

THE NARRATIVE
OF
ARTHUR GORDON PYM

by

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Adapted from:
"The Narrative of
Arthur Gordon Pym
of Nantucket"
by
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FADE IN:

THE PLANET EARTH FROM SPACE

as we move closer towards New England

the satellite image of the earth DISSOLVES into

an ANTIQUE map of the globe circa 1827.

EXT. BIRDS EYE VIEW OF NANTUCKET ISLAND, 1827 - DAY

A SEAGULL descends towards the island, down to sea level, and then moving alongside a whaling ship, the GRAMPUS, headed for the harbor. Sailing vessels, both merchant and whalers, rest against the piers. Then, there's a town, some roads, a nice mansion on the hill, and the cemetery.

PYM/NARRATOR (V.O.)

My name is Arthur Gordon Pym. My late father was a respectable trader in sea stores at Nantucket, where I was born. My grandfather, who raised me, was an attorney, fortunate in everything, and had speculated very successfully in stocks of the Edgerton Bank. By these and other means he had managed to lay by a tolerable sum of money. He was more attached to myself, I believe, than to any other person in the world, and I expected to inherit the most of his property at his death.

EXT. NANTUCKET CEMETERY - DAY

Among the tall tombstones and the ivy, a fashionably dressed, young antebellum couple embrace atop a marble bench. The young man, ARTHUR GORDON PYM, is about 16-17 years of age. The young woman, PRUDENCE COFFIN, is perhaps 17-18 and quite fetching. He is kissing her neck. She is in ecstasy as Pym's arm is under her dress and his fingers are bringing her to climax.

PRUDENCE JOLTS, RACKED BY ORGASM

PRUDENCE

Oh...Arthur....

Pym kisses her lips as she forces his hand to keep applying pressure. Finally, she calms down. They arrange themselves.

PYM

Would that you could find it in your sweet heart to provide me with the same pleasures I have given you?

PRUDENCE

Arthur Gordon Pym, I am not an Edgarton whore. I'm going to finishing school in New Bedford. No more Nantucket for me.

PYM

And next fall, I'll take the coach from Harvard College to see you on weekends.

PRUDENCE

Arthur, you say you are going to college, but we both know you are fated to become a man of the sea. You'll not provide me with a child this evening. I do not intend to spend a lifetime on this tiny island, pacing a widow's walk, waiting endlessly for you.

PYM

You could do it with your hand.

PRUDENCE

Arthur!

DOG BARKING (O.S.)

PYM

Tiger!

TIGER, Pym's loyal Newfoundland dog, comes bounding onto the scene and runs up to his master, but starts nosing around between Prudence's knees.

PRUDENCE

Tiger! Stop it!

A NOTE is tied by a string to Tiger's collar. Pym removes it and reads.

PYM

Augustus! Augustus is back!

Pym jumps up, leans down to kiss Prudence, and runs off with his dog.

PYM (CONT'D)

We'll see you later, Prudence. Come on, Tiger. Augustus is back!

EXT. ROAD TO TOWN AND THE HARBOR - DAY

Pym and Tiger run through Nantucket town to the pier, passing examples of 1820's island life: the inn, the bakery, the livery stable, the mud, and the ubiquitous horse droppings.

EXT. GRAMPUS WHALING SHIP - DAY

Pym runs up the gangplank, shouting for "Augustus" and runs into CAPTAIN BARNARD, a huge crusty seaman with a fringed beard and a rugged face.

PYM

Hello, Captain Barnard, welcome home.

CAPTAIN BARNARD

Master Pym, thanks be to you. I suppose you be looking for Augustus. Well, he's right here, back home from his first voyage. He be a pollywog no longer. He's crossed the equator, kissed the ring of King Neptune, and become a shellback like us others.

AUGUSTUS, a young man, stocky and well fed, two years older than Pym, appears from the officer's cabin lugging his sea bag. The boys see each other and the warmth of friendship fills their faces.

PYM

Augustus, welcome home.

AUGUSTUS

Arty. Now I know I'm home.

They shake hands and then embrace in greeting.

CAPTAIN BARNARD

Be off with you. You both have the lies of 18 months to tell each other. Be off. I'll have the Swede bring your sea bag to the house.

Pym and Augustus run down the gangplank as Barnard chuckles to himself.

CAPTAIN BARNARD (CONT'D)

Swede!

A light-skinned, blonde haired, muscle-bound, bitter-faced man, SWEDE, the ship's Swedish cook, approaches Barnard.

CAPTAIN BARNARD (CONT'D)

Take my son's sea bag to my house
with my chests and muskets.

The Swede nods, picks up the bag effortlessly, and moves on, grumbling to himself.

EXT. HARBOR PIERS - DAY

The boys walk along the boardwalk, headed to another pier.

PYM

Come this way. I feel like a
grandmother after church services,
I have so much to tell you, but
first, smell my hand.

Hesitantly, Augustus smells his hand.

AUGUSTUS

Human? (Pym nods) Female? (Pym nods
again) Prudence Coffin?

Pym shouts in glorious victory. Augustus joins him.

AUGUSTUS (CONT'D)

Well, you will be the first
landlubber to learn of my recent
metamorphosis.

PYM

That crossing the Equator baloney?
Kissing King Neptune's ass?

Pym looks, hopefully, inquiringly.

AUGUSTUS

A bordello in Port au Prince...the
lady had delicious dark skin
covering her bones, and she proved
pink like all of us where it
matters most. She also claimed
Caribbean Island royalty, but it
turns out all the whores do.

They cheer in unison.

EXT. ARIEL SAILBOAT - DAY

Pym leads Augustus down an old rotten pier to a small sloop named the ARIEL.

PYM

My birthday present from last
January. I haven't sailed her yet.
No one's been available to teach
me.

Pym shrugs. Dead father. Busy grandfather. Augustus knows.

AUGUSTUS

She's beautiful. Ariel? Wasn't that
Shelley's boat?

PYM

I know how to swim. Not so for his
Lordship. Requiescat in pace!

AUGUSTUS

I must top your news once more, my
dear friend. Father let me man the
helm. I'm now a qualified helmsman.

PYM

Quite the promotion from the ship-
keeper, I'll say. That is top news,
first rate.

EXT. PYM MANSION - NIGHT

The nicest mansion on the island sits atop the highest hill
and is all lit up as if for a party.

PYM/NARRATOR (V.O.)

The next evening, my grandfather
held a welcome home dinner for his
friend and business partner Captain
Barnard, and of course, Augustus.

INT. PYM MANSION - NIGHT

The elegant dining room of the Pym mansion is filled with
relics of the sea and decorations made from ivory. The
honored guests, Captain Barnard and Augustus, sit at the
oblong table while GRANDFATHER PYM holds court. Grandfather
Pym smokes a huge cigar while Captain Barnard smokes his
ivory pipe.

PYM/NARRATOR (V.O.)

My grandfather slowly smoked his huge cigar while he allowed the Captain to dominate the evening's conversation with tales of his recent adventures.

GRANDMOTHER PYM, PYM'S MOTHER and Barnard's WIFE sit together at the end of the table, talking amongst themselves, drinking brandy. SERVANTS clear the table.

THE CAPTAIN BRAGS about his escapades.

CAPTAIN BARNARD

...a tiny whale she was, yet she smashed to bits two whaleboats with her tail, two quick flaps in succession!

Pym sits enraptured. Grandfather Pym notices.

CAPTAIN BARNARD (CONT'D)

No Essex adventure for we. The men were all saved and now lay at home here in Nantucket tonight with their wives, sweethearts and whores.

Captain Barnard's wife CLEARS her throat. But Augustus still feels he has license to bring up...

AUGUSTUS

Father, tell them about the women in Haiti.

Barnard COUGHS on his pipe. The women glance over.

CAPTAIN BARNARD

Better not tonight, lad.

Before Augustus can protest, Pym interrupts.

PYM

Captain Barnard, sir. Last fall, the schoolmaster and I went to Boston to interview with Harvard College and we stopped for a lecture given by Symmes and Reynolds. Have you ever read "Symzonia?" Have you heard of the Hollow Earth theory?

Pym's enthusiasm for the sea alarms Grandfather Pym. He sits forward, puts down his cigar and picks up his spectacles, peering through them to examine Pym closely.

AUGUSTUS

Whatever is the Hollow Earth theory?

GRANDFATHER PYM

By my faith and troth, do I have to hear about this again?

PYM

Professors Symmes and Reynolds both believe there is an inner continent, accessible by the poles, with perhaps as many civilizations as Asia.

CAPTAIN BARNARD

The typical ravings of an opium addicted maniac. Bunk and baloney!

Grandfather Pym takes off his spectacles in disgust.

GRANDFATHER PYM

Agreed, Captain. The folly of children. Humbug.

AUGUSTUS

I believe it. It could be true.

PYM

It's not proven yet. They need money to finance an expedition.

CAPTAIN BARNARD

And never will be proven, by God's blood. Augustus, you need rid yourself of such fairy tales if you ever plan to master a whaling ship.

PYM

(intentionally rebellious)
I'd bet the Devil my head to be the master of a whaling ship.

Grandfather Pym can stand it no more. He rises.

GRANDFATHER PYM

Harvard College shall be your next port of call, Arthur. As I've told you, no college, no inheritance.

(MORE)

GRANDFATHER PYM (CONT'D)
You'll not waste my fortune after
I'm gone on profitless adventures
and such scientific phantasmagoria.

Pym respectfully keeps his silence, but his lost hopes are apparent. He quaffs his snifter of brandy.

INT. PYM'S ROOM - NIGHT

Wearing nightclothes, the boys share a bed and a bottle of spirits. Tiger sleeps near the fireplace.

PYM/NARRATOR (V.O.)
After the party, both Augustus and
myself were not a little
intoxicated.

They're quite drunk and laughing like children.

PYM
...if Prudence were here now, I'd
satisfy her with a profitless
adventure...but profitable for
me...

AUGUSTUS
...and I'd be here to show you what
to do...and what not to....

PYM
(deadly serious)
So, we shall share her, like true
Christian gentlemen.

They roar with laughter. Augustus awkwardly stands.

AUGUSTUS
It's too fine a night to lay in bed
like a dog. No offense to Tiger.
I'm a helmsman. Let's take your
Ariel for a frolic.

Pym looks at him incredulously.

EXT. PYM MANSION - NIGHT

Pym and Augustus climb out his bedroom window and fall to the ground.

PYM/NARRATOR (V.O.)

There is no passion in nature so demoniacally impatient, as that of him who, shuddering upon the edge of a precipice, thus meditates a plunge.

EXT. ARIEL SAILBOAT IN HARBOR - NIGHT

Carrying a lantern, Pym and Augustus scramble aboard the sloop Ariel and prepare to sail.

PYM/NARRATOR (V.O.)

That evening, we became two more of the many uncounted victims of the Imp of the Perverse, that demon of the soul who entreats us to do something even though we know full well we should not.

The sails fill and the Ariel heads into a dark sea.

EXT. DECK OF ARIEL - NIGHT

Augustus lays drunkenly at the helm. The tiller helps him keep his own balance. Pym finds a seat on the deck near the mainsail.

EXT. ARIEL AT SEA - NIGHT

The sloop heads towards bad weather.

EXT. DECK OF ARIEL - NIGHT

Pym appears frightened. Augustus looks almost passed out.

PYM/NARRATOR (V.O.)

At this period in my life, I still knew little about the management of a boat, and was now depending entirely upon the nautical skill of my friend. Still I was ashamed to betray any trepidation, but finally I could stand it no longer, and spoke to Augustus about the propriety of turning back.

Pym moves to Augustus and tries to revive him.

PYM

Augustus! Augustus? Helmsman!
Augie, we must turn back.

AUGUSTUS

By-and-by...time enough home by-and-
by.

PYM

For God's sake, Augustus.

Augustus gives up trying to communicate and falls backwards,
sliding and rolling into the bilge-water.

PYM/NARRATOR (V.O.)

The whole truth now flashed upon
me. He was drunk, beastly drunk,
much more drunk than he had thought
himself earlier to be. He could no
longer either stand, speak, or see.

Pym takes over the helm.

PYM/NARRATOR (V.O.)

It is hardly possible to conceive
the extremity of my terror. Fierce
wind and a strong ebb tide were
hurrying us to destruction. A storm
was gathering. I recommended myself
to God, and made up my mind to bear
what ever might happen with all the
fortitude in my power.

A LOUD CRASHING SOUND - PYM FALLS FORWARD ONTO AUGUSTUS.

EXT. ARIEL AND PENGUIN AT SEA - NIGHT

THE WHALING SHIP PENGUIN CRASHES INTO THE ARIEL, BREAKING IT
APART. MIRACULOUSLY, PYM AND AUGUSTUS REMAIN AFLOAT ABOARD
THE FLOTSAM AS THE PENGUIN PASSES THEM BY.

EXT. DECK OF PENGUIN - NIGHT

The muscle bound First Mate, DIRK PETERS, a hybrid Creole,
Native-American, spots the Ariel's destruction.

DIRK PETERS

(shouting)
Backwater...backwater!

EXT. PENGUIN HELM - NIGHT

Peters rushes to CAPTAIN BLOCK, standing besides the HELMSMAN.

DIRK PETERS

Captain, we've smashed into a
cuddy, sir. There's two men in the
water.

CAPTAIN BLOCK

This ship will not turn about for
such nonsense. If there was a man
run down, it's nobody's fault but
his own. He might be drowned and be
damned.

Sailor HENDERSON rushes over from the mainsail.

HENDERSON

Masthead look-out says two men gone
by the board, sir.

CAPTAIN BLOCK

It's no business of his to be
eternally watching for egg-shells.

Peters look around and sees the crew sympathetic.

DIRK PETERS

Such a heartless atrocity spoken
should make one such as you a fit
subject for the gallows. In
perdition's name, if you do not
order this ship to come about, Sir,
I will disobey your orders even if
I'm hanged for it once on shore.

Block reluctantly nods his consent. Peters takes over the
helm and shouts the order to come about.

DIRK PETERS (CONT'D)

Hard-a-lee!

The crew fly to their posts and the ship turns about.

INT. PENGUIN STATEROOM - NIGHT

Pym lies in a berth wrapped in blankets, slowly returning to
consciousness. Augustus sits next to him, also wrapped in
blankets and chafing Pym's hands. Block, Peters, and
Henderson stand watching. All make exclamations of joy when
Pym wakes.

PYM/NARRATOR (V.O.)
 I found myself, upon reviving, in
 the cabin of a large whaling-ship,
 the Penguin, bound to Nantucket.

Pym looks at all the strange men.

PYM
 Am I still alive?

Augustus nods and the whaling men laugh.

PYM (CONT'D)
 Captain, please don't tell my
 grandfather.

Everyone laughs again.

CAPTAIN BLOCK
 Peters, take care of them.

Block and Henderson file out, leaving Dirk Peters.

DIRK PETERS
 Don't worry, lad. We be not the
 type to be talking to parents,
 nannies, or school teachers.

Henderson pops his head back in.

HENDERSON
 This be Dirk Peters, the mate who
 saved your lives. He risked his
 neck and job for it.

Henderson pops out.

DIRK PETERS
 But he backed me up as well. We be
 a crew, not a rabble...Even if the
 Captain not be up to Christian
 mercy.

Pym and Augustus put out their hands to Peters.

PYM
 Thank you for saving our lives,
 Sir. I'm Arthur Gordon Pym of
 Nantucket.

AUGUSTUS
 I thank you too, Mister Peters. I'm
 Augustus Barnard, of Nantucket too.

Dirk Peters examines the boys for maturity.

DIRK PETERS

"There once was a man from
Nantucket..."

Apparently, the boys have not heard the limerick. Pym points to the tomahawk Dirk Peters wears in his belt.

PYM

Are you an Indian?

SUDDENLY SOLEMN - PETERS DRAWS HIS DEADLY TOMAHAWK.

Apprehensive, the boys go quiet. Peters turns the bottom end of the tomahawk to his lips. Striking a match with his fingers, he lights the pipe end of the tomahawk. He puffs.

DIRK PETERS

Choctaw.

The boys relax.

PYM

But you speak with the French
accent of the Creole people in
Louisiana.

DIRK PETERS

I do. Those who want the appearance
of being friendly can, if they
must, refer to me as a hybrid, like
the species of a new flower, or
perhaps in my case, a new red
pepper? Those who wish to irritate
me, call me a half-breed, but
usually only behind my back.

PYM

The name "Dirk Peters" doesn't
sound Choctaw or Creole?

Peters looks at Pym suspiciously.

DIRK PETERS

You're an observant one. Well,
there's many reasons a man changes
his name. For me, my Choctaw name
was "Little Knife" and my Creole
name was "Pierre." "Dirk Peters" is
my American name.

PYM

Do you know of the Cane River
Creole people of Natchitoches
County?

DIRK PETERS

That's my home. How come you to
know about these matters?

PYM

You're not the first Creole to come
to Nantucket. But also, I read a
lot. Mostly about the sea.

DIRK PETERS

So, what have you read about the
sea?

PYM

After finishing the Odyssey, I
devoured Captain Cook's journals,
as well as Byron and Wallace's
adventures aboard the Dolphin. I've
even read Bougainville's Journey
Around the World.

DIRK PETERS

In French?

PYM

Of course...and the Odyssey in
Greek.

Peters turns to Augustus, curiously.

AUGUSTUS

Arthur's grandfather owns the
largest library on Nantucket
Island, or Martha's Vineyard for
that matter.

Peters looks to Pym.

DIRK PETERS

I be quite impressed. But have you
read about the Bounty Mutiny?

PYM

I've read both Bligh's narrative
and Captain Folger's account of his
rediscovery of Pitcairn Island and
the survivors. Captain Folger is
also from Nantucket and a close
friend of the family.

Peters offers a cryptic smile.

DIRK PETERS

So, you've read about the women?

PYM

The women, Sir?

DIRK PETERS

Zounds, boy! The exotic women of Tahiti who ravished Fletcher Christian and his mates without benefit of clergy.

PYM

Apparently, those unschooled savages agreed with Mary Wollstonecraft's theories of "free love."

DIRK PETERS

Aye, they did. Hell's Bells! I've sampled island girls from Hawaii to Polynesia. They're more civilized with their bodies than all the Creole bluestockings I've tasted at home. And yet they're more savage with their precious hearts than any of the soiled doves I've paid for in New Orleans.

AUGUSTUS

(bragging)

I spent a week in a Port au Prince whorehouse. Nothing free there.

Pym appears awkward. They wait for his contribution.

