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FLEET WEEK

by
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WGAW

EXT. DECK RAIL - WW2 JAPANESE DESTROYER - LATE AFTERNOON

Binocular lenses sweep across a calm sea. The sweep ends in one direction, then reverses. The lenses pause.

A YOUNG OFFICER, 20s, moves the lenses slightly back and forth, then fixes them steady.

YOUNG OFFICER
Gen'yu! Gen'yu! (Oil! Oil!)

A SENIOR OFFICER, 30s, looks through his own binoculars.

SENIOR OFFICER
Koko de,? (Where?)

The Young Officer points directly at an area on the surface.

YOUNG OFFICER
Aru! (There!)

The Senior Officer lowers his lenses and moves closer. He crouches and sights down the line of the Young Officer's arm.

The Senior Officer returns to his position along the rail, raises and adjusts the binoculars. An oil slick appears.

SENIOR OFFICER
Hai, watashi wa sore o sansho shite
kudasai! (Yes, I see it!)

He turns to face the bridge. Outside it stand the CAPTAIN, several other OFFICERS and a few ENLISTED SAILORS.

SENIOR OFFICER (CONT'D)
Wareware wa sorera o hitto! (We hit
them!)

The Captain signals a BRIDGE OFFICER who carries a bullhorn. He takes the bullhorn from him and raises it to his mouth.

DESTROYER CAPTAIN
Wareware wa amerika-jin o te ni sa
rete imasu! Omedeto, dansei! (We
have hit the Americans!
Congratulations, men!)

The men on deck cheer and wave their arms. Nearby on a second Japanese destroyer, its officers and crew follow suit.

INT. BRIDGE - U.S. SUBMARINE - LATE AFTERNOON

The red-lit, steeply angled bridge is a scene from Hell.

Pressurized seawater sprays from various pipes and fixtures.

Explosions and small fires play across equipment consoles along the bridge bulkheads.

A shrieking roar, punctuated by metallic bangs and the screams of men creates a nightmarish din.

The heavy round glass cover of a sonar scope cracks. Glass from smaller gauges cracks, then shards explode out.

A flying glass sliver buries itself into a young blond MAN'S left cheek. He screams, loses grip on a deck-mounted swivel chair and falls back towards the angled front bulkhead.

A depth meter needle passes 450 feet.

TWO MEN grasp an equipment station and cover their ears. A huge vibration rocks the bridge. The men tumble down to the forward bulkhead and land amongst three bodies piled there.

Half a dozen MEN - mouths open - cling to equipment handles, cables and table edges. All struggle to cover their ears.

At the high end of the bridge, seawater sprays from around the edges of the closed aft hatch.

The bridge's downward angle increases.

Suddenly the aft hatch breaks free and a jet of seawater explodes through the opening. The hatch cover plows into an OFFICER near the periscope. The officer, hatch cover and water jet slam into a mass of bodies at the forward bulkhead.

The red battle lights flicker, then the bridge goes black.

EXT. OCEAN

The stricken boat plunges in a slow-motion cartwheel.

Blue-white sparks suddenly form around the sail of the submarine as it tumbles downward.

A blue-white electrified outline spreads across and around the submarine and pulses for several seconds.

The light flickers out and the sub disappears into blackness.

A wrenching squeal rises up from the depths as the hull crushes. Then silence.

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. FORECOURT - GRAUMAN'S CHINESE THEATRE - MORNING

Current day. It's warm and sunny at this famous landmark in Hollywood, California.

A young couple, both early 20s, crouches around the Star Trek square of handprints and footprints. He is DEREK GARNETT, fit, very good-looking. She is KRYSTEL JANELLI, model looks.

A female TOURIST, 30s, holds out a camera phone and adjusts it to frame them.

TOURIST

Okay, smile!

The couple poses and the tourist clicks a phone button.

They stand. Krystel thanks her and collects the camera.

Derek glances left and frowns. He pulls a cell phone from his pocket, opens it quickly and focuses on the screen.

KRYSTEL

Again?

DEREK

We need to get going.

KRYSTEL

Hey? Let's relax and enjoy this.

DEREK

We have to be at the campus by...

KRYSTEL

Really terrific, babe. A stopwatch for our vacation.

They come together and walk towards the street.

KRYSTEL (CONT'D)

Wait! You almost made me forget. We need pictures of our faves.

DEREK

Oh right. Where was she?

KRYSTEL

Back there. You said her eyes are like mine, remember? C'mon!

They go to Natalie Wood's square and Derek hurriedly crouches next to it. He looks around at tourists nearby.

They all seem preoccupied with their own affairs. Derek frowns, then faces Krystel and she snaps a picture.

KRYSTEL (CONT'D)

Oh wow, a million dollar smile.
What's the matter?

DEREK

Nothing. Where's Cary Grant?

KRYSTEL

That way.

They walk to his square. Krystel gets down on a knee behind it and smiles broadly. Derek readies to click.

Krystel instantly drops her smile and looks away from him.

DEREK

What is it, Krys?

KRYSTEL

I thought someone... did you?...
Never mind, just take the picture.

Krystel poses again with a hurried smile and Derek snaps the photo. She straightens up and grabs Derek's arm.

KRYSTEL (CONT'D)

Let's get away from here.

DEREK

That's what I've been saying.

They hurry onto the Hollywood Boulevard sidewalk.

Krystel looks back anxiously at the Theatre forecourt.

INT. TAXI - 405 FREEWAY SOUTH - LATE MORNING

RAY KELVIN, blond, early 20s, good looks, sits up front.

In the far right lane, the taxi paces a yellow Pontiac G6 several cars up and one lane over to their left.

A freeway sign *Bellflower Blvd 1/2 Mile* appears.

The G6 maintains speed and stays in its lane. Ray frowns.

TAXI DRIVER

I will exit?

RAY

I don't know. Let's wait a bit.

INT. PONTIAC G6 - 405 FREEWAY SOUTH - CONTINUOUS

Derek grips the wheel with both hands and pushes back. The wheel slips, but Derek instantly corrects the minor swerve.

Krystel looks at him sharply and then faces forward.

Derek's lips move as if he's speaking. No sound comes out. He looks straight ahead, unblinking, intense.

INT. TAXI - 405 FREEWAY SOUTH - CONTINUOUS

A *Bellflower Blvd* exit sign passes but the G6 stays put.

RAY

He's not supposed to do that!
Okay, keep following until...

TAXI DRIVER

Sir, look!

INT. PONTIAC G6 - 405 FREEWAY SOUTH - CONTINUOUS

Derek abruptly spins the wheel hard over right.

The G6's wheels impact a broad, 4-inch concrete apron that borders the exit lane. The car bounces onto it.

The left front fender nudges a water-filled crash barrel. It half-spins, topples and rolls down into the far right lane.

An 18-wheeler nails the barrel and water explodes from it. Brakes squeal as the truck crosses into the next lane over.

Vehicles in the two right lanes swerve, horns blast, brakes screech and blue smoke clouds rise from skidding tires. Miraculously, there are no collisions.

The G6 jumps off the apron and cuts into the off-ramp lane.

A white car on the ramp careens to the right shoulder. The G6 just misses clipping its front fender.

INT. PONTIAC G6 - BELLFLOWER BLVD EXIT - CONTINUOUS

Krystel rocks in the seat as Derek struggles for control.

KRYSTEL

What the fuck are you DOING?

Derek pumps the brakes and finally manages to slow the G6 and get it under control.

The white car he just cut off passes by swiftly to his left. The OLD MAN driver gives them the finger out his window.

KRYSTEL (CONT'D)

You deserve that and a lot more!
You could've killed us!

DEREK

My fault, sorry, I got distracted.

KRYSTEL

Jesus!

Krystel flips down the visor mirror and checks her makeup.

Derek slows the G6 to a crawl towards the green lights ahead.

The old man's car easily makes its left turn up ahead.

The lights change to yellow and then red. Derek flips on his right turn signal and stops.

KRYSTEL (CONT'D)

I thought you were in a hurry?

EXT. INTERSECTION - BELLFLOWER BLVD EXIT - CONTINUOUS

A HOMELESS MAN, late 30s, dirty and shabby, starts to cross.

He gets to the front of the G6 and pauses.

The man shambles back over to the passenger side. He aims a spray bottle at the windshield.

INT. PONTIAC G6 - BELLFLOWER BLVD INTERSECTION - CONTINUOUS

The man locks his eyes onto Krystel's. He focuses on her as he applies a ball of dirty newspaper to the glass.

Krystel watches intently as he shuffles in front of the G6 and comes to Derek's door.

The man thrusts his blackened hand through the open window.

HOMELESS MAN

Fer the trouble...

Derek pulls a ten-dollar bill from his shirt pocket.

The man snatches it and winks at Derek. He looks at Krystel for a long moment and then backs away across the lane.

KRYSTEL

I wish he could have washed the yellow paint off this stupid car. What a creep that guy is!

DEREK

Creep? He's homeless!

KRYSTEL

I don't mean that! I've seen homeless people... Just forget it.

A horn beeps. Derek notices the green light and turns.

KRYSTEL (CONT'D)

Didn't you see how he looked at me? Like I'm an animal in the zoo!

DEREK

I was watching the traffic.

KRYSTEL

Of course you were.

Krystel removes a cell phone from her purse, presses some buttons and holds it to her ear. Soon she smiles as she listens, then closes the phone and returns it to the purse.

KRYSTEL (CONT'D)

Uncle Thom has a big date tonight. Lucky woman!

DEREK

Why's that?

KRYSTEL

She gets to be wined and dined by a genuine Navy SEAL.

DEREK

Oh. When does he want us there?

KRYSTEL

About three o'clock, three-thirty.

DEREK

Do we really have to go? We still have the submarine and then our thing at six.

KRYSTEL

He's the only one I know out here besides you. Plus, he's family.

DEREK

Maybe we could go early tomorrow?

KRYSTEL

His flight's at noon.

DEREK

Yeah but that's really cutting it close for us today, maybe we...

KRYSTEL

Fine. Stay in the room and I'll take a cab. I'm seeing him this afternoon. End of story.

They pass a green sign on the right, *CSULB Campus*.

DEREK

I guess I'll go. Just as long as he doesn't kick my ass.

KRYSTEL

That was years ago and whomever he did it to had it coming. Don't worry. Everybody loves Uncle Thom.

Derek drives straight through at the campus intersection.

KRYSTEL (CONT'D)

Are we going in another way?

DEREK

What?

KRYSTEL

I thought we would turn there.

DEREK

Oh shit!

Derek cuts into the left turn lane and coasts to a stop at the next light down.

KRYSTEL

What's the matter?

DEREK

Nothing.

KRYSTEL

Bullshit.

DEREK

So I missed a turn, it's not the end of...

KRYSTEL

You've been away from me ever since we got on the plane in Wichita! So what's going on?

DEREK

Nothing! Everything's cool.

KRYSTEL

You're acting fucking weird.

DEREK

It's the conference. You don't know my boss.

KRYSTEL

That thing's not until Wednesday!

DEREK

I have to go over some new stuff...

KRYSTEL

Let's just enjoy today, all right? Screw your boss and his conference!

Derek makes a sharp U-turn when the light changes. He speeds back towards the campus intersection.

INT. TAXI - BELLFLOWER BLVD - CONTINUOUS

The taxi coasts towards the campus intersection for California State University, Long Beach (CSULB).

Ray spots the G6 approach from the opposite lane, left turn signal flashing. He scrunches down a bit.

The light changes and the G6 turns into the campus entrance.

RAY

Go through and then hang a right at the next street up.

EXT. TAXI - ROAD FROM BELLFLOWER BLVD - CONTINUOUS

RAY

Wait for an hour. I'll try to get
back. Otherwise take off, right?

He hands the driver several bills and walks away.

TAXI DRIVER

Thank you, sir!

INT. TAXI - ROAD FROM BELLFLOWER BLVD - CONTINUOUS

The driver stuffs the cash into a shirt pocket and glances in the driver's side view mirror. It reflects Ray as he walks up the sidewalk towards Bellflower Blvd.

The driver reaches over to reset the meter, then straightens up and again looks in the mirror.

He frowns and sticks his head out of the window.

The sidewalk is empty.

EXT. WALKWAY - CSULB - CONTINUOUS

Derek and Krystel hold hands and leisurely stroll. Krystel takes some video snippets with her camera phone. She aims across an expanse of campus grass at a huge Blue Pyramid.

KRYSTEL

What's that used for?

DEREK

Basketball and stuff. Concerts.

Classes break. People stream out of campus buildings and crowd onto the walkway. Derek points ahead.

DEREK (CONT'D)

Engineering is just up there.

Krystel steps onto the grass and pauses. She aims her phone at the engineering buildings, then freezes. On the camera phone's screen, Ray Kelvin's image passes Derek on the walkway and continues towards her. Krystel looks up.

Ray spots her and their eyes lock for a second or two. He then looks down and quickens his pace as he moves past her.

Derek turns casually to his right side. He stops, then turns back. A STUDENT nearly collides with him.

Krystel trots to catch up and grabs Derek's arm.

DEREK (CONT'D)
Hey, what's the matter...

KRYSTEL
I saw him again!

DEREK
Him?

KRYSTEL
The guy at the Chinese theatre!

DEREK
Which one... Who?

Derek darts his eyes around - apprehensive, worried.

Krystel backtracks rapidly alongside the walkway. She sweeps her eyes across the moving groups of students.

Derek joins up with her.

DEREK (CONT'D)
Who is this guy?

KRYSTEL
He recognized me!

Krystel looks along the walkway a bit longer, then gives up.

Derek takes her hand. They both step back onto the walkway and continue up-campus.

KRYSTEL (CONT'D)
At the theatre I had a feeling of someone watching me. Then I saw him when we did Cary Grant!

DEREK
What did he look like?

KRYSTEL
Blond hair, kind of cute. He had sad blue eyes. It's funny...

They draw close to the Engineering buildings. Derek points.

DEREK
That's Aerospace Hall. Funny?

KRYSTEL
I've seen him before.

DEREK

Yeah, you said that. The theatre.

KRYSTEL

No, someplace before that. But if he knows me how come he doesn't just introduce himself?

DEREK

Maybe he just reminds you of another guy?

KRYSTEL

Why do we know each other all the way out here? You and my uncle...

DEREK

There's the professor I told you about!

Derek lets go of her hand and rushes forward.

EXT. AEROSPACE HALL - CSULB - CONTINUOUS

PROFESSOR TARANTO, 40s, fit, sits on a bench in front of the building. Spread out on the bench are books, a pad of paper and a laptop. He stands as Derek approaches.

Derek shakes his hand, then looks around for Krystel. She approaches them very slowly, deliberately.

DEREK

Hi Professor, so great to see you!
This is my...

(to Krystel)

Krys, c'mon over.

(to professor)

My fiancée, Krystel Janelli. And this is Professor Taranto.

Taranto gives her a head-to-toe lustful look as he and Krystel shake hands. She picks up on it.

KRYSTEL

Hello.

PROFESSOR TARANTO

Derek is a lucky man. Pleasure to meet you, Ms. Janelli.

KRYSTEL

Krystel. Thank you.

PROFESSOR TARANTO
If just a handful of my students
were as sharp as Derek I'd be the
president of ASME by now.

Krystel looks puzzled.

PROFESSOR TARANTO (CONT'D)
Sorry, American Society of
Mechanical Engineers. You guys are
here for the airframe conference?

DEREK
Yeah. My boss will be in tomorrow.
Krys wanted to see the town and
visit her uncle, too.

KRYSTEL
Actually Derek insisted I come.

PROFESSOR TARANTO
(to Derek)
You're in WISSY, right?

DEREK
Uh huh. We're testing a new
material...

KRYSTEL
WISSY? What's WISSY?

DEREK
Wing Structures, Surfaces and
Integrity.

