<u>The Mayan Star</u>

by Graham Bottomley

January 2009 (C) Library of Congress Australian Writers Guild E-mail: gmbotto@optusnet.com.au THE MAYAN STAR

FADE IN:

EXT. CARIBBEAN - SPEED BOAT - DAY

SUPERIMPOSE: The Year 2031. 12 miles off the Florida Coast.

A reptile-shelled sleek powerboat SKIMS across the surface, barely touching the water.

Two mid-twenties divers, ruggedly handsome MATT WALKER and erudite JOHN HERRON don organic body-hugging suits and helmet as their pilot steers.

JOHN Another day in the office.

EXT. SMALL ISLAND - DAY

Establishing shot of palm dotted idyllic Tropical Island.

EXT. CARIBBEAN - SPEED BOAT - DAY

Matt and John continue to gear up on the boat.

MATT Yep. Love the smell of native palm in the morning. What's the story with this dive?

JOHN My brief says it's a tanker sunk by pirates twenty years ago. Anyway - don't you read your briefing notes?

Matt nods negatively. John smirks knowingly.

JOHN (CONT'D) Same old same old. We gotta check out the whole "shebang" and write a whole lotta crap for the Florida Government.

MATT Do we keep any souvenirs? MATT (Dismissive) Yeah, Yeah.

The boat slows to a halt. The pilot SPRINGS to his feet and joins Matt and John at the rear.

PILOT Ready to roll?

Matt and John nod in agreement. Both men step onto the boat's rear drop-down platform and JUMP into the ocean.

EXT. OCEAN - MORNING.

A relaxed Matt and John tread water.

PILOT O.S. Pick up at 11.50, OK?

Matt and John eye their watches. John gives thumbs up as both divers INVERT and disappears into the silky smooth Caribbean.

EXT. UNDERWATER - DAY.

Matt and John swim at a RELAXED pace towards the ocean floor. John produces a small video device. CLOSE UP: A Hi-Definition image displays the outline of a large tanker. The readout displays 'Object Depth: 82 feet'.

EXT. UNDERWATER. TANKER - DAY.

Establishing shot of near-future tanker covered in moss, barnacles and sea life in a state of semi-decay; slightly tilted and firmly wedged into the sand and seaweed.

LONG SHOT John and Matt are dwarfed by the enormity of the tanker. They head towards a YAWNING hole in the side of the ship.

INT. UNDERWATER. TANKER HOLD - DAY.

The darkness of the hold is ILLUMINATED by bright small lights atop the helmets of the divers.

The hold is spacious and forbidding. Sea flora is abundant. Both men GAWK cautiously at their surroundings as they talk into headsets.

> MATT Where to from here?

JOHN Notes say the upper decks.

Both divers swim upwards.

INT. UNDERWATER. GALLEY - DAY.

Matt and John swim warily through the door of the galley.

Moss and seaweed covered bench seats - stoves and cooking utensils are strewn on the floor.

MATT I'm going to take a look on the next deck.

JOHN You know we're not supposed to separate.

Matt swims off - disinterested by John's comment.

JOHN (CONT'D) (Yells) Just keep in radio contact.

MATT O.S

OK Mum.

INT. UNDERWATER. CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS - DAY.

Matt swims CONFIDENTLY into the wood panelled room.

The quarters exude a stately air despite obvious seabed decay. A large desk is upturned. Copies of faded classic paintings adorn the walls.

Matt DRIFTS to a copy of a crooked Ruben nude and attempts to adjust its hang. The painting slips and slowly floats to the floor. Matt is taken aback by a wall safe. He plays with the tumblers, but quickly realizes that it is futile.

> MATT (Headset) John, I've found a wall safe in the Captain's quarters. Tried to open it - it's useless without the combination.

INT. UNDERWATER. GALLEY - DAY

John cannot hear Matt's message and fails to respond. John peers inside a cupboard filled with rifles and is alarmed by the large stash of firepower.

INT. UNDERWATER. CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS - DAY.

Matt realizes he has lost radio contact and taps his helmet in frustration.

MATT Are you there John? Do you read me?

INT. UNDERWATER. GALLEY - DAY.

John remains unaware that Matt is trying to contact him. He attempts to dislodge a rifle from its wall mount. He pulls hard until it breaks from the metal supports.

INT. UNDERWATER. CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS - DAY.

Matt shakes his head in frustration and BANGS his helmet.

MATT What the fuck is wrong with these headsets?

INT. UNDERWATER. GALLEY - DAY.

John dislodges an ammunition case from a rifle.

INT. UNDERWATER. CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS - DAY.

A deep in thought Matt stares at the safe.

MATT

I'll have to blow this thing ..

CLOSE UP Matt reaches into a bum bag and pulls out a small plastic sealed bag reading 'explosive'. He tears open the bag and CAREFULLY places the plasticine-like substance strategically near the safe's tumbler.

Matt swims to the upturned desk, using it as protection from the impending explosion. He kneels behind it and peers at the safe. His finger WAIVERS as he clutches a small detonator.

Matt fingers the detonator button. KABOOM! An explosion shudders the room. Matt is thrown to the floor.

It shudders and cracks open before collapsing, taking Matt with it to the Galley below.

EXT. UNDERWATER. COLLAPSED CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS/GALLEY - DAY

Matt lies atop the collapsed floor debris - groggily sits upright, shaking his head before surveying his surroundings. He spies John face-down amidst debris, pinned beneath a girder. He rises and hastily makes his way to him.

An aghast Matt stands over John. He strains as he lifts the girder from his back. Air bubbles EXPLODE from John's tank. Blood OOZES from a deep wound in his back. Matt places his hand gently on John's shoulder and lifts his head to reveal his unconscious state.

Matt RIPS open his bum bag and grabs a small tube. CLOSE UP The tube reads 'Skin Putty'.

Matt squeezes the tube onto John's wound and deftly spreads it. The putty appears to take on a LIFE OF ITS OWN and spreads around the cut. The wound quickly DISAPPEARS as the putty ABSORBS into his skin.

Matt rolls John onto his back and fingers a button on John's helmet. CLOSE UP John's mask Heads Up Display (HUD) reads 'Oxygen empty'.

Matt quickly pulls out a small plastic hose that sits atop his air tank. He unravels it and he attaches the end to a valve in John's helmet.

CLOSE UP John remains unconscious. His cheeks move as he breathes in the oxygen.

Matt sits on the deck cradling John's head on his lap.

MATT Base. This is Walker. Do you read me? Over.

The message is greeted with silence.

MATT (CONT'D) Base. This is Walker. Over.

Matt is frustrated.

MATT (CONT'D) Christ! Radios out.

OK. What to do?

Matt gazes towards the surface.

MATT (CONT'D) Can't go topside. The bends will get us. Mmmm. We're gonna have to wait it out...

Matt fingers a button on his helmet. His mask HUD reads '11.02AM'.

MATT (CONT'D) The boat will be back in 48 minutes.

Matt fingers the helmet button again. His mask HUD reads 'Oxygen: 62 minutes'.

Matt gazes at John.

MATT (CONT'D) Looks like we're going to have to wait it out pal. Just don't breath heavy.

Matt DRAGS John on his backside until he backs out of the Galley door.

EXT. UNDERWATER. GALLEY - DAY

Matt sits with an unconscious John propped up against him on a wall. Matt looks topside and closes his eyes.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. UNDERWATER. GALLEY - AN HOUR LATER.

John and Matt remain propped up against the wall. Matt begins to stir from his slumber. He shakes his head to clear the grogginess, peers at John (remaining unconscious) and fingers his own helmet. CLOSE UP HUD reads 'Time: 12.02 PM. Oxygen: 2 minutes.'

Matt eyes the surface above.

MATT (agitated) Where are they?.. We're going to have to chance it..

Matt gets to his feet and carefully pulls John's unconscious body upwards.

EXT. UNDERWATER - DAY.

Matt swims ULTRA-SLOW towards the surface. He drags John behind him. The vast tanker sits behemoth-like on the ocean floor beneath them.

The flat calm of the Caribbean is ruffled as Matt then John break the surface. Matt quickly detaches his helmet -THROWS it aside and draws deep breaths. John floats unconscious as Matt opens John's face plate. John GULPS in air and GURGLES in his slumbered state.

MATT

(gulping air) We're OK. We're OK!

Matt SURVEYS his surroundings. Nothing but water as far as the eye can see.

MATT (CONT'D) Time to settle back I guess.

Matt TURNS John onto his back - ensuring no water enters his helmet. Matt settles onto his back. He gazes into the sky and closes his eyes.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. OCEAN - DAY.

The HUM and GROWL of a speedboat's engine rises.

EXTREME CLOSE UP Matt's eyes startle open.

EXT. CARIBBEAN - SPEEDBOAT - DAY.

The pilot stands and CRANES his neck as he sights Matt and John floating in the water.

EXT. OCEAN - DAY.

Matt waves frantically at the speedboat as John floats alongside him.

EXT. CARIBBEAN - SPEEDBOAT - DAY.

An ALARMED pilot sights the divers.

PILOT

SHIT!

The pilot THRUSTS forward his accelerator.

EXT. OCEAN - DAY.

Matt waves FRANTICALLY as the speedboat approaches.

MATT

Over here!

The speedboat POWERS alongside the duo and halts.

MATT (CONT'D) Where were you?

PILOT Engine trouble. What's up with John?

MATT He's cut. It's his back. Be careful with him..

PILOT What happened?

MATT An explosion. The deck collapsed.

The pilot moves to the stern and drops the rear platform. Matt remains in the water and floats John GENTLY to the stern. The driver and Matt PAINSTAKINGLY lift John onto the platform.

EXT. MIAMI HARBOUR - SPEEDBOAT - DAY

The speedboat POWERS through the harbour at high knots towards the dock. Matt sits alongside John, who remains on his back, unconscious on a bench seat.

EXT. MIAMI DOCK - DAY.

John is wheeled quickly atop a trolley bed towards an ambulance by a medic.

A sign reads 'Miami Dock' in the background. Matt walks briskly alongside John in a state of consternation. John begins to stir from his unconscious state. They arrive at the rear of the ambulance. Matt places his hand on his friends chest as John opens his eyes and GROANS.

> MATT Hey buddy. How ya feelin'?

JOHN Can't feel my lower body.

Matt tries to hide his concern. Matt peers at the medic who shakes his head NEGATIVELY in acknowledgement of John's dire condition. John forces a smile. I spoke to them while you were out. You're going to be fine.

John grins as if he knows better. He GRABS Matt's hand as he is hoisted into the ambulance. CLOSE UP John loses his grip on Matt's hand as he lifted into place.

The ambulance door is SLAMMED shut from the inside. Matt appears FORLORN as the ambulance slowly drives off with lights flashing. Matt AMBLES off, clearly a DEJECTED man.

INT. HOSPITAL WAITING ROOM - EVENING.

John's sister, NAT, father, ED and mother, PENNY sit in the waiting room. Ed clutches his head, face down. The family's mood is sombre.

ED What the hell is going on?! We've been here for six hours.

Ed rises from his seat. Nat moves to her father and grabs his arm.

NAT (Assuring) They would have told us if there was anything wrong.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - DAY

Doctor LEVINSON (in operating theatre garb) ambles slowly down the corridor with chart in hand.

INT. HOSPITAL WAITING ROOM - EVENING

A pensive Doctor Levinson moves to Ed, Penny and Nat who all stand; holding their collective breath in anticipation.

> LEVINSON I just wanted to let you know that your son is asleep and resting.

> > ED

Thank God!

The relieved family hug joyously. Penny sobs, happy her son is alive. It is obvious that something is wrong by Levinson's troubled expression.

LEVINSON

There's no other way of telling you this...Your son tore a his spinal chord. We operated for six hours. Doing our best to fuse the chord. I'm afraid...he will be paralysed from the waist down.

NAT

(Deeply upset) Nooco!

Penny turns away, acknowledging the gravity of the news. Ed seems perplexed, almost in shock.

ED He'll walk again - right?

LEVINSON I'm afraid there's very little chance of that happening.

Ed starts to pace back and forward. Searching his thoughts for a solution. His arms flay.

ED There's gotta be something we can do!

Levinson moves forward and grabs Ed on the shoulder.

LEVINSON There's some excellent care facilities in our area.

Ed lowers his head and closes his eyes - beginning to comprehend the severity of the news.

EXT. HOSPITAL ENTRANCE - EVENING.

A darkened figure of a man, liquor bottle in hand, emerges from the shadows, almost stumbling, he kicks a can. A neon hospital sign light reveals a drunk and dishevelled Matt. He swigs from the bottle and places it down on a step before the entrance. He hesitates and draws a breath before moving through the door.

INT. HOSPITAL WAITING ROOM - EVENING

Ed, Penny and Nat are arm in arm, head down and inconsolable as they walk towards the entrance door. Matt slowly walks towards them. Nat spies Matt, enraged she sprints towards him.

Nat commences pummeling Matt. She hits him on the head, shoulders and chest. Matt doesn't defend himself. He stands there and takes the punishment he thinks he deserves. Ed hurries to Nat, grabs her arms and pushes her away.

> NAT (CONT'D) (crying) You did this to him! Why? Why did you do it?

ED John is crippled Matt. We don't want you here. It's time to go.

A distraught Matt turns away and ambles towards the exit, head down.

MATT (mumbles)Sorry...

Ed, Penny and Nat continue to console one another.

EXT. HOSPITAL ENTRANCE - EVENING.

Matt exits slowly through the Hospital door, picks up the whiskey he had left on the step and walks off into the night, a dejected man.

INT. SOHO APARTMENT - DAY

SUPERIMPOSE: The year 2036. Soho. New York.

A SHADOWED FIGURE sits in front of FLOATING VISION PC. The messy apartment is littered with marine, Mayan culture and folklore books. Ancient charts and maps adorn the walls.

The Shadowed Figure stares out the window at the futuristic skyline of New York. Its iconic buildings are dwarfed by towering monoliths stretching into the blue-grey sky.

The Shadowed Figure views FLOATING VISION. CLOSE UP A still image of KEN MADISON, an archetypical sixty-something bearded deep sea diver. The icon at the top his video mail page reads 'To : Matt Walker - U.R.S Caribbean. Subject : The Mayan Star's Location.' We hear a click.

> COMPUTER V.O Your message is sent.

INT. URI'S OFFICE - NIGHT

SUPERIMPOSE: KIEV

12.

A dark and messy office with outdated gadgets strewn everywhere.

URI GIGORSKY - thirty something, three day growth, Versace bathrobe - smokes his cigarette. Fourteen year old lingerie-clad OLYA sits behind him, checking the track marks in her arm.

COMPUTER V.O Incoming intercepted v-mail.

Uri's eyes light up as he energetically responds to his Russian speaking computer. Uri and Olya also speak in Russian.

URI Open. Yes. Come to momma...

A life size hologram of diver, Ken Madison appears on the floor. Uri is perplexed.

OLYA

Who's that old creep?

Uri aggressively signals a cut throat to Olya who raises her eyebrows defiantly and snarls.

KEN MADISON HOLOGRAM Hello Matt. You're probably startled to see me. Yes - it's me - Ken. I have some fantastic news about the location of the Mayan Star. You might dowwww...

The voice fades. The hologram flickers, crackles and vanishes.

URI Computer. Replay. Replay immediately.

No response. Uri runs to the micro PC on his desk.

URI (CONT'D) (barks) Computer. Replay. Replay now!

COMPUTER V.O The file is stealth encoded. It will not replay.

Uri is enraged. He bangs the desk loudly and kicks his chair across the room.

OLYA Who's a cranky boy then? Uri flies across the room and grips Olya by the throat. She gasps for air and turns red.

URI Take your smack and get out of here little girl.

Uri lets go of her throat. Olya sucks in air and coughs, drawing large gulps of oxygen.

Uri points towards a black colored small phial on the desk. Olya staggers to her feet and grabs the container. She waddles off clutching her heroine prize, revealing her gstringed petite cheeks.

Uri appears pensive as he faces his computer. His calm returns as he waves goodbye.

URI (CONT'D) Say hello to your lovely caring mother...

He stands over his computer.

URI (CONT'D) Phone VASILI.

The buzz of a call is heard.

VASILI V.O

Hello...

Floating panel vision of a leather jacketed, fresh faced young man, VASILI appears. Uri is excited to see him.

URI Vasi! I have some good news.

VASILI You have that girl I want?

URI Better. I intercepted a message from our "friend" in New York.

VASILI Finally. Did they give the location of the Star?

URI Not quite - it's corrupt. (excited) But, but I know who they sent it to. All we have to do is follow him. He does all the hard work locating it - and

we collect the prize.

VASILI Sounds great. What do we do with him?

Uri beams a wide grin and casually lights another 'Prilucky' cigarette.

URI (sinister chuckle) Oh, I have a little plan.

EXT. UNDERWATER RESEARCH STATION (URS) - NIGHT

Establishing shot of Monolithic sea-shell shaped Underwater Research Station. The exterior appears fish scaled, organic; and symbiotically melds into its rock, reef and sea-life surroundings.

INT. URS BAR - NIGHT.

SUPERIMPOSE: CARIBBEAN UNDERWATER RESEARCH STATION.

1 YEAR ANNIVERSARY PARTY.

1

One hundred people party energetically in the open-plan 1890's retro-futurism inspired bar. Organic colors shade the room. Giant girders overhang.

Small mechanized serving trays whizz around the room serving drinks to guests. The mood is festive.

Floating holographic messages trail around the wall reading '400 threatened species saved', 'Caribbean Ocean Temperatures stabilized', '880,000 seabed flora replenished'.

PAN to silver haired, fifty-something COMMANDER FINCH, standing proudly at an exotic shell-shaped holographic lectern.

URS Diver, Matt Walker drinks with loyal buddy and fellow diver BEN SHIPTON and Matt's blind sister, MEGAN stand in front of Finch.

