

formerly known as TENTACLE
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OPEN TO:

A FLASH OF LIGHTNING rips the HOLLYWOOD PICTURES LOGO away,
and we find ourselves in the middle of...

1 STORMY SEA - NIGHT 1

SUPERIMPOSED: SOUTH CHINA SEA

The dark blue waters roil and boil and foam. THUNDER CRACKS.
LIGHTING FLASHES.

CUT TO:

2 UNDERWATER - NIGHT 2

An enormous Japanese BATHYSCAPHE free-falls through the
water. An autonomous fifteen-man submersible. Almost
futuristic in its design. The nose cone is an amazing ultra
high-pressure plexi-dome. LETTERING along the side tells us
this is the "SHINKAI 90000."

COMPUTER PRINTED across the SCREEN are the WORDS:
ASSIGNMENT: GEOLOGICAL EXPLORATION.
SUB-OCEANIC SEISMIC RESEARCH.
TECTONIC PLATE SURVEILLANCE.
ADDENDUM: ABOUT TO BREAK THE WORLD'S RECORD
FOR THE DEEPEST DIVE...

3 SHINKAI 9000 - NIGHT 3

The JAPANESE CAPTAIN watches a DLD laser tracking system and
barks one-word questions to his JAPANESE CREW. The Sailors
work the consoles and give clipped monosyllabic answers. The
JAPANESE SCIENCE OFFICERS go over charts on the electronic
position board, a continuously-shifting graphic representation
of the ocean contours below. Behind them is an elaborate
DEPTH GAUGE with computerized graphics. READ: 34,000 feet and
dropping. The Crew works at a fevered pitch. An ALARM SOUNDS
as the depth gauge sounds 35,000 feet. All eyes on the depth
gauge. Several Science Officers share excited looks.

4 ON THE DEPTH GAUGE: 35,100 -- 35,200 -- 35,300 -- 35,400...4

The excitement builds. Even the Captain's weathered eyes
widen. And then, as the depth gauge hits 35,801 feet below
sea level, the entire Crew breaks into CHEERS, WHOOPS,
HANDSHAKES AND HIGH-FIVES.

CUT TO:

5 **SHINKAI 9000 - NIGHT**

5

As it continues its descent, it passes corroding metal drums leaking toxic waste, radioactive waste, dumped in the depths, away from prying eyes, and populated areas. The vessel drops into the SULU BASIN. Imagine the Grand Canyon under forty thousand feet of water.

But the Sulu Basin is ten times the size of the Grand Canyon.

Down here, ten thousand fathoms below the storm, all is calm.

The dual TURBO-PROPS on the ear of the submersible KICK ON. The Bathysaphe is now mobile. It glides down the side of an enormous rock face, carefully avoiding massive sandstone pinnacles which jut up from the ocean floor far below.

DISSOLVE TO:

6 **DEEP SEA - NIGHT**

6

THE SHINKAI hovers near a gigantic tectonic plate. A ROBOTIC ARM extends out from under the plexi-dome. Its "hand" is a high-tech LASER CUTTER. It approaches the plate, steadies, then fires a direct BLUE BEAM at the bedrock, burns the rock into magma and cuts a perfect round pattern.

Another ROBOTIC ARM reaches forward, its CLAW rips out the cut rock from inside the pattern, then takes the sample and sets it inside a hydro-basket on the submersible's port side.

DISSOLVE TO:

7 **MINDINAO DEEP - NIGHT**

7

A desolate, barren, spooky place. Nothing breathes. Nothing lives. Or so it would appear. The creepy, foreboding MUSICAL SCORE tells us otherwise. The Shinkai ENTERS a huge **ROCK FISSURE.**

CUT TO:

8 **SHINKAI 9000 - NIGHT**

8

The Captain and the Science Officers stare through the plexi dome and out into the freezing, cobalt blue of the PALAWAN TROUGH. The MUSIC intensifies as they round each curve. Then, dead ahead, is the end of the trough, which is half-blocked by a rock-encrusted embankment.

The MUSIC builds.

The Shinkai approaches the embankment. Slowly starts to glide up the side. The Captain and Science Officers seem mesmerized by all the lonely creepiness. They crest the embankment. And the plexi-domed VIEW FILLS with an unimaginable horror.

As far as the eye can see, the entire murky landscape is filled with WHALE BONES. A valley of death. Cluttered here and there, carelessly flung about, are the rusting hulks of several ships. Seemingly ripped apart. Clusters of shark cartilage float through the water like white ghosts.

The Captain, the Science Officers and the entire Crew just stare, frozen in place by the strange horror before them.

CUT TO:

9 SHINKAI 9000 - NIGHT 9

The vessel cruises through the valley of death. Everyone is nervously taking readings, making calculations and adjusting equipment.

Gone is the excitement and euphoria of the record breaking.

Several Crewmen cast nervous glances out through the plexi dome. Giant skeletons everywhere.

CUT TO:

10 SHINKAI 9000 - NIGHT 10

The Shinkai approaches an eerie-looking rock formation. The robotic arm comes out. The laser cutter steadies, aims, then shoots out its blue beam and cuts into the rock.

WHOOSH!! A HUGE JET STREAM OF INKY BLOOD BLASTS OUT OF THE FORMATION!

CUT TO:

11 SHINKAI 9000 - NIGHT 11

The Captain and the Science Officers recoil as the inky stuff envelopes the plexi-dome, completely blotting out the VIEW.

CUT TO:

12 PALAWAN TROUGH - NIGHT 12

The Shinkai VANISHES into a huge cloud of inky blood. We HOLD for a LONG OMINOUS BEAT. And then, like a slow-motion earthquake, large boulders and giant crevices begin to shift in the murky waters. WHALE BONES TOPPLE and SCATTER. Several feet under the ancient silt, something is coming alive.

CUT TO:

13 SHINKAI 9000 - NIGHT 13

Everything outside the plexi-dome is still BLACK. Everyone is staring at the position board, which shows a large section of the OCEAN FLOOR STARTING TO MOVE, its contours incongruous

with the rest of the graphic representation.

The Science Officers look stunned. The Captain barks commands. The Crew leaps into high gear.

Then the Captain reverses the trottle, and petal-to-the-metal he starts to back out.

The inky blood swirls past the plexi-dome. Then suddenly, and impossibly, the SUBMERSIBLE JERKS TO A HALT. Everybody goes ass-over-teacups. EQUIPMENT SHATTERS. SPARKS FLY. GLASS BREAKS. Lots of YELLING in Japanese.

The SHINKAI starts to ROCK and SHAKE. Something has a hold on it. More EQUIPMENT SHATTERS. Men are thrown about. Then it stops rocking. The Sailors stop yelling. Everything goes dead quiet. Frightened eyes share terror-filled looks. A SOUND is HEARD coming from the exterior of the ship, like feet runing across the outside of the hull. Very creepy.

The HULL starts to MOAN and CREAK from an UNSEEN PRESSURE. And then the sub begins to be crushed like it's a beer can. The metal HULL TORQUES on all sides. RIVETS POP and SNAP. WATER SPRAYS and SHOOTS. More SPARKS FLY. The STEEL PLATING DIMPLES, CRUMBLES and SCREAMS in agony. CHAOS. PANDEMONIUM. And then the SHINKAI IMPLODES. A massive CHURNING SWIRL of water, metal and men.

SMASH CUT TO:

14 SOUTH CHINA SEA - SUNSET

14

THE SAIPAN, a tricked out Jet Foil, built for speed not looks, gunmetal blue, lean and mean, rips across the choppy water. The Rolling Stones STREETFIGHTING MAN pours out of the jet foil, reverberating over the waves, as the CAMERA rushes right at the windshield and into...

CUT TO:

15 PILOT HOUSE - SUNSET

15

Stripped down, low frills, high tech... ..where JOHN T. FINNEGAN, bathed in the last light of day, all taut muscle and sinew, all business, with every one of his 38 years etched on his rugged, good looking face, is harnessed into the steering pylon, wrestling with his steering-sticks, holding the bouncing jetfoil steady as he can, hauling ass, propelled, it seems, by the music blasting out of four state of the art speakers bolted to the metal walls. Light from the laser imagers plays across Finnegan's face. The face of a man in his element, on the edge, in control. He barks commands into his RADIO HEADSET.

FINNEGAN

How we doing out there?

THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD we see LEILA, a muscular Filipina clambering over the foredeck. She's dripping wet. Tough as nails. She turns to Finnegan and "mouths" something into her headset. Finnegan flashes her his most charming smile.

FINNEGAN (CONT'D)

Yes, I'm very warm and dry in here,
thank you for your concern.

His HEADSET comes alive with the SOUND of LEILA bitching in an unintelligible foreign tongue.

FINNEGAN (CONT'D)

A raise? I already pay you two
bucks a day.

He watches as Leila fights the WIND and SEASPRAY and dogs tight a series of hatch-latches across the foredeck.

FINNEGAN (CONT'D)

Missed one darling.

Leila turns and gives him a "jerking-off" sign with her hand.

FINNEGAN (CONT'D)

I love you too.

The Radar Imager suddenly blinks, and goes to black. Dead. Finnegan taps on the screen. Nothing. Taps on the console. Still nothing. Simultaneously two more imagers shut down. His mouth screws tight.

CUT TO:

16 ENGINE ROOM - NIGHT

16

Crammed wall to wall with enough horsepower to fly a 747. Pumped out of two thumping engines. The domain of a scruffy, shifty-eyed, likeable little weasel of a mechanical genius...JOEY PANTUCCI.

Wearing a mechanic's toolbelt, slung sideways across the hips like a gunslinger, singing the theme to "Gilligan's Island" over the engine's roar. Way off-key. His hands crammed deep in a tangle of wires. On the walls are a few pictures: Of a few major league engines. Of a few major league pinups, and a few of Pantucci and Finnegan...together in the U.S. Navy...in front of the Saipan in shinier days.

PANTUCCI

(singing)

" -- if not for the courage of the
fearless crew -- "

He tugs at the wires.

PANTUCCI (CONT'D)

" -- the Minnow would be lost, the
Minowwww would be lost."

Finnegan's voice explodes through his headset...

FINNEGAN (V.O.)

(radio filtered)

PANTUCCI!!

Unperturbed, Pantucci works at the wires.

PANTUCCI

(into radio)

Can we use our indoor voice
please...

FINNEGAN (V.O.)

(radio filtered)

I'm flying blind here God damn it!

Pantucci pulls two wires from the tangle.

PANTUCCI

You trying to make me feel guilty?

He begins to strip the wires with his teeth.

CUT TO:

17 PILOT HOUSE - SUNSET

17

Finnegan peers out of the windscreen, trying to see ahead of
himself.

FINNEGAN

Guilty will be the least of what
you feel when I run my rig into one
of these god damn no name islands!
Get me well here!

CUT TO:

18 ENGINE ROOM

18

Pantucci twists one wire around another.

PANTUCCI

All better...

19 PILOT HOUSE - SUNSET

19

The console lights up. The screens come back on line.

Finnegan is pleased.

PANTUCCI (V.O.)

Now tell me again...

CUT TO:

20 **ENGINE ROOM**

20

Pantucci works his wrench around an engine mount. And his nervous eyes around six men, big, bad men, standing on the far side of the engines out in a narrow passage.

A Maori (VIVO). Two Aussies (MASON and MULLIGAN). A Samoan (MAMOOLI). A Chinese (CHIN). And an Aborigine (BILLY). Tattooed, armed to the teeth, packed in Kevlar body armor. Mercenaries. Who would as soon wring your neck as shake your hand. And a sixth man. HANOVER. The obvious leader. Smoother than the rest, but still showing the edge of a man risen from their ranks. He consults his watch with a growing concern.

PANTUCCI

...why we took this job?

CUT TO:

21 **PILOT HOUSE - SUNSET**

21

Finnegan hits a button on his console. The Stones are replaced by the first chords of LAYLA.

FINNEGAN

If I told you once...I told you a thousand times...

CUT TO:

22 **ENGINE ROOM**

22

PANTUCCI

(rote)

I know...I know...if the cash is there we don't care...

(nervous)

Finnegan this is as mean a pile of shit as we ever carried...

Pantucci notices Hanover impatiently looking at his watch again, and nods for a mass of Aussie mean and muscle named MASON to follow him up a ladder.

PANTUCCI (CONT'D)

...and some of it's coming your way.

He quickly pulls out a wrench, slaps it over a bolt and tightens it down. The leak stops. He blows on the WRENCH like it's a six-shooter, then spins it at the speed of light and holsters it into his toolbelt.

CUT TO:

23 PILOT HOUSE - SUNSET

23

As Finnegan is watching the sea ahead, swathed in the shrieking Clapton guitar solos, the hatch opens.

Hanover enters, followed by Mason, who leaves the hatch door ajar.

Finnegan's eyes remain fixed on the sea. His ears on the Clapton.

Hanover and Mason hold onto any available rail as the boat slams over the waves.

HANOVER

You remember the first time we met Finnegan? I think you were just starting out...smuggling gold off Sumatra for those two Chinese...what did we use to call them?

FINNEGAN

Fok Yu and Fok Yu Two...are we strolling down memory lane for any particular reason?

HANOVER

No, it just struck me as odd...I don't see you for all these years and you've still got the same tape stuck in the box.

FINNEGAN

You know what they say...the classics are eternal.

Hanover looks at the Topo Imager. Holding onto the rail to keep his balance as the boat slams over the choppy sea.

HANOVER

So where are we?

Finnegan points to a spot in the middle of the map.

FINNEGAN

Right here...middle of nowhere...

HANOVER

And where is our point of arrival?

Finnegan points to another spot on the map.

FINNEGAN

Right here...middle of

nowhere...and the answer to your question is yes.

HANOVER

Which question is that?

FINNEGAN

The one you came up to ask...are we on schedule?

HANOVER

(to Mason)

Take note Mr. Mason...this is why you hire a professional...No whining. No excuses.

MASON

(attitude)

I've heard a lot of stories about you mate...

FINNEGAN

All of them flattering I'm sure.

MASON

They were...but they musta been talking about another Finnegan... because the one I heard about was as rough as they came...the one I'm looking at is, well, about as current as the music.

HANOVER

Don't mind him Finnegan...you remember 25...balls of steel... splashing around in a sea of testosterone.

FINNEGAN

I don't mind him...but I do think it's time for him to get back down below with the rest of the playgroup.

MASON

And who's gonna make me?

Finnegan looks at Mason...at the open hatchway just behind him...

FINNEGAN

The Finnegan you heard about.

...and jams the steering sticks full speed ahead. The force of acceleration tumbles Hanover into the console. Mason tumbles out the open hatchway, down the stairs behind him. As he rises, Hanover regards Finnegan for a moment. A smile

flits across his face.

HANOVER

That's why we're still around
Finnegan...you and me... Nothing
gets the feathers up. Business is
business. Eh?

Finnegan's hand finds the console. He hits a button. The
first strains of Led Zeppelin's WHOLE LOTTA LOVE comes roaring
out of the speakers.

FINNEGAN

And the classics are eternal.

Finnegan cranks the sound to the max, pulls back on both
steer sticks, and holds on, as the force of acceleration
hammers him into the pylon.

CUT TO:

24 OPEN SEA - SUNSET 24

The Saipan roars off into the setting sun, hell bent for
leather. Zeppelin screaming in its wake.

CUT TO:

25 SOUTH CHINA SEA - NIGHT 25

Sailing through the mild waters of the South China Sea, a
luxury cruise liner. The FUJI MARU. Top of the line. State of
the art. And absolutely MASSIVE. No expense has been spared.
Breathtaking. Gunfire shatters the serenity of the night.

CUT TO:

26 FUJI MARU DECK - NIGHT 26

A group of tony British passengers is shooting skeet. Being
night, the CLAY PIGEONS are glow-in-the-dark. They EXPLODE
over the WATERSPORTS PLATFORM, where TWO JET SKIS swing from
harnesses, and TWO SPEEDBOATS are being hoisted up the side.

CUT TO:

27 CRYSTAL POOL DECK - NIGHT 27

Rigged for a formal party. Chinese lanterns sway in the
breeze. A band plays. Hundreds of wealthy Passengers, the men
in tuxedos, the women in drop dead gowns, dripping with
jewelry, dance, flirt, gossip, as an endless stream of
waiters ply the floor with champagne laden trays.
CLOSE ON: The sexiest pair of spiked heels ever to grace the
foot of a woman, stopping at the top of the deck. PAN UP: A
shimmering golden gown, high slit on the sides to reveal a
perfect set of legs, a runway model's body, a cover girl's

face...and a thief's sharp ferret eyes. TRILLIAN. A class act from top to bottom. A head turner for either sex, and knows it. She holds an orchid in her hand. Trillian scans the crowd, looking for her prey...and finds him. Her POV. The Ship's smug Captain. JEAN BAPTISTE DELCROIX. She fixes the orchid in her hair just so, about to move...

OLD WOMAN

He said an orchid and a beautiful woman belonged together... It was our first date.

Trillian looks down to a petite old woman, dressed impeccably, delicate, frail, her beauty long faded except from her eyes. Kindness becomes her, like moonlight does the night.

OLD WOMAN (CONT'D)

He said that it was the orchid I wore that made him fall in love with me...

TRILLIAN

He sounds like a real gentleman.

OLD WOMAN

The best of the best he was... This cruise was supposed to be our 60th anniversary gift to each other. He died last Spring...

TRILLIAN

I'm so sorry...

OLD WOMAN

I was going to wear one...special for him...like a memory...

The Old Woman looks at the orchid. And then at Trillian.

OLD WOMAN (CONT'D)

But without him here I don't know why I should.

Trillian takes the orchid from her hair, and places it in the lapel of the woman's jacket.

