

Lost Cause

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. MILITARY RUNWAY - DAY

SUPER IN/OUT - "HOMESTEAD AFB - 1958"

I LIKE IKE -

scrawled hastily in white letters on the nose of a black cylindrical bomb. Almost twelve feet long, it rolls on a dolly across the runway apron by soldiers surrounded by armed guards.

A Mk.15 thermonuclear bomb. An H-bomb.

The soldiers roll the bomb toward a STRATEGIC AIR COMMAND B-47, that glistens in the heat of the runway during pre-flight. Heavy with fuel, its long thin wings droop, and the tires of the landing gear under the fuselage are pressed flat.

The soldiers load the bomb into the bomb bay.

At the nose of the plane, a U.S. Department of Energy AGENT hands a clip board to the PILOT.

THE ATTACHED FORM -

Atomic Energy Commission form AL-569; February 4th, 1958.

It's a temporary custodial receipt for an atomic bomb, serial number 47782.

The pilot writes on the form: SIMULATION, and signs MAJ. HOWARD RICHARDSONS.

RETURN TO SCENE

The CREW of three climb into the nose of the plane, and prepare for take-off. They wear white helmets and flight jackets; each has a silver thermos of coffee.

The B-47 taxis out to the runway. The six turbo-jets slung below the swept-back wings, and eighteen solid-fuel booster rockets in the aft fuselage send out billowing clouds of exhaust, and the bomber takes off in a steep ascent.

EXT. EAST COAST - NIGHT

The B-47 flies toward Virginia.

INT. COCKPIT - NIGHT

The crew communicates through the intercom.

CO-PILOT

Altitude fifty feet. Airspeed five-hundred fifty mph.

PILOT

Roger.

The B-47 shudders.

RADAR OBSERVER

Major, we're coming up on target in two minutes.

PILOT

Prepare for Low Altitude Bombing Simulation.

CO-PILOT

Commencing 'Pop Up' attack sequence, Sir.

The B-47 climbs rapidly, and as it decelerates the buffeting stops.

RADAR OBSERVER

Bomb bay doors opening.

The plane shudders again. An open thermos bottle spills hot coffee.

RADAR OBSERVER (CONT'D)

Simulated bomb release - now. Bomb away, Sir.

The B-47 continues to climb, heading back out to sea.

CO-PILOT

Climbing to thirty-six thousand feet.

PILOT

Let's head home.

CO-PILOT  
 (looking out window)  
 Roger.

Down on the east coast, lights twinkle in the darkness.

P.O.V. OUT WINDOW

RADAR OBSERVER (O.S.)  
 Squadron of F-86 defenders closing  
 fast, Sir.

EXT. SKY - NIGHT

An incoming F-86 FIGHTER JET collides with the B-47.

The F-86 loses its wings and the PILOT ejects.

The B-47 sustains substantial damage. The out-board engine dangles from the right wing, the tail structure damaged. The fuel tank jettisons.

COCKPIT -

The aircraft shakes violently.

The Radar Observer releases his seat belt and moves to the rear of the plane.

PILOT  
 (over the intercom)  
 Do not eject. Repeat. Do not eject.  
 (beat)  
 We still have the bomb. Do not  
 eject.

CO-PILOT  
 (over the intercom)  
 Major, are we still airworthy?  
 (beat)  
 Can we still fly this thing?

PILOT  
 (over the intercom)  
 Barely. We need to lighten our load  
 to land safely.

The Radar Observer climbs back into his position.

RADAR OBSERVER

Sir. The bomb is the complete package.

(beat)

It's not armed, but it has a detonator.

The Pilot turns to look into the eyes of the Co-Pilot.

PILOT

(to Radar Observer)

Get on the radio. Request permission to jettison the bomb, and set me a course to Hunter Army Airfield.

RADAR OBSERVER

Sir, it's a god-damn 3.8 Mega-ton nuclear bomb.

PILOT

Do it, now.

RADAR OBSERVER

Sir, orders are to jettison into the Savannah River off Tybee Island.

EXT. EAST COAST - NIGHT

Over Tybee Island, GA. The B-47 descends, and jettisons the Mk.15 nuclear bomb into the darkness.

EXT. TYBEE ISLAND/THE CRAB SHACK - CONTINUOUS

The serene night and the delicate black silhouettes of palm trees and marsh grass surround THE CRAB SHACK, a wooden shanty built on wooden pilings.

A COUPLE and their DAUGHTER enjoy a meal and raise their drinks together to make a toast.

EXT. OUTER SPACE - PRESENT

A satellite over the east coast of the United States.

SUPER IN/OUT - WASSAW SOUND, GA. N31:93 W80:94

VOICE (O.S.)  
Sir, it's not there.

VOICE 2 (O.S.)  
Repeat, over.

VOICE (O.S.)  
Sir, it's not there.

EXT. WASSAW SOUND/GEORGIA - NIGHT

A Navy SEAL DIVER surfaces from the dark waters. He slides his mask to his forehead.

NAVY SEAL DIVER  
Sir, it's not there.

OFFICER  
What do you mean it's not there?

NAVY SEAL DIVER  
It's not there, Sir.

INT. OVAL OFFICE - NIGHT

The PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES stands at the window with a phone to his ear.

VOICE 3 (V.O.)  
Mr. President. Sir, it's not there.

PRESIDENT  
What's not there?

VOICE 3 (V.O.)  
The Tybee bomb, sir. It's not there.

INT. WHITE HOUSE SITUATION ROOM - LATER

The President sits at the end of a long wooden table, surrounded by the VICE-PRESIDENT, SENIOR STAFF, NATIONAL SECURITY STAFF, and the JOINT CHIEFS OF STAFF.

Six flat panel screens hang from the walls.

SIX FLAT PANEL SCREENS -

Images of the Mk.15 bomb, the B-47, and aerial photographs of the Georgia coast.

## RETURN TO SCENE

The CHAIRMAN of the Joint Chiefs of Staff (CJCS), the highest ranking member of the armed forces, addresses the President.

CHAIRMAN

In 1958, we attempted to 'soft drop' the Mk.15 from a disabled aircraft into six to twelve feet of water, but the parachutes never deployed. A nine month search failed to recover the bomb.

PRESIDENT

How is that possible?

CHAIRMAN

Mr. President, Sir. As I said, it was an aborted exercise.

(beat)

It was believed to have sunk fifty feet into the muddy bottom, Sir.

PRESIDENT

We only searched nine months? Why?

CHAIRMAN

(beat)

Sir. We lost a second bomb one month later. A Mk.6 30-kiloton fission bomb, dropped on Mars Bluff, SC.

FLAT PANEL SCREENS -

An Mk.6 'fatboy' style bomb, "Not Today" written in white letters.

News Reel: "'Dead' A-Bomb hits US town."

CHAIRMAN (O.S.)

Apparently, after experiencing difficulties with the bomb's locking pin, the pilot climbed into the bomb bay to investigate. While climbing up, he accidentally pulled the emergency release handle -

FLAT PANEL SCREENS -

A 30 foot deep crater.

A historic site marker.

WHITE HOUSE SITUATION ROOM -

CHAIRMAN

The bomb fell on a child's playhouse in Mars Bluff, SC, and it detonated.

(beat)

Luckily, the fissionable nuclear core of the device was stored elsewhere in the aircraft, and there was no nuclear event.

PRESIDENT

You're fucking kidding me.

CHAIRMAN

It gets worse, Sir. We dropped two Mk.39s in a Goldsboro, North Carolina swamp. One bomb was never recovered, Sir.

(beat)

It was a media nightmare. Sir. Secondary components were never recovered; not only did they contain plutonium and uranium, but a large volume of lithium salt which supplies the hydrogen fuel.

(beat)

A potential environmental disaster. The call was made to leave-the-bomb-as-be. Same for the Tybee Bomb. Sir.

The President looks around the room in utter disbelief.

PRESIDENT

What are we doing now?

CHAIRMAN

Mr. President, Sir. More than fifty years of strong currents and hurricanes may have moved the Tybee bomb. Sir. Furthermore, attempts to raise the bomb now may create an environmental disaster.

PRESIDENT

(sarcastically)

What's the possibility the bomb has been moved from under noses of the watchful eyes of the military?



CHAIRMAN

Mr. President, Sir. Every dredging operation in the Savannah River Basin is under military watch. It's my opinion, it's not possible for the bomb to have been recovered without the military knowing.

The President pounds his fist on the table.

PRESIDENT

Goddamnit! I want that bomb found. I want to know what our immediate course of action is to find that bomb.

A Navy Joint Staff member stands up, TYLAN GEE (48).

TYLAN GEE

Mr. President, Sir.  
(beat)  
General Tylan Gee, Sir. United States Marine Corps, Commander of Guantanamo Bay.

PRESIDENT

General?

TYLAN GEE

Mr. President, Sir. I agree with the Chairman, the bomb is still there.

PRESIDENT

Why? It could be anywhere in the world in anyone's hands.

TYLAN GEE

Mr. President, Sir. There are high levels of radiation and unusual magnetometer readings in the Savannah River silt off Tybee Island. Some people believe it's monazite, a sand naturally high in radiation, but I believe it's the bomb. Sir.

(beat)

Our immediate course of action should be to step up the search in the river basin. Sir.

Tylan Gee and the President clasp hands. They both wear gold US NAVAL ACADEMY rings.

EXT. NIGHT SKY - DREAM

A myriad of stars trace concentric circles above the Gulf Stream. A satellite transects the dark sky and the slow paths of the stars.

LOOKING DOWN -

sits a tiny speck of a ship on the endless open water, a one-hundred eighty foot de-commissioned buoy tender - more rust than paint.

SHIP

From its stern, below the painted name OZYMANDIAS, a long towline trails hundreds of yards.

THE TOWLINE -

leads to a wooden lapstrake whaling boat with oars -

Plows through the waters in an exhilarating Nantucket sleigh ride. Its lone occupant -

PETER 'PETE BERGER' GERSTENBERGER (48), wears an open Hawaiian shirt. He smokes a Cuban cigar.

He smiles. The cigar ash glows red. The sea breeze blows at the open Hawaiian shirt.

On his chest, a TATTOO of a conventional 'drop bomb' with 3 fins, bomb pointed down, radiating four lighting flashes - designating a Master of Explosive Ordinance Disposal.

A Beretta M9 strapped to his waist over his diver's neoprene short trunks. A Special-Ops knife strapped to his calf.

Fishing poles in the stern troll fishing lines.

With the flash of the knife, Pete Berger prepares bonita as bait. With the dexterity of a surgeon, he throws and wraps one-handed knots in monofilament, rigging another fishing pole.

Something big hits the line of the first fishing pole. Berger hooks a small tuna, a 'football,' and reels it to the side of the boat.

With the tuna next to the boat, a blue marlin appears swimming on its side. Its large eye looking at Berger, the blue marlin swallows the football sized tuna.

Berger hooks the marlin, runs forward, and cuts the towline.

The whaling boat comes to an abrupt halt.

Berger falls back into the boat, holding the fishing rod with one hand, while grabbing a line with the other hand. With his one hand, he throws the line around his waist and ties a bowline to secure himself to the boat.

The fishing pole bends. The line pays out. The reel smokes.

The blue marlin jumps.

Berger fights the giant fish until the line breaks, and he falls backward into the boat, again.

Exasperated, Berger lies there, puffs on the cigar. Standing up, he turns toward the sunrise and the Ozymandias when -

An orange plume of a fireball rises above the Ozymandias.

Berger draws the automatic pistol with his RIGHT HAND, and takes aim at a figure on stern of the Ozymandias.

PETE BERGER  
Son-of-a-bitch.

Alone in the middle of the Gulf Stream, Berger kicks the oars, then fires the pistol in the air.

END OF DREAM

INT. OZYMANDIAS - DAY

BERGER'S QUARTERS

Pete Berger lies bare-chested in his berth on the Ozymandias with his eyes wide open. A SCAR appears over his RIGHT COLLARBONE opposite the EOD tattoo. The scar was NOT there in Berger's dream.

He lies motionless until the clock reads 5:00 and the alarm goes off. He holds an electronic device the size of a pack of playing cards over the scar on his chest, then he gets up.

Berger plugs the electronic device into his phone, dials, then hits SEND.

INT. CHICAGO HOSPITAL - DAY

BURBLING RECEIVING TONE -

A printer receives a transmission, and hums and whirls while printing out the cardiograph of Peter Gerstenberger.

An attractive FEMALE CARDIOLOGIST (40s) and a MALE DOCTOR (60s), look at the printout.

MALE DOCTOR

What's this one's story.

FEMALE CARDIOLOGIST

The same as all of them.

MALE DOCTOR

What's that?

FEMALE CARDIOLOGIST

Retired military. Spent his life trying to save the world.

MALE DOCTOR

What's wrong with that?

FEMALE CARDIOLOGIST

Everyone knows that men save the world, but women save the men.

MALE DOCTOR

I think you're interested in this one. Is he available?

FEMALE CARDIOLOGIST

What do you mean?

MALE DOCTOR

Divorced?

FEMALE CARDIOLOGIST

No. Widowed.

RETURN TO BERGER'S QUARTERS -

with an end of transmission BEEP.

