

J A W S

Final Draft Screenplay

by

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PRODUCERS:

RICHARD ZANUCK

DAVID

BROWN

JAWS

1 OVER BLACK
1

Sounds of the innerspaces rushing forward.

Then a splinter of blue light in the center of the picture. It breaks wide, showing the top and bottom a silhouetted curtain of razor sharp teeth suggesting that we are inside of a tremendous gullet, looking out at the onrushing undersea world at night. HEAR a symphony of underwater sounds: landslide, metabolic sounds, the rare and secret noises that certain undersea species share with each other.

CUT TO

2 EXT. LIGHTHOUSE - NIGHT
2

Caught in its blinding flash, the light moves on, fingering the fog. A lone buoy dongs somewhere out at sea.

3 EXT. AMITY MAINSTREET - NIGHT
3

The quaint little resort town is quiet in the middle of the night. A ground fog rounds a corner and begins spreading toward us. It fills over sidewalks and streets like some Biblical plague.

4 EXT. THE SOUTH SHORE OF LONG ISLAND - NIGHT
4

It is a pleasant, moonlit, windless night in mid-June. We see a long straight stretch of white beach. Behind the low dunes are the dark shapes of large expensive houses. The fog that has reached Amity proper is seen only as a low-hanging cloud that is pushing in from the sea. HEAR a number of voices singing. It sounds like an Eastern University's Alma Mater.

5 ANOTHER ANGLE - BEACH
5

A bonfire is blazing. Gathered around it are about a dozen young men and women who are merrily trading fight songs from their respective universities. Two young people break away

from the circle, Chrissie almost pulling a drunk and disorderly Tom Cassidy behind her.

6 CLOSEUP - CASSIDY
6

makes a clumsy try at kissing Christina but she laughs and ducks away.

7 ANOTHER PART OF THE BEACH
7

The fire, now one hundred yards in the b.g., silhouettes Chrissie running up a steep dune. Once there, she pauses to look at the ocean that we can only hear. Cassidy plods up the dune behind her, grossly out of shape.

Chrissie runs down a few steps, leaving Tom Cassidy reeling on the summit. Chrissie's dress, bra and panties fly toward Tom, who can't make a fist to catch them. The dress drapes over one half of his head. Soggily aroused, Cassidy struggles to get his shoe off.

But Chrissie is already in full flight toward the shore. In she goes, a delicate splash, surfacing in a cold ocean that is unusually placid. Chrissie pulls with her arms, drawing herself into deeper water.

That's when we see it. A gentle bulge in the water, a ripple that passes her a dozen feet away. A wave of pressure lifts her up and eases her down again. Her face shows the beginning of fear. Maybe it's Tom. She smiles and looks around for him, then her eyes go to the beach where Tom -- too drunk to stand -- one pantleg off, is struggling with his other shoe.

Chrissie
turns and starts for shore.

8 CLOSE - CHRISSIE
8

Her expression freezes. The water-lump is racing for her. It bolts her upright, out of the water to her hips, then slams her hard, whipping her in an upward arc of eight feet before she is jerked down to her open mouth. Another jolt to her floating hair. One hand claws the air, fingers trying to breathe, then it, too, is sucked below in a final and terrible jerking motion. HOLD on the churning froth of a baby whirlpool until we are sure it is over.

9 ANGLE - CASSIDY
9

in his undershorts, laughing, turning in slow stoned circles, a prisoner in his orange windbreaker that seems to have him in a full Nelson. He stumbles to his knees.

10 INTERIOR - MARTIN BRODY'S BEDROOM - DAWN
10

ALARM CLOCK-RADIO

giving weather bulletin: marina weather, westerly winds, light chop, etc.

A pair of bumps under the bedsheets. There is a rustling and two stockinged feet swing up and settle heavily on the floor. Follow them as the pad along from hardwood floor to bathroom tile. A light pops on and the feet arrive at a scale, board it.

11 INSERT - SCALE DIAL
11

In a blur it goes to 191. Then, as if by magic, the numbers float backward to 160.

12 ANGLE
12

Martin Brody at forty-two, stands rigid, lifting himself from the sink counter-top with both hands. Satisfied, he turns toward the mirror, squinting in the light, measuring himself up and down. Advancing waistline, receding hairline. Gray around the ears. Martin Brody makes another silent promise to get his act together -- tomorrow.

He reaches for the sliding mirror and opens the medicine cabinet. There is a travel brochure of Arizona attached to the shelf. Brody shakes his head and removes it. He closes the mirror which now reflects his wife, Ellen Brody, pert and poised off to one side.

ELLEN

Martin. Aren't you tired of Maine lobster, Long Island duckling and Ispwitch clams. Just once couldn't go for a Big Mac at the bottom of the Grand Canyon this summer?

BRODY

Look at me, I'm not even awake.

ELLEN

You've had no time off in two years, Martin.

BRODY

Living here is time off.

Brody opens the shower door to turn on the water. Ellen has scotch-taped a travel folder for exotic Mazatlan, Mexico on the shower head.

13 INTERIOR - BRODY BEDROOM - MORNING
13

Martin is getting dressed after his shower. Ellen stands by the curtained window.

BRODY

Larry Vaughn says we'll pull a record season. Ellen, we're collecting high

enough rentals to cover the mortgage payments for all three of our beach-front investments.

ELLEN

I know where we can invest in an Indian Chief Motor-home for the whole of August, drop it off in Aspen, Colorado and jet back to Boston by Labor Day.

Ellen pulls from behind her back three brochures of trailer home rentals.

BRODY

Uh...look, Ellie. Let's just ---

ELLEN

(completes the sentence)

-- play it by ear.

Ellen turns to open the curtains. Sunlight and ocean sparkle pour in. A glorious view.

ELLEN

(false happiness)

Another shitty day in Paradise.

The sunlight catches Brody's Police Chief badge as he slips on his shirt, and we discover why he can't go anywhere.

14 INTERIOR - BRODY'S KITCHEN - MORNING
14

Brody, ripping open a twenty-five pound bag of Kennel Ration as five hungry mutts somersault around his feet. The telephone rings, and Brody one-hands it as he attempts to sow all five doggy bowls with missed double-helpings.

BRODY

Mornin' Hendricks. What's what?

He listens, sours, and takes a breath.

BRODY

First goddamn weekend of the summer... great start!

(beat)

No...take him back to the beach. Maybe she washed in.

15 EXTERIOR - ISLAND HIGHWAY - MORNING
15

Martin Brody's Country Squire police wagon rushes past, taking the view to an enormous billboard depicting a typical summer day in Amity. A beautiful model splashes in the golden surf, languishing in a Solarcaine sun. AMITY WELCOMES YOU is written above her flailing arms.

16 EXTERIOR - AMITY BEACH - DAY

16

Three small figures in the landscape, walking the beach. The surf is rough and there is sea-floor debris strewn about from the receding tide.

17

CLOSER ANGLE

17

Deputy Hendricks is searching the shore about one hundred yards down wind. Meanwhile, Brody, in his casual police attire, and Tom Cassidy, still in the clothing we saw him in last night, poke around the smoking ashes of the bonfire. Brody fingers the missing girl's shoes, purse and clothes. In the daylight, Cassidy looks like a junior in High School and misconducts himself, wavering between inflated maturity and tear-blown adolescence.

BRODY

Christine what?

CASSIDY

Worthingsly...Worthington -- no one ever died on me before.

BRODY

You picked her up on the ferry.

CASSIDY

I didn't know her.

BRODY

And nobody else saw her in the water?

CASSIDY

Somebody could've -- because I was sort of passed out.

BRODY

Sounds to me like maybe she ran out on you.

CASSIDY

Oh, no, sir. I've never had a woman do that. I'm sure she drowned.

A shrill whistle makes them turn. Hendricks is fifty yards away, on his knees. He blows again, a feeble report this time.

BRODY

We may know in a minute.

Brody runs toward Hendricks, Cassidy hesitates, then follows with:

CASSIDY

(pathetically)

You can't make me look -- !

18

MASTER ANGLE - THE SAND DUNE

A skein of seaweed garnishes the base of this isolated dune. The booming waves and fizzing surf make dialogue inaudible.

Deputy Hendricks on hands and knees, looking white as a sheet. Brody tells Cassidy to wait at the foot of the dune, and ventures up. Hendricks stops him with a wave-off, saying something at the same time. Brody nods understanding and steps up cautiously. And looks down.

Whatever he sees has a marked effect on his entire physique. Kicking out with his foot, Brody sends dozens of angry horseshoe crabs in an escape frenzy and they boil over the top of the dune and down its slopes.

Cassidy takes a few uneasy steps backwards when Brody waves him over. He shakes his head. An awkward moment. Then Cassidy shuffles forward and up the few remaining feet, his eyes looking everywhere but down. Brody says something else and Cassidy shakes his head again, eyes out at sea. Brody puts his hand gently around the quaking man's shoulder. Nodding, he starts to look down, an inch at a time. He looks.

The jolt that assaults Cassidy is not unexpected. He falls backward in a sitting position as though shot. Nods yes -- it's her. Brody turns and slides off the dune, stumbling close. Hear his BREATHING. He looks around, envisioning the week ahead of him....

19 INTERIOR - BRODY'S OFFICE - DAY
19

Brody walks through the door and enters his office, holding a fizzing glass of Alka-Seltzer. Polly, his sixty-one year old secretary follows close on his heels with her shorthand pad of messages and reminders.

In the outer office, Hendricks and Cassidy slump into chairs, sipping from fizzing dixie cups.

Brody sits behind the typewriter, only to find that somebody has placed a travel folder to sunny Scottsdale, Arizona between the rolls of his Smith-Corona. He sighs and replaces the colorful brochure with the grim accident report. As he types, Polly reads his calendar to him, undaunted by Brody's heavy malaise.

POLLY

This is in no order of importance,
Chief: There's a meeting on the
Amity Town Council on Aging this
Monday night, Bentoncourt Hall.
The Fire Inspector wants you to go
over the fireworks site with him
before he catches the one o'clock
ferry. Mainly, you have a batch
of calls about that new Karate
school.

20 CLOSE - ACCIDENT REPORT

Brody has just typed the girl's name. He skips the space for Cause-of-Death, and just under it types the Next-of-Kin information he has collected from her wallet.

POLLY

Searle's Rent-a-Bike, the Rainy Ale, Tisberry's Hardware...they say it's those nine-year-olds from the school practicing karate on all those nice picket fences.

The phone rings and Polly picks it up.

POLLY

It's the Coroner. Somebody pass away in the night?

Brody nestles the phone between ear and collar, listening, as he turns to the typewriter.

BRODY

Jesus, Santos.

21 INSERT - ACCIDENT REPORT
21

Cause-of-Death line rolls into place. The hammers punch out: SHARK ATTACK.

22 BRODY
22

leans forward, staring at what he just wrote. Polly cocks her head and removes the phone from his ear.

POLLY

What's the matter?

Brody takes a breath. A new resolve comes over him.

BRODY

Polly, I want to know what water recreation the Island fathers have on for today.

POLLY

Right this minute?

Brody gets up and moves hastily toward the door.

23 BRODY'S OUTER OFFICE
23

Cassidy and Hendricks look up as Brody enters.

BRODY

(To Hendricks)
Where'd you hide the 'Beach Closed' signs?

HENDRICKS

We never had any. What's the problem?

A local merchant comes through the door.

LOCAL MERCHANT

Glad I caught you. There's a city truck with New Hampshire plates parked right in front of my....

Brody pushes past him and out the door.

24 EXTERIOR - AMITY MAIN STREET - DAY
24

In the busy center of a town preparing for the big Fourth of July weekend, Brody wends his way around sidewalk activity, purpose and haste in each stride. As he turns a corner a little man in a white smock emerges from the Funeral Parlor. This is Carl Santos, Amity's part-time coroner. Santos looks both ways before crossing Colonial Drive.

Brody passes Keisel's Bicycle Rental, navigating an awkward course through an odd assortment of Schwinn's that line the sidewalk in front of a demolished white picket fence. Keisel intercepts Brody on the run.

KEISEL

Eight to ten years old. Average size about five-four, otherwise the overhand chops would be higher up on the fences. And I have a pretty damn good idea who two of the little bastards are.

BRODY

(out-walking him)
Call me later in the afternoon, Harry.

25 ANGLE - AMITY GAZETTE NEWSPAPER OFFICE - PORCH
25

Santos emerges with Ben Meadows, the stylish, late-thirties editor of the Amity Gazette. Together they cut a beeline for the other side of the street.

25-A ANGLE - AMITY STREET
25-A

Past taverns and chowder shacks, past bleacher construction and July Fourth posters, Brody enters Lynwood's Hardware and Sporting Goods...so overstocked that beach umbrellas, aluminum deck chairs, and rainbow beach towels splash a surplus of color from the display window to the sidewalk.

26 INTERIOR - LYNWOOD'S HARDWARE & SPORTING GOODS - DAY
26

The store proprietor is busy at work on an inventory list with a mainland delivery man.

LYNWOOD

Stuff's no good to me in August
when the Pilgrims come in June...

(to Brody)

Go on and help yourself to whatever you need, Chief. Can you work the register?

27 EXTERIOR - LYNWOOD'S - DAY
27

Brody emerges with enough poster-board, wooden stakes, nails, paint, and brushes to close every beach on the island. He starts back the way he came when Hendricks shoots up the street in the patrol jeep. He stops fast enough to call attention, leans out the window.

HENDRICKS

(he has fully
read the report)

I sent Sammy out ahead of me to the South Chop beach until I can make up the signs.

BRODY

Let Polly do the printing.

HENDRICKS

There's a Scout troop in Avril Bay doing the mile swim for their Merit Badges. I couldn't call them in, there's no phones out there.

BRODY

Oh, brother! Gimme the keys, Lenny.

Brody leaps behind the wheel as Hendricks steps out.

28 EXTERIOR - VAUGHN'S REALTY - DAY
28

A secretary is removing four 8 x 10 glossies of beachfront houses from the display window, revealing Larry Vaughn, the Mayor of Amity, exchanging anxieties with Ben Meadows and Coroner Santos and two other city Selectmen. They come out in a group, reach the sunlight, and squint down the street as Brody careens around the corner and out of sight. Deputy Hendricks, laden with his arts and crafts, passes them on the street front.

VAUGHN

What have you got there, Lenny?

HENDRICKS

We had a shark attack at South Chop this morning, Mayor. Fatal. Gotta batten down the beach.

Vaughn and group exchange horrified looks, but we get the impression it is not in response to the shark-attack news.

VAUGHN

Who've you told this to, Lenny?

HENDRICKS

I just found out about it -- but there's a bunch of Boy Scouts in the water a coupla miles down the coast from where we found the girl. Avril Bay, thereabouts. Chief went to dry them off.

VAUGHN

(to Meadows)

Take my car, okay?

(to Hendricks)

You come with us, Lenny.

HENDRICKS

I've got all these signs here....

VAUGHN

C'mon, it'll give us time to think about what they're going to say.

They all crowd into a Cadillac El Dorado with Vaughn Realty signs on the doors.

29 EXTERIOR - AVRIL BAY - DAY
29

A flotilla of twenty exhausted Boy Scouts round a lifebuoy that marks the quarter-mile. A rowboat with Scoutmaster and bullhorn keeps pace.

30 ON THE BEACH
30

Two older Seascouts time the event with stop watches, and a couple of dozen parents look on, shading their eyes. Brody's jeep pulls up in the background and stops. He gets out and starts down to the breakwater when the Mayor's Cadillac pulls up and skids to a stop.

Brody pauses momentarily as Mayor Vaughn emerges, trying to affect an easygoing appearance. Reaching Brody, he slips an arm around his shoulder, trying to slow him as Brody leads the gang toward the breakwater and the slogging Scouts.

VAUGHN

Where are you going to get the authority to close the beaches?

Brody stops. He sees pitiful Hendricks standing by the car with the signboard material. Brody begins to slow burn.

BRODY

Are you asking me as the Mayor, or

as a Real Estate broker, or our of friendly interest, or what, Larry?

VAUGHN

I just want you aware of what you're doing before you tinker with the life blood of all those sage and discriminating souls who elected you. Next week's the goddam Fourth of July! We've got a couple thousand summer people coming over here who will gladly use the Cape Cod beaches if they can't use ours.

BRODY

So what you're suggesting is we lay out a smorgasbord for the shark. All you can eat for the price of a weekend on Amity Island.

VAUGHN

We're not even sure it was a shark.

BRODY

What else could do that?!

VAUGHN

(to Coroner Santos)
Boat propeller?

SANTOS

Possibly. Yes....

VAUGHN

Swims way out...night...fishing boat comes along ---

BRODY

(looking at
both of them)
What is this?

MEADOWS

We've never had shark trouble here, Martin. They don't come in close. No reefs, or fish-processing plants, slaughter houses. Nothing to keep it interested.

BRODY

You print whatever you want.

VAUGHN

Martin, sharks are like ax-murderers. People react to them with their guts.

Brody looks toward the open water. The Boy Scouts have made a turn and are passing the lifebuoy marking the three-quarter mile point.

MEADOWS

Whatever was out there is miles out to sea by now. Sharks don't have

swim bladders like most fish -- they have to keep moving or drown. Don't you know anything about them?

BRODY

I...don't go around the water much.

VAUGHN

It's one chance in a million this'll happen again.

