

A D R I F T

by
Stephen Susco

Based on the short story
by
Koji Suzuki

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EXT. THE BERING SEA - DAY

The sun hangs low in the sky, close to the water, which is a turbulent choppy gray. The WIND itself sounds bitterly cold.

CLOSE ON A PAIR OF SHOCKINGLY BLUE EYES, circled by wizened, wrinkled skin, staring out at the distant horizon. This is --

ARNALOOK (60s, Inuit). His gaze is intense and fixed, as stormy as the seas he surveys. We PULL BACK to reveal --

EXT. NORTH STAR - DECK - DAY

A CRAB BOAT, making its way through the rough water. The new coat of paint can't conceal the years of age she carries.

Arny stands at the port rail, hands stuffed in the pockets of his orange slicker. He doesn't need to hold on to the rail -- his body is steadied by years of experience. But his eyes are troubled, and concern deepens his wrinkled face.

ERIK (early 30s) kneels by a sorting table nearby, WELDING a weak leg. He's a gruff-looking guy: hard eyes, goatee, tats on his arms. Looks like he hasn't slept in days. He hasn't.

He finishes, pops a cig in his mouth, lights it with the torch and cuts the gas. And now we see the THIN CUT on his face, a few inches long. Looks like it's still pretty fresh.

Standing and stretching his back, Erik glances at Arny, staring off into the distance. Watches him with scorn.

INT. NORTH STAR - PILOTHOUSE - DAY

JOHANN (40s), the Captain, sits at the wheel, studying a GPS display and charting the location on his map. He's a "lifer" -- the dozens of pictures of his WIFE AND DAUGHTERS, faded and worn by age and moisture, line the wheel desk.

On a ratty old couch at the other end of the cabin are two more Old Salts -- VIC (40s) and JERRY (40s). A magnetic Scrabble board sits between them, next to a worn dictionary.

Jerry lays down four tiles, spelling the word 'arse'. He leans back, grinning, as Vic inspects the word. And scowls.

JERRY

It's a colloquialism --

VIC

I know what it is.

JERRY
Thirty-two points.

He scribbles the number into an old leather-bound ledger. They've been playing this game for a while: Jerry's current score is 794,682, edging out Vic's 789,713.

As Vic digs into the letter bag, Erik enters. He shuts the door behind him and pulls off his gloves.

ERIK
You're gonna need a new table. I welded the leg, but the support is bent --

JOHANN
Will it hold?

Erik stares at him for a moment, bristling. Then:

ERIK
How many more pods?

JOHANN
Twelve.

ERIK
Yeah. It should hold.

Johann finally turns, leveling his gaze on him. When he speaks, it's not with condescension, but rather with the simplicity of someone who knows how to keep his crew safe:

JOHANN
Make sure it does.

But Erik's jaw tightens. Like it's taking a great effort to keep his emotions in check. Then:

JOHANN
What happened?

It's a moment before Erik realizes he's asking about the cut on his face. He shrugs casually, evasive:

ERIK
Slipped.

Johann nods. But it's clear he doesn't believe him.

JOHANN
Okay, guys. Last group, comin' up.

He presses a button on a control panel -- the tremendous blast from the AIR HORN rattles the windows.

JOHANN

Make sure the Greenie heard that.

As Erik puts on his gloves and heads for the door:

VIC

Hey, put on a fresh pot of coffee while you're down there.

ERIK

Get off your arse and do it yourself.

He leaves, slamming the door. Vic gives Jerry a grin.

VIC

Is 'fucknut' a colloquialism, too?

JERRY

It's slang. But it's also hyphenated. So you can't play it.

INT. NORTH STAR - QUARTERS - DAY

A small cabin, with two sets of cots stacked three-high. A booth-style table and benches is between them, next to a corner shelf with a small tv and a stack of videos. It's cramped, but for this crew of seven -- it's home.

Erik enters, leaning in the doorway, eyes on A FIGURE curled up in a middle bunk, facing away from him.

ERIK

Rise and shine, Greenhorn.

But LUCAS (20s) is already awake. Staring at the wall just a few inches from his head. Erik flicks the lights.

ERIK

You've had your half hour, now get the fuck up. We got work.

LUCAS

Okay, I'm up.

He waits until Erik leaves before swinging his legs from the cot. Hangs there for a moment, staring at the floor. Stubble lining his face. Dark circles ring his eyes.

LUCAS
(to himself:)
C'mon. Move.

INT. NORTH STAR - CORRIDOR - DAY

Erik walks back to the stairs leading to the main deck.
Before he gets there, a door opens in front of him --

-- KRIS (20s) steps halfway out of the john. Even with no makeup and a few days without sleep, there's something about her that takes your breath away. But it's underneath an outer layer of hardness, a grit from years on the water, in the company of men such as these.

She's almost face-to-face with Erik. And it looks like that's the last place either of them want to be right now.

KRIS' HAND slides toward the rear pocket of her jeans...
towards THE SLIGHT BULGE of something inside.

Lucas steps out of the Quarters, sees the encounter. Tenses.

Erik looks like he's about to say -- or do -- something. But then his eyes flick over to Lucas. And he thinks better of it, stepping aside, gesturing to Kris: "After you."

She quickly walks past him, past Lucas and into the Quarters room. Erik eyes Lucas coldly before heading back upstairs.

Lucas turns back to the Quarters:

LUCAS
You okay? --

The door closes in his face.

EXT. NORTH STAR - DECK - DAY

Lucas emerges onto the deck, shivering. He surveys the slate-gray sky as he pulls on his gloves. Then he sees --

-- ARNY, standing alone by the rail. Lucas walks up next to him, following his gaze.

LUCAS
Man, I'd give my left nut to see
something green again.

Arny doesn't react. His fingers are absent-mindedly twiddling SOMETHING at the end of his leather necklace.

Lucas pockets the pack, jerks a thumb up over his shoulder, pointing in the opposite direction:

LUCAS
Home's thataway, Arny. South.

Still no reaction. Lucas' smile fades.

LUCAS
Arny? You okay?

Arny turns to face him. His expression is blank, as if he's looking through him. But there's a hint of fear in his eyes.

INT. NORTH STAR - ICE ROOM - DAY

A long room lined with STORAGE BAYS, carrying what's left of the crew's food supply, tucked into pockets of SHAVED ICE.

Jerry enters, zipping up his slicker. He leans into a bay and digs below the ice, fishing something out --

-- A CANVAS BAG. Glancing around for a place to hide it, he stuffs it into the bottom of a nearby locker.

INT. NORTH STAR - PILOTHOUSE - DAY

Johann watches Arny and Lucas standing by the railing, looking off to the north. He glances in that direction, but there's nothing but sky and water.

Then he gives the AIRHORN three quick blasts.

EXT. NORTH STAR - DECK - DAY

Jerry comes up the stairs, passing Lucas and Arny:

JERRY
Let's not keep 'em waiting, gents.

LUCAS
(to Arny, encouraging:)
C'mon, man. Home stretch.

But it takes Arny a beat to wrench his gaze from the horizon.

EXT. NORTH STAR - DECK - DAY

The crew hops into gear: VIC starts up THE CRANE; ARNY preps a grappling hook, making sure the line is clear; ERIK, JERRY, KRIS and LUCAS take positions by the loading bay.

JOHANN watches from the pilothouse, one hand on the wheel, calmly sipping his coffee with the other.

All eyes are on Arny, and his eyes are on --

-- THE WATER. They're steaming up on a fluorescent yellow MARKER BUOY. Arny raises the grappler, focused --

-- and expertly HURLS IT into the ocean, snagging the buoy line. He pulls the rope taut while --

-- VIC activates the crane. The hydraulics WHINE INTO MOTION, yanking the seven-hundred-pound pot up from the depths. It dangles there, nearly HALF-FULL OF SNOW CRAB.

The crew lets out a CHEER at the sight. Johann watches with a smile as the pot is lowered to the deck, VIOLENTLY BANGING against the rail. The others guide it down to the launcher and open it -- the bounty SPILLS OUT onto the sorting table.

Lucas, Erik and Kris immediately go to work, measuring the massive beasts, throwing undersized females back overboard and scooping the keepers into the hold chute. Jerry watches over their shoulder, counting. He proudly calls out:

JERRY
Forty-five!

INT. NORTH STAR - PILOTHOUSE - DAY

Johann nods with approval. He makes a notation in his tabulation book as he grabs the loudspeaker mic:

JOHANN (INTO MIC)
Looks like it's gonna be a good
finish, fellas.

EXT. BERING SEA - DUSK

Silhouetted by the setting sun, THE CREW is a well-oiled machine, pulling their final pots from the choppy water.

EXT. NORTH STAR - DECK - DUSK

Vic uses the crane to guide the final pot onto the stack of HUNDREDS OF OTHERS at the fore of the deck. Kris is perched on top, helping him guide it down and detaching the cable.

She locks it down with a strap and nimbly makes her way down to the deck, where --

THE CREW, exhausted and freezing, are huddled around the open hatch, staring into the hold below.

LUCAS

Jesus. That's a lot of crab.

KRIS

(flat:)

Yeah. Good run.

Lucas watches her as she heads below-decks. Erik snorts dismissively, shaking his head.

ERIK

Must be Aunt Flo's monthly visit.

He grins at Vic, who doesn't seem amused by his comment. Nor do any of the others. The moment is broken as Johann comes down from the pilothouse, his tabulation book in-hand.

JOHANN

Where's Kris? She's gonna want to hear this.

No one answers. But they all want to hear it, too. Finally:

JOHANN

We've got just under ten thousand
Fat Boys, by my count.

Everyone stands in stunned silence for a moment.

VIC

That's a right fuckin' slammer.

ERIK

Damn straight. And it means I
won't be doin' no goddamn
bartending this Christmas.

JERRY

Looks like we've got somethin' to
celebrate, boys.

(MORE)

JERRY (cont'd)
(raising the CANVAS BAG:)
Glad I came prepared.

EXT. NORTH STAR - DECK - DUSK

CLOSE ON A GRILL: eight thick STEAKS sizzle on a portable BBQ they've wheeled out onto the deck. Everyone gathers around, for the heat as well as the meat.

A BOOMBOX circa mid-80s is perched on a table nearby, blasting out music from the same era. BEER CANS are stacked up next to it -- don't need to keep them on ice out here.

Jerry spears the steaks, dropping each onto a waiting plate. Then he picks up the extra one --

JERRY
For the sea, with thanks for her
generous bounty.

He tosses the steak over the rail. Erik snorts:

ERIK
Waste of a perfectly good steak.

Everyone digs in, ravenous. As Lucas grabs a beer:

JOHANN (O.S.)
Hey, kid.

He turns to see the Captain standing behind him. Lucas pops the top of his beer and holds it out.

LUCAS
Here you go, Cap.

Johann smiles, pulling a flask from his pocket.

JOHANN
Got my own private stash.

LUCAS
Whiskey?

JOHANN
Hot chocolate. San Francisco brew.

LUCAS
You should take it easy there, Cap.

JOHANN

One morning, 'bout fifteen-odd years ago, I woke up on the floor of a bar in Saskatchewan. Face-down in the sawdust. A place I couldn't even remember going to. My best friend was shaking me awake, telling me I'd just missed the birth of my first son. Haven't had a drink since.

LUCAS

Then here's to your first son.

They clink flask and can. Then Johann sticks out a hand.

JOHANN

Congratulations, kid.

Lucas just stares at the hand, surprised.

JOHANN

I don't think I've ever seen a first-timer work so hard. You ever come up this way again, you've got a spot on my boat.

A bit overwhelmed by the compliment, Lucas shakes his hand.

JOHANN

Now you can take off the tail.

LUCAS

What tail?

CHUCKLES from the nearby group makes him realize -- he twists his body around, finally seeing the FABRIC TAIL that's been pinned to the rear of his slicker the whole time.

Kris watches as he sheepishly removes it, a smile threatening to brighten her face. She looks away before Lucas can notice.

EXT. BERING SEA - NIGHT

The *NORTH STAR*, seen from a distance, is the only visible light on the water, save for the swollen FULL MOON peering at us just over the edge of the horizon.

EXT. NORTH STAR - DECK - NIGHT

The deck and surrounding water are illuminated by crisp SODIUM LIGHTS attached to the mast. The crew, their hunger satiated, are sitting by the pots with their empty plates.

JOHANN

Wife's been talkin' about Florida non-stop. Kids haven't been to Disney World yet. Holiday in the sun might be a nice change.

He pulls a LAMINATED PHOTO on a strap from his slicker, handling it like it's his most precious possession. He holds it out to Lucas. It's Johann's WIFE AND THREE KIDS.

JOHANN

Oldest one just started high school. Made first-string quarterback.

LUCAS

You got kids, Jerry?

JERRY

Nah. That's why I can spend my money on other things.

He pulls out a PHOTO of his own -- but his is of a SAILBOAT.

JERRY

The *Enterprise-F*. Ninety-feet of ocean-bound glory.

VIC

(grumpy:)

Only she doesn't exist yet. He's still two hundred grand short.

JERRY

Vic's just worried I'll hit the open water and never come back. Then there'll be nobody to take care of his ass. What about you, kid? Where are you off to?

LUCAS

BC, maybe. I'm gonna get a hotel room with the biggest bed I can find, and sleep for about a week.

ERIK

Better make it a cheap hotel, man.
First time out, you only get paid
by the hour. Don't matter if the
hold is full or empty.

LUCAS

Thanks. Almost forgot.

Erik finishes his beer, puts it down next to the three other
empties before him. He swivels to Arny with a tipsy grin:

ERIK

What're you gonna do with your cut?
Maybe build yourself a new igloo?

Arny just stares at him. He looks strangely pale and gaunt
under the sodium lights.

VIC

He don't speak English.

JERRY

Yeah. And I don't think he speaks
asshole, either.

Erik glares at Jerry, who returns the gaze, unintimidated.

Lucas doesn't notice the exchange. His eyes are on Arny's
steak. He hasn't touched it. And his HANDS are shaking.

LUCAS

You feeling alright, Arny?

Arny slowly stands, his plate dropping to the deck. He turns
and walks away. His feet drag a bit, almost like he's drunk.

Erik finally turns away from Jerry, his eyes moving to KRIS --
she's perched on the crab pots, looking out over the water.

ERIK

Me, I think I'm gonna find myself a
nice filly who'll appreciate some
spending money.

He opens another beer. Lucas follows his gaze to --

KRIS. She suddenly straightens, seeing something. Concern
fills her eyes, and she turns to see Lucas staring at her.

Lucas looks off in the direction she was facing.

His eyes widen. He slowly stands.

LUCAS
What the hell is that?

Everyone turns now, looking out over the rail.

ERIK
What the hell is what? --

He trails off, seeing that Lucas is seeing. It's --

-- THE STARS. They seem to be DISAPPEARING. As if something is moving between them and us. Something massive.

INT. NORTH STAR - PILOTHOUSE - NIGHT

Johann, Erik and Lucas study a RADAR DISPLAY. A STORM FRONT is moving in from the west, gaining on their position.

ERIK
Can we outrun it?

JOHANN
Maybe. But not while she's carrying two hundred pots.
(glancing at his charts:)
We'll head North, we should clear the worst of it.

Lucas glances out the window at ARNY -- who's looking directly at him. Almost sadly.

Erik is glaring at KRIS, carefully making her way along the stacks of crab pods, checking the securing lines.

ERIK
Told you it was bad luck to have a woman on-board.
(off Johann's look:)
Her last boat didn't fare so well, did it?

JOHANN
I've got a hold filled with tanner for the first time in ten years. That's hardly bad luck.

ERIK
Yeah, well, we ain't home yet.

The light of the MASS on the radar screen throws it's ghastly glow on Johann's face. And he doesn't refute Erik's words.

EXT. NORTH STAR - DECK - NIGHT

The wind has picked up, a deep HOWL whistling over the waves. Army stands at the rail, looking over his shoulder at --

-- THE STORM in the distance. Flashes of LIGHTNING are visible deep within, revealing the density of the clouds.

Army turns back to THE NORTH, as the ship completes it's change of course. He looks more nervous about where they're headed than the storm bearing down on them.

INT. NORTH STAR - QUARTERS - NIGHT

The crew (minus the Captain) are in the cramped room -- which is HEAVING in the rough water. Everything that isn't stowed or nailed down is rolling across the room.

Lucas lies in his cot, as before, staring at the wall in front of him. Below him, Erik taps with a pair of drumsticks on the bottom of his bunk to the music blaring on his headphones. The tapping doesn't seem to help Lucas' nerves.

Vic and Jerry casually continue their game at the table, seemingly undisturbed by the weather, ignoring --

-- the WATER BOTTLE on the table between them. The liquid inside is SHIFTING, going NEAR-VERTICAL.

The ship suddenly JERKS VIOLENTLY, spilling books and videotapes from the shelves. Lucas tightly GRIPS THE EDGE of the cot, to keep from falling out.

Then he reaches under his pillow and pulls out a PLASTIC BAG. Drops a LEATHER-BOUND JOURNAL inside and seals it.

KRIS (O.S.)

This isn't so bad.

Lucas turns to Kris, watching from her bunk across the room. The ship BUCKLES again, heaving to the other side.

KRIS

Don't worry. She can handle much worse than this.

LUCAS

Can we... roll over?

VIC
(casually:)
Nope. Not until we're done.

LUCAS
Done with what?

JERRY
Our game. Nothing can happen 'till
it's over.

Lucas doesn't get it. But the boat is ROCKED again, and he turns away, back to the wall. After taking a steadying breath, his eyes go to the spot he was staring at before --

-- and we PAN OVER to see A PIECE OF TAPE on the wall. As if something used to hang there. Something he's taken down.

Erik notices Army staring numbly at the blur of his drumsticks from his cot below Kris. He gives Army a grin:

ERIK
You like rock and roll, Army?

