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Reap the Wild Wind

By Alan Le May

[Majestic instrumental music]
[Lively orchestral music]
[Slow romantic instrumental music]
[Slow instrumental music]

NARRATOR:

lifeline is the sea.
Railroads are almost unknown.
Only the great sailing ships link
the busy states of New England...
with the rich Mississippi Valley.
The sea, and the sea alone,
makes America one nation.
But along this lane of commerce...
lie the shark-like teeth
of the Florida Keys...
where savage hurricanes come
screaming out of the Caribbean...
to drive tail ships onto
the destroying shoals.
Here, storm-riding men
and frail schooners...
the salvage masters of Key West...
stand guard beside America's lifeline.
They reap the harvest
of the wild wind...
fighting the hurricanes to save lives
and cargo from the wrecked vessels.
[Ominous instrumental music]

NARRATOR:

great salvage profits...
have drawn reckless men to
this dangerous harvest...
spawn of the seven seas.
So among Florida's
heroic salvage masters...
appear lawless captains...
who plot to destroy,
for their own profit...
the great ships they
are pledged to save.
America's very future on the
sea is being fought for...

beside the roaring reefs of Key West.

[Dramatic instrumental music]

[Wind howling]

[Twittering]

You men! Lash Capt. Stuart
to the mizzen fife rail!

SAILOR:

Lay forward and rig a preventer
stay! I'll take the wheel.

[Waves crashing]

Get going! Go on!

[Wind howling]

Breakers dead ahead!

[Ominous instrumental music]

[Sailor screams]

[Crashing]

I ain't through. I'm gonna
take out another ship.

MAN 1:

Hark, ye!

MAN 2:

MAN 3:

MAN 2:

MAN 4:

MAN 5:

[All shouting]

Sam! Loose your forestay sail
and your mainsail and stand by.
Better move fast, Capt. Phil, or
Cutler will beat us to our share again.

PHIL:

SAM:

MAN 1:

MAN 2:

SAM:

MAN 4:

Don't know. She'll soon break up.

MAN 5:

Claiborne men, look alive!
Be careful, Pa. And bring me back a nice
piece of black silk for a Sunday dress.
[Wind howling]

PHIL:

Loxi Claiborne! You come right
down from that widow's walk.
You'll blow away up there, Cousin Loxi.
Can you sight her, Loxi?
She's on Sambo Key, driven hard!
What ship?
Looks like the Jubilee
of the Devereaux line.
She's breaking up fast, too.
Jubilee! Why her cargo's
dead rich. Come on, gal!

LOXi:

the crew. PHIL:

Consarn it! Ain't no
money salvaging the crew!

MRS. CLAIBORNE:

going out to that wreck!

DRUSILLA:

LOXi:

skirt, Drusilla honey.

MRS. CLAIBORNE:

LOXi:

Maum Maria, help me rig for wrecking.

Now, Miss Loxi, you know
what way your mama thinks...
about you going after them wrecks.
Trying to make a lady out of her
is keeping me wore to a shadow.

- Give me my sea boots.

- Your mama say...

Loxi, I forbid you.

The Cutlers won't pick the bones
of this wreck, if I can help it.

- How will you stop them?

- We'll be broke if I don't.

What's Drusilla going to tell
the family back in Havana?

We can't run a salvage
business without salvage.

Loxi, I think you're so
brave going out to that wreck.

Brave! Fiddle-de-dee!

She's just pigheaded.

- Lf only your father were alive!

- Throw me that southwester.

If Father were alive, I
wouldn't be running the business.

Loxi!

You found your anchor? Land
o' Goshen! Crank on, will you?

LOXi:

Loxi, I worry every
time you go a-wrecking.
The hurricane's all over, Mummy.
Your mama say you ain't going!
Maybe we better let her go.
[Adventurous instrumental music]
[Singing] Oh, the Nellie B's your
packet and you're far away from home
And it breaks your back to tack it
Larboard, half a pint!
Hau away Just the same as me
For you're nothing but a packet rat

PHIL:

trim her! SAILOR: Aye, Capt. Phil.

[Singing] Aboard the Nellie B
Bread and water for your supper
when you board the Nellie B
The Moro's fallen astern, Capt. Phil.
We'll speak the wreck ahead of them all!

- Wreck ho!

- Where away?

Dead ahead on Sambo Key!

[Singing] And your blood runs down
her scuppers in the briny, shiny

[Wind howling]

There she lies.

LOXi:

LOXi:

SAM:

No man alive can foretell a
wreck. Unless he plans it himself.
We'll get no part of her rich cargo.

Cutler and his brother
are boarding her now.

[Men shouting]

- Come on. Get aboard.

- King, look there.

Put a shot across the
bow of the Ciaiborne.

- Yeah. We salvage this wreck!

- Aye, aye, sir!

Ready? Turn your pipe
into that touchhole.

[Cannon firing]

Can't even shoot straight.

- Ram that pirate. Ram her, Capt. Phil!

- And sink us both?

- Land of love, gal! Heave to.

Lower the dory. - Aye, sir.

[Chuckling]

- That stopped them.

- Get to work on that cargo, Dan.

You Faicon men, break open that hatch.

I'm in command here. Capt.

Stuart's taking a little rest.

- We got hurt men aboard.
- We'll move them later.
- You'll move them now!
- My brother said later!
We're going to save this
cargo for you, boys...
whether you like it or not.

MAN:

- Have any trouble with the skipper?
- He never knew what hit him.
- I'm expecting a fat bit for this, Mr.
Cutler. - You'll be taken care of, Widgeon.
Here. Sign this.
Pull her close! Hang on, Loxi.
Ahoy, Cutler!
We demand salvage shares in this vessel.
I'm taking charge of the
cargo. You take the crew.
Ain't no pay for that,
you benighted blowfish!
- Take them anyway. He'd let them drown!
- All right!
Jump into the mizzen and
rig the crow jack yard.

MAN:

[Monkey chattering]
Get off me, you filthy...
[Monkey shrieking]
Quick! Give me an oar.
The poor little fellow.
Grab it! There's a squid out there!
Poor fellow.
Here, take him. Set me aboard that hulk.
Now, Loxi!
Has the water got to that cargo?
Who pitched that little
monkey into the sea?
Get off this deck, or there'll
be two of you in the sea.
You weaselling crimp! I'll
coil your rope for you!
Over the side, you men!

CREWMAN:

KING:

- Who's that?
- The skipper.
You better get him off before
we start swinging cargo.

KING:

Larboard to helm! Larboard your...
Don't fret your head till
it's in one piece again.
Widgeon! Where's that...
Take it easy. The salvage
boats are standing by.
[Men yelling]
Lie still. They're
taking off the crew now.
- Who are you? What're you doing here?
- I'll be here just as long as you need me.
I hope that'll be a long time.
Bringing the man in
here, that's charity.
But bringing the ape, that's obnoxious.

JACK:

KING:

The Jubilee was 15 months at sea.
You salvaged her cargo in
a few hours and want 50%.
And get it. If your owners
break you, come to me.
I'll show you how to own
your own ship in a year.
Yes, and hang him, too.
I brung your duffel.
Where would your cargos be if
it weren't for me and my ships?
- Maybe still afloat.
- What do you mean, you little cultch?

PHIL:

The door's over there, Mr. Cutler.

And it's open.

- You're not a good loser, Miss Loxi.

- Not to you, Mr. Cutler.

Here, drink this.

If your owners do break you,

Capt. Stuart, look me up.

Smoking in the house.

Now go on, drink it.

I sworn to man, that feller

would sink his own grandmother...

to salvage the gold in her teeth.

You're not saying he pushed that
reef in front of my ship, are you?

No. I'm saying he's a bad Yankee.

I'm a good one.

Where'd you get that mate, Widgeon?

JACK:

in Havana. PHIL:

If I thought that wreck was planned...

I'd make a topsail out of Cutler's hide.

You hark to me, sonny. The 10

years I've been at Key West...

sailing master for the Claiborne

family, I have seen them go broke...

flatter than the shadow of a clam.

Same as all the other

honest salvage masters.

Run out by thieves and cutthroats,

and that shark Cutler's their boss.

No more bilge talk. Now, you

up anchor and let him rest.

What you need is some nourishment.

Smells like burning hair.

[Screams]

[Chattering]

MAUM MARIA:

[Monkey laughing]

Yes, quite a lady's man, ain't he?

I'm afraid Bananas is

only used to forecastles.

Is this your room?

Yes. Does it bother you

being in a lady's bedroom?

Drusilla's in the guest room.

Bother me? Took me a long time

to be sure I wasn't in heaven.

She ain't no angel. Here.

Come down from there.

[Groans]

- How many sugars?

- Three.

I feel like a hulk, putting

you to so much trouble.

Shucks.

You stop looking at

me and eat your dinner.

I was just remembering

where I saw you before.