(points)

Look at that...safe and sound.

The Boy Scouts are emerging exhausted; some flop down on their backs, happy it is over. Brody considers this.

VAUGHN

Had you yelled 'shark,' those Cub Scouts would have broken the free-style record for the hundred-meter, then busted our backs with word of mouth.

BRODY

If that's the test case for your million-to-one shot, I'm glad I lost.

Vaughn feels secure that Brody will not act in haste. He puts a hand on his shoulder, turns and walks him toward the cars.

VAUGHN

Listen, Chief -- the funniest thing -- you know the white picket fence around my realty office....

31 CLOSE QUINT
31

Rising like Neptune from out of the deep, Quint walks the sidewalk in the pool of his own shadow. He is a sleek and sinewy specimen, inches over six feet, and with a face making it hard to determine where the scars leave off and the wrinkles begin, though he is no older than fifty.

Quint seems to be heading for the local tavern when a crunch of seafaring fishermen pour out, forming an impenetrable knot around the sidewalk in front of him. One of them sees Quint, who approaches with no intention of slowing down. The seven fishermen never give it a second thought, they part like the Red Sea, clearing a beeline trail to the bar doors. Quint bursts through their obliging ranks and turns into the Music store. The tiny bell jingles daintily. Two of the Portuguese fishermen spit three times, taking no chances.

32 INT. AMITY MUSIC STORE - DAY
32

Quint brushes against the counter. The shopkeeper is helping a ten year old boy fix a new reed to his clarinet. The little boy produces a mellow low tone, then wonderingly rides the scale. With little or no effort, Quint's gnarled hand floats

up and drops like a sledge on the service bell. The shopkeeper's eyes pop up, the kid hits a bad note and squeaks.

QUINT

(forced politeness)

Four spools number twelve piano wire.

SHOPKEEPER

Catch any monsters lately, Mr. Quint?

Quint's eyes never leave the little boy. He is drilling him with a sidelong whammy. The boy feels Quint nailing him and a ragged assortment of squeaks, blurps and missed notes override the sounds of the shopkeeper unspooling the piano wire.

33 INTERIOR BRODY'S STUDY AT HOME - SUNSET
33

A riffly blur, color alternating with black and white. The dizziness stops on a book page showing a black and white rendering of eight species of shark. The banner at the top of the page reads: THE KNOWN AND REPUTED MANEATERS.

The riffling begins again, stops on a grizzly photograph of scar tissue on six former shark victims. Riffling -- stop. Photograph of five Ichthyologists posing on wooden stools, framed by the enormous jaws of a prehistoric shark from the family Carcharodon charcharias.

34 BRODY
34

his reading glasses reflecting a stack of twelve library books, all on the subject of sharks and shark attacks. The door opens and Ellen enters, quietly, in respect for Brody's mood.

ELLEN

Can you stand something to eat?

BRODY

Love a cup of tea. With lemon.

Ellen walks past Brody to the window and looks out the window which overlooks the south bay. It is the hour of dusk.

ELLEN

Mikey loves his birthday present.

BRODY

Where is he?

ELLEN

(with a slight laugh)

He's sitting in it.

Brody gets up, concerned, and joins her at the window.

ELLEN

Honey. He has it tied up to the jetty with a double-knot.

Michael is sitting in the boat, but two of his young school chums are in the water, swimming around it. Brody opens the window and calls down:

BRODY
Son! -- Out of the water now!

MICHAEL
My boat's neat, Dad!

BRODY
(turning to Ellen)
Tell him I want him out of the ocean.

ELLEN
It's three feet deep, Martin. You said that shark was half way back to Florida.

BRODY
(angry now)
Michael! Come inside the house!

ELLEN
It's his birthday tomorrow.

BRODY
I told him not to go out until he memorized the handbook, safety regulations and ---

Ellen's eyes drift down to the open book. One large text is open to a page of illustrations. Among them is the famous painting, The Gulf Stream, which depicts a black fisherman in a small dinghy much like Michael's, being assaulted by the pressing jaws of three man-eaters. Startled, Ellen closes the book, opens the window and sticks her head out.

ELLEN
You heard your father! Out now!

A jelly-bowl woman visitor to Amity's beaches plunges headlong into the white foam. There's enough of her stuffed into a one-piece bathing suit to sate the appetite of any shark for weeks. Remarkably buoyant, she chops at the water revealing other cheerful Sunday bathers trying to enjoy the last uncluttered weekend before the holiday crowds.

Brody is balefully alert this morning, sitting straight-back in his beach chair, coating the swimming area with careful looks. About ten other adults and a dozen children attend this casual birthday get-together.

MAX

I don't envy you this summer, Chief.
Every year the swarms get worse.

MAX'S WIFE

I know now why there's not a sane
Parisian left in Paris from July to
September.

Brody hears a SCREAM from the water. He cranes his neck past
Max's wife in order to see.

38 BRODY'S POINT OF VIEW
38

A young lady is being pulled underwater to her hair.
Instantly,
she is jerked up again -- sitting on her boyfriend's shoulders,
laughing hysterically.

BRODY

What?

MAX

What?

BRODY

Did you say something?

MAX

No -- yeah, I was wondering if it's
true. That you sit in your car
the whole while over on the
mainland ferry.

39 BRODY'S POINT OF VIEW
39

His son Michael along with sever other boys rush headlong
into the gentle surf with their inflatable rubber rafts.
Another youngster, Alex Kintner gathers up his Day-Glow yellow
raft, but his mother takes issue and a tug-of-war ensues.

Overlapping dialogue:

MAX'S WIFE

What a terrible thing to say.

ALEX

Please let me take my
raft, Mom!

MAX

C'mon Penny, I'm not ashamed
to admit that when I fly, my
feet sweat right through my
socks.

MOTHER

Let me see your fingertips.
(he holds them out)
They're beginning to prune.
Ten more minutes.

40 BRODY'S POINT OF VIEW
40

The fat woman is going out too far.

ALEX' VOICE

Fifteen!

We stay on the fat woman, almost hypnotically.

DENHERDER'S VOICE

I can't believe it! Brody!

41 CLOSE - BRODY

41

Snapping out of it. Looks up at the dripping Selectman.

BRODY

(false normalcy)

How's the water?

DENHERDER

Fine! Cold.

(to Ellen who
walks over and
sits next to Brody)

How'd you do it -- getting him to
the beach?

ELLEN

It's Michael's birthday.

DENHERDER

Hope we get this weather next
weekend!

42 BRODY'S POINT OF VIEW

42

The fat woman is not where he last remembered seeing her. He
sort of rises to one knee, his eyes combing the surf.

ELLEN

(kissing him on
the cheek)

Do you want me to call the boys in?
Honey, if this worries you ---

MAX

(bolting down
his drink)

Does this -- mortal fear of the
water have a clinical name, Martin?

BRODY

(throwing it away)

Drowning.

43 EXT. UNDERWATER - DAY

43

A fish-eye view of people lying on rafts. From below we see
the outlines of swimmers, arms and legs dangling tantalizingly
in the blue water. Traveling this way from raft to raft,
there comes a space of open water followed by a quick view of

a single raft. A pair of feet kicking and arms paddling produces bizarre underwater vibrations, louder than human ears would normally perceive.

44 ANGLE - SURFACE
44

The fat lady floating on her back, wearing pink sunglasses. A black object surfaces next to her. It emerges as a bather in a black bathing cap.

45 ANGLE - ALEX - WATER LEVEL
45

paddling in circles, making motorboat sounds.

46 ANGLE - TWO LOVERS
46

kissing, drawing each other below the surface.

47 ANGLE - BRODY'S SON
47

separating from his friends, eating a huge piece of cake and trying to steer with the other hand.

48 ANGLE - GROUP OF KIDS ON RUBBER RAFTS
48

They begin a water fight, slapping at the ocean with karate-type blows, sending little explosions of water at each other. Then, no more than ten feet beyond the fighting, a genuine water eruption upstages the child's play. Everybody turns just as the ocean flattens itself out again. A pug-faced over-sized twelve year old named "P.J." renews the fighting with a genuine Karate yell.

49 P.J.
49

He hits the water, which sprays all over another youngster.

50 CLOSE - MATHEW
50

His face dripping with red rivulets.

51 CLOSE - P.J.
51

Looks down at his hand. The water surrounding all the boys is slick with blood.

52 ANGLE - SHOREFRONT
52

People begin to congregate around an older gentleman, definitely a mainlander by his outfit.

MAINLANDER

It came out of the water. Didn't anybody else see it?

WOMAN TOURIST

There's blood.

53 CLOSE - BRODY
53

He stands all the way up this time. Parents begin calling -- a frantic inventory for lost children up and down the beach. Brody is on the move, barreling to the shoreline. He kicks up sand passing Alex' mother, who looks up from her novel annoyed.

BRODY

(top of his lungs)

MICHAEL -- ! EVERYBODY OUT OF THE WATER!! MICHAEL -- !

Other names from hysterical parents as the panic of a yet unseen tragedy rises.

54 ANGLE - MICHAEL
54

Appears from the shoot of a breaking wave. He is all right but the wave that curls after him carries the shredded pieces of the Day-Glow yellow raft. The foam that breaks wide on the sandy beach is tinged with pink.

55 INTERIOR - THE COUNTY COURTHOUSE AND COUNTY OFFICES - DAY
55

A crowd of men and women in an angry tangle outside of Brody's office. These are the shop owners, real estate brokers, hotel managers and Selectmen of the Island. Through the windows, the Southbeach High School Band is practicing for the Fourth of July Parade. Brody and Vaughn exit Brody's office and enter the fray.

VAUGHN

I'm glad everyone could make this meeting. Why don't we wander down the hall to my office where there's room.

All follow Brody and Vaughn. Meadows pushes through the crunch to speak.

MEADOWS

Don't keep us in suspense Mayor. What's the verdict?

Vaughn cannot bring himself to say it right away.

BRODY

Larry and I have agreed to close all beaches for a limited period

of time to give us a chance to contact the Port Authority and United States Coast Guard out on Montaux.

MRS. TAFT

Well, that could take all summer!

VAUGHN

Twenty-four hours.

BRODY

(turns angry)

We never agreed to that.

MR. WISEMAN

I do a thrifty business her but I'll not see it flourish at the price of any more lives.

MRS. TAFT

Three reservations cancelled and I still have August rentals open.

VAUGHN

So do I, Martha, so do I.

They reach Vaughn's office. It is being painted. Newspapers are strewn all over the floor and paint-splattered tarps over the furniture. Vaughn's secretary still dutifully takes calls.

SECRETARY

Larry, two Newsday reporters and one from the New York Times, calling every 15 minutes.

MR. POSNER

Good people, nobody saw a shark.

MEADOWS

What they'll print is maybe it was a shark.

MR. POSNER

Oh wonderful, and what we'll have is maybe a summer.

MR. POLK

Town'll lose tax revenue, municipal services'll deteriorate, the people'll begin to move away. Oh, I don't care. I never raised my kids to be somebody's lunch.

VAUGHN

We have no way of keeping the lid on what happened yesterday. There were well over a hundred bathers on the beach, three-quarters of them from the mainland.

Vaughn leads the way down the hall toward the Bureau of Records room.

MR. GARDNER

I'm not interested in participating
in any cover-up Mayor.

VAUGHN

I wouldn't worry too much about
that, Max. The President himself
couldn't stop the mushrooming at
this point.

Selectman Denherder almost whispers in Vaughn's ear.

DENHERDER

But couldn't we just say the kid
drowned?

VAUGHN

(whispering back)
We couldn't even find the little
bastard.

Vaughn opens the door to the Bureau of Records. About two dozen children sit around, twisting multi-colored Kleenex into artificial flowers for the big parade. Vaughn turns his face into a condescending grin.

VAUGHN

Could the big people have a grownup
meeting in here, please, children.

CHILD SPOKESMAN

Get lost.

A voice from behind Vaughn draws him away. It is a small but muscular black man named Salvatore.

SALVATORE'S VOICE

Mr. Vaughn?

He steps out of the shadows, hat in hand.

SALVATORE

Mister Quint sent me down from
Jacobstown.

VAUGHN

What for?

SALVATORE

Well...he out catchin' them things
every day practily. Price's right,
he come catch yours here.

VAUGHN

What's he get?

SALVATORE

Ten thousand and a color TV.

VAUGHN

(outraged)

How much?

SALVATORE

Twenty-seven inch. Japanese one.

Vaughn studies the little blinking man, ready to laugh.

VAUGHN

Mister Quint's services are not required, thanks.

(stopping a secretary)

Is there an empty office anywhere in this goddam building?

SECRETARY

Weights and Measures nobody ever uses.

Vaughn starts away and the crowd follows.

DENHERDER

I'd haul it in myself before I'd pay anything to that maniac...you wanna hear what he did to three friends of mine on a Saint Valentine's Day sporting charter?

They are halted in their tracks by the grim appearance of Mrs. Kintner and her benign father. She is dressed in church white with a black arm band. Mrs. Kintner never says a word. She has just tacked something to the community bulletin board and is walking through the parting crowd. With sympathy, all watch her leave, then press up to the cork board. Brody fights his way through everyone until we are standing over his shoulder, staring at a homemade poster that offers:

"ALL OR A FRACTION OF \$3000 BOUNTY TO THE MAN OR MEN WHO CATCH AND SLAUGHTER THE SHARK THAT SAVAGED ALEX M. KINTNER, JR. ON SUNDAY, JUNE 29 IN THE TOWN OF AMITY."

BRODY

(to Vaughn)

Listen, Larry, I'm going to talk to her. This isn't a contest we want everybody from Boston to Quebec entering.

MRS. TAFT

I agree. If she's going to advertise, I wouldn't recommend out-of-city papers. There's enough of us here in Amity could take care of this.

BRODY

Larry, I'm responsible for the

public safety around here....

VAUGHN

So I think tomorrow you should go
out with whoever, and see that
they don't get hurt.

BRODY

But nobody sport-fishes for shark!

No one will listen. Already plans are being discussed, sides
chosen, boats, tackle and tactics recommended. The din
overrules Brody, who we pull close to and ---

CUT TO

56 INT. QUINT'S CHUM SHED - DAY
56

A naked 100-watt bulb illuminates the electric grinder purring
in one corner. The slick black carcass of a pilot whale
dominates the lighted area.

Quint is hacking slabs off the whale with his Marine machete
as his mate, Salvatore rolls an empty barrel to the grinder.

SALVATORE

(suspicious)

Where you find this whale anyway?

QUINT

Way out. Dead as a doornail.

SALVATORE

How come harpoon holes in him?

Quint doesn't reply as he hacks away. The mate rolls away
a full barrel.

SALVATORE

You hardly never use this chummin'
for shark.

QUINT

For some kinds.

Quint muscles a new slab into the grinder, slowing it to a
low growl as it purees the blubber.

QUINT

Go hose the deck, we're chartered
for nine a.m.

SALVATORE

(awed, looking
at chum)

Think it's one of those they got
down there?

Quint's grim smile is reply enough. Salvatore, looking
worried,

indicates some barrels full of whale pulp.

SALVATORE

Load these on or what?

Quint is hacking revenge from the mutilated carcass. He spits away the dripping perspiration.

QUINT

'Not required'...you heard the man.

(answering Salvatore's question)

Just a regular charter tomorrow... I'll keep this on ice for a while.

57 ANGLE - QUINT'S MARINE CORP MACHETE
57

Chop, chop, chop....

CUT TO

58 A SHOVEL
58

whump, whump, whump...pounding the sharpened standard into the sand. The sign reads: NO SWIMMING OR WADING -- Amity P.D.

59 SUNSET ON THE BEACH
59

Hendricks and another deputy are assisting Brody. Silhouettes of townspeople look on like mourners at a funeral.

In the background some workmen are taking down the shutters from a quaint summer cottage. They pause to watch the declining moments of the day.

Three Selectmen also stand watching. One of them seems to be whispering bounty news to three youngish men on a nearby dune.

Sounds: Surf and hammering.

CUT TO

60 EXTERIOR - GRASSY INLET AND PIER - NIGHT
60

Selectman Denherder and his buddy, Charlie, a professional angler, push a wheelbarrow ahead of them as they near the tumble-down jetty that leads fifty feet out into the black water. Both men scuff along, exhausted.

DENHERDER

You wanna call it a night after here?

CHARLIE

It's only two-thirty. What, are you tired?

DENHERDER

Yeah, Charlie, I got my second wind three nibbles back.

Denherder hefts a bloodstained laundry bag from the wheelbarrow, revealing about a hundred feet of coiled dog chain and a large patched inner tube. Charlie takes out a monster hook and together they push the wheelbarrow onto the rickety pier that is only about five feet across.

DENHERDER

(reaching into the bag)
Leg of lamb this time?

CHARLIE

Screw lamb -- let's shoot the sirloin!

DENHERDER

(a hyena laugh)
We're blowin' half the bounty on bait ---

The splintered pier sways to and fro as the men reach the end and start to work. Charlie baits the hook with a massive chunk of sirloin while Denherder secures the loose end of chain to a skinny piling. Charlie then fastens the inner tube to the chain five feet from the end of the hook.

DENHERDER

One more after this, then I'm going home.

CHARLIE

Set?

Denherder tugs the chain against the piling to prove that it is. Charlie heaves the bait. Splash! The inner tube follows and both men eagerly watch as it floats seaward, the chain playing out from the wheelbarrow.