But Army's eyes are half-focused and glazed, and he's sweating profusely. He abruptly pulls himself out of the cot, staggering to the door. Moments after he leaves, the sound of RETCHING can be heard. Erik chuckles.

ERIK
Better hope he made it to the head,
Greenie. You've got clean-up duty.

But Lucas just closes his eyes, trying to steady his nerves.

An EMPTY BEER BOTTLE rolls across the floor, coming to rest against a wall. Then it ROLLS BACK to the other side...

Lucas' eyelids begin to flutter, exhaustion finally catching up with him, the rocking of the boat lulling him to sleep...

The BEER BOTTLE rests against the wall for a moment, only to head back the way it came...

...Lucas closes his eyes. His breathing slows. He's asleep.

The bottle HITS THE WALL. And it starts rolling back...

Lucas' eyes open. He's sensed something. A change.

He slowly rolls over, looking down at THE BEER BOTTLE on the ground. It's STILL, lying in the middle of the floor.

Then Lucas realizes that everyone else is looking around, bewildered. Because they've all noticed --

-- the room has STOPPED ROCKING. All movement has ceased.

ERIK

What in the hell?...

Jerry and Vic stare at each other over their Scrabble board. Then Jerry's eyes go to --

-- his TILE PIECES, waiting to be played. They spell out the word: 'SILENCE'.

EXT. NORTH STAR - NIGHT

Johann steps out of the pilothouse, clearly taken aback by the sudden stillness of the water. We FOLLOW HIM down to --

THE DECK. The rest of the crew are coming up from below, equally flabbergasted. They look over the rail at --

THE WATER. Under the sodium lights, it's almost completely still. As if they're just floating in a deep pond.

VIC

You ever seen anything like this before, Cap?

Johann shakes his head. The group is silent for a moment, the only sound the occasional GUST of wind. Then:

ARNY

Do you hear it?

Everyone stares at Arny, stunned. He's gripping the rail tightly, intently staring out at the dark night.

ERIK

I thought you said he couldn't speak English.

VIC

I didn't even know he could talk.

He turns to them, face a blank. His eyes move to Lucas.

ARNY

Do you hear it?

LUCAS

Hear what, Arny?

They listen. And yes, they hear it --

-- a distant BELL. A somber chime echoing over the still water. But where is it coming from?

ERIK

What is that? A buoy?

JOHANN

We're two hundred miles out.
There's nothing to mark this far
from shore.

Vic turns on a xenon flashlight, the beam cutting through the night. And though we don't see what it illuminates, the crew surely does. And they're floored:

VIC

Jesus H. Christ...

Johann immediately reaches inside a nearby cabinet, pulls out a FLARE GUN. He loads the chamber, points it at the sky.

And FIRES. The flare streaks up into the sky --

-- AND BURSTS, a flaming crimson star that casts a hauntingly stark light over the water below. And there's SOMETHING OUT THERE, coming into clarity as the flare descends --

It's a LUXURY YACHT. Sleek, broad bow, top-of-the-line radar and satellite equipment perched on top of it. Stately and elegant, she's a ninety-foot plaything for the rich.

ERIK

What the fuck is that?

JERRY

Looks like a Starcraft. Custom
job. Hundred-footer, I think.

VIC

What the hell is it doing all the
way out here?

No one has any answer for that. They watch in silence as --

-- THE FLARE gets closer to the water, casting angular shadows across the surface of the yacht.

LUCAS

It's not moving. How come it's not
moving?

Just as the flare is about to hit the water --

-- IT SUDDENLY STOPS. Hanging there, suspended, as if the surface of the water has become strangely solid.

ON JOHANN: as understanding seems to watch over him --

JOHANN
That's not possible...

He fumbles for another flare, loads it, and FIRES -- lower this time, at a different angle. And now, with a second source of illumination, we can see --

-- THE ICE FLOE. It's almost as long, and as wide, as a football field. The yacht is trapped in the dead center.

INT. NORTH STAR - PILOTHOUSE - NIGHT

Johann maneuvers the crab boat, edging it slowly alongside the ice. He cuts the engine, and an eerie silence settles.

Now that we're closer, we can see that the occasional tolling CHIME is coming from --

-- SOMETHING that is dangling from the hammer of the yacht's silver SHIP BELL. Every slight GUST OF WIND rocks the object back and forth, swinging the hammer into the casing.

THE CREW stands in silence, staring at the craft. Johann picks up a pair of binoculars, zeroing in on the aft section.

HIS POV: the name of the boat is the "EQUINOX".

Lucas peers out the window at TWO FLAGS on the top of her mast. One of them is the Stars-and-Stripes.

LUCAS
What's that other flag?

Johann swings the glasses, racks the focus. And when he lowers them, his face is hard:

JOHANN
California State.

He picks up the VHF radio, switches it to channel 16:

JOHANN (INTO RADIO)
North Star to Equinox, over.
(no response:)
(MORE)

JOHANN (INTO RADIO) (cont'd)
Equinox, this is *North Star*.
 Please respond, over.

There's only silence from the radio.

VIC
 Try channel 9.

JOHANN (INTO RADIO)
 (switching, trying again:)
Equinox, *Equinox*, this is --

He trails off, momentarily startled by HIS OWN VOICE coming out of the yacht. The craft's radio has the volume at max.

JOHANN (INTO RADIO)
 -- this is the *North Star*. Over.

His words echo across the ice, fading away into the night.

VIC
 She's derelict. We should go over.

ERIK
 What we should do is get back to Dutch Harbor and get paid.

VIC
 There could be people on-board.

ERIK
 We'll call her in. Let the Coast Guard handle it.

Johann switches to a main channel, raises the mic:

JOHANN (INTO RADIO)
 USCG, this is the *North Star*.
 We've got a derelict vessel out here, over.

There's only silence from the radio. And it's clear that this is highly unusual. Johann tries again:

JOHANN (INTO RADIO)
 USCG, please respond. Over.

Still nothing. He turns the radio off, and then on again. Turns up the gain. There's only the HUM of background noise.

JERRY
 I don't like this.

Vic turns to him, surprised. Jerry stares at the yacht:

JERRY

We should go. We should leave it.

All eyes are on Johann. He deliberates, eyes on the yacht.

JOHANN

Jerry, Arny, Erik, get your survival suits.

Jerry is immediately out the door. Erik stubs out his cigarette and follows reluctantly.

LUCAS

I'll come too, Cap.

Johann regards him for a moment, unsure. Finally he nods.

EXT. NORTH STAR - DECK - NIGHT

As Lucas enthusiastically heads for the stairs, Arny catches up and GRABS HIS ARM. Stopping him in his tracks.

Lucas turns, startled. A beat as Arny's wizened eyes, filled with an emotion Lucas has never seen before, bore into his.

And there's something behind those eyes. Something dark.

ARNY

Stay here.

The look on Arny's face makes it impossible for Lucas to refuse. Arny walks below-decks. Lucas turns back to Johann and Kris, who have witnessed the exchange. He shrugs.

EXT. NORTH STAR - DECK - NIGHT

ON THE ICE FLOE: an ANCHOR crashes down onto the ice with a THUD. Takes a chunk out of the surface. But not much.

Erik, leaning over the rail in his bright orange survival suit, turns back to the others.

ERIK

Looks good.

Vic hooks a Jacob's Ladder to the rail and swings it over the edge. They go down one at a time -- Jerry, Erik, Arny and Johann -- and walk across the ice to THE YACHT looming above.

EXT. ICE FLOE / EQUINOX - DAWN

The ruddy sun, swollen like a blood-shot eye, is beginning to edge the horizon, sending shimmering colors cascading across the surface of the ice floe.

EXT. NORTH STAR - DECK - DAWN

Kris comes up from below, cradling a steaming mug of coffee. She can barely keep her eyes open. She glances at--

LUCAS, sitting atop the pods. He's scribbling in his leather journal, sketching A LIKENESS of the yacht in the ice.

Kris watches him for a moment as she stands by the rail. He finally notices her, and looks over. It's as if she only speaks because he caught her looking at him:

KRIS

We've been up for three days. You should get some shut-eye.

LUCAS

We only get a few hours of sunlight. Wouldn't want to waste it down below.

She smiles. He smiles back. They both look back out over the water. A long beat. Then:

LUCAS

The sea is so calm.

KRIS

Yeah. I like the way the light reflects off the ice.

They're two people not used to talking to one another about anything except the work at hand. But it becomes easier:

LUCAS

Where'd it come from, you think?

KRIS

(unsure:)

Up north, Arctic Circle. A chunk from a larger ice field, maybe. Could've drifted down.

LUCAS

Then how'd the boat get inside it?

Kris shrugs. That's a good question. Then:

KRIS

It's funny. I've never seen Army
talk to anyone before.

LUCAS

We don't really talk. I talk.
He's just a real good listener --

He's cut off by a SOUND coming across the ice. It was brief,
and muted. But sounded like someone YELLING.

Lucas and Kris exchange a look. They both heard it.

INT. NORTH STAR - PILOTHOUSE - DAWN

Vic sits behind the wheel, feet up, reading the dictionary.
He's trying to stay awake, but he's nodding off --

BAM! He jerks in his seat, startled, as the door SWINGS
OPEN, and Lucas and Kris enter.

VIC

Jesus, guys. How about a knock?

Lucas heads for the VHF radio, picking up the mic:

LUCAS (INTO RADIO)

Everything okay over there, guys?

After a beat, there's A RESPONSE -- but the signal is
DISTORTED AND CHOPPY. There's a voice in there somewhere,
but the words aren't coming through clearly.

LUCAS (INTO RADIO)

There's interference. Can you
repeat that, over?

THE VOICE on the other line is more urgent. But it's still
choppy and unintelligible.

VIC

What's goin' on?

LUCAS

Maybe we should --

He turns to see her staring out the window at something. He
follows her gaze to see --

ON THE ICE: Johann, Jerry and Erik are dragging something away from the yacht. Something large. It's ARNY.

VIC
Ah, shit.

EXT. NORTH STAR - DECK - DAWN

Lucas, Vic and Kris rush onto the deck. Johann sees them:

JOHANN
(yelling out:)
Get the AED!!!

Vic doesn't hesitate -- he ducks back inside the pilothouse.

Lucas and Kris make for the rail and climb down the ladder to the ice below, running to help the others.

VIC (O.S.)
Kris!

She turns to see Vic at the rail. She catches the duffel-bag sized CUSHIONED PACKAGE he hurls out to her, and runs to --

ARNY. His eyes and mouth are open, one arm outreached, a hand CLUTCHED TIGHTLY to his chest. And he's not breathing.

LUCAS
What happened?

ERIK
Don't know. I found him like this
below-decks --

Kris kneels down, quickly undoing the package's Velcro straps. Inside is a PORTABLE DEFIBRILLATOR.

KRIS
Did you try CPR?

JOHANN
(nodding:)
No pulse, no air.

He reaches for the defibrillator -- but Kris pushes his hands away, intensely focused on prepping the machine:

KRIS
Take off his suit.

Lucas and Johann quickly start pulling down Arny's survival suit. Lucas tries to avoid looking into his glassy eyes.

Vic runs up, out of breath. Stands next to Jerry, who shakes his head -- it doesn't look good.

The AED beeps. Kris attaches the small leads to Arny's chest, and the small screen fills with information. And it's not good. Heart rate and electrical activity are zero.

KRIS
Stand back.

Everyone takes a step away as Kris primes the small device --
-- and ACTIVATES THE CHARGE. Arny's body twitches slightly.
But THE READOUTS don't change. Kris increases the voltage.

LUCAS
Is it a heart attack?

KRIS
Again --

The AED triggers again. But there's not even a momentary blip of a pulse on the screen.

ERIK
He's gone, Kris.

Kris ignores him, fumbling in a pocket of the AED case. Lucas watches with everyone else -- they know it's hopeless.

She finds what she's looking for: a SYRINGE in a hard case. She pulls it out, quickly JAMMING IT INTO ARNY'S THIGH.

LUCAS
What is that?

JERRY
Epinephrine. Adrenaline.

Kris depresses the plunger, her eyes on the AED readout. But nothing happens. She stares at the screen. Defeated.

LUCAS
It's okay. You tried.

He reaches to put a hand on her shoulder -- but she brushes it off, getting to her feet and storming off. Lucas moves to follow her, but Johann stops him:

JOHANN

Lucas. Give her a moment.

The group stands around Arny's body in silence. Jerry looks at the *Equinox* looming behind them. As if she's responsible.

LUCAS

What do we do?

ERIK

Give 'em an ocean burial.

LUCAS

You mean -- dump him in the water?

It's clear from their faces... that's exactly what he means.

LUCAS

We can't. We have to take him home. His family --

VIC

He doesn't have any family. He'd want to be buried at sea. That's where he spent his whole life.

LUCAS

Did he ever tell you that?

(clearly not:)

He's Inuit. They believe that their souls are reincarnated through the land. For this to happen, he needs to be buried.

Erik snorts, shakes his head.

ERIK

There's another one you can chalk right up under "useless knowledge".

But Lucas ignores him. His eyes are on Johann, who is digesting his words.

INT. NORTH STAR - ICE ROOM - DAY

The crew clears out one of the storage bays, re-distributing the supplies. Then Jerry and Lucas kneel down, picking up --

-- ARNY'S BODY, wrapped in a tarp. They lower it gently onto the ice at the bottom of the storage bay.

Lucas remains seated on the edge of the bay as the crew files out of the small room. Kris is last, watching Lucas for a beat. Finally, she leaves.

And then Lucas is alone. He says a silent "goodbye" to his friend, before lifting the loose tarp to cover his head --

-- but then he hesitates. Seeing Arny's CLENCHED HAND. There's SOMETHING jutting out from inside it. Lucas loosens the fingers, pulling it out --

-- a NECKLACE. The one we saw Arny fingering earlier. At the end of it is a SMALL GLASS BOTTLE.

Curious, Lucas raises it to the light. It's empty.

He delicately wraps up the necklace and slides it into his pocket. Then he covers Arny's body with the tarp --

-- and ACTIVATES THE ICE MACHINE. Fresh shavings begin to fall down from above, covering the body.

INT. NORTH STAR - QUARTERS - DAY

The crew is gathered, exhausted from the lack of sleep and unnerved by the loss of Arny.

JOHANN

It's a charter out of San Diego.

ERIK

San Diego, California?

VIC

Know any other?

LUCAS

What's wrong with the engine?

JOHANN

Don't know. Her tanks are full, backup batteries are good. But she won't start. Could be the cold --

JERRY

How'd it get there, Cap? In the middle of that ice floe?

VIC

How'd it get up here, is what I want to know.

LUCAS

Maybe the currents pulled it up?

Johann shakes his head. Then, quietly:

JOHANN

There was a family on-board. Two kids. Probably a couple crew. The life raft is still stowed.

ERIK

Couldn't have been pirates. All their shit's still on-board.

VIC

And they would have taken the boat, if they knew what they were doing.

JERRY

(softly:)

It's like they just vanished. Like they were there, and then...

He trails off. The others grow silent at his words. Then Erik looks up at Jerry. A thought taking form.

ERIK

How much is a yacht like that worth?

VIC

I'd say, no less than ten.

LUCAS

Ten million?

Jerry nods. Erik stands, wheels spinning. To Johann:

ERIK

Think this bucket of bolts could tow her?

Everyone looks at him. Understanding what he's thinking.

KRIS

You want to salvage it?

ERIK

Divide ten million by seven. Well, six now. Even better.

That earns him a sharp look from Lucas.

VIC
We wouldn't get the full value of
the boat --

ERIK
What would we get?

VIC
Maybe twenty percent.

ERIK
So that's two million. At least.

This hits everyone hard. They consider his words.

JOHANN
The boat needs to be in peril for a
salvage claim. I don't know if --

ERIK
C'mon, Cap. The engine won't
start, and it's stuck in two feet
of ice about three thousand miles
from where it belongs. If it were
any more 'perilous', it'd be at the
bottom of the goddamn sea!

VIC
It'll slow us down. And if one of
those crabs dies, the toxins could
kill all the rest. I don't want to
risk that --

ERIK
How much is our catch worth? Two,
three hundred thousand? Minus the
harbor costs, split between all of
us. You want to take your kids to
Florida for Christmas? That yacht
is first-class tickets all around.
(to Jerry:)
You want the rest of the nut for
that boat you jerk off about? It's
right there, waiting for you, in
the middle of that ice.

He turns to Kris, knowing exactly what to say:

ERIK
And you could buy back your
father's boat.

She holds his gaze -- but it's clear he's winning her over.

ERIK
I know we're all tired. But let's
think clearly here for a moment.
That boat is buried treasure. And
it's ours for the taking.

Everyone looks to the Captain for a decision. Finally:

JOHANN
We can't just leave her here.

VIC
But Cap --

JOHANN
We can't get the Guard, then it's
our duty. We're bringing her in.

EXT. ICE FLOE - DAY

Erik and Johann kneel by the hull of the *Equinox*, survival
suits back on. Erik is using his PROPANE TORCH to melt
through the ice, and clear a path for the yacht to escape.

EXT. NORTH STAR - DECK - DAY

Vic, Kris and Lucas uncoil thick TOW LINES onto the stern.

VIC
Use the cleats and Samson posts
only. Anything else will get torn
right up off the deck.

Vic and Kris pull their lines to the starboard, securing them
to the cleats. Lucas attaches his opposite. He glances at --

JERRY, setting up the bridle that will hold the cables
together. But he's distracted, eyes on THE YACHT in the ice.

JERRY
She's just like the *Marie Celeste*.

LUCAS
The what?

JERRY
The *Marie Celeste* was a ship, set
sail for Italy from New York, in
1872. She never made it. Another
ship found her adrift about a month
later.