TRILLIAN

Because an orchid and a beautiful woman belong together.

The smile Trillian bestows on the old woman is loving, sincere. The moment between them is broken by the keen clear sound of a silver spoon tapping a crystal champagne flute.

CANTON (V.O.)

Ladies and gentlemen...

ANGLE ON: The deck where the band stops playing. Voices hush. Everyone turns to NIGEL CANTON, 65, tall, elegant, every white hair perfectly in place, impeccably turned out, with the energy, and enthusiasm of a man half his age. Canton stands at the head of the pool, in front of a wall sized aquarium, flanked by his Captain.

CANTON (CONT'D)

All my life I had the dream of
building the greatest pleasure ship
ever to sail the seven seas...
tonight, seeing all of you
here...so elegant...so
beautiful...so rich...

The crowd roars with laughter.

CANTON (CONT'D)

I realize my dream has come
true...I thank you all from the
bottom of my heart for making it
so...

Canton lifts his glass.

CANTON (CONT'D)

To the Fuji Maru! Good times
forever!

CROWD

Forever!! Here! Here!

The crowd swells around Canton. ANGLE ON: The Captain chatting up some passengers when a woman's voice, seductive, beguiling, turns his head to...

TRILLIAN

(French)

Is it true what they say about a
captain and his boat.

The Captain's libido rises as he gazes into Trillian's come hither eyes.

CAPTAIN

Is what true madame?

Trillian takes one step closer, until her moist lips are pursed inches from the captain's.

TRILLIAN

(French)

Mademoiselle...that the bigger the
boat...the bigger the man...

His breath catches.

CAPTAIN

It is a theory I would be glad to
put to the test.

Trillian draws even closer. If looks could cause a man to
climax.

TRILLIAN

(French)
In school, the Sisters said testing
was my specialty.

PASSENGER

Captain...

Driven to distraction, The Captain turns his attention for a
moment to a passenger introducing his wife.

PASSENGER (CONT'D)

My wife...

CAPTAIN

Enchante...

ANGLE ON: Trillian, turning from the captain into the crowd.
C.U. on her hand by the side of her dress. A man's wallet
held surreptitiously. Her fingers open the wallet, extract a
thin gold card with a black stripe. She discards the wallet,
keeps the card, and disappears into the crowd.

CUT TO:

28

FUJI MARU BRIDGE - NIGHT

28

Top of the line. State of the art. The crew is multinational.
English is the common language, but everyone has an accent.
Canton, the picture of self-satisfaction, enters, sipping
champagne.

CANTON

You wanted to see me Captain?

The Captain stands next to a bank of LASER IMAGING SYSTEMS.
Canton steps up. Looks down at the THERMAL RADAR IMAGER.
Multi-colored LASER IMAGES.

CAPTAIN

We have a storm rising behind us...
we may have to close the canopy, I
hope it doesn't ruin your party.

CANTON

(self-satisfied)
Ruin my party? Captain, this ship
was built to withstand a typhoon. I
can't imagine there's anything on

the sea today that could possibly
ruin my party.

SMASH CUT TO:

29 JETFOIL - NIGHT

29

C.U. A crowbar quietly pops the top off a wooden crate to reveal the lethal looking tip of a torpedo...PULL BACK TO: Pantucci in the storage hold, surrounded by half a dozen crates, his wily eyes popped wide with apprehension. He licks his lips nervously, looks around and whispers into his headset.

PANTUCCI

(whispers)

Finnegan...Finnegan...

A hand falls on his shoulder, spinning him around to a fist coming right into his face.

CUT TO:

30 PILOT HOUSE - NIGHT

30

Jimi Hendrix. THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER. Blasting. As the Jet foil rockets across the waves. Leila, stripped out of her soaking wet clothes, down to her panties and bra, stands wiping her dripping wet, magnificently ripped body, with a dry towel. Leila puts her fingers in her ears.

LEILA

Gum kwa she bam dok.

FINNEGAN

It's not noise...it's genius...

And then over the headset, over the Hendrix...

PANTUCCI (V.O.)

FINNEGANNNN!!

Followed by the unmistakable sound of fist hitting flesh. Finnegan and Leila trade a look.

CUT TO:

31 HOLD - NIGHT

31

A massive fist plows into Pantucci's stomach. He drops from the arms of MULLIGAN, a scar-faced Irishman with a buzz cut. As quickly as he is doubled over he is yanked up straight by the man who hit him, VIVO, a merciless Maori, covered by tattoos, topped off with venom.

MULLIGAN

You know what my goal is? Before I

die I want to make love to a woman
from every country on earth.

VIVO

You mean countries that are
acknowledged by the UN...or like
made up countries too?

MULLIGAN

What the hell does that mean?

VIVO

Like Mamooli's country...

MAMOOLI

What you talkin'? Samoa's a county!

VIVO

It's a dot on a map...

MULLIGAN

Map...no map...I don't give a shit
...they got women on Samoa, it's on
the list.

HANOVER

Mr. Billy you're in the batter's
box.

Hanover watches calmly as BILLY, the Aborigine, cracks his
fist against the side of Pantucci's head, knocking him out of
Vivo's arms.

BILLY

At home we denosy the nosy.

BILLY hoists Pantucci. He draws his knife under Pantucci's
bloody nose.

HANOVER

We're not savage here Mr. Billy...
we're professionals. Hold him...Mr.
Chin...

The Chinese merc steps forward, and whaps Pantucci upside the
head with a cruelly accurate crescent kick. Pantucci hits the
wall hard, crumbling. Chin lifts him.

HANOVER (CONT'D)

Anyone else?

Massive Mason steps forward.

MASON

I'll take a go and the I vote we
throw the little weasel
overboard...

MULLIGAN

I vote we slit his throat THEN
throw him overboard...

Mason raises his hand of a fist drawing his tree trunk arm back, taking dead aim at Pantucci's face. He never gets the punch off. His arm is caught from behind. He looks over his shoulder to Finnegan. Gripping his wrist. Right in his face.

FINNEGAN

...this is not a democracy. You
don't get a vote.

Mason, enraged, swings with his free hand. Finnegan twists his arm sharply, sending Mason's head into the steel wall, knocking the big man senseless. The other mercenaries go to draw their weapons. Before the guns are out of holsters, Finnegan swings a spear gun into Hanover's face, an inch from his eye.

FINNEGAN (CONT'D)

I'll say it again for the hearing
impaired...

Finnegan cocks the spear. CLICK! Hanover does not blink. Everyone freezes. With his free hand Finnegan lifts Pantucci to his unsteady feet, the spear stays poised. Finnegan backs out of the room.

HANOVER

This isn't right Finnegan. I've got
a contract.

FINNEGAN

(RECITING)

20 hours on the clock. Out and
back. Double for overtime.

HANOVER

And no questions asked.

FINNEGAN

Who asked any?

HANOVER

He did...with a crowbar...you know
the rules on a broken contract.

FINNEGAN

I know it...but you want to get
where you want to get, and back? I
need a chief engineer, and unless
you got a replacement, I'd highly
recommend overlooking the
indiscretion.

With that Finnegan leads Pantucci out of the hold, slamming the door behind him.

PANTUCCI

Thanks...

Finnegan turns his gaze to Pantucci. It makes the smaller man quiver.

FINNEGAN

You put me in that position again
I'll throw you overboard myself.

Finnegan stalks off. Pantucci swallows hard, knowing he means it.

CUT TO:

32 FUJI MARU - NIGHT 32

A man strides down the hall of an executive passageway, his face obscured in shadows. He has a CANISTER in his hands. Walks through a door MARKED:

"AUTHORIZED PERSONNEL ONLY"

CUT TO:

33 COMPUTER/CONTROL MONITOR ROOM - NIGHT 33

The brain center for the whole ship. Rows of computer mainframes, laser-guided imagers and D.T. processors. No humans needed. And none are present. Except one --

The Man strides purposefully down a row of computers, makes a left, then a right. He knows exactly where he's going. He arrives at an ultra-high-tech CONSOLE. The cerebellum. Three similar canisters are plugged into the console. The Man unscrews the middle canister. Screws his canister into its place. Sets the TIMER to 0:300 hours. Pushes a button. The TIMER starts to COUNT DOWN.

CUT TO:

34 THE FUJI MARU - NIGHT 34

All LIT UP and looking beautiful. The wind is stronger. The party is wilder. The BAND louder. The people drunker. Rain begins to fall. Everybody moans and heads for cover.

The deck's huge hydraulic canopy begins to close, reviving the party spirit.

CUT TO:

35 VAULT ROOM - NIGHT 35

A gold card with a black stripe slides into the security lock of a high tech vault. Lights blink. Tumblers roll. One after another the electronic locks unlock.

Trillian stands back as the massive vault door swings open. With a quick look over her shoulder, she enters the vault.

CUT TO:

36 VAULT - NIGHT

36

Trillian consults a list, looking for one very specific vault box.

Finding it, she pulls a lock pick from her fabulous coiffure, and picks the lock in nothing flat. A pro. Flipping open the box, Trillian removes the only thing she came for. A dazzling diamond ring with the center stone the size of an egg. With a twist, she pops the stone from the setting, holds it up to admire it in the light...

CANTON (V.O.)

It is an amazing stone...

Trillian grits her teeth, and turns to...Canton, the Captain, and two burly Chinese security men.

CANTON (CONT'D)

...what were you planning on doing with it?

TRILLIAN

Retiring.

CANTON

Well you can still proceed with your plans then...in prison...Captain... escort the lady...

Canton exits. The Captain steps forward, and removes the diamond ring from Trillian's hand.

CAPTAIN

Mademoiselle...you are not a lady.

He slaps her across the face. Trillian flushes, touches the drop of blood at her lip...and decks the Captain with a vicious right cross.

TRILLIAN

And you...Monsieur...you are not a gentleman.

CUT TO:

37 VEGETABLE LOCKER - NIGHT

37

A hatch door bursts open. Trillian is thrown inside. The DOOR SLAMS SHUT. Trillian looks around. No windows. One door. Lots of fruit and vegetables.

Trillian accepts the hopelessness of her situation. She takes an apple, sits down and bites deeply, running her options.

CUT TO:

38 COMPUTER/CONTROL MONITOR ROOM - SAME TIME 38

The CANISTER TIMER finishes counting down -- 4 -- 3 -- 2 -- 1. It suddenly EMITS a high-energy HUM. Intense electro static, which builds into...

CUT TO:

39 SAIPAN PILOT HOUSE - NIGHT 39

...A screeching guitar solo... The Allman Brothers Band pulses out of the speakers. Finnegan is prepping the wound over Pantucci's eye for sutures.

As he swabs it carefully, Leila is at the helm keeping the speeding, bouncing, boat on course.

PANTUCCI

Here's what I think...I think these mokes below are a hit squad.

FINNEGAN

I saw these guy perform...at Altmont ...you know that? They opened for the Stones...

He carefully threads the surgical needle.

PANTUCCI

Right now...there's some bozo sitting on his yacht at those coordinates they gave us, sipping his scotch and soda...totally unawares that we are about to deliver 500 kgs of high power torpedo to light up his ass...that's what's down there in that hold and who knows what the hell else...

CUT TO:

40 HOLD - NIGHT 40

The top of another wooden crate is popped revealing the answer to Pantucci's question: a chilling display of firepower. Pulse rifles. Hand held gatling guns with laser sightings. Oblong grenades. The latest in death delivery

systems.

Hanover and his men lift and load. Slamming shells into chambers. KA- CHANG! KA-CHANG! KA-CHANG! These boys know their toys.

CUT TO:

41 PILOT HOUSE - NIGHT

41

FINNEGAN

Hold still now...I was like three rows back.

Finnegan centers the needle over Pantucci's wound.

FINNEGAN (CONT'D)

...Jagger was here...I was here...

PANTUCCI

You don't give a shit about anything do you?

FINNEGAN

Sure I do...I give a shit that at 0300 hour we reach our point of destination. I give a shit that those mojos got to do what they got to do, and 45 minutes later we are turn around and gone. I give a shit that by the time the sun comes up we are all safely tucked in bed.

PANTUCCI

That's it? That's all you give a shit about?

FINNEGAN

Oh yeah...and that my stitch job doesn't make you uglier than you already are...this won't hurt a bit...

Finnegan sinks the needle into the wound. Pantucci's SCREAM rises above the music.

CUT TO:

42 FUJI MARU - NIGHT

42

The Fuji Maru cruises through RAIN-LASHED waters. Accompanied by a very scary MUSICAL SCORE. Then suddenly, in the extreme foreground, AIR BUBBLES angrily GURGLE to the surface. Then a WAVE EXPLODES, as if THRASHED from below. Then another WAVE EXPLODES, forty feet to the right. Then ANOTHER, eighty feet to the left. And then ALMOST SEEN: Huge, black, ominous THINGS seem to be SQUIRMING beneath the water.

Heading for the Fuji Maru.

CUT TO:

43 CRYSTAL FOREDECK - NIGHT

43

RAIN PELTS the canopy. LIGHTNING FLASHES. THUNDER RUMBLES. We can HEAR the PARTY inside. MUSIC, laughs and cheers.

CUT TO:

44 THE BRIDGE - NIGHT

44

The entire ROOM seems to be FRITZING OUT. The lights crackle on and off. The Captain stands behind the bank of failing IMAGING SYSTEMS, growing edgier by the moment.

MATE

The entire bridge electrical system is shutting down sir!

CAPTAIN

Switch over to auxiliary power, and run a circuit check.

MATE

Yes sir...

The COM. OFFICER is busy fiddling with the communications and imaging gear. DISTORTED LIGHTS from the scrambled systems plays off their faces.

COM. OFFICER

We're losing radar and sonar!

FIRST MATE

Communications systems are out sir!

The Captain is confounded, on the edge of panic. Canton hurries onto the bridge.

CANTON

What the hell is going on?

CAPTAIN

Communication systems have failed! Radar...sonar...radios...I don't understand it.

MATE

Maybe it's the storm!

CANTON

Nonsense! We're impervious to weather!

FIRST MATE

We have a main frame meltdown!!

CANTON

Well unmelt it!!

Canton storms out. Every piece of electrical equipment on the bridge starts to shut down.

SMASH CUT TO:

45 HULL - NIGHT 45

Where the waves meet the hull, A BALLAST HOLE excretes water. Suddenly, near the ballast hole, a WAVE EXPLODES, thrashed from below. Accompanied by the scary foreboding MUSIC again.

CUT TO:

46 VEGETABLE STORAGE - NIGHT 46

Trillian, making the best of a bad situation, is just putting the finishing touches on a wonderful salad culled from the stores. As she sits down, spreading a makeshift napkin on her lap just so, a violent SUCKING SOUND comes from above her. Trillian's eyes shoot upward. A VICIOUS GURGLING SOUND RACES through a large PIPE along the ceiling. Trillian leaps to her feet. Backs away. A little spooked.

CUT TO:

47 STATEROOM BATHROOM - NIGHT 47

An elegant woman sits on the toilet, her gown hiked up inelegantly, reading "Vogue." As she turns the page the same strange sound, a violent sucking, comes from inside the walls, startling her. She looks around the room. Can't see anything. Shrugs it off. Goes back to her magazine. Turns another page.

A LONG SCARY BEAT.

And then suddenly -- She SHUDDERS VIOLENTLY and gives a sharp CRY. Her eyes filled panic. She tries to stand, but she's JERKED BACK DOWN! Her ARMS FLAIL WILDLY. Scattering stuff off the counter. She tries to SCREAM, but it comes out more like a GURGLE. Below her, in the TOILET, there is a hideous SLURPING SOUND. She manages a final, desperate scream, a high-pitched WAIL.

Which nobody hears because...

CUT TO:

48 POOL DECK - NIGHT 48

...the Band has kicked into another ROCK SONG. The drunken revelers whoop and holler, dancing with reckless abandon

ignoring the THUNDER and LIGHTNING. And then...with a loud BASSO PROFUNDO CLANG, the CRUISE LINER JERKS TO A STOP. EVERYTHING goes CRASH. PEOPLE TUMBLE. TABLES TOPPLE. The MUSIC STOPS as the entire Band falls into the pool.

CUT TO:

49 VEGETABLE STORAGE - NIGHT 49

Trillian goes ass-over-teacups, rolling over just in time to see a wall of BOXES CRASHING straight down on her. SMASH! She's knocked out cold.

CUT TO:

50 WATERSPORT PLATFORM - NIGHT 50

One of the SPEEDBOATS breaks free of its harness. TOPPLES over the side and drops down into the sea. SPLASH!

CUT TO:

51 POOL DECK - NIGHT 51

Everything goes quiet. Everybody freezes. Panic is a heartbeat away.

A FLASH OF LIGHTNING lights up the top of the canopy. The passengers begin to mutter fearfully. From his perch, Canton fights down his own panic, and addresses the crowd in calm reassuring tones.

CANTON

Ladies and gentlemen...your attention please... Ladies and gentlemen...

The disquieted crowd turns to Canton.

CANTON (CONT'D)

This is the most technologically advanced sailing vessel on the water today. Every problem has been anticipated...the Captain has assured me that we will be up and running in no time...so enjoy yourselves...there's nothing to worry about...

Suddenly, and quite violently, a WOMAN is SUCKED UNDER THE WATER -- THWUP! Others swimmers notice and freeze. The Woman doesn't come back up. And then, THREE more SWIMMERS are violently JERKED UNDER. All the people in and around the pool see this and panic. SCREAMING. YELLING. SWIMMING. SWIMMING and RUNNING. A CRACK OF THUNDER! The Captain calls out --

CAPTAIN

Remain calm! Stop! Do you hear?