CHARLIE

Tide's taking it right out.

Charlie lights his pipe and sits back against a piling. He turns on his transistor radio and loops one end around a fractured board. Denherder paces, bored to death.

DENHERDER

You do this all the time, right, Charlie?

CHARLIE

Twenty years.

DENHERDER

I can't believe that people pay money to go fishing. This is really dumb. This isn't even relaxing...

it's just boring.

61 CLOSE - CHAIN IN WHEELBARROW
61

Suddenly zipping out, faster and faster, as both men straighten.

Denherder is goggle-eyed.

DENHERDER

Hey! What's this?

The chain is coming out so fast that it begins to drag the wheelbarrow to the end of the jetty. A section of chain tangles around the handle and flips the entire machine into the air. Both men watch dumbfounded as the inner tube, racing out to sea in a wake of white water, suddenly dips under.

CHARLIE

Look at him take it!

DENHERDER

Do I set the goddam hook?

CHARLIE

Let him do it! Go-go-go-go-go!

It is then that the chain whips taut against the narrow pilings.

62 CLOSE - PILING
62

A lineup of five decrepit 2 x 4 inch pilings SNAP with a resounding CRACK.

63 ANGLE - JETTY
63

The end of the jetty is yanked loose. Denherder is flipped like a chip over the side and into the cold night water, where he manages to snag hold of a splintered timber.

64 DENHERDER'S POINT OF VIEW
64

The severed section of jetty, a joined platform of footboards, is being dragged seaward with Charlie sitting dazed on top of it, his lit pipe still going.

DENHERDER

CHARLIE! JUMP!

Charlie rolls into the water, sputters, turns to watch the flotilla of wood draw away.

65 CLOSE - CHARLIE
65

looking seaward.

66 CHARLIE'S POINT OF VIEW
66

The end of the jetty makes a 180-degree turn and heads back in his direction.

CHARLIE
Holy Jesus Christ!

Denherder steps up on the broken-off piling just to be out of the water.

DENHERDER
Get the hell out! Charlie! Swim!

Charlie, inhaling terror, trying to slog to shore. The jetty is getting closer. Suddenly the chain dragging it through the water is severed, and the charging wood falls behind -- an enormous black fin breaks water like a periscope, making course corrections as it comes for Charlie.

Denherder jumps from piling to piling, almost losing his balance on his way to help Charlie. Charlie has reached the last pylon toward open sea, and his hands clamber for a hold. But ---

67 INSERT - CHARLIE'S HANDS
67

The algae is too slippery, and his fingers keep sliding back. That's when the fin behind him seems to reach up to the sky and -- CHARLIE SCREAMS. An explosion of water and bubbles mercifully blot out the image.

68 EXTERIOR - AMITY HARBOR - DAWN
68

Ben Gardner, ruddy faced and ornery, is a fisherman as seaworthy as they come. With his make, Swede, he starts to board the Flicka, a Bertram 28 Sports Fisherman. Absently, he makes preparations for casting off, his attention focused on surrounding dockside activity and ---

69 HIGH ANGLE - HARBOR
69

Chaos. A dozen cars and trucks double-parked on the dock with out-of-state plates from New Jersey, Rhode Island, Connecticut. Other vehicles are pulling up and parking. Men unloading their weapons. Boarding small boats.

A queue of up-islanders, down-islanders, out-of-towners at the boat rental shack. From rank amateurs in their green golf slacks to the alley-poor in levi tatters -- all of this disdainfully observed by Ben Gardner.

Cries of "Cast Off," the starting of diesel engines in contrast to the flooded baby Evenrudes -- all of this helped along by a lot of honcho swearing.

70 CLOSE - HARBORMASTER

Sleepy, the old salt bends over the dock, washing out his coffee pot in the oily harbor water. He sets down the pot, pulls a small wooden chair into position, on which teeters a bowl of Kellogg's Rice Krispies, and collapses into it with spoon in hand. He watches stoically as:

71 CLOSE - BRODY
71

Riding up on his police bicycle, Brody joins Deputy Hendricks who is trying to break up an argument at the Rental stand.

HENDRICKS

Christ, Martin, that Kintner lady must have taken out an ad in Field & Stream.

BRODY

Looks more like the Harvard Lampoon.

OUT-OF-TOWNER

I didn't come all the way out here from New Rochelle to be gouged in the seat of the pants by this loan shark.

BOAT RENTAL MAN

Prices always go up around here after June One -- isn't that right, Chief? If you want leaky boats at lower rates, go up to the Hamptons.

72 ANGLE FROM ONE OF THE BOUNTY BOATS
72

The narrow channel leading out of port lies ahead. An incoming boat, a Formula 22 Inboard/Outboard with 110 h.p. Volvo engines. A few of the smaller craft begin zig-zagging to clear the right-of-way, their wakes causing annoying chop in the bay.

73 ANGLE - INCOMING FORMULA 22
73

Matt Hooper, a bearded, backpacking young man, is at the helm, peering ahead at the ragtag armada. He ties up, revealing for the first time a seven-by-four foot steel cage in the stern, drawing some attention.

74 BACK TO DOCKSIDE
74

Another man and his two buddies heft a trash can into one of the boats. He lifts the lid, and the stench throws his head into near whiplash.

WALTER

What is this sewage?

BARWOOD

For chum. Let's move it.

WALTER

What's chum?

BARWOOD

Anything that attracts 'em.

Brody looks over the dockrail at the boarding. Eight men have piled into a tiny Glasstron and are now loading various and sundry weapons, from crossbows to spear guns. Brody walks over to the harbormaster.

BRODY

Isn't there a limit to how many men those boats'll carry?

HARBORMASTER

Sit down next to me, son, and we'll find out.

75 CLOSE - GARDNER

75

exchanging distasteful looks with his mate. He is casting off the bow lines just as Felix and Pratt, two down-island characters run over.

FELIX

(more a declaration)

Okay, we go out with you.

Gardner quickly pushes off, leaving Felix with his boarding leg in the air.

GARDNER

Hunt with the pack, sport. I'll fish for it my way.

Felix and Pratt make obscene gestures and run off, looking for boats not yet filled to capacity, trying to make a deal.

76 ANGLE - LANDING

76

Hooper sees Brody, up in arms about something, walking toward him. Hooper starts to speak, but Brody veers aside and yells over the pier at the loading boats.

BRODY

No dynamite! Hand that stuff over or you'll never leave port!

MAN IN BOAT

It's fireworks. I read somewhere it attracts 'em.

HOOPER

Sharks are equipped with two long

cords of nerve tissue that function as a sort of radar for homing in on underwater vibrations.

(to Brody)

Understand you're having a little shark trouble.

Brody turns and walks away, Hooper barely keeping up with him.

HOOPER

I know you have a visitor off your southern shores. I think it could be my shark.

BRODY

It belongs to whoever catches it.
(to a late arrival)
You'll move this car to a parking slot, mister, or it won't be here when you get back.

HOOPER

Sir, I'm not with these others ---

BRODY

It's always nice to meet an educated man.

HOOPER

I'm interning at the American Museum of Natural History, but the Oceanographic Research Institute in South Africa is co-sponsoring my thesis paper arm in arm with the Natural Institute of Health and the Marine Fishery Service.

Brody pauses to look hard at Hooper. A careless amateur trips
and falls
into the harbor beyond him.

BRODY

I don't have time to help you with your homework.

Brody goes over to lend a hand. Hooper persists.

HOOPER

I'm trying to prove that the shark that killed Christine Watkins last Friday was the same rogue that savaged these.

Hooper pushes a mimeographed sheet in front of Brody. About twenty names and addresses in all.

BRODY

One shark did all this?

HOOPER

(his excitement
multiplying as
he goes on)

The trail of a rogue shark leads all over the world. This is only a theory. It has never been authenticated, but there is a wonderful chance that the shark that killed the Watkins girl and the man-eater I tagged off the Great Barrier Reef are the one and the same. Off and on I've tracked it to New Zealand, Santiago Bay, Cape Town South Africa ...uh...the Gulf of Guinea, then West Palm Beach, Florida last December -- and finally predicted it would follow the warming Gulf Stream into the Northern Seasonal Zones, and release an attack pattern along the Jersey Coast. I was off by just three hundred miles. It hit you instead.

BRODY

You'll pardon me if I don't help you get your Ph.D. while my town here degenerates into some high-class ghost resort.

Brody starts away. In the background all boats are heading toward open ocean.

HOOPER

All I'm asking is for a little future cooperation. I could predict future outbursts of attack activity in the area. Use me...Let me use you. I scored 93 on my Orals, for crying out loud!

BRODY

We've had two other attacks since the Watkins thing, both fatal. Could you kill it for us?

HOOPER

(honest response)
No sir, I couldn't.

BRODY

Then how do we begin to cooperate?

HOOPER

By letting me see Christine Watkins.

77 EXTERIOR - OCEAN - DAY
77

The armada is spread out and moving in a ragged circle, fifteen boats in all. One man heaves cherry bombs into the water. A smaller boat going in the opposite direction offers us

Barwood, forking spaghetti leftovers into the ocean while his friend pours out a bottle of ketchup.

A speedboat chugs by, one of the occupants reading instructions aloud from a book entitled "Sharks - East Coast, Vol. I." A boatload of impoverished scallop fishermen throw a net overboard, full of gaps and split ends. The professionals look professional, but the landlubbers out for the \$3000 make it impossible for everybody. Collisions are barely averted.

78 THE RUBE GOLDBERG ERROR
78

thru

thru

84 The Out-of-Towner in a small boat is bent over in a life and
84 death struggle, his rod in a tight arc. His buddy leaps across to lend a hand.

Twenty yards away in another boat the same struggle ensues. This time it's the overloaded boat with the poor scallop

fisher-

men. Shouts of I'M ON! DIG IN! STRIKE! Then a tangle of tackle springs from the water. They have hooked each other.

Joy turns to swearing. Arnold Felix stands up to applaud the mishap, while his buddy Pratt takes careful aim with his Remington 1100 12-gauge and blasts at the tackle as if it were a clay pigeon. The tangle explodes ---

Both the Out-of-Towners and the Scallop Fisherman falls over backward ---

The Scallop boat swerves right, and bows into an eleven-foot Glasstron ---

A Proud Mariner standing in the stern with his 30.06 is knocked off balance and pitches forward into the drink, his gun exploding outward and ---

The wad of shot from the exploding rifle hits the rigging of a passing boat sending the jib, mains'l and about twenty pounds of rigging on top of the bewildered occupants.

85 ANGLE - HARRY'S BOAT
85

Three men are aboard, one holding a rod which holds a fast arc. A few yards off stern we see a triangular dorsal fin crossing back and forth, struggling, jerking, the mighty tail thrashing. One man is screaming success, the other two

slapping

the angler on the back.

86 CLOSE - PRATT AND FELIX
86

They spot it and sour.

PRATT

Well, get over there! He ain't

caught it yet!

The owner of Pratt's boat throws it forward and Pratt removes a .45 automatic from the holster of his belt. He tests it, firing once in the air. As they near the scene of the struggle, eleven other boats begin converging, until ---

87 HARRY'S BOAT
87

Everyone wants to get into the act. They are attacking the threshing beast with all they've got. Pratt uses his automatic, another blasts point blank with a shotgun. There are occasional water ricochets and the bounty hunters duck from time to time as bullets skip by. Finally, the shark stops threshing.

88 FELIX AND PRATT
88

Their boat has moved close to the shark, closer than Harry's.

PRATT
(exultant)
Hand me that pole! Quick!

One of his party in the over-filled boat grabs a gaff and leans out to grab the moribund shark. But Harry won't give up the line, still reeling in.

HARRY
Beat it! I hooked him!

PRATT
How's the family, Harry?
(to the man with gaff)
Go on and do it!

MAN WITH GAFF
We split down the middle?

Pratt nods reluctantly. The man swings, lodges the gaff and hauls the shark up onto the gunwale. A paroxysm of cheers from the surrounding boats. Smoke flares are fired into the air.

HARRY
(a tug-of-war)
Let go my shark!

It is a ten-foot blue, and what a mess -- splattered with bullet punctures, gashes, bleeding from several orifices. But it is not dead -- it kicks back to life and threatens to capsize the boat. Pratt panics and fires six times with his .45. The bullets pierce the shark's head, pass through, and split the fiberglass hull through which a flood of water rises. Every-body stands up as the boat slips beneath them.

89 HIGH ANGLE FROM SHORE

On a hummock overlooking the cluster of boats stands Quint. He is laughing out loud -- a sharp, piercing bark that has little real humor in it. Below, the circle of boats tighten around the spreading stain of crimson.

90 INTERIOR - MORGUE - DAY
90

Hooper is measuring the bite marks on the Day-Glow raft with his dial calibrators.

HOOPER

I'll look at her now if you don't mind.

91 ANGLE - BRODY, CORONER SANTOS, HOOPER
91

Hooper scribbles notes, then mumbles something inaudible into his pocket cassette recorder. Coroner Santos looks to Brody, plaintively.

CORONER SANTOS

That was a different sort of accident. As I told you ---

BRODY

(guilty, angry)
Let him.

The coroner hesitates, then walks to the ice chest and slides open the drawer.

92 CLOSE - HOOPER
92

At first his face registers shock. Then, with forced composure, Hooper steadies his hands and begins to take pictures with his Minolta.

HOOPER

I've heard the boat-propeller story several times. And the nocturnal hatchet-murder story, the dashed-upon-the-razor-coral story --
(to Brody)
The little boy was never found?

Brody nods, looking down at his feet.

HOOPER

They're very successful creatures, sharks. Eighty million year's antiquity for the species of the Great White. The family goes as far back as three-hundred million. Plenty of time to get good at what they do.

An attendant flies into the room, joyfully out of wind.

ATTENDANT

They called from the dock, Mr. Brody!
They got it!

93 CLOSE - HOOPER
93

He appears stunned.

94 CLOSE - BRODY
94

enjoying a lightheadedness he hasn't felt in weeks.

BRODY

Want to see?

95 EXT. - BREAKWATER LEADING TO THE PUBLIC BATHING AREA - DAY
95

96 A PROCESSION OF TWENTY MEN
96

dragging the shark by a tail-rope from harbor to beach.
A dog follows, barking at the remains of the blue. As they
arrive at the beach Meadows takes charge. Talks to both his
photographer and the bounty hunters.

MEADOWS

(to photographer)

I want a good one for under the
headline -- nearer the water. Get
a group shot with the shark. Use
it on page one, six inches by six
columns, center.

Some of the men have run ahead, happily knocking down some
of Brody's NO SWIMMING signs.

MEADOWS

(seeing this)

Great! Bring one over here.

In the background; voices, laughter. Some joke about the
"big-time fisherman" -- "Ben Gardner, not even back yet!"
Others open beer, throw frosty cans around, making it look
like a Miller's commercial.

Meadows positions the shark and vigilantes.

MEADOWS

Group around Charlie Tuna...that's
right. No, leave it clear in back
-- closer with the sign.

Brody and Hooper are seen approaching fifty yards up the
beach.

MEADOWS

Smile, boys! On three, drop the
sign.
(to photographer)
On three, Bill. One...two...three.

Click. Cheers.

MEADOWS
One more. Just the two prize-winners.

Mock groans as the posse moves aside. Pratt and the gaffer remain. One of the others raises the sign again for take two.

HARRY
I hooked him y'know?

MEADOWS
In a little tighter please.

The gaffer doesn't fancy sidling up to the critter.

GAFFER
Better check this bastard.

He starts to poke it in the eye. Pratt on the other side leans forward for a closer look, gaff in hand. The gaffer pokes the eye. The Blue shark is wide awake, a vicious lunge in the opposite direction that snaps the gaff in Pratt's hand completely in half.

VOICE IN CROWD
Christ! Ain't it dead?

Pratt squeezes out a little smile and shuffles eight feet to his right out of range. Hooper and Brody walk into the frozen tableau. Hooper walks over to the shark, eyeing it with both amusement and disappointment.

BRODY
Yours?

HOOPER
No, this one's a blue.

HARRY
(insisting)
I hooked him.

BRODY
(persisting)
Is it the one?

Hooper unravels a lab thermometer on a long nylon cord, twirling it over his head like a lariat, finally hurling it out into the ocean. He then unhooks a steel tape measure from his bag of tricks and spools out feet and inches from the shark's nose to tail.

HOOPER
It's sure big enough -- ten point

six feet.

PRATT

Who is this guy?

Hooper is reeling in his thermometer.

BRODY

(doesn't want to say
a 'student')

The Institute of Sharks sent him
to lend a hand -- Matt Hooper.

PRATT

That's right, except he's half a
day late now that I already caught
it.

97 HOOPER
97

reading the thermometer.

HOOPER

I'm not so sure. Blue sharks pretty
much operate on the warm-water law,
and limit their attacks to seventy
degrees and up.

(holding out thermometer)
Ocean's fifty-five.

PRATT

(after a stymied beat)
Who is this guy?

HOOPER

The Great White's body temperature
in the lateral musculature is almost
eighteen degrees above whatever the
temperature of the water. I don't
know if this is our bite culprit.

PRATT

(beginning to rave)
If you'd have seen the fight he put
up, you'd shut up. Hell, he ate a
nine-year-old boy yesterday morning,
the bastard, and goddammit...