Slinky electro-music pulses.

COMMANDER If I can have everyone's attention...

The room quietens. Everyone gazes at The Commander as he reads from a holographic cue card.

COMMANDER (CONT'D) This party is to honour your hard work. In our first year of operation you have saved hundreds of species from extinction, stabilized rising water temperatures and replenished our seabeds. I want you to kick back and celebrate tonight. (smiles) That's an order.

Applause. Some people holler their approval.

BEN Man, this is one hell of a party.

MATT Yeah, I don't know half these people.

BEN Bringing friends has its advantages...

Matt glances at a impossibly cute late-teen temptress, KYLIE who smiles back. Kylie possesses the petite bombshell physicality of her singer namesake.

> BEN (CONT'D) Man, that hottie just smiled at you.

MATT Yeah, she's been lookin' all night.

BEN So what are you waiting for?

MATT Nah - not my type. Trust me young spells trouble. I've been there, and it's not worth it.

Ben is perplexed by Matt's comment and pulls a face. Matt spies NATALIE HERRON, now U.R.S Flora Researcher. He shakes his head and groans with disappointment.

> MATT (CONT'D) Oh no, it's Nat.

Matt walks off head down.

BEN Where you goin'?

MATT O.S To get a drink. INT. U.R.S. DANCE FLOOR - NIGHT

Natalie stands alongside friend EMMA. Nat is a fetching twenty-something, but a little uptight. She pretends to ignore Matt who walks by.

EMMA Wasn't that Matt?

NAT Yeah. Asshole.

EMMA

The guy really dotes over his sister - and he has a hot house on the beach.

NAT Pl-ease - his parents gave him that house.

EMMA He's a sweetie and hot. There's a lot to like about Mr. Walker.

INT. U R S BAR - NIGHT

Matt makes his way to the bar and orders from a barman.

MATT Double bourbon thanks.

The barman raises his eyebrows, pours and serves the drink. Matt grabs it and puts it to his mouth. Ben's hand swiftly swoops from left field and snatches it. Megan stands beside him.

MATT O.S HEY! That's mine!

MEGAN Now why do you want to have a drink after 12 months on the wagon?

MATT (to Ben) You told her.

MEGAN Ben is a good friend. Matt grabs the drink from Ben. He gapes at her and then the drink, hesitating - in two minds - He slowly pours the scotch into a sink behind the bar. Kylie hovers nearby, drink in hand.

MEGAN (CONT'D) You poured it out - didn't you?

MATT You don't need eyes - do you? You know - you're the only person I listen to.

Matt helps his sister to a bar stool and hands her a wine sitting on a serving tray atop the bar.

INT. U R S DANCE FLOOR - NIGHT

Nat and Emma sip cosmopolitans by the dance floor. A few dancers shimmy in the background.

NAT ...Yeah, well John wouldn't be in a wheelchair if Matt had of acted quicker on that day.

EMMA Your brother hasn't blamed him for the diving accident - so why should you? Forgive and forget girl.

NAT Matt doesn't have to live his life in a wheelchair.

INT. U R S BAR - NIGHT

Matt swiftly retrieves a wine glass bumped by Megan.

INT. U R S DANCE FLOOR - NIGHT

Nat sips a Cosmopolitan alongside Emma. Emma grabs a drink from a slow moving mechanized waiter.

EMMA He's a good catch if you ask me.

INT. U R S BAR - NIGHT

Ben grips Matt by the arm.

Ben tries hard to downplay his excitement. Kylie smiles enticingly and sidles up to Matt. Her back faces Megan. Matt seems unimpressed.

> KYLIE Hi, my name is Kylie. What's yours?

MATT (apprehensive) My name is Matt - this is Ben and my sister, Megan.

Kylie nods quickly, acknowledging Ben but completely ignores Megan. She only has eyes for Matt.

BEN Hi Kylie. So, who are you with this evening?

KYLIE I'm with RICK, but I'm trying to escape.

BEN You mean Rick Weston?

KYLIE Yeah, that's right.

INT. U R S DANCE FLOOR - NIGHT

RICK WESTON, wiry, mid twenties Afro-American tries to impress a group of people with a clumsy break-dancing spin on his back.

INT. U R S BAR - NIGHT

Ben admires Kylie from close quarters.

BEN I don't blame you for wanting to escape. We call him fish because he can't keep his mouth shut. Unfortunately, we're trapped in this tank with him.

KYLIE He is so full of himself. There's a word the British use for it?

BEN Narcissistic? KYLIE No - wanker. That's it - he's a wanker.

MATT Yeah - we think so too.

KYLIE So Matt - are you alone here tonight?

Ben swallows his beer and coughs. Megan nods in disapproval.

MATT Sorry Kylie - I'm errr...taken.

KYLIE

Such a shame. Is there any way I could change your mind?

Kylie playfully tousles Matt's hair. Matt backs away, obvious he doesn't want to be seen with Kylie. Ben swallows his beer and coughs. Kylie trips and throws her drink onto Matt's pants.

> KYLIE (CONT'D) OH! I'm so sorry - let me clean it up. Maybe we should go to your room?

Kylie attempts to clean Matt. She kneels on the floor and rubs her paper napkin on his groin. Ben makes eyes at a rattled Matt.

INT. U R S DANCE FLOOR - NIGHT

An angry Rick spies Kylie wiping Matt's groin.

INT. U R S BAR - NIGHT

Matt is seen from behind. Kylie is slightly to his side and on her knees. Her actions appear sexual, making a rubbing motion as she paper napkins Matt's groin. Her head bobs back and forth as she tries to blow him dry.

INT. U R S DANCE FLOOR - NIGHT

Rick's head darts around as he strains to get a better view of Matt and Kylie.

RICK What's she doin' to him?

Rick is irate and rushes to Kylie and Matt.

INT. U R S BAR - NIGHT

Guests stare and giggle at Kylie's attempt to clean Matt, who is now acutely embarrassed.

MATT Kylie, it's OK. I'll clean it myself.

Rick storms in alongside Matt and nuzzles aggressively into his face.

RICK (irate) What the hell are you doing with my girl?

MATT I'm not with your girl! We had an accident.

RICK Accident - my ass!

Rick takes a swing and misses as Matt ducks. He recovers and takes another swing as Matt sidesteps. Rick falls onto a buffet near the bar. The table collapses. Food soars everywhere.

Women scream and men shake their heads. Kylie helps Rick to his feet. He limps off with her aid. Nat ambles up to Matt.

> NAT Causing more trouble Walker?

MATT Just Rick getting his wires crossed.

Nat crosses her arms.

NAT So you had nothing to do with it?

MATT No! I didn't throw a punch.

NAT

Typical, not wanting to take the blame for your actions.

Nat shakes her head and walks off in a huff. Matt is miffed.

Kylie leaves Rick sulking and recovering on the lounge. She sidles up to Matt who stands beside the lounge.

KYLIE

Hey Matt.

MATT (wary) Kylie.

KYLIE I was wondering if I can see your quarters.

Kylie plays with Matt's forearm. Matt backs away.

MATT I'll just get a drink and be right back.

Matt exits.

INT. U R S BAR - NIGHT

Matt moves quickly to Ben, who drinks with some of the crew.

MATT

(edgy)
Kylie won't leave me alone. I've
been stalked by a teenage girl
before. Three a.m. calls, waiting
outside my house for hours on
end. A nightmare...

Matt moves off hastily as if Kyle is in pursuit.

BEN (sarcastic) I feel sorry for you Matt. Not knowing what harm a beautiful girl could do.

MATT O.S She's following me.

INT. U R S MEN'S TOILET - NIGHT.

Matt glances at the men's toilet logo above him and then behind at Kylie who is in pursuit.

INT. U R S BAR - NIGHT.

Kylie walks determinedly towards Matt and the toilet. Some of the male crew admire her as she strides provocatively.

INT. U R S MEN'S TOILET - NIGHT

Matt has a look of dread as Kylie heads towards him. He darts into the toilet entrance.

Matt scampers past a line of men at a glass walled urinal displaying the outside ocean and fish life. He rushes into a stall, closes and locks the door, takes a breath and sits on the toilet seat.

Kylie struts composedly into the toilets, eyes forward. A man proudly turns from the urinal and 'flashes' as Kylie walks past.

FLASHER You're not supposed to be in here you know..

Kylie continues to walk, unimpressed.

KYLIE My 8-year-old brother has one bigger than that. Does it come with a pump?

Men at the urinal laugh and giggle.

FLASHER (embarrassed and angry) Shut up!

Kylie stops at Matt's 'occupied' cubicle.

KYLIE I know you're in there Matt..

Matt springs to his feet. Kylie casually opens the door. Matt slides onto the seat as Kylie moves towards him.

> KYLIE (CONT'D) (knowingly) You know those locks are always broken...

Kylie slowly moves towards Matt's face. Her lips glide open, as if to kiss. Matt gazes into her eyes, an inch apart, she hesitates. Inexplicably, Kylie backs away from Matt and casually walks off.

A perplexed Matt puts his head around the corner of the cubicle and watches, with the others, as she ambles from the mens.

INT. U R S BAR - NIGHT

Kylie strides from the men's toilet, making her way across the room.

EXT. MATT'S QUARTERS - NIGHT

Kylie steps up to a door reading 'Walker M' - she inches her eye closer to a small scanner. A blue light scans her eye and the door glides open. She checks that no one is in the corridor and moves quickly inside.

INT. MATT'S QUARTERS - NIGHT

The door closes behind Kylie as she hastily moves to a micro computer on his desk. She pushes a button on its front panel. The screen flickers.

COMPUTER V.O ID required.

Kylie fingers the keypad.

COMPUTER V.O (CONT'D) ID required.

She groans with disappointment and rifles through a drawer below his PC containing Matt's credit cards and a high-tech palm pilot. She fingers the palm pilot keys.

The door glides open. Matt glares at Kylie and enters. The door closes.

MATT What the hell are you doing?

Kylie slithers next to Matt and playfully caresses his face.

KYLIE (sexy) I know what you submariners like.

Matt pushes her away.

MATT You were going through my stuff.

Kylie morphs into a muscular, athletic man. Matt is stupefied and backs away.

MATT (CONT'D) Shit! You're a man - a ROBOT! How the hell did you get on board? MAN KYLIE My owner paid off one of one of the transport crew.

Man Kylie assumes a martial arts battle stance.

MAN KYLIE (CONT'D) OK. No more playing around..

Man Kylie FLYING-KICKS across the room. A martial arts battle ensues.

Matt's punches fail to effect or hurt the robot. Man Kylie takes the upper hand over a bloodied and bruised Matt who is flat on his back, appearing to be unconscious. Man Kylie readies to deliver the killer blow. Matt KICKS Man Kylie in the balls. The robot holds his groin and COLLAPSES to the floor, GRIMACING in pain.

A perplexed Matt rises to his feet and wipes blood from his face.

MATT (exhausted) You're a robot - that shouldn't have hurt you?

MAN KYLIE (in pain) That hurt! I'm a pleasure model. I've got nerve endings down there. They say I have to feel pleasure to give pleasure.

> MATT (grinning)

Being a woman has its advantages.

Man Kylie continues to WRITHE on the floor in agony.

MATT (CONT'D) You're going back to where you came from.

Matt shouts at the intercom.

MATT (CONT'D) SECURITY. I have an intruder!

SECURITY V.O We're on our way.

Matt stands victorious above a SQUIRMING Man Kylie.

The door slides open. The guards quickly move in and grab Man Kylie by his arms. Man Kylie MORPHS into Kylie. The guards are AGHAST - then CAPTIVATED. They assist Kylie to her feet, and smirk, partly beguiled by her beauty. KYLIE (To Matt)You don't know what you just missed.

MATT Yes I do. Your butt's probably installed with a pencil sharpener. Get it out of here!

The guards push Kylie through the door.

INT. URI'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Uri contemplates as he paces back and forth. Vasili is draped over an aging leather couch. Kylie's torso is visible in the background, appearing to be asleep on a table.

> VASILI What a waste of time. She should have got the position of the 'Star'.

Vasili pours vodkas for himself and Uri. Hands it to Uri and sits on his desk.

VASILI (CONT'D) So you had no luck locating our "friend" in New York?

URI No - They had an untraceable I.P. (sips drink) But I managed to monitor their v-mails.

VASILI (sipping vodka) Why is the Star so important to you?

URI My father was killed by the authorities while trying to capture the Star. (Defiant)Twenty years of his life will not be wasted. Failure is not an option.

CEILING POV Kylie is sliced in half. Her bottom half faces the other way to her top half. Her electronics and wires are exposed.

Vasili tosses a coin high in the air.

URI (CONT'D) Deciding how we should kill Walker? Vasili catches the coin and places it unseen on the top of his hand.

VASILI No. Your call to see who keeps the bottom half...

INT. MATT'S QUARTERS - MORNING.

Matt lays on his bed, relaxed with hands behind head.

MATT

Open v-mail.

A holographic scantily-clad female pole-dancer appears and begins her strip routine. Smaltzy erotic music plays. A man in underpants whose erection grows appears.

> ERECTION MAN HOLOGRAM We can help you get that BIG penis you ever only dreamed of.

MATT Man, I hate SPAM! GO AWAY! Damn Russians.

The holographic v-mail disappears.

COMPUTER V.O Next v-mail. Sender Ken Madison. Subject, The Mayan Star's Location.

Matt sits up smartly.

MATT Ken Madison? Can't be! Open mail.

A life size hologram of diver, Ken Madison appears. A shocked Matt by Ken's 'back from the dead' appearance.

KEN MADISON HOLOGRAM Hello Matt. You're probably startled to see me. Yes - it's me - Ken. I have some fantastic news about the location of the Mayan Star.

INT. CORRIDOR/MATT'S DOOR - MORNING

Rick walks by Matt's apartment. The words 'Mayan Star's location' triggers his attention. He stops, looks around to make sure no-one is there, puts his ear against Matt's door and listens.

INT. MATT'S QUARTERS - MORNING.

Matt listens intently to Ken's hologram message.

KEN MADISON HOLOGRAM You might doubt the authenticity of this message - but I can assure you - it's real. Have I ever lied to you before?

MATT

No, but...

KEN MADISON HOLOGRAM I know that you're sceptical and you have every right to be after all - (grins)I'm dead.

MATT I went to your funeral!

KEN MADISON HOLOGRAM I recorded this message before I died, and asked that it be sent one year after my passing.

Matt raises his eyebrows and moves forward in his seat.

KEN MADISON HOLOGRAM (CONT'D) I'll cut to the chase. I met an old sea dog many years ago who gave me the location of The Mayan Star. As you know, the 'Star' is a priceless emerald pendant.

A hologram of The Mayan Star appears. CLOSE UP A majestic gold pendant cross with gleaming emeralds in each corner glimmers with intense radiance.

KEN MADISON HOLOGRAM V.O Besides its great worth, the Star reputedly gives tremendous mystical powers to whoever holds it.

The Star disappears to be replaced by a hologram of The Mayan Pyramid of Kukulkan.

EXT. MAYAN PYRAMID OF KUKULKAN - NIGHT.

A ceremony takes place atop the Pyramid. Flame towers surround the top landing.

A lush tropical forest flanks its base.

Mysticism surrounds the ceremony. A hundred villagers watch with great trepidation on the steps below the top landing. Drums beat incessantly in the background.

An eight-year-old Mayan boy lays on a marble sacrificial slab. He wears only a loin cloth and is saturated in sweat. He is obviously sick and breathes rapidly. His small chest pumps staccato-like, almost as quick as the drums.

A Mayan priest, dressed in ornate head dress and jewelry, strides with regal arrogance to the slab and holds 'The Mayan Star' aloft above the boy. The drums beat louder.

Villagers watch in awe as the 'Star' shines with a blinding intensity. The villagers shield their eyes as rainbow-like rays fan out in all directions.

INT. MATT'S QUARTERS - MORNING.

Matt stops shielding his eyes as the Mayan hologram disappears - replaced by Ken Madison's vision.

KEN MADISON HOLOGRAM Many governments, treasure seekers...and criminals tried unsuccessfully to locate the Star's whereabouts over the years. The old sea dog accidently found it while searching for a Portuguese wreck, It was pinned under the very wreck that was carrying it all those centuries ago, the pirate ship, 'The Santa Laura'. The ship and 'Star' sunk during an all-mighty storm.

Matt settles back on his bed.

EXT. MATT'S QUARTERS/U R S CORRIDOR - MORNING

Rick listens closely with his ear against the door. His eyes widen as the tale unfolds.

INT. MATT'S QUARTERS - MORNING

KEN MADISON HOLOGRAM The old sea dog didn't have the equipment or money to salvage the chest before he died - and no one believed him. Neither did I until he showed me this...

Ken Madison splays his hand and disappears.

A small underwater hologram appears of a Mayan treasure chest, pinned beneath a 16th Century Pirate ship, bearing the name 'The Santa Laura'. The ship and chest are blackened with age, covered in barnacles and sea life on the ocean floor.

Matt moves forward again. He squints as he focuses on the hologram vision. The ship and chest hologram disappear to be replaced by Ken Madison.

KEN MADISON HOLOGRAM (CONT'D) The "Santa Laura" was the last ship to carry "The Mayan Star". I was too sick to launch a recovery mission. But I feel you're the person who would have the best chance of recovering the 'Star'. You have the technology aboard your Station - and you were after all my, forgive the pun, my 'star pupil'.

Matt looks incredibly pleased with himself.

KEN MADISON HOLOGRAM (CONT'D) Anyway, believe me or not- the coordinates are Latitude 25-49-24. Longitude 80-5-11. Depth 320 feet.

Matt grabs a palm pilot from his bedside table and fingers the keypad.