A DUFFEL BAG

The stenciled letters 'Gerstenberger', and the gold Master EOD badge on the duffle bag.

Berger carefully loosens the knot, a THIEF'S KNOT, securing his duffel bag. He stares at an MP9 machine pistol, then carefully re-ties the duffel. He stops to look at the knot.

Berger turns on the shower, reaches under the sink, and removes a Special-Ops knife. He replaces it and steps into the shower.

A digital clock reads 5:06.

EXT. MIAMI RIVER/OZYMANDIAS - DAY

Up on deck between the pilot house and the lifting boom and winch, Berger has a basketball court, and a golf driving tee. Bare-chested, chewing on an UNLIT CIGAR and wearing heavy military boots laced with parachute cord, Berger shoots a basketball, misses, and the ball goes overboard.

RODERICK 'Fishbone' MANSMITH (60), the Ozymandia's Bahamian cook, chops fish heads and throws them overboard into the river. He has long dreadlocks and a blue cataract in one eye.

RODERICK  
(with a Bahamian accent)  
Hey, boss-man. You ain't too good  
wit' de hoops?

Roderick laughs.

RODERICK (CONT'D)  
What, you can't light de cigar,  
needa?

Berger chews on his cigar.

BERGER  
You know there's no bitching,  
Roderick. We're salvagers. Nothing  
matters. Hurricanes, arctic waters,  
pirates, hostile ports,  
revolutions. Shit happens and we  
fix it. We don't complain and we  
don't bitch.

Berger chews on his cigar.

Twenty years married to the Navy as  
a Master Diver with an irregular  
heart beat, and I never bitched.  
But what did I get?

(beat)

(MORE)

BERGER (cont'd)  
Some cardiologist orders this  
implanted heart defibrillator in  
me, and the U.S. Navy retires me.

Berger pulls back his shirt, revealing the tattoo and the  
SCAR.

BERGER (CONT'D)  
They could have pinned a medal on  
my chest, but I got mine implanted.

RODERICK  
Berger, no bitchin', mon. Your food  
getten cold.

Roderick hands Berger a bowl of soup. With his spoon, Berger  
raises a fish head and onions from the thin soup.

Roderick laughs.

BERGER  
Critter fritters? We all call you  
'Fishbone.' You could kill with  
this soup, Roderick.

RODERICK  
Just give me a chance, boss-man.

Roderick laughs. Berger throws the soup overboard.

RODERICK (CONT'D)  
You still can't sleep late like a  
common mon?

BERGER  
I'm going to hang my hammock today.

Loud MUSIC begins pounding from the bow of the ship.

BERGER  
Son-of-a-bitch!

Roderick laughs.

Berger attaches one end of a hammock to the ship railing,  
looks for a place to attach the other end, then drops it.

BERGER (CONT'D)  
Son-of-a-bitch!

ON THE BOW -

Berger's son, Peter Jr., 'PJ' (17), wears a green and gold Burr & Burton academy hooded sweatshirt.

He lights a flare above a 55 gallon drum full of sawdust. He prepares to take a self-portrait with a cellphone, then -

He releases the compressed air connected to the 55 gallon drum. A huge plume of sawdust blows into the air, and erupts into a fireball.

ON DECK -

BERGER  
Son-of-a-bitch! PJ!

ON THE BOW -

PJ checks his selfie, then skateboards out of sight.

ON DECK -

BERGER  
Roderick. Give me coffee. Black and bitter.

INT. OZYMANDIAS/PILOT HOUSE - LATER

LEVI WEEKES (50s), chief engineer, tall and thin, his head shaved, and his skull lumpy from years of service on ships. He wears dark blue overalls, orange life vest and black work boots stained and caked with grease and grime.

He tosses a book on the chart table - THE ANARCHIST COOKBOOK.

WEEKES  
You know what that is?

Berger glances at the book.

BERGER  
Yeah. A misguided young man's protest of the U.S. involvement in the Vietnam War. AWOL, a waste of life.

WEEKES

That book's dangerous. It gives instructions to manufacture explosives.

BERGER

Mostly unreliable. More dangerous to the cooks than us.

WEEKES

Well, your son is reading it.

BERGER

Well that, and schooling with bait fish and yellowtails, explains the expulsion from prep school, and the fireball on the foredeck. And the fact that his mother gave up on me first, before she died when he was eight.

(beat)

He blames me for that, the cancer, and everything else.

(beat)

Anything else?

WEEKES

We got a call from our Santo Domingo Coast Guard friends. A six-hundred foot Roll-on/Roll-off freighter, adrift in the Windward Passage, has run aground.

Berger's cellphone RINGS. He looks at the name on the call screen.

BERGER

Guess who?

(beat)

It's our Mexican Admiral, now.

Berger lets the call go to the messaging service, and puts it on SPEAKER. The complex rhythms and syncopated riffs of MERENGUE MUSIC heard in the background.

LOUIS (V.O.)

(over the speaker phone)

Hello? *Si!* It's your good friend. It's Louis Argote in Santo Domingo, the Coast Guard man of all-time. Yes, yes.

Weekes shakes his head.



LOUIS (V.O.)

(over the speaker phone)

I'm calling you. How you doing,  
*Mon*? I have not talked with you  
for a long time. Yeah, you're  
getting some of that sweet Santo  
Dominican woman up there? Right?

(laughs)

Listen. I got a little small  
problem for you with a boat coming  
from Santo Domingo that had an  
accident. It's a really big job for  
you. But listen, I'm referring you,  
because you're the big man when it  
comes to salvage. Remember the job  
you did for us?

Berger hangs his head remembering, before answering the call.

BERGER

(into the phone)

Louis! It's me, Berger. What have  
you got for me?

LOUIS (V.O.)

(over the speaker phone)

Yes, *Mon*! Yeah, yeah, like I was  
saying. You should come down right  
away. I need you right away.

BERGER

(into the phone)

We're busy, *amigo*. But what have  
you got?

Berger winks.

LOUIS (V.O.)

(over the speaker phone)

Yeah, yeah, like I was saying. You  
should come down right away. I need  
you right away. This is a nice job.  
It's a salvage job. I'm putting you  
on top of the list.

Berger taps his foot impatiently.

BERGER

(into the phone)

Louis, what kind of job?

LOUIS (V.O.)  
 (over the speaker phone)  
 A really big job. A big Ro-Ro. The  
 Hanuman.

On the computer, Berger pulls up an IMAGE of the HANUMAN, a  
 Ro-Ro - Roll On/Roll Off freighter, 600 feet length.

LOUIS (V.O.)  
 (over the speaker phone)  
 Yes, yes, yes. But you got to act  
 right away, because I got a little  
 bit of headache. The Venezuelan  
 owners are worried about a couple  
 little things.

The SOUNDS of someone interrupting Louis Argote - a WOMAN.

LOUIS (V.O.)  
 Hey *chica!* *Hola, como estas?* Wow!

SOUND of Louis slapping a woman's ass.

LOUIS (V.O.)  
*Si, si, si,* I will call you, *chica,*  
 don't worry. Remember, it's me -  
 Louis Argote.

SOUND of a door slamming.

LOUIS (V.O.)  
 (to Berger)  
 Anyway, Berger. Listen. The people  
 down in Venezuela are all  
 concerned, because of insurance and  
 the tourist and all, and you're the  
 big *Hancho!* Come on! I take care  
 of you, and you take care of me!  
 This is a nice job. Let's do the  
 work, and let's party. We have a  
 good time!

BERGER  
 (into the phone)  
 Louis. You keep your puddle-jumpers  
 on shore. We're on our way.

LOUIS (V.O.)  
 (into the phone)  
 Yes, yes, yes. I'll meet you with  
 all the pretty women.

Berger hangs up, and crosses to the bridge doorway.

BERGER

(to Weekes)

Get the ship's manifest. Get Mango on board, and the new divers. We're shoving off right away.

WEEKES

Aye-aye. Anything else?

BERGER

What's she called - the Ro-Ro?

WEEKES

(checking the computer screen)

The Hanuman, Skipper.

EXT. MIAMI RIVER/OZYMANDIAS - LATER

The Ozymandias' engines drone, and Berger stands at the wheel in the pilot house.

Three Dutch divers board - DIEDERIK 'Dirk' (45), PHILIPPE 'Flip' (30) and FREDERIK 'Freek' (28). They have lots of diving gear, tanks of gas, and cutting/welding torches.

PILOT HOUSE -

The divers enter, and Berger greets them, looking at their resumes.

BERGER

Diederik?

Diederik, a veteran diver beyond his prime, extends his hand -

DIEDERIK

Dirk. Call me Dirk, sir.

They shake hands.

BERGER

Welcome aboard.

Berger turns to the other two, PHILIPPE and FREDERIK; they are closely shaved and heavily muscled.

PHILIPPE

Philippe, sir. Call me Flip.

BERGER

Okay.  
(beat)  
And you are?

FREDERIK

Frederik, sir. Everyone calls me Freek.

Berger hesitates.

BERGER

Let me get this right. You're Flip and Freek?

PHILIPPE

That's right, sir. We're the Flip & Freek brothers.

They smile broadly. Berger shakes hands with them.

BERGER

Welcome aboard, Flip and Freek. Are you ready to work?

FLIP

Yes, sir. We need the money.

FREEK

We'll spend it all in Amsterdam.

Flip and Freek grin broadly.

FREEK (CONT'D)

Sir.

BERGER

Okay. Go stow your gear. We'll be shoving off soon.

EXT. MIAMI RIVER - DAY

MANGO (50s), the Captain's mate, runs down the water front with a duffle bag over his shoulder. He has naval tattoos, a pot belly and yellow complexion from years of drinking and cirrhosis of the liver. He jumps on board as the Ozymandias pulls away from the dock.

In the setting sun, TUGBOATS guide the Ozymandias down the river under bridges and the towering condos.

PJ plays loud MUSIC through speakers on the bow. Mango drinks beer.

Berger watches from the pilot house wheel.

EXT. SKY - NIGHT

The Gulf Stream. The Ozymandias steams across under a star lit night.

PJ skateboards on the deck.

INT. PILOTHOUSE - NIGHT

Berger studies the MANIFEST for the Hanuman. His finger runs down the content of the freighter, including cars, food and beer, until his finger stops on MAGNETIC RESONATE IMAGING equipment.

Berger gets on the intercom.

BERGER  
(to Mango)  
Prepare an LOF.

MANGO (O.S.)  
Are you sure, Skipper?

BERGER  
(to Mango)  
Absolutely, Mango. Do it.

MANGO  
But skipper....

MORNING -

SUPER IN/OUT - "NORTH COAST OF CUBA"

The Ozymandias steams along the northern coast of Cuba. At twelve knots, the buoy tender's flat bottom and shallow draft cause a nauseating pitch-and-roll during heavy seas.

On the starboard side, the Ozymandias ghosts by a NAVAL PATROL BOAT.

Berger stands on the deck at the starboard rail with his son, PJ, who vomits.

BERGER  
What the hell is that thing?

PJ  
What?

BERGER  
Don't be a smart ass.

Berger cuffs PJ on the back of his head. PJ pulls up his hoodie.

PJ  
(with attitude)  
What thing, sir?

Berger hesitates.

BERGER  
That 55 gallon drum contraption.

PJ  
A sawdust canon.

BERGER  
I don't like it. That's what you learned at that fancy prep school I pay for? Well, this summer, you're going to learn from me. You understand?

PJ  
Yes.

BERGER  
Yes, what?

PJ  
Yes, sir.

BERGER  
That's better. This year, you really screwed the pooch, big-time.  
(beat)  
What's the biggest thing you blew up?

PJ represses his impulse to laugh.

BERGER (CONT'D)  
What?

PJ  
Nothing.

BERGER  
No. Not nothing. What?

PJ

Nothing. I blew up a car, once. It was abandoned in a rock quarry. It was nothing.

Berger cuffs PJ, again. He points at the patrol boat cruising parallel to the Ozymandias.

BERGER (CONT'D)

Do you see that? Cuban Navy. Soviet built Stenka class patrol boat.

Berger points at the AK-230 twin thirty milimeter guns on the bow and the stern.

BERGER (CONT'D)

Those are not saw dust canons, either. Throw the saw dust overboard, now. No more fire balls.

PJ

Yes, sir.

BERGER

Did you make it yourself?

PJ turns to leave. Berger grabs him by the wrist and pushes the sleeve back, revealing a tattoo - a Peace Sign. Berger says nothing.

PJ leaves.

Berger picks up a golf club and begins driving golf balls off the side. The golf balls slice until they hit the water with a tiny splash.

Mango, drinking a beer, stands by Berger's side, looking through binoculars.

MANGO

Slice. Two-hundred twenty-five yards down range.

Berger drops the golf club.

BERGER

Give me those.

THROUGH THE BINOCULARS -

Berger studies the lines of the naval patrol boat and its guns directed at the Ozymandias.

MANGO (O.S.)  
 Skipper, tell me we're in  
 international waters.

Berger sees crew on the bridge of the Cuban naval patrol boat. Sun glints off the lenses of their binoculars.

RETURN TO SCENE

BERGER  
 Fuck those communist squids.