PYM

Odds bodkins? Well, I fiddled around with Prudence Coffin in the cemetery.

They share a laugh at this.

DIRK PETERS

Listen closely, "There once was a man from Nantucket..."

Peters begins to teach them the limerick.

EXT. NANTUCKET HARBOR PIER - DAYBREAK

Pym and Augustus scramble off the docked Penguin and head for home as the sun begins to rise.

PYM/NARRATOR (V.O.)
The Penguin got into port in the morning close to daybreak.

INT. PYM MANSION - DAY

With artificially composed smiles, Pym and Augustus sit at breakfast with Pym's family.

PYM/NARRATOR (V.O.)
Both Augustus and myself managed to appear at breakfast which, luckily, was somewhat tardy, owing to the lateness of the party the previous night. I suppose all at the table were too much fatigued themselves to notice our jaded appearance.

Grandfather, as well as Grandmother and Mother, are noticeably hung-over. Pym stands up to make an announcement.

PYM
Grandfather, I want you to know that I've given up my fantasies regarding the sea and look forward to becoming your future law partner.

Pym sits back down, delighted with himself, and returns to his breakfast. Grandfather's mood elevates. He knows when to not ask further questions. His smile returns. His hangover disappears.

GRANDFATHER PYM
Well, sweet merciful heavens, that's cause for a round of rum punch. Everyone?

As Grandmother groans, Mother gets up to find last night's punch bowl.

EXT. NANTUCKET CEMETERY - DAY

Pym and Augustus talk amongst the stones.

PYM/NARRATOR (V.O.)

It bothered my soul to lie to my grandfather, but it was all part of our plan. My recent misadventure had not dampened my desire for the sea. In three months time, Augustus and the Grampus would leave again and my hopes of a life at sea would be demolished, only to be replaced by a career of clerical drudgery in the law.

PYM speaks emphatically to Augustus.

PYM

I'm careful to never mention the sea in front of any member of my family or the servants.

INT. PYM MANSION PARLOUR - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Pym LIES to his Mother as she measures him for a coat.

PYM(V.O.)

I keep telling Mother how much fun I look forward to living in Boston.

INT. PYM MANSION KITCHEN - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Pym LIES to his Grandmother as she hands him some money.

PYM(V.O.)

I promised my grandmother I'll meet a rich society girl to marry.

INT. GRANDFATHER'S LIBRARY - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Pym sits at a desk with open books and papers.

PYM(V.O.)

I pretend to study for hours...

Surreptitiously, Pym reads ROBINSON CRUSOE.

INT. GRANDFATHER'S LIBRARY - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Grandfather Pym sits at his desk, doing double digit bookkeeping in a huge ledger. Pym across the room.

PYM(V.O.)
 ...and I constantly plague my
 grandfather with complicated
 questions about the law.

Pym crosses to Grandfather Pym's desk to ask him a question.
 Pleased, Grandfather Pym lectures Pym.

PYM(V.O.)
 I patiently listened to him tell me
 endless tales about the gloriously
 productive and profitable life of
 an attorney.

Pym pretends to listen earnestly.

PYM'S FANTASY - PYM'S ON A TROPICAL BEACH

PYM(V.O.)
 While I listen, I dream of naked
 and free native island girls, eager
 to please and husband me.

Exotic sex hungry ISLAND WOMEN ravish him.

BACK TO SCENE

Pym continues to nod to Grandfather Pym.

BACK TO PRESENT

EXT. NANTUCKET CEMETERY - DAY

Augustus nods conspiratorially.

AUGUSTUS
 We'll sneak you aboard early on the
 morning we sail. I'll arrange for a
 secret compartment below deck where
 you can hide until we are so far
 out at sea that turning back will
 be out of the question.

The two adventurers shake hands in agreement.

PYM/NARRATOR (V.O.)
 I have since frequently examined my
 conduct on this occasion with
 sentiments of displeasure as well
 as of surprise.

FIREWORKS BLAST AND SPRAY OVER NANTUCKET HARBOR

PYM/NARRATOR (V.O.)
 But at the time, I decided
 consciously to tolerate my
 hypocrisy by instead, assiduously
 focusing on the fulfillment of my
 long-cherished visions of
 travel...and Prudence Coffin.

EXT. PYM MANSION - NIGHT - ONE MONTH LATER

Grandfather, Grandmother, Mother, Captain Barnard, his Wife,
 and the Servants stand on the veranda watching the fireworks.

PYM/NARRATOR (V.O.)
 The three months slowly passed. I
 continued my family's misdirection
 as well as my hypocrisy.

Slightly down the hill stand Pym and Prudence and Augustus
 hypnotized by the colorful explosions and the spectacular
 view of the harbor lighted at night.

Pym leans over to whisper in Prudence's ear.

PYM
 "There once was a man from
 Nantucket..."

Prudence turns and slaps him. Immediately, she moves to keep
 Augustus between them. Everyone on the veranda notices.
 Grandfather Pym smiles.

EXT. NANTUCKET CEMETERY - DAY - TWO MONTHS LATER

Pym and Prudence sit in their accustomed spot. They are in
 the process of straightening their clothes.

PYM/NARRATOR (V.O.)
 The second month proved intolerably
 boring.

Pym leans over to whisper in Prudence's ear.

PYM
 "There once was a man from
 Nantucket..."

Prudence slaps Pym and walks away.

EXT. NANTUCKET PIERS - DAY - THREE MONTHS LATER

Pym, Augustus and Tiger stand at the pier, scanning a ferry boat for someone.

PYM/NARRATOR (V.O.)

By the third month, I must admit I was starting to get a little homesick, even though I hadn't even left yet.

EXT. FERRY BOAT - DAY

Prudence, all dressed up in her finery, stands aboard the ferry headed towards a comfortable life on the mainland. The steamboat JOLTS to a start. Seeing the trio, she waves to her gentlemen suitors and Tiger.

EXT. NANTUCKET PIERS - DAY

Pym and Augustus wave goodbye to Prudence. Tiger barks.

PYM & AUGUSTUS

(in unison)

"There once was a man from Nantucket..."

Pym & Augustus break down laughing. Tiger howls.

ABOARD THE BOAT, PRUDENCE FROWNS

Suspicious of their behavior, she knows full well she is probably the butt of their comedy.

INT. PYM MANSION - NIGHT

As before, the mansion is lighted up as if for a party.

PYM/NARRATOR (V.O.)

Finally, the eve of departure arrived and Grandfather held a goodbye banquet. Having endured three months of Captain Barnard's tales of the sea, Grandfather Pym chose to dominate the evening's conversation.

Grandfather Pym smokes his huge cigar and sips his brandy. He's a bit tipsy. Captain Barnard keeps him happy.

GRANDFATHER PYM

Owning the ships proves to be a relative small expense compared to the profits of boiled whale blubber.

CAPTAIN BARNARD

'Tis a fact that people nowadays enjoy seeing in the dark. I enjoy it myself.

GRANDFATHER PYM

Tallow is dangerous and lacks efficiency. Good, well-made, sensible candles are a luxury.

CAPTAIN BARNARD

Aye, whale oil serves the common man and we all make a living serving them.

GRANDFATHER PYM

That 'tis American capitalism!

Grandfather Pym takes off his spectacles and quaffs his brandy. Pym and Augustus play chess. The women knit and read the bible. Servants clear the table.

PYM/NARRATOR (V.O.)

Augustus and myself chose not to be drunken that night. The furtherance of our plot required clarity.

Grandfather Pym's spirits rise and so does he, addressing all the others.

GRANDFATHER PYM

We are both men with sons approaching manhood, Captain Barnard. They birth from similar roots, but forge different paths.

Captain Barnard rises beside him.

CAPTAIN BARNARD

Aye, no son of mine could ever choose other than the sea.

GRANDFATHER PYM

And no son of mine could ever choose but power and majesty. To Harvard...and the sea!

Grandfather Pym toasts and quaffs, then slumps drunkenly back into his chair. Captain Barnard sits politely. Pym takes Augustus' Queen. Grandfather Pym leans forward and whispers to Captain Barnard.

GRANDFATHER PYM (CONT'D)

God blind me. Does thou think me wrong to forbid my grandson to choose the ancient sea in favor of modernity?

CAPTAIN BARNARD

Never, sir. Born is my child to the sea, but the spawn of your own son, he must further the name of Pym in whatever modernity offers, or your life and his father's have been in vain.

Grandfather Pym nods and sits back into his chair.

GRANDFATHER PYM

(sadly)

Is there no modernity in the sea?

INT. PYM'S ROOM - NIGHT

Pym finishes transferring his clothing from the college bound trunk to a sea bag along with a well-worn copy of "Lyrical Ballads" by Samuel Taylor Coleridge and William Wordsworth.

PYM/NARRATOR (V.O.)

After all in my household fell asleep, save Tiger, I packed my sea bag and bid adieu to my faithful friend.

Pym embraces Tiger, saying goodbye.

PYM/NARRATOR (V.O.)

Given the brief lifespan of a dog's life as well as Tiger's advanced age, I tried not to consider that I may never see him again this side of paradise.

Pym slips out the window. Tiger watches him go.

EXT. GRAMPUS WHALING SHIP AT PIER - NIGHT

Not a soul is stirring. Daybreak is not far off. Pym appears at the gangplank. Augustus beckons him aboard. Quietly, they creep below deck to Augustus' stateroom.

INT. AUGUSTUS' STATEROOM - NIGHT

The relatively small quarters contain a bed, a bookcase, a writing desk and a small lantern that illuminates the room. Augustus locks the door behind them and kneels down.

AUGUSTUS

Light two candles from the lantern.

As Pym lights two candles, Augustus pulls open a trap door. Taking one of the candles from Pym, he descends into the bowels of the ship and Pym follows.

INT. HOLD OF THE SHIP - NIGHT

Augustus closes the trap door behind them. Pym follows him down a narrow corridor flanked by oil casts, crates, hampers, barrels, bales and all sorts of ship furniture.

AUGUSTUS

Here's your new home, Arty.

AN IRON-BOUND SHIPPING BOX

Four feet high, three feet wide, and six feet long, a mattress covers the whole of the bottom. A lantern, blankets, books, and writing materials lay next to a supply of foods, jugs of water, and bottles of wine.

PYM

I've never seen anything so sublime. I shall get fat if I stay here too long.

A DOG BARKING (O.S.)

PYM (CONT'D)

That's Tiger.

OUTSIDE ON THE PIER

Tiger waits at the water's edge, barking for his master.

BACK TO PYM AND AUGUSTUS

AUGUSTUS

I'll take care of him. I must return above before everyone awakens. I shall not have a chance of coming down again for some time perhaps for three or four days. Be as quiet as you can. Enjoy yourself.

PYM

Thank you, Augustus. You're better than a brother to me.

Augustus absorbs his gratitude and returns down the corridor, up through the trap, and into his stateroom.

INT. PYM'S HIDING PLACE - NIGHT

Pym looks through his provisions and samples a piece of ham and a draught of wine. He settles down on the mattress and picks a book to peruse.

PYM/NARRATOR (V.O.)

I now looked over the books which had been so thoughtfully provided, and selected the expedition of Lewis and Clark to the mouth of the Columbia. With this I amused myself for some time, when, growing sleepy, I extinguished the lantern with great care, and soon fell into a sound slumber.

Pym reads for awhile, turns off the lamp, and closes his eyes to sleep.

EXT. GRAMPUS WHALING SHIP AT PIER - DAY

The sails are down and filling with breeze. The crew rushes around frantically performing their duties.

THE GRAMPUS HEADS OUT FROM NANTUCKET HARBOR TO THE SEA.

EXT. GRAMPUS DECK - DAY

Augustus follows Captain Barnard around the ship, taking notes, recording the Captain's dictates. The Swede confronts the Captain and they begin to argue. Curiously, Dirk Peters appears and solves the problem between them. The Swede returns to the galley. As the Captain and Augustus pass Peters, Peters and Augustus share a discrete greeting.

INT. PYM'S HIDING PLACE - DAY

Pym wakes and strikes a match.

PYM/NARRATOR (V.O.)

Upon awaking, I distinctly felt the brig in motion, and congratulated myself upon having at length fairly commenced a voyage.

Pym lights the lantern. Quite content, he takes another piece of ham followed by a much needed drink of water.

INT. PYM'S HIDING PLACE - DAY (LATER)

The ham is finished except for the fat and skin. Broken biscuits litter the mattress. Pym turns the last page of the book he's reading and tosses it on the pile, taking another, TRISTRAM SHANDY by Laurence Stern.

PYM/NARRATOR (V.O.)

A few days passed and I kept myself entertained as best I could. Then, a few more days went by and still no person came to my relief. By this time, I could not help accusing Augustus of the grossest inattention.

INT. PYM'S HIDING PLACE - DAY (LATER)

Pym cuts and eats slices of bologna, washing it down with water. He finishes another book.

PYM/NARRATOR (V.O.)

In the meanwhile the roll of the brig told me that we were far in the main ocean. I could not imagine a reason for the absence of Augustus. We were surely far enough advanced on our voyage to allow of my going up. Some accident might have happened to him but I could think of none which would account for his suffering me to remain so long a prisoner, except, indeed, his having suddenly died or fallen overboard, and upon this idea I could not dwell with any degree of patience.

INT. PYM'S HIDING PLACE - DAY (LATER)

The bologna is half gone. Pym licks the end of his index finger to pick up and eat the biscuit crumbs. Pym peers into his water jug, and finding it low in supply, grabs a wine bottle and drinks from it.

PYM/NARRATOR (V.O.)

I became very uneasy, and could no longer take any interest in my books. I was overpowered, too, with a desire to sleep.

Pym falls asleep, the lantern burning.

INT. PYM'S HIDING PLACE - DAY (LATER)

The lantern's gone out. Pym slowly wakes. He appears disoriented.

PYM/NARRATOR (V.O.)

I awakened with a disorder of mind. I began to suppose that I must have slept for an inordinately long period of time. The close atmosphere of the hold might have had something to do with this, or it might have been the wine.

Pym strikes a match and lights the lantern.

PYM/NARRATOR (V.O.)

What alarmed me chiefly was that the water in my jug was gone, and I was suffering much from thirst.

Pym empties the water jug with a final draught.

PYM/NARRATOR (V.O.)

I was oppressed with a multitude of gloomy feelings. Still I could not venture to make any disturbance by opening the trap and risking discovery, so I contented myself as well as possible.

Pym opens another bottle of wine and drinks.

INT. PYM'S HIDING PLACE - DAY (LATER)

Pym sleeps fitfully. The lantern is lighted. The wine bottle empty.

PYM/NARRATOR (V.O.)
 In my drunken stupor, my dreams
 were of the most terrific
 description. Every species of
 calamity and horror befell me.
 Among other miseries...

INT. PYM'S ROOM - NIGHT (DREAM SEQUENCE)

TWO RED DEVILS hold Pym down in his bed and a THIRD holds a pillow over Pym's face as he struggles.

PYM/NARRATOR (V.O.)
 ...ferocious demons smothered me to
 death with huge pillows...

EXT. NANTUCKET CEMETERY - NIGHT (DREAM SEQUENCE)

Moonlight illuminates two TOMBSTONES, one for "Arthur Gordon Pym" and the other for "Prudence Coffin Pym." The balance of the Pym family rests besides them.

PYM/NARRATOR (V.O.)
 ...and then skeletons cried over my
 grave begging for mercy. For me!

SKELETONS rise up from all the graves and begin to waltz in unison. FOUR SKELETONS, one with Grandfather Pym's spectacles, the three other wearing hats worn by Pym's Grandmother, Mother and Prudence, kneel at his grave.

EXT. DESERT LANDSCAPE - DAY (DREAM SEQUENCE)

Naked Pym wanders around the desert looking desperate until a LION ROARS and JUMPS at him.

PYM/NARRATOR (V.O.)
 Suddenly, I was naked and alone in
 the desert. A lion attacked me,
 baring his horrible blood stained
 teeth and I fell impetuously to the
 earth. A paroxysm of terror
 overwhelmed me and I woke up.

A DOOR SLAMS (O.S.)

END DREAM SEQUENCE.

INT. PYM'S HIDING PLACE - DAY

Pym awakens with a JOLT. Seeing nothing and no one, his tongue searches for the last drops from the water jug.

PYM
(resigned to death)
Lord, help my poor soul.

A DOG BARKS (O.S.)

Tiger appears and bounds to Pym, licking his face. Pym happily embraces his dog and starts to cry.

PYM/NARRATOR (V.O.)
Tiger! I threw myself upon the neck
of my faithful follower and friend.
A giddy and overpowering sense of
deliverance overcame me and I
relieved the long oppression of my
bosom in a flood of the most
passionate tears.

Tiger turns his attentions from his master and begins gulping the ham fat and skin. Pym grabs the remaining bologna before Tiger can devour it.

PYM/NARRATOR (V.O.)
For the presence of Tiger I tried
in vain to account, and after
busying myself with a thousand
different conjectures respecting
him, realized Augustus had probably
chosen to take him aboard rather
than allow his constant barking at
the gangway to reveal our plans. I
was now content and rejoicing that
he was with me to share my dreary
solitude, and render me comfort by
his caresses.

Pym begins to pet Tiger's back and notices, as before, there is A NOTE tied to his collar by a string. Pym frees the paper and opens the message.

PYM
"Mutiny. Blood and death. Your life
depends on lying close."

INT. PYM'S HIDING PLACE - NIGHT

Days have passed. Both Pym and Tiger suffer from thirst. The salty foods and wine do not ease their predicament. They're prostrate.

PYM/NARRATOR (V.O.)

Lack of drinking water and a diet of salty foods left me in a high state of fever, and Tiger appeared in every respect exceedingly ill. To add to my troubles, I found that my headache was increasing momentarily, and with it a species of delirium.

VOICE (O.S.)

(low tone)

Arthur...Arthur...

PYM/NARRATOR (V.O.)

In my diminished capacity, I thought I'd heard my name called, but I could not tell if I were in a dream. Actually, I thought I was in a dream within a dream.

Pym sits up and uses the lantern to scan the interior of the hold. He sees nothing human. Tiger moans.

PYM/NARRATOR (V.O.)

With the most intense anxiety I listened to ascertain the source of the noise. I hoped to hear Augustus for I knew only that the person who called my name could be no one but himself. All was silent for some moments.

VOICE (O.S.)

(low tone)

Arthur...Arthur...Arty...

Pym reacts, too excitedly.

PYM

(screaming loudly)

Augustus! Oh, Augustus!