(kicks the shark
in the nose)

...this is my shark!

Hooper removes from its sheath the meanest fourteen-inch
hunting knife Pratt has ever seen.

HOOPER

Only one way to know for sure...
(handing Pratt the
knife, handle first)
...and since it's not my shark, I'm
not slitting open the belly to see

what portions of the boy is still
inside. Am I...?

Groans are heard from the bounty hunters, some of whom start
to turn away.

98 CLOSE - BRODY
98

Uncomfortable and queasy at the thought of it.

99 CLOSE - PRATT
99

He wraps his hands behind him in defiance of the proffered
blade.

PRATT

(whiny)

Well, shit -- this guy caught it
with me. And Harry over there
hooked it!

100 ANGLE - HARRY
100

starts to whistle up toward the clouds.

101 BACK TO HOOPER
101

as he poises the knife himself toward the underbelly and ---

BRODY
Not here, Mr. Hooper ---

HOOPER
This could be it. He's big
enough all right, but I still
can't be sure until ---

BRODY
(nods toward
upper beach)
-- the boy's mother.

102 POINT OF VIEW
102

Mayor Vaughn, Mrs. Kintner and her father approaching.
Mrs. Kintner is draped in black mourning, and never utters
a sound. She lifts her veil, walks two paces forward and
spits down at the shark, takes two paces back and replaces
the veil, recovering her poise.

VAUGHN

(to Brody)

This it?

HOOPER

(interrupting)

I won't know until I perform a
full autopsy.

VAUGHN
(sotto to Brody)
Who is this kid?

BRODY
He's a fish expert from the Oceanographic Foundation.

VAUGHN
(looking him up and
down; in a wholly
irreverent tone)
Well, it doesn't take much of an
expert to see that this is the biggest,
ugliest, meanest-looking shark
ever hooked around Amity Island.
(to the gathering
of men)
Who caught her?

Harry steps forward, pointing.

HARRY
This guy, Pratt, and me.

VAUGHN
A thousand dollars apiece is not a
bad day's haul.

Vaughn begins shaking hands with the three winners, and Meadows snaps some bonus pictures. Mrs. Kintner's father draws close to Brody and Vaughn, handing Vaughn a card from his pocket.

FATHER
At whatever the cost, my daughter
has requested that all preparations
be made to ship this animal to her
home town of Marblehead, Mass. Can
you accommodate us?

VAUGHN
What the devil for?

Nary a blink from the old man, and Vaughn looks to Hooper, weighing the alternatives.

VAUGHN
We'll see it through, Mr. Sands.
(to Martin)
Martin, you start collecting those
signs. And keep your friend away
from that demon with his pigsticker
there. Let's show some respect for
the loss we've incurred.
(to Meadows; walking
him up the beach)
Get the story on the state wire.
Try to get AP and UPI to pick it
up in New York or Boston to put it
on the national. Call Dave Axelrod

in New York and tell him this is
from me, and he owes me one.

103 ANGLE - FATHER AND MRS. KINTNER
103

walking up the beach with Pratt, Harry and the gaffer follow-
ing behind.

104 BRODY
104

kneels next to the shark, making a face at the wafting stench.

BRODY
Some field you picked.

HOOPER
Well, there's dolphins -- but they
talk too much.

CUT TO

105 INT. RADIO ROOM - COAST GUARD STATION #4 - EVENING
105

One man is at the radio, another, a laundry-white officer,
walks toward Brody.

OFFICER
Can't seem to raise your Mr. Gardner.
Maybe his radio is out. Or he could
have put in somewhere else.

BRODY
He would have called his wife.

They walk out together, into an eerie dusk fog.

BRODY
No point sending up a plane, huh?

OFFICER
I'll get a patrol boat on it. If
you'd like to go ---

BRODY
(laughing under
his breath)
I don't do so hot on boats.

OFFICER
(going)
We'll contact you down there if ---

BRODY
(urgently
stopping him)
Listen ---

OFFICER

(they've been
over this)
Brody, sharks are always around.
Blues, browns, makos, thousands ---

BRODY
Can't you get rid of just one for
us?

OFFICER
Where is it? How do we find it?
It shouldn't come around again.
Odds are worse on the highways.

BRODY
But you could protect the beach -- !
I mean, you have access to ---

OFFICER
(stopping him)
We could put up a show. We could
give you spotters, but in where
the waves break, the water's
cloudy and it's hard to spot.
Or we could string out shark
repellent -- sometimes it's effec-
tive. But then, sometimes ---

BRODY
What do I do then? Pray for
lousy weather?

OFFICER
We're just the Coast Guard, Brody.

Brody walks into the fog until he disappears.

106 SLOW ANGLE - LIGHTHOUSE
106

Brody walking away from the station and lighthouse preoccupied
with a dozen alternative thoughts. A shattering blast from
the fog horn catches him unprepared and he nearly comes out
of his skin. Hands clasped to ears, he passes a sign that
can barely be seen through the fog: WARNING! FOG HORN CAN
BE DAMAGING TO YOUR HEARING!

107 EXTERIOR - FRONT PORCH OF BRODY'S HOUSE - NIGHT
107

Hooper is having after-dinner with Ellen and Martin
Brody, while a spectacular heat-lightning display colors the
night clouds and dances on the water miles out.

HOOPER
There're good things to be said
about meshing. It's worked in
Australia for years. Repellent's
a myth. Now there's a cable avail-
able charged with 7,000 amps that
could be strung along the entire

bathing area.

ELLEN

We have Kahlua, Mr. Hooper.

HOOPER

Matt. And I don't drink alcohol,
but thank you.

(back to Brody)

We think the Great Whites possess
an electrical sense ---

Michael walks in. He doesn't smile after the Sunday
incident. He is quite dry this evening, and is in possession
of a ghastly watercolor of a shark tearing a man in two.

MICHAEL

(shy, his eyes
on Hooper)

Mrs. Pfister had us all draw
sharks in school today.

BRODY

I told you not to wear that cracker-
jack ring. It's too big -- you're
gonna catch it on something and
lose a finger.

HOOPER

(always interested)

This is a very good rendering,
Mike. Looks like a thresher.
Where'd you learn to draw him?

MICHAEL

I -- cheated, and found pictures
in one of Dad's books.

HOOPER

(delighted)

Get bitten by the subject...or
just morbid curiosity?

BRODY

More in the spirit of the public
interest.

MICHAEL

Mrs. Pfister says if we have a bad
season, we could sell our pictures
to the tourists. We get to paint
through American History again
tomorrow.

Ellen and Brody exchange worried looks. Hooper digs around
in his pocket for something, then looks through his satchel
purse.

ELLEN

You want me to speak to her tomorrow?

Hooper hands Michael a shark's tooth on a wire necklace.

HOOPER

I picked this up in Macao. There's supposed to be a superstition about these things -- that if you keep it with you, you'll be safe from shark bite.

Michael smiles for the first time, and a warm moment passes between him and Hooper.

MICHAEL

I gotta show this to Guber.

BRODY

Don't sleep with that on, son. You'll cut something in the night.

ELLEN

(squeezing his hand
across the table)

That was nice. Michael hasn't smiled since his birthday party and that Kintner accident.

HOOPER

He was a witness?

BRODY

(changing subject,
referring to storm)

Yeah. Listen. I'm no crack meteorologist, but I think we're in store for some surf.

HOOPER

Hope not. I'm longlining in the morning. You should come along, Martin.

BRODY

In case you haven't caught the island gossip, I never take baths -- just showers.

HOOPER

Aquaphobia or what? Mind if I smoke?

BRODY

No. Here, wait.

Brody takes out a lighter as Hooper puts a twisted cigarette in his mouth. Instead of inhaling, Hooper takes a long hit, and it doesn't take long for the shock to beat the aroma to where Ellen and Martin sit.

HOOPER

(behind the hit)

I'm going to try and snag the old

boy with 3/32 of an inch stainless steel aircraft cable.

BRODY

(dubiously amused)
I could throw your ass in jail for that.

HOOPER

Brought my own cage, thanks. If this really is my shark, he's got a Peterson disc tag on his anal fin. It can't be seen from a boat.

BRODY

(growing anger at this young man's impudence)
Once hooked, what then?

Hooper brightens and reaches into his duffel, pulling out a shiny stainless steel object about the size of an alarm clock.

HOOPER

Biotelemetry. It's a radio collar. I bell the cat and then follow him anywhere. I'm trying to make a deal with a satellite tracking station at Houston, Texas.

BRODY

(getting riled)
Now let's wait a minute. You have him hooked, right?

HOOPER

(trying to be jovial)
Well, I'll never take him without a fight, but --

BRODY

And you stick that -- cigarette case to his neck?

HOOPER

(wondering where this is leading)
That's the game plan.

BRODY

Then you let it loose. You let it go free.

Hooper sees where this has arrived. He swallows the roach and takes a breath.

HOOPER

I know what you're saying, Martin.

BRODY

Your little lab experiment has seen three innocent people killed over the past three days.

ELLEN

Martin, it's not his shark.

BRODY

And your list makes me sick. You carry it around with you like you're keeping score.

HOOPER

Nature has no conscience, Mr. Brody.

BRODY

Oh, Christ. Whose side are you on? You told me you'd help us get rid of it.

HOOPER

What I said was, I'd help predict future attacks in your area. If this device works, the early warning to other shorefront resorts -- not just here, but anywhere it ranges in the world ---

BRODY

I don't give a crap about your worldwide conquest. What about right here? This town is going under today! Where's your humanity? You could kill this thing for us, flatten its ass and ---

HOOPER

(rising)

I'm staying at the Abilard Arms.

Hooper gathers his things, climbs into his backpack. Smiles at Ellen and kisses her hand. Ellen smiles, not yet recovered from embarrassment.

HOOPER

I really liked dinner.

He leaves. Ellen looks at her hand. Brody turns and sees her.

ELLEN

(it's all she can say)

Nobody kisses hands anymore.

BRODY

If you stick that wet spot under the black light at the Coney Island Aquarium, they'll let you in for nothing.

108 EXTERIOR - ABOARD HOOPER'S BOAT - FOGGY DAY
108

The boat is slicing gentle swells into the flat water. Hooper is mainlining from a big reel. Tuna-halibut clips attached to each of the lines that bear hooks and floats every ten yards. Large bait chunks are tossed into the water. In the boat with him is Meadows, huddled in a corner and trying to appear eager to learn. Hooper is not cooperating. He storms around, upset and frustrated.

MEADOWS

Okay. What's the second species
of shark on your dangerous list?

Hooper opens the throttle half-speed, looking into the sonar display that casts a green glow in the soupy weather. A blip appears on the screen that draws a speculative hum from Hooper.

MEADOWS

(trying to
sound scientific)
Fish activity?

HOOPER

Very deep -- looks like a school.
(more to himself)
Mackerel. Really clumped together.

As the two huddle together in the green spill, Hooper touches the throttle to increase speed, still slightly puzzled.

HOOPER

Staying right with us.

109 INSERT - SONAR ACTIVITY
109

MEADOWS (o.s.)

And didn't you say activity stops?
If any of those whoppers are
around?

HOOPER

Tends to. Gets very still down
there.

110 CLOSE - MEADOWS
110

looks up from the scope, and his expression turns to horror.

MEADOWS

Look out!

Hooper looks up in time to avert a near collision with Ben Gardner's boat, the Flicka.

It is completely awash, with water in the cockpit right up to the gunwales. Seat cushions and hatch covers float about,

banging and thumping. The boat is wallowing and it seems that, given a touch more weight, it will sink.

MEADOWS

(shocked)

That's Ben Gardner's boat! Ben!
Ben!

Hooper comes up alongside, cuts his engine and goes forward to tie his bowline to a forward cleat on the Flicka.

111 INSERT - SONAR SCOPE
111

Bigger blips, both visually and audibly.

Taking note of this, Hooper stands a moment trying to figure out what could have done this. There doesn't seem to be any damage fore or aft. Then he notices that one of the after cleats on the Flicka has been torn away...there are scars on the wood where the screws are used to hold the cleats down.

MEADOWS

(skin crawling from
the foggy stillness)

He must have hit something...I'm
sure they had life-belts on board.

Hooper nods toward the water.

112 ANGLE - WATER
112

We see life-belts and jackets floating in the unearthly stillness.

113 HOOPER - WIDE
113

He gingerly steps onto the rail of Flicka, peeks into the cockpit and cabin. Awash. No sign of life. He puts more weight down as he cranes his neck further and the whole boat lists to one side. Hooper leaps back to his own.

114 ANOTHER ANGLE - HOOPER'S BOAT
114

He opens a locker and pulls out a wet suit and other gear.

MEADOWS

Maybe we should just tow it in.

HOOPER

(suiting up)

I'd better see the damage first.

115 INSERT - SONAR SCANNER
115

Blip, blip, blip, blip.

116 CLOSE - MEADOWS
116

suddenly cold, zips up his windbreaker and turns the collar up, as Hooper zips up his wetsuit and clasps on a weighted belt.

HOOPER
Did he have a dinghy on board?

MEADOWS
(just wants
out of here)
I don't know.

Hooper hyper-ventilates as he places on mask, checks his "hot" flashlight.

MEADOWS
(alone)
I'd rather we just towed it in,
Mr. Hooper.

Hooper finishes hyper-ventilating...smiles to reassure him.

HOOPER
Be up in a minute.

He's ready to go, but hesitates a moment, staring out at the sea -- the first time Hooper has appeared to be doubting his next move. He shakes it off, takes a huge breath, lets out half and splashes in....

117 ANGLE - MEADOWS
117

all alone in the boat. Just he and the active sonar. He checks the second-hand sweep of his watch, counting out loud.

118 UNDERWATER SEQUENCE - HOOPER
118

Hooper descends in a froth of bubbles. Warily he turns a full circle with his hotlight. At first we see nothing out of place about the Flicka except that it is lying so low in the water. But as Hooper travels the bottom looking for damage, he comes across a jagged hole two-thirds of the way forward. The hole is about the size of a basketball, and the wood around it has been bashed and splintered. Hooper explores the hole with his hands, then takes the knife from its sheath and begins to dig at something. Whatever it is comes free in his hand. As he studies his find, his light wanders upward, pointing directly into the dark hole. Hooper looks up....

119 CLOSE - HOLE
119

Ben Gardner's dead face stares out through the hole in the Flicka, eyes and mouth gaping in frozen horror, his skin pinched like a prune.

120 CLOSE - HOOPER
120

bumps his head in trying to get away, seems to yell through escaping bubbles. His mask fills with water as he flails for the surface. Miscalculating, he bumps into the hull of his own boat, scrambles around it, finally coming up between the two boats...gulping air, unable to speak yet, shocked and scared, out of breath....

MEADOWS

Bad -- ?

All Hooper can do is hold out his hand, open for Meadows to see. A shiny white tooth, at least two inches long, rests in the palm of his hand.

HOOPER

A White -- it's a Great White, I knew it...! Looks like he died of fright in there.

MEADOWS

(scared shitless)

No shark did that to a boat ---

Hooper rolls up his sleeve, and with one stroke of the tooth shaves all the hair off him forearm.

HOOPER

One this big could do anything!

Meadows will never be the same.

121 INT. VAUGHN'S REALTY OFFICE - DAY
121

On the run and seeing red, Larry Vaughn speed-walks out of his office, grabbing his coat and out the door, cuss-mumbling all the way. Meadows, still in his boat clothing, appears behind him, his tie undone and sweating. Vaughn jumps into his car, and just before Meadows can open the passenger door, takes off in it.

122 EXT. ISLAND HIGHWAY - DAY
122

Just under the roadside billboard, Hendricks and another deputy, Joyner, prepare for a climb with ropes in their arms, paint cans and large canvas brushes.

Beyond them a few feet away, stand Brody and Hooper, watching Vaughn pacing back and forth, sucking on a Havana. He has a newspaper in his right hand. Hooper is sketching on a sketch pad.

VAUGHN

It says here IT IS CAUGHT! Period!

Brody holds out the two-inch tooth.

BRODY

Mr. Hooper figured its size from
this -- it's over a ton. It's
also over ---

VAUGHN

Put that rotten thing --
(he pushes it
away, it slices)
Yee-ow!

Hooper steps over to show him his sketch.

VAUGHN

(wrapping handker-
chief around his hand)
If my hand gets infected....

HOOPER

Meet Carcharodon carcharias.

VAUGHN

What is it?

HOOPER

The shark that just bit you on
the hand.
(sketching)
And this...is you.

Hooper has sketched the reduced ratio figure of Vaughn with
cigar standing in front of the jaws. He looks like a dwarf
by comparison.

HOOPER

Seventeen feet from anterior to
posterior.

VAUGHN

No shark grows seventeen feet,
for Christ's sake.

HOOPER

The famous Swedish naturalist
Linnaeus believed that the 'great
fish' that swallowed Jonah was not
a whale, but a great white shark.

VAUGHN

Love to prove that, wouldn't you?
Get into the National Geographic.

BRODY

What should we do about this white?

Hooper has come prepared. He takes from his backpack a
Bomar Brain calculator and ticks away at it while talking.

