

The Terror Below

by

Douglas Pike

480-313-3669
doug.pikel@gmail.com

FADE IN:

EXT. AT SEA - EARLY MORNING

(PRESENT)

SUPER: "THIRTY MILES OFF THE COAST OF BOSTON"

STERN OF BOAT

The ship's name, Lady Luck, is badly weathered.

OCEAN

The neglected, seventy-foot charter dive boat cuts through choppy, dark water, sends up geysers of white spray as its hull slaps wave crests and troughs. The grind of its engine is deafening.

INT. SHIP'S FORWARD CABIN

At the wheel, cup in hand, bleary-eyed CHARLIE DAVENPORT, the ship's owner, pulls a half-empty pint of rum from inside his grimy windbreaker.

CUP

His shaky hand splashes as much booze onto his hand, as into his coffee.

BACK TO SCENE

The sudden, loud, o.s. bang of metal striking metal causes a larger splash, draws his ire. He glares over his shoulder at the five DIVERS on board.

DAVENPORT

For Christ's sake, Sanchez, secure that air tank! My insurance ain't paid up. You blow yourself to pieces, your widow only gets chum!

MIDSHIP ENCLOSED DECK

Dark-haired MIKE SANCHEZ sports a short, thick beard, nods, secures the tank with a bungee cord. He looks up, gives Davenport the finger.

BACK TO SCENE

PAUL YOGMAN, thirty, tall, gum-chewing, enters the cabin, wears his black dry suit. He stands next to Davenport, who checks gauges, mutters.

Yogman holds onto an overhead grip, shouts above engine noise.

YOGMAN

Was it this bad when you took that group fishing last week?

Davenport takes a gulp of coffee, silently stares straight ahead over the pitching bow.

YOGMAN

Charlie Davenport, you look like
shit.

A long pause.

DAVENPORT

It's only late summer, Yogman.
Wait till you see how I look come
winter.

YOGMAN

Well, now I at least know you
haven't gone deaf.

Davenport finally looks at Yogman.

DAVENPORT

Yeah, Yogman, it was like this,
first half of the day.

He returns his gaze to the sea.

YOGMAN

And you're convinced it's a wreck
you hooked onto? Charts don't show
any out here.

Davenport's head bobs; he adjusts the brim of his
sweat-stained cap.

DAVENPORT

I discovered enough wrecks in my
day to know. I'd bet my left nut
on this one.

YOGMAN

Anyone besides you know the
coordinates?

Davenport gives Yogman a quick, angry side glance.

DAVENPORT

If you're worried about that prick,
Miranski, the answer is no.

O.s., yelling from the ship's stern breaks above engine
noise.

STERN

Divers TOM CURTIS, Mike Sanchez and the father-and-son team
of AL and MAX WEBER (respectively) wildly swing their arms
as dozens of airborne, foot-long flying fish streak across
from port to starboard.

CURTIS

Look at 'em! Holy shit!

AL
There's hundreds!

Many of the fish slam onto the deck, into dive gear, while the men feverishly swat.

DECK

Eyes bulging, spewing blood, the writhing fish, covered with pulsating boils gnash the air. The sound of their snapping jaws is heard.

BACK TO SCENE

Aghast, the four men lowers their arms, step away, observe. Yogman and Davenport join them, are stunned.

DAVENPORT
Kick 'em over the side! Get 'em
off the damn boat!

Davenport grabs a nearby broom, sweeps fish off the deck. Max and Tom chip in, abruptly stop, look out to sea.

THE OCEAN

has suddenly gone flat as glass, silent. The sky remains dull gray. Everyone is baffled by the abrupt change.

BACK TO SCENE

Davenport stops sweeping.

DAVENPORT
I'll go and uh... cut the engine.

Yogman grabs Davenport's sleeve.

YOGMAN
Did this happen last week, too?

Davenport brushes off Yogman's hand.

DAVENPORT
Yeah, just like last week.

He heads back to the cabin.

YOGMAN
(to the other divers)
All right, suit up.

SHIP'S BOW - CONTINUOUS

Sanchez and Yogman join Davenport, who is gathering rope attached to the ship's anchor.

SANCHEZ

(to Yogman)

I'll go down first and secure the anchor line, once Davenport gets latched on. I'll send up a styrofoam cup when we're secure.

Davenport picks up the anchor, groans.

DAVENPORT

As I said when I called you two, it's at about two-hundred-ten feet. Depending on how the wreck-

YOGMAN

If it's a wreck.

Davenport scowls, continues.

DAVENPORT

Depending on how it's situated, part of it could be a lot deeper.

Davenport heaves the anchor over the side.

SANCHEZ

I'm surprised Eric and Urabelle didn't come along. Dives like this are what they live for.

Yogman and Davenport stare at Sanchez.

YOGMAN

(to Sanchez)

It's the third anniversary.

DAVENPORT

Eric won't dive, won't do anything on this date.

Sanchez shrugs, evidences ignorance -- then recalls, lowers his head.

EXT. MODEST HOME - CONTINUOUS

SUPER: "EAST MILTON, MA"

INT. KITCHEN

ERIC CAGE, square-jawed, sandy-haired, sits at the table, sulks. He picks up a coffee cup, starts to take a sip, puts it back down with force, shakes his head, breathes heavily.

ERIC'S FLASHBACK

EXT. SAME HOUSE, BACK YARD - DAY

SUPER: "THREE YEARS AGO"

Chaos reigns. COPS, EMTs at poolside pull an OLD MAN, pasty and motionless from the water. Others work on resuscitating a six-year-old boy, ETHAN CAGE.

BACK DOORWAY

Eric bursts through, enters the yard. Cops rush to him.

ERIC

What happened?! Ethan, no! No! Oh,
Christ, what happened?!

A LARGE COP tries to restrain Eric, cannot. Eric spies the old man, his father.

FATHER

ashen, eyes open and fixed.

BACK TO SCENE

ERIC

Dad! This can't be happening!

An exhausted, FEMALE EMT approaches Eric.

FEMALE EMT

Mr. Cage, your father suffered a massive heart attack while he was in the pool with your son. A neighbor put in the call. Where were you?

Eyes wild, Eric gasps, tries to regain control.

ERIC

Errands. Dad was babysitting. He lives across the street. Ethan could swim! He could swim!

FEMALE EMT

When we got here... it looked like Ethan tried to rescue your dad. He must have become exhausted.

Eric runs to his son, pulls off the EMT, administers CPR, to no avail. The EMT places his hand on Eric's back, sobs.

END FLASHBACK

URABELLE JONES, a thirty-ish, athletic Black woman, enters the kitchen, cautiously approaches Eric, puts her arm around his shoulder.

URABELLE

Second thoughts about missing today's dive?

ERIC

No.

URABELLE

Eric, you can't go on torturing yourself for the rest of your life. It was just fate. It wasn't your fault.

Eric stands, they hug. He strokes her hair.

ERIC

I know, Urabelle, I know. Ethan was so brave, a hero at six. If I got home ten minutes earlier... I'd still have him.

URABELLE

Take comfort in knowing Ethan's spirit lives on.

ERIC

I wish I could.

EXT. AFT OF LADY LUCK - CONTINUOUS

Sanchez, fully suited-up, gives the okay sign to his dive mates, also ready, then steps off the stern into calm water.

Max Weber pokes his dad.

MAX

Dad, I should have been the first one in. I've secured more anchor lines than Sanchez.

AL

Max, stop being such a baby. Did you remember to put on your waterproof Huggies?

Tom Curtis, next to them, laughs.

MAX

Hilarious. If you think that's so funny, Tom, ask my dad what happened last month, when he forgot he'd already taken his Viagra.

AL

You little prick.

MAX

"Little prick." That's what the nurse in the ER said.

DAVENPORT

How about the two of you knock it off? You've been sniping at each other since we left the dock.

MAX

We're paying customers, Charlie. We'll-

Davenport shoves Max.

DAVENPORT

You're on my fucking boat. You'll do as I say, or you can swim back. Got it!

MAX

Rummy.

AL

Okay, okay.

BENEATH THE SURFACE

Sanchez lets out some air from his buoyancy compensator, descends ten feet, swims towards the anchor line.

He grabs ahold, descends farther, hand over hand for a few seconds, pauses. His breathing rate accelerates. Sanchez looks down.

SANCHEZ'S POV

A split-second pulse of green light from the sea floor, followed by a hollow moaning sound -- faint but discernible. It comes not from one, but many.

BACK TO SCENE

He tentatively descends another foot down the line, stops, heads back up.

STERN OF LADY LUCK - CONTINUOUS

Davenport, lost in thought, looks out over the water. The sound of bubbles breaking the surface o.s. draws his attention.

DAVENPORT'S POV

Bubbles are immediately followed by Sanchez's head. He proceeds to the ladder, hoists himself up one rung, removes fins, throws them onto the deck.

BACK TO SCENE

The other divers join Davenport. Curtis offers Sanchez his hand.

DAVENPORT

What the hell is wrong, Sanchez?
Equipment problem?

Sanchez, up another rung, spits out his regulator, raises his mask. Out of breath, he looks confused.

SANCHEZ

No -- I mean yeah. Yeah, my dive computer (he taps it) is on the fritz. It blacked out, came back on. The readings were all wrong.

MAX

Well, that's what happens when you buy your dive gear at a convenience store.

AL

Shut up, Max.

Now up on deck, Sanchez takes a seat. Yogman tries to look at Sanchez's dive computer. He pulls it away.

CURTIS

I'm ready. I'll secure the anchor line.

MAX

Hey, what about-

Davenport gives him a dirty look, silences him. Curtis puts on his mask, tests his regulator. It free flows, runs nonstop.

CURTIS

Crap! I don't believe it!

Curtis steps away from the stern. The regulator continues to flow. He checks his air gauge.

CURTIS

I got practically no air left.

He starts to remove his gear.

MAX

Are we ever going to get in the water?

Yogman puts on his mask, heads to the stern.

YOGMAN

I got this. Tom, give me Sanchez's stryco cup. I'll send it up in a couple of minutes.

Yogman takes the cup from Curtis, stashes it, goes off the stern.

BELOW THE SURFACE

Yogman swims to the anchor line, descends hand over hand, reaches the anchor. The water percolates with minute organic debris, like snow in a blizzard.

The line is snagged on a metal railing coated with algae and seaweed. Barely hanging on, he repositions the anchor, gives it a hard tug. Convinced it's secure, he releases the cup, begins to investigate the wreck.

YOGMAN'S POV

The ship is old, cylindrical. It lies at an incline, nose down, on an uneven, muddy bottom strewn with boulders. No markings are evident.

BACK TO SCENE

YOGMAN (V.O.)

(to himself)

This is definitely the stern.

Let's see what the bow looks like.

Yogman swims, goes deeper, eventually fades in the darkness.

SECURED LINE

Max and Al reach the secured anchor. (Their gear allows them to verbally communicate, but only with each other.)

MAX

It's a sub! Holy shit! Has to be.
I see what looks like a conning
tower ahead.

AL

Yeah, World War Two era. My guess
would be German, but I don't see
any markings. Do you?

MAX

No, nothing. It's ass up; the bow
must be down another hundred feet,
barely visible. Yogman must have
gone forward.

Al nods, taps his dive watch.

AL

We've only got twenty minutes at
this depth. There'll be two
decompression stops on the way up.

MAX

I know, I planned my dive, too.
You're not the only one.

AL

Let's get to that conning tower and see if we can get inside.

CONNING TOWER - MOMENTS LATER

The conning tower is damaged, overgrown with sea life, but accessible through a doorway. Max removes a reel of white cord from his belt, attaches it to a protruding piece of metal, unwinds a few feet.

AL

I'll stay here, Max. Don't go in too far and when your dive computer gives you the audio alert get your butt back out here -- pronto!

Max, annoyed, rolls his eyes, rocks his head from side to side.

MAX

This isn't my first rodeo. Remember, I was the one who pulled you out from the wreck of the U.S.S. Albany. You made a damn fool of your-

AL

You're wasting air, Max! Get going!

Max squeezes into the conning tower.

YOGMAN

swims along the forward deck, close to the bow. He comes to an open hatch, pauses, but observes straight ahead.

YOGMAN'S POV

In the murky light, the bow is buried deep into mud and rocks. Several shattered wooden beams lie about.

BACK TO SCENE

Yogman looks down into the hatch.

YOGMAN (V.O.)

This must be the forward torpedo loading hatch.

He turns on his head-mounted light, descends into the hatch.

INT. SUB - CONTINUOUS

The interior is a tangle of mangled metal: pipes, sheet steel, busted equipment, wiring, all corroded and overgrown with sea life.

Despite moving stealthily, Yogman kicks up enough silt and rust particles to impair visibility. He moves farther in, stops to move away manageable pieces of wreckage, inspects.

YOGMAN (V.O.)

Got to be something here, some kind
of artefact to identify this sub.

He waves his hand over silt.

HAND

As it waves, the edge of a porcelain soup bowl emerges, then part of a human bone.

BACK TO SCENE

YOGMAN (V.O.)

Pay dirt. Some son-of-a-bitch's
last meal.

Yogman opens the mesh collection bag hanging from his waist. Visibility worsens. He extracts a long, damaged bone, places it in the bag. Next he picks up the bowl, gives it a shake, inspects.

THE BOWL

bears a partially worn swastika, some faint writing.

BACK TO SCENE

YOGMAN (V.O.)