Handing the binoculars back to Mango, Berger continues to hit golf balls in the general direction of the Cuban patrol boat. The golf balls fall far short of the Cuban ship.

MANGO  
 Slice.

PJ dumps saw dust off the bow. The apparent wind off the bow carries the saw dust back onto Berger and Mango.

LATER -

a U.S. Navy patrol boat approaches along the port side of the Ozymandias. Through binoculars, Berger sees the crew on the bridge of the new vessel, and - Tylan Gee.

Berger picks up a golf club and slices a golf ball in the general directions of the approaching ship.

The ship pulls alongside the Ozymandias. Tylan Gee hails the Ozymandias through a P.A. System.

TYLAN GEE  
 (through the P.A.)  
 Captain of the Ozymandias. This is  
 General Tylan Gee, Commander of  
 Guantanamo Bay.

Drinking a beer, Mango hands Berger a bullhorn.

BERGER  
 (over the bullhorn)  
 Retired Naval Master Chief Peter  
 Gerstenberger, Captain of the  
 Ozymandias.

Tylan Gee laughs.

TYLAN GEE  
 It's been a long time, Pete Berger.



BERGER  
Who's counting?

TYLAN GEE  
Not me. But the Ozymandias?  
Really? Always the romantic poet,  
Berger.  
(beat)  
What's your business?

BERGER  
It's all barbecues and water skiing  
over here. General.

Tylan Gee laughs.

TYLAN GEE  
Still the same, Berger. I can  
always count on you.

PJ joins his father at his side. Berger puts his arm around  
PJ's shoulder.

TYLAN GEE (CONT'D)  
Any boat originating from the  
United States and heading to Cuba  
can be boarded. President's  
mandate. Prepare to be boarded.

Guns are trained on the Ozymandias.

BERGER  
General, we're making innocent  
passage here, heading for the  
Windward Passage. Law of the Sea.  
(beat)  
Maintain course.

Berger turns to Mango.

BERGER (CONT'D)  
(to Mango)  
Set the heading for Haiti, Mango.

As the Ozymandias cruises away, Berger hits a single golf  
ball at the U.S. Navy ship, and salutes with one finger.

NAVY SHIP -

Tylan Gee watches through binoculars.

EXT. OZYMANDIAS/WINDWARD PASSAGE - NIGHT

The Ozymandias pounds in the building seas.

INT. OZYMANDIAS/PILOT HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Mango stands at the ship's wheel.

Berger and Weekes study a computer screen. PJ hovers behind them.

THE COMPUTER SCREEN -

The CURSOR moves from menus and tool bars to IMAGES of the Hanuman's deck layout and colored footprints of all the cargo.

BERGER (O.C.)  
Get the Hanuman's owner on the  
radio.

OZYMANDIAS PILOT HOUSE -

Weekes hands Berger the VHF microphone.

BERGER  
(into the mike)  
Hello? This is Peter  
Gerstenberger, retired US Navy and  
captain of the Ozymandias.

XAIVER VILLASENOR (V.O.)  
(to Berger)  
Xaiver Villasenor here. King's  
Point and Harvard graduate.  
Venezualan owner of the Ro/Ro  
Hanuman.

Berger skips a beat.

BERGER  
(into the mike)  
That explains the perfect English,  
sir.

XAIVER VILLASENOR (V.O.)  
Thank you. What's your estimated  
time of arrival, Ozymandias?

BERGER  
 (into the mike)  
 We'll be there at sunrise.

XAIVER VILLASENOR (V.O.)  
 Okay. The Hanuman is without  
 steerage and aground. I'll be there  
 when you arrive.  
 (beat)  
 We have a crowd.

BERGER  
 (into the mike)  
 What do you mean?

XAIVER VILLASENOR (V.O.)  
 You'll see. Over.

Berger hands the microphone back to Weekes, and returns his attention to -

THE COMPUTER SCREEN -

The cursor moves over the images of the Hanuman.

BERGER (O.S.)  
 Weekes, get me the LOF.

WEEKES (O.C.)  
 Yes, sir.

Weekes leaves. PJ joins his father at the computer monitor.

PJ  
 What's an LOF?

Berger continues move the cursor over images of the Hanuman.

BERGER  
 Llyods Open Form, a salvage  
 agreement. Known as 'No Cure/No  
 Pay.'

PJ  
 What does that mean.

BERGER  
 It means we keep the ship afloat  
 and deliver it to port, and we get  
 paid.

PJ  
 By who?

BERGER  
The owner or insurance.

PJ  
What if they don't pay?

The movement of the cursor stops.

BERGER  
We claim the spoils - flotsam,  
jetsam and derelicts.

PJ  
What's that?

BERGER  
Flotsam are goods that floated off  
the ship while it was in danger or  
when it sank.

PJ  
Jetsam?

BERGER  
Goods thrown off a ship, which was  
in danger, to save the ship.

PJ  
Derelict?

BERGER  
Cargo on the bottom of the ocean,  
but which no one has any hope of  
reclaiming.

PJ thinks.

PJ  
Mango is a derelict.

Berger cuffs PJ on the back of the head.

BERGER  
Just worry about yourself. Get some  
sleep. We have a big day tomorrow.

PJ leaves the pilot house, and Berger studies the computer  
screen. He clicks the mouse, and on -

THE COMPUTER SCREEN -

is the image of HANUMAN.

BERGER (O.S.)  
 (reading the text)  
 Hanuman: a mighty ape, a Hindu deity or avatar that aided Lord Rama in his mythical expedition against evil forces.

EXT. ISLA BEATA/DOMINICAN REPUBLIC - SUNRISE

A black H-60 Seahawk helicopter skims over the crystal blue Caribbean Sea, over the salvage ship Ozymandias, and toward the reefs of Isla Beata.

EXT. OZYMANDIAS - CONTINUOUS

From the pilot house of the Ozymandias, Berger peers through binoculars into a rising sun and a flotilla of boats surrounding the Hanuman.

The flotilla of boats has formed a large spectator fleet, including a mega-yacht, fishing trawlers, cruisers, tourists, environmentalists, and the MEDIA.

The black helicopter lands -

on the heli-pad of the mega-yacht, ANGEL FALLS. It's flying a VENEZUELAN FLAG.

BERGER'S P.O.V. -

The Hanuman also flies a VENEZUELAN FLAG. It's a huge ship with high freeboard - a modern day ark.

BERGER  
 (to Mango)  
 Get an American flag, and prepare the Metal Shark.

The crew of the Ozymandias set anchor, then launch an aluminum boat with twin outboards - the METAL SHARK - it swings from the Ozymandias' lifting boom.

Berger grabs a folded American flag from Mango, and shoves it roughly into the hands of PJ.

BERGER  
 Take this.

Berger, PJ, and Mango board the Metal Shark and speed across the brilliant blue waters toward the Hanuman.

EXT./INT. HANUMAN - CONTINUOUS

The Metal Shark ties off next to a black RIB(Rigid Inflatable Boat).

From the Metal Shark, Berger and his crew climb the narrow gangway of the Hanuman.

ON THE LISTING MAIN DECK OF THE HANUMAN -

Xavier Villasenor (60s) wears a navy blue blazer and white shirt open at the collar. He extends his hand to Berger.

XAIVER VILLASENOR

Pleased to meet you, Mr. Gerstenberger. You come highly recommended by some very important people.

BERGER

You mean the Mexican Admiral.

Villasenor laughs.

XAIVER VILLASENOR

You have a sense of humor, Mr. Gerstenberger. But there was another recommendation.

Villasenor glances at the folded American flag in PJ's arms. When he shakes hands, he twists PJ's palm up.

When Villasenor turns to Berger, they look into each others eyes, lock into a firm handshake, with the left hand on the other's elbow.

Villasenor works down the line, shaking hands with PJ last, turning his hand over.

XAIVER VILLASENOR (CONT'D)

Are we prepared to agree on terms?

BERGER

No.

(beat)

Not if you mean your oil economy and diplomacy, your ties with Cuba, Iran and China, and building aerial drones....

XAIVER VILLASENOR

(laughs)

And let's not forget that the  
United States is the devil?

BERGER

You have a sense of humor, too.

XAIVER VILLASENOR

Can we do business here?

BERGER

Work out the details with my  
lawyers in New York. Have the money  
in escrow.

Villasenor shakes Berger's hand and leaves.

Berger turns to his son, and cuffs him on the back of the  
head.

BERGER

(to PJ)

Don't ever let any one do that to  
you again.

PJ

What?

Berger roughly grabs his son's hand, twisting his arm.

BERGER

That.

PJ

What?

BERGER

Never give another man the upper  
hand. Never. Only for a man of God,  
or a lady.

Berger shoves his son.

BERGER (CONT'D)

Now go take down the Venezuelan  
flag and raise ours.

PJ leaves.

Berger visually assesses the seaworthiness of the Hanuman,  
a giant parking garage surrounded by water.

BERGER

(to his crew)

Okay, you know the drill. This is a sea-going car ferry - a 'Roll-on/Roll-Off; otherwise know as a 'Roll-On/Roll-Over. It's a high risk design because of its high center of gravity, large external doors close to the waterline, and very few internal bulkheads.

(to Mango)

Mango, you check the waterline loading doors on the leeward side.

(to the divers)

You guys, go below to see how much free surface water is below deck, then look into the steering gear room.

(to Dirk)

You guys got it covered?

Dirk lifts his untucked shirt, revealing his Beretta M9.

DIRK

Roger that.

The divers leave.

PJ returns with the Venezuelan flag. Berger and Roderick, the Bahamian cook, show PJ how to fold the flag.

BERGER (CONT'D)

Now let's see who's catering this affair.

Roderick rubs his hands together.

RODERICK

Now you be talking, mon.

Berger, Roderick and PJ head toward the stacks of metal cargo containers. Berger stops in front of a steel container door locked with a U-shaped bicycle lock with a cylindrical lock.

Berger pulls out a stainless steel Leatherman tool from his pocket.

BERGER

Give me a plastic pen.

Roderick produces a pen. Berger cuts 4 slits into the barrel of the pen, inserts it into the lock and with a simple twist opens the lock.



BERGER (CONT'D)  
Seven tumbler lock - way too easy.

They open the container, revealing cases of beer stacked to the ceiling.

PJ  
Is this ours?

BERGER  
It's all ours. But don't tell Mango. Not right a way. Let's surprise him.

CUTAWAY TO -

Mango sits on a toilet, when -  
the METAL DOOR rips off.

MANGO  
Hey, I'm in here...!

Dirk, Flip and Freek laugh.

FLIP  
You looked like a guy that shit himself ....

FREEK  
Just before he died.  
(beat)  
We need the door, man.

RETURN TO SCENE

Roderick grabs some warm beers and tosses them to Berger and PJ, who drops the flag. PJ opens the beer, spraying it all over. He tastes the beer.

Berger and Roderick laugh and sip their beers slowly.

Berger bends over to pick up the Venezuelan flag, and looks up to see -

The shiny black boots laced with parachute cord and pant cuffs tucked into the boot tops of the Hanuman CREW. Their dark tactical uniforms look more like SWAT.

BERGER  
Roderick, give these dirty squids a warm beer.

Roderick passes out beers.

As the Hanuman crew file out, Berger grabs the last CREWMAN in line by the elbow, turning him around abruptly.

BERGER

I think this belongs to you.

Berger shoves the folded Venezuelan flag into the crewman's mid-section, and a warm beer into his other hand.

The Hanuman crew board their launch, the black RIB.

BERGER'S P.O.V. - RIB

The crewman drops the Venezuelan flag into the bilge of the black RIB, and steps on it. He guzzles beer, crushes the can on his forehead, then suddenly turns to look in Berger's direction.

RETURN TO SCENE

Berger ducks out of view.

MEANWHILE - BELOW DECK

Whistling while he inspects the waterline cargo doors, Mango hears a loud METALLIC sound.

Mango stops, turns, and looks into the shadows of the ship.

MANGO

Berger?

(beat)

Dirk? Flip? Freek?

He sees nothing, and -

continues whistling, slowly and a little less care-free.

RETURN TO SCENE

Berger, PJ and Roderick stop in front of another steel container locked with a combination pad lock.

PJ

I got this one.

PJ grabs his father's Leatherman tool and starts cutting apart a beer can.

BERGER  
What's this?

PJ  
I'm making a shim to pick this  
lock. I saw it on the internet.

PJ continues to fashion his shim. Berger sits down and  
drinks.

BERGER  
This is going to take some time.

Mango appears with a beer.

MANGO  
Everything is secure

Roderick produces a sledge hammer.

Before PJ finishes his shim, Berger finishes his beer, pushes  
his son aside, and breaks the combination lock with one  
strike with the hammer.

BERGER  
That's how you do it.

Inside the container, they find grocery products - Oreos,  
canned fish, and non-dairy coffee creamer.

Berger opens cartons full of DUCT TAPE.

BERGER  
Take these, too.

The three divers return, grab beers, and Dirk separates  
Berger from ear shot.

BERGER  
What's the damage?

DIRK  
Skipper, the hole in the port  
ballast tank is a perfect four foot  
circle.

Berger studies Dirk face for an explanation.

DIRK (CONT'D)  
Looks military. Linear shaped-  
charge.