- Under a southwester?

- No.

You sort of came out of that storm

like one of Mother Carey's chickens...

only, you were good luck for me.

MRS. CLAIBORNE:

MARIA:

Maum Maria, see he cleans his

plate. I'll be back soon as I can.

You got no call to hurry.

He ain't going nowhere.

[Bananas chattering]

Scat! I'm feeding this one.

[Clock chiming]

He's mighty handsome, Cousin Loxi.

A man like that would rather

lose his life than his ship.

Why do you all hate Mr. Cutler so?

LOXI:

a little. DRUSILLA: Cousin Loxi?

- His brother's different, isn't he?

- Different front name, that's all.

What are you studying

about Dan Cutler for?
I'm not. Really, I'm not.
I thought girls raised in Havana
never even looked at men...
till they were married to them.

MRS. CLAIBORNE:

there? LOXI:

DRUSILLA:

[Suspenseful instrumental music]
Dan!
What do you want?
[Romantic instrumental music]
Hello, you lovely little carrot-top.
Dan, I was so afraid.
I'm afraid every time
I take you in my arms.
Why?

DAN:

crush the life out of you.
When I'm in your arms, I don't
care what they say about you.
I'll love you always, Dan. Always.

ALL:

lay down this heavy load
By and by By and by
Going to lay down this heavy load
By and by By and by

MAN:

come when my troubles are gone
No more toting these sacks of corn
- You left your spyglass at our house.
- Loxi.
[Slow instrumental music]
I was coming over to
thank your mother for...
Mother's making a heap
of to-do about you and me.
They're planning to ship me

off to visit Aunt Henrietta.
I got my orders, too. I
sail tonight on the Arcturus.
A month at sea and then Charleston.

- Charleston?

- For a showdown with Steve Tolliver.

You'll be in Charleston? Why,
that's where Aunt Henrietta...

LOXI:

LOXI:

He drips lace, and leads
the Charleston quadrilles.

[Chuckling] What?

He's sea lawyer for
Devereaux and Company.

He loves me about as much as
the devil loves holy water.

- But he doesn't sound very dangerous.

- He wouldn't be...

except he holds the power of
influence with old Commodore Devereaux.

But Commodore Devereaux's
fair and square.

He's fair and square, but old.

If you keep doing that, I'm
going to fall right into them.

Trying to frighten me?

You know, Loxi, there's only
three things I want out of life.

One is to command the
Southern Cross, a steam.

- Steam.

- Don't turn up your pretty nose at steam.

It's the future of the seas...

when calms and gales and
fog won't mean a thing.

And with the Southern Cross under
me, I'd get my second wish...

because the man who commands in steam...

will be the head of

Devereaux and Company someday.

Will you have to wear

a stovepipe hat, Jack?
Steve Tolliver looks all right in one.
He means to be head
of the company himself.
I was the one man in his way.
Now that I've lost the Jubilee...
he'll crack down with
everything he's got to break me.
Break you? That's a man-size job.
I promise you, he won't do it.
I've found something in
these Keys worth fighting for.
Nights on watch, I'll
see you like this, Loxi...
with your hair catching
fire in the sunset...
and that look in your
eyes 10 fathoms deep.
What was the third
thing you wanted, Jack?
Think I'm going to say "you," don't you?

- Aren't you?

- Yes.

You're in my blood, Loxi, same as
the sea. I'm coming back for you.
You won't have to come back. I'll
be waiting for you in Charleston.
They're not going to break you...
and you're gonna have
the Southern Cross.

- You're starting to tell my future?

- It's our future, Jack.

[Peppy instrumental music]

Of course, Commodore Devereaux, you
need a mighty experienced captain...
to navigate a fine ship like the
Southern Cross, steam and all that.
That ain't got no elegance.
You are in Charleston.
Ladies don't tell
gentlemen. They ask them.
It was really you I came up
to see, Commodore Devereaux.
All the way from Key West.

There's Mrs. Mottram's house. Aunt
Henrietta's waiting on the porch.

- Button that mitten.

- Do you suppose it'll work?

Do you suppose he'll

listen about Capt. Jack?

Of course, child.

Only just don't leave your right hand

know what your left feet is doing.

[Singing] 'Twill bring me back

one goiden hour

Through many

Through many a weary year

I may not

to the worid impart

A taie of me and you apart

- Elizabeth.

- Henrietta, this is mighty pleasant.

This is my little niece

Loxi from Key West.

- This is her cousin Drusilla.

- What lovely girls.

- Mrs. Mottram, I...

- Ivy is singing.

IVY:

the little faded flower

[Ivy playing piano]

But oh how fondiy dear

Which do you think is

Commodore Devereaux?

He must be here.

But I never saw a less seagoing

run of shad in my whole life.

IVY:

Through many a weary year

[Guests murmuring]

Lovely, Ivy. So tender.

I want you to meet Loxi

Claiborne, Drusilla Alston.

- This is our own Ivy Devereaux.

- Commodore Devereaux's daughter.

Charleston must seem quite different

to you after the wild life of Key West.

I can see you two will
be the best of friends.

- This is Capt. Carruthers.

- Charmed.

Miss Loxi Claiborne,
Mr. Stephen Tolliver.

MRS. MOTTRAM:

you to meet some of our Charleston beaus.

Charmed, Miss Loxi.

[Piano playing]

[Dog whines]

This is Romulus.

Miss Loxi Claiborne,
Mr. Romulus Tolliver.

STEVE:

Charmed, Miss Loxi.

Speaks pointedly good
English, don't you think?

Considering his mother
spoke nothing but Gaelic.

I saw it... I saw your lips move.

STEVE:

She's lovely, isn't she?

[Guests laugh]

What a wonderful pair
of performing dogs.

[Arresting instrumental music]

I've heard a lot about Steve Tolliver.

LOXI:

Well, we're flattered.

You're jumping to
conclusions, Mr. Tolliver.

Now, who's been telling
you stories about Steve?

One of the finest men I
ever met, Capt. Jack Stuart.

[Romulus barks]

That's rather a sore
subject with Romulus.

You see, Capt. Stuart
sat on Romulus once.

STEVE:

And he weighs 200 pounds.
[Guests laugh]
Ivy, I'd be happy if you'd
introduce me to your father.
I'm sorry. My father's not here.
Commodore is very ill. His doctor
won't allow him out of the house.
Then who runs the Devereaux Company?

STEVE:

lady, with a little help from Steve.
You run it?

MRS. MOTTRAM:

your aunt speaks of nothing but those
charming Florida ballads you sing so well.
- Won't you...
- I couldn't. Why, I just couldn't!
Romulus and I are very
partial to sentiment.
Attention, everybody, please.
Miss Claiborne is going to sing one
of those sweet ballads of Key West.

ALL:

Steve and I would love to hear one of
those soft moonlight-on-the-sea songs.
Perhaps a breath of Key
West would be refreshing...
to all of us.
[Loxi playing piano]
[Singing] Oh, the Nellie B's your packet
When you're far away from home
And it breaks your back to tack
it O'er the briny, shiny foam
But heave ho, hauri
away Just the same as me
For you're just another packet rat
Aboard the Nellie B
Bread and water for your suppers

when you board the Nellie B
And your blood runs from her
scuppers in the briny shiny sea
But heave ho, hauri
away Just the same as me
For you're just another packet rat
Aboard the Nellie B
Oh, her mate he'll talk so civil
But he'll rob ya in your sleep
There's no uglier a devil
in the briny, shiny deep
But heave ho, hauri away
- Is that Elizabeth's idea of
a sweet ballad? - Mighty salty.
You're just another packet
rat Aboard the Nellie B
Do you sing, too?

LOXI:

that galley growling crew
For the bos'n is a dirty son of a
Shiny, briny blue!
So heave ho, hauri away
Just the same as me
For you're just another packet rat
Aboard the Nellie B
Oh, the
Loxi, please.

LADY:

She has a lovely voice, but...
- But, Auntie, there's still 20 more
verses. - Oh, my goodness.
I'd love to hear them all.
- How could you know such a song?
- I learned it from a pirate friend.
- With rings in his ears?
- In his nose.
I'm afraid Loxi is a
little, un peu exaite!
I find her exaltation most charming.
May I hear the rest of the song soon?
I hope so.
[Henrietta laughs embarrassedly]

[Grunting disapprovingly]
It's just hopeless.
Making a lady out of
you is just hopeless.
Drusilla, I can do it. I can
do everything I came here to do.
Cousin Loxi, you're
playing with gunpowder.
I don't need Commodore
Devereaux. I don't need anybody.
Because I can wrap that Steve
Tolliver around my little finger.
And I'm going to do it.

MAN:

who's gonna row my honey
Who's going to row my honey
Yes, who's going to row
my honey
When I'm
gone away
And who's going to be
your true iove
Who's going to be
That's the third time they've
been together this week.
What if...

