

DEAD LOSS

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EXT. BERING SEA - PRE-DAWN

The famed stretch of water separating Russia and Alaska.

MOVING OVER THE DARKENED, FRIGID, ROLLING SEA FROM ABOVE...
And suddenly, just over the crest of a SURGING SWELL -

ORANGE HALOGEN LIGHTS suspended above the deck of a SLOWLY
SINKING SALVAGE SHIP - its name in Cyrillic on the side.

EXT. SALVAGE SHIP - DECK - CONTINUOUS

The ORANGE LIGHTS are hung high over a pitched, snow-covered
deck - DANGEROUSLY SUBMERGED. The ship doesn't have long.

WE TRACK ALONG THE EERILY SILENT, ANGLED DECK - and find a
SEAGULL, pecking away at something out of view.

ITS BEAK COMES UP BLOODY, A SMALL CHUNK OF FLESH IN ITS MAW.

REVEAL - THE BIRD IS FEASTING ON A DEAD MAN'S FACE.

We can tell by his shocked expression (AND THE BULLET HOLE IN
HIS FOREHEAD) that he died an unexpected, violent death.

PULL BACK FURTHER TO REVEAL - the deck is LITTERED WITH DEAD
MEN in cold-weather gear... and PUDDLES OF FROZEN BLOOD.

THE FRESH SNOW COVERING THEM TELLS US THAT THEY'VE BEEN HERE
FOR A LITTLE WHILE, DRIFTING ON THIS GHOST SHIP.

A SHADOW IS CAST OVER A DEAD BODY -

REVERSE TO REVEAL - A BEARDED MAN in cold-weather gear is
surveying the bodies... looking for something or someone.

LEADER (O.S.)
(Russian, subtitled)
Anything?

Beard shakes his head, frustrated. OTHER MEN walk into view.
WE CAN SEE THEIR BOAT - TIED OFF TO THE STARBOARD SIDE.

Among the group: a man in a BASEBALL CAP... and an older man,
clearly in charge - their LEADER.

LEADER (CONT'D)
Your brother?

Beard looks at him, angry.

BEARD
Nothing.

BASEBALL CAP
A raft's missing.

Beard looks at the foreboding seas, no place for anyone to survive too long in a raft.

BEARD
This wasn't the plan -

LEADER
They obviously went to plan B.
We'll track them.

A RASPY VOICE gets their attention.

VOICE (O.S.)
...help me...please...

REVEAL A BULLET-RIDDLED, DYING MAN, pinned under dead bodies. Beard calmly approaches. The Dying Man is relieved...

VOICE/DYING MAN
...comrade...please...

Beard pulls A PISTOL - AIMS IT AT THE DYING MAN'S FOREHEAD.

BEARD PULLS THE TRIGGER - BOOM. THE SCREEN GOES STARK WHITE.

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. DUTCH HARBOR - ALASKA - MAGIC HOUR

FROM ABOVE - A STARK WHITE CLOUD gives way to -

Rugged, snow-covered peaks tower over a tiny frontier town and the largest fishery in the U.S... the center of crab operations for the Bering Sea.

CRAB FISHING SHIPS crowd the surrounding harbor below.

REVEAL - Our POV is alongside A PROPELLER DRIVEN COMMUTER PLANE preparing to make a precarious landing.

EXT. RUNWAY - UNALASKA AIRPORT - LATER

The plane has landed. PASSENGERS file down the narrow stairs, move to a BAGGAGE HANDLER pulling bags from the cargo space.

THE LAST ONE OFF THE PLANE IS NATE LARSEN (mid 30s). Ruggedly handsome but hardened by life.

He grabs a GREEN PRISON-ISSUE DUFFEL, slings it over a shoulder. ANOTHER PASSENGER nervously eyes Nate and his bag.

INT. UNALASKA AIRPORT - MOMENTS LATER

Nate trudges through the tiny, one room airport... past the BAR crowded with FISHERMEN, HUNTERS, FISHERY WORKERS.

Around him, other arrivals are greeted by loved ones... friends...employers. Nate looks around - no one here for him.

EXT. PASSENGER PICK UP - UNALASKA AIRPORT - NIGHT

Nate is alone in front of the terminal. He's freezing, cap pulled low. He checks his phone for the hundredth time.

BEHIND HIM - LIGHTS GO DARK INSIDE THE TINY TERMINAL. AIRPORT EMPLOYEES emerge, closing up for the night.

Nate's about to light a cigarette when he gets a TAP ON THE SHOULDER. Nate turns to find - A NATIVE ALEUT POLICE OFFICER.

POLICE OFFICER/SHUGAK
...Nate Larsen...Demon of Dutch...

NATE
(guarded)
Officer Shugak.

These two obviously have history.

INT. POLICE CRUISER - MOMENTS LATER

Shugak drives, Nate rides in back.

SHUGAK
Just like the old days, huh?

Nate grunts to himself.

SHUGAK (CONT'D)
How long's it been?

NATE
Five years.

Shugak WHISTLES LOW.

SHUGAK
Heard you got eight. You must've been a good boy inside.

Nate smiles tightly - not taking the bait.

SHUGAK (CONT'D)
How long you been out?

Nate checks his watch.

NATE
Twenty-one hours.

SHUGAK
(chuckles)
...and straight back to the Maggie
May.

Nate nods as he looks out the window, taking it in.

SHUGAK (CONT'D)
You can always count on family, eh?

NATE
Something like that.

Shugak shakes his head in amazement.

SHUGAK
You really got balls of iron coming
back here.

Nate clenches his jaw, his tension increases by the mile -

EXT. DUTCH HARBOR - LATER

The harbor is crowded with the 90 ships that make up the Bering crab fleet. Manned by a rag tag navy of ex-cons and family men bent on making a fortune or dying in the process.

It's a flurry of activity as the ships prep for a long trip.

CLOSE ON ONE OF THESE SHIPS - THE MAGGIE MAY

SPARKS cascade into ice-flecked water - erupting from a welding torch on the deck of the 200 FOOT CRAB FISHING SHIP. Her hull is a patchwork of rusty metal and fatigue. She's tied to an icy dock with a gaggle of other ships.

EXT. DOCK - SAME

SHUGAK'S CRUISER stops at the dock, close to the Maggie May. Shugak opens the rear door for Nate.

Nate offers a sarcastic salute as he steps out of the car.

Shugak departs as Nate approaches his family heirloom. He absorbs the frenzy on the ship with a variety of emotions.

Nate finds the small FAMILY CREST on the Maggie May, an intricate design built around the letter 'L', painted above the wheelhouse windows. The paint is faded and cracking...

He stops short of the ship, observes from the darkness. Nate drops his duffel and lights a smoke - satisfied to watch from a distance for a few moments as he girds himself.

It's as if he's a boxer about to enter the ring for the first time in years. He takes a few calming breaths, cracks his neck - working the kinks out -

ON THE MAGGIE MAY'S DECK -

A WELDER finishes up on a DECK-MOUNTED CRAB POT LAUNCHER.

Beside the welder, CLIFF BAYLISS (30s), the ship's big, bullish Deckboss, works the ship's CRANE. He's just lowered a pallet full of frozen bait to the deck.

DECKHAND PETE FRYE (late 20s - wiry, blond, mellow) unhooks the pallet beside a tower of A HUNDRED CRAB POTS (800lb, 6x6x2 steel traps), like giant Legos chained together.

Pete lights a smoke, steps onto the hook for a return trip to the dock. He's in the air before Cliff notices the cigarette.

CLIFF
KNIEVEL. PUT THE SMOKE OUT.

He points at a TRUCK, BEGINNING TO PUMP DIESEL into the ship.

PETE
Dude. My last one.

Cliff smiles enigmatically, toggles the controls. THE CRANE CHANGES DIRECTION, sending Pete over the water.

PETE (CONT'D)
Cliff. Dude.

And Pete is suddenly hanging over the icy, dark water. Cliff lowers him... the water only feet below...

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

PETE (CONT'D)
This ain't funny.

Cliff chuckles as Pete's boots touch water. Pete finally gets some life as he climbs the cable like a cat... still smoking.

EXT. DOCK - CONTINUOUS

Nate shakes his head as he watches them. He grabs his bag -

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

Nate's face tightens as he hears the voice.

EXT. DECK - CONTINUOUS

Reveal CAPTAIN ANN LARSEN (early 30s) coming out of the deckhouse. A control freak with a perpetual frown - Ann is hard as nails, a bit frightening. But leads her men into battle with the toughest of love.

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

WELDER
About done -

Ann finally looks up to the crane - follows the arm to Pete, dangling over the water... still smoking.

ANN
Dammit, Cliff. Be a Deckboss.

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

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

The deckhand dejectedly tosses his smoke to the water.

WELDER
Got your saltwater pumps, crane,
prop shaft. All but the deck cleats-

Ann taps a RUSTED, FATIGUED METAL CLEAT set into the deck beside the tall stack of pots...creaking under the chains.

ANN
Will they last through this trip?

WELDER
Sure...yeah, I mean -

ANN

Then skip it. Can't load pots while
you work on the cleats. Invoice me -

WELDER

You still owe me from the last two -

ANN

You'll get your money.

EXT. SHIP'S DECK - A MOMENT LATER

Nate climbs to the deck - drops his duffel with a THUD. Any sense of nervousness or anxiety we witnessed on the dock is now gone. He's got his war-face on.

CLIFF

Well if it ain't the prodigal son,
here to cut into our shares.

(beat)

Pete, take over for a minute.

Pete eyes Nate skeptically as he moves to the controls.

Cliff moves to Nate. They stand toe to toe - eyes locked. Nate's gaze is stone-cold, this could get ugly.

CLIFF (CONT'D)

Thought Ann was high when she said
you'd be on this trip.

Nate sniffs the air -

NATE

Nice to see you too, Cliff.

CLIFF

I ain't your junior no more. I'm
Deckboss now. You fuck with me,
I'll throw you in the bait chopper.

NATE

You done?

Cliff's eyes flash...Ann approaches, diffuses the tension.

ANN

Cliff. We're running late.

NATE

Missed you at the airport.

Ann keeps moving. Coldly and pointedly ignores Nate as she checks the Welder's work on the launcher.