AUGUSTUS (O.S.)

Hush, for God's sake! Be silent!

INT. AUGUSTUS' STATEROOM TRAP DOOR - NIGHT

Augustus is perched at the opening, staring down into the darkness. Pym appears with Tiger behind him.

PYM

I'm dying of thirst.

Augustus hands Pym a jug of water, which he cannot open and imbibe from quick enough. Tiger growls quietly.

AUGUSTUS

I snuck in here once to send Tiger to you with a message, but since then they've kept me handcuffed in the forecandle for days. Now, they need me to help run the ship, so I'm free to walk about.

Pym pours water into his cupped hand and lets Tiger drink.

PYM

Tell me about the mutiny.

Augustus offers Pym a handful of small boiled potatoes. Pym hands one to Tiger before starting to eat his. Augustus begins eating one himself.

AUGUSTUS

Do you remember that hybrid First Mate aboard the Penguin, Dirk Peters, who saved our lives?

PYM

Of course, stop eating, go on.

EXT. NANTUCKET PIERS - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Dirk Peters walks Pym, arm around his shoulder, towards the Grampus with purpose.

AUGUSTUS (V.O.)

In compensation for his not telling our families about the Ariel incident that dark and stormy night, I arranged an introduction to my father who hired him as our First Mate immediately upon my firm recommendation.

EXT. DECK OF THE GRAMPUS - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Pym introduces Dirk Peters to Captain Barnard.

AUGUSTUS (V.O.)

Now, the Swede, he's the ship's cook. He's from Georgia and sometimes he calls Peters a half-breed when Peters is not around. But Peters and the Swede get along pretty well. They talk about food all the time. Anyway, I've since learned the Swede despises all men equally.

In the b.g, the Swede looks on with his usual disdain.

INT. GRAMPUS GALLEY - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Lost in a bitter memory, the Swede swings a ladle. Walking by the doorway, Dirk Peters followed by Augustus, stops, steps back, and walks in.

DIRK PETERS

Good afternoon, Swede. What's for supper?

The Swede breaks from his fantasy and snarls his answer.

SWEDE

Salt horse, extra salty, beans with cockroaches, and biscuits with bedbugs.

DIRK PETERS

(joking)

What, there be no chowder tonight?

The Swede offers a rare smile.

SWEDE

We always have chowder, Mr. Peters.

DIRK PETERS

Scrod today, whale meat after the first kill. Still, I'll be betting you'll make those bible leaves sing.

SWEDE

Tell me, after three months at port, what do you think of the so-called Yankee clambake?

DIRK PETERS

I'm more partial to a crawdad boil
with sassafras gumbo and red
jambalaya.

SWEDE

Aye, for all the fritters in New
England, I'd rather be at a
Lowcountry feast in Savannah,
eating roasted oysters and shrimp
kedgeriee.

DIRK PETERS

How about you, Augustus?

AUGUSTUS

(defensive)

I like clam cakes and chowder.

Peters and the Swede laugh affectionately at his remark.
Peters is out the door. Augustus begins to follow.

AUGUSTUS' POV - Swede's smile disappears and bitterness
ravages his face once again.

Augustus follows Peters topside.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. AUGUSTUS' STATEROOM TRAP DOOR - NIGHT

Pym feeds a second potato to Tiger. Augustus quickly takes a
bite of his own potato before Pym looks up.

PYM

What does that have to do with a
mutiny?

AUGUSTUS

(his mouth full)

The Swede started it.

EXT. GRAMPUS GALLEY - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

The galley door is closed. Swede hands extra food and wine to
some of his conspirators. They grow in numbers.

AUGUSTUS (V.O.)

The Swede banded together an ugly
gang of his fellow ruffians and
conspired to take the ship to go
pirating.

Augustus opens the door and enters carrying a tray filled with dirty dishes. He puts it down and leaves quickly.

INT. CAPTAIN'S CABIN - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

A GANG OF MUTINEERS crash in. Their leader, the Swede, strikes Captain Barnard with a hand spike, gashing his forehead, knocking him to the floor.

INT. SHIP'S ARMORY - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Mutineers break open the door and begin to arm themselves with muskets and ammunition.

INT. AUGUSTUS' STATEROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Augustus sits writing at his desk when the door is kicked open. The Swede grabs him by the neck.

SWEDE

Come see your papa.

INT. CAPTAIN'S CABIN - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

The Swede pushes Augustus inside. Captain Barnard remains alive, but tied up and bleeding from his forehead.

SWEDE

Be obliging, and I won't slit his throat.

Augustus nods and begins to help his father. The Swede grabs the Captain's brandy decanter and quaffs directly from it.

EXT. GRAMPUS DECK - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Led by the Swede, the mutineers assemble on deck with Captain Barnard and Augustus as their hostages. The Swede polishes off the brandy decanter and tosses it overboard.

INT. FORECASTLE - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Confused and leaderless, the loyal crew peer through the window, fearing for their lives. Dirk Peters steps from behind them and looks out the window.

EXT. GRAMPUS DECK - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

The Swede stands before his mutineers. Instead of a ladle, he now holds an axe. He addresses the forecandle occupants.

SWEDE
 (friendly, but firm)
 Do you hear there below? Tumble up
 with you one by one, now, mark that
 and no grumbling.

INT. FORECASTLE - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

An ENGLISHMAN, a raw hand, wearing spectacles, pushes his way through the crowd towards the doorway. The others entreat him to stay, but he insists and exits.

EXT. GRAMPUS DECK - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

The Englishman emerges and crosses towards the Swede, timidly and increasingly tearfully.

ENGLISHMAN
 Spare me, please Sir. I enjoy your
 cooking, Sir. Tasty potatoes. Have
 mercy, Sir, for the love of God?

THE SWEDE BURIES THE AXE IN HIS BRAIN.

SWEDE
 Yes, Englishman, for the love of
 God!

The dead Englishman falls to the ground, knees first. Blood gushes from the new gash in his skull. Then, his torso topples to the left side.

SWEDE (CONT'D)
 Next!

Some of the mutineers scramble to empty the pockets of the dead man. One finds a large wallet. Another takes the Englishman's spectacles.

INT. FORECASTLE - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

The inhabitants shudder. The QUARTERMASTER speaks.

QUARTERMASTER

We could all rush them. Grab the ones in front and use them as shields until we disarm the rest?

DIRK PETERS

If you chose that, several of you will die with the first volley of their muskets. The second volley will certainly kill the rest of you. Any survivors will get the axe.

EXT. GRAMPUS DECK - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

The mutineers watch as:

THE SWEDE PICKS UP THE BODY OF THE DEAD ENGLISHMAN ALL BY HIMSELF AND TOSSES HIM OFF THE SIDE OF THE SHIP.

He turns back towards the forecastle.

SWEDE

(pleading)

Do you think that I am going to kill you all? I have your former Captain out here. He's alive! We got his kid. He's alive! Hear me well, I can have my men fire our muskets in through the windows or through the walls, but I do not care to kill you.

INT. FORECASTLE - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

The Quartermaster shakes his head to the group. They all turn to look at Peters.

DIRK PETERS

He can keep shooting and kill us all if he wanted to and it's a tempting sign that he has not. But I do not trust a mutineer. I'm no hero. You go ahead, if you chose. I'll wait right here.

EXT. GRAMPUS DECK - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

The loyal crew members begin to exit the forecastle. Mutineers rush to bind their hands behind them.

SWEDE

(in good humor)

Come on out, slowly now, in small groups, one by one. We're binding you up till we figure out what to do with you. But mostly so you bastards don't damn well kill us all!

The Swede, drunk with brandy and power, exhausts himself laughing at his joke and has to sit down.

SWEDE (CONT'D)

I'm tired. Mutiny is so exhausting. Augustus, bring me some grog. Bring us all some grog!

EXT. GRAMPUS DECK - NIGHT (LATER) (FLASHBACK)

Finally, all of the loyal crew members, including Peters, are tied up. The mutineers hold cups of grog (diluted rum) to the lips of their captives. Augustus refills the cups until everyone has been served.

SWEDE

Now that we've all shared our daily ration of rum together and become such good friends once again, who would like another taste of rum with me while we decide what to do with each other?

The loyal crew mumble to each other and hesitate.

SWEDE (CONT'D)

Come now, isn't there at least one happy Irishman among you who can't bear the thought of a long voyage home without another drink in his belly?

(tempting)

...or perhaps set free in one of the whaling boats?

HELMSMAN GALLAGHER tries to be agreeable.

HELMSMAN GALLAGHER

You'll be talking about me. Swede, you know me name is Gallagher and I will take you up on your offer and thank ye kindly.

The Swede's rarely seen smile returns.

SWEDE

Excellent!

The Swede signals to Augustus who brings a cup of grog to Helmsman Gallagher's lips. As Gallagher quaffs his grog, the Swede makes the sign of the cross with his axe.

SWEDE (CONT'D)

(reverently)

This is my body and this is my blood.

Gallagher finishes drinking.

HELMSMAN GALLAGHER

Thanks again, Swede. I'll do for you when we hit a port. I'll do for us all, mates, I will. Huzzah!

All the men, loyalists and mutineers, laugh and cheer in agreement. Tensions are relieved. Order may be restored.

SWEDE

Thank you, Helmsman Gallagher, but I'll do for you now. Take him to the gangway and bend him to the sea.

Two mutineers walk Gallagher to the gangway. They force him down on his knees and push his head over the edge.

SWEDE (CONT'D)

You are an Irish pig.

THE SWEDE DECAPITATES HELMSMAN GALLAGHER WITH HIS AXE.

Blood splatters across the Swede's face and blouse. Gallagher's head tumbles into the sea.

The two mutineers begin picking the pockets of the torso, pulling out a chronometer.

The Swede turns to his prisoners.

SWEDE (CONT'D)

Last cup of grog, anyone? Come on, let's have a final drink together you and me. You're going to die anyway.

The two mutineers push Gallagher's torso into the ocean.

SWEDE (CONT'D)

I'll make a wager with you. I'll
drink a cup of grog for every man I
kill. When I can't drink anymore,
I'll stop killing...till tomorrow.

The Swede points to the SECOND MATE. The two mutineers hold him while Augustus delivers him a cup of grog to drink. The Swede takes his opportunity to drink another cup of grog as well. He toasts the Second Mate.

SWEDE (CONT'D)

To your health! Skoal!

The Swede empties his cup. Peters steps out of formation and approaches him, half-bowing in respect.

DIRK PETERS

Excuse me, Swede, our new Captain,
Sir, leader of us all, our redeemer
from back breaking labor, our
promise of a future unlimited.
Sire, my only disappointment is
that you have not asked if any of
us, any of us unlucky enough to
have inhabited, and in my case
merely visited, the forecastle, if
perhaps we too would wish to join
you?

The Swede considers this despite his intense intoxication.

SWEDE

But what of your loyalty to
Barnard?

Peters turns to the Captain.

DIRK PETERS

Captain, no disrespect to your
station, but I just met you a
little more than a fortnight ago
and I've no other purpose in life,
but to survive. Forgive me any
offense. I'd rather lie naked with
agreeable Tinian women on the
shores of hell tomorrow than feed
my head to the fishes today.

The Captain nods consent. Swede considers this.

SWEDE

Release him.

A mutineer cuts Peters bonds. Peters grabs the pitcher of grog from Augustus and fills the Swede's cup.

DIRK PETERS

Your cup proves empty, my Captain,
Sir.

The Swede nods to him and points the two mutineers to the Second Mate. The Swede addresses his prisoners.

SWEDE

Anyone else care to join me?

All the loyal crew members voice their consent. Even the Second Mate, poised for execution, tries to signal his approval. Swede's smile disappears.

SWEDE (CONT'D)

I don't believe any of you.

THE SWEDE DECAPITATES THE SECOND MATE'S HEAD.

Blood geysers, once again squirting across the Swede's face. The mutineers loot the torso's clothing and toss it overboard.

The Swede points to his next victim: the BOATSWAIN.

BOATSWAIN

You mutineers are not sailors.
You'll not make it to a port
without us.

The Swede shrugs his shoulders. As the victim is fed grog, the Swede quaffs the cup Peters filled. The mutineers drag the Boatswain to the gangway.

SWEDE

You'll never know.

THE SWEDE DECAPITATES HIS HEAD.

Captain Barnard closes his eyes to mask the horror. Augustus watches hypnotically as the scavengers pull the Boatswain's whistle from his pockets.

AUGUSTUS

Give that to me!

The Swede nods his consent and one of the mutineers hands Augustus the Boatswain's whistle.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. AUGUSTUS' STATEROOM TRAP DOOR - NIGHT

Augustus fingers the Boatswain's whistle, which hangs from his neck. Tiger pleads for more food. Augustus offers his half eaten potato to Pym for Tiger.

AUGUSTUS

He killed twenty-two innocent men
before he fell four sheets to the
wind.

EXT. GRAMPUS DECK - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Another HEAD is chopped off and falls into the sea.

The Swede staggers to Augustus who hands him another cup of grog. Using Augustus' shoulder for support, the Swede downs the cup and then speaks directly to him.

SWEDE

"Buried she sleeps, Dead for her
love's sake, or bleeding she weeps,
Heart-broken, given by her brother
Unto another."

The Swede passes out into his chair.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. AUGUSTUS' STATEROOM TRAP DOOR - NIGHT

AUGUSTUS

...Mostly ordinary seamen, but the
best of the crew among all those
murdered, the boatswain and the
quartermaster.

Pym feeds Tiger the piece of Augustus' potato.

PYM

The Swede drank 22 cups of grog?

AUGUSTUS

(defensive, erratic)
Well, he spilled a lot. He must
have eaten before the mutiny. Took
some time to kill that many. Peters
filled his cup to the brim each
time. I gave straight rum to the
men appointed to die. I should've
given straight rum to Peters for
the Swede.

(MORE)

AUGUSTUS (CONT'D)

By then, that drunken maniac
wouldn't have known the difference.
I could've saved lives. I would've
done that, I swear I would've.

On the edge of tears, Augustus shakes with guilt. His eyes
plead for forgiveness. From Pym, from God, or from himself?

EXT. GRAMPUS DECK - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Blood and brains litter the deck before the gangway and drip
down the hull. The most recent victim's torso is tossed to
its reward.

THE SWEDE HAS PASSED OUT. PETERS TAKES OVER.

PETERS

Take the Swede to the Captain's
boudoir. Put the Captain and the
rest of his crew into one of the
whaling boats. Give them the
Helmsman's chronometer and some
provisions.

The mutineers rush to obey his orders. They carry the
unconscious Swede into the Captain's Quarters and begin to
load the loyal crew members into a whaling boat. Augustus
gathers provisions and starts to enter the boat.

PETERS (CONT'D)

No, Augustus. You will stay
here...as my clerk.

Augustus hands the Captain the logbook.

CAPTAIN BARNARD

No, the logbook stays with the
ship. You'll care for it in my
place, my son.

The Captain urges Augustus to get out of the boat.

PETERS

The Swede will not harm you.

Augustus reaches to hug his father and the Captain returns
his embrace. Augustus climbs out of the boat.

PETERS (CONT'D)

Goodbye, mes amis. The God that we
all adore has provided this as the
only way for me to save your lives.

(MORE)

PETERS (CONT'D)

Remember me well. Bless you and bon
chance.

The whaling boat is lowered into the sea and cast adrift.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. AUGUSTUS' STATEROOM TRAP DOOR - NIGHT

Tiger laps some more water out of Pym's hand.

AUGUSTUS

I've consoled myself with the hope
they may make it to Bermuda, or at
least the shipping lanes.

PYM

Captain Bligh made it to Timor,
3618 nautical miles in a 23 foot
boat in 47 days.

AUGUSTUS

But Bligh had a sail.

PYM

So did Shelley.

Silence.

AUGUSTUS

Well, perhaps with God's help?

PYM

Yes, with God's help.

Pym nods, hiding his doubts by concentrating on Tiger.

AUGUSTUS

I best be off to make an
appearance. If any of them chance
to sober up, they may wonder about
me. I'll be back when they're
mostly all drunk and fast asleep.

Augustus closes the trap door, leaving Pym and Tiger in
darkness.

INT. UNDER AUGUSTUS' STATEROOM TRAP DOOR - NIGHT

PYM
 (to Tiger)
 I wouldn't mind a little grog
 myself.

INT. AUGUSTUS' STATEROOM - NIGHT

Augustus finishes securing the trap door.

KNOCK AT THE DOOR

Augustus opens his door and Dirk Peters enters.

DIRK PETERS
 Back to your quarters, all cozy
 now? Where's that Newfoundland you
 brought on board? Zounds! We didn't
 eat him for supper did we? Boiled
 dog gives me gas.

AUGUSTUS
 No, he's making himself squiffy
 with all the rats he's finding in
 the hold.

DIRK PETERS
 Having the time of his life, he be
 garbling with the cargo while we be
 facing death at every moment.

AUGUSTUS
 Are they going to kill us?

DIRK PETERS GETS SERIOUS.

DIRK PETERS
 Do you know why I saved your life
 and kept you here? Do you know why
 I am here now?

Augustus shakes his head, fearfully.

AUGUSTUS
 I'm a Captain's son, not a sailor.

In return, Dirk Peters shakes his head, incredulous.

DIRK PETERS
 I'm not going to rape you! I need a
 mate. Twice I saved your life. Can
 I count on you?

INT. UNDER AUGUSTUS' STATEROOM TRAP DOOR - NIGHT

Pym has his ear pressed against the trap door opening. His hands struggle to keep Tiger from growling.

INT. AUGUSTUS' STATEROOM - NIGHT

AUGUSTUS

Why did you conspire against my father?

DIRK PETERS

The Swede conspired this mutiny, not me. I saved your father from the fate the Swede determined for him...and intended for you as well.

AUGUSTUS

Why do us the bother?

DIRK PETERS

Would you prefer I had offered my head as chum for sardines and my hair as fertilizer for kelp? Would that have been honorable, worthy of your respect?

(mocking)

Quelle loyaute il a montree!

(What loyalty he showed!)

AUGUSTUS

Thank you for helping us.

DIRK PETERS

Augustus? Are you your father's son? Then help me return his ship to you.

AUGUSTUS

Aye. I am the son of Captain Barnard.

DIRK PETERS

The leaders of the mutiny favor piracy, but I've yet to convince them from their error.

AUGUSTUS

Divide and conquer? Napoleon?

DIRK PETERS

You've heard of it!

AUGUSTUS
My friend Arthur told me about it.