(MORE)

JERRY (cont'd)

She was in perfect condition.
Plenty of food and water. Dinner
was on the table. There was money,
letters, personal objects still on-
board. None of the lifeboats had
been launched.

(beat:)

But the crew and passengers --
eleven souls -- were all missing.

He pauses as A GUST produces another somber RING of the
Equinox's bell. Lucas shivers, from the cold and the story.

JERRY

She was hundreds of miles off-
course. And the way her sails were
set -- she couldn't have just
drifted, and ended up where they
found her. Not unless someone had
been at the wheel. But the last
journal entry had been ten days
before. And the food on the table
was rotted. It was like she'd been
steering herself across the ocean.

LUCAS

So what happened to her?

JERRY

Nothing good, after that. She had
a few collisions, sank a couple
other boats. Two of her captains
died on-board. Her owner finally
scuttled her, ran her aground to
collect the insurance.

Jerry's eyes return to the yacht. All the sparkle seems to
have left his eyes. And his voice is sober, troubled:

JERRY

They should have left her where
they found her. Out at sea. Just
left her to rot.

LUCAS

We don't know what happened. But
that doesn't mean we should just
leave her out here.

Jerry turns back to Lucas. Regards him for a beat. Then:

JERRY

Everyone who's spent time on the water knows one thing for sure: what the sea wants, the sea will surely have.

EXT. ICE FLOE / NORTH STAR - DAY

The *North Star* has been rotated, no longer abreast of the ice floe, now backed up against it. The TOW LINES have been secured from her stern to the front of the *Equinox*.

Vic and Erik secure the bridle between them, and give a "thumbs-up" to Jerry, who walks to the PILOTHOUSE.

JERRY

They're ready.

Johann gently feathers the throttle --

-- the *NORTH STAR* begins to move forward. The TOW LINES give up their slack --

-- and the *EQUINOX* is pulled ahead a few feet, the partially-melted ice giving way. The welding torch did the trick.

Vic waves for the *North Star* to cut her engines. Erik stares up at the expensive yacht. Slaps a hand on the hull.

ERIK

Got you, bitch.

But as he heads for the *North Star*, Erik casts an uneasy glance back at the treasure they've just freed from the ice.

EXT. NORTH STAR - DECK - DAY

The crew helps Vic and Erik up the Jacob's Ladder. Johann comes down from the pilothouse, meeting them on the deck.

JOHANN

We're gonna burn more fuel, but the engine should be able to handle the extra weight.

A beat. Everyone stares at the *Equinox*. It's clear the crew is unsettled by the whole thing. Then Johann drops a bomb:

JOHANN

Someone'll need to stay over there. Just in case anything goes wrong.

Everyone exchanges a look. No one wants to be the one.

JOHANN
Alright. Erik --

ERIK
Army died on that boat. There's no
fucking way I'm going back there.

Johann looks to Vic and Jerry for support. But the look in their eyes is clear. Even asking would be a waste of time.

ERIK
I say the Greenhorn goes over.

Lucas thinks he's kidding. He's not.

LUCAS
I don't know anything about --

VIC
All you'd have to do is cut the tow
lines in an emergency.

Lucas glances at the men around him. No one's gonna help him out with this one. Finally:

KRIS
I'll go with him.

Erik and Kris stare at each other for a beat. Something simmering between them. Johann finally nods:

JOHANN
Take survival suits. Keep the
radio on. Channel 9.

EXT. ICE FLOE - DAY

Duffel bags slung over her shoulder, Kris walks across the ice to the yacht. Lucas follows a few steps behind --

-- GLANCING BACK at the *North Star*. Jerry stands at the rail, watching him.

EXT. EQUINOX - DECK - DAY

Lucas and Kris make their way towards the stately wheelhouse, passing a DECK CHAIR. Suntan oil, a paperback, and a glass of frozen iced tea lie on a plastic table next to it.

They reach the wheelhouse. Kris slides open the door and enters. Lucas pauses to look at something nearby --

-- THE SHIP BELL. There's an old wide-mouthed BOTTLE tied to the hammer, hanging below the bell. It's age is clear by the crafted glasswork. They don't make 'em like this anymore.

INT. EQUINOX - WHEELHOUSE - DAY

A polished wood dashboard and trim surrounds the high-tech array of controls and electronics. It makes the pilothouse on the *North Star* look positively archaic.

LUCAS

At least they spent their money well.

KRIS

(unimpressed:)

She's just like any other boat.
Punch a hole in her hull, and
she'll go down...

She quiets as she sees a CIGAR lying on the dash, perched on a holder next to the steering wheel. A clump of ASH lies next to the tip. Like someone lit it, and put it down.

Then her eyes go to a small SPIRAL STAIRCASE leading below.

INT. EQUINOX - LIVING SPACE - DAY

Kris comes down the stairs and stops short. Looks around.

THE LIVING SPACE is spectacular. Elegant ceiling work encircles a crystal chandelier, dark wood paneling frames windowed curtains. Attention to detail is extreme. In a home, it would be classy. But on a yacht, it's ostentatious.

Lucas walks to the ENTERTAINMENT SECTION: a pull-down screen for a digital projector, a library of DVDs and video games.

LUCAS

This is incredible...

But his amazement wanes as the reality of the situation is returned, when they see --

-- a large DINING ROOM TABLE. The plates are filled with rotted food. Fungus grows in a bowl of what may have been soup. Congealed milk clogs the glasses.

LUCAS
You hungry?

But that doesn't lighten her mood, or his own.

INT. EQUINOX - KITCHEN - DAY

Top-shelf appliances. So clean, it's like they've never been used. Lucas opens the stainless-steel Sub Zero fridge. He's surprised as the light inside turns on. He holds out a hand.

LUCAS
Still cold.

KRIS
Johann turned on a reserve battery. On a yacht like this, there are multiple backups. We'll have power, but I don't know how long it'll last -- the engine keeps the batteries charged and the water hot. So unless we can fix it, we're S.O.L.

INT. EQUINOX - BELOW DECKS (HALLWAY) - DAY

Kris and Lucas walk tentatively down the hall, opening doors, unsettled by the quiet. It's so insulated down here, the engine noise from above is almost totally stifled.

Lucas tries the handle of a smaller door and it opens --

-- and something LUNGES OUT at him. Startled, he stumbles backwards, as an IRONING BOARD clatters to the ground.

He collects himself, giving Kris a sheepish grin. It eases the tension. But not by much.

Lucas moves to a door at the end of the hall -- it's LOCKED. He opens the door across from it, and his face drops.

LUCAS
Kris.

Seeing the look on his face, she walks over and sees --

INT. EQUINOX - BATHROOM - DAY

There's a glass-walled standing SHOWER at one end, and a deep JACUZZI TUB -- built for two -- at the other.

LUCAS
You have got to be kidding me.

KRIS
No hot water.

She walks off down the hall. Lucas sighs.

LUCAS
S.O.L.

INT. EQUINOX - STATEROOM - DAY

Kris opens the door, looking inside. It's a small cabin with two bunks, one on each side. One side is messy and unkempt, with books and toys lying around. The other is perfectly neat, with a make-shift taffeta SCREEN for some privacy.

INT. EQUINOX - MAIN STATEROOM - DAY

Lucas stands in the doorway, staring with awe at --

LUCAS
There is a God.

-- A KING-SIZE BED, lined with plush pillows and covered with a down comforter, in the center of this elegant cabin.

Lucas walks slowly to the bed, and falls face-first into the mattress. Almost immediately starts to fall asleep...

KRIS (O.S.)
Hey.

Lucas opens one eye. Kris stands in the hallway:

KRIS
We've gotta stay up, make sure the ice didn't crack the hull.

LUCAS
Five more minutes, mom.

Kris can't help the smile that sneaks across her face.

EXT. EQUINOX - DECK - DUSK

A harsh wind blows across the still water. The old BOTTLE swings perpetually, CHIMING the bell, a forlorn sound.

Lucas is sitting in a deck chair. His journal is open on his lap, and he's focused on whatever he's writing.

Kris walks around the bow of the yacht, checking the tow lines. She finishes, but hesitates, glancing up at --

-- ERIK. He's standing alone on the deck of the *North Star*, eerily lit by the stark sodium lights above. Watching her.

INT. EQUINOX - LIVING SPACE - NIGHT

Lucas enters, shivering, closing the door behind him. Kris is pouring two mugs of coffee.

KRIS

Hope you don't mind it strong.

Lucas notices the projection TV is on -- nothing but a blue screen. Kris comes over, hands him a mug.

KRIS

It's supposed to have satellite,
but I couldn't get link-up.
There's a ton of DVDs, though.

Lucas takes a sip. Tries not to recoil. Kris notices.

KRIS

It'll keep you up.

LUCAS

Yeah. Probably all the way home.

Kris notices something on a nearby table. She walks over, kneeling down in front of a series of FRAMED PHOTOS. They're pictures of a FAMILY: a FATHER (40s), his WIFE (40s), and a cute DAUGHTER (12) and SON (9).

KRIS

Did you see these?

LUCAS

Yeah. I guess it's their ship.

Kris looks through the photos, her face softening.

KRIS

I wonder what happened.

Silence for a beat. It's a bit awkward -- the two really don't know each other very well. Finally:

KRIS
Captain says you're from Boston.

LUCAS
Natick. Outside the city. You?

KRIS
Anchorage. Born and raised.

LUCAS
Haven't met many folks from Alaska.

Another uncomfortable beat. But now that the ice is melted:

LUCAS
So what's the deal with Erik?

KRIS
(shrugs:)
Somehow he managed to jump into the
gene pool when the lifeguard wasn't
looking.

Lucas laughs. And the laugh makes Kris smile.

KRIS
He worked my Dad's boat a couple
years ago. Let's just say he
wasn't invited out again.

LUCAS
(delicate:)
He said something about buying your
Dad's boat back.

Kris puts down her coffee. Looks away. After a beat:

KRIS
He died last year. The boat was
only five years old -- it wasn't
paid off. The bank repossessed it.

LUCAS
I'm sorry.

KRIS
His father, and his grandfather,
were both fisherman. They spent
their lives working someone else's
boat, taking home scraps while the
owners profited. When he'd finally
saved enough to buy his own... he
was so proud...

Emotion threatening to take over, she abruptly stands.

LUCAS
Hey, Kris, I'm --

KRIS
I should double-check the lines.

And she's out the door, into the cold night.

INT. EQUINOX - WHEELHOUSE - NIGHT

Lucas sits in the Captain's chair, watching the running lights of the *North Star* ahead. He's starting to nod off, and almost falls out of the chair. Glances at the clock.

INT. EQUINOX - LIVING SPACE - NIGHT

Lucas walks through the space, pausing to look at --

KRIS. She's asleep on a couch, a quilt pulled up around her. Lucas stares at her for a moment, before moving on.

INT. EQUINOX - ENGINE ROOM - NIGHT

The room is dark, but we can make out HULKING FORMS all around. A door opens, revealing Lucas. He hits a switch --

-- and FLUORESCENTS switch on, revealing THE ENGINES. Magnificent, polished beasts separated by an aisle. They lie in slumber. Lucas walks past them to A DOOR at the end --

INT. EQUINOX - BILGE ROOM - NIGHT

Lucas climbs down a ladder to the deepest level of the yacht. He pulls a flashlight from a wall and swings it along --

-- THE FLOOR. There's WATER down here, but not much... and from Lucas' reaction, it must smell terrible.

INT. EQUINOX - WHEELHOUSE - NIGHT

Lucas re-enters, and picks up the VHF radio:

LUCAS (INTO RADIO)
Cap, you there? Over.

While he waits for a response, his eyes go to the drawers nearby. He starts opening them, looking for something.

LUCAS (INTO RADIO)
North Star, anyone still awake?

Still no answer. Pushing aside a PACK OF CIGARETTES, Lucas finally finds what he's looking for -- a roll of SCOTCH TAPE.

Just then, finally, the radio CRACKLES:

JOHANN (ON RADIO)
Yeah.

LUCAS (INTO RADIO)
Just checked again -- it's all good. We're not taking on water.

Silence from the radio. Well, not exactly -- we can hear Johann's BREATHING. It sounds strangely labored.

LUCAS (INTO RADIO)
Uh, over.

JOHANN (ON RADIO)
Okay.

Johann clicks away. Huh. That was weird. Lucas reaches to turn the radio off, but he hesitates --

-- because there's A SOUND coming from the radio. We catch it for the briefest of moments, and then it's gone.

After a beat, Lucas reaches for the VOLUME. Turns it up. The BACKGROUND HUM becomes louder. But that's all. Lucas finally TURNS IT UP ALL THE WAY. Leans in to the speaker. Listening... but there's nothing --

-- no, there is something. It's almost like a distant WHISPER, buried in the hum, a VOICE trying to get through.

LUCAS (INTO RADIO)
Hello? Is there anyone out there?

The HUM returns. But the WHISPERING sound is gone.

INT. NORTH STAR - PILOTHOUSE - NIGHT

JOHANN'S HAND returns the radio mic to the wall holder... but oddly, it MISSES. As if there's something wrong with his coordination. He tries again, finally sliding it home.

Then his hand reaches for A BOTTLE OF VODKA. He refills a glass, spilling some around the lip. Raises it to his lips --

-- and now we see that HE'S TIPSY. Red-rimmed eyes staring blankly at the glass. He downs half of it in one gulp.

He gets to his feet, accidentally knocking the glass to the floor. It spills the remainder of it's contents onto --

-- A LAMINATED PICTURE lying on the ground. The photo of HIS FAMILY. A footprint from his own boot dirties it.

EXT. NORTH STAR - DECK - NIGHT

Johann steps out of the pilothouse into the freezing night, clutching the bottle in one gloved hand.

He stands still for a moment, glazed eyes seeming to look at nothing in particular. Then we hear --

-- SHOUTING from the far end of the ship. Johann focuses his eyes on JERRY AND VIC. They're ARGUING at the aft of the deck. We can't hear their words over the engine noise.

INT. NORTH STAR - HALLWAY / QUARTERS - NIGHT

Johann makes his way down, shuffling to the open door of --

-- THE QUARTERS. His eyes are drawn to the SCRABBLE BOARD on the small table. He walks over, looking down at --

-- Vic and Jerry's TILE PIECES. Terry's letters spell out "SILENCE", as before. Vic's spell out: "I ALMOST".

Johann stares at the letters. Reaches out with his free hand, and makes a slight adjustment -- "I AM LOST".

INT. NORTH STAR - HALLWAY / ICE ROOM - NIGHT

Johann steps back into the hall, eyes settling on the door to the ICE ROOM. It's open. He walks up, looking inside.

HIS POV: Erik sits hunched over in a folding chair, facing away from the door. His body is moving slightly. Like HE'S TALKING. He straightens, as if sensing Johann. And turns --

-- to reveal ARNY'S BODY. It's been pulled from the ice, and is PROPPED UP on the floor directly in front of Erik.

Johann and Erik stare at each other for a long beat.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. EQUINOX - MAIN STATEROOM - DAY

Lucas is asleep, sprawled across the luxurious bed. Sunlight from a port window crosses his face, and he stirs.

INT. EQUINOX - KITCHEN - DAY

Pulling on a sweatshirt, Lucas searches the cabinets, finds a teapot. Fills it, puts it on the stove.

EXT. EQUINOX - DECK - DAY

Lucas steps outside into the harsh sunlight. Takes a deep breath of the crisp air. Then he turns --

-- and all the relaxation IMMEDIATELY LEAVES HIS BODY, as his eyes fix on something.

INT. EQUINOX - LIVING SPACE - DAY

Curled up on the sofa, Kris groans as A HAND SHAKES HER:

LUCAS (O.S.)

Kris. Wake up.

She finally rolls over, squinting in the light. She's startled for a moment, seeing LUCAS' FACE looming over her.

EXT. EQUINOX - DECK - DAY

Kris follows Lucas outside, following his gaze to --

-- THE BOW, where we should see the rear of the *North Star*. But it's gone. The *Equinox* is alone in the water.

LUCAS

They left us. They just fucking left us out here!

In disbelief, Kris walks to the bow, looking at THE CLEATS where the tow lines were attached. There's nothing there.

Lucas stalks towards her, worked up, face red:

LUCAS
It's the goddamn crab... they
didn't want to lose the --

KRIS
Lucas. Calm down.

Kris scans THE HORIZON. There's nothing in sight.

INT. EQUINOX - WHEELHOUSE - DAY

Kris switches channels on the radio, trying again:

KRIS (INTO RADIO)
North Star, this is *Equinox*.
Please respond, over.

There's only silence from the radio. Her eyes go to a RADAR
SCREEN. Not a single blip in sight.

LUCAS
They should be able to hear us,
right? So why aren't they --

KRIS
I think something's wrong with the
equipment. I'm not picking up any
chatter on any of the main
channels. And the radar isn't...
they couldn't have gotten far
enough for us not to see them.

She TRIES THE ENGINE again. It still doesn't catch.

LUCAS
So where the hell did they go?

Kris tries to stay cool. But her mind is spinning.

KRIS
Johann wouldn't just abandon us.
Not without --

LUCAS
Well then why else --

KRIS
Maybe there was an emergency.
Maybe they had to cut us free --

LUCAS

If they'd cut the lines, the ropes
would still be tied to the damn
yacht. They came over, Kris.
While we were sleeping. They
untied the ropes and --

KRIS

That doesn't make any sense.

LUCAS

Then you explain it!

Kris has nothing to say. Lucas tries to calm down:

LUCAS

So what do we do?

KRIS

We wait for them to come back.

EXT. EQUINOX - DECK - DAY

POV BINOCULARS: nothing but horizon as far as we can see.

Kris lowers the binoculars, brow furrowed. Anxiety is
beginning to creep into her cool demeanor. She glances at --

LUCAS, who sits with his legs hanging over the edge of the
side. He's got his leather journal open and is writing.