MAN:

your true iove
When I'm
gone away
When I'm
gone away
- And then what happened?
- There she'd gone telling everyone...
the bonnet had just come off the
packet from France, when they...
- Pull up, Caesar!
- What are you stopping for, Ivy?
[Birds chirping]
I declare! They're together
again. That's the 13th time.
[Girl murmurs]

IVY:

Yes, Miss Ivy. Giddap.

They're lovely. Like ships
in the water, aren't they?

Yes, lovely.

Steve, there's something I most
especially want to talk to you about.

- You took the words right out of my mouth.

- Romulus generally does that.

I'm a little worried about Romulus.

He's been a changed dog
ever since the Mottram tea.

[Singing in throwing voice] You're just
another packet rat Aboard the Nellie B

[Laughing] Quit it, Steve.

Now this is important. It's
about the Southern Cross.

What I have to say is much more
important than the Southern Cross.

- But she's the newest ship in the line.

- Yes, I know. And she's steam and all.

But she's hardly fitted for a honeymoon.

[Slow instrumental music]

Honeymoon?

LOXI:

mean it. STEVE:

When you walked into Mrs.

Mottram's tea party...

it was like all the

winds of the Caribbean.

I was shipwrecked at once.

But, Steve, I...

My whole life is Key West.

This is another world to me.

There's only one world,

Loxi, inhabited by two people.

STEVE:

BIXBY:

[Horse galloping]

BIXBY:

Here's trouble on horseback.

Mr. Tolliver, sir. Pardon, ma'am.

You're wanted at the
counting house at once, sir.

Commodore Devereaux is
already on his way there.

- Has Dr. Jepson gone insane?
- Yes, sir. He asks you to come at once.
- I thought the Commodore was gravely ill.
- He is, ma'am.

But the moment he heard Capt.

Jack Stuart had landed...

Dr. Jepson said no mortal means
could keep the Commodore at home.

Steve, couldn't you
spare just a moment...

to hear what I was going to
say about the Southern Cross?

I see the Commodore isn't the only one
interested in Capt. Stuart's arrival.

I'll take your horse, Bixby.

You return in the carriage.

Yes, sir.

STEVE:

escort you home, Loxi.

But I want most of your dances
at Mrs. Mottram's ball tonight.

[Horse galloping]

Good day, Mr. Stephen.

The Commodore was so disturbed
by the wrecks at Key West...

- I've twice had to bleed him.
- Stuart with him?

He is, and I fear the
Commodore will have a stroke.

DEVEREAUX:

barratry when you've got no proof!

In short, sir, you were not only
unconscious when your ship struck...

- but you don't know what hit you.

- I've already said...
I'm not interested in excuses!
I'm interested in performance.
Take up the model of your command, sir.
[Sombre instrumental music]

DEVEREAUX:

Put her with the rest
of the fine ships...
that you and your kind have
sent to rot on the bottom!
[Sombre instrumental music continues]
And take your eyes
off the Southern Cross.
We don't want her turned into kindling!
- You can cat-haul me both
ways... - Choke your luff.

DEVEREAUX:

JACK:

I said outside!
Commodore Devereaux. Really
you mustn't. Here. Drink this.

DEVEREAUX:

DR. JEPSON:

you a world of good. Here.
Don't coddle me. I'm no derelict.
You look strong as a bull, sir. Why don't
you come down first thing next week...
That Jack Stuart has cost us...
It wasn't Jack Stuart who
cost us the Jubilee, sir.
It was those Florida reefs.
Am I to remove the reefs, or
the captains who can't miss them?
Perhaps you should remove the
Key West pirate wreckers...
who swarm those reefs like
a school of killer whales.
And get rid of the man who's

behind them all:

Are we to go out of business
because we can't hang Cutler?
He got 50% of the Jubilee's cargo.
Cutler or no Cutler,
I'll get my ships through!
- Lf I have to hire and fire...
- Commodore, please.
Don't coddle me.
Gentlemen, I asked Lt.
Farragut to sit with us today...
hoping the United States
Navy may give us protection...
against Cutler and his kind.
We need some sort of protection.
Better than one ship a week
is piling up on those reefs.

MAN 1:

year. MAN 2:

Gentlemen, the Navy is
more anxious than you are...
- to blast those vultures out of the Keys.
- Good.
But you present no evidence
against this man Cutler.
Give us proof of deliberate wrecking.

FARRAGUT:

rest. DEVEREAUX:

No one dares testify against Cutler.
We sent men down there
to find witnesses.
- What became of them?
- I don't know, sir.
But I suggest that
you send one man more.
- Who, for instance?
- Me, for instance.
You? Why, Tolliver, you wouldn't
last 15 minutes in that pirate's nest.
You're a lawyer, not a gunboat.

But the gunboats won't
come until we get proof.
Gunboats or no gunboats, if we
don't stop that gang mighty soon...
the American flag won't
be at many mastheads.
- But I don't favour losing a good
sea lawyer. - Thank you.
I know Cutler, Steve.
You wouldn't stand any more
chance than a rat in a tar barrel.
Confound it. If they kill him,
he's not the man for the job.
That's very aptly put, sir.
Perhaps Jack Stuart
could sail south with me.
The Southern Cross is refitting
at Havana. If you'll recall...
You'd give the Southern Cross to
the man who just lost us the Jubilee?
Gentlemen, we're in business.
Capt. Stuart has increased the
earnings of every vessel he's commanded.
Twice he's weathered
typhoons in the China Sea.
And he's broken the record
from Rio to Martinique.
I personally don't like him, but
he gets the most out of a ship.
And then throws it
away on a Florida reef.
I expect to get proof that Cutler,
not Stuart, wrecked the Jubilee.

DEVEREAUX:

Ormsby, order Capt. Stuart to
proceed to Key West immediately...
as mate of the Pelican.
There he'll be set ashore
without pay, to await orders.
- But that's unfair.
- You'll have his papers in your pocket.
If you find proof that clears
him, give him the Southern Cross.

- You're a great old sea lion. I'll tell him. - You'll do nothing of the sort. Let him sweat on the beach, and see how he takes it. And my personal opinion of you is that you're a young fool. Thank you, sir. You'll never leave Key West alive. But I have to. You see, I expect to be married.

MAN 3:

Gentlemen.

ORMSBY:

before you start to Key West.

MAN 1:

[Orchestra playing the waltz]
I'm so sorry about your nice sea captain. Father told me. Too bad. Loxi, he's waiting for you by the round window in the vestibule. Jack. And he looks like a thundercloud. Capt. Carruthers, would you want to do something for me?
- Command me, Miss Loxi.
- Excuse me for a minute, will you, please. I watched for your ship every single day. That dress makes you sparkle like sun on water. Jack, tell me. How did it go with the Commodore? I think they've got me busted flatter than a haddock. But your new command. Aren't they going to give you the... The Southern Cross? Might as well be dry-docked on the moon. They put me on the Pelican. The Pelican! They're asking

you to command that old pigboat?

Command? I'm second mate.

- Second mate! Why, of all the...

- We sail within the hour for Key West.

They're beaching me
there till I dry-rot.

No, Jack. Nobody's going
to break us up that easy.

That's what he's trying to do.

- He? Who?

- Wait here for a minute, will you, please.

Mr. Tolliver's bitten off just a little bit
more than he's going to be able to chew.

Observe closely this
harmless-looking little object.

- Just look here what Steve's got.

- What is it, a toothpick?

- No, they call them matches.

- Matches. What are they for?

I'll show you. Carruthers,
loan me the sole of your boot.

- Goodness gracious!

- Mr. Tolliver, they're terrifying!

MAN 1:

GIRL:

I'd adore to do one, Steve.

Cousin Steve, you do
get the quaintest things.
They'll never be popular,
Tolliver. Too dangerous.

MAN 2:

MAN 1:

honour? GIRL:

I was just coming to
beg you for this dance.

LOXI:

to you out on the balcony.
- Like Romeo and Juliet?

- Not exactly.

Henrietta, do you allow your niece to wander off un-chaperoned?

Oh, my dear.

I've been just bubbling over with excitement all day.

Mr. Tolliver's asked for Loxi's hand.

[Orchestra continues playing]

Ettie, Loxi and Mr. Tolliver.

Oh, my goodness! That is news.

Engaged? Stephen?

- To that little savage from Key West?

- She's a pretty little savage.

Moonlight and magnolias. Just fits what I want to say to you.

What you've done is the most cowardly thing I've heard of.

- Coming to the races tomorrow?

- I hope your filly wins, Col. Ogier.

Bound to.

It's vicious, and low and cruel.

You're very desirable when you're angry.

You think you're mighty clever.

Putting Jack on an old tub, beaching him in Key West...

Easy now, what really happened...

What really happened was that you saw I loved Jack Stuart.

- No, I didn't see that.

