

TREACHEROUS DEPTHS

By

JON D JEDLISKOWSKI

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Jon D Jedliskowski

FADE IN: ACT 1

EXT- SAN FRANCISCO INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT TERMINAL. DAY

737 touches ground and taxis to gate in Terminal B.

INT. AIRPORT TERMINAL

Passengers are exiting the aircraft on the jet way. One of the last passengers exiting the jet way is a distinguished looking, middle-aged man with silver white hair. The expression on his face is solemn. He is well dressed and carrying an expensive leather briefcase. The man goes by a nickname of LARK.

SOUND- PA SYSTEM VOICE (OFF)
*Welcome to San Francisco
International Airport.....*

A young attractive stewardess, probably half his age, brushes past him, seemingly in a hurry. Lark stops dead in his tracks to admire her attributes.

INT. THE AIRPORT CAFE

Lark makes his way into a small café, orders a coffee, removes a newspaper flier from a rack, and sits down with both items. He flips to the back pages, where services for the seedier side of our society are advertised in full color. He whips out his cell phone and dials a number from one of the provocative ads.

OPPOSITE END OF THE SAME CAFE.

JACK BUCHINO, late thirties or early forties, only his backside visible to us, steps into the cafe and does not take his eyes off of Lark. He flips his cell phone open at the same time Lark is using his, making himself home at a corner table close to the window.

FEMALE VOICE (OFF)
Hello..?

JACK
Hello, hello....it is me.
(Short silence on the other
end)
I said it is me. Anyone Home?

(CONTINUED)

FEMALE VOICE (OFF)
Hey...where are you? Chicago?

JACK
No baby, I told you he was coming from Chicago to San Fran. I'm in San Fran. At the airport.

FEMALE VOICE (OFF)
Oh.

JACK
Yeah, I followed Mr. LARK here. My sources in Chi-Town tell me he's got some gigs here. I don't know what, but it don't matter, because he's not gonna make anything under my watch (chuckles). This is a done deal babe. Big expense coming here, and I'm not going back with nothing accomplished but a change in underwear. Understand?

VOICE (OFF)
*.....yeah. Yes. Just
be careful, would you?*

JACK
Like a viper. Just think of this as closing an episode in your life. It's been real comical, watching him eyeballing' every broad around.

FEMALE VOICE (OFF)
Huh.

JACK
And now I got'em in a corner, browsing through some rent a titty mag, we caught him in a desperate moment.

Lark tosses the newspaper into a nearby trash can, finishes his coffee off, and exits the cafe in a hurry.

EXT- AIRPORT PARKING LOT. ONE HOUR LATER.

Lark removes himself from a rented SUV next to a sports car that has just pulled over onto a curb. An attractive woman, somewhere in her twenties and attired in a flashy outfit, not quite that of a prostitute, but suggestive enough, gets out of the vehicle and approaches Lark.

EXT. AUTOMOBILE A HUNDRED YARDS AWAY IN ADJACENT PARKING LOT

Jack Buchino witnesses the entire scene with Lark and the 'Call Girl' through his binoculars. When the young woman gets in the opposite end of Lark's SUV, Jack puts his binoculars off to the side and starts his car.

INT. MOTEL ROOM

Lark is under the sheets with the woman. He is breathing and panting rather heavily upon completion of their lovemaking, while her disposition reflects boredom.

Lark catches his breath before finally sitting up on the edge of the bed, looking down. The girl sits up on her side as well, facing away from him, proceeding to place her clothes back on. Lark continues to stare into space a few moments more, without moving. The girl is back into her skirt within seconds. Lark manages to slide into his boxer shorts.

SOUND

The door to their secluded location creaks open, like an old door to a haunted house.

CALL GIRL

What's that?

SLOW MOTION

Naturally, Lark turns in the direction of the door, then back down onto the floor, where his clothes lie. He reaches down and removes a revolver from the stack of garments, and makes an ill-fated attempt to get a shot off at the intruder.

A hand wearing a leather glove has opened the door. The hand carries a gun with a silencer attached.

The hand pulls the trigger.

Four shots are unleashed into LARK at point blank range. His body is retracted against the night stand, knocking the lamp to the floor, smashing it.... ..resulting in complete darkness.

The 'call girl' screams.

EXT. SEVERAL WEEKS LATER -SOMEWHERE OFF THE EAST FLORIDA COAST - DAY

ZOOM FROM ABOVE

A 40 foot sport boat known as THE SEA BEAST, lies still on a beautiful, sunny day in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean.

SOUND

Piercing gunshot fired into the open air.

EXT. BOAT DECK AREA

Four SCUBA Divers fully attired in their gear make backward flips from the both the port and starboard sections of the boat and into the water.

ECU - CAPTAIN MORTON

The Gruff, weathered looking, fifty-something man who had just fired the gun is CAPTAIN MORTON, owner of the marine vessel SEA BEAST. Morton releases an obnoxious laugh as he lowers the gun and peers into the cabin at his assistant dive master, SIMON. Simon is a hefty, balding fellow in his forties.

MORTON

What did you do with those numbers?

Simon turns around and reaches into a small duffel bag. He removes a wrinkled slip of paper and hands it to Morton.

MORTON

We'll hover over it after the last dive. See if Nolan's screwball ass knows what he's talking about. Or if he's just tryin' to get me back for chasin' his fishermen away all the time.

EXT. DAY. PARKING LOT OF A POPULAR NIGHT LIFE SPOT.

Jack Buchino has removed himself from a sports car in a parking lot to a popular cigar lounge in this Florida Coastal city. We only see his backside again. He removes a pristine cigar from his shirt pocket, ignites a flame from a gold chromed lighter with exotic Asian designs and lights the cigar, blowing funnels of smoke in several directions from his nostrils and mouth. (CU).

INT. THE DRY DOCK LOUNGE

The backside of Jack Buchino enter the room labeled VIP lounge. He plops his rear side into a leather chair. The room has posh settings and scantily clad young ladies serving well-dressed men and couples.

CHARLENE HOLTZ is one such woman working as a server. She is in her twenties, very petite and shapely. She takes notice of Jack making himself comfortable in the lounge. She immediately halts her conversation with the lounge bartender to make her way over to him.

CHARLENE

Welcome back.

JACK

Been away, now I'm back. How about a Jack(laughing)?

She releases an uneasy smile, and turns to service the order. Jack's hairy hand lightly, but somewhat firmly seizes Charlene's hand. She stops, turns, and grits her teeth.

JACK

That's somewhat of a frosty welcoming for a reliable benefactor. At least if I had to label it. Baby.

She makes the eye contact with him, very uncomfortable, silent. Jack Buchino stands up, and his face is revealed. Fortyish, clean shaven, dark thinning hair, open collared shirt with a gold necklace. He positions himself closer to her, runs his fingers up her arm seductively, and lightly makes a circle around her lips with his tongue.

JACK (cont'd)

I feel so much more comfortable in warmer climates....

CHARLENE

Sorry.....just having a busy afternoon....you know.

FLASHBACK INT. EVENING. TWO WEEKS PRIOR.

Smokey bar and lounge, weeks before, Captain Morton, cigar in mouth, sits on a bar stool next to fishing charter CAPTAIN NOLAN, a face and presence we do not see. Morton removes the cigar from his lip and sets it in an ashtray.

(CONTINUED)

NOLAN

Those coordinates, 3 miles and a quarter maybe from *Mary Louise*. Southeast. The boys faired okay there. Swells started picking up about 5, had maybe 15 knots. Flipped her around 180, started to head back, that first mile, I dunno, I was doin' no more than 15 I Imagine, when there it showed up. On my GPS.

Silence as both men suck on their cigars. Morton's eyes are penetrating.

MORTON

Tell me more good shepherd.

NOLAN

I checked the markers, read the documents, even inquired with some of the others. Nuthin'. It's confirmed, nobody knows what it is, it's unmarked.

Captain Nolan slams a pad of paper with Latitude - Longitude figures on the bar in front of Captain Morton. Morton slowly picks it up and reads, then his eyes wander over to his buddy.

NOLAN (cont'd)

It's yours. Have you frogmen check it out. Rests anywhere between 180 and 200, I think.

MORTON

That's the shelf.

Nolan nods. Morton folds paper in hand and places in shirt pocket. Reaches over and places cigar back in mouth.

EXT. DAY. CAPTAIN MORTON'S DIVING CHARTER - ON BOAT

On the surface of the water, 10 ft from the boat, an orange safety sausage (air-filled tube) stands erect in the water, normally a sign that a diver may be in trouble.

SIMON

Sausage up Captain!

Morton leans closer to the starboard side.

(CONTINUED)

MORTON

Damn close.....get ready to gear
up!

Simon removes his gear bag from the lower cabin and brings
out on deck.

EXT. UNDERWATER

Forty-Something Divers STEVE COLE and RON MURPHY are
swimming on the deck of the MARY LOUISE shipwreck, a World
War II era freighter that mysteriously sunk during that time
period. Visibility is a pleasant 80 feet. Steve lowers
himself to an open shaft in the center of the deck, turns on
his flashlight, and makes his way to a darker corridor
below. He stops at a crevice, no more than three feet wide,
and beams his light to the inner guts of the ship:

A variety of sea life acts as guardians to this portion of
the shipwreck. Steve shines his light on every corner,
observing all of the life.

Steve peers up at Ron, who is hovering above the shaft
entrance. Steve gives him the thumbs up sign, and begins to
make his way out of the lower corridor. Outside of the
shaft, Ron shows Steve his gauge readings indicating he is
running low on air. Steve gives him an OKAY signal and they
exit. Ron makes his way to a thick rope attached to the bow.
He looks back at Steve, who is swimming over the edge of the
bow and making his way below. Ron slowly makes his way up,
not taking his eyes off of Steve.

STEVE COLE POV

Steve's attention had been diverted by a 'collection' of
rubble on the sea floor, 25-30 yards from the wreck site.
The clearest object at distance was a mangled boot. He
seizes the boot, worn and tattered from the salt water. With
the hand, he clears away old broken seashells, rocks, broken
coral, wire. Next to that a mangled cap. The grip of a
knife, with no blade. Two old wine or liquor bottles. A
comb. And more rocks and shells.

END OF POV

Steve looks above, and sees Ron ascending further to the
surface. He removes a yellow mesh bag from a clip at this
side, unfolds it, and proceeds to stash the 'goodies' into
this bag.

ANCHOR LINE 25-30 FEET FROM SURFACE.

(CONTINUED)

Diver ANDY HARRIS is conducting what is known as a 'safety stop'. He removes the regulator from a smaller tank attached to the anchor line. A green sticker labeled OXYGEN 20 is wrapped around the tank. While situating himself, his attention on the O2 bottle becomes immediately distracted by the oncoming presence of a grayish - white figure, making its way in his direction.

ANDY HARRIS POV

A ten to twelve foot hammerhead shark. His eyes go wide. He clings to the rope tighter.

UPPER POV - ANDY

From above, an identical presence swims over him. No more than 5 feet above. A second hammerhead, identical in size to the first.

WA

Two hammerheads are now circling Andy. He removes a bright orange device in the shape of a tube from a clip on his side, pumps some air into the device from his buoyancy deflator hose, and releases the contraption to the surface. Ron Murphy, ascending closer to Andy Harris, takes notice of the unwanted sharks circling his buddy in a menacing way. His eyes go wide. He stops. Andy's eyes are as wide as cue balls. We see his face and mouth start to shake, his tan skin go white. Ron removes an impressive 7 inch blade from a sheath at his leg.

EXT. BOAT

Simon is now attired in his dive gear, leaning on the starboard side from the rear. Captain Morton assists him with placing the fins on his feet.

EXT. UNDERWATER.

ANDY HARRIS POV

One hammerhead breaks from its circling pattern and suddenly disappears into the distance. Andy immediately turns his head to the second, which follows suit, fading away into the abyss.

NOISE SPLASH!!

Simon has plunged into the water. Like a human torpedo, he makes his way to Andy Harris, the source of the safety tube.

(CONTINUED)

Andy is still clinging on to the line like a baby. Simon gets directly in his face and makes an 'Okay' sign, followed by a shoulder shrug. Andy nods his head, then places his hand over his head in the shape of a shark dorsal fin, followed by holding up two fingers to signify there were two sharks. Simon nods, then gestures with the 'Okay?' signal again. Andy responds with a second, slow nod of the head. Ron has made his way closer to Andy and Simon, gesturing if Andy is okay.

EXT. BOAT

Andy Harris removes his mask and makes his way to edge of the boat where he vomits. Morton and Simon observe, then look at each other and grin.

SIMON

Shark bait!

MORTON

Sounds more like mating season to me.

Andy wipes his mouth as he turns around to face the others. He is an average looking man, forties, very tan with sun bleached hair. He turns to face Ron Murphy, a stout looking man with bushy, curly hair, hovering around the same age.

RON

You alright Andy?

ANDY

The fact that I am standing on the deck of this goddamn boat here and now is a fucking miracle, I tell you! I mean those fucking things wanted a piece of something, ME!! Everything you read about sharks not menacing divers is horse shit! Those fuckers wanted me! I mean I was dead.

RON

It was quite a site. I read somewhere where some diver down in Panama was being circled by a dozen or so Hammerheads before they converged on him and finished him off. Tore him to shreds.

(CONTINUED)

SIMON

I dunno. Some things are never explained like that.

MORTON

Go ahead, find a way to embellish your story and sell it to Diver's Digest. (snickering)

He peers overhead.

MORTON (cont'd)

Guess we better keep an eye on Steve now.

WATER SURFACE

Steve's head pops out of the water. He removes his regulator from his mouth.

STEVE

Gonna need a hand with this shit!

BOAT DECK

Steve holds the old boot in his hand, flips it upside down. Globbs of sand, muck, and other unnameable crap oozes out onto the deck floor.

MORTON

That boot's a find in and of itself. Fifteen lost lives on the LOUISE.

Steve fingers through the sand and mud, coming across two metal objects, covered in corrosion and crud.

STEVE

Check this out.

Morton immediately seizes one of the metal objects. He takes Steve's dive knife and begins to slash away at the crud. It is a metal coin, faded. Barely made out while he flips the coin around in his hand is a 10 on one side, and an eagle spreading its wings on the other. What lettering that is decipherable appears to be in foreign tongue. Steve, Morton, and Simon look at each other in silence. Morton holds up his forefinger to his mouth, signifying all three to remain silent.

EXT. MARINA DOCKS.

Steve, Andy, & Ron have just finished unloading their gear into their respective vehicles. As Steve finishes paying Simon, Morton calls out to him.

MORTON
Steve.....C'mere!

Steve does so.

MORTON
(cont'd)
If you're not too attached to your find, I wouldn't mind taking a closer look at one of 'em.

STEVE
The coins?

MORTON
Yeah, the coins. Just one of 'em. I can clean it up for ya. Some real cleanin'.

STEVE
Real cleaning? Sure.....okay.

He reaches into his bag and removes one of the coins to hand to Morton.

MORTON
Might be more to it than ya think. Then again, it might not.

STEVE
I suppose I can trust ya to keep me in the loop if it's a Medallion from the wreck of the 1715 fleet.(smirking)

MORTON
I dunno, ya got no proof that ya ever gave me anything. (smirking)

STEVE
And I have no witnesses that spotted me bringing them up.

MORTON
Less that know is best, believe me.

Steve remain silent.

(CONTINUED)

MORTON (cont'd)
I'll call ya in a couple days when
I know.

He proceeds to walk away, not taking his eyes off of Steve, shrugging.

MORTON (cont'd)
Probably nuthin' (smirks).

THREE DAYS LATER. EXT. MIDDLE CLASS SUBDIVISION

Steve Cole removes himself from his SUV in front of a ranch style house situated on a small riverfront. From the rear of the house, the SEA BEAST boat lies situated on a custom made dock on the water. Steve approaches the front door and rings the doorbell. Within moments, it opens. There stands Captain Morton. They shake hands firmly and MORTON leads him into his home.

INT. MORTON'S HOME

MORTON
Drink Steve?

STEVE
Yeah. Beer's fine. Thanks.

The interior of the house is pretty cluttered, but manageable. The clutter includes artifacts, marine artifacts, maps of sea charts hanging on the walls, photographs of Morton with others on his boat, in the middle of the sea, somewhere. Steve takes a few moments to observe all while Morton prepares drinks in the kitchen.

MORTON
Have a seat there on the barstool.

Steve sits himself down on a stool next to a homemade bar, overlooking the back riverfront.

EXT. BACK DECK

A petite twenty-something female in a skimpy bikini is laying out in a lounge chair on the Captain's back deck. Sunglasses on.

(CONTINUED)

STEVE

Didn't know you were married..?

Morton is pouring the drinks. Beer for Cole, rum for himself.

MORTON

I sure ain't. That's just Charlene. Ya may have seen her around, cocktail waitress over at the The Dry Dock. Course she usually works in the VIP area, so if ya don't hang out in there, ya wouldn't know her.

Morton lifts up his drink in salute to Steve, and downs it all in one shot.

MORTON (cont'd)

What the hey, I still got it, and she's proof. Salute!

Steve chuckles, while Morton laughs uncontrollably. The captain places his rear end down on the stool next to Steve.

MORTON

I gotta reputation as a selfish bastard. Not an easy fella to work with. And I take pride in that fact! You, Ron, and Andy know me recreationally. It ain't the real work.

Steve reaches in his pocket and places one of the other mysterious coins on the bar itself.

STEVE

You really know something, don't you? Is it cleaned?

Morton smiles, and finishes his drink.

MORTON

C'mon. Let's get to work.

STEVE

The spoils of recreation are over.

He gets up from the stool and makes his way down into his basement. Steve reluctantly follows.

INT. BASEMENT.

Steve is introduced to an even more elaborate set up below. A large table is situated against the wall. There are several gadgets on top of it including scales, tools, fans, wire brushes, and a laptop computer. Off to the side sits a large tub where Morton bends down to retrieve something.