After a beat, he notices her watching, and closes the book.

KRIS

Your nose has been in that thing
every free second we've had since
we've been out.

LUCAS

(cold:)
It's just... thoughts.

KRIS

What kind of thoughts?

LUCAS

Whatever comes.

He doesn't elaborate. Kris, seeming a little put off by his
defensiveness, walks back inside the wheelhouse. Lucas
watches her go, a little guilty. As he opens the journal--

-- his eyes catch something in A NEARBY WINDOW. He leans toward it, using a hand to block the sunlight.

HIS POV: it's a cramped BATHROOM. What's drawn his attention is SOMETHING on the floor, behind the sink.

INT. EQUINOX - WHEELHOUSE - DAY

Kris sits behind the wheel, trying to rein in her concern. She glances at the radar screen -- it's still blank.

Then she SCANS A FEW CHANNELS on the radio. Nothing. She switches to channel 16 and TURNS UP THE VOLUME. Just the HUM of low-level static. After a moment, her eyes go to --

-- THE CAPTAIN'S LOG on the side of the desk.

INT. EQUINOX - HALLWAY - DAY

Lucas walks to THE LOCKED DOOR from before and gives it another try. It's still locked.

He stands there for a moment, staring at it. Then --

-- HE ABRUPTLY KICKS IT. The small lock gives easily, and the door bursts open.

Lucas stares at the broken door for a moment, as if surprised by his own action. Then he enters --

THE BATHROOM. Kneels and picks up the object on the floor --
-- it's a VIDEO CAMERA.

INT. EQUINOX - WHEELHOUSE - DAY

Kris reads through the CAPTAIN'S LOG. It looks like mostly boring stuff: weather charts, maintenance reports, travel progress. She flips through the pages, to --

-- THE FINAL ENTRY. *'Clear skies. Family fishing. Quiet.'*

And that's it. The DATE on the last entry is 'JUNE 3'.

INT. EQUINOX - BATHROOM - DAY

Lucas crouches by the closed door, trying to fix the broken lock. But it's no use -- the wood has splinted.

There's a CHIME from the video camera -- it's been rewinding. Lucas flips open the VIEWSCREEN and presses 'PLAY'.

ON THE SCREEN: we're RUNNING THROUGH the hallways of a house. Someone's HEAVY BREATHING can be heard as we CLIMB STAIRS and move towards A BEDROOM, where --

-- the DAUGHTER from the family photos is shoving books into her already-filled duffel bag.

SON (O.S., ON VIDEO)
Come on! We're gonna be late!

His sister turns to the camera, giving a sweet smile:

DAUGHTER (ON VIDEO)
When we get out there, I'm gonna throw that thing overboard.

SON (O.S., ON VIDEO)
You do, and I'll tell Dad about your boyfriend --

Daughter angrily rushes forward, reaching for the camera --

IN THE BATHROOM: Lucas smiles as he watches the quarrel.

THE VIDEO cuts to THE FAMILY boarding the boat. The HUSBAND is helping his delicate WIFE on-board. She doesn't seem very pleased about this choice of vacation.

LUCAS fast-forwards the video...

INT. EQUINOX - KITCHEN - DAY

Kris stares in front of the open fridge, scanning the rows of WATER BOTTLES on the top shelves, and the FOOD below.

She kneels and slides open the FREEZER DRAWER. It's less than half-full. She seems concerned about this.

INT. EQUINOX - BATHROOM - DAY

Lucas stops the fast-forward, as THE VIDEO changes to --

-- THE DAUGHTER. She's on the deck, sitting by a fishing pole, staring out over the water. Lost in her thoughts. We're slowly ZOOMING IN on her face...

Something changes in Lucas' eyes, his face softening, as he watches the YOUNG GIRL'S FACE filling THE SCREEN...

...the calm is broken by a *SPLAT* as she's hit by a *CLUMP OF WORM-FILLED MUD*. She lets out a *SCREAM*, calling out:

DAUGHTER (ON VIDEO)

DADDY!

The camera turns to catch THE FATHER laying down his paperback and getting up from his deck chair.

DAUGHTER (ON VIDEO)

He threw bait in my hair!

FATHER (ON VIDEO)

Apologize to your sister.

The video *ZOOMS IN* on the Father's stern face:

SON (ON VIDEO)

That vein is back. The one on your forehead, when you get angry --

FATHER (ON VIDEO)

Simon.

SON (ON VIDEO)

I'm sorry.

DAUGHTER (ON VIDEO)

You're a jerk.

IN BATHROOM: as Lucas watches the video, he doesn't notice --

-- MOVEMENT under the door. THE SHADOW of someone stepping directly in front of it. And stopping there.

Father sighs, helping her pull the mud from her hair.

FATHER (ON VIDEO)

It's not that bad, hon.

SON (ON VIDEO)

Make sure you get all the worms.

DAUGHTER (ON VIDEO)

Eeewwww!

FATHER (ON VIDEO)

Go down and wash your hair.

As she turns to walk away, the Daughter abruptly turns to HER FISHING POLE. It's MOVING in it's holder. And BENDING.

DAUGHTER (ON VIDEO)
Dad? I think I caught something!

Lucas FAST-FORWARDS again -- and just then A FLASHING INDICATOR appears on the screen. A LOW BATTERY signal.

Lucas shuts the viewscreen and turns off the camera. He stands, reaching for the door handle --

-- not seeing THE SHADOW still under the door frame, someone standing right beyond the door. Lucas OPENS IT --

-- but there's no one there.

INT. EQUINOX - LIVING SPACE - DAY

Lucas comes up to the main level.

LUCAS
Kris?

No answer. He looks in the kitchen, then the wheelhouse.

EXT. EQUINOX - DECK - DAY

Lucas steps outside, scanning the long deck. Kris isn't in sight. He's about to head back in, when he notices --

-- SOMETHING GLINTING off the polished cherry railing. He walks over, looking down at the HAMMER lying near the rail. Then his eyes move to the object itself --

-- it's a QUARTER. And it's been nailed into the rail. It wasn't there before.

INT. EQUINOX - BELOW DECKS - DAY

Lucas comes back down below, concerned. Calling out:

LUCAS
Kris?

INT. EQUINOX - ENGINE ROOM - DAY

Lucas opens the door. Kris is kneeling by the engine, facing away from him, wearing a bandanna to hold her hair back.

LUCAS
Big boat. Thought I lost you.

She doesn't turn towards him. And now we see that her body is JERKING strangely. Lucas steps towards her.

LUCAS

Kris?

He finally leans down, putting A HAND ON HER SHOULDER --

-- she SPINS AROUND, startled, raising A PIPE WRENCH --

-- then she lowers the wrench, popping the earbuds for her iPod from her ears.

KRIS

Don't sneak up on me.

LUCAS

I didn't. I was calling you.

It's taking her quite a while to calm herself. She finally turns away, kneeling back down to work:

KRIS

Captain's log didn't say anything about engine trouble. Fact, it didn't say much of anything at all.

LUCAS

Is that weird?

KRIS

Considering the ship is disabled, six people are missing, and the only life raft they brought on-board is still on-board? Yeah, I'd say it's a little weird.

LUCAS

(realizing:)

Six people? I thought there were only four?

KRIS

Boat like this needs a Captain. Family like them needed a crew.

LUCAS

Well, can you fix it?

KRIS

I can try.

LUCAS
What if you can't?

KRIS
Then we'd better hope the *North Star* is coming back.

LUCAS
And what if they don't?

KRIS
So you're a "worst-case-scenario" kind of guy.

LUCAS
Yeah, guess so.

KRIS
Out here, that's a good thing.

INT. EQUINOX - WHEELHOUSE - DAY

Lucas and Kris are opening drawers, shelves and closets.

KRIS
They're usually about a foot long. Probably cylindrical, bright orange, with a clear top.

LUCAS
An 'EPIRB'?

She turns to see Lucas holding a CANISTER with a plastic-shielded BULB at the top. She takes it, checks it out:

KRIS
'Emergency Position-Indicating Radio Beacon'. Sends an SOS and GPS signal to satellite. It can be picked up anywhere in the world, and the strobe light is visible for miles. We hit our "worst case scenario", we turn this baby on.

LUCAS
I say we turn it on now.

KRIS
If we call in the cavalry, we lose the salvage claim. And we go home with nothing.

Lucas considers. But he doesn't seem convinced.

KRIS
I don't know what happened, Lucas.
But I know Johann will come back.
Just give him twenty-four hours.

After a beat, Lucas finally nods his assent.

INT. EQUINOX - KITCHEN - DAY

Kris is pulling food from the fridge, throwing the rotten items into a garbage bag.

INT. EQUINOX - STATEROOM - DAY

The smaller cabin with two bunks, one on each side. Clearly, one was the SON'S, the other the DAUGHTER'S.

Lucas is going through the boy's things, looking through the closet, feeling around under the bunk. He's not finding what he's looking for. He sighs, and looks over at --

-- the DAUGHTER'S side. He pulls back the screen, revealing DOZENS OF PHOTOS taped to the wall.

INT. EQUINOX - ENGINE ROOM / HALLWAY - DAY

Kris dumps two full garbage bags into the bilge room and closes the door. She walks back down the hall, stopping at --

-- THE STATEROOM DOOR. She can see Lucas inside, sitting on the daughter's bunk, the privacy screen pulled back.

ON LUCAS: he studies the PHOTOS on display, images of the daughter with HER FRIENDS. He recognizes her from the video.

Finally he turns, seeing A SMALL BOOK sticking out under her pillow. He opens the cover. "MY DIARY" is written inside. There's a PHOTO of the Daughter below, sticking out her tongue. "NO PEEKING, SIMON!!!" is written below that.

Kris watches Lucas a moment as he stares intently at the daughter's face, as if trying to memorize every detail...

EXT. EQUINOX - DECK - NIGHT

Kris sits on a deck chair, WHISTLING as she looks over the still water, the sound carrying far into the night.

LUCAS (O.S.)
This seat taken?

She looks over her shoulder, seeing Lucas. She shakes her head "no", and he sits in the chair next to her.

LUCAS
God, it's cold enough to freeze the
balls off a brass monkey.
(looking over the water:)
I thought the Bering Sea was never
this calm.

KRIS
I've been coming out here since I
was thirteen, and I've never seen
anything like it. It's like the
doldrums, by the equator.
Sometimes you wait for days for
even a slight breeze. Sometimes
the sea just wants you to stay
right where you are.

Lucas glances at THE COIN nailed into the railing nearby.

LUCAS
What's with the quarter?

KRIS
Good luck.

LUCAS
So you're just as superstitious as
Vic and Jerry.

KRIS
You shouldn't listen to their
stories. They're just a couple of
windbags, those two.

Just then a HINT OF COLOR appears on her face. She turns her eyes to the sky. So does Lucas.

LUCAS
Man, I'll never get enough of that.

THEIR POV: the NORTHERN LIGHTS are out, a shimmering curtain of green and yellow, reflected on the water far below.

KRIS
Yeah. Me either.

LUCAS

Army told me the Inuit believe that the lights are actually the flames of torches carried by their version of angels. They appear when the angels are guiding newly-departed souls to the afterlife.

Kris watches the way the lights play off his face. Then:

KRIS

That was really cool, you know. What you did for him.

LUCAS

It's what he would have wanted.

There's an awkward beat between them. Then:

LUCAS

I'm sorry about your Dad's boat. And I shouldn't have asked. It's none of my business.

KRIS

Being on the water was his life. And that boat was his home. The home for his heart, at least. After he died, dealing with the bank, and the lawyers... it was all so impersonal. They didn't understand. They didn't even try.

She looks away. A beat. Lucas wants to cheer her up:

LUCAS

So, there was this whorehouse outside of Las Vegas.

Kris turns to him. Bewildered.

LUCAS

And one night this really dignified, well-dressed guy shows up. Tells the Madam he wants a girl named Florida. The Madam tells him that Florida is one of their most expensive ladies. But the guy insists. So Florida comes down -- and yeah, she's pretty hot. She tells the guy she charges a thousand bucks a trick.

(MORE)

LUCAS (cont'd)

Without missing a beat, the guy pulls out his wallet, peels out ten hundred-dollar bills. So Florida takes him upstairs. The next night the same thing happens: classy guy shows up, asks for Florida. The Madam tells him that there's no special discount for two nights in a row. But the guy doesn't want one. He just whips out another thousand bucks -- and bam, he's upstairs again with Florida. The next night the guy shows up again, saying it's his last visit. No one can believe it -- no one's ever seen Florida three nights in a row before. So she takes him upstairs, and when they're done she starts asking him some questions. She finds out he's from Michigan, and she says: "Really? I have family in Michigan!" The guy says: "I know. Your father died, and I'm your sister's attorney. She asked me to give you your twenty-thousand-dollar inheritance."

Kris just stares at him. He grins.

KRIS

So the moral of that story is?

LUCAS

Only three things in life are certain: death, taxes, and being screwed by a lawyer.

Kris smiles, and laughs. It's the first time we've seen her let down her guard. And Lucas can't help laughing, too.

INT. EQUINOX - BELOW DECKS - NIGHT

Kris sleeps soundly in the MAIN STATEROOM, curled up under a mass of pillows and blankets. We DRIFT DOWN the hallway to --

-- ANOTHER STATEROOM. Lucas is asleep on a much smaller bed.

After a moment, he OPENS HIS EYES. He sits up, listening.

INT. EQUINOX - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Lucas steps into the hallway. Listens. But it's silent --

-- no, wait. There is something. A soft, distant sound. Almost like a breathy gust of wind. Or a whisper.

INT. EQUINOX - LIVING SPACE - NIGHT

Lucas comes up the stairs, into the dark room. And now we hear what has led him here --

-- it's THE RADIO. There's an odd STATIC behind the soft crackling of the open transmission line. But it's not constant, rather coming and going, fading in and out.

Lucas sits in front of the radio, leaning in toward the speaker. He reaches out and TURNS UP THE VOLUME.

The BACKGROUND HUM swells in the room. And the intermittent CRACKLING is clearer. Something about it resembles A VOICE, a one-way conversation, distorted and muffled.

Lucas picks up the mic:

LUCAS (INTO RADIO)

Hello?

The CRACKLING suddenly stops. A beat of silence.

Then there's another BURST OF STATIC. More audible, more insistent. But still unclear. More "noise" than "signal".

LUCAS (INTO RADIO)

Is there someone out there?

A beat. And another CRACKLE. Almost like a reply.

Lucas tries nearby channels, adjusts the band. But the CRACKLING is gone. There's only the HUM of the signal.

And then something grabs Lucas' attention -- MOVEMENT in the corner of his eye. Like something just passed the window.

He stands, walking to the window, and looking outside.

HIS POV: though it's dark outside, we can make out what appears to be A FIGURE standing by the bow of the yacht.

Lucas peers out the window, unsure if his eyes are deceiving him. He opens the door, freezing air spilling into the room.

LUCAS

Kris?

HIS POV: now, with a clearer view, THE DECK is empty.

After a moment, Lucas closes the door and turns -- startled to see Kris STANDING RIGHT BEHIND HIM.

KRIS
Can't sleep either?

LUCAS
I thought I heard the radio.

He turns back to the window, glancing outside. Kris turns the radio back to the main channel. It's still silent.

KRIS
Maybe one of us should always be
up. Just in case.

She notices him looking outside. Follows his gaze. She shivers involuntarily, the chill in the air hitting her.

INT. EQUINOX - LIVING SPACE - DAY

Kris sits cross-legged by a low table. Munchies are laid out by a backgammon board. She runs her finger along the edge of an empty WINE GLASS, making it RING.

Across the room, Lucas kneels by a wine rack, examining the labels. He slides one out and his eyes light up. He starts peeling the foil as he walks back to the table.

KRIS
That a good one?

LUCAS
Real good.

She watches as he pops the cork and fills his glass. But as he moves to fill hers, she raises a hand, blocking him.

KRIS
I don't drink.

LUCAS
Even at a time like this?

KRIS
Especially at a time like this.

He shrugs, swirling the wine in his glass.

LUCAS
You're missing out. So, how do you
play?

KRIS
You don't know how to play
backgammon?

LUCAS
I'm more of a checkers guy.

KRIS
Maybe they have a deck of cards or
something.

LUCAS
That's okay, we don't have to --

But she's already looking through the nearby storage bins.

LUCAS
Oh, I get it. As long as we're
playing a game...

KRIS
...nothing can happen.

Lucas reaches for a tightly-wrapped hunk of cheese. Tries to
open it. No dice. Starts gnawing on it with his teeth.

Kris sees him and smiles. She reaches into her back pocket,
sliding out a UTILITY KNIFE. Tosses it to him. He opens it,
revealing a wicked-looking BLADE.

LUCAS
You're a regular girl scout.

KRIS
Always prepared.

He uses the knife to open the cheese... then stares at it.

LUCAS
This what happened to Erik's face?

Kris turns to look at him. A beat. Then:

KRIS
The season he worked my Dad's boat,
we took in a rough haul. We hit
the bar as soon as we landed, to
drink it off. I had a lot. Too
much. So did Erik. All I remember
is waking up, and he was...

She trails off. Lucas' face darkens.

LUCAS

He raped you?

KRIS

I don't know what happened. I couldn't remember. But he felt entitled to Round Two a couple nights ago. He didn't seem to care that I felt otherwise. So I had to make him care.

LUCAS

I can't believe you'd get on another boat with him.

KRIS

You notice any other women getting on boats as we were heading out?

LUCAS

(getting it:)

Bad luck, right?

KRIS

Let's put it this way -- my Grandfather cried when I came out a girl. Johann was a friend of my Dad's. So he made an exception.

LUCAS

(folding up the knife:)

Well, I'm glad you have a healthy sense of paranoia.

