe's wallet.

RITTENHOUSE

Nice! Mighty nice!
INSERT: PICTURE OF JOE'S FAMILY

in a cellophane section of the wallet. The group consists of Joe's wife, a good-looking woman, and their two children, a girl of about twelve, and a boy sixteen.

JOE'S VOICE
The boy goes to high school.

BACK TO SHOT

RITTENHOUSE
What's his name?

JOE
George.

RITTENHOUSE
(nods approvingly)
Oh.

JOE
George Washington Spencer.

Mrs. Porter comes up behind Kovac.

MRS. PORTER
Am I presentable, darling?

Kovac turns. Mrs. Porter shapes her freshly rouged mouth and lifts her face.

MRS. PORTER
How do I look?

Hands on hips, Kovac looks her over with approving appraisal. He nods, a speculative look in his eyes.

KOVAC
A million.

RITTENHOUSE
(to Joe, warmly)
A lovely family, George.

He sees Kovac and suddenly remembers something.

RITTENHOUSE
(dramatically pointing at Kovac)
Eighteen grand.
(comes over and puts both hands on Kovac's shoulders)
Kovac, I owe you eighteen grand!

KOVAC
Forget it.
RITTENHOUSE
No, sir -- C. J. Rittenhouse never
forgets.

MRS. PORTER
And he'll find a way to take it off
his income tax.

Yows'ri!
Playfully he socks Kovac in the midriff.

KOVAC
Well --

MRS. PORTER
And don't forget you owe me a bracelet!

Yows'mi!

KOVAC
And a typewriter!

Sure!

KOVAC
And a camera!

KOVAC
You bet!

MRS. PORTER
And a --

She breaks off suddenly with a startled expression. They
stare at her, then follow her popeyed gaze to:

321 INT. LIFEBOAT (DAY) - CLOSE SHOT AT SIDE
A couple of hands are clutching at the side of the life-
boat.

322 INT. LIFEBOAT (DAY) - CLOSE SHOT - THE GROUP
Joe is the first to reach the half-drowned sailor from
the shelled small boat, who has reached and grabbed hold
of the side of the lifeboat. Kovac and Stanley help Joe
haul the man into the boat. Even their strength is not
enough and the two women have to lend a hand before they
can hoist the body of the German sailor into the lifeboat.
As they do this CAMERA COMES UP CLOSE to him and we see
he's very young -- doesn't seem to be over seventeen.
THE GERMAN SAILOR

gasps
Danke schoen.

They look at each other speechless. Alice bends over the German sailor.

ALICE
He's hurt -- his arm -- let's get his coat off.

Mrs. Porter and Joe help Alice to get the boy's coat off.

323 INT. LIFEBOAT (DAY) - THREE SHOT - KOVAC, STANLEY, RITTENHOUSE

Kovac and Stanley look at each other and their gesture indicates: "Well, this is the last straw!" Rittenhouse, observing their reaction, visibly inflates with anger.

RITTENHOUSE
Hey -- wait a minute --

324 INT. LIFEBOAT (DAY) - CLOSE SHOT - REVERSE ANGLE

SHOOTING TOWARD Rittenhouse as the two women turn.

RITTENHOUSE
Have you forgotten about Willi, already?

They look at him astonished.

MRS. PORTER
But, Ritt, this is different. The lad's wounded.

Rittenhouse's placid businessman's face is a mask of fury.

RITTENHOUSE
Throw him back!

MRS. PORTER
(indignantly)
But he's utterly helpless -- only a baby --

(continued)
Rittenhouse suddenly makes a panicky step back. As the two women turn to look behind them:

INT. LIFEBOAT (DAY) - CLOSE SHOT - THE GERMAN SAILOR

Ratlike panic in his eyes, he's pointing a gun at them.

INT. LIFEBOAT (DAY) - CLOSE SHOT - THE GROUP

They are so stunned they seem not to be aware of the menace of the gun in the German boy's shaking hand. Their reaction is more astonishment than fright.

KOVAC

The baby has a toy.

JOE

(scowling)

Should've frisked him.

RITTENHOUSE

You see? You can't treat them like human beings. You've got to exterminate them. Or else --

Mrs. Porter suddenly spits out a word and her voice is that of a Prussian sergeant.

MRS. PORTER

Achtung! (Attention!)

For a split second the boy, acting on purely German reflex, wavers; just long enough for Joe's hand to shoot out and grab the wrist that holds the gun. Joe twists the wrist and the gun falls at Mrs. Porter's feet. She picks it up as Rittenhouse starts toward the German boy, his intent obviously homicidal. Kovac grabs him and holds him back.

KOVAC

Easy, Ritt, he'll be taken care of.

The German boy has been looking up at them and now he speaks:

THE GERMAN SAILOR

Werden Sie mich nicht umbringen? (Aren't you going to kill me?)

(continued)
MRS. PORTER
He says: "Aren't you going to kill me?"

She looks at the gun in her hand and throws it overboard. Then she looks again at the terrified, cowering figure of the German boy and her voice is deeply compassionate.

MRS. PORTER

Poor devil.

Already Alice has started to roll up the boy's sleeve to examine the wounded arm.

ALICE
I'll have to tie this up till the ship's doctor takes care of it.

(she turns)
A belt, somebody.

Shame-facedly Rittenhouse takes off his belt and hands it to Alice who goes to work fixing up the injured arm, assisted by Joe. Mrs. Porter stands at the side of the boat. And nearby, Kovac, Stanley and Rittenhouse, watching. All their enmity for the German they killed is changed into almost excessive consideration and concern for the German who has just tried to kill them. Under his breath Kovac repeats:

KOVAC
(mumbling)
"Aren't you going to kill me?"
(to Stanley)
What're you going to do with people like this?

STANLEY
I don't know... I was thinking of Mrs. Rigley... and her baby... and Gus -

CAMERA MOVES CLOSER to Mrs. Porter.

MRS. PORTER
Maybe they could answer that.

She looks into the flotsam-strewn water. CAMERA DRAWS BACK AND TILTS DOWN to pick up, as in the beginning, various items of wreckage from the blown-up German supply ship: A German sailor's hat with the name of the supply ship on it, a torn copy of a German newspaper, some empty oil drums, a couple of beer bottles with a German label on them, etc. And finally the ship's flag, floating among the debris, CAMERA COMES CLOSE to the Swastika and HOLDS on it as it begins to sink below the surface of the sea. As it sinks, the Swastika shimmers, becomes fainter, and is finally obliterated, as we

FINISH

FADE OUT