

**NEATHER MEN**

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EXT. UNDERWATER - LAKE ERIE - LATE NIGHT

A large walleye hovers above a rock formation. The fish descends slowly and sweeps its head side to side.

The moonlit water darkens as a giant shadow passes above.

A pressure wave propels the walleye down, where it bounces softly off of the lake bottom.

EXT. SURFACE - LAKE ERIE - CONTINUOUS

*USCGC Skua*, a Marine Protector-class Coast Guard cutter, glides through calm water. The full Moon shines overhead.

Ahead and off to the right, a beacon flashes rhythmically at the edge of an island.

INT. BRIDGE - SKUA - CONTINUOUS

LISSETTE BARENTS, late 20s, attractive, in a light gray sweatshirt and black jeans, stands behind a bridge chair.

On its seat rests a black satchel.

Chief VALLERIO, late 30s, in khakis, pilots the cutter.

Lieutenant FAXTON, early 30s, in khakis, stands behind them.

VALLERIO  
(spells out)  
C-O-M-A-R-E.

He looks questioningly at Lissette, who shrugs.

VALLERIO (CONT'D)  
Communications Area Recon... uh...

LISSETTE  
They won't even tell me.

VALLERIO  
Need to know basis, right?

Vallerio points out a bridge window at a flashing light tower on the island's beach.

VALLERIO (CONT'D)  
Green Island.

The cutter skims quietly past.

LISSETTE

How scenic.

VALLERIO

Enjoy, ma'am. It's flatline from now 'til we get there.

(to Faxton)

Ever hear of this COMARE deal, sir?

FAXTON

You'd think, Val. Uh, Commander of Aquatic Reserve...

The cutter jars slightly, then yaws to starboard.

Vallerio quickly spins the wheel to compensate.

Lisette grips the chair backrest and crouches down.

FAXTON (CONT'D)

Did we hit a ridge?

Vallerio checks the fathometer.

VALLERIO

Ninety-five feet clear to the bottom, Cap'n!

FAXTON

Are we still firing on that port engine?

Vallerio scans gauges.

VALLERIO

Cold normal! Jamieson gave it five-by-five. You know his work!

FAXTON

I know it, all right...

The cutter swings left and begins to recover.

Faxton darts his eyes around the bridge windows.

VALLERIO

Dam-nation, did a whale broadside us? Is it mating season already?

FAXTON

I think they do that whenever they please.

Vallerio recovers control and *Skua* resumes her heading.

VALLERIO  
Same as people, sir?

Vallerio glances at Lissette and then winks back at Faxton.

FAXTON  
(shrugs)  
Maybe it's the Erie Lake-Ness  
Monster...  
(indicates her satchel)  
...who wants to be on TV *right now*.

Lissette twists around.

LISSETTE  
Just how big are the whales in this  
lake, Captain Faxton?

Vallerio rolls his eyes. Faxton smirks.

LISSETTE (CONT'D)  
Assholes.

While turned back to Faxton, Lissette sees movement through the bridge's aft windows.

A shape that resembles a MAN'S torso appears near the starboard rail of the open deck.

Lissette's eyes widen in shock.

Faxton drops his grin.

FAXTON  
Hey? Are you okay?

The deck image flashes blue-white, then disappears.

FAXTON (CONT'D)  
Ms. Barents?

Faxton follows her line of sight. The aft deck is empty.

LISSETTE  
I thought I...

Vallerio shakes his head as everyone faces forward.

LISSETTE (CONT'D)  
Fine. I'm fine. A shadow from the  
Moon or something...

EXT. SURFACE - LAKE ERIE - CONTINUOUS

Several minutes pass.

*Skua* heads towards a distant lighthouse.

INT. BRIDGE - SKUA - CONTINUOUS

Lisette unzips the satchel.

Faxton approaches her.

He points out the forward bridge windows at a blinking white light.

FAXTON

West Sister Island. All by her lonesome.

LISSETTE

Damned lucky. The isolation, I mean.

She removes a professional camcorder from the satchel.

LISSETTE (CONT'D)

I guess there's an Easter... I mean, an East *Sister* Island?

FAXTON

Canadian.

Lisette takes off the camcorder lens cap.

LISSETTE

Anybody living on this one?

Faxton shakes his head.

LISSETTE (CONT'D)

What about other witnesses?

FAXTON

Just the fisherman. Another break. That, plus the time of night.

Faxton points towards an area near the island.

FAXTON (CONT'D)

Commodore Perry defeated the British just over there.

LISSETTE

Nice. Commodore who?

She slings the camcorder strap over her shoulder.

FAXTON

Oliver Hazard Perry. We'll see his monument on the way back.

LISSETTE

Was that the Revolutionary War?

FAXTON

War of 1812.

LISSETTE

Very thoughtful that they made a statue of him.

FAXTON

A tower.

LISSETTE

Oh.

VALLERIO

Cap'n? I'm going to take us around south, instead of north.

Faxton nods. *Skua* gradually turns left.

West Sister Island appears out of the bridge windows.

The cutter jars sharply and yaws to the left.

Lisette stumbles, then quickly crouches down.

Faxton and Vallerio grab bridge fixtures to maintain balance.

EXT. SURFACE - LAKE ERIE - CONTINUOUS

West Sister Island swings behind *Skua* as the cutter whirls in a tight half-circle.

INT. BRIDGE - SKUA - CONTINUOUS

FAXTON

The hell are you doing, Chief?

Vallerio spins the wheel. The cutter rocks side to side.

Faxton scrambles to the bridge port windows and scans the water.

Vallerio wrestles with the wheel and throttles to bring *Skua* under control.

LISSETTE

What in God's name is going on,  
Faxton?

FAXTON

(addresses Vallerio)  
You aware of any uncharted rock  
formations?

Vallerio adjusts engine power while staring ahead.

FAXTON (CONT'D)

Val? Give me something, goddamn  
it!

VALLERIO

Lake level is down a little, sir,  
but there aren't any obstructions  
that I can detect!

FAXTON

Well, let's not run aground, okay?

The cutter slows, then stops its spin.

Vallerio pushes the throttles and *Skua* plows ahead.

VALLERIO

Skipper, I know these waters, cold!  
Someone - or some thing - is  
ramming into *us*!

FAXTON

Who? Captain fucking Nemo?

VALLERIO

(low voice, scared)  
Ain't nothing alive big enough in  
this lake that's able to do that.

Silence as the cutter - now under control - moves past West Sister Island.

On the lake surface, a red light buoy shows through the bridge forward windows.

Seconds later, several more red light buoys appear.

FAXTON  
Finally. Your show, Ms. Barents.

Lisette nods, then points towards the aft deck.

LISSETTE  
I'll shoot from there. Just me.

*Skua* approaches a colossal hulk off of her starboard side.

LISSETTE (CONT'D)  
My God, how the hell did it miss  
the island?

VALLERIO  
She's damn near as big as one!

LISSETTE  
(to Faxton)  
Are any of your people aboard her?

FAXTON  
Nope.

LISSETTE  
I'd like you to do one circuit  
around it.

Faxton nods to Vallerio.

The engines rev down slightly and the cutter slows.

FAXTON  
You want those on?

Faxton points at two floodlight mounts on the forward deck.

LISSETTE  
Not yet.

Faxton looks out through the bridge side windows.

FAXTON  
Five knots, Val. Just be ready to  
kick it.

The engines fade to a purr.

*Skua* creeps slowly past the gigantic hulk.

Lisette removes a watertight pouch from the satchel.

She zips it around all but the camcorder lens and viewfinder.

Faxton puts on his officer cap, then walks to the rear bridge hatch and opens it.

Lisette comes to the hatch and he ushers her through.

EXT. BRIDGE WALKWAY - SKUA - CONTINUOUS

Lisette steps onto the walkway.

Faxton follows as they get to the ladder.

FAXTON  
Need a hand?

LISSETTE  
I'll be perfectly fine, Captain.

She awkwardly descends the ladder to the deck.

Faxton steps back to the bridge hatchway.

EXT. AFT DECK - SKUA - CONTINUOUS

Lisette shifts her eyes around nervously. She then focuses her attention upon the hulk.

She raises the camcorder and aims it.

The cutter angles slightly to port, then rights itself.

Lisette lowers the camcorder and glances at Faxton.

He gives her a thumbs up.

She takes a small step towards the starboard rail.

EXT. BRIDGE WALKWAY - SKUA - CONTINUOUS

Faxton looks back through the open hatchway.

FAXTON  
Keep it nice and steady, Val.

VALLERIO  
Aye, Cap'n. We wouldn't want our lady director to shoot a blurry movie, right?

Faxton smiles, then pivots to check on Lisette.

She points the camcorder at the hulk.

Lisette's body jerks sideways towards the port rail.

The camcorder flies out of her hands, hits the water and sinks.

She screams.

An unseen force propels Lisette up and over the rail.

FAXTON  
What the...? HEY!

Her scream cuts off as Lisette splashes into the lake and disappears.

Faxton gets to the ladder, grabs the rails and slides down.

EXT. AFT DECK - SKUA - CONTINUOUS

Faxton rushes to the port side.

FAXTON  
HEY! HEY! Ms. Barents?

He leans over the rail and scans the water.

FAXTON (CONT'D)  
Son of a bitch, what was...

The camcorder pops to the surface a dozen yards away.

FAXTON (CONT'D)  
(yells across the lake  
surface)  
MS. BARENTS?

Faxton turns and unhooks a life ring on the side of the ladder.

He runs to the port side and flings it over the rail.

He faces the bridge and cups his hands around his mouth.

FAXTON (CONT'D)  
(shouts)  
Val, hard to port! Swing her  
around hard to port!

Skua picks up speed and begins to turn left.

A force slams under the cutter on its port side.

The deck angles sharply to starboard.

Faxton topples over onto his back.

His cap comes off, rolls across the deck and into the lake.

He slides across to the starboard rail and then goes under it feet first.

Faxton catches the rail's bottom bar with both hands.

He swings free and his feet brush the lake surface.

He flexes his knees, then twists back towards the deck.

A moment later the cutter slants sharply to port.

Faxton slides head first under the rail, then rolls onto and across the deck.

He struggles to his feet near the ladder.

Another force bashes up into the cutter from astern.

*Skua's* bow pitches down and he falls "up" the ladder.

He crashes into the bulkhead near the bridge hatch.

EXT. BRIDGE WALKWAY - SKUA - CONTINUOUS

The cutter's bow rises. When nearly level, Faxton slips through the bridge hatchway.

INT. BRIDGE - SKUA - CONTINUOUS

Faxton slams shut the bridge aft hatch, dogs it, then stumbles towards Vallerio.

They grab bridge fixtures as *Skua* pitches up and down.

FAXTON

The floods!

Vallerio trips the floodlight switches.

Two powerful beams shoot out ahead of the cutter.

VALLERIO

Where the hell's our passenger?

FAXTON

Overboard! You didn't see?

VALLERIO  
I'm trying to stop that bastard  
whatever from sinking us!

FAXTON  
Well, keep your eyes peeled for  
chrissakes!

Faxton reaches for the radio transmitter.

VALLERIO  
Captain, we're not supposed to...

FAXTON  
Stow it! No one back there figured  
on anything like this!

Vallerio stares through the forward windows and points.

VALLERIO  
Hey... Hey...

FAXTON  
Is she there? Get the damn lights  
on her!

VALLERIO  
No. That.

Faxton squints at where Vallerio points.

FAXTON  
Can't see a bloody thing!  
(into radio mic)  
Foxtrot Victor Six, this is  
November Tango One, over!

VALLERIO  
That... That ridge, or... Out  
there...

Ahead, Faxton sees a wall of water rise.

Vallerio rapidly spins the wheel.

FAXTON  
Keep it in front! Let's not get  
swamped!

VALLERIO  
On it!

Vallerio reverses direction on the wheel.

FAXTON  
 (into radio mic)  
 Foxtrot Victor Six, this is  
 November Tango One! We require  
 immediate assistance, over!

FV6 VOICE (V.O.)  
 November Tango One, roger your  
 last. Status, over?

VALLERIO  
 Captain, there's something... Holy  
 mother of...

Through the bridge forward windows, the blue-white flickering  
 outline of something huge appears a few hundred yards ahead.

FAXTON  
 Zero heading, all stop!  
 (into radio mic)  
 Foxtrot Victor Six, send everything  
 you've got! Our position is...

VALLERIO  
 Dam-NATION!

The rising, flickering outline becomes discernible as a  
 heavily-armed, World War II era destroyer.

FAXTON  
 Jesus jumping Christ on deck! All  
 back! Keep our nose on her!

Vallerio spins the wheel and reverses the cutter's throttles.

FAXTON (CONT'D)  
 (into radio mic)  
 Foxtrot Victor Six, get somebody  
 the fuck out here, ASAP! We're  
 going to need a fly-over, and...

VALLERIO  
 Captain!

FAXTON  
 (into radio mic)  
 We have an unidentified vessel...

A triangular shape on the warship's forward deck glows dull  
 orange, brightens to yellow, then to white.

VALLERIO  
 I don't like the looks of...

A bluish-white energy beam lances out from the warship.  
The beam hits the cutter directly beneath her bow.  
*Skua* pitches sharply forward.  
Faxton and Vallerio fall into and shatter the bridge windows.

EXT. SURFACE - LAKE ERIE - CONTINUOUS

Lisette bobs to the surface a hundred yards from *Skua*.  
She chokes, gasps, then twists around until she sees *Skua*.  
A bluish-white area at the cutter's bow grows and engulfs the entire hull.  
The cutter explodes.  
Lisette sinks below the water, then resurfaces.

LISSETTE  
NO! My God!

Lisette turns from the burning, exploding remnants of Coast Guard cutter *Skua* and swims away frantically.  
She treads water, looks down and stops.  
Below her a black, shiny object opens like a coffin.  
Lisette screams as she's pulled into it by bluish-white flickering arms.  
The black coffin closes.

EXT. SURFACE - LAKE ERIE - CONTINUOUS

A group of SILVERY MEN pulls the black coffin up onto the deck of the blue-white flickering World War II destroyer.  
They carry it to an open hatch near the destroyer's bridge, go through the hatch and close it.  
The warship fades from sight, sinks beneath the surface and heads towards the giant hulk.

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. FORECOURT - GRAUMAN'S THEATRE - EARLY AFTERNOON

( SIX MONTHS EARLIER )

It's warm and sunny at this famous Hollywood landmark.

A young couple, early 20s, crouches around the Star Trek square of handprints and signatures. He's DEREK GARNETT, fit, handsome. She's KRYSTEL JANELLI, model looks.

Krystel holds out her phone and snaps a selfie.

They both stand. Derek frowns as he scans some tourists nearby. He grabs his phone and glances at the screen.

KRYSTEL

Again?

DEREK

We're behind schedule. C'mon!

KRYSTEL

Can't we relax for even a minute?

DEREK

We should be on the submarine by...

KRYSTEL

(loudly)

He's using a damned stopwatch on our vacation!

A few startled tourists look their way.

DEREK

It's really a *working* vacation.

They come together and walk towards the street.

KRYSTEL

Wait, you almost made me forget.

Krystel grabs his arm and leads him back to the forecourt.

DEREK

Oh, right. Okay, where was she?

They go to Natalie Wood's square. Derek hurriedly crouches.

Again, he glances around and frowns, then faces Krystel.

She snaps the picture.

KRYSTEL  
Oh wow, a dazzling smile! I'm  
gonna make you a beeg stah, baby!

DEREK  
Uh-huh. Where's Cary Grant?

KRYSTEL  
(points)  
That way.

By his square, Krystel kneels, looks up and starts to smile.  
She glances over at a group of tourists.

KRYSTEL (CONT'D)  
Oh my God. There he is again!

DEREK  
There's who?

She studies the group again, but sees nothing unusual.

KRYSTEL  
I thought someone... Never mind.

Krystel poses quickly and Derek takes the shot.  
She straightens up and grabs his arm.

DEREK  
That was no Anne Hathaway smile,  
babe. What's the matter?

KRYSTEL  
Let's get away from here!

DEREK  
Yeah. I've been saying that all  
along.

They hurry onto the sidewalk, then cross an intersection.  
As they walk, Krystel looks back anxiously at the forecourt.

INT. MUSTANG - 710 FWY NEAR LONG BEACH, CA - AFTERNOON

Krystel takes the phone from her purse and makes a call.

KRYSTEL  
(into phone)  
Hey, Uncle T!

EXT. BACK PORCH - TOM'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

TOM GILMORE, 40s, viewed from behind, looks out at The Strand walkway, Hermosa Beach and the Pacific Ocean beyond.

He holds a cell phone to his right ear.

TOM  
(into phone)  
Tiger! How's it hanging?

INTERCUT between KRYSTEL and TOM.

KRYSTEL  
(smiles)  
Uh... Good, I guess.

From Tom's perspective, the beach/ocean view slowly falls and rises.

TOM  
Holy friggin' Toledo, it's damn good to hear your voice. You guys planning to come and see me?

KRYSTEL  
Of course we are! When?

From Tom's perspective, the beach/ocean view is steady as he switches the cell phone to his left ear.

Again, the beach/ocean view rises and falls.

TOM  
Damn it, I'm closing on a condo in Pacific Palisades today, and then a dinner tonight... Tomorrow is a lot better.

KRYSTEL  
Okay. What time?

TOM  
Got the whole day free, so maybe noon, or anytime after. That work?

KRYSTEL  
Let me check, Uncle Tom.  
(to Derek)  
We're visiting your college in the morning, right hon?

DEREK  
Yep.

KRYSTEL  
How about my uncle's place, early  
afternoon?

Derek nods, unenthusiastically.

KRYSTEL (CONT'D)  
(into phone)  
I'm back. We can be there around  
two.

TOM  
Good. The traffic won't be insane  
at that time. Can't wait!

KRYSTEL  
Me too. And, of course, Derek is  
dying to finally meet the legend.

Derek rolls his eyes. Krystel sticks out her tongue at him.

From a perspective through the porch screen door, Tom finishes the last of a one-armed chin-up. He lets go of the crossbar on a tubular workout device for chin-ups, dips and pushups.

Tom turns, opens the porch screen sliding door and steps inside his house.

TOM  
(slightly out of breath)  
He might be disappointed. Anyway,  
I'm behind a little and gotta hit  
the freeways. Sorry.

KRYSTEL  
Okay, Uncle T. Tomorrow, then!

TOM  
You betcha. Love ya's, Tiger. And  
remember to watch your six.

KRYSTEL  
I will. Love you, too. Bye!

Krystel closes the phone and drops it into her purse.

DEREK  
Christ. A Navy SEAL. I hope he  
doesn't kick my ass.

KRYSTEL  
Oh please, honey. That was years  
ago! He sells houses now.

DEREK  
Houses. The American Dream.

