

"GHOST SHIP"

(formerly "CHIMERA")

by

Mark Hanlon

First draft

FADE IN

INT. BARGE - DAY

Crewman EPPS (29), wearing a life vest and tool belt, jumps down into the darkness. She stands in a great hollow cavern, oily, wet, resonant with the sound of creaking, rusty steel and WATER MOVING OVER ITS HULL on the other side.

INT. BARGE - LATER - DAY

Epps comes to a low point in the darkness, shining her light on a lake of salt water sloshing against the bulkhead. She kneels. As the water sloshes back she sees that it is leaking in through the seams in the steel plate of the hull.

EXT. BARGE - LATER - DAY

Epps pulls herself onto the deck from below. She stands on a rusting 5000 ton tank barge being pulled in the open ocean by a brawny marine tug at the end of a 150 foot tow cable. It is a typical summer day in the southern Bering Sea, which means a healthy chop and a stiff cold breeze out of the north-west. She closes the hatch behind her and makes her way forward.

EXT. BARGE - BOW - MOMENTS LATER - DAY

Up ahead, the tug pulls steadily, grey-black clouds of diesel smoke rising from its massive turbine vents.

Epps cinches and checks her body harness, focused and professional. The product of a rocky childhood in the Pacific Northwest and a few years of hard living, she's found her true calling now. And under some grime, several polypro shirts and a pair of orange men's Insulite pants she might even be considered pretty.

She clips her harness into the tow cable where it attaches to a heavy pair of eye cleats at the bow. She climbs onto the cable, hanging out over the water as it breaks on the bow beneath her. She pulls herself forward on a roller bearing that fits over the width of the cable and starts off toward the tug at the other end.

EXT. ARCTIC WARRIOR - LATER - DAY

DODGE and GREER look on from the stern, where the boat's name "Arctic Warrior" is emblazoned on the transom. Dodge (37), scruffy chief engineer, wearing de rigueur greasy coveralls and nicotine stained fingers, is an expatriate Texan and former merchant marine. GREER (42), is the boat's first mate, African American, originally from some sweltering red-neck hellhole, now a tug pilot intentionally well to the north.

They watch as Epps pulls herself toward them, the cable occasionally dipping a few feet with a spray of water as a passing swell slackens it. Epps pulls herself to the stern where the cable winds into a tow anchor.

EPPS

It's a slow leak.

She unclips and drops to the deck.

GREER

What's slow?

EPPS

Maybe twenty gallons an hour.

DODGE

Where from?

EPPS

Amidships starboard at the beam.  
Just under the waterline. I don't think it's a problem.

GREER

Hear that, Dodge? Epps don't think it's a problem.

DODGE

I'll sleep good tonight knowing that.

INT. ARCTIC WARRIOR - PILOTHOUSE - CONTINUOUS - DAY

The view from the pilothouse commands 360 degrees as radar and GPS navigation displays glow. MURPHY, the ship's master, pilots the boat. He is 48, at sea all his adult life, and most of the rest, a fact written on his face and one that every crewman who's ever worked for him has been willing to bet his life on. A walkie-talkie CRACKLES AWAKE.

GREER (V.O. RADIO)

Greer to Murphy.

MURPHY

(lifting the radio)

Go.

Murphy turns back to see Greer, Epps, and Dodge looking up at him from the stern.

GREER

The number nine on the starboard side's half flooded. Epps says it's a slow leak just under the waterline, about twenty gallons an hour. They must've pumped it before we left Sitka.

MURPHY

Of course they did.

GREER

Let the buyer beware.

MURPHY

What do you say, Dodge?

DODGE (V.O. RADIO)

(taking the radio)

If it started out at twenty an hour the piece of shit'd be at the bottom of the Gulf by now. Whether it'll make St. Lawrence is anybody's guess.

EXT. OPEN OCEAN - DAY

HIGH AND WIDE as the Arctic Warrior pulls the barge against the swell of a grey ocean and a darkening sky.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PORT GERMAINE - ST. LAWRENCE ISLAND - DAY

The shores of St. Lawrence Island open into a small port town of mainly pre-fab buildings as the Arctic Warrior approaches with the barge, now pathetically listing to one side as it moves into the harbor.

EXT. PORT GERMAINE - DOCKS - LATER - DAY

A smaller harbor tug helps the Arctic Warrior jockey the listing barge to the dock as Epps and Dodge jump off to tie her up.

INT. ARCTIC WARRIOR - PILOTHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER - DAY

Greer feathers the tug into position and shuts down the turbines.

EXT. ARCTIC WARRIOR - CONTINUOUS - DAY

Murphy jumps down from the pilothouse to the deck as a fat Russian man, Vasili (60) and a MECHANIC in grease-covered orange coveralls approach from the dock.

VASILI

I thought you say Tuesday.

MURPHY

Better late than never.

VASILI

(seeing the listing  
barge)

What's this?

MURPHY

You got a leak in the number nine  
compartment.

VASILI

No, no. You got leak.

MURPHY

You pump it out and re-seam the hull,  
she'll be good as new.

VASILI

That cost me twenty grand at least.

MURPHY

Fifteen, at the most.

VASILI

Twenty. You knock off twenty and then we see. After my guy looks at it.

INT. VASILI'S OFFICE - DAY

In a prefab office with a view of the shipyard, Vasili cuts a check as Murphy and Greer look on. He tears it out of the book, handing it across the desk to Murphy, who inspects it.

MURPHY

You're kidding, right?

VASILI

You want fair pay, make hamburger for Mickey D. Otherwise, please to sign.

Vasili pushes a transfer register toward him. Murphy signs.

EXT. SHIPYARD - DAY

Greer and Murphy walk back toward the dock.

GREER

Not bad for dragging a leaky tub half way to Russia.

MURPHY

He'll sell the scrap for three times what he paid.

GREER

I must be in the wrong business.

MURPHY

You got that right.

GREER

(imitating Vasili)

Better than "making hamburger for Mickey D."

## INT. BAR - NIGHT

A typical port town bar. Except this one is on an island in the middle of the Bering Sea. Epps lines up a shot at the pool table as a couple of SEAMEN check out her ass and a tattoo of Wiley Coyote poking out of her pants. Greer reads a paper near-by.

Murphy enters, crossing to the bar where Dodge nurses a beer and a cigarette. Murphy throws down an envelope with Dodge's name on it. Dodge picks it up, thumbs through a thick stack of hundreds.

DODGE

Much obliged, skipper.

## INT. BAR - LATER - NIGHT

The place is a little more crowded now as Epps pushes her way through to the bar, a cigarette dangling from her mouth. She buys two beers and pays the BARTENDER from her envelope of cash. She takes the beers back to the far wall where a young off-duty COASTGUARDSMAN stands. He takes one, they laugh.

## AT A TABLE

Beers, cigarettes and pay envelopes on the table before them, Dodge, Greer and Murphy look on at Epps across the room, who is showing the coastguardsman a birthmark on her neck.

GREER

Looks like Epps' gonna get some tonight.

DODGE

With that coxswain dickhead.

MURPHY

You aren't jealous, are you Dodge?

DODGE

Are you kidding me? Jealous? Epps?  
Gimme a break.

Greer and Murphy trade looks as Dodge raises his beer.

DODGE

What a laugh.

A MINOR COMMOTION can be heard as they sit there.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

I'll show you, bitch!

They look over to see the coastguardsman's GIRLFRIEND, late 20s, hefty in a red miniskirt and big hair.

GIRLFRIEND

You want to mess with me, I'll kick your bitch ass, girl.

WITH EPPS

Epps coolly puts out her cigarette as a circle has gathered around her and the girlfriend, anxious to see a girl fight.

EPPS

I don't know what you're talking about. I just bought this guy a beer.

GIRLFRIEND

This "guy" is my man, honey.

COASTGUARDSMAN

Darlene –

GIRLFRIEND

You, shut up.

EPPS

(starting off)

Listen, I don't want any trouble, okay – ?

GIRLFRIEND

(stopping Epps)

Uh-uh. No. We're gonna fix this right now.

MURPHY

(stepping up)

What seems to be the trouble, ladies?

RIVETER

Whyn't you mind your own business, chief.

Murphy turns to see a shipyard RIVETER, a big man holding a beer, still wearing his welding leathers. Murphy turns back to Epps and the Girlfriend.

MURPHY

As I said, what seems to be the trouble?

RIVETER

Didn't you hear me, grandpa? Or you got your hearing aid turned down?

MURPHY

I heard you. But I'm choosing to ignore you. Epps, let's go.

Epps starts forward but the Riveter stands in her way, taking Murphy by the collar.

RIVETER

These ladies was having themselves a discussion and you're interrupting it.

MURPHY

You got about two seconds to get your paws off me, Tarzan.

RIVETER

Or what?

Or WHACK! Murphy can't help but wince as a pool cue breaks in two over the Riveter's head.

Dodge, cigarette in his mouth, takes a look at the cue half he still holds, shaking his head.

The Riveter's hands fall from Murphy's collar and his legs buckle. Some of his BUDDIES hold him up as Greer reminds some of the others he's holding a pool cue of his own.

MURPHY

Epps?

He looks to Epps like let's get the hell out of here. She grabs her coat.

COASTGUARDSMAN

Wait.

Epps holds there as the Coastguardsman steps up to his girlfriend.

COASTGUARDSMAN

Darlene. It's over.

He gives her the ring from his finger. Murphy rolls his eyes as the others look on.

COASTGUARDSMAN

I don't love you anymore.

Darlene breaks into tears as they all look on, some pat her on the back.

COASTGUARDSMAN

(to Epps)

Come on, Candy. Let's get out of here.

The Coastguardsman takes her by the hand. Epps looks to Murphy and the others as he leads her out.

EXT. ARCTIC WARRIOR - DAY

Murphy, Greer, and Dodge ready the tug to leave as Epps approaches on the dock. She jumps down onto the deck, a spring in her step and a song in her heart.

EPPS

Morning everybody.

GREER

Show your tatoos to that coxswain last night, did you Epps?

EPPS

Showed him a hell of a lot more than that.

GREER

I bet you did.

MURPHY

Candy?

EPPS

It's my pen name.

INT. ARCTIC WARRIOR - PILOTHOUSE - DAY

Murphy throttles up the turbines and backs the tug away from the dock as Greer studies the dawn sky.

GREER

Red sky at night, sailor's delight.

MURPHY

Red sky in morning, sailor take warning.

EXT. PORT GERMAINE - DOCKS - CONTINUOUS - DAY

As the tug turns into the harbor channel, the sun rising under a cloud bank of brilliant red and orange.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ARCTIC WARRIOR - CREW QUARTERS - NIGHT

Dodge and Epps play cards at the galley table.

DODGE

Fuck it.

He puts down his hand. Epps takes another drag from her cigarette, collecting her winnings.

EPPS

One more?

DODGE

Why not.

She gathers the cards, shuffles.

DODGE

What is your first name?

EPPS

What?

DODGE

It just occurred to me I don't know your first name. All this time and I don't know it.

She deals the cards in silence.

EPPS  
(finally)  
Maureen.

DODGE  
What?

EPPS  
Maureen.

DODGE  
Maureen?

She looks on at him as he holds there, takes his cards.

EPPS  
What's yours?

Dodge takes a drag from his cigarette, thinking about it.

DODGE  
Roger.

EPPS  
Roger?

DODGE  
Yeah.

She wants to laugh, but only studies her cards.

DODGE  
You think that's funny

EPPS  
(lying)  
No.

She takes a hit from her cigarette as she plays her hand.

EXT. OPEN OCEAN - BERING SEA - NIGHT

THE SONG "SOS" BY ABBA BLASTS as the tug plows westward through a steady chop and a mild swell.

INT. ARCTIC WARRIOR - PILOTHOUSE - NIGHT

The MUSIC COMES FROM HERE. Greer has the CD player cranked as he mans the helm in the glow of the pilothouse. He checks the radar, holds there a beat. He turns the MUSIC DOWN and picks up a walkie-talkie.

GREER  
(into walkie)  
Greer to Murphy.

Greer studies the radar display as he waits.

MURPHY (V.O. RADIO)  
Yeah.

GREER  
There's a large vessel out about ten miles to the north-west.

INT. ARCTIC WARRIOR - MASTER'S QUARTERS - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

Murphy sits at his desk over the ship's log, holding his radio.

GREER  
I been watching it for close to an hour and it hasn't moved. I can't raise it on the radio either. Makes me think it might be in trouble.

MURPHY  
Alright. I'll be right up.

INT. ARCTIC WARRIOR - PILOTHOUSE - LATER - NIGHT

CLOSE ON RADAR DISPLAY as the sweep-refresh reveals a bright point of light in the middle of nowhere.

MURPHY (O.S.)  
Merchant vessel at position one seven four one five west, five seven seven five north.

Murphy holds the radio mic as Greer looks on, Epps and Dodge standing back.

MURPHY  
This is tugboat Arctic Warrior whiskey alpha sierra bravo four zero niner

two. Over.

Only the quiet hiss of white noise comes back from the radio speaker as the bright point flashes on the radar screen.

MURPHY

(to radio)

Merchant vessel at one seven four  
one five west, five seven seven five  
north, this is tugboat Arctic Warrior  
whiskey alpha sierra bravo four zero  
niner two. Over.

Again, only white noise comes back as the point flashes on the screen.

MURPHY

Too deep to anchor out there.

GREER

Looks like it's adrift.

EPPS

Could be a fishing boat.

GREER

Too big. More like a freighter.

MURPHY

What the hell would a freighter be  
doing up here? It's way out of the  
lanes. There's not a port for 800  
miles.

DODGE

Smugglers maybe.

GREER

Smuggling what? Tundra grass?

A beat as Murphy holds there. He raises the radio mic.

MURPHY

Merchant vessel at position one seven  
four one five west, five seven seven  
five north, this is tugboat Arctic  
Warrior. Do you copy? Over.

Again, only the quiet hiss of static comes back.

GREER  
Call the Coastguard?

MURPHY  
Steer to one eight five. Let's check  
her out.

EXT. OPEN OCEAN - NIGHT

The Arctic Warrior cuts a foamy break in the ink black water.

INT. ARCTIC WARRIOR - PILOTHOUSE - NIGHT

CLOSE ON RADAR DISPLAY as the phantom point flashes closer.

Murphy looks on as Greer pilots, Dodge and Epps watching.

MURPHY  
Alright. Back it off.

Greer throttles back and the boat slows.

MURPHY  
Hit the lights.

EXT. ARCTIC WARRIOR - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

The halogen flood lights flare to life, brilliantly  
illuminating the water in front of the boat.

INT. ARCTIC WARRIOR - PILOTHOUSE - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

The four of them look intently into the darkness beyond the  
light. Murphy reaches for the spot control, sweeping a broad  
beam of light with a joy stick.

EXT. ARCTIC WARRIOR - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

As the tug moves along, servo motors sweep the searchlight  
over the bow of the boat and into the darkness.

INT. ARCTIC WARRIOR - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

They peer into the night beyond the boat as it slowly moves,  
when a shadow looms into view.

MURPHY  
Whoa, whoa.

Greer throttles down all the way and they drift, as the shadow looms bigger before them in the light from the boat.

As they approach, the shadow appears to be a giant rusting bow, rising up from the water, disappearing in the darkness above them. Murphy sweeps the searchlight to reveal more of what appears to be a large, darkened ship. As they come around, the name "CHIMERA" can be seen above the anchor alleys.

MURPHY  
"Chimera."

Murphy reaches for the mic, hits the LOUD HAILER.

MURPHY  
Chimera.

EXT. ARCTIC WARRIOR - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

The tug is dwarfed by the massive rusting hulk of the Chimera rising above it.

MURPHY (O.S. LOUD HAILER)  
This is civilian tugboat Arctic  
Warrior. Is there anyone aboard?

The quiet rumble of the tug's turbines is the only sound.

INT. ARCTIC WARRIOR - PILOTHOUSE - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

Murphy raises the mic again.

MURPHY  
Chimera, I am hove to at your port  
bow. Is there anyone aboard?

They wait, looking on at the silent, darkened ship under the glare of their lights.

MURPHY  
Epps, come with me. You guys sit  
tight.

EXT. ARCTIC WARRIOR - LATER - NIGHT

Epps and Murphy, in heavy parkas, climb a hydraulic deck crane up to the Chimera as Dodge man's the controls against

the movement of the water.

INT. ARCTIC WARRIOR - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

Greer holds the tug steady as Epps and Murphy can be seen making their way up under the floodlights.

EXT. CHIMERA - FORWARD DECK - MOMENTS LATER - NIGHT

Murphy pulls himself up and jumps down onto the deck. Epps jumps down behind him. Murphy throws his light up on the superstructure. All remnants of paint have been rusted over, lending a still darker ominousness to it.

EXT. CHIMERA - FORWARD DECK - MOMENTS LATER - NIGHT

Murphy and Epps move cautiously along, shining their lights as they go. Despite the omnipresent corrosion, everything seems to be in order. The decks are clear and there is no apparent damage. They come to a hatchway. Epps shines her light down the darkened passage. Murphy moves in.

INT. CHIMERA - PASSAGEWAY - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

Murphy and Epps move down the passageway. Even the walls in here are rusted. They come to a flight of stairs.

INT. ARCTIC WARRIOR - PILOTHOUSE - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

Greer and Dodge wait. Greer reaches for his radio.

GREER  
(into radio)  
Talk to me, skipper.

After a moment, Murphy comes back on the radio.

MURPHY  
We're in a stairwell just under the  
main superstructure.

INT. CHIMERA - STAIRWAY - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

Murphy and Epps climb the darkened stairway.

MURPHY  
This is definitely an old boat, maybe  
sixty years old. She hasn't been in  
service for at least twenty years.

Probably a lot longer.

They top the stairs and walk into a wider passageway which takes them into an open area. Their lights shine around them, revealing sinks and counters and racks of old kitchen equipment, a few pots still hanging.

They move through the galley and into another, narrower, passageway.

INT. ARCTIC WARRIOR - PILOTHOUSE - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

Greer and Dodge look on.

MURPHY

It's funny.

GREER

How's that?

MURPHY

Besides a little rust, everything's pretty well-preserved.

Greer and Dodge look at each other.