HOOPER

The longer there's nothing to

munch on here, the better your chances he'll go. That means, of course, keeping your beaches closed, your fishermen in port. The other alternative is non-corrosive, 100-gauge steel mesh -- say, 30,000 feet of it around your bathing area. Concrete blocks and installation would run you...oh, four, five hundred thousand. That is, unless you could seek a deputation from the federal government --
(notes Vaughn's non-believing countenance)
Beats getting swallowed, doesn't it?

Vaughn is apoplectic. His seemingly dead cigar glows again. He takes Brody by the arm and leads him out of earshot of Hooper.

BRODY

Maybe we can make it up in August.

VAUGHN

That beach will be open ON the FOURTH OF JULY, DAMMIT!

BRODY

We have to give this a coupla weeks.

VAUGHN

A couple of days. And that's bad enough. I'll have to think of some reason that'll keep the grease from frying. In the meantime, I want that shark killed. Either do it yourself, or hire a pro, but go door to door with the offer. No more of his bounty crap. And Brody ---

Vaughn gestures up at the billboard. The beautiful model splashing in the golden surf with flailing arms has been significantly reinterpreted. Some pranksters have painted a huge dorsal fin cutting through the waves next to her, and she now looks like an hysterical beach-goer stampeding out of the water. The deputies begin covering it over with paint. People have been gathering throughout the scene on bicycles and a few station wagons.

VAUGHN

First the picket fences -- and now this. I want to see those little bastards hanging upside down by their Buster Brown shoes.

Vaughn storms away before Brody can reply.

Hooper is loading some mainline floats and smelly bait fish on board. Two young long-hairs are assisting him. The old harbormaster dips his coffee percolator into the water and rinses it thoroughly while watching Hooper load. He rises to his feet and walks across the pier, looking in the opposite direction about three slips away.

124 ANGLE - A HIDDEN SLIP
124

Brody and Deputy Hendricks are supervising another loading activity. Six local fishermen are converting their 16-foot fiberglass double outboard into a gunboat. A sealed crate of high concussion palm-sized depth charges gingerly finds a place in the bow section, over which fishing gear and nets are positioned to disguise the mission.

BRODY
(to Hendricks)
Don't let him out of your sight.
Not for a second. Stay at a discreet distance -- and dammit, Lenny, no shark talk! The way sound carries over water, you're a dead giveaway.

HENDRICKS
Who's with him?

BRODY
Local hire...I don't know. I want to hear from you, Len.

125 EXT. PICKET FENCE ROW - DAY
125

Angling down a stretch of picket fence. Little karate cries are accompanied by little flat hands piercing through splintering wood.

126 EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY
126

The hardware store proprietor, bored and withdrawn, suns himself on a chaise lounge surrounded by summer surplus that no one is buying, while --

-- the Amity Gift and Candle shop is offering an outside display on a carousel postcard rack of artificial shark-tooth necklaces, along with an open-air gallery of shark books. A dozen tourists bunch up as business booms here today.

127 INT. BRODY'S OFFICE - DAY
127

Ellen is somehow mired behind Brody's desk, two travel folders in her absent-minded grasp. She talks into one phone, at the same time she is talking on another to a breathy, ticky landlady. All of this overlapping. Brody's

secretary Polly is in the outer office doing three things at once.

ELLEN (into phone) I don't know where my husband is, Mr. Kretzler. He's only closed the beaches to insure your safety....	LANDLADY First it's twenty-four hours, then it's two days. It one more guest of mine leaves for Cape Cod, I'll start a petition!
--	---

From the outer office, we hear:

POLLY
(into phone)
Until further notice! You'll have
to ask him about that when he gets
back. Good-bye.

Three people enter. Two of them, an elderly tourist couple, push past Polly and into Brody's office where Ellen stands beside the desk.

MAN TOURIST
Excuse me -- I see by the papers
they caught the killer shark. I
see by the signs that the beaches
are still closed, and we were just
wondering....

TOURIST WIFE
(reaches out and
takes Ellen's hand
in hers, glowing)
I think it's a simply wonderful
positive sign of our times to see
a woman Chief of Police in a nice
place like ---

Ellen removes the receiver from her ear, from which angry geese-like sounds filter through. She starts to explain, instead bursts out laughing -- one of those spontaneous, funny cries for help that leaves you weak. She falls helplessly into her husband's swivel chair, covering her face with Acapulco brochures.

CUT TO

128 INT. QUINT'S RESIDENCE - NIGHT
128

Entering Quint's abode is not unlike a spooky ride at Disneyland...the placement of objects, the dungeon lighting, the tendrils of smoke and dust in the air makes a visitor wish he were carrying a 100-watt bulb.

There is gear everywhere. The walls are adorned with jerky shark hides, coiled ropes dangle like serpents above a galley stove that leaks smoke and holds two weeks worth of filthy dishes. Tubes, barrels, rods, reels, harpoons, an antique gun collection and a dizzy array of shark hooks line the walls, with one entire wall dedicated to a collection of

laminated jaws from the blue shark to the Great White. Conspicuously in the center of the room is a swivel fighting chair and it looks like the perfect place to have all your teeth pulled. Into this orifice of decay, Brody enters, and from his point of view, we see Quint hunched over a tub of steaming Borax.

BRODY

I know it's late, Mr. Quint.

Quint lifts a ghastly set of dripping jaws from the solution.

QUINT

Snappy little novelty item.

Quint demonstrates by holding them up to frame his face through the round jagged opening.

QUINT

Picture frame...
(holding it down)
Toilet seat....

He looks up at his gallery of jaws.

QUINT

No offense, you guys!
(confidentially
referring to what's
left of sixteen
sharks)
Very touchy. All set for the
Hallelujah chorus and stuck on
the first note.

Brody enters the room like he's treading on hot charcoal.

BRODY

I would have called you ---

Quint walks toward Brody with Borax dripping from both hands. He places one of them hospitably on Brody's shoulder.

QUINT

(without losing
a beat)
Sure you would, sweetheart.

And ushers him into the fighting chair. He then busies himself around the premises and Brody must use the swivel chair to follow him, feeling chills whenever Quint move behind him.

BRODY

I'm Chief Brody, Mr. Quint --

QUINT

Suits me. I'm a social undesirable
myself.

BRODY

Listen ---

QUINT

Me and your Great big White.

BRODY

Who told you?

QUINT

(scrubbing teeth
with a wooden brush)
What's the count up to down there
anyway? You can't have much of
a town left!

BRODY

Got Ben Gardner this time.

QUINT

(feigning shock)
Ben? Sharks'll eat anything.

BRODY

I need to talk to you, Quint ---

Quint slips past Brody's blindspot to the opposite wall, and Brody tenses and swivels too fast, almost spinning 360 degrees before braking with his feet.

QUINT

Anything! Know what I found inside
that tiger? Aside from fish and
all?

He moves proudly to the shelf of jaws and souvenirs collected from the bellies of sharks.

QUINT

Twenty feet of cable, half an army
cot, four brass buttons, a cocker
spaniel, license plate, a drip-
dry shirt, and a six-pack of diet
Pepsi....

BRODY

We can't have this damn thing
sneaking in ---

QUINT

(as though alarmed,
he touches a hand to
Brody's mouth)
Chief! Show a little respect.
Jesus! Whites are head of the
mob out there, this sounds like
Lucky Luciano.

BRODY

(wiping his mouth)
Ever caught one?

QUINT

A thirteen-footer and one fifteen --
teenagers.

BRODY

Now you're asking ten thousand
dollars, but look ---

QUINT

Chief, Chief, Chief - forget it.
I get two bills a day from charters.
I sell the hides, I sell the teeth,
I sell the fins to chinks for soup --
you ought to try a little shark
sometime! Hammerhead's terrific -
here!

Quint hops to the oven. An avalanche of pots and pans, a
burst of smoke, and before you know it, Quint is presenting
Brody with a hot plate.

QUINT

Home-fried hammerhead!

Brody turns away from the stink.

QUINT

(obsequiously
apologetic)
Sorry, nothing fancier tonight --
boy, I do a Mako Provencale -
(kisses his fingers)

BRODY

How's four hundred a day, Quint?

Quint is suddenly across the room, lowering a bucket in front
of Brody.

QUINT

(fuck off)
Serve yourself, Chief. Shark-liver
oil! Best lubricant in the world!

BRODY

(desperate)
How much do you want?

Quint turns, suddenly bitter. He walks over to a cage with
a parrot in it.

QUINT

(to parrot)
Clowns trying to bargain....

BRODY

I came on my own, Quint.

QUINT

Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum.

BRODY

(rises, pleading)
See, if we could make a deal tonight --

QUINT
Here's what the price is tonight,
Chief.

Quint stalks Brody as he talks. Brody trying to look
reasonable
as he backs around the room, bumping into objects d'art.

QUINT
Twenty-five grand to go for it,
plus twenty-five more if I land it,
all repairs on the boat, and on
me, a new rod from Haydy's in
London, a life subscription to
Playboy, a stereo 4-track and the
color TV.

BRODY
Quint, you know they'll never ---

QUINT
Let me finish! If it gets me,
different deal -- seventy-five,
no extras!

BRODY
(bewildered)
Seventy-five for who?

QUINT
(wildly improvising)
For nobody! To make this place a
museum or something! 'Quint's
Monster Palace!' How's that?
Maybe have me stuffed in the middle
here --- !

Quint poses stuffed with a harpoon in the middle of the room.
This is the first time he has stopped moving.

BRODY
(addressing stuffed
Quint)
I have to tell them something
reasonable ---

Brody looks for the door...completely disoriented, he tries
to open one of the walls.

QUINT
No problem! Tell 'em that joke
from World War Two --
(walks over to
parrot)
About the Marines in the landing
barge? Sergeant splashes right
in, yelling 'Hit the beach men,
follow me and....'

Quint taps the bottom of the bird cage, and without losing a beat, the parrot squawks in falsetto:

PARROT

Watch out for the shark!

Brody has found the door and is gone. The door swings in a breeze. Quint turns to his gallery of jaws and smiles with a mock-courtly bow.

129 EXTERIOR - DOCKS - DUSK
129

Hooper's Formula twenty-two tying up in his rental slip. He looks dog tired as he steps off and stretches his legs on dry land. The most astonishing thing about Matt this evening is his obvious disappointment.

The gunboat is also tied up, the men unloading. They are in terrific spirits. Each has caught his limit. The boat is filled with fish, the men filled with stories. Only Len Hendricks shows the strain.

130 ANGLE - BRODY
130

riding up on his police bicycle. He sees Hendricks fifty yards away in the dusk, shaking his head. Brody turns and rides down the dock toward Hooper, saying good-bye to his day help.

BRODY

(tired, apologetic)

Any luck?

HOOPER

Might be for you, Mr. Brody. I think it's all over.

BRODY

How can you be sure?

HOOPER

The sea is full of fish again for one thing. You won't find sea life in the territory of a Great White. All the fish we saw in the ocean today. You'd think they were celebrating. I played low-frequency music underwater -- that usually works faster than blood.

(shrugs "nothing")

BRODY

(gives him a long look)

Are you feeling okay?

HOOPER

There are signals in the water. I

can always read them. And the currents are shifting.

BRODY

Vaughn's going to want a statement. What about taking precautions?

HOOPER

I'd take them, sure. Lookout posts. An alarm system. If you can afford picket boats equipped with sonar repellent line across the bathing area. Jesus...we must have gone six times around this crummy island.

BRODY

(still perplexed)

And you're sure it's ---

HOOPER

You'll never be immune to attack. It knows where you live now. Good-night.

Brody is left alone on the dock, the sky darkening behind him.

131 INT. FERRY BOAT - DAY
131

Two cavernous iron doors. Then a crack of vertical light as six burly crewmen muscle them apart. The Amity ferry landing is approaching, people in colorful outfits waiting dockside for the first filled-to-capacity shuttle of the summer season and ---

Bach's Little Fugue is the musical accompaniment to this wholly visual montage of disembarkation. The next two minutes should be treated like a "short film" taking into account all of the colors, episodes, faces and behavior of a variety of Americans who colonize Eastern resort communities for the ninety-day season.

- A. A train of cars trundle down the ramp, bumper to bumper.
- B. Young beautiful people from Princeton, Yale, N.Y.U., wearing knapsacks, toting luggage, babies riding in papoose rigs, energized children, senior citizens holding hands on the pedestrian ramp, a few wheelchairs.
- C. The sidewalk vendors hawking balloons for the kiddies, hotdogs, hot fried clams, Italian ices.
- D. The Amity Cab Company, small blue Toyotas, run by students on vacation queued up like a bomber wing.
- E. Hooper is watching.

Station wagons with pale winter faces pressed anxiously to the windows, Cadillacs with Rear Admirals at the helm, their wives with blue hair remembering the way from the years before.

Then six blonde and tanned Coney Island meatballs descend the ramp. They all wear Men's Club Lifeguard patches and matching collegiate windbreakers. They scour the landing, looking for someone to save.

The boat is empty. Everybody heading inland, anticipating the best Fourth of July ever. Already there is debris on the docks and the cleaning crew works away at it.

132 INSIDE THE FERRY
132

As Bach's Little Fugue ends, the six burly crewmen lean their combined weight against the Cathedral doors, closing out the light and locking in the trade. The doors latch shut with a resounding clang!

GO TO BLACK

133 EXT. COAST GUARD STATION - DAY
133

A young Ensign is demonstrating "Shark-Chaser" to Brody from the concrete pier. He lowers a canister of it into the water and a dark cloud begins to diffuse.

OFFICER

You'll need about 150 of these --
twelve feet apart, behind your
surf-line. We'd have to string
them right across, that's say, 2000
feet....

BRODY

Makes sort of a long black
curtain.

OFFICER

Repellent.

BRODY

(leveling)
But it doesn't always work.

OFFICER

Well...it inhibits them, Mr. Brody.
(brightens with facts)
The astronauts use it.

BRODY

(not impressed, gazes
into water)
That, and Tang.

134 EXT. AMITY MAINSTREET - DAY
134

If you lifted out any hunk of mid-day Manhattan intersection and set it here on the colonial corners of Main Street and Pilgrimage Way, you couldn't do worse. This is what Amity feeds on between July and September. This is what the

tourists pick over between 8:00 A.M. and 5:00 P.M. This is what it's all about.

135 EXT. AMITY MOVIE HOUSE - EVENING
135

The marquee lights go on. Moby Dick is the new substitute feature offering. Pan down to show the theatre manager and a boiling, pacing Larry Vaughn.

VAUGHN

I want this off before the weekend.
And if it's not -- !

MANAGER

I thought with all this interest...
(weak smile)
It's not a documentary, you know.

136 INT. MOVIE HOUSE
136

137 FULL SCREEN
137

Gregory Peck as Captain Ahab in an outpouring of classic Melville. The white whale explodes through the waves and crushes sixteen harpooners. A single sandpapery laugh accompanies each special effect.

138 ANGLE - MOVIE HOUSE
138

Quint sits in the center aisle, popcorn and ju-ju-bees stuffing his face. The splayed projection beams dance around his head as he roars with amusement. People are getting up and moving away from him. He is watching with delight, slapping his thigh, thumping the seat-back with his feet.

139 FULL MOVIE SCREEN
139

We watch as Ahab gets tangled in the line and dragged under by the whale. Quint can be heard OVER.

140 EXT. SOUTH BEACH - THE FOURTH OF JULY
140

A four foot surfer's swell curls and crashes on shore, riderless. The broad sandy beach is a mosaic of summer color as one thousand vacationers practice fun in the sun, but not in the water. Hot dog stands and ice cream vendors are everywhere.

141 ANGLE - LIFEGUARD STATIONS
141

A half-dozen lookout lofts. As many handsome lifeguards with Walkie-Talkies strapped to their trunks and loudhailers at arm's reach. Bored, two of the hot dogs train their

binoculars on some local color.

142 AT SEA
142

Tactically flanking a three-hundred-yard apron of black repellent are four small watch-boats. A fifth tiny pleasure boat darts around the repellent line. Farther out, crossing back and forth, are patrol boats six and seven. To top it all off, a Coast Guard blimp floats three hundred feet above.

143 ON SHORE
143

A crunch of gawkers makes life miserable for a mobile TV crew on their van-shaped unit. A graduate from the Columbia School of Broadcasting is interviewing Martin Brody in front of dozens of camera-conscious kids.

INTERVIEWER

(humorous)

Will you be going for a dip,
Chief?

BRODY

(ill at ease)

No, I'll be sticking to business today. As you see, we have spotters up and down the beach, and out there's the Coast Guard, State Police, County Police -- everyone's cooperating on this ---

INTERVIEWER

The question is, if it's so unlikely as you seem to think ---

BRODY

It never hurts to play it safe.

INTERVIEWER

Thank you, Chief Brody.

(to crew)

Let's do a group at the hot dog stand.

Vaughn is watching the ocean, aware that nobody is in yet. He turns in the direction of a Selectman and his family, and after grunting hellos, falls on his haunches and talks through a dogged smile.

VAUGHN

Will you please get in that ocean.

SELECTMAN

What?

VAUGHN

Nobody's going in -- move!

(indicating his family)

Them, too!

He gets up, gesturing "go in" to another townsman. The Selectman gathers his senses, swallows back nagging nerves.

SELECTMAN

(to his family,
false cheer)

How about a swim, gang, huh?

(to 12-year-old
daughter)

Not you, you have a cold.

Vaughn spies Hooper, alone on the sand in his trunks, look-out at sea. The Selectman and his family of four start into the ocean as Vaughn approaches Hooper.