ANN

Too much to take care of. You got to town on your own, like every other deckhand.

NATE

Right. We should talk through some things. Privately -

ANN

No time.

There's a well-worn dynamic between these siblings. Nate is playing the big brother card and Ann's just cut him down. Ann steps past her big brother - already onto the next thing.

Cliff and Pete share a smug look as Nate clenches his jaw.

ANN (CONT'D)

Where the fuck is Brady?

CLIFF

Meeting us at the bar.

Ann looks at the ship's progress - only a few pots left to load.

OTHER CREWS are getting in trucks and cars, heading to town.

ANN

Fuel topped off?

CLIFF

Yep.

ANN

Then fuck it. To the bar.

EXT. DOCK - A MOMENT LATER

Ann, Pete, Cliff and Nate approach Ann's pickup -

CHET GRIGGS (early 20s) earrings and wispy biker beard, sits on his duffel bag nearby, a wool beanie pulled tight over his head. He's got the gaunt, hopeful look of the desperate...

ANN

I told you we're crewed up. Try the other captains -

GRIGGS

I did.

ANN

Well, then you're fucked.

Pete takes a drag off his smoke - shakes his head at the kid as he shuffles down the dock.

CLIFF

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

Cliff pointedly looks to Nate as they get to the truck.

Ann gets in the truck, followed by Cliff. Nate moves to follow Cliff in, but is cut off by Pete.

PETE

You 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 as he tosses the cigarette away, gets in the truck...

...leaving Nate no choice but to freeze his ass off in the truck bed. Nate's been iced out - literally.

INT. EAGLE'S ROOST - CONTINUOUS

T. REX'S 'CADILLAC' BLARES from an ancient jukebox in the seedy fisherman's bar... a triple-wide trailer on blocks with all the charm of an Elk's Lodge, circa '72.

It's jammed with rowdy, drunk crewmen blowing hard-earned cash the night before a month-long battle with the Bering.

The only women are WAITRESSES, busy fending off groping hands or collecting huge tips as they maneuver trays of drinks.

ACROSS THE BAR, the door opens - REVEALING Cliff, Pete and Ann... followed by Nate. He knows this place well.

They slowly wade through, getting the familiar greetings from OTHER CREWS. As the only female Captain present, even Ann gets some grudging nods of hard-earned respect. Nate gets surprised looks - and not the pleasant kind.

AT THE BAR

The eye of the hurricane... a GROUP OF OLDER CAPTAINS AND DECKHANDS (40s/50s) sit perched on the stools. They focus on the end of the bar... a pile of money between them.

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

AT THE END OF THE BAR - THE MAIN ATTRACTION...

SOL HAVERSHAM (50s) wild-eyed and grizzled (and plastered) slooowly works his 'magic' on BONNIE (40s), a BARTENDER.

A menthol dangles from her lips as she watches Sol struggle to spark his lighter. Drunk or not, everything he does is slow and considered.

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

BONNIE

Get it up, big boy. I got faith.

Sol gets a SPARK... Bonnie uses her lips to angle it towards the flame - tries to help. Montoya nervously bites his nails.

MONTOYA

Don't you dare move those lips.

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

The men are RAPT WITH ANTICIPATION... HE FINALLY CONNECTS.

MONTOYA (CONT'D)

GODDAMMIT, SOL.

GROANS from everyone except TWO CAPTAINS 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 - AS SOL FALLS OFF HIS STOOL.

Nate, Ann, Pete and Cliff make it to the bar where Montoya slaps down every denomination of the dollar to pay his debt.

Nate offers a perfunctory nod to the Captains around the bar. He gets a mix of cold stares and cautious nods in return.

Ann signals Bonnie as she helps Sol to his feet.

ANN

Three Wise Men.

Cliff and Pete whoop it up.

ANN (CONT'D)
 (to the guys)
 We're back at the dock in an hour.
 No bullshit.
 (re: Sol)
 Coffee for the old salt, Bonnie.

Sol lays eyes on Nate.

SOL
 Oh. Hey, Nate.

He gives Nate a sloppy hug. Sol is the only person who's genuinely happy to see Nate.

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

He claps Nate on the shoulder, the friendliest 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 shakes his head, Montoya forgets Nate, looks for the next sucker.

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

Sol paternally claps Nate on the shoulder as EACH GRABS HIS GLASS.

Ann's CELL RINGS. She checks it.

ANN
 Give me a couple minutes.

The men collectively GROAN as Ann sets her glass down and hustles outside, phone already pressed to her ear.

EXT. THE ROOST - PARKING LOT - A MOMENT LATER

Ann paces in the cold parking lot, speaks into the phone. She's patient and tender, different than with the crew.

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

BEHIND HER - unseen by Ann, the door opens, revealing Nate.

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

Nate awkwardly waits for his sister to get off the phone,
 inadvertently listening in on the private conversation.

Ann winces as she listens - turns emotional for an instant.

ANN (CONT'D)
 ...I love you too. Stay warm. I'll
 see you before you know it -

Ann notices Nate - wipes the dew from her eyes as we see her
 go back to 'Coach Ann'. Can't let the crew see her cry.

ANN (CONT'D)
 Honey. Gotta go. Love you too.

She turns back to Nate a she pockets her phone, embarrassed.

NATE
 (brotherly)
 That Dan? How's he doing - ?

ANN
 What do you want?

Nate smiles, frustrated. Biting his tongue to stay civil.

NATE
 I want to clear the air before we
 leave, Ann. There's a lot I need to
 say -

ANN
 Not now.

Nate looks away, calming himself. He's struggling with some
 powerful emotions, doing a good job of reining it in.

Ann, however, is on fire. She's been stewing on this for a
 long while.

He takes a different tack.

NATE

You know... I've seen the letters
from the bank.

ANN

I'm working it out with them -

NATE

They're going to repo the boat.

ANN

What do you care?

NATE

Because it's our boat -

ANN

Fuck off. Do what's natural and
worry about yourself.

NATE

I'm just here to help, Ann -

ANN BARKS A CYNICAL LAUGH.

NATE (CONT'D)

We lose the boat, we lose
everything -

ANN

You've already cost us that.

Ann's eyes burn with anger -

They're suddenly blinded by HIGH BEAMS as a truck skids into
the small gravel lot.

BRADY WILTON (early 20s - 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 pulls his bag from the truck bed and kicks the door. She
POUNDS THE HORN and peels away, PEPPERS them with gravel.

ANN

You alright?

BRADY

I'm fucked.

He shows Ann his hand... so swollen he can't wear a glove.
Brady suddenly notices Nate, eyeing him skeptically -

BRADY (CONT'D)
Nate... what the fuck -

Ann instinctively grabs Brady around the neck.

ANN
That better not be from Sue's face
you piece of shit -

BRADY
Fuck no! You know I wouldn't...
(sheepish)
I punched the fucking door.

Ann lets him go - mind spinning at being one man down.

ANN
Jesus H.

BRADY
I swear I'm good to go -

NATE
Bullshit.

Brady ignores Nate, pleads to Ann.

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

NATE
There is no way in hell you can
work a deck with that hand, Brady.

INT. THE ROOST - MOMENTS LATER

Nate, Ann and Brady (the final crew member) rejoin the rest
at the bar. They raise their glasses and give the required,
and oft repeated toast.

ANN
As my Dad used to say...

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

The men slam their shots... Nate drinks, his eyes drawn to
Brady's swollen hand.

He trades a look with his sister. Her eyes are clear: 'It's not your problem'. She's in charge.

EXT. DUTCH HARBOR - NIGHT

DOZENS OF FISHING VESSELS of various sizes stream out of the bay towards the crab grounds for the start of the season.

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

Light snow blows sideways as they head towards open water.

Nate runs 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 dock ropes.

Griggs, the greenhorn, tries to follow Montoya's lead. He struggles to keep his balance as the ship hits rough water.

Griggs staggers sideways, grips the bulwark for support. Montoya smirks as he watches Griggs slide on the deck ice.

MONTOYA

Lucky for you Brady broke his hand.

Montoya looks ahead where a LIT BUOY bobs in the waves.

MONTOYA (CONT'D)

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

GRIGGS

Why?

PETE

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

Griggs isn't sure if they're 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.

INT. WHEELHOUSE

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

BRADY
C'mon c'mon...

Brady sighs, raising his cast in prayer.

BRADY (CONT'D)
Thank. Fucking. God.

Ann smiles, doesn't slow as she speeds away from Dutch.

EXT. MAGGIE MAY - MAIN DECK

The crew watches the buoy fly past. They all look up to Ann in the wheelhouse. She gives the thumbs up. The men cheer.

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, confused as the rest of the fleet moves away. He looks up to Ann in the wheelhouse window, shakes his head.

INT. WHEELHOUSE - A MOMENT LATER

Nate enters. Ann is alone, at the wheel.

NATE
Where the fuck are you taking us?

ANN
Dad's secret spot.

NATE
Russia? Only time Dad ever went out
there was on a bet.

ANN
(annoyed)
It's virgin fishing -

NATE

It's illegal. Russians don't screw around. We'd be lucky if they don't blow us out of the water.

ANN

If you want off the ship, dive right in.

She turns her back on Nate... PUSHES THE THROTTLE FURTHER FORWARD FOR GOOD MEASURE. The Maggie May surges ahead.

INT. GALLEY - A MOMENT LATER

Nate heads down the stairs from the wheelhouse -

He pauses, staring at the bulkhead behind the table.

REVEAL - A framed photo on the wall... a crew posing on the deck of a less-worn Maggie May. Younger, smiling versions of Nate and Ann flank an OLDER MAN - THEIR FATHER.

Happier times.

Nate stretches his arms across the table. He's trying to calm himself... control his frustration in some privacy.

The ENGINES SURGE AGAIN - a pointed reminder of Ann being on the bridge...

CUT TO:

EXT. MAIN DECK - DAY

A clear day, but a storm on the horizon... 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 Ann 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, Pete coils some rope while Montoya readies a small grappling hook attached to another line.

PETE

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

Griggs says nothing, clings to the rail. Nate approaches - looks to the horizon where ominous clouds are rolling in.

NATE

Think the last two weeks've been snotty?
(points to the horizon)
See those clouds in the distance? Aleutian Gray. That means fifteen, twenty foot swells comin' our way.