She gently pats his shoulder. He smiles at her.

KRYSTEL  
Everybody loves my Uncle Tom.  
You'll see.

INT. TORPEDO ROOM - ARROWTAIL - LATE AFTERNOON

*Arrowtail* is a Cold War-era Russian submarine docked next to the hotel ocean liner *Queen Georgina* in Long Beach, CA.

Krystel and Derek step through a hatch and look around at various displays, gauges and tour information panels.

DEREK  
Well, babe. You ready?

KRYSTEL  
Yeah, I've seen enough.

Derek climbs up a vertical ladder towards an open hatch.

Krystel follows. She glances at three empty bunks stacked alongside the bulkhead, then continues up.

Derek's legs disappear through the hatch above.

He repositions himself and extends a hand down to Krystel.

Krystel glances again at the bunks.

A dark-haired MAN, early 20s, in old Navy dungarees and cap, materializes on the middle bunk.

He lies on his side, arms folded. The man smiles and winks at Krystel.

Krystel's foot slips off a rung. She shouts.

Her other foot slips.

She grabs the ladder rails but starts to slide down.

DEREK  
Krys!

Her hand catches a rung, then her foot clangs as it hits another rung. She regains balance just above the steel deck.

Krystel glances at Derek, then at the bunk. The man is gone.

She climbs up fast and grasps Derek's hand. He helps her up and out onto the top deck of the submarine.

EXT. TOP DECK - ARROWTAIL - CONTINUOUS

DEREK

What happened? You all right?

Krystel grabs him, embraces him tightly.

DEREK (CONT'D)

You're shaking, what the...

KRYSTEL

I saw someone. I think I did...

DEREK

You mean that guy up in Hollywood?

KRYSTEL

No! No, he was... What's happening? Why are all these things... Who... He just vanished...

A very upset Derek shuts his eyes as he holds her closely.

INT. CABIN - QUEEN GEORGINA - EARLY EVENING

Krystel lies on the bed, her gaze fixed on the ceiling.

KRYSTEL

I saw two moles on his neck...

DEREK (O.S.)

Huh?

KRYSTEL

(to herself)

I know I did.

(to Derek)

I said, can't we take a drive?

Derek comes to the bathroom doorway, holding a hand towel.

DEREK

But I already paid for the yacht!

KRYSTEL

Let's go to a beach and just walk around. I need to clear my head.

She rolls on the bed to watch Derek stride across the room and point out the porthole.

KRYSTEL (CONT'D)

I don't want to be on a damn boat.

Derek stays put.

Krystel groans, gets up and drags herself to the porthole.

They view the bay, and the Long Beach Marina beyond.

KRYSTEL (CONT'D)

It kind of reminds me of the river back home.

DEREK

The sun sets in an hour...

KRYSTEL

Hey! Let's go out on deck by the smokestacks and watch from there!

DEREK

My hard-earned cash, over the side. Great. We'll drive down to Laguna.

KRYSTEL

Things are so... so damned weird. Maybe I'm catching a virus, or having hallucinations... jet lag? I need to seriously chill out.

Derek looks down and away and sulks.

Krystel shakes her head. She turns, throws up her hands and walks back to the bed.

KRYSTEL (CONT'D)

Fine. At least we'll be close by?

DEREK

Just here in the bay, yeah.

KRYSTEL

All right. An hour or two and that's it. But I'm taking a nap.

Derek pulls out his phone and looks at the screen.

DEREK

That's primo. I'll check out the boat and come back in half an hour.

They kiss, then she jumps into bed and gets under the covers.

DEREK (CONT'D)  
Should I turn out the lights?

KRYSTEL  
Don't? Or I'll never wake up.

DEREK  
Back in a jiff. Sleep fast.

Krystel does an exaggerated snore.

INT. PASSAGEWAY - QUEEN GEORGINA - CONTINUOUS

Derek closes the door and walks towards the elevators. He grabs his phone, clicks buttons and holds it to his ear.

DEREK  
(into phone)  
Professor? Professor Taranto...?  
Yeah, a Mustang. The paperwork is  
in the back seat... Uh, yellow...  
Okay, thanks. See ya.

EXT. YACHT - LONG BEACH MARINA - EARLY EVENING

A MAN and WOMAN, both in their 50s, lounge on the open deck. They sip drinks and watch the setting sun.

*Nakima*, a small boat next to theirs, dips near the stern as if someone had just stepped aboard.

Its deck is empty.

They look at each other, puzzled.

INT. PASSAGEWAY - QUEEN GEORGINA - CONTINUOUS

Krystel yawns as she and Derek walk towards the elevators.

DEREK  
You'll wake up on the yacht.

She notices her reflection in a hallway mirror.

KRYSTEL  
I look like Hell with a hangover.

DEREK  
You're gorgeous.

KRYSTEL  
 And you're sweet.  
 (hugs him briefly)  
 What's the boat's name?

DEREK  
 Goddess Melissa.

KRYSTEL  
 No fooling? Remind me to text  
 Melissa when we come back!

At the elevator, Krystel presses the *Down* button.

Derek reaches into his pocket.

DEREK  
 Oh, terrific...

KRYSTEL  
 What now?

DEREK  
 My phone! Sorry...

He half-trots to their cabin door and pauses.

Derek glances back down the passageway at Krystel.

She does a look-at-the-time gesture and shakes her head.

He opens the door and slips inside.

INT. CABIN - QUEEN GEORGINA - CONTINUOUS

Derek clicks the light switch and slowly scans the room.

He goes to the porthole to view the Long Beach Marina across the channel. After a moment he heads to the night stand.

Derek catches his mirrored reflection through the open bathroom door. He lowers his eyes as he continues to the night stand.

He pauses, exhales, then removes his phone out of the back of a drawer in the night stand.

From out of his pants pocket, Derek pulls a note and places a corner of it under the room telephone.

Handwritten words read: *Staff, We have a family emergency and had to leave immediately. Please add on my card to pack our things and mail them to...*

He takes a twenty from his wallet and lays it atop the note.

At the door, Derek gives the cabin a quick once-over, and then he flicks the light switch.

INT. CABIN - NAKIMA - EARLY EVENING

*Nakima's* bow faces *Queen Georgina* across the channel.

A few sailboats and yachts move slowly in the waterway.

RAY KELVIN, blond, early 20s, scans *Queen Georgina* with night-vision binoculars.

He sweeps the binocs over a few watercraft cruising near her.

Ray pauses, then angles the lenses down.

A yellow car moves on the roadway adjacent to *Queen Georgina*.

Ray runs to the aft ladder and goes up.

EXT. STERN DECK - NAKIMA - CONTINUOUS

Ray focuses on a speeding yellow Mustang through his binocs.

MAN ON ADJACENT YACHT  
Ahoy there! Were you sleeping?

Ray turns and hurries down the stern ladder.

The man and woman look at each other, confused.

EXT. GANGWAY - QUEEN GEORGINA - CONTINUOUS

Derek and Krystel step off onto the sidewalk.

She turns left, but Derek emphatically steers her right.

DEREK  
The yacht's this way.

KRYSTEL  
I'm so used to going to the car.  
Our butt-ugly yellow car.

She looks out across the parking lot.

KRYSTEL (CONT'D)  
Hey, I can't see it...

DEREK  
Come on, we're late.

EXT. WALKWAY - ADJACENT TO QUEEN GEORGINA - CONTINUOUS  
Krystel and Derek pass *Queen Georgina* and the submarine.  
She glances back uneasily at the Russian sub.

DEREK  
That's her.

He points to the yacht *Goddess Melissa*, tied to a pier with its engines idling.

EXT. PIER - GODDESS MELISSA - CONTINUOUS  
Krystel smiles as she steps onto the yacht's stern deck.  
BRAD MCKITTRICK, 19, red hair, blue eyes, holds out a hand.  
Krystel grabs it to steady herself.

BRAD  
Welcome aboard!

KRYSTEL  
Thanks!

BRAD  
Cap'n McKittrick, but call me Brad.  
Just don't call me late for dinner!

KRYSTEL  
Wow, that's original! Hi, I'm  
Krystel.

She frowns at dejected-looking Derek, still on the pier.

BRAD  
Let's go before we lose that sun.  
(to Derek)  
You want to cast us off?

Derek slowly unties the lines and then steps aboard.

INT. CABIN - GODDESS MELISSA - CONTINUOUS  
Derek and Krystel walk by a table, upon which rest trays of hors d'oeuvres and two bottles of wine.

They grab appetizers and continue forward, next to Brad.

BRAD  
Help yourselves, guys, and anything  
you need, just sing out. Ready?

The yacht pulls away gently into the channel.

KRYSTEL  
Let's go up on deck!

DEREK  
(points aft)  
We'll be back there, Captain.

BRAD  
Okay. Mind your step, folks!

EXT. STERN DECK - GODDESS MELISSA - CONTINUOUS

The setting sun lights up *Queen Georgina* like a postcard.

KRYSTEL  
You were right, hon. This is...  
Wow. Can you see our room?

Derek shades his eyes and scans the ocean liner's deck.

He smiles, looks at Krystel and shakes his head.

They kiss briefly, then clink wine glasses and drink.

KRYSTEL (CONT'D)  
Brad's gnar, don't you think?  
Seems really, really mature.

DEREK  
He does, yeah.

KRYSTEL  
We'll stay in touch, online.

*Goddess Melissa* stops and the engines shut off. The yacht rocks back and forth, gently.

Derek pulls out his phone and looks at the time.

Krystel makes some playful grabs for the phone.

INT. CABIN - NAKIMA - CONTINUOUS

Ray scans boats in the marina channel with binoculars.

Bright, silvery flashes appear through a yacht's windows.

Ray focuses. The upper halves of two SILVERY MEN walk through the boat's cabin towards the stern.

He focuses on the bridge and witnesses Brad turn silvery.

Ray rips off the binoculars and flings them onto a seat.

EXT. STERN DECK - GODDESS MELISSA - CONTINUOUS

Krystel moves to the ladder and bends down.

KRYSTEL

Brad? Yo ho, Captain Brad?

DEREK

I wonder what's going on?

KRYSTEL

Is this part of the cruise? We just float around now?

EXT. STERN DECK - NAKIMA - CONTINUOUS

A silvery Ray emerges from the stern ladder.

He dashes to the rail and scans the Long Beach skyline.

A low-pitched hum starts.

The man and woman on the adjacent yacht see and hear nothing.

EXT. NIGHT SKY - CITY OF LONG BEACH - CONTINUOUS

A point of blue-white light rapidly grows in size.

The low-pitched hum increases in volume.

The light grows larger and becomes a long, glowing object that descends as it angles to Ray's left.

EXT. STERN DECK - NAKIMA - CONTINUOUS

The glowing object draws closer.

Silvery Ray twists around to glimpse *Goddess Melissa*.

Two SILVERY MEN on her deck fixate upon the glowing object.

INT. CABIN - GODDESS MELISSA - CONTINUOUS

Silvery Brad stands at the foot of the stern ladder.

On the top step above, Krystel peers down but can't see him.

She descends the ladder rapidly.

Brad barely has time to back up and move off to the side.

KRYSTEL

You here? Hello, Brad? Is  
something wrong?

She turns, looks up and sees Derek near the ladder above.

KRYSTEL (CONT'D)

Maybe he's in the bathroom!

Krystel walks to the cabin table and refills her wine glass.

She sips wine and looks directly through the spot where Brad stands.

She goes back over to the ladder and climbs up.

EXT. STERN DECK - NAKIMA - CONTINUOUS

Silvery Ray watches the glowing object in full profile as it slowly banks toward the marina channel.

It's a large, multi-gun surface warship, World War II era.

He spins around and scrambles down the ladder.

INT. CABIN - NAKIMA - CONTINUOUS

Ray backs *Nakima* out of the slip, turns, and speeds down the center of the marina.

A boat obstructs his path ahead.

At the last moment, Ray veers away.

The boat bounces from his wake.

WOMAN ON BOAT

What are you doing? Jerk-off!

She's puzzled; no one is visible inside *Nakima's* cabin.

On moored boats, people shout profanities as *Nakima* passes.

At the end of the marina lane, Ray banks sharply towards the channel.

EXT. MARINA CHANNEL - NEAR GODDESS MELISSA - CONTINUOUS

The glowing warship, with **88** as its hull number, moves slowly just above the surface. It bears down on *Goddess Melissa*.

The low-pitched hum steadies. No screws turn, no shafts rotate on the ghostly-looking warship.

Ray swings *Nakima* over and heads for *Goddess Melissa*.

The giant warship hovers several feet above the water alongside *Goddess Melissa*.

Two glowing nets drop over the ship's side.

A coil of rope accidentally falls from her deck.

EXT. STERN DECK - GODDESS MELISSA - CONTINUOUS

A splash sounds behind the yacht's stern.

KRYSTEL

Did Brad throw that? Brad?

She falls backwards toward the stern ladder.

KRYSTEL (CONT'D)

HON! WHAT?...

The half-full wine glass flies out of her hand and overboard.

DEREK

HEY! OH MY GOD!

Krystel floats several feet above the yacht's deck. She starts to rock slightly, side to side.

KRYSTEL

Put me the fuck down! HON!

Krystel screams as she swings out over the starboard rail.

She disappears in mid-air. Her scream cuts off.

DEREK

What the HELL? KRYS? KRYS?

Derek steps towards the starboard side. He suddenly floats up jerkily and struggles.

He falls backwards. Like Krystel, Derek is flung over the starboard rail, and then winks out.

EXT. CARGO NET - BRECKSVILLE - CONTINUOUS

The glowing net rises. Four sailors hold Derek down as he struggles in it. They pin his arms and legs as he yells.

DEREK  
 KRYS! OH KRYS, I'M SORRY, I'M SO  
 SORRY... KRYS! KRYS!

He watches *Nakima* gently bump the side of *Goddess Melissa* through the cargo net's mesh.

EXT. HERMOSA AVENUE - TOM'S HOUSE - EVENING

Ray pounds on a door. He draws back his fist to knock again, when it opens. Tom Gilmore is silhouetted in the doorway.

TOM  
 Early, Sabrina... Who are you?

RAY  
 May I speak with you, Tom?

TOM  
 I asked who you are.

RAY  
 That doesn't matter.  
 (pauses)  
 Okay. I'm Ray Kelvin. We have to  
 discuss your niece, Krystel. Now.

TOM  
 You need my blessing to marry her?  
 A little late for that, pal.

RAY  
 You're going to want to talk to me.

Tom pauses, then finally steps aside to usher him in.

INT. SUNROOM - TOM'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Tom stands behind the bar, bent down to an open refrigerator.

Ray sits at a polished mahogany table near the bar.

RAY

This is some place. My God...

TOM

Real estate is one helluva racket,  
eh? Bourbon? Almond cream lager?

RAY

No thanks. How old are you, Tom?

Tom comes to the table with a bottle of beer and swigs it.

TOM

I feel older than hydrogen, mostly.  
Forty-four. What about Krystel?

RAY

And how old would you say I am?

Tom sits across from Ray, looks critically at him and smirks.

TOM

Man of a thousand days. Hey, have  
a brew. I won't tell, it'll be...

RAY

We've no time for this shit,  
Gilmore! Now how old am I?

TOM

Twenty. With a smart-assed yap.

RAY

I was born in nineteen twenty-four.

TOM

Nineteen what?

RAY

Nineteen. Twenty. Four.

TOM

That's... Hey! What's your secret,  
you old coot? Uh... Organic water?

RAY

Hilarious. Krystel is in danger  
and you crack wise? Now just...

TOM

(quickly stands)  
HOLD IT! My niece is in danger?

RAY  
I need half a minute to convince...

TOM  
Is she safe? No, wait one goddamn minute! Just how do you know...

RAY  
Krystel is... She's been abducted.

TOM  
Tiger... What? Kidnapped? But...?  
(pauses)  
You're part of it, and... You came here to negotiate? You son of a...

Tom starts to move around the table.

Ray jumps to his feet.

RAY  
**STOP IT! STOP RIGHT NOW AND LISTEN! I WANT  
TO SAVE HER!**

Ray's creepy, grating tone - coupled with neck bulges on both sides of his Adam's apple - freezes Tom in his tracks.

RAY (CONT'D)  
(normal voice)  
Oh man, I'm sorry! Oh, God. That can happen when we get scared up here. Any type of strong emotion.  
(softer voice)  
Please, Tom. Please forgive me.

TOM  
(to himself, stunned)  
Holy shit on a shingle...

RAY  
I need to show you what you're up against. You may want to sit down.

Tom retreats to behind his chair and stares defiantly at Ray.

Ray stares directly back at him. Finally Tom sits, but slowly. He grabs the beer and gestures with it at Ray.

Ray sits, folds his arms and a second later - he winks out.

Tom stands. His beer drops, the bottle crashes and breaks.

Ray reappears, arms folded. Tom falls back into his chair.

TOM

The FUCK??? Do you... Is that...  
bending? What... Light bending?

Ray shakes his head.

TOM (CONT'D)

Okay then, you're... I got it!  
(glances at ceiling)  
Another star system, am I right?

RAY

Not ET! If you'd just shut up...

TOM

Then, a vampire? A zombie? Some  
bullshit like that? Uh... Casper?

RAY

Close enough. At the tender age of  
eighteen, I died inside a Navy sub.

TOM

You're... You were a bubblehead?

RAY

And you're a bad-ass SEAL. Yeah,  
we heard about you guys. Look, we  
must leave for Saint Louis *NOW* to  
save my... to save Krystal.

TOM

From whom?

RAY

From those like me.

TOM

But Krystal isn't in Saint Louis!

RAY

You think I don't know that? We  
need to get there ahead of her!

TOM

She's here! They visit tomorrow,  
her fiancé Derek is coming and...

RAY

They get further away from us every  
second, but we can overtake them  
if... Jesus, I thought this part  
would be easy!

Tom storms off to his back porch door and looks at the ocean.

RAY (CONT'D)

Not that way. They're going east.

TOM

Let's call the FBI! I know brass  
in DC, we might...

RAY

They won't find her. I can, but I  
need your help. Trust an old man's  
wisdom, Tom. We're out of time!

Ray stands. Tom comes to the table and eyeballs him.

TOM

Let's have it. Everything.

RAY

On the way.  
(pauses)  
You want to see her again?

TOM

Tiger is... the daughter I wish I  
had. Look, I missed your name.

RAY

Ray Kelvin.

TOM

Okay, Ray. Meet me in Saint Louis.

EXT. OPEN DESERT - LATE EVENING

A soft glow in the sky transforms into a dazzling bar of  
light that soon becomes recognizable as a warship.

A steady hum intensifies. The glowing ship screams overhead,  
banks slightly and then races to the northeast.

INT. LIVING ROOM - TOM'S HOUSE - LATE EVENING

Ray stands at a paneled wall displaying military memorabilia.  
Tom, toting a backpack, walks up and taps Ray's shoulder.

