



APOCALYPSE MOBY

Written by

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CAST

CAPTAIN ISHAMEL

CORPORAL QUEEQUEG

GENERAL AHAB

BOAT CHIEF STARBUCK

CORPORAL "CHEF" STUBB

PRIVATE "CLEAN" FLASK

PRIVATE LANCE PIP

CAPTAIN ICHABOD KILGORE

GENERAL BILDAD

CIA AGENT PELEG

COLONEL MARLON MOBY

ROXANNE BETTY

MABEL BETTY

THE PAINTER

CAPTAIN GARDINIER DEMARAIS

SARGENT LEFAVRE

SUPPLY SARGEANT

IXION AGENT

IXION MC

MILITARY POLICE OFFICER

CAMEO BY HERMAN MELVILLE as WAR CORRESPONDENT

With MUSIC by BRIAN NEMO

MAIN TITLE SEQUENCE:

FIRE FLOWS ACROSS THE SCREEN IN AN OCEAN OF FLAME.

We watch as WHALES SWIM PEACEFULLY, and SYMBOLS, the name "WHALE"
in every known language, slowly move across the screen.

As the MAIN TITLES ROLL a vaguely IRISH version of the DOORS'

"THE END" is performed on mandolin, fife, squeezebox and
snare, accompanied by ominous guitar feedback

INTERIOR / BOARDING ROOM OF A 19th CENTURY INN

FADE MUSIC

The mahogany blades of a CEILING FAN as they slowly turn.
We hear the SOUND of WIND as it catches in the SAILS OF A
SAILING VESSEL.

A CLOSE SHOT, upside down: the stubble-covered face of a
young man sprawled across the bed in this non-descript room.

His EYES OPEN and he stares up at the blades of the ceiling
fan as they spin hypnotically.

MAN

Saigon. Shit. Call me Ishamel.

CLOSE ON ISHAMEL: Roughly 30 years old, a sunburned face, a
beautiful glimmer in his weary eyes

ISHMAEL (VOICE OVER)

A Nantucketer and sailor by birth,
I had sought adventure in the
employ of the Dutch East India
Trading Corporation. Upon my
journeys I encountered many
mysteries of the sea, her bounties,
and perils. As well, I bore witness
to man's darkness, a heart which
drew sustenance from the Earth's
miraculous waters, all the while
despoiling and disrespecting her.
My spirit was free, sailing and
adventuring. But what of my soul?

ISHMAEL: CLOSEUP ON FACE

ISHMAEL (VOICE OVER CONT.)

If this tale be my own, it also be
that of AHAB's; and in telling it,
I speak a tale of confession.

SOUND OFF SCREEN: KNOCKING ON DOOR; ISHMAEL rises and
answers

CUT TO: TWO NANTUCKET MILITARY POLICE dressed in a hybrid
of 19th Century sailing outfit and Vietnam War-era military
uniform. They wear 19th century Marine sailor's coats over
Vietnam-era jungle camo fatigues with 19th century knee high
cavalry boots; Quaker-style beards and ray ban sunglasses,

cutlasses, blunderbuss flintlocks, .45s and bandoliers of hand grenades as side armament. Upon their heads, standard issue 19th Century tricorne sailor's hats.

MILITARY POLICE OFFICER

Ye be Captain Ishmael?

ISHAMEL

I be he.

MILITARY POLICE OFFICER

General Bildad at COM-SEC bids you report.

CUT TO: INTERIOR GENERAL BILDAD'S QUARTERS / A small New England room furnished in 19th century fashion with added 20th century accoutrement. An oak DESK with QUILL and INKWELL lay next to PILES OF PARCHMENT written in cursive script; next to the DESK, a SHORTWAVE RADIO, SEXTANT, REEL TO REEL TAPE RECORDER and piles of BLACK AND WHITE PHOTOGRAPHS. A 19th century SHIP IN A BOTTLE adorns a shelf; within the BOTTLE, a VIETNAM-ERA AIRCRAFT CARRIER made of BALSA WOOD. A framed SILVER-POINT ETCHING OF RICHARD NIXON hangs on the wall.

In the room are three men: GENERAL BILDAD, uniformed; CIA OFFICER PELEG, dressed in civilian clothes; and in the SHADOWS, another MAN whose features are not yet revealed, and whose identity is not yet announced by GENERAL BILDAD.

BILDAD, seventy, corpulent, ruddy-faced and mutton-chopped, approaches ISHMAEL

GENERAL BILDAD

Welcome Captain, let us break fast.

Presently, BILDAD, ISHMAEL and the PELEG begin to dine, passing platters of shellfish and ramekins of chowder both directions of the table. The MAN who was not introduced waits, unnoticed, in the shadows.

GENERAL BILDAD

(to ISHMAEL)

Tell me son-- and double quick! Art thou a man to pitch a harpoon down a live whale's throat and then jump after it? Answer quick!

ISHMAEL

I am, sir, if it should be positively indispensable to do so; not to be got rid of, that is, which I don't take to be the fact.

BILDAD eyes PELEG, a look of satisfaction. The tension in the room abates.

GENERAL BILDAD

(to ISHMAEL)

Captain Ishmael, tell me, have you
along your journeys, by chance or
by fate, come across the name Moby?

CAPTAIN ISHMAEL

I think I have, Sir, yet we two
have not met.

GENERAL BILDAD

Moby was one of our best. A
brilliant seaman and asset for
Dutch East India. Mythic by
reputation as well as by deed. He'd
been sent to sea on advanced
forward operations. Then all fell
silent for many a month.

GENERAL BILDAD

(to CIA OFFICER PELEG)

Go ahead and play the transmission

CIA OFFICER PELEG turns the knob on an old style REEL TO
REEL TAPE PLAYER

AUDIO: WHALE NOISES begin playing

GENERAL BILDAD looks at ISHAMEL to gauge his reaction.