REMAIN CALM! The pool clears. Everybody backs the hell away from it. The WATER in the pool BUBBLES, and GURGLES, and then goes quiet. And then, from somewhere deep within the bowels of the ship, comes a loud, eerie, primordial YOWL. WE PUSH IN ON CANTON: His eyes slowly widen. Stunned. His calm replaced by pure terror.

CANTON

Dear God.

CUT TO:

52 SOUTH CHINA SEA - NIGHT 52

Off in the distance is the cruiseliner. WE HOLD FOR A LONG, SILENT, EERIE BEAT. And then the SCREAMING begins...

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

53 SAIPAN - NIGHT 53

Blasting through increasingly stormy seas.

CUT TO:

54 PILOT HOUSE - NIGHT 54

Finnegan notices Billy, Mulligan and Vivo setting two catapult like devices on the front of the deck.

FINNEGAN

Leila see what they're up to...

Leila exits. Finnegan's eyes go up from the action on deck to the radar screen, where a blip, fast moving, right toward the jet foil catches his attention.

FINNEGAN (CONT'D)

What the hell...

SMASH CUT TO:

55 SAIPAN - NIGHT 55

A FLASH OF LIGHTNING REVEALS -- The speedboat from the Fuji Maru hurtling at the hull! BAAROOOOM!!! The speedboat slams into the Saipan. Instant FIREBALL.

ANGLE ON: The mercs and Leila slammed to the deck.

SMASH CUT TO:

56 HOLD - NIGHT 56

A GASH is RIPPED out of the bow. METAL FLIES. WATER SPRAYS.

The new HOLE VOMITS FLAME. Spewing it over the crates.
Hanover and the rest of his men are blown against the walls.

CUT TO:

57 ENGINE ROOM - NIGHT 57

Pantucci DIVES as flying SHRAPNEL PEPPERS the two engines.
Instantly kills one engine. Maims the other. A FIRE starts.

CUT TO:

58 PILOT HOUSE - NIGHT 58

RED WARNING LIGHTS flash and blink. Lighting up the console.
The left steering stick dies in Finnegan's hand.

FINNEGAN

Joey!! Talk to me!

CUT TO:

59 ENGINE ROOM - NIGHT 59

Mayhem... Fire spews out of the engines. Pantucci sprays a
fire extinguisher frantically. Where the shrapnel entered the
hull water now spurts with every wave. Smoke and water, oil
and fire.

PANTUCCI

Jezebel's dead...Hercules is right
behind her! We got a gusher in the
hull!

CUT TO:

60 PILOT HOUSE - NIGHT 60

As the Saipan comes to a halt, Finnegan loses play in his
remaining stick.

FINNEGAN

Shit!!

Finnegan locks the sticks down, and runs out.

CUT TO:

61 HOLD - NIGHT 61

TRACK WITH Finnegan running through the smoke filled hold,
past Hanover and the merc's who are pulling themselves off
the floor, right into the...

ENGINE ROOM. Where Pantucci is beside himself in smoke and
sputtering flame.

PANTUCCI

What did you do to my kids!!

FINNEGAN

Me??

PANTUCCI

No! The man in the moon!! Who's driving this thing?

Finnegan notices something on the floor. He picks up a shard of the speedboat propeller. Strange. Hanover steps into the room.

HANOVER

What happened?

Finnegan looks at the piece of speedboat in his hand.

FINNEGAN

We ran into a speedboat...

He shows the piece of speed boat to Hanover. Who stares at it. Finnegan sees the hint of recognition in his eyes.

FINNEGAN (CONT'D)

Speedboat in the middle of the ocean...

HANOVER

How soon can we get up and running?

FINNEGAN

We can't...we got one engine dead, and the other limping badly.

HANOVER

I have a schedule...

PANTUCCI

I spent two years building these things...screw your schedule!

Mason grabs Pantucci by the throat, lifting him off the ground.

MASON

You little weasel!

Finnegan slams the piece of speed boat into the back of Mason's knees buckling him to the floor. In the blink of an eye there is the barrel of a .45 pressed hard against his head, Hanover at the trigger end.

HANOVER

We were talking about my schedule...

FINNEGAN

You're going to have to get a new one.

HANOVER

Not an option.

FINNEGAN

Then you better start swimming.

Hanover cracks Finnegan across the face with the barrel of the gun. Finnegan's head spins. He touches the corner of his mouth, and comes away with blood, and a look of murder in his eyes. Hanover slams a round in the chamber.

HANOVER

One more joke and your comedy career is over. Now fix this.

PANTUCCI

With what? Look at them...they need gears...cylinder heads...oil pans... we're in the middle of the goddamn ocean...

FINNEGAN

I think he knows that Joey.

PANTUCCI

Good! So maybe he also know where the hell am I going to get the parts I need...

Mulligan comes running in.

MULLIGAN

Target in sight!!

CUT TO:

62 SAIPAN - NIGHT

62

Everybody stands on deck as Hanover scans the darkness through a pair of infrared binoculars.

HANOVER

Contact verified! You know the drill gentlemen!

The merc's scatter below deck. Hanover hands the binoculars to Finnegan.

HANOVER (CONT'D)

Care to see what dreams are made of Finnegan?

Finnegan's POV through the binoculars. The Fuji Maru in the distance, lit up, beautiful.

CUT TO:

63 DECK - NIGHT

63

BAM! BAM! Two grappling hooks fly from the barrels of the two catapults bolted to the deck, landing on the deck of the Fuji Maru, which looms above the Saipan. Vivo pulls on the lines until they go taut. Finnegan, Pantucci, and Leila stand by watching as the mercs in full assault gear, communication headsets in place, get ready for action.

VIVO

Lines set.

Mason swivels the big HARPOON GUN on the bow.

MASON

Tow lines!

VIVO

Clear!

He FIRES the HARPOON. It shoots and SLAMS into the rear deck of the Fuji Maru.

MASON

Tow line secure.

HANOVER

Secure the zone of operation!!

Swift, athletic, the mercs leap onto the lines and scramble hand over hand toward the Fuji Maru's deck.

HANOVER (CONT'D)

When I was a little bit of a pissant we lived down the road from where all the big cruise ships used to come into Sydney harbor...

The first mercs reach the Fuji Maru's deck, and toss life lines down to Hanover.

HANOVER (CONT'D)

Mum and me we used to sit by our front door and watch them...she used to say "one day you're going to make your fortune in life on one of them..."

Hanover hands one line to Finnegan, one to Pantucci. The third he attaches around his waist.

FINNEGAN

Great woman your mother. Real foresight.

HANOVER

And she could do a hell of a barbie to boot! Belt up. You'll find all the parts you need up there.

Finnegan and Pantucci comply.

FINNEGAN

I assume somebody up there has made sure no distress signal can be sent.

HANOVER

I'd say that's a pretty good assumption.

PANTUCCI

(nervous)
You know the crew could be armed.

HANOVER

With what? Martinis and tanning oil?

Hanover hand signals to his men above. The lines go taut. Finnegan, Pantucci, and Hanover are hoisted to the deck of the Fuji Maru.

CUT TO:

64 FUJI MARU DECK - NIGHT

64

Deathly silent. Not a soul is about. The mercs are deployed in a close military defense pattern.

HANOVER

Synchronize watches...

Everyone hits a button on their watches.

HANOVER (CONT'D)

25 minutes...by the numbers. Engine room and machine shop are on the third sub deck...Vivo...Mulligan go with them...keep in touch...move out...

CUT TO:

65 SAIPAN ENGINE ROOM - NIGHT

65

A thick black hose weaves it's way across the flooded floor, sucking water. Leila up to her knees in water, wearing a blast visor, stripped down to her skivvies, wields a welder

against the gaping hole in the hull. As the boat dips in the waves water sloshes in. Billy sits on the stairs trying to stay dry. He goes to light a cigarette.

LEILA

(angry)
Kwan bat! Kwam bat! Booom!!

She points the acetylene tank she works with.

BILLY

(bothered)
Yeah...yeah...yeah...

Billy heads for the deck. Leila looks after him in disgust.

LEILA

Asshole...

She ignites her torch, is about to flick her visor down again when a loud gurgling, a sucking sound, stops her. She cuts the torch. Looks around nervously...and then she spots the suction hose sucking away.

She smiles to herself. Flips the visor, fires the torch, and goes back to work.

CUT TO:

66

FUJI MARU DECK PASSAGEWAY - NIGHT

66

An alert Mulligan leads Finnegan and Pantucci around a corner. Vivo brings up the rear.

PANTUCCI

You'd think they'd set a deck watch...

FLASH TO: The deck full of people partying, carousing. The railing is lined with 15 lifeboats suspended in their harnesses.

FLASH BACK TO: Mulligan, Finnegan, Pantucci and Vivo staring at a completely deserted deck. The lifeboat harnesses swing in the breeze, eerily empty. Mulligan looks back to Vivo.

MULLIGAN

I thought the plan was we'd evacuate them after we got through.

VIVO

Maybe plans changed...

MULLIGAN

Plans don't change...

PANTUCCI

Maybe it's the wrong ship.

MULLIGAN

Shut up!

And then a strange yowl echoes from somewhere deep in the bowels of the ship. Finnegan and Pantucci trade a look.

FINNEGAN

Let's just keep going.

MULLIGAN

(nervous)

You ain't giving the orders here!

And again the yowl. Everyone freezes.

MULLIGAN (CONT'D)

Let's keep going!

CUT TO:

67 CRYSTAL POOL DECK - NIGHT

67

Hanover, Mason, and Chin set foot on the deserted pool deck.

FLASH TO: The pool deck is jammed with people partying. The band playing. Two kids toss a beach ball back and forth. The ball flies over one boy's head...

FLASH BACK TO: The ball falls into the empty pool...Where the band's instruments litter the bottom along a big jagged crack.

MASON

What the...

Uneasy, Hanover and his men look around at the over turned chairs. The smashed aquarium. Chin bends down and picks up a small squid from the bottom of the smashed aquarium. The squid wraps its tentacles around Chin's hand almost immediately. Chin regards it with curiosity.

HANOVER

Focus on the task Mr. Chin...

...and then the yowl freezes them. C.U. on Hanover's face. His eyes flicker with uncertainty...and a tinge of fear.

CUT TO:

68 GRAND ATRIUM LOBBY - NIGHT

68

DING! FLASH TO: A glass elevator descending through the spectacular atrium, full of elegant well-dressed people laughing, chatting.

DING! FLASH BACK TO: Mulligan, Vivo, Pantucci, and Finnegan, standing amidst the shattered glass and broken furniture, whirling to the elevator door opening. Mulligan, nerves ajangle, and Vivo, swing their pulse rifles up hard as the door opens to reveal...and empty elevator! DING! The door closes. The car starts to ascend in the eerie silence. The mercs watch it go with growing uneasiness.

CUT TO:

69 FUJI MARU BRIDGE - DAWN

69

The door to the bridge is KICKED OPEN. Mason and Chin leap inside. Guns out front. On edge. The overhead lights flicker on and off. The imager screens are all black. The STEERING WHEEL slowly ROCKS. As if an invisible captain is steering a ghost ship. Hanover ENTERS. Eyes shifting. Suspicious, and a bit nervous.

HANOVER

What the hell is going on?

CUT TO:

70 THE FRISCO BAR AND CASINO - DAWN

70

Mulligan leads Finnegan, Pantucci, Vivo into the casino. The place looks like a mess. Tables and chairs are upended. Glasses and bottles are shattered everywhere. And there's BLOOD on the floor.

A BELL RINGS LOUDLY and the TROLLEY CAR STARTS TO MOVE!

ELECTRONIC VOICE

Next stop, Chinatown!

Everyone jumps, freaked. Mulligan and Vivo spin around and OPEN FIRE. Start BLOWING the shit out of the TROLLEY CAR. The GUNS sound like nothing we've ever heard. ROLLING THUNDER. Absolutely deafening.

CUT TO:

71 FUJI MARU - DAY

71

The GUNFIRE ECHOES through the hull. Suddenly, with a loud SPLASH, a sixteen-foot-long LIFEBOAT pops to the surface. Then another LIFE BOAT POPS UP. Then ANOTHER. Then THREE MORE off to the port side. Then TWO MORE off to the starboard. It's as if the SOUND of the GUNFIRE is somehow releasing the boats from their watery graves. They start to drift away. Spooky quiet.

CUT TO:

72 FRISCO BAR AND CASINO - NIGHT

72

BULLETS RAKE the Trolley's metal sides. The WINDSHIELD EXPLODES. Finnegan yells at Mulligan and Vivo --

FINNEGAN

Guys!! Whoa! WHOA! WHOA! WHOOOAAA!!

Finnegan finally tilts the muzzle of Mulligan's gun to the ceiling. They stop firing. A little wigged-out. Their professional demeanor going by the boards. All goes quiet. They look at Finnegan, who is the picture of calm.

FINNEGAN (CONT'D)

Guys...get a grip.

The Trolley car reverses. The ELECTRONIC VOICE is now CRACKED --

ELECTRONIC VOICE

Next stop, Fisherman's Wharf.

Mulligan whirls, his gun poised. Just then his headset crackles.

HANOVER (V.O.)

(radio filtered)

This is Red One...status report.

Finnegan leans in towards Mulligan's mike.

FINNEGAN

(into radio)

Your boys just killed a trolley car Red One.

Mulligan pulls the radio away.

MULLIGAN

(into radio)

We been down three decks, there's nobody home... Total spooky-town. Advise on how to proceed.

CUT TO:

73 **CONNING TOWER - NIGHT**

73

Hanover looks around at the empty bridge, the blinking lights.

HANOVER

Stay to the schedule. Stay to the plan. Nothing has changed.

But the look in Hanover's slightly unnerved eyes tells a different story.

CUT TO:

Trillian goggily crawls out from under a mound of boxes. Her left eye's got a nice purple shiner. Her elegant gown is ripped.

A VERY STRANGE SOUND coming from behind the wall. Wet. Gooley. Slithery. Ominous.

Trillian freezes.

TRILLIAN

Hello?

The SOUND slowly MOVES across the wall. Then another WALL starts to GURGLE. Trillian spins around. She forces herself not to panic. Very cautiously, taking small measured steps she reaches the handle to the freezer, and tries to open it. No go.

The gurgling ripples above her. Her mouth goes dry as her eyes follow the sound across the ceiling. Her hand goes to her hair. She pulls her lock pick out, and very slowly kneels down until she is eye level with the door lock. She begins to pick her way out, her ears and eyes following the gurgling above. Suddenly the sound stops. The silence makes Trillian's heart sound that much louder. She sidles close to the wall.

TRILLIAN (CONT'D)

Hello?

Still silence. Cautious, she taps on the wall. For a moment nothing. And then...

WHAMM!!

Something slams against the wall from the other side in response. Trillian falls back against the door, her heart in her throat.

CUT TO:

A MAZE of pipes, hoses, gears, engines and catwalks. THINGS are HISSING, HUMMING, RUMBLING and CLANKING. A spooky place. Dark. Damp. Eerie. Ominous. Mulligan and Vivo, looking more nervous by the moment, lead the way. Finnegan and Pantucci follow.

PANTUCCI

(rattling, nervous)
You know what I'm gonna do after
this...I'm gonna get a normal
life...

FINNEGAN

(calm)
Joey...

PANTUCCI

...Like a house in the suburbs...
maybe a couple of kids...some sort
of business...be in the bowling
league...go to the ball games...

Finnegan turns to Pantucci, his voice even, calm, almost
kind.

FINNEGAN

Joey...it's okay...

PANTUCCI

What? You don't think I can have a
normal life?

FINNEGAN

Joey...look at me...

He forces Pantucci to look him in the eyes.

FINNEGAN (CONT'D)

We're gonna get what we gotta
get... do what we gotta do...and
get the hell outta here...okay?

Pantucci draws his strength from Finnegan. He forces himself
to take a deep breath.

PANTUCCI

Okay...

Suddenly, overhead, something black and veiny skitters across
the mass of pipes, so fast it shocks Pantucci back into the
wall.

MULLIGAN

What the...???

He and Vivo spin their guns at the pipes. The red dots of
their laser sights sweep the shadowy web of metal. Nothing.

MULLIGAN (CONT'D)

Come on...the sooner we get outta
here the better I'll feel. Mulligan
and Vivo move forward.

PANTUCCI

(quiet)
Finnegan...

Finnegan turns to Pantucci, who has not moved from where he
hit the wall.

FINNEGAN

It's okay...come on...

PANTUCCI

(scared)
I'm stuck...

Pantucci tries to pull away from the wall. He is stuck.

MULLIGAN

(jumpy)
Hey! What are you trying to pull!

PANTUCCI

(pleading)
John...

Finnegan takes Pantucci by the front of his shirt, ignoring Mulligan.

FINNEGAN

Relax your arms...slowly...that's
it...

As Finnegan pulls, Pantucci does as he is told. He slips away from the wall. The jacket doesn't.

MULLIGAN

What the...

He reaches out to touch the wall. Finnegan grabs his wrist, grabs a flashlight from Vivo's utility belt and shines it on the wall. Their POV -- the entire wall is covered in a strange, yellow, secreted GELATIN. Laid on in some sort of weird, inhuman, geometric pattern. Like a spider web.

CUT TO:

76 **THE SAIPAN'S HOLD - DAY**

76

Leila has welded half the hole shut. A GUSH OF WATER suddenly pours through the other half. Leila cuts the torch.

LEILA

Gebop!!

The KA-CHUNK-KA-CHUNK of the PUMP is like a loud scary HEARTBEAT. Leila removes her blast visor. Wipes her brow.

-- A MANGLED CORPSE GUSHES IN through the gaping hole!

