

DEAD LOSS

by

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THIRD DRAFT ROUGH

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EXT. DUTCH HARBOR - ALASKA - NIGHT

FROM ABOVE

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

CLOSER ON THE HARBOR

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

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

CLOSE ON ONE OF THESE SHIPS - THE MAGGIE MAY

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

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

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

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

A MASKED WELDER puts the finishing touches on the hydraulic arm of a DECK-MOUNTED CRAB POT LAUNCHER.

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

THE DOCK

Where a FUEL TRUCK is PUMPING DIESEL into the ship.

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

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

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

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

ON THE SHIP'S DECK

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

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

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

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

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

He shouts up to Pete.

CLIFF

Knieval. Put the smoke out.

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

PETE

Dude. My last one.

ON CLIFF as he smiles enigmatically -

CLIFF

(sotto)

No problem, Petey.

Cliff abruptly switches up on the controls -

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

PETE

Cliff. Dude.

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

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

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

PETE (CONT'D)

This shit isn't funny.

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

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

VOICE (O.S.)

Hey! We got no time for you to be artistic, bud.

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

BEN

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

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

BEN (CONT'D)

Hey! How much longer, man?

The Welder finally looks around, flips up his visor.

BEN (CONT'D)

How. Much. Longer?

WELDER

About done -

BEN

Good -

Ben glances at Cliff...looks for Pete.

BEN (CONT'D)

Where's Pete?

Cliff hesitates.

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

BEN (CONT'D)

Cliff. For chrissakes, be a Deckboss.

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

BEN (CONT'D)

Pete. Put the fucking smoke out.

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

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

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

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

BEN
Will they last through this trip?

WELDER
Sure...yeah, I mean -

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

WELDER
You're the boss.

BEN
Just invoice me -

WELDER
Ben, you owe me from the last two -

BEN
You'll get your money after this
trip.

Before the Welder can answer, Ben turns to Cliff.

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

Cliff nods as he unceremoniously dumps Pete to the deck.

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

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

Ben WHISTLES towards

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

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

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

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

A PICKUP TRUCK pulls to a stop beside the ship.

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

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

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

He looks pointedly at a small FAMILY CREST painted above the wheelhouse windows...the paint is faded and cracking, but it's still there.

EXT. SHIP'S DECK - A MOMENT LATER

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

CLIFF

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

Pete ignores Nate's outstretched hand.

PETE

Gladly.

Cliff leaves the controls, moves to Nate.

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

NATE

You smell like bait -

Cliff PUNCHES Nate in the stomach - dropping him.

Pete nods with approval from behind the controls.

CLIFF

Fuck you.

Nate doubles over as Cliff waits for a response...

There's a brief flash in Nate's eyes, but he remains Zen.

NATE
Good to see you too.

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

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

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

NATE
I heard, Cliff. Congrats -
Cliff stops, gets in his face.

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

NATE
I'm only here to work, man. Past is
the past.
Cliff's taken aback by his mellow response.

CLIFF
...Good.

NATE
It's your deck.
Cliff looks at him skeptically as Ben marches towards them.

BEN
We're running late.

CLIFF
Your brother's here.

NATE
Missed you at the airport -
Ben doesn't stop moving as he checks the Welder's work on the
pot launcher.

BEN
How was the flight?

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

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

Nate follows him across the deck.

NATE
All you had to do was tell me.

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

Nate's thrown off by the sudden hostility.

NATE
Common courtesy, Ben -

BEN
You got to town like every other
deckhand.

Ben gets distracted again.

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

CLIFF
He's meeting us at the bar.

Ben's ready to boil over.

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

CLIFF
Problems with his chick.

Ben pauses...shakes his head.

BEN
Again?

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

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

BEN (CONT'D)
Fuel topped off?

CLIFF
Yep.

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

BEN
We got time for one last round.

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

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

BEN
Oh, I bet they do.

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

Ben sighs.

BEN
We'll talk in the truck.

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

Pete scowls at him.

PETE
When'd you get out?

BEN
Pete. Shut up and get in the truck.

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

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

GRIGGS

I did.

BEN

Well, then you're fucked.

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

PETE

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

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

BEN

Cliff. Ride in back.

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

CUT TO:

EXT. BEN'S TRUCK - MOMENTS LATER

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

While inside the truck -

INT. BEN'S TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

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

PETE

Seriously. What the fuck is he
doing here?

Nate looks to Ben.

Ben doesn't turn as he answers Pete.

BEN

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

PETE

You best be on your game this time.

He looks pointedly at Ben.

PETE (CONT'D)
And he sure as shit better not be
anywhere near the helm.

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

PETE (CONT'D)
Fingers don't grow back, asshole.

He blows the smoke in Nate's face.

Nate looks away, out the window.

BEN
What did we need to talk about?

Nate looks at Pete.

NATE
This is family talk, Ben.

BEN
Pete's as family as you are.

Pete smirks.

NATE
No. He's not.

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

CUT TO:

INT. EAGLE'S ROOST - CONTINUOUS

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

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

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

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

AT THE BAR

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

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

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

AT THE END OF THE BAR - the main attraction.

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

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

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

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

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

BONNIE

Get it up, big boy. I got faith.

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

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

The Young Deckhand sheepishly disappears into the crowd as

Sol finally gets a SPARK...

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

Montoya is nervously biting his nails to the quick.

MONTOYA

Don't you dare move those lips.

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

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

AND HE FINALLY CONNECTS...

MONTOYA (CONT'D)

GODDAMMIT SOL.

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

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

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

As Sol falls off his stool.

ACROSS THE BAR, the door opens.

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

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

The group wades to the bar where Montoya slaps down every denomination of the dollar to settle his debt.

Ben signals Bonnie as he helps Sol to his feet.

BEN
Three Wise Men.

Cliff and Pete whoop it up.

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

PETE
Awww man -

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

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

SOL
Oh. Hey, Nate.

He gives Nate a sloppy hug.

Montoya turns at the mention of Nate.

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

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

NATE
Thanks, Montoya -

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

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

NATE
Nothing changes around here.

SOL
Fuck no it doesn't.

Nate reaches for his wallet.

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

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

CLIFF
Pick it up.

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

Cliff stops Bonnie with a hand.

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

The crew stares him down...including Ben.

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

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

BEN
Just a minute.

They collectively groan as Ben hustles outside.

CLIFF
Chicks, man.

EXT. THE ROOST - A MOMENT LATER

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

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

BEN
(into phone)
Yeah, Nate made it in.
(listens)
No. It'll be fine as long he keeps
his mouth shut.

He abruptly changes the subject.

BEN (CONT'D)
She feeling better? Temperature
gone down?
(beat)
Good, good.

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

BEN (CONT'D)
I know...I love you too. You stay
warm and I'll see you before you
know it -

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

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

BRADY
Fucking twat.

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

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

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

He hangs up as Brady walks towards him.

BEN (CONT'D)
You alright?

BRADY
I'm fucked.

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

Ben instinctively grabs him around the neck.

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

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

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

BEN
Jesus H.

BRADY
I swear I'm good to go -

BEN
Bullshit.

Brady pleads.

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

Ben shakes his head, thinking it through.

INT. THE ROOST - MOMENTS LATER

Ben and Brady rejoin the assembled crew at the bar.

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

BEN
As dad used to say...

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

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

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

CUT TO:

EXT. DUTCH HARBOR - NIGHT

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

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

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

EXT. MAIN DECK

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

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

Pete and Cliff double check the chains securing the pots.

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

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

He staggers sideways, gripping the bulwark for support.

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

MONTOKYA

Lucky for you Brady fucked up his hand.

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

MONTOKYA (CONT'D)

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

GRIGGS

Why?

PETE

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

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

GRIGGS

So we'll just turn around, right?

MONTOYA

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

CUT TO:

INT. WHEELHOUSE

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

He anxiously looks at the buoy marker in the water ahead,
then back to the mounted digital clock that reads 11:57.

BRADY

C'mon c'mon...

Ben guns the ship past the buoy marker just before

The clock marks 12:00.

Brady sighs, raising his cast in prayer.

BRADY (CONT'D)

Thank. Fucking. God.

Ben smiles, doesn't slow as he speeds away from Dutch.

EXT. MAGGIE MAY - MAIN DECK

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

Ben gives the thumbs up through the glass.

The men HOOT and HOLLER.

MONTOYA

Gonna be a damn lucky trip. I feel
it in my bones.

EXT. DUTCH HARBOR - FROM ABOVE

Instead of following the rest of the fleet north, the Maggie
May makes a hard turn left, cruises to the west.

ON THE MAIN DECK

Nate watches the rest of the fleet moving away -

NATE

Where the fuck is Ben taking us?

CLIFF

Some secret spot your Dad had.

NATE

You fucking kidding? That's Russia.
Only time Dad ever went out there
was on a bet.

Cliff smiles.

CLIFF

Virgin fishing, man.

NATE

Illegal fishing, Cliff. Those
Russians don't screw around. We'll
be lucky if they don't blow our
ship out of the water on sight.

CLIFF

Whatever, man. Captain's decision.
And you ain't captain. Thank God
for that.

Cliff whistles with glee as he walks away.

CUT TO:

EXT. MAIN DECK - DAY

CHYRON: 'TWO WEEKS LATER'

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

MONTOKA

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

Griggs says nothing, clings to the rail.