- Oh, yes, you did. And you're right.

I love him. I'll marry him.

You're stabbing him in the back...

That's enough.

In the first place, you're not in love with him.

And in the second, I intend to marry you myself.

- Well, upon my word.

- No. Upon my word.

Do you think after knowing one real man like Jack Stuart, just one...

that a girl would even look at a namby-pamby popinjay like you?

For the past month or more...

you haven't seemed to have
found my ways distasteful.
Well, if I played up to you, it was
so you wouldn't break Jack, that's all.
So you'd give him command of the
Southern Cross, and no other reason.
I see.

What are you taking your gloves off for?
I take it you prefer the rough
ways of your Key West pirates.
I'll be leaving now.
I'm sorry to delay you, but there's
something you need very badly.

LOXI:

Steve, stop it! How
dare you! Stop it, I say!

LOXI:

Let me up! Why you!
Oh.
You sorry, insufferable nincompoop.
If I only had a horsewhip.
Excuse me, please.
Loxi, dear child, we've just
heard. I'm so happy for you.
- Congratulations, Miss Loxi.
- That's nice of you.
- We just heard, Loxi.
- When's the wedding?
- You're a very lucky girl.
- Charleston will be green with envy.
I shall be a good loser, Miss Loxi,
and offer Steve my congratulations.

GEORGE:

STEVE:

- You're shot with luck.
- You're certainly full of surprises.
Yes, I'm a little surprised myself.
- Steve, it's so romantic.
- Yes, isn't it?
Steve's such a fine catch.

Steve? Why...

[Orchestra playing the waltz]

Please, everyone, listen.

LOXI:

started, but it isn't true what you've heard.

You've all been very kind

to me here in Charleston.

But there's a rumour going around this
room that must be stopped right now.

I can't. I won't have
my name linked with a...

You've been very gracious to me...

congratulating me on my
engagement to be married...

and wishing me so much
happiness. I thank you all for it.

MAN 1:

Yes, I am going to be married.

But I'm gonna marry a real man.

A man that can ride out a
southwester and clew up a topsail.

Not a lace-ruffled
bullying jaybird like...

[Loxi sobbing]

LOXI:

Loxi, how could...

MAN 2:

[Loxi sobbing]

The skipper will marry
us before we sail.

MAN 3:

MAN 4:

MAN 5:

[Crew yelling]

SKIPPER:

SKIPPER:

into it, you bilge rats!

- Skipper, Miss Claiborne.

- How do you do?

- Maum Maria isn't here with my things yet.

- I'm sorry, we haven't...

Not the topsail halyards!

The gaff sail lift!

You lumps of hardtack

weevil! Join hands!

[Boatswain whistles]

Excuse me, ma'am. Join hands.

[Man yelling]

Blood of the devil!

What're you doing up there?

You mangy hunks! Grab that halyard!

Come on, you!

CREW:

- Let's get on with it, Skipper.

- But we're on the wrong side.

[Man yelling]

"Dearly beloved, we are

gathered together here..."

It's foul at the block! Did you

never walk a footrope before?

[Gruffly] "I require..."

[Softly] "I require

and charge you both..."

- Skip that part.

- All right.

Jack, do you take this woman

for your iawfui wedded wife?

- I do.

- And...

SKIPPER:

Loxi, do you take this man for your lawful
wedded husband? And do you solemnly...

[Horses cantering]

Suffering shadrack, what's that?

CREWMAN 1:

CREWMAN 2:

CREWMAN 3:

CREWMAN 4:

CREWMAN 5:

Mister... SKIPPER: Get back to work!

- Somebody's coming aboard!

- Stop yawing and finish off.

Loxi, do you take this man to
be your lawful wedded husband?

No! She does not.

JACK:

SKIPPER:

STEVE:

Loxi. **JACK:**

CREWMAN 6:

- I've taken all I'm gonna take from you.

- Not quite.

CREWMAN 8:

CREWMAN 9:

You can't go around
bullyragging! Put me down! Jack!

SKIPPER:

Stuart? He's the owner!

Jack!

CREWMAN 9:

mate, he'll hogtie you!

CREWMAN 9:

CREWMAN 10:

Jack!

There you are.

- Shall I set her back, Mr. Tolliver?
- No, keep underway.

SKIPPER:

I'll come on another ship.

- Don't touch me.
- Put your hand on my shoulder and relax.

CREWMAN 4:

forestay sail. Heave ho!

- You coward! You irresponsible ruffian.
- The water's warm, isn't it?

What right do you think you've got to keep me from sailing with my husband?

He's not your husband.

You didn't say "I do."

What? I will right now. Jack! L...

- Jack!
- Oh, come now.

MAN:

quality folks aboard this trip.

CREWMAN 1:

CREWMAN 2:

CREWMAN 3:

CREWMAN 1:

[People yelling and chattering]

[Cheerful instrumental music]

That's him. There, with the lapdog.

Oh, my goodness, where's Drusilla?

I'll go find her. I

ain't got nothing to do.

There she is, with two red pennants and her top rigging.

- Loxi dear!
- Mummy! Hello, Mummy.

We'll come ashore as soon as we find Drusilla.

Dan.

[Slow instrumental music]

[Dan whistles]

Oh, Dan!

Dan, be careful.

Wear this for me tonight.

I reckon I didn't see what I
just seen. Come along, child.

Capt. Phil, I brought you the most...

Where's Jack Stuart, Capt. Phil?

He's out on a diving job. He'll be
back tonight if his hat don't leak.

Drusilla! Wherever have you
been? What a lovely shawl.

That's the only thing I
ain't been asked to carry.

- Have you enjoyed your trip, Mr. Tolliver?

- Yes, very pleasant indeed.

LOXI:

Sir, I want to know.

Here, here. It's an epidemic.

Those double topsails get at
least two knots more out of her.

MAN 1:

MAN 2:

She handles much easier, too.

I can see Charleston
in the cut of your jib.

MAN 2:

Steve, look out! Jump!

[All shouting]

[Romulus barking]

Don't faint, child. I'm
as white as a sheet myself.

Romulus, we have arrived.

MAN:

That molasses came near
being flavoured with Tolliver.

LOXI:

We've made an impression at last.

- I was only worried about the dog.
- We're both very grateful.
- I hope you found your mother well.
- Look after the dog, will you, Capt. Phil.
That was a close call, my friend.

KING:

Mr. Tolliver, this
here's Mr. King Cutler.
You two men maybe
heard about one another.
Oh, Tolliver. Well.
As one lawyer to another, let
me welcome you to Key West.
- Thank you, that was quite a welcome.
- I saw it. Unpardonable.
Terrible waste of molasses.

STEVE:

practiced law, Mr. Cutler...
although I've heard of
your other practices.
It is gratifying to know that our services
to ships in distress have not gone unnoticed.
Unnoticed? I'm sure every
ship owner in the world...
would like to repay
you for your efforts.
- Can I take you to the inn?
- Why...

STEVE:

go in, but you'll never come out.
You have many talents, Mr. Tolliver.
I hope I can make your visit
to the Keys interesting.
I'm sure you'll do you
best, Mr. Cutler. Good day.
Good day.
- Take good care of him, Philpott.
- Yeah.

CREWMAN:

Give me a little more line.

You happen to know some nice quiet nook
where I can sleep without any molasses?
Nook? I guess we can find
a cranny somewhere for you.
Better leave word who to notify
in case there's any suddenness.
Come on.

WHALER 1:

WHALER 1:

it's port, it's port.
- You the mate of the whaler Tyfib?
- That's right.
- Still need men?
- Yeah.
They're scarcer than feathers on a frog.
- How long you going for?
- That's up to the whales.
- About three years.
- Shut up.
- I'll sell you a couple of men.
- What's the matter with them?
One's an able seaman.
The other will do any
legal work you might have.
Legal work? You mean,
like boiling blubber?
- When do I get them?
- Tonight. Widgeon will tell you where.
- How much?
- \$12 a head.
We'll pay when we pick them
up. Hope they both got arms.

WHALER 2:

Widgeon, you and The Lamb find
out where Tolliver puts up.
Take four horn-fisted galley
growlers and pay him a little visit.
That Charleston lawyer's
the most dangerous man...
they've ever sent down here.
But The Lamb will know how to tame him.

[Ominous instrumental music]

I wish your mama would have sent for you
before I got all your clothes unpacked.

Maum Maria, what are the voodoo
drums beating for tonight?

Long about dusk, I'd seen something.

- Couldn't be in this world, nor the next.

- Fiddlesticks.

It weren't no fiddlesticks. It
was shaped like Miss Drusilla...

and it was traipsing along the
edge of the jungle with a demon.

Only the demon make himself
look like Dan Cutler.

[Voodoo drumbeats]

But that's ridiculous.

Course, Miss Drusilla.

The drums do that.

Drusilla, look me in the eyes.