As I thought.

The bowl goes into the bag. The o.s. sound of creaking, rusted metal stops Yogman cold. He goes to kick, but can't. His leg jerks back.

YOGMAN (V.O.)

Snagged -- shit!

He looks back to right fin.

YOGMAN'S POV

THE FIN

is in the grasp of a scorched, emaciated hand emanating from the wreckage.

BACK TO SCENE

Yogman screams into his regulator. It falls out of his mouth. Reflexively, he shoves it back in, tugs his leg with all his might, frees himself. Yogman bolts to and out of the hatch.

EXT. SUB - SECONDS LATER

Cloaked in bubbles, Yogman surges from the hatch, swims furiously. He passes, unnoticed, past Al, on the opposite side of the conning tower.

He streaks to the anchor line, holds on, looks back, wide eyed. Eyes transfixed towards the bow, he ascends part way, stops.

AL/MAX - INTERCUTTING

Max switches on his head-mounted light, gingerly maneuvers through metal wreckage, a section of which drops, narrowly missing his head.

AL

Max, what's it like in there?

MAX

Nearly as bad as our garage.

AL

Nothing's that bad. Can you tell what room you're in?

Max uncovers a broken sink, raises silt. A crumpled sheet of metal behind it blocks his way.

MAX

Here's a sink, so this could be the galley. Got to move some metal blocking my way.

AL

Easy, Max, no sudden movements.

Max gets both hands on the left side of the metal sheet, moves it to the right. A large grouper shoots through the opening, startles Max, who lunges back, tumbles into other debris.

MAX

Damn it!

AL

What is it, Max! What happened? Talk to me.

Max rights himself, looks at the fish, who lingers, returns Max's inquisitive stare.

THE GROUPEY'S EYE

evidences intelligence.

BACK TO SCENE

MAX

I'm okay. It's just a frigging grouper -- a big one. Don't know how it could have gotten back there. There's room now; I'm going farther in.

Max squeezes through, gently, proceeds inward. The white cord continues to unravel.

MAX'S POV

Close ahead is a doorway.

BACK TO SCENE

He passes through, enters a sizable room largely devoid of damage. As Max's head turns, taking it all in, his head-mounted light illuminates various control levers and banks of gauges, all corroded and encrusted. Dust swirls.

MAX

Dad, I'm in the control room now.

AL

How many minutes of air have you got?

MAX (V.O.)

Enough, don't worry. This is amazing.

AL

Look, I only have five minutes of bottom time left before decompression has to start -- and I haven't exerted myself.

MAX (V.O.)

Chill, Pops.

Al bangs his fist on the conning tower.

YOGMAN

checks his dive computer, ascends the line to shallower, brighter water, stops.

YOGMAN (V.O.)

Twenty more endless minutes of decompression.

DECK OF LADY LUCK

Curtis and Davenport look over the side. Behind them, Sanchez sits alone in the shade, motionless.

CURTIS

Can't wait to get the hell out of here. Somebody should have come up by now.

Davenport shakes his head, gulps rum.

BACK TO SCENE

Max's sweeping beam of light illuminates the grouper, then a brimmed captain's cap. The cap rises, falls a bit, then flips and rises again.

MAX'S FACE

He's captivated by this impossible dance.

MAX'S DIVE COMPUTER

The device gives off a warning beeper, a red light flashes.

BACK TO SCENE

Max is oblivious to the warning.

MAX

It's like it's alive.

AL

What's alive? What is?

MAX (V.O.)

It's the damndest thing.

Max swims closer, to within five feet of the cap.

MAX'S POV

The cap is joined by a rotted leather jacket that similarly undulates beneath it.

AL

His dive computer chimes, warns him.

AL

Max! If you're not coming out, I'm coming to get you.

Al enters the conning tower, squirms into the room with the sink, kicks hard, brings down metal conduit that pins his legs. He groans.

Max, unfazed by Al's v.o. cry of pain, is entranced by what he sees.

MAX'S POV

Shredded trousers join the cap and jacket ballet. O.s., Max's dive computer chimes faster, louder. The cap is above the jacket, the trousers below. They coalesce, suggest a human form.

AL (V.O.)

Max, damn it! I need help! Where the fuck are you?!

World War Two-era German marching music is faintly audible.

AL

struggles, gets the conduit off his legs. His computer alarm blares nonstop.

AL

Max!

Al cries, exits the wreck, frantically swims towards the anchor line.

MAX'S POV

The shredded, severed end of his nylon security line drifts in front of his face mask.

BACK TO SCENE

Max comes out of his trance, grabs the severed line.

MAX

No! No!

A VOICE with a German accent comes from the congregated garments.

VOICE

Yes, yes -- welcome aboard!

MAX'S POV

Pitch blackness when his light goes out.

END MAX/AL INTERCUTTING

ANCHOR LINE

Al rapidly ascends adjacent to the anchor line, never touches it. The current takes him still farther from it. It is hopelessly out of reach.

YOGMAN

holds the line, tries and fails to grab Al's fin as he shoots towards the surface without decompressing. Yogman pulls out his regulator, screams into the water.

YOGMAN

Decompress! Decompress!

SURFACE

Al breaks the surface in an eruption of bubbles, fifteen feet off the bow of Lady Luck. The ocean has kicked up, dark waves churn.

BOW OF LADY LUCK - CONTINUOUS

Davenport smokes a cigarette, discards it at the sight of Al Weber.

DAVENPORT

Fuck! We got an emergency!
Sanchez! Curtis! Get over here!

The two men join Davenport, instantly spot Al.

SANCHEZ

Al didn't decompress!

Davenport takes two steps towards the cabin, stops.

DAVENPORT

Shit! Can't move the boat -- two
divers still down!

Sanchez hears Davenport, dives off the bow, swims to Al.

AL

gargles, gags, is tossed by waves. He's joined by Sanchez, who grabs hold of the valve on Al's air tank, kicks madly to bring him in.

STERN - MINUTES LATER

At the ladder, Sanchez removes Al's tank and attachments, lets them drift away. Curtis and Davenport help pull barely conscious Al onto the deck. He's followed by Sanchez.

SANCHEZ

(to Davenport)

You better put in a mayday call.

DAVENPORT

I do that and every fucking diver
within five hundred miles is going
to know this wreck's coordinates --
including Miranski and those
asshole Sea Raider buddies of his!

SANCHEZ

Do it, you fucker, or I will!

Davenport spits, runs to the radio in the cabin. Sanchez and Curtis work on Al. Davenport is heard in the distance.

DAVENPORT

Mayday! Mayday! Boston Coast Guard, this is the Lady Luck. We have a diver with the bends. We need helicopter evac, stat!

Al

At Al's side, Sanchez opens a medical kit, fumbles with and finally opens a bottle of aspirin.

SANCHEZ

(to Curtis)

Get his mouth open! Got to get a bunch of aspirin down his throat somehow. We need water! Curtis!

Curtis freezes. Al, blue, convulses. His mouth suddenly opens, locks, gushes bloody foam. Blood streams from his ears and the corners of his bulging eyes.

Repulsed, Curtis pukes. Davenport approaches, with water, cringes at Al's appearance.

DAVENPORT

I put in the call. By chopper, a round trip gets him into a hyperbaric chamber in over an hour. He'll never make it.

Al stops convulsing, becomes rigid. Davenport and Sanchez observe, sit back, relax for a few seconds. Al reanimates, spews more blood, gurgles a few words.

AL

Max... trapped inside.

SANCHEZ

Al, is Max alive! What about Yogman?

Al is silent, turns still. His eyes are fixed, non-blinking. Davenport, Sanchez and Curtis step away. Curtis goes to his dive gear, picks it up and heaves it over the side of the ship, cries.

CURTIS

Done! Never another dive!

YOGMAN (O.S.)

Somebody give me a hand!

STERN

Sanchez and Davenport help Yogman get up on deck. He sees Al's body, doubles over with grief. O.s., the Coast Guard reply is heard on the radio.

COAST GUARD (V.O.)
Coast Guard calling Lady Luck. We
are in the air, need your
coordinates.

EXT. PIER - EARLY EVENING

SUPER: "BOSTON HARBOR - FOUR HOURS LATER"

The Lady Luck comes to a stop at the pier. Davenport steps off, secures the boat to a cleat. The other divers step off, gear in hand.

SANCHEZ
(to Davenport)
You got Fran's phone number?

Davenport nods, takes out his phone. The other men step away. He finishes his half-pint of rum before calling.

EXT. SUBURBAN HOME - CONTINUOUS

INT. KITCHEN

FRAN WEBER, blonde, in her mid-forties, sets out plates on the kitchen table. Behind her, a covered soup pot on the stove emits steam.

She notices, takes a step towards it, pauses when her phone rings. She pulls it from her apron, answers.

DAVENPORT/FRAN - INTERCUTTING

DAVENPORT
Fran? This is Charlie, Charlie
Davenport.

FRAN
Oh, hi, Charlie. I thought I
recognized your voice, though you
sound a little under the weather.
Say, where are the boys? Dinner
was ready an hour ago... Charlie,
if you took them to that seedy
strip club again, after getting
back, I'll have your hide.

Fran laughs. There is a long pause.

FRAN
Hello? Charlie, are you there?

Davenport can't get the words out. His eyes well up.

DAVENPORT

Fran, nobody's called you yet? Not the Coast Guard? Not the... hospital?

Fran, faint, grabs the back of a kitchen chair for support. Her eyelids flutter.

FRAN

The hospital? Why, what happened?

DAVENPORT

Al... Al died, Fran. He got the bends, real bad. Came right up from over two hundred feet down. Coast Guard sent a chopper, but it was too late. Too late.

Fran hyperventilates, sobs, collapses into the chair.

FRAN

Well, why didn't Max call? Why? Where's Max?

DAVENPORT

Fran, I don't know how to say this, but Max never came up.

Fran's scream is audible on Davenport's phone.

FRAN

That can't be! It just can't be!

DAVENPORT

I'm sorry for your loss, Fran. I really am.

FRAN

Sorry?! But not sorry enough to bring up my son's body?

Davenport cringes, sits on a nearby crate.

DAVENPORT

Fran, no one had enough air.

FRAN

I want Max's body retrieved. I want my son. I can't go on knowing he's down there.

DAVENPORT

I understand, Fran. But this wreck, I have to tell you... you're going to need a diver with special wreck skills. This wreck is a killer.

Fran wipes away tears that continuously replenish.

FRAN

Who? Who'll do it?

DAVENPORT

I'll text you Eric Cage's number.
Eric will bring back your son.

Fran, seated, lowers her head onto her arm, wails. Behind her, the soup pot boils over.

END DAVENPORT/FRAN INTERCUTTING

EXT. STOREFRONT - MORNING

SUPER: "EAST MILTON, MA. - THE NEXT DAY"

Outside the entrance to a retail store, Eric pauses as Urabelle is about to enter. The shop's windows are filled with signs advertising gem stones and minerals with various healing powers. She turns to Eric.

URABELLE

Won't you even come in? No one's going to bite your head off.

Eric sighs, rolls his eyes.

ERIC

You know I'm not into this stuff, Urabelle. Burning incense, crystal power, psychic readings -- those are your obsessions. To me, it's all as phony as Santa Claus.

URABELLE

You're just worried you'll get stuck with the bill. Don't worry, I'm paying for this black tourmaline pendant myself. I just got the advance for my book, remember? C'mon, I'll just be a few minutes. I know exactly what I want.

ERIC

You always do.

He acquiesces; they enter.

INT. STORE - CONTINUOUS

Eric pouts as he follows Urabelle. She walks up to a display of pendants, removes one, shows it to Eric.

URABELLE

This is it, the one I saw on their web site. Beautiful, isn't it?

She dangles it in front of his face. He forces an approving smile, nods.

URABELLE

Black tourmaline, a very powerful crystal. In terms of protection, it is the Kevlar of minerals.

ERIC

Wow. Any peer-reviewed articles on that claim? Or is it 'powerful' just because the owner of the store is stuck with nine dozen in the back room? Look, I survived over two hundred dives in the navy -- without the "Kevlar of minerals."

URABELLE

Cynic.

Eric starts to hand Urabelle some cash from his pocket, but pauses when his phone rings.

URABELLE

Thanks, but like I said, I've got this.

Eric puts away the cash.

ERIC

I'm going to take this call outside.

He heads for the door.

EXT. STORE - SECONDS LATER

ERIC/FRAN - INTERCUTTING

ERIC

Fran, I'm speechless. I dove with Al and Max a number of times. They were solid, disciplined divers, both of them.

Fran, in black, sits at the kitchen table. A middle-aged COUPLE stand in the distance.

FRAN

I never wanted them to dive. Never. This was always in the back of my mind whenever they made plans to go.

Urabelle joins Eric outside the shop. She senses something is wrong, raises her eyebrows.

ERIC
 (to Urabelle)
 Horrible accident. Al and Max
 Weber, yesterday's wreck dive.
 Both gone.

URABELLE
 Oh, my God, no.

Fran sobs.

FRAN
 Eric, Charlie Davenport said you're
 the only one he knows with the
 experience, the skills, to retrieve
 Max's... body.

ERIC
 Fran, I'm not the one. I know
 professional search and rescue
 divers. They'll do it, they'll do
 it right.

FRAN
 I don't want some strangers
 bringing...

She cries.

FRAN
 Hard to say the words.