MURPHY

How she got out here is one hell of a good question.

(a long beat, then)

Jesus.

Dodge and Greer hold there, waiting. Only silence from the other end.

GREER

What is it?

No answer.

GREER

Murphy.

No answer.

GREER

Murphy, goddamit.

MURPHY

(finally)  
Sorry.

Another beat in silence.

GREER  
What is it?

INT. CHIMERA - BALLROOM - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

Murphy and Epps stand at the top of a stairway, looking over an immense ballroom. Murphy raises his radio.

MURPHY  
It's a passenger ship. It's a damn  
passenger ship.

Though it is dark, there is enough light to see its ornate opulence, tables and chairs in place near a large dance floor and orchestra well, and a magnificent crystal chandelier hanging over it all.

EXT. ARCTIC WARRIOR - FOREDECK - NIGHT

Epps and Murphy climb down the deck crane as Greer and Dodge meet them at the bottom.

MURPHY  
(jumping down)  
There's nobody on that boat.

INT. ARCTIC WARRIOR - CREW QUARTERS - NIGHT

Dodge, Epps, Greer and Murphy sit around the galley table.

DODGE  
Probably slipped her moorings, got  
tangled up in a current.

EPPS  
Out here? What, so a seven hundred  
foot passenger liner drifted out of  
Spokane harbor and nobody managed to  
bump into her until now?

DODGE  
Somebody's probably looking for her  
as we speak.

MURPHY

Whatever the reason, she's adrift  
and abandoned. We've got every right  
to salvage her.

GREER

You mean tow her back? That's a thirty  
thousand ton ship you're talking  
about.

MURPHY

We've done it before.

DODGE

Yeah, from one side of the harbor to  
the other. But we got half the Bering  
Sea and the whole Alaskan gulf to  
drag her over.

MURPHY

You have any idea how much a ship  
like that could be worth in salvage?  
The fittings alone could go for a  
few million.

DODGE

If you get it back in one piece.

MURPHY

It's a risk I'm willing to take.

GREER

All we got to do is hit some rough  
weather and you can forget about it.

MURPHY

So we cut her loose and wait it out.  
A little weather couldn't be anything  
she hasn't seen before.

DODGE

It's a bloody navigation hazard.  
One boat can't control a ship that  
size.

MURPHY

The damn thing's been floating around  
for God knows how long and it hasn't  
hit anything yet. So we take it easy.

A little of the old push pull.

A long beat as they hold there.

MURPHY

Listen. Forget this job's just a pay check for a minute. You know I've been good to you. But I'm prepared to offer you something better now.

(a beat)

If we do this right, it's worth a lot of money. A lot of money.

They hold there looking on at him, waiting.

EPPS

Go on.

MURPHY

Salvage fees on a vessel like this could come in around four million bucks. At least. Who knows, could be more. Could be a lot more.

(a beat)

What I'm proposing is... we split it four ways.

A beat. Dodge looks to Epps and Greer.

MURPHY

Think about it. A million bucks a piece.

(a beat)

You want to spend the rest of your days drag-assing tank barges on the gulf coast, fine. Otherwise, let's get to work.

EXT. ARCTIC WARRIOR - DAY

The tug is tied up alongside the Chimera, whose dark hull stretches off for seven hundred more feet in the light of day.

INT. ARCTIC WARRIOR - PILOTHOUSE - DAY

Murphy brings up the radio mic as Greer and the others look on.

MURPHY  
(to radio)  
United States Coastguard, United States Coastguard, United States Coastguard. This is tugboat Arctic Warrior whiskey alpha sierra bravo four zero niner two. Over.

After a moment, a distance-warped, coolly professional, female voice comes back.

COASTGUARD DISPATCHER (V.O. RADIO)  
Arctic Warrior, Arctic Warrior, Arctic Warrior. This is United States Coastguard Station North Island. Over.

MURPHY  
North Island, I wish to declare myself salvor-in-possession under section four two charlie of the International Maritime Convention.

COASTGUARD DISPATCHER (V.O. RADIO)  
Affirmative, Arctic Warrior. What type of vessel?

MURPHY  
A passenger liner. Over.

COASTGUARD DISPATCHER (V.O. RADIO)  
Say again. Over.

Murphy looks to the others, almost smiling.

MURPHY  
A passenger liner, north island. Over.

COASTGUARD DISPATCHER (V.O. RADIO)  
What is the vessel name, registry, and present position? Over.

MURPHY  
Passenger vessel "Chimera." I will spell: charlie hotel india mary echo romeo alpha. No registry information is available at this time. I have determined to the best of my ability

that the vessel has been abandoned  
on the high seas at position one  
seven four west, five seven north  
at...

(checking his watch)

Two zero one four hours zulu time.

Over.

COASTGUARD DISPATCHER (V.O. RADIO)

Affirmative, Arctic Warrior. Please  
advise your salvage authority pending  
registry check. Over.

MURPHY

Roger, North Island. Arctic Warrior  
over and out.

EXT. ARCTIC WARRIOR - STERN WINCH - DAY

Dodge, Epps, Murphy and Greer are standing on the stern of  
the boat under the power winch.

DODGE

Okay. We're gonna use a heavier than  
usual twin cable rig this time,  
consisting of a pair of number three  
gauge braided wire tows.

(a beat)

We'll tie off through the anchor  
alleys. And come down to the aft  
port and starboard pins. Here. Thus,  
we need to get two of these...

(indicating the cable)

Up there.

He indicates the bow of the Chimera.

DODGE

Seeing as though a foot of one of  
these fuckers weighs about a hundred  
pounds, it ain't gonna be what you'd  
call easy.

(a beat)

Any questions?

EPPS

Supposing one of those cables breaks  
under tow.

DODGE

Then we'll all be doomed. Any other questions?

EXT. ARCTIC WARRIOR - DAY

Murphy has backed the tug up to the bow of the Chimera. Greer operates the deck crane, one of Dodge's mammoth cables dangling from it down to the winch on the stern.

WITH EPPS

Epps hangs on to the top of the crane as it comes to the starboard anchor alley in the bow of the Chimera. Dodge pokes his face out from the other side.

DODGE

Ready?

EPPS

Bring it on, dude.

Dodge disappears from the hole and his hand comes back with a smaller pilot cable, which Epps takes and threads through the loop at the end of the tow cable. She places the end of the pilot cable in a vice collar and uses a wrench to tighten it down, with the effect of joining the two cables.

EPPS

OK.

Dodge disappears, pulling up the slack from the pilot cable through the anchor alleys.

DODGE (O.S.)

(finally)

Hit it!

Epps reaches over and unhinges the crane hook and the tow cable explosively drops, banging loudly against the Chimera's hull with a shower of black rust.

EXT. CHIMERA - WITH DODGE - CONTINUOUS - DAY

Dodge cranks a portable pulley winch on the deck, the pilot cable slowly pulling the tow cable up through the anchor alley.

It is heavy and the winch shows the strain as Dodge cranks

it. He continues, when something gives in the winch mechanism and the whole thing slides forward on the pilot cable, entangling Dodge's leg and dragging him on his ass along the deck.

EXT. ARCTIC WARRIOR - WITH EPPS - CONTINUOUS - DAY

The tow cable creates a spray of rust and smoke as it spills out of the anchor alley before Epps.

EXT. CHIMERA - WITH DODGE - CONTINUOUS - DAY

Dodge slides toward the anchor alley like a piece of meat toward a sausage grinder, when the winch slams into it and stops dead, the cable continuing on with a loud shriek dangerously close to his face, until...

EXT. ARCTIC WARRIOR - WITH EPPS - CONTINUOUS - DAY

The last of the cable explosively whips out of the anchor alley in front of Epps and splashes in the water below. A beat as she holds there.

EPPS

Dodge? You alright?

EXT. CHIMERA - WITH DODGE - CONTINUOUS - DAY

Dodge lies tangled in the winch.

DODGE

Yes!

EXT. ARCTIC WARRIOR - DAY

Two tow cables extend from the Chimera's anchor alleys down into the water and come up again from the water to the tow anchor on the tug's stern.

Dodge looks on as Greer and Epps stand by. He raises his walkie.

DODGE

Alright, skipper, real easy.

INT. ARCTIC WARRIOR - PILOTHOUSE - CONTINUOUS - DAY

Murphy slowly throttles up, moving the boat forward. He turns to see as the Chimera drops back behind them.

EXT. ARCTIC WARRIOR - CONTINUOUS - DAY

The tug moves slowly away from the Chimera as Epps, Greer and Dodge look on.

WIDE ON TUG AND CHIMERA

As the tug widens the distance, leaving the Chimera in place.

INT. ARCTIC WARRIOR - PILOTHOUSE - CONTINUOUS - DAY

Murphy holds the helm steady as the Chimera recedes.

DODGE

Steady as she goes.

EXT. ARCTIC WARRIOR - CONTINUOUS - DAY

Dodge, Epps and Greer look on as the tow cables begin to rise in their wake.

DODGE

(into radio)

Throttle back.

The tug slows as the cables rise slowly from the water.

DODGE

More.

The tug slows still more.

DODGE

More.

It slows still more, until the tug just creeps along, and the massive tow cables rise entirely out of the water, straightening as the slack is pulled out.

EXT. CHIMERA - CONTINUOUS - DAY

Some fifty yards behind the tug, the tow cables come taugt in the anchor alleys of the Chimera.

INT. ARCTIC WARRIOR - PILOTHOUSE - CONTINUOUS - DAY

Murphy holds the throttle.

DODGE

Right there, skipper. Right there.

Murphy eases forward on the throttle and the turbines rise in pitch.

EXT. CHIMERA - CONTINUOUS - DAY

As the tow cables stretch and the bow of the Chimera inches forward.

EXT. ARCTIC WARRIOR - CONTINUOUS - DAY

The turbines grow louder as Greer, Epps, and Dodge look on at the Chimera behind them, the massive tow cables bowing under their own weight.

INT. ARCTIC WARRIOR - PILOTHOUSE - CONTINUOUS - DAY

Murphy eases forward on the throttle, picking up speed.

EXT. CHIMERA - CONTINUOUS - DAY

The giant ship CREAKS AND MOANS as it starts forward, a small bow break forming on its hull.

EXT. ARCTIC WARRIOR - CONTINUOUS - DAY

The tug is kicking up a foaming wake as it pulls the Chimera along behind it. Dodge lets out a hoot, exchanging high fives with Epps and Greer.

INT. ARCTIC WARRIOR - PILOTHOUSE - CONTINUOUS - DAY

Murphy smiles as he looks back at the Chimera following behind.

INT. ARCTIC WARRIOR - PILOTHOUSE - DAY

CLOSE ON A CHART. The south Bering Sea and the Gulf of Alaska. A pencil traces a route.

MURPHY (O.S.)

I figure we go through at the Unimak  
Pass here. Refuel at Sanak Island.

Greer looks on from the helm as Murphy, Dodge and Epps stand over the map table.

MURPHY

With a little extra fuel, weather permitting, we should make Sitka in five days without another stop.

DODGE

Sounds reasonable.

GREER

Hypothetically speaking, what if we get this boat to Sitka and find out somebody wants it back?

DODGE

They shoulda thought of that when they let her float away.

GREER

I don't care what, ain't nobody just gonna let us walk away with a ship that size.

MURPHY

The law's on our side. If they want to challenge it, let them try.

EPPS

They must've scuttled it. Nobody just lets a ship float away.

DODGE

Nobody just scuttles a passenger liner either.

EPPS

Ever heard of insurance, big boy?

MURPHY

Either way, we found it. It's ours now – .

An EXPLOSIVE THUD shudders the boat. They look to each other.

DODGE

(moving for the door)  
What the...

EXT. ARCTIC WARRIOR - MOMENTS LATER - DAY

Dodge jumps down from the pilothouse as another LOUD THUMP BLOWS OUT OF THE TURBINE VENTS, SHOWERING OIL OVER THE DECK.

DODGE  
(shouting up to the  
pilothouse)  
ALL STOP! ALL STOP!

INT. ARCTIC WARRIOR - PILOTHOUSE - CONTINUOUS - DAY

Greer shoves the throttle back.

EXT. ARCTIC WARRIOR - CONTINUOUS - DAY

The boat goes dead in the water, thick black smoke billowing from the turbine vents.

EXT. CHIMERA - CONTINUOUS - DAY

as the bow slows in the water, the tow cables coming slack.

INT. ARCTIC WARRIOR - ENGINE ROOM - CONTINUOUS - DAY

Dodge pulls open the door. The place is thick with smoke as he makes his way to the turbine gauges, Epps and Murphy behind. Dodge opens the number one turbine cover, looks inside.

DODGE  
Mother fucker!

MURPHY  
What is it?

DODGE  
Threw a turbine blade.

Dodge looks over the smoking turbine, pulls back an aluminum intake blade, hot to the touch.

DODGE  
Son of a bitch!

EXT. ARCTIC WARRIOR - DECK - DAY

Greer, Dodge, Epps, and Murphy confer on the deck.

DODGE  
The number one turbine's pretty well

trashed. Number two runs, but it's way underpowered.

MURPHY

How long to fix?

DODGE

Hard to say. I gotta get in there and have a look. At least a couple days. Depending.

GREER

You think the extra strain caused it?

DODGE

Nah. Everything was cool. It's just one of those things.

EXT. CHIMERA - DAY

The Arctic Warrior floats tied to the side of the Chimera.

INT. ARCTIC WARRIOR - ENGINE ROOM - DAY

Dodge has both turbines opened up as he works.

INT. CHIMERA - MEZZANINE DECK - DAY

Lights shine on what was once an elegant interior promenade. Murphy and Greer stand looking on at it.

MURPHY

Some classy tub in it's day, huh?

GREER

Yeah.

EPPS (O.S.)

Check this out.

AT THE PURSERS DESK

Epps looks through a file cabinet behind a heavy wood counter as Greer and Murphy approach.

EPPS

Everything's still here. Ticket records, receipts, books of account.

Greer picks one up.

GREER

One first class passage. Elizabeth James. Dubayy to Halifax. January 29th 1953.

Murphy takes it, looking it over.

MURPHY

Chimera. Flag ship of the Dobbins Kirk Line. Nova Scotia.

INT. CHIMERA - "B" DECK - DAY

Murphy, Epps, and Greer top a staircase out onto a long, darkened corridor. They move down. Some of the doors are open, faint light from port holes showing small cabins with beds, desks, a few chairs.

INT. CHIMERA - TOP DECK - FORWARD PASSAGE - DAY

Murphy, Epps, and Greer come to a hatchway marked "BRIDGE."

INT. CHIMERA - BRIDGE - MOMENTS LATER - DAY

The forward windows show the expanse of the ocean before them and the rusting foredeck about 150 feet below. Light from the windows illuminates the bridge as Murphy, Greer and Epps look around. Despite a little corrosion and a layer of dirt, everything seems in its place.

MURPHY

(looking through scattered charts and papers)

I'd sure like to get my hands on the general log.

Epps steps up to the wall, where several framed photos hang.

GREER

That must be the old man right there.

The uniformed man in the photo is a gaunt, stern-looking man from another century, with dark, hollow eyes.

EPPS

Looks like one hell of a stick up  
his ass.

GREER

He'd let you off at the nearest port,  
that's for sure.

EXT. ARCTIC WARRIOR - NIGHT

A dimming purple horizon is giving way to night as the tug  
floats under the bow of the Chimera.

EXT. ARCTIC WARRIOR - ENGINE ROOM - NIGHT

Dodge works up to his elbows in turbine 1 as Greer monitors  
a pressure gauge.

DODGE

How about now?

GREER

Sixty pounds.

DODGE

What? You sure?

GREER

That's what it says.

DODGE

(getting up to have a  
look)

Lemme see.

INT. ARCTIC WARRIOR - PILOTHOUSE - NIGHT

Through the pilothouse windows, the hull of the Chimera  
disappears into the darkness beyond the tug's work lights.  
Murphy sits at the chart table as Epps steps in.

EPPS

Coffee?

MURPHY

(sitting up)

Yeah. Thanks.

She brings him his cup, seeing the documents he brought back  
from the Chimera.

EPPS

(taking a seat)

What'd you find up there?

MURPHY

Some charts. A crew manifest.

(looking them over)

Looks like her last voyage was January 1953. The question is where the hell's she been since.

EPPS

She was sailing up north, right?

MURPHY

Her destination was Halifax, yeah.

EPPS

Well, suppose she got a little further north than she should have. Got stuck in the ice. The passengers and crew evacuated. She froze into the ice pack, which moved further north, where it froze in solid. They write it off. Fifty years later, the whole global warming thing happens. The ice melts, she gets loose and floats around til somebody runs into her.

Murphy nods, considering it.

MURPHY

As reasonable an explanation as any, I guess.

Epps takes a sip of her coffee as she thinks about it.

MURPHY

Ever heard of the Mary Celeste?

EPPS

Nope.

MURPHY

She was a two-masted brig boat sailing out of New York in 1872. One day she was sighted off the coast of Portugal by a merchant vessel, the

Dei Gratia. As the crew of the Dei Gratia got closer, they discovered that no one was at the helm of the Mary Celeste. On boarding, they found her completely deserted. The captain, his wife, their daughter, and the entire crew, all gone. The last entry in their log made no mention of any trouble. The table was even set for dinner. And in the nine days after the last entry, she sailed 700 miles without anyone aboard.

EPPS

So what did happen?

MURPHY

Nobody knows. There've been a lot of theories, of course. But we'll never really know for sure.

EPPS

You think she's sailing without a crew?

Murphy looks out at the Chimera off the bow.

MURPHY

I think we'd be surprised where a drifting ship might wind up with a little wind and the right current.

EPPS

You're more practical than superstitious.

MURPHY

Only way to be.

Epps nods, takes another sip of coffee, looking on at the rusting hull of the Chimera stretching off in the light.

EXT. ARCTIC WARRIOR - DECK - DAY

Greer operates the crane arm as Dodge directs him. The crane hoists out one of the massive turbine fans onto the deck. Dodge gives him the thumbs up as it comes down easily.

MURPHY

What's this?

DODGE

Turbine rotor's shot.

MURPHY

I thought you said it was just a blade.

DODGE

Metal's crystallized. Gotta replace the whole deal.