MONTOYA

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

He yanks Griggs 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.

He uses a MOTOR-DRIVEN WINCH to haul in the BUOY LINE. TWO BRIGHTLY COLORED BUOYS pop over the rail at the rope's end. The line GOES TAUT as a CRAB POT peeks from the water.

BESIDE MONTOYA, Sol operates the hydraulic CRANE CONTROLS. He swings the long crane arm into position above the pot. Montoya latches the crane's hook to the pot. Sol raises it.

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 a hundred per pot for a couple 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. No whammies...no whammies...

The pot lifts into view... two crabs and some trash fish.

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

MONTOYA
I blame Nate.

Nate glares at him.

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

The pot bangs heavily against the bulwark before thudding onto a slanted launching platform, rail-side. Sol flips a lever, hydraulic clamps LOCK THE HEAVY POT IN for safety.

Cliff swings open a gate on the bottom of the pot. A dozen fish fall into the sorting table in the center of the deck.

MONTOYA (CONT'D)
Ann's confusing herring with opi's.

Pete throws the fish overboard, GULLS vie for the free lunch.

Nate drops the two spindly Opilio crabs through a LARGE OPEN HOLE in the center deck - the WATER-FILLED CRAB TANK.

AT THE WHEELHOUSE WINDOWS - Ann peers down on them.

Cliff holds up two fingers.

INT. WHEELHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Ann stands next to her captain's chair in a cockpit of COMPUTER MONITORS, RADIOS and a HARDWIRED SATELLITE PHONE.

She looks like shit. Twice as bad as her crewmen. She grinds a smoke out in a Red Bull can overfilled with butts.

She looks out the window at Cliff signaling below, grabs the radio mic connected to the main deck's PA system.

ANN
I can count it from here, you
retarded fuck.

ON DECK - Cliff turns his two-fingers into TWO MIDDLE FINGERS.

Ann marks the count in the LOG BOOK... only single digit numbers for weeks. They've been struggling to find the crab.

ANN (CONT'D)
 (into mic)
 Stack it with the rest. We'll pull
 this string and move on.

ANN SLAMS THE MIC DOWN. Scratches her head in frustration.

EXT. MAIN DECK - A MOMENT LATER

The men continue to work as Ann warns them over the P.A.

ANN (O.S.)
 Duck.

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

Griggs is too slow. He loses his footing and SKIDS across the
 deck with the water -

NATE SUDDENLY GRABS HIS ARM - saves Griggs from a
 concussion... and possibly being washed over.

Griggs stands as the water recedes. Cliff LAUGHS with glee.

CLIFF
 Suck it up, Skidmark.

Griggs staggers back to the pot, REVEALING 'SKIDMARK' in
 SHARPIE across his back - a new nickname.

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 (CONT'D)
 (growing impatience)
 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 Cliff down a beat. 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. Cliff and Nate guide it to the mostly empty stack of twenty towering near the bow.

Griggs is visibly upset by Cliff's abuse. Nate approaches.

NATE

Better a nickname than goin' for a swim.

Nate winks and gets back to working the pot with Cliff. A SWELL ROCKS THE SHIP, shakes the pot from their grip.

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

NATE (CONT'D)

Whoa -

He looks to Sol, who looks nearly as scared.

SOL

You okay?!

INT. SHIP'S GALLEY - LATER

BELOW DECK a cramped kitchen with the amenities of an RV. Braced shelves filled with cans of tuna... and nothing else.

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

Brady preps a line of TUNA SANDWICHES, his cast is covered in graffiti and SMEARED with food. It's amazing that the guy can even prep food as the floor undulates.

Nearby, Nate, Cliff, Sol and Montoya lounge in a vinyl u-shaped booth, exhausted in their sweat-soaked thermals. They hold their coffees over a table as the ship rides swells.

CLIFF

Let's go. Starving over here.

NATE

You're not sick of this shit yet?

Brady drops the unappetizing sandwiches on the table.

MONTOYA

Hmmm... the Sue Special.

BRADY

Shut your trap.

MONTOYA

What? I hear your girlfriend's got
the best fish tacos around.

Cliff laughs, spits up chunks of tuna. Nate avoids the sight.

BRADY

Fuck you both.

Nate reaches for a sandwich, sniffs it with distaste.

BRADY (CONT'D)

Get used to it. It's all we've got.

Sol indifferently takes a bite of his sandwich.

SOL

Nothing wrong with tuna.

BRADY

Right. You and Montoya bought the
first thing you saw so you could go
get wasted while everyone else was
prepping to leave.

Ann interrupts the moment as she exits the head (restroom).

PETE

You hungry? You can have mine.

Ann cringes as she reaches for the coffee pot instead.

ANN

I'm fine. I'll relieve Griggs and
then we're back to it.

Exhausted GROANS all around.

ANN (CONT'D)

Storm's moving in. We need to bring
the rest of the gear up before we
lose it under the ice-pack.

(beat)

Eat. Then back on deck.

Ann retreats up the stairs to the wheelhouse. Nate looks to
the rest of the guys - THEY'RE EXHAUSTED.

MONTOYA

(grumbles)

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

Nate leaves the booth, follows Ann upstairs.

INT. WHEELHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Griggs is in the captain's chair. Body rigid as he white-knuckles the JOG LEVER (THROTTLE) and STEERING CONTROLS.

ANN

Relax. If you've got her headed into the swells, you're fine.

Griggs nods gratefully as Ann resumes control.

ANN (CONT'D)

Go and eat before it's gone. Need you back on deck in five.

Nate hovers uncomfortably at the stairwell as Ann retakes her seat. SLEET AND SPRAY lashes the windows as the seas worsen.

Griggs notes the tension between the siblings as he leaves.

REVEAL computer flat-screens that Ann begins checking.

ON ONE SCREEN - A WEATHER MAP: to the north - A GIANT MOVING MASS OF ODD-SHAPED BLOCKS... like a wall of bricks. It's the ice pack, moving down from the Arctic Circle.

ANN (CONT'D)

Get below. Finish your dinner.

NATE

We need sleep. We're getting sloppy-

ANN

Thought you loved long shifts.

Nate ignores the comment.

NATE

There's gonna be a bad accident -

Ann laughs, mocking Nate.

ANN

You are the accident expert.

Nate bites his tongue - tries to stay on point.

NATE

I'm not sure we should've dropped a hundred pots anywhere this far west. We put all our eggs in one basket.

(no response from Ann)

(MORE)

NATE (CONT'D)

We've been out here for two weeks
and haven't even seen any Russians.

ANN

Thought we'd get lucky, for once -

NATE

Besides the risk, it's probably why
Dad hadn't been here since '96.

ANN

Fine. I take the blame. Doesn't
matter. Still need to pick up those
pots or the ice'll be busting buoys
left and right. I don't have sixty
grand to replace them. Do you?

Nate's silent.

ANN (CONT'D)

It's been non-stop five years of
digging us out of the goddamned
money pit you dragged us all into.
(beat)
You truly fucked us all.

NATE

You're right. I fucked up.

She's silent, taken aback by Nate's admission... and the real
emotion on his face.

NATE (CONT'D)

But, you've got nothing to prove -

Ann's anger finally boils over.

ANN

I'm trying to keep us in business,
Nate. You really think I want to be
Captain? You know what kind of shit
I had to wade through to get these
assholes to respect me? You gave me
no fucking choice.

(beat)

You think I'm doing such a shit
job? Without me stepping in, this
business would've been dead the day
you hit the cell block.

Nate can no longer hold back, the raw emotion spills out.

NATE
You don't think I know how much I
let you all down?

Ann won't look at him.

Nate deflates.

NATE (CONT'D)
I know I can help fix this.

ANN
Get out of my wheelhouse.

Ann doesn't bother looking up from her computer screen -

INT. GALLEY - CONTINUOUS

Griggs sits with the men as they shovel food in their maws.
It's obvious they've been listening to the siblings argue.

CLIFF
(smirks)
Sounds like Big Bro just got put in
his place.

GRIGGS
Jesus. You all treat him like shit.

PETE
Nate's a fuck up -

CLIFF
Just like you, Griggs.

Nate goes down the stairs, pauses a beat to shoot Pete a
withering look... heads for the equipment room.

Pete and Cliff react - caught in the act of talking shit.

Sol shakes his head at the turn of conversation.

SOL
You're a bunch of teenage girls.

Cliff ignores Sol, turns angry and emotional as he explains
to Griggs.

CLIFF
Back in the day, Nate and his Dad
were trading trips as Captain.
(MORE)

CLIFF (CONT'D)

So Nate's at the helm for this last trip.

Montoya smiles at the memories -

MONTOYA

Nate was good. But George was a living legend. So, Nate always had something to fucking prove -

CLIFF

So, on this last trip, Nate gets a bug up his ass to break George's record haul. Starts pushing us all. Too hard. For weeks we grind up and down the Bering...

Pete and Montoya shake their heads at the miserable memories.

CLIFF (CONT'D)

Finally, one night... karma finally catches up with him. He's overtired-

PETE

(pointedly)

And don't forget, tweaking on some shit to stay awake -

CLIFF

He hits a swell wrong. Boom. Rolls us off St. Paul's...

Montoya nods solemnly, staring into his coffee.

MONTOYA

Killed his own dad.

Montoya points to the photo above the table... the OLDER MAN between Nate and Ann.

GRIGGS

Shit.

CLIFF

Pete lost a finger. We all went into the water, hypothermic to a man.

Griggs absorbs this unsavory fate.

CLIFF (CONT'D)

Poor old George got trapped in the engine room. Nate tried to get him out, but it was hopeless.

Montoya crosses himself.

CLIFF (CONT'D)

Moral of the story: Only person that matters to Nate is Nate. Don't trust him.

MONTOYA

Bad mojo for sure.

Sol clears his throat, forgotten at the end of the table.

SOL

Fuck you and your mojo. I've known the Larsen kids longer than you've been diddling your wee trouser snakes. I also knew George back when he was becoming that legendary badass... Nate was and is definitely a chip off the old block in every sense of the phrase.

(looks to Griggs)

I was on board that night. Nate made a mistake. It's fishing. It's dangerous. But, ever a man you wanted watching your back, it's Nate Larsen.