KRYSTEL
Oh.
(to Professor Taranto)
He never tells me anything.

DEREK
Yeah, we're modeling vortical drag
on wing slats in flight, with this
new carbon fiber composite down in
the physical test research lab...

KRYSTEL
Mr. Gearhead? Hello? I'll be over
at that Pyramid getting some shots.
You guys catch up and geek out
while I'm gone.

Taranto glances at Derek and nods very slightly.

DEREK
Cool, babe. I'll be along in a few
minutes, okay?

EXT. AEROSPACE HALL - CSULB - CONTINUOUS

Ray Kelvin nonchalantly pages through a student newspaper. He continually glances at Derek and Taranto twenty feet away.

They speak conspiratorially. Ray strains to hear words (without seeming to) and registers "Goddess" from Taranto.

He watches Taranto scribble on a pad, rip out the page and hand it to Derek, who quickly folds and pockets it.

Krystel joins the pair. She and Derek shake hands with Taranto, then they turn and start down-campus on the walkway.

Taranto gathers up his things and enters Aerospace Hall.

EXT. WALKWAY - CSULB - CONTINUOUS

Several students are near Derek and Krystel as they walk. Derek looks over his shoulder.

KRYSTEL
A lech.

DEREK
Professor Taranto? No way. Why
would you call him...

KRYSTEL
I'm telling you! He'd have taken
me right there on that bench.

DEREK
Well I didn't notice anything.

KRYSTEL
I know. Are we leaving now?

Derek looks behind them again.

DEREK
Yeah.

KRYSTEL
Good. I'm starved.

Krystel opens her purse and drops the phone inside it.

DEREK

Someone... Someone's following us.

Derek slows, then quickly pivots to step onto the grass. He bumps into Krystel and knocks her purse to the ground. She bends down to pick up items that spilled out.

KRYSTEL

Thanks a lot! What's wrong?

Derek backpedals along the grass and scans the walkway. He sees Ray Kelvin - their eyes meet.

Ray starts to run.

EXT. GRASSY AREA - CSULB - CONTINUOUS

Ray looks over his shoulder as Derek chases him.

He faces forward and heads towards a campus auditorium, then changes direction and sprints for the Blue Pyramid.

Derek matches Ray's pace, trails him by 25 or 30 feet.

EXT. WALKWAY - CSULB - CONTINUOUS

A FEMALE guard, 30s, drives a security cart across the grass towards the runners. A MALE guard, 20s, sits next to her.

EXT. BLUE PYRAMID APRON - CSULB - CONTINUOUS

Ray veers right. His feet skitter, he loses balance, then he falls and slides out of control. A potted small tree set into the concrete stops him abruptly.

Ray holds his right side as he struggles to get on his feet. Derek catches up and pushes Ray down into the pot.

He grabs Ray's collar.

DEREK

You're not one of them!

Derek shakes Ray roughly.

DEREK (CONT'D)

Who are you? What do you want?

Ray keeps his head down.

EXT. GRASSY AREA - CSULB - CONTINUOUS

The security cart rolls towards the Blue Pyramid apron.

Krystel runs across the grass towards Ray and Derek.

KRYSTEL

Babe, is it him?

EXT. BLUE PYRAMID APRON - CSULB - CONTINUOUS

Derek turns his head towards Krystel. As he does so, Ray raises both legs and kicks Derek in his midsection.

Derek crashes into two ASIAN STUDENTS behind. All three fall in a heap.

Ray extricates himself from the tree pot and runs towards a corner of the Blue Pyramid.

The security cart follows him. The male officer speaks through a bullhorn.

MALE OFFICER

Please halt! Sir, please halt!

EXT. VENDING MACHINE AREA - CSULB - CONTINUOUS

A dozen or so vending machines stand along the walls, each spaced a few feet apart.

Ray tears around the corner, then darts between a Coca-Cola and a candy machine. He faces outward and folds his arms.

The security cart swerves in, stops. The officers jump out.

MALE OFFICER

Where? He has to be in here!

FEMALE OFFICER

Probably behind one of those. I'll clear this area, okay?

MALE OFFICER

Good. I'll check out front.

He leaves on foot.

She detaches a cylinder of mace from her equipment belt. She then checks in between and behind several vending machines.

FEMALE OFFICER

Sir, you don't have to hide from me. You're not in trouble. Let's just talk a bit, okay? Sir?

She leans in at the empty space between the Coca-Cola and candy machines. Suddenly she straightens up and freezes.

The woman frowns and then moves off. Slightly scared, she rapidly checks the rest of the vending machine spaces.

As she is about to get into the security cart, she turns and walks to the space between the Coca-Cola and candy machines.

FEMALE OFFICER (CONT'D)

Sir?

Finally she climbs into the security cart and drives off.

EXT. BLUE PYRAMID APRON - CSULB - CONTINUOUS

The male officer stands near the two Asian students who were knocked over with Derek. They point down-campus.

The female officer pulls the cart close to him.

FEMALE OFFICER

I don't think he's in there. He pulled a Casper on us.

MALE OFFICER

The other guy and the woman took off down-campus and they're gone.

FEMALE OFFICER

C'mon, you drive. Let's report in.

She slides over and the male officer gets behind the wheel.

MALE OFFICER

What are we going to report?

She shrugs, and he drives the cart towards the walkway.

INT. REAR TORPEDO ROOM - SCORPION SUBMARINE - LATE AFTERNOON

Scorpion is a Cold War-era Russian sub docked next to the floating hotel *RMS Queen Mary* in Long Beach, California.

Derek and Krystel step through a submarine hatch and look around. Then Derek climbs a ladder to an open hatch above.

Krystel follows him, a half dozen rungs behind. She glances casually at three bunks stacked alongside the bulkhead.

A burly MAN, early 20s, dressed in old Navy dungarees and sailor cap, materializes on the middle bunk. He lies on his side, arms folded. He sees Krystel, then smiles and winks.

Krystel stops her climb. She closes her eyes and rubs them, looks up at Derek, then back at the bunk. The man is gone.

She shakes her head and climbs quickly out of the space.

EXT. SUBMARINE - SCORPION - CONTINUOUS

Krystel emerges from the hatch as Derek helps her out.

KRYSTEL

God am I tired, babe. So tired I think I'm hallucinating. Let's get back to the room.

INT. CABIN SUITE - QUEEN MARY - EARLY EVENING

Krystel lies on her back upon a king-sized bed.

KRYSTEL

Can't we just take a drive along the coast or something?

Derek comes to the bathroom doorway with a hand towel.

DEREK

A drive?

KRYSTEL

I'm dead, babe. Jet lag. Can't we cruise down to Huntington Beach? You always rave about the pier...

Derek walks across the suite and points out the porthole.

KRYSTEL (CONT'D)

I don't feel like being on a boat.

Derek stays put. Krystel groans, gets off of the bed and comes to the porthole.

KRYSTEL (CONT'D)

Nice. Like the river back home.

DEREK

The sun sets in about an hour.

KRYSTEL

Hey, let's go up on deck by the smokestacks and watch from there!

DEREK

I already reserved a nice yacht. Paid for and everything.

Krystel continues to look out. She pouts.

DEREK (CONT'D)

I did see your uncle. I went because I knew it made you happy.

KRYSTEL

I'm first taking a nap.

Derek pulls out his cell phone and looks at the screen.

DEREK

Yeah, that works. Okay, I'll go down and check out the boat.

KRYSTEL

How long do I get?

DEREK

I guess maybe half an hour?

KRYSTEL

Perfect! Come get me then.

She kisses him, then jumps onto the bed and under the covers.

DEREK

Should I turn out the lights?

KRYSTEL

No. Then I'd never wake up.

DEREK

I'll be back soon. Go to sleep.

KRYSTEL

Kiss-kiss!

INT. PASSAGEWAY - QUEEN MARY - CONTINUOUS

Derek closes the door and walks towards the elevators. He pulls out his phone, presses buttons and holds it to his ear. He speaks in a low voice.

DEREK

Taking a nap... I'm going to the boat first... Of course I brought the keys! Yeah, the paperwork is on the back seat... Yes. Okay Professor, see you in fifteen...

EXT. YACHT - LONG BEACH MARINA - EARLY EVENING

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

The boat next to them, named *Nakima*, suddenly dips down near the stern, as if someone stepped aboard. Its deck is empty.

The man and woman look at each other, puzzled.

INT. PASSAGEWAY - QUEEN MARY - CONTINUOUS

Derek and Krystel head towards the elevators. Krystel yawns as they walk hand-in-hand.

DEREK

You'll wake up on the boat.

Krystel catches her reflection in a hallway mirror.

KRYSTEL

God, I look like hell.

DEREK

You're gorgeous.

KRYSTEL

What's the boat's name?

DEREK

Goddess Melissa.

KRYSTEL

Really? Melissa will love that!
I'll text her when we get back.

They stop near the elevator and Krystel presses the Down button. Derek reaches into his pocket.

DEREK

Damn it!

KRYSTEL

What now?

DEREK

My phone! Back in a sec...

Derek half-trots away before she can protest. He stops at their door and pauses.

He looks back down the passageway at Krystel. She does an exaggerated look-at-the-time gesture and shakes her head.

Derek opens the door and slips inside.

INT. CABIN SUITE - QUEEN MARY - CONTINUOUS

Derek clicks the light switch and slowly scans the room.

He walks to the porthole and looks at the Long Beach Marina across the channel.

As Derek comes back he catches his reflection in the mirror through the open bathroom door.

He pauses, looks at himself blankly. After several seconds he lowers his eyes for a beat, then goes to the night stand.

He retrieves his phone from the top drawer and pockets it.

Derek takes a piece of paper from his back pocket. He unfolds it and puts a corner of it under the room telephone.

Handwritten words read: *Staff: We have a family emergency and had to fly home suddenly. Please send bill to...*

He removes a \$20 from his wallet and lays it atop the note.

He walks back to the door, gives the suite a quick once-over, then turns out the light and leaves.

INT. CABIN - NAKIMA - EARLY EVENING

Nakima is a nondescript motorboat tied up at the Long Beach Marina. Her bow faces *Queen Mary* across the marina channel.

A few sailboats and yachts move slowly in the channel.

Ray Kelvin scans *Queen Mary* with night-vision binoculars, then sweeps his view across watercraft in the channel.

He stops and quickly lowers the binoculars.

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

Ray runs to the aft ladder and goes up.

EXT. STERN DECK - NAKIMA - CONTINUOUS

Ray fixes the yellow car in the sights of the binoculars.
It's a Pontiac G6.

The man and woman on the yacht next to *Nakima* notice Ray.

MAN ON YACHT

Ahoy! Were you sleeping?

Ray ignores them and hurries down the stern ladder.

The man and woman look at each other, confused.

EXT. GANGWAY - QUEEN MARY - CONTINUOUS

Derek and Krystal step down onto the sidewalk. Krystal turns left but Derek emphatically steers her to the right.

DEREK

Boat'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

C'mon, we're late.

EXT. WALKWAY - ADJACENT TO QUEEN MARY - CONTINUOUS

They walk past *Queen Mary's* bow and the Russian submarine.

Krystal gives the submarine an uneasy glance as they pass.

DEREK

That's her.

He points to a small yacht, engines idling, tied to a pier.

EXT. PIER - GODDESS MELISSA - CONTINUOUS

Krystal steps onto the yacht's stern deck.

BRAD MCKITTRICK, 19, red hair, blue eyes, holds out a hand and Krystal grabs it to steady herself.

BRAD
Welcome aboard, folks!

KRYSTEL
Thanks!

BRAD
Cap'n McKittrick, ma'am, but just
call me Brad. Or anything else.

KRYSTEL
I'm Krystel.

BRAD
I like it! Hi again, Derek!

Brad salutes Derek on the pier, Derek salutes back.

BRAD (CONT'D)
Well, let's get a move on before
the sun sets. Derek, could you
handle the lines? I'll be forward.

Derek unties the lines and then steps aboard. Krystel
steadies him. They both climb down the stern ladder.

INT. CABIN - GODDESS MELISSA - CONTINUOUS

Derek and Krystel walk by a table upon which rest three trays
of hors d'oeuvres and two bottles of wine. They each grab
some appetizers and continue forward to stand next to Brad.

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

The yacht gently pulls away and into the channel.

KRYSTEL
Let's go up on deck!

DEREK
All right.
(to Brad)
We'll be back there, Captain.

BRAD
Aye, aye!

EXT. STERN DECK - GODDESS MELISSA - CONTINUOUS

At the starboard rail, Derek and Krystel watch the *Queen Mary*. The setting sun lights her up like a picture postcard.

KRYSTEL
You're right. This really is
worthwhile seeing.

Derek and Krystel clink wine glasses and watch the sunset.

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

DEREK
Yeah that's probably why they, uh,
hired him.

KRYSTEL
Let's ask if we can stay in touch
with him online.

The yacht stops and the engines shut off.

Derek pulls out his cell phone and looks at the time.

KRYSTEL (CONT'D)
I'm going to feed that stupid thing
to the fishes! Give it to me!

She makes a few playful grabs for the cell phone.

INT. CABIN - NAKIMA - CONTINUOUS

Ray scans boats in the marina channel. He rubs his eyes,
looks again through the binoculars.

Silvery moving lights flash through windows on one of them.

Ray focuses on that boat. He sees the upper halves of two
SILVERY MEN move through the cabin towards the stern ladder.

He focuses next on the bridge and sees Brad become 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? Captain Brad?

DEREK

I wonder what's going on?

KRYSTEL

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

EXT. STERN DECK - NAKIMA - EVENING

A shimmering, Silvery Ray emerges from the stern ladder.

Ray dashes to the railing and looks above the city of Long Beach. He rotates slowly, eyes raised as he scans the sky, back and forth.

A faint low-pitched hum starts. Ray perks up and narrows his focus ahead. He freezes.

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

They do notice *Nakima* bounce up and down a bit near the stern and look at each other in bewilderment.

EXT. NIGHT SKY - CITY OF LONG BEACH - CONTINUOUS

A point of light rapidly grows in size. The low-pitched hum increases in volume.

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

EXT. STERN DECK - NAKIMA - CONTINUOUS

Silvery Ray watches the glowing object advance. He twists around and looks back at *Goddess Melissa*.

Two SILVERY MEN stand at the port rail and track the glowing object as it maneuvers above.

INT. CABIN - GODDESS MELISSA - CONTINUOUS

Silvery Brad stands at the foot of the stern ladder and looks up. On the top step, Krystal looks down, right through him.

She descends the ladder rapidly. Brad has barely enough time to back up and moves off to the side.

KRYSTEL

You here? Is something wrong?

She turns 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 takes a sip and looks directly at the spot where Brad stands. No reaction from her.

Krystel shrugs, then moves to the stern ladder and climbs up.

EXT. STERN DECK - NAKIMA - CONTINUOUS

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

It is a large multi-gun warship, World War II era.

He spins around and scrambles down the ladder.

INT. CABIN - NAKIMA - CONTINUOUS

Silvery Ray starts *Nakima's* engines. He backs her out of the berth, turns, and speeds down the center of the marina.

A yacht obstructs his path ahead. Ray veers right at the last moment. The yacht bounces from his wake.

WOMAN ON YACHT

What are you doing? Asshole!

She looks puzzled because no figure is visible inside *Nakima's* forward cabin.

On moored boats, people on decks twist their heads to watch *Nakima* speed by. Some shout profanities as it passes.

Ray reaches the end of the marina lane and banks right.

EXT. MARINA CHANNEL - ABOVE GODDESS MELISSA - CONTINUOUS

Silvery Ray spots the glowing warship move slowly just above the water surface. It bears down on *Goddess Melissa*.

The number 88 glows brightly on its hull near the bow.

Ray sees tiny silvery figures along her port side rail.

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

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

The warship hovers several feet above the surface alongside *Goddess Melissa's* starboard side.

