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The Perfect Storm

By William D. Wittliff

Bobby.
Bobby.
No!
All right, we lined up?
Get that line.
Put the stern line on quick.
Bobby!
Hey, baby!
Missed you.
Hey, big man, how you doing?
-Hey, Murph!
-Hey, Ethel.
How you doing? Welcome home.
-You seen Deb and my boy?
-No, I'm sorry.
Ma!
-How you doing, beautiful?
-Hello, Bobby.
Home safe.
Who's that?
-OI' Ben.
-No.
Poor old guy.
Hey, Linda.
-Hey, boss.
-What's the score?
My kind of numbers.
I lost Ben Pulley.
He passed away onboard.
Sorry to hear that.
How'd you hit it, Billy?
Didn't hit very hard, did you?
We all have slumps, but you're overdue
to break out of yours.
Did you hear the lady?
Ben Pulley's dead.
That old man pickled himself to death
drinking 7&7s chasing Narragansetts.
Linda, with Ben, it was never
a question of "if," but "when."
-I'll bury him.
-I'll pay for it.
See, you got what you wanted.
Bring in your fish.

It shouldn't take too long.
Murph.
Sign my ledger.
Shatford.
Sign my ledger.
What's the matter?
It's \$2221 .
Aren't we a little short?
We were sharing up last night.
I thought it'd be three plus.
You stocked 21,000 pounds at 3.50
a pound. That comes to \$73,000.
Minus \$35,000 for bait, tackle, fuel.
That comes out to \$38,500.
I get half. I own the boat.
Your captain takes double share,
four crewmen get a share each.
And a rookie like you,
three-quarters share.
That comes to \$2221 .
What it is, is what it is.
Sign the ledger.
Moran.
You going out again this season,
skipper?
Why?
You got a site in Florida?
Bradenton Beach.
The Cecile.
Pack your shit and get out.
You like Florida?
Well, it beats the Grand Banks
in October.
It gets rough up here,
Dougie likes the sun down there.
Or he thinks he'll score better
with another captain.
I didn't say that.
Yes, you did.
Goodbye.
Here's your cut. \$5923.76.
Sign the ledger.
That's a record low for you,
isn't it?

Next time, track Linda.
She'll take you where the fish are.
You're getting to be rude, you know?
I like you, Billy.
I always have.
But I like my boat better.
If you can't make it pay,
I'll find somebody who can.
You trying to put a charge up my ass?
You're on a cold streak.
I'm encouraging you
to catch fish.
I'll bring you more fish
than you ever dreamed of.
Next time I fish the Grand Banks,
they won't be so grand.
You just struck out
on the Grand Banks.
Then I'll go further.
Don't even think about it.
I want my boat back.
And I want to catch some fish.
It's what I do.
Not lately.
Want to yank my site, you go ahead.
-Murph.
-Hey, skip.
What are you doing out here?
Get in there. Get drunk.
Waiting on my ex...
...and my son.
Give him lots of
hugs and kisses tonight.
You don't gotta remind me
to do that, skip.
Ladies, you're looking fine.
How you doing?
Can I buy you a drink?
What, what, what?
Hey, rookie.
What are you so happy about?
It wasn't exactly a slammer
up on the Grand Banks.
Isn't it past your bedtime?

Bugs, how you making out?
I'm not.
I don't know.
Maybe I smell like fish.
-You need a new deodorant.
-Maybe I need a new face.
Frickin' Alfred Pierre.
They were upstairs, they come down,
a little refreshment.
Now they're going back up again.
Half an hour ago, they shook
the lamps over the bar.
Last time she brought her sister.
You should've seen the lamps then.
How do he do it, mon?
I think he's fishin'
with a longer pole, Bugs.
What happened?
They had a sale on kids' shoes
at Ames.
Sorry.
No problem.
Hi.
Hello.
So you want to have a drink?
Come on, Debra.
What do you say, for old times' sake?
It was the old times that killed us.
Is that what it was?
There you go.
I'm a little short.
It wasn't exactly a slammer.
Half for you.
You sure?
Yeah, I'm working.
Want to come with your daddy?
Shoot some pool?
Have a drink?
Just bring him home in an hour.
Good shot, buddy.
All right, Sully, you think about it.
All right?
Bugs.
Murph, come here.

Here comes your fearless leader,
Captain Billy Tyne.
I got a feeling skipper's
coming to give us bad news.
Lady's not only pretty, she's smart.
Yeah, we're going back out.
What'd I tell you?
-When?
-A few days.
"Few" means two?
Two days is right.
Skip, we just got back in.
You don't want your site,
a replacement's a call away.
Join me, don't join me.
There's time for one last shot.
The Andrea Gail will take it.
This time I promise you, we'll
come back with a shitload of fish.
Excuse me, men, madam.
What are you gonna do?
I'm gonna tell him to
stick his head up his ass.
I'd like to hear that.
Hear what?
I'd like to hear you tell him
to stick it up his ass.
Go on, Bob.
Yeah, that's just how I'll tell him
as soon as we get back.
You're a bastard.
Why? Why do I even love you?
-Come on.
-No. Why? Why, Bobby?
When you get the answer, tell me.
I could use it myself.
-Get laid, Buggy.
-Easy for you to say.
Go on up there.
Don't make the same mistake I did.
You're going away again?
Yeah.
Take me with you.
Come here.

