

Excerpt from THE SECRET SHIP

[After on-deck argument about diving for valuable find]

INT MIKE'S CABIN NIGHT

Mike crosses darkened cabin, flings himself on his bunk face up, fighting excitement and turmoil of what he's said. Knock on door. He's motionless, hoping; then he crosses, opens it. Raye stands there, flushed, her eyes bright-

RAYE

Sleeping?

MIKE

Course not. Here...

He flips on a small lamp.

RAYE

I thought...maybe we could...

MIKE

Come in.

Raye enters, glancing nervously around. There are many books, gorgeous underwater photos, snapshots of Mike diving, and with treasures he's brought up.

RAYE

I know I haven't been...

MIKE

You've been terrific. Sit.

Mike watches her settle onto his bunk, wanting her. Raye looks up at him; the current between them is so strong, neither can speak.

MIKE (CONT)

(LIGHT)

What can I do for you?

RAYE

You said something about circumstances?

Mike laughs, pulls up his chair to sit near.

MIKE

They have a way of changing.

RAYE

I know, and I thought maybe...

MIKE

Is it life and death?

Mike takes Raye's hand, as though to comfort her. It's like a shock through them both.

RAYE

If it is, you'll handle it.

MIKE

Faint praise, but I'll take it.

Pause. Looking at him, Raye can't say what she planned to.

MIKE (CONT)

Haven't had a chance to show you my scrapbooks.

He laughs at how stupid he sounds, but both know it doesn't matter.

MIKE (CONT)

The mermaids of Madagascar, the dragons off Bimini... Actually, I don't have any. Scrapbooks.

She's gazing at him, trying to find words. His hand touches a strand of her hair, her eye follows his hand, and in a rush-

RAYE

Don't go down, Mike.

He smiles slightly, not really hearing.

MIKE

What.

RAYE

Tell Lars you can't do it.

Mike hears, then knows why she came, and his gaze freezes.

MIKE

Ah. And my reward?

RAYE

Please.

MIKE

You played fair up till now. So you must have brought my reward.

He's getting heated, lurches to his feet.

RAYE

Mike, I don't...

MIKE

"Please." She finally says please. Get back on earth, lady. This is the real world. There's treasure down there. Somebody lost it. Somebody's here to find it. That's a primal principle. *That's* who humans are. Now you know.

*[and the scene escalates...]*

---

Contact: Howard S. Shulman Productions 212-860-7114