Two glowing cargo nets drop down from the warship's deck.

A coil of rope falls from her deck.

EXT. STERN DECK - GODDESS MELISSA - CONTINUOUS

A splash sounds behind the yacht's stern.

KRYSTEL

Look!

DEREK

Was that a fish?

KRYSTEL

It was coiled. Did Brad throw it?

DEREK

I don't know.

KRYSTEL

BABE!

Krystel suddenly falls backwards towards the stern ladder.

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

DEREK

HEY!

Krystel, absolutely terrified, floats several feet above the deck. She rocks very slightly back and forth.

KRYSTEL

Put me the fuck down! BABE!

Krystel swings out from the yacht over the starboard side.

She disappears in mid-air.

DEREK

What? KRYS?

Derek steps towards the starboard side.

He suddenly floats up jerkily and struggles.

Derek falls to a horizontal position several feet above the yacht's deck. An unseen force thrusts him over the starboard side. He winks out.

EXT. CARGO NET - BRECKSVILLE - CONTINUOUS

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

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

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. HERMOSA AVENUE - HERMOSA BEACH - NIGHT

Ray runs up stairs to a back porch and raps on the door. He waits, then draws back his fist. The door bursts open. THOM GILMORE, 40s, fit, stands silhouetted in the doorway.

THOM

Well! Who would you be?

RAY

Are you Uncle Thom?

THOM

I asked first.

RAY

The name is Ray Kelvin. I need to talk to you about your niece. Now.

THOM

I have a canyonful of nieces.

RAY

This is about Krystel.

THOM

Okay that was a test, she's my only niece. You a cop?

RAY

Of course not. Can I come in?

THOM

Better be a damned quick visit, son. I'm on my way out.

Thom steps back from the door and Ray goes inside.

INT. LIVING ROOM - THOM'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The room is expensively decorated, wood-paneled, large.

THOM
You want a drink?

RAY
Just a soda pop I guess, Mr...

THOM
Nobody calls me mister. Thom.

RAY
You and I have to leave right away.

THOM
Oh we do? Hey, c'mon back here,
take a load off for a second.

Ray walks further in and sits on a chair edge at a small table. Thom goes behind a bar and opens a refrigerator.

RAY
Wow. Nice place.

THOM
Thanks. Real estate is some kind
of racket, eh? Pepsi? Ginger ale?

RAY
Root beer. How old are you?

THOM
What's that matter?

RAY
How old?

THOM
You a private snoop? I'm older
than hydrogen. Forty-four.

Thom swigs a bottle of Corona Extra Gold beer as he comes over to the table. He puts down the beer.

RAY
How old do you think I am?

Thom opens a can of root beer and sets it on a coaster in front of Ray, then sits across from him.

THOM

You shave yet? Be a man and have a real brewski. I won't turn you in.

RAY

C'mon Thom, goddamnit! We have no time for this shit! How old am I?

THOM

Twenty-one with a big smart yap.

RAY

I look twenty and in a way I am twenty. I was born in 1924.

THOM

Nineteen what?

RAY

Nineteen. Twenty. Four.

THOM

Ah, of course. Well that makes you... What's your secret, organic yogurt and tofu burgers?

RAY

Okay, look. Krystel's in danger and we have to leave right now. Please just sit there and...

THOM

Wait. My niece is in danger?

RAY

Yes! Now listen up! I'll convince you in one minute that I'm for real and then we can go get her. Okay?

Thom leans back and gives Ray a hard look. Then he nods.

RAY (CONT'D)

All you have to do is sit there and keep your eyes on me. Got it?

Thom nods. Ray puts down the root beer on the coaster and leans back in his chair. He folds his arms and disappears.

Thom's mouth opens. He drops his Corona beer on the floor, the bottle crashes and breaks. He starts to get up.

The coaster moves a few inches. Thom sits back down.

Ray reappears, arms folded. He takes a swig from the soda.

THOM
Holy fuck. A light-bending device?

RAY
No.

THOM
Well then, take me to your leader!

RAY
I'm not ET. I'm from this planet.

THOM
What's left? Oh wait... Casper?

RAY
Bingo. I died in September 1944 on
a diesel submarine in the Pacific.

THOM
A boat. So you're a bubblehead?

RAY
Yes. Hey, were you in?

Thom gestures to a wall in the living room that displays various military plaques, certificates and medals.

THOM
Eight years.

RAY
Thom, listen. We have to get to
Saint Louis now. It's the only
shot we'll have to save your niece.

THOM
From what?

RAY
From those like me. I'll explain
on the way.

Thom stays seated.

RAY (CONT'D)
You have to trust me. You have no
other alternative.

THOM
Don't they hand out magic carpets?

RAY
Not to me personally, no.

THOM

Um... Damn, I forgot your name.

RAY

Ray. Ray Kelvin.

THOM

I'll see what's going to Saint Loo commercial, or we'll go charter.

Thom gets up and moves off down a hallway into a bedroom.

Ray stands, then walks to the wall of military memorabilia. He focuses on a large brass insignia: An eagle clutching an anchor, pistol and trident - the U.S. Navy SEAL insignia.

Thom, toting a backpack, taps Ray on the shoulder.

RAY

Why did you leave?

THOM

Setting up the flight, what else?

RAY

No, the SEALs. You left early.

THOM

They found out I had an inborn fear of water. Anyway, Delta leaves in fifty-five minutes so let's go.

RAY

Delta? What's that?

THOM

Airline! Where have... Never mind.

RAY

Do you have guns here? Weapons?

THOM

I could hold off Hermosa's finest for a year but that means nothing.

RAY

Of course it does!

THOM

Flying isn't like in the forties. We have cavity searches now.

RAY

Cavities?

THOM
 Yep. You'll love it. C'mon.

Thom switches off lights, grabs his backpack and they leave.

EXT. GLOWING JETLINER - NIGHT (DREAM SEQUENCE)

MUSIC plays, a song by The Andrews Sisters, *Don't Sit Under The Apple Tree (With Anyone Else But Me)*.

Krystel, in a billowy white dress, hangs off the wing edge of a silvery jetliner. It gently rolls to the right.

Krystel screams, her bare legs come off the wing top.

The jet steadies, then dips to the right at a sharper angle.

Krystel tries to hang on. One hand slips off the wing edge, then the other. She falls as the jet speeds up and away.

She tumbles through the air and goes into a head-first dive.

Below is a deep blue sea. Black leafless trees grow from it. The curling, jagged branches reach up as Krystel drops down.

Shiny black apples bloom instantly on the trees. She screams again, cringes as she is about to land upon a branch...

INT. OFFICER'S CABIN - BRECKSVILLE - NIGHT

Krystel lies on her side in the lower of a two-tiered bunk. She opens her eyes and sees a white wall six inches away.

Don't Sit Under The Apple Tree ends. Another tune starts, Glenn Miller's *Moonlight Serenade*. Krystel sits up.

BRAD (V.O.)
 Better fetch the skipper.

A door opens, then closes. Krystel twists around.

Brad sits at a gray metal desk across the cabin. He wears old-style Navy dungarees.

KRYSTEL
 Brad? What...

BRAD
 Hi Krystel.

KRYSTEL
 Where's Derek? We were...

BRAD

He's in another cabin. You okay?

Krystel springs off the bunk and yanks open the door. A huge SAILOR, dressed in Navy dungarees, stands in her way.

Krystel backs up as he comes into the cabin and shuts the door. She whirls around and faces Brad.

KRYSTEL

What the hell is this?

Brad looks away from her.

KRYSTEL (CONT'D)

You kidnapped us? You're pirates?

BRAD

We're not pirates.

KRYSTEL

Bullshit! Where's my fiancé?

She steps towards Brad. The big sailor grabs her shoulders, but she struggles to break free.

KRYSTEL (CONT'D)

I don't have any money! Derek's broke too, asshole! You kidnapped us for nothing!

The door opens. The big sailor maneuvers her away from it.

Two men in khaki officer uniforms enter the cabin. One is LIEUTENANT BRIAN GRENASH, late 20s, wears glasses. The other is CAPTAIN ALEXANDER BERTREL, mid-30s, hawkish, intense.

CAPTAIN BERTREL

Miss Janelli, this is Lieutenant Grenash, our navigator.

LIEUTENANT GRENASH

Ma'am.

Bertrel goes to the porthole. Lights of a town stream past.

CAPTAIN BERTREL

That's Tucumcari, New Mexico, our thousand-mile checkpoint tonight. I'm Alexander Bertrel, commanding officer. Welcome aboard.

Bertrel walks to the door, opens it and motions all to leave.

INT. FIRST CLASS SECTION - DELTA FLIGHT - NIGHT

Thom and Ray sit on the left side of the center aisle. Ray has the window seat. He looks around, bewildered.

RAY

This is like the Hilton.

Flight attendant JENNI, 20s, attractive, comes by and puts a bowl of fresh fruit with powdered sugar on Thom's tray.

THOM

Thanks. We'll be fine for awhile.

She smiles and leaves.

THOM (CONT'D)

So you're in Scotland...

RAY

Right. Scotland. Um, six weeks in a hospital. After what we'd gone through, that seemed like heaven.

Ray puts down his drink, lowers his head and folds his arms.

THOM

You okay?

RAY

When do we land?

THOM

About an hour and a half.

RAY

Never felt like this when I've come up topside. Maybe the high altitude does something to us.

THOM

We'll take it easy for awhile.

RAY

No! No time. So they transfer me to Pearl and I draw the *Dorsalis*. Five patrols, no problem. The next one is a three-boat wolf pack...

INT. BRIDGE - DORSALIS SUBMARINE - AFTERNOON

Periscope view, torpedoes streak at a destroyer trailing a convoy. They miss.

The destroyer turns towards *Dorsalis*.

The view shifts right. Another destroyer angles at *Dorsalis*.

RAY

Our other two boats are across the
convoy so they can't help us out.

THOM

And the tin cans nailed you guys.

RAY

Depth charges. About an hour of
pure hell. Something stabbed me...

Ray breaks off and turns toward the window, then faces front.

RAY (CONT'D)

We dropped like a stone, Thom, my
God it was like nothing...

Ray grips the seat arms, leans back and stares at the
ceiling. He closes his eyes and then rubs his left cheek.

THOM

Ray? Hey buddy?

Thom taps him on the shoulder lightly. Ray relaxes a bit and
opens his eyes.

THOM (CONT'D)

How long before... you know, before
it happens?

RAY

Forever? An instant? I don't
remember any sense of time. Just
blackness, like you're choking on
it, an emptiness, and then...

EXT. OCEAN BOTTOM

Black water. A lanternfish with blue lights along its side
streaks by. Another darts after it.

Total blackness, then faint orange sparks appear from above.

The sparks intensify, become larger and brighter, eventually
group into the rough outline of a man. The outline descends.

The sparks coalesce into a solid glowing figure and the
brightness changes to a silvery hue.

The glowing man softly touches the ocean bottom, flexes his knees slightly as he hits, and steadies himself.

All around him, other figures materialize in the same manner.

INT. FIRST CLASS SECTION - DELTA FLIGHT - CONTINUOUS

THOM

What about the Japanese?

RAY

They were down there with us. We sank two of their merchant ships.

THOM

Did you still have it in for them?

RAY

No. It isn't even possible to act on that anyway. We pass right through each other Underneath.

Thom pokes Ray's solid arm with his finger.

RAY (CONT'D)

That's from the hyponatremia.

THOM

Hyp...

RAY

Later. Once the whole sunken crew is down, we have the Keeling...

EXT. OCEAN BOTTOM - CONTINUOUS

A group of silvery men walks along. Conversation buzzes.

They gather at a flat area and form themselves into a long line, shoulder to shoulder. Talking ceases. All is quiet.

Gradually, orange sparks appear in front of them.

The sparks grow, coalesce, and form the keel of a warship.

The luminescence continues from the keel to the hull, deck, armaments, bridge, superstructure and masts.

All of the men in line break into cheers.

One by one, men leave the line and touch the glowing hull, swim up towards the deck and haul themselves aboard.

INT. BRIDGE - BRECKSVILLE - NIGHT

Krystel, Bertrel, Grenash and crewmembers watch a distant, lit-up city grow steadily larger.

CAPTAIN BERTREL
You should recognize it.

KRYSTEL
Never mind that. We're flying.
What kind of a ship flies, Admiral?

CAPTAIN BERTREL
Admirals are pencil pushers, Miss
Janelli. Good for shining seats.

Behind them comes the sound of footsteps. Krystel turns to see Derek approach, flanked by two crewmembers.

KRYSTEL
Babe!

She rushes towards him and he gives her a huge hug.

DEREK
You okay? Not hurt or anything?

KRYSTEL
No, but these pirate bastards are
afraid I'll hurt *them*.

She shows her handcuffed wrists.

DEREK
Captain Bertrel?

KRYSTEL
And how come you're not handcuffed?

CAPTAIN BERTREL
He hasn't tried to escape. Behave
and we'll dispense with those.

DEREK
We're in separate cabins, Captain,
and I want to know why.

CAPTAIN BERTREL
Lovers in danger, Mister Garnett,
are very effective conspirators.

Bertrel indicates her cuffs. A crewmember unlocks them.

CAPTAIN BERTREL (CONT'D)
 We're doing three hundred knots.
 I'd advise you both to shitcan any
 ideas about leaving the ship.

LIEUTENANT GRENASH
 Wichita off the port bow, sir.

Off the port side, they watch the Wichita skyline roll past.

INT. FIRST CLASS SECTION - DELTA FLIGHT - NIGHT

RAY
 A couple of U-boat crews in the
 North Sea get the credit.

THOM
 That figures. German engineering.

RAY
 To be honest they discovered it
 accidentally. Guy named Luhn...

SERIES OF SHOTS:

1) Sailor-Ghosts float through a church. LUHN flashes blue-
 white, then solid, as he passes through a confessional door.

2) Sailor-Ghosts move through the plate glass window of a
 German bar. Luhn's arm gets stuck. He yanks it. The window
 cracks and breaks. Patrons look around, confused.

INT. FIRST CLASS SECTION - DELTA FLIGHT - CONTINUOUS

THOM
 You were standard-issue ghosts?

RAY
 Government-Issue. Okay, they send
 him topside with a doctor and visit
 a medical clinic. When Luhn
 solidifies, the doc talks him
 through drawing a blood sample.

THOM
 Let me guess. Your doctors tested
 it and found hypoglycemia.

RAY
 Hyponatremia. Low blood salt. It
 allows us to solidify for awhile.
 (MORE)

RAY (CONT'D)

Everyone who comes Topside has a saline actuator implanted here.

Ray points under his left arm.

The jet intercom cuts in.

DELTA PILOT (V.O.)

Ladies and gentlemen, on the left side of the aircraft you can see Kansas City. We'll be over Saint Louis in about thirty-five minutes, and we thank you for flying Delta.

Ray looks out his window at the distant glow of the city.

Suddenly he looks down, then behind. He unbuckles his belt and half-rises from his seat to get closer to the window.

A silvery bar of light far below recedes into the darkness.

JENNI

Sir? Can I help you, sir?

Ray sits down and buckles in. He looks at Jenni and shakes his head. She frowns and leaves.

RAY

I think I might have seen her!

THOM

Brecksville?

RAY

Can't be a hundred percent sure. Her speed seems right, though.

THOM

Hope so, because if they're not going to Saint Loo...

RAY

Then I'll have failed to save her.

THOM

We, and we're not hosed, not yet. When do you have to go back under?

RAY

The saline actuator is good for about a hundred seventy-five hours.

THOM
That's... Okay, let's see, a forty-hour work week, times...

RAY
Seven days, give or take.

THOM
I can't do math this late.

THOM (CONT'D)
How much longer have you got?

RAY
We came up Sunday but something's wrong. I won't last the week.

