

THE MODERN OCEAN

By

S. Carruth

June 27, 2015

FOR STEVEN

INT. KYOTO HISASHI - LAB - DAY

A SLUG (meter-long metal cylinder) drips with SEA WATER, placed across supports, END CAPS crusted with BRINY MUD.

A TWISTCUTTER (big bladed wrench) is fastened around each end to slice away the crust. Fasten, twist, SNIP.

The Slug POPS open along its length, revealing LAYERS of SEDIMENT, MUD, and ROCK accumulated over time.

A RULER marked with DATES finds a specific distance from the end. A METAL DIVIDER is inserted into the soil at "SPRING 1997". Another at "WINTER 2003". The soil is extracted and placed in a BEAKER. A TABLET and some BLUE LIQUID go in, EFFERVESCE. This is poured through a filter, collects in a clear dish. An ELECTRODE drops in, attached to a READOUT.

PYRAM (14, Caucasian), waits, watches it effervesce. A JAPANESE LAB MAN says something in JAPANESE. He dismisses it.

The brown mix begins to clear, ending up transparent. The readout drops from "11" to ".001".

Pyram is satisfied, says something curt in Japanese, turns to a GRIDDED MAP of the sea floor, marks the latest square with a ZERO among the PLUSSES, MINUSES, and ZEROS. Something organic is being mapped.

MESS HALL - NIGHT

Pyram eats with an ENTIRELY JAPANESE CREW. Someone tells a joke. He laughs while placing SCRAPS of food in a small TIN.

CREW QUARTERS - NIGHT

A MAN etches an ELEPHANT TATTOO into Pyram's forearm, HALF-DONE. INK slathers into the cut. He drinks to dull the pain.

The off-duty activity in the smoky room of crowded berths is interrupted by a RED LIGHT blinking over the doorway.

CORRIDOR

He walks to quarters, holds BLOODY GAUZE against his forearm.

PYRAM'S QUARTERS - DAWN

He scoops COINS off the desk. A PROTRACTOR goes into a velvet case, RULER too. BOOKS are strapped together, put in a drawer. The drawer is TIED SHUT. LOCKS bolt the desk legs to the floor. RED LIGHT blinks on his face. He's in no hurry.

BLUE-STRIPED BINDERS go into a box. He holds it, sits against the wall where a NEWBORN PUPPY eats the scraps from the tin.

Slowly the entire room TURNS OVER 90 degrees.

Puppy is forced to accept the nearby wall as the new floor. Pyram flips around, reorienting.

EXT. KYOTO HISASHI - LAUNCH TRESTLE

MEN climb ladders to the front (top) of the boat as she finishes righting which we now see is her function. A HUGE VOLUME OF WATER spills off into the INDIAN OCEAN.

A VORTMAG (large cannon-shaped machine) begins to SPIN UP.

Pyram preps a NEW SLUG to be hoisted out over water to the end of the TRESTLE and lowered into the VortMag MOUTH from a TETHER. As it gets closer it is DRAWN IN and begins to SPIN, propelled/attracted by the POWERFUL MAGNETS that line the interior.

A TECHNICIAN aligns the target angle at a MONITOR.

TECHNICIAN

Minus 3. 2. Aligned. Payload away.

The Slug enters the VortMag which slips below the water's surface, creates a WHIRLPOOL. It SPEEDS UP, FIRES the Slug...

UNDERWATER

...which PLUNGES to the seafloor.

The DARK SHAPE of the Kyoto hangs perpendicular below water.

The Slug HITS ground, disappears in a silent SPRAY of soil.

INT. KYOTO HISASHI - PYRAM'S QUARTERS - NIGHT

Pyram stares off, his face RED, SWEATING. NO SOUND.

He is SLAPPED HARD. Blood trickles from his nose. He stares.

Again, he is slapped. They drag him across the floor...

...to stretch his arm across a chair's armrests. ROKURO (45) presses his BOOT on Pyram's elbow, threatens to break it.

The armrests STRAIN under the weight. Pyram SCREAMS in pain.

Resigned, nursing his arm, he pulls down a DRAWER, lets them see inside. Rokuro retrieves Puppy from it. The men exit.

Pyram has an idea, races to the corridor where they are climbing up to quarters (the ship is upended now).

CREW QUARTERS

He screams into the crowded room:

PYRAM
A wager! Rokuro! Wager for him!

They ignore him, put Puppy with its mother and siblings. Rokuro mutters something in Japanese. The others laugh.

PYRAM (CONT'D)
I do too! Bottle of Laphroaig! I'll bet it for him. You know I got it.

He has their attention.

PYRAM (CONT'D)
I bet the next core comes up rich. Anything else you get him.

They laugh it off. No one wants that bet.

ROKURO
No one bets cores with you, kid.

PYRAM
Then the opposite! I take clear. Bad odds but I'll take clear.

They think.

ROKURO
Comes up rich?

PYRAM
You win the bottle. 2 bottles. 2.

ROKURO
Muddy? Salty? Gree-

PYRAM
You win. You win anything but pure and clear. Don't care, just want a chance! It's a bad bet but..

EXT. KYOTO HISASHI - LAUNCH TRESTLE - DAY

Pyram waits, idly flicks a lever on the Twistcutter so a CIRCULAR BLADE pops in and out of the cutting hole.

Mud dripping, the Slug is wheeled in, detached from trestle.

INT. KYOTO HISASHI - LAB

The Slug is opened like before, revealing soil layers. Rokuro and other men wait at the doorway for the results. Pyram prepares the beaker, drops in the electrode, waits. It effervesces. He sees the result, not happy. CLOUDY.

He walks through Rokuro's crowd at the door...

SHIP BOWELS

...and crawls through the interior frame of the steel hull, a space too tight for men. He comes upon his CACHE of items...

...and retrieves a 2 BOTTLES OF LAPHROAIG SCOTCH.

GALLEY

Crammed inside a TINY VENT near the ceiling, he delivers the bottle to Rokuro's men, placing them atop a nearby shelf.

PYRAM'S QUARTERS - NIGHT

He places freshly copied PAPERS and CHARTS into the BLUE-STRIPED BINDERS scattered on his bunk.

He ties a SLIPKNOT, waits, stares at the wall, listens to the DRUNK CAROUSING from the men beyond it.

He pulls a length of ROPE, which loosens the slipknot tied around a DRAWER HANDLE. The drawer suddenly DROPS. A test.

CORRIDOR

Carrying a TOOL BAG, he silently climbs to crew quarters...

CREW QUARTERS

...passes SNORING men. The party is over, bottles empty.

He grabs Puppy, puts it in the bag, retrieves a TOOL.

ROKURO'S POV

His eyes open. Pyram sits on his chest, slowly lifts Rokuro's hand, isolates a FINGER, and slides it into the TWISTCUTTER.

PYRAM

I'm going to drown him.

FASTEN. TWIST. SNIP.

CORRIDOR

At the bottom of the corridor Pyram places his own arm across a chair, like Rokuro had it, wraps ROPE in his free hand.

Far above, a slipknot suspends the LADDER. Pyram pulls the rope, the knot loosens, the ladder FALLS toward his arm.

He BRACES for the impact.

SICK BAY - DAWN

A DOCTOR inspects an X-RAY slide of Pyram's BROKEN ARM.

He applies PLASTER to a CAST on Pyram's arm. CAPTAIN questions Pyram in Japanese. He answers:

PYRAM

Yes, sir. Yes, sir. Third Mate Rokuro. Because I stole from him. No, sir, can't promise that. It would be a lie. Because I owe him now and I can't forget that.

INT. COAST GUARD TRANSPORT - DECK - DAY

Pyram carries a full RUCKSACK with a BOLT OF BLACK CLOTH sticking out. He listens to an OFFICER explain transit.

The KYOTO HISASHI recedes behind them as we speed away.

INT. COAST GUARD TRANSPORT - RADIO ROOM

An OPERATOR uses a CHORDCOM (like what a court reporter uses; small, part typewriter, part piano). Pyram waits nearby.

OPERATOR (reading)

Sender is Third Mate Rokuro. Message reads: Congratulations on discharge. Gear in quarters confiscated. If you are found...west of 143rd meridian...I will break your legs as well.

Operator is baffled by this but presses the response:

PYRAM

Please relay back: My arm is. Please relay: My arm is. Going. To heal. You. Fingerless. Fuck.

Operator halts before these last words. Pyram reaches in, takes over, calmly pressing chords with one hand.

EXT. MUMBAI - PIER - DAY

He walks toward the city with Puppy on a rope leash.

RECEPTIONIST (O.S.)
 ...this is yours to take now,
 however if you choose to walk in...

INT. DISTANCE LEARNING ADMINISTRATOR'S OFFICE

Her finger traces over a drawer of CARDBOARD TUBES, selects one, holds it out to Pyram but wants to finish her pitch:

RECEPTIONIST
 ...the ceremony we'll put it in a
 nice leather plaque you'll receive
 on stage with the rest of your
 peers. Now there is a small...

He does a full turn around the room, eyeing his PEERS waiting in the chairs that line the walls while she finishes:

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)
 ...rental fee for the cap and gown.
 We recommend it to all students in
 GED and distance learning as a
 sense of closure, for families-

INT. EASTERN OPEN CAPITAL - REGISTRATION

RUGGED MEN are checked in for something like a conference, given a BADGE, a folder with an "EOC" LOGO. Pyram too.

He hands over his striped binders to an ORGANIZER, asks her:

PYRAM
 These'll get to 'em in time? Boss
 wants a small room, low cap.

INT. VARUNA MAKARA HOTEL - BAR - NIGHT

He unrolls his DIPLOMA, inspects it. A BARKEEP approaches:

PYRAM
 I need a bunk. And club soda.

Barkeep walks away. Pyram snatches a bottle of SCOTCH from under the bar, scans label, wrong brand, goes again.

Down the bar GAEL CORBUSIER (19) is with SALVAGERS studying "EOC" folders. He watches Pyram steal a bottle of LAPHROAIG.

INT. VARUNA MAKARA HOTEL - PYRAM'S ROOM

A DRUNK snores in the bottom bunk. Pyram flips on lights, lets the door SLAM SHUT. Drunk doesn't stir.

He gives Puppy water, unpacks a VELVET CASE: A BEAUTIFUL TIE. He holds it against the bolt of cloth. They go well together.

INT. VARUNA MAKARA HOTEL - TAVERN

Gael and the Salvagers discuss their plan to salvage a long-sunken ship off the coast of Chile. He notices Pyram slouched in a booth, eavesdropping, scoffing at the plan, muttering:

PYRAM
Jesus Christ.

Pyram tops off a Scotch, sees Gael grab the check (the moneyman), sign with an ORNATE PENKNIFE. Pyram fixates on it.

BAR

Gael checks in. Pyram, drunk, sidles next to him:

PYRAM
Tha's a very nice pen. Very useful.

GAEL (to Barkeep)
Need one more. Three state rooms.
(to Pyram)
Yes, I've had it for a while.

PYRAM
Was it given to you?

Gael holds eye contact, suspects he's been insulted.

PYRAM (CONT'D)
In any event it's very...useful. I
can see that.

Pyram moves off. Gael signs in, angry at a drunk kid.

INT. TAILOR - DAY

Pyram unrolls the bolt of cloth for TAILOR'S inspection.

He holds his arms aloft, being measured for a suit, staring lifeless. It's smoky, sweaty, cluttered. Sitar music drones.

INT. DEPARTMENT STORE #1 - DRESSING ROOM - DAY

SALESMAN1 helps Pyram on with a suit jacket and tie.

PYRAM

Yes, very nice. A blend? You notice the beautiful 2-seater out front?

SALESMAN

100% silk, sir.

PYRAM

Not a blend? Parked between the Romeo and VW I believe. The color?

SALESMAN

I don't recall, sir.

PYRAM

The blend or the car?

Salesman doesn't get this game, turns to see the cars.

PYRAM (CONT'D)

Sri Lanka's having a bit of a rough go against...? Bangladesh?

INT. DEPARTMENT STORE #2 - DRESSING ROOM - DAY

A RADIO relays CRICKET SCORES. Pyram tries on SHOES.

SALESMAN2

I don't really follow cricket but I believe you're right.

PYRAM

All leather or just the uppers? Not quite burgundy. Is there a name?

SALESMAN2

All leather. The color is pomegran-

PYRAM

Wonderful elocution. Commanding.

SALESMAN2

Nice of you to say, sir. I studied-

PYRAM

Recall the score? They're down by?

SALESMAN2

Four wickets I believe. As I said-

PYRAM

So loafers, 2 ties, the suit comes to? Just a quick sum?

INT. DEPARTMENT STORE #3 - DRESSING ROOM - DAY

He's already deep into testing SALESMAN3:

SALESMAN3

Let me quickly grab a calculator.

PYRAM

Just an estimate. I'll need a dress for my mum. Discounted as well?

SALESMAN3

Of course, sir. Let me just-

PYRAM

Estimate's fine. 3 ties, a suit, cuffs, dress comes to? Ballpark?

SALESMAN3

Yes, sir. I'll just need to-

PYRAM

Pakistan begins a test soon? Against which team? Heard it a moment ago. Did you catch it?

SALESMAN3 is stumped. Pyram is displeased.

INT. DEPARTMENT STORE #2 - DRESSING ROOM - DAY

PYRAM

No, a single breast, please. She's parked behind the Mini I believe. The color? Just on the curb.

SALESMAN2

(hands him a Bill)

Here is the sum for all items. If sir must know I recall it was blue. A blue Fiat if I remember.

INT. TAILOR - DAY

Tailor helps Pyram on with the CUSTOM-MADE SUIT JACKET, a bit awkward over the cast but otherwise perfect. As ordered.

EXT. OUTDOOR TEA BAR - DAY

Salesman2 (KAVI) stands at the bar, finishes tea, reads a paper. He turns, realizes Pyram (in the suit) has approached.

KAVI

That's a sharp cut you've found. We still have your items on hold.

PYRAM (thinking, mimicking)
That's a sharp cut you've found. We
still have your items on hold.

He opens a blue-striped binder as if about to lecture.

INT. EASTERN OPEN CAPITAL - SMALL LECTURE HALL - DAY

At a PODIUM, Kavi opens the same binder, gathers his thoughts like he's unveiling a new iPhone, begins his pitch:

KAVI
Proof of concept. 163 cores sampled
below clay. Geographically random,
deep basin. Varying depths of 2-3
kilometers. And a pattern emerges.

Pyram pours COFFEE for the 4 JUDGES. Concerned, he scans the PAPERWORK and NOTEBOOKS stacked in front of each of them.

KAVI (CONT'D)
NPK. Nitrogen, phosphorus,
potassium. The basic nutrients
supporting all ocean life. Figure
E-6. This chart shows wax and wane-

JUDGE1
What's the designation?

KAVI
Yes.

JUDGE2
Please talk of the vessel first...

Awkward. Neither understands the other.

PYRAM
Sorry sir, they're missing binders.

Pyram quickly puts a binder before each judge, points out a SURVEY CHART OF CORE SAMPLES.

PYRAM (CONT'D)
Thought I'd sent enough for...

He finds a binder already under a judge's paper stack, pulls it out: it's one of his. They all have them.

PYRAM (CONT'D)
...everybody. Sorry, sir.

KAVI
All's forgiven. They have them now.

JUDGE2

Start with the ship's designation,
last known position, payload...

Pyram subtly shakes his head, informing Kavi...

KAVI

There is no...this is a...profound
methodology for- there is no ship.

JUDGE2

What is the target for salvage?

KAVI

I am not proposing a salvage
operation. So, NPK. Fish eat...

The Judges shift in their seats, impatient. Pyram attends the
COFFEE MAKER, wheels turn: *how do I turn this around?*

KAVI (CONT'D)

...the NPK. No, strike that. Filter
feeders eat NPK. Fish consume the
filter feeders. In this way-

PYRAM

Pardon, sir. Your copy.

He lays a binder with a NOTE attached before Kavi who scans
it, pauses, wonders why he is asking the judges...

KAVI

Do you. Have. Coffee. Grounds.

JUDGE2

Do we have...coffee?

KAVI

Grounds. Coffee grounds. Do you-

PYRAM

I found some, sir!

Pyram lifts the coffee maker FILTER.

KAVI

Wonderful.

EXT. BEACH NEAR EASTERN OPEN CAPITAL

Pyram's carves a shallow DITCH in the sand with his foot
before the relocated group. TIDE comes in, fills the ditch.

KAVI

As you know, large fish populations
raise nearby water temperature.

Pyram holds up the filter full of coffee ground:

PYRAM

This is the NPK. Fish food.

He pours some on the receding tide so some GROUNDS COLLECT in
the ditch. Then he throws a handful of SAND directly on top.

KAVI

The more we know of temperature the
better we can describe currents.
From currents you get to weather.

Pyram pours grounds on a receding tide, repeats the step.

KAVI (CONT'D)

The result is strikingly accurate
forecasts but this is dependent on
a well funded and thorough survey.
The data's hidden underneath clay,
decades and decades of it.

Pyram jams a DRINKING GLASS into the ditch, cups the open
end, and empties a SMALL SAND COLUMN onto the beach.

Gael watches this all from a WINDOW.

Pyram SLICES the column, exposing the THIN COFFEE LAYERS,
shows each judge.

PYRAM

This shows how many fish there were
by what they didn't manage to eat.

JUDGE2

Fish food. How's this meant to
repay our investment? Steel has
worth. Copper wiring can be
stripped, quantified...

KAVI

The information. You see the value?

They don't. Pyram tries to ramp up the pitch:

PYRAM

People will pay for it. They need
it. Sir always says, "They don't
know it yet, Pyram, but they need
it. They'll pay through the nose."

EXT. EASTERN OPEN CAPITAL - LARGE LECTURE HALL

Distraught, Pyram passes MEN preparing pitches outside the hall, makes eye contact with Gael, breaks it.

INT. TEAROOM - DAY

Kavi has tea. Pyram stands at the table, angrily peels off RUPEES in a small stack, ignores him:

KAVI
How'd that go? Kid. Did it work?

PYRAM
What'd you make a day? 2000 rupees?
2500? Yeah, it worked out for you.

He leaves Kavi insulted, halts, GRIPS his leftover Rupees.

Kavi stands to leave, but Pyram has returned. *What now?*

INT. EASTERN OPEN CAPITAL - LARGE LECTURE HALL - DAY

Gael pins up a MAP. His foreman RODDY continues their pitch:

RODDY
-previously unreachable due to a
sovereignty claim by the Chilean
government and mounting sediment
layers over 23 years. What we hope-

A HAND goes in the air.

RODDY (CONT'D)
I don't believe we're taking
questions.
(Are we?)
It's a presentation. Now what we-

Kavi interrupts from the audience, Pyram next to him. This hall is crowded, active, with a different panel of JUDGES.

KAVI
Yes, I'm just wondering...if the
Chilean government is claiming
sovereignty and that's a
barrier...why not a voucher?

RODDY
Again, we're not taking questions,
but dealing with any bureaucratic
state requires certain legal costs-

KAVI
 \$400. A Chilean voucher is \$400 US.
 Is that why no one can get near the
 wreckage? \$400?

Roddy tries to buy some time, flips through pages. Gael sees
 Pyram, probably knows he's pulling strings.

RODDY
 As I mentioned there are other, uh,
 factors. Like, costs factored in-

KAVI
 Yes, I can see that. You've an 8-K
 support rig seemingly suspended
 directly above the wreckage.
 Suspended from what exactly?

RODDY (obviously)
 A boat?

KAVI
 And the fuel costs of keeping this
 boat with an inability to anchor at
 a static position amidst a year-
 round 20 knot current...you've
 "factored" this in...where?

RODDY
 I'm sorry, who are you exactly?

Pyram worriedly looks to Kavi. Seconds pass. Then:

KAVI (confident)
 Who am I? My name is Dr. Aribert
 Ferdinand Heim. I assume you've
 read my books on maritime law and
 the statistical drift of jetsam.

Pyram barely hides his shock and joy: What next?

RODDY
 Nope.

KAVI
 Then you've certainly seen my map
 work as I'm credited on the one
 behind you.

Everyone, even Pyram, looks to the map as if they could see
 the tiny credit from here. Judge1 turns to the audience.

JUDGE5

Sorry to interrupt, but we're not really set up to field questions from the stands.

KAVI

Of course. I'll refrain.

JUDGE5

Thank you, Dr. Heim. Good to see you.

Judge1 turns back. Kavi hides a smile, turns to Pyram: gone.

RODDY

...a series of heavy relay lines in a 3-men-down-3-up rotation nets 1300 kilograms every 24 hours-

Muffled and from offscreen comes:

PYRAM (O.S.)

Pretty long shifts don't you think?! At that depth!? You manning the relay!?

Roddy scans the stands. *What now?* JUDGE2 instructs a PAGE to find the culprit. Gael scans from Pyram's empty seat to an AIR VENT high above.

INSIDE AIR VENT

PYRAM (angry)

You're brave! You man the relay!?

RODDY (perplexed, to Gael)

I don't know what he's on about.

JUDGE6

I think he must be talking about oxygen toxicity at that depth.

RODDY (incredulous)

Oh, is he?

Pyram crawls away but can't help screaming behind him:

PYRAM

Slope's lithified sediment! Put a foot on that wreck, she'll fall through ash, slip into the trench!

Gael checks the Judges, knows it's over.

PYRAM (CONT'D)
 Something's left down there that
 long! No one grabs it! You gotta
 wonder! Is it really all that-

BANG. Pyram KICKS through a GRATED PANEL, exits.

INT. VARUNA MAKARA HOTEL - PYRAM'S ROOM - DAY - MONTHS LATER

Pyram BARGES in, ARMS FULL, feeds Puppy (now a GROWN DOG), puts a SOUP CARTON, BREAD, a SPOON, and PAINT before Drunk who PAINTS at an easel, shows him a FRAMED PAINTING.

PYRAM
 Hotel in Worli knows your name.
 Wants something turquoise. Told 'em
 you've some in the archive. Here's
 green. Gotta sign this.

Drunk looks at the painting. Pyram focuses on CORE CHARTS.

DRUNK
 Didn't sign 'cause it's not worth
 signing.

PYRAM
 Not your best. Paint better.

INT. VARUNA MAKARA HOTEL - BAR

Gael stares at the bar, decides, lays out a few \$100 bills:

GAEL
 How many bottles you got? Let me
 have 'em.

EXT. VARUNA MAKARA HOTEL - ALLEY

He dumps a box of 5 LAPHROAIG BOTTLES in the trash, keeps 1.

TAVERN

He waits at a table with the bottle and 2 EMPTY GLASSES.
 Someone enters. He pours a dram in each glass.

BAR

Pyram reaches for a bottle. It's missing. He looks around.

GAEL'S TABLE

Without a toast, they down the first shot.

Gael

Why don't you show me your work.

Pyram ignores that, remembers they are competitors:

Pyram

Sorry you didn't get a stab at those millions.

Gael

Oh, we did. 2 weeks ago.

Pyram

What'd your man figure a slow ballast? Keep it from sliding off?

Gael

No, he didn't.

EXT. SALVAGE VESSEL - COMMAND CENTER - DAY - 2 WEEKS AGO

Just outside. Gael, grave and serious, confers with Roddy.

Gael

There isn't more. Understood?

Roddy

Won't need it. It's vetted. 1000 times.

Gael

Roddy. There isn't more.

BAR - PRESENT

Pyram

You should've.

Gael

Yes. We should've.

Another shot of scotch.

UNDERWATER - TWO WEEKS AGO

A GIANT SPOOL OF CABLE UNWINDS, out of control. A MASSIVE DISRUPTION OF SOIL. The SILHOUETTE of the WRECK sinks into an abyss.

COMMAND CENTER

CREWMEN panic behind Gael as he focuses on a SONAR DISPLAY. A DOT pings silently. We hear:

GAEL (O.S.)
 Ping...Echo.
 Ping.....Echo.
 Ping.....Echo.
 Ping.....

BAR - PRESENT

He scans the bar for the missing echo. Pyram does too. Drunk.
 Another shot of scotch.

Gael scans Pyram's CHARTS with his PEN. Pyram layers BISCUITS and SALAMI, FLATTENS it, SLICES in half, shows LAYERS.

PYRAM
 What weather was. What it will be.

GAEL
 Fish food. Know what this is worth?

PYRAM
 Yep. Thousands.

GAEL
 Let's make it real in the world.

Pyram snatches the Pen, uncaps the other end: a KNIFE.

PYRAM
 Gonna pay for it with this?

Gael dwells on the Pen.

GAEL
 No. Won't be of use to anyone now.
 I have cash to get us to New York.

Pyram can only look back blankly, unable to digest this.

INT. NEW YORK CITY - CORBUSIER RESIDENCE - DAWN

An old man, SHEPHERD CORBUSIER, is on LIFE-SUPPORT EQUIPMENT. RENE (40, male, weathered) enters, takes a TELEPHONE from the nightstand to the hallway, puts it in a CARDBOARD BOX, covers with a PILLOW, waits, checks his watch: 6:30AM. Waits.

The RING comes muffled. RING. RING. RING. RING. RING. Silent.

He returns the phone, watches a NURSE enter, attend to him.

INT. BROOKLYN PIER ADMIRAL CLUB - KITCHEN - DAY

Rene preps RACKS OF BEEF RIBS, walks a CHEF through the process, ORGANIZES SPICES, HERBS, VEGETABLES in a neat grid.

RENE

...keep them lined up in the order they're used. No loose lids.

He ties up the ribs to form a HULL shape, adds ingredients, garnishes, constructing a MODEL SHIP of food. A specialty.

Heavy, it takes two men to slide it into the oven.

He scrapes VANILLA PODS, pours CURRANTS from a CANVAS SACK, pours DARK DROPS into a VAT of OIL, each forming a SPHERE.

CHEF

Where did you learn to do this?

No response. Rene RINSES the spheres, grabs a container:

RENE

Count out 50 each. Put them here.

They drop them in ICE CREAM MACHINES, pack PINTS with LABELS.

Rene CARAMELIZES YAMS with a TORCH, "CONTAINERS" on the ship.

RIBS are finished. STEAM rises. Rene sits nearby, ponders. A MAITRE'D asks something. He waves him off.

ALLEY

Rene checks up and down, looking for someone.

FRONT STREET - DUSK

Again, he looks for someone. A TAXI arrives, not them. A PARTY OF 12 waits inside at an ELEGANT DINNER. He heads in.

DINING HALL

About to carve RIBS, he pauses, somber, makes a toast:

RENE

I don't usually make the speeches.

KITCHEN - AN HOUR AGO

Gael enter from the alley. Rene EMBRACES him. Pyram watches.

DINING HALL - PRESENT

RENE

And your father's words would be more eloquent than mine. But we haven't had a lot of occasion to- well, we have much to celebrate tonight. Gael, welcome home.

Gael and Pyram, seated at the table, are welcomed, rumbles of "here, here". This night is clearly the end of hardship.

Rene glances to the street, still looking for someone.

KITCHEN - AN HOUR AGO

He searches the street beyond Gael, doesn't notice Pyram.

RENE

Where's the car? You by yourself?

GAEL

Took the train.

RENE

No car?

GAEL

Took the train.

Rene looks back at the street still searching.

DINING HALL - PRESENT

RENE

To the route...and to all who helped prove it- all of you- may we never again hear the phrase "East Timor Enrichment Tariff".

All join on the last words with exaggerated groans, laughter.

RENE (CONT'D)

Now let's sell the bitch for more than she's worth. Be done with it.

A woman, GWEN, gives a restrained smile. *We'll see.*

LATER

Rene checks the windows, the street. The ribs are eaten. Pyram eats ICE CREAM, watches him. Gael talks to Gwen.

RENE (to himself)
I've got to go to the dock.

Pyram sees him speak, notices no one heard. How could they?

RENE (to the table)
Heading to the dock, lay the stack.

They accept that as a matter of fact. Pyram doesn't.

INT. DOCK WAREHOUSE - HOURS LATER

Rene climbs high on a crane, dons HARDHAT, steps into the CAB, STRAPS SEAT BELTS, takes the controls that pilot an INTERMODAL CONTAINER (ISO) high above, from a CARGO SHIP to inside the warehouse over a stack, waits.

He stares absently as it swings a bit, suspended in air. He checks the crew: all clear. Deliberately, he opens a SAFEGUARD, flips a SWITCH, meditates, punches the RELEASE.