[Sombre instrumental music]

Loxi, I wish I didn't have
to go back to Havana tomorrow.

Are you meeting Dan

Cutler on the sly? Are you?

Drusilla, honey, he's...

You love Jack, and you
ran away to marry him.

I love Dan.

And I'm gonna marry him, even
if I have to run away, too.

Drusilla, darling...

I'm a pretty poor one
to be giving advice.

But you go on back to Havana and
ask your mother about it first.

[Screams]

[Bananas screeching]

Land of mercy!

I wish you'd inherited a talking
dog instead of this scratching ape.

Mr. Tolliver's not likely
to make me his heir.

Hear them drums? Maybe he gonna
be needing an heir by morning.

- What have you heard?
- All I know is what the darkies say.
I suppose Steve Tolliver
is in more trouble.
Yes, ma'am. But this
here's his last trouble.
What about Steve? What is it you know?
The Lamb is getting him off of
Capt. Phil's old sponge boat...
- and selling him to a whaler.
- A whaler?
Maybe they get Capt. Phil,
too, if they catch him alive.
But that's terrible.
We've got to warn them.
Who you mean, "we"?
I ain't going out into no voodoo night.
Nor none of the other darkies neither.

LOXI:

go myself. MAUM MARIA: No.
Get me a lantern.

MAUM MARIA:

would sell me if she knew.

DRUSILLA:

LOXI:

- Not that one.
- Why?

DRUSILLA:

DRUSILLA:

LOXI:

[Voodoo drumbeats continue]
- Jack.
- There she is, Parson.
She is pretty.
[Both exclaiming in delight]

JACK:

masthead light. What's your course?
You always turn up when I need you most.
I've been on a diving job. I
brought along the parson to finish...
I'm sorry, but Jack's gotta go
right down to Capt. Phil's boat.
- Steve's in trouble.
- Steve? Steve Tolliver?
Now, don't get your mule streak up.
Cutler's selling Steve to a whaler.
- What do you care what happens to him?
- You ninny. This is no time to be jealous.
But I brought along...
But there's no time for
parsons now. Will you go or not?
Sure, I'll go.
No, Jack, I don't trust
you. I'm going with you.
I don't care what he did. He doesn't
deserve what Cutler will do to him.
Sorry, Parson. I want a
church wedding, anyway.
[Crickets chirping]
[Widgeon shushing]

WIDGEON:

Someone's moving out to it now.

THE LAMB:

Muffle the rest of them tholes.
Yes, sir, this here old soup
ladle here belongs to me.
I hired it out to a
feller to fish for sponges.
What in tarnation can
a man do with a sponge?
- You can't eat it.
- No, they haven't much flavour.
- What happened to the man?
- Went broke, of course.
[Footsteps]
- What's that?
- Maybe sea gulls.
If they're sea gulls,

they're wearing boots.

STEVE:

Chinkapin, cover the light.
Here, take this.

LOXI:

STEVE:

Capt. Phil, I've been
having conniptions about you.
Loxi, you shouldn't have come down here.
No? Of course, it's
no concern of mine...
but Cutler's got you booked for a
three years' cruise aboard a whaler.
My, this old tub sure needs
a brush of paint, Capt. Phil.
- You mean a shanghai?
- So she says.
Got so a man ain't
safe in his own grave.
What sort of a fool are
you bringing her down here?
I'm under my own orders.
Nobody but an iron-headed sap would
make her witness to a shanghai attempt.
I'll have just about time
to jam that down your throat.
- There's no time for fighting now.
- Look at that dog.
[Barking and growling]
I don't want no killing. Can't
get a dime for no dead men.
Get Loxi out through
the galley skylight.

LOXI:

CHINKAPIN:

STEVE:

[Chinkapin screams]

PHIL:

You come gentle, or we
got to bust your bones.

Widgeon. Why, you
double-crossing carrion shark.

- That's your mate of the Jubilee?

- Yes. And working with Cutler.

THE LAMB:

[Crashing]

STEVE:

away! WIDGEON:

- Get down after them!

- Put up your hooks there, my friends.

You boys just cool your
heels there for a minute.

Ain't nothing down beiw. Few sponges.

THE LAMB:

WIDGEON:

THE LAMB:

WIDGEON:

THE LAMB:

STEVE:

JACK:

[Jack panting]

[The Lamb screams]

STEVE:

saving you for myself.

[Romulus barks]

THUG 1:

STEVE:

[Romulus barking]

[Men grunting]

- Why don't you shoot? - I can't.

I'm scared of hitting one of our men.

- Quit shoving.

- Quit missing.

Don't get up or I'll empty
this pepperbox in you.

[Loxi screams]

[Phil grunts]

Blistering blazes.

- Capt. Phil, are you all right?

- Yes, I'm all right.

PHIL:

inches longer. LOXI: No, you don't.

WIDGEON:

and get your hands up.

How can I get my hands

up, you walleyed...

Come out of there, consarn you!

WIDGEON:

up! Over against the mast.

WIDGEON:

crabs! Make them fast.

You're going, too, bright

eyes. You've seen too much.

I hope this cures you

of traipsing around.

You've been pulling strings

all your life, Mr. Lawyer.

Why don't you pull one now?

STEVE:

trouble. WIDGEON: Shut your clam traps.

You boys will like whaling...

if you can stand the stink.

THUG 3:

[Gun fires]

[All shouting]

[Dramatic instrumental music]

PHIL:

[All shouting]

Jack, behind you, look!

Steve, look!

Steve, do something!

[Dramatic instrumental music continues]

[The Lamb grunting]

[Romulus whining]

[Cheerful instrumental music]

- Thanks.

- You're welcome.

Roll out of there now.

Keep your noses to the deck.

Pass a line around

this octopus, will you?

You don't like Lamb, do you?

Neither do I.

- Does it hurt?

- Yes.

You make a lovely good Samaritan.

Didn't you scare yourself

fighting like that?

Your sailor boy brought

you to a right lively party.

- Yeah? Well...

- Now.

Wildcats could sure take

fighting lessons from you, Jack.

- Sorry Widgeon got away.

- So am I.

Widgeon being here with Cutler's men...

should prove to your Charleston stiff

necks that Jack didn't wreck the Jubilee.

I'm one stiff neck it satisfies.

WHALER 1:

Who's there?

Whaler Tyfib coming for

the men you promised.

- You can take your...

- Shut up.

All clear!

- Why you cuttle-head...

- Leave it to me, will you?
- You and Loxi get below.
- Come on, Jack.
Come alongside.

WHALER 2:

WHALER 1:

Widgeon? STEVE:

WHALER 2:

Cutler promised some able seamen.

STEVE:

- Great day in the morning! Where are they?

- Right there.

Fellow will be glad to know them
sponges finally come in handy.

They'll probably have quite a flavour
before you boys get where you're going.

Pretty, ain't they? Go get them.

Wait a minute. How much?

How much? Cutler said \$12 a head.

- \$15.

- Hold on. He said \$12.

Take them or leave them.

At such prices, they're
scarcely worth the picking.

You're a pirate and a thief, but
it's a deal. Bear a hand there.

[Thug muttering]

You've got to give the
devil his due. He's clever.

Clever enough to want you.

- It's only \$55.

- I know it.

Heave them over. Head and scale.

Don't break them oars!

This walrus weighs as much as a tonne.

I sworn to man, his feet's the biggest
things I ever seen without lungs.

Glad I ain't paying for
that one by the pound.

If he gets rough, tap him with this.

WHALER 3:

Lumpy. LUMPY:

Heave him over.

[Thudding]

- Jack, that paper has your name on it.

- What?

- What is it?

- I don't know.

Maybe it's a love letter.

You're talking through your crow's nest.

WHALER 4:

that sponge something awful.

WHALER 3:

chewing salt pork tomorrow.

Heave him over.

[Thudding]

Jack, it's your appointment.

The Southern Cross.

- Jack, you're captain.

- That's what it is, all right, but...

WHALER 3:

No, wait!

- Here's \$10 for yourself to remember us by. - You ain't no pinch gut.

Shove off. Lay into it.

[Muffled muttering]

Don't unloosen them till you're out to sea. They're a little mite tough.

WHALER 1:

tender 'fore they get back.

There, but for the grace of Loxi, go I.

She's a great girl, Philpott.

Steve Tolliver, I think you're the most contemptible man I ever met.

What's the matter? Did

I sell them too cheap?

Who's gonna command the

Southern Cross, Mr. Tolliver?

Oh.

- How long have you been carrying this?

- Since I left Charleston.

- Well! When were you gonna give it to him?

- When I got ready.

Commodore Devereaux gave you
that appointment to give to Jack.

- Why didn't you give it to him?

- I had my reasons.

And I know what they were,
too. You'd stoop to anything.

- Yes?

- Yes.

[Thudding]

[Romulus whines]

Land of love!

Come on, Loxi.