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

MONTOKA (CONT'D)

You think this has been snotty?
Last couple weeks have been a
pleasure cruise.

He points Griggs towards the horizon.

MONTOKA (CONT'D)

See those clouds in the distance?
Aleutian Gray. That means fifteen,
twenty foot swells comin' our way.

(beat)

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

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

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

THE FREEZING WATER

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

MONTOYA (CONT'D)

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

CLIFF

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

NATE

Be happy if we get a hundred. All
we need is hundreds for the next
two weeks and we'll be on track.

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

CLIFF

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

The dripping pot is finally lifted into view...

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

Montoya grunts, annoyed.

CLIFF (CONT'D)

This ship is fucking cursed.

MONTOYA

I blame Nate.

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

NATE

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

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

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

NATE (CONT'D)

I'm just hoping the Russian Coast
Guard doesn't wander by.

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

MONTOYA

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

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

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

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

Nate holds up two fingers.

NATE

There's two for ya, bud.

INT. WHEELHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

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

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

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

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

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

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

Ben marks the count in the LOG BOOK.

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

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

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

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

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

EXT. MAIN DECK - CONTINUOUS

The men continue their work in the freezing spray.

BEN (O.S.)
Duck.

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

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

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

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

He turns to find Cliff watching him with glee.

CLIFF
Think we found your nickname...
Skidmark.

Griggs is slow to get up.

CLIFF (CONT'D)
Suck it up, skidders.

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

CLIFF (CONT'D)
Bait bag's waiting and so are we.

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

Cliff grows more impatient.

CLIFF (CONT'D)
You making out with it? Let's go.

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

CLIFF (CONT'D)
You got one job right now. Bait.
That's it. Shouldn't be that hard.

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

CLIFF (CONT'D)
Yes?

Griggs backs off, heads toward the bait trough as

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

WHICH MEANS THAT BEN'S GOT OVER A HUNDRED MORE POTS OUT IN THE WATER...HE'S GOT ALL HIS EGGS IN ONE BASKET.

HIGH HOPES FOR THESE FISHING GROUNDS.

Griggs is visibly upset by Cliff's abuse.

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

Griggs' anger subsides as he takes this in.

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

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

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

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

NATE

Whoa -

He looks to Sol, who looks nearly as scared.

SOL

You okay?!

Nate gets up, angrily walks it off.

NATE

Please wake the fuck up, Sol.

SOL

Sorry, sorry...my bad.

CUT TO:

INT. SHIP'S GALLEY - LATER

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

They're exhausted and ravenous.

CLIFF

Let's go. Starving over here.

NATE

You're not sick of this shit yet?

Brady drops the plate of sandwiches on the table.

Montoya stares at the unappetizing food.

MONTOKYA

Hmmm...the Sue Special.

BRADY

Shut your trap.

MONTOKYA

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

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

BRADY

Fuck you both.

Nate reaches for a sandwich, sniffs it with distaste.

NATE

Smells like the bait box.

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

BRADY

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

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

SOL

Nothing wrong with tuna.

Sol indifferently takes a bite of his sandwich.

BRADY

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

Cliff is relishing his sandwich.

CLIFF

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

He opens his mouth full of chewed fish for Griggs.

CLIFF (CONT'D)

You like see-food?

Griggs closes his eyes...stems the nausea.

MONTOYA

Sol had the cart.

SOL

Shelves were bare, man. Was tuna or sardines.

Griggs finally throws up in his mouth a little.

CLIFF

Dude. You better swallow that shit.

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

PETE

You hungry? You can have mine.

Ben reaches for the coffee pot instead.

BEN

I'm cool.

NATE

You ready for some relief?

Brady doesn't bother looking up from the stove.

BRADY

I'd rather go swimming.

Cliff chuckles, Nate ignores them.

BEN

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

Exhausted GROANS all around.

BEN (CONT'D)

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

Montoya starts to protest, but Ben is faster.

BEN (CONT'D)

Eat. Then back on deck.

NATE

It's been twenty hours straight -

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

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

Montoya grumbles.

MONTOYA

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

Nate scoots from the booth, follows Ben upstairs.

GRIGGS

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

PETE

He's a fuck up. Like you.

Sol shakes his head at the turn of conversation.

SOL

You're a bunch of teenage girls.

Cliff ignores Sol.

CLIFF

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

GRIGGS

No shit?

CLIFF
Lost our engineer.

Montoya crosses himself.

PETE
And my fucking finger.

CLIFF
I don't trust him.

MONTOYA
Bad mojo for sure.

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

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

Sol looks to Griggs.

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

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

SOL (CONT'D)
I'm gonna get some rest while you
all get to painting your toenails
and shit.

Sol leaves in disgust.

INT. WHEELHOUSE - SAME

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

REVEAL two computer flat-screens -

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

AN OVERLAID RED DOTTED LINE, nearly vertical, cuts through
the map just to the east of their position. This is both the
International Dateline and, this far north, the maritime
border between Russia and the United States.

Our guys are firmly in Russian waters.

STILL ON THE MAP, to the north - A GIANT MOVING MASS OF ODD-SHAPED BLOCKS...like a broken wall of bricks.

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

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

Nate comes up the stairs -

NATE

You sure about keeping us on deck like this?

Ben's in no mood.

BEN

We're shit out of luck out here.

NATE

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

(beat)

Then again, I wouldn't have dropped pots anywhere this far west in the first place. We haven't even seen any Russian ships out here.

BEN

Just thought we'd get some luck, for once -

NATE

Besides being dangerous, why'd you think Dad hadn't been here since ninety-one?

BEN

Fine. I take the blame. Happy?

(beat)

Doesn't matter anyway. We still need to pick up those pots or we'll have the ice bustin' buoys left and right. And if we lose that gear I don't have sixty fucking grand to replace it. Do you?

Nate's silent as Ben chain lights another smoke.

NATE

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

BEN

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

NATE

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

BEN

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

NATE

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

BEN

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

NATE

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

BEN

Get out.

NATE

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

BEN

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

NATE

Really? She talked to them too.

BEN

I said I worked it out. Back off.

NATE

She wants me in the mix.

BEN

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

NATE

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

Ben shakes his head at him.

BEN

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

NATE

Past is the past, Ben...

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

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

But Ben isn't focussing on that...

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

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

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

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

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

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

CUT TO:

EXT. BERING SEA - LATER

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

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

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

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

Time's running out.

EXT. SHIP'S DECK - CONTINUOUS

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

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

EXT. WHEELHOUSE ROOF - CONTINUOUS

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

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

EXT. MAIN DECK - CONTINUOUS

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

EXT. WHEELHOUSE ROOF - CONTINUOUS

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

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

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

EXT. MAIN DECK - CONTINUOUS

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

CLIFF

What the fuck are you doing?!

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

Cliff runs for the wheelhouse.

AT THE HYDRAULICS

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

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

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

Ben's voice BOOMS from the PA System.

BEN (O.S.)

Big one. Watch it.

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

Below, Pete, Montoya and Sol take cover -

EXT. WHEELHOUSE ROOF - CONTINUOUS

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

EXT. STACK - CONTINUOUS

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

EXT. WHEELHOUSE ROOF - CONTINUOUS

Cliff appears at the top of the ladder.

CLIFF
Griggs. Goddammit.

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

CLIFF (CONT'D)
That thing leaves the roof, the
Russians will know we're here and
our Coast Guard will be trying to
search and rescue our asses inside
an hour.

He shoves Griggs towards the ladder.

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

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

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

Cliff and Griggs brace themselves on the roof.

EXT. STACK - CONTINUOUS

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

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

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

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

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

Nate starts waving frantically from his perch -

NATE
Man overboard! Man overboard!

EXT. WHEELHOUSE ROOF - CONTINUOUS

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

CLIFF

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

ON THE MAIN DECK

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

INT. WHEELHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

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

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

He gets on the PA System -

BEN

(into mic)

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

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

BEN (CONT'D)

For fuck's sake...

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

EXT. WHEELHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

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

BEN

What?!

NATE

There's a raft out there!

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

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

BEN
I need every set of eyes on the
water!

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

CUT TO:

EXT. BERING SEA - MOMENTS LATER

The Maggie May carefully moves across the violent water.

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

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

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

INT. WHEELHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

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

BRADY
No word on any ships going down?

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

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

BEN
Brady, please.

EXT. SHIP'S DECK - CONTINUOUS

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

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

BOTH MEN HAVE SAFETY LINES AROUND THEIR WAISTS.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

IN THE WATER - A MOMENT LATER

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

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

Cliff gives the THUMBS UP TO SOL...

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

THE ROAR OF THE WEATHER drowns everything out.

ON THE SHIP'S DECK

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

IN THE WATER

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

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

INT. RAFT - CONTINUOUS

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

He sees TWO MEN IN SURVIVAL SUITS...both faces opaque white. They're laying in a growing pool of icy water...

CLIFF
Can you hear me?

No response. Cliff shakes them...ONE MAN SPUTTERS WEAKLY. Cliff's adrenaline spikes when he sees the vital signs...

EXT. SHIP'S DECK - CONTINUOUS

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

CLIFF
Two guys. One alive! Throw me a lifeline.

Montoya throws A LINE down to Cliff -

INT. RAFT - A MOMENT LATER

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

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

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

CLIFF
Aww shit.

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

INT. WHEELHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Ben looks out his window, frantic. He gets back on the PA.