RAY

Why did you leave early?

TOM

Booking our flight, what else?

Ray stays and indicates the Honorable Discharge certificate.

TOM (CONT'D)  
Oh, that. They, uh, found out I  
have an inborn fear of salt water.

RAY  
Salt water.

TOM  
(opens front door)  
Right. You coming?

RAY  
Aren't you taking any weapons?

TOM  
I could hold off Hermosa Beach's  
finest with the stuff I've got.  
But they do cavity searches now.

RAY  
What's that? Cavities?

INT. OFFICER'S CABIN - BRECKSVILLE - NIGHT

Krystal opens her eyes to a steel wall, six inches away. Her  
arm shoots up quickly and she bangs it on something hard.

BRAD (O.S.)  
It's wearing off. Get the skipper.

A door closes. Krystal turns over and sees a gray bunk  
above. She groggily climbs out of her bunk and stands.

At a desk sits Brad McKittrick. He avoids her gaze.

KRYSTEL  
You? What... Brad...? Where's  
Derek? We were... The sun, the,  
the goddess... the Melissa...

Krystal opens the door before Brad can react. She tries to  
walk out. A SAILOR fills the doorway. Krystal turns back.

KRYSTEL (CONT'D)  
What... What's... Where am I? And  
Derek, I saw him... We...

Brad glances away from her.

KRYSTEL (CONT'D)  
I... I saw him! Yes, I remember!

She stands in front of Brad, who avoids her eyes.

KRYSTEL (CONT'D)  
 He fell... Fell off our boat...  
 Brad, please... Please look at me!

Brad finally turns to face her.

KRYSTEL (CONT'D)  
 He's...? Tell me he's okay?

Brad nods.

KRYSTEL (CONT'D)  
 Oh God, oh thank you! Could we go  
 to the hospital, I want to see...

The door opens. Two officers enter the cabin. One is  
 LIEUTENANT BRIAN GRENASH, late 20s. The other is CAPTAIN  
 ALEXANDER BERTREL, late 30s, authoritative, intense.

BERTREL  
 My navigator, Lieutenant Grenash.

Grenash nods at her. Bertrel goes to the porthole and looks  
 out. Far below, the lights of a desert town stream past.

BERTREL (CONT'D)  
 Tucumcari, New Mexico.

KRYSTEL  
 This is a Coast Guard... cutter?

Krystel walks to the porthole, looks at the landscape below.

KRYSTEL (CONT'D)  
 A jet? But I don't remember us...

BERTREL  
 Not an aircraft. A heavy cruiser.

KRYSTEL  
 A ship... that flies...? No...

BERTREL  
 (offers his hand)  
 I'm Alexander Bertrel, commanding  
 officer, USS Brecksville. Welcome  
 aboard.

Krystel, still in a daze, absently shakes his hand.

Bertrel moves to the open door and waves everyone through.

## INT. FIRST CLASS SECTION - UNITED FLIGHT - NIGHT

Tom motions at Ray in the window seat to be silent, as flight attendant JENNI, 20s, approaches. She rests a silver bowl of freshly cut fruit upon Tom's tray. Jenni smiles and leaves.

## RAY

At Pearl, I draw the Dorsalis. Our first two patrols, we don't even get a scratch. Third patrol, off the west coast of Australia...

## INT. BRIDGE - DORSALIS - LATE AFTERNOON

Pressurized water sprays from various pipes and fixtures.

A triple-explosion of depth charges sounds through the hull.

A sonar scope shatters. A piece of glass hits a blond MAN'S cheek. He tumbles into the down-angled forward bulkhead.

The depth meter needle passes three hundred fifty feet.

Seawater jets through the seal around the closed aft hatch. The sub's down-angle increases sharply. The hatch breaks free and a cascade of seawater roars through the opening.

The hatch cover plows into the CAPTAIN near the periscope.

Red battle lights flicker, then the bridge goes black.

## EXT. OCEAN - CONTINUOUS

*USS Dorsalis* plunges in a slow-motion cartwheel.

Blue-white sparks form over her sail. An electrified outline envelops the submarine and pulses for several seconds. The effect flickers out, and the sub disappears into blackness.

A metallic screech rises from the deep as the hull crushes.

## EXT. OCEAN BOTTOM - CONTINUOUS

In the black water, a lanternfish with blue lights along its side streaks by. Another zips after it.

Complete darkness, then a faint orange hue appears from above. The hue intensifies into a blob of orange sparks.

Sparks coalesce into the descending outline of a man. The glowing man changes color to a shimmering, silvery hue.

He flexes his knees as he lands on the ocean bottom, then steadies himself. The man looks around, bewildered as other figures in the vicinity materialize in the same manner.

INT. FIRST CLASS SECTION - UNITED FLIGHT - CONTINUOUS

TOM

So, all ships sunk in that war...

RAY

No. No! Only warships that were plated with rolled homogenous armor. Flawless steel. It has no grain imperfections...

Ray winces, grabs his stomach, then becomes calm.

RAY (CONT'D)

We each have an electromagnetic shadow, Tom. Neather scientists...

TOM

Neather?

RAY

Underneather. They call this shadow a quantum copy.

(pauses)

Somehow, Earth's magnetosphere regenerated *ours*. And now they say... they say it...

He looks out the window as the jet rumbles through turbulence. When it stops, he continues.

RAY (CONT'D)

We have a thing called The Keeling.

EXT. OCEAN BOTTOM - CONTINUOUS

A group of silvery men gathers at a flat area. They form themselves into several lines, shoulder-to-shoulder.

All is quiet. Then, orange sparks appear in front of them. The sparks coalesce to form the keel of a ship.

As the orange luminescence turns to blue-white, the shape-forming effect spreads to form a submarine hull, deck, deck gun and diving sail.

The men break into cheers. One by one, they touch the submarine, float up towards the deck and climb aboard.

INT. BRIDGE - BRECKSVILLE - NIGHT

Through bridge windows, Krystel, Bertrel, Grenash and several crew members watch a lit-up city grow steadily larger.

Footsteps sound. Krystel turns. Derek approaches them.

KRYSTEL

Oh my God! Baby! Thank God...!

She rushes to Derek and he embraces her. She clings to him.

KRYSTEL (CONT'D)

You're all right? Nothing broken?

DEREK

I'm good, babe, but forget about me. Are you okay? They didn't hurt you or, uh... or anything?

KRYSTEL

Of course not! I'm just confused about... We're on a yacht, then I wake up on a flying cruiser ship...  
(eyes Derek suspiciously)  
Why would someone want to hurt me?

Derek locks eyes with Bertrel and stares hard at him.

GRENASH

Wichita, Kansas, now moving off the port bow. Course zero eight zero.

INT. FIRST CLASS SECTION - UNITED FLIGHT - NIGHT

TOM

How did you do that Casper routine?

RAY

(points under left arm)  
Saline actuator. We add salt to go solid. Or remove it, to evanesce.

TOM

Evan... What the hell is that?

UNITED PILOT (O.C.)

Ladies and gentlemen, off the left side there, that's Kansas City. We should be over Saint Louis in about thirty-five minutes. Thank you.

Ray turns and glances out at the distant glow of the city.

He quickly half-rises and looks down, then behind. Far below, a blue-white bar of light recedes into the dark sky.

JENNI

Ray? Can I help you, Ray?

Ray sits down and faces Jenni. She frowns and moves away.

RAY

Brecksville! I'm sure of it!  
Speed is right, about three...

Ray's voice fades, his face goes white and he stares up.

TOM

Three what? Hey buddy, are you...

RAY

(leans far forward)  
Three... three hundred fifty knots.  
(straightens up)  
My God, something's bad wrong with  
me. The air pressure, something...  
(closes his eyes)  
I won't last through Fleet Week.

Tom looks at him, puzzled.

RAY (CONT'D)

These things...  
(points under left arm)  
...are good for about seven days.  
(pauses)  
I'm scared, Tom.

TOM

The hell would Casper be scared of?

RAY

Dry-dock. Becoming dry-docked.

INT. CAPTAIN'S STATEROOM - BRECKSVILLE - NIGHT

Bertrel sits behind his desk. Derek stands in front of it.

DEREK

What the fuck is going on?

BERTREL

A liberty port visit.

DEREK

Liberty? The hell with that!

BERTREL  
 You would deny my crew some R&R?  
 Should I announce it, or you?

DEREK  
 Turn us back home so you can  
 discuss... whatever, with her!

BERTREL  
 You are going home.

DEREK  
 Another thing is the way you  
 assholes grabbed Krys off of the  
 yacht! You scared her to death,  
 you bastard, and for that I...

BERTREL  
 You'll be richer than you and  
 Krystel could ever have dreamed.

DEREK  
 But I have a right to know what...

BERTREL  
 Hush money. That's your need to  
 know, engineer. And never...  
 (stands)  
 ...you stinking bilge rat...

Bertrel leans very close to Derek's face. His neck bulges.

BERTREL (CONT'D)  
 ...DON'T YOU EVER LIP OFF TO ME AGAIN!

Derek blinks fast and then moves backwards, towards the door.

INT. FIRST CLASS SECTION - UNITED FLIGHT - NIGHT

TOM  
 Tiger, only. Derek stays aboard.

RAY  
 No. The Charter forbids involving  
 Topsiders in our affairs.

TOM  
 A charter? Your own Uniform Code  
 of Military Justice...  
 (starts to nod, stops)  
 You're violating that charter now.

Ray acknowledges.

TOM (CONT'D)

I ought to court-martial your ass.  
 (pauses)  
 Okay, we'll get him. He deserves  
 worse, though, and you know it.

INT. OFFICER'S CABIN - BRECKSVILLE - NIGHT

Krystel sits on the bunk and faces Brad, across the cabin.

STEN and BILGE, mid 20s, burly sailors, stand by the door.

KRYSTEL

Pirates. Just pirates? Brad, you  
 were so kind, so decent to us...  
 (pauses)  
 We're poor as dirt! Why kidnap me  
 for ransom? Why kidnap Derek?

Bilge snorts. She looks at him angrily, then faces Brad.

BRAD

I'm sorry. Truly I am. We're, uh,  
 not pirates. We come from...

STEN

The old man said button it on that!

Krystel turns. She frowns and examines Sten's face and neck.

BRAD

Think! We kidnapped her, Sten!  
 What, you wouldn't have questions?

BILGE

You never could shut it, Mac. Good  
 thing the Krauts never got to you.

Krystel looks more closely at Sten's neck.

STEN

(laughs)  
 Ike should've made you our own  
 Tokyo Rose.

KRYSTEL

(to Sten)  
 The submarine. You were on the  
 Russian submarine...

Sten's eyes flash at Krystel, then he quickly looks away.

BRAD  
The Arrowtail? What happened...?

BERTREL (V.O.)  
(from ship's intercom)  
Attention. We arrive in port at  
zero three-hundred. Liberty for  
those not on watch. That is all.

INT. FIRST CLASS SECTION - UNITED FLIGHT - NIGHT

The jet lands. Ray looks out his window and scans the sky.  
Jenni chats up passengers, then comes to them.

JENNI  
Thank you Ray, thank you Tom. It's  
been a pleasure! Our VIP Lounge is  
on the second concourse level,  
okay? Hope you enjoy Saint Louis!

TOM  
A really nice flight, Jenni...

Jenni's eyes widen as she looks at Ray. Her smile drops.

Ray, pale white, closes his eyes and quickly folds his arms.  
He half-disappears. A second later he fully solidifies.

JENNI  
Jesus! My God, Ray, are you...?

RAY  
I'm fine, Jenni, sorry. Just very,  
very tired. Don't worry, I'm fine.

Shocked, Jenni backs away to passengers behind them.

TOM  
Ray, you...

RAY  
I know, Tom. I know!

TOM  
Don't you get any warnings?

RAY  
Yeah, but this came from nowhere.

Passengers disembark. Jenni and another FLIGHT ATTENDANT  
offer smiles and parting words.

As Tom and Ray exit, Jenni stares at Ray in disbelief.

INT. CONCOURSE - AIRPORT - CONTINUOUS

Tom and Ray trot down the concourse to an escalator up.

TOM  
She might blend in with traffic!

RAY  
What's the length of a jetliner?

TOM  
Beats me. Couple of hundred feet?

RAY  
She's six hundred feet. It'll be like spotting a bus on a bike path.

EXT. OBSERVATION DECK - AIRPORT - CONTINUOUS

Tom and Ray exit an elevator, then cross to a railing.

TOM  
What's Bertrel going to do?

Ray shrugs. He scans the sky, horizon to horizon.

TOM (CONT'D)  
You think he'll take her off here?

RAY  
Bertrel *is* from Saint Louis, so... who knows. We have to improvise.

TOM  
Good. That's a SEAL trademark.

RAY  
Favorite port for American Fleet Weekers. My boat comes here a lot.

TOM  
You fell in love with my niece.

Entranced, Ray watches a Boeing 777 take off.

RAY  
First time I saw Krystel's picture, I volunteered to keep tabs on her. She's... so lovely. But she looks nothing like her mother. Or you.

TOM  
Thanks a lot, pal.

RAY  
Oh hell, Tom, I didn't mean...

TOM  
(smiles)  
My sister and her ex adopted  
Krystal right after she was born.

RAY  
You married?

TOM  
Was. But we're still friends.

RAY  
That's good, I suppose.  
(pauses)  
I didn't get to fall in love, even  
once. So many other guys never...  
(freezes)  
Holy Jesus, she's here!

The glowing *USS Brecksville* descends and banks into a turn.

RAY (CONT'D)  
Let's go! I know where she docks!

EXT. WOODS - ADJACENT TO BRECKSVILLE PIER - NIGHT

Ray and Tom crouch in some underbrush. Blue-white *USS Brecksville* - visible only to Ray - sits anchored in the Mississippi. A gangway hovers a few feet above the pier.

Silvery figures walk down the gangway, jump down and randomly solidify as they continue down the pier.

TOM  
What do you know about her?

RAY  
She still looks new. A friend got  
me aboard. Gene Mays. Radioman.

TOM  
You do that a lot?

RAY  
Do what?

TOM  
Hang out on other ships?

RAY  
We stay with our own crews, mostly.  
It's the ship that preserves us.

TOM  
Preserves? Like strawberries?

RAY  
Wise-ass.

TOM  
Or vampires and coffins...

RAY  
You're as bad as Gene.  
(pauses)  
He got wind of something, so he  
stole Krystel's picture from  
Bertrel, then smuggled it to me.

TOM  
That took guts. Maybe we should  
rescue him, too.

RAY  
He's fine. Bertrel found him out,  
and de-crewed him. We let Gene  
join us on the Dorsalis.

TOM  
Good to hear that. Hey, my legs  
are cramping up.

RAY  
Okay, we can go.

TOM  
I'll lead. Ready? And... Now!

They scramble across a bare patch surrounding the pier.

EXT. PIER - NEAR BRECKSVILLE - CONTINUOUS

Tom rolls smoothly under the pier. Ray tries, but his  
shoulder bangs a pier post and he falls clumsily.

A thump sounds from the pier. Shoes materialize above them.  
Another thump, another pair of shoes appears.

BERTREL (O.C.)  
Let's shake a tail. Time factor.

Ray folds his arms and disappears.

GRENASH (O.C.)  
Take the roses. How do you feel?

BERTREL (O.C.)  
Fine. Let's not keep her waiting.

Footsteps move to the pier edge, right above Ray.

GRENASH (O.C.)  
Any of you guys down there? Hello?

Their shoes turn and walk down the pier.

Ray solidifies. Tom shakes his head in amazement.

RAY  
Figured out how to get us aboard?

TOM  
The anchor chain or the gangway.

Ray acknowledges, but looks away in thought.

TOM (CONT'D)  
There's a good chance we'd be  
spotted on the gangway...

RAY  
Tom, wait. I have to follow them.

TOM  
Forget it. We *do not* split up!

RAY  
It might be the key! Look. You go  
on ahead and scout things out.  
(prepares to run)  
I'll mix in with the crew as they  
return from liberty. Fair enough?

TOM  
One man getting aboard *is* easier.

RAY  
Great. See you at the rendezvous.

TOM  
Casper... Wait. Hold up a sec...

RAY  
You think we've been spotted?

TOM  
Liquidations.

Ray frowns in confusion.

TOM (CONT'D)  
Why I left after five years...

EXT. ROCKY TERRAIN - AFGHANISTAN - NIGHT

A SEAL in dark fatigues crouches on a rocky ledge. Below, an enemy SOLDIER carrying a semi-automatic rifle passes by.

The SEAL leaps down upon the soldier, knocks him to the ground and gets the man onto his back.

He jams his knee into the soldier's chest, then clamps his left hand over the man's mouth.

The SEAL draws a killing knife and raises it. The soldier's face is a mask of fear. He gets an arm up to shield himself.

The eyes of the SEAL blink a few times, shut, then open. He locks eyes with the soldier and freezes.

The soldier's other arm reaches around to his back, where a pistol is stuck in his belt. He pulls out the weapon.

A rustling sound comes from off to the right.

The soldier fires his pistol in that direction.

OTHER SEAL  
Ahhhh...

The SEAL - Tom - looks that way, then back at the soldier.

The soldier swings his gun up to Tom's face. A shot sounds. A hole appears in the soldier's temple. He falls back, dead.

The other SEAL approaches.

OTHER SEAL (CONT'D)  
The fuck, Gill-Man? Quit playing  
with yourself and let's haul ass!

The other SEAL sticks a silenced automatic in his own belt.

Tom stays frozen above the dead soldier for a second or two.

EXT. PIER - NEAR BRECKSVILLE - CONTINUOUS

TOM  
The bullet hit a rock. His face...  
(brushes his left cheek)  
(MORE)

TOM (CONT'D)

...was peppered with stone chips.  
But he could have gotten plugged  
right between the eyes, and so...  
(points to the woods)  
All right. Hey? Fair winds...

RAY

...and following seas. See you.

Ray streaks across the open area. He then stops and returns.

TOM

You nuts? If the watch crew saw...

Ray holds out his hand. Tom grabs it and finds a set of two keys on a ring in his own hand.

RAY

Slip eighteen, Long Beach Marina.

Ray runs across the open area and blends into the woods.

EXT. PIER - NEAR BRECKSVILLE - NIGHT

Tom stands, arms raised. They brush an invisible structure.

He jumps and grabs a cross rod on the gangway's underside.  
Behind, *USS Brecksville* appears.

Tom hooks his ankles along the gangway edges and climbs up.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - NIGHT

Ray shadows Bertrel and Grenash as they move up the street.  
Grenash has his arm around Bertrel's shoulder. They both  
turn out of sight into a cemetery at the corner.