BERGER

O.K. It's a small breach. Make a soft-patch.

DIRK

We did, skipper. We used a mattress, and the metal door from the crapper.

Dirk looks at Mango, and laughs.

DIRK (CONT'D)

We're pressing the port ballast tanks now. We should be floating level soon.

BERGER

O.K. And the steering gear room?

DIRK

It's jammed.

BERGER

O.K. Tomorrow, use every precaution. We'll bring the hot-taps and fiber optic cameras.

Berger pats him on the shoulder.

BERGER

(to everyone)

Let's wrap up this party.

Berger takes Mango aside.

BERGER

(to Mango)

I want you to stand watch. Can you do that?

Mango nods eagerly.

BERGER (CONT'D)

You got your cell phone?

Mango shows his cell phone.

MANGO

Yes, sir.

Berger lifts his shirt tails and produces his Beretta M9. He clears the pistol by removing the magazine, pointing it downward, racking the slide to eject the round into his hand, and squeezing the trigger.

BERGER

O.K. Take this. Stay alert.

Berger thumbs the ejected cartridge into the magazine, and hands it to Mango.

Mango pushes the magazine into the handle of the pistol, with a distinct click. He pulls the slide back and releases it to load the weapon.

Mango gives the thumbs-up.

BERGER (CONT'D)

No drinking.

Mango winks.

LATER -

Roderick and PJ gather food provisions.

Berger and Mango look through the rows of cars. KEYS are in the ignition of every car. Mango spots a fork-lift, hops on it, and returns to the open containers.

BERGER

O.K. Let's load it up.

The crew load the spoils of beer and food onto the forklift. PJ has loaded several fifty pound bags of non-dairy coffee creamer.

BERGER (CONT'D)

(to PJ)

You want to stay awake, drink your coffee black.

EXT. OZYMANDIAS DECK- NIGHT

P.O.V. THROUGH NIGHT VISION BINOCULARS -

Berger watches the black waters surrounding the Hanuman. From the spectator fleet, a black RIB with six occupants speeds toward the Hanuman.

ON DECK OF THE OZYMANDIAS -

PJ appears.

PJ  
Whatzup?

Berger passes the night vision binoculars to his son.

BERGER  
Take a look.

Berger pulls out his cell phone and dials.

BERGER  
(into the phone)  
Come on Mango! Answer the fucking  
phone.

Berger hangs up the phone and grabs the night vision  
binoculars.

BERGER  
(to PJ)  
Go get the Fifty Caliber Barrett.

PJ looks confused.

BERGER (CONT'D)  
The black sniper rifle. The big one  
with the scope.

PJ runs. Berger tries his cell phone again, with no results.

The black RIB disappears behind the Hanuman.

PJ returns with the bad-ass black sniper rifle, and hands it  
to his father. Berger holds his hand out in refusal.

BERGER  
You know I can't shoulder a rifle  
anymore with this implant.

Berger pats his right collar bone.

BERGER (CONT'D)  
You do it. Eyes on the Hanuman.

PJ shoulders the heavy sniper rifle and squinches his eye,  
looking through the telescope.

BINOCULAR P.O.V.

The black RIB reappears. The black outlines of seven  
occupants are clearly armed.

BERGER (V.O.)  
Aim at the driver.

The black RIB -

BERGER (V.O.)  
Can you make the shot?

- speeds -

BERGER (V.O.)  
Can you make the shot?

- toward the spectator fleet.

RETURN TO SCENE -

PJ  
No.

Berger lifts the barrel of the sniper rifle.

BERGER (CONT'D)  
Stand down. Prepare the Metal  
Shark.

LATER -

The crew loads the aluminum launch with heavy equipment - tanks of gas and torches, compressors and hot-taps and hard plastic cases for the fiber optic camera.

Levi Weekes and Roderick remain on the Ozymandias.

EXT. THE METAL SHARK - CONTINUOUS

The crew speeds toward the Hanuman.

EXT./INT. HANUMAN - CONTINUOUS

The crew off loads onto the main deck of the Hanuman.

BERGER  
Dirk, Flip, and Freek. Get the  
starboard tanks pressed and  
patched.

Berger draws his Beretta M9, pulls the slide back and releases it.

BERGER (CONT'D)  
Keep your eyes open.

The divers load their gear onto the forklift, and move into the ship.

BERGER (CONT'D)  
PJ, you come with me. Let's find  
Mango.

Berger and PJ head out through the rows of steel containers toward the opened container with beer. They find many opened beer cans, but no Mango.

Berger kicks the cans.

BERGER  
Mango?

BELOW DECK/BUOYANCY TANKS -

In the darkness illuminated with flashlights, Flip, Freek and Dirk set up their compressors.

BERGER (O.S.)  
Mango?

The divers draw their weapons.

BERGER (O.S.)  
Mango?

RETURN TO MAIN DECK -

Berger and PJ cautiously search for Mango until Berger stops and protectively shoves PJ back.

Mango sits slumped up against a bulkhead, surrounded by empty cans of beer. His cell phone lays on the deck beside him.

PJ looks away.

PJ  
Is he dead?

Berger leans over, lifts Mango's head, and sees the slit throat of Mango. Berger kicks one of the empty beer cans.

BERGER  
It wasn't the six-pack of hydraulic  
sandwiches that killed him.



Berger lifts Mango's shirt tails and removes the M9.

BERGER

(to PJ)

Take this. It's yours now.

Surprising, PJ shows no emotional.

PJ

It's your fault he's dead.

BERGER

Listen to me. He was doing his job.

Flip and Freek return.

BERGER (CONT'D)

(to Flip and Freek)

Put him in a bag.

Flip and Freek put Mango's body into contractor's plastic bags and wrap the body with duct-tape.

FLIP

Ten pounds of shit...

FREEK

In a a five pound sack.

Mango's cell phone RINGS.

Berger picks up Mango's cell phone.

BERGER

(into the phone)

Who the fuck is this?

He looks at the phone -

INSERT - CELL PHONE SCREEN

Withheld. Number unknown.

Berger throws the phone against the bulkhead. It smashes to bits.

BELOW DECK/BUOYANCE TANKS - CONTINUOUS

Berger, PJ, and the divers descend into the darkness below deck, into the deafening DRONE of the compressors.

BERGER  
(to Dirk)  
Mango.

Berger leads Dirk to a quieter place.

BERGER (CONT'D)  
Mango is dead.

The crew joins them.

BERGER (CONT'D)  
Let's go aft.

The crew proceeds through the Hanuman with flashlights and guns drawn -

BELOW DECK/STEERING GEAR ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The crew stop over a deck hatch.

Berger draws his M9.

BERGER  
Open it.

Flip and Freek strike the individual dogs with hammers - the RING of mild steel echoes through the Hanuman, then they lift the hatch.

Flashlight beams pierce through the thick humid darkness.

BERGER  
Get down there.

A WATER TIGHT WHEEL ACTIVATED DOOR -

Flip and Freek struggle to turn the wheel on the bulkhead hatch.

FLIP  
It's jammed. We need to torch it.

Berger pulls them back.

BERGER  
Let's be careful here. We need to hot-tap it and check for gas.

Equipment passes down through the deck hatch. Dirk applies a magnetic hot-tap to the bulkhead, then he positions a power drill to the center of the hot-tap.

DIRK  
(to Flip)  
Lots of oil. We don't want any  
sparks.

Flashlights focus on the drilling operation.

Dirk sweats heavily.

DIRK (CONT'D)  
More oil.

Dirk's drill punches through the steel bulkhead. Everyone sighs with relief. Dirk removes the drill.

BERGER  
Give me the fiber optics.

Berger removes the fiber optic camera from its plastic case, and threads it through the center of the hot-tap.

FIBER OPTIC CAMERA'S P.O.V. - INSIDE THE STEERING GEAR ROOM

In the darkness of the steering gear room, bound and gagged men struggle at their restraints.

BERGER (O.S.)  
God dammit!

RETURN TO SCENE

Berger hands the fiber optic camera's monitor to Dirk.

BERGER  
It's the Hanuman crew. They're all  
in there. We got to get them out.  
Get the torch.

Dirk lights the oxyacetylene cutting torch and focuses the blue cone of flame.

BERGER (CONT'D)  
Start here.

Berger points to the bulkhead. Wearing a mask, Dirk applies the torch to the steel partition, forming a shower of orange sparks raining across the deck.

INSIDE THE STEERING GEAR ROOM -

The bound and gagged men struggle against their restraints with renewed strength and horror in their eyes as they see -

THE CUTTING TORCH PENETRATING THE STEEL WALL -

arcs toward a stack of compressed gas tanks against the inner bulkhead.

BERGER (O.S.)  
(muted)  
Faster.

The cutting torch inches toward the compressed gas tanks until the shower of sparks cuts into one of the tanks.

It explodes with a FLASH.

OUTSIDE THE STEERING GEAR ROOM - SILENT SEQUENCE

A flash blows the water tight door off.

Dirk and the crew are thrown back like rag dolls.

Berger shields PJ.

END SILENT SEQUENCE

Deafening explosion, and bodies flying.

When the smoke clears, Berger and his crew struggle to their feet. Lead by the beams of flashlights, they enter the steering gear room.

The flash, the concussion and the shrapnel killed everyone, except one man.

Berger rushes to the dying man's side - blood trickling out of his ears. Berger cradles him in his arms.

DYING MAN  
Americans...,

The man dies in Berger's arms.

Berger stands up in the middle of the scene, hangs his head, a tear forming from his eye. The pain visibly moves downward, as Berger crosses his arms over his chest.

Berger's crew watch him in silence.

Berger slowly stands upright, draws his M9, pulls the slide back, raises it recklessly overhead, and fires.

The bullet ricochets, and the crew ducks.

BERGER

God dammit. There's just no way in hell. Those tanks should have never been there. We were set-up. Now it looks like....

(beat)

We killed the crew of the Hanuman.

CUT TO:

EXT GUANTANAMO BAY/BEACH - DAY

On a shady tree limb, a Cuban Anoles - a lizard, sits high on all four legs, gapes menacingly, turns green, and bobs it's head.

Beneath on the beach sands are hundreds of 'Cangrejo de Tierra' - land crabs. They scatter as -

A man on horse back approaches.

TYLAN GEE -

is dressed like a 'Rough Rider' or Teddy Roosevelt - a wide brimmed hat with one side pinned up, leggings and boots, and a handkerchief loosely knotted around his neck.

He pulls out a cell phone.

TYLAN GEE

(into the cell phone)

Villasenor. Have you seen it?

CUT TO:

EXT./INT. HANUMAN - DAY

Through binoculars, Berger looks over the water. PJ stands at his side, studying his cellular smart phone.

PJ

Have you seen this?

PJ shows his father -

YOU TUBE VIDEO - EDITED

a deafening explosion, bodies flying, beams of flashlights through the smoke -

Berger cradles the head of a dying man, raises his pistol, firing -

BERGER (V.O.)  
God dammit.... We killed the crew  
of the Hanuman.

END YOU TUBE VIDEO

Berger grabs PJ's cell phone, and prepares to throw it overboard.

A phone RINGS.

Berger looks at the cell phone.

PJ  
It's not mine.

Berger checks his phone, including the video link on his phone. He hands PJ his phone.

Dirk joins them on the deck.

BERGER  
(to Dirk)  
Did you see it?

DIRK  
Yes, skipper. It's on everyone's  
phone.

A phone continues to RING.

BERGER  
Get Flip and Freek. Find that  
phone.

A game of cat and mouse game proceeds.

The crew spread out high and low in search of the ringing phone. The pursuit through the floating parking garage, the Hanuman, leads to a phone with the video link, then a chorus of RINGING PHONES all over the ship, each found with the video link.

The crew gathers on the main deck level. They throw handfuls of cell phones on the deck at Berger's feet.

DIRK

All the same, skipper. Someone is playing with us.

Berger kicks the phones, scattering them in all directions.

A single phone RINGS, nearby, but muted.

BERGER

Find it.

The crew scatters again, searching the rows of forty foot steel containers.

Meanwhile, PJ gathers up the scattered cell phones.

The search for the last ringing phone ends at one of the containers mounted on a wheeled chassis.

Dirk checks the corner casting and twist locks that fasten the container to the chassis.

Berger puts his ear to the container, and listens.

Upon inspecting the steel container, Flip sees the door welded shut.

BERGER

I smell the rat.

Flip and Freek move the cutting torch equipment on a wooden pallet with the fork lift to the container. They lift the equipment up to the side of the container.

Berger moves to the side of the container.

BERGER (CONT'D)

(pointing with his finger)

Cut here.

Sparks fly as Dirk cuts an opening through the corrugated steel wall. It falls onto the deck with a LOUD crash.

The SOUND of the ringing continues.

Berger pushes Dirk aside and climbs into the darkness of -

THE STEEL CONTAINER

RINGING. Berger sees a large wooden crate. Next to it on the floor, a cell phone RINGS.

Berger picks the phone up and shuts it off.

Simultaneously, a small generator turns on.

Berger begins to experience symptoms of tachycardia - rapid heart beat -

Shortness of breath, weakness, dizziness, and faintness.

Before he collapses, Berger sees the content of the wooden crate - a MAGNETIC RESONANCE IMAGING machine.