KRIS

(shrugs:)

Hard to trust people. Especially like him.

Lucas holds up the knife. Smiles.

LUCAS

Does this mean you trust me?

KRIS

Maybe.

He tosses the knife back to her, and she pockets it.

KRIS

I'm not finding anything. Looks like you're learning how to play backgammon tonight.

Lucas' eyes to go THE VIDEO CAMERA sitting nearby.

LUCAS
I've got a better idea.

INT. EQUINOX - LIVING SPACE - NIGHT

Lucas is on his back, reaching up into the innards of the ENTERTAINMENT SYSTEM, pulling and rewiring cables.

LUCAS
Here, this one should work.

He emerges with a single-pronged media cable that branches into the standard triple-RCA video and audio outputs. Kris hands him the camera and he plugs it in.

LUCAS
The battery still has a little bit of juice left. And I'm sure there's a charger around someplace. I checked the kid's room, but couldn't find anything.

She watches as he plugs the RCA end into the digital projector. Clearly she was wondering what he was doing in the room. Now she's got her answer.

Lucas pulls down the screen and turns on the projector. As he scans the inputs, there's a DING from nearby. Kris walks into the kitchen, returning with a bag of popcorn.

KRIS
Only way to do a movie.

Lucas finds the right input and joins her on the couch as she dumps the popcorn into a bowl. He turns up the volume on --

-- THE VIDEO. The camera's been rolling, and the scene has changed. Now we're seeing the MOTHER cooking in the kitchen, and the FATHER joking around, sneaking up on her with two carrots sticking out of his mouth like long fangs.

FATHER (ON VIDEO)
(as Transylvanian:)
I've come to suck your V-8!

The Mother swats him, but he's persistent, trying to get her to enjoy herself. Finally she laughs, and the exchange ends with a kiss. There's love here, under the surface.

The BATTERY INDICATOR light begins flashing again.

Kris picks up the remote and FAST-FORWARDS, stopping --

-- ON DARKNESS. But we can hear the SOUND of the camera being jostled around. And then there's a CLICK --

-- as a FLASHLIGHT it turned on. And now we can make out the CHILDREN'S STATEROOM. The son is shining his light on his sister's bed. It's EMPTY. Then the camera turns to a DIGITAL CLOCK... It's 3:00 am.

LUCAS AND KRIS watch as the son MOVES THROUGH THE YACHT, looking for his sister.

ON THE VIDEO: we're now ABOVE DECKS, and the camera finds the DAUGHTER sitting on the edge of the boat, legs dangling over the edge. The son SNEAKS UP ON HER --

SON (O.S., ON VIDEO)
Yyyaaaaaaa!!!

-- but she doesn't jump. She just turns toward the camera, with a strange look in her eyes. Something's bothering her.

SON (O.S., ON VIDEO)
Can't sleep? Having nightmares?

DAUGHTER (ON VIDEO)
Go away, Danny.

She turns back to the water. Her brother sits next to her, realizing there's something wrong:

SON (O.S., ON VIDEO)
What's wrong?

The Daughter just keeps staring straight ahead, head lowered.

LUCAS AND KRIS watch as the shot ZOOMS IN on her face. They've stopped eating their popcorn.

ON THE VIDEO: the Daughter finally looks into the camera. She leans forward, WHISPERING, as if someone's listening:

DAUGHTER (ON VIDEO)
We're not alone out here.

ON LUCAS AND KRIS: the words of the girl clearly spook them.

SON (O.S., ON VIDEO)
Did you see another ship?

THE VIDEO swings away from the girl, across the dark water.

DAUGHTER (O.S., ON VIDEO)
Not out there.

The camera turns back, and we can see that she's TERRIFIED:

DAUGHTER (ON VIDEO)
Here. On the boat. There's
someone else --

THE SCREEN suddenly goes blue. The batteries have died.

Lucas and Kris stare at the screen for a long beat.

INT. EQUINOX - ENGINE ROOM - DAWN

The room is dark, the only illumination coming from a GAS LANTERN on the floor next to Kris. She's working on the engine, fumbling with the wrench in her gloved hands.

Shivering in the cold, she unscrews a thermos and pours herself a mug of coffee. As she takes a sip --

-- there's a CREAK from across the room. She turns, looking into the darkness. Grabs the lantern and raises it --

THE CORNER is illuminated by light. There's nothing there.

Clearly a bit on edge, Kris turns back to her work.

INT. EQUINOX - MAIN STATEROOM - DAWN

CLOSE ON THE DAUGHTER'S DIARY, in Lucas' hands. We MOVE ALONG his body, now seeing A MANUAL CLOCK next to the bed. It's almost eleven o'clock. We keep going, finally seeing --

LUCAS. He's not asleep. He's staring at the ceiling. Signs of exhaustion have returned to his face.

He swings his legs out of bed and sits up. And as he does, we see SOMETHING on the wall behind him, attached with a piece of Scotch tape. It looks like a small PHOTOGRAPH.

Lucas as he gets up and shuffles to the door, opening it --

-- he immediately tenses. Brow furrowed. He sniffs the air.

INT. EQUINOX - ENGINE ROOM - DAWN

Kris JUMPS as the door opens behind her. She turns to see Lucas in the doorway, head cocked, still clutching the diary.

KRIS
Get any sleep?

He shakes his head, distracted.

KRIS
Find anything in there?

It takes him a beat to realize she's talking about the diary.

LUCAS
She stopped writing the same day as
the Captain.

Kris sits up, wondering what's going on with him. Finally:

LUCAS
You can't smell it down here.

KRIS
Smell what?

INT. EQUINOX - BELOW DECKS - DAWN

Kris follows Lucas into the hallway. She draws a breath, and immediately winces, putting a hand to her face.

KRIS
What the hell is that?

EXT. EQUINOX - DECK - DAWN

Lucas and Kris step outside, where the smell is almost overpowering. They walk to the rail and look down --

-- at the ROTTING FISH floating on the surface below.

NEW ANGLE: from high above, we can see the RING OF DEAD FISH that completely encircles the yacht.

INT. EQUINOX - KITCHEN - DAY

Lucas is by the open fridge, counting the water bottles inside. Kris enters, putting down a cardboard box and opening the lid. It's full of small METALLIC CYLINDERS:

KRIS
At least they had a smart Captain.

LUCAS
What are they?

KRIS
Flares. About four dozen.

LUCAS
Great. So we should shoot one off every hour or something?

KRIS
We need to save them. We're not near any major shipping lanes, most planes are too high up to --

LUCAS
Hold on a second. How long exactly do you think it will take?

KRIS
(after a beat:)
It could be a while. We're okay with food, and we can catch fish. It's the water I'm worried about. We'll have to ration it.

The two stand in silence for a moment. Both very unsettled.

LUCAS
What could cause something like that? All those fish...

KRIS
Could be acoustic smog. They rely on sound, but the oceans have been getting louder. Sonar blasts from submarines, and noise from the shipping lanes --

LUCAS
I thought you said we weren't near any shipping lanes.

KRIS
We aren't.

LUCAS
So why the dead fish? And why are they all around our boat?

When Kris looks at him, there's real fear in her eyes. It's the first time we've seen it.

KRIS
I don't know, Lucas.

EXT. EQUINOX - DECK - DAY

Kris unscrews a side panel on the EPIRB canister and switches it on. The light on top of the beacon BEGINS TO STROBE.

She replaces the panel and stands the beacon in the center of the deck. Then she looks around, scanning the horizon, stuffing her hands in her pockets as A BREEZE picks up.

Then she walks back to the wheelhouse, and goes inside. But we stay on the EPIRB, beaming it's silent signal, as we...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. EQUINOX - DECK - NIGHT

The STROBE LIGHT fires once every second, filling the deck with a stark blast of illumination.

We DRIFT TOWARDS the wheelhouse, where Lucas is visible behind the wheel, ignoring the flashes outside.

INT. EQUINOX - WHEELHOUSE - NIGHT

Lucas is re-reading the daughter's JOURNAL. He sees the PHOTO OF A BOY taped on a page, with hearts scribbled around it. A smile crosses his lips, and he turns to the next page.

The yacht's INTERCOM system crackles:

KRIS (ON INTERCOM)
Try it again.

Lucas reaches to the controls, presses the IGNITION BUTTON.

INT. EQUINOX - ENGINE ROOM - NIGHT

Face dirty with grime and sweat, Kris crouches by the engine. A SPACE HEATER glows nearby, but she's clearly still cold.

The engine TURNS OVER with a tremendous sound as Lucas tries the ignition... but doesn't catch.

KRIS (INTO INTERCOM)
Alright, cut it.

The engine quiets. Kris stares at the beast, almost defeated. Then her eyes go to a pair of AIR INTAKE LINES.

KRIS

It can't be that easy...

She lies down and slides under an exhaust line to reach the air intake pipes. Squeezes along the length of one, looking for blockages. Seems clear. Tries the other --

-- eureka. The second line has AN OBJECT embedded inside it.

Kris unscrews one end of the air line and starts FORCING THE OBJECT towards the open end.

INT. EQUINOX - WHEELHOUSE - NIGHT

Lucas flips another page of the diary as:

KRIS (ON INTERCOM)

There's something lodged in the air line. I don't know why I didn't check it before.

INT. EQUINOX - ENGINE ROOM - NIGHT

The object appears, falling free of the line. Kris shines her flashlight into her palm. Bewildered.

LUCAS (ON INTERCOM)

What is it?

ON KRIS' HAND: it's a very wide old CORK.

KRIS

It's a cork.

LUCAS (ON INTERCOM)

A cork? How'd it get in there?

KRIS

Got me on that one. Hit it again.

The ENGINE FIRES -- and CATCHES.

INT. EQUINOX - WHEELHOUSE - NIGHT

Lucas watches as the INSTRUMENT PANEL before him LIGHTS UP. The entire ship SHUDDERS as the engines cough to life.

The journal FALLS TO THE FLOOR as Lucas practically leaps off of the chair with delight, staring at the controls.

LUCAS (INTO INTERCOM)
We've got power! Everything just
lit up --

INT. EQUINOX - ENGINE ROOM - NIGHT

Kris stands, staring at the engine with relief.

KRIS
Okay. Let's get this show on the --

There's a sudden BRIGHT FLASH... and Kris' head jerks to the SPACE HEATER, which suddenly FLARES WITH FIRE --

INT. EQUINOX - WHEELHOUSE - NIGHT

Lucas reaches down to pick up the daughter's diary, but as he's about to close it, he hesitates --

-- THE PAGE it opened too, well into the blank unwritten section, has ONE SENTENCE written, with a shaky hand:

'I HID IT.'

As Lucas stares at the writing, Kris' DESPERATE VOICE blares out over the intercom:

KRIS (ON INTERCOM)
SHUT IT DOWN! SHUT IT DOWN!!!

Startled, Lucas LASHES OUT at the kill switch -- and then he sees the FLASHING INDICATOR on the computer screen: **'FIRE'**.

INT. EQUINOX - BELOW DECKS - NIGHT

Lucas RUNS DOWN THE HALL, breathless and panicking, clutching a fire extinguisher. He rushes to the ENGINE ROOM door --

INT. EQUINOX - ENGINE ROOM - NIGHT

-- and SMOKE billows out into the corridor. The engine room is almost pitch black, filled with the roiling smoke.

LUCAS
KRIS!

He hears COUGHING from the darkness. He takes a breath and RUSHES IN. A FLASHLIGHT BEAM can barely be seen...

...it's KRIS. She's on the floor. And she's not moving.

Lucas drops to his knees, grabbing her shoulders and pulling her towards the open door. Just as he reaches it, he looks back up at the engine room... and FREEZES --

-- a FIGURE stands at the far end of the room, backlit by the flashlight beam. The LONG HAIR indicates a woman --

-- but it's as though the figure is MADE OF AIR, the billowing smoke creating it's form...

...the smoke abruptly FALLS INWARD, filling the empty pocket.

Kris STIRS in his grip, and that brings him back.

INT. EQUINOX - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Lucas pulls Kris into the hallway and closes the door. He quickly turns back to her, concerned... but she's already pulling herself up, leaning against the wall.

LUCAS

You okay?

KRIS

Gas fumes. In the air line. The heater coils ignited it...

She catches her breath. Lucas turns his eyes to the door.

LUCAS

I thought... I saw...

Still shaken, she waits for him to continue. He doesn't.

INT. EQUINOX - WHEELHOUSE - NIGHT

Kris gently FEATHERS THE THROTTLE. And grins at the ROAR from outside, and the SHUDDER that shakes the yacht.

LUCAS

God, I think that's the sweetest sound I've ever heard.

EXT. EQUINOX - DECK - NIGHT

Kris picks up the beacon and turns it off. Then she walks to the aft rail of the boat, looking back at --

-- the ring of DEAD FISH, receding in the distance.

INT. EQUINOX - BELOW DECKS - NIGHT

Kris walks down the hall, passing the open BATHROOM. The shower is RUNNING, and Lucas lets out a blissful MOAN as she passes. She smiles, heading to her room. But she pauses at--

INT. EQUINOX - STATEROOM - NIGHT

Kris stands in the doorway, staring at THE PHOTO Lucas has taped to the wall. Glancing at the shower, she decides...

...and enters. Leaning across his bed to look at the picture. A LITTLE GIRL (7) beams at the camera. Freckles on her cheeks, a gap in her toothy smile.

It takes Kris a moment to realize THE SHOWER has stopped running. She quickly turns, and heads for the door --

-- BUMPING INTO LUCAS, wearing only a towel around his waist.

KRIS

(covering:)

I was looking for a towel --

LUCAS

I hung up an extra one for you.

She walks past him to the bathroom. He's too blissed out from the hot shower to question what she was doing in there.

INT. EQUINOX - WHEELHOUSE / LIVING SPACE - NIGHT

Toweling out her hair, Kris is perched in the chair, using a small DIGITAL PLOTTER to set a course for home. MUFFLED MUSIC can be heard nearby. Kris finishes, and enters --

THE LIVING SPACE. Reggae plays on the stereo, and Lucas sings along as he forages through cabinets and storage.

Kris' attention goes to the BOTTLE OF CHAMPAGNE and two flutes chilling in a bucket. Round canisters of CAVIAR sit atop the ice around it. She picks one up, impressed:

KRIS
Beluga. Nice.

LUCAS
There's a shitload of it. And that bottle of Tattinger's close to a thousand bucks. Guy must have been loaded.

KRIS
Yeah, couldn't tell from the boat.

He glances at her, but she's just teasing him. She unwraps the bottle of champagne.

KRIS
What are you looking for?

LUCAS
I think the girl hid her brother's camera bag. There might be another battery, or a power cable. I want to see the rest of the video.

KRIS
Why?

LUCAS
What if they recorded whatever happened?

KRIS
All I care about is getting my feet back on land, and collecting my check.

LUCAS
Aren't you even curious?

She pops the cork and pours two glasses, hands one over.

LUCAS
I thought you didn't drink.

KRIS
At a time like this?
(raising her glass:)
To the most dangerous job in the world.

They clink glasses. And empty them.

EXT. EQUINOX - DECK - NIGHT

THROUGH THE WINDOWS, we can see Lucas and Kris talking and laughing, finishing the bottle and opening another. The booze and the repairs have loosened them up.

FROM HIGH ABOVE: the sounds of the music, and their laughter, carry far across the deserted waters.

INT. EQUINOX - BELOW DECKS - NIGHT

The music above has switched to a more mellow selection. Lucas comes down the stairs, almost tripping. He's tipsy.

LUCAS

Kris? Everything come out okay?

He walks down THE HALLWAY to THE BATHROOM -- the door is open a crack, and there's the sound of RUNNING WATER from inside.

LUCAS

(knocking:)

You alright in there?

He opens the door, finding KRIS on the edge of the tub. It's filling with steaming water and bubbles. A few candles have been lit. And she has a towel wrapped around her.

KRIS

Sorry, I got distracted.

LUCAS

Well, you took the bottle.

She raises it. An invitation to come in. He does, taking the bottle and sitting on the toilet. Watching as she stirs the water with her hand.

KRIS

God. It feels like it's been
forever since I did this.

Lucas watches as she stands, slipping off her towel --

LUCAS

Want me to turn around, or someth--

-- but she has a BATHING SUIT on underneath. She smiles.

KRIS

Found it in the bedroom.

She slides into the tub, letting out a sigh of pleasure.
Lucas hands her the bottle. She takes a pull, settling back.

KRIS

Know what I just realized?

LUCAS

What's that?

KRIS

We only have to split the salvage
two ways. That's a million each.
Not bad for ten days of work.

LUCAS

It could be half. Taxes and
lawyers, remember? Is it enough to
buy back your Dad's boat?

KRIS

I'm not sure I want to.

(beat:)

It was last season. We hit rough
weather on the way home. We were
pushing into the swell when a rogue
wave hit us. It was so high it
knocked out the mast lights. I was
on deck, securing the pods. The
wave just picked me up and...

She shudders at the memory.

KRIS

Out here, this time of year, the
water's so cold that it shuts down
your nervous system. You're not
out of the water in ten seconds...

(remembering:)

When I hit the water, it was like a
lightswitch. It just turned me
off, like I was yanked right out of
my body. I couldn't feel anything,
I couldn't think anything. I was
just watching myself sink. The
crew threw out lines, and life
preservers. But none of them would
risk jumping in after me.

(beat:)

Except my father. He got the
preserver under my shoulder,
connected it to the crane. They
started lifting us out, and he
slipped. He grabbed my arm...

(MORE)

KRIS (cont'd)
 I could see the fear in his eyes.
 But I was too cold, and my
 fingers... I couldn't hold on.

LUCAS
 God. I'm sorry.

KRIS
 The Bering takes a couple crabbers
 every year. Guess it was his turn.