MORTON

Electrolysis tank. Use a little Soda Ash, water, juice it up with a low voltage current. Creates this fascinating process where the chlorides are expelled from the metal. Or the crud.

(Takes a drink)

Student of Mel Fisher. Consider myself lucky to have been a part of that great time.

STEVE

I can imagine.

MORTON

There was never a better contribution from the dive community than the excavations of the Atocha. But it ain't over for us. Some divers go on and on that they were born at the wrong place and time. That everything's been discovered, uncovered, looted, and raped. Bullshit!

Morton removes 'the coin' from an alligator clip on the electrolysis tank. He hands it to Steve. He then refreshes the screen on his laptop computer on the table.

CLOSE-UP OF COMPUTER SCREEN "NAZI WAR COINS"

STEVE zooms in on a coin image. Finally he holds up his object to the image on the screen. Morton has downloaded a website on World War II Nazi Memorabilia. Specifically, Nazi currency. The image on the screen does a flip to display both sides. A basic description of each image is displayed on the website (undecipherable).

COMPUTER IMAGE

One side is the engraving of a Man. A figure. The other side is an Eagle spreading its wings. A historic swastika.

POV STEVE COLE AT HIS OWN OBJECT

(CONTINUED)

The markings and engravings are identical of the coin in Steve's hand at this very moment.

MORTON
Congratulations.

STEVE
Jesus. Not a medallion from 1715,
but damn.....nice job Captain.

Steve continues to study the coin. Morton takes the other coin and tosses it into a bucket of water and other substances. The water bubbles. Morton downs another shot, while Steve simply sips his slowly.

MORTON
I'll do the same to the rest. Takes
about 3 days.

He shuts off some lights and gestures for Steve to follow him back upstairs.

MORTON (cont'd)
C'mon. More drinks in order.

INT. UPSTAIRS.

Morton and Steve sit themselves back down on the barstools, overlooking the back lot and a sunbathing Charlene. Morton proceeds to replenish their drinks. A rum for himself, another beer for his guest.

MORTON
Mary Louise. Sunk: April 23, 1945.

STEVE
Damn boiler room explosions!
(chuckling)

MORTON
7 days before the Nazis surrendered
Europe. 7 god damn days. That's why
I got ya here, Steve.

STEVE
Coin or no coin. Why do you think
these coins were where they were?

MORTON
The sea, my friend. The sea. Most
unpredictable body of anything on
the earth. Next to women, of
course!

(CONTINUED)

(He holds up the drink.)
Here's to history, and all of its
mysteries.

(Downs half of the drink)
I heard ya talk of all the shows ya
like to watch. International wreck
hunters and all, shows an
appreciation. More than the
others....Andy, Ron...who're more
concerned with the latest gear they
got the past week and all.....and
that's fine, but ya know, nuthin'
like divin' for a purpose. A quest.
A mission....

STEVE

So once again, let's hear your
theory about the coin. What was it
doing there? What's your theory.

Morton releases a sly smirk. Polishes off the remainder of
his drink. He takes a moment to say anything.

MORTON

So how's Lauren doin' these days?
Stayin' outta the casinos?

Steve finishes off his beer and gestures for another.

STEVE

She's doing a little better. Can't
strip someone of all their
passions. Right?

MORTON

Gotta couple theories. Nothing
concrete. Can ya squeeze a day off
work later in the week? Sir?

STEVE

What's the plan?

MORTON

Friday. 6.30am. Here. I'll email ya
the profile. I ain't gonna say
nuthin' more than that. I can't say
nuthin more than that. You
understand?

STEVE

I got some vacation time.

(CONTINUED)

MORTON
Welcome to the brotherhood.

SOUND

Back sliding door opens. In strolls Charlene.

MORTON
Baby, this here is Steve Cole, one
of my diving customers. Steve..
.....Charlene.

CHARLENE
Nice to meet you.

STEVE
Likewise.

They lock eyes for a moment, before she turns back to
Morton.

CHARLENE
Tired. Want to take a nap before I
go in.

MORTON
You were nappin' all afternoon out
there.

CHARLENE
I mean I want to take a nap out of
the sun.

EXT. LOCAL SEASIDE TIKI BAR.

STEVE COLE and his girlfriend LAUREN make their way to a
corner of the bar where RON MURPHY sits at the end, sipping
a mixed drink.

LAUREN
What is up Mr. Ron??? Long time, no
see.

LAUREN is a sassy looking woman with dirty-blond hair, close
to Steve's age. Very outgoing and chime y. Lauren props
herself up next to the stocky Ron Murphy. She fishes through
her purse, removes a cigarette from a pack and lights it.

LAUREN (cont'd)
Did ya call Becky yet? It's been
what, three weeks since I gave you
her number?

(CONTINUED)

Ron blushes, smirks, and lowers his head. Lauren chuckles.

LAUREN (cont'd)
I smell chicken shit, how about you
Baby?

Steve shrugs his shoulders, and signals to the bartender for service.

LAUREN (cont'd)
Then I don't wanna hear any more
sex jokes from you! All blow and no
show.

Ron throws his head back in laughter. Bartender approaches their end of the bar.

BARTENDER
What can I get ya?

STEVE
Draft Beer, Glass of your best
Merlot, and replenish the big man's
appetite when he's ready for more
of the same.

BARTENDER
Gotcha.

LAUREN
So I hear you boys almost lost a
partner today? Shark bait deal?

RON
His panties were in a bunch. More
than usual. And mine were starting
to curl up. And lo and behold, my
stupid housing on the video camera
is still in the shop. I could have
had prime footage for a first class
documentary.

STEVE
Let's go grab that table over there
in the corner.

FIVE MINUTES LATER

Ron and Lauren are sitting at a small table at the edge of the court while Steve remains at the bar collecting the drinks from the bartender. Lauren, acting rather fidgety, digs through her purse, removes a wad of cash from a money clip, and stuffs it into Ron's shirt pocket.

(CONTINUED)

LAUREN

I do appreciate it.

(Silence. Ron shrugs his
shoulders)

I mean, it's getting better, but
that other night when you saw me
there, well.....you know how it
happens.

RON

I know how it happens. Not a
problem. For me, I got table
dancers and craps games to get off
my back one of these days. One vice
too many.

Lauren sips her wine and takes another drag of her
cigarette.

LAUREN

Hopefully this will be the end of
the secrets.

RON

Going back anytime soon?

She begins to say something, when Steve arrives at the table
with a second round of drinks. He hands each their own.

STEVE

(sarcastically)

You plotting how you can sneak her
into the crap tables behind my
back, Ron?

Ron and Lauren exchange awkward glances with each other.

LAUREN

He's got me covered, honey. It'll
be on those top secret dive
missions that you've been so
privileged to partake in with
Morton.

This remark forces Steve's face to turn red and pass on the
look of death to Lauren. She bites her lips and blushes.

LAUREN

Oh I see. Well, it's in the open
now. Talk boys, I have to visit the
potty.

(CONTINUED)

Exit Lauren for the moment. Steve sighs, and removes the object from his pocket. It has been cleaned. He drops it on the table in front of his buddy.

STEVE

This was in that junk I found on the last stretch.

Ron picks up the coin and studies it closely.

RON

Jesus. I mean as in holy shit! Any ideas?

STEVE

Maybe. Met with Morton. He cleaned it off using that electrolysis technique. And that's what we got.

RON

Looks like a Nazi swastika thing. Morton on to something?

STEVE

It's like he anticipated the whole thing sooner or later. And he just wants me for now. Just me. Sorry ya had to find out like that. But I promised I wouldn't divulge.

RON

Finders keepers. No offense taken.

STEVE

We're going out soon, but I don't know where. He hasn't told me shit other than to show up for the dive at such and such a time. Don't tell Andy for the time being. You know?

Ron slowly nods his head. Lauren returns.

LAUREN

Ssh! She's back. So have you guys decided to tell Andy yet?

EXT. EARLY MORNING. CAPTAIN MORTON'S BOAT LAUNCH

Scene opens with Steve Cole removing his gear from the SUV and making his way to the rear of Morton's property. When he gets to the boat ramp and dock, he finds an immense sized man, maybe six foot six, bald, grotesque, muscular. This is

(CONTINUED)

CHRISTIAN. His eyes are sinister, his jaw firm, his dagger-shaped ear-ring gold. He appears to be re-arranging equipment on the rear deck when Steve approaches. Christian stops in his tracks to size the visitor up, and down.

VOICE (OFF)

Christian....Steve Cole.
Steve.....meet Christian.

Steve nods slowly.

CHRISTIAN

(European Accent - Gruff)
Pleasure.....Mr. Steve.

Simon suddenly appears behind Steve and proceeds to whisper.

SIMON

Used to be bounty hunter in the state of Florida. Former Austrian Bodybuilder.

STEVE

Terminator. I guess they come in handy on occasion.

SIMON

Morton likes imposing presences on his boat.

Steve looks at him and shrugs.

SIMON (cont'd)

Keeps the fishermen away.

ENTER Morton from the somewhere in the background. He is holding an armful of communication masks. He looks determined and is moving fast. He quickly hands Steve one of the contraptions while not even looking at him.

MORTON

If you've never used one, Simon will show ya how on the way out. I sent ya the profile, depths and all. Just make sure you know what you're doing on this dive. If ya don't think ya can hack it, don't do it. It ain't play time.

Steve and Simon glance at each other and shrug.

(CONTINUED)

SIMON

Don't take it personal, but when he's on a mission, he's on one. He'll be a little different on a day like today then what you're used to. Same way when he uncovered the Mary Louise.

STEVE

All business. (smirking)

Morton steps in his boat and drops the gear into a large bucket. He glances up at Steve and Simon.

MORTON

If ya got everything on board ladies, I'd suggest your asses follow suit, so we can get out there. No wasting time. Gonna be a rough day.

EXT. OVERHEAD VIEW OF THE ATLANTIC OCEAN.

White caps are forming on the ocean surface as Morton's boat sails alone on what is appearing to be a treacherous day on the sea.

INT. BOAT CABIN

On the rocking SEA BEAST, Captain Morton begins entering the coordinate numbers into his Global Positioning Satellite system (GPS), mounted on the headboard above the steering wheel.

EXT. BOAT DECK AREA

Steve and Simon are assembling their gear. The conditions are rough, with 4-6 foot waves splashing over the sides, making their task difficult. A larger than normal size wave hits the boat with gruesome force. Steve is knocked off of his feet with a spare tank in hand and onto the deck.

SIMON

Shit!! You all right?

Steve is grimacing in some pain, some annoyance and frustration at what happened.

(CONTINUED)

STEVE

Goddammit!

He tosses the tank to his side and slowly steps up. I'll live. Christian peers his head out of the cabin and looks on. No emotion.

Steve peers his head into the cabin to speak to Morton, who is driving the boat.

STEVE (cont'd)

What kinda limits are we gonna make today, Captain? Gonna be a pain the ass if it gets any rougher.

Morton turns around and passes on a funny look.

MORTON

I'll stop at 7-9 footers. Beyond that, we suck it up all the way. It's either that or we face the possibility other outfits see us. That, trust me, WE don't want! On a nice calm day, too many fishermen and bubble blower operators.

INT. CAPTAIN MORTON'S HOUSE.

SOUND

Doorbell rings. A groggy Charlene comes out of the bedroom dressed only in a nightshirt. She answers the door and there stands Jack Buchino, dressed in a expensive business suit. She gestures him in.

JACK

Did a circle jerk around the hood to make sure about him. Can't believe he went out. Nasty out there.

CHARLENE

(shrugging)

He's onto something. Been keeping to himself in the past couple of days. I dunno, I don't pay much attention to it.

(She sits on the couch,
followed by him)

You're pretty gussied up this early morning. Another job interview?

(CONTINUED)

JACK

Yeah, gotta another call yesterday.
Hi-Tech firm downtown.

She yawns and stretches, while Joe does not take his eyes off of her.

JACK (cont'd)

Look kiddo. I'm gonna need that
money real soon here.

(She rolls her eyes and
remains silent.)

Hello! Baby.....??

She sighs.

CHARLENE

I don't have it yet. Sorry.

JACK

Well, when do you think you will
have it?

CHARLENE

I don't know! His lot may not sell
now. He may not sell it.

JACK

What do ya mean he may not sell it
now?

CHARLENE

Just what I said. He may not sell.
Wants to wait for the property
value to go up further. Nothing I
can do about it.

Jack raises his eyebrows in a sinister manner.

JACK

I got some time with this. But not
that much time. Understand?

CHARLENE

Yes.

JACK

I mean you do realize what I pulled
off, don't you?

CHARLENE

Yes.

He moves his hand up her shirt.

(CONTINUED)

JACK

Anything I can do to help? To keep everything moving in its proper place?

CHARLENE

No, you've done more than plenty for now.

JACK

Well, maybe not enough.

He flips his body over her.

EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN. MORTON'S BOAT.

The conditions of the waves are still rocking the boat violently. Steve, Morton, and Simon, with the help of Christian are attempting to throw themselves into their gear despite the adversity of the weather. Christian is bouncing around from diver to diver, offering assistance. He untangles Morton's regulator from behind his double unit manifold and places the mouthpiece second stage into the communication mask.

MORTON

Thanks Christian. Mighty Christian of ya.

HALF AN HOUR LATER

INT. BOAT CABIN

Simon and Christian are trying to remain steady as Christian steers the boat and Simon monitors the GPS.

CLOSE UP - GPS SCREEN

The animated graphics begin to display an obscured but large object, somewhat distorted looking, across the screen. The correct coordinates light up in the upper left hand of the screen.

SIMON

This is it! I think we got her Captain!

Christian proceeds to slow the boat and place in neutral. The rocking waves throw the boat at starboard list, and Simon falls to the side.

(CONTINUED)

SIMON

Shit!!

EXT. BOAT DECK AREA

Morton and Steve begin to make final configurations on their gear as they prepare to enter.

MORTON

Alright....this is it! Get your ass out here Simon! Christian, drop anchor.

Simon stumbles his way out to the deck. Christian makes his way onto the bow, holding on tight to avoid tumbling over in these treacherous conditions.

Morton turns to Simon.

MORTON

I'll set the anchor, if I'm right about this I should be able to secure it in little time. Give me ten minutes before ya make your plunge.

SIMON

Right!

MORTON

Ten minutes. If I'm back up before then, you'll know we landed on a bail of hay and we can all go home crying! If I don't, you'll know I'm hugging the fucker.

SIMON

Right!

Morton turns to Steve.

MORTON

All set?

STEVE

Set.

MORTON

Hope so. You're goin' in with Simon. Do what he tells ya, nuthin' more. If it's gonna be a lolly gag dive, you'll know at first sight.

(CONTINUED)

STEVE

Aye-aye sir!

MORTON

Know your deco stops?

Steve shows him the plastic plate wrapped around his forearm with bungee cords. Several sequences of numbers are displayed on it, indicating depths, and time at each depth. Morton studies it for a moment.

MORTON

Good girl. The depths are not that treacherous, but treacherous enough. You're not that experienced with deco diving Steve, so watch your own ass. If ya fuck yourself up and are unable to make it back on another one of my expeditions, ya can proudly say that you did it in the name of exploration. I'll put a plaque in your honor on the Sea Beast.

STEVE

Appreciate the confidence.

Morton puts some finishing touches on some of his frontal configurations, and proceeds to set his dive computer wrapped around his forearm.

BOW OF THE BOAT

Christian has tossed the anchor from over the bow. A rogue wave about 6 feet splashes over the side and knocks him against the rail. He grunts in pain. He quickly gets up and makes his way from the side over to the stern.

CHRISTIAN

Anchor down.

Simon raises a dive flag from atop. He then turns to a bucket in the rear and tosses a buoy to the rear. Morton throws the mask over his head.

MORTON

Ten minutes(voice muffled - speaking through the communication mask)!

STEVE

This is the U-Boat, isn't it? The one that sunk the Louise?

(CONTINUED)

Morton does not respond. He turns around cautiously so his rearside is facing sea, and before he can drop below, the boat is rocked again by another wave, and he falls to the deck. His face grimaces in pain and frustration.

STEVE

You alright?

He says nothing, but takes Steve's helping hand and returns to his feet. He makes another step back, and does a backward flip to the stormy sea. Steve sits back down to put on his buoyancy compensator vest, which holds his double tanks. Simon walks over to him.

SIMON

Don't take him too personal guy. He's just excited. He's been waiting for another virgin wreck for years. He's had nothing since the Louise, and that's been 17 years.

STEVE

He's hoping it's a U-Boat, for sure. They all pretty much know that it was a U-Boat that sunk the Louise, but it could never be confirmed?

SIMON

Never confirmed, right. And double right, he's wet dreaming that it's a U.

STEVE

The coins, it's gotta be.

(Simon shrugs)

It's gotta be. What the hell else would they be doing out here? God damn authentic Nazi coins in this location, so close to the Louise?

Simon and Steve place their fists together.

SIMON

Hold off on getting everything on for the immortal ten minutes. You're getting too excited.

STEVE

I guess we'll truly see.

(CONTINUED)

SIMON

That's right, we'll see. Could be nothing more than mid-sea excrement.

INT. A LOCAL SEASIDE CASINO. DAY.

Lauren makes her way into a glittery casino. She removes a cigarette and proceeds to light it when all of a sudden this task is taken care of for her. Ron Murphy is standing next to her with his own lighter. she acts surprised. He is dressed in a t-shirt and shorts.

LAUREN

I'm sorry, but you are not who I wanted to see here right now. No offense.

RON

(smiling and acting overly congenial)
Oh none taken.

LAUREN

Just came in for some slot action. Steve's.....(proceeding to say something, then stopping herself).

RON

(winks)
.....oh I know, he's gotta big day ahead of him.

They casually stroll through the casino amidst the glitter, degenerate crowds, and jingling noise typical of the environment without saying anything.

RON (cont'd)

I was just heading over to the craps table myself.

LAUREN

Okay, I'll just grab a slot machine over here I think. Keep it conservative, nickel slots.

Ron stops and smiles, removing a wad of bills from his pocket.

