

GREENHORN

Written by

Ryan Lee

RyanLee1800@yahoo.com

OVER BLACK

Panicked breaths. The FRANTIC SCRATCHING of stone on wood.

FADE IN:**INT. ENCLOSURE - FOREST - NIGHT**

A MAN, 30s, hunches within a cramped cage crudely built of thick timbers and iron bars. He uses a small stone to scrape something into the fresh, pale wood.

The primitive structure stands in a clearing at the edge of a dense wilderness.

The Man wears a woolen flannel shirt and suspenders, baggy gabardine pants tucked into high rubber boots which buckle tightly over the shins. A look from a bygone era.

He struggles to control his shaking fingers, closes his eyes as the cool night air blows across his face.

An orange, flickering glow grows closer, soon illuminating the entire cell.

The Man stops his writing, slowly looks toward the source of the approaching light.

NINE FIGURES CLAD IN NORDIC CEREMONIAL HOODED ROBES stand just outside the cage.

Six wear black robes, three wear crimson robes.

They hold TORCHES.

Beyond the figures, towering SPRUCE and FIR TREES soar toward a vast, starry sky.

An incandescent curtain of green flows across the heavens -- the northern lights.

The Man drops the stone, retreats to the back wall.

Two of the cloaked figures advance, use a key to swing open the iron bar door and enter the enclosure.

They quickly overpower the Man and drag him out, his rubber boots kicking desperately against the dirt floor.

MAN

No! No!

We stay within the cell as the Man is dragged out of sight. But his breathless, frenzied grunts stay well within earshot.

We move closer to the heavy wooden timbers, to the message newly scrawled into the wall.

The Man's vocalizations have now turned to shrieks of abject terror.

The asymmetrical scratches in the wall read: "My name was Walter Aames - 9/6/1947 - God help me"

His screams of terror distort into howls of pure agony.

FADE TO:

EXT. WATERFRONT - DUTCH HARBOR, ALASKA - DAY (PRESENT)

A bald eagle perches on a well-worn pier post, gazes upon the flurry of activity unfolding before it.

A convoy of crab fishing boats steam out of the narrow harbor, heading out to the mighty Bering Sea.

On board the boats preparing for departure, deckhands secure stacks of large crab "pots" -- steel-framed cages used to trap crabs on the bottom of the sea floor.

Assorted loved ones wave goodbye to the captains and crews of the intrepid vessels. A scene that's been repeated here in Dutch Harbor for well over a century.

SAM (V.O.)
On my way now, babe.

SAM BRENNAN, 30, strides confidently down the briny planks of the waterfront. He holds a CELL PHONE to his ear.

Sam has a warm smile that turns into a crooked grin when he laughs. His athletic physique is evident even beneath baggy jeans and a hoodie.

He lugs a large duffel bag over his shoulder as he glances at the departing boats.

SAM
Whole fleet is steamin' out. I
better get a move on.

He picks up his pace just a bit.

INT. SAM AND ALICIA'S APT. - DAY

ALICIA BRENNAN, 27, smiles as she sits back in an old couch and gently rubs a hand over her very pregnant belly. She looks radiant.

Behind her, Seattle's Space Needle is visible through a cracked window in the tiny studio apartment.

ALICIA

Just make sure you're back here by
September ninth, Sam. I know a
little guy who's really looking
forward to meeting you.

She taps the screen of her smart phone a couple times.

INTERCUT

Sam breaks into a crooked grin as he takes a quick look at his phone and sees a picture of his son's ultrasound.

SAM

Yeah, I hear good things about him.
Listen, opilio season ends on the
second, I'll be back in Seattle on
the third. And we'll have enough
cash for a new place, decent car--

ALICIA

Just get back here safe.
Understand?

Sam approaches a docked crab fishing boat sporting the name "Bering Bounty."

SAM

Duly noted, sir.

Alicia pauses for a moment, her pregnant glow momentarily dimmed by a look of concern.

She glances at a framed photo on the coffee table -- Sam in full Marine combat gear. He stands with three of his comrades, some desolate Afghani mountain range behind them.

ALICIA

Got a call from Captain Markham.
Wants to know if you're coming back
to the therapy group.

He stops in his tracks, grimaces.

SAM
Let's uh, let's talk about that
later.

ALICIA
Sam, I really think you should--

SAM
Hey. I don't need it, Alicia. Tried
it. Sat through it. Don't need it.

ALICIA
But your nightmares--

SAM
I need to get on this boat now.
Love you, girl. Talk soon, okay?

She hesitates.

ALICIA
Love you, Sam. Bye.

Sam lowers the phone. He stares at his wedding band. A JAGGED SCAR runs along the skin under the band and extends and widens over the top of his hand.

He breathes deeply, pockets the phone.

He beholds the Bering Bounty. It's a thing of beauty. Brand new, gleaming white with red trim, state of the art radar and deck equipment.

EXT. DECK - BERING BOUNTY - DAY

Sam tosses his duffel bag onto the deck floor, then steps aboard. Three crew members eye him awkwardly. Sam waves to them.

SAM
Hi, I'm Sam Brennan. Greenhorn. Is
Captain Hall aboard?

HALL (O.S.)
Yeah, I'm here.

HALL, 50s, walks up behind Sam. He forces a smile, then quickly looks away.

HALL
Look, Sam, uh, I'm afraid it isn't
gonna work out.

SAM

What do you mean?

HALL

I mean we won't be needing your services. See, your spot has been filled.

SAM

Filled? You guaranteed me my spot.

HALL

Yeah, I know. But my nephew got outta jail sooner than expected and really needed a job...

Hall glances toward a bored looking teenager playing with his phone in a corner of the deck.

SAM

But... you promised me. I spent my last dime flying out here. I don't even have money for a ticket home!

HALL

I said I was sorry, man. Things happen. Look, maybe you can catch a spot on another boat.

Sam watches as the last of the crab fleet heads out of port.

SAM

There is no other boat. C'mon, man you gotta--

HALL

We're heading out now, Sam. Have to ask you to disembark.

Sam shakes his head in disbelief. Two of the deckhands step forward, about to "help" him off.

SAM

That's beautiful.

Sam throws his bag back on the dock, then hops off the boat, gives the crew a sarcastic wave.

SAM

Hey, have a great trip!

EXT. WATERFRONT - DAY

Sam wanders along the docks, eyes grim, teeth clenched in despair. He runs a hand through his hair.

SAM

Fuck.

He pulls out his phone, brings up Alicia's name. His finger hovers over the "call" button. He pockets the phone, picks up a rock, whips it into the frothy waters.

INT. BIG HARPOON TAVERN - DAY

Sam sits by himself at the bar of the dim, dingy joint. Aside from himself, the only other patron is a drunk old man passed out at a table.

Sam sips a nearly empty bottle of beer, methodically peels the wrapper off with his fingernail.

The bartender, ELLE, 25, approaches him, wipes down the bar. She is a stunningly beautiful blonde, a fact magnified by the grimy surroundings.

ELLE

Can't be that bad, can it?

SAM

Hmm, no job, no way home and now--

He swigs the last of his beer.

SAM

--no beer. You tell me.

ELLE

Struck out on the crab boats?

Sam nods.

ELLE

Happens all the time around here.
You tried any of the processing
plants?

He nods again.

SAM

Not hiring.

ELLE

Rough. Any family? Anyone you could call for some cash?

SAM

Just my wife, and we don't have that kind of money lying around. Besides, I couldn't tell her... shit, I was counting on that job. More than you can believe.

Elle nods, reaches down, opens a bottle of beer and sets it in front of him.

SAM

Sorry, I can't even afford--

ELLE

On the house. Hey, things'll get better.

She walks away. Sam takes a sip of the beer.

LATER

The bottle is half empty.

Sam stares at the scar on his hand, runs a finger over it. He winces a bit, but not from any physical pain. This runs deeper. His eyes narrow, teeth clench.

The front door opens, allowing a brief shaft of sunshine into the gloom.

HENRIK, 28, enters the bar. He has a thin, wiry build, red hair and beard, bright blue eyes and just looks like a man born for the sea.

He sits two stools down from Sam, signals for Elle.

ELLE

Hey, Henrik.

HENRIK

Give me a draft, Elle.

She pours a draft.

ELLE

Surprised you're still here.

HENRIK
Our hydraulics had a glitch.
Heading out in an hour.

She sets the beer in front of him.

HENRIK
One for the road.

He downs half the glass, then eyes a bowl of pretzels near Sam.

HENRIK
Excuse me, bro.

Sam is still lost in his own troubled universe. He's balled his scarred hand into a fist, methodically pops his knuckles against the counter.

Henrik taps him on the shoulder. Sam is startled back to the present.

HENRIK
Oh, sorry. You mind passing the pretzels?

Sam slides over the bowl.

HENRIK
Everything alright, man?

SAM
Uh... no. Just got supremely fucked over.

HENRIK
Woman wise? Money wise?

SAM
Job wise. I was supposed to be on the Bering Bounty as we speak.

HENRIK
Ah, I know the captain. Absolute tool.

SAM
Yeah, you could say that.

Henrik takes another big gulp of beer.

HENRIK
Got much experience crabbin'?

SAM

None. Greenhorn. Or... was gonna be a greenhorn. Now I'm just a fuckin' horn.

Henrik chuckles as he finishes his beer.

HENRIK

So if I told you my boat had an open spot, you'd be interested?

Sam instantly spins in his stool, facing Henrik.

HENRIK

Can't promise you anything, that's up to the Captain. But our greenhorn flaked. Never showed.

SAM

How much would--

HENRIK

Again, that's the Captain's decision what your cut would be. But I can tell you last opilio season we pulled our full quota and our greenhorn walked away with thirty-four thousand for about three weeks work.

Sam leans closer, glimmers of hope in his eyes.

SAM

Just give me the shot.

EXT. DOCKS - DAY

Henrik and Sam walk along the furthest reaches of the waterfront.

HENRIK

Kid on the way, huh? Congrats.

SAM

Thanks.

HENRIK

Decide on a name?

SAM

Still at battle over that. I'm pushing for...

They come upon the final berth in the dock, occupied by the GREYFELL. The vessel is one hundred and ten feet of ugly. Chipped, faded blue paint hardly covers the innumerable rust spots. The deck equipment looks thirty years out of date.

Henrik smiles, put his hand on Sam's shoulder.

HENRIK

The Greyfell. Don't think of her as old. Think of her as ageless.

Henrik keeps on walking. Sam stays where he is, momentarily stunned by the shabbiness of the tub.

HENRIK

Comin'?

Sam quickly shakes it off and catches up with Henrik.

EXT. DECK - GREYFELL - DAY

Henrik hops on board and takes Sam's bag from him. Sam steps on and gives the Greyfell a quick once over.

The deck is as bad as the rest of it. A huge, rickety stack of ancient pots. Crab and fish guts on the floor. A layer of grime over absolutely everything, including the DECKHANDS.

DAG, 54, has a face that clearly displays the unkind nature of salt, sun and wind upon human skin. He looks like fifty nautical miles of sullen sea dog.

Dag uses a knife to whittle away at a small piece of driftwood. He gives Sam a passing glance, then returns his gaze to his work.

KOL, 30, grunts as he sets his massive shoulder against one of the eight hundred pound pots and slides it a few inches into place. Only when he walks past Sam is his full gigantitude apparent. He's six feet six and a solid 260.

Henrik quickly points them out to Sam.

HENRIK

Dag. Kol. And this here, boys, is our new greenhorn, Sam.

ED (O.S.)

The hell he is.

ED, 33, emerges from the aft house bulkhead door onto the deck. He's handsome, clean-shaven and gifted with a natural charisma.

ED

I got our new guy right here.

CODY, 19, follows Ed onto the deck. Cody drops his duffel bag on the floor right in front of Sam, staking his claim. He leans his slender frame against the bulkhead, grins at Sam with misplaced swagger.

ED

Cody's got four seasons crab fishing in Maine under his belt. How 'bout this clown?

SAM

None.

ED

Well, there you go. Thanks for dropping by, friend. Land is that way.

HENRIK

Not your call, Ed. Let's wait for the Captain.

ED

No need to wait if we know--

HENRIK

We wait.

The two stare each other down.

A WHEEZING COUGH from the bulkhead door. Sam turns to see a thick plume of cigarette smoke blow out of the door frame.

A figure stands in the shadows. Tall, lanky.

THE CAPTAIN, 52, steps onto the deck.

Not as tall as Kol, or nearly as hulking, but immediately there is no doubt who runs the show here.

He wears a black peaked Captain's hat pulled low over his weathered forehead and a threadbare navy peacoat. He has a thick salt and pepper beard and mustache and braided PONYTAIL that hangs just below his shoulder blades.

The Captain steps forward, looks Sam up and down, then does the same to Cody. He takes another long drag from his cig, ponders for a few moments.

CAPTAIN
We'll take them both.

All the deckhands look utterly stunned.

HENRIK
Nei! Vi kan ikke.

Sam furrows his brow at the odd sound of the unknown language.

The Captain silently takes another drag. Ed steps forward, respectfully lowers his tone.

ED
Kan det bare være ett.