ISHMAEL holds his poker face as the aquatic sounds drift across the dining table.

GENERAL BILDAD

This is in code.

(To PELEG)

Read the translation

CIA OFFICER PELEG

(reads from parchment as the WHALE SOUNDS continue in the background)

I saw a snail crawling across a straight razor... still alive, crawling (untranslatable) We must repel the invaders at any cost, they befoul our waters, destroy our homes (untranslatable) krill tasty (untranslatable) The horror... the horror. End transmission

ISMAHEL VO

The words were ominous, like staring into the baby doll eyes of a shark. But before I could react further, a man-- whom I had not noticed sitting quietly in the dark of the General's quarters-- burst forth in a violent and agitated verbal ejaculation

MAN (GENERAL AHAB)

Blood and thunder! Mobys gone off the reservation-- he's swimming and fighting out there, General, answering to no one but himself. An albino daemon! He's collected his own army from the native rank and is running completely amok. He must be stopped!

ISHMAEL (VOICE OVER)

This overbearingly grim man, Ahab, was roughly of sixty years; bronzed, weathered like an ancient tree, his form suggested a man released from a burning stake just before its fire could fully engulf him. The mad glint in his eye began a tale; the barbaric white leg upon which he partly stood-- which had been fashioned from the polished bone from a sperm whale's jaw-- completed it.

GENERAL BILDAD

Captain Ishmael, this be General Ahab. Ahab has... encountered Moby in the field, or should I say, upon the waters. He be an expert on our renegade Colonel.

GENERAL AHAB

Took me leg. Snuck upon me as I
dozed.

CIA OFFICER PELEG

Your mission, Ishmael, is to travel
up the Nung river and find Colonel
Moby. When you find him... you are
to retire Colonel Moby.

ISHMAEL

You mean... harpoon Moby.

CIA OFFICER PELEG

Harpoon... with extreme prejudice.

TIGHT ON ISHAMEL

ISHMAEL (VOICE OVER)

Now, I had participated in unsavory
things while at sea, as a whaler's
life is to reap the benefit of the
ocean and wrest from her its
spoils. But this-- to kill such a
rare, albeit unbalanced beast?
Without conversation, without trial
or deliberation? Besides, Moby was
an American.

GENERAL BILDAD

Colonel Ahab will accompany you on

your mission up the Nung; you will
be under his command

AHAB grins at ISHMAEL, cracking a SMILE which reveals rows
of ancient yellow teeth.

CUT TO EXTERIOR DAY: NAVAL SHIPYARD / A New England port
full of ships and sailors laboring on various maritime tasks

CAPTAIN ISHMAEL (VOICE OVER)

But all was not darkness. Our ship,
the GUNSHIP PEQUOD, was a fine
vessel

We see ISHMAEL as he tours the GUNSHIP PEQUOD:

We see visualized on screen:

A very unique looking ship, a hybrid of two styles:
the front part of the ship is a 19th CENTURY SAILING SCHOONER
complete with twin masts; the rear, a VIETNAM-ERA
RIVER PATROL BOAT (PBR). On the bow, a military
call number (PEQ-187) and below it, applied in spray paint
by the crew: "THE PEQUOD"

CAPTAIN ISHMAEL (VOICE OVER, CONT.)

Quaint, she was a ship of the 'old
school', made for a crew of seven;
long seasoned and weather-stained,
her masts had been cut somewhere
near the coast of San Diego. Her

ancient decks were worn and wrinkled, like the pilgrim-worshipped flagstones in Canterbury Cathedral where Beckett bled. Also, she had twin inboard motors, and fifty-caliber machine guns fore and aft.

CAPTAIN ISHMAEL continues his inspection of the PEQUOD

We see visualized on screen:

Her crew were a lively bunch, some seasoned, others greenhorn. CORPORAL QUEEQUEG and I had met in Nantucket where we had shipped a room; at first, his visage inspired terror in me, as his hulking mass was adorned with drawings, mementos Maori, of his savage upbringing in some distant pagan land; honestly, I did find his habit of head-hunting a bit off-putting. He spoke little English, but said he worshiped his God, Yojo, who lorded from some distant realm. His tribal tattoos were comprised of fierce glyphs suited for his personae, cryptic icons and riddles few hoped to decipher

We PAN ON QUEEQUEG'S TATTOOS: A labyrinth of Maori patterning in the shape of a double-helix; a dolphin tiki; a Manaia bird head; a fishing hook; twenty digits from the Fibonacci series.

ISHMAEL (V.O. CONT)

(as we CLOSE UP on CORPORAL

QUEEQUEG)

For all Queequeg's seeming savagery, I found there to be a noble calm within him, a great spirit that relished the chase. He had joined up, as he had been persecuted in his home land and wished to see the world.

EXT: DAY / DECK OF THE GUNSHIP PEQUOD: CORPORAL QUEEQUEG constructs a COFFIN; it is sized to fit his large frame.

ISHMAEL

(to QUEEQUEG)

Tell, friend, a premonition of your death, even before we embark?

CORPORAL QUEEQUEG

Yojo has told me to make it

ISHMAEL

But I thought you pagan, a coffin is what Christians use

CORPORAL QUEEQUEG

When in Rome.

ISHMAEL lends a hand to QUEEQUEG and helps him build his COFFIN. Completed, we watch as CAPTAIN ISHMAEL and CORPORAL QUEEQUEG pass QUEEQUEG'S TOMAHAWK PIPE, sharing a relaxing smoke.

ISHMAEL (V.O. CONT)

It may have been my and Ahab's mission-- and Queequeg's coffin-- but it was certainly STARBUCKS boat.

