

FADE IN:

EXT. LAKE SURFACE - NIGHT

Miles from the nearest shoreline, on the surface of mighty Lake Superior, a powerful storm is churning.

Flashes of lightning reveal rows of towering waves moving to and from places unknown. Thunder CRASHES. The wind seems to be blowing from every direction. A hard rain bounces off the water below.

Through the raging November storm, an enormous freighter plows ahead, its bow slicing through the treacherous waves. Its lights pierce the darkness as CAPT. EDWIN RAFFERTY attempts to guide the *SS GRIFFON* safely home.

INT. WHEELHOUSE - NIGHT

Perched atop the bow is the *Griffon's* wheelhouse. Inside it, Capt. Rafferty and FIRST MATE NEIL HOLLANDER attempt to keep the vessel on course. Hollander is a lean, neat young man in his early thirties. Rafferty is a stocky, rugged-looking man whose gray beard and bushy eyebrows suggest something north of fifty.

Rafferty stares ahead with cold, hard eyes as the wipers on the wheelhouse widows make a futile attempt to keep his line of vision clear. Behind him, Hollander anxiously looks over his captain's shoulder, not appearing particularly confident about their present situation.

A massive wave CRASHES into the wheelhouse.

HOLLANDER

Captain, It appears she may have begun to list a tad.

Capt. Rafferty stares ahead. He brings a cup of coffee up to his lips and takes a sip.

HOLLANDER
Captain, perhaps we might send
a man down below in case...

RAFFERTY
(gruff, aloof)
In case of what, Neil?

Another large wave CRASHES into the wheelhouse.

HOLLANDER
(almost pleading)
Captain... I'm not sure we can take
much more of this.

RAFFERTY
(sighs)
Okay. Get me Porter on the con.
Isn't he on watch?

HOLLANDER
I believe he's down below. They
all are, I think.

RAFFERTY
They can't *all* be down below.
I can't bring her in myself.
See if you can round him up.

HOLLANDER
Aye, Captain.

Suddenly, the wheelhouse door BURSTS open. JAKE PORTER, the watchmen about to be summoned, enters and quickly shuts the door behind him.

Porter is a stocky, rugged-looking young man wearing faded overalls with a rubber slicker draped over him. He is drenched and breathing heavily.

RAFFERTY

Glad you could join us, Mr.
Porter. You chief of the watch?

PORTER

I... well yes, captain.

RAFFERTY

I'd like your report, if it
wouldn't be too much trouble.

PORTER

My report. Well... its...

RAFFERTY

Where have you been this past
hour?

PORTER

I was below.

RAFFERTY

Where below?

PORTER

The mess.

RAFFERTY

The mess?

PORTER

Yes, sir.

RAFFERTY

And what are you prepared to
report? The temperature of the
coffee?

Porter looks to Hollander for help.

RAFFERTY

(cont'd)

Mr. Porter, when I place a man on watch, he has a duty not only to me, but to each member of the crew. A duty to this very ship.

HOLLANDER

Captain...

RAFFERTY

Who gave you permission to spend your watch in the mess?

HOLLANDER

Captain, I did.

Rafferty turns and gives his first mate an incredulous look.

HOLLANDER

(cont'd)

The storm was just getting too rough. I ordered everyone below decks, sir.

RAFFERTY

(annoyed)

I see.

(beat)

And who do we have tending the forward hatches?

HOLLANDER

That would be Mr. Novak, sir.

PORTER

Novak? I don't think so, sir. Haven't seen him. Thought I heard someone say he took ill.

HOLLANDER

Really? Captain...

RAFFERTY

(under his breath)

Jesus.

(to Porter)

Fetch Craycraft and get down there. On the double.

Porter begins to adjust and re-fasten his slicker.

RAFFERTY

What's the matter? Afraid to get wet? Move it!

Porter angrily flings the wheelhouse door open and walks out into the ROARING storm.

Hollander secures the door behind him.

HOLLANDER

Captain, we may be in a bit of trouble.

RAFFERTY

Only if my first mate orders my entire crew to hide under their bunks.

HOLLANDER

Running through this storm may not have been a good idea...

RAFFERTY

Stow your prissy little tongue, Neil. I've taken this tub to every point in these great lakes. And in a lot worse than this. I'll take us down to hell

(cont'd)
and back up again before I let
a little bit of weather force
me to drop anchor.

A CHIRP from the ship's radio indicates someone is
attempting to contact the *Griffon*.

The CHIRP is followed by a CRACKLING VOICE belonging to a
member of the U.S. Coast Guard.

COAST GUARD (OS)
Whitefish Point calling *Griffon*,
over...

RAFFERTY
What now?
(to Hollander)
Hold her steady.

Hollander takes the wheel as Rafferty shuffles over to the
radio.

COAST GUARD (OS)
Whitefish Point calling *Griffon*,
over...

Rafferty hits a switch and answers the call.

RAFFERTY
Griffon here. You got Captain
Rafferty. Over.

COAST GUARD (OS)
Captain Rafferty. What's your
position? Over.

RAFFERTY
We're about fifty miles out, yet.
Moving your way about six knots.
Over.

COAST GUARD (OS)

Looks pretty rough out there.
How you guys doing? Over.

RAFFERTY

We're holding our own, Whitefish.
We are holding our own!

COAST GUARD (OS)

We'll keep the light on for you,
Griffon. You know where to find
us. Godspeed. Whitefish, out.

RAFFERTY

Griffon out.

Rafferty replaces the radio receiver. He then moves back to the helm and takes it back from Hollander.

RAFFERTY

If you please.

HOLLANDER

Of course, Captain.

EXT. *GRIFFON'S* FORWARD DECK - NIGHT

Struggling against the mighty storm, crewman Jake Porter, now joined by crewman ABE CRACRAFT, make their way down a slippery staircase. Cracraft is an older man. Wiry, wide-eyed, and covered in a heavy rain slicker.

PORTER

(shouting)

I can't believe we're out in
this shit!

CRACRAFT

That's why the company loves
him so god-damned much! No
such thing as down time on

(cont'd)
Rafferty's boat!

INT. FORWARD COMPARTMENT - NIGHT

Porter and Cracraft are finally able to force themselves inside one of the *Griffon's* forward compartments.

The two wet crewman make their way down a narrow corridor, holding onto a railing for support as the ship is rocked by waves.

CRACRAFT

Sometimes I think that old bastard would rather go down than bring this tub in behind schedule.

(beat)

Who's supposed to be down here tonight, anyway?

PORTER

Novak... I guess.

CRACRAFT

Novak?

PORTER

Yeah. You seen him?

CRACRAFT

No.

A look of dread begins to spread over both men's faces.

CRACRAFT

You don't think?

PORTER

I don't want to.

The two men reach a door. On the other side is the ship's foremost compartment.

Looking down, both men can see water leaking in from the other side of the door.

PORTER

Shit.

The dread turns to panic on Cracraft's face.

Porter promptly turns a small wheel on the door, releasing the bolt holding it shut.

Porter pulls open the door, and the reason for the ship's listing becomes frighteningly obvious.

The forward cargo compartment is under water! The hatches holding back the fury of Lake Superior are loose and close to failing!

Each wave that plows into the ship further loosens the hatches, allowing more water to spill inside the compartment.

Porter and Cracraft, experienced sailors, recognize the grave danger the ship is in.

PORTER

We've got to secure those
hatches!!

Cracraft, in a state of pure panic, begins to run back down the corridor in the direction from whence they came.

CRACRAFT

Forget it!! She's already lost!!

Porter hesitates for a moment. He takes a couple steps down into the flooded cargo bay.

EXT. GRIFFON'S BOW SECTION - NIGHT

A huge wave CRASHES into the bow of the ship, sending a tremor throughout its massive hull.

INT. FORWARD CARGO BAY - NIGHT

Porter loses his footing, falling all the way into the flooded bay.

Porter surfaces just in time to see one of the forward hatches ripped completely off its riggings. Water now pours into the flooded compartment!

Porter desperately swims toward the hatch he and Cracraft had opened. The rising tide actually pushes him through and into the corridor outside the cargo bay.

INT. FORWARD COMPARTMENT - NIGHT

With the water rising steadily behind him, Porter hurries back through the corridor.

When he reaches the doorway leading outside, he takes a look behind him. A wall of water is steadily advancing toward him!

Terrified, Porter scrambles up the staircase.

EXT. MAIN DECK - NIGHT

Porter steps out into the still-raging storm.

Cracraft is attempting to unfasten lifeboat from its riggings.

PORTER

We need to tell the captain!

CRACRAFT

It's Too late! Help me!

Porter begins to make his way over to where his shipmate is struggling with the lifeboat.

A large wave CRASHES over the deck, forcing the lifeboat loose, and sweeping Cracraft off his feet.

Before he can regain his bearings, Cracraft is crushed up against a bulkhead by the wayward lifeboat.

PORTER

Abe!

As the wave recedes, Cracraft's body is nowhere to be found.

PORTER

Abe! Christ!!

Behind Porter, about 100 yards in front of the *Griffon's* bow, an ENORMOUS rogue wave is bearing down on the ship.

Porter turns to see the wall of water approaching...

PORTER

Oh, my God!!

INT. WHEELHOUSE - NIGHT

Captain Rafferty and First Mate Neil Hollander watch in horror as the rogue wave prepares to swamp the helpless freighter.

HOLLANDER

Captain... the distress signal!

Captain Rafferty seems paralyzed with fear. He remains frozen, hands clutching the wheel. His eyes fixed straight ahead...

HOLLANDER

Captain!!

Hollander frantically makes a lunge for the distress signal switch on the forward control panel.

EXT. FORWARD SECTION - NIGHT

The *Griffon* plows into the enormous wave. The ship's powerful engines launch the vessel upward, attempting to carry it to the summit.

INT. WHEELHOUSE - NIGHT

Hollander is thrown backward, unable to reach the distress signal.

Captain Rafferty hangs onto the wheel for dear life.

EXT. *GRIFFON* - NIGHT

Stunningly, the ship makes it over the rogue wave in one piece. Unfortunately, the victory is short-lived.

Once the ship eclipses the wave's summit, it motors on in a downward trajectory it cannot recover from.

The steep decline, combined with the already flooded forward compartment, are too much for the *Griffon*. At this point, the ship is essentially a thirteen-thousand ton projectile headed to the bottom of Lake Superior!

The ship begins to plow directly under the lake's surface.

INT. BELOW DECKS - NIGHT

Several crewman SHOUT in panic and scramble as water begins rushing into their compartments.

INT. WHEELHOUSE - NIGHT

Captain Rafferty and First Mate Hollander can only watch in terror as the wheelhouse plunges below the surface.

The exterior lights stab helplessly into the infinite blackness ahead.

The windows begin to buckle and crack as the pressure outside multiplies with each fraction of an instant...

Finally, they can take no more. The windows EXPLODE inward, and the wheelhouse is swamped with the crushing, ROARING darkness from outside!

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LAKE SURFACE - DAY

The storm has passed. Sunlight pours down on the enormous lake. The surface is unusually calm, resembling an endless pane of glass.

Floating on the surface is one solitary, circular item.

A close-up reveals it to be a life preserver.

Imprinted on the flotation device is the inscription: **SS Griffon.**

TITLE CARD: **33 YEARS LATER**

EXT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

Television reporter CRYSTAL MATLIN of Channel 10 News, Grand Rapids, Michigan is holding a microphone and delivering her story into the camera.

Matlin is a petite, and reasonably attractive young reporter in her late twenties. She is somewhat polished, but still obviously a bit green by industry standards.

MATLIN

I'm standing outside U. S. District Number Six Courthouse where just moments ago a judge issued what is bound to be a controversial ruling. Judge Andrew Burmeister just granted salvage rights of the *Griffon*, a well-known freighter which sank over thirty years ago, to the Ellison Shipping Company, who originally owned the vessel when it sailed the Great Lakes.

(beat)

Tragically, there were no survivors among the twenty-eight crewmen who were on the ship when it went down on a stormy November night. No bodies were ever recovered, and most experts agree that many of the victims would still be entombed within the wreckage. Several family members have testified during the trial that any salvage attempts would be basically a desecration of their loved-ones' graves.

(beat)

With me now is one of those family members Cheryl Bowers.

CHERYL BOWERS, a husky, middle-aged woman moves into the shot next to Crystal Matlin. She has obviously put on her finest dress, and attempted to look good for court. But standing next to the pretty young reporter, Cheryl appears spare and a tad rugged. Her steely facial expression is betrayed by a tear running down her cheek.

MATLIN

(cont'd)

Cheryl, what could possibly
be going through your mind
after hearing that verdict?

Cheryl takes a deep breath, attempting to compose herself. Then she speaks in a gruff, yet vulnerable voice. She is obviously deeply shaken.