Cody flashes Ed a confused look as he lights up his own cigarette.

CAPTAIN
We'll take both.

He looks to Sam.

CAPTAIN
I'll offer three percent of the net harvest. To each.

SAM
Done.

The Captain turns to Cody, who grins and nods.

CAPTAIN
Good. Henrik, take their bags to their quarters. Greenhorns, sweep the deck.

Henrik looks uneasily at his fellow deckhands, then grabs the bags and disappears through the bulkhead door.

Kol tosses one broom at Sam, another at Cody. They get to work sweeping up the rotting sea life remains.

Cody walks over to Sam, blows smoke near his face.

CODY
Just stay the hell outta my way,
newb.

Cody steps away, halfheartedly sweeps with one hand, smokes with the other.

EXT. PORT - DAY

The Greyfell steams out of the port toward the vast Bering Sea. Skies are blue and the waters calm.

INT. GREENHORN QUARTERS - DAY

Sam walks in to find Cody already reclining in his bunk, puffing away on a cigarette. Cheesy tattoos run the length of both his skinny arms.

Sam points to the cig dangling from his lips.

SAM
Really love those things, huh?

CODY
Yeah, so?

SAM
Oh, nothing. I just like to breathe
now and then.

Cody breaks into a wide, cocky grin, shakes his head as he laughs.

CODY
Shit, I can tell already you ain't
gonna last, bitch.

SAM
No?

CODY
Hell no. Seen your type drop like
flies on the deck.

SAM
Lucky I got a master like you to
teach me, then.

Sam takes off his shirt, exposing his lean, muscled torso.

Cody looks immediately intimidated, then scoffs and points to the lone tattoo on Sam's right shoulder -- a red circle with a winged design in the middle.

CODY
Where'd you get the ink?

SAM
Marines. Force Recon.

CODY
Oh yeah? Where'd you serve?

SAM
Afghanistan.

CODY
Kill any motherfuckers?

Sam hesitates.

CODY
Or were you like the cook?

Cody grins. Sam shoots him a look that instantly says "don't go there with me."

Cody looks away, takes a drag.

EXT. BERING SEA - NIGHT

Moonlight shimmers over the boundless rolling waters. The Greyfell cuts through six foot waves that rock the old boat.

INT. GREENHORN QUARTERS - NIGHT

Cody slumbers as the boat tilts at the whim of the ocean.

Sam tosses in his sleep, emits low grunts. His movements become more frantic. His head thrashes from side to side, hands lift in a defensive motion.

SAM
No... don't... watch for--

He bolts upright, completely out of the bed, face twisted in panic and fists clenched for combat. He gulps down breaths, takes several moments to remember where he's at.

He looks at the snoozing Cody, then down at his fists. Slowly, he unclenches them, climbs back into bed. He catches his breath, stares at the ceiling.

EXT. DECK - MORNING

Dressed in bright yellow rubber safety gear, Sam and Cody stand by themselves on the deck.

Cody's swag is gone now. He closes his eyes and inhales deeply from a cigarette, trying to balance himself against the rocking boat.

Sam looks around, takes in the grandeur of the high seas.

SAM
God, look at that.

He glances up to the wheelhouse, but doesn't see the Captain.

SAM
Guess we arrived early to the party.

A muffled CHANTING can just be heard over the waves.

Sam walks to the starboard side, looks toward the stern.

The Captain and all the deckhands kneel on their right knee. They rest their foreheads against the rail, softly chanting something in unison. They seem deep in prayer.

Sam takes a step closer. The foreign language they use sounds similar to the one uttered by Henrik and Ed earlier.

SAM
Cody, check this out.

But Cody appears to be in his own little hell. He ignores Sam, grimaces as the boat tips slightly.

LATER

Sam lifts a twenty pound brick of frozen cod bits into the BAIT CHOPPER, a large metal box-like device attached to the outer wall of the bulkhead.

As he feeds the brick into the top, the cod is chopped, ground into mush and spit into a collection bin beneath.

Sam collects the disgusting fish pudding into a mesh bait bag, ties it off, then attaches it to a large dead cod fish with rope.

The bait ready, Sam walks to an open pot resting on the hydraulic launching ramp. He climbs into the pot and attaches the bait bag to the nylon mesh.

The moment he exits the pot, Kol and Henrik shut the lid, then launch the pot into the depths.

HENRIK

Good job, Sam. Tell your partner to speed it up, huh?

Henrik nods toward Cody, who smokes in a corner.

Sam walks over to him.

SAM

Hey, Cody, no time for a smoke break. Got bags that need baiting.

CODY

Hey, fuck off.

Cody takes a drag, Sam notices a slight tremble in his hand.

SAM

You alright?

Cody whips his cigarette into the ocean.

CODY

Never better.

Sam watches him strut to the bait chopper. Then he glances up to the wheelhouse. The Captain stands behind large windows, observing everything.

LATER

Dag works the controls of the winch, setting a pot over the launcher as Ed and Henrik guide it into place.

HENRIK

Bait!

Cody ambles over to it, dragging the bait bag and cod along the floor. He gingerly climbs inside the pot.

Ed snarls.

ED
Move your ass, kid.

Henrik lets out a high-pitched cackle.

HENRIK
You can pick 'em, Ed.

Cody struggles tying the bait to the inside of the pot. Ed yanks him out by his legs, then ties it himself.

ED
How many fucking times do I have to show you!? Like this!

Ed ties a simple knot. Cody sighs and walks back toward the bait chopper, where Sam works quickly preparing another bait bag.

Cody leans against the bulkhead, exhausted.

CODY
When do we eat?

SAM
You're the expert. You tell me.

Cody pulls a pack of cigarettes from his pocket, removes a cig with his lips and tries to light it. His lighter clicks empty over and over.

Cody lets out a groan, tears the cigarette in half and throws the lighter overboard.

He leans forward, resting on his hand on his knees, then he runs to the rail and vomits.

As he walks back to the bait station, Kol walks by and deliberately checks his shoulder into Cody, nearly knocking him to the deck.

CODY
You--

Kol spins around, his stoic face burning a stare into Cody.

Cody wipes his lips, but says nothing.

EXT. DECK - NIGHT

The harsh overhead lights glare onto the deck, revealing a familiar scene. The work continues without relent.

Sam crawls into an open pot, baits it, scrambles out and watches it drop into the waves. Henrik pats him on the back.

Cody, pale and sickly, grips the rail to prop himself up. Sam walks by him.

CODY

Fuck man, when's it gonna end?

The Captain's voice crackles over the loudspeaker.

CAPTAIN (V.O.)

That was the last pot. Head in for chow.

Sam glances at Cody. You can tell part of him wants to laugh at the self-proclaimed fishing wizard, but instead he pats him on the back.

SAM

C'mon. Roughest part's over.

They follow the others into the aft house.

INT. GALLEY - NIGHT

The six deckhands sit around a booth. Sam and the others feast on pancakes, hash browns and hearty fare.

Cody sits at the end of the table, takes a small bite of a Pop Tart. He glances at a plastic jug of milk sitting in front of Dag.

CODY

Could you pass the milk?

Dag responds with a silent, icy glare.

CODY

Uh, please?

Henrik, Ed and Kol join Dag and stare icicles into the young greenhorn.

Sam coughs awkwardly, grabs the jug and passes it to Cody, who nods in gratitude.

Ed stuffs a huge helping of pancakes into his mouth, chews loudly, nods.

ED
Four seasons in Maine, huh? That's
what you told me?

Henrik closes his eyes and giggles. Even old Dag cracks a grin and laughs.

HENRIK
Where'd you find this one?

ED
Bus station. Fuck, last time I look
there.

HENRIK
Hey, at least we got old Sam here.
A real crabber.

Henrik raises his cup of milk.

HENRIK
Skol.

Ed, Kol and Dag join Henrik and raise their cups.

ED DAG
Skol!

Sam raises his cup, nods to them and takes a gulp of milk.
Cody pushes away from the table and storms out of the room.

INT. WHEELHOUSE - NIGHT

Cody walks slowly up the stairs leading to the wheelhouse.
The old wood creaks under each of his steps.

He reaches the dark wheelhouse. The Captain sits in a
dilapidated leather throne as he stares out the window.

An array of electronics provides the only illumination.

CODY
Captain? Uh, sir?

The Captain doesn't respond. Cody steps forward.

CODY
I just don't think this job is for
me.

Not even the slightest acknowledgement of Cody's presence.

CODY

Ain't what I thought it was
gonna... anyway, if it wouldn't be
too much trouble, could you drop me
back off at Dutch Harbor tomorrow?

No response. Cody takes another step forward.

CODY

Sorry if it gets you off your
schedule and all, I just really,
really need to get off this--

The Captain slowly spins around to face Cody. His dark eyes reflect the glow of the instrument panel.

CODY

Or just... just anywhere near Dutch
Harbor. I'll find my way--

CAPTAIN

We stay at sea 'til the job is
done. No one leaves, no one quits.

He spins back around and resumes his silent vigil over the black, rolling expanse before him.

CODY

But I can't--

The Captain lifts a narrow stiletto knife from the instrument panel. He holds it up for a moment, just long enough for Cody to see.

Then, keeping his eyes focused on the sea, he slowly dips the blade into a can of sardines that lays on the armrest of the chair.

A lone sardine, dripping with juice, dangles on the tip of the blade. The Captain slides it into his mouth and munches away.

Cody steps back, slowly turns to leave, but SOMETHING catches his eye. Sitting atop the radio array next to the Captain's chair is a LARGE GLASS JAR filled with an amber liquid.

An object floats within it. In the dim light, it's hard to make out what it is. It has an odd, amorphous shape.

But it appears to have a tiny human hand.

Cody retreats to the stairs.

INT. GREENHORN QUARTERS - NIGHT

Cody looks a nervous wreck as he stares at an unlit cigarette shaking in his fingers.

Sam cranks out pushups on the floor. Slowly, machine-like.

CODY

You sure you don't have a light?

SAM

For the fiftieth damn time, no.

CODY

These assholes. Won't even spare me a match. Won't even let me use the stove to light up!

He puts the cigarette in his mouth, starts chewing on the filter.

CODY

There's something up with that Captain, man. Fuck, you shoulda seen his eyes. He ain't right. And there was... this jar. There was something in it. I don't know, but I think I saw a--

SAM

There's a phrase we used to have in the Marines. Embrace the suck. Learn it. Live it.

CODY

Fuck that. You think I can get a signal out here maybe?

Cody rummages through his duffel bag.

CODY

Hey. Hey! What'd you do with my phone?

SAM

Never touched your shit. Never would.

CODY

This is... this is some bullshit right here!

He paces the room, punches a wall.

SAM

You couldn't get bars even if you had your phone. Look...

Sam sits up, shakes his bulging arms out, leans over and sorts through his own bag. He furrows his brow.

SAM

That's weird. I know I put it inside my shirt.

CODY

See! They're fuckin' with us! I gotta get outta here. I gotta get outta here!

SAM

Calm down, Cody. Chill.

Cody flops onto his bunk, moans as he pulls his pillow over his face.

SAM

Maybe you shouldn't have lied about your background.

Cody slowly slides the pillow off his face.

CODY

I had to. Need the cash. My little sister's sick.

He traces his finger along a tattoo on his forearm that reads "Ashley."

CODY

Cystic fibrosis. She's ten years old, man. Wakes up screamin' every night from the pain. Begs me to make it go away.

Sam looks over to him.

CODY

We don't have no insurance. Thought I could come out here and fake it. Make some good money. But I ain't built for this.

INT. WHEELHOUSE - NIGHT

The Captain takes a silent drag of his cigarette as he listens to Cody's voice on the console speaker.

CODY (V.O.)
Nah, I ain't built for this.

EXT. DECK - MORNING

The Greyfell chops through calm waters. All hands are on deck. Sam glances at Cody, who's huddled in a corner, arms wrapped around his knees.

He then looks to Henrik, who stands at the rail.

The Captain's voice booms from a speaker.

CAPTAIN (V.O.)
First pot coming up.

Sam walks over to Henrik.

SAM
Henrik.

Henrik smiles and nods, then returns his attention to the waters ahead.

SAM
Did anyone, uh, did someone take my
phone outta my bag?

Henrik's mouth twists just a little, like this is the last thing he wanted to hear right now.

HENRIK
Look Sam, it's Captain's orders. He
hates cell phones. Won't stand for
them. We do it every trip just to
cut down on distraction and...
homesickness. You know what I mean?

SAM
I guess.

HENRIK
You'll get it back as soon as we
finish. But get ready. Time to make
money.

He winks at Sam, grabs the rope and grappling hook, and tosses it over the side. He snags an orange buoy, pulls it on board and feeds it into the block.

Dag turns on the block and the first pot of the season begins to rise from the Bering floor.

The block whines as the pot gets closer and closer to the surface.

Sam nears the rail, watches the top of the pot become visible beneath the waves.

SAM
(to himself)
C'mon. Please.

The pot is lifted into the air and the thing is LOADED. Three-quarters full of angry red opilio. At least thirty "rider" crabs scuttle over the outside of the cage.