Go back, Bobby.
Go back to what you did before.
-Pack cod, repair tackle.
-I'm sick of that.
It's safe and it pays.
Not enough.
Just one more time. I promise.
I have to try it again.
We need the money, baby.
Money. It's always about the money.
Well, I got a divorce lawyer,
a mountain of debt.
And there's your two kids.
You gotta get them back.
Do you think you'll love them?
They're yours, aren't they?
Hey, beautiful.
Yeah, you.
Buy you a drink?
Seeing as I got two in front of me,
I don't think so.
I'm not very observant, am I?
I got a feeling, yeah,
along with a lot of other things.
Why don't we start over?
You know what would look good on you?
Me.
No good?
Have a drink. It's not that bad.
Thank you. Here's to crime.
You're pathetic.
You still want to be a fisherman?
Who told you I wanted to be
a fisherman?
You want to come with me.
I want to come with you,
but I don't want to be a fisherman.
You know, buddy...
...one of these days your mom's
gonna find you a new dad.
I don't want a new dad.
I'm sorry.
Your mom can't sit around
by herself all the time.

She isn't sitting around.
I'm sure he's a good guy.
I know your mom wouldn't take up
with anybody but a good guy.
And you know, buddy...
...the most important thing is
that you and Mommy are happy.
Can we talk about something else now?
I miss you too, buddy.
I miss you so damn much.
What'd you say your name was again?
Irene. Is that so tough?
I'm sorry. Listen.
Could I maybe take you home?
I don't think so.
I came to watch the game. Instead I
got schnoekered with Buggy.
-What does Buggy stand for anyway?
-Michael.
That's a nice name.
Why don't you use it?
Because people know me as Buggy.
I'm gonna shove off now.
Big day tomorrow.
I can't take you home?
What, in a wheelbarrow?
Crew guys like you never have cars.
Lay off. I got feelings too.
Where, down in your pants?
Jesus, lady, where's the passion
in your life?
Home in bed.
One of them's 6, the other one's 8.
All I can say is,
there's some lucky kids.
They got a wonderful mother.
You're not messing with me, are you?
Haven't got time.
We're going out in two days.
Well, I'm sorry to hear that, Michael.
Gotta go.
What do you mean?
-Where you going?
-Have these.

-Thank you.

-See you.

-Bye, Ethel.

-See you.

Watch your step.

I smell Coppertone.

That means that

Captain Linda Greenlaw...

...a lady vain about her nose,
is in my wheelhouse.

Make that Hawaiian Tropic.

At least I got the nose right.

Your guys are loading bait
and groceries.

-You doing a turnaround?

-No rest for the weary.

There you go.

Flaunting your work ethic.

I don't have a work ethic.

I just have work.

If I'm gonna catch up to you.

I love to watch you study charts.

Why?

You know them all by heart.

What's special about today
that you're blowing smoke up my ass?

I thought I'd make a pass.

You see, I'm looking for a guy
to come home to Maine with me...

...buy a house and raise kids.

What does that guy and you do after?

The thing is, I'm happy.

I'm happy I'm fit to do this.

I just don't see the romance in it.

But you've got it, Captain Greenlaw.

You do. Believe me.

I've seen them come and go.

The day I laid eyes on you, I said,

"She's gonna be a good one."

You can't be good unless you love it.

The fog's just lifting.

You throw off your bow line,

throw off your stern.

You head out the South Channel...

...past Rocky Neck,
Ten Pound Island...
...past Niles Pond,
where I skated as a kid.
Blow your horn...
...and wave to the lighthouse
keeper's kid on Thatcher Island.
Then the birds show up.
Black-backs...
...herring gulls, big dump ducks.
The sun hits you.
Head north, open up to 1 2.
You're steaming now.
The guys are busy,
you're in charge.
You know what?
You're a goddamn swordboat captain.
Is there anything better in the world?
Sully.
So what do you think?
You been busy?
Busy enough.
I was working menhaden in Annisquam.
But they laid off Labor Day.
Mended nets over in Fairhaven.
That's crap.
What's this you're doing now?
Helping out a friend.
He paying you?
He's my friend.
Murphy keep his site?
You want this job or not?
I do.
Lord, did I do that?
Yeah, you did.
But I'm not completely blind.
I can still see out of the other one.
Next time I should break a leg.
Then you can stay home
and collect disability.
Think of all those
handicapped parking spaces.
Tell me last night was worth it.
I can't remember.