Eric lowers his gaze.

ERIC
 I know, I know, Fran. I-

FRAN
 And that's it, that's exactly it,
 Eric. You know! You know what
 it's like to lose a son. A
 stranger won't show the same
 commitment you will. You must.

ERIC
 I'm not the-

Urabelle pokes Eric in the ribs.

URABELLE
 Eric! You can't turn Fran down.

Eric, sullen, looks at Urabelle, closes his eyes.

ERIC'S FLASHBACK

Eric performs CPR on his six-year-old son, Ethan, without
 success.

BACK TO SCENE

ERIC

Fran, please give me until
tomorrow. I'll let you know then.

Fran ends the call, stands, walks to the kitchen sink, stares out the window. The middle-aged couple approaches, consoles her.

END INTERCUTTING

INT. ERIC & URABELLE'S HOME - NIGHT

BEDROOM

Eric, in bed, reads a book. Urabelle enters, goes to her side of the bed, gives him a look showing she's perturbed. She gets in bed, turns her back towards him, turns out her night stand light.

Eric reads for another few seconds, puts down the book, turns out his light.

LATER THAT EVENING

Eric awakens in the dark, is restless, looks at his alarm clock.

CLOCK

reads 2:30 A.M.

BACK TO SCENE

He tosses and turns, then quietly gets out of bed, exits the bedroom.

THE HALLWAY

is long, dimly lit by a night light plugged into an electrical outlet.

Eric, half awake, takes two steps, slips, remains upright. He bends, looks down.

ERIC'S POV

The floor is wet. His hand touches a puddle of water. It continues down the hallway.

BACK TO SCENE

ERIC

Crap, not the damn dishwasher
again.

He continues a few steps, suddenly stops.

ERIC'S POV

Two small fish flip and flop in the hallway water outside the entrance to the kitchen.

BACK TO SCENE

ERIC
What the hell?

Eric cautiously walks farther, stops just shy of the doorway to the kitchen, leans forward, peeks in.

ERIC'S POV

The trail of water, now strewn with seaweed, leads to the kitchen table at which Al Weber sits in his dive suit. Al shows considerable signs of decay.

His skin color is pale bluish green. A thin stream of foaming blood drips from the corner of his mouth. He raises a necrotic hand, motions for Eric to enter.

BACK TO SCENE

Eric, horrified, enters the kitchen.

KITCHEN

Eric approaches Al, stops a few feet short of the table. Al's first attempt to speak fails, impeded by a transient flow of blood.

AL
Max... Max is inside the wreck,
Eric. Please bring him up, for
me... for Fran.

ERIC
I will, Al. I'll do it. I'll let
Fran know. Where in the-

AL
This wreck... it's not alone.

Suddenly agitated, Al violently pitches back and forth in his seat. His breathing is labored, irregular.

ERIC
Not alone? I don't understand.

Al raps the table top with his knuckles, gasps, forces out words.

AL
You'll need to look deeper.
Deeper.

ERIC

How?

BEDROOM - HOURS LATER

Eric's eyes shoot open. In bed, he looks at the alarm clock just as it sounds. He immediately turns it off. The sound is enough to wake Urabelle, who rolls in Eric's direction. She sees he's wide awake.

URABELLE

Well? You slept on it.

Eric stares at the ceiling.

ERIC

I couldn't bring back my own son, maybe I can bring back Fran's. So, yeah, I'll do it. I'll call her this morning.

He starts to get up, she pulls him back.

URABELLE

You mean we'll do it.

ERIC

No way. You're sitting this one out. Work on your book.

Urabelle springs on top of Eric, straddles him, goes nose to nose.

URABELLE

Bullshit. You should know better than to try to exclude me, Eric Cage.

She smiles. He relaxes for a second, then responds in kind. Cat-like, he bounds and pins her beneath him. She playfully laughs, then quickly frowns.

URABELLE

What convinced you?

Eric looks away for a moment.

ERIC

It's the right thing to do, and...

URABELLE

And?

ERIC

Guilt over Ethan.

She kisses Eric, then suddenly knots her brow.

URABELLE
You have an accident?

ERIC
Huh?

URABELLE
The sheet at the foot of the bed --
it's sopping wet.

INT. HOME GARAGE - MORNING

SUPER: "THE NEXT DAY"

Paul Yogman pops open the trunk of his car, rummages through the mesh bag he used on the dive. He pulls out the bowl and damaged arm bone, inspects them, proceeds into the house.

INT. HOME - CONTINUOUS

YOGMAN'S POV

He proceeds through a hallway that leads to the living room, enters. His two daughters, DIANE and KELLY, ages five and seven, respectively, noisily play with assorted toys.

KELLY
What's that, Daddy?

BACK TO SCENE

Yogman pauses.

YOGMAN
Oh, just a few things I found on
the wreck.

KELLY & DIANE
(together)
I want to see!

Yogman's wife, BARBARA, o.s., shouts.

BARBARA (O.S.)
I want you all in here right now
for breakfast.

Yogman places the bone on a nearby bookshelf, carries the bowl with him, into the kitchen.

KITCHEN

The girls and Yogman take their seats. The table is set for breakfast. A variety of cereal boxes and a container of milk are on the table. Barbara helps the girls. Yogman sets his retrieved bowl down. Barbara notices.

BARBARA
That the one from this weekend?

YOGMAN

Yep.

He shows her the insignia on the inside.

BARBARA

It's got a swastika on it. I don't like that. You should get rid of it.

YOGMAN

It's a historical artefact. I'm not joining the Nazi party.

He fills the bowl with cereal and milk. Yogman and the girls begin to eat. Kelly and Diane giggle, pick cereal out of their bowls with their fingers. Barbara sips coffee.

BARBARA

Kelly, Diane, use your spoons, and hurry, the bus will be here any minute now.

She sets down her cup, looks at her husband.

BARBARA

It would be nice if you corrected them once in a while.

BARBARA'S POV

Yogman chews, suddenly stops. His expression turns blank.

BARBARA (O.S.)

What's the matter? You look like you found a lug nut in your corn flakes.

BACK TO SCENE

Yogman's face reddens, he pounds the table, scares the others.

YOGMAN

(in German)

Poison! Kessler wanted to poison all of us!

O.s., the sound of the school bus horn. Barbara and the girls go silent, stare at Yogman.

BARBARA

When did you learn German?

O.s., the horn repeats.

BARBARA

Girls, run to the bus.

Kelly and Diane take a step, pause.

BARBARA

I said run!

They comply, exit. Yogman shakes his head, comes out of his trance.

BARBARA

Was that meant to be some kind of joke? What came over you?

YOGMAN

...I don't know.

He looks down at the bowl, starts to touch it, withdraws his hand.

BARBARA

Any idea what you said?

YOGMAN

Some guy, Kessler, trying to poison us.

BARBARA

You, me and the kids?

He pushes the bowl away.

YOGMAN

No, not us. At least I don't think so.

EXT. PIER - DAY

SUPER: "THE NEXT DAY"

Davenport works on cleaning Lady Luck. He sprays the aft deck with a hose, stops, starts to mop. He pauses again, this time for a slug of rum from a bottle he pulls from his back pocket.

ERIC (O.S.)

A little early to be hitting the grog, Charlie.

Startled, Davenport looks in the direction of the voice, takes a second drink. Eric joins Charlie on deck.

DAVENPORT

If I'm awake, it's early enough.

ERIC

Getting ready for another fishing charter?

DAVENPORT

Maybe. Hell, I don't know. Not sure I want to do this anymore. I'm thinking of selling the boat, trying something else.

Eric picks up a rope, winds it.

ERIC

Being a drunkard doesn't pay nearly as much as people think.

Davenport gives Eric the finger, resumes mopping.

ERIC

I spoke to Fran.

DAVENPORT

Yeah?

ERIC

I agreed to find Max, bring him up. Urabelle's coming, too.

Davenport stops mopping.

DAVENPORT

Normally, I'd say talk her out of it, but that would be like asking a hurricane to take a break. I assume you want me to take you.

Eric nods, puts down the rope.

DAVENPORT

Anyone else coming along?

ERIC

I'd like Sanchez and Yogman. I called Tom Curtis. He meant it when he said he was done diving.

Davenport sits on the railing, lights a cigarette.

DAVENPORT

Well, I feel I owe it to Fran and Al and Max, so I'll make the trip -- but there's a problem, in addition to the lousy weather.

Eric steps closer.

ERIC

He knows?

DAVENPORT

Uh-huh. Miranski's got friends in the Coast Guard. It was just a matter of time.

Eric kicks the mopping bucket.

DAVENPORT

Look, I know it's a long shot, but Miranski's boat is only a ten-minute walk down the pier. Maybe we can talk him out of going.

ERIC

When did you become such an optimist?

Davenport flicks away the cigarette butt.

DAVENPORT

I ain't and don't ever tell anyone I am.

Eric smirks.

ERIC

If we can't talk him out of going, we can at least try to convince him to hold off until we find Max.

DAVENPORT

It's worth a shot.

PIER - TEN MINUTES LATER

A light rain falls as Eric and Davenport approach Miranski's dive boat. Its name, Devil-May-Care, is boldly painted on the stern. The boat, immaculate, is considerably larger and more modern than Lady Luck.

A big, tough-looking DECKHAND polishes equipment, looks up, sees the two men, continues his chore.

DAVENPORT

Hey, Hercules, when you're done rubbing your boss's railing, I'd like to speak with him.

Eric pokes Davenport.

ERIC

(quietly, to Davenport)
That's not a good start.

MIRANSKI (O.S.)

Is that Davenport, the ninety-proof sailor -- also known as Captain Shit-faced -- I hear?

DAVENPORT

Yeah, it's me, Miranski. We need a few minutes of your time.

FRED MIRANSKI, six-feet-three-inches of rippling muscles, lumbers out of the ship's cabin, approaches his deckhand, signals for him to make himself scarce.

Miranski sizes up his visitors, runs his catcher's-mitt-of-a-hand through thick, prematurely gray hair. Davenport lights a cigarette, coughs.

ERIC

You're looking fit, Miranski.

MIRANSKI

Ten years of pro football will do that.

ERIC

Canadian league, right?

Miranski nods.

ERIC

Is it true they play two-hand touch, give each other pedicures at half time?

Miranski cracks his knuckles, engages in a habitual flex.

MIRANSKI

What do you two assholes want?

DAVENPORT

Can we come aboard?

They start to step aboard, pause.

MIRANSKI

Only if you want your teeth kicked out.

They back off.

ERIC

It's about the wreck.

Eric places one foot up on the boat's transom, earns a glare.

DAVENPORT

And don't fuckin' ask, "what wreck?" We all know your buddies in the Coast Guard don't take a piss without telling you first.

MIRANSKI

Okay, so what if I know?

ERIC

We'd like you and the Sea Raiders to stay away from it.

Miranski remains stone-faced.

MIRANSKI

Me and the Sea Raiders stay away from an unexplored, unrecorded shipwreck?

He mockingly laughs, spits over the side.

DAVENPORT

It's no ordinary wreck. This one's a killer, already taken two lives.

MIRANSKI

I'm getting a hard-on just listening to you.

ERIC

Miranski, Al and Max Weber died on this wreck. Max is still down there. Al's wife asked me to bring him up. I can't have the Sea Raiders screwing up the site. It might make the retrieval impossible.

Miranski motions for Eric to remove his foot from the transom. He complies, then puts it right back.

MIRANSKI

You don't have a legal claim and getting one would take weeks, so we've got every right to go.

ERIC

It's not that you'll just dive the wreck. Those Sea Raiders make grave robbers look like choir boys.

MIRANSKI

There's nothing wrong with collecting a few souvenirs off a shipwreck.

DAVENPORT

C'mon, everyone knows they take tools and strip everything larger than a button. Bad enough doing that on a sunken freighter, but this is a U-boat and a war grave. You-

Eric coughs, gives Davenport a dirty look, instantly silences him. Miranski claps his hands, smiles and laughs.

MIRANSKI

Oh, so it's a U-boat! Awesome! Way to go, Davenport. Thanks! Now we're definitely going -- ASAP!

ERIC

Shit!

MIRANSKI

Don't get upset, Cage. If we find the kid we'll bring him up.

ERIC

And what, have him stuffed?

Miranski laughs harder, slaps the boat's railing.

MIRANSKI

Hilarious. You two should start your own YouTube channel, call yourselves the Sea Stooges. Now get lost.

Eric and Davenport leave, start walking along the pier, back to Lady Luck.

DAVENPORT

I really screwed that up.

ERIC

Don't hold your breath waiting for me to deny it.

DAVENPORT

Thanks.

ERIC

The only thing we can do is try to beat him out there.

DAVENPORT

I've been looking at the weather.
(he pulls out his phone, checks it)
It sucks for the next two days.
There's even a marine advisory. No one's gonna be going out.

Eric and Davenport stop, give each other a deep stare, a knowing look.

ERIC

Except us.

DAVENPORT

Yeah. Let's go over to Sanchez's dive shop. It's short notice, but he can get everything ready.

ERIC

Call him on the way over, let him know we're coming. We'll need to call Yogman, too.

DAVENPORT
What about Urabelle?

They both grin.

ERIC
Urabelle will be ready to go ten
minutes before I even ask her.

EXT. SANCHEZ'S DIVERS SUPPLY - AFTERNOON

Davenport and Eric enter.