Dirk drags Berger out of the steel container.

DIRK

Get him out of here. He's having a heart attack.

EXT. THE METAL SHARK - CONTINUOUS

Dirk speeds toward the Ozymandias. Berger lays on the deck covered with a silver Space Blanket.

INT. OZYMANDIAS/PILOT HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Berger, still wrapped in the Space Blanket, studies the computer monitor, scrolling down the -

COMPUTER MONITOR/HANUMAN MANIFEST

The cursor stop on MAGNETIC RESONATE IMAGING equipment.

BERGER

I knew it.

DIRK

Knew what?

BERGER

That magnetic field disrupted my heart defibrillator. It could have killed me.

Dirk searches Berger's face.

BERGER (CONT'D)

The question is who else knew?

INT. HANUMAN/MAIN DECK - CONTINUOUS

Flip and Freek, peer into the hole of the steel container, draw their pistols, and climb inside.



Their flashlight beams focus on the MRI machine and the booby trap rig with the generator.

Exploring deeper into the container, they suddenly freeze -

A SERIES OF FLASHES -

Flip takes pictures with his cell phone.

INT. OZYMANDIAS/PILOT HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Berger's cell phone RINGS. He hesitates to answer it, but sees it's from Flip. He answers.

BERGER  
(into the phone)  
Yeah.

FLIP (V.O.)  
Skipper, you got to see this.

Berger proceeds to download images onto his computer screen.

FIRST IMAGE -

the written words - I LIKE IKE.

SECOND IMAGE -

a black cylindrical bomb about twelve foot long.

Berger frantically searches the internet, until he MATCHES the images.

Dirk and PJ peer over Berger's shoulder.

PJ  
What is it?

Berger reads the text on the computer screen.

BERGER  
(hesitates)  
It's a Mk. 15 thermonuclear bomb.  
(reading)  
The one we lost in the Savanna  
River in 1958.

PJ  
We?

BERGER

Us. The U.S. It's called the Tybee Bomb.

PJ

What's it doing here?

BERGER

I don't know, but it's ours now.

CUT TO:

EXT. FIFTY-THOUSAND FEET - PRESENT

A Lockheed Martin RQ-170 spy drone over the Caribbean surveys the growing flotilla surrounding the Hanuman.

SUPER IN/OUT - WINDWARD PASSAGE COORDINATES

VOICE (V.O.)

What's going on now?

EXT./INT. MEDIA BOAT - CONTINUOUS

Among journalists, stands BOOBER BENTLEY (20's), perhaps afflicted with A.D.D. - Van Gogh-ish.

The quintessential coffee and muffin aficionado.

Bentley sani-wipes a plastic spoon three times, then stirs his coffee.

With his thumbs, he types on his phone his by-line -

BOOBER BENTLEY. HWY 66 INTERNET BLOGGER/HIPSTER: HOPE UNDIMINISHED, UNSULLIED YOUTH AND ASPIRATION...

His ring-tone - DEF CON 1 - announces a down load. He nervously shovels muffin crumbs into his mouth.

THE VIDEO DOWNLOAD -

Explosion, bodies, and Peter Gerstenberger with raised pistol, saying -

BERGER (V.O.)

God dammit.

(beat)

We killed the crew of the Hanuman.

Bentley spills his coffee, and hurriedly wipes off the phone screen.

BOOBER  
Fucking subjective relatives!

Not knowing the reason for Bentley's outburst, the journalist corps LAUGH.

JOURNALIST  
Hey, literati. It's objective  
correlatives, asshole.  
(mumbling, mocking)  
Subjective relatives! Where did  
you go to school?

More LAUGHING.

Typing with his thumbs, Bentley begins with - CARIBBEAN  
TERRORISTS

INT. WHITEHOUSE SITUATION ROOM

The President watches Power Point presentations of World  
terrorist threats - China, Iraq, Venezuela, and Cuba.

INT. GUANTANAMO BAY HEADQUARTERS

The staff watches an aerial drone video streaming of the  
Windward Passage, the spectator fleet, the Ozymandias, and  
finally the Hanuman.

The Chairman of the Joint Chief of Staff reports -

CHAIRMAN  
Mr. President, our aerial drones are  
intercepting all telecommunications.  
We picked up this video link.

THE VIDEO DOWNLOAD -

of the explosion in the Hanuman steering room and Berger -

BERGER (V.O.)  
We killed the crew of the Hanuman.

ANOTHER VIDEO DOWNLOAD -

the images of the words I LIKE IKE, and the Mk. 15  
thermonuclear bomb.

CHAIRMAN

Sir, we seem to have found the Tybee bomb.

(beat)

It's a broken arrow situation.

INT. MEGA YACHT/ANGEL FALLS - NIGHT

Xaiver Villasenor sits in the middle of the luxurious main salon surrounded by his entourage. He studies the image on his lap top computer of the Tybee bomb.

A CREWMAN enters, carrying a satellite telephone.

CREWMAN

Mr. Villasenor. It's the Chinese.

He hands the phone to Villasenor.

XAIVER VILLASENOR

(into the phone)

Yes. Villasenor. Yes, I know who this is. I understand, I'm looking at it right now.

Villasenor motions for a cigar.

XAIVER VILLASENOR (CONT'D)

(into the phone)

Yes, the bomb is on my ship, the Hanuman. But I can't tell how.

Villasenor inspects the cigar, rolls it over between his manicured fingers, smells it, then cuts the end of the cigar off.

XAIVER VILLASENOR (CONT'D)

(into the phone)

Yes, the Iraqi government made an offer.

With the manners of an aficionado, Villasenor motions for a light. He waits for the sulphur from the wooden match to burn off, then inhales.

XAIVER VILLASENOR (CONT'D)

(into the phone)

One-hundred and fifty million dollars.

Outside, the SOUND of a helicopter -

EXT. MEGA YACHT/ANGEL FALLS - CONTINUOUS

Armed Marines Fast Rope from a MH-60S Seahawk Helicopter onto the deck of Angel Falls.

INT. MEGA YACHT/ANGEL FALLS - CONTINUOUS

The Marines enter the main salon. Villasenor's BODYGUARDS jump up, but are pushed aside.

XAIVER VILLASENOR (CONT'D)  
(into the phone)  
I'll get back to you.

Tylan Gee, armed, enters.

XAIVER VILLASENOR (CONT'D)  
General Tylan Gee. What is the  
pleasure of seeing you here?

Tylan Gee runs his hand over the heavily varnished wood, and sits down.

Xaiver Villasenor offers Tylan Gee a cigar.

XAIVER VILLASENOR (CONT'D)  
Cubans. The very best.

When Villasenor's crew member approaches Tylan Gee, the Marines draw weapons. Tylan Gee waves them off.

TYLAN GEE  
You mean, goddamn Commie stogies?

Tylan Gee smiles.

TYLAN GEE (CONT'D)  
I'll smoke a Cuban any chance I  
get.

Tylan Gee's Marines smile. Their hands rest lightly on their weapons.

Xaiver Villasenor motions for a crew member to light Tylan Gee's cigar.

Tylan Gee and Xaiver Villasenor smoke.

XAIVER VILLASENOR  
Like fine women.

Villasenor smiles.

XAIVER VILLASENOR (CONT'D)  
 Everyone knows the finest women in  
 the world come from the Venezuelan  
 Isla Margarita. Tell me you cannot  
 agree.

Tylan Gee smokes.

TYLAN GEE  
 They're all just a piece of ass.

XAIVER VILLASENOR  
 Come on. We're having a nice cigar  
 between friends. You can't agree  
 that the finest women in the world  
 come from the *Isla Margarita*, the  
 Pearl of the Caribbean? At the  
 foot of *Las Tetas de Maria Guevara*?

Tylan Gee laughs, and looks over his shoulder at his men.

TYLAN GEE  
 (translates)  
 The tits of Maria Guevara.

Tylan Gee laughs. His men laugh.

TYLAN GEE (CONT'D)  
 Cigars for all my men. We'll smoke  
 to the whore of your war of  
 independence.

Tylan Gee laughs, and his Marines light cigars. Villasenor  
 laughs uneasily.

XAIVER VILLASENOR  
 (uneasily)  
 General. Why is it that you're  
 here?

Tylan Gee pulls a USMC black Kabar knife, and lays it on a  
 table between himself and Villasenor.

TYLAN GEE  
 We have a little business to  
 finish.

XAIVER VILLASENOR  
 I'm a business man. Let's hear your  
 proposal.

TYLAN GEE

You see, we have a problem. Your crew of the Hanuman were supposed to have run your ship aground on the other side of the Windward Passage - at Guantanamo Bay, but they couldn't follow orders. So my men breached the hull and disabled the rudder, but not before your crew ran the Hanuman onto this reef off of Haiti.

(beat)

They missed Guantanamo Bay by more than a fucking mile.

Tylan Gee picks up the Kabar and stabs into the heavily varnished wood.

TYLAN GEE (CONT'D)

You're trying to sell my bomb.

Tylan Gee puts out the cigar.

TYLAN GEE (CONT'D)

Aren't you?

Villasenor stammers.

XAIVER VILLASENOR

There's a misunderstanding here. I did not know that it was your bomb. That was not in our agreement.

Tylan Gee stabs the Kabar into the wood, again.

XAIVER VILLASENOR (CONT'D)

The medical MRI equipment was yours. I did not know the H-bomb was stowed in your forty foot container.

TYLAN GEE

Listen you Harvard educated Venezuelan prick.

(beat)

How much have you been offered? For the bomb?

Villasenor senses an opportunity to negotiate, and his body relaxes.

XAIVER VILLASENOR

How much?

Tylan Gee reaches for a mango, pauses for approval, smiles, then stabs it with the Kabar.

TYLAN GEE

Yes, goddammit. How much?

XAIVER VILLASENOR

One-hundred and fifty million. The Iraqi government.

TYLAN GEE

Great. That's great.

XAIVER VILLASENOR

I am a businessman.

TYLAN GEE

Okay. Yes, you are a businessman.

Tylan sits back, and cuts the mango in two halves.

TYLAN GEE (CONT'D)

Do you know that a study has shown that the usage of commonly known emotional words has been in decline over the last one-hundred years? Words like joy, sadness, disgust, anger and surprise? Apparently, we live in a world with less and less emotion with only one exception, and that is fear. Fear. The expression of fear has steadily increased.

Tylan smokes the cigar.

TYLAN GEE

Do you know why, Harvard?

XAIVER VILLASENOR

No. No, I don't know.

TYLAN GEE

Because the masses are easily controlled by fear.

Tylan separates half of the mango from its seed. He methodically slices into the fruit with the Kabar, forming squares of the juicy yellow fruit still attached to the outer skin.

He bites one square of the mango from it's skin. The juice runs down his chin.



TYLAN GEE (CONT'D)

We live in a time of paradox. The Art of War. Strangelove. Doomsday Machines. Fail Safe. (beat) I liked that oxymoron - Fail Safe.

He eats more mango.

TYLAN GEE (CONT'D)

America no longer has an appetite for war. Real war, when we're willing to vanquish our enemies unconditionally. The sinking of the USS Maine gave us the blood appetite for the Spanish American War.

XAIVER VILLASENOR

The Americans sank the Maine.

Tylan laughs.

TYLAN GEE

A paradox.

Tylan laughs, again.

TYLAN GEE (CONT'D)

The sinking of the Lusitania and WWI. Did we sink her? We need to thank the German U-Boat pricks.

XAIVER VILLASENOR

You need to thank your presidential hopeful, Teddy Roosevelt.

TYLAN GEE

Another paradox.

Tylan eats.

TYLAN GEE (CONT'D)

And Pearl Harbor? What does not kill us, makes us stronger. Hiroshima was the last time we had the unequivocal appetite to vanquish our enemies.

But the Bomb is no longer the greatest weapon. It's the catalyst.

(MORE)

TYLAN GEE (CONT'D)

The catalyst of the  
Stability/Instability paradox, the  
Cuban Missile Crisis, the necessity  
of the Industrial Military Machine,  
the Cold War, and the cry for 'love  
it or leave it,' and 'don't tread  
on me,' mother-fucker.

(beat)

Our greatest weapon - fear.

Tylan offers Villasenor the second half of the mango.  
Villasenor refuses it.

XAIVER VILLASENOR

What is it the you want? The one-  
hundred fifty million?

TYLAN GEE

No. The money must be traced to  
your bank account.

XAIVER VILLASENOR

My boat?

TYLAN GEE

Yes.

XAIVER VILLASENOR

The Hanuman is yours. It's salvage.

TYLAN GEE

That goes without saying. I want  
the Angel Falls, too.

Villasenor laughs.

XAIVER VILLASENOR

But you're my guest, General.

Tylan nods, and a Marine cuts the throat of one of  
Villasenor's men.

TYLAN GEE

The Hanuman and Angel Falls are  
mine. You are no longer any use for  
me.

Tylan fills his mouth with the last of the mango. Juice runs  
down his face.

A Marine cuts the throat of Xaiver Villasenor.

CUT TO:

EXT./INT. MEDIA BOAT - CONTINUOUS

The make-shift newsroom erupts in chaos.