EXT. CEMETERY - CONTINUOUS

Ray moves behind a large monument. A bent-over Captain  
Bertrel and Grenash stand a dozen yards away. Grenash has  
his arm around the distraught captain.

BERTREL

PEOPLE... WALKING BY THE HOUSE ALWAYS  
STOPPED TO ADMIRE THE LAWN. HER LAWN.  
SMALL TREES SHE'D PLANTED, SET IN COLORED  
STONES. STAINED GLASS. SHE LOVED STAINED  
GLASS. THE WORLD LOST... IT LOST A...

## GRENASH

No finer lady anywhere, Al. None.

Bertrel kneels, places a bouquet of roses, then lowers his head and sobs. He finally straightens and they move away.

Ray gets to the grave and moves the bouquet. It reads:  
**MELISSA MARIE BERTREL Born AUG 30, 1917 Died DEC 14, 1942**

Ray repositions the bouquet. He stands and grimaces sharply.

He runs in a crouch towards the cemetery gate and grabs his stomach with both hands, then falls to his knees.

He flickers between solid and silvery form. Ray presses the actuator under his arm repeatedly but remains visible.

Ray goes over the gate and falls down the other side. He struggles to his feet, then half-runs towards the highway.

EXT. HIGHWAY - ADJACENT TO WOODS - CONTINUOUS

Ray crawls across two lanes. Headlights flash and a car roars around the curve. Its beams light up his face.

The car swerves wide, but the front tire clips Ray's heel.

He spins and rolls. The impact jolts him and he rises, then limps across the highway and onto the shoulder.

The car that hit Ray stops, the door opens and a middle-aged WOMAN jumps out and runs towards him.

## WOMAN FROM CAR

Oh my God are you hurt, are you  
 okay? My insurance is... oh no...

Ray stumbles upon a faint trail leading from the road's shoulder into the woods, and weaves his way down it.

The woman pursues as Ray starts to run. He trips and falls, struggles up. A sound of flowing water brightens his face.

## WOMAN FROM CAR (CONT'D)

I want to help I can call 911...

Ray slides down an incline towards the riverbank.

He slips, rolls out of control, goes over the riverbank and tumbles in the air. He hits the river with a loud splash.

The woman eases down to the water. She sees a body flicker blue-white as it rushes away, sinks, then fades to nothing.

EXT. GANGWAY - BRECKSVILLE - NIGHT

Tom reaches the hull and boosts himself over the port rail, then scrambles under the gangway platform.

He pulls a rock from his pack and flips it off the ship.

Footsteps pound down a ladder from the superstructure area.

Tom crawls out and streaks across the deck to a gun turret.

EXT. FORWARD #2 TURRET - BRECKSVILLE - CONTINUOUS

As footsteps approach, Tom ducks beneath the gunhouse and flattens himself against the barbette vertical shaft.

FIRST BRIDGE WATCH

You think Sherp fell overboard?

SECOND BRIDGE WATCH

That would make a tsunami.

FIRST BRIDGE WATCH

Go forward, and I'll check aft.

Tom grasps a steel beam within the gunhouse innards above. He boosts his legs up, wraps them around a bundle of cables.

Shoes stop near the turret. Tom's arms shake, his legs begin to lose grip. The shoes point forward and move off.

Tom drops down and presses against the barbette.

Both sailors approach. Tom boosts his legs up again.

SECOND BRIDGE WATCH

Quiet as a church on Monday  
midnight.

Footsteps fade, then change cadence as they ascend a ladder.

Tom jumps down. He locates the gunhouse's rear port hatch.

He gives himself a silent count, then straightens, pushes up the dogging handle, opens the hatch and steps inside.

The hatch shuts and the dogging handle locks down.

INT. BRIDGE - BRECKSVILLE - EARLY MORNING

Bertrel, Grenash, Derek and Krystel, plus extra sailors stand on the bridge. Krystel glares defiantly at Bertrel.

Bertrel maintains eye contact with Krystel, then presses the bridge microphone *Talk* button.

BERTREL

All hands, this is the Captain. I apologize for our short visit, but sadly none of us knows how long...  
 (looks away from Krystel)  
 ...before we'll return. Prepare to leave port. That is all.

EXT. PIER - BRECKSVILLE - CONTINUOUS

Flickering, blue-white *USS Brecksville* rises from the river.

Her glowing keel breaks the surface and rivulets of water drip from the hull.

She turns slowly, majestically.

INT. BRIDGE - BRECKSVILLE - CONTINUOUS

The ship faces west. The sun glows red on the Mississippi.

GRENASH

Once more through the wicket, sir?

Bertrel nods. *Brecksville* turns, angles up and moves forward. The ship swings around in a giant half-circle.

GRENASH (CONT'D)

Height, one hundred fifty feet.

BERTREL

(to Krystel and Derek)  
 Watch as Mister Grenash illustrates why he's a crack navigator.

A barge moves up the Mississippi River ahead.

*Brecksville* streaks forward. The ship bears down on the Gateway Arch and then arrows through it, dead center.

Everyone turns aft. The Arch recedes rapidly behind them.

BERTREL (CONT'D)

Good shooting, Lieutenant.

Grenash manipulates odd-looking switches with one hand, the navigation wheel with the other.

Derek displays keen interest as he edges close and points.

GRENASH

Those control the keel propulsors.  
We maneuver by altering our own  
magnetic field with the Earth's.

DEREK

I see. Attract and repel... The  
ship holds an electrical charge?

Bertrel notices the collaboration and approaches.

GRENASH

We're a giant oil-filled capacitor.

KRYSTEL

(under her breath)  
Pirate bastard...

BERTREL

I wouldn't distract the lieutenant  
now, Mister Garnett.  
(to sailors)  
Let's get everyone below.

INT. OFFICER'S CABIN - BRECKSVILLE - NIGHT

Krystel opens the cabin door and points down the passageway.  
One of the two sailors facing her door nods.

INT. OFFICER'S COUNTRY PASSAGEWAY - BRECKSVILLE - CONTINUOUS

Krystel walks down the passageway and opens the bathroom  
door. She sees a silhouette reflected in the mirror.

It's a shadowed man in the connecting passageway behind. He  
stands flat against the wall. The man raises a finger to his  
lips and points. Krystel goes into the bathroom and turns.

INT. OFFICERS BATHROOM - BRECKSVILLE - CONTINUOUS

The man streaks across the passageway and into the bathroom.  
He closes the door and turns on the light.

TOM

No ghost, Tiger. Genuine article.

KRYSTEL

Uncle T! Uncle Tom??? What are  
you doing here? How did you...?

She hugs him fiercely.

KRYSTEL (CONT'D)  
Tell me what is happening?

She finally breaks her hug.

TOM  
A man, a good man, got me aboard.  
And he's deeply in love with you.

KRYSTEL  
You can't mean Derek.

TOM  
My partner, a guy named Ray. Now  
he's missing and...  
(pauses)  
You know he threw in with Bertrel?

KRYSTEL  
Sort of. He's been odd ever since  
he talked me into this 'vacation'.

Tom nods, then puts his ear to the closed door.

TOM  
Have to scram. I'll get you both  
away as soon as the ship stops.

Tom straightens and backs up from the door.

TOM (CONT'D)  
Do not tell Derek I'm here, right?

She nods.

TOM (CONT'D)  
When I hit the lights, crack open  
the door. If it's clear, give me a  
thumbs-up. No sound. Go.

Tom kisses her cheek and then turns off the light.

Krystel barely opens the door and looks down the passageway.

One sailor stares ahead at her cabin door. The other has his  
head back against the wall, eyes closed.

She signals. Tom glides into the adjoining passageway.

Krystel opens the door and walks back down towards her cabin.

Sounds of a struggle, shouts from men come from behind her.

INT. ADJOINING PASSAGEWAY - BRECKSVILLE - CONTINUOUS

Six sailors in the narrow space attempt to restrain Tom.

A sailor lowers his head and charges. Tom jumps aside, turns, grabs his back and drives him into another man behind.

Sailors on each side of Tom grab at his arms and manage to hold them. Another sailor in back of him crouches, prepares to grab Tom's legs out from under him.

Tom glances to the right and in the reflection of a glass-enclosed fire hose cabinet, sees the man behind.

Tom leaps up. The men on either side lose grip on his arms.

As the sailor behind lunges, Tom lands on him, a knee in his back. Tom raises his arm to karate chop - but hesitates.

A steel-tipped black boondocker shoe streaks into frame from the right and impacts Tom's cheek just under his left eye.

Tom falls back. The sailors pile on and immobilize him.

INT. OFFICER'S COUNTRY PASSAGEWAY - BRECKSVILLE - CONTINUOUS

Krystel turns and runs towards the adjoining passageway.

KRYSTEL

Uncle Tom!

Four sailors materialize in front of her, blocking her way.

Footsteps sound from behind. It's Bertrel. He smiles broadly at Krystel and then motions everyone to follow.

INT. WARDROOM - BRECKSVILLE - CONTINUOUS

Two sailors escort Krystel inside. Behind, several other sailors push a groggy Tom through the wardroom doorway.

At a table sits Derek, shocked. He stands as sailors hustle Krystel and Tom to the table and make them sit.

Bertrel stays in the doorway and speaks low to CHIEF PETTY OFFICER FUENTES, 30s, in the passageway.

Bertrel walks off. Fuentes enters and closes the door.

Derek occasionally glances at Tom but avoids his direct gaze.

He reaches for Krystel's hand. She pulls it back.

DEREK  
You look so tired, Krys.

KRYSTEL  
Gee, thanks. So do you.

DEREK  
I couldn't sleep. Too keyed up.

The hum from the ship drops.

KRYSTEL  
I guess we're slowing down.

DEREK  
Captain said we're almost there.

KRYSTEL  
Nice that he kept one of us  
informed. Right, *hon*?

DEREK  
I just wish it was all finished.  
This is such bullshit.

KRYSTEL  
It's all been bullshit.

DEREK  
Yeah, it sure has been.

Krystel turns to Tom and sees the bruise below his left eye.

KRYSTEL  
What did these pirates do to you?

She gestures questioningly at Derek. Tom shrugs, then nods.

Krystel indicates to Derek to move a few seats down, and he does. She gets up and sits directly across from him.

KRYSTEL (CONT'D)  
So. I'm engaged to a fuck-wad.

Derek tries to look shocked.

KRYSTEL (CONT'D)  
You're nothing but a lying asshole!

DEREK  
I didn't... No! They're the ones  
who lied to *me*!

KRYSTEL

A con artist! The only man I've  
ever trusted in my whole life...  
(points over at Tom)  
...and you got him, too?

DEREK

I did what I did for us! To take  
care of us for the rest of...

KRYSTEL

A ransom... They paid you off?

DEREK

Babe, if you only knew how much...

KRYSTEL

Choke on their stinking money!

She stands abruptly and points viciously at Derek.

KRYSTEL (CONT'D)

And stop calling me 'babe'! Don't  
you ever call me that again, you  
lying motherfucker!

DEREK

Krys, you're the woman I want to  
spend the rest of my life with!

Krystel yanks off her engagement ring and flings it at Derek.  
It hits him in the chest, bounces onto the floor.

Derek gets up and storms off towards a porthole.

The hum from *Brecksville* stops.

The sailors on either side of Tom stand up.

Krystel returns and helps him to his feet.

TOM

(low voice)  
Just be ready.

BERTREL (V.O.)

(from wardroom intercom)  
Chief? Time.

CHIEF FUENTES

Aye, sir.

He directs the sailors to escort everyone out of the room.

EXT. MAIN DECK - BRECKSVILLE - AFTERNOON

*USS Brecksville* hovers above a small lake near Emporia, Kansas. Bertrel, Tom, Krystel and Derek stand outside the bridge, starboard side. Ten sailors flank them.

The rest of the crew lines the starboard rail on deck. Bertrel holds a bullhorn. He faces the three captives.

BERTREL

We project images to each other as  
a way to communicate Underneath.  
We're going to share some with you.

KRYSTEL

I have no need to see what's in  
your sick mind, Admiral...

BERTREL

All of you need to be educated  
about our demise. Our exit from  
Topside. Especially you.  
(focuses on Krystel)  
If a viewing gets to be too much,  
simply shut your eyes. Ready?

Bertrel drops his hands and massages behind his neck.

A new scene fills a huge cone, projected out over the lake.

EXT. OCEAN - WITHIN CONE PROJECTION - AFTERNOON

The sun sparkles upon a blue ocean.

BERTREL

The Gray Ghost! She outran any  
German U-boat prowling the  
Atlantic.

A gray-painted ocean liner churns through rolling swells.  
The silhouette of a bomber flies over the ship.

BERTREL (CONT'D)

That's a B-17 Flying Fortress.

An engine drone sounds as the B-17 banks and heads away.

BERTREL (CONT'D)

It's now up to us and six other  
ships to shield her into Scotland.

Bertrel drops his hands and the cone projection fades.

EXT. MAIN DECK - BRECKSVILLE - AFTERNOON

BERTREL

The Gray Ghost steamed faster than  
our ships, and she had to zigzag.  
How could we possibly protect her?  
(speaks into bullhorn)  
Mister Cowdray!

The officer COWDRAY puts his hands to the back of his neck.

EXT. OCEAN - WITHIN CONE PROJECTION - CONTINUOUS

The port side of the ocean liner appears, very close.

BERTREL

Fifteen thousand American GIs  
aboard. She's off our starboard  
flank now, because of zigzagging.  
(speaks into bullhorn)  
Thank you. Chief Saladin?

EXT. OCEAN - WITHIN CONE PROJECTION - CONTINUOUS

The ocean liner's starboard side is very close, and slightly  
behind. Voices sound onboard the 1942 *USS Brecksville*.

1942 CREW VOICE 1

Hey Bulldog, what's she...?

1942 CREW VOICE 2

Is their skipper fucking blind?  
What the hell is she...?

1942 CREW VOICE 3

Holy shit!

1942 CREW VOICE 2

They see it, the dogfaces on deck  
see it, they see it! Oh God...

The ocean liner draws nearly even with *Brecksville*, and then  
gradually her bow angles in on the heavy cruiser.

1942 CREW VOICE 3

Holy Christ, what...?

1942 CREW VOICE 1

Get back, get back, get to port...!

The Gray Ghost bores in and the scene fades. Derek gasps in  
horror. Krystel screams and falls back into two sailors.

EXT. MAIN DECK - BRECKSVILLE - AFTERNOON

BERTREL  
Is everyone okay? Miss Janelli?

She opens her eyes slowly, and then nods.

BERTREL (CONT'D)  
(speaks into bullhorn)  
Seaman Skate?

EXT. OCEAN - WITHIN CONE PROJECTION - CONTINUOUS

A rolled up object floats a dozen feet away.

BERTREL  
What's that, Petty Officer Gilmore?

TOM  
Castanet. A life raft.

BERTREL  
One castanet provides salvation for  
up to fifty men. All of them were  
completely useless on that day.

DEREK  
How come?

BERTREL  
Oil. The lashings were covered  
with oil. The men in the water  
couldn't unroll them.

The focus shifts left. The stern section of *USS Brecksville*  
explodes and sinks.

BERTREL (CONT'D)  
Every man in the stern perished.

Thick black smoke billows up from burning oil on the surface.

BERTREL (CONT'D)  
I was killed instantly when she  
hit. Everyone on the bridge died.

The focus goes left. *Brecksville's* bow section floats level.

BERTREL (CONT'D)  
Many in the bow lived. Some lost  
all hope and eventually drowned.  
(speaks into bullhorn)  
Chief Curacoa?

EXT. OCEAN - WITHIN CONE PROJECTION - CONTINUOUS

Globs of oil bob on the surface. One closes on a man by himself. He moves his arms weakly and tries to swim away. The glob of oil floats onto his face.

The scene shifts skyward as a swell passes under. When the surface becomes visible, the man is gone.

EXT. MAIN DECK - BRECKSVILLE - AFTERNOON

BERTREL

Three hundred thirty-eight souls.  
Murdered by one man's recklessness.

TOM

And you take no responsibility?

BERTREL

What was that, Petty Officer?

TOM

Couldn't you have avoided...

BERTREL

No avoiding was necessary!

Bertrel whirls to face Tom and takes a step towards him.

Tom goes into combat stance, despite cuffs and ankle chains. Sailors restrain him. Bertrel gets right in his face.

BERTREL (CONT'D)

You never zigzag when overtaking  
another vessel! Yet that rule of  
the sea wasn't even considered by  
our Naval Board of Inquiry.

He backs up to the rail.

BERTREL (CONT'D)

"Obstruction of a capital ship  
during wartime maneuvers" was what  
they put into my official record.

(points at Krystel)

You! You shall put things right  
again! You will cleanse my record!

KRYSTEL

Me? Fuck that noise, Admiral!  
Stick that record up your ass!

He advances on Krystel, neck bulging. She shrinks back.

BERTREL  
 YOU HAVE NO HONOR, YOU FOUL-MOUTHED WENCH!  
 YOU WILL LEARN RESPECT AND HONOR! YOU...

TOM  
 Sir! Captain Bertrel! Why her?

BERTREL  
 (back to normal, slowly)  
 The Gray Ghost's skipper. A rogue  
 named Randolph W. Hegessey. She's  
 a branch of his family tree.

KRYSTEL  
 I'm adopted, you jerk-off!

BERTREL  
 We know that. You are Hegessey's  
 great granddaughter.

TOM  
 So... *She's* to blame? Not your  
 fault at all? That's insane, sir.

BERTREL  
 Would you like to be dropped ashore  
 right now, Petty Officer?

TOM  
 (glares at Bertrel)  
 All right. I'll... I'll use my  
 connections to reopen the case.

BERTREL  
 This is between her and me. You  
 are no part of her true heritage.

KRYSTEL  
 Uncle Tom is the closest...

BERTREL  
 (to Krystel)  
 Shut your stench of a mouth!

TOM  
 Krystel *is* family, Captain! We're  
 tied together, like the unbreakable  
 bond between a ship and her crew.

Bertrel turns and goes to the rail. He raises the bullhorn.

BERTREL  
 Secure from stations! That is all.

The men along the rail slowly drift from it. Some form small groups and hug. Others move towards hatches and ladders.

BERTREL (CONT'D)  
 Very well, Petty Officer. Then I shall hold you just as liable as her, to set things right. For me, for my officers and my crew.

Bertrel walks to a ladder, turns and addresses the sailors.

BERTREL (CONT'D)  
 They can move freely about.

EXT. MAIN DECK - BRECKSVILLE - LATE AFTERNOON

Tom, Krystel and Derek stand along the starboard rail and watch the panorama streak by. Krystel turns to Derek.

KRYSTEL  
 I need to speak with my uncle alone.

Derek looks away, then moves off towards the stern.

Krystel takes Tom's arm and they walk towards the bow.

KRYSTEL (CONT'D)  
 Your partner. What's he look like?