Can't remember, my ass.
No, I remember your ass.
Last night was worth it.
There's nothing like
sleeping with you.
Just sleeping...
...lying next to you...
...all warm and sweet.
And me wishing the morning
would never come.
Catching up.
Oh, boy, oh, boy.
Look at that shiner.
Come on, Murph, will you?
Good morning.
Where'd you get the mouse?
Chris "Boom-Boom" Cotter.
Put some hair around that hole,
I bet you could hit it.
Not with a pool cue,
or any other pointed instrument.
What do you know except to cut squid
and take them to bed with you?
Ethel, where you getting
your customers these days?
The welfare office?
Who gave you that scar, tough guy?
Back off! Back off.
Come on, swing it.
You assholes!
How you gonna act onboard if you're
already at each other's throats?
All right, Ma.
See you onboard.
-Alfred Pierre, one for the road?
-No, tanks, Mom.
"No, tanks, Mom."
Guy can't even speak good English.
Well, anyway, can I get you anything?
Let's go, boys.
I'll wait for you in the car, Bobby.
Catch fish, boys. Lots of them.
Full ahead.
Hold down the fort, Quentin.

Thanks, Q.
Thanks, Ethel.
Gotta go, Mom.
The Grand Banks.
I know.
Grand Banks are no joke in October.
All right?
Be careful.
At least we'll get cancer together.
I can't put it off any longer.
I'm not too big on goodbyes.
Don't go, Bobby. I got a bad feeling.
I've been thinking about it.
Then for God's sake, don't go.
I'll moonlight, I'll sell the car.
We'll work nights, weekends.
Whatever it takes, little by little,
we'll put something away.
I gotta go.
Michael.
Irene.
Irene. I knew that.
I just wanted to say goodbye.
No one ever said goodbye to me before.
Well, goodbye, Irene.
Goodbye.
I wish it were night so I could say,
"Good night, Irene."
That'll come later.
Well, you gotta go.
Come on, boys. Let's go.
I love you.
I will always love you, Christina.
Pack it in there good.
We got more coming down.
Did we get all them eggs up there?
We catching some fish
Is that gonna crap out again?
Never!
Do you mind?
Stinks in here, doesn't it?
Not anymore.

Hi, Bobby:

You're somewhere out there...
...on the deep blue, goddamn sea...
...and I'm writing this on a box
of two semi-down pillows...
...that I secretly bought for us
at Penney's.
And I'm smiling to myself because...
...of the surprise I have
in store for you.
I'm talking removal from our dungeon
in the Crow's Nest...
...to our own place.
It's no great shakes...
...but you gotta begin
with a baby shake, right?
Forever love, Bobby.
I'm in this for the long run.
-I'm not intruding, am I?
-You're not intruding.
You're a natural.
You've got some old salt
in your blood.
Thanks.
You're a happy man out here,
aren't you?
Today, maybe.
When do you get unhappy?
The day we go home.
Home? I thought the sea
was your home.
You got me there.
But if you were gonna pin me down...
...I guess Pensacola, Florida is home.
My ex lives there. Jodi.
And my kids.
I wasn't very good at doing things
the way they're supposed to be done.
Wife.
Kids.
A house with things in it.
All that stuff.
So why are you so happy?
You just got me on a good day.
I'm doing what I was made to do.

And I got a feeling I'll do it
even better this time.

How about you?

I got a woman I can't stand to be
more than two feet away from.

Congratulations.

Then again, I love to fish.

Son, you've got a problem.

I know.

Here you are.

What do you think? Blue skies,
scattered showers, same old, same old?

-Your guess is as good as mine.

-Or better.

Watch it.

This doesn't look good.

Looks pretty ugly here too.

Pam.

Tell Bernie I need two graphics:

Bermuda and Sable Island.

Good.

What's our course?

I've been sailing 42 years.

Never plotted a course.

I set the compass, I ride it...

...we'll be in Bermuda in no time.

Let's go fishing.

All right, guys, let's hit it!

I want 40 miles out there.

Three-mile buoy out!

Yeah, baby.

Set.

Okay, Sully, put it out.

Highflyer!

Hey, A.P.

May the force be with us.

You want to play with lightsticks,
stick them up your ass.

Easy, Murph.

He's dead weight.

He's been screwing around all night.

A juicer and a head.

Cape Ann, bottom shelf.

Yeah, well, your wife

didn't feel that way.
Hey, knock it off!
I'll head for land and the Newfies
will throw you both in jail!
All right, cap.
Give us some lights.
Come on. Jesus.
Shake, you guys.
Shake!
-Just let it go.
-Your day is coming.
Whenever you're ready.
I'll be right up here.
The job ain't hard enough
without this knucklehead.
Let's go.
We're gonna make some money.
Let's go, boys!
Let's go! Come on!
Come on.
Do it, skip, do it.
Make a killing.
One's on.
Fish on.
Have those gaffs ready.
Don't lose him, Murph.
Don't lose him.
Pull him in, Murph.
All right, now, gaff him. Gaff him!
One, two, three!
Pull him in.
Come on, a little bit more.
So what do you think?
Do you think he'll like it?
He'll love it.
Enough to live with me in it?
By now, honey, you know him
much better than I do.
We're gonna make a go of it.
I got confidence in you.
What, are you putting me on?
He's my precious boy.
And you're the woman for him.
That's something I don't joke about.

