

DEAD LOSS

by
Josh Baizer & Marshall Johnson

SECOND DRAFT
3-16-09

EXT. DUTCH HARBOR - ALASKA - NIGHT

FROM ABOVE -

Rugged, snow covered peaks tower over a tiny frontier town and the largest fishery in the United States...the center of crab operations for the Bering Sea - the wildest, most dangerous stretch of water in the world.

CLOSER ON THE HARBOR

The 90 ships that make up the Bering Sea crab fleet...a rag tag navy of old salts, ex-cons and family men hellbent on making a fortune or dying in the process.

It's a flurry of activity as all the ships frantically gear up for a long trip.

CLOSE ON ONE OF THESE SHIPS - THE MAGGIE MAY

A BLINDING FLASH OF SPARKS cascades into ice-flecked water.

REVEAL the sparks erupt from a welding torch on the deck of the 200 FOOT CRAB FISHING SHIP.

It's an old rust-bucket that's clearly seen better days. Her hull is an awkward patchwork of welded metal and fatigue.

The Maggie May is tied to an ice-coated dock along with a gaggle of other ships...

The MASKED WELDER is putting the finishing touches on the hydraulic arm of a DECK-MOUNTED CRAB POT LAUNCHER.

Beside the welder, CLIFF BAYLISS (30's), the Maggie May's big, bullish Deckboss, works the controls of the ship's CRANE between the ship and

THE DOCK

Where a FUEL TRUCK is PUMPING DIESEL into the ship.

Cliff has just picked up a pallet full of BAIT - lifting it 25 FEET OVER THE ACTIVITY.

Hitching a ride on the pallet is DECKHAND PETE FRYE (late 20's wiry, blond, surfer-mellow).

Pete casually lights a smoke as he takes in the view.

With a WHINE of hydraulics, Cliff lowers the pallet to the ship's deck.

ON THE SHIP'S DECK

Pete clammers off like a monkey, unhooks the pallet beside boxes upon boxes already on deck.

Beyond the pallets...A HUNDRED CRAB POTS (800lb, 6x6x2 steel crab traps) are stacked like enormous legos, loosely held together by lengths of chain.

These guys are nearing the end of a very long day, prepping the ship for battle.

Pete steps onto the hook for the return trip to the dock.

Cliff hits the controls, has Pete ten feet over the dock before he notices the lit cigarette.

He shouts up to Pete.

CLIFF
Knievel. Put the smoke out.

He looks pointedly at a FUEL TRUCK, PUMPING DIESEL into the ship just below Pete.

PETE
Dude. My last one.

ON CLIFF as he smiles enigmatically -

CLIFF
(sotto)
No problem, Petey.

Cliff abruptly switches up on the controls -

THE CRANE ABRUPTLY CHANGES DIRECTION - sending captive Pete back over the deck...

PETE
Cliff. Dude.

And Pete is suddenly hanging over the icy, dark water on the other side of the ship.

Cliff lowers him towards the water...only feet below...yet the guy is mellow as ever.

CREWS OF NEARBY CRAB SHIPS CAT-CALL at Pete's expense.

PETE (CONT'D)
This shit isn't funny.

Cliff chuckles to himself as Pete's boots touch water.

Pete finally gets some life as he tries to climb the cable like a cat...cigarette still hanging from his mouth.

VOICE (O.S.)
Hey! We got no time for you to be artistic, bud.

Reveal BEN LARSEN (early 30's) coming out of the deckhouse. He's shouting to the oblivious Welder as he checks his watch.

BEN
It's nine. Gotta be outta here by midnight. Where're you at?

The Welder doesn't hear him, keeps working on the launcher.

BEN (CONT'D)
Hey! How much longer, man?

The Welder finally looks around, flips up his visor.

BEN (CONT'D)
How. Much. Longer?

WELDER
About done -

BEN
Good -

WELDER
With the launcher.

BEN
What about the rest?

The Welder lowers himself to the deck as Ben glances at Cliff...and Pete nowhere to be seen.

BEN (CONT'D)
Where's Pete?

Cliff hesitates.

Ben finally looks up to the crane - follows the arm to Pete, dangling over the water...smoke still in his mouth.

BEN (CONT'D)
Cliff. For chrissakes, be a Deckboss.

Pete overhears the exchange, puffs contentedly as Cliff sullenly gets to work pulling him back to the ship.

BEN (CONT'D)
Pete. Put the fucking smoke out.

Cliff flips Pete the bird as the deckhand dejectedly tosses his smoke to the water.

The Welder checks a list as Ben turns back to him.

WELDER
...got your saltwater
pumps...crane...propeller shaft.
All that's left is those deck
cleats.

He uses his boot to tap a RUSTED, FATIGUED METAL CLEAT set into the deck beside the tall stack of pots...already creaking under the chains.

BEN
Will they last through this trip?

WELDER
Sure...yeah, I mean -

BEN
Then we skip it. I still got pots
sitting on the dock. Can't load 'em
with you working on the cleats.

WELDER
You're the boss.

BEN
Just invoice me -

WELDER
Ben, you already owe me from the
last two -

BEN
You'll get your money after this
trip.

WELDER
That's what you said last time, man-

BEN
You've known me for ten years.
On my father's grave, I guarantee
it. Alright?

Before the Welder can answer, Ben turns to Cliff.

BEN (CONT'D)
Load the rest of the pots.

Cliff nods as he unceremoniously dumps Pete to the deck.

Ben turns back to the Welder...who's about to say something when Ben claps him on the back with a tight smile.

BEN (CONT'D)
Thanks man, I appreciate it.

Ben WHISTLES towards

THE DOCK - where a group of DOCKWORKERS stand beside the remaining few CRAB POTS, ready to load them aboard the ship.

FROM THE DECK, Cliff maneuvers the crane arm over the first of the crab pots.

The Dockworker attaches the pot to the crane by a chain, gives Cliff the thumbs-up. The crane lifts the pot high into the air.

Two other DOCKWORKERS hop onto the Maggie May's deck to help Pete guide these last pots into place as

A PICKUP TRUCK pulls to a stop beside the ship.

NATE LARSEN (mid 30s) gets out of the bed, retrieves a stuffed army GREEN DUFFEL.

He waves to the NATIVE ALEUT DRIVER as the truck drives off.

He absorbs the frenzy on the dock and the ship with a smile.

EXT. SHIP'S DECK - A MOMENT LATER

Nate hops from the dock to the deck. He watches Cliff operate the crane for a moment before he drops his duffel to the planks, getting Cliff's and Pete's attention.

CLIFF
Well look what the cat heaved up.
Pete, take over for a minute.

Pete ignores Nate's outstretched hand.

PETE
Gladly.

Cliff leaves the controls, moves to Nate.

Nate reaches out to shake Cliff's hand..Cliff grabs it.

NATE
You smell like bait -

Cliff PUNCHES Nate in the stomach - dropping him.

Pete nods with approval from behind the controls.

CLIFF
Fuck you.

Cliff helps him to his feet.

NATE
Thanks...

CLIFF
Thought Ben was high when he said
you'd be on this trip.

Nate follows Cliff towards Ben, who's now supervising the Dockworkers as they stack the pots...ever the control freak.

CLIFF (CONT'D)
Don't know if you heard, but I'm
deckboss now.

NATE
I heard, Cliff. Congrats -

Cliff stops, gets in his face.

CLIFF
I ain't your junior anymore. You
fuck around with me, I'll throw you
in the bait chopper.

NATE
I'm only here to work, man. Past is
the past.

Cliff's taken aback by his mellow response.

CLIFF
...Good.

NATE
It's your deck.

Cliff looks at him skeptically as Ben marches towards them.

BEN
We're running late.

CLIFF
Your brother's here.

NATE
Missed you at the airport -

Ben doesn't stop moving as he checks the Welder's work on the pot launcher.

BEN
How was the flight?

NATE
Rough. There a reason you didn't pick me up?

BEN
Didn't have the time. Too many repairs, too much to take care of.

Nate follows him across the deck.

NATE
All you had to do was tell me.

BEN
Fuck me if I'm gonna have to hear this pity-party for a month on the water.

Nate's thrown off by the sudden hostility.

NATE
Common courtesy, Ben -

BEN
You got to town like every other deckhand.

Ben gets distracted again.

BEN (CONT'D)
Where the fuck is Brady?

CLIFF
He's meeting us at the bar.

Ben's ready to boil over.

BEN
What? You let him get away with that - ?

CLIFF
Problems with his chick.

Ben pauses...shakes his head.

BEN
Again?

Ben looks at the progress on the ship...mostly done - only a few pots left on the deck.

OTHER CREWS are getting in trucks and cars, heading off the dock and back into town.

BEN (CONT'D)
Fuel topped off?

CLIFF
Yep.

Ben checks his watch, whistles to Pete to take a break.

BEN
We got time for one last round.

Ben hops to the dock, headed for his parked truck - closely followed by Pete and Cliff. Nate is forced to tag along.

CLIFF
Sol and Montoya better have a spot
at the bar.

BEN
Oh, I bet they do.

NATE
Mom wanted us to talk. Thought we
could have a few minutes alone
before we got underway. Didn't get
much time at the wake -

Ben sighs.

BEN
We'll talk in the truck.

Nate pauses in frustration as Cliff and Pete pass him on his way to the truck.

Pete scowls at him.

PETE
When'd you get out?

BEN

Pete. Shut up and get in the truck.

CHESTER GRIGGS (early 20's) earrings and goatee, sits on his army duffel bag near Ben's truck, a wool beanie pulled tight over his head. He's got the gaunt, hopeful look of the starving and desperate...

BEN (CONT'D)

Get the fuck away from my truck. I told you we're crewed up. Try the other captains -

GRIGGS

I did.

BEN

Well, then you're fucked.

Pete shakes his head at the poor kid as he shuffles down the dock...obviously freezing his ass off.

PETE

The less jobs there are, the more retards show up.

Cliff moves to get in the truck with Pete and Ben, nearly forcing Nate into the open-air bed.

BEN

Cliff. Ride in back.

Cliff gives Nate a look of death, climbs into the bed.

CUT TO:

EXT. BEN'S TRUCK - MOMENTS LATER

Cliff is bundled up in the bed, freezing his ass off and grumbling to himself.

While inside the truck -

INT. BEN'S TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Tense silence as Ben drives, Nate sits on the passenger side with Pete stuck in between.

PETE

Seriously. What the fuck is he doing here?

Nate looks to Ben.

Ben doesn't turn as he answers Pete.

BEN

Big bro is here to earn his full
share like a man. Or so Ma says.

PETE

You best be on your game this time.

He looks pointedly at Ben.

PETE (CONT'D)

And he sure as shit better not be
anywhere near the helm.

He takes a drag off a cigarette...HE'S MISSING A FINGER.

PETE (CONT'D)

Fingers don't grow back, asshole.

He blows the smoke in Nate's face.

Nate looks away, out the window.

BEN

What did we need to talk about?

Nate looks at Pete.

NATE

This is family talk, Ben.

BEN

Pete's as family as you are.

Pete smirks.

NATE

No. He's not.

Nate fumes...Pete smirks, takes another drag on his smoke.

CUT TO:

INT. EAGLE'S ROOST - CONTINUOUS

T. REX'S 'CADILLAC' BLARING from an ancient jukebox in the
seedy fisherman's bar...a triple-wide trailer on blocks.

The place is jammed to the flocked ceiling with rowdy, drunk crewmen blowing their hard-earned cash the night before their month-long battle with the Bering.

Linoleum, fishing relics and photos, prefab wood-panelling: it has the charm of an elk's lodge, circa '72.

The only women in the bar are WAITRESSES, kept busy either slapping groping hands away or collecting huge tips as they deftly maneuver with trays of drinks.

AT THE BAR

The eye of the hurricane...a GROUP OF OLDER CAPTAINS AND DECKHANDS (40's/50's) sit perched on the stools.

Among them, DANNY MONTOYA (early 30's). He's gaunt and unshaven, looks like he hasn't slept or showered in weeks.

The men chain-smoke, watching the end of the bar with fascination...a pile of money between them.

AT THE END OF THE BAR - the main attraction.

SOL HAVERSHAM (50's) wild-eyed and grizzled (and clearly plastered) sloooowly works his 'magic' on BONNIE (40's). The BARTENDER.

A menthol dangles from her lips as she watches Sol struggle to produce his lighter. Drunk or sober, everything Sol does is slow and considered.

Bonnie impatiently rolls her eyes towards the men down the bar - a silent plea...they barely contain their laughter.

Sol balances on his stool as he finally, slowly pulls his Zippo from a shirt pocket...it's excruciating.

He winks 'smoothly' as he tries to spark a flame for her...

BONNIE
Get it up, big boy. I got faith.

A YOUNG DECKHAND passes by, sees her dangling cigarette - SPARKS A LIGHTER.

She gives a look of warning to the kid, who looks down the polished oak TO SIX ANGRY GLARES STARING HIM DOWN.

The Young Deckhand sheepishly disappears into the crowd as Sol finally gets a SPARK...

Bonnie uses her lips to angle it towards the flame - trying to help him along.

Montoya is nervously biting his nails to the quick.

MONTOYA
Don't you dare move those lips.

Sol finally gets within centimeters...SLOOOWWWLY closing in.

Every one of the men is rapt...LEANING in anticipation...

AND HE FINALLY CONNECTS...

MONTOYA (CONT'D)
GODDAMMIT SOL.

GROANS from everyone except TWO MEN at the other end of the bar - who receive the pile of crumpled cash.

Bonnie takes a satisfying drag off her smoke as she winks at Sol - moves to the winners circle, hand held out.

They grudgingly give her a share of the winnings...

As Sol falls off his stool.

ACROSS THE BAR, the door opens.

REVEALING Cliff, Pete and Ben...reluctantly followed by Nate. He knows this place well and has no desire to be back.

The guys get the familiar greetings from the OTHER CREWS...even Nate, who gets some surprised looks - some people had no desire to see him back either.

The group wades to the bar where Montoya is being ribbed as he slaps down every denomination of the dollar to settle his debt.

Ben signals Bonnie as he helps Sol to his feet.

BEN
Three Wise Men.

Cliff and Pete whoop it up.

BEN (CONT'D)
I'm paying for one round. One only.

PETE
Awww man -

BEN
We're back at the dock in an hour.
No bullshit.
(re: Sol)
Pot of coffee for the old man.

Sol lays eyes on Nate, reacts as only Tommy Chong can.

SOL
Oh. Hey, Nate.

He gives Nate a sloppy hug.

Montoya turns at the mention of Nate.

MONTOYA
Holy shit. I heard it but didn't
believe it. Welcome back, man.

He claps Nate on the shoulder. It's the friendliest greeting
Nate's gotten so far.

NATE
Thanks, Montoya -

MONTOYA
You got ten bucks I can borrow...?

He indicates the pile of wadded cash on the bar and the
ANNOYED CAPTAIN waiting for Montoya...

NATE
Nothing changes around here.

SOL
Fuck no it doesn't.

Nate reaches for his wallet.

Bonnie pours a row of shots for the guys...upends three
bottles into each glass...Beam, Daniels and Cuervo.

Each man grabs his glass, except Nate. Cliff nudges him.

CLIFF
Pick it up.

NATE
I can't. Would you make mine a
Coke, Bonnie -

Cliff stops Bonnie with a hand.

CLIFF

Fuck the steps. You don't drink the
booze, it's bad juju.

The crew stares him down...including Ben.

Nate finally picks up the glass as Ben'S CELL GOES OFF.

He checks the CALLER I.D...sets his glass down.

BEN

Just a minute.

The collectively groan as Ben hustles outside.

CLIFF

Chicks, man.

EXT. THE ROOST - A MOMENT LATER

Ben paces in the freezing cold and relative quiet of the parking lot, phone pressed to ear.

He speaks with patience and tenderness...much different than he is with the crew.

BEN

(into phone)

Yeah, Nate made it in.

(listens)

No. It'll be fine as long he keeps his mouth shut.

He abruptly changes the subject.

BEN (CONT'D)

She feeling better? Temperature gone down?

(beat)

Good, good.

He winces as he listens - turns emotional for an instant.

BEN (CONT'D)

I know...I love you too. You stay warm and I'll see you before you know it -

Blinding HIGH BEAMS as a truck pulls into the gravel lot.

BRADY WILTON (early 20's - small, wiry and scrappy) storms from the passenger side, slams the door - cutting off a SCREAMING TIRADE from his GIRLFRIEND, the driver.

BRADY
Fucking twat.

He reaches into the bed of the truck, pulls out his duffel and kicks the car for good measure as she POUNDS THE HORN and fishtails away, PEPPERING him and Ben with gravel.