CHERYL

Outrage. Frustration. Every
negative emotion a person can
feel. I just can't believe
this court essentially said
the same company that sent my
father and twenty-seven other
men to their deaths can now
tear apart their final resting
place.

Crystal Matlin nods as she continues to let the woman vent into her microphone.

CHERYL

(cont'd)

To suggest that anything they
could take from that ship would
have any value except for some
macabre, side show effect is
just ridiculous. The cargo was
just a bunch of ore pellets. Any
equipment would be damaged or
antiquated. They don't need to
be poking their noses down there
at all! Makes me sick!

Crystal Matlin turns to the camera and begins to segue back to the studio.

MATLIN

This has been the prevailing opinion from all the victims' family members we've talked to here today. With the chance of additional appeals and the resolve of the relatives, this fight may be far from over.

(beat)

Dan, back to you.

INT. TELEVISION STUDIO - DAY

Channel 10 anchors DAN MCGUIRE and AMANDA MULLINS are perched behind their desk, and pick up the story where Crystal left off. Dan and Amanda are standard cookie-cutter Midwestern anchors not likely bound for the big time, but good-looking and competent enough for medium markets.

MCGUIRE

Thanks, Crystal.

(beat)

Yes, it's not likely we've heard the last about this story. And let it be noted that our Crystal Matlin did attempt to get on on-air response from a representative of Ellison Shipping, but each of them declined. A spokesman only released a statement that they were quote "pleased" with the decision.

McGuire then defers to co-anchor Amanda Mullins

MULLINS

A week ago our Crystal Matlin also spoke with Rosemary Rafferty, the widow of Griffon Captain Edwin Rafferty at her

(cont'd)
home near Sault Ste Marie.

CUT TO:

Television footage of Crystal Matlin interviewing the ancient widow of Captain Rafferty. She looks to be a tiny old woman of about ninety.

Crystal Matlin sits next to her on a frilly, antique parlor couch.

MATLIN
... and what would a verdict in
their favor mean to you?

The Widow Rafferty speaks with a frail voice as her misty, turquoise eyes stare into the camera.

WIDOW RAFFERTY
It would be just terrible. I
try so hard not to think about
what might have happened to my
husband and those other men. I
know he loved each of them like
sons. And to think that someone
could go down there... and enter
that place they're resting in...
just awful.

MATLIN
And is it still hard to cope
with what happened, even after
all these years?

WIDOW RAFFERTY
Some days, yes it is. But the
thing that helps me get by more
than anything else is hope that
somehow, one day, my husband
will come back to me. He'll

(cont'd)
walk right through that front
door and tell me, "I'm home".

Widow Rafferty pokes a bony index finger in the direction
of the front door.

CUT TO:

INT. EXECUTIVE OFFICE SUITE - DAY

GRAY ELLISON, CEO of Ellison Shipping, and his right-hand
man NOEL CORBET are watching the Channel 10 news report on
a respectable flat-screen television in their lush
corporate office.

Ellison SNORTS, and shuts the television off with his
remote control.

Ellison is a suave, polished businessman in his early
forties. He is slickly handsome, yet stately and outwardly
sophisticated. Perhaps a tab bit cultured. He speaks with
poise and confidence. A slight twinkle in his eye hints of
hidden motives that his speech and mannerisms can barely
keep to themselves.

Corbet is a brutish, muscular executive not many years past
a life as a street-level enforcer. His shaved head and
menacing eyes suggest trouble for anyone who would dare
disrupt Gray Ellison or his company's operations. Corbet is
essentially a 48 year old gorilla in a company blazer.

The two men sit at a conference table discussing the recent
verdict in their favor.

ELLISON
Justice is served.

CORBET
For now.
(beat)

(cont'd)
Something tells me this will
be a short-lived victory, sir.

ELLISON
Aren't they all?

Ellison gets to his feet and begins to pace around the
conference table.

ELLISON
(cont'd)
Well, we'd better get to it.

CORBET
Who do we know that can get
this done?

Ellison stops and looks out an enormous window to his
shipping yard below.

ELLISON
There's a fellow down in
Galveston. He could probably
handle this.

CORBET
Texas, sir?

ELLISON
And who around here do you
expect to take this job? Can
you imagine the shit-storm of
bad press that would follow?

CORBET
True. Now, what about this man
from down south?

ELLISON
He's got a good reputation under

(cont'd)

water. He's already agreed in principle, now we have to get him here so he can agree to the particulars.

CORBET

(smiling)

What do you figure the cost?

ELLISON

Not sure, but a hell of a lot less than the reward... if we're lucky.

EXT. GULF OF MEXICO - DAY

One hundred feet below the water's surface, GRANT YATES is hard at work. With a specialized torch, he is completing a repair on a tract of pipe covering a drill bit for the oil rig above him.

Grant is covered from head to toe with deep-sea diving equipment. His torso is coated in a bright orange dive suit. Atop his head is a bright yellow "free flow helmet". Covering the helmet's mask is a protective shield to lessen the brightness from his welding torch. A thick umbilical cord attached to the top of the helmet stretches all the way to the surface.

The welding torch CRACKLES as it seals the replacement panel to the pipe.

Suddenly, from a POV shot, we see that there is something quickly approaching Grant from behind.

Just when it appears that something is upon him, Grant turns and thrusts his torch forward. The tiny shark that had been coming up behind him is forced to veer off quickly before getting scorched.

Once the threat has momentarily passed, Grant resumes his work.

Through the communication link in his helmet, we hear the voice of HOLLY GANZ-YATES, Grant's wife and colleague.

HOLLY (OS)

How's it going down there, boss?
About done?

GRANT

I'd better be. Some of my friends
down here are getting hungry.

INT: WHEELHOUSE - DAY

From the wheelhouse of the *MAIDEN*, a medium-sized cruiser used by the Yates team, Holly scans the horizon.

Though the majority of the sky looks clear and blue, a storm is visibly approaching several miles out.

HOLLY

I hate to break up your little
dinner party, but we've got a
front moving in.

Holly is a petite, yet ruggedly strong woman perhaps not many days past her thirty-fifth birthday. An old flannel work shirt with cutoff sleeves and a pair of cutoff denim shorts cover her deeply-tanned skin. Her sun-bleached blonde hair is pulled through the back of a faded baseball cap and tied together in a ponytail.

We hear Grant reply through the ships radio.

GRANT (OS)

Got ya. Tell Geoff to start
reeling me in.

HOLLY

See you topside in a few.

(beat)

Love you.

GRANT (OS)

Love you, too.

Holly smiles, and then exits the wheelhouse.

EXT. MAIDEN - DAY

Holly calls out to the rear of the ship.

HOLLY

Geoff, you copy that?

At the rear of the ship, manning the winch and monitoring the diving instruments is GEOFF BANNON. Bannon is Grant and Holly's assistant and technical advisor. He is a short, stocky little man with a paunch and often sporting a silly grin and at least three days of facial stubble.

BANNON

I copy. Bringing Prince
Charming up as we speak.

Bannon hits a switch on his control panel and the winch slowly begins to turn.

CUT TO:

Beneath the water, Grant and his gear are slowly pulled up to the surface.

The water brightens as he passes through shallower depths.

Finally, he surfaces. Bannon hauls the gear aboard as Grant climbs aboard the ship.

As Grant begins to remove his equipment, we finally get a better look at him. He is a tall, strapping man of about forty. Like his associates, he is deeply tanned with hair bleached blonde by the sun. Years of hard work have given him muscle definition beyond that of most men his age.

Once his gear is off, Grant scans the horizon for the approaching storm front.

GRANT

All right. Let's take her in.

HOLLY

You got it.

Holly enters the wheelhouse, and the *Maiden* is quickly putting distance between itself and the massive oil rig above it.

BANNON

How'd it go down there?

Grant is drying himself off with a towel.

GRANT

Swimmingly. I'd better call BP and let them know she's in one piece again.

BANNON

I'm sure they'll be happy to know... if they're ever allowed to use her again.

Grant looks at his cell phone. There is an alert message notifying him of a missed call and new voicemail. The 313 area code of Detroit, MI brings a smile to his lips.

Grant puts the phone to his ear, and we hear the message, as well.

ELLISON (OS)

Mr. Yates, it looks like we may
be in business. Give me a call
ASAP, would you?

GRANT

(to himself)

Will do. Will do.

EXT. DOCK - DAY

Grant, Holly, and Bannon have just finished unloading their
gear onto the dock outside their modest headquarters.

The shabby, sheet metal-covered building that serves as the
headquarters of YATES SALVAGE speaks volumes about tough
economic times for both the business, as well as the Gulf
in general.

Flashes of lightning can be seen in the clouds above.
THUNDER can be heard approaching.

Grant picks up a bag of gear.

GRANT

You guys go ahead and stow the
rest of this stuff. I need to
make a call.

HOLLY

Excuse me?

BANNON

Seriously, bud. We're about to
get drenched here.

GRANT

Hey. You want to work again
this year?

Holly and Bannon stare back at him.

GRANT

(cont'd)

Unless we want to spend this fall scraping barnacles off peoples' boats, then I need to make this call. Now.

Grant promptly turns and heads toward their office.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

The storm from outside is now BATTERING the walls and windows. Grant is just ending a telephone call in the cluttered office of Yates Salvage.

GRANT

Okay. Thank you. We'll be there.

Grant hangs up the phone as Holly, wet from the rain outside, enters the office.

Holly stares daggers at her husband.

HOLLY

You mind telling me what the hell is going on around here?

GRANT

Good news.

HOLLY

Who is it that couldn't wait?

GRANT

Before I spell out any details, I just need you to hear me out.

HOLLY

I'm listening.

GRANT

Obviously, things have been a little down around here lately.

HOLLY

Obviously.

GRANT

And I don't see our fortunes improving any time soon..

HOLLY

(interrupting)

Is this the part where you tell me its over and we're going back to selling sporting goods?

GRANT

No. Not yet, anyway.

(beat)

Look, I don't know when things along the Gulf are going to get popping again. I hope we can be here when it happens. But for now, we need to take work where we can find it.

HOLLY

And where did you find it?

Bannon, also soaked from head to toe, enters the office.

BANNON

Just got the last of it inside.

(beat)

What's going on?

GRANT

Pack your bags. We're headed to Detroit.

Holly and Bannon both return curious, raised eyebrows.

INT. AIRPORT - DAY

Grant, Holly, and Bannon step into the main terminal of DETROIT METROPOLITAN AIRPORT holding their carryon bags.

Noel Corbet, who is waiting at the gate, is able to pick them out easily once the flow of passengers exiting the plane begins to dissipate.

Corbet approaches Grant with an open palm, and the friendliest face he can manage.

CORBET

Mr. Yates?

GRANT

That's me.

CORBET

Noel Corbet. Pleased to finally meet you.

The two share a professional shake.

CORBET

And who might we have here?

GRANT

Holly, my wife.

Holly and Corbet shake politely.

GRANT

And this is Geoff Bannon, our assistant.

Bannon looks Corbet over suspiciously, then shakes his hand.

CORBET

Your whole team? The three
of you?

GRANT

We're all we've ever needed.

CORBET

Good. I'm sure you'll do fine.

Corbet begins to lead them toward the exit.

CORBET

The gear you requested has all
been prepped and its ready to
go. Mr. Ellison is excited to
get started.

GRANT

I'm excited to meet him.

CORBET

He's excited to meet *you*.

INT. LIMOSOUINE - DAY

A long black limo carries the four back to Ellison's
corporate headquarters.

BANNON

This is really sweet. I wasn't
expecting this kind of luxury
in Detroit. I always figured
once a limo rolled off the
assembly lines, it was shipped
immediately to either coast.

CORBET

Well, Mr. Bannon, there are
still a few of us around here
who know what we are doing.

HOLLY

So, what exactly are we going to be doing for your company, Mr. Corbet? My husband has been somewhat vague about any details.

CORBET

Mr. Ellison will tell you all about it shortly.

HOLLY

I just hope its something we can handle. I'd hate to think we're getting an all expense paid vacation to Michigan for nothing.

GRANT

(annoyed)

I've already assured Mr. Corbet and Mr. Ellison that we can handle this job... or we wouldn't be here.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

The limo pulls onto the grounds at the impressive headquarters of Ellison Shipping. Everything about the place exudes class and money. This is one business in Detroit not apparently suffering.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Gray Ellison enters to find Grant, Holly, Bannon, and Corbet all seated around the massive oak conference table.

Grant quickly rises to shake his hand. Holly and Bannon follow suit.

ELLISON

Mr. Yates? Thank you for coming

(cont'd)
so quickly.

The two shake.

GRANT

Thank you for this opportunity.
This is my wife Holly, and Geoff
Bannon.

Ellison and Bannon share a quick, curt handshake. He takes his time shaking Holly's hand. He seems a bit attracted to her.

ELLISON

Pleased to meet you. Thank you
for coming.