MURPHY

How much longer's that gonna take?

DODGE

Like I always say –

MURPHY

I know I know, two ways to do anything –

DODGE

The right way and the wrong way.

MURPHY

But how long?

DODGE

Hard to say.

MURPHY

We gotta get outa here, Dodge. A storm blows up and we're history.

DODGE

I'm telling you, you don't want to be running that fan like it is.

MURPHY

What about running number two by itself?

DODGE

It's a full 2500 horses down. We couldn't drag that boat down hill on ice with it.

MURPHY

How long, then?

DODGE

I gotta pull the blades and re-seat everything in a new rotor – .

MURPHY

How long?

DODGE

Three, four days.

MURPHY

Goddamit, Dodge.

DODGE

What do you want me to tell you, that we can throw this sucker back in and start pulling her like nothing happened? Can't do it, skipper.

A beat as Murphy stands there, knowing he's right.

COASTGUARD DISPATCHER (O.S RADIO)

(from the pilothouse)

Arctic Warrior, Arctic Warrior, Arctic Warrior. This is United States Coastguard. Over.

A beat.

INT. ARCTIC WARRIOR - PILOTHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER - DAY

Murphy enters the pilothouse as the distance-warped VOICE comes back on the radio.

COASTGUARD DISPATCHER (V.O. RADIO)

Arctic Warrior, Arctic Warrior, Arctic Warrior. This is United States Coastguard Station North Island. Over.

Murphy raises the radio mic as Epps, Dodge, and Greer step in.

MURPHY

(to radio)

North Island, North Island, North Island. This is tugboat Arctic

Warrior. Over.

After a moment, the same professional, distance-warped voice comes back.

COASTGUARD DISPATCHER (V.O. RADIO)

Arctic Warrior, we have submitted your section four two charlie salvage notification. However, the International Maritime Authority record for a passenger vessel Chimera indicates it was lost at sea in the Gulf of Oman day two month two year one nine five three. Over.

A beat as Murphy holds there.

MURPHY

North Island, please repeat? Over.

COASTGUARD DISPATCHER (V.O. RADIO)

Arctic Warrior, passenger vessel Chimera was lost at sea day two month two year one nine five three. Over.

Another beat as Murphy holds there, as the others look on.

MURPHY

North Island, have you got any additional information? Over.

COASTGUARD DISPATCHER (V.O. RADIO)

Affirmative, Arctic Warrior. The vessel Chimera was registered to The Dobbins Kirk Line, Halifax. Nova Scotia. Date of commission day nine month seven year one nine three two. Over.

A long beat as the static of the open channel comes back.

MURPHY

Roger, North Island. I am tied to the passenger vessel Chimera. And she is afloat. Repeat, she is afloat. Over.

COASTGUARD DISPATCHER (V.O. RADIO)

Roger, Arctic Warrior. I say again,

our records indicate the passenger vessel Chimera was lost at sea.  
Over.

MURPHY

Roger, North Island. Please advise pending further information. Over.

COASTGUARD DISPATCHER (V.O. RADIO)

Affirmative, Arctic Warrior. This is United States Coast Guard North Island Station. Over and out.

A beat as they hold there, thinking about it.

MURPHY

Obviously it's some kind of screw up. The shipping records aren't a hundred percent accurate.

DODGE

Man, it gives me the creeps. We got no business towing a ship that size anyway. I say we fix the turbines and hit the highway.

GREER

Are you crazy? Do you realize we got ourselves a ship? We own a ship, Dodge.

DODGE

Yeah, a ship that's supposed to have been lost at sea fifty years ago. You don't think that's just a little freaky?

EPPS

If this thing turns out to be a ship everybody thought sank a long time ago, we just hit the jackpot.

DODGE

Yeah, well how the hell you get something like that wrong? That's a damn big boat. It's either sunk or it ain't.

MURPHY

We all want to get outa here, Dodge.  
Especially me. With that boat in  
tow. You got three days. Make the  
most of it.

A beat as Dodge looks back, then out at the Chimera.

INT. ARCTIC WARRIOR - MASTER'S QUARTERS - NIGHT

A pencil point on a map follows across Saudi Arabia, coming  
to the Persian Gulf and tracing the coast of the Arab Emirates  
to Dubayy.

Murphy sits at his desk over the map. His pencil point follows  
the Persian Gulf from Dubayy, through the straight of Hormuz  
into the Gulf of Oman. Murphy marks an "X" there. A beat as  
he looks on at it.

He opens a large envelope he found aboard the Chimera. He  
empties it on the desk. He looks through it, docking receipts  
from various ports of call, bills of lading, etc. He looks  
over the passenger manifest.

INT. ARCTIC WARRIOR - MASTERS QUARTERS - DAY

Murphy wakes. He lies on his bunk, having fallen asleep last  
night in his clothes, still holding the envelope and some of  
the papers inside.

INT. ARCTIC WARRIOR - DECK - MOMENTS LATER - DAY

Dodge disassembles the turbine fans on deck as Greer reads  
in the shade of the deck house. Dodge's hand slips and he  
skins his knuckles.

DODGE

Fucker!

GREER

Take it easy, Dodge. It's only a  
piece of metal.

DODGE

(inspecting his skinned  
knuckles)

Damn mind of it's own.

GREER

(seeing Murphy)

Morning, skipper.

Murphy has stepped out into the sunlight.

MURPHY

Morning.

GREER

You're up late.

MURPHY

Guess I must've fallen back to sleep.  
Where's Epps?

DODGE

Went aboard.

MURPHY

She take a radio?

GREER

Yeah.

Murphy nods. A beat.

INT. CHIMERA - PUBLIC ROOM - DAY

Epps steps from a passageway into a large public room. Tables and chairs are scattered haphazardly, light falling in from windows along the wall where tattered curtains hang. She walks on.

A pair of empty glasses sit on a table, an empty sherry decanter beside them. An ashtray sits beside that. Epps stops, reaching down. She pulls back a half-smoked cigarette, lipstick smudging the end, yellowing and fragile from time. And, as she stands there, we see a FIGURE, IN MURKY SILHOUETTE, MOVE PAST THE DOORWAY IN THE BACKGROUND. In an instant it is there and gone.

She puts down the cigarette, having sensed a presence. She turns to the doorway across the room, but there is nothing to be seen now.

INT. CHIMERA - PUBLIC ROOM - MOMENTS LATER - DAY

A doll's white face, eyes haunting and coldly blue, stares into the middle distance. It lies on a love seat as Epps steps up. She lifts it. Several other toys lie scattered

about as she studies it, when the sound of a TICKING CLOCK CAN BE HEARD.

A beat as Epps holds there. She turns, trying to locate the sound. From across the room, Epps stands, listening. As the TICKING CLOCK sounds from here. She turns, putting down the doll, holding a beat. She approaches, crossing the room, coming finally to a stop before us and what we come to see is an ancient grandfather clock.

All but it's minute hand has fallen off its corroded face, but from inside it emits a weak though steady TICKING.

Epps stands there as the clock ticks, looking on, when the TICKING CEASES. A beat as she holds there, as the clock faces her, now silent.

INT. CHIMERA - PASSAGEWAY - LATER - DAY

Epps shines her light in the darkness as she comes to a door where daylight falls from a small port. She looks through it.

INT. CHIMERA - SWIMMING POOL - MOMENTS LATER - DAY

Epps stands in a white tiled room. Light falls from port holes high in the wall. Running its length is a small swimming pool, it's rusted fixtures and stained surface creating bizarre patterns.

INT. CHIMERA - SWIMMING POOL - MOMENTS LATER - DAY

Epps comes to a row of changing stalls. Old clothing hangs there, unused for fifty years. A pair of woman's shoes lie on the floor.

INT. CHIMERA - SWIMMING POOL - LATER - DAY

Epps moves along, passing through a doorway into

INT. CHIMERA - GYMNASIUM - CONTINUOUS - DAY

Epps enters another room scattered with old exercise equipment circa 1950, a wooden rowing machine, barbells and a medicine ball.

She steps up to the wall, where pictures hang. The Chimera can be seen in better days, sailing full speed on a calm sea.

## INT. CHIMERA - SUB-DECK - LATER - DAY

Epps jumps down to a lower deck. She shines her light up to see that she is in an engine compartment, showing a massive diesel burner. She passes through into another compartment where the giant pistons of the ship's power plant rise up to the ceiling.

## INT. CHIMERA - SUB-DECK - PASSAGE - MOMENTS LATER - DAY

Epps moves, passing still more diesel burners, towering over her in the cavernous space. She moves into a narrowing passage, piping and machinery ducts winding their way into the depths of the ship.

Finally the passage opens into yet another compartment, apparently a cargo hold. Crates and boxes are stacked on loading palettes.

In the corner, a rotting canvas drape covers something. Epps comes to it. She lifts the canvas, which crumbles away to reveal a 1951 Ferrari sportster. For the exception of a coat of dust and a small amount of corrosion, it is perfectly preserved.

Mail bags lie in piles along the wall, stacked between more wooden crates and palettes, when something catches Epps' eye.

A heavy, metal door in the wall is twisted on it's hinges, as though blown back from some terrific explosive force.

Epps approaches, coming to the twisted door. She shines her light inside.

A clutter of debris, shelving and wood, are visible in the shadows, when her light catches a glint of something. She swings her light back, revealing a yellowish bright object between broken wood slats.

Epps steps in. She kneels, shining the light closer. The yellow glint is metal. Epps pulls back a slat, sliding away some of the debris to reveal that it is cast from a kilogram ingot of gold.

She reaches out. She raises it, completely untouched by the years. She pulls back still more debris, revealing a stack of gold ingots, some having tumbled to the side. She slides

away a large trunk that has fallen, pushing off more junk to see that the stack is much larger, perhaps four feet high and five feet across.

A beat as Epps stands there, looking on at \$50,000,000 in gold.

INT. CHIMERA - CARGO COMPARTMENT - DAY

The debris has been cleared away to reveal a clean 5'x 5' x 4' stack of gold ingots.

DODGE (O.S.)

What the fuck we gonna do with it?

Greer, Murphy, Epps, and Dodge all look on.

GREER

What the fuck you think we gonna do with it? It's ours, baby. It's all ours.

Murphy has stepped forward, taking an ingot, inspecting it.

GREER

How much you figure that's worth, skipper?

MURPHY

(still looking it over)

Hard to say. Maybe forty, fifty million.

GREER

Ho, baby!

EPPS

That's a lot of money for somebody to just let float away.

Murphy looks up at her from the gold.

MURPHY

Yes, it is.

A beat as they all hold there.

MURPHY

It's a hell of a lot of money.

DODGE

What, you think there's something funny about it?

MURPHY

A ship with fifty million dollars in gold aboard, adrift? And nobody seems to care enough to come looking for it?

GREER

If they thought it was lost at sea, they probably just wrote it off.

MURPHY

Not for fifty million. An ocean liner maybe. But fifty million in gold, they come looking for.

EPPS

Maybe they didn't want it back. Maybe the whole fat deal was insured.

MURPHY

Maybe. But there's always somebody whose interest's at stake.

GREER

All I gotta say is it looks like that somebody's us right now.

Greer cackles as he high fives Dodge.

EPPS

And it looks like somebody got here before us too.

The steel hatch is twisted, as from a great hand ripping it back from the wall.

DODGE

(inspecting it)

Didn't happen yesterday, I'll tell you that. Torn parts rusted bad as the rest of the boat.

MURPHY

Then it happened before they scuttled her.

EPPS

You mean, before she sank.

GREER

Cargo like this could make a crew think twice.

MURPHY

That it could.

A beat, as they all look on at the gold.

INT. ARCTIC WARRIOR - CREW QUARTERS - NIGHT

After dinner, Murphy, Greer, Dodge and Epps sit around the galley table.

GREER

Then why didn't they take it.

EPPS

Probably didn't have time.

DODGE

Or somebody stopped them.

MURPHY

Either way, they must've had a pretty good reason.

GREER

Must be a damn good reason to jump ship and leave fifty million dollars aboard.

A beat as they consider it.

DODGE

So what're we gonna do. That's the big question, right?

MURPHY

A salvage claim to a vessel's cargo's as valid as a claim to the vessel itself. It's ours.

DODGE

Then we're rich. We're damn, filthy stinking rich.

MURPHY

It looks like it.

A beat as they let this sink in.

GREER

So what? We gonna unload the gold and get a move on?

MURPHY

We leave it where it is. Stick to the plan.

DODGE

You gotta be kidding? What the hell we need that tub for, we got fifty million bucks?

MURPHY

So we get a little more for the boat. Besides, the gold'll be safer where it is.

GREER

Yeah, but we still gotta haul that big piece of shit all the way back to Sitka.

MURPHY

It's worth the effort. Believe me. Besides we're gonna need her to prove the salvage.

EPPS

Why not call for help?

MURPHY

For now the best thing we can do is to keep quiet about this.

DODGE

Last thing we want is extra partners.

EPPS

Or uninvited guests.

GREER

I heard that.

MURPHY

Dodge, you gotta get on those repairs.

DODGE

Yeah, yeah. I'm on it.

MURPHY

The sooner we get under way, the sooner we are to spending what's ours.

INT. ARCTIC WARRIOR - ENGINE ROOM - DAY

Dodge, wearing a welding mask and gloves, braises an aluminum fitting over one of the open turbines.

INT. CHIMERA - SUB-DECK CARGO COMPARTMENT - DAY

Epps finishes stacking the gold ingots in a cleared space beyond the twisted hatch.

GREER

Two hundred twenty. Two twenty one.  
(as Epps stacks the  
last one)  
Two twenty two.

Greer makes a note.

GREER

Two hundred twenty two kilograms of solid gold.

EPPS

That's what I call a payday.

GREER

Hell yeah.

They slap hands.

INT. CHIMERA - TOP DECK - PASSAGEWAY - DAY

Murphy moves down the darkened passage, coming to a door marked "CAPTAIN." The door is ajar. He pushes it open.

INT. CHIMERA - CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS - CONTINUOUS - DAY

Murphy stands in the doorway of a spacious cabin panelled in dark wood. A large desk occupies a corner of the room by the windows. Though dirty and worn with time, everything is ordered and in its place.

Murphy comes to the desk. He sits down in the chair behind it. The surface is clear and uncluttered. He pulls out the drawer to reveal pens, writing paper, a ruler, compass and protractor amidst other sundry items.

INT. CHIMERA - CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS - BEDROOM -  
MOMENTS LATER -  
DAY

Murphy steps in. The room is undisturbed, light falling in on the taugt green bedspread through dirty, tattered curtains. A robe hangs on the back of a chair. A pair of slippers lie beneath it.

INT. CHIMERA - CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS - BATHROOM -  
MOMENTS LATER -  
DAY

Murphy stands in the bathroom. The tile has yellowed with time, but everything is exactly as it was left. Even the shaving kit is neatly arrayed on the sink as Murphy looks on at it. He looks up, seeing himself in the mirror, when an EXPLOSION SOUNDS.

EXT. CHIMERA - TOP DECK - MOMENTS LATER - DAY

Murphy comes to the railing, looking out over the bow of the ship to see black smoke rising from where the Arctic Warrior is tied.

EXT. CHIMERA - FORWARD DECK - MOMENTS LATER - DAY

Greer and Epps run to the side to see billowing smoke rising from the Arctic Warrior as Murphy climbs down the crane to the deck.

EXT. ARCTIC WARRIOR - CONTINUOUS - DAY

Murphy jumps down to the deck. Flames belch from an open hatch as Murphy grabs a fire extinguisher from a deck locker, coming to the engine room door.

## INT. ARCTIC WARRIOR - ENGINE ROOM - CONTINUOUS - DAY

Murphy enters to find the engine room engulfed in flames and black smoke. He finds Dodge spraying at it with an extinguisher of his own.

The flames belch up from an oil fire in the turbine well, the heat searing paint on the metal covers. Murphy sprays a cloud of halon and the fire dims, but only for a moment.

Dodge grabs another extinguisher, his leg burned, face and hands singed.

An EXPLOSION ROCKS THE BOAT and molten flames hurl through the air, catching Murphy's pant leg. He's so engrossed in fighting the flames, he doesn't realize he's on fire.

DODGE  
(over the roar)  
Murphy!

Murphy looks down to see his pant leg is on fire, as Dodge turns a cloud of halon on him, putting it out.

DODGE  
Propane tanks're gonna go!

Murphy crosses in the smoke, coming as close as he dares to the most intense part of the flames. He turns the extinguisher into them, holding it there.

The flames dim, as Dodge joins him on the other side, turning his extinguisher on it too. The fire seems to dim yet again as clouds of halon rise up.

Fire belches from a duct, crawling across the ceiling. Dodge fires his extinguisher at it, pushing it back across to the wall again.

Murphy extinguishes the last of the flames in the turbine well as Dodge brings a snaking tendril of fire down to the deck, and finally out.

They stand there in the sudden silence, the air heavy with smoke. A fine layer of halon powder lies over everything, but the fire is out.

## EXT. ARCTIC WARRIOR - DECK - DAY

Dodge smokes a cigarette, now starting to feel his burned leg, which is oozing as Murphy and Greer look on.

DODGE

One minute I'm minding my own business, the next thing I know the whole place is burning up.

(taking a drag)

An oxygen tank must've blown on the welder. Started an oil fire.

GREER

Looks like it took out the backup genny too.

MURPHY

Terrific.

Epps arrives with a first aid kit.

MURPHY

How's that leg?

Epps cuts back the burned pant leg to see the burn.

DODGE

Seen better – Ow!

Epps cleans the burn with hydrogen peroxide.

EPPS

This's gonna hurt a little.

DODGE

Thanks for the warning – Ow! Damn!

Epps keeps cleaning as Dodge bears it.

GREER

What now?

MURPHY

We could call for help.

GREER

And get a bunch of fools sniffin' around here?

EPPS

What other choices have we got?

DODGE

I tell you one thing, we're not gonna  
be towing no ship now.

INT. ARCTIC WARRIOR - PILOT HOUSE - NIGHT

A gas lantern sits on the map table illuminating Murphy as  
he holds the radio mic.