Tom focuses on a sub-like diving sail near the cruiser's bow.

TOM  
 Blond. Blue eyes. You'd probably call him a dream-boat.

KRYSTEL  
 (smiles)  
 I think I saw him in Hollywood.

TOM  
 Ray was inside your house. That's how he discovered where I live.  
 (pauses)  
 Listen. Unless Bertrel tries to get cute, I'm going back to Saint Louis to find Ray. He said something about being dry-docked, about dying out of water. That it's permanent...

KRYSTEL  
 Oh no! Then I'm coming with you!

TOM

No way, Tiger. You've been through plenty and this is strictly partner stuff. I can't leave him behind.

She gives Tom a look of resolve.

TOM (CONT'D)

I will *not* endanger you. NO!

KRYSTEL

Then I'll charter my own flight.

TOM

With what? You're as broke as a Swiss cheese watch!

KRYSTEL

I'll bust into your piggy bank. What are gonna do - call the cops?

TOM

I... just might, at that.  
(relents)  
You sure we're not related?

Four sailor guards stand in front of the diving sail.

Tom and Krystel turn back. Derek stands in front of them.

DEREK

I'm going with you to Saint Louis.

KRYSTEL

Uncle T, I... We... We're going to trust him, now? What if...?  
No. No way!

TOM

This is your call, Tiger.

DEREK

Wait! Krystel, Tom: I don't expect you guys to... to... I'm so sorry.  
(looks down, then away)  
They gave me some treasure already but I'm giving it all away.

TOM

Well... That's a start, but count on this. I *will* hold you to it.

DEREK

No need. I... Please trust me...

Krystel walks to Derek, up close. He starts to turn away. She grabs his chin and forces him to face her.

KRYSTEL

Fine. Tag along, but hear me. Try thinking even once, of treachery... I won't need my uncle to avenge it.

She turns away, then quickly spins to address him.

KRYSTEL (CONT'D)

And forget about our wedding. I don't marry con men.

EXT. SKY - WICHITA, KANSAS - EARLY EVENING

*Brecksville* floats over a bridge across the Arkansas River. She descends, then turns towards a pier just past the bridge. *Brecksville* moves close to the pier and hovers above it.

EXT. MAIN DECK - BRECKSVILLE - CONTINUOUS

Tom, Krystel and Derek stand near the gangway platform.

EXT. PIER - ARKANSAS RIVER - CONTINUOUS

A FAMILY with a dog walk slowly around the edges of the pier. The dog bolts down the pier back towards the riverbank. A girl runs after it. The rest of the family follows. A boy turns, picks up a rock and throws it towards the river.

EXT. MAIN DECK - BRECKSVILLE - CONTINUOUS

Krystel steps back. A click sounds below as the rock hits. Bertrel and three sailors, each with a seabag, approach. The sailors hand a seabag to each of them, then withdraw.

KRYSTEL

Bertrel, pray we don't tell everyone about you and your sick...

BERTREL

They won't believe. And even if? We'd know. Then they'll know us.

Bertrel turns to the bridge, raises his arm, then lowers it.

*Brecksville* drops and extends its gangway above the pier.

The trio hesitates. A sailor motions for them to go quickly. Krystel steps onto the gangway, followed by Derek, then Tom.

EXT. PIER - ARKANSAS RIVER - CONTINUOUS

Krystel and Derek both jump off the gangway to the pier.

Tom turns. Captain Bertrel salutes. Tom salutes back.

He jumps off the gangway and looks behind him, at the opposite riverbank. *USS Brecksville* has vanished.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - DEREK'S HOUSE - EVENING

The threesome walks towards Derek's car.

TOM

I'll set up the flight, inside.

KRYSTEL

(to Tom)

I want you in the car with me.

TOM

(to Derek)

You got your phone?

Derek hands it to Tom, then slides into the driver's seat.

Krystel quickly moves to the rear passenger door and gets in. Tom shrugs and gets into the front passenger side.

Through the rearview mirror, Derek locks eyes with Krystel. She stares accusingly, then looks away as he starts the car.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - KRYSTEL'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Tom jumps out of the car and assists Krystel out.

She gives Tom a quick hug and starts up the walkway. Derek leans far over towards the passenger side window.

DEREK

Bye, Krys.

Krystel pauses but doesn't turn around. She continues up the walkway to her door, opens it and steps inside.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - DEREK'S HOUSE - EVENING

Derek leans against the car hood and fiddles with his phone.

Tom rushes out the door, shuts it, then runs to Derek's car. He raps on the hood. They both get in and the car moves off.

INT. DEREK'S CAR - WICHITA, KANSAS - CONTINUOUS

TOM

So, your professor turned in the rental car. Great. What else?

DEREK

Nothing! Bertrel would take us to Wichita and discuss something with Krys. That's all they told me!

Tom grabs Derek's phone and presses a few buttons on it. Four rings sound from the speaker.

KRYSTEL (V.O.)

Hi, it's Krystel and I'm not...

TOM

(breaks the connection)  
Something is... This doesn't jibe.  
What does your buddy Bertrel have?

Derek silently fumes. Tom re-dials. Krystel's recording starts, and he disconnects.

TOM (CONT'D)

Until they jumped me? It was a cakewalk hiding out on Brecksville. My SEAL training, I figured.

DEREK

Wait... They knew you were there?

Tom shrugs. Derek points ahead to the Arkansas River.

DEREK (CONT'D)

That's where I proposed to her. On a cruise ship during Riverfest.

TOM

Was your marriage his idea too?

DEREK

Damn it, Tom, I love Krys! No! I was just supposed to get her to Long Beach at a certain time, okay?

Tom straightens, then slowly points through the windshield.

TOM

That's it. The river. The son of a bitching river! Of course!

Derek is clueless. Tom pounds the dashboard with both fists.

DEREK

But I said the marriage was our...

TOM

Captain Jerkwater just dropped us onto a river pier like he was delivering a pallet of bone china!

DEREK

Right! But... What do you mean?

TOM

Have you two been on that pier?

DEREK

Yeah, a lot. It's by my house.

TOM

So if he wants to take Krystel on a joyride to lay on the guilts about this sinking, then grab her here!

Tom hits re-dial again but disconnects after two rings.

TOM (CONT'D)

That ghost bastard has her!

DEREK

What are you talking about?

TOM

The Gray Ghost...

DEREK

She's safe at home! She has to be!

TOM

Bertrel could have factored in my getting involved, or others.

(presses numbers on phone)

And I don't think he'd rely on all of his crew's blind devotion. Not even yours.

(puts phone to his ear)

This man had to purge his vessel of anyone who might possibly stop him.

DEREK  
From doing what?

TOM  
(into phone)  
Cassenta Charter? Tom Gilmore. I  
need a change of destination...

INT. CAPTAIN'S STATEROOM - BRECKSVILLE - EVENING

Krystel sits in front of Bertrel's desk, cuffed to her chair.  
Bertrel enters and closes the door.

KRYSTEL  
I'd like to see Brad, Admiral.

BERTREL  
Not now. Mister McKittrick and  
several other mutinous rats have  
deserted this ship.

Bertrel removes a wallet photo and gives it to Krystel. She  
examines it, then sets it down. The intercom clicks.

BERTREL (CONT'D)  
You see just what I see. My  
Melissa looks so much like you.  
(into intercom)  
What is it?

GRENASH (V.O.)  
Phoenix is off the port side, sir.  
Ninety minutes.

BERTREL  
Excellent. Inform me when we're  
over the Salton Sea.

Bertrel clicks off, walks to the porthole and looks out.

BERTREL (CONT'D)  
That sea will slow us down by half.  
But we'll make the meeting on time.

KRYSTEL  
What meeting?

BERTREL  
(returns to his desk)  
The one you'll be attending, love.  
Held in your honor. Dressed to the  
nines, the finest jewelry...  
(pauses)  
(MORE)

BERTREL (CONT'D)

My wife died soon after me. When she heard U-boats got us and that I went down with the ship, she acted.

KRYSTEL

But you said that... that Gray Ghost ship collided with...

BERTREL

Quashed. It would make great Nazi propaganda. Bad for morale...

KRYSTEL

Is Melissa... a Neather, too?

He picks up the black-and-white photo, caresses its edges.

BERTREL

My wife expired in water, she... Opened her wrists in our bathtub.

KRYSTEL

Oh God...

BERTREL

They buried my Melissa with our unborn son still inside her.

INT. PASSENGER CABIN - CASSENTA SILKWING - NIGHT

DEREK

You think Bertrel might kill her?

Tom remains silent.

DEREK (CONT'D)

I'd have to kill him myself, then.

TOM

Really? Look, we're out of time. How exactly did they get to you?

DEREK

Professor Taranto. It started with high grades on engineering reports and tests. Like, way high grades.

The Silkwing CO-PILOT, 30s, adjusts her radio headphones.

DEREK (CONT'D)

And then on this one report, he scribbled that he could make me a millionaire, overnight...

INT. LIVING ROOM - PROFESSOR TARANTO'S HOUSE - EVENING

Candles burn in gold candle-holders on a mantle, on a coffee table. Incense smokes from a gold bowl upon an end table.

In another corner, a floor lamp in the figure of a mermaid has a lighted blue bulb set into her arched tail.

Two agitated cats walk about the room. They look up and around and sniff, arch their backs, hiss.

PROFESSOR TARANTO, 40s, lies reclined upon a black sofa, his arms carefully folded over his chest. His eyes are closed.

Derek, in a recliner, fidgets and glances around nervously.

Candlelight dances upon a metallic model of a World War II heavy cruiser on the coffee table. Derek focuses on it.

PROFESSOR TARANTO

You'll admire their ingenuity.

The model sometimes flickers blue-white. Taranto opens his eyes, looks at Derek and notices his attention on it.

PROFESSOR TARANTO (CONT'D)

Seducing, yes? The beauty of that, what they've done... Astonishing. Engineering wizards. Otherworldly.

DEREK

When is he coming? This is fucking creepy, Professor. When can we...

PROFESSOR TARANTO

He's here.

DEREK

You mean, now?

PROFESSOR TARANTO

I mean, all along.

DEREK

Let's get this over with. I don't feel right and maybe I'll even...

In a darkened corner, a rocking chair slowly starts to rock, and then... Captain Bertrel appears in it, his arms folded.

BERTREL

**YOU'RE FULLY ENGAGED NOW, ENGINEER. YOU SHALL FOLLOW ORDERS. YOU'VE NO CHOICE.**

Derek stands as he fixates on Bertrel, shocked. Scared.

DEREK  
 I don't know, Captain. I don't  
 think I should do this... I...  
 (to Taranto)  
 Professor? Forget that I ever...

Bertrel looks at Taranto and gestures towards the hallway.

BERTREL  
**NO ONE DESERTS MY VESSEL. NO ONE...**

Bertrel fades out of sight. The rocking chair stops.

Taranto rises slowly from the couch, deliberately walks to a hallway and beckons Derek to follow.

INT. BEDROOM - PROFESSOR TARANTO'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Taranto and Derek stand silhouetted in the door frame. They focus on a king-sized bed with only a sheet upon it.

It's piled with pearl necklaces, gem-laden bracelets and earrings, chains, gold and silver coins, platinum bars...

DEREK  
 Oh Lord, my Lord, look at that...

INT. PASSENGER CABIN - CASSENTA SILKWING - NIGHT

DEREK  
 Bertrel's crew kept an eye on me in  
 Hollywood, in Long Beach...  
 (points to himself)  
 An asshole - she's right. I don't  
 want to go into this any more...

Tom turns in his seat and grabs Derek's upper arm.

TOM  
 Are you clear on the target?

DEREK  
 We find Bertrel and get Kry's away,  
 I guess. Yeah? I mean, what else?

Tom leans in close to Derek and speaks just above a whisper.

TOM  
 Does Krystel talk of her childhood?

DEREK

Uh, not much. Like, hardly ever.

TOM

Well, brace yourself. She had an abortion when she was twelve.

DEREK

What? She had a what?

The co-pilot turns to look at them, then faces front.

TOM

My sister awoke with a bad cough one night, but her faithful hubby wasn't in bed. Guess where he was?

DEREK

No! You don't mean...

TOM

Tiger missed the seventh grade. Hospitals. Emotional trauma therapy. Meds, you name it.

Derek starts to turn toward the window. Tom grabs him.

TOM (CONT'D)

(whispers fiercely)

And now, your fiancée - my niece - is being held by a madman for God knows what purpose! What are you going to do about that?

DEREK

I... we have to stop him.

TOM

We might have to splash the whole fucking lot. Liquidations! Got that? If you can't handle it, then I... I don't want you on my team.

Derek turns to the window. Tears fill his eyes.

INT. CAPTAIN'S STATEROOM - BRECKSVILLE - NIGHT

Bertrel opens the door, motions two of the four men to enter. They un-cuff Krystel and head down the passageway.

Halfway along, Krystel bends down, grabs the left leg of the sailor on her right and pushes up. He shouts and falls in front of the other man, who also stumbles and falls.

She hurdles them, then runs to the open hatch. She slides under the chain, gets her foot onto a rung and climbs down.

The sailors scramble up and start to run towards the hatch.

ESCORT SAILOR  
(back at cabin guard)  
Call the bridge!

INT. VOID SPACE - BRECKSVILLE - CONTINUOUS

Krystel climbs down the metal ladder awkwardly. She looks up. A few rungs above, a sailor descends rapidly.

She reaches the deck, turns and grabs the hatch handle. She pushes it up and steps out just as the sailor jumps down.

EXT. STARBOARD HATCH - BRECKSVILLE - CONTINUOUS

On deck, Krystel slams shut the hatch. The sailor's arm catches between it and the opening. He bellows in pain.

She runs to the rail. A sailor comes at her from the right, two more from the left. She gets a leg over and brings up the other but they grab at her, then pull her over the rail.

They carry her to the bridge ladder, then up. Krystel looks back just as the moonbeam disappears off the Salton Sea. *Brecksville* angles up and increases speed.

INT. PASSENGER CABIN - CASSENTA SILKWING - NIGHT

The co-pilot touches Tom's shoulder. He stirs and brings his reclined seat upright. Derek wakes and does the same.

SILKWING CO-PILOT  
Wheels-down at nine fifty-five,  
gentlemen, but we're diverting to  
LAX. Long Beach has fog. Did you  
reserve a rental car?

Tom and Derek exchange frowns. Tom slowly nods at her.

SILKWING CO-PILOT (CONT'D)  
We'll bring it to the LAX tarmac.

She returns to the co-pilot seat. Tom grabs a pen and pad from the seat pouch and writes.

TOM  
You do any praying?

DEREK  
I don't... Uh, not really.

TOM  
Well, you can start with one to the  
patron saint of precision timing.

INT. RENTAL CAR - 710 FREEWAY SOUTH - NIGHT

Tom races in the left lane. The speedometer shows 85. A  
sign reads: *710 Freeway Ends - 1/2 Mile*

DEREK  
(shouts)  
You're not in the Grand Prix!

TOM  
Ever see it here?

Tom cuts off a car as he swerves into the right lane.

DEREK  
Yeah, it was exactly like this!

Tom veers onto Shoreline Village Drive and pulls into a  
parking gate. He leans over to his left.

TOM  
Get the wallet out of my pocket.

Derek pulls the wallet, opens it and extracts a twenty. He  
hands it to Tom, who holds it out to the PARKING ATTENDANT.

PARKING ATTENDANT  
Eight dollars after nine o'clock...

TOM  
Right, whatever. Keep the change.

Tom hits the gas as the gate rises. It scrapes the rooftop.  
He turns into the lot, crosses it and accesses the berm  
roadway. Tom swerves into a parking spot and stops.

EXT. BERM PARKING AREA - LONG BEACH MARINA - CONTINUOUS

Tom and Derek run down the pier and jump to *Nakima's* deck.

TOM  
Can you pilot a boat?

Derek nods. Tom tosses him the keys.

TOM (CONT'D)  
 Get us to the waterway in front...  
 in front of The Gray Ghost.

INT. CAPTAIN'S STATEROOM - BRECKSVILLE - NIGHT

Several crewmen avert their eyes as Krystel slips on a short white satin dress. She steps into matching satin heels.

Gold and ruby jewelry lie on the desktop. Krystel puts on a wrist bracelet, ankle bracelets and a large ruby necklace. She rests a tiara in her hair as Bertrel enters.

BERTREL  
 Those were Carlota's jewels. Now,  
 ours. Yours.

KRYSTEL  
 Thanks. You steal treasure, too?

BERTREL  
 We know where most of it is, love.  
 Finder keepers, yes?

GRENASH (V.O.)  
 (from ship's intercom)  
 Laguna Beach passing to starboard.

BERTREL  
 And we never take it all, because  
 that would violate our Charter.

GRENASH (V.O.)  
 (from ship's intercom)  
 All hands report on deck.

BERTREL  
 But we no longer require secrecy,  
 or our Charter. Or anything.  
 (whispers to her)  
 A new beginning for us, my love.  
 Would you like to tag along?

KRYSTEL  
 You go on ahead, Admiral. I'll  
 meet you at the train station.

He smiles devilishly. A double-knock sounds.

BERTREL  
 You don't even know what's coming.

Bertrel opens the door to Chief Fuentes.

CHIEF FUENTES  
We're ready, sir.

Fuentes motions in four sailors, who escort Krystel out.

EXT. MAIN DECK - BRECKSVILLE - CONTINUOUS

The ship hovers fifty feet above the ocean. Her bow faces a docks area. Off her starboard side is the California coast.

Krystel steps down a ship's ladder, surrounded by two sailors behind and two in front. She reaches the deck and turns.

Bertrel stands on a red carpet that stretches to the bow. Along both sides of it, sailors in dress uniform face inward.

KRYSTEL  
Oh perfect. I'm going to marry an  
insane fucking ghost?

BERTREL  
Not yet. The... The meeting  
begins... It begins...

Bertrel folds his arms. Krystel looks at him, shocked.

BERTREL (CONT'D)  
Yes, love. The window on Fleet  
Week is closing fast upon us all.

He reaches for her necklace. Krystel flinches, moves back.

BERTREL (CONT'D)  
Soon comes the day when you shall  
cling to me.

Bertrel nods at sailors nearby. Two move behind her. Two more position themselves on either side and grasp her arms.

KRYSTEL  
Are surface... Are topside people  
attending this meeting?

Bertrel nods, then faces her. Everyone else grows silent.

BERTREL  
Your role, my love, is dually  
symbolic. First, as a figurehead  
to inaugurate our new purpose,  
Topside. Second, as a prize to me  
personally. You shall be the first  
woman ever to be mermaided.  
(MORE)

BERTREL (CONT'D)

You, dearest love, have earned the honor to be mine alone, Underneath.

KRYSTEL

You've got to be... I'm not going under any-fucking-where with you!

Krystel raises her arms but the sailors hold them.