EXT. GRAMPUS AT SEA - DUSK

As the Grampus sails south, the sun sets in the west.

INT. CAPTAIN'S CABIN - NIGHT

The Swede sits at the head of the Captain's table, staring down at maps between draughts of grog. His leading co-conspirators, Ordinary Seamen SEYMOUR JONES, JAMES GREELY, and WILLIAM ALLEN, and Able Seaman HARTMAN ROGERS, sit around the table drinking, sleeping, and playing cards.

JAMES GREELY
Now that we're pirates, we could add nutmeg to our grog and call it bumbo.

The others nod in agreement.

DIRK PETERS
Make way! Your good fortune coming.

Augustus enters first, carrying a small barrel of brandy. Peters follows as the conspirators eye him with suspicion.

DIRK PETERS (CONT'D)
Our new Captain, I beseech you, please remove your lips from that stale tankard of fermented lime skins and savor some more of former Captain Barnard's best brandy. Well, it's best because it's the only brandy on board and, besides, it sounds better to say it that way. Enjoy, Sir, with my compliments.

AUGUSTUS
And mine too, Sir...Sirs.

The Swede nods agreeably. Augustus begins serving everyone.

INT. FORECASTLE - NIGHT

Able Seamen ABSALOM HICKS, JEREMIAH WILSON, RUFUS CHAMBERS, JOHN HUNT and RICHARD PARKER fill their tankards with straight rum from a barrel Augustus has freshly tapped.

DIRK PETERS

Why do Able Seamen join a mutiny?
Are you all set to go pirating with
these buccaneers?...Do you trust
them? Go ahead. Gather thee riches
while thee may. One day, one of
them will slit you open for the
delicate pirate treasures you've
hidden up your arse. All your
pirate booty will be in the hands
of your murderers...after you've
bled and shit yourselves to
death...

Peters strikes his tomahawk into a table for emphasis.

DIRK PETERS (CONT'D)

Maybe, if you're lucky, they'll
first poke you in the eye while
you're sleeping, and scramble your
brains like chicken eggs? Either
way, soon you'll no longer be
breathing.

After pulling it out, Peters smokes his tomahawk pipe.

DIRK PETERS (CONT'D)

Perhaps you wish you waste your
life for the Swede? Die for the
Swede? For the portion of riches he
may chose to share with you? He
serves more tyranny than a
government. I ask you again, do you
trust him?

The forecastle mutineers question each other.

INT. CAPTAIN'S CABIN - NIGHT

Peters strides to the Captain's desk and picks up Barnard's
ivory pipe. Finding it still filled with tobacco, he lights a
match and the pipe.

DIRK PETERS

Sadly, you killed the
Quartermaster. And as the only one
left aboard with the necessary
navigational skills, I thought our
new Captain may want to inform me
of which direction he would like me
to point his ship.

SWEDE

If we were to chose piracy as our mission from today forward, where does our navigator and First Mate calculate might be our best direction?

DIRK PETERS

Ah, piracy. Sure, it's a lot of fun. Killing shipping clerks and fat bankers' sons is all jolly with me. But the iron tryworks that weigh these decks down make speed a fantasy on a whaler, especially this old brig, not much of a pirate vessel... and then there's all that running from the Navy?...I don't know?...I think I prefer pleasure and amusement to sweat and death.

Peters relights the pipe.

HARTMAN ROGERS

Peters, what do you think of my plan to take on more whalers at Cape Verde and use the ship as originally intended to make a profit for us all?

DIRK PETERS

That's very industrious of you and a plan worthy of utmost consideration, however...whaling is a lot of hard work...and we've gone so far and killed so many. We deserve a holiday! I say, let's take a vacation!

The Swede chuckles at this remark. His disciples do also.

INT. FORECASTLE - NIGHT

Peters drinks along with the Able Seamen. Parker plays a fiddle. They finish a sailing song.

DIRK PETERS

...Piracy, the sweet trade? Bah, I've heard piracy is a lot of hard-work...all that waiting, and hunting, and killing people who only stand between you and riches...and then there's the hangman.

ABSALOM HICKS

But the riches, the riches?

DIRK PETERS

And where do you spend your pirate riches? I'll tell you, in stinking wharf saloons and diseased island cat-houses, in putrid ports you wouldn't favor if you didn't need to hide from the noose. There be no homecomings and chapel weddings for pirates...only disease, dismemberment and death...and maybe the choice of where to die.

Richard Parker starts playing a macabre pirate song.

INT. CAPTAIN'S CABIN - NIGHT

Peters has the ivory pipe going now. Augustus refills the Swede's tankard.

SWEDE

So, Mate, how do you think we should navigate our lives, as much as this ship can offer us?

DIRK PETERS

Gentlemen, pleasure be our only option. Hear me, what is the goal of a rich man, but to service his every desire?

There are no objections among this crew.

DIRK PETERS (CONT'D)

There be native civilizations, accessible to this ship, where pleasure be the way of life. We could find a tropical Garden of Eden where even God has blessed man's appetite for carnality.

HARTMAN ROGERS

The hybrid makes a good point.

DIRK PETERS

No captains, no laws, no taxes, no sheriffs, no shrews and children demanding your pay, no church on Sunday, no parsons, no guilt, no shame...only caramel colored beauties yearning for your sweat, your blood and your offspring.

Peters makes a lewd gesture.

INT. FORECASTLE - NIGHT

Augustus taps the last of the rum into his own tankard.

DIRK PETERS

The ocean provides abundant fish and the land provides fruits and vegetables you pick as you need...You bathe all day in the sun, naked as Adam...At night you sleep under the stars or in a little grass hut with a native girl who worships you like a profligate Lord...She and you copulate at will with no parson or sheriff to ever bother you.

INT. CAPTAIN'S CABIN - NIGHT

DIRK PETERS

The beaches are pristine. No more stepping in horse shit every day and having to clean off your boots each night. Soon, even the rancid stink of whale blubber will be a forgotten nightmare.

INT. FORECASTLE - NIGHT

DIRK PETERS

No droughts in the country and no starvation in the cities. Live life on this earth as God intended, as a playground for his children.

INT. CAPTAIN'S CABIN - NIGHT

DIRK PETERS

I'd be loathe to choose breaking my
back pirating only to spend the
rest of my life sweating on the
chests of backwater whores and
subsisting on devil's piss to
drink.

INT. FORECASTLE - NIGHT

DIRK PETERS

Let's capitalize on the freedom to
spawn abundantly, with these
caramel goddesses simply yearning
that their children may be born
American and free.

INT. CAPTAIN'S CABIN - NIGHT

DIRK PETERS

I'll rather share my sweat with
Eden's angels eager to share my
passions without guilt or
hesitation.

INT. FORECASTLE - NIGHT

DIRK PETERS

We can choose to live in paradise.

INT. CAPTAIN'S CABIN - NIGHT

DIRK PETERS

For that, I'll share my death with
the Devil...

INT. FORECASTLE - NIGHT

DIRK PETERS

...if he'll have me.

Everybody cheers and drinks. Augustus watches.

INT. GALLEY - NIGHT

The Swede entertains his private guest Hartman Rogers.

SWEDE

Do you fancy a taste of the last of the tortoise meat our late Captain brought aboard for his own mess?

Two tortoise chops sizzle on top the oven.

SWEDE (CONT'D)

The Galapagos tortoise, due to its enormous size, is frequently called the elephant tortoise. Their appearance is singular, and even disgusting. But they're not just any turtle, their meat has been known to provide ecstasy, but it helps to have a woman present.

The Swede pours Rogers some wine.

SWEDE (CONT'D)

We could whale. We could serve our traditions and, as Captains and Bankers do, eat this well every night for the rest of our lives. But we do not possess the souls of bankers. We have all joyfully condemned ourselves to be forever known as mutineers. This is our destiny, as unchangeable as the stars.

The Swede turns the chops.

HARTMAN ROGERS

If we whale, we can maybe one day return to our families without threat of the hangman. Money pays for a lot of sins and what was once crime becomes crusade.

The Swede nods in agreement and serves the rare meat.

SWEDE

After this turtle meat be gone, salt horse and fish be the only dead creatures to be eaten on the balance of this voyage...unless masked boobies and frigate birds appease your appetite.

HARTMAN ROGERS

There be little fancy dining in pirate coves.

SWEDE

Aye. But there be glory!

As the Swede chews, tortoise blood drips from his lips.

INT. AUGUSTUS' STATEROOM - DAY

Dirk Peters and Augustus share a bottle of wine.

DIRK PETERS

In spite of my portraits of paradise, the consequence of a simple ocean voyage, the Swede has convinced my allies that piracy will gain them quicker access to riches and the souls of wicked women.

AUGUSTUS

Rapacity replaces pleasure.

DIRK PETERS

That's a pirate for you. He'd rather die than enjoy his spoils.

AUGUSTUS

We need a plan.

DIRK PETERS

We need to kill them all.

Augustus bends to open the trap door.

AUGUSTUS

We could use a little help.

DIRK PETERS

What, the dog? Yes, he could help.

Augustus opens the trap door revealing Pym and Tiger.

PYM

Bonjour, mon ami.

Dirk Peters cracks a smile. Tiger barks.

DIRK PETERS

..."There was once a young man from Nantucket"...

They all share a laugh.

DIRK PETERS (CONT'D)
"La Belle et La Bete." Why does
your presence not surprise me?

INT. MATES CABIN - NIGHT

Hartman Rogers gasps for air. The others wake and attend him.
Hartman Rogers struggles to live.

AUGUSTUS ARRIVES

He begins to pour brandy down Rogers' throat. Rogers chokes
on the brandy. He pulls Augustus close to him and whispers
his last words.

HARTMAN ROGERS
Beware, the cook has served me
death for my supper.

He dies, emitting a death rattle.

EXT. GRAMPUS AT SEA - DAY

The Grampus sails south, towards a storm.

INT. AUGUSTUS' STATEROOM - NIGHT

Pym makes his case to Augustus and Dirk Peters.

PYM
I know I sound ridiculous. But we
need a diversion and these cowards
are superstitious at heart and
soul.

AUGUSTUS
But a ghost? I don't believe in
ghosts.

DIRK PETERS
Neither do I, so why should they?

PYM
Guilt. The Swede poisoned Hartman
Rogers. That rotten cook has more
blood on his hands than Hamlet. In
the same moment it takes to bash
open the Swede's skull, he will be
thinking I'm Rogers' ghost come to
haunt him.

DIRK PETERS

Well, I'm a big believer in sweet
revenge.

EXT. GRAMPUS AT SEA - NIGHT

The storm begins to rage. Squalls hit the ship with great force, but the Grampus keeps afloat.

INT. BLUBBER ROOM - NIGHT

No whales yet. No blubber. This now serves as a morgue. Dirk Peters and Augustus help Pym strip the corpse of Hartman Rogers of his clothing. Pym puts on the dead man's distinctive attire: a blue striped stockinette and sailor's pants. Pym uses burnt cork to darken circles around his eyes and chalk to whiten his forehead and cheeks.

EXT. GRAMPUS DECK - NIGHT

As the storm rages, William Allen minds the helm and the watch. Up on the masthead, Richard Parker keeps lookout.

INT. FORECASTLE - NIGHT

Jeremiah Wilson and Rufus Chambers lay in their bunks, fearful of the storm, rocking, drinking, praying.

RUFUS CHAMBERS

"O thou, who stillest the raging of
the sea, and the noise of its
waves! Thou holdest the winds, and
at they command they go forth. We
ask ye to rebuke them and maketh a
great calm."

INT. CAPTAIN'S CABIN - NIGHT

The Swede and his co-conspirators Seymour Jones and James Greeley drink themselves into oblivion along with their new disciples to piracy, Absalom Hicks and John Hunt.

SWEDE

"Gifts such as these I would gladly
receive if you were a Christian
woman. But I know you are the worst
mountain troll from the spawn of
Necken and the devil."

EXT. GRAMPUS DECK - NIGHT

In one fluid movement, Dirk Peters casually walks up to helmsman William Allen, lifts him up by the throat and THROWS HIM OVERBOARD ALIVE. Augustus takes the helm.

EXT. MASTHEAD LOOKOUT - NIGHT

Having viewed the events below on deck, Richard Parker begins to get sick to his stomach.

INT. FORECASTLE - NIGHT

Wilson and Chambers continue to pray out the storm.

JEREMIAH WILSON

"And when the sea shall give up its
dead, and each one be called to
judgment, then may I find my name
written in the book of life."

PYM APPEARS, DRESSED AS ROGERS' GHOST.

Before distracted Wilson or Chambers can react, Dirk Peters enters and kills them both, BUSTING OPEN THEIR SKULLS with his tomahawk in two fluid moves.

EXT. GRAMPUS DECK - NIGHT

Like heaving sacks of grain, Dirk Peters and Pym throw the bodies of Wilson and Chambers overboard.

EXT. MASTHEAD LOOKOUT - NIGHT

Richard Parker weaves between nausea and fainting.

INT. CAPTAIN'S CABIN - NIGHT

Waves of sea water splash through the open stern windows and into the Captain's cabin, but none of the drunken mutineers seem to care.

ABSALOM HICKS

I don't trust that half-breed and
Barnard's little boy. They're too
cozy.

SWEDE

I want no secret doings aboard my
ship.

JAMES GREELEY

Aye. Let's throw them over the side
before they cause us any trouble.

EXT. GRAMPUS DECK - NIGHT

Augustus turns the sandglass over and rings the ship's bell
EIGHT TIMES for the next watch. Dirk Peters and Pym hide.

INT. CAPTAIN'S CABIN - NIGHT

Seymour Jones reluctantly stands from the table.

SEYMOUR JONES

Damn me, it's me watch.

SWEDE

Avast. There be no use manning a
tiller when the rudder's useless
until good weather.

JOHN HUNT

You should relieve Allen before you
refill your tankard.

SWEDE

And relieve that dutiful fool
Richard Parker. I ordered him aloft
to lookout before the storm two or
three watches ago. I reckon the
booby is still there.

EXT. GRAMPUS DECK - NIGHT

Despite waves crossing the deck, Seymour Jones climbs out of
the Captain's cabin and up to the helm. He finds it strange
to see Augustus manning the wheel.

PYM JUMPS OUT AS ROGER'S GHOST.

Seymour Jones becomes distracted.

DIRK PETERS BURIES HIS TOMAHAWK IN SEYMOUR JONES' BRAIN.

Afterwards, Dirk Peters and Pym toss the corpse overboard.

EXT. MASTHEAD LOOKOUT - NIGHT

Seeing this, Richard Parker almost slips and falls to his death. A huge wave tries to dislodge him, but he hangs on.

EXT. GRAMPUS DECK - NIGHT

Dirk Peters points Augustus to the entrance to the stern stateroom door and Pym to the booby hatch over the Captain's cabin.

INT. CAPTAIN'S CABIN - NIGHT

Determining it is finally time to close his open stern window, the Swede stumbles to do so.

SWEDE

"Vainly I seek wings of the falcon,
for mortals too weak. Only in
passing death's portal soareth a
mortal."

Greeley and Hicks finish a round of cards. Hunt opens a new cask. They ignore the Swede's drunken ramblings.

AUGUSTUS BARGES IN THE CABIN DOORS AND FALLS PROSTRATE.

AUGUSTUS

Swede, I've seen his ghost. It's
Hartman Rogers. He wants you.

The mutineers struggle to make sense of this when...

PYM SLIDES OPEN THE BOOBY HATCH AND JUMPS INTO THE CABIN,
LANDING ATOP THE TABLE.

PYM AS GHOST

Poisoner! Murderer!

Pym points accusingly at the Swede. The mutineers all show astonishment.

DIRK PETERS BURSTS IN BEHIND AUGUSTUS,

FIRING A MUSKET PISTOL IN EACH HAND.

His bullets rip open the chests of Greeley and Hicks.

THE SWEDE FIRES A MUSKET, MISSING PETERS,

BUT TEARING THROUGH AUGUSTUS' ARM.

PYM STABS Hunt in the throat with a whaler's knife.

The Swede picks up another musket and grabs Pym.

TIGER APPEARS BARKING, LEAPS ON THE SWEDE.

Tiger rips the Swede's throat out with his teeth.

The Swede's musket fires, killing Tiger.

Pym rushes to his dog.

PYM

Tiger!

As the Swede's throat geysers blood and he lays slowly dying, his open eyes stare without blinking.

DIRK PETERS SWINGS HIS TOMAHAWK,

SPLITTING OPEN THE SWEDE'S FACE.

PYM/NARRATOR (V.O.)

Thus, in far less time than I have
taken to tell it, we found
ourselves masters of the brig.

EXT. GRAMPUS DECK - NIGHT

The storm rages. Dirk Peters and Pym finish swinging dead corpses overboard. Augustus fashions a sling for his wounded arm. Peters helps him while Pym returns to the staterooms.

PYM WALKS OUT HOLDING TIGER IN HIS ARMS.

Peters and Augustus take notice.

PYM

"Tyger Tyger, burning bright,
In the forests of the night:
What immortal hand or eye,
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?"

Pym drops his beloved dog into the sea.

AUGUSTUS

God bless you, Tiger.

Peters walks to Pym and puts his arm comfortingly around his shoulders. As they cross to care for Augustus, a wave of brown liquid, not sea water, plasters their heads and shoulders.

PYM/NARRATOR (V.O.)
Whether it be due the killings or
the storm, Seaman Richard Parker
had regurgitated his chowder and
bumbo. It was thus, we noticed him.

EXT. MASTHEAD LOOKOUT - NIGHT

Richard Parker hangs on the mast, sick to his stomach.

EXT. GRAMPUS DECK - NIGHT

Dirk Peters motions for Parker to descend.

A HUGE WAVE BREAKS THE MAIN MAST.

As it topples, Parker jumps to the deck.

Dirk Peters saves him from tumbling overboard.

PYM/NARRATOR (V.O.)
The only person of our opponents
who was left alive was Richard
Parker. He entreated mercy.

Peters uses his tomahawk to pull Parker up by his chin to his
feet. Parker pleads for his life.

PYM/NARRATOR (V.O.)
We took pity on this wretch and set
him to man the pumps as the ship
proved in danger of foundling.

INT. GRAMPUS PUMP ROOM - NIGHT

Handcuffed to one of the pumps, Parker mans it weakly. Sea
water sloshes around his boots, filling the room.

EXT. GRAMPUS AT SEA - NIGHT

The Grampus rambles its way through lightening and rain.

EXT. GRAMPUS DECK - NIGHT

Pym and Peters push the broken main mast over the side.