INT. STORE - CONTINUOUS

The well-stocked dive shop is busy. Eric and Davenport work their way to the back of the store.

ERIC & DAVENPORT'S POV

At a counter with an overhead sign reading "SERVICE & REPAIRS," Sanchez talks to a customer who quickly departs. Sanchez spots the two men, waves. He has a look of concern.

BACK TO SCENE

SERVICE COUNTER

Eric and Davenport reach the counter. Eric senses something is amiss.

ERIC
Sorry about rushing tomorrow's
dive, Mike, but Miranski and his
group are itching to get out there
first.

SANCHEZ
I get it, but it's going to be a
bitch of a trip. There's a marine
advisory. (to Davenport) Is Lady
Luck up to it?

DAVENPORT
She'll make it out there if I have
to row.

ERIC
(to Sanchez)
And you've got enough tanks of
tri-mix?

SANCHEZ
Uh-huh.

Sanchez lowers his head, sighs.

ERIC
Something else you want to mention?

SANCHEZ

After you called, I started checking out my gear. I haven't looked at it since... since Al and Max... Well, I- Let me show you.

Sanchez reaches behind, pulls a diver's underwater message slate off a shelf, shows it to Eric and Davenport.

MESSAGE SLATE

Handwritten on the slate, in German, are the words: "BEWARE THE DAMNED."

BACK TO SCENE

SANCHEZ

This is my message slate. I don't speak German, so I used Google Translator. It says, Beware the Damned.

DAVENPORT

Any of your employees got a sick sense of humor?

Sanchez puts away the slate, smirks.

SANCHEZ

They all do, but they knew Al and Max, and I didn't tell anyone we found a U-boat.

A long pause in the conversation.

ERIC

Someone cue the eery music.

SANCHEZ

And did either of you hear from Yogman?

Davenport shrugs.

ERIC

No, why?

SANCHEZ

He had a weird experience, too. Started speaking German when he used the bowl he brought up. He scared his wife and kids half to death. We may need more than diving equipment.

DAVENPORT

I'm not taking out no exorcist on my boat.

Eric lightly raps Davenport in the gut with the back of his hand.

ERIC

Relax, we don't need one, we've got Urabelle.

EXT. PIER - DAWN

SUPER: "THE NEXT DAY"

Under a bleak, threatening sky, Yogman, Sanchez, Eric and Urabelle load gear onto Lady Luck. The boat, tied to the pier, pitches up and down in turbulent water.

SANCHEZ

Christ, if it's this choppy at the pier, I can't imagine what it'll be like out there.

ERIC

(to all)

Where the hell is Davenport?

URABELLE

You'd think the guy who actually owns the boat would show up first.

All heads turn at the o.s. sound of an approaching vehicle.

EVERYONE'S POV

A filthy, blue SUV pulls up, comes to a jerky stop. Davenport exits the vehicle, stumbles toward the boat, boards clumsily.

BACK TO SCENE

SANCHEZ

You're not exactly instilling confidence, Davenport.

YOGMAN

You sober enough to get away from the pier?

Eric charges Davenport, who collapses onto a seat along the gunwale.

ERIC

You're late -- and plastered! What gives?

DAVENPORT

I ain't late! I was here an hour ago! We ain't going no place today!

URABELLE

If you're chickening out, Charlie,
I'll captain the damned boat.

She grabs Davenport's jacket collar with one hand, extends the other in front of his face.

URABELLE

Give me the keys!

He knocks her hands away, barely manages to stand.

DAVENPORT

We're not going nowhere because the ship's been scuttled. Someone came aboard last night and cut the fuel lines, wrecked the distributor.

The others freeze, sulk.

DAVENPORT

I just got back from lookin' for parts, but nobody's open for another couple of hours. Even then, who knows if they've got them in stock? We're fucked for today.

O.s., the sound of of a powerful boat motor. All heads turn.

EVERYONE'S POV

The Devil-May-Care passes dangerously close to the bow of the Lady Luck. Miranski sports a toothy grin, waves. FOUR MEMBERS of the Sea Raiders, lined up, turn away, bend over, drop their pants.

MIRANSKI

If you're looking for something to do today, I hear the circus is in town! They need a few more clowns!

Miranski blasts the ship's horn. His boat turns, heads out to sea.

BACK TO SCENE

Davenport pulls a half-pint of rum from inside his jacket. Eric notices. As soon as Davenport removes the cap, Eric yanks it away, chugs some, then throws the bottle in the direction of Miranski's departing boat.

STERN OF DEVIL-MAY-CARE

The bottle hits the stern, shatters.

EXT. OPEN OCEAN - LATER THAT MORNING

The Devil-May-Care makes slow progress on a boiling sea. Huge waves crest, then crash.

INT. BOAT'S CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Miranski, alone, stands at the wheel, steers. He looks over his shoulder, addresses the SEA RAIDERS.

MIRANSKI

Raiders! Another five minutes, we should be there. Get your shit ready.

SHIP'S STERN

Four Sea Raiders: "DEKE", "TOAD", "GRABBER" and "FREAK". The four, lowly, brutish men check their gear, converse.

Toad, wide-mouthed, short and stocky, finishes a quart-sized bottle of beer, throws it overboard, belches.

TOAD

This is going to be epic! Frigging Nazi U-boat. I'm bringing up two bags of skulls. I can just feel it!

Deke, tall, long-haired, heavily tattooed on the neck, packs a bag with a crowbar and small sledge hammer.

DEKE

Hey, Toad, what are you going to do with all those skulls?

Freak, bearded, with a purple mohawk, pauses from smoking a joint.

FREAK

(to Deke)

Toad's a lonely guy, Deke. He names the skulls after porn stars, then screws the eye sockets. The guy is a regular Casanova.

Toad punches Freak in the arm.

TOAD

I'm no skull-fucker, Freak.

Grabber, wiry, with rodent-like features, sharpens a long, deadly dive knife. He looks up from his task, pokes Toad with the blade's tip.

GRABBER

Liar. I seen you do that, Toad;
the time we went to dive the
Winchester. It's not the type of
thing you can easily get out of
your head.

Freak and Deke laugh. Grabber sheaths the knife, picks up
and tests an underwater chainsaw.

TOAD

Grabber, it was a joke. Okay? I
was drunk to start with and then
Freak dumps crack into my scotch.
Could have happened to anyone.

GRABBER

Yeah, anyone psychotic.

Laughter intensifies, then quickly stops when the four
realize the boat has stopped pitching.

SEA RAIDERS' POV

The ocean has gone flat calm. The sky remains threatening.

BACK TO SCENE

MIRANSKI (O.S.)

This is it. Which one of you
sinners is going to secure the
line?

Toad raises his hand, produces and squeezes a rubber,
skull-shaped squeaky toy.

TOAD

I got it. (looks at the toy)
Raiders, when Bruce Willis here
comes to the top, you're good to
go.

Toad stows the toy, puts on his mask. Grabber repeatedly
revs his chainsaw, raises it over his head.

GRABBER

Raiders! Let's strip this fuckin'
wreck down to its beams!

They cheer. Toad works his way to the stern, jumps in.
(Toad's mask has audio communication.)

BENEATH THE SURFACE

Toad releases some air from his buoyancy compensator, swims
to the anchor line, descends.

MINUTES LATER

He reaches the anchor's place of temporary attachment at the U-boat's stern railing. Toad frees and resets it, firmly. When he pulls out the skull toy from a pocket in his vest, the anchor frees itself.

TOAD
Shit! What the-

Toad grabs the line, sets it again, tugs it twice, is assured.

TOAD
Okay, that's more like it.

Once again, when ready to release the toy, the line dislodges itself. Toad notices, cringes.

TOAD
That's it, now I'm officially
pissed!

Toad angrily grabs the line, secures his fins into an opening in the hull.

TOAD
This time for sure! Toad, one --
wreck, zero.

The anchor line takes on a life of its own, stiffens, pulls out and swings away from Toad.

ANCHOR'S STEEL BLADE

maneuvers, points itself at Toad.

BACK TO SCENE

The anchor accelerates. The blade buries deep into Toad's gut, kills him. Blood escapes, swirls, dissipates. Toad's hand opens, releases the toy. It rises to summon the others.

SURFACE - MINUTES LATER

SHIP'S BOW

Miranski and the Sea Raiders look over the side, await the signal.

THEIR POV

Near the point where the anchor line meets the water, the toy skull pops up.

BACK TO SCENE

MIRANSKI

All right! There it is!

The divers work their way back to the stern, strap on tanks, masks, fins. (Their masks have communication devices, as well.)

STERN LADDER

Deke does an acrobatic dive into the water.

FREAK

Sea Raiders!

Freak jumps in. Grabber revs his chainsaw, dives in last.

BENEATH THE SURFACE

The Sea Raiders descend the line, hand over hand. A torrent of tiny particles, suspended in the water, whiz by.

DEKE

That's one hell of a current.

FREAK

Nothing we can't handle. It'll let up in another twenty feet.

The descent continues. Freak, the deepest of the three, suddenly stops, as do Deke and Grabber.

GRABBER

Freak, what the fuck you stopping for?

Freak points down.

SEA RAIDERS' POV

Toad's body, attached to the wreck by his fins, embedded with the anchor blade, comes into view.

BACK TO SCENE

DEKE

That's impossible. It can't be.

The three swim down to Toad's corpse, inspect.

GRABBER

Now that's what I call the hard way to secure an anchor line. I give Toad points for creativity, though.

FREAK

It had to be the... uh, current.
Right? The current, yeah. A
one-in-a-million accident.

DEKE

Whatever caused it, we should end
the dive now. Let's get Toad back
up and get the hell out of here.

GRABBER

Hey, Deke, are you a fucking Sea
Raider, or not?

FREAK

(to Deke)

You don't want to continue, take
Toad up yourself.

Freak dislodges the anchor from Toad, resets it into the
wreck.

GRABBER

We'll tell you all about it
topside, Deke -- you pussy!

Grabber motions to Freak. They take off, head down. Deke
grabs the valve on Toad's tank, heads up the line.

DEKE

(quietly)

Sea Raiders, more like Sea Idiots.

EXT. CONNING TOWER - CONTINUOUS

Grabber and Freak turn on their head lamps, enter the wreck.

INT. WRECK

In the cramped space leading to the control room, the two
men produce tools, dig into the debris. Grabber immediately
dislodges a skull, proudly holds it up.

GRABBER

Whoa! Freak, check this out. I
got me a U-boat buddy.

Freak turns, shows interest, comes closer.

FREAK

Awesome find, you lucky prick. It
reminds me of your mother. Let's
have a closer look.

As Freak advances, the grouper swims out from wreckage,
joins the two divers, startles them. They fail to notice
the two shadow figures that follow the grouper.

The shadow figures hover above Grabber and Freak, slowly, silently, drift lower, closer.

GRABBER

That is one chunky grouper. I'm picturing him on my dinner plate tonight, with a side of fries.

The grouper, as if understanding the remark, distances itself, turns, flicks its tail. Concurrently, the descending shadow figures envelop the men, are absorbed.

The divers' masks emit a faint green glow. Freak aggressively reaches for the skull.

FREAK

Give me a better look at that!

Grabber pulls it away.

GRABBER

I'm not going to let you steal it from me, you asshole. Find your own damn skull.

The grouper swoops in, knocks the skull out of Grabber's hand. Freak picks it up.

FREAK

Well, well, look what I just found.

Grabber lunges, attempts to get it back. He and Freak tussle, churn up silt, reduce visibility.

BELOW THE DIVE BOAT - CONTINUOUS

Deke, with the body in tow, gets within ten feet of the surface. He fights the current.

BACK TO SCENE

The grouper engages the fighting divers, head-butts Grabber, who disengages from Freak.

GRABBER

I'm gonna fillet that fucking fish right here, right now!

Grabber detaches his chainsaw from his belt, holds it up, revs it. A storm of rust and silt particles swirls about as he slashes at the grouper, without success.

Freak watches, edges towards the exit. The grouper evades a stroke of the saw, charges Grabber, bites on his mask strap. It strips the entire mask from his face. Grabber screams into his regulator.

FREAK

finds the exit, drops the skull, swims out.

BACK TO SCENE

Grabber loses his grip on the chainsaw. Still running, it flips over and over, is intermittently visible in the now thick clouds of silt that are crazily illuminated from the head lamp that was attached to his mask and now dangles from the grouper's mouth.

GRABBER'S BARE FACE

rhythmically emerges from and disappears into the kicked-up silt. The sound of the chainsaw swells and ebbs with each tumble.

On the third emergence of of Grabber's face, charred, emaciated hands tear into it, dig deeply, rip out the regulator. All goes black.

EXT. SHIP'S DECK - DAY (THIRTY MINUTES LATER)

Toad's body lies on the boat's stern deck. Miranski covers it with a tarpaulin. Deke looks over the side, then to Miranski.

DEKE

I see a thin stream of bubbles.

MIRANSKI

It's about time. Is it Freak or Grabber?

Deke looks over the side again.

DEKE

Can't tell... Wait, I think it's Freak.

DEKE'S POV

Freak breaks the surface, comes to the ladder.

BACK TO SCENE

Miranski and Deke get Freak on deck. He looks at Toad's covered body, remains strangely silent, emotionless. He removes his gear, takes a seat.

MIRANSKI

Freak, where's Grabber?

Freak, shell-shocked, says nothing. Miranski pokes him in the shoulder, hard.