(beat)

Please.

Ellison gestures for the group to take their seats. Ellison chooses his usual seat at the head of the table.

ELLISON

I take it Mr. Corbet has shown
you every courtesy up to this
point?

GRANT

He has.

BANNON

And thanks for the limo.

ELLISON

Why, of course.

Grant looks over a bit nervously at his portly assistant, as if afraid of what he might say next.

ELLISON

Well, now that you're here,
time is of the essence, and
we'd better get down to
business.

(beat)

I've brought you here to do a
job for me. An important job.
My sources in the Gulf tell me
your team is as good as any
when it comes to light salvage
and underwater survey. That's
exactly what you'll be doing
for me.

HOLLY

Mr. Ellison, we are as good as
anyone. Pardon my asking, but...

ELLISON

Why you? Why not someone bigger?
Closer? Let's just say this job
has some special circumstances.

HOLLY

I can't wait to hear them.

Ellison smiles the smile of a CEO moving in to complete a
big deal.

ELLISON

Are any of you familiar with the
story of the *Griffon*?

Neither Grant, Holly, nor Bannon give an immediate
response.

ELLISON

Nobody?

GRANT

I take it that's the name of the vessel we'll be diving?

ELLISON

Correct. *This* vessel.

Ellison flicks a switch underneath the table. An overhead projector WHIRS to life, and a glossy picture of the *Griffon* is projected onto a screen behind him.

The ship looks beautiful heading out to one of the Great Lakes on a calm, sunny day.

HOLLY

Wow.

BANNON

Didn't somebody write a song about her?

ELLISON

I'm sure there have been many many songs written about this ship, and the brave men who went down with her some thirty years ago. She's kind of a legend in these waters. And we'd like the three of you to help write the final chapter of her epic poem.

GRANT

(staring at the picture)
We'd be honored, Mr. Ellison.

ELLISON

I don't imagine any of you have followed the recent developments regarding this ship, but they have been rather extraordinary.

HOLLY

How so?

ELLISON

That ship, even now as it rests at the bottom of Lake Superior, is the property of this company.

(beat)

I've spent the better part of the past six years, and a small fortune trying to prove it in court. A week ago, a court finally agreed. Now, we don't expect the other side won't file another appeal. And if we tried some kind of major salvage operation, I'm sure we'd be hit with an injunction before the first diver got wet.

(beat)

What I have in mind, with your help, is something much smaller. At least for now.

HOLLY

You mentioned "the other side". Who are they?

BANNON

The families. He means the families of the men who were lost.

ELLISON

Exactly. And therein lies the main complication.

(beat)

When this ship went down, there were no survivors. And no bodies found, either. Quite an odd set of circumstances, actually. And there are many who speculate that a good

(cont'd)
number of the crew may still be
entombed onboard.

HOLLY
Oh, my God.

ELLISON
The ship went down very quickly
in a violent storm. No distress
signal was ever sent. Minimal
debris was found.

HOLLY
Mr. Ellison... I don't know if I
want to hear anymore. You want
us to go down and essentially
disturb a tomb.

Grant looks over anxiously at her.

HOLLY
(cont'd)
I mean, what do you want us to
do? Is there any cargo worth
salvaging after all this time?

ELLISON
The cargo she carried that night
was several tons of ore pellets.
Not exactly the kind of thing
you could scoop up in your
pockets and bring to the surface.
(beat)
Frankly, at this point, I'd really
just like to know what's down there.
What kind of condition is she in. Is
there any part of her worth trying
to salvage... even for historic means.
I'd just like you to take a good
look at her. Up close and personal.

GRANT

I understand the sensitive nature of an operation like this, Mr. Ellison. But I see no reason why we couldn't handle it for you.

Holly gives him a look of uncertainty.

BANNON

You said you've been fighting for rights to her in court for six years.

Ellison nods.

BANNON

(cont'd)

But the ship went down thirty years ago?

Ellison nods again.

BANNON

(cont'd)

Are the courts that backed up in these parts?

ELLISON

(laughs nervously)

You mean, what were we doing for all those years?

(beat)

Well, to tell you the truth... we had some trouble finding her.

(beat)

(shrugs)

Lake Superior is a damn big puddle of water. We weren't even sure where she went down.

Grant, Holly, and Bannon, all experienced divers, return looks of skepticism.

GRANT

How far down is she, exactly?

ELLISON

Three hundred feet. Give or take. We've got the exact site nailed down with GPS now.

HOLLY

Give or take? Mr. Ellison, I'm not sure you're aware of just what it takes to make a dive of this kind. We need to know *exactly* how far down we will be diving. To the exact foot. We need surveys of the lake bottom, we need...

GRANT

(interrupting)

What she's saying is, we need a complete rundown of everything you know about this wreck. This needs to be as exact a science as we can make it. A few feet from the bottom to the surface will dictate everything down to the decimal point of mixtures we will be breathing. I have no doubt we can handle this, Mr. Ellison. It's just that you make a three hundred foot dive to an unstable shipwreck, "give or take" isn't good enough.

ELLISON

Understood.

(beat)

Everything you'll need to know can

(cont'd)
be found in our company database.
I'll personally guarantee you have
everything you need to get this
done.

Ellison reaches inside his sport jacket and produces an envelope.

ELLISON

(cont'd)
It's clear you all have some
reservations about this job. And
I understand. I'm not a man who
believes in haste, if he can avoid
it. But I believe we can all pull
together and get this done.

(beat)

Mr. Corbet and I are going to step
outside for a moment to let the
three of you make a decision. If
the answer is yes, we ship out at
dawn. If its no, then we'll put
you on the next plane home. Is it
a deal?

GRANT

Fair enough.

Ellison and Corbet get to their feet.

ELLISON

And by all means allow the contents
of this envelope to factor into
your decision.

Ellison slides the envelope across the table to Grant. He
and Corbet then exit the room.

Grant drums his fingers on the envelope. Holly glares at
him.

GRANT

If either of you have any serious reservations, I won't even open this. I'm not going out there without you.

Holly looks down at the envelope. Despite her obvious doubts about the job, she knows the three are in desperate need of a big paycheck.

BANNON

(whispering)

The way I see it... it isn't like we're diving into the Bermuda Triangle. It's a lake. A very *big* lake, but a lake.

(beat)

Open it up.

HOLLY

Why are you whispering?

BANNON

(whispering)

You gotta know they have this room bugged or something. These corporate types don't trust anybody!

Grant hesitates for a moment, then tears open the envelope.

Grant raises an eyebrow as he looks at the amount of the offer.

He slides it over to Holly.

HOLLY

(looks at the offer)

Oh!!

EXT. LAKE SURFACE - DAY

Gliding along the surface of Lake Huron, in the glorious morning sunlight, is the *CYCLONE*. The *Cyclone* is a 180 ft. research vessel that has been requisitioned by Ellison Shipping for the job at hand.

EXT. *CYCLONE* - DAY

Atop the vessel's multi-leveled decks, employees of Ellison Shipping are busy lugging heavy equipment and prepping it for the next day's dive.

INT. WHEELHOUSE - DAY

Gray Ellison, Noel Corbet, and CAPTAIN DAN BAIRD are discussing the job at hand.

CAPT. BAIRD

So far, we're right on schedule, sir.

ELLISON

Excellent. We'll want light for tomorrow's dive, so we're going to drop anchor after we make the pick up at Sault Ste Marie.

CAPT. BAIRD

How far out?

ELLISON

Far enough out that we can't be seen from shore. How's the weather looking?

CAPT. BAIRD

Shouldn't be the slightest concern.

ELLISON

Good. And any sign of the Coast

(cont'd)

Guard, just play it cool. If they ask what we're doing... just tell them we're trying out a new boat.

All three men share a chuckle.

CORBET

And the crew are to be kept quiet about this trip. I find out any of them shot their mouths off, they answer to me. Okay?

CAPT. BAIRD

Got ya, Mr. C. We've only got a skeleton bunch, anyway. Only essential people. This tub doesn't require too many to stay afloat.

ELLISON

Perfect.

The three men share confident smiles.

Grant and Holly enter the wheelhouse from a door leading from the mess hall.

ELLISON

Morning, Mr. Yates. Mrs. Yates.

GRANT/HOLLY

Morning.

CAPT. BAIRD

How was breakfast?

GRANT

Better than we could have imagined. My compliments.

ELLISON

I figured the least I could do
was bring along a couple guys
who could cook.

(beat)

Nothing but the best for my
new colleagues.

HOLLY

Well, thank you.

Ellison attempts to flash a charming smile in Holly's
direction. She seems either unfazed or unimpressed by him.

ELLISON

Since you'll be diving into
colder water than you're likely
used to, I want to make sure your
voyage is as pleasant as possible.

HOLLY

(winking)

Its all cold water if you dive
deep enough, Mr. Ellison.

ELLISON

I suppose so.

(beat)

Have you had time to inspect
your gear? Is everything you
requested on board?

GRANT

It looks great. Thanks for coming
through for us.

ELLISON

If this job goes well, consider
it yours.

GRANT

Wow. What more can we say to
such continued generosity?

CORBET

Just say you'll get the job
done.

Corbet, Ellison, and Capt. Baird share a chuckle. Grant and
Holly return pleasant smiles.

GRANT

Count on it.

ELLISON

And where is Mr. Bannon?
Grabbing seconds?

GRANT

He's actually giving one of
your people a crash course in
running the topside controls.

(beat)

Holly and I are going to need
another pair of eyes below.

CORBET

Bannon is diving with you?

Holly nods.

GRANT

Don't let his... shape fool you.
He's actually pretty good in a
dive suit. And I figure the
more of us down there, the
faster we can make a survey.

ELLISON

Good. Very good.
(beat)

(cont'd)

Now, in a few hours we'll be passing through the locks at Sault Ste. Marie, then its onto Superior. We'll be docking briefly. There's a... bit of cargo there waiting for us.

HOLLY

More gear? I thought we had everything already.

ELLISON

Almost. There is one more piece of equipment that might be of assistance to us.

CORBET

If not, we can just pitch it over the side.

Grant and Holly share curious glances.

INT. TAVERN - DAY

In a dimly-lit tavern, decorated with numerous pictures and artifacts from the shipping industry hanging on its discolored walls, a weathered old man sits alone at the bar.

He is a bearded, wrinkled old man of at least seventy. One of his rough hands holds up a near-empty cocktail glass to his weathered eyes.

A young bartender walks over to him.

BARTENDER

Another one, sir?

The elderly man SIGHS and replies with a nod.

Suddenly, Noel Corbet takes a seat next to the old man.

CORBET
(to the bartender)
Next one's on me.

BARTENDER
And for you, sir?

CORBET
Coffee. Black.

BARTENDER
You got it.

The bartender moves away to prepare the drinks.

CORBET
Exactly where I expected to
find you, Mr. Novak. Been here
long?

NOVAK
Not long enough to have come
to my senses and changed my
mind.

CORBET
Good, because you've got about
ten minutes to finish this next
drink and get your ass on our
boat. We're not sticking around
here very long.

NOVAK
And with good reason. If word got
out what we're up to, I don't
imagine this town would exactly
throw us a bon voyage party.

CORBET

You were able to keep quiet about it? That was part of the deal.

NOVAK

I've been silent as the grave, Mr. Corbet.

CORBET

Good. For the better part of this trip, you'd better keep it that way.

INT. *CYCLONE* - DAY

Geoff Bannon is studying his open laptop computer, looking for data about the *Griffon*.

Grant and Holly enter his cabin.

GRANT

We should be ready to shove off from this place in a few. Not sure exactly why we stopped. They're being a little vague about it.

(beat)

What you been up to?

BANNON

Oh, just having a look at the *Griffon*. Want to see her?

Bannon turns his laptop so Grant and Holly can have a look at the screen.

HOLLY

The *Griffon*? Our *Griffon*?

BANNON

Looks that way. At least what's
left of her.

The laptop screen reveals grainy video footage taken of the wreck. The camera slowly pans around the sunken vessel, its light barely able to cut through the murky water.

GRANT

Where did this come from?

BANNON

It was posted online.

GRANT

(annoyed)

Duh! *Who* posted it?

BANNON

I just Googled *The Griffon*, and
about three pages down I found
this link.

(beat)

Some guy by the name of Hodges
dove the ship about two years
ago and shot all this.

The three stare at the footage for a moment in silence.

GRANT

Any way to get a hold of this
Mr. Hodges?

BANNON

Not in our lifetimes, anyway.
He's dead.

HOLLY

Dead?

BANNON

As Julius Cesar. I called the salvage firm he worked for. Got transferred around a bit before I found someone who'd stay on the line longer than the time it took to tell me to fuck off.

GRANT

Another firm?
(lowers his voice)
Hired by Ellison?

BANNON

I asked the guy that very thing.

HOLLY

And?