A collective, celebratory ROAR from the deckhands.

Sam's grin is wide and beaming. He pumps his fist, runs over to the rolling steel sorting table and, along with Kol, pushes it into place.

Dag expertly lowers the pot with the winch so the lid rests directly over the table.

Henrik opens the lid and the crabs spill out.

SAM
There's gotta be five hundred.

HENRIK
Closer to eight.

The deck hands break out plastic calipers to ensure the male crabs meet the minimum of 3 inches across, but it's hardly necessary. These crabs are huge. One after another gets tossed onto the chute leading to the holding tank.

Ed glances at Cody, who's still huddled in the corner. He drops his caliper, storms over to him, drags him by his arm to the table.

ED
You work or I make you work.

CODY
Nah, bro, I can't. Just take me home. Take me home.

Cody steps away from the table. Sam watches as the other deckhands surround him. This is about to go south.

The Captain's voice booms from the loudspeaker.

CAPTAIN (V.O.)
Greenhorn.

Everyone looks to the wheelhouse.

CAPTAIN (V.O.)
Go to your quarters. Stay there.

Cody flips everyone off, including the Captain. He walks to the bulkhead door and slams it shut behind him.

They return to counting crab. Henrik giggles, slaps Sam on the shoulder.

HENRIK
More money for us.

LATER

The last of the crab are sent down the chute. Henrik stands in front of the wheelhouse.

HENRIK
(shouts)
Crab count eight hundred and sixty-
three! Eight! Six! Three!

Sam's eyes light up. He takes off his rubber gloves, reaches inside his slicker and pulls out a pen. He writes 863 on the palm of his hand.

CAPTAIN (V.O.)
Next pot coming up.

Sam puts his gloves back on, claps his hands in anticipation.

LATER

The crew finishes counting the latest pot. Henrik stands in front of the wheelhouse.

HENRIK
One thousand seventy two! One!
Zero! Seven! Two!

Again, Sam takes off his gloves and marks the number on his hand. Previous pot numbers cover his pruned palm.

He can't help but laugh.

SAM
It's incredible.

INT. GREENHORN QUARTERS - NIGHT

Sam sits in his bunk, writes down the numbers from his palm on a sheet of paper and adds them up.

He multiplies that by the weight of the average crab, then factors in the current cost per pound of opilio.

Then he figures in his cut of three percent. Sum total... \$11,458.

SAM
Holy shit.

He barks out a laugh.

SAM
Hey Cody, just relax, man. We pulled in over a quarter of our quota in one damn day. At this rate we'll be back in Dutch by the end of the week.

But Cody doesn't hear him. He lies back in his bunk. His vacant eyes stare at the filthy ceiling.

INT. CHANGING ROOM - MORNING

Sam slips on his rubber boots, puts on the bright yellow jacket and opens the door leading to the deck. A blast of sunshine and sea air hits him as he--

EXT. DECK - MORNING

--steps onto the deck. The four deckhands are already there.

As he passes by Dag, the old man grins and nods at Sam. Dag continues to whittle down that piece of driftwood. It now resembles the DRAGON HEAD of a Viking longship.

Kol leans with his arms crossed against a stack of pots. He gives Sam the slightest nod of respect, which is like a standing ovation coming from that guy.

Sam nods back, then joins Henrik and Ed at the rail. Henrik slaps him on the back.

HENRIK
Another good day of fishing,
brother.

Ed regards Sam for a few moments, then extends his hand. Sam shakes it.

ED
I admit it, greenhorn. You can
crab.

Henrik throws back his head and giggles.

HENRIK
Oh Sam, you just made my day.

Henrik sits on the rail and continues to giggle as Ed flashes him a thoroughly annoyed look.

INT. CHANGING ROOM - MORNING

Cody walks into the changing room, looks around. He approaches a shelf in the far corner.

A knife with a serrated blade sits on the shelf.

Cody stares at it a few moments, then picks it up.

EXT. DECK - MORNING

Cody walks onto the deck dressed in full gear.

Everyone looks surprised to see him.

CODY
I want to work.

They eye him suspiciously as he walks to the sorting table and stares at his boots.

The Captain's voice thunders from the PA.

CAPTAIN (V.O.)
Pot approaching. Let's go.

Cody watches as Henrik snags the buoy with the grappling hook, then laces the rope into the wheel.

The pot begins to rise.

Cody clutches the pocket of his jacket.

Sam stands at the rail and watches in amazement as yet another pot utterly stuffed with crab breaks the surface.

SAM

Hell yeah!

Sam gets in position to help guide the pot to the launcher.

Cody snarls his lips in anticipation, clutches the bulge in his jacket pocket again. He slowly walks up behind Sam.

CODY

Hey Sam, let me.

Sam glances over at Cody, then at Henrik, then shrugs and allows Cody to take his position.

Just as the edge of the pot dangles near the launcher, Cody JUMPS onto the rail and clutches the top of the pot with his left hand to steady himself.

He reaches his right hand into his pocket, pulls out the knife and holds the blade to the rope supporting the pot.

CODY

Now take me back to Dutch! Right now or I cut this fucking rope!!

The engines stop.

Henrik, Ed, Kol and Dag slowly encircle Cody.

CODY

I mean it! I'll do it! Get me off this fucking boat!

SAM

Cody, c'mon.

CODY

Shut up! I can't... I can't be here. I want to go home.

HENRIK

We'll take you home, Cody. Just drop the knife.

Henrik moves closer.

CODY

Get back!

From the wheelhouse, the Captain watches all this unfold with calm indifference.

Henrik takes another step closer.

HENRIK

Cody, give me the--

Cody slices the blade against the rope. The tension on the rope is so severe that it snaps with a WHIPCRACK.

The cage full of at least one thousand crabs plunges into the sea and instantly sinks, gone forever.

Dead silence. Only the gentle lap of waves against the boat.

Then Henrik, Kol and Ed surge forward. Cody is quickly disarmed and dragged to the deck.

They pull him toward the aft house as Cody writhes and screams like a wild animal.

Sam can't believe what he's witnessing. He steps forward to defuse the situation.

Dag gently grasps his arm and shakes his head.

DAG

The Captain will deal with this.

The bulkhead door opens. The lanky figure of the Captain fills the door frame. A long plume of cigarette smoke unfurls from his lips and lingers in the air.

He steps onto the deck and stands before Cody, who is yanked off his knees and onto his feet.

CAPTAIN

You took from us. You pay what you owe us.

Cody finally breaks down completely and weeps like a toddler.

CODY

Please... please just let me go.

The Captain takes another long drag, then drops the cig on the deck and snuffs it out with his boot.

CAPTAIN

You'll go. Soon enough. But first
you pay.

With that, he casts a dark glance at Kol, who immediately grabs Cody by the neck and abdomen and lifts him clean into the air.

Cody screams as Kol effortlessly carries him to the bulkhead wall and SLAMS him against the steel.

He slides Cody a few feet to the left, toward the BAIT CHOPPER, then twists him UPSIDE-DOWN.

Sam breaks free of Dag as he charges forward.

SAM

Alright, that's enough!

Henrik and Ed restrain Sam by his arms.

The Captain strides over to Cody, then uses one hand to pin Cody's right wrist against the wall. He then turns on the chopper.

CODY

No! No!!

Calmly, the Captain forces Cody's hand toward the chopper.

SAM

You scared him, okay?! He gets it!

The Captain pays no heed to Sam. Cody clenches his hand into a fist as his fingers near the buzzing blades at the top of the chopper.

The knuckles hit the blades. Cody SCREAMS. Blood splatters into the bin below.

SAM

Jesus Christ!

The Captain calmly feeds more hand into the hungry machine.

The SICKENING CRUNCH of grinding bones fills the air as blood, pureed flesh and bone bits are spit out.

All four fingers are now mincemeat in the bin. The Captain shoves the hand further down the chopper until the thumb nearly reaches the blades, then he lets go.

Kol drops Cody to the floor. He screams as he clutches his bleeding stump. All that's left is half the palm and the thumb.

The Captain glances at Dag, who quickly walks to the winch controls and prepares another pot to drop.

Sam wrenches free of Ed and Henrik, who walk toward the launcher and steady the dangling pot from the winch onto the ramp.

Sam whips off his jacket, pulls the drawstring from his hoodie. He bends down, wraps it several times just below the wound. He ties it tight, slowing the blood flow.

SAM

Cody...

Cody jerks away from him as he whimpers pitifully.

CAPTAIN

You're forgetting something,
greenhorn.

Cody looks up at the Captain.

CAPTAIN

Bait the bag.

Kol pulls Cody to his feet, then holds open an empty bait bag.

Sam watches in horror as Cody uses his remaining hand to scoop the red pulpy remains of his former hand into the bag. Kol quickly ties the top of the bag, gives it to Cody.

Cody staggers over to the waiting pot. Blood drips from the bag and his ruined stump.

In a pale daze, he climbs into the pot, uses trembling fingers to wrap a cord around the netting to attach the bag.

He rolls out of the cage and drops to the floor. Then, he gets to his feet and hunches over the sorting table.

Dag, Henrik and Ed launch the pot into the water.

The Captain looks at Sam, then to the blood trails on the deck, back to Sam.

CAPTAIN

Clean the deck. It's a mess.

The Captain walks back to the wheelhouse, leaving Sam speechless.

INT. GREENHORN QUARTERS - NIGHT

Sam finishes wrapping a towel around Cody's half-hand, then fastens it with a fresh cord.

SAM

Bleeding's stopped. That's good.

Cody doesn't acknowledge anything, he sits and mumbles just above a whisper.

CODY

Goin' home now. I'm goin' home.
Home soon.

SAM

Listen to me, Cody. We're making it off this boat. Just a day or so now and the tanks will be full. They have to head in to Dutch Harbor. We'll go to the police as soon as we get there. But just try and relax. Try.

Sam swings Cody's legs into bed. He hesitates, then opens the door.

INT. GALLEY - NIGHT

Sam walks down the corridor leading to hallway. The hearty laughter of the crew echoes off the cramped walls.

Sam stops for a moments, steels himself, walks into the galley.

Silence the moment he walks in. The Captain sits along with the crew. Sam nods to them, takes a seat, looks at the food around the table.

SAM

Stew looks good, huh?

He ladles a couple portions of beef stew into his bowl.

Henrik studies him closely, as does the Captain. Dag meticulously carves more detail into his driftwood dragon's head.

HENRIK

Your bunkmate won't be joining us?

SAM

No, he's uh... sleeping.

ED

If he needs help wiping his ass...
will you give him a hand?

Henrik throws his head back and giggles. The other deckhands can't contain their laughter.

But the Captain simply stares into Sam.

Sam forces a grin, takes a gulp of milk.

SAM

Big haul today. I figure we're
already at over half our quota.
Fishing always this good?

ED

In a hurry to get back to port are
you?

SAM

Me? No. All I care about is that
check.

HENRIK

Yeah, well, we might have an
extended stay at sea. Hope that
won't be a problem.

SAM

Nah. No problem with me.

HENRIK

That's good to hear. You hear that
boys? No problem for Sam.

Ed, Kol and Dag nod.

Sam shifts his eyes to the floor as he chews, trying to hide his concern.

EXT. DECK - DAY

Rain drizzles from overcast skies. The Bering Sea flexes its muscles with bruising fifteen foot waves that turn the deck into a sloshing seesaw.

A pot rests on the launcher, ready for baiting. Henrik yells at Sam, who struggles to keep his footing as he walks with a bait bag.

HENRIK
C'mon! Move it! Faster!

Sam jumps in the pot to attach the bag. Henrik stands over him, pressing his face against the netting.

HENRIK
Too slow. I said move! Hurry!

Sam attaches the bag, scrambles out of the pot, which is quickly closed and dumped.

Dag instantly lowers another one into place. Ed screams over to Sam, who has just reached the bait station.

ED
Let's go! What the fuck is taking
you so long!?

Sam grinds a cod brick as fast as he can, while Ed and Henrik heckle him relentlessly. Anger flashes in his eyes for a moment, but he tamps it down.

He grabs a dead cod fish, attaches it to the new bait bag and runs to the waiting pot.

ED
God damn, he's slower than the one-
handed guy.

Sam quickly attaches the bait bag and rolls out of the pot. Henrik nearly clocks him in the head as he shuts the lid.

Sam pants as he runs back to the bait station.

Dag maneuvers the next pot over the launcher. A HIGH-PITCHED METALLIC SCREECHING brings activity to a halt.

ED
Shit! Think we burned through a
bearing on the winch.

The engines stop.

Sam breathes deeply, attempting to collect his breath and thoughts.

The Captain walks onto the deck. He joins Dag and Ed as they inspect the winch.

Sam stares at the Captain, then walks over to Henrik.

SAM
Okay if I take a bathroom break?

Henrik looks him over.

HENRIK
Don't take all day.

Sam walks to the aft house.

INT. CHANGING ROOM - DAY

Sam jogs through the changing room and into a corridor leading to the bathroom door.

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

Sam looks at the door, then back to the bulkhead leading to the deck. He hurries down the corridor to the wheelhouse steps.