They're silent for a beat. She hands him the bottle. Then:

LUCAS
 I can't believe that you'd ever
 come back out here again.

KRIS
 It was his life -- it was all he
 knew how to do. So who was the
 sailor in your family?
 (off his surprised look:)
 "Cold enough to freeze the balls
 off a brass monkey". Don't hear
 that on land very often.

LUCAS
 My grandfather. He used to say
 that about Michigan in the winter.
 He'd been a fisherman up in Nova
 Scotia most of his life. At some
 point he packed up the family and
 moved inland. Like he wanted us as
 far away from the sea as possible.
 He never talked about those days.

KRIS
 Maybe he thought he owed it
 something. Something it might come
 and claim someday.

Lucas is surprised by her words. Then:

LUCAS
 He had a heart attack during his
 morning swim in the lake a few
 years ago. He drowned. So maybe
 you're right.
 (beat:)
 Because of Grandpa, I guess I
 picked up an academic interest in
 all things nautical. I ended up in
 Law School, thinking I'd specialize
 in Maritime.

(MORE)

LUCAS (cont'd)
Instead my eyes got too big, and I
switched to Corporate. I worked at
a firm for a year in Los Angeles.
And then...

He trails off. Doesn't seem to want to elaborate.

KRIS
Then?

LUCAS
One day I was sitting in rush-hour
traffic. And I started looking
around at all the buildings hanging
over me, and all the people in
their cars around me. And I got
claustrophobic. I felt like I was
in a cage. That the skyscrapers
were keeping me from seeing what I
needed to see.

KRIS
What did you need to see?

LUCAS
I didn't know. But I knew it was
something. I guess I hoped that
out here, in the middle of nowhere,
maybe I'd find that "thing" I knew
I was missing.

Kris watches him take another pull from the bottle. Then:

KRIS
So, have you found it?

LUCAS
What?

She leans forward, holding his gaze as she moves to the other
side of the tub. Moving closer to him.

KRIS
That "thing" you were looking for.

They stare at each other, something stirring between them.

LUCAS
Maybe.

INT. EQUINOX - MAIN STATEROOM - NIGHT

Barely visible in the moonlight, Lucas and Kris kiss passionately on the bed. On top, Lucas pulls off his sweatshirt. He reaches for his t-shirt, but she stops him.

KRIS
Tell me something.

LUCAS
Like what?

KRIS
Something nautical, Mr. "Academic".
Something I don't know. Then you
can have the shirt.

Lucas grins. Thinks. Then:

LUCAS
Know where the phrase "windbags"
comes from? People actually used
to sell empty bags that they
claimed held wind. They'd tell
sailors to open them when the wind
died, and they'd be good to go.

KRIS
One more, and the jeans are next.

Lucas sits up, straddling her.

LUCAS
Okay, I've got one. Did you know
that up until the last fifty years
or so, most sailors didn't even
know how to swim?

He leans back out of the moonlight and into darkness, as he
pulls up his shirt...

KRIS
That one you're making up.

LUCAS
No, it's true. They never learned
to swim because they believed --

...the shirt clears his head, and he leans forward again, his
face MOVING BACK INTO THE MOONLIGHT --

-- only it's not Lucas' face anymore. It's ERIK'S. His leering grin is only inches from her face:

ERIK
-- *what the sea wants, the sea will
surely have.*

Terrified, Kris LUNGES FORWARD, pushing Erik off her body and getting off the bed. She backs into the corner, staring at --

-- LUCAS. He stands in the half-darkness, wide-eyed.

LUCAS
Kris? What's wrong?

She stares at him for a moment, bewildered. Then, calming:

KRIS
I think -- I think maybe I've had
too much to drink.

Lucas misinterprets what she's saying. Dejectedly:

LUCAS
Yeah, well, we should get some
sleep, I guess.

He wants her to disagree. But she doesn't.

EXT. BERING SEA - NIGHT

The *Equinox* carves a wedge through the tranquil water. It's hard to make out, running with it's lights off. And then --

-- an ORANGE GLOW is visible ON THE DECK: it's Lucas. He's wrapped in a quilt, standing at the bow, smoking a cigarette.

INT. EQUINOX - WHEELHOUSE - NIGHT

Lucas enters, sliding the door behind him. Takes a final pull from the cigarette, and STUBS IT OUT on the doorframe --

-- then he stares at it, as if only realizing what he's doing for the first time. His eyes go to the PACK OF SMOKES by the wheel. He crumples it up and tosses it into a waste bin.

INT. EQUINOX - LIVING SPACE - NIGHT

Lucas heads for the stairs but pauses, seeing SOMETHING sitting on the backgammon board. It's too dark to identify.

He walks over, switching on a light, to see --
 -- the VIDEO CAMERA BAG. It wasn't there earlier.

INT. EQUINOX - MAIN STATEROOM - NIGHT

Kris lies in bed, staring at the ceiling. Torn. Finally, she throws the covers off herself.

INT. EQUINOX - BELOW DECKS - NIGHT

Kris walks across the hall to LUCAS' STATEROOM. She knocks.

KRIS

Lucas?

There's no answer. She opens the door and steps inside... but HIS BED is empty.

INT. EQUINOX - LIVING SPACE - NIGHT

His face eerily lit by the BLUE GLOW of the digital projector, Lucas plugs the camera's AC ADAPTER into the wall outlet, then connects the other end to the camera itself.

He sits back on the couch, and presses 'PLAY'.

ON THE SCREEN: the VIDEO continues. It's a shaky shot THROUGH A WINDOW of the FATHER AND MOTHER, arguing on the deck outside. Their words are muffled, but understandable:

FATHER (ON VIDEO)

...has to be an explanation. They wouldn't just leave us out here.

MOTHER (ON VIDEO)

(shaken:)

*Then tell me -- where are they?
 Where would they go?*

FATHER (ON VIDEO)

I don't know! Look, we need to stay calm. The kids --

The camera PANS AWAY from the video, as the shooter breathlessly walks through the LIVING AREA to --

-- THE WHEELHOUSE. The DAUGHTER sits by the radio, facing away from us. Slumped forward in the chair. Listening.

SON (O.S., ON VIDEO)
*They're gone... the Captain, and
 the crew guys --*

His sister turns to him, holding a finger to her lips.

DAUGHTER (ON VIDEO)
Listen. Do you hear it?

SON (O.S., ON VIDEO)
Hear what?

The Daughter reaches to THE RADIO CONTROLS, maxes the volume.

ON LUCAS, as the audio is filled with the same CRACKLING that he himself heard on the radio...

DAUGHTER (ON VIDEO)
(into radio:)
Say something... can you hear me?
Say something again...

INT. EQUINOX - BELOW DECKS - NIGHT

Kris re-enters the dark hall. She starts towards the stairs--
 -- and hesitates, seeing SOMEONE standing halfway up. Facing her. Face concealed by the darkness.

KRIS
I can't sleep either.

THE FIGURE doesn't respond.

KRIS
*I'm sorry, Lucas. It's... been
 awhile. Know what I mean?*
(still no response:)
Lucas? Are you alright? --

The words catch in her throat as THE FIGURE takes a step closer, reaching the bottom of the stairs. And she realizes--

-- he's TOO TALL to be Lucas. It's someone else.

INT. EQUINOX - LIVING SPACE - NIGHT

Lucas stares blankly at the screen as THE VIDEO continues...

...a shot from above decks, PANNING IN A CIRCLE. The horizon is obscured by A DENSE FOG that completely encircles the yacht, an impenetrable RING that begins fifty feet away.

SON (V.O., ON VIDEO)
Is it a cloud?

The camera turns to HIS FATHER, sitting on the edge of the yacht, staring blankly at the ring of fog.

SON (V.O., ON VIDEO)
How come it's out there, not here?

FATHER (ON VIDEO)
I don't know.

When the Son speaks again, the fear is evident in his voice:

SON (V.O., ON VIDEO)
I looked all over, Dad. I can't find Mom. She's... I think she's gone, too --

FATHER (ON VIDEO)
Where's your sister?

SON (V.O., ON VIDEO)
She's hiding, I think.

When the Father turns towards us, there's something different in his eyes. He looks like a different person.

FATHER (ON VIDEO)
It's her fault.
(standing:)
Turn that stupid thing off. We need to find it. She has to --

SON (V.O., ON VIDEO)
But Dad --

FATHER (ON VIDEO)
I said TURN IT OFF!

He GRABS FOR THE CAMERA, and the scene cuts to DARKNESS.

Lucas, shaken by the video, reaches for the camera. Presses FAST-FORWARD -- but stops as he realizes that THE CAMERA IS STILL ROLLING. He slowly TURNS UP THE VOLUME...

...hearing the FRIGHTENED BREATHING filling the audio track. There's also a soft METALLIC CLANGING, coming from nearby.

INT. EQUINOX - BELOW DECKS - NIGHT

Kris takes a step away from THE FIGURE, still facing her:

KRIS
Who -- who are --

She DRAWS A BREATH as the Figure SUDDENLY STUMBLES FORWARD, just a step, almost like he's sick, or off-kilter...

KRIS
(yelling:)
LUCAS!!!!

The Figure straightens. And REACHES OUT AN ARM towards her.

INT. EQUINOX - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Kris retreats into the open bathroom door. She quickly closes it, and tries to lock it --

-- but THE LOCK IS BROKEN. She leans against it, screaming:

KRIS
LUCAS! HELP ME!!!

INT. EQUINOX - LIVING SPACE - NIGHT

The SHAKY BREATHING fills the room as Lucas leans forward, gazing at the DARK SCREEN in front of him...

...and finally, there's MOVEMENT: a BEAM OF ILLUMINATION appears, as the person holding the camera switches on it's small HEADLAMP. The camera SWINGS AROUND the ENGINE ROOM, as if looking for something.

FATHER (O.S., ON VIDEO)
Dear God Jesus please...

And now we see THE FATHER as he lays the camera down, pointing it at the innards of the engine -- he leans forward, holding a wrench, trying to fix it. He looks terrified.

ON LUCAS, as he watches, riveted --

ON THE VIDEO: Father suddenly DRAWS A BREATH, scrabbling on hands and knees away from SOMETHING HE'S SEEN --

FATHER (ON VIDEO)

Get away... get away... why are you
doing this to me?!?!

-- the image SPINS as he KNOCKS OVER THE CAMERA --

-- and suddenly we're in THE BATHROOM. The camera is ZOOMED
IN on the doorknob. The sound of the Father's DESPERATE
BREATHING surrounds us, as the camera's light BEGINS TO DIM:

FATHER (O.S., ON VIDEO)

Hail Mary, full of grace, the Lord
is with thee... blessed art thou in
the silence among women... and
blessed is the fruit of the lost --

His breath catches, the camera PANS DOWN to the space below
the door... WHERE THERE'S MOVEMENT. Someone outside, in the
hallway beyond, walking right up to the door.

INT. EQUINOX - BATHROOM - NIGHT

With all her weight against the door, Kris listens as SOFT,
DRAGGING FOOTSTEPS come up to the door. And stop.

She holds her breath, terrified eyes moving down to see --

-- THE BOTTOM OF THE DOOR. And the shadow of whoever is
standing right outside...

Fighting to keep control, Kris' hand reaches around to her
back, to THE BULGE in the back pocket of her jeans --

-- she slides out HER KNIFE. Flicks it open. Readies --

-- and, with a YELL OF FEAR AND ANGER, leaps to her feet,
JERKING THE DOOR open in one swift motion --

-- and SLASHING with her knife. There's a CRY OF PAIN AND
SURPRISE, and the DARK FIGURE in the doorway falls away.

Kris runs from the bathroom and down the hall, fumbling for
the light switch. She hits it, and swings around to face --

-- LUCAS. He's staring up at her, eyes wide with surprise,
BLOOD seeping through the fingers of his clenched hand.

LUCAS

What the FUCK is wrong with you?!?!

INT. EQUINOX - LIVING SPACE - NIGHT

Lucas grits his teeth, biting into the filter of his cigarette, as Kris pours Grey Goose vodka onto his palm.

LUCAS
Couldn't you find anything cheaper?

She's not amused, wrapping a towel tightly around his palm.

KRIS
It's deep. You'll need stitches.
We've got fishing hooks, I could --

LUCAS
No, thanks.

She watches him take a long pull from his cigarette.

KRIS
Since when did you take up smoking?

He stubs it out. They eye each other for a beat. Then:

KRIS
Why didn't you say anything?

LUCAS
I did. I was calling you --

KRIS
I was calling you.

LUCAS
Yeah, well, I didn't hear you.

She doesn't believe him. Her eyes burn, teeth clenched:

KRIS
Why are you fucking with me?

LUCAS
Kris, I wasn't fucking with you!

KRIS
You're lying.

LUCAS
Stop it. You're being paranoid.

Lucas finally seems to get through to her -- but:

KRIS

Someone was there, Lucas. In the hallway. Right outside the door. If it wasn't you, who was it?

Something changes in Lucas' face.

LUCAS

You need to see something.

INT. EQUINOX - LIVING SPACE - NIGHT

Lucas and Kris watch the FINAL SCENE OF VIDEO, the Father trapped in the bathroom, praying frantically, desperately:

FATHER (O.S., ON VIDEO)

*Hail Mary, full of grace, the Lord
is with thee... blessed art thou in
the silence among women... and
blessed is the fruit of the lost --*

The video PANS DOWN to the MOVEMENT OUTSIDE the door, someone stepping up right outside:

FATHER (O.S., ON VIDEO)

*Go away... please just go away and
leave me alone...*

We ZOOM IN on the DOORKNOB, the video shaking and trembling:

FATHER (O.S., ON VIDEO)

...I'm sorry... I'm sorry...

As THE DOORKNOB fills the screen, it slowly BEGINS TO TURN:

FATHER (O.S., ON VIDEO)

...I'm sorry I opened it --

THE SCREEN abruptly goes to STATIC. After a moment, Lucas turns off the camera. They sit in silence, overwhelmed by fear. When Lucas finally speaks, his voice cracks:

LUCAS

That's all there is. They just disappeared, one by one --

KRIS

They didn't just "disappear", Lucas. You heard what the girl said. They weren't alone. And neither are we.

She waits, to see if he'll dispute her claim. He doesn't.

KRIS
I've been hearing things. Someone
moving around on-board. And I've
been seeing things, too --

LUCAS
When you're not looking. But it's
there, in the corner of your eye.

She's relieved that he's experienced it, too. But:

LUCAS
We've been all over this ship. If
someone was here, we would have --

He trails off, cocking his head. Listening.

KRIS
Lucas? What is it?--

But then she hears it, too. A distant HUMMING. A motor.

EXT. EQUINOX - DECK - NIGHT

Lucas and Kris run out of the wheelhouse, scanning --

-- THE SKY. The blinking lights of A PLANE far overhead are
visible. Kris fumbles with the flaregun, loading a bolt.

LUCAS
They're too high up. They won't --

Kris raises her arm... AND FIRES.

The flare STREAKS INTO THE NIGHT SKY, spilling it's light
upon the water below. The aircraft doesn't change course.

KRIS
If they see it, they'll call it in--

The words seize in her throat as she sees something out over
the water. Kris and Lucas walk to the rail, staring at --

-- THE NORTH STAR. She's silhouetted by the falling flare,
rocking gently in the *Equinox's* wake. They just passed her.

KRIS
Cut the engines!

Lucas runs into THE WHEELHOUSE and hits the kill switch. The engines cut out as he spins the wheel, pulling around --

-- THE CRAB BOAT. Her engine is idling roughly, and thick black SMOKE spills from her exhaust.

INT. EQUINOX - WHEELHOUSE - NIGHT

Lucas activates the *Equinox's* navigation lights, flooding the *North Star*. Kris enters as Lucas raises the binoculars.

KRIS

Where the hell did they come from?

He doesn't answer, racking the focus on his binoculars.

LUCAS' POV: he's SCANNING THE DECK. Some of the CRAB PODS have fallen over, and the CRANE swings freely.

KRIS

We've got to go over there.

She reaches out to restart the engines, but Lucas grabs her hand. He turns to her, his face pale.

LUCAS

Something's wrong.

KRIS

I know. That's why we need to --

LUCAS

Look at the radar. Tell me what you see.

Kris looks at the RADAR SCREEN, eyes following it's SWEEP:

KRIS

Nothing.

LUCAS

Yeah. Nothing. But the *North Star* is about forty yards away from us.

A beat. Then Kris picks up the VHF radio:

KRIS (INTO RADIO)

North Star this is *Equinox*.

And just like before, HER VOICE can be heard echoing over the water from the blared *North Star* radio. There's no response.

Lucas looks back through the binoculars, scanning...

KRIS (INTO RADIO)
North Star, North Star, this is --

LUCAS
 Kris.

She turns to him as he lowers the binoculars, his body rigid. Without turning to her, he holds out the glasses:

LUCAS
 Look at the pilothouse.

Kris takes the glasses and raises them --

HER POV: there's A FIGURE standing in the pilothouse. Only the outline is visible, the rest concealed by darkness.

KRIS
 Who is that? Is that Erik? --

HER POV: and then she sees the BLOODY HANDPRINT on the wall near the window, lit up in the *Equinox's* lights. There's another SWATH OF BLOOD, a long dark streak, next to it.

EXT. EQUINOX - DECK - NIGHT

Lucas and Kris walk to the front of the boat, shivering in the WIND that has begun to pick up. They carry xenon flashlights, shining them on --

-- THE PILOTHOUSE of the *North Star*. THE FIGURE standing in the window is facing away from them.

LUCAS
 What do we do?

Kris stares at the *North Star* for a long beat. Then:

KRIS
 We keep moving.

She walks away, heading for the wheelhouse. Lucas remains at the rail, staring at THE FIGURE in the darkened *North Star*.