We see visualized on screen:

STARBUCK was African, about thirty and five years, a consummate boat man, a sailor who set up accomplishing tasks and a safe return home as his reputation. Upright like a mast, Starbuck held vision true.

FLASK, a kid barely of eighteen years, was from a vast city, and he dithered, cat-like, as if the light of the sea and jungle played tricks with his mind. He grew mushrooms.

STUBB was Creole, a kind soul and sailor who fancied himself a chef. He mentioned that he preferred the term "escoffier".

LANCE PIP was from the West, and had the odd proclivity to surf as the Polynesians did.

(We see blonde PIP in his TRICOME SAILOR HAT, which is adorned with a hand drawn PEACE SIGN)

ISHMAEL VO

I could barely imagine Pip or Flask brandishing weaponry, but their youthful spirit inspired worthiness. And so it was. With that, we set sail up the Nung River.

We watch as the GUNSHIP PEQUOD sails forth. ISHMAEL stands on the forward bow and his eyes glisten as he peers into the sunlight across bright, sparkling waves.

FULL FRAME: THE WATER

ISHMAEL (VO)

I had sailed in many seas and oceans, but the patch we now traveled at times played tricks

upon my eyes; it once a river with
 shallows treacherous enough for
 enemies to hide on shore, lobbing
 arrows, and next, an open
 ocean whose shores were farther
 than the horizon.

ISHMAEL opens a FOLIO of PARCHMENTS, intelligence on MOBY.
 He begins looking through REPORTS, MAPS and a FIELD GUIDE
 ("NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC'S WHALES OF THE WORLD").

ISHMAEL (V.O.)

*We see visualized on screen, parchments, photographs and
 etchings:*

I thought they mistaken, and had
 sent me the wrong pages. Valorous
 Whaler! This Moby was hero King,
 master of seas! His grace, his
 ability to dive to such depths, and
 see such wonders; to sing while
 underwater, for hours at a time!
 What beauty! His skill at
 navigating the globe, and love of
 his pod! What young seaman seeking
 rank and privilege would not but
 envy his ability?

We see ISHMAEL as he sweats and continues reading

ISHMAEL (V.O. CONT)

Yet he changed course, steering
afar from the destiny he had so
finely woven for himself. What was
Moby doing, at age thirty-eight,
joining Special Forces? Paratrooper
training broke even the heartiest
eighteen year old-- and here was a
sixty-ton cetacean twice that age
joining up.

CLOSE UP ON ISHMAEL

What mad-- or noble-- vision had
inspired-- or unbalanced-- him in
such a manner?

EXTERIOR: DAY / We watch as the GUNSHIP PEQUOD sails through
open waters. The CREW busies itself with rope and deck,
sextant and gunnery.

CHIEF STARBUCK

Cap'n, take a look see. There--

(he points)

ISHAMEL opens his TELESCOPE and gazes upon the horizon: a
beach lay smoking, its ruin brought by NANTUCKET MILITARY
OPERATIONS.

ISHMAEL (VO)

(as we survey the destruction)

The Nantucketers had tried to open
up these waters for Dutch East
India Corporation using the might
of both water and air for years,
but had been confounded by the
resilience of the natives, both man
and fish. The Shipmen would
advance, securing fishing ground,
beach and lobster grounds by day,
only to be thwarted by the grim
purpose of the Vietnamese and the
domestic aquatic life that
flourished and called it their
home. Man would clear by day, and
the sea would reclaim with
barnacles and coral at night.

CHIEF STARBUCK

(to Ishmael)

The river shallows here Cap'n,
she's impassable. We'll pick
another route, unless this ship can
fly.

CHEF STUBB

Where be General Ahab?

CORPORAL QUEEQUEG

Below deck, stealing a nap.

CAPTAIN ISHMAEL

(to Starbuck)

Take us in, then, we must meet a
man at that beach.

EXTERNAL: BEACH / DUSK. The SMOKING RUINS OF A 19th CENTURY VILLAGE BURN ALONG THE SHORE. NANTUCKETERS, some mounted on HORSEBACK, armed with CUTLASSES and M16s, move about, pillaging the coastline. Silhouetted against the SETTING SUN, a DRAGOON SARGENT, saddled upon a CAVALRY STEED, sprays a FLAMETHROWER as HELICOPTERS CIRCLE AND SWARM IN THE SKY. It is MY-LAI meets HERONYMOUS BOSCH

ISHMAEL, QUEEQUEG, FLASK and PIP disembark from the PEQUOD and wade onto shore. They gaze about taking in the hellish scene, move up the beach and into the jungle.

VOICE OFF SCREEN

Don't look at me, just keep moving,
keep moving, don't stop, don't look
at me writing

ISHMAEL turns and sees a WAR CORRESPONDENT (HERMAN MELVILLE), a bearded writer, seated, scribbling furiously at an oak desk which rests in the sand.

MELVILLE

Don't stop, don't look at me
writing, just keep going, keep
moving--

Confused, ISHMAEL stares at MELVILLE and continues into the
JUNGLE with QUEEQUEG, STUBB and PIP

EXT: JUNGLE / ISHMAEL spots the COMMANDING OFFICER, ICHABOD
KILGORE

ISHAMEL VO

We watch as this is visualized on screen:

Their Commander, KILGORE, and I
were similar in age; his
countenance embodied leadership,
yet recklessness, qualities his
soldiers revered and followed
unquestioningly. A faint glimmer,
certainly not that of a Halo,
seemed to follow Kilgore, as if to
say he would emerge from any
conflagration with nary a scratch.

ISHMAEL

(to KILGORE)

I be Ishmael, with orders from
COM-SEC. Bildad has given news of
my mission to you?