INT. WHEELHOUSE - DAY

Sam reaches the wheelhouse, crouches low as he approaches the helm. He peeks just high enough to view the deck and sees Ed up on the winch.

The Captain watches as Henrik hands Ed a set of tools.

Sam lowers his head, spots the marine radio next to the Captain's chair.

He crawls over, grabs the handset mic, searches for the on switch.

SAM
C'mon.

He flips it on and LCD screen glows a dusty yellow. The radio is as old and worn as the rest of the boat.

Sam depresses the switch on the handset, speaks into it.

SAM
SOS, this is the Greyfell. Anyone
out there?

He waits for a response, but gets nothing but static.

SAM
SOS, this is the Greyfell. In need
of immediate assistance.

He turns the knob, changing the frequency.

SAM
SOS, this is the Greyfell. Please
respond, any ship.

He turns the tuner yet again.

SAM
Can anyone hear me?! This is the
Greyfell.

Static.

SAM
Fuck.

He's about to tune to yet another frequency when he spots the
SATELLITE PHONE resting atop a small cabinet against the far
wall.

He places the handset back on the radio, but leaves the
device on.

He scurries over to the phone. His boot accidentally taps one
of the cabinet's twin swinging doors, causing it to creak
open slightly.

He picks up the phone, turns it on.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Looking down on the deck. The Captain is no longer there.

Sam stares at the phone's screen. It glows a pale green. He
waits to hear a dial tone. Finally...

SAM
Yes.

He starts to dial a number, gets about three digits in when
the open cabinet catches his eye. He can see some liquor
bottles standing within.

He bends to one knee as he continues to dial numbers, then
opens the cabinet door even further.

Sam stops dialing, eyes locked and frozen on something within the cabinet. His stare conveys shock, disbelief and horror all at once.

He reaches in, moves the bottles at the front of the shelf aside to get a clear view of--

A LARGE GLASS JAR containing a DEFORMED, PREMATURE BABY floating in formaldehyde.

The gruesome little thing has a shriveled head with tiny tufts of red hair sprouting from its scalp. A headless parasitic twin with a full set of arms and legs is fused to the baby's torso, giving it a squid-like appearance.

Sam's mouth drops open.

FOOTSTEPS CREAK from the steps.

Sam's eyes widen. He looks around, spots the only possible hiding place -- behind the wheelhouse door.

He shuts the cabinet doors, then plasters himself against the wall behind the door just as the Captain walks in.

The Captain lumbers straight for his chair, gives the deck a quick glance, then slumps back into his throne.

Sam grimaces, looks down at the phone in his hand. He dials four more numbers, but then the RADIO CRACKLES with traffic from another ship. Some Captain asking other Captains for fishing hotspots.

The Captain stares at the radio for a few moments, then turns it off.

Sam purses his lips, lowers the phone.

He glances to his left and sees a bright orange metal box with "FLARE GUN" printed on it.

The Captain settles back in his chair, lights another cigarette.

He presses a button on the controls in front of him.

CAPTAIN

Komast hingaõ.

He takes a long drag of his cigarette, enjoys it, then expels a snaking tendril of smoke from his cracked lips. He rests his head back and closes his eyes.

Sam slowly reaches for the box, touches the lid. Gently, silently, he unclasps the snap and lifts the lid.

The plastic orange flare gun sits there. He grasps it, then--

BOOM!! The door slams into him so hard, he leaves a man-sized crater in the fake wood paneling of the wall. Stunned, he drops both the phone and gun.

KOL throws back the door, clutches Sam by the collar of his slicker.

Sam unleashes a palm strike to Kol's chin, which the big man clearly wasn't expecting. It staggers him back a couple steps.

The Captain calmly puffs away in his chair as he watches the combat.

Sam follows that with a crunching right cross that rocks the big man. Just as he's about to unload another right, Henrik appears behind Sam and intercepts the punch.

Henrik sends a forearm into Sam's temple which knocks him to his knees.

An enraged Kol lurches forward, grabs two handfuls of Sam's jacket, lifts him into the air and smashes him into the wall.

He holds him there like a helpless child.

HENRIK

Sam. Sam, my friend. Thought you were one of us. Thought you were a crabber.

SAM

Fuck you, you motherfucking psychos.

HENRIK

I tell you, greenhorns these days.

The Captain stands and takes a few steps toward Sam.

CAPTAIN

Phone.

Henrik picks the phone off the floor, hands it to the Captain. He checks out the screen. Satisfied, he turns the phone off.

CAPTAIN

I'm afraid I've reconsidered your
three percent share.

Henrik throws back his head and giggles.

The Captain returns the phone to its console.

He turns to a small cabinet, opens the top drawer, moves some
things around, then produces a PAIR OF HANDCUFFS.

He walks back to Sam, stands within inches of him. As he
stares Sam down, the Captain GRINDS the steel teeth of one
cuff into the lock mechanism.

He does it again and again.

Sam can't help but notice the flaky brown splotches on the
inside of the cuffs. Old, dried blood.

CAPTAIN

But don't worry. Your payment will
be glor--

The RADIO SQUAWKS to life.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)

Greyfell, Greyfell. This is the
U.S. Coast Guard Cutter John Hardy.

The Captain whips his head to the windows, strides over and
grabs a pair of powerful binoculars.

P.O.V. CAPTAIN

A Reliance-class cutter closes in on the Greyfell from the
east, about one nautical mile away.

BACK TO SCENE

For the first time, the Captain flashes emotion. An annoyed
grunt.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)

Greyfell, Greyfell. This is the
U.S. Coast Guard Cutter John Hardy.

The Captain turns back to Sam, looks like he's about to break
the binoculars in his hand. Then, he grabs the radio handset.

CAPTAIN

This is the Greyfell.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)
Prepare to be boarded for safety
inspection.

Henrik looks nervous. He gazes at the Captain, who carefully ponders his response.

Sam grins at the Captain, just a bit.

The Captain holds the handset to his mouth.

CAPTAIN
Roger, John Hardy.

He sets down the handset, walks to Sam, touches Kol on the shoulder. Kol lowers Sam to the floor.

CAPTAIN
Hands.

Sam doesn't respond. Kol roughly grabs Sam's hands and pulls them forward. The Captain cuffs Sam's wrists.

HENRIK
What should we--

CAPTAIN
To the room. Both of them.

Henrik and Kol quickly pull Sam down the steps.

The Captain walks back to the windows, watches as the cutter grows ever closer. He SLAMS the console with both hands.

INT. GREENHORN QUARTERS - DAY

Cody lies on his bunk, slowly unravels the string holding the towel on his mutilated hand. He lifts the bloody towel, drops it to the floor.

It's unspeakably gruesome. The remaining carpal bones poke through gnarled red flesh. White, stringy flexor tendons hang like severed electrical cords.

A septic infection appears to have already set in as a greenish, pus-laden mold covers portions of the stump.

Cody's vacant eyes focus on one of the tendons, pinches and pulls it with his good hand. The thumb reflexively twitches.

Strangely fascinated, Cody continues with the self-torture.

The door bursts open. Henrik and Ed walk in, grab Cody and pull him into the corridor.

INT. ENGINE ROOM - DAY

Henrik and Ed carry the inert Cody down the stairway. Kol is right behind them pushing the handcuffed Sam.

Henrik and Ed lay Cody on the floor, then grab electric hand drills off a nearby work table.

They drill out screws that run along the edges of one of the numerous large metal panels.

They peel away the panel, revealing a small hidden compartment. The walls of the compartment are lined with wood and cork.

Henrik and Ed carry Cody in and sit him against the wall.

Kol shoves Sam into the compartment. Sam has to crouch to even fit in the claustrophobic space with Cody.

HENRIK

Keep quiet or we kill you.

Kol holds the heavy metal panel back in place while Henrik and Ed drill the screws back in.

INT. WHEELHOUSE - DAY

The Captain watches as a Zodiac inflatable boat approaches from the Coast Guard cutter, which looms off the starboard side.

FOUR YOUNG GUARDSMEN, fully decked out in cold water survival gear, occupy the craft.

The Captain watches them closely, then starts the engines of the boat. He walks to the thermostat on the far wall, CRANKS that thing all the way to 110.

The heating vents blast out the searing air.

Then he walks to his chair, sits down, lights up another cigarette, rests back.

EXT. DECK - DAY

Dag waves a friendly hello to the boarding party.

DAG
Ahoy there.

GUARDSMAN #1
Ahoy.

He tosses Dag a rope, which Dag promptly secures to a cleat. GUARDSMAN #1 hooks a boarding ladder to the rail and climbs aboard. The other three follow.

GUARDSMAN #1
Sorry to interrupt your fishing.
Standard inspection, should only
take a few minutes.

DAG
Oh, no problem. Happy to see some
smiling young faces.

GUARDSMAN #1
Captain in the wheelhouse?

DAG
Yessir. Right this way.

The Guardsman motions for one of his crew to follow him, then points the other two to inspect the deck.

INT. WHEELHOUSE - DAY

Dag enters the wheelhouse, followed by the Guardsmen.

DAG
Captain?

The Captain slowly spins around in his chair, blows out a thick streamer of Marlboro exhaust from his mouth.

GUARDSMAN #1
Captain, I'll need to see your log
book and Coast Guard documentation.

The Captain smiles and nods.

CAPTAIN
Absolutely.

The Guardsmen adjust the thick collars of their survival suits, already uncomfortable in the rapidly rising heat.

INT. HIDDEN COMPARTMENT - DAY

Sam kicks the wood and cork lined wall. The room is so tight he can't land a kick full force.

He lays on his back, shoving his shoulders up against Cody.

He thumps the wall with his boot a couple of times.

INT. ENGINE ROOM - DAY

With the engines on, it's near impossible to hear Sam's kicks.

Henrik, Ed and Kol huddle, talk quietly amongst themselves as the two Guardsmen from the deck descend the stairs.

INT. HIDDEN COMPARTMENT - DAY

Sam continues to kick with both feet, but he can barely put a crack in this wood.

INT. WHEELHOUSE - DAY

The Captain watches from the chair as Guardsman #1 carefully inspects the pages of the daily fishing log. His colleague goes through a short stack of official documentation.

The wheelhouse has become a smokehouse as the Captain relentlessly puffs away in the cramped, sweltering room.

Guardsman #1 coughs, swipes away smoke from his face.

GUARDSMAN #1

Like it toasty in here, huh?

The Captain merely grins back. His eyes dart to the console. A surveillance monitor is fixed on the engine room.

INT. ENGINE ROOM - DAY

Henrik cheerfully shows the two Guardsman around. He points to sprinklers installed in the ceiling.

HENRIK

Fixed fire extinguisher system.

GUARDSMAN #2

The handhelds?

HENRIK
(points them out)
There and there.

GUARDSMAN #2
Survival suits?

Henrik opens a door leading to a supply closet. Eight bright red cold water survival suits hang there.

HENRIK
Gotcha covered.

INT. HIDDEN COMPARTMENT - DAY

Sam drives his feet into the wood with all his might.

SAM
In here! In here!

Two more kicks.

SAM
Fuck!

He stands, looks around, spots an edge of a wooden board that doesn't quite cover the original metal wall.

He focuses on it, then delivers a well-trained sidekick into the edge. A crack forms. Another kick breaks off a three inch piece of wood.

Only a layer of cork covers the steel wall. Sam rips into it with his fingers.

INT. WHEELHOUSE - DAY

The two Guardsmen sweat profusely. They hand the log and documents back to the Captain.

GUARDSMAN #1
Everything looks good.

Both Guardsmen cough in the smoky sweatbox.

GUARDSMAN #1
Your Automatic Identification
System?

Using his smoldering cig, the Captain points to a small LCD monitor resting on the console.

CAPTAIN

Fresh out of the box. Hard to keep
up with you boys and your fucking
regulations.

The Guardsmen notice the rather ominous change in his tone.

INT. HIDDEN COMPARTMENT - DAY

Sam finally pries free enough cork to give him access to a metal pipe running across the wall. He CLANGS on it with his shackled wrists.

INT. ENGINE ROOM - DAY

The two Guardsmen head toward the stairs. Henrik smiles as he walks with them.

GUARDSMAN #2

Thank you for your coope--

A FAINT CLANGING SOUND can be heard above the throb of the engines.

He stops, looks to the far wall. Hears it again.

GUARDSMAN #2

What's that?

He slowly walks toward the wall.

Henrik's eyes dart to Kol and Ed, who stand next to the work table. Ed subtly picks up a screwdriver, while Kol grabs a hammer and holds it behind his leg.

INT. HIDDEN COMPARTMENT - DAY

Sam SMASHES the handcuffs into the pipe. Rivulets of blood stream down his wrist.

INT. WHEELHOUSE - DAY

The Captain's eyes are locked on the surveillance monitor.

He watches as the Guardsman nearest the engine room wall steps closer to the hidden room.

GUARDSMAN #1

Well, I think we have everything we need, Captain. Thanks for--

CAPTAIN

(eyes glued to monitor)
You may go now.

The Guardsman flashes an angry stare at the Captain, but is so eager to leave this humidor that he trudges down the steps. His colleague eagerly follows.

