

PHALLENY

Written by

Shawn Wichman

Based on Newspapers Articles from Sydney Austria in 1920

125 70th Street 2F
Guttenberg, NJ 07093
(917) 750-8732

EXT. OFF JAPANESE COAST - DAY - 1902

A large schooner rips through the waves at full speed.

EXT. SCHOONER - DAY

The deck buzzes with handsome sailors racing up the masts in competition.

HARRY, 16, fighting off the competition, secures the win.

EXT. MAST TOP - CONTINUOUS

The view is breathtaking.

HARRY

Among any man, in this world, I
shall always differ!

Harry swings down a rope laughing as he crashes into the sailors on the deck.

EXT. TOYKO - NIGHT

The city is electric. Harry and his best friend, CHARLIE, 18, prowl the streets.

CHARLIE

I know what I am getting.

HARRY

Disease, most likely.

Charlie pulls Harry into a tattoo parlor.

INT. TATOO PARLOR - NIGHT

Charlie sits grimacing in the chair as Harry eyes the room.

CHARLIE

You promised.

HARRY

Your memory is fuzzy.

TATOO ARTIST

You next, faggot?

HARRY
 Patience, sir. I sit next to you
 with inglorious artwork with baited
 breath.

TATOO ARTIST
 Mother?

INT. SCHOONER - MESS HALL - NIGHT

The room is a mix of food and frenzy as VARIOUS SAILORS shove
 their food in their mouth and shout over each other.

SAILOR 1
 I have New South Wales in my sight!

SAILOR 2
 Your'e blind drunk, Charlie, and
 cannot see evil past, little less
 your future!

The tables BELLOWS in laughter.

Charlie sees Harry at the door.

CHARLIE
 Harry, take your rightful place
 among this sorry lot!

The crowd CHEERS as Harry squeezes in beside Charlie.

HARRY
 Before you sits a fitful prince of
 the sea.

CAPTAIN SAWYER appears at the door.

CAPTAIN SAWYER
 And to which king does this prince
 declare his alliance?

Harry stands with drink in hand and raises ceremoniously.

HARRY
 Why you, my captain! I remain off
 course without your rudder in hand!

The table CHEERS AGAIN WITH RAUCOUS LAUGHTER. Captain Sawyer
 shoves sailors aside to sit next to Harry and Charlie.

CAPTAIN SAWYER
 Take hold my wheel and guide her
 gently to safe harbor.

CHARLIE

He does so without thought or fear.

HARRY

And without gold heavy in my pocket
either.

The table CHEERS AGAIN WITH RAUCOUS LAUGHTER until the
Captain slaps Harry across the face.

Harry stands up but the Captain grabs his hand laughing.

CAPTAIN SAWYER

Come fill your pockets tomorrow, my
son, let's play a game of chance in
my quarter.

INT. CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS - NIGHT