I'll row you home before

I call on Mr. Cutler.

PHIL:

sponges is wonderful.

Pleasant dreams, my friend.

You've had a busy day.

I'll just take these.

They might blow away.

[Romulus yapping]

Oh, Loxi.

I don't know what happened.

I had to swim most a mile.

You cuttle-headed fool.

Why didn't you drown?

Them two swabs is

horn-fisted, Mr. Cutler.

- Jack Stuart just hove in.

- Stuart?

Out of sight, Widgeon.

Where's Widgeon?

Who? That gooseneck who was

your mate on the Jubilee.

That water didn't rain in here.

State your business, Capt. Stuart.

I was aboard that sponge boat tonight...

when Widgeon brought your
men on that crimping job.

My men?

That's all the proof the government
needs on who sunk the Jubilee.

Well?

No more 50% salvage, Mr. Cutler...

but a room in a penitentiary
where you and your hatchet men...

can be cosy as fiddler
crabs on a marsh bank.

[Men growl threats]

You haven't got enough sand in your
crawl to stand in front of me alone.

Clear the room.

You ain't gonna fight
him alone, are you, King?

I said, get out.

HENCHMAN:

on a marsh bank someday.

I didn't think you had it in you.

I've been looking a long time for a
man who's exactly your size of fool.

You'll need some more fools.

Five of your bullyboys have shipped aboard
a whaler for three years in Tolliver's place.

He sold them?

Well, what do you know.

He's got brains, that fellow.

Some of them are loose
in his head right now.

What's the matter? Don't
you like your new boss?

Boss? Tolliver won't
boss the Devereaux line.

I've got command of the Southern
Cross right here in my pocket.

Yes? I've got something
here that says different.

A sloop's just put in with
dispatches from Charleston.

- I pulled this one off the bulletin board.

- I'm not here to chew blubber.

So long as Commodore Devereaux's house
flag is on the sea, I'll answer to him.
Then you'll answer to the grave.
Commodore Devereaux is dead.

KING:

- You're lying.
- Read it yourself.

KING:

head of Devereaux and Company.
Tolliver's the man you're sailing
for, if you ever sail again.

KING:

You stood on your last quarterdeck.
But you know that better than I.
Tolliver won't let even a
lobster crate take you aboard.
I tried to get rid of him for you.
I'd have had him three years on
a hell ship, lost and forgotten.
But you made a fine
picture of yourself tonight.
Fought like 10 men, didn't you?
Smashed up the toughest men
I could send, didn't you?
Saved your fancy friend so he
could be your boss. And what for?
So you could pound your brains
out on a rum keg on the beach.
What did you come here for? To
smash up the only friend you've got.
And that Claiborne girl.
She'll stick with you on the beach.
You'll sleep on the beach
and scratch for food...
but she'll sew your filthy rags
together, if you ask her to.

KING:

You're slow in the head, but
you're more of a man than that.
Steve Tolliver will

marry her after a while.

KING:

you're... JACK:

Or I'll tear that jaw out of your face.

You don't have to lie down, you know.

They need 10,000 blacks
in the Mississippi basin.

Black men bring a dollar a pound.

I'll put you back on the
quarterdeck of a ship.

You take her to the Gold Coast,
load her with black ivory.

In two years, you'll own your own
ship. In 10, you'll own a fleet.

Your own house flag on seven seas.

- Too slow.

- Slow, with the job I'm offering you?

The devil with that job.

I've got a job for you.

Do you know what cargo
the Southern Cross carries?

Teak, ivory, spices, silks, indigo.

- Why? - I'll show you
how to get rich in one night.

Get your wreckers out to
meet me at Satan Shoal.

I'm gonna pile up the Southern Cross.

Now you've caught the wind. \$500,000.

But listen to me.

Tolliver won't leave you in command
of the Southern Cross for 10 minutes...

when he hears of this.

My schooner will take
you to Havana tonight.

And I've got just the mate you need.

Widgeon, come out here.

Yes, Mr. Cutler.

Hiya, Capt. Stuart.

[Sombre instrumental music]

But I'll be back. I'll be
back on the very first ship.

- I'll go with you and make sure.

- No, Dan, you mustn't.
I can manage Mother much better alone.
If they try to keep you in
Havana, I'll bust that town...
[Slow instrumental music]
I'm coming back to you,
Dan. Cross my heart, I will.
I don't care what Loxi says, and
I don't care what anybody thinks.
I'm coming back. On the very first ship.
Two hundred ceroons of Bengal
indigo at \$1.25, down 10.
Twelve-hundred-and-fifty
pieces Nanking silk...
at \$3.98 the pound...
Look at that board now.
Raw silk has gone to blue blazes.
...at \$4.40, down seven.
- And there goes ivory, down another seven.
Looks like the first call for panic.
Teak, silk, ivory, indigo.
A wreck always sends prices down
of whatever cargo she's carrying.
Right. Except there's been no wreck.
That's the cargo of the Southern Cross.
Southern Cross can't have
wrecked. She's safe in Havana.
Then somebody knows she will wreck.
- And she sails before dawn.
- Yes.
Capt. Stuart in command.
- What's the fastest vessel in port?
- Ciaiborne.
- Then get your crew aboard.
- You're forgetting who owns her.
- Loxi won't charter to you.
- Then commandeered.
I've got to stop the
Southern Cross in Havana.
[Slow instrumental music]
[Pounding]

PHIL:

as a man can't cut with a crosscut saw.

[Rattling]

We'll need a new door on the lazaret.

- How far have we come?

- We left Sand Key about 4 miles astern.

We come about 15 miles.

Let her out.

Let her out, he says.

Let her out, Jake!

And run for your life!

[Thud]

LOXI:

- How dare you let him steal my schooner!

- Now, Loxi...

Stand by to come about!

Hard alee! Bring her up.

- Hard alee it is.

- Get forward. I'll take over.

Aye, sir.

This is piracy, kidnapping.

Stand away from that wheel.

Loxi, when we found you aboard,

I begged you to go ashore.

I wouldn't go ashore because

I knew what he was about.

You've done everything you

could to down Jack Stuart.

- I'm acting under federal authority.

- Racing to Havana to break him?

You believe in Jack above all

things on Earth, don't you?

- I'll always believe in him.

- Come here, Loxi.

- I'll never forgive you for helping.

- Honey, you got to know the truth.

Jack made a deal with Cutler. He's

gonna wreck the Southern Cross.

- Capt. Phil, have you been drinking?

- We'll put that to one side.

I'd rather be drowned

dead than hurt you.

- Did Jack tell you that himself?

- No, he didn't.

I wouldn't believe it even if he had.

- Steve, won't you put back?

- No.

I'm sorry I'm the one to do this to you,
but it doesn't matter what you believe.
Jack Stuart will not sail in
command of the Southern Cross.
But that's ruin. Don't smash his
life just because your pride is hurt.
How will he get another command?
He'll never command even a mud scow in
this world or the next, once I reach Havana.
Then you'll never reach Havana.

LOXI:

I'll part the halyards.
No, Loxi, you'll wreck her!

PHIL:

LOXI:

STEVE:

[Sails ripping]

PHIL:

Get a lashing on this sail!
I reckon you won't stop the Southern
Cross from my ship, Mr. Tolliver.
Get a line on this gaff.

PHIL:

her! Don't part that line.
What's the damage?
We'll drift for six or seven hours
while we jury-rig and re-bend.
Six or seven hours?
Down with your jibs and staysail.
If the Southern Cross goes down...
The Southern Cross isn't going
down, Capt. Stuart's in command.
Sam, lay on those downhauls.
[Spanish instrumental music]
Case 52, Nanking silk.
Claim that starboard side.

Widgeon, stow the rest
of that oil in the orlop.
Aye, sir.
I told you, Drusilla,
we carry no passengers.
Please, Jack, you've
just got to take me.
It's like life and death to me.
I can't take you. Believe me.
Now, you go on back to your
mother and stop begging.
When you get that stuff
stowed, batten down.
Jack, listen to me, please.
Jack, you ought to
understand and help me...
because you love Loxi...
and she wants to be with you,
just like I want to be with Dan.
Please, Jack, I...
[Bell rings]
I'm running away from home to marry him.
Will you go ashore or do I put you off?

WIDGEON:

going. Batten down here.

SAILOR:

She's all singled up, sir.

JACK:

SAILOR:

JACK:

Heim amidships.
Hold fast, aft! Let go
of your forward line!
Siow astern.
[Bell ringing]
[Foghorn blowing]
- No bottom, sir.
- We missed it by a split hair.
I wasn't gonna say nothing, but we

might nigh have drifted on Satan Shoal.
That's the worst pack of
reefs around here anywhere.
- Should have anchored hours ago.
- Yes, in 400 fathom.

[Foghorn blowing]

That horn's driving me crazy. Nearer
all the time, but never gets here!