RON

Nah, this one's on me, you're covered.

EXT. MORTON'S BOAT.

Simon and Steve are now fully set up in their SCUBA gear and are ready to roll into the heavy waves. Both have their communication masks on. Christian hovers above them. Simon peers at his dive watch.

SIMON

I got 12 minutes. (to
Christian)Twelve minutes, we're
going in.

CHRISTIAN

I got everything under control
here. Have at it.

Simon turns to Steve.

SIMON

Ready?

STEVE

All set. Let's do it.

Simon and Steve flip backwards over the side of the boat into the waves. Christian looks out onto the sea before going into the cabin.

EXT. UNDERWATER

Both divers find their way to the anchor line and grab hold, attempting to maintain control in the heavy currents.

SIMON

Hopefully this current subsides as
we get deeper.

STEVE

Yeah. I'm behind ya mate.

They begin their descent. Steve trailing behind Simon. Simon suddenly begins to sing a hymn through his communication mask:

SIMON

*Kicking around on a piece of ground
in your home town. Waiting for
someone or something to show you
the way...and then one day you
find, ten years have gotten behind
you, no one told you when to run,
you missed the starting gun!!*

He continues singing on the way down.

INT. MODERN CORPORATE OFFICE SETTING IN THE DOWNTOWN AREA OF THE CITY. DAY

Andy Harris is well dressed and sitting at his desk in a nice office going through some paperwork on his desk when a knock comes to the door. He looks up.

ANDY

Come on in.

A young secretary enters his office accompanied by a suited Jack Buchino.

SECRETARY

Good morning Andy. I have here our candidate for the DBA position over in Core Sect, Mr. Jack Buchino.

She looks to Jack.

Jack, this is Andy Harris. Andy is a senior director in Enterprise Applications. If you end up in this position, you will be working closely with Andy, a seasoned veteran in the company.

Andy gets up from his desk and gracefully shakes hands with the eager looking Buchino.

ANDY

Pleasure to meet you, Jack.

JACK

The pleasure is all mine, Mr. Harris. Read plenty about you in the trade periodicals.

ANDY

Ah, good, bad, and ugly I suppose.

JACK

I filter out negativity sir. Or what doesn't qualify as good. It displays a vindictive nature in an individual. And revenge is for losers.

Sudden silence at Jack's comment.

(CONTINUED)

SECRETARY

Okay, well I will leave you with Andy. And when you are finished, I think Andy can bring you back to me, and I'll wrap everything up for you.

JACK

Fine. Thank you. You've been most professional. You'll go far in today's business world.

Exit secretary. Andy gestures for Jack to take a seat in front of his desk. Before Jack does so, he takes notice of some framed pictures on the wall.

CLOSE UP - PHOTOGRAPHS

Underwater shots of sharks, sea turtles, etc. The second photo is one of Andy, Ron, Steve, Simon, and Morton on the SEA BEAST in the ocean. All of their diving gear is in the background of the photo.

END OF CLOSE UP

JACK

I couldn't help but notice these shots, gorgeous. Looks like you are an avid scuba diver.

He takes a closer look at the photo of Captain Morton with a wrinkled forehead.

ANDY

Yes, I am. Which is why they can't get me out of here, because I am not leaving a location where I do not have easy access to the sea.

Small laughter. Jack finally sits down.

JACK

I'll bet. I dive as well...

ANDY

Great to hear. If you climb on board with the company, stay in touch, and I'll take you out with my crew. My buddies and I are not a timid group(smirks).

(CONTINUED)

JACK

Timid? Is that a word in the dictionary? Definitely not in mine.

Andy shrugs, sits himself down after wrinkling his forehead at some of Jack's off the wall comments.

JACK

I have my own boat as well. So you and your buds can join me. Dual engines, 170 horsepower each. Anxious to get it in. So used to the frigid water in Lake Michigan, this will be quite the welcomed change.

Andy shrugs again before diverting his attention to some paper on his desk.

ANDY

I could talk diving all day, but since we are limited with time, I better get to my interview questions. Your IT experience is impressive, to emphasize the good.

JACK

I work hard, Mr. Harris. And you bring up a valid point: Time is money, and it waits neither for you, nor for me. If the company makes a decision to hire me, consider it a shrewd investment.

Andy takes a moment to say anything.

ANDY

Shrewd, huh? But I noticed on your resume a six month gap from the time you left your last position in Chicago to the present. What have you been doing with yourself since then?

EXT. UNDERWATER. 180-200 FEET BELOW

STEVE COLE AND SIMON POV

Murky, pea soup visibility soon gives way to a clearer picture on the sandy, sea floor bottom. The anchor is securely tied up to an indescribable piece of metal wreckage that is partially oval shaped.

(CONTINUED)

END OF POV

Steve and Simon have ended their descent. They both switch their underwater flashlights on at the peculiar object.

STEVE

.....the hell is it?

SIMON

....Not sure Steve. Definitely a piece of wreckage from.... something'.

STEVE

Jesus Christ! Lookie over here!

Simon turns his attention away from the small wreckage and over to a vast shape possibly 50 yards away.

POV OF BOTH

The remnants of a large vessel in its final resting place. It is obvious the vessel was once meticulously cigar shaped in its prime days of operation. Now many portions of it remain a mangled mess of metal, protrusions, and blanketed in undersea vegetation. An approximate 20 foot wide indentation about mid-vessel is what nearly separates the stern from the remainder of the object. Isolated schools of fish remain abound.

STEVE

Whadduya think? Is this our Kraut sub?

SIMON

If that's where I had to place my chips on the table...

STEVE

God damn! Whatever it is, it's virgin, and its ours.

The divers make their way to the wreck. They hover over the wreck to absorb the intensity of the moment. They point their flashlights in several directions of the site.

SIMON

(taking in the entire length of the vessel) I'd put her about 2, maybe 250 feet.

(CONTINUED)

STEVE

I still cannot believe my fucking eyes! What are we gonna do? Where do you think Morton is?

SIMON

Oh you'll find Morton's happy ass inside! Tell ya what, don't take this the wrong way Steve, but I'd like ya to stay on the outskirts. I'm going inside, maybe find Morton. Stick to your bottom time like fly shit. That way if anything happens to either one of us, you can ascend and alert Christian. You can get some shots of the outside.

STEVE

That's fine with me, I'm just happy to be here with y'all.

SIMON

They'll be plenty more dives on this puppy, you can count on it. Take ya inside next dive.

The two divers lock fists, and Simon aggressively kicks his way into the indentation. Steve follows him into the hole with his light.

INT. VESSEL'S REMAINS

Simon begins his penetration of the vessel, shining his light in every direction. Most of it is a vegetation covered macabre wasteland of steel. He removes a reel consisting of a spool of nylon line from a clip on his buoyancy compensator and attempts to find a home for the metal clip at the beginning of the spool. After a few attempts, he manages to lock it against a small mangled device that resembles a pipe. Once secure, he proceeds farther inside. He also encounters several fish, some lobster, countless other eccentric marine life.

EXT. VESSEL TOP DECK

Steve swims along the top portion of the vessel in admiration. The vessel is lying at a tilt.

STEVE POV

Poised at one angle is the conning tower of the sub, which

(CONTINUED)

acts as an observation deck. A distinct shape out of the corner of his right eye reveals something more interesting:

A deck gun.

STEVE
Sonuvabitch! I love being alive!

END OF POV

He kicks toward the object. He positions his camera in its direction and takes several shots. He then begins to run his fingers along its features.

INT. VESSEL'S INTERIOR AND REMAINS

In the increasingly dim light, Simon continues his quest of the wreck. At one point his lights comes across a corroded valve. Proceeding on, he comes upon a shaft entrance. He peaks his head through, shines his light into the next sector, spotting more metal and debris. He turns to his wreck reel and yanks on it a couple of times to ensure it hasn't come loose. It has no slack. He attempts to squeeze through the shaft entrance, which cannot be more than 2 feet wide, five feet high. At first the manifold on his double tank unit prevent him from entering, clanging to the exterior metal sides. After three tries, he gets through. Once inside this new area, he shines his light upon what appears to be crew quarters, for the structures on the side resemble collapsed bunk beds. At the bottom, are a collection of debris including a worn pair of shoes, broken picture frames, and finally, a rusted handgun. The gun is recognizable only by its trigger and the butt. Simon's eyes widen.

EXT. BOAT DECK AREA

Christian struggles to keep order aboard the storm battered SEA BEAST. He fastens loose items and gear lying about the deck to stationary positions on the boat. At one point he looks up and notices a sail boat a couple hundred yards away. He picks up some binoculars.

CHRISTIAN POV

A middle aged man dressed like a typical yachtsman remains aboard the helm. He apparently notices Christian checking him out, and flashes a wave.

END OF POV

Christian does not return the wave.

INT. VESSEL'S INTERIOR AND REMAINS

Simon continues to study the remains of the gun closely, periodically monitoring his dive computer.

SOUND

A loud CLANG comes from the side. Simon is startled and turns in the direction of the noise, gripping the rusty old broken handgun like a weapon. There swims Captain Morton, grinning through the mask. To maintain his buoyancy control, Morton clings to a top shelving unit from the upper bunk area.

MORTON

Don't shoot me, comrade.

SIMON

Jesus, scared the piss out of me!

MORTON

You know where to pee. Simon drops the object. I've already been through here. I think I discovered God, Man Fuhrer! Too sweet, ain't it?!

SIMON

What did ya cover so far?

MORTON

Probably the same thing you did. Came in through the explosion hole, made my way back here to the torpedo room, where I just came from. They're all still in there, twenty of 'em.

SIMON

Truly fascinating boss. I love being alive on a day like today.

MORTON

The shadow divers can eat their lungs out! We sunshine boys got ourselves another genuine IXC class U-Boat here. And it's not in bad shape neither, considering all.

SIMON

If this bitch sunk the Louise, who or what sunk this?

(CONTINUED)

MORTON

No god damn clue yet, but I'll find out. Where's Steve?

SIMON

I kept him outside.

MORTON

Good. Grab your goody bag, grab some treasure, and let's get the hell out for now....

SOUND

A hallow but piercing sound comes from above. The unit Morton had been hanging on to collapses. And so does everything it is attached to: heavy debris, metal, pipes, and portions of a loose wall. They collapse on to Simon. Within seconds, Morton's trusted partner is completely smothered in the rubble. The implosion forces Morton off to the other side of the quarters.

EXT. VESSEL TOP DECK

Steve's picture taking is halted after hearing the noise from the interior. He turns and begins to swim back to the entrance area of the wreck where he last saw Simon.

INT. VESSEL'S INTERIOR AND REMAINS

Captain Morton is clearing away the debris that had smothered Simon. After several struggles, Morton encounters floating blood and fresh body tissue. A dead Simon is finally visible. A sharp piece of a large, severed pipe had penetrated through his mask and skull. The object entered through his right eye. His left eye is wide and bloody, his tongue hanging from his mouth. His chest has also been crushed by some of the large, mangled steel. Morton snaps.

MORTON

GOD DAMMIT!!

MORTON POV

Observing the source of the structural collapse, Morton notices two rusty, but distinguishable 'lock boxes 'that had come out of the wall. They are half the size in diameter of the average suitcase.

END OF POV

Morton seizes both objects, locks the handle to a free clip at his side, and proceeds to exit. He looks one last time at his dead partner, then at his dive computer. Exit Morton from the area.

EXT. VESSEL TOP DECK

Steve reaches the u-boat indentation, or the explosion hole at the same point Morton is exiting. They nearly run into each other.

STEVE

Hey! What was that noise down there? Everything alright?

Morton takes a moment to respond. He looks Steve straight in the eyes with bloody intensity.

MORTON

Yeah. Most everything is alright. We've made history.

STEVE

Are you heading up?

MORTON

Yeah. We're both heading up! Remember your deco stops. Be careful.

Steve peeks inside the indentation and then all around.

STEVE

Where's Simon?

Morton is silent as he makes his way to the anchor line.

STEVE (cont'd)

Captain! Where's Simon?

Morton turns back at him and angrily waves for him to move forward.

MORTON

He's taking some extra time in there, picking up some goodies. He'll be along. C'mon Steve! Let's get back up! Simon can handle himself.

(CONTINUED)

Steve hesitates with concern, then follows the Captain. Morton takes a moment to untie the anchor from the metal wreckage. He signals for Steve to go up first. He gestures a second time when Steve keeps looking back at the vessel.

MORTON
Get up that line!

ANCHOR LINE

The heavy currents pull and force the heavy swaying of the anchor rope as Morton and Steve ascend back to the boat.

MORTON
Hold tight! Whatever ya do, don't let go of that rope or we'll be picking you up in Morocco.

STEVE
What are those two cases you got?

MORTON
I dunno.....we'll pull'em apart on the boat.

STEVE
Still no sign of Simon. Don't ya think we oughtta wait, or at least go back to see if he's alright? This is pretty intense shit here.

MORTON
Just stay put Steve! I know Simon, no better diver. After me of course.

EXT. BOAT

Steve's head emerges through the four to five foot waves in the rear of the boat. Christian prepares to assist him by ensuring the tow line is secure in the rear of the boat.

CHRISTIAN
Get to the line! Get to the line!

The high waves bring Steve up and down. He struggles to make the line. Within seconds, Morton pops his head out of the water. Christian hops his large frame to the edge of the stern, holding on with both hands, awaiting both divers. It takes several moments, but Steve manages to pull himself up to the boat. He seizes whatever stationary object he can to pull himself up onto the boat. Christian finally offers his

(CONTINUED)

hand, and Steve collapses onto the deck. The same scenario is repeated with Morton. When Christian offers his hand, and the boat captain seizes it, a rogue wave manages to toss them both overboard.

EXT. BOAT DECK AREA.

Despite the struggle, both divers manage to secure their gear. Both are panting very heavily.

STEVE

Are you gonna finally tell me where
the fuck Simon is?

Morton passes on an angry look to Steve before sighing.

MORTON

He didn't make it.

Steve does not look surprised. Remains silent.

MORTON

That noise you heard. We had a wall
collapse in there. Crushed him. I
didn't want to tell ya down there
because I didn't want you to do
anything stupid. I was right there
when it happened. Fucking shame.

Brief silence between all three.

MORTON

(cont'd)

Christian goddammit, get the line
up and get the engines ignited. We
gotta get the hell outta here.

STEVE

You're sure he's dead?

MORTON

Yes, goddammit, I'm sure! I cleared
the rubble and saw him. Whole thing
happened before I could even take a
full breath. Fucking shame. Now why
don't you help Christian with
whatever he needs help with.

INT. BOAT CABIN

It has started to rain as all three men remain in the cabin for the return trip home with dour faces.

MORTON

(to Christian)

I don't suppose you saw anybody else out here while we were down, did ya?

CHRISTIAN

Except for one jerk sailing, nothing.

MORTON

Good.

STEVE

Morton, are you gonna contact the coast guard about Simon?

MORTON

No!

STEVE

Whadduya mean no? You have to.

MORTON

I don't have to. Bring in the coast guard and we open up a can of serpents. It won't be mine anymore.

Pause.

It won't be ours anymore. We can kiss everything we did today goodbye.

STEVE

We gotta dead body on our hands. You're setting yourself up for charges if ya don't report it.

MORTON

Cover up my ass. Simon has no family or friends any longer. I was his family. No one will ever know.

STEVE

Like he never existed, huh? We know! What do I tell Ron and Andy next time they are out with ya?

(CONTINUED)

MORTON

Tell them he took some time off.
Trust me on this. We're coming back
ourselves. How's Sunday work for
ya?

(Steve says nothing.)

Look Steve, I'm just as taken back
as you are, and I've known the guy
a lot longer. But there ain't a
thing we can do about it. Nothing!

STEVE

Not sure I know what to say.

MORTON

What happened today does not leave
the SEA BEAST. Do you understand
what we're up against?

STEVE

It's just another wreck.

MORTON

You really are a virgin, my friend.
You repeat anything, I'll deny it.
That includes anything to your
honey, and Ron and Andy. Simon
lived in a place I rented to him,
so no one will come a callin'. I'll
take care of all that. When the
time is right, we'll say he was
lost at sea. If there any more
inquiries from the outside, send
them to me....I'll handle it all.

STEVE

As long as you think you know what
you're doing.

EXT. BOAT LAUNCH AREA. TWO HOURS LATER

Steve is loading everything into his truck when Morton comes
up behind him and places a hand on his shoulder.

MORTON

Got anything going tonight?

STEVE

Need another private discussion?

(CONTINUED)

MORTON
Something like that.

STEVE
What time?

MORTON
As soon as ya can make it.

ACT II

INT. JACK BUCHINO'S CAR. LATER AFTERNOON

Jack is cruising the streets, still attired in his business suit when his cell phone rings.

JACK
Jack Buchino at your service....

Charlene is on the other line. She is sobbing.

CHARLENE
I just got off the phone with Nathan. Are you ready for this?

JACK
Shoot.

CHARLENE
The bastard sold our property two weeks ago, which he never told me about. Says the deal is done and he got his money. He lied to me.

JACK
Okay, and let me guess. He's holding back on your share?

CHARLENE
Yes.

JACK
Well, threaten him legally and get your money.
(Silence on th other end)
Baby..? Call your lawyer.

CHARLENE
I'm afraid it's not that simple.....

(CONTINUED)

JACK

Aw Jesus.....because your name wasn't on the original papers, right?! You never jointly signed the contract? Did you?!

(She continues to cry hysterically)

Shit! Charlene, you really have your head up your ass sometimes, y'know it? You let these guys use ya like a dumb ass whore, and they spit you out and all you can do is cry to me. What do ya expect me to do about it? Pay him a visit and rough his prissy ass up? I can't do that, cuz I don't need the heat! Ain't gonna happen.

INT. MORTON'S HOME. EVENING.

Captain Morton leads Steve into his same basement lair. He has the two rusty cases on his work bench. Next to them is his laptop. They appear to be opened.