Ben calmly goes back to his conversation - he wipes the dew from his eyes as we see him go back to 'Coach Ben'. Can't let the guys see you cry.

BEN
Yeah, honey. Brady just got here.
(beat)
I love you too. Bye.

He hangs up as Brady walks towards him.

BEN (CONT'D)
You alright?

BRADY
I'm fucked.

He shows Ben his hand...so swollen he can't wear a glove.

Ben instinctively grabs him around the neck.

BEN
That better not be from Sue's face again, you piece of shit -

BRADY
No no no, I swear, man. I hit the fucking door.

Ben lets him go - mind spinning at the idea of being one man down so close to the start time.

BEN
Jesus H.

BRADY
I swear I'm good to go -

BEN
Bullshit.

Brady pleads.

BRADY
We'll be out on our asses if I don't come back with a cut.

Ben shakes his head, thinking it through.

BRADY (CONT'D)
I'll work through it. Please.

BEN
We'll figure it out.

INT. THE ROOST - MOMENTS LATER

Ben and Brady rejoin the assembled crew at the bar.

All raise their glasses as Ben and the men give the required, and oft repeated toast.

BEN
As dad used to say...

BEN AND CREW
Times are hard,
Wages are small,
Drink more whiskey,
Fuck 'em all.

The men slam their shots...and Nate's eyes are drawn to Brady's swollen hand.

He trades a look with Ben. Ben's eyes are clear: 'it's not your problem'. Ben's in charge.

CUT TO:

EXT. DUTCH HARBOR - NIGHT

Snow falls on the harbor as a fierce wind whips up a chop.

DOZENS OF FISHING VESSELS of various sizes stream out of the bay for the start of the season, headed into the open water of the Bering Sea - toward the crab grounds.

A distant last in the long line of ships is the newly repaired MAGGIE MAY, breaking the white-caps at top speed.

EXT. MAIN DECK

The light snow is blown horizontal by the wind as they head towards open water....where the seas are rougher as well.

Nate is running the blocks of frozen bait through the BAIT CHOPPER - a huge meat grinder, while -

Pete and Cliff double check the chains securing the pots.

Montoya coils and secures one of the thick ropes that had tied the ship off to the dock.

Griggs, the hopeful greenhorn, watches Montoya, trying to learn, but is more focused on keeping his balance as the ship crashes through the rough waters.

He staggers sideways, gripping the bulwark for support.

Montoya smirks at Griggs who's already sliding on accumulating deck ice.

MONTOYA

Lucky for you Brady fucked up his hand.

Montoya looks to the water ahead where a lit BUOY MARKER bobs violently in the water.

MONTOYA (CONT'D)

Bad luck for all of us if we don't make that buoy pronto.

GRIGGS

Why?

PETE

Midnight is Friday. No one leaves Dutch on a Friday. Bad mojo.

Griggs isn't sure if Montoya's fucking with him or not.

GRIGGS

So we'll just turn around, right?

MONTOYA

Up to the cap'n. But if we do, I'm gonna kick Brady's ass.

CUT TO:

INT. WHEELHOUSE

Ben at the helm, Brady close by - a fresh cast on his injured hand...already graffiti'd to look like a crab claw.

He anxiously looks at the buoy marker in the water ahead, then back to the mounted digital clock that reads 11:59.

BRADY
C'mon c'mon...

Ben's making a beeline for the buoy marker.

The clock flips to 12:00.

Brady sighs, clutching his cast guiltily.

BRADY (CONT'D)
The guys are gonna kick my ass.

But Ben doesn't slow down.

BEN
Fuck it.

BRADY
You serious?

BEN
Stupid superstition. What they
don't know won't hurt 'em.

EXT. MAGGIE MAY - MAIN DECK

The crew watches the marker buoy fly past - they all look up to the wheelhouse.

CLIFF
We make it or what?

Ben gives the thumbs up through the glass.

EXT. DUTCH HARBOR - FROM ABOVE

The Maggie May cruises past the buoy marker. But, instead of following the rest of the fleet north, the ship makes a hard turn left...cruises through the night to the west...

Nate watches the rest of the fleet moving away -

NATE
Where the fuck is Ben taking us?

CLIFF
Your Dad's secret spot.

NATE
Russia? You fucking kidding me?
Last time Dad had luck there,
Reagan was in office.

CLIFF
 That's the captain's decision,
 Nate. And you ain't captain.

Cliff whistles with glee as he walks away.

CUT TO:

EXT. MAIN DECK - DAY

CHYRON: 'TWO WEEKS LATER'

A clear day, but dark clouds approach on the horizon...and with it - turbulent water.

WAVES SWELL and CRASH against the faded blue hull, covering the Maggie May in WHITE EXPLOSIONS of freezing spray.

A thick crust of ice coats the rigging and bulwarks... dangling hundred pound icicles over the crew's heads.

Except for Ben and Brady, all hands are on deck, in orange hooded slickers, gloves and galoshes, grinding through.

Longer beards, bags under eyes: these guys haven't bathed or slept in days - they're running on empty.

Griggs staggers toward the side rail, grips it for support and hangs his head overboard...for the umpteenth time.

Next to the pot launcher, Montoya readies a small grappling hook attached to a line of rope.

MONTOYA
 Where's that newbie enthusiasm?
 Thought you'd have sea legs by now.

Griggs says nothing, clings to the rail.

Montoya looks to the horizon where ominous, dark clouds are rolling in.

MONTOYA (CONT'D)
 You think this has been snotty?
 Last couple weeks have been a
 pleasure cruise.

He points Griggs towards the horizon.

MONTOYA (CONT'D)
 See those clouds in the distance?
 Aleutian Gray. That means fifteen,
 twenty foot swells comin' our way.
 (MORE)

MONTOYA (CONT'D)

(beat)

So get off my rail and get back to
the bait before it gets worse.

He pulls Griggs off the rail and shoves him towards the BAIT TROUGH under the wheelhouse.

The kid fights more dry-heaves as Montoya expertly hurls the heavy hook over the rail into -

THE FREEZING WATER

The hook snags a length of rope draped between two FLUORESCENT BUOYS bobbing between rolling swells...

Montoya swiftly uses the line to pull the hook, rapidly grabs the rope hand over hand as the ship motors past the buoys.

He attaches the buoy line to a MOTOR-DRIVEN WINCH beside the pot launcher at the rail.

Rubber wheels snag the length of rope, quickly reels it in, then coils the rope into a container beneath the wheels.

The TWO BRIGHTLY COLORED BUOYS pop over the rail with the end of the rope, and the line GOES TAUT as a heavy CRAB POT begins to peek from the water...

BESIDE MONTOYA, Sol operates the hydraulic controls of CRANE. He swings the long crane arm into position above the pot.

Montoya attaches a hook dangling from the crane to the pot, and Sol raises the crane arm.

MONTOYA (CONT'D)

Our luck's gotta change. I'm
bettin' two-fifty. Who's in?

CLIFF

You broke fuck. What are you
bettin' with? Your boots?

All watch in anticipation as the 800-pound steel pot is slowly hoisted out of the sea and hauled over the bulwark.

CLIFF (CONT'D)

C'mon, baby. No whammies...no
whammies...

The dripping pot is finally lifted into view...

IT'S EMPTY, except for a couple of crabs, some trash fish, and the dangling bait bag.

Montoya grunts, annoyed.

CLIFF (CONT'D)
This ship is fucking cursed. I
blame Nate.

Sol lowers the crane, while Nate and Cliff carefully guide the heavy pot into position on the launching platform.

NATE
Blame your captain. He's the one who brought us to Russia and wouldn't fucking leave. Even with the ice pack knockin' on our door.

The pot bangs heavily against the bulwark before thudding onto a slanted launching platform, rail-side.

Sol flips a lever, triggering hydraulic clamps on the platform - LOCKING THE HEAVY POT TO THE PLATFORM so that it doesn't slip off and crush the men.

Cliff swings open a gate on the bottom of the pot. A half-dozen fish fall into the sorting table in the center of the deck. The fish flopping around wildly.

MONTOYA
I think Benny may also have confused herring season with opi's.

Pete throws the fish overboard, where waiting GULLS and TERNS battle over the free lunch.

Nate carries the two spindly Opilio crabs to the center of the deck, drops them through a LARGE OPEN HOLE into the WATER-FILLED CRAB TANK.

He looks up to - THE WHEELHOUSE WINDOWS - where Ben peers through the window onto the deck just below. The bow of the ship another 150 feet forward.

Nate holds up two fingers.

NATE
There's two for ya, bud.

INT. WHEELHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Ben stands next to his captain's chair in a cockpit of COMPUTER MONITORS and RADIOS - his body tense with frustration as he smokes a cigarette down to its nub.

He looks like shit. Twice as bad as the crewmen.

Ben grinds the smoke out in a Red Bull can overfilled with butts.

He looks out the window at Nate signalling below, grabs a radio mic connected to the main deck's PA system.

BEN
(into mic)
I can count it from here, you retarded fuck.

BELOW - ON DECK, Nate turns his two-finger signal into TWO MIDDLE FINGERS.

Ben marks the count in the LOG BOOK.

CLOSE ON THE LOG BOOK - only single digit numbers for weeks. They've been struggling to find the crab.

BELOW - ON DECK, Cliff remains by the empty pot, looking up to Ben, asking for direction with an exaggerated shrug.

BEN (CONT'D)
(into mic)
Stack it with the rest. We'll finish pulling up the pots on this string and move on.

Ben SLAMS THE MIC DOWN, then turns to a monitor displaying a topographic map of the Bering Sea.

He lifts his cap and scratches his head in frustration, stares at the cryptic lines searching for inspiration.

EXT. MAIN DECK - CONTINUOUS

The men continue their work in the freezing spray.

BEN (O.S.)
Duck.

The men pause and duck as a HUGE WALL OF WATER washes over.

Griggs is too slow. His legs whisk out from under him.

He SKIDS across deck with the water, GRABS HOLD OF THE SORTING TABLE - saves himself from a concussion...and possibly being washed over.

As the water recedes...LAUGHTER ERUPTS behind him.

He turns to find Cliff watching him with glee.

CLIFF

Think we found your nickname...
Skidmark.

Griggs is slow to get up.

CLIFF (CONT'D)

Suck it up, skidders.

Griggs gets up, staggers back to Cliff and the pot.

CLIFF (CONT'D)

Bait bag's waiting and so are we.

Griggs climbs into the open pot, reaches toward the dangling bait. He moves slowly, fumbles to unhook it.

Cliff grows more impatient.

CLIFF (CONT'D)

You making out with it? Let's go.

Griggs finally unhooks the bait, wriggles out of the pot.

CLIFF (CONT'D)

You got one job right now. Bait.
That's it. Shouldn't be that hard.

Griggs stares back at Cliff a beat, anger burning. Cliff squares off with him.

CLIFF (CONT'D)

Yes?

Griggs backs off, heads toward the bait trough as

Sol lifts the empty pot with the crane as Cliff and Nate guide it to the mostly empty stack of twenty already stacked near the front of the ship.

Which means that Ben's got over a hundred more out in the water...he's got all his eggs in one basket. High hopes for these fishing grounds.

Griggs is visibly upset.

PETE

Don't mind those assholes. If you'd gone over, you'd have been dead in thirty ticks.

Griggs' anger subsides as he takes this in.

PETE (CONT'D)
Better a nickname than goin' for a
swim.

Pete winks and gets back to work clearing the sorting table.

A SWELL ROCKS THE SHIP, shakes the pot from Nate and Cliff's grip.

Sleep-deprived Sol is slow to react as Nate drops to the deck, ducking away as the heavy pot swings loose on the crane arm. IT BANGS INTO THE STACK, hard enough to squash him like a bug.

NATE
Whoa -

He looks to Sol, who looks nearly as scared.

SOL
You okay?!

Nate gets up, angrily walks it off.

NATE
Please wake the fuck up, Sol.

SOL
Sorry, sorry...my bad.

NATE
Get your head out of the clouds.

CUT TO:

INT. SHIP'S GALLEY - LATER

BELOW DECK a cramped kitchenette with the basic amenities of an RV. Latched wooden cabinets and shelves with braces jammed with cans and cans of tuna.

The cans of food and utensils SLIDE and CLANG behind the braces as the ship does acrobatics in the worsening weather.

Brady clumsily prepares a line of TUNA SANDWICHES, his plaster cast is covered in graffiti...and SMEARED with food stains.

It's amazing that the guy can even prepare food as the floor continuously drops away and comes up again...much less one-handed.

Nearby, Nate, Cliff, Sol, Montoya and Griggs sit in a vinyl u-shaped booth around a formica galley table.

Everyone but Griggs is fine with the motion in the ocean.

Stripped of their orange weather gear, they lounge in sweat-soaked thermals and flannel, casually brace their cups of coffee as the ship rides the steep swells.

They're exhausted and ravenous.

CLIFF

Let's go. Starving over here.

NATE

You're not sick of this shit yet?

Brady plops down the plate of sandwiches on the table.

Montoya stares at the unappetizing plate of cold sandwiches.

MONTOYA

Hmmmm...the Sue Special.

BRADY

Shut your trap.

MONTOYA

What, man? That's what I hear. Your girlfriend's got the best fish tacos around. Don't know what the fuck your dirty mind was thinking.

Cliff starts laughing, spitting up chunks of tuna. Griggs avoids the sight.

BRADY

Fuck you both.

Nate reaches for a sandwich, sniffs it with distaste.

NATE

Smells like the bait box.

Hearing "bait," Griggs slumps backward with a GROAN.

BRADY

Better get used to it. We're out of everything else. We'll be eating tuna sandwiches, grilled tuna patties, tuna on toast...

Montoya tries to shrug it off, reaches for a sandwich.

SOL
Nothing wrong with tuna.

Sol indifferently takes a bite of his sandwich.

BRADY
Bullshit. You assholes bought the
first thing you saw so you could go
get wasted while we were prepping
to leave.

Cliff is relishing his sandwich.

CLIFF
Don't see what the problem is.
We're fishermen.

He opens his mouth full of chewed fish for Griggs.

CLIFF (CONT'D)
You like see-food?

Griggs closes his eyes...stems the nausea.

MONTOYA
Sol had the cart.

SOL
Shelves were bare, man. Was tuna or
sardines.

Griggs finally throws up in his mouth a little.

CLIFF
Dude. You better swallow that shit.

Ben interrupts the moment as he comes down the wheelhouse
stairway into the galley, shakes his head at Brady's pile of
opened tuna cans.

PETE
You hungry? You can have mine.

Ben reaches for the coffee pot instead.

BEN
I'm cool.

NATE
You ready for some relief?

Brady doesn't bother looking up from the stove.

BRADY
I'd rather go swimming.

Cliff chuckles, Nate ignores them.

BEN
No. This is a dinner break, no time
for sleep.

Exhausted GROANS all around.

BEN (CONT'D)
Storm's moving in. Gotta get the
rest of the gear up before we lose
it under the ice-pack.

Montoya starts to protest, but Ben is faster.

BEN (CONT'D)
Eat. Then back on deck.

NATE
It's been twenty hours straight -

Ben ignores him. He retreats up the stairwell to the
wheelhouse.

Nate looks to the rest of the guys, who offer him no back up.

Montoya grumbles.

MONTOYA
Shit, if that's how it is, then I'm
gonna eat slooowly.

Nate scoots from the booth, follows Ben upstairs.

GRIGGS
What's the deal? You guys all treat
Nate like shit.

PETE
He's a fuck up. Like you.

Sol shakes his head at the turn of conversation.

SOL
You're a bunch of teenage girls.

Cliff ignores Sol.

CLIFF

Asshole fell asleep at the wheel,
filling in for his daddy. Rolled
the ship off St. Paul's.

GRIGGS

No shit?

CLIFF

Lost our engineer.

Montoya crosses himself.

PETE

And my fucking finger.

CLIFF

I don't trust him.

MONTOYA

Bad mojo for sure.

Griggs doesn't look too happy with the new info.

SOL

Fuck you and your mojo. I've known
the Larsen kids longer than you've
been diddling your wee peckers.

Sol looks to Griggs.

SOL (CONT'D)

Ever a man you wanted watching your
back at sea, it's Nate. Poor guy
was in the wrong place at the wrong
time. Nothing more. It's fishing.
It's dangerous.

The men are silent as Sol gets up from the table.

SOL (CONT'D)

I'm gonna get some rest while you
all get to painting your toenails
and shit.

Sol leaves in disgust.

INT. WHEELHOUSE - SAME

Ben's retaken his seat at the helm. SLEET and SPRAY lash the windows as the seas worsen outside.