A journalist makes a live news feed.

JOURNALIST

(with nervous anxiety)

The breaking news, somewhere in the Windward Passage somewhere between Haiti and the east coast of Cuba Caribbean, pirates or terrorists boarded the 600' Roll-on/Roll-off Venezuelan freighter, the Hanuman.

IMAGE -

of a Caribbean MAP.

JOURNALIST (V.O.)

The Hanuman was headed for the Gulf of Mexico, when the terrorists - perhaps with Cuban, Venezuelan, Iraqi or even Chinese connections - took over the ship and exploded a bomb below the waterline.

IMAGE -

The Hanuman lists in the water.

JOURNALIST (V.O.)

Now, General Tylan Gee, United States Marine Corps, Commander of Guantanamo Bay.

IMAGE -

General Tylan Gee.

JOURNALIST (V.O.)

General, what is your report?

TYLAN GEE (V.O.)

Our intelligence tells us, the Hanuman crew fought back, and disabled the ship's rudder, causing the Hanuman to run aground on a reef off the island of Haiti, perhaps thwarting the terrorists' efforts to head toward Cuba.

IMAGE -

The Hanuman aground on the Haitian reef.

TYLAN GEE (V.O.)

It's believed that the Hanuman crew  
was executed by the terrorists,  
lead by this man -

VIDEO DOWNLOAD -

of Pete Berger.

TYLAN GEE (V.O.)

Retired Navy Master Chief, Peter  
Gerstenberger. He's an Explosive  
Ordinance Disposal expert, and  
served two tours in Iraq. He may be  
associated with Cuban Miami  
dissidents.

VIDEO DOWNLOAD -

Berger firing his pistol.

BERGER (V.O.)

We killed the crew of the Hanuman.

RETURN TO THE JOURNALIST

JOURNALIST (V.O.)

More news to follow.

Bentley looks at the image of the Mk. 15 nuclear bomb on his  
cell phone, when -

From the media boat, the press hear GUNFIRE on the yacht,  
Angel Falls. The newscast ends.

CUT TO:

EXT./INT. OZYMANDIAS - SIMULTANEOUS

In the pilot house, Berger, Weekes, Dirk and PJ watch the  
news feed.

WEEKES

Skipper, it's all lies.

They hear the gun shots on the Angel Falls.

BERGER  
Dirk, get armed. You too, PJ.

Dirk and PJ leave.

Berger's cellphone RINGS.

BERGER  
(into the phone)  
Yeah.

FLIP (V.O.)  
Skipper, what do we do?

BERGER  
(into the phone)  
We salvage the bomb.

FLIP (V.O.)  
Copy. What do we do?

Berger thinks.

BERGER  
(into the phone)  
Check your dicks.

FLIP (V.O.)  
Repeat, skipper.

BERGER  
(into the phone)  
We're going to salvage the bomb.

FLIP (V.O.)  
Copy. Over.

Dirk and PJ return with armfuls of weapons.

Berger's cell phone RINGS.

BERGER  
(into the phone)  
Yeah. Who's this?

TYLAN GEE (V.O.)  
Master Chief, Peter Gerstenberger?  
(beat)  
General Tylan Gee here.

BERGER  
(into the phone)  
Yeah.

TYLAN GEE (V.O.)  
Stand down, Gerstenberger. We know  
that you have the bomb. This is now  
a matter of the U.S. Navy.

BERGER  
(into the phone)  
What bomb?

TYLAN GEE (V.O.)  
The Tybee bomb. Don't fuck with me,  
Berger.  
(beat)  
Repeat. Stand down.

BERGER  
(into the phone)  
This is a salvage job. We got this.

TYLAN GEE (V.O.)  
You know better, Berger.

BERGER  
(into the phone)  
You always thought you were better  
than me.

TYLAN GEE (V.O.)  
I was always better than you,  
Berger.

BERGER  
(into the phone)  
And I never needed your approval.  
Not at the Academy. Not now.

TYLAN GEE (V.O.)  
I am better than you.

BERGER  
(into the phone)  
Fuck you. We'll see about that.  
(beat) Sir.

Berger slams the phone down.

BERGER (CONT'D)  
Prepare the Metal Shark with a  
messenger line. We're sending a  
cable to the Hanuman.

DIRK  
Aye-aye, skipper.

Roderick appears with a handful of thermos bottles.

RODERICK  
I prepared soup, skipper.

Berger pushes Roderick aside.

BERGER  
Leave it, Roderick.

RODERICK  
Skipper, you're goin' ta need it.

BERGER  
I said, leave it.

Roderick shrugs.

EXT. METAL SHARK - DAY

Berger, Dirk and PJ board the Metal Shark with weapons.

Weekes lowers a light weight messenger line from the Ozymandias' lifting boom.

Berger attaches the end of the messenger line to a cleat on the transom of the Metal Shark. He gives a thumbs-up signal to Weekes, and speeds away toward the Hanuman.

Berger slaps PJ on the shoulder.

BERGER  
Ready?

PJ nods.

BERGER  
This is not skateboards and sawdust  
cannons. Got it?

PJ  
Yes, sir.

BERGER  
Good boy.

EXT./INT. HANUMAN - CONTINUOUS

In the darkness, Flip and Freek open the stern door of the Hanuman. They pause a moment at the edge and look down into the clear tropical water.

FLIP  
Ready?

FREEK  
Ready.

FLIP  
Let's go.

They turn and head to the long line of cars and trucks. Flip starts up the closest car, lowers the driver side window and aims the car toward the open main deck door.

FREEK  
Wait.

Freek drags the duct-taped body bag containing Mango's body.

FREEK (CONT'D)  
I got the driver.

Flip and Freek load Mango's body behind the wheel, wedge the gas pedal, and hop out. Flip reaches through the window to shift the car into drive.

The car speeds toward the open door. For a moment, it -

FLIES THROUGH THE AIR.

The car hits the water with a huge splash, Mango's body lunges forward onto the steering wheel, BLOWING the horn. The car slowly sinks to the bottom. The tail lights continue to glow.

FROM ABOVE -

More cars and trucks hit the water's surface, and slowly sink to the bottom, as -

The bottom of the Metal Shark and its twin motors slow to a stop. The messenger line trails behind.

Another car hits the water's surface, and sinks to the bottom. The dashboard instruments and red-eyed tail lights of the car shine eerily.

EXT./INT. HANUMAN - CONTINUOUS

Berger maneuvers the Metal Shark to the open stern door of the Hanuman. He hands the messenger line to Dirk.



BERGER

Get up there.

(beat)

You too, PJ.

Flip and Freek help Dirk and PJ aboard. They drag the messenger line toward a turning block, through it, and back to Berger in the Metal Shark.

Berger re-cleats the messenger line to the transom of the Metal Shark.

Berger gathers weapons and passes them up to his crew. He gives the thumbs-up to Dirk, Flip and Freek, and speeds back to the Ozymandias.

INT. HANUMAN - CONTINUOUS

Dirk, Flip, Freek, and PJ arm themselves with handguns, while the messenger line slithers across the deck and through the turning block. Water and smoke flies off the line from the friction.

FLIP

More cars. Let's go.

Flip, Freek and PJ alternately start cars to jettison them out the Hanuman's stern door.

Dirk disappears.

EXT. HANUMAN - CONTINUOUS

The cars slowly sink to their watery graves.

INT. HANUMAN - CONTINUOUS

Flip watches the last car slowly sink.

FLIP

Open all the windows. The cars are sinking too slowly. Faster.

Freek spins the tires of another car as he speeds toward the open stern door.

Flip signals to PJ.

FLIP

Come with me, Squid.

Dirk appears. He drives the fork-lift. Flip and PJ hop on the fork-lift.

Dirk maneuvers toward the shipping container with the Mk. 15 bomb.

DIRK

We got to get that door open. Cut it.

Flip cuts with a power saw. Sparks shower on to the deck.

EXT. OZYMANDIAS - CONTINUOUS

Berger returns to the Ozymandias. The messenger line drags behind the Metal Shark.

On deck, Weekes wears a hard hat with a chin strap, safety glasses, a knife, a life jacket, steel-toed boots, and more layers of grease and grime.

He puts on heavy gloves and fastens a one and one-half inch steel cable to the messenger line with a link the size of a football.

Berger and Weekes attach a large buoy at the steel cable link when they are disrupted by the sound of an approaching helicopter.

The BLACK HELICOPTER hovers over the mega-yacht, Angel Falls.

Berger and Weekes watch for a moment, as the helicopter lowers two lines and extracts men in black uniforms.

WEEKES

What the hell is that?

BERGER

It's not the circus. Let's go.

Weekes climbs up above the winch into the boom's operator cab.

BERGER

I'm going back to the Hanuman. Don't let the cable kink or else it will break. I'll give you the signal when the bomb is secured.

WEEKES

Aye-aye, skipper.

Berger points to the sky and the approaching black helicopter.

BERGER  
We got a party.

Berger tosses Weekes an AK-47 assault rifle.

BERGER (CONT'D)  
Keep this.

Weekes winks.

Berger grabs a machine pistol.

BERGER  
Let's do our job.

Weekes starts up the winch's diesel engine and gives the thumb's up signal.

WEEKES  
Clear.

Weekes tensions the line.

Berger boards the Metal Shark and heads back to the Hanuman.

Behind the buoy, the metal cable drags along the bottom of the reef, creating a cloud of sand.

ABOVE -

the black helicopter hovers above the Hanuman. Men in black uniforms Fast Rope down to the upper deck of the Hanuman, sixty feet above the waterline.

EXT./INT. HANUMAN - CONTINUOUS

Dirk's cell phone rings.

DIRK  
(into the phone)  
Skipper?

BERGER (V.O.)  
Dirk, you got company. Be ready.

DIRK  
(into the phone)  
Aye-aye.

BERGER (V.O.)  
Dirk, (beat), keep PJ close. Do you understand?

DIRK  
(into the phone)  
Aye-aye, skipper.

At the stern door of the Hanuman, the messenger line pulls the steel cable up onto the main deck.

Berger climbs up behind it, the machine pistol slung over his shoulder.

He fires one shot into the air, and the cable comes to a stop.

Freek joins Berger, and the two drag the steel cable toward the steel container.

The main deck of the Hanuman fills with the cacophony of sledgehammers, clanking chain, and a whining power saw, as Flip cuts the steel door of the container, and PJ uses a sledge hammer and crow-bar to force it open. One half of the door flies open.

BERGER  
PJ. Get your ass over here. Flip, you and Freek get below.

FLIP  
Skipper. The door is only half opened.

BERGER  
We got company. Leave it. Go below to release the soft patch on the port ballast tank.

Flip and Freek grab their weapons and satchels of explosives, then disappear into the darkness of the Hanuman.

FREEK  
Why flood the ballast tank?

FLIP  
You heard the skipper.

FREEK  
What?

FLIP  
Fuck it. We're salvaging the bomb, not the ship. We got our orders.

FREEK

Gotcha.

Flip and Freek struggle to open the port side cargo doors of the main deck.

As the doors open, red-lasers pierce through the darkness, and shots ricochet off the metal bulkheads all around them.

Men in black uniforms lay down lead in a fierce fire fight.

FREEK

Flip!

FLIP

Freek!

Flip and Freek fire back as they retreat below deck to the ballast tank.

ON THE MAIN DECK - SIMULTANEOUSLY

Berger and Dirk drag the steel cable into the half-opened container and attach it to the Mk. 15 bomb when GUNFIRE interrupts them.

At the sound of the gunfire, the slack in the steel cable begins to tighten.

BERGER

PJ. Give me the crow-bar. Now.

Berger uses the leverage of the crow-bar to place the link on the steel cable back over onto itself.

The steel cable pulls tight, and the steel container, on its chassis wheels, begins to roll toward the stern of the Hanuman.

Berger, Dirk and PJ jump onto the deck.

BERGER

We have to release the twist-locks on the chassis.

(beat)

Bring the crow-bar.

He directs PJ to a corner of the steel container. He beats on the twist-lock when gunfire begins.

Dirk returns FIRE.

Berger hands the crow-bar to PJ -

BERGER

Unlock the container from it's  
chassis.

Berger returns FIRE.

THE DECK ABOVE THE BALLAST TANK -

Retreating from the gunfire, Flip and Freek return FIRE.

Flip opens the manhole of the port ballast tank, while Freek prepares C4 explosives.

Freek throws one C4 explosive charge into the ballast tank.

FREEK

Fire in the hole.

Flip and Freek retreat behind a bulkhead.

The Black-Ops Marines enter, firing -

INSIDE THE BALLAST TANK -

the C4 charge explodes. The bathroom door/mattress soft batch blows away, and water floods the ballast tank -

THE DECK ABOVE THE BALLAST TANK -

the C4 explosion sends a ripple across the deck and a gush of gas and water rushes through the manhole.

The Black-Ops Marines are stunned by the blast.

The bulkhead hatch opens -

FREEK (O.S.)

Fire in the hole.

C4 explodes at the feet of the Black-Ops solders, killing them.

Flip and Freek reappear, step over the dead bodies and head back to the main deck.

Water floods in.

ON THE MAIN DECK -

the container on it's chassis, pulled by the cable, rolls across the main deck toward the rear cargo door.