LEILA SCREAMS. Bloody murder. Scared shitless. Quickly backs away. Actually, it's only half a corpse. The bottom half having been eaten away. It's wearing a tuxedo. The corpse's face is tightly constricted, eyes wide open, a grotesque death mask. Leila shakes like a leaf, waist-deep in seawater.

CUT TO:

77 SAIPAN DECK - NIGHT

77

Billy is staring out at all the lifeboats as they drift away. All he can hear is the loud KA-CHUNK-KA-CHUNK of the PUMP. He talks into his headset --

BILLY

(into radio)

I dunno where they came from,
turned around and there they were.

(pause)

No, no passengers.

(pause)

No shit I'll keep my eyes open.

CUT TO:

78 ENGINE ROOM - NIGHT

78

Leila trembles in the waist-high water. The PUMP'S HEARTBEAT seems to have gotten louder.

KA-CHUNK-KA-CHUNK-KA-CHUNK.

Leila slowly starts edging her way around the corpse.

KA-CHUNK-KA-CHUNK-KA-CHUNK-KA-CHUNK.

Her eyes are transfixed, staring at the abomination, too scared to scream.

KA-CHUNK-KA-CHUNK-KA-CHUNK.

Her back is to the gaping hole as she slowly starts to pass in front of it.

KA-CHUNK-KA-CHUNK-KA-CHUNK.

The water swirls around her waist.

KA-CHUNK-KA-CHUNK-KA-CHUNK.

She's almost past the gaping hole now.

KA-CHUNK-KA-CHUNK-KA-CHUNK...

Then something grabs her! She SCREAMS! And falls back towards the gaping hole -- But it's only a twisted piece of metal off a strut. She exhales. Relieved.

KA-CHUNK-KA-CHUNK-KA-CHUNK.

Suddenly, LEILA'S whole body SPASMS. She SCREECHES wildly, in great pain. The she's RIPPED backward out through the gaping

hole. Gone. WATER SLOSHES back in.

KA-CHUNK-KA-CHUNK-KA-CHUNK.

CUT TO:

79 FUJI MARU MACHINE SHOP - NIGHT

79

Knee deep in water, an edgy Mulligan watches Finnegan as he disassembles pieces of a thermal carburetor from an auxiliary generator. His eyes keep shifting around. Over in the far corner Vivo is watching Pantucci working over a metal lathe, repairing the cylinder head. Metal-on-metal. Vivo sits up on a barrel, trying to keep his feet out of the water.

FINNEGAN

The hulls of these things are supposed to be impregnable...

MULLIGAN

So?

FINNEGAN

So...If the hull's impregnable why are my feet wet?

MULLIGAN

Why don't you just stop figuring and keep working so we can get the hell out of here?

PANTUCCI

Why don't you help us so we can get done faster so we can get the hell out of here?

MULLIGAN

'Cause grease monkey ain't in my job description dick head...

Vivo pulls his feet further up on the barrel.

VIVO

What I want to know is why the goddamn ocean is always cold...since I'm a kid I hate god damn cold water.

Then out of the corner of his eye, Vivo sees SOMETHING MOVE. He spins around. Nothing but pipes and hoses.

MULLIGAN

(nervous)
What was that?

VIVO

Nothing.

MULLIGAN

Someone's back there.

VIVO

Hey! Come out here!

Finnegan and Pantucci stop working. All eyes are focused on the maze of pipes. THINGS are HISSING, HUMMING and RUMBLING. Nothing moves.

MULLIGAN

Check it out!

VIVO

Hey! You hear me? Come out! Still no response.

MULLIGAN

Will you check it the hell out!!

Disgusted, Vivo puts his feet in the water, gingerly.

VIVO

Man this shit is cold!

He walks toward the mass of hissing pipes. His pulse rifle rising.

VIVO (CONT'D)

I'm gonna kick your ass for putting me through this...

Then he hears a strange SLURPING and SUCKING SOUND coming from behind some gears at the end of a little alleyway.

VIVO (CONT'D)

I'm not screwing around with you man...I hate the cold water.

MULLIGAN

What is it man?

VIVO

I'm looking...

Vivo slowly goes in for a closer look, gun out front, heading down the little alleyway. He looks behind some pipes. The SLURPING gets LOUDER. Then he sees it. His eyes widen --

VIVO (CONT'D)

On shit!

And that's the last thing he ever says. Because just then, from a dark area between the pipes, SOMETHING SHOOTS OUT!

Mulligan, Finnegan, and Pantucci stare in horrified amazement as Vivo is viciously YANKED into the pipes. A moment later a WASH OF BLOOD is FLUNG across a wall. Mulligan freaks out, aims his rifle at the pipes.

MULLIGAN

Vivo!! Vivo!!

As Mulligan's attention diverts, Finnegan instinctively heads for Vivo's rifle, lying on the floor. Mulligan swings around. KACHUNK!! His rifle is armed. The laser dot fixes on Finnegan's forehead.

MULLIGAN (CONT'D)

Touch it and you're dead, asshole!

Finnegan freezes, looking up at a very freaked out Mulligan.

PANTUCCI

Don't shoot, man, don't shoot!

MULLIGAN

What happened to Vivo?! What the hell happened to Vivo?

Everybody's breathing hard. Freaked out. Major tension. Blood drips down the wall.

CUT TO:

80 VAULT ROOM - NIGHT

80

Trillian steps up to the vault, looking around, a bit nervous, something is definitely not right here.

TRILLIAN

Helloooo?

She shrugs, must be her imagination. From inside her low cut dress she pulls the Captain's gold security card. She is about to run it through the reader slot when...

V.O.

Ahem... She spins to...Hanover, Mason, Mamooli and Chin. Looking grim.

TRILLIAN

(recovering)

I'm sorry... This area is for authorized personnel only. As the assistant to the Purser, I'm afraid I'll have to ask you to vacate...

Mason and Chin lift their pulse-rifles. KACHUNK!!

TRILLIAN (CONT'D)

Or maybe not.

HANOVER

Where is everybody?

Trillian is confused --

TRILLIAN

What do you mean?

Hanover steps forward, right in her face.

HANOVER

(threatening)

I mean...where is everybody?

TRILLIAN

Poolside?

Hanover grabs Trillian by the throat and slams her against the wall. He rams his gun against her forehead.

HANOVER

You tell it straight or I pull the trigger. Who are you?

TRILLIAN

(choking)

A passenger...

Hanover blinks.

HANOVER

Where are the other passengers?

Trillian shrugs. Mason grabs the card out of her hand.

MASON

Forget her...let's get what we came for and get the hell out of here!

Mason runs the card through the slot. The ELECTRONICS KICK IN. LIGHTS FLASH. TUMBLERS ROLL. CLICK! It unlocks. Hanover's HEADSET comes alive with Mulligan SCREAMING.

HANOVER

Mulligan?? What?? I can't hear you?? Repeat I...

-- Mason JERKS the vault door open. A FIRE-AXE SWING DOWN into his head, WHUMP! Kills him instantly. Eyes wide open. Everybody freaks out. Jumps back. Hanover lets go of Trillian, and stares into the vault directly at Nigel Canton. Holding the axe.

CANTON

Oh my God. I didn't mean to...

Behind Canton the Captain is on the floor, in severe pain, his clothes are ripped up, REVEALING nasty looking RED SCARS, blistered and puffy, all over his chest and arms.

CANTON (CONT'D)

I thought it was one of them!

Chin jams his rifle to the middle of Canton's forehead, and cocks a round into the chamber.

HANOVER

Stand down soldier!

But this is one soldier who is slow to obey the order. Hanover grabs Chin by both shoulders and gives a colossal yank.

HANOVER (CONT'D)

I said...

He slams Chin against the wall. In the process he loses his headset.

HANOVER (CONT'D)

Stand down!!

Chin and Hanover stare at each other, their chests heaving. Mason finally drops to the ground. All she wrote.

CANTON

I didn't mean to! I though it was one of them!

HANOVER

One of who?!

CUT TO:

81 MACHINE SHOP - NIGHT

81

The machinery is sputtering, and sparking, shorting, steaming as the sea rises. Mulligan, in a panic, has backed Finnegan and Pantucci into a corner. He screams over his headset.

MULLIGAN

Hanover!...Hanover! Come in! Come in you son-of-a-bitch!

No response. A sucking sound comes from the dark mass of pipes. Mulligan spins.

MULLIGAN (CONT'D)

Hanover!! Hanover!!

FINNEGAN

Forget them...

Mulligan spins back to Finnegan and Pantucci.

MULLIGAN

(fried)
Shut up! You hear me!!

FINNEGAN

...we gotta get outta here -- NOW.

MULLIGAN

Shut up, man, just shut the hell
up! I gotta think! I gotta think!!

PANTUCCI

What's there to think about?? That
THING back there...

MULLIGAN

There ain't no thing here!! No
thing!! There's you him and me!!
Got it! You him and...

Suddenly, Mulligan's LEGS are suddenly JERKED OUT from under
him. He hits the floor hard. Starts FIRING WILDLY.

Finnegan and Pantucci hit the watery deck.

BULLETS RICOCHET everywhere. Mulligan is WHIPPED across the
floor. SCREAMING in fear. His pulse-rifle goes flying. He's
SLAMMED into a metal pylon, then SUCKED into a dark void in
the pipes. All in the blink of an eye.

Finnegan grabs Mulligan's pulse-rifle. OPENS FIRE. BLASTING
the shit out of anything and everything that moves.

FINNEGAN

Grab the parts!!

Pantucci grabs the knapsack, cramming as many parts as he can
into it as Finnegan keeps firing into the steaming, creaking,
sparking machinery.

FINNEGAN (CONT'D)

I'll cover! Move! Move!

Pantucci doesn't have to be told twice. He runs like hell,
with Finnegan firing a final burst, and following.

CUT TO:

Everyone hears the MASSIVE GUNFIRE. Hanover looks around for
the source of the sound. He finds it in his discarded
headset.

HANOVER

This is Red one! Come in Red two!

The gunfire stops, replaced by an ominous, horrifying, sucking sound.

CANTON

(panicked)

It's them! We've got to get off!

He runs out of the vault. The Captain follows close behind. Hanover listens to the sucking sound getting louder and louder.

HANOVER

Let's find them!

CHIN

What about the vault?

HANOVER

It's not going anywhere...

Hanover rushes out with Chin right behind.

Only Trillian remains, breathing deeply, scared...but not scared enough to forget the reason she came cruising in the first place. She goes right to the vault, opens one of the boxes, removes the giant diamond, drops it down her decolletage, pulls her high heels off, and runs out.

CUT TO:

83

ENGINE ROOM - NIGHT

83

Finnegan and Pantucci run to the end of a long section of metal grating, right below a staircase, to catch their breath. Everything has gone dead quiet, except for the billowing and clanging of the engines. Smoke and sparks obscure their vision.

PANTUCCI

Finnegan, what the hell was that?

FINNEGAN

I don't know...you got what we need?

PANTUCCI

If I don't, I ain't going back to get it...you think we're safe?

Both of them listen to the silence. And then, at the far end of the grating, one grate rises...and falls. Finnegan and Pantucci watch, transfixed. Then, like a locomotive gathering speed, the grates start rising and falling, faster and faster, clanking louder and louder, headed right for the two

of them.

LOUDERFASTERLOUDERFASTER!!!

FINNEGAN

Come on!!

Finnegan and Pantucci run up the stairs as fast as they can...just as the grate they were standing on rises and falls. Silence returns. Except for the steaming, creaking machinery...and an ominous sucking sound.

CUT TO:

84

PASSAGEWAY - NIGHT

84

Trillian comes running down the passageway to a freight elevator. Looking over her shoulder, she hits the button. The elevator doors open to a freight elevator large enough to hold a dozen people. Trillian rushes in and hits the up button. She breathes a sigh of relief as the steel doors close...until the elevator starts going down.

TRILLIAN

Up!! I want to go up!

She panics. And starts pushing the up button frantically, her heart pounding in her chest. There is not a sound except for the hum of the elevator descending...until something drops on the roof with a THUMP! Trillian screams. The elevator comes to a bumps stop.

TRILLIAN (CONT'D)

No...No...

Trillian shrinks from the ceiling of the elevator...and then the car starts to move again.

TRILLIAN (CONT'D)

Go up...please go up!

Trillian pounds on ever button on the console, to no avail. The car continues its inexorable descent. Finally, in desperation, she hits the emergency stop button. The elevator stops. The emergency SIREN WHINES. A LONG BEAT. Nothing moves...and then...

WHAM! Something beats on the roof, trying to break in. And again -- WHAM! The ELEVATOR SHUDDERS and continues its descent. Trillian backs up against the wall, staring at the ceiling, scared. The ELEVATOR DINGS!

Startled, TRILLIAN SCREAMS. The DOORS start to OPEN. Panicked, Trillian raises the only weapon at her disposal...a high heel. The DOORS OPEN. -- SOMETHING LUNGES IN! Trillian swings her high heel...right into Pantucci's face!

Finnegan plows in right behind him.

PANTUCCI

OWWW!! OOWWW!!!

Trillian tries to run out. Finnegan grabs her.

TRILLIAN

I'm not staying here!

FINNEGAN

It ain't any better out there!

Trillian struggles. Finnegan does not let go of her.

FINNEGAN (CONT'D)

Lady, I'm telling you...

Trillian buries her high heel into the back of Finnegan's hand, breaking his grip.

FINNEGAN (CONT'D)

OWW!

Just then, the doors to the elevator shut, and the car starts to ascend.

TRILLIAN

Now look what you did!

FINNEGAN

I saved your life is what I did!

TRILLIAN

Who asked you to!

PANTUCCI

What the hell's going on here?

TRILLIAN

You're with that other bunch, right?

FINNEGAN

What other bunch?

TRILLIAN

The thieves.

FINNEGAN

I'm not a thief.

TRILLIAN

Then who are you?

FINNEGAN

I'm their ride.

Trillian hears music to her ears.

TRILLIAN

You have a boat?

Her demeanor changes, her voice goes to honey.

PANTUCCI

Finnegan!

Trillian and Finnegan turn to Pantucci who is looking down at the floor where a mass of yellow slime has dripped from the ceiling. All look up to the yellow goo dripping from the ceiling...followed by a sucking sound.

TRILLIAN

It's up there!!

Finnegan lifts his pulse rifle and blasts the ceiling. The sucking sound stops.

FINNEGAN

Not anymore.

The elevator stops. DING! The door opens. Finnegan whirls his rifle, rising. Trillian lifts her high heel, ready to strike...

Hanover, Chin, and Mamooli have their massive guns trained on the car. The Captain and Canton quiver behind them. There is a momentary stand off.

HANOVER

Where are my men?

FINNEGAN

Dead.

CHIN

YAAHHH!!

Chin charges Finnegan, the butt of his rifle raised to smash Finnegan's skull. Finnegan parries and drives Chin into the rear wall of the elevator. Mamooli jumps Finnegan from behind, wrapping his rifle against Finnegan's throat. Pantucci jumps on Mamooli's massive back, ripping at his face. Finnegan drops, buries his elbow in Mamooli's solar plexus, spins, and has his knife out of his boot and at Mamooli's throat in a flash.

ANGLE ON: Trillian. Impressed. She had no idea.

HANOVER

Drop it!

Finnegan looks up into the barrel of Hanover's gun...and a

pair of eyes that will use it. Finnegan does as he is told.

HANOVER (CONT'D)

Now, back up!

Again, Finnegan does as he is told.

HANOVER (CONT'D)

Everybody in!

The Captain and Canton are only too happy to comply. As they slip in, Trillian tries to slip out. Hanover swings his gun on her.

HANOVER (CONT'D)

Where are you going?

TRILLIAN

(freezing)

Nowhere...

FINNEGAN

Hanover, listen...

HANOVER

Shut up!

Hanover hit the elevator button. The elevator starts to rise.

HANOVER (CONT'D)

Now, where's Mulligan? Where's Vivo?

FINNEGAN

I told you...

PANTUCCI

Man, there's something here! On the boat!

CANTON

You see? You see?

HANOVER

Shut up! Shut up all of you! Now here's what we're doing... Mamooli is going to take you back to fix your engines, Chin and I are staying here to finish the job...

FINNEGAN

Did you clear this?

HANOVER

With who?

All of a sudden, the car is jerked to a halt, as if some

giant hand was yanking on the cable.

FINNEGAN

With that...

And then, the elevator jerks down again. And up. Everyone is thrown about like straw. Everyone is shouting, panicked. And then the jerking stops...and the sound of sucking surrounds the car. The cable starts twisting, creaking sickeningly above their heads.

PANTUCCI

It's gonna snap the cable!

Trillian starts hitting the buttons frantically.

TRILLIAN

Open! Open! God damn it!!

Finnegan is at the doors, pulling them with all his might.

FINNEGAN

Help me!!

Pantucci, then Mamooli, then Hanover and Chin pull at the doors as Trillian keeps hitting the buttons. The doors part a bit.

FINNEGAN (CONT'D)

They're coming! They're coming!

The doors fly open to...a solid wall.

FINNEGAN (CONT'D)

Oh shit...

And silence...until the doors slam shut...the cable snaps...and the car plummets! Screaming and shouting mixes with the bloodcurdling shrieking of the metal elevator frame against the shaft. Finnegan's eyes go to the floor indicator.

13

12 -- 11 -- 10 -- 9 -- 8 -- 7 -- 6 -- 5 -- 4!

13

An AUTOMATED VOICE rapidly CALLS OUT right along with it --

VOICE

4th floor. 3rd floor. 2nd floor.
1st floor...

Down, down, down it goes. Faster and faster. But the elevator doesn't stop at the first floor. It keeps dropping. The FLOOR INDICATOR BLINKS: "SUBLEVEL. SUBLEVEL. SUBLEVEL."