KILGORE

(surrounded by his Dragoons)

Nay, he has not-- now stand aside
while we swab this beach of
stragglers.

ISHMAEL VO

I must admit, as I stood upon this
deadly ground, I was ashamed of the
damnation the Nantucketers had
brought with them. Good men,
seduced to deviltry, caught within
her wiles, they were blind to the
cost of her dark charm. Beware,
young men, of ambition, for in it
is bred the morbidity the likes of
Kilgore's. But what of my own
ambition? Did I not also stand upon
this beach?

CUT TO EXT: NIGHT / NANTUCKET ARMY CAMP. Men have pitched
tents, made fires, tack horses, tune diesel engines.

KILGORE stands next to an oil lamp reading a
parchment-- ISHMAEL'S ORDERS from COM-SEC

KILGORE

(to Ishmael)

No need for solving riddles of how

to sail over land! Son, this be Air
Cav, the power of sky to balance
yours of sea. We shall pick yer toy
boat up and drop her into the mouth
of the Nung like an apple in a
dunking pot! We'll fly her. Now off
with ye, I have work to do

(KILGORE opens a tankard of ale)

CUT TO: The GUNSHIP PEQUOD FLYING THROUGH THE SKY. It BEGINS
FALLING, and we PULL BACK to see a LARGE HELICOPTER
TRANSPORT, an MI-10 "HARKE", which has just released the
SHIP from a burly hoist. We watch the PEQUOD SPLASH
VIOLENTLY as it lands in the NUNG RIVER

CUT TO: DECK OF THE PEQUOD / AHAB, dazed, emerges from
below deck

AHAB

Ye bastards! Spoiled my nap!

(to himself)

And a good nap it was.

AHAB raises his fist against the sky, yawns, and returns
below.

ISHMAEL VO

Many days, how many I do not know,

we sailed in pursuit of Moby.
Filled with toil, and anxious they
were; yet with moments where the
PEQUOD'S crew grew to know one
another, diminishing the gap of our
many differences into a close
brotherhood

We watch as QUEEQUEG WATER SKIS off the back of the PEQUOD;
he slaloms as FLASK, PIP and STARBUCK recite music on
penny-whistle, fiddle and snare, a venerable tune (the
ROLLING STONES' "SATISFACTION") of ancient Irish origin

ISHMAEL, steering the PEQUOD, notices AHAB, grim as ever,
steely, staring into the horizon

ISHMAEL (VO)

This man, vengeful, thirsty with
wrath, took no pleasure from the
world, or his crew; his sole
affirmation a lingering vision of
the whale's demise. Like a body
frozen in rictus, his soul was
solid and unaffected by the pulse
of life around it. Perhaps the
Whale was not foe of Ahab, but
reflection, like a thundercloud
seen upon the water.

We CLOSE UP on AHAB, who appears to mumble to himself

GENERAL AHAB

(mumbling as he gazes across
the azure sea)

The horror... the horror

EXTERIOR: DAY / The PEQUOD SAILS through the ocean on CHOPPY SEAS. The CREW now wear GREEN AND BLACK CAMOUFLAGE PAINT ON THEIR FACES. STARBUCK peers at the horizon through a telescope; AHAB, ISHMAEL, and PIP man stations.

FLASK is seen NAPPING by the forward gun, his TRICOME SAILOR'S CAP is planted across his CAMOUFLAGED FACE.

And out of nowhere, not half a league from the deck of the GUNSHIP PEQUOD, a WHITE FORM SURFACES

CHIEF STARBUCK

General!

GENERAL AHAB

Yea, Starbuck, tell thy tale

CHIEF STARBUCK

Eyes upon Starboard bow, Sir!

GENERAL AHAB

(looking through telescope)

Aye-- The White Whale rises!

CHIEF STARBUCK

(to FLASK, who is ASLEEP)

Jonah's swallowed balls, man! Get
on that fifty!

FLASK moves to the FIFTY CALIBER DECK GUN and swings it to
and fro, taking aim at foes both real and imagined

GENERAL AHAB

You Martin Balsam, spring! Heehog!
Man yer position! Whatever yer name
may be, Martin Sheen, Saucier!
Brando, Steelkilt, Corleone!
Horse's head and there's the rub!
Man the steel Pippin of Shire,
Brohog of Malaysia! Throw yer
mettle at the beast, a last Tango
in Paris for the White Whale!

CHIEF STARBUCK

What the fuck?

FLASK

A gaskets blown in the General!

PIP

A fly is in the General's ointment,
he's a whiskered skidoo!

GENERAL AHAB

Shoot to thrill! Play to kill! Too
many women, too many pills!

PIP

Far out!

CHIEF STARBUCK

What the fuck is he talking about?

ISHMAEL (VO)

The White Whale, perhaps irritated
by our aggressive, if imprecise,
vernacular, now turned away from
the PEQUOD in hopes of spoiling our
pursuit

FLASK

(pointing)

It turns! Now for the pounce!

GENERAL AHAB

Prepare to be buttered and dipped
in thy own flavorful fate White
Whale! I'll bung yer greasy
blowhole from solstice to equinox!

CHIEF STARBUCK

Nay, you've gone too far, Ahab, with
talk of bung and blowhole! Too long
at sea, and too affixed your gaze
has been upon vengeance and not the
fairer, non-cetacean, sex.

THE GUNSHIP PEQUOD turns and maneuvers, perusing the great
Leviathan, and closes on him; the WAVES increase in size as
a MIST OF RAIN begins falling

ISHMAEL (VO)

But there would be no satisfaction
in Ahab's advances upon the
Leviathan this day. And I would
lose the first of many friends.

CORPORAL QUEEQUEG

(Standing on bow, harpoon
poised to launch)

Closer

GENERAL AHAB

Closer we shall get!