MIRANSKI

Asshole, I'm talking to you. I'm in deep shit as it is over Toad's death. One more and I'm going to wind up ending my life coaching prison football -- so talk!

Freak mumbles, mutters, but in German. His eyes squint. He sees something, but it's all in his mind. Deke approaches, listens intently.

MIRANSKI

(to Deke)

What the fuck is he saying?

DEKE

I have no idea, but it's definitely in German.

Miranski, furious, picks up Freak's crowbar, smacks it into the gunwale behind Freak, then hurls it overboard.

MIRANSKI

We gotta head back in -- now!

Deke grabs Miranski's arm.

DEKE

Grabber could be decompressing on the anchor line.

Both men pause. O.s., the sound of the ocean, intense. They look out to sea.

DEKE AND MIRANSKI'S POV

The wind howls amidst dangerous waves. A gray wall of heavy rain quickly advances.

BACK TO SCENE

The two men struggle to remain standing. Freak is oblivious to the tumult.

DEKE

I'm going back in to look for Grabber.

MIRANSKI

In this? That's insane. You'll get your skull cracked on the hull as soon as you get in.

Deke ignores Miranski, puts on gear, heads for the stern ladder. A drenching rain pours down in sheets.

DEKE

I'll go down the anchor line, look for him. If he's not on it, I'll head down farther and detach. Just a couple minutes, I won't need to decompress.

MIRANSKI

It's your fucking funeral, Deke. If you're not up in five minutes, I'm cutting the line and leaving you for dead.

Deke gives Miranski the finger, jumps in.

BELOW THE SURFACE

The current is swift, treacherous. Debris blasts by Deke at hurricane speed. He kicks hard, gets one hand the line, then loses his grip.

Deke goes head-over-heels, kicks, reaches out, regains his grip, gets his second hand on, descends.

BOTTOM OF ANCHOR LINE

Deke looks about.

DEKE'S POV

No sign of Grabber. O.s., the faint grinding, humming sound of the chainsaw is audible.

BACK TO SCENE

Deke disconnects the line, grabs it, ascends.

EXT. SURFACE - MINUTES LATER

STERN LADDER

Deke breaks the surface, battles choppy water. The boat pitches incessantly. He fights to ascend the first rung, succeeds, spits out his regulator.

DEKE

Some help back here! Miranski!
Freak! Somebody!

No one comes to Deke's aid. Waves crash upon him, knock him from the ladder. He falls into the water, struggles, gets back, climbs, reaches the deck level.

DEKE'S POV

Miranski lies face down on the deck, not far from Toad, whose tarpaulin has blown away. Copious blood, mixed with rain water, sloshes on the deck.

Freak is nowhere to be seen. O.s., the sound of the idling engine.

BACK TO SCENE

Deke strips off his tank, mask and fins, races to Miranski, inspects.

MIRANSKI'S BODY

Blood freely pours from a gaping wound in his side. He moans.

BACK TO SCENE

Deke frantically looks about for Freak.

DEKE

Freak, where the fuck are you?

DEKE'S POV

At the bow, Freak emerges from behind a supply bin, goes to the anchor line, cuts it. He turns, races to the stern, knife in hand, high over head.

FREAK

(in German)

Alert, alert! American swine on board! I kill you! I kill you!

BACK TO SCENE

When Freak is within five feet, Deke reaches down.

DEKE'S POV

His hand grabs, picks up, a weight belt. Attached to it are a series of five-pound lead weights.

BACK TO SCENE

Deke snaps the belt as a lion tamer would with his whip. Lead weights smash against the side of Freak's head. He staggers, drops the knife, collapses.

Deke kicks the knife away, stumbles to the ship's wheel, shifts gears, steers.

THE DEVIL-MAY-CARE

fights waves, arcs into a turn towards shore.

BACK TO SCENE

Deke grabs the radio's mic.

DEKE
Mayday! Mayday! Boston Coast
Guard! I repeat - Mayday!

INT. BAR NIGHT

SUPER: "THREE DAYS LATER"

Davenport, Urabelle and Eric sit at a secluded table, sip drinks. Davenport checks his watch.

DAVENPORT
I wish Yogman would show up
already.

URABELLE
Looks who's talking about
punctuality.

ERIC
I hope he was able to get Sanchez
to change his mind. We really need
him.

Yogman shows up, holds a bag. Disgusted, he yanks back a chair, sit with the others.

YOGMAN
Sorry I'm late. Sanchez refuses to
come along. I couldn't convince
him.

URABELLE
Okay, then he's out. We move on
without him. Did he at least offer
to help with air fills and other
gear?

Yogman nods, takes a gulp from Eric's beer. He places it back in front of Eric, who slides it back to Yogman.

YOGMAN
I can't half blame him. He's
spooked and, frankly, so am I.

Davenport taps the bag.

DAVENPORT
What did you bring for
show-and-tell?

Yogman starts to unwrap the item.

ERIC
I called and asked Paul-

YOGMAN
No, you insisted.

ERIC

Okay, "insisted" that Paul bring the arm bone he found. It's got to be returned to the wreck.

YOGMAN

Agreed, but there's been some changes.

Yogman uncovers the bone, sets it on the bag.

BONE

has regrown some sinew and blood vessels.

BACK TO SCENE

URABELLE

My god!

Repulsed, Eric, Davenport and Urabelle look away. A WAITRESS approaches, eyes the bone.

WAITRESS

I'm sorry, but no outside food is allowed-

She realizes it isn't food, is horrified, quickly departs.

ERIC

Shit! Paul, wrap it back up.

Yogman does.

ERIC

It's got to go back, as soon as possible.

DAVENPORT

(to Yogman)

That ain't all you brought up, right? There was a bowl, with a swastika on it.

YOGMAN

Yep. Can't find it. Took the house apart. Nothing. Barbara suggested I ask the girls.

ERIC

What would they want with it?

Yogman bites his lower lip, wipes his sweaty face with a cocktail napkin.

YOGMAN

The girls say they gave it away.

Urabelle pounds the table.

URABELLE

What?! To who?

YOGMAN

Some kid, some boy in the neighborhood. They can't remember his name, or even what he looked like. Never seen him before.

DAVENPORT

You got to get it back.

Yogman puffs.

YOGMAN

Good luck with that. There's thirty kids on our street. What am I supposed to do, go door to door? (he changes his voice) "Excuse me, folks, are there any children in your household who collect Nazi artefacts?"

URABELLE

For now, we'll just have to pray that it eventually turns up, somehow.

DAVENPORT

Moving on, I've been checking the weather. Our best bet is in three days.

ERIC

All right, let's figure on that.

Eric's phone rings. He picks it up, exhales, furrows his brow when he sees who is calling.

FRAN WEBER/ERIC - INTERCUTTING

Fran sits alone on the couch in a nearly dark room.

FRAN

Eric, I don't mean to be a pest, but-

ERIC

Fran, you're not.

FRAN

It's just that it's unbearable -- this waiting. When...

ERIC

The weather's been an issue. Plus, we were delayed when Charlie's boat was-

FRAN

Is that the only damn boat in Boston Harbor?!

Fran punches a pillow.

ERIC

No, Fran, it's not the only boat.

Urabelle rests her hand on Eric's shoulder, shows concern.

FRAN

Well, when? When are you going to go and find Max?

Eric sighs.

ERIC

We can go in three days.

Fran cries, regains control.

FRAN

Three more days of this hell?

Eric looks to Davenport, who checks his phone.

DAVENPORT

(to Eric)

Maybe two, if we're lucky.

YOGMAN

(to Eric, quietly)

Our meeting... with Professor Daniels.

Eric nods.

ERIC

Fran, we'll try for two days from now.

Fran picks up the framed photo on a table next to the couch, longingly looks at it.

PHOTO

taken at college graduation, of Fran, Al and Max.

BACK TO SCENE

FRAN

Thank you.

END INTERCUTTING - FRAN/ERIC

ERIC

All right, I stand corrected.
We're going two days from now.

YOGMAN

That means I've got to reschedule
with Professor Daniels for
tomorrow, if he's even available.

ERIC

That's right. Let him know it's
urgent.

DEKE (O.S.)

I understand you're short one
diver.

Deke approaches the table. All heads turn in his direction.

ERIC

Christ, the sewers must be backed
up again.

DEKE

I deserve every insult you can
throw at me, but I'd still like to
come along.

Davenport picks the stirrer out of his drink, throws it at
Deke.

DAVENPORT

No Sea Raider is coming aboard the
Lady Luck! You fuckers sabotaged
it.

DEKE

I didn't do it, it was Toad.

URABELLE

On his own, or did Miranski order
it?

DEKE

Honestly, I don't know the answer
to that.

YOGMAN

"Honestly?" That's a strange word
coming from a Sea Raider. Must be
painful to even say it. You
scavengers would slit each other's
throats for a brass-plated
doorknob.

Cautiously, Deke takes a seat at the table.

DEKE

Right on all counts. The Sea Raiders are assholes, even the ones who didn't make the last dive. It took me way too long to realize, but I have. After the hell I went through this week, I'm done with them -- forever.

URABELLE

Speaking of which, how's Miranski? From what I heard he barely survived.

DEKE

He lost a kidney and he'll need a cane for the rest of his life.

DAVENPORT

Couldn't happen to a nicer guy. How long the Coast Guard keep you locked up?

DEKE

Less than a day. Freak's prints were on the knife. It didn't take long for him to confess.

ERIC

Why are you so eager to come along with us? You didn't know Max.

DEKE

I didn't, but I knew Grabber since I was a kid. He was no saint, not by a mile, but he had family, too, like Max. I'd like to see if I can find him, for them. Give them peace of mind.

Davenport, downs his drink, leans back, points to Eric.

DAVENPORT

I'm willing to go along with what you decide, Eric, but I'm on record as saying him coming along stinks.

ERIC

Let's put it to a vote. Hands up if you think it's all right for Deke to join us.

At first, no hands go up. Yogman hesitantly raises his, followed by Urabelle. Eric looks at them, raises his. Davenport pounds the table with his fist, grabs and downs Urabelle's drink, scowls.

EXT. WATERFRONT - DAY

SUPER: "COHASSET, MASSACHUSETTS - THE NEXT DAY"

An SUV pulls up in front of a well-kept waterfront residence. Yogman and Eric get out, walk to the front door.

YOGMAN

He said he'd leave the front door unlocked and that we should just come in and make ourselves comfortable.

Eric shrugs, opens the door.

ERIC

A trusting soul.

They enter.

INT. HOME - CONTINUOUS

ERIC'S POV

The home's interior is densely decorated with nautical memorabilia, including a massive ship's wheel and an encrusted, eight-foot anchor.

Large picture windows at the room's rear frame a waterfront view that includes a private, wooden pier.

BACK TO SCENE

The men carefully wend their way around the obstacle course of antiques.

ERIC

Professor Daniels! Are you home, sir?

YOGMAN

Professor, it's Paul Yogman and Eric Cage.

Silence. Eric looks towards the window, points.

ERIC'S POV

A skiff pulls up to the pier. It's sole occupant, in his seventies, wispy white hair blowing wildly, deftly leaps out, secures the craft, jogs to the home, as it starts to rain.

BACK TO SCENE

ERIC

Pretty spry for a man his age.

YOGMAN

Yeah, quite an authority, too, from what I've read. He's written three books on U-boats, travels and lectures extensively.

ERIC

And you said he taught Colonial history at Boston University before specializing in the Second World War.

Yogman nods.

YOGMAN

He's our man.

ERIC

Let's hope so.

The professor enters the room through the back door, acknowledges his guests.

PROFESSOR DANIELS

Gentlemen, my apologies, I hope I haven't kept you waiting very long. Had a devil of a time getting back. The wind was in my favor until the last hundred yards, when a stiff gale suddenly blew up from the south. Tricky, very tricky; I nearly capsized.

YOGMAN

Quite all right, professor, we haven't been waiting long.

PROFESSOR DANIELS

Where are your libations? I purposely left cognac and snifters where you would find them.

Daniels fusses with his unruly, gossamer locks of hair.

ERIC

I noticed, but didn't want to start without an invitation.

PROFESSOR DANIELS

Nonsense!

Daniels strides to the bar, pours three generous glasses of liquor, hands two to his guests. He takes a deep swallow, shudders.

PROFESSOR DANIELS

Ah! That'll melt the ice in my veins. Now, go ahead and pick my
(MORE)

PROFESSOR DANIELS (cont'd)
brain, since that's what you are
here for.

Eric produces a scrap of paper, hands it to Daniels, who studies it.

ERIC
A World War Two U-boat was found at those coordinates. We've checked all public sources and there's no record of any U-boat being sunk anywhere near there. We want to know if you can confirm the find and shed some light on the wreck.

YOGMAN
We're diving it tomorrow.

Daniels lowers the paper, purses his lips, gives Eric and Yogman a quizzical look.

PROFESSOR DANIELS
This all seems rather rushed.

ERIC
It is. We're going out to retrieve the body of a friend who dove that wreck about a week ago.

PROFESSOR DANIELS
Oh, yes, I read about it.
Horrible, tragic -- a father and son lost. The Webers.

Daniels sets down his glass, walks to a nearby bookshelf. Yogman and Eric set down theirs as well, follow.

Daniels starts to remove one of many uniformly bound volumes, pauses, looks at the scrap of paper a second time.

PROFESSOR DANIELS
That's about thirty miles east of Boston, isn't it?