LOXI:

I never heard a horn like that.
Sounds like something out
of the bottom of the sea.
Probably a hand-pumped
horn worked by a crank.
Yes. Pumping his own wind, too, likely.
I know it's steam! Well,
suppose it is the Southern Cross.
Jack knows what he's doing.
He can pick a channel.

LOXI:

Saturn, or some other paddle coaster.
[Conch horn blowing]
I suppose you know whose conch that is?
That's Cutler's Faicon.
Yes. You don't need to smell the
bait to know somebody's going fishing.
The steamer's safe. She's got power!
Wind or no wind, she's not drifting around
helpless like a cracker box, like us.

SAILOR:

[Foghorn blowing louder]
Go on, say it.
We'd be in Havana except for what I did.
I'm glad I did it and I'd do it again!
- Because with all my heart
I believe in him. - Yeah.
Hark, ye.
[Faint engine hum]
Hark, ye!
[Foghorn blowing]
- Can you see her?

- You'll be seeing her soon enough.
Sound your sea horn, Sam!
[Sea horn blowing]
[Suspenseful instrumental music]
Any minute now.

JACK:

Drive her.
That'll be the Faicon's signal.

- Sounded to me like...

- Heave the lead!

Heave it is, sir.

[Foghorn blowing loudly]

[Tense instrumental music]

[Ship's bell dingding]

More steam you want? She's
shaking her caulks out now.

- You, Salt Meat.

- Yeah?

Check the forward well,
she must be making water.

Jughead, get over there!

[Slow instrumental music]

[Door creaking open]

[Foghorn blowing]

There she rises. Laying
straight for the reef.

The Southern Cross.

[Suspenseful instrumental music]

[Foghorn blowing]

LOXI:

Oh, Steve.

[Suspenseful instrumental
music intensifies]

Give me that horn, Sam.

[Sea horn blowing loudly]

[Dramatic instrumental music]

It's going astride.

Jack! Hard astern, Jack!

The reef! You're going to strike!

[Crashing]

[Drusilla screams]

[Water gushing]

[Men shouting]

Pretty work. She's plastered on the reef like a herring on a biscuit.

JACK:

SAILOR:

She's down by the head.

- She's a killed ship.

- Yeah.

There ain't nothing left but to get her people off.

There's one thing left.

Arrest the man who murdered his own command.

PHIL:

SAILOR:

Look after her.

STEVE:

SAILOR:

[Crying] Capt. Phil, why didn't he kill me instead? And the night before you took command of the Southern Cross... did you or did you not talk to King Cutler... this same man who is now conducting your defence? Objection, Your Honour. Mr. Cutler is defending Capt. Stuart, not himself. Your Honour, before this case is finished... I propose to throw the shadow of the gallows... over many in this room.

JUDGE:

Sure, I talked to King Cutler. So have you.

[Crowd tittering]
Capt. Stuart, there are other able
skippers with ships in Rotten Row...
but you were the first to stand in defence
of the pirate wreckers that haunt these Keys.
I don't ask what unendurable
circumstance drove you...
to join these men whom you must despise.
But I will ask the court for
leniency in your behalf...
if you will join with me in
the destruction of these rats.
Tell us who was behind the
wrecking of the Southern Cross.
I'm not hiding behind anybody, Tolliver.
If you're trying to hang Cutler,
hang him for some other wreck.
Nobody gave any orders on
the Southern Cross but me.
You admit giving the order that
drove that ship at top speed...
through thick fog to sure destruction?
I was her skipper.

STEVE:

Matthias Widgeon.
The same man who was first
mate of the wrecked Jubilee?
Yes.
Your witness, Mr. Cutler.
No questions.
That's all.
Call Capt. Phillip Philpott.
Capt. Philpott, please.
Adinarin, how did you
finally get home last night?
You go back to the house and look
after Mother. Tell her I'm all right.
Just when they're a-getting heated up.

STEVE:

the wreck of the Southern Cross?
How would you judge her speed?
Why, she come thrashing through the

fog there, fit to bust her ballast.
- How long have you known Capt. Stuart?
- Ever since Cutler wrecked the Jubilee.
I object to this scandalous attack!

JUDGE:

In your opinion, could that wreck
have been anything but deliberate?

KING:

- It was a typical King Cutler job.
- I said sustain!
I heard you, Will. Jehoshaphat.
I'm oniy answering the man's questions.

JUDGE:

KING:

Man gets up here for nothing.
[Crowd laughs]
I ask you to remember that
a man is on trial here...
for the gravest offence
known to the sea.
Except that no ioss of life is shown...
this man, if guilty,
might well hang. Proceed.
I thank Your Honour. We
admit the defendant's error...
but you cannot convict a
captain for bad seamanship.

STEVE:

we will show that behind the bad
seamanship lay a criminal conspiracy.
And will you also show why you
were waiting beside the reef...
when the Southern Cross went down?
Your Honour, if this man
is to go on as prosecutor...
the strange part which he himself has
played in this disaster cannot be ignored.
Why were you waiting beside the
reef that sank the Southern Cross?

It's in the testimony that Mr.
Tolliver's vessel fell becalmed.
Becalmed when the wind held till dawn?
He tells us he sailed all night, yet
he was only 15 miles on his course.
Why? He dares not answer.
Because the only living man who
could have foretold that wreck...
is the man who planned it!
Capt. Phil.

KING:

There are a thousand ways by
which conniving men may profit...
by the wrecking of their own ships.

KING:

sea lawyer who knows them all.
[Crowd murmuring]
He swindled his underwriters!
He swindled you...
as he lay at Satan Shoal to
gut the cargo of a ship...
he himself had wrecked!
- That cargo ain't been touched.
- Only because no diver will go down.
That ship hangs on the reef by a hair.
Your Honour, I demand an answer. Why
was Stephen Tolliver at that reef?
Mr. Tolliver, will you answer?

STEVE:

Of course he won't answer.
He can't.
[Crowd muttering]
If you please, Judge Marvin.
I can tell you why Mr. Tolliver
won't answer that question.
Miss Claiborne cannot
testify unless she is called.
Mr. Tolliver, do you wish Miss
Claiborne sworn as your witness?
I do not.
But he's charging Steve

with something he didn't do.
Your Honour, there is nothing
to be gained by calling her.
I call Miss Claiborne as
a witness for the court.
The reason the Claiborne didn't
reach Havana was that I disabled her.
You disabled her?
I parted the main beam
halcyons with a wrecking axe.
Why?
Because I had faith in Jack Stuart.
Didn't Mr. Tolliver tell you that he believed
Stuart would wreck the Southern Cross?
Yes, sir, he did.
Miss Claiborne had every
reason not to believe me.

JUDGE:

Have you any questions, Mr. Tolliver?

STEVE:

So, Miss Claiborne, you
disabled this vessel?
Virtually knocked her apart
with your own little hands...
while a full crew of able seamen
stood around sucking their teeth.
No, gentlemen.
What you have heard is a girl
caught hopelessly between two men...
who have fought over her
as dogs fight over a bone.

STEVE:

this... JUDGE:

Didn't you play these men
one against the other...
encouraging each in turn?
Isn't that why they're both
hopelessly entangled in this disaster?
I won't answer that.
Isn't that why you're now trying

to undo what you've done...
by taking some part of Stephen
Tolliver's guilt to yourself?
Judge Marvin, we're not here to crucify
this woman who's not even on trial.
No, we're here to learn the
facts, and they're deadly plain.
Now we can understand this
vicious persecution of a man...
whose only crime is that he stands
between Tolliver and that girl.
Your Honour, when this case is over...
the court may bring me to trial on
Mr. Cutler's charges if it so desires.
But the government's case
against Jack Stuart is not over.
For years we've tried to find one witness
who would turn against this pirate ring.
That witness has been found.
I ask the court's leave to call a man who,
to save his own neck from the halter...
has made full confession.
Matthias Widgeon.
[Crowd exclaims]
Granted. Step down, Miss Claiborne.
- Did Widgeon talk?
- Yes.
He talked.
Call Matthias Widgeon,
mate of the Southern Cross.

BAILIFF:

Widgeon. JAILER:

Come on...

MAN:

Sheriff, Widgeon is dead!

JUDGE:

- how long has Widgeon been dead?
- Less than half an hour, Your Honour.

MAN:

Your Honour, this case must be recessed for full investigation. I can hardly recess in lieu of a witness who can never appear.

- But if federal council wishes to withdraw... - Withdraw?

But, Your Honour, America's very life depends upon the sea. This case goes far beyond the fate of one man... who betrayed his own command. We must know whether any group of men can endanger the safety of our seas... by preying upon American commerce. The government's witness has been murdered... but we elect to proceed.

KING:

I agree that he was murdered, silenced for what he knew. I charge that Widgeon drove that ship on the reef in direct conspiracy with you.