Thom signals the flight attendant.

THOM
Do we have time for coffee?

JENNI
Just enough. Can I take this?

THOM
Sure. And thanks.

She smiles approvingly at Thom, takes the tray and leaves.

THOM (CONT'D)
I had that son of a bitch Garnett in my house! I should've known.

RAY
They found his price and we sure can offer Topsisiders a great deal.

THOM
No kidding. When you come up you can go anywhere. Take anything you want, free and clear.

RAY
No, Thom. That would violate our Charter. Let me put it this way: If we live at the bottom of the sea, then what do we know?

THOM
Hmm, you'd be well-versed in sand. Rocks. Coral. Shellfish, marine life, seaweed, that sort of thing.

RAY

In the city you live, do you know
where banks are? Jewelry shops?

THOM

Obviously. Oh I get it. Wrecks!

RAY

When "Fleet Week" visits started -
that's what we call them - we knew
we'd need money for clothes and
other things. But we're honest.

THOM

Well, besides a few knuckleheads.

RAY

Exactly. We're not thieves, so we
leave behind treasure as payment.

THOM

Very fair. Ray, listen. Let's get
my niece and leave Garnett.

RAY

Sorry, but The Charter forbids us
involving Topsiders in our affairs.

THOM

It's a helluva lot harder to rescue
two people than one! Wait, aren't
you violating your Charter now?

RAY

With you? Technically. But I
couldn't see any other way.

THOM

You really want this rat bastard
Garnett saved?

RAY

Yes. We have to.

INT. OFFICER'S CABIN - BRECKSVILLE - NIGHT

Krystel sits on the bunk edge. She faces Brad, who leans on
the desk across the cabin. STEN and BILGE, early 20s, burly
sailors, stand by the door.

KRYSTEL

Brad, you're about my age but you
seem... You're just too smart.

BRAD
They didn't tell you?

KRYSTEL
You pirates haven't told me a
goddamn thing!

BRAD
I'm really a lot older than I look.
We're not pirates, we come up...

STEN
Mac! The old man said don't tell
her anything!

Krystel studies Sten for a few seconds and frowns.

BRAD
Think, Sten! She was kidnapped!
What, you wouldn't have questions?

BILGE
You never could keep your yap shut.
Drove us dog-crazy even then. Good
thing the Krauts never got you.

BRAD
Squat on a dipstick, Bilge.

STEN
Ike should've made you our own
Tokyo Rose.

Sten and Bilge laugh.

KRYSTEL
I know you. Sten, is it? That was
you, right? On the submarine when
I was climbing out?

Sten quickly looks away from her.

BRAD
What's this?

STEN
Nothing. I did a sneak preview,
just having a little fun is all.

BRAD
Oh, fun? Fun, he says! You could
have FUBARed the whole mission! So
don't go around preaching at me...

The ship's intercom crackles.

CAPTAIN BERTREL (V.O.)
Attention, crew. In port at zero
three-hundred. Short liberty for
those not on watch. That is all.

INT. FIRST CLASS SECTION - DELTA FLIGHT - NIGHT

The jet touches down on the runway. Ray looks out his window as the aircraft slows. He scans the sky up and back.

THOM
I think we beat them here.

The jet stops. Jenni hovers in first class and chats with some of the passengers. She comes to Thom and Ray's seats.

JENNI
Thank you gentlemen, Thom and Ray,
and please remember the VIP Lounge
is open on the second level.

THOM
Very nice flight, Jenni, thank...

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

Ray is very pale. He closes his eyes and folds his arms.

He half-disappears in the seat.

A few seconds later he fully solidifies.

JENNI
Oh my God, sir?

RAY
I'm fine, sorry, just very tired.

Jenni moves back, then behind them to other passengers.

THOM
Ray, you...

RAY
Yes I know, Thom. I know.

THOM
Do you get any warnings?

RAY

Usually there's a hiss in your ears. You get light-headed. This came out of left field.

Thom grabs his backpack from under the seat ahead.

THOM

You'll have to tell them down there about the effects of flying.

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

As Thom and Ray exit the aircraft, Jenni gives Ray a frightened look.

INT. CONCOURSE - AIRPORT - CONTINUOUS

Thom and Ray trot down the concourse, then step onto an escalator up.

THOM

Think you can spot her? She might blend in with the air traffic.

RAY

What's the length of our Delta jet?

THOM

Beats me. Couple of hundred feet?

RAY

Brecksville is six hundred ten feet long. It'll be like spotting a bus on a bicycle path.

EXT. OBSERVATION DECK - AIRPORT - CONTINUOUS

Thom and Ray exit an elevator, then cross the deck to a railing. Ray begins to scan the sky.

RAY

Wish I had the binocs.

THOM

They on the boat?

RAY

Yeah. That reminds me. Here.

Ray pulls keys from his pocket.

RAY (CONT'D)

She's *Nakima*, slip number 18 and I've got her for a week. If something happens to me...

THOM

You'll be fine. We both will.

RAY

Hope so. Anyway you take her for some joy rides or whatever and then turn her in, okay?

THOM

Gotcha covered.

RAY

Wait...

Ray looks intently at a moving light in the sky. It becomes a large jetliner, which lands several runways out.

THOM

What's Bertrel planning?

RAY

Not really sure. My shipmate Dave told me only a little before they caught on and left him underneath. We'll have to improvise.

THOM

Improv is a Navy SEAL specialty. Maybe he'll take Krystel off here.

RAY

It *is* Bertrel's home town. But Saint Louis is a hub for American Fleet Weekers. A great party town, centrally located and all. I don't exactly know what they're going to do with my... with Krystel.

THOM

You're in love with her.

They watch a 747 take off. Ray shakes his head, amazed.

THOM (CONT'D)

You'd do well by her. Under other circumstances.

RAY
 Krystel doesn't look like you or
 her mother. She's so beautiful.

THOM
 Thanks, bud.

RAY
 Oh no, I didn't mean...

THOM
 I know. Sis and her jerk-off ex-
 husband adopted Krystel just after
 she was born.

RAY
 You married?

THOM
 Divorced. Happens a lot nowadays.

RAY
 Kids?

Thom shakes his head.

RAY (CONT'D)
 I never got to do that. Never even
 fell in love. Not me, not all
 those other guys...

Ray freezes his gaze on the night sky.

RAY (CONT'D)
 Holy Christ she's here.

Thom scans the sky.

RAY (CONT'D)
 Forget it Thom, you're a Topsider.
 You'll see her when we go aboard.

The glowing *USS Brecksville* banks into a slow turn, then
 gradually loses height.

RAY (CONT'D)
 Thought so. She's headed to her
 regular berth.

THOM
 You know where she's docking?

RAY
Of course. We've got to get there
now! C'mon!

The two men run across the observation deck to the elevator.

EXT. GROUND TRANSPORTATION CONCOURSE - AIRPORT - CONTINUOUS

Thom and Ray quickly get into the back seats of a taxi.

Ray leans forward to speak with the DRIVER, and the taxi speeds away from the curb.

EXT. WOODS - ADJACENT TO BRECKSVILLE PIER - NIGHT

Ray and Thom crouch in the underbrush. The silvery *USS Brecksville* sits anchored in the Mississippi River, approximately twenty feet from the riverbank.

A gangway angles down to a few feet above a wooden pier. Silvery figures walk down the gangway and jump onto the pier.

RAY
...forty-nine, fifty, fifty-one.

Sailors randomly solidify as they walk down the pier.

THOM
Small crew for a ship that size.

RAY
You don't need very many...

Ray slaps at his arm a few times.

THOM
You could be shot for that.

RAY
I'm not a dogface or even a grunt.
Anyway, *Brecksville* can operate
with a skeleton crew. She doesn't
need weapons or engine crews.

THOM
Electromagnetic propulsion. We
need that. No more oil, nukes...

RAY
What you need is ghost steel.
Doesn't work on regular stuff.

THOM
Anyone else coming?

RAY
Uh-uh.

THOM
On my signal... Okay, let's go!

Thom and Ray scramble through trees and undergrowth, then run across a bare area surrounding the pier.

EXT. PIER - BRECKSVILLE - CONTINUOUS

Thom goes into a controlled fall, then rolls smoothly underneath the pier.

Ray tries the same thing. His shoulder bangs into a pier post and he falls clumsily. He starts to crawl forward.

A thump sounds from the pier. Thom motions Ray to stay put.

EXT. PIER - BRECKSVILLE - CONTINUOUS

Thom watches shoes materialize above as someone solidifies.

CAPTAIN BERTREL
C'mon Nash. Time factor.

Another bang sounds, a second pair of shoes materializes.

LIEUTENANT GRENASH
The roses, Al. You take 'em.

CAPTAIN BERTREL
Thanks.

LIEUTENANT GRENASH
You all right?

CAPTAIN BERTREL
I think so.

A pair of shoes moves to the edge of the pier above Ray.

EXT. PIER - BRECKSVILLE - CONTINUOUS

Ray folds his arms and disappears.

LIEUTENANT GRENASH
See something?

They both look over the edge of the pier.

CAPTAIN BERTREL

Guess not.

Bertrel and Grenash eventually turn and walk, their footsteps growing faint as they progress down the pier.

THOM

Hey? Casper?

Ray solidifies.

RAY

That was too damned close.

THOM

Was that Captain Dickhead?

RAY

In the flesh. You figure out how we're going to get aboard?

THOM

Either the anchor chain or the gangway. Did they go past yet?

Ray looks along the road adjacent to the pier, where the other *Brecksville* sailors passed by earlier.

RAY

No, and they should've by now.

THOM

The bridge watches are going to spot us coming up the gangway.

RAY

Bertrel and Grenash aren't over there yet!

THOM

Where would they go? The party places are all down that way.

RAY

I'm going off to follow them.

THOM

No, partner. We don't split up.

RAY

I have to know where they're headed. It might be the key!

THOM

Okay, thought of something. It's easier for one man to get aboard unseen than two together.

Ray nods, then prepares to dash out from underneath the pier.

RAY

You know where to bivouac when you get aboard. Just wait for me.

THOM

Bivouac's a dogface term. Casper?

RAY

Yeah?

THOM

Eliminations.

RAY

What's that?

THOM

Why I left the SEALs after eight years. I had a problem with the up close and personal eliminations.

RAY

You mean...

THOM

Yes. No stomach for it. That endangers the whole SEAL team.

RAY

Oh.

THOM

You'd better scat. Good luck.

RAY

And you. Back in a jiff.

Ray scrambles across the open area and fades into the woods.

EXT. PIER - BRECKSVILLE - NIGHT

Thom steps up onto the pier, then reaches above him for the invisible gangway. As he touches it, behind him the gangway and *USS Brecksville* appear.

Thom jumps and grabs a cross rod on the gangway's underside. He hooks his ankles along the gangway edges. He climbs towards *Brecksville*.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - NIGHT

Ray shadows Bertrel and Grenash as they near the top of the street. Grenash has his arm around Bertrel's shoulder.

Bertrel and Grenash turn into a cemetery at the corner.

Ray reaches the cemetery gate and looks through. He folds his arms and becomes silvery. He then climbs the gate.

EXT. CEMETERY - CONTINUOUS

Ray hears a muffled shout. He moves in the direction of the sound and hides behind a huge monument. He peers around it.

Bertrel and Grenash stand a dozen yards away. Bertrel shakes and stifles a few sobs. Grenash puts his arm around him.

LIEUTENANT GRENASH

She's one in a million.

CAPTAIN BERTREL

An artist, did you know? People walk... walking by always stopped to admire... our lawn. Small trees she'd plant, each set in colored stones. Stained glass. Canterbury Cathedral. Loved stained glass. The world lost... it lost a...

LIEUTENANT GRENASH

No finer lady anywhere, Al. None.

Bertrel sobs and bends to one knee. He places a bouquet of roses on the ground. He lowers his head. He eventually straightens up and they walk away slowly.

Ray waits until they climb the gate, then walks to where they stood. He moves the bouquet. The gravestone reads:

MELISSA MARIE BERTREL

BORN AUGUST 30, 1917

DIED DECEMBER 14, 1942

Ray repositions the bouquet. As he straightens up, he suddenly grimaces.

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 forms. Ray presses the actuator under his left arm, but stays in solid form.

He hauls himself over the gate. Halfway down the other side he falls. Ray rolls onto his stomach and struggles up, then half-runs down the residential street towards the highway.

EXT. HIGHWAY - ADJACENT TO WOODS - CONTINUOUS

Ray stumbles across two northbound lanes. Headlights flicker. In the left southbound lane, he collapses.

A car roars around the southbound curve. Its beams light up Ray's face as he crawls. The car swerves but clips his heel.

Ray spins and rolls. The impact jolts him into action and he gets up, limps across the highway onto the road's shoulder.

Brake lights flash to his left. The car door opens, a middle-aged WOMAN jumps out and runs towards him.

WOMAN FROM CAR

Oh my God, mister! Are you hurt,
are you okay oh please God! I'm so
sorry I didn't see you, oh no...

Ray finds a trail into the woods and stumbles down it.

EXT. TRAIL THROUGH WOODS - CONTINUOUS

The woman follows, draws closer, but Ray quickens his pace.

He trips and falls on the trail, struggles to get up. He crawls, rolls. A faint sound of flowing water spurs Ray on.

The woman closes on him, fifteen feet away.

WOMAN FROM CAR

I want to help I can call 911 are
you hurt? Please sir...

Ray crawls, then falls down a slight incline towards the riverbank. He slides out of control, faster and faster.

Ray goes over the edge of the riverbank and tumbles through the air. He hits the river with a loud splash.

The woman eases down to the riverbank. She sees a flickering body move down-river, sink, and fade to nothing.

EXT. GANGWAY - BRECKSVILLE - NIGHT

Thom reaches the hull and boosts himself over the port rail.

He scrambles under the gangway platform. From his backpack he pulls out a fist-sized rock and flips it over the side.

Footsteps pound down a ladder from the superstructure area.

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

EXT. FORWARD #2 TURRET - BRECKSVILLE - CONTINUOUS

He ducks under the upper rotating portion (gunhouse) and flattens himself against the barbette (turret shaft).

Footsteps draw closer.

FIRST SAILOR

Maybe Sherp fell overboard?

SECOND SAILOR

That'd make a tsunami.

FIRST SAILOR

You check fore, I'll go aft, okay?

SECOND SAILOR

Yep. Sing out if you need help.

Footsteps approach Thom's position. He grasps a steel beam within the gunhouse innards above. He boosts his legs up, wraps them around a bundle of cables.

A pair of shoes stops near the turret.

Thom's arms shake, his legs begin to lose their grip.

The shoes point forward and move off.

Thom drops to the deck and flattens against the barbette.

FIRST SAILOR

Anything?

Both sailors approach. Thom boosts his legs up again.

SECOND SAILOR

Zip. Let's skedaddle!

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

Thom 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 stand on the bridge with other sailors. Four men each surround Derek and Krystel.

LIEUTENANT GRENASH
 Captain, we've cleared all
 moorings. The crew are aboard and
 at their stations, sir.

CAPTAIN BERTREL
 Very well, Navigator.

Bertrel depresses the TALK button on the bridge microphone.

CAPTAIN BERTREL (CONT'D)
 All hands, this is the Captain. I
 trust you took advantage of the few
 hours ashore and I apologize for
 the circumstances that made it so
 brief. We'll return when the
 mission is over. Prepare to leave
 port. That is all.
 (to Grenash)
 Navigator, you may proceed.

EXT. PIER - BRECKSVILLE - CONTINUOUS

USS Brecksville slowly rises from the Mississippi.

She continues straight up. Her keel breaks the surface, water drips from her hull. She turns gradually.

INT. BRIDGE - BRECKSVILLE - CONTINUOUS

The ship faces east. The sun shines orange off the river.