INT. WHEELHOUSE - SAME

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

But Ann isn't focusing on that... Instead, her eyes are glued to her monitor. She brings up a new map on the screen.

A RADIO SUDDENLY COMES TO LIFE WITH A 'VHF' BROADCAST. It's a modulated, text-to-voice National Weather Service bot.

AUTOMATED FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

WEATHER. ALERT. TO-NIGHT THROUGH TOMORROW. SEVERE STORM WARNING. ICING CONDITIONS -

EXT. BERING SEA - LATER

The storm bears down with full-force. Thick snow descends on the ship as it PLOWS through the white caps. SODIUM LIGHTS create a surreal ORANGE CURTAIN OF SNOW across the deck.

VISIBLE IN THE DISTANCE... the field of broken 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.

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, luckily grabs the wire-railing to stay aboard.

EXT. MAIN DECK - CONTINUOUS

Cliff watches Griggs, GROANS at the kid's ineptitude.

EXT. WHEELHOUSE ROOF - CONTINUOUS

Griggs lifts the axe to smite the ice around a THERMOS-SIZED YELLOW canister: AN EPIRB: Emergency Position Indicating Radio Beacon.

EXT. MAIN DECK - CONTINUOUS

Cliff panics at the sight. He SCREAMS up to the greenhorn, runs towards the wheelhouse.

CLIFF

What the fuck are you doing?!

Griggs can't hear...SLIPS on the ice, stalling an axe strike -

AT THE HYDRAULICS

Sol guides the latest empty pot, positioning it above A STACK OF POTS NOW TOWERING THREE-STORIES ABOVE THE ROLLING DECK, nearly obscuring the bow from view -

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

He avoids the SWINGING POT as the SHIP DIPS INTO A HUGE TROUGH BETWEEN THIRTY-FOOT WAVES. He rides it out, gets a bird's eye view of the WATER SWAMPING THE BOW.

It's been five years, but it's just like riding a bike. This is what Nate was born to do and he loves being out here.

EXT. WHEELHOUSE ROOF - CONTINUOUS

Cliff appears at the top of the ladder, surprising Griggs.

CLIFF
Griggs. Goddammit.

Cliff pulls the axe from his hands and points to the EPIRB.

CLIFF (CONT'D)
That leaves the roof, U.S. Coast
Guard will start trying to search
and rescue our asses and everyone
will know we're in illegal waters.

He shoves Griggs towards the ladder.

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

Ann's voice BOOMS from the P.A. System.

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

Cliff and Griggs brace themselves for the five-story wave.

EXT. STACK - CONTINUOUS

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

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

The Maggie May levels out... erasing the object from sight. Nate starts waving frantically from his perch -

NATE
Man overboard! Man overboard!

EXT. WHEELHOUSE ROOF - CONTINUOUS

Cliff can't hear what Nate's screaming over the NOISE.

CLIFF
Come on. What the fuck is it now?

ON THE MAIN DECK

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

INT. WHEELHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Ann rips open a fresh pack of cigarettes as she notices that work has halted. She gets on the P.A.

ANN

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

ON THE DECK BELOW - Nate is POINTING into the distant water.

ANN (CONT'D)

For fuck's sake...

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

EXT. WHEELHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Ann calls out over the wind as snow coats her face and hair.

ANN

What?!

NATE

There's a raft out there!

Nate points into the distance as A SERIES OF WAVES HITS. The men collectively react... the mood switches on a dime.

ANN

All eyes on the water!

Ann runs back into the wheelhouse as the crew switches gears.

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. They home in on-

A BRIGHT ORANGE, CANOPIED LIFE RAFT. It's big, capable of holding eight people... and it's sinking in the water. STENCILED ON ITS SIDE: RUSSIAN CYRILLIC...unseen by the crew.

INT. WHEELHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Brady stands beside Ann as she maneuvers towards the raft.

BRADY

No word on any ships going down?

Ann shakes her head 'no', she's tense.

BRADY (CONT'D)

You'd think the Russian Navy'd be
on that raft's beacon in a
heartbeat if a ship had gone down -

ANN

Brady, please.

EXT. SHIP'S DECK - CONTINUOUS

Nate finishes expertly zipping himself into a RED SURVIVAL SUIT: a 'dry' suit designed for survival in cold water. It covers every part of his body - including his face.

Sol assists Cliff as he struggles to put his on ...

BOTH MEN HAVE SAFETY LINES AROUND THEIR WAISTS.

ANN (O.S.)

Raft's starboard. Any sign of life?

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

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

ANN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Watch it.

Cliff tries to hide his fear as he takes a few shaky, deep breaths - prepares himself for the freezing, turbulent water.

NATE

Wait for the crest, if you jump
into the trough you'll get crushed.
I'll go first, then follow my lead.

Cliff listens, waits it out as Nate grabs a rope from Sol.

IN THE WATER - A MOMENT LATER

The sagging raft rides the wave - bucks up against the side of the ship, its roof draped over the interior compartment.

Nate SPLASHES into the water next to the raft... uses the rope to tie the raft off. Nate gives the THUMBS UP TO SOL...

And is nearly swamped by the SINKING RAFT as a WAVE shoves it against the ship, pins him between the raft and the hull.

ON THE SHIP'S DECK

Sol tosses the line, now tied to the raft, to Montoya 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, Nate nearly hyperventilates as he struggles to get a look under the canopy of the raft...

INT. RAFT - CONTINUOUS

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

He sees TWO MEN IN SURVIVAL SUITS, faces obscured by the suits' masks. They're laying in a growing pool of icy water.

NATE

Can you hear me?

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

EXT. SHIP'S DECK - CONTINUOUS

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

NATE

Two. One alive! Throw me a line.

Cliff throws A LINE down to Nate -

INT. RAFT - A MOMENT LATER

Nate TIES THE LINE UNDER THE BREATHING MAN'S ARMS... tries to yank him out of the raft, but the floor is sinking.

Nate pulls harder, but realizes MORE ROPE is tangled around the unconscious men, attached to their suits. The ropes lead to SMALL METAL LOCKBOXES...a dozen of them are submerged, the weight pulling the floor even further into the frigid water.

NATE

Shit.

The seconds tick closer to being pulled under with the raft.

INT. WHEELHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Ann looks out her window, frantic. She gets back on the P.A.

ANN

(into mic)

Get Nate out of there!

ON THE DECK BELOW

In his own dry suit, Cliff dives to the water to help Nate.

INT. RAFT - CONTINUOUS

Nate struggles with the unconscious man as Cliff appears -

NATE

They're wrapped up in line -

ANOTHER WAVE CRUSHES THE RAFT - CATAPULTING THE FOUR OF THEM INTO THE SIDE OF THE SHIP.

NATE(CONT'D) (CONT'D)

Goddammit.

THE RAFT IS RAPIDLY FILLING WITH FREEZING WATER.

EXT. SHIP'S DECK - CONTINUOUS

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

Pete and Sol pull on Nate and Cliff's safety lines...

THE SHIP BUCKS AGAINST A THIRTY FOOT WAVE... 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 weather gear. He desperately grabs at the rail. No dice.

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

IN THE WHEELHOUSE

Ann anxiously watches the water recede... as the men slowly recover from the dousing... BUT PETE'S DISAPPEARED.

ANN

Oh no.

BRADY

What?

Ann immediately begins turning the ship. SHE GETS ON THE P.A.

ANN

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 Montoya looks to the CRANE ARM - HANGING ABOVE THE SCENE...

Nate and Cliff are in danger of sinking to the bottom with the raft.

Montoya 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 Nate and Cliff trapped inside.

The heavy fabric BENDING and BOWING from the weight within.

IN THE DECKHOUSE

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

Ann slows the engines, turns the ship around. She glances up at a clock... the precious seconds since Pete went overboard. Her face is etched with worry as things slip towards chaos.

ON DECK

Montoya drops the sagging raft to the deck with a CRASH. Nate and Cliff pull themselves out.

Nate and Cliff see Griggs and Sol staring into the water -

NATE
What happened?

SOL
Pete's gone over.

CLIFF
For fuck's sake.

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

BEHIND THEM - Nate looks to the two men inside the raft.

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. He produces his knife, uses it to slice part of the roof away - exposing the two men inside, tangled in ropes... AMID A DOZEN METAL LOCKBOXES - JAPANESE MARKINGS ON THEIR SIDES.

CUT TO:

INT. GALLEY - MOMENTS LATER

Griggs drags the UNCONSCIOUS MAN from the raft to the booth.

Brady is pulling the mask off his RAFT MATE. The man's eyes are clouded by death... TEAR DROP TATTOOS are now visible.

BRADY
This one's gone.

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

BRADY (CONT'D)
Strip him.

Griggs hesitates for a moment as -

Brady opens a bin, pulls 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!

INT. WHEELHOUSE - SAME

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

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

EXT. MAIN DECK - CONTINUOUS

Sol shakes his head sadly.

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 IT.

BRADY
Russians.

The barely conscious Russian begins shivering intensely.

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

GRIGGS
Fuck that.

BRADY
Goddammit. Help me 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

Ann nervously runs a hand through her hair, dread plastered
across her face.

ANN
Christ.

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

ANN (CONT'D)
(into the mic)
Sol, take the wheel.

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

INT. GALLEY - CONTINUOUS

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

He and Griggs look to Ann.

BRADY

Pete?

Ann shakes her head. Brady deflates.

Ann immediately focusses on the bundled stranger.

ANN

Any I.D.?

BRADY

Nada.

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. Means he'll snuff anyone out for a price.

They look at Griggs in surprise.

ANN

How the fuck do you know?

GRIGGS

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

Ann and Brady share a look.

BRADY

We need to get these guys off our hands.

Ann nods. 'No shit.'

ANN

When we get back to U.S. waters.

(beat)

And I'll have to 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 scans the turbulent water... but there's almost zero visibility as the snow comes down even harder.

Montoya shrugs helplessly.

CLIFF

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

MONTOYA

We're in Russian waters. We're not even supposed to be here.

(beat)

Cliff. He's already gone -

CLIFF

The fuck he is -

He moves towards Montoya, threatening. A ball of emotion.

Nate gets in between them, tries to calm Cliff.

NATE

Cliff -

CLIFF

Of course you agree with him.