The GUNSHIP PEQUOD CLOSES. But MOBY dives, quickly
resurfacing; glancing against the PEQUOD, he sends her
rocketing leeward through the water.

AHAB FALLS to the deck, and we watch as QUEEQUEG, HARPOON in hand, is dashed from bow and swallowed by the sea.

ISHMAEL (V.O)

Queequeg's omen had been born out.
Yet the Whale had not so much
undone him as much as fury and
hubris.

We watch as the CREW searches the sea for any sign of
QUEEQUEG. NIGHT FALLS and the RAIN INTENSIFIES

ISHMAEL (V.O)

At dawn, we abandoned all hope for
him.

We see QUEEQUEG'S TOMAHAWK PIPE on the foredeck;
ISHMAEL, somberly, picks it up.

EXTERNAL DAY: DECK OF THE GUNSHIP PEQUOD / It has stopped
raining. We watch as QUEEQUEG'S COFFIN is taken onto deck.

ISHMAEL (V.O)

Queequeg would not be able
to use his coffin; the premonition
of his death which led to the
making of it withheld such a demise,
one that negated its use.
Instead it was sealed and put to

station as jerry-rigged life boat.
Saddened, I could not help
but foresee Queequeg's fate as the
Pequod's forestalled.

EXTERIOR: DAY / THE GUNSHIP PEQUOD SAILS through calm seas

ISHMAEL VO

Many weeks passed and our trail
grew cold.

EXTERIOR: PEQUOD AT NIGHTFALL; A FULL MOON / Lamps and torch
fires light the deck and crew as they eat.

THE NEXT DAY: Close to the shore of the NUNG. Windless,
the PEQUOD stalls in the water, with STUBB, PIP and ISHMAEL
wading onto shore looking for mangoes.

As they search quietly in JUNGLE PRIMEVAL, they converse.

STUBB

(looking about)

These fruits, the divine taste of
home within them I tell you

ISHAMEL

And you were born where?

STUBB

In New Orleans

(The three walk in silence for
a moment)

PIP

Do you think there a God within
mangoes?

ISHMAEL

(glancing up at the sky)
I think it so, is God not
everywhere upon the earth?

STUBB

Dullards-- how can God be in
mangoes, it is just a fruit; he
cannot be in all things, as it
would mean, then, he must also be
in the Whale.

ISHMAEL

Perhaps God is in Moby as well, and
it is a bitterness in our mouths
that masks the taste

STUBB

How strange. Then thinketh God be
in Moby, and an evil in our mouths?

ISHMAEL

I say that mango or peach, God or
whale, it is an acquired taste, and
up to man's choice as to where he
stands, just as we were on boat and
now walk upon land

PIP

Far out. God is in mangoes then

STUBB

I am not so sure, except to say,
mangoes... are tasty.

With that they hear a SOUND. RIVETED, the three stop and
DRAW CUTLASES and .45s.

A BEAT--

AND OUT OF THE JUNGLE-- A TIGER LUNGES AT THEM.

They FLEE

THEY RUN THROUGH THE JUNGLE and head onto the shoreline
towards the SHIP

As they scramble aboard the PEQUOD:

STUBB

God or mango, I say never get off
the boat!

FLASK

(on board the PEQUOD, to
ISHMAEL)

What be the alarm?

ISHMAEL

We searched for mangoes, were
distracted by God, attacked by a
Tiger. Never get off the boat.

EXTERIOR: DAWN / THE GUNSHIP PEQUOD enters into a winding
passage of the Nung River.

We see ISHMAEL as he peers into the distance. On a far
shore, a NANTUCKET OUTPOST, a small collection of tents and
clapboard buildings constructed as a supply center for the
Nantucket Army.

We watch as The GUNSHIP PEQUOD docks in a slip to restock
supplies.

AHAB disembarks, followed by ISHMAEL. They approach a SUPPLY
SARGEANT and within moments, AHAB is slapping and cursing the
SARGEANT. AHAB storms back aboard the PEQUOD

SUPPLY SARGEANT

(To ISHMAEL)

Greatest apologies Sir-- I meant no disrespect to your General or your fine ship! I will have all you need, and post-haste. Would you like tickets to tonight's most promising event?

ISHMAEL

Event?

SUPPLY SARGEANT

You have not heard?

(He gestures to the MARQUEE)

FULL FRAME / MARQUEE:

"ONE NIGHT ONLY: THE DOUBLE BETTYS AND THE IXION REVIEW -
BURLESQUE FROM NEW YORK CITY"

CUT TO: INTERIOR / MASSIVE TENT ON THE NUNG RIVER / Thousands of appreciative Nantuckers, Army Regulars, Air Cav Dragoons in a massive crowd; USO meets *Old Man and The Sea*

A STAGE has been setup in the center of the huge tent

We See PIP, FLASK and STUBB moving through THE CROWD, vying for a good position up front for the show. They get one.

PIP

(To FLASK, offering)

Mushrooms?

The IXION REVIEW begins the evening's entertainment. First, the MC, with totem GOLF CLUB IN HAND introduces the players in the Review. Then: an American stand up comic; next, a performing bird; then a bear that rides a unicycle.

Then, as LIVE MUSIC begins playing from the pit, (A SLIGHTLY GYPSY VERSION OF CREEDENCE CLEARWATERS' "SUZY Q" performed on VIOLIN, PIANO, MANDOLIN AND SNARE as a fast tempo JIG) the two BETTY's TAKE THE STAGE:

AGLOW in GASLIGHT, THE BETTYS (MABEL AND ROXANNE) enter wearing GO-GO BOOTS, HOOP SKIRTS, BUSTIERS, LOVE BEADS and HIPPIY HEAD BANDS, their bodies painted in neon colors: they are PEACE AND LOVE BRIDGET BARDOT and TWIGGY reinvented in OLD BURLESQUE. They quiver, shimmy and bump a Victorian show with a dose of late Sixties Playboy hedonism added to it. The CROWD SCREAMS AND HOLLERS

Then the light show kicks in.