LIEUTENANT GRENASH
 Request permission, Captain.
 Through the wicket?

CAPTAIN BERTREL
 Granted. Krystel and Derek, keep
 you eyes straight ahead now.

Brecksville turns to port, angles up and moves forward.

The cruiser swings around in a huge circle. The sun glitters off her hull and decks as she lines up to again face east.

LIEUTENANT GRENASH
Height, one hundred fifty feet.

CAPTAIN BERTREL
Now watch our crack navigator strut his stuff, folks.

A barge moves up the Mississippi River ahead.

Brecksville streaks forward. Her speed rapidly increases.

The ship arrows through the Gateway Arch, dead center. Everyone turns aft. The Arch recedes rapidly behind them.

CAPTAIN BERTREL (CONT'D)
Good shooting, Lieutenant.

Grenash nods. He manipulates the keel propulsor controls with his right hand, the wheel with his left.

LIEUTENANT GRENASH
Turning. Course zero six five.

The ship angles down slightly to the left.

CAPTAIN BERTREL
Ohio, Pennsylvania, New York, New Hampshire, Vermont, Maine. Then out to points east-northeast.

Bertrel walks to the aft bridge ladder. He turns.

CAPTAIN BERTREL (CONT'D)
Carruthers, bring them to my stateroom in five minutes.

EXT. MAIN DECK - BRECKSVILLE - MORNING

The portside hatch of #2 Forward Turret opens slowly.

Thom steps out, shuts the hatch and jumps down.

He picks his way along the deck towards the superstructure.

Thom gets to a starboard hatch, opens it and slips inside.

INT. VOID SPACE - BRECKSVILLE - CONTINUOUS

Thom switches on his penlight.

The void is very cramped, with wires, switch boxes, pipes and cables along the walls.

Thom shines the light up a ladder, which stops at a circular hatch. He puts the penlight in his mouth and climbs.

At the hatch, Thom turns the dogging wheel. He listens after a few turns, then rotates the wheel until it stops.

Thom goes up one step and uses his head to open the hatch. Three stanchions border the hatch, steel safety chains looped one to the other. Beyond is an empty passageway.

INT. OFFICER'S COUNTRY PASSAGEWAY - BRECKSVILLE - CONTINUOUS

Quietly, Thom climbs out of the open hatch. He quickly turns to lower it. Footsteps and voices approach. Thom freezes.

The noise increases. Thom sits, then swivels his legs onto the ladder. He climbs down a few rungs and lowers the hatch.

Far down the passageway, a group of people turns from a connecting passageway and walks forward.

INT. VOID SPACE - BRECKSVILLE - CONTINUOUS

Thom hears footsteps. They stop. He eases up the hatch.

He sees Krystel and Derek go through a door. Other sailors follow and the door shuts. Two stay in the passageway.

Thom steps down to the next rung. The hatch lowers, and he carefully turns the dogging wheel and locks it down.

INT. CAPTAIN'S STATEROOM - BRECKSVILLE - MORNING

Derek and Krystel sit in front of Captain Bertrel's desk.

Krystel notices a photograph behind Bertrel.

CAPTAIN BERTREL

You like baseball, Miss Janelli?

KRYSTEL

As much as I like you.

CAPTAIN BERTREL

That's Stan Musial, a Navy man.

KRYSTEL

How thrilling.

DEREK

He served on this ship, Captain?

CAPTAIN BERTREL

He played on this ship's official team, the Saint Louis Cardinals.

DEREK

Ah. I like the Royals.

KRYSTEL

Am I in a boys locker room? Why did you kidnap us, Admiral?

CAPTAIN BERTREL

Not kidnapped. Honored guests.

DEREK

Krys, let him get this over with.

KRYSTEL

Why don't you knock him into next Thursday? Uncle Thom would, but...

CAPTAIN BERTREL

Enough, kids. You want to turn your chairs this way?

Bertrel walks to a blackboard. On it is chalked the east coasts of Canada and the United States, the Atlantic Ocean and some Northern European countries, including Germany, France and the British Isles.

Bertrel picks up a pointer.

CAPTAIN BERTREL (CONT'D)

You asked why you're here. Ready for a little history lesson?

KRYSTEL

Fuck off.

CAPTAIN BERTREL

That won't do, Miss Janelli.

Krystel stands.

KRYSTEL

Admiral, Professor, whoever you are. I'm not your pupil, I'm a prisoner. Take me to my cell!

Bertrel puts down the pointer and slowly walks in front of her. He nods at two sailors near her and they grab her arms.

CAPTAIN BERTREL

We can take you to the cabin and chain you high on the bunk post, standing up, with a gag in your mouth. Would that suit you?

DEREK

Krys, maybe we should...

Krystel glares at Bertrel. She gives him the finger.

KRYSTEL

Does this suit you? Asshole.

She sits. Derek touches her arm. She pushes his hand away.

Bertrel returns to the blackboard.

CAPTAIN BERTREL

You're aboard a light cruiser, Cleveland class, launched 1942. She's *USS Brecksville*.

KRYSTEL

1942?

CAPTAIN BERTREL

We're dead, sunk. Or we thought so. Until we discovered that some World War Two ships and their crews get regenerated as 'Neathers.

KRYSTEL

You're a fucking madman ghost is what you're saying.

CAPTAIN BERTREL

We're 'Neathers. We don't know who or what caused this and most of us don't give a hoot in hell.

Bertrel points to an area on the east coast of Canada.

CAPTAIN BERTREL (CONT'D)

Halifax, Nova Scotia. Just before America entered the war in... when?

He aims the pointer at Derek.

DEREK

September something, 1941 I think.

CAPTAIN BERTREL

Guess again. Krystel?

KRYSTEL
Why would I care?

CAPTAIN BERTREL
In the past, yes? Meaningless.
But not to us. Before Pearl
Harbor, Britain was being supplied
by convoys that left from here.

He points to Halifax.

CAPTAIN BERTREL (CONT'D)
The Germans set loose U-boat wolf
packs here. Nothing could stop...

Brecksville drops, then rolls up on the starboard side.

Bertrel stumbles but doesn't fall. The other sailors crouch
down. Derek and Krystel grip the arms of their chairs.

The ship levels itself.

Bertrel steps to the wall intercom and clicks TALK.

CAPTAIN BERTREL (CONT'D)
Bridge, what the hell was that?

LIEUTENANT GRENASH (V.O.)
Sorry Captain. A small jet was
angling in on us from ten o'clock.

CAPTAIN BERTREL
Lieutenant Grenash, it's daylight
hours, are you aware of that?

LIEUTENANT GRENASH (V.O.)
Yes sir.

CAPTAIN BERTREL
Bridge lookouts have been doubled?

LIEUTENANT GRENASH (V.O.)
They have, sir. This one was lost
in some tricky background...

CAPTAIN BERTREL
I don't want to hear it, Navigator!
Nothing is going to SNAFU this
mission, do you understand?

Bertrel clicks off and returns to the blackboard.

DEREK
Wouldn't they fly right through us?

CAPTAIN BERTREL

No. We're solid like everything else. Now, after December 7th, 1941, we had to get troops and supplies over here. *Queen Mary* was one way to do it.

KRYSTEL

You mean what we're staying on?

CAPTAIN BERTREL

Yes. Didn't you take the tour?

KRYSTEL

We'll do that when we get back.

CAPTAIN BERTREL

I highly recommend it. *Queen Mary*, or the *Gray Ghost* back then, got packed to the rafters with GIs. Then she'd speed across the Atlantic, zigzagging all the way. U-boats couldn't catch her.

Bertrel points to an area on the blackboard north of Ireland.

CAPTAIN BERTREL (CONT'D)

Here, she was escorted by warships because there were U-boats and German aircraft on patrol. Our first escort duty was also our last. That's where we're going. Back to the scene of the crime.

Bertrel puts down the pointer, walks to the door and pauses.

CAPTAIN BERTREL (CONT'D)

Take them to their cabins.

EXT. OCEAN - NIGHT

Icebergs bob in the black waters of the North Atlantic.

Up and back, a point of light grows quickly in size.

USS Brecksville, glowing, flashes past and forward.

INT. OFFICER'S CABIN - BRECKSVILLE - NIGHT

Krystel, alone, gets up from the bunk and opens the door. Two sailors sit across the passageway.

SAILOR

Ma'am?

KRYSTEL

Bathroom.

He gestures down the passageway.

INT. OFFICER'S COUNTRY PASSAGEWAY - BRECKSVILLE - CONTINUOUS

Krystel walks down and opens the door to the head. Before she closes it or turns on the light, she looks in the mirror.

It reflects a shadowed man in the connecting passageway. He stands flat against the bulkhead.

The man raises a finger to his lips. Then he points to the head. Krystel goes inside.

INT. OFFICERS HEAD - BRECKSVILLE - CONTINUOUS

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

THOM

No ghost, Tiger. Genuine article.

KRYSTEL

What are you doing here?

THOM

Keep it down. Very little time. A man who loves you got me aboard.

KRYSTEL

Derek?

THOM

A ghost-man named Ray. Derek's a rat, he's thrown in with Bertrel.

Krystel nods.

THOM (CONT'D)

You knew?

KRYSTEL

Kind of. He's been weird ever since he conned me into this trip.

THOM

I'll get you both off of here when the ship stops. Okay, gotta run.

KRYSTEL

Not yet!

THOM

Sorry, Tiger. Now listen. Don't tell Derek I'm here, or that you know about him, right?

KRYSTEL

Okay.

THOM

When I turn the light off, crack open the door. If the coast is clear give me a thumbs-up. No sound. Go.

Thom kisses her cheek and Krystel gives him a quick hug. He turns off the light.

Krystel barely opens the door and looks down the passageway. The two sailors stare ahead at the cabin door.

She signals. Thom glides across the passageway and vanishes.

EXT. OCEAN - DAYBREAK

USS Brecksville flashes forward into the rising sun.

INT. WARDROOM - BRECKSVILLE - EARLY MORNING

Derek and Krystel sit at the table across from each other. A sailor pours them coffee. Four other sailors stand nearby.

DEREK

You look a little tired.

KRYSTEL

Gee thanks. So do you.

DEREK

I couldn't sleep. Too keyed up.

KRYSTEL

I think we've slowed down.

DEREK

They said we'd be stopping soon.

KRYSTEL

Nobody tells me anything. Nice of them to keep one of us informed.

DEREK

I just want it to be all over with. This is bullshit.

KRYSTEL

It's all been bullshit.

DEREK

Yeah, it sure has been.

The door opens. Bertrel comes in and sits at the table.

CAPTAIN BERTREL

How was breakfast?

DEREK

Fine. When are we docking?

Bertrel ignores Derek and looks directly at Krystel.

CAPTAIN BERTREL

Very soon, you'll see things no Topsider has ever laid eyes upon. Consider it a crossing of a frontier between our peoples.

Bertrel stands, goes to the door and opens it.

Thom stands in the doorway, his wrists cuffed in front and his ankles chained. Three sailors surround him.

Thom has a bruise under his left eye.

CAPTAIN BERTREL (CONT'D)

We found this heroic fighting man in our Number Two Turret.

Bertrel gestures them all to come in, then closes the door.

DEREK

Thom?

KRYSTEL

Uncle Thom? How did you get here?

CAPTAIN BERTREL

We've got three in sickbay because of him. Petty Officer Gilmore, why not have a seat with your family?

The sailors prod Thom forward to a seat next to Derek.

KRYSTEL

What did these bastards do to you?

THOM

I'll live, Tiger.

CAPTAIN BERTREL

I thought to hold him in the brig
but I think he'll enjoy our show.

Bertrel goes out the wardroom door and speaks to a CHIEF
PETTY OFFICER, 30s, in the passageway.

CAPTAIN BERTREL (CONT'D)

I'll be on the bridge, Chief. Wait
for my signal to bring them up.

Bertrel walks away. The chief comes in and closes the door.

Krystel looks at Thom's face.

KRYSTEL

Who hit you?

THOM

An elbow when they came for me.

Krystel gestures at Derek with a questioning look.

THOM (CONT'D)

Okay, go ahead. No reason to hold
anything back at this stage.

Krystel moves so she sits directly across from Derek.

KRYSTEL

I know.

DEREK

Know? Know what?

KRYSTEL

I know everything. You did all
this. You fucking liar bastard!

DEREK

I didn't... They're the ones who
lied to me!

KRYSTEL

Con man! You fucking conned me and
my family!

(MORE)

KRYSTEL (CONT'D)

The only man I've ever trusted in
my whole life...

(points at Thom)

...and you got him too!

DEREK

I did what I did for us, babe!

KRYSTEL

For what? And quit calling me
'babe'! Don't you ever call me
that again, you motherfucker!

DEREK

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.

KRYSTEL

(to Thom)

Will we get through this okay?

Derek gets up and walks to a porthole.

DEREK

Hey, we've stopped.

THOM

Sit tight, Tiger. We'll be jake.

Static comes from the intercom.

CAPTAIN BERTREL (V.O.)

Chief? Time.

CHIEF

Yes, sir.

The chief directs the other sailors to escort Thom, Krystel
and Derek. They all leave the wardroom.

EXT. MAIN DECK - BRECKSVILLE - MORNING

USS Brecksville hovers 50 feet above the North Atlantic. The
weather is overcast with choppy, wind-whipped waves.

Bertrel, Thom, 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 at his side. He faces the three.

CAPTAIN BERTREL
We project images to each other as
a way to communicate Underneath.

DEREK
Like a hologram?

CAPTAIN BERTREL
Even more. Sounds can be heard.

THOM
Captain Bertrel, wait...

CAPTAIN BERTREL
You're going to see a fraction of
what we remember. All of you need
to be educated. Especially you.

Bertrel locks his eyes onto Krystel.

THOM
Captain!

CAPTAIN BERTREL
What is it, Petty Officer Gilmore?

THOM
You can't force this on us.

CAPTAIN BERTREL
No one is ever forced to witness a
viewing. First, would anyone like
to go to their cabins? Krystel?

KRYSTEL
I can take it if you can.

CAPTAIN BERTREL
Quite the spirited lady you have
here, Mister Garnett.

Krystel moves away from Derek and closer to Thom.

CAPTAIN BERTREL (CONT'D)
If a viewing gets to be too much,
simply shut your eyes. Okay? I'll
start. And here we go.

Bertrel faces the water and closes his eyes. He brings his
hands behind his head and probes at the base of his skull.

The current view fades.

EXT. OCEAN - AFTERNOON

The sun is out and the ocean is blue.

CAPTAIN BERTREL
See her? Off to the left!

Queen Mary, painted completely gray, churns through rolling swells but remains steady. Her starboard side is visible. A plane silhouette flies over the ship.

CAPTAIN BERTREL (CONT'D)
Look high up above her, see that?
B-17 Flying Fortress. When it
leaves she has no more air cover.

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

CAPTAIN BERTREL (CONT'D)
It's now up to us and six other
ships to cover her into Scotland.

Bertrel drops his hands, leans on the bridge rail a moment.

EXT. MAIN DECK - BRECKSVILLE - MORNING

CAPTAIN BERTREL
The whole operation was dodgy. The
Queen was faster than her escorts
and she couldn't slow down.

Bertrel lifts the bullhorn to his mouth.

CAPTAIN BERTREL (CONT'D)
Petty Officer Cowdray?

The sailor COWDRAY puts his hands to the back of his head.

EXT. OCEAN - AFTERNOON

Queen Mary's port side appears much closer. Tiny figures line all of her visible decks.

CAPTAIN BERTREL
Fifteen thousand troops aboard.
Since she's zigzagging, you see her
now off our starboard flank. Thank
you Mr. Cowdray. Chief Saladin?

Queen Mary's starboard side appears closer, slightly behind.

CAPTAIN BERTREL (CONT'D)
 Saladin was looking off our port
 side, as were all the crew topside
 and not on station.