Cliff spins around, looks back to the water -

CLIFF (CONT'D)

Goddammit.

Montoya shares a look with Nate before he climbs the stack to continue the search.

Nate moves to follow Montoya, passes the SHREDDED RAFT.

A BRIGHT GLINT AMONG THE STRANGE METAL BOXES CATCHES HIS EYE THROUGH THE FALLING SNOW.

He kneels down to inspect a box... opens one.

ANGLE ON HIS EYES as they widen with surprise.

NATE

(sotto)

Holy shit.

INT. GALLEY - SAME

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

It's coming from the DEAD RUSSIAN (teardrops) 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 GALLEY FLOOR.

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

ANN

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

Ann, you gotta see this -

ANN

Not now.

NATE

No. Seriously.

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

And stops cold. Staring at this object, eyes suddenly wide.

BEHIND THEM

Unseen by everyone, the living 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.

THE STORM SEEMS TO HAVE MOVED ON FOR NOW... the waters have calmed, somewhat.

No one seems to care though - as they all stare down at:

ALL OF THE OLIVE-DRAB, RUSTED LOCK BOXES.

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 Ann, their leader, she's nervous - still focusing on piloting the ship 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 -

NATE

Who's watching the Russian?

Nate's focus is far from the money.

BRADY
... the guy's unconscious -

NATE
Go down and tie him up.

BRADY
He's half-dead, man -

NATE
Just do it.

BRADY
Don't tell me what to do -

ANN
He's right. Tie him up.

Brady hesitates, preferring to stare at the loot.

ANN (CONT'D)
Brady. Do it.

Brady sulks as he sets the found pistol down -

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

BRADY
Montoya, I swear to God -

ANN
Now.

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

CLOSE ON THE STAMP - Japanese characters...

MONTOYA
...Chinese?

NATE
Japanese.

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

MONTOYA
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 Ann.

NATE
I know how tempting this is. But we
need to get this mess off our
hands. There's too many strings
attached.
(beat)
We got two dead men -

CLIFF
One missing.

Montoya shakes his head. Cliff stares him down.

NATE

Right. One missing.

(beat)

One dead... and another near dead
and a load of stolen loot. This is
fucked.

Ann's frantically running her hand through her hair as she
chains another smoke. On the verge of panic as she
contemplates it all.

NATE (CONT'D)

Ann?

ANN

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

She SHOVES THE THROTTLE TOGGLE all the way forward.

The ship VIBRATES as the ENGINES ROAR.

ANN (CONT'D)

That's five hours.

CLIFF

And Pete - ?

ANN

We report it all in five hours.

Cliff reacts, but Ann shuts him down.

ANN (CONT'D)

Cliff. I loved Pete like family.
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 Russian? 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.

Ann stares out the window at the water.

Nate looks to her, but Ann 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.

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 the group.

NATE

You all can't be agreeing with this shit...

ANN

Maybe they've got a point.

Nate's shocked.

NATE

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

ANN

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

Cliff acknowledges it with a 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're 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.

Ann breaks it up.

ANN

Jesus. All of you, calm down.

MONTOYA

What do we do?

Ann hesitates. She doesn't really know the answer.

CLIFF

Maybe we just put them back in their raft...

Ann 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 Russian's, reversed.

The Russian's eyes open once more -

STARING STRAIGHT INTO BRADY'S EYES.

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

Brady has unwittingly helped the Russian create a garrote.

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

The rope SCISSORS ACROSS BRADY'S NECK. His face turns purple... he claws helplessly at the rough rope as the Russian pulls 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 killing him?

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

SOL

I don't care who he is. It's the rule of the sea. We need to get him medical attention.

Ann taps a lockbox with her foot.

ANN

But, this is mighty tempting.

Sol's not swayed.

ANN (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.

MONTOYA

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

NATE

We shouldn't do this.

CLIFF

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

Nate ignores him.

NATE

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.

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?

Ann, Cliff and Montoya look unsure.

NATE (CONT'D)

Thought so. You have no idea what it's like to murder someone.

He stares at Montoya.

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.

MONTOYA

That's right. He's a murderer.

SOL

We're not judge and jury.

GRIGGS

Why the hell not? 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 Ann. What's her decision?

ANN

No.
 (beat)
 Not yet.

NATE

Not yet?! -

ANN

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 Ann pushes the throttle further forward, nearly red-lining the engines.

Ann looks at Montoya, Cliff and Griggs.

ANN (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.

MONTTOYA

Brady?

Montoya sees two feet sticking out of the galley booth.

He approaches the booth cautiously, sees Brady's lifeless body slumped against the cushions. 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 the other Russian.

MONTTOYA (CONT'D)

Goddammit.

INT. DECK HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The crew's equipment room. Orange slickers, pants, boots, gloves, hats and HAND-AXES sway from hooks with the ship's motion.

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.

ANN

What?

MONTOYA

Brady's dead.

A LONG SILENCE.

NATE

Where's the Russian?

MONTOYA

Gone.

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

She chambers a round, puts it in her waistband as she looks to Nate.

ANN

This guy's made the decision for us.

Nate reluctantly nods - Ann's right.

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

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

CLOSE ON THE SHIP'S BLUEPRINT on the aft (rear) sections of the ship - laying out the wheelhouse and living quarters.

She points to it for Griggs' benefit.

ANN (CONT'D)

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

Griggs nods as Ann points out each location.

ANN (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, it's a goddam ship. This guy
can't have gone that far.

CLIFF

Shut up and listen.

NATE

This ship was a World War II Oiler.
She's over 200 feet long. Lots of
unused space below to hide in. You
get lost, we may never find you.

Ann looks at her crew as she points to the map... everyone starting their search at the back of the ship.

ANN

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...pushing the ice further south through the Bering Sea.

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 Ann's ring of keys to open A GUN SAFE over her desk -

REVEALING a single SHOTGUN and a PISTOL.

GRIGGS
That's all we've got?

CLIFF
We're fishermen, not mercs, moron.

GRIGGS
Who gets the guns then?

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

MONTOYA
What? No, man... Coast Guard
Reserves, for a minute. I can clean
my boots and stuff -

CLIFF
Good enough.

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

Nate can't believe this is happening.

Cliff pockets the pistol and 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 passes through the galley, slows as he focusses on Brady's dead body - laying across from the Dead Russian.

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 over the door: ENGINE ROOM.

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

INT. WHEELHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Nate comes up the stairs, surprising Ann who's securing the lockboxes. She turns her gun on Nate.

ANN

Jesus.

Nate puts his hands up as Ann puts it back in her waistband.

NATE

We need to call the Guard. Now.

ANN

We can't -

NATE

Russian or American, I don't give a fuck. But we've got a killer on the ship that we may or may not be able to take care of ourselves -

ANN

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

(beat)

(MORE)

ANN (CONT'D)

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

NATE

As long as I live to see Spring.

ANN

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.

NATE

(sotto)

Fuck this -

Nate goes for the radio... but Ann shoves him back.

The siblings square off, ready to fight if necessary as -

The PHONE BUZZES... BUZZES AGAIN as Ann and Nate stare each other down -

Ann finally reaches up, grabs the PHONE.

ANN

(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.

Ann absorbs it in silence for a beat, the phone still pressed to her ear.

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

EERIE BLUE, BATTERY POWERED EMERGENCY LIGHTS FLICKER ON.

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

ANN

Fuck me. He's in the engine room.

Both Ann 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 siblings pause to stare at it -

NATE

GPS.

Ann barely reacts.

NATE (CONT'D)

He's slowing us down so his friends can catch up.

(beat)

And how long you think he's been in the water? A few days...? Who knows how close they are.

A beat as Ann tries to process this new wrinkle.

NATE (CONT'D)

Ann. We should've called in the fucking cavalry.

Ann absorbs what he's saying... but shakes her head, 'no', as she takes the GPS device and -

SMASHES it with the butt of the pistol.

ANN

Doesn't matter now. We'll outrun 'em. It's worth the risk.

NATE

I hope you're right.

INT. GALLEY - CONTINUOUS

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

GRIGGS (O.S.)
Shit -

We hear a WET THUD...

THE BLUE EMERGENCY LIGHTING KICKS ON -

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

The ship rolls as he attempts to stand -

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

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

REVEAL CLIFF holding the light, accompanied by Montoya.

GRIGGS (CONT'D)
What happened?

CLIFF
Power's out, you tampon.

MONTOYA
Christ, that's nasty.

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

GRIGGS
Get that shit out of my face.

ANN (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...

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 he attempts to illuminate the STRANGE SHADOWS and the cubby holes where the Russian could be hiding.

Sol finds himself at the end of one of the TWO 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

Ann rushes towards the ENGINE ROOM with the aid of a battery-powered lantern. Nate, Cliff and Montoya follow closely.

ANN

He's in the engine room. We'll trap him down there.

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.

Ann's face turns even more grim.

ANN

...one of the engines is down.

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 hand-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 hand-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 against the OVERHEATING ENGINE. CRUNCH.

Sol slowly pulls himself up, braces himself on the hot 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 CRACK.

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

Blood STREAMS from his face... he's dazed.

The Russian picks his hand-axe from the dirty floor -

He holds Sol at bay as he hisses under the noise, his face filled with rage -

RUSSIAN
(subtitled)
Gold... diamonds. Where the fuck is
it?

Sol doesn't understand, incomprehension in his eyes.

The Russian growls in frustration.

SOL
Fuck you.

This, the Russian understands.

The Russian SWINGS THE FILTHY HAND-AXE into Sol's belly...
RIPS UPWARD... eye to eye with Sol.

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

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

Ann shouts over the engine noise.

ANN
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 door's open, the inside WIRING SLASHED AND SHREDDED.

NATE
Panel's cooked.

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

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

MONTOYA
Oh man...

Montoya, Ann, 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 Ann and the others to see the deep wound.

CLIFF
Ah Jesus.

NATE
Where is he?

Sol nods toward the MAINTENANCE CORRIDOR.

SOL
I think the fucker really wants his gold.

Sol passes out as Nate 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.

ANN
Shut up and focus.
(beat)
FUCK.

The wheels have officially come off.

Ann's scrambling - she suddenly looks to Nate, her big brother, for guidance.

This is a big moment. Ann knows she's really out of her depth.

Nate nods, a silent exchange between them. Ann is clearly looking for his help.

NATE

We can still get this under control.

(beat)

Here's what we're dealing with...he gets far enough forward, he could open the saltwater pumps, flood the ship. Who knows what else.

(beat)

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

(beat)

We need to trap him in between.

He looks to Montoya.

NATE (CONT'D)

Montoya, you take the top deck, 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. Last thing we need 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.

ANN

What are you waiting on?

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

NATE

You'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.

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

CLIFF

Shit man, he needs a hospital -

Ann ignores him, looks towards the shredded electrical box.

ANN

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

Cliff gets in Ann's face, officially panicking.

CLIFF

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

ANN

What the hell do you want from me?
He's fucked up. I'm trying to make
sure we all get out of this alive -

CLIFF

We're not talking about cutting
fucking dead loss. Sol isn't some
rotten crab stinkin' up the tank -

Ann grabs Cliff by the throat, shoves him against the
bulkhead...

ANN

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. Got it?

NATE

Hey -

Nate pulls Ann off Cliff.

ANN
YOU WANTED TO BE DECKBOSS SO BAD?
ACT LIKE ONE.

Cliff is cold and stubborn, he looks to Nate.

CLIFF
We should've called for help.

Ann looks between Cliff and Nate... the ship HEAVING around them.

ANN
That ain't happening. Power's out
anyway. We can't call anyone. We
need to fix this ourselves or go
down swingin'.

Cliff won't budge.

Ann finally looks to Sol.

ANN (CONT'D)
Take Sol to the galley. Then get
down here to help me fix this shit.
One engine ain't gonna keep us
clear of the weather and ice.

Cliff doesn't acknowledge her. Ann maintains her iron grip.

ANN (CONT'D)
Get your head straight.

Cliff finally nods.

Ann looks to Nate.

ANN (CONT'D)
I need to get the damn hose.
(beat)
Find that fucker and kill him.

Ann moves past Nate and Cliff, leaves the engine room... and leaves them to reassess one another.

Cliff waits until Ann is out of earshot before turning to Nate.

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

Nate shakes his head.

NATE
Sat phone needs power like
everything else on the ship. No
juice, no phone.

CLIFF
Fucking Sol. I've known the guy
longer than I knew my own dad...

Nate nods in empathy... then it hits him.

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

Cliff calms slightly.

NATE (CONT'D)
I'll take care of the Russian, you
take care of Sol then go for the
EPIRB.

Cliff nods.

NATE (CONT'D)
Do it as soon as you can. Who knows
how long it'll take help to get out
here.

Cliff nods again, moves to get Sol...

...as Nate heads for the pitch black maintenance corridor.

INT. DECKHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

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

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

He mumbles to himself as he prepares to head outside.

MONTOYA

(sotto)

...Coast Guard Reserve coming to
beat your commie ass...

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.

INT. MAINTENANCE CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Nate'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 ROLLS with a swell -

Causing Nate 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 PRESSURIZED SEAWATER FOR THE CRAB TANKS.

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

Nate shouts in frustration -

NATE

Shit.

He bends to pick up the flashlight...

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

Nate freezes, scared shitless.

INT. GALLEY - MOMENTS LATER

Under 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.

Sol's BREATHING IS RAGGED - it catches as he looks to Brady's dead body on the floor.

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

CLIFF

Keep it pressed tight, we'll get you some help soon.

Sol's unconvinced.

SOL

Yeah, right.

EXT. BERING SEA - CONTINUOUS

The Maggie May limps away from the encroaching ice. SWELLS battling 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.

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 keeps his mouth shut, but doesn't look happy about it.

CLIFF (CONT'D)

Eyes front, fuck-face.

Griggs' looks to the stacked gold for motivation to focus on the task at hand.

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

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

CUT TO:

INT. MAINTENANCE CORRIDOR - SAME

Nate 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

Nate 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.

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

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

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

Nate 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.

Nate 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, Nate's head illuminated by his flashlight slides into view, hovering eerily in a sea of blackness.

Nate's heart races, his breath quickens as the ship's superstructure CREAKS and GROANS against the waves.

With every reverberating STEEL POP, Nate 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.

Nate 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 AT THE FRONT OF THE SHIP -

A small angular room - the collision bulkhead and a wider open space around a metal ladder to the upper deck.

Nate inches forward -

CUT TO:

EXT. MAIN DECK - SAME

Montoya cautiously makes his way 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 shotgun aimed ahead.

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.

He whips around, ready to fire...

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

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

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

CUT TO:

INT. ENGINE ROOM - SAME

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

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

ANN

Jesus.

She grabs a TOOL BELT from the wall, chock full of SCREWDRIVERS AND WRENCHES. Slings it over her shoulder as she wades into the problem.

CUT TO:

EXT. WHEELHOUSE ROOF - SAME

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

BEHIND HIM - the Bering Sea plunges up and down 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 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, cold 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

Nate 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

Ann is jolted sideways, crashes hard into the overheated engine as spare parts come crashing down 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.

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 and onto the deck.

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 hand-axe and swings...

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

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

OTHER BRITTLE CHAINS BREAK FREE...

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

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

He struggles to pull himself out of the saltwater tank.

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

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

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

With a loud PING, the cleat rips free - sending the final chain 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 race toward him, sliding 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 briefly 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.

He spots CLIFF'S PISTOL IN HIS BELT.

Griggs rights himself, then uses the distraction to catch Cliff off-guard.

In one fluid motion, Griggs goes for the pistol, gets a hand on it as -

Cliff spins, grabs Griggs' hand - the gun goes skidding across the roof... ITS GRIP GETS CAUGHT ON A RAILING POST.

Cliff goes for the gun - Griggs seizes the opportunity...

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 off 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.

Griggs spots Cliff's gun still hung up on the railing post. He pockets it, then 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

Ann pulls herself from the floor as COLD WATER pools at her feet.

She sprints through the water, SLOSHING her way forward down the Maintenance Corridor... toolbelt slung over her shoulder as she 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 the top half of Montoya's mangled corpse rests somewhere inside.

THE RUSSIAN PICKS UP THE STRAY SHOTGUN -

BOOM - BOOM.

BULLETS RICOCHET AROUND HIM.

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

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

The shots are surprisingly close given the rough seas.

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

Nate fearlessly stalks towards the Russian.

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 exterior ladder as the GUNSHOTS echo.

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

EXT. MAIN DECK - CONTINUOUS

Nate 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.

Nate lets off another wild round - STRIKING THE WHEELHOUSE GLASS.

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 to THE GALLEY.

EXT. MAIN DECK - CONTINUOUS

Nate 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, Ann struggles through the water... SHIVERS in the cold.

The ENGINE NOISE and RUSHING WATER make her oblivious to the gunfight above.

She shakes her head 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 -

NATE APPEARS AT THE TOP OF THE STAIRS

BOOM - BOOM - Nate and the Russian FIRE SIMULTANEOUSLY.

Nate misses by a mile... but the wood paneling beside his head EXPLODES IN SPLINTERS.

Nate 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 smiles mysteriously, starts SOFTLY CHUCKLING.

He pulls himself to his feet. His shotgun is loosely trained on the corridor entrance, at Nate's hiding spot, as he looks behind him at the cold, dead body of his companion.

Then to Sol, gasping for breath - HIS EYES LIKE DAGGERS.

The Russian smiles as he moves over to Sol... JABS his seeping belly wound with the shotgun barrel.

Sol GROANS IN PAIN.

SOL
... should've killed you in the
first place.

Sol weakly bats the barrel away. The Russian only smiles, condescending.

Nate 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

Nate wastes no time in PULLING THE TRIGGER...

CLICK. CLICK. CLICK.

The Russian slowly turns, favoring his good leg.

Nate PULLS THE TRIGGER AGAIN out of desperation. CLICK.

The Russian winks, indicates the useless gun in Nate's hand.

RUSSIAN (CONT'D)
(subtitled)
My gun. I used half the clip for
the loot.

Nate is frozen in place.

RUSSIAN (CONT'D)
(subtitled)
Where is it?

He raises the shotgun to Nate's head.

NATE
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 Nate's forehead.

Sol watches the exchange. Desperately wishing he could do something... PAIN AND FRUSTRATION flash through his eyes.

THE SHIP ROCKS UNDER A FRESH SWELL OF WAVES...

Nate and the Russian maintain their balance. SOL 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 BRADY'S KNIFE. He grabs it.

NATE
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 Nate's forehead.

Nate just starts to dodge as - BOOOOOOM.

ON THE FLOOR - Sol has slashed at the Russian's exposed ankle, EMBEDDING the knife in his Achilles tendon. It SNAPS AUDIBLY.

WE WATCH AS THE LIGAMENT AND MUSCLE RETRACT UP THE MAN'S LEG.

The Russian COLLAPSES to the floor beside -

Nate, GROANING through his own pain... gingerly holding the bloody hole that was once his right ear.

Nate 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 knife still protruding from the Russian's ankle.

Nate gets the upper hand, rolling on top of the Russian.

Nate puts all his weight on the shotgun, a bar across the Russian's throat.

The Russian's eyes bulge, filling with blood as he loses the fight...

...THE RUSSIAN FINDS HIMSELF STARING AT BRADY'S DEAD EYES...

He turns his head as he struggles to pull the KNIFE from his own ankle... but he's slowly losing strength.

The Russian GASPS and GURGLES as Nate presses harder, eyes wide, SCREAMING MANIACALLY in the killer's face.

And then with a SICKENING CRUNCH the Russian STOPS STRUGGLING. His hand only inches from the knife still embedded in his ankle.

Nate doesn't care, he keeps strangling the man who seemed invincible.

SOL

Nate.

Nate doesn't hear him.

SOL (CONT'D)

NATE.

Nate suddenly looks up to Sol. Realizes the Russian is finally, fucking dead.

He rolls off the Russian, exhausted, struggling to breathe.

REVEALING ANN... just entering the galley.

Ann looks between Nate, Sol and the Russian - clearly shocked at the aftermath. A newfound respect for her brother.

EXT. DECK - A MOMENT LATER - DAWN

The clouds are receding as the BREAKING SUN illuminates a glassy-calm sea.

Nate staggers out onto the LISTING DECK - exhausted and beaten.

He sucks in the precious air - glad to be alive...as he surveys the destruction to the family ship.

Ann appears behind him - looks to the surrounding sea...

ANN

Welcome back to America.

Nate looks up as Ann points into the near distance -

ANN (CONT'D)

Attu Island.

We see the SILHOUETTE OF A TINY ISLAND IN THE NEAR DISTANCE.

CUT TO:

EXT. MAGGIE MAY - LATER

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 a part of 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 as she heads for a small bay.

EXT. BAY - FROM ABOVE

The Maggie May is closing in on the edge of the mostly solid ice blocking access to the rest of the inlet.

INT. ENGINE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Half-way down the steps, Nate shines a light into the now-flooded engine compartment.

His bloodied earhole is now dressed with a makeshift bandage of gauze and duct tape.

The murky water level is even higher than before, sloshing perilously close to the single functioning engine block.

INT. WHEELHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Ann is back at the helm, the bone-chilling wind whips through the broken glass as she navigates the ship through the ice. This has been a very long day for the Captain.

The shotgun rests at Ann's side.

She keeps one eye on the sea ahead and one eye on -

EXT. MAIN DECK - SAME

Griggs labors in weather gear... struggling 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.

Ann SHOUTS from the shattered wheelhouse window above.

ANN

Make sure to get clear of those pots when you cut 'em free.

Griggs nods, doesn't stop working.

INT. WHEELHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Nate comes up the stairwell from below, watches Griggs for a few quiet moments with his sister.

NATE

You really think Cliff slipped off the roof?

ANN

Not for a minute.

Both seem numb as they stare at Griggs on deck.

NATE
The kid's psychotic.

Ann checks that her shotgun is loaded.

ANN
We'll sort it out on land.

NATE
We're not gonna make land.

Ann eyes the ice around the ship... already thickening... not allowing the ship to make much more forward progress.

ANN
Then we walk the rest of the way to the island.

Off Nate's silent skepticism.

ANN (CONT'D)
The ice should be thick enough.
We'll bury it and come back after the thaw.

She looks Nate in the eye. Somewhat unsure.

ANN (CONT'D)
Come spring, you'll get your share.

It's almost like she's trying to convince herself everything is normal.

Nate doesn't say a word.

ANN (CONT'D)
This could all still work out for us and the family...

She's looking for some solidarity from Nate... who simply looks away, nods -

NATE
Sol's the priority.
(beat)
I'll launch the EPIRB, get the Guard on their way for him.

Nate moves past Ann, headed to the outer catwalk and the exterior ladder that leads to the roof of the wheelhouse.

Nate stops, back turned to his sister.

NATE (CONT'D)
When this is all over...

Ann nods, thoughtful.

ANN
We'll have a few beers, clear the
air.

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 and UNLATCHES IT
FROM ITS CRADLE.

Griggs looks up to Ann, not doing anything about it.

Ann shouts down to Griggs.

ANN
Guard'll be here in a few hours.

Griggs gives one last shove, nearly slips on his ass but gets
Brady's body in the trap.

He rights himself and grabs a HAND-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

Ann 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. Deep into the water... and slipping further by the second. The freezing water now laps across it like an artificial beach.

Ann and Griggs STAND ON THE ICE beside the ship.

They've insulated themselves against the elements as much as possible - layering their DECK WEAR and DOWN COATS over their DRY SUITS.

They tie on makeshift harnesses: heavy duty line strapped across their chests and attached to TWO SEPARATE MAGGIE MAY LIFE RAFTS. EACH FILLED WITH SIX JAPANESE STAMPED LOCKBOXES.

The rafts are 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 rafts 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?

ANN

Because the ice'll pop the buoy and drag this shit halfway back to Russia.

Griggs nods to himself. Still worried as he looks to the shoreline ahead.

Ann points straight ahead - NORTH, beyond the bay, to a distant tree-line, past the ice-locked beach...

ANN (CONT'D)

That's where we bury it.
 (off Griggs' skepticism)
 The ice is thicker than it looks. We already split the load so the weight'll be less concentrated. If we keep moving, we won't have to worry.

Griggs watches as Ann checks her shotgun.

GRIGGS

What's that for?

ANN
Just in case.

Griggs isn't convinced.

AT THE DECKHOUSE

Nate suddenly appears at the door, now at the top of the angled deck. SOL OVER HIS SHOULDERS in a fireman's carry...

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.

Griggs eyes Sol, draped over Nate's shoulder like a fresh corpse.

GRIGGS
Why even bother?

Nate stares Griggs down.

GRIGGS (CONT'D)
(matter of fact)
Old man's near dead. This shit's heavy -

NATE
(exasperated)
Shut the fuck up.

Griggs seethes.

Nate takes a step onto the CREAKING, SNOW-COVERED ICE.

Nate begins carefully walking NORTH, straight for the shore - a mound of white in the distance.

Ann moves to the ice as well, followed by Griggs.

Ann pulls out a hand-axe - Griggs holds the 'harness ropes' fearfully as Ann readies to chop the ropes holding the overladen life rafts in place.

If the rafts sink, so do he and Ann.

She finally CHOPS.

The rafts slide down the icy deck and COME TO REST ON THE ICE BEHIND THEM.

THE ICE CREAKS UNDER THE WEIGHT.

EXT. ICE PACK - CONTINUOUS

Nate turns at the sound of the rafts hitting the ice.

Ann and Griggs start pulling like sled dogs. Griggs sticks a little too close to Ann.

ANN

Don't bunch up, we need to spread
the weight out.

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.

EXT. BAY - FROM HIGH ABOVE

We watch the two parties move north on the same path from the crippled ship.

BLEND TO:

EXT. ICE PACK/ATTU SHORELINE - 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 as he plods towards the 'shore'.

He heaves and pants... willing his legs to move across the crackling, treacherous landscape.

ANGLE ON ATTU ISLAND

The island looms large ahead... its frozen tree-line and craggy hills dominating the skyline now...

The 'beach' is still in the distance. A safe place to wait for rescue.

Ann and Griggs aren't too far behind, dragging their rafts towards him.

Nate moves past a large ice 'boxcar'.

He struggles for breath as he places Sol gently on the snow beside the boxcar.

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

400 YARDS BEHIND THEM - 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.

Nate eats some snow as he tries to regain some fluids. Scoops some for Sol.

NATE (CONT'D)

Almost there, man.

He leans down to the older man, looks in Sol's eyes - they're unblinking, staring off into the distance. Sol's gone.

Nate falls back against the boxcar. Completely depleted.

He sighs to himself, gently closes the older man's eyes.

Behind him, Ann and Griggs are approaching. Griggs is dragging, barely able to haul the load behind him.

They're exhausted and sunburned... sweating profusely in the sun over this vast, white desert.

THE ICE CRACKS AND SWAYS AS THEY MOVE, but neither has the strength to worry anymore.

She looks to Griggs, who's halted, hands on knees. Too exhausted to keep moving -

The ICE SHIFTS.

ANN

Dammit. Keep moving, this ice is thin.

GRIGGS

(exhausted)

I can't.

Griggs eyes Sol and Nate, sitting nearby, against the ice. He then looks to the distant shoreline...

GRIGGS (CONT'D)

He wants a share of this? Then he needs to pull his weight and leave that ancient fuck to die.

The ice continues to CREAK and CRACK OMINOUSLY AROUND THEM -

ANN

This is not the time -

Nate pointedly ignores Griggs. Grieving silently.

GRIGGS PULLS CLIFF'S GUN FROM A POCKET, COCKS IT.

Ann tries to turn the shotgun on him, but she's too late.

CLOSE ON THE SPLINTERING ICE UNDER GRIGGS' RAFT -

ANN (CONT'D)

Griggs -

Griggs motions for Ann to lower the shotgun.

GRIGGS

We ain't on a ship anymore. You ain't my Captain. And if it weren't for me, we'd be on our way to a Russian prison.

Nate eyes Griggs' pistol.

NATE

You shoot Cliff with his own gun before putting him overboard?

Griggs angrily aims at Nate's head.

ANN

We need to keep moving. There's no need for the gun -

GRIGGS

That why you brought the shotgun? 'Just in case', my ass. You two were gonna use me as a packmule and then get rid of me...

Nate sadly shakes his head.

NATE

We're not like you.

GRIGGS

No you ain't. You two are gonna
haul this load the rest of the way
to the beach -

Griggs angrily moves towards Nate -

THE ICE CRACKS - Griggs turns towards the raft of loot in
surprise -

ALLOWING ANN ENOUGH TIME TO RAISE HER SHOTGUN.

Griggs catches the motion, TURNS HIS AIM TO ANN AS -

THE OVERLADEN RAFT BEHIND GRIGGS PUNCHES THROUGH THE ICE AND
FALLS THROUGH, INTO THE DARK WATER.

GRIGGS' EYES GO WIDE AS HIS HARNESS GOES TAUT.

GRIGGS SQUEEZES OFF A SHOT AS -

The heavy treasure trove YANKS HIM OFF HIS FEET and across
the ice.

Griggs is dragged towards the edge by the sinking raft -

GRIGGS (CONT'D)

NO.

And then Griggs and his loot are gone, over the jagged lip.

CLOSE ON THE ICE HOLE

We get one last glimpse of Griggs' horrified face UNDER THE
FRIGID WATER before he disappears into the inky darkness.

Ann stares in shock at the spot where Griggs disappeared...

And then a GROAN.

Ann turns to find NATE ON HIS KNEES - clutching his side...

DARK RED BLOOD DRIPS FROM BETWEEN HIS FINGERS, ALREADY
STAINING THE STARK WHITE ICE.

Ann goes to him - pulls Nate's hands away from the wound -

ANN

Shit...

Nate grits his teeth from the pain. Stares into the distance,
back towards the water -

His expression suddenly changes, distracted by what he's seeing.

NATE
What the fuck...?

Ann finally follows Nate's gaze.

ON THE MAGGIE MAY - 400 YARDS IN THE DISTANCE

A FIGURE stands on the pitched, nearly horizontal wheelhouse.

A MAN... DARK AGAINST THE BLUE SKY... GHOSTLIKE.

Something glints near the Figure's 'face'...

ANN
Is that - ?