YOGMAN
Spot on, professor.

Daniels gives a self-satisfied smile, removes the volume, flips through its pages, then points behind himself.

PROFESSOR DANIELS
These volumes you see constitute the most complete account of German submarine activity during World War Two. You won't find the likes of it in any library.

Eric runs his hand along the books' spines.

ERIC

Remarkable. And you compiled all this information yourself?

Daniels puffs, quietly chuckles.

PROFESSOR DANIELS

No, heavens, no. They were recovered and translated years after the war's tumultuous conclusion by agents of MI6, British Intelligence. They came my way only two years ago.

YOGMAN

How did you-

Instantly, Daniels clears his throat, aggressively raises a bushy eyebrow, silences Yogman. He then gestures to a nearby table and chairs, to which the men proceed.

PROFESSOR DANIELS

Gentlemen, let's have a seat. My legs aren't as sturdy as they used to be.

They sit. Daniels puts on glasses, flips through pages, reads and mumbles to himself. Eric and Yogman look at each other, not sure what to make of the professor's antics.

Daniels shows interest in a page, slaps it, stops, removes his glasses.

PROFESSOR DANIELS

Either of you ever hear of U-900 and its mission?

They shake their heads.

PROFESSOR DANIELS

No? Not surprising, even I was ignorant of its existence until I received these tomes.

Eric sits closer to Daniels. O.s., the wind shrieks, pounds against the windows. It briefly draws their attention.

ERIC

That's intriguing, professor. What can you tell us?

PROFESSOR DANIELS

A fair amount, actually.

FLASHBACK

EXT. MILITARY HARBOR - NIGHT

SUPER: "JANUARY 1945 - LORIENT, FRANCE"

Without fanfare, an unmarked submarine, painted black, pulls out from a camouflaged slip.

PROFESSOR DANIELS (V.O.)

U-900 was sent out from a port in northern France in 1945. She carried a deadly, concealed cargo: uranium and plutonium from Germany's failed atomic bomb tests.

INT. SUBMARINE - CONTINUOUS

CONTROL ROOM

The ship's captain, HANS KESSLER, sturdy, in his fifties, enters the control room. CREW MEMBERS snap to attention. He proceeds to the chart table, inspects a map.

PROFESSOR DANIELS (V.O.)

The captain, Hans Kessler, was a fanatic's fanatic, who sank forty-two ships in World War One. His nickname was "der Metzger" -- the butcher.

CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS

Alone, Kessler pulls a book off a shelf, opens it. He produces a small knife from his desk, slits the book's binding, pulls out and opens a small envelope. He removes its contents, reads.

PROFESSOR DANIELS (V.O.)

U-900's true mission was known only to Kessler, and he bore full responsibility for successfully carrying it out. It was a suicide mission. Kessler was to blow up his ship, which had been wired with explosives. The explosion was to take place inside Boston Harbor, where it would spread radiation far and wide.

Kessler reflects, then removes a packet of white powder from the same opening in the book. He inspects it.

PROFESSOR DANIELS (V.O.)

To prevent interference from any potential onboard spies, Kessler was to poison the minimal crew and complete U-900's destruction on his own.

U-900'S CONTROL ROOM

SHIP'S PERISCOPE

Kessler peers through the eyepiece.

KESSLER'S POV

A hospital ship bearing the Red Cross symbol traverses the field of view.

BACK TO SCENE

Anxious OFFICERS look at each other in horror.

PROFESSOR DANIELS (V.O.)
It is believed that U-900, en route to Boston, sank a U.S. hospital ship.

KESSLER
(in German)
Fire torpedo!

KESSLER'S POV

The hospital ship, struck by the torpedo, explodes.

BACK TO SCENE

Kessler steps away from the periscope, issues orders.

KESSLER
(in German)
Surface. Kill all survivors.

Officers hesitate, but only for a second, after a withering stare from Kessler.

END FLASHBACK

YOGMAN
The mission obviously failed. What was U-900's fate?

PROFESSOR DANIELS
A complete mystery, I'm afraid. U-900 was ordered not to communicate, lest its location be given away. I can only surmise that Kessler was somehow thwarted by his crew.

ERIC
Were there any survivors from the hospital ship?

The professor solemnly closes the book, taps its cover.

PROFESSOR DANIELS
One. Three days after she was sunk, a fishing boat rescued the
(MORE)

PROFESSOR DANIELS (cont'd)
ship's priest. He witnessed the
slaughter of dozens of other
survivors by machine gun fire, poor
souls.

YOGMAN
A monstrous plot carried out by an
equally monstrous captain.

PROFESSOR DANIELS
Indeed. The priest cursed U-900 as
it slipped back beneath the sea.

Eric places his hand on top of Professor Daniels's, looks at
him intently.

ERIC
What did the priest say?

Daniels reopens the book, finds the correct page.

PROFESSOR DANIELS
"May your bones mingle with those
of The Damned."

Yogman violently pushes his chair away from the table, draws
the other men's attention.

YOGMAN
Sorry.

Yogman returns to the table.

PROFESSOR DANIELS
I seem to have hit a nerve.

Daniels rises, fetches the snifters, returns to his chair.
The glasses are quickly drained.

PROFESSOR DANIELS
I have to say I was initially
curious about your visit. Now even
more.

ERIC
How so?

Daniels runs his finger along the rim of his glass, ponders.

PROFESSOR DANIELS
You're engaged in a search and
retrieve mission. Knowing the
wreck's history really is not
useful for that. U-boat blueprints
are all you actually need and those
are freely available on the
internet.

ERIC

Very perceptive of you.

YOGMAN

I dove the wreck the day Al and Max Weber died. Since then, there have been some rather disturbing... after effects.

PROFESSOR DANIELS

I see.

ERIC

Professor, you mentioned the priest's curse, the part about "The Damned..."

PROFESSOR DANIELS

Yes?

ERIC

Another U-900 diver, Mike Sanchez; he found a message, in German, on his dive slate -- days later.

YOGMAN

Translated, it said: "Beware The Damned."

Daniels is taken aback.

PROFESSOR DANIELS

I could use another drink. How about the both of you?

ERIC & YOGMAN

Yes.

Daniels stands, steps away, brings back the bottle, pours refills that are immediately consumed.

PROFESSOR DANIELS

This is most strange, most strange. Any other bizarre experiences? Mr. Yogman, you said something about disturbing after effects.

YOGMAN

I spoke German the day after the dive.

PROFESSOR DANIELS

What's odd about that?

YOGMAN

I don't speak German. It happened after I came in contact with a bowl I retrieved.

ERIC

And, uh, I had a bizarre dream. At least I think it was a dream.

YOGMAN

That's the first I've heard you mention it, Eric.

Eric grimaces, rubs the back of his neck.

ERIC

Yeah, it was a real beaut.

He looks towards the windows for a few seconds, turns pensive.

ERIC

In it, I had a little visit from Al.

YOGMAN

What?! Where?

ERIC

In my kitchen. In the middle of the night, he was sitting there at the table, in his dive suit, half rotted away. He begged me to find Max. He said the wreck was "not alone," whatever that means. He also said I needed to "dig deeper." Professor, do you have any idea what all these supernatural occurrences mean?

PROFESSOR DANIELS

No, not off the top of my head. It's a bit outside my areas of expertise, but I can say that in my earlier years, when I lectured on Boston's colonial history, I came across many entries in diaries about barbarous acts of cruelty at sea. There may be a connection, but I'd need time to research it. Are you two believers in the otherworldly?

YOGMAN

I wasn't until I dove that wreck.

PROFESSOR DANIELS

And you, Mr. Cage?

ERIC

No, not yet.

PROFESSOR DANIELS

I see. Well, I am intrigued and will begin my research in short order. I'll keep you posted. Oh, one last thing: assuming the wreck is the U-900, I would strongly recommend bringing a Geiger counter. Its deadly cargo may no longer be contained.

EXT. AT SEA - MORNING

(THE NEXT DAY)

Lady Luck fights its way through choppy waves.

ON BOARD

Inside the ship's cabin, Davenport steers, checks the compass. Eric enters. Davenport sees him, takes out a half pint of rum, takes a serious gulp.

ERIC

How much longer?

Davenport holds up five fingers.

DAVENPORT

Deke's wearing his red Sea Raiders wet suit. What balls! I'd like to push that fucker overboard.

ERIC

He didn't mean anything by it.

DAVENPORT

You defending that scumbag?

ERIC

I asked him. It's his only one.

Davenport spits.

DAVENPORT

You're all swallowing his bullshit. You watch him.

Davenport takes another drink.

ERIC

Sounds like that half pint of rum talking.

DAVENPORT

No, but it might be the previous two.

Eric goes wide-eyed, pats Davenport on the shoulder, exits the cabin.

STERN

Eric joins Urabelle, who checks her equipment. Urabelle grabs Eric's hand, shows him her necklace.

URABELLE

I wore my black tourmaline.

Eric gives it a glance, shakes his head, grins.

ERIC

Oh, wonderful. I guess we're all safe now.

She tucks it back into her wet suit.

URABELLE

It's working so far. It got us out here.

DAVENPORT (O.S.)

We're nearly there, people.

Eric and Urabelle look out to sea.

ERIC & URABELLE'S POV

The ocean is calm, sunlight breaks through clouds.

BACK TO SCENE

ERIC

And I suppose your tourmaline improved the weather and sea conditions, too?

Yogman joins Eric and Urabelle, who coyly smiles.

YOGMAN

No, that would be due to the incense Urabelle is burning.

ERIC

What? Where?

Yogman points.

EVERYONE'S POV

In a corner of the deck, an incense burner, protected by life jackets, releases a thin stream of smoke.

BACK TO SCENE

URABELLE

We're going to need all the help we can get.

The threesome quietly laughs, then quickly stops when Deke joins them. He carries a message slate.

DEKE

(to Yogman)

I assume we're teaming up. I don't have communication gear, so I'll be using a slate.

YOGMAN

All right, so will I.

ERIC

Urabelle and I have voice equipment. We'll head down first, secure the line.

YOGMAN

The point of entry is the conning tower.

ERIC

Right. We'll go forward, you go aft. There's no telling where Max could be at this point.

DEKE

Or Grabber.

ERIC

Yes, or Grabber. As soon as you find either one -- it's out and up to your first decompression stop. We don't want to be down there one minute more than we have to.

Urabelle picks up the Geiger counter, tests it.

URABELLE

We were only able to get one Geiger counter.

YOGMAN

Oh, great.

Deke reaches for it; Urabelle pulls it away.

ERIC

Just keep listening. If we get a high reading, I'll bang on the hull three times. That will be your signal to immediately end the dive.

YOGMAN

All right, we'll be listening.

DEKE

Glad I cleaned my ears this morning.

ERIC
(to Yogman)
You bring the bone?

Yogman taps his wet suit, on the chest.

YOGMAN
Yeah, it's right here.

ERIC
Good, put it back where you found
it.

YOGMAN
Gladly.

Davenport joins the group.

DAVENPORT
The anchor's down, Eric. All ready
for you.

Eric nods. Davenport looks over Deke's suit and gear, sneers, then grabs a small crowbar attached to Deke's weight belt.

DAVENPORT
A crowbar? Once a Sea Raider,
always a Sea Raider. (he spits)
All ready to strip off some
souvenirs, make a few bucks on
Ebay, you fuck?

Deke knocks away Davenport's hand.

DEKE
Quit riding me, Davenport! We all
have tools in case of an emergency.
It's no secret. I told you I'm
done with the Sea Raiders and I
meant it.

ERIC
Everybody settle down.

URABELLE
We have a mission. Stay focused on
that. And Charlie, get off Deke's
back.

DAVENPORT
All right, all right.

Davenport waves his hands over his head, turns and stumbles back to the cabin. Eric and Urabelle don their masks, open air valves, head to the stern.

ERIC
(to Yogman)
I'll send up a styro cup when the
line is secure.

Yogman gives the okay sign. Eric jumps in, followed by Urabelle.

BELOW THE SURFACE - MINUTES LATER

Eric secures the line on the stern, releases the styro cup, watches it ascend.

ERIC
Let's head to the conning tower.

They proceed. Urabelle is quick to take the lead.

CONNING TOWER

Eric and Urabelle pause at the opening.

ERIC
Let me lead the way.

URABELLE
What ever happened to 'ladies
first?'

She heads in without waiting for his reply. Eric shrugs.

ERIC
There's just no stopping her.

He follows her in.

INT. LIBRARY - CONTINUOUS

Inside a large university library, Professor Daniels struggles to carry a tall stack of thick volumes. He reaches an empty table, noisily deposits them, groans.

An old man, a colleague, DR. BLOOM, seated in a nearby club chair, is awakened from his snoring slumber. The professors weakly wave to each other.

Daniels takes a seat, opens a book. Bloom goes back to sleep.

BACK TO SCENE

INT. SUBMARINE - CONTINUOUS

Eric and Urabelle turn on head lamps, peruse their surroundings.

ERIC
Cramped as hell in here. I don't
see Max.

URABELLE

Same here. Visibility isn't going to stay good very long with all this silt and rust.

ERIC

Right. We've got a lot of space to cover in a short time. Let's go.

Something catches Urabelle's attention. She reaches down.

URABELLE'S POV

White nylon line is partially covered with silt, tangled in debris. She frees it.