CABLES SILENTLY UNWIND THROUGH SPOOLS. 3 ISOs LURCH. Ominous.

PRESENT

Rene enters, walks with and instructs his foreman, ISAAC.

RENE
You got it sorted by gross tonnage?

ISAAC
Well as we can. Still backed up in-

RENE
You loosen up the spread at the depots? This prepped over here?

ISAAC
Well as we can, boss. Backed up into the hold until we free space.

RENE
Ok, gotta move. You wake everyone?

ISAAC
No one's asleep, boss. It's 9:30.

Rene pauses, not getting or liking the joke. Finally:

ISAAC (CONT'D)
Yeah, boss. They're all here.

RENE

I want these stacked, ordered first
by delivery then by tare weight.

ISAAC

Calendar's blank for delivery. We
don't know which trucks to expect.

Rene hands him a CLIPBOARD. Isaac scans what looks like an...

RENE

Updated schedule. Dispatch is
bringing a tanker in behind us so
this will be done, vessel empty and
cleared of the slip by midnight or
we're boxed in. Understood?

Isaac speaks fast into his WALKIE before Rene is even done.

ISAAC

Ned, get everyone on the floor. We
lose cranes at midnight. We stack
high, 6 deep for lack of floor
space. I want Hillary on south-
facing. Miller on the Torc's aft
crane. Two in mod lifters...

MINUTES LATER

DOCKERS work feverishly, SECURE ISOs to CRANE HOOKS, LIFT
THEM HIGH in the air, SLIDE OVER, STACK.

RENE and DOCKER #1 work together, lock one ISO to another.

ISAAC and DOCKER #2 work, speak in hushed tones:

DOCKER #2

We keeping the empties? What do we
care about tare weight?

ISAAC

I don't know. Just hurry up.

DOCKER #2

I am hurrying. But why are we-

Behind them a LOCK SLIPS, an ISO falls awkwardly, CRASHES,
sends a HEAVY SPOOL across the floor like a MISSILE.

Rene, Isaac, and the Dockers stop, turn to see the damage.

INT. BROOKLYN PIER ADMIRAL CLUB - DINING HALL

Party's breaking up. Loud.

People gather coats. Pyram dons his, exiting. Gael yells to him over the noise.

PYRAM
What? What?!

GAEL
We'll talk to Rene in the morning.
Do you want to see my dad?

PYRAM
What's that mean?

GAEL
My dad. Do you want-

Someone hugs Gael. Pyram seizes the chance, slips out.

EXT. BASKETBALL COURT

Pyram downs a FLASK, studies a pickup game, 8 KIDS, a SHOT FROM OUTSIDE...SCOREKEEPER slides 3 RINGS on an ABACUS:

PYRAM
You cheating? One too many, right?

SCOREKEEPER
Three. From outside.

Pyram nods, acts like he understands, doesn't.

PLAYER
You coming in?

Pyram shows his cast: no. He looks for the line, the rules:

PYRAM (to SCOREKEEPER)
Where? From outside what?

WAREHOUSE

Rene MELTS METAL with his Torch, unjams the crashed ISO. It falls with a THUD. CLEAN UP. Isaac coaches the man to blame:

ISAAC (to DOCKER #3)
You do gotta be fast but be
cautious too.

DOCKER #3
Hard to do both.

ISAAC

For everyone, but we can't get boxed in. Now forget it happened and send 30 more cans along my line. Carefully.

(to the men)

Let's go! 45 minutes we're boxed!

INT. TINY BAR

Like an IMPOSSIBLY CROWDED CLOSET. We're jostled, pushed around. ELBOWS, HEAD SHAPES, DRINKS. LIVE FRENCH SYNTH POP. Pyram leans at a wall, carves a hole in the wood with Gael's Penknife. Bored, drunk. So we follow...

...CORSTORPHINE (19) and her SISTER16 (16) towards the stage. Someone speaks to her. She turns, SMILES. We love her. She turns to continue. The smile goes dead, never real.

They dance up front. Far behind them Pyram is TRANSFIXED.

LATER

At a table, Corst shows Sister16 her WRISTWATCH so...

...Pyram checks his watch, glances back. Corst has left.

A moment's thought. He downs a shot. Exits.

WAREHOUSE

Rene scans the progress, unhappy. Isaac joins him:

ISAAC

We might make it, boss.

RENE

Shit. We're in trouble.

ISAAC

No, we got this.

RENE

Trucks ain't coming. Said they're sidelined with weather.

ISAAC

What? When'd they say that?

RENE

They fucked us.

ISAAC

No, we're fine. Had to order the spread now or later either way.

RENE

Won't do any good if first trucks come and their goods are deep back.

ISAAC

Nothing to do now. No way to know-

RENE

Order 'em by weight. Go back to gross tonnage.

BEAT. Isaac tempers his suspicion. Docker #3 arrives.

ISAAC

Boss. Ok, boss. But ain't room to move in here less we use the hold-

RENE

Then we gotta finish by 0130 and clear the slip. Boat's coming. Can't get boxed in.

Rene gets to work, leaves them behind:

DOCKER #3

We're pushing midnight? Not 1:30?

ISAAC (doubtful, but loyal)

Deadline's 1:30.

EXT. DOCK - JAPANESE FISH CART

Pyram's followed Corst, sees her afar at the CART. A FISH MERCHANT points her down the way. She departs.

He gets to the cart. In JAPANESE Merchant offers FISH.

PYRAM (waves him off)

I don't know Japanese.

Merchant tries again with oysters.

PYRAM (in JAPANESE)

Leave me alone, old man. Don't know what the fuck you're saying.

EXT. DOCK - JAPANESE FISHING SHIP

She writes a CHECK as FISHERMEN lay a CRATE before her. She gestures to open it.

They pop the lid with a CROWBAR. She peers in, inspects what's inside with the crowbar.

Pyram cranes his neck, impossible to see from here.

She hands over the check, points out a JUG OF LIQUID.

Pyram scans the jug: *what, why?*

WAREHOUSE

Rene races downstairs, points at an ISO:

RENE

Hold! Hold! Hold! Look at the load line. What's it read?

DOCKER #4

Shows 2-6-6-1-0 kg.

RENE

What's the manifest show?

ISAAC

Box A78-339. 26,100 kilograms.

RENE

It's off. And these 3 here. I watched them come across. Felt off.

ISAAC

Just a bit it looks like, yeah. Still within contingency-

RENE

How you ordering the stacks?

ISAAC

By weight. You said by weight.

RENE

Manifest or actual?

BEAT

ISAAC

Manifest, boss. That's how we...

RENE

Go by actual weight.
(storms off)
Scrap it. Start over. Let's go.

ISAAC (exacerbated)
 Boss, there's no time and even
 if...does it really matter if...

RENE
 Got an extension for 2:30. Extra
 hour but we gotta be fast.

Isaac feels the Dockers' eyes on his back.

Another ISO CRASHES to ground. They all turn, used to it now.

EXT. DOCK - SOLEIL

Jug SLOSHING in hand, pulling the crate on wheels behind her,
 Corst crosses the GANGWAY to the ship.

Pyram checks the ship's DESIGNATION: *Le Soleil Du 8 Avril*.
 HOSES lead to a FUELING STATION manned by 2 JAPANESE WORKERS.

PYRAM (to Workers, in JAPANESE)
 How long to refuel? The ship.

They look to him. Quiet.

PYRAM (in JAPANESE)
 When's she depart? Check the gauge.

WORKER (in ENGLISH)
 What is...what are you saying, kid?

INT. SOLEIL - MAIN CARGO HOLD

The crate and jug are hoisted on a pulley to the TOP of this
 5-STORY OPEN SPACE of stacked FREIGHT CONTAINERS (40' X 8').

Corst leans out, HOOKS them to her, releases her pulley.

Outside Pyram creeps along to see her store them in a STRIPED
 CONTAINER through GIANT AFT LOADING DOORS that...

...CLOSE, shut him out. He smiles, STIRRED UP. No outlet. The
 doors' TENSION CABLES tighten on 2 SPOOLS, left then right.

WAREHOUSE

Rene locks an ISO to A CRANE HOOK, clears himself.

RENE (into RADIO)
 Crane 3 clear to raise.
 (waits)
 3, you're clear. Wake up, Pascal.

Nothing happens. He scans the crane's cab. EMPTY.

He looks around the floor. EMPTY. *Where is everybody?*

EXT. TINY BAR

Pyram RACES after a TAXI, arriving breathless on this scene:

Corst, arm reached inside the car, leans on the HORN.

Sister16 exits the bar, joins her. They scan the block.

Pyram does too, sees SISTER11 and SISTER5 join, crossing the street with PIZZA. Sister16 beckons someone...

He whips round to see SISTER13 spinning in a NEW JACKET.

BALLOONS slam his head, held by SISTER9, passing him. He turns, settles, taking all this in, then FLINCHES when...

...FIREWORKS POP OFF in the street. BROTHER13 IGNITES more before joining the sisters as they cram into the taxi, climb over laps, laughing, arguing, throwing popcorn.

Pyram steps toward them, trancelike, drawn in: something about them, the DRESSES, their manner, alien to this place.

The cab TAKES OFF. He LAUGHS excitedly. Then...

...KICKS IN a car door...

...FLINGS a rock at streetlight...

...BOUNCES his shoulder off a storefront window, CRACKS IT...

...RACES off to...

EXT. BASKEBALL COURT

A TAXI about clips him crossing the street to the court.

He flings his jacket to the fence, rolls up sleeves, marches in, steals the BALL from the handful of kids left playing.

They face him. He just holds it, waits for a reaction.

No? Ok. He lays it down, bites off the penknife's cap, STABS the ball, STOMPS it flat, stands, faces them.

We cut before they start to move towards him.

WAREHOUSE - BACK OFFICE

Rene arrives, sees 10 Dockers around Isaac at the RADIO.

ISAAC

Slip 329 to dispatch, repeat 3-2-9
to dispatch, over. Yes sir,
checking on progress of inbound
tanker. Please verify designation
of ship and ETA for docking, over.

He flips on the SPEAKER. HISS fills the room.

He sees Rene, says "sorry" with a look.

DISPATCH

What's this about now, 329?

The Dockers show their suspicion.

ISAAC

Verifying ETA on incoming vessel.

DISPATCH

Jesus Christ. This some kind of
joke, 329?

The air goes out of the room, heads shake: *no one's coming.*

ISAAC

Just working pretty hard down here,
dispatch. Boys worried we might get
boxed in. Sorry for the trouble-

DISPATCH

Listen here, you guys don't check
on ETAs. You follow dispatch. Clock
says you've 43 minutes to clear my
slip or I will hand-to-god
commandeer that boat, strip her
heavy kit...

Relief. *Rene was right.* The men don hardhats, rush to exit.

ISAAC

Let's go. Stack, stack. Back to it.

DISPATCH

...and sell her frame for scrap. So
get off my channel, get to work and
next time pay your bill!

The men slow to a halt, look to Rene who averts their gaze.

MINUTES LATER

Alone, Isaac quietly confers with Rene.

ISAAC
Some of the guys would feel better-

RENE
Cash is flush. Money's no issue.

ISAAC
Can I see it, boss? They'll believe me if I see it.

RENE
They will, Isaac?

ISAAC
Sure they will.

Rene opens the in-wall SAFE, retrieves THICK ENVELOPES.

Isaac doles out CASH to the LINE OF DOCKERS at a table.

INT. SHEPHERD CORBUSIER'S BEDROOM - HOURS LATER

Gael sits on the floor, watches his father breathe, the MACHINES. He samples pints of leftover ice cream in a CRATE.

Rene, HAND BANDAGED, arrives at the door, watches.

GAEL (on the ice cream)
What are these, raisins?

RENE
Currants. Zante currants.

GAEL
Vanilla's from where...Madagascar?

RENE
The Comoros.

GAEL
Still?

Rene sits next to him, opens 2 BEERS.

RENE
It's a staple. Nice steady base.
(grasping)
\$220, \$230 a kilo.

GAEL
Not currants, though. Can't be worth it.

RENE

Took the whole supply, every grower
along the coast.

GAEL

Can't be worth it.

RENE (smiling, proud)

It's not. Delivered at a loss.
Raisins are a loss. But these
little guys are meant to be a kind
of cultural outreach so no export
tax. And a fraction of inventory
qualifies so we put a drum of the
stuff in each container. Paid tax
as a registered bulk food hauler.

GAEL

No shit?

(beat)

How about the coriander?

RENE

Think it's from Safeway.

GAEL

Where'd you learn how to do that?

RENE (hesitates)

Oh, you know.

Rene motions to Shepherd. Gael sidesteps the awkward moment:

GAEL

I like to hear you talk about it.

RENE

Yeah? So when do you try your hand?

They look to Shepherd as if he might interject, turn back:

GAEL

I like to hear you talk about it.

Gael focuses on Rene's bandaged hand.

INT. CORBUSIER OFFICES - ATRIUM - DAY

A GLASS DISPLAY CASE of OLD NAVAL MAPS and CARTOGRAPHY TOOLS
sits on the 3RD FLOOR of this open space.

A GUARD lets a UPS MAN take a FREIGHT LIFT up.

Somehow (we'll see soon) the lift causes the display case to TOPPLE over the edge and SMASH INTO SHARDS on the ground.

Rene races out of his office at the sound, joins Gwen at the balcony, also worried. She sees his BANDAGED hand.

MINUTES LATER

Crouched, Rene picks up glass. JANITORS sweep.

GWEN

What are you doing, Rene? Stand up.
Will you? They have push brooms.

He continues. She knows he isn't well.

INT. MID-TOWN HIGH-RISE - BOARDROOM - DAY

Rene and Gwen sit across from a BUYER'S REP and LAWYER.

Gwen reaches for an OFFER LETTER placed before Rene. Silent.

RENE (to Buyer's Rep)

You people are fucking criminals.

Buyer shifts in his seat.

EXT. CORBUSIER OFFICES - OVERLOOK - DAY

This part of the floor is UNDER CONSTRUCTION and open to the outside air. Rene throws SPLINTERED WOOD and GLASS from the case into a DUMPSTER several stories down, picks broken shards off a piece of PARCHMENT. Gwen has followed him:

GWEN

You don't have to be there.

RENE

Why wouldn't I? I'll be there.

GWEN

I'm saying it's not...required.

RENE

I'll be there.

BOARDROOM

RENE (to BUYER'S REP)

You hear me you bloated sick waste of space, you fucking...you didn't prove the route, don't know how to navigate. You just buy buy buy.

(MORE)

RENE (CONT'D)

Not solve. Not fucking innovate.
You'd be lost without us! So go
down the hall and tell your bosses
that. Hand back this piece of shit
offer. Tell 'em Corbusier didn't
sell.

BUYER'S REP

I'm not going to do that. And I
won't sit here and listen to this-

RENE

Fuck you. Sure you will. Cause
what's the alternative? You'd have
to lift a pinky, get a goddamn boat
and chart it yourself! Right!?

OVERLOOK

GWEN

The fiery speeches used to carry a
little more weight.

RENE

Yeah? When was that?

GWEN

When we were a 5 boat operation.

RENE

We'll get them back.

GWEN

No. We won't.

BOARDROOM

Rene and Buyer's Rep storm out, YELL all the way. We hear...

OVERLOOK

GWEN

I'm not sentimental. You think I
am, but I'm not. In 6 months I'll
be gone and you'll be hocking the
last one at auction.

RENE

Won't lose the Eleanor. We won't.

GWEN

Spoken like someone who-

RENE

We won't.

GWEN

-doesn't know where his operations
budget comes from.

RENE

I know where it comes from, Gwen.

OUTSIDE BOARDROOM

Rene exits, slams the door behind him, doubles over, breathes heavy, red-faced, tries to regather.

INSIDE BOARDROOM

Gwen and Lawyer stay seated. Calm.

LAWYER

What's it worth net?

They begin folding up their books. This is done.

GWEN

3 million 165 thousand over 36
months.

LAWYER

Yes, we'll take it. The premium?

GWEN

It's in there. Corbusier takes 14%.

LAWYER

Wonderful. Always a pleasure, Gwen.

They stand. Too succinct to even shake hands.

He holds the door, she halts, already embarrassed of saying:

GWEN

It's a good route. Came hard-
fought.

(searching)

And the offer is shit.

BEDROOM - LAST NIGHT

RENE

So tell me the plan.

Gael

Rene, it's smart. Real smart. Got a team. We're mapping with a survey no one's seen before. Big guys will be all over it in 5 years but right now there's a moment. Beth will write a check like that to see it through. I'm sure of it.

Rene

Beth will?
(thinking)
What do you have left, Gael?

Gael stays quiet. Ashamed.

Rene (CONT'D)

What are you standing on?

Gael

I have made...some poor decisions. Maybe trusted the wrong men.

Rene (waves it off)

It's part of it. Happens. What's left? Where do you stand?

Gael

I don't want to say. But I've got something now, Rene. I've got it.

Rene

Salvage.

Gael

No.

Rene

Good. Come to me. Don't go to her.

Now Gael is curious:

Gael

Thought she'd pop in. Where is she?

Rene shakes his head, doesn't know. Gael stands.

Gael (CONT'D)

What time's she ring?

Rene (resisting)

Morning. About 6:30.

At a GLOBE Gael fingers from Thailand west to Senegal.

GAEL
1:30, 4:30, 6:30. Senegal. Dakar.

Rene knows this, stays quiet, apprehensive of where this is going. Gael follows the longitude line up to Iceland:

GAEL (CONT'D)
Or Iceland...
(beat)
...so Senegal.

RENE
Come to me. Don't go to her.

Gael thinks on this, nods.

GAEL
I'll get peroxide for that hand.

INT. BATHROOM

He grabs peroxide from a cabinet, dabs a cloth, hands it...
...to Pyram, CRUSTY BLOODY nose, eyes BLACK and BLUE.

PYRAM
Look at it.

GAEL
I'm looking.

INT. CORBUSIER STUDY - HOURS AGO

Pyram, freshly beat up, excitedly gathers MAPS, PENCILS, A COMPASS, and starts to work, to solve...

BATHROOM

Gael scans the result: A CHARTER PLAN.

PYRAM
It lines up perfectly. Malvinas
Current. Never been faster.

Gael looks to him: *what are you suggesting?*

EXT. DOCK - TORC ELEANOR - NIGHT

Rene BURNS BARNACLES off the hull. He loves this ship.

INT. CORBUSIER OFFICES - LOBBY - DAY - PRESENT

A POSTMAN finishes up. Rene retrieves the company's MAIL.

3RD FLOOR

Empty. He sorts mail into BINS, urgent, looks for something, finds it: a LETTER. He scans front and back, puts it in a bin, tries to move on, can't, TEARS it open, reads it.

Ashamed, he tries to fold it back neatly, grabs TAPE.

RENE'S OFFICE

Office is active. He stares at his desk. An INCOMING CALL LIGHT on his phone goes YELLOW. Helen answers in reception:

HELEN (O.S.)
Corbusier Transport, this is Helen.
Well goodness, Beth, nice to hear
your voice. Thought you'd make an
appearance last night.

GWEN'S OFFICE

Rene enters, spins her phone around, asks:

RENE
My phone's broke. May I?

HELEN (O.S.)
Yes, believe she is. I'll patch you
through. Oh, you too. Speak soon.

Rene takes the receiver, pretends to dial a number (only 9 digits), waits for the "Incoming" LIGHT, hits it. HISS.

RENE (into phone)
Yes, hello?

Hiss. Click. They hung up. Gwen eyes Rene. He covers:

RENE (into phone) (CONT'D)
Yes, calling about an invoice I got
from a Mr. Francis. Is he in?

GWEN
Phone numbers are 10 digits.

RENE (into phone)
No, I'll try back.
(to Gwen)
What'd you say?

FREIGHT LIFT

Rene rides up, sees 2X4s leaned against the wall, jostling.

The lift opens on the 3rd floor. Rene stacks the boards neatly outside but then thinks, makes sure no one is watching, sends the lift down, positions a board UNDER the freight car and UNDER the display case so when the lift moves the case will TOPPLE.

He hesitates, eyes caught by PARCHMENT in the glass case.

RENE'S OFFICE

He waits, hears Guard downstairs instruct UPS:

GUARD (O.S.)
Up to two. Then left. First door.

We hear the lift rise.

ATRIUM

The lift PUSHES UP the board, upending the case...

RENE'S OFFICE

He hears the SMASH, EXHALES, a short RELIEF.

He races out, pretends to be worried with Gwen.

OVERLOOK

GWEN
What happened at the dock?

RENE
Accident. Happens. It's part of it.

GWEN
Starting to be, isn't it? Why do we have a policy at Béjaïa?

RENE (hesitating)
You know...there is this way you speak to me that undermines the idea of who employs who.

GWEN
Yes, that's interesting. Where does your operating budget come from?

RENE
I'm the attache.

GWEN
Of course you are. Where does your-

RENE

Fuck you, Gwen. I know where it comes from. I'm smart enough to make the high level decisions that secure the company's profitability.

GWEN

No. You're not. You use words and phrases you've heard me say, but like a child with blocks you don't know how they go together. Everyone sees that but you. Your place is out there, your skill set maritime. I am the tether that keeps this operation steady.

GWEN'S OFFICE

She scans her MAIL, sees the LETTER Rene opened, now TAPED UP, obvious. She turns it over, inspecting:

From "Beth Corbusier". She looks to Rene across the floor.

OVERLOOK

RENE (gutted, welling up)

I am. Smart enough.

GWEN

What happened at the dock?

RENE

Accident. Happens. It's part of it.

GWEN

Starting to be, isn't it? Why do we have a policy at Béjaïa?

CRANE CAB - RIGHT BEFORE RENE HIT THE RELEASE BUTTON

He stares at it absently, punches the RELEASE BUTTON.

We stay in the cab with him. JOSTLING and REFLECTIONS show the MASSIVE DAMAGE outside. A CHAIN REACTION ends. The CRANE TOPPLES, CAB SLAMS to ground. GLASS SHATTERS.

EXT. SIXTH AVENUE - DAY

Pyram waits across the street in POURING RAIN as...

INT. SIXTH AVENUE - BAR 6

...Gael ducks into the bar, dries off, sits with Rene.

GAEL
We'll need a proving ship.

Rene thinks on this. Gael opens the Charter Plan before him.

GAEL (CONT'D)
Old boat. One you won't miss. The
Torc Eleanor. Could she be ready?

BATHROOM - LAST NIGHT

PYRAM
Up to now it's been an idea.

GAEL
It's a great idea.

PYRAM
It is. But just an idea, not proof.
People take forever to come round.
They wanna see, they gotta touch.

BAR 6

RENE
You want to build a route.

BATHROOM

PYRAM
A route that uses the grid.

GAEL
To prove it makes money.

PYRAM
First leg's a fucking bullet. Save
20 barrels a day out the gate. But.

BAR 6

GAEL
Yes, but. Got to be in the water in
2 days to get the boost. Malvinas
Current. Never faster.

Gael taps on the Plan, but Rene looks off, thinking.

SIXTH AVENUE

Pyram watches them, focuses on the Plan before Rene.

PYRAM
At least look at it you fuckin...

BAR 6

It shouldn't be this easy but:

RENE
Take the Torc.

Gael absorbs this.

SIXTH AVENUE

Gael joins Pyram, charges past excitedly.

GAEL
Keep walking. We got it.

BAR 6

RENE
Wonderful. Take her. I want that.

SIXTH AVENUE

PYRAM
What? Why? He didn't even open-

GAEL
Don't know. We got it. Keep moving.

INT. NYC - DOCK - TORC ELEANOR - BRIDGE - 2 DAYS LATER

Just outside the entrance, Rene imparts a last word to Gael:

RENE
The Torc Eleanor is my traveling
heart. Do you understand that?
Stop. Wait a moment. Then answer.

Gael does just that, holds eye contact, thinks on it.

SIXTH AVENUE

Walking away from the meeting:

PYRAM
He's a bit of a fuck up, right?

Gael stops them, tries to emphasize gently:

GAEL
You can't. You'll have to be OK
with him.

BEDROOM - 3 NIGHTS AGO

Gael eyes Rene's BANDAGED hand.

SIXTH AVENUE

PYRAM

How'd it be if I just don't give a
shit?

BRIDGE

GAEL (answering Rene)

I understand that.

Rene leads him inside the bridge, to meet...

RENE

Gael Corbusier, our Harbor Pilot.

INT. DOCK WAREHOUSE - BACK OFFICE - 3 NIGHTS AGO

HP walks in, sees the line of men being paid from the safe.

HP

I'm told a boat's pushing off.

Rene offers: *get yours*. HP waves it off, exits:

HP (CONT'D)

A check's been fine so far. Be on
the bridge. At the ready.

WAREHOUSE FLOOR - AN HOUR LATER

End of shift. Isaac and the Dockers walk through to the exit.
Beyond them a CRASH from Rene's sabotage. They turn.

An ISO DROPS, SNAGS CABLES, causes TWO MORE ISOS TO FALL,
CRASH to the floor, CRACK OPEN, spill contents everywhere.

ANOTHER CRASH. The men turn to it. Then ANOTHER CRASH. They
turn. The chain reaction RAINS CABLES, RAILS, GEAR. ISOS
COLLAPSE like a BRICK WALL. METAL RICOCHETS.

Rene's crane loses counterbalance, TOPPLES. They rush to him.

CRANE CAB

DISORIENTED, upside down, Rene fumbles to free the seat
harness, bites off his LEFT GLOVE, RELEASES the belt,
struggles but his RIGHT HAND is PINNED in BENT METAL. He
PULLS. PULLS. PULLS. Comes free, leaves behind the GLOVE,
still pinned and SHREDDED at the palm. BLOOD DRIPS.

OVERLOOK - PRESENT

GWEN
The slip is gone.

RENE
He won't take the slip.

GWEN
We've a single boat and no place
for it.

RENE
He won't take the slip.

GWEN'S OFFICE

Rene returns her stare as they listen to...

SPEAKERPHONE (Dispatch)
...not interested in damage your
own men did to your cargo under
your purview! What you will now
reconcile is what's been done to my
dock, my gear, and a heretofore
pristine loading surface I'll spend
weeks tearing up and paving over.

WAREHOUSE - 3 NIGHTS AGO

Isaac climbs down to the wreckage. Rene crawls out. They both
see Rene's SMEARED TRAIL of BLOOD, his BLOODY PALM, SLEEVE.

MINUTES LATER

CHAOS. DOCKERS race to clean up. ARC WELDERS throw SPARKS. A
LINE OF MEN load SACKS and CAR FENDERS one by one into ISOs.
Strewn all over: hubcaps, radial tires, bricks of chromium,
vats of iso-hexane, smashed terra-cotta, plastic toys, etc.

Isaac leads Rene to the MED STATION, keeps a TOURNIQUET tight
on his arm. A BOOKKEEPER and WAREHOUSE REP follow behind.

BOOKKEEPER
Coulda been pulley rods! Red Grates
owed us an update! Maybe faulty
cabling! I'll check manufacturer's
liability, a recall we missed-

RENE
It was operator error! Leave it!

REP

Mr. Corbusier! Dock paperwork shows a recent change of underwriter. Who exactly do we file with? Sure you understand the time-sensitive natu-

BOOKKEEPER

Who was- who was the operator!?

MED STATION

Isaac cuts off Rene's sleeve, puts him under the shower, begins OSHA procedures. The VOLUME of chaos is GROWING.

ISAAC

And can attest the injured worker! Was not handling hazardous chemicals! And/or exposed to toxic material listed in appendix B! Next I will clean the lacerated area with drench shower!

REP

Sign here to indicate the underwriter! Where do I file!?

BOOKKEEPER

Rene, who was the operator!?

RENE (signs the paper)

Béjaïa! File there!

(to BOOKKEEPER)

I was operating! It was me!

(to REP)

File with Béjaïa Maritime Exchange!

INT. ALGERIA - BÉJAÏA MARITIME EXCHANGE FLOOR - DAY 1

NOTE: many elliptical intercuts coming hence the DAY count

OVERHEAD. QUIET. EMPTY. ANGLED PATHWAYS connect various STATIONS. This is old world. Weathered. Metal, wood, paper.

WOMEN in RED BURKAS (PROCESSORS) set up for business.

SPLIT-FLAP DISPLAY BOARDS blank out the previous day's activity: NUMBERS, CURRENCY, ENTITY NAMES, TIMES, etc.