BEN
(into mic)
Get Cliff out of there!

ON THE DECK BELOW

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

INT. RAFT - CONTINUOUS

Cliff struggles with the unconscious man as Montoya appears -

CLIFF
They're wrapped up in line -

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

ANOTHER WAVE CRUSHES THE RAFT -

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

CLIFF (CONT'D)
Goddammit.

THE RAFT IS RAPIDLY FILLING WITH FREEZING WATER.

EXT. SHIP'S DECK - CONTINUOUS

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

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

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

Every man is knocked off their feet.

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

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

IN THE WHEELHOUSE

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

BEN

Oh no.

BRADY

What?

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

BEN

(over the PA)

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

(to Brady)

Get on the spotlight.

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

EXT. SHIP'S DECK - CONTINUOUS

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

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

CRANE ARM - HANGING ABOVE THE SCENE...

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

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

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

And moves to the crane controls -

IN THE WATER

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

The heavy fabric BENDING and BOWING from the weight within.

IN THE DECKHOUSE

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

Ben slows the engines as he turns the ship around...

He glances up at a digital clock...at the precious seconds elapsed since Pete went overboard.

Worry is etched across his face as everything slips towards chaos.

ON DECK

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

Montoya and Cliff pull themselves out of the raft.

Cliff sees Griggs and Sol staring into the water -

CLIFF
What happened?

SOL
Pete's gone over.

MONTOYA
For fuck's sake.

Cliff and Montoya run back to the rail, followed by Sol, frantically searching the starboard side waves.

BEHIND THEM

Nate runs to the tangled raft, sees the two men inside.

He looks for help, sees Griggs -

NATE
Griggs! Get these guys below deck.

Griggs nods as Nate joins the other men looking for Pete.

The greenhorn probes at the deflated raft - can't make his way through the raft's tangled entrance.

Brady suddenly appears, pulls him away from the entrance...

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

CUT TO:

INT. GALLEY - MOMENTS LATER

Griggs hurriedly drags the UNCONSCIOUS MAN from the life raft to the vinyl booth...

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

BRADY
This one's gone.

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

Brady nods -

BRADY (CONT'D)
Strip him.

Griggs hesitates for a moment as

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

BRADY (CONT'D)
Griggs. Now.

Griggs begins unzipping the man's dry suit -

EXT. MAIN DECK - SAME

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

Nate positions a bright HALOGEN LAMP, panning it over the water...but the light can only illuminate a thickening wall of snow. It turns an eerie ORANGE as it reflects the light.

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

CLIFF
Pete! Pete!

INT. WHEELHOUSE - SAME

Ben desperately pilots the ship in a slow, wide circle.

BEN
(sotto)
Ten minutes ago the only worry we
had was some fucking lost pots...

EXT. MAIN DECK - CONTINUOUS

Sol shakes his head sadly, but doesn't take his eyes off the water.

MONTOYA
How long's it been?

SOL
For a guy in a slicker, too long.

INT. GALLEY - SAME

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

BRADY
Russians.

The barely conscious Russian begins SHIVERING INTENSELY.

BRADY (CONT'D)
...his clothes are wet. Strip it
all off.

GRIGGS
Fuck that.

Brady holds up his one good hand.

BRADY
Goddammit. Strip him or he's dead.

Brady starts awkwardly pulling at the wet clothes.

Griggs reluctantly strips more of the Russian's soaked clothes as the shivering worsens.

BRADY (CONT'D)
Hypothermic.

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

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

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

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

INT. WHEELHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

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

BEN

Christ.

Ben puts the boat in neutral, picks up the mic.

BEN (CONT'D)

(into the mic)

Sol, take the wheel.

Ben leaves the wheelhouse as Sol heads up the exterior stairs to continue piloting the search.

INT. GALLEY - CONTINUOUS

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

He and Griggs look to Ben.

BRADY

Pete?

Ben shakes his head...Brady deflates.

Ben immediately focusses on the bundled stranger.

BEN

Who the hell is he?

BRADY

A half-dead Russian.

BEN

Any I.D.?

BRADY

Nada.

BEN

Those tattoos...?

GRIGGS

Russian prison ink.

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

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

They look at Griggs in surprise.

BEN
How the fuck do you know?

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

Ben and Brady share a look.

BRADY
We need to get these guys off our
hands.

Ben nods. 'No shit.'

BEN
When we get back to the U.S. side.
(beat)
And I'll have call the Guard about
Pete...what a clusterfuck.

EXT. MAIN DECK - SAME

Sol continues to pilot the ship in a wide arc.

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

Montoya shrugs helplessly.

NATE
We can't see shit in this weather.

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

NATE
Of course not.

Cliff's not even listening.

CLIFF
We need a fucking chopper. We need
to call the fucking Coast Guard.

NATE
Cliff. We're in Russia. We're not
even supposed to be here.

CLIFF
This is fucked up.
(beat)
Montoya. Get up on the stack, see
if you can get eyes on him.

Montoya trades a look with Nate, both know this is useless.

MONTOYA
You got it, man.

He moves to the stack as Cliff turns his eyes on Nate.

CLIFF
Why the fuck is it that shit like
this happens every time you're
aboard?

Nate walks away as Cliff goes back to searching the turbulent
water.

Cliff pounds the rail with his fist as he holds back tears.

CLIFF (CONT'D)
Goddammit.

Nate moves towards the SHREDDED RAFT.

A BRIGHT GLINT among the strange metal boxes catches his eye
through the snow.

He kneels down to inspect a box...

ANGLE ON HIS EYES as they widen with surprise.

NATE
(sotto)
Holy shit.

INT. GALLEY - SAME

A DRIPPING sound gets Ben, Griggs' and Brady's attention.

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

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

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

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

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

BEN

Don't -

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

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

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

GRIGGS

Oh, man.

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

NATE

Ben, you gotta see this -

BEN

Not now.

NATE

No. Seriously.

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

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

BEHIND THEM

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

INT. WHEELHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

The small room is crammed with everyone.

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

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

ALL OF THE OLIVE-DRAB, RUSTED LOCK BOXES.

They're all open:

- HALF THE BOXES FILLED WITH GOLD BARS.

- THE OTHER HALF FILLED WITH DIAMONDS.

A PISTOL rests atop one pile of diamonds.

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

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

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

BRADY

How much you think it's worth?

MONTOYA

A lot.

BRADY

We're gonna split this shit right?

MONTOYA

Of course, man.

Montoya looks to Ben, their leader, he's nervous - still
focussing on piloting the ship through the weather, getting
out of Russian waters.

MONTOYA (CONT'D)

We get more though, right? Cuz
we're at full share -

GRIGGS

Bullshit, you do.

MONTOYA

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

BEN

Who's watching the fucking Russian?

Ben's focus is far from the money.

BRADY
...the guy's unconscious -

BEN
Go down and tie him up.

BRADY
He's half-dead, man -

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

Brady hesitates, preferring to stare at the loot.

Brady sulks as he sets the found pistol down.

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

BRADY
Montoya, I swear to God -

BEN
Brady. Now.

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

CLOSE ON THE STAMP - Japanese characters...

MONTROYA
...Chinese?

NATE
Japanese.

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

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

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

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

SOL
That's an Imperial stamp.

Everyone looks to Sol.

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

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

SOL
Only two kinds of people in this
part of the world. Crabbers and
scavengers.
(beat)
Someone probly dug it up from some
sunken ship. Maybe these Russians
took it from some treasure hunters.
My Daddy told me that when Japs
controlled Attu they used to make
Arctic runs from Germany -

GRIGGS
Who gives a shit? It's ours.

Griggs goes to dip his hands in a box of diamonds - and is
stopped short by Cliff.

Griggs rips his hand from Cliff's.

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

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

Nate turns to Ben.

NATE
We need get this mess off our
hands.
(beat)
We got two dead men -

CLIFF
One missing.

Montoya shakes his head. Cliff stares him down.

NATE
One missing.
(beat)
(MORE)

NATE (CONT'D)
One dead...and another near dead
and a load of stolen loot. I'm done
doing prison time.

Ben's frantically running his hand through his hair as he chains another smoke...on the verge of panic as he contemplates it all.

NATE (CONT'D)
Ben?

BEN
We can't call any friendly help til
we get a hundred and fifty miles
east of here.

He SHOVES THE THROTTLE TOGGLE all the way forward.

The ship VIBRATES as the ENGINES ROAR.

BEN (CONT'D)
That's five hours.

CLIFF
And Pete's body? We need to at
least try and recover his body -

BEN
We report it all in five hours.

Cliff reacts, but Ben shuts him down.

BEN (CONT'D)
Cliff. I loved Pete like family,
and I know it's hard to hear, but
he's dead and gone. He had thirty
seconds out there, no way even the
Coast Guard is going to get him.
And we can't even get them involved
out here.

Cliff drops his head.

CLIFF
It ain't right.

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

GRIGGS
You're serious?

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

NATE

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

MONTOYA

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

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

Ben listens as he stares out the window at the raging
weather.

Nate looks to him, but Ben reserves judgement.

NATE

You'd let someone die over this?

MONTOYA

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

Everyone nods, except Nate, Sol...and Ben.

INT. GALLEY - SAME

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

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

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

He closes his eyes as Brady turns to face him.

INT. WHEELHOUSE - SAME

Nate turns to Ben.

NATE

You can't be agreeing with this
shit. Say something...