INT. ENGINE ROOM - DAY

Guardsman #2 gets to within ten feet of Sam and Cody's prison cell. The clanging is getting louder, faster.

GUARDSMAN #2

What the hell is--

INT. WHEELHOUSE - DAY

Right at that moment, the Captain THRUSTS forward both levers controlling the engine power.

INT. ENGINE ROOM - DAY

The engines ROAR, drowning out everything. The Guardsman looks at the engines, back to the wall.

Henrik walks forward with a curious shrug.

The Guardsman gives the wall one last look, shakes his head and points to the stairs. Henrik nods and leads the way.

INT. HIDDEN COMPARTMENT - DAY

Sam bellows in pain as blood covers his forearm. He bangs the cuffs on the pipe a few more times, then accepts the futility.

Breathless, he hunches over, looks at Cody's grotesque stump, then stares at his own blood.

CODY

Let's go home. Are we home?

EXT. DECK - DAY

Dag and Henrik wave goodbye to the Guardsmen as they head back to the cutter. They look at each other, then glance up to the Captain, who glowers down at them from the wheelhouse.

EXT. BERING SEA - DAY

The Greyfell plows through the choppy seas.

INT. HIDDEN COMPARTMENT - DAY

Sam sits back against the steel wall.

The boat rocks rhythmically side to side.

Cody lies asleep on his side, emitting the occasional grunt.

Sam's eyelids grow heavy as he stares at his wedding band, and the old SCAR covering the top of his hand.

As the boat continues to sway gently, exhaustion takes hold and Sam's eyes close.

EXT. HOUSE - AFGHANISTAN - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Sam, dressed in full Marine combat gear, stares at the front door of the small one story mud house.

He looks over to LIEUTENANT BAKER, 30s, Sam's commanding officer. Fellow Marines JEFFRIES, 18, and TAYLOR, 19, stand behind them.

Across the dusty street, another Marine Fire Team executes a raid on a house.

Baker nods to Sam, who quickly kicks in the front door.

INT. HOUSE - AFGHANISTAN - DAY (FLASHBACK)

The four of them storm in, M16A4 assault rifles drawn.

The home is modestly decorated, but appears abandoned.

They scour through the dwelling.

Sam inspects an empty bedroom.

SAM

Clear!

Baker responds from nearby.

BAKER

Clear!

They meet in the kitchen.

BAKER

Nothing. Let's keep moving.

(to Jeffries)

Notify squad commander. House is secure.

As Jeffries uses his radio to contact the squad, Sam's eyes are drawn to a lone chair standing against the wall.

He takes a step closer, notices a SHOE PRINT on the seat of the chair.

Slowly, he casts his gaze upward, to the ceiling constructed of mud and wooden poles.

AN EYE peers through a crack in the ceiling, staring right at Sam.

Sam immediately draws his rifle.

GUNFIRE BLASTS down from the ceiling, instantly killing Jeffries and Taylor.

Sam and Baker sprawl to the floor and return fire, turning the ceiling into an exploding mass of mud flakes.

FIVE ARMED TALIBAN INSURGENTS drop from the ceiling, one of them already dead.

Sam shoots another one through the forehead.

A bullet hits Sam in the top of his hand, ripping through the flesh.

Baker is killed by a salvo of AK-47 fire.

Sam empties his magazine into the three remaining Insurgents, wounding all of them.

As his clip clicks empty, the bloodied, raging men surge at Sam. He drops his rifle, unsheathes his KA-BAR knife and screams a WAR CRY as they set upon him.

The PIERCING SOUNDS of ELECTRIC DRILLS shudder through the house.

INT. HIDDEN COMPARTMENT - DAY

The sounds of the drills outside the cell startle Sam awake. His eyes flare open, sweat pours down his brow.

One by one, the bolts are being removed.

INT. WHEELHOUSE - DAY

The Captain reduces speed.

In the far distance, something is visible among the great briny expanse... a small island.

The island is about two miles away now. It's tiny, and as remote a piece of land as can possibly be.

Towering spruce and conifer trees stand densely packed behind forbidding rocky shores.

INT. HIDDEN COMPARTMENT - DAY

Sam looks to his shackled hands, flexes his fists, readies himself for a last stand.

The panel is pulled off.

Henrik and Ed stand at either side of the opening, drills in hand. They stare at their captives with grim faces.

The Captain steps between them.

CAPTAIN

You'll remain silent. Whatever you see, you'll remain silent. There's nothing you can do, nothing you can say that will change your fate. Be silent.

EXT. DOCK - ISLAND - DAY

A primitive, ancient dock made of crooked pilings and rotting planks extends into a natural cove.

A much smaller boat, a thirty foot TRAWLER, already rests there, moored to the pilings.

The Greyfell slows to a drift as it pulls up alongside the dock.

Henrik leaps out, then catches a rope tossed over by Ed. He knots the rope to a piling, then does the same to another rope tossed over by Kol.

EXT. DOCK - DUSK

The Captain leads the way down the rickety pier as the crew escorts Sam and Cody.

An eerie orange glow permeates the Alaskan sky as the sun sets below the endless horizon.

EXT. FOREST PATH - DUSK

A narrow path cuts through the thick brush and massive trees.

The procession is silent, except for Cody's occasional grunt of forlorn misery.

Sam spots some sort of stone carving alongside the path.

A thin pillar, maybe four feet high and old as hell. Dominating the intricate design is a NORSE DRAGON HEAD identical to the one Dag was carving.

LATER

Further along the path, a larger stone carving stands sentinel -- a powerfully built bearded man dressed in a robe and holding a trident. Sea waves crash at his legs.

Sam stares at the bearded man's scowling face as he passes by the carving.

EXT. VILLAGE - DUSK

The procession enters a clearing in the forest.

TWO NORSE NITHING POLES stand on either side of the end of the path -- long wooden beams set into the ground, with severed horse heads impaled upon the top.

These nithing poles are set up as a perimeter around the entirety of the clearing.

All of the horse heads face out of the clearing, and they are in various states of decay. Many are simply skulls.

A rustic Scandinavian village has been constructed here, and it appears to have been standing a long time.

In the center is a towering ceremonial maypole, from which ten long ribbons stretch from the top of the pole to the ground.

At the far end of the village stands a traditional Viking longhouse -- a long, narrow rectangular building constructed of wooden planks and a sod roof.

A NORWEGIAN ASH TREE, profoundly out of place in this forest of pine, grows out of an earthen, grassy mound, its broad brown limbs stretching out like mighty arms.

Finally, there is a collection of large stone slabs. Three stand upright, arranged in a semi-circle not unlike Stonehenge. Another, smaller slab lays on its side and appears to act as an altar.

Sam utters under his breath, through clenched teeth.

SAM

What the fuck?

Kol SLAPS the back of Sam's head, nearly knocking him to his knees.

PEOPLE emerge from the longhouse.

ULF, a very old man, is helped along by VEDLA, 52, a big-boned woman with red braided hair.

FINN, 15, breaks into a freckled grin and runs over as soon as he sees the Captain. He has a pronounced limp, and one arm is noticeably shorter than the other. His face also has a malformed, drooping quality to it.

He hugs the Captain tightly. The Captain returns the embrace to his son, ruffles his hair.

CAPTAIN

Hello, my boy.

Finn looks to Henrik, clasps his hand and pulls him tight. Henrik pats him on the back.

HENRIK

Finn. How are you, brother?

FINN

I'm good.

Finn's wide grin immediately straightens when he looks at Sam and Cody. A repulsed grimace forms when he sees Cody's mangled hand.

One last person exits the longhouse and approaches. Blond, beautiful.

Sam squints to focus in the dimming light. As she nears, he recognizes her...

...ELLE. The bartender from the Big Harpoon tavern.

She walks up alongside Vedla and Ulf, then nods a greeting to the Greyfell crew.

She looks at Sam, at his shocked expression, and looks away.

CAPTAIN

Take our guests to the hold.

INT. ENCLOSURE - DUSK

Kol, Ed and Henrik shove Sam and Cody into THE SAME CAGE from the opening scene.

Time and the elements have worn hard on the cell.

The formerly fresh ship timbers that comprise the walls and ceiling have darkened considerably. The iron bars sport a thick coating of rust.

Henrik unlocks Sam's cuffs.

HENRIK

I know you won't try anything
stupid now, will you?

Henrik shuts and locks the door. Finn joins his brothers, looks at the captives.

FINN

What are their names?

HENRIK

It doesn't matter. It never does.

He grabs his younger brother around the shoulders.

HENRIK

Come on. Party tonight.

Finn lets out a delighted laugh as he limps alongside Henrik toward the longhouse. Ed and Kol follow.

Sam tests the bars. Rusty, but solid. The timbers are still heavy.

Sam stares at the wall, takes one step closer.

SCRAWLED MESSAGES cover all the walls.

Sam's eyes dart around, picking out names, initials, dates.

The dates span DECADES.

One message draws his focus. He steps closer, runs his fingers over it: "My name was Walter Aames - 9/6/1947 - God help me"

A ragged gasp of fear escapes his lips.

Cody moans, slumped in a corner.

He looks to him, puts a hand on his shoulder.

CODY

They takin' us home now?

SAM

Cody.

Cody stares at the ground.

CODY

Cuz I need to help my little sister
and--

Sam slaps Cody across the face.

SAM

Cody!

The jolt awakens him. He looks around the cage, starts to weep.

CODY

I don't want to die. Don't let me
die, Sam.

He starts bawling and embraces Sam like a child would a parent. Not expecting this, Sam pats him on the back.

SAM
We're not dying. No one's dying
here. But we have to get out.
Understand me?

Cody nods.

SAM
When they come for us, we make a
break for the boats. Okay?

CODY
The boats. Right. When do we go to
the boats?

Sam watches as the Captain walks into the longhouse.

SAM
Soon.

INT. ENCLOSURE - NIGHT

Torches flicker all around the village. A bonfire roars in a stone pit.

In the vast night sky, the northern lights radiate a majestic ribbon of green.

Sam stares through the bars. What he sees makes his blood run cold.

The "villagers" stand in a single file line, facing the cell.

They all wear pagan Nordic ceremonial robes. Hoods shroud their faces. They hold torches.

The women wear crimson robes, the men wear black.

After several moments of silent staring, four of the men advance. From the sheer size, one of them is obviously Kol.

Sam steadies himself, crouches down a bit.

SAM
Get ready, Cody.

Kol opens the cage door and Sam throws his shoulder into him. Kol is knocked backward a few inches, giving Cody enough space to bolt.

Cody gets about five feet before two of the hooded men drag him down.

Sam wrestles with Kol for a few moments, only to be thrown back into the hold like a rag doll.

The door is SLAMMED SHUT behind him.

Cody SCREAMS as he's dragged toward the nearby stone monoliths.

CODY

Sam! Help me! Help me!

Sam grips the bars, shakes them.

SAM

Cody!!

EXT. ALTAR - NIGHT

The four hooded men lay Cody down face first upon the stone slab altar.

They secure leather restraints to his wrists and ankles. The restraints are connected to ropes.

Sam shouts from the cage.

SAM

Let him go! Let him go you
motherfuckers!

The rest of the people form a circle around the altar, join their hands and raise them to the sky.

The Captain lowers his hood. He wears an ornate headpiece of hammered gold and silver, crafted to look like feathers and antlers.

He looks down upon the helpless Cody.

CAPTAIN

Samþykkja þetta, Aegir.

He nods to Kol, who steps away from the altar, leaving Henrik, Ed and Dag to hold him down. Kol lowers his hood.

Cody writhes, grunts and twists, to no avail.

Kol reaches down, picks up TWO HUGE NORSE BATTLE AXES. Their blades are long and made of an ancient forged metal. The wooden handles are thick.

Only someone the size of Kol could wield both at once.

He stands over Cody, looks to the Captain.

CAPTAIN

Aegir.

Kol brings both blades down on either side of Cody's spine. Not hard enough to kill, just deep enough to break the back rib cage.

Cody SHRIEKS in agony.

Kol twists the blades to the left and right, further breaking the bones. The sound is awful.

He removes the axes from Cody's body, sets them down.

Kol reaches into Cody's body cavity, searches around.

Cody vomits from the pain, nearly losing consciousness.

Kol pulls BOTH LUNGS out of Cody's back. Still attached to the respiratory system, they continue to inflate and deflate like pulsating pink wings.

Kol reaches to the ground, picks up a rope attached to Cody's left ankle.

Henrik, Ed and Dag do the same with the ropes fastened to the other three limbs.

The ropes are threaded through block and tackle pulleys bolted to the upright stone monoliths.

All four men step to the rear of the altar and PULL.

Cody is lifted into the air, arms stretching outward.

Sam recoils in horror at the sight.

SAM

Oh my God.

The ropes are tied into place. Cody is frozen in position -- a NORSE BLOOD ANGEL sacrifice.

He belts out a sustained, soul-splitting SCREAM.

Kol, Henrik and Ed stand back in the circle.

The Captain bends down, picks up a STONE BOWL and ancient Norse dagger.

He steps over to Cody, thrusts the blade into his femoral artery. The blood sprays down and the Captain collects it all in the bowl.