MURPHY

(to radio)

United States Coastguard, this is  
tugboat Arctic Warrior whiskey alpha  
sierra bravo four zero niner two.  
Radio check. Over.

A moment, then:

COASTGUARD DISPATCHER (V.O. RADIO)

Arctic Warrior, Arctic Warrior, Arctic  
Warrior. This is United States  
Coastguard Station North Island.  
Your radio check is affirmative.  
Over.

MURPHY

Roger that, North Island. Arctic  
Warrior whiskey alpha sierra bravo  
four zero niner two. Over and out.

INT. ARCTIC WARRIOR - CREW QUARTERS - NIGHT

Dodge pours out a few cans of cold chili into a bowl and  
takes it to the table where Epps, Greer, and Murphy sit under  
the stark light of a gas lantern.

GREER

Fifty million four ways. That's twelve  
million and change a piece. What  
you gonna do with your share, skipper?

MURPHY

Not much at all, I guess. Retire.  
Live out my golden years and all  
that.

DODGE

I'm buyin' me a nice outrigger.  
Spend my time hauling rich Seattle  
business men through the Puget.

MURPHY

How about you Epps?

EPPS

Guess I'll just keep working.

DODGE

What're you crazy?

EPPS

I like my job.

MURPHY

Greer?

GREER

Moving to Sweden.

DODGE

What's so great about Sweden?

GREER

It's a beautiful country. Very clean.  
Very civilized. And cold.

EPPS

That's a good thing?

GREER

Hell, yeah. I like it cold. Colder  
the better.

DODGE

Yeah, but not as cold as those Swedish  
girls you only gonna dream about.

GREER

We'll see who's dreamin', m'man.

MURPHY

Dreamin's all any of you're gonna be  
doing if we don't get this boat  
running.

DODGE  
Yeah, yeah.

A STRANGE SOUND BEGINS. IT IS LIKE A DISTANT SHRIEKING, AS OF METAL AGAINST METAL, BUT ALMOST HUMAN, DISTANTLY ECHOING.

GREER  
What the hell is that?

The SHRIEKING CONTINUES, ECHOING EERILY AS IF FROM THE SEA.

EXT. ARCTIC WARRIOR - DECK - MOMENTS LATER - NIGHT

Dodge, Epps, Murphy and Greer emerge on deck.

The DISTANT SHRIEKING IS LOUDER HERE, BUT SEEMS TO BE EMANATING FROM DEEP IN THE SHIP as they stand facing it on the bow.

EPPS  
It's coming from inside.

They hold there listening as the SHRIEKING CONTINUES.

DODGE  
Sounds like the hull.

MURPHY  
Warm water current maybe, making the metal expand.

GREER  
That shit is seriously bizarre.

The DISTANT SHRIEKING ECHO continues as they hold there.

EXT. ARCTIC WARRIOR - DECK - DAY

The engine room is black with soot, the turbines covered in halon powder. Dodge stands there looking at it. He sighs.

INT. CHIMERA - GALLEY - DAY

Greer goes through shelves of supplies, finding a stack of sterno cans and warming candles. He throws them into a wooden crate of other supplies he's gathered.

INT. CHIMERA - FIRST CLASS STATEROOM - DAY

Epps slowly pushes open the door. She holds a sack with a few items she's managed to scavenge. Light falls from curtained windows onto the room. A divan sits against the wall. A table stands in the middle of the room, a moth-eaten velvet table cloth sitting under a brass lamp on top. Two twin beds stand on either side. They are covered in dust and are moth-eaten, unmade, as if the occupants had just gotten up, fifty years ago.

In one corner is an armoire. Epps steps up to it, pulling back the door to reveal a rack of woman's clothing hanging there undisturbed.

INT. CHIMERA - STATEROOM - MOMENTS LATER - DAY

A pair of slippers lie on the floor beside a chair, over which is draped a woman's robe. Epps lifts it, the material crumbling in her hands.

INT. CHIMERA - STATEROOM - MOMENTS LATER - DAY

A drawer comes back to reveal a number of personal affects, a man's billfold, cuff links, tarnished silver cigarette holder and case, coins, black horn-rimmed glasses, pocket watch and fob, and a room key.

Epps pulls back the billfold. She opens it. Inside she finds a Canadian passport a picture of a dark-haired man with a mustache and black horn-rimmed glasses, circa 1950. In the folds she finds three hundred Canadian dollars. An insert holds pictures, of a suburban home, children, and a woman, presumably his wife.

INT. CHIMERA - "A" DECK PASSAGE - LATER - DAY

Epps steps from the room. She turns to close the door, but stops, holding there, strongly sensing something.

THE CAMERA SLOWLY COMES AROUND TO HER OTHER SIDE, revealing the long passageway behind her, each bulkhead hatchway creating the impression of a tunnel of mirrors that frame one another and, standing at the very end of this tunnel in the foggy light from a porthole, a MAN in dark clothing.

Epps slowly turns her head to see what she already senses, the man standing at the end of the passageway facing her. A beat as they hold there. The man only stares back at her, then turns to walk away.

EPPS

Hey!

Epps moves off as the man walks around the corner.

EPPS

Hey, wait a minute! Hey!

MOVING WITH Epps as she breaks into a run, going down the passageway. She comes to the corner, rounding it out onto another passageway. The man is nowhere to be seen.

Epps moves quickly down the passageway, coming to the next corner, rounding it out to see only another long passageway. She turns back, running right into Murphy.

MURPHY

Take it easy, you'll live longer.

EPPS

Did you see him?

MURPHY

Who?

EPPS

The guy. He just came this way.

MURPHY

What guy?

EPPS

There's somebody else on this boat.

MURPHY

What? What the hell're you talking about.

EPPS

I saw him. Just a minute ago. Some guy.

MURPHY

Are you sure?

EPPS

Of course I'm sure. I saw him.

MURPHY

You sure it wasn't me?

EPPS

It wasn't you. It was somebody else.  
There's somebody else aboard.

A beat as Murphy looks back at her.

INT. ARCTIC WARRIOR - PILOT HOUSE - NIGHT

Greer, Dodge, Murphy, and Epps stand around by lantern light.

DODGE

Light in those passages ain't so  
good.

EPPS

I'm telling you, I saw somebody. I  
don't know who it was. But I saw  
somebody.

GREER

What'd he look like?

EPPS

Maybe six feet. Lanky. I didn't get  
a good look. He was far away. But I  
saw him. I saw him as sure as you're  
standing there.

DODGE

Where's his boat, then? Where's his  
crew? He ain't gonna be out here by  
himself, that's for damn sure.

GREER

She's so big somebody could come  
alongside her on the other side and  
we'd never know it.

EPPS

Maybe that is his boat.

DODGE

Gimme a break.

A beat as they sit in silence.

MURPHY

If somebody's aboard her already,  
she ain't ours. She's theirs.

DODGE

Bullshit. That boat hasn't made steam  
for fifty years. We found her. She's  
ours.

MURPHY

Not in the eyes of the law.

EPPS

So, we find this guy and make a deal  
with him.

MURPHY

We don't exactly have the best  
bargaining position.

DODGE

I say fuck the motherfucker. We're a  
professional salvage crew going about  
our business. What's some yahoo doing  
way out here by himself anyway?

MURPHY

And what do you propose? That we  
knock this guy off?

DODGE

Why not? Why the fuck not?

A beat as Murphy, Greer and Epps exchange looks.

DODGE

Fifty million dollars. Fifty million.  
We gonna let this guy just take it  
from us? One guy?

EPPS

So we kill him?

DODGE

I'm saying we gotta do whatever we  
gotta do to preserve our interest.

GREER

I don't know.

MURPHY

Let's just take it easy here, alright?  
Nobody's gonna kill anybody.

GREER

Supposing he wants to get bad with  
us?

DODGE

One guy isn't gonna be so stupid.

EPPS

Maybe he isn't alone.

They consider this a moment.

GREER

I say we off-load some of that gold  
now.

MURPHY

Would you hold on just a minute here,  
please? Look, there's no reason to  
panic now. Epps saw somebody. Fine.  
It's a big boat. Chances're real  
good he doesn't even know about the  
gold. If we stay cool, nobody'll be  
the wiser.

(a beat)

The gold stays where it is til we're  
ready to go. Like I said, it'll be a  
hell of a lot safer there than here.

DODGE

What if that fucker finds it before  
we're ready to go?

MURPHY

We'll stand a watch. Four on, eight  
off. Low man first.

EPPS

Guess that'd be me. Again.

MURPHY

Dodge, get on that turbine. I don't  
care if you don't sleep for a week.  
The sooner you're done, the sooner  
we can get out of here. How's the

food situation?

GREER

Pretty low all around.

MURPHY

We'll have to take it easy then. I don't think we'll find much aboard the ship, but it's probably worth looking around.

EPPS

Say we run into this guy again.

A beat as they consider this.

MURPHY

If he's reasonable, maybe we can make some kind of deal. If not. We'll have to re-consider our options.

DODGE

Yeah, reconsider fucking his shit up.

INT. ARCTIC WARRIOR - WARD LOCKER - NIGHT

Epps is dressed in her cold weather gear as she opens a locker, revealing a flare gun and a shotgun. Epps pulls back the shotgun and a box of shells.

EXT. ARCTIC WARRIOR - DECK - NIGHT

Murphy and Dodge look on as Epps loads the last of several shotgun shells into the pump action short barrel 12-gauge. She expertly shuttles a round into the chamber with one hand. Dodge takes a hit from his cigarette as Greer crosses from the deck house.

DODGE

Pretty handy with that scatter gun, Epps. You raised on a farm?

EPPS

(setting the safety)  
Seen a lotta movies.

MURPHY

No cowboy shit up there, understand?

EPPS

No cowboy shit. Right.

Greer extends a thermos to Epps.

GREER

Coffee.

EPPS

(pocketing it in her  
coat)

You're a pal.

She checks the squelch on her radio, pockets it too.

MURPHY

Got your light?

EPPS

Yup.

DODGE

Smokes?

EPPS

Oh yeah.

Her bravado does little to hide her apprehension as she slings the shotgun on her back.

EPPS

See you boys later.

(to Greer)

Don't be late, I need my beauty rest.

She looks up, climbs onto the crane and up toward the darkened ship above them.

INT. CHIMERA - PASSAGEWAY - NIGHT

A flashlight beam cuts through the darkness as Epps approaches. If this place is creepy in the daylight, it is terrifying now. She comes to a ladder and climbs down.

INT. CHIMERA - CARGO COMPARTMENT - LATER - NIGHT

Epps shines her light as she passes through, coming to the cargo hold. She crosses in the darkness, her light catching

the tarnished glint of the gold. She comes up to it, stopping there, looking on at it, a perfectly symmetrical fortune.

She looks around for a place to sit. She drags a palette to the bulkhead, settling in to face the rest of the compartment. She puts her shotgun down beside her and takes out her thermos to pour herself a cup of coffee.

INT. CHIMERA - CARGO COMPARTMENT - LATER - NIGHT

Epps has dozed off when a CLATTERING ECHOES DISTANTLY somewhere in the ship. Epps wakes. It is silent, as she holds there, not sure she heard anything, when a DISTANT BOOMING SOUNDS. She reaches out for the shotgun, intently listening.

As Epps holds there, another deep BOOMING sounds distantly somewhere. Epps turns, her blood running cold.

INT. CHIMERA - CARGO COMPARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER - NIGHT

Epps moves along in the darkness when the DISTANT BOOMING CAN BE HEARD BRIEFLY AGAIN. She stops, holding there, in the silence.

INT. CHIMERA - SHAFT ALLEY - MOMENTS LATER - NIGHT

Epps jumps down into the shaft alley where the ship's massive propeller shaft hangs suspended above her. Epps moves along. Finally she comes out into...

INT. CHIMERA - ENGINE ROOM - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

Where the propeller shaft extends into a large turbine. She continues on, past huge rusting diesel burners, disappearing into the darkness above her, when ANOTHER BOOM SOUNDS.

She turns, shinning her light back from where she came. Nothing moves. Not a sound, but for her breathing and maybe her heart pounding in her chest. ANOTHER BOOM SOUNDS, again echoing distantly in the silence. She shines her light through the line of burners. Nothing moves.

Epps moves quietly between the burners. She comes to a massive watertight door at the bulkhead. She steps through, finding herself standing between a row of huge oil storage tanks. THE BOOMING SOUNDS AGAIN, closer, as suddenly stopping.

She moves on, cautiously walking between the tanks, holding her light out before her. She comes to the end of the

compartment and another bulkhead. The BOOMING SOUNDS, still closer. She turns the light into the recesses, showing rusting machinery and a stack of oil drums.

She approaches, holding the shotgun up. As she nears, the BOOMING SOUNDS AGAIN. She stops. It is coming from here.

She tenses, raising the shotgun, holding the light as steady as she can manage. The BOOMING SOUNDS YET AGAIN. It is metallic and staccato.

She stops in the corner beside an oil drum. Several drums have toppled and lie scattered in a pile when a draft stirs her hair. She shines her light up to see that she stands at the bottom of a giant hatchway shaft rising all the way through the ship to the top deck and an echoey breeze that betrays a throughway to the outside.

The BOOMING SOUNDS AGAIN, this time coming from the pile of oil drums. She steps closer, raising the shotgun, ready to fire. A beat as she summons her courage, then reaches out to push a drum with her foot, when A BLUR EXPLODES OUT AT HER. She fires the shotgun and a spray of buckshot glances off the steel bulkhead in a shower of sparks, a flurry of frenetic flapping whizzing by her head as she looks up to see a large albatross flying back up the hatchway shaft toward the top of the ship and freedom.

MURPHY

Murphy to Epps.

She settles back, exhausted.

MURPHY

Murphy to Epps.

EPPS

(taking her radio)

Epps.

MURPHY

You just shoot at something?

EPPS

Yeah. Just a bird. Just a stupid bird.

She wipes her brow on her sleeve, holding there a moment, when she smells something really awful.

She steps forward, following the smell, pushing aside the toppled oil drums to see an unidentifiable form in the beam of her flashlight. She steps still closer, training her light on the form to see that it is a human torso. A large gash runs up its middle and the clothing has been torn by scavenging birds.

She hesitates, then steps still closer when she steps on something. She starts, then shines the light on the deck in front of her where the body's decaying head looks back with wide, unseeing eyes.

It takes everything she has just to hold there. She shines her light back to the headless torso.

She shines her light beyond that, and up, to reveal a bent steam pipe hanging out over the deck, stained with dried blood, a pair of legs dangling from the pipe when, just behind her, a booted foot comes into frame, lightly touching her.

She spins around to see another body above her. Except this one hangs in one piece, suspended from another bent steam pipe. It has been impaled length-wise on the pipe from rectum to mouth.

One of its arms has rotted off and lies on the deck below it. A few feet away, a third body hangs impaled from another bent pipe.

#### INT. CHIMERA - ENGINE ROOM - LATER - NIGHT

A lantern illuminates the impaled bodies and their various rotting parts.

GREER (O.S.)

Ho-ly shit.

MURPHY (O.S.)

Couldn't have happened much more than a month ago.

Greer, Dodge, and Epps look on as Murphy kneels over the remains of the headless torso.

MURPHY

Bodies're too fresh.

DODGE

Fresh ain't the first word that comes  
to mind.

Murphy checks the pockets, finding a wallet. He looks through  
it.

MURPHY

Greek citizen. Merchant navy.

(standing)

Obviously we aren't the first to  
come across this ship. They probably  
stumbled across it just like we did.

GREER

And look what happened.

DODGE

Damn barbaric is what it is.

MURPHY

Could be meant as a warning.

GREER

Stay away. Or else.

EPPS

Because of the gold.

MURPHY

That'd be my guess.

DODGE

So whoever did this might still be  
around.

GREER

Maybe Epps's mystery man had something  
to do with it.

MURPHY

Maybe.

A beat as they consider the implications of this.

EPPS

So, what? We report this? Call the  
Coastguard?

Another beat as they hold there.

DODGE

Let's not be too hasty.

GREER

Yeah. Hell, what difference does it make if we report it now or later? We call this in now, gonna be Coastguard, FBI, who knows who, all over the place.

A beat as nobody's too sure about this.

MURPHY

Dodge, if this isn't incentive enough to fix that boat, I don't know what is.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ARCTIC WARRIOR - ENGINE ROOM - DAY

Dodge fires up a compressor, which feebly comes to life, turning over the turbine, then sputtering out in a cloud of smoke.

DODGE

All the seals and gaskets're shot. Anything that was rubber burned up.

Murphy stands at the doorway, looking on.

MURPHY

Can't you use something else?

DODGE

I might be able to find something on the ship. But it's gonna take time.

MURPHY

Do what you need to do. Just do it fast.

DODGE

Right.

INT. CHIMERA - CREW QUARTERS - DAY

Epps sleeps in her bunk.

INT. CHIMERA - BETWEEN DECKS - DAY

Dodge and Greer climb down in the darkness.

DODGE

I need lag bolts, especially one inch standard. And sheet metal. Preferably steel, about a sixteenth of an inch. Aluminium, even tin'll do.

GREER

I ain't no mechanic, just so you know.

DODGE

You find anything that even looks like a compressor. I don't care what, grab it.

INT. CHIMERA - RADIO ROOM - CONTINUOUS - DAY

Murphy stands in the cramped room, full of radios and communications equipment. He looks through the shelves and cabinets, when he opens a drawer to find a dusty bound book. He pulls it back, opening it to see that it is a radio call log. He takes a seat, paging through it.

INT. CHIMERA - GALLEY - WITH GREER - LATER - DAY

Greer works to disassemble a compressor mechanism. He has difficulty getting the right purchase with his wrench, when he slips.

GREER

Dammit!

A beat as he inspects his hand. In the silence A DISTANT SHRIEK SOUNDS, maybe metal against metal or maybe human, somewhere in the ship. He holds there, listening.

GREER

Dodge?

He moves on, shinning his light as he goes.

INT. CHIMERA - GALLEY - MOMENTS LATER - DAY

Greer moves along in the darkness when he hears THE SHRIEKING AGAIN coming from somewhere in the ship.

GREER  
Dodge!