INT. GRAMPUS PUMP ROOM - NIGHT

Augustus removes Parker's handcuffs. Pym and Peters begin working the second pump. Augustus struggles to help Parker pump. The sea water is ankle high.

EXT. GRAMPUS DECK - NIGHT

Giant waves strike topside structures overboard.

EXT. GRAMPUS DECK - DAY

Peters chops away the last of the foremast. The structures attached to the bow of the ship are pulled along with the foremast into the sea. All the whale boats are lost.

EXT. GRAMPUS AT SEA - DAY

An emasculated wreck, a HULK, the ship bobbles upright in the water. Only a fractured mizzenmast rises above the partially submerged deck.

A HUGE WAVE KNOCKS THE GRAMPUS ON ITS SIDE.

PYM/NARRATOR (V.O.)

For a few moments we thought
nothing could save us from
capsizing.

EXT. GRAMPUS DECK - DAY

The foursome struggle not to roll into the sea.

PYM

Sweet merciful heaven...

EXT. GRAMPUS AT SEA - DAY

Slowly, the ship rights itself, but leans to its side.

INT. GRAMPUS PUMP ROOM - DAY

The sea water has risen to their knees. The foursome abandon the diagonally challenged pump room.

EXT. GRAMPUS AT SEA - DAY

More waves knock the remaining structures off the deck.

EXT. GRAMPUS DECK - DAY

The foursome scramble onto the deck, escaping the seawater filling the compartments below. They begin tying themselves to the stronger beams. Pym helps Augustus.

EXT. GRAMPUS AT SEA - DAY

The Grampus, leaning to its side, is noticeably lower in the water. Waves continue to slap at the ship.

PYM/NARRATOR (V.O.)

We had settled very deep in the water. It was, indeed, hardly possible for us to be in a more pitiable condition.

EXT. GRAMPUS DECK - NIGHT

The foursome lay strapped to the deck, not far from each other. Augustus appears half-conscious, half-alive.

PYM/NARRATOR (V.O.)

As the night closed in upon us, I had not a shadow of hope that the vessel would hold together until morning.

Darkness begins to reduce their visibility to each other.

PYM/NARRATOR (V.O.)

At intervals we called one to the other, thus endeavoring to keep alive hope, and render consolation and encouragement.

Pym calls out.

PYM

Augustus?

AUGUSTUS

(pitifully)

It is all over with us, and may God have mercy upon our souls.

A huge wave covers them in blackness.

EXT. GRAMPUS AT SEA - DAY

The storm is gone and the sun shines brightly, too brightly.
The Grampus floats low in the water.

PYM/NARRATOR (V.O.)
By the deliverance of God, however,
we were preserved from these
dangers, and the next morning we
were cheered by the light of the
blessed sun.

EXT. GRAMPUS DECK - DAY

The four survivors sit half submerged in water.

PYM
"Water, water, every where,
And all the boards did shrink;
Water, water, every where,
Nor any drop to drink."

DIRK PETERS
I've heard that one before.
Shakespeare?

AUGUSTUS
Samuel Taylor Coleridge...Arthur's
favorite poet.

Augustus looks weak. His wounded arm is turning black.

RICHARD PARKER
Is there any hope of rescue?

Nobody says anything.

EXT. GRAMPUS DECK - DAY (LATER)

Pym wraps Augustus' arm in a wet bandage.

PYM/NARRATOR (V.O.)
As the days past, our chief
sufferings were now those of hunger
and thirst. We were induced to
regret that we had escaped the less
dreadful perils of the sea. We
endeavored, however, to console
ourselves with the hope of being
speedily picked up by some vessel.

DIRK PETERS BOBS OUT OF THE SUBMERGED HOLD.

Richard Parker pulls up his safety rope.

DIRK PETERS

I found a jar of olives and some wine.

RICHARD PARKER

That will only encourage thirst.

PYM

I hate olives.

AUGUSTUS BLOWS THE BOATSWAIN'S WHISTLE AND POINTS.

The trio turn to see:

A WEATHER-BEATEN BLACK BRIGANTINE SAILS TOWARDS THEM.

Augustus begins to laugh and Parker cries. Peters shouts for joy, but Pym stands stunned in silence.

DIRK PETERS

The Devil can eat these olives.
We're saved men! We're saved!
Booyah!

THE SURVIVORS wave their arms and shout towards the ship. Augustus does the best he can.

PYM/NARRATOR (V.O.)

As the brigantine approached us, we saw a seaman leaning over the starboard bow, nodding to us in a cheerful although rather odd way, and smiling constantly so as to display a set of the most brilliantly white teeth.

THE BRIGANTINE COMES CLOSER.

A SAILOR at the bow appears to be beckoning.

PYM/NARRATOR (V.O.)

Of a sudden, and all at once, there came wafted over the ocean from the strange vessel a disagreeable smell.

THE SURVIVORS recoil from the smell.

DIRK PETERS

Zounds! That be a stench such as the whole world has no name for.

THE BRIGATINE PASSES PARALLEL TO THE GRAMPUS.

PYM/NARRATOR (V.O.)

As our two ships past, we could see
the brigantine's deck. Shall I ever
forget the horror of that
spectacle?

EXT. BRIGATINE DECK - DAY

The dead Sailor at the bow grimaces from his fleshless mouth,
his teeth and bone exposed. A huge SEAGULL perches on his
naked shoulders and rips flesh from his skeleton.

DEAD ROTTING BODIES LITTER THE DECK.

PYM/NARRATOR (V.O.)

Twenty-five or thirty human bodies
lay scattered on deck in the last
and most loathsome state of
putrefaction!

Seabirds and hold rats nibble at the human remains.

EXT. GRAMPUS DECK - DAY

PYM/NARRATOR (V.O.)

We plainly saw that not a soul
lived on that fated vessel. We
chose not to join them, for fear of
plague or worse.

The survivors watch as the death ship passes by.

PYM

"I looked upon the rotting sea,
And drew my eyes away;
I looked upon the rotting deck,
And there the dead men lay."

Dirk Peters turns to Augustus.

AUGUSTUS

Coleridge.

PYM

"The many men, so beautiful!
And they all dead did lie:
And a thousand thousand slimy
things Lived on; and so did I."

THE PLAGUE BRIGANTINE SAILS OFF INTO THE DISTANCE.

EXT. GRAMPUS DECK - DAY (LATER)

The wind is dead calm.

PYM/NARRATOR (V.O.)

The pangs of hunger and thirst soon returned, absorbing all other cares and considerations.

The survivors are weak, worn-out and helpless.

RICHARD PARKER

(raving)

Land! Land to starboard!

Pym pushes Parker back down and ties him up.

PYM

Calm yourself. No land. No land.

Parker starts crying uncontrollably.

RICHARD PARKER

We should draw lots. We don't have to all perish. The death of one could preserve the lives of the others.

PYM

Pipe down. That's no way for a seaman to act.

DIRK PETERS

That's exactly how a seaman should act.

EXT. GRAMPUS DECK - DAY (LATER)

Pym hides four splinter size sticks of wood in his hands. Peters pulls out a stick. Too long. Augustus pulls his stick. Too long. Pym closes his eyes in fear and trembling as Parker picks his stick.

PYM OPENS HIS EYES.

Parker has drawn the short stick. Pym swoons.

EXT. GRAMPUS DECK - DAY (LATER)

Pym awakens to see: Richard Parker sits facing the bow of the Grampus praying. Dirk Peter uses his tomahawk to:

KILL RICHARD PARKER QUICKLY.

EXT. GRAMPUS DECK - DAY (LATER)

His face smeared with blood, Dirk Peters ravenously bites off raw meat from the bone. Using his seaman's knife, Pym feeds Augustus and himself strips of Richard Parker's flesh.

EXT. GRAMPUS DECK - DAY (LATER)

SHARKS begin to circle the wreck.

PYM/NARRATOR (V.O.)
Richard Parker's blood soon brought
a new source of terror.

A SHARK swims so close to the ship that Dirk Peters SWINGS his tomahawk in a failed attempt to kill it. In retreat, the shark's tail SLAPS Peters across the face.

EXT. GRAMPUS DECK - NIGHT

Rain begins to fall lightly, then heavily. Pym and Peters turn their mouths upwards to catch the drops. Augustus' eyes have sunken into his head.

PYM/NARRATOR (V.O.)
Augustus' wounded arm began to
evinced symptoms of mortification.

AUGUSTUS' WOUNDED ARM HAS TURNED COMPLETELY BLACK.

PYM/NARRATOR (V.O.)
He complained of drowsiness and
excessive thirst, but no acute
pain. He was evidently sinking as
much from want of proper
nourishment as from the effect of
his wounds. We could do nothing to
relieve his sufferings, which
appeared to be great.

Pym SHAKES his friend from unconsciousness.

PYM
Tell me, Augie, how can I help you?

In stoic shock, Augustus blurts out the words.

AUGUSTUS

Release me from my sufferings. I
wish for nothing but death.

Pym removes his water-logged shirt, rolls it up, and squeezes the cloth so that water will run into Augustus' mouth. Dirk Peters looks on, sympathetically.

PYM/NARRATOR (V.O.)

We now saw clearly that Augustus
could not be saved, that he was
evidently dying.

EXT. GRAMPUS DECK - DAY

Dying Augustus wakes and looks into the sun. His body begins making horrible convulsions, and he expires.

PYM/NARRATOR (V.O.)

Augustus' death filled us with the
most gloomy forebodings, and had so
great an effect upon our spirits
that we sat motionless by the
corpse during the whole day, and
never addressed each other except
in a whisper.

Pym and Peters sit reverentially beside the corpse, opposite each other.

IN THE WATER, sharks gather for their supper.

EXT. GRAMPUS DECK - NIGHT

Pym and Peters slide Augustus' corpse into the waters.

SHARKS JUMP ON THE REMAINS WITHIN SECONDS, RIPPING THE CORPSE TO SHREDS. BLOOD FLOWS EVERYWHERE.

PYM/NARRATOR (V.O.)

Within moments, my dearest friend
in all the world had vanished.

PYM, now wearing the Boatswain's whistle, blows taps.

EXT. GRAMPUS - DAY

More and more sharks circle the Grampus wreck.

PYM/NARRATOR (V.O.)

The hulk was now entirely besieged on all sides with sharks, no doubt the identical monsters who had devoured our poor companion on the evening before, and who were in momentary expectation of another similar feast. This circumstance occasioned us the most bitter regret, and filled us with the most depressing and melancholy forebodings.

EXT. GRAMPUS DECK - DAY

Pym and Peters, sitting separately, break down in tears.

PYM/NARRATOR (V.O.)

Finally, we gave way both of us to despair, weeping aloud like children, and neither of us attempting to offer consolation to the other. Such weakness can scarcely be conceived, and to those who have never been similarly situated will, no doubt, appear unnatural. But it must be remembered that our intellects were so entirely disordered by the long course of privation and terror to which we had been subjected, that we could not justly be considered, at that period, in the light of rational beings.

EXT. GRAMPUS DECK - DAY

Pym and Peters sit upon the deck, catatonically facing the sunset. The golden sun paints their faces.

THE SUN SEEMS TO MOVE, TO REPLICATE ITSELF.

Pym and Peters, both sets of eyes, react to the illusion.

THE SECOND SUN TURNS OUT TO BE A SHIP SAILING TOWARDS THEM.

EXT. THE JANE GUY SCHOONER - DAY

As a topsail schooner of a hundred and eighty tons burden sails towards them, Pym and Peters stand, wave their arms and shout hurrahs.

PYM/NARRATOR (V.O.)

In half an hour more we found ourselves in her cabin. She proved to be the Jane Guy, of Liverpool, bound on a sealing and trading voyage to the South Seas.

INT. JANE GUY CAPTAIN'S CABIN - DAY

Pym and Peters have refreshed themselves with clean clothes. They feed their hearty appetites with food and water abundantly placed on the table.

PYM/NARRATOR (V.O.)

On board the Jane Guy we were treated with all the kindness our distressed situation demanded.

Filled bookshelves line the Captain's cabin. Pym eyes them with great respect and enthusiasm.

PYM

Peters, the Captain's library contains many if not all of the volumes I mentioned to you upon our first meeting.

CAPTAIN GUY not only looks like a younger version of Pym's Grandfather, he wears spectacles and smokes a cigar too. He slices another piece of ham and forks it onto Pym's plate.

CAPTAIN GUY

Do you like to read, Master Pym?

DIRK PETERS

This one be a walking public library.

PYM

Yes, Sir, reading has always been my purpose and my comfort.

CAPTAIN GUY

Me as well, young master. I have long chosen not to spend my quiet evenings three sheets to the wind. And a game of chess is only as good as the man you play with. Aye, reading be my comfort too. And all the better to make me a better Captain.

PYM
 (smiling)
 Did you mention chess, Sir?

Thrilled to be challenged by a worthy opponent, Captain Guy jumps up like a child to bring his chess set to the table. He and Pym begin moving dinner plates to the side.

FIRST MATE PATTERSON enters with a STEWARD carrying a cask of rum and a cask of beer atop each shoulder.

DIRK PETERS
 Finally, some refreshment that
 cares little if I be thirsty.

CAPTAIN GUY
 Thank you, Mr. Patterson.

The Steward sets the casks on the table. Peters stands up to tap the beer cask himself.

DIRK PETERS
 Mr. Patterson, Sir. When my health
 be restored, I will be of service
 as an Able Seaman.

PATTERSON
 When your health is restored, Mr.
 Peters, you may assist me as Second
 Mate, if you please.

Peters nods, then lifts the cask of beer to his lips and gulps. The Steward leaves with a plate carrying a bony fish carcass. Pym and Captain Guy arrange their chess pieces.

DIRK PETERS
 Aye, thank you, Mr. Patterson. A
 seaman at sea performs his labor
 and I'll not ride for free.

Pym and Captain Guy chose first move. Pym wins.

PATTERSON
 Mr. Peters, have you any experience
 as a sealer or have you always been
 in service as a whaler?

Pym can't decide his first move.

DIRK PETERS
 No, I've no experience killing
 seals, but I've whooped many a
 crocodile in the bayou country I
 come from.

(MORE)

DIRK PETERS (CONT'D)

As far as I reckon, seals nay have
the speed or the teeth the crocs
do.

This gets Pym and Captain Guy's attention.

CAPTAIN GUY

How did a soul from the bayou come
to be a whaler on the high seas?

Peters finishes his second long gulp of beer from the cask
and sits down to tell his tale.

DIRK PETERS

The bayou taught me the dangerous
ways of water and women. But the
grand Mississippi brought me
crashing into the 19th century.

EXT. MISSISSIPPI RIVER STEAMBOAT - DUSK (FLASHBACK)

The OLIVER EVANS paddles its way down the Mississippi.

DIRK PETERS (V.O.)

Ten years ago, I had step by step
risen from a mud clerk to First
Mate aboard a grand riverboat.

INT. STEAMBOAT BOILER ROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

TWO STOKERS shovel coal into the furnace under the boilers. A
YOUNGER DIRK PETERS supervises the boiler room.

INT. STEAMBOAT HELM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Dirk Peters enters the helm to find a young SEAMAN manning
the wheel. He questions the seaman who responds obediently.

DIRK PETERS (V.O.)

Captain Bezeau had left the helm
that night to entertain one of the
paying passengers.

INT. STEAMBOAT PASSENGERS' GALLEY - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Middle-aged CAPTAIN BEZEAU wines and dines a fashionably
dressed female PASSENGER. He helps her up as they leave.

INT. STEAMBOAT BOILER ROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Back in the boiler room, Dirk Peters checks the gauges.

DIRK PETERS (V.O.)
I had spent the entire evening
running back and forth from the
boilers to the helm.

INT. STEAMBOAT HELM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Dirk Peters arrives back to the helm, out of breath.

DIRK PETERS (V.O.)
Both stations received less than
satisfactory supervision.

INT. CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Captain Bezeau and his delicious Passenger struggle under the
sheets for ecstasy.

EXT. OLIVER EVANS MISSISSIPPI STEAMBOAT - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Lanterns barely illuminate the steamboat at night.

DIRK PETERS (V.O.)
Providence provided us a tragedy
that night as all six boilers
exploded, one after another.

THE STEAMBOAT EXPLODES REPEATEDLY SIX TIMES.

DIRK PETERS (V.O.)
The boat burst into flame and
splinters. The boilers spilt their
labors and many passengers boiled
alive.

PASSENGERS SCREAM in horror and pain.

EXT. MISSISSIPPI SHORE - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Captain Bezeau and the Female Passenger lay dead on the shore
with their skins ravaged by boiling water.

DIRK PETERS (V.O.)
The corpses of Captain Bezeau and
his pleasant guest were found
scalded to death.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. JANE GUY CAPTAIN'S CABIN - DAY

Dirk Peters fills a few tankards from the cask.

DIRK PETERS

At least 30 others died that night,
of explosion, of drowning, of
boiling alive. My youngest brother
be among them.

The others look at him in sympathy.

DIRK PETERS (CONT'D)

I too suffered a stain. Each day it
serves as a reminder of the pains
of purgatory which await me.

Dirk Peters pulls open his shirt, revealing horrible scar
tissue from burns that have discolored his skin.

DIRK PETERS (CONT'D)

After that, I left the river and
chose the sea and the sails. This
time my promotions proved quicker,
from ship-keeper to First Mate. I
be happy on the sea. I'd rather
face whales, mutinies and pirates
than a boiler on the river.

Dirk Peters hands tankards to Pym, Guy, and Patterson.

DIRK PETERS (CONT'D)

Thanks be to our deliverers, our
rescuers, our angels of mercy, to
Captain Guy and Mr. Patterson.

PYM

Aye, aye!

They bang tankards and swallow.

EXT. THE JANE GUY SCHOONER - DAY

The schooner sails southward on a beautiful sunny day with
all sails full and a calm sea.

PYM/NARRATOR (V.O.)

Peters and myself recovered entirely from the effects of our late privation and dreadful suffering, and we began to remember what had passed rather as a frightful dream from which we had been happily awakened, than as events which had taken place in sober and naked reality.

EXT. JANE GUY HELM - DAY

Pym mans the wheel as Captain Guy supervises.

CAPTAIN GUY

With a strong wind at our backs, we've no need to tack, Master Pym.

PYM

But I'm eager to learn how.

CAPTAIN GUY

That day will come soon enough, perhaps even in a few hours.

Pym remains enthusiastic.

PYM

Tell me, Captain, would the Jane Guy be named after your mother?

Captain Guy chuckles to himself.