The activity down near Bermuda
is deepening rapidly.
Given the warm and volatile
Gulf Stream...
...it won't take much to turn
this tropical storm into a hurricane.
This just in, video of Sable Island.
I put so much ground beef and sausage
in this, it weighed out at 20 pounds.
More than most of our fish weigh.
Skipper say anything about us
coming up short?
He's too scared to say.
Skipper don't get scared.
Just disappointed.
You know why this lasagna weighs
It tasted like you
threw in a shot put.
I once worked a site
with a guy like you.
The guy had a real bad accident.
Can't even keep track of them
with so many accidents at sea.
Tough to get an ambulance too.
Keep it up.
Highflyer!
A.P., give me a hand.
Hey, how about a little hand
over here?
You do your job, I'll do mine.
Come on, guys.
Came out here for nothing.
Keep moving, keep moving.
Come on, Sully, let's get
some bait going here.
It's big.
-Something very big.
-Fish on!
Come on, guys.
Oh, yeah.
Come on. Bring it up.
Bring it up.
Get the gaff!
Get it out of here!

Stick him.
Stick it in his head! Good!
Get him off!
-He's got my leg!
-Hang on!
Kick your foot out! Kick it!
Kick your foot out.
Get back!
All right, come on, get it out!
Get it out of here.
-Pull him back!
-Over the side.
You all right?
You're short a boot, rookie!
Beats a leg, don't it?
Okay, we're getting a reading of winds
over 1 40 knots sustained.
Looks like a category 5.
"Billy Tyne is no fine wine
He's lost his touch with our long line
Steamed here and there and all about
What's our tally?
We've struck out"
All right, okay.
Thank you very much. Thank you.
Why aren't you downstairs
watching the movie?
One of our three movies?
I know them all by heart.
Skip...
...what are you gonna do
about those sets? They suck.
We ain't doing nothing.
The boys been talking?
About how I lost it?
Billy Tyne's lost it? Gets a little
slow, they'll draw and quarter you.
I just didn't think
you'd go along with it.
I come here because I need the money.
I'm trying for a new start.
Last trip I thought you had
something to offer.
But all in all,

you're just a little punk.
-You promised me a shitload of fish!
-You'll get a shitload of fish.
I've been in bad patches so many times
and came home with so much stock...
...little boys like you had to
pack it on the pier.
I always find the fish! Always!
And I will this time!
So don't fuck with me!
Aye, aye, skip.
Put them closer!
Murph, closer!
Give them a goddamn banquet.
Aye, aye, cap.
You heard him, boys.
Boss ain't happy.
Double-time.
Let's go, Bob.
Sullivan!
I gotta hit you with a fish again
to get you to work?
Lightsticks, now!
Shut up, asshole!
You couldn't bait fish in a barrel!
-Come on.
-See what I got to deal with?
That's a landlubber.
What an idiot!
Come on, Sully.
What are you, a fisherman or a farmer?
Bugs, help him out.
Hurry up, before the captain sees.
Okay, sure, I'll help him out.
What a screwup!
-You're useless, Sully!
-Lay off, Bugs. You never screw up?
You're nothing but a pimple
on the ass of progress.
I've been on a better slab than this.
I've had it with this.
Take it easy.
It was an accident.
You got the easiest job on the boat,

and you manage to screw it up!
Kiss my ass, you little runt.
And you...!
Murph!
Cap, man overboard!
Take the wheel!
Back her down slow.
Come on, Murph.
We've got Murph!
Come on!
You all right? You all right?
Come on, Murph.
Come on.
Come on.
How was the water, Murph?
Welcome back, Murph!
You did it, Murph.
Hold on a minute.
All right, bend over.
Tetanus.
Who's the hero?
Bobby and Sully.
Sully?
Ladies and gentlemen,
Dale Murphy out of Cortez, Florida.
The only fish the Andrea Gail has
hooked in three days.
How you feeling?
All right.
-Bobby, thank you.
-Don't worry about it.
Sully was the first one to go in.
So I guess you're the big hero here.
Well, you'd have done the same for me.
Isn't that what I'm supposed to say?
Well, you can say what you want...
...but I'm glad you know how to swim.
That's real big of you, Murph.
It's all I can manage now.
All right?
I'll work on it.
Tough guy.
This weather fax just came in.
Edie, have a look at this.