INT. CHIMERA - PASSAGEWAY - MOMENTS LATER - DAY

Greer walks up a stairway, stepping into a darkened passageway. The SHRIEKING SOUNDS, THIS TIME CLOSER, as it echoes through the ship. He stops, holding there to listen.

INT. CHIMERA - PASSAGEWAY - MOMENTS LATER - DAY

Greer comes out onto another deck, stopping there. He looks down the passageway a beat, then moves on. He passes through a hatchway in a bulkhead when A MUSIC BOX CAN BE DISTANTLY HEARD. He stops. The song is "DAISY" ("Daisy, Daisy, give me your answer do. I'm half crazy, oh for the love of you.").

He holds there, listening intently. A door stands open at the other end of the passage. The MUSIC COMES FROM HERE. He moves forward, walking toward the end of the passage, and the light falling from the open door.

INT. CHIMERA - RADIO ROOM - CONTINUOUS - DAY

Murphy pages forward to the last page of the radio call log book.

On the page his finger runs down the columns of entries, coming to "TRANSMISSION 1 Feb 53 21:34 hrs GMT. Engine trouble notification made to passing vessel 'St. Charles.'"

His finger moves down to the next entry, coming to: "TRANSMISSION 2 Feb 53 09:52 hrs GMT. Dead in Water. Notification made to passing vessel 'Normandy.'"

His finger continues: "TRANSMISSION 2 Feb 53 14:07 hrs GMT. Captain relieved of command. Notification made to passing vessel 'China Sea.'"

MURPHY  
Captain relieved of command.

He holds there a moment, moving his finger down to the final entry, reading: "TRANSMISSION 2 Feb 53 21:24 hrs GMT. General SOS."

He turns the page to see only the words "GOD SAVE US" scrawled in faded red ink. A beat as he holds there, when a CHANNEL OPENS WITH A SHORT BURST ON MURPHY'S RADIO. He looks to it, but there is no response from the other end. Another SHORT BURST AND THE CHANNEL OPENS AGAIN. This time it remains open, but no one says anything on the other end, UNTIL THE CHANNEL CLOSES AGAIN.

Murphy takes the radio.

MURPHY

This is Murphy. Anybody trying to call me? Over.

He waits as no response comes, then THE CHANNEL OPENS AGAIN. Only silence from the other end as someone seems to be there, but is not saying anything. Murphy presses the talk button.

MURPHY

Greer? Dodge?

Again, there is no response, until the CHANNEL OPENS. Murphy holds there as he is answered by silence, WHEN A GRAVELLY, STRANGELY DISTORTED MALE VOICE COMES BACK ON THE RADIO:

VOICE (V.O. RADIO)

"Cock-a-doodle-doo," said the rooster to the crow. "Where are you now? I know, but won't say so."

Murphy is momentarily stunned. He hits the talk button.

MURPHY

Who is this?

The RADIO CHANNEL OPENS. Only silence comes back, as if someone were there but not speaking.

MURPHY

Who is this!!

The CAMERA PUSHES IN AS MURPHY LISTENS.

VOICE

Penny whistle toy. Penny whistle toy. Penny whistle toy. Penny whistle toy.

The CHANNEL CLOSES as the CAMERA STOPS CLOSE ON MURPHY.

Murphy squeezes the talk button.

MURPHY  
Greer! Dodge!

Only silence comes back from the radio when A MAN'S BLOOD CURDLING SCREAM sounds from somewhere in the ship.

INT. CHIMERA - PASSAGEWAY - MOMENTS LATER - DAY

Murphy moves quickly down the passageway when his radio sounds.

DODGE  
Dodge to Murphy.

MURPHY  
(taking radio)  
Murphy.

DODGE  
You better get down here quick,  
skipper. I'm on "C" deck. Cabin 400.

MURPHY  
What is it?

DODGE  
I think you better see this for  
yourself.

INT. CHIMERA - STAIRWAY/PASSAGEWAY - MOMENTS LATER - DAY

Murphy comes down the stairs and into the passageway we saw Greer in earlier. At the end, the light from the cabin falls from the open door as he approaches.

AT CABIN 400

As Murphy comes to the door to see Dodge standing in the middle of the cabin.

DODGE  
I found him like this.

Greer is lying supine on the floor. His legs are rigid and his trunk is extended. His arms are flexed and twisted so that the palms are facing away, fingers splayed, wrists quaking over his chest as they fight to touch each other.

Murphy kneels beside him. Greer's eyelids are half closed, his eyes rolled up into his head. His jaw is clenched, face contorted in a bizarre grimace. And he speaks, uttering nonsense words in harsh expulsions, as though speaking in tongues.

GREER

Oragishlaoomnudrasadrafantoshviska  
getofedobrodijotosiantosg.

INT. ARCTIC WARRIOR - CREW QUARTERS - DAY

AN EYE - EXTREMELY CLOSE

As a light shines in it, the pupil is fixed and dilated.

EPPS (O.S.)

Hard to say.

BACK TO SCENE

Greer lies unconscious on a bunk, now quiet, no longer seizing as Epps shines a flashlight into his eye, Dodge and Murphy looking on. She turns it off, standing upright.

EPPS

I'm no doctor. But I'd say he's in a  
coma.

DODGE

A what?

EPPS

I don't know what else you'd call  
it. He's breathing on his own, but  
his pupils are completely blown out.  
He's totally unresponsive to pain.

(a beat)

What happened up there?

DODGE

I heard a scream. When I got there I  
found him on the floor. He was having  
some kind of seizure. I didn't see  
anybody else.

MURPHY

He must've seen something.

A beat as they consider this.

EPPS

Other than the obvious, there's nothing wrong with him that I can see, not on the outside.

DODGE

Then what the hell happened to him?

Another beat as they hold there.

MURPHY

Just before I heard him yell there was somebody on the radio.

EPPS

Greer?

MURPHY

I don't know. No. Not Greer. Somebody.

Another long beat as they think about this.

MURPHY

It was a man's voice. Repeating some sort of children's rhyme. I don't know, it didn't make any sense. You didn't hear it?

DODGE

Not me.

Another beat as this sinks in.

EPPS

(looking to Greer)  
He needs a doctor.

MURPHY

I'll call us in. Dodge, see how many signal flares you can scrounge up.  
(to Epps, meaning Dodge)  
Keep an eye on him.

INT. ARCTIC WARRIOR - PILOT HOUSE - NIGHT

A gas lantern sits on the map table illuminating Murphy as he holds the radio mic.

MURPHY

(to radio)

United States Coastguard, United States Coastguard, United States Coastguard. This is tugboat Arctic Warrior whiskey alpha sierra bravo four zero niner two. Over.

No response.

MURPHY

(to radio)

United States Coastguard, United States Coastguard, United States Coastguard. This is tugboat Arctic Warrior whiskey alpha sierra bravo four zero niner two. Over.

Again, no response. He holds there, then finally:

MURPHY

(to radio)

Mayday. Mayday. Mayday. To any vessel. This is Arctic Warrior. Arctic Warrior. Arctic Warrior. Whiskey alpha sierra bravo four zero niner two. Last known position one seven four west, five seven north. I am afloat and drifting. Require immediate medical assistance for one person, possibly comatose. I am a one hundred twenty foot civilian tug, hove to at port bow of disabled passenger liner Chimera. I repeat, Chimera. Over.

Only the desolate WHITE NOISE OF EMPTY AIR COMES BACK.

INT. ARCTIC WARRIOR - CREW QUARTERS - NIGHT

Greer lies unconscious as Epps looks on at him. The door comes open and Murphy steps in.

MURPHY

How's he doing?

EPPS  
Same. Any luck?

MURPHY  
No. I'll try again later.

A beat as they look on at Greer.

INT. ARCTIC WARRIOR - CREW QUARTERS - NIGHT

Murphy and Epps sit at the galley table. Epps reads the log book Murphy found in the radio room.

EPPS  
(reading it)  
They're dead in the water that morning. Four hours later the captain's relieved of his command. And that evening they issue a general SOS.

MURPHY  
Possibly false. Hence the IMA record of being lost at sea. I don't think mutiny's out of the question here.

DODGE  
(taking a seat)  
On a passenger ship in 1953?

MURPHY  
If they knew what they were carrying.

EPPS  
You're saying they mutinied for the gold?

MURPHY  
If they were close enough to shore, they probably figured they could get away in the lifeboats.

EPPS  
Only something must've gone wrong.

DODGE  
Yeah, way wrong.

A beat as they consider it.

DODGE

So. I got a question. Just from a, you know, purely technical standpoint. We call the Coastguard. Coastguard shows up. What exactly is the plan?

MURPHY

How do you mean?

DODGE

Well, they're gonna be asking a lot of questions. About us. About those bodies. About the gold. Seems like we oughta be prepared is all.

MURPHY

I guess the best strategy's just to tell them the truth.

DODGE

Yeah, well. The truth is one thing. When there's more than a few hundred million dollars involved, that's a whole new deal.

MURPHY

What do you propose?

DODGE

For starters, getting that gold off the ship. What they don't know about isn't gonna bother them.

A beat as Murphy holds there.

MURPHY

There's no way we're gonna hide a few thousand pounds of gold from the Coastguard here. Besides, it'll be safer where it is.

DODGE

With all due respect, skipper.

(a beat)

Part of that up there's mine. I'd kinda like to have a little say in what happens to it.

A beat as Murphy looks on.

MURPHY

Tell you what, Dodge. Once we get back to shore, you can do whatever you want with your share. But until then, the gold stays right where it is.

Dodge holds there. He looks to Epps a beat, takes a drink of coffee.

EXT. CHIMERA - DAY

The sun comes up over a spectacular cloud bank as the Arctic Warrior drifts alongside the Chimera.

EXT. ARCTIC WARRIOR - DAY

Murphy crosses to the deck house, climbs the stairs.

INT. ARCTIC WARRIOR - PILOTHOUSE - CONTINUOUS - DAY

Murphy opens the door, stopping dead in his tracks. A beat. He steps forward, crossing to the corner.

The radio set lies before him, dented in and completely demolished, as if someone had taken a bat to it.

INT. ARCTIC WARRIOR - ENGINE ROOM - MOMENTS LATER - DAY

Dodge works on one of the turbines when he is grabbed from behind and shoved into the wall. Murphy holds him fast.

MURPHY

Just what the hell do you think you're doing?!

DODGE

I don't know what you're talking about?

MURPHY

I think you know.

DODGE

Maybe you can tell me then.

Murphy shoves him hard into the wall.

MURPHY

The radio!

DODGE

(not having a clue)

The radio. Oh, yeah, the radio.

Murphy tightens his grip.

DODGE

Take it easy, willya? What about the radio?!

MURPHY

You smashed it!

DODGE

What?!

MURPHY

Don't lie to me!

DODGE

What the fuck – ?

MURPHY

You didn't want us calling anybody.  
Too liable to ruin your big payday.

DODGE

I didn't touch the fucking radio.

Murphy tightens his grip still more.

DODGE

I didn't touch the fucking radio!

(a beat)

Ever occur to you there's somebody  
else on that boat, skipper?

MURPHY

Conveniently enough for you.

DODGE

Look, I didn't touch it. Alright?

Murphy holds there a beat longer. He shoves Dodge back letting

him go.

DODGE

Jesus.

Dodge checks his throat as Murphy looks on.

EPPS (O.S.)

Murphy.

They turn to see Epps in the hatchway.

EPPS

It's Greer.

INT. ARCTIC WARRIOR - CREW QUARTERS - MOMENTS LATER - DAY

Greer stands at the galley sink finishing off the last of a jug of water as Murphy and the others step in. He turns to see them.

GREER

Never been more thirsty in my life.

MURPHY

Drink up then.

Greer smiles, raising the jug to drink as the others take a seat, looking on at him.

MURPHY

How're you feeling?

GREER

Lost my sea legs.

EPPS

Any dizziness?

GREER

No.

EPPS

Headache, nausea, lights?

GREER

Lights?

EPPS

Sudden flashes of light.

GREER  
I feel fine.

DODGE  
What day is it?

GREER  
I don't know. Tuesday?

DODGE  
Wrong. It's Friday.

EPPS  
Try Wednesday.

DODGE  
Right. Wednesday.

A beat as they all hold there. Greer takes a seat.

GREER  
What happened?

MURPHY  
You don't remember?

GREER  
Last thing I remember I was aboard  
the Chimera. Down somewhere in there  
scavenging around.

MURPHY  
You've been out for about a day.

GREER  
Say what?

MURPHY  
Dodge found you out cold in one of  
the cabins.

Greer only holds there.

GREER  
Oh, man.

MURPHY

We heard you scream. Any idea what you might've seen?

GREER

I wish I could tell you. I'd be real interested to know myself.

Another beat as they hold there, as Greer takes another drink of water.

MURPHY

The ah... the radio's out.

EPPS

What?

MURPHY

Somebody took it out of commission last night.

A beat as they all hold there.

MURPHY

Smashed it up pretty bad.

EPPS

But, who – ?

DODGE

The skipper seems to think I did it. That I'm more interested in that gold than my own safety or the safety of my fellow shipmates.

A beat as they hold there, as Murphy looks back.

EPPS

Did you?

DODGE

Hell no. You think I'm crazy?

Another beat as they hold there.

MURPHY

Regardless of how it happened, there isn't much of a chance to fix it. The odds of another vessel in range of the walkie-talkies are almost

astronomical. So, as of today, we're pretty much on our own out here.

INT. CHIMERA - STAIRWAY - DAY

Epps and Murphy, carrying the shotgun, make their way in the ship.

INT. ARCTIC WARRIOR - FIRST MATE'S QUARTERS - DAY

Greer stops before a mirror to see himself. He finds an aspirin bottle, goes to open it. And as he does so, he sees that his hand is shaking uncontrollably.

INT. ARCTIC WARRIOR - ENGINE ROOM - DAY

Dodge works over the turbine. He stops, holding there. He looks on at the plugs and wires and hoses. A beat.

He begins pulling out the hoses and wires, grabbing at them, yanking them loose, breaking them off.

INT. CHIMERA - RADIO ROOM - DAY

The chassis comes off an old radio to reveal a dusty assortment of tubes and condensers. Murphy looks on at it.

WITH EPPS

A tattered, bound book lies in the refuse of a forgotten corner. Epps picks it up. The cover has been ripped off and the pages are torn. But, as she looks through it, she sees that it is the ship's log.

EPPS

Murphy.

Murphy steps over as she pages through the log book to the very end. The last pages have been ripped out.

EPPS

Looks like part of the general log.

Epps points to a page that has been incompletely ripped out.

EPPS

"The crew have gone mad with greed and fight among themselves like wild dogs over fresh kill."

MURPHY

February first.

EPPS

The same day she supposedly went down.

MURPHY

Must not've been the captain's entry. He was probably out of the picture by then.

Epps continues to read.

EPPS

"Their lacking diligence has undoubtedly caused the collision. Distress calls have been made."

MURPHY

Collision? With what?

EPPS

The page's missing. Then their SOS was real.

MURPHY

But where's the damage?

EPPS

Maybe the other ship took the worst of it.

MURPHY

If it was a ship she hit.

A beat as they hold there, when his radio CRACKLES TO LIFE.

DODGE

Dodge to Murphy!

Murphy reaches down for his radio.

MURPHY

(to radio)

Yeah.

DODGE

You better get down here right now!  
We're taking water! Big time!

EXT. ARCTIC WARRIOR - DAY

Murphy and Epps jump from the deck crane as the tug is starting to list to one side. He crosses to the deck house and the open engine room hatch to see that it is rapidly filling with seawater as Greer and Dodge scramble to set a pump hose over the DIN OF THE PUMPS.

MURPHY

What the hell happened!

DODGE

Turbine chamber on number two must've  
blown! Took out part of the hull!

GREER

We're not gonna be able to pump it!

MURPHY

Alright. Everybody grab your gear!  
This' is where we get off!

EXT. ARCTIC WARRIOR - MOMENTS LATER - DAY

The tug is listing radically to the side, its deck awash with seawater, as Epps, Greer, and Murphy scramble with their gear to the crane.

Water is starting to pour out of the deckhouse hatch as the towering framework rising over the pilothouse stabs precariously at the bow of the Chimera.

Murphy stops to shout back at the deckhouse.

MURPHY

Dodge!

INT. ARCTIC WARRIOR - CREW QUARTERS - CONTINUOUS - DAY

Water is starting to pour in as the entire cabin lurches to one side. Dodge wades through toward the door.

EXT. CHIMERA - FORWARD DECK - CONTINUOUS - DAY

Epps pulls herself up onto the deck, Greer following behind, then Murphy.

Dodge can be seen stepping from the deckhouse on the tug, which now lists at a near 45 degree angle.

#### WITH DODGE

Dodge stumbles toward the bow, slipping on the wet deck. He goes down, sliding into the water that washes over the starboard rail.

He pulls himself up, using a cleat to push off. A deck locker opens and the contents tumble around him. He struggles to pull himself up to the base of the pilothouse. He climbs up and edges his way toward the bow.

#### WITH THE OTHERS

Epps, Greer and Murphy look on as Dodge climbs up on the skewed deck crane.

#### WITH DODGE

The tug is slowly lurching over as Dodge climbs the crane, the top of which is sweeping away from the Chimera.

Below, the decks of the tug are swept with seawater as it sinks lower and lower.

#### WITH THE OTHERS

They look on as Dodge climbs toward them, the sinking tug pulling Dodge and the crane away from the ship.

Greer pulls back a line, tying it into the deck railing.

#### WITH DODGE

As Dodge makes his way up, he's forced to climb onto the other side of the crane to keep from dangling over the water.

Above, Greer casts a line. It falls near, but out of reach as the swell of the water starts to swing the crane to and fro. Dodge reaches out for the line again, his hand coming close but not close enough.

The swell brings the crane toward the boat one last time and Dodge reaches out, his fingers just coming to the line, coaxing it into his grasp. He pulls it back and hangs on, as the crane sways back with the foundering boat.

The crane falls away from Dodge, leaving him hanging in space by the line from the bow of the Chimera.

#### WITH THE OTHERS

Murphy, Greer and Epps look on as Dodge hangs over the water and the tug as its stern slowly sinks beneath the waves.

Dodge climbs the line toward the bow railing as the tug rolls still further to port, the pilothouse dipping into the sea, slipping lower and lower.