The Hanuman begins to list.

Berger and Dirk continue to return FIRE, but are pinned down.

PJ runs alongside the moving container, swinging the crow bar to release the final quick-release -

The fork-lift, with a forty foot container held above the deck, speeds across the deck. Flip drives. Black-Ops' fire ricochets off the steel.

Freek returns covering fire.

Berger and Dirk fire.

PJ releases the final quick-release.

PJ

I got it.

Tylan Gee, in black-ops, grabs PJ from behind and throws him to the deck. He secures PJ's hands behind his back with a PLASTIC CABLE-TIE.

TYLAN GEE

(into PJ's ear)

I got you, you fucking little  
burger.

With his knee in PJ's back, Tylan secures PJ's ankles with PLASTIC CABLE-TIES.

Berger fires at Tylan Gee.

TYLAN GEE

(to PJ)

Stay there.

Tylan Gee runs for cover.

The Hanuman continues to list. Cars and containers slowly roll into the path of the forty foot container dragged toward the rear cargo door. Bullets ricochet off the steel walls.

ON THE DECK OF THE OZYMANDIAS

Weekes stands at the laboring winch reeling in the steel cable. It vibrates under heavy tension.

RETURN TO SCENE

The forty foot container crashes cars out of its way.

PJ rolls to his side and gets to his knees. He repeatedly brings his hands down hard on his backside until the plastic tie-wraps SNAP.

PJ's wrists are red and cut.

With his hands free, he gets to his feet and hops toward the open rear cargo door.

A fierce gun battle continues.

Shielded by the container, PJ hops towards the bright light - the open rear cargo door.

TYLAN GEE

Berger, I got your son.

Berger returns fire.

PJ stands at the rear of the Hanuman. He looks down.

The container teeters on edge of the Hanuman deck.

Berger runs to his son, and fires at Tylan Gee.

PJ dives overboard.

BELOW THE SURFACE -

PJ sinks to the bottom, landing next to the car with Mango's body wrapped in duct-tape. Filled with decomposing gases, the corpse bag floats to the top of the car's roof liner.

Bullets slice through the water from above.

Berger punches through the surface of the water, still holding his Beretta M9 in the firing position, and dives to the bottom.

Bullets continue to slice through the water.

Berger joins his son, who struggles to pull Mango's corpse-bag from the car. Berger produces a knife, and frees PJ's legs.

ON THE DECK OF THE HANUMAN -

The forty foot container teeters, then falls toward the water.



BELOW THE SURFACE -

the container breaks the surface.

The rolling chassis falls away, and lands in the graveyard of jettisoned cars near Berger and PJ.

More bullets slice through the water.

The container, filled with air, floats, then slowly settles toward the bottom.

Berger and PJ release Mango's body, and let it shoot toward the water's surface. The steel cable drags the container forward, churning up the sandy bottom.

Mango's body breaches the surface of the water, and gun fire rips the corpse-bag open, making blood and chum of Mango.

Sharks appear and circle.

The tightening steel cable pulls the container toward the surface. As the container breaks the surface -

Berger and PJ escape, holding onto the back edge of the steel container.

ON THE DECK OF THE HANUMAN

The Hanuman lists further, cars and containers slide, and water floods the deck.

Dirk joins Flip and Freek, returning fire on the Black-Ops Marines.

A container on a wheeled chassis rolls between them and the Black-Ops Marines.

DIRK  
Get to the Metal Shark.

They retreat to the rear cargo door; they discover the Metal Shark gone.

DIRK  
Jump.

They jump overboard as seawater floods through the open port-side cargo doors.

The Hanuman lists further to port.

Dirk surfaces and looks around.

DIRK

Flip. Freek. Freek and Flip.

Flip and Freek surface, smiles on their faces.

FLIP

What now?

They spin around. An old WOODEN FISHING BOAT heads toward them from the spectator fleet. It's 'dressed to the nines' with used car lot flags, and the exhaust smokes.

EXT./INT. FISHING BOAT - CONTINUOUS

Louis Argote stands at the controls of the fishing boat. The instrument panel has empty holes where the instruments should be. One instrument hangs from its wiring - Louis lifts it and sees that his engine overheating.

Louis opens a cooler and grabs a beer as he steers.

DOMINICAN WOMEN dance on the forward deck to LOUD music.

Louis drinks, throttles back. White smoke fills the cockpit. Louis grabs a microphone connected to two rusty bullhorns.

LOUIS

(into the microphone)

Ahoy. (static) Ahoy. It's the Santo Domingo Coast Guard, at your service.

(yelling to the girls)

Yes, yes, yes. Wave, wave, wave. Shake your booty.

The girls wave and shake.

Louis coughs as the smoke clears.

IN THE WATER -

Dirk, Flip and Freek swim toward the fishing boat.

The Dominican Women throw an inflatable raft into the water. Unseen from the water, the painted image of a naked woman on the floor of the raft.

Dirk, Flip and Freek climb into the raft; they collapse onto the floor of the raft and the painted naked woman.

LOUIS  
 (into the microphone)  
 Hey. (static) Berger boys.  
 (static)

Louis stands at the rail, and pulls the divers onboard.

LOUIS  
 What the fuck? It's me. Louis  
 Argote. You don't call?

The Dominican women surround the divers. The divers look at each other.

FLIP  
 (referring to the girls)  
 Who are these flat-backers and bar  
 hogs?

FREEK  
 (referring to Louis Argote)  
 The Mexican Admiral?

Dirk cuffs Flip and Freek on the back of their heads.

LOUIS  
 No, it's me. It's your good friend.  
 It's Louis Argote from the Santo  
 Domingo, the Coast Guard man of all-  
 time. Yes, yes.  
 (beat)  
 Who's the Mexican Admiral?

Dirk looks back at the Hanuman.

DIRK  
 She's going to roll.

ON THE DECK OF THE HANUMAN -

Tons of water flood the main deck, and as a result of the free surface effect and shifting cargo, the Hanuman rolls, loud SUCKING sounds accompanying the chaos.

Tylan Gee and his Black-Ops Marines jump from the open rear cargo door.

Water blows through the rear cargo door as the Hanuman rolls onto its side.

Three black RIBs race to the aid of Tylan Gee and his team.

More SUCKING and BLOWING sounds emit from the Hanuman.

The sea churns white with foam and emerald/green, but behind the Hanuman, dark blue/gray clouds form a curtain of rain. The wind picks up the water and waves.

The black helicopter appears on the dark horizon.

EXT./INT. FISHING BOAT - CONTINUOUS

Louis Argote opens a locker full of weapons - AK-47s and SMOKE FLARES. Dirk, Flip and Freek re-arm themselves, lock and load.

The Mexican Admiral throttles up the fishing boat, emitting white exhaust.

Flip and Freek set off red and blue smoke flares, creating a smoke screen, as the three black RIBs head toward them.

LOUIS

Looks like the Dominican Republic's flag.

The Dominican women huddle in the cockpit around the legs of Louise Argote. The MUSIC continues.

EXT./INT. OZYMANDIAS - CONTINUOUS

The Ozymandias begins to slowly pitch and roll as the wind increases.

Weekes sits in the winch operator's cab, reeling in the steel cable from over the side, up to the top of the boom tower, and on to the huge winch drum.

In the distance, the forty foot container plows toward the Ozymandias. Berger and PJ container-surf, hanging on to the container's roof.

EXT./INT. FISHING BOAT - CONTINUOUS

The fishing boat motors past the surfing container.

Louis Argote salutes.

LOUIS

Hey, Berger! It's me, Louis Argote. What the fuck, why didn't you call me?

EXT./INT. OZYMANDIAS - CONTINUOUS

The wind increases, and the deck of the Ozymandias pitches and rolls more.

The forty foot container surges toward the Ozymandias. Weekes works the controls in the cab, slows the surge, and stops it at the side of the ship.

Berger and PJ climb to the front of the container.

Weekes lifts the container out of the water, level with the buoy deck.

BERGER

(to PJ)

Son-of-a-bitch. Jump. Now.

PJ jumps toward the pitching buoy deck, slips, comes up short and hangs from the rail of the ship. His feet frail in the air.

BERGER

Hang on, PJ.

Beneath Berger's feet, the welded container door ripping open by the MK 15 bomb attached to the steel cable.

The weight of the swaying container, filled with water, increasingly stresses the steel cable. Strands of the cable break.

The container bounces off the side of the Ozymandias; it narrowly misses PJ.

The contain swings wildly again toward PJ.

BERGER

PJ, look out.

Dirk, Flip and Freek appear on the buoy deck, grab PJ by the arms and haul him to safety, just as the container slams into the side of the Ozymandias.

The container continues to rise, and the welded half of the door rips open.

Berger stands on the nose of the thermal nuclear bomb and holds the steel cable, as the steel container falls into the sea.

The bomb swings wildly above the buoy deck. Berger hangs on. Water drains out of every little hole and opening in the bomb.

Gunfire comes from the Black-Ops Marines on the three black RIBS.

Bright orange muzzle flashes jump from the barrels of Dirk, Flip and Freek's AK-47s, as they return fire.

Berger hangs on to the bomb. It swings like a four ton wrecking ball.

Weekes pivots the crane over the buoy deck. The steel cable frays and the winch seizes.

The black helicopter appears above the Ozymandias, directing machine gun fire at Dirk, Flip and Freek.

The bomb swings toward Weekes -

BERGER  
Shhhhhhhh-it.

Berger jumps to the deck and rolls.

Weekes lunges forward to pull the lever of a GUILLOTINE -

it cuts the STEEL CABLE. The loose end whips upward, through the boom's head block, and into the blades of the hovering helicopter.

Gunfire pauses for -

#### A MAGICAL MOMENT

All eyes focus on the falling bomb, and the high tensioned steel cable whipping through the air.

The bomb crashes into the deck. Nothing happens, except, seawater squirts out of every little opening.

#### IN REAL TIME

The helicopter falls, it's tail boom sliced off by the winch boom. It's body falls into the sea.

Berger grabs PJ by his hoodie.

BERGER  
(to PJ)  
Meet me in the pilot house.

The steel cable falls to the deck, and -

BERGER (CONT'D)  
 (to PJ)  
 Now run, PJ. Run.

- more gunfire, and bullets ricochet off the bomb. PJ runs for cover.

The ship's deck pitches, and a gun slides toward Berger.

A Black-Ops soldier climbs onto the Ozymandias and aims at PJ.

Berger grabs the sliding gun, and shoots.

The Black-Ops soldier falls overboard.

INT. OZYMANDIAS - CONTINUOUS

GALLEY

Roderick stirs a pot on the stove. Whole barracuda lay on the wooden cutting board.

PJ slides past Roderick; he carries sacks of non-diary coffee creamer and bags of Oreos.

Roderick grabs a bag of Oreos, and cuts it open with a swift cut with his meat cleaver.

RODERICK  
 (grinning)  
 Dat's the way the cookies crumble,  
 mon.

Roderick samples the cookie crumbles.

RODERICK (CONT'D)  
 Wat you cookin' up, m'son?

PJ  
 What are you cooking, Roderick?

RODERICK  
 I cookin' up me Voodoo special  
 po'tion.

Roderick grins. With one swing of the cleaver he chops off a barracuda head.

RODERICK  
 Me Bahamian Barracuda. Now we  
 talkin' business.

He dumps a fish head into the simmering pot.

Weekes bumps into PJ and hits his head, as they pass each other through the bulkhead. A small trickle of blood trickles down his lumpy skull.

He drops cans of motor oil on the cutting table.

WEEKES

Is this enough?

RODERICK

Yeah, mon.

Roderick stabs a can of motor oil with a large kitchen knife, and pours the motor oil into the pot on the stove.

WEEKES

Do you need more heat?

Weekes draws his semi-automatic pistol and offers it to Roderick.

RODERICK

No, mon. Everything's cool.

Roderick swings a meat cleaver, cutting another head off a fish. He smiles.

#### BERGER'S QUARTERS

Berger rushes into the shower, reaches under the sink, retrieves the Special-Ops knife, and tucks it into the top of his boot.

On his way out, Berger stops and looks at the pack of playing cards-sized electronic device.

He picks it up, holds it to his chest, plugs it into the phone, dials, and hits SEND -

BURBLING RECEIVING TONE -

Berger looks down at his duffel bag, and studies the knot.

#### FLASHBACK - US NAVAL ACADEMY RING

The hands of Tylan Gee hastily re-tie the duffel bag's knot, NOT with the thief's knot, but with a seaman's reef knot.



RETURN TO SCENE

The phone transmission ends with a BEEP.

Berger's cellphone RINGS. He answers.

BERGER  
(into the phone)  
Yeah.

TYLAN GEE (V.O.)  
Berger, listen to me. Stand down.  
That's an order. U.S. Navy.

BERGER  
(into the phone)  
You listen to me, Tylan Gee. I  
don't take orders from you. (beat)  
You remember?

TYLAN GEE (V.O.)  
That's right. You would rather go  
to the brig.

BERGER  
(into the phone)  
It was you that stole from my  
duffel.

TYLAN GEE (V.O.)  
That's right, plebe. At the academy  
I stole from your duffel, but you  
paid for it. You were so full honor  
and duty. You still are.  
(he laughs)  
Now stand down. Do you hear me?