REVEAL two computer flat-screens -

ONE SCREEN - shows the RADAR DISPLAY for miles around...his tiny ship in the FAR NORTHWEST...very close to Russia...

And further north - A GIANT MOVING MASS OF ODD-SHAPED BLOCKS...like a broken wall of bricks.

It's the ice pack, moving down from the Arctic Circle.

ON A SECOND SCREEN - SONAR DATA and corresponding graphics to indicate the vast underwater topography of the Bering Sea fishing grounds.

Nate comes up the stairs -

NATE
You sure about keeping us on deck
like this?

Ben's in no mood.

BEN
We're shit out of luck out here.

NATE
I'm fine with the move, but after some rest. I bit my tongue out of respect when we started hitting blanks, but I would've been fine with moving on two weeks ago.

(beat)
Then again, I wouldn't have dropped pots anywhere this far west in the first place. We haven't seen any ships out here for days.

BEN
That was the point. Dad's old grounds. Thought we'd get some Russian luck.

NATE
Why do you think Dad hadn't been here since eighty-five?

BEN
Fine. I take the blame. Happy now?
(beat)
Doesn't matter. We keep moving for those pots or we'll have the ice bustin' buoys left and right. And if we lose that gear I don't have sixty fucking grand to replace it. Do you?

Nate's silent as Ben chain lights another smoke.

NATE

Fine. But, we need sleep. We're worn out, getting sloppy. Sol almost popped my head like a grape -

BEN

You've forgotten what it's like to pull a long shift.

NATE

That's bullshit. It ain't fair to drive us like this because of your fuck up.

BEN

I'm doing what I need to keep us in business -

NATE

Keep running us into the ground, there's gonna be a bad accident.

BEN

I don't need you telling me about accidents, Nathan. Get out of my wheelhouse.

NATE

This won't be your wheelhouse for much longer if you keep it up.

BEN

Get out, Nate.

NATE

You know why Mom sent me up here? The bank's been sending letters to the house. They want to repo the fucking ship.

BEN

I've already talked to the bank, I've worked it out. She doesn't have to worry -

NATE

Really? She talked to them too.

BEN

I said I worked it out. Back off.

NATE

She wants me in the mix.

BEN

Fuck you.

(beat)

All you had to do was stay home.
Wait for your checks. Blow it on
booze, blow, in your arm - I don't
give a shit...

NATE

I own as much of this business as
you do and it's dying.

Ben shakes his head at him.

BEN

All that garbage you put Mom and
Dad through... Can't just jump in
and be the swingin' dick now,
Nathan. You lost your shot.

NATE

Past is the past, Ben...

Ben doesn't bother looking up from his computer screen as
Nate leaves, frustrated and unheard by his younger brother.

OUTSIDE Ben'S WINDOW - The swells have gotten worse. Freezing
rain and sleet coming down harder. Bad things are brewin'...

But Ben isn't focussing on that...

Instead, his eyes are glued to his monitor. He brings up a
new map on the screen.

A RADIO SUDDENLY COMES TO LIFE WITH A 'VHF' BROADCAST -

AUTOMATED FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)
WEATHER. ALERT.

It's a modulated, text-to-voice weather-bot from the National
Weather Service.

AUTOMATED FEMALE VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
TO-NIGHT THROUGH TO-MORROW. SEVERE
STORM WARNING. ICING CONDITIONS -

Ben turns the broadcast down as he gets back to steering his
ROCKING AND ROLLING ship.

CUT TO:

EXT. BERING SEA - LATER

The storm bears down with full-force...clouds of thick snow and spray descend on the Maggie May as it PLOWS through white caps...hunting for its last few precious and most likely empty pots.

BRIGHT ORANGE SODIUM LIGHTS attempt to create some visibility in the near white-out...creating a surreal ORANGE CURTAIN OF SNOW cutting across the deck.

ICE covers every surface of the ship. It's like alien terrain.

BARELY VISIBLE IN THE DISTANCE...the field of broken, rapidly solidifying ice rolls slowly and ominously in the rough seas.

Time's running out.

EXT. SHIP'S DECK - CONTINUOUS

The crew continues the monotonous grind, hauling the empty pots from the churning water like Zombies on autopilot.

Despite the conditions, the exhaustion has gotten them in a kind of rhythm as they slip and slide on their sea legs.

EXT. WHEELHOUSE ROOF - CONTINUOUS

No longer needed as bait boy, Griggs now chops at the ice covering the TOP OF THE WHEELHOUSE with an axe...getting perilously close to the edge - FIVE STORIES ABOVE THE WATER.

Griggs slips on his ass, luckily grabs the wire-railing to steady himself.

EXT. MAIN DECK - CONTINUOUS

Cliff watches Griggs, shaking his head at the greenhorn's perceived ineptitude.

EXT. WHEELHOUSE ROOF - CONTINUOUS

Griggs moves closer to a THERMOS-SIZED YELLOW canister on the edge of the roof - COATED WITH ICE.

IT'S AN EPIRB: Emergency Position Indicating Radio Beacon. As soon as it leaves its cradle, it emits a signal to the Coast Guard for rescue...

Griggs swings the axe over his head to smite the ice around the EPIRB -

EXT. MAIN DECK - CONTINUOUS

Cliff panics at the sight. He SCREAMS up to the greenhorn.

CLIFF
What the fuck are you doing?!

Griggs doesn't hear him...SLIPS once again on the ice - stalling his axe strike.

Cliff runs for the wheelhouse.

AT THE HYDRAULICS

A cigarette hangs loosely from Sol's mouth as he guides the latest empty pot, positioning it above

A STACK OF POTS NOW THREE-STORIES ABOVE THE ROLLING DECK, nearly obscuring the bow from view.

Where Nate stands, fearlessly guiding the 800 lb pot to rest without even a life-vest or safety-line...he relies on his legs to absorb the rolling waves, CRASHING into the Maggie May below.

Ben's voice BOOMS from the PA System.

BEN (O.S.)
Big one. Watch it.

Nate moves away from the SWINGING POT as the SHIP DIPS into a huge trough between thirty-foot waves.

Below, Pete, Montoya and Sol take cover -

EXT. WHEELHOUSE ROOF - CONTINUOUS

Griggs is pummeled to his ass by the five story white water.

EXT. STACK - CONTINUOUS

Nate goes to all fours for stability, watches with excitement as he gets a bird's eye view of the WATER SWAMPING THE BOW.

EXT. WHEELHOUSE ROOF - CONTINUOUS

Cliff appears at the top of the ladder.

CLIFF
Griggs. Goddammit.

Griggs is surprised as Cliff pulls the axe from his hands and points to the EPIRB.

CLIFF (CONT'D)
That thing leaves the roof, the
Coast Guard will search and rescue
our asses inside an hour.

He shoves Griggs towards the ladder.

CLIFF (CONT'D)
You're done up here. Move.

Ben's voice booms once again from the P.A.

BEN (O.S.)
Another one. Hang on.

Cliff and Griggs brace themselves on the roof.

EXT. STACK - CONTINUOUS

The Maggie May crests the wave like a roller coaster, coming down at a near 45 degree angle...giving Nate a momentary, panoramic view of the surrounding sea. It's both beautiful and frightening.

His eyes widen as he sees a glimpse of something...

OUT IN THE OPEN WATER...a glimpse of something BRIGHT ORANGE, briefly illuminated by A WEAK, FLASHING BEACON...

The Maggie May evens out...erasing the object from sight.

The pot starts moving again as Sol gets back to work with the crane hydraulics, oblivious.

Nate starts waving frantically from his perch -

NATE
Man overboard! Man overboard!

EXT. WHEELHOUSE ROOF - CONTINUOUS

Cliff notices that Nate isn't assisting...can't hear what he's screaming over the DIN OF ENGINES, WEATHER AND WAVES.

CLIFF

Awwww, come on. What the fuck is wrong with him?

ON THE MAIN DECK

Pete, Sol and Montoya also pause to look up to Nate...who scrambles off the stack like a monkey.

INT. WHEELHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Ben rips open a fresh pack of cigarettes...his hair and hat askew - as he notices that work has halted...

...and looks out his window at Nate scrambling to the deck.

He gets on the PA System -

BEN

(into mic)

We got buoys comin' up. What the hell are you doing?

THROUGH HIS WINDOW - Nate is POINTING into the distant water ahead of the ship, still SCREAMING.

BEN (CONT'D)

For fuck's sake...

Ben opens the door, steps out into the driving sleet, onto the CATWALK extending from the wheelhouse to hear Nate.

EXT. WHEELHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Ben calls out over the wind as snow coats his face and hair.

BEN

What?!

NATE

There's a raft out there!

Nate points into the distance as A SERIES OF WAVES HITS.

The men collectively react...panic in their eyes as the mood switches on a dime.

BEN
I need every set of eyes on the
water!

Ben turns and runs back inside the wheelhouse as the crew switches gears.

CUT TO:

EXT. BERING SEA - MOMENTS LATER

The Maggie May carefully moves across the violent water.

SPOTLIGHTS SHINE from the bow, manned by Griggs and Nate...they rake the churning water with the light - briefly illuminating the snow spray as they hone in on...

A BRIGHT ORANGE, CANOPIED LIFE RAFT...it's big, capable of holding eight people...and it's sinking in the water.

STENCILED IN BLACK ON ITS SIDE: CYRILLIC LETTERS...RUSSIAN...unseen by the crew.

INT. WHEELHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Brady stands beside Ben as he maneuvers the ship towards the raft...delicately. He doesn't want to run it over.

BRADY
No word on any ships going down?

Ben shakes his head 'no', he's tense.

BRADY (CONT'D)
You'd think the Guard'd be on that
raft's beacon in a heartbeat if a
ship had gone down -

BEN
Brady, please.

EXT. SHIP'S DECK - CONTINUOUS

Pete helps Cliff as he frantically finishes zipping himself into a RED SURVIVAL SUIT...a 'dry' suit designed specifically for survival in cold water...it covers every part of the body - including face.

Sol assists Montoya with the gloves on his suit...

BOTH MEN HAVE SAFETY LINES AROUND THEIR WAISTS.

BEN (O.S.)
Raft's comin' up, starboard.
(beat)
Any sign of life?

ON THE BOW - Nate and Griggs shake their heads 'no'...

As Cliff and Montoya rush to the starboard rail...they watch the approaching raft as MORE WAVES CRASH AGAINST THE SHIP.

BEN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Watch it.

Sol hands Cliff A LENGTH OF ROPE as Cliff turns to Montoya.

CLIFF
I'll go in first and tie the raft off.

Montoya nods as Cliff takes a few deep breaths, preparing himself for the freezing, turbulent water.

IN THE WATER - A MOMENT LATER

The sagging raft bucks up against the side of the ship...it's roof draped loosely over the interior compartment -

Cliff SPLASHES into the water next to the raft...ties it off with Sol's line.

Cliff gives the THUMBS UP TO SOL...

But then is nearly swamped by the SINKING RAFT as a WAVE shoves it against the Maggie May, pinning him between the raft and the metal hull of the ship.

THE ROAR OF THE WEATHER drowns everything out.

ON THE SHIP'S DECK

Sol tosses the line, now tied to the raft, to Nate who frantically runs it through the CRAB POT HAULER and HITS THE HYDRAULICS...spooling the line, reeling the raft in.

IN THE WATER

The raft is TUGGED CLOSE TO THE SHIP by the now taut line.

Even in his drysuit, Cliff nearly hyperventilates as he struggles to get a look under the canopy of the raft...

INT. RAFT - CONTINUOUS

Cliff gets half his body inside the canopy...the interior is dark - only FLASHES OF ORANGE LIGHT from the Maggie May illuminate the scene inside -

He sees TWO MEN IN SURVIVAL SUITS...both faces opaque white.

They're laying in a growing pool of icy water...

CLIFF

Can you hear me?

No response. Cliff shakes them...ONE MAN SPUTTERS WEAKLY.

Cliff's adrenaline spikes when he sees the vital signs...

EXT. SHIP'S DECK - CONTINUOUS

Montoya watches as Cliff emerges from the raft, calls up -

CLIFF

Two guys. One alive! Throw me a lifeline.

Montoya throws A LINE down to Cliff -

INT. RAFT - A MOMENT LATER

Cliff TIES THE LINE UNDER THE BREATHING MAN'S ARMPITS...ties it off...tries to yank him out of the raft, but the floor is sinking even more rapidly from their combined weight. Like quicksand.

Cliff pulls harder...but realizes MORE ROPE is tangled around the unconscious men, attached to their suits...and leading to

SMALL METAL LOCKBOXES...a dozen of them...the combined weight pulling the floor even further into the frigid water.

CLIFF

Aww shit...

Every second he wastes is one closer to being sucked under water with the overladen raft.

INT. WHEELHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Ben looks out his window, frantic.

He turns to Brady -

BEN
Take the helm.

Brady grabs the toggle with his good hand, as Ben moves out onto

THE CATWALK

Ben calls out to Montoya and Sol.

BEN
Get Cliff out of there!

ON THE DECK BELOW

In his own dry suit, Montoya dives over the rail and into the water to help Cliff -

INT. RAFT - CONTINUOUS

Cliff struggles with the unconscious man as Montoya appears -

CLIFF
They're wrapped up in line -

Montoya struggles with the unconscious men as well...no luck.

ANOTHER WAVE CRUSHES THE RAFT -

CATAPULTING THE FOUR OF THEM INTO THE SIDE OF THE SHIP.

CLIFF (CONT'D)
Goddammit.

THE RAFT IS RAPIDLY FILLING WITH FREEZING WATER.

EXT. SHIP'S DECK - CONTINUOUS

Pete, Sol, Griggs and Nate watch helplessly as the raft below begins to sink...with Cliff and Montoya stuck inside.

Pete and Sol grab Cliff and Montoya's safety lines...trying to pull them out.

THE SHIP BUCKS AGAINST A THIRTY FOOT WAVE...once again slamming the raft against the metal hull and COVERING THE DECK IN WHITE WATER.

Every man is knocked off their feet.

ON PETE as he's washed over the side of the ship in nothing but his weather gear. He desperately tries to grab the rail, but no dice.

A LOOK OF HORROR ON HIS FACE as he disappears into the sea.

IN THE WHEELHOUSE

Ben anxiously watches the water recede...as the men slowly recover from the dousing...EVERYONE EXCEPT FOR PETE, WHO'S DISAPPEARED.

BEN

Oh no.

BRADY

What?

Ben gets on the PA, immediately begins turning the ship.

BEN

(over the PA)

Man overboard! Pete's gone over the side, I need eyes starboard!

(to Brady)

Get on the spotlight.

Brady runs to the exterior catwalk and flips on a powerful halogen light, begins panning it across the surging water.

EXT. SHIP'S DECK - CONTINUOUS

Sol immediately throws flotation devices overboard as he dashes back to the railing, looking for Pete in the water.

Griggs follows Sol's lead as Nate looks to the -

CRANE ARM - HANGING ABOVE THE SCENE...

Ben's handling the new problem, Nate needs to solve the first one.

Nate moves fast...TIES ANOTHER LENGTH OF ROPE to the line already holding the raft to the side of the Maggie May...

HE LOOPS IT OVER A HOOK DANGLING FROM THE CRANE ARM.

And moves to the crane controls -

IN THE WATER

The raft is swamped with more waves as it BEGINS TO SLOWLY RISE OUT OF THE SEA with Cliff and Montoya trapped inside.

The heavy fabric BENDING and BOWING from the weight within.

IN THE DECKHOUSE

Ben watches, worried...as the crane GRINDS, struggling under the load of men, water...and who knows what else.

Ben slows the engines as he turns the ship around...worry etched across his face as everything slips towards chaos.

ON DECK

Nate drops the sagging raft to the pitching deck with a CRASH.

Montoya and Cliff pull themselves out of the raft.

Cliff sees Griggs and Sol staring into the water -

CLIFF

What happened?

SOL

Pete's gone over.

MONTOYA

For fuck's sake.

Cliff and Montoya run back to the rail, frantically searching.

BEHIND THEM

Nate runs to the tangled, deflated raft - can't find the entrance.

He pulls his knife, uses it to slice part of the roof away - exposing the two men inside, tangled in ropes...amid metal lockboxes.

NATE

Griggs, Sol. Over here.

Griggs and Sol pull themselves away from the rail.

GRIGGS

What about Pete -

SOL

Pete's already dead. It's been over a minute, in nothing but a slicker.

(MORE)

SOL (CONT'D)
We need to save the guys who have a chance.

CUT TO:

INT. GALLEY - MOMENTS LATER

A FLURRY OF ACTIVITY as Nate and Griggs hurriedly drag the UNCONSCIOUS MAN from the life raft to the vinyl booth...