#### WITH DODGE

As he pulls himself upward, coming to the bottom of the rail well on the Chimera where Murphy reaches out, just short of Dodge's hand.

A SCREECHING SOUNDS and they turn to see the twin tow cables coming taught against the hull in the anchor alley's of the Chimera as the sinking tug pulls them tight.

With a CONCUSSIVE STRIKE, one cable is freed, snapping against the Chimera's hull like a giant steel guitar string. It starts sliding along the hull as the tug drifts, pulling the cable with it, toward Dodge as he dangles in mid air.

Dodge pulls himself up, reaching for Murphy, but still short.

A LOUD HISSING SOUNDS and Dodge turns to see misty air escaping from ports and deck vents as the encroaching water forces it out of the tug below decks.

The tow cable LOUDLY SCRAPES THE HULL in a shower of rust, as Dodge struggles to pull himself up.

Murphy reaches out as Dodge extends as far as he can, their hands barely reaching.

The tow cable is a mere few feet away and closing, ready to scrape Dodge into the water or smear him across the hull like a bug on a windshield, when Dodge pulls himself up with everything he's got and Murphy grabs his hand.

Murphy pulls, lifting Dodge, as Greer grabs Dodge's other hand and they pull him up, the tow cable sweeping by with a SICKENING GRINDING SOUND OF HEAVY STEEL AGAINST STEEL.

Dodge turns to see the bow of the tug dip below the surface, slowly going under until disappearing with a last exhalation of misty air. The pilothouse is next to go, the last of it slipping into the frothing water, then the crane, finally disappearing altogether into the depths.

A long beat as they hold there in the sudden silence, phantom bubbles rising to the surface where the tug once stood.

EXT. CHIMERA - TOP DECK - DAY

A boot punches through a rotten wood hull.

MURPHY (O.S.)

That just about says it all.

Greer stands at the bow of a lifeboat suspended from halyards above the deck.

GREER

Rotten stem to stern. Guess you couldn't expect much else.

Greer jumps down as Murphy, Dodge, and Epps look on.

GREER

We ain't exactly in what you'd call your high traffic neighborhood either.

MURPHY

The coast guard has our last position. They'll send somebody out soon enough. A ship this size you can't exactly miss.

EPPS

It's a good bet they'll be asking a lot of questions when they get here too.

MURPHY

Let 'em ask. This ship's legally ours now.

DODGE

When they find out what it's carrying, they may not be so interested in what's legal.

GREER

Maybe you shoulda thought a that  
before you scuttled our boat.

Dodge turns to see Greer. A beat.

DODGE

The turbine blew.

GREER

Lemme see, was that before or after  
the oil fire?

A beat. Dodge takes a swing at Greer.

MURPHY

(grabbing Dodge)

Easy, easy.

Murphy holds on to Dodge as he will have none of it.

GREER

Gettin' a little hot under the collar,  
I'd say.

MURPHY

Shut up.

GREER

Must be a little too the truth, eh  
Dodge?

Dodge jumps forward again, but Murphy hangs on.

MURPHY

I said, shut the hell up.

Murphy shoves Dodge back.

MURPHY

Both of you. I don't want to hear it  
again.

A beat as Greer and Murphy hold there.

MURPHY

So just stow it. You understand?  
(a beat)  
We don't need this right now.

EXT. CHIMERA - FOREDECK - NIGHT

A fire burns in an oil drum as Epps, Murphy, Dodge and Greer sit around it in silence.

INT. CHIMERA - 4TH OFFICER'S STATEROOM - NIGHT

Epps steps in. She shines her light on the room. It is exactly as it was left. She crosses to the bed, shining her light under it. She sits down, trying it.

INT. CHIMERA - CARGO HOLD - NIGHT

Dodge moves in the darkness, coming to the corner where the stacked gold ingots rest. He looks on at them.

MURPHY (O.S.)

You shouldn't be down here alone.

Dodge turns to see Murphy standing there.

DODGE

Just wanted to check on our little baby.

A beat as they look on at the gold.

DODGE

That oughta buy a man pretty much anything he wants.

MURPHY

If money can buy what he wants.

DODGE

I don't figure there's much I want money can't buy.

MURPHY

Then you're a lucky man.

Murphy tosses the shotgun to Dodge, who catches it.

MURPHY

We'll stand the watch on deck tonight. You're up first.

DODGE

Right.

Murphy holds there a beat longer, then turns to go, as Dodge looks after him.

EXT. CHIMERA - DAY

A grey chop gently rocks the Chimera, smoke rising from the top deck.

EXT. CHIMERA - TOP DECK - DAY

Greer and Dodge tend the flames of three fire barrels, adding broken up furniture to create heavy signal smoke.

INT. CHIMERA - PANTRY - DAY

Murphy moves through the pantry area with a pillow case, scavenging for food.

INT. CHIMERA - GALLEY - DAY

Epps scavenges for food in the semi-darkness of the large, open galley, when a MOVEMENT CAN BE HEARD SOMEWHERE BEYOND THE ENTRY separating the galley from the outer passageway.

EPPS

Murphy?

No one answers. She looks off across the stillness of the galley. Nothing.

INT. CHIMERA - PASSAGEWAY - MOMENTS LATER - DAY

Epps steps into the passageway. Directly across is the entry to the swimming pool. She walks on.

INT. CHIMERA - SWIMMING POOL - DAY

Epps steps in. Light falls in from the dirty port holes at the ceiling, every movement echoing off the hard tile walls. She holds there a beat, then turns to go when she sees a GIRL of about 16 facing her on the other side of the pool.

Epps holds there, as the girl only looks back. She is porcelain white, flaxen hair drawn behind her head, her clothing hanging loosely from a frail body.

GIRL

You must leave.

A beat as Epps stands there.

EPPS  
(finally)  
Who are you?

From this distance and in the light it is hard to fully discern the girl's features.

GIRL  
There's great evil here, more than  
you can know. Leave now or you may  
never leave.

EPPS  
But –

A HATCH CLOSES SOMEWHERE IN THE SHIP. Epps turns to look. When she turns back the girl is gone. A quiet "TICK" SOUND ECHOES in the pool. She looks down to see that the pool is now very, very deep, like a mine shaft falling away into the depths. And, as she stands there, dark water is quickly rising up from the bottom.

She steps back as the water gradually fills the pool to the top. It is very dark and the bottom is indiscernible, when the water begins to churn, as from bubbles of air reaching the surface. Epps steps closer, looking on as a faint red glow can be seen deep in the water below the churning bubbles.

As she watches, the red glow grows in intensity. The glow spreads, illuminating a broad area until it becomes clear that the water is not water at all but blood.

And, as the light grows still brighter, a figure is illuminated, well below the surface as it seems to rise up. Epps looks on as the figure rises higher into the light. It is a MAN, fighting desperately to reach the surface. The bubbles that rise up are produced from his silent screams.

Epps starts forward, but another figure rises to the same point, a WOMAN, also struggling. Another MAN floats up, then another, and another, people floating up, fighting desperately to reach the surface, unable to do so, drowning in blood.

EPPS  
My God....

Epps reaches out over the edge, plunging her hand into the blood, reaching for the man's hand, but they are too far apart.

She struggles desperately as the man fights to get to the surface.

The others are fighting for the surface too, as Epps reaches out, near tears, helpless to do anything.

EPPS

No!!

Everything suddenly stops. A beat as Epps only holds there.

The blood is gone, as are the people. The pool is back to its normal state as though nothing had happened, Epps looking on in disbelief.

MURPHY (O.S.)

You okay?

Epps looks up to see Murphy standing at the door.

EPPS

Yeah.

(looking back to the  
pool)

Yeah, fine.

A beat as she holds there, looking on at the pool.

EXT. CHIMERA - FOREWARD DECK - NIGHT

Greer, Murphy, Dodge, and Epps sit on deck around the fire.

DODGE

You'd think on a ship this size  
there'd be something left to eat.

GREER

After fifty years there ain't nothin'  
left but shoe leather.

MURPHY

Tomorrow we'll see if we can't find  
some line and tackle. Use some of  
those bodies below decks for bait.

DODGE

There's a charming thought.

GREER

We can always start shooting birds.

Epps coaxes a hit out of her last cigarette.

DODGE

What say, Epps? You up for some  
roasted albatross?

EPPS

(snuffing it out)

Why not?

INT. CHIMERA - 1ST OFFICER'S STATEROOM - NIGHT

The SOUND OF SOMEONE BREATHING HARD CAN BE HEARD in the dark room. As the CAMERA SLOWLY MOVES INTO THE ROOM, we see that it is Greer, lying on the bed. His body is tense and his arms arch rigidly toward his chest. His jaw is clenched and he expels harsh, guttural utterances, experiencing something between a night terror and a seizure.

INT. CHIMERA - WHEELHOUSE - DAY

Sheets of rain come down on the deck in the grey light of morning. Murphy stands on the bridge, looking off at it coming down when Greer steps in.

GREER

Looks like we're in a strong current.

(closing the door)

Must be making almost five knots  
full on ass backwards.

Greer crosses to the window, stepping up.

GREER

Nasty little swell outa the north  
west too.

Murphy nods as he looks out.

MURPHY

Let's just hope somebody sees us  
first out here.

INT. CHIMERA - PURSERS OFFICE - DAY

A file drawer comes open, revealing ticket receipts.

Epps looks on at it. The receipts are labeled "FULL FARE PASSAGES" and are divided by first, second, and third class. She goes through them, coming to a section that says "ACCOMPANIED CHILDREN."

She pulls out the folder, laying it on the counter, opening it. The first page is a receipt for a single passage to Halifax for a Tatterly, Stephen age: 14. She pulls it back to reveal another, Wilson, Harold age: 4. Another, Vitti, Angela age: 17.

She pages through the stack, looking at the ages: 3, 15, 6, 11, 1, until coming across a 9. She looks to the name, Klein, David, a boy. She continues paging through the receipts coming to another 9. She stops, looking to the name, Nichols, Katherine age: 16. A girl. She looks to the cabin assignment: "400." She notes that it is the same cabin where Greer was found, when a REVERBERANT CONCUSSION SOUNDS THROUGH THE SHIP.

EXT. CHIMERA - TOP DECK - CONTINUOUS - DAY

Dodge runs to the side to see a 15 feet wide by 40 feet tall steel and concrete mid-ocean buoy bounce off the transom as the ship drifts into it.

WITH GREER AND MURPHY

They come to the side at the wheelhouse, seeing the bright orange letters "NOAA" emblazoned on the buoy's float pod as the ship drifts by.

MURPHY  
It's a Noaa buoy.

GREER  
A what?

MURPHY  
Government weather. It's got a transmitter aboard.

EXT. CHIMERA - FORWARD DECK - MOMENTS LATER - DAY

Dodge quickly ties a loop in a coil of docking line as Greer,

Epps, and Murphy look on at the approaching buoy.

MURPHY

Let's go, let's go, let's go.

Dodge finishes as Epps ties the other end off to a cleat.

ON THE BUOY

As it drifts along the side of the Chimera. Murphy drops the line down, the buoy bouncing on the swell.

BACK TO SCENE

Murphy pulls the loop up as the buoy nears, aiming to hook it on its wind gauge.

ON THE BUOY

The buoy approaches, rising and falling with the swell.

BACK TO SCENE

Murphy corrects.

EPPS

Higher. You're gonna miss it.

Murphy holds the loop steady.

ON THE BUOY

The loop is too low. It's going to miss the mark as the buoy drifts toward it, when the swell drops and the buoy goes down.

BACK TO SCENE

Murphy yanks on the line.

ON THE BUOY

And the loop catches on the wind gauge.

BACK TO SCENE

As the line goes taught he pulls his hands away just in time, the line snapping hard against the rail. Below, the buoy heels over as it's pulled.

## ON THE BUOY

It drops with the swell, the line stretching, then swinging the giant concrete buoy float into the side of the hull with a huge BOOMING CLANG.

## BACK TO SCENE

The line is smoking with the friction, the steel railing bowing a little with the weight as they look on.

GREER

We're still drifting.

MURPHY

The mooring hasn't come taught.

EPPS

It's not gonna hold us.

MURPHY

Doesn't matter.

## ON THE BUOY

As the buoy falls again with a swell and slams into the side of the ship. The water returns, lifting it high.

The ship is dragging it back and it begins to rise up as its mooring comes taught. The line rises with it and soon the buoy is at a steep angle as it comes out of the water.

## BACK TO SCENE

The buoy is held fast between the docking line and its own mooring.

## ON THE BUOY

The buoy rises fully from the water, all three tons of it, and as it does, the wind gauge's steel mount begins to bend.

## BACK TO SCENE

As they watch the buoy suspended over the water between the creaking docking line and its own underwater mooring cable.

DODGE

No fucking way.

## ON THE BUOY

The gauge mount snaps and the docking line flails free, sending the buoy hurtling back into the water in a curtain of spray, whipping wildly from side to side.

## BACK TO SCENE

The buoy swings back and forth as it rights itself, rising on a swell, passing beyond the bow of the Chimera.

MURPHY

Damn it.

They look on in silence, the buoy slowly receding as the ship drifts away.

## EXT. CHIMERA - FOREDECK - NIGHT

Murphy stands watch by the fire as Epps joins him.

EPPS

Hey.

MURPHY

Hey.

EPPS

Couldn't sleep.

MURPHY

Wish I could say the same.

They watch the fire in silence for a moment.

EPPS

What do you think happened on this boat?

MURPHY

I guess that's the sixty four thousand dollar question, isn't it?

EPPS

The what?

MURPHY

Never mind. Before your time.

(a beat)

I think at least some of the crew went a little nuts. The usual stuff that happens when people stumble on a fortune. Equal parts greed and paranoia, usually resulting in homicide. What happened after that is anybody's guess. But, judging by our Greek friends down below, it doesn't look like the last time.

EPPS

Are we smart enough to avoid that?

MURPHY

I don't know, are we?

A beat as she looks back at him. She looks back to the fire, watching it.

EPPS

When you found me yesterday, at the pool. I'd seen... something. Someone.

MURPHY

Not our mystery guest again.

EPPS

No. Someone else. A girl.

(hesitating, a beat)

I'm not sure she was... real.

She looks up to Murphy.

MURPHY

Not real?

A beat as she only looks back.

MURPHY

What, like some kind of ghost?

EPPS

I don't know what else you'd call her. One second she was there, the next she was gone.

Another beat as he looks on at her.

EPPS

And I had a kind of hallucination.

(a beat)

There were others. I saw them in the pool. Drowning.

A beat as Murphy looks back, as she sees him.

EPPS

Maybe hallucination is the wrong word. It was more than that. As though they were showing me.

MURPHY

Showing you what?

EPPS

What happened.

MURPHY

Maybe it was one of them did the handy work on those Greeks.

EPPS

No. I think they are, were, just passengers. Innocent victims.

MURPHY

Victims of what?

EPPS

Something bad happened here, Murphy.

MURPHY

That much I think we've already established.

EPPS

More than just a mutiny. More than just the gold.

A beat as he holds there.

EPPS

She said the ship was evil. That we had to leave right away. That if we didn't, we might never leave.

MURPHY

What's that supposed to mean?

EPPS

I don't know.

A beat as she looks back.

MURPHY

Why you? How come the rest of us haven't seen these people?

EPPS

Just lucky I guess.

Another beat as he holds on her.

MURPHY

Well. Getting off this ship's exactly what we're trying to do. Short of that, I don't know what else to tell you.

She only looks back at him, then into the fire.

MURPHY

Do me a favor and wake up Dodge. He's next on.

She starts to get up.

MURPHY

And Epps?

She stands, looking back at him.

MURPHY

You can tell the others about this. But, for my money, I think it's best you keep it to yourself.

She holds there a beat longer, then turns, walking off.

INT. CHIMERA - PASSAGEWAY - LATER - DAY

Epps comes to the 2nd officer's door, knocks.

EPPS

Dodge.

(no answer, knocking  
again)  
Dodge.

DODGE (O.S.)  
(finally, from inside)  
What?

EPPS  
Get up.

DODGE (O.S.)  
Yeah, yeah.

#### INT. CHIMERA - 4TH OFFICERS ROOM - NIGHT

Epps sits down on the bed. She lies back, not sleepy. A beat as she holds there in the darkness.

#### EXT. CHIMERA - FOREDECK - NIGHT

Murphy still sits by the fire as Dodge groggily approaches from the officers quarters, carrying a blanket and a jug of water.

MURPHY  
You're late.

DODGE  
Sorry.

MURPHY  
(handing him the  
shotgun)  
Don't fall asleep.

DODGE  
(laying out his blanket)  
Right.

#### INT. CHIMERA - 1ST OFFICER'S STATEROOM - NIGHT

Greer lies asleep on the bed. But his sleep is fitful, increasingly agitated, tormented. It is as if he tries to speak, but cannot. As THE CAMERA PUSHES SLOWLY IN, his words are forced and garbled, speaking in the same nonsensical language he spoke earlier, when he wakes with a start.

#### EXT. CHIMERA - FOREDECK - NIGHT

Dodge dozes, cradling the shotgun in his arms, when MUSIC CAN BE HEARD VERY DISTANTLY. Dodge wakes. It is "Daisy" playing on a music box somewhere in the ship.

INT. CHIMERA - PASSAGEWAY - MOMENTS LATER - NIGHT

Dodge moves along as the MUSIC BOX DISTANTLY CONTINUES.

INT. CHIMERA - STAIRWAY/PASSAGEWAY - MOMENTS LATER - NIGHT

Dodge moves cautiously down the stairway into another passageway.

He approaches from the other end. He passes the open doors of stateroom after stateroom. The MUSIC BOX IS CLOSER HERE. It stops.

He holds there in the darkness. He turns, shining his light back down the passageway. A beat. It is silent, when the CHANNEL OF HIS RADIO OPENS WITH A SHORT BURST.

He raises his radio. But no one says anything, the CHANNEL REMAINING OPEN, a discernible presence on the other end.

DODGE

Dodge.

SOMEONE'S POV - FROM THE FAR END

SLOWLY MOVING TOWARD DODGE as he can be seen from the other end of the passageway.

BACK TO SCENE

He gets no response, then presses the talk button.

DODGE

This is Dodge. Over.