On a LARGE WALL CALENDAR they move a PLACARD indicating the previous MOON PHASE (spans 3 days) to the current one.

A BRASS MECHANISM called a TIDE GATE is rotated to match the MOON PHASE. AMIN, a manager, oversees this.

An ARBITE (CARD-SIZED strip of WOOD) is framed in a BRASS HOLDER and loaded onto a CAROUSEL ROD, entering the queue.

AN HOUR LATER

The place is a FRENZY of activity, PROCESSING.

MANY ARBITES inch along the queue. ONE is TURNED WRONG so it gets BLOCKED at the TIDE GATE. Wrong shape. This CLOGS the queue which lurches like a record skipping.

AMIN'S OFFICE

Amin directs a PURSER to place an ANGULAR WOODEN CHEST on his desk before a woman, BETH CORBUSIER (35).

AMIN

You know the exchange, Ms.
Corbusier? The cabinetry?

She's pre-occupied, watching Purser count out ANCIENT BRASS TENDERS to place in custom SLOTS inside the Box.

AMIN (CONT'D)

What method would you prefer to
make your initial deposit?

She retrieves a STACK OF CERTIFICATES from her bag.

BETH

Bearer bonds. Portuguese.

SURTSEY, ICELAND - DAY 30

INT. DIVE SUPPORT VESSEL - ENGINE ROOM - DAY

A CUT FUEL LINE gushes onto the floor, accumulates until a FOOT of gasoline SLOSHES back and forth with the waves.

EXT. OFF COAST - NIGHT

The vessel is ABLAZE. Far off CITY LIGHTS dot a dormant volcano. EMERGENCY LIGHTS SWIRL. SIRENS BLARE.

INT. CLIFFSIDE TENT - CONTINUOUS

At a MONITOR Beth anticipates, watches from undersea cameras:

BENEATH THE VESSEL

FIRE BILLOWS, threatens GANGED HOSES hanging below.

A BURST IGNITES, follows the hoses down in SPIRALS.

TENT

Beth is pleased. *It's working.*

UNDERWATER

OXYGEN and FIRE fly out from the line until it meets a MID-WEIGHT tethered between the vessel and something far below.

Fire REACTS inside, THREATENS to explode the pod, but DIES.

TENT

Beth watches, hopeful, but *what is wrong?*

A man beside her, HULD (50), checks her reaction. Worried, he opens the SAFETY COVER on a DETONATION SWITCH.

INT. HANGAR - HULD'S OFFICE - DAY 35

A claims adjuster, BROOKS, carts an UNWIELDY LEATHER CHEST through a hangar of rugged SUBMERSIBLE GEAR to Huld's desk.

The Chest is designed with 20 PURPOSEFUL SLOTS, but only a few are full. They hold 3 TRAPEZOID BOXES (CREWBOXES), 2 OVAL BOXES (VESSELBOXES) and 1 ROUND BOX (EPHEMERABOX).

Brooks places the VesselBoxes and EphemeraBox before Huld.

BROOKS

Do you have a stove?

Huld points to it, a bit nervous. Brooks calms him:

BROOKS (CONT'D)

People think I'm here to assess blame. And of course I am on some level. But it's rarely relevant. Most policies, like yours, cover negligence, employee fault, whether we make a show of it or not.

INT. DIVE SUPPORT VESSEL - DAY 30

BROOKS (O.S.)

Besides, I could have named the culprit from a thousand miles away.

A roughneck, HAFSTEIN, regulates a series of PUMPS and GAUGES, speaks through the INTERCOM to...

INT. SEAFLOOR DWELLING - CONTINUOUS

...SCHEVING and WHITEHEAD.

Both don HEAVY SCUBA GEAR, PRESSURIZE. Just a day at work. They exit the dwelling, make their way across the seafloor to operate a MINING RIG, drilling into BEDROCK.

BROOKS (O.S.)
Scheving and Whitehead, 2 men with families, in the seafloor dwelling. 2 men who left risk in the past, learnt from the wounds of youth.

SEAFLOOR DWELLING

After work. They remove scuba gear. Scheving bares an OLD SCAR from ear to mouth. Whitehead sets his KNEE in a BRACE.

DIVE SUPPORT VESSEL

Hafstein smokes. He stares out, distant.

BROOKS (O.S.)
And the man, Hafstein, on the platform. Recent hire. Shiftless. Poor. A drinker. No family. I could have laid the fault from Béjaïa.

HULD'S OFFICE - DAY 35

HULD
These are my men.

BROOKS (a beat of suspicion)
Yes.

TENT - DAY 30

Huld turns a KEY, arms the detonator, ready to press it, but Beth's HAND slowly replaces the safety cover. She reassures him with a look. They turn to the...

MONITOR

Fire builds in the mid-weight. SMALL JOLTS. Then it EXPLODES, FALLS, SEVERED from the vessel lines. Success.

She turns to a TOP-DOWN VIEW: mid-weight sinks into a CHASM.

HULD'S OFFICE - DAY 35

HULD
And what of *their* policies...

BROOKS

You've been a good steward and faithfully paid premiums for those in your employ. But life insurance must be directly processed with the beneficiaries, widows Scheving and Whitehead. And in Hafstein's case, his brother.

Brooks unpacks a CrewBox from the chest, places it...

INT. SCHEVING APARTMENT

...on a table before SCHEVING'S WIFE.

He removes the second CrewBox for...

INT. WHITEHEAD SHANTY

...MRS. WHITEHEAD.

And the third CrewBox is placed before...

INT. HAFSTEIN FARMHOUSE

...HAFSTEIN'S BROTHER.

UNDERWATER - DAY 30

The mid-weight falls deeper into the chasm, YANKS and DRAGS the seafloor dwelling along with it.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. BÉJAÏA EXCHANGE - CABINET ACCESS ROOM - DAY 1

A SYSTEM of MOVEABLE SHELVES slides an EMPTY one into the room. Purser operates. Beth and Amin look on.

Purser stores the Chest in a HEXAGONAL CUBBY made for it, affixes a PLAQUE: "CORBUSIER TRANSPORT - Cabinet No. PN-426". She inspects the other EMPTY cubbies, worn from use.

AMIN

And what sort of transactions do you foresee at the exchange?

BETH

Maritime indemnity.

COAST - DAY 33

Brooks questions WITNESSES, gestures to the sea.

BROOKS (O.S.)

Before it sank the topside vessel
was sighted from land, burning. O2
and support lines adrift. The
seafloor dwelling scraped the
plateau, left debris as the mid-
weight dragged it down the chasm.
Mining rig snaps off in bedrock...

UNDERWATER - DAY 30

The seafloor dwelling disappears into the BLACK VOID.

HULD'S OFFICE - DAY 35

Brooks assembles a METAL EMBOSSEER, pushes it across to Huld.

BROOKS

Without hesitation damage occurred.
To what extent...this is difficult.

EXT. HEAVY TRANSPORT SHIP - DAY 20

Huld and Beth confer on deck before MASSIVE EQUIPMENT secured
under TARPS. She pours him TEA from a thermos.

HULD

This is a misstep. The adjuster
will not search indefinitely.

HULD'S OFFICE - DAY 35

BROOKS

The mounting expense to attempt
deep retrieval would exceed even
100% payout long before we found
the wreckage. If ever. You see?

HEAVY TRANSPORT SHIP - DAY 20

BETH

They are obligated.

HULD

But it's possible nothing ever
would be found to verify damage.

BETH (she knows)

Yes. Then what would they do?

HULD

They'll create an offer, bring
those damn boxes here, force a
buyout. Or become litigious-

BETH

And what offer would you accept? If they did force it?

HULD

Ms. Corbusier...

She walks around, lifts the tarp to show...

BETH

This is *my* depth support craft, *my* supply hoses, *my* arc drill. Decades newer I'd add and better maintained. They can be at your site immediately after to replace your *aging* equipment. The mineral survey will be down for the time it takes you to recruit 3 new hires, no more. Days.

HULD

The gear is fine, miss, but have-

BETH

Yes, it is.

HULD

Yes. Have you thought to sink your own equipment into the abyss?

BETH

If they forced what offer would you accept? For a loss not incurred. A loss I'm making whole right now.

(beat)

Would you accept half? Would-

HULD

Yes, half would do.

HULD'S OFFICE - DAY 35

Brooks takes a CURRENCY TEMPLATE from each of the VesselBoxes and EphemeraBox and lays them on the desk.

BROOKS

For the topside vessel, the dwelling, and lastly ephemera: tenders backed in Béjaïa at 50% cost, less amortized depreciation.

Huld compares the Template to a spreadsheet and SKETCH of shapes showing TWICE as much currency.

HULD

Half.

Brooks wordlessly acknowledges this.

SCHEVING LIVING ROOM

BROOKS

I'll need the indent.

Scheving's Wife leaves to get it. Brooks scans the room, eyes lingering at the mantle: a MAKESHIFT SHRINE to SCHEVING.

DAY 20

She sets down a JEWELRY BOX, opens it, reveals the INDENT (GRID OF BRASS RODS) protected in custom-fit velvet.

Now Beth, not Brooks sits across from her, dismayed:

BETH

You've always kept it so protected?
When did you store it this way?

SCHEVING'S WIFE

When you said we would need it.

Beth accepts that, takes the blame.

BATHROOM

She digs through a cabinet, finds a CRINKLED PAPER BAG:

BETH

Put it in here. You can't seem to
have anticipated his visit.

LIVING ROOM

Beth inspects the mantle, turns a FRAMED PHOTOGRAPH of Scheving toward the table, fine tunes CANDLES just so.

DAY 35

Brooks turns from the mantle as SCHEVING'S WIFE drops the WADDED-UP PAPER BAG before him. Now he's dismayed:

BROOKS

I should stress the importance of
storing the indent safely. I won't
belabor the point. In the future...
(regathers himself)
Might you show me your stove?

KITCHEN

He sets the indent in the GAS FIRE, checks his watch, timing.

WHITEHEAD SHANTY

He does the same with Whitehead's indent and...

HAFSTEIN FARMHOUSE

...Hafstein's.

SCHEVING LIVING ROOM

He lowers the HEATED indent so each of its rods fills a tiny opening in the Crewbox. HISS.

INSIDE THE BOX: CHANNELS OF SOLID CANDLE WAX around the rods begin to MELT, allowing a LEATHER STRAP to glide through.

OUTSIDE: An ETCHING on the indent depicts the strap's winding path around the rods.

Brooks pulls the now-free strap which release the LYNCHPIN. The box quietly springs OPEN before Scheving's Wife...

WHITEHEAD SHANTY

...and Mrs. Whitehead...

HAFSTEIN FARMHOUSE

...and Hafstein's Brother.

EXT. HEAVY TRANSPORT SHIP - DAY 20

BETH

The men will ask who the backer is.

HULD

What should I say?

SCHEVING LIVING ROOM

SCHEVING'S WIFE

The backer of my husband's policy, the underwriter, who is that?

BETH

Is that important?

SCHEVING'S WIFE
Important? Tell me to go without my
man for a year and a half-

BETH
16 months.

SCHEVING'S WIFE
-and my son without a father so-

REVEAL: SCHEVING sits next to his wife, there the whole time.

BETH
As I've said any contact will draw-

SCHEVING'S WIFE
Any contact draws suspicion. Whose
suspicion? That's what I wanna
know. Who we meant to be afraid of,
exactly? Who we stealing from?

BETH
You're not stealing anything. I am.
You'll seem a claimant caught in an
accounting subversion.

EXT. HEAVY TRANSPORT SHIP

BETH
You tell them it's Louis DeMangier.

Huld dumps his tea, pours something from his FLASK.

SCHEVING LIVING ROOM

SCHEVING'S WIFE (scrutinizing)
Accounting. Subversion. Who are you
stealing from?

Scheving calms his wife, explains for Beth:

SCHEVING
He is called DeMangier. Man of
paper and...dealings. Conducts some
of his business through Béjaïa.

BETH
He conducts *all* of his business
through Béjaïa.

BÉJAÏA EXCHANGE - ADMISSION - DAY 40

Brooks hands over the Venture Chest, waits. A CLERK inspects
the contents, closes it, ties an ARBITE to it.

CLERK (in BERBER)
All in order. Please stamp.

Brooks stamps the Arbite.

CAROUSEL

The Chest arrives, its Arbite loaded onto to the rod.

INT. DIVE SUPPORT VESSEL - DAY 30

Hafstein sprays gas all over the inside.

DINGHY - NIGHT

He ROWS ashore. The dinghy blends in with others.

CLIFFSIDE TENT

He runs to the tent. Scheving and Whitehead hold BRICKS of PLASTIC-WRAPPED CASH, watch monitors with Beth and Huld. He collects his Bricks from table.

Scheving and Beth talk aside. Others dismantle the tent.

SCHEVING

My wife is a smart woman. She presses me. The 16 months. What is-

BETH (hands him an envelope)

She'll meet you here with your son. You won't find survey work but-

SCHEVING

Not what I mean. DeMangier learns of your fraud in 16 months or 16 years he'll kill you the same.

(beat)

Is he in fact the underwriter?

Beth's silence convinces him he's onto something.

BETH

I need you to behave as if he is. I need *them* to believe it. Can I count on you to do that?

SCHEVING (holds up his payment)

You've bought that much, Ms. Corbusier. But if the backer isn't DeMangier...who is?

BÉJAÏA EXCHANGE - CORBUSIER OBSERVATION ROOM - DAY 40

Beth moves to a GIANT MIRROR angled to show the floor below.

CAROUSEL

The Venture Chest is opened and processed:

PROCESSOR
Policies are underwritten by
Corbusier Transport. Retrieve Chest
PN-426 from the cabinetry.

MIRROR TRANSFER STATION

The Claimant Boxes are unpacked paired with Beth's Chest.

BETH (O.S)
Once opened, he will present the
offer and step away.

ASSORTED HOUSEHOLDS - INTERCUT - DAY 35/ DAY 20

Brooks orients Scheving's indent in the EMBOSSER, steps out.

BROOKS
Be outside if you need assistance.

BETH
Clear out whatever personal effects
you've stored. Don't expect to see
the box again.

Mrs. Whitehead retrieves HEIRLOOM JEWELRY, an OLD LATCHKEY.

Hafstein's Brother finds PHOTOS: the brothers, their father.

BETH (CONT'D)
Inside you'll find the Currency
Template. Emboss this to indicate
you accept the settlement and
replace it as it was.

They each emboss their Template and replace it in the Box.

MIRROR TRANSFER STATION - DAY 40

Currency is transferred from Beth's Chest to Claimant Boxes.

CORBUSIER OBSERVATION ROOM

TAHRI, a female servant, brings a TEA TRAY. The phone CHIMES.

BETH (to Tahri)
I'll have mint tea and goat's milk.

PHONE (OPERATOR)
This is a courtesy call to inform the policy you've underwritten for Huld Minerals is processed. All claimants accepted the negotiated offer. Settlement has transferred.

BETH
I understand. Thank you.

PHONE (OPERATOR)
You're welcome, madame. Have a pleasant after-

BETH
Please cancel the process.

PHONE (OPERATOR)
Pardon me, Ma'am? They have...it is vetted and conveyed. They have already carried forward.

BETH
Get them back. Immediately.

PHONE (OPERATOR)
Is there an error? You wish to rescind?

BETH
Reverse the transfer pending secondary review. I suspect fraud. Do it now.

BEAT. She listens intently: *Is this going to work?*

PHONE (OPERATOR)
One moment.

A PURSER sets Beth's Indent in an Embosser, hands it over. Beth embosses a new ARBITE CARD marked "RESCIND". Purser hands it to Tahri who studies it.

BETH
What are you doing? Go!
(beat)
Run!

Tahri races off. Beth nears the window in time to see her enter the floor. Beth looks to...

MIRROR TRANSFER

Processor finishes the transfer, directs CARRIERS.

PROCESSOR (on Beth's Chest)
Walk this back to cabinetry
(on the Claimant Boxes)
and these as well for liquidation.
Hold on.

She finds something inside a Claimant Box.

CORBUSIER OBSERVATION ROOM

Beth finds a pack of CIGARETTES and LIGHTER on the Tea Tray.

BETH (to CONCIERGE)
I need to step outside.

CONCIERGE
Of course but...this is Algeria.

He motions to the other observation rooms, all filled with SMOKE behind the glass, men with CIGARS, HOOKAHS, ETC.

BETH
I like the fresh air.

HALLWAY

She walks down, dons a HEADSCARF, removes LIPSTICK, becomes a different woman. She pulls a KEYCARD from the cigarette pack.

SURTSEY - DAY 20

BETH
Last, you will emboss the reroute.

Beth slides a REROUTE CARD to each of them. It reads:
"PARFUM, LTD Cabinet No. PL-418"

MIRROR TRANSFER - DAY 40

Processor retrieves a Reroute Card, studies, puts it back.

PROCESSOR
Correction. These 4 to carousel.

HALLWAY

Beth scans TEMPORARY LABELS on each door, unlocks one marked with arabic letters matching her KEYCARD, enters...

PARFUM OBSERVATION ROOM

A sign inside reads "Parfum, LTD No. PL-418". On the floor she sees Tahri race to Mirror Transfer, hand the Rescind Card to Processor who searches the shelves for the Claimant Boxes, just missing the Boxes entering the Carousel.

Beth lifts the phone, presses "0":

BETH (into phone)
Parfum, LTD. Cabinet number PL-418.

SURTSEY - DAY 20

Hafstein's Brother holds up the Reroute Card:

HAFSTEIN'S BROTHER
This is you?

PARFUM OBSERVATION ROOM - DAY 40

BETH (on phone)
Yes, I'm expecting multiple arbite reroutes today. I need process verification from the floor. I can see them just coming into queue.

SURTSEY - DAY 20

BETH
Place it within the arbite recess and close the panel.

They do as she instructs.

CAROUSEL - DAY 40

Processors find the Reroute Cards.

PROCESSOR
Retrieve Parfum, LTD PL-418.

MIRROR TRANSFER

The PARFUM CHEST is laid next to the Claimant Boxes. Currency is transferred from the Boxes to the Chest.

OPERATOR
Transferring tenders from accounts:
Crew label Scheving, Bertran, C-84.
Crew label Whitehead, X-C58.
Crew label Hafstein Brothers, D-Z2.
Vessel label Huld Minerals, H-H24.

BETH
Understood. Thank you.

OPERATOR
Your chest does not instruct to
return to cabinet.

BETH
Correct.

OPERATOR
And there are no instructions in
the recess for further business.

BETH
Correct.

OPERATOR
Do you *wish* for tenders to return
to your cabinet?

BETH
No. Is there an issue?

OPERATOR
Not at all. Please have a courier
sent down with instructions when
you have them. The box will cycle
at the carousel until then.

EXT. CLIFFSIDE TENT - NIGHT - DAY 30

SCHEVING
You've replaced Huld's equipment
with your own, paid 80 cents on the
dollar for 3 life insurance
policies you'll be lucky to get
half that from...and all for
pleasure of defrauding a backer
that winds up being...you.

BETH
Seems there's a question in there.

SCHEVING
Yes, I think there's certainly a
question in there. And for some
reason we are meant to behave as if
we are fearful of DeMangier. The
money starts with you...ends with
you. Stealing from yourself.

BETH

Yes.

(beat)

This time.

HALLWAY - DAY 40

She walks back. A PHONE BUZZES. *Is it coming from...*

CORBUSIER OBSERVATION ROOM

The handset is off the hook, waiting. *Problem?*

BETH (into phone)

Beth Corbusier.

OPERATOR

Unfortunately, the Claimant Boxes held arbite instructions to reroute tender to a third party Chest.

BETH

What third party?

OPERATOR

That is a private matter between claimants and recipient.

BETH (hiding a smile)

You won't tell me the recipient?

OPERATOR

The information is physically obfuscated. I'm sorry. However, when the Chest returns to the cabinetry it will be a simple matter of monitoring the public boards for the transfer amount.

BETH

And what if the Chest doesn't return to the cabinetry?

OPERATOR

But it must in order to liquidate to outside currency. Have no fear.

BETH

And what if they don't intend to liquidate?

OPERATOR

Sorry? Leave tender on the floor without destination? No, I think not. No need to worry, ma'am.

BETH

But what if?

OPERATOR

Why would anyone do that?

BETH

I don't know. Maybe they're crazy.

No response.

BETH (CONT'D)

I'm fucked, right?

OPERATOR

Well, ma'am...only the chest owner can authorize inspection or insert arbite instructions. This protects-

BETH (smile broadening)

I couldn't do a thing, could I?

She listens, satisfied that she's correct.

OPERATOR

We would have to wait.

BETH

For what? It'll just keep looping on the damn carousel for eternity-

OPERATOR

The tide would force them out.

This hits her like a slap.

BETH (recovering)

Of course.

She has no idea what this is. Maybe he'll keep talking.

AMIN'S OFFICE

Amin explains to Beth.

AMIN

The tide must sweep. Else the floor would be littered with accounts of derelict ventures, men long dead.

CORBUSIER OBSERVATION ROOM

BETH

The tide sweeps...the tide sweeps
to the cabinetry?

OPERATOR

Yes, of course, ma'am. As I said it
will be a simple matter of
monitoring the public boards.

FLOOR - DAY 43

The TIDE GATE is changed for the new date.

The Arbite tied to the Parfum Chest is held up at the Tide
Gate. The Box is sent back to cabinetry.

From above Beth sees Public Board broadcast "PARFUM, LTD."
and the TRANSFER AMOUNT. A Processor marks it in a LEDGER.

AMIN'S OFFICE - DAY 40

AMIN

While the business conducted on the
floor is of course private, tender
must enter and exit in full public
view. Transparency and obfuscation
in balance.

BETH

I don't want my transactions
broadcast on that fucking display.

AMIN

Then, respectfully, you should find
another exchange.

BETH

For every need there is a financial
instrument. You promised me that.

AMIN

How would one expect us to
reconcile our books?

BETH

I wouldn't expect this place to
keep books!

She recomposes herself then surprises him with...

BETH (in BERBER)

Is a man at sea not autonomous?

AMIN (in BERBER)

Yes, but a vessel that does not travel is an island not a vessel. The tide must sweep.

(in ENGLISH)

The floor is not a bank. Not for holding. It is a conveyance. All things must come ashore eventually.

BETH

I need to be down on the floor.

AMIN

Impossible. During operating hours.

FLOOR

LIGHTS crack on, after hours. She enters, inspects the stations chaperoned by a GUARD and Amin.

AMIN (O.S.)

This is an industry that conveys large amounts of cargo by water, a practice as old as man. It does not cultivate trust in modern ways of transacting, in fact quite the opposite. Every transfer a method, a time stamp, a physical ledger to be touched. Rigid. Immovable. In a world they see as anything but.

INT. COMMON OBSERVATION LOUNGE - DAY 43

Men smoke hookahs. A mirror shows us the floor.

AMIN (gestures to satellites)

Their currency isn't dancing above us. They come to the floor to see it.

INT. BETH'S HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT

Beth studies a WALL OF SCHEMATICS of the floor. She takes MEDICATION, pours a cup from a BOTTLE of GOAT'S MILK.

A KNOCK at the door. She opens it, returns to study. Tahri enters with her son, MICHAEL(4). She removes her BURKA.

TAHRI

How do you think it went?

BETH

We'll find another way.

INT. COMMON OBSERVATION LOUNGE

AMIN

Now if for whatever reason you're unwilling to return to cabinetry to liquidate then the answer's simple.

BETH

What is it? Tell me.

AMIN

Madame. This is a place of commerce. Buy something.

We're left with a clean look at the trading floor through the mirror, boxes transported from station to station.

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. OCEAN - OVERHEAD - DAY

The TORC runs toward a STRAIT amid an ARCHIPELAGO and SHORE.

INT. TORC - CORRIDOR

KNOCK KNOCK. GAEL answers his door, finds...

PYRAM

He's diverting.

Gael needs a moment to register that.

PYRAM (CONT'D)

He's diverting.

Gael marches off to solve this. KNOCKS on another door...

BOOTH (20) answers.

PYRAM (CONT'D)

Open up a bevy. Get 2 ducks up top.

BOOTH

Who said this?

Pyram yells down the hall, catches Gael in time:

PYRAM

Mr. Corbusier! Up on deck?!

GAEL (misunderstanding)

Yeah, come on.

BRIDGE

Pyram and Gael watch Vicks steer towards the inside strait.

PYRAM (whispering)
We take the outside.

Gael asks Pyram with a motion of his hand: *that way?*

PYRAM
Yes. Now.

GAEL (to VICKS)
Take the outside. 30 degrees hard
to port.

Vicks turns to him, checks over his other shoulder for instruction. No one is there.

GAEL
Take the outside.

VICKS
The inside.

GAEL
Why?

Vicks scans a MONITOR near the ceiling: CURRENTS, TRADE WINDS, DEPTHS. He passes an ALMANAC to Gael who verifies:

GAEL (to Pyram)
It's faster inside the straight.

Pyram storms off.

DECK

A SMALLER VORTMAG spins up. Pyram points it OUTWARD and LEFT. Gael arrives to question him as Booth loads 2 PLASTIC CASES (called DUCKS) into a DISPENSING QUEUE.

PYRAM
KILL THE ENGINES!

GAEL
WHAT!?

Pyram SLAMS a LEVER. A KICKER boots a SLUG into the VortMag which LAUNCHES the Slug into the AIR, HOOKS the topmost DUCK with a ROPE and LOFTS it a HALF MILE off in a beautiful ARC.

SPLASH. He sends another one into the strait. SPLASH.

The Duck CASINGS POPS OFF, reveal FOLDED CANVASES that INFLATE to house-sized FLOATING CAPSULES.

The VortMag spins down. Quiet. Gael looks to Pyram:

PYRAM
Kill the engines. Come to a stop.

EXT. OCEAN

The Torc sits still, IDLE.

DECK

SENSOR ARRAY: A LONG RANGE LENS FOCUSES on the Duck in the strait. The crew watch the monitor as the Duck creeps forward with the CURRENT. Speed reads:

GAEL
1 knot. Check the other.

The lens scans the other Duck. It MOVES FORWARD. FASTER.

GAEL (CONT'D)
6 knots. It's passing us.

PYRAM
10 barrels an hour. Slipping away.

In disbelief Vicks looks to the Almanac on the desk.

GAEL (to Vicks)
30 DEGREES PORT!

VICKS (takes his station)
30 DEGREES PORT! HARD!

Gael turns to Pyram, a victory.

GAEL
REEL IN THOSE DUCKS!

The Ducks are REELED in on MONO-FILAMENT LINES.

RADIO ROOM - DAWN

DARK. Booth enters, flips MACHINES on, apple in his mouth. He senses someone behind him, turns: Rene sits before a monitor but his gaze it out the window.

RENE
Is NavSat up?

Booth checks the OVERHEAD CLOCK.

BOOTH

Coming under Sat in 3 minutes.

He BOOTS NavSat. It WHIRS up. A RED light turns GREEN. Rene's screen fills with INCOMING MESSAGES. He watches them scroll past, looking for something...but it's not there.

RENE

That it?

BOOTH (nods)

Next uplink is...18 hours.

Exiting, Rene scans the GPS. Odd. He punches the INTERCOM.

RENE (into INTERCOM)

Vicks, we cleared the strait?

INTERCOM (VICKS)

Yes, about 0400. This is okay?

RENE (into INTERCOM)

I had thought of...Dakar.

BOOTH

Load up on phosphates?

(Rene nods)

20 miles back. Inside the strait.

(beat)

Can we get them in Nouadhibou?

RENE

Supply lines the same. The hold's empty. Any start'll do.

BOOTH

What's the problem?

RENE

There is no problem.

INTERCOM (VICKS)

Back up or push on. Your choice.

RENE (into INTERCOM)

I think the choice has been made.

(beat)

Vicks? No detours from Arrecife.

Arrecife stays a hard port.

INTERCOM (VICKS)

Understood.

PYRAM'S QUARTERS

Gael knocks, enters, sees no one, knocks on the HEAD.

GAEL
Pyram. Scouting ahead. Nouadhibou.

SHIP BOWELS

Pyram moves through the dark space, opens a PORTHOLE, looks down to the TRANSPORT in the water. A GREEN TARP is in back.