We have got to head in now!
Put it in at Watch Hill!
In this stuff, harbor's too dangerous.
Dangerous?
Dash into shore,
cut across shipping lanes...
This is a hurricane
coming straight at us!
Let me reduce sails, Sandy,
or even go back home.
This is my boat.
We'll ride this thing out.
Not for fun, for safety.
Do what I've always done:
Go with the flow.
Holy shit! Rogue wave!
Look out!
Everybody here?
Captain, the boys would like
to have a word with you.
Take over.
When this meeting's over,
straighten this crap up.
So what's the word?
We're starting to get
an unlucky feeling out here.
Murph going over, the shark,
a rogue wave...
Yeah, what else?
Never mind unlucky.
We're just looking for some fish.
We had slumps before, you and I,
but nothing like this.
You boys look like you got busted
in a brawl in Scollay Square.
That's how we feel.
We want to go home.
You want to go home? You lonely for
that young mama who was all over you?
My girl is none of your business.
But you are. If you don't like it,
get the hell off! All of you.
I look around and all I see are
little boys sitting on their asses...

...too scared to go
and get some pay dirt.
Pay dirt? What are you talking about?
Where the hell is that?
We covered the Grand Banks.
The Grand Banks are west of us.
I'm headed east.
The Flemish Cap.
The Flemish Cap?
Why don't we steam to Portugal
while we're at it?
So this is the moment of truth.
This is where they separate
the men from the boys.
How about it?
-Are you Gloucestermen?
-Yeah.
But why go all the way
to the Flemish Cap to prove it?
Tell him, Alfred Pierre.
That's where the fish are.
Do we have any other choice?
Yeah. Crawl home, busted.
-All right, skip.
-All right.
All right.
Whiskey-Yankee-Charlie, 6-6-8- 1,
do you read me?
This is Andrea Gail, Whiskey-
Yankee-Charlie, 6-6-8-1 . Hey, Linda.
What's happening?
Slim to none. Where are you?
Tail of the Banks.
Kicking up something wicked here.
Made a couple of sets.
You doing any good?
Nine, first set. Twelve...
No, make that a baker's dozen, second.
Got a couple of markers to boot.
Your hand is so hot,
I can feel the heat from here.
-I've asked you to team up.
-I don't like partners.
Business-wise, that is.

Okay, okay. What's your position?
You headed for the Flemish Cap?
The lady knows her coordinates.
Yeah, I'm steaming full-bore.
The Flemish Cap is
nearly off the charts.
What are you trying to prove?
We got gale-force coming out
of Bermuda, stuff out of Sable Island.
As for me, I'm staring here
at solid white chop.
This could be a triple-header.
You're behind me.
So is your weather.
Yeah, but you've gotta go
through it to get back.
Good point.
Billy, you won't like this,
but I'm gonna say it anyway:
You be careful.
Yes, Mother.
Why don't we pick this up later?
I'm out.
-You guys use some company?
-Sure.
-Coffee?
-Yeah, thanks.
...in the mid-Atlantic,
moving rapidly northeast...
...30-foot waves.
What'd you hear?
They're out on the Flemish Cap.
I got it straight from big Bob Brown.
Yeah.
The Flemish Cap.
I went there, '62.
Lots of fish.
And lots of weather.
Hurricanes...
...squalls, huge seas.
You're full of shit, Quentin.
That's right.
I am.
-Where are you going?

-To point this boat up into the storm.
And scream for help!
We lie ahull, beam to the waves,
slip sideways. Standard procedure.
Forget it, we won't make it!
Missy, get on the radio now!
-We can make it.
-Mayday!
It's sopping wet!
She'll be weeping in the wind. No!
We stay below and ride this thing out.
Remember, this is my boat!
This is my life!
Go, Melissa!
Mayday!
Mayday! Mayday!
We're a 32-foot
sailing vessel, Mistral.
Our position is...
...39.49 north...
Mayday! Mayday!
Over.
Hey, cap!
Ice machine's had it.
It's dead.
-Check the evaporator?
-Yeah.
-Freon?
-Plenty, but nowhere to flow.
Use some spit and glue.
I did. She's fried, skip.
I told Brown, get us a new one...
...but he gets another overhaul,
son of a bitch!
Sorry.
The ice machine's gone.
Oh, fuck.
All right,
we got good ice on them now.
We seal the fish hold.
With luck, we'll deliver
the catch and set the market.
Pull up the gear.
We're going home.

Put these babies on ice,
and we're out of here!
We are taking heavy waves.
Damage on deck.
Need immediate assistance.
We're beam to the sea
and taking on water.
Just so you understand
what we're up against.
We're looking at 40 to 50-foot waves,
gale-force winds. A real bad one.
Right in our path.
The Weather Service
is jerking off again.
No.
You're afraid?
I never seen you scared.
It's pretty rough stuff out there,
that's for sure.
We either hang out here
for a few days till it calms down...
But, cap...
...we got 60,000 pounds of fish here.
Are we gonna let it spoil?
I thought we were gonna
set the market, make a killing.
Or we say the hell with it.
We drive right through it.
You said we're Gloucestermen.
What do you say, guys?
Are we or aren't we?
Did we come out here for nothing?
-It's a lot of money.
-Let's make some money.
Come on. Let's hear it, Gloucester!
Let's get her lashed down.
Bugs, put the birds in the water.
Birds in. Got it, skip.
Look. Look at this.
We got Hurricane Grace moving north
off the Atlantic seaboard.
Huge...
...getting massive.
Two, this low south of Sable Island,

ready to explode.