VAUGHN

You've earned a day off, Doc.
And thank you.

Hooper just looks at him.

VAUGHN

We feel you've done a heck of a job,
you know.

HOOPER

(nods, looks
back to sea)

I feel the same about you.

144 ANGLE - SELECTMAN AND HIS FAMILY
144

They walk into the surf, deeper and deeper, until a wave washes over their heads. The Selectman surfaces, and realizes he is wearing his watch. Never mind. Others follow suit and begin to trickle into the white surf.

145 BOAT #2
145

Four State Police with their 30.06's stowed discreetly under their seats. As a Beering State Policeman talks to Brody on the Walkie-Talkie, we notice Boat #5, a short-range speedster, working the repellent line.

BEERING POLICEMAN

We're putting the fresh cans on,
Brody.

(takes beer
from ice chest)

Calm down, will you?

(shouting to
Boat #5)

You guys want a beer?

146 BOAT #5
146

Two men and a boat-load of canisters. One holds up the nylon repellent line with a pole as the other replaces a can and shouts back.

SAILOR

I want a pair of rubber gloves.

To demonstrate what he means, he holds up two hands, black with dye. A wet can of Budweiser tumbles into one of them.

Sailor's Walkie-Talkie squawks like a strangled chicken.

VOICE

(Walkie-Talkie)

Daisy to Blimp...Daisy to Blimp...
thirty yards off my port side....

The two sailors turn to port.

147 BOAT #7
147

Hendricks is on the radio while a Coast Guard spotter works the sonar.

HENDRICKS

Anything? Thought I saw a shadow.
Over.

Pan to the water.

148 INT. BLIMP
148

A breathtaking view. The blimp spotter looks down with naked eye and binoculars.

BLIMP SPOTTER

Nothing from up here, Daisy. Over.

149 CLOSE - HENDRICKS
149

HENDRICKS

(into Walkie-Talkie)

False alarm. Must be this glare.

150 ANGLE - BEACH - CLOSE ON BRODY
150

He is walking down the beach, threading his way through the happy hordes.

VOICES

Who's scared to go in! I was in!
Up to your knees, yeah -- So
come with me -- I'll go again.
How far? Etc., etc.

A group of youngsters playing with Michael Brody's dinghy.

They are hauling it toward the surf.

BRODY

Hey Mikey -- !

Michael turns as Brody trots toward him.

BRODY

You're not going to the ocean
with that, are you son?

MICHAEL

I'm all checked out for light
surf and look at it.

BRODY

Do me this favor just once. Use
the ponds.

MICHAEL

Dad, the ponds are for old ladies.

BRODY

Just a favor for your old man.

MICHAEL

(confused)
Sure, Dad.

151 SWIMMERS AND SURFERS
151

A surfer waving to impress his girlfriend on the beach. He
dives off his board and swims around the black dye.

COUNTY POLICEMAN

(through loudhailer)
Not so close to the line, please....

The eighteen-year-old surfer submerges, comes up all inky.
His girlfriend laughs, impressed.

152 TV CREW - NEAR WATER
152

Clowning, posing, boasting for the cameras, dozens of
youngsters ride in baby waves, stand on their heads, on
the shoulders of friends, wave, swim out, kick up the water.
The TV cameramen are going crazy. Burning film. Zooming.

153 REPELLENT LINE - SURFER AND COUNTY POLICEMAN
153

The Surfer won't leave the area.

COUNTY POLICEMAN

(through loudhailer)
Get clear of the repellent line,
son!

Suddenly his Walkie-Talkie fizzes, and the Blimp Spotter's

voice overloads the speaker.

BLIMP SPOTTER

Blimp to Daisy! Red Four, Red Four!

154 BOAT #7 - HENDRICKS
154

Guns are up, heads turning everywhere.

HENDRICKS

(into Walkie-
Talkie)

Where --- ?

BLIMP SPOTTER

Went under your -- There!

The Coast Guard sonar operator spots it and pales. A slick black dorsal fin is slicing a wake toward the swimming area.

SONAR OPERATOR

Jesus Christ ---

155 BEACH - BRODY
155

Rigid and choked, he almost breaks the "send" button trying to transmit.

BRODY

Everybody out! Out of the water,
please -- leave the water, please ---

Hooper is on his feet. The lifeguard next to him begins blowing on his whistle.

156 CLOSE - BRODY
156

shouting hysterically into his Walkie-Talkie.

BRODY

No whistles! No whistles!

157 THE BEACH
157

Dozens of bathers halfway out of the water, turn to see. More whistles, and they start toward shore. The loudhailers sounding more urgent now, and a contagious dread seizes one person after another. Entire groups of people begin pulling toward shore, some of them obviously trying to control a growing hysteria in others.

158 BOATS #6 AND #7
158

are converging, heading toward the repellent line as if tracking an underwater shadow. The fin is beyond the repellent cordons and heading into the crowds.

159 THE WATER - BATHERS
159

People begin screaming. Kids are suddenly separated from their parents. Others seem to forget how to swim. One myopic little girl has her glasses bumped off and she begins to cry in blinded panic.

160 BOATS #2, #3, #4
160

The riflemen in the boats are trying to get a bead, but too many civilians create a hazard. The Coast Guardsmen attempt to sever the repellent cord to gain access to the bathing area and the heaving fin.

161 THE WATER - BATHERS
161

This is a confirmation of our worst dread -- a full-blown headlong water panic. Screaming vacationers claw their way over the bodies of the less able. Some literally attempt to walk over the bobbing heads and glistening backs of others pulling for dry land.

162 CLOSEUPS - PANIC
162

Horrified faces. Some are stunned and wandering in slow, tentative circles, while others are helped out by friends. Five people try to mount a rubber raft.

Ugly reminders that each of us is Number One.

Brody enters shot, yelling into his Walkie-Talkie, Hooper charges past him to help an old man out of the water. He returns to pull several others to their feet.

163 EXT. - THE BEACH
163

Hooper keeps plunging in, dragging the helpless from the surf. Tears well in Brody's eyes. The screaming is deafening. The TV unit pushes past Brody.

INTERVIEWER
(pointing)
Zoom in! Over there!

One thousand survivors pack the beach, standing absolutely still. A numbing cold sets in, and people shiver against each other.

Muted sobs, whimpering, coughing.

The six burly lifeguards huddle together like Cub Scouts.

164 ANGLE - BATHING AREA
164

The monstrous black fin turns a slow circle as two Coast Guardsmen manage to cut their own repellent line. All boats converge on the dynamic fin. Men raise their guns to fire. Others adlib nautical commands in a uniquely calculated fashion.

165 CLOSE - FIN
165

It slips sideways, revealing for the first time a tiny blue snorkel. Then appears the faces of two youngsters whom we will recall from the coven behind the dune. The fin bobs back, a beaverboard replica attached to a partially submerged surfboard. One youngster looks up and is greeted by:

166 YOUNGSTER'S POINT OF VIEW
166

Twenty rifles and shotguns pointed directly at him. Surrounding him on three sides. Some of the policemen start to lower their guns -- struck dumb.

167 CLOSE - YOUNGSTER
167

his only defense, he begins to cry -- and feebly raises his hands in unconditional surrender.

168 ANGLE - ESTUARY
168

The narrow estuary leading into the half-mile is rough today. Two children digging in the sand and unaware of the beach panic one hundred yards away look up, and the little girl points.

169 A BLACK DORSAL FIN
169

is cruising through the narrows and toward the busy pond.

170 ANGLE - POND
170

Michael is tacking full-sail in his boat with a friend, Kit. Kit is admiring the shark's tooth necklace around his own neck while Michael rubs some water on the scratches left by it. The fin, huge, black and real, crosses behind them. They are not yet aware. The fin seems to circle and return. It heads toward Michael's boat when another small dinghy gets in its way -- a weekend novice just finishing a thermos of coffee when he is "bumped." The entire boat is overturned. Michael sees the fin now as it collides with him, the entire

bow

lifting out of the water and rolling over on the port side. Michael and Kit are thrown head first.

Three heads in the water come up sputtering, the fin between them crossing back. Michael freezes. The fin comes directly at him, growing into the sky, passing him so close he could touch it, but ignoring him as it follows the flailing and

panicked weekend novice. Catches him. Michael watches. That all too familiar explosion of water -- a choked off scream -- the head and upper torso of the novice passing Michael swiftly as though being carried off -- a current of blood trailing around.

The renewed cry of SHARK! SEMENTIA POND!

171 CLOSE - BRODY
171

He turns. Oh God! Running through the slogging sand.

172 CLOSE - COAST GUARDSMEN IN PICKET BOAT
172

COAST GUARDSMAN
Block the estuary!

Three boats racing to carry out the orders. The black fin repassing the two children, racing to get out. One rowboat reaches the mouth before the others. The fin won't veer off. It smacks into the little vessel, tearing off the bow and beaching it in its wake. Racing into open water. Blood leavings.

173 CLOSE - HOOPER
173

He is pulling Michael out of the water as Brody runs up. Michael is conscious but in shock -- his eyes staring at nothing.

HOOPER
(feeling his face)
He's in shock. Get blankets!

People gather and Brody snatches beach towels out of their hands. They cover Michael and carry him off the beach, feet raised above his head.

HOOPER
I can read signals in the water --
when they're around -- when they
leave. I saw the signals. It
moved on. They reported an attack
up the coast, toward Ipswich, Maine
today. Oh, Jesus, Martin, I'm sorry.

174 INT. QUINT'S SHACK - DAWN
174

The 1940's hit HUBBA, HUBBA, HUBBA blares from the new stereo. Barbara Walters blares from the new color TV.

Brody has the look of a man who has gone without sleep for two days. He slouches in the fighting chair, watching Quint who is shoving Salvatore toward the door.

QUINT
(shouting over the noise)

You know which cans, stupid -- the
whale meat. Get 'em out of the
deep freeze and on board.

This done, Quint picks up a harpoon, tests the point.
Sharpens it on a shark hide.

QUINT
And where would you like this shark
delivered, sir?

BRODY
(even)
Anywhere we can see it's dead.

QUINT
(looking at TV)
You want him gift-wrapped?

Brody rises to go.

BRODY
Call me. Soon as you have some news.

Quint talks past him in a loud open voice.

QUINT
What is it now?!

We see Salvatore, afraid of him, but resolved.

SALVATORE
I ain't going. Ain't goin'.

Quint snaps the generator off.

QUINT
(quiet menace)
You ain't what??

SALVATORE
I ain't that crazy, that's what!
Now I brung in some mean big mothers
with you, but I'm resignin' on
this...no, sir!

QUINT
(to his gallery
of jaws)
Mutiny on the Bounty!

SALVATORE
I don't mess with nothin' built
like no station wagon, 18 -- 20
foot ---

QUINT
(bored)
How much do you want?

SALVATORE

Not with no man-eater! He ain't
gonna live to no reputation on
me ---

QUINT
(sharply, turning
away)
Go load up.

SALVATORE
That's all I'm gonna do.

Quint picks up a length of rope and starts to coil it, turns
to Brody.

QUINT
Might have to wait till I dig up
another ---

BRODY
I'll go.

Quint takes him in with a tight smile. He tosses Brody the
length of rope.

QUINT
Tie me a barrel knot.

Brody feels useless holding the rope end.

BRODY
I really want to go, Mr. Quint.

QUINT
(ignoring him)
Five lengths of half-inch...twenty
number 14's, straight gaff ---

BRODY
(leaving)
I'll get a pro to come along.

Quint runs through his check list...to himself. Pan down to
the floor and an arsenal of hand-to-shark weaponry.

QUINT
Flying gaffs, tail rope, eye-splices,
M-One, pliers, irons.

CUT TO

175 EXT. QUINT'S DOCK - DAY
175

Hooper's fighting gear is on deck. His colleague from Woods
Hole looks at him with some dismay as they go over the check
list of fighting gear from the Oceanographic Institute. The
Colleague, in a smaller boat alongside, hands him the last
few bits and pieces.

HOOPER

(grim)
Powerhead, C.O.2 darts...hypo...
regulator...tanks...depth gauge....

The Colleague glances up toward the flybridge and Quint.
Salvatore goes back and forth rolling on chum barrels.

COLLEAGUE
You shouldn't be in on this, Matt.
(pause, watches)
Hunting anything down -- I mean,
that's not our area.

HOOPER
(signing receipt)
Maybe I'm in the wrong area.

Quint looks down at the undersea cage that is sitting on the
transom of the Orca.

QUINT
What's this glamour-boy...a portable
shower?

HOOPER
(shakes hands with
Colleague, who pushes
off, shaking his head)
Thanks. I'll see you.

QUINT
Huh?

HOOPER
(disinterested in
what he thinks)
Anti-shark cage.

QUINT
(smiles)
And you're inside that -- in the
water?

HOOPER
If necessary.

QUINT
(smiles, nodding)
You're in the water with the shark.

HOOPER
That's right.

With an operatic gesture, Quint sings down to him in his best
voice.

QUINT
(soulfully)
'Believe me, if all those endearing
young charms...
That I gaze on so fondly today....'

HOOPER
(glancing toward pier)
Let's go.

176 ANGLE - PIER
176

Brody is walking down the pier, bundled in foul-weather clothes like a tenderfoot Sea Scout. He carries a shopping bag and an overnight kit. Quint can't help himself -- he guns the Orca's diesel engines to sound like a wolf whistle.

QUINT
Well...shiver me timbers!

Brody is helped unsteadily into the boat by Salvatore, who then leaps lightly to the dock and casts off with style. Even now Brody is beginning to look sick. He holds onto the hatch handle.

QUINT
(to Brody)
Bow. Stern. Aft. Forward --
Port -- Starboard. Got it?...Good!
(yells over engine
noise to Salvatore)
Missing a great adventure, Sal!

Salvatore waves and smiles as the boat pulls away.

SALVATORE
You bet, Mr. Quint! Bye! Bye!

The Orca chugs past the dock and out toward the narrow breakwater.

(NOTE: TO BE INSERTED -- THE BLUE SHARK FRENZY, PER BENCHLEY'S NOVEL, TO GET THE THIRD ACT UNDER WAY.)

177 EXT. THE OCEAN - AFTERNOON
177

The Orca is drifting in neutral. The ocean is like gelatin, the sun sucking heat waves from its surface. Brody at the stern, handkerchief on his head to protect from further sunburn, has been handed the slimiest job on a shark hunt: the ladling out of chum. Brody is reeling with nausea. Hooper is up at the wheel on the flybridge. He dons a baseball cap and aviator's sunglasses. Quint is firmly situated in the fighting chair, reeling in the bait. All three have the look of being on open water for the better part of the day, with no luck.

QUINT
(to himself)
That don't tempt him either, huh?

He hauls in the bait. Two mackerel, barely alive.

QUINT

We'll find him something.

Hooper studies this man Quint as he flings aside the mackerel. Brody has stopped chumming and is retching over the side.

QUINT
(yelling at Brody)
Keep that chum going! We got five
good miles, don't break it!

Brody opens his overnight kit and takes out a handkerchief and some Old Spice after-shave. He pours the after-shave into the cloth, presses it to his nose, and resumes ladling.

Quint almost trips over Hooper's tanks as he walks to the chum barrels. He roughly kicks them aside.

QUINT
Fancy goddam toys....

HOOPER
(jumping up)
Careful! Compressed air -- you
crack that and it explodes like a
bomb!

QUINT
(mutters)
Cluttering up my deck ---

Quint takes a wide red strip of whale meat and a gnarled squid from the garbage pail, and searches for a No. 2 hook rig.

HOOPER
(distaste)
That from a pilot whale too?

QUINT
(deftly slicing whale)
Can't you tell? Here ---

He holds up the strip of whale. Quint has sculpted it into the outline of a whale.

QUINT
Cute, huh?
(to Brody)
The expert don't approve.

Brody shades his eyes from the white sun as Quint baits up.

QUINT
Now, you swim down and...
(kisses the bait)
give a nice big kiss to Mr. White ---

BRODY
(croaky)
You still think it's all the way
out here?

QUINT
(snapping bait to
his leader)
I think like they do, Chief.

HOOPER
And they have brains the size of
a radish.

Quint gets a big laugh out of this, and sits in the fighting
chair. He casts off, murmuring as the line feeds out.

QUINT
Now if he weren't around, we'd of
hooked something else by now,
wouldn't we? But he scared 'em
all away. Yeah, didn't you? Yeah,
I know you, you poor lonesome son
of a bitch...come to pappa, you ---

The line whizzes off the reel. Brody jumps up. Quint puts
his hand on the drag and addresses the situation softly.

QUINT
Atta baby -- he'll gulp it down
now...
(making gulping noises)
Hoooooo!

Quint tightens drag and strikes. The line goes whizzing out.
Brody runs to Quint's side.

BRODY
You got it?

QUINT
(turning with the pull)
Get behind me, dummy!
(shouts to Hooper)
Reverse her and turn -- he's taking
too much line!
(to Brody)
Wet my reel, quick!

Brody pours water on the screaming reel, nearly unspooled now.
Hooper is turning the boat around and the line changes direc-
tion.

QUINT
(straining, muscles
popping)
Starboard, for Chris'sake ---

Hooper steers it sharply.

QUINT
(to Hooper)
Half-speed there....

Again the line changes direction, down this time.

QUINT
(to Hooper)
Neutral!
(to the sea)
Where the hell is he going?