BACK TO SCENE

Urabelle pulls on the line, reveals more. Eric watches.

ERIC

You've got something there and it leads forward. Could be Max's. I've seen him use nylon cord more than once. Let's see where it leads.

Clicking from the Geiger counter is heard.

ERIC

Shit! The Geiger counter. Let me get a reading.

He takes hold of the device hanging from Urabelle's waist, takes a look.

ERIC

About thirty millisieverts, this has to be U-900.

URABELLE

Thirty millisieverts is enough for a heart scan. Nothing to be concerned about -- yet.

ERIC

Keep an eye on it. Let's follow the line, and this time I'm leading.

URABELLE

Okay. Don't let it go to your head.

Eric hands Urabelle the Geiger counter, takes the line, follows it.

EXT. SUBMARINE - CONNING TOWER

Yogman and Deke turn on head lamps, enter.

INT. SUBMARINE - CONTINUOUS

Yogman points to the left, proceeds. Deke follows. The two men move cautiously, sweep the mangled crew's quarters with their lights.

The sought-after bodies are not present. Yogman suddenly stops, grabs his slate, angrily writes, shows it to Deke.

SLATE

The message reads: "I screwed up! I found the bone forward, not aft."

BACK TO SCENE

Deke, shocked, slaps his hand to his forehead, then writes on his slate. He shows it to Yogman.

DEKE'S SLATE

His message: "Return it here. Won't matter. We have to search aft, time limited."

BACK TO SCENE

Yogman acknowledges. He extracts the wrapped bone from his wet suit, unwraps it. Deke, several feet away, observes as Yogman gently sets the bone on the ground, presses hands together in prayer.

Deke looks about. His attention is drawn to something lodged in the debris.

DEKE'S POV

A portion of a skull is close at hand.

BACK TO SCENE

While Yogman prays, Deke unfurls a small, mesh collection bag. He quickly, deftly, picks up and bags the fragment, then slings it behind him, out of view.

Yogman finishes his prayer, motions to Deke. They move on. The grouper squirms out from wreckage, follows the men.

INT. LIBRARY - CONTINUOUS

As Professor Daniels reads and takes notes, Professor Bloom approaches, taps Daniels on the shoulder. Startled, he looks up.

PROFESSOR DANIELS

Professor Bloom, my apologies for disturbing your... (clears throat) sleep research, earlier.

They chuckle.

PROFESSOR BLOOM

Haven't seen you at a faculty meeting in quite some time, Henry. You still plying that skiff of yours in the bay?

PROFESSOR DANIELS

Certainly. Sailing is the greatest of my dwindling list of pleasures.

PROFESSOR BLOOM

How depressing. So, what are you researching?

O.s., a student shushes them. Bloom, chastened, raises eyebrows, lowers his voice, taps a book.

PROFESSOR BLOOM

What's all this then?

Daniels takes off his glasses, twirls them.

PROFESSOR DANIELS

A group of scuba divers, nice chaps, as we speak, is searching a shipwreck for a comrade's body, on what may be the U-900.

PROFESSOR BLOOM

Good lord. Where?

PROFESSOR DANIELS

About thirty miles east.

He motions for Bloom to take a seat. He does.

PROFESSOR BLOOM

A deadly mission, even without the added risk of radioactivity.

PROFESSOR DANIELS

Agreed, but there's another aspect to this story that is deeply troubling. Um, perhaps you can shed some light on it.

PROFESSOR BLOOM

I'd be happy to help, Henry, if I can.

Bloom moves his chair closer to Professor Daniels.

PROFESSOR DANIELS

It deals with the supernatural.
U-900 was cursed by a priest who
survived, after it sank the
hospital ship he was on. His
curse: "May your bones mingle with
those of The Damned."

Bloom's mood darkens. Apparently pained by this revelation,
he briefly looks away, returns his gaze to Daniels.

PROFESSOR BLOOM

Go on.

PROFESSOR DANIELS

On an earlier dive, a number of
strange things occurred. A diver
who spoke no German suddenly did.
And a retrieved bone began to
regenerate sinew and blood vessels.

PROFESSOR BLOOM

What on Earth? You cannot be
serious.

PROFESSOR DANIELS

I kid you not. Lastly, a diver's
message slate spontaneously
generated a warning, after the
dive: "Beware The Damned."

Shaken, Bloom produces a handkerchief, mops his bald head.

PROFESSOR BLOOM

I shudder to even dare think it
possible, but... In the late
seventeenth century, there was a
horrific incident here in Boston
involving a vessel branded (he
raises an index finger) -- yes,
branded, with the name "The
Damned."

Professor Daniels leans back; his eyes bulge.

PROFESSOR BLOOM

A group of at least four men,
acquaintances, were declared by the
local clergy to be satanists --
demons acting as living agents of
Lucifer.

PROFESSOR DANIELS

In reality, who were they?
Political rivals? Distrusted
foreigners?

Bloom looks from left to right, then back at Daniels.

PROFESSOR BLOOM

Neither, they were a truly unholy lot.

PROFESSOR DANIELS

Their fate?

PROFESSOR BLOOM

Ghastly. Bound and gagged they were, on a two-masted ship seared with its new name. The Damned was rigged on a course out of Boston Harbor to the open sea, without a crew. Below decks, barrels of flammable pitch were set to catch fire hours later. A fishing boat, loaded with town elders accompanied The Damned, to make sure the deed was done.

PROFESSOR DANIELS

Any idea where it went down?

PROFESSOR BLOOM

Also about thirty miles out.

Daniels, deep in thought, takes in a long, slow breath, exhales.

PROFESSOR BLOOM

Henry, are you aware of the archaeological phenomenon of stacked wrecks?

PROFESSOR DANIELS

Yes, of course. In waters proximate to busy metropolises, with long histories, it is possible over time, for more than one wreck to occupy the same space. It presents a serious problem to marine archaeologists.

Bloom nods.

PROFESSOR BLOOM

I believe that is precisely what has happened. The priest's curse came to fruition. U-900 is mingled with The Damned. Your diver friends are in extreme peril.

PROFESSOR DANIELS

I need to get word to them.

Daniels closes a book, gathers personal belongings.

PROFESSOR DANIELS

You certainly have been a great help, Bloom. I knew absolutely nothing of The Damned. How do you?

Bloom leans in, whispers.

PROFESSOR BLOOM

I'm a descendant of one of them.

Professor Daniels breaks into a smile, starts to quietly laugh. Bloom places an open palm on Daniels' chest. He instantly turns pale, leans back, dead. Bloom rises, exits.

INT. SUBMARINE - CONTINUOUS

Eric and Urabelle enter the control room, sweep the space with head lamps. He releases the nylon line at its end.

ERIC

No sign of Max in here, either.

URABELLE

Not a lot of debris. You'd think the level of damage would be pretty consistent.

ERIC

Not necessarily.

Eric looks up.

ERIC'S POV

The light from his head lamp illuminates bolted sheets of gray metal, with steel tubing running along their length.

ERIC (O.S.)

That looks like lead shielding over head, with dedicated wiring, probably for-

O.s., the Geiger counter strongly reacts, much louder than before.

BACK TO SCENE

URABELLE

Things are getting hot, Eric.

ERIC

I know, I hear. They must have placed the uranium and plutonium outside that shielding, between the inner hull and the pressure hull.

URABELLE

Along with the explosives. It
could still be functional. Might
be wise to-

ERIC

We're here to find Max and there's
still time.

Urabelle acknowledges, looks about.

URABELLE'S POV

Her head lamp sweeps across and pauses upon a pressure door
that is slightly open.

ERIC (O.S.)

There's another door. C'mon, let's
take a look.

BACK TO SCENE

URABELLE

It's barely open. There's no way
Max's body could have drifted in,
and his line didn't go that far.

ERIC

He might have gone beyond where his
line reached.

The sound of three heavy thuds fills the room, stops the two
divers. They both look towards the door.

DOOR

Three thuds repeat, louder. With each thud, a faint green
glow pulses from behind it.

INT. SUBMARINE, AFT - CONTINUOUS

ENGINE ROOM

Hovering above giant diesel engines, Yogman and Deke pause
at the sound of the second round of thuds.

Yogman writes on his slate, shows it to Deke.

SLATE: "That's the second time Eric signaled."

Deke writes on his slate, shows it.

SLATE: "We're done."

Yogman shakes his head, waves two fingers in front of Deke's
mask.

DEKE
(shouts through
regulator)

No!

Deke kicks, heads for the exit; Yogman follows.

EXT. SUBMARINE - MINUTES LATER

Yogman and Deke exit the conning tower, kick hard in the strong current, reach the anchor line. Hand over hand they ascend to, and stop at, their first decompression stop, marked with a red pennant.

INT. SUB, CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Eric and Urabelle cautiously proceed towards the pressure door. Geiger clicks persist.

ERIC
You should go out and up. I can
handle this.

URABELLE
Eric Cage, who do you think you're
talking to? You can't be talking
to Urabelle Jones.

He takes hold of her arm.

ERIC
I am, and I mean it. I lost Ethan;
I can't lose you, too.

She gently removes his hand from her arm.

URABELLE
We're partners, through everything.

He acquiesces. They proceed, reach the door, try to open it. With considerable effort they expand the gap wide enough to squeeze through, Eric first.

They enter the next compartment. Several undulating shadows subsequently slip by, unnoticed, into the control room.

NEXT COMPARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Eric and Urabelle, stunned, look about. Eric's regulator falls out of his mouth. He quickly reinserts it. Their breathing rates increase.

ERIC & URABELLE'S POV

The compartment is the interior of a wooden 17th century ship. Charred wooden beams lie about the enclosed space.

The rays of light from head lamps sweep over barrels, chairs, ladders and crates, all evidencing fire damage.

BACK TO SCENE

Eric and Urabelle advance slowly, take it all in.

URABELLE

Am I dreaming this? Is this a breathing gas hallucination?

ERIC

Not possible for both of us to have the same hallucination. Besides, we're breathing tri-mix. I saw Sanchez fill the tanks.

They move about, inspect wreckage.

URABELLE

Then what is this?

ERIC

It's not a new addition to Disney's Pirates of the Caribbean.

URABELLE

Eric.

ERIC

I think I know, but I've never seen it outside of the Mediterranean: commingled wrecks, also called stacked wrecks. When U-900 hit bottom, it must have plowed into an old, wooden wreck in the same spot.

URABELLE

Maybe we should take an artefact, for dating purposes.

ERIC

No way. It's linked to U-900, part of a war grave.

A chiming sound is heard. Urabelle looks at her dive computer.

URABELLE

My air alert. I must be breathing faster than you. How can that be? I always breathe slower. A little under ten minutes left until decompression. Cutting it close. How about you?

Eric checks his computer.

ERIC

Competitive, even inside a wrecked, radioactive sub, wired with

(MORE)

ERIC (cont'd)
explosives, two hundred feet down.
I have to say, you are consistent,
Urabelle.

Eric's computer chimes.

URABELLE
Good, your air alert, too. Then
we're just about even.

ERIC
I am so glad you're pleased. Look,
there's no sign of Max. Let's head
back to the control room.

URABELLE
Good idea.

They start to head back.

ANCHOR LINE - CONTINUOUS

Yogman and Deke, nearly eye-to-eye, cling to the anchor
line. Drifting particles, by the thousands, rush by.

Yogman scribbles on his slate, shows it to Deke.

SLATE

reads: "Ten more minutes, then up to next stop."

BACK TO SCENE

Deke acknowledges. The grouper from the sub passes ten feet
behind him, gains Yogman's attention. He points to it.
Deke twists, cranes his neck, sees it.

The large fish maintains its distance, circles the divers
several times before closing in. Yogman remains passive.
Deke, agitated, swings at the fish when it gets within arm's
reach.

A second swing exposes Deke's back. Yogman looks; something
catches his attention.

YOGMAN'S POV

The small, mesh collection bag containing the pilfered skull
fragment dangles in the current.

BACK TO SCENE

Yogman, furious, pulls off the bag, raps on Deke's tank,
hard. Deke pivots, faces Yogman. A faint, green glow
illuminates Deke's face, now contorted with rage.

Yogman shoves the skull in front of Deke's face. Deke grabs
hold of it. The two divers struggle for the object while

the grouper circles.

Deke gains control of the fragment, smashes it into Yogman's face plate, shatters it and the artefact. Instinctively, Yogman's hands go to his face.

He drifts from the line, desperately reaches, gets two fingers back on it.

Deke draws his long, serrated dive knife, slashes Yogman's buoyancy compensator, releasing a torrent of bubbles. A second slash cuts off Yogman's grasping hand behind the knuckles.

The hand fragment continues to cling to the line. The rest of Yogman quickly drifts down and away.

DEKE'S POV

Yogman's body fades into blackness, disappears. The grouper pursues it.

INT. SUB, CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Eric and Urabelle re-enter the control room from the older wreck. They look to their sides, then straight ahead, stop cold.

ERIC & URABELLE'S POV

Hans Kessler's garments finish coalescing, as they did the previous time. Black eels squirm and wriggle inside them. Standing ominously behind him are the ANIMATED CORPSES of three crewmen, faintly glowing green.

KESSLER

You are aboard U-900. Who are you?
What is your purpose?

BACK TO SCENE

ERIC & URABELLE

shell-shocked, stare at each other.

ERIC

(to Urabelle)

This is your department.

URABELLE

Right you are.