Look at this.

Three, a fresh cold front
swooping down from Canada.

But it's caught a ride
on the jet stream...

...and is motoring hell-bent
towards the Atlantic.

Cool.

Wait, wait.

What if Hurricane Grace
runs smack into it?

Add to the scenario this baby off
Sable Island, scrounging for energy.

She'll start feeding off
both the Canadian cold front...

...and Hurricane Grace.

You could be a meteorologist
all your life...

...and never see something like this.

It would be a disaster
of epic proportions.

It would be...

...the perfect storm.

Let's get down below.

Bobby?

I want you up here with me.

Mayday! Mayday!

Sailing vessel Mistral,
this is Coast Guard rescue.

Sandy!

Edie, they heard me!

They're coming!

Air Force rescue 2-3- 1.

We've located the Mistral.

Position:

...69.52 west.

How far's that last position?

About 20.3 miles, captain.

OD, boatswain on the bridge.

Tallyho, there they are.

-Okay, guys, showtime.

-You got it.

Mistral, this is 2-3-1 .
We're gonna extract you
one at a time from the deck.
Hey, Jeremy, I don't like this.
-Clock's ticking.
-Come on, we better get them off now.
Get closer, Darryl.
Just a little closer.
Okay, deploying the basket.

Close to 2:

Let's come right to 5.
-Four. Three.
-Son of a bitch.
Stop there. Hold your hover.
Goddamn it!
Keep it steady, keep it steady.
Shit!
Man out!
-Shear the cable!
-No, I got it!
Shit.
Bring up the basket!
Sandy!
Hold on!
I got you!
-Basket's in.
-Looks like I'm going for a swim.
Okay, go get them.
Mitchell off intercom.
It's time to get wet.
We're gonna be all right.
Go.
Altitude.
Altitude. Get her up, get her up!
He's in the water.
I'm going after him!
No, no, wait! Stand by!
Jonesy, hold on.
There! He's okay.
This isn't working.
They'll have to get in the water.
Come on, come on!
You're having a blast, huh?

-Want a turn?
-No, just watch. I want to watch.
I'm studying up for the day
I get my own boat.
Your own boat, huh?
Want to give me a hand?
Grab the throttle.
Hang on.
-Ah, shit!
-Seven K, six easy.
-Eight minimum.
-Ten.
You know, I'm gonna get me
a new used Ford F-1 50...
...take a ride to Digby with Irene.
Going to get drunk, eat like a pig
and sleep like a child!
Fish and fun-gee!
Okay, Jer, too risky to go lower.
You gotta jump from here.
Good afternoon, madam.
I'm Sergeant Jeremy Mitchell.
I'll be your para-rescue jumper today.
How are you?
Okay so far.
Keep your hands
and feet in the basket.
-Careful.
-Okay!
All right, here we go.
You're next.
That was nothing!
Come on!
Oh, my God.
It's happening.
Andrea Gail, Andrea Gail.
This is Hannah Boden.
...Billy, over.
Calling the Andrea Gail.
Andrea Gail, do you read me?
Do you read me? Come in!
Come in, for God's sake, come in!
Billy, these storms have collided!
They are exploding!

Who is it?
I don't know.
Andrea Gail, come in!
Whiskey-Yankee-Charlie 6-6-8-1, over.
Talk to me, Billy, over.
I repeat,
Whiskey-Yankee-Charlie 6-6-8-1 ...
Look at your fax, damn it!
Look at your fax!
Whiskey-Yankee-Charlie 6-6-8-1, over!
-Where are you, Billy?
-Linda?
Give me the coordinates.
-44 north, 56.4 west.
-We're 44 north...
...56.4 west, headed west.
I repeat, 44 north,
Over.
Billy, get out of there.
Come about! Let it carry you out!
What the hell are you doing?
Hang on!
Billy! Billy, for chrissake!
You're steaming into a bomb!
Turn around, for chrissake!
It's the antenna.
Billy, can you hear me?
You're headed right
for the middle of the monster.
Oh, my God.
Hang on!
Take the wheel.
No, I'll go.
Mayday, mayday, mayday...
...Coast Guard Boston.
This is fishing vessel Hannah Boden
relaying a mayday...
...for swordboat Andrea Gail.
Last position, 44 north...
...56.4 west, over.
Advise you proceed to next incident
at your discretion, over.
Yeah, roger, Boston.
I just got a mayday on a Gloucester

swordboat, the Andrea Gail.
Jesus. That's straight into hell.
Gloucester.
They're always from Gloucester.
It's an increased-risk mission,
so, you know, it's up to us.
I'm getting
a little air-to-air feeling.
Refuel in hell?
That's pretty sporty.
Call the cutter.
We're coming in hot.
People, slight change of plans!
We're gonna drop you on
the Coast Guard cutter Tamaroa.
We got some swordfishermen
who have lost their way.
Or their minds.
This is rescue 2-3- 1
on final approach.
Rescue 2-3- 1, flight deck is green.
There it is.
You're being waved in.
Thirty meters and closing.
Twenty-five meters, winds 43.
Set a line at 0-1 -0.
Beautiful. We're coming.
Watch this wave, cap.
Transfer at will.
Drop ladder.
All right, send them down.
Put your foot out.
Left leg out.
Mind your helm, goddamn it.
Watch the deck!
Come on.
First survivor on deck.
-Where's our fuel?
-Refueling tanker is on the way.
Second survivor on deck.
Jesus.
It's gone.
No antenna, no radio.
We're back in the 19th century.