INTERIOR STAGE: Multiple 16mm PROJECTIONS COVER the STAGE, TENT and the BETTYS in a complete and faithful reproduction of PSYCHADELIC LIGHT SHOW IMAGERY CIRCA 1968. Oil and water, ink swirls, Stan Brakhage-like imagery and lava lamp blobs flicker everywhere and on the DANCERS, with added film footage of the universe, galaxies, stars and flowers.

MUSIC: The JIG INTENSIFIES...

We CUT TO: CROWD / PIP, STUBB and FLASK are screaming and loving it.

The good natured review continues as appreciative howls are heard from the audience.

ISHMAEL stands BACKSTAGE, a large staging area which empties out onto the BEACH. A HELICOPTER (with painted IXION logo on its side, air-brushed with the likenesses of ROXANNE and MABEL) sits nearby

ISHMAEL watches as The DOUBLE BETTY'S push into full-gear, dancing and high-kicking as the MUSIC ACCELERATES. The crowd ROARS.

ROXANNE BETTY strolls off-stage letting her sister, MABEL, solo for a moment.

ROXANNE sees ISHAMEL who is smoking QUEEQUEG'S TOMAHAWK PIPE, and studies him for a moment

ROXANNE approaches ISHMAEL

ROXANNE

What be yer name, sailor?

ISHAMEL

(a bit dazed)

Ishmael

ROXANNE

Might I have a taste of your pipe?

ISHMAEL hands it to her. She SMOKES, looking at him as we hear the STAGE MUSIC. We see in the background the BLADES OF the HELICOPTER as they slowly begin TURNING

ROXANNE

Tell me Ishmael, do you have a woman back home?

ISHMAEL

Nay, I do not-- not out of want, but of too much seafaring I suppose.

The sound of the CROWD intensifies

ROXANNE

I can tell immediately about you Ishmael, you are a man, serious, one who searches and is neither scared within the light, or within darkness. There are two of you, one who loves and one who fights.

ISHMAEL inhales on his pipe as ROXANNE moves closer to him,
perhaps for a KISS

ROXANNE

All that matters is that you are
alive Ishmael, all that matters!
You are alive.

And at that moment the IXION MANAGER, pulling MABEL behind
him, grabs ROXANNE; the three of them BOARD the HELICOPTER
which immediately begins LIFTING OFF. Just as it does.
HUNDREDS OF SAILORS RUSH BACKSTAGE in pursuit of the DOUBLE
BETTYS. ISHMAEL, stunned, watches the HELICOPTER RISE.
ROXANNE stands on the HELICOPTER SKID

ROXANNE

(waving goodbye and shouting
down to ISHMAEL)

Choose to live Ishmael, choose to
live!

We see ISHMAEL as he STARES UP AT HER. ROXANNE SMILES, and
is pleased that ISHMAEL can gaze up her DRESS. ROXANNE BETTY
DISAPPEARS INTO THE SKY.

ISHMAEL is now SURROUNDED by HUNDREDS of SAILORS who SCREAM
and shout for the BETTYS to RETURN.

CLOSEUP ON ISHMAEL, dazed, staring up into the emptiness

CUT TO: DAWN; The GUBSHIP PEQUOD as it continues up the river

ISHMAEL VO

We went for a month, sailing; Ahab
felt us on his trail, but I thought
it circles made.

CUT TO: INTERIOR / NIGHT: Ishmael, below deck, sits by
candlelight looking through PARCHMENTS, PHOTOGRPAHS
and ETCHINGS, intelligence on MOBY.

ISHMAEL VO

As we traveled deeply into the
river, I parsed further into
Bildad's folio, pulled inside
the Leviathan's thinking.

We watch as this is visualized on screen:

I learned the Whale's albinism
was not born naturally to him; in
his youth, poisons, cast into the
waters by man, descended into the
depths of the sea, and had turned
Moby's skin alabaster. It was Man
who had transformed him into pale
ghost.

The genesis of Moby's disfigurement
was a cargo vessel, whose name was
familiar; I had glimpsed the ship's

name, the *Rand*, upon Ahab's
forearm. In his youth he had been
first mate.

CUT TO: DAY / A SHIP IN THE DISTANCE; Similar to the
GUNSHIP PEQUOD in size and shape, but badly damaged, her
hull pocked and sails frayed.

CHIEF STARBUCK rings the ship's bell and hails her; ISHMAEL
and AHAB PEER through telescopes at the SHIP: on her hull, a
military call number ("RAC-293"), and spray painted below it
"*LE RACHEL*"

GENERAL AHAB

(to the RACHEL)

Avast and sound! Any news of the
White Whale? Speak Captain of the
Rachel, Ahab commands ye!

ISHAMEL (V.O)

At first I thought her a ship of
ghosts; but crew, tattered and
spent, emerged. Francophiles, they
spoke no English, yet were able to
comprehend our desire for their
Captain to come aboard, to break
bread and exchange tales.

INTERIOR: NIGHT / AHAB'S QUARTERS which serve as a DINING ROOM for the ASSEMBLED CREW of the PEQUOD as well as CAPTAIN DEMARAIS, roughly AHAB'S age, adorned in soiled fatigues of the FRENCH MILITARY, and his second in command LEFAVRE, who is roughly ISHMAEL's age. As the space is small, the regular finery of a Captain's dining room has been compressed, with assembled diners packed tightly, shoulders rubbing. Throughout the meal, heads knock into low ceiling and low-slung chandelier.