KEN MADISON HOLOGRAM (CONT'D) And that was another reason for you to find it. That location is not 40 miles from your Research Station. Matt - you must take care - there are many people, including crooks, who will stop at nothing to get their hands on the 'Star'. Good luck and be careful. God's speed Matt.

The hologram disappears. Matt takes a deep breath as he reads from his palm pilot.

MATT Whew! Computer. Trace coordinates Latitude 25-49-24. Longitude...

The computer screen lights up. Door knock.

MATT (CONT'D) Computer. Close. (yells) Yo, come in.

The door glides open. Rick bounces in.

RICK Hey 'bro', feel like some jet scuba today?

MATT (surprised) What are you doing here? You nearly punch me out - and now you want to hang out. What gives?

RICK Well, the Commander wants volunteers to clean the shark tank, so I want to make myself scarce. Bedsides - you're the only one off duty. How about it buddy?

MATT You're not my buddy, OK.

An alert chimes from Matt's micro computer. Floating Screen Vision (FSV) of the Station COMMANDER at his desk appears.

COMMANDER Matt - are you there?

MATT Commander. How can I help?

COMMANDER Well, I don't know if you are aware - but our shark tank is long overdue for cleaning.

Rick ducks for cover under Matt's bed.

COMMANDER (CONT'D) We need volunteers. I know that it's your day off, but we can't seem to locate any of the on-duty people.

Rick signals that he is not there. Matt searches for an answer.

MATT Sir, I would really love too... and I did it last time...but this is my first break in 15 days...and I was just about to head out on the bikes for some "R and R".

COMMANDER Well son, after 15 days straight I don't blame you. (MORE)

COMMANDER (CONT'D) Let me know if you see Rick Weston or any of the other divers, won't you. MATT Oh, I will sir - let you know straight away. COMMANDER OK Matt, have fun, and be careful out there. MATT Thanks Sir, over and out. The screen disappears. Rick crawls from under the bed. MATT (CONT'D) You owe me one. Well, it looks like I don't have a choice. Does it? RICK You'll love it buddy. Best time of the year in these waters and besides, those new scubas do 110 knots. They're slippery little mothers. MATT So where are we off to? RTCK Your call buddy. MATT Will you quit it with this buddy thing. RICK What about searching for 'The Mayan Star'. You've got the coordinates. Matt is taken aback. MATT (annoyed) Eavesdropping - weren't you? RICK Man - you were talking so loud to that Kenny 'Mad on his son'. MATT What's the use? You know about it now.

31.

Matt shakes his head in disappointment.

RICK Man, I can help you. Two heads are better than one.

MATT

OK, OK. I don't know why I'm doin' this. Computer. Trace coordinates Latitude 25-49-24. Longitude 80-5-11. Depth 320 feet.

FSV appears of the location.

RICK

That's not far from here - I've heard from people in the know that there might be some booty out there.

MATT

The only booty you care about is the fine lookin' sister kind.

RICK You got that right bro'

Rick performs a Motown Dance step as he moves towards the door.

MATT Suit up time!

RICK

You got it.

INT. U R S DIVE ROOM - AFTERNOON.

The Dive Room possesses a Jules Verne 'Nautilus' mise-enscene. The dive equipment and decor are well-used, arched, organic, finned and ribbed.

Matt and Rick suit up in preparation for their dive. They don snug organic colored rubber suits.

RICK So, this Ken guy is dead, right?

MATT

Yeah. And?

RICK Well someone had to send it. Who was it? MATT His attorney I suppose - Maybe as part of his estate request?

RICK Did you trace the message?

MATT It came out of New York. That's where Ken lived. It adds up.

Both don their helmets.

RICK Sounds fishy to me.

MATT I would have put my life in Ken's hands. Nothing has changed to make me think otherwise.

RICK Except the dude is dead now man.

Rick and Matt mount their Honda Jet Scuba Bikes. The bikes exude a shark-like appearance. The sleek metal side casing has oscillating gills, providing a life-like appearance. Small fins jut out the sides.

The bikes submerge into the water atop a metal grid.

EXT. UNDERWATER. U R S - AFTERNOON.

Matt and Rick's bikes move off at a leisurely pace. The gills and fins move elegantly.

The imposing U R S structure is framed behind them.

MATT So, how fast do you say these things go?

RICK They say 80 knots, but the tech guys got more juice out of them. They're good for about 110.

Matt and Rick ACCELERATE at high speed, banking, rolling and inverting.

MATT Wahoo, these ball busters ROCK! Rick inverts twice at speed and narrowly misses a reef. They pass exquisitely colored coral and tropical fish.

EXT. UNDERWATER. CHASM - AFTERNOON.

Matt and Rick slow as they approach an enormous chasm and stop to take a closer look. They peer over the side of the gaping dark and bottomless drop.

> MATT Do you think those missing World War Two Planes are down there?

RICK We're in the Bermuda Triangle. Who knows?

MATT (points) There's the frozen caves the Prof mentioned the other day.

LONG SHOT A blue glow emanates from a cave on the other side of the chasm.

RICK Those lectures are for the nerds man.

Matt ignores Rick's put-down.

MATT Let's get moving. It's not far.

The Bikes trail off.

EXT. UNDERWATER. MOUNTAINS - AFTERNOON

Matt and Rick maneuver their Bikes at pace before finally slowing into an ominous area with large mountains and caves. The bike's lights illuminate. A Heads Up Display (HUD) map appears on Matt's mask.

> MATT Just about there...

RICK I don't think a Four Seasons is gonna be built here...

Matt's HUD reads '100 metres North North/East'.

MATT OK, my navigation says we gotta move about 100 meters ahead(points ahead).

EXT. UNDERWATER. CHASM - AFTERNOON.

The bikes scoot towards a ridiculously deep chasm.

RICK

Is this it?

Matt nods in agreement. They dismount their bikes. Rick cautiously peers over the edge of the chasm.

RICK (CONT'D) This mother is as black as a coalminer brother's ass...

MATT Such a pretty thought...Hey, do you see that?

RICK My eyesight is bad man. Can you turn on your light?

Matt hits a button on his control panel. His helmet's light track down the chasm wall.

The light illuminates the ship.

RICK (CONT'D) (squints) Yeah, I can see it. Looks like a ship of some type.

MATT

Let's go.

Bikes speed off.

EXT. UNDERWATER. SANTA LAURA - AFTERNOON

The wrecked remains of a blackened 'Santa Laura' Pirate Ship teeters on a ledge. A tattered pirate flag is visible on its broken mast.

An endless chasm beckons below.

Matt and Rick swim past the ship's stern with name and build date.

RICK What the hell?

MATT Hell could have spewed this up. (respectful)It's the Santa Laura.

The divers swim past a tattered Jolly Roger.

RICK Its a pirate ship alright! Could be some thing valuable inside.

Rick swims hastily into an opening on deck and disappears inside. Matt remains outside the deck opening.

MATT Be careful in there. Love to call this home if I were a shark.

RICK V.O It's OK. Not enough room in here for big critters. Sure is dark though.

INT. UNDERWATER. SANTA LAURA CUPBOARD - AFTERNOON.

Rick slowly opens a cupboard. A skeleton falls towards him. He is startled and jerkily backs away. A large eel shoots towards him from behind the skeleton. He ducks. The eel languidly swims on.

RICK Arrrrhhhh!

MATT V.O RICK! You OK?

Rick holds up the skull of a pirate. He grimaces, mimics its rotten teeth and throws it aside.

RICK Yep, no thanks to Mr. Slippery and Long John Choppers though.

MATT V.O I'm going to take a look around outside. You coming out?

RICK Yeah, It's getting claustrophobic in here.

EXT. UNDERWATER. SANTA LAURA/LEDGE FLOOR - AFTERNOON.

Matt gracefully swims to the other side of the ship and glances at the ledge floor beneath the Santa Laura. We sight a small moss covered treasure chest - partly submerged in the sand - pinned by the vessel.

MATT

What the?

Rick swims out of the ship's gaping hole to arrive at the chest before Matt. Rick clutches it with a tag-like grab.

RICK Well, look what I found.

MATT What do you mean, YOU found. We both found it.

Rick sits on the chest.

MATT (CONT'D) I wanted to come here in the first place.

RICK Finder Keepers. There's only the quick and the dead in this life.

Matt contemplates their predicament.

MATT Let's stop this - we should take a look around this first. We can talk about this later.

RICK OK - for now...

MATT

There are Roman numerals on the front of the ship. It said "MDCXXXV". That's 1635 - so they must have sunk together after that. These babies have been down here for 400 years!

RICK Man, how do you know that Roman numeral stuff?

MATT Who cares - we've found the chest - and I bet the Mayan Star is inside!

RICK Yeah , we're gonna be rich, man. Loads of good lookin' women wanting to climb all over us. We're gonna be on C8 DIGS!

MATT What's that?

RTCK It's a music channel about brother's cool looking hangouts, man. Don't you know nuthin'? MATT You're getting ahead of yourself. RICK Yeah, I suppose you're right. Woooo - I gotta cool down. Rick takes a breath. ΜΑΤΤ OK, so I heard the reward for the Star's recovery is ten "mill". RTCK Have we gotta hand this thing in? MATT It's the US governments by law. It's in their territorial waters. And anyway - How would you sell "The Mayan Star" on the black market? RICK We could try. MATT Tempting, but the reward's a neat second prize. RICK Yeah I suppose. Five million each sounds cool. Matt shakes his head in reaction to Rick's presumption. MATT We'll talk about this later. I'm taking an x-ray.

Matt pulls a small camera from his backpack. Rick strikes a cheesy pose alongside the chest as Matt snaps a shot. Both view the camera screen. CLOSE UP An x-ray image reveals a small glowing pendant shaped object inside the outline of the chest. Rick's grinning skeleton leans on the chest.

Matt and Rick beam giant grins.

MATT (CONT'D) Looks like the real deal.

Matt and Rick hi-five. Rick gazes at the screen again and touches his face.

RICK Even my skeleton is pretty.

MATT (rolling eyes) Give me a hand to try and pull it out.

Matt and Rick try to pull the chest from under the ship. They grimace and strain. It doesn't budge.

> MATT (CONT'D) We're not getting anywhere. I've got an idea. Do you still carry those small explosives that you used to scare new recruits with?

RICK That wasn't me man. I had nothing to do with it.

MATT

I saw the video, everyone did. You carry it everywhere. I say we use a small explosive to shift some of the sand away so we can get to it. This thing survived 400 years down here. A big firecracker ain't gonna hurt it.

RICK Ohhhh...I'll do it - but man, don't let anyone know that I've got this stuff.

Rick takes an explosive stick from his back pack and carefully lays the stick beneath the chest.

MATT OK , be careful. We don't want to blast this thing to kingdom come.

RICK I know what I'm doing. It'll just be enough to shift the sand nothing more.

MATT OK - let's take cover.

They swim from the chest and wreck.

EXT. UNDERWATER. ROCK - AFTERNOON

Matt and Rick swim to the top of the cliff and take cover behind a large rock. Rick removes a remote detonator from his backpack and cradles it in his hands. RICK OK, here we go -5...4...3....2..1

Rick hits the detonator button.

EXT. UNDERWATER. SANTA LAURA - AFTERNOON

KABOOM! An almighty explosion thunders through the depths. A small mushroom cloud and bubbles fan out from the hull before surrounding the ship.

An underwater tremor commences with a rumble before building to a crescendo.

The pirate ship and chest shake VIOLENTLY as they balance on the cliff edge.

EXT. UNDERWATER. ROCK - AFTERNOON.

A terrified Matt and Rick lose balance as the ground shakes. Rick and Matt swim hastily from behind the rock.

EXT. UNDERWATER. SANTA LAURA - AFTERNOON

Matt and Rick swim frantically towards the ship and arrive as the ship and chest teeters on the edge. They grab the chest as it slides over the cliff.

CLOSE UP A piece of chest metal breaks off in Matt's hand. He quickly hides it in his bag.

They leave the chest and swim to safety as the Ship falls towards them.

EXT. UNDERWATER. CHASM - AFTERNOON.

They watch in despair as the Santa Laura and chest disappear from view into the darkness of the chasm. The tremor subsides.

> RICK Shit! I don't believe it. Let's go after it. .

MATT It's 3 miles deep!

RICK We have to try something - We can't let it go!

Rick thumps a rock alongside him and grimaces in pain.

MATT We'd get crushed down there. We can come back with submersibles.

RICK This place gives me the creeps. I want out of here.

MATT I'm not expecting daiquiris delivered by a hula girl.

Matt and Rick fire up their Bikes and zoom off at speed.

EXT. UNDERWATER. ROCKS - AFTERNOON

Matt and Rick dash past a group of seven Renegade Jet Scuba Bike Riders hiding behind rocks. The Renegades spy the duo atop their sleek 'Harley Davidson' customized Scuba Bikes. Each bike differs in color and style.

The ornery bikers wear rubber style jackets with small fins and a 'Neptune's Renegades' logo. The Head Renegade sports a seven-foot evil looking eel wrapped around his body.

The Renegades pursue Matt and Rick at breakneck speed.

EXT. UNDERWATER. MOUNTAINS - AFTERNOON.

The duo continue at pace. Rick peers into his rear vision mirror and sights the Renegades.

RICK Is this the 101 freeway? We're 200 feet down and we're chased by Neptune's Renegades.

MATT Neptune's what?

RICK Like Hell's Angels. You know -BIKERS!

MATT You're kidding me?

Matt gazes over his shoulder at the fast approaching Renegades.

EXT. UNDERWATER - AFTERNOON

Seven Renegades scowl and look incredibly mean as they race towards Matt and Rick.

EXT. UNDERWATER - AFTERNOON.

The duo's bikes ROAR at breakneck speed as Matt sidles alongside Rick.

MATT Shit! I don't believe this.

RICK

(yelling) These guys don't want to know about you if you haven't got anything valuable. They'll probably leave us alone. Slow up.

Matt and Rick slow. The Renegades rapidly speed beside Matt and Rick and encircle them. Matt and Rick halt. The Renegades also stop.

> RICK (CONT'D) Hey Bro'. What's goin' down?

HEAD BANDITO Hey man, we're just cruising. You guys seem to be in a hurry.

MATT No, it's our day off - and we're just chillin'. Like you guys .

HEAD BANDITO Don't mind if we just cruise with you guys then.

The eel wrapped around the Head Bandito hisses and snaps at Rick who jerks away from its jaw.

RICK Well actually, we gotta get back to our station. We're long overdue. Nice to meet you guys.

Matt and Rick speed off. The Renegades follow at pace.

EXT. UNDERWATER. REEF - AFTERNOON.

Rick and Matt accelerate - background blurs, engines roar. Matt glances in his rear view mirror.

MATT (yells) Lost 'em!

Two Renegades block Matt and Rick's path. Matt swerves - clips a biker who tumbles from his bike.

Matt and Rick floor their jet scooters and disappear from view.

EXT. UNDERWATER - AFTERNOON

Rick and Matt continue to race from the Renegades.

A whale mating call is heard.

RICK

What was that?

Matt shrugs. An enormous SPERM WHALE obstructs Matt and Rick's path, startled, they accelerate over it and the bikers follow.

The bikers arrive on the other side of the whale. Matt and Rick are no-where to be seen.

RENEGADE 2

What the?

All banditos peer around - puzzled by Matt and Rick's disappearing act.

HEAD RENEGADE I know where their station is let's go.

The bikers take off at speed.

HEAD BANDITO (Russian into headset)Uri they've escaped. We're in pursuit, heading towards the URS.

INT. URI'S OFFICE - MORNING.

Uri coolly sits with feet atop his desk smoking a cigarette.

URI Only follow them. I don't want him hurt. He'll lead us to what we want.

EXT. UNDERWATER. OCEAN FLOOR - AFTERNOON.

The ocean floor sand shifts ever so slightly. The Sperm Whale swims languidly in the background, emitting its call. The ocean floor sand shifts again - this time with more movement. WHOOSH! Rick and Matt emerge swiftly from the sand on their bikes.

> RICK How the hell did you know there was an air pocket under there?

Well if you attended your lectures with the Prof, you would have known too. (Points)See that purple plankton?

Rick nods.

CLOSE UP A light patch of purple plankton covers the sand beneath Matt and Rick's Bike.

MATT (CONT'D) Well it only grows on sand above air bubbles.

RICK It saved our skinny asses bro'.

Rick and Matt charge off on their bikes.

INT. DIVE ROOM - EVENING.

Matt and Rick's bikes rise from the water on a metal platform whilst dispensing helmets and unzipping wet suits.

RICK I was the one who found the chest. It's only fair that I get half the reward.

MATT You wouldn't be there if it wasn't for me. I'll think about it, OK.

They step from the platform onto the Dive Room floor.

RICK There's nothing to think about. You gotta do the right thing.

MATT

Don't make me feel guilty. I know what happened...

RICK

Look, I didn't want to resort to this, but you give me no choice. I'm going to the Commander about that coin you sold from that wreck last year, if you don't cooperate.

Matt dries off with a towel.

MATT Man, that coin paid for my sister's operation...

Rick shrugs in an uncaring fashion.

RICK

I'm only asking you to be fair. I'll forget all about it if I get half.

MATT (peeved) I'm out of here...

Matt leaves the dive room.

RICK Man, I'm just asking you to do the right thing.

INT. MATT'S QUARTERS - NIGHT.

Matt watch sea life swim by his window. He picks up his dive bum bag and takes out the small piece of the treasure chest metal.

MATT Computer. Phone Megan.

The buzz of a call is heard. Floating Panel Vision of Megan appears. We sight her from behind as she tongs a Fillet Mignon from the fry pan.

MEGAN

Hello...

MATT

Megan.

Megan faces Matt with a dish of exquisitely garnished and steaming Fillet Mignon.

MEGAN Matt, what's up honey?

MATT That's definitely one thing I like about you - your cooking.