Quint reeling in like mad.

QUINT
Oh, this ain't foolin' me --
(rod arcs down
with a surge)
Sure -- try it!

The line rushes out and now there is less tension. Quint is horsing up and down, reeling in.

QUINT
Makin' believe it's easy now.

The line is almost vertical now, and Quint shows a hint of bafflement. He reels in suspiciously.

QUINT
Gettin' ready to run again -- no?
No?
(suspicious)
What's he playin' here?
(reels in furiously,
to Hooper)
Put the gloves on!
(to fish)
Let's see who's gonna tease who now!
(to Hooper)
Down here! Do like I told you!

Hooper is rushing down.

HOOPER
Can't bring him up so quick ---

QUINT
(bathed in sweat;
hauling, reeling)
How do you know! How do I know!

The leader shows above the water line. Brody is wide-eyed, waiting for that first look.

BRODY
He's nearly up ---

QUINT
(to Brody)
Unbuckle me -- fast!
(to Hooper)
Grab the leader. He ain't normal,
this one...they never --
(to Hooper)
Snap it on, jerk!

Hooper snaps the rope onto the leader and holds on.

QUINT

Watch your hands --
(suddenly to Brody)
Grab onto this!

Before he realizes what's happening, Brody is clumsily clutching at the big rod, appalled. Quint skips away for a harpoon. He picks one from a row of twelve, turns....

That's when the leader lashes free, sending Hooper crashing backward in a serious fall, and the rod whips at Brody's forehead, drawing blood. Quint snatches up the rod and reels in. The wires have been bitten through.

QUINT

(addressing the ocean)
Sure...you're havin' a ball!
(to Hooper, still
sprawled on deck)
Get back up here!

BRODY

He's hurt....

HOOPER

(stunned)
I'm okay....

BRODY

What's the point with hooks and
lines ---

QUINT

Don't tell me my business!
(to Hooper, points)
Quarter-mile, that way. Full
throttle.

Hooper shakes off his dizziness and obeys. Brody watches Quint rig up a new leader, hook up the same bait.

BRODY

(nursing forehead,
gesturing at rod
and reel)
I don't understand though...How you
expect to ---

QUINT

This tricks him to the surface, got
that? Then I can jab him, under-
stand?
(goes to flybridge,
muttering)
Think I'm gonna haul it in like a
catfish?

Brody begins to apply cream to his sunburned nose.

178 ON BRIDGE - HOOPER AND QUINT
178

QUINT
(suddenly, pointing)
Over there!

HOOPER
Why over there?

QUINT
(still looking)
At least you handle the boat all
right.

HOOPER
I can do more than that. Look,
Quint, I brought along a ---

QUINT
Stop. Here...Cut the engine.

Hooper cuts the engines as Quint swings nimbly down. He stands
stock still on the main deck, motioning Brody to be silent.
Then picking up the newly rigged rod, Quint softshoes it over
to the chair. About to sit down, he freezes.

179 CLOSE - QUINT
179

looking stunned.

180 CLOSE - BRODY
180

moving back, eyes wide.

181 CLOSE - HOOPER
181

moving closer, aghast.

182 COMBINED POINT OF VIEW
182

We see the shark. First the jet-black fin...then the head
and upper jaws, twenty yards off. It finally submerges, veer-
ing off to one side with a neat slap of its tail.

183 ANGLE - QUINT
183

He puts the rod away.

QUINT
Jesus. I heard they got that big....

HOOPER
Closer to thirty feet....

QUINT

(knowingly)
Twenty-five. And three tons of
him there.

 HOOPER
 (to himself)
What's the formula...?
 (calculates
 in his head)
Girth, say 150 inches. Squared
and...divide by 800 -- that's six
one, five...6150 by 2000 --
 (stops, wryly)
Just over three tons.

Quint snorts and dumps the chum overboard. Flings in the
two mackerel.

 BRODY
Where'd it go?

Hooper is rummaging in his gear. Brody watches him locate a
small waterproof signal light. He starts to attach it to
the first barrel. Quint, who has been scanning the sea, spins
around.

 QUINT
Don't monkey with none of my gear!

 HOOPER
 (trying to be patient)
Your harpoons are attached to
these. right?
 (indicates barrels)
They pop up and drag on him, drag
on him till he's through -- isn't
that the idea?

 QUINT
You can't improve on it!

Hooper switches on the signal light. It pulses a glow that
hurts the eyes even in broad daylight.

 HOOPER
What if we have to follow him?

Quint breathes in smoke until his tongue catches fire.

 QUINT
Sonny -- take that, and your
formulas, and your cage -- take
your whole halfass hardware store
here and ---

A whale of a thump jolts the Orca. Quint grabs for a harpoon.
Brody pulls his snub-nose special from his shopping bag.
Hooper sees the panic on Brody's face and reaches a hand out
to him.

 HOOPER

Put that away!

Quint, on the pulpit, harpoon poised.

QUINT

Once more...once more!

WHUMP! Quint almost takes a tumble into the water. We see the glistening back and fin below him. HE PLANTS THE HARPOON. The Great White slaps the transom with its tail and sounds.

184 INSERT - COILED ROPE AND BARREL
184

The rope reels out in a blur, and Hooper pins Brody out of the way of the spinning coils -- just in time. The barrel with flasher attached literally somersaults out of the boat, missing both men's faces by seven inches.

Quint is already poised, feet planted, with harpoon number two.

185 ANGLE - OCEAN
185

The barrel skips like a flat rock over the surface of the water, then unexpectedly vanishes under the water.

QUINT

(poised)

He can't stay down, swimmin' with
that on! Wait till I stick him
with two! That'll worry him! Come
on, upstairs! What's he waitin' for?!
He can't keep down this long!

Brody and Hooper enter the shot behind him. The sun is low-slung over the horizon.

BRODY

Why don't we go in? Have a crack
tomorrow....?

QUINT

(doesn't turn)

We are stayin' out here till I
got him!

186 ANGLE - HOOPER AND BRODY
186

They exchange looks. "He's nuts."

187 EXT. ORCA - ON OPEN SEA - NIGHT - CLOSE - BRODY
187

asleep on deck. The day has taken its toll. Brody is riding the crest of some bad dreams, on the verge of waking at any moment.

188 ANGLE - QUINT AND HOOPER

Both sit on the transom. Hooper takes a long pull from a bottle of Quint's home brew. Quint is railing at him, both a little smacko.

QUINT

Close call, my ass. A baby dogfish
in a laboratory? See this thumb?

Quint flaunts his thumb, a checkerboard of scar tissue.

HOOPER

(handing back the
bottle)
You've got the monopoly, huh? Here!

Hooper rolls up his trouser leg boasting a crescent scar on his calf.

HOOPER

Look at this one.

QUINT

(snorts)
Beauty mark.

Quint starts to pull up his own pant leg.

HOOPER

Bull-shark scraped me. I was down
getting samples, and he ---

QUINT

(puts his leg on
Hooper's lap)
Mako! Match that!

A slow mischievous grin stains Hooper's soggy face. He slowly unbuttons his shirt, knowing an ace beats the three of club. An S-shaped white scar on his side says "gin."

HOOPER

Eight-foot moray eel -- right
through the suit, buddy....

Quint staggers to his feet, begins undoing his belt, undoes his zipper.

QUINT

You're in one piece, ain't you?
Here me lovely!

Quint pulls down one side of his pants to his hip. It looks like a small piece of him was cored out.

HOOPER

Minor League. Where's it from?

QUINT

Tillie Schwab -- Newark, New Jersey.

Both laugh, as Hooper pull his shirt down over his left shoulder.

HOOPER

Right! You want to play dirty -- ?
(displays tiny scar)
Standing in line for The Exorcist!

More laughter. Quint takes off his shoe.

QUINT

I got a toe that'll wipe the floor
with you ---

Hooper, laughing, undoes his belt.

HOOPER

A what? You got a what?

189 ANGLE - QUINT
189

Something catches his eye and sobers him.

QUINT

He's up again.

190 ANGLE - SEA
190

The stroboscopic signal-light surfaces at the horizon.

QUINT

(grudgingly)
Very handy light, I'll say that.

HOOPER

(feeling macho)
Let's move in on him.

QUINT

(shakes head)
Not till I can see him good.
(a long look,
a hint of worry)
Even the one'll keep pullin' him up.
But he'll need three, maybe four.
Most I ever used was two.
(swigs from bottle)
Bastard ran me halfway to Liverpool.

HOOPER

You kill him?

QUINT

(still staring)
Always do, once I stick a barrel on
'em.
(back to Hooper)
No more objections?

Hooper doesn't replay, Quint needles him.

QUINT

Jaws two foot wide. Real Prestige
item.

Hooper shrugs. Quint hands him the bottle. Hooper cocks
his head, noticing a scar patch on Quint's right forearm.

HOOPER

How'd you get that one?

Quint, staring out to sea, doesn't seem to hear Hooper.
The signal light disappears.

QUINT

Down again.

HOOPER

(persisting)
The scar on your arm.

QUINT

(detached)
Had a tattoo there.

HOOPER

(jocular)
Changed your mind about somebody?

QUINT

(shaking his head)
It said 'U.S.S. Indianapolis.'

191 CLOSE - HOOPER
191

His face falls as he hears this. Quint looks at him ironi-
cally.

QUINT

Guess you experts know about that.

Once again Quint turns his eyes to the sea.

HOOPER

(gravely)
You were on her? June '45?

QUINT

(flat and quiet)
On her and torpedoed right off her.
Into the drink with 900 other clowns
...Started with 900 anyway...floating
in that big warm Pacific.
(the light surfaces again)
Must have been like a dinner bell
in there...Explosions, and half
the guys bleeding. Soon as the
sharks came homing in on us, we

went by the Manual, of course...
Kept trying to float in groups...
doin' what if said, splash at 'em,
yell at 'em, hit 'em on the nose,
they won't bother you...all that.
They tore apart about a hundred
men, the first night. And pretty
soon, when they stepped it up, and
you'd feel 'em bump you, and guys'd
get pulled down a couple of yards
away, and it got to two days...and
three...Well, some fellas couldn't
take it no more, just peeled off
their life-jackets, got it over with
...We were in the water 110 hours.
Sharks averaged six men an hour.

(nails Hooper
a hard look)

They're all experts.

(spits in the ocean)

HOOPER

(weakened by the story)

Jesus, Quint! You can't blame ---

Hooper is interrupted by the boom and banshee cries of
a distant whale.

192 ANGLE - BRODY
192

springs out of his shallow sleep.

BRODY

What -- What the hell --- ?

HOOPER

(depressed)

A whale's out there.

Quint sits in the fighting chair.

QUINT

So is he.

193 ANGLE - SEA
193

The light has surfaced a quarter of a mile away.

QUINT

Go on and sleep, the two of you.

Brody sinks back, half awake and panting from his burst of
fright. Hooper looks at Quint a long time, suddenly a
stranger again, then beds himself down in the balmy night
air. Quint starts to doze, massaging his missing tattoo.

CUT TO

194 EXT. THE OCEAN - NIGHT

194

The Orca sits on unruffled waters. A planetarium of star-life overhead with shooting stars, every now and again making incisions into the heavens and leaving green trails behind. All is quiet, not a breath of wind.

The barrel's strobe light pops into foreground, CLOSE. It heads toward the Orca, carving neon blue phosphorescence into the water. The massive dorsal fin surfaces in the night and circles the Orca, leaving phosphorescence in its broad wake. The night skies, the silent waters are now alive in dancing light.

195

ANGLES - THE MEN

195

as the sleep. A SOUND is heard. A low protracted scraping. No one wakes. The sound returns. Another SCRAPE. A SCRATCHING noise...almost sounds like CHEWING. Then a gentle BUMP at the stern. Quint stirs. Brody turns over. Hooper is sleeping soundly. Then....

A seizure of violent shaking. A horrible splintering and popping noise. Quint half falls, half springs, out of the chair. Hooper is on his feet, but loses his footing. The Orca is again bumped from underneath. Brody holds on, his gun in hand. Quint pulls out his M-1.

QUINT

Start the engine!

Hooper is on the flybridge in six bounds. Quint fires seaward over the transom. The engine starts, but something in it sounds wrong.

QUINT

Cut it! Cut it!

Quint cranes to look down and around, but no light can be found.

QUINT

I don't know where he is! Ripped something loose -- shaft or something'.

He hefts up a deckboard, pokes his small flashlight into the cavity.

HOOPER

I told you I have things to kill it with...take over up there, I can -- Quint!

QUINT

(slams down board)
Start the pump, goddammit!

Quint can't hide his fear now.

BRODY

Are we leaking?

Sound -- pumps starting.

QUINT

We'll stay afloat. Watch for
the barrel ---

BRODY

Can't I bail or something?

Quint takes Brody by the arm and sits him down, pointing
to starboard.

QUINT

Keep your eyes open, that's all --
out there!

(to Hooper)

And you keep looking that way,
killer!

Quint takes up the opposite position and loads his M-1.
Brody checks his gun. Hooper looks with binoculars.

QUINT

And nobody sleeps. Nobody!

196 ANGLE - ORCA
196

The three men standing sentinel. Stars...quiet seas...
phosphorescence lighting up the water. HEAR the whale cry-
ing from far away.

197 EXT. THE ORCA - DAWN
197

Brody leans against the windshield on the flybridge. His
arms hoist binoculars to his eyes. Visible without binoculars
is the signal-light and barrel, not moving, two hundred yards
astern. An angry racket filters up from below deck -- Quint
is effecting engine repairs the only way he knows how. Brody
has learned a neat sailor's trick and nimbly slides down the
hand piping, his feet avoiding the steps. He sidles next to
Hooper, who is struggling into his full wet suit.

QUINT (o.s.)

It moving?

BRODY

(loud and off)

No -- still there!

Hooper is busy attaching the cage to the ginpole. He is full
of purpose, his hands working against the clock, short glances
to the hatch from where Quint can be heard, cursing and wrench-
ing.

BRODY

Please, Matt, don't get him sore.

He's loony enough.

Hooper tests the rope, inspects his gear, selects a steel pole and opens a tiny green felt case.

BRODY

Put all that stuff away before he finds out.

198 INSERT - GREEN FELT CASE
198

Hooper opens it, removing a deadly-looking syringe head.

HOOPER

(grim)
He had a turn, now I'll have a turn.
(mounting it
on steel pole)
Maybe you should have a turn, too.

Brody tries to reason, when:

199 ANGLE - QUINT
199

emerges dirty, red-eyed and haggard, pauses to take it all in.

QUINT

What is this?

HOOPER

(without looking up)
Strychnine nitrate, 20 CC's.

QUINT

Wear all the Batman costumes you want, sport. But don't you interfere with me.

Quint starts to climb the bridge.

HOOPER

(to Quint)
All you need to do is lower me in ---

QUINT

(muttering
to himself)
I need a transom that don't leak every time that --
(starts engine)
-- shaft goes around --
(an uneven sputter)
-- Bent! Seams splitting open there -- !

Quint finesses the Orca "slow ahead" toward the barrel. The engine sounds like a hamster treadmill. Hooper climbs up beside him.

HOOPER

You know he'll go for the cage ---

QUINT

Not today, doc. No injections.

HOOPER

I can finish him in sixty seconds.

QUINT

(listening
to engine)

Whole goddam housing's loose! 'He'
can hear it, too.

HOOPER

Can't you stop this Moby Dick crap?!

QUINT

We do this the way I know how.

Quint cuts the engine once alongside the barrel. Hooper barely controls himself. Climbs down.

Quint follows after him, putting a cautioning hand on Hooper's shoulder to walk softly, then motions Brody to stay on the flybridge and keep his eyes peeled.

200 QUINT - HOOPER

200

Tiptoe to the stern, Quint intercepting a harpoon along the way. Hooper leans way out over the transom and poles the barrel closer. It bobs around easily, arousing Quint's suspicions.

QUINT

(softly)

Playin' possum....

Hooper poles up the slick nylon rope, leaving the barrel untouched in the water.

QUINT

Pull up easy -- only want to goose
him up. Second you feel he's run-
ning, drop it...If you want any
hands left.

Hooper starts hand-reeling in. Surprisingly, there is no resistance. Both men share perplexed looks. Then Quint reaches over, his whole body leaning over the side, putting down his harpoon.

QUINT

Here -- gimme. I don't get what
he's....

201 WATER - ANGLE

201

Both men are draped over the side, their chins almost touching the water on the aft side. From the opposite starboard direction, fully unfastened from the barrel, comes the Great White. First the fin, then the conical nose and the upper border of wide, grinning teeth. It knifes through the water in absolute silence, propelling itself with tremendous speed toward the unsuspecting men.

202 CLOSE - BRODY
202

His instincts shine -- as does his newly-acquired sense of direction.

BRODY
(top of his lungs)
Shark! Starboard! It's under
you -- !

203 CLOSE - HOOPER AND QUINT
203

They turn just in time, and a long spine-stretch saves them from instant decapitation. The Great White passes the transom, the harpoon still in its side and trailing five feet of chewed off cable. The monster rolls on its side and looks at them as it passes. Then, with a great sweep of its tail, it lashes the side of the boat, ripping the rope from Quint's hand and shearing off five square yards of paint like a lathe. It makes a wide arc out to sea, only the fin showing now, and begins to circle around the boat. Quint notices his hand, palm cut and bleeding, realizes he came that close to losing his whole hand. He has never been more dangerous.