BANNON

If that was the case, he wouldn't admit to it. Seemed to suggest Hodges just went out there with his own boat and dove it. Shot fifteen minutes of footage and posted it later.

(beat)

Not much later, it turns out.

GRANT

How long ago did he die?

BANNON

About a week later. A neighbor found him drowned in a pond behind his house. Nobody knows what happened.

Suddenly, a KNOCK on the cabin door causes the three to jump slightly.

GRANT

Yeah?

ELLISON

(from outside)

It's Ellison. You have a minute?

Bannon promptly shuts the laptop.

Grant opens the door, and Ellison pokes his head inside.

ELLISON

Hope I'm not interrupting.

HOLLY

Not at all.

ELLISON

We'll be getting under way in a moment. Would the three of you have some time to go over a few details?

GRANT

Of course.

INT. CHART ROOM - DAY

Inside the *CYCLONE*'s modest chart room, Ellison, Grant, Holly, and Bannon join Mr. Novak who is waiting with Corbet.

Once they are all inside, Ellison shuts the door behind him.

ELLISON

Mr. and Mrs. Yates, Mr. Bannon, I'd like you to meet Mr. Burton Novak.

(beat)

Mr. Novak, these are the folks

(cont'd)

I was talking about. The divers.

Novak maintains a suspicious, and somewhat frenzied look. Grant, Holly, and Bannon only give him polite nods. Novak returns a stare.

ELLISON

(cont'd)

Mr. Novak brings to us a most interesting point of view.

(beat)

He is the only survivor from the *Griffon*.

BANNON

You mean there really was a survivor?

ELLISON

So to speak, anyway. Mr. Novak has logged more hours on the *Griffon* than anyone else alive. He was part of her regular crew for over a decade. We figure he can do as good a job as anyone when it comes to telling you what you might expect down there.

GRANT

Well, any information about that ship would sure come in handy. We'd really appreciate that, Mr. Novak.

NOVAK

Since you've come this far, I don't expect you'd listen to the most important thing I could tell you.

HOLLY

Which is?

NOVAK

Don't do this. It may be too late for me, but at least you still have a choice. There's more than just an old freighter lying there on the sea floor. It's the resting place of twenty-eight brave men. Only an act of fate prevented me from resting amongst them.

CORBET

Speaking of rest... we have a big day ahead of us tomorrow. And rest might be what we all need.

(beat)

Mr. Novak, allow me to direct you to your cabin.

NOVAK

If you please.

(to Grant, Holly, and Bannon)

Gentlemen. My lady. See you tomorrow.

Corbet leads Novak out of the room.

ELLISON

He really is a sweet old man. And he really does know every inch of that ship. If we can just ignore all the fire and brimstone, he may just be worth half of what I'm paying him.

BANNON

Pardon my asking, but how exactly is that old man going to be helpful to us? He's not diving

(cont'd)
with us? Is he?

ELLISON
(chuckling)
No. Nothing like that. But he may be very valuable in helping us locate a certain artifact. In fact, he's already given us a clue.

GRANT
I take it there's more to this expedition than what we've been led to believe?

Ellison responds with a crooked smile.

GRANT
(cont'd)
I can deal with quite a bit, Mr. Ellison. We can dive into some of the deepest, darkest shark-infested waters you could imagine. We can find a needle underneath a mountain of scrap metal five hundred feet below the surface. I can weld the base of an oil rig together with my eyes closed. But I don't do well with surprises.

ELLISON
But can you find a sack of gold in a sunken old freighter?

Grant, Holly, and Bannon's eyes widen with the mention of the shiny metal.

ELLISON
(cont'd)
I hope so. Because I believe there's one down there.

(beat)

(cont'd)

You see back when she sank, ownership of gold by private citizens was illegal in this country. Can you believe that? Luckily we came to our senses, and those days are long over. And have you seen what the price of that stuff has done in the past decade? My father used ships in our fleet to bring it across from Canada all the time back then. And he wasn't alone. I'm guessing there's a bag of bullion somewhere on that ship.

HOLLY

You're guessing?

ELLISON

Call it an educated hunch. I've never found any written records of these shipments. And my father never took the time to share any with me before he died.

BANNON

How sure are you that this even happened?

ELLISON

I've heard enough stories to make me want to at least check it out.

HOLLY

What does Mr. Novak know about any gold?

ELLISON

Enough that I believe we need to take a look. He seems to recall seeing Captain Rafferty carrying bags onto the ship on almost every run into Canada back in those days. Claims all the guys knew about it. He even pointed to a room on the ship he may have taken them.

Ellison points down to a schematic of the ship spread out on a table in the middle of the room.

Everyone moves in to take a closer look.

ELLISON

(cont'd)

Apparently, this room just off Rafferty's cabin... that's where he supposedly stashed them.

(beat)

What do you say? A day diving for sunken treasure beats working on oil rigs, huh?

GRANT

Only if we find it.

EXT. LAKE SURFACE - DAY

Shortly after dawn, the *CYCLONE* is making its way across a relatively calm lake surface.

EXT. *CYCLONE* REAR DECKS - DAY

Grant and Holly are overseeing their equipment being prepped.

Deckhands KEVIN LEBEAU and JEFF STECKLEY listen as the experienced divers bark out orders. Both Lebeau and

Steckley are wiry, tattoo-covered laborers, trying hard to look professional in the presence of Mr. Ellison.

HOLLY

I don't see any bailout bottles!
We asked for them. We're not
getting wet without them!

LEBEAU

(rolls his eyes)
What's the deal? Planning on
some trouble down there?

GRANT

We plan for everything.

STECKLEY

I saw them below. I'll go snag
'em.

GRANT

If it wouldn't be too much
trouble.

HOLLY

(to Grant)
Look, can I talk to you in
private?

GRANT

Make it quick. We're going to
be there before you know it.

Holly leads Grant over to the ship's railing.

HOLLY

Do you really think it's a
good idea for all three of us
to go down there? I mean how
much do you really trust Mr.
Ellison's stooges?

GRANT

Not at all. But as long as one of them can operate a winch lever, I think we can do the rest just fine.

Grant motions for Bannon to join them. Bannon is at the rear of the ship instructing GABE CONNELLY, one of Ellison's people, how to lower and raise the cage which will carry the divers down to the wreck. Connelly is young, bright-eyed, and projects somewhat of a professional manner. He is clearly one of Ellison's more intelligent people.

BANNON

We'll be in radio contact the entire time. As long as these gauges look like they should, you just have to take us down, and then back up.

CONNELLY

You got it.

BANNON

I'll talk to you in a bit. I got my boss calling me.

Bannon joins Grant and Holly at the railing.

GRANT

How about it? Can he handle it?

BANNON

He'll be okay. It's not like were asking him to split the atom.

GRANT

How about you? You ready to do this?

BANNON

How does the expression go? I was born ready, chief.

GRANT

Well, I don't think we could have picked a better day for this, anyway.

(beat)

Look, I know we kind of took this job on a whim, but I'm sure we can do this. All we need in terms of gear is on board. I spent all night going over the schematics of that ship. We know what we're doing under water, and this whole thing will be done by tonight. After this is over, we'll be back on our feet, and we can head out in any direction we please. It will give us a new start. Now I'm done giving speeches. Let's do this.

BANNON

Amen.

Holly nods with resolve.

Suddenly, Novak joins them at the railing.

NOVAK

Picked a good day, have you? Is today such a good day to die?

BANNON

We aren't planning on finding out.

NOVAK

Be wary of the sea, my friend. It takes what it wants, and gives back only what it has turned into its own kind.

(beat)

On a calm day like this, its easy to forget what can go wrong out here. Be thankful the November Witch won't be coming to call on us like she did the *GRIFFON*. She gets you in her claws...

BANNON

And how it is you came to avoid their fate that night?

NOVAK

Fate. That's all it was. But for years its felt like I went down with them all the same.

Corbet notices Novak spewing his cryptic warnings and quickly makes his way over to the group.

CORBET

With all this activity, it might be a bit dangerous for you out here, Mr. Novak. Sure you wouldn't mind waiting in you cabin until lunchtime?

NOVAK

My young friends and I were only having a chat, Mr. Corbet.

CORBET

(moving in closer)

They've got a lot of work to do.
So how about coming with me and
letting them get on with it.

Novak, not wishing to tangle with Corbet, begins to walk away. He stops to add some parting words.

NOVAK

The Indians in these parts say
Lake Superior doesn't give up
her dead. I'm sure they're all
still down there. When you see
them, give them my best.

EXT. LAKE SURFACE - DAY

With a SPLASH, Grant Yates, joins Holly Yates and Geoff Bannon who are already in the water. All of them are covered from head to toe in some of the most advanced diving equipment available.

Grant swims over to where the other two are waiting for him in a large steel diving cage.

Before submerging, Grant gives a "thumbs up" signal to Gabe Connelly aboard the *Cyclone*, who hits a switch on his control panel which begins the basket's slow descent to the lake bottom.

From Grant's POV, we see the first glimpses of life beneath the lake surface. His diving mask helps clear up the murky water to reveal the boundless expanse of a marine environment.

Small schools of fish swim past the divers as the basket continues to sink deeper into the abyss below.

Radio transmitters in each of the divers' helmets allow them to communicate with each other, as well as the ship above.

GRANT

Cyclone, this is Yates. Do you copy? Connelly, you with us?

The radio feed from the ship above is crackly, but definitely audible.

CONNELLY (OS)

We copy, Mr. Yates. You're coming in loud and clear.

GRANT

Steady as she goes. You're doing fine.

INT. WHEELHOUSE - DAY

Ellison, Corbet, Novak, and Capt. Baird are listening into the radio chatter.

Ellison, pacing nervously, cuts in with his radio headset.

ELLISON

How's it going so far, Mr. Yates?

GRANT (OS)

We just passed the fifty foot mark. Picking up a little bit of a current, but dropping steadily. We should be at the bottom in just under half an hour.

ELLISON

Can you see anything down there yet?

GRANT (OS)

No sir, not yet.

(beat)

In order to save oxygen and get a little more time below, we're going to need to limit the radio chatter. It'd be best if we go silent until we reach the bottom.

ELLISON

Agreed. Agreed. But I'd like to hear from you the moment you have a visual.

GRANT (OS)

Count on it. Ten four.

EXT. UNDER WATER - DAY

Bannon smiles at Grant and mouths the words "thank you".

The basket continues to descend down towards the lake bottom. The water grows murkier as the light from the surface above becomes increasingly scarce.

Holly stares ahead at Grant, her eyes looking somewhat anxious. Grant looks back at her. He reaches out and squeezes one of her gloved hands to help comfort her.

Still the descent continues...

INT. WHEELHOUSE - DAY

Ellison is tapping his foot nervously on the floor. He looks down at his watch. He exhales deeply.

ELLISON

This is taking too long.

CAPT. BAIRD

It's a tricky business, sir. A deep dive. Too fast to the bottom, they get squished. Too fast to the top, they can burst from the inside.

Corbet replies with a SNORT.

Novak stares out over the water with a forlorn expression.

EXT. UNDER WATER - DAY

With the last light from above nearly extinguished, Grant produces a neon light stick from his belt.

He bends it, causing it to come alive in a luminous green glow.

Grant checks the depth gauge on his wrist.

GRANT

It's time.

(beat)

Connelly, do you copy? Over.

CONNELLY (OS)

I copy. Over.

GRANT

Shut it down on my mark. In ten... nine... eight... seven... six... five... four... three... two... one... Mark.

EXT. *CYCLONE* - DAY

Connelly hits a switch, abruptly ending the diving basket's descent to the lake floor.

EXT. LAKE BOTTOM - DAY

The diving basket comes to a halt approximately ten feet above the floor of lake superior.

Grant, Holly, and Bannon each activate lights on their diving helmets.

The three also switch on powerful hand-held flashlights.

Grant points his beam off to one side of the cage. Holly and Bannon follow suit.

The lights have a difficult time cutting through the dark, murky water.

Connelly's voice comes CRACKLING through the radio.

CONNELLY (OS)

Sonar indicates you're about
thirty yards from her bow.

(beat)

Over.

GRANT

Copy.

(beat)

(to Holly and Bannon)

Let's do it.

The three divers exit the cage and begin to swim in the direction of the wreck.

The lack of visibility forces the divers to stay close together and move cautiously.

Finally, the three virtually run right into what they are looking for.

Protruding from the darkness, covered in zebra mussels, is the bow of the *SS GRIFFON*!

The sight of the doomed vessel in its final resting place causes the three divers to momentarily pause and regard this historic site.

The ship's bow is imbedded several feet into the lake bottom, due to the enormous force with which it hit after sinking. Despite broken windows and some missing doors and hatches, the bow section of the old freighter is still mostly intact. The rust is even minimal.

BANNON

Damn. They really knew how to make them back in the day.

HOLLY

I'll say. Scrape the marine life off, and this thing looks like it could have gone down last spring.