EXT. TRANSPORT

Cutting fast through waves. Rene gives Gael a crash course:

RENE (yelling)
Grab specialties only when they line up with buyers on advance payment. Otherwise we play conservative, stock staples, chromium, plastic parts, timber, hexanes, solvents, the like.

EXT. NOUADHIBOU MARKET

EVERYTHING is for sale: textiles, coffee, spools of metal, drums of chemicals, tires, machine parts, spices, livestock.

Gael mimes Rene, smells a piece of TIMBER.

GAEL
It's good?

RENE
Don't know, just letting sellers see we're in the market.

Rene breaks off diseased bamboo, walks away.

Gael inspects a length of aluminum.

Rene raises a hand at an AUCTION. And again. The bid is to them. He looks to Gael who raises his hand. And again. Gael checks the other bidder. Thinks. *No, take it.* A knowing look between Rene and Gael. *Oh well, next time.*

TRANSPORT - HOURS AGO

GAEL
How much do we take on?

RENE

Rule of thumb. We carry 1/10th the cargo to prove that 10 times that amount is profitable.

GAEL

By weight.

RENE

By water displacement.

GAEL

How's that different?

RENE

Maybe it's not.

Unknown to them Pyram sleeps under the tarp in the back.

EXT. NOUADHIBOU INNER CITY - NIGHT

FIREWORKS POP from a CAN in the street, ARC chaotically. One hits the top of warehouse. Another hits a car. HUDDLED nearby, Brother13 (Corst's brother) and LOCAL BOYS smile at their work...until the can goes silent.

Brother13 ventures out, nudges it with his foot. One last ROCKET flies out, lands near a GAS STATION, sprays SPARKS. An ATTENDANT runs out, pours a bucket of SAND on it. Not happy, he looks to the boys as they run away.

EXT. ALLEYWAY

POLICE blocked the boys in an alley with a PATROL CAR. Brother13 sees another kid dragged in. Behind him Pyram drops down from a rooftop, lights a CHERRY BOMB.

An OFFICER consoles a CRYING KID, actually being sweet:

OFFICER

There son, now this is over. Your pops be angry, but it can't be bad as all that. You prefer a night locked up? Course not. Gonna be okay. Only feels important cause you're a kid.

The CHERRY BOMB EXPLODES in the street, cracks a store front window. FLAMES on the ground. With the police distracted Pyram, arms spread, PUSHES the kids past them.

PYRAM

GO GO GO! They can't get us all!

Most of the kids turn back, scared to run, but he manages to get away with Brother13. They run up a FIRE ESCAPE...

EXT. ROOFTOP

...and peer over the ledge to see below.

PYRAM

That was ace! Right?! Hell yeah, sure it was. That was ace. Look at 'em down there.

(beat)

We should have snacks. We should go home and have snacks after that. Right? Hell yeah.

Brother13 stares back at him, shaken. *Who are you?*

PYRAM (CONT'D)

Just kick back you know? You got snacks where you stay?

(Brother13 stares)

OK. Or better- lets torch that car and go. I'll show you how we torch this car then snacks for sure.

He pulls TURPENTINE from his bag, fills a nearby METAL TUB. They push the tub over the ledge, Brother13 not sure why he's going along with this. The tub SMASHES into the patrol car with a THUD, SPLASH.

Pyram preps a CHERRY BOMB. Brother13 looks on in horror.

PYRAM (CONT'D)

Around the loop, around the loop, and 4, 3, 2, 1...

He drops it onto to car. A delay...then FIRE EXPLODES.

INT. SOLEIL - FAMILY RESIDENCE

They CRASH through the door, Pyram laughing, his arm around his best buddy Brother13 who's stoic with PTSD.

BATHROOM

They wash SOOT from their faces at the sink. Pyram dries his face, looks around. Brother13 is gone. Good.

CORRIDOR

Pyram tiptoes around, passes the kitchen. Young Sisters inside laugh. In another room they do crafts.

CARGO HOLD

He inspects Corst's ISO, tries to open it. PADLOCKED.

MAP ROOM

He faces the wall, having found something WONDERFUL and traces a finger from PORT to PORT on the ROUTE MAP.

CORST'S QUARTERS

She sleeps. Pyram sits on the floor, quietly ROLLS UP a DRAWING in a bit of BURLAP. She turns. He halts to watch her.

VOICES pass her door but he's not afraid of being caught.

INT. TORC - BRIDGE - DAY

We're coming into the CROWDED NOUADHIBOU PORT. Nervous, Gael faces COUNTLESS PIERS, CRANES, TANKERS, BUOYS, FISHING BOATS.

He reads from a MANUAL:

GAEL

Radio Port Authority for entry
guidance by tug. Hold here.

WALLER (24) takes the radio, hesitant. Gael wonders why...

HP enters with a BRIEF of papers, a LUNCH BOX, and PURPOSE.

HP

Radio port for guidance. Bring us
around to 210 and hold.

He takes Gael's position. Gael backs up into Rene.

RENE

We'll leave it to our Pilot.

GAEL (sarcastic)

We have one? Might have forgotten.

HP hears and ignores that.

HP

Prep lower flank for assisted
steer. Boot machine vision.

The bridge snaps to ACTION. Booth on radio. Vicks at helm. Booth races out, relays messages. A finely tuned machine.

INT. SOLEIL - BRIDGE

Corst's father JOSEPH LOCKE and his Captain PITT watch the Torc pass 1000 meters off. Pitt lowers his BINOCULARS.

PITT
Corbusier.

LOCKE
Yes. Had thought they'd just landed in New York. Quick turnaround.

EXT. TORC

She's now approaching a SLIP to park.

INT. TORC - BRIDGE

HP
Let's hear the chimes.

Booth flips switches. SPEAKERS emit a CHIME on the left side of the room corresponding with a BLINKING CROSS on a monitor.

BOOTH
Chimes live on port side.

MATCH CUT TO:

A CROSS-SHAPED SENSOR on the HULL nears another on the SLIP. Booth flips more switches for the same on the starboard side.

BOOTH
Starboard chimes live.

MACHINE VISION: A GRAINY SONOGRAM of the PORT CROSSES LINING UP. The port chimes SYNC up in tone and beat.

HP
Starboard's a fraction out. Turn into it. Pulse a bit, aft and port.

UNDERWATER: JETS PULSE.

The CHIMES ATTAIN SYNC. ALL CROSSES LINE UP.

MASSIVE LOCKING RODS SLIDE INTO PLACE.

HP (CONT'D)
Power down nav grid and engines.
Run the debark.
(into radio)
5 up, 4 L and R. All green. GMT+5
close on 1325 hours. She's parked.

HP heads out as quick as he entered.

VICKS
Grid down. I relieve you.

HP
I stand relieved.

INT. TORC - PYRAM'S QUARTERS

He sees the Soleil exit the port, unrolls the burlap to reveal his sketch of her route, circles "DAKHLA".

EXT. PORT OF DAKHLA - DAY

The Torc enters, wipes past PAINTED WORDS: "Port De Dakhla."

EXT. DAKHLA OUTSKIRTS - DAY

Pyram sets 3 TRAPS (WOODEN BOXES) among the hills. He SPLITS an AKI (fruit) into 3 SECTIONS. A RABBIT crawls into a trap to get the Aki. The box drops.

Pyram carries 3 RABBITS (black, white, spotted) by the ears.

EXT. DAKHLA INNER CITY - DAY

Festival atmosphere. HUNDREDS OF RABBITS are released down a NARROW STREET. CHILDREN chase after, each picking a favorite.

Sister5 is after a BLACK RABBIT, keeps missing it. She follows it around corners, down corridors. We see it disappear down a drain but when she rounds the corner Pyram hangs a BLACK RABBIT before her.

PYRAM
Here she is! You got her!

His other catches scamper away behind him. He tries to push this gift into her arms but she won't take it. *Why?* They see a LOCAL GIRL catch a rabbit, yell to her mother:

LOCAL GIRL
Maman, je l'ai eu! Je lui ai!

Pyram and Sister5 look at each other. He realizes.

CONFINED COURTYARD

Sister5 chases his quick-hopping black rabbit. Pyram has tied TWINE to its leg so it can only go so far. The twine goes taut. Sister5 pounces on the rabbit. Everyone's happy.

EXT. SOLEIL - MAIN RAMP

They walk up the ramp. Pyram carries her now-caged rabbit.

INT. TORC - CARGO HOLD

Alone, Pyram practices the BOX STEP.

INT. LAAYOUNE - DANCE HALL - NIGHT

A COTILLION. Frilly dresses. Boys won't mix with the girls.

LATER. Loud and active. Pyram dances with Sister11.

PYRAM

Nah, the old man makes me do this.
Gotta fit some role, right? That
nonsense. Where your parents? Fuck
if you know, right? Want a drink?

(she doesn't)

Yeah, me neither. Gotta fly
straight. That's what's crazy. I
like to dance. I like it. It's
civilized. That's what they don't
understand about me. God, right?
Maybe I practice and who knows, you
know? You saved me there. Thanks.

EXT. SOLEIL - MAIN RAMP - NIGHT

They walk up the ramp. Sister11's frilly dress sways.

EXT. RED CROSS CAMP - DAY

Pyram SHAMPOOS a LOCAL BOY. Sister16 is on RINSING.

PYRAM (to Local Boy)

Nothing says you gotta grow your
dreds out you know. Shave that shit
off we don't have to hump around
the world saving the lot of you
from bugs we got rid of centuries
ago. Get out of here you savage.
Thank Jesus for us. Rinse!

EXT. SOLEIL - MAIN RAMP - DUSK

They walk up the ramp. Pyram scratches lice out of his hair.

EXT. ARRECIFE - TOWN SQUARE - DAY

50 LOCAL WOMEN sew SQUARES into a GIANT TAPESTRY.

Pyram sits near Sister9 and Sister13, all sewing.

PYRAM

I got it sewed up super. Look at my
threading. But how do I tie the
fucker off? Talk me through. I
don't know shit about knots.

LATER. A CUTTING TABLE divides the tapestry into 6-FOOT
QUILTS that everyone can take home.

EXT. SOLEIL - MAIN RAMP - DUSK

They walk up the ramp. Pyram carries their quilts.

INT. SOLEIL - KITCHEN

The girls make POPCORN. Pyram eases out the TWISTCUTTER from
a quilt, moves quietly towards the cargo hold. Behind him...

INT. SOLEIL - CORRIDOR

CORST

You were in New York.

He stops, keeps the twistcutter hidden, nervously fingers a
METAL STRAP on a fire extinguisher. It reads: "M.V. SOLEIL".

CORST (CONT'D)

Threw a rock at our cab.

PYRAM

Never been there.

(he turns to her)

Is it nice?

CORST

You're a liar. And now in Arrecife.

PYRAM

Every ship stops in Arrecife.

CORST

Yes, I know. And now you've said
something true...while still lying.
How'd you hurt your arm?

PYRAM

Footie. Soccer. I play soccer.

She puts on a jacket, about to exit the ship.

CORST

Not supposed to use your hands.
That's the first thing they teach-

PYRAM

Yeah, now I know. Don't be late,
miss. Boat leaves in a few hours.

CORST

Not anymore. For *some* reason father
has the idea to delay a day.

She leaves. He watches her walk down the ramp, hesitates,
looks back to the cargo hold, but decides to follow her.

EXT. OCEAN - DUSK

A MOROCCAN COAST GUARD VESSEL runs alongside the Torc.

INT. TORC - RENE'S QUARTERS

Rene closes a SMALL SAFE. HP packs US CASH in an ENVELOPE.

ENGINE ROOM

OFFICIALS check INSPECTION TAGS. HP talks with the INSPECTOR.

CARGO HOLD

Gael watches them inspect CONTAINERS. In one are DOORS TO
HOUSES, LIGHT FIXTURES. FLAT PACKED HOMES. Ordinary.

CORRIDOR

Gael watches them go room to room. Inspector moves to the
next door. It's marked with TRAPEZOIDS and LOCKED with a
PADLOCK. They move on but a LACKY stays behind, opens a
HIDDEN PANEL, retrieves the envelope, counts the cash.

The Lacky leaves, Gael checks the door. The PADLOCK is only
cosmetic so the door opens with a push into the...

ARSENAL

Gael scans the shelves: MACHINE GUNS, EXPLOSIVES, RIFLES.

CARGO HOLD - NIGHT

Alone, Pyram checks the seams on the AFT GATE. DRY.

BULKHEAD

He crawls along TENSION CABLES, finds a JUNCTION. He LOCKS
OFF both sides so the cables can't move, forces the lip of
his twistcutter under a few WIRES of the cable. TWIST. SNIP.
He steadies himself, set to release the lock, eyes the
READOUT: "0.0 PSI (Pounds/Inch²)" and...

...RELEASES the lock. Under stress the weakened cable STRETCHES a hair. READOUT rises: 0.0 PSI to 0.1 to 0.2...

Throughout the ship PANELS separate the tiniest amount at the SEAMS. PAINT FLAKES around RIVETS. DEEP CREAKING.

READOUT: 0.2 to 0.3. An ALARM SOUNDS for a blip. Pyram quiets it, slams a RED BUTTON: "RECALIBRATE." READOUT clears: 0.0

GAEL'S QUARTERS

Gael lies in his bunk. Did he hear something? He places a palm on the wall, feels RUMBLING. Unsure.

BULKHEAD

Pyram, nervous, sees the readout rise again until it finally subsides. He listens to the hull. The tension is stabilized.

CARGO HOLD

He runs fingers along the aft gate seams. MOISTURE. DROPS form, DRIP down, ACCUMULATE.

DAY

HP and Gael stand in 6 INCHES OF SEA WATER.

GAEL
This is something that happens?

AN HOUR AGO

Alone, HP follows a thin CARPET OF WATER as it spreads. He removes a panel, inspects the junction, the FRAYED CABLE.

HP (O.S.)
Yes. Which is why there's an alarm.

GAEL (O.S.)
Suppose the alarm's unreliable too?

PRESENT

HP
In all the ships I've been on I've never known one to fail. Or zero out on its own.

Gael turns to him, tries to assess what that implies.

HP (CONT'D)
We'll incline 15 degrees, let gravity help the bilge pumps.

INT. TORC - GALLEY - DAY

Not happy, Gael lets a PENCIL ROLL on the table. The incline. Pyram paces, furious.

GAEL

Nothing can be done. Lucky to be held up only a day. If the cable frayed anywhere else we'd spend weeks crawling through bulkheads to inspect every inch.

PYRAM

Oh fucking joy. That's meant to make us happy? This ship's gonna fuck the whole system up! This is bullshit! And Arrecife! Why'd we have to waste a day there!?

GAEL

Every ship stops in Arrecife.

PYRAM

The hell did we pick up anyway?

GAEL

Flat. Packed. Homes.

PYRAM

Where the fuck are we taking those?

GAEL

I. Don't. Know.

Pyram storms out. Gael releases the pencil again.

EXT. TORC

WATER ROARS out of BILGE HOSES. The ship's stopped, inclined. Everyone but Pyram, Gael, and Rene board a TRANSPORT.

HP

You sure about this?

RENE

Nothing to be sure about. If you have a chance to walk on land, see some greenery, women, you do it. See you in 18 hours.

The transport speeds off.

INT. CARGO HOLD

From up high, Gael sees Pyram alone pushing water with a FLOOR WIPER. It can't be doing much good but it inspires him to join with another wiper, trudging through the muck. They work silently. Gael loses any suspicion he had.

DECK

Gael pours ANOTHER GRAPPA for him and Rene.

GAEL

Can I ask you something?

RENE

You wanna know where the houses go.

GAEL

Why are you so loyal to my father?

Beat. They drink.

RENE

He once...owned something that I wanted. So I stayed close.

INT. RENE'S QUARTERS - AN HOUR LATER

Gael helps DRUNK Rene to bed, exits. Pyram is down the hall. Gael waves him forward.

ARSENAL

Pyram and Gael enter, have a brief LOVE affair with GUNS.

PYRAM

Hands up! I'll kill you all!

GAEL

Stop right there! Just try me!

They look through a shelf of MINE-PAIRS (2 football-sized mines tied together with a chain).

EXT. OCEAN

A Mine-Pair floats 100 feet away from the Torc.

EXT. TORC - DECK

Gael fires a RIFLE at the Mines. Nothing.

PYRAM

Lemme try. Your aim's for shit.

Pyram tries. Direct hit. DING. No explosion.

INT. TORC - ARSENAL

They read a MANUAL. Pyram handles a COMM RADIO.

GAEL (reading)
 ...must first key into the Comm the
 unique code assigned to each unit.
 The final keystroke will-

Pyram types a code into the COMM. The windows TURN ORANGE.
 Then the sound of the Mines EXPLODING. Holy shit.

RENE'S QUARTERS

Rene stirs but doesn't wake.

ARSENAL

They drink, lay on their backs, point guns at the ceiling.
 Pyram tears at his CAST, removes it through the scene.

PYRAM
 How'd you get so rich?

GAEL
 We're not.

PYRAM
 You're either rich or stupid for
 thinking you're not. Both proolly.

GAEL
 That's all going away. My dad...

PYRAM
 'cause he's laid up? What happened?

GAEL
 Had a condition. We sold off his
 insurance to keep things running. I
 got a little. My sister got some.
 As long as he stays on those
 machines things keep running.

PYRAM
 Sickest thing I ever heard.

GAEL
 Doesn't matter. This is the new way
 forward. This is my strength now.

Pyram laughs. Gael looks to him. *What's so funny?*

PYRAM

You're the son of a self-made man. He was born poor but made wealth with his own hands. You're his son so you're designed to do one thing well: ask for money.

EXT. PORT OF TANGIER - SOLEIL - REAR DECK

REECE, a Crewman, eyes the Torc coming in.

INT. MAP ROOM

Reece enters.

REECE

It's her.

Locke sits with Pitt and SIMS, his First Mate. He lifts up the blinds to see the Torc. Dismay.

LOCKE

Is it shock? Outrage? What's the proper response to the sight of this ship in every port we turn in to? Do you know this man? This man that's taken over for Corbusier?

SIMS

Not personally. Not highly regarded in circles. Business seems on last legs. Not a bright man.

LOCKE

No. Certainly doesn't appear to be.

INT. TANGIER - HOOKAH DEN - NIGHT

Corst and friends smoke. CROWDED. She finally notices Pyram.

CORST

Shouldn't you be a day ahead of us?

PYRAM

What's in the ISO?

CORST (can't hear him)

What?!

PYRAM

You don't have a say. I'll follow you as long as I like!

The yell causes a slight embarrassment. She moves to him.

CORST
Say it again.

PYRAM
You heard me.

CORST
I've never cared about my father's
work. But I know that's not true.
(on his cast being gone)
You're all healed.

She's moves closer, grabs the PEN (Gael's) from his pocket,
adds CURVES to his ELEPHANT TATTOO. Looks more like a WHALE.

CORST (CONT'D)
Such a nice old pen. Dad give it to
you? Handed down through the years?

PYRAM
You can buy anything.

He stops her from drawing, retrieves a PACKAGE he's brought.
They lock eyes. He leaves her with it.

INT. TORC - MAP ROOM - NIGHT

Pyram shows Gael the next leg of the route.

PYRAM
Big fat road here along the
peninsula. It'll be fast. Big push.

GAEL
Transit the channel here? What's
the draft?

PYRAM
Deep enough. Just deep enough
actually as long we cross before
daybreak. Which we will.

RENE'S QUARTERS

Rene, lost in thought, turns over an INDENT (from Béjaïa).
BRIGHT LIGHT from outside BLEACHES out the room. He turns.

FOREDECK

Gael moves forward to inspect, awash in BILLOWY WHITE CLOUDS,
BRIGHT. FAINT STROBING BEYOND. He waves his FLASHLIGHT
around, useless in the white haze.

RENE (O.S.)
 Get the deck lights off.
 (to GAEL)
 Turn that off.

FLASHLIGHT OFF. DARK. The STROBING LIGHT beyond the hull
 FLICKERS, silhouettes Rene next to Gael then DIES.

GAEL
 Smoke? Is it smoke?

RENE
 Steam.
 (into RADIO)
 Bridge, flatten out. How's the helm
 feel?

RADIO (VICKS)
 Pulling a couple degrees to port.

RENE
 You can compensate?

RADIO (VICKS)
 I have been.

GAEL
 We're damaged?

RENE
 Profile shifted. I'll take a look.
 (into RADIO)
 Come to slow. Prepare full stop.

SHIP BOWELS

Pyram has fashioned a space for himself. He types on a
 CHORDCOM, waits for response, notices the engines SLOW.

INT. SOLEIL - CORST'S QUARTERS

Another CHORDCOM CHIMES quietly in the package Pyram left
 with Corst, now opened. She moves to check it.

INT. TORC - SUB ROOM

Rene preps a SUBMERSIBLE, listens, notices something...

BRIDGE

PYRAM (to Gael)
 We don't make that channel and
 nothing so far matters.
 (MORE)

Rene preps a SUBMERSIBLE, listens,
 notices something... (CONT'D)
 We'll sit here a day waiting for
 high tide so we can clear it or
 waste a day going around the
 fucking peninsula.

RADIO (RENE)
 Bridge, why are we still running?

PYRAM (to Gael)
 We stop now we lose every second
 and every dollar we've saved.

SUB ROOM

Rene clears a scuba tank, stores it in the Sub.

GAEL (to Rene)
 Can't stop. Can't lose the time.

RENE
 Have to check the hull. 3 hours.

GAEL
 Can't stop. We'll check at port.

They face each other.

RENE
 I have to check it now.

GAEL
 We can't stop.

RENE
 I have to check it.

The SUB is lowered through SPLIT DOORS in the HULL FLOOR as
 the Torc is still running. OCEAN WATER GUSHES into the room.

Through a HATCH WINDOW the crew watch the room FLOOD 3 FEET.

UNDERWATER

The sub descends from the Torc like a spacecraft. LINES in 4
 directions pull it along. Split doors close with a THUD.

SUB ANTEROOM

GRIMM and TYE (Crewman) move back, remotely open the hatch,
 let water DISPERSE then PUSH it into BILGE VENTS with WIPERS.

INT. SUB

Rene inspects the Torc's BOW below the waterline, shines a SPOTLIGHT on a DAMAGED AREA, reports:

RENE (into RADIO)
Corrosive damage. High heat looks like. Something's hung up on her. Bring me 2 meters fore, 1 to port.

DECK

CRANES rotate and DRAW IN CABLES tethered to the sub...

SUB

...in conjunction Rene operates the sub's propulsion.

RENE
Portside, give just a bit more slack so I can maneuver.

The sub's SPOTLIGHT reveals a TARP caught on the hull like trash tangled up with LONG LINES flowing back. Rene extends a TELESCOPING ARM with a CLAW end.

RENE (CONT'D)
Gonna clear these caught lines, see if there's more damage.

The claw pulls at the tarp, triggers a CHEMICAL REACTION, a FRENZY of BUBBLES, growing FLICKERS of WHITE LIGHT.

RENE (CONT'D)
Hold on a sec. Gael, back me away a bit. Let me drop off some.

He tries to calmly back off with the sub's propulsion. The reaction GROWS, reaches a FULL BURN like an arc welder. He shields his eyes from the brightness, getting anxious.

BRIDGE

RADIO (RENE)
Ok, Gael! Let out my line! Let me drop! Let out the lines!

GAEL
Open the reels! Port and Starboard!
All cranes! Release the lines!

Crewman hit SAFETY RELEASES, free the REELS, let out lines.

UNDERWATER

The sub falls away from the Torc and the reaction.

FAR ABOVE THE TORC

BRIGHT UNDERWATER BURNING silhouettes the Torc, still running, against the dark ocean. The light fades after a few seconds, the reaction over. DARK.

SUB ROOM

Rene lays down the BURNT CLAW, crew around him. GRIMM and TYE in HAZMAT GEAR handle BURNT TARP coated with CHEMICALS.

GRIMM

Magnesium to spark high heat but to fuel the burn must have used...

GAEL (to HP)

Shouldn't we radio someone?

HP

You don't radio for a skirmish.

GAEL

Why not use more? Burn in the hull?

HP

Probably didn't think they had to.

VICKS

'Cause usually when your hull burns white hot you fucking stop.

RENE

It's someone who carries isohexane.

Everyone crowds around him at the table.

HP

Someone who wants us to know they carry isohexane.

GAEL

Does that narrow it down?

Rene and HP share a look.

HP

You make any enemies in town?
Auction go bad?

Rene shakes his head.

HP (CONT'D)
 Maybe someone thinks we're
 drafting...

RENE (agrees)
 There's only so many ports.

HP
 Navsat in for dock logs? See if
 there's been an unfortunate
 coincidence.

RENE
 Waller, where we at?

WALLER
 Uplink at daybreak. Logs will take
 some time coming in. Hour at least.

RENE
 And when do we get to port.

GAEL
 Daybreak. Give or take an hour.

HP
 Well, there's certainly one way to
 know if we're following him.
 (everyone looks to him)
 We get to port and he's there...we
 followed him.

RENE
 Slow us down to 10 knots. I want to
 know before that happens.

GAEL
 What's drafting?

Rene motions HP to clear the room. They do. Gael wonders why.

RENE
 What are you doing, Gael?

GAEL
 What am I doing?

RENE
 What are you doing with our route?

Gael

What am I doing. Saved 560 barrels
of fuel so far. Saving \$22,400 US.
Through traffic in record time.
That's what. Who is this man?

René

A competitor. Like 20 some odd
other companies.

Gael

But did we do something?

René

I'm sure of it.

Gael

What? What's he got against us?

René

Same thing they all do. We convey
physical cargo by means of water.
In no other arena is it more clear
that one man's success is another's
failure.

Gael

Then the history is...

René

Littered I'd think. Among us all.

Gael

So he sets fire to the ship?

René

It's just a look-see. A skirmish.
Stuck in traffic, you honk your
horn. Doesn't mean you're gonna
kill somebody. It's part of it.

We rise above, see Pyram eavesdropping from a crawlspace. He
WHITTLES off COPPER WIRES from 3 SMALL SPOOLS, FIRES up a
TORCH to burn a hidden METAL STRIP. We descend to...

Gael

What's drafting?

René

Tell me what we have. Of value.

Gael

Whatever we've bought in cargo so
far. I don't know what you want me-

RENE

Anyone can buy goods. What do we really have? What do we sell?

GAEL (realizing)

The route.

RENE

Yes. The navigation is our property. To copy a man's route is to steal it. If one ship thinks another is following her then...

GAEL

It's bad. I get it.

RENE

The second worst thing you can do.

GAEL

That why we have that room? Guns?

RENE

That room is for the unknown. Not for a skirmish. Not for drafting.

GAEL

I've been at sea, Rene. We never carried a fucking arsenal like-

RENE

Then you've been doing it wrong, okay? What do you suggest? We don't hire mercenaries. It's not a video game. What's to stop someone from coming aboard to steal containers?

GAEL

Have you tried to lift one?
(beat)
There are authorities. Coast Guard.

RENE

Yes. And every time you call them it shows up on an incident report. Do you know how much a route plagued with pirate reports is worth? That room keeps our record clean. That room keeps your father's company in business. This is part of it, Gael. If you'd like a manual you should write one.

NAVSAT - DAWN

Rene again sits waiting for Navsat. The RED light goes GREEN. Text fills the screen.

OCEAN

The Torc runs. SUNLIGHT PEEKS around a mountain as if by God.

NAVSAT

Rene, lit by the screen, reads a message. TEARS OF JOY. Suddenly, the GREEN light goes RED, all screens go DARK.

DECK

Waller inspects the COMM ARRAY.

WALLER (to Rene)
It's the rotor. Can't hold an axis.
Tripped a breaker trying though.
You wanna see the maintenance logs?

RENE
Who signs off on 'em? You?
(Waller nods)
Then no. Just get it fixed.

Rene walks off. Gael steps in, tries to help.

GAEL
How do we get it back on?

WALLER
It's not power. Got plenty of
signal. Just can't aim it worth a
damn. Need to take the assembly
downstairs before we open it.

GAEL
Can't fix it here?

WALLER
Believe or not we don't want
microwaves spilling all over deck
with no focus.
(beat)
Hey listen. This is my domain. I
keep logs. I check this shit.

GAEL
I know you do, Waller.

CORRIDOR

Rene carries a SUITCASE. It sounds like it's FULL OF ROCKS. Pyram follows him, curious, focused on the suitcase.