BEN

Maybe they've got a point.

Nate's shocked.

NATE

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

BEN

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

(beat)

This could be the lucky break we've
been waiting on.

Cliff acknowledges it with a silent nod.

CLIFF

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

NATE

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

GRIGGS

Then we kill him.

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

CLIFF

I thought I didn't like you before.
But now I'm sure. You one disturbed
little fucker.

GRIGGS

I'm done taking your shit -

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

CLIFF

No, psycho. You're not.

Ben breaks it up.

BEN

Jesus. All of you, calm down. We're
not gonna murder anyone.

MONTOYA

Then what do we do?

Ben hesitates. He doesn't really know the answer.

CLIFF

We don't kill 'em. Maybe we just
put them back in their raft...

Ben reluctantly nods as Nate shakes his head in disgust.

INT. GALLEY - SAME

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

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

His head hangs over the Russians, reversed.

The Russian's eyes open once more -

STARING STRAIGHT INTO BRADY'S EYES.

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

Brady has unwittingly helped the Russian create a garrotte.

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

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

Brady kicks helplessly, searches for leverage but finds none.

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

INT. WHEELHOUSE - SAME

NATE

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

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

SOL

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

BEN
I hear you both.
(beat)
And I'm not saying I'm completely
agreeing with Cliff and Montoya.

Ben taps a lockbox with his foot.

BEN (CONT'D)
But, this is mighty tempting.
There's millions of exceptions to
the rule of the sea right there.
(beat)
This situation ain't that cut and
dry.

Sol's not swayed.

BEN (CONT'D)
What I'm saying is, how much longer
you going to be able to work the
grounds? All of us? What do we got
to retire on?

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

Montoya looks between Sol and Nate.

SOL (CONT'D)
Who knows what bad juju this shit's
got on it.

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

NATE
I know you guys are hard, but
murder - ?

MONTOKYA
Stop using that fucking word.

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

Nate ignores him.

NATE

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

CLIFF

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

(beat)

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

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

A long beat of silence before Montoya breaks the tension.

MONTOYA

...then let's get on with it.

NATE

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

Ben, Cliff and Montoya look unsure.

NATE (CONT'D)

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

GRIGGS

I do.

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

GRIGGS (CONT'D)

What about you?

Nate doesn't answer.

Griggs is unflinching.

GRIGGS (CONT'D)

You're forgetting that the guy's a
killer.

Griggs looks to everyone else.

GRIGGS (CONT'D)

It'll be justice for everyone he's ever killed. And then we'll get our reward for it.

CLIFF

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

SOL

We're not judge and jury.

GRIGGS

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

(beat)

Let's do him.

Everyone looks expectantly at Ben. What's his decision?

BEN

No.

(beat)

Not yet.

Everyone turns to Ben - finally making his decision.

NATE

Not yet...?! What the fuck are you talking about -

BEN

We don't need to do anything about it yet. If he's still alive in five hours, then we'll cross that bridge.

(beat)

Until then, we've got time to think it over.

Nate bites his tongue as Ben pushes the throttle further forward, nearly red-lining the engines.

NATE

Ben -

BEN

No more discussion.

He looks at Montoya, Cliff and Griggs.

BEN (CONT'D)
Get Brady up here.

Montoya nods with a smile, bounds down the stairway into

INT. GALLEY - CONTINUOUS

Montoya looks across the empty galley, confused.

MONTOYA
Brady?

Montoya sees two feet sticking out of the galley booth.

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

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

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

MONTOYA (CONT'D)
Goddammit.

INT. DECK HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

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

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

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

CUT TO:

INT. WHEELHOUSE - SAME

Montoya bursts out of the galley stairwell.

MONTOYA
He's dead.

Everyone stares in shock.

BEN

What?

MONTOYA

Brady's dead.

BEN

Where's the Russian?

MONTOYA

Gone.

CLIFF

He couldn't have gone far -

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

He chambers a round, puts it in his waistband as he looks to Nate.

BEN

Looks like this guy made the
decision for us.

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

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

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

He points to it for Griggs' benefit.

BEN (CONT'D)

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

Griggs nods as Ben points out each location.

BEN (CONT'D)

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

Griggs grows impatient.

GRIGGS

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

CLIFF
Shut up and listen.

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

CLIFF
You get lost, we may never fucking
find you.

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

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

EXT. BERING SEA - SAME

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

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

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

CUT TO:

INT. CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS - MOMENTS LATER

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

REVEALING a single SHOTGUN.

GRIGGS
That's all we've got?

CLIFF
We're fishermen, not mercs, moron.

GRIGGS
Who gets it?

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

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

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

Nate can't believe this is happening.

CLIFF SLAMS THE SAFE SHUT -

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. BUNK ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

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

GRIGGS
Come on, motherfucker.

CUT TO:

INT. STORAGE ROOM - SAME

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

He haphazardly tosses boxes aside, shotgun at the ready.

CUT TO:

INT. GALLEY - SAME

Nate focusses on Brady's dead body...laying across from the
Dead Russian.

He moves to the stairs, back up to -

INT. WHEELHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Nate comes up the stairs, surprising Ben who turns the gun on
him.

BEN
Jesus.

Nate puts his hands up as Ben puts it back in his waistband.

NATE

We need to call the Guard. Now.

BEN

We can't, Nate -

NATE

Russian or American, I don't give a fuck. We've got a killer on the ship -

BEN

We call out for help at this point and the Russians will either take the loot or confiscate the ship...or both.

(beat)

You really want to try out a Russian prison this time around, Nate?

NATE

I don't give a shit. I'd rather live to see Spring -

BEN

If we don't get out of this on our own we're done for. You understand? Wouldn't even matter if we were in American waters, the ship is now a fucking crime scene and we need to clean it up on our own.

(beat)

Now get the hell out of the wheelhouse.

NATE

(sotto)

Fuck this.

Nate lunges for the radios.

Ben shoves him back as they tussle -

INT. DECK HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

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

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

ANOTHER DOOR is partially open, the watertight fasteners UNLOCKED.

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

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

INT. WHEELHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The PHONE BUZZES as the brothers continue to wrestle.

Ben finally knocks Nate on his ass, stunning him momentarily.

Ben reaches up, grabs the PHONE.

BEN
(into phone)
What?

INT. DECK HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

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

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

ZZZZZFFFT...BLACKOUT.

INT. WHEELHOUSE - SAME

ZZZZZFFFT...POWER SURGES....then...BLACK.

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

ALL OUT.

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

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

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

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

BEN
Fuck me. He's in the engine room.

Both Ben and Nate are suddenly captivated by a strange, PULSING RED GLOW coming from one of the boxes of diamonds.

Nate digs into the diamonds...

AND RETRIEVES A SMALL GPS DEVICE.

The brothers pause to stare at it -

BEN (CONT'D)
What the hell is it?

NATE
GPS.
(beat)
He's slowing us down so his friends
can catch up.

They're both suddenly horrified.

NATE (CONT'D)
Ben. You should've called in the
cavalry.

Ben shakes his head, 'no' as he takes the GPS device and

SMASHES it with the butt of the pistol.

BEN
Doesn't matter now. We'll outrun
'em. This much money is worth the
risk.

NATE
No. It's not.

INT. GALLEY - CONTINUOUS

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

GRIGGS (O.S.)
Shit -

We hear a WET THUD...

THE BLUE EMERGENCY LIGHTING KICKS ON...

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

The ship rolls as he attempts to stand -

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

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

REVEAL CLIFF holding the light, accompanied by Montoya.

GRIGGS (CONT'D)

What happened?

CLIFF

Power's out, you tampon.

MONTOKA

Christ, that's nasty.

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

GRIGGS

Get that shit out of my face.

BEN (O.S.)

Griggs, get up here and take the wheel.

INT. ENGINE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

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

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

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

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

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

UP AHEAD

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

LIQUID SPRAYS in silhouette against the light.

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

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

INT. DECKHOUSE PASSAGEWAY - A MOMENT LATER

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

BEN

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

MONTOYA

You're really gonna trust Section Eight to drive?

NATE

Better that than watching our backs.

CLIFF

I hear that.

INT. ENGINE ROOM - SAME

Sol pauses cautiously as -

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

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

INT. DECK HOUSE PASSAGEWAY - SAME

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

Ben's face turns even more grim.

BEN

...the engines.

INT. WHEELHOUSE - SAME

Griggs is rattled in the captain's chair as -

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

INT. ENGINE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sol reaches for the engine shutdown lever -

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

CLOSE ON HIS HAND as it SIZZLES AGAINST THE METAL.

The Russian, finds new strength.

He dodges a few swipes of Sol's knife, then blocks a jab, returns a blow to Sol's temple with the STEEL FLASHLIGHT.

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

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

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

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

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

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

RUSSIAN

Nu vse, tebe pizda. Perdoon stary -

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

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

FLASHLIGHTS AND SHOUTS from the stairway behind them.

NATE (O.S.)

Sol!?

The Russian quickly backs into the shadows, further into a

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

AT THE STAIRS

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

Ben shouts over the engine noise.

BEN

Solly, you down there!?

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

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

NATE

Shit. Panel's cooked.

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

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

MONTOYA

Oh man...

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

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

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

CLIFF

Ah Jesus.

BEN

Where is he?

Sol nods toward the MAINTENANCE CORRIDOR.

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

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

Cliff starts to panic.

CLIFF

We're so fucked. Game over, man.