CAPTAIN GUY

Why my mother? Why not my wife, or my sweetheart?

PYM

Your wife's name is Berenice and all your children are sons. Few Captains like you have sweethearts other than your ships.

Captain Guy laughs to himself. The kid's right.

INT. JANE GUY CAPTAIN'S CABIN - NIGHT

Captain Guy and Pym play chess. In the b.g., Peters and Patterson play cards.

CAPTAIN GUY

No doubt, with all your reading,
you'd have heard of Captain James
Weddell?

PYM

Exactly what I deduced. I told such
to Peters last evening.

CAPTAIN GUY

Then you know his ship was
christened the "Jane?"

PYM

Yes. Aboard the Jane, he set the
record for the furthest navigation
southward: 74 degrees 15 south. The
record still stands. Do you,
perchance, know him, Sir?

CAPTAIN GUY

Captain Weddell and myself served
in the Royal Navy aboard the
"Hope," me as a Midshipman and he
as a young Cadet. In 1817, in our
English Channel, we captured your
American privateer...

(sarcastic)

the "True Blooded Yankee."

The Captain takes too much delight in his memory.

PYM

And lived to tell the tale, you
did.

Peters chuckles at Pym's sarcasm.

CAPTAIN GUY

The brig carried a good quantity of
American whiskey which James and I
enjoyed much more than the
temperaments of our prisoners.

Pym appears insulted.

PYM

Checkmate.

Peters notices Pym's tone of voice.

EXT. JANE GUY HELM - DAY

Pym becomes playfully defensive.

PYM

Well, we all know an American, an American sealer, first set his boots on the mainland of Antarctica.

CAPTAIN GUY

In those days, we questioned the existence of Antarctica. Some still do. Some think the South Pole lay in water, not land or even ice.

INT. JANE GUY CAPTAIN'S CABIN - NIGHT

Captain Guy and Pym play chess.

PYM

At age 22, in 1820, Nathaniel Palmer of Stonington, Connecticut, Captain of the "Hero" claimed to be the first American to discover and set foot on Antarctica.

CAPTAIN GUY

(condescending)

A spoiled child of American wealth goes to sea in search of adventure and finding tedium, makes up some melodrama to impress his parents and society. At best, he probably found an iceberg.

PYM

Checkmate.

EXT. JANE GUY HELM - DAY

PYM

And American Captain John Davis, another sealer like yourself, a year later, claims to have landed and walked on the mainland.

CAPTAIN GUY

But this John Davis proved to be untrustworthy.

PYM

Why? Because he's an American?

CAPTAIN GUY

You Americans do make frequent sport of hoaxing one another. Davis has brought evidence none.

INT. JANE GUY CAPTAIN'S CABIN - NIGHT

Captain Guy and Pym play chess.

PYM

So, what of my other countryman, our famous explorer Captain Morrell, his voyage?

CAPTAIN GUY

I'll give him his ship, the "Wasp," made it to Bouvet Island and maybe even to the 70 degrees 14 south the newspapers give him credit for. But still, he did not beat the 71 degrees 10 south record of our "Blessed Saint" Captain Cook.

PYM

No, it took your pal Weddell to do so.

Peters and Patterson both begin to notice the conflict.

CAPTAIN GUY

Morrell is known to be the biggest liar on the high seas.

PYM

I've heard his critics say "he may have been a braggart and a boaster, but there is no evidence that he was a deliberate liar."

CAPTAIN GUY

Morrell claims he saw "abundant wildlife" for 300 nautical miles along the coast of Antarctica. Any fool knows nothing less than human ingenuity can survive that far south. Maybe a penguin.

Pym's feelings are hurt.

PYM

You doubt him for witnessing
fantasy become reality, the unknown
becoming known?

CAPTAIN GUY

Did you know he was captured twice
by us during the war? I and many
fancy he's borrowed heavily from
Captain Weddell's published
account, as well as from the hard
work of English Captain Edward
Bransfield and that Baltic German
Bellingshausen.

PYM

He proved game enough to escape you
once.

CAPTAIN GUY

All the more reason to believe him
capable of such theft.

PYM

Captain Guy, through war and travel
and commerce, you've surely seen
the impossible become real?

CAPTAIN GUY

I doubt all but Cook and Weddell.
Maybe that German?

PYM

You are a booby, Sir, and you
belong in a booby hatch. Checkmate.

Captain Guy realizes he has hurt Pym's adolescent feelings.

CAPTAIN GUY

I'm sorry, lad. I've gone too far
with my comedy. You and Mr. Peters
are the best Americans I've known,
but I've known but few. Forgive an
old Englishman used to his
prejudices.

Pym nods his respect.

EXT. JANE GUY HELM - DAY

Pym mans the helm, but he's distant towards the Captain.

CAPTAIN GUY

It will please you to know, we have navigational records to best, we do.

Pym becomes engaged.

PYM

We do? But the Jane Guy be on a sealing hunt, not an expedition?

CAPTAIN GUY

As owner and Captain, it is to my discretion to what directions I may take to fill our hold with seal skins and oil. I named this ship the "Jane Guy" because...

(secretly)

I hope one day to best my old mate Weddell.

PYM

You English so enjoy the besting of one another.

CAPTAIN GUY

And you Americans don't?

Pym and Captain Guy laugh in unison. They're friends again.

Dirk Peters starts to approach them.

PYM

Captain, have you ever heard of the Hollow Earth theory?

Hearing this, Peters abruptly turns around and returns the way he came. Pym begins his lecture to the Captain.

EXT. JANE GUY SCHOONER - DAY

The Jane Guy anchors at South Georgia Island.

PYM/NARRATOR (V.O.)

Profit before prophecy, Captain Guy anchored his ship at South Georgia.

EXT. SOUTH GEORGIA ISLAND - DAY

The seal hunt. Seals play on the shore. Penguins bobble around in merry delight.

On the icy surface, the sailors turned seal hunters STALK AND KILL their prey with hakapiks: wooden clubs with a hammer head used to crush a seal's skull, and on the other end, a hook used to drag away the carcass.

DIRK PETERS APPROACHES A SEAL,
USING HIS TOMAHAWK, HE IMPALES THE SEAL.

Patterson leads the hunters to massacre the seals and penguins.

EXT. JANE GUY BOW - DAY

Captain Guy aims his musket rifle.

ON SHORE - AN ALBATROSS HALF-HIDDEN BESIDE SOME ICY ROCKS.

Pym stands by, reloading Guy's other musket rifles.

CAPTAIN GUY FIRES, killing the Albatross.

Pym hands Captain Guy a freshly loaded musket rifle while taking the discharged rifle to reload.

Captain Guy aims his musket rifle at ANOTHER ALBATROSS.

PYM

"And a good south wind sprung up
behind; The Albatross did follow,
And every day, for food or play,
Came to the mariners' hollo!"

CAPTAIN GUY FIRES, killing the Albatross.

PYM (CONT'D)

"'God save thee, ancient Mariner!
From the fiends, that plague thee
thus!- Why look'st thou so?'-With
my cross-bow I shot the ALBATROSS."

CAPTAIN GUY

I prefer to use my muskets. Cross-
bows are so 18th century.

Guy and Pym exchange a depleted musket for one loaded.

PYM

"And the good south wind still blew
behind, But no sweet bird did
follow, Nor any day for food or
play, Came to the mariners' hollo!"

Captain Guy takes aim at ANOTHER ALBATROSS.

PYM/NARRATOR (V.O.)

The albatross is one of the largest and fiercest of the South Sea birds. It is of the gull species, and takes its prey on the wing, never coming on land except for the purpose of breeding.

CAPTAIN GUY BLOWS THE ALBATROSS TO SMITHEREENS.

PYM/NARRATOR (V.O.)

Some mariners believe they are the souls of dead sailors. Some claim a curse follows the killing of an albatross.

INT. CAPTAIN'S CABIN - NIGHT

Captain Guy and Pym enjoy their dinner of roasted albatross. Peters and Patterson stick to fish.

PYM/NARRATOR (V.O.)

Superstition aside, most sailors will happily eat the flesh of this bird at sea as avidly as they do chicken at home.

Peters looks at Pym in disgust.

DIRK PETERS

Some say you be eating the souls of lost sailors.

Captain Guy and Pym share a laugh and continue eating.

CAPTAIN GUY

Tastiest goonie bird I've ever eaten.

Pym nods in agreement. Patterson decides to sample a wing.

EXT. JANE GUY SCHOONER AT SEA - DAY

Sailing southward, the ship begins to encounter ice floes.

PYM/NARRATOR (V.O.)

As we crossed into the Antarctic Circle, I counted myself lucky to be one of the few to have done so.

THE DAY TURNS INTO NIGHT.

SUDDENLY, GREEN LIGHT BEGINS TO PERMEATE THE ATMOSPHERE.

EXT. JANE GUY HELM - NIGHT

Pym mans the helm while Captain Guy scans the skies with his spyglass. The crew stops their work to watch in wonder. But Dirk Peters rushes to the helm.

DIRK PETERS

Zounds! What science be this,
Captain?

CAPTAIN GUY

The Aurora Australis.

Captain Guy can't take his eyes off the spectacle to further answer Peters. Even Pym's eyes stay fixed to the skies as he illuminates Peters.

PYM

No doubt, you've heard of the
northern lights? The Aurora
Borealis? Well, this be the
southern lights.

CURTAINS OF GREEN LIGHT BEGIN DANCING ON THE HORIZON.

PYM (V.O.)

"About, about in reel and rout,
The death-fires danced at night;
The water, like a witch's oils,
Burnt green, and blue and white."

ON THE HELM,

Captain Guy nods his respect. Peters stares upwards in awe.

CAPTAIN GUY

Excellent, lad. Where did you find
such a poem to match a night like
this?

DIRK PETERS

Sam Coleridge...Master Pym tends to
quote Mr. Coleridge quite a bit.

CAPTAIN GUY

Although his mastery of poetry may
prove to be narrow, we must agree
his knowledge of the sea be vast.

DIRK PETERS

Upon returning home, the lad should not go to study at that Harvard College, but go to teach and teach the sea.

CAPTAIN GUY

The love of the sea has mastered his soul...and each of us. Aye, Mr. Peters?

DIRK PETERS

Aye, Captain. I've long been converted. I shall never be a landlubber again.

The trio keep their eyes fast to the green horizon.

EXT. JANE GUY AT SEA - DAY

The ice floes thicken.

EXT. JANE GUY HELM - DAY

Dirk Peters mans the helm. Patterson helps Captain Guy with his navigational instruments. Pym looks up from the logbook.

PYM

This be a happy day for England. At 71 degrees south, you've bested Captain Morrell.

Captain Guy peers into his sextant.

CAPTAIN GUY

I be not impressed with myself. The American's record be not much of a challenge as you yourself have seen?

Captain Guy catches himself, remembering Pym's pride.

CAPTAIN GUY (CONT'D)

And you being an American yourself, and being aboard this ship today, is this not a happy day for your country and countrymen as well?

This earns the Captain a welcome smile from Pym.

CAPTAIN GUY (CONT'D)

Only when you defeat the pupil of
your Master do you become the
Master yourself. If we beat Captain
Cook's record, I'll send up a
prayer to himself. But if and when
we beat my friend Weddell, I'll
dance like a fool at a wake.

PYM

We shall do so, Sir. Englander and
American together. We will best him
and dance.

Truth be told, Peters and Patterson seem a bit embarrassed by
the father and son conviviality present.

EXT. JANE GUY AT SEA - NIGHT TURNS TO DAY

The ice floes continue to thicken. Icebergs pass them.

EXT. JANE GUY DECK - STARBOARD BOW - DAY

Patterson extends a harpoon over the side to stab into a mast-
high iceberg passing. Ice crumbles and falls onto the deck.
Patterson picks up a sample and walks aft.

EXT. JANE GUY HELM - DAY

Patterson delivers the ice to the Captain. Pym touches it.

PYM

"The ice was here, the ice was
there, The ice was all around:
It cracked and growled, and roared
and howled, Like noises in a
swound!"

The Captain, Peters and Patterson all exchange a glance.

CAPTAIN GUY/PETERS/PATTERSON

(in unison)
Coleridge!

EXT. JANE GUY AT SEA - DAY

Icebergs become more numerous among the ice floes.

PYM/NARRATOR (V.O.)
When we bested Captain Cook's
record...

INT. JANE GUY GALLEY - NIGHT

The crew SINGS nasty sailing songs and drink their grog.

PYM/NARRATOR (V.O.)
...the Captain ordered a double
ration of grog for the men...

INT. JANE GUY CAPTAIN'S CABIN - NIGHT

A spread of foods and wines fill the table. Captain Guy, Pym,
Peters and Patterson enjoy themselves.

PYM/NARRATOR (V.O.)
...and a small banquet for his
officers.

Captain Guy stands up to make a toast.

CAPTAIN GUY
To him who came before us to
lengthen England's gain, to him the
master of the sea, we'll not forget
his name.

They all join in drinking together.

EXT. JANE GUY AT SEA - DAY

Icebergs dot the seascape. The Jane Guy sails between them.

PYM/NARRATOR (V.O.)
But when we beat Weddell, the
Captain's rival...

INT. JANE GUY GALLEY - NIGHT

The songs are nastier; the laughter more ecstatic.

PYM/NARRATOR (V.O.)
The Captain served his crew
straight rum...

INT. JANE GUY CAPTAIN'S CABIN - NIGHT

Every possible type of food and drink that can be found on a ship lays on the Captain's table.

PYM/NARRATOR (V.O.)
 ...and founded us a feast worthy of
 a Royal Navy wake.

Captain Guy stands up to make his toast.

CAPTAIN GUY
 To him who came before us to
 lengthen England's gain, to him who
 lost his record, 'tis truly such a
 shame.

CAPTAIN GUY BEGINS TO DANCE A JIG.

Pym, Peters and Patterson look on enthusiastically.

CAPTAIN GUY (CONT'D)
 (sings)
 "One night she came to my bedside
 When I was fast asleep.
 She laid her head upon my bed
 And she began to weep.
 She sighed, she cried, she damn
 near died
 She said what shall I do?
 So I hauled her into bed and
 covered up her head
 Just to keep her from the foggy
 foggy dew."

Exhausted, the Captain collapses back into his chair.

PATTERSON
 T'aint Coleridge, I be certain.

They all break into laughter. Patterson stands and recites.

PATTERSON (CONT'D)
 Shakespeare:
 "Full fathom five thy father lies:
 Of his bones are coral made;
 Those are pearls that were his
 eyes:
 Nothing of him that doth fade,
 But doth suffer a sea-change
 Into something rich and strange.
 Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell;
 Hark! now I hear them,
 Ding, dong, bell."

They all applaud and Pym stands up.

PYM

I've got one. I've got one. "There once was a man from Nantucket..."

Peters interrupts.

DIRK PETERS

That's my song lad. Twas I taught it to you. Chose another as your own.

Pym considers this. After a moment's reflection, he salutes the English.

PYM

Your countryman, Lord Byron:
"Polygamy may well be held in dread,
Not only as a sin, but as a bore:
Most wise men, with one moderate woman wed,
Will scarcely find philosophy for more."

They applaud him. Pym gestures for Peters to take his turn. Peters stands, tankard in hand.

DIRK PETERS

"There once was a man from Nantucket..."

EXT. JANE GUY AT SEA - DAY

Giant icebergs loom around them.

PYM/NARRATOR (V.O.)

Traveling further south, where no man had gone before, mountains of ice surrounded the ship. At every moment, we felt they were about to tumble and crush us.

The Jane Guy sails through a narrow passage in between walls of ice.

EXT. DECK OF THE JANE GUY - DAY

The crew goes about its work, but hesitant and fearful.

EXT. JANE GUY HELM - DAY

Patterson timidly offers his advice to Captain Guy.

PATTERSON

Captain, we've scored a new record for latitude. Perhaps now, we should return home to register our accomplishment?

CAPTAIN GUY

But is it possible to reach the pole by sea? Will land or ice prohibit us? What do you think, Master Pym?

PYM

I think we should continue till God's creation itself halts us from proceeding.

The Captain nods in agreement. Patterson is not pleased and Peters remains nervous.

EXT. JANE GUY AT SEA - DAY

The Jane Guy sails out from a narrow canyon in a glacier.

PYM/NARRATOR (V.O.)

We were delivered from our fears when our passageway opened into a wide open sea bereft of ice mountains.

Thin ice floes still cover the surface of the sea, but the Jane Guy piles through them like a modern day icebreaker.

EXT. JANE GUY HELM - DAY

Pym holds the sextant while Captain Guy supervises.

PYM/NARRATOR (V.O.)

We'd long since passed 85 degrees of latitude south when we noticed the ship as well as the ice floes caught in a similar current.

EXT. JANE GUY AT SEA - DAY

The ship and ice flow southward on a strong current.

EXT. JANE GUY DECK - DAY

Pym climbs the main mast to the top.

PYM/NARRATOR (V.O.)
I volunteered to climb to the
crow's nest to see what future
awaited us.

PYM'S POV - THE SEAS CONVERGE ON A WHIRLPOOL.

PYM/NARRATOR (V.O.)
Besides the theories of Reynolds
and Symmes that shot through my
consciousness, I suddenly
remembered Mercator's 16th century
theoretical map of the North
Pole...

MERCATOR'S ANIMATED MAP SUPERIMPOSES ON THE WHIRLPOOL.

PYM/NARRATOR (V.O.)
...where the seas empty into the
bowels of the earth.

Pym scrambles to climb down the mast.

ON DECK - Peters and Patterson attempt to angle the sails to
come about.

AT THE HELM - Captain Guy struggles with the wheel.

CAPTAIN GUY
It be no use. We be chained to a
demon.

Pym rushes up to the Captain.

PYM
Mercator's map, Sir. Mercator's
map!

THE JANE GUY NEARS THE FALLS.

BEFORE THE BOW the ice floes separate from the ship. The
whirlpool looms before them.

WITH MERCATOR'S PARCHMENT MAP AS A BACKGROUND,

(reversed to the south pole)

THE JANE GUY SAILS OVER THE FALLS, AND

DESCENDS INTO THE MAELSTROM:

A spiraling river guides the ship downward like a corkscrew. The currents hold the flotsam and jetsam of all eternity. The noise is deafening.

ON DECK - All hands stare in awe at this miracle, too stunned to even remember their mortality.

THE JANE GUY SPINS OUT OF THE SPIRAL & INTO RAPIDS.