GRANT

Mr. Ellison? We have that visual you were looking for.

ELLISON (OS)

You found her? How's she look, Mr. Yates?

GRANT

She's an impressive ship, sir. Looks like she's mostly in one piece.

(beat)

We're ready to proceed.

ELLISON (OS)

Good luck. Just let me know what you're seeing. When you can. Mr. Novak is listening in with us. I'm sure he'd be happy to help you find your way.

GRANT

Will do.

(to Holly and Bannon)

Let's get on with it. I'm going to work my way inside from the wheelhouse. Geoff, Take a look aft. Spot anything interesting, come get us. Don't poke so much as a finger inside by yourself.

BANNON

Don't worry, boss. I'll let you take the giant leap for mankind on this one.

GRANT

Hey. Nothing personal, but if anybody's going to get stuck or hurt in there, I want it to be me.

HOLLY

Let's just do this right so we don't even have to worry about that.

GRANT

Agreed. You go topside.

HOLLY

Above the wheelhouse? What am I supposed to do up there?

GRANT

Wait for me. And keep an eye out.

HOLLY

For what?

GRANT

Anything.

(beat)

Let's move. We need to start
back up in...

(checks a gauge on his wrist)

Eighteen minutes.

BANNON

Got it.

Bannon promptly begins to swim toward the rear of the vessel.

HOLLY

After you.

GRANT

Follow the leader.

Grant and Holly begin to swim up toward the wheelhouse.

The two use a partially-collapsed railing to pull themselves up onto the forward deck.

The two take a moment to poke around with their flashlights.

The deck is littered with several items of ship debris. Everything is covered with a thick layer of silt. Grant and Holly each kick up a trail of it as they move across the deck.

ELLISON (OS)

How's it going down there, Mr.
Yates? How's she looking?

GRANT

So far, about like you'd expect.
This is a hell of an impressive
ship, but she's been through

(cont'd)
something terrible.

INT. WHEELHOUSE (TOPSIDE) - DAY

Ellison is clearly nervous as he speaks with Grant. He chews a fingernail. There appears to be some sweat forming on his brow.

ELLISON
Have you seen... So far has there
been any...

HOLLY (OS)
No. We haven't found any bodies
yet.

Novak glares across the room at Ellison.

ELLISON
Good. Carry on.

EXT. LAKE BOTTOM - DARKNESS

GRANT
Roger.

Grant gestures to Holly that the two need to move up to the *Griffon's* wheelhouse.

Their flashlight beams leading the way, Grant and Holly kick their way up to the wheelhouse above them.

The windows are all blown out. The starboard door hangs open by one hinge. Nothing but darkness from inside is immediately visible to the divers.

Cautiously, Grant and Holly approach the open wheelhouse door. Grant pauses before stepping inside.

GRANT
Geoff, where are you?

EXT. CARGO HOLD - DARKNESS

Bannon is shining his light down into a cavernous cargo hold.

BANNON
I'm at one of the rear holds.

GRANT (OS)
How's it look back there?

BANNON
Hard to say. I'm not sure if I'm looking at silt, ore, or zebra mussels. Probably tons of both.

GRANT (OS)
Anything interesting back your way?

BANNON
Nothing you'd want to make a documentary about. The ship looks relatively intact back here, too. I'm about to head back near the smokestack.

GRANT (OS)
Okay. Careful back there.
(beat)
We're at the wheelhouse. I'm going in.

BANNON
And you're telling *me* to be careful? See ya in a bit.

EXT. WHEELHOUSE (*GRIFFON*) - DARKNESS

GRANT

(to Holly)

I'm going in. Go ahead and
take a peek up top, would ya.

HOLLY

There's nothing in there I
couldn't handle, you know.

GRANT

I'm sure you're right. But I
brought us here. This is *my*
thing.

The two regard each other for a moment. Then, Holly swims
away.

Grant, with a resolved look on his masked face, steps into
the wheelhouse.

INT. WHEELHOUSE (*GRIFFON*) - DARKNESS

Grant's flashlight reveals a wheelhouse in ruin. Like the
windows, each gauge is smashed. Debris litters the floor.
Knobs have been broken off the wheel.

Grant kicks up silt as he moves through the ship's control
room.

GRANT

Mr. Ellison? Do you copy?

(beat)

Mr. Ellison, do you read me?

INT. WHEELHOUSE (*CYCLONE*) - DAY

Ellison and the others in the *Cyclone's* control room can
barely make out Grant's words as his message comes through
bathed in static.

ELLISON

Mr. Yates? Mr. Yates, do you
copy?

There is no further reply from the ship's radio.

ELLISON

Shit. Can't we clear that up?

CAPT. BAIRD

We can try. It's possible they've
entered a part of the ship where
our signal can't penetrate.

Capt. Baird speaks into the ship's radio.

CAPT. BAIRD

How about it, Mr. Connelly? You
getting anything?

CONNELLY (OS)

I'm getting nothing from down
below either, sir.

CAPT. BAIRD

Roger. Keep listening.

ELLISON

I don't like it.

NOVAK

I hope nothing has happened to
our young friends below.

INT. WHEELHOUSE (*GRIFFON*) - DARKNESS

Grant taps the side of his diving helmet to hopefully
improve the reception of the radio transmitter inside.

GRANT

Mr. Ellison? Anyone copy?

Holly?

(beat)

Geoff?

There is no answer from anyone.

GRANT

Shit.

Grant looks at the gauge on his wrist indicating how much longer the group can stay on the lake bottom.

The gauge indicates the divers have just over ten minutes left.

Grant moves to a door at the rear of the wheelhouse. Before going through, he tries the radio once more.

GRANT

This is Grant. To anyone who can hear me, I'm going inside to the captain's cabin. We'll need to start back up in ten.

There is no response.

Grant attempts to pull open the door leading to the interior of the forward section of the ship.

At first, it does not budge. Grant pulls harder, throwing his entire weight into it.

With an audible GROAN, the old door finally slides open.

Grant GASPS and does a double-take when an enormous fish swims out from behind the door.

After Grant catches his breath, she starts down a small staircase.

INT. CORRIDOR - DARKNESS

At the bottom of the staircase, Grant enters a corridor leading off in two directions.

Grant veers to his right, following his flashlight beam through the silt, and further into the derelict vessel.

At the end of the corridor is an open door leading even further inside the ship.

As Grant passes through the doorway, he takes note of a golden nameplate adorning it.

"Captain's Quarters", it reads.

INT. CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS (*GRIFFON*) - DARKNESS

Grant moves through the murky remnants of Captain Rafferty's state room. The silt-covered remains of the once elegant quarters are strewn all over. Only the enormous bed remains right-side-up.

Grant locates the captain's private bathroom. He pokes his light inside and notes that it is also in disarray.

Just past the bathroom is yet another doorway. Grant passes through it and finds himself in the captain's private office.

INT. CAPTAIN'S OFFICE (*GRIFFON*) - DARKNESS

The remnants of Captain Rafferty's office are strewn all about. A desk and chair lie overturned. Two large filing cabinets are laying on their sides, drawers hanging open.

At the rear of the room is an enormous wall safe.

GRANT

Jackpot.

Grant moves up to the safe. He inspects it closely.

Grant tugs on the door handle. His eyes widen when he realizes it is unlocked..

Grant pulls the massive door open..

Inside the safe is the most grotesque sight imaginable.. the mutilated body of a diver!!

Grant jumps back in horror as he discovers the unknown diver with a massive chest wound, slashed throat, and gouged-out eyes.

The modern diving suit and lack of decomposition indicate this is a relatively recent fatality.

GRANT

Oh, my God! Holy shit!

Grant turns and quickly attempts to exit the captain's office.

With the massive amount of silt that has been kicked up, his visibility is extremely limited. Grant runs right into Holly who has just entered the captain's quarters.

Both are startled, Grant especially.

With their radios still unable to function, neither can hear the other.

Grant frantically motions for Holly to follow him back the way they came.

From Holly's POV we see Grant mouth the words "MOVE! NOW!"

Holly flashes a look of concern and confusion.

Grant grabs onto her and pulls her back into the corridor leading up to the wheelhouse.

EXT. LAKE BOTTOM - DARKNESS

Grant and Holly emerge from the wheelhouse. Grant motions for Holly to follow them back to the diving cage.

As the two begin to put some distance between themselves and the *Griffon*, their radios begin to work again.

GRANT

Where's Geoff? Have you seen him?

HOLLY

No. He should be back at the cage by now. What did find in there?

GRANT

Take my word for it. Nothing we came looking for!

(beat)

Geoff, do you copy? Geoff?

HOLLY

Something about this ship has our radios all messed up.

GRANT

Something about this ship *is* messed up! We need to find him and get topside immediately.

Grant and Holly continue to make their way back to the cage. The water is murkier than ever, making it very slow going.

GRANT

Geoff, do you read me? Geoff

(beat)
Bannon, do you copy?

There is no response from Bannon.

Grant and Holly finally reach the cage, finding it empty.

GRANT
Geoff, do you copy? Over.

Now that Grant and Holly are far enough away from the *Griffon*, they are able to receive transmissions from the surface once more.

ELLISON (OS)
Mr. Yates? Mr. Yates, do you copy?

GRANT
We copy, Mr. Ellison. Right now we need to locate Mr. Bannon and start heading to the surface.

ELLISON (OS)
What have you found?

GRANT
At this point it should wait until we're topside, sir.

INT. WHEELHOUSE (CYCLONE) - DAY

ELLISON
I copy. Understand.

Ellison begins pacing once again.

NOVAK
This was a big mistake. I can hear it in the man's voice.

(cont'd)

They've ventured where they shouldn't have. I only pray we get them up in time.

CORBET

That's enough, Mr. Novak. Or you'll be joining your old shipmates down there!

ELLISON

That's quite enough from both of you!

(beat)

We need to get them up. Fast!

EXT. LAKE BOTTOM - DARKNESS

Grant and Holly wait inside the cage for Bannon to re-join them.

GRANT

Geoff, do you copy? We need to move, buddy!

(beat)

Connelly? Stand by for momentary extraction.

CONNELLY (OS)

Standing by. You give me the word, and you'll be on your way back. Over.

GRANT

Okay, Geoff. We're just waiting on you. Copy?

Nothing but silence from the radio.

Grant begins to open the cage door.

HOLLY
What are you doing?

GRANT
Going after him.

HOLLY
Are you crazy? We've got to
move!

Grant hesitates, then closes the cage door.

GRANT
You're right.

Suddenly, Bannon's voice comes crackling through the radio.

BANNON (OS)
Did I hear the word crazy?

Grant and Holly look ahead to find Bannon approaching through the silt. His beam begins to shine more brightly as he nears the cage.

GRANT
Mr. Connelly, start bringing
us up!

EXT. *CYCLONE* REAR DECK - DAY

Connelly flips a switch on his control panel.

Behind him, a massive winch starts slowly reeling in the diving cage.

EXT. LAKE BOTTOM - DAY

Bannon steps into the cage just as it begins to rise to the surface.

GRANT

Where have you been?

BANNON

I was aft... just like you ordered.
It's not my fault our radios
crapped out.

GRANT

You were half a second from
getting left behind.

BANNON

Sorry, boss.

(beat)

Either of you find anything?

HOLLY

(annoyed)

No. Not where I was told to
look.

Grant glares at her through his diving mask.

BANNON

(to Grant)

How about you?

GRANT

I sure did, but now isn't the
time. Did you find anything?

BANNON

Sure. A whole lot of not much
back there.

HOLLY

Its kind of strange. I mean
shouldn't we have found some
sign of..

GRANT

The crew? I guess we weren't
down long enough.

BANNON

Maybe next time.

GRANT

There isn't going to be a next
time.

BANNON

I don't see you holding a sack
of gold.

Suddenly, the diving cage jerks to a halt on its path to
the surface.

GRANT

Whoa. What the hell?

Grant, Holly, and Bannon stand silent for a moment, waiting
for the cage to resume its rise to the surface.

GRANT

Connelly, do you copy? Over.

(beat)

Connelly, we aren't moving. Is
there a problem up there? Over.

Another moment passes with no reply from the surface.

BANNON

Oh, hell.

HOLLY

How much...

GRANT

Not enough. Not hardly.

(beat)

(cont'd)

Mr. Ellison, do you copy?

ELLISON (OS)

Mr. Yates? Talk to me. What's going on down there?

GRANT

I'm not sure. We're kind of stuck.

ELLISON (OS)

Stuck?

GRANT

We're not moving, and I can't get Connelly to answer the radio. Could you maybe send someone back his way to see what the problem is?

HOLLY

Quickly, please!

INT. WHEELHOUSE - DAY

ELLISON

Of course. We'll get this fixed, Mr. Yates.

Ellison covers the mouthpiece of his radio headset.