Bertrel turns and walks to the edge of the red carpet.

A sailor loops a gag belt around Krystel's mouth. Others grasp her legs and arms. They carry her to the red carpet.

Bertrel waits for her arrival, then leads a procession.

As he comes abreast of a sailor pairing they snap-salute, then drop it as he passes. The next pairing does the same.

The procession moves past the forward turret, the sail with diving planes, the windlasses and anchor chains.

A raised steel platform sits back from the point of the bow. The platform supports a pair of brass poles, six feet high and two feet apart. From each pole hangs leather straps and buckles at various intervals.

The men position Krystel between the poles. Sailors bind her with straps at her elbows, shoulders, ankles, knees and hips.

A man ties a strap across her forehead and removes the gag.

KRYSTEL (CONT'D)

Why didn't you and your goons take me, down in the cabin? Bertrel?!?

Bertrel walks in front of her.

BERTREL

No one touches you here or Underneath, but me.

Bertrel moves close. He suddenly kisses her neck.

KRYSTEL

Fucking vampire!

BERTREL

Lieut... Lieutenant...

Bertrel quickly folds his arms.

BERTREL (CONT'D)

Lieutenant Grenash, proceed.

INT. FORWARD HULL - BRECKSVILLE - CONTINUOUS

The platform descends and then stops. Crewmen go to the crease of the bow. They release dogs on a hatch cover.

A sailor grabs a wooden shaft from brackets on the bulkhead. He thrusts it into the hatch center. The hatch falls out.

EXT. MAIN DECK - BRECKSVILLE - CONTINUOUS

Grenash looks down from the bow point and toggles a switch. The platform moves a few feet past the hatch and stops.

He presses another switch until the platform angles forward approximately forty-five degrees.

INT. FORWARD HULL - BRECKSVILLE - CONTINUOUS

Krystel braces for a fall but the straps hold her tight. Through wisps of fog, she watches a few sailboats and yachts sail past and race towards the marina.

KRYSTEL

Help me! Look up here! HELP!

Nobody on the boats pays any attention.

EXT. STERN DECK - NAKIMA - NIGHT

Tom sees a splash and focuses the binoculars to that area.

A bank of thick fog approaches. As the fog moves in, the bow-on silhouette of *USS Brecksville* appears in mid-air.

Tom turns and crouches down at the stern ladder.

TOM

Heavy cruiser, dead ahead!

DEREK

Yeah? Wow! Okay, where to?

TOM

Due south but tack, and slowly!  
Don't attract their attention!

EXT. MAIN DECK - BRECKSVILLE - CONTINUOUS

Bertrel goes to the bow point and looks down at Krystel.

BERTREL  
Do you know Melville's *Figure-Head*?

KRYSTEL  
Stop this while you can, Bertrel!

The cruiser descends to fifty feet above the ocean.

INT. CABIN - NAKIMA - CONTINUOUS

Through the bridge window, Tom watches the fog-enshrouded silhouette of *Brecksville* approach the ocean surface.

TOM  
Got you, Captain Uppity. I've no  
Charter to obey, so bring it on...

DEREK  
Can we start our run on him?

TOM  
Not yet.

*Brecksville* halts its descent.

TOM (CONT'D)  
What's he doing? Hey, watch it!

Tom points. A boat crosses ahead. Derek turns as it passes, then straightens to meet its wake.

EXT. MAIN DECK - BRECKSVILLE - CONTINUOUS

BERTREL  
Men of Brecksville: To the meeting!

The men applaud. Bertrel raises his right arm up, then points it forward. The ship moves towards the docks area.

INT. CABIN - NAKIMA - CONTINUOUS

Through the binoculars, *Brecksville's* silhouette grows. The shape fills the field of vision in Tom's binoculars.

*Nakima* bobs crazily as *Brecksville* passes directly over her.

TOM  
Turn about and get to the channel!

Derek loses balance, stumbles and crashes into the bulkhead.

EXT. FORWARD HATCH - BRECKSVILLE - CONTINUOUS

The ship rises, and then *Brecksville* angles down slightly. Krystel sees *Queen Georgina* directly ahead.

KRYSTEL  
Meeting. Meeting? Oh God, no!  
Bertrel, you insane BASTARD!

EXT. CENTER SMOKESTACK - QUEEN GEORGINA - CONTINUOUS

MARIA, Hispanic, 30s, attractive in a wedding dress and WILSON, Irish, 40s in a tux stand in front of the smokestack. JO BROOK, 30s, aims her Canon pro camera and snaps away.

They all walk around to the ladder rungs of the smokestack.

JO  
So lovely, Maria! Now step up...  
Good... Wilson, raise your arms.

WILSON  
Like this, Jo?

JO  
Not to the side, up. Yeah! Maria,  
put your right foot on the next  
rung - your other right foot...  
Now look back like you're escaping!  
Real scary face, really mug it...

A giant blue-white flash suddenly illuminates them. Jo lowers her camera and looks at it, very puzzled.

Maria and Wilson stare out over the port side, their faces frozen in shock and horror. Jo glances over her shoulder.

JO (CONT'D)  
Oh shit, no...

EXT. DOCKS AREA - ADJACENT TO QUEEN GEORGINA - CONTINUOUS

*Brecksville* appears in mid-air and flashes blue-white.

At the waterline in back of the superstructure, a black cylinder punches through her hull at blazing speed. The shape flashes blue-white - an outline of a World War II sub.

*Brecksville* slices in two. Her stern half, attached only at the keel, bends down. She rolls starboard from the impact.

*Brecksville* rights herself as she plows ahead.

EXT. FORWARD HATCH - BRECKSVILLE - CONTINUOUS

Krystel screams as the submarine bashes into the ship. A loud vibration violently shakes the entire cruiser.

Ahead, *Queen Georgina's* center stack grows in her vision.

EXT. STERN DECK - NAKIMA - CONTINUOUS

Tom watches *Brecksville's* forward half barely skim over *Queen Georgina*. The bent-down stern slaps the middle smokestack.

*Brecksville* continues ahead, then angles downward. Her stem crashes into the marina channel.

A huge double-plume of spray blasts skyward and lights up from the blue-white flashes of *Brecksville*.

EXT. FORWARD HATCH - BRECKSVILLE - CONTINUOUS

*Brecksville's* hull hits the surface and plunges underwater.

Krystel opens her eyes to blue-white bubbles racing past.

*Brecksville* suddenly angles up, her forward momentum driving towards the Long Beach Marina.

EXT. BERM - LONG BEACH MARINA - CONTINUOUS

Ghost ship *USS Brecksville* slams into the berm and obliterates trees, buildings, cars - everything in her path.

The ship halts on the berm, stern portion submerged in the marina channel. She rolls halfway onto her starboard side.

EXT. STERN DECK - NAKIMA - CONTINUOUS

A deafening crash makes Tom pivot from *Brecksville* and watch a wall of spray erupt in the channel. At its bottom strobes a World War II sub, just before it plunges below the waves.

*Nakima* pitches sharply as a wave from the sub's impact rolls underneath. Items on the cabin deck slide to the stern.

Tom tries to maintain balance but topples into the stern ladder-well. His right shoulder impacts the handrail.

He spins, grabs at a step and lands on his back.

Derek's body crashes down on top of him. Tom opens his eyes.

He gingerly moves Derek to the side and feels his neck pulse.

TOM  
Hang on, buddy.

Tom gets to his feet, then runs forward to the wheel.

He revs the motor and speeds across the marina channel.

He passes a Coast Guard cutter steaming near capsized boats.

Tom maneuvers alongside a pier close to *USS Brecksville*.

EXT. PIER - LONG BEACH MARINA - CONTINUOUS

Tom sprints down the pier and turns towards the cruiser.

On his left flash multiple blue and red police cruiser lights in the city of Long Beach, near the shoreline.

*Brecksville* lies across nearly the entire berm. Tom heads for a narrow gap in front of her bow.

He gets around *Brecksville's* forward keel and looks up.

At the top of the bow there she is: Krystel! Her body hangs by several leather straps from a brass post.

A screech of metal on concrete sounds and Krystel's body jerks as the ship jumps back towards the marina channel.

Tom runs to a fallen anchor on the berm. The anchor chain, covered in muck, hangs from the forward deck.

Tom climbs the chain. He favors his right shoulder, but continues.

He gets to within fifteen feet below Krystel.

An unseen force slams his right shoulder and knocks his hand off the chain. His left hand slips on muck and he lets go.

Tom squeezes the chain with his legs, slides down, then his legs separate. He falls backwards towards the concrete berm. He curls in, twists and lands on his side with a loud snap.

Bertrel solidifies just above where his shoulder was hit.

BERTREL  
REPEL ALL BOARDERS, PETTY OFFICER GILMORE!  
YOUR WENCH IS MINE! CAPTAIN'S PRIVILEGE!  
MINE FOR ALL TIME!

INT. FORWARD HULL - BRECKSVILLE - CONTINUOUS

Bertrel swings in through the hatch from the anchor chain. *Brecksville* groans, slides towards the channel, then stops.

BERTREL  
Take us, Thalassa! Return us home!

People along the berm look for ways to climb on *Brecksville*.

Bertrel sees them, draws a knife from a scabbard on his belt, holds Krystel and cuts her free from the brass post.

BERTREL (CONT'D)  
Filthy Topsiders want to crash the party. It is time for you, my wife, to be properly mermaided...

Bertrel picks her up, begins to move from the bow. A muffled shout sounds. Bertrel stops. Quiet. He starts again.

Another shout, closer. Bertrel sits Krystel against the starboard bulkhead. She moans and tries to open her eyes.

DEREK (O.S.)  
Krys! You here? Krys? Krys?

BERTREL  
(whispers)  
Come ahead, Judas-engineer!

He folds his arms, flashes several times, finally vanishes.

Derek appears from behind a jumble of storage lockers, wires, pipes and other debris broken loose by the cruiser's impact.

He sees Krystel against the starboard bulkhead.

DEREK  
KRYSTEL! Oh God, you're all right!

Krystel half-opens her eyes, shakes her head. Derek steps over the anchor chain and reaches her.

DEREK (CONT'D)  
Please Krys, please forgive me!  
I'm okay now, everything is clear.

KRYSTEL  
No...

DEREK  
You can trust me now, do you understand? Please, I'll never...

KRYSTEL  
NO! Cap... Cap...

DEREK  
Is Tom here? Babe, where's Tom?

KRYSTEL  
The... The cap...

DEREK  
You were right about me, and I'll  
do anything to make it up...

Krystel's eyes open wide. She looks up and over Derek.

Derek stands and turns. He grunts, looks down. A knife handle protrudes from his stomach.

The blade moves up by itself, then withdraws from his chest. Derek screams and falls away. Bertrel fades in above him.

Blood from the knife drips onto Derek's face. Bertrel moves back towards Krystel.

KRYSTEL  
You... You... bas... bastard!

The ship jumps back. Bertrel loses his balance and falls. The ship stops. Bertrel stands, then advances upon Krystel.

She moves to the forward hatch and looks back through it.

BERTREL  
That's a forty foot drop to  
concrete, love. Come my way! Now!

Bertrel closes on her, Krystel now just a few feet away.

DEREK  
BABE, MOVE! MOVE AWAY!

Bertrel half-pivots. Krystel dives from the hatch towards the starboard bulkhead.

Bertrel turns completely around, then starts to take a step.

Gripped by Derek, the wooden shaft that was used to knock out the forward hatch earlier hits Bertrel in his midsection.

Bertrel flies backwards through the forward hatch. He *SCREAMS* all the way down.

DEREK (CONT'D)

Have to see... have to...

Derek points forward. Krystel holds him up as together, they pick their way through debris.

The couple finally reaches the hatch and both look down.

Bertrel lies on the berm next to Tom, their faces inches apart. Bertrel's hair is white, his face wrinkled and aged.

DEREK (CONT'D)

Dry-docked. Climb... down now...

KRYSTEL

Come on, we have to get you to the hospital. Take my hand, honey.

Emergency vehicles race across the parking lot.

A crane with EMTs in the carrier rises to *Brecksville's* deck.

*USS Brecksville*, her stern now submerged, jumps back but does not stop. The cruiser slides rapidly towards the channel.

Her bow rises. Derek falls back. He tumbles and bounces off various objects and disappears into the depths of the ship.

Krystel holds onto the bottom edge of the forward hatch as it rises. She tries to climb onto it. The ship's angle is too steep and she slides backwards, towards a jumble of lockers.

Water completely floods the interior of the forward hull.

EXT. MARINA CHANNEL - CONTINUOUS

Her bow straight up, *Brecksville* slides under the surface.

On the marina berm, emergency vehicles converge and stop.

Several helicopters appear over the area.

EXT. OCEAN BOTTOM - DARKNESS

From *Brecksville* a Neather emerges. It moves around the ship, floats to the bow and looks through the forward hatch.

The Neather leaves the glowing blue-white wreck and walks out across the barren ocean floor.

The Neather falls to his knees. It's Derek. He pitches forward and grinds his face into the sea bottom.

EXT. OCEAN BOTTOM - MURKY LIGHT

Derek trudges across the vast sea floor. A few fish swim by. He walks several paces more and stops.

Derek's face changes from anguish to puzzlement. He turns.

He smiles wide and runs forward.

INT. PRIVATE ROOM - MEDICAL CENTER - AFTERNOON

CNN is on the TV. Tom has a bandage on his head, a sling for his right arm. A cast encloses his left leg, hip to toe.

CNN NEWSCASTER

...federal officials have thrown a news blackout over everything...

KRYSTEL (O.S.)

...and if not for her SEAL uncle, I'd be sleeping with the fishes.

TOM

Tiger! Oh God!

Krystel uses a cane and slowly walks in.

KRYSTEL

You big faker. Let's go home.

TOM

I'm for that. Hey?

Tom looks down and frowns at her bandaged leg.

KRYSTEL

Cut it getting out of that hatch.

She sits in a chair next to Tom's bed, holds his hand.

KRYSTEL (CONT'D)

(low voice)

Bertrel didn't get back Underneath. Thanks to Derek. He, uh... dry...

TOM

Dry-docked. Bertrel got what he... deserved. What room is Derek in?

KRYSTEL

He's... well, he's still missing. Bertrel got him, I think. Pretty sure. I don't see how he could...

TOM

Oh no no... That should be me.  
Me! I'm the one fully trained...

KRYSTEL

Don't do this, you were always...

TOM

I put him in danger... My partner.  
Let down... I'm still the coward,  
no guts for up close...

KRYSTEL

Stop! Just stop it! You trained  
him well! You made Derek... He...  
You brought goodness back into his  
heart, Uncle T. You rescued him.

(pauses)

There won't be any medals for you,  
but still. Isn't that a main goal  
of every SEAL mission?

(pats Tom's hand)

To rescue those in danger?

TOM

Yeah. But he's so young... I...  
They didn't capture Ray?

KRYSTEL

No... I don't think so. He was  
here? Not in Saint Louis, then?

TOM

His submarine intercepted... she  
intercepted Brecksville.

A nurse enters. To Krystel, she gestures at the door.

KRYSTEL

Well, I'm off to a beach house in  
Hermosa. I'll be your nursemaid.

She wipes a tear from her face, stands and grabs her cane.

TOM

Watch your six, Tiger.

KRYSTEL

Will do. I'll be back tonight.

(to the nurse)

And you watch his six, okay?

She kisses Tom's cheek. His eyes tear up as Krystel leaves.

EXT. OCEAN BOTTOM - MURKY LIGHT

The silvery figures of Ray, Derek and some crew members appear together. Behind, glows the blue-white *USS Dorsalis*.

DEREK

I felt... so alone. I wanted to be dead. I mean, really dead.

RAY

My apologies. We had to abandon the area once Topsiders appeared.

DEREK

I tried to cry. Why can't I cry?

Ray puts his hands on Derek's shoulders.

RAY

About Krystel. You should know...

DEREK

Don't say she's here! Jesus...

RAY

You've no worries, my friend. They flew her out in a medical chopper.

Derek falls to his knees and holds his face in his hands.

DEREK

Oh my God, thank God... When can I come back up, to see her?

RAY

We'll go deep-ocean for at least a month, to rejuvenate. Time for you to show us how you beat Bertrel.

(bends down)

You'll learn how to project images from your mind.

DEREK

No way. I'll never be able to...

Ray stands Derek up, looks him squarely in the eye and nods.

They do a brief, tight hug. Ray then steps back a little.

RAY

Our skipper has officially given me the honor to formally request of you, Sir Derek Garnett, to join the Underneath crew of *USS Dorsalis*.

EXT. BACK PORCH - TOM'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

( **CURRENT DAY** )

Tom relaxes in a chair at a round table. He taps the keyboard on his laptop as he composes an e-mail message.

A dog sits on a chair and watches people walk by on The Strand sidewalk, which borders Hermosa Beach.

Krystal opens the sliding door and steps out onto the porch.

She gives Tom a quick peck on the cheek and then moves to the door leading down to The Strand.

KRYSTEL

Time to stretch your legs, Feta!

(to Tom)

Back in a jiff. You'll be okay?

TOM

No problemo, Tiger.

She smiles. Krystal grabs an adjustable leash hanging near the door, attaches it to Feta, opens the screen door and descends four steps to The Strand.

She and Feta cross it, turn right and walk down the beach.

EXT. ICE FIELD - ARCTIC CIRCLE - LATE AFTERNOON

Two polar bear cubs trot across an ice field. One playfully falls onto his back and stretches out. The other trips on him, falls over and the two engage in gentle rough-housing.

A short distance away, the mother bear stares at an ice hole. The water surface inside the ice hole is still as glass.

A tiny black shape appears in the center. The moving shape slowly grows and becomes the body of a seal.

The seal looks up and sways its head side-to-side. It stops several feet underwater.

Mother bear slowly raises her head.

The surface water of the ice hole suddenly changes to tiny vibrating ripples. A faint hissing emanates from it.

Mother bear becomes motionless, then retreats a few feet. She draws back her lips and snarls.

Both cubs stand and sniff the air. One of them yips.

The hiss grows louder, then radiates across the ice field.

Mother bear turns away from the ice hole and lopes towards her two cubs. They both yelp in fright.

A column of steam shoots up from the ice hole.

A huge section of the ice field cracks and angles up.

Mother bear and her cubs try to stay atop the sharply angled ice, but they soon slide into and under the water.

The exposed water in the ice field steams and then bubbles.

Through the swirling fog, a massive beam of blue-white light blasts straight up from the surface and into the sky.

EXT. BACK PORCH - TOM'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Tom moves a mouse as he navigates a real estate web site. Occasionally he glances out at a beach volleyball game.

A MAN, blond, 20s, sunglasses and cap, slowly walks by on The Strand. He looks at Tom, then points over his shoulder at the Hermosa Beach pier. Tom nods very slightly.