The ship rushes forward on a rapid river that splits open a huge, but narrow, cavernous valley. Ice shining like diamonds covers all the land above and besides them. Stalactites and stalagmites loom beckoning like sirens.

AT THE HELM - Captain Guy and Pym struggle with the wheel.

ON DECK - Peters and Patterson help the crew trim sails.

THE JANE GUY SHOOTS DOWN THE RAPIDS, DODGING DISASTER.

Besides rocks in their path, the Jane Guy must maneuver around SHIPWRECKS that dot the shores.

THE JANE GUY IS EJECTED ABRUPTLY INTO A FOGGY BAY.

The winds are calm. The ship drifts forward slowly.

AT THE HELM - Captain Guy relaxes his grip.

CAPTAIN GUY

We're in the foggy, foggy dew, we
are now.

Visibility diminished, all hands keep alert.

Pym's eyes search the fog.

PYM'S POV - A GIGANTIC WHITE STATUE EMERGES FROM THE FOG.

The female statue bears a resemblance to the Venus de Milo, but with arms. One hand waves in greeting while the other holds a lighted silver torch.

AS THE JANE GUY NEARS THE STATUE,

THE LIGHTED TORCH EVAPORATES THE FOG.

PATTERSON (V.O.)

Land to starboard bow!

LAND APPEARS BEYOND THE STATUE.

TINY LIGHTS APPROACH THE BOW. THE SOUNDS OF CHANTING.

CHANTING (O.S.)
Anamoo-moo! Lama-Lama!

OUT OF THE FOG, WHALEBOATS SAIL TOWARDS THEM.
IN EACH, MALES WEARING ROYAL NAVY UNIFORMS ROW, AND
FEMALES CARRYING LANTERNS STAND AT THE BOW, BECKONING.

PYM/NARRATOR (V.O.)
Although at a distance, we could
see the women to be both voluptuous
and happy to see us.

PYM'S POV - A FEW OF THE FEMALES.

All the females wear corsets and cavalier hats. Long white opera gloves cover their arms. Black leather hip boots cover their legs. They appear both eager and kind of nasty.

PYM/NARRATOR (V.O.)
However, we proved unprepared to
not be shocked by their
"pigmentation," or lack there of.

PYM'S POV - THE FACE OF ONE BEAUTIFUL FEMALE.

Her skin is so white that it could be considered translucent. Her blue veins show through as do her muscles that add various colors beyond flesh. Her hair is silver. All in all, she's breathtaking!

EXT. JANE GUY DECK - DAY

Pym keeps staring at the woman.

PYM
"Was this the face that launch'd a
thousand ships, And burnt the
topless towers of Ilium? O, thou
art fairer than the evening air
And none but thou shalt be my
paramour!"

Dirk Peters pushes him aside.

DIRK PETERS
Aye, that's the one for me, mon
ami. There's not the maiden's blush
on her. Get yourself another. A
younger one, perhaps.

Dirk Peters waves to "his" beauty.

DIRK PETERS (CONT'D)
 Allo, cherie! Le bon temps roule.

She smiles back at him, revealing her pearly white teeth.

THE WHALING BOATS DIRECT THE JANE GUY TO A PIER.

Wharves cover the shoreline. Piers hold numerous ships of many types, nations, and ages. Some lay in decay; others look first rate and seaworthy.

ON DECK THE JANE GUY, DIRK PETERS POINTS TO:

A STEAMSHIP WITH SAILS AND PADDLE WHEELS ON THE SIDES.

DIRK PETERS (CONT'D)
 There be the SS Richmond. It be a hybrid such as me.

PYM
 A steamboat at sea?

DIRK PETERS
 A steamship, lad. Half clipper, half steamer, she uses fire when the winds have failed.

PYM
 You know of this steamship?

DIRK PETERS
 No, her sister, the SS Savannah sailed to be the first steamship to cross the Atlantic, from Savannah to Liverpool.

Pym looks at Peters strangely.

DIRK PETERS (CONT'D)
 (defensive)
 Well, I like to read too! And I can do so in three languages well.

PYM
 I can speak and read in four languages.

Peters just shakes his head, keeping an eye on his beauty.

EXT. THE SHORELINE VILLAGE - DAY

Torches illuminate the sands and reveal dozens more of the NATIVES. The women outnumber the men three to one.

Huts, fashioned from the forecastles and aftcastles of anchored ships, lay between the sands and the jungle beyond. Silver mountains rise in the distance.

EXT. JANE GUY - DAY

The Jane Guy ANCHORS at a long pier.

ON DECK, the crew has armed themselves with muskets, pistols, and cutlasses.

THE CHANTING STOPS. SILENCE.

Heavy black boots pound the boards of the pier, headed for the Jane Guy gangway.

AT THE HELM, Captain Guy awaits his nemesis.

A NATIVE MAN WEARS AN OUTDATED ROYAL NAVY DRESS UNIFORM.

ALBINUS - Thick blue veins cross his face like a mask. He wears a silver ponytail.

ALBINUS

Greetings, my name is Albinus.

Captain Guy steps from the helm to the gangway.

CAPTAIN GUY

I am Captain Guy and this be the crew of the Jane Guy.

ALBINUS

Welcome to your new home.

CAPTAIN GUY

My home's Nantucket.

ALBINUS

This is the land of Tsalal. I'm sorry, but there's no return for you from here. To wit, Tsalal is your new home. In all the centuries, we have never been able to leave here, nor wanted to.

The crew realize this is true. Peters is skeptical.

ALBINUS (CONT'D)

We really must get you newcomers settled before we lose the sun. We only get sufficient light two hours a day.

Albinus does his best to be officious.

EXT. TSALAL SHORELINE VILLAGE - NIGHT

The Tsalal women feed and comfort the crew as they devour a feast. The Tsalal men do all the work, except Albinus who dines with the ship's officers.

PYM/NARRATOR (V.O.)

These people proved to be a hybrid race, the result of unions between diaphanous natives born inside the earth and the descendants of sailors, slaves and Captain's wives shipwrecked here since the time man first sailed.

THE WHITEST FISH EVER SEEN ROASTS OVER COALS.

Pym eats some of the white fish.

ALBINUS

Toothfish, it is called.

PYM

Tastes like cod.

ALBINUS

My father once told me, "Fish die belly upward and rise to the surface. It's their way of falling."

Pym enjoys this absurdity. He chuckles.

DIRK PETERS has located his beauty and dines with her.

Some crew members finish their dinner and RUN OFF to the huts with a woman or two.

PYM SPOTS A YOUNG WOMAN FOR HIMSELF. She comes to him.

Albinus shows Captain Guy and Patterson a MAP.

ALBINUS (CONT'D)

Our capitol city is a three hour hike from here. We'll journey there tomorrow at first light. After dark, you'll meet some of your countrymen.

PATTERSON

Do all the newcomers live there?

ALBINUS

No, we became overpopulated a century ago. Since then, different groups, usually by nationality, have pioneered into the wilderness to settle new lands, develop new cities. We have trade and commerce with each other.

EXT. THE WHARVES - NIGHT

Dirk Peters leads Pym and their two women past the piers.

EXT. SS RICHMOND ANCHORED AT PIER - NIGHT

The new foursome climb the gangway and board the ship.

EXT. TSALAL SHORELINE VILLAGE - NIGHT

Albinus stands.

ALBINUS

Good night. Captain. Mr. Patterson.
I will see you in the morning.

He bows and leaves. Captain Guy and Patterson confer.

CAPTAIN GUY

I'll take the first watch. You may entertain yourself as best you can.

As Captain Guy leaves, Patterson looks around to see THREE STUNNING NATIVE WOMEN looking at him invitingly.

INT. SS RICHMOND BOILER ROOM - NIGHT

Using a ship's lantern, Dirk Peters points out the various components of a steamship's boiler room to Pym. He sets the boiler on fire and the light fills the room.

DIRK PETERS

A lovely sight? A Demon it be. A Demon.

Peters refers to the boiler, but Pym only has eyes for his new girlfriend. Prudence Coffin is a dim memory.

DIRK PETERS (CONT'D)
Well, there be your lesson, mon
ami. But I've not come here to
teach school.

Peters pulls his native beauty through the hatch and out,
leaving Pym with his.

INT. CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS - NIGHT

Captain Guy writes in the ship's logbook. He stops and turns
to see the chessboard without Pym.

INT. SS RICHMOND BOILER ROOM - NIGHT

For the first time in his life,

ARTHUR GORDON PYM BEHOLDS A NAKED WOMAN

He's naked. She's naked. The boiler glows behind them. Pym
lays his clothes on a small pile of coal ash, making a bed.

PYM
Is your name really "Meredith?"

They lay down, he on the bottom, she on top.

MEREDITH
What would you expect? "Eve?"

PYM
How about "Anamoo-moo" or "Lama-
Lama."

She puts him inside her. He thinks of nothing else.

INT. SS RICHMOND - CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS - NIGHT

Dirk Peters is spent. They lay in the Captain's bunk.

DIRK PETERS
Do they really call you,
"Elizabeth?"

ELIZA
That's my British name. If you were
a French ship, my name would be
"Jeanette."

DIRK PETERS
But I am an American?

ELIZA
Then call me "Eliza."

He spansks her ass politely.

DIRK PETERS
So, if we were a French ship, would
Albinus call himself Louis?

Turning over, she lays back in bed, her knees up.

ELIZA
No, Albinus is always Albinus, but
he would wear a different uniform.

DIRK PETERS
Why the deception?

Peters lights his tomahawk pipe.

ELIZA
Just consider it theatre. We only
want to comfort you from the shock
of your journey. You're stuck here
and newcomers always find that
difficult to accept, at first.

DIRK PETERS
Till resignation sets in like
rigor?

ELIZA
Life here is good. We speak all
languages. We serve all people
equally. We are all free to go
where we can.

DIRK PETERS
Are you free to go where you can,
Eliza? You're not a slave are you?
Did you chose this way of life?

ELIZA
Absolutely! I chose to be here. I
serve a valuable function. I bring
new life, new flesh, new souls into
our civilization.

Peters looks at her curiously.

ELIZA (CONT'D)
We volunteers are in our fertile
stage. Shall we do it again?

Peters realizes she wants his children.

EXT. TSALAL BEACH - DAY

Holding hands, Pym and Meredith watch the dawn.

THE SUN BEAMS ITS LIGHT into the South Pole, bouncing along through the ice caverns to illuminate Tsalal and the silver mountains behind.

PYM AND MEREDITH ON THE BEACH

PYM

Will I see you again?

MEREDITH

Definitely. I'll be in the city in a few days. You'll probably be gone to another province by then or with another woman.

PYM

I'll have to do what my Captain tells me. But if I can, I'll bet the Devil my head to see you again.

Pym takes off Augustus' boatswain's whistle and places it around Meredith's neck.

PYM (CONT'D)

A boatswain's pipe. It's like a whistle.

Suddenly, TEARS FALL from Meredith's eyes.

PYM (CONT'D)

Why are you crying? Did I hurt you?

MEREDITH

You're awfully sweet for a newcomer.

Pym starts to show her how to use it.

EXT. JANE GUY DECK - DAY

PATTERSON RINGS the ship's bell.

ON SHORE

Crew members slide out of the huts, the jungle and other vessels at port, to make their way back to duty.

DIRK PETERS COMES RUNNING UP THE BEACH AND GRABS PYM,
PULLING HIM AWAY FROM MEREDITH AND TOWARDS THE SHIP.

Eliza catches up to Meredith and they watch their men go off
to work.

EXT. JANE GUY DECK - DAY

Patterson and six other SEAMEN haul in the boarding nettings
and close the gangway.

PYM/NARRATOR (V.O.)
Seven men were left behind with
instructions to permit none of the
natives to approach the vessel
during our absence, under any
pretence whatever, and to remain
constantly on deck, continually
vigilant.

EXT. TSALAL SHORE VILLAGE - DAY

Captain Guy leads his heavy armed crew into the jungle behind
Albinus and a few unarmed NATIVE MEN. The WOMEN wave goodbye,
Eliza and Meredith among them.

Albinus and Captain Guy walk together.

CAPTAIN GUY
What do you call your capitol city?

ALBINUS
It's not very imaginative. It's
called "Capitol City."

They share a laugh and move on.

EXT. TSALAL JUNGLE TRAIL - DAY

Pym and Peters hold up the rear. Peters is fully armed. Pym
carries the logbook, a lantern, the Captain's spyglass, and
his seaman's knife.

PYM/NARRATOR (V.O.)
Our shore-party consisted of thirty-
three persons in all. We were armed
to the teeth, having with us
muskets, pistols, and cutlasses,
besides each a long seaman's knife.

They notice TWO UNARMED NATIVE MEN have joined the expedition, following behind them.

EXT. TSALAL MOUNTAIN TRAIL - DAY

Delicately, Natives help Captain Guy up a steep trail.

PYM/NARRATOR (V.O.)

Upon the whole, we should have been the most suspicious of human beings had we entertained a single thought of treachery on the part of a people who treated us so well.

Pym and Peters notice MORE UNARMED NATIVE MALES joining the rear of the expedition.

PYM/NARRATOR (V.O.)

But a very short while sufficed to prove that this apparent kindness of disposition was only the result of a deeply laid plan for our destruction.

Pym and Peters stand to the side of the road. After allowing the smiling natives to pass, they follow alone.

THE SOUND OF THE BOATSWAIN'S WHISTLE (O.S.)

Pym turns to see Meredith beckoning, holding the whistle.

MEREDITH STANDS OFF THE SIDE OF THE TRAIL.

Pym looks to Peters questioningly.

DIRK PETERS

Well, go see what she wants. She's going to be the mother of your baby.

PYM

What comedy be this?

ELIZA APPEARS behind Meredith.

DIRK PETERS

We be the fathers of their next generation.

Pym doesn't quite understand. Both Pym and Peters run over to the women. The foursome hurry away.

EXT. ROPE BRIDGE - NIGHT

Albinus leads the expedition to an ancient, but sturdy, rope bridge spanning a mountain gorge. The darkness has clouded the bottom of the pit, but there's still some light from the b.g. horizon sunset to light the bridge.

ALBINUS

Hurry. Safer to be across before
night, even with torches and
lanterns to guide and protect us.

Albinus and Captain Guy wait while native men lead the crew members across the rope bridge.

EXT. MOUNTAIN SHELF - NIGHT

Pym, Peters, Meredith and Eliza watch the crossing from above on a mountain ledge. Pym pulls his spyglass, but Peters grabs it from him and points it at the rope bridge.

PETERS WATCHES THE CREWMEN CROSSING THE ROPE BRIDGE.

Lovestruck Pym can't take his eyes off Meredith.

EXT. ROPE BRIDGE - NIGHT

The crewmen are all on the bridge. Albinus stops Captain Guy from stepping onto the bridge and then reaches over to unlock and set a huge windlass SPINNING.

THE ROPE BRIDGE COLLAPSES

SENDING ALL THE CREW MEMBERS TO THEIR DEATHS.

CAPTAIN GUY PULLS HIS CUTLASS,

BUT ALBINUS STABS HIM IN THE EYE WITH A DAGGER.

EXT. MOUNTAIN SHELF - NIGHT

Pym and Peters look on in horror.

EXT. TOP OF THE GORGE - NIGHT

Dozens of TRANSLUCENT NATIVES, male and female, appear of the edges of the gorge. They roll down rope ladders and begin climbing down. Instead of torches, they all carry ship lanterns attached to their belts.

NATIVES CHANTING
Tekeli-li! Tekeli-li! Tekeli-li!

EXT. MOUNTAIN SHELF - DUSK

Peters aims his musket at Albinus, but Pym stops him.

EXT. BOTTOM OF THE GORGE - NIGHT

Lanterns illuminate the pit, filled with countless SKELETONS of former victims now joined with the new.

PYM/NARRATOR (V.O.)
The natives for whom we had entertained such inordinate feelings of esteem proved to be among the most barbarous, subtle, and bloodthirsty wretches that ever contaminated the globe.

NATIVES REACH THE BOTTOM AND BEGIN DEVOURING THE DEAD.

The cannibals strip the corpses of clothing. Some begin cutting away pieces of flesh to eat raw. Others begin decapitating the heads.

EXT. TOP OF THE GORGE - NIGHT

A NATIVE CHOPS Captain Guy's head off, slices the forehead open, and hands it to Albinus - who uses his fingers to

SCOOP OUT SOME BRAINS AND EAT THEM.

EXT. MOUNTAIN SHELF - NIGHT

Tearing their eyes from the massacre, Pym and Peters turn to Meredith and Eliza, now seeing them a bit differently.

PYM
We must warn Patterson and the others.

Recovering from his shock, Peters snaps into action.

EXT. TSALAL MOUNTAIN TRAIL - NIGHT

Peters charges back down the trail with the others following as fast as they can.

EXT. TSALAL SHORE VILLAGE - NIGHT

The foursome arrive at the outskirts of the village, but don't expose themselves. Peters holds the others back while he peeks over some ROCKS to check out the shore. What he sees horrifies him. The others step up to look.

EXT. JANE GUY ANCHORED AT PIER - NIGHT

The Jane Guy has been overrun by the natives.

PATTERSON HANGS BY HIS NECK FROM THE BOWSPRIT.

His naked body has been mutilated.

SIX CREW MEMBERS HANG BY THEIR ANKLES FROM THE MAIN MAST.

Natives butcher their naked corpses like hogs. Other Natives loot the ship, dumping the contents on the wharf.

EXT. TSALAL SHORE - THE ROCKS - NIGHT

Pym and Peters stand stunned by the scene.

NATIVES CHANTING (O.S.)
Tekeli-li! Tekeli-li! Tekeli-li!

Peters pushes the others further into the rocks to hide.

EXT. TSALAL MOUNTAIN TRAIL - NIGHT

Albinus leads his merry tribe of cannibals back to shore.

CAPTAIN GUY'S TORSO IS CARRIED ON A SPIT.

In the procession following, the women carry decapitated heads and the men carry body parts dripping in blood.

EXT. TSALAL SHORE VILLAGE - NIGHT

The natives carrying Captain Guy's torso place him over the same coals used previously to roast fish.

NATIVES CHANTING
Tekeli-li! Tekeli-li! Tekeli-li!

EXT. JANE GUY ANCHORED AT PIER - NIGHT

The natives on board look up from their labors and see the victorious tribe's return. They join in the chanting.

NATIVES CHANTING

Tekeli-li! Tekeli-li! Tekeli-li!

EXT. TSALAL SHORE - THE ROCKS - NIGHT

The foursome keep hidden as the spectacle continues.