ELLISON

(to Capt. Baird)

Where are Mr. Steckley and Mr. Lebeau?

CAPT. BAIRD

Probably below decks in their quarters. Or perhaps in the engine room.

ELLISON

Try to rouse them to aid Mr.
Connelly.

CAPT. BAIRD

Will do.

Captain Baird speaks into the ship's con.

CAPT. BAIRD

Would Lebeau and Steckley please
please report to the rear deck to
assist Mr. Connelly? That is
Lebeau and Steckley to assist Mr.
Connelly. Asap.

INT. CREW'S QUARTERS - DAY

Kevin Lebeau and Jeff Steckley are lounging on their bunks
as Capt. Baird's order comes through the speaker in their
cabin.

Lebeau is lazily flipping through a deck of playing cards.
Steckley is watching pornography on a laptop computer.

LEBEAU

You heard the man. Go help
Connelly.

STECKLEY

He said both of us, dickhead.
He probably got that winch line
tangled up or something.

LEBEAU

Then you'd better go help him.

STECKLEY

(gets to his feet)
You think I know how all that

(cont'd)
diving shit works?

LEBEAU
Now's the time to learn.

Steckley shakes his head and exits the cabin.

INT. WHEELHOUSE - DAY

ELLISON
(into the radio)
We're looking into it, Mr.
Yates. How you doing on air?

EXT. LAKE BOTTOM - DARKNESS

Grant checks his wrist gauge once more.

GRANT
If you don't get this thing
working in about two minutes,
we're swimming.

Looks of dread emit from behind the diving masks of Holly
and Geoff Bannon.

ELLISON (OS)
How would that work?

GRANT
We drop our weight and kick
really, really hard.

BANNON
And hope we don't rupture every
organ in our bodies.

ELLISON (OS)
Just give us a chance. We'll
get her moving again.

EXT. *CYCLONE* REAR DECK - NIGHT

Dusk has settled in as Jeff Steckley makes his way to the rear of the ship.

Steckley promptly arrives at the control station Connelly had been manning. A quick shot of the control panel reveals something terrible has happened. The panel has been hacked apart by a blunt instrument. Every inch of the rear deck is soaking wet. Connelly is nowhere to be found.

STECKLEY

What the fuck?

Beneath Connelly's chair is a dark, gooey liquid.

Steckley bends over and rubs his hand through it.

Bringing his hand up to his face, he clearly recognizes the fluid as blood.

STECKLEY

(under his breath)

Oh, man. Connelly, what happened, dude?

A floorboard of the rear deck CREAKS behind where Steckley is standing.

He turns around just in time to see a wet, rusty ax swing toward his head.

With a metallic THUD, Steckley's head is severed from his body. It bounces twice before rolling into the lake.

EXT. LAKE BOTTOM - DARKNESS

Grant, Holly, and Bannon are inside the diving cage which is slowly being raised to the lake's surface.

Suddenly, the cage is sharply jolted. The divers grab onto the side to prevent from being ejected from it.

Suddenly, the cage begins to rapidly fall to the lake bottom.

HOLLY

Shit!

GRANT

Everyone out! Fast!

The divers swim out of the opening at the top of the stainless steel cage as it falls out of sight beneath them.

GRANT

Drop 'em, and let's get topside.

HOLLY

What's our depth?

BANNON

Too deep to be trying this!

GRANT

Our Trimix is about gone. If we don't get moving we're going to suffocate! Let's move!

The divers each unhook the weight belts wrapped around their waists.

With Grant in the lead, the three begin to swim for the surface.

GRANT

Mr. Ellison... anyone who can hear me... we just lost our cage. We're swimming topside. Not sure what shape we'll be in when we get there. Just be ready to haul

(cont'd)
us in. Out!

INT. WHEELHOUSE - NIGHT

ELLISON

Roger that. Not sure what happened
on our end. We'll be waiting when
you get here. Over.

(to Corbet)

We need to find Connelly. Now! And
where the hell are those other two
deck monkeys?

CORBET

Give me a moment, and I'll dig them
up.

EXT. UNDER WATER - NIGHT

The divers continue to kick their way to the surface. Each
are breathing heavily into their masks, trying to inhale
the last whips of Trimix (oxygen/helium/nitrogen) in their
tanks.

GRANT

I can see her above us. Almost
there! Keep kicking!

HOLLY

This is too fast!

GRANT

Almost there!

EXT. *CYCLONE* REAR DECK - NIGHT

Corbet arrives at the rear of the ship.

CORBET

Connelly? What's going on back

(cont'd)
here?

After not locating anyone manning the controls, Corbet takes a look around.

After a moment, he notices blood on the deck.

A POV shot indicates someone or something is rapidly approaching him from behind.

Corbet turns and draws a pistol from inside his sport coat. He points it at the face of Kevin Lebeau who recoils in terror.

LEBEAU
Easy, Corb!

Corbet holsters his pistol.

LEBEAU
What's going on out here?

CORBET
You tell me! Where the hell have you and the others been hiding?

EXT. LAKE SURFACE - NIGHT

Grant, Holly, and Bannon all break the surface near the rear of the *Cyclone*.

Grant spots Ellison who has joined Corbet and Lebeau on the rear deck.

GRANT
Ellison! We need to get on board fast!

ELLISON
Right!

(cont'd)
(to Lebeau)
Get the hooks!
(to the divers)
Can you make it onboard? Is anyone
hurt?

GRANT
Not yet, anyway!

EXT. CYCLONE REAR DECK - NIGHT

Using boathooks, Corbet and Lebeau haul the three divers
aboard.

Once aboard, the divers quickly begin removing their gear.

GRANT
Where the fuck is Connelly? What
the fuck has been going on up
here?

CORBET
We aren't sure. We can't locate
Mr. Steckley, either.

ELLISON
Have you checked *everywhere*?

CORBET
Unless this boat has some kind
of secret compartment or portal
to another dimension... yes!

ELLISON
Fuck.

Ellison takes a deep breath, and a moment to compose
himself.

ELLISON

(cont'd)

So, about your dive... we got a little bit cut off there for a while. Were you able to...

HOLLY

No! We didn't find you pot of gold!

Holly approaches Ellison, her face the definition of rage.

HOLLY

(cont'd)

What kind of a crew did you scrape together to bring out here with us? What kind of a show are you running? I'd like to throw your ass overboard...

Holly's tirade is abruptly over as she falls to her knees, GROANING in agony.

BANNON

She's bent!

GRANT

I was afraid of this!

Grant runs over to assist his wife.

ELLISON

Is she injured?

Novak abruptly arrives at the rear deck to assess the situation for himself.

NOVAK

There is no telling what that ship has in store for those who disturb her.

Grant glares angrily at the old sea dog. He reaches down and attempts to pick Holly up. She MOANS in agony.

GRANT

We came up to fast. Geoff and I might also be in danger. She needs pure oxygen, and she needs it fast!

ELLISON

I believe we have some in the infirmary.

GRANT

(to Holly)

Okay. You're going to be fine. I just need to get you inside.

ELLISON

You need any help?

GRANT

I got this. But we need to talk in a minute.

Grant begins to carry Holly toward the infirmary.

HOLLY

(in pain)

Why did you take me down there?
Why?

GRANT

I shouldn't have. But I figured that out half-way down.

HOLLY

(anguished)

We should never have come here.
Not like this.

GRANT

I know. But we came.

(beat)

Now I just hope we can get out
of here.

INT. INFIRMARY - NIGHT

Grant carries Holly into the ship's makeshift infirmary. He sets her down on an old cot.

Holly writhes in pain as Grant fumbles with an oxygen tank.

Finally, he locates a mask and hooks it up to the tank. He turns the valve at the top of the tank, and oxygen begins to HISS from it.

Grant places the mask over Holly's mouth. He secures behind her head with the flimsy rubber straps.

GRANT

Sit tight. And breathe deep,
honey. I've got to tell Ellison
to get us out of here. This
trip is over.

Grant begins to move toward the door. Before he can exit the room, Holly stops him.

HOLLY

Grant?

GRANT

What is it?

HOLLY

What did you see down there?

Grant only looks back at her, not sure if he should answer.

HOLLY

(cont'd)

Something scared the shit out
of you.

(beat)

What did you see?

GRANT

I don't have time to give you
any details. But let's just
say we aren't the first to
dive that wreck.

(beat)

At least we're still alive...
so far. I gotta run!

HOLLY

Grant. I love you.

GRANT

I love you, too. Now rest, and
I'll be back.

EXT. CYCLONE REAR DECK - NIGHT

Grant returns to find Ellison, Corbet, Bannon, and Novak
discussing the dive.

Lebeau kneels aft, hauling in the severed chain from the
diving cage.

BANNON

How's she doing?

GRANT

She's stable, but she's in a
lot of pain.

(to Ellison)

We've got to get her back to
shore. This little excursion is
over.

ELLISON

Mr. Yates, I can appreciate your concern for you wife, But I'm still missing two of my crew. The best I can do at this point is notify the Coast Guard and have them pick her up.

GRANT

You'd better notify them, all right! I found a diver down there. In that ship. He was torn to pieces.

A shadow passes over Ellison's face.

GRANT

(cont'd)

How many people have you sent down there?

ELLISON

I can assure you you're the first!

BANNON

You saw another diver down there? Where was he?

GRANT

In the captain's quarters. Where your pot of gold was supposed to be, Ellison.

CORBET

He was torn to pieces?

GRANT

Yeah. And it wasn't a barracuda that did it. Someone else has

(cont'd)
been down there. Or *something*.

NOVAK
My God. It must be true. The stories. The legend of that ship..

BANNON
What stories? Stop trying to scare us all for one fucking minute and tell us what's going on with that ship!

NOVAK
I wish I knew. All I know are things I've heard. You live on these shores long enough, and you hear all manner of things.

(beat)
I really didn't want this dive to happen so my shipmates' final resting place would not be disturbed. That's all.

GRANT
What kinds of things have you heard about the *Griffon*, Mr. Novak?

NOVAK
Well, there are some who have claimed the *Griffon* did not make her last voyage the night she went down. I've heard it more than once that she and her crew still...

CORBET
Bullshit!

NOVAK

Where are your missing crew?
Where could they have possibly
gone?

BANNON

Maybe they got tired of all
your gloomy prophesying and
decided to swim home.

GRANT

Whatever the case, the Coast
Guard needs to be out here.

ELLISON

Right.

(speaks into headset)

Captain? Have you been able to
reach the Coast Guard yet?

INT. WHEELHOUSE - NIGHT

CAPT. BAIRD

No sir. There still seems to
be some trouble with our radio.
I can't raise any channels.

EXT. WHEELHOUSE - NIGHT

A quick shot of the wheelhouse roof reveals a small radio
transmission tower has been mangled beyond repair.

EXT. REAR DECK - NIGHT

ELLISON

(into the headset)

Keep trying. And have us
ready to get under way.

CAPT. BAIRD (OS)

Roger.

CORBET

(to Ellison)

Now, what?

ELLISON

Now...

Suddenly, a noticeable breeze passes over the *Cyclone*. Calm waters beneath her quickly turn choppy.

GRANT

We'd better head in. Now.

At the rear of the ship, Lebeau finally recovers the end of the severed chain.

LEBEAU

I've found the end!

Lebeau shuts off the winch, and then hauls the heavy chain aboard.

The others move in closer to get a better look at the faulty umbilical.

BANNON

Does it look bent? Were we too heavy for it?

LEBEAU

Doesn't look like it. This thing looks like it was cut.

(beat)

Clean through.

Lebeau runs an open palm across the exact spot where the chain was severed.

Ellison, Grant, Corbet, Bannon and Novak all exchange curious, almost suspicious glances.

GRANT

What could have caused that?
Did it hit the propeller
somehow?

No sooner do those words escape his lips, when a rusty grappling hook is flung from seemingly out of nowhere.

One of the hook's sharp prongs buries itself in the soft flesh beneath Lebeau's jaw. The chain is abruptly jerked backward, causing the hook to pull him over the side of the ship.

Lebeau manages only half a scream before he is dragged under the water's surface.

The remaining men on deck are momentarily frozen in shock.

CORBET

Oh, shit.

GRANT

We need to move!

ELLISON

(into the headset)
Captain! Start the engine and
head for shore. Now!

INT. WHEELHOUSE - NIGHT

CAPT. BAIRD

(into the radio)
Roger. Still unable to raise
Whitefish.

ELLISON (OS)

We can tell them in person!

(cont'd)
Let's move out!

CAPT. BAIRD
Aye! Heading for the point.

Captain Baird fires up the ship's engine.

He reaches out for the throttle...

Before he can set the *Cyclone* in motion, a long, heavy ax comes CRASHING through the wheelhouse window directly in front of him.

The captain is knocked off his feet. He slumps to the floor with the ax blade buried deep into his forehead.