DECK

Rene puts it down among BOXES being lowered via SCAFFOLD. Pyram nears the suitcase. Grimm lifts it away before he can reach it. Pyram focuses on a ROPE KNOT keeping the scaffold suspended high above the TRANSPORT waiting to depart.

Rene pours himself coffee at Gael's breakfast table.

RENE

You're in good hands so I'm going.

GAEL

We're not in good hands. And you're going.

RENE

Torc's not a standard fitting. Someone has to craft hull plating to millimeter specs or she-

GAEL

Yes, that's plausible. Well thought out. There's a wealth of logic on this little craft-

Grimm YELLS. They turn to see the scaffold COLLAPSE. Contents FALL on the transport, BOUNCE into water. Rene peers over the rail: his suitcase DRIFTS in the wake.

Pyram steps behind Gael.

PYRAM

Suitcase must mean a lot to him. He can use mine. I'm not going anywhere.

RENE'S QUARTERS

Rene packs clothes into Pyram's RUCKSACK, exits.

CRAWLSPACE

Pyram spies from above and follows him to...

GALLEY

Rene tears off a sheet of MEAT-PACKING PAPER.

ENGINE ROOM

Rene enters, locks the door, removes BOLTS on a WALL PANEL.

CRAWLSPACE

His view blocked, Pyram sprints to the other side, finds a SLIT to peer in. DARK. Rene removes the panel. The SQUARE OF LIGHT reveals a CAVERNOUS SPACE between them.

Rene retrieves 2 BLACK PUCKS carved from ROCKY MATERIAL, wraps them in paper, packs them in the rucksack.

Pyram scans the space: STACKS OF PUCKS strewn among TONS OF RAW MATERIAL they are made from. What is this?

Rene CLOSES the panel. Dark.

INT. SEASIDE - TRADER SHOP - DAY

Rene lays a puck on the counter, notices Pyram's Twistcutter in the rucksack, inspects it. It ACTUATES. SNIP. Violent.

A TRADER weighs the puck (still in paper) on a SCALE:

TRADER

I've not enough cash for this size.
Have to cut it up in pieces.

RENE

No. Just empty the till and show me these: (taps on JEWELRY DISPLAY)

Rene picks WATCHES from a DIRTY VELVET CASE.

TRADER

All real. Guaranteed. Reputation.

The cash goes into a SILK WALLET as Rene lays out 3 WATCHES: LEATHER STRAPPED, GOLD, and SILVER.

RENE

These.

TRADER

Ah, these two not work. See? No tick. Here. I have same but fixed.

RENE

No. These.

EXT. SEASIDE

Rene begrudgingly removes the LEATHER WATCH from his wrist, hands it to the OWNER of a SMALL COVERED FERRY, behind them.

INT. FERRY

Owner inspects his new watch, listens for the tick, as his SON (14) steers them UP RIVER. Rene is seated in back.

FERRY OWNER
You can always know...

INT. SEAPLANE

FLYING. The PILOT wears the GOLD WATCH. Rene sits behind him.

EXT. GROUND - AN HOUR AGO

Pilot motions to the Gold Watch on Rene's wrist, wants it.

RENE
This? Doesn't even work.

FERRY OWNER (O.S.)
...maybe not know what's fake-
sometimes can't know that...

INT. CROWDED RICKETY BUS - NIGHT

He stands, BOUNCES along, hand on a SEAT REST, sees 2 BEGGAR KIDS hover near the SILVER WATCH on his wrist. TICKING.

FERRY OWNER (O.S.)
...not for certain. But you say,
"Why a man wear watch that don't
work?" Must be real. Only answer.

He averts his eyes, lets a kid slip a finger UNDER THE CLASP preparing for...the bus hits a BUMP. Everyone JOLTS. Rene's hand goes back to the seat rest. The watch is GONE.

INT. TORC - SUB ROOM

Pyram searches the BIN the TARP is disposed in.

GAEL
They looked through all this.

PYRAM

Fine, I'll do it myself. Someone fucked with my ship I'd scour the earth but I guess you rich guys chalk it up to a game.

Gael helps sift through another bin out of guilt.

PYRAM (CONT'D)

We're cruising faster and cheaper than all those other derelicts but no I'll just watch my work go for naught again.

GAEL

They're not derelict.

PYRAM

What?

GAEL

Derelict is sunk abandoned cargo. Jetsam is *part* of a ship that's been jettisoned but you probably meant flotsam. It's floating wreck-

Pyram turns over his bin. CONTENTS splay out on the floor.

PYRAM

We are cruising faster and cheaper than any of those other-

GAEL

I believe that. From the beginning. I've believed it since Mumbai.

PYRAM

Then don't let me fail again! I can't take another blow. The route has to work. Has to.

GAEL (consoling)

It will.

Pyram notices SOMETHING SHINY in the spilled contents. Gael sees it too. They crouch. Gael picks up the METAL BAND from the Soleil, BURNED and SCRATCHED, reading "-V. SOLEI-".

PYRAM

What's that supposed to be?

GAEL

Soleil de Avril 8.

PYRAM

What is she? One of you haulers?

GAEL

Yes. Belongs to Joseph Locke.

PYRAM

Who the hell is that?

GAEL

New York. Just another competitor.

PYRAM

Man's burned through the hull,
flooded our cargo hold so he-

GAEL

Wait. You think he did that?

PYRAM

Don't you!? He's done everything he
can to slow us down. When you
succeed, you make enemies, Gael.
Come along with something new and
good in this world, old men will
step on your neck.

GAEL

The microwave.

PYRAM (going along with it)

Yeah.

GAEL

Waller said it was maintained.

PYRAM

Who's that?

GAEL

You should learn the crew's names.
"My domain. I check this shit." No,
we just happen to lose satellite.

(beat)

He's following us.

PYRAM

Damn straight.

INT. BÉJAÏA MARITIME EXCHANGE - AMIN'S OFFICE - DAY

Rene sits alone, Amin and Beth enter, walk to him.

GAEL (O.S.)
Why are you so loyal to my father?

RENE (O.S.)
He once...owned something that I
wanted. So I stayed close...

EXT. TORC - DECK - A WEEK AGO

RENE
...because of- I was selfish and
thought maybe I could get it one
day. And then...much later...it was
gone. But my alignment to your
father was still there, the
momentum behind it. Something
happens, something forms to a mold.
You confuse what you're doing with
why you're doing it. And then
you're a man and you're old.

INT. BÉJAÏA MARITIME EXCHANGE - AMIN'S OFFICE - PRESENT

Rene stands to greet Amin.

RENE
Rene Corbusier.

AMIN
Yes, of course.
(to Beth)
Your husband?

BETH
No, we're not married.

AMIN
I see. Brother then.

RENE
No, I'm not her brother.

AMIN (moving past that)
Well. You are Parfum Limited. How
can I be of service?

Rene doesn't know, looks to Beth.

BETH
We are interested in setting up a
series of transactions.

INT. TORC - RADIO ROOM - DAYS AGO

Rene runs a hand through his hair.

BETH (O.S.)
I've only ever wanted one thing
from you.

INT. BÉJAÏA - TAXI - PRESENT

Beth runs her hand through his hair. He lays down his INDENT.

BETH
That's not what I meant.

He moves to retrieve it. She grabs it before he can.

INT. BETH'S HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT

Beth hands Rene a drink. He watches Tahri put Michael to bed.

RENE
Is that him? DeMangier's son?

BETH
Women have a certain status in this
part of the world. Something she
knows about. Discarded for the next
young bride, his *proper* son given
the keys to the kingdom while she
and hers are left with their hands
out. She spent 3 years getting her
place at Béjaïa. Nothing makes you
feel more righteous seeking
vengeance than when the man's
family wants it too.

BEDROOM

Rene sees plans, maps, schemes on the wall.

TAHRI
He insures 3 of the 14 ventures
that house fuel at the Brine Array.

BETH
Can't get near the array. Concrete
barrier on top of shale on top of
bedrock. Besides it's not manned.
We need bodies. Men with policies.

Rene focuses on a photo of the Brine Array: CONCRETE ISLANDS.

BETH (CONT'D)

We'll find something else. A beautiful disaster. Somehow. He'll have to pay for it on the floor. He'll panic, claim fraud, send a runner with a card to stop it.

RENE

Tahri? But he'll recognizer her.

TAHRI

No. He won't. He'll see me. And even though our son has my eyes he won't recognize them. It won't register. He'll look right through me. I promise that.

INSERT: When Beth tried the first time. She STAMPS a RESCIND ARBITE. Tahri carries it off, discards the Rescind, keeps the Arbite underneath, "BATCH EXPEDITE". 2 ARBITES were stamped.

BETH

He'll stamp an order to rescind or hold. She'll take her time, buying seconds, minutes, until his patience is stretched before finally arriving with an order to expedite. The transfer will be forced. And nothing he does after will change that.

AMIN'S OFFICE - EARLIER

AMIN

How many transfers do you foresee?

BACKROOM

A PROCESSOR sets a STAMPER to DATES. Beth and Rene STAMP ARBITES with their INDENTS. HUNDREDS lay before them. Dry, like a divorce. "May 9", "May 12", "May 15", "May 18", etc.

BETH (O.S.)

The tide sweeps every 3 days, a hundred odd times a year. 9 years will take a thousand transfers.

Amin leaves, uncomfortable with this.

AMIN'S OFFICE

AMIN

This is gross abuse of a system set up in earnest to safeguard against gaming.

BETH

Yes. And you're allowing it.

AMIN

There is no allow. The exchange is 600 years old, refined and perfected through the fire of time-

BETH

Yes, you said that-

AMIN

Yes. And it does not require my stewardship to protect it. I have faith the floor will negate any attempts to...men have always hoped to subvert it, but history shows...

(beat)

No, with sincerity...the potential-

BETH

You're curious of the flaw.

AMIN (pausing, admitting)

Yes.

OBSERVATION LOUNGE

BETH

We buy boats and then sell them. Policies and we sell those. Stakes in refineries, ventures, paper, men, equipment, converted to tender and back. I buy them from you-

RENE

You sell them to me.

BETH

And you buy them from me.

RENE

I sell them to you.

BETH

Over there and over there and then back and over there.

DEMANGIER OBSERVATION ROOM - FUTURE

LOUIS DEMANGIER watches Boxes carried throughout the floor.

BETH (O.S.)

For 9 years he will do what I did,
watch this floor, knowing his money
is out there traveling this way and
that, eluding him. He'll keep vigil
on the boards hoping to find blame
but it will never leave the floor.

INT. TORC - CARGO HOLD - DAY

Pyram and Booth run a drill, slide MANY ISOs down OVERHEAD
RAILS, turn them through a corner with POLES until...

PYRAM

Move! Move! Okay, now!

...the last one, a BLUE ISO comes SPEEDING down the line.
Configured for industrial chemicals it's AIRTIGHT, has GLASS
PANELS, and looks like 5 connected EGGS housed in a cage.
They jump on, climb a LADDER fixed to the side, duck inside 1
of the 5 GLASS HATCHES, and lay on their backs, bracing.

Through the WINDOWS the outside WHIPS past until the ISO
comes to an ABRUPT STOP at the end of the rail. It SWINGS
slightly, HEAVY, 3 feet above the floor.

They brace, staring through the hatch to the hold's roof. The
ISO finally drops to the floor with a THUD. They LAUGH.

Gael watches. Pyram climbs out, proudly stands on the ISO.

PYRAM (to Gael)

It's gonna work! Just gotta get the
bracket to spin over is all.

Gael shakes his head, No, exits. Pyram is pissed. *Why?*

GALLEY

Gael finishes spaghetti. Waller has the MICROWAVE ASSEMBLY in
pieces on a cart, lays the 3 COPPER SPOOLS before Gael.

WALLER

This is not coming back anytime
soon. Not without parts. Someone
knew what they were doing.

GAEL

Tell Vicks to bring us to full
speed. No sense in waiting.

WALLER

Yes, sir.

Gael takes that in. First time he's been called that. He wipes his mouth, moves to leave, passes Pyram on the way out.

PYRAM

I'll drop it okay? But we get to the gulf and that fucking boat's there all bets are off.

GAEL

Jesus.

(pausing at the door)

That boat's there...I'll murder the lot of 'em.

Pyram stays, in thought, as Gael continues down the hall.

GULF OF CORINTH - DAY

The Torc enters a WIDE CROWDED CHANNEL. The SOLEIL is there.

INT. TORC - BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

HP navigates, orders the bridge crew. Pyram and Gael see the Soleil before them. Wordless.

MAP ROOM

PYRAM

He'll take the canal. And he trades isohexane. We know that much. If he's out of New York than he's-

GAEL

He's buying. Needs more ISOs.

PYRAM

Yes. And he'll get them...

Gael checks a wall MAP, sees they are close to...

GAEL

Corinth. He'll buy in Corinth.

PYRAM (sees Gael getting it)

Yes. And then after...

GAEL (on the map)

That puts him right at the mouth.

(realizing)

He'll take the canal.

PYRAM

Someone pushes you, you POP right
back with everything. Get 'em
stunned, half-second dazed,
wondering what the rules are.
Meantime you brought out the knife.

EXT. CORINTH - PIER - DAY

At a makeshift COUNTER Gael speaks to a local SELLER who's
busy on a call, the PHONE ever present on his shoulder.

GAEL

What's outbound price on isohexane.

SELLER

Go by ecotanks. My ISO holds 5
tanks. You tell me how many ISOs.

GAEL

One. But in my empty.

Seller's not happy, almost shakes off the deal.

GAEL (CONT'D)

Pay you double. But in my empty.

He points to the BLUE ISO, now being lowered to the pier.
Seller is suspicious. Gael writes a check.

LATER

Seller, again on a phone call, looks over to Reece, waiting
at the counter, CLAIM TICKET in hand.

REECE

Locke Seafaring. Picking up 3.

Seller motions to 3 CHEMICAL ISOs set aside. BLUE ISO is one.

MINUTES LATER

Sims shines a FLASHLIGHT through a GLASS HATCH atop an ISO.
The tank, 1 of 5 in the ISO, is FULL OF LIQUID. He yells out
a SERIAL marked just inside the tank:

SIMS

54 dash 239 bravo!

He moves past Pitt, also inspecting a hatch, to the next one
as Reece relays into a PHONE:

REECE (into phone)
 54 dash 239 bravo.
 (to Sims)
 Wait, that one's card has 2 punches
 left. How's it holding up?

SIMS
 Uh, slight wear. No corrosion. No
 debris in the float.

MINUTES LATER

Sims, Pitt and Reece confer. Routine assessment:

SIMS
 This one here and those 2 are on
 last legs but they'll pass.

EXT. CRANE - DAY

The 3 ISOs are conveyed to the hold of the SOLEIL.

AERIAL CORINTH CANAL - DAY

The Soleil enters the canal mouth, the Torc not far behind.

INT. SOLEIL - CARGO HOLD - CONTINUOUS

Through the top HATCH of the BLUE ISO we see a TANK ROTATE
 away, make room for Pyram, Vicks, and Booth to exit. They
 race to rig LINES to the underside of MANY CONTAINERS, affix
 DUCK CANISTERS to their tops then retreat to the Blue ISO.

Breathe.

INT. TORC - BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

At the helm Gael struggles to find the angle of approach.

GAEL
 Where's the depth? It's impossible.

Behind him, HP looks on, tries not to step in until...

HP
 Ok, come about 360. We'll go again.

GAEL
 Sorry. This is...I feel ridiculous.
 I know better.

HP
 Well, don't be too embarrassed.

GAEL (thinks HP's being kind)
No?

HP
Ships behind us think *I'm* driving.

Gael sees the Soleil move up the canal, his goal all along.

MINUTES LATER

GREEK CANAL AUTHORITIES come aboard, inspect papers.

GREEK AUTHORITY
Manifest. Papers. You've slowed
transit on entry. Sustain neutral
steer. Yes?

HP
Yes.

MINUTE LATER

Gael watches a TUG BOAT pull the Torc into the canal.

HP
You might as well go ashore with
everyone else. Tug's got us.
(makes "hands off" motion)
You'd walk across faster. See a
show on the way.

GAEL
I might. You sure?

EXT. CLIFFSIDE - DUSK

Gael looks on the Soleil from above, relays on RADIO:

GAEL (into radio)
2 on the bridge. 1 starboard...

BLUE ISO

They huddle around a SMALL RADIO, volume low:

GAEL (from radio)
...foredeck. A safe 2 minutes easy.

One last moment to settle nerves before Booth and Vicks jump out. Each takes a different RAIL racing with POWER TOOLS to unbolt STOPPERS, allowing Pyram to propel the first ISO along its way toward an ISO-SIZED FLAP DOOR on the port side which Vicks and Booth RATCHET open and EXTEND RAILS before the 3 men push the ISO through the OPENING to the end.

The ISO HANGS outside, TEETERING.

VICKS (whisper yelling)
CLEAR OUT! TO THE SIDE! CLEAR!

He pulls a LEVER, releases the ISO so it DROPS 5 STORIES to PLUNGE underwater trailing LINES that go TAUT, PULLING the NEXT ISO so it FLIES down the rails to the exit.

Again it TEETERS, DROPS, PLUNGES, PULLS an ISO. And so on.

The men race past the TRAIN OF 8 MORE ISOs WHIPPING by to the last one, the BLUE ISO.

Vicks jumps in. Booth, half in the hatch, looks back:

BOOTH
Pyram! Come on!

PYRAM
Someone's gotta shut the flap!

Pyram climbs above the rails, hidden. The BLUE ISO is YANKED to exit, leaves him. Booth PANICS. Vicks drags him inside, shuts the hatch.

BOOTH
Wait! We left him!

VICKS
Down! Sit down! Lock in!

Booth lays on the ISO floor, STRAPS IN.

Pyram affixes a POLE atop an 11th CONTAINER, this one not for chemicals, before climbing inside.

Booth, scared, straps in, lays back, just in time as...

BOOTH
NO! NO! NO!

VICKS
HOLD ON!

They DROP. The side of the SOLEIL whips past before...SPLASH. They SINK UNDERWATER.

SOLEIL CARGO HOLD

Lines go TAUT pulling the 11th ISO so it CRASHES down a level to the railway, revealing it to be CORST'S ISO. It WHIPS down rails like the others out the door, TEETERS.

Pyram braces the floor lit with PINHOLES of daylight. It DROPS. The pole SNAGS the door hinge, SLAMMING it shut.

UNDERWATER

The Blue ISO settles on the canal floor among the others.

INT. BLUE ISO

Booth looks up to the SOLEIL'S DARK SHAPE moving past, CORST'S ISO BREAKING through the surface, sinking slowly.

INT. CORST'S ISO

BLACK. The sound of WATER SPRAYING. Pyram CRACKS on a waterproof LANTERN to see ocean RUSHING in through every crevasse, filling the container. NOT airtight.

INT. BLUE ISO

The glass panels CREAK under the pressure. Fearful, Booth looks from one to the next to the next to Vicks, unpacking a SMALL SCUBA TANK from his kit, worried.

Booth scrambles to open his own kit but his tank is MISSING.

He scans around, doesn't find it, eyes landing on Vicks and then on Vicks' tank. They both realize the dilemma.

Booth again digs into his kit, desperate, as if it's possible a tank could be hidden in there.

INT. CORST'S ISO

Pyram BREATHES DEEPLY from a SCUBA TANK as the water rises above his head and to the roof. He situates, grabs control of the lantern, calms himself then turns to finally shine light on the ISO'S CONTENTS:

A pristine WHALE SKELETON suspended with CABLES through the VERTEBRAE. She attempted to skin it with CHICKEN WIRE and PLASTER. SKETCHES on the walls show EYES, ORGANS, TEXTURE.

EXT. TORC - NIGHT

Gael jumps to the Torc from the ROCKY CANAL WALL, a few feet. He sneaks forward, see's HP occupied reading a book.

CARGO HOLD

OVERHEAD LIGHTS GO OUT, leaving DULL RED BACKUP LIGHTS.

STERN DOOR

The giant doors opens out. A RAMP lowers to the water. Gael preps a CIRCULAR FLOAT, throws it out with a line. The BRIGHT LIGHTS affixed under the float shine down.

BLUE ISO

Booth and Vicks see the CIRCLE OF LIGHT move overhead. Vicks waits for the right moment, hits SWITCHES on a REMOTE. Outside the windows 2 SMALL DUCKS INFLATE like AIRBAGS.

UNDERWATER

In sequence DUCKS INFLATE on every other ISO. They LIFT towards the CIRCLE, still connected by HANGING ARCS OF LINES. All except for CORST'S ISO which stays on the canal floor.

STERN DOOR

The Blue ISO surfaces under the float. Gael starts a WENCH...

MINUTES LATER

...that quietly pulls ISOs into the hold one by one SIDEWAYS. Gael opens the Blue ISO hatch, peers in with a FLASHLIGHT: Booth and Vicks. No Pyram.

GAEL

Where's Pyram!?

Panicking, he races to the ramp, scans each ISO, the water, finally sees the 10th ISO rise to the surface with Pyram holding the side, SCUBA TANK on.

MINUTES LATER

The stern doors close. 10 ISOs drip water in the hold. Gael surveys the haul with something like pride.

BUNK ROOM

He's thinking of a toast. Finally:

GAEL

Step on their neck or wear their
boot print on yours.

Booth, and Vicks quietly cheer, drink.

BOOTH

Sorta feels good to be a pirate.

Gael quiets them, but he's enjoying it. He looks for Pyram.

INT. TORC - SHIP BOWELS

Pyram types relentlessly: "Where are you? Where are you?..."
A MESSAGE comes back just like with Rene. He smiles, exits.

ENGINE ROOM

Pyram opens the PANEL (Rene's cache). He knows what he's
after, packs one PUCK and PAPER CUT OUTS in a DUFFEL.

The Dog follows him to...

FOREDECK

Pyram nears the edge, gives the Dog a *click click whistle*.
The Dog sits obediently. Pyram steps off, falls to the water,
swims for shore.

EXT. TOWN - DUSK

STILL WET, Pyram approaches an OLD WOODWORKER.

PYRAM

You do woodwork? That a yes?

He empties his bag: Rene's CUT OUTS, now SOGGY. Beyond them
ENGINE NOISE and CHEERS erupt from an ARENA.

EXT. WELL OF DEATH ARENA - NIGHT

A daredevil show. TEENAGERS ride MOTORCYCLES up and around
the sides of a CIRCULAR WALL. We focus on one, TEJ (20).

Pyram follows Corst, CRYING, despondent, through the crowd.

PYRAM

How many times am I going to put
this in front of you just so you
can kick it over?!

CORST

Just once more.

PYRAM

It's all horrible you lost your
lot. A tragedy really. If you let-

CORST

And again.

PYRAM

I can help you if you listen! Let-

She turns to him.

CORST

And again.
 (beat)
 And again.

PYRAM

You can buy anything. I saw you buy them in New York. Just bones. We-

CORST

Oh, now you've been to New York? Is it nice?
 (beat)
 You're a child.

PYRAM

You can buy anything.

CORST

You can't buy it because it doesn't exist! No one's ever put together what's in that ISO. It was new. As new as anything can be.

He pulls a PUCK from his bag, shows it to her.

PYRAM

I know where there is more money than you could ever spend. And I'm going to get it for you.

CORST (still despondent)

Where?

INT. SEASIDE MECHANIC GARAGE - NIGHT

Upstairs, Corst sits with Pyram. He assembles the CUT OUTS now strengthened with THIN WOOD.

CORST

You stole it.
 (Pyram fears her meaning)
 You stole this.

PYRAM

You can't steal something that's abandoned. It's called derelict. Free for the taking.

CORST

Nothing's free. Somebody always winds up paying.

PYRAM

I tried it earnest once and it
didn't play. So fuck 'em.

Beyond them, the daredevils TUNE UP bikes, do TRICKS for each
other. Tej is there. A SAILBOAT is docked nearby.

She helps him finish: a 3D MAP of a section of sea floor.

CORST

If it's so valuable why would
anyone leave it down there?

INT. BETH'S HOTEL SUITE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Beth and Rene lie in bed.

BETH

I want a daughter.

RENE

Ok. Now you do. Not before though.

BETH

Yeah.

RENE

What if we try and it's a boy?

A DIGITAL CHIRP come from the next room.

BETH

We go again.

RENE

Ok. And what if-

BETH

If we run out of time I'll harvest
my eggs and you keep trying.

RENE

Ok.

Another CHIRP.

BETH

Ok? Really?

RENE

Yeah.

BETH

You promise?

RENE
Yeah. I promise.

BETH
Are you serious? Which part?

RENE
Anything. All of it.

BETH
Rene, you'd have to raise her.

RENE
Yeah.

She shakes her head: *you don't know what you're saying.*
Another CHIRP. She moves to check it. He watches, amused as she climbs on a chair, pokes a SMOKE DETECTOR with a broom.

HOTEL FRONT DESK - MORNING

Rene watches Beth argue with the MANAGER.

BETH
Oh, I'm the problem. I am? Well, no that's what you're saying. Don't tell me to calm down. Calm down.

BETH'S HOTEL SUITE - LAST NIGHT

She knocks the detector to the floor. It BLARES. She removes the battery. It doesn't stop.

BETH
How the fuck!? There's no battery!

Rene goes from amused to concerned, watches her rage grow.

HOTEL FRONT DESK - MORNING

BETH
I am going to calm- I'm going to leave here now and get some rest at a real hotel, have some breakfast and then I'm going to buy some gasoline or explosives or a hand gun and I'm going to come back here and burn this place to the ground. I'm going to shoot you and her and every person in this lobby and then set it all a-fucking-blaze.

(MORE)

Rene goes from amused to concerned,
 watches her rage grow. (CONT'D)
 And don't think you can call in
 sick because I'll just wait until
 you're here. I'm going to crack
 your skull and burn you alive. Old
 plaster walls will go up just like
 that.

Manager reaches for the phone. Rene tries to walk Beth away.

RENE
 Come on.

BETH
 Come on!?

RENE
 Come on.

MINUTES LATER

A COP questions Manager. Another questions Beth.

BETH
 Yes. Yes. I told him that I would
 come back tomorrow and kill him.
 Yes and burn the hotel. And I will.
 (looks to Manager)
 I will you smug prick. They'll take
 me and my AMERICAN passport to a
 station and hold me and I'll calmly
 pretend to come to my senses and
 they'll let me go. Maybe not till
 tomorrow. But then...then I'll COME
 BACK HERE AND BURN THIS WHOLE FUCK-

EXT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Alone, Rene sits on the curb, smokes.

MORNING

Beth steps out. He hands her a coffee. They walk away.

INT. NEW HOTEL

Beth rocks back and forth, holds her temples, in PAIN.

RENE
 Scale of 1 to 10. How would you-

BETH
 1000.

INT. SHANTY - NIGHT

Rene waits, sees a COLLAGE of family photos. One is a GIRL.
 A DEALER brings a SMALL TIN KETTLE. Rene pays him, exits.
 The GIRL'S (INDIAN) PHOTO is gone.

EXT. BAR

Rene stares inside at NIGHTLIFE, wraps the kettle in a cloth.

INT. BAR

He approaches TWO WOMEN at a table. One has BLACK HAIR.

RENE
 Someone sitting here?

BLACK HAIR
 No, take it.

RENE (CONT'D)
 Don't want the chair. I want to sit
 here across from you. Is that okay?

MINUTES LATER

BLACK HAIR
 ...sometimes French, sometimes he
 says it in English, or a mix, like
 within the same sentence, and I'm
 thinking I'm ruining this two-year-
 old who isn't going to be able to
 communicate when he's older.

MINUTES LATER

RENE
 Yeah, a daughter. She's four.
 Amazing. Of course. Beautiful.
 Just, uh. Actually...

He pulls out the PHOTO. She holds it up:

BLACK HAIR
 ...adopted?

RENE (proud)
 No.

BLACK HAIR
 Her mother?

RENE

Her mother.

BLACK HAIR

Striking.

RENE

Yes. She was.

Black Hair: *What does that mean?*

MINUTES LATER

RENE

I come home and in the...foyer.
She's laying there...across the-
there were steps going down and she
was across them uh...not natural...

BLACK HAIR

Just like that...

RENE

Yes. Well, no that was the begin-
that's how we knew she was sick,
but it was a while later...that...