Where Sol is already pulling the mask off his RAFT MATE. The man's eyes are clouded by death.

SOL
This one's gone.

However, the Unconscious Man is still breathing...barely.

Nate nods -

NATE
Strip him.

Nate opens a storage bin, pulls a stack of blankets, towels and a medical kit.

Sol begins unzipping the man's dry suit - Griggs just watches, slow to react.

Nate shoves him out of the way.

NATE (CONT'D)
Do something or fucking move.

EXT. MAIN DECK - SAME

The weather HOWLS as Montoya and Cliff stand at the rail, straining to find Pete through SNOWFALL and WHITECAPS.

Cliff screams himself hoarse against the noise, calling out to his friend.

CLIFF
Pete! Pete!

INT. WHEELHOUSE - SAME

Ben continues to pilot the ship in a slow, wide circle as Brady directs the halogen lamp - scanning the rough water. But the lamps can only illuminate a thickening wall of snow.

BEN

(sotto)

Ten minutes ago the only worry we
had was some fucking lost pots...

BRADY

How long's he been in the water?

BEN

(grim)

Too long already.

INT. GALLEY - SAME

As the survival suit comes off, Sol takes note of the
CYRILLIC LETTERS STENCILED ON THE SUIT.

SOL

Russians.

The barely conscious Russian begins SHIVERING INTENSELY.

SOL (CONT'D)

...his clothes are wet.

Nate strips the Russian's soaked clothes as the shivering
worsens.

SOL (CONT'D)

Hypothermic.

...more clothes come off...revealing PALE BLUE TATTOOS
covering half of his body.

GRIGGS

Fuck...that's a shitload of ink.

MULTIPLE FOUR-POINTED STARS cover his knees...BUTTERFLIES
across his chest...CANDLESTICKS on his abdomen...BARBED WIRE
across his arms...

Sol takes note of the tattoos before spreading more blankets
and carefully swaddling the freezing Russian.

INT. WHEELHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Ben nervously runs a hand through his hair - dread plastered
across his face.

BRADY

Ben, how long are we gonna do this?

Ben doesn't answer.

BRADY (CONT'D)
It's been way too fucking long,
man...

BEN
Goddammit.

Ben picks up the PA.

EXT. MAIN DECK - CONTINUOUS

Only Cliff and Montoya are able to search for Pete.

BEN (O.S.)
Guys. I'm calling no joy.

Cliff throws up his hands in frustration.

CLIFF
The hell you are, motherfucker.

MONTOYA
Cliff. No way he's even afloat -

CLIFF
Keep your fucking eyes open.

INT. WHEELHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Ben turns to Brady -

BEN
Take the wheel.

Ben leaves the wheelhouse.

INT. GALLEY - CONTINUOUS

Ben bounds down the stairs as Sol goes through the Russian's pockets...

He, Griggs and Nate look to Ben, hopeful.

NATE
Pete?

Ben shakes his head...Nate and Sol deflate. Griggs is oddly cold.

Ben immediately focusses on the bundled stranger.

BEN
Who the hell is he?

SOL
A half-dead Russian.

BEN
Any I.D.?

SOL
Nada.

BEN
Those tattoos...?

GRIGGS
Russian prison ink.

Everyone looks at Griggs in surprise.

BEN
How the fuck do you know?

GRIGGS
Because I shared cells with guys
like these. Bad dudes.

He points out specific 'candlesticks' on the Russian's stomach.

GRIGGS (CONT'D)
These candlesticks don't mean he
was a candlestick maker.
(beat)
Means he'll snuff anyone out for a
price.

Ben and Nate share a look.

NATE
We need to get these guys off our
hands.

Ben nods. 'No shit.'

BEN
I'm calling the Guard for Pete
anyway...what a clusterfuck.

EXT. MAIN DECK - SAME

At the rail, Cliff continues to scan the turbulent water...but there's close to zero visibility as the snow comes down even harder.

He frantically motions to Brady up in the wheelhouse.

CLIFF
Slow it down. We're going too fast.

MONTOYA
We can't see shit in this weather...let's wait for a chopper -

CLIFF
Hope to fuck you wouldn't give up this quickly if it was me who went over.

MONTOYA
Of course not, man. Come on, let's just get warmed up -

He puts a hand on Cliff's shoulder.

CLIFF
Back off.

Cliff shoves Montoya back.

Montoya throws his hands in the air as he backs away. He doesn't want a fight.

MONTOYA
Fine, you crazy piece of shit.
Freeze your ass off.

Montoya backs off, heads back to the deckhouse...past the SHREDDED RAFT...

A BRIGHT GLINT among the strange metal boxes catches Montoya's eye through the snow.

He kneels down to inspect the box...

ANGLE ON HIS EYES as they widen with surprise.

MONTOYA (CONT'D)
(sotto)
Holy shit.

INT. GALLEY - SAME

A DRIPPING sound gets everyone's attention...

It's coming from the DEAD RUSSIAN laying on the other side of the vinyl u-shaped booth. A DARK PUDDLE forms under his body.

A SWELL ROLLS THE SHIP...KNOCKING THE DEAD MAN'S HEAD FROM THE CUSHIONS...

Angling the body downward...head under the table.

ALLOWING A TORRENT OF BLOOD TO EMPTY FROM THE SUIT... SPLASHING TO THE FLOOR OF THE GALLEY.

The men stare in disbelief as Sol moves to the dead man, to unzip the dry suit.

BEN

Don't -

Sol ignores him...OPENS THE SUIT - just enough to expose -

Just as many tattoos as the man's living counterpart...

AND A BULLET WOUND IN THE DEAD MAN'S CHEST.

NATE

Oh, man.

Everyone continues to stare, rooted in place as Montoya enters - oblivious.

MONTOYA

Dude, you gotta see this -

BEN

Not now.

MONTOYA

No. Seriously.

Montoya shoves something in Ben's hands...Ben finally looks down at it...

And stops cold - staring at this object...eyes suddenly wide.

BEHIND THEM

Unseen by everyone, the Russian's eyes briefly open...more alert than we've seen...sizing up the situation....

INT. WHEELHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

The small room is crammed with everyone.

They all SWAY and compensate for the WEATHER, VIOLENTLY ROLLING THE SHIP...spray lashes the windows.

No one seems to mind though...thoughts of mortality have gone out the window - as they all stare down at:

ALL OF THE OLIVE-DRAB, RUSTED LOCK BOXES.

One is open:

- FILLED WITH GOLD BARS.

Griggs pries a second one open:

- A LOAD OF DIAMONDS - A PISTOL rests atop the pile.

They're mesmerized as it all GLITTERS under the cabin lights.

Cliff observes...but remains downbeat about it all.

Brady picks up the gun, toys with it as he eyes the prize.

BRADY

How much you think it's worth?

MONTOYA

A lot.

BRADY

We're gonna split this shit right?

MONTOYA

Of course, man.

Montoya looks to Ben, their leader, still calmly piloting the ship through the weather. Ben doesn't react.

MONTOYA (CONT'D)

I get more though, right? Cuz I found it -

GRIGGS

Bullshit, you do.

MONTOYA

Shut the fuck up. You automatically get less anyway, greenhorn.

BEN
You'll each get what I say you get.
(beat)
Who's watching the Russian?

BRADY
...the guy's unconscious -

BEN
Go down and tie him up.

BRADY
He's half-dead, man -

BEN
I don't give a shit. Who knows who
the hell he is.

Brady hesitates, preferring to stare at the loot.

BEN (CONT'D)
Don't worry. No one's going to take
your share.

Brady sets the found pistol down, sulks as he heads down.

MONTOYA
Brady. If he wakes up, pretend he's
Sue and clock his ass.

BRADY
Montoya, I swear to God -

BEN
Brady. Now.

Brady relents as Montoya grabs a bar of gold...eyes a STAMP
on the surface.

CLOSE ON THE STAMP - Japanese characters...

MONTOYA
...Chinese?

NATE
Japanese.

Nate kicks one of the boxes...indicating FADED JAPANESE
STENCILING...

NATE (CONT'D)
You've been fishing around the
Pacific for ten years and you still
can't recognize Japanese.

Sol backs away from it, like it's radioactive.

MONTOYA
Fine, it's Japanese. What the hell
is it doing here?

SOL
That's an Imperial stamp.

Everyone looks to Sol.

SOL (CONT'D)
Jap navy. World War Two...

MONTOYA
Still doesn't answer my question.
Where did the Russians get it -

SOL
Only two kinds of people in this
part of the world. Crabbers and
scavengers.

(beat)
Someone probly dug it up from some
sunken ship. Maybe these Russian
took it from some treasure hunters.
My Daddy told me how Japs used to
make Arctic runs from Germany -

GRIGGS
Who gives a shit? It's ours.

Griggs goes to dip his hands in the diamond trough - and is
stopped short by Cliff.

Griggs rips his hand from Cliff's.

GRIGGS (CONT'D)
Don't touch me.

CLIFF
Then don't touch shit that doesn't
belong to you.

Nate turns to Ben.

NATE
We need to call the Guard and get
this mess off our hands.

(beat)
We got two dead men -

CLIFF
You mean one missing.

Montoya shakes his head. Cliff stares him down.

NATE

Fine. One missing.

(beat)

One dead...and another near dead
and a load of stolen loot. I'm done
doing prison time.

BEN

As far as Pete goes, we can tell
the Guard anything we want about
how he went over.

Cliff reacts, but Ben shuts him down.

BEN (CONT'D)

Cliff. I know it's hard to hear,
but he's dead and gone. He had
thirty seconds out there, no way
even the Coast Guard is going to
get him.

Cliff drops his head as Nate shakes his in disgust.

CLIFF

It ain't right.

BEN

What's right is giving his family a
share of that loot.

GRIGGS

You're serious?

Everyone stares at Griggs...this is non-negotiable.

NATE

And the man who's still alive
downstairs? What about him?

BEN

If he dies, he dies...it's all
ours. No one else needs to know.

Nate's taken aback by the cold response. He looks to the rest
of the men...only Sol looks him in the eyes.

NATE

You'd let someone die over this?

MONTOYA

Fuck him. Finders keepers.

BEN

All I know is that I'm not the only
guy out here who's broke.

Everyone nods, except Nate and Sol.

INT. GALLEY - SAME

The Russian's ankles are now bound with a length of rope.

Brady finishes cutting another LENGTH OF ROPE, his back to
the Russian.

The Russian's eyes cautiously open. He takes note of the rope
and knife.

He closes his eyes as Brady turns to face him.

INT. WHEELHOUSE - SAME

NATE

This ain't the way to get the ship
out of the hole...

BEN

While you've been burnin' cash on
bail and rehab for the past five
years, I've been hauling this rusty
tub of shit. Supporting half the
family, including you.

(beat)

This is the escape plan we've been
waiting on.

Montoya acknowledges it with a silent nod.

CLIFF

Pete's share could take care of his
kid for life.

NATE

Then what's the plan if the Russian
wakes up and wants to know where
the fuck his loot went?

Ben and the rest are silent.

GRIGGS

Then we kill him.

Everyone stares at Griggs for a long beat, dumbstruck by his
blunt assessment.

CLIFF
You are a scary little fucker.

GRIGGS
I'm done taking your shit -

Griggs steps up to Cliff...a much bigger guy.

CLIFF
No. You're not.

Ben breaks it up.

BEN
We're not gonna murder anyone.

Everyone turns to their Captain.

BEN (CONT'D)
We put the Russians back in their
raft...call the Guard to report
Pete and then split the loot in
port.

Nate shakes his head in disgust.

INT. GALLEY - SAME

Brady has moved onto the booth, behind the Russian who is
still stretched out along the bench.

He begins wrapping the Russian's wrists...coiling the rope
first around the left and then the right...

His head hangs over the Russians, reversed.

The Russian's eyes open once more -

STARING STRAIGHT INTO BRADY'S EYES.

His bound hands shoot straight up, wrapping the rope around
Brady's neck before the smaller American can react.

Brady has unwittingly helped the Russian create a garrote.

...Brady tries to scream but the Russian PULLS HIS WRISTS
APART with all his diminished strength.

The rope SCISSORS ACROSS BRADY'S NECK as his face turns
purple...he claws helplessly at the rough line as the Russian
pull him within inches of his own face.

Brady kicks helplessly, searches for leverage but finds none.

He reaches for his KNIFE, resting on the table...he finally gets a finger on it...BUT KNOCKS IT TO THE FLOOR.

INT. WHEELHOUSE - SAME

NATE

How's putting them in a raft any different than murder?

Ben doesn't have a response. Nate has a point.

SOL

I don't care who the Russian is. We need to get him medical attention. It's the rule of the sea. Situation was reversed, we'd want the same.

Ben kicks a lockbox.

BEN

There's millions of exceptions to that rule right there, Sol.

Sol's not swayed.

BEN (CONT'D)

How much longer you going to be able to work the grounds? What do you got to retire on?

SOL

Nothing wrong with working for a living. At least I know it's honest.

Ben looks between Sol and Nate, who nods along with Sol.

SOL (CONT'D)

Who knows what bad juju this shit's got on it.

MONTOYA

This is definitely not bad juju, Sol. This is a sign. Our luck's finally fucking turned.

NATE

I know you guys are hard, but murder - ?

BEN

Stop using that fucking word.

CLIFF

You're the last person I thought
who'd have a problem with this -

Nate ignores him.

NATE

Benny. I don't want craziness. Just
honest work.

BEN

Then take your share and do that.
Fix this rusty bitch up and do it
til you die.

(beat)

Just don't fuck it up for the rest
of us.

Nate looks to each man...no one on his side except for Sol.

A long beat of silence before Montoya breaks the tension.

MONTOYA

...let's get on with it.

NATE

Putting a bullet in his head or
putting him back on the raft is the
same thing. Murder. You ready for
that?

Cliff and Montoya look unsure.

NATE (CONT'D)

That's what I thought. You have no
idea what it's like to kill
someone.

GRIGGS

I do.

Everyone turns their attention back to him. For the first
time, Cliff looks a little unsure of the pecking order...

Griggs stares Nate down.

GRIGGS (CONT'D)

What about you?

Nate doesn't answer.

Griggs is unflinching.

GRIGGS (CONT'D)
The guy's a killer.

Griggs looks to everyone else.

GRIGGS (CONT'D)
It'll be justice for everyone he's
ever killed. And then we'll get our
reward.

CLIFF
That's right. Russian's a murderer.
Makes me feel better about dumping
'em back in the raft already.

SOL
Cliff. We're not judge and jury.

GRIGGS
Why the hell not? It's the open
sea. It's the fucking wild west out
here. They'd do us in a heartbeat
if the situation was reversed.

No one backs Sol or Nate.

BEN
Nate. Sol. You're overruled.

NATE
What about Brady?

BEN
What about him? He's got no problem
taking a share -

NATE
No one ever asked him about murder.

Ben glares at Nate. Grudgingly calls for Brady.

BEN
Brady. Get up here!

NATE
Fuck this.

Nate takes his chance, goes for the EMERGENCY RADIO -
knocking the cards out of Ben's hand in the process.

The cards go flying as he pulls the mic - GOES FOR THE SEND
BUTTON.

Ben struggles with Nate for the radio...Nate getting the upper-hand, until

Everyone else jumps in.

NATE (CONT'D)
Get the fuck off me.

Nate brandishes his KNIFE - SLASHING AT THE MEN AROUND HIM.

It's chaos.

SOL
Put it down, man. Come on. *
BEN
You touch that radio, I'll kill you.

Nate dials in the channel as WHAM -

Nate hits the floor, stunned.

REVEAL Griggs standing over him...holding the CROW BAR.

BEN
You didn't have to hit him.

Griggs savagely kicks him the ribs a couple times before Ben finally intervenes...shoves Griggs against the wall.

BEN (CONT'D)
He's out. Get off him.

Nate is bloodied, struggling to breathe...out cold.

Everyone else stands back, shocked by the sudden violence.

Ben kneels down, checks that his brother is breathing.

MONTOYA
He dead?

Ben shakes his head, looks to Griggs...who shrugs unapologetically.

GRIGGS
He was gonna fuck it all up...

Ben turns to Griggs.

BEN
He's still my brother, you psychotic shit.

He yanks the crowbar from Griggs' hands.

BEN (CONT'D)
Get Brady up here.

Montoya bounds down the stairway into

INT. GALLEY - CONTINUOUS

Montoya looks across the empty galley, confused.

MONTOYA
Brady?

Montoya sees two feet sticking out of the galley booth.

He approaches the booth cautiously, sees Brady's lifeless body slumped in the booth - his dead eyes open and empty, his neck swollen with purple abrasions from the rope.

Montoya sees the ropes and blankets discarded by the Russian, looks around wildly, but still no sign of the intruder.