BERGER  
(into the phone)  
Clear as a fucking bell.

TYLAN GEE (V.O.)  
The bomb is ours. Stand down.

BERGER  
(into the phone)  
No.

TYLAN GEE (V.O.)  
Now you listen.

A moment.

PJ (V.O.)  
Dad. I screwed the pooch, bigtime.

Berger throws the cell phone down and runs out of his quarters.

EXT./INT. MEDIA BOAT - CONTINUOUS

The make-shift newsroom becomes a war room.

ON CAMERA

Boober Bentley feverishly thumbs his smart phone, realizes that he's on a live news feed, and wipes muffin crumbs from his mouth.

BOOBER  
The poet Charles Bukoski warned:  
"there is enough treachery, hatred,  
violence, and absurdity in the  
average human being to supply any  
given army on any given day."

(beat)  
Treachery, hatred, and violence.  
That's what we have here, today.

He wipes his mouth, and nervously looks down at his smart phone.

BOOBER (CONT'D)  
I say, 'Beware the new, because  
it's already old. Beware the News,  
and beware of the journalists,  
because they cannot imagine the  
truth.'

He twitches from too much coffee and not enough sleep.

BOOBER (CONT'D)  
Through our tireless efforts and  
coffee, it is now known that the  
video leaks of Retired Naval Master  
Chief, Peter Gerstenberger, Captain  
of the Ozymandias, originated from  
the U.S. Naval Base on Guantanamo  
Bay, Cuba. It is my belief that  
Gertenberger is the scapegoat in an  
orchestrated Black-Operation.

(beat)  
In other words, We are the enemy.  
(beat)

(MORE)

BOOBER (CONT'D)  
Booper Bentley: Highway Sixty-Six  
Internet Blogger/Hipster: Hope  
undiminished, unsullied youth and  
aspiration - Over and Out There.

CUT TO:

EXT. FIFTY-THOUSAND FEET - PRESENT

An RQ-170 spy drone flies over the Caribbean.

SUPER IN/OUT - WINDWARD PASSAGE COORDINATES - PRESENT.

VOICE (V.O.)  
What's going on now?

INT. WHITE HOUSE SITUATION ROOM

The President and his staff intently watch the flat screens.

IMAGES -

A gun battle on the deck of the Ozymandias around the Mk 15  
bomb.

PRESIDENT  
This is our Tybee Bomb?

Silence.

PRESIDENT (CONT'D)  
I want answers. I want that bomb  
now.

EXT./INT. U.S. NAVY LITTORAL CLASS COMBAT SHIP (LCS -2) - DAY

A gray stiletto-shaped stealth trimaran naval coastal ship  
cruises at 50 knots on open waters. The USS Independence.

USN LCS-2 BRIDGE

The CAPTAIN sits in a high-back captain's chair, a joy-stick  
built into the arm-rest. He looks down on the forward deck.

CAPTAIN  
Prepare Surface Fire Support, and  
Vertical Replenishment Teams.

## COMPANIONWAY

Navy SEALs armed with Mk 12 Special Purpose Rifles and Recon Rifles with optical sights descend a ladder below into the -

## HELICOPTER HANGAR

Inside the reflective foil on the bulkheads and above, crew members release an H-60 Sea Hawk multi-purpose helicopter from its tie-down points.

The PILOT and CO-PILOT sit at the controls.

The SEALs climb aboard.

The red-and-yellow striped hangar door opens upward, and the helicopter rolls out onto the aft deck of the ship.

The PILOT and CO-PILOT exchange glances.

## USN LCS-2 BRIDGE

CAPTAIN

Deploy the Sea Hawk.

## AFT DECK

The rotor blades of the H-60 Sea Hawk spin, and the helicopter takes off, and speeds across the surface of the sea.

## RETURN TO THE USN LCS-2 BRIDGE

The captain switches to radio communications.

CAPTAIN

(into the speaker)

Captain of the Ozymandias. This is the USS Independence. Do you copy?

## OZYMANDIAS PILOT HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Berger answers -

BERGER

(into the speaker)

This is Retired Naval Master Chief Peter Gerstenberger, captain of the Ozymandias.

(MORE)

BERGER (cont'd)  
(beat)  
Over.

CAPTAIN (V.O.)  
Repeat. This is the USS  
Independence. Stand down. The bomb  
is ours.

BERGER  
(into the speaker)  
Sir, I have the bomb. We are  
engaged with Black-Ops. Call for  
fire.

Tylan Gee appears, and shoots out the radio with a 9mm handgun. He holds PJ by the throat and the gun to his head.

Berger draws his Beretta M9.

TYLAN GEE  
Drop your gun, Berger. I got your  
son.

Berger lays his pistol on the deck.

TYLAN GEE (CONT'D)  
That's better.

In an odd moment, Tylan Gee relaxes and puts his hand gun down. He smiles.

TYLAN GEE (CONT'D)  
I've been waiting for this moment.

Berger moves to retrieve his Beretta.

From behind his back, Tylan Gee swings the MP9 machine pistol taken from Berger's duffle bag, and points it at PJ's head. His finger rests on the trigger.

TYLAN GEE (CONT'D)  
Ah-ah-ah. I won't do that.

Berger stops.

TYLAN GEE  
You should keep the things you  
value closer.

BERGER  
You fucking thief.

Tylan Gee laughs. He presses the machine pistol a little harder into PJ's head.

TYLAN GEE  
You mean this?

Tylan Gee presses the machine pistol harder.

TYLAN GEE (CONT'D)  
You make it too easy, Berger. But setting you up was always too easy. You understand that this part is personal? It was always personal. I never liked you.

Berger measures the distance to his Beretta M9.

TYLAN GEE (CONT'D)  
Now stealing a three-point-eight Mega-ton nuclear bomb, that was genius, and besides, it's for the survival of the armed forces in the face of left-wing political budget cuts.

Berger sniffs.

BERGER  
I think I smell a brain-fart.

TYLAN GEE  
Shut up Berger, I'm doing the talking.  
(beat)  
Wait, you know what we have here? We have another classic paradox. I'll give you your chance to speak.  
(beat)  
If the first thing that you say is the truth, I will let you live.  
(beat)  
But if you lie, I will kill you and your son.

Berger smiles.

BERGER  
You will kill me and my son.

Tylan Gee slowly smiles.

TYLAN GEE  
You're a pretty *smart feller*, Berger, because the paradox is this: If you said, 'you were going to kill me,' that would not be true, and I would have to kill you.

But if 'I was going to kill you and you son' was the truth, I would have to let you live. Assuming I'm a moral man.

Tylan Gee smiles.

TYLAN GEE

So you really think that I will let you live?

(beat)

Well, I lied, Berger.

Berger dives for the Beretta M9, and draws aim on Tylan Gee.

TYLAN GEE

Another paradox, Berger. We're between the Devil and the deep blue sea.

BERGER

How's that?

TYLAN GEE

Two evils. If you shoot me, I shoot your son.

Tylan Gee laughs.

PJ

(to Berger)

Go ahead, shoot. Kill him.

Tylan Gee tightens his grip on PJ.

TYLAN GEE

I'll shoot your son.

BERGER

Wrong. That machine pistol won't fire. I removed the firing pin years ago. I'm going to shoot you.

Tylan Gee pulls the trigger. A metallic CLICK.

PJ struggles free, and escapes the pilot house.

Berger sweats profusely, and his hand shakes. Tylan Gee rushes him, knocks the gun free, and they fight hand-to-hand. Tylan Gee puts Berger into a submission hold, until Berger goes into cardiac arrest.

Berger convulses, his eyes roll back. He lies hopelessly on the deck in cardiac shock, apparently not breathing. White foam forms at the corners of his lips.

Tylan gets on his radio.

TYLAN GEE  
 (into the radio)  
 USS Independence. This is General  
 Tylan Gee. We have control of the  
 Tybee bomb.  
 (beat)  
 Over.

Berger's heart defibrillator jolts him back to consciousness. As he struggles to feet, Tylan Gee sees him, and reaches for his Special-Ops knife.

TYLAN GEE  
 Bend over, Berger. Here it comes  
 again.

Tylan Gee kicks, and Berger drops the knife - it slides down a grate.

OZYMANDIAS FOREDECK -

PJ loads bags of powdered non-diary coffee creamer, Oreos, and cans of beer into the 55 gallon drum improvised canon.

Satisfied, he attaches a container of compressed gas, and positions a flare on a tripod over the opening of the drum.

PJ sets the flare, and turns on loud MUSIC.

OZYMANDIAS PILOT HOUSE -

Tylan Gee has broken free from Berger, and gets the hand gun, when he turns at the sound of the MUSIC.

A huge fireball, Oreo cookies, and spinning/hissing/exploding cans of beer envelope the pilot house.

The concussion knocks Tylan Gee off balance.

Berger recovers and tackles Tylan Gee. They fall through the plate glass of the pilot house, but they manage to hang on. Their feet dangle above the buoy deck and the basketball hoop.

The H-60 Sea Hawk appears above, and SEAL snipers lay down suppression fire on the Black-Ops Marines.



From above, a LINE arcs toward Berger, and with one hand he ties a bowline around his waist.

Berger and Tylan Gee both look up to see the smiling face of -

'FISHBONE' RODERICK

He pours the steaming hot motor oil and fish-heads on top of Tylan Gee.

Tylan Gee screams, but holds on.

Fishbone flashes a kitchen cleaver, and chops Tylan Gee's fingers off.

RODERICK

Yah, Mon. That's what we do ta thieves.

Tylan Gee falls toward the basketball hoop.

The GOLD RING of Tylan Gee falls to the buoy deck.

Rain suddenly falls in torrents, washing over the face of Berger.

EXT./INT. MEDIA BOAT - LATER

The room a flurry of reporting.

Boober Bentley alternately smiles and tries to be solemn, all betrayed by muffin crumbs on his lips, and caffeine twitches around the edges of his eyes.

He thumbs the keyboard of his smart phone.

BOOBER

(on the air)

Suspected terrorist, now suspected hero - this man -

IMAGE -

Retired Master Chief Peter Gerstenberger in uniform.

BOOBER (V.O.)

- is believed to be the man who stopped a Black-Ops effort to bring war to the Caribbean. All I have to say is Thank You, Sir.

(beat)

(MORE)

BOOBER (V.O.) (cont'd)  
 Booper Bentley: Route Sixty-Six  
 Internet Blogger/Hipster: Hope  
 undiminished, unsullied youth and  
 aspiration - Over and Out There.

EXT. OZYMANDIAS - LATER

The rain clears.

Tylan Gee awkwardly hangs in the basketball hoop.

Berger attaches the hammock to the nose of the Mk 15 bomb. He admires his work.

With his cell phone, Pete Berger downloads his implanted defibrillator's data, dials, then hits SEND.

INT. CHICAGO HOSPITAL - DAY

BURBLING RECEIVING TONE -

A printer receives a transmission, and hums and whirls.

The attractive FEMALE CARDIOLOGIST (40s) and a MALE DOCTOR (60s), look at the printout.

FEMALE CARDIOLOGIST  
 It looks like I will be going to  
 Miami. A man needs to be saved.

RETURN TO SCENE

Berger relaxes, despite the loud music that PJ plays.

While skateboarding on the buoy deck, PJ's wheels trip on the gold ring. He picks it up and shows it to his father.

PJ  
 Look.

Berger takes the ring, studies it closely, balls it into his fist, then throws it overboard. He puts a tight head lock on PJ, and roughs up his hair.

BERGER  
 Listen to me. Do not do as I do.  
 (beat)  
 But that was a pretty awesome  
 fireball.

PJ takes a selfie of the two.

Weekes, Dirk, Flip, Freek, and 'Fishbone' Roderick all watch with approval.

Berger returns to his hammock.

The US Navy sails into view.

PJ climbs up to the foredeck, and salutes with the coffee creamer canon.

FROM ABOVE

The scene recedes to the SOUND of Berger's heartbeat.

EXT. HUNTER ARMY AIRFIELD - 1958/NIGHT

A damaged B-47 lands safely, and deploys landing chutes.

EXT./INT. RETIREMENT HOME - PRESENT/DAY

U.S. Department of Energy AGENTS enter the retirement home, check in and are directed to a private room.

An ELDERLY MAN sits alone in a darkened room.

The agents enter the room.

AGENT #1  
Retired Maj. Howard Richardson, B-47  
pilot of the Tybee Bomb?  
(beat)  
Sir?

Agent #1 gently puts his hand on the shoulder of the elderly man.

The elderly man looks up slowly.

Another agent opens the window shade.

Agent # 1 produces a clip board.

THE ATTACHED FORM -

Atomic Energy Commission form AL-569; February 4th, 1958.

Temporary Custodial Receipt for atomic bomb, serial number 47782.

AGENT #1

Sir. On behalf of the Secretary of the Department of Energy, and the President of the United States, we are here to have you sign off for the Tybee Bomb. It's now in our custody.

The elderly man signs the form.

AGENT #1

Sir, you are formally relieved of duty.

The agents smartly salute the elderly man, the elderly man stares blankly out the window.

FADE OUT.

THE END

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