Cody's screams fade as his life ebbs. The last of his blood sputters into the bowl.

He hangs there, head drooped, lifeless.

The Captain tilts his head back, POURS blood over his face.

He walks to the elderly Ulf, who tilts his head back. The Captain does the same to him.

He repeats the process with Vedla, the blood coating her face and spilling over her red hair.

LATER

The Captain finishes with Finn, pouring the last of the blood over his son's face.

With that, all of them walk single file to...

THE MAYPOLE

The Captain and the others each grab ribbons attached to the top of the pole.

Ulf and Vedla sit on tree stumps.

Ulf picks up an old calfskin drum with Norse runes painted around the cylinder.

Vedla picks up a pan flute made of sheep bones. They begin to play a simple, rhythmic folk tune.

The others begin to circle the maypole counter-clockwise. They chant in OLD NORSE. It's guttural, haunting.

Sam watches in disbelief as the song grows louder, faster, more frantic.

Their blood-dripping faces contort in delirious joy as they offer praise to their god.

INT. ENCLOSURE - NIGHT

Sam sits on the dirt floor, uses his fingernail to slowly pick at the timber on the wall.

From the village, the SOUNDS of a CELEBRATORY FEAST are at full throat. Raucous laughter and singing.

ELLE (O.S.)

Sam.

Sam looks up to see Elle standing there. She still wears the crimson robe, but the blood has been washed from her face. She's tipsy.

She holds two DRINKING HORNS crafted from goat horns.

ELLE

You haven't had anything to drink.
You must be thirsty. I brought you
some mead.

Sam stands, approaches the bars.

She cautiously holds the horn by its bottom tip, extends it to him.

He takes it, studies it for a moment, whips it into the back wall of the cell.

Elle shrugs, takes another sip of mead.

SAM

You called Henrik, didn't you? At
the bar?

ELLE

Well, he is my brother.

SAM

You knew I had a pregnant wife back
home, and you still gave me over to
these... these...

ELLE

Careful. That's my family.

Sam grips the bars.

SAM

Why do you... WHY??

ELLE

We're Clan Hafgaar. It's our way.
Always has been.

She drops to her backside, smiles at her own drunken clumsiness. She uses her finger to draw in the soft dirt.

ELLE

One sacrifice a year for centuries.

SAM

Sacrifice? You murdered him.

She continues to draw some kind of symbol.

ELLE

No, we gave him glory. A glorious offering to Aegir.

She stops drawing for a moment, looks up at Sam.

ELLE

Norse God of the Sea. We're from Norway, you know.

She giggles, gulps more mead.

ELLE

Well, my ancestors, not us. But my family took over this island what, seventy years ago? How do you like it so far?

She goes back to her sketch. A NORSE RUNE is taking shape.

Sam looks to the revelers in the village, shakes his head.

SAM

You... all this for some imaginary god?

ELLE

Imaginary? Tell me, did any of your pots have under eight hundred crabs? Any?

Sam's silence provides the answer.

ELLE

You're smart, Sam. What are the odds of that happening? We give to Aegir and he gives to us. It's our way.

Sam has to step away from the bars. He runs his hands through his hair.

SAM

Wait, you said one sacrifice a year.

ELLE

Yes.

SAM

So why am I here?

Elle stops, finishes the last of her mead.

ELLE

I don't know.

She stands, points down to the rune, a tight series of intersecting lines.

ELLE

Look, this is your rune. It's called Eihwaz. It means strength.

SAM

Hey thanks, I'm fuckin' touched.

She frowns, turns to walk away.

Sam rushes forward.

SAM

Wait. Elle, they can't kill me. I told my wife everything before we left. The name of the boat. Names of your family. Everything. If I don't show up in Seattle, cops in Dutch Harbor will be all over you.

She pauses, looks to the ground.

SAM

I know this isn't you. I can see it on your face. You don't want to do this. Just let me go. Give me the keys to the small boat and you'll never see me again. I won't tell anyone. Promise.

ELLE

I...

SAM

Please, Elle. I have a baby coming. Please.

She makes eye contact, then breaks it.

ELLE

I have to go.

She scurries off, away from the celebration.

SAM

Elle!

He watches her disappear into the woods.

EXT. VILLAGE - NIGHT

The village is quiet and still. A long wooden table holds the remnants of a hearty feast.

INT. ENCLOSURE - NIGHT

Sam sleeps in the dirt.

A hand reaches through the bars, gently shakes his shoulders. He bolts upright.

Elle holds her finger to her lips. She carries a large metal ring with two keys on it.

Sam watches her unlock the door and open it.

ELLE

(whisper)

We need to get the keys to the boat. C'mon.

She hurries away and Sam follows her.

EXT. LONGHOUSE - NIGHT

As they walk past the longhouse, Elle points to a smaller turf house just behind it.

Both the roof and walls of the one story structure are comprised of grassy earth.

EXT. TURF HOUSE - NIGHT

As they approach the front door, Sam softly clears his parched throat.

Elle points to a wooden bucket with a ladle sitting upon a table next to the house.

ELLE

Water.

Sam grabs the ladle and quickly gulps down three mouthfuls.

Elle quietly opens the door.

INT. TURF HOUSE - NIGHT

Elle uses a match to light a flickering wick lantern.

Sam enters behind her, shuts the door.

The house is a single spacious room. A crude straw mattress lays on the floor.

One side of the house is lined with tables and shelves.

The far end, obscured in shadows, has something resembling a small cage or coop.

Elle points to the shelves.

ELLE

They keep the keys there. I don't know where, though.

Sam runs over, starts frantically rifling through the wooden shelves cluttered with rusted nautical spare parts.

Elle walks over to the far end of the room.

SAM

Where? Where are they? This is just junk.

ELLE

Sam, look at this. Look at how beautiful.

Sam searches a few more shelves, then jogs over to her.

SAM

Elle, help me with the--

His words freeze in his throat.

He stands next to Elle, stares down into the "coop."

A GROTESQUELY MUTATED TODDLER, about three years old, staggers around the coop.

His head is an enormously oversized oval, so huge that the strap muscles of the child's neck have grown thick and sinewy in order to support the massive skull.

Tufts of ginger hair sprout from its scalp. One eye is permanently shut and the other is giant and bloodshot. It appears to have three rows of crooked teeth.

Just like Finn, one arm and leg is much shorter than the other and it stumbles constantly.

It emits a low, chirping drool.

SAM

Jesus fuck.

A BABY, no more than six months old, sleeps in Norse swaddling in a corner of the coop.

It appears to have been born with two faces on its head that yawn, blink and gurgle independently of the other.

Elle beams with pride.

ELLE

My sons. Aren't they beautiful?

Sam blinks in stupefaction. He suddenly needs to balance himself on the front gate of the coop.

He brings a hand to his spinning head.

SAM

What...

He doesn't notice the door open behind him.

ELLE

But it's true, our blood has grown thin. You'll replenish our family for generations, Sam.

Sam falls against the wall. Moments later, Kol and Ed drag him to the mattress.

The rest of the Hafgaar clan enter the turf house.

Henrik cuffs Sam's wrists to a post at the head of the mattress.

SAM

No! No...

But he's in no shape to resist.

P.O.V. SAM

The walls and roof bend and warp in his mind. The people surrounding him look like nightmarish funhouse reflections.

BACK TO SCENE

Kol and Ed hold down Sam's ankles as Elle unbuckles his belt and pulls down his pants and underwear.

Old Ulf pulls up a chair and sits next to the mattress.

The Captain looms behind them all.

Elle removes all her clothes, straddles Sam.

SAM

God no...

She reaches down with her hand to arouse him. Moments later she begins to thrust on top of him.

Sam's eyes spin in his skull.

P.O.V. SAM

As Elle continues to pump away, Ulf smiles and claps approvingly at the spectacle.

Finn stands in the background, grabbing and rubbing his crotch.

At the far end of the room, even the melon-headed monster kid seems to be watching from the cheap seats.

BACK TO SCENE

Henrik crosses his arms as he watches the rape unfold.

HENRIK

You shouldn't have told your wife about us, Sam. Now we have to kill her, too.

SAM

No... no I never told anyone. Never said... anything...

HENRIK

We can't risk it, Sam.

SAM

No... no, she's pregnant.

HENRIK

Don't worry, friend. Your seed will live on.

Henrik throws his head back and lets loose his high-pitched giggle. It goes on and on and on...

EXT. VILLAGE - MORNING

A lovely morning. The soft sun glows warmly and all the birds and bugs of the forest vocalize their presence.

Flies swarm around Cody's corpse, which still hangs in mid-air.

The Captain walks with his Greyfell crew toward the trailhead. They carry ancient Norse bows, arrows and spears.

ED

I'm bringing back a buck today.

HENRIK

Only if you find one that died of a stroke, brother.

Henrik giggles, Ed sneers.

The Captain glances at the enclosure. Sam lays splayed out, face down, out like a light.

The four of them pass between the nothing poles and disappear into the woods.

LATER

Vedla beats a rug on a clothesline outside the longhouse.

Finn genuflects, bows in front of the ash tree that grows from the earthen mound. After a few silent words of worship, he stands and walks toward the cage.

INT. ENCLOSURE - DAY

Sam remains prone in the dirt, his face turned away from Finn as he approaches.

Finn holds the key ring in his hand. He smiles, jingles the keys.

FINN
Wake up, Sam.

Sam doesn't move. Finn taps a key on the lock.

FINN
I think we put too much agaric in
your water.

Finn laughs and shakes the keys again.

FINN
That's okay, I like it, too. I want
you to know, my father promised to
take me to Seattle. He says I get
to be the one to kill your wife.

Finn scratches his head, looks around.

FINN
It'll be my first time. I'm a
little nervous. Do you want me to
tell your wife anything before I--

Sam moves with such lightning speed that the boy has no chance to react. He reaches through the bars, grabs Finn's shirt and yanks him forward.

Then he SLAMS the DRINKING HORN into Finn's right eye. The death is so instantaneous that Finn's mouth is still open, about to pronounce the next word that will never come.

Vedla witnesses the whole thing and SHRIEKS. She runs toward the cage.

Sam lets go of Finn and the boy's body drops to the dirt, along with the keys. Sam retrieves the keys, struggles to reach around and fit one into the lock.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Vedla's screams shatter the peaceful calm. The Captain and his crew race back toward the village.

EXT. TURF HOUSE - DAY

Elle runs out of the house, covers her mouth with her hand when she sees Sam flee the hold and run into the woods.

EXT. ENCLOSURE - DAY

Vedla wails as she cradles Finn's body.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Sam sprints through the woods, smashing through branches, leaping over fallen trees.

EXT. VILLAGE - DAY

The Captain and crew storm into the village, see Vedla weeping as she holds Finn's body.

CAPTAIN

Nei.

He runs over to his son. The bloody drinking horn has been removed, exposing a gaping hole where Finn's eye used to be.

The Captain allows himself a glimmer of sorrow before his eyes darken with rage.

CAPTAIN

The boats.

He runs for the path.

Henrik and Ed still have their bows and arrows and race after their father.

Kol walks to a long wooden bin next to a nothing pole.

He opens the lid, reaches in and removes a VIKING WAR HAMMER. A three foot ash handle, tightly bound in cracked leather, sports a twenty pound squared off rock at its end.

Dag reaches in and grabs a smaller Norse horseman's ax. The blade is a half-moon, with its opposite side narrowing into a sharp pick.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Sam regulates his breathing, pacing himself as he darts through the dense woodland.

He breaks the treeline and jumps onto the rocky beach, running toward the dock.

EXT. PATH - DAY

Ed and Henrik race past the Captain, mouths twisted in hate.

EXT. DOCK - DAY

Sam runs down the dock, pauses for a moment as he decides between the Greyfell and the smaller boat.

He jumps onto the deck of the smaller boat, the old thirty foot trawler.

INT. WHEELHOUSE - TRAWLER - DAY

Sam pulls off the panel directly under the ignition switch.

He inspects the tangled strands of wires leading to the ignition cylinder.

He locates the starter wires, scans the cabin for some tools. He spots a rusty screwdriver on a table, grabs it.

THE ARROW

pierces through the starboard window, misses Sam by an inch, and impales itself into the far wall.

Through the broken window, Sam sees Ed reloading an arrow as Henrik runs past him.

EXT. TRAWLER - DAY

Sam climbs to the port side ledge. He hears the THUMP as Henrik lands on the deck behind him.

Another arrow grazes his left shoulder, ripping off skin and a piece of shirt.

He grunts in pain, then DIVES into the water.

EXT. DOCK - DAY

The Captain, Dag and Kol now run up behind Ed.

EXT. DECK - TRAWLER - DAY

Henrik searches the frothy water, arrow locked and loaded.

Ed joins him on the deck. They look for any movement, but see none.

The Captain barks at Kol and Dag, points back to the beach.

CAPTAIN
Finna hann!

Kol and Dag run for the beach.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Fifty yards from the dock, the rotting remnants of a giant fallen hemlock tree extend a hundred feet into the icy surf.

Sam's head emerges from the surface. He breathes in deeply.