You want to call it quits,
turn around?
What do you think?
I think she's a hell of a boat.
With a hell of a crew.
And a hell of a skipper.
All right then, Gloucester...
...we're coming home!
Take the wheel!
Skipper, don't!
Take the goddamn wheel!
That's an order!
Damn, I can't see anything.
What's the gauge say?
It's low, Jonesy.
Where are they?
-Tanker's on the way.
-How many stops are they making?
No!
Come on! Not again.
Hello? Ethel, thank God!
I'm going crazy here.
Even the weather guy's gone bananas.
Have you heard from...?
Hello? Ethel?
Shit!
There she is! Thank God.
Let's fill her up, save these yahoos
and get out of here.
King 1 -2, we have visual.
Air Force rescue 2-3-1,
you've got a wet hose.
All right now, hold on!
In the water!
Hold on, skip!
Shit.
Come on, skip!
Come on, skip, come on!
Yeah!
Anything yet?
Nothing about boats.
-I got four nines.
-He's a liar.
Florence.

Damage estimates
are in the high millions.
Folks, the worst is yet to come.
The storm of the century.
Residents, stay inside,
pack sandbags against door frames.
A report here that Cape Ann
fishing industry is in tatters.
Lobstermen from Gloucester to Scituate
have lost their traps.
A missing swordboat, Andrea Gail,
out of Gloucester with a crew of six.
An Air National Guard rescue
helicopter has been dispatched.
At Logan International Airport,
flooded runways.
We did it!
-Get those windows boarded up!
-All right, skip.
Come on, board it up!
Tell those guys forget it.
We'll get our gas somewhere else.
What do you think?
We're running on fumes.
King 1 -2, this isn't gonna work.
This is not our night.
We're issuing a mayday.
Give the Coast Guard our coordinates.
We're ditching.
Mayday, mayday, Air Force rescue 2-3-1
calling Coast Guard Tamaroa.
Mayday, mayday, Air Force rescue 2-3-1
calling Coast Guard Tamaroa.
King 1 -2, departing the area.
Come on!
Let's get it up!
All right, guys, get ready!
Hold on!
Get it up there!
Get another one.
Come on.
Whoa, whoa, whoa!
Grab them, grab them!
Hang on, there's a swell!

Come on, guys, try to get you close.

-Stay together.

-Roger that.

Number 1 is out!

Bail! Bail out!

-Leave yourself enough time, okay?

-I'll be fine.

Go, Jonesy, go!

You're next.

Hold on, hold on!

Now, Jeremy, now!

Go! Bail out!

See you, Darryl.

No, no, no, no. No!

Over here!

We're over here!

Have you seen Mitchell?

No.

What about Jonesy?

Nothing. Just you.

Goddamn it, we don't lose anybody!

Come on, lay it on.

-Get it locked!

-Get them on!

They're not gonna make it!

Tell them to hold on.

I'll turn the boat.

Right now, let's go!

Come on, guys, you can do it!

It's jammed! It's jammed!

Lock it down!

I can't hold her!

Come on, get it up.

Put it on now!

Come on, this is it.

-Get it on.

-I'm trying!

Get it on.

It's loose. I got it!

Man overboard!

-What?!

-Two over the side.

Come on, help me!

Hold on, I got you!

Grab the line!
Oh, God.
We lost Buggy!
Buggy!
Hold on. Grab this.
Hold on!
Come on, Buggy. Grab it!
Grab it!
Buggy!
There! Right there!
Come on, let's go!
I'm here, Jeremy, I'm here.
I got you. We're here.
Hey, talk to me, J. Talk to me.
I'm all busted up, cap.
Can't breathe.
-Hey, Mitch, have you seen Jonesy?
-No.
Go find him. Go find Jonesy.
Go get him.
Boys, that's it.
We can't make it.
We're turning around.
Come on, cap, we can do it.
What about our catch?
We'll mug them next time.
This piece of water belongs to us.
The fish will gather again
for the Andrea Gail...
...when we come back.
This is gonna be
the turnaround of all time.
Textbook.
So get ready.
If it were good news,
he would've called us.
The news is the rescue helicopter
had to ditch.
We can't raise the Andrea Gail.
What does that mean?
We don't know anything.
If anyone can survive this storm,
it's Billy Tyne. I'll give him that.
What do you want?