BACK TO SCENE

URABELLE

Who do we have the pleasure of
addressing?

URABELLE & ERIC/KESSLER - INTERCUTTING

KESSLER

I am Captain Hans Kessler of the Deutsche Kriegsmarine -- the German Navy.

URABELLE

And behind you?

KESSLER

These are some very special comrades, here to help. I must thank you and your fellow diver for releasing them from the neighboring wreck. Now, to repeat myself, something I rarely do, state who you are... and your purpose!

Kessler's form expands, grows more threatening, as the eels become more active.

URABELLE

We're search and rescue divers, here to recover the body of a friend.

KESSLER

Ah, the recent young addition to this unintentional... (looks about) mausoleum, no doubt. And you are not here to collect the bones and possessions of my crew, to display in your home as curiosities, ornaments or trophies?

ERIC

No, not us. Some did, before. It was wrong and we returned one today.

Kessler, enraged, bellows.

KESSLER

Lies! As we speak, more is taken!

URABELLE

(to Eric)

Deke!

END INTERCUTTING

EXT. ANCHOR LINE - CONTINUOUS

Deke clings to the anchor line, checks his dive watch. The current grows stronger; he strains to hold on. The green glow in his face fades, disappears.

He breathes a sigh of relief, looks off into the distance.

DEKE'S POV

Fifty feet away, something reddish, indistinct, comes closer. It appears to change shape in the murky, turbulent water.

BACK TO SCENE

Deke can't take his eyes off it. For a second, he does, looks up.

DEKE (V.O.)

Still can't surface.

His gaze returns to the advancing, mysterious object. He draws his knife, squints to ascertain the threat.

DEKE'S POV

Much closer, the object tumbles as it advances. It's the body of a diver, partially eaten, now carrion. Tears in a red dive suit, bitten away, reveal bone and torn flesh turned stark white.

One arm is gnawed off at the elbow, the other holds a chainsaw that comes to life, revs loudly.

BACK TO SCENE

Deke screams; the regulator drops from his mouth.

DEKE

Grabber!

Now upon him, the body of Grabber tumbles one last time. The blade of the chainsaw tears into Deke's collar bone, shatters it, digs deeply, down to his ribs.

Blood gushes into the water, turns brown, swirls away, disperses. Released from the anchor line, Deke's body, along with Grabber's, is swept away. Together they disappear in the ocean's vastness.

ANCHOR LINE

The grouper ascends, reaches the point where Yogman held on, inspects the hand fragment. It swims around it twice, bites it off, swims away.

INT. SUB, CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

ERIC & URABELLE/KESSLER & HELPERS - INTERCUTTING

KESSLER

The diver you seek is here.

Kessler raises an arm. It prompts one of the animated corpses to move a nearby, crumpled tarpaulin. Removed, it reveals Max's body, still in its dive gear.

The body is brought to Kessler's side.

KESSLER

I've always lived by the credo, 'an eye for an eye,' and sometimes a great deal more.

A shadow figure, larger than previous ones, envelops Max's body, is absorbed. He becomes animated, but not as Max. It is now a seething, brutish, demonic thing that glows red. It growls.

Max will now be referred to as MAX/DEMON.

KESSLER

If the living can justify stealing from the dead, then the dead may lay claim to those who lose their lives while grave robbing. It is only fair. He will be instrumental to us in completing our missions.

ERIC

Missions? I only know of one mission.

Kessler approaches Eric, goes face-to-face.

KESSLER

How do you know of my mission?!

URABELLE

(quietly)

Oh, boy.

MAX/DEMON

Enough talk!

END INTERCUTTING

MAX/DEMON

raises both hands high, clenches fists, glows still brighter. The water in the control room turns clear, the room brightens.

The three crewmen take positions at the ship's controls. Max/Demon joins Kessler, Eric and Urabelle.

MAX/DEMON

In truth, there is only one mission, a shared mission: unholy vengeance.

URABELLE

What are you avenging?

The ship stirs, rumbles.

SHIP'S CONTROLS

Long-dead lights flicker. Instruments noisily rejuvenate.

CREWMAN #1 (O.S.)

It comes to life!

BACK TO SCENE

The water level in the control room lowers.

MAX/DEMON

In 1693, Boston elders captured,
sentenced, tortured and incinerated
us four, at sea. We swore
revenge... and waited. Now we
finally have the means to punish
their descendants.

Max/Demon joins his fellow crewmen, directs them at their tasks. The sub creaks and shakes.

EXT. SUB - CONTINUOUS

The U-900 slowly rises, stern first, from its rocky surroundings, sends up plumes of silt.

STERN

The anchor line to Lady Luck snaps.

EXT. SURFACE - CONTINUOUS

ON BOARD THE LADY LUCK

Davenport looks over the side. The ship suddenly jerks.

DAVENPORT

Christ! What was that?

He runs to the anchor line, pulls. It comes up without resistance.

DAVENPORT

The anchor line snapped. Shit!
Where is everyone?

INT. SUB CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The water level is now only knee high. The sound of rushing air is heard.

ERIC

We're pressurizing.

The clicking of the Geiger counter continues, draws Kessler's attention. He points at the device.

KESSLER

The presence of your Geiger counter
-- it tells me you are fully aware
of U-900's mission.

Eric turns it off. Max/Demon joins the threesome.

ERIC

I do, but we only came to bring
back our friend. U-900's mission,
to blow up inside Boston Harbor,
is... irrelevant.

KESSLER

Irrelevant?

MAX/DEMON

Kessler, kill them both now!

KESSLER

(initially to Max/Demon)
Not yet. (to Eric) Why?

URABELLE'S

eyebrows jerk upwards, evidence curiosity over Eric's
remark.

BACK TO SCENE

ERIC

...Because Germany won the war.

The ship shudders. O.s., the sound of engines humming.

EXT. SUBMARINE - CONTINUOUS

Fully extricated, the sub maneuvers, advances upward.

BACK TO SCENE

KESSLER

Won? In what year?

MAX/DEMON

Don't listen to him!

Max/Demon attempts a backhand swing at Eric, who ducks,
evades a second swing.

ERIC

1947. Germany's long-range missile
program turned the tide. (Eric
evades another swing) The Allies
surrendered. There are twenty

(MORE)

ERIC (cont'd)
 thousand German troops stationed in
 Boston. (evades one more swing) If
 you complete your mission, you
 slaughter your own countrymen!

Max/Demon's last swing makes contact. Eric crumples,
 struggles to his feet. Urabelle goes to his aid.
 Max/Demon's anger intensifies, his glow heightens. He
 glares at Kessler.

KESSLER
 Germany won... We won the war.

Kessler gives a Nazi salute.

MAX/DEMON
 That doesn't change my mission,
 Kessler! Boston must pay for what
 it did to me and the others (points
 to his compatriots) -- with blood!

URABELLE

digs into the top of her wet suit, pulls out the necklace
 chain bearing the black tourmaline crystal. Eric notices.

EXT. OCEAN SURFACE

U-900 breaks the surface, near Lady Luck.

ABOARD LADY LUCK

Davenport witnesses the sub's rise, is astounded, knocks his
 cap off.

DAVENPORT
 Jesus H. Christ! What the fuck is
 happening?!

He observes as the sub passes, plows through the sea.

DAVENPORT
 They could be aboard -- I've got to
 follow.

Davenport races to the cabin, starts the engine.

INT. SUBMARINE - CONTINUOUS

CONTROL ROOM

KESSLER
 (to Max/Demon)
 I am the captain. This mission is
 to be aborted, at once.

Kessler moves to the sub's dive controls, engages the demon
 working them. They battle. Kessler subdues the corpse.

Max/Demon, distracted by the event, turns his head towards them, away from Eric and Urabelle.

URABELLE

snaps the crystal off the chain, makes eye contact with Eric.

URABELLE

(quietly)

You believe in the supernatural now?

ERIC

I'm coming around.

URABELLE

I need to get this crystal down
Max's- Look out!

BACK TO SCENE

Eric turns in Max/Demon's direction just as he grabs Eric by the arm, jerks him upwards so they are eye-to-eye.

MAX/DEMON

You cannot stop the inevitable.

URABELLE

slips the crystal into Eric's free hand.

BACK TO SCENE

ERIC

And you really underestimate
Urabelle.

Eric jams the crystal into Max/Demon's mouth, pushes up on his lower jaw. Urabelle springs at his legs, topples him.

Together, the two hold struggling Max/Demon down. His glow fades. He silently returns to Al Weber's peaceful, deceased son. Urabelle's eyes dart about. She takes in the situation.

URABELLE

We've got to get him off the sub
while we have the chance.

Eric and Urabelle look in Kessler's direction.

ERIC & URABELLE'S POV

Kessler engages the remaining two possessed cadavers. He kicks, slashes them to ribbons with a nearby jagged, metal shard.

URABELLE
Germany won the war?

ERIC
I bet that Kessler hadn't heard the bad news.

URABELLE
Clever. Oh, by the way, you owe me a black tourmaline necklace.

ERIC
I knew I was going to have to pay, eventually.

INT. U-900 CONTINUOUS

Kessler pushes the sub to its limit, presses hard on the dive plane.

KESSLER
Germany won... I can rest.

EXT. OCEAN SURFACE

The U-900 submerges.

BELOW THE WATER

U-900 accelerates, descends. At full speed, it smashes back into the rocks where she originally lied. U-900 and the remains of The Damned are obliterated.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

SUPER: "ONE WEEK LATER"

Two head stones, side by side, on a sunny day.

One head stone bears Al Weber's name. The one next to it is engraved with Max's. An abundance of fresh flowers cover the new grave.

GRAVESIDE

The ceremony has just concluded. A PASTOR shakes Fran's hand, hugs her, consoles MOS, then departs. Other ATTENDEES offer similar condolences, go on their way.

Eric, Urabelle and Davenport approach Fran. She hugs them individually, wipes away tears.

FRAN
This was the type of service I wanted for Al, but he stipulated in his will that his funeral was to be immediate and private.

ERIC
We understand.

FRAN
There are no adequate words for
what you all did.

Fran cries, regains control. They all walk away from the
grave, quietly proceed.

ERIC
That's okay, Fran. I'm glad we
were able to help.

URABELLE
You'll have peace of mind now.

FRAN
For Max, yes, but I feel so much
guilt over Paul Yogman losing his
life trying to bring back my son.

DAVENPORT
Paul was a brave guy. He'll be
missed.

FRAN
I don't know how his wife, Barbara,
found the strength.

They reach Fran's car. She gets in, starts the motor.

URABELLE
Strength? Strength to do what?

FRAN
Two days ago, she came to the
house, told me she couldn't come to
the funeral, then gave me
something. A memento. She knew
how much Max loved wreck diving.

ERIC
What was it?

FRAN
A bowl. The German bowl from the
sub. The one Paul retrieved. She
suggested it be buried with Max.

Eric, Davenport and Urabelle momentarily look back towards
the grave.

URABELLE
And did you?

FRAN
Of course. How could I refuse?
Why do you look so surprised?

ERIC

It's just that I was under the impression it was lost -- that Paul's daughters had given it away to a stranger.

FRAN

Barbara thought that, too, but it turned up. The girls had just hidden it. You know how kids can be. Thank you all again.

Fran drives off.

ERIC

C'mon, I want to go back to the grave.

Surprised, Urabelle grabs his arm.

URABELLE

Eric? You're the one who has always said grave sites are sacred.

ERIC

Just to look.

GRAVE SITE

The three of them stand by the grave, thunderstruck.

THEIR POV

The flowers on the grave are already withered, black and dead.

INT. ERIC & URABELLE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

While Urabelle sleeps, Eric turns and tosses. He checks the alarm clock, moans, puts it back, rolls towards Urabelle, then back towards his night table, freezes.

ERIC'S POV

Ethan, as he was at age six, dressed neatly, stands by the edge of the bed.

ERIC POV/ETHAN POV - INTERCUTTING

ETHAN

Hi, Dad.

A tear rolls down Eric's cheek.

ERIC

Ethan? How?

ETHAN
I miss you, Dad.

ERIC
I miss you, too, Ethan. Son, you
have to know: I tried, I tried so
hard to save your life -- and I
failed.

ETHAN
I tried to save Grandpa and I
failed. We tried our best, Dad.
That's the most anyone can do.

Ethan's hands are behind his back. He giggles.

ERIC
What's so funny.

ETHAN
I got you something.

ERIC
What?

END INTERCUTTING

Ethan backs away, laughs, exits the bedroom, does not reveal
the present. Eric gets out of bed, follows.

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

Eric sits at the table, motionless, dazed. Urabelle, in her
night clothes, enters.

URABELLE
At least one of us slept. I-

Urabelle stops mid-sentence, stares at the table.

TABLE

The German bowl sits on the table, in front of Eric.

BACK TO SCENE

URABELLE
You mind telling me how that got
here?

ERIC
I had a visit... from Ethan, last
night.

Urabelle goes to Eric, hugs him.

ERIC

He said he knew there was something
I wanted very badly, but couldn't
get, so he got it for me.

URABELLE

And what are you going to do with
it?

Eric finally looks at Urabelle.

ERIC

Exactly what Ethan told me to do.

EXT. PIER - MORNING

On a calm, clear day, Eric, bowl in hand, steps onto the
Lady Luck. The ship's engine starts. Black smoke billows
from the exhaust. She pulls away from the pier, heads out
to sea.

FADE OUT:

THE END