He is answered by silence, the CHANNEL REMAINING OPEN, WHEN THE GRAVELLY DISTORTED VOICE THAT MURPHY HEARD COMES BACK ON THE RADIO:

VOICE

"Cock-a-doodle-doo," said the rooster to the crow. "Where are you now? I know but won't say so."

Dodge hits the talk button.

DODGE  
Who is this?

The RADIO CHANNEL OPENS, but only silence comes back.

DODGE  
Identify yourself, motherfucker!

SOMEONE'S POV - FROM THE FAR END

SLOWLY MOVING TOWARD DODGE as he can be seen from the far end of the passageway.

BACK TO SCENE

Only silence returns on the radio as Dodge holds there, then:

VOICE  
Penny whistle toy. Penny whistle  
toy.

THE CAMERA PUSHES SLOWLY IN ON DODGE as he listens.

VOICE  
Penny whistle toy. Penny whistle toy –  
.

Dodge senses something behind him. He turns, and before he can draw a breath to shout, SOMETHING HEAVY SLAMS INTO HIM IN THE DARKNESS, his flashlight tumbling away in a squiggle of light.

ON SHOTGUN

As the shotgun clatters to the deck, the muzzle resting in frame as the radio falls a few feet away. A beat. The shotgun muzzle slides out of frame as some unseen person or thing pulls it away.

EXT. CHIMERA - DAY

A grey overcast stretches to the horizon.

EXT. CHIMERA - FOREDECK - DAY

Murphy comes out onto the deck. Dodge is nowhere to be seen.

MURPHY

Dodge?

INT. CHIMERA - GALLEY STORAGE COMPARTMENT - DAY

Epps shines her light on something.

EPPS

Check it out.

Greer raises his light to reveal rows of canned goods. They are industrial sized cans, from the 1950s. Greer takes one.

GREER

I don't even want to know what that's gonna taste like now.

EPPS

Better than starving to death.

Epps' radio CRACKLES AWAKE.

MURPHY

Murphy to Epps.

EPPS

(raising the radio)

Epps, over.

MURPHY

Either of you seen Dodge?

She looks to Greer who shakes his head.

EPPS

Nope.

MURPHY

He's not on deck and I can't raise him on the radio.

EXT. CHIMERA - FOREDECK - LATER - DAY

Dodge's stuff is laid out under the shelter of a vent duct as Greer, Epps, and Murphy stand over it. A blanket, a pillow and a plastic jug of water are all that remain.

MURPHY

He took the shotgun and a light.

GREER

Must've heard something below deck  
and went down to check it out.

A beat as they hold there.

MURPHY

Alright. We stay together. Nobody  
goes any further than earshot.

INT. CHIMERA - BELOW DECKS - DAY

Greer and Epps move along as Murphy raises his radio.

MURPHY

(into radio)

Murphy to Dodge. Murphy to Dodge.  
Over.

INT. CHIMERA - PASSAGEWAY - CONTINUOUS - DAY

Dodge's radio lies in the detritus of the ship as Murphy's  
voice can be heard on it.

MURPHY

Murphy to Dodge. Do you copy? Over.

INT. CHIMERA - ENGINEERING - LATER - DAY

Epps moves cautiously along in the darkness.

MURPHY (O.S.)

Epps? You there?

EPPS

Right here.

WITH MURPHY

As he moves along as well, eyes open.

MURPHY

Greer?

WITH GREER

As Greer moves along too.

GREER

Yeah, yeah.

INT. CHIMERA - BELOW DECKS - LATER - DAY

Epps jumps down, shining her light over machinery and across bulkheads when a WHISPERING CAN BE HEARD somewhere. She holds there, listening. It is echoey, distant.

EPPS

Murphy?

No response as Epps holds there. The WHISPERING SOUNDS AGAIN, far off, unintelligible. It stops.

She moves on, shining her light.

INT. CHIMERA - BELOW DECKS - MOMENTS LATER - DAY

Epps moves along in the darkness, holding the flashlight before her, when the WHISPERING SOUNDS AGAIN.

Epps stops, holding there in the silence. She reaches for her radio. The WHISPERING SOUNDS AGAIN. Epps turns to pinpoint it, coming from somewhere in the cavernous space.

INT. CHIMERA - BELOW DECKS - MOMENTS LATER - DAY

Epps passes under a catwalk. She moves on, passing a row of standpipes. Epps stops, listening. Somewhere, the WHISPERING CAN BE HEARD, then stops.

It is absolutely silent. In the darkness behind her, the GIRL (KATIE) PULLS BACK INTO THE SHADOWS.

Epps holds there a beat, then turns, running into Greer with a start.

GREER

Sorry. Didn't mean to scare you.

She holds there a beat, looking around.

GREER

You okay?

EPPS

Yeah. Fine. I just thought I heard

something is all.

GREER

What?

EPPS

Nothing. Let's get outa here.

They start to leave, when Epps notices something. She stops.

Beyond the standpipes, a faint glow can be seen in the darkness. Epps steps forward, crossing to it. Greer follows.

MOVING WITH EPPS

As Epps approaches, Greer behind her. The light is dim and low to the deck. She stops.

WITH THE LIGHT

As Epps starts toward it again. She and Greer come up to it, stopping there. She kneels, the dim glow shining on her. She reaches out toward it, pulling back Dodge's flashlight, still on.

She turns it off, standing. She shines her light into the darkness and starts off, Greer following.

INT. CHIMERA - BELOW DECKS - MOMENTS LATER - DAY

Epps and Greer move along, shining their lights as they go, when something catches in the beam of Epps' flashlight.

It is Dodge's radio. They stop over it. Epps picks it up, inspecting it. She looks to Greer, when a single dark spot appears on Epps' cheek. It begins to run, a crimson tear.

She raises her hand to touch it, inspecting her finger to see that it is blood.

She looks to Greer. They both look up to see, hanging suspended above them, Dodge's face staring back down at them from the darkness.

He has been imperfectly impaled, the sharp point of a high pressure steam pipe protruding from his neck, head hanging limp beside it.

INT. CHIMERA - BELOW DECKS - LATER - DAY

Greer and Murphy lower Dodge's body on a rope as Epps guides it to the deck. They stand looking on at it a moment.

GREER

Can't find the shotgun.

MURPHY

So whoever did this now has our shotgun.

GREER

Doesn't look like it much matters.

EPPS

What do we do with him?

MURPHY

Leave him till we can get some help.

(a beat)

From now on, nobody comes down here.

GREER

What about the gold?

MURPHY

Leave it.

GREER

Now hold up just a minute. Let's be reasonable here.

MURPHY

You think whoever did this is reasonable?

GREER

All I'm saying is that gold's worth a lot more to us now than it ever was.

EPPS

I can't believe you. Dodge's dead and all you can think about is cashing in your share.

GREER

I didn't sign up to go home empty handed. And I sure ain't gonna roll

over for the freaky motherfucker did this.

MURPHY

Nobody's going anywhere with that gold now. Anybody tries to board, we'll know about it.

(a beat)

You can do what you want, Greer. But neither of us is gonna risk saving your ass down here if it comes to that.

GREER

Fine with me.

INT. CHIMERA - PASSAGEWAY - DAY

Epps enters the dim passageway from the bright daylight. She moves down the passage, coming finally to the stateroom where Greer was found, room 400.

She holds there a beat, then reaches for the door, hesitating. She opens it.

INT. CHIMERA - STATEROOM - CONTINUOUS - DAY

The door comes open and Epps steps in. It is dark, though spacious. It is divided into two rooms. Beyond the sitting room in the front, is a bedroom.

Epps steps in. A dressing table sits against the far wall.

A large bed is unmade. Suitcases lie open on stands at the foot of the bed, still half full as if they were in the process of being unpacked.

From one, she pulls back a woman's gown, a blouse. The other contains shirts, trousers, socks, and underwear.

Across the room a smaller suitcase can be seen lying open on an Ottoman in the corner. Epps crosses to it. She finds a few shirts, and a red print dress, some books. She takes one of the books, opening it.

Inscribed on the inside of the cover is: "This book belongs to:" and then written in by hand: "Katie Nichols."

A page is marked with a purple ribbon. She opens it to see a

children's poem "The Rooster and the Crow" and a drawing of a rooster and a crow and a stanza of a poem: "'Cock-a-doodle doo,' said the rooster to the crow. 'Where are you now? I know, but won't say so.'" She puts it down. A tin penny whistle sits on the table. She picks it up, examining it.

She opens a small picture book, thumbing through to see photos of a family, a young mother and father at the beach, the mother and a girl of about 9 years, the girl and an older girl of about 16, the girl she saw at the swimming pool, KATIE. Epps holds on this picture, when A MUSIC BOX SOUNDS. She looks up to the dressing table. On it a music box slowly plays "Daisy."

## AT THE TABLE

Epps crosses to it, looking on at the music box as it slowly winds down, then finally stops. A beat. She picks it up, looking at it, when she looks up to see Greer standing there. A beat.

The dirty white light falling into the room through the windows falls on him as he looks off at something we cannot see. His expression is empty, hollow.

EPPS  
Greer?

He does not hear her as he stands there. She approaches, stepping up.

EPPS  
You okay?

Another beat, as he looks off, into the light, when he slowly turns to see her.

A long beat as she looks back. He holds there, the same empty look about him, when he grabs her by the throat and squeezes hard.

She is stunned, breathless, but raises her hands to grip his wrists, fighting him.

EPPS  
Greer!

His grip tightens. He is much stronger and her efforts make little difference.

EPPS

Let go!

She hangs on, starting to choke. She drops one hand, searching with it.

GREER

Oragishlaoomnudrasadrafantoshviska  
getofedobrodijotosiantosg.

He speaks nonsense, his face distorted in an ugly grimace, eyes bulging as Epps fumbles over the table, a tray of glass and silver crashing to the floor as he pushes her back, still choking her.

He backs her to the wall, pushing in, closing her windpipe the rest of the way.

Her hand searches behind her, knocking over a small vase, a basket, some books. It comes to a brass desk lamp. It falls, a little out of reach.

She is going to black out any second, as Greer strangles her.

Her hand comes to the desk lamp, grabbing it.

She raises the lamp, swinging with all her might, connecting with Greer's head.

He stumbles back, a gash laid into his face, as Epps sucks in air, gagging and coughing, her neck purple with finger marks. She fumbles her radio up.

EPPS

(into radio)

Murphy! I'm on C deck, cabin 400!

Get down here now!!

Blood is running down his face as Greer comes for her again. She throws down the radio.

A bed stands between them. She feints right, then left. He's dazed and has blood in his eyes. She manages to slip by, but he dives, taking her down.

He drags her back along the floor, spinning her around. He raises a fist to ram into her face when WHAM!

Epps has shoved the butt of her flashlight into his crotch and he comes up SCREAMING. He grabs her face, striking her with his other hand.

She swings the flashlight again and cracks him across the head. He swings yet again and connects, knocking her across the floor.

She lies in a heap as Greer climbs to his feet, enraged and bleeding.

He unbuckles his belt as he approaches, pulling it from his waist to do God knows what.

Epps looks around to see him approaching. And we see that she has unhinged her gill knife.

As his foot steps near, she lets go and drives the knife with all her might into his boot, plunging the blade through his foot and into the floor. He SCREAMS.

After a moment he stops, looks to her. He is a bloody, wretched, enraged mess. He starts toward her as Murphy appears in the doorway.

Just as Greer is upon her, Murphy blind sides Greer from behind at full speed, knocking him down.

Greer and Murphy struggle as Epps climbs unsteadily to her feet. She staggers to them and raises the flashlight over Greer, bringing it down on his head.

CUT TO BLACK

INT. CHIMERA - PASSAGEWAY - LATER - DAY

Epps and Murphy carry Greer's unconscious body.

INT. CHIMERA - AQUARIUM TANK - LATER - DAY

Greer tumbles down a sand bank in an empty aquarium. He stops at the bottom, now starting to come to.

OUTSIDE

Murphy slams the door shut as Epps looks on. She puts a steel pipe across the hatch lever so that it cannot be opened.

INT. CHIMERA - AQUARIUM TANK - LATER - DAY

Greer sits in the tank, visible through a large piece of armored aquarium glass, amidst the fake coral. He sits in the sand hugging his legs to his chest, bobbing slightly as he speaks in his nonsensical language.

MURPHY (V.O.)

Must've been him all along.

Murphy and Epps look on from the outside in the promenade.

MURPHY

Smashed the radio. Scuttled the boat.  
Killed Dodge. Would've killed you.  
He's off his nut, no doubt there.

They watch him in silence a moment as Greer mutters and bobs.

MURPHY

What do you think?

EPPS

Could be a stroke. Who knows?

(a beat)

The general log said the crew were fighting among themselves. "Like wild dogs."

MURPHY

Over the gold.

EPPS

Maybe it was more than that.

Greer gets up, comes to the window, looking out at them. He presses his face to the glass.

EPPS

They went crazy.

MURPHY

Crazy with greed. Not crazy. Not like him.

A beat as Epps looks off. In the window Greer drags his hideously distorted face over the glass, the blood from his wounds smearing in broad red streaks.

EXT. CHIMERA - TOP DECK - DAY

A partial hull of a rotting life boat falls into frame. Epps and Murphy stand over it.

MURPHY

We lash a few of these together it might get us far enough into the shipping lanes to be rescued.

A beat as they look on at the rotting hull.

MURPHY

Hard to say which is worse, staying here or taking our chances in open water.

EPPS

If the weather holds it might not be so bad.

MURPHY

It's not the weather I'm worried about. The wrong current could drag us as far as the Aleutians before we come across another boat.

EXT. CHIMERA - TOP DECK - DAY

Epps and Murphy work to lash parts of the rotting boats into a single usable raft.

INT. CHIMERA - AQUARIUM TANK - DAY

Greer lies asleep on the sand bottom of the tank, the white light from the skylight falling on him from above.

INT. CHIMERA - STORAGE AREA - DAY

Epps has found a reel of wire and some metal braces, making her way into the darkness, when her radio CRACKLES TO LIFE. The channel remains silent a moment, then closes. She stops, raises the radio.

EPPS

(holding down talk  
button)

Murphy?

She waits, holding there as only silence comes back.

EPPS

Murphy, this is Epps. Do you copy?

Again, only silence comes back until, after a moment, the channel opens again. No one speaks, though there is a palpable presence on the other end.

EPPS

(raising the radio)

Who is this?

The channel opens again, only silence returning. The sound of the MUSIC BOX CAN BE HEARD, "DAISY" COMING BACK OVER THE RADIO.

INT. CHIMERA - PASSAGEWAY - MOMENTS LATER - DAY

Epps walks along in the darkness AS THE MUSIC BOX CONTINUES TO PLAY OVER THE RADIO. She comes to the end of the corridor, stopping there.

At the other end the light falls from the door at room 400.

The MUSIC FROM THE RADIO STOPS, leaving in its absence the MUSIC AS IT CAN BE HEARD COMING FROM THE ROOM AT THE END OF THE CORRIDOR.

INT. CHIMERA - PASSAGEWAY - MOMENTS LATER - DAY

Epps approaches the other end, from where the MUSIC EMANATES, coming to a stop at room 400. A beat as she holds there.

INT. CHIMERA - ROOM 400 - CONTINUOUS - DAY

Epps steps in as THE MUSIC BOX PLAYS IN THE OTHER ROOM.

The sitting room is dark as she holds there. After a moment, she continues on, coming to the bedroom.

Epps steps in. Across the room the MUSIC BOX IS PLAYING.

She crosses, coming to it as it continues, when her radio CRACKLES TO LIFE. The channel remains silent a moment, then:

VOICE

"Cock-a-doodle-doo, said the rooster  
to the crow. Where are you now? I

know but won't say so."

She holds there a beat, then crosses to the table to find the book of nursery rhymes. She opens it to the nursery rhyme "The Rooster and the Crow," seeing the same words on the page, when the radio CRACKLES AGAIN.

VOICE

Penny whistle toy. Penny whistle toy. Penny whistle toy. Penny whistle toy.

On the table is the penny whistle she saw earlier. She takes it, holding on it a moment. She raises it and THE CAMERA SLOWLY PUSHES IN as she puts it to her lips and lightly blows a C-SHARP WHICH BECOMES A C-SHARP FROM A PENNY WHISTLE across the room.

MOTHER

"Cock-a-doodle-doo, said the rooster to the crow. Where are you now? I know but won't say so."

On the other side of the room, the younger girl from the photo plays the penny whistle. She is sitting on the floor with the MOTHER who reads from the book we saw earlier.

MOTHER

"Cock-a-doodle-doo, said the rooster to the crow. Where are you now? I know but won't say so." Cassandra, if you insist on playing that while I read I'll just stop right now.

THE GIRL

Sorry.

The room is warm with light, restored to its original condition some fifty years ago as Epps stands there, unseen, no longer holding the whistle.

A man, the FATHER from the photos, steps from the bathroom wearing a new coat.

FATHER

What do you think?

MOTHER

He certainly did shorten it, didn't he?

FATHER

I thought this was all the rage.

KATIE

Maybe last year.

Katie joins them from the outer room.

FATHER

What about this year?

KATIE

It's not your color anyway.

GIRL

I like it, daddy.

FATHER

Well thank you!

GIRL

Daddy, how much longer before we start moving again?

FATHER

They're working on the engines, honey. As soon as they fix them we'll be on our way.

INT. CHIMERA - PASSAGEWAY - MOMENTS LATER - NIGHT

Epps steps from room 400 into the passageway. It is lit with sconces running its length and the elegant furnishings and objets d'art stretching to the far end are all in their original condition. DISTANT MUSIC FROM THE BALLROOM CAN BE HEARD as Epps stands there. She moves along.

INT. CHIMERA - PASSAGEWAY - MOMENTS LATER - NIGHT

Epps walks in the passageway. Doors are open and she looks in to see people doing various things, some packing and putting their things in order.