EXT. REAR DECK - NIGHT

Grant, Ellison, Corbet, Bannon and Novak all slowly back away from the rear of the ship, uncertain if any of them will suffer a similar fate that befell Lebeau.

ELLISON
(into headset)
Captain, we're not moving!
(beat)
Captain?

GRANT
We need to get inside.

SCRAPING and CREAKING noises are heard on the sides of the ship.

Corbet draws his pistol once more.

With a loud WHOOSH, and a spray of lake water, four shadowy apparitions jump aboard the *Cyclone*.

With mouths wide open, Grant, Ellison, Corbet, Bannon and Novak regard these dark, ghostly figures. They look like men, or at least the shells of what were once men.

Depending on how the light falls upon them, these apparitions resemble either rugged caricatures of the *Griffon's* former crew, or simply rotting corpses with strands of flesh and clothing draped over them. Only darkened pits remained where their eyes had once been.

In their hands are an assortment of axes, hammers, and hooks.

The apparitions began to advance toward their human counterparts.

ELLISON

To the wheelhouse! Fast!

Corbet raises his pistol and shoots one of the approaching ghouls in the head.

The shot momentarily halts the momentum of the approaching spirit, but soon they resume closing in on their human prey.

GRANT

Forget it! Come on!

As quickly as they are able, Grant, Ellison, Corbet, Bannon, and Novak move across the deck toward the forward area.

The apparitions follow, at their own seemingly confident pace.

INT. WHEELHOUSE - NIGHT

Ellison is the first to enter the wheelhouse.

ELLISON

Captain, we need... Oh, my God!

Captain Baird's corpse on the floor stops Ellison in mid-sentence.

Grant and the others pile into the modest wheelhouse. Each of them appear shocked as they also notice Baird's body.

GRANT

Oh, Jesus. Oh, Fuck!

CORBET

We're in some shit here, boss!

NOVAK

This is it. They've come for us.
We've invaded their world, and
now they mean to make us a part
of it!

ELLISON

I'm not going anywhere quietly!
Grant, can you get us back to
shore?

GRANT

Sure I can, but not until Holly's
safe. I'm going for her!

Shadowy figures pass outside the wheelhouse. The knob of the wheelhouse door begins to RATTLE.

ELLISON

You step outside that door, they'll
cut you down! Get this tub moving!

Corbet rummages around in a footlocker beneath the ship's control panel.

CORBET

I knew I packed these for a
reason!

Corbet tosses Ellison a 12 gauge shotgun.

A mini-sledge hammer SMASHES through one of the wheelhouse
windows. It narrowly misses Novak, who ends up covered in
broken glass.

Ellison chambers a shell.

ELLISON

(to Novak)

Down!

Ellison fires a BLAST from his weapon. The apparition
outside the window seems to de-materialize.

Corbet tosses another shotgun to Grant.

CORBET

You know how to use that?

GRANT

I hope so!

Grant Chambers a round.

GRANT

Is there any way to get to the
infirmary from here?

ELLISON

Not without going outside! You
need to stay here and get this
ship moving or we're all dead!

GRANT

You get her moving. I'm going
for Holly!

Grant moves over to the door.

BANNON

Watch yourself out there!

Grant flings open the wheelhouse door. An enormous, shadowy figure is waiting outside. Grant sends a BLAST from his shotgun into this apparition at point blank range.

EXT. WHEELHOUSE - NIGHT

The large, tattered figure is knocked back over the railing.

A SPLASH (OS) is heard from below.

Grant chambers another round and moves along the rail toward the rear of the ship.

A POV shot indicates Grant is also having trouble seeing clearly. The decompression sickness is taking effect on him, but at a less-debilitating level.

INT. INFIRMARY - NIGHT

Holly is laying back on the cot.

GUNSHOTS (OS) from outside cause her to sit up.

A POV shot from Holly indicates the room is spinning from her perspective.

Holly holds her forehead and lays back down on the cot.

She opens her eyes once more. Through her blurred POV perspective, we find she is not alone in the infirmary.

Standing over her is a shadowy figure. He is dressed in a shabby gray overcoat. Wrapped around one arm is a crude, faded white bandana adorned with a red cross.

The figure bends down over Holly. She is able to make out the rotting remains of a man's face. His slimy lips curl into a sinister smile.

In one hand, he holds a scalpel over her throat...

Suddenly, the infirmary door is flung open. A BLAST from Grant's shotgun slams the ghostly surgeon into the wall.

Another BLAST splinters the ghoul even further.

GRANT

Are you okay?

HOLLY

What the fuck is going on?
What was that... *thing*?

GRANT

I don't know, but this ship is
crawling with them.

Grant helps Holly to her feet.

GRANT

(cont'd)

Come on! We've got to get you
to the wheelhouse!

EXT. REAR DECK - NIGHT

Grant helps Holly along the railing in the direction of the wheelhouse.

GRANT

Why the hell haven't they
gotten this ship moving?

From the rear of the ship, a small outboard motor is heard ROARING to life.

GRANT

What the...?

A moment later, a small inflatable dingy is seen speeding away from the *Cyclone*. Aboard it are Ellison and Corbet!

GRANT

They're leaving us here!
They're leaving us here to
die!

Holly shouts out over the water.

HOLLY

Cowards! Get the fuck back
here and help us!

There is no indication that Holly's protests are heard from the tiny craft as it begins to put some distance between itself and the *Cyclone*.

GRANT

He suckered us out here. Now
he's going to leave us here to
be sacrificed.

EXT. INFLATABLE DINGY - NIGHT

Corbet is operating the outboard motor while Ellison sits in front, scanning the horizon for either threats or a sign of potential rescue.

ELLISON

Straight ahead, and keep her
wide open!

CORBET

If any of them make it back to
shore, we're in trouble!

ELLISON

They won't. Just keep going!

From underneath the water, a grappling hook is thrust toward the small craft. The hook catches the outboard motor and the craft comes to an abrupt halt.

Ellison and Corbet are launched through the air as their dingy is literally ripped from underneath them.

Both men hit the water with a violent SPLASH.

After a moment, they both surface, completely stunned. The small dingy is badly damaged, but its motor continues to sputter as the craft is held in place.

Ellison and Corbet attempt to swim over to the disabled craft.

From underneath the water, a boathook is thrust through Corbet's torso. He HOWLS in agony.

Terrified, Ellison continues to swim toward the dingy. Once he is twenty yards from the craft, something underneath the water grabs a hold of him.

Ellison lets out a YELP, as his body is thrust forward at incredible speed.

A POV shot indicates ELLISON is being hurled head-first into the buzzing propeller of the dingy.

The sound of his skull being ripped apart ECHOES across the water's surface.

EXT. REAR DECK - NIGHT

GRANT

Now's our chance! Come on!

INT. WHEELHOUSE - NIGHT

Grant helps Holly inside the wheelhouse. Bannon and Novak, each attempting to work the controls, turn in terror.

BANNON

Boss! Thank God!

GRANT

Why isn't this thing moving?

BANNON

Not sure. We've tried everything.

NOVAK

Where are Mr. Ellison and his trained lion?

GRANT

Would you believe they decided to sacrifice themselves so we could escape?

NOVAK

No. I would not.

GRANT

Well, let's just say we don't have to wait for them.

Bannon is exasperated as he looks over the control panel, unsure how to move the ship.

BANNON

I've tried everything. Throttle is wide open, but she won't budge!

HOLLY

Try this?

Holly reaches down and flicks a switch marked "anchor".

EXT. FORWARD DECK - NIGHT

A quick shot of the bow section of the *Cyclone* reveals the anchor chain beginning to be reeled in by a winch.

The ship begins to lurch forward.

INT. WHEELHOUSE - NIGHT

BANNON

On second thought, I tried everything *but* that!

Grant and Holly exchange quick smiles, as it appears their fortunes have momentarily taken a change for the better.

GRANT

Okay, can you take us in to shore?

BANNON

Can you keep those creatures from getting in here?

GRANT

Call me crazy, but I think they got what they were after.

HOLLY

Let's not chance it.

GRANT

Right.

Grant finds some additional shotgun shells, and reloads his weapon.

EXT. LAKE BOTTOM - DARKNESS

At the bottom of Lake Superior, this greatest of the Great Lakes sits the *Griffon*. The massive freighter, thought to have found its final resting place over thirty years prior, rests no more.

The enormous vessel, partially buried in mud, begins to emit a noticeable glow.

The hull begins to CREAK and GROAN.

At the rear of the ship, two enormous propeller screws begin to move! First, an inch or more. Then, the ship's engines ROAR to life!

The massive propeller blades churn into the mud. Zebra mussels fall off the hull and scatter in the suddenly turbulent water.

The *Griffon* begins to rise. It seems to shake off the mud and lunge toward the surface!

EXT. WHEELHOUSE (*CYCLONE*) - NIGHT

Grant steps out onto the forward deck, shotgun in hand. He looks in all directions. There are no apparitions visible.

Grant begins to walk toward the rear of the ship.

EXT. LAKE SURFACE - NIGHT

A few hundred yards behind the *Cyclone*, the moonlit surface of Lake Superior is broken by a large shadowy mass of metal.

There is a thunderous WHOOSH as water is thrown off the enormous ship, and then SPLATTERS down onto the lake surface.

The *Griffon* is re-born!

EXT. REAR DECK (*CYCLONE*) - NIGHT

Grant Yates stares in disbelief at the massive, ghostly freighter now bearing down on their mid-sized research vessel.

GRANT

You've got to be kidding me!

(beat)

This isn't happening!

Grant tightly shuts his eyes. After a second, he opens them.

The *Griffon* is still in pursuit, noticeably closing the gap!

Grant takes off on a dead run toward the wheelhouse.

INT. WHEELHOUSE (CYCLONE) - NIGHT

Grant bursts through the wheelhouse door.

GRANT

(to Bannon)

Open her up!

BANNON

The throttle's open.

GRANT

All the way?

BANNON

As far as it can be. Why?

GRANT

Take my word for it. Keep it that way!

Bannon takes a look down at the radar readout. There is clearly a large mass to the rear of the *Cyclone*.

BANNON

Oh, shit. It couldn't be...

GRANT

It is!

EXT. WHEELHOUSE (*CYCLONE*) - NIGHT

Holly and Novak step outside to witness the approaching freighter for themselves.

NOVAK

God, it's true. It's all true!
She lives!

HOLLY

How far is it to port?

GRANT

Too far! Let's get inside!!

INT. WHEELHOUSE (*CYCLONE*) - NIGHT

Grant, Holly, Bannon, and Novak assess their situation.

HOLLY

No way we can outrun her. And
that thing could smash us to
pieces.

(to Novak)

You know more about that ship
and these waters than anyone.
Is there anything we can do?
They're bound to want you, too!

NOVAK

It's too late for me, one way
or the other. Even though I was
spared by fate, the tragedy has
haunted me every day of my life.

(cont'd)

Somehow I knew... I knew they'd
come for me one day.

GRANT

Okay. So you're pretty much
fucked. I get that. What about
the rest of us?

NOVAK

You invaded their tomb. You
poked your noses where they
didn't belong.

HOLLY

So, just setting foot on that
ship doomed us? Is that what
you're saying?

NOVAK

Maybe.

Novak pauses for a moment, then a new thought seems to
come to the elderly seaman.

NOVAK

Did any of you take anything
off that ship?

HOLLY

No. Nothing.

GRANT

Me either. Other than some bad
memories.

Bannon continues to look ahead, acting thoroughly engrossed
in steering the ship.

GRANT

Geoff? How about you? Did you

(cont'd)
take anything?!

Bannon SIGHS.

BANNON
Grab the wheel, boss.

Grant takes control of the wheel.

Bannon rummages through one of the equipment bags he has been lugging around.

From inside it, he produces a foot-long object wrapped in cloth.

Bannon removes the cloth, revealing a large whistle; the type found on a steamship's smokestack.

HOLLY
Is that...

NOVAK
That's from the *Griffon*. That's her whistle!

GRANT
You... you asshole! How much did you think that would go for at a pawn shop? I hope for your sake it was enough to retire on.

HOLLY
I can't believe...

BANNON
Believe it! Guys, I'm broke! I saw a chance! I took it! You think I'm the only person who's taken something off that wreck?

GRANT

Luckily they didn't stuff you
into their safe... yet!

BANNON

Look, I fucked up! I shouldn't
have done it! Maybe I can fix
the situation.

Bannon moves to the door.

HOLLY

Where are you going?

EXT. WHEELHOUSE (*CYCLONE*) - NIGHT

Bannon runs out to the railing.

The *Griffon* is gaining on the *Cyclone*. The larger ship is
beginning to pull alongside the smaller research vessel.

Shadowy figures are visible on all decks of the *Griffon*.

BANNON

(calls out)

I'm sorry! You want it back?
It's yours!

Bannon throws an object overboard and into the water. We
cannot see what he has thrown.