Voices sound onboard the 1942 *Brecksville*.

CREW VOICE 1
 Big mother!

CREW VOICE 2
 Bulldog, that dick gave me a one-
 finger salute. Back atcha dumbass!

CREW VOICE 3
 Them boys up against the Krauts?

CREW VOICE 4
 Chrissakes they're tourists!

CREW VOICE 5
 Hey what's she...?

CREW VOICE 6
 What the hell's she doing?

CREW VOICE 7
 Holy shit!

CREW VOICE 8
 They see it, they see it!

Queen Mary draws almost even with *Brecksville*. Gradually the
 bulk of *Queen Mary* angles in on the cruiser.

CREW VOICE 9
 Oh my God!

CREW VOICE 10
 Get back get back get to port...!!

Screams from 1942 *Brecksville* as the entire scene goes black.

Krystel screams and steps back into two sailors. Derek does
 the same. Thom shuts his eyes.

EXT. MAIN DECK - BRECKSVILLE - MORNING

CAPTAIN BERTREL
 Is everyone okay? Would you rather
 go below now, Miss Janelli?

KRYSTEL

Get on with it, Admiral.

CAPTAIN BERTREL

Very good. Seaman Skate?

EXT. OCEAN - AFTERNOON

A rolling swell makes the ocean appear to drop down.

To the left, *Queen Mary* churns through wreckage and flotsam.

CAPTAIN BERTREL

The *Queen* slowed after the impact
but didn't stop.

A rolled up object floats a dozen feet away.

CAPTAIN BERTREL (CONT'D)

Petty Officer Gilmore, you might
recognize that.

THOM

Castanet.

CAPTAIN BERTREL

Right. You could fit fifty men on
one but they couldn't be unrolled.

DEREK

How come?

CAPTAIN BERTREL

Oil. The lashings were covered
with oil. No grip.

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

CAPTAIN BERTREL (CONT'D)

Most of us who died immediately
were in the stern.

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

CAPTAIN BERTREL (CONT'D)

When the *Queen's* stem hit, I was
killed instantly. Nearly everyone
on the bridge died as a result of
the impact itself.

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

CAPTAIN BERTREL (CONT'D)
Almost everyone in the bow section
survived except for those who
perished in the sea. Enough,
Seaman Skate!

EXT. MAIN DECK - BRECKSVILLE - MORNING

CAPTAIN BERTREL
The men in the water waited two
hours for the British destroyers to
come back and pick them up. One
more. Chief Curacoa?

EXT. OCEAN - AFTERNOON

Men cling to wreckage, to rolled-up castanets or hold onto
each other and float in groups.

Krystel gasps as a man who clings to a rolled-up castanet
looks towards the viewer, then quickly away.

Another man off by himself struggles to stay afloat in the
swells. His head ducks underneath occasionally.

Globs of oil bob on the surface. One closes on the man. He
moves his arms weakly and tries to move away, but cannot.

The glob of oil floats onto his face.

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

EXT. MAIN DECK - BRECKSVILLE - MORNING

CAPTAIN BERTREL
That's how three hundred thirty-
eight men were killed. Murdered by
the recklessness of *Queen Mary's*
skipper. One man did this. One!

THOM
You take no blame yourself, sir?

CAPTAIN BERTREL
What was that, Petty Officer?

THOM
His ship was crammed with American
GIs! Couldn't you have avoided...

CAPTAIN BERTREL
No avoiding was necessary!

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

Thom moves into combat stance, despite the handcuffs and ankle chains. The sailors on either side grab Thom's arms.

Bertrel is in his face.

CAPTAIN BERTREL (CONT'D)
You never zigzag when overtaking another vessel! Was not considered by the Board of Inquiry later. When Fleet Week became possible my men and I uncovered their lies.

Bertrel backs up to the rail.

CAPTAIN BERTREL (CONT'D)
"Obstruction of a capital ship during wartime maneuvers" was put into my official record. That's what I died with. And you...

Bertrel stabs his finger at Krystel.

CAPTAIN BERTREL (CONT'D)
You're going to set everything right. You will cleanse my record.

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

Bertrel's face changes to pure rage. He advances on her.

CAPTAIN BERTREL
How dare you! You have no honor, you mouthy wench, you should be...

THOM
Captain! Captain Bertrel!

Bertrel slowly calms down.

THOM (CONT'D)
Why her?

CAPTAIN BERTREL
She's the living link to the outlaw skipper of *Queen Mary*, Commodore Randolph W. Hegessey.

KRYSTEL

I'm adopted, asshole!

CAPTAIN BERTREL

We know. Months and months tracing his lineage. You, Miss Janelli, would have a different name had your parents kept you. You're Hegessey's great granddaughter.

THOM

So it's her fault. And not a bit of it yours. Fucking insane, sir.

CAPTAIN BERTREL

Petty Officer Gilmore. Would you like to be cast into the Bloody Foreland in front of your niece?

THOM

All right. I'll use my military connections to get this reopened.

CAPTAIN BERTREL

No chain of command exists between Hegessey and you. You are not of her family.

THOM

I'm closer to her than her adopted father. Maybe even my sister. She *is* family, Captain. Like the bond between a ship and her crew.

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

CAPTAIN BERTREL

Attention all hands! Secure from stations! Ship will get underway in thirty minutes! That is all.

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

CAPTAIN BERTREL (CONT'D)

Very well, Petty Officer Gilmore. Then I'll hold you as responsible as her to set things right again. For myself and for my men.

Bertrel walks towards a ladder leading down from the bridge.

THOM

Where are we going now, Captain?

CAPTAIN BERTREL
 You're getting a magic carpet ride
 to Wichita, Kansas. Then I and my
 crew go back Underneath.
 (to security men)
 Return them all to their cabins.

Bertrel disappears down the ladder.

EXT. ABOVE FARMLAND - MIDWESTERN UNITED STATES - AFTERNOON
USS Brecksville streaks by from north to south.

EXT. MAIN DECK - BRECKSVILLE - CONTINUOUS

Thom, Krystel and Derek stand along the starboard rail and
 watch the panorama zip past.

KRYSTEL
 (to Derek)
 I want to talk to my uncle alone
 for a few minutes.

Derek glumly moves away from them, towards the stern.

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

KRYSTEL (CONT'D)
 What's he like, Uncle Thom? The
 man who helped you.

Thom looks at the submarine-like sail close to the cruiser's
 bow. Minor movements occur in the diving planes.

THOM
 Ray Kelvin. He's a good man,
 Tiger, a real shipmate.

KRYSTEL
 I think I saw him in the water back
 there.

THOM
 The viewing?

KRYSTEL
 Yeah. Other places too.

THOM
 He watched over you in Wichita.
 Did you ever see him in your house?

Krystel shakes her head.

THOM (CONT'D)

He said he was in there, looking through things. That's how he knew where to find me in Hermosa. He...

KRYSTEL

Cowtown back home! After work. That's where I saw him! That's it!

INT. OLD WEST SALOON - WICHITA, KANSAS - NIGHT

Krystel, dressed in traditional Old West clothes, sits at a large table with other men and women dressed similarly.

At the bar, a man in a cowboy hat drinks a beer. He turns on his barstool and looks at Krystel's table a long moment.

EXT. MAIN DECK - BRECKSVILLE - AFTERNOON

KRYSTEL

This guy was there a few nights in a row but he never introduced himself. I never saw him again.

THOM

In that case, how would you like to go to Saint Loo with me tonight?

KRYSTEL

To meet this guy Ray?

THOM

He said if a 'Neather dies out of the water on Fleet Week, it'd be lights out for him.

KRYSTEL

He couldn't go back in the water as a... as a ghost? You're sure?

Thom nods. An object glances off *Brecksville's* hull.

THOM

A bird. Probably happens a lot.

KRYSTEL

Poor thing! Uncle Thom, let's go to Saint Louis and find Ray and help him. I owe him that much.

DEREK (O.S.)

I want to go too.

Thom and Krystel turn and see Derek a few yards away.

KRYSTEL

What?

DEREK

I'm going with you guys to Saint Louis.

THOM

It's not my decision, son.

DEREK

Krys, I need to go. This is all my doing.

KRYSTEL

Uncle Thom? I don't know. We're supposed to trust you after what you did to me? To my family?

DEREK

I thought it might help us. Look, they left me some treasure but I don't want any of it. We'll give it all away.

THOM

I'd hold you to that.

DEREK

You won't need to, Thom.

Krystel walks close to Derek, face to face.

KRYSTEL

Look at me. Fine, you can come. You try anything and I won't need my uncle to avenge it. And don't think we're getting married. You took that away from us forever.

EXT. SKY - WICHITA, KANSAS - EARLY EVENING

Brecksville moves above the city towards a bridge across the Arkansas River. She floats over the bridge. She descends, then turns slightly towards a pier just past the bridge.

Brecksville moves close to the pier and hovers above it.

EXT. MAIN DECK - BRECKSVILLE - CONTINUOUS

Thom, Krystel and Derek stand near the gangway platform.

THOM

They may try to get cute. Jump to
the pier quickly and keep going.
We stay together no matter what.

EXT. PIER - ARKANSAS RIVER - CONTINUOUS

A FAMILY (father, mother, two small boys, one small girl)
with a dog walks slowly around the perimeter of the pier.

The dog bolts down the pier towards the riverbank. The girl
runs after it.

The rest of the family begins to follow them down the pier.

One of the boys picks up a rock from the pier and throws it
towards the river.

EXT. MAIN DECK - BRECKSVILLE - CONTINUOUS

Krystel takes a step back. A click sounds below as the rock
impacts *Brecksville*.

The boy looks directly through them. Then he turns, runs
down the pier and looks back several times.

Bertrel approaches. Several sailors carry filled seabags and
follow behind him.

CAPTAIN BERTREL

Your belongings. Please keep these
as mementos of our time together.

KRYSTEL

Terrific. Souvenirs.

CAPTAIN BERTREL

Always remember that we'll be
watching from Underneath. I expect
a complete reprieve, Miss Janelli.
Petty Officer Gilmore.

KRYSTEL

Pray we don't tell everyone about
you and your sick...

CAPTAIN BERTREL

Who would believe you? Bear in mind, dear Krystel, that we hold all the high cards.

Bertrel turns to the bridge, raises his arm, then lowers it. He leaves them and makes his way to the bridge ladder.

Brecksville drops and extends its gangway above the pier.

Thom, Krystel and Derek accept the seabags from a sailor.

SAILOR

Go! Time to go, folks! Quickly!

Krystel steps onto the gangway, followed by Derek, then Thom.

EXT. PIER - ARKANSAS RIVER - CONTINUOUS

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

Thom turns. Captain Bertrel salutes and Thom salutes back.

Thom jumps off the gangway and looks behind him.

He sees the opposite riverbank. *Brecksville* has vanished.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - DEREK'S HOUSE - EVENING

The threesome walks up the driveway to Derek's car.

THOM

I'll set up the flight while you guys are gone.

KRYSTEL

I want you in the car with me.

THOM

Okay. You got your cell?

Derek nods as he gets in the driver's side. Thom starts to get into the back seat.

KRYSTEL

I'll sit back there.

Thom shrugs and gets into the passenger seat.

A dejected Derek looks in the rearview mirror at Krystel. She turns away, and he gets the car moving.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - KRYSTEL'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Thom gets out of the car first, then Krystel.

KRYSTEL

I doubt Mom is home. Probably better.

THOM

Yep. See you in about an hour?

KRYSTEL

When do we take off?

THOM

Nine o'clock or whenever we get there. An hour to Saint Loo.

She gives Thom a quick hug and starts away. Derek leans far over towards the passenger side window.

DEREK

Bye, Krys.

Krystel hesitates for a moment. She then continues to her door, opens it and steps inside.

The hall light goes on. She waves at them through the screen door.

Thom gets into the car. Derek backs out and drives away.

INT. HALLWAY - KRYSTEL'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Krystel drops the seabag and walks to the stairs.

KRYSTEL

Mom? It's me!

No answer. Krystel heads towards the kitchen.

A low thump sounds. Krystel stops, turns, and goes back to the stairs. She walks up a few of them.

KRYSTEL (CONT'D)

Mom? You in?

Quiet. Krystel walks back to the kitchen. To her left, the patio sliding glass door opens by itself. Krystel looks over.

KRYSTEL (CONT'D)

Hey! What?

Krystel stumbles backwards. She struggles, caught by unseen arms. She tries to yell but her mouth is muffled.

Krystel's sleeve moves up. A cotton ball rubs itself on her upper arm. A syringe floats over and plunges into her arm.

Krystel struggles a few seconds, then sags limp. She hangs horizontally. Unseen hands hold under her arms and knees.

Her seabag opens and upends. The contents fall out. The seabag pulls over Krystel, feet first, then it encloses her whole body. The top buckle locks itself shut.

The seabag floats out the patio door. When it reaches the lawn, it drops to the grass and slides away.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - DEREK'S HOUSE - EVENING

Thom rushes out the front door, slams it and trots to Derek's car. Derek leans against the hood.

THOM

Hey! Let's go!

DEREK

Why the rush? We're good on time.

Thom gestures Derek to get into the car fast.

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

THOM

Did those jackals tell you anything more about their plan?

DEREK

I didn't even know about going to the sinking.

THOM

Is her number in here?

Thom holds out Derek's phone. Derek presses a few buttons automatically and hands it back to Thom. Four rings sound.

KRYSTEL (V.O.)

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

THOM

Probably in the shower.

DEREK

What are you thinking?

THOM

This doesn't jibe. All Bertrel has is our promise to reopen his case.

Thom presses the redial. No answer.

THOM (CONT'D)

Here's something else. Until they got me it was a walk in the park hiding on the ship. Shit-hot SEAL training, I figured. But now...

DEREK

You mean they knew all along you were on the *Brecksville*?

Thom shrugs.

DEREK (CONT'D)

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

Derek gestures out the windshield at the Arkansas River.

THOM

Was the marriage their idea, too?

DEREK

No! Just to get her to Long Beach.

THOM

They certainly had this figured down to the wire. Even your professor was in on it, Ray mentioned that.

DEREK

Yeah. He already had some treasure and he gave me a couple pieces.

THOM

But why... Why?

DEREK

Maybe like a down payment? He turned in our rental car at the *Queen Mary*, too. I guess Bertrel didn't want the cops looking...

THOM

Forget that! Why go to Long Beach?

Thom hits the redial again. Still no answer.

DEREK

That's where I graduated college?

THOM

Who the hell cares where you went to school? No. Wait. It's the river. The goddamned river!

Derek is still clueless.

THOM (CONT'D)

That son of a bitching river!

Thom points out the window.

DEREK

I don't know what's going on now.

THOM

I'm a lousy cherry, I ought to be sentenced to fucking boot camp for life! What did he just do?

DEREK

Bertrel?

THOM

Who the hell else? He just dropped us onto an open pier, easy as pie during rush hour! Have you and Krystel ever gone to that pier?

DEREK

Sure. It's close to my house...

THOM

Exactly! So if Bertrel wants to take her on a joyride to lay the guilts on her, why not grab her right from here? Why go across...

Thom hits redial again but disconnects after two rings.

THOM (CONT'D)

That ghost bastard just fucked us.

DEREK

What are you talking about?

THOM

They've got her!

DEREK

What?

THOM

Bertrel couldn't be sure of everyone's loyalty - including yours. He didn't count on me but probably factored in that someone from the outside might interfere.

DEREK

Okay, right. I mean, now I want to help Krys.

THOM

Bertrel had to purge his ship of anyone who could possibly stop him.

DEREK

From doing what?

EXT. DRIVEWAY - KRYSTEL'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Thom jumps out of the car and runs to the door.

THOM

The hall light's off!

He opens the screen, tries the knob, then beats on the door.

THOM (CONT'D)

TIGER? Give me her goddamned key!