PYM/NARRATOR (V.O.)

We were forced, therefore, however unwillingly, to remain in our place of concealment, mere spectators of the bacchanal which presently ensued.

Frustrated with watching, Peters turns to the women.

DIRK PETERS

We need someplace to hide.

Eliza motions for them to follow her into a cave.

INT. CAVES - NIGHT

Eliza and Meredith lead Pym and Peters through a series of caves, using their ship lanterns and torches to guide them.

ENTERING A MASSIVE CAVE

As the foursome enter, their light sources reflect off the cave's contents, illuminating the large space.

PILES OF RICHES

The cave seems to be the dumping ground for the treasures of the shipwrecked over the ages. The riches lay in conical piles. Rubies, sapphires, and emeralds lay to one side. Doubloons, drachmas, and pieces of eight lay to the other. In the middle of the room lay crown jewels, scepters, and orbs. Satins, woolens and knits as well as skins, hides and furs lay in stacks. Scattered everywhere lay broaches, rings, and amulets.

PYM

Even Croesus had not this wealth.

DIRK PETERS

If we had these riches at home,
we'd be gods. But for these
wretched savages, it all be
worthless.

Peter and Pym laugh at the absurdity. Peters picks up a golden crown and places it on his head. He finds another one adorned with skulls and puts it on Eliza's head. Pym finds a pearl necklace and places it around Meredith's neck. Then, he finds a golden sword worthy of Excalibur and begins swinging it around madly, laughing.

INT. CAVE OF RICHES - NIGHT

The two couples have prepared their sleeping arrangements on opposite sides of the cave.

PYM/NARRATOR (V.O.)

We were thus relieved from
immediate danger, but our situation
was still sufficiently gloomy.

Eliza and Meredith giggle at each other's appearance. They take off and toss away their new jewels, worthless to them not only as money, but decoration as well.

Peters and Pym obsessively pick through the piles of riches. They talk, but are distracted.

DIRK PETERS

The Jane Guy is of no use. We need
not expose ourselves to retake it.
The steamship shall save us.
Towards the morning, when these
savages rest from their revelry,
we'll go home...Ah!

Peters finds something he likes on the ground.

PYM

I only have one question. Nantucket
or New Orleans?

DIRK PETERS

Let's find civilization first.

Pym nods. They continue till Peters suddenly stops.

DIRK PETERS (CONT'D)

I have a question.

Pym stops and leans in to hear Peters speak.

DIRK PETERS (CONT'D)
Do you think we can trust them,
lad? Or are we next on their menu?

Pym considers this.

PYM
(sarcastic)
You've had women from Hawaii to
Polynesia, bluestockings at home
and soiled doves in New Orleans.
Why do you ask me?

Peters agrees to his folly.

DIRK PETERS
I desire an objective opinion.

PYM
Yes. We can trust them.

Peters appears relieved. He nods thankfully.

INT. CAVE OF RICHES - PETERS' SIDE - NIGHT

Peters and Eliza lay together.

DIRK PETERS
What happened to the crown?

ELIZA
That silly thing hurts my head.

DIRK PETERS
I found something better for you.

A GOLDEN AMULET OF THE SUN GOD

Peters hands it to her.

DIRK PETERS (CONT'D)
Would you like to come with us?
Would you like to come home with
me...to my side of the world?

ELIZA
I face a certain death penalty if
they find out about this. Yes, I'll
come with you.
(being coy)
Besides, I'd like to see the sun.

She holds up the amulet for him to see. He takes it from her and puts it aside. Then, they make love.

INT. CAVE OF RICHES - PYM'S SIDE - NIGHT

Post-coitus, Pym and Meredith lay together.

PYM

Has anyone ever told you they love you?

AN ANCIENT EGYPTIAN SCARAB AMULET

Meredith picks it up, turning away from Pym.

MEREDITH

It looks like a gold beetle.

PYM

I raised a beetle farm for school once. I won a prize. Then, I let them go. I missed them for awhile. Silly to love a bug.

MEREDITH

Scarab. Is that right?

PYM

Yes. Ancient Egyptians wore them for immortality and resurrection.

MEREDITH

So, am I coming with you to Nantucket?

Pym smiles, realizing she must have heard everything.

PYM

Only if you want to?

MEREDITH

Come here.

She pulls him back inside her. He's been answered.

EXT. TSALA SHORELINE - THE ROCKS - NIGHT

Hiding behind the rocks, Peters looks to the beach.

THE VILLAGE - THE PARTY IS OVER.

The coals have gone out and Captain Guy's skeleton hangs off the spit. What's left of the crew members' carcasses drips from the main mast. Patterson still hangs from the bowsprit. The natives have all retired to their huts.

SKULLS LAY IN A CONICAL PILE.

PYM/NARRATOR (V.O.)

A few hours before dawn, we set out to bargain for our lives. Grandpa Pym liked to say "Never bet the devil your head." He was certainly joking, but here in Tsalal, he would be interested to know a severed head appears to be a valued commodity.

LEAVING THE ROCKS

Eliza and Meredith lead Peters and Pym through the jungle and by the shore towards the wharves. The men both wear multiple jeweled crowns and their pockets bulge with coins that fall out as they scamper. Together they carry a heavy chest filled with treasure. The golden sword sticks out.

EXT. SS RICHMOND - NIGHT

The foursome board the steamship in the dark.

ON BOARD ABOVE DECK

After dropping the chest, Peters leads them below deck.

INT. SS RICHMOND BOILER ROOM - NIGHT

The boiler room is pitch black. The recent fire has gone out. Peters lights his ship lantern. As Pym lights Eliza and Meredith's lanterns, Peters checks the furnace and the gauges.

DIRK PETERS

The flue and damper be doing fine
and so be the blower.

Peters hands Pym a shovel.

DIRK PETERS (CONT'D)

Get to work, lad. Stoke that
firebox with this black gold.

Pym starts shoveling.

DIRK PETERS (CONT'D)
It's a bit less grand than the
boilers on the Mississippi, but
it's of fine copper and it'll get
us upstream.

Peters pulls Eliza and Meredith toward the hatch.

DIRK PETERS (CONT'D)
Come with me, I have task for you.
There be no shirkers this voyage.

INT. SS RICHMOND PUMP ROOM - NIGHT

Peters leads Eliza and Meredith to the feedwater pump. He makes an adjustment.

DIRK PETERS
The check valve is now open. The
boilers are partly full, but they
need topping off.

Eliza and Meredith don't have a clue.

FEEDWATER PUMP - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Eliza and Meredith stand on opposite sides, seesawing the feedwater pump. Peters leaves the room.

INT. SS RICHMOND WHEELHOUSE - NIGHT

Peters enters to check the helm. Finding everything in order, he turns to see:

PETERS POV - THE BEACH REMAINS CALM. THE DAWN IS ARRIVING.

INT. SS RICHMOND BOILER ROOM - NIGHT

The furnace has been lighted. Peters checks the gauges. Exhausted Pym tries to shovel in another load of coal. Peters turns and helps him.

DIRK PETERS
That be enough. I have a more
intellectual pursuit for you now.

INT. SS RICHMOND ARMORY - NIGHT

Peters uses his tomahawk to bash open the lock. Grabbing muskets, powder and shot, he hands them to Pym, Eliza and Meredith.

DIRK PETERS

Take this up to the stern. Master Pym will be teaching a short course on musket loading...and reloading.

INT. SS RICHMOND BOILER ROOM - NIGHT

Peters checks the gauges. He's in his element.

PETERS HOLDS HIS PALM OPEN TO THE BOILER'S SURFACE.

DIRK PETERS

Your sister crossed the Atlantic and enjoyed fame. Are you ready to best her with a petite miracle?

He can't take it anymore. He pulls his hand back.

EXT. SS RICHMOND STERN - DAY

Loading muskets, Pym, Meredith and Eliza have watched the dawn arrive. Peters walks on deck.

PETERS' POV - THE BEACH STILL REMAINS CALM.

There's no sun, but light reaches the shore.

DIRK PETERS

The chimney is afire. Now's the time.

PYM

I don't have to shovel any more coal, do I? Oh, damnation!

INT. SS RICHMOND WHEELHOUSE - DAY

Peters leads Pym and Meredith to the wheel.

DIRK PETERS

Point us straight towards the rapids.

Peters taps on a gauge.

DIRK PETERS (CONT'D)
Keep your eyes on this gauge. If
this little needle moves into the
red, you'll need to release some
steam.

Pym reaches for the steam whistle. Peters stops him.

DIRK PETERS (CONT'D)
Lest we alert the natives, let's
wait for the necessity. We be at a
fine boil now.

Pym tries not to feel foolish.

DIRK PETERS (CONT'D)
After I cut the anchor and cast
off, we'll slowly and quietly drift
out into the bay. Then, when we're
clear of these troublesome wrecks
as well as the natives' dry feet,
I'll start the engines.

Peters runs out the hatch.

EXT. TSALAL BAY - DAY

Dawn shadows color the bay in long strokes.

THE SS RICHMOND FLOATS INTO THE BAY.

Grey curls spool out of the smoke stack as the ship clears
the wrecks.

INT. SS RICHMOND ENGINE ROOM - DAY

Peters struggles to start the engine.

EXT. SS RICHMOND - DAY

The SS Richmond FLOATS FURTHER into the bay.

INT. SS RICHMOND ENGINE ROOM - DAY

Peters CRANKS the engine to life.

EXT. SS RICHMOND - DAY

The SS Richmond JOLTS to a start.

THE REVOLVING PADDLE WHEELS begin pushing the ship forward.

INT. SS RICHMOND WHEELHOUSE - DAY

Pym cheers, steering the wheel towards the rapids in the distance. Meredith hugs him from behind. She's wearing the golden scarab on a chain around her neck.

EXT. SS RICHMOND STERN - DAY

The muskets have been loaded. Peters and Eliza watch the shoreline. She wears her Sun God amulet.

EXT. TSALAL SHORE VILLAGE - DAY

ALBINUS is the first among many to reach the shore. He calls to his men.

ALBINUS
Tekeli-li! Tekeli-li! Tekeli-li!

Dozens of natives rush to shore and board the whaleboats.

WHALEBOAT

Albinus rushes to the bow of the nearest whaleboat as the native oarsmen fill in behind and push it out into the bay.

EXT. SS RICHMOND STERN - DAY

Peters and Eliza see:

ALBINUS, STANDING AT THE BOW OF THE WHALEBOAT,
looking half-Ahab chasing Moby Dick and half-George Washington crossing the Delaware.

INT. SS RICHMOND WHEELHOUSE - DAY

Peters rushes in. He starts checking gauges and dials.

DIRK PETERS
The crawdads be jumping in the pot!
Albinus and the entire Tsalal Navy
be after us. Have no fear, lad.
Blow the whistle now. Let them hear
us howl!

Pym pulls the steam whistle. They cheer each other on.

EXT. ALBINUS' WHALEBOAT - DAY

Albinus stands at the bow. His oarsmen row like mad.

ALBINUS THROWS A HARPOON AT THE RICHMOND'S STERN,
but it BOUNCES OFF THE HULL.

EXT. SS RICHMOND STERN DECK - DAY

Peters aims a musket towards Albinus.

EXT. ALBINUS' WHALEBOAT - DAY

Albinus aims another harpoon.

A SHOT RINGS OUT, missing Albinus.

Albinus steadies himself and throws the harpoon.

INT. SS RICHMOND WHEELHOUSE - DAY

As Pym and Meredith stand their posts,

THE HARPOON CRASHES THROUGH THE WINDOW, MISSING THEM.

Pym pulls Meredith from the window and the broken glass.

EXT. SS RICHMOND STERN DECK - DAY

Again, Peters aims a musket towards Albinus.

EXT. ALBINUS' WHALEBOAT - DAY

Albinus aims another harpoon.

A SHOT RINGS OUT, missing Albinus again, but...

BLOWING OFF AN OARSMEN'S HEAD. Blood and brains splatter.

EXT. SS RICHMOND STERN DECK - DAY

Peters laughs like a maniac.

DIRK PETERS

If it happens I am willed to kill
all his oarsmen first, he'll be
forced to row himself. He-he-he...

Eliza mocks him, playfully.

ELIZA
Who's blood-thirsty now?

A HARPOON IMPALES ELIZA, KILLING HER INSTANTLY.

Peters is horrified. The retreating harpoon attempts to carry her corpse away, but Peters frees her. The harpoon fails to make purchase on the stern and falls away. Peters gently places her down and quickly grabs another musket.

EXT. SS RICHMOND - DAY

Many of the whaleboats begin to fall back.

EXT. ALBINUS' WHALEBOAT - DAY

Albinus throws another harpoon.

THE HARPOON SLIDES INTO THE STARBOARD PADDLEWHEEL.

The rope gets caught on one of the paddles.

THE PADDLEWHEEL BEGINS REELING IN ALBINUS' WHALEBOAT.

The sudden JOLT sends Albinus and the crew falling back into the boat. As he stands up and prepares to throw again,

ALBINUS IS SHOT THROUGH THE FOREHEAD and falls backwards.

EXT. SS RICHMOND STERN DECK - DAY

Peters is revenged. He looks at Eliza's corpse.

PETER'S POV - THE SUN GOD AMULET

EXT. SS RICHMOND - DAY

Before Albinus' whaleboat can be sucked up into the paddlewheel and destroyed, an OARSMAN cuts the rope, freeing the whaleboat from the steamship.

EXT. TSALAL BAY - DAY

All the whaleboats recede from the pursuit.

EXT. SS RICHMOND STERN DECK - DAY

Peters holds Eliza's corpse tightly. He mourns her.

THE SHIP BUCKS PORT AND STARBOARD, THEN RIGHTS ITSELF.

Peters is thrown, but scrambles up.

EXT. SS RICHMOND -DAY

The steamship begins to paddle up the rapids.

INT. SS RICHMOND WHEELHOUSE - DAY

Peters rushes in.

DIRK PETERS

Albinus be dead. The Navy has
retreated.

Pym struggles with the wheel. Meredith watches the gauge.

PYM'S POV - THE BOW OF THE SHIP DODGES ROCKS AND WRECKS.

DIRK PETERS (CONT'D)

You be doing a yeoman's job.

He dashes out.

INT. SS RICHMOND BOILER ROOM - DAY

Peters checks the gauges and dials. He shovels more coal into the furnace.

EXT. SS RICHMOND IN THE RAPIDS - DAY

The steamship paddles majestically and powerfully upstream.

THE PORT PADDLEWHEEL SPLINTERS AN OLD GALLEON'S AFTCASTLE.

The bottom of the maelstrom looms in the distance.

INT. SS RICHMOND WHEELHOUSE - DAY

Perhaps too arrogantly, Pym is steering the ship skillfully around the debris, blowing the whistle, and knocking off parts of brittle shipwrecks as if it were sport.

PETERS GRABS THE WHEEL AND STOPS HIM.

DIRK PETERS
 (furious, blowing it)
 Don't be a booby. Where are your
 quotes now? Do you have a quote for
 this foolishness?

PYM
 I'll have to think about it.

EXT. SS RICHMOND ENTERS THE WHIRLPOOL - DAY

The ship paddles up the spiral river, ASCENDING THE MAELSTROM. Some of the flotsam and jetsam is chewed up by the paddles.

INT. SS RICHMOND WHEELHOUSE - DAY

Peters mans the wheel with Pym and Meredith to help him.

PYM'S POV - THE BLACK PLAGUE SHIP COMING TOWARDS THEM.

EXT. SS RICHMOND AND PLAGUE SHIP - DAY

Their bows look to be headed towards a collision, but
 THE SS RICHMOND AND THE PLAGUE SHIP PASS EACH OTHER BY.

INT. SS RICHMOND WHEELHOUSE - DAY

They turn to view the plague ship as it passes.

PETERS' POV - ON THE DECK OF THE PLAGUE SHIP, the putrid dead remain on deck. The welcoming sailor at the bow has lost his lower jaw. No birds.

Peters turns back forward and rights the ship.

DIRK PETERS
 There be a fancy dinner for the
 Tsalal gourmets. Bon appetite, mes
 amis.

He grimaces to himself when he realizes he said this in front of Meredith. She just laughs.

EXT. SOUTH POLE - DAY

The SS Richmond rises from the whirlpool and paddles away.

INT. SS RICHMOND WHEELHOUSE - DAY

Pym and Peters jump for joy, imitating the natives' dance.

PYM/PETERS

Tekeli-li! Tekeli-li! Tekeli-li!

Meredith giggles.

MEREDITH

Where's Elizabeth?

Peters sobers up. Pym looks at him curiously.

EXT. SOUTH POLE - DAY

The SS Richmond paddles northward.

EXT. SS RICHMOND DECK - DAY

Pym and Peters rush out the hatch and look around.

PYM looks up at the BRIGHT WARM SUN.

MEREDITH steps out of the hatch. The sun hurts her eyes.

SUDDENLY, SHE BURSTS INTO FLAMES.

Pym and Peters can only watch as she crumbles to ash.

THE GOLD SCARAB IS ALL THAT REMAINS.

DISSOLVE TO: THE SUN GOD AMULET

EXT. SS RICHMOND STERN DECK - DAY

Peters points to show Pym the SUN GOD AMULET lies in Eliza's putrescence. Peters turns to Pym, earnestly.

DIRK PETERS

What does Coleridge have to teach
us about heartbreak?

Pym seems at a loss for words. He shrugs.

EXT. SS RICHMOND - DAY

The ship paddles towards the opening in the glacier.

INT. SS RICHMOND WHEELHOUSE - DAY

Pym and Peters casually steer the ship.

PYM/NARRATOR (O.S.)

My name is Arthur Gordon Pym,
formerly of Nantucket. I stowed
away on a whaler, defeated mutiny,
survived shipwreck, and fell in
love with a cannibal from the
center of the earth. The sea is now
my home and shall be forevermore.

(pause)

But, for now, I'd like to go home.

EXT. SS RICHMOND - DAY

Having passed the glacier, the ship drops its sails.

PYM (V.O.)

I thought of a quote.

DIRK PETERS (V.O.)

Go ahead.

The ship sails and steams on the wide open sea.

PYM (V.O.)

"He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."

DIRK PETERS (V.O.)

Coleridge?

PYM (V.O.)

Coleridge.

DIRK PETERS (V.O.)

Oh, les jours du temps ne passe
pas.

PYM (V.O.)

As badly as you speak it, I do
understand French.

DIRK PETERS (V.O.)
I was counting on it.

Sails full, the ship heads towards home, or does it?

FADE OUT.

THE END