BEN

Just shut up and focus.

(beat)

He gets far enough forward, he could open the saltwater pumps, flood the ship, who knows what else.

NATE

Or he could end up on deck and double back to the wheelhouse. In which case it really is game over -

Ben turns to Montoya.

BEN

This guy ain't beating us on our own ship. We'll try and trap him in between.

(beat)

You take the high road, I'll take the low. Make sure he doesn't move forward and get back up top through the hatch under the weather deck in the bow.

(MORE)

BEN (CONT'D)
Last thing I want is that fucker
doing something with the pots.
(beat)
He destabilizes the stack, it'll
sink us faster than the ice.

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

BEN (CONT'D)
What are you waiting on?

Montoya looks between Nate, Ben and Sol...unsure.

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

Montoya finally snaps out of it...

MONTOYA
Fuck that.

He moves back up the stairs.

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

Montoya waves him off, annoyed.

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

CLIFF
Shit man, he needs a doctor -

Ben ignores him, looks towards the shredded electrical box.

BEN
Nate, get that box rewired, then
get some spare hose. We get this
engine running, we'll be fine -

Cliff gets in Ben's face, officially panicking.

CLIFF
What about Sol?! We can't just
leave him down here!

BEN

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

CLIFF

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

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

BEN

I care as much about Sol as you do.
But if we don't get this shit
working in the next few minutes,
we're all gonna be under a sheet of
ice, just like Pete. Got it?
(beat)
You wanted to be deckboss so bad?
Act like one.

Cliff is cold and stubborn, he looks to Nate.

CLIFF

Nate was right, we should've called
for help -

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

BEN

You and Nate are in this with the
rest of us. Power's out. We can't
call anyone. We need to fix this
ourselves or go down swingin'.

Cliff won't budge.

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

BEN (CONT'D)

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

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

BEN (CONT'D)
Get your head straight.

Cliff finally nods.

Ben moves past Nate - into the bowels of the ship...leaving Cliff and Nate to reassess one another.

CUT TO:

INT. DECKHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

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

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

He mumbles to himself as he prepares to head outside.

MONTOKA
(sotto)
Motherfucking...commie piece of
shit. I'm a fucking U.S. Marine -

He pulls the hood over his head...

EXT. MAIN DECK - A MOMENT LATER

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

The rails, the deck...

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

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

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

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

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

MONTOYA

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

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

CUT TO:

INT. MAINTENANCE CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

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

Insulated crab tanks make up the walls to both sides.

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

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

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

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

The SHIP ROCKS from the storm -

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

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

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

Ben shouts in frustration -

BEN

Shit.

He bends to pick up the flashlight...

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

Ben freezes...scared shitless.

INT. GALLEY - MOMENTS LATER

By the blue glare of the emergency lights -

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

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

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

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

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

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

INT. ENGINE ROOM - A MOMENT LATER

The room is pitch black. Nate uses his flashlight to illuminate the electrical box. He struggles to make sense of the shredded wires...especially through the acrid oil smoke.

Cliff emerges from the stairs.

CLIFF

You were right...about all of it.

Cliff shakes his head in shame.

CLIFF (CONT'D)

I'd rather live and take the blame
with the rest of these assholes
than die out here.

NATE

Too little, too late, Cliff.

CLIFF

We could use the sat phone, call
911, get the Guard out here -

Nate shakes his head.

NATE

What part about power outage don't
you get?

(MORE)

NATE (CONT'D)
Sat phone needs power like
everything else on the ship. No
juice, no phone.

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

Then it hits Nate.

NATE
(interrupting)
The EPIRB.

CLIFF
What...?

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

Cliff calms slightly.

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

Cliff nods.

NATE (CONT'D)
Do it now. Who knows how long it'll
take the Guard to get out here.

Cliff bounds up the stairs.

EXT. BERING SEA - CONTINUOUS

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

INT. WHEELHOUSE - SAME

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

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

ON THE DECK BELOW...Montoya moves forward with his flashlight against the snow and sleet.

BEHIND GRIGGS

Cliff appears at the top of the stairs.

CLIFF
That shit ain't good for you.

Griggs jumps, grabs his knife as Cliff approaches him.

GRIGGS
Don't sneak up on me -

CLIFF
Put it out.

GRIGGS
What?

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

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

Cliff heads to the DOOR BEHIND GRIGGS, TOWARDS THE EXTERIOR CATWALK.

GRIGGS
Where you goin'?

CLIFF
Keep your eyes on the ice.

Griggs stares Cliff down, rage welling in his eyes.

Cliff takes a menacing step towards him.

CLIFF (CONT'D)
What...?

Griggs shrinks back a bit, keeps his mouth shut.

CLIFF (CONT'D)
Eyes front, fuck-face.

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

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

CUT TO:

INT. MAINTENANCE CORRIDOR - SAME

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

Having passed crab tanks, he enters a new -

WATER TIGHT COMPARTMENT

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

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

DRY HOLD

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

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

But no Russian - only ancient boxes on the shelves.

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

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

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

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

He gets on his stomach, inches his way into the

CRAWLSPACE

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Ben inches forward -

CUT TO:

EXT. MAIN DECK - SAME

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

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

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

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

SUDDENLY A METALLIC CLANG behind Montoya.

Montoya whips around, ready to fire...

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

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

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

CUT TO:

INT. ENGINE ROOM - SAME

Nate gives up on the electrical panel and moves further into the engine room, filled with thick, acrid smoke.

For the first time Nate sees the extent of the engine damage.

NATE

Jesus.

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

CUT TO:

EXT. WHEELHOUSE ROOF - SAME

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

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

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

HE SLIDES ON THE ICE towards the edge -

INT. WHEELHOUSE - SAME

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

EXT. WHEELHOUSE ROOF - SAME

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

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

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

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

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

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

THE EPIRB

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

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

It's Griggs.

GRIGGS

What are you doing?

CLIFF

Same to you. Who's watching the helm?

Griggs staggers toward Cliff, keeps his eyes on him.

GRIGGS

You aren't touching the EPIRB.

CLIFF

Get back downstairs.

Griggs continues toward Cliff, when suddenly -

THE ENTIRE WHEELHOUSE BUCKS SIDeways...

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

EXT. MAGGIE MAY - SAME

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

EXT. UNDERWATER - SAME

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

EXT. MAGGIE MAY - CONTINUOUS

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

Everyone and everything on board is rocked violently.

QUICK SHOTS FROM AROUND THE SHIP:

- THE MAIN DECK

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

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

INT. CRAB TANK - CONTINUOUS

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

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

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

- THE MAINTENANCE CORRIDOR

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

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

- THE ENGINE ROOM

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

INT. CRAB TANK - SAME

Montoya struggles in the freezing water.

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

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

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

EXT. MAIN DECK - CONTINUOUS

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

EXT. WHEELHOUSE ROOF - SAME

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

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

He pummels Griggs, whaling on him relentlessly.

CLIFF
Stupid motherfucker...

EXT. MAIN DECK - SAME

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

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

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

He abruptly lifts the axe and swings...

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

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

OTHER BRITTLE CHAINS BREAK FREE...

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

MONTOKA

(sotto)

Oh shit oh shit oh shit...

He struggles to pull himself out of the saltwater tank.

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

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

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

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

Pots tumble down like a house of cards...

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

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

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

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

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

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

EXT. WHEELHOUSE ROOFTOP - SAME

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

CLIFF

Holy shit.

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

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

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

CLIFF FLAILS AND SCREAMS AS HE PLUMMETS FIVE STORIES TO THE DARK, ICY WATER BELOW.

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

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

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

Griggs looks stunned for a moment, watching Cliff disappear...as if he can't believe what he just did.

Griggs looks to the EPIRB...still secure in its cradle...

As the ship GRINDS into the ice...REVERBERATING throughout the hull...

He looks over the roof's edge towards the MAIN DECK and the collapsed mountain of pots...

A STREAK OF BLOOD ACROSS THE ICE.

He scrambles to the ladder.

INT. DRY HOLD - CONTINUOUS

THE THIN STEEL HULL HAS RUPTURED.

FREEZING WATER POURS INTO THE HOLD...already forming a pool, running the length of the

MAINTENANCE CORRIDOR...the water surges aft towards

INT. ENGINE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Nate pulls himself from the floor as COLD WATER pools at his feet.

He sprints through the water, SLOSHING his way forward down the Maintenance Corridor...toolbelt slung over his shoulder as he searches for the hull rupture.

EXT. MAIN DECK - CONTINUOUS

Seemingly impervious to the ice and snow, the Russian emerges from the fallen stack of pots...he moves towards the STREAK OF MONTOYA'S GORE...

He tracks the trail towards a mountain of bent and twisted pots...where Montoya's mangled corpse rests somewhere inside.

The Russian picks up the stray shotgun.

BOOM - BOOM.

BULLETS RICOCHET AROUND HIM.

BEN (O.S.)
DIE. YOU PIECE OF SHIT.

The Russian turns to find Ben clambering out of the hatch in the forward WEATHER DECK...over the toppled pots and FIRES the Russian's pistol from the hip.

The shots are surprisingly close given the rough seas. Ben's got sea legs from years on the water...

The Russian raises the shotgun to fire, but he doesn't have Ben's balance. BOOM as his shot goes wild. -

Ben fearlessly stalks towards the Russian - pushed over the edge.

BOOM.