ISHMAEL (V.O)

The French had been in the war long before the Natucketers had joined in; hearty, they sought the sea life of the region as valuable additions to their rich, delectable cuisine. Beaten, yet denied it unto themselves; an opening the Nantucket Army had used to engage the enemy in her own interests. Yet some French dead-enders still sailed these waters.

We watch as CHEF STUBB brings in a tumbler of mango vichyssoise and a plate of mango fois-gras served with a mango-salmon terrine, and Bordeaux. K-ration chocolate bars serve as dessert.

CAPTAIN DEMARAIS

*(in French, with subtitles
throughout)*

Yea, we had encountered this Moby
three times; crafty and devilish,
he lured us first close to rocks,
which damaged our fore hull, then
drew us out into a squall. Four of
my crew went missing, two in the
water and still alive, and us
searching for them for days now,
and will so until their story be
finished.

GENERAL AHAB

What say he, I do not follow

STUBB

French, I speak some of it

GENERAL AHAB

Then translate his thoughts to all
present, and its ordered.

*(Throughout the conversation,
STUBB does his best to
translate)*

GENERAL AHAB

You sparred with him thrice! Twice
more than our luck has brought us.
What direction, what hint gave he
of his intention upon the sea?

CAPTAIN DEMARAIS

To the end, the end of the Nung,
where his circuit of evil will
complete, one I foretell connects
you to he, and both to an end worse
than our own. Turn back-- has there
not been enough grief and loss?

ISHMAEL (V.O)

Perhaps the French had finally
realized that the whole war had
been a mistake. Not so with Ahab,
who found irrelevant their tale of
loss, even that of Demarais' own
son; instead Ahab implored him to
join his hunt. At the end of the
meal, they declined, complimented
Stubb on his inventive mango
sauces, and returned to their ship.

We watch as STARBUCK helps DEMARAIS AND LEFAVRE off the
PEQUOD

ISHMAEL (V.O)

Just then, Starbuck leaned outward
to help the Frenchmen disembark.
And at that instant a fish, a
Marlin, flew from the water, and
ran him clean through. Starbuck and
I locked eyes, and I watched
life, as if caught in a net,
emptied back into the currents from
which it came.

CHIEF STARBUCK

A spear. I am undone by a spear.

(STARBUCK DIES)

ISHMAEL (V.O)

It was with great sadness we
watched Starbuck pass. He was a
voice of reason, a valued sailor, a
friend; and now, there was less to
be measured between Ahab and the
abandonment of all sanity.
We watched the Rachel depart, as
she continued her search for its
Captain's lost son.

ISHMAEL (V.O)

Then it was as if Starbuck's demise

let slip any final restraint held
by Nature herself, as the force
which now blasted us without mercy
for a full thirty-six hours seemed
like a punishment for our sins.

We watch as the PEQUOD'S remaining crew-- AHAB, FLASK, STUBB
ISHMAEL and PIP, fight against WIND, RAIN, WAVE AND
LIGHTNING.

The BATTLE is exhausting, the CREW and the PEQUOD pushed to
their limits

DAWN: THE NUNG RIVER / The GUNSHIP PEQUOD EMERGES from the
storm, her SAILS IN TATTERS

ISHMAEL (V.O)

As Ahab napped exhausted below, the
sky calmed and river opened.

The GUNSHIP PEQUOOD sails into an inlet

ISHMAEL (V.O)

And before us, a strange site, a
thing the likes of which I had
never witnessed. A ruined temple
upon the shore, born of ancient
rock and purpose; and amassed in
both water and on land before it,

thousands of crabs, lobsters, and shellfish; starfish, porpoises, sharks, seals, maritime birds, eels; minions of the water, an army now, mustered and unified. The temple was a fort, with an ocean's army standing as sentinels before it.

VOICE OFF SCREEN

Ring yer bell, sound a bell-- it will scare them off!

CUT TO: The PAINTER / A man roughly 30 years of age, scraggly and dazed, dressed in ragged army fatigues, a long black beard flowing from his chin; in his hand, a paint brush, in the other, a palette smeared with oils. He stands beside an easel and canvas.

PAINTER

(To the crew of the GUNHSIP PEQUOD)

Ring a bell, sound a horn, will scatter them!

We watch as FLASK, tentatively at first, then gradually stronger, rings the BELL OF THE PEQUOD. Crabs, lobsters, shellfish, sharks-- all slowly recede into the water, yet remain close by.

The GUNSHIP PEQUOD pulls into shore to dock. The CREW is greeted by the manic energy of the PAINTER

PAINTER

Greetings Nantucketers! A vision to
see ye! I too am 'Tucketer-- and
Nantucker I shall always be!
Welcome to the Great Whale's
temple; and pay no mind these natives,
they think you here to take the
great Whale away-- yer not here to
do so-- please tell me as much!
Greatness he is, seer beyond the
veil! Protector of the ocean and
his kin! Painter that I be,
chronicler of the great Leviathan,
recording his noble visage for
posterity. He is great-- he speaks
truest words: "I should have been a
pair of ragged claws scuttling
across floors of silent seas."

(A Beat)

Wow, you're boat is a mess

ISHMAEL moves onshore, and eyes the PAINTER while his
rambling monologue continues.

We see the PAINTING ON THE EASEL: an unfinished portrait of
a WHALE in the graphic style and primary colors of WARHOL.

PAINTER (CONT.)

He can be terrible, and he can be mean, and he can be right. He's a fighting the war. They are his children-- nay, we are all his children. He feels comfortable with his people. He forgets himself with his people. He forgets himself.

ISHMAEL continues gazing at the TEMPLE; the OCEAN SENTINELS SLOWLY RE-EMERGE from the water and watch, ominously.

ISHMAEL

(to PAINTER)

May I speak to Moby?

PAINTER

Folly! One does not speak to Moby, nay, one listens to Moby.

GENERAL AHAB

(Off Screen)

Ye bastards! Ye did not wake me up for the denouement. This is his castle? Then I shall cross the moat

AHAB emerges on DECK, his face is covered in fresh GREEN AND BLACK CAMOUFLAGE PAINT; he tucks his DOG TAGS into his fatigues, places his TRICOME SAILOR'S HAT upon his head,

locates his HARPOON; and stops and WHISPERS something into FLASK'S ear. AHAB storms off the GUNSHIP PEQUOD, HARPOON in hand

ISHMAEL

(to AHAB, in a low tone)

Ahab, 'tis unwise, does thou not
fathom the depths in which we sail?

GENERAL AHAB

But I mean only to have a word with
this great creature... words
between two parted acquaintances
who have not spoken in an age.

ISMAMAEL (VO)

It was my charge to dispatch the
White Whale-- with 'great
prejudice' my wards had implored!--
but Ahab, General that he be,
commanded me to stay with my charge
of the Pequod and await his
victorious return. Off Ahab went.

CUT TO: ISHMAEL, face painted in camouflage; he stares into
the camera as he smokes Queequeg's tomahawk pipe, waiting

EXTERIOR: NIGHT / deck of the GUNSHIP PEQUOD

ISHMAEL VO CONT:

We watch as this is visualized on screen:

Well past third watch, when the natives had completed their pagan rites of worship to their Whale God, Ahab had not returned. I steeled myself, crept past sleeping villagers and made my way into the dark temple, harpoon in hand.

A suffocating aroma of ambergris filled the hellish place, which was adorned with candles and ancient carvings of creatures from the sea, that rippled alternately in shadow and light. All led to a grand Poseidon, a God-Cetacean of myth and flesh whom I knew I drew closer and closer to with each step: Moby.

Finally, I entered his inner sanctum, a chamber hewn from ancient rock containing a vast pool. What was left of Ahab lay strewn upon its floor of stone: a bone peg leg, torn from its body. Ahab was no more.

And before me, rising from the black pool of water, lit by torches

and cauldrons of burning ember, the
White Whale surfaced.

And his eyes, great round lights
that emerged from a deepest place
in the ocean's heart, a place so
deep no darkness even dared follow
it, turned on me; within his mouth,
the remnants of torn flesh and
gristle that were Ahab's last
remains.

I raised my harpoon, and stood
transfixed, the blood drumming in
my chest like the music of a
savage's reverie.

WE see ISHMAEL, standing, poised, about the let sail his
harpoon at the ominous shadow of MOBY DICK

ISHMAEL (VO CONT)

But, good reader, I confess I could
not fulfill my charge. I could not
throw the hefty steel into the
beast. For all his legend, for his
deeds, for the words that had
encased him within my mind as
killer, as Devil, as incarnate of
Evil, my vision before me
transformed. Instead, I perceived a

creature of Nature: imperfect,
wild, yet noble. I lacked the
wisdom to pass such judgment, to
let fall such a stroke that bore
the truth hidden within the riddle
of life and death.

Before Moby, I laid down my
harpoon. Not like a prostrate
worshiper or supplicant caught
within an idolater's trance, but as
a Man who had traveled through an
apocalypse... and wished only to
emerge on the other side, wiser, if
not humbled.

Moby's piercing eye bore into me.
And in a moment of silent
communication (or is this myopic
wish fulfillment I now humor and
appease myself with?) we passed
through a white gate together, like
the boat that had brought me there
passing through the storm. And in
the silence that remained, Moby's
eye softened.

But, in that subtle moment of
resolution, Moby's great tail flew
and smote me like a giant swatting
a fly. And I fell into darkness.

EXTERIOR: WATER OF THE NUNG RIVER / ISHMAEL awakens, finding himself floating on CORPORAL QUEEQUEG's COFFIN, which acts as a LIFE BOAT. The wreckage of the GUNSHIP PEQUOD floats all around him.

ISHMAEL (VOICE OVER, CONT.)

I awoke, and felt that the White Whale had spared me. But as I glanced upward, thanking what Gods remained, I saw the temple explode in fireball and flame, in a conflagration Dante himself could not have envisioned.

EXT: TEMPLE OF THE WHITE WHALE ERUPTS IN FLAME

ISHMAEL (VOICE OVER, CONT.)

Arc light. B-52 strike. FLASK's last act must have been to fulfill, like all good sailor's would, the whispered command of his General, the now deceased Ahab. The smell of brimstone and gasoline filled my lungs and I struggled to breathe. So Ahab had his wish after all.

ISHAMEL FLOATS on the COFFIN and watches the TEMPLE BURN

MUSIC UP

ISHMAEL (VOICE OVER, CONT.)

Yet, faintly, in the distance,
underneath the rumbling and boom of
man's most impressive gift
exemplified-- his ability to wreak
revenge-- I was sure that I heard
the sonorous low dulcetness of
whale song. Perhaps Moby had
escaped after all. Hopefully he
will remember the day our gaze met.

ISHMAEL begins paddling on the FLOATING COFFIN like a
SURFBOARD

ISHMAEL (VOICE OVER, CONT.)

Perhaps I had sinned against my
superiors, and perhaps there was no
God; and although the RACHEL was
perhaps nearby, searching in hopes
of my rescue, I knew that I had
made my journey and spoken my truth
to that which hides within us and
propels us always, up river.

WE CLOSEUP ON ISHMAEL as he looks into the camera.

And we hear the VOICE OF AHAB:

The horror, the horror.

The SOUND OF WHALE SONG RISES, and then slowly FADES.

CUT TO BLACK

A P O C A L Y P S E M O B Y