Three knocks sound from Tom's front door. Tom picks up a cane, opens and steps through his porch sliding screen door.

INT. LIVING ROOM - TOM'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

More knocks come from Tom's door as he limps towards it.

TOM

Give me a pass! I'm old...

He opens up to two MEN and a WOMAN, all dressed in beach casual clothes and carrying briefcases.

TOM (CONT'D)

...and infirm.

(holds up his hands)

Don't shoot, G-men! G-woman!

CARL SHERMAK, early 40s, clean cut, intense, offers his hand. Tom shakes it. Shermak indicates their clothes.

SHERMAK

Didn't want to attract attention.

TOM

Hey, I was fooled.

Tom waves them in, shuts the door and heads to the sunroom.

TOM (CONT'D)  
Come on back here. You guys IRS?

INT. SUNROOM - TOM'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

SHERMAK  
Yeah, IRS. We're here to contest that, uh, that tax deduction.

He points to the lavish bar.

TOM  
Legal write-off. Twelve-year-old single malt closes some nice deals.

The three visitors politely smile.

TOM (CONT'D)  
More Q-&-A about Queen Georgina? Wasted trip, folks. Nothing new.

SHERMAK  
I'm Carl Shermak, NSA. You already know Tim Dawkins from the LA FBI.

TIM DAWKINS is late 30s, clean cut.

TOM  
Hey, Dawk.

They shake hands. Dawkins points to Tom's left hip.

TOM (CONT'D)  
Cast came off a month ago.

SHERMAK  
This is Allie Bantham, with COMARE.

ALLIE BANTHAM is late 20s, attractive. Tom shakes her hand and then moves behind the bar.

TOM  
COMARE, eh? Never heard of it.

Tim Dawkins rolls his eyes and smiles.

TOM (CONT'D)  
Correlate Office for... mares?

ALLIE  
Yes. We, uh, we study seahorses.

They laugh as Tom opens the bar fridge. He turns back to indicate sitting at the polished mahogany table and chairs.

TOM  
So what's new in **Maritime Events**?

ALLIE  
You heard about the Peruvian 757?

Tom sets drinks down on the table and sits with them.

TOM  
Who hasn't? One lucky landing, eh?

ALLIE  
Unofficial NTSB is metal fatigue.  
The pilot says he saw something.

TOM  
Interesting. A gremlin?

ALLIE  
I'll come back to that. Here.

She shows a photo of a US Navy aircraft carrier, hull # 433.

TOM  
(returns the photo)  
Towerland. Taking a nice, relaxing  
seawater soak. I knew guys on her.

Allie angles the laptop at Tom, with an article headline:  
***U.S. Navy Deep-Sixes Supercarrier USS Towerland***

ALLIE  
Conventionally-powered. Plated  
with rolled homogenous armor.

TOM  
(looks sharply at her)  
What? Where did they sink her?

ALLIE  
An abyssal, west of the Canary  
Islands. Fifteen thousand feet.

Tom whistles. Allie pauses and nods at Shermak.

SHERMAK  
Everything from now on is top  
secret. Loose lips, right?

Tom gives Shermak a sarcastic grin, and nods.

ALLIE

Tell us what you know about the  
Lake Erie Islands.

TOM

Great for vacations, I hear.

ALLIE

That's it?

TOM

I'm mostly a saltwater sailor.

ALLIE

I mean, have you heard of any  
recent unusual events?

TOM

Nope.

ALLIE

Eleven-thirty-six PM last Sunday.  
A bass fisherman reports a  
lightning strike on a giant ship,  
close to where he was trolling.

Allie displays an image of an aircraft carrier's island, the  
hull number 433 lit by a floodlight.

TOM

In Lake fucking Erie? Did the  
fisherman take that shot?

ALLIE

Coast Guard cutter. Then it got  
bumped up to us.

On Allie's laptop appears a red-lit outline, barely visible.  
Tom leans over to examine it.

ALLIE (CONT'D)

The cutter transported our agent  
back out there and she filmed this.

Red-lit streaks paint the screen up and down, then it goes  
black. Allie fast-forwards the video and pauses it.

ALLIE (CONT'D)

Watch closely.

She hits 'Play'. The image jumps side to side, mostly black.

A bright yellow patch appears briefly at the top.

Allie fast-forwards. A blue-white image of the cutter appears vertically, bow up. Then the screen goes black.

Allie displays a high-altitude view of West Sister Island. It shows the cutter wreckage and a very large oil slick.

ALLIE (CONT'D)

We recovered two bodies - the captain, the pilot. No trace of Towerland and our agent is MIA.

TOM

Oh. I'm very sorry to hear that.  
(looks closely at image)  
A fuck-ton of oil for a cutter.

ALLIE

That's all you have to say?

TOM

I didn't do it.

ALLIE

Thank you. Speculate, then. We need something, Tom.

TOM

I don't even have a good guess.

TIM DAWKINS

Oh, come on!

TOM

Dawk, you've got everything I know.

TIM DAWKINS

(under his breath)  
Bullshit.

Tom stands. He's livid. His cane falls to the floor.

TIM DAWKINS (CONT'D)

Sorry, I take that back. Sorry.

ALLIE

Tom? That 757... Tom?

Tom slowly resumes his seat and calms down.

ALLIE (CONT'D)

Flight 5C49 from Lima to São Paulo, Brazil. Cockpit voice recorder.

She selects an audio file from a menu, then clicks 'Play'.

An alarm blares 'Overspeed. Overspeed. Overspeed.' The alarm stops, then another begins.

757 CO-PILOT  
Jet wash! Where the hell...?

757 PILOT  
Son of a bitch this is sluggish...

757 CO-PILOT  
Tower, any traffic our vicinity?

TOWER  
Negative. Is T-CAS active?

757 PILOT  
We have no T-CAS alarm, Tower!  
(to co-pilot)  
Starboard wing. Some... something  
clipped us! A blue flash of...

TOWER  
Say again, Five-Charlie.

757 PILOT  
Wing damage starboard but we're  
stable, uh, a section...  
(to co-pilot)  
How big?

757 CO-PILOT  
Looks like three or four meters...

757 PILOT  
We're declaring an emergency! Can  
you clear a return to Jorge Chávez?

TOWER  
Roger, Five-Charlie, begin left  
turn heading two one zero. No  
other traffic your area.

757 PILOT  
Turning two one zero. A ship hit  
us, Tower! Not an aircraft!

TOWER  
Did you say 'ship', Five-Charlie?

Muffled transmissions, then a few seconds of silence.

TOWER (CONT'D)  
Five-Charlie, please say again.  
Are you reporting a UFO?

757 PILOT

No! UFO? I saw gun turrets, and a, uh, a superstructure... There was nothing unidentified about it!

TOWER

What heading, Five-Charlie?

757 PILOT

Due west! Damn thing flashed like lightning!

Allie indicates the front door to Shermak and Dawkins. Everyone stands. Dawkins and Tom exchange handshakes.

TIM DAWKINS

Take it slow and watch that hip.

Shermak and Tom exchange a brief, polite handshake.

SHERMAK

Be calling on you again.

TOM

Lovely. I'll wait by the phone.

Shermak catches up with Dawkins at the door. They leave.

TOM (CONT'D)

Stick up his ass...

ALLIE

What?

TOM

Shermak. Some public servant.

ALLIE

I see. No idea on the airliner?

TOM

Nope. How the hell would I know?

Allie looks indecisive a moment, then she quickly sits.

ALLIE

Got an item the FBI isn't aware of. We, uh, got one of the Neathers.

Tom glares at Allie as he takes his seat.

ALLIE (CONT'D)

You knew it was bound to happen! Anyway, he was interrogated by NSA.

TOM  
Where is he? Washington?

ALLIE  
Was. Was in DC.

TOM  
Oh.

ALLIE  
He... expired in the same manner as  
your Bertrel character.

She pats the side of her laptop.

TOM  
What *don't* you have in that thing?

ALLIE  
Jimmy Hoffa's last words, I guess.

She angles her laptop so Tom can see.

ALLIE (CONT'D)  
So, they started with an old  
standby. Waterboarding. He  
actually enjoyed that one.

She starts the video.

ALLIE (CONT'D)  
They did everything *forceful* to get  
him to talk. Within limits.

TOM  
NSA is renowned for its restraint.

ALLIE  
Got them nowhere. Then...

The video shows a man who sits in a bare room, both wrists handcuffed to a ring in the center of a small steel table. The bedraggled man occasionally flashes blue-white, then disappears, then reappears.

A door opens behind the man and a beautiful, naked WOMAN, early 20s, enters the room. She climbs onto the table, sits in front of the man and spreads her legs.

TOM  
Holy Christ, Allie!

NEATHER IN ROOM  
No! Oh no no no! Please!

The woman ignores his talk and seductively stretches out fully on her back in front of him.

NEATHER IN ROOM (CONT'D)  
You can't do this, oh my God...

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)  
She's yours. Just tell us.

NEATHER IN ROOM  
I can't, you know I can't! You fucking assholes! Oh God...

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)  
Talk! Very simple. Tell us the meaning of Bottom Trigger. DO IT!

The Neather gazes at the ceiling but steals looks at her.

NEATHER IN ROOM  
Damn perfume, God, please stop...

She brings her legs together, caresses one with the other.

NEATHER IN ROOM (CONT'D)  
No, don't! Please stop it! STOP!

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)  
All yours. After you spend time with her you'll go back Underneath. She'll be waiting when you return.

NEATHER IN ROOM  
Oh my God oh my God let me...

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)  
Bottom Trigger. Explain.

NEATHER IN ROOM  
What's her name? Her name...

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)  
Sheri. Your woman.

NEATHER IN ROOM  
EUROPE! EUROPE, EUROPE - YOU FUCKS! I WANT TO MERMAID HER, CAN I PLEASE MERMAID...

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)  
Europe? Why there? Tell us what's going to happen to Europe! NOW!

The Neather freezes, in great pain.

He shakes with spasms that increase in severity, and then his face smacks the table inches from the woman's thighs.

The Neather wrinkles to a very old man. The video ends.

TOM

You guys are fucking assholes!

ALLIE

I had nothing to do with this!

TOM

Not when someone else can do your dirty work. That was... Shermak!

ALLIE

So you never sweated an enemy? Is that the crap you're selling me?

TOM

(pauses, looks away)  
How did you get him?

ALLIE

He was discovered behind a brothel in New Orleans. A woman told 911 he flashed blue-white, that maybe he'd fallen on a downed power line.

TOM

What else could she think?

ALLIE

Right. He kept mumbling 'Bottom Trigger'. Eventually the local cops called us Feds.

TOM

Bottom Trigger. The hell is that?

EXT. DRIVEWAY - TOM'S HOUSE - EARLY EVENING

Tom and Allie stand by her car. Tom has Feta on her leash.

ALLIE

Lisette Barents was... the COMARE agent who disappeared in Lake Erie.  
(her eyes tear up)  
Coworker, confidante. A good friend.

Tom puts a hand on her shoulder. She takes his hand.

Feta walks in front of Allie, looks at her slowly side to side, then comes close. Allie reaches to pet her.

ALLIE (CONT'D)

Lisette isn't even a field agent.  
Just a researcher. She studies  
undersea earthquakes, but we're  
overextended with all of the...  
activity. She doesn't like boats,  
hates being in the water...

Allie grabs her buzzing phone. She looks at it and frowns.

She walks quickly behind her car, nonchalantly folds her arms and looks over her shoulder. Tom and Feta join her.

ALLIE (CONT'D)

Listen to me. I've seen Lisette.

TOM

You mean, *after* what happened?

ALLIE

(nods)

At Zuma Beach. You've been there?

TOM

Of course. You're saying that...  
What? That she swam out of Lake  
Erie and then...

ALLIE

She can't swim.

TOM

Okay. So she walked on water?

ALLIE

My house is near Zuma. Three days  
ago, I'm out on the sand, and...

EXT. ZUMA BEACH - MALIBU, CALIFORNIA - EARLY AFTERNOON

Allie, in a bikini, sits on a beach towel, faced away from the ocean. A glass of orange juice rests on the towel. She steps through several screens on her laptop computer.

Two BOYS, ages 10-11, shout and throw a frisbee nearby.

Several COUPLES walk on the sand or in ankle-deep surf.

Sand kicks up near Allie's towel as the frisbee lands nearby. Allie glances disapprovingly at the boy who retrieves it.

A few seconds later, the glass of orange juice topples and spills as another errant frisbee strikes its rim.

ALLIE

Thanks, guys! Could you move down the beach, please?

She picks up the frisbee with her left hand and flings it awkwardly towards the boy. The wind catches it and pushes the frisbee away and behind her, towards the water.

She watches the boy chase it. A WOMAN, late 20s, stands near the water a dozen yards behind him. She turns away suddenly.

Allie shades her eyes and gives the woman a closer look.

The woman pivots, then walks towards an outcropping of rocks.

Allie frowns, closes her laptop and stands.

She walks towards this woman dressed in black jeans and a light gray sweatshirt. The woman spots Allie trailing her and begins to trot towards the rocks.

ALLIE (CONT'D)

Hey! My God, are you Lissy? HEY!  
You're Lissette! It's me, WAIT!

The woman quickly scrambles up the rocks. By the time she climbs to the top, Allie reaches the rock base.

The woman disappears over the crest.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - TOM'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

TOM

She made it to the Coast Highway?

ALLIE

Not enough time. She vanished.  
(pauses, then shivers)  
I keep looking around and then I  
happen to glance out to sea, and...  
Her face is floating above the  
surface! Then she does this...

Allie moves her right arm in a beckoning motion.

ALLIE (CONT'D)

She smiles, and... She's gone.

TOM

But you said she hates water.

ALLIE  
 (nods and shrugs)  
 I waited ten minutes but she never  
 came up. What do you think?

TOM  
 She... She goes Underneath and...

ALLIE  
 The Neather we grilled used the  
 word *mermaid*, remember? Odd.

TOM  
 Trust me, mermaids aren't so odd.  
 Not to most sailors.

ALLIE  
 But he said it like... like it was  
 something one did. An action.

TOM  
 To 'mermaid' something. Someone.  
 (shakes his head)  
 What about... Europe?

ALLIE  
 We're quietly advising all European  
 nations to increase vigilance along  
 their coastlines.

Allie gives Tom a questioning look.

TOM  
 I wish I knew.

ALLIE  
 Anything you can get would help.  
 (taps on her phone)  
 Something up in the Arctic Sea.

Allie gets into her car and rolls down the window.

ALLIE (CONT'D)  
 I'll phone you later tonight.

TOM  
 (nods and smiles)  
 I'd give you my number, but...

ALLIE  
 I already have it.

TOM  
 Call. Even if nothing breaks.

Allie smiles up at him, waves, then drives off. Tom watches until her car disappears from sight.

EXT. HERMOSA BEACH - LATE EVENING

Tom, Krystel and Feta walk along the deserted moonlit beach near his house. They go slowly; Tom is without his cane.

The dog trails behind. Occasionally Feta runs into the shallow surf and splashes around.

KRYSTEL

I wonder why Derek hasn't come up  
in awhile.

TOM

Yeah, I expected to see him.

KRYSTEL

Or Ray? We're supposed to be madly  
in love, and yet...

TOM

Shh.

Tom stops. Krystel takes a few more steps, halts and turns to Tom with a shrug.

TOM (CONT'D)

Humming. You hear that?

Tom watches Feta sniff at the sand near the surf line. She then backs up and moves her head slowly, side to side.

TOM (CONT'D)

She did that before, when did I...

Tom scans the sky, horizon to horizon.

They continue to walk while Tom glances up and around.

TOM (CONT'D)

Something is... Oh Christ...

Behind them, Feta growls in her throat. Her back arches, her tail stiffens as she stares at a spot just in front of her.

The dog suddenly illuminates as the figure of a MAN sparkles blue-white in front of her. The man disappears.

Feta floats up and flies in a long arc up the beach.

She yelps before hitting the sand, then lies still.

KRYSTEL

Feta! Feta!

TOM

Forget her! Get to the house! Get  
off the beach!

Tom yells as he topples to the sand, a blue-flash lighting him as he goes down. Krystel screams.

KRYSTEL

Uncle Tom!

TOM

Go! Run! Don't call anybody!

Tom tries to stand. His legs buckle, he falls to his knees.

TOM (CONT'D)

Go, Tiger! *GO NOW!* Get... Get in  
the house... Stay there!

NEATHER

Down for the count, frog man!

Distraught and unsure of what to do, Krystel finally turns away and runs up the beach toward Tom's house.

TOM

Show yourself! Let me... You  
fucking coward!

NEATHER

Krystel is tapped to be my woman,  
uncle. She's gone from this world.

A thud sounds. Tom grunts as he rolls into a fetal position.

NEATHER (CONT'D)

You can't hit what you can't see.

Another thud. A blue-flash illuminates the Neather's foot as it connects with Tom's midsection.

Tom struggles to his feet, and then darts his eyes around.

NEATHER (CONT'D)

*UPPERCUT FROM A THOUSAND FATHOMS...*

Tom's head snaps to the left, his arms jerk upwards and he falls flat on his back in a spread-eagle position.

The Neather flashes, looks down at Tom and then disappears.

Footsteps appear rapidly behind the trail left by Krystel.

Krystel looks back, sees Tom down on the sand and screams. She flat-out runs towards the house.

Suddenly her hair bunches up and she falls backwards. She slides on her back towards the surf.

Krystel grabs at the unseen hand that holds her hair.

She twists her face around and bites the Neather's hand.

NEATHER (CONT'D)

FUCK! YOU BITCH!

The Neather flashes and lets go of Krystel.

She scrambles to her feet and runs towards Tom's porch, about fifty feet away. In mid-stride, Krystel twists in the air.

She falls face-down, rolls onto her back and then goes still.

The invisible Neather pulls her limp body roughly down the sand and towards the surf.

The Neather solidifies. He looks several hundred feet across the deserted beach at Tom, motionless out on the sand.

NEATHER (CONT'D)

SEAL, whipped by a gunner's mate...

(laughs)

...in fucking ten seconds flat!

He approaches a smooth, black rock near the water's edge.

NEATHER (CONT'D)

I hope you said your good-byes.

The 'rock' is a hinged, shiny, rounded box about the size of a coffin. He sets Krystel down near the black box.

NEATHER (CONT'D)

By the way, much obliged for dry-docking our egomaniac skipper.

The Neather springs open the latch and lifts the cover. Tom leaps out of the black box.

The Neather's face freezes in complete shock. Tom grabs the Neather's collar and locks eyes with him for a moment.

The Neather flashes blue-white as Tom's fist drives into his Adam's apple.

Tom moves behind the Neather, grabs his head and savagely twists it to the right.

The Neather drops, evanesces, then appears flat on his back.

His skin shrivels, his hair whitens.