The Russian is hit in the thigh...he goes down on the icy deck, grimacing in pain...BLOOD SPRAYING from the wound.

EXT. WHEELHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Griggs nearly slips off the ladder as the GUNSHOTS echo.

He leaps off the remaining steps...crawls through the door into the Wheelhouse.

EXT. MAIN DECK - CONTINUOUS

Ben slips over the icy pots as A WAVE SLAMS THE SHIP... DOUSING HIM WITH FRIGID WHITE WATER.

The Russian grips the shotgun, uses his other hand to pull himself across the deck and into the DECK HOUSE.

Ben lets off another wild round - STRIKING THE GLASS OF THE WHEELHOUSE.

INT. WHEELHOUSE - SAME

Griggs stays low as the GLASS SHATTERS...THE BULLET COMING TO REST IN THE CAPTAIN'S CHAIR.

He crawls under the dash for protection.

INT. DECKHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The Russian drags himself into the equipment room...BLOOD SEEPING FROM HIS WOUNDED LEG...

The blood leaves a RAGGED SMEAR across the white linoleum as he drags himself down another set of stairs towards the galley.

EXT. MAIN DECK - CONTINUOUS

Ben slips and slides, sprinting over the blood covered ice to the deckhouse in pursuit of the Russian.

INT. DRY HOLD - CONTINUOUS

Deep below the waterline, Nate struggles through the water...SHIVERS in the cold.

The ENGINE NOISE and RUSHING WATER make him oblivious to the gunfight above.

He shakes his head in frustration at the size of the hole - moves back down the Maintenance Corridor...towards the engine room.

INT. STAIRS/GALLEY - CONTINUOUS

The Russian pulls himself into the warmth of the galley...as

BEN APPEARS AT THE TOP OF THE STAIRS

BOOM - BOOM - Ben and the Russian FIRE SIMULTANEOUSLY.

Ben misses by a mile...but the wood paneling beside his head
EXPLODES IN SPLINTERS.

He falls back with a SCREAM, HIS EYES STUNG BY WOOD CHIPS.

INT. WHEELHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Above the action, Griggs can't squeeze himself any closer to
the wall, trying to stay under cover.

INT. GALLEY - CONTINUOUS

The Russian falls back behind cover with a mysterious smile.

He starts SOFTLY CHUCKLING to himself.

The Russian pulls himself to his feet. His shotgun is loosely
trained on the corridor entrance, at Ben's hiding spot, as he
looks behind him at the cold, dead body of his companion.

Then to Sol, ash white, gasping for breath - HIS EYES OPEN,
LIKE DAGGERS.

The Russian smiles as he moves over to him.

Sol GROANS...unable to move, too weak to do anything.

The Russian taps Sol's SEEPING WOUND with the barrel of the
shotgun.

Sol weakly tries to bat the barrel away...the Russian only
smiles, condescending.

Ben suddenly appears at the door - pistol aimed at the
Russian's back.

RUSSIAN
(Russian with subtitles)
Empty.

The Russian doesn't even bother to turn as

Ben wastes no time in PULLING THE TRIGGER...

CLICK. CLICK. CLICK.

The Russian slowly turns, favoring his good leg.

Ben pulls the trigger again out of desperation. CLICK.

The Russian winks, indicates the useless gun in Ben's hand...

RUSSIAN (CONT'D)
(subtitled)
My gun. I used half the clip for
the gold.

Ben is frozen in place.

RUSSIAN (CONT'D)
(subtitled)
Where is it?

He raises the shotgun to Ben's head.

BEN
I don't understand -

The Russian snaps to anger. He racks the shotgun, loading another round.

RUSSIAN
(subtitled)
THE GOLD.

He jabs the shotgun towards Ben's forehead.

Sol watches the exchange...desperately willing himself to do something...PAIN AND FRUSTRATION flash through his eyes...

THE SHIP ROCKS UNDER A FRESH SWELL OF WAVES...

Ben and the Russian maintain their balance...SOL'S LIMP BODY FALLS TO THE FLOOR.

The Russian doesn't let up -

RUSSIAN (CONT'D)
(subtitled)
THE FUCKING GOLD. THE DIAMONDS.

ON THE FLOOR - Sol GASPS in pain, HIS EYES LOCK ONTO THE PEN-KNIFE...he takes a deep, lungful of air as he grabs it -

BEN
I DON'T SPEAK RUSSIAN,
MOTHERFUCKER. IF YOU'RE GONNA
SHOOT, PULL THE FUCKING TRIGGER -

The Russian suddenly SCREAMS IN AGONY...his arms go up reflexively...

...thankfully moving the shotgun a half-inch off Ben's forehead.

Ben just starts to dodge as - BOOOOOOOM.

ON THE FLOOR - Sol has slashed at the Russian's exposed ankle, EMBEDDING the knife in his Achilles tendon. It SNAPS AUDIBLY.

WE WATCH AS THE LIGAMENT AND MUSCLE RETRACT UP THE MAN'S LEG.

The Russian COLLAPSES to the floor beside -

Ben, GROANING through his own pain...gingerly holding the bloody hole that was once his right ear and sideburn.

Ben sees the shotgun, goes for it -

He and the Russian grapple for the weapon.

Each slips and slides over the slick PUDDLE OF BLOOD...the penknife still protruding from the Russian's ankle.

The Russian gets the upper hand, rolling on top of Ben...using the shotgun as a bar across the American's throat.

Ben's eyes bulge, filling with blood as he loses the fight...

He turns his head as he struggles to breathe...

...FINDS HIMSELF EYE TO EYE WITH SOL...

They lock eyes...both men struggling to live...

The Russian SCREAMS MANIACALLY in Ben's face as he presses harder, trying to sap the life out of him.

AND THEN THE RUSSIAN GRUNTS -

AS A SHARP, METAL POINT ERUPTS FROM HIS LARYNX...centimeters from Ben's eye.

His grip loosens on the shotgun as BLOOD SPURTS FROM HIS NOSTRILS.

The Russian is suddenly thrown to the side...

REVEALING NATE...

Ben pulls the shotgun from his throat - rolls on his side, struggles to breathe -

The Russian GASPS AND CHOKES...writhes on the floor, trying desperately to grasp behind his neck at

THE STRIPED HANDLE OF A LONG, PHILLIPS HEAD SCREWDRIVER
BURIED JUST BELOW THE BOTTOM OF HIS SKULL.

The sharp point of the tool protrudes from just above his Adam's Apple, blocking his jaw from opening and screaming... as he drowns in his own blood.

CUT TO:

EXT. MAGGIE MAY - PRE-DAWN

The storm is over and the clouds have started to recede, revealing a few dim stars in the sky above. The sea is glass. For the first time, it's serene and beautiful out here.

On the horizon, a hint of clear, blue daybreak, illuminating the dark silhouette of

ATTU ISLAND - Alaska's western-most Aleutian Island.

Extending out from and surrounding Attu is a frozen white expanse...like an enormous frozen desert plain dotted with car-sized berms of ice (known as 'boxcars').

This is the ice pack - the dreaded mass of solid ice covering the Bering Sea in all directions.

A few miles away, the Maggie May slowly putters through the ice-covered seas toward Attu and the ice pack.

The ship is clearly crippled...she lists heavily on her starboard side.

INT. ENGINE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Half-way down the steps, Nate shines a light into the now-flooded engine compartment.

The murky water level is even higher than before, sloshing perilously close to the single functioning engine block.

INT. WHEELHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Ben is back at the helm, the bone-chilling wind whips through the broken glass as he navigates the ship through the ice.

The shotgun rests at Ben's side, his bloodied earhole now dressed with a makeshift bandage of gauze and duct tape.

This had been a very long day for the Captain.

He keeps one eye on the sea ahead, one eye on...

EXT. FISHING DECK - SAME

Griggs labors in weather gear...

He struggles to maintain his balance on the listing ship's slanted deck.

REVEAL that he's shoving Brady's stiff, dead body into one of the steel crab pots.

ANOTHER POT beside him already contains the dead Russians.

Both pots are tied off to the high side of the deck.

He eyes the starboard rail warily...the low side of the angled deck...where WATER LAPS dangerously...

BEN (O.S.)
Make sure to get clear of those
pots when you cut 'em free.

REVEAL BEN shouting from the shattered wheelhouse window above.

Griggs nods, doesn't stop working.

INT. WHEELHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Nate comes up the stairwell from below, watches Griggs for a few moments, doesn't acknowledge Ben.

NATE
You really think Cliff slipped off
the roof?

BEN
Not for a minute.

Both men seem numb as they stare at Griggs on deck.

NATE
The kid's psychotic.

Ben checks that his shotgun is loaded.

BEN
We'll sort it out on land.

NATE
We're not gonna make land.

Ben eyes the ice around the ship...already thickening...not allowing the ship to make much more forward progress.

BEN
Then we walk the rest of the way to the island.

NATE
Dragging a half ton of gold?

Ben nods.

BEN
The ice should be thick enough.
We'll bury it and come back after the thaw.

Nate shakes his head...not wanting any part of it.

NATE
Then let me call for help now. I'll launch the EPIRB, get the Guard on their way for Sol.

BEN
You walk ahead, take Sol to Attu.
(beat)
But the EPIRB'll go off when the ship goes down. We need a head start to bury the gold first -

NATE
That's too long.

Ben's temper rises.

BEN
We lose that loot, we lose everything...