MINUTES LATER

BLACK HAIR

If you like. I mean of course only
if you like. There's only sun there
and nothing else-

RENE

Yes. I'd like to go. I like you.

BLACK HAIR

Okay. There's only sun and curry
and we drink. I cook the curry.
She's worthless. There's taxis in,
but you have to arrange or you're
stuck for the fortnight...

His manner changes, from listening intently to subtly not. He flips the photo face down, grabs his coat, stands, cold. It's not the speed but the calm that's abrupt. He leaves.

INT. NEW HOTEL

Rene FIRES his torch under the Kettle, heats the OPIUM,
drapes a SHEER VEIL over Beth. She leans over the VAPOR.

EXT. TEJ' SAILBOAT - DUSK

Pyram, Corst and the teenagers speed forward. Tej sits on deck, SHAVES his legs and arms. Pyram joins him.

TEJ
Like Dolphins.

PYRAM
Dolphins.

EXT. OFF COAST OF JOAL-FADIOUT ATOLL - NIGHT

Tej's sailboat is anchored. Corst and the others wait, look down into the water. She is offered a CUP of soup.

UNDERWATER

Pyram SWIMS from a DARK CAVE to a BARREL suspended underwater, ANCHORED to the seafloor. He swims inside for AIR. Tej is waiting there.

PYRAM
Your float is tangled.

TEJ
You find something?

PYRAM
Nothing. Might be the wrong place.

TEJ
We try again at light. Tomorrow.

PYRAM
We try again at light.

TEJ
I'll pull the cord.

PYRAM
Your float is tangled in coral.
I'll get it.

They duck out. The FLOAT chained to the barrel top has risen through a HOLE in coral. Pyram tries to push back through. Tej swims down to loosen the ANCHOR. Above him the float INFLATES VIOLENTLY (a RAFT), PINS Pyram to the Coral.

Pyram recovers. His FINGER is jammed in a chain link. The raft SOARS UPWARD, takes the chain and barrel with it. Behind Tej the ANCHOR RISES, PIERCES his shoulder. IMPALED.

Pyram is forced up, SCREAMING. The barrel can't fit through the hole, trapping Tej underwater. Luckily there's just enough chain for Pyram to surface. Corst rushes to him.

PYRAM (to teenagers)
Help me! I'm caught! Pop the raft!

CORST (helping Pyram)
Pull! Pull!

PYRAM (screams in pain)
GODDAMMIT, POP THE FUCKING RAFT!

CORST
It's broken. Your finger's broken.

The teenagers finally hack away at the raft, DEFLATING it.

PYRAM
I have to go back!

CORST
No. Don't go.

PYRAM
Get the bolt cutters!

He descends which relaxes the chain so Tej can swim up. They pass each other.

Tej surfaces, desperate for air.

TEJ
BOLT CUTTERS!

They try to pull the anchor from his shoulder. He SCREAMS. They try a RUSTY BOLT CUTTER on the chain. No use.

TEJ (CONT'D)
I have to go back.

He descends, passes Pyram on his way up.

PYRAM (surfacing)
BOLT CUTTERS!

Corst kneels to him, steadies him, looks in his eyes.

CORST
Love. They don't work.

He stares back, can't process. Then, he knows. And she does, places the bolt cutter in his hand, watches him descend.

She steps back from the edge, waits. HORROR comes over her at the thought of what is happening. She takes off her SHIRT.

Tej surfaces. His friends rush to help, pull him aboard. They go to work removing the anchor, give him LIQUOR for the pain.

She moves back to the edge as Pyram surfaces. She wraps her shirt around his hand, now free. BLOOD soaks it instantly.

INT. TORC - GALLEY - NIGHT

Gael fills the Dog's bowl. Waits. Looks down the hallway.

DECK

He looks for him everywhere, scans the port, the gangway.

EXT. CITY OF ERITREA

HP and Gael search the streets with HIRED KIDS. Another kid comes up to Gael, takes some CASH, joins the search.

Gael hears DOGS BARKING, moves in that direction.

INT. DOG FIGHT RING

Men gamble. Dogs fight. Gael moves to a back room. He knows.

BACK ROOM

We stay on Gael's face as he walks in and scoops up the Dog from the many DEAD on the floor.

EXT. TOWN

He carries the carcass, stoic. A LOCAL approaches, offers money for it. Gael stops. HP pushes Local away.

GAEL
What did he say?

HP
You know what he said.

GAEL (shows 5 fingers to Local)
Five.

LOCAL (thinking)
Four.

GAEL
Five.

A deal. Gael calmly sets the Dog down, takes the five bills, puts them in his pocket, BEATS the shit out of Local. HP turns away, lets it happen.

INT. TEBESSA - HOTEL RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Beth and Rene have a candlelit dinner.

BETH (to Waiter)
Excuse me. I ordered goat's milk.
(in Berber)
Fresh goat's milk. This is not goat
or not fresh and I can't drink it.

Waiter leaves to handle this.

RENE
I want us to go to Joal-Fadiout.

BETH
There's nothing in Joal.

RENE
There used to be.

BETH
I'm not going to run and hide away
in one of your containers.

RENE
Wasn't that the goal? One day I'm
going to tell you a story about
that place. Our place.

BETH
I already know that story.

RENE
You don't know what I found.

BETH (to Waiter)
Excuse me. Were these glasses left
from the last party? Please- Jesus-
(in Berber)
Please return with clean glasses.

Waiter wipes the glasses with a cloth. Rene eyes Beth, sees it coming. She'll spin out soon.

BETH (to Waiter) (CONT'D)
Stop it. Go get your manager.

Rene watches Beth berate the MANAGER, melt down. He thinks, decides, LIGHTS the tablecloth with his torch. It FLAMES up.

They step away. Manager orders WAIT STAFF to douse it with pitchers of WATER. Rene PUSHES them away, lets it burn. Beth wakes from her rage, stares at Rene: *what are you doing?*

Outside, we see the fire spread through the windows.

EXT. TEBESSA - HOTEL RESTAURANT

Rene is HANDCUFFED by POLICE. He turns, sees Beth hiding behind a building, watching. She steps back, leaves.

EXT. REMOTE ROAD - POLICE CAR

They're leaving the city. Rene looks back worried. They approach a VAN blocking the road. He get's it:

RENE

Whatever it is I'll pay double.

He's pulled from the police car, handed over to ARMED CIVILIANS, pushed into the Van.

RENE (CONT'D)

Who owns that hotel?

A HOOD is placed over his head.

BLACK

INT. TRIPOLI - PRISON HOUSE - MORNING

Rene removes the hood, sees he's in a SPARCE BEDROOM. A BUTLER lays down TEA SERVICE. He follows Butler as he exits, finds IRON BARS in the doorway. Down the hall OTHER PRISONERS lean through BARS to see a CRICKET MATCH on a SMALL TV.

EXT. TORC - HULL - DUSK

TENS of DENTS APPEAR. BULLET HOLES.

INT. TORC - CORRIDOR

Gael stops walking, listens. TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT. *What is that?*

DECK - STARBOARD SIDE

He runs to meet Waller, Booth, and HP, huddled at the railing. A SKIFF is 1/2 mile off keeping up with them.

WALLER

Hold on. It's closing. Get ready.

Skiff nears to a 1/4 mile, FIRES SPORADICALLY, steers away.

GAEL

They hit us? Didn't hear anything.

They scan the hull. No damage. Skiff retreats again.

BOOTH

They don't know what they're doing.

HP

Bridge, let's speed along. Max safe throttle, 5 degrees to port. At least make them work for it.

NIGHT

Everyone is ARMED now. Waller arrives, reports:

WALLER

Few pings on C deck. Nothing major.
(points at sensor array)
Shot hell out of the microwave.

BOOTH

Microwave was already down.

WALLER

No shit. But they also shot the hell out of it.

HP scans the sensor array: MICROWAVE MANGLED. RADAR STOPPED.

GAEL

Who attacks a cargo ship with a machine gun?

BOOTH

They don't know what they're doing.

GAEL

Another skirmish? Someone hired them to mess with us?

HP (leaving, to GAEL)

Watch that skiff.

GAEL (following, to WALLER)

Watch that skiff.

DECK - PORT SIDE

HP grabs a FLARE RIFLE from an EMERGENCY RACK. Gael follows.

GAEL

What's wrong? You don't radio for a skirmish. Why'd they shoot it out?

HP

You don't radio. For a skirmish.

HP FIRES the rifle in the air off the port side, FIRES again. TWO BROAD ARCS OF WHITE HOT THERMITE HANG IN THE AIR and LIGHT UP an APPROACHING SHIP: THE MONPIRE.

On her deck ARMED GENDARMES prepare to board with LINES, GRAPPLING HOOKS, and RAIDING CRAFT hung from cranes.

HP (CONT'D)

Get the men below. Tell 'em brace.

(into RADIO)

Bridge, reverse engines. Hard to port on my mark. You'll correct for the roll then come about.

HP removes his PISTOL, tucks it between FOLDED WATER HOSES. He scrambles to get his arms into WALL STRAPS, bracing.

BRIDGE

VICKS

Copy. Reversing engines. Hard to port on your mark.

(check the 3-axis compass)

I'm not seeing any roll.

DECK - STARBOARD SIDE

GAEL (to crew)

Skiff's a diversion! Get below!

The skiff NEARS within 100 feet.

BOOTH

It's coming back! Let's open fire!

GAEL

Forget the skiff! It's a trick!

Skiff's FIRES a ROCKET from its blind. Gael scans the ORANGE TRAJECTORY to the Torc's STERN. THUD. WHITE LIGHT. FIRE.

Calm. Until the REVERBERATION comes 2 seconds later like whiplash. They're KNOCKED to the ground. The ship is ROLLING.

DECK - PORT SIDE

HP (into RADIO)
Ready...and...mark!

BRIDGE

Gael enters, struggles to stay upright. Vicks holds tight, watches the COMPASS ROLL, reacts:

VICKS
Coming about!

ABOVE

The Torc SPINS HARD 180° in place. The BOW moves across the length of the Monpire, SCRAPES her. The Torc's deck passes below the Monpire's CRANES.

BRIDGE

GAEL
Where's our pilot?!

Vicks is OVERWHELMED, sees 2 Gendarmes drop to the Torc's deck from REPELLING LINES. OTHERS drop in a RAIDING CRAFT. Gael takes the WHEEL, steers just past the Monpire. An EXIT.

GAEL (CONT'D)
Get below deck!

Vicks wrestles the wheel away, AIMS AT the Monpire's STERN.

GAEL (CONT'D)
No! What are you doing!?

VICKS
Even if we make it...we're not
going to make it!

Gael sees the Gendarmes come fore, understands, lets go. They crawl under the console, BRACING for impact.

ABOVE

The Torc COLLIDES with the Monpire's stern. A few Gendarmes are THROWN overboard.

BRIDGE

Vicks and Gael get SLAMMED against the wall, recover, watch the starboard entry for Gendarmes. Nothing. Maybe they're safe. Then VOICES. They turn to see the door BLASTED OPEN. FLASH GRENADES are launched in, EXPLODE. WHITE LIGHT. SMOKE.

BLACK

EXT. JOAL-FADIOUT ATOLL - DAY

Pyram and Corst have come ashore in a RAFT. It's lush, green, littered with ISOs, contents spilling out: FLAT-PACKED HOMES.

Inland they find BUILT HOMES, empty. A GONDOLA LIFT leads to the top of the DORMANT VOLCANO at the center of the atoll.

INT. VACANT FLAT-PACKED HOME

Corst walks through. The place is a gift, ready to live in. Outside, Pyram puts his ELBOW through a WINDOW.

PYRAM

Here! We can get in here!

He sees she's already inside. She points to the doorway:

CORST

There's no door.

INT. TORC - CORRIDOR - DAWN

Gendarmes escort HP. He sees Gael carried to a bunk, UNCONSCIOUS, head BLOODIED.

CARGO HOLD

HP sees Sims and Reece pick out the STOLEN ECOTANKS, match SERIALS to a CLIPBOARD. CHIEF SILVI oversees, professional.

SILVI (in Italian)

It will be easier with cooperation.

HP (in Italian)

You have it. My crew need medical attention. Corbusier's son is aboard.

SILVI (in Italian)

Yes, we know.

EXT. SHIP TO SHIP TRANSFER - DAY

An EMT with an EMERGENCY KIT rides a SMALL CARRIAGE to the Torc on a LIGHT TRANSFER LINE (LTL) suspended between ships. ISOs come the opposite way on a HEAVY TRANSFER LINE (HTL).

EMT starts, sees GAEL with a FLARE RIFLE on the Torc's deck.

EMT

CHIEF SILVI! SILVI!

TORC DECK

SILVI turns to EMT then to Gael, BLOODIED, stumbling toward the HTL CONTROLS manned by a GENDARME ENGINEER and HP.

Silvi quietly releases his SIDEARM, steps forward to intercept, speaks commands into a RADIO.

Gael (to ENGINEER)
Turn off the winch. Turn it off.

Engineer sees the rifle, complies. The HTL HALTS.

HP
Gael, stop!

Gael
Get them off the Torc!

HP
It's over, Gael. She's lost.

Gael
No. She's here. See? We just have to get the fucking pirates off-

The HTL POWERS UP again. Engineer worries, looks to the Monpire. Someone started it there. Gael doesn't aim but...

Gael (to ENGINEER)
STAND AWAY FROM THAT TETHER!

HP
Hold on, hold on. Put that down.

Gael
PUT IT DOWN?!

HP
Lower it. They're not pirates. They're privateers.

Gael
What...what's the difference? Which kind fires on my ship?

HP
They have a legitimate claim. The world recognizes that. They're in the right. Do you understand?

MONPIRE

NOLFI, a lieutenant, sets up a SNIPER RIFLE, trains on Gael.

TORC

SILVI (to HP in Italian)
He raises weapon I put him down.

HP (in Italian)
His head's not straight! Just back
away and leave me to him.

GAEL (to ENGINEER)
POWER DOWN THAT FUCKING TETHER!

Gael steps to Engineer, RAISES the rifle to his head. Seamlessly, Silvi steps to intercept, CHAMBERS a round, brings his gun to Gael's temple. BLAM! Silvi falls over, SHOT in the head by HP who immediately turns, SHOOTS the Engineer.

Shocked, Gael inspects his rifle: *did I fire?* Lost, he turns to HP in time to see him SHOT DOWN by Nolfi.

Gael drops, terrified, releases the rifle, curls up against the deck rail, staring at HP's lifeless body.

MINUTES LATER

Gael is thrown over the port side, ROPES around ANKLES. He SLAMS against the hull, dazed, bloody, left to HANG. Before him the BLUE WATER and WHITE HULL are beautiful.

Behind he sees the other crew also HANGING by their feet.

NIGHT

BOLTS being UNSCREWED. A RECTANGLE of NIGHT SKY opens, a PANEL removed. It FALLS past Gael, SPLASHES into ocean. He looks above. Booth has pushed it off the hull from inside.

PYRAM'S CRAWLSPACE

They rip CLOTH BANDAGES, wrap BLOODY ANKLES, drink WATER. Booth lays out: FOOD SCRAPS, 1 PISTOL, 1 GRENADE.

BOOTH (whispering)
3 men forward. They stick near the
helm. The rest went back over.

GAEL
Someone needs to get eyes on...
(Vicks moves out)
...the bridge.

Gael focuses on Pyram's space. Bedroll. Liquor. Complicated.

ABOVE THE CARGO HOLD

The rest are sussing it out, scanning the hold:

WALLER

There's nothing useful here. Unless we want to lob hubcaps at them.

GAEL

Tye and Grimm get back on ropes.

(to Booth)

Get us starboard. I wanna see her.

All move off. Tye and Grimm share a look, disgruntled.

STARBOARD CLINIC

They see the MONPIRE through a PORTHOLE, the transfer lines.

BOOTH

She's come about.

Something's off. Gael puts a PALM to the wall. VIBRATION.

GAEL

Are we under power?

BOOTH

No.

GAEL

Huh.

BENEATH BRIDGE FLOOR

Vicks quietly maneuvers through the tight space, peeking at the Gendarmes through a HOLE in the plumbing assembly. He sees a MARSHALL at the helm and 2 GUARDS near the doors.

PYRAM'S CRAWLSPACE

VICKS (reports to Gael)

Hole's just wide enough. Train a pistol on the leader. Pow pow.

GAEL

The other 2?

VICKS

Someone bangs the wall, distracts them, give me time to crawl out.

GAEL

No, I mean how do we handle them?

VICKS (holds grenade)
Oh. Lob this in. Hope it snags 1.
Charge the other.

GAEL
But what does that get us?

VICKS
The fucking bridge. Then full power
out of here.

GAEL
On the run, overmatched,
underpowered. Outmanned. Again.

VICKS
I have the shot and you're saying
don't take it.

GAEL
I'm saying paint the bridge red.
But wait 8 hours.

VICKS
For what?

Gael looks around. *There must be something we can use.* Waller arrives.

WALLER
We got it.

STARBOARD CLINIC

The MICROWAVE ASSEMBLY is here, still in pieces on a cart.

WALLER
Can't get the assembly near the
bridge in pieces like this. No
vantage, no place to put it. But...

He marks an X on the porthole, backs Gael up a few feet,
pushes the assembly flush against the wall.

WALLER (CONT'D)
Look through. We have steady line
of sight. Their quarters mid-deck.

GAEL
This will work?

WALLER

Definitely work. Flood 'em with radiation while they sleep. Just get cables up here, keep aim true.

GAEL

So this is it? We got 'em.

WALLER

Hell, yeah. Least one, guaranteed.

GAEL

What? One what? What one?

WALLER

Whichever of their men sleeps closest to the bulkhead.

GAEL

One man? This kills one man?

WALLER

Makes him sick. Guaranteed. Kill if we're lucky.

GAEL

Lucky?! How's this fucking help?! Makes a man sick? How's that help!?

Beat.

BOOTH

It makes one of their men sick. We don't have to fight one of them much. It's one less.

Gael can't believe these are the choices.

WALLER

We go ahead? I'll try to get one of their good ones.

GAEL

Yeah, go ahead. It's one less.

Gael steps away, adjusts a CAN of TALCUM POWDER, eavesdrops:

BOOTH

Maybe I could get to the sub room.

WALLER

Run out of fuel in 10 miles. And there's not enough room for us all.

BOOTH

How many's there room for?

Gael moves off, doesn't want to hear the rest.

PYRAM'S CRAWLSPACE

He sits, exhausted.

PYRAM (O.S.)

Walp...wellum.

Walp...curve around...wellum.

Walp...wellum.

GAEL (O.S)

What are you doing?

ARSENAL - WEEKS AGO

They rest on their backs. Pyram aims a pistol at a lightbulb.

PYRAM

Your props are going out of alignment. Hear 'em coming in and out? Walp...then that one catches up...and...wellum.

GAEL (listening)

Call and response.

PYRAM

Everyone pretends to keep 'em tuned but the boats all sound the same.

GAEL

Sort of comforting once you focus.

PYRAM

I guess. Makes me sleepy.

PRESENT

Gael positions his ear against the hull, listens. Eureka.

DECK

A GUARD checks on the prisoners, shines a FLASHLIGHT downward, sees 12 SHOES and 6 BODIES hanging from rope.

BELOW: 8 SHOES atop 4 HEAVY SACKS next to Tye and Grimm.

STARBOARD CLINIC

Gael DRAWS on the floor for the group, huddled, BAREFOOT.

GAEL
We're facing this way. Why?

VICKS
Engines off. We point up current.

GAEL
But the Monpire heads opposite.

VICKS
They're powered. Must want that heading.

GAEL
Yes, they must and they're spending fuel to keep it. So why?
(beat)
I only hear one prop spinning.
There's a call but no response.

BOOTH
You can't hear that.

Gael just looks at him: *challenge me.*

GAEL (draws a bulbous bow)
The Torc's got a bulb on the bow.
When we pushed that bitch, I think we got underneath.
(to Vicks)
You hit their starboard prop.

Vicks gives a small victory fist.

WALLER
They're guarding the good prop.

GAEL
Yes. That. One healthy prop and they've come all the way about to keep it away from us. If she were to lose it...

VICKS
...she's lost to water.

GAEL
From the landward side there are no guns at Aqaba.

SUB ANTEROOM

Waller replace SLUG TOPS with HARPOON SPEARS. Booth washes LABELS off AMPULES of INSULIN, sets up a TYPEWRITER.

GAEL

We impale her here and then again
aft, get leverage to pull- what?

VICKS

No visibility through the muck at
this distance. Even if you could
turn beams on which you shouldn't.

GAEL (counting with fingers)

Great. What else?

VICKS

There's fuel for the mag but that's
it. Minimal thrusters, no props, no
way to propel the sub.

GAEL (finger number 2)

Keep going.

VICKS

Well, a 100 meter line is 300
pounds of rope alone. Won't shoot
20 feet with that load. And that's
in air with no resistance.

GAEL

Try monofilament. Fishing line.

VICKS

How's that gonna help?

GAEL

You ever do any sewing?

BOOTH (about to type)

How do you spell it?

GAEL

C.I.P.R.O...

Waller loads a SLUG into the VortMag, now AFIXED to the sub.
The sub's HAND QUIETLY GRIPS the LIP of the OPEN WELL. Gael
enters the sub but...

GAEL (to VICKS)

Gotta keep the grenade.

He takes it, gives it to Waller who's as confused as Vicks.

SECONDS LATER

They lower the sub into water manually on an overhead CHAIN.
The TELESCOPING ARM EXTENDS slowly, pushes the sub FAR BELOW.

BENEATH BRIDGE FLOOR

Vicks trains a PISTOL on MARSHALL, checks watch: "5:36am".

UNDERWATER

The arm RETRACTS as the sub turns over with THRUSTERS.

LITTLE FOOT

Gael maneuvers it into position, uses a monitor to line up the VortMag with the Monpire's PARKING SENSOR (seen earlier). He checks his watch: "5:36am". The SECOND HAND TICKS to 12.

UNDERWATER

A SLUG FIRES at the MONPIRE towing a THIN LINE. KICKBACK spins the sub awkwardly. Gael PULSES thrusters to compensate.

The Slug IMPACTS, IMPALES the Monpire's FORWARD KEEL.

BRIDGE

A DULL PING from the Slug hit. Marshall follows the sound to the Monpire. Under the floor Vicks FIRES: POW POW. Marshall DROPS. Guards scan the room with MACHINE GUNS. Nothing.

One opens a DOOR to exit. Tye and Grimm SLAM it shut with all their weight, PIN Guard's arm. Grimm holds an AXE, hesitates.

TYE

Do it! Do it now!

Grimm brings the axe DOWN. Guard's SEVERED ARM and GUN fall.

UNDERWATER

HEAVY GUAGE CABLE follows the monofilament to the embedded Slug to THREAD THE NEEDLE, then returns to a...

SUB ROOM

...WINCH manned by Waller and Booth.

MONPIRE - CREW QUARTERS

Lt. Nolfi BANGS on the door, WHIPS it open, flips on LIGHTS.

NOLFI

Wake up! Get your ass on watch!

He does the same across the hall to a half-dressed SOLDATO.

SOLDATO

What the hell was that?!

NOLFI

If you were on watch you'd know!
Move! Enzo! Up top! Now!

ENZO is in bed with a HACKING COUGH. Nolfi and Sims enter, horrified at...Enzo's sheets DRENCHED in coughed-up BLOOD.

They're drawn to the porthole: FIREFIGHT on the Torc.

TORC BRIDGE

The other Guard opens FIRE on Tye and Grimm, hits nothing. Tye SPRAYS BULLETS blindly into the room at ankle level. Vicks sees Guard GO DOWN.

VICKS

You got him! He's down! Don't stop!

Tye fires again, hits Guard's body like a wet sack.

SUB ROOM

Waller preps the next Slug and LINE. Booth BREATHES DEEP.

WALLER (gripping the line)

Booth! Look at me. I got you. Okay?

Booth takes the Slug and one last BREATH, descends.

UNDERWATER

Booth swims below, loads the Slug into the VortMag, moves aside as the sub FIRES on the Monpire's AFT KEEL and corrects the spin again. He pushes the monofilament spool back uptop.

MONPIRE DECK - SUNRISE

Gendarmes assemble at the LTL, REEL in the CARRIAGE.

NOLFI

Two at a time. Suppressing fire.

The CARRIAGE and the line FALL into the water. They see why: Tye and Grimm are letting out SLACK from the Torc side.

NOLFI (CONT'D)

Get to the heavy line!

TORC BRIDGE

At the helm, Vicks runs the STARTUP SEQUENCE. Engines growl.

VICKS (into RADIO)
Helm's ready! Time to go!

SUB ROOM

WALLER (into RADIO)
Hell it is! Belay that! Don't move!

He helps Booth climb in with the spool, sets up the winch.

TORC DECK STARBOARD

Tye and Grimm scramble, DISCONNECT the LTL, carry off the HEAVY PULLEY BLOCK. For some reason they want to keep it.

SUB ROOM

The sub's ARM appears. The HAND grips the bulkhead.

WALLER (into RADIO)
Vicks, go now! All clear! Go!

BRIDGE

VICKS
HARD TO PORT! COMING ABOUT!

AERIAL

The Torc turns around. The CABLE from stern to the Slug in the Monpire's fore keel TIGHTENS, PULLS THE MONPIRE AROUND.

MONPIRE DECK - HTL

Gendarmes brace against the deck rail to hold on. The HTL SNAPS APART before them, CRASHING into the ocean.

TORC DECK AFT

Tye and Grimm CLIMB to keep the LTL free as the ship circles.

With the TALCUM POWDER, Waller waits as the Monpire nears...

WALLER
Pull it!

Booth drops the GRENADE in the can. Waller LOBS it over...

ABOVE MONPIRE DECK

It EXPLODES. A RAIN OF POWDER falls on the crew. They barely notice amidst the chaos. Sims sees the CABLE pulling them.

SIMS (into RADIO)
REVERSE ENGINES! SNAP THAT LINE!

TORC DECK AFT

Gael races up top, snags a FLOAT in the water. Waller and Booth use a PULLEY to reel it in, hitch it to a WINCH that WINDS UP until the HEAVY HOOK rises with CABLES behind it.

GAEL (into RADIO)
Vicks, 10 seconds! On my mark!

VICKS
Hurry the fuck up! She's fighting!

ATOP AFT STACK

Tye and Grimm RECONNECT the LTL to a STANTION.

AFT

Waller and Booth struggle, latch the HEAVY HOOK to the stern.

GAEL
GO! GO! GO! GO!

BRIDGE

Vicks PUSHES the THROTTLE to MAX.

VICKS
FULL POWER FORWARD!

AFT

The heavy hook takes on WEIGHT, BENDS DECK PLATING. CABLES attached to the Monpire rise as her stern is PULLED AROUND. Both SETS of CABLES go TAUT. The Monpire ROLLS onto her SIDE. Her PORT PROP rises out of the water, SPINNING USELESSLY.

BOOTH (amazed)
Fuck me.

MACHINE GUN FIRE comes from the Monpire's deck. Not a threat.

MONPIRE DECK

Gendarmes FIRE MACHINE GUNS at the tow cables, MISS WILDLY. Sims looks on critically, instructs Reece:

SIMS
Lower a crane hook. We'll yank it-

GENDARME
GET DOWN! GET DOWN!

The CARRIAGE SPEEDS towards them on the LTL. Gendarmes FIRE on it, duck before it COLLIDES with a THUD. No damage.

Sims stands to inspect, retrieves a BUCKET with a RADIO TAPED to the top. The crew take notice as...

RADIO (GAEL)
You have attacked a ship of sick men. If you know our masthead you know the cargo we haul. If you are our enemy then you know we have others. Last week we found a small drum of white powder in the hold.

They look around them, WHITE DUST coats every surface.

RADIO (GAEL) (CONT'D)
It contaminated most of the ecotanks before we realized what it was. Anthrax.

A GENDARME arrives, climbs into position with a ROCKET LAUNCHER, prepares to fire on the Torc.

RADIO (GAEL) (CONT'D)
By now some of your crew are likely experiencing symptoms.

Sims looks to Enzo, coughing, bloody mouth, white as a ghost.

Crewmen SWARM the Gendarme, apprehend the rocket.

SKIFF

Nolfi and GENDARMES round the Monpire toward the Torc.

MONPIRE DECK

Crew listen for more. Sims opens the bucket: AMPULES labeled "CIPROFLOXACIN".