INT. CHIMERA - PASSAGEWAY - MOMENTS LATER - NIGHT

Epps walks down the passage, rounding the corner to see three

STEWARDS fighting with a fourth MAN in a tuxedo. They lift him up and carry him off down the stairs as he shouts and protests. She moves on, through a pair of double doors, into

INT. CHIMERA - STORAGE COMPARTMENT - CONTINUOUS - DAY

Epps moves through the now lighted storage area off the galley. A group of CREWMEN stand around at the other end and, as Epps nears, she sees that four figures can be seen among them. They are four men, OFFICERS, swaying gently from the ship's movement as they hang from ropes around their neck, dead. Epps keeps moving, through doors at the other end.

INT. CHIMERA - PASSAGEWAY - MOMENTS LATER - NIGHT

A commotion can be heard at the other end of the passageway as Epps keeps moving. A WOMAN SCREAMS, and is cut off when a door slams shut.

The DISTANT MUSIC HAS BEEN REPLACED WITH INDISCERNIBLE SHOUTING, as of someone commandeering the microphone somewhere

As she walks, she passes an open door where several CREWMEN fight over a steamer trunk, which breaks open, scattering the contents.

INT. CHIMERA - PASSAGEWAY - MOMENTS LATER - NIGHT

Epps walks along, coming to another door where a dead man and woman are laying in the middle of the room as a STEWARD takes money from a wallet. The steward looks up, reaches over and slams the door shut. She continues on.

Another door stands open as she comes to it, back at room 400. She stops. A REPETITIVE SOUND CAN BE HEARD, coming from inside.

INT. CHIMERA - ROOM 400 - CONTINUOUS - DAY

Epps steps in as the SOUND CONTINUES. She crosses the sitting room, coming to the doorway of the bedroom to find several MUTINEERS, some in stewards attire, others wearing ships officers caps, obviously taken from their rightful owners.

The repetitive sound comes from here, bed springs. And, from between the men, a woman's bare legs hang over the end of the bed as a pair of man's legs in boots lie between them, the bed rocking, the others looking on.

Epps turns to see the father. He is on his knees, hands tied behind his back as he is forced to watch from the foot of the bed.

EPPS LOOKS DOWN TO SEE

EPPS' POV

a geometric pattern of a lotus on the Persian carpet at her feet. When she looks up again she sees what the father sees.

The mutineer finishes, climbing off the woman. Another of the men pulls her up to reveal that she is no woman at all, but Katie.

The mother and sister lie in a bloody heap near-by as one of the other mutineers steps up to Epps.

MUTINEER

You like that, daddy? I'll show you something else now.

The mutineer steps back to the bed. He sits Katie down so that she faces us on the end of the bed. He raises an axe over her, bringing it down as the world becomes a whirling blur –

EPPS (V.O.)

NO!!!!

BACK TO SCENE

The CAMERA STOPS ON KATIE standing on the other side of the room, now empty of people, returned to its shabby, abandoned state.

KATIE

It isn't real.

Epps looks back at her from the other side of the room where she stands.

KATIE

Many bad things have happened here.  
But you mustn't allow the evil inside.  
I tell you this because you can see me. The others can't. But you must leave. You must leave.

A LOUD GUNSHOT SOUNDS SOMEWHERE IN THE SHIP. When Epps turns back Katie is gone.

INT. CHIMERA - PASSAGEWAY - MOMENTS LATER - DAY

Epps moves quickly along, raising her radio.

MURPHY  
Epps to Murphy.

Only WHITE NOISE COMES BACK.

EPPS  
Epps to Murphy.

Only WHITE NOISE COMES BACK as she rounds the corner out onto the promenade. At the other end, the aquarium can be seen.

As she approaches she sees that the tank is empty. Greer is nowhere to be seen and the skylight at the top is broken out.

A GREAT BOOMING SHUDDER rocks the ship. A LOUD SCREECHING OF METAL follows it.

EXT. CHIMERA - CONTINUOUS - DAY

The ship's hull being scraped at the waterline by a jagged mid-ocean island no bigger than fifty or sixty feet across.

The ship has entered a small archipelago of such islands, a mine field for a drifting ship.

INT. CHIMERA - PASSAGEWAY - MOMENTS LATER - DAY

Epps moves quickly along, coming to the stairway, moving up, almost running into Murphy on his way down, carrying a canvas duffle.

EPPS  
What happened?

MURPHY  
We hit land.

EPPS  
What?

MURPHY

We're in an island chain. It's only a matter of time before we hit another one.

EPPS

Greer's gone. He broke out of the tank.

INT. CHIMERA - PASSAGEWAY - MOMENTS LATER - DAY

Epps and Murphy move quickly along, when another HUGE BOOMING shudders the ship and the SHRIEKING OF METAL follows.

EXT. CHIMERA - CONTINUOUS - DAY

The ship bounces off another of the small, jagged islands as it drifts past, buckling the steel plate of the hull precariously.

INT. CHIMERA - PASSAGEWAY - CONTINUOUS - DAY

Murphy and Epps run toward the other end of the ship. As they do, something can be seen lying in the middle of the passage some distance down.

AT THE OTHER END

Epps and Murphy slow to see that it is a body, lying face down in the passage.

They step up. Epps kneels as Murphy looks on. She rolls the body over. It is Greer, dead.

EPPS

He's been shot.

Murphy kneels too, looking on at Greer's lifeless eyes.

MURPHY

Let's get the hell out of here.

INT. CHIMERA - STAIRWAY/PASSAGEWAY - MOMENTS LATER - DAY

Murphy and Epps come up the stairway, crossing to the doors.

EXT. CHIMERA - FORWARD DECK - CONTINUOUS - DAY

As Epps and Murphy come out, moving toward the make-do raft.

MURPHY

It should be enough to get us to one of those islands. Gimme a hand, wouldya?

She joins him and they lift it off its stand, taking it to the rail.

MURPHY

Prop it here. We need to pull these braces off. There's a hammer on the stand. There.

Epps crosses back to the stands.

AT THE STANDS

Epps kneels. No hammer. She pulls back Murphy's canvas duffel, folding back the flap to reveal a shotgun, the shotgun Dodge had when he died.

A beat as she holds there, when Murphy's hand grabs it.

MURPHY

I'll take that.

A beat as she looks to Murphy.

EPPS

It was you.

He only looks back at her as she stands there.

EPPS

You killed them.

MURPHY

It was only a matter of time before somebody killed somebody.

(a beat)

You saw it coming as well as I did. Dodge had his plans, starting with scuttling the boat. And Greer too, except he went nuts. Couldn't take it, I guess. Could've happened in the middle of downtown Anchorage. But did it make him any less

dangerous? I don't think so.

EPPS

So you killed them?

MURPHY

The way I figure it, it was them or me. I thought putting Dodge up on that pipe was a nice touch? Bought a little time. Made it look like whoever killed those Greeks was still around. But it's just us on this ship. Us and your... spirit friends.

EPPS

And now you're gonna kill me, is that it?

MURPHY

I didn't want it to turn out this way.

EPPS

Murphy, don't you see what's happening?

MURPHY

I think I see it pretty well.

EPPS

It's the ship. The ship's making you think this way.

MURPHY

I know a little bit about human nature and what I've seen only confirms that.

EPPS

It's a trap. There was no way we were gonna get away with that gold. Nobody ever does. It's just the bait. This ship sucks people in and it never lets them out.

MURPHY

I think maybe you been on this boat a little too long, with all that supernatural mumbo jumbo. There's

nothing supernatural about greed.  
And that's what it comes down to,  
pure and simple.

EPPS

I don't give a damn about the gold.

MURPHY

I wish I could believe that. Either  
way, you know what I've done. I've  
got no choice.

He raises the shotgun.

MURPHY

I'm sorry.

He prepares to fire, when a CONCUSSION ROCKS THE SHIP. Epps  
ducks and Murphy fires, a spatter of buckshot shredding the  
vent behind her. A SCREECHING OF METAL DEEP IN THE SHIP SOUNDS  
as she gets up, diving for cover as Murphy shuttles the gun  
again.

WITH EPPS

Epps scrambles behind a deck vent.

EXT. CHIMERA - CONTINUOUS - DAY

The ship has bounced off yet another small island, the jagged  
rocks loudly scrapping the hull with a deafening shriek.

EXT. CHIMERA - FORWARD DECK - CONTINUOUS - DAY

Murphy crosses toward the deck vent.

MURPHY

There's no reason to make this any  
more difficult than it has to be.

WITH EPPS

As Epps holds there she sees the vent opening. She pulls  
herself up and climbs inside.

INT. CHIMERA - AIR SHAFT - CONTINUOUS - DAY

Epps climbs down the air shaft where a giant fan spans its  
width. She squeezes through the fan blades and drops down

where several vent ducts lead in different directions below it.

EXT. CHIMERA - FORWARD DECK - CONTINUOUS - DAY

Murphy comes to the vent duct where Epps went down.

INT. CHIMERA - AIR DUCT - CONTINUOUS - DAY

Epps crawls through. She comes to a vent that leads out to a passageway.

INT. CHIMERA - STAIRWAY - CONTINUOUS - DAY

Murphy runs quickly down the stairway, shotgun at the ready.

INT. CHIMERA - PASSAGEWAY - CONTINUOUS - DAY

The vent is shoved out and falls to the metal catwalk.

INT. CHIMERA - STAIRWAY - CONTINUOUS - DAY

The CLANG FROM THE VENT SOUNDS HERE and Murphy stops.

INT. CHIMERA - PASSAGEWAY - CONTINUOUS - DAY

Epps extends her feet and climbs down into the passage.

INT. CHIMERA - PASSAGEWAY - CONTINUOUS - DAY

Murphy rounds the corner, moving on the same deck.

INT. CHIMERA - PASSAGEWAY - CONTINUOUS - DAY

Epps moves along on a metal catwalk in the darkness when something can be heard ahead of her. She stops.

FOOTSTEPS SOUND at the end of the passage. Epps pulls back into the shadows, holding there.

The footsteps sound as if they are coming down stairs at the other end, when the FOOTSTEPS STOP.

Epps holds there, listening intently in the silence when, at the other end, THE SOUND OF CREAKING METAL, as from a hatch slowly opening, can be heard. It stops. All is silent, WHEN THE HATCH CREAKS AGAIN at the other end. She begins moving toward it.

As she approaches, she can see that the hatch is half open, swaying slightly with the movement of the ship.

A CREAKING SOUNDS behind her. She turns, just as Murphy steps into view. She ducks as he fires and a spray of buckshot ricochets off the metal around her.

She scrambles on her belly as Murphy fires again. She swings down from the catwalk, letting herself fall to the next deck.

AT THE BOTTOM

Epps gets up, runs.

WITH MURPHY

Murphy climbs down a ladder to the lower decks.

INT. CHIMERA - BELOW DECKS WITH EPPS - CONTINUOUS - DAY

Epps moves quickly along.

INT. CHIMERA - BELOW DECKS WITH MURPHY - CONTINUOUS - DAY

Murphy follows, when A RUMBLING SOUND CAN BE HEARD.

INT. CHIMERA - BELOW DECKS WITH EPPS - CONTINUOUS - DAY

Epps stops where she is in the cavernous engine room, looking on at the massive hull rising above her as the RUMBLING GROWS IN INTENSITY. Though it seems to resonate throughout the ship, it seems to originate from here, from directly below, as though the hull were being dragged over a rocky bottom.

She steps back as the sound grows still louder, until it becomes absolutely deafening.

The ship begins to shudder. The steel bulkheads visibly move and the steel plates in the hull can be seen to bend back and forth.

INT. CHIMERA - BELOW DECKS WITH MURPHY - CONTINUOUS - DAY

Murphy slows and finally stops.

INT. CHIMERA - BELOW DECKS WITH EPPS - CONTINUOUS - DAY

A few rivets pop in the hull. Then a few more, as the RUMBLING GROWS STILL LOUDER.

Epps puts her hands to her ears and begins to back away, when the RUMBLING REACHES A PINNACLE. The rivets are springing out of the hull like machine gun fire when the steel plate of the hull gives way, A MASSIVE CRAG OF ROCK SMASHING THROUGH WITH A TREMENDOUS BOOM AND A TORRENT OF SEAWATER.

Epps ducks for cover as the crag tears a diagonal line through the Chimera's hull like a jagged claw through paper in a HORRENDOUS TUMULT OF NOISE AND STEAM AND SPARKS.

EXT. CHIMERA - CONTINUOUS - DAY

The Chimera is impaled broadside by a particularly devious rock promontory of a small island.

INT. CHIMERA - BELOW DECKS WITH EPPS - CONTINUOUS - DAY

The giant claw begins to pull back, as the ship drifts off, water pouring in behind it.

EXT. CHIMERA - CONTINUOUS - DAY

The ship is drifting free of the island with the current, a huge gash rising on its port side.

INT. CHIMERA - BELOW DECKS WITH EPPS - CONTINUOUS - DAY

A massive torrent sweeps over Epps as seawater pours in through the breach.

INT. CHIMERA - BELOW DECKS WITH MURPHY - CONTINUOUS - DAY

Murphy stops where he is to see water rushing in at the end of the passage. He begins backing away.

INT. CHIMERA - BELOW DECKS WITH EPPS - CONTINUOUS - DAY

Epps is forced under as the water in the hull is already half way up the side, the ship listing WITH A GREAT GROANING EXERTION.

INT. CHIMERA - BELOW DECKS WITH MURPHY - CONTINUOUS - DAY

Murphy moves down the passageway, coming to the cargo compartment.

INT. CHIMERA - BELOW DECKS WITH EPPS - CONTINUOUS - DAY

Epps comes up for air. A clatter of all manner of debris, tools and general detritus hammers against the far bulkhead as the ship eases over. A boiler breaks loose of its stays.

Epps looks up to see it coming right for her. She ducks under the water as the boiler slams into the bulkhead where she was.

WITH EPPS

Epps is forced down by the boiler, trapped between it and the bulkhead.

INT. CHIMERA - CARGO HOLD - CONTINUOUS - DAY

The gold slides off the palette, crashing into the far wall. Murphy hurries to it, collecting ingots and putting them in his pockets.

INT. CHIMERA - BELOW DECKS - CONTINUOUS - DAY

Epps struggles under the water to free herself, but she is trapped, the heavy boiler and its broken stays caging her.

ABOVE THE WATER

The level of the water has now almost completely reached the deck above, filling the ship almost entirely below decks.

INT. CHIMERA - CARGO HOLD - CONTINUOUS - DAY

The water is threateningly high as Murphy pockets one last ingot and makes his way for the exit.

INT. CHIMERA - BELOW DECKS - CONTINUOUS - DAY

Epps is trying to pull back the boiler stays, without luck. She swims down lower, finding a pipe fitting she pries at the stays, without luck, when a form drifts into view in the murky water.

Several more forms appear. They are human, suspended in the water. As Epps looks, the several forms have become many. They are the bodies of the dead she saw in the pool before.

As they look on at her from where they are, one form emerges. It is Katie.

She reaches toward Epps, as if beckoning her to take her

hand from the other side. Epps raises her hand, taking it.

The girl leads Epps down into the murky darkness where she finds a way out. She takes her back further, coming to the breach, leading her out and into a cool green void of water.

Katie stops at the breach. Epps turns to her. She only looks back at Epps. Epps turns away, swimming upward toward the light of the surface.

EXT. OCEAN SURFACE - MOMENTS LATER - DAY

Epps breaks through, gasping for air. She looks to see the Chimera, listing heavily to one side, its bow decks fully awash.

INT. CHIMERA - PASSAGEWAY - CONTINUOUS - DAY

Murphy staggers through the flooded passage.

EXT. OCEAN SURFACE - CONTINUOUS - DAY

The Chimera is getting lower in the water, the bow submerged and the stern beginning to rise.

Epps sees another small island some distance off. She begins swimming toward it.

INT. CHIMERA - STAIRWAY - CONTINUOUS - DAY

Water runs down the stairway as Murphy struggles toward the top.

EXT. ISLAND - CONTINUOUS - DAY

Epps swims as the ship sinks in the distance.

INT. CHIMERA - PROMENADE - CONTINUOUS - DAY

A river of water rushes through as Murphy crosses with difficulty.

EXT. ISLAND - CONTINUOUS - DAY

Epps reaches the jagged rock of the island. She pulls herself up.

EXT. CHIMERA - TOP DECK - CONTINUOUS - DAY

Water rushes in as Murphy wades out onto the Chimera's top deck. He is heavily weighted down and periodically goes under as he half wades half swims, the length of the ship's aft portion rising above him as the bow sinks.

EXT. ISLAND - CONTINUOUS - DAY

Epps collapses on the rocks.

EXT. CHIMERA - TOP DECK - CONTINUOUS - DAY

As the ship moves lower, Murphy pushes off. He bobs under momentarily, then comes back up with difficulty. The forward smoke stack has dipped under and is now taking on water, the current from the rushing water pulling him toward it.

EXT. ISLAND - CONTINUOUS - DAY

Epps looks on as the giant ship angles higher and higher.

EXT. CHIMERA - WITH MURPHY - CONTINUOUS - DAY

As the ship dips lower, the rushing water forms an eddy that pulls at Murphy. Murphy struggles, too heavy to resist as he is pulled closer and closer to the sucking maw that is the smokestack's opening.

The ship sinks further and Murphy is pulled to the edge of the stack. He frantically grabs for something to hold on to, without success, until he is finally pulled into the smoke stack and sucked into the bowels of the ship by the rushing water.

EXT. ISLAND - LATER - DAY

Epps sits perched under a rock out of the wind, looking on at the Chimera, her stern rising high above water as she goes down, when the RUMBLE OF ENGINES CAN BE HEARD.

She turns to see a Coastguard plane sweeping low over the Chimera, then banking back and flying right over as she shouts and waves her arms.

EXT. ISLAND - LATER - DAY

The Coastguard plane flies by one more time, this time dropping a survival pack.

The Chimera's stern rises up out of the water, almost vertical

now, slipping further and further under.

Epps looks on one last time, as the ship goes down.

EXT. OCEAN - WITH CHIMERA - CONTINUOUS - DAY

The afterdeck of the Chimera sinks slowly, slowly down, the CAMERA PUSHING IN TO "CHIMERA" as the name comes to the water, then slips slowly beneath the surface. And THE CAMERA FOLLOWS, MOVING INTO THE WATER to reveal that, beneath the surface, there is no ship at all, only the vast empty depths of the ocean.

FADE TO BLACK

THE END