CANTON

It's taking us to the bottom of the ship!

FINNEGAN

HANG ON!

CABLES SNAP. METAL SCREAMS. The ELEVATOR starts to BUCKLE. Which is actually good, because it's getting jammed sideways in the shaft which slows it down. The it HITS bottom with a resounding crash.

CUT TO:

85

SUBLEVEL LOBBY - DAY

85

The DOORS BLOW OUT into the darkened hallway. For a long moment nothing moves, then Finnegan tumbles out of the elevator. Rising painfully. One after another the others exit into the dark lobby.

HANOVER

Where are we?

CANTON

The sublevel lobby.

Finnegan bends down to pick up one of the pulse rifles.

HANOVER

Don't touch it!

Finnegan looks up to Hanover standing a bit shakily, his own rifle trained on Finnegan.

FINNEGAN

You shoot me and you got no ride home...

And with that, Finnegan picks up the gun. A test of wills. Finnegan wins, and then turns to the Captain.

FINNEGAN (CONT'D)

You the Captain?

CAPTAIN

Yes.

FINNEGAN

How do we get out of here?

CAPTAIN

We have to make it to the third deck...

Pantucci steps on something. CRUNCH! He looks down, his eyes widen.

PANTUCCI

Oh no!! Oh no!! Finnegan!!!

He starts dancing around, trying not to step on whatever it is. Trillian looks down and SCREAMS.

Everybody freaks --

Finnegan grabs a flashlight from Chin's utility belt, and sweeps the beam over the lobby. The entire floor of the lobby is littered with shattered HUMAN SKELETONS. Picked clean and spit out. Just like the earlier whale bones.

Then suddenly, at the far end of the hallway, one of the metal WALLS suddenly EXPANDS and FLEXES. Everybody freezes. And then the FLEXING suddenly comes RACING down either side of the hallway, accompanied by the most god-awful PRIMORDIAL SCREECH!

FINNEGAN

This way!

FINNEGAN BOLTS. Everybody else right behind him. The FLEXING and SCREECHING VANISHES into the walls.

CUT TO:

86 FUJI MARY & SAIPAN - DAY 86

RAIN POURS DOWN on the Fuji Maru and the Saipan as they bob in the waves, surrounded by endless choppy ocean waters.

CUT TO:

87 SAIPAN ENGINE ROOM - DAY 87

Billy comes down the steps, gun out front, looking around.

BILLY

Hey you! Muscles! Out here!

There is no reply. The only sound is the sucking of the pump.

BILLY (CONT'D)

O.K. You want it that way...

He ENTERS the waist-high water.

BILLY (CONT'D)

...when I find you, you pay...

Billy heads deeper into the hold.

CUT TO:

88 MACHINE SHOP - MOMENTS LATER 88

Damp, dark and disgusting. A MAZE of pipes and gears lines the walls. Finnegan SLAMS the HATCH shut. Dogs it tight. Everyone's gathering themselves around the room: Trillian,

Pantucci, Hanover, Mamooli, Chin, the Captain and Canton.

TRILLIAN

We've gotta call for help.

PANTUCCI

Yeah man, no shit, call in the Marines.

CAPTAIN

We can't...all the communication systems went down.

TRILLIAN

So get them back up.

CAPTAIN

I don't know how.

PANTUCCI

Hey I can fix any damn thing... where's the comm. center?

CANTON

We should get off as soon as possible.

TRILLIAN

But if we can at least send a message...

CANTON

I say we evacuate as soon as...

FINNEGAN

(to Canton)
Who are you?

CAPTAIN

He's the owner...

FINNEGAN

Why don't you want a message sent?

CANTON

I just think that...

FINNEGAN

Because you know a message can't be sent...

There is a moment of silence.

FINNEGAN (CONT'D)

You're the inside guy aren't you?
The guy who knocked out the communications.

Hanover sets Mason's pulse-rifle down and claps his hands.

HANOVER

Bravo.

Canton flashes Hanover a look. The Captain is confused. Trillian suddenly GRABS CANTON, spins him around and SLAMS him against the hull.

TRILLIAN

How the hell do we fix it?!

A tense moment as Canton debates his situation, then relents.

CANTON

You can't... All the systems were melted at their core by nitric acid...

CAPTAIN

(confused)
This was your life's work...your dreams...

CANTON

My dreams cost more than they would make...I miscalculated the market... there was no way I could recoup...

FINNEGAN

Unless you collected on the insurance...

TRILLIAN

What are you people talking about?

FINNEGAN

He's with them.

He motions to the mercenaries.

FINNEGAN (CONT'D)

They rob the joint blind and torpedo it to the bottom. He collects the insurance, and sails off into the sunset clean as a whistle.

Finnegan fixes Hanover with a look of certainty.

FINNEGAN (CONT'D)

Right?

The Captain blows. He leaps on Canton. His hands find the older man's throat.

CAPTAIN

All these people dead!! Because you
screwed up on the math??

Finnegan pulls the Captain off.

FINNEGAN

It's not going to help us!

CAPTAIN

We're going to die here! We're
going to die!

Finnegan holds the Captain with both hands, calming him.

FINNEGAN

I was born in a City housing
project in the Bronx OK? It's not
in the cards that I die on a luxury
cruise ship...now which way up?

TRILLIAN

(alarmed)
You hear that?

Unseen by anyone, there is MOVEMENT within the MACHINERY. The
walls start to come alive with dark, SHADOWY IMPRESSIONS.
HIDDEN within the maze of machinery, OBSCURED by the bad
lighting, glistening abominations slither over pipes, squirm
through gears, and undulate in and out of crevices and holes.
The room is becoming a living, throbbing, pulsating horror.

CAPTAIN

They are...they are everywhere.

FINNEGAN

All right, be cool, everybody, nice
and slow, no sudden moves.

Everybody slowly and quietly moves for the far hatch. Then a
loud GURGLING is HEARD. Everybody looks up at the ceiling.

Hidden within the girders, and sticking to them, a large
translucent INTESTINE-like thing CROSSES the ceiling. Inside
it are strange, disgusting biological workings. The GURGLING
suddenly gets dramatically LOUDER. And then we SEE BILLY and
LEILA, being sucked down the entire length of the fatty
intestine. Still alive. And squirming wildly. EVERYBODY
freaks out and HAULS ASS for the hatch. Finnegan and Hanover
OPEN FIRE. Covering their asses.

CUT TO:

Everybody pours out of the machine shop and fans out into

this mechanical MAZE. The engine chambers are a labyrinth of pipe-lined alleyways, motorized chambers, swaying catwalks and pillars of steel. The LIGHTING is very poor, very dark.

Hanover, Pantucci, Chin and Mamooli OPEN UP. FIRING blindly and wildly at anything and everything that seems to move in the darkness. The MUZZLE FLASHES and TRACER FIRE light up the chambers in a sort of surreal horror tableau. We catch more ABSTRACT GLIMPSES of the translucent TENTACLE-SACS, strange FEELERS, groping SUCKERS, SLIME and VEINS.

CUT TO:

90

DEEP IN MAZE - NIGHT

90

Finnegan rounds a corner and crouch-runs down a narrow alley. Alone now. White-knuckling his rifle. He turns another corner and runs right into Trillian.

FINNEGAN

AHHH!!

...Spins, gun ready to fire at...

TRILLIAN

Noooo!

FINNEGAN

Jesus Christ lady...

TRILLIAN

(scared)

What are those things?

FINNEGAN

I don't know...

Finnegan looks around to the engine room, a labyrinth of pipe lined alleyways, motorized chambers, swaying catwalks and pillars of steel. The LIGHTING is very poor, very dark. He takes off.

TRILLIAN

Hey! Hey! Where are you going?

FINNEGAN

...there's got to be a way to access out back there...

He motions into the deep shadows.

TRILLIAN

But what makes you think there aren't more of those...things...back there?

FINNEGAN

Nothing...you want to come, come...
you don't...

Trillian weighs her options, and takes off after Finnegan.

TRILLIAN

You don't have to be so touchy.

FINNEGAN

Look lady, I know you people are
used to getting your way...

TRILLIAN

What's that supposed to mean? You
people.

FINNEGAN

You people...rich people...

TRILLIAN

I'm not rich people.

FINNEGAN

Well, you sure do a good imitation.

TRILLIAN

Thank you, I work at it...

Finnegan comes to a ladderstair leading to a catwalk. He starts to climb. Trillian, hampered by her long slinky dress, rips at the bottom, making it maxi to mini in a flash, and scoots after Finnegan.

TRILLIAN (CONT'D)

I heard you say you grew up in the
projects in the Bronx...

Reaching the top of the ladder, she clambers onto the catwalk next to Finnegan, who is deciding which way to go.

TRILLIAN (CONT'D)

Trillian Daley...

She holds out her hand.

TRILLIAN (CONT'D)

Projects...South Chicago.

Finnegan ignores her hand.

FINNEGAN

Finnegan...John J...now that we've
been properly introduced, can we
get the hell out of here?

Finnegan starts to walk down the catwalk.

TRILLIAN

So this boat of yours...that's what you do? Give people...rides.

FINNEGAN

That's what I do.

TRILLIAN

Seen a lot of islands?

FINNEGAN

Quite a few.

TRILLIAN

Since I'm a kid, I had this dream... I want to own my own tropical island... Beaches, warm ocean, lots of food, little clothes...population of one...

FINNEGAN

Anti social?

TRILLIAN

Self sufficient...

FINNEGAN

With the emphasis on SELF, and in selfish, right?

TRILLIAN

Takes one to know one.

SNAP!! A TENTACLE SHOOTS OUT between Finnegan and Trillian. Just missing them as it SLAMS into a wall.

Finnegan falls onto the catwalk, drops his rifle, unarmed. Trillian, freaked, stumbles back and lands on her butt. Finnegan sits up against the walls, turns and looks --

The TENTACLE slowly SQUIRMS across the wall like a big leach. Trying to find its prey. Finnegan is frozen in place. Watching. Trillian sits up, eyes widening in fear as she sees -- Hideous little worm-like FEELERS and SUCKERS protrude up and down the Tentacle. WRIGGLING and WRITHING and feeling their way across the wall. Getting closer and closer to Finnegan.

Finnegan's eyes go to his pulse-rifle close to Trillian's feet. He motions for her to push it toward him. But, frozen in fear, she can only watch the slithering horror before her. Tongue-like, the Feelers lick their way across the oily wall. FINNEGAN DUCKS as they squirm over his head. Then he BRUSHES against some dirt, making a SCRAPING SOUND.

A Feeler quickly drops down and touches Finnegan's arm. He

leaps to his feet. So does Trillian. She grabs the rifle, turns and bolts off down the dark alley. Finnegan tries to run, but the Feelers hold him tight. Two more Feelers slap onto his arm. HE YELLS.

The Creature starts reeling him in.

ANGLE ON: Trillian, running. Finnegan's YELL reaches her. She stops cold. Looking back the way she came, torn.

ANGLE ON: Finnegan, fighting for all he is worth, being reeled into the mass of machinery by the tentacle. When...out of the darkness, Trillian suddenly comes running back. Panting hard, she aims the gun.

FINNEGAN

Shoot it! Shoot it!

Spurred to action, Trillian jams the rifle barrel against the tentacle and pulls the trigger. Nothing happens.

FINNEGAN (CONT'D)

The safety! The safety!

Trillian frantically fumbles around, looking for the right lever on the complicated, sophisticated weapon, trying to find it.

TRILLIAN

I don't know where it is!

FINNEGAN

On the side!!

Desperate, unable to find it, she does the next best thing...she swings her rifle like it's a baseball bat. SMACKS the TENTACLE. HARD. RIPPING into its flesh. It SQUIRTS ink blood, releases Finnegan and recoils.

Finnegan drops to his knees. Grabbing his arm, in pain. The tentacle recovers and starts coming toward him again. Trillian grabs him, and with all her strength, jerks him to his feet, and starts to drag him backward. The tentacle coils, ready to strike. Just before it does so, Finnegan grabs the rifle with his one good arm, flips the safety, and fires, blasting the tentacle to pieces.

FINNEGAN (CONT'D)

Let's get the hell out of here!

Finnegan staggers to his feet. He and Trillian run off.

CUT TO:

Trillian and Finnegan come running around a corner, and stop

to catch their breath.

FINNEGAN

(annoyed)
The safety...the safety... He
flicks the safety on and off.

FINNEGAN (CONT'D)

Got it?

TRILLIAN

(pissed)
Hey! I didn't have to come back.

FINNEGAN

Yeah you did...

TRILLIAN

(defensive)
Right... You have a boat.

FINNEGAN

Boat or no boat... You woulda come
back anyway. You're that kind of
gal.

TRILLIAN

Oh yeah? What kind is that?

FINNEGAN

The "come back" kind.

TRILLIAN

How do you know that?

FINNEGAN

Takes one to know one.

Finnegan's small smile makes Trillian acutely uncomfortable.

V.O.

HELLPP!!

CUT TO:

92 **ENGINE ROOM - NIGHT**

92

The Captain is stuck in a strange gelatinous spider web. Struggling, frantic. But the more he struggles, the more enmeshed he gets. He holds his hands out beseechingly to Canton, who stands looking at him in terror.

CAPTAIN

Help me!

But Canton does not move. All of a sudden Canton sees something deep in the web, behind the Captain, which makes

his blood freeze.

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

What is it?

Canton takes a few steps back.

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

What?!... WHAT?!

The Captain tries to look over his shoulder to see what it is. There is a DARK MOVEMENT deep within the spider web.

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

HELP ME, CANTON! HELP MEEEEEEEE!!

ANGLE ON: Finnegan and Trillian racing across a catwalk. Below them, they can see Canton backing away from the Captain.

FINNEGAN

Grab his hands!!

Canton looks up, stunned, as he sees Finnegan and Trillian rushing down from the catwalk.

CAPTAIN

CANTON!! HELP!!

Canton backs away from the Captain, as the Captain's struggle draws him further into the web. The Captain's eyes bulge, horrified, as he feels SOMETHING inside the spider web GRAB him from behind.

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

**IT HURTS!!!! IT
HURRRRRTTTTTSSSS!!!**

He struggles WILDLY. Then starts to freeze up as the tentacles wrap around him.

Finnegan and Trillian race across the floor as the Captain is slowly sucked deeper into the spider web; his face and body body constricting, paralyzed. His VOICE is CHOKED OFF.

Hanover, Chin, Mamooli and Pantucci burst out of another alleyway. Finnegan and Trillian reach the Captain just as his FACE is SUCKED into the gelatinous web. They skid to a stop. Everybody piles up. Eyes wide. Watching as the Captain's body is pulled deeper into the dark web. Tentacles enveloping him.

HANOVER

(to Canton)

Where is the closest hatch?

Canton still pressed against the wall, staring at the spot the Captain disappeared, talking to himself.

CANTON

I never meant for anyone to get hurt ...it was supposed to be clean...

Hanover grabs Canton by the front of his tattered tuxedo jacket.

HANOVER

You hypocritical bastard...all you gave a shit about was the money... where's the hatch!!

Canton points down a darkened passageway.

HANOVER (CONT'D)

Alright let's move out...you two on point...

He looks at an uneasy Mamooli and Chin.

FINNEGAN

Joey... Which way's aft?

PANTUCCI

That way.

He points in the opposite direction.

HANOVER

Who gives a shit about aft?

FINNEGAN

That's where my boat's moored.

HANOVER

You trying to take over my show Finnegan, that what you trying to do?

FINNEGAN

Just trying to get to my boat...

Finnegan takes off down a catwalk in the opposite direction that disappears in the dark. Pantucci is right with him. Trillian, a step behind.

HANOVER

(yelling)
You stay away from that vault! You hear me?

Just before he steps into the darkness, Finnegan calls over his shoulder...

FINNEGAN

They respond to sound...

He disappears into the dark. Canton looks at Hanover for a long moment, and then takes off after Finnegan. The other two mercs look at Hanover, wavering.

HANOVER

(tense)
What?

The sound of his voice makes the two mercs look around nervously.

MAMOOLI

(whispered)
He made sense.

HANOVER

(loud)
He's a bloody...

And then conscious of his voice reverberating...

HANOVER (CONT'D)

(whispered)
...he's a bloody taxi driver!

Chin breaks for the catwalk, hurrying after Finnegan. Hanover stands with a very antsy Mamooli, steaming. After a long moment, he strides off after Finnegan as well.

CUT TO:

93

BALLAST PASSAGEWAY - DAY

93

In SLOW-MO, Finnegan and the others creep down a darkened, pipe-lined passageway. Guns out front. Sight beams sweeping the path ahead. Eyes wide open. Sweat sliding down their faces. Breath coming in short nervous bursts. Hearts pounding out of chests.

The ominous MUSICAL SCORE adds to the tension.

Then the EMERGENCY LIGHTING KICKS ON. A creepy-looking reddish-blue glow is cast throughout the ship. Finnegan continues on. Followed by the others. All sweating hard. Eyes nervously shifting. Fear thick in the air.

LOOKING DOWN THROUGH A METAL GATE, we SEE Finnegan, Trillian and the others passing below. Then suddenly, in the dark foreground -- SOMETHING WET WRIGGLES across the gate. They come to a door. Finnegan tries the handle. No go. Finnegan turns to Canton, and mimes for keys. Canton shakes his head. He has none.

HANOVER

(whispered)

Very good Finnegan...very good.

Trillian moves up to Finnegan. She reaches into her hair, and pulls out her trusty lockpick. As he watches, somewhat mystified, she inserts the pin, tickles the lock a few times, and depresses the handle. Click! The door opens. Finnegan looks at her curiously, but with respect.