He quickly backs away from Brady's corpse, stumbling over the dead body of other Russian.

MONTOYA (CONT'D)
Goddammit.

INT. DECK HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The equipment room for the crew...orange slickers, pants, boots, gloves, hats and KNIVES sway from hooks with the motion of the ship.

The weakened, naked Russian shivers violently, struggles to stay on his bare feet as the ship SWAYS. He doesn't have his sea legs yet.

He grabs some clothing...and a HAND AXE.

CUT TO:

INT. WHEELHOUSE - SAME

Sol's trying to rouse Nate as Montoya bursts out of the galley stairwell.

MONTOYA
He's dead.

BEN
What?

MONTOYA
Brady's dead.

Everyone exchanges confused looks.

CLIFF
Jesus Christ.

They hold a long beat...not something they were prepared for.

The only sounds are the ENGINE DRONE against the RAGING WEATHER OUTSIDE.

WHITE SPRAY crashes against the wheelhouse windows as the ship DIPS AND ROLLS in the growing swells.

MONTOYA
This is some fucked up bullshit.

BEN
Where's the Russian?

Montoya's rattled.

BEN (CONT'D)
Hey. Montoya.

MONTOYA
I don't know...he's gone.

GRIGGS
What do you mean, he's gone?

MONTOYA
I mean he's not down there.

CLIFF
He couldn't have gone far -

SOL
Ain't too late to get on the radio,
Ben...

Everyone looks between Sol and Ben...

Ben processes the new situation, finally shakes his head.

BEN
No.
(beat)
This ship will become a crime
scene. We lose everything.

SOL

It's bigger than gold. First Pete,
now Brady. This is out of control.

BEN

They wouldn't have gotten on this
ship if they weren't ready to die.

He looks to the guys.

BEN (CONT'D)

Like all of us.

The men nod, Sol isn't so convinced.

BEN (CONT'D)

We'll break for open water. Fuck
the pots.

Ben grabs the Russian's gun, still resting on the crates.

He chambers a round, puts it in his waistband.

Ben turns to a console, opens a wide, narrow drawer that
contains a messy stack of unfurled maps and charts.

He pulls out a blueprint of the ship, spreads it out on top
of the console.

CLOSE ON the ship's blueprint as Ben points to the aft
sections of the ship, where the wheelhouse and living
quarters are laid out.

He points to it for Griggs' benefit.

BEN (CONT'D)

This is where we are, right now.
Got it?

Griggs nods as Ben points out each location.

BEN (CONT'D)

Solly, you check the engine room.
Cliff take the aft weather deck.
Griggs, you and Montoya start here
with the bunks and head -

Griggs grows impatient.

GRIGGS

C'mon man, it's a goddam ship. This
guy can't have gone that far.

CLIFF

Shut up and listen.

BEN

This ship was a World War II Oiler.
Lots of nooks and crannies below to
hide in.

CLIFF

You get lost, we may never fucking
find you.

Ben looks at his crew as he points to the map...everyone
starting their search at the back of the ship.

BEN

Aft to bow. Leave no place
unchecked. If anything, we flush
him forward and corner him at the
front of the ship.

He nods to Nate - out cold.

BEN (CONT'D)

Put him in my cot.

He pulls a ring of keys from his pocket, tosses it to Cliff.

BEN (CONT'D)

Then we find the stow-away.

EXT. BERING SEA - SAME

FROM A DISTANCE - the growing sheet of ice blankets the rough
water as the storm grows in intensity...pushing the ice
further south through the Bering Sea.

HEAVY SNOW AND SLEET are blown nearly horizontally by the
powerful winds as we glimpse -

SMALL, DIM LIGHTS amidst the darkness...the tiny MAGGIE MAY
bobs like a toy in the water, racing the encroaching danger.

CUT TO:

INT. CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS - MOMENTS LATER

Nate lays on Ben's cot...still out cold.

Griggs, Montoya and Sol watch Cliff use Ben's ring of keys to
open A GUN SAFE over Ben's desk...

REVEALING a single SHOTGUN.

GRIGGS
That's all we've got?

CLIFF
We're fishermen, not mercs, moron.

GRIGGS
Who gets it?

CLIFF
(to Montoya)
You were a Marine, right?

MONTOYA
Yeah. I mean...for a minute. I can
clean my boots and stuff -

Cliff tosses Montoya the shotgun. Montoya doesn't look too excited to be handling it.

HE SLAMS THE SAFE SHUT -

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. BUNK ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

BOOM - the door flies open, revealing Griggs, holding his knife like Rambo.

GRIGGS
Come on, motherfucker.

CUT TO:

INT. STORAGE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

BOOM - the door flies open, revealing Montoya...a trace of fear in his eyes.

He haphazardly tosses boxes aside, shotgun at the ready.

CUT TO:

INT. DECK HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Sol enters slowly...the SLICKERS SWAYING AROUND HIM...

He immediately notices EMPTY HOOKS...an EMPTY HAND-AXE SHEATH on the floor...

ANOTHER DOOR is partially open, the watertight fasteners UNLOCKED.

A sign proclaims that the door leads downstairs to the ENGINE ROOM.

He keeps an eye on the unlocked door...grabs the WALL PHONE.

INT. WHEELHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Ben nervously looks between a RADAR SCREEN...showing the ENCROACHING ICE SHEET...

And out the frosting windows...watching the incoming swells with the aid of the DECK LIGHTS -

He times his steering and ACCELERATION INTO THE WAVES, surging the engines forward and back as the ship crests waves and falls into troughs...

A LOUD BUZZ sounds from overhead...

He reaches up, grabs the PHONE.

BEN
(into phone)
Talk to me -

INT. DECK HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

SOL
(into phone)
Guy's in the engine -

Sol's able to get off a few words, before -

ZZZZZFFT...BLACKOUT.

INT. WHEELHOUSE - SAME

ZZZZZFFT...POWER SURGES....then...BLACK.

Radar screen...interior lights...and EXTERIOR DECK LIGHTS.

ALL OUT.

Ben absorbs it in silence for a beat, the phone still pressed to his ear.

A SWELL PUMMELS the ship - sending dark, invisible spray against his windows as

EERIE BLUE, BATTERY POWERED EMERGENCY LIGHTS FLICKER ON...

Though the engines continue to drone...the darkness outside leaves him blind to navigate.

BEN
Fuck me.

INT. GALLEY - CONTINUOUS

The SOUNDS of the kitchen being torn apart as Griggs stumbles around in the dark.

GRIGGS (O.S.)
Shit -

We hear a WET THUD...

THE BLUE EMERGENCY LIGHTING KICKS ON...

ILLUMINATES GRIGGS...blocking his eyes from the bright light with a blood covered hand as he slips and slides...

The ship rolls as he attempts to stand -

IN THE DEAD RUSSIAN'S POOL OF BLOOD AND GORE.

A FLASHLIGHT cuts across the scene, shining in Griggs' face.

REVEAL CLIFF holding the light, accompanied by Montoya.

GRIGGS (CONT'D)
What happened?

CLIFF
Power's out, you tampon.

MONTOYA
Christ, that's nasty.

Montoya dry-heaves as Griggs realizes that he's COVERED IN BLOOD...an odd purple in the emergency light glow.

GRIGGS
Get that shit out of my face.

BEN (O.S.)
Griggs, get up here and take the wheel.

INT. ENGINE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The ENGINE DRONE is deafening, echoing through the cavernous space bordered by pipes, tubes and hoses...a strange mechanical maze...made all the worse by the rolling seas breaking against the hull.

All is illuminated by the narrow beam of a high-powered flashlight, wielded by Sol.

He cautiously moves forward...knife in one hand, flashlight in the other as attempts to ignore the STRANGE SHADOWS and the cubby holes where the Russian could be hiding.

Sol finds himself at the end of one of the LONG, 16 CYLINDER ENGINE BLOCKS.

The engine VIBRATES as it strains...STEAM AND SMOKE wafting from the cylinders...something's not right.

UP AHEAD

His FLASHLIGHT illuminates the other end of the block...near a BUNDLE OF SEVERED COOLANT HOSES...

LIQUID SPRAYS in silhouette against the light.

Sol's breath catches as he pauses - he draws the knife higher, switching his grip he looks more like a knife-fighter now...older, grizzled - but still formidable.

He moves slower, edges closer to the other end of the engine.

INT. DECKHOUSE PASSAGEWAY - A MOMENT LATER

Ben rushes towards the ENGINE ROOM with the aid of a lantern. Cliff and Montoya follow closely.

BEN

Change of plans. He's in the engine room. We can trap him down there.

MONTOYA

You're gonna trust Griggs to drive?

BEN

Better that than watching my back.

CLIFF

I hear that.

INT. ENGINE ROOM - SAME

Sol pauses cautiously as -

THE ENGINE SHUDDERS VIOLENTLY...SCRAPING, SUPERHEATED METAL CYLINDERS OPERATING WITHOUT OIL OR COOLANT...

A SHRILL SQUEAL fills the room as the engine SEIZES UP.

INT. DECK HOUSE PASSAGEWAY - SAME

The ship LURCHES and SHUDDERS...the STRAINING ENGINE NOISE making its way to the upper deck.

Ben's face turns even more grim.

BEN
...the engines.

INT. WHEELHOUSE - SAME

Griggs is rattled in the captain's chair as -

The JOG-LEVER vibrates in Griggs' hand. He's panicked as the ship shudders...SLOWS DOWN DRAMATICALLY.

INT. ENGINE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sol reaches for the engine shutdown lever -

AS AN AXE BLADE FLIES INTO FRAME - REMOVING FOUR OF SOL'S FINGERS AT THE FIRST KNUCKLE.

Sol stares at his hand in shock as the Russian swings the axe again...at his head.

Sol dodges instinctively - cradling his stump as he desperately lashes out with his own knife.

Sol's blade catches the Russian off-guard, SLASHING A GOUGE across the man's forearm.

The Russian reflexively drops the axe and is defenseless for the moment...

But Sol slips on the oil-slicked steel floor...loses his leverage.

The Russian spins to the side, deceptively agile and strong - dodges Sol's blade as the older man slashes at the air -

The Russian uses a combination of sticky hands and down and dirty prison-yard brawling.

He pivots Sol's momentum, almost like a bullfighter, launching the older man forward in the cramped space.

Sol goes head-first with a CRUNCH against the OVERHEATING ENGINE.

Sol slowly pulls himself up, skull obviously cracked as he braces himself on the engine with his good hand.

CLOSE ON HIS HAND as it SIZZLES AGAINST THE METAL.

The Russian watches Sol, a sadistic kid torturing an old dog.

He smirks as Sol finally regains his balance, desperately slashes the air between he and the Russian.

The Russian, finds new strength.

He playfully dodges a few swipes of Sol's knife, then finally blocks a jab, returns it with HIS STEEL FLASHLIGHT...knocking Sol's teeth out with a sickening CRACK.

Sol drops his knife...as the Russian follows through with the heel of his palm to Sol's nose - BREAKING IT WITH A CRUNCH.

Sol is knocked back onto the smoking, vibrating engine block.

Sol's barely conscious...blood STREAMING from his face.

The Russian calmly picks his ice axe from the dirty floor...

SWINGS THE FILTHY AXE into Sol's belly...RIPS UPWARD excruciatingly slowly...eye to eye with Sol.

He hisses at Sol under the noise, his face filled with rage -

RUSSIAN
Nu vse, tebe pizda. Perdoon stary -

He stares into Sol's eyes as the older man GASPS in shock.

The Russian looms over him, slowly withdraws the serrated blade - ready to finish the American off, when...

FLASHLIGHTS AND SHOUTS from the stairway behind them.

BEN (O.S.)
Sol!?

The Russian quickly backs into the shadows, further into a

NARROW MAINTENANCE CORRIDOR running below the waterline, the length of the hull, towards the bow...

AT THE STAIRS

Ben, Cliff, and Montoya, bound into the compartment, FLASHLIGHTS cutting through the SMOKE AND STEAM.

Ben shouts over the engine noise.

BEN (CONT'D)
Solly, you down there!?

As the three move into the compartment, Cliff shines his light on the ELECTRICAL PANEL on the nearby bulkhead.

The panel's door is open, the inside WIRING SLASHED AND SHREDDED.

CLIFF
Shit. Panel's cooked.

Ben finally pulls the SHUTDOWN LEVER...shutting the damaged motor down...the second motor struggles to pull the ship through the storm.

FURTHER IN THE ENGINE ROOM, Montoya's light finds Sol, slumped against the engine block, clutching his lacerated stomach.

MONTOYA
Oh man...

Montoya, Ben, and Cliff converge on Sol...they see the blood pouring from his face...his severed fingers.

Sol looks down to his hands covering his belly, seeping red -

He grits his teeth in pain, moves his hands enough for Ben and the others to see the deep wound.

CLIFF
Ah Jesus.

BEN
Where is he?

Sol nods toward the MAINTENANCE CORRIDOR.

Ben pulls the Russian's pistol from his waistband, checks the clip as...

He peers down the darkened MAINTENANCE CORRIDOR that disappears into the bowels of the ship...more like an insulated cave to nowhere

CLIFF

What the hell does this psycho want?

Ben shrugs.

BEN

No idea. But he gets far enough forward, he could open the saltwater pumps, flood the ship, who knows what else.

(beat)

He could also end up back on deck, double back on us and get to the wheelhouse.

He turns to Montoya.

BEN (CONT'D)

We'll try and trap him in between.

(beat)

You take the high road, I'll take the low road. Make sure he doesn't move forward and get back up top through the hatch under the weather deck in the bow. Last thing I want is that fucker doing something with the pots. He destabilizes the stack, it'll sink us faster than the ice.

Montoya hesitates as he stares at Sol's horrific injuries.

BEN (CONT'D)

What are you waiting on?

Montoya looks between Ben and Sol...unsure.

BEN (CONT'D)

You've got a gun, I've got a gun. Ivan's got an axe. If you won't man up, I bet the greenhorn would be more than eager.

Montoya finally snaps out of it...

MONTOYA

Fuck that.

He moves back up the stairs.

BEN

Make sure you've got a clear shot,
do not aim near the hull or pipes.
We don't need to help the Bering
kill us -

Montoya waves him off, annoyed.

Ben surveys the engine damage as Cliff checks Sol's vitals...slipping into panic.

CLIFF

Shit man, he needs a doctor -

Ben ignores him, looks towards the shredded electrical box.

BEN

Get that box rewired, I'll get some
spare hose. We get this engine
running, we'll be fine -

Cliff gets in Ben's face, officially panicking.

CLIFF

For fuck's sake! We can't just
leave him down here!

BEN

What the hell do you want from me?
He's fucked up. Who knows if he's
gonna live. Right now I'm trying to
make sure the rest of us get out of
this alive -

CLIFF

We're not talking about cutting
dead loss, asshole. Sol isn't some
rotten crab stinkin' up the tank.
You can't just abandon him like you
did Pete -

Ben grabs Cliff by the throat, shoves him against the bulkhead...the wheels have officially come off.

BEN

If we don't get this shit working
in the next few minutes, we're all
gonna be under a sheet of ice, just
like Pete. Got it?

(beat)

You wanted to be deckboss so bad?
Act like one.

Cliff is cold and stubborn.

CLIFF

I ain't doing shit with him
bleeding out on the floor. Nate was
right, we should've called for help-

They stare eye to eye...the ship HEAVING around them.

BEN

You jumped into this with the rest
of us. We can't call anyone. We
need to fix this ourselves.

Cliff won't budge.

Ben finally looks to Sol, already getting grey from blood loss...

BEN (CONT'D)

Fine. Take Sol to the galley. Then
get down here to fix this shit. One
engine ain't gonna get us clear of
the weather and ice.

Cliff doesn't acknowledge him...Ben maintains his iron grip.

BEN (CONT'D)

Get your head straight.

Cliff finally nods.

CUT TO:

INT. DECKHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The gear sways on hooks around him as the ship shifts.

Montoya refuses to let the shotgun go as he puts on a weatherproof jacket.

He mumbles to himself as he prepares to head outside.

MONTOYA

(sotto)

Motherfucking...commie piece of
shit. I'm a fucking U.S. Marine -

He pulls the hood over his head...

EXT. MAIN DECK - A MOMENT LATER

WAVES CRASH OVER THE RAILING, mixing with FREEZING SPRAY AND SNOW...layering every surface in a coat of crystalline ice.

The rails, the deck...

AND THE TWO-STORY TOWER OF 150 CRAB POTS...EACH WEIGHING 800lb... tethered by thin, brittle chains.

The stack CREAKS AND GROANS, fighting gravity as the deck RISES AND FALLS like a GIANT SEE-SAW.