From his vantage point, he can see Ed and Henrik on the trawler, the Captain on the dock and Kol and Dag hunting along the treeline.

He focuses on Kol and Dag, his body already shivering from the thirty-three degree water.

He watches as they argue over which direction to go. Dag points in the direction of Sam, while Kol wants to go in the opposite direction.

SAM
(whisper)
Other way, other way.

He submerges again, surfaces about twenty feet closer to the shore. He's nearly on land now, braces himself to explode toward the forest.

Kol concedes and follows Dag, toward Sam.

SAM
Fuck.

He bolts across the beach, toward the treeline.

DAG
Pað!

TWO ARROWS whistle by Sam's head and stick into tree trunks as he runs into the woods.

EXT. DOCK - DAY

Ed races down the dock, Henrik right behind him.

CAPTAIN

Henrik.

Henrik stops.

CAPTAIN

Guard the women. I'll stay with the boats. Bring me his body.

Henrik runs down the dock.

The Captain breaks out a cigarette, lights it up, puffs away, calmly watches the forest.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Seawater flies off Sam in sheets of droplets as he dashes for his life.

After running for a frantic thirty seconds he arrives at a small grove of thin trees, the tops of which were sheared off by some violent Alaskan storm long ago.

He catches his breath, deliberately snaps the branches of some shrubs to his left, then carefully weaves his way through the brush to his right.

POUNGING FOOTSTEPS close in just behind him.

Kol arrives at the grove first, looks around for any sign of Sam's trail. Dag arrives behind him, breathing heavily.

Kol falls for Sam's false trail and heads left. Dag catches his arm, points right with his horseman's ax. Kol shakes his head and tramples left into the thick brush.

Dag closes his eyes, bends over to catch his breath.

When he opens them, Sam stands before him. Dag raises his ax, but Sam's powerful hand grips the handle.

KOL

grunting in anger at the lost trail, thunders back through the bramble and re-enters the grove.

He stops, slowly looks up.

DAG'S HEAD is impaled upon the broken trunk of a tree. His blood flows down the bark. A makeshift nothing pole.

The big man lets out a CRY OF FURY.

EXT. VILLAGE - DAY

Henrik runs into the village.

Elle and Vedla stand near the door to the longhouse. Vedla holds the baby while Elle holds the hand of the toddler thing.

Ulf sits quietly just outside the front door, head bowed and eyes closed in some sort of trance. He holds a cup, and the bucket of AGARIC-LACED water rests by his feet.

HENRIK

Bíddu.

Henrik locks another arrow into place, scans the treeline.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Sam holds the bloody ax as he charges through wildwood.

He stops by a tree, crouches down, gets his bearings.

He takes a few backward steps when--

--A METAL PIANO WIRE SNARE catches him at the ankle.

SAM

Shit!

He takes a step away from the tree. A BELL above him rings. Sam looks up to see the wire attached to an old iron bell.

He positions himself, trying to get the wire against the trunk of the tree. Every move he makes causes the bell to CLANG even faster.

EXT. DOCK - DAY

The Captain wafts out a mouthful of smoke, smiles slightly as the sound of the bell chimes through the forest.

EXT. VILLAGE - DAY

Henrik stands at the ready. When he hears the bell, he throws his head back and cackles.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Sam snarls in desperation as he attempts one ax strike after another. The steel wire just won't break.

The bell above RINGS INCESSANTLY.

He delivers another mighty blow. The wire snaps.

AN ARROW drives itself through Sam's left hip, protruding out the buttock the other side.

Sam barks in pain, drops to one knee.

Ed runs from behind a nearby tree, stops about twenty feet away, loads another arrow for the kill shot.

Just as he pulls back the bow, Sam launches the ax at him.

Ed sidesteps, the blade hurtling by within a whisker.

But Sam is right behind it and launches his body just as Ed looses another arrow.

The arrow takes a chunk of Sam's scalp with it, but fails to stop him. He drags Ed to the ground and they grapple for top position.

Ed pulls a knife from his waist, digs the tip of the blade into Sam's shoulder. He gains the top position.

Sam barely reacts to the excruciating pain.

Ed grins as he uses both hands to twist the blade deeper into Sam's shoulder.

Sam keeps one hand on Ed's wrist, then reaches to the ARROW in his hip and yanks it out headfirst, straight into Ed's gut.

Ed howls in pain. Sam instantly slaps the knife out of Ed's hand and rolls him over.

Sam pounces on Ed's back, then grasps the length of piano wire still attached to his own ankle.

He yanks it free, then quickly wraps it around Ed's throat. He uses the back collar of Ed's shirt as a handle and tightens the wire into a garotte.

Ed grabs at the thin wire, which begins to slice into his throat. He lets out hacking, gurgling sounds as Sam tightens the noose.

The wire cuts into the carotid arteries. Blood sprinkles from the wound, then geysers as the garotte cuts clean through.

A moment later, Ed lies still.

Sam rolls away, panting.

He gets to his feet, grabs the ax, disappears into the forest.

EXT. CREEK - DAY

Sam limps to a narrow creek. He drops the ax, reaches down with both hands and pours handfuls of water over his splattered face.

The blood creates a pink puddle in the softly running water.

He holds his hand to his scalp wound and presses the torn skin flat against his skull.

He looks under his pants, inspects the arrow wound, grits his teeth as he touches the wound with his fingertips.

Sam sits back on the grassy bank, holds up his hand, still trembling from the adrenaline surge.

Remnants of Ed's blood mixes with creek water and flows over his jagged scar. He forms the hand into a fist, closes his eyes.

EXT. HOUSE - AFGHANISTAN - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Sam staggers from the mud house, doused in Taliban blood, KABAR knife clenched in his hand.

His eyes are wide, transfixed. They've just seen a nightmare.

Sam turns, wanders down the dusty road, forever changed.

EXT. CREEK - DAY

Sam slowly unclenches his fist, flexes his hand. Stares at his wedding ring.

He takes a gulp of water from the creek, then starts moving again.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - DAY

Sam walks into a clearing, stops in his tracks.

There are dozens upon dozens of primitive wooden grave markers. There is no set pattern to the graves, and the burial method appears slipshod.

The markers are no more than short wooden posts.

Each marker has a Norse rune painted or etched on it. Some are so old the rune has worn off.

Sam walks among the graves. Clusters of bones poke through the earth. He trips on someone's old femur.

His attention is drawn to a nearby hole.

He walks over to it. A rune is painted on its marker. EIHWAZ. Sam's rune.

The SLIGHT SNAP of a desiccated bone being crushed makes Sam instantly roll to his left.

The swinging WAR HAMMER just misses his head.

Sam gets to his feet, sees Kol standing upon a skeletal hand protruding from the dirt.

Sam backs away, grips his ax.

Kol shadows his every movement.

The big man attempts another swing. The massive hammer head makes an audible WHOOSH as it buzzes Sam's chest.

Sam counters, but Kol deflects the metal blade, sending SPARKS flying off the granite hammer head.

Kol smiles, sets his hammer on the ground, beckons for Sam to come at him.

Sam hesitates, feints, then swings the ax at Kol's head.

Kol steps forward, catches the ax at the handle just below the blade.

He reaches out with his other hand, grabs Sam by the shirt, yanks him forward and delivers a crushing knee to his gut.

Sam doubles over and drops.

Kol tosses away the ax, reaches down, grabs Sam around the throat with both hands, HOISTS him into the air.

His massive meat hooks tighten around Sam's windpipe. Sam kicks wildly. His face turns blood red. Spittle flies from his lips.

Kol BELLOWS out a triumphant war cry as he further constricts Sam's throat.

SAM'S P.O.V.

As he begins to lose consciousness. The edges of his vision darken. He sees blurry images of his wife ALICIA... smiling at him, holding her pregnant belly.

BACK TO SCENE

Sam completely blacks out. Kol retains his iron grip, and walks with Sam toward the open grave. He keeps the choke applied for several more moments, then HURLS Sam into the hole.

He watches for signs of life. Seeing none, Kol lowers his shoulder to the mound of dirt next to the grave and bulldozes the soil onto Sam.

Half his body already covered, Sam remains motionless.

Kol lowers his shoulder again, sends dirt piling onto Sam, completely covering him.

Kol steps back, spits on the grave.

He looks to his war hammer, steps over to pick it up.

Behind him, AN ARM RISES FROM THE EARTH and silently grips the wooden grave marker.

Kol steps to his left to pick up the horseman's ax.

When he turns, Sam CRUSHES the side of his face with the grave marker. Kol spits out teeth, grabs the side of his caved in face as Sam BATTERS him again and again.

Kol drops the weapons, staggers forward in a daze.

Sam wipes dirt from his face as he drops his grave marker and picks up the horseman's ax.

Kol wobbles toward Sam's would-be grave, then manages to face Sam just as the PICK END of the ax is buried into the center of his upper chest.

He instantly collapses backward into the crater.

Sam reaches down for the war hammer, balances himself on its handle, then trudges out of the graveyard dragging the hammer at his side.

EXT. VILLAGE - DAY

Henrik paces from the ash tree to the longhouse, head on a swivel, arrow ready to fly.

Elle stands in the doorway, her freakish son sitting at her feet, GNAWING on a piece of raw meat.

Ulf, eyes closed and smiling, remains motionless in the chair, lost in some hallucinatory netherworld.

SAM

stands behind one of the stone monoliths. He has the war hammer at his side.

He peeks around the corner, spots Henrik, Ulf, Elle and the child.

Cody's fly and maggot-covered corpse hangs right in front of him.

Sam waits for Henrik to turn away. When he does, Sam quickly reaches out and RIPS one of Cody's rotten lungs off his carcass.

Hiding back behind the monolith, he shakes the larval filth from the organ. Maggots drop like squirming crumbs.

ELLE

looks back into the house, where the two-faced baby WAILS in Vedla's arms. Elle walks over to them.

Sam watches her disappear from the doorway. As Henrik pauses near the ash tree, Sam bolts to the side of the house.

The monster child sits at the doorway, chews on the meat with his three rows of teeth.

Sam pokes his head around the corner of the longhouse, waves to the boy, dangles the putrid lung.

It stares back at Sam with the one big eye, stands up, straggles over, straining to keep his enormous head balanced.

Sam disappears back around the corner.

Henrik looks over, sees the child walking around the corner.

HENRIK
Komast aftur hingað!

He runs after the boy.

As Henrik turns the corner, Sam THUMPS the stone end of the hammer directly into his nose, shoving it inside his nasal cavity.

Henrik tumbles backward, dropping his bow and arrow.

The kid happily chews away on Cody's lung as he dawdles back to the doorway.

HENRIK
Elle!

Sam runs to Henrik, stands over him.

Elle and Vedla run to the doorway just in time to see Sam bring the hammer down onto Henrik's head.

The head disappears in an EXPLOSION of skull fragments, blood and brain matter.

The gruesome shrapnel coats Sam. He turns to Elle, who quickly shuts the door.

Sam watches as Elle and Vedla stare back from the window. At first they look frightened, then an odd calm settles over them. They step away from the window.

Sam grips the hammer, waiting for them to emerge.

Ulf still hasn't moved, or even acknowledged Sam's presence. He murmurs happily to himself, head lowered and eyes closed.

Elle and Vedla reappear at the window, serenely staring back at Sam.

They both hold up lit lanterns, then SMASH THEM onto the floor.

Sam steps back, stunned by this.

The flames devour the inside of the wooden structure. Within moments, it is completely engulfed.

There are no screams, only the bizarre, high-pitched chirping of the boy-thing in his death throes.

Despite the scorching hell just behind him, Ulf still doesn't react in any way.

Sam watches the flames rise over the sod roof.

He looks at the viscera-caked hammer in his hands, drops it.

He stares at the growing flames, shakes his head in numb horror.

He steps away, runs into the forest.

EXT. DOCK - DAY

The Captain watches black smoke rise above the treetops.

He flicks his cigarette into the ocean, walks for the pathway.

EXT. VILLAGE - DAY

By the time the Captain walks between the nothing poles, the longhouse is a raging inferno.

Ulf... never moved. His seated, slumped body is a torch.

The Captain walks over to the headless corpse that used to be Henrik. His lips twitch in the barest hint of emotion.

Then, he lights up a new cigarette, watches the longhouse burn to the ground.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

EXT. VILLAGE - DAY

The blackened ruins of the longhouse smolder.

The Captain genuflects, head bowed in front of the sacred ash tree. He mutters away in Old Norse.

MOVEMENT from the forest causes the Captain to pause, turn toward the sound.

KOL walks into the clearing. His shirt is soaked in blood, and the side of his face is beaten in, but he STILL LIVES.

The Captain silently studies him for a moment, then turns back to the ash tree.

He closes his eyes, finishes his prayer, stands.

He walks over to Kol, inspects the horrifying damage. He places his hands on Kol's shoulders.

CAPTAIN

Let's go, my boy. We'll find a new home.

EXT. DOCK - DAY

The Captain and Kol walk down the creaking dock. Kol carries his bloody war hammer.

They stop in front of the trawler.

The Captain glances at his son.

