

the GREAT CHIMERA

EAST, WEST, LOVE, GODS & MONSTERS

Written by Dennis Iliadis & Ioannis Pappos

Based on the novel of M. Karagatsis

Directed by Dennis Iliadis

IMPORTANT NOTE:

THE FIRST 4 PAGES ARE EASY-TO-READ NORMAL TEXT, WHILE THE FOLLOWING 4 PAGES
HAVE THE COLORED TEXT THAT CORRESPONDS WITH THE DIRECTOR'S BRIEF.

THE GREAT CHIMERA

~ Oticons Faculty 2024 - Assignment 3 ~

FADE IN:

1 **INT. "MARINETTE" CABIN - OPEN WATERS OFF SYROS - NIGHT** 1

Darkness. We hear the intense, irregular clatter of an engine, the sort of sound you never hear anymore. Some creaking too, and a thrumming. Our eyes try to adjust.

We see the face of MARINA. A woman in her twenties, she is beautiful, as far as we can tell in the dim light coming through the slats of wood.

She lies with her eyes open.

The silhouette of her body slowly bobs in the 3-4 Beaufort breeze. The whistle of the Sirocco wind mingles with the sound of the engine that is slowing to a stop.

She sits up. It takes her a moment to get her bearings, like she's trying to remember where she is.

She wraps her body effortlessly in a cashmere shawl, tying it to create a short dress. She then drapes a long men's bridge coat over her shoulders.

Warmly dressed but barefoot, she rises the four or five steps that separate the dark hold from the deck of this newly-built sailboat with ease.

2 **EXT. "MARINETTE" DECK - OPEN WATERS OFF SYROS - DAYBREAK** 2

Marina's face now shines like a moon: white skin with a few freckles, green eyes, and reddish-blond hair. Coming after the confined space of the cabin, the sea and the horizon seem endless.

She looks around her, into the distance. The morning light sparkles silver on the water. Another sailboat can faintly be seen. The Aegean Sea is stirring itself awake.

TITLE: GREECE, 1932

At the stern, YIANNIS - tall, dark and Greek, but dressed in clothing a little too cosmopolitan for a sailboat (an Aran sweater) - is brewing coffee on a camping stove and cooking eggs, sailor-style, by the light of a lamp.

At the bow, two seamen, workers of the waters - LEONIDAS, tall like Yiannis but more manly and more Greek, and PANTELIS, who is younger and sligher, more of a deck hand - stand talking about nets and longlines.

YIANNIS

There she is...

MARINA

(speaking Greek with an
accent)

Coffee, please.

Yiannis fills a mug with coffee, stirs it, and hands it to her.

YIANNIS

With a touch of sugar, just for
Marina.

His face is filled with nothing but happiness. She kisses him on the lips.

Marina drinks her coffee and looks to the horizon, where the islands of Syros, Tinos and Mykonos are taking shape.

MARINA

(speaking now in English)

Where are we?

YIANNIS

(first in Greek, then
again in English)

In the very heart of the Aegean!

Marina rests her mug on the stern. The kerosene lamp lights the name of the sailboat: "MARINETTE".

YIANNIS (CONT'D)

(gesturing at her bare
legs; first in Greek)

Are you crazy? You'll catch your
death...

(then in English)

You'll catch your death.

MARINA

I love the water on my feet. The mist on
my face. The smell of the sea.

Yiannis pulls a flask out from his coat.

YIANNIS

Here, this will help. Sip a little cognac. It's good for the morning chill.

Marina drinks. Yiannis then screws the flask shut again and throws it to Pantelis, ten metres away at the bow. He snatches it out of the air and raises it in Yiannis' direction, in a gesture of cheers.

PANTELIS

Health and happiness, Cap'n Yiannis!

He drinks.

Yiannis motions to him to pass the flask to Leonidas. Leonidas drinks, then points out two marker buoys close by the sailboat.

LEONIDAS

The longlines.

3

EXT. SAILBOAT DECK - OPEN WATERS OFF SYROS - MORNING

3

Yiannis stretches himself out over the stern, half hanging off the sailboat like an acrobat, and uses a hook to reach one of the buoys. He starts to draw up the hooks on the longline, one by one.

Marina watches him. Gazes at her husband. He lifts the hooked fishing lines with his large hands, a cigarette always at his lips.

Yiannis catches her looking at him and cracks a half-smile.

The engine falls silent. Leonidas starts working a winch jack that noisily pulls up a few fathoms of chain and then fibre rope, before there emerges on the boat a net filled with seaweed, crayfish, blind deep-sea crabs, coral, shells, and mud. Every kind of filth and every kind of treasure that the deep has to offer spills out from the net in a morass across the deck.

A monkfish, close to a metre long, passes by the winch, in its death throes.

PANTELIS

Look at that fish! We got one!

It thrashes around, its open jaws filled with square teeth.

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LEONIDAS

It's ripped the net to shreds...

Some crabs, that have managed to slip free, wander about in a daze. A little wilderness abounds. The atmosphere on deck has changed.

From where she stands at the stern, Marina looks in terror at the fish writhing in pain as it suffocates. She buries her head into Yiannis' sweater, who's still hauling up the longline.

YIANNIS

(eyes gleaming like a satyr)

Those crabs can chop your toes off...

Marina smiles uneasily and tucks in her toes.

YIANNIS (CONT'D)

Let me teach you how to pull up a longline.

In one swift movement he swings her in front of him, so that she stands between him and the gunwale. He hugs her close from behind. Leans into her.

His large hands clasp and guide hers to grasp the line. Their fingers intertwine. Baited hooks and coffee stains have made a mess of Marina's cashmere shawl.

A large flash of silver rises towards the sea foam. Yiannis grabs the red snapper with one hand, unhooks it with the other, and throws it behind him onto the deck.

They both quickly turn to see what's happening at the bow.

The two seamen are at work over the net. Their clenched jaws betray their strain. They seem not to dare to look back towards the stern.

Yiannis slips his hands under Marina's coat and lewdly gropes at her naked body under the cashmere shawl like a seaman. As he presses up against her, their breathing quickens. Marina looks at him with shame and lust in her eyes.

CUT TO BLACK.

FADE TO:

TITLE

- FOLLOWING PAGES ARE THE SAME SCENES BUT WITH THE TEXT COLORED TO CORRESPOND THE DIRECTOR'S BRIEF -

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