RADIO (GAEL)
A regimen of Cipro injected 4 times a day is the only thing keeping us alive until port. In the bucket you'll find your first dose. The next dose comes in 6 hours.

TORC DECK

Gael lowers the radio, sights the skiff with BINOCULARS.

WALLER

They're not going for it.

GAEL

Get the hoses ready!

(to Waller)

They close you cut ties on my mark!

Suddenly, a ROCKET FLIES from the Monpire deck to the skiff, STRIKES just in front. The skiff goes AIRBORNE. DESTROYED.

Gael, Waller, and Booth gather in silence, staring back at the Monpire. Calm. *Did that just happen?*

TORC BRIDGE - DAWN

Gael brings in Tye and Grimm to relieve Vicks.

GAEL

This man needs to sleep.

(to Tye)

So you sit here.

(to Grimm)

And you watch that ship. Her prop hits water, gains traction, this is over before it's begun. So you balance differentials and route fluids. These engines will pull and they will not overheat and they will not give out. Anticipate victory then make it real.

AERIAL

The Torc tows their plunder, the Monpire, sideways.

INT. TRIPOLI - PRISON HOUSE - DAY - WEEKS LATER

TEARS STREAM down Rene's BEARDED GAUNT face. PRISONERS, GUARDS, and recent convert Rene crowd the hall, CHEER the biggest CRICKET MATCH ever on TV.

The POWER GOES OUT. The men YELL. Violent. They might RIOT.

MINUTES LATER

Prisoners cram against BARRED WINDOWS to glimpse a SOLDIER atop a TELEPHONE POLE fixing the electricity. All ADVISE him:

RENE

Just twist it! Twist the ends together! Jesus! Doesn't have to be perfect! You're not a fucking engineer! Clamp the ends! Twist it!

A GUARD yells for Rene's attention, comes to his side:

GUARD
Corboose. Corboose! CORBOOSE!

RENE (angered at the interruption)
WHAT!? WHAT!?

Rene turns to the exit, realizes: *Someone is here for him.*

MINUTES LATER

Gwen watches SOLDIERS count the PILE OF CASH she has brought.

INT. SUV

A BODYGUARD drives Gwen and Rene away. Rene removes his HOOD.

RENE
They weren't going to hurt me.

GWEN
I know. I took the train. Sleeper
car. Wrote depositions. Saw a film.

Amusement. Beat.

RENE
They might have. What film?

GWEN
You know I sent a razor. Is that
for effect?

INT. TRIPOLI - HOTEL BAR - NIGHT

Rene is shaven, clean. He sits with Gwen. Drinks.

GWEN
You could never see. Not even now.

EXT. BÉJAÏA - CAFÉ PATIO - NIGHT

Beth studies paperwork. Rene sits behind her. She senses him, turns. He smiles politely: *You left me. What's to say?*

INT. TRIPOLI - HOTEL BAR - NIGHT

GWEN
You're not chasing her anymore.
You're fighting a dime-sized mass
pushing against her cerebellum.
What you used to know of her.

INT. TRIPOLI - HOTEL HALLWAY

They stare at each other: *How does this night end.*

EXT. BÉJAÏA - CROWDED STREET - NIGHT

Mid-argument. Rene GRASPS Beth's blouse, SCREAMS at her:

RENE
Just watch, Beth! Fucking watch me!

BETH
He stole everything. He stole my
birthright.

RENE
And now you're handing him a decade
of your life? Our life! For what!?

BETH
Capitulation! He. Owes. Something.

She wrestles away. A PIECE of blouse tears off in his hand.

INT. TRIPOLI - HOTEL BAR

Rene and Gwen, drunk. He draws on a NAPKIN, sketches a plan:

RENE
I'll learn to fish maybe. I don't
care. Just not landlocked. It's
good for kids to roam, discover.

GWEN
Kids now. How many?

RENE
5 kids. Unless you want more...

He folds the napkin neatly, places it on the table.

GWEN
Last time. Tell me where your
operating budget comes from.

RENE
Jesus. I know where it comes-

GWEN
Say it.

RENE

The viatical. The insurance. You
sold the old man's policy.
(disgusted)
For 50 cents on the dollar.

GWEN

Yes, I did. The going rate. Steady.
Mechanical. But wait. DeMangier
took that. Bureaucracy. Béjaïa.
It's gone. How's that the income?

RENE

Must be some left. Cash hits the
account every quarter.

GWEN

Guess again.

RENE

Cash hits the account. We continue.

GWEN

Yes. We do. But how?

RENE

The viatical!

GWEN

Yes. But whose?

INT. TRIPOLI - HOTEL HALLWAY

He KISSES Gwen fast on the mouth. She returns it.

RENE (drunk)

It was you. It was always you.

She might agree. She might cry. She steps back from him.

INT. TRIPOLI - HOTEL BAR

Gwen eyes the napkin.

GWEN

Why did you take his name?

RENE

I suppose because it's better than
my last one.

INT. TRIPOLI - HOTEL HALLWAY

Rene steps forward, tries to kiss her again. She SLAPS him.

He recovers. She SLAPS him again. He's dumbfounded. She SLAPS him and he stays down, shamed, learning the lesson.

EXT. BÉJAÏA - CROWDED STREET - NIGHT

A CHIVALROUS MAN tries to slow Rene as he chases Beth, yells:

RENE

I'm going to marry her! And a home
and a kid and a place that's safe
and all the rest! And every step I
want you to see, every step from a
distance I want you to know-

Rene finally throws Chivalrous off.

BETH

'cause it's what we could have had?

RENE

Because you never could have had
it! With anyone! It was never for
you. Not for monsters, Beth! Watch!
Fucking watch me!

She mutters something.

RENE (CONT'D)

What!?

BETH

The ship. The Torc. Where is she?

INT. TRIPOLI - RENE'S HOTEL ROOM - MORNING

He answers the door, half asleep. It's Gwen.

GWEN

Where'd you route the Torc?

RENE

She's in the strait.

GWEN

That's not what I asked.

MINUTES LATER

She shows him a sequence of SATELLITE PHOTOS:

GWEN

18 hours ago. 18 before that. 18 before that. Another. She's here and then here and then back. Zigzagging. What's Gael doing?

Rene doesn't know.

INT. BÉJAÏA - HOTEL - NIGHT

On a photo Beth sees the MONPIRE towed behind the Torc.

BETH

What is this? Behind her.

RENE

Nothing. Artifact. Photo echo.

BETH

A photo echo?

RENE

It's satellites. They...it's not real. It's an artifact. You don't understand mapping.

BETH (seriously?)

I don't understand mapping?

RENE

Then you tell me what it is.

BETH

Well, it's not a "photo echo".

RENE

Yeah? Why not?

BETH

Because it's in every one of these.

He checks each photo. She's right. He worries. *What is it?*

OCEAN - DAY

ABOVE. An OCTAGONAL LIFE RAFT floats. Nothing else for miles.

CLOSER. Rene sleeps, wearing HEAVY WEATHER GEAR.

HOURS LATER

He warms his hands over a STERNO as it heats COFFEE. A DISTANT RUMBLING. He turns. The TORC nears at FULL SPEED.

He rushes, throws out a FLOAT and LINE but pauses, stunned to see the MONPIRE in tow, still DISPLACING a HUGE WAVE.

The Torc's CRANE HOOK drags in the water, HOOKS the FLOAT and RAISES Rene's raft to the Torc's deck.

INT. TORC - DINING ROOM

Vicks leads in Rene, still SOAKED. He takes in the shifted dynamics in the room. Sitting at the head of the table is Gael, Booth at his side, crew behind him.

Rene lays down a BAG, sits across, understates:

RENE
How's it going?

GAEL
I need to get rid of this weight
we're towing.

RENE
I can help with that.

EXT. CAPE TOWN - APARTMENT COMPLEX - DAYS AGO

Beth searches for the right unit, KNOCKS on the door. A WOMAN answers we soon will learn is Sim's WIFE. She holds a baby.

EXT. MONPIRE - LTL

The carriage SLAMS into the hull. The bucket is carried...

INT. MONPIRE - CORRIDOR

...to Sims in what has become the new ROTATED living space. He opens the bucket. Something's off. He counts AMPULES.

EXT. MONPIRE - LTL

SIMS (into RADIO)
Come in, we are 2 ampules short,
over. Repeat, we are 2 doses short.

LTL

Sims and Reece ride the carriage to the Torc, apprehensive.

INT. TORC - DINING HALL

Along with the Torc's crew they receive INJECTIONS from Tye and Grimm, all at the table (minus Rene). Booth serves SOUP.

They eat silently.

Gael

You're both key men. That correct?
Each an alliance fellow. Over 7
years. Earned your stake. Insured
for a sizable amount, correct?

Sims and Reece look at each other. Sims feigns ignorance,
surprised by...

Reece

1.6 million US.

Waller operates a VCR, hits play. The TELEVISION near the
ceiling blares ROOM TONE HISS from the tape. Then a voice:

TV (Sims' Wife)

Hello, Roberto...

Sims turns. Wife faces camera, awkward with eye contact.

Sims' Wife

...I'm not- the company's not
telling us anything really,
anything definitive...about the
ship but I know...or I
think...you're okay. I know that
you're okay.

(to camera operator)

Actually not sure what I'm- to say-

Beth (O.S.)

Just about the...

Sims' Wife

Right. Roberto, I want to do
this...plan. I'm tired...of the
distance and being pushed around
the globe by these companies. I'm
tired of water. I just want a piece
for us now. I want more months
together than apart.

In tears now, she holds something, shows it: a BÉJAÏA INDENT.

Sims' Wife (CONT'D)

I'm going to give this to her. And
you come to meet me. I love you.

EXT. MONPIRE - DAY

Her BOW ANCHOR is loosed, SPLASHES into water, sinks. On
deck, Waller watches the chain let out, relays...

WALLER (into RADIO)
90 feet- 92- 94- ready, 96. Stop.

PORT PROP

Still above water, it ROARS to life, SPINS in air.

WALLER (into RADIO)
You got it. She's humming now.

INT. MONPIRE - ENGINE ROOM

Work complete, Vicks packs his tools, reports back:

VICKS (into RADIO)
Coming up.

CORRIDORS

Vicks makes his way up top. Rooms, corridors are VACANT.

LTL

Vicks and Waller ride to the Torc as they inspect the STERN LINE (Torc->Monpire Stern), now REINFORCED with 20 CABLES. They board the Torc, share a look. Nervous.

FAR OVERHEAD

Monpire in tow 300 feet further back the Torc approaches THE BRINE ARRAY, CONCRETE PLATFORMS dotted with REFINERIES.

The Stern Line is let slack so the Monpire evens out bow forward, starts one continues SKID. Her prop touches ocean, gains TRACTION, SPRAYS everywhere.

The Torc enters a NARROW CHANNEL, RELEASES the Bow Line.

At FULL SPEED the Monpire's ANCHOR CATCHES the UNDERSEA BARRIER, yanking her bow DOWN as she IMPACTS the first platform. It doesn't give. Her stern rises as the Stern Line goes TAUT, SLICING down 2 WIND TURBINES.

The Torc PULLS the Monpire through the skid, bringing her stern AROUND and UP until almost VERTICAL before she TOPPLES UPENDED onto several CHEMICAL TANKS.

EXPLOSIONS. FIRE. A CHAOTIC CHAIN REACTION ACROSS PLATFORMS.

EXT. TRANSPORT

Rene, Sims, Reece, and the Monpire Crew watch the explosion from a distance. The transport speeds away.

INT. BÉJAÏA MARITIME EXCHANGE - AMIN'S OFFICE

Amin and Brooks sit across from DeMangier and his LAWYER.

AMIN

By all accounts and investigations
the fault is laid at force majeure.

LAWYER

Weather? You're blaming weather?

BROOKS

Gale force winds. The ship was
found upended atop refineries. What
else would explain-

DEMANGIER

Who's ship is it? That decided to
ram into a fuel hold in the middle
of the Indian Ocean.

AMIN

His name is Joseph Locke.

LAWYER

Then this Locke is responsible.

BROOKS

That is improbable. It simply-

DEMANGIER

This Locke will pay for it.

AMIN

He has paid for it, sir. In the
lives of his men and a series 2
300-ton vessel burned to its
skeleton. And even if at fault he
hasn't the funds to deal with a
matter this size.

(beat)

Sir, you have had what's called a
great run. You've made the choice
to delve into paper. Now you've
insured a thing and that thing is
broken. Things break...or else what
is the need for insurance. You are
the responsible party. My charge is
to hold you responsible.

DEMANGIER

Do you know the size of business I
run through your pissant medieval
little floor?

AMIN
Knowing that is also my charge.

DEMANGIER
If I take that business elsewhere?

AMIN
That has always been your choice.

DEMANGIER
I'm done arguing.

AMIN
Sir, we're not arguing. You agreed to a set of rules. An obligation to make good for men lost and property damaged. It happens as we speak.

CORBUSIER OBSERVATION ROOM

Alone, Rene watches Boxes move to Mirror Transfer.

EXT. MICHAEL'S SCHOOL

Michael and other KIDS exit a bus. DEMANGIER'S SON is there.

SON
Michael!

Michael stops. Son approaches, kneels down.

SON (smiling)
Do you know me?
(Michael doesn't)
Has your mother told you you have a brother? I think we...
(touching his nose)
...have the same nose. Funny, no?

EXT. TAHRI'S APARTMENT

Tahri waits on a bench, sees Beth approach 50 yards off. Tahri turns, sees Son and Michael coming down the sidewalk. She looks to Beth, worried, puts up a hand. Wait. She hides her BAG behind the bench, gets up to meet Michael.

TAHRI
What are you doing out of school?

SON
Hello, Tahri.

Beth watches them leave together in a VAN.

CORBUSIER OBSERVATION ROOM

Beth joins Rene. She has Tahri's bag.

BETH
Tahri won't be here.

Beth checks DeMangier's Observation Room. Lawyer is there.

RENE
He hasn't shown. Maybe you don't
need her.

DEMANGIER OBSERVATION ROOM

DeMangier enters. Lawyer is on the phone, relays information:

LAWYER
Two accounts so far.

DEMANGIER
Stop the transfer.

LAWYER
On what grounds?

Demangier looks at him. *That's what I pay your for.*

LAWYER (into phone)
Put a hold on the transfer pending
secondary review. We suspect fraud.
(to DeMangier)
They're sending a runner. That buys
us a day but...

MIRROR TRANSFER

DeMangier's Chest and 2 Boxes are there. A 3rd Box arrives.

PROCESSOR (to a CARRIER)
We're expecting...8 more. We'll
wait until they all arrive.

DEMANGIER OBSERVATION ROOM

DeMangier STAMPS an Arbite entitled "HOLD FOR SECONDARY REVIEW", hands it to the RUNNER. He looks at her eyes for a moment. Something's odd, but he can't place it.

Runner walks away and down the hall. It's Beth. She discards the top Arbite, keeps the one underneath: "BATCH EXPEDITE".

FLOOR ENTRY

She moves toward the floor, nervous, hands Tahri's BADGE to a GUARD. He verifies it in a WOODEN MACHINE, allows her in.

FLOOR

She enters the floor, checks Mirror Transfer. A 4th BOX arrives. She circles the Carousel, looks for others.

DEMANGIER OBSERVATION ROOM

Amin enters.

AMIN
I've been summoned?

DEMANGIER
You've an imposter on the floor.

AMIN
Not likely.

DEMANGIER (to Tahri)
Point her out.

Amin turns to see Tahri, scared. Michael sits on Son's lap.

CORBUSIER OBSERVATION ROOM

Rene sees Amin with Demangier, finds Beth on the floor.

RENE
Look at me, look at me, look at me.

She turns to him. He motions to Demangier. She looks, worries, looks backs to Rene. They can't hear each other.

RENE (CONT'D)
Lock it. Lock it in.

BETH
It's not all of it.

She thinks. No options. She moves to...

MIRROR TRANSFER STATION

She hands the Arbite to the Processor who verifies it.

PROCESSOR
Batch Expedite. Begin transfer.

They transfer Tender from the Chest to the 4 Boxes.

DEMANGIER OBSERVATION ROOM

Tahri moves to the window, POINTS to BETH. Amin sees it's her, SNAPS for a Runner, pulls a BLUE CARD from his vest.

AMIN
Shut it down.

RUNNER
Sir?

AMIN
Shut it down, now.

The Runner races off with the card.

MIRROR TRANSFER STATION

The transfer is complete. They close the 4 Boxes.

PROCESSOR
These 4 to Carousel. Chest goes
back to the Cabinetry.

Beth moves to exit, watches the 4 Boxes enter the Carousel.

A BELL is rung 7 TIMES. ALL FLOOR PROCESSORS halt, place their work on the desk or floor before them and step back.

A SWARM OF GUARDS enter, surround Beth.

HOLDING CELL

Amin passes ARMED GUARDS, enters, grave. Beth sits alone.

AMIN
120 years. The floor's never halted
in that time. 13 of my predecessors
cannot claim that honor.

BETH
What does he know?

Amin finds the end of a ROPE embedded in the wall, hidden.

AMIN
Given what you've done are you
under the impression I'm here on
errand to deliver you information?
(beat)
He'll wait and watch the boards.
Whoever swindled him will want that
money liquidated.
(MORE)

AMIN (CONT'D)

They'd be mad to go to all the trouble with no intention to spend it in the world. What he does with them after is his concern. He's not a forgiving man.

BETH

He'll know it's me when he learns I was on the floor.

Amin pulls the rope, TEARS away DRYWALL. The shape of a DOOR.

AMIN

Yes.

She EMBRACES him. Unprofessional. He exits past the guards.

She rips back the drywall. A DOOR. She opens it to SUNLIGHT.

INT. BÉJAÏA - BETH'S RESIDENCE

Rene watches from the next room: Beth eats soup, defeated. She stops. Gets up, opens the closet, disrobes.

INT. HIGH END BAR - AN HOUR LATER

Beth, in a RED DRESS, stands at the bar, handles a DRINK.

EXT. HIGH END BAR - MINUTES AGO

Beth walks to the door. Rene runs after her.

RENE

Beth! Please. Please don't do this.

BETH

I just want a drink.

RENE

You got him. You got him.

BETH

I didn't get him. I got 36 percent. A third. I got a third of him.

RENE

This is a man that exists outside accountability and now you have brought him low. If you do this he is going to kill you. And kill me. And go after everyone we know.

BETH

I just want a drink.

EXT. OCEAN - NIGHT

A SHIP plows toward the Torc, far off on the horizon.

INT. HIGH END BAR

DeMangier has drinks with FRIENDS. Beth's view of him is blocked until the crowd thins. She waits for him to see her.

EXT. OCEAN

The ship draws within meters of the Torc. It's the WHITTAKER.

INT. HIGH END BAR

From across the bar, DeMangier sees Beth staring at him. He smiles. She raises her drink to him, a TOAST.

EXT. OCEAN

The Whittaker is deck to deck with the Torc. MEN WRAP HEAVY CHAINS between the two ships' decks, securing them together.

INT. TORC - GAEL'S QUARTERS

Gael wakes from the noise on deck.

INT. CAR

Rene drives, SPEEDING. Beth leans against the window, drunk.

BETH

I only wanted one thing from you.
He doesn't know. Just thinks he
knows but he don't.

EXT. ROADSIDE BODEGA

Rene SCREAMS into a payphone, Beth still in the car.

RENE

Chameleon! One! Dot! Alpha! Voice
to text! Begin passage! Threat en
route! Maintain visual at 5 miles,
all points. Avoid all vessels on
horizon! Specific! Whittaker! W! H!
I! T! T! A! K! E! R!

Beth exits the car, stumbles, COLLAPSES. Sounds of VOMITING.

ABOVE: She lies on the ground. RED VOMIT encircles her head.

INT. TORC - RADIO ROOM

The room's silent. No communication. MEN yelling outside.

INT. MERCENARY HEADQUARTERS - SEASIDE - NIGHT - 1 DAY AGO

Office setting. An ADMIN lectures Joseph Locke and Pitt.

ADMIN

A man thinks he can go to
authorities to solve his problems.
But of course *proper* authorities
lack a certain...willingness. Or he
might own a collection of guns and
think to dole them out to crew. The
quagmire of unskilled labor.

LOCKE

We weren't going to spend 90
thousand on militia to get back 60
thousand in stolen cargo.

Admin flips through PHOTOS Locke has brought, sees the name
"TORC ELEANOR" on the ship. Odd.

ADMIN

But now?
(beat)
Will you excuse me for a moment?

BRIEFING ROOM

ADMIN (to an ASSISTANT)

Show me the brief. The ship's name.

Admin scans through PAPERS, realizes, turns to DEMANGIER'S
SON who sits, waiting. Admin looks down the hall to Locke.

INT. PYRAM'S FLAT-PACKED HOME - BATHROOM - DAY - PRESENT

Alone, Pyram ETCHES the rest of his WHALE TATTOO with the
knife-end of the pen, SLATHERS INK into it.

EXT. JOAL-FADIOUT ATOLL - GONDOLA LIFT - DAY

Corst explores the base of the Gondola Lift.

INT. BÉJAÏA HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Beth rests in bed. Fluids pump. Machines.

DOCTOR'S OFFICE

A DOCTOR addresses Rene, references the CRUMPLED PAPERS.

DOCTOR

You seem to be operating under-
maybe not delusion but the
idea...that she's just going to
live out her time with faculties
intact then at some point quietly
pass away. Well, regardless of what
we decide today I'm telling you
that is not the case. Not remotely.
There is a wide range of
manifestations not least of which
is loss of motor skills and brain
function. There isn't going to be a
deathbed goodbye. You're going to
see her unwind in slow motion and
there won't be a distinct moment
you'll know it's over.

EXT. JOAL-FADIOUT ATOLL - GONDOLA LIFT - DAY

Rene carries Beth (in gown) upstairs, comes faced with Corst who sees Beth, that this is dire. They don't speak. Rene enters the Gondola, starts a GAS ENGINE. ASCENDS.

EXT. RENE AND BETH'S FLAT-PACKED HOME

Top of the dormant volcano. Rene carries Beth inside.

INT. RENE AND BETH'S FLAT-PACKED HOME

He builds a FIRE, places logs in the fireplace, tacks LINEN over the bare windows, softening the light, brings up FOOD STORES and BLANKETS from a cellar, prepares a STERNO KIT to boil water, pours drops in from the BOTTLE OF OPIUM.

He drapes a tent of SILK over Beth, asleep in bed, positions the opium before her, wafts the mist toward her. She INHALES, eases, as comfortable as a dying person can be.

He sits next to her, takes her hand, thinks on what to do.

EXT. TORC - DAY

A MERCENARY PARTY boards, searches the deck. A MINE-PAIR comes SLIDING towards them, wraps around the ankle of the HEAD MERC. He panics, looks forward. A HAND holding the COM (detonator) peeks out from behind a corner.

HEAD MERC

GO! GO! GO! BACK!

The MERCS retreat back to the Whittaker. Around the corner...
 ...Gael holds the Com. The CREW is hidden with him.

GAEL
 GO! GO! GO! GO!

Booth and Vicks lob MINE-PAIRS that get entangled on the railing and CHAINS. Gael hands the com to Waller who keeps MULTIPLE COMS around his neck.

GAEL (CONT'D)
 Not till I say.

WALLER
 Yes, sir.

INT. MERCENARY HEADQUARTERS - SEASIDE - NIGHT - 1 DAY AGO

Son focuses on a MILITARIZED TUG BOAT docked outside, the "MADHATTER". Locke and Pitt are behind him now.

SON
 This will pull a 2000 ECU vessel?

ASSISTANT
 It was designed for this purpose.

SON
 Against her will?

LOCKE
 You have a ship. I have men. Hiring more. Men that want only to see Corbusier's son underwater.

SON
 I'm not my father so let me be clear. I aim to retrieve some portion of 3 million US whether that be the ship in whole or scrap. Do what you will with the son.

EXT. TORC - BRIDGE ROOF - PRESENT - DAY

Gael fires a RIFLE at the railing, scares off a MERC.

BOOTH
 All clear. Gael, look at this.

The MADHATTER pulls forward from the WHITTAKER, ahead of the TORC. Gael hands Booth the rifle, about to leave.

GAEL

Keep them off the railing.

BOOTH

Sir. Gael. I can't shoot a man.

GAEL

Course not. Keep 'em off the ship.

FORE DECK

Gael marches forward, pulls an RPG from his duffel, steadies himself, FIRES on the Madhatter, Vicks next to him.

EXPLOSION. No damage. The Madhatter's aft is ALL STEEL.

VICKS

20 more won't make a dent.

Gael has an IDEA. Above them they see a HELICOPTER circling.

GAEL

Train your sight. Distance to her forward hull. Relay. Waller! Get me four lines tied forward! Get down!

They duck as the Madhatter FIRES TWO HARPOONS into the Torc.

INT. PYRAM AND CORST'S FLAT-PACKED HOME - DAY

Pyram and Corst hold each other in bed together, naked. Pyram's TATTOO matches one on Corst's chest. A WHALE.

Rene pushes the FRONT DOOR. It FALLS to the ground. He enters, startles them, speaks to neither directly:

RENE

Let's go.

PYRAM

I'm not going anywhere.

Rene finds Gael's PENKNIFE on a dresser, takes it. Pyram wraps himself in a sheet, confronts Rene.

PYRAM (CONT'D)

You hear me, old man? Now get the-

Rene SLAPS him to the the wall. A kid.

RENE (to Corst)

Let's go.

EXT. TORC - MID DECK

GAEL (into walkie)
Where's she at?!

WALKIE (VICKS)
58, 60 meters.

GAEL (to Waller)
Tie a bowline at 60 meters. Now!
(about a Mine-Pair)
Are these ready?

Waller nods. Gael ties them to an RPG, aims STARBOARD.

WALLER
What are you aiming at?

GAEL
Loop me in. Stand back.

Waller secures the bowline on the RPG, stands back. Gael FIRES. The RPG FLIES in a WIDE ARC, constrained by the line, SKIPS on the water, MISSES the target, sinks.

WALKIE (VICKS)
No hit. Repeat no hit.

GAEL
GO AGAIN!

Waller holds the com, ready to detonate but...

WALLER
Should I blow it?

GAEL
No, don't show our hand. GO AGAIN!

INT. WHITTAKER - READY ROOM

DeMangier's Son watches everything on MONITORS.

SON (into WALKIE)
Madhatter, cut rope, pull around.
There's still life in her.

EXT. JOAL-FADIOUT ATOLL - GONDOLA LIFT - DAY

Rene watches a HELICOPTER descend.

INT. PYRAM AND CORST'S FLAT-PACKED HOME - DAY

Corst dresses, prepares to leave.

PYRAM

There's nothing back there for me.
You know that. You know that?

She nods.

PYRAM (CONT'D)

Don't you see that I've already
won? There's nothing I owe them.
There's nothing I left behind.
There's no reason in the world to
go back. I've already won!

She nods, calmly leaves. Pyram knows he will follow.

EXT. OCEAN

The Madhatter RELEASES the harpoons, turns.

EXT. TORC - FORE DECK

VICKS

She's veering port!

MID DECK

GAEL (into WALKIE)

I don't care where she's turning!
Just the distance!

WALKIE (VICKS)

65 meters.

Gael and Waller move aft 5 meters, repeat the process. Waller needs time to punch in the new SERIAL into the COM:

WALLER

Wait! Wait! Okay, Go!

Gael FIRES. This time the RPG hits the Madhatter's BRIDGE.

GAEL

Now, Waller.

Waller hits the com. The MINES EXPLODE inside the Madhatter.

INT. HELICOPTER

Rene, Corst, and Pyram look down at the sight of the TORC battling the WHITTAKER and the MADHATTER. The RPG FLIES in a WIDE CIRCLE, BASHES into the Madhatter's HULL. EXPLOSION.

EXT. TORC - MID DECK

WALKIE (VICKS)
Direct hit!

GAEL
AGAIN!

Waller reads the next Mine-Pair serial. Gael check the rail:

GAEL (realizing)
What about the mines on the rail?

Waller goes quiet. *He doesn't have the serials.*

GAEL
Not your fault. Happened too fast.

WALLER
They only take one code at a time.
I had to overwrite. I'm sor-

GAEL
It's not your fault. Now. Again.

EXT. OCEAN

Pyram and Corst are left in a RAFT. HELICOPTER ascends.