MORTON

I appreciate your coming over, guy. And now what I am about to show you will justify why I acted as gruff as I did today. There is a reason for everything I do. Or don't do.

(Steve simply shrugs and nods his head)

Now you'll have to forgive me, but in order to keep from wasting your time by coming over here, I couldn't wait. I opened these suckers to see if it was worthwhile.

Morton is smiling.

MORTON (cont'd)

Are you ready for what I am about to show you?

STEVE

Ready as I'll ever be.

Morton flips open both cases.

CLOSE UP - THE CASES

(CONTINUED)

Despite the raggedy conditions of the cases, the internal contents appear, for the most part, undisturbed. Gold and silver coins lighten the scene. Steve's eyes widen while his jaw drops.

STEVE

What the hell is it? Gold?

Morton hands him one of he gold coins.

MORTON

What you are holding now is a Dutch Guilder coin, circa 1925. Queen Wilhelmina. She was queen of the Netherlands when Hitler ran through her country.

Steve studies the coin carefully. Then Morton points to a website on the laptop, which displays samples of the Guilder coin.

MORTON

I haven't quantified anything, but I suspect we got well over 100 gold coins in these cases. Going rate appears to be 150 to 250 per coin.

STEVE

This is too hard to believe.

MORTON

Now ya can see why I didn't want to contact the coast guard or any kinda big brother body about Simon. Too premature. Get Uncle Sam involved, the state, get into that whole salvage rights bullshit and who knows what we'd be able to keep. Or let alone dive on the fucker any more.

(Silence)

There's more in there. And it's ours. Yours and mine. That's right, I'm recruiting you to replace Simon, Steve. Full partnership.

STEVE

What about Christian?

MORTON

Christian works for me. I'll take care of his end through me.

(CONTINUED)

STEVE

Then what the hell would this gold be doing on a u-boat?

MORTON

Ever hear of the Nazi looting of Europe?

STEVE

Yeah.

MORTON

Well, that's the tip of it. Based on the time frame the Mary Louise went down, April 1945, and if this is the bastard that sunk it, and that's a big *if*, that could tell us a lot. First of all, few U-Boats were runnin' around sinking allied ships that late in the game, fewer yet were over here, in American waters.

STEVE

.....and...?

MORTON

Well, this thing may have been headin' south. South to Argentina and Brazil. Where a lot of the big boys went to escape prosecution. What we may have found is an escape transport. carrying' one of Hitler's senior henchmen. And on his person was one big paycheck! Out there (pointing east), *out there* where we were, served as the main transatlantic highway to South America.

STEVE

And you've always suspected this, haven't you?

MORTON

Never suspected nuthin'. I've read about it. That's it. But let me tell ya, it helps to dream. This find here may nearly be an added bonus. I would've settled for simple discovery of the boat, but hell, looks like Simon didn't die in vain after all.

(CONTINUED)

Standing on the stairwell to Morton's basement is Charlene, dressed in her work skirt, eavesdropping on the entire conversation.

INT. THE DRY DOCK LOUNGE. EVENING

Jack Buchino is enjoying a mixed drink and a fresh cigar in the VIP area of the lounge as well as conversing with a couple young women when he notices a working Charlene noticing him from across the room. After she finishes serving another male customer his drink, she makes her way to him.

CHARLENE

Hi.

JACK

You said you had something to tell me?

CHARLENE

Maybe. Morton's found something out in the ocean. Couldn't help but overhear him talking about gold on some boat or something.

Jack breaks out in laughter.

JACK

Gold? Shiver me timbers matee! Arggh!! You're bullshitting me, right?

CHARLENE

Don't think so, he had something in his basement that he was showing to this guy Steve, who he went diving with. He's as proud as a peacock. Acting like a little kid. Of course he won't tell me anything.

JACK

Gold? That's a little out in left field sweetheart. I mean, would he even know real gold if he laid his hands on it?

CHARLENE

He might. He was part of some expedition that uncovered gold down in the Keys some years ago. It was some well known thing. I'd take him serious.

(CONTINUED)

JACK

Okay, then what can you do for me?

CHARLENE

Well, he says he's going back out
on the same thing soon...

INT. STEVE'S HOME. LATE NIGHT

Steve enters his kitchen from the garage, flips on the light and helps himself to a beer in the fridge. He sets some papers on the table, takes a sip of the beer, and removes his cell phone from his pocket and dials a number.

SOUNDS

Ringling on opposite end.

LAUREN'S VOICE

*Hi, this is Lauren, can't take your
call right now, but feel free to
leave a message and I will get back
to you....thank you! Beep!*

STEVE

Lauren, this is Steve, it's 10.30,
where the hell are ya? Give me a
call when you get this...

Hangs up. He sits down at the kitchen table and begins to study the stack of papers.

CLOSE UP

THE PAPERS TITLE: THE LOOTING OF NAZI OCCUPIED EUROPE -
1938-1945

He flips through the first few pages when the kitchen door opens. A sorry looking Lauren enters. She stares at him once before lowering her head.

STEVE

Where have you been?

LAUREN

Where have you been?

STEVE

I left you a voice message. Didn't
you get it? I was at Morton's.

(CONTINUED)

LAUREN

You were at Morton's. I was at
Bridget's. There you go.

Steve shrugs his shoulders and sighs.

STEVE

Never mind, but guess what?

LAUREN

I guessed. What...?

STEVE

Guess what we found out there
today?

LAUREN

You found your U-Boat, or whatever
they call it.

STEVE

That's what they call it.

LAUREN

You struck gold then. Congrats!

STEVE

That too.

LAUREN

Huh?

STEVE

That too.

LAUREN

What too?

STEVE

We may have a little treasure chest
on our hands.

Steve removes one of the gold ingots from his pocket and
holds it in front of Lauren's face. She looks astounded.

STEVE (cont'd)

Going back out on Sunday. See what
else is in there.

(She releases a slow smile)

No more late night exodus to the
casinos. Good night.

He kisses her on the forehead and strolls out of the kitchen, leaving her standing dumbfounded. The smile disappears.

INT. CAPTAIN MORTON'S HOUSE. THREE IN THE MORNING

Charlene, still attired in her work skirt, tip-toes slowly down the basement steps where she finds Captain Morton passed out on a raggedy couch, snoring loudly with a half empty bottle of rum on the floor at his side. She studies him closely for a moment, then heads back up the stairs.

EXT. SEA BEAST BOAT IN THE BACK DOCK.

Armed with a flashlight, she begins to search the cabin area, shining a light in every corner. She picks up several pieces of paper and other items she is clueless about.

JACK BUCHINO'S VOICE

Need some help?

She jumps at earshot of the voice. He is standing on the water's edge before stepping into the boat.

CHARLENE

Jesus, you scared the shit out of me!

JACK

Know what you're looking for?

CHARLENE

What the hell do you think you are doing here? What if he comes out?

JACK

You saw him, he's a drunken old pirate.

CHARLENE

Jack! Don't go in my house god dammit!

JACK

I was bored. And it ain't your house. And you ain't following through on some of your payback duties, so I came over here to be a little proactive and lend a helping hand.

(CONTINUED)

She hurls the flashlight at him. He moves out of the way quickly and laughs.

CHARLENE

Fuck you!

He laughs again.

JACK

Don't worry baby. I'm helping you out. I already got what we needed.

CHARLENE

How?

JACK

That high tech gadget in back of you. Got one almost like it. Not as sophisticated, but works the same. I made notes on all his coordinates. I found on that thing what he found out there. I still gotta see it all to believe it, but what the hell, might be fun. Gold - ha!

CHARLENE

Get out of here.

He slowly unbuttons his shirt to reveal his chest.

JACK

Oh I'll be gone by the time Black beard comes to....

CHARLENE

He gets up early, no matter how hungover he is...

He steps closer to her.

JACK

What if he does? Fear is not in my vocabulary.

INT. STEVE COLE'S BEDROOM. APPROXIMATELY SIX IN THE MORNING

SOUND

Bedside telephone rings three times in the darkness before the nightstand light is turned on and a groggy Steve answers it. Lauren grunts, twists, and turns at the abruptness of the call.

(CONTINUED)

STEVE

Hello....?

MORTON

(off)

Steve...? It's Morton. I want to go out.

Steve rubs his eyes and clears his throat.

STEVE

Out...today? Thought that was tomorrow?

MORTON

Today. I gotta hair up my ass, yeah. Let's do it. If ya wanna be my right hand man, get here as soon as ya can.

EXT. DAY. CAPTAIN MORTON'S BOAT LAUNCH. APPROXIMATELY ONE HOUR LATER

A determined looking Morton exits out of the rear of his house carrying a large gear bag. When he steps onto his boat, he finds an unexpected surprise. Charlene is covered up with a blanket and passed out on the floor of the boat. Morton angrily drops the large bag next to her head. She jumps and looks up at him with fearful eyes.

MORTON

Now just what the hell are ya doing out here?

She takes a moment to respond, running her fingers through her hair.

CHARLENE

I fell asleep.....

MORTON

I can see that. Out here?

CHARLENE

I just came out.....to watch the moonlight and passed out...

He shakes his head.

MORTON

I'm heading out. Get in the house and get yourself some real sleep for crying' out loud.

She stumbles up, her clothes raggedy and torn, and exits the boat for the house. Morton takes a moment to watch her doing so before proceeding to get everything ready.

EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN. MORTON'S BOAT.

The SEA BEAST is cutting through a flat surface, like a sheet of glass, top speed.

INT. BOAT CABIN

Morton is lighting a cigar while at the wheel, with an exhausted looking Steve at his side. Christian remains at the backdrop.

STEVE

You think this is a wise idea today? Gonna be a lot of other boats out there doing the Louise. They know this boat and are gonna wonder what the hell you're doing in the spot.

MORTON

It's a perfect day. Don't put off tomorrow what ya can do today. Besides, if anybody bother us, that's why I got Christian.

Steve looks back at Christian, who simply releases a smile.

MORTON

(winking sarcastically)
And Simon would've wanted us to.

EXT. WRECK SITE.

The SEA BEAST is anchored and still on nice, calm morning while the sun rises on the event. Steve and Morton are preparing their dive gear while Christian performs odd jobs in and around the boat, including cleaning and spot checking a semi-automatic pistol.

STEVE

You haven't said a word about the plan?

MORTON

Same dive spot, same dive channel. We dig and dig within the profile limits.

(CONTINUED)

STEVE

And we find whatever we find?

MORTON

Yep. And come back out tomorrow if we ain't satisfied with what we find today.

Morton turns to Christian, who is still cleaning his gun. Christian, get ready to drop the crate. Christian proceeds to remove a steel chest from the lower cabin area.

MORTON

Before ya get the rest of your shit lined up, help Christian with the chest and the lift bags we have in the lower cabin.

Steve proceeds to assist.

INT. STEVE'S HOME.

Lauren has just poured herself a cup of coffee and is sitting down at the kitchen table when her cell phone chimes.

LAUREN

Hi Ron. What do you want?

Ron is calling from a professional dive shop. A clerk is in the background filling some tanks with a compressor hose.

RON

Good morning beautiful. Lovely day. Steve around?

LAUREN

Get off of it Ron, if you wanted Steve, call his cell number numb nuts!

RON

It must be off, where is he?

LAUREN

He....he went into work today, think they had a big deadline or something.

Ron smiles and shakes his head.

(CONTINUED)

RON
Full of deadlines isn't he these
days?

She lights a cigarette.

LAUREN
Well, ya gotta talk to him.

RON
And what will Lauren be doing with
her day, while the man is away?

LAUREN
Bye Ron.

She hangs up.

At the dive shop, Ron peers over at Andy, who is standing
next to him.

RON
She's bullshitting for him. Says
he's working O-T.

ANDY
I called Morton's, no answer.
Called Simon, no answer. Beautiful
day, can't tell me nobody's going
out. You've been right along. We're
cut out.

RON
So what do ya wanna do?

ANDY
Well, I interviewed this guy the
other day for a DBA job, says he's
a diver and has a boat. And the
feedback I got from the others in
the company is that everybody likes
him, so he may get an offer this
week. If that's the case, we can
try and hook up with him.

RON
Hate to have to resort to that. I'm
kinda itching right now to go.
Weather's beautiful.

ANDY
We'll see what happens this week.
Maybe I can call him. His cell
number should be on his resume.

EXT. WRECK SITE. 180-200 FT. BELOW.

Divers Morton and Steve have penetrated the 'U-Boat' and are carefully meandering their way through the narrow corridors. Both are wearing their communications masks and using their flashlights. Morton carries a spear gun at his side.

MORTON

You alright?

STEVE

A-okay. Fascinating in here.

MORTON

Just take your time and don't do anything hasty. And don't touch nothing. We're getting close.

As Morton is about to enter the next corridor, he is suddenly smacked in the head by an oncoming Bull Shark moving at top speed through the corridor. The impact thrusts his body to the side and he clings to the sides for balance.

STEVE COLE POV

The fierce looking creature is making a b-line straight in his direction. Globbs of blood fall from its mouth.

END OF POV

STEVE

Shit!

Steve does everything he can to move out of the way. Within seconds, the shark disappears.

STEVE

You okay?

MORTON

Yeah. Jesus. Did you get a glimpse of that thing!

STEVE

Enough to make me piss my pants!
Yeah!

MORTON

Did you?

STEVE

What?

(CONTINUED)

MORTON
Piss in your suit?

STEVE
Of course I did!

Morton laughs.

MORTON
Alright, stay where ya are for a
minute. There may be more.

STEVE
More?

MORTON
Yeah. They gotta meal ticket down
the chute. That's where Simon is. I
didn't think about that beforehand.

Silence. Nothing but the breathing. Morton shines his light
through the corridor chutes ahead.

MORTON
Alright, I'm goin' in slowly. Stay
right here until I give ya the
signal. I'll yell to ya.

He grips his spear gun with both hands and enters the next
section. From one corridor to the next, immersed in total
darkness with the exception of the gifted light, Morton
comes upon the area where he made his find, and lost Simon.
But it is filled with a feeding frenzy of sharks. At least
five of them fill the room. Different sizes. Two of them
have buried their snouts into the floor area where Simon
remains lie. They are pulling apart at flesh and bone.
Morton's eyes go wide as he observes the scene. He finally
turns his body around and swims back.

EXT. STEVE'S SECTION

MORTON
We're going to have to abort the
dive. We gotta about a half dozen
man-eaters in there having' a
buffet. Let's get out.

STEVE
Shit!

(CONTINUED)

MORTON

I know! Let's get back. Gonna have to re-do. God dammit it all! If it were just one I'd shoot the sonuvabitch!

EXT. JACK BUCHINO'S APARTMENT BUILDING

Jack is dressed and heading to his car, a white BMW. Parked next to it is a 30 foot boat on its trailer, attached to a truck. He pulls on a couple of the the bungee cords for a moment. Across the parking lot are two men sitting in an SUV. One man is older, well dressed, serious looking. This is TONY. The other man is younger, physically built, not as well dressed, wearing dark sunglasses and a beard. He smokes a cigarette. This is ROGER.

TONY

Here's our boy, Roger! Haven't seen the jerk-off in a while, but ya don't forget him once ya seen him.

ROGER

Built like a little ape. Never knew him up there.

TONY

He's a wanna-be. Little rich kid too, Lake Forest.

ROGER

Rich boy gone bad (laughing)?

TONY

So to speak. And they found'em.

ROGER AND TONY POV

Jack finishes inspecting his boat, then places himself in his car.

TONY

Here we go.

ROGER

Just gonna follow him around today?

TONY

Yeah. Until we get that call. Which might not be for a day or two. They want to get all their facts straight. Not sure if this broad can be trusted or not.

Jack drives out of the complex parking lot, followed by Tony and Roger in the SUV.

INT. JACK BUCHINO'S CAR.

SOUND. Cell phone rings. He picks it up immediately.

JACK

Good morning darling. Sorry for leaving you out on the boat last night, but I didn't want Black beard to catch me unzipped. Or else I might have had to hook'em.

CHARLENE'S VOICE

Close call. He was up about 5 and went right back out.

JACK

Out again? Hmmm....

CHARLENE'S VOICE

Yeah.

JACK

Alright. Thanks for letting me know.

CHARLENE'S VOICE

Are you going to try and find it?

JACK

For what it's worth. Problem is, gonna need a deck hand. Fellow diver or two. I may have a couple leads. Can't do it by myself. Wish I could, but I can't. Gonna have to trust somebody real quick.

CHARLENE'S VOICE

Well, I get sea sick, can't help you there.

After driving a few blocks, Jack does not fail to notice the trailer's. He quickly changes lanes and makes a right onto a busy highway. The SUV does the same, and manages to stay with him.

JACK

Call ya back!

He floors it, changing more lanes until he is in the far left, getting off at the next exit, amidst several angry drivers and honking horns. The SUV is eventually cut-off from the growing traffic. It is unable to pursue.

INT. THE SUV

TONY

Shit!

INT. STEVE'S HOME. LATER AFTERNOON.

Steve enters his house, looking tired and gruff. He drops his duffel bag on the floor and removes his cell phone from his pocket and dials a number. Lauren picks up on the other end. She is just exiting the casino boat. Ron Murphy is with her.

LAUREN

Hello baby, back already?

STEVE

Yeah. Where the hell are you now?

LAUREN

(peering around the casino, looking for a quick excuse) I'm at the mall, shopping, why? And you don't have to talk to me in that tone of voice.

STEVE

Sorry, but when are you coming home?

LAUREN

I'll be home within the hour.

STEVE

Alright, fine. I'll start something on the grill. Bye.

Hangs up. Lauren looks at Ron.

LAUREN

I gotta go. He doesn't appear to be in the sweetest mood. And this is it. I gotta stop this.

Ron proceeds to caress her arm and shoulder. She snaps and pushes him off.

(CONTINUED)

LAUREN
For chrissakes, stop it!

RON
I'm just trying to be sympathetic.

LAUREN
No Ron, I gotta go!

She angrily walks away to her car, leaving Ron standing there. He picks up his cell phone and dials. Andy picks up his end.

ANDY
Hey Ron...

RON
Get a load of this....Steve and Morton uncovered one helluva find.

ANDY
What...?

RON
Fucking German U-Boat.

ANDY
Hmm...and you know this how?

RON
Lauren told me this afternoon.
Spilled her guts.

ANDY
You're pretty bad my good friend.
And it's all related to that coin
you were telling me about?

RON
Very well could be.

ANDY
I just can't believe Steve is doing
this to us. Morton yes, but Steve,
no. He's the last person on Earth..

RON
Well, he got caught up in it. Not
all his fault. We'll just do our
own thing with this dude of yours.

(CONTINUED)

ANDY

We don't know where it is though.
Near the Mary Louise, yes, but it's
still a big pond. Could be going in
circles forever.

RON

Yep.

ANDY

See you tonight at the lounge?
Seven-thirty?

RON

I'll be there.

INT. STEVE'S HOME. HALF AN HOUR LATER

Steve and Lauren are arguing in the kitchen.

STEVE

Out shopping, bullshit! I never
gave you any money. And you have no
job to pay for anything on your
own. You were at the fucking
casino, weren't you?!

LAUREN

No! I was at the mall Steve! A girl
can just look, can't she?

STEVE

You know, for the longest time,
I've been way too laid back with
all this. I avoided the controversy
and said nothing.

She says nothing and sits down, lowering her head. Short
silence as Steve paces the kitchen.

STEVE (cont'd)

Just answer me the goddamn truth
Lauren. Were you gambling? I'm not
gonna hold it against you.
C'mon..tell me.

Her eyes goes watery as she removes a tissue from her purse.
She finally nods her head as Steve stares her down. He rubs
his fingers through his hair.

(CONTINUED)

STEVE

Where did you get the money?

LAUREN

Ron's been around there.

STEVE

Are you fucking him too? Fucking him for the money?

She slams her hand on the table.

LAUREN

No!

STEVE

Are you humping him for the money?! Tell me the truth, because I will find out! He's my best friend! Was my best friend.

LAUREN

God damn you! You know I'm not a whore. I may have a problem, but not like that. I would never do that to you.

STEVE

I don't know, baby. You really need to get your shit together. I've sacrificed a lot to bail you out of your debts. Now you gotta do just a little to help yourself.

He opens the refrigerator and removes a beer. He takes a large swig of the beer, remaining silent.

LAUREN

And there's something else I might as well tell you while we're having this *two-way* communication. Just don't tell him I told you.

STEVE

Suddenly divulging a world of secrets. What?

LAUREN

Yes, I've been gambling. There's that. Yes, Ron has been giving me money for it, there's that on top of that. No, oddly enough, he has not asked to be paid back in any

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

LAUREN (cont'd)
way, shape, or form. That's that.
Except for one thing I think...

Steve angrily shrugs his shoulders.

STEVE
And...?

LAUREN
He's been really pestering me to
tell him about what you've been
doing with Morton the past couple
days. I mean, really bugging the
shit out of me on it.

Steve reacts by throwing the beer bottle against a nearby
wall, shattering it and splashing liquid and glass all over
the kitchen.

STEVE
And you told him about the gold
pieces, didn't you?! Told him all
that so you could get more moula to
place your bets.

LAUREN
No! I only told him about the
U-Boat you guys discovered. So
because I told him just that, he
hasn't asked to be paid back for my
table debts. I swear on my mother's
grave, that's all I told him. But
he's been really pestering me.
Calling me at strange times, I go
to the casino and he's there, it's
like he's got me on watch 24/7.

STEVE
Just do me a favor. Get the hell
out.

She lowers her shoulders in resignation.

STEVE (cont'd)
Just get out of my house for now.
Go to Bridget's, your sister's, I
don't care.

LAUREN
I didn't tell him about your *gold*!

(CONTINUED)

STEVE

Maybe not. But I don't know what to think right now. Just go. Maybe I'll change my mind later...I dunno.

LAUREN

Fine. Fair enough. You're more into your diving anyway.

STEVE

Gotta get your own life, Lauren. One of these days. Gotta find something more worthwhile to do.

She angrily picks up her purse and storms out of the house.

EXT. RON MURPHY'S HOME. HALF AND HOUR LATER

Ron is loading his gear into his truck when Steve's SUV slams its brakes into the front curb. Ron stops what he is doing as his angry friend removes himself from the vehicle and comes at him like a raging bull.

STEVE

You two faced ass hole....stay the fuck away from her!

He cocks his arm and lands a punch square in Ron's eye. Ron keels over onto his driveway. Ron hold his hand over his eye.

STEVE

And you know what this is about! So don't play dip shit with me.

Steve turns around and stomps back to his vehicle. Ron slowly gets up.

RON

Yeah! Well what the fuck have you and Morton been doing? Gonna share in your find? I know all about it. And we're gonna find it too! Talk about back stabbing.

Steve stops before getting into his vehicle.

STEVE

What would you have done? I already told you what we would probably find. You gotta beef, talk to

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

STEVE (cont'd)
Morton. Nothing I can do about it.
It's his boat, he had the numbers,
and he asked me to go!

RON
But this has always been our dream!
Doing it together!

STEVE
Talk to Morton!

Scene ends with neighbors watching.

INT. THE DRY DOCK LOUNGE. DAY

A concerned looking Jack Buchino enters the VIP Lounge. He lights a cigar, looks nervously around until he spots Charlene. She is waiting on some customers. After she finishes serving them drinks, he makes his way over to her.

JACK
Gotta moment to talk?

CHARLENE
Not really, but what?

JACK
Meet me outside.

CHARLENE
Jack, I'm working.

JACK
Outside in two minutes.

She rolls her eyes as Jack exits. She places her tray on the bar and slowly follows him. Suddenly her arm is grabbed from behind by the MANAGER.

MANAGER
Where are you going?

CHARLENE
I just need five minutes. We're not that busy.

MANAGER
I know. But every time that guy is in here, you start slacking on your job. I know he's a good customer, but....

(CONTINUED)

CHARLENE

I know, just need five minutes. See ya!

She pulls her arm away and exits.

EXT. DRY DOCK PARKING LOT

Jack and Charlene.

JACK

I'm being followed. They got me made. Know my whereabouts, probably everything else.

CHARLENE

Who's they?

JACK

It's Chicago baby. Lark's people no doubt.

CHARLENE

How do you know?

JACK

I'm street baby, trust me, I know. I'm gonna get out of that apartment and move somewhere else for the time being until I can take care of it all.

CHARLENE

What does this mean for me?

JACK

Probably a helluva lot. I don't know how long they've been here, who they've seen me with and all, but the fact of the matter is, they're here. And now it's survival time.

CHARLENE

Okay...?

JACK

No okay, I think you need to come with me. Only a matter of time before they make you.

(He looks around like a paranoid)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JACK (cont'd)

You're gonna need my protection,
here and now. These guys are better
than the FBI in people tracking.

CHARLENE

No. No Jack, I can't do that..no..

JACK

Nuh-uh. I won't listen to that.
Start packing your stuff tonight,
and plan to meet me sometime
tomorrow. I'll find us a place,
probably a hotel first, then
something else.

CHARLENE

Jack! No!

He grabs her arm.

JACK

Fuck Blackbeard baby! Think he
gives a shit about you? We got what
we need from him. He gives ya a
problem, I'll take care of it.

CHARLENE

Let go of my arm!

JACK

Listen to me! You are in this as
thick as me!

CHARLENE

(whispering)

No I am not! I never told you to
snuff out anybody. You cowboyed
that on your own!

JACK

Doesn't matter. Simply knowing
about it is enough. These are Lark
associates. They knew he came down
here, who he met with, and where he
stuck his old limp prick!

She throws her arms up in the air and proceeds to walk away.

CHARLENE

So what do you plan to do about it?

(CONTINUED)

JACK

I'm gonna set a trap. Very simple.
I'll lead them to me. And that'll
be it. Chicago sends more goons
down, I'll do the same. You should
know, ya don't fuck with Jack
Buchino!

CHARLENE

Then if you have this grand scheme
plan, why do you need me?

At this moment, Charlene's manager comes outside. Jack
angrily looks at him.

JACK

What the hell do you want?!!

EXT. MORTON'S HOME

Steve's next stop is Morton's. He makes his way to the front
door and knocks several times, loudly.

MORTON

(O.C.)

Yeah?

STEVE

It's me, Steve. Gotta minute?

MORTON

Come on in. I'm in here.

Steve enters.

INT. MORTON'S HOME

Steve finds Morton with his laptop sitting on the kitchen
bar. On the computer screen is a blueprint of a Nazi U-Boat.

MORTON

Interesting seeing this after being
inside one of 'em. So to speak.
Right here....(points to the close
up on the screen, a section known
as crew quarters)....is the
quarters for the senior officials.
It's right where we found the loot,
and home of the Simon butcher shop.
Just curious now as to which
official it was running to South
America.

(CONTINUED)

STEVE

Something I gotta tell you. Need to get it off my chest before you hear it elsewhere.

Morton rubs his eyes and points to the kitchen.

MORTON

Better help yourself to a beer first. It'll make it easier to spill your guts about spilling your guts.

(Steve is silent)

Go ahead, and get me one while you're at it.

Steve retrieves the beers. Both men help themselves and take their initial swigs.

STEVE

You know?

MORTON

Probably. To what extent....do they know?

STEVE

Who?

MORTON

C'mon Stevie, Mama raised no retard here, your chums, Ron and Andy, what'd ya tell him over a few beers?

STEVE

I'm sorry. But it's just Ron. He doesn't know about the gold. Just the sub.

MORTON

Sure hope not. Course to me, the boat is like gold too. And Dandy Andy, I'm sure, has been told by now, you guys are like kinder gardeners. Plus they're probably both pissed off too, that they ain't included.

STEVE

Just thought you should know.

(CONTINUED)

MORTON

I know. It was coming' sooner or later. I was hoping later, but what're ya gonna do?

STEVE

Sorry.

MORTON

I'd fire your ass. I really would. There's a reason for everything I do. Or don't do. Told ya that. And ya took it for granted, thinkin' it was still play time.

(Brief silence)

But ya learned. Ya can see by now, it ain't play time any longer. Plus, if I shit canned ya, not sure I can trust ya about the Simon detail, and about the loot. So for better or worse, still need ya, you little virgin you.

Steve shrugs in resignation. Morton smirks.

STEVE

I expected a worse reaction.

MORTON

And you would have gotten one. But I'm tired today, and I got other things on my mind.

STEVE

Like..?

MORTON

Oh, women shit.

He holds up a cigar for Steve to see.

MORTON

This ain't my brand. Found it in the back near my boat. Think my little woman is tramping around. I ain't that surprised, saw it comin' eventually, but I still don't like it.

STEVE

Know the feeling.

(CONTINUED)

MORTON

Weather don't look good tomorrow,
so sleep in. But keep your phone
on, cuz I might change my mind.

STEVE

Okay.

MORTON

I might go out Monday, Monday looks
good.

STEVE

I can't take Monday off.

MORTON

I know. I'm going. But be ready
Monday night. I may pull a double
shift.

STEVE

What do we do about Ron and Andy,
and what they might know, or not
know?

MORTON

Let me handle that. In the
meantime, just keep your mouth
shut. Besides, they shouldn't know
the precise location. Unless you
told them that too?

STEVE

No, I didn't. But why can't we just
bring them in? They're good divers,
good guys. Let them come along.

MORTON

No. Not yet. Especially after
finding the loot. Ron gets a
drinkin' and you know he won't keep
his yap shut. And Andy's a nervous
nanny, I don't need any of that
now. Understand?

Steve nods.

EXT. PARKING LOT OF JACK BUCHINO'S APARTMENT BUILDING.

Tony and Roger are sipping on cokes and munching on fast food sandwiches. This time they are performing their surveillance in a maroon Cadillac, as opposed to the prior SUV.

ROGER
Gotta piss.

TONY
Okay, but hurry up.

Tony inspects the cartridge in his revolver before placing the gun between his pants.

Roger steps out of the car and makes his way back to the woods at the edge of the lot. He proceeds to undo his pants when he is suddenly blinded by a flashlight beam in his face. He shields his face with his hands temporarily.

JACK BUCHINO'S VOICE
(redneck overtone)
Hey big boy! Whatcha doin' down
here in the swamps? This ain't no
place for you!

Roger has no time to flinch, for he is shot from a silencer once in the gut, once in the head. He keels over dead.

EXT. THE CADILLAC

Tony is glancing out the window and lighting a cigarette. Suddenly a warm semi-automatic with a silencer is shoved into the side of his face.

JACK
Nice trick, switching the cars.
Think you can throw old Jackie boy
off - Jack-Off?

Tony takes a moment to say anything. He has been through this before and shows no fear, only disgust.

TONY
Buchino?

JACK
Your boyfriend is spared the luxury
of pissing in the woods ever again.
Now what I want you to tell me is,
what do they know up in Chi-Town?
About me?

(CONTINUED)

TONY

Everything Jack. Every damn thing.
You are one fucked little piss ant
my friend.

He fires a shot into Tony's head, splattering the entire contents of the car with blood and brain tissue. The body drops over.

INT. RON'S HOME. SIX-THIRTY PM.

SOUND

Telephone ringing. Ron picks it up.

RON

Hello?

VOICE

(off-muffled)

I'm calling as a friend. A trusted friend. It is my understanding that you have general knowledge of an authentic find made recently out in the ocean?

RON

And who's this?

VOICE

I am a concerned party answering to many. I will lay it out very simple: I know everything about you. Who you are, where you live, where you work. I know it all. You are not to disclose anything, not one thing, about what you may have heard concerning this discovery. That includes your receipt of this phone call. We will know otherwise. Trust me friend, it is in your best interest! Click!

INT. THE DRY DOCK LOUNGE. ONE HOUR LATER.

Ron sits down next to Andy in a noisy, smoke filled environment. Well dressed men and women everywhere. Ron hands Andy a glass of wine and a fresh cigar. Both men light their cigars and take initial sips of their drinks. Ron's eye is black and blue.

(CONTINUED)

ANDY

Did you Star-69 that phone call?

RON

Yeah. Nothing. Had to've been a pay phone. Like I said, it's like they had a sock over their mouth. My guess it was Morton. Steve wouldn't resort to that, despite all.

ANDY

You also didn't think he would resort to socking you in the face.

RON

I can see where he was coming from. I didn't like it, but he also didn't like me messing with Lauren neither. I don't like what this whole U-Boat thing is doing to us.

ANDY

Well, neither do I, but it doesn't leave us much choice.

INT. LOUNGE ENTRANCE

A cocky looking Jack Buchino enters. He stops and stands over Charlene, who has just picked up some empty glasses from a table. When she turns, she nearly runs into him. Jack runs a finger across his throat, signifying his latest actions, before walking to the other end of the lounge.

INT. RON AND ANDY'S TABLE.

JACK

Mr. Andy Harris, damn glad to see you again!

Andy and Ron stand up to shake hands with Jack Buchino.

INT. OTHER END OF THE LOUNGE.

Charlene is busy observing Jack and the other two exchange greetings while she waits for drink orders from the bartender. While she finishes placing them all on her tray, her elbow happens to bump into a handsome, well dressed man sitting at the bar next to her. This is LEHMAN KAHN. The bump causes her to drop the tray and spill the drinks all over the floor, causing a brief commotion.

(CONTINUED)

KAHN

I am so sorry miss. Here, let me help you.

CHARLENE

No, my fault. Don't worry.

Kahn bends over and picks up a couple of the glasses that did not break. Their eyes meet in a glaze.

KAHN

No, I realize how embarrassing this must be. My name is LEHMAN KAHN. You are Charlene Holtz.

They shake hands quickly.

KAHN

...and I believe you had contacted my office earlier today?

She nods.

KAHN (cont'd)

I'm glad you called. Don't worry about a thing. I am going to hand you my card right now. Say nothing, put it somewhere. And come look for me at the end of your shift. I'll be around.

INT. ANDY, RON, AND JACK.

JACK

Well, sorry to hear about this treason from your buddy. In my opinion, humble as it is, you grow your own set of coglione! Ha! And do it yourself. Take what you need. Otherwise the other guy gets it. I've never made a life of sitting on my ass waiting for hand me downs.

Jack takes a moment to light both of their cigars, and sip his mixed drink.

JACK

Consider yourselves my mates. Gotta couple simple rules though. It's my boat. You do as I say, and when I say. I go in first and explore the site. First!

(CONTINUED)

ANDY

Now wait a minute, we are part of a very experienced dive group, over 1000 logged dives....

Jack holds up a hand to shut him up.

JACK

Andy, pardon moi, but shut the hell up while I'm talking.

(Silence. Then Jack breaks out in arrogant laughter)

JACK

Just kidding, but you know what I mean. Let me finish. My boat, my gas, my rules, my way. No horse hay. Let's just say I know a few things on what you're looking for. More than you at this point.

ANDY

How?

JACK

I know. Okay? I'll take you there. You can see and explore. I know a few other things too. Like what may be inside, and that's a big *may*. But either way, hey, it's mine. We'll call it treasure. We'll call it authentic. We'll call it *mine*. You find it first, it be mine! Don't like my rules, find another boat. And by the way it looks, neither one of you will have that much luck. Plus, you don't know where to go. Do you? You don't have the numbers.

(Silence among Andy and Ron.)

Sorry to be so blunt dudes, but I had to say it. It's not playtime on this. Any questions?

INT. LOCAL PUBLIC LIBRARY. SAME TIME.

While his 'friends' drink and plot, Steve Cole browses the bookstore's section on LOCAL INTERESTS. He finally comes across a book that catches his attention. The cover reads THE SINKING OF THE MARY LOUISE. He pulls the book out, and thumbs through it, and finally goes to the rear cover.

CLOSE UP ABOUT THE AUTHOR: LEHMAN KAHN SR:

(CONTINUED)

STEVE (V.O)

*Kahn, a retired SCUBA Diver and shipwreck historian, was instrumental in the research and exploration of the Mary Louise upon its discovery in 1990. He interviewed the surviving crew, and spent several years researching the National Archives in the United States as well as Germany in a determination to hunt down the U-Boat that may have sunk her
.....Kahn now lives in Miami Beach, Florida, where he continues to publish articles for various periodicals. He can be reached via email: LKAHN@WJC.NET.*

Steve slams the book shut and heads for the check-out. He has two other books in his possession.

INT. STEVE'S HOME. HALF AN HOUR LATER

Steve flips through the book in his quiet study to the picture section

CLOSE UP

A photograph of the crew that first dove the MARY LOUISE. There are about six men in the photo. On the far left is the author, Kahn Sr. On the far right, a much younger SIMON, with longer hair. To his right, a younger, Captain MORTON. He picks up another of the books he borrowed. One is titled MISSING U-BOATS FROM WORLD WAR II. The author, LEHMAN KAHN SR.

Steve picks up his phone.

STEVE

Yes, operator.....Miami Beach, Florida please....residency, Lehman Kahn Senior.

OPERATOR

I have three listings under the name Lehman Kahn, sir.

STEVE

This would be a Lehman Kahn, Senior. Do you have that?

(CONTINUED)

OPERATOR
Please hold.....

Steve writes down the number the recording gives him and replaces the phone. He immediately removes the phone from his receiver, pauses after staring at the paper for a second, then sets it back down. He then charges out of the house.

EXT. PUBLIC PAY PHONE.

Steve steps into a pay phone near a convenience store. He dials the number the operator had given him.

OPERATOR
How may I assist you?

STEVE
I'd like to charge this call to my
credit card number, 4632...

PARKED AUTOMOBILE ACROSS THE STREET

A man watches Steve conversing on the phone through a pair of binoculars. This 'spy' is Christian.

EXT. PRIVATE RESIDENCE. OUTDOOR POOL PATIO, EVENING.

LEHMAN KAHN SR is enjoying a tropical drink by his indoor pool while working on his laptop when his cordless phone rings. He is well tanned, gray haired man, probably in his seventies, appearing very wealthy.

KAHN SR
Hello..?

EXT. STEVE IN THE PUBLIC PAY PHONE

STEVE
It's a miracle.

KAHN SR (OFF)
Beg your pardon? Hello?

STEVE
Mr. Lehman Kahn? Lehman Kahn
senior?

EXT. LEHMAN KAHN SR. RESIDENCE.

KAHN SR

Yes?

STEVE (V.O)

The author? You wrote on the Mary Louise? As well as the book on missing German U-Boats?

Kahn Sr. immediately replaces his drink on the table beside him, and straightens his back out of attention.

KAHN SR

Correct. May I ask whom this is please?

STEVE

First, I apologize for disturbing your Saturday evening, sir. I truly do. And I do not want to give you my name as of yet. I just have a few quick questions if you don't mind. I would really appreciate it.

KAHN SR

I'm sorry, but if you don't tell me who you are, I'm going to hang up..

STEVE

I haven't had time to read your books. But I assume you go into theories about how the Mary Louise was sunk. And which enemy vessel sunk it. I'm a diver up here in North Florida, and we've found something.

EXT. STEVE IN THE PUBLIC PAY PHONE

KAHN SR (OFF)

Something? As in...?

STEVE

Something close to the Louise. I won't tell you how close or how far. But in your historical opinion, which of the missing Nazi U-boats may have shot it down? We both know that it had to've been a rogue vessel in our waters, because it took place 6 or 7 days before

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

STEVE (cont'd)
the Nazi surrender. Were there that
many around? That late in the war?

EXT. LEHMAN KAHN SR. RESIDENCE.

KAHN SR
If you have uncovered another U in
close approximatey to the Louise,
chances are, it would not be the
culprit, because there would have
to have been American defense in
the vicinity. And the Louise was
unescorted. I've researched the
Naval and Coast Guard archives, and
nothing on record was in that
vicinity, at the time of her
sinking. So if you found something,
it may be an entirely new mystery.
Have you uncovered an
identification of this....vessel?

STEVE (V.O)
Not yet.

KAHN SR
I would make that first in your
priority list. Listen, sir, you
really have me intrigued now. Diver
to diver, I would like your name
and number, and perhaps we can
arrange a meeting. I understand the
secrecy of these things....

STEVE
I can't do that right now. Just
looking for some help. Also, what
is your theory on U-Boats
transporting senior Nazi officials
to South America towards the end of
the war?

KAHN SR
Only theories, friend. Nothing was
ever proven, but it can be
reasonably concluded. I still
research it to this day. World War
II will haunt us for centuries to
come.

(CONTINUED)

STEVE

What about gold? Transporting
treasure to South America?

KAHN SR

My friend, I would really like to
speak with you....in person. And I
think you would like to meet with
me, otherwise, why would you have
called me at such an odd time? I
really don't have that much to
offer you over the phone, this is
way too complicated.

STEVE

Maybe at a later time, I'm just
conducting research right now.

Slight pause.

KAHN SR

Are you part of a crew up there?
Who are you working with?

STEVE

I won't get into that now.

KAHN SR

Morton? Do you know Captain Morton?

Steve hangs up his end.

EXT. DRY DOCK LOUNGE PARKING LOT. MIDNIGHT.

Morton is sitting in his truck, smoking a cigar. Watching
all who enter and exit the Lounge. At one point, he spots
LEHMAN KAHN, JR step out to use his cell phone. His forehead
wrinkles with familiarity. Seconds later, Andy Harris and
Ron Murphy leave the building, accompanied with Jack
Buchino. They are all smoking cigars, talking loudly, and
acting drunk. Morton takes a moment to observe them, and so
does Kahn. They disassemble. Finally Charlene steps outside
and whispers something into Kahn's ear. He nods, and she
steps back inside. Morton angrily crushes his cigar onto the
dashboard.

INT. UNKNOWN ROOM. TWO HOURS LATER.

Lehman Kahn and Charlene are sitting across from each other at a bare table. The atmosphere appears like an interrogation room. She is smoking a cigarette, and is still in her work skirt.

KAHN

This Jack was pretty drunk, just got in his car and left. I thought he might hang around and wait for you, but he didn't.

(She nods, taking a drag of her cigarette)

I will say this. I am doing this for your father. Your father's history with my father. Great men. As for you, based on what you've just told me, No. You've brought way too much on yourself, Charlene. Careless jumping around with dangerous men you barely know.

(She remains silent)

Thomas Larkese. The Lark. Chicago wise guy. Initiated the heroin trade in this area...what the hell is the matter with you? And now this Jack Buchino guy?

CHARLENE

I don't need a lecture. I realize what's going on. Can you help me or not?

KAHN

I already told you, for your Father, yes. And Morton? That's another piece of work. Your old man would flip in his tomb.

CHARLENE

Morton's found something out in the ocean. Your dad might like to know about that. German U-Boat.

(Kahn remains silent)

He's also found some valuable stuff, in this thing. And I gave Jack this information, he knows where it is, has the numbers on where to find it, or whatever.

(CONTINUED)

KAHN

What is this *stuff*?

CHARLENE

I guess gold coins.

Kahn wrinkles his forehead and stares into space. Charlene's cell phone rings and she picks it up.

CHARLENE

It's him. Morton. Unusual, he never really calls me.

INT. STEVE'S HOME. MIDNIGHT.

An intrigued Steve Cole is still pushing through his books and researching the internet.

INT. MORTON'S HOME. EARLY NEXT MORNING.

Morton is rummaging through what appears to be Charlene's personal belongings at his house. He goes through drawers, opens every piece of paper he can find, etc.

SOUND

Front door opening and closing. Morton charges out of the room, enters another room and removes a gun from a dresser drawer before he makes his way to the source of the sound. Charlene is standing at the entrance with Lehman Kahn Jr. and one other imposing looking man.

KAHN

Good morning, Captain. We're just here to lend Ms. Holtz a hand with her personal belongings. And no thanks, we don't care for any rum spiked coffee, but thanks anyway.

Morton says and does nothing, only looks tight lipped and angry as he and Kahn stare each other down. Charlene brushes past him towards her room.

KAHN

How's business these days? Any new discoveries out there?

MORTON

I dunno, get your prima dona sissy ass in the water and find out for yourself. Now get the tramp's stuff

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MORTON (cont'd)
out of my face with your slimy ass
trailing close behind before you
really piss me off you spoiled
punk.

KAHN
Always a class act, Morton.

INT. KAHN'S HOME.

Kahn has brought Charlene to his home for the interim. He directs her to a particular section of the house with her suitcases. He turns and pays attention to his cell phone.

CLOSE UP

Cell phone text messaging center: 1 New Message From:
Dad. He clicks the notification:

CALL ME ASAP! I HAVE SOMETHING VERY IMPORTANT TO SPEAK TO
YOU ABOUT.

EXT. LEHMAN KAHN SR. RESIDENCE.

Lehman Sr. is sitting at his poolside patio with his laptop when his cell goes off.

KAHN SR
Good morning, Lehman!

Lehman Jr. has just stepped outside to his poolside patio.

KAHN
Nice to speak with you, Daddy. What
is so important that you pull me
out of bed?

KAHN SR
Bed? Mr. 5 am? Not the son I
raised.

KAHN
What's up, Dad? What's this top
priority stuff?

KAHN SR
Starts with a strange phone call I
received last night. Very strange.

(CONTINUED)

KAHN

Traceable?

KAHN SR

Unfortunately not, pay phone. He's smart. But it involves the Mary Louise, Lehman. That thing that will never escape me. I'll die with it. But I'm wondering if you could....

KAHN

...way ahead of you daddy. Way ahead of you. It's quite a plot up here. Our main characters include Charlene Holtz, daughter of Bill; the Chicago Mob, and our old pal, Morton. And a lot else. What do you have from your end?

KAHN SR

Possibly someone that is diving with Morton. He's an amateur and excited as hell. Going through my books and everything. But without saying a word about anything else, I knew he was with Morton....But what's this about.....Bill Holtz, Chicago mob...?

KAHN

It's quite a trilogy, probably just the tip of the iceberg. But Charlene Holtz is at the core of it. And you're right daddy, Morton, apparently, has found something.

KAHN SR

When's the last time you have gotten wet?

EXT. MORTON'S HOME. ONE HOUR LATER.

Steve and Morton are in the back on the SEA BEAST. Morton is drinking a bottle of rum while Steve drinks a beer. They are going through his books. It is raining and windy.

STEVE

You never told me a book was written on your expedition of the Louise. You never told me about the litigation that followed, and how Lehman Kahn won the salvage rights.

(CONTINUED)

MORTON

Gets too complicated for you virgins.

STEVE

Is he related to the Lehman Kahn in town here, the lawyer / investigator that advertises on TV?

MORTON

Pappy and son.

STEVE

Then who's this Bill Holtz?

MORTON

Friend of theirs, all part of that same Jewish organization, World Jewish Congress or whatever it is. Another big lawyer in town. Died mysteriously about ten years ago. House fire.

STEVE

And that's Charlene's old man?

Morton nods and takes a drink.

MORTON

Besides diving, they were Nazi hunters. At a lower level. Helped that Simon Wiesenthal nab some henchmen that were livin' over here. Must've been, four or five of them that Daddy Kahn helped catch. Couple here in Florida.

STEVE

I read that, yeah.

MORTON

Yeah. Kahn also suspected right off when we were doin' ole Mary that whatever sunk her had to've been a U-Boat that was transporting some big boy, or boys, down south.

(Steve nods his head in interest)

And that's another reason I wanted to keep our mouths shut on all this. Kahn, Holtz, and all them boys have been supporting, funding efforts around the world to

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MORTON (cont'd)
confiscate stolen Nazi loot. The
proceeds going to Holocaust
survivor causes and all. And
they've won some. They always seem
to win.

Morton tosses back the remainder of the rum in the bottle.

STEVE
Lot of sympathy there.

MORTON
But not this time. This is mine!

STEVE
I think we also need to find some
clue for identification of that
thing. That could tell us a lot
more.

MORTON
You're getting too smart for my
britches. When we find it, we find
it.

Pause. Silence. Morton reaches over and touches Steve on the
shoulder.

MORTON
You're awfully fascinated with
Kahn. You didn't happen to get a
wild hair up your curious ass and
try to make contact with him, did
ya? I know he likes divers to
contact him about all kinds of
shit.

Steve is taken back by the remark.

STEVE
No.

MORTON
Good lad. Cuz I would have to kill
you.

EXT. LATER..MORTON SEES STEVE OFF TO HIS TRUCK

MORTON

It looks okay for tomorrow, so I might be out. I'll call ya and let ya know what's new.

STEVE

Right.

Steve pulls away.

EXT. MORTON'S BOAT.

Morton lights a cigar back on his boat when Christian slowly steps on board.

CHRISTIAN

I read him in the phone booth. He definitely contacted Kahn. Didn't give him the entire story, but you know Kahn, he isn't stupid. He added two and two.

Morton puffs on his cigar and says nothing.

CHRISTIAN

Undoubtedly Kahn Sr. has contacted Kahn Jr. by now.

MORTON

They don't know the location.

CHRISTIAN

Regardless, no chances to take. I warned you to involve an outsider in this. Now, the associates will be arriving in town Wednesday or Thursday. We will up your price if you make some more headway.

Morton remains silent.

CHRISTIAN

Do you want to handle Cole? Or shall I? My own way.

MORTON

I'll do it.

(CONTINUED)

CHRISTIAN

Okay, but we will keep an eye on, he's carrying about like a Harry Potter. I never thought he was a good idea. Virgin, as you yourself title it.

MORTON

Any idea what Charlene is doing with junior?

CHRISTIAN

Probably the same idea you have. Doesn't look all that good. Ever catch her snooping around in places where she shouldn't?

Morton turns and gives Christian a concerned look.

MORTON

No.

ACT III

INT. JACK BUCHINO'S APARTMENT. EVENING

Jack is sitting alone in his apartment drinking a bottle of vodka and smoking a cigar, watching television. In an angered gesture, he picks up his cell phone and dials a number.

Charlene's voice mail comes on after several rings.

CHARLENE'S VOICE

I'm not available to take your call at the moment, but please leave a message at the sound of the beep...

Jack angrily hurls the phone across the room.

INT. STEVE COLE'S PLACE OF WORK. WEEKDAY

Steve enters the lobby of his office building to find Morton waiting for him. Morton gets up from a chair and greets him.

STEVE

To what do I owe Captain?

Morton removes an object from his pocket and places it in Steve's hand.

(CONTINUED)

MORTON

I just gotta minute here. You won't be making any more dives on the sub with me, at least until you hear otherwise....I also don't want you making contact with me until I say otherwise. That means calling, coming over to my house, nuthin'. Understand?

(Steve makes a shrugging question mark gesture.)

Just listen up. There's a lot of shit going down with this thing and alotta hairy people getting involved now. It's in your best interest to stay land locked until I say otherwise. This key here, if I don't come out of thing in one piece, you'll be receiving instructions on what to do with it. If I do make it out, well, you'll know that too.

STEVE

I don't get your drift.

MORTON

I know you don't right now. But when the instructions come in, it'll all make perfect sense. Trust me.

Morton taps Steve on the shoulder and exits.

INT. LEHMAN KAHN JR'S HOME. DAY

Charlene is drinking a cup of coffee, smoking a cigarette, and watching a breaking story on the morning news.

CLOSE UP - TELEVISION SCREEN

Police, paramedics, and television reporters have assembled at a CRIME SCENE at a local landfill. A young female reporter is addressing the viewing audience:

REPORTER

....the bodies of the two victims discovered earlier today are that of 42 year old ROGER NOVAK and 55 year old ANTHONY CATONI, both of Chicago.

(CONTINUED)

THE MALE FACE OF A CORRESPONDING BROADCASTER FROM THE LOCAL NEWS STUDIO FILLS THE SCREEN

BROADCASTER

...Jane, reports have surfaced that these two men had connections to organized crime in Chicago. Any updates on that?

REPORTER

...We don't have any information on that as of yet Bill, Police are investigating the travel documents found on these individuals and will update us as soon as more facts are available.

Charlene stubs out her cigarette and proceeds to make a call immediately.

EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN. MORTON'S BOAT.

A determined Morton is on his boat alone, at the U-Boat dive site. He has just tossed a metal crate, fastened on each side with air bags, overboard into the water. He then turns his attention to his dive gear on the bench.

INT. ANDY HARRIS'S COMPANY CAFETERIA.

Andy sits himself down at a table in his office cafeteria with a meal and a scuba diving magazine. As he proceeds to eat, a visitor suddenly joins him. He raises his head to see Jack Buchino.

JACK

Good day, Andy. This was the quickest offer I've ever experienced.

Andy releases an uneasy smile.

EXT. UNDERWATER. INSIDE THE U-BOAT.

A scuba diving Morton is using a crow bar to tear away at portions of the wall that had collapsed a week earlier on his former partner. At one point, he stops, his eyes widen, and he begins to reach inside a small hideaway for something he has discovered.

EXT. LEHMAN KAHN SR. RESIDENCE.

Kahn Sr. is typing away at his laptop computer when his Hispanic housekeeper approaches him.

HOUSEKEEPER

Here's the printout of your flight itinerary, senor. Your flight leaves at 7.30 in the manana.

Kahn Sr. studies the printout for a moment, then looks up at her and nods. She exits. He picks up his phone and dials a number.

EXT. UNDERWATER. IMMEDIATELY OUTSIDE THE U-BOAT.

Morton has just finished securing the crate. He double checks the air bags on each side, even releasing additional air into a couple of them with his backup regulator. He glances at his dive computer, which indicates that he has entered decompression limits. He swims to the anchor line.

EXT. BOAT DECK AREA. ONE HOUR LATER

An exhausted Morton is struggling to pull his large crate onto the deck area. He is breathing and panting very heavily. Within moments, he manages to secure it, and collapses to the floor, clutching his left arms and groaning in pain.

EXT. A PUBLIC SELF-STORAGE CENTER. LATE EVENING.

Morton has enlisted the help of the attendant in unloading the metal crate into the storage garage. Both middle-aged men struggle to lift the mammoth object off the back of the pickup truck and move it into the space. After a piercing THUMP!, the object is on the ground.

ATTENDANT

My lord, you got some bodies in there or something (chuckling)?

MORTON

Might as well be.

Suddenly Morton reaches for his left side again, moans, and drops to the ground in pain.

(CONTINUED)

ATTENDANT

My lord, you okay sir?

MORTON

No, I'm not okay. Reach in my back pocket and pull out my wallet.

The attendant responds nervously and removes the wallet.

ATTENDANT

Okay, now what....?

MORTON

That red card there
(moaning)...says Divers
Emergency...call it now!

The attendant removes the card and begins dialing the number on his cell phone while Morton succumbs to the floor.

EXT. OUTSIDE MORTON'S HOME. SAME TIME. EVENING.

Jack is slowly cruising his vehicle in front of Morton's home. It is dark and empty. No vehicles. He dials Charlene's number on his cell phone.

JACK

I don't know what you think you're doing, hiding from me, but I'm warning you, you're making a grave mistake! (He shouts) *I will find you!!*

INT. LOCAL AIRPORT. NEXT DAY.

Christian enters the baggage claim area from outside. Entering directly behind, seconds later, is Charlene. She proceeds in an opposite direction.

BAGGAGE CAROUSEL

Three serious looking men are standing by the belt awaiting the arrival of their luggage. The oldest man, standing in front of the other two, is a sober looking KARL LENZ. The other two, much younger and fit looking are KLAUS and HEINRICH.

Christian approaches them. The entire dialog is conducted in German with English subtitles.

(CONTINUED)

CHRISTIAN

Greetings Karl. I trust it was a good flight?

Christian appears nervous.

KARL

Good and long, yes. Let's hope it was well worth it. You remember KLAUS and HEINRICH, divers from the institute.

CHRISTIAN

It's been awhile, but I never forget faces. Names maybe, not faces.

The three shake hands.

KARL

Is our fearless and trusted Captain Morton awaiting in the car?

CHRISTIAN

No. I came alone.

KARL

Ah, well I expected him. But that's American hospitality I suppose.

CHRISTIAN

Yes, well, he'll be dropping by the hotel later today.

KARL

I would hope so.

KLAUS

Here's our luggage.

Klaus and Heinrich turn to the belt and remove several large gear bags.

KARL

Christian, don't just stand there, summon a luggage boy, the boys have a lot of stuff here.

CHRISTIAN

Yes, of course Herr Karl.

He flags down a luggage handler.

INT. RENTAL AUTOMOBILE.

Charlene drives the automobile carrying three men. JOHN sits at her passenger side, he is the oldest of the three, dressed in a modern day sports coat. CARMINE, a young expressionless man sits beside JOEY in the backseat. Charlene, while pulling out of the airport, turns her attention to the younger men in the back.

CHARLENE

I'm sorry, your names were again..?

JOHN

I'm JOHN, CARMINE is to your left and JOEY on your right.

Both young men nod.

CHARLENE

Great. Hope you guys have a pleasant stay this week.

JOEY

Sunshine, boats, bikinis, and Diving is what we need. Can't do that in Chicago this time of year.

CHARLENE

Plenty of that to go around!

JOEY

I hope so.

JOHN

Carmine, by the way, doesn't speak English.

Charlene and Carmine lock romantic eyes.

JOHN (cont'd)

Do you have what we talked about?

Charlene reaches into her purse and hands him a piece of paper.

CHARLENE

Right here.

JOHN

Excellent.

(CONTINUED)

JOEY

And you gotta place to rent a good boat too?

CHARLENE

That too.

JOHN

And our special boy?

CHARLENE

That too.

INT. HOTEL ROOM. LATE AFTERNOON

Christian, Karl Lenz, Klaus and Heinrich are in their hotel suite. The room has turned into a special Headquarters center for their mission. Two laptop computers are on the table, books, papers, and dive gear remain scattered about. Klaus and Heinrich are messing with their diving gear while Christian and Karl converse at the table. Entire dialog is in German with English subtitles.

KARL

First and foremost, Christian, I am disappointed that you left the contents of that initial find with Morton. In fact, it was very stupid.

CHRISTIAN

I sincerely apologize, but I can only be in so many places at once. There is a lot to keep an eye on here. And if I exhibited too much control over him, the exact opposite occurs, the more cautious he gets. The more he slips and slides through your fingers. Remember, we are in his territory.

Karl shakes his head and snaps.

KARL

It belongs to my family!

Klaus and Heinrich stop what they are doing at the earshot of his voice.

CHRISTIAN

Yes sir.

Karl gets up from the chair and begins pacing the room.

(CONTINUED)

KARL
Regardless, where is he? He's late!

CHRISTIAN
I'll call him again.

INT. SAME HOTEL. DIFFERENT ROOM. SAME TIME

Carmine and Charlene are passionately tearing each other's clothes off and jumping on the hotel bed.

INT. THE GERMAN HOTEL ROOM.

KARL
(lighting a cigarette)
The U-742, never found. Took my
father right out of the homeland
during that most troubled time.

Christian, who is on the phone, hangs up with a frown. All men in the room fall silent.

CHRISTIAN
Captain Morton is dead. Severe
decompression illness.

Brief silence.

KLAUS
So apparently he's been out.

HEINRICH
(to Christian)
And without you.

KLAUS
We'll have to find our own boat.

All men in the room look to Karl, who says nothing while pouring a scotch. He takes a sip, and looks at Christian.

KARL
I would not waste another minute of
time if I were you.

INT. CHARLENE AND CARMINE'S ROOM

Carmine removes himself from the bed after making love to Charlene. He proceeds to throw some pants on. Charlene smiles, sits up in bed, and lights a cigarette.

CHARLENE

So it is true. A woman hasn't lived
until she has slept with a true
Italian.

CARMINE

Si.

He removes a silenced handgun from his pants and fires two shots into her head. Without a second emotion, he puts the gun away and finishes getting dressed.

INT. STEVE COLE'S HOME. EVENING

Steve is going through some papers in his study, next to the computer. An internet website about missing Nazis and gold fills the screen. Books scattered everywhere.

CLOSE UP - PAPERS (scribbled on notepad)

NAZIS IN SOUTH AMERICA

NAZIS - UNKNOWN WHEREABOUTS

Eichmann

Mathias Lenz??

Mengele (Dr. Death)

Rauff?

Bormann?

Lenz?

END OF CLOSE UP

There is a SOUND, Steve looks up, and sees Lauren. She smiles uneasily, and says 'Hi' through her lips.

STEVE

Hi. I'm glad you're here, I think I
found the missing Nazi.

LAUREN

Need help?

INT. RON'S HOME. EVENING.

Ron Murphy is assembling his dive gear in his garage, carefully and meticulously inspecting everything. Rock music plays in the background. The cell phone on a nearby bench begins to light up, and he picks it up, turning down the radio.

RON

Dandy Andy.

Andy is shown at his home, inspecting his own dive gear.

ANDY

Returning your call, what's up?

RON

More like what's down. I'm getting some bad vibes about this whole thing, and that includes this crazy Jack dude of yours. I think the guy is a maniac and we shouldn't be going out with him.

ANDY

Okay, but what choice do we have? Morton and Steve have tossed us to the back burner, and we don't know anybody else that knows the precise location, or that can take us out altogether.

RON

Andy, number one, we don't know how deep it is, that's treacherous. How can we calculate our profiles? Number two, Jack's a psychotic bullshitter, you can see him coming a mile away. Can't believe an anal diver like yourself isn't being more cautious on this one.

ANDY

Just bring your best gear, get a conservative fill mix. It's not that far from the LOUISE, how much deeper can it be?

RON

Very! Ole Mary is practically on the continental shelf you idiot! Less than a mile. That shit starts to drop there.

(CONTINUED)

ANDY

Well then my friend, sleep in. I'm going.

Andy hangs up his end.

EXT. MORTON'S HOME. SAME EVENING

Christian and Klaus get out of a car in front of Captain Morton's home and slowly make their way to the front. They are dressed in full black. The house is quiet and empty.

Suddenly a voice coming from the side startling both intruders. A powerful flashlight blinds their eyes.

VOICE

Can we help you gentlemen?

Christian and Klaus stop dead in their tracks. Two men, military in demeanor, crew cuts and all, stand poised in the side yard.

Neither intruder says a word.

MILITARY MAN #1

Don't you have any respect for the dead?

MILITARY MAN #2

If I were you two, I'd hop right back in your vehicle without looking back. You are currently trespassing on US Government property.

Christian and Klaus stand dumbfounded before turning back.

NEARBY BUSHES

Crouching behind a large bush in the neighbors yard, observing the entire scene, is Jack Buchino. He quietly turns and runs as well.

ANOTHER CAR PARKED DOWN THE STREET

Chicago wise guys John, Joey, and Carmine have not taken their eyes off of a snooping Buchino.

JOHN

What a piece of work. I'd take'em out now if I you guys weren't so gung ho on this....'treasure'. Go home and get a real steak sandwich.

(CONTINUED)

JOEY

You're not a diver, I don't expect you'd understand. It's a dream for us. Provided it's true.

JOHN

Well, we also don't know enough about what we're doing once we get out there neither, and I don't plan on goin' back saying' we lost this fucker. So we'll see.

JOEY

We won't fail, stop worryin'.

John shakes his head.

ANOTHER CAR SITUATED DOWN THE STREET

Kahn Jr and Sr, and a third man in the backseat have observed the latest commotion with binoculars.

Kahn Sr. turns to his son.

KAHN SR

Incredible. What the hell do you think is going on now?

KAHN JR

I don't have a damn clue. I really don't. Like I said the other day, the entire plot is unfolding before our eyes.

THIRD MAN

Undoubtedly, more to come.

KAHN JR

That's enough action for tonight. I want to make a pit stop by the Dry Dock to see if Charlene turned up.

KAHN SR

Still no word on her, huh?

KAHN JR

Not a thing.

INT. DRY DOCK LOUNGE. FOLLOWING EVENING

Jack Buchino, dressed in Panama Jack attire, is wandering through the Friday night crowd in search of someone, or something. He smokes a cigar and sips a cognac. He stops at the main bar and rudely touches a bar maid.

JACK

I'm looking for Charlene. She been around?

BARMAID

Uh...Charlene, no, sure haven't. She hasn't shown up for work in a couple of days.

A hand places itself on Jack's shoulder. He jumps and turns around, startled. It is the Manager who he angered a week earlier.

MANAGER

I remember you, pal. She's a no show, so if or when she comes back, she's got no job here.

JACK

Get your fucking hand off me before I bite it off.

(The manager obeys. Jack turns back to the barmaid)

Just get me another one of these, huh?

The pissy barmaid quickly replenishes his drink and moves on.

Standing behind Jack waiting for a drink are Karl Lenz and Heinrich. Standing behind them waiting for a drink are Lehman Kahn Sr. and the 'Third Man' in the vehicle the night before.

REMOTE CORNER OF LOUNGE

Ron and Andy are sipping on drinks and puffing on cigars.

ANDY

I'd just like to know what's going to happen if we run into Morton and Steve out there tomorrow?

Ron shrugs.

(CONTINUED)

RON
Haven't heard a word from neither.

Suddenly Jack joins them, looking irritated.

ANDY
What's the matter? You look a bit
disturbed.

Jack gives him the middle finger.

JACK
Disturb this!

ANDY
All right, all right, just making
an attempt at conversation.

OPPOSITE CORNER OF LOUNGE

A man named IRA joins the Kahns as well as the other man.
All men look dour.

IRA
Okay, we're all set.

They nod in acknowledgment.

TWO BOOTHS DOWN

Karl & Heinrich join Christian and Klaus in their booth.

German dialog:

KARL
I hate this music! (turning to
Christian) Are you confident with
our arrangements tomorrow?

CHRISTIAN
Yes, for the third time.

KARL
How impressive you can be.

INT. EXQUISITE RESTAURANT IN THE CITY

Steve and Lauren are well dressed and enjoying a fine meal
in a corner booth.

(CONTINUED)

STEVE

Night cap at the Dry Dock after this?

LAUREN

Nah. We're too well dressed for that fiasco. I think we should concentrate on getting well undressed....hmm?

Steve smiles.

INT. BEDROOM

Steve and Lauren, both naked, proceed to make love in their dimly lit bedroom, Van Morrison music plays in the backdrop.

EXT. PUBLIC BOAT LAUNCH AREA. DAWN EARLY MORNING

Scene opens with Andy compiling all of his dive equipment onto the pavement. Ron Murphy is already standing there with his.

RON

If I weren't so broke I'd either be at the casino or the kitty kat lounge as opposed to this.

Andy sighs.

ANDY

I'll handle him.

RON

I'm sure you will.

Suddenly a pickup truck towing a trailer hitch and boat pulls up. Jack rears his head out the window.

JACK

Don't just stand there gents, move your shit to the water's edge over there, and one of yuz would make themselves most useful if you get your skinny legs in the water and help me guide this thing in.

Jack proceeds to turn his rig around. Andy and Ron look at each other awkwardly.

(CONTINUED)

RON

We must be out of our skull. If we don't make it out of this, I'm gonna be skinning your ass in hell.

ANDY

Don't take him too personal guy. I'll handle him I said.

EXT. JACK'S BOAT

The 30 foot speedboat is loaded with all of their scuba gear. Jack is slowly steering the boat through the 'No-Wake' zones.

ANDY

Aren't you gonna give us a safety briefing on your facilities here? Where are your life jackets, what happens if something happens to you, how do I dial out on your ship to shore radio? What's the code?

JACK

Why? Nuthin' will go wrong.

EXT. A SECOND PUBLIC BOAT LAUNCH AREA, SAME TIME.

Lehman Kahn, Senior and Junior, as well as Ira and RICK (the third man), are assisting each other with loading their gear onto a speed boat. Kahn Jr removes a duffel bag from his car and places it on the ground, next to his father's feet. The bag is half open. Kahn Sr. notices the internal contents, A HANDGUN. He looks at his son funny.

KAHN JR

What? I gotta bad feeling about a few things, that's all. Wouldn't you, Daddy?

Kahn Sr sighs and shrugs.

KAHN JR (cont'd)

I have to ask myself again why I'm doing this.

KAHN SR

If she was right, yet another chapter of the War is being opened.

(CONTINUED)

KAHN JR

Yes, but can we close it? And is it worth it?

EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN. BOAT HEADING OUT FULL STEAM

The 4 Germans have already gotten underway in their quest as the sun rises over the aquatic horizon. Christian is driving and studying the GPS. Karl sits beside him, Klaus and Heinrich are preparing their dive gear in the background.

Christian turns to Karl.

CHRISTIAN

Not very far.

Karl only nods.

EXT. JACK'S BOAT

Jack is cruising at top speed on a flat sea.

ANDY

Now you know where you're going?
You know how to find it?

JACK

Andy, don't ask me that fucking question again. I will not hesitate to toss your ass overboard.

ANDY

Well, you're not experienced in these waters, doesn't take much to mess yourself up. Happens all the time to people...

JACK

You gotta lot to learn about me pal.

Jack looks out over at the horizon. A second boat is trailing behind them, maybe 100 yards away.

CLOSE UP - THE BOAT

A heavy set, bearded man is driving. His dark haired petite female companion sits next to him.

Jack suddenly veers his boat in front of them, forcing them to jerk their boat off to the side.

(CONTINUED)

Both boats stop.

JACK

Excuse me sir. I said excuse me!

BOAT DRIVER

What?! My wife is in here with me
you ass hole!

JACK

From one ass hole to the next,
don't drive so fucking so close to
me! Where's your marine etiquette?

Jack re-ignites his boat engine and speeds off, leaving the man and his wife dumbfounded.

EXT. CHRISTIAN'S BOAT

The boat has stopped, Klaus and Heinrich are dropping the stern anchor.

INT. BOAT CABIN

Christian and Karl are reviewing a submarine image on the laptop computer. (German dialog with English subtitles)

CHRISTIAN

Now I believe Morton indicated this area *here* is where he uncovered it.

KARL

You *believe*? But you don't know for sure?

CHRISTIAN

No, as I told you, he didn't indicate the precise spot, and that is something we never demanded of him. You just wanted the final product.

KARL

Well, sounds about right, that is the senior officers' quarters.

Karl turns to the other men still outside.

KARL (cont'd)

Klaus! Heinrich! Get in here. I want to show you where to look once we you get in that thing.

Christian gives Karl a dirty look.

EXT. JACK'S BOAT

Jack Buchino is studying the readings on his GPS. He has stopped the boat in order to do so. He keeps pressing a button. Andy is over his shoulder.

ANDY

Do you have that thing figured out?
They're trickier than they
initially appear you know.

JACK

(snapping)
Yes! I know!

ANDY

Don't have to get snippy about it.

Ron turns and shakes his head.

JACK

Matter of fact, it should be right
up there.

JACK'S POV

Bare horizon. To the right corner of his eye, another boat.

END OF POV

JACK (cont'd)

Another boat there.

ANDY

Gotta dive flag up?

Jack picks up his binoculars.

JACK POV

The Germans on their dive boat. Klaus and Heinrich are gearing up.

END OF POV

JACK

They're divers. And they're on our
spot (his forehead wrinkles with
familiarity).

(CONTINUED)

ANDY

Let me see.

(Jack does not turn them over,
simply continues to look
through them)

May I see please?

JACK

In a minute!

ANDY

I may recognize them. It could be
our guys. C'mon Jack, let me see
the binoculars.

JACK

Y'know, you are really starting to
piss me off.

RON

Guys, guys, relax!

(Silence between Jack and
Andy)

So what should we do?

ANDY

Hey, it's a free pool, we dive,
that's what we do.

JACK

Let me think about this for a
minute.

ANDY

What's to think about? Let's go
diving.

JACK

As I said, let me think about this
for a minute.