The stack covers most of the forward deck...near the bow. A few narrow, man-sized 'corridors' in the labyrinthine stack allow for access to the

FORWARD WEATHER DECK - a small enclosure near the bow that holds anchor gear and line...and the hatch that is the only exit from the Maintenance Corridor running the length of the ship.

Montoya exits the deckhouse, squints his eyes from the blowing spray and snow...peers into the darkened stack.

MONTOYA

Come on, Boris. Come out to play,
bitch.

He raises the shotgun and flashlight...begins to move cautiously across the deck towards the stack and the weather deck behind it, in the bow.

CUT TO:

INT. MAINTENANCE CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Ben's flashlight barely cuts through the inky darkness as he slowly moves forward within the bowels of the ship...

Insulated crab tanks make up the walls to both sides.

The SOUND OF SLOSHING WATER permeates the claustrophobic space as the ship ROLLS...knocking him back and forth against the walls.

He mops sweat from his brow, keeps the Russian's pistol pointed forward...

The flashlight reveals nothing but more labyrinthine pipes ahead...

A DARK SHADOW suddenly darts between pipes at the end of the corridor.

The SHIP ROCKS from the storm -

Causing Ben to drop the flashlight in his rush to raise the pistol -

Finger on trigger - he stops himself...looking to the pipes around his head...ALL FULL WITH SLOSHING SEAWATER FOR THE CRAB TANKS.

ON THE FLOOR - the flashlight rolls with the ship...arcing light over the dark space.

Ben shouts in frustration -

BEN
Shit.

He bends to pick up the flashlight...

AS AN EERIE CHUCKLE sounds from further down the corridor toward the front of the ship.

Ben freezes...scared shitless.

INT. GALLEY - MOMENTS LATER

By the blue glare of the emergency lights -

Cliff lays Sol across the cushions where the homicidal Russian had been only thirty minutes before.

The ship GROANS as waves crash against it...rocking it like a cork in the ocean as the single remaining engine STRUGGLES AND VIBRATES below deck.

BLOOD soaks Sol's shredded shirt...DRIP. DRIP. DRIPPING to the floor from the vinyl and mingling with the

PUDDLE OF BLOOD from the dead Russian, still laying there in the adjoining seat, lifeless and cold.

The older man's breathing is shallow and ragged...

Cliff grabs a towel from the kitchen, presses it into Sol's hands still covering the axe wound.

He moves towards the wheelhouse stairs...

EXT. BERING SEA - CONTINUOUS

The Maggie May limps away from the encroaching ice...SWELLS batting the ship as it struggles to stay its course. It's a big ship, but the seas are bigger.

INT. WHEELHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Griggs grips the JOG LEVER and THROTTLE with white knuckles as he intently watches the dark horizon...the nub of a dying cigarette hangs from his lips...

He nervously, rapidly looks between a half-full pack on the dash and the dark horizon outside the window...too afraid to miss something in the darkness.

BEHIND GRIGGS

Cliff appears at the top of the stairs.

CLIFF

That shit ain't good for you.

Griggs jumps, grabs his knife as Cliff approaches him.

GRIGGS

Don't sneak up on me -

CLIFF

Put it out.

GRIGGS

What?

Cliff yanks the cigarette from his mouth, CRUSHES IT IN HIS HAND.

CLIFF

The cherry on the end of your faggy menthols are ruining your night-vision.

Cliff heads to the DOOR BEHIND GRIGGS, THE CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS.

GRIGGS

Where you goin'?

CLIFF

Keep your eyes on the ice.

Griggs stares Cliff down, rage welling in his eyes.

Cliff takes a menacing step towards him.

CLIFF (CONT'D)

What...?

Griggs shrinks back a bit, keeps his mouth shut.

Cliff shakes his head at him, turns his back - enters the Captain's quarters.

Griggs looks to his knife, laying across the dash...

HE FLIPS THE BIRD TO THE CLOSED DOOR...LIGHTS ANOTHER SMOKE.

INT. CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS - A MOMENT LATER

The room is pitch black.

Cliff stands over Nate (still out cold), uses his flashlight to illuminate his face.

CLIFF

Nate.

He checks Nate's breathing...shakes him a bit...Nate groans.

CLIFF (CONT'D)

Nate...wake up.

(beat)

WAKE UP.

Cliff finds a MEDICAL KIT on the wall, rips it open...finds a vial of SMELLING SALTS.

He opens it, cringes as he passes it under Nate's nose.

Nate's eyes finally snap open...he backs away from the salts, repulsed as his hands immediately go to his bruised head.

NATE

WHAT THE FUCK...

He shrinks back from the bright flashlight beam...

Cliff points the light away -

NATE (CONT'D)

Cliff...?

Nate finally notices the power's out...the STRAINED ENGINE NOISE IN THE BACKGROUND...

CLIFF

Brady's dead -

Nate tries to roll his feet to the floor...still holding his head in pain.

CLIFF (CONT'D)

Sol's bleeding to death.

NATE
Wait, wait, wait. Sol?

CLIFF
Russian fucking got Sol and Brady.
Sol took an ax to the gut...he
doesn't look good. Losing blood by
the pint -

Nate tries to stand - nearly falls flat on his face.

CLIFF (CONT'D)
Russian took out the power. Took
out one of the engines.

Nate holds his head in both hands, trying to regain his
equilibrium.

NATE
...my head's full of cement -

CLIFF
You were right...about all of it.

Cliff shakes his head in shame.

NATE
Where's Sol now?

CLIFF
Galley.

Cliff is losing it. His thoughts running together.

CLIFF (CONT'D)
He needs a doctor...Ice is comin'
up. We're near dead in the water
and that Russian is still running
around -

NATE
Why the hell would he kill the
power...makes him just as dead as
us...?

CLIFF
Pissed off cuz we took his shit?
Just crazy fucking Ivan?!

NATE
Calm down...the engines...?

CLIFF

One of em's down for the count, the
other's strugglin'. You gotta fix
it or we're screwed, man -

NATE

Where the hell is Ben?

CLIFF

Trying to kill the Russian with
Montoya.

Nate shakes his head at the situation.

NATE

How bad is it down there?

CLIFF

Bad. Hoses cut on the
motors...electrical looks like
silly string...

Nate absorbs it, finally gets to his feet.

NATE

I'll try -

CLIFF

I'd rather live and take the blame
with the rest of these assholes
than die out here. We could use the
sat phone, call 911, get the Guard
out here -

Nate shakes his head.

NATE

We're closer to Russia than the
U.S. by now.

(beat)

Besides, sat phone needs power like
everything else on the ship, Cliff.
No juice, no phone.

CLIFF

You were fucking right. Should've
listened to you. Sol knew it too.
Known the guy longer than I knew my
own dad...he's fucking bleeding out
on the galley floor. Your brother
could give a shit -

NATE
(interrupting)
The EPIRB.

CLIFF
What...?

NATE
Get the EPIRB off the roof. It'll
send a signal to the Guard.

Cliff calms slightly.

NATE (CONT'D)
I'll take care of the motor, you
take care of the EPIRB.

Cliff nods.

CLIFF
I'm sorry.

Nate doesn't answer. Leaves the room -

INT. WHEELHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Griggs looks out onto the deck below...Montoya moving forward
with his flashlight against the snow and sleet.

Griggs turns as Nate and Cliff enter.

Nate quickly heads downstairs, headed for the engine room. He
casts a sideways look, surprised to see Griggs at the helm.

NATE
(sotto)
Gotta be kidding me.

Cliff brushes past Griggs, gives him a shove.

CLIFF
Eyes front, fuck-face.

He pulls the cigarette from Griggs' mouth once again.

Griggs' face darkens as he returns his gaze to the black,
surging seas ahead.

BEHIND HIM, Cliff exits the wheelhouse, starts to climb the
icy outside ladder to the roof.

CUT TO:

INT. MAINTENANCE CORRIDOR - SAME

Ben cautiously continues down the claustrophobic tunnel below the waterline. His flashlight and pistol are aimed forward in the darkness.

Having passed crab tanks, he enters a new -

WATER TIGHT COMPARTMENT

Ahead on his right, sits a tight bundle of refrigeration compressors and pipes - all powerless and eerily silent...casting strange shadows on the walls.

Ahead on his left, an open entry to a cavernous -

DRY HOLD that once contained the provisions for a large crew sixty years ago...now derelict.

Ben presses his back to the bulkhead next to the open entryway, grips his light and gun, readying for what lies around the corner...

With a quick motion, he swings his light and gun around, frantically scanning the interior of the dry hold, like a bad TV cop.

But no Russian - only ancient boxes on the shelves.

Ben exhales, nervous, relieved for a moment...

Until he shines his light into the far corner between the shelves, where his light disappears into blackness of a hole that leads to some sealed up, long-forgotten compartment.

Ben cautiously crosses the dry hold to the corner where a gap in the steel bulkheads has left an open, irregular-shaped crawlspace.

Ben squats down and shines his light through the crawlspace entrance, but can't see very far into the dark void beyond...the guts of the ship.

He gets on his stomach inches his way into the

CRAWLSPACE

A narrow, pitch black duct running through the ribs of the big ship, meant for hull repairs.

He's extremely vulnerable - literally inches from the water on the other side of the curving, thin metal hull beside his head.

Ben does his best to keep his flashlight and gun pointed in front of him while in this vulnerable position.

REVERSE POV from inside the darkness, Ben's head illuminated by his flashlight slides into view, hovering eerily in a sea of blackness.

Ben's heart races, his breath quickens, as the ship's superstructure CREAKS and MOANS against the storm surge.

With every reverberating STEEL POP, Ben frantically swings his flashlight around from his prone position, looking desperately for the Russian...

FOOTSTEPS pound on the metal floor...seemingly all around him...but he can't trace the movement...

Ben finally slides out of the far end of the space, returns to the service tunnel and continues forward.

Ahead of him, the end of the maintenance corridor is now visible....a small, angular room - the collision bulkhead and a wider open space around a metal ladder to the upper deck.

Ben inches forward -

CUT TO:

EXT. MAIN DECK - SAME

Montoya cautiously makes his way through the weather and across the open fishing deck, as the ship continues its rough undulations.

RUSSIAN'S POV - FROM THE RECESSES OF THE CRAB-POT MAZE - we watch Montoya make his way forward...hesitant to move within the CREAKING pots...

Montoya steps carefully across the deck's icy surface, trying to keep both his flashlight and rifle aimed in front of him.

Montoya pauses mid-deck, pans his light across the looming stack of steel pots in front of him, searching for signs of the Russian... seeing nothing.

SUDDENLY A METALLIC CLANG behind Montoya.

Montoya whips around, ready to fire...

MORE BANGING and Montoya sees that it's only the CRANE'S BLOCK AND TACKLE - BANGING into the bulwark.

Montoya shakes it off, continues forward toward the stack, carefully skirting the OPEN HOLE IN THE CENTER OF THE DECK, sloshing opening of the water-filled crab tank.

As Montoya eyes the tank hole, A SHADOW flashes through the maze of pots behind him.

CUT TO:

INT. ENGINE ROOM - SAME

Nate bounds down the stairwell into the engine room, filled with thick, acrid smoke.

He coughs as he continues down the steps, the light from his flashlight made solid by the smoke.

For the first time Nate sees the extent of the damage - the fried electric panel, the mangled engines.

NATE
Jesus.

He grabs a TOOL BELT from the wall, chock full of SCREWDRIVERS AND WRENCHES, slings it over his shoulder as he wades into the problem.

CUT TO:

EXT. WHEELHOUSE ROOF - SAME

Cliff battles the wind and ice as he mounts the top of the ladder leading to the roof of the wheelhouse.

BEHIND HIM - the Bering Sea plunges up and down nearly five stories below.

As he reaches the roof, he slips on the icy surface, falling to his knees...

HE SLIDES ON THE ICE towards the edge -

INT. WHEELHOUSE - SAME

Griggs reacts to the THUMP on the roof above his head.

EXT. WHEELHOUSE ROOF - SAME

Cliff gropes for the safety cable strung across the rooftop perimeter - the only thing between him and the icy water.

Cliff pulls himself to his feet, looks at the blanket of darkness around him.

HEAVY WIND AND SNOW whips his face and rain gear...

We can barely make out the ghostly white shapes of ice floating alongside the Maggie May as she rides the steep troughs and swells.

The freezing spray stings Cliff's face as he gets his balance, looks across the rooftop, sees what he came for...

ON THE ROOF'S LOWER STEP, next to two large plastic barrels containing the inflatable life-rafts...

THE EPIRB

Cliff grips the cable, rides the roof as if it were a bronco as he starts making his way toward the EPIRB.

BEHIND CLIFF - a head appears at the top of the ladder...

It's Griggs.

GRIGGS

What are you doing?

CLIFF

Same to you. Who's watching the helm?

Griggs staggers toward Cliff, keeps his eyes on him.

GRIGGS

You aren't touching the EPIRB.

CLIFF

Get back downstairs.

Griggs continues toward Cliff, when suddenly -

THE ENTIRE WHEELHOUSE BUCKS SIDEWAYS...

Cliff is thrown away from the railing, lands hard on Griggs as the ship SHUDDERS AND GROANS...

EXT. MAGGIE MAY - SAME

The starboard-side bow of the ship rakes across an ICE BERG THE SIZE OF A TRUCK...

EXT. UNDERWATER - SAME

...below water, the ice is ten times as big. It's ragged underside RIPS into the Maggie May's thin hull.

EXT. MAGGIE MAY - CONTINUOUS

The collision doesn't budge the berg, instead the Maggie May is lifted roughly out of the water and shunted to the side like a toy.

Everyone and everything on board is rocked violently.

QUICK SHOTS FROM AROUND THE SHIP:

- THE MAIN DECK

Montoya is knocked off his feet, tumbles across the icy deck and slides into the gaping opening of the crab tank.

His flashlight and shotgun skitter across the deck as he plunges into the frigid waters of the saltwater tank.

INT. CRAB TANK - CONTINUOUS

Montoya struggles under the dark, frigid saltwater of the tank.

His feet kick around the GRASPING CRAB, piled around the bottom of the tank.

He kicks them off...bubbles stream from his mouth as he SCREAMS under water.

- THE MAINTENANCE CORRIDOR

Ben is knocked out of the corridor into the dark open space around the ladder leading up to the main deck.

Caught off-guard, he scrambles to aim his light and gun into the new surroundings, wary of the lurking Russian.

- THE ENGINE ROOM

Nate is jolted sideways, crashes hard into the overheated engine as spare parts come crashing off the shelves.

INT. CRAB TANK - SAME

Montoya struggles in the freezing water.

He swims upward towards the NARROW CIRCLE OF LIGHT above his head, like a hole in an icy pond.

The water SLOSHES and SWAYS with the motion of the ship, frustrating his efforts...

With a huge effort, he finally gains a hold on the edge of the hole...pulls himself up -

EXT. MAIN DECK - CONTINUOUS

Montoya quickly surfaces, gasping for breath, shocked by the temperature, hands grasping for purchase on the icy deck to pull himself out of the tank.

EXT. WHEELHOUSE ROOF - SAME

Cliff disentangles himself from Griggs, looks frantically toward the bow of the ship and sees the over-sized chunk of ice slide by in the water.

Griggs gets on his feet, but Cliff is on him, venting his rage.

He pummels Griggs, whaling on him relentlessly.

CLIFF
Stupid motherfucker...

EXT. MAIN DECK - SAME

Montoya still struggles futilely to pull himself out of the freezing water of the crab tank.

BEHIND HIM, the Russian emerges from his hiding place within the stack of pots, axe in hand.

The Russian sees Montoya's vulnerable situation, pauses at the base of the stack.

He abruptly lifts the axe and swings...

The axe connects with one of the icy chains tethering the stack of pots in place.

The chain SNAPS and the entire port-side stack of pots lurches, CAUSING A CHAIN REACTION...

OTHER BRITTLE CHAINS BREAK FREE...

But the stack holds....barely. Montoya panics at the sight of the leaning tower of pots - looming ominously over his head.

MONTOYA
(sotto)
Oh shit oh shit oh shit...

He struggles to pull himself out of the saltwater tank.

The Russian stoically eyes the stack...this wasn't the intended effect...

CLOSE ON THE RUSTED CLEAT, BARELY WELDED TO THE DECK...

A single chain is wrapped around the GROANING cleat...IT HOLDS THE ENTIRE STACK IN PLACE...

With a loud PING, the chain finally SNAPS - whipping across the deck and releasing the energy stored in the two story stack of metal.

Pots tumble down like a house of cards...

A VAST MAJORITY slide across the icy deck like an avalanche.