Kol lifts the hammer over his head with one hand, then SLINGS it into the deck. It crashes clean through the hull, and seawater instantly spills in.

With that, they walk to the Greyfell. The Captain boards as Kol unties the mooring ropes.

INT. WHEELHOUSE - DAY

The Captain starts the engines, lets out a long exhale, sits in his throne, then lights up a cigarette.

He gently thrusts the levers forward, and the Greyfell heads toward the Bering Sea.

EXT. BERING SEA - DAY

The Greyfell cuts through the calm waters. No land in sight.

INT. WHEELHOUSE - DAY

Kol stands next to his father at the helm.

The Captain snuffs a cig out in the ashtray.

He presses a button on the console.

CAPTAIN

I know you're on board, Sam.

INT. ENGINE ROOM - DAY

The Captain's voice booms from the loudspeaker.

CAPTAIN (V.O.)

So I'd like you to listen closely.

Behind one of the throbbing engines, Sam hunkers down, clutches a large wrench in his hands.

INT. WHEELHOUSE - DAY

The Captain scans the horizon.

CAPTAIN

I still have a crab quota to fill.
I intend to do just that. You're
going to help me, Sam.

INT. ENGINE ROOM - DAY

His face plastered with blood, dirt and sweat, Sam pats the head of the wrench into the palm of his hand as the Captain's words echo off the metal walls.

CAPTAIN (V.O.)

You see, over the next week, I'm
going to keep you alive while I cut
you into little pieces, and fill my
bait bags with those pieces of you.

INT. WHEELHOUSE - DAY

The Captain rises from the chair.

CAPTAIN

And I'm going to start with your
cock and balls.

He hits a switch and the engines die.

CAPTAIN
Stay where you are, Sam.

INT. ENGINE ROOM - DAY

With the engines silent, the Captain's words carry even more volume and menace.

CAPTAIN (V.O.)
Here we come.

INT. WHEELHOUSE - DAY

The Captain takes off his navy peacoat and peaked hat. His ponytail dangles between his shoulder blades.

He reaches over to the stiletto knife next to an empty sardine can, grips the handle and walks to the door.

Kol follows his father, TEARS a decorative old whaling HARPOON right off the wall with one hand.

EXT. DECK - DAY

The sea is eerily calm, and completely devoid of wind.

The Captain and Kol emerge from the aft house and walk onto the deck.

They inspect around the stack of pots, moving to the end of the bow.

Finding nothing, they walk back to the aft house.

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

The Captain and Kol throw open doors as they continue their hunt.

The greenhorns' quarters. Empty.

Bathroom. Empty.

Galley. Empty.

The Captain pauses, looks to the stairs leading to the engine room. Kol takes the lead.

INT. ENGINE ROOM - DAY

Kol lumbers down the stairs, harpoon point held in front of him. The Captain follows.

They each take one side of the room, searching around every piece of machinery.

Kol IMPALES his harpoon through a wooden supply closet door, rips it out, then checks inside.

The Captain runs his dagger across the metal panel covering the hidden cell. He checks to see all the bolts are in place.

Kol lets out an annoyed grunt as he stands behind the starboard engine.

The Captain looks at him, sees Sam's filthy shirt dangling at the end of the harpoon.

A HIGH-PITCHED WHINE rings out.

CAPTAIN

The winch. He's on deck.

Kol runs to the stairs and the Captain is right behind him.

INT. CHANGING ROOM - DAY

Kol charges to the bulkhead door, throws it open. He and the Captain are met by CHOKING GRAY SMOKE.

EXT. DECK - DAY

Kol and the Captain step onto the deck, but can barely see two feet in front of them.

TEN FLARES set around the deck create a BLINDING COLUMN OF SMOKE that rises fifty feet into the air. The entire boat is completely obscured.

They both instinctively back themselves against the aft house wall and try to swat smoke from their faces.

The Captain leans toward the winch controls, squints but sees no one there.

He finds his way to the starboard rail, sticks his head over to gulp oxygen.

The total lack of wind causes the smoke to shoot straight into the air. Not even the mast is visible.

HEAVING IN FURY, Kol steps into the noxious fumes. He swings the harpoon as he goes along, hoping to stick anything.

The Captain makes his way along the rail, trying desperately to get his bearings. He finds his way to the pot stack toward the bow.

THE FLARES extinguish one by one.

Slowly, the smoke begins to dissipate.

Still engulfed by the fumes, Kol STEPS ON something as he reaches the middle of the deck.

He bends down, feels for it.

A STIFF OCEAN BREEZE finally blows.

As the smoke clears out, the Captain looks on in horror--

He sees Kol kneeling in the middle of the deck, holding an object. DIRECTLY ABOVE HIM, an 800 POUND POT hangs from the winch.

Kol, completely unaware, studies DAG'S CARVED NORSE DRAGON HEAD.

A shirtless Sam appears at the winch control next to the aft house.

CAPTAIN

Kol!

Kol stands at the sound of his father's voice.

Sam hits a button and the pot PLUMMETS onto Kol.

The impact BENDS KOL BACKWARD at the waist, snapping his body in half.

His back flattens against the back of his own legs as the pot smashes the deck and caroms away.

Blood and other vital fluids pour out of Kol's shattered body.

His broken spine spears through his abdomen, poking outside the body. Coiled intestines hang off the vertebrae.

The Captain walks to his son.

Kol has just enough life left in him to make eye contact before he expires.

The Captain glances to the winch controls. Sam is gone.

He reaches into his shirt pocket, pulls out a cig, lights it, closes his eyes and inhales.

SAM'S VOICE booms from the loudspeaker.

SAM (V.O.)
Clean up the deck, Captain. It's a mess.

The Captain opens his eyes, focuses on the wheelhouse window.

Sam stares down at him.

INT. WHEELHOUSE - DAY

Sam waits for a response. All he gets is a cold stare back.

SAM
Excuse me a minute.

EXT. DECK - DAY

Sam's voice continues to blast from the PA.

SAM (V.O.)
I have to call the Coast Guard.

CAPTAIN
Yes, call them, Sam. Tell them your story.

INT. WHEELHOUSE - DAY

The Captain's voice crackles over the console speaker as Sam grabs the radio handset.

CAPTAIN (V.O.)
Your amazing story. And I'll tell them my story. Wonder who they'll believe?

Sam pauses, finger on the frequency tuner.

EXT. DECK - DAY

The Captain takes a nonchalant drag, exhales through his nose.

CAPTAIN

My family's been fishing these waters for generations. Who are you? Some transient? Drifter? You know how many men like you show up and disappear in Dutch Harbor each year?

INT. WHEELHOUSE - DAY

Sam listens intently, a bit unnerved now.

CAPTAIN (V.O.)

Oh, at least one a year, I'd say.

Sam watches him grin.

CAPTAIN (V.O.)

I'm going to kill your wife and child, Sam. One way or another. Unless you come down here and we finish this.

EXT. DECK - DAY

The Captain holds out both empty hands.

CAPTAIN

One on one. Hand to hand.

THE STILETTO peeks out from the back of his waistband.

INT. WHEELHOUSE - DAY

Sam puts down the handset.

CAPTAIN (V.O.)

Come on, now.

Sam flexes his fists as he glares down at the Captain.

He turns and walks for the door.

EXT. DECK - DAY

Sam walks onto the deck, shuts the bulkhead door behind him.

The Captain takes one last puff, then tosses his cigarette overboard.

CAPTAIN

You're something, Sam. You really are. In Old Norse they'd call you an Úlfhéðnar. A berserker.

SAM

What's the word for dead man?

The Captain smiles, steps forward.

Sam does the same.

The Captain leans in, throws a left jab, which Sam intercepts.

The Captain SLASHES the knife across Sam's chest, splitting open the skin. Blood runs down the wound.

Sam grabs for the knife, but the Captain jabs upward, sending the blade piercing through the palm of Sam's left hand.

If Sam feels any pain, he doesn't show it. He locks a vice grip on the Captain's hand holding the knife.

He pulls his hand free of the blade, then slaps both hands around the Captain's wrist and JERKS it backward violently.

The CRACK of bone rings out as the Captain SCREAMS in agony.

He staggers away, turns his back on Sam.

Sam is about to pursue when he sees the GRAPPLING HOOK and ROPE nearby.

The Captain clutches his broken wrist, nearly trips over Kol's body as he tries to get away.

The grappling hook flies over his right shoulder and is INSTANTLY PULLED BACK.

The hook buries itself deep into the shoulder.

The Captain cries out.

Sam turns on the BLOCK, with its hydraulically powered wheels.

He feeds the rope into the main wheel.

The Captain is YANKED BACKWARD off his feet as the block reels him in.

He's dragged across the deck and winds up in a standing position, his back pinned to the side of the block.

The wheels continue to REV, pulling the hook in deeper and deeper. The Captain shrieks from the agony.

The block tugs with such force that the hook pulls free, taking the Captain's CLAVICLE and a mass of flesh with it.

The Captain doesn't move, just stares at his wound in disbelief.

But Sam wants more.

He grabs the end of the Captain's long PONYTAIL, throws it into the whirling wheel.

In an instant, the wheel TEARS OFF the Captain's ENTIRE SCALP and half the skin of his face.

He stumbles forward in a pain-induced stupor as blood cascades down his neck.

Sam, somehow, *wants more.*

He works the winch controls, hoists the pot that killed Kol back into the air, gently guides it to the launcher and sets it down perfectly.

He strides past the stragglng Captain and opens the pot lid.

The Captain turns toward him, a vision of flayed horror.

Sam grips him by his shirt and drags him inside the pot. He kicks the Captain's flailing legs into the cage, then shuts and locks it.

He walks back to the launcher control, raises the ramp to bring the pot horizontal.

The Captain seems to snap out of his shock, and suddenly realizes his ghastly fate.

CAPTAIN

No... please no...

SAM

Back to your sea god, Captain.

The Captain clenches his fingers into the nylon netting.

CAPTAIN

No!!

SAM

Happy fishing.

He hits a button, which tilts the ramp, sending the pot crashing into the waves.

Sam runs to the rail, makes eyes contact with the Captain as he disappears below the surface.

The ropes follow the cage into the depths.

EXT. UNDERWATER - DAY

The pot sinks like a rock.

The Captain struggles against the netting with a savage frenzy.

His massive head wound leaves a blood trail as the pot plummets.

He manages to somehow cram one hand through the nylon, SHATTERING AND TWISTING his fingers in the process.

His eyes widen as the pressure quickly increases, squeezing his skull.

Finally, the pot hits the ocean floor at two hundred feet.

Raw panic and adrenaline have kept the Captain conscious, unfortunately for him.

In his remaining sentient moments, the Captain watches helplessly as a SPRAWLING RED BIOMASS of opilio crabs moves toward him.

The crabs quickly climb the netting and enter the pot one by one, instinctively drawn to the unusually large food source.

The Captain finally perishes just as the crabs scuttle over his body and tear at the flesh.

EXT. DECK - DAY

Sam sits on the rail, lifts his left hand, inspects the newly created puncture in the old scar tissue.

He stands, eyes widening in fury and anguish. He raises his head to the sky, ROARS out a bloodcurdling primal scream shot from the darkest corners of his soul.

He steadies himself against a rope, struggles to contain long-buried emotions exploding to the surface.

Sam closes his eyes, manages to control his breathing as a gust of Bering wind blows through him.

INT. WHEELHOUSE - DAY

His hand now bandaged, Sam scans the radar screen in front of him, traces his finger to the mainland, turns the steering control lever, thrusts forward the throttle levers.

EXT. BERING SEA - DAY

The Greyfell propels forward. In its wake... a lone, bobbing orange pot buoy. The Captain's tombstone.

INT. WHEELHOUSE - DAY

Sam sits back in the Captain's chair, wipes a tear that rolls down his cheek.

He thumbs his wedding band, nods to himself.

SAM
Coming home, Alicia.

EXT. BERING SEA - DAY

The Greyfell approaches a rocky coastline. No apparent signs of civilization.

INT. WHEELHOUSE - DAY

Sam, now cleaned up and wearing one of his own flannel shirts, steers the boat toward a large outcropping of rocks that juts into the ocean.

He INCREASES the speed.

The rocks get closer, closer, closer...

Sam braces himself as--

KROOOM!! The boat shakes as it makes thunderous impact.

Sam shuts off the engines, steps away from the controls.

He looks to the leather throne, where the Captain left his peacoat and peaked hat.

Sam picks up the hat, regards it for a moment, rests it on the control lever.

EXT. DECK - DAY

Sam calmly walks onto the deck, duffel bag slung over his shoulder. He steps over to the port side, where the Greyfell is now part of the rock formation.

He leans over the rail, sees a HUGE GASH in the hull, right where the Greyfell's name had been painted. All that's left now is the "fell."

Seawater rushes into the gaping hole.

Sam tosses his bag onto the rocks.

EXT. ROCKS - DAY

Sam hops onto the rocks, grabs his bag, starts to hike down the craggy formation.

In the distance, well past the shoreline, a PAVED ROAD is now visible.

Sam doesn't look back as the Greyfell GROANS and CREAKS, the Bering Sea claiming another vessel.

FADE OUT.

THE END