Derek trots up and hands it to him. Thom jams the key home and swings the door open. They both enter. Total silence.

Thom discovers the open patio door. He steps through it.

THOM (CONT'D)

Check all the rooms, double-quick.

EXT. BACKYARD - KRYSTEL'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Thom moves laterally in a crouch and looks down at the grass. He looks up and focuses on a narrow lake that runs behind other houses just a property away from Krystel's.

Thom spots wet footprints on the lawn. He bends down, touches them. He moves left and looks closely at the grass.

Derek runs out the patio door and stands to the side of Thom.

DEREK
Nobody here.

THOM
Bertrel hovered above that lake and
dropped a raiding party into it.

He gestures down at the wet grass, the faint tracks in it.

THOM (CONT'D)
They've got her all right. Dragged
her out, and then aboard. C'mon!

Thom stands and they both head for the front of the house.

DEREK
You think she's in Saint Louis?

THOM
No way. What's in Long Beach?

DEREK
My college?

THOM
Fuck the college! Think! Where
are you guys staying?

DEREK
The um... The *Queen Mary*.

They run to the car. Thom opens the cell phone and dials.

THOM
Thom Gilmore. Right. We've got a
change in destination...

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. CAPTAIN'S STATEROOM - BRECKSVILLE - EVENING

Krystel sits in front of Bertrel's desk, cuffed to her chair.
Four sailors stand nearby. The door opens, Bertrel comes in.

CAPTAIN BERTREL
We'll be fine. Go.

The four sailors leave and Bertrel closes the door.

KRYSTEL
Where's Brad?

CAPTAIN BERTREL
Mr. McKittrick and a few others
left willingly before the viewing.

KRYSTEL
I just remembered. You're him.

CAPTAIN BERTREL
Who am I, love?

KRYSTEL
The... You were that homeless guy
who cleaned our windshield.

CAPTAIN BERTREL
Very observant! If I asked your
Judas boyfriend for money, that
meant things at the college were
set up. I quite enjoyed that role.
Do I get an Oscar?

KRYSTEL
Next time use less filth on you.

CAPTAIN BERTREL
Point taken.

Bertrel removes a wallet photo and shows it to Krystel.

CAPTAIN BERTREL (CONT'D)
She looks very much like you, does
my dear Melissa.

The intercom clicks.

LIEUTENANT GRENASH (V.O.)
Captain, bridge.

CAPTAIN BERTREL
What is it?

LIEUTENANT GRENASH (V.O.)
Phoenix off the port bow, sir. On
schedule. Ninety minutes.

CAPTAIN BERTREL
Excellent. Let me know when we're
close to the Salton Sea.

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

CAPTAIN BERTREL (CONT'D)
That inland sea will slow us up.
We only go half as fast over water.

KRYSTEL
Goddess... Melissa?

CAPTAIN BERTREL
Your love boat was at the bottom of
the Caribbean. We gave her an
overhaul and a new christening.

KRYSTEL
What was the original name?

He shrugs, and returns to his seat behind the desk.

CAPTAIN BERTREL
My wife went underneath two months
after us. When she heard we were
sunk by U-boats and the captain
went down with the ship, she acted.

KRYSTEL
U-boats? But didn't the Queen...

CAPTAIN BERTREL
They held it back. Bad for morale,
love. My wife was a delicate soul.
So fragile. So dependent on me.

KRYSTEL
Is she... a ghost now, too?

CAPTAIN BERTREL
She died in water. But no rebirth.
No, love, she'd cut her wrists in
our bathtub. They buried her with
our unborn son still inside her.

INT. PASSENGER CABIN - CASSENTA SILKWING - NIGHT

DEREK
Are we going to LAX?

THOM
Long Beach.

DEREK
And then what?

THOM
We get to the marina and onto Ray's
boat. Then we improvise.

DEREK
You think Bertrel might kill her?

THOM

What do you think?

DEREK

I'd have to kill him myself, then.

THOM

Now that is quite a turnaround.
All right, I need to know how
Bertrel got to you. Tell me.

DEREK

I'm an asshole. Krystel is right,
she always is. I don't want to go
into it now. Let's just help her.

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

THOM

Do you truly want to help her? A
SEAL team finds out everything it
can about a target before striking.
Are you clear on the target?

DEREK

Well, yeah. We stop Bertrel and
get Krystel away, I guess. Right?

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

THOM

Did Krystel ever mention her
childhood when you guys talked?

DEREK

Um, not much. Hardly ever.

THOM

There's a reason and now you're
going to be privy to it. She had
an abortion when she was twelve.

DEREK

What? She had a what?

The copilot turns around to look at them, then faces front.

THOM

My sister woke with a bad cough
late one night and her husband
wasn't in bed. Guess where he was?

DEREK

No. You don't mean...

THOM

She chucked his ass out that night but he'd knocked up Krystel. She missed seventh grade. Hospitals. Emotional trauma therapy. Meds, you name it. That bastard stole an entire year of her life and much more. Now she's being held...

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

THOM (CONT'D)

Listen to me! Your fiancée - my niece - is being held by a madman for God knows what purpose! What are you going to do about it?

DEREK

We... we have to stop him.

THOM

We might have to splash the whole fucking lot of them. Understand? Eliminations! Now if you can't handle that, then I don't want you on my team.

Derek turns to the window. Tears fill his eyes.

THOM (CONT'D)

Look, partner. I'm beat and we're going into action in a few hours. We both should get some shut-eye.

Thom walks to the cockpit and speaks to the CO-PILOT, female, 30s. He returns. The cabin lights dim.

INT. CAPTAIN'S STATEROOM - BRECKSVILLE - NIGHT

The ship's intercom crackles.

LIEUTENANT GRENASH (V.O.)

Trans water stabilize, standby.

CAPTAIN BERTREL

Our speed will drop.

KRYSTEL

How fast will we go over it?

CAPTAIN BERTREL

Hundred fifty knots or so.

Krystel looks up at the Stan Musial photograph with interest. Bertrel twists around in his chair and notices.

CAPTAIN BERTREL (CONT'D)

Stan the Man played in the Series against the hated Yankees. They split games one and two. We got sunk on the off day. An American crew later gave us the news that the Cards won it all.

LIEUTENANT GRENASH (V.O.)

Stand by for TWS... Now.

The ship drops slightly and angles down. The hum decreases.

KRYSTEL

We lived in Cairo, Illinois.

CAPTAIN BERTREL

Did you like it there?

KRYSTEL

I only remember a little. We moved to Wichita when I was six.

CAPTAIN BERTREL

After the meeting, we'll revisit some old haunts, love. Hannibal. Paducah. Cairo and Saint Loo.

KRYSTEL

Meeting?

CAPTAIN BERTREL

We have an upcoming meeting to take care of some business.

KRYSTEL

Oh. Well I have to powder my nose.

Bertrel opens the door and motions two men to come in.

CAPTAIN BERTREL

Take her to the officer's head. I'll be on the bridge.

They un-cuff her and head down the passageway. Halfway down Krystel suddenly crouches, grabs the left leg of the sailor on her right and pushes up. He falls diagonally in front of the other sailor, who also stumbles and falls.

Krystel runs at the open deck hatch. She slides under the stanchion chain, gets her feet onto a rung and climbs down.

The two sailors scramble to their feet. One turns back towards the pair of sailors near the Captain's stateroom.

SAILOR
Get to the bridge!

INT. VOID SPACE - BRECKSVILLE - CONTINUOUS

Krystel winces as her feet hit the metal rungs. She looks up. A sailor is eight or nine rungs above, descending fast.

She gets to the deck, turns and grabs the hatch handle. She pushes it up and steps through as the man above jumps down.

EXT. STARBOARD HATCH - BRECKSVILLE - CONTINUOUS

Krystel steps out, turns and slams the hatch. The sailor's arm catches between the hatch and the opening. He screams.

Krystel 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 sailors pull her back over the rail.

They carry her to the bridge ladder. As Krystel is carried up to the bridge, she sees the moonbeam disappear. They've passed completely over the Salton Sea.

Brecksville angles up and increases speed.

INT. PASSENGER CABIN - CASSENTA SILKWING - NIGHT

The copilot touches Thom's shoulder. Thom stirs and brings his reclined seat upright. Derek wakes and does the same.

SILKWING COPILOT
We'll be landing soon but we must divert to LAX. Long Beach has fog.

THOM
Oh, that's not good. We're rushed.

SILKWING COPILOT
Have you reserved a rental car?

THOM
Yes.

SILKWING COPILOT
No problem. We'll transfer that to LAX and bring it to the tarmac.

THOM
Appreciate it. When do we land?

SILKWING COPILOT
Nine fifty-five.

She leaves. Thom grabs a pad and pen and writes figures.

THOM
Brecksville gets to Long Beach
between ten and ten-thirty.

DEREK
Great, we get there before them.

THOM
True, but we have to switch
vehicles. They can park anywhere.

INT. BRIDGE - BRECKSVILLE - NIGHT

CAPTAIN BERTREL
You're stuck here for the duration.
Get that through your pretty head!

KRYSTEL
One way or another he'll stop you.

CAPTAIN BERTREL
You'll shower. Refuse, and my men
can do a GI shower. Then you'll
change into the clothes and things
already laid out. Make a fuss and
they'll be most happy to assist.

KRYSTEL
I'm sure you perverts would be.

CAPTAIN BERTREL
Go. The meeting approaches.

Bertrel nods at the sailors, who take her towards the ladder.

INT. RENTAL CAR - 710 FREEWAY SOUTH - NIGHT

Thom speeds in the left lane. A sign reads *710 Freeway Ends -
1/2 Mile.*

DEREK
Hey! We'll call the Coast Guard.

THOM

And tell them what? Be On Lookout
for invisible flying warship?

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

DEREK

You're not in the Grand Prix.

THOM

Ever see it here?

DEREK

Yeah, it was just like this.

Thom speeds along, then veers onto Shoreline Village Drive.
Ahead in the distance is *Queen Mary*, all lit up.

Thom drives to a parking gate. He leans over to his left.

THOM

Get the wallet out of my pocket.

Derek pulls the wallet, opens it and extracts a twenty.

PARKING ATTENDANT

Eight dollars after nine...

THOM

Right, whatever. Keep the change.

Thom hands out the bill, then nudges the car forward. He
starts through as the gate rises. It scrapes the rooftop.

Thom turns into the parking lot, crosses it and accesses the
berm roadway. He skids into a parking spot and stops.

THOM (CONT'D)

There she is.

EXT. BERM PARKING AREA - LONG BEACH MARINA - CONTINUOUS

Thom and Derek jump out of the car and run down the short
pier where *Nakima* is tied up. They leap onto her stern deck.

THOM

Can you drive a boat?

DEREK

Yes!

Thom tosses the keys to Derek.

THOM

Let's go.

DEREK

Where?

THOM

Cruise the waterway in front of the Queen. Get below, I'll stay here.

INT. CAPTAIN'S STATEROOM - BRECKSVILLE - NIGHT

Krystel puts on a short white satin dress. She steps into white satin heels and straps them on.

Gold and ruby jewelry lies on the captain's desktop. Krystel walks to it and puts on the arm bracelet, ankle bracelets and a necklace with a single large ruby.

She rests a tiara in her hair and uses the wall mirror to adjust it.

KRYSTEL

I feel like Cleopatra's bridesmaid, boys. What's the insane Captain...

The door opens and Bertrel enters, walks to Krystel.

CAPTAIN BERTREL

You two stay.

He points. The two other sailors exit.

KRYSTEL

What is this, Admiral? I know the gold is real but the rubies...

CAPTAIN BERTREL

As well. Carlota's rubies.

KRYSTEL

What's that?

CAPTAIN BERTREL

Carlota and husband Maximilian ruled Mexico. One day poor Max got executed and she went mad. Then, the ship with their royal treasure sank. We got to the loot first.

KRYSTEL

So you stole all their jewels.

CAPTAIN BERTREL
 Finders keepers. We didn't take it
 all, we never do. The last thing
 we ever want is to draw attention.

The intercom clicks.

LIEUTENANT GRENASH (V.O.)
 Laguna Beach off the starboard
 side. All hands report topside.
 That is all.

CAPTAIN BERTREL
 That policy is about to change.

KRYSTEL
 What do you mean?

CAPTAIN BERTREL
 Many of us reject the secrecy, the
 Charter. We shall take what you
 Topsiders have. No conditions.

A knock on the stateroom door.

CAPTAIN BERTREL (CONT'D)
 Come!

A sailor enters, CHIEF FUENTAS, late 30s.

FUENTAS
 Captain, we're ready.

CAPTAIN BERTREL
 Thank you, Chief.

Fuentes motions in four sailors, who escort Krystel out into
 the passageway. One sailor on each side grips her upper arm.

Bertrel closes and locks his stateroom door.

The hum of the keel propulsors ceases and the ship stops.

KRYSTEL
 Bertrel, my things...

CAPTAIN BERTREL
 You won't need them.

The party moves towards the ladder to the main deck.

INT. CABIN - NAKIMA - CONTINUOUS

Derek looks out the cabin windows at the *Queen Mary*.

Thom comes down the stern ladder and approaches.

DEREK

Anything?

THOM

Cold normal. Let's head south.

DEREK

Okay. What are we looking for?

THOM

An invisible cruiser. Keep your eyes peeled.

EXT. MAIN DECK - BRECKSVILLE - NIGHT

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

Krystel steps down a port side ladder, two sailors behind, two ahead. She reaches the deck, turns and sees Bertrel.

He stands on a red carpet that stretches to the bow. On both sides down its length, sailors in dress uniforms face inward.

KRYSTEL

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

CAPTAIN BERTREL

No wedding today. The meeting... the meet...

Bertrel folds his arms. Krystel tries to hide her surprise.

CAPTAIN BERTREL (CONT'D)

Yes, love. The window on Fleet Week is closing for us all.

He reaches for her necklace.

CAPTAIN BERTREL (CONT'D)

Stunning.

Krystel flinches, moves back. Bertrel eyes flash at her.

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

Bertrel nods at the sailors near Krystel. Two move behind her. Two others go on either side and grasp her arms.

KRYSTEL
 Are surface... I mean are topside
 people attending this meeting?

CAPTAIN BERTREL
 Certainly.

Bertrel faces her. Everyone else on deck grows silent.

CAPTAIN BERTREL (CONT'D)
 Your role, my love, is dually
 symbolic. First, a figurehead to
 inaugurate our new presence amongst
 Topsiders. Second, as a prize to
 me personally. You shall have the
 honor to be my woman Underneath.

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

Krystel raises her arms up 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, then slowly leads the procession.

As he comes abreast of a sailor pairing they snap a 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 two brass poles, six feet high and approximately two feet apart. From each pole hang six leather straps and buckles at various height intervals.

The men position Krystel between the poles. Sailors fasten her legs with three straps near her ankles, knees and hips. They tie her arms with straps near her elbows and shoulders.

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

KRYSTEL (CONT'D)
 Bertrel! Why didn't you bastards
 take me down in the cabin, tied to
 the bunk? Don't you perverts know
 how to do anything?

Bertrel walks in front of her.

CAPTAIN BERTREL
 No one touches you here or
 Underneath, but me. We are
 gentlemen, all.

KRYSTEL
 Assholes is more like it!

Bertrel moves close. He suddenly kisses her neck.

KRYSTEL (CONT'D)
 Fucking vampire!

CAPTAIN BERTREL
 Lieut... Lieutenant...

Bertrel's voice falters. He quickly folds his arms.

CAPTAIN BERTREL (CONT'D)
 Lieutenant Grenash, proceed.

LIEUTENANT GRENASH
 Aye sir.

Grenash clicks a switch on a device. The platform descends.

INT. FORWARD HULL - BRECKSVILLE - CONTINUOUS

The platform moves down and stops. Two lanterns click on.