Montoya only halfway out of the hole, has no time to react as the steel cages come racing toward him at high speed.

Montoya lets out a scream that's immediately silenced, as a few tons of steel crash into his exposed upper body.

Still half submerged in the hole, Montoya's body is ripped in half.

His upper torso is dragged across the full length of the deck by the careening pots, leaving a red streak of blood and gore across the white ice.

INSIDE THE CRAB TANK - a FLASH OF LIGHTNING reveals Montoya's severed lower half...it bloodies the water as it slowly settles to the bottom of the tank among the pale pink Opilio crabs...already scrambling for bits of his flesh.

EXT. WHEELHOUSE ROOFTOP - SAME

The commotion below interrupts Cliff beating on Griggs. He turns, sees the pots crashing across the deck.

CLIFF
Holy shit.

Behind him, Griggs wheezes for breath, coughs out a rope of bloody saliva.

Griggs rights himself, then seizes the moment, using the distraction to catch Cliff off-guard.

In one fluid motion, Griggs grabs Cliff by the belt and slicker from the back, hauls him sideways, and with a grunt shoves him over the cable-railing.

Cliff flails and screams as he plummets five stories to the dark, icy water below.

Griggs catches his breath, still recovering from his punishment, and stares wide-eyed at the inky blackness below.

For the briefest moment, he catches sight of Cliff's bobbing body...

And then a rolling, ice-filled wave carries Cliff off into oblivion, his FRANTIC SHOUTS drowned by the ROAR of the ocean...

Griggs looks stunned for a moment, watching Cliff disappear...as if he can't believe what he just did.

Griggs looks to the EPIRB...still secure in its cradle...

As the ship GRINDS into the ice...REVERBERATING throughout the hull...

He looks over the roof's edge towards the MAIN DECK and the collapsed mountain of pots...

A STREAK OF BLOOD ACROSS THE ICE.

He scrambles to the ladder.

INT. DRY HOLD - CONTINUOUS

THE THIN STEEL HULL HAS RUPTURED.

FREEZING WATER POURS INTO THE HOLD...already forming a pool, running the length of the

MAINTENANCE CORRIDOR...the water surges aft towards

INT. ENGINE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Nate pulls himself from the floor as COLD WATER pools at his feet.

He sprints through the water, SLOSHING his way forward down the Maintenance Corridor...toolbelt slung over his shoulder as he searches for the hull rupture.

EXT. MAIN DECK - CONTINUOUS

Seemingly impervious to the ice and snow, the Russian emerges from the fallen stack of pots...he moves towards the STREAK OF MONTOYA'S GORE...

He tracks the trail towards a mountain of bent and twisted pots...where Montoya's mangled corpse rests somewhere inside.

The Russian picks up the stray shotgun.

BOOM - BOOM.

BULLETS RICOCHET AROUND HIM.

BEN (O.S.)
DIE. YOU PIECE OF SHIT.

The Russian turns to find Ben clambering out of the hatch in the forward WEATHER DECK...over the toppled pots and FIRES the Russian's pistol from the hip.

The shots are surprisingly close given the rough seas. Ben's got sea legs from years on the water...

The Russian raises the shotgun to fire, but he doesn't have Ben's balance. BOOM as his shot goes wild. -

Ben fearlessly stalks towards the Russian - pushed over the edge.

BOOM.

The Russian is hit in the thigh...he goes down on the icy deck, grimacing in pain...BLOOD SPRAYING from the wound.

EXT. WHEELHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Griggs nearly slips off the ladder as the GUNSHOTS echo.

He leaps off the remaining steps...crawls through the door into the Wheelhouse.

EXT. MAIN DECK - CONTINUOUS

Ben slips over the icy pots as A WAVE SLAMS THE SHIP... DOUSING HIM WITH FRIGID WHITE WATER.

The Russian grips the shotgun, uses his other hand to pull himself across the deck and into the DECK HOUSE.

Ben lets off another wild round - STRIKING THE GLASS OF THE WHEELHOUSE.

INT. WHEELHOUSE - SAME

Griggs stays low as the GLASS SHATTERS...THE BULLET COMING TO REST IN THE CAPTAIN'S CHAIR.

He crawls under the dash for protection.

INT. DECKHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The Russian drags himself into the equipment room...BLOOD SEEING FROM HIS WOUNDED LEG...

The blood leaves a RAGGED SMEAR across the white linoleum as he drags himself down another set of stairs towards the galley.

EXT. MAIN DECK - CONTINUOUS

Ben slips and slides, sprinting over the blood covered ice to the deckhouse in pursuit of the Russian.

INT. DRY HOLD - CONTINUOUS

Deep below the waterline, Nate struggles through the water...SHIVERS in the cold.

The ENGINE NOISE and RUSHING WATER make him oblivious to the gunfight above.

He shakes his head in frustration at the size of the hole - moves back down the Maintenance Corridor...towards the engine room.

INT. STAIRS/GALLEY - CONTINUOUS

The Russian pulls himself into the warmth of the galley...as BEN APPEARS AT THE TOP OF THE STAIRS

BOOM - BOOM - Ben and the Russian FIRE SIMULTANEOUSLY.

Ben misses by a mile...but the wood paneling beside his head EXPLODES IN SPLINTERS.

He falls back with a SCREAM, HIS EYES STUNG BY WOOD CHIPS.

INT. WHEELHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Above the action, Griggs can't squeeze himself any closer to the wall, trying to stay under cover.

INT. GALLEY - CONTINUOUS

The Russian falls back behind cover with a mysterious smile.

He starts SOFTLY CHUCKLING to himself.

The Russian pulls himself to his feet. His shotgun is loosely trained on the corridor entrance, at Ben's hiding spot, as he looks behind him at the cold, dead body of his companion.

Then to Sol, ash white, gasping for breath - HIS EYES OPEN, LIKE DAGGERS.

The Russian smiles at him, shakes his head at the older man.

RUSSIAN

Tsk, tsk.

He kisses a fingertip, places it 'lovingly' on Sol's forehead...TRACES THE SIGN OF THE CROSS.

Sol GROANS...unable to move, too weak to do anything.

The Russian taps Sol's SLEEPING WOUND with the barrel of the shotgun.

Sol weakly tries to bat the barrel away...the Russian only smiles, condescending.

Ben suddenly appears at the door - pistol aimed at the Russian's back.

RUSSIAN (CONT'D)

(Russian with subtitles)

Empty.

The Russian doesn't even bother to turn as

Ben wastes no time in PULLING THE TRIGGER...

CLICK. CLICK. CLICK.

The Russian slowly turns, favoring his good leg.

Ben pulls the trigger again out of desperation. CLICK.

The Russian winks, indicates the useless gun in Ben's hand...

RUSSIAN (CONT'D)
(subtitled)
My gun. I used half the clip for
the gold.

Ben is frozen in place.

RUSSIAN (CONT'D)
(subtitled)
Where is it?

He raises the shotgun to Ben's head.

BEN
I don't understand -

The Russian snaps to anger. He racks the shotgun, loading
another round.

RUSSIAN
(subtitled)
THE GOLD.

He jabs the shotgun towards Ben's forehead.

Sol watches the exchange...desperately willing himself to do
something...PAIN AND FRUSTRATION flash through his eyes...

THE SHIP ROCKS UNDER A FRESH SWELL OF WAVES...

Ben and the Russian maintain their balance...SOL'S LIMP BODY
FALLS TO THE FLOOR.

The Russian doesn't let up -

RUSSIAN (CONT'D)
(subtitled)
THE FUCKING GOLD. THE DIAMONDS.

ON THE FLOOR - Sol GASPS in pain, HIS EYES LOCK ONTO THE PEN-
KNIFE...he takes a deep, lungful of air as he grabs it -

BEN
I DON'T SPEAK RUSSIAN,
MOTHERFUCKER. IF YOU'RE GONNA
SHOOT, PULL THE FUCKING TRIGGER -

The Russian suddenly SCREAMS IN AGONY...his arms go up
reflexively...

...thankfully moving the shotgun a half-inch off Ben's
forehead.

Ben just starts to dodge as - BOOOOOOM.

ON THE FLOOR - Sol has slashed at the Russian's exposed ankle, EMBEDDING the knife in his Achilles tendon. It SNAPS AUDIBLY.

WE WATCH AS THE LIGAMENT AND MUSCLE RETRACT UP THE MAN'S LEG.

The Russian COLLAPSES to the floor beside -

Ben, GROANING through his own pain...gingerly holding the bloody hole that was once his right ear and sideburn.

Ben sees the shotgun, goes for it -

He and the Russian grapple for the weapon.

Each slips and slides over the slick PUDDLE OF BLOOD...the penknife still protruding from the Russian's ankle.

The Russian gets the upper hand, rolling on top of Ben...using the shotgun as a bar across the American's throat.

Ben's eyes bulge, filling with blood as he loses the fight...

He turns his head as he struggles to breathe...

...FINDS HIMSELF EYE TO EYE WITH SOL...

They lock eyes...both men struggling to live...

The Russian SCREAMS MANIACALLY in Ben's face as he presses harder, trying to sap the life out of him.

AND THEN THE RUSSIAN GRUNTS -

AS A SHARP, METAL POINT ERUPTS FROM HIS LARYNX...centimeters from Ben's eye.

His grip loosens on the shotgun as BLOOD SPURTS FROM HIS NOSTRILS.

The Russian is suddenly thrown to the side...

REVEALING NATE...

Ben pulls the shotgun from his throat - rolls on his side, struggles to breathe -

The Russian GASPS AND CHOKES...writhes on the floor, trying desperately to grasp behind his neck at

THE STRIPED HANDLE OF A LONG, PHILLIPS HEAD SCREWDRIVER BURIED JUST BELOW THE BOTTOM OF HIS SKULL.

The sharp point of the tool protrudes from just above his Adam's Apple, blocking his jaw from opening and screaming... as he drowns in his own blood.

CUT TO:

EXT. MAGGIE MAY - PRE-DAWN

The storm is over and the clouds have started to recede, revealing a few dim stars in the sky above. The sea is glass. For the first time, it's serene and beautiful out here.

On the horizon, a hint of clear, blue daybreak, illuminating the dark silhouette of

ATTU ISLAND - Alaska's western-most Aleutian Island.

Extending out from and surrounding Attu is a frozen white expanse...like an enormous frozen desert plain dotted with car-sized berms of ice (known as 'boxcars').

This is the ice pack - the dreaded mass of solid ice covering the Bering Sea in all directions.

A few miles away, the Maggie May slowly putters through the ice-covered seas toward Attu and the ice pack.

The ship is clearly crippled...she lists heavily on her starboard side.

INT. ENGINE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Half-way down the steps, Nate shines a light into the now-flooded engine compartment.

The murky water level is even higher than before, sloshing perilously close to the single functioning engine block.

INT. WHEELHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Ben is back at the helm, the bone-chilling wind whips through the broken glass as he navigates the ship through the ice.

The shotgun rests at Ben's side, his bloodied earhole now dressed with a makeshift bandage of gauze and duct tape.

This had been a very long day for the Captain.

He keeps one eye on the sea ahead, one eye on...

EXT. FISHING DECK - SAME

Griggs labors in weather gear...

He struggles to maintain his balance on the listing ship's slanted deck.

REVEAL that he's shoving Brady's stiff, dead body into one of the steel crab traps.

ANOTHER TRAP beside him already contains the dead Russians.

Both traps are tied off to the high side of the deck.

He eyes the starboard rail warily...the low side of the angled deck...where WATER LAPS dangerously...

BEN (O.S.)

Make sure to get clear of those traps when you cut 'em free.

REVEAL BEN shouting from the shattered wheelhouse window above.

Griggs nods, doesn't stop working.

INT. WHEELHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Nate comes up the stairwell from below, watches Griggs for a few moments, doesn't acknowledge Ben.

NATE

You really think Cliff slipped off the roof?

Ben doesn't look at Nate either. Both men seem numb as they stare at Griggs on deck.

NATE (CONT'D)

The kid's psychotic.

BEN

We'll sort it out on land.

NATE

We're not gonna make land.

Ben eyes the ice around the ship...already thickening...not allowing the ship to make much more forward progress.

BEN

Then we walk the rest of the way to
the island.

NATE

Dragging a half ton of gold?

Ben nods.

BEN

The ice should be thick enough.
We'll bury it and come back after
the thaw.

Nate shakes his head...not wanting any part of it.

NATE

Then let me at least call for help
now. I'll launch the EPIRB, get the
Guard on their way for Sol.

BEN

EPIRB'll go off when the ship goes
does down. We need a head start to
bury the gold first -

NATE

And Sol?

Ben's temper rises again.

BEN

We lose that gold, we lose
everything...

Nate moves past Ben...headed to the outer catwalk and the
ladder that leads to the roof of the wheelhouse.

BEN (CONT'D)

You owe me and the family that
much.

NATE

(incredulous)

What?

BEN

We've been trying to climb out of a
pit since that night you fucked
up...all that motherfucking stress
you put on us.

(beat)

All your bullshit...it killed him.

NATE

What the hell are you talking
about?

BEN

You...fucking killed Dad.

Nate takes a step away from the ladder - moves towards Ben.
Menacing.

NATE

What did you just say?

BEN

You heard me.

NATE

I don't owe you or anyone else
anything. And you don't know shit
about what really happened...

BEN

The fuck I don't...

Ben's unsure as Nate turns back to the ladder.

Ben's hand reflexively moves to the shotgun in a not so
subtle gesture.

BEN (CONT'D)

Don't do it.

NATE

Shoot me.

Ben can't bring himself to put the shotgun on his brother.

NATE (CONT'D)

When we hit the ice, we go our
separate ways.

He heads up the ladder.

EXT. WHEELHOUSE ROOF - CONTINUOUS

Nate steps up to the sloping, slick roof.

He moves to the EPIRB at the roof's edge -

EXT. MAIN DECK - CONTINUOUS

Griggs watches as Nate goes for the EPIRB...UNLATCHES IT FROM ITS CRADLE.

Griggs looks to Ben in the window...not doing anything about it.

Ben shouts down to Griggs.

BEN
Guard'll be here in an hour.

Griggs gives one last shove, nearly slips on his ass but gets Brady's body in the trap.

He rights himself and grabs an AXE - swings it high...

Severs the rope holding the traps and their gruesome cargo to the angled deck.

BOTH TRAPS SLIDE ACROSS THE ICY DECK AND INTO THE BERING.

INT. WHEELHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Ben watches the bodies sink into the blackness....

CUT TO:

EXT. ICE PACK - LATER

The bright sunrise is surreal...reflecting off a mile of broken ice and boxcars surrounding the tiny, deserted island.

If it wasn't for the crystal blue skies, the scene could be mistaken for the surface of the moon.

A HOWLING wind whips across the icy deck, now angled 45 degrees and deep into the water...and slipping further by the second...the freezing water now laps across it like an artificial beach.

Ben and Griggs are in their dry suits, STANDING ON THE ICE.

They tie on makeshift harnesses...heavy duty line strapped across their chests and attached to a life raft...FILLED WITH THE JAPANESE EMBLAZONED LOCKBOXES.

The raft is held in place and out of the water by multiple ropes, tied to the port side rail, angled high in the air.

Griggs tests the ropes...looks first to the treasure laden raft and then across the white, rugged expanse to the island...seemingly an infinity away.

He looks worried as he shifts his steps on the crunching ice.

GRIGGS

Why can't we just drop this loot in a pot with a buoy...come back for it later?

BEN

Because the ice'll pop the buoy and drag this shit halfway back to Russia.

Griggs nods to himself...still worried.

BEN (CONT'D)

The ice is thicker than it looks.
Don't worry.

Griggs watches as Ben duct-tapes the shotgun to his forearm.

GRIGGS

What's that for?

BEN

Just in case.

Griggs isn't convinced.

AT THE DECKHOUSE

Nate suddenly appears from the door, now at the top of the angled deck...SOL OVER HIS SHOULDERS in a fireman's carry...

He ignores Ben and Griggs as

He carefully picks his way down to the edge of the deck...Sol perched precariously above it all...

Nate pauses at the ice...the surrealism of the situation seeping in.

Ben watches closely as

Nate takes his first step onto the CREAKING, SNOW-COVERED ICE.

He begins carefully walking towards Attu...a mound of white in the distance.

Ben moves to the ice as well, followed by Griggs.

Ben pulls an axe - Griggs holds his 'harness ropes' fearfully as Ben readies to chop the ropes holding the half-ton life raft in place.

If the raft sinks, so do he and Ben.

Ben finally CHOPS.

The raft slides down the icy deck...COMES TO REST ON THE ICE BETWEEN THEM.

THE ICE CREAKS UNDER THE WEIGHT.