MEGAN Thanks. But, you didn't phone me to complement my cooking. I just wanted to let you know that I found something while on a dive...something valuable.

Megan sits at the table, picks up her cutlery, ready to eat.

MEGAN

Go on...

Starts eating.

MATT We found a treasure chest under an old pirate ship. I'm pretty sure that it contains 'The Mayan Star'.

MEGAN The priceless jewel?

Matt nods in agreement.

MATT

They say its worth about \$50 'mill' on the black market. I'm checking x-rays we took of the chest to confirm its inside. I got a piece of chest metal too.

Matt holds up the metal. Megan stops eating and gapes intently at the screen.

MEGAN

You're not selling it on the black market - are you? You know what happened last time?

MATT

That doubloon paid for your eye operation.

MEGAN

I know, I know. Look, I'm grateful even though it didn't work...but If they ever found out that you sold The Mayan Star from a URS dive...

MATT It wasn't a URS dive. It was on our free time.

MEGAN Were you using their equipment? ...And was it in territorial waters? Matt is silent, looks guilty.

MEGAN (CONT'D) You're not answering Matt.

MATT Look, there's also reward money. Ten million for recovery. That's probably what I'll do...

MEGAN That sounds much better. What will you do with the money?

Matt hesitates, picks up a old photo of himself and John Herron in dive suits, appears melancholy. It remains in his hand.

MATT ...I could buy a Porsche, a new boat - loads of things.

MEGAN Forever the boy. Anyway, don't think about selling it illegally...OK?

MATT OK, OK - I'll think about it..

MEGAN Love you Matt.

MATT Me too 'sis'. Computer. End call.

Megan's vision fades.

Matt gazes wistfully at the photo.

EXT. FLORIDA KEYS HIGHWAY - AFTERNOON.

Matt HURLS along the Highway in his new curvaceous metallic black LEXUS HYBRID CONVERTIBLE in auto pilot as it tracks road markers. It morphs into a more aerodynamic shape as it accelerates.

Matt sits with one arm out the window, the other draped over the passenger seat. He watches a 'Coors Super Lite' leviathan-like silver truck pass.

A Coors ad flashes on its side with the tag "No calories - maximum buzz".

Matt's phone rings. HUD windscreen vision reads "Incoming call".

MATT

Hello.

HUD vision appears of an uptight Rick Weston sitting on his URS apartment bed.

RICK Walker - It's Rick. Given my suggestion any more thought?

MATT I hope you're not trying to intimidate? I said I would make up my mind after the break.

Rick moves threateningly towards the camera.

RICK

I just want you to do the right thing. If you don't - there will be consequences...

HUD disappears. Matt appears contemplative as the bridge and water flash by in the background.

EXT. MATT'S HOUSE - NIGHT.

Matt drives into his minimalist white beach side house driveway and parks.

The door is flanked by two huge floor to ceiling glass windows.

INT. MATT'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT.

Matt enters his open plan, neatly kept house. An Hispanic soap plays on 'wall vision'. His neighbor, MARIA (Cuban) waters an indoor palm. Matt's Dalmatian, ROXY bounds up to Matt and jumps on him. Matt smiles and pats Roxy vigorously.

> MATT Hey boy. How 'ya' been? You must be looking after him Maria. He's put on some pounds since I saw him last.

MARIA I like your dog very much, Mr. Matt - but your dog has 'elephantitis'.

MATT You mean he eats like an elephant? MARIA Yes, he has 'elephantitis'. And, how you say it. He is insatiable!

Matt's eyes widen in response to Maria's faux pas.

MATT

I won't go there. Look Maria, You've done your usual fantastic job. How much do I owe you?

MARIA

Don't worry Mr. Matt, you helped with our 'landscraping'. We are very grateful, and besides I like your dog.

MATT Obviously. Look Maria, its Matt, just plain Matt .

MARIA OK, Mr. Matt.

MATT Bye Maria, thanks again, you're an angel.

MARIA

Bye, Mr. Matt.

Matt smirks as he sees Maria out the door. He trudges to his lounge and flops into it. He fingers the remote. Wall TV vision of a Miami Dolphins NFL game plays.

Matt is obviously tired. He yawns and his eyes flicker to a close.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MATT'S KITCHEN - NIGHT.

Matt yawns as he walks half-awake through the kitchen - looks inside the fridge, takes out a 'Coors Super Lite' and ambles to his bedroom door.

INT. MATT'S BEDROOM - NIGHT.

Matt stretches, yawns and wipes sleep from his eyes before surveying the room. The place is a mess. Clothes, upturned boxes and stuff everywhere.

> MATT (pacing) What the hell? Computer phone Maria.

MARIA V.O

Hello...

MATT

Maria, Hi, it's Matt - how was my bedroom when you left. It's a mess. It looks like someone has gone through my stuff. There's clothes everywhere.

INT. MARIA'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT.

Maria lounges on her recliner. She watches a Mexican soap opera on a split screen of her Floating Panel. Matt's image is on the other half.

> MARIA No Mr. Matt, I watered the plants in your bedroom this afternoon, and there were no clothes on the floor.

MATT (perplexed) OK Maria - look ,I'm sorry to disturb you. You have a nice evening.

MARIA Thank you Mr. Matt. You phone me if there is anything wrong.

INT. MATT'S BEDROOM - AFTERNOON

Vision of Maria disappears. His travel bag is upturned, clothes and toiletries littered on the floor. Matt peers inside his messed cupboards and robes, picks up a baseball bat next to his bed and tip-toes through the door.

EXT. MATT'S FRONT/SIDE HOUSE - NIGHT

Matt slowly moves through the door with bat in hand and walks to the corner of the house.

He quickly moves around the corner with bat aloft. A bush half way along the side of the house rustles. We hear the sound of running feet. Matt slowly tip-toes.

A cat Meows and leaps. Matt is scared - then relieved. He moves closer to a bush at the rear corner of the house. We hear a pecking noise. Matt slowly peeks around the bush to sight the bashed carcass of his dog, Roxy. A bird pecks at her body. He shoos it away. MATT OH ROXY - What have they done to you?

He sinks to his knees, distraught - gathers his thoughts and continues to walk with bat aloft. He's angry.

EXT. MATT'S LAUNDRY - NIGHT.

Matt continues to walk with bat aloft towards the open laundry door. He moves rapidly inside.

INT. MATT'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Matt moves quickly to a micro PC on a table and puts down his bat.

MATT Computer. Phone police.

Dialing and ringing are heard. Panel vision of a Afro American female Police Officer. Matt starts to pace the room. The vision moves with Matt.

> POLICE OPERATOR V.O Hello - Florida Keys Police.

> > MATT

(urgent) Yes, Hello, I want to report a burglary - and they killed my dog.

POLICE OPERATOR V.O Is the perpetrator still there sir? Are you in danger?

Matt continues to paces back and forth. The vision remains in front of him as he moves.

MATT No, it looks like they're gone. I'm OK - but could you send someone around ASAP.

POLICE OPERATOR V.O Can I have your address Sir?

MATT It's 6161 Montevideo Drive East, Florida Keys.

POLICE OPERATOR V.O Sit tight sir. A car is two streets away. MATT Computer. End call.

Vision fades.

INT. MATT'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Matt paces back and forth. A police siren becomes louder. Matt hurries to the window and peers outside. Headlights beam into the living room.

EXT. MATT'S HOUSE - NIGHT.

A police car pulls into the driveway and parks. Two policemen get out of the vehicle. LT. MORLEY, a tall detective and spick-and-span SHERIFF BOURKE walk to the door. Morley knocks.

INT. MATT'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT.

Matt takes a deep breath and opens the door.

MORLEY Good evening Sir, I'm Lt. Morley and this is Sheriff Bourke. I understand you made a call about an intruder?

MATT Hi officer, thanks for getting here so quickly. Come in.

Morley and Bourke enter and survey the room. Morley hands Matt his card.

MATT (CONT'D) (to Morley) Don't I know you?

MORLEY Yeah, you're Matt Walker, aren't you? We went to school together.

MATT I remember your face, but can't recall you at school.

Morley is unimpressed.

MORLEY Do you mind if Sheriff Bourke takes a look around outside ?

MATT No, be my guest - sit down. MORLEY First up. Do you have video security?

MATT Yeah, but it's busted. Been out for two months now.

Morley is unimpressed.

MORLEY Do you have any enemies that you can think of?

MATT No...Not really.

MORLEY

Well in 90 per cent of cases where a house is ransacked and nothing is stolen - and they kill a pet, it normally means the perp wants to unsettle some one, you know, send a signal that they mean business. And the other 10 percent is where they're looking for something and can't find it -Do you have anything of value that someone else might want?

MATT (nervous) No, not a thing.

Sheriff Bourke walks in the front door.

MORLEY Find anything?

BOURKE It was forced entry. There's the dead dog, but whoever did it ain't around now. I got a cigarette butt.

Bourke holds up a plastic bag with cigarette inside.

BOURKE (CONT'D) It's a 'Prilucky'. Ukrainian not available here.

MATT

Ukrainian?

MORLEY Know anybody from there?

Matt nods his head negatively.

BOURKE Couldn't find any prints or DNA, Lieutenant.

MORLEY

All right then Mr. Walker. We'll leave you alone for now. (rises) I don't have to say to look after yourself And make sure your house is secure. We'll have our patrol cars keep a eye on you.

Morley, Bourke and Matt move to the door.

MORLEY (CONT'D) I'm just a call away if you think of anything else or remember anyone that wants to harm you.

Matt opens the door. Both officers leave the house.

INT. POLICE CAR/DRIVEWAY - NIGHT.

Morley settles into his seat.

MORLEY There's something that Walker is not tellin' us - I can smell it a mile off. I never trusted him at school - and I don't now.

Bourke starts the car.

INT. FLORIDA KEYS LAB - MORNING

The small piece of treasure chest metal sits atop a stainless steel table next to a high powered microscope. Various high tech gadgets surround it.

Matt stands behind PHOEBE MANNING, a buttoned down metallurgist. Phoebe peers intently through her microscope at the small treasure chest metal.

PHOEBE So, do you want to tell me anything about this metal? Where did you get this? MATT The ocean - let's leave it at that.

Phoebe reads the results on the PC.

PHOEBE

Well, it's manufactured and approximately 400 years old. The trace elements and compounds are normally found in South America.

MATT

Anything else?

PHOEBE I did a bit of research - those small insignias are Mayan.

EXTREME CLOSE UP: Mayan insignias etched on the metal.

Matt nods in agreement.

MATT OK, and what about those x-rays?

PHOEBE That's where it gets weird...

Phoebe points to a small screen with the x-ray of the chest.

PHOEBE (CONT'D) (points) See the outline of the chest.

CLOSE UP The outline of the Mayan Star is clearly shown with a glow surrounding it.

PHOEBE (CONT'D) That shimmer normally occurs when radio active material is present. It surrounds this small pendant shaped object inside the chest.

Matt peers at the image, delighted by Amy's revelation.

MATT Thanks again Phoebe, I don't have to tell you to keep this to yourself.

PHOEBE The only people interested are us nerds.

MATT Owe you one Phoebe. PHOEBE Well, I do like a Slow Comfortable Screw.

MATT (taken aback) Oh, OK?...I'll remember that.

PHOEBE The cocktail silly.

Phoebe playfully slaps Matt and hands him the metal and x-ray. He places them in his bag and leaves.

MATT O.S. See you "Phoebs".

INT. MATT'S LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

A knock at the door. A relaxed Matt answers with boating magazine in hand. He is surprised to see an intense Maria.

MATT Maria! Come in. Like a coffee?

Maria walks in and halts just inside the door.

MARIA Mr. Matt. I'm sorry to interrupt. The other day when you rang about the break in...

MATT Yes Maria?

MARIA Well, I thought to look at our security footage on the day it happened...there's a man...

Maria holds up a small disc and hands it to Matt.

MARIA (CONT'D) (upset) Our security camera caught your house. It's horrible Mr. Matt. He hits Roxy with a club...I'm sorry...I won't stay.

Matt puts his hand on Maria's shoulder to comfort her. She turns and heads towards the door.

MATT Thanks Maria. I'll have a look at it. I'm really grateful.

Matt opens the door. Maria halts, still sobbing.

Maria leaves distraught. Matt closes the door and heads to a micro computer. He opens its tray and pops in the disc.

MATT

Computer play.

Silent grainy Floating Panel Vision appears of a Uri creeping down the side of Matt's house. He halts and turns quickly as Roxy, barking and snapping bounds to within a foot of him. Uri lifts his club and pounds relentlessly into the dog.

Matt looks on in horror - then bows his head in revulsion.

MATT (CONT'D) Computer. Replay.

Footage replays until Uri faces the camera before turning around to sight Roxy.

MATT (CONT'D) Computer. Pause.

The footage pauses. We cannot make out facial features. Matt squints as he moves closer to the vision to get a better look.

> MATT (CONT'D) Computer. Enlarge central object's upper frames and increase resolution.

The frame pixilates before a clear image of Uri's face becomes visible. Matt gazes contemptuously.

MATT (CONT'D) That's the prick!

Matt contemplates. He turns and stares at the treasure chest metal atop his desk.

MATT (CONT'D) Computer. Search net for Mayan Star and Ukraine. Cross reference and display. Read headings.

COMPUTER V.O Two results. First heading. Kiev Museum Newsletter January 10 2015. Museum Wants Mayan Star.

MATT So does every city's museum. No! Computer, next. COMPUTER V.O. Ukraine Advocate. August 6 2030. Police Kill Crook on Mayan Star Hunt.

Matt's interest is piqued.

MATT

Read text.

COMPUTER V.O Kiev police today shot dead longterm criminal Marco Grigorski following a siege where he threatened to shoot two children. It is alleged that Grigorski had severely beaten the children's father in an attempt to obtain the whereabouts of the legendary Mayan Star.

Matt listens intently.

COMPUTER V.O (CONT'D) It is rumored that the career criminal spent twenty years of his life tracking the priceless jewels whereabouts. Grigorski is survived by his son, Uri.

MATT

(engrossed) Mmmm. Computer. Search Uri Grigorski, The Mayan Star and cross reference.

COMPUTER V.O One article. Kiev Leader, May 6 2036. Heading,. Killer Son Tracks Father's Prized Jewel.

Matt's eyes light up.

MATT Computer. Read body of text.

The article appears as Floating Vision.

COMPUTER V.O

It is a chilling case of like father, like son with Ukrainian criminal, Uri Grigorski leading a one man blood-lust campaign to locate the whereabouts of the Mayan Star. Kiev police allege that Grigorski has murdered 12 people in his relentless mission to find the fabulous jewel. (MORE) COMPUTER V.O (CONT'D) A Kiev street camera caught one of his executions.

Grainy, distant footage appears of Grigorski cornering a cowering man into a seedy shop entrance. The man sinks to his knees, hands aloft. Grigorski coolly holds a hand gun to his head and shoots.

Matt dips his head - repulsed by the ruthlessness of the execution. We hear shot after shot fire out.

COMPUTER V.O (CONT'D) Grigorski recently told a source that people are expendable, and he would travel the four corners of the world to find the Star and avenge the death of his criminal father, Marco.

MATT Computer. Display photos accompanying the article.

A mug shot of 'Uri Grigorski' appears.

MATT (CONT'D) Well, well..Computer. Display alongside previously displayed enhanced photo.

The surveillance still and the mug shot photo are side by side on the Floating screen. It is clearly the same person.

MATT (CONT'D) Bingo! Make that killed twelve people and one dog.

A wrathful Matt stares long and hard at the shots.

EXT. UNDERWATER. U R S - NIGHT.

Establishing shot of the Station shadowed in the depths.

INT. U R S CORRIDOR - NIGHT.

Matt ambles down the corridor. His thoughts are elsewhere. He turns a corner and bumps into Rick who eyeballs him contemptuously.

> RICK You had time to think over my proposal?

MATT (aggressive) Yeah, I have - and I'm not going to be intimidated by you.

Matt shoulders forward. A URS SECURITY GUARD watches closely in the background. Matt throws himself at Rick, grabbing him by the collar. The URS Security Guard quickly moves to separate the two.

> RICK Man, you need help. I want a decision from you real soon - or else I'm going to the Commander with your little secret.

MATT Go ahead. What do I care?

Matt storms off.

INT. COMMANDER'S RECEPTION - NIGHT

Natalie sits outside the Commanders office. She ignores Matt as he knocks on the Commanders door.

COMMANDER O.S

Come in.

Matt enters his office.

INT. COMMANDER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

COMMANDER POV Matt enters as the Commander finishes a call. 'Key West Police: End Call' flashes on his PC.

> COMMANDER Come in, Matt, sit down.

Matt sits.

COMMANDER (CONT'D) I've just got off the phone to Key West Police. They have requested that they put a man on to you for protection following your recent break-in.

MATT Look Sir, I'm safe here. How can anyone access the URS? I think it's a bit over the top.

The Commander contemplates for a few seconds.

COMMANDER

Well, Matt, we don't want to go against your wishes - and it is entirely up to you as to whether you have a minder on board. We want to ensure your safety.

MATT

(adamant) I don't want one Sir. I don't need a minder.

COMMANDER

I'm glad you feel that way son. I spoke to them about our concerns for their safety in an underwater environment. Not forgetting insurance and lodging problems. I was hoping you would say that.

MATT Will that be all Sir?

Matt stands.

COMMANDER

There's one other thing - I want you to accompany Natalie from Hydroponics on a dive to collect specimens.

A clearly agitated Matt sighs.

MATT

But sir, we don't exactly see eye to eye.

COMMANDER Look Matt. You're the only diver available You're not going to let me down. Are you?

Matt nods reluctantly realizing his obligation.

COMMANDER (CONT'D) That's all for now - and son, don't worry we'll be on the lookout for you. We won't let you come to any harm.