CUT TO:

94

BALLAST SECTION - DAY

94

They ENTER the rear ballast section, where the walls are indeed far apart, half of which is now a small POND. Obviously flooded. The only way out of this room is down some STEPS which VANISH beneath the seawater, or through a single violently twisted HATCH DOOR.

Finnegan tries to push the hatch. It will not give.

Mamooli and Chin join him, adding their considerable muscle to the task. The hatch holds tight. Finnegan turns to Canton, who stands slumped against a railing. He does not look well at all.

FINNEGAN

What's on the far side?

CANTON

I don't know.

PANTUCCI

(nerves)

It's your damn ship! What the hell do you mean you don't know?

Finnegan touches Pantucci's shoulder.

FINNEGAN

Joey, what difference does it make...

Finnegan enters the water.

FINNEGAN (CONT'D)

If you hear one shot, you know I made it...start coming...

Pantucci follows Finnegan to the water.

HANOVER

How do we know you're going to signal...how do we know you're not going to just take off?

Finnegan stops.

FINNEGAN

I'll wait here... You go check it out.

Hanover does not move.

FINNEGAN (CONT'D)

(contemptuous)
I didn't think so.

Finnegan wades into the water. Just before he sinks beneath the surface...

TRILLIAN

Finnegan...

He looks back.

TRILLIAN (CONT'D)

Be careful.

With a smile, Finnegan dives under. Pantucci right behind him. The others stand looking around, nervous.

CUT TO:

95 UNDERWATER - NIGHT

95

Finnegan SWIMS down to the floor of the ballast. Then into a passageway lined with black pipes. Pantucci right behind him. STRANGE NOISES REVERBERATE through the MURKY waters.

CREAKS and MOANS. Spooky shit. Both men are wide-eyed as they swim. Weaving their way through a maze of pipes and ducts. The THINGS could come out of almost anywhere. Bubbles drift up from the darkness below.

The MUSIC IS TENSE...VERY VERY TENSE. Pantucci falls behind. He swims around a curve and right into a SEVERED HUMAN ARM! AIR BUBBLES BLAST out of his mouth as he SCREAMS. The fingers on the dead hand seem to reach out for him. He fights his way past and swims off in a panic.

CUT TO:

96 BALLAST - NIGHT

96

Trillian stares down into the water. Hanover keeps a sharp, nervous eye back down the catwalk, white-knuckling his pulse rifle. Chin and Mamooli keep watch, tight lipped. Canton paces back and forth, driven by anxiety.

HANOVER

Stop pacing.

Canton acts as if he does not hear. He keeps pacing. Hanover chops sharply with the stock of his rifle into Canton's arm.

Canton crumbles against the railing, in pain.

CANTON

AAAAHHHH!!!!

HANOVER

You deaf?

TRILLIAN

Why don't you back off?

HANOVER

You want some too?

Hanover's jaw clenches. He releases the safety on his rifle, the click resounding ominously in the hollow room.

TRILLIAN

How brave we are.

Trillian's eyes fix on Hanover's, unwavering. A Mexican standoff.

MAMOOLI

Hanover!

Everyone turn to... A giant ball of black, wet, OOZING RUBBER UNDULATES down the gangway. Coming straight at them. A mass of glistening striated MUSCLE.

HANOVER

Fire!!

The three men open up with their pulse rifles. The CREATURE gets RIPPED TO SHREDS. Red and blue INK-BLOOD SPLATTERS everywhere. But onward it comes. Down the gangway.

Trillian grabs the pistol off Chin's utility belt, and opens fire. Canton jumps into the water and disappears.

CUT TO:

97 KITCHEN - NIGHT

97

Finnegan explodes to the surface. GASPING for air. He reaches down and yanks a half drowned Pantucci up next to him. They both look up to gunfire exploding in the distance.

CUT TO:

98 BALLAST ROOM - NIGHT

98

The creature keeps coming. The mercs keep firing. Then without warning Hanover drops his rifle and dives into the water, disappearing beneath the surface.

Trillian is astounded. She throws down her pistol, picks up

the pulse rifle, and slams on the trigger. The recoil of the rifle throws her into the water. When she surfaces, she sees Chin and Mamooli, firing as they retreat to the water's edge. Still holding her rifle, she dives.

CUT TO:

99 UNDERWATER - NIGHT

99

Trillian swims down a violently SHAKING PASSAGEWAY. Eyes wide. Filled with fear. All around, DEBRIS DROPS through the water. Primordial SOUNDS REVERBERATE off the walls. Lots of BUBBLING and GURGLING -- THEN SOMETHING LUNGES OUT!

TRILLIAN OPENS UP. FIRING wildly. The water fills with FIRE and BUBBLES. Trillian looks around. Scared shitless. The bubbles clear just in time for her to see -- Chin, mouth open, eyes wide, screaming in agony, being ripped past her. She tries to fire her rifle. Too late. Trillian watches as Chin VANISHES down the shaft in a CLOUD OF BUBBLES.

CUT TO:

100 KITCHEN - NIGHT

100

TRILLIAN BURSTS to the surface. FINNEGAN YANKS her up and out of the water.

FINNEGAN

You O.K.?

Trillian can only nod, and gasp for breath. Canton and Hanover catch their breath, PANTING AWAY, waterlogged. Hanover reaches over to retrieve the rifle in Trillian's hand. Trillian points the barrel at him, and hits the safety.

TRILLIAN

(grim)

Finders keepers.

Mamooli bursts out of the water, falling on the floor, close to panic mode.

MAMOOLI

Where's Chin?

TRILLIAN

Gone...

MAMOOLI

This is not real! This is not bloody real!

Finnegan TOPPLES a large, heavy metal BROILER onto the open floor gate, sealing the watery hole in the floor. There are two hatches in this room. The far hatch is closed. Mamooli stands next to an OPEN HATCH. Canton points to it.

CANTON

Through there...another sixty,
seventy yards...there are more
elevators there.

PANTUCCI

I ain't goin' up no more elevators.

CANTON

There's stairways...

Mamooli SLAMS the HATCH SHUT. Eyes bugging out of his head.

MAMOOLI

I say we stay right here!

PANTUCCI

Are you crazy?

MAMOOLI

(desperate)
There's plenty of food here. We can
hold out...someone'll rescue us...

FINNEGAN

Who?

MAMOOLI

Someone...maybe they sent an SOS!

PANTUCCI

On what? This son of a bitch
(to Canton)
zapped the communications.

HANOVER

Mamooli stand down!

MAMOOLI

We don't even know if his boat is
still there...you saw Billy!

FINNEGAN

Boat or no boat...I'm going...

Finnegan steps forward. Mamooli aims his rifle right at
Finnegan's head.

MAMOOLI

They're wipin' us out one at a
time. I say we make a stand. Right
here! Right now! Maximum firepower!

PANTUCCI

Somebody shoot this jerk!

FINNEGAN

(calm)
Nobody's shooting nobody...come on,
just let us through the hatch!

MAMOOLI

I'll kill you!! I'll fucking kill
you!! I'll do it! I'll do it! I'm
not playin' around here!

Finnegan freezes. CLOSE ON: The hatch. As a BLACK LIQUID
starts to OOZE through a tiny latch-hole. No one sees it.

FINNEGAN

I once saw a guy put a fish in a
bottle, then he corked it, sealing
it tight, and threw it to a baby
octopus. The little sucker felt its
way around that bottle, and in less
than two minutes, got that cork
off, slid inside, and ate that
fish.

MAMOOLI

What the hell are you talking
about?

FINNEGAN

Us...I'm talking about us... We're
the fish.

The LIQUID SHADOW OOZES down and hits the floor, starts to
EXPAND, filling like a water balloon. It's not a liquid. It's
a Tentacle. VEINS, FEELERS and SUCKERS begin to form.

MAMOOLI

And what? These things are
octopuses

FINNEGAN

I don't know what these things are
...all I know is...

The TENTACLE slowly RISES UP right behind Mamooli. Inches
behind his head. Finnegan and Hanover see it. Eyes widening.

MAMOOLI

What...? What??

Mamooli turns to the tentacle looming over him, about to
strike.

MAMOOLI (CONT'D)

EEEEYYYYYAAAAHHHH!!!!

He opens fire, emptying his clip into the tentacle. The
tentacle retreats into the pipes. Mamooli looks around. The

room is empty. He runs out.

CUT TO:

101 PASSAGEWAY - NIGHT

101

Mamooli rushes into the empty passageway, looks left. Then right. His POV. Down the hall another TENTACLE comes racing at him. Mamooli panics, drops his rifle.

TRACK WITH Mamooli racing down the hallway, looking over his shoulder in fear, as the tentacle comes racing after him...gaining...gaining... almost on him... Mamooli leaps through an open hatch, and swings it shut in one swift motion. The tentacle slams into the glass portal. Stopped. Mamooli keeps his eye on the portal, and backs up two steps. He lets out a long deep breath of relief, turns... WHAM!!! Another tentacle envelops his face!

MAMOOLI

EEEEYYAAAHHHH!!!!

CUT TO:

102 MECHANICAL CHAMBER - NIGHT

102

Dante's Inferno: STEAM, SMOKE, FIRE, STRANGE NOISES, DARK AREAS, and lots of MOVING ENGINE PARTS.

Finnegan leads, followed by Trillian, Hanover, Pantucci, and Canton. We can HEAR their HEARTS BEATING. Scary shit. Finnegan heads for a open HATCH. It suddenly SLAMS SHUT. He instantly VEERS down another passageway.

PANTUCCI

What the hell is going on!!

Finnegan heads for another open HATCHWAY. It also SLAMS SHUT.

FINNEGAN

They're herding us.

Finnegan and company keep going.

HANOVER

What are you talking about?

As they round a corner, the CEILING IMPLODES right in front of them. PIPES and OTHER MATTER CRASH down. Cutting them off. Leaving only one route open...a slim passageway.

FINNEGAN

Like cattle...

TRILLIAN

You're saying they can think?

FINNEGAN

I'm saying they're calling the shots...

Finnegan heads toward the passageway.

CANTON

Do we have to go there?

The ceiling left above them begins to torque, and splits. The answer is plain. Everyone runs into the passage just as the ceiling comes down.

CUT TO:

103 PASSAGEWAY - NIGHT

103

Finnegan leads them single-file, they quickly head into a SHAKING narrow void. Fear has led to silence, and unbearable tension. The walls on either side creak, and moan with strange noises.

CUT TO:

104 MID-HULL - NIGHT

104

Finnegan quickly comes out of the CREAKING, MOANING GANGWAY, followed by the others. All the STRANGE NOISES suddenly STOP. Everything gets quiet. Finnegan freezes. Something's wrong. Everybody looks around. STEAM SHOOTS OUT from multiple pipes. The air is thick with MIST.

TRILLIAN

What's the matter?

FINNEGAN

The quiet...

HANOVER

Maybe we lost them.

FINNEGAN

Or maybe we're exactly where they want us to be.

Finnegan moves on. The others follow. Guns out front. TENSE. They round a huge metal pillar and come face-to-face with a soul-wrenching nightmare. The CREATURES' NEST -- OR STOMACH.

Across a small portion of the ship's midsection, is a huge GELATINOUS WOMB. Imagine a massive thick wall of clear-yellow JELL-O, with hundreds of BLUE VEINS running through it. If it weren't all so horrific, it would be considered beautiful. Inside the womb, A DOZEN HUMANS, passengers, float around in some kind of twisted embryonic state, the living dead. They all seem to be breathing the gelatin. Several TENTACLES WRIGGLE through the stuff; which divides and re

forms in some sort of strange mitosis.

Finnegan and the others look at the passengers, horrified. But even more horrifying is that the people can look back at them. Many start to reach out, seemingly in slow motion as their hands ooze through the thick gelatin. Trillian looks sick, trembles in fear.

TRILLIAN

What is it?

FINNEGAN

A meat locker.

TRILLIAN

We can't just leave them here.

Canton looks like he's about to throw up, he starts backing away, heading for a side hatch.

CANTON

I can.

In the womb, a Tentacle suddenly approaches a sexy young LADY. The Lady tries to back-pedal away, but because of the gelatin, it's like one of those nightmares where you can only move in slow motion. The FEELERS GRIP her naked thigh. She tries to scream, but her face is already starting to constrict, her whole body is being paralyzed. Pantucci is so horrified he's about to cry.

PANTUCCI

Oh no...oh God please no.

The TENTACLE-SAC gloms onto the Lady's forehead. THROUGH THE SAC we can SEE her SKIN MELTING. The only thing she can move are her EYES, which are bugging-out in absolute horror as she is imbibed alive. Our heroes are frozen in fear. Until the Lady's EYES LIQUEFY.

Trillian burries her head in Finnegan's shoulder, trying to shut out the horror.

FINNEGAN

We can't do anything for them...
Let's go...

He begins to lead her toward the hatch...when her eyes recognized the old lady with the orchid in her hair. The old lady seems to see her too. Her hands read out, IMPLOING. Her mouth silently shapes the words: HELP ME! Just as a tentacle comes creeping toward her.

TRILLIAN

NOOO!!

Her rage rises. She hefts her rifle, and starts blasting

away.

TRILLIAN (CONT'D)

You won't get her!! You won't!!

Spitting FLAMES and SMOKE. The BULLETS IMPACT the gelatin. BLASTING IT AWAY. But the bullets only manage to go about twenty feet into the thick shit before gliding to a stop. GELATIN EXPLODES all over the place. TRACER HOLES STREAK through the stuff. But all the bullets are sliding short.

TRILLIAN (CONT'D)

Finnegan...do something!! Please!!

Finnegan looks around and spots the place in the ceiling where most of the Tentacles are coming from. Their long TAILS WIGGLE down from a massive clutter of pipes. A bas-relief of horror. Finnegan reaches over and yanks two thermite grenades off Hanover's utility belt.

HANOVER

Finnegan, No!!!

...bites the pins and spits them out.

FINNEGAN

Eat this.

He chucks the grenades up into the strange WRITHING FRESCO, safely clear of the passengers.

FINNEGAN (CONT'D)

FIRE IN THE HOLE!

Pantucci and Hanover throw themselves to the floor. Finnegan pulls Trillian down, covering her.

BA-WOOM! GELATIN SPRAYS EVERYWHERE.

CUT TO:

105 FUJI MARU - SAME TIME

105

A loud, creepy, suction-like SOUND is HEARD, that strange pitter-patter of little feet running across the hull. Then the HULL begins to MOAN and CREAK from an UNSEEN PRESSURE.

CUT TO:

106 MID HULL - NIGHT

106

All the MOVEMENT STOPS. The remaining TENTACLES VANISH into the machinery. Pantucci, and Hanover look up from the floor, covered in slime. Finnegan and Trillian also look up...and then look at each other face to face...inches apart. Dripping with slime.

FINNEGAN

Looking good...

TRILLIAN

You should talk...

Then the machinery shuts down. The engines go dead. ALL SOUND CUTS OUT. An expectant hush. Somewhere, WATER DRIPS...

WE GO EXTREMELY CLOSE ON Trillian's EYES. Pantucci's EYES. Hanover's EYES. Finnegan's EYES. The air is riddled with ominous expectation. And that's when the HULL BEGINS TO TORQUE. RIVETS POP and SNAP. WATER SPRAYS. METAL BUCKLES.

107 SHOT: 107

At the far end of the ship, part of the LOWER BOW RIPS OPEN! AND A WALL OF WATER RUSHES IN. FLOOD CITY! Finnegan's eyes widen as he sees (MODEL SHOT) the massive WAVE OF WATER **CRASHING TOWARDS THEM. RIPPING OUT PIPES, DUCTS, WALLS, EQUIPMENT** and EVERYTHING in front of it.

FINNEGAN

GO! GO! GO!

They all hightail it for hatches. Finnegan and Trillian make it into one hatch. Hanover and Pantucci make it into another. WATER CRASHES and SPRAYS behind them.

CUT TO:

108 FUJI MARU - NIGHT 108

Massive AIR BUBBLES EXPLODE out from under the bow.

CUT TO:

109 FUJI MARU - NIGHT 109

RED WARNING LIGHTS FLASH up and down every passageway. And a CLAXTON RINGS, in accelerating tones, giving a frenetic urgency to ALL OF THE

FOLLOWING SCENES:

110 A PASSAGEWAY: 110

WATER BLASTS through a hatch and CHASES Finnegan and Trillian down a passageway. They jag left at an intersection -- WATER BLASTS through the hatch directly in front of them.

FINNEGAN

We're going to sink! We've got to get on deck!

They backtrack. Trillian's now in the lead. They HAUL ASS down a hallway. WATER ROARING IN from everywhere behind them.

All of the watertight HATCHES begin to hydraulically CLOSE. Trillian and Finnegan JAG into a hatch. It's a small room. The hatch in front of them closes. WATER BLASTS in behind them. SWEEPS them off their feet. The ROOM quickly starts to FILL UP. Trillian pulls frantically at the hatch.

CUT TO:

111 NARROW PASSAGEWAY - NIGHT

111

Hanover and Pantucci quickly slog their way through knee-high water. Pantucci stumbles into the water, frantically scrambles up. He looks back -- UNDER THE WATER, INKY FORMS hurl themselves down the passageway right towards him. Pantucci YELPS, and splashes away.

CUT TO:

112 SUBMERGING ROOM - NIGHT

112

Trillian and Finnegan pull with all their might on a tiny portal. Finnegan tries to insert the blade of his knife in the crack.

TRILLIAN

So how do you get from the Bronx to the South China sea?

FINNEGAN

You quit high school, lie about your age, join the navy, and next thing you know, four years are up and you need a way to make a living...

The knife blade slips into the crack.

FINNEGAN (CONT'D)

I'll break the seal! Pull.