Nate moves past Ben...headed to the outer catwalk and the ladder that leads to the roof of the wheelhouse.

BEN (CONT'D)
Do not touch the EPIRB. You owe me and the family that much.

NATE
(incredulous)
What?

BEN
We've been trying to climb out of a
pit since that night you fucked
up...all that motherfucking stress
you put on us.
(beat)
All your bullshit...it killed him.

NATE
What the hell are you talking
about?

BEN
You...fucking killed Dad.

Nate takes a step away from the ladder - moves towards Ben.
Menacing.

NATE
What did you just say?

BEN
You heard me.

NATE
I don't owe you or anyone else
anything. And you don't know shit
about what really happened...

BEN
The fuck I don't...

Ben's unsure as Nate turns back to the ladder.

Ben's hand reflexively moves to the shotgun in a not so
subtle gesture.

BEN (CONT'D)
Don't do it.

NATE
Shoot me.

Ben can't bring himself to put the shotgun on his brother.

NATE (CONT'D)
When this is all over, we go our
separate ways.

He heads up the ladder.

EXT. WHEELHOUSE ROOF - CONTINUOUS

Nate steps up to the sloping, slick roof.

He moves to the EPIRB at the roof's edge -

EXT. MAIN DECK - CONTINUOUS

Griggs watches as Nate goes for the EPIRB...UNLATCHES IT FROM ITS CRADLE.

Griggs looks to Ben in the window...not doing anything about it.

Ben shouts down to Griggs.

BEN
Guard'll be here in an hour.

Griggs gives one last shove, nearly slips on his ass but gets Brady's body in the trap.

He rights himself and grabs an AXE - swings it high...

Severs the rope holding the traps and their gruesome cargo to the angled deck.

BOTH TRAPS SLIDE ACROSS THE ICY DECK AND INTO THE BERING.

INT. WHEELHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Ben watches the bodies sink into the blackness....

CUT TO:

EXT. ICE PACK - LATER

The bright sunrise is surreal...reflecting off a mile of broken ice and boxcars surrounding the tiny, deserted island.

If it wasn't for the crystal blue skies, the scene could be mistaken for the surface of the moon.

A HOWLING wind whips across the icy deck, now angled 45 degrees and deep into the water...and slipping further by the second...the freezing water now laps across it like an artificial beach.

Ben and Griggs are in their dry suits, STANDING ON THE ICE.

They tie on makeshift harnesses...heavy duty line strapped across their chests and attached to a life raft...FILLED WITH THE JAPANESE EMBLAZONED LOCKBOXES.

The raft is held in place and out of the water by multiple ropes, tied to the port side rail, angled high in the air.

Griggs tests the ropes...looks first to the treasure laden raft and then across the white, rugged expanse to the island...seemingly an infinity away.

He looks worried as he shifts his steps on the crunching ice.

GRIGGS

Why can't we just drop this loot in
a pot with a buoy...come back for
it later?

BEN

Because the ice'll pop the buoy and
drag this shit halfway back to
Russia.

Griggs nods to himself...still worried.

BEN (CONT'D)

The ice is thicker than it looks.
Don't worry.

Griggs watches as Ben duct-tapes the shotgun to his forearm.

GRIGGS

What's that for?

BEN

Just in case.

Griggs isn't convinced.

AT THE DECKHOUSE

Nate suddenly appears from the door, now at the top of the angled deck...SOL OVER HIS SHOULDERS in a fireman's carry...

He ignores Ben and Griggs as

He carefully picks his way down to the edge of the deck...Sol perched precariously above it all...

Nate pauses at the ice...the surreality of the situation seeping in.

Ben watches closely as

Nate takes his first step onto the CREAKING, SNOW-COVERED ICE.

He begins carefully walking towards Attu...a mound of white in the distance.

Ben moves to the ice as well, followed by Griggs.

Ben pulls an axe - Griggs holds his 'harness ropes' fearfully as Ben readies to chop the ropes holding the half-ton life raft in place.

If the raft sinks, so do he and Ben.

Ben finally CHOPS.

The raft slides down the icy deck...COMES TO REST ON THE ICE BETWEEN THEM.

THE ICE CREAKS UNDER THE WEIGHT.

EXT. ICE PACK - CONTINUOUS

Nate turns at the sound of the raft hitting the ice...

Ben and Griggs start pulling like sled dogs...

Nate turns away from them, starts trudging towards the island as Sol WHEEZES faintly, his face only inches from Nate's...

THE ISLAND SEEMS TINY...FAR AWAY...

BLEND TO:

EXT. ICE PACK - LATER

The sun is higher in the sky...

Parts of the ice sheet melt under the heat of the rising sun.

Making Nate's labored steps even more treacherous.

He heaves and pants...willing his legs to move across the treacherous landscape...

ANGLE ON ATTU ISLAND

The island looms large ahead...dominating the skyline now...

Only a few hundred yards to the 'beach'...and safety.

ON AN ISLAND RIDGE - a small abandoned shack sits amidst a HUGE RADIO TOWER. Warmth and rescue, all in one place.

Nate moves past a large ice 'boxcar'.

He struggles for breath as he places Sol gently on the snow behind the berm.

He shields his eyes from the glare and wind-whipped snow as he looks over his shoulder, back towards the water.

ANGLE ON THE WATER IN THE DISTANCE

Ben and Griggs are tiny, red figurines dragging the raft behind them...

They are only halfway between Nate and

THE MAGGIE MAY

The family ship is half-sunk...leaning on the melting ice-floe...its deck exposed to the sun...

Nate turns back to Sol.

NATE

Sol.

He eats some snow as he tries to regain some fluids...scoops some for Sol, who's motionless.

NATE (CONT'D)

Sol.

He leans down to the older man, pries open his eyes -

CLOUDED AND UNBLINKING...

Nate struggles to catch his breath as he falls back against the boxcar. Utterly defeated.

He turns into the HOWLING WIND...towards Ben and Griggs.

NATE (CONT'D)

MOTHERFUCKERS.

Nate kicks the block of ice in frustration.

ON BEN AND GRIGGS - CONTINUOUS

The men are exhausted and sunburned...both have peeled half their dry suits away, sweating profusely in the sun -

They trudge through a maze of knee-high boxcars...dragging the half-ton raft over the ice...like a white desert.

IT CRACKS AND SWAYS AS THEY MOVE...but neither has the strength to worry anymore.

Griggs notices Nate throwing his fit far in the distance...

GRIGGS
What...the fuck...

He nods towards Nate...looks to Ben, who's staring in confusion at the carcass of the Maggie May.

He follows Ben's gaze.

ON THE MAGGIE MAY - IN THE DISTANCE

A FIGURE stands on the nearly horizontal wheelhouse.

GRIGGS (CONT'D)
What the fuck?

The Figure just stands there...dark against the blue sky...GHOSTLIKE.

They both pause, entranced for a beat.

ON NATE -

He sees the same Figure appear at the Maggie May.

He stops his tantrum...

BACK ON GRIGGS AND BEN -

Something glints near the figure's 'face'...

GRIGGS (CONT'D)
Is that - ?

SW-FFFFFF...THUMP.

GRIGGS' HEAD DISAPPEARS IN A CLOUD OF BLOOD AND BRAIN MATTER.

...the CRACK of the distant rifle finally catches up to its destruction a split second later.

Ben stares in disbelief at the snow behind Griggs, now resembling a modern-art blood slushy.

ON NATE

He reacts to the rifle's report...ECHOING ACROSS THE ICE.

He watches Griggs' headless body fall to its knees in the snow.

ON BEN

SW-FFFFT. A bullet SMACKS into the boxcar beside Ben's head.

He dives behind the barrier as TWO MORE ROUNDS hit the ice...

...AND THE RAFT...PUNCTURING IT.

AIR HISSES from the heavy raft as Ben cowers.

EXT. MAGGIE MAY - CONTINUOUS

Standing on the upended port side rail of the sinking ship...A MAN in black arctic gear and mirrored sunglasses holds a SNIPER RIFLE WITH SCOPE.

Beside him, a MAN IN A BASEBALL CAP uses binoculars to act as spotter.

REVEAL BEHIND HIM -

ANOTHER SHIP has pulled in just behind the sinking Maggie May...Cyrillic name on its bow. The ship is hidden from the view of the Americans on the ice.

The ship is nearly as wrecked as the Maggie May...with the exception that it's still afloat. The storm wasn't kind to the Russians either...

A HALF-DOZEN, EXHAUSTED, ARMED MEN stand on the bow, a few chuckle as they watch ONE OF THEIR COMRADES, CONTINUOUSLY PUKING OVER THE SIDE...

They all wear high-end arctic gear, carry assault rifles. These guys have come loaded for bear.

They make our dead Russians look like errand boys.

ON THE MAGGIE MAY

ANOTHER MAN, their LEADER, steps from the angled wheelhouse.

LEADER
(subtitled)
How many?

SNIPER
Two. One alive...one dead.

The Leader nods. Wordlessly steps onto the ice.

The rest of his men follow his lead onto the ice, trudging towards Ben's position.

ON BEN

As he looks around the boxcar to see half a dozen armed men moving across the ice towards him.

He looks to the raft...rapidly deflating and lopsided...

THE ICE BEGINS TO CRACK from the dead weight...

HE PULLS ON HIS ROPES as hard as he can...trying to pull the half-ton of loot towards him and out of the line of fire.