MATT

Thanks Sir.

Matt exits the office.

Matt closes the office door and steps into reception where an edgy Natalie sits reading a magazine.

NAT (annoyed) So Walker - I guess he told you.

MATT Yeah, I'm fine with it.

Nat is dismayed.

NAT Well I'm not! But I don't have a choice because you're the only available diver.

MATT Well, you weren't my first pick either - but look - I'll look after you out there. That's my job.

NAT The same way you looked after my brother ? Look whatever. I'll see you in the dive room tomorrow.

Nat rises and leaves in a huff. The Commander's Secretary stops typing and peers at Matt. She shakes her head negatively in acknowledgement of their confrontation.

> MATT We're like brother and sister...

Matt walks out.

COMMANDERS SECRETARY (under breath) More like The Brady Bunch with chain-saws.

INT. URS DIVE ROOM - MORNING

Nat and Matt pull on their diving suits. A STONY SILENCE pervades as Matt eyes Nat's CURVES as she bends over.

NAT Never seen anyone suit up before?

MATT Look, we should at least be civil about this. We'll be out there for a couple of hours, so we should try to get along. NAT

Yeah, you're right. But listen, things are the same between us. You're still an ass-hole. I'm willing to put aside our differences on this job.

MATT

That's good. Not about me being an ass-hole - it's good that you can put aside your feelings for now.

They bend down at the same time to grab their boots and slightly tap their heads. They slowly look sideways at each other. They linger with their lips inches apart.

> MATT (CONT'D) Well, I guess we should get out there.

> > NAT

Yeah, I suppose we should.

They climb into an ENCLOSED two-seater metal-scaled Aqua Bike. The bike looks ALIVE, with sea egg shaped and finned exterior.

An ATTENDANT lowers the metal platform as the BIKE completely submerges into the water.

DIVE ROOM ATTENDANT (into collar microphone) They're on their way.

URI V.O Did you plant it?

The Attendant casually picks up a air tank and walks.

DIVE ROOM ATTENDANT (circumspect) Ready to roll...

INT. UKRAINE SUB - MORNING.

URI surveys the underwater Caribbean surroundings from the pilot's seat in his manta-ray like vessel.

URI Show us the way Walker...

EXT. UNDERWATER. OCEAN FLOOR - MORNING

The bike's tail oscillates with a dolphin-like fluency. Matt steers.

They move at a relaxing pace to the ocean floor. They slowly glissade amongst the coral and sea flora.

INT. AQUA BIKE - MORNING.

Matt steers. Nat ogles the magnificent ocean flora.

NAT You're so lucky doing this all the time...

MATT

You ain't seen nothing yet.

The bike moves ahead at a leisurely pace. They grin broadly as they pass the brightly colored tropical fish.

MATT (CONT'D) Down here, just to the left.

Matt points at exquisite colored coral and fish. A school of enormous manta-rays elegantly swim by.

NAT Why am I stuck in a lab all day when ALL this is here?

They grin as they take in the majestic beauty of their environment.

EXT. UNDERWATER. CAVE - MORNING

The Aqua Bike glides towards a small cave.

INT. UNDERWATER. AQUA BIKE - MORNING.

Matt and Nat put on their masks. The hatch glides open. They swim gracefully from the aqua bike.

EXT. UNDERWATER. CAVE - MORNING

Matt and Nat swim to the ocean floor where Matt picks up a beautifully colored shell. He hands it to her and breams.

MATT Exquisite, isn't it?

NAT Since when have you gone all gooey?

MATT Everybody gets mushy down here. Wait here a 'sec'. Matt swims into the cave and OUT OF SIGHT. Nat panics after a few seconds and calls out to him.

NAT (frantic) Matt...MATT! Where are you?

Matt suddenly emerges from the cave and reaches into his bag. He proudly hands her a rainbow colored star-fish.

NAT (CONT'D) Oooohh! That's it, we're swapping jobs.

MATT Not in this lifetime. Come on -I want to take you somewhere.

Matt grabs Nat's hand.

INT. AQUA BIKE - MORNING.

Matt and Nat take off their masks and settle into their seats as the hatch closes. Matt steers the Aqua-Bike as it gains speed. He pats the dashboard.

MATT Couldn't do without these little beauties. We'd get the bends if we tried to swim to the surface.

EXT. UNDERWATER. CHASM - MORNING.

The Aqua bike glides minnow like, dwarfed by the HUGE chasm below.

INT. AQUA BIKE - MORNING.

Matt gazes downwards at the BOTTOMLESS BLACK chasm.

MATT I've got a confession Nat. Rick and I found something down there.

NAT

What?

MATT Well - you're not going to believe this, but I got a tip off from an old friend about the location of the Mayan Star.

NAT The priceless jewel? Matt turns and winks at Nat.

NAT (CONT'D) You didn't?

MATT We did. The only thing is it's still down there. There was an explosion and it slipped into the chasm.

EXT. UNDERWATER. CHASM - MORNING.

PAN down the chasm to an OVERHANGING ledge. CONTINUE PAN to reveal a small enclosed MANTA RAY shaped vessel (Ukraine Sub) HIDDEN under the ledge.

INT. UKRAINE SUB - MORNING.

Uri steers while the Co-pilot fiddles with an overhead control.

URI (smiles) Thank you Walker.

MATT RADIO V.O. I'm taking you to a small slice of heaven.

NAT RADIO V.O. I hope that's not a pet name for a part of your body.

The Co-pilot raises his eyebrows and smirks.

MATT RADIO V.O. Nuh, it's a beautiful island I stumbled upon.

CO-PILOT Are we going to follow him?

URI No. We know where "The Star" is now...I also have a SMALL surprise waiting for Mr. Walker.

Uri beams a wicked grin and giggles devilishly.

EXT. CARIBBEAN ATOLL - MORNING

Matt and Nat SURFACE in their aqua bike and GLIDE towards a small tropical atoll dotted with PALM TREES, DAZZLING white. The water is AZURE blue.

EXT. CARIBBEAN ATOLL SHORE - MORNING

The bike beaches. Two small AMPHIBIOUS LEGS extend from the bike and lifts it above the water. The hatch opens. Oxygen expels. Matt jumps out with picnic basket in hand, places it on the sand and helps Nat from her seat. She carefully HOPS onto the sand.

NAT Where did you find this little slice of heaven?

Matt smiles knowingly. They stroll up the beach as Matt carries the basket.

NAT (CONT'D) Is this your make out island? (adamant)It ain't gonna work with me...

MATT Am I allowed to be nice to you?

NAT Yes - at a distance...

EXT. ATOLL GRASSY KNOLL - MORNING

Nat sits under a large palm as Matt stands over her.

MATT Hop up for a minute.

Nat rises. Matt takes out a blanket and unfolds it on the sand. He then, one by one, from the basket, reveals various gourmet food items and a bottle of Crystal champagne.

NAT (cynical) You've really laid it on Walker.

MATT It's a peace offering.

Matt sits on the blanket alongside Nat and pours champagne. They commence eating.

NAT (more cynical) You're wasting your time.

MATT I just want us to be friends.

NAT Do you expect me to forgive you for what happened to John? Matt shifts uncomfortably on the blanket: gathers his thoughts. MATT I made a bad call on the day... NAT Well that "bad call" resulted in my brother becoming a paraplegic... MATT I know, I know...Look... (remorseful) I think about your brother just about every day. NAT (slight sympathy) You do? MATT Yeah I do. I wish it was...me and not him. A hint of compassion shows on Nat's face. Matt stares out to sea. MATT (CONT'D) Have you seen him lately? NAT Yeah - he's OK ... He hit the bottle for a while there. But he seems to have straightened out. MATT We've all been there. Tell him I said hello. Nat nods begrudgingly in agreement. NAT ... I guess I've been a bit harsh on you. MATT I bit harsh. You've... NAT (interrupts) Just let me speak ... (contrite) I just wanted to let you know that...he said that you saved him on the day of his accident. Even risking your own life. You practically dragged him a mile to the rescue boat. (MORE)

NAT (CONT'D) And you know my brother - he can be so pig headed.

MATT Like his sister?

NAT

Yeah - just like his sister. Anyway - I just wanted to say...I'm sorry. He wouldn't be alive if it wasn't for you.

MATT

Apology accepted.

Matt raises his champagne glass.

MATT (CONT'D)

To John...

NAT

To John.

They CLINK glasses and sip champagne. Nat edges closer to Matt, gazing deeply into each others eyes before slowly LOCKING lips.

Nat puts her arms around Matt's shoulders as they fall back onto the blanket; skillfully pinning Matt to the ground as they hurriedly unzip their wet suits. Matt is BARE CHESTED. Natalie's bikini top REVEALED.

Matt's phone rings ABRUPTLY. They break from their kiss and FROWN at the cell phone on the sand.

MATT You're kidding...

Matt reaches over and ACCIDENTLY hits the receive button.

INT. COMMANDERS OFFICE - MORNING

Commander sits at desk. A small OLED (organic lightemitting diode) panel reveals Matt and Nat in their state of undress on the beach.

> COMMANDER Oh!..It looks like I've caught you at a bad time.

OLED IMAGE shows Natalie quickly putting her hands in front of her bra. Matt and Nat are acutely embarrassed and sit upright.

> MATT Sorry Commander.

MATT Yes sir. Two exquisite examples.

OLED image of Natalie with her arms folded, covering her breasts.

COMMANDER (cheeky) I can see that... (regains composure) Jay Tilling our on duty diver has reported in sick. We need you back immediately Matt.

> MATT V.O I understand sir. We'll come back right away.

COMMANDER We'll see you soon. Over and out.

OLED image vanishes. The Commander chuckles.

EXT. ATOLL GRASSY KNOLL - DAY

Matt sits contemplating his lost chance. They start to dress.

MATT I guess we better get back.

NAT Yep, can't leave the Commander waiting.

MATT Well - we could.

Matt winks at Nat.

NAT Matt - we have to go. He'll know WHY we were late..

MATT Are you sure?

NAT

C'mon.

Nat rises, grabs his hand and pulls a disappointed Matt to his feet.

EXT. UNDERWATER. OCEAN FLOOR - MORNING.

The bike descends GRACEFULLY to the ocean floor, gliding past multi-colored coral.

INT. AQUA BIKE - MORNING.

Matt and Nat appear more relaxed as Nat sighs.

NAT Too bad we have to return.

MATT We can head back to the atoll you know.

The bike WHIRS to a halt. Their relaxed mood disappears as All power CEASES. DARKNESS. The sound of a light switch flicking. LIGHT. Matt hits the start button twice. The engine FAILS to respond.

> MATT (CONT'D) What the hell? No power means no oxygen. Quick - grab your tank.

They hastily don tanks and masks.

MATT (CONT'D) How's that?

Nat looks disturbed tryng to breathe through her mask.

NAT There's hardly any air.

MATT Check your tank level.

Nat fingers her helmet. "HUD" reads '2 hours oxygen remaining'.

NAT Says I've got two hours?!

MATT Here let me take a look.

Matt shakes her helmet and taps it. He fingers a button on its underside. The mask "HUD" reads 'Oxygen empty'. Nat gasps in horror. Matt clasps her shoulder in comfort.

> MATT (CONT'D) Nat, I don't want you to panic. We'll just take it slowly on our way back to the Station.

NAT (fearful) Oh Matt - I'm scared.

MATT (calmly) Don't worry - We'll share my tank. The important thing is to take it easy and breathe slowly. Ready?

Nat nervily gives thumbs up. Matt pushes a button and the hatch opens. Water pours into the Bike.

EXT. UNDERWATER. OCEAN FLOOR - MORNING.

Nat and Matt swim slowly upward from the Bike. Matt slides her faceplate and puts his air nozzle into Nat's mouth. She shakes her head to clear the wooziness.

> NAT Matt - I'm feeling light headed.

MATT I'm feeling it too.

Matt fingers the underside of his helmet. "HUD" reads '20 minutes oxygen remain'. He resists showing his surprise.

NAT

You OK?

MATT Yeah - look you're fine. We're going to make it.

NAT Matt, I feel like I'm going to pass out.

Nat's head wobbles and eyes flicker.

MATT Look, don't worry - if you do, I'll still feed you my oxygen. Everything is going to be OK.

Nat smiles groggily at Matt. Her head tilts and her eyes roll back as she passes out. Matt grabs her around the waist, cradles her and continues to swim. He puts his air nozzle into her mouth.

> MATT (CONT'D) URS One this is Matt Walker over. Do you read me?

URS OPERATOR V.O Matt, we hear you. Over.

MATT

(frantic) We have a problem. The Aqua Bike is down and Nat is out of oxygen. She passed out. We can't swim to the surface...too deep. We'll get the bends. Over.

URS OPERATOR V.O (yells) Someone get the Doc!

How are you holding up?

MATT I'm OK - but I'm sharing my tank with Nat.

Matt puts his air nozzle in Nat's mouth again.

URS OPERATOR V.O Are you dizzy or short of breath? Over.

MATT Yeah, but it's only slight.

URS OPERATOR V.O OK Matt sit tight. We'll send a Mini Sub to pick you up. It should be there in about...8 minutes. Just hang in there.

Nat's eyes roll back into her head. Her complexion is pallid blue.

MATT (more frantic) Nat's eyes are rolling back into her head. She's turning blue she's not breathing! Over.

URS V.O I'm going to put you onto Doc. He'll give you a clearer picture of what you need to do.

INT. U R S CONTROL ROOM - MORNING.

The DOCTOR stands at the radio. The now edgy URS controller alongside him.

DOC Matt - inside your bag is a needle with adrenaline. Put the needle into the phial and inject it into her heart. Matt, do you read me, over?

MATT V.O You're kidding - right!

DOC C'mon Matt - there's no time!

Matt pulls the needle from the backpack and ruefully stares at it. (Beat) He plunges the needle into the phial, unzips her suit and shakily places it on her chest.

> MATT V.O OK - OK - I got it. It's in the needle - I'm about to put it in...

EXT. UNDERWATER. OCEAN FLOOR - MORNING.

Matt grimaces as he carefully injects the needle into her chest.

MATT There it goes - it's in.

Throws needle aside.

DOC V.O So - how is she? Any reaction any jerking or movement from Nat?

Nat remains motionless in Matt's arms.

MATT NO - not a thing. She's still blue.

DOC V.O OK - it should have worked immediately. Look, we can try something else. Also in your bag there's a small clear vessel that looks like an oxygen cylinder. Can you see it Matt?

Matt reaches into his bag and pulls out the cylinder.

MATT

Got it.

DOC V.O (calmly)All right - I want you to put the tube into her mouth and push the release valve slowly.

Matt gazes at the clear cylinder with tube.

MATT (sceptical) This is liquid oxygen! It's experimental, right?

DOC V.O Yes, but it works Matt. We've tested it for years and it has proven to be mostly successful.

MATT

Mostly?!

DOC V.O (desperate) We don't have time to talk about this. The brain can only last for eight minutes without oxygen. Do it Matt, DO IT!

MATT You're right. I'll do it.

Matt gently inserts the tube into her mouth.

DOC V.O OK Matt, Is the tube in her mouth?

MATT

Yep.

DOC V.O Now, just release the valve gently - the liquid will slowly seep into her lungs.

Matt releases the valve. The clear liquid can be seen leaving the see-through small cylinder.

MATT I can see it leaving the cylinder. It's seeping into her throat. Should be working its way into her lungs...

DOC V.O Any movement Matt? Is the color returning to her face? Are her lungs moving? Nat remains unconscious and blue in color. Matt fingers her neck for pulse.

MATT No, nothing. No pulse. Look, I'm going to get moving. Any news on the sub?

Matt starts to swim with Nat cradled in his arms.

DOC V.O They're about 2 minutes away. Hang in there Matt, hang in there.

MATT Doc, it's not working. Gotta keep moving - the closer I get to the Station, the more time we have.

Matt continues to swim, looking at Nat. He stops completely to check on her - feels her neck for pulse.

MATT (CONT'D) I'm checking again Doc - No signs of movement, face color or pulse. Damn it Doc! It should be working.

DOC V.O Give it time Matt. Some people take a couple of minutes to show signs of life.

MATT

(yells) C'mon Work!

An exuberant Matt spies the sub.

MATT (CONT'D) (elated) The SUB! They're here Doc. They're here!

EXT. UNDERWATER. U R S SUB - MORNING

The metal scaled MARLIN MINI SUB whirs to a halt next to Matt and Nat. The FIN atop the vessel glides open - two rescuers immediately expel. They quickly grab Nat and FEED her through the entry hatch.

> MATT Am I glad to see you guys.

RESCUER 1 We'll get her back in no time. Get in - let's GO!

Matt and the two rescuers manoeuvre into the hatch. The MINI SUB takes off at high speed. The tail flickers frantically.

INT. U R S DIVE ROOM - MIDDAY.

The Mini Sub surfaces. CEILING POV: The FIN atop the sub opens revealing Nat laying on a bed.

A HIGHLY POLISHED CRANE lowers and gracefully attaches to the bed: deftly lifting it onto a a portable operating table on the dive room floor.

OLED panel readouts immediately display non-existent LIFE SIGNS.

A DISTRAUGHT Emma runs to Nat but is held back by a nurse.

The Doctor runs a SCANNER along Nat's body. The head nurse clears her throat with a SUCTION device, cuts her suit open and rips off her bikini top. The Doctor points a SLEEK adrenaline gun at her heart and shoots. It SPLOTCHES and absorbs into her skin. The nurse points a DEFIBRILLATOR SPIKE at Nat's bare chest. She punches a button on the DEFIBRILLATOR control panel: electricity SPARKS into Nat's chest.

A concerned Matt climbs out of the Sub's hatch in the background.

DOC OK people - We have a job to do here. And - Clear!