INT. KAHN'S BOAT. CABIN

The boat carrying Kahn and crew is racing along the flat
seas in search of the mission. Lehman Kahn Sr. is studying a
book, the GPS, and his laptop in the cabin area while Rick
drives. He appears perplexed. Kahn Jr walks in.

RICK

Something wrong? You look too
perplexed.

(CONTINUED)

KAHN SR

I dunno. Something's not right about these numbers I think.

KAHN JR

Like what?

KAHN SR

Basically, in so many words, these numbers you got, they...*ring a bell*. They're too familiar, is what I am trying to say. You have to recall I have a lot of tenure out here.

KAHN JR

Well, I don't know Daddy. This is your thing.

KAHN SR

And we don't have a regional guide book, with all the sites and their coordinates...telling us what's what.

KAHN JR

So what should we do?

KAHN SR

We'll figure it out when we get there.

KAHN JR

Again, I do not have a sharp feeling about any of this.

EXT. JACK'S BOAT

Jack is messing around with his GPS, the boat running at idle. Every now and then, he picks up the binoculars and studies the other boat.

EXT. CHRISTIAN'S BOAT

Klaus and Heinrich are now fully geared up and ready to splash. Christian has noticed the other boat moving at idle speed about 500 yards away.

KARL

What's going on?

(CONTINUED)

CHRISTIAN
Another boat.

KARL
I can see that. Who are they?
Divers? Fishermen?

CHRISTIAN
I don't know exactly. One or two of
them look familiar.

Karl turns to the two younger men.

KARL
Hurry up! Get in!

Within seconds, they splash into the water.

EXT. JACK'S BOAT

Jack confronts Andy who has just finished gearing up.

JACK
Andy! What did I tell you the other
day about the rules on this boat?

ANDY
Huh?

JACK
My boat. My rules at all times. In
other words, you are wasting your
time, cuz I will drop first. When
and where I decide we drop.

ANDY
You're wrong Jack. I am an
experienced diver with over 1200
logged dives, 17 years experience
in all varying conditions....

JACK
....looks like you're all set then?
Are you? You ready to plunge? Huh?

ANDY
Huh? Yes, I am, I think you're
wasting time here. Let's explore.

JACK
Okay hotshot.....

(CONTINUED)

Suddenly a manic Jack Buchino grabs the confused Andy Harris and tosses him overboard with all his gear on. A startled Ron Murphy stands out of the way, speechless.

JACK (cont'd)
...there ya go hotshot, time for
you to learn a lesson.

Andy tries to stabilize himself in the water.

ANDY
What the fuck are you doing? I just
lost my mask!

JACK
Have a good dive friend. I'll check
on ya later. (he turns to Ron) Any
objections to what just happened
here? Do you see my reasoning?

RON
Yeah. Your crazy.

JACK
We'll see about that. Sit down.

Jack kicks the throttle forward and proceeds slowly ahead, leaving Andy stranded. Andy immediately inflates his safety sausage and cries out in disgust.

SOUND

Another boat coming over the horizon. Jack peers through his binoculars.

JACK POV

The same couple they confronted earlier in the trip are heading this way.

JACK (cont'd)
Jesus Christ! Stupid fucking people
out to piss me off.

Suddenly another boat shows up in his view, farther away.

INT. KAHN'S BOAT. CABIN

Kahn Jr. is peering through his binoculars.

(CONTINUED)

KAHN JR

Shit.

KAHN SR.

Yep. We have company. As in three other boats.

RICK

What do we do?

KAHN SR

Just get to the spot. We'll deal with it as it comes.

KAHN JR

And look here, got a diver with an orange tube up.

KAHN SR

That's a safety sausage.

EXT. JACK'S BOAT

Jack has stopped his boat in anticipation of the approaching couple. On his sonar, he detects another ship like object below.

JACK

Holy shit? What's this?

But the sound of boat distracts him. He reaches into a bag and removes a gun.

RON

Unbelievable. What the hell are ya doing now?

JACK

I'm looking out for your safety pal.

As the boat moves in closer to Jack, the couple suddenly halts the boat as they see that Jack has waved his gun.

JACK (cont'd)

You see this flag here pal?!

(The bearded man shrugs his shoulders.)

That's known as a *scuba diving* flag. In case you don't know the rules, you have to stay at least 50 feet away from any diving activity.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JACK (cont'd)

My rules say that you must remain at least a *thousand* feet away from me if you don't want a cap in your ass?!

BOAT DRIVER

I apologize, but I do believe it's a free ocean sir.

Jack fires a shot into the air, startling *all*.

(All other individuals in the other boats turn in the direction of the shot).

EXT. UNDERWATER

Klaus and Heinrich have reached the dive site. It is an old, mangled shipwreck with scattered debris everywhere.

But it is not a submarine. They look at each other and shrug their shoulders.

EXT. KAHN'S BOAT.

The Kahn boat has stopped in front of Andy. The men on board appear panicked and hurried. Kahn Sr. reaches the stern and lowers the ladder for the misplaced diver.

ANDY

Am I glad to see you.

KAHN SR

Hand me your fins and get on board.

Andy does so, and within seconds, he is assisted on board. He sets himself down, breathing heavily.

KAHN SR (cont'd)

Can you tell us what the hell is going on here, sir?

ANDY

Yeah! That guy over there is a goddamn maniac. That's what.

KAHN JR

Who? The guy that fired the gun?

(CONTINUED)

ANDY

Yes! Him!

KAHN JR

Who is he?

ANDY

Name is Jack. I just started
working with him...he...

KAHN JR

....Jack Buchino, right?

Andy nods.

KAHN SR

Were you out here to dive the sub?
The U-Boat?

ANDY

Yeah. How did you know?

KAHN JR

We gotta call the Coast Guard. This
thing is out of our hands now.

KAHN SR

No Lehman, wait!

KAHN JR

(to Andy)

Do you know who's in the
other boats?

ANDY

No, I do not. But that Jack is
homicidal, I can tell you that.

EXT. CHRISTIAN'S BOAT

Klaus and Heinrich pop their heads out of the water.
Christian and Karl are leaning over.

HEINRICH

That's no sub down there.

CHRISTIAN

What do you mean? What is it?

KLAUS

It's a goddamn old barge or
something, certainly not one of
ours.

(CONTINUED)

Karl turns to Christian with an angered look.

CHRISTIAN

What? These are the numbers I
lifted off of Morton's GPS.

KARL

Perfect. I got all day. We seek
until we find. But you really
disappoint me, Christian. You
really...

Christian has had enough. As Karl turns his back, Christian
seizes him by the shirt and hurls him against the cabin
window. The elder man's head is a bloody mess as he drops to
the ground. Shattered glass is everywhere. Christian turns
to the divers, removing a gun from his side.

CHRISTIAN

Get up here and don't say a word!

EXT. JACK'S BOAT

Jack continues his confrontation with the strange couple.

JACK

I will not lower the gun until you
do as I say and get the hell out of
here! We are on a classified
assignment!

Suddenly, without further adieu, Ron steps up to the plate
and goes for Jack's gun by seizing his arm. Both men fall to
the ground of the boat. Ron gets up a second later.

COUPLES BOAT.

The woman in the boat removes her wig, revealing that it is
actually JOEY from Chicago, gun in hand. Joey fires the gun
and it hits Ron in the arm. Ron seizes the bloody wound as
he falls back into a bag of scuba gear. The man removes his
beard, revealing JOHN from Chicago.

JACK'S BOAT

But it is too late. Jack wrestles the gun from Ron, stands
up, and just as John is removing his gun, he is shot in the
heart by Jack. He drops dead in the boat. Joey takes aim and
fires at Jack, missing.

Jack does not miss. Joey is shot once in the chest, and once
in the head. His body falls over the edge of the boat and
into the water.

(CONTINUED)

Jack looks down at Ron, who is moaning on the floor.

JACK (cont'd)
Dumb move man, dumb move!

RON
Just get me a cloth so I can wrap a
tourniccate.

JACK
Get your own fucking cloth and do
it yourself. You see what happens
when you try to take control from
me?!

(Ron says nothing)
Now, I am going to see what's below
us. You do whatever pal, I don't
feel sorry for ya. Like your buddy
back there, you need to be taught a
lesson.

He proceeds to get his gear ready, circling around Ron.

COUPLES BOAT

Carmine sneaks out of the lower cabin area, gun in hand. He
peaks over the edge and observes Jack. He proceeds to
prepare his dive outfit.

EXT. KAHN'S BOAT.

Kahn, Jr and Sr, Ira, Rick, and Andy have been observing the
commotion.

ANDY
My buddy is aboard that boat. We
gotta help him.

KAHN JR
Sonuvabitch! He just wasted that
couple on the boat.
(He turns to Rick)
Call the coast guard, now!

Rick obeys.

EXT. CHRISTIAN'S BOAT

Christian has been startled and sidetracked by Buchino's shootings. Instead of watching Klaus and Heinrich board the board, he observed the commotion.

This gave Heinrich the opportunity to stab the giant man in the back with his dive knife. Christian grunts and drops to his knees. He turns to Klaus.

HEINRICH
C'mon, help me!

The two divers grab the wounded Christian by the arms and knees and toss him overboard.

EXT. JACK'S BOAT

Jack is now fully assembled. He grabs a large divers 'goodie bag', does a backward flip into the sea.

Carmine, on the other boat, fully SCUBA attired as well, follows suit. He hold two power-head spear guns at each side as he stands up.

Ron leans over the edge and notices him. Carmine looks him straight in the eye, and holds a finger to his lips before he splashes in the water.

EXT. CHRISTIAN'S BOAT

Klaus is now driving while Heinrich is tending to Karl by wiping his bloody head.

KLAUS
How is he?

HEINRICH
He's still breathing.

KLAUS
That maniac with the gun just splashed. I'm gonna head over there.

HEINRICH
Good, I'll be ready. Maybe he knows something we don't.

(CONTINUED)

KLAUS

Maybe.

INT. CABIN OF KAHN'S BOAT.

Rick has just finished speaking to the US Coast Guard over the radio when Kahn Sr. walks in the cabin.

KAHN SR

Head in the direction of that other boat. Not the shooter, the other one. See if we can find out what is going on from them.

RICK

Right.

IRA

But Lehman doesn't think...

KAHN SR

...No, we're gonna make a dive today.

ANGLE ON Christian's bloody body floating atop.

ANGLE ON John and Joey's bloody bodies floating atop.

ANGLE ON a slow gathering of sharks beginning to circle in the vicinity, attracted to the growing blood flows.

EXT. UNDERWATER

Diver Jack is making his way down the anchor line.

JACK'S ANCHOR LINE

Moments later, Diver Carmine is making his way down the same anchor line with poised spear guns.

EXT. MARY LOUISE SHIPWRECK

Nearly 100ft below, diving on a single tank, a heavy breathing Jack observes his depth, and his air reserve gauge, while turning and taking in the view of not the mystery sub, but the MARY LOUISE. He freezes, unsure of what to do next. He suddenly notices his anchor rope moving, forcing him to look up.

He moves out of the way quickly.

EXT. ABOVE THE WATER

The German's boat and the Kahn's boats are now facing each other, not moving. Klaus and Heinrich are standing on the deck, staring at both Kahns, Rick, Ira, and Andy staring at them, no one says a word for a few moments.

KAHN SR

Who are you?

HEINRICH

(in broken English)

Who are you?

EXT. MARY LOUISE SHIPWRECK

Carmine reaches the bottom. He takes a moment to observe the shipwreck, forehead wrinkling, expecting to see a submarine.

CARMINE POV

The leg of Jack, entering a gaping hole in the shipwreck.

END OF POV

Carmine kicks as hard as he can to catch his target. When he reaches the same hole, he aims one of the power-head spear guns and fires.

BOOM!!

Jack is shot in the leg. He bellows in pain, releasing the regulator from his mouth. Bubbles spew from his mouth. Blood spews from his leg as he makes an attempt to remove the spear.

Carmine enters the wreck, removing his dive knife. Jack manages to replace the regulator back in his mouth. Carmine cocks his arm with an attempt to stab Jack. Jack manages to grip Carmine's arm in an effort to prevent the stab. The two men struggle. Tanks clash and clang against the walls.

Jack removes his knife and successfully stabs Carmine in the throat. Carmine's eyes roll to the back of his head as the mafioso convulses and dies.

Jack, in dire pain, manages to remove the spear from his leg. Blood is everywhere. Jack pushes the body of Carmine off to the side as he begins to massage the gaping, bloody hole in his leg. His cries are heard through the regulator.

(CONTINUED)

And that is when his leg and hands are gripped by the Shark. The beast seizes his wounded leg and both hands with a grip so powerful that Jack is rendered helpless. He bellows in pain even louder as the shark shakes and twists its prey to and fro in an effort to finish its lunch.

Within seconds, Jack Buchino loses the regulator once more. A stream of bubbles are released from his mouth, his eyes roll to the sky, and then nothing. The shark had managed to sever his leg and hands from the remainder of his body. Jack Buchino's lifeless and decapitated body drifts to the floor of the shipwreck.

The screen is submersed in blood.

Moments later, the entire wreck is littered with hungry sharks following the blood trails.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE SHIPWRECK

Six divers reach the scene, but proceed no further as they are able to witness the gruesome shark frenzy scene. They are Klaus, Lehman Kahn Jr, Rick, Heinrich, Ira, and Andy Harris.

As the scene continues, the VOICE OVER of Captain Morton is heard:

MORTON VOICE-OVER

I always told ya Steve, I gotta reputation as a selfish bastard. Not an easy fella to work with. And I take pride in that fact! Mama raised no retard here. I know how to cover my ass to protect what is mine. After each dive on our sub, I erased those coordinates, and re-programmed them each morning before I went out. All those guys, everybody you and Charlene brought into the womb: Pappy and son Kahn, Christian and his boys from the motherland, our wise guy pals, had a meal ticket to that old Coal Barge we used to do after the Louise, and that's it. I'm sure they had plenty fun.

INT. MORTON'S HOME. THE SEA BEAST.

Morton and Steve are sitting on the Sea Beast in Morton's back lot, drinking beers, as Morton continues his story.

STEVE

So the loot, all belonged to this senior Nazi official, *Lenz*?

MORTON

Yeah. Years ago, while making a random dive near old MARY, I located that scroll I told ya about earlier.

EXT. FLASHBACK. UNDERWATER SCENE

A Diver, presumably Morton, picks up a metal tube in a pile of debris near the MARY LOUISE.

INT. MORTON'S HOME. FLASHBACK

A younger Morton is reviewing the scroll located inside the tube while his VOICE OVER continues.

MORTON VOICE-OVER

The document was tattered, but still manageable. All in German. Daddy Lenz journaled his entire escape from the motherland. After a lot of research, got contacted by Karl Lenz in Germany, his son, and he told me the unconfirmed story of how his father's transport never made it to South America. There was an account in the journal that indicated he was not that popular with his fellow sailors. So before the sub went down, there may have been an internal dispute with other Nazi big boys aboard the U-742 that did his old man in. Classic mutiny. That's why this scroll was not inside the 742.

EXT. MORTON'S HOME PRESENT

STEVE

So they probably threw him
overboard after killing him on
the ship? And he had it on him?

MORTON

Possibly. Who the hell knows
otherwise? Talk about a one in a
million chance of discovery for me.
And you, with the coins. They had
to've been his. Only thing I can
reckon out of it.

INT. INSIDE THE U-742. 1945

A young Nazi official overhears his shipmates discussing
their dislike for him from a nearby corridor space....

EXT. ABOVE WATER. U-742 SURFACED

This same Nazi official is forced out into the sea by two
other sailors at gun point. One sailor aims his luger pistol
at the back of the officer's head and fires.

The body drops into the Atlantic ocean.

In the horizon is a freighter, which the men notice.

SAILOR #1

Get in! Get in!

The men slide back into the hatch.

EXT. WATER.

The Nazi official's body, in the water. A metal tube falls
out of his shirt, along with some coins from a shirt pocket.

EXT. MORTON'S HOME. PRESENT

STEVE

And it submerged just in time to
sink old MARY.

MORTON

Pretty much, we think. What sunk
the sub, we can only guess it was

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MORTON (cont'd)
an internal explosion. Karl always
felt they was a scuffle turned
deadly between loyal followers of
his old man against the followers
of his enemies.

INT. THE U-742

Several Nazi sailors are pushing and shoving inside the
quarters, yelling and screaming. One roughed up young man
removes two grenades from a bag nearby, pulls the pins with
his mouth, and holds them out as his enemies fall silent.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE SUB

Hollow explosion, BOOM! Inside the submarine.

MORTON VOICE-OVER
*...So ole Lenz Jr thought I might
be a wise investment, beginning ten
years ago, he would pay me a measly
sum to track her down. Every year,
do a little here and there to see
what I could find. I was about
ready to write the whole thing off
until I got lucky with Nolan.
And your coins.*

EXT. MORTON'S HOME

STEVE
You feeling okay? Not bent into a
pretzel?

MORTON
Yeah, muchas gracias to my old pals
in the US Navy. Covered me up in
warm blankets, watched my house,
and we're ready to talk to you if I
didn't make it out. Those were the
instructions I gave them.

STEVE
That's the epitome of really
covering your ass.

MORTON
(grinning)
Pride of ownership. If I can't have
it, who can?

(CONTINUED)

Brief silence.

MORTON (cont'd)

I'm getting old though. That's why I need you now more than ever to help me finish raping 742.

(Morton caresses and swings his left arm)

The feeling is coming back. Couple three days ago, couldn't move her.

STEVE

When do we start?

MORTON

Doc says 6 months to never again. I say a couple weeks. Let's go take a ride, I'll show ya what I got from her, before I almost croaked.

Morton gets up.

STEVE

Ron and Andy?

MORTON

(smirking)

I'll think about it.

STEVE

Mind if Lauren hangs topside? She's thinking of getting certified finally.

MORTON

Are you through negotiating with me?

Steve laughs.

STEVE

I'll think about it.

THE END.

CREDITS.