EXT. WHITTAKER - MID DECK

Locke comes up to deck in time to see ANOTHER RPG fly from Gael, arc around, SLAM the Madhatter. He orders MERCS:

LOCKE
ENOUGH! TAKE HER BRIDGE! NOW!

EXT. MADHATTER

A GAPING HOLE in her starboard side. She takes on WATER.

EXT. WHITTAKER - MID DECK

MERCS WITH BOMB SHIELDS come on deck, approach the rail.

EXT. TORC - BRIDGE ROOF

Booth FIRES the rifle, keeps the Mercs at bay. IN THE BACKGROUND a LONE FIGURE descends from the sky.

EXT. TORC - AFT DECK

Rene steps onto the Torc, harnessed to the helicopter a kilometer up. He removes the harness, moves below deck.

INT. TORC - CARGO HOLD

The AFT DOOR OPENS. Rene HOOKS a FLOAT from the ocean, connects it to a WENCH, wheels in a LONG LINE, exits.

EXT. TORC - BRIDGE ROOF

Gael arrives to take over, loads ANOTHER RIFLE.

Gael
Great job, Booth.
(into walkie)
Waller, we need the coms now!

WALKIE (WALLER)
Working on it!

BOOTH
It'll destroy our whole port side.

Gael
Yes. It will. And theirs.

INT. TORC - CARGO HOLD

The wench pulls in Pyram and Corst's RAFT. Pyram races up.

Pyram (to Corst)
Stay here. Find a safe spot.

Corst is left alone. Soberly, she steps forward.

EXT. TORC - BRIDGE ROOF

Gael UNLEASHES 10 SHOTS, finally SPLITS a MERC'S SHIELD. Pyram arrives. Gael embraces him, torn. Happy and betrayed.

Gael
You've been gone. I need your help.
They won't stop. I have a trick.

INT. TORC - ARSENAL

Rene gives Corst OPIUM.

RENE
How do you feel?

CORST
Not myself. Old.

They're interrupted when Waller races in.

EXT. WHITTAKER - MID DECK

From behind cover, Pitt orders the Mercs, counsels Locke.

PITT (to MERCS)
 Go again! You, prep the away skiff.
 4 men. Be in the water in 3
 minutes. You, get canisters up
 here. Everyone wears masks.
 (to LOCKE)
 Lone rifleman. We'll gas him out,
 he runs low, wants to talk. We'll
 be friends. If they were gonna blow
 the railing they would've by now.

INT. TORC - ARSENAL

Waller frantically searches the EMPTY MINE CASES for serials.

WALLER (to himself)
 Used that one. And that one. Maybe.
 Shit, how am I supposed to know.
 (into walkie)
 Gael, I don't know which are which.

WALKIE (GAEL)
 Try them all!

WALLER (into WALKIE)
 On it!

He punches a serial into a com, pauses, hits SEND, listens.
 Nothing. He punches the next serial in.

WALKIE (VICKS)
 Waller, STOP!

WALLER
 What! Did it work!?

WALKIE (VICKS)
 No! Negative! But you know there's
 a serial you shouldn't try, right?!

Waller is puzzled, then realizes the last MINE-PAIR is
 hanging around his neck. PANIC. *What did he almost do?*

WALLER (into WALKIE)
 Of course. But thanks.

EXT. TORC - BRIDGE ROOF

Pyram keeps watch on the rail with BINOCULARS. Gael hunkers
 down, readies himself, 1000 mile stare.

GAEL

You're the only friend I've had.

PYRAM

Don't say that.

GAEL

You're my only friend.

PYRAM

Fuck you. Get your head straight.
I'm not here for the ship or any of
you. I have everything. You people
just keep trying to hit bottom.

GAEL

Where's the dog?

BEAT. Pyram looks to him. *What does that mean?*

PYRAM

Below deck. He's fine.

Gael turns to him. Pyram worries. He looks to the rail.

PYRAM (CONT'D)

Fuck you. He's below deck.

(beat)

They're gearing up. One's close to-

GAEL

Stop. Don't. Just say when to go.

PYRAM

Now.

Gael POPS up, SCOPES a Merc about to fire TEAR GAS, EMPTIES 5 ROUNDS into his skull, drops back behind cover. A ROBOT.

Pyram reels in shock, tries to recover:

PYRAM (CONT'D)

There's another one. Uh, they're
crawling in to clear the first out-

GAEL

Not the play by play! Don't make me
decide! Just call it!

PYRAM (stops himself...)

Close. Closer. Now.

Again, Gael POPS up, kills the next Merc, takes cover. He stares off, CRIES at the thought of what he's seen. Pyram, fearful, eyes Gael. *Who is this person now?*

PYRAM

Uh, he's down. Her decks clear.
Otherwise, it's clear.

Gael exhales. It's over. Relief. Pyram puts a hand on his shoulder. *It's not over.* Gael looks back, angry, shocked.

PYRAM.

Now. Again.

GAEL

What!? Why!? Why would they keep-

PYRAM

Do it.

Gael goes again, angry, blurry eyed, drops back.

PYRAM (CONT'D)

You clipped him. Go again. Now.

Gael SCOPES the man, hesitates, watches him suffer, FIRES.

PYRAM (jumps up)

THE FUCK'S WRONG WITH YOU IDIOTS!
STAY BACK AND KEEP OFF THE GODDAMN
RAIL! LEARN THE FUCKING LESSON!

Mercs OPEN FIRE. Pyram ducks. It's UNRELENTING...until it RELENTS. Someone YELLS "Cease fire!". Pyram and Gael peek out: Mercs aim at Rene and Corst who stand at the railing.

EXT. WHITTAKER - MID DECK

Rene holds her like a hostage, penknife at her throat. A THERMITE GUN is duct-taped to his other hand.

LOCKE

Corstorphine!

EXT. TORC - BRIDGE ROOF

PYRAM

What the hell is he doing?!

GAEL

Corstorphine.

Pyram looks to Gael. *How do you know her?*

Gael (into walkie)
 Waller, stop everything. Repeat
 stop what you're doing right now.

EXT. WHITTAKER - MID DECK

Pitt surmises the situation, acts:

PITT (about Locke)
 Take him below. Do it now.

Two Mercs grab Locke. He resists.

PITT
 I'm sorry sir. You're a liability.

LOCKE
 I'll kill you.

PITT
 Yes sir, I'm sorry sir. We'll get
 her safe. Take him below.
 (into walkie)
 Do you have a view of his head?

WALKIE (Sniper)
 Negative. Not from this position.

PITT (into WALKIE)
 Then find a position.
 (to Mercs)
 Everyone calm. Nobody fires.
 (to Rene)
 What do you require? What can we do
 to step back from this moment?

Rene CUTS INTO CORST from sternum to ribcage. She BLEEDS.

EXT. TORC - BRIDGE ROOF

PYRAM
 NO!

He grabs the rifle, FIRES on Rene. Gael stops him.

EXT. WHITTAKER - MID DECK

Rene's EAR is blown off. Corst tries to attend to it.

RENE
 Go.

They step onto the Whittaker, move through Mercs, below deck.

Rene LOCKS the door, grabs BANDAGES from his bag, WRAPS her TORSO as tight as he can, then with duct-tape.

EXT. TORC - BRIDGE ROOF

Pyram scrambles to his feet. Gael has the rifle.

PYRAM (to Gael)
You're dead. You're a dead man now.

GAEEL
Okay.

Pyram takes a rifle, races off. Gael turns, sees the Mercs board. He's lost his will.

INT. WHITTAKER - BRIEFING ROOM

Rene enters alone. TECHS and MERCS are there, scared of the Thermite gun. Rene takes a seat.

RENE
We all know what this is? What happens when it goes off. I just want one man. You in the back.

DeMangier's Son steps out.

RENE (CONT'D)
You're the son of DeMangier.

SON
Yes. I am.

RENE (to the rest)
I just want him. Leave us now and you make it home. You can take comfort in the fact that no matter how this ends he won't be coming after you for desertion.

SON
No. That's not what's happening. I'm ordering them to leave.
(to Mercs)
Go up there, kill every member of his crew, ignite the isohexane and let the ship burn on the water. You can take *comfort* in the fact that however this ends I'll die with a smile on my face. Go.

INT. TORC

Mercs move down the corridor, FIRE gas canisters, get to a LOCKED DOOR, set EXPLOSIVES, BLOW it, move further.

INT. WHITTAKER - BRIEFING ROOM

Just Rene and Son now.

SON

What should I call you? Besides
Thief. Terrorist. Hostage taker.

Rene pulls out a HANDGUN and DUCT TAPE.

RENE

My name is Corbusier.

INT. TORC

Pyram races to find a way to the Whittaker, checks her WINDOWS, finds one, takes AIM to shoot through it but...

The WINDOW next to it is SHOT OUT from the inside. Rene TOSSES SON through it, feet tied to ROPE, hands DUCT-TAPED.

An RPG hits the Torc's BRIDGE. Rene and Pyram look to it. ANOTHER hits her stern. Pyram looks back to see Rene has jumped to the Torc and is reeling in Son.

Pyram heads to Rene, sees him DRAGGING SON down the corridor, looks across to the Whittaker. Corst is at the window. He runs toward her. EXPLOSIONS go off around them. He thinks. She tosses a ROPE for him to cross over.

CORST

Hurry!

He backs away slowly, leaves.

ARSENAL

Waller WRITES DOWN SERIALS. An EXPLOSION in the corridor.

CORRIDOR

Mercs BLOW OPEN the corridor HATCH, send in GAS, enter, reach the Arsenal entrance just as a MINE-PAIR slides out.

They train their guns on Waller inside.

MERC

Put it down! NOW!

WALLER (O.S.)

I am! I will! First promise me-

They OPEN FIRE, probably killing him. He must hold the com because...a beat...the MINES GO OFF, kill everyone nearby.

SUB ANTEROOM

Rene tries to drag Son in, but it's FLOODING. No go.

CARGO HOLD

Gael races in, looks for a way out. It's FLOODING. The raft Pyram and Corst came in drifts away. He chases for the line but just misses it at the aft gate.

A MERC SKIFF FIRES an RPG, destroys the raft. Gael scrambles to close the AFT GATE, turns, sees Rene.

GAEL

Gotta get the bilge pumps running!

RENE

No.

GAEL

We're taking on too much water!

RENE

No. We're not taking on enough.

EXT. TORC - DECK

Pyram evades gunfire, makes his way to the...

VORTMAG

He starts the Vortmag, FIRES 2 DUCKS into the HOLE in the Madhatter's hull. They don't inflate. He races off.

CARGO HOLD

RENE

They'll burn the ship and fire on everything they find. Think about where you want to be in 10 minutes.

He gives Gael his torch.

GAEL

The tug? I sank the tug!

Pyram is suddenly there:

PYRAM
It's not sunk. It's sinking.

GAEL (to Rene)
No!

RENE
Yes.

Gael looks back to Pyram.

PYRAM
Yes.

They hear GUNFIRE from the corridor. Rene heads that way.

CORRIDOR

Rene eyes Mercs coming, lies on the ground, trains his gun.

BULKHEAD

Gael SEALS himself in, nears the JUNCTION, lights the TORCH.

DECK

Pyram RUNS and JUMPS to the Whittaker, almost falls.

BULKHEAD

Gael severs the first cable, OPENS THE LOCKS. THE SHIP HEAVILY CREAKS. The PSI ALARM BLARES.

CORRIDOR

Rene places a hand on the wall, FEELS her coming apart.

INT. WHITTAKER

Corst is where we left her. She covers her ears. The gunfire. Pyram drops in. She embraces him.

PYRAM
Got to get to the port side.

INT. TORC - BULKHEAD

Gael finishes the SECOND CABLE. The OTHER CABLES can't stand the strain, start to TEAR on their own. He rushes away.

DECK

MERCS FEEL the Torc coming apart beneath them. A SEAM OPENS.

CARGO HOLD

OCEAN RUSHES IN. The WEIGHT quickens the unravelling.

ASSORTED CORRIDORS AND ROOMS

WATER DEEPENS. She's sinking.

RADIO ROOM

WATER fills the room. UPLINK CONNECTS. Rene's message APPEARS on the SCREEN: "CHAMELEON ONE DOT ALPHA: THREAT..."

RAILING

The Torc is PULLING the WHITTAKER down.

EXT. WHITTAKER - MID DECK

Pitt sees this, angry. A JOLT. The deck LURCHES.

PITT

NO!

(to a MERC)

Stay with me!

He grabs a GUN. They jump to the Torc, looking to kill.

INT. WHITTAKER - BELOW DECK - PORT SIDE

CORST

What are we doing?

PYRAM

Do you trust me?

CORST

Don't ask me that.

ANOTHER SUDDEN JOLT. The WHITTAKER is TURNING OVER.

INT. TORC - CORRIDOR

Rene is chin deep in water. He waits. Mercs near the door, BLOW IT OPEN just as the CORRIDOR SPLITS IN TWO.

Rene fires the THERMITE at the ceiling. It RAINS FIRE and MOLTEN METAL, impossible to pass. He leaves.

CARGO HOLD

He sees the flooded hold and ISOs adrift, wades in.

INT. WHITTAKER - BELOW DECK - PORT SIDE

PYRAM

Let's go!

The room is at 45 degrees. They climb up through a window and RUN ALONG the side as the ship continues to turn over.

EXT. TORC - FORE DECK

Gael emerges from the bulkhead. Pitt sees him, chases him as Gael runs fore, DIVES into the ocean. Pitt and Merc FIRE on him, race to the edge. Pitt dives in. Merc hesitates, realizes everything is sinking, finally follows.

EXT. WHITTAKER - PORT SIDE

Pyram and Corst reach the front, JUMP into the water.

OCEAN

Pyram, Corst, Gael, Pitt, Merc swim towards the Madhatter.

Merc turns back a moment to see the Whittaker half submerged. Chaos. Men jump overboard, cling to anything floating.

The Torc slips completely underwater.

EXT. MADHATTER

Pyram and Corst make it to the HOLE, still taking on water. They each grab a DUCK and push inside the SLANTED CORRIDOR.

CORRIDOR

They reach the first door. Pyram RIGS a Duck to the door so when it opens the Duck will inflate.

PYRAM

Don't wait! Go up!

Corst walks UP the corridor with hers.

Pyram is closing the door when GAEL splashes out of the water, makes it to the door, hesitates, realizing...

GAEL

Go! They're behind me!

(beats)

He wants me.

They close the door, Pyram inside, Gael out. He looks for a ways out, finds a PORT. Pitt swims in just in time to see Gael exit. He fires. The water is OVERTAKING him and Merc.

Pitt can't get through the port. WATER RUSHES IN.
 They swim to the door, open a crack, see it's rigged.
 Pyram ties the PULL-LINE to a wall.

PITT (to Merc)
 Wait! Wait!

EXT. MADHATTER

Gael climbs onto the hull, just above waterline, runs, keeps low, tries to find Corst, sees a GAP in the wreckage.

INT. MADHATTER - CORRIDOR TOP

Corst RIGS a Duck, not sure where to put the PULL-LINE.

GAEL
 Give it to me.

He's just outside, not enough room to get inside.

CORST
 Get in here. Hurry.

BEAT. Of course he can't. She hands him the Pull-Line.

GAEL
 It was always going to be us. I'm not what you want. But we're all going to get old and when you do you'll wish you had turned here.

She backs away. No words to meet that.

CORRIDOR BOTTOM

MERC (to Pyram)
 Kid! Kid! No guns. Okay? We just want a place to be.

PITT (to Merc)
 No! He went through there! We'll wait for it to fill and swim out.

MERC
 We'll drown!

Pyram hesitates but then runs away. Merc goes for the door. Pitt wrests him away, is SHOT by Merc.

MERC (CONT'D)
 I'm sorry!

Desperate, he PULLS on the door. Pitt takes cover. Pyram races up the corridor, screams to Corst.

PYRAM

Get against the wall!

The duck INFLATES VIOLENTLY. THE CONCUSSION sends water, air, debris toward Corst. Merc is KNOCKED back, killed.

The duck lifts this end of ship.

CORRIDOR TOP

Water rises. Gael grips the pull-line tight, yells inside:

GAEL

Pyram!

(Pyram looks)

That time we were pirates.

A SHOT ricochets near Gael. Pitt is coming for him. Gael JUMPS off, pulls the line. The duck INFLATES.

CORRIDOR

The water settles. Corst and Pyram are lit by EMERGENCY LIGHTS, sealed off from the outside, waste deep in water.

CORST

What did you do?

PYRAM

We're safe.

CORST

We're trapped.

OCEAN

The Madhatter is suspended sideways feet below the surface.

Wounded, Pitt swims after Gael, struggles to stay afloat, FIRES when he can, continues.

Gael swims toward SMOKE PLUMING from wreckage.

CORRIDOR

CORST

The lights. She still has power.

PYRAM

Don't need power! We need air!

OCEAN

Inside the smoke Gael hears the gun is EMPTY, turns, slows, tired. He lets Pitt get within 5 feet of him, swims just out of reach. Pitt can barely keep above water. He's relentless.

CORRIDOR

Corst lays 2 ELECTRIC CABLES at the floor, swims up.

CORST
Flip the switch.

Pyram flips MAINS back on. GAS emits, rises from the cables.

They hover over the water, huddled under a TARP, collecting the GAS from one of the sources.

PYRAM
Which one is O2?

CORST
Either positive or negative.

PYRAM
Which one is this?!

CORST
I don't know!

PYRAM
What's the other one then?!

CORST
Say that again.

PYRAM (voice higher pitched)
What's the other one.

CORST (voice higher pitched)
This isn't it.

They move the tarp to the other source. Breathe in.

OCEAN

Gael sees FLOATING DEBRIS near Pitt, wonders why he won't climb on. BLEEDING from his mouth, Pitt lashes at him again. Gael dodges, almost sympathizes, knows Pitt will drown.

Pitt reaches again. Fails. Gael just watches. Pitt drowns.

INT. MUMBAI - EASTERN OPEN CAPITAL - ONE MONTH AFTER SINKING

Gael addresses a BOARD OF MEN, pitches:

Gael

Ship designation is the MS Torc
Eleanor. Last known coordinates 11
degrees 22 minutes north by 64 34
east. In the Arabian Sea.
Retrievable assets are 4.5 kilotons
of steel, 1 metric ton copper, 3
tons asbestos, assorted electric
and engine. Payload is...negligible
but...I hope you'll...

He pauses, a crisis of conscience. He continues, broken:

Gael (CONT'D)

The cost of raising her can't be...
(beat)
...recouped. It is not viable.
(beat)
Please, let me have the money.
(beat)
I cannot make a financial case for
it. Please give me the money.
Please give me the money. Please
give me the money.

OCEAN - THE SINKING

We're in a helicopter HIGH ABOVE the aftermath. PLUMES of
SMOKE, ISOs, WRECKAGE are strewn out for miles.

FLOATING DAMAGED ISO

Gael hides in a crevasse of DENTED METAL, peers up at the...

INT. HELICOPTER

Vicks is next to Pilot, searching.

SKIFF

Wrapped in a blanket, Locke sees the helicopter. A MERC aims
a rifle at it. Locke looks to him. Really? He lowers it.

EXT. JOAL-FADIOUT ATOLL - DAY - 2 DAYS LATER

Sims and his Wife look out the window of their FLAT-PACKED
HOME. Someone is approaching. Scheving comes out of his own
home to the sight of Rene walking through, weary. They all
watch him ascend to Beth.

INT. RENE AND BETH'S FLAT-PACKED HOME

Scheving's Wife attends to Beth, exits past Rene. Rene sits, strokes Beth's hair. Her breathing is labored.

INT. MUMBAI - EASTERN OPEN CAPITAL - DAY - ONE MONTH LATER

Gael sits in a PEW. Alone. Rene enters, sits behind him, places a hand on his shoulder. Gael doesn't turn, TEARS UP.

GAEL

I've been trying so hard. But I
can't do it. Can't convince anyone.

INT. RENE AND BETH'S FLAT-PACKED HOME - ONE MONTH AGO

RENE

Would you like to hear the
story?

BETH

Oh, yes. About this place?

RENE

No, not that. Another story. A
better one.

RENE (O.S.)

There is a place far below...

INT. MUMBAI - VARUNA MAKARA HOTEL - BAR - ONE MONTH LATER

RENE

...that's so rich with nutrients.
Overrun with plant life. Lush.

Gael sits across from him, perplexed. *Where is this going?*

UNDERWATER

Pyram swims away from Tej toward the CAVERN. PLANT LIFE.

INT. RENE AND BETH'S FLAT-PACKED HOME - ONE MONTH AGO

RENE

We did it. We did it. And it was
so...you would have thought it was
beautiful. I took my time.

INT. TORC - CARGO HOLD - THE SINKING

Rene wades into the water, swims down, finds the BLUE ISO, opens the hatch, enters. Son is there, TIED to a wall. Rene walks toward him, CLICKING the Twistcutter.

OCEAN

Underwater. The Torc pulls the Whittaker deep into dark. Her segments drift apart, cables free, ISOs slip through gaps.

The BLUE ISO comes free, suspended above the destruction. We see the shape of Rene nearing Son.

INT. RENE AND BETH'S FLAT-PACKED HOME

RENE (crying with joy)
I had his first born. Trapped. And he begged. He begged, Beth. But I didn't stop. You would have thought it was beautiful.

INT. MUMBAI - VARUNA MAKARA HOTEL - BAR - ONE MONTH LATER

RENE
The plants attracts filter feeders which in turn attract millions of- too many to count- shoals of-

GAEL
Fish.

RENE
Squid. Deep under caverns and rock formations this place. The squid are a temptation and the primary food source...of sperm whales. They enter the cavern, eat their fill, most times leave to go about their lives. But sometimes they have trouble. Which way did I come in here? Can I fit under this crag? Between these reefs? And they can only hold their breath for so long. That place becomes their grave. And this has been going on not for years or decades...but millennia.

GAEL (realizing)
Ambergris.

RENE
Ambergris.

UNDERWATER

Inside the cave Pyram sweeps a FLASHLIGHT across HUGE BOULDERS of AMBERGRIS. TONS. They fill the space.

INT. VARUNA MAKARA HOTEL - BAR

GAEL

How much was down there?

RENE

More than has ever been found in
one spot. Accumulating for eons
since god made the sea.

EXT. TORC ELEANOR - DAY - ONE MONTH LATER

Pieced together on BALLAST her BOW carves through waves in
shallow water until RUNNING into SAND. BEACHED.

EXT. BANGLADESH - SHIP GRAVEYARD - SUNSET

Gael leads IMPOVERISHED LOCAL SALVAGE CREWS. WELDERS cut off
massive pieces that topple to the beach. 20-MEN GROUPS carry
off 2-ton pieces like pallbearers.

An emergency. A worker, TAHSIN is placed in a truck, buckets
of WATER poured on his legs to wash off a DARK ACID.

Gael finds a chemical POOLING in a remote crag in the ship
bowels. DEAD BIRDS float on it.

INT. SHANTY TAVERN - NIGHT

Gael shares TARI with the workers after long days.

EXT. SHIP GRAVEYARD - DAWN

He finds boys, RUBEL and WAHID, asleep in the rusty salvage.

He CLAPS, waking them. They run off.

A rope man, KAMRUL, works high above on a platform. It gives
way, sets off a chain reaction of COLLAPSING STRUTS. He falls
to the ground along with several TONS OF STEEL BEAMS.

INT. RENTED HOUSE - DUSK

The boys serve Gael DINNER, waiting on him.

NIGHT

The boys sleep in the hall on the floor. He does PAYROLL,
smokes in bed, staring, existing.

EXT. TORC - NIGHT - A MONTH AGO

On the way to Bangladesh.

Gael views a SHIP on the horizon behind them. He and Rene share a look. Rene thinks.

INT. RENTED HOUSE - MORNING - PRESENT

Gael shaves in the bathroom. He walks through the house now PACKED with WORKERS asleep on floors, cooking meals, etc.

EXT. SHIP GRAVEYARD - DAY

Gael repels off the ship with a FOREMAN, inspects joints.

A WELDER cuts rivets, SPARKS A FIRE in the DARK ACID. FIRE spreads to the engine block. A LARGE CYLINDER is IGNITED.

An EXPLOSION rocks the entire ship, pushing it over, CRUSHING workers underneath, DROPPING others from their rope lines. CHEMICAL FIRE. A LOUD DEEP BELLOW. A disaster.

GAEL is PINNED under WRECKAGE, unconscious, bleeding.

INT. RENTED HOUSE - DAWN

Workers finish breakfast, head to work in droves. Gael, BEDRIDDEN (broken leg, ribs, head trauma), instructs Foreman.

NIGHT

Alone, he drinks from the sink, turns to see ROBBERS with a KNIFE. He points to a DRESSER. They find a MONEY BOX.

He's a wreck and starts to love it, volunteers his WALLET, COINS, a NECKLACE, his SHIRT. He stops them before they leave, gives them BOOTS, scavenges, hands them the PENKNIFE.

EXT. SLUMS - DAY

Wahid delivers a COLD BEER and COLORED PENCILS to Gael, BEARDED now, dirty, sitting in the street with Rubel.

The kids draw on his cast: FISH, WATER, CLAMS, BOATS, etc.

They watch Gael draw a GREAT BALLOON TIED to the seafloor.

EXT. ROCKY CRAG - DAY

Rubel pulls 2 GOGGLES and a LARGE KNIFE from a crevasse.

EXT. SHIP GRAVEYARD

The kids splash into the surf, swim towards the TORC'S RUSTED SKELETON, all that is left of the salvage.

UNDERWATER

They dive deep into darkness, find a TAUT ROPE extending up.

They swim up to a GREAT SUSPENDED BALLOON (patchwork of tarps printed with "TORC ELEANOR"). Like Gael's drawing.

INSIDE THE BALLOON

The boys surface, find BOULDERS OF AMBERGRIS. One holds the LANTERN. The other carves off a chunk.

EXT. SHIP GRAVEYARD - NIGHT

Gael stares at the Torc's skeleton, moonlit. His cast is gone, a staff of DRIFTWOOD a crutch.

EXT. OCEAN - DINGHY - NIGHT - MONTHS AGO

Alone, Rene waits for the SHIP to overtake him.

INT. RENTED HOUSE - NIGHT - PRESENT

EMPTY. Every cupboard and closet has been picked over.

EXT. SHANTY TAVERN - DAY

A BARKEEP inspects the ambergris chunk. The boys count their CASH under the porch, hidden.

EXT. MARKET

Wahid hands CASH to a CLERK. Rubel puts GROCERIES in a SACK.

EXT. SLUMS

The boys suck down COCA-COLA and eat CHOCOLATE.

INT. KAMRUL'S HOVEL

The boys deliver groceries to Kamrul's mother. Kamrul is bedridden, still BANDAGED.

INT. RUBEL AND WAHID'S HOVEL - NIGHT

Their SISTER boils water over a fire. Siblings sit around a table of assorted MEAT AND VEGETABLES. A BOWL OF BHAT (rice) travels from one to the next, ladled out.

EXT. SHIP - MID DECK - NIGHT - MONTHS AGO

MEN pull Rene on board from a ladder.

RENE

Can't thank you enough. Don't know
how long I'd been adrift if you
hadn't come upon me. Who captain's
this ship? I'd like to give him my
most sincere-

GUNFIRE lights the deck. Rene is shot dead. DeMangier turns
to leave, satisfied.

EXT. SHIP GRAVEYARD - NIGHT - PRESENT

Again, Gael stares out at the skeleton. Empty but resolved.

He hobbles into the surf, wades into the ocean. The staff
floats away. He wades further and further, sinks deeper and
deeper until just his head bobs above the water.

EXT. PERU - COUNTRYSIDE - 1 YEAR LATER - DAY

Surrounded by an ocean of LUSH GREEN GRASS is a SMALL FARM.

Pyram mends a BARBED WIRE fence, replaces a POST, stretches
wire around it with a TOOL, TIGHTENS. It snaps, CUTS him
across the chest.

He walks toward the HOUSE, shoos a CALF out of the way.

INT. HOUSE

He sits, removes his shirt. Corst WRAPS BANDAGES around him.

Their BABY sits in a high chair, makes a mess of its dinner.

Pyram's breathing is labored, tight. Corst kisses his cheek.

He breathes. And again.

FADE OUT: