Shadow of the Water God

By

Cameron Alexander

Resolution
Abram Nalibotsky
T: 424.274.4220

Rosa Entertainment
Sidney Sherman
T: 310.470.3506

Copyright 2013

EXT. SHIP - NIGHT (YEAR 1869)

Rain pours onto the deck of a ship as giant waves brutally SLAM against the hull. CREW MEMBERS SCREAM to each other as they frantically attempt to take down their sails.

In the center of the chaos is --

DOLPH (14) a tall, thin, eerie mute with a vacant demeanor, as if permanently trapped in a day dream. His eyes are completely covered in thick silver cataracts.

He grips onto a railing and stares out into the night, sensing something.

A strange MOANING echoes from the sea into the night, no one but Dolph pays attention to it...

DOLPH
(quiet moaning)

Another MASSIVE WAVE STRIKES --

A broken sail post twists around and swings violently across the bow causing the wooden frame to BASH into a YOUNG SAILOR'S forehead!

The force KNOCKS him unconscious and THROWS him overboard --

CREW MEMBER #1 (O.S.)
Man over!

The Sailor's body flips in the air and PLUNGES into the sea.

DARKNESS. Below the icy water all we hear is the tranquil downpour of rain and hypnotic churning of ocean waves.

LIGHTING -- illuminates the boy's limp body suspended in the water against the boat's hull.

DARKNESS. The ferocious CRIES from the Sailors above are nothing more than ghostly whispers now.

LIGHTNING -- The boy's lifeless body continues sinking; in the murky distance *something* moves...

A giant shape.

Monstrous. Fifteen feet tall, unknown length. Body like a snake with two tentacles trailing out from the neck that give off a dim blue glow.

DARKNESS returns, followed quickly by another flicker of lightning, but the creature has *vanished*...

BACK ABOVE huge waves roll across the deck and men dig their nails into the wooden planks to keep from being swept over. The captain, **CALUM BLÀRACH** (26) barks orders to his crew.

CALUM BLÀRACH
Man over! Grab the spare ropes from the cellar and toss them down!

CREW MEMBER #2
Captain -- the fore boom is going to snap!

CALUM BLÀRACH
-- Just keep everyone on board we're going to make it out of this.

Dolph grips the mast of the ship tightly and stares out over the water unafraid. The inhuman MOAN from the sea rings out again; Dolph peers out into the darkness and moans back.

CALUM BLÀRACH (CONT'D)
Dolph, you're going to get swept over! Get back!

Against Dolph's silver milky eyes, an enormous silhouette of a creature BURSTS out of the sea.

Dolph does not move. In the reflection of his eyes, the beast CRASHES down upon the ship.

EXT./INT. ERALDER LIGHTHOUSE - NIGHT

A FLASH from a lighthouse blinds the field of view. INSIDE -- The **LIGHTHOUSE WATCHMAN** (76) cob pipe, thick snow white beard, peers out of a window towards the dark ocean.

Rain batters the building like a machine gun. Huge GUSTS of wind shake the tower--it seems as if any minute the entire structure might collapse.

The Watchman eyes something in the distance... LIGHTNING illuminates a small industrial steam ship, heading into port.

The Watchman hastily hobbles inside the core of the tower. He stops at a nearby rope and pulls with everything he's got. A gloomy and ominous bell RINGS into the night...

EXT. ERALDER HARBOR - NIGHT

The steam ship pulls into a dilapidated harbor that more closely resembles a medieval fishing village than any sort of modern port. Men exit their homes and stare at the ship in wonder as it comes in.

Anchors are thrown over and a bridge swings out to the dock.

MONROE CAPESHAW (44) a pale, lean man dressed in a full suit and groomed goatee exits a cabin with an umbrella.

The Lighthouse Watchman makes his way through the crowd of people and stands at the head of the dock.

MONROE CAPESHAW
I take it you're the port master.

A surge of wind picks up Monroe's umbrella, throwing it forty feet into the sea.

LIGHTHOUSE WATCHMAN
There is no port master here.

Monroe looks around in disappointment, now completely soaked.

MONROE CAPESHAW
We came from the Faroe Islands on a scientific expedition. We got caught in the storm--I didn't think we were going to make it out, but then we saw your light.

LIGHTHOUSE WATCHMAN
Americans?

MONROE CAPESHAW
Yes.

The Watchman nods and looks at the boat.

LIGHTHOUSE WATCHMAN
You're lucky you made it in. Harbor is shallow for a boat of that size.

MONROE CAPESHAW
Are there accommodations for my crew? There's forty of us.

The Watchman nods and motions for him to follow.

INT. TAVERN / TOWN HALL - DAY

Monroe sits across from the Lighthouse Watchman in a dark candle lit banquet hall with stone floors. Behind them townsfolk and Monroe's crew quietly talk at various tables.

The Watchman slides across a hand-drawn water stained map showing Western Europe and the North East coast of America.

LIGHTHOUSE WATCHMAN
You're here, on Eralder.

With his pipe he points to a speck on the map in the middle of the ocean directly between Iceland and Greenland.

MONROE CAPESHAW
I've never heard of it.

LIGHTHOUSE WATCHMAN
Not many have. Small island, only a few hundred people here, whalers and fishermen. Scotts built it as a trading post, but they abandoned the colony hundreds of years ago. Over time it has become home to various sea wanders with no place to go... You're the first visitors we've seen in five months.

MONROE CAPESHAW
Five months...

The Watchman gives a grim nod. Droplets of rain leak out of the roof into a nearby bucket.

LIGHTHOUSE WATCHMAN
Fall hasn't been kind, full of storms. Basic provisions are low, we've been sending ships out to re-supply, but none have returned. Only the whaling vessels that stay close to the coast come back. If it wasn't for them, we'd have starved.

CATHERINE (17) reddish-brown hair, green eyes, fighting spirit, and a thick Scottish accent makes her way through the tables pouring drinks for each man.

TOM CAPESHAW (22) dark hair, black eyes, one of the American crew members, forcefully GRABS the bottle --

TOM CAPESHAW
Little more than that girl --

Catherine does not let go of the bottle.

TOM CAPESHAW (CONT'D)
Ah, pretty *and* strong...

CATHERINE
There is a saying on Eralder, never take that which is given.

TOM CAPESHAW
And what are you going to give me?

ANDER BLÀRACH (18) brooding, strikingly handsome, blonde hair, deep blue eyes, walks to her side and stares down Tom.

ANDER BLÀRACH
I'd let go of the bottle.

In the corner of the room the Lighthouse Watchman sees the exchange and waves the boy over.

LIGHTHOUSE WATCHMAN
Ander.

Tom lets go of the alcohol. Ander eyes him for a moment longer and then approaches the Watchman.

MONROE CAPESHAW
Apologies for my son. He's been at sea too long.

Ander says nothing.

LIGHTHOUSE WATCHMAN
I want you at the tower, ring if you see something. Valan may return because of the storm.

Ander exits. Catherine watches him and then sneaks out.

OUTSIDE THE TAVERN -- Rain pours out of the sky. Ander puts his hood up and jogs out. Catherine sneaks up from behind --

She warps her arms around him and kisses his neck.

CATHERINE
You're always watching out for me -- but you never watch out for yourself. Someone could get you in the darkness you know...

She smiles playfully at him.

ANDER BLÀRACH
You're getting soaked. Go back in. And if he gives you any more trouble, come find me and I'll knock his head into the wall...

Catherine squeezes his hand and runs back.

INSIDE THE TAVERN -- the Watchman exhales a giant plume of smoke and eyes Catherine suspiciously as she re-enters.

A bolt of lightning strikes and shakes the small dwelling. Monroe glances outside at the pounding rain.

MONROE CAPESHAW
You said you still have a man out in this weather?

LIGHTHOUSE WATCHMAN
Aye. But he's more beast than man.

EXT. VALAN'S SHIP (DECK) - DAY

Rough seas. Grey horizon. The crew on board the ship is mixed, mostly European and a handful of black men. All male, both young and old, all look strong and carved out of stone.

VALAN BLÀRACH(45) the Captain -- a man of epic strength and giant height stands at the head of his ship. Scottish accent. Voice of gravel. Long wavy dirty blonde hair. Weathered, bearded face. Sharp eyes... a Viking born centuries too late.

LITTLE DAN (12) a runt of a boy, looks through a spyglass and spots a pair of breaching Sperm Whales --

LITTLE DAN
Look!

Valan stares at them in the distance. The rest of the crew races to the edge of the ship to get a better look.

VALAN BLÀRACH
Form up! Two crews.

Men race down the deck and hop overboard into two smaller boats that fit eight men each. Little Dan climbs into one --

VALAN BLÀRACH (CONT'D)
Not this time lad.

Focused intensely on the hunt, Valan THROWS the boy out of the boat, knocking him onto his back. Valan steps into the boat and places himself at the top of the crew.

VALAN BLÀRACH (CONT'D)
Drop the boats!

Valan looks to the leader of the boat behind him --

ST. JOHN (33) skin black as midnight, shaved head, braided beard, muscles of a greek God, covered in tattoos and speaks with a French-Carribean accent.

VALAN BLÀRACH (CONT'D)
Approach from the south and drive them into us.

Sailors above furiously lower the two boats down from the ship until they PLUMMET into the ocean; Oars immediately plunge into the water --

VALAN BLÀRACH (CONT'D)
ROW! ROW! --

The boat crews push with all their might. Droplets of water spray off their oars and lash their faces. Large churning waves block their path, but they BURST through them all.

VALAN BLÀRACH (CONT'D)
Row! --

St. John's boat approaches one of the whales --

He picks up an enormous harpoon. Connected to the weapon is a rope tied to the front of the boat. With a terrifying strength St. John THROWS it at one of the whales --

It HITS the creature's back; The whale bellows out a panicked low clicking sound and speeds away from the crew in the opposite direction. The harpoon rope rapidly uncoils --

A SNAPPING sound cracks out as the rope stiffens and rotates the boat 180 degrees. Now being pulled by the whale, St. John's boat LAUNCHES forward directly towards Valan.

A trail of scarlet red water appears as the whale thunders out to sea. St. John grabs another harpoon.

Suddenly the other whale JUMPS out of the water directly above them! The massive body of the creature SLAMS down --

A gigantic EXPLOSION of broken wood and water shoots through the air. The impact DEMOLISHES half of St. John's boat, the other half flips over and knocks everyone into the water --

Within seconds a majority of the crew is **crushed to death.** Only a few men survive, most of which are seriously injured and in the midst of drowning.

Unfazed and miraculously uninjured, St. John surfaces harpoon in one hand and treading water with the other.

A DYING MAN with a broken oar jammed into his stomach attempts to backstroke over to St. John, but slowly drops beneath the water before he can get there.

Valan's boat stops as the men are stunned by the chaos.

VALAN BLÀRACH (CONT'D)
Keep rowing --

SAILER
We need another crew, we should turn back --

VALAN BLÀRACH
We're not turning back.

SAILER
I'm not goin' out there --

VALAN BLÀRACH
Row.

SAILER
(to the other men)
I say we turn back.

The Sailer stares at him, half in defiance, half in fear. In an eruption of fury Valan picks him up by the neck and THROWS him off the boat into the frosty ocean.

Valan picks up an oar and sits down in the Sailer's place --

VALAN BLÀRACH
ROW!

Every man grabs their oar and the boat sets off again.

BACK NEAR ST. JOHN -- a crew member scrambles back onboard the wrecked boat, now just a floating plank of wood and is suddenly towed into sea as the whale gets away.

The other whale BREACHES directly next to St. John -- he SCREAMS and savagely stabs it with the harpoon.

VALAN BLÀRACH (CONT'D)
Row!

Now within striking distance, Valan drops his oar and picks up a harpoon --

VALAN BLÀRACH (CONT'D)
Closer!

Leans back, waiting for the right time and --

VALAN BLÀRACH (CONT'D)
Closer!

THROWS the harpoon, hitting it in the head, instantly killing the giant whale; the men behind Valan yell in a mixture of relief and excitement.

VALAN BLÀRACH (CONT'D)
Rope it up!

The crew begins tossing ropes around the lifeless body. Valan extends an oar into the water -- St. John grabs a hold and climbs on board, dripping with bloody water.

VALAN BLÀRACH (CONT'D)
Good hunt.

The other injured whale, now a hundred feet away, still tows the wrecked boat--with a man onboard SCREAMING as he's carried further out to sea... St. John stares at Valan and they exchange an invigorated half crazed smile.

VALAN BLÀRACH (CONT'D)
Still have one more to get.

EXT. ERALDER ISLAND - DAY

Monroe and his son Tom trek up a hillside towards a **SCIENTIST** (39) a small friendly man with geographical surveying gear and several notebooks.

MONROE CAPESHAW
What are you doing way up here?

SCIENTIST
Might as well make use of our time on the island. It's a rather remarkable place.

The Scientist studies a pair of Puffins and sketches them into a notebook.

SCIENTIST (CONT'D)
These here, I believe are a new species.

MONROE CAPESHAW
Perhaps we can take one of them back with us and sell it to a zoo.

SCIENTIST
I've been observing them all morning. Quite fascinating cre --

BANG. One of the puffins is shot, Tom holsters his gun. He laughs and picks the puffin up by the feet

MONROE CAPESHAW
For God's sake Tom.

TOM CAPESHAW
Now we've got something interesting for dinner.

Tom stares tauntingly at the Scientist and then heads back down the hill... The Scientist is at a loss for words.

MONROE CAPESHAW
We leave the morning after tomorrow. Continue as you were.

EXT. LIGHTHOUSE - MORNING

The lighthouse is old and worn down with an ancient medieval stone base and a small one room house attachment. **INSIDE** -- Ander reads from the book *Moby Dick*. The Watchmen lights a pipe and sits in a chair listening to him.

ANDER BLÀRACH
My arm hung over the counterpane and the nameless... unim --

LIGHTHOUSE WATCHMEN
-- Unimaginable.

ANDER BLÀRACH
--Unmaginable, silent form or p...hant- -

LIGHTHOUSE WATCHMEN
-- Phantom.

ANDER BLÀRACH
Phantom. Right.

Ander sighs in frustration and looks out the window. Something catches his attention. He shuts the book.

LIGHTHOUSE WATCHMEN
Keep going...

ANDER BLÀRACH
Something's out there.

EXT. BEACH - DAWN

The Lighthouse Watchmen forcefully makes his way down the beach. His legs aren't strong, but he keeps pace with Ander.

ANDER BLÀRACH
Up ahead.

LIGHTHOUSE WATCHMEN
I see it.

Stranded in the middle of the ocean, clinging to a sharp rock is a pale shirtless boy. The rock is in the most violent part of the surf and waves ruthlessly smash down upon him.

The sea churns like a boiling pot of water and the coastal riptide is so brutal that going out means certain death.

LIGHTHOUSE WATCHMEN (CONT'D)
Can you hear us? Swim to the shore!

The boy is over a hundred feet out... In the distance a set wave rolls in, fifteen feet high.

Ander and The Watchmen cringe as a giant wall of water breaks directly down on the boy with a bone crunching force. The water clears; the boy remains latched onto the rock.

ANDER BLÀRACH
He’s not going to make it much longer.

Ander strips down revealing an extremely toned muscular physique made strong by years of grueling dock labor.

LIGHTHOUSE WATCHMEN
Ander! Wait!

But before the Watchmen can protest any further, Ander DIVES fearlessly into the icy water.

With an unbreakable focus, Ander's fists crash against the water, pummeling his way out to sea. Even though his body is strong with the vigor of youth, the swim is horrendous.

The ocean is so rough that Ander barely has time to breathe, but no matter how hard the waves hit he doesn’t stop.

Up ahead three waves merge, creating a giant mound of water. Ander pushes HARDER -- trying to make it before it breaks. But he isn’t fast enough -- the wave CRASHES onto Ander!

UNDERWATER, Ander tumbles across the bottom of the ocean, losing all sense of direction.

The force of the wave stops carrying him. He darts to the top of the surface and EXHALES! But before he’s able to breathe again, he’s SMASHED underwater by an even *larger* wave.

Ander stops struggling. He curls himself into a ball as he’s dragged across rocks once more. Another wave breaks up above, the churn FORCES Ander to pop back above the water.

He desperately GASPS for air. Far off the Watchmen frantically yells, but the ROAR of the ocean mutes his cries.

Ander looks to the safety of the beach... But he cannot return--he’s too close now. The boy is just up ahead.

The wave cycle lapses, Ander realizes NOW is the only chance he has and presses on again! Bits of water seep into his lungs, but he keeps moving and reaches the rock, revealing --

ANDER BLÀRACH
Dolph! -- It’s me, you’re okay.

Dolph’s ghostly silver eyes stare passed Ander up to the sky, his hands bleed from holding on to the jagged rock. Exhausted and freezing, Ander throws Dolph’s hands around his neck and begins the trek back...

Every moment looks to be their last as waves continuously bash over them. Despite Ander’s strong swimming, the ferocious riptide keeps them still--as if clutching onto their ankles from the sea floor.

LIGHTHOUSE WATCHMEN
Swim sideways out of the current!

Ander listens and breaks free! With his last bit of strength Ander manages to catch a wave and they come violently rolling to the shore. Ander coughs and throws up water.

LIGHTHOUSE WATCHMEN (CONT’D)
It’s okay! It’s okay, you made it!

The Watchman looks to --

LIGHTHOUSE WATCHMEN (CONT’D)
Dolph--can you hear me boy?

But Dolph says nothing, his hallow eyes still lost in a daze. The Watchmen places his hand above Dolph’s mouth --

LIGHTHOUSE WATCHMEN (CONT’D)
Still breathing, help me get him to his feet.

INT. LIGHTHOUSE - DAY

Ander takes a tea kettle off a wood burning stove and pours a cup of warm water. The Watchmen finishes wrapping Dolph in a blanket and sits him down in front of a raging fire.

LIGHTHOUSE WATCHMEN
Bring her here--quickly.

EXT. CLIFF SIDE - DAY

A light rain sprinkles down on Ander as he runs atop a cliff side path. At the end of the trail rests an old stone house. Ander approaches the door and KNOCKS --

ANDER BLÀRACH
Catherine!

No answer.

CATHERINE
(whispering)
What do you want?

She kisses the back of his neck and spooks him. He turns. Catherine smiles, but he doesn't return her warmth.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)
What's wrong?

ANDER BLÀRACH
Come with me.

INT. LIGHTHOUSE BEDROOM - SUNSET

Sweat pours from Dolph's forehead, his unblinking eyes focus on the ceiling. Catherine dampens him with a wet cloth.

CATHERINE
I don't understand how this could have happened...

The Watchmen stirs a pot of boiling fish heads and potatoes over a fire. He pours some of the greasy soup into a small bowl and then hands it to Catherine.

LIGHTHOUSE WATCHMEN
Make him drink. It will warm his chest and return his strength.

Up above a BOOMING ring echoes through the entire house. Ander trots down the stairs and glances at the Watchmen.

ANDER BLÀRACH
He's back.

EXT. ERALDER HARBOR - SUNSET

Valan steps onto the harbor dock. Behind him his crew unpacks the ship. Ander approaches, but Valan walks past him.

ANDER BLÀRACH
The Watchmen wants to see --

VALAN BLÀRACH
I'm busy. Leave me alone.

Without even looking at Ander, Valan continues about his business. Ander gives him a harsh stare.

ANDER BLÀRACH
I think you'll be wanting to hear about this.
(no response from Valan)
As it concerns your *son,* Calum.

Valan stops what he's doing and listens.

ANDER BLÀRACH (CONT'D)
Boy from his ship washed ashore.

Ander turns and walks to the lighthouse. Valan follows.

INT. LIGHTHOUSE BEDROOM - NIGHT

Valan paces around a fireplace across from the Lighthouse Watchmen and Ander. Catherine stands near her brother Dolph.

CATHERINE
Came here in the spring with me father and brother. They worked boat crews. When supplies got low, they volunteered to be a part of your son Calum's voyage.

Dolph gazes out the window, still wrapped in blankets.

VALAN BLÀRACH
Has he said anything yet?

CATHERINE
No. He doesn't speak--never has.

Valan walks over to Dolph and inspects him. Dolph does not acknowledge this and continues his eerie vacant gaze.

LIGHTHOUSE WATCHMEN
He doesn't need to. The Greystar is not returning.

VALAN BLÀRACH
Calum will return.

The fireplace CRACKS out and an ember spits onto the floor. Valan's anger flares up --

VALAN BLÀRACH (CONT'D)
He *will*. No storm could bring that ship down, no matter how fierce. This boy proves nothing. Probably lost his footing and went over, eyes like that it's a wonder he didn't get knocked over sooner.

CATHERINE
He’s not blind. Not all the way.

VALAN BLÀRACH
-- It makes little difference.

LIGHTHOUSE WATCHMEN
I hope that your son returns as well--but perhaps it is you who is blind. The Meridian, Summer Spear, Hazeldra and all the rest of the ships we’ve sent out, none have returned! Now this boy washes ashore and you dismiss it.

Valan looks away, the words dig into him.

LIGHTHOUSE WATCHMEN (CONT’D)
Something is happening out --

VALAN BLÀRACH
Enough. This speculation is a waste of time. The fool knows nothing.

Valan turns to leave.

CATHERINE
I’d stay if I were you. You might think him off--but he’s not dumb. Just has his own ways...

She places a piece of charcoal in Dolph’s hand.

CATHERINE (CONT’D)
(In Gaelic)
Show them... For me, please.

VALAN BLÀRACH
Go on boy. Out with it.

ANDER BLÀRACH
-- He should rest longer.

Ander eyes Valan warningly. Dolph makes no response, Valan moves to the door again --

CATHERINE (CONT’D)
Wait.

As if suddenly waking from a dream, Dolph turns his head and stares directly at Valan with a terrifying and hallow expression that extinguishes all energy in the room.

Dolph takes the charcoal. With his grim silver eyes cloaked beneath a mass of blackened moldy blankets, he makes his way across the floor like death creeping through a graveyard.

He reaches out and touches a blank space on the wall, feeling nearly every part of the surface. He then begins drawing a massive charcoal illustration--taller than himself.

At first it does not appear to be anything but scribbles.

VALAN BLÀRACH
What is this?

CATHERINE
-- Wait.

Dolph furiously continues. The process is effortless for him--as if possessed. He shades in detail; the image takes shape:

A rough sea. Rain. A boat. A figure on the edge of the ship, looking to the horizon... Nothing is sharp--but the drawing is captivating with an impressionistic quality about it.

Dolph's movements grow more frantic; sweat drips off his forehead. He draws faster -- a shape behind the sails of the boat. A monstrous blur. Dark eyes, rows of razor teeth --

Dolph breathes heavy. The charcoal falls to the ground.

The room stares at the ghastly illustration of a giant creature that dwarfs the ship.

Dolph does not turn around... He places both of his hands on the mouth of the creature -- his blanket drops to the floor leaving him naked, his sweaty back glistens in the firelight.

Suddenly he STRIKES down at the drawing like a wild animal. Over and over he violently smears the illustration until his hands start to bleed and there is nothing left.

Dolph sinks to the floor. Catherine rushes to his aid and covers him with the blanket. No one speaks.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)
(in Gaelic)
It's okay--it can't hurt you now.

His breathing starts to slow...

CATHERINE (CONT'D)
It's time we go.

She helps Dolph to his feet and walks to the door.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)
Thank you for your hospitality.

Catherine and Dolph disappear into the darkness. Ander shoots Valan an angry glance and follows Catherine.

INT. LIGHTHOUSE - NIGHT

The Watchman peers out of a window. Valan sits nearby, his eyes full of unsettled ferocity, studying Dolph's drawing.

VALAN BLÀRACH
If what we saw is true, Calum is most likely dead.

LIGHTHOUSE WATCHMAN
Be thankful you have one son left. Others here are not as fortunate... We can only presume the other ships have met a similar ill fate.

Unsettled, Valan stares at Dolph's drawing.

VALAN BLÀRACH
The boy does not strike me as a liar... but how can we believe such a story?

Valan chews on his pipe as shadows from the fire dance across The Watchman's wrinkled face.

LIGHTHOUSE WATCHMAN
When I was a child my father would take his rowboat to the Northern Rock off the coast to catch crabs. I always wanted to go with him--but my mother wouldn't let me, said the seas were too rough. So at dawn I'd see him off then wait on the shores till midday when he returned.

The Watchman prods the fireplace and sets his poker down.

LIGHTHOUSE WATCHMAN (CONT'D)
One morning he went out, but when mid-day arrived he didn't return. Mid-day turned to sunset. Sunset faded to darkness. When my mother tried to take me in--I wouldn't leave, so we waited together. Hours upon hours, in the cold. A terrible sinking feeling coated my heart... And then when all seemed lost he came tumbling in on the surf. Frozen blue, coughing up water. After that he stopped fishing, took over the watch here. Kept to himself and hardly spoke a word.

Valan's eyes turn to Dolph's destroyed mural on the wall.

LIGHTHOUSE WATCHMAN (CONT'D)
I didn't understand what happened that day for thirty years. By then he was an old man. Dying. Eyes were lost, face pale--fever had taken him. Couldn't move or eat. He was silent in his last days, but just before he passed he spoke, said --
There is a shadow below the water... A vicious God.

The Watchman exhales from his pipe. A cloud of smoke in front of him *fades into a blanket of fog* and suddenly we see --

THE OCEAN -- A man in a small boat rows fiercely. The mist is so dense it is difficult to see more than twenty feet ahead.

A whale calmly comes to the surface for air. The man stops and admires the majestic sight before him. For a moment everything is serene and quiet...

SUDDENLY a massive wall of water CRASHES down on the man. His boat is FLIPPED and he is thrown into the sea. When he resurfaces he is shocked at the sight before him --

A giant beast, in its jaws a full grown whale--still held in the air, blood raining down to the sea.

LIGHTHOUSE WATCHMAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Rose out of the sea like a demon, picked a whale into the air... tore it in half with its jaws.

The leviathan's mouth CLENCHES tighter and SNAPS shut, half of the whale's body drops to the water.

LIGHTHOUSE WATCHMAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Fed upon its flesh until the water turned to blood.

From the frozen scarlet waters, the man gazes up at the beast towering out of the ocean. It looks at him and then a hideous MOAN BURSTS from its lungs.

LIGHTHOUSE WATCHMAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Said when it cried out, his heart split open and shattered.

Close on the man's eyes, he squeezes them SHUT as the terrible MOAN of the Leviathan deafens all other sounds --

BACK IN THE ROOM -- the Lighthouse Watchman's eyes blink open... the *same* blue eyes as his father.

LIGHTHOUSE WATCHMAN (CONT'D)
The more he spoke, the more afraid he became... I tried calming him-- but at the end he wouldn't stop. Kept whispering over and over... *It's still looking at me.*
(long silence)
That was the last thing he ever said to me...

Valan takes his eyes off the destroyed mural.

VALAN BLÀRACH
What is this creature?

LIGHTHOUSE WATCHMAN
A remnant of long ago, when the world was still untamed.

The Watchman hobbles to an ancient chest.

LIGHTHOUSE WATCHMAN (CONT'D)
The man who built this tower pulled this from the neck of a Humpback that washed ashore... It's been passed down over the generations.

He hoists up a pointed, razor sharp tooth that's bigger than an elephant tusk and sets it in front of Valan.

LIGHTHOUSE WATCHMAN (CONT'D)
There used to be many whales off this island. Now there are few... Perhaps that is why it seeks us.

VALAN BLÀRACH
We are being hunted.

The two stare at each other for a moment. Valan stands --

LIGHTHOUSE WATCHMAN
Where are you going?

VALAN BLÀRACH
Finding a crew.

EXT./INT. TAVERN - NIGHT

A bell RINGS across town. Various fisherman and villagers enter into the large tavern.

Monroe, Tom, and the Scientist make their way inside the hall packed with townspeople. Candle light flickers over the room.

VALAN BLÀRACH
By now, many of you have all heard that the boy who washed ashore was part of the Greystar's crew...

Valan looks each person in the eye as he passes --

VALAN BLÀRACH (CONT'D)
Six ships have gone out. And none of them have returned. Only my ship remains. For some time we have gotten by off the whales and the day's catch, but our stores of food are low. Storms are getting longer and the seas grow rougher each day.

Men murmur in agreement.

VALAN BLÀRACH (CONT'D)
Winter is approaching. Soon we will no longer be able to go out--and when that happens we will starve.

TOWNSMEN #1
What of the Americans? They can help --

LIGHTHOUSE WATCHMAN
I have already spoken to Mr. Capeshaw and he has agreed to send word once he reaches port that we are in desperate need of supplies. But I fear that even should that happen, it will not be enough. America is busy with their own affairs. It is unlikely we will find aid from them.

TOWNSMEN #2
There is something in these waters--

Hushed conversations of concern whisper through the room.

TOWNSMEN #3
The boy of the crew, he is alive?

VALAN BLÀRACH
Yes.

TOWNSMEN #2
What has he said?

LIGHTHOUSE WATCHMAN
That we are being hunted...

LIGHTHOUSE WATCHMAN (CONT'D)
He does not speak, but he drew a giant beast of the water crashing down on the ship.

Whispers amongst the hall grow louder --

TOWNSMEN #4
Jörmungandr --

TOWNSMEN #1
It can't be.

In the back of the room Tom glances at his father.

TOM CAPESHAW
What are they talking about?

Monroe looks at the Scientist for an explanation.

SCIENTIST
Jörmungandr was the son of the God Loki... It was said he was a monstrous serpent.

In the back Ander and Catherine watch silently. The commotion in the town hall grows more rambunctious --

TOWNSMEN #3
I've never heard of something so preposterous --

TOWNSMEN #1
-- If Valan believes it we should too.

TOWNSMEN #5
But how could such a beast exist?!

TOWNSMEN #2
-- The tales are true. There is no other explanation.

LIGHTHOUSE WATCHMAN
Quiet! Some of you may not believe in what you hear, but you will believe what you see.

The Lighthouse Watchman reaches below a table and pulls out the giant leviathan fang. Quiet GASPS silence all doubt...

LIGHTHOUSE WATCHMAN (CONT'D)
Mr. Capeshaw, there is a man of science among you--is there not?

MONROE CAPESHAW
There is.

LIGHTHOUSE WATCHMAN
Have him step forward.

Urging him on, Monroe nods to the Scientist.

LIGHTHOUSE WATCHMAN (CONT'D)
Tell me, what do you make of this?

The Scientist carefully inspects the giant tooth and runs his fingers along the surface...

SCIENTIST
It is a fang. Quite strong. It must have come from something gigantic. Teeth like this are normally only found in carnivorous predators...

LIGHTHOUSE WATCHMAN
And to your eyes, this specimen is genuine?

SCIENTIST
If it is a forgery, I have certainly never seen a finer one.

An uncomfortable silence grows in the hall. Valan begins pacing the room again.

VALAN BLÀRACH
Many have disappeared over the last few months. Our kin. Our blood... And now like so many others, my son is gone. And I will never have him back. Every family here has a son, a brother, a father who they will never see again. They died trying to help us. Now we stand here, starved, and half alive. Our very existence is threatened--and I for one will not stand for it.

TOWNSMEN #2
Kill the beast!

More men shout in agreement --

VALAN BLÀRACH
The Americans may send for help, but we cannot depend on them when all others have failed. This island is cold and barren, but it is ours. Our home! I will not be driven from it. And I will not let my son's death be in vain.

Excitement in the hall builds. Valan becomes louder and more terrifying with each passing second.

VALAN BLÀRACH (CONT'D)
If we are being hunted, *so be it*... I will meet this creature lurking in the darkness of the water because I too am a killer. I don't care how great its size or how terrible its strength may be. I will have vengeance.

The TOWNSMEN begin to SCREAM along with him --

VALAN BLÀRACH (CONT'D)
Whatever it takes, I will find this beast. And when I do, I will slash its throat! Rip out its heart! And drench myself in its blood.

In a frenzied cacophony the room trembles with vigor.

VALAN BLÀRACH (CONT'D)
We set out tomorrow.

EXT. TAVERN / TOWNHALL - NIGHT (MOMENTS LATER)

Monroe walks out of the hall and catches up to Valan.

MONROE CAPESHAW
Captain...

Valan glances over but says nothing.

MONROE CAPESHAW (CONT'D)
It may be in our best interest to set out together. At least for as long as the course allows.

VALAN BLÀRACH
Then be ready at dawn.

MONROE CAPESHAW
Very good.

Valan continues on his way...

MONROE CAPESHAW (CONT'D)
One more thing. How do you plan on killing this creature? You aren't going to just try and harpoon it from the whaling boats are you?

VALAN BLÀRACH
And what would you propose?

MONROE CAPESHAW
I didn't travel halfway around the world empty handed. We have on deck an assortment of basic weaponry and gunpowder. I'd like to escort you on the hunt. If all the other ships really were taken down I don't think you will stand much of a chance by yourself. But together...

Valan eyes Monroe incredulously.

VALAN BLÀRACH
What is it you want?

MONROE CAPESHAW
Should we manage to kill this beast, I want the body.

VALAN BLÀRACH
If one is left, it's yours.

Valan walks off and Tom quickly takes his place --

TOM CAPESHAW
What is this?

MONROE CAPESHAW
Business.

TOM CAPESHAW
Are we really going to follow them?

MONROE CAPESHAW
Don't be so frightened.

TOM CAPESHAW
I'm not frightened. I just can't believe you're buying into these island fairy tales.

MONROE CAPESHAW
How much do you think the body of a fairy tale is worth? Museums and fairs across the world would fight each other like dogs for the privilege to show something like that. I'm simply exploring financial opportunities. We'll follow them for awhile, if there is nothing then we'll be on our way.

TOM CAPESHAW
... And if there is something?

MONROE CAPESHAW
Then we better be able to kill it.

An anxious silence builds between them.

CATHERINE
Mr. Capeshaw.

The two men turn to see Catherine standing near them.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)
I was wondering if I could have a moment of your time.

INT. VALAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The home is a single room dwelling with a dirt floor. In the darkness a *severely* drunk Valan watches Ander pack a small amount of belongings into a cloth. A fire rages behind them.

VALAN BLÀRACH
What is it you think you are doing?

ANDER BLÀRACH
I'm coming with you.

VALAN BLÀRACH
And what is it you intend to do?

ANDER BLÀRACH
Help.

VALAN BLÀRACH
Help? You are weak.

Ander turns his head and silently stares at Valan. In his hands is an old knife.

VALAN BLÀRACH (CONT'D)
Your brother had strength. Ocean was in his veins... But not even that was enough to save him.

Valan takes a swig from a bottle and eyes Ander.

VALAN BLÀRACH (CONT'D)
So what is it you think you will do? How do you expect to live when you know *nothing* he did? While he was learning to captain a ship, you were at the watch, listening to the old man's tales. Never had any interest in the hunts or the ocean.

ANDER BLÀRACH
I never had any interest being a *butcher*.

VALAN BLÀRACH
That’s what you think I am?

ANDER BLÀRACH
That’s what I *know* you are.

Valan walks up to him and stands chest to chest.

VALAN BLÀRACH
Didn’t want to be a *butcher*, but yet here you stand. Wanting to join the hunt.

ANDER BLÀRACH
This is different.

VALAN BLÀRACH
What is it you want? To die out on the sea?

ANDER BLÀRACH
I want vengeance.

VALAN BLÀRACH
This is not your fight.

ANDER BLÀRACH
He was my *brother* --

Grabbing Ander's collar --

VALAN BLÀRACH
You aren’t half the man he was. You want vengeance because you think you loved him. No one knew his qualities better than I. You know nothing of this loss. You aren’t even good enough to speak his name.

Ander PUSHES his father in the chest and grabs an iron pot off of the table. He WINDS BACK to hit him -- Valan easily DODGES the attack, TWISTS Ander’s arm and picks him up by the neck against the wall.

His feet kick out wildly in the air. Valan takes a glowing red poker from the fire and holds it to his son’s belly.

ANDER BLÀRACH
(struggling for breath)
I hate you.

VALAN BLÀRACH
You hate me?

Valan smiles and gives a dark laugh.

VALAN BLÀRACH (CONT'D)
Good... Good. Hate will make you strong and keep you alive.

Ander stops struggling. They stare at each other, reflections of the raging fire still dance in their eyes; Valan moves the fire poker closer to Ander's belly. Ander stares defiantly at him, not moving or breaking eye contact.

VALAN BLÀRACH (CONT'D)
You think you're strong boy?

Valan grips harder, his strength vicious... But Ander remains stone faced. Their eyes become primal and brutal--and for a second it's as if the two understand each other.

VALAN BLÀRACH (CONT'D)
Maybe you will make it.

Valan tosses the poker back into the fire and drops his son to the ground.

INT. CATHERINE'S HOME - NIGHT

A KNOCK at the door, Catherine opens the door to Ander.

CATHERINE
Your neck --

ANDER BLÀRACH
-- I'm fine.

CATHERINE
... You fought with him again?

She touches his bruised neck and wraps her arms around him. Inside Dolph sits in a chair, watching the glow of the fire. Catherine looks back and then pulls Ander outside.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)
Walk with me.

EXT. HILLSIDE - NIGHT

Ander and Catherine sit watching the moon over the water.

ANDER BLÀRACH
I’m going with my father. Can’t stay back here and do nothing.

CATHERINE
The Americans are joining the hunt.

ANDER BLÀRACH
Good. We will need their help.

CATHERINE
I am setting off with them... I mean not to return here.

ANDER BLÀRACH
What?

CATHERINE
I’m going to America.

ANDER BLÀRACH
You can’t -- The hunt will be dangerous --

CATHERINE
I must go. It may be the only chance I have.

ANDER BLÀRACH
If something happens --

CATHERINE
If something happens and the hunt fails, I will starve come winter anyway.

She grabs his hands. Completely distraught, Ander looks down the bleak coast line.

CATHERINE (CONT’D)
Come away with me. I have spoken to the Captain. He said there is enough room for both of us... There is nothing for us here, but across the sea there is a future.

ANDER BLÀRACH
You would have me go with you?

She nods.

CATHERINE
If you would come with me.

ANDER BLÀRACH
I would follow you to the ends of the Earth.

Ander seizes her hands, excited at the thought of leaving.

ANDER BLÀRACH (CONT'D)
When the hunt is over, I will join you on your ship... We will set out together, start a new life away from here.

Catherine places his hands on her belly...

CATHERINE
Your child grows inside me.

Her eyes well up with tears but she doesn't cry.

ANDER BLÀRACH
How long have you known?

CATHERINE
For some time... Was hiding it from my father, but he's gone now...

ANDER BLÀRACH
Why didn't you tell me?

CATHERINE
Didn't know how.

Sensing her sadness, Ander hugs her off the ground and twirls her around delicately. Her fragility breaks and she gives a small giggle; safe in his arms, lost in the moment.

EXT. CLIFF SIDE - DAWN (DREAM)

Valan walks along a foggy cliff side, below waves smash into the coast line. He stops and looks at the horizon. A NOISE -- the same murmur from earlier calls out from the ocean.

As the MOAN echoes through the hills, Valan turns and notices a CLOAKED FIGURE watching the horizon right beside him.

It is Dolph. Valan stares -- the boy returns his gaze. Without warning Dolph begins to SPRINT, he dives off the cliff line and --

Changes into a black bird, flying off into the sky. The MOANING noise returns, this time deafeningly loud --

INT. VALAN'S HOUSE - DAWN

Valan AWAKENS FROM A NIGHTMARE; by his open wooden shutter a black bird watches him.

EXT. PIER - DAY

Monroe stands at the head of a dock with Valan. Crews load up various equipment into the boats.

VALAN BLÀRACH
You said you had an assortment of weapons and provisions...

INT. MONROE'S CARGO HOLD - DAY

Valan and Monroe stand inspecting various crates and barrels.

MONROE CAPESHAW
Three months supply of food for forty people. Survey equipment. Basic mining gear. Various assortment of weaponry, rifles, pistols. Three barrels gun powder.
(prying open crate)
And four crates of dynamite... Our primary investor saw to it that we were well prepared for any circumstance we might find.

VALAN BLÀRACH
We should split the weapons and explosives. It will give us a better chance to kill the beast.

MONROE CAPESHAW
All provisions will stay aboard this ship.

VALAN BLÀRACH
If we're in this together, then we're in this all the way.

MONROE CAPESHAW
(Monroe ponders for a moment)
How much whale oil do you have?

VALAN BLÀRACH
We've got more oil barrels than we do people. Traders have been too afraid to set out since our ships started going missing.

MONROE CAPESHAW
Half my stock for all the oil you've got. The rifles stay with us though. I doubt your people would make better use of them anyway.

VALAN BLÀRACH
Deal favors you a thousand to one. The oil is all our island has left.

MONROE CAPESHAW
You need us more than we need you.

VALAN BLÀRACH
Is that so?

Valan steps near Monroe, too close to his face, towering over him by nearly a foot. Monroe remains stoic, but eyes Tom who stands in the corner with a pistol strapped to his hip...

MONROE CAPESHAW
The offer is non negotiable. But as a token of gratitude for harboring us in the storm, we'll give the island a months supply of our food as well. Do we have a deal?

VALAN BLÀRACH
You'll get half the island's barrels. That's all you can fit in here anyway.
(turning to leave; quiet anger)
I'll send my men to the oil keep.

EXT. MONROE'S SHIP - DAY

From the ship's bow, Valan watches Monroe's crew roll gigantic barrels of whale oil across the docks.

MONROE CAPESHAW
You know the waters so we'll follow your lead.

VALAN BLÀRACH
When the creature shows we'll position the ships across from each other, drive the beast to the center and use the smaller whaling boats to block it in.

MONROE CAPESHAW
If it's as large as they say you're going to need a brave crew.

VALAN BLÀRACH
I will do that myself.

INT. MONROE'S CARGO HOLD - DAY

Monroe's crew load the barrels into the keep. One of the barrels hits the ground roughly and fractures. **Oil** begins LEAKING out from a splintered board... no one notices.

EXT. DOCKS - DAY

Dolph watches the two crews load up the ships.

Nearby Ander and Catherine stand near the steam ship. Ander reaches into his pocket and hands her a small white shawl with a flower stitched into it.

CATHERINE
What is this?

ANDER BLÀRACH
My brother gave it to me before he left. It's the only thing we had of our mothers.

CATHERINE
I couldn't --

ANDER BLÀRACH
I want you to have it. Think of it as a good luck charm to keep you safe.

He closes his hands around hers. Ander begins backing up --

ANDER BLÀRACH (CONT'D)
... And a promise that when we reach land, I will marry you.

SAILOR (O.S.)
Board up!

ANDER BLÀRACH
Best hurry.

She kisses him with all her heart and jogs up the boarding platform. Dolph follows. Monroe watches them board his ship.

MONROE CAPESHAW
This must be your brother Dolph.

CATHERINE
Yes.

MONROE CAPESHAW
Let me show you to your quarters.

Catherine begins following, but Dolph squeezes her arm then looks back at Valan. Catherine studies her brother.

CATHERINE
He should go with you.

Valan studies the girl. Monroe turns around and watches the situation inquisitively.

VALAN BLÀRACH
Why?

CATHERINE
That’s what he wants. And if you want to know the truth, I think you’ll need him.

Tom laughs at this and shakes his head. He tries to share the moment with his father, but Monroe shoots him down with a disapproving glance.

CATHERINE (CONT’D)
Whether he’s on this ship or yours, makes little difference. He’ll find you one way or another--just make sure to pay attention when he does. Knows things he shouldn’t. If you’re lucky he’ll show you... Maybe he already has.

Monroe eyes Valan, baffled by the exchange --

MONROE CAPESHAW
The choice is yours. Either way the boy’s presence doesn’t bother me.

Valan follows Dolph’s line of sight to a black bird sitting on the rail of the ship... The same one from his dream.

VALAN BLÀRACH
He’ll come with me.

Monroe shrugs to his crew and disappears down below deck with Catherine. Unsettled by his new companion, Valan heads off the platform, Dolph follows.

EXT. VALAN'S SHIP - DAY

Valan walks across the bow and eyes Ander. A cold wind howls and a general excitement buzzes about the crew.

ST. JOHN
Ready Captain?

VALAN BLÀRACH
Ready.

The crew loosen the lines and drift out of the harbor.

Valan's ship is a giant, beautifully crafted sailing vessel with a main mast and two supporting masts. The figurehead at the top of the ship is a whale skull.

FAR OFF on the cliff side, The Watchman RINGS the lighthouse bell as the two ships exit the harbor together.

INT. MONROE'S STEAM SHIP (STORE ROOM) - DAY

Monroe, Tom, and Catherine stand in a dark room. Several molded hammocks sway back and forth.

MONROE CAPESHAW
Not glamorous--but it is the space I have available.

CATHERINE
This'll do fine.

MONROE CAPESHAW
Good, let's show you the kitchen.

Monroe exits, but Catherine lingers behind for a moment taking in her uninviting, dank quarters.

TOM CAPESHAW
There are other more comfortable places to sleep.

Tom stares at her with a grim vigor -- handsome and ugly at the same time. He reaches out and touches a lock of her hair.

TOM CAPESHAW (CONT'D)
Girl like you shouldn't stay in a place like this... Could stay with me. I'll keep you nice and warm.

CATHERINE
I'll be fine on my own.

Catherine's eyes remain alert, calculated, and piercing -- a girl truly beyond her years.

Tom's face turns from a smile to a frustrated, bitter scowl. A rat scampers across the floor. With a sudden FURY Tom LEAPS across the room and SMASHES it with his foot.

TOM CAPESHAW
Gotcha.

His wild eyes return to her. He rubs his boot on the ground, leaving the dead rat entrails behind.

TOM CAPESHAW (CONT'D)
Gets cold in here -- but at least you'll have these little fellows for company. Don't let them in your bed though. They bite.

Chomping his teeth he bumps into her shoulder and exits.

EXT. MONROE'S STEAM SHIP (KITCHEN) - DAY

Monroe leads Catherine to a cluttered, disgusting kitchen where **CHEF DMITRY** (57) a large bumbling man with a thick Russian accent, chops potatoes.

MONROE CAPESHAW
Unfortunately nothing in life is free my girl. While you're here I expect you to work. Is that understood?

CATHERINE
Yes.

MONROE CAPESHAW
Good. You'll aid our resident chef, Dmitry in any way he needs. If you need anything come and find me.

Dmitry glances over at the girl.

MONROE CAPESHAW (CONT'D)
God help us if the quality of food doesn't improve -- you certainly can't do much worse than this oaf.

DMITRY
Fuck you.

Dmitry smiles and gives a drunk laugh. He eyes the girl --

DMITRY (CONT'D)
You are skinny... but you know to cook?

CATHERINE
A little.

DMITRY
A little is better than none. I will teach more. Together we will get fat... You know about fish?

He cuts the head off a giant tuna.

CATHERINE
Yes.

DMITRY
Good. Then gut this.

INT. VALAN'S SHIP (CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS) - NIGHT

St. John enters and approaches Valan with a large stack of worn out books.

VALAN BLÀRACH
What's this?

ST. JOHN
They're from the Watchman. Old captain's logs. He thought you might find them useful.

Valan laughs. He opens one of the books and studies the text.

VALAN BLÀRACH
Won't be much help if I can't even read them.

ST. JOHN
Your boy knows how to read. Watchman said he taught him.

With a skeptical look, Valan nods and then returns his gaze to the journals.

EXT. MONROE'S STEAM SHIP (DECK) - NIGHT

MONROE'S FIRST MATE (30), Civil War era long mustache connecting to his chops, stands with Tom and Monroe.

Across the way they watch Valan on the other ship as he works with St. John.

TOM CAPESHAW
A black man as a first mate.

MONROE'S FIRST MATE
Disgraceful.

MONROE CAPESHAW
It’s uncivilized out here. We can’t expect them to behave as anything else but savages.

MONROE'S FIRST MATE
It’s still wrong. I have half a mind to swim over there and teach him a thing or two. I wouldn’t even allow one of them on my ship.

TOM CAPESHAW
Neither would I.

MONROE'S FIRST MATE
Perhaps the Captain has some sort of special *arrangement* with the boy. I didn’t notice this Valan fellow had any wife on the island.

Tom laughs; Monroe scowls --

MONROE CAPESHAW
You’ve got a foul mind.

MONROE'S FIRST MATE
World is a foul place.

Behind them the Scientist looks up from a book and speaks up.

SCIENTIST
Perhaps the man is competent at what he does and deserves his post?

The three men look at him like he’s insane.

SCIENTIST (CONT’D)
Just a thought gentlemen.

EXT. VALAN’S SHIP - DAY

Ander struggles at untangling a line of rope on the ship. Valan approaches him and watches.

VALAN BLÀRACH
Move out -- you’re doing it wrong.

ANDER BLÀRACH
I can do it.

VALAN BLÀRACH
It’s not good enough to work hard. You have to work smart.
(MORE)

VALAN BLàRACH (CONT'D)
And in order to work smart, you need to know what you're doing.

Several moments go by and Ander is no further in completing the task. Valan pushes him away and undoes the knot effortlessly within seconds.

VALAN BLÀRACH (CONT'D)
You should have stayed home.

ANDER BLÀRACH
You should have let me finish. I was doing just fine on my own.

Valan starts walking away; Ander sighs in frustration --

ANDER BLÀRACH (CONT'D)
I was just trying to be useful.

Valan stops and looks back.

VALAN BLÀRACH
You want to be useful?

EXT. VALAN'S SHIP (CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS) - NIGHT

Ander sits at a table watching a lantern sway back and forth. Valan drops a stack of books in front of him.

ANDER BLÀRACH
What's this?

VALAN BLÀRACH
Captain's logs from the Watchman. Read 'em. You find something interesting, bring it to me.

Ander nods and picks up the books. He stands for a moment unsure what to say...

VALAN BLÀRACH (CONT'D)
Go.

Ander exits and walks down to the CREW BARRACKS --

The sleeping arrangements are poor at best. Lines of small, dirty hammocks hang from the ceiling and the aisles only have room for one to pass.

He takes a candle from the entrance door, drops the pile of books beside him, lays down and opens one of the logs.

ANDER BLÀRACH (V.O.)
(reading)
Captain Thomas Mcconley of the Rosemary. December 12th, 1593. *With our journey to Iceland now complete, we set out for an unmarked island called Eralder...*

EXT. OCEAN - DAY (VALAN'S DREAM)

With a harpoon in hand, Valan stands at the top of a whaling skiff with a harpoon. A MOAN -- cries out of the sea. The boat crew continue ROWING at full speed.

VALAN BLÀRACH
Row!

As they travel further into the ocean, a thick fog surrounds them and grows heavier by the second.

VALAN BLÀRACH (CONT'D)
Row!

Another MOAN -- this time behind Valan!

He looks behind him and realizes his entire crew has disappeared. He steps to the back of the boat and listens for another cry... All is silent, but he is STARTLED by --

DOLPH
(moaning)

Valan nearly falls off the edge as he turns around to see the boy standing before him at the front of the boat. Dolph turns to face Valan and opens his mouth... Just as the boy is about to mimic the moan again--

EXT. VALAN'S SHIP (CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS) - NIGHT

A MOAN louder than thunder booms across the outside deck. Valan gasps in a cold sweat, disoriented and confused from the dream. His eyes shoot open and he bolts out of bed.

Another MOAN wails out, this one even louder than the preceding one and nearly strong enough to rattle the ship.

Valan races OUTSIDE -- Dolph stands near the edge of the ship, standing alone. On the deck across from him, Monroe's men begin to come up from their cabins.

MONROE CAPESHAW VALAN BLÀRACH
(calling out) -- Yes.
You heard that?

Another MOAN... Then a repetitive SPLASHING begins creeping across the water. At first distant, it quickly becomes louder as if approaching them.

The noise grows in volume -- light pattering turns to bursting slaps, as if an army was racing atop the water. Above them CRIES of birds sound out--

St. John exchanges an uneasy glance with Valan.
Suddenly a MASSIVE **migration of fish** swims by --

Thousands upon thousands of large fish JUMP from the water and crash back down in the sea.

They're trailed by a storm of birds that nearly blacken the morning light and a horde of seals. The migration noise is overwhelming and men have to scream to hear each other--

LITTLE DAN
Look at them all!

The fish swim directly down the center of the two ships and completely surround Monroe's boat, extending well into the distant ocean on his portside.

ST. JOHN
Dan! Grab the spear --

Little Dan darts below the deck and returns with a giant spear -- St. John takes it from him, aims and -- SPEARS a large fish as it leaps from the water; Valan's crew cheers!

ST. JOHN (CONT'D)
Fresh fish for breakfast!

ACROSS THE WAY ON MONROE'S SHIP --

MONROE CAPESHAW
Man can certainly throw a spear.

Tom sees the men CHEERING as St. John pulls up his fish. A subtle look of jealousy ripples onto his face. He takes out his gun and Begins FIRING at the fish as they jump!

TOM CAPESHAW
HA! See that men--stupid things!
(To Catherine)
Want to give it a try?

CATHERINE
No.

Tom shoots at the fish more.

TOM CAPESHAW
I hit that one square on!

SCIENTIST
Hard to miss with this many fish.

Tom runs down the deck and continues shooting. Catherine looks at the Scientist --

CATHERINE
If you push him off the deck I won't tell anyone.

The Scientist smiles at her as Tom nearly falls off the guard rail to get a closer shot --

SCIENTIST
I'm not sure he'll need any help falling off.

CATHERINE
He's certainly not the brightest member of the crew...

SCIENTIST
You have keen powers of observation. Perhaps a career in the sciences is in your future.

She smiles, the Scientist opens up a journal of his writings. On the page is a rough sketch of the fish and some notes.

SCIENTIST (CONT'D)
We're quite lucky. I've been told this is a very rare event. These fish are on a migratory root. I've never seen it first hand, but Fisherman on the Faroe Islands spoke of it.

Dmitry waddles on deck and is overtaken by the sight before him. As far as the eye can see fish ripple across the ocean.

DMITRY
I am in drinking dream.

SCIENTIST
You're not, my friend.

DMITRY
These fish... They are all real?

SCIENTIST
I believe so.

Dmitry waddles to the rail and his eyes light up.

DMITRY
Quick, Get nets! We must eat them!

Down below BIRDS dive and SWOOP in to hunt the myriad of fish. The event is brilliantly captivating and both crews watch, completely astonished.

Catherine and Ander look at each other across the way, admiring the site together.

Even Valan marvels at the sight... but something is odd -- While all the men stare at the fish, Dolph still stands at the other end of the ship, looking out at the empty water...

Valan walks to the boy, trying to find what he's staring at... In the FAR OFF distance, barely visible through patches of fog, two seals fight over the remnants of a large fish.

Valan watches the seals with Dolph for several moments, just as it seems he's lost patience for the sight --

The **LEVIATHAN** tears out of the ocean and RIPS both of the seals apart in one bite --

VALAN BLÀRACH
IT'S HERE!

The Leviathan MOANS and slams back down into the water, disappearing below the surface.

ON MONROE'S DECK, Monroe stumbles back as the bone chilling moan echoes in the cold morning air. Tom looks at his father absolutely terrified. The Scientist jolts forward, captivated by the sound, wanting to know more.

Before Valan's crew have a chance to see the creature it is gone and Monroe's vessel has no view of the event whatsoever.

SCIENTIST
Pull the ship up! Hurry!

Valan's crew instantly rush to the other edge of the ship.

VALAN'S CREW #1
Where was it?!

VALAN'S CREW #2
What did it look like --

VALAN BLÀRACH
Man the boats, grab the dynamite!
(yelling out to Monroe)
Ready your men! Circle out and head in. We'll catch it on its flank!

Dumbfounded, Monroe looks at his helmsman and --

MONROE CAPESHAW
Swing outward and get us moving.

ON VALAN'S SHIP --

VALAN BLÀRACH
Dan, climb the nest and keep watch.

LITTLE DAN
-- Aye!

Men frantically lower two of the smaller whaling boats into the sea from their ship. With a giant harpoon in hand, Valan hops down into the front of the lead boat.

St. John pours whale oil onto a torch, lights it and gets into the other boat. Ander follows behind him carrying several bundles of DYNAMITE.

VALAN BLÀRACH
You think you're ready for this?

ANDER BLÀRACH
Yes.

VALAN BLÀRACH
Then get ready to spill some blood boy.

ON MONROE'S STEAMER -- Monroe nervously eyes the water and YELLS out orders.

MONROE CAPESHAW
I want all men to the deck! Ready the nets. When this creature appears we'll take it alive.

TOM CAPESHAW
Alive?! I thought we just wanted the body.

MONROE CAPESHAW
We'll see what we can get.

ON THE WATER -- Valan stares out as the crew rows deeper into the misty water. They make it out to the bloody stained waters where the seals were.

Monroe's steamer gets in position.

MONROE CAPESHAW (CONT'D)
(calling out)
Where is it?

VALAN BLÀRACH
Went under -- but it couldn't have gone far. Keep your eyes out.

The sounds of the migrating fish and screeching birds quiet until all that is left is the swaying of the ocean. Harpoon in hand, Valan stands carefully watching the water.

ON MONROE'S STEAMER -- the men wait, all eyes glued to the sea. No one speaks...

VALAN BLÀRACH (CONT'D)
(yelling out)
Dan -- you see anything up there?

LITTLE DAN
No.

VALAN BLÀRACH
(yelling out)
Monroe?

MONROE CAPESHAW
Nothing.

Several moments of tension pass... St. John runs his fingers in the bloody water as it begins to dissipate and clear.

EXT. MONROE'S STEAM SHIP - DAY (HOURS LATER)

Tom looks to his father. The fog has completely cleared and a bright sunny day beats down on them. Below St. John and Valan still remain in their boats.

TOM CAPESHAW
We going to wait here forever? ...
I don't think it's coming.

Catherine watches over the rails, focusing on Ander; Tom notices Catherine, clearly taken with fear and anxiety.

TOM CAPESHAW (CONT'D)
... Or maybe they will be torn out of the water.

VALAN'S BOAT -- rocks softly back and forth in the sea... St. John's torch burns out and he looks at Valan.

Frustrated, Valan watches the horizon and realizes that nothing is around them -- at least not anymore. He lowers his harpoon and glances over at Monroe's Steamer.

MONROE CAPESHAW
Looks like it slipped away.

Ander still watches the water ready for anything. Valan seems impressed by his unwavering focus, but the effort is futile, the creature is gone. Valan hesitates for a moment...

VALAN BLÀRACH
(to crew)
Alright men. Back to the ship.

INT. MONROE'S STEAM SHIP (CREW QUARTERS) - NIGHT

Catherine mops the hallway floor. Across the way Monroe's First Mate SNORES in his cabin, his door cracked open, bottle of whiskey in hand.

She eyes Confederate Civil War memorabilia, including a battered stars and stripes flag in his quarters.

She continues on. The Scientist's room also open -- his journals scattered across a desk. She stops mopping and opens one, flipping through the pages...

SCIENTIST
They're scientific journals.

CATHERINE
(spooked)
I'm sorry -- I was just, I'll be on my way now.

SCIENTIST
No, no, that's alright.

Catherine stops at the door, relieved but still unnerved.

SCIENTIST (CONT'D)
You can borrow them if you'd like.

CATHERINE
I don't know how to read... What do you write in there anyway?

SCIENTIST
Many things. Primarily observations of nature.

CATHERINE
People pay you to do this?

SCIENTIST
(laughs)
Yes and no. I'm a professor of Biology at the college of Harvard. A very wealthy business man selected me for a grant to be a part of this voyage and further studies in my field. He doesn't really care or understand what I'm even doing, but the philanthropy makes him look good to his peers...
(shrugs)
It's all a bit of a sham really -- but I have gotten what I came for, so I guess I can't complain.

TOM CAPESHAW
What's going on here?

Tom walks between them from the hallway.

TOM CAPESHAW (CONT'D)
Special bonding time?
(to Scientist)
I don't blame you, that one has got quite a look to her.

SCIENTIST
Your excessively vexing, crude, and presumptuous nature is unparalleled.

The insult goes right over Tom's head.

SCIENTIST (CONT'D)
Ms...

CATHERINE
-- Catherine.

SCIENTIST (CONT'D)
Yes, Ms. Catherine and I were just discussing the voyage.

Tom's eyes go wide in mocking amusement as he lights a cigarette and blows smoke into his face.

TOM CAPESHAW
Oh! I see...

Tom looks at Catherine and seems to undress her with his eyes, never taking his animalistic gaze off her.

TOM CAPESHAW (CONT'D)
Finish your mopping quickly girl. Dmitry wants you in the kitchen.

He throws his cigarette onto the Scientist's floor and exits.

EXT. VALAN'S SHIP - DAY

At the head of the ship Catherine leans against a railing watching Ander, who reads from a journal.

ANDER BLÀRACH (V.O.)
(reading)
After much discussion, we have decided to continue our exploration east in search of the island, but it appears that we may be lost. Several of the crew have protested, but for the time being we press on.

Ander notices Catherine staring at him and smiles back. Little Dan punches his arm and starts to scoff at him.

LITTLE DAN
I think she likes you.

ANDER BLÀRACH
Shouldn't you be working?

LITTLE DAN
Working?! There is nothing to do. Not until the Jörmungandr shows.

Little Dan grabs a broom handle and begins slashing around at the air, using it like a sword.

LITTLE DAN (CONT'D)
Then the real men will come out to do work -- cut it open! And spill its guts into the sea!
(Dan begins poking Ander)
Back fowl beast!

EXT. VALAN'S SHIP (CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS) - NIGHT

Valan studies a map of Eralder and surrounding areas.

On it are lines plotting out the courses of other ships from the island that have gone missing... Exhausted he shuts his eyes and leans back into a chair.

EXT. OCEAN - NIGHT (VALAN'S DREAM)

Valan sits in a small whaling skiff with Dolph. The boat moves across dead still water and no one is paddling.

An empty boat emerges from the fog across from them.

The sound of rats squeaking and crawling on each other grows louder as the boat drifts closer.

An infant cries out -- Valan stands up to get a better vantage point and sees HUNDREDS OF RATS surrounding a BABY in the middle of the empty boat.

Perplexed and horrified Valan looks to Dolph, but Dolph does not watch the empty boat and instead just stares back at him.

Valan looks back to the boat and suddenly it BURSTS into flames -- The RATS all jump off and swim toward Valan's boat.

Rats begin to climb up Valan's boat. The boat begins to sink. The cries of the infant across the way get louder.

Water pours over the edges of his boat. Rats crawl onto Valan. Valan's body begins disappearing under water -- up to his neck, rats all around him he reaches to the sky --

INT. VALAN'S SHIP (CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS) - NIGHT

Valan awakens from the dream, exhausted and scared. He collects himself for a moment and then walks OUT TO THE DECK of the ship. St. John comes up beside him.

ST. JOHN
Bad dreams.

Valan does not reply. They stare out at the water together.

VALAN BLÀRACH
Where is the mute?

St. John nods to the main mast far up above --

At the very top of the ship, Dolph sits on one of the sail posts, quietly gazing at Monroe's steam ship beside them.

ST. JOHN
You know -- this child, he never sleeps... But I'm not sure if he is really ever awake either.

EXT. MONROE'S STEAM SHIP (DINING COMMONS) - NIGHT

Tom, Monroe's First Mate, Dmitry, and other crew members play poker. Smoke hangs in the room and the men's sweaty faces are blushed red from laughing.

The only person not enjoying himself is Tom, who keeps looking back and forth between his cards and Dmitry.

TOM CAPESHAW
This God damn Russian -- you can never tell when he’s fucking lying.

DMITRY
Not lie. I put all in, now you put all in and we see. I have good cards, I promise you.

TOM CAPESHAW
-- Stop your babbling!

MONROE'S FIRST MATE
You’ve got him shaking in his boots Dmitry. Haven’t seen him this worked up since the whale noises in the mornin’.

The crew laughs. Tom folds his cards -- the men around him raise their voices in excitement.

DMITRY
Too much pressure for the boy.

The First Mate flips Tom's cards over for the table.

MONROE'S FIRST MATE
Kings! Why would you fold kings?!

TOM CAPESHAW
Because he had something better!

Dmitry flips his cards, 2 and 7 off suit -- nothing.

TOM CAPESHAW (CONT’D)
Son of a bitch! You were lying!

DMITRY
And now I win all the money!

The crew laughs harder at Tom. Dmitry grabs the pile in the middle of the table and pulls it toward himself.

TOM CAPESHAW (CONT’D)
That was everything I had!

Infuriated, Tom hits the poker table with his fist.

DMITRY
Little boy is mad! I make another bet. If you can out drink me -- I will give it all back.

TOM CAPESHAW
All of it?

MONROE'S FIRST MATE
Careful now!

DMITRY
Drink for drink.

TOM CAPESHAW
Deal.

HOURS LATER -- Dmitry and Tom sit at opposite ends of the table. Rows of empty shot glasses are lined up beside them.

Tom FINISHES a shot -- but just barely. He gives a sloppy devilish grin to Dmitry. The crew around him CHEER.

CAPESHAW'S FIRST MATE
More?

Dmitry nods. The bottle of vodka is now half empty. Tom looks delirious, but Dmitry looks shockingly sober. Dmitry slams down another shot with ease...

Tom hesitates -- picks up his drink and attempts to gulp it... But instead THROWS UP onto the floor. The crew around Tom begin dying of laughter.

DMITRY
You are stupid man if you think you can out drink Russian.

Dmitry chuckles. Tom staggers to his feet, pulls out a GUN and AIMS it at Dmitry.

MONROE'S FIRST MATE
Easy Tom --

The laughs die down. Dmitry smiles and waves the First Mate down like it's nothing. Uneasy laughter returns, but the crew isn't entirely relieved by Dmitry's cavalier attitude.

DMITRY
What? You think the gun is scary?

TOM CAPESHAW
If you're so tough then go ahead and finish the rest of that bottle. Go on. Give it your best. Show us what a big man you are.

Dmitry eyes the bottle, still half full.

DMITRY
Want to see what big man look like? I will show.

He grabs the bottle and begins chugging it. At first it's easy -- but as the seconds grow longer he fights to not gag.

Tom lowers the gun, getting joy out of the struggle. The last bit of liquid swirls in the bottle! Dmitry gulps it down -- picks up a nearby candle, holds it to his mouth and --

BREATHES FIRE out at the crew triumphantly.

DMITRY (CONT'D)
I am Russian God!

Dmitry begins to crack up and falls to the floor. The crew members yell excitedly and pick him up.

TOM CAPESHAW
HA! Good job. Good job.

Tom laughs nervously along with the crew, Dmitry eyes him with a dominating gaze.

TOM CAPESHAW (CONT'D)
You know, I was just kidding you buffoon!
(holding up gun)
It wasn't even loaded!

DMITRY
-- Not loaded?!

Dmitry laughs and FALLS onto a chair sending the crew into more hysterics. The First Mate sends Tom a severe glance.

MONROE'S FIRST MATE
I think you've had enough for the night. Best get to your quarters.

Tom sneers and creeps out of the room.

INT. MONROE'S STEAM SHIP (HALLWAY) - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

Tom stumbles to the hallway and leans against the wall. He looks at the gun and opens the chamber... the gun ***is*** loaded. He smirks and then staggers down the hallway.

Catherine walks down a corridor carrying a pile of dishes and sets them into a wash area.

Tom sneaks up behind her and grabs her by the stomach. Disgusted, she flips around.

TOM CAPESHAW
You okay in here?

CATHERINE
Yes. Let go.

He smiles, touches her breast and kisses her; Catherine SLAPS his cheek and SHOVES him away --

CATHERINE (CONT'D)
I'd stay away if I were you.

TOM CAPESHAW
Look at you!

Tom laughs as if this is a game, but his smile quickly disappears. He grabs her ear and TWISTS it. She SCREAMS --

TOM CAPESHAW (CONT'D)
Strong aren't you?

He brings her in close and licks her face, Catherine struggles to break free. Tom puts his hands around her throat and giggles.

TOM CAPESHAW (CONT'D)
You want to get fucked you little bitch? I'll --

Catherine GRABS A KNIFE and --

SLASHES -- Tom DODGES and snatches her wrist, TWISTS it hard behind her back and --

SLAMS her head directly into a metal post, KNOCKING her out.

He takes a moment to catch his breath. Catherine lays on the floor, her head bleeding profusely... He squats down beside her... *Is she dead*?

Tom reaches out and touches her neck. Still a pulse. He smiles, slings her over his shoulder and carries her away.

INT. MONROE'S STEAM SHIP (CARGO HOLD) - NIGHT

With a bottle of vodka flowing through his veins, Dmitry wanders through the ship. A lantern hangs in his hand.

He waddles into the cargo hold and slumps down to sit on a crate. He smiles, closes his eyes, and passes out -- his body HITS the ground and the LANTERN BREAKS OPEN onto the floor.

FIRE spreads across the room, growing larger ...

EXT. MONROE'S STEAM SHIP (DECK) - NIGHT

Smoke drifts out of the ship. Monroe sniffs at the air and spins around to a nearby crew member.

MONROE CAPESHAW
What is that?!

INT. MONROE'S STEAM SHIP (CATHERINE'S ROOM) - NIGHT

Tom drops Catherine onto the floor. He looks behind him to make sure no one has been watching and then shuts the door.

INT. MONROE'S STEAM SHIP (CARGO HOLD) - NIGHT

The heat now rising rapidly, Dmitry awakens and discovers the entire cargo room is on fire. He staggers back just as Monroe comes down the stairs!

MONROE CAPESHAW
FIRE! ALL HANDS --

INT. MONROE'S STEAM SHIP (CATHERINE'S ROOM) - NIGHT

Now laying on the floor with Catherine, Tom gropes her thighs and begins to unzip his pants --

A warning BELL rings across the ship! Tom frantically rises to his feet. He opens the door to see men RUNNING through the bottom decks and **smoke** pouring out of the hallway.

Unsure what is happening he SHUTS Catherine's door and <u>LOCKS</u> her in. Monroe rounds a corner --

MONROE CAPESHAW
Get to the pumps! Quickly!

Crew Members sprint down the stairs carrying a hose.

MONROE CAPESHAW (CONT'D)
Open the valves!

TOM CAPESHAW
-- What's going on?!

MONROE CAPESHAW (CONT'D)
Fire below -- get to the deck!

EXT. VALAN'S SHIP - NIGHT

Hearing wild SCREAMS across the water, St. John turns his attention to Monroe's steamer. No fire is visible yet -- but black smoke drifts out from the interior like a chimney.

At the head of the ship Dolph silently watches... St. John RUNS down the deck to Valan --

ST. JOHN
Something is wrong -- come!

Valan approaches the ship edge with a few Crew Members.

VALAN BLÀRACH
Fire...

INT. MONROE'S STEAM SHIP (STORE ROOM) - NIGHT

Members of Monroe's crew SPRAY down the fire -- but the flames continue to eat away at the interior.

UP ABOVE on the next level of the ship --

SCIENTIST
We need to prepare the life boats!

MONROE CAPESHAW
We don't have time!

SCIENTIST
There is enough whale oil in the cargo to blow us all to Hell we need to escape while we still can!

Monroe pays him no attention and continues down to the lower deck where the heart of the fire resides --

CREW MEMBER
The ship is lost!

MONROE CAPESHAW
-- It's NOT lost!

CREW MEMBER
The hose isn't enough, we need more. We've already lost four to the fire, we can't manage the heat!

MONROE CAPESHAW
Keep at it --

CREW MEMBER
-- Do it yourself, I'm leaving!

Monroe pulls out a pistol and aims it at the man's head.

MONROE CAPESHAW
Stay or I'll shoot you where you stand!

CREW MEMBER
You're mad.

With no choice, the Crew Member heads back into the fire.

Monroe dashes up the stairs to the **main deck OUTSIDE.** On the side of the ship the fire spreads and BURSTS out of a window on the lower deck.

DOWN BELOW in the store room a fire rages outside the doorway to the **barrels of oil.**

The cracked barrel is completely empty, all contents now seeped out on the floor where the remaining barrels reside...

Through the smoke filled haze Crew Members continue into the fire with the hose, but nothing seems to stop the burn.

CAPESHAW CREW MEMBER
Keep pushing -- we can't let it reach the door!

But they're too late. The fire eats away at the door and the flames make their way to the oil soaked floor boards!

Within seconds all of the barrels are ENGULFED in FIRE; the crew watches in horror --

CREW MEMBER
Run!

UP ABOVE on the deck of the ship -- a gigantic **EXPLOSION** blows a hole in the center of the ship!

Monroe and his son are KNOCKED off their feet; the steamer CRACKS in half and begins taking on water! Realizing the vessel is now a death trap --

MONROE CAPESHAW
ABANDON SHIP!

The call spreads throughout the underbelly of the ship.

DOWN BELOW the remaining crew struggle to reach the deck as they race up the stairs, ready to pass out from asphyxiation.

CREW MEMBER
Abandon ship! All men out!

More men race out of the hallways, Dmitry COLLAPSES from smoke inhalation and catches fire. No one stops to save him.

UP ABOVE The Scientist ushers men into a life boat.

SCIENTIST
Twenty eight, twenty nine --

The Scientist looks for others.

MONROE CAPESHAW
Get in you fool!

SCIENTIST
We're still missing twelve people!

TOM CAPESHAW
The boat is full, if the others are alive they can swim.

MONROE CAPESHAW
The boy is right, we must go!

Monroe yanks the Scientist in by the collar and pulls him into the lifeboat. They hit the release chain and DROP hard into the water.

MONROE CAPESHAW (CONT'D)
Alright men! Row!

The crew begins heading towards Valan's ship, not more than seventy feet away.

VALAN BLÀRACH
Throw down the lines!

Monroe's boat makes it to the edge of Valan's ship. Men begin to climb up the ropes thrown down for them. Monroe swings over to Valan's deck and looks at his steam ship as it burns.

Ander searches through Monroe's crew members --

ANDER BLÀRACH
Where is Catherine?!

MONROE CAPESHAW
(still in shock)
Who?

ANDER BLÀRACH
(getting angry)
-- The girl.

MONROE CAPESHAW
She's not here?

Ander looks through the crew once more, no sign of her.

SCIENTIST
There are still others on the ship.

Ander viciously stares at Monroe.

ANDER BLÀRACH
And you left them behind?!

MONROE'S FIRST MATE
We barely made it here -- half our crew went down in the fire.

ANDER BLÀRACH
Cowards.

Ander DIVES off Valan's ship and into the sea. He resurfaces from the water and climbs his way onto the life boat.

VALAN BLÀRACH
Ander! What are you doing?!

ST. JOHN
Boy is going to get himself killed.

St. John grabs a rope dangling from the bow. He climbs over the rails, propels off the ship and swings into Monroe's lifeboat boat with a sturdy THUD.

ST. JOHN (CONT'D)
She is gone --

ANDER BLÀRACH
Either help or get off.

UP ABOVE The Scientist follows behind St. John --

MONROE CAPESHAW
What are you doing?

SCIENTIST
Doing what you should have done.

The Scientist struggles to make it down the line, but is caught by St. John and steadied.

SCIENTIST (CONT'D)
Come on, we can still make it.

Ander clutches his set of oars and the trio begins rowing.

INT. MONROE'S STEAM SHIP (CATHERINE'S ROOM) - NIGHT

Still knocked out Catherine lays on the floor. She begins to COUGH as black smoke starts to seep in under the door.

From the coughing she slowly awakens and begins to panic as she realizes a fire has broken out. She gets to her feet and tries to open the door, but it's LOCKED.

CATHERINE
Hello!? Somebody help me!

She jiggles the lock again and again.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)
Please help!

EXT. OCEAN - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

Fueled by adrenaline Ander, the Scientist and St. John glide across the sea and close the gap between the ships. They arrive at Monroe's steamer, now in flames --

ANDER BLÀRACH
I'm going to find her. Stay here.

ST. JOHN
Be careful -- and hurry!

SCIENTIST
Look for her on the second level, towards the front of the ship.

Ander finds a rope used to lower the emergency life boats down and climbs his way up. His strength is so ferocious he does not use his legs to hold his body steady.

By the time he reaches the deck more than half the ship has caught fire -- An EXPLOSION RUMBLES from a lower deck.

ANDER BLÀRACH
Catherine!

Seeing no trace of her above, he looks for a way inside. The main entrance is covered in FLAMES.

He takes his wet shirt off, covers his back and ducks into the door. Fire and smoke surround him -- but he continues with little regard for his personal safety.

He comes to a door and KICKS it open -- nothing inside.

ANDER BLÀRACH (CONT'D)
Catherine!

Ander turns down a hall and repeats this process -- each time finding nothing.

INSIDE CATHERINE'S ROOM she pounds at the door and SCREAMS.

IN THE HALLWAYS Ander COUGHS as the smoke singes his lungs.

ANDER BLÀRACH (CONT'D)
Catherine --

He kicks open another door and is KNOCKED to his feet by a back draft of fire! Scrambling to his feet he looks back to the exit when --

CATHERINE (O.S.)
(behind door/muffled)
Help! Please!

Hearing the voice, Ander turns and goes towards the cries, racing deeper into the hallway. She continues making noise and Ander finds her door --

CATHERINE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Help me please!

ANDER BLÀRACH
Catherine!?

He tries to open the handle but it's locked and burns him.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)
Ander!?

ANDER BLÀRACH
I've come for you --

CATHERINE (CONT'D)
The door is locked -- You're going to have to break it.

ANDER BLÀRACH
Stand back!

He SLAMS into the door until he BREAKS through. Catherine runs to his arms! He hugs her fiercely.

ANDER BLÀRACH (CONT'D)
(Re: dried blood on her head)
You're hurt --

CATHERINE
I'll be fine.

He grabs the blanket off the cot and wraps her in it.

ANDER BLÀRACH
We've got to get out of here.

Taking her by the hand, Ander bolts out of the room and back into the Hallway. Flames dance up the side walls --

They arrive at the main interior, now a blazing inferno. The stairs up are now waste high flames.

CATHERINE
What do we do?!

Ander grabs her blanket.

ANDER BLÀRACH
We've got no choice -- put your arms around me.

CATHERINE
What?

ANDER BLÀRACH
Just do it!

She reaches for his shoulders, Ander hoists her legs over his sides and grabs her tightly. Sweat pours from Ander's face and his eyes burn from the smoldering heat.

ANDER BLÀRACH (CONT'D)
Wrap the blanket around us.

Ander takes a deep breath and SPRINTS up the flaming case! As he DASHES through the flames he SCREAMS in agony as his pants catch on fire.

Just as he's about to collapse from lack of air, exhaustion, and sheer pain, they **arrive ON DECK**, Ander GASPS and they --

JUMP off the ship into the water beside St. John's boat. Catherine and Ander come to the surface --

St. John pulls the girl up by one arm; the Scientist drags Ander over -- Ander's pants are in tatters and his legs have horrendous burns. St. John begins rowing.

CATHERINE
(horrified)
Oh no --

SCIENTIST
-- Don't touch him. We must be careful with these burns.

Behind them the ship COLLAPSES into a hellish glow of flames as the support beams are eaten away by fire.

One last MASSIVE EXPLOSION destroys the remnants of the ship, sending embers sailing upward to the night sky, like thousands of tiny boats lost in a churning sea.

INT. VALAN'S SHIP - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

Valan's crew HOIST the life boat back up to the deck. The men all CHEER and YELL at Ander --

SCIENTIST
He needs help --

VALAN BLÀRACH
(noticing burns)
Take him below.

Two of Valan's Crew Members carry Ander across the deck and they disappear below.

Catherine hops out of the life boat. With a fury in her step, she immediately STORMS across the deck to Tom.

TOM CAPESHAW
Look who made it --

Catherine winds her arm back and **PUNCHES** Tom directly in the nose, breaking it upon impact.

BLOOD hits the deck floor, Tom moves to hit her back, but is held back by his own crew --

Despite her slight frame, she fights without reservation and with the strength of a boxer; St. John grabs Catherine, but she breaks free and PUNCHES Tom again in the mouth.

He spits out a tooth and thrashes around --

TOM CAPESHAW (CONT'D)
Little bitch!

CATHERINE
I'd say that description better serves you, with your mouth of missing teeth and bloody nose.

St. John restrains Catherine again; Tom screams in rage!

MONROE'S FIRST MATE
Come on now! That's a *girl* --

CATHERINE
-- Let him go and see how he fares!

TOM CAPESHAW
You're going to regret this!

Monroe storms over to Tom and grabs his son's neck.

MONROE CAPESHAW
Get a hold of yourself --

A cacophony of noise erupts from the two crews. Valan's voice **BOOMS** out over the tense commotion --

VALAN BLÀRACH
Quiet! All of you.

Valan walks to the girl and locks eyes with her.

VALAN BLÀRACH (CONT'D)
What is the meaning of this?

Daggers in her eyes, Catherine glances at Tom --

CATHERINE
He tried to have his way with me. I refused so he locked me in a room and left me to die in the fire.

TOM CAPESHAW
The little slut wanted me to have her. When I turned her away, she lost her mind like a animal in heat. I had to put her away, there was no other choice.

Catherine tries to break free.

CATHERINE
You lie! --

TOM CAPESHAW
See, look at her! Can't trust a loose woman like that.

As she struggles, Tom smiles exposing his missing tooth --

CATHERINE
Keep smiling and I'll bash the rest of your teeth out.

TOM CAPESHAW
-- Girl can barely contain herself!

Valan suddenly GRABS Tom's jaw and SQUEEZES his cheeks with a brutal mind numbing strength --

VALAN BLÀRACH
Listen to me boy. I know your kind quite well. You might have had your run of the deck back on your *Daddy's* ship -- but now you're on **mine.** You so much as look at that girl one more time and I'll rip your fucking jaw off.

Monroe pulls a PISTOL out, AIMS at Valan's head and...

MONROE CAPESHAW
Unhand him -- That's my son you're talking to!

St. John reaches for a machete, putting it to Monroe's throat and suddenly --

<u>Both crews begin to BRAWL</u>, pushing each other and exchanging blows -- but just before things get beyond redemption the Scientist steps into the fray.

SCIENTIST
Stop! Everyone stand down! Clearly we're under a great deal of stress.

The crews hold for a moment but continue their hostile stares at each other.

Valan squeezes Tom tighter -- Tom is frozen in pure terror as Valan literally appears strong enough to follow through on his threat of ripping his jaw off.

The Scientist makes eye contact with each person all while Valan clenches Tom's jaw; Monroe aims a gun at Valan, and St. John holds a knife to Monroe's throat...

SCIENTIST (CONT'D)
We've suffered enough for one night -- and you all intend to carry this behavior on further? You wish to kill each other like savages? We're all decent men here. Are we not?

Valan eyes the Scientist, then glances back to Tom.

VALAN BLÀRACH
Stay away from the girl.

Valan throws Tom's head towards the deck. Tom barely manages to stay on his feet. Everyone is released. Valan and Monroe exchange an uneasy stare; tension still thick in the air.

SCIENTIST
I think it's best you talk this out in private.

MONROE CAPESHAW
Very well.

Valan nods towards his cabin. Monroe begins walking there.

VALAN BLÀRACH
(quiet, to St. John)
If his son goes near her, throw him off the ship.

INT. VALAN'S SHIP (CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS) - NIGHT

Valan and Monroe sit at a wooden table, around them a few candles give off a soft orange glow.

VALAN BLÀRACH
As it stands right now, I suspect we're somewhere here --

Valan points in the middle of the ocean on an old map.

MONROE CAPESHAW
Obviously we must return to the island.
(MORE)

MONROE CAPESHAW (CONT'D)
With a crew of this size and provisions already low, the hunt is unsustainable.

VALAN BLÀRACH
We are not going back. Our situation has grown more complicated, but we still have the same goal.

MONROE CAPESHAW
Are you mad?

VALAN BLÀRACH
Yes. Yes I am Mr. Capeshaw. And that is why I will kill this beast.

MONROE CAPESHAW
It won’t bring your son back.

VALAN BLÀRACH
This isn’t just about him. The island will not make it through another long winter without trade ships. There is no choice but to continue.

Monroe watches the candlelight flicker in Valan’s eyes.

VALAN BLÀRACH (CONT’D)
You and I need to come to an understanding. You are on ***my*** ship.

Valan tears off a piece of dried fish and chews it.

VALAN BLÀRACH (CONT’D)
Therefore you and your crew are under ***my*** command.

MONROE CAPESHAW
How many days provisions do we have?

VALAN BLÀRACH
Enough... Tomorrow we integrate the crews and assign ship roles.

MONROE CAPESHAW
I hope for your sake you know what you’re doing.

Monroe stands and begins to head to the door.

VALAN BLÀRACH
And Monroe -- Keep your son in line.

They stare like two alpha wolves ready to tear each other apart... but after several moments, Monroe simply nods and heads out.

OUTSIDE Catherine watches Monroe walk down below deck. Valan appears in his doorway. St. John looks at her and motions for her to enter.

She walks INSIDE Valan's room with St. John. Valan sits down and pours himself a drink.

VALAN BLÀRACH (CONT'D)
You're a problem... There are over sixty men on this ship and just one girl.

She sits down at a table across from him.

CATHERINE
I can take care of myself.

VALAN BLÀRACH
I can see. You're a fierce fighter.

CATHERINE
You don't grow up in Glasgow and not know how to fight, especially the part I'm from...

VALAN BLÀRACH
Glasgow, eh? That's where I was born.

Valan finishes his drink.

VALAN BLÀRACH (CONT'D)
Why did you go on the steamer with them?

CATHERINE
I was leaving.

VALAN BLÀRACH
To America?

CATHERINE
Yes. Was going to go with your son. But that's all over with now.

VALAN BLÀRACH
Ander was going to go with you?

CATHERINE
You'd know that if you ever talked with him.

Valan pays the comment no attention.

VALAN BLÀRACH
This ship is a dangerous place for you... You're to stay in these quarters at all times. If you must go out, don't go anywhere but the deck. And only during the day. Understood?

CATHERINE
Yes.

Valan throws a pillow and blanket over a small wooden bench.

VALAN BLÀRACH
You sleep there.

The Scientist comes rushing in from the door way.

SCIENTIST
Captain, come quickly. Your son...

VALAN BLÀRACH
(to Catherine)
Stay here.

CATHERINE
To hell with that.

Catherine pushes past him and bolts outside.

INT. VALAN'S SHIP (MEDICAL ROOM/HOLDING CELL) - NIGHT

Ander writhes on a hard wooden table. His forehead is thick with sweat and he fights to not scream out in pain. Around him is St. John, the Scientist, Catherine and Valan. The Scientist pulls down Ander's sheet to reveal --

Severe **third degree burns.** Ander's skin bubbles with red blisters up to his thighs and his burned tattered clothing sticks closely to his legs.

SCIENTIST
We've tried to get the rest of the clothing off but...

The Scientist peels away some of the pants -- Ander SCREAMS and part of his skin comes off with it. Catherine attempts to soothe Ander by damping his forehead with a cloth.

CATHERINE
You're going to be alright.

Valan grabs a bottle of alcohol off the shelf and puts the bottle to Ander's mouth, Ander chokes the liquid down.

VALAN BLÀRACH
Drink.

SCIENTIST
We've got to clean the wounds.

ANDER BLÀRACH
Then do it. It's going to take more than some burns to kill me.

Ander grits his teeth, Valan seems deeply troubled...

SCIENTIST
He'll have to go under. I'll need ether.

ST. JOHN
-- Aye.

St. John pulls out a jar and cloth from a cupboard above. The Scientist looks at Ander while getting the rag ready.

SCIENTIST
This will make it so you will sleep through the pain and keep you still enough for us to work... Take a deep breathe.

Ander nods, Valan looks at him. The Scientist holds the rag to Ander's mouth -- everything goes **BLACK.**

INT. VALAN'S SHIP (HALLWAY) - NIGHT

The Scientist exits a room finds Valan and Catherine.

SCIENTIST
I've done all I can.

CATHERINE
Will he be alright?

SCIENTIST
I won't lie to you. At this point he would be lucky to survive next week and even if he does, infection will almost surely take his legs...
(MORE)

SCIENTIST (CONT'D)
All we can do is let him rest and hope he pulls through.

With a face full of concern, Valan eyes Ander from the door. On the floor nearby are piles of bloody sheets.

EXT. VALAN'S SHIP (DECK) - NIGHT

The deck is silent and most of the crew has gone to sleep. Dolph climbs down from the crows nest and silently creeps down below the deck. St. John sees this...

INSIDE the ship Dolph makes his way through the dark corridors and stops at Ander's door. Dolph enters and walks to the table Ander sleeps on. He then CUTS his own hands on a blade nearby and begins *clenching* Ander's legs over and over.

At first the grip is gentle, but it progressively gets rougher and stronger to the point where Ander moans in pain in his sleep.

OUTSIDE the room St. John follows the pained sounds...

INSIDE Dolph continues SQUEEZING Ander's legs, his hands now covered in blood and char. Ander's cries become louder as Dolph's hands shake from the grip and his arms move faster.

OUTSIDE St. John, growing more concerned by the noises, starts to jog to the room. He enters and finds --

Nothing but Ander laying asleep on the table... Confused, St. John stops. P*erhaps it was all in his head*...

But when he turns around, across the hall in the stairwell is Dolph... Watching him. His silver eyes reflect an eerie cat like glow in the darkness.

Dolph stares at him for a moment and then creeps away.

EXT. VALAN'S SHIP (DECK) - DAY

St. John patrols the ship, Little Dan approaches him.

LITTLE DAN
Mizzen top sail has ripped off again. Look --

ST. JOHN
We'll need to tie it up.

St. John and Little Dan begin working to get the sail down. Nearby Monroe's First Mate and Tom stand watching.

ST. JOHN (CONT'D)
You two, come help.

CAPESHAW'S FIRST MATE
You boys are fine on your own.

ST. JOHN
I was not asking. You are on our ship, I am the acting officer on this deck -- so *you* will do as *you're* told, *boy*.

TOM CAPESHAW
We don't take orders from niggers.

St. John stops hoisting. The rope falls to the ground. He stands up straight and slowly walks over to the men.

ST. JOHN
Well you're going to from this one.

Little Dan walks to St. John's side, rolls up his sleeves and raises his eyebrows tauntingly.

MONROE CAPESHAW
(to St. John)
I'll take it from here.

Monroe walks between his men and stares them down.

MONROE CAPESHAW (CONT'D)
We're working together now men. That's the way it is. We'll get this sail up to shape in no time. Tom, it's about time you learned this anyhow.

TOM CAPESHAW
Yes, because *sails* are the way of the future.

MONROE CAPESHAW
Think of it as a character building exercise.

Tom helps his father. The First Mate spits at St. John's direction and then begins aiding Monroe.

ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE SHIP -- Valan speaks with his Helmsman, as they navigate the seas.

VALAN'S HELMSMAN
Hard to find something when you don't know where to go.
(MORE)

VALAN'S HELMSMAN (CONT'D)
Ship is moving at a fine speed... But it makes little difference if we have no destination.

VALAN BLÀRACH
The destination will find us. Just stay the course.

St. John approaches. The men watch across the way as Monroe, his first mate, and Tom attempt to raise the sail. It's not until Little Dan helps that they're able to complete the task

ST. JOHN
I do not trust them.

VALAN BLÀRACH
For now we have no choice but to take them on.

ST. JOHN
Aye. But you know as well as I, we are in the eye of the storm. Calm right now, but all around is danger... There are more of them than there are of us Valan.

Valan gives a grim look back to him. The Scientist pops out of the stairwell and motions for Valan to follow.

SCIENTIST
Come.

Before Valan can do anything, Catherine, who watches from the Captain's Quarters doorway, runs downstairs.

VALAN BLÀRACH
Wait --

But she is already gone.

SCIENTIST
Strong headed woman.

INT. VALAN'S SHIP (MEDICAL ROOM/HOLDING CELL) - DAY

Ander tries to sit up but is pushed down by the Scientist.

ANDER BLÀRACH
I'm fine. Let me up.

CATHERINE
If he says you're supposed to be resting, then just do what he says.

The Scientist raises Ander's sheets to expose his legs --

SCIENTIST
Look...

Miraculously the severe blisters are completely *gone*. All that is left are healed light burn scars.

SCIENTIST (CONT'D)
In all my years I've never seen a person recover from burns like those.

ANDER BLÀRACH
-- I'm getting up now.

Ander grabs a nearby pair of pants and wiggles into them. He swings out from the table and begins walking around the room.

ANDER BLÀRACH (CONT'D)
See. I'm fine.

VALAN BLÀRACH
Strong enough to work?

ANDER BLÀRACH
Yes.

VALAN BLÀRACH
Good.
(to Catherine)
And you. Back to the cabin. I don't want to see you down here again.

EXT. VALAN'S SHIP (DECK) - NIGHT

Valan and St. John watch Ander adjust a sail with Dan.

VALAN BLÀRACH
You saw his legs... How could he be healed so fast?

Up above in the crows nest Dolph peers out at the ocean. St. John tilts his head towards Dolph, pointing it out to Valan.

ST. JOHN
The other day the boy was with Ander and disappeared like a ghost... Then I found him in the darkness of the stairway. Starin' at me as if he had been there the whole time.

VALAN BLÀRACH
You think he had some hand in this?

ST. JOHN
I know it... People on my island used to tell stories of witches that could heal like him.

St. John holds up his hands, then traces his index finger down his palm --

ST. JOHN (CONT'D)
They would cut their hands and touch the sick and injured in a trance... Go to a spirit place all night and when the sun rose all bad things would be no more...

Valan watches Dolph carefully as the child delicately moves his fingers in the wind.

ST. JOHN (CONT'D)
Blood magic.

EXT. VALAN'S SHIP (DECK) - DAY

Tom watches a bird circling above the ship with several of Monroe's crew members.

MONROE'S FIRST MATE
Bird is a ways off from land.

TOM CAPESHAW
Five dollars says I can hit it out of the air in one shot.

MONROE'S FIRST MATE
One shot? ... I'll take that bet.

SCIENTIST
I wouldn't if I were you. It's bad luck to kill an Albatross.

They look at the Scientist who jots in his notebook.

AT THE OTHER END OF THE SHIP Valan watches Dolph sitting in the crows nest, still in the same place as the night before.

MONROE CAPESHAW
Strange boy.

Valan doesn't respond. Suddenly Dolph's head abruptly shifts to the left towards the front of the ship as if startled...

A second later a GUNSHOT cracks into the air --

Valan's eyes scan the deck to find Tom holding out a smoking gun; an Albatross drops from the air. Furious, Valan starts walking to Tom, but is cut off by Monroe.

MONROE CAPESHAW (CONT'D)
I'll handle this.

VALAN BLÀRACH
-- I don't want your men firing on my deck Capeshaw.

MONROE CAPESHAW (CONT'D)
Nor do I.

Valan gives him a harsh look and then waves Monroe off.

Tom looks at the dead body of the bird and giggles to Monroe's First Mate.

TOM CAPESHAW
I'll go two for two --

Tom aims at the dead bird floating in the water but Monroe storms over and grabs his wrist.

MONROE CAPESHAW
That will not be necessary.

TOM CAPESHAW
We're just having a bit of fun.

MONROE CAPESHAW
No more use of firearms for such trivial matters. Understood?

TOM CAPESHAW
... Yes.

Tom holsters the gun. The crew goes back to their business... When the attention is finally off Tom --

MONROE CAPESHAW
(forceful whisper)
Save your bullets... We may need them in the days to come.

Monroe pats his son's shoulder, gives a stern look to his First Mate, then walks away.

On the other side of the ship -- Valan watches Dolph as the boy lets his fingers dance in the wind... Dolph stops for a moment and then looks out at the ocean.

Valan looks out at the ocean, puts a hand out and notices that *the wind has stopped*...

EXT. VALAN'S SHIP - NIGHT

Around a dimly lit main deck a few crew members watch Little Dan stand on his head, doing vertical push ups.

CREW MEMBER
Nineteen! Twenty! Twenty One... --

A loud commotion surrounds the boy as he forces himself up again and again.

LITTLE DAN
Told you lads I could do it!

The crew LAUGH and several exchange coins for bets lost.

Little Dan charges up to an OLD CREW MEMBER, giant gut and frosty beard, and begins punching the air nearby him -- The Old Crew Member gives a hearty laugh and catches all his punches with his bear like hands.

LITTLE DAN (CONT'D)
Strongest man alive!

Ander steps forward to Dan.

ANDER BLÀRACH
That was pretty good... but can you do this?

Ander does a back flip -- the crew CHEERS. Dan responds with mystified anger.

LITTLE DAN
How did you do that?!

ANDER BLÀRACH
Practice.

OLD CREW MEMBER
Boy finally found something he can't do.

LITTLE DAN
I can do it!

Dan readies his feet like he saw Ander do --

OLD CREW MEMBER
He's scared!

LITTLE DAN
-- I'm not scared!

ANDER BLÀRACH
Careful.

LITTLE DAN
Be quiet and let me think!

Dan jumps, rotates halfway and lands down on his head. The crew erupts in frenzied laughter.

LITTLE DAN (CONT'D)
God damn it!

At the back of the ship near the helm Valan and St. John gaze out at the waters edge.

ST. JOHN
Earlier today -- the mute boy. He heard that shot before it happened.

Valan does not respond. He puts his hand up in the air.

VALAN BLÀRACH
Wind is still dead...

EXT. VALAN'S SHIP - DAY

An ocean void of any movement sits underneath a cloudy sky.A hundred yards off Little Dan watches a breaching whale with a spyglass. The Scientist approaches him.

LITTLE DAN
Care for a look?

SCIENTIST
If you don't mind.

Dan hands over the spyglass. The Scientist smiles as the whale makes its way across the sea. He reaches in his back pocket and begins writing notes about the whale --

SCIENTIST (CONT'D)
(Re: Spyglass)
Would you mind if I borrowed this?

LITTLE DAN
Just don't break it. Valan will throw me off the ship if something happens to it.

SCIENTIST
(laughing)
I'll see to it you stay onboard.

LITTLE DAN
It's not a joke... He's done it before.

AT THE BACK OF THE SHIP -- Monroe paces by Valan and St. John, clearly agitated.

MONROE CAPESHAW
Three days of this now... We should have headed back when we had the chance. Flat sea is a bad omen.

VALAN BLÀRACH
We will be fine.

MONROE CAPESHAW
For how long though?

VALAN BLÀRACH
As long as it takes.

Monroe scowls and walks off. St. John looks at Valan --

ST. JOHN
When they boarded we had twelve days supply of food for thirty men, but now we've got sixty on board.

VALAN BLÀRACH
(subdued anger)
Now you're questioning me too?

St. John's calm Zen like tone diffuses Valan --

ST. JOHN
Yes. We must think this through... I would follow you to whatever end, as would the rest of our crew... But the *others*? All I know is it is hard to believe in anyone when you are starving.

Valan looks out to the sea.

VALAN BLÀRACH
It is out there. I know it... If they saw what I did...

ST. JOHN
It is not important that they believe in the creature; it's important that they believe in *you*.

Valan thinks on this and then exits below deck.

INT. VALAN'S SHIP (DECK) - SUNSET

A vivid blood red sunset is painted across the sea. Now miles out, the Scientist watches a whale in the far off distance.

The whale crosses directly into the path of the setting sun -- the Scientist's line of site is blinded.

SCIENTIST
Damn it.

... Despite the shining light, the Scientist looks back once more, unable to take his eyes away from the silhouetted whale. He refocuses the lens --

Blurry field of view: A BLACK SHAPE SURFACES, ECLIPSING THE SUN -- The Scientist quickly focuses the lens -- the enormous splash settles.

The whale is gone...

The Scientist turns around in a mixture of fear and excitement -- *did anyone else see*? No one around... He stands still on the deck, and looks into the spyglass again.

Nothing but calm ocean water. He sighs and looks at the deck.

A LOW MURMUR barely audible bellows out. The Scientist's head snaps out to the horizon -- a grim expression of wonder appears on his face: *it's out there*.

INT. VALAN'S SHIP (CARGO AREA) - NIGHT

Valan looks through the ship's provisions. Only a few barrels of water left and food stores appear critically low.

The Scientist appears in the doorway, his friendly demeanor now replaced by something quiet, intense and focused -- as if he has just realized his life's purpose.

SCIENTIST
I saw it today.

VALAN BLÀRACH
Saw what?

SCIENTIST
Your beast... I didn't believe it at first -- but when I heard the sound... I *knew*.

Valan's harsh eyes study the man before him.

SCIENTIST (CONT'D)
We must find it. Whatever it takes, I must see it again.

The Scientist glances at the rations of food.

SCIENTIST (CONT'D)
How much do we have?

VALAN BLÀRACH
Not enough. A few weeks starvation rations at best.

SCIENTIST
The sooner we start the better.

The Scientist looks Valan in the eyes for the first time and then heads out. He stops and glances back.

SCIENTIST (CONT'D)
This creature is the last great wonder of the world.

EXT. VALAN'S SHIP (DECK) - MORNING

Valan stands in front of all men aboard.

VALAN BLÀRACH
As you all know, the wind has not been favorable to us.

VALAN'S CREW #1
(looking at Tom Capeshaw)
It's his fault -- he brought the bird down and now the wind is gone.

MONROE'S FIRST MATE
Well, I think it's that hideous blind child giving us bad luck, perhaps if we threw him over we'd start moving --

A uproar starts among the crew as to who is at fault.

SCIENTIST
Enough. No one can start or stop the wind. There is no need for any hostile comments from either party.

VALAN BLÀRACH
He's right. All that matters is that the wind is not here now and for the time being we're stuck.
(MORE)

VALAN BLàRACH (CONT'D)
Therefore starting immediately we're on emergency rations of food.

Angry grumbles whisper amongst both crews.

VALAN BLÀRACH (CONT'D)
I know many of you believe we have been chasing a phantom -- but we are not. The beast is real. And it was spotted last evening.

MONROE CAPESHAW
By who?

SCIENTIST
I saw it. It was far off on the horizon, but I assure you, the creature exists. I have never seen anything like it before.

Quiet whispers spread through the crew.

VALAN BLÀRACH
We are on the right path. Our target is within reach -- but we must stick together and persevere. Hold strong men. The fortunes of the wind will change.

Catherine watches from the Captain's Cabin window and notices Tom staring at her. He slits his throat with his finger and smiles at her.

Monroe nudges Tom to stop -- and sees that Ander has been watching the interaction the whole time.

INT. VALAN'S SHIP (CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS) - NIGHT

Catherine stares at a dim lantern as Valan snores across the room from her. She quietly gets up and sneaks out the door.

INT. VALAN'S SHIP (COMMON AREA) - NIGHT

Ander reads from the Ship Log Journals.

ANDER BLÀRACH (V.O.)
(reading)
I try to keep the men in high spirits, but it is a task increasing in difficulty.
(MORE)

ANDER BLàRACH (V.O.) (CONT'D)
With food supplies dwindling and tempers running high, I fear we may begin to turn on each other before we ever see Spring...

Ander's attention is caught for a moment by commotion at the other end of the room where Monroe's crew play cards.

MONROE'S CREW #1
Can't keep playing the same damn game... We shouldn't have ever followed them out here.

MONROE'S FIRST MATE
We'll be okay. Monroe will make sure of it...

The corner of the room CREAKS -- Ander sees Catherine standing in a doorway, hiding. She puts her finger to her lips to tell him to stay quiet.

ANDER BLÀRACH
You're not supposed to be here.

CATHERINE
I wanted to see you.

She tilts her head for him to follow her, he obliges.

EXT. VALAN'S SHIP (DECK) - NIGHT (MOMENTS LATER)

Catherine and Ander sit at the back of the ship and look at the dead still water. He lifts Catherine's shirt and puts a hand on her belly. A tiny bump is visible.

ANDER BLÀRACH
How is our son?

CATHERINE
Who says it's a son? Maybe it's a daughter.

ANDER BLÀRACH
Maybe a son and a daughter.

She smiles, but it's clear a sadness is within her. Ander notices and grabs her hand.

ANDER BLÀRACH (CONT'D)
I know what you were hoping... We'll make it to America. Perhaps not right away, but we will get there. I promise you.

She smiles.

CATHERINE
We'll have to survive this first. Crew below is uneasy.

VALAN BLÀRACH (O.S.)
You know you're not supposed to be out here at night.

Valan comes up from behind and eyes them fiercely.

VALAN BLÀRACH (CONT'D)
What is it you two think you're doing?

ANDER BLÀRACH
We were just out for a moment.

Valan seizes Ander's throat to silence him and then lets go.

VALAN BLÀRACH
Quiet.
(to Catherine)
Capeshaw's boy already tried to go after you once, who knows what the others are capable of.

Ander looks at Catherine --

ANDER BLÀRACH
What do you mean went after you?

CATHERINE
He tried, but nothing happened.

VALAN BLÀRACH
Only because my son saved you. From what I understand you were beaten and locked in a room to die.

ANDER BLÀRACH
(to Catherine)
You should have told me --

VALAN BLÀRACH
(to Ander)
-- *you* should have known better.

Valan's voice remains quiet but vicious and strong --

VALAN BLÀRACH (CONT'D)
(to Catherine)
You said it yourself. Monroe's crew is uneasy. I can't help you if you put yourself in harms way.
(MORE)

VALAN BLàRACH (CONT'D)
You want to try your luck roaming about a large dark ship, *fine*. But it's at your own peril. I've been watching that lot -- believe me, there aren't many honorable men among them. You keep on like this and you'll end up being raped until you bleed and thrown over when eyes aren't watching.

Valan locks eyes with Catherine.

VALAN BLÀRACH (CONT'D)
Understand?

CATHERINE
Yes.

VALAN BLÀRACH
Then go back to the room.

Catherine exits. Valan SMACKS his son in the face.

VALAN BLÀRACH (CONT'D)
Don't put that girl in more danger than she's already in.

Valan eyes him for a moment longer and then leaves.

EXT. VALAN'S SHIP (DECK) - DAY

Still no wind. Everyone on the ship is lethargic and dreary -- an unspoken tension is felt by all.

With the exception of the Scientist, both crews remain entirely segregated and sit on the floor against the ship rails, waiting for some sign of life to return to the sky...

TOM CAPESHAW
We're just going to keep sitting around here waiting?

MONROE CAPESHAW
That is the idea.

MONROE'S FIRST MATE
It's been a week since the wind last picked up.

TOM CAPESHAW
Maybe this monster will pop up finally.

Little Dan finishes assembling a very crude kickball out of cloth and leather. He begins kicking it around the deck.

LITTLE DAN
Come on you worthless saps.

At first it's just a few from Valan's crew, but it quickly grows and soon some of Monroe's people begin playing keep away with the ball as well.

Catherine watches from the Captain's cabin window. Ander looks up from reading a journal and meets her eyes.

She smiles at the antics around him; he shakes his head in a dismissive playful manner. In his hand he plays with a knife, which he periodically taps against the wood as he reads.

Dan's ball flies in the air as men toss and kick it around the deck. Tom gets a hold of it and inadvertently KICKS the ball off the edge of the ship.

LITTLE DAN (CONT'D)
You idiot.

Both crews laugh. Dan sighs then takes off his clothes.

LITTLE DAN (CONT'D)
We'll I'm not going to let a little water stop me. Come on girls.

Little Dan dives into the water after the ball and motions for others to follow. Men above are reluctant -- but then one jumps and soon they're all jumping off.

Ander holsters his knife and gets up to watch them.

ST. JOHN
Looks like we have a few men overboard.

Below in the water the men splash around and continue their crude form of keep away with the ball. With a majority of the men in the water, everyone seems to finally be having fun.

Valan pays little attention and instead focuses on Dolph who looks out at the opposite side of the ship into the water.

DOWN BELOW in the water Little Dan swims after Tom who hides the ball from the rest of the crew.

LITTLE DAN
Best swim faster if you want to keep that ball!

TOM CAPESHAW
You want this little man?

Dan swims harder to catch him --

ABOVE -- Valan slowly walks over to Dolph and stares at him as the boy gazes out to the sea. Dolph opens his mouth and suddenly CHOMPS down, clicking his teeth.

LITTLE DAN
I'm right on you now!

Just as Dan catches up with him, Tom abruptly turns and violently throws the ball directly into Dan's face. The ball hits with a loud THUD -- Dan YELLS and dips under water. When he pops back up he holds a bloody nose.

LITTLE DAN (CONT'D)
You bastard!

Dolph opens his mouth again and CHOMPS, Valan seems intrigued by this as his biting grows faster and harder. The sounds can be heard as the crew below continue their game --

CHOMP -- Dan vigorously swims toward Tom who casually backstrokes away from him in laughter.

LITTLE DAN (CONT'D)
Oh yes, very funny.

Dan grabs the ball and disappears under water.

TOM CAPESHAW
I think his nose is broke!

CHOMP. In a fit of hysterics, Tom hits the water and nearly dies of laughter from the thought. CHOMP.

Little Dan pops up behind him and THROWS the ball at Tom's head -- it HITS him hard in the ear and KNOCKS him under water for a minute. Dan swims away. CHOMP --

Disoriented and ears RINGING Tom emerges from the water --

TOM CAPESHAW (CONT'D)
(furious)
Get back here!

The crew erupts in more laughter; Dan swims further out to sea to avoid a beating from Tom.

ABOVE -- Dolph's teeth SNAP faster; Valan is captivated -- Ander watches the antics below and smiles -- but something catches his eye. A movement in the water...

ANDER BLÀRACH
Dan, what is that?

But Dan is too busy laughing to see the swirl of white water heading to the group of men in the sea...

Dolph's CHOMPING is now so loud that it seems the force is going to break his teeth any moment. The rush of white water clears and a giant BLACK FIN emerges --

ANDER BLÀRACH (CONT'D)
Shark -- SHARK! Get back --

The fin cuts through the sea like an arrow zipping through the air; the swimming men spot the fin and --

A PANIC erupts as they all instantly start to rush back to the ship. Most are close by, except for Dan who remains <u>far</u> out at sea... Dolph continues his menacing CHOMPING.

The fin ducks under the water...

Catherine bolts out of the door and comes to the rails.

ANDER BLÀRACH (CONT'D)
Dan! Hurry!

Valan's crew throw out ropes to the men in the water.

ANDER BLÀRACH (CONT'D)
We need more lines, quick!

A man attempts to climb up a rope, but Tom pulls him off in order to climb out first. A majority of the crew reach the ship's edge, but Dan is thirty feet off... and *bleeding*.

Paddling as fast as his arms can take him, Dan desperately heads to the line cast down from Valan's ship --

VALAN BLÀRACH
Come on boy!

15 feet away. Dolph's biting reaches a furious pace.

ST. JOHN
Keep going!

ANDER BLÀRACH
Come on!

10 feet. Suddenly Dolph stops and looks at Valan.

5 Feet -- Dan is almost there; he CRIES out for a second -- and then DISAPPEARS under the water in a violent splash.

Ander grabs a harpoon spear.

Blood bubbles up from the ocean. Dan resurfaces and YELPS out a delirious whimper.

The body of the shark appears above the water. A behemoth <u>eighteen</u> foot great white. It TRASHES the boy in its jaws!

Before the shark goes under again Ander aims his harpoon and throws it! It **HITS** just above the side fin, sending the shark into a frenzy. Still holding the harpoon rope Ander coils it around his arm. The slack disappears -- he braces himself!

ST. JOHN
Wait!

St. John runs towards Ander, but it's too late --

Ander is literally **PULLED** completely off the ship by the strength of the shark swimming away.

CATHERINE
No!

Ander hits the sea HARD and is sent surging through the edge of the water face first, being PULLED by the shark.

Blinded from the force of the water, Ander attempts to dislodge the coiled rope from his arm --

He struggles for air as he tries to free himself, but each time he's close, his body twists, resetting his progress.

Suddenly the pulling ceases -- the shark has stopped. Now floating in the middle of the ocean Ander catches his breath. Above MEN SCREAM at him, but he cannot hear their words...

Ander forces himself to stop hyperventilating and focus -- He turns his head, no sign of the shark. He untangles the rope and begins swimming to Little Dan who floats face down.

Catherine SCREAMS hysterically --

VALAN BLÀRACH
Take her inside!

The Scientist drags her away from the rail edge.

BACK IN THE WATER -- Ander reaches Dan. He flips the body. Dan's left rib cage is torn open, all signs of life gone.

VALAN BLÀRACH (CONT'D)
Get back to the ship!

Ander begins swimming back but stops when a fin glides out of the water, heading straight for him. Ander cannot reach the ship... He reaches for his knife, still holstered --

From afar both crews of the ship watch in absolute terror.

MONROE CAPESHAW
Good God --

The shark gets CLOSER; despite the fear flowing through Ander's veins, a wild look of a hunter appears on his face.

For a split second we see the shark LEAP from the water!

Ander SLIPS beneath the ocean -- we go **UNDER WATER**, as a myriad of air bubbles swirl. The view clears and TIME SLOWS --

We see Ander's body below the giant facing upwards, bracing the knife with both hands, the blade buried deep into the shark's bottom jaw --

He stares into the shark's black eyes, its head a foot away with rows of razor sharp teeth ready to devour him.

Above him the light of the surface fades as the shark carries him deeper below the water. Ander loses his grip on the knife leaving him completely vulnerable.

The shark bolts towards his face! A GUSH OF BLOOD spurts out in the water -- another HARPOON becomes visible, directly in the head of the creature.

For a moment Ander is frozen in shock as he looks at the dead shark, but his senses kick in and he returns to the surface.

ABOVE, hanging from a rope off the ship in mid air is Valan, readying another harpoon spear.

Valan lowers the spear upon seeing his son. They gaze at each other in a surreal moment. Before they can speak, the **wind** begins to blow...

EXT. VALAN'S SHIP - SUNSET

The ship moves swiftly through the water. Monroe approaches Valan as he stands over the Helmsman, looking over a map.

VALAN BLÀRACH
These trade routes here, that's the path the Summer Spear was taking.

The direction is further away from their island...

MONROE CAPESHAW
We keep heading south, we will run out of food.

VALAN BLÀRACH
We will be fine --

MONROE CAPESHAW
Fine?! We've had nothing to eat but scraps for days now. How long do you think this can last?

VALAN BLÀRACH
That will be all Mr. Capeshaw.

MONROE CAPESHAW
You're insane. For all we know this creature doesn't even exist.

ANDER BLÀRACH
We all heard it.

Monroe and Valan both turn attention to Ander, surprised he interrupted; Monroe grunts disapprovingly.

MONROE CAPESHAW
Like father, like son.

Monroe venomously eyes Valan and then returns to his crew. When he is out of earshot from Valan and those loyal to him, he finds his First Mate and Tom--

MONROE CAPESHAW (CONT'D)
Gather a few of our men, Chauncy, Morris, Bill -- but leave some and meet below in ten minutes.

INT. VALAN'S SHIP (LOWER DECK) - DAY

Monroe stands with his First Mate, Tom, and a handful of his men in a darkened space.

MONROE CAPESHAW
We must do it while we're still strong. Once we have command we head to the nearest port.

The men grumble in agreement.

MONROE CAPESHAW (CONT'D)
We only have two pistols with limited ammunition so we'll need any blunt weapons the ship has. Find what you can. We'll hit them tonight, fast and hard.

TOM CAPESHAW
Are we going to kill them all?

MONROE CAPESHAW
All who resist. But certain people must be taken out. Valan first. Then his son.

MONROE'S FIRST MATE
His black boy and all the rest of the niggers too.

MONROE CAPESHAW
Yes. Once the chain of command and other undesirables are gone, the rest may fall in line with us.

TOM CAPESHAW
What about the girl?

Monroe thinks on this for a moment.

MONROE CAPESHAW
You all can do whatever you want to her, I no longer care.

Monroe's crew laugh in grim anticipation, their inner demons ready to be unleashed.

TOM CAPESHAW
This just got a whole lot more interesting. Just remember she's mine first.

MONROE CAPESHAW
(to First Mate)
Speak with the others from our crew about this and bring them up to speed. Make sure they stay quiet though. Surprise is critical to our success. And don't say a word to the biologist. He may be problematic if he learns our plan.

Monroe's First Mate nods.

MONROE CAPESHAW (CONT'D)
You're on watch with me tonight. An hour after the captain retires, I'll give the signal to go below and gather the crew. Tom have our men ready and waiting.

INT. VALAN'S SHIP (CREW BARRACKS / BALLAST) - NIGHT

A man SNORES loudly next to Ander as he tries to read in the ship journals. Frustrated, he picks up his things and leaves. He walks out to the hall and down a staircase to the lowest, quietest most uninhabited part of the ship down below.

He opens a **store room** door, closes it behind him -- Ander smiles realizing he has finally found silence. He sits down with the journals and a candle.

ANDER BLÀRACH (V.O.)
(reading)
We were drawn out of our cabins by the most disturbing noise I have heard in all my life. All the men watched over the rails and in the darkness we saw it. A monstrous entity, larger than anything I've ever seen. Just as soon as it appeared, it was gone. Many believe it to be a dream, but I cannot. It is burned into my head, like an ember that glows in the night...

The next page is a sketch of a silhouetted beast in the water. A folded up map bookmarks the page. On the map a portion circled where they saw the creature...

EXT. VALAN'S SHIP (DECK) - NIGHT

Valan enters into his Captain's quarters. Monroe and his First Mate watch...

INT. VALAN'S SHIP (CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS) - NIGHT

Valan sits down on his bed and notices Catherine across the room holding onto the white shawl Ander gave her.

VALAN BLÀRACH
Where did you get that?

CATHERINE
Ander gave it to me. Said it was his mothers... Do you recognize it?

He nods and for a moment he seems lost in a dream.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)
I'll put it away if you like.

VALAN BLÀRACH
No. It’s fine.

Valan leans back against the wall and studies her face.

VALAN BLÀRACH (CONT’D)
You look a bit like her when she was young. Hair was straighter -- but the eyes are the same.

CATHERINE
Was she pretty?

VALAN BLÀRACH
Yes. She was.

CATHERINE
Ander said he never knew her...

VALAN BLÀRACH
No. She died giving birth to him.

Catherine nods, putting bits of history together. Valan’s face grows bitter and angry.

CATHERINE
I didn’t know.

VALAN BLÀRACH
She was good. Fine lady. I wish she was still around. Maybe things would have been better then.

He shakes his head. Catherine studies him carefully then looks him right in the eyes --

CATHERINE
That’s why you’re so hard on him isn’t it?

Caught off guard by her questioning, Valan stares back in quiet anger unsure what to say.

CATHERINE (CONT’D)
He reminds you of what you lost.

Catherine doesn’t break eye contact.

VALAN BLÀRACH
That’s enough.

Valan reaches for the lantern and shuts it off.

EXT. VALAN'S SHIP (DECK) - NIGHT

Monroe sees the light switch off from the cabin and nods to his First Mate to gather the crew below...

EXT. OCEAN - NIGHT

In the far off distance Valan's ship sails. We see a dim pair of glowing blue tentacles glide by underneath the water. A quiet low MOAN echoes into the night.

ON VALAN'S SHIP -- Dolph suddenly stands up on the sail, he's the only one who heard the noise. He then looks down at Monroe's First Mate, who discreetly heads below deck

INT. VALAN'S SHIP (MONROE'S CREW SLEEPING BARRACKS) - NIGHT

Monroe's First Mate signals to the rest of his crew. Tom lifts up a canvas on the floor hiding a stock pile of blunt weapons and Monroe's Crew begin arming themselves.

IN THE HALLWAY one of Valan's Crew walks by and PEAKS in Monroe's barracks. Before he can do anything -- Monroe's First Mate SLITS his throat.

The commotion awakens the Scientist who rests on a nearby cot. He gets up to investigate what is happening --

TOM CAPESHAW
Shh.

Tom flashes the Scientist an animalistic grin. The Scientist sees the dead body on the floor --

SCIENTIST
Good god -- what are you doing?

Monroe's crew walk past --

TOM CAPESHAW
Say a word and I'll kill you. Just go back to sleep.

SCIENTIST
You're going to take over the ship... This is wrong. We cannot --

Monroe's First Mate puts the Scientist in a sleeper hold, KNOCKING HIM OUT.

MONROE'S FIRST MATE
Tie him up.

They quickly rope him to a chair and GAG him.

Monroe's Crew enter **the hall** and quietly walk by the door to Valan's Crew Barracks --

Tom carefully places a piece of wood on their door making it IMPOSSIBLE TO OPEN from the inside, locking them all away...

EXT. VALAN'S SHIP (DECK) - NIGHT

St. John and several night watchman peer out over the front of the ship while Monroe's crew sneak up the stairwell -- nearly thirty men.

Monroe points to the Captain's Cabin... His men begin taking strategic positions when a PIERCING SCREAM wails out --

DOLPH from the Crow's Nest HOWLS at the top of his lungs with a high pitch screech loud enough to wake the entire ship.

MONROE CAPESHAW
Son of a bitch!

Tom AIMS his gun at Dolph; St. John and his men turn to see Monroe's mutiny about to strike --

INSIDE THE CABIN Valan's eyes shoot open.

CATHERINE
Dolph.

OUTSIDE Tom SHOOTS at Dolph -- MISSES.

Monroe aims his gun at St. John as he comes CHARGING at him!

He FIRES -- but one of St. John's men DIVES in front of him, sacrificing himself. Monroe's crew SWARM around St. John --

MONROE CAPESHAW
(re: St. John)
Split up and take him down -- the rest with me to Valan.

Catherine looks out the Captain's Cabin window --

VALAN BLÀRACH
Get back and hide.

DOWN BELOW Ander hears the sounds and instantly is alerted. He gets up from his journal and goes to the NEXT FLOOR above.

INSIDE VALAN'S CREW QUARTERS, men awaken to the strange HOWL and GUNSHOT from above.

VALAN'S CREW #1
Something is wrong --

They attempt to open their door, but it wont move!

Ander runs down the hall and sees the crew door SHAKING. He KNOCKS the wood out of place, freeing Valan's crew --

ANDER BLÀRACH
What's going on?!

VALAN'S CREW #1
We don't know, someone locked us in here though --

Ander opens the door to **MONROE'S BARRACKS** and finds--

The dead crew member on the floor and the Scientist tied to a chair, struggling to free himself. Ander UNGAGS him --

SCIENTIST
Mutiny!

Valan's Crew Members hear the words and BOLT up the hallway!

ABOVE ON THE DECK -- It is utter chaos as Monroe attempts to BASH down Valan's door to get inside!

TOM CAPESHAW
No use, we'll have to go through the window!

Meanwhile the half of Monroe's Crew search the deck, hunting out St. John and the few members of Valan's crew left on night patrol.

MONROE'S FIRST MATE
Call them out if you see them!

... But St. John and his men know the ship too well and are easily able to evade them in the darkness... One of Valan's crew CLICKS his mouth; A mutineer turns to the location of the sound and sees the man, before the Mutineer can call out

St. John pops out from the shadows and SNAPS the Mutineer's neck -- Monroe's First Mate spots St. John!

MONROE'S FIRST MATE (CONT'D)
Over there!

FEET THUNDER up the stairwell and VALAN'S CREW from below REACH THE DECK --

MONROE CAPESHAW
(panicked)
KILL THEM ALL --

Monroe's people are heavily armed and more numerous giving them the advantage -- but Valan's crew are larger, tougher, and more brutal making it a near even match.

MONROE CAPESHAW (CONT'D)
(re: cabin window)
Break the glass!

Valan's quarters remain pitch black... One of Monroe's men BREAKS the cabin window. Suddenly VALAN reaches through the broken glass and PULLS the man into the cabin!

Valan lifts a chair post and SMASHES his skull. A blood red pulp glimmers in the moonlight on the floor.

Tom aims his gun at the window and FIRES wildly, but nothing hits as Valan has already retreated back --

MONROE CAPESHAW (CONT'D)
Save your bullets!

Monroe aims his gun at his son and FIRES -- Tom looks SPOOKED, but his father has just saved his life and killed one of Valan's crew right behind him!

Monroe turns and FIRES several more rounds at Valan's crew!

MONROE CAPESHAW (CONT'D)
Stay focused son; We'll get them!

Tom grins back to his father.

ON THE REST OF THE DECK -- it is an all out fight to the **death**. Men die left and right as bones are BROKEN, people are STABBED, and horrendous cries of PAIN gurgle out.

Ander attempts to make his way to the Captain's cabin, but Monroe's heavily armed men are everywhere!

One of Valan's crew members drops to his knees as he's BEATEN to death with a wooden post; Ander is terrified in the hostile environment, but instinct kicks into gear knowing *he must help Catherine and his father.*

With no time to think, Ander CHARGES a man in his path and pushes him over the deck into the water.

The Captain's cabin window now gone, two of Monroe's men armed with torches enter into VALAN'S QUARTERS.

NOW INSIDE one of them men UNLOCKS VALAN'S DOOR and --

The other is taken by surprise; Valan grabs the man's torch and shoves it directly into his face!

Tom enters the door and AIMS at Valan; Valan DIVES out the window and CRASHES down onto the deck, narrowly dodging Tom's bullets!

But Monroe has been waiting for Valan the whole time outside, ready with his gun. Valan RUNS at Monroe --

Monroe **SHOOTS** Valan in the chest --

But Valan KEEPS RUNNING. Just as Monroe is about to take another shot --

ANDER TACKLES MONROE.

Valan goes to help his son, but is attacked by more of Monroe's crew!

Ander ROLLS on the ground with Monroe, fighting for control over the gun. Monroe grips onto the weapon, refusing to let go! Ander forces **Monroe to aim the gun at himself** and makes --

MONROE SHOOT HIS OWN EAR OFF in the struggle --

MONROE CAPESHAW (CONT'D)
FUCKING HELL --

Enraged by the pain, Monroe continues the fight.

Valan takes on THREE of Monroe's men. He PUNCHES one in the temple, SMASHES one's face against a rail and KILLS the last by stealing his axe away and SLICING it into his chest.

MORE MEN approach Valan; he struggles to fight as they grab onto him and start landing severe blows to his stomach.

MEANWHILE -- Tom searches the **CAPTAIN'S CABIN** with several of his men at his side.

TOM CAPESHAW
Sweet girl, where are you?! I know you're in here!

Tom RIPS apart the room. He opens a cabinet and finds Catherine. She moves to STRIKE him with a DAGGER -- but Tom wrestles the blade away from her.

With one hand he pins her arms above her head and PISTOL WHIPS her. She hits the ground HARD.

TOM CAPESHAW (CONT'D)
All your fighting makes you so fun.
I think you're going to enjoy
what's to come!

He GRABS her by the hair and drags her out the door.

OUTSIDE the situation has grown more grim for Valan and his men as the weapons seem to be overwhelming them.

Tom continues to DRAG Catherine across the ship floor towards a dark corner of the deck behind the main cabin.

CATHERINE
(screaming)
Ander help me! Help!

Tom KICKS her in the ribs -- but she PLEADS ON.

Two more of Valan's men go down, one STABBED, the other THROWN overboard.

Valan continues his fight against Monroe's men and THROWS two of them overboard --

CATHERINE (CONT'D)
Ander!

Still STRUGGLING with Monroe on the ground, Ander sees Catherine as she DISAPPEARS around the corner. Monroe takes advantage of the situation and HEAD-BUTTS Ander. Monroe FLIPS on top of him and is about to fire his gun --

But Valan snatches it away and KICKS Monroe in the head.

Eight men surround St. John at the front of the ship. Valan FIRES into the group until the bullets run out --

A wooden post SMASHES into Valan's head!

Monroe gets to his feet and DASHES to the front of the ship where St. John is still overwhelmed by a large group.

MONROE CAPESHAW
Stick together men!

Valan shakes off his concussion -- GRABS the man who hit him, puts him in a PRESSURE POSITION and BREAKS <u>both</u> of his elbows at the joint back behind his back.

Ander gets to his feet and rejoins his father. A man attacks with a KNIFE -- Ander barely dodges!

MEANWHILE St. John picks up a machete from one of the dead men Valan shot. Monroe, his First Mate and FOUR other men close in and attack St. John all at once!

MONROE'S FIRST MATE
It's time this nigger is taught a lesson -- kill him boys!

But St. John's timing is flawless and he EVADES all their attacks! He gets a few feet of space and then --

CHARGES forward for a counter attack! St. John SCREAMS and then literally begins HACKING away his enemies, swinging the blade with so much force that limbs are taken clean off.

BLOOD SPRAYS across the deck; Monroe is HORRIFIED.

Within ten seconds FOUR MEN ARE DEAD.

Monroe's First Mate is the only one to stay in the battle as he fights with a CHAIN and WOOD POST.

MONROE'S FIRST MATE (CONT'D)
You're going to die boy --

The Machete SLICES through the wood chopping it by a third, then another third!

Monroe's First Mate SPINS, the chain WHIRLS in the air and WRAPS around St. John's throat! Monroe's First Mate YANKS the chain, CHOKING the air out of him!

St. John GASPS ready to pass out -- all air trapped in his lungs, his head BURSTING with blood pressure.

MONROE'S FIRST MATE (CONT'D)
Get on your knees dog.

St. John GRABS the chain and PULLS with one hand; the other hand winds back, still clutching onto the machete --

Monroe's First Mate stumbles forward off balance and St. John SWINGS -- CUTTING his head straight off.

St. John uncoils the chain off his neck and SCREAMS with primal fury; Monroe's eyes go wide as he realizes he's on the losing side of this battle.

Meanwhile -- Ander holds a man's arms behind his back; Valan grabs the man's neck and SLAMS it onto the broken shards of glass where the Captain's cabin window used to be.

Valan eyes the deck -- the tides of the battle have turned and his crew seem to be killing the last remnants of Monroe's crew everywhere he looks.

With a slow deliberate pace, St. John begins walking toward Monroe -- Monroe turns to see to see Valan marching toward him -- nowhere to go!

Monroe stops; Valan picks a harpoon from a whaling skiff and THROWS it through Monroe's stomach!

CATHERINE SCREAMS from behind the ship!

VALAN BLÀRACH
(to Ander)
Go to the girl.

Still alive Monroe chokes out blood --

VALAN BLÀRACH (CONT'D)
(to St. John)
Bring him.

Valan follows his son; St. John grabs Monroe's collar and begins dragging him as he trails the father and son.

TWO of Monroe's men guarding the side entrance to the back of the ship for Tom realize *they're the only ones left* as Valan and Ander, both <u>covered</u> in blood, storm toward them --

VALAN BLÀRACH (CONT'D)
I'd jump in the fucking water if I were you two.

Without a second thought one of them JUMPS over. The other is frozen in a panic, drops his knife and raises his arms --

MONROE'S CREW MEMBER
Wait! Please --

No hesitation; Valan swipes the knife from the floor, pushes the man against a wall and STABS him in the heart.

They round the corner to see --

A bare breasted Catherine, still FIGHTING Tom as attempts to get her skirt off.

TOM CAPESHAW
You filthy whore --

He SLAPS her again and again with ruthless savagery; she SCREAMS and THRASHES as he laughs at her. Just as he begins to unzip his pants, out of the corner of his eyes he sees --

Ander and Valan approach! Tom takes out his gun and AIMS it at Catherine's head!

ANDER BLÀRACH
No!

CLICK. CLICK. CLICK... Tom is out of bullets.

VALAN BLÀRACH
Bad choice.

The father and son continue to walk toward him...

Tom rolls off Catherine -- but as soon as he lets up Catherine JABS him in the trachea; he COUGHS. She gets to her feet and SMASHES her foot into his crotch.

Ander races to Catherine and gives her his jacket. Her lip is busted and face bruised, but she is unfazed by the events and doesn't show any sign of frailty.

ANDER BLÀRACH
Are you okay? --

CATHERINE
I'll be fine. He had all this time and still couldn't get what he wanted.

She spits blood at Tom, who finally catches his breath.

TOM CAPESHAW
(laughing)
Here you all are after me, I'd watch your backs. My father --

St. John appears around the corner, dragging his father with a harpoon imbedded in him. Tom stops talking.

VALAN BLÀRACH
No one is coming for you.

Tom's face pales; blood gurgles from Monroe's mouth --

MONROE CAPESHAW
Please. Spare my son.

TOM CAPESHAW
(crying)
Father!

Valan GRABS the harpoon, TWISTS and then RIPS it from Monroe's stomach, killing him.

TOM CAPESHAW
(hysterical fear)
No! No -- no!

Tom crawls to the back guard rail, CRYING and terrified.

TOM CAPESHAW (CONT'D)
I surrender! I surrender.

He raises the gun above his head, his hands shaking, the weapon falls to the floor... Valan continues to approach.

TOM CAPESHAW (CONT'D)
Please. Have Mercy. I was just doing what I was supposed to. I had no choice.

VALAN BLÀRACH
No choice eh?

TOM CAPESHAW
I want to live. I'll do anything.

VALAN BLÀRACH
Do you deserve to live?

TOM CAPESHAW
I beg you --

Valan looks to his crew, who grow in numbers by the second...

VALAN BLÀRACH
Rope his hands.

Valan's crew obliges.

TOM CAPESHAW
What are you doing?! I am a Christian man -- I have done wrong, I know -- *I know*! But I can do better. I will be better.

Valan pulls out a long rusted serrated blade meant for gutting large fish.

TOM CAPESHAW (CONT'D)
You can't do this!

VALAN BLÀRACH
Step him up.

TOM CAPESHAW
(lashing out)
If you kill me, God will punish you and you will burn in hell!

VALAN BLÀRACH
I don't believe in your God.

A horrible fear sets in Tom's eyes. His momentary bout of anger gives way to tears again. He whimpers as the crew raise him up to a platform on the ship rail edge.

St. John ties the other end of the rope to the mast.

VALAN BLÀRACH (CONT'D)
Stand tall.

TOM CAPESHAW
I'm sorry -- have mercy.

VALAN BLÀRACH
Look her in the eye.

Tom looks at Catherine.

VALAN BLÀRACH (CONT'D)
Tell her that.

TOM CAPESHAW
I'm sorry.

Catherine looks him deep in the eyes but does not respond. Valan glances at Catherine.

VALAN BLÀRACH
Do you have mercy for this man?

CATHERINE
None.

Valan looks back to Tom.

VALAN BLÀRACH
Well, that's *bad* news for you..
That means you get to live...

Tom's face lightens in semi hopeful confusion -- Valan takes the **rusted blade** and **SLASHES** Tom's **Achilles Heels.** The sound of Tom's tendons SNAPPING and BURSTING all at once is horrifyingly loud; Tom SCREAMS in catastrophic pain --

Valan KICKS Tom over the rail with all his might --

With Tom's arms still attached to the rope, his shoulders are instantly DISLOCATED as the slack disappears. His face SLAMS against the side of the boat and his body dangles in the air.

VALAN BLÀRACH (CONT'D)
To the ankles.

St. John loosens the rope until Tom's feet dip in the sea, a trail of blood gushes into the water...

VALAN BLÀRACH (CONT'D)
I'd keep your feet out of the water, unless you want to be slowly eaten alive...

Tom quietly cries. As the boat travels across the surf his body continues to repeatedly bash into the stern of the ship.

VALAN BLÀRACH (CONT'D)
You're in God's hands now.

Valan walks back to the **MAIN DECK**, his crew follows. They find the Scientist catatonic, standing in the middle of the ship, surrounded by over *thirty* dead bodies.

ANDER BLÀRACH
Are you okay?

After a moment he slowly nods his head, but doesn't look at them -- instead he just stares up.

Valan looks up to where the Scientist watches and sees Dolph staring down at them all, smiling...

EXT. VALAN'S SHIP (CAPTAIN'S CABIN) - DAY

The Scientist works at pulling a bullet from Valan's chest, his body is covered in old scars. Ander sits beside his father showing him a ship journal.

ANDER BLÀRACH
Before the attack I came across something. Men in here described seeing a strange creature and heard the same sound we did --

VALAN BLÀRACH
Good work.

Valan takes the items from him and studies the marked map. The Scientist pulls the bullet --

SCIENTIST
Got it! -- You're lucky your coat slowed the bullet. If it hit an artery you would be dead.

EXT. VALAN'S SHIP (DECK) - DAY

Ander walks out of Valan's cabin and walks to Catherine. She watches him approach. Despite her swollen lip and bruised eye, she's still pretty. Ander gently grasps her neck.

ANDER BLÀRACH
You’re sure you’re okay?

She nods and smiles looking out over the water. Suddenly her face shifts, as if surprised by something.

ANDER BLÀRACH (CONT’D)
What?

CATHERINE
It’s moving.

Ander feels her stomach and looks at her in quiet wonder.

EXT. VALAN'S SHIP (DECK) - DAY

St. John looks down at Tom. Sharks jumps out of the water periodically to try and get a piece of his flesh -- but come up empty as his body has been eaten from the nipples down.

St. John cuts the rope holding Tom. Nearby the Scientist jots something in his journal, clearly studying the sharks.

SCIENTIST
A fate most unkind...

ST. JOHN
Aye.

ON THE MAIN DECK -- Valan stands beside his son. They watch Catherine from afar, her eyes closed looking up at the sun.

VALAN BLÀRACH
You may have my quarters to share with your girl. I will sleep below. You both have earned a good nights rest...

Across the way, Catherine opens her eyes and smiles at Ander, admiring him. Ander looks back to his father and for the first time Valan seems light hearted --

VALAN BLÀRACH (CONT’D)
Who knows... by the end of the night, perhaps your son will be growing inside of her.

ANDER BLÀRACH
There already is one.

Ander squeezes his father’s shoulder, smiles and then walks away. Valan stands there baffled for a moment...

VALAN BLÀRACH
There already is one...

He bursts out into a deep hearty chuckle. He lingers on the moment -- and then notices Dolph climbing down from the mast.

The entire crew takes notice as well... Dolph walks to Valan and then takes him by the arm to the Helmsman...

The boy then points out over to the far off ocean where giant black storm clouds darken the horizon. Valan takes out the log map given to him by Ander and looks at it --

VALAN'S HELMSMAN
The circled area is right where the boy is pointing.

Valan looks to his crew... They wait for him to speak.

VALAN BLÀRACH
Our journey has been long and harsh. Now we stand at a crossroad. The time has come where we must decide our fate. Out there is the greatest hunt of our lives. It will be unlike anything we have ever faced before. Many of us have died getting here -- and more of us will die trying to slay this creature. But I believe we will persevere -- because *we have persevered*. I believe we can fight, because we fought this long. And I believe we can win because we have killed all those that stood in our path. We are the last hope of our island. So I say to you all: we have come this far, now we finish the job and find the vengeance we have sought... Are you with me?

From the silence --

CATHERINE
Aye.

The men of the crew seem stirred by Catherine's fearless and bold response. One by one they speak up in agreement. Valan's voice BOOMS across the deck again --

VALAN BLÀRACH
Are you with me?!

The crew YELL in agreement; Valan eyes the Helmsman.

VALAN BLÀRACH (CONT'D)
Very well then. To the East.

EXT. VALAN'S SHIP - SUNSET

Valan's ship is now deep in the midst of the storm clouds. Far off on the horizon is the last remnant of light.

A vicious wind BLOWS, carrying them further away from safety. Heavy rain begins to hit their deck. St. John eyes Valan.

ST. JOHN
So it begins.

EXT. VALAN'S SHIP - NIGHT

The heavy rain is now a torrential down pour and thirty foot waves move their way through the sea, CRASHING against the ship, rocking and swaying the vessel with tremendous force.

The entire crew including Valan works at taking the sails down. St. John unhooks one of the largest ones --

VALAN BLÀRACH
Okay -- that's the last of them.

Valan sees Ander and Catherine helping fold up a sail.

VALAN BLÀRACH (CONT'D)
Get her inside, we've done all we can for now.

EXT. VALAN'S SHIP (DECK) - NIGHT

Ander and Catherine watch the storm out the broken window from the Captain's Cabin.

The storm has taken on an epic, unfathomable strength and a deep fear is visible on each Crew Member's face.

The rain sounds like a waterfall and the wind howls like a dying animal. It's so loud that the crew has to SCREAM in order to be heard even at a close distance.

Valan and the Helmsman attempt to steer the ship while the rest of the crew stands on the deck, clutching onto whatever they can to stay aboard--

St. John runs up to Valan and the Helmsman --

VALAN BLÀRACH
Why haven’t the men gone in?! Tell them to get to the barracks --

ST. JOHN
They’re refusing -- as long as you’re out here, they are too.

The storm now borders on a white squall and the waves continue to grow larger. Valan’s eyes turn to a strange area of the sea, where the water seems to be CHURNING IN A CIRCLE.

VALAN BLÀRACH
Head due south, away from that --

VALAN’S HELMSMAN
Without the sails it wont do much though, a storm of this size we’re at the mercy of the ocean.

The circle grows larger... St. John points at the sky above --

ST. JOHN
Valan! Look above.

The clouds above seem to mimic the churning circle.

Suddenly a VORTEX opens in the ocean, over twenty feet across! The massive spiral rotates and sucks everything nearby into a dark abyss below.

VALAN BLÀRACH
Push the ship further --

The Helmsman tries to spin the wheel, but it doesn’t budge.

VALAN’S HELMSMAN
That’s all we’ve got!

A CRACKING NOISE erupts from the clouds that sounds like the sky itself is being ripped apart.

Catherine grabs Ander’s hand. The crew stare up in awe as --

A colossal waterspout (a **tornado** of water) begins to take shape over the churning vortex in the ocean.

All of a sudden, the storm seems to grow exponentially stronger and waves DOUBLE in height. SURGES of water begin to GUSH over the deck rails --

VALAN BLÀRACH
Men! Hold on!

A MONSTROUS WAVE slams into the ship; the Helmsman loses his footing and slides down the bow --

VALAN BLÀRACH (CONT'D)
Grab him!

St. John reaches out, but misses and the HELMSMAN is KNOCKED OVERBOARD into the dark ocean -- Valan LUNGES to the wheel and attempts to correct their course away from death!

St. John looks out helplessly as Helmsman is sucked into the water vortex.

A rope line with a large metal pulley SNAPS -- the wind picks up the slack and begins viciously WHIPPING it in the air.

With a speed that would instantly kill, the pulley rope ZOOMS by Valan's head. At any moment Valan could be killed, but he refuses to move from the helm --

ANDER BLÀRACH
I've got to help!

CATHERINE
-- Wait!

Ander SPRINTS outside -- SLOW MOTION -- the rope SNAPS in the air, Ander leans back and narrowly evades the metal head as it SHOOTS across the deck.

He climbs his way up a section of netting and CUTS the pulley by the base, saving his father from harm.

VALAN BLÀRACH (CONT'D)
Ander -- stay up there. I may need you to cut more lines if they come loose again.

Valan tries to navigate his way away from the emerging waterspout, now halfway formed, but it's clear they do not have the ability to maneuver fast enough.

The ship charges up a giant wave head on and is put nearly VERTICAL as it ascends to the peak! Crew members hang on to whatever they can to not fall off the back!

The hull breaks through the crest and sends everyone SLAMMING back down to the ship floor! As everyone rises to their feet, they see the waterspout fully form and merge with the ocean.

ST. JOHN
We're not going to make it much longer in this!

Various crew members begin tying themselves to each other with a knotted line wrapped against the mast of the ship.

ANOTHER wave CRASHES into the hull! The rope line of men is sent flying against the rails and sends two off the edge.

They dangle helplessly in the air and are mercilessly THRASHED against the hull again and again.

St. John dashes down the deck, grabs the rope and begins pulling the others up, but the weight is too much... and another wave approaches.

Seeing the perilous situation, Catherine JUMPS out the window of the Captain's Cabin and runs to St. John. She grabs hold of the rope and helps pull the remaining men back on board.

The wave HITS, Catherine loses her balance and is sent flying over board -- She CLUTCHES onto the rail with one hand!

Her fingers begin to SLIP off the rail, but St. John grabs her wrist and YANKS her up!

The Waterspout grows in strength, getting larger and larger.

Valan continues to navigate through the maze of waves; the boat ROCKS back and forth as it ascends with the waves and then comes CRASHING down as it descends--

A wave KNOCKS Ander off the netting and sends him all the way down to the front of the ship!

His body BASHES into the front rail -- Catherine runs after.

The waterspout stops moving; Valan spins the wheel right!

ST. JOHN (CONT'D)
What are you doing?!

VALAN BLÀRACH
We've got to change course, it's going to head straight into us.

The waterspout begins to veer into the path of the ship, just as Valan predicted.

ST. JOHN
If we go along side the waves we could capsize --

VALAN BLÀRACH
If we continue the same path we'll be torn apart! We've got no choice.

The ship lumbers toward the tornado, unable to break its slow trek towards certain death.

VALAN BLÀRACH (CONT'D)
Come on! Turn!

All men on the ship cling tightly to the ropes and rails.

VALAN BLÀRACH (CONT'D)
Come on!

Valan grips the wheel tightly! The ship's course begins to change -- but the waterspout veers CLOSER --

Crew members SCREAM as the force of the waterspout grows STRONGER and loose wooden floor panels fly into the tornado --

The ship turns slightly!

VALAN BLÀRACH (CONT'D)
Come on!

And just by a fraction they narrowly make it AWAY from the waterspout and out of the most dangerous area of their path... but a new problem arises --

Now running parallel to the direction of the waves, the side of the boat is left completely vulnerable.

Bracing themselves on a nearby post, Ander and Catherine attempt to make their way back to Valan --

A GUSH of water floods across the boat sending two men toward the ship's edge! Ander reaches out and grabs one of them with one hand --

Arms now extended, Ander desperately strains to hold onto the crew member -- they lock eyes, as he begins to slip.

CREW MEMBER
I'm slipping!

ANDER BLÀRACH
-- Hold on!

But the man loses his grip and disappears into the ocean.

ST. JOHN
Valan!

A massive wave heads towards the side of the boat.

ST. JOHN (CONT'D)
We must face these head on -- we stay on our side and the ship could flip --

VALAN BLÀRACH
(re: Waterspout)
We're not far enough away yet, we change course and we could get sucked back!

Valan looks down the line of the ship.

VALAN BLÀRACH (CONT'D)
Brace yourselves men!

The wave picks the ship up... and up... ascending thirty feet, tilting the ship sixty degrees.

For several moments it hangs there on its side, dipping lower and lower -- tilting fifty degrees. They go *higher* on the crest of the wave -- now tilting forty degrees.

The mast of the ship CREAKS from the pressure and the interior foundation of the ship makes LURCHING sounds.

The wave finally passes -- the Crew Members YELL in excitement and relief.

LIGHTNING STRIKES illuminating a monstrous seventy foot TIDAL sized TSUNAMI WAVE heading to the side of the ship!

ST. JOHN
TURN!

Valan desperately SPINS the wheel in a frenzied panic to try and turn the boat face on to the impossibly sized wave.

VALAN BLÀRACH
Get inside!

Ander continues his way toward the cabin, Catherine stands frozen in fear and awe --

ANDER BLÀRACH
Come on!

Catherine doesn't hear Ander -- with no time to spare he literally lifts her off the ground and RUNS to the cabin.

ANDER BLÀRACH (CONT'D)
The ship is going to flip -- hold on as best you can --

Ander sits down and wraps their arms around a support beam and braces his foot against a wall.

OUTSIDE Valan holds steadfast in turning the ship -- as the wave approaches, the ship is almost halfway diagonal.

VALAN BLÀRACH
Come on damn it!

They start to ascend, climbing higher, and higher. Just as the ship seems it might make it and hit the wave head on, the vertical wall of water proves too much --

The ship SLIPS back SIDEWAYS and slides parallel to the wave. They climb higher and the boat begins to tilt again. *Sixty* degrees... *Fifty* degrees... *Forty* degrees! Men cling at the rails, their bodies now lifting into the air!

The CRUNCHING noise of the ship returns as the wooden panels are strained -- A terrible expression spreads on Valan's face, but his voice remains fearless and powerful.

VALAN BLÀRACH (CONT'D)
Hold your breath men! *We're going under*!

Valan locks his arms inside the spokes of the wooden wheel. At nearly the peak of the behemoth wave --

THE SHIP FLIPS UPSIDE DOWN sending the deck **underwater.**

INSIDE Valan's cabin we see Ander and Catherine hold on as their entire world is tilted in one violent motion and --

The contents of the room CRASH onto the ceiling and rotate around the room -- water FLOODS in from the broken window!

Ander holds he and Catherine in place, but the gravity is too much and they BASH into the ceiling and sidewall --

OUTSIDE -- The ship is now completely upside down as it passes the zenith of the wave.

UNDERWATER -- we see Valan still grasping the wooden wheel, SPINNING out of control; all around him men lose their hold and get sucked into the darkness of the sea.

OUTSIDE -- the ship begins to FLIP right side up as it starts a wild crash down on the backside of the wave; the ship's deck emerges!

INSIDE -- Ander and Catherine are once again thrown to the walls and floor! Half the room is covered in water, but it soon floods out the door --

A lantern is knocked loose; it EXPLODES a small dry portion of the room's wall and quickly spreads FIRE...

OUTSIDE -- Half the men on the ship are gone, but Valan and St. John remain. Ander and Catherine dash out, escaping the smoldering fire eating away at the interior of the cabin.

Disoriented and ears full of water, Valan unhooks himself from the wheel. The crew SCREAMS to each other as they scramble to get back on their feet -- but Valan only hears nothing but muffled echoes of their voices.

All the crew stare forward preparing for the next wave, except for Dolph who gazes at *something* behind the ship.

A strange cry MOANS out of the darkness -- Dolph turns and looks in Valan's eyes.

LIGHTNING STRIKES -- for a split second, a behemoth dark shape is cast on the water in front of Valan...

The shadow of a Water God.

Rising out of the ocean with a horrible MOAN, the **LEVIATHAN** towers over the ship and stares down upon them.

Catherine grabs Ander's shoulder and squeezes.

The rest of the crew turn and see the monster; water drips off its rows of razor sharp teeth. Everyone moves back except the Scientist, who can't help but get closer.

SCIENTIST
Incredible.

With its mouth gaping open, the beast DIVES towards the ship!

ST. JOHN
TAKE COVER!

Catherine SHOVES Ander against the rails, saving them both.

The Scientist is instantly KILLED as --

The creature TEARS open the hull from the force of its body weight and BASHES itself ON the main central mast, SNAPPING it like a twig.

VALAN BLÀRACH
Look out!

The mast CRASHES DOWN -- Catherine SCREAMS as she is hit!

The collapsed mast and rope lining traps her, the weight crushing her shoulder!

St. John charges toward the neck of the Leviathan and STABS it with a machete -- the creature is completely unfazed by the attack. It whips its head around and SWALLOWS a nearby crew member whole.

Ander STRUGGLES to free Catherine -- but each moment she becomes more panicked, GASPING for air.

Another MASSIVE WAVE strikes the boat, water floods across the deck and the Leviathan slips back into the sea.

St. John RUSHES to Ander's aid and helps lift the mast just enough for Catherine to escape!

ANDER BLÀRACH
Are you okay? --

CATHERINE
My shoulder.

Before she can react, St. John grabs her arm and RELOCATES it back into place. She SCREAMS in pain and then relief.

With a broken mast, a gaping hole in the hull taking on water, and a raging fire peaking out of the interior of the captain’s quarters the ship is in complete anarchy.

VALAN BLÀRACH
All hands!

The remaining members of the crew race to Valan. He SCREAMS to be heard as the storm nearly drowns out all other noise. Another MOAN bellows out from the sea.

VALAN BLÀRACH (CONT’D)
Get to the keep, arm yourselves with whatever you can. I do not know if we will be alive by morning but I know that beast will be dead!

The remaining crew SCREAM in vigor --

VALAN BLÀRACH (CONT’D)
St. John, take the helm. Go against the waves and steer clear of that --

A quarter mile away the waterspout still CHURNS and gains strength with every passing second.

ST. JOHN
Aye!

Valan leads the crew down into the belly of the ship. As they race down the stairs they're THROWN to the walls as waves violently rock the ship.

The INTERIOR floor of the ship is flooded. A few lanterns SWING wildly back and forth, one of which is broken and coats a wall in fire. The flames reflect off the water, exposing the various corridors --

VALAN BLÀRACH
Down here.

They come to the STORE ROOM, little water damage has been inflicted but cargo boxes and barrels lay across the floor from the ship flipping.

CREW MEMBERS grab long knifes and harpoons off the walls.

VALAN BLÀRACH (CONT'D)
With a creature of this size, we must find the dynamite, it's our only hope of taking it down.

Valan PRIES open various crates and barrels with a crow bar.

Suddenly everyone is SLAMMED to the wall --

A barrel lands onto a crew member and CRUSHES his chest. Valan throws it off -- but the sailor is dead.

VALAN'S CREW MEMBER #3
Over here!

Two crew members pick up one of the crates of dynamite.

VALAN BLÀRACH
Take it to the deck!

Just as the other two are exiting -- the ship SHAKES as if it was just hit with something. The Sailors carrying the dynamite fall to their knees --

The ship SHAKES again, this time it's clear the impact came from the side wall. One of the Sailors backs up and then --

The wall BURSTS APART and --

The Leviathan's head REACHES into the ship!

It SNATCHES the crew members carrying the crate with its JAWS. Valan's crew rush forward and STAB it with harpoons.

Valan RIPS a lantern off the wall and chucks it --

The oil filled lantern EXPLODES above the Leviathan's forehead, it SCREECHES and retreats back to sea.

Valan looks at the hole in the ship and realizes *sinking is now inevitable* as the damage is just above the sea level and each time a large wave hits more water gushes in...

Valan smashes the top of another crate -- more dynamite. A BOOM rumbles the ceiling --

CREW MEMBER
It's above on the deck!

Valan picks up the giant crate of dynamite and begins trudging up the stairs -- the boat sways back, Valan falls onto a wall. The weight of the crate crakes two of his ribs --

Ander emerges from the corner and helps lift the crate off.

ANDER BLÀRACH
I've got it--give it to me!

Valan releases his grip and Ander carries it up the rest of the stairs. Catherine frantically waves them up at the top of the stair case.

CATHERINE
Hurry!

They comes out to the **MAIN DECK** of the ship --

The Leviathan has completely wrapped itself once over on the front end of the ship --

The crew heroically attempt to keep the creature at bay, STABBING it repeatedly with harpoons -- but the monstrous creature savagely TEARS apart any man that gets close.

St. John struggles to hold onto the wheel and steer as waves continue to surge over the deck.

Ander drops the crate. The dynamite is bundled in groupings of seven. Valan grabs one, SPRINTS to the captain's cabin --

LIGHTS the bundle against a flaming wall and CHUCKS it towards the head of the creature.

BOOM -- the beast takes a DIRECT HIT, boards of wood and droplets of water BLAST across the deck and into the air!

The Leviathan belts out a wretched SHRIEK and releases its grip on the ship, returning to the water.

ST. JOHN
Valan! We haven't got much time. The ship is going to go under.

As the ship takes on more water, each passing wave gets higher on the deck.

CREW MEMBER
It's back --

A crew members frantically point to the sea.

Valan lights another bundle of dynamite and runs to the edge of the ship; the leviathan slides across the top of the water, about to puncture another hole in the ship --

Valan tosses the bundle in front of the creatures path! An epic EXPLOSION of water shoots up and the Leviathan dips under the cover of the ocean.

VALAN BLÀRACH
Men! Grab the dynamite -- when it gets close light it and throw!

Valan looks at the burning captain's quarters. The door BURNS and swings as the ship sways --

He raises his arms and PUMMELS the flaming door with his fists, SCREAMING as the fire SEARS the flesh of his hands.

The boards of the door splinter apart creating makeshift torches. He tosses them out to the remaining crew... now only a handful of men left.

Valan eyes the portside of the ship -- the waterspout is now bigger than the <u>entire</u> ship.

VALAN BLÀRACH (CONT'D)
St. John -- Keep us on track. We get too close again and the ship will be torn apart.

St. John fiercely YELLS as he fights to keep himself holding onto the wheel against the fury of the waves.

UNDERWATER the Leviathan circles around the ship. LIGHTNING illuminates the underbelly of the sea. Despite it's enormous size, the creature darts by with a ferocious agility.

VALAN BLÀRACH (CONT'D)
Surround the ship, watch the sides. Hold onto the rails and call out if you see it move!

The crew begins taking sections of the ship. Another MOAN rumbles beneath the sea. Drunk off the hunt, Valan's expression is completely mad. His eyes wild, filled with rage and void of any fear.

VALAN BLÀRACH (CONT'D)
We're going to kill this bloody thing if it's the last god damn thing we do --

CREW MEMBER
Starboard heading to the bow!

The Sailor hurls a bundle down at the ocean. It EXPLODES near the creature's tail -- the Leviathan turns around, as if trying to find what attacked it.

Ander carefully aims a harpoon and LAUNCHES it, it HITS directly in the neck, forcing it underwater.

Dolph races by Valan's side and CLIMBS up the front mast, using no rope. Catherine watches her brother as he ascends to the apex vantage point. She shakes Valan, pointing up --

CATHERINE
Look --

Above, Dolph stares down at the water, moving his head, tracking something in the sea as if *sensing* its presence.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)
He knows where it is...

Valan carefully studies the boy's movements until --

Dolph's head suddenly STOPS at the front of the ship... Valan takes an intuitive gamble and SCREAMS --

VALAN BLÀRACH
Front bow!

The boat DIPS into a wave, water KNOCKS three members of the crew off their feet and smashing into the front guard rail --

The Leviathan rises from the water directly in front of the ship and CRIES OUT --

A Sailor from the back of the ship rushes to their defense, lighting a bundle of dynamite as he sprints towards them. Another wave BASHES the ship --

The Sailor loses his footing as water FLOODS across the deck and the lit bundle is CARRIED AWAY to the three crew members.

VALAN BLÀRACH (CONT'D)
No!

The dynamite bundle EXPLODES directly underneath the remaining crew members, instantly KILLING them and BLOWING a chunk of the boat's front deck away.

Distraught at his fatal accident, the Sailor gives a blood curdling cry, picks up a harpoon and charges to the front --

He flings the harpoon directly into the leviathan's mouth; the beast SCREECHES, mashes the metal in its mouth, dives at him and TEARS him apart in its jaws.

CREW MEMBER
Captain!

Valan looks to their starboard side where a Crew Member frantically points -- The waterspout has returned to a dangerously close proximity.

St. John SPINS the helm -- but it is too late. The sinking ship no longer has any ability to turn effectively.

A MOAN echoes in the night... Valan eyes the water spouts, realizing the destruction that is about to ensue. He races to the portside and begins cutting a spare lifeboat loose --

VALAN BLÀRACH
Ander, help me!

Valan begins lifting the boat up off the deck.

ANDER BLÀRACH
What are you doing?

VALAN BLÀRACH
You *must* go!

ANDER BLÀRACH
-- I can't leave you.

Valan releases his grip from the boat and grabs the back of Ander's neck. Valan's gaze is brutal, yet buried inside is an expression of love and pride.

VALAN BLÀRACH
Get her out of here.

Valan looks over to Catherine who stands near St. John, watching as the water spouts grow closer...

He grips the back of his son's neck harder --

VALAN BLÀRACH (CONT'D)
I was wrong about you.

Ander remains stoic, but it's clear from his eyes that he's deeply effected by the words.

VALAN BLÀRACH (CONT'D)
Go son.

Ander nods.

ANDER BLÀRACH
Catherine! Find your brother!

Catherine turns to the front mast, but Dolph is no longer at the top. She turns and calls out --

CATHERINE
Dolph --

Valan and Ander THROW the life boat off the ship's edge. They look to the waterspout, still headed straight for the other end of the ship.

VALAN BLÀRACH
Hurry, waves will carry your boat off soon.

Catherine desperately searches for her brother. A wave KNOCKS into the ship, Catherine loses her footing she falls back --

But is caught by DOLPH just before she goes over the rails. He clutches onto her wrist and brings her to her feet.

Ander turns, his eyes find Catherine across the deck.

ANDER BLÀRACH
Catherine! Come on --

Catherine looks back to her brother.

CATHERINE
Dolph, we must go --

She grabs his arm and starts walking -- but his feet are firmly locked in place.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)
Come on.

Dolph pets the side of Catherine's face and then grabs her hands... Realizing he isn't coming with her, a tear rolls down her cheek.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)
You must.

He then moves his hand toward Ander, urging her to go. Dolph turns and disappears around the back of the ship. Catherine sprints over to Ander.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)
He's not coming.

Ander grabs Catherine's hand --

ANDER BLÀRACH
We've got to jump before the boat drifts off.

She nods.

ANDER BLÀRACH (CONT'D)
Take a deep breath!

Ander and Catherine JUMP off and PLUNGE into the icy water. They resurface and swim to the edge of life boat.

ANDER BLÀRACH (CONT'D)
Climb up! I've got you!

Ander helps Catherine up and she rolls into the boat. Just as Ander is about to climb aboard the LEVIATHAN EMERGES from the sea and looks at Catherine's boat.

ANDER BLÀRACH (CONT'D)
You've got to go!

Ander quickly pushes Catherine's boat around the tip of Valan's ship --

CATHERINE
No --

ANDER BLÀRACH
It's the only way. Go.

He gives the boat one last shove. Before the creature has enough time to make a move for Catherine, Ander SCREAMS and gets its attention instantly.

ANDER BLÀRACH (CONT'D)
OVER HERE!

Ander paddles with all his might away from Catherine's boat, towards the other side of Valan's ship. Gliding along the top of the water, the Leviathan DARTS toward Ander!

Ander DUCKS under water just as -- A crew member tosses a dynamite bundle at the beast! It EXPLODES directly in front of the Leviathan, sending it turning back towards the ocean.

Ander pops up from the sea and a wave KNOCKS him into the side of the hull.

He goes under for a moment and then resurfaces, coughing out water and choking; a Crew Member throws over a line of rope, Ander GRABS it and holds on for his life --

ON THE DECK the waterspout glides closer to the ship.

ST. JOHN
We've got nowhere to go.

VALAN BLÀRACH
Well we're not dying until the beast is dead.

Valan eyes the tornado, weaves his arms between the sail netting and holds onto a banister. St. John does the same.

Dolph RUNS to the edge of the ship.

The waterspout continues directly at them. Deep CRACKS and lurches bellow out from the beams as it gets CLOSER --

Dolph grabs onto two sections of netting and holds himself in place as he defiantly stares at the water spout --

His eyes roll back in his head and his *nose begins to bleed*.

The wind reaches over 100 mph... 150 mph... The **last** remaining crew member that attempts to help pull Ander up is thrown off his feet --

He SLIDES across the deck to the other side of the ship --

Suddenly his body FLIPS over the rail, only his arms holding him in place, his body hangs horizontally off the ship. His fingers slip and he is SUCKED into the churning oblivion.

Seconds before impact -- portions of the mid section begin to get eaten away as wood splinters into tiny pieces!

Valan SCREAMS as the brutal winds LASH him and fragments of the ship whirl around and CUT him open like shrapnel. The front foremast CRACKS and flies off!

Blood still pouring from his nose, Dolph makes a strange pained noise -- eyes still rolled back. He RELEASES his grip from the rope netting, before the wind carries him overboard, he SMASHES his hands together and in the same moment--

The **waterspout COLLAPSES** and evaporates into the night --

Dolph's eyes roll forward and he falls down on the deck, completely out of breath.

Valan stares in disbelief --

Before anyone can react the Leviathan reappears and SLAMS down on the critically damaged ship.

The gargantuan weight OBLITERATES the central deck and SNAPS the spine of the support beams! **Dolph** is THROWN into the sea.

The Leviathan FALLS through all three levels of the ship straight down to the water, CRACKING the ship into two separate pieces.

The front portion, sinking quickly with a giant hole at the top where the figure head and stern used to be; Ander still attached, clinging to the rope off the side and --

The back portion, where Valan and St. John slowly rise to their feet. Behind them the captain's quarters BURNS and the Mizzen (back mast) barely stands.

The Leviathan emerges from the water again and STRIKES down at Valan and St. John -- they DODGE out of the way.

BELOW IN THE WATER Ander climbs up the rope to the top portion of the ship. He looks across the gap in the broken ship and LEAPS to Valan and St. Johns side.

But his jump isn't strong enough to make it onto the other deck -- Ander lands HARD into the interior of the belly of the ship in the cargo store area.

OUT AT SEA Catherine rows fiercely to get back to the ship, but struggles against the epic surf.

BACK ON VALAN'S DECK, the Leviathan winds up for another attack. It eyes St. John, opens its jaws --

With a wild strength, Valan dead lifts a GIANT splintered remnant of the main mast, the size of a tree and SHOVES the broken post into the Leviathan's mouth --

VALAN BLÀRACH (CONT'D)
The dynamite! Go!

St. John races to the crate as Valan fends the creature off --

Meanwhile, Ander makes his way through the dark **interior** of the ship. Just as he climbs out of the stair case he comes out to see Valan in the midst of a *losing* battle --

Thinking quickly, Ander breaks off a burning post from the Captain's quarters and climbs up the back mast rope netting.

The Leviathan BITES Valan's mast and TOSSES it aside, leaving him vulnerable to attack!

It opens its jaws -- Valan has nowhere to turn!

Now at the top of the back mast, Ander watches as his father is about to die -- just as the Leviathan lurches back to strike, Ander **JUMPS** off the top of the mast at the creature!

He holds out the burning post above his head in mid air and

STABS the Leviathan directly in the eye -- a bloody liquid oozes from the wound, it ROARS out a devastating growl of distress; Ander SCREAMS back at the beast!

VALAN BLÀRACH (CONT'D)
Ander! Get off --

But Ander doesn't listen and starts repeatedly STABBING the creature's eye again and again in blood lust --

Infuriated, the Leviathan THRASHES and THROWS Ander off.

Ander is FLUNG across the deck. He HITS his head on the side rail lands hard onto the floor, shattering his arm.

OUT AT SEA -- Catherine watches in horror, still rowing with all her might towards them.

Dolph floats on his back, close to the ship. His hands are raised out of the water and he concentrates his focus on the dark storm clouds above.

ON THE SHIP -- St. John sends a dynamite bundle hurling toward the Leviathan, it EXPLODES and sends the creature retreating back to the water.

St. John grabs the dynamite crate and rushes to Valan --

ST. JOHN
Ander is still here?! --

VALAN BLÀRACH
-- Watch out!

A wave towers over the ship, SLAMS into the deck and <u>everyone</u> is washed away **into the sea.**

Valan rises from the cold black water and looks for any sign of his son and St. John.

VALAN BLÀRACH (CONT'D)
Ander!

ANDER BLÀRACH
-- I'm okay

In the distance he spots Ander's body going over a large rolling wave; with his arm now broken, Ander struggles to stay afloat. St. John comes up to the air gasping.

ST. JOHN
Valan! We must get to the ship --

Nearby in the water Dolph takes his eyes away from the sky and looks directly at Valan --

Dolph moans frantically as if trying to warn him, his silver eyes completely wild --

ST. JOHN (CONT'D)
We still have a chance if we reach the dynamite!

VALAN BLÀRACH
-- Move!

SUDDENLY the Leviathan ERUPTS from the sea and **RIPS** St. John and Valan from the water --

St. John is instantly killed; his body is torn in half length wise from shoulder to crotch --

Valan dangles outside of the creatures mouth -- his leg trapped at the upper thigh by the razor sharp teeth.

In the gnarled mash of bloody carnage and broken bones, Valan sees St. John's machete, still slung across his now dead friend's shoulder.

Valan thinks fast and GRABS it; the Leviathan MOANS --

Valan STABS the machete into the creature's mouth, aiming for the root of the tooth that keeps him pinned.

BLOOD GUSHES, covering Valan in thick crimson liquid; the creature gives a wrathful hiss --

Valan CUTS deeper and SCREAMS, fighting for his life, losing his mind in pure rage. Just as the tooth starts to come loose

The Leviathan WHIPS its head to the side in pain -- the whiplash **BREAKS Valan's back;** the Machete falls into the sea.

ANDER BLÀRACH
No!

The Leviathan tilts his head up and Valan disappears into the jaws of the beast. The Captain is dead. The beast dives under the dark surf.

CATHERINE
Ander!

Panicked and out of breath, Ander hears CATHERINE SCREAMING in the distance, but he is frozen in terror and cannot move.

Still floating on his back looking up at the storm, Dolph takes his hands away from the sky and touches the water beside him. His breathing grows rapid, as if preparing --

He FLIPS around in an abrupt SPLASH and is suddenly **LIFTED** out of the water by the Leviathan; Dolph grabs hold to one of the beast's dimly glowing tentacles.

As it continues up, Dolph rolls onto its back and CLIMBS his way to the top of the creature --

At the zenith of its ascent, the Leviathan looks down at the water, focusing on Ander, no more than twenty feet away.

The Leviathan OPENS its jaws just as --

Dolph makes his way to the top of the Leviathan's head. He reaches up to the sky, clasps his hands together -- we enter into super *slow motion*:

A gigantic **bolt of LIGHTNING** streaks down from the heavens; the point STRIKES down directly on Dolph's finger tips!

Upon the moment of ELECTRICAL IMPACT Dolph's head tilts back, his **eyes and mouth literally glow white with electricity** like an **ancient god** unleashing all his power upon the Earth.

The LIGHTNING SURGES through Dolph's violently convulsing body and into the Leviathan --

The Leviathan belts out an **ear drum shattering** CRY --

Tendrils of electricity wrap around the beast and its eyes roll back into its head --

For a split second Dolph's entire body is translucent and emanates light; everything around Ander BLOWS OUT in a powerful *white flash* --

The slow motion ceases. Now dead weight hanging in the air, the leviathan's behemoth mass comes CRASHING DOWN to the water. The blinding white flash of lightning recedes; Dolph is gone, **vanished into thin air.**

The Leviathan's body sinks into the ocean.

Silence -- the sound of light rain, roaring waves and then...

CATHERINE (CONT'D)
Ander! Where are you?

Her voice snaps him out of his shock --

Ander begins swimming back toward the burning wreckage of the ship -- now only minutes away from slipping under water.

He climbs his way to the sinking bow and grabs a lantern resting nearby the crate of dynamite.

Looking out to the darkness he spots --

ANDER BLÀRACH
Catherine! I'm here.

CATHERINE
Ander -- stay where you are! I'm coming for you!

ANDER BLÀRACH
-- Be careful.

She gives a laugh of exhaustion and relief, fear still lingering -- against all odds, they have made it.

Catherine struggles to PULL the oars, but despite the rough seas her face remains determined.

CATHERINE
Hold on -- almost there...

Across the distance Catherine and Ander's eyes meet -- they smile at each other in a surreal moment of disbelief.

A MOAN under the sea -- **lower** and more pained than any sound we've heard the creature make.

It's still alive. Catherine presses on!

ANDER BLÀRACH
Catherine -- No! Turn back.

CATHERINE
I'm not leaving without you.

ANDER BLÀRACH
It's close --

CATHERINE
Jump and swim to me, we can still make it!

Ander Considers jumping, but another MOAN stops him -- the sound is getting closer -- nearby Catherine.

ANDER BLÀRACH
Turn back!

CATHERINE
-- We can still make it.

Catherine's heart PUMPS with adrenaline, tears run down her cheeks and she FIGHTS the ferocious waves with everything she's got to make it to Ander --

CATHERINE (CONT'D)
Jump! You *must* --

ANDER BLÀRACH
Turn back!

CATHERINE
-- No!

Another MOAN -- Ander sees the glowing tentacles gliding by just beneath the water!

ANDER BLÀRACH
Catherine! --

The Leviathan rises out from the surface --

A triangle is created -- Ander on the sinking ship, Catherine on her life boat, and the Leviathan in the sea.

The Leviathan looks at Catherine's small boat, One eye fixed upon her, studying her every move -- the other mangled, struggling to stay open; she gazes up at the creature, terrified. Its skin is charred from the lightning.

Catherine's arms tremble; she cannot row further --

Ander's heart sinks... she is doomed.

His senses heighten -- for a moment he HEARS every sound: air pockets escaping from the flooding ship, pattering rain, sizzles of the ship fire as waves spit over the deck.

The creature's breath plumes out into the cold air, ready at any second to descend and tear Catherine apart.

Ander raises the lantern and SCREAMS --

ANDER BLÀRACH (CONT'D)
Catherine --

His voice powerful and determined.

ANDER BLÀRACH (CONT'D)
I will always love you.

Fixated on Ander's swaying lantern and booming voice, the Leviathan turns its gaze from Catherine to Ander.

Catherine's mouth drops -- realizing what is about to happen.

Burning red embers of the ship illuminate Ander in a hellish red glow. The creature screeches out a terrible MOAN and --

STRIKES -- Ander remains focused -- unmoving! Slow Motion --

Just as its jaws are about to enclose around him, Ander SCREAMS, SWINGS the lantern over his head and SMASHES it down onto the crate of **dynamite.**

A MASSIVE EXPLOSION engulfs Ander and the Leviathan.

In the distance Catherine watches the flash as an epic FIREBALL plumes up to the heavens.

The moaning cries of the beast are silenced and the burning wreckage of Valan's ship finally drowns.

Now lost and completely alone, Catherine cries -- but no sound comes out. She doubles over onto the floor of the life boat in despair. Rain beats down upon her. Freezing and exhausted, she closes her eyes and holds onto her belly.

EXT. BOAT - DAWN

Dense fog. A BOOMING horn awakens Catherine. Men from an industrial steam ship point to her small boat. They toss down a life preserver attached to a rope.

INT./EXT. STEAM SHIP - DAWN

Catherine leans against the bridge wrapped in a blanket.

Nearby a STEAM SHIP CAPTAIN, 63, English accent, red face with a white beard, speaks quietly to some of his CREW MEMBERS, clearly about Catherine.

Catherine's eyes creep towards the OUTSIDE DECK and she wanders out. She stops at the rails and watches the sea.

The Ship Captain follows her and tries to find words of comfort but his years of experience fail him, her blue eyes disarming but also severe.

CATHERINE
Thank you for your help.

STEAM SHIP CAPTAIN
Of course.

The Captain musters a smile, but Catherine cannot bring herself to make any gesture back.

STEAM SHIP CAPTAIN (CONT'D)
You're sure there are no survivors?

CATHERINE
... They’re all gone.

Her intense beautiful eyes make the Captain lower his head. He grimly nods accepting the fatal tone in her voice.

CATHERINE (CONT’D)
Where is this ship headed?

STEAM SHIP CAPTAIN
America... We’re on course to be in Boston in five days.

Catherine nods.

STEAM SHIP CAPTAIN (CONT’D)
Come on, let’s get you some food.

He walks to the door, but she does not follow.

CATHERINE
I’ll be in soon.

The Captain stares curiously at her for a moment and then leaves her alone... With the endless ocean before her she begins to silently cry.

The ship charges steadily towards the first light of dawn and clear weather, behind it a thick wall of fog and black storm clouds linger.

She brushes the tears away and begins to head inside.

Far off, a terrible low MOAN cries out behind her. She stops dead in her tracks and returns her gaze to the darkness, the storm still churning in the distance.

The eerie MOAN fades. Wind blows her hair and the world grows quiet until all that remains is the gentle sound of the ocean and the hypnotic hum of the engine.

Ahead of her, the sun rises. A ray of light hits her cheeks. She soaks in the warmth, realizing *she is safe*.

With one last look at the sea, she holds her pregnant belly; her last remnant of hope. A small smile appears on her face. Ander may be gone, but not entirely lost, his blood still flows in the veins of their child.

With a deep breath she heads to the interior of the ship, leaving behind the dark horizon once and for all.

THE END.