INT. EQUINOX - WHEELHOUSE - NIGHT

Kris re-enters, peeling off her parka. She hits the starter. The engines CHURN. But don't catch.

Lucas comes back inside as she tries again. No dice.

LUCAS
What's wrong?

He stares at the WARNING LIGHTS activating all over the controls. Kris moves to a new switchboard, indicating something with a nod of her head:

KRIS
We're gonna need that.

Lucas follows her nod to the AXE clamped to the wall nearby.

EXT. BERING SEA - NIGHT

The *Equinox* illuminates like a Christmas tree as Kris switches on every light, above and below-decks.

INT. EQUINOX - BELOW DECKS - NIGHT

Lucas and Kris move down the lower level -- he hefts the axe, she has her knife at the ready. They're tensely checking every ROOM, and every larger STORAGE CABINET they pass.

INT. EQUINOX - ENGINE ROOM - NIGHT

The room is dark, the door to the hallway is open. Kris and Lucas are making their way closer... closer...

...and for a moment, we can see SLIGHT MOVEMENT in the room. The two HULKING FORMS of the engines are HEAVING slightly, like a pair of massive lungs. In and out... in and out...

At the threshold, Kris snakes an arm inside and hits the lights -- and now illuminated, THE ENGINES appear as normal.

Satisfied that the room is empty, Kris walks to the engine controls, scanning the readings:

KRIS
Check the bilge room.

Lucas walks to the far end of the room, opening the door and looking inside... he immediately RECOILS, almost gagging.

LUCAS
Jesus Christ...

KRIS

It's algae. The pump is broken.

He walks back, laying the axe against the railing as she slides under one of the engines, checking the air lines.

LUCAS

Any ideas?

KRIS

(irritated:)

Give me a second, will you?--

The room is suddenly THRUST INTO DARKNESS.

EXT. BERING SEA - NIGHT

The *Equinox* goes dark as the lights all SWITCH OFF at once. She and the *North Star* are barely visible in the moonlight.

INT. EQUINOX - ENGINE ROOM - NIGHT

There's the SOUND of someone fumbling in the darkness... and then THERE'S LIGHT. Kris has switched on an EMERGENCY FLASHLIGHT on the wall. After a beat:

LUCAS

Let me guess -- you didn't do that.

Lucas and Kris exchange a nervous glance. Then she walks to the BANK OF BATTERIES. Checks the connections. He kneels across from her as she studies the METERS on each battery.

KRIS

It's dead.

LUCAS

Can't we just switch to another?

Kris looks up, her face pale in the chalky light.

KRIS

They're all dead.

INT. EQUINOX - WHEELHOUSE - NIGHT

Lucas shivers as he pulls on his gloves. He settles back in the chair, watching A PEN rolling slightly to the left... then the right. The rocking of the water has returned.

INT. EQUINOX - ENGINE ROOM - NIGHT

The room CREAKS with each gentle rocking motion as Kris BLOWS AIR through the intake lines, checking for blockages. As she reconnects them, we can see HER BREATH is visible in the air.

KRIS (INTO INTERCOM)

Try it.

(a beat; nothing happens:)

Lucas, go ahead and --

LUCAS (ON INTERCOM)

I am trying it.

Kris lowers the mic, bewildered, frustrated, exhausted.

LUCAS (ON INTERCOM)

Kris? Is it --

KRIS (INTO INTERCOM)

Just give me a second, goddammit!

INT. EQUINOX - WHEELHOUSE - NIGHT

Lucas lowers the intercom mic. He stands, trying to fight off the cold, and walks to the doorway. Looks out at --

-- THE NORTH STAR. Although hard to make out in the darkness, there's A FIGURE standing at the bow of the boat. As close as he can get to the *Equinox*. Staring at Lucas.

INT. EQUINOX - ENGINE ROOM - NIGHT

As Kris checks out another part of the engine, her flashlight BEGINS TO DIM. She bangs it with her hand --

KRIS

Come on...

-- but it's fading quickly. She stands, heading for the door... but it's too late. The flashlight DIES.

EXT. EQUINOX - DECK - NIGHT

Lucas steps outside, eyes on THE FIGURE watching from the *North Star* as he reloads the flare gun. The wind has risen to a HOWL now, a furious cold scraping Lucas' skin.

He walks to the rail closest to the other ship. Stares at the Figure for a beat. Then he raises the flare gun --

-- and FIRES. The two ships are blossomed with red light --

-- but THE FACE of the figure still isn't visible. The hooded parka seems to be blocking all illumination.

But then Lucas' attention is drawn away from the Figure --

-- to the RING OF DENSE FOG that surrounds the two ships. We've seen it before, on THE VIDEO.

INT. EQUINOX - BELOW DECKS - NIGHT

The door to the engine room opens, revealing WARM ORANGE LIGHT... and Kris appears, cupping a lit MATCH in her hand.

She walks down the hallway, opening a STORAGE CABINET. She fishes inside, pulling out BATTERIES from a stack. She doesn't notice --

-- the TWO SMALL FIGURES standing in the open doorway of the cabin just behind her. But she senses them, quickly turning --

THE DOORWAY is clear. But something in the room, barely picked up in the light from the match, grabs her attention.

INT. EQUINOX - STATEROOM - NIGHT

Kris enters the children's stateroom, walking slowly toward --

-- THE TAFFETA CURTAIN strung up, hiding the Daughter's bed. Though the air in here is still, it's MOVING SLIGHTLY --

-- as if catching THE BREATH of someone behind it.

Kris kneels, leaning in to the curtain, raising the match --

-- A SMALL FIGURE is visible just behind it. Someone sitting on the edge of the bunk. Only inches away.

Her hand shaking with fear, Kris REACHES for the curtain --

-- and just then, HER MATCH GOES OUT.

We're thrust into DARKNESS... we can hear her breathing QUICKEN as she fumbles for another match...

...and then she GASPS -- her breath catching -- as we hear:

GIRL'S VOICE (IN DARKNESS)
 (whispering, mournful:)
I'm lost... I'm so lost...

Kris lets out a fearful CRY as she STRIKES THE MATCH --
 -- the taffeta curtain HAS BEEN PULLED BACK.
 And the bunk is empty. Except for --
 -- Lucas' JOURNAL. Sitting on the pillow.

EXT. EQUINOX - DECK - NIGHT

Lucas slowly turns, SHINING HIS FLASHLIGHT on the thick fog bank surrounding the two boats. A SOUND grabs his attention--
 -- it's THE RADIO. The strange CRACKLING sound is back.

INT. EQUINOX - WHEELHOUSE - NIGHT

Lucas enters, staring at the radio. He glances outside --
 -- THE FIGURE still stands on the deck of the *North Star*. Whoever's trying to get through, it's not him.
 After a moment, Lucas sits down on the Captain's chair. Picks up the radio mic. And turns up the volume.

LUCAS (INTO RADIO)
 Who is this?

A beat. Then the STATIC CRACKLE. The distorted voice.

LUCAS (INTO RADIO)
 I can hear you. Say something --

VOICE (ON RADIO)
Say something...

THE WHISPERING VOICE is clearer, the noise fading.

LUCAS (INTO RADIO)
 What do you want?

VOICE (ON RADIO)
What do you want...

ON LUCAS, as he realizes it's his OWN VOICE, coming back to him in a soft, eager whisper.

He drops the mic, and it CLATTERS TO THE FLOOR, as the voice continues coming from the speakers:

VOICE (ON RADIO)
*I can hear you... say something...
I'm so lost... so alone...*

There's a CLATTERING SOUND. Startled, Lucas turns, looking down the spiral stairs into the DARK LIVING AREA below.

INT. EQUINOX - LIVING SPACE - NIGHT

Lucas descends, shining his flashlight around the room.

LUCAS
Kris?

His light catches something in THE KITCHEN --

-- THE DOOR to the Sub-Zero fridge is open, and swinging slightly. And a WATER BOTTLE rolls slowly across the floor.

Lucas steps into the kitchen, aiming his light deeper into the room. Lays a foot on the water bottle, stopping it.

He shines his light on the floor, revealing a few more BOTTLES and some packaged FOOD. Someone was just here...

NEW ANGLE: behind Lucas, a figure abruptly DARTS OUT from around a dark corner, running past him and down to the next level. Lucas turns, catching the FLURRY OF MOVEMENT.

INT. EQUINOX - BELOW DECKS - NIGHT

Lucas descends into the hallway, shining his flashlight down it's length -- just in time to see A DOOR AT THE END close.

LUCAS
Kris!

He walks quickly down the hall, knocking on the door.

INT. EQUINOX - MAIN STATEROOM - NIGHT

Kris drops the DUFFEL BAG she's carrying, spilling her stash of food and water onto the floor, as she rushes to --

-- A SMALL DESK at one end of the cabin. She grabs the chair and rushes back to the door, JAMMING IT under the handle.

LUCAS (O.S.)
Kris? Are you alright?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. EQUINOX - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Lucas tries the door. It won't budge. As he puts his weight against it, Kris' terrified voice comes from the other side:

KRIS
Go away.

LUCAS
What's wrong? Kris, open the door--

KRIS
I swear to God, I'll kill you if
you try to come in here!

This catches him off-guard. He stares at the door, confused.

Then he sees HIS JOURNAL lying on the floor. He picks it up.

IN THE STATEROOM: Kris stands trembling at the other side, her KNIFE out and ready, as if expecting him to break down the door. Her harsh breath is visible in the cold air.

IN THE HALLWAY: Lucas leans against the wall, sliding down until he's sitting next to the door. He's drained.

A long beat. Finally:

KRIS
The girl in the photo. Who is she?

It takes Lucas a moment to respond. He doesn't want to.

LUCAS
Her name is Alice. She's my
daughter.

KRIS
You lied to me.

LUCAS
I didn't --

KRIS
You didn't tell me you were
married.

LUCAS

I'm not married.

ON KRIS: as she, too, slides to the floor, exhausted.

ON LUCAS: we're seeing something in him for the first time, something we got a hint of as he watched the video of the Daughter for the first time -- deep, genuine pain.

LUCAS

She was born when we were still in college. Tara and I -- we were young. But we were in love. So we stayed together, raised Alice, tried to make it work. But there was always something missing. We both knew it, but...

ON KRIS: she's not letting her guard down. But she can hear the change in his voice. And she's listening.

LUCAS

I got hired by a big firm after Law School. But I had to prove myself. I was working hundred-hour weeks, spent weekends at the office, doing research. I thought if I could secure my position there, things would become easier for us, for Tara and Alice. That what was weak between us might become strong.

(beat:)

One night I came home, and they were just gone. Tara had taken her away. She didn't leave a note. She didn't say why. She just cut herself free. She just let go.

ON LUCAS, as he struggles to hold back his emotions:

LUCAS

Weeks went by. There were no phone messages, no letters. Her parents never picked up when I called. It was like she'd just erased me. From her life. From Alice's.

(beat:)

There was this fire door in our apartment building, led up to the roof. The lock was broken, and the super never bothered to fix it.

(MORE)

LUCAS (cont'd)
I was up there, sitting on the
edge, looking down at the street
below. And I almost just let go,
too.

ON KRIS, moved by his story:

LUCAS
That's how I ended up out here,
Kris. I was trying to save my
life. I needed to see if I still
wanted to live.

LUCAS stares at THE JOURNAL in his hands.

LUCAS
Alice used to write in this little
pink diary. She'd left it behind,
by accident. It was filled with
all the things she wanted to share
with me, all the things I was never
around to hear. So I thought maybe
if I did the same, if I wrote down
everything I should have said to
them, maybe they'd come back to me.

ON KRIS: after a beat, she pulls something out of her
pocket, and slides it under the door.

ON LUCAS: hearing the sound, he looks down, picking up --

-- the PHOTO OF ALICE. Her face has been SCRATCHED OUT,
replaced by a dark, penciled SPIRAL.

Lucas touches the photo, lips moving, bewildered:

LUCAS
What did -- why did you do this?

KRIS
I didn't do it, Lucas. You did.

He clearly doesn't believe her.

KRIS
Open it.

LUCAS
What? --

KRIS
Open the journal. Look inside.

He does so... and is startled to see that, after the first few sheets, the rest of the pages have DARK SPIRALS scrawled in deeply, obsessively, from spine to margin.

KRIS
 Something's happening to you,
 Lucas. It's this boat, whatever
 happened here... it's happening
 again. To you.

Lucas just stares at the pages, stunned.

LUCAS
 I -- Kris, I'm not --

KRIS
 (quietly:)
 Stay away from me, Lucas. Just
 leave me alone.

EXT. BERING SEA - NIGHT

The ring of fog HAS TIGHTENED, now almost touching the two ships. It's closing in. Suffocating them.

A WIND has picked up, GUSTING with sporadic bursts. The old BOTTLE, buffeted about by the air, CHIMES the bell.

INT. EQUINOX - VARIOUS LOCATIONS - NIGHT

The wind HOWLS through the loose joints of the ship, a mournful MOANING that echoes through the rooms, the halls.

The temperature has dropped significantly: FROST glistens on the windows, forming a shiny mat in the HALLWAY, gleaming off the appliances in THE KITCHEN.

A FIGURE, hunched over for warmth, slowly drags a chair in front of the stove. Reaches out, switching on A BURNER --

-- and in the meager flame, we see that it's LUCAS. He turns up the burner, sliding off his gloves and holding up his hands for warmth.

His eyes are blank, staring at nothing.

INT. EQUINOX - MAIN STATEROOM - NIGHT

Kris is huddled in the corner by the door, quilts and blankets wrapped tightly around her.

She shudders in the cold, keeping a watchful eye on the door.

INT. EQUINOX - KITCHEN - NIGHT

The light on Lucas' face begins to fade. His eyes focus, narrowing on THE BURNER. The flame is dwindling. It dies.

Lucas tries the other burners. Nothing happens. He opens the stove, turning on his flashlight. He pushes the chair back as he leans in to find the pilot light --

-- but HE SLIPS ON SOMETHING, and his knee SLAMS INTO THE GROUND. He winces in pain, falling back, clutching it.

HIS FLASHLIGHT rolls across the floor.

Giving the knee a few careful flexes, Lucas picks up his light to see what his foot slipped on --

-- it's THE CORK Kris pulled out of the engine.

Angry, he pulls back his arm to throw it across the room...

...but he hesitates, pulling the cork back into the light, staring at it. He turns around, to look out the windows at --

-- THE SHIP'S BELL. And THE OLD BOTTLE dangling from it.

EXT. EQUINOX - DECK - NIGHT

Lucas steps outside, unnerved to see --

-- THE RING OF FOG has advanced even further. Seemingly undisturbed by the winds, it's crawled onto the *Equinox*, smothering the deck. Visibility is very low.

Then Lucas walks to the bell, staring at THE OLD BOTTLE swinging beneath it. He reaches out a hand and stops it. Studies it, examining the intricate craftsmanship.

Then he tries the cork. It's a perfect fit.

INT. EQUINOX - MAIN STATEROOM - NIGHT

The moonlight spilling into the room FADES AWAY as the advancing fog conceals it's light.

Kris turns to the window, disturbed. Then she reaches for her flashlight, switches it on. It rips a path through the darkness, a shaft of warmth in the freezing room.

INT. EQUINOX - LIVING SPACE - NIGHT

A soft GLOW illuminates the center of the room: Lucas sits cross-legged, holding THE CAMERA in his lap.

ON THE VIEWSCREEN: he's REWINDING, scanning the backwards-moving action, looking for something...

... he STOPS REWINDING, and PLAYS it at normal speed --

-- the SON tapes his FATHER sitting on the edge of the boat:

FATHER (ON VIDEO)
Where's your sister?

SON (V.O., ON VIDEO)
She's hiding, I think.

FATHER (ON VIDEO)
It's her fault.
(standing:)
Turn that stupid thing off. We
need to find it. She has to --

LUCAS hits REWIND again. The tape scrolls back, moving through glimpses of the family, until it reaches --

-- the shot of THE FAMILY BOARDING THE BOAT. The Father helps the Mother on-board, leading her into the wheelhouse --

Lucas PAUSES the tape. Staring at --

-- the SHIP'S BELL. There's nothing hanging from the hammer.

He's found what he's looking for. Lucas quickly FAST-FORWARDS, scanning the footage, stopping to watch --

-- the Father scraping the mud from his Daughter's hair:

FATHER (ON VIDEO)
Go down and wash your hair.

As he walks away, the Daughter abruptly turns to her pole, the attack forgotten:

DAUGHTER (ON VIDEO)
Dad? I think I caught something!

But this time, Lucas doesn't skip ahead. He watches as --

-- her brother reaches for her pole. She swats his hand away:

DAUGHTER (ON VIDEO)
I can do it myself.

SON (O.S., ON VIDEO)
You're gonna lose it --

DAUGHTER (ON VIDEO)
No I'm not!

The Father and his Son watch as she PULLS SOMETHING UP from the water. It's covered with seaweed and grime...

SON (O.S., ON VIDEO)
Nice. It's just a piece of junk --

DAUGHTER (ON VIDEO)
Shut up!

But her brother moves in for a closer look, ZOOMING IN with the camera, as she wipes the filth from her catch...

SON (O.S., ON VIDEO)
So what is it?

...it's THE OLD BOTTLE. The CORK is embedded in the neck. The Daughter raises the bottle to the light, peering at it:

DAUGHTER (ON VIDEO)
There's something inside.

INT. EQUINOX - MAIN STATEROOM - NIGHT

Kris is beginning to NOD OFF, the fatigue finally overtaking her. The flashlight SLIPS from her hands --

-- CLATTERING to the ground. She jerks awake, frantically picking up the light and swinging it to the door --

-- which is still closed. Relieved, she lays down her knife and reaches for her DUFFEL BAG, digging through the supplies she's scavenged. She pulls out a PLASTIC BOTTLE...