The *Griffon* continues her pursuit, moving closer.

GRANT

(from inside)

Geoff! Get back in here!

Bannon complies and goes back inside the wheelhouse.

INT. WHEELHOUSE (*CYCLONE*) - NIGHT

BANNON

It didn't work.
(to Novak)
Any other ideas?

NOVAK

At this point... no. Let's just
try to make it in.

GRANT

(to Holly)
How you feeling?

HOLLY

Get us to shore, and I'll be
fine!

EXT. LAKE SUPERIOR - NIGHT

The two ships churn across the lake surface. The *Cyclone* manages to stay out in front with Grant manning the wheel. Still, the *Griffon* pursues her.

INT. WHEELHOUSE (*CYCLONE*) - NIGHT

Grant mans the wheel as Holly, Bannon, and Novak anxiously look on.

Novak suddenly notices something on the horizon he feels can help their situation.

NOVAK

There may be one last chance
to outrun her. Look there.
Two O'clock.

Novak points through a broken wheelhouse window to a speck of light on the horizon.

NOVAK

That's Whitefish. No mistaking
that beacon.

BANNON

The Coast Guard station?

NOVAK

Yes.

BANNON

We can make that! We can do it!

NOVAK

Nowhere to land on those rocky
cliffs, but we can still use
that shallow water to our
advantage. Her draft is far
too deep to get close.

HOLLY

At this point, what rules could
possibly apply to that ship?

GRANT

It's either that, or we stay
out here and die!

Just as Grant utters these words, there is a THUMP on the
roof of the wheelhouse.

EXT. WHEELHOUSE (CYCLONE) - NIGHT

Two additional apparitions swing over from the *Griffon* on
grappling hooks!

The two ships are now side by side.

INT. WHEELHOUSE (CYCLONE) - NIGHT

GRANT

Mr. Novak! Take the helm! Take
us home to Sault Ste Marie!

NOVAK

Aye!

Grant tosses shotguns to Holly and Bannon.

GRANT

Everybody else... shoot anything
that sticks its head in here!

Behind Grant, another window is SHATTERED from outside.
Grant turns and FIRES back at the attacking spirit.

Heavy THUDS are heard as another ghoul begins to chop
through the door with an ax.

Neither Grant, Holly, nor Bannon has a clear shot at this
attacker. The door is hanging by a thread...

GRANT

You two get beside me!

All three move to the back of the wheelhouse as Novak
continues to steer. Each of them aim their shotguns at the
sagging door.

GRANT

Fire when I tell you!

The wheelhouse door CRASHES inward. A tall, rangy figure
dressed in the tattered remains of a deckhand's garb steps
inside. An expression of pure hatred radiates from his
rotting face.

GRANT

Fire!

Grant, Holly, and Bannon each unload multiple rounds into the attacking figure. He is driven back a few feet at a time, until finally toppling over the railing. The attacker's ax is all that remains on deck.

EXT. WHEELHOUSE (CYCLONE) - NIGHT

Grant walks outside to make sure the attacker is gone.

Grant cannot see, but another apparition is standing on top of the wheelhouse, ready to pounce down on top of him.

The ghoul jumps down on top of Grant, knocking him over.

Grant re-gains his bearings. He aims his shotgun at the attacking specter. A CLICK from the weapon indicates it is out of shells.

The apparition advances on Grant, a hatchet raised high...

HOLLY

(from behind the ghoul)

Hey!

The apparition turns to face her.

With all her might, Holly swings the heavy ax left by the previous attacker. The ghoul's head is severed from its body.

Black sludge and water seep from its neck stump.

Grant hoists the headless corpse over the railing and sends it into the water below.

INT. WHEELHOUSE (CYCLONE) - NIGHT

Grant and Holly re-join Novak and Bannon at the ship's controls.

NOVAK

Here we go! Hold on!

EXT. LAKE SUPERIOR - NIGHT

The *Cyclone* begins to move toward the cliffs beneath the lighthouse at Whitefish Point. The *Griffon* continues to follow.

With the rocky shoreline getting closer and closer, the *Cyclone* makes a sharp turn back out to deeper waters.

INT. WHEELHOUSE (*GRIFFON*) - NIGHT

Two rotting hands pull the wheel hard to port.

EXT. LAKE SUPERIOR - NIGHT

The *Griffon*, too big to make a quick change of direction, continues to drift into shallow waters.

A loud SCREECH echoes off the cliffs as the *Griffon's* hull slices through the rocks beneath the water's surface.

The *Griffon's* powerful engines thrust into high gear, and the freighter is able to break free of the shoal beneath her.

By the time she is able to reach full speed, the *Cyclone* has put considerable distance between itself and the ghostly vessel.

INT. WHEELHOUSE (*CYCLONE*) - NIGHT

GRANT

(looking back)

Good! We've got a chance.

(to Novak)

Just keep her wide open. Next stop Sault Ste Marie!

Holly and Bannon appear drained, but a glimmer of hope is reflected in their faces.

EXT. LAKE SUPERIOR - NIGHT

The *Cyclone* is beginning to enter waters occupied by other boats.

INT. MOTORBOAT - NIGHT

A pair of drunken fishermen narrowly miss having their expensive motorboat smashed to pieces as the *Cyclone* passes by at top speed.

The wake from the *Cyclone* nearly capsizes the smaller craft, and causes one of the fishermen to spill his beer.

FISHERMAN

Hey! What the fuck was that?!

(to his friend)

Did you see that guy?

The other fisherman does not respond. He is facing the other direction, and frozen in terror. The *Griffon* is bearing down on them!

Before the fishermen can get their boat moving, it is CRUSHED by the towering freighter.

EXT. LAKE SUPERIOR - NIGHT

Traffic on the water begins to increase as the two ships approach the port of Sault Ste Marie.

Novak is able to avoid hitting other craft. The *Griffon*, on the other hand, plows right through several smaller boats in its path.

Several people stare in amazement as the ships run past them.

INT. WHEELHOUSE (*CYCLONE*) - NIGHT

Dead ahead of the research vessel is a wharf.

NOVAK
There is one problem.

GRANT
Which is?

NOVAK
I haven't a clue how to stop
this boat!

The wharf is approaching fast.

GRANT
Reverse!

Grant reaches for the throttle and jams it in reverse.

EXT. SUALT STE MARIE HARBOR - NIGHT

The *Cyclone* is slowing, but there is no way it can avoid
slamming into the wharf.

INT. WHEELHOUSE (*CYCLONE*) - NIGHT

GRANT
Hold on!!

Grant reaches for the wheel and helps Novak turn it hard to
port.

EXT. WHARF - NIGHT

The starboard side of the *Cyclone* SLAMS into the wharf.

INT. WHEELHOUSE (*CYCLONE*) - NIGHT

The force of the collision knocks everyone to the floor.

GRANT

(regaining his bearings)

Let's go! We need to get some
help. Fast!

Holly and Bannon get to their feet. Novak appears more dazed than anyone. Grant has to help him outside the wheelhouse.

EXT. WHARF - NIGHT

Holly and Bannon are able to climb out of the heavily damaged *Cyclone* and onto the wharf.

Grant assists Novak onto the wharf a moment later.

All four survivors are battered and bruised. Novak seems to have gotten the worst of things. There is a large gash on his forehead from which blood is seeping.

A wharf hand runs over to check on everyone.

WHARF HAND

Is everyone okay?

HOLLY

Hardly.

WHARF HAND

Where did you guys come from?

(looks at Novak)

He doesn't look so well. I've
got fire and rescue on the way.

GRANT

We have to get out of here!
Right away!

WHARF HAND

What do you mean? We can't move

(cont'd)
this old timer.
(beat)
Oh, my God!

The wharf hand looks out over the water and sees the *Griffon* bearing down on them.

BANNON
She's not stopping!

GRANT
Come on! Help me move him!

The wharf hand takes off on a dead sprint.

Bannon and Holly help Grant move Novak away from the *Cyclone*.

The *Griffon* slows, but not enough to avoid colliding with the *Cyclone*.

The bow of the *Griffon* slams into the wharf, CRUSHING the *Cyclone* against it!

The oxygen tanks in the infirmary, combined with the spare diving tanks, create an enormous EXPLOSION!

Grant, Holly, Bannon, and Novak are all thrown off their feet.

A large fireball engulfs the bow of the *Griffon*. Several buildings along the wharf are set ablaze, as well.

CUT TO:

EXT. WHARF - NIGHT

Grant has been unconscious for an undetermined amount of time. He opens his eyes. Through his POV, we see a macabre scene on the wharf.

Bannon is on his knees pleading for mercy. Around him stand a dozen ghoulish figures. All wear tattered clothing over their rotting skin. Some are on fire from the explosion. Others merely smolder.

Bannon is holding a metallic object in his hand. The whistle from the *Griffon*!

CUT TO:

EXT. WHEELHOUSE (*CYCLONE*) - NIGHT

In a flashback, we see Bannon toss a knife into the water when it was believed to be the whistle.

CUT TO:

EXT. WHARF - NIGHT

BANNON

I am so sorry! I don't know
what I was thinking!

(extends the whistle)

Here you go. Take it.

A tall apparition moves forward. It seems to float across the wharf, rather than walk.

The figure extends a rotting hand. Its fingers curl around the whistle and pull it away from Bannon.

The apparition begins to move back toward the others. Suddenly, it stops. The specter tosses the whistle to one of its brethren.

Before Bannon has a moment to breathe a sigh of relief, the ghoulish figure produces a hatchet from inside its tattered clothing.

In one fell swoop, the ghoulish figure buries the hatchet in Bannon's forehead.

With Bannon now dead, the army of spirits turn their attention to Grant. They quickly surround him.

Grant looks down at Holly, who lies next to him. She is still unconscious.

Grant, too woozy to run and too weak to fight, quietly awaits his fate.

The apparitions, still smoldering from the blast, stare back at him with twisted, rotting faces.

GRANT

It was a job. Just a job.

Suddenly, from farther down the wharf, a voice cries out...

NOVAK

That's enough! That will be quite enough!

Novak struggles to get to his feet as Grant and the ghoulish army turn in his direction.

NOVAK

(cont'd)

I'm the one you really want.

Novak steps in front of Grant.

NOVAK

(cont'd)

I should have been with you that night. I'm ready to pay my debt.

(points at Grant and Holly)

These two. What would spilling their blood do for you? They owe you nothing. They've taken nothing from you. In their

(cont'd)
stead, I beg you. Take me.

The apparitions begin to encircle Novak.

INT. TAVERN - NIGHT

A modest crowd sits around in one of the tavern along the wharf.

A siren BLARES (OS) from outside as an emergency vehicle races past the establishment.

Two bartenders are wiping down the bar as cleaning glasses.

BARTENDER 1

There goes another one. What
the hell is going on out there
tonight?

BARTENDER 2

Fuck if I know.

The wharf hand who first met Grant and the others bursts through the door. He quickly makes his way over to the bar.

WHARF HAND

Guys! You'll never guess what
showed up down at the docks
tonight!

The tavern is abruptly filled with GASPS, followed by stunned silence.

A dark, smoldering figure has just entered the tavern.

Slowly, the tattered spirit makes his way over to the bar.

As nearby guests scatter, he takes a seat in front of the frightened bartenders.

With a bony finger, he points at a bottle of whiskey on a shelf behind them.

Trembling, one of the bartenders grabs the bottle.

The ghostly customer TAPS his rotting finger on the bar in front of him.

The bartender places the bottle in front of him.

The tavern guests watch in disbelief as the apparition chugs the entire bottle down.

EXT. WHARF - NIGHT

Grant carries Holly in his arms as police cars and fire engines race past them.

Holly opens her eyes and smiles up at him.

EXT. *GRIFFON* - NIGHT

The massive freighter, bearing a few new scars on its bow section, is heading back out of the harbor to deeper waters.

Novak, chained to the bow, is saying his goodbyes to the world of the living.

NOVAK

Grant! You tell them! Tell
them all!! I'm going home!
I'm going home!!

The *Griffon* begins to submerge. Novak's shouts turn to gurgles as he is pulled under with the ship.

INT. RAFFERTY HOUSE - NIGHT

Rosemary Rafferty sits on a sofa, quietly knitting. A parlor clock TICKS loudly at one end of the room.

There are three KNOCKS (OS) at the front door.

The widow Rafferty looks up from her knitting, obviously not expecting company at this hour.

EXT. RAFFERTY HOUSE - NIGHT

A dark figure stands outside the front door.

The door opens with a CREAK.

The Widow Rafferty sticks her head outside to see who has come to call on her.

She stares at the silent figure for a moment, then she faints.

The figure continues to stand over her, water slowly dripping off him and onto the "WELCOME" mat below.

At his feet rests on old, battered satchel. There are just enough holes in it to show us the gold bullion inside.

FADE OUT