SW-FFFFFF...THUMP.

A CLOUD OF BLOODY FEATHERS ERUPTS FROM THE BACK OF ANNE'S
DOWN JACKET -

...the CRACK of the distant rifle finally catches up to its
destruction a split second later...

...as both Ann and Nate stare in disbelief at a large bloody
hole in her chest.

The snow behind Ann resembles a modern-art blood slushy -

Ann crumples to the snow.

ON NATE

SW-FFFFFF. Another bullet SMACKS into the boxcar behind her
head...

Nate flattens himself in the snow beside Ann as TWO MORE
ROUNDS hit her RAFT... PUNCTURING IT.

AIR HISSES from the overladen raft as Nate struggles to pull
Ann to cover behind the boxcar behind them.

TWENTY FEET AWAY -

FISSURES FORM IN THE ICE AROUND ANN'S RAFT... the ropes still
attached to her.

EXT. MAGGIE MAY - CONTINUOUS

Standing on the upended port side rail of the sinking ship...
A MAN IN COLD-WEATHER GEAR AND MIRRORED SUNGLASSES holds a
HUNTING RIFLE WITH SCOPE.

Beside him, A FAMILIAR 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 HANDFUL OF EXHAUSTED, ARMED MEN stand on the bow, they
chuckle as they watch ONE OF THEIR COMRADES, CONTINUOUSLY
PUKING OVER THE SIDE.

A RAGTAG GROUP - ALL WEAR COLD-WEATHER GEAR, CARRY GUNS.

THIS IS THE SHIP AND GROUP OF MEN WE SAW IN THE OPENING.

ON THE MAGGIE MAY

ANOTHER FAMILIAR MAN, their LEADER, steps from the angled
wheelhouse.

LEADER
(Russian with English
subtitles)
How many left?

SUNGLASSES
One alive... two dead on the ice.
One below.

The Leader nods.

BEARD, ANOTHER FAMILIAR FACE FROM THE OPENING, looks to the
Leader -

BEARD
Any sign of my brother?

The Leader shakes his head unapologetically.

LEADER
No. Just lots of blood.

Beard stifles his anger.

He wordlessly steps onto the ice, headed towards Ann, Nate and Sol.

The rest of the men follow - including the Leader.

ON NATE

As he looks around the boxcar to see the armed men moving across the ice towards them.

Unladen and properly equipped, the Russians rapidly close the distance.

Nate looks to the raft... rapidly deflating and lopsided.

THE ICE BEGINS TO CRACK from the dead weight. The ropes lead directly to Ann - barely conscious, blood frothing at her lips - BUT ALIVE.

NATE PULLS ON THE ROPES as hard as he can... trying to pull the heavy raft towards them, away from the breaking ice.

ON THE RUSSIANS

They jog in a line towards Ann's hiding spot. They've already closed more than half the distance.

LEADER (CONT'D)

Hold your fire. The ice is fragile -

BEARD ANGRILY UNLOADS HIS CLIP AT THE RAFT AND THE ICE SHIELDING ANN, NATE AND SOL.

Sunglasses and Baseball Cap shake their heads in frustration.

ON NATE

He cringes as the gunfire CRACKS around them - hitting the raft multiple times and speeding up the deflation.

NATE STRAINS as he hauls on his sister's ropes, but it's a losing battle as the ice cracks more -

Nate grabs Ann's shotgun, places it over the edge of the boxcar.

ON THE RUSSIANS

As Sunglasses sees the barrel of the shotgun first...

BOOM.

The Russians scatter, taking cover behind broken ice berms.

ON NATE

He looks to the raft of loot, EXPOSED IN THE OPEN.

Nate looks back to the ice berms and boxcars where the Russians have ducked out of sight...

... then back to the sinking lockboxes.

WITH A TREMENDOUS CRACK - THE ICE FINALLY BREAKS FREE.

The raft begins to sink into the icy water below...

ON THE RUSSIANS

The Leader watches the raft falling into the water...

He shakes his head at Beard.

LEADER (CONT'D)

Idiot.

Beard rises up - testing to see if Nate will return fire. Nothing.

The rest of the men cautiously eye the cracking ice.

ON NATE

The weight of the sinking raft is slowly dragging Ann away from the boxcar cover and into the RAPIDLY GROWING ICE HOLE.

Lockboxes are no longer visible, SINKING BELOW THE ICE LINE.

NATE

No no no no -

Nate fights to pull her away from the sinking raft.

Ann suddenly comes to... realizes what's happening -

Nate spots a KNIFE strapped above Ann's boot. Nate grabs the knife, starts sawing at the ropes...

ON THE RUSSIANS

Beard sees Ann's legs sliding towards the hole in the ice - SEES NATE FRANTICALLY SAWING AT THE ROPES.

He smirks sadistically. Unafraid, full of bravado -

AS HE BREAKS COVER, HEADS TOWARDS THE BROTHERS.

LEADER

Stay put.

Beard ignores the Leader, fires haphazardly around Ann's exposed legs...

ON NATE AND ANN

Nate tries to duck away as gunfire peppers the ice.

Ann sees her shotgun laying in the snow...

ON BEARD

Moving fearlessly, gun aimed at where he believes Nate to be.

BEARD

This is for my brother, asshole.

Nate freezes - Beard has him dead to rights...

Until Beard spies Ann, laying prone in the ice beside Nate, aiming up at Beard with the shotgun -

Beard pauses in surprise.

BOOM.

Beard gets both barrels in the face.

He's blown backwards to the snow by the blast.

ON THE RUSSIANS

No one seems to care...

LEADER

You said only one was alive.

Sunglasses shrugs.

SUNGLASSES

I was wrong...

BASEBALL CAP

Fuck him and fuck his brother. More for us.

No one disagrees.

The Leader nods his men to the right and the left. They begin scrambling from berm to berm - moving to flank Nate, Ann and Sol.

ON NATE AND ANN

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, WINCES IN PAIN as he checks the wound to his side - BLOOD SEEPING INTO THE WHITE SNOW.

Ann bleeds out beside him, finally cut free of the sinking raft - which he still watches forlornly.

Nate watches her, resigned to their shared fate.

Ann stares at him for a long, thoughtful, quiet beat.

Ann looks to Sol.

Nate checks Sol's breathing... it's faint, but he's alive.

Nate SIGHS WITH RELIEF - nods to her.

ON THE RUSSIANS

They're circling in on Ann, Nate and Sol.

Baseball Cap is parallel to them, crawling behind cover...

ON NATE AND ANN

Nate spots Baseball Cap...

He reloads the shotgun, raises it... FIRES. RELOADS.

It hammers the ice - pushing Baseball Cap back and away.

ON THE RUSSIANS

They all duck and cover behind their berms.

ON ANN AND NATE

Another Russian pops up to the other side of their cover, FIRES at them -

Nate FIRES OFF ANOTHER ROUND... pushing the Russian back.

He reloads. Fires again - CLICK. EMPTY.

He pulls Ann behind more cover as the Russian UNLOADS.

Ann and Nate cower under the SPRAY OF ICE.

NATE

... this count as dying at sea...?

Ann looks at him for a beat... then WHEEZES OUT A WEAK LAUGH.

...until more BLOOD FROTHS at her lips. She's clearly dying.

Nate looks between her and Sol as thoughts and emotions swirl.

He shakes his head sadly.

ANN

...we may not be getting those
beers...

Her look is clear - 'now's as good a time as any to finally clear the air'.

Nate gazes into the distance. A thousand-yard stare at the electric blue sky over the barren, icy moonscape of Attu.

NATE

I'm proud of you, Annie.

She looks away, refusing to let him see any emotion - even on death's door.

NATE (CONT'D)

I sat in that cell. Constantly
replaying that night Dad died... on
a loop, imagining what life would
be like if that night never
happened.

Ann looks back to her big brother. Tears in her eyes as she
COUGHS UP BLOOD.

ON THE ICE - The Russians are maneuvering again, looking for
new angles on Nate and Ann.

BACK ON ANN AND NATE

He looks away from her as he comes clean.

NATE (CONT'D)

Until it finally hit me. If it'd
never happened, I'd still be that
same asshole, trying to be the big
man Dad and everyone else wanted me
to be.

(beat)

If it wasn't that night, it
would've been another.

(MORE)

NATE (CONT'D)

I would've eventually taken us all
down in flames.

She continues to watch him.

NATE (CONT'D)

I was never the prodigal son. It
was always you...

He finally looks back to his sister.

NATE (CONT'D)

You held it all together when no
one else could've. You didn't have
to prove anything to me or anyone
else -

He stops short when he notices her eyes - unfocused, glazing
over. Her breath coming in short gasps. Her final moments.

NATE (CONT'D)

Annie... ?

ON SUNGLASSES AND THE LEADER

Sunglasses is angling for a shot on Nate... who moves in and
out of the rifle's crosshairs as he tries to revive Ann.

When... over the stark 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 ANN

Nate's suddenly got a light back in his eyes.

NATE (CONT'D)

... that is the sweetest fucking
sound I have ever heard.

Her face is a pasty white.

NATE (CONT'D)

Hang on, Annie. Please.

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. Maybe it'll still be
here after the thaw.

He gets up, starts moving back in the direction of his ship.
But Sunglasses lingers - Nate finally in his rifle's sights.

LEADER (CONT'D)

NOW.

Sunglasses sighs in frustration and does as he's told.

Nate is spared.

ALL OF THE RUSSIANS ABANDON THEIR POSITIONS, LEAVING BEARD
DEAD ON THE ICE.

THEY FOLLOW THEIR LEADER BACK TO THEIR SHIP.

As the helicopter grows louder. More defined in the sky as it
approaches.

ON NATE AND ANN

Nate watches the Russians retreating. He seeks out the rescue
chopper in the sky.

NATE

... stay with me, Annie. Help's
here-

He begins frantically waving his arms at the aircraft as -

CLOSE ON ANN - as she takes her last, halting breath. Her
eyes glassy as she stares off into the distance... towards
the sinking Maggie May -

CUT TO:

EXT. ATTU ISLAND - DUSK

CLOSE ON the last bit of the Maggie May, the FADED FAMILY
CREST over the wheelhouse windows...

... as it finally slips below the water line.

CUT TO BLACK.

THE END