QUINT
(to Brody)
Haul in that rope -- it can foul
us!
(screaming
to Hooper)
Start the engine -- !

Brody and Hooper exchange places. The engine starts with a terrible grinding.

QUINT
(roaring)
Easy! It'll tear right out!

BRODY
(next to him,
hauling in rope)
We can't do it ourselves....

QUINT
(seeing red)
Shut up!

BRODY
He chewed through this, he cracked

your boat -- radio in for help ---

QUINT
(to Hooper)
Pump her out a little...!

BRODY
I mean it! Send out an S.O.S.!

QUINT
(spitting)
Don't make me laugh when I'm working.

BRODY
(sudden resolve)
I'll do it.

Brody heads off for the cabin.

204 QUINT - CLOSE
204

A perfectly terrible look comes over him. He raises up and starts after Brody. Brody disappears into the cabin. Quint pauses outside and sees:

205 INSERT - QUINT'S LEAD-CENTERED BASEBALL BAT
205

his calloused hand grabs it up fiercely.

206 INT. RADIO SHACK
206

Brody picks up the radio, flicking on knobs and lights on the complex console.

QUINT (o.s.)
Beg your pardon ---

207 ANGLE - DOORWAY
207

Quint appears, silhouetted in the hot light of the door, raising his bat.

QUINT
Duty first and pleasure after ---

208 CLOSE - BRODY
208

looking up in horror.

209 CLOSE - QUINT
209

Quint brings down the bat with all the strength he can muster.

Crash!

Sparks fly, lights blink and go out, plastic and sections of metal ricochet all over the cabin as Quint demolishes the ship-to-shore radio.

Quint takes a happy breath, winks at Brody and hands him the bat.

QUINT
(leaving the cabin)
Excuse me!

If he were ten years older, Brody would be on the floor with heart failure.

210 CLOSE - HOOPER
210

urgently pointing.

HOOPER
Coming right to us!

Quint grabs up his harpoon.

QUINT
No -- comin' at us! Slow ahead
he'll slam us, head on --
(the engine
clanks)
Slower! Throttle back ---

211 ANGLE - OVER THE BOW
211

The shark is closing the gap, faster.

QUINT
(raising harpoon)
Hard to port!

Hooper pulls the boat into a tight turn and Quint has a shot at the upward rolling flank. He sinks it with careful precision.

QUINT
Try shakin' that out!

Brody emerges from the cabin as the rope zips overboard, and the barrel, changing over, catapults into the air before plunging into the ocean in a cloudy splash.

BRODY
(shouting to Hooper)
This won't kill it!

QUINT
(to Hooper)
Swing around! After him!

212 ON THE FLYBRIDGE
212

Hooper can see the fin racing ahead of the barrel. Diving down. Up again -- Quint prepares another iron.

QUINT
More gas...go to half! Get me
right alongside him ---

The engine thuds and knocks.

HOOPER
(shouting down)
We can't rev it up this high ---

Suddenly the barrel gongs into the side of the Orca.

QUINT
Watch it!

Hooper skillfully avoids the speeding rope.

QUINT
Atta boy!

Quint leans to one side, harpoon over his head. The Great White breaks water and....

QUINT
Take two, they're small!

He sinks it deep. We hear shots. As the new rope whips out, Brody can be seen standing on the gunwale, clutching the steel cage with one hand, firing his pistol at the shark with the other.

Quint shakes his head in amused disbelief at this, as the barrel goes over.

HOOPER
(shouting at Brody)
Don't shoot him any more! He's
crazy on his own blood already!

BRODY
I can't stand here doing nothing!

QUINT
Order in the court!

213 WATER LEVEL ANGLE
213

He has seen the two barrels pop to the surface.

QUINT
(racing over)
Three'll do it! He's havin'
trouble with two!

He yells to Hooper and Brody as he swings behind the controls.

QUINT

Grab yourselves a couple of poles!

Quint steers "Slow Ahead," engine protesting, as he maneuvers toward the moving barrels. Quint peers down, steering closer and closer.

QUINT

Get ready! Now snag 'em!

Together Brody and Hooper hook a barrel-rope and hold on for dear life as the shark changes course.

QUINT

Pull in the ropes and tie 'em onto the transom -- free ride.

Brody and Hooper pull in with all they are worth as Quint helps out by wheeling in a circle. He laughs to himself, enjoying the spectacle.

214 CLOSE - HOOPER
214

securing the rope to a cleat but allowing the barrel to hang overboard. He helps Brody with his chore on a second adjacent cleat.

215 WIDE ANGLE - ORCA
215

The boat is jarred violently from side to side as the underwater force of the Great White jerks and heaves them to and fro, up and down, side to side....

216 ANGLE - HOOPER AND BRODY
216

are both torn off their feet as the boat is thrust forward.

217 FLYBRIDGE - QUINT
217

sees the fin ahead. It is pulling the boat.

QUINT

Get tired! That's the idea!
Here's a little reverse for you!

The shark leaps partially out of the water, and the sight is both horrifying and awesome. Its jaws break water, snapping at the ropes that have him snarled and frustrated.

Quint throws the Orca into neutral and shouts down:

QUINT

Haul in -- watch the prop!

At that, Quint slides down to the prow, grabs up an iron. It is too light. He grabs another, finding satisfaction in its heft and balance. The shark can be seen directly ahead,

threshing closer.

QUINT

Now! Untie 'em! Quick -- Now!

He sinks the iron, and the shark veers downward in a gushing shower of spray.

218 HOOPER AND BRODY
218

They are trying to untie from the cleats, but both ropes are stretched too taut. They jump out of the way as the ropes stretch down the side and behind the boat, knocking over objects as it skeeters across the deck. A tight jerking motion, and the Orca is dragged through the water -- backwards. And much too fast. Water is splashing up over the transom in its backward wake.

QUINT

I said untie them ---

Wrenched to one side, Quint is knocked from his feet.

219 CLOSE - THE TWO CLEATS
219

A moment of slackness, and then a great surge of raw strength.

The rope snaps the cleats off, screws and splintered wood spraying -- and the barrels fly into the water. They disappear beneath the turbulent grey surface.

The three men, breathing heavily, bruised and pouring sweat, look out at the blank water.

220 ANGLE - OCEAN
220

Pop -- pop -- pop. One, two, three, the barrels surface -- ready for more.

QUINT

He can't go deep now, or far,
either. Not with those. Not for
long.

Brody looks down at his feet. There is salt water up to their shoe tops.

BRODY

What about us?

QUINT

(mentally assessing
the damage)

Have to pump her steady, s'all.

The barrels start a wide circle, each cuts through the water, pushing a wave before it and leaving a wake behind.

QUINT
(to Hooper)
Follow him --
(to Brody)
You start pumpin' out here.

Quint tosses Brody the hand pump, then picks up his 30.06, checks the load.

QUINT
Maybe a brain shot...one lucky
hit....

HOOPER (o.s.)
(on bridge)
He's heading under -- !

QUINT
(incredulously)
No way! He can't!

221 ANGLE - OCEAN
221

The barrels approaching the Orca dip below the surface, one -- two -- three.

BRODY
Where'd he go?

Brody looks around. Hooper on the flying bridge searching in all directions. Quint is looking more appalled every second.

QUINT
(helplessly)
He can't stay down with three
barrels on him! What are we
dealing with here?! Where is he?!

BRODY
Have you ever had one do this?

QUINT
(and he means this)
No!

BOOMING THUD at the keel. Brody slides on the wet deck and Quint loses his footing, falling into Brody's arms.

222 HOOPER - FLY BRIDGE
222

With him we watch the barrels pop up ahead of the bow then veer briskly to the left and plunk down again.

QUINT
Follow him!

HOOPER
I can't see him!

223 CLOSE - BRODY
223

Panic-ridden, barely in control.

BRODY

There -- !

The barrels have surfaced and we see the lengthy shadow passing underneath the Orca. It is incredibly huge, there's always more of it. There is a SCRAPING NOISE. Quint looks down as two of the barrels drag along the sides of the boat.

BRODY

He's trying to sink us!

QUINT

(to Hooper)

Dead astern! Zig-zag!

There is something different about Quint. He's quieter now, more icily calm. The colorful cockiness has left him. Brody senses that Quint knows he's in a fight for his life.

The Orca taking evasive action. But the three barrels are steadily closing the gap. The engine makes SLOSHING NOISES now...missing and backfiring.

BRODY

He's chasing us...I don't believe it.

QUINT

Full throttle -- to port!

224 HOOPER
224

He goes the throttle but the engine only screeches and pounds erratically. The three barrels pass beyond the boat, negotiating a tight circle and plowing mercilessly toward the Orca. The tip of the fin aims for the stern. Quint is ready with his rifle.

The shark breaks water and rises like a rocket, snout, jaw and pectoral fins shooting straight up. We see the smoke-white belly, the pelvic fin, as it clears the surface and falls sideways drenching Quint, who fires six times.

The Orca shudders from side to side. From Hooper's point of view we can just discern what is happening. The shark has the lower transom in its jaws and is shaking the boat with each jolt of its head. Quint shoots until spent. Brody seizes a gaff and drives it down at the conical nose again and again.

QUINT

Throttle back -- !

When they next peer out, the dorsal fin can be seen gliding

away, beginning a long circle around the Orca.

Right about now the Orca's engine breathes its final fumes and fails.

225 CLOSE - BRODY AND QUINT
225

Utter dismay. Hooper turns the key, the motor wheezes...but the engine is dead.

226 ANGLE - QUINT
226

His eyes flick from Hooper to the transom. It is cracked! Then out at the barrels...they don't seem to be moving.

BRODY
(noting this)
Maybe we killed it?

QUINT
(don't I wish)
We didn't kill it.

In rebuttal the barrels begin to move again, closer, in tighter concentric circles.

CUT TO

227 ON DECK - HOOPER
227

slipping into his weight-belt, strapping on his compressed air tanks. Nobody wants to stop him this time...even Quint helps him on with things.

HOOPER
Your pumps are out too. Drop me
down to twenty feet or so, okay?

Hooper walks over to the cage. Opens the steel doors and closes himself in.

HOOPER
(to Quint)
Try and keep him off me till I'm
down.

Quint nods grimly and Hooper brandishes the pole with affixed syringe. He give him a thumbs up and Hooper absently returns it. Quint circles the deck, eye on the barrels.

228 HOOPER AND BRODY
228

on opposite sides of the bars.

HOOPER
(with a reassuring
smile)

Lower away, Chief.

He pops his mouthpiece between teeth and lowers the face mask. Unsure, Brody manages to undo the knot that starts the cage into the ocean. He and Hooper stare at one another as their faces pass, Hooper's moving down, down into the slate-grey sea. Brody curls the rope around his forearm for a stronger hold.

QUINT

That's the way Chief.

BRODY

Live and learn.

229 UNDERWATER - CAGE
229

HOOPER'S POINT OF VIEW

Submerging. The sky, horizon, water line, clean fresh sea air then...the magnificent innerspace, with bubbles sparkling in front of us.

230 ANGLE - HOOPER IN THE CAGE
230

as he floats to twenty feet Hooper never stops looking around 360 degrees. He removes the rubber guard from the needle and waits.

231 EXT. THE SURFACE - BRODY AND QUINT
231

Their turning heads tell us that the barrels are still circling. Suddenly, both heads stop turning.

232 THE SEA
232

The barrels have come to a stop. Delicately, they change course and meander toward the lowered cage.

233 UNDERWATER - HOOPER
233

His back is to us. He is just now completing a visual sweep and turns, eyes front into closeup and: fixes wildly on something monstrous...and fascinating.

234 HOOPER'S POINT OF VIEW
234

The water is clear and shafts of sunlight streak downward in the blue. From the deep gloom -- diving slowly, smoothly -- comes the shark. It move with no apparent effort, sinuous beyond comparison. As it nears the cage, it turns, and its ghastly length passes right in front of him: first the snout, then the jaw, slack and smiling, then the black eye.

Hooper tentatively reaches out. It is too far for the

strychnine pole. The vinyl flesh is pocked with bullet holes, iron scars, gaffing hooks and strange open wounds that tinge the passing currents with pink.

235 SURFACE
235

The trailing barrels GONG and SCRATCH the keel of the Orca above. Brody and Quint leap back.

236 HOOPER - CLOSE
236

The shark has vanished into a cloud of rising silt. Hooper, expecting the shark to attack out of that same general direction, braces himself, pole extended through the bars, breathing faster, straining his eyes into the gloom and...we see that the shark attacking from behind him.

The cage is sent careening. Hooper grabs the bars for dear life. The shark has grabbed the steel struts in its brutal jaws, shaking the cage relentlessly from side to side, bending the bars like clothes hangers. Hooper can't turn the point-end of the pole around, his body jammed as far away from the non-rational attacker as possible.

Hooper is trapped.

The shark withdraws to get some running room then charges again.

The bleeding snout thrust deeper into the yawing bars, the jaws snapping and twisting, two feet from Hooper's torso, the tail thrusting it forward. Hooper drops the strychnine pole between the bars and it tumbles slowly toward rapture depth.

All the shark needs is one more good thrust before separating Hooper at the waistline. Through frantic bubbles Hooper fumbles with the overhead hatch cover, kicking up and out of the cage. The shark backpedals with its tail, but the broad head won't shake loose.

Hooper rushes downwards, after the strychnine pole.

238 ANGLE - SHARK
238

As spirals of harmless bullets bead the water, the shark twists free of the cage and arrows downward after Hooper.

Hooper nearly recovers the pole. Again it slips from his frightened grasp and this time disappears into a narrow abyss. Hooper turns and looks up.

The Great White is lunging at him, twenty feet above.

239 SURFACE
239

One of the barrel ropes snakes around the cage rope and pulls taut.

240 HOOPER - DEEP
240

Turning to meet the monster which -- though held back for a moment by the snarled rope -- now surges forward.

241 SURFACE - BRODY AND QUINT
241

The Orca is listing dangerously aft, the ginpole bent almost to the breaking point. Brody is in a frenzy trying to haul up the cage. Quint attaches the end of Brody's rope to a hand-winch. The GINPOLE IS SPLITTING!

QUINT

Let go of it!

The pole gives way, the rope whipping down on the gunwale... the pulling of the tonnage below is tipping the Orca, dragging it, but Quint won't give up the winch. Brody hauls on the rope barehanded.

242 UNDERWATER - HOOPER
242

maneuvering downward, away from the jaws... Suddenly the crazed shark veers upward for the surface.

243 SURFACE - QUINT
243

The winch is working faster now, Quint demonically winding it in. The crushed cage bangs against the hull then breaks water.

Brody is horrified. THE CAGE IS EMPTY!

QUINT

(a horrible scream)

He's comin' up --- !

244 MASTER ANGLE
244

The shark breaks water right beside the Orca, rising with a great whooshing noise. It rises vertically, towering overhead, blocking out the sun. The pectoral fins seem to reach forward. The shark, in all of its monstrous glory, falls onto the stern of the boat with a shattering crash, narrowly missing Quint and Brody. It drives the stern underwater, the ocean pours in over the transom. The jaws snap from side to side. Brody flounders backwards away from it. Quint gropes for his rifle and fires. The shark heaves its terrible girth and Quint flies backwards onto his harpoon display.

245 CLOSE - QUINT
245

Skewered by a Number Twelve iron, Quint gulps blood and pitches into the onrushing sea.

246 NIGHTMARE ANGLE - BRODY
246

The Orca is tipping backwards, sinking stern first, tipping Brody toward the gaping thrusting jaws. Deck chairs, irons, spent cartridges, thermos, beer cans all pour into the vacuum of the open gagging jaws. It wants Brody now, its tail keeping him into position.

Brody is sliding toward it with the rest of the debris as the bow raises thirty degrees. He intercepts one of Hooper's compressed air tanks and just as he and everything else pours toward the whirlpool and into the jaws, Brody braces himself and shoves the tanks at the bottomless pit. They jam between the upper and lower jaws and stick fast.

The shark twists backward in the water and turns away. Hooper, rising, is peering around for Brody and Quint. The shark is spinning in crazed circles, the head-thrusts indicating that it can neither dislodge nor swallow the silver tanks. It bites down at fifteen tons pressure per square inch. The TANKS EXPLODE!

247 SURFACE - EXPLOSION
247

A thirty-foot geyser of bright red water touches the black sky, spreading everywhere, missing nothing.

248 UNDERWATER
248

Clouds of blood -- shark's suspended carcass. Another cloud -- Quint suspended.

249 SURFACE - THE ORCA
249

sinks with a rumble.

250 CLOSE - HOOPER ON SURFACE
250

Raising his mask from the water, he kicks toward Brody.

251 UNDERWATER
251

The steel-grey body of the shark is falling away, an apparition evanescing into the darkness -- sinking in a slow, graceful spiral, stopped by the bobbing barrels.

252 SURFACE - BRODY AND HOOPER
252

Brody is holding onto a cushion, barely afloat, in shock.

BRODY
Quint...Quint...is he dead?

Hooper crosses Brody's chest with his left arm, keeping him

up in the water.

HOOPER

Don't talk. We've got a long way.

253 HIGH SHOT
253

The two tiny, miserable heroes, swimming from the debris.

FADE OUT

THE END