Across the beach, the "motionless" form stands and heads towards them.

Krystel rolls on the wet sand and opens her eyes.

Tom comes over and she starts a scream, then stops.

TOM

You're okay, Tiger, it's me. It's me! Are you hurt?

KRYSTEL

I... don't think I am. No.  
(she looks around)

TOM

(points to body)  
Dry-docked.

KRYSTEL

That's... I think he's Bilge... No, Sten. His name is Sten!

MAN'S VOICE

Hey, partner!

The man who had been lying on the sand reaches them.

TOM

You've got a knack for dramatic entrances, Casper.

Ray Kelvin embraces Tom, steps back, then looks over at Sten.

RAY

Liquidation.

Tom acknowledges.

KRYSTEL

(to Tom)  
You knew that, that Ray...

RAY

Our crew got word Sten was creeping around... I'm so sorry that he hurt you. Are you okay?

She moves close to him as she nods. Ray and Krystel look at each other in awe. They embrace, then kiss passionately.

TOM  
I'll just look after Feta...

RAY  
Don't, Tom. I only have a few minutes. Let's get inside.

Up the beach, Feta groggily rises. She shakes her head several times and then bounds towards them.

They get to Tom's porch.

TOM  
Tough girl, Feta. C'mon! Wait...  
(gestures back at Sten)  
I'll need to call somebody.

RAY  
Right. But wait until I leave.

INT. SUNROOM - TOM'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

They sit at the bar in the darkened sunroom, with Ray and Krystel close together, their arms around each other.

RAY  
Remember my troubles on the jet?

TOM  
Yep. I think Jenni remembers, too.  
The high altitude gave you fits.

RAY  
Right. Thin air, weak pressure...  
Well, that wasn't it. I was just getting there first.

KRYSTEL  
Getting where?

RAY  
Those symptoms are affecting almost all of us now, wherever we are.  
(pauses)  
We're dying.

Krystel grabs Ray, shocked.

TOM  
But... I thought you were ageless.

RAY

The Earth is undergoing a polar field reversal. It's killing us.

KRYSTEL

(tightly embraces Ray)

Can't be. This can't be... A reversal? Is that when the North and South Poles...?

She breaks the hug, then flips one hand over the other.

RAY

(acknowledges)

During the process, the potency of Earth's magnetic field drops dramatically. We require a strong field for our very existence.

TOM

Well, isn't there... Aren't there deep trenches that you could...

RAY

Depth isn't the answer. However, there are electromagnetic hot...

A click sounds from the back porch. The screen door is flung open and a half-dozen Marines with drawn rifles enter.

Feta approaches and barks wildly. A Marine takes her by the collar and maneuvers her down a hallway off the sunroom. He pushes her into a bedroom and then slams the door.

SHERMAK (O.S.)

Hot spots, Mister Kelvin.

The Marines near the door spread out. There stands Shermak. He motions to the Marines near Tom, Ray and Krystel.

They prod the trio over to the door. Shermak points outside.

At the Hermosa Beach pier waits *USCGC Bowerton*, a National Security Cutter. Its gangway extends down to the pier.

EXT. PIER - HERMOSA BEACH - CONTINUOUS

Tom, Ray, Krystel, Shermak and six Marines move towards the gangway. Tom indicates the empty beach.

TOM

Should have guessed you assholes were waiting.

SHERMAK  
 (points towards Sten)  
 Very nice handiwork. Looks like  
 you've recovered your SEAL mojo.

They get to within twenty feet of the gangway and Shermak halts. He turns to address them.

SHERMAK (CONT'D)  
 Step up in line and continue to the  
 deck. Be predictable, and live.

TOM  
 Let them be, Shermak. They're no  
 threat to anyone...

SHERMAK  
 They sank a military vessel. They  
 killed the crew, and killed or  
 abducted a federal agent.

RAY  
 We take care of our own, sir.

Tom looks past Shermak at *Bowerton*. The ship jars, gently.

SHERMAK  
 (pointedly ignores Ray)  
 Bertrel and his crew, Tom. Would  
 you consider them a threat? But  
 there's an even bigger issue.

Sparks fly upwards behind Shermak.

SHERMAK (CONT'D)  
 How long before millions take to  
 the sea, believing that by dying...

MARINE 1  
 Sir? Sir, something...

SHERMAK  
 ...they're going to live forever?

MARINE 1  
 Mister Shermak, sir!

Shermak pivots around. Sparks fly as the gangway scrapes along the concrete pier. A klaxon sounds over the bridge speaker words of 'Collision Alert, Collision Alert!'.  
 Behind and above *Bowerton's* stern, a flashing blue-white outline of *USS Dorsalis* appears. She pushes *Bowerton* past the pier and then turns it bow on, facing the beach.

The sub, perpendicular to *Bowerton's* stern, moves sideways and nudges the cutter up the surf line and onto the sand.

Shermak lunges and pushes Tom towards the pier edge. Tom grabs him, pivots, holds Shermak still for a second and then nails him with a straight punch to the chin. Shermak falls.

Tom then fights several Marines at once, eventually flipping and ejecting them all off the pier.

A much larger contingent of Marines advances down the pier.

Ray dives off and swims towards the flickering *Dorsalis*.

RAY

This is the only way out!

Tom and Krystel back up to the end of the pier.

KRYSTEL

You can't kung fu them all!

TOM

All right, go!

Krystel dives into the water and is met there by Ray.

Tom dispenses a few leading Marines with some karate and judo kicks, then follows Krystel into the water.

Shermak scrambles up the *Bowerton* gangway and onto her deck.

A triangular shape - a bow trigger - on the forward deck of *Dorsalis* glows dull orange, then yellow, then white.

A blue-white beam shoots out and hits the pier support posts. The pier collapses. Marines roll off and onto the sand.

*Dorsalis* lowers to several feet above the ocean surface.

Marines form up on the beach and train their weapons at *Dorsalis*, then raise them to firing positions.

Shermak, now on *Bowerton's* bridge, grabs a bullhorn.

SHERMAK

DO NOT FIRE ON THE SUBMARINE!

Tom looks back over his shoulder at *Bowerton* and frowns.

Ray and Krystel scramble onto *Dorsalis*. Tom follows. They run to a hatch on the submarine's sail.

INT. BRIDGE - DORSALIS - CONTINUOUS

Ray secures the hatch as Tom and Krystel enter the bridge. Gene Mays, 20s, stands at a console and manipulates the navigation wheel and keel propulsor controls.

GENE

Leaving the station, group! I'll collect your tickets en route!

*Dorsalis* rises and heads out over the ocean at high speed.

TOM

Are we going to Europe?

Ray points to a console. It shows an underwater mountain plateau, a seamount. A crater lies in its center.

Surrounding the crater ridge rest many ships side to side, bows pointing inward. They flash blue-white every 2 seconds.

INT. BRIDGE - BOWERTON - CONTINUOUS

Shermak watches the same seamount on a console from a different point of view. A radar scope tracks the flight of *USS Dorsalis*.

SHERMAK

Stand by, USS Minnesota.

CAPTAIN / MINNESOTA (O.S.)

We're all set, Bowerton.

INT. BRIDGE - DORSALIS - CONTINUOUS

Tom points to a huge vessel within the seamount ship-circle.

RAY

Towerland. We needed her big hull.

KRYSTEL

How did it fall into Lake Erie?

RAY

She flew into a magnetic dead spot. Just like the ship down in Peru that hit the airliner.

EXT. BOW - MINNESOTA - CONTINUOUS

Fast-attack sub *USS Minnesota's* torpedo bow doors open.

INT. BRIDGE - BOWERTON - CONTINUOUS

CAPTAIN / MINNESOTA (V.O.)  
Twenty-one hundred yards.

On the console, a blip approaches the ship-circle.

SHERMAK  
Whenever you're ready. Good luck.

CAPTAIN / MINNESOTA (V.O.)  
Acknowledged. Out.

INT. BRIDGE - MINNESOTA - CONTINUOUS

The Captain eyes a countdown clock go to Two... One... Zero.

CAPTAIN / MINNESOTA  
Fire one.

A crewman pushes a launch button.

CREWMAN / MINNESOTA  
One is away, sir.

EXT. BOW - MINNESOTA - CONTINUOUS

A torpedo shoots out from her bow door.

INT. BRIDGE - DORSALIS - CONTINUOUS

The radar scope displays the approaching torpedo.

GENE  
Ray, Rock-Hammer in the water!

RAY  
Closer than we expected. Hang on!

Gene lowers *Dorsalis* to the surface. He points the sub away from the seamount, then manipulates keel propulsor switches.

INT. BRIDGE - BOWERTON - CONTINUOUS

Shermak smiles grimly as the seamount disintegrates.

EXT. OCEAN SURFACE - CONTINUOUS

An explosion expands into a small mushroom cloud.

INT. BRIDGE - DORSALIS - CONTINUOUS

The submarine skims at high speed across the ocean surface. She rocks violently as a shock wave blasts into her.

Tom and Krystel lose balance, fall and roll on the deck. The rocking fades and then stops.

GENE  
 (glances back at them)  
 Break-dancing? At a time like  
 this?

Tom and Krystel groan, then pick themselves up.

KRYSTEL  
 What the hell was that?

TOM  
 A Rock-Hammer. Low-yield nuke to  
 clear out undersea reefs.

RAY  
 ETA, Gene?

GENE  
 One minute on the dot.

INT. BRIDGE - BOWERTON - CONTINUOUS

CAPTAIN / MINNESOTA (V.O.)  
 Stand by for telemetry...

SHERMAK  
 Good job, everyone. Bulls-eye.

INT. BRIDGE - DORSALIS - CONTINUOUS

TOM  
 Where are we headed?

RAY  
 We're there. Santa Barbara Island.

EXT. BEACH - SANTA BARBARA ISLAND - CONTINUOUS

*Dorsalis* lowers to a few feet above ground level. Ray opens the bridge hatch and steps down. Everyone follows.

Ahead is a seaside cavern. Ray leads them to the narrow entrance, and then inside.

INT. CAVERN - SANTA BARBARA ISLAND - CONTINUOUS

Gene and Ray hit switches. Electronic gear comes to life, with a section of consoles, keyboards and control panels fanned out in a semi-circle.

INT. BRIDGE - MINNESOTA - CONTINUOUS

The NAVIGATOR waves the Captain over to a gauge.

The Captain appears confused, and returns to the bridge mic.

CAPTAIN / MINNESOTA  
Bowerton...?

SHERMAK (V.O.)  
What is it?

CAPTAIN / MINNESOTA  
Bowerton... Carl, we missed!

SHERMAK (V.O.)  
(laughs)  
That was a fine piece of shooting,  
Captain. Check your gear.

CAPTAIN / MINNESOTA  
The gear is five by five! We  
detect the same electromagnetic  
readings, but now from a point  
twenty-eight miles further west!

INT. CAVERN - SANTA BARBARA ISLAND - CONTINUOUS

On a large monitor, the ship-circle still flashes blue-white.

KRYSTEL  
How did you do that?

Ray smiles at her, then activates a control. The bow triggers on all ships glow to a dull orange.

INT. BRIDGE - BOWERTON - CONTINUOUS

SHERMAK  
Re-compute and engage, Minnesota!

CAPTAIN / MINNESOTA (V.O.)  
A firing solution is being  
generated now. Stand by.

INT. CAVERN - SANTA BARBARA ISLAND - CONTINUOUS

RAY

All the Neathers on Cadmus did an aggregate mind-projection of our ships onto another seamount.

TOM

On... Cadmus?

Gene points at a console. From the seamount crater, the blackness tinges with blue and then increases to blue-white. A broad cylindrical object, like a stubby rocket, rises slowly from the crater.

RAY

We're not going to Europe but in a way - she is. An odyssey to her namesake. Europa.

KRYSTEL

Cadmus...?

RAY

He was her brother. Agenor sent Cadmus to rescue Europa after she was abducted by Zeus.

Ray presses another control and the bow triggers turn yellow.

TOM

You built Cadmus, Underneath...

GENE

Once we confirmed the reversal.

RAY

We've used hydrothermal vents as forges, to produce diving planes and other items. Mermaid caskets... We started building Cadmus eight months ago.

TOM

You made light-speed progress.

RAY

It was the recent arrival of a brilliant Kansas engineer...  
(looks at Krystel, smiles)  
...who is responsible for that.

GENE

Show time! Rock-Hammer number 2!

EXT. TORPEDO DOORS - MINNESOTA - CONTINUOUS

A torpedo streaks away from the submarine.

INT. CAVERN - SANTA BARBARA ISLAND - CONTINUOUS

GENE

Sixty-five seconds to impact.  
Let's hit the road, Jack!

Tom examines the screen closely.

TOM

Ray, wait. Wait a minute...

He taps the area occupied by *Towerland*. The bow trigger points away from the center of the crater by 30 degrees.

RAY

Bow trigger on *Towerland*, Gene!

GENE

Oh Christ, she shifted! Must be a convection current or a magma spike or... Impact in forty-five seconds!

EXT. OCEAN DEPTHS - CONTINUOUS

The torpedo races towards the seamount, directly ahead.

INT. CAVERN - SANTA BARBARA ISLAND - CONTINUOUS

GENE

Go to white, but hold there!

Ray hits a control. The bow triggers turn white. Each ship projects a red cone graphic towards the crater. A gap appears to the left side of *Towerland*.

GENE (CONT'D)

Twenty-seven seconds! I can't do a remote for *Towerland*!

RAY

Who's that on her port side?

GENE

Brendan Normandy! Okay, wait. Let me try something...

On the monitor, the ship *Cadmus* rises just above the crater.

RAY

(to Tom and Krystel)

She's oil-filled. That's used as a dielectric to hold a charge. We also think oil may shield them from high-energy particle bombardment.

EXT. OCEAN DEPTHS - CONTINUOUS

The torpedo arrives over the seamount, then dives down.

INT. CAVERN - SANTA BARBARA ISLAND - CONTINUOUS

Gene manipulates controls. *Brendan Normandy* moves sideways against *Towerland's* bow. The red cone from *Towerland* now points 12 degrees away from the crater.

RAY

Nine seconds! Reset her and go!

*Brendan Normandy* returns to position. A black gap shows on the red cones graphic projection between her and *Towerland*.

GENE

Hope it's enough! Two... One...

Ray presses a control and a blue-white beam shoots ahead from the bow trigger of each ship.

The positively-charged beams from the ships collide with the negative field surrounding *Cadmus*. The beams coalesce into a single, hollow energy beam, which shoots upwards.

EXT. OCEAN - CONTINUOUS

The energy beam blasts up from the crater to the ocean surface, through the atmosphere and into space.

*Cadmus* starts up the energy beam as the *Rock-Hammer* torpedo descends to just above the ship-circle, and explodes.

INT. CAVERN - SANTA BARBARA ISLAND - CONTINUOUS

The room is silent as a minor shock wave from the torpedo explosion rolls through the cavern.

GENE

Finito. All ships destroyed.  
(sings softly)  
(MORE)

GENE (CONT'D)

And don't you come back, no more,  
no more, Hit the road, Jack...

No one says a word for a moment. Then Ray suddenly stands and moves off to a corner of the cavern.

He beckons to Tom and Krystel and positions them close together. Ray focuses, then massages the back of his neck.

Gene closes his eyes. A cone projection of Derek Garnett and Allie Bantham appears next to Ray.

GENE (CONT'D)

Greetings from a Cadmus couple.

Derek and Allie stand close together. They nod and smile. Tom and Krystel smile and wave back.

TOM

Can you transmit a message?

Ray maintains his concentration and nods.

TOM (CONT'D)

Tell them: "Fair winds and  
following seas."

Derek and Allie pause, then smile. Derek and Krystel lock eyes. Allie focuses on Tom and blows a kiss.

The cone projection of Derek and Allie fades out. Ray and Gene return to chairs at the console area, very exhausted.

TOM (CONT'D)

When will you know?

RAY

They... They enter Jupiter's  
Galilean moon system in about six  
days.

TOM

Like a Fleet Week visit.

RAY

(nods)

Europa's waters, plus Jupiter's  
powerful magnetic field... Who can  
say. It's all the hope we've got.

Krystel pulls a chair close to Ray and hugs him.

KRYSTEL

What about you and Gene?

RAY

We'll hang out in the hot spots,  
and then catch the next train.

GENE

Derek says: "Forgive me, my dear  
Krys. Part of me will love you  
always. Please, do not follow."

RAY

(to Tom)

Allie met her friend later that  
afternoon on Zuma Beach. Lissette  
had brought Derek with her, and...

EXT. OCEAN BOTTOM

Silvery Derek opens a black, shiny coffin and a bright orange  
light streams out. Allie's orange-sparkling image sits up.  
Derek holds out his hand. Allie takes it and steps out.

INT. CAVERN - SANTA BARBARA ISLAND - CONTINUOUS

TOM

So she was already a Neather  
when... Ray. You used her!

RAY

We needed her.

TOM

I get that, and it's a damned smart  
tactic! But you should have had  
her tell me! I mean, we...

RAY

Sorry, partner. I truly am.

KRYSTEL

Is Lissette aboard Cadmus?

RAY

Passage was denied to the entire  
crew who sank the Coast Guard  
cutter. Lissette married a man on  
that destroyer. She stayed.

KRYSTEL

What about our yacht captain, Brad?

RAY

He's aboard. Married a fine lady.

KRYSTEL

He was cool. I'm happy for them.

GENE

So many women who begged to be  
mermaided... Just unbelievable...

TOM

Eternal youth... Immortality...

KRYSTEL

Well, not for me. I'll stick with  
the blue, good Earth and old age.  
(looks into Ray's eyes)  
For a while, at least.

They kiss deeply. Tom backs away, looks off and frowns.

EXT. CADMUS - ATMOSPHERE OF JUPITER'S EUROPA

( **SIX DAYS LATER** )

Minor fluctuations occur in *Cadmus's* flight path as she  
encounters the moon Europa's thin oxygen atmosphere.

A surrounding disc, like a collar, extends around *Cadmus*.  
Sixteen square grids unfold themselves at regular intervals  
along the collar.

The grids independently auto-align to maximize concentration  
and amplification of Jupiter's magnetic field into the ship.

An extremely powerful, narrow blue-white beam shoots out from  
the nose of *Cadmus*, down to the icy surface of Europa.

EXT. ICE SURFACE - JUPITER'S EUROPA - CONTINUOUS

The beam slices into and through the thick ice.

A giant geyser of steam erupts from the surface of Europa.

EXT. CADMUS - ATMOSPHERE OF JUPITER'S EUROPA - CONTINUOUS

The ship follows the beam down and hits the geyser dead  
center. *Cadmus* disappears beneath.

Huge blocks of ice buffet the ship as she burrows down.

Finally, she reaches a depth of nothing but clear water.

**THE END.**