A sailor at each side moves forward to the crease of the bow.
 They release dogs on a hatch cover near the top of the bow.

The sailor on the right removes a wooden shaft from brackets
 on the bulkhead.

He thrusts one end of it into the center of the hatch. The
 hatch falls out and down. The other sailor looks up at the
 square opening in the deck.

SAILOR
 Ready, sir!

CAPTAIN BERTREL
 Very well. Lieutenant?

EXT. MAIN DECK - BRECKSVILLE - CONTINUOUS

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

Grenash clicks another switch. The platform angles forward approximately forty-five degrees.

INT. FORWARD HULL - BRECKSVILLE - CONTINUOUS

Krystel braces for a fall into the ocean, but the platform straps hold her tight.

Beneath her, a few sailboats and yachts sail leisurely.

KRYSTEL

Hey! Help me! Goddamnit look up
here! HELP!

No one on the boats pays attention to her shouts.

EXT. STERN DECK - NAKIMA - NIGHT

Thom scans beyond *Queen Mary* with binoculars. He sees a huge splash and readjusts his focus to that vicinity.

A cloud of fog approaches that area.

As the fog moves left, the bow-on silhouette of *USS Brecksville* slowly appears through his lenses.

Thom turns and crouches at the stern ladder.

THOM

Found her! Head south but tack,
and slowly! Let's not give
ourselves away just yet!

INT. BRIDGE - BRECKSVILLE - NIGHT

Grenash stands at the wheel.

CAPTAIN BERTREL (V.O.)

Descend.

Grenash presses buttons on the keel propulsor console.

EXT. MAIN DECK - BRECKSVILLE - CONTINUOUS

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

The ship begins a slow, straight descent.

CAPTAIN BERTREL
You know Melville, love? His poem,
Figure-Head?

KRYSTEL
Stop this while you can, Bertrel!

CAPTAIN BERTREL
*The Charles-and-Emma seaward sped,
Named from the carven pair at prow,
He so smart, and a curly head,
She tricked forth as a bride knows
how,
Pretty stem for the port, I trow!*

The cruiser halts its descent fifty feet above the water.

INT. CABIN - NAKIMA - CONTINUOUS

Thom watches the silhouette of *Brecksville* descend.

THOM
Prepare to repel boarders, you
lunatic bastard!

DEREK
When do we make our run?

THOM
Not yet. When I say.

Brecksville stops and hovers.

THOM (CONT'D)
No! Keep it coming, Bertrel! Hey
watch it, partner!

Thom points. A Coast Guard cutter crosses ahead. Derek turns as it passes, then straightens to meet her wake.

Thom raises the glasses.

EXT. MAIN DECK - BRECKSVILLE - CONTINUOUS

CAPTAIN BERTREL
Crew of light cruiser *USS
Brecksville*: To the meeting!

All the men on deck applaud raucously.

Bertrel turns to face the bridge. He raises his right arm straight up and holds. Then he points it forward.

The ship moves ahead towards the docks area.

INT. CABIN - NAKIMA - CONTINUOUS

Through the binoculars, the *Brecksville* silhouette grows.

THOM
She's coming!

The silhouette fills the field of vision in the binoculars.

Nakima bobs crazily as *Brecksville* passes over.

THOM (CONT'D)
Turn about and get to the channel!

EXT. FORWARD HATCH - BRECKSVILLE - CONTINUOUS

The ship rises. Beyond the docks area, Krystel sees *Queen Mary's* port side.

EXT. CENTER SMOKESTACK - QUEEN MARY - CONTINUOUS

MARIA, Hispanic, 30s, attractive in a wedding dress and WILSON, Irish, 40s in a tux stand in front of the smokestack.

JOEL BROOK, 30s, aims a long-lens camera at them.

JOEL
A big wet kiss, oh nice, you guys are crazy about each other. One more, let's both look at me, real big smile and... Great!

Maria, Wilson and Joel walk to the front of the smokestack. Rungs of a ladder lead all the way up top.

JOEL (CONT'D)
Maria? Go about five steps up, and Wilson you stay there but raise your arms. Not straight out, up, there! Maria, put your right foot on the next rung - your other right foot, good, and look back. You're escaping! Give Wilson a mondo look of terror, really mug it...

A blue-white flash illuminates Maria and Wilson.

JOEL (CONT'D)
What? But I didn't...

Maria and Wilson look out over the port side, their faces in total shock. Joel glances behind him.

JOEL (CONT'D)
Oh shit no...

EXT. FORWARD HATCH - BRECKSVILLE - CONTINUOUS

Krystel looks forward as *Brecksville* angles down slightly. She sees *Queen Mary* rapidly grow closer.

KRYSTEL
The meeting. Oh my God...

EXT. STERN DECK - NAKIMA - CONTINUOUS

Thom tosses the binoculars down the stern ladder onto a padded seat.

He steps back up onto the deck and scans the docks area in front of *Queen Mary*.

EXT. DOCKS AREA - ADJACENT TO QUEEN MARY - CONTINUOUS

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

Behind her superstructure at the waterline, a black cylinder punches through her hull at extremely high speed.

The black cylinder flashes blue-white as the profile of a WW2 submarine. It cuts through *Brecksville* and disappears.

The stern section of *Brecksville*, intact only at the keel, bends down. She leans right from the submarine impact.

Brecksville slowly rights herself and plows ahead.

EXT. FORWARD HATCH - BRECKSVILLE - CONTINUOUS

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

Ahead, *Queen Mary's* center smokestack grows large in her vision. *Brecksville* barely clears the smokestack.

EXT. STERN DECK - NAKIMA - CONTINUOUS

Thom watches *Brecksville* skim over *Queen Mary*.

The bent-down stern section slaps the center smokestack and obliterates it.

Brecksville continues past *Queen Mary* and suddenly angles down after impacting the smokestack.

Her stem smashes into the marina channel. A giant double plume of spray blasts skyward and lights up from the blue-white flashes of *Brecksville*.

EXT. FORWARD HATCH - BRECKSVILLE - CONTINUOUS

Black waters of the marina channel rush up to Krystel. *Brecksville's* hull drives down underwater.

Krystel opens her eyes, sees bubble-filled water race past.

Brecksville angles up and skims towards Long Beach Marina.

Krystel's vision fades and she blacks out, her head drops forward.

EXT. STERN DECK - NAKIMA - CONTINUOUS

Thom watches *Brecksville* impact the Long Beach Marina berm. The cruiser demolishes trees, cars, everything in its path.

Brecksville halts on the berm, her stern section still in the marina channel. She rolls halfway onto her right side.

A sound blasts to his right. Thom sees a huge wall of spray. At its bottom strobes the WW2 submarine. It then disappears.

Nakima suddenly rises and angles sharply down as a wave from the submarine's channel impact hits them.

INT. CABIN - NAKIMA - CONTINUOUS

Derek loses his balance and pitches forward. His head crashes into the bulkhead. He falls.

EXT. STERN DECK - NAKIMA - CONTINUOUS

Thom tries to maintain balance but falls into the stern ladder well. His right shoulder hits the handrail. He spins, grabs at a step and lands on his back at the bottom.

Nakima pitches sharply up as the wave's backside rolls underneath. Items on the cabin deck slide to the stern.

Derek's body crashes into Thom and rolls half on top of him.

Thom opens his eyes and gently moves Derek to the side, near the starboard bulkhead. He checks his neck pulse.

THOM

Hang on, buddy.

Thom gets up and runs to the wheel. Through the windows he sees the wave that rolled under them hit the docks area.

Thom guns the engine and speeds across the marina channel.

To his right a Coast Guard cutter turns near capsized boats.

Ahead, Thom spots a short pier to the left side of the beached cruiser. He aims *Nakima* at it.

Thom moves *Nakima* close to the pier. He shuts off the engines, checks Derek and scrambles up the stern ladder.

EXT. PIER - LONG BEACH MARINA - CONTINUOUS

Thom throws a line from *Nakima* to the pier, then jumps onto it from the stern deck.

He quickly secures the line to a cleat, then runs down the pier. At the end of it he heads right, towards *Brecksville*.

As he runs he looks to his left. Blue and red lights flash in the city of Long Beach near downtown. Sirens wail.

Brecksville lies across almost the entire berm. There is a narrow space just in front of its bow, and Thom runs for it.

He passes *Brecksville's* forward keel and sees the bow. At the top of it, he spots Krystel. She hangs limp from one of the brass posts by a few leather straps.

THOM

Tiger!

Krystel's body jerks. A grating screech of metal on concrete sounds. The ship jumps back five feet towards the channel.

THOM (CONT'D)

Oh Christ!

Thom sees the fallen starboard anchor on the berm. The anchor chain hangs down from *Brecksville's* forward deck.

He runs to the chain and starts to climb. Thom winces and holds his right shoulder. He continues up the chain.

Thom moves up the muck-coated anchor chain to within fifteen feet of the forward hatch and Krystel.

An unseen force slams his right shoulder and knocks his right hand off the chain. Thom tries to hang on, but his left hand slips on the muck and he lets go.

He squeezes the chain with his legs, slides down, then his legs separate. He falls backwards towards the concrete berm.

Thom curls in, twists and lands on his left side. A snap sounds. Thom writhes in terrific pain on the berm.

He looks up at the anchor chain.

Bertrel solidifies just above where his shoulder was hit.

CAPTAIN BERTREL

Repel all boarders, Petty Officer!
Your wench is mine! Captain's
privilege! Mine for all time!

Thom loses consciousness.

INT. FORWARD HULL - BRECKSVILLE - CONTINUOUS

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

CAPTAIN BERTREL

Goddamnit! Be taken! Return us!

Krystel moves her free arm and leg slightly.

Bertrel spots emergency vehicles on Shoreline Village Drive.

People run along the berm and look for a way to climb up and onto *Brecksville*.

CAPTAIN BERTREL (CONT'D)

No time to waste, love. Filthy
Topsiders are coming to board us.

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

CAPTAIN BERTREL (CONT'D)

We have to get you properly drowned
right now if you're to be mine.

Bertrel picks up Krystel, begins to move away from the bow.

A muffled shout sounds. Bertrel stops. Quiet. He starts again. Another muffled shout, closer.

Bertrel sits Krystel against the angled starboard bulkhead. She moans, tries to open her eyes.

DEREK

Krys! You here? Krys? Krys?

CAPTAIN BERTREL

A damnfool avenging angel. Come ahead, Topsider!

Bertrel folds his arms and after some delay, eventually disappears.

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

KRYS! Oh God, you're all right.

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

KRYSTEL

No...

DEREK

Please Krys, please forgive me baby. I'm okay, now. Please trust me. You have to, please?

KRYSTEL

Cap...

DEREK

Is Thom here?

KRYSTEL

CAP...

DEREK

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

KRYSTEL

NO!

Krystel's eyes open wide. She looks up and over Derek, who stands and turns.

He screams, looks down. A knife protrudes from his stomach. The knife moves up by itself, then withdraws from his lower chest. Derek screams louder and falls away.

Bertrel fades in above Derek. Blood from the knife drips onto Derek's face.

Bertrel moves back towards Krystel.

KRYSTEL (CONT'D)
You fucking bastard!

The ship jumps back. Bertrel loses his balance, falls.

The ship stops. Bertrel gets up and advances on Krystel.

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

CAPTAIN BERTREL
That's a thirty-five foot drop,
love. Come my way!

KRYSTEL
FUCK YOU!

Bertrel comes closer to her, a few feet away.

DEREK
BABE! MOVE! MOVE!

Krystel looks behind Bertrel. He pivots around.

She dives from the hatch towards the starboard bulkhead.

Bertrel turns completely around. His left leg is in the air.

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 drops the wooden shaft. He struggles to reach the forward hatch. Krystel helps him. They stumble forward.

DEREK (CONT'D)
Have to see... have to...

Derek points forward. They fall and stumble.

Finally the couple reaches the hatch and both look down.

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

DEREK (CONT'D)
Died... Died out of water... You
climb down...

Derek points to the anchor chain.

KRYSTEL
C'mon, we have to get you down to
the hospital. Take my hand, babe.

Emergency vehicles race across the marina parking lot.

USS Brecksville, her stern section filled with water, jumps back. She does not stop.

The cruiser slides rapidly towards the channel.

Brecksville's bow slowly rises.

Derek falls backwards.

KRYSTEL (CONT'D)
BABE!

Derek tumbles and bounces off various objects and falls away.

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 water.

On the marina berm, emergency vehicles converge and stop.

Several helicopters appear over the area.

EXT. OCEAN BOTTOM - DARKNESS

From the sunken *Brecksville* near the superstructure, a silvery figure emerges. The 'Neather moves around the ship and searches. It makes its way to the bow and looks through the forward hatch. Finally, the 'Neather leaves the wreck and walks out across the barren ocean floor.

The 'Neather half-trots, looks side to side. It's Derek.

He falls to his knees, then forward. He grabs handfuls of sand in both fists, grinds his face into the sea bottom.

EXT. OCEAN BOTTOM - MURKY LIGHT

Derek trudges onward. Ahead of him is the vast sea floor. A few fish swim past. He walks a few paces and stops.

Derek's face changes from anguish to puzzlement.

He turns. He smiles wide, opens his arms and runs forward.

INT. PRIVATE ROOM - MEDICAL CENTER - AFTERNOON

From his bed, Thom watches CNN on the room television.

A bandage covers his head. A sling holds his right arm. A cast encloses his left leg from hip to toe.

CNN NEWSCASTER

...odd spectacle of this majestic ocean liner missing her center smokestack. State and federal officials threw a news blackout over everything, but we can report that three people on *Queen Mary*...

KRYSTEL (V.O.)

...and if not for her dashing Navy SEAL Uncle Thom, this Kansas dish would be sleeping with the fishes.

THOM

Tiger! Oh God!

Krystel stands in the open doorway to Thom's room.

She walks in with a cane. Her left calf is bandaged.

KRYSTEL

You big faker. Let's go home.

THOM

I'm for that, I'm jake. Hey, you're limping, are you okay?

KRYSTEL

Only thirty-six stitches. Cut it getting out of that front hatch.

THOM

The captain...

KRYSTEL

Bertrel died and he didn't get back Underneath. Thanks to Derek.

THOM

What room is my partner in?

KRYSTEL

Uncle Thom, he's still missing. Bertrel... got him, I think.

THOM

Should have been me, Tiger. Me! I'm the one trained for it but I jeopardized him instead. My partner. I should be court-martialed.

KRYSTEL

You're a hero. You must have trained him well.

THOM

They didn't find Ray?

KRYSTEL

I don't think so. He was here?

THOM

His submarine crew stopped Bertrel.

A nurse comes in.

KRYSTEL

Well, I'm going.

THOM

Where?

KRYSTEL

Hermosa Beach. I'm your nursemaid when they let you out.

She kisses Thom's cheek. His eyes tear up as Krystel leaves.

EXT. OCEAN BOTTOM - MURKY LIGHT

The silvery figures of Ray, Derek and some crewmembers appear together. Behind them glows the *USS Dorsalis*.

DEREK

I've never felt more alone. I wanted to be dead. Really dead.

RAY
Our apologies, we had to abandon
the area once Topsiders showed up.

DEREK
I tried to cry but I couldn't. Why
can't I cry?

RAY
So sorry.

DEREK
Ray... Where's Krystal?

RAY
Topside. We came to periscope
depth and spotted her on the berm.

Derek falls to his knees and holds his face in his hands.

DEREK
Oh my God, thank God... When can
we go back?

RAY
We have to go deep for at least a
month. Plenty of time to show us
how you beat Bertrel. We'll teach
you how to project images.

DEREK
I'll never be able to.

RAY
You will. But now, I've been given
the distinct honor to formally ask
you, Sir Derek Garnett, to join the
Underneath crew of *USS Dorsalis*.

THE END.