- You're off your course, Cutler.

- I told you he was a bad Yankee. You can sustain that, too, Will, if you've a mind to. Certainly this poor, honest seaman had no knowledge of it. Why did he order his stokers driven under the whip?

- That has not been shown.

- I'll show it now. Call Salt Meat.

STEVE:

Meat? SALT MEAT:

And you're a Barbados freeman who served as stoker... - aboard the Southern Cross?

- Aye, aye, sir. You know Capt. Stuart's voice, don't you?

I reckon I do.

- Didn't you hear him order full speed?

- Why...

KING:

You were in the stokehold at the time of the wreck, were you not?

No, sir. I was in the orlop.

STEVE:

Yes, sir. That's where I was...

when the steamer, she

smashed against that reef...

and I heard that dying scream.

You heard what?

When the reef tore out

the heart of that ship...

she screamed like a woman.

STEVE:

tearing timbers, escaping steam.

Twenty years I know the sea...

like I knows day from dark.

But I never heard no sound like

that, except when a woman die.

STEVE:

aboard? SALT MEAT: No, sir.

I think she go ashore before we sail.

- Who?

- The lady what talked to the Captain.

STEVE:

STEVE:

was? SALT MEAT:

STEVE:

I don't rightly recomember

how she was dressed...

but she was wrapped in

a mighty pretty shawl.

- What kind of a shawl?

- What colour?

What kind of a shawl?

I don't know, but it was mighty pretty.

Kind of red and yellow.

Your Honour, I request permission

to interrupt this testimony...

- and recall Jack Stuart to the stand.

- Granted.

- That's all, Salt Meat.

- Yes, sir. Thank you, sir.

Your Honour, this ghost story

has no bearing on the case.

No woman was rescued from that ship.

If one was aboard, murder must be

added to the charge of wrecking.

- Did the Southern Cross carry passengers?

- No.

But a woman came aboard

just before you cast off.

- What of it? She didn't sail.

- You sure of that?

Who saw her leave? Did you?

I ordered her ashore.

- She might've stowed away.

- She wouldn't have stowed away.

STEVE:

Yes. I knew her.

Jack. Was it Drusilla?

Yes. It was Drusilla.

STEVE:

Who screamed?

- Who screamed?

- Keep your head, Dan.

KING:

If that scream was Drusilla,

I'll tear the throat out of you.

- She wasn't onboard.

- You're lying. You didn't see her leave.

KING:

JUDGE:

I call Dan Cutler to the stand.
I object to the questioning of a man
who's out of his mind with grief and fear.

JUDGE:

JUDGE:

- You loved Drusilla Alston, didn't you?
- Yes.
- She loved you?
- Yes.

And you were going to be married?

Yes.

She promised to come back to
you soon from Havana. Didn't she?

- Yes.
- On what ship?

The first one she could get.

And that happened to
be the Southern Cross.

I knew Drusilla, Dan. A
sweet and lovely young girl.
She begged you 100 times to
give up the rotten business...
you and your brother are in.

KING:

We heard the Faicon's
call through the fog.
Your boat, Dan...
waiting like a bird of prey
for the Southern Cross...
which you knew would strike. Didn't you?
Don't answer that.
But you did not know that your
sweetheart was aboard that doomed ship.

STEVE:

The Lord moves in a mysterious way, Dan.
You didn't hear that scream, but it'll
ring in your brain through all eternity.
- I don't believe she's down there.
- We don't know, Dan.

But some woman is down there...
under 10 fathoms of green water...
all alone in a dead ship...
where the shark and the giant
squid swim through the dark shadows.
It wasn't the ship that
screamed, Dan. It was a woman.
Maybe Drusilla.
- And you know the men who...
- Don't answer.
Your Honour, this...

STEVE:

you the way they silenced Widgeon.
It isn't me they're
afraid of, Dan. It's you...
because you know who is guilty.
If Drusilla's under that sea...
I'll send the men who put
her there straight to hell.
Even your own brother?
Even my own brother.
All day we've heard the prosecution
present a mass of lying insinuations...
based on evidence which cannot be shown.
Now I challenge Mr. Tolliver
to produce this evidence.
I challenge Mr. Tolliver himself
to dive to that sunken hull...
to bring up the proof
he claims is there.
Mr. Cutler, such a dive is impossible.
If murder has been done,
this court must know it.
I will undertake to find
an experienced diver...
to show Mr. Tolliver the way.
I cannot order men to
almost certain death.
You don't have to.
That dive is not
impossible. I'll make it.
[Crowd murmuring]
Mr. Tolliver would

be a madman to accept.

Perhaps, Your Honour,

but I have no choice.

I move that this court be adjourned
to the wreck of the Southern Cross.

- Consarn it! You lost your reason?

- Judge Marvin, you can't let them.

This court stands adjourned to
the wreck of the Southern Cross.

[Sombre instrumental music]

Stars alive. You men calculating
to take all day with that rig?

I don't know, I can't get
no air through the hose.

- Try taking your foot off it.

Might help some. - Maybe so.

- How soon you reckon that squall will hit?

- Too soon.

Capt. Stuart, the court warns you
that what you may find down there...
may well cost you your life.

Thanks.

If that girl is down there...
come back alone.

That far down, light won't be much.

If she's there, you'll see
that red and yellow shawl.

That fool brother of
mine will hang us all.

Does that tell you
what to do down there?

Lubbock knows his business.

If the girl is there,
signal with your lifeline.

Two, one, two, one.

Tolliver's air hose
will break at the pump.

Ready to lower away.

Jack, I'm afraid.

Here, take my southwester.

When the squall strikes, it'll
take the curl out of your hair.

Whatever's down there, Jack...
don't add another crime

to what we've done already.
I'll bring you a rainbow
fish for breakfast.
Come on with that helmet.
- Better keep one eye on that pump, man.
- Yes, and the other one on Cutler.
I see. I thought so.
Good luck, Steve. Try and forgive me.
Forgive you? Loxi, I...
If I should happen to be late for supper,
just see that Romulus doesn't overeat.
There's a squall coming up.
It won't give you many minutes.
Yes, and Romulus doesn't
like fish much, either.
Steve.
Bolt the faceplate home.
[Tense instrumental music]
[Dramatic instrumental music]
The wreck moved! It
dropped another fathom!
- Are they coming up?
- No. He's signalling for more line.
[Tense instrumental music continues]
[Dramatic instrumental music]
[Tense instrumental music intensifies]
[Slow instrumental music]
[Dramatic instrumental music]
He's starting to signal.
[Tense instrumental music intensifies]

PHIL:

LUBBOCK:

the signal. PHIL: Tie him up!
[All chattering]
[Tense instrumental music]
[Dramatic instrumental music]
Help!
[Dramatic instrumental music continues]
[Dramatic instrumental
music intensifies]
Both lifelines are fouled! Yield slack!

MAN 1:

MAN 1:

up from the hatches!

- That there's from a giant squid.

- Squid? Where?

[Men shouting]

MAN 3:

- Get them up!

- It's a marejada!

MAN 4:

Get the men up! Get them up!

Cast off that hawser!

[Dramatic instrumental music]

PHIL:

[All shouting]

All hands to the lifeline!

Keep them pumps working!

A lifeline has carried away.

- One of them is lost with the wreck!

- One's coming up.

DAN:

one? PHIL:

Steady on them air pumps

there. Keep them going.

I can see a body. Heave ho!

Easy now. Don't smash

him up against the hull.

DAN:

PHIL:

DAN:

LOXI:

[Men shouting]

PHIL:

PHIL:

MAN 1:

PHIL:

MAN 3:

broke, is it? MAN 4: No.

PHIL:

PHIL:

Take off that belt, Sam.

MAN 1:

like that squid tore him up a bit.

- Where's...

- Now you just take it easy, son.

We're all right glad to see you.

Just wait till you get your wind

before you tell us what happened.

- Where's Jack Stuart? Did you get him up?

- No, his lifeline parted.

He could've got away.

He stayed down to save my

life. It cost him his own.

He went down with his ship.

Steve, did you find...

Was Drusilla...

[Men murmuring]

MAN 2:

Look at it, King.

- You did this.

- Shut up, you fool.

That wreck was yours. You planned it.

You put her on the rocks the

same as you did 100 others!

Shut your mouth or I'll shut it for you.

I'll shut up when I see

you hung, and not before.

You won't see it.

MAN 3:

MAN 4:

[Gunshot]

MAN 5:

PHIL:

I sworn, that's the first time I
ever known that thing could shoot.

This is all my doing.

Tell Drusilla...

I have a pretty shawl for her.

Drusilla loved him so.

[Harmonious music]

What's the matter, dog? Is you busted?

STEVE:

No, ma'am. I'm just shy.

[Romulus barks]

They seem to be having a little
trouble getting acquainted.

So did we.

STEVE:

[Lively orchestral music]