...stunned to see that the water inside is FROZEN SOLID. She puts it aside, digging in the bag for another one --

-- she suddenly goes still, her fingers feeling something odd inside. She pulls it out, shining the light on it --

-- and there, pulled from her own bag, are the TOW LINES and BRIDLE that connected the Equinox to the North Star.

And the rope lines have been SLICED. Cleanly severed.

Awareness fills Kris' eyes as she turns her head to --

-- HER KNIFE, lying on the floor next to her.

KRIS

Oh my God....

She quickly stands, pulling the chair away from the door and unlocking it. She grabs the handle --

KRIS

Lucas!

-- and OPENS THE DOOR. We get just a glimpse of THE FIGURE LOOMING IN THE DOORWAY before her --

INT. EQUINOX - LIVING SPACE - NIGHT

Hunched over the camera in his lap, eyes fixed to the small screen, Lucas doesn't notice the TWO SMALL FIGURES sitting on the couch just behind him, barely visible in the darkness.

Something about them suggests the DAUGHTER and SON...

ON THE SCREEN: the Daughter struggles to pull the cork from the bottle. It finally comes loose, and she puts her hand up to the wide mouth as she TIPS IT --

-- and something SLIDES FROM THE BOTTLE, into her hand. It's almost the size of her palm, a glittering silver mass:

BOY (O.S., ON VIDEO)

What is it? Is it money?

Transfixed, the Daughter delicately traces her finger along the surface of THE STRANGE OBJECT. The shiny surface almost appears metallic, throwing off a myriad of colors.

DAUGHTER (ON VIDEO)

I think it's a shell...

The shell FILLS THE SCREEN -- and now we see the UGLY BULGE protruding from the center, a harsh rounded protrudence... it makes the whole shell look like A HORRIFIC BULGING EYE.

Lucas PAUSES the video. Stares at the shell/eye for a beat.

LUCAS

(realizing:)

She hid it...

INT. EQUINOX - LIVING SPACE - NIGHT

Lucas frantically searches the ship: opening EVERY STORAGE BIN; each CABINET in the kitchen; yanking THE CUSHIONS from the couches and checking underneath.

INT. EQUINOX - BELOW DECKS - NIGHT

Lucas comes down into the hallway, his flashlight SPARKLING across THE FROST that seems to cake each and every wall.

He opens doors, rummages through compartments, so fixated on finding the shell/eye that it takes him a moment to realize --

-- the door to the MAIN STATEROOM is open.

LUCAS

Kris?

There's no answer from the dark room. He tentatively walks toward the threshold, shining his flashlight inside.

LUCAS

It's not the ship, Kris. It's something they brought on-board. Something the girl found. That's what she was hiding. We have to find it.

He stands before the doorway. Still silence from within.

INT. EQUINOX - MAIN STATEROOM - NIGHT

Lucas steps inside, sweeping his light across the room. It's empty. The bundle of blankets have been tossed aside --

-- and Lucas sees THE TOW LINES and BRIDLE lying on the floor. He kneels down, picking them up, realization washing over him. It's not just him that's "affected", after all.

Then Lucas sees something out of the corner of his eye: it's Kris' KNIFE, lying extended on the floor. He picks it up --

-- only then seeing HER FOOTPRINTS embedded in the frost on the floor. He follows them with his flashlight...

INT. EQUINOX - BELOW DECKS - NIGHT

...into the hallway. The footsteps TURN, heading off down another passage that leads to the ENGINE ROOM. The door is open. A yawning rectangle of darkness beyond.

LUCAS
(scared:)
Kris?

There's no answer. But then --

-- his flashlight STARTS TO DIM. The darkness begins to close in. Lucas frantically looks around as the light fades more and more. Just before he disappears into BLACKNESS --

-- he seems to SEE SOMETHING in the stateroom behind him --

-- the flashlight GOES OUT. There's nothing but the CREAK of the ship, the HOWLING wind, the TOLLING bell...

And then there's a CLICKING sound.

Lucas holds the EPIRB he's just activated -- the STROBE LIGHT on top of it FLASHES, once every second.

And still, THE DARK DOORWAY beckons.

Lucas gathers his courage... and takes his first step.

INT. EQUINOX - ENGINE ROOM - NIGHT

Lucas tentatively enters the engine room, the intermittent FLASHING of the strobe light almost painfully bright.

The room is empty -- and the door to the BILGE ROOM at the far end is closed. Lucas walks towards it, pausing by --

-- the AXE he left here earlier, leaning by the engine. He folds the knife, slips it into his pocket, and grabs the axe.

MUFFLED VOICE (O.S.)
No... I can't...

Startled, Lucas swings towards THE DOOR, raising the axe.

MUFFLED VOICE (O.S.)
I can't hold on... please...

Lucas' breath quickens, vapor spilling from his mouth in harsh bursts, as he fearfully approaches the door.

INT. EQUINOX - BILGE ROOM - NIGHT

The door opens slowly, and the PULSING STROBE illuminates the space: the BILGE WATER is significantly higher than before.

Lucas is immediately overcome by the terrible smell. He nearly GAGS, but manages to keep his composure, his eyes on --

-- KRIS. She stands facing away from him, shoulders slumped, at the far corner of the low-ceilinged room.

KRIS

I can't... I'm slipping...

LUCAS

Kris. It's me. It's Lucas.

She doesn't turn. Just keeps talking, head lowered:

KRIS

Please... don't leave me here...
don't leave me alone...

Lucas slowly climbs down the ladder, his body GOING RIGID as he steps down into the knee-high murky water.

LUCAS

You're not alone, Kris. I'm here
with you.

He makes his way towards her, not knowing what to expect.

LUCAS

We need to get off this boat, Kris.

KRIS

Can't... have to hold...

LUCAS

Kris. Look at me.

Kris slowly turns -- her blank eyes meeting Lucas'. They're filled with numb tears, as her cold lips form words:

KRIS

I can't... can't leave him...

LUCAS

There's nobody here, Kris. Nobody
but you and me.

Kris slowly turns away, looking back over her shoulder.
Lucas follows her gaze --

-- seeing THE BODY lying face-down in the murky water,
wearing the clothes of a fisherman.

Lucas tries to keep his composure as he takes her hand:

LUCAS
Come with me, Kris. Come on...

She relents, her body following as he pulls her away, but her
eyes stay on THE BODY --

-- as it's head SLOWLY RAISES FROM THE WATER. The bearded
face, shrouded in darkness, turning to look at Lucas.

His breath coming in HARSH GASPS at the sight, Lucas quickens
his pace, pulling Kris towards the ladder --

LUCAS
Almost there... almost there...

-- as THE FACE of the body follows their retreat.

INT. EQUINOX - HALLWAY - DAWN

Lucas pulls Kris out of the engine room, closing the door.
Her shoulders are still slumped as she stares at the wall.

LUCAS
Kris. Hey.

He turns her chin towards him, watching as her eyes slowly re-
focus, locking onto his own. After a beat:

KRIS
Lucas?

He pulls her into a hug, relieved. She shudders.

KRIS
I'm so cold...

LUCAS
We need to get off this ship.
Right now. Where's the lifeboat?

KRIS
Wh-- wheelhouse.

LUCAS

We have to get our things. Can you make it?

She nods, her senses slowly returning.

INT. EQUINOX - WHEELHOUSE - DAWN

Lucas kneels down, reaching deep into a low cabinet to pull out the AEROLITE -- a bundled, self-inflating life raft.

KRIS

We need... that. Supplies.

She's pointing at a BRIGHT ORANGE SACK nestled in the rear of the compartment. Lucas fishes it out.

EXT. EQUINOX - DECK - DAWN

Lucas and Kris emerge into A WORLD OF FOG. It may as well still be night -- only able to see a few feet, they make their way to the rail. The wind HOWLS furiously around them.

Lucas sets down the axe and the strobing EPIRB, and kneels by the raft, reading the instructions.

KRIS

We need more... food and water.

LUCAS

I thought you said there were supplies --

KRIS

Not enough. It'll last a week. We need more.

She heads for the wheelhouse, but he grabs her arm.

LUCAS

Are you okay?

KRIS

Yeah. I'm okay.

He lets her go, turning his attention back to the raft.

INT. EQUINOX - KITCHEN - DAWN

Kris kneels in front of the Sub Zero, stuffing anything she can get her hands on into a garbage bag. She stands and hefts it, turning towards the door --

-- CRUNCH. Something snaps under her feet.

She squats down, picking it up --

-- it's ARNY'S NECKLACE. The leather strap, with the SMALL BOTTLE at the end. The bottle is now broken in two.

EXT. EQUINOX - DECK - DAWN

Kris exits the wheelhouse, the garbage bags slung over her shoulder. She squints, trying to see through the fog. Getting her bearings, she finds the rail, and follows it...

KRIS

Lucas?

The rail leads her to THE LIFE RAFT. It's been inflated, an octagonal ballast covered with a protective canopy.

But Lucas is nowhere to be seen.

KRIS

(calling out:)

Lucas? Where are you?

She scans the area, but can't see anything. As she drops the garbage bags next to the life raft, she sees SOMETHING lying in front of the raft, instead of inside it --

-- the EMERGENCY SUPPLY sack. Kris kneels to put it inside --

-- revealing A FIGURE standing in the fog right behind her!

A Figure holding THE AXE. And RAISING IT above his head.

Kris straightens, and turns just in time --

-- the axe WHISTLES THROUGH THE AIR --

-- Kris CRIES OUT, flinching backward... TRIPPING over the life raft. She falls hard on the deck, staring up at --

-- THE FIGURE looming over her. Stepping forward.

VOICE

You took her...

The figure steps forward, finally close enough to be seen through the fog... it's LUCAS.

LUCAS

You took her from me...

Kris pushes herself away, but she's up against the rail. There's nowhere to go as he raises the axe --

WHAM! There's an ear-splitting CRUNCH and Lucas is THROWN OFF HIS FEET. Something comes LOOMING THROUGH THE FOG --

-- it's the *North Star*. She's drifted right into the *Equinox*, SLAMMING against her hull.

Kris pulls herself to her feet, clutching the rail, watching wide-eyed as the *North Star* rears up in the swell of the water, drifting away from the *Equinox* again.

Then her eyes go to LUCAS, on the ground, reaching for the axe. Eyes filled with malice... and fixed on her.

She doesn't hesitate -- she grabs the life raft and STRAINS to pull it up onto the rail...

LUCAS' HAND finds the axe. He gets to his feet.

KRIS manages to pull the heavy raft halfway up the rail. She swings around it and PUSHES with all she's got --

-- THE RAFT slides forward, onto the rail, almost at the tipping point --

-- LUCAS advances on Kris, raising the axe high --

-- KRIS lets out a DESPERATE CRY and SHOVES with her last ounce of strength --

-- and THE RAFT goes over the edge, BOUNCING on the surface of the water and righting itself down below.

There's a WHISTLING SOUND and Kris dodges just in time --

-- as the axe SLAMS onto the rail right where she'd been standing. She TWISTS HER BODY, grabbing the axe --

-- and she STRUGGLES WITH LUCAS, the axe held between them. But it's a losing battle for Kris...

KRIS
Lucas... please...

But his eerily stoic face doesn't provide any solace. Her hands are BEGINNING TO SLIP on the axe handle --

-- and, out of the corner of the eye, she sees THE GIANT SHAPE OF THE *NORTH STAR* looming forward again --

-- and she LETS GO of the axe.

Lucas STUMBLES BACKWARDS from the sudden lack of resistance --

-- KRIS turns, stepping up onto the rail just as --

-- the aft of the *NORTH STAR* HITS THE *EQUINOX* AGAIN.

Kris is LAUNCHED off the rail... she PLUMMETS INTO THE WATER.

BELOW THE WATER: the freezing temperature shocks her into stillness... and her limp body BEGINS TO SINK.

BACK ON THE *EQUINOX*: Lucas is THROWN FROM HIS FEET, sliding across the slick surface of the deck, towards a LADDER DOCK --

-- he instinctively LASHES OUT with his bandaged hand, trying to grasp the rail... but he GOES OVER THE EDGE.

EXT. BERING SEA - DAWN

UNDER THE WATER: Kris' wide, staring eyes suddenly BLINK --

-- and then she's a FLURRY OF MOVEMENT, legs kicking, arms reaching for the surface --

ABOVE THE WATER: she makes it up, GASPING FOR AIR. Looks around, seeing THE LIFE RAFT nearby. She makes for it, her weak body tossed in the swell of the water...

... but her hand GRABS one of the external lifelines. Clutching it for dear life, she pulls herself onto the polyurethane boarding ramp, and slides inside.

She lays there for a moment, exhausted and freezing. Then:

LUCAS (O.S.)
Kris!

Kris JERKS UPRIGHT, spinning her body to the open end of the raft, looking out, trying to see through the fog --

-- LUCAS flails in the water. Eyes wide, fixed on hers.

LUCAS
Kris... help...

Kris pulls a small oar from a Velcro strap and goes to work, trying to maneuver the life raft closer as HIS BODY SLOWS...

KRIS
LUCAS!

Tears fill her eyes as she struggles... but Lucas is being pulled away. His OUTSTRETCHED HAND just out of reach...

LUCAS
K... Kris...

Kris can only watch as his body goes still...

...and SLIPS UNDER THE WATER.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BERING SEA - DAWN

Kris has lowered the canopy, and is numbly paddling with the oar. It's a mechanical movement -- her eyes are vacant.

But then THE FOG around her begins to thin. Her eyes refocus, and she draws a breath as --

-- SHE EMERGES. The morning sun hangs low over the choppy water, surrounded by a slate-gray sky.

The light of the sun fills Kris' face with warmth and relief. She turns to look back over her shoulder at --

-- THE FOG BANK. Receding slowly, almost like it's DRAWING BACK IN ON ITSELF. Giving up the fight. Giving up Kris.

Kris finally turns back towards the sun, tears in her eyes as she paddles into the light of the new day...

FADE TO BLACK.

Silence for a moment. Then --

-- an environment of SOUND: CREAKING wood and gentle WIND, water LAPPING, rope lines TAPPING against steel.

FADE IN:

EXT. SEA OF CORTEZ - DAY

The sky is clear over the shockingly-crystalline water. It's difficult to see where one ends and the other begins.

A shoal-draft SLOOP is anchored in the still water. Older-model. Nothing fancy, in comparison to what we've seen. Far off in the distance is the rugged Baja coastline.

A SMALL HAND drapes across the surface of the water, pulled back and forth by the gentle currents. It's a YOUNG BOY (12), lying on the wooden wet deck at the rear of the boat. His free hand holds a worn copy of *"Swiss Family Robinson"*.

As he shakes water from his free hand to turn the page, he catches something on the horizon. Takes off his sunglasses.

YOUNG BOY
(calling out:)
Dad?

No response. He climbs up the ladder to the boat, to find his DAD manning a fishing line. He's got headphones in his ears, and is playing a game on his PSP.

The Boy picks up a pair of binoculars. Takes a look...

... a really long look. And when he lowers the glasses, there's a new look in his eyes -- concern.

He turns to his father, reluctant to interrupt him. Finally:

YOUNG BOY
Dad.
(no response, leaning in:)
Dad.

His father finally hears him. He pops out one earpiece, but keeps playing.

DAD
I'm about to trounce your high
score, kiddo.

Seeing the look on his son's face, he pauses the game.

DAD
Everything okay? What is it?

The boy hands him the binoculars. And points to the horizon.

EXT. SLOOP - DAY

The boy leans over the starboard fence, clutching a long boat-hook. Dad is in the wheelhouse, steering the boat.

BOY
(calling out:)
Slow down!

Dad cuts back on the gas. The boy leans over the edge of the boat, reaching... straining...

BOY
I got it!

He moves along the fence towards the rear of the boat, pulling in whatever he's caught. Dad cuts the engine and approaches. They stand there for a moment, looking down at --

-- THE LIFE RAFT. It's sun-faded and grimy. It bumps up against the wet-dock, buffeted by the currents.

Sweating in the sun, the boy and his father stare uneasily down at AN EMERGENCY BLANKET bundled up in the corner of the raft. It looks like there's something underneath it...

Or someone.

Finally the boy takes a step towards the ladder. But Dad puts a hand on his shoulder:

DAD
Hold on. I'm gonna call it in.

He walks back to the pilothouse, dialing into a Sat-phone. His son's eyes never leave the raft, and the blanket.

Finally curiosity wins out. The boy climbs down the ladder, kneels down next to the raft.

Draws a breath. And reaches for the blanket.

He grabs the edge and pulls it back --

-- the EMERGENCY SUPPLY SACK is pushed up underneath. It's UNOPENED. Other than that, the raft is empty.

The boy opens the sack, dumping out the contents. Frowns.

The WATER BOTTLES are full. The PACKAGED FOOD is uneaten.

DAD (O.S.)
What's the name of the boat?

Startled, the boy turns to see his father looking down at him. He looks at the STENCILING on the side of the raft:

BOY
The *Equinox*.

DAD (INTO PHONE)
The *Equinox*.
(to his son:)
Don't touch anything.

As Dad walks away, we notice A STRANGE REFLECTION on the boy's face. It's not the sunlight on the water, but something else. Something almost COLORFUL...

The boy turns back, and catches the reflection right in the eye. He holds up a hand, staring down at something.

Something that fell out of the sack he just opened.

Then he leans forward, pushing aside the emergency rations, picking up something jutting out from underneath.

He raises it.

IT'S THE SHELL/EYE. The sunlight seems to dance hypnotically across it's surface. His jaw slackens as he stares at it.

The sounds of the ocean fade away. Leaving us in a cocoon of silence for a beat. Then:

DAD (O.S.)
What is it?

Without turning, the boy's lips slowly move:

BOY
I... I think I found something.

FADE TO BLACK.