Nat's body JOLTS from a second burst of electricity. Matt moves alongside the table.

DOC (CONT'D)

Any change?

Nurse reads OLED display.

NURSE No Doctor. She's still flatlining.

MATT Come on Nat, Don't give up.

DOC

OK, CLEAR!

Another electricity burst - SPARKS. Nat's body jumps again.

Doc hand pumps her chest.

DOC No, it's not going to help. The liquid oxygen would play havoc. We'll persist with the electroshock. OK team - let's do it again - CLEAR!

Electricity- SPARKS. The medical team continue to work on NAT - hand pumping and oxygenating.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. U R S DIVE ROOM - MIDDAY.

Everyone is forlorn as NAT remains lifeless. The Doctor GAZES dejectedly at NAT. The HEAD NURSE packs up medical instruments. The Doctor looks at his watch. Matt and Emma watch warily in the background.

> DOC OK team, that's it, we'll have to pronounce her dead. The time is 12.34PM.

> EMMA (highly distressed) Noco! - this can't be. You gotta keep trying.

EMMA runs to Nat crying: held back by the assisting Nurse. Matt moves to the Doctor.

MATT (imploring) You can't give up Doc. You have to keep going.

DOC

(measured) Matt, I'm sorry, but we've worked on Natalie for 20 minutes. People don't revive after that long... and if they do...they have permanent brain damage. I'm sorry. We did everything we could. I'm sorry.

Doctor pats Matt on the shoulder and moves off. Matt holds Emma as she cries.

The nurse covers Nat with a sheet then continues to packs up the equipment. The Doctor and Nurses leave the dive room. Matt and Emma remain.

> MATT (anguish) She didn't deserve this. This is all my fault... (furious) I know who did this!

Matt hurriedly exits.

SILENCE.

Emma sobs. A slight cough. Emma looks around to check that no-one is in the room. BEAT. Another small cough. Emma gazes at Nat's body, covered by the sheet. Emma slowly edges next to the body, hesitates...carefully lifts the sheet.

CLOSE UP: Nat coughs. Her chest moves as she breathes.

EMMA (becoming louder) Matt, MATT! SHE'S ALIVE! SHE'S ALIVE!

An enlivened Matt dashes quickly into the room. Nat coughs. Matt watches Nat breathe and BEAMS BROADLY.

MATT (astonished) DOC, DOC - someone! COME QUICK!

The nurse and the doctor dash into the room. The doctor checks for a pulse. Nat VOMITS water from her lungs and coughs incessantly.

DOC Good girl Nat.

The Doctor checks her pulse with a small electronic device.

DOC (CONT'D) We have a pulse. She's back, she's back!

Emma is DELIRIOUSLY happy and CRIES again. Matt hugs her. The Doctor and Nurse BEAM. The nurse WIPES a tear from her CHEEK.

DOC (CONT'D) This one is a fighter. She refused to go.

Everyone in the room is SMILING, HUGGING and CONGRATULATING one another. Joyful tears are shed by all.

INT. U R S HOSPITAL - MORNING. Nat awakes groggily in her hospital bed while Matt sits alongside. He places his hand on her shoulder in a comforting manner. MATT Nat, Nat. You just take it easy now. NAT Where am I? Nat lifts and shakes her head. Matt gently pushes her down. ΜΔͲͲ Take it easy now. You're in Sick Bay, and you're OK. Matt adjusts her pillow. NAT What happened? MATT It appears that some one got to our tanks. You ran out of air and passed out. You were clinically dead for 20 minutes. NAT (disbelieving) Dead! Twenty minutes! MATT Remember anything? Nat shakes her head negatively. MATT (CONT'D) We got you back to the URS and you were revived. Natalie feels her head, looks woozy. NAT No wonder I feel so out of it. MATT You're lucky that you don't have brain damage. NAT How did I last so long without oxygen? Matt hands her a drink, she sips.

MATT The Doc said the liquid oxygen substituted for the real thing and probably saved you. NAT Liquid oxygen? MATT Yeah, I made you guzzle it while you were out. Nat puts down the water, clears throat. NAT So who played around with our tanks? MATT Well - I think it's this Ukrainian crook - Uri Grigorski.. NAT (quizzical) Who? MATT I did some research after my place was broken into. The "perp" left a Ukrainian cigarette - and I got a photo of him doing the deed. NAT (derisive) Perp? MATT Yeah - the cops use it. I hate the word too... Anyway it happens that this Uri guy is set on avenging his father's death by finding the Mayan Star and selling it...It looks like our tanks and the bikes were tampered with. As soon as he knew the Star's location - he could do away with me. And you were in the wrong place - at the wrong time. Nat appears slightly sceptical. NAT That means he heard our

That means he heard our conversation - about the location?

Matt nods in approval.

NAT (CONT'D) It all sounds a bit Russian mafia to me.

MATT Ukrainian - anyhow, I'm just glad that you're OK. I feel so guilty.

NAT Don't worry. Like you said wrong place - wrong time. I loved it until the oxygen thing.

MATT Yeah, the coral and the fish sure are gorgeous.

NAT I wasn't talking about that...

Nat ultra-slow edges her lips to within inches of Matt's. Matt grins cheekily and shifts his chair closer. She grabs his head and manoeuvres him onto the bed. Matt is lip locked and tumbles gracelessly onto the bed. She rips off his shirt.

MATT (kissing) Does this mean we're friends?

NAT (kissing) No! You're still an asshole - but you saved my life...

Nat deftly closes the curtains around her sick bay bed. The door opens. In struts a seasoned, female mid-forties Afro-American with a 'Physiotherapist' badge. She sights their silhouette through the curtains in the torrid throws of energetic love-making. She raises her eyebrows and tip-toes from the room.

INT. U R S HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - NIGHT.

We sight Matt and Nat's 'humping' silhouette through the curtains and hear grunts and moans before the physiotherapist quietly closes the door.

> PHYSIO She's really getting the type of workout that will help her recovery.

INT. U R S MEETING ROOM - AFTERNOON.

A tense Detective Morley and Matt sit at a conference table.

MORLEY

It looks like it was an inside job on your tanks. One of the dive room assistants has gone AWOL since your little mishap.

MATT

Who was he?

MORLEY

The guy was a temp under an alias...The funny thing is that he simply disappeared. Nobody knows how he got off the station.

EXT. UNDERWATER. UKRAINE SUB - AFTERNOON

The Ukrainian Sub ascends the deep chasm wall. We sight three figures inside. A bright spotlight traces the wall, searching.

INT. UKRAINE SUB - AFTERNOON

Uri, bleary eyed and sweating is at the wheel. The wetsuited Dive Room Assistant sleeps behind Uri, snoring loudly. A weary Co-pilot surveys outside magnified OLED footage.

> URI Twenty hours out here and still no Star.

CO-PILOT Time to go?

URI (yawning)Let's get out of here. We'll be back.

Uri flicks a switch and moves the wheel upwards.

EXT. UNDERWATER. CHASM WALL - AFTERNOON

The Ukrainian sub ascends the chasm wall as its spotlight flickers off. SLOW PAN away from the sub and down chasm wall to a rock sitting atop a ledge. CONTINUE SLOW PAN over rock to reveal the Mayan treasure chest hidden amongst seaweed. INT. U R S MEETING ROOM - AFTERNOON

Matt and an intense Det Morley are seated.

MORLEY Whoever has it in for you wants you dead. A detective will be assigned to you on the URS and during shore leave for the immediate future.

MATT

I don't want a baby sitter.

MORLEY

We're insisting. We feel that you may not be so lucky next time.

MATT So, what does the Commander say?

MORLEY

He's fine with it. Initially he had concerns, but he now feels you and the other crew members will be safer.

MATT Well I guess I don't have a choice, now do I?

Matt stands.

MORLEY He'll be on the case within 24 hours.

MATT It's good that I'm toilet trained then.

Matt moves to door.

MORLEY Matt - a bodyguard could save your life. We feel that this person is not going to stop until they get what they want.

A disappointed Matt glares at Morley.

INT. MATT'S QUARTERS - NIGHT.

Matt sits on the bed reading a book. Natalie enters.

MATT NAT! Shouldn't you be in bed. NAT No, the Doc gave me the green light to leave. He did all the tests and said I could go when I was felt OK. So here I am.

MATT (nervous) Hey look - I was wondering if you wanted to come over to the house.

Nat smiles.

MATT (CONT'D) I've got a few days off, and it's such a beautiful spot. I'm right on the beach.

Nat edges in a little closer, obviously pleased by his request.

NAT I'd love to Matt. Only this time, I'm not diving. I don't think I could put another tank on my back.

EXT. MATT'S HOUSE - NIGHT.

Establishing shot of Matt's house. The full moon shimmers on the ocean behind the house.

INT. MATT'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT.

Matt and Nat enter via from the garage. Natalie gawks at his IMPOSSIBLY NEAT house.

NAT So, this is the your digs. A little too neat for a guy - but nice going Matt.

Matt is undecided about her compliment.

MATT Yeah, it's my escape.

NAT I can't get over this view.

Nat walks towards the sliding glass doors onto the rear deck and ogles his sublime ocean front vista.

MATT Thanks. You'd think I had enough of the water. A car headlight flashes through the house. A hydrogen car engine is heard.

NAT

A car?

MATT Not expecting anyone.

Matt at window POV A black tank-like SUV is parked driverless in his driveway.

NAT There's no one inside?

MATT You stay in here and lock the doors. I'm going out to take a look.

Matt picks up a baseball bat placed near the entry and slowly opens the front door.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - NIGHT.

Matt ambles cautiously to the Black SUV, checking inside as he walks around it.

EXT. MATT'S HOUSE. FRONT/SIDE - NIGHT.

Matt moves around the front of the house before jumping around the corner with bat aloft. Nobody there.

He tip-toes towards the back of the house.

We sight a para-military dressed person move quickly around the corner to the rear of the house.

Matt hastily runs down the side of his house before cautiously peering around the rear corner.

EXT. MATT'S HOUSE REAR DECK - NIGHT.

We sight a shadowed intruder from behind PEERING through the rear deck window. Matt charges at the intruder with baseball bat aloft.

> MATT (yells) ARRRR !

Ben complete with cap and night goggles puts his hands aloft and turns.

BEN Matt - it's me! Matt is gob-smacked, halts and puts down the bat. MATT What the hell are you doing? BEN I didn't expect you for awhile and the lights were on. I thought you were an intruder... MATT What's with the storm trooper getup and black truck? BEN I'm your bodyguard. The cops and the Commander thought someone with URS experience should look after you - and the cop car goes with the job. MATT You frightened the hell out of us! Matt grabs Ben on the shoulder as they enter the rear deck door. Ben BUMPS into the door frame because of 'goggle' vision. INT. MATT'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT. Nat is surprised to see Ben enter with Matt. NAT Ben! What are you doing here in that get-up? BEN They assigned me as bodyguard. They thought you'd be safer with a URS employee. Ben keeps walking and TUMBLES gracelessly over a couch near the door. NAT I can see that... Ben regains his feet quickly. Matt comes to his aide.

Let me take those.

MATT

Matt takes the goggles from Ben's head.

BEN I'll do my best to not get in your way.

MATT Or your own...Nat and I are just off to dinner in town. Are you going to join us?

BEN I'd love to. But I don't want to get in your way. My job is to be a deterrent. You two have fun.

Awkward smiles from Matt and Nay.

MATT OK - well I guess we should be getting ready then.

EXT. BEACH SIDE RESTAURANT - NIGHT.

ESTABLISHING SHOT: Blue/grey timber beach-side restaurant named 'Seafire'.

Languid palms. A delicate zephyr.

Luminous moon high above.

Waves delicately wash ashore.

INT. BEACH SIDE RESTAURANT DECK - NIGHT

A slightly inebriated Matt and Nat are softly lit by the moon and candles at their seaside table. A fireplace glows inside.

NAT I never really got to thank you Matt. I owe you my life.

MATT (grinning) You thanked me the other night?

NAT (smirks) Yeah, I guess I did.

Nat swigs wine.

MATT Look - you were nearly killed because of me. The least I can do to make it up to you is take you out. NAT I certainly feel relaxed.

Another swig.

MATT Even with Mr. Paramilitary riding shotgun out there?

Nat settles back. Loosened by alcohol.

NAT Yeah - even with Ben. This is just so calming. You know - I really enjoyed our underwater adventure - until I ran out of oxygen.

MATT I'm loving this too. Here's to a healthy life and liquid oxygen.

NAT A healthy life and liquid oxygen...

They toast and sip heartily. NAT glances to the carpark at the side of the restaurant. Her face mirrors something is amiss.

EXT. BEACH SIDE RESTAURANT CARPARK - NIGHT.

Ben's SUV is parked driverless.

INT. BEACH SIDE RESTAURANT DECK - NIGHT

Nat rises from her chair.

NAT Hey, where's Ben?

MATT Probably in the washroom. I'll check.

Matt rises from his seat and heads out the door.

EXT. BEACH SIDE RESTAURANT CARPARK - NIGHT

Matt ambles through the carpark to the Black SUV and peers through the heavily tinted car window.

CLOSE UP Ben's cell phone sits on the passenger seat.

(turns and yells)Ben!

Matt looks around as he heads back into the restaurant entrance.

EXT. BEACH SIDE RESTAURANT DECK - NIGHT

Matt walks quickly to his table and sits.

MATT

He's not there. I've checked the rest room and he's not outside. I'm phoning Morley.

Matt pulls his cellular from his pocket and dials. Ben appears from no-where alongside their table. Nat is startled.

BEN Hey guys! Is everything OK here?

Ben takes a fry from Matt's dish and eats it.

MATT You had us worried. You were nowhere to be seen - and you left your cell phone in the car.

BEN

Sorry, an old school buddy walked into the restaurant. I ran to catch him and left my cell phone. Sorry, it wasn't very professional - it won't happen again.

MATT Keep your eye on the ball buddy. We're heading back to the house to get a jacket and we're off to the lake. I guess you better follow.

Ben nods in agreement.

EXT. MATT'S HOUSE - NIGHT.

Matt and Nat park outside the house. Ben parks behind their car. Nat gets out of the car and heads to the house. Matt heads to Ben's car.

MATT You might as well wait here. We'll only be a minute . BEN No worries.

Matt joins Nat and opens the door as they enter.

INT. MATT'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT.

Matt and Nat enter.

NAT Where's your bathroom?

Matt points. Nat heads towards the bathroom. Matt grabs her jacket laying on the lounge.

EXT. MATT'S DRIVEWAY - NIGHT.

Matt and Nat walk arm in arm from the house. They giggle as they get into Matt's car.

INT. LEXUS - NIGHT

Matt smiles at Nat.

MATT You'll love Lake Napa. Should see it with a full moon..

Matt starts his car and slowly reverses. He glances in his rear view mirror and brakes. MATT POV REARVIEW MIRROR Ben's car is stationary - no sign of Ben.

MATT (CONT'D) (annoyed) Has he fallen asleep?

Matt quickly hand brakes and hops out of the car.

EXT. MATT'S DRIVEWAY - NIGHT.

Matt moves to Ben's Black SUV. Ben is motionless and SLUMPED inside. His eyes are closed. The window is open. He taps Ben on the shoulder.

MATT Hey - wakey, wakey!

Ben's body falls over to one side, revealing a small gunshot wound in his head.

Matt reels back in horror.

MATT (CONT'D)

SHIT!

Matt opens the door and checks for a pulse on Ben's bloodied neck. He is momentarily sorrowful, hugs Ben's lifeless body then gathers his thoughts.

MATT (CONT'D) (yells) ARRRR! Nat, quick - go into the house and call 911. Ben's dead!

NAT O.S (disbelieving) What?

EXT. MATT'S DRIVEWAY/HOUSE - NIGHT

A frightened Nat gets out of the car, runs to the house and halts at the door.

NAT

Door open.

The door fails to open.

NAT (CONT'D) (yells) Matt - open it!

Matt joins Nat at the door.

MATT

Door open!

The door opens. Nat hurriedly enters. Door closes. Matt walks guardedly towards the side of the house, searching for the murderer.

INT. MATT'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT.

Nat hurries into the house and glances at the computer on a side table. CLOSE UP Wires at the rear of the computer are cut and dangle loosely below.

She grabs the wires and stares at it.

NAT Shit! (yells)The computer is out Matt!

The door opens. No one there. Nat gulps - frightened. (Beat) Matt enters. Nat is relieved.

MATT No sign of anyone. My cell's in the car. Just keep the door locked.. EXT. MATT'S DRIVEWAY - NIGHT.

Matt runs to his car.

MATT

Open!

The door glides open, he jumps in, opens glove box before frantically searching the back seat and floor.

MATT (CONT'D) I know it was here. OK, what to do? What to do?

EXT. MATT'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Matt runs to house, glancing to his side.

A dark figure darts into the bushes at the side of house.

MATT

Open!

The front door opens. Matt enters. It slams shut.

INT. MATT'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT.

Matt grabs a frightened Nat by her arms.

MATT (breathless) Nat - listen to me. He's out there. I saw him. We're going to have to sneak out of here from the rear.

NAT I'm scared Matt.

Nat shakes with fright. Matt grabs her arms, reassuring her.

MATT (calmly) We're gonna be OK.

Nat nods in agreement. He peers deeply into her eyes as he continues to hold her arms tightly.

MATT (CONT'D) I have a boat under the rear deck. NAT I just want to get out of here.

MATT We're gonna be fine - just follow me.

Matt and Nat head to the back door. Matt peeks through the glass before opening it cautiously.

EXT. MATT'S HOUSE - NIGHT.

Matt signals to be quiet and motions to move to the floor. Matt and Nat crawl along the wooden floorboards until they reach the end of the deck. They swing over the end of the deck and underneath.

EXT. BELOW MATT'S REAR DECK - NIGHT.