He yanks the blade. Trillian pulls. The seal pops. The portal flies open. Waist-high in water, Trillian sticks her arm out, tries to get her shoulder out, but there's no chance in hell of that.

TRILLIAN

Too small!

She pulls her arm out. And a TENTACLE LUNGES IN. Just missing Trillian. It SPLASHES under the water. GRABS Finnegan's ankle. Pulls him under. FINNEGAN sticks the barrel of his gun underwater and OPENS FIRE. WATER EXPLODES. The Tentacle recoils. And rips itself back out the porthole. Trillian SLAMS the PORTHOLE SHUT and dogs it tight. The

WATER QUICKLY RISES.

CUT TO:

113 PASSAGEWAY - NIGHT

113

Pantucci and Hanover hauling ass. Hanover pulls out his last two Thermite grenades. Pantucci panics and grabs for them.

PANTUCCI

Gimme one! Gimme one!

He knocks both of them out of Hanover's hands. They DISAPPEAR under the water.

HANOVER

You idiot!

They quickly fumble around in the water, trying to find them. A TENTACLE BLASTS around the corner. Partially obscured by the wave in front of it. Heading right for them. Hanover finds the two grenades. Gives one to Pantucci. They rip the pins out and toss the grenades behind them. Then HAUL ASS faster. The Tentacle right behind them. A BEAT. And then the GRENADES EXPLODE, BA-WOOM! BA-WOOM!

CUT TO:

114 FUJI MARY - NIGHT

114

The storm hammers the deck. Canton staggers out onto the RAIN SLICKED DECK just in time to see -- A HOLE BEING BLOWN OUT the side of the Fuji Maru's HULL. BUBBLES continue to EXPLODE OUT from under the bow.

CANTON

Oh my God, it's going to sink.

Then slowly, Canton gets a gleam in his eye, now thrilled.

CANTON (CONT'D)

It's going to sink.

CUT TO:

115 SUBMERGED ROOM - NIGHT

115

Finnegan and Trillian are getting banged around the frothy WATER as it quickly RISES. Now only inches from the ceiling. Trapped. They're about to drown. Finnegan keeps looking around, trying to figure a way out.

TRILLIAN

I was so goddamn close, Finnegan!
So goddamn close to my island... I
could almost taste the sand...

FINNEGAN

Keep tasting...

Finnegan shoves the pulse rifle to the ceiling. And blasts away until part of the ceiling falls out and into the water. There's just enough room between two metal beams to get out. The rising WATER SHOVES them up through the hole.

CUT TO:

116

PASSAGEWAY - NIGHT

116

Side-by-side, Hanover and Pantucci quickly slog their way through waist-high water. They round a corner and look back -- INKY FORMS SLOSH around the corner. Heading right for them. They slog faster.

PANTUCCI

They're catchin' up! They're catchin' up! We gotta slow 'em down!

HANOVER

Feed them. That'll slow them down.

A black STRIATED MUSCLE ROILS out of the foamy water, then quickly VANISHES under it, heading straight for them.

PANTUCCI

Feed 'em?! Okay! All right! Feed 'em what? WHAT ARE WE GONNA FEED

'EM?! Hanover takes his pistol and SHOOTS Pantucci in the leg, BLAM! Pantucci SCREAMS. FALLS into the water.

Hanover RUNS on.

Pantucci doesn't even have time to deal with the pain. He starts SCRAMBLING through the water. UNDERWATER, the INKY FORMS RACE AFTER HIM. Only meters away. Pantucci throws himself into the opening of a dumbwaiter. SLAMS the DOOR SHUT. The TENTACLE ATTACKS the door. WORMING its way across the surface, trying to find a way inside. Pantucci is scared beyond his pain. Pushing back as far as he can against the rear wall, he sees the control button. He presses the up arrow. The dumbwaiter starts to move.

CUT TO:

117

FUJI MARU REAR DECK - DAY

117

The Saipan is still bobbing behind the Fuji Maru. But the HARPOON HOOK, which holds the tow-line and is embedded into the rear deck of the ship, is starting to PRY LOOSE. It JERKS and BUCKS against the metal wall. Canton doesn't notice this as he slips and slides his way up to the railing. He sees the Saipan and smiles. Then he looks off at --

118

ISLAND

118

to rip open the bow of this ship? A million little things like this...

He holds up the squid.

FINNEGAN (CONT'D)

...can't exert that kind of pressure... And the way it tracked us? A million little things don't carry portable phones to coordinate positions... What's chasing us... it's one...thing...one giant...thing.

SMASH CUT TO:

122 ARIAL POV - MATTE FX SHOT - NIGHT 122

...looking down on the Fuji Maru from high up in the air. Beneath the ENTIRE SHIP is an enormous, undulating BLACK SHADOW. A massive monster from the deep.

CUT TO:

123 CASINO - NIGHT 123

RED WARNING LIGHTS FLASH. The CLAXTON RINGS. Off to one side of a wall, behind the bar, the dumbwaiter door opens, and Pantucci tumbles out, looks around, and then hears...

HANOVER (V.O.)

Help!! Help!!

Pantucci limps around the bar, down a row of one armed bandits... rounds a corner, comes face-to-face with Hanover.

Hanover's eyes are filled with terror and despair. His face is badly constricted. His body paralyzed. He clings to a black-jack table as a Tentacle-Sac drinks its way up his leg. It's already to his hip. He grasps desperately for his pistol, just beyond his reach on the floor. This guy ain't gonna survive.

PANTUCCI YELPS and quickly back away, eyes wide, totally tense. He looks around, sees that there's only one Tentacle, and it's completely occupied with devouring Hanover. Pantucci is wigged, but manages to lock eyes with Hanover. Then he looks at the Sac, filled with regurgitated flesh.

PANTUCCI

...even you don't deserve this.

Pantucci picks up Hanover's pistol. Then slowly, cautiously, he creeps forward, and sticks the gun into Hanover's **TWITCHING HAND.**

PANTUCCI (CONT'D)

I'm sorry man...

He turns and quickly limps off. Hanover's EYES look down at the gun in his hand. Then, with all the strength he has left, he slowly, painfully, turns the pistol so it points at his head.

CLOSE ON: Hanover's trembling FINGER. As it slowly squeezes the trigger. He want to kill himself. Needs to hilla himself. He squeezes harder. The TRIGGER DEPRESSES! -- CLICK! The gun is empty. Hanover's mouth opens in a horrible, silent scream.

CUT TO:

124

REAR DECK - SAME TIME

124

Finnegan and Trillian race out onto the rear deck just as the HARPOON HOOK finishes TEARING the railing off the ship. The HOOK, the TOW- LINE, and the ENTIRE RAILING DROP over the side and fall OUT OF SIGHT. The TWO BOATS are now UNCOUPLED. Finnegan reels at the rain soaked sky.

FINNEGAN

Will somebody give me a break here?

And that's when Finnegan and Trillian hear the SOUND of a HYDRAULIC HOIST. They look over --

125

AT THE WATERSPORTS PLATFORM:

125

The speedboat is being hydraulically lowered into the water. Canton sits inside, fiddling with the ignition. ANGLE ON: Trillian and Finnegan racing down the spiral stairs leading to the watersports platform.

TRILLIAN

Wait! Stop!

The boat touches down into the water.

CANTON

I'd like to but I have an appointment with my insurance broker!

He HITS the HOIST-RELEASE BUTTON. The speedboat breaks free. Canton HITS the IGNITION. The boat's ENGINE ROARS.

CANTON (CONT'D)

Life takes the damndest turns, doesn't it?

He red-lines the THROTTLE. The SPEEDBOAT HAULS ASS away from the cruiseliner. Canton steers for the island. Smiling.

ANGLE ON: Trillian

IN HER RAGE...

TRILLIAN

You son of a bitch!!

She grabs Finnegan's pulse rifle, hefts it to her shoulder...

FINNEGAN

Look!

He forces her to look in the distance. Their POV. The island.

TRILLIAN

Oh my god! Oh my god! How do we do it? How do we get there?

FINNEGAN

Not like him.

Finnegan points to the water...and an INKY PSEUDOPOD FORM racing after the speedboat underwater.

FINNEGAN (CONT'D)

It's the engine...it can hear the engine...it goes for the loudest sound...

The Tentacle quickly picks up speed, going faster and faster, getting closer and closer, stretching further and further. Suddenly, behind them, a METALLIC THRASHING SOUND is HEARD. They turn around and look -- The hook, the tow-line, and the entire railing have dropped down onto the watersports platform and are tangled up around the two jet skis, trying to tear free -- The Saipan is still clinging by its fingernails to the Fuji Maru! Finnegan races over to a WINCH and grabs the winch- line.

CUT TO:

126

SPEEDBOAT - NIGHT

126

Canton, smiling brightly, peers at the approaching island through the speedboat's windscreen. So relieved he sings to himself, from the operetta H.M.S. PINAFORE.

CANTON

Oh we sail the ocean blue, and our mighty ship's a beauty. We are strong men, yes it's true, and responsive to our duty...

When...YANK!!...the SPEEDBOAT is GRABBED from below, practically exploding as it DISINTEGRATES into TWO PIECES. Canton is PROPELLED through the windscreen and onto the hood.

CUT TO:

Finnegan struggles to clip the winch-line onto the tow-line, hanging precariously over the edge of the ship, clip in one hand, winch-line in the other. The whole METAL MESS is BUCKING and TWISTING and SCREECHING. His every joint is being ripped out of socket as he strains to get the clip on the line before the entire rig tears away into the sea.

With one last heroic effort of will and grit, he snaps the clip in place just as it all BREAKS LOOSE. One of the JET SKIS and the ENTIRE RAILING are RIPPED over the side and fall down into the ocean. Finnegan is also YANKED over the side, but he manages to hold on by his fingers, dangling precariously.

FINNEGAN

Hit it! Hit it!

The HOOK and the TOW-LINE drop -- then SNAP TAUGHT as the winch-line holds them tight.

Trillian throws the start lever on the winch. The WINCH KICKS ON and starts reeling in the Saipan. Finnegan tries to crawl up on the deck, exhausted. Trillian reaches down and pulls him the rest of the way up. He half collapses on top of her.

TRILLIAN

You know, Finnegan, I'm starting to believe what you said about you not being born to die on a luxury liner.

Despite the grimness of their position, the closeness of their bodies is...a turn on...to both of them...and then a SCREAM from the sea. They look in the direction of...

CUT TO:

Canton is pinned to the hood of the speedboat, his face shredded by glass, his leg mangled, screaming as his panicked eyes watch a TENTACLE slowly squirm across the hood toward him, it's hideous feelers writhe and arch. Canton backs away from it as far as he can.

Another TENTACLE SQUIRMS up next to him. Canton crawls away from that one. Its Feelers and Suckers unsheathe, dripping mucus. Canton's eyes widen, horrified. Then another TENTACLE SQUIRMS up. Canton crawls to the center of the hood. And another TENTACLE. Canton has nowhere to go. The Tentacles close in on him.

CANTON

No! No! No!

All the tentacles rise over him, about to descend.

CANTON (CONT'D)
NOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!

CUT TO:

129 FUJI MARU - NIGHT 129

Finnegan and Trillian race for all they are worth, clamber over the side of the Fuji Maru, dropping to the deck of the Saipan.

CUT TO:

130 SAIPAN - NIGHT 130

Finnegan and Trillian slowly clamber through the hold, waist deep in water, on edge, eyes wide, watching for any sign of trouble. It's quiet in here. Maybe too quiet.

TRILLIAN
(quietly)
Finnegan...

FINNEGAN
Yeah...

TRILLIAN
...the minute you start your engines ...it's going to kill us, isn't it?

They step up to one of the big CRATES. Finnegan starts SMASHING it with the butt of his pulse-rifle. The CRATE BURST OPEN. REVEALING the WARHEAD of the torpedo. Trillian is stunned.

FINNEGAN
Not unless we kill it first.

Finnegan SMASHES more of the CRATE, it falls apart, REVEALING the entire torpedo. He hands her his pulse rifle.

FINNEGAN (CONT'D)
Anything moves, you shoot.

Finnegan starts to yank open the top plates of the missile head. Trillian looks around nervously.

FINNEGAN (CONT'D)
There's not much horsepower left in the engines, but there's enough noise...once this baby's set...I'll rev it up...that slimy bastard will come for it like candy...

TRILLIAN

If you blow up your boat, how are we going to get to the island?

FINNEGAN

Jet ski...there's one left up there.

The plate comes loose. Revealing a gaggle of wires, and parts.

FINNEGAN (CONT'D)

...let's see, it was red wire cross compressor blue wire...or blue cross red?

He starts to fiddle with the wires. -- Suddenly, there's a LOUD SLOSHING SOUND right behind them! CRATES TOPPLE! More pulse rifles spill out. Trillian spins, ready to blast away with the pulse rifle, to...

PANTUCCI

Don't shoot!! Don't shoot!!

FINNEGAN

Just the man I wanted to see. On this puppy here, you remember if it's red to blue or blue to red...

He refers to the wires.

PANTUCCI

Not even a Joey, I'm glad to see you? Joey, what happened to your leg?

FINNEGAN

Joey, you want to get sucked out by a giant fucking mutated squid?

PANTUCCI

(fast)
Red cross over to blue double blue
...is that what it is? A squid?

FINNEGAN

Squid...squid like...squid type... it's got tentacles, a feed sac... probably one central nervous processor somewhere...what the hell do I know is going on deep down in the ocean...there's all sorts of shit we've never seen...eighty foot clams...60 foot sharks...I'm just guessing...can you get me more juice out of Hercules...fast?

PANTUCCI

For juice, I gotta rebuild. That's not fast.

TRILLIAN

How about noise? Can you get noise? We don't need speed, just noise, right?

FINNEGAN

Right...

PANTUCCI

Can somebody tell me what the object of the exercise is here?

FINNEGAN

Seafood salad.
(to Trillian)
You ever operate a jet ski?

TRILLIAN

(nervous)
You want ME to go up there?

FINNEGAN

Not unless you can wire a missile or fix an engine.

TRILLIAN

And what if I run into one of those things?

Finnegan tosses her a pulse rifle from the overturned crate.

FINNEGAN

Don't forget the safety.

She hits the safety, slams a shell into chamber...

TRILLIAN

Don't take too long...I'm not planning on being on the menu tonight.

...and exits.

PANTUCCI

(razzing)
I've never seen you so congenial with a member of the opposite sex... The two of you got a nice patter going...got a nice rapport...

FINNEGAN

And you got 10 minutes before this

thing livens up a boring evening.

Finnegan attaches a wire to a sprocket. A red light starts to blink on the warhead.

CUT TO:

131 FUJI MARU - NIGHT

131

It is VERY DARK. The RAIN is getting worse. THUNDER RUMBLES. LIGHTNING FLASHES. The FUJI MARU MOANS and CREAKS. BUBBLES EXPLODE from beneath it. The Saipan rocks against her hull. Trillian clammers along the TILTING RAILING, heading for the watersports platform. Her gorgeous eyes shift nervously.

TRILLIAN

I'm going to be OK...I'm going to be

OK... The ship's METAL HULL SCREECHES. The SEAWATER BUBBLES and GURGLES. From somewhere deep inside the ship, we HEAR that loud primordial YOWL again. Trillian freezes, her heart double beats. She looks around, really scared.

CUT TO:

132 SAIPAN'S HOLD - NIGHT

132

The missile is on a hoist being pushed forward by Pantucci and Finnegan toward a GAPING HOLE in the PORT BOW.

PANTUCCI

You know what I think? I think our luck has just about run shit out...

FINNEGAN

A little to the left...

PANTUCCI

I think we gotta stop floating from one fucked up situation to the next...

FINNEGAN

Line it up now, nice and easy...

The missile head is right in line with the hole in the bow.

PANTUCCI

I'm telling you, man, we got to give the future some serious thought.

FINNEGAN

I have been.

PANTUCCI

And what have you come up with?

FINNEGAN

How does an island sound to you?

Pantucci looks at Finnegan quizzically. This is news to him.

CUT TO:

133 SAIPAN - NIGHT

133

The TIP of the WARHEAD creeps out through the hole. The body of the missile is just a hair too wide, which is good, because it jams itself nice and tight into the hole.

CUT TO:

134 WATERSPORT PLATFORM - NIGHT

134

Trillian takes the tarp off the remaining jet ski. Pushes the swivel arm that holds it out over the railing. The PLATFORM TILTS! Trillian loses her balance. Almost goes over the side. Just barely manages to catch herself. Hangs there for a moment. Something SWISHES in the water below her. Trillian's EYES scan the darkness; scared sick.

CUT TO:

135 THE SAIPAN'S PILOT HOUSE - NIGHT

135

Finnegan LASHES the STEERING-STICKS as hard left as they'll go. The rudder locks tight. Pantucci enters.

PANTUCCI

I gerry-rigged the ignition...all you gotta do is start her up...it won't go fast but it'll go loud...

Trillian's scream tears through the night. Finnegan's eyes go to the Fuji Maru. He kicks open a box by the side of the console, and pulls out a sawed off shot gun with a pistol handle in a holster.

PANTUCCI (CONT'D)

Man, don't go up there...

FINNEGAN

One whistle... Start the engine...

Finnegan slams shells into the shotgun.

PANTUCCI

She's gone...

FINNEGAN

Second whistle you make it to the

deck and get ready to jump...

PANTUCCI

All you're gonna do is get yourself
killed...and for what? Some chick?

FINNEGAN

You're beautiful what you're
jealous, you know that, Joey?

Finnegan hefts a pulse rifle, and runs out of the pilothouse.