ON NATE

He watches the scene unfold from the shadow of the island...

Nate's only a few hundred yards from warmth and safety - the Russians seem to have no idea he's even there.

ON THE RUSSIANS

They jog in a line towards Ben's hiding spot.

LEADER

Hold your fire. The ice is fragile -

A COCKY RUSSIAN lets loose a BATTLE CRY - UNLOADS HIS CLIP AT THE RAFT AND THE ICE SHIELDING BEN.

The Sniper and Baseball Cap shake their heads in frustration.

ON BEN

He cringes as the gunfire CRACKS around him - hitting the raft multiple times and speeding up the deflation.

BEN STRAINS as he hauls on the ropes...but it's a losing battle as the ice cracks more -

He finally pulls the shotgun, places it over the edge of the boxcar.

ON THE RUSSIANS

As the Sniper sees the barrel of the shotgun first...

BOOM - BOOM.

Baseball Cap is hit in the leg by the spray.

The Russians scatter, taking cover behind broken ice berms.

ON BEN

He looks to the raft of loot...EXPOSED IN THE OPEN.

Ben looks back to the ice berms and boxcars where the Russians have ducked out of sight...

...back to the sinking lockboxes.

Ben takes a deep breath. Puts the shotgun down - AND DIVES FOR THE RAFT.

ON THE RAFT

He leaps for an exposed lockbox, wrenches it open...

THE DIAMONDS GLITTER IN THE BRIGHT SUN.

Ben pulls out handfuls, STUFFING THEM IN HIS POCKETS...

ON THE RUSSIANS

The Cocky Russian peeks over his berm, spots Ben.

He FIRES -

STRIKING BEN IN THE SIDE.

As Ben is blown backwards from the raft - STRAY DIAMONDS SCATTER AMIDST THE SNOW AND ICE...now indistinguishable...

Ben's body strikes the ice around the raft -

WITH A TREMENDOUS CRACK - THE ICE FINALLY BREAKS FREE.

The raft begins to sink into the icy water below...

Ben weakly crawls behind the berm, bleeding out over the white.

ON THE RUSSIANS

The Leader watches the raft falling into the water...

He shakes his head at Cocky.

LEADER (CONT'D)

Idiot.

Cocky rises up - testing to see if Ben will return fire. Nothing.

COCKY

He's down. It's ours.

The rest of the men cautiously eye the cracking ice.

ON BEN

Weakly dragging himself away from the raft...

But the weight of the raft is sinking further...pulling the harness ropes into the water...dragging Griggs' corpse across the ice...

And dragging Ben towards the RAPIDLY GROWING HOLE as well.

The lockboxes are no longer visible, SINKING BELOW THE ICE LINE.

BEN

No no no no -

He tries to reach HIS KNIFE, strapped to his ankle -

SUDDENLY, THERE'S HANDS UNDER HIS ARMS...fighting to pull him from the raft.

Ben looks up - finds Nate there.

BEN (CONT'D)

...MY ANKLE...MY ANKLE -

Nate grabs the knife, starts sawing at the ropes...

ON THE RUSSIANS

Cocky calmly walks towards Ben's cover, the injured man's legs sliding towards the hole in the ice.

He smirks sadistically. Unafraid, full of bravado.

He fires haphazardly around Ben's exposed legs...

ON NATE AND BEN

Nate ducks as gunfire peppers the ice.

Ben SCREAMS IN PAIN as he's struck in the leg.

Nate sees Ben's shotgun.

ON COCKY

Moving fearlessly, gun aimed at where he believes Ben to be.

Until Nate appears, aiming at him from the top of the ice berm.

Cocky pauses in surprise.

BOOM.

The cocky Russian gets both barrels in the chest.

He's blown backwards to the snow by the blast.

ON THE RUSSIANS

No one seems to care...a few chuckle to themselves.

LEADER

You said there were only two.

The Sniper shrugs.

SNIPER

I guess I was wrong...

A few more chuckles from the group. The Leader just shakes his head.

BASEBALL CAP

Fuck him.

No one disagrees.

SNIPER

What should we do?

LEADER

We flank them.

He nods his men to the right and the left...they begin scrambling from berm to berm - moving to get behind Nate and Ben.

ON NATE AND BEN

Nate peeks his head above the boxcar...glimpses the Russians moving to surround them.

ROUNDS SMACK INTO THE ICE around his head.

He ducks back down for cover once again.

Ben bleeds out beside him, finally cut free of the sinking raft - which he still watches forlornly.

He looks to Ben - whose attention is elsewhere.

NATE

This count as dying at sea?

Ben looks at him for a beat...then WHEEZES OUT A LAUGH.

...until blood froths at his lips.

Nate watches him, resigned to their shared fate.

BEN

Thanks for coming back.

Ben smiles...BLOOD STAINS HIS TEETH.

NATE

Bet you feel like a douchebag right now.

Ben stares at him for a beat.

BEN

What did you mean?

NATE

Huh?

BEN

On the ship...about what happened with Dad...?

Nate tries to shrug it off.

NATE

Forget I said it.

Ben grabs him as he coughs up more blood.

BEN

Nathan -

He won't let go of Nate's arm. Ben relents.

NATE

That night. That you never fucking let me live down.

(beat)

I wasn't at the wheel.

BEN

What?

NATE

Dad was at the wheel. Ship rolled and I took the fall.

BEN

Bullshit -

Ben has a fit of coughing, BLOOD SPRAYS the snow.

Nate steadies him -

NATE

I woke up. Ship was hitting heavy chop. Went to check on him. Old man was dead asleep at the helm.

(beat)

And then the wave hit -

BEN

Fucking liar...Dad corroborated... Coast Guard found shit in your system...

Nate nods sadly.

NATE

You're right. I had pain pills in me...

(beat)

...but so did he. Guard never checked him.

BEN

What...?

NATE

I wanted nothing to do with the business. If he made me captain, I would've killed myself.

(beat)

And if he'd gotten nailed for that accident, he wouldn't have been able to live another day.

Ben looks at him in shock.

NATE (CONT'D)

It was my way out. Never thought I'd be tossed in jail over it.

(beat)

You got to be captain and I still ended up back here. Wonderful, ain't it?

Ben digests it all...can't believe the truth.

BEN

And no one else knew...

NATE

Well.

(beat)

Sol.

Ben goes quiet...

ON THE RUSSIANS

They're circling in on Ben and Nate.

Baseball Cap is parallel to them, limping behind cover...

ON NATE AND BEN

Nate spots Baseball Cap...

He raises the shotgun...FIRES OFF BOTH BARRELS.

It hammers the ice - pushing Baseball Cap back and away.

ON THE RUSSIANS

They all duck and cover behind their berms.

ON BEN AND NATE

Another Russian pops up to the other side of their cover,
FIRES at them...

Nate FIRES OFF ONE ROUND...pushing the Russian back.

Then CLICK.

He pulls Ben behind more cover as the Russian unloads some
more.

Ben and Nate cower under the spray of ice.

ON THE SNIPER AND THE LEADER

The Sniper angles for a head shot on Nate...who bounces in
and out of the crosshairs.

When...out of the silence of the ice field...

WHUMP-WHUMP-WHUMP-WHUMP...

All eyes go to the sky.

IN THE DISTANCE...THE TINIEST TRACE OF A HELICOPTER MOVING
OVER OPEN OCEAN IN THEIR DIRECTION.

ON NATE AND BEN

Nate's suddenly got a light back in his eyes.

NATE (CONT'D)
...that is the sweetest fucking
sound I've ever heard.

Ben is HACKING UP BLOOD...his face a pasty white.

ON THE RUSSIANS - they all look towards their Leader.

The Leader looks to the hole where the lockboxes have long
since sunken back into the Bering Sea.

LEADER
Mark the spot. It will still be
here after the thaw.

He gets up, starts moving back in the direction of his ship.

However, the Sniper lingers...Nate finally in his sights...

LEADER (CONT'D)
NOW.

The Sniper sighs in frustration...does as he's told.

Nate is spared.

ALL OF THE RUSSIANS ABANDON THEIR POSITIONS, FOLLOW THEIR
LEADER BACK TO THEIR SHIP.

...As the helicopter grows louder...more defined in the sky
as it approaches.

ON NATE AND BEN

Nate watches the Russians retreating. He seeks out the rescue
chopper in the sky.

CUT TO:

INT. COAST GUARD HELICOPTER - LATER

THE ENGINE AND WIND NOISE IS UNBEARABLY LOUD.

The PILOT and COPILOT maneuver through the low clouds of a
newly gathering storm.

TWO MEDICS hover over Ben...frantically administering SHOCK
PADDLES...

Swaddled in blankets, Nate observes from the corner as they
try to stabilize his brother.

Nate's eyes fill with emotion as he reaches out for Ben's hand...

Tears stream from his eyes as they fall on Ben's clothing, stripped and laying in a pile at his feet...

Something GLINTS in the fading sunlight...

He slowly reaches out...grabs Ben's jacket...looks inside a pocket.

CLOSE ON NATE'S FACE...speckled sunlight reflected back onto his face -

CUT TO:

EXT. ATTU ISLAND - DUSK

WIND AND DARK CLOUDS signal a gathering storm.

CLOSE ON the last bit of the Maggie May, the FADED FAMILY CREST over the wheelhouse windows...finally slips below the water line.

CUT TO BLACK.