Matt and Nat duck as they move alongside a sleek 25 foot speedboat with wheels atop a ramp. Matt peers inside the boat.

MATT (whispers) No one there.

Matt hops in and hoists Nat aboard. Matt takes the steering wheel.

NAT Let's get out of here.

Matt hits the button twice. It fails to start each time. Baffled, he shakes his head.

NAT (CONT'D) Come on Matt, get going.

MATT (determined) Come on!

Matt punches the button. The engine roars into life. Two rear jet engines roar and blaze.

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT.

The boat hurtles along the ramp and into the ocean. Wheels disappear into the hull as it hits the water.

EXT. OCEAN - NIGHT.

The boat jumps over a set of waves before plowing out to sea. The duo are fanned by the wind and spray.

NAT Wahoo! Am I relieved.

MATT

We're safe now.

Nat briefly closes her eyes, takes in the sea spray and half smiles. Matt gazes at the controls and flicks a switch.

MATT (CONT'D) Radios out. They got to that too we'll be OK. Florida Keys, here we come.

NAT Did you get a look at the person outside?

MATT No, they wore a Balaclava.

NAT Matt, I just wanted to say... (pause) What I wanted to say is...

Nat moves closer to Matt. She grabs his shirt, pulls him towards her and kisses him passionately.

A balaclavered, all-black assailant lunges at Matt with a knife. Nat is horrified.

NAT (CONT'D) Matt, look out!

Natalie falls BACKWARDS and HITS her head on the side of the boat. She is knocked UNCONSCIOUS.

The assailant LUNGES at Matt again with the KNIFE and misses.

Matt GRABS a fishing rod strapped to the side and THROWS it at the assailant - it MISSES.

The assailant LUNGES forward again with the KNIFE. Matt FALLS over and CRAWLS backwards, CORNERED in the stern of the boat.

The assailant HOLDS the knife above Matt - READY to strike. Matt COWERS...

A flare SHOOTS into the back of the assailant - He COLLAPSES onto the floor. DEAD. The SHOOTER is NAT. She lowers the gun. Matt rises quickly and hugs Nat PASSIONATELY. He tenderly caresses Nat's head.

MATT

Oh Nat. How's your head?

NAT

It's seen better days.

They slowly move towards the LIFELESS BODY and stand over it. Matt and Nat STARE at the assailant's ski-masked head. He RIPS the mask off to reveal the dive room attendant's face.

MATT (au courant) The dive room attendant.

Matt and Nat hug - knowing they are safe for now.

NAT Matt, I think it's time you came clean about the Mayan Star.

MATT But the Government would recover the Star and I'd miss out on the recovery reward.

NAT Matt - you found the Star. That's all you need do. It's time to tell the Commander.

Matt seems to waiver. Nearly convinced.

NAT (CONT'D) There's a good chance you'll still get the reward.

MATT

You think?

Nat nods in agreement.

INT. COMMANDERS OFFICE - DAY

Matt and the Commander sit at the Commander's desk. The treasure chest metal sits atop the desk. The Commander reads the metal report, and views a spit screen of the Treasure Chest x-ray and footage of Uri Grigorski invading Matt's home.

COMMANDER Matt, what you are telling me sounds hard to believe. I know you have been through a lot. Mmmm.

The Commander contemplates his decision; looks again at the x-ray.

MATT This Grigorski character is relentless. He's not going to stop unless the Government has him locked up.

The Commander taps his desk while thinking.

MATT (CONT'D) Look sir...Ben was killed looking after me. He was my best friend. I feel we have a duty to recover the Star...for him sir...for Ben...

The Commander seems moved by Matt's comment.

COMMANDER Well, it's against my better judgement, but I'll send a recovery team.

Matt is relieved. Commander picks up the metal test sheet.

COMMANDER (CONT'D) Only because of this metal's test results and the x-ray. And one other thing...

MATT What's that Sir.

COMMANDER I want you to take Rick. After all he found it too.

Matt smiles begrudgingly, as if he knew the Commander would insist. Matt rises and goes to the door.

COMMANDER (CONT'D) And Matt, don't worry about selling the Spanish doubloon.

At least you paid for your sisters eye operation. I met her at the party - nice girl. One from two thousand makes little difference - (serious)but you better hope that the Mayan Star is really there. So do I Commander, So do I...

EXT. UNDERWATER. CHASM - DAY.

The marlin shaped URS Sub descends the gloomy trench, dwarfed by the towering black cliffs.

URS Submarine Pilot, Josh sits at the wheel of the Sub. Alongside him is Matt. Behind Matt sits Rick. They appear anxious, following hours of searching for the chest.

> JOSH (headset) We've been out here for 4 hours. There's no sign of any wrecks let alone a treasure chest. Do we have permission to return Sir?

INT. URS CONTROL ROOM - DAY.

The Commander, Radio Operator sit anxiously in the Control Room. Nat paces in the background. The Commander nods in agreement.

RADIO OPERATOR That's enough for now Josh. Return to base. Over.

COMMANDER What a waste of time and man power.

A dejected Nat bows her head.

INT. URS SUB - DAY.

Everyone is dispirited. Rick suddenly cranes his neck for a better view out of the window. He stands and points excitedly.

RICK What the friggin' hell is that?

They ALL crane their necks for a better view.

EXT. UNDERWATER. CHASM - DAY.

The blackened Mayan Treasure Chest is faintly visible behind a rock imbedded in seaweed on a small ledge.

INT. U R S SUB - DAY.

Matt fingers a button on the Sub's control panel and squints intently at OLED vision.

JOSH Is that what I think it is?

CLOSE UP HD OLED vision of the chest on the ledge.

RICK You bet your mother's sweet ass!

MATT Yeahhhh! (headset) Are you guys getting our pictures?

INT. URS CONTROL ROOM - DAY

Nat, the Commander and Radio Operator grin from ear to ear as they survey the Floating Panel Vision. Nat claps.

RADIO OPERATOR (excitedly) We sure are Matt.

COMMANDER I knew you boys would find it!

The Radio Operator and Nat peer sceptically at Commander Finch.

INT. URS SUB - DAY.

Josh turns to Matt.

JOSH You guys goin' out to get it?

MATT Try the crane first.

JOSH We're moving in.

Josh manoeuvres the steering wheel.

EXT. UNDERWATER. CHASM - DAY

The Marlin Sub glides next to the ledge and chest, stopping 10 feet short of its target.

The top of the Marlin Sub flips opens. A crab arm-like crane whirs into action from inside and deftly inches closer to the chest. Its claws open with life-like dexterity.

INT. U R S SUB - DAY.

Josh carefully manoeuvres the crane lever.

MATT Be careful Josh.

Everyone holds their collective breath.

EXT. UNDERWATER. CHASM - DAY

The crane glides forward - claws open and snaps shut just missing the chest. Manoeuvres into place again - this time snaps tightly onto the chest.

INT. URS SUB - DAY

The crew remain transfixed as they view OLED vision of the chest.

MATT Bring her home Josh.

EXT. UNDERWATER. CHASM - DAY

The crane whirs as it fluently lifts the chest. The U R S Sub backs away from the chasm ledge ever so carefully.

EXT. UNDERWATER. SMALL CAVE - DAY.

LONG SHOT We can just make out the outline and dimmed lights of Uri's mini sub - silent and stationary on the other side of the chasm.

INT. UKRAINE SUB - DAY

URI sits in the copilot's seat smirking as he peruses OLED vision of the URS sub and chest. A Pilot steers.

URI

Fire now!

The Pilot bangs a button on his control panel.

100.

A small torpedo fires from the underside of the Ukraine Sub. Bubbles trail its path.

The torpedo speeds towards the U R S Sub, appearing on path for a certain collision.

INT. URS SUB - DAY

Josh glances at his control panel. His face mirrors horror.

MATT What's up?

JOSH

Shit!

CLOSE UP OLED vision displays the torpedo fast approaching.

EXT. UNDERWATER. CHASM - DAY

The torpedo smashes through the crane arm. The arm and chest break and THUD into the sand on the ledge.

INT. URS SUB - DAY.

The crew gaze out of the sub window at the chest and broken crane.

RICK Christ! Who the hell fired on us?

Josh glances at his panel.

JOSH The heat detector says it came from the cliff face behind us.

Rick watches OLED vision of a screen vision marked 'Rear'. He cranes his neck to the rear porthole for a better look.

> RICK Can't see a thing.

Matt picks up his helmet and zips up his diving suit.

MATT I'm going out to get it.

Rick grabs Matt's arm.

RICK I'm coming with you buddy. The two hastily suit up.

INT. UKRAINE SUB - DAY.

Uri appears agitated as an anxious Pilot manoeuvres his wheel.

UKRAINE SUB PILOT I'll finish them off.

URI

This time...

Uri eyeballs the Pilot as he forcefully grabs his arm.

URI (CONT'D) (emphatic) DON'T MISS!

The Pilot appears jittery.

INT. URS SUB - DAY

Matt and Rick are wet-suited and helmets donned. They stand above an anus-like blackened exit hole.

RICK Who's firing on us?

JOSH We can come back you know.

MATT Do you really think that it will be here when we return?

RICK Fuck the committee meeting. Let's go!

Rick jumps into the exit hole. Rick's splash hits Josh in the face, peeved he wipes off the water.

MATT Guess I don't have a choice.

Matt jumps in the exit hole. The splash drenches Josh, dripping wet and annoyed he wipes water from his eyes.

JOSH

Ahhhhh!

EXT. UNDERWATER. CHASM - DAY

Matt and Rick swim hastily from the base of the URS Sub to within six feet from the ledge and chest. CLANG! Rick gazes behind, mortified.

A rapid moving torpedo sideswipes the URS sub's side and tracks towards Rick and Matt.

Rick grabs Matt's arm and PULLS him to one side. The torpedo WHIZZES through the space once occupied by Matt and PLOWS into the chasm wall. KABOOM! The shock wave HURLS Matt and Rick backwards. Matt and Rick appear momentarily dazed, shaking their heads.

RICK

You OK?

A dazed Matt nods in agreement.

RICK (CONT'D) Did you see where it came from?

MATT Yeah. (points)

EXT. UNDERWATER. CAVE - DAY.

The Ukraine submarine EMANATES EVIL as it breaks the shadows of the its cave, lights GLARING. It slowly CREEPS forward with the menacing precision of a manta ray. The Ukrainian symbol legible on its hull.

CLOSE UP A small hatch opens on the underside of the Ukraine sub. A school of piranha robot fish expel from the hatch.

INT. URS SUB - DAY

Matt turns to Rick.

MATT It's Grigorski.

RICK

Who?..

EXT. UNDERWATER. CHASM - DAY

The sub creeps forward slowly.

Josh peers at the HUD vision of the fast approaching Ukraine Sub. The URS sub accelerates. G-forces slam Josh's head into his seat.

EXT. UNDERWATER. CHASM - DAY

Matt and Rick are aghast and confused as they watch the URS sub leave at pace.

MATT Where the hell's he going?

Rick's arms flail in panic.

RICK

Come back!

The Ukraine sub blurs as it streaks through the water.

INT. URS SUB - DAY

Josh peers at OLED 'rear' vision of the Ukraine and URS subs becoming smaller.

JOSH (remorseful) Can't leave 'em there.

Josh turns hard on the wheel as the sub banks.

EXT. UNDERWATER. CHASM - DAY

The URS sub banks hard to port and heads in the opposite direction.

EXT. UNDERWATER. CHASM LEDGE - DAY

A relieved Matt and Rick watch the URS sub speeds towards them. Matt gazes at the chest on the ledge then swims towards it. Rick stays put.

> MATT We ain't going home empty handed.

RICK

Hey, it's mine too!

Rick swims quickly towards the chest and joins Matt on the sandy ledge. Matt grabs the chest and picks it up in one arm. A piranha robot fish immediately chomps Matt'S arm. Another bites his leg. Several others encircle him.

MATT

Owww!

He grabs the fish latched on his arm and throws it away. Matt drops the chest, pulls a knife from his belt and thrusts it into the fish on his leg. The fish convulses and sparks.

> MATT (CONT'D) More bloody robots.

RICK O.S. Over here fishies!

Rick flails his arms in an attempt to attract the fish. CLOSE UP Rick reaches into his bum bag and pulls out a small package.

The fish immediately dart towards Rick in a v-shaped pattern. They seem certain to collide when Rick steps to one side and throws a net over the fish. They squirm and struggle within the confines of the net as Rick gathers it into a ball. He reaches into his bag and produces a small silver rod instantly extending to 3 feet in length.

CLOSE UP The silver rod is marked 'Electro-Shock'.

Rick lets go of the net and jabs the silver rod into the net's centre. The fish writhe, twist and spark in the net for seconds before falling motionless to the sand.

Rick swims back to Matt as he picks up the chest. They swim away from the ledge towards the URS sub.

EXT. UNDERWATER. CHASM - DAY

A small torpedo fires from the underside of the Ukraine Sub. Bubbles trail its path.

INT. URS SUB - DAY.

Josh gazes at his control panel and then to the heavens in a sign of resignation.

JOSH SHIT! Incoming!

Josh promptly turns the wheel full circle.

EXT. UNDERWATER. CHASM - DAY

The URS sub turns to the side just in time as the whizzing torpedo skims its hull.

Matt and Rick on the underside of the sub watch awestruck as it STREAKS past. They glide into the entry hole.

The torpedo EXPLODES with a THUNDEROUS THUMP as it slams into the chasm wall. Rock splays everywhere.

INT. URS SUB - DAY

Matt holds the small Mayan Treasure chest tightly as he breaks the surface of the diving hole. Josh grabs Matt's hand and hoists him onto the sub floor. Rick hoists himself up.

Josh returns to his pilot's seat. Matt gently places the chest on the floor and jolts forward as the sub takes off at speed.

INT. UKRAINE SUB - DAY.

Uri stands menacingly behind the pilot. He GRABS the Pilot's hair. Uri holds a gleaming large knife to his throat. The Pilot GRIMACES in pain. Uri bends and whispers THREATENINGLY in his ear.

> URI I don't know who taught you to shoot. But you better not miss next time.

The terrified Pilot gulps.

UKRAINE SUB PILOT (nervous)I'll...I'll arm the heat seekers.

Uri lets him go. The Pilot flicks a switch.

URI Do it. Quick!

EXT. UNDERWATER CHASM - DAY.

Uri's sub accelerates rapidly from a stationary start. The ocean blurs in the background.

INT. URS SUB - DAY

Matt and Rick are now seated in their diving suits. Josh gazes at OLED 'rear' vision.

JOSH They're on our tail! EXT. UNDERWATER. CHASM - DAY

The Ukraine sub moves rapidly to within 30 feet of the URS sub, then loops it.

The URS sub arcs downwards and the Ukranian sub quickly follows.

The Ukraine sub fires a torpedo that closes on the tail of the URS Sub. The URS sub DUCKS and WEAVES as the torpedo copies its every movement, trailing it by a few metres.

INT. URS SUB - DAY

The crew are on the edge of their seats. Rick turns to sight the fast approaching torpedo in the rear porthole but quickly eyes IN HORROR.

CLOSE UP Matt clutches his seat in terror.

RICK Can't look.

Josh steers erratically in an attempt to evade the torpedo. Everyone sways with the turns.

RICK (CONT'D)

Shake it.

MATT Head for the cliff!

Josh and Rick eye Matt in disbelief.

JOSH AND RICK

What?!

MATT (firm) Do it!

All watch in horror as a cliff face fast approaches.

MATT (CONT'D) OK. I want you to bank hard to the port at 50 metres.

JOSH (scared) Not enough room to turn!

All are on edge. Josh eyes the control panel.

JOSH (CONT'D) metres...50...

Josh turns right full lock. All remain terrified as they watch the cliff close rapidly, shielding their faces, prepared to crash.

ALL

AHHHHH!

INT. URS CONTROL ROOM - DAY

The Commander, Nat and the Radio Operator hold their collective breath watching FPV of the URS sub rapidly closing on the cliff face.

EXT. UNDERWATER. CHASM - DAY.

The URS sub banks to the right, slightly CLIPPING the cliff face. Rocks TUMBLE. A fin BREAKS From the sub. The torpedo TRACES its path and starts to turn. It SLAMS into the cliff wall. KABOOM! An almighty explosion rings out.

INT. URS SUB - DAY

All smile gleefully in jubilation. Matt punches the air.

MATT

Yeahhh!

RICK Nice move, Man.

All eye the control panel.

JOSH The Ukrainian's still there...

Collective regretful sigh.

MATT I got another idea.

Rick and Josh gape at Matt in expectation.

INT. UKRAINE SUB - DAY

Uri sports a devilishly bizarre expression. We only see his face. The sound of cutting flesh and a gurgling noise. Uri proudly sweeps his knife upwards in a semi-circular motion. He watches contentedly as blood drips from the handle and his hand.

The body of the pilot is limp on the floor. A pool of blood grows beneath him.

Uri jumps into the pilot seat.

EXT. UNDERWATER. CHASM - DAY

The Ukraine sub SCOOTS behind the URS sub as it DUCKS, DIVES and DARTS.

The Ukraine sub FIRES a torpedo. The torpedo TRACKS the path of the URS sub as it WEAVES through the depths.

The URS Sub DISAPPEARS over the edge of a chasm. The torpedo follows.

The Ukraine Sub scoots over the chasm. The URS Sub is NOWHERE to be seen. The torpedo SLOWS to a HALT.

The UKRAINE Mini Sub stops some 100 metres from the torpedo.

INT. UKRAINE SUB - DAY

A perplexed Uri peers at OLED vision of the stationary torpedo on his bow.

URI What the fuck?

The torpedo slowly turns and speeds towards his vessel. Uri slams a lever on the control panel. The sub reverses slowly.

URI (CONT'D) (yells) Come on!