CUT TO:

136 FUJI MARU DECK - NIGHT 136

Finnegan drops onto the deck from the tow line. Pulse-rifle leveled. Adrenaline rushing through his veins. A man on a mission. The SHIP is in its final death throes. MOANING and CREAKING. Trillian's scream pierces the night, followed by several shots. Finnegan takes off in it's direction.

CUT TO:

137 FUJI MARU PASSAGEWAY - NIGHT 137

Finnegan ENTERS. Ready to be jumped. The scary MUSIC builds. TENSION CITY. Again shots fired. This time closer. Finnegan throws caution to the winds, and runs for all he is worth.

CUT TO:

138 HALLWAY - NIGHT 138

Trillian is being dragged down the dark hallway by a tentacle wrapped around her legs. She struggles frantically, trying to get a clear shot off. But her shot goes wild as she is pulled this way and that, slammed against the walls on either side. She loses her rifle.

CUT TO:

139 GRAND ATRIUM - NIGHT 139

Finnegan ENTERS the glass-domed atrium. Sloshes through the water. Stops in the middle and looks around. Sees a Tentacle, writhing up a glass wall of the atrium. Finnegan hears TRILLIAN SCREAM. He quickly plants his feet and FIRES from the hip. GLASS SHATTERS EVERYWHERE. He arcs around. WINDOWS BLOW TO PIECES. Finnegan lets out a low, angry, guttural YELL. The TENTACLE SHREDS from the GUNFIRE.

CUT TO:

140 HALLWAY - NIGHT 140

The tentacle dragging Trillian retracts. Freed, Trillian gets

up, grabs her rifle, and RUNS LIKE HELL.

CUT TO:

141 FRISCO BAR - NIGHT

141

Trillian runs in and is immediately hit by COLORFUL SWIRLING LIGHTS and a PULSATING STROBE. FLASHING RED WARNING LIGHTS, the SOUND of the CLAXTON, the SPRAYING WATER and thick MIST...major psychedelia. Disoriented, Trillian runs towards a dark exit door -- and into a geometric gelatinous SPIDER WEB. Sticks.

TRILLIAN

NOOO!! NOOOO!! HELPP!! HELPP!!

CUT TO:

142 ATRIUM - NIGHT

142

Finnegan is slamming another clip into his pulse rifle when he hears TRILLIAN, YELLING for help. He takes off running through a hatch.

CUT TO:

143 FRISCO BAR - NIGHT

143

Trillian struggles in the web, but she's only getting herself more stuck. Behind her, deep in the web, Tentacles slowly start squirming their way towards her. Trillian feels the GELATIN start to MOVE. She struggles wildly.

Panicked. Finnegan ENTERS the room. Spots Trillian. Starts sloshing his way through the water. Trillian sees him coming.

TRILLIAN

Finnegan!

Trillian looks back. Sees the Tentacles coming out of the darkness of the web. Twenty feet back and closing.

TRILLIAN (CONT'D)

Hurry!! Hurry!!

Finnegan runs up and grabs her. Tries to pull her free. But she's stuck good. He looks behind her to the tentacles quickly closing in on her. Now fifteen feet away.

TRILLIAN (CONT'D)

Get me out of here!!

As she struggles, Finnegan pulls out his knife, and starts to hack away at the sticky webbing. Trillian tries to look behind her.

FINNEGAN

Don't look!! Push!!

Trillian struggles with every last ounce of her strength. Now ten feet away.

TRILLIAN
FINNEEGGAANN!!!

Finnegan hacks away with desperate urgency. Now five feet.

FINNEGAN
Grab my hands!!

Finnegan plunges his hands into the goo. Trillian latches onto Finnegan's wrists, he onto hers. Four feet.

FINNEGAN (CONT'D)
Push!! Push!!

Finnegan strains, pulling, until every muscle in his body keens with the effort, every vein pops to the surface. Trillian pushes for all she is worth. Three feet...two feet...one foot...

BOTH
YYYYEEEEAAHHH!!!

With a last gargantuan effort, Finnegan yanks...Trillian comes tearing out of the webbing...the remnants of her gown doesn't...in the nick of time.

The tentacle rushes forward. Finnegan jams his pulse-rifle into the web and OPENS FIRE. Blasting the entire clip into the goo. Tearing the shit out of it. BAMBAMBAMBAMBAM!!!!!!

And that's when the whole ROOM starts to QUAKE. And SHAKE! Finnegan and Trillian both look down at their feet as they hear the LOWER DECKS EXPLODING UPWARD, one at a time -- BAM! - BAM! -- BAM! Something is rising up through the ship. He grabs Trillian and pulls her toward the exit. She scoops her fallen pulse rifle off the floor.

FINNEGAN
Go! Go! Go!

He shoves her out the door, and is about to follow when the door is slammed shut in his face.

TRILLIAN (V.O.)
Finnegan!!!

FINNEGAN
Get to the jet ski! Go!

CUT TO:

Trillian stands there, pulling on the door, half naked. The door is bolted tight. She has not other options. She runs off.

CUT TO:

145

FRISCO BAR - NIGHT

145

Finnegan turns as the DANCE FLOOR and the D.J. BOOTH EXPLODE as SOMETHING RISES UP from below them. His eyes widen. And there it is -- The huge, horrible, mutated, mucus-covered, sucker-faced HEAD OF THE CREATURE.

A giant mutated protoplasm. Jutting up from a breach in the floor. The trunk of the Creature, the part where all the Tentacles come from, is below the next deck. A slimy, translucent MEMBRANE slowly RISES, REVEALING what appears to be some sort of ORGANIC LIQUID EYE. It seems to stare right at Finnegan, who is transfixed by the sight. A Tentacle slowly starts to move in on Finnegan.

Finnegan starts making his way around the shattered debris that blocks his shot. The EYEBALL-type organism follows him. Another Tentacle starts to move. Silently undulating through the water towards Finnegan. The membrane over the EYE moves. And another Tentacle starts to close in for the kill. They are surrounding Finnegan. Finnegan comes around the shattered D.J. booth. Faces the Creature full-on. He can't miss. He gives it a wicked smile.

FINNEGAN

Get a good look...

In SLOW-MOTION, Finnegan lifts his pulse-rifle. It DRIPS WATER. He jams the gun-butt into his hip. Takes aim -- FIRES! But he only gets off one quick BURST before a TENTACLE LASHES OUT and GRABS him. JERKS him into the air. His pulse-rifle goes flying. Finnegan is being dragged toward the hole into the floor, and the death that awaits him. He struggles to free himself as the hole looms closer, closer. He is about to disappear down the hole of no return, when his hand comes up with his knife. He slashes the tentacle in two, scrambles up and heads for an open door. As he reaches the door, a tentacle rises up in front of him. Huge. Blocking his way. It's maw opens wide. A terrifying sight of jaws and teeth and death. About to devour him. As it strikes forward, Finnegan draws his shotgun, and blasts the vile thing to smithereens. He bolts through the door, several Tentacles already after him.

CUT TO:

146

WATERSPORTS PLATFORM - NIGHT

146

Trillian sits up on the jet ski. She hears the GUNFIRE.

TRILLIAN
FINNEGAN!! COME ON!!

CUT TO:

147 **PASSAGEWAY - NIGHT**

147

Finnegan runs wildly down a passageway. He rounds a corner. A TENTACLE SIDE-SWIPES him. Hard. SMASHES him into a wall. Finnegan DROPS the shotgun. Hits the floor running. Another TENTACLES CHECKS him. Sends him SPIRALING through a hatch.

Finnegan TUMBLES in. Face-first. Quickly rolls over and looks back -- A TENTACLE LASHES in through the doorway. Finnegan back-pedals on his hands and feet, stumbling over various sports equipment. The TENTACLE homes-in on him. CHARGES FORWARD. Finnegan hurls himself backwards. THROWING anything that comes to hand at the Tentacle. A VOLLEYBALL. A WATERSKI. A TACKLE BOX. A FRISBEE. But onward it comes. Finnegan back pedals faster. Over diving gear. Scuba tanks. Fins and masks.

The TENTACLE RISES. About to STRIKE.

Finnegan backs into the wall. Trapped. He spots a SPEARGUN. Grabs it.

The TENTACLE LUNGES. Finnegan FIRES. NAILS IT. PINS IT to the wall. Finnegan scrambles past the furiously WRITHING TENTACLE and runs out of the room.

CUT TO:

148 **WATERSPORT PLATFORM - NIGHT**

148

Trillian lifts up her feet as the jet ski touches down into the dark water. She frantically whispers to herself:

TRILLIAN

Oh my God, oh my God.

Suddenly, twenty feet from the jet ski, SOMETHING SWIRLS through the water. Trillian aims her pulse-rifle at it. Eyes wide. Knuckles white. Breathing hard. WHAMM!! Something drops onto the ski behind her.

TRILLIAN (CONT'D)

EEEEYYYYYAAHHH!!!!

She turns, ghost white...to Finnegan.

FINNEGAN

I don't mean to drop in unannounced
...you ready...

TRILLIAN

Soon as I get over the heart
attack...

Finnegan whistles. Waits. No engine goes on. He whistles again. Still no response. Removes his watch, gives it to Trillian.

FINNEGAN

Three minutes...I'm not back...no matter what...you go...

TRILLIAN

No...

FINNEGAN

You don't take orders very well, do you?

TRILLIAN

I don't take orders at all.

FINNEGAN

This time, make an exception.

He grabs Trillian's pulse rifle, and leaps up on the side of the Saipan, and scales up to the deck. Trillian watches him, and then looks at the watch.

CUT TO:

149 SAIPAN PILOT HOUSE - NIGHT

149

Finnegan bursts in.

FINNEGAN

Pantucci!... JOEY!

Then he spots something on the floor. He reaches down and picks it up. It's Pantucci's leather tool belt. It's been RIPPED TO SHREDS. Finnegan stares at it. His grip tightening. Tears rising in his eyes. His jaw clenching. Then he flings the belt aside. Filled with rage.

FINNEGAN (CONT'D)

Time to die, motherfucker.

Finnegan hits the ignition button. A desperate moment of dry cranking ...and then the one remaining engine catches, sputters, and fires to life.

CUT TO:

150 FUJI MARU - NIGHT

150

Trillian hears the Saipan's engine come to life. She hits the ignition on the jet ski. Right next to her something drops from the deck of the Saipan into the water. Finnegan clambers up in front of her. His pulse rifle still in hand.

TRILLIAN

Where's your friend?

FINNEGAN

He's not coming...

The Saipan strains on its leashes. ENGINES GUNNING. Finnegan swings his rifle around. OPENS UP on the tie-lines. All the TIE-LINES SHRED. The Saipan starts to break free.

FINNEGAN (CONT'D)

Hold on!

He GUNS the ski...and it stalls. The jet ski stalls. Goes dead in the water.

FINNEGAN (CONT'D)

Oh shit!!

Nearby, the WATER SWIRLS violently. He hammers the starter button.

FINNEGAN (CONT'D)

Come on!!

The ENGINE STUTTERS. He tries again.

FINNEGAN (CONT'D)

Come on!!

Another STUTTER. More WATER SWIRLS, getting closer now. But the third time's a charm. The jet ski comes to life and shoots off along the side of the ship. Just as a tentacle comes shooting out of the water. Finnegan fires at it, blowing it to pieces. The last TIE-LINE SNAPS. The SAIPAN LURCHES AWAY from the Fuji Maru. The jammed steering-sticks force the rudder to turn it in a tight circle.

151 FAST:

151

Finnegan bears down on the handlebars of the jet ski. Pedal to the metal. Looking straight ahead. Trillian holds on for dear life. Suddenly, a WAVE EXPLODES in front of the jet ski. Finnegan cranks the handlebars. The JET SKI SLEWS SIDEWAYS. The Saipan starts to arc around. The WARHEAD gleams in the MOONLIGHT. Dripping water. Finnegan HAULS ASS away from the Fuji Maru. ENGINE ROARING. Throwing water. Another WAVE EXPLODES. A tentacle rears up. Right in front of the jet ski. Finnegan and Trillian lean hard. The JET SKI SKIDS sideways across the water.

BOUNCING HARD.

Trillian can't hold on. Flips off the back. Skips across the water. Finnegan ROARS away. A tentacle hard on his ass. Trillian pops to the surface. Treads water. Panicked. Watches Finnegan and the jet ski leaving her behind. Finnegan looks

back at Trillian. Bobbing in the water. The he looks at the Saipan. Continuing its arc. Its deadly payload racing for the Fuji Maru. Finnegan CRANKS the HANDLEBARS. SMASHES through a wave and heads for Trillian. Trillian sees him and swims hard. The SAIPAN ROARS straight at the Fuji Maru. The warhead perfectly positioned to strike its hull. Only fifty meters away. Now forty. Now thirty-five.

152

FASTER:

152

Finnegan cuts the motor of the jet ski. Slides up next to Trillian. Grabs her by her arm. Rips her out of the water. Throws her onto the back of the jet ski. Just as a tentacles rises up, lashing out. He GUNS IT. SMASHES through the waves. The WARHEAD SPLASHES through the water. The jet ski hauls ass.

ENGINES WHINING OUT.

Faster and faster. A HUGE GEYSER OF WATER EXPLODES in front of the jet ski. A tentacle slaps down hard. Finnegan cuts hard. Too late. The JET SKI RAMPS through the geyser. They and the JET SKI TUMBLE and SPLASH across the water. The **SAIPAN CHARGES FORWARD.**

Twenty-five meters away from hitting the Fuji Maru. No twenty meters away. Now fifteen.

Finnegan pops to the surface. Looks around. Can't find Trillian. He DIVES under the water. His POV: Tentacles converging on him from the murky depths. The "retrieve" feature that's on all jet skis forces it back around towards where Finnegan and Trillian fell off. Finnegan BURST to the surface. Holding Trillian. She looks nearly lifeless. The jet ski heads right at them. Finnegan swims for it. Dragging Trillian. As tentacles converge from all sides.

The JET SKI is suddenly SUCKED under the water! Swallowed whole. Finnegan quickly reverses. Backstrokes like mad. The WARHEAD SLICES through the water. Now only ten meters away from hitting the Fuji Maru.

Now nine meters away. Now eight. Seven. Six. Five.

153

GO INTO SLO-MO NOW AS:

153

Finnegan paddles hard. Sucking in as much water as he is air. A TENTACLE RISES UP out of the water. Looms above Finnegan and Trillian. Dripping water. About to strike. There's nowhere to hide. Finnegan paddles harder.

154

COME OUT OF SLOW-MO AS:

154

The TENTACLE starts its DOWNWARD LUNGE. And that's when the SAIPAN RAMS the Fuji Maru. The WARHEAD SLAMS into its hull.

BA-WHOOOOOOMMM!!

The SAIPAN EVAPORATES.

METAL FLIES.

WATER SPRAYS.

FIRE FILLS the night sky. The TOP DECK of the Fuji Maru CARTWHEELS across the waves. The Tentacle above Finnegan drops like lead. And just lies there. Quivering. Another EXPLOSION. LIFTS the remains of the FUJI MARU out of the sea. Sends shock waves across the water.

Blows Finnegan's hair back. He swims on. Towards the island. Pulling Trillian. The remains of the SAIPAN and the FUJI MARU SMOLDER and SINK. BUBBLES EXPLODE to the surface. A couple dozen small FIRES dot the waves. WATER SIZZLES and STEAMS. SMOKE drifts into the night sky. Debris coats the water.

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

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BEACH - SUNRISE

155

Finnegan and Trillian crawl out of the water and up onto the beach of the island.

They collapse next to each other. Finnegan is exhausted. Trillian coughs up seawater. They both turn and look out to sea, and the rising sun. Trillian reaches into her bra, and pulls out the egg sized diamond. She holds it up. The sun refracts off it brilliantly...

Trillian looks at the diamond, looks around at the picture perfect island, the picture perfect sunset...and then she heaves it as far as she can into the sea. For the first time since they know each other there is nobody around. No people. No tentacles. And when they look at each other, something else comes to mind besides survival.

Finnegan moves towards Trillian. Trillian moves towards Finnegan. Their lips move closer, closer...

And then, down by their feet -- SOMETHING EXPLODES OUT OF THE WATER! Scares the shit out of them. The audience too.

But it's just Pantucci. Looking waterlogged and shell-shocked. Coughing up half the sea. Finnegan and Trillian help him to his feet.

PANTUCCI

Was it the water in my eyes or were you guys about to...

FINNEGAN

Joey...

PANTUCCI

Because it's cool, you know, I can
always take a walk or something
down the beach...

FINNEGAN

Joey...

PANTUCCI

Or I could go for a
swim...although, I gotta tell
you...if I never get in the water
again...

BOTH

Joey!!

PANTUCCI

OK...OK...you don't have to beg me
...I'll stick around...

And then they head the most gut-wrenching, spine-tingling,
teeth- shattering ROAR ever. Pure primeval. Like no sound or
animal or thing we've ever hear beofre. Coming from DEEP
WITHIN THE ISLAND.

PANTUCCI (CONT'D)

Or maybe not...

Finnegan, Trillian, and Pantucci slowly turn and look INLAND.
We BEGIN TO PULL BACK as they all stand up. MORE STRANGE
NOISES ARE HEARD. FROM MULTIPLE UNKNOWN SPECIES.

WE KEEP PULLING BACK. REVEALING more of this creepy-looking
island. And leaving our three heroes stranded on the beach.

WE KEEP PULLING BACK. REVEALING pieces of the smoldering
ship. Nearly the whole island is VISIBLE now. Dark jungles.
Craggy mountains. Maybe the scariest-looking place on earth.

FINNEGAN (V.O.)

What now...

The "THING" ROARS again. It's hellacious.

AND WE CUT TO BLACK.

THE END