EXT. ICE PACK - CONTINUOUS

Nate turns at the sound of the raft hitting the ice...

Ben and Griggs start pulling like sled dogs...

Nate turns away from them, starts trudging towards the island as Sol WHEEZES faintly, his face only inches from Nate's...

THE ISLAND SEEMS TINY...FAR AWAY...

BLEND TO:

EXT. ICE PACK - LATER

The sun is higher in the sky...

Parts of the ice sheet melt under the heat of the rising sun.

Making Nate's labored steps even more treacherous.

He heaves and pants...willing his legs to move across the treacherous landscape...

ANGLE ON ATTU ISLAND

The island looms large ahead...dominating the skyline now...

Only a few hundred yards to the 'beach'...and safety.

ON AN ISLAND RIDGE - a small abandoned shack sits amidst a HUGE RADIO TOWER. Warmth and rescue, all in one place.

Nate moves past a large ice 'boxcar'.

He struggles for breath as he places Sol gently on the snow behind the berm.

He shields his eyes from the glare and wind-whipped snow as he looks over his shoulder, back towards the water.

ANGLE ON THE WATER IN THE DISTANCE

Ben and Griggs are tiny, red figurines dragging the raft behind them...

They are only halfway between Nate and

THE MAGGIE MAY

The family ship is half-sunk...leaning on the melting ice-floe...its deck exposed to the sun...

Nate turns back to Sol.

NATE

Sol.

He eats some snow as he tries to regain some fluids...scoops some for Sol, who's motionless.

NATE (CONT'D)

Sol.

He leans down to the older man, pries open his eyes -

CLOUDED AND UNBLINKING...

Nate struggles to catch his breath as he falls back against the boxcar. Utterly defeated.

He turns into the HOWLING WIND...towards Ben and Griggs.

NATE (CONT'D)

MOTHERFUCKERS.

Nate kicks the block of ice in frustration.

ON BEN AND GRIGGS - CONTINUOUS

The men are exhausted and sunburned...both have peeled half their dry suits away, sweating profusely in the sun -

They trudge through a maze of knee-high boxcars...dragging the half-ton raft over the ice...like a white desert.

IT CRACKS AND SWAYS AS THEY MOVE...but neither has the strength to worry anymore.

Griggs notices Nate throwing his fit far in the distance...

GRIGGS
What...the fuck...

He nods towards Nate...looks to Ben, who's staring in confusion at the carcass of the Maggie May.

He follows Ben's gaze.

ON THE MAGGIE MAY - IN THE DISTANCE

A FIGURE stands on the nearly horizontal wheelhouse.

GRIGGS (CONT'D)
What the fuck?

The Figure just stands there...dark against the blue sky...GHOSTLIKE.

They both pause, entranced for a beat.

ON NATE -

He sees the same Figure appear at the Maggie May.

He stops his tantrum...

BACK ON GRIGGS AND BEN -

Something glints near the figure's 'face'...

GRIGGS (CONT'D)
Is that - ?

SW-FFFFFT...THUMP.

GRIGGS' HEAD DISAPPEARS IN A CLOUD OF BLOOD AND BRAIN MATTER.

...the CRACK of the distant rifle finally catches up to its destruction a split second later.

Ben stares in disbelief at the snow behind Griggs, now resembling a modern-art blood slushy.

ON NATE

He reacts to the rifle's report...ECHOING ACROSS THE ICE.

He watches Griggs' headless body fall to its knees in the snow.

ON BEN

SW-FFFFT. A bullet SMACKS into the boxcar beside Ben's head.

He dives behind the barrier as TWO MORE ROUNDS hit the ice...
...AND THE RAFT...PUNCTURING IT.

AIR HISSES from the heavy raft as Ben cowers.

EXT. MAGGIE MAY - CONTINUOUS

Standing on the upended port side rail of the sinking ship...A MAN in black arctic gear and mirrored sunglasses holds a SNIPER RIFLE WITH SCOPE.

He lowers the rifle as

An ANGRY VOICE enters the scene -

ANGRY MAN (O.S.)
(Russian with subtitles)
How many?

SNIPER
(subtitled)
One dead. One alive.

ANGRY MAN (O.S.)
The dead one better not be my brother.

The Sniper shakes his head.

SNIPER
No sign of him.

A MAN IN A BASEBALL CAP appears beside the Sniper...

BASEBALL CAP
(subtitled)
You missed the other one?

The Sniper shrugs an apology.

SNIPER
The ship moved.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

ANOTHER SHIP has pulled in just behind the sinking Maggie May...Cyrillic name on its bow. The ship is hidden from the view of the Americans on the ice.

The ship is nearly as wrecked as the Maggie May...with the exception that it's still afloat. The storm wasn't kind to the Russians either...

A FEW EXHAUSTED, ARMED MEN stand on the bow, a few chuckle as they watch ONE OF THEIR COMRADES, CONTINUOUSLY PUKING OVER THE SIDE...

BACK ON THE MAGGIE MAY

Baseball Cap nods toward the puking man -

BASEBALL CAP
Idiot pukes even when the seas are calm.

SNIPER
...he didn't hire sailors. No one counted on the storm.

We follow his gaze towards the angled

DECKHOUSE DOOR

Where the ANGRY MAN quakes with rage, a HARDENED MAN IN HIS 50's emerges from the cockeyed wheelhouse above...THEIR LEADER.

LEADER
No sign of anything aboard.

The Sniper produces a portable GPS DEVICE...checks the screen.

CLOSE ON THE SCREEN: A BLINKING DOT IN THE CENTER OF WHAT SHOULD BE OPEN WATER.

BACK ON THE SNIPER

He nods in the direction of the deflating raft...

SNIPER
Then they have all of it.

The Leader nods...as Angry throws a fit -

ANGRY MAN
I'LL MAKE THEM SUFFER -

The Leader grabs him by the arm.

LEADER
You'll get the lockboxes before you do anything else.

Angry nods reluctantly - leads the charge out onto the ice.

The rest of the armed men look to the Leader...who follows Angry...

LEADER (CONT'D)
We're almost done, don't lose faith now.

They all follow his lead onto the ice, trudging towards Ben's position.

ON BEN

As he looks around the boxcar to see half a dozen armed men moving across the ice towards him.

BEN
(sotto)
How the fuck did they find us?

He looks to the raft...rapidly deflating and lopsided...

THE ICE BEGINS TO CRACK from the dead weight...

HE PULLS ON HIS ROPES as hard as he can...trying to pull the half-ton of loot towards him and out of the line of fire.

ON NATE

He watches the scene unfold from the shadow of the island...

Nate's only a few hundred yards from warmth and safety - the Russians seem to have no idea he's even there.

ON THE RUSSIANS

They jog in a line towards Ben's hiding spot...the Sniper pockets the GPS device.

LEADER
Hold your fire. The ice is fragile -

Angry lets loose a BATTLE CRY - UNLOADS HIS CLIP AT THE RAFT AND THE ICE SHIELDING BEN.

The Sniper and Baseball Cap shake their heads in frustration.

ON BEN

He cringes as the gunfire CRACKS around him - hitting the raft multiple times and speeding up the deflation.

BEN STRAINS as he hauls on the ropes...but it's a losing battle as the ice cracks more -

He finally pulls the shotgun, places it over the edge of the boxcar.

ON THE RUSSIANS

As the Sniper sees the barrel of the shotgun first...

BOOM - BOOM.

Baseball Cap is hit in the leg by the spray.

The Russians scatter, taking cover behind broken berms of ice.

ON BEN

He looks to the raft of loot...EXPOSED IN THE OPEN.

Ben looks back to the ice berms and boxcars where the Russians have ducked out of sight...

...back to the sinking lockboxes.

Ben takes a deep breath. Puts the shotgun down - AND DIVES FOR THE RAFT.

ON THE RAFT

He leaps for an exposed lockbox, cracks it open...

THE DIAMONDS GLITTER IN THE BRIGHT SUN.

Ben pulls out handfuls, STUFFING THEM IN HIS POCKETS...

He suddenly finds something amidst the diamonds...A GPS DEVICE...it matches the one in the Sniper's hand.

This is how they tracked the dead Russian and his loot.

Ben pauses momentarily as he stares at it in disbelief...

ON THE RUSSIANS

The Angry Russian peeks over his berm, spots Ben.

He FIRES -

STRIKING BEN IN THE SIDE.

As Ben is blown backwards from the raft - the GPS DEVICE and STRAY DIAMONDS SCATTER AMIDST THE SNOW AND ICE...now indistinguishable...

Ben's body strikes the ice around the raft -

WITH A TREMENDOUS CRACK - THE ICE FINALLY BREAKS FREE.

The raft begins to sink into the icy water below...

Ben weakly crawls behind the berm, bleeding out over the white.

ON THE RUSSIANS

The Leader watches the raft falling into the water...

He shakes his head at Angry.

LEADER (CONT'D)

Idiot.

Angry rises up - testing to see if Ben will return fire. Nothing.

ANGRY MAN

He's down.

The rest of the men cautiously eye the cracking ice.

ANGRY MAN (CONT'D)

COME ON, YOU PUSSIES.

They all look back to their Leader - who looks to the injured man and the cracking ice.

LEADER

I've heard nothing but your mouth for the last few days, Gregory. You're somehow the bravest of us all. Why don't you show us how it's done then?

GREGORY/ANGRY looks to the men around him, they all smirk at him.

He scowls at them all.

GREGORY

FUCK ALL OF YOU.

ON BEN

Weakly dragging himself away from the raft...

But the weight of the raft is sinking further...pulling the harness ropes into the water...dragging Griggs' corpse across the ice...

And dragging Ben towards the RAPIDLY GROWING HOLE as well.

The lockboxes are no longer visible, SINKING BELOW THE ICE LINE.

BEN
No no no no -

He tries to reach HIS KNIFE, strapped to his ankle -

SUDDENLY, THERE'S HANDS UNDER HIS ARMS...fighting to pull him from the raft.

Ben looks up - finds Nate there.

BEN (CONT'D)
...MY ANKLE...MY ANKLE -

Nate grabs the knife, starts sawing at the ropes...

ON THE RUSSIANS

Gregory calmly walks towards Ben's cover, the injured man's legs sliding toward hole in the ice.

He smirks sadistically. Unafraid, full of bravado.

GREGORY
COME OUT, YOU PIECE OF SHIT.

He fires haphazardly around Ben's exposed legs...

ON NATE AND BEN

Nate ducks as gunfire peppers the ice.

Ben SCREAMS IN PAIN as he's struck in the leg.

Nate sees Ben's shotgun.

ON GREGORY

Moving fearlessly, gun aiming at where he believes Ben to be.

Until Nate appears, aiming at him from the top of the ice berm.

Gregory pauses in surprise.

GREGORY (CONT'D)
WAIT -

BOOM.

The cocksure Russian gets both barrels in the chest.

He's blown backwards to the snow by the blast.

ON THE RUSSIANS

No one seems to care...a few chuckle to themselves.

LEADER

You said there were two.

The Sniper shrugs.

SNIPER

I guess I was wrong...

A few more chuckles from the group. The Leader just shakes his head.

BASEBALL CAP

Fuck him.

No one disagrees.

SNIPER

What should we do?

LEADER

We flank them.

He nods his men to the right and the left...they begin scrambling from berm to berm - moving to get behind Nate and Ben.

ON NATE AND BEN

Nate peeks his head above the boxcar...glimpses the Russians moving to surround them.

ROUNDS SMACK INTO THE ICE around his head.

He ducks back down for cover once again.

Ben bleeds out beside him, finally cut free of the sinking raft - which he still watches forlornly.

He looks to Ben - whose attention is elsewhere.

NATE

This count as dying at sea?

Ben looks at him for a beat...then WHEEZES OUT A LAUGH.

...until blood froths at his lips.

Nate watches him, resigned to their shared fate.

BEN
Thanks for coming back.

Ben smiles...BLOOD STAINS HIS TEETH.

NATE
Bet you feel like a douchebag right now.

Ben stares at him for a beat.

BEN
What did you mean?

NATE
Huh?

BEN
On the ship...about what happened with Dad...?

Nate tries to shrug it off.

NATE
Forget I said it.

Ben grabs him as he coughs up more blood.

BEN
Nathan -

He won't let go of Nate's arm. Ben relents.

NATE
That night. That you never fucking let me live down.
(beat)
I wasn't at the wheel.

BEN
What?

NATE
Dad was at the wheel. Ship rolled and I took the fall.

BEN
Bullshit -

Ben has a fit of coughing, BLOOD SPRAYS the snow.

Nate steadies him -

NATE

I woke up. Ship was hitting heavy chop. Went to check on him. Old man was dead asleep at the helm.

(beat)

And then the wave hit -

BEN

Fucking liar...Dad corroborated... Coast Guard found shit in your system...

Nate nods sadly.

NATE

You're right. I had pain pills in me...

(beat)

...but so did he. Guard never checked him.

BEN

What...?

NATE

I wanted nothing to do with the business. If he made me captain, I would've killed myself.

(beat)

And if he'd gotten nailed for that accident, he wouldn't have been able to live another day.

Ben looks at him in shock.

NATE (CONT'D)

It was my way out. Never thought I'd be tossed in jail over it.

(beat)

You got to be captain and I still ended up back here. Wonderful, ain't it?

Ben digests it all...can't believe the truth.

BEN

And no one else knew...

NATE

Well.

(beat)

Sol.

Ben goes quiet...

ON THE RUSSIANS

They're circling in on Ben and Nate.

Baseball Cap is parallel to them, limping behind cover...

ON NATE AND BEN

Nate spots Baseball Cap...

He raises the shotgun...FIRES OFF BOTH BARRELS.

It hammers the ice - pushing Baseball Cap back and away.

ON THE RUSSIANS

They all duck and cover behind their berms.

ON BEN AND NATE

Another Russian pops up to the other side of their cover, FIRES at them...

Nate FIRES OFF ONE ROUND...pushing the Russian back.

Then CLICK.

He pulls Ben behind more cover as the Russian unloads some more.

Ben and Nate cower under the spray of ice.

ON THE SNIPER AND THE LEADER

The Sniper angles for a head shot on Nate...who bounces in and out of the crosshairs.

When...out of the silence of the ice field...

WHUMP-WHUMP-WHUMP-WHUMP...

All eyes go to the sky.

IN THE DISTANCE...THE TINIEST TRACE OF A HELICOPTER MOVING OVER OPEN OCEAN IN THEIR DIRECTION.

ON NATE AND BEN

Nate's suddenly got a light back in his eyes.

NATE (CONT'D)

...that is the sweetest fucking sound I've ever heard.

Ben is HACKING UP BLOOD...his face a pasty white.

ON THE RUSSIANS - they all look towards their Leader.

ON THE LEADER

He looks to the Sniper.

LEADER
You still getting a signal?

The Sniper nods.

The Leader looks to the hole where the lockboxes have long since sunken back into the Bering Sea.

LEADER (CONT'D)
Then it will still be here after
the thaw.

He gets up, starts moving back in the direction of his ship.

However, the Sniper lingers...Nate finally in his sights...

LEADER (CONT'D)
NOW.

The Sniper sighs in frustration...does as he's told.

Nate is spared.

ALL OF THE RUSSIANS ABANDON THEIR POSITIONS, FOLLOW THEIR LEADER BACK TO THEIR SHIP.

...As the helicopter grows louder...more defined in the sky as it approaches.

ON NATE AND BEN

Nate watches the Russians retreating. He seeks out the rescue chopper in the sky.

CUT TO:

INT. COAST GUARD HELICOPTER - LATER

THE ENGINE AND WIND NOISE IS UNBEARABLY LOUD.

The PILOT and COPILOT maneuver through the low clouds of a newly gathering storm.

TWO MEDICS hover over Ben...frantically administering SHOCK PADDLES...

Swaddled in blankets, Nate observes from the corner as they try to revive his flatlining brother.

Nate's eyes fill with emotion as he reaches out for Ben's hand...

Tears stream from his eyes as they fall on Ben's clothing, stripped and laying in a pile at his feet...

Something GLINTS in the fading sunlight...

He slowly reaches out...grabs Ben's jacket...looks inside a pocket.

CLOSE ON NATE'S FACE...speckled sunlight reflected back onto his face -

CUT TO:

EXT. ATTU ISLAND - DUSK

WIND AND DARK CLOUDS signal a gathering storm.

The ice floe, melted briefly by the afternoon sunlight is on the move again...

ONE CHUNK OF ICE...a black object within the snow.

CLOSE ON THE GPS DEVICE being rapidly covered by a fresh layer of snow.

The slab of ice and the GPS device are on their way out to sea...

CUT TO BLACK.