Credit for having the guts
to walk in here?
I do.
Give it to him.
How you doing, Quentin?
Pretty good, governor.
You're counting your money.
And my guy is out there risking
his life for a bunch of stupid fish.
That's the game.
I hate the game.
I hate the goddamn game!
Do you hear me?!
Do you read me, governor?
Do you?!
Do you read me?!
Did you see him?
I don't see anything!
Look! There's the cutter.
-Have them put out the cargo net.
-Cargo net, aye, sir.
Put me alongside them.
I want five men on that net.
And get the light out there.
Okay, guys, hook in!
Pick it up! Move!
Keep your light on those swimmers!
Get ready!
Release the net now!
Okay, now, Jeremy, swim!
Swim!
Give him a hand!
Get ready!
Come on!
All right! Let's do it again.
If they can't get to us,
we'll get to them.
Go up swell and drift down.
Broadside, captain?
Isn't it too dangerous?
It's too hairy.
I won't let two men drown!
Hold on, Jer. Just hold on.
When I say now, you go full throttle.

Got it?
We only get one chance at this.
And then?
We pray.
Wait.
Wait.
Wait.
Wait.
Now!
Faster!
We did it!
Guys, we're alive!
We made the turn! We did it!
Hey, skip, I'm giving you notice.
This is my last trip.
When we get back, I'm going right to
Salisbury Beach with Chris.
We're riding those go-carts,
full-time.
What do you think, skip?
We're doing 1 2 knots.
We keep this up,
make it through till dawn...
...we might get out of here.
They're coming around, Jeremy.
I can't make it, cap.
They're coming for you.
You're wrong, Jer!
They're coming for us.
I'm not gonna leave you here, Jer.
You have just one chance to
grab ahold of those nets.
-You roger that?
-Okay.
-Back full!
-Back full on!
You gotta swim now, Jer!
Grab it, Jer, just grab it!
Come on!
Climb! Climb!
Reach!
We lost one! Pick up the net!
Come on! Give me your hand!
Reach and grab it with everything

you got. Everything you've got!
Hold on!
Pull!
Yes! Get them inside
and clear this deck.
All right, let's go.
There's another man out there!
There's another man!
Jonesy!
Jonesy!
Skip, we're gonna make it.
She's not gonna let us out.
No.
Come on, you bitch!
Come on!
Come on!
Come on. We gotta get out.
How do we do this, skip?
No school for it.
Never was.
This is gonna be hard
on my little boy.
Bobby...
...I'm sorry I got you into this.
Skip, we made the right call.
We had to try.
We were so close.
It was a hell of a fight, though, huh?
Let's get out of here, huh?
Christina.
Christina, can you hear me?
I don't know if you can,
but I'm talking to you, baby.
Do you know how much I love you?
I loved you the moment I saw you.
I love you now...
...and I'll love you forever.
No goodbye.
There's only love, Christina.
Only love.
It's been a week of round-the-clock
flights involving...
...efforts of half a dozen Northeast
air rescue stations.

However, as of this hour, the Coast
Guard has suspended its search...
...for Air National Guard
para-rescue jumper Millard Jones.
He leaves a wife and three daughters.
The search for the Andrea Gail
out of Gloucester...
...has also been suspended
after aircrafts covered...
... 1 16,000 square miles of ocean...
... without finding a single survivor.
We'll have more news
after these messages.
I knew Billy Tyne.
I did not know his crew very well.
But any man who sailed with him
must've been the better for it.
Robert Shatford...
...Dale Murphy...
...Michael Moran...
...David Sullivan...
...Alfred Pierre...
...may you rest easy, long-liners...
...in fair winds and calm seas.
For those of us left behind...
...the unmarked grave which is
home for those lost at sea...
...is of no consolation.
It can't be visited.
There is no headstone on which
to rest a bunch of flowers.
The only place we can revisit them...
...is in our hearts or in our dreams.
They say swordboatmen suffer from
a lack of dreams.
That's what begets their courage.
Well, we'll dream for you...
...Billy...
...Bobby...
...and Murph...
...Bugsy...
...Sully...
...and Alfred Pierre.
Sleep well.

Good night.
I'll be asleep...
...and then all of a sudden,
there he is.
That big smile.
You know that smile.
And I say,
"Hey, Bobby, where you been?"
But he won't tell me.
He just smiles and says:
"Remember I'll always love you,
Christina.
I love you now,
and I'll love you forever.
There's no goodbye.
Only love."
And then he's gone.
But he's always happy when he goes.
So I know he's gotta be okay.
Absolutely okay.
I love your dream.
The fog's just lifting.
You throw off your bow line,
throw off your stern.
You head out the South Channel...
...past Rocky Neck,
Ten Pound Island...
...past Niles Pond,
where I skated as a kid.
You blow your horn and wave to...
...the lighthouse keeper's kid
on Thatcher Island.
Then the birds show up.
Black-backs and herring gulls...
...big dump ducks.
The sun hits you.
You head north, open up to 1 2.
You're steaming now.
The guys are busy,
you're in charge.
You know what?
You're a goddamn swordboat captain.
Is there anything better in the world?