Uri is petrified. The torpedo LOOMS LARGER in his bow window as it races directly towards him. He glances at the control panel. CLOSE UP Uri's hand slams a button marked 'POD'.

A steel pod completely ENVELOPES Uri and closes shut.

EXT. UNDERWATER CHASM - DAY.

The torpedo CRASHES into the Ukraine Sub and EXPLODES in a maelstrom of flame. A boiling, dusky mushroom cloud RISES. The Ukraine Sub SCATTERS into a thousand pieces.

INT. URS SUB - DAY

The occupants watch the almighty explosion in part darkness. Their faces lit only by a dull panel light. They clap, cheer, and yelp exuberantly.

The interior lights up radiantly. Everyone turns to Matt and triumphantly pat and high five him.

INT. US CONTROL ROOM - DAY Nat jumps for joy, claps and hugs a jolly Commander. The Radio operator grins broadly and pats the Commander on the back. EXT. UNDERWATER CAVE - DAY The URS sub creeps out of the cave into the chasm. INT. URS SUB - DAY The crew continue to celebrate the Sub's destruction. JOSH Nice goin' Matt. How did you know about the cave? MATT I took Roxy here. RICK Your dead dog!? Josh and Rick appear repulsed. MATT Noo! Roxy from Hydroponics. ALL (relieved) Ohhhhh! MATT I figured the cave's freezing temperature would blanket our Sub and the torpedo couldn't read our heat. RICK How did you know that? MATT Man, you gotta start attending the Prof's lectures. Matt grins broadly as Rick punches him playfully. Matt lifts the treasure chest from alongside his seat, puts it on his lap, then pulls his cell phone from his bum bag and records himself with the chest sporting a cheeky grin.

MATT (CONT'D) Guess who caught a fallen star? Phone - send to Ken Madison. Whoever you are? Matt puts his cell phone away, smiles and turns to high five Rick. WHACK! Rick slumps in his seat, unconscious.

Uri rises dripping wet, holding a mask from behind Rick's seat. He POINTS a chrome gun at Matt as he drops his air tank onto the floor.

URI Hand it over Walker.

MATT (disbelieving) Your sub was blown into a million pieces?

URI Escape pods are a must have option - don't you think? Now hand it over!

Matt reaches slowly for the chest. Uri's gun tracks Matt's movement. Matt picks it up ever so slowly. He holds it tight against his chest and stalls.

URI (CONT'D) (wild-eyed) Now Walker. I want it now!

MATT Here you go shit head!

Matt HURLS the chest with all his might at Uri. Uri STUMBLES backwards as his gun is KNOCKED from his grasp. The chest FALLS to the floor. The gun SLIDES onto the cargo bay floor behind the seats. Josh RACES from his seat towards the gun. He SCRAMBLES alongside Uri who puts him into a headlock and SLAMS his head into the cargo bay wall. Josh FALLS to the ground unconscious.

Uri bends over to pick up the gun and is HIT by Matt's flying tackle. Uri and Matt ROLL onto the floor and WRESTLE. Matt manages to get on top of Uri and deliver a SHORT JAB to Uri's jaw. Uri is DAZED, appearing unconscious as blood seeps from his mouth.

Matt gets to his feet and STAGGERS to the gun. He picks it up, ready to turn when he is HIT From behind by Uri. The gun FIRES into the roof above the rear of the cockpit.

CLOSE UP Wires are exposed and spark from the cockpit ceiling. The sparking subsides - but the wires dangle freely.

Matt SLAMS into the wall and SLUMPS as Uri casually picks up the gun. He points it at Matt, who holding his jaw, groggily turns to face Uri. Uri points the gun at Matt as Uri BACKS towards the cockpit. Matt rises and SLOWLY PACES towards Uri, who continues to BACK towards the cockpit and dangling wires. A small unheard spark EMITS from a dangling wire. Matt spies the wires and raises his eyebrows in acknowledgement.

> URI A man normally cowers as he is about to be shot...

Uri cocks the trigger.

MATT I'm not afraid of dying. Are you?.

Uri CACKLES and continues to MARCH backwards. CLOSE UP Uri places his finger on the trigger and SQUEEZES.

Uri BACKS into the wires and is violently JOLTED by huge bursts of electricity. His body SHAKES and lights up, before CONVULSING onto the floor. The wires DANGLE on his body as we hear him SCREAM in agony.

CLOSE UP Matt's eyes REFLECT Uri QUIVERING and CONVULSING on the floor for some seconds. A final spark, crackle then SILENCE.

Matt peers contemptuously at Uri's body as he moves to Josh and slowly helps him to his feet. Josh shakes his head to clear the cobwebs. They both move to Rick, who sits unconscious in his seat. Matt shakes him. Rick fails to stir. Matt grabs a water bottle from Rick's armrest and TIPS it over his head. Rick STARTLES awake.

> RICK Brrrr...What's happening?..I dreamt I was at 4th of July fireworks and this big shower happened.

Matt and Josh grin as Matt puts on his headset.

MATT (headset) URS - we had a slight delay - but we're bringing the Star home..over..

CLOSE UP The Treasure Chest sits on the floor of the cargo bay. Uri's out of focus burnt and blackened body lays in the background.

EXT. URS DIVE ROOM - DAY

The Commander, Nat, Emma and ten other URS crew members wait anxiously in the dive room. The URS sub breaks the surface and glides to dock. The hatch opens.

Rick climbs out first, then Josh. Matt emerges clutching the small treasure chest.

Rick then Josh file onto the URS Deck. The URS crew applaud. Matt steps off the sub last and onto the small gangplank, still clutching the chest. His cell phone rings: he opens it.

CLOSE UP Cell vision appears of a smiling Ken Madison in his office.

Background URS crew applause.

KEN MADISON (joyous) Congratulations Matt. I knew you could do it...Meet me in the Miami Hyatt Foyer at noon tomorrow.

Vision ends. Matt is surprised by the dead man's invite as he steps from the gangplank onto the dive room floor. Nat runs to him and hugs him tightly. Matt puts down the chest and hugs her for dear life.

> RICK Well, you gonna open it?

COMMANDER The State Department should open it.

Everyone glares at the Commander in disappointment. Silence. Beat. The Commander appears to relent to the crowds wishes.

COMMANDER (CONT'D) Alright then. Just be careful and don't damage the chest.

Rick produces a swiss army knife from his belt. He kneels next to the chest. Everyone is apprehensive. He begins to pick the lock with his knife.

> RICK Don't worry. I've done this before.

> > MATT

How come I'm not surprised?

One skilled twist of the knife and the latch opens. Rick hesitates. Everyone holds their breath in anticipation. Rick slowly reaches forward. He carefully opens the top of the chest ever so slightly and peers inside. Rick is gob smacked. Everyone inches forward to get a better view. Rick fully opens the lid. Everyone moves forward and stares in wonderment inside the chest. The Mayan Star glimmers atop plush burgundy velvet lining. Everyone is bedazzled as they marvel at its blinding beauty. It shimmers under the harsh overhead lights.

> RICK That's one serious piece of "bling"...

INT. MIAMI HYATT FOYER - NOON.

Matt paces back and forth in the lavish foyer, acutely anxious as he stares at his watch.

Nat sits alongside Megan on an oversized couch.

A small robot porter with luggage whizzes past.

A motorized serving tray whizzes next to Nat and Megan.

SERVING TRAY Like a complimentary orange juice?

Nat waves the tray away. It scoots off.

Matt moves next to the couch.

MATT (exasperated) He's 25 minutes late. The guy's dead anyway. I'm out of here!

Matt turns rapidly and takes a step. He immediately halts as he bumps into something. He looks down....

JOHN HERRON grinning in a wheel chair. Nat swiftly rises from the lounge, runs over and hugs John energetically. Megan also stands. John and Matt appear awkward, having not seen one another since the accident.

> MATT (CONT'D) John! What are you doing here?

> > MEGAN

Who?

NAT It's my brother, John!

John shakes Matt's hand reservedly.

JOHN Hello Matt. What are you doing here?

Matt is perplexed.

MATT (apprehensive) We...we weren't expecting you. This is my sister Megan by the way.

Megan stands and puts out her hand. John wheels forward and shakes her hand. He senses something is out of the ordinary and stares at her.

> JOHN You're blind - right?

MEGAN And you're in a wheelchair.

John remains transfixed by Megan, staring in admiration.

MATT (twigs) So...Ken Madison was really you?!

JOHN What are you talking about? Ken Maddison is dead. Nat invited me to lunch, she didn't tell me you were coming...

MATT (bamboozled) Nat? What's going on?

They all stare at Nat. She draws a breath and collects her thoughts.

NAT I guess I've got some explaining to do...

Megan nods in agreement. John and Matt appear puzzled.

NAT (CONT'D) You see Ken Maddison was a programmed hologram...programmed by me. I sent the first message from New York...the second was rerouted from there...

Matt and John are intrigued.

NAT (CONT'D) Let me explain - my passion ever since John's accident has been getting the money for an operation to help him walk again. And I saw the Mayan Star reward money as helping me do that. John looks on in amazement and pride.

NAT (CONT'D) (to Matt) I knew how much you admired and trusted Ken. So, he came back from the grave to tell you the Star's location.

MATT How did you know where it was?

NAT A friend of a friend told me about this old sea dog who supposedly had its location. I tracked him down to this grotty dock side bar. He was loaded, and opened up (slightly embarrassed). I suppose I also used my feminine wiles.

Matt, John and Megan raise their eyebrows at Nat's candid confession.

NAT (CONT'D) (indignant) It was for John! Anyhow the old diver told me he accidently found the chest while looking for another ship. He was planning to recover it - but couldn't raise the funds for the tech and sub. His liver was shot from all the drinking. He died soon after (pause). But he told me the location of "The Star" and gave me proof - the vision I showed you of the wreck.

MATT Why me? Why did you give the location to me? You couldn't stand me?

All three gape at Nat.

NAT ...You were sort of a last resort.. And that's where Uri Grigorski came onto the scene.

Matt looks confused.

MATT What do you mean? NAT

Well at first I sought out a wreck recovery expert to help me recover the chest ...and I came across Grigorski who had advertised as one. I checked out his background and that's when I discovered he was a crook - and a murderer to boot.

Matt shakes his head in amazement.

MATT

But you still haven't said why you chose me to recover it?

NAT Firstly, because you are trained as a recovery person and you've got the tech, and secondly...

Nat stalls - appears reticent.

MATT And secondly?

NAT Well...secondly I thought...

Nat stalls again.

NAT (CONT'D) (reluctant) ...I thought it was dangerous with Grigorski maybe out there on the lookout..and if anyone should take a risk it should be you. I thought you owed it to my brother.

MATT You could have asked me Nat.

NAT I didn't want to grovel to you, so I thought this was the best way to get you to do it.

Matt ponders the situation as the others look on. He seems annoyed, head down. A serious tone etched into his visage. His head lifts ever so slowly.

> MATT (poker faced) ...Well,I guess you've got the money for the operation then.

Nat and John breath a sigh of relief.

NAT I was hoping you'd say that.

Matt looks pleased with himself.

NAT (CONT'D) And there's just one other thing.

MATT It's not life threatening. Is it?

NAT No, nothing like that. I'd really like it if John could come along to the check presentation.

MATT Can't see why not.(to John)I'd really like you to be there.

John grins.

MEGAN Are you guys going to hug now?

Matt and John appear awkward. Nat pushes John. Megan pushes Matt. They move in to hug and backslap maladroitly. Both men are restrained.

NAT (grinning) Real heart on their sleeve stuff.

EXT. SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTE - NIGHT.

Establishing shot of The Smithsonian Institute. A few formally dressed patrons make their way up the flood-lit stairs.

INT. SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTE - NIGHT.

The President of the Smithsonian Institute stands at the lectern. Nat, John, Megan, Matt and Rick sit on the stage behind him. Matt and John are bedecked in smooth Armani evening suits. Rick sports a tacky blue lame` suit. Nat and Megan are elegantly attired in bedazzling evening gowns.

Two hundred immaculately dressed socialites sit quietly as he finishes his congratulatory address.

The Mayan Star takes pride of place on the stage in a glass cabinet. It sparkles and dazzles under the lights. Burly Security Guards flank the cabinet.

PRESIDENT ... And now to the presentation.

PRESIDENT (CONT'D) Thanks Matt. The Smithsonian is greatly indebted to you.

President hands him the check. They shake. Applause. Some

Matt ogles the check.

of the crowd rise to their feet.

CLOSE UP The check reads 'PAYEE - Matt Walker AMOUNT - \$10,000,000'.

Matt moves to the lectern and adjusts the microphone. Applause fades. Matt is jittery in front of the large gathering.

MATT I...I just wanted to sssay thanks to the Smithsonian and its members.

Matt peers behind him and nods at Nat who sports a wide grin. Matt waves to her in appreciation.

MATT (CONT'D) I should also thank our diving instructor, Ken Madison. He may not be with us any longer. But his role was instrumental in guiding us to this magnificent find. And speaking of those who are no longer with us. (Emotional) My good buddy Ben...

Nat and Megan are clearly moved.

MATT (CONT'D) Ben laid down his life looking after me...and I want to dedicate "The Star" to you..(looks skyward)

CLOSE UP The Star GLIMMERS inside its case.

MATT (CONT'D) It was a rocky road to recovery and some people took bumps along the way - my good friend, Nat.

Polite applause. Megan playfully hits Nat on the arm and whispers into her ear.

MEGAN Good friend eh... MATT

I would not be here today if it wasn't for Natalie Herron. She located the Star. I was just the delivery man.

Matt turns to Nat who sits taller in her seat and beams proudly.

Matt gazes at the check and pauses in reflection (beat). The audience senses his hesitation.

MATT (CONT'D) ...I just wanted to also thank...my diving partner on the day WE found the Star.

Matt turns and grins at Rick. Rick appears surprised.

MATT (CONT'D) You saved my life out there Rick (holds up check)You deserve some of this.

Rick grins from ear to ear. He rises joyously and performs n "Andre 3000" dance move. The audience are confused and unmoved. They almost appear disturbed. Rick glances to catch their reaction. He halts and appears embarrassed.

RICK

Sorry...

Rick hastily sits down. The Smithsonian President walks to the lectern.

PRESIDENT

Well, on that note we'll finish formal proceedings. I just wanted to thank Matt ...and ehhh Rick for your efforts. We can now all share the beauty that is the Mayan Star because of you.

The audience applauds politely and rise. Chatter fills the room as they make their way from their seats.

Nat whispers in the President's ear and takes her seat next to John. John and Nat are deep in conversation. Megan is alongside John and a contemplative Matt to her left.

MEGAN

What are you thinking about?

MATT

You know - I'm doing OK. I've got a great job, a house and a car. Maybe some of my reward money should be put to better use? MEGAN Like what Matt?

MATT Like a carer for John - and making his life easier if the operation doesn't work.

Megan beams and hugs her brother. He smiles contentedly.

The President calmly walks over to the cabinet and lifts the glass lid. He nods at Nat who nods back. He carefully picks up The Star and ambles to where John sits. The President grins and hands it to him. John gazes wondrously at the pendant and cradles it in the palms of his hand, admiring it with the joyous fervor of a proud father with his new born.

He closes his eyes contentedly for a second before handing it to Megan. She delicately feels its shape and texture before grinnning joyously as a SLIGHT GLOW emits from "The Star".

EXT. RICK'S CAR - MORNING

CLOSE UP Speeding wheels and then wheel arch of a new expensive and curvaceous four-seater luxury convertible.

The sound of its hydrogen engine revs as it RACES along a palm lined road.

PAN to LHS of the car and Rick, deep within his element as he drives carefree wearing designer leather jacket and serious 'bling'. Alongside and behind him are two gorgeous young models. A passenger sits HIDDEN behind the front passenger model. They PAW him while he drives.

> RICK ...And suddenly this car-sized octopus launches itself from behind this rock. I was clutching "The Star" in one hand and beating off this enormous beast with the other...

Rick glances behind to Kylie who remains unseen. He looks forward to the road again.

RICK (CONT'D) You know I didn't expect to see you again. But I sure am glad we're able to catch up. How did you track me down?

SLOW PAN from Rick to KYLIE who sports a deliciously evil grin. Her eyes dart from side to side, searching for an answer.

EXT. CARIBBEAN ATOLL - AFTERNOON.

A half naked Matt lays atop of Nat on a blanket on the shore - kissing passionately in the later throws of foreplay.

NAT (kissing) So, who's Roxy?

MATT (kissing) My dog, you know that.

NAT No - I mean Roxy from Hydroponics.

MATT Oh, you overheard me talking about the frozen cave?

NAT

Uhuh.

MATT She left the URS long ago. Don't see her now.

NAT Just checking.

Nat kisses Matt tenderly on the chest and moves down his body. Matt's cell phone rings. His face mirrors pleasure as he fumbles for the phone. He grabs it - turns it off and rolls on top of Nat.

> NAT (CONT'D) (sexy) Mmmmmm - We don't want to be interrupted this time..

They giggle and continue their foreplay.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - AFTERNOON

CLOSE UP A futuristic cell phone reads 'Answer Service - Matt Walker'.

MATT V.O I can't come to the phone right now. You know the drill...beep.

PULL BACK to reveal John WALKING through a clearing with a frisbee in his hand. He grins as he talks into his phone.

Matt, I wanted to thank you for your offer to pay for an operation ...but there's one thing that Nat didn't tell you about the Mayan Star.

John points his phone camera at his face and fingers the record button as he pans down to his legs whilst WALKING. He puts the phone in his pocket and throws the frisbee.

It flies in the air before being deftly caught by MEGAN. She PEERS wondrously at the bright blue sky.

MEGAN The sky is so beautiful today.

John and Megan continue to happily throw the frisbee back and forth.

FADE OUT.

SUPERIMPOSE: THE END