

MARY

by

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FIRST DRAFT 6.10.16
CIRCLE, LTD
PARADIGM, BEVERLY HILLS

Hell is a ship alone at sea, cursed in such dead drift.

- John Locke

Based on actual events...

Mary

OFF loud creaking. Sharp, abrupt, a baby rocker...

A BOAT DRIFTING ON OPEN WATER

THREE-MAST VEN-MEER DUTCH SCHOONER. 120-footer.

Modern-day vessel. Windjammer Pleasure Cruise type.

No one and nothing around it.

No sign of life but for the water and densely-clouded sky in foreground.

An REI RAFT DINGY follows like a shy stray as the boat creaks on passing waves.

As first glance, there is nothing outright horrific about this image. Just passive, almost subliminally disturbing.

Titles: **June 30th, 5:32 p.m.**

27 Miles southeast of Hamilton, Bermuda

The sound of that CREAKING grows louder.

As we realize the sound is coming less from the schooner, but from a BERMUDAN MH-65 COAST GUARD SHIP passing FRAME.

Top-side lights flashing. Cautiously approaching to rendezvous. Off a distant, silent streak of storm lightning...

EXT. OCEAN - NEXT MOMENT

Coast Guard approaching the REAR OF THE SHIP (AFT). As we now see the ship's painted name in weather-distressed red:

M A R Y

EXT. MARY - NEXT MOMENT

BOOTS hit the deckside. THREE BERMUDAN COAST GUARD SAILORS move onto the ship, sidearms on belt.

Loud RAP forces attention: ROPE slaps against a half-severed mast, caught in a torn STARS AND STRIPES FLAG.

INT. MAIN CABIN

FLASHLIGHTS cutting through the hot, afternoon dark.

Lead Sailor, A FEMALE LIEUTENANT. Moves in first.

LIEUTENANT
(loud and final)
COAST GUARD BOARDING, COAST GUARD
BOARDING.

FOLLOWING the THREE SAILORS down wet steps into the:

LOWER DECK

Lit only by dark, humid afternoon.

LIEUTENANT
Power?

SAILOR 2
Negative, no genny.

Lone outlet where a PORTABLE GENNY should be. Gone.

NEXT CUT

FOLLOWING the Lieutenant and Sailor into the GALLEY MESS.
(DINING/LOUNGE AREA).

Shining light on a big breakfast nook where PLATES and
GLASSES are neatly arranged.

A perfectly set dinner table. Too perfect.

Glasses filled with water RUMBLE in the surf.

One finally SHATTERS.

NEXT CUT

FOLLOWING the Lieutenant and her #2 down the SLEEPING
QUARTERS HALL.

Coming to an open door where Sailor 3 stands there,
looking troubled. Sweaty as hell.

Lieutenant moves into an open SLEEPING QUARTER.

Shines light on a DOUBLE-BUNK. Kids' DRAWINGS on the
wall.

Pictures of sunsets, ports of call. Innocent and colorful.

The bed are neatly made.

Lieutenant just takes it in, consumed by the dread.

SAILOR 2 (O.S.) (CONT'D)
MASTER QUARTERS, MA'AM.

Lieutenant moves fast. FOLLOWING her with Sailor 3.
Into:

INT. MASTER BEDROOM

Comes in hard, hand on Glock sidearm.

Sailor 2 shines light on a DOOR. Knob and bolt lie hacked apart on floor. Holds up a lone BUTCHER KNIFE. No blood.

SAILOR 2
Possible breach. Lock was hacked off.

LIEUTENANT
Copy.

She comes into BIG ROOM. All cherry wood and pretty. Runs flashlight over a perfectly made-up bed.

SAILOR 3
Abandoned?

Lieutenant fathoms. A thousand questions.

LIEUTENANT
Their inflatable raft was left behind and weather gear on walls.

She moves over to a writing table, spotting a JOURNAL on the floor. Crouches down. Goes through some pages. Studies the final entry:

June 28th, Easy NW winds, 10:12 am.

Mary finally lost the tooth, wants to keep it! Now within Hamilton by afternoon, very sorry Sanfree!

Her eyes sharpen. Mouths the word sanfree.

Sailor 2 shines light on a spot of wall. What appear to be the FINGERNAIL MARKS of a small child.

Eerie and distorted. As they follow the carved marks... up the wall... long and streaming... impossibly ending on the ceiling.

The Lieutenant, hollow eyes. None of it making sense.

Loud BANG. Jolts us all.

Lieutenant puts her FLASHLIGHT on a CLOSED CLOSET.

LIEUTENANT (CONT'D)

HELLO?

Another BANG. Hands pull weapons as Lieutenant goes to shoulder set.

LIEUTENANT (CONT'D)

Possible 112, advise derelict.

CAPTAIN (O.S.)

Copy, calling in tow.

Lieutenant gestures her other two to point positions as she moves toward that:

CLOSED CLOSET DOOR

More like a half-door the size of a magician's trap. Built into the wall.

As Lieutenant hunches down, gun out.

LIEUTENANT

Coast guard on deck. Anyone in there, any injuries?

Nothing. Dead. Lieutenant puts her hand on the door's handle. Checks her two mates, making sure they're ready.

Turns back to the closet or "cubby hole".

Swallows a breath and pulls on the door. Has to really fight it, finally yanking it open. As she shines light --

LOUD SCREAM

A YOUNG WOMAN SCREAMING, LAUGHING HARD

Fighting a fish on her REEL.

EXT. COMMERCIAL DRIFT BOAT - (WEEKS AGO)

Three miles off Boynton Beach, Florida.

DAVID BRIGGS (30s/40s) moves over, ducking fishing lines and excited tourists. Sweating in surfer shorts and Miami Dolphins cap.

At first glance, David's just a friendly First Mate on a tourist boat. But something about the eyes. Thoughtful, warm.

A red tan earned from hard work under a hot Florida sun. Skin brandishes the scars of fishing lines and barracuda bites.

Pulls off his Vuarnet sunglasses to prepare.

DAVID
Just loosen up a bit.
(helps her)
What's your name?

YOUNG WOMAN
Kaylee.

DAVID
You ready for the fight, Kaylee?

KAYLEE
(nervous giggles)
Oh my God, I'm so scared.

DAVID
Don't be. Rod forward. Forward. Ease up, give him some room to run. Gently wind a bit.

She winds the reel.

DAVID (CONT'D)
AND PULL.

SMASH TO:

FISH HANGING ON A TROLLER'S HOOK

EXT. MARINA - DAY

David and the crew getting their tips from the departing tourists. Kaylee gives him a big twenty and a smile.

KAYLEE
What do we do, Dave?

DAVID

Take it around to Three Georges. Mike will fillet it to heaven. Mention Dave Crew and you get the free t-shirts and Cuervos.

They trade a smile as David gestures to TOMMY (18). Rail thin surfer kid. 150lbs of tan and tattoo.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Tommy, help with her king.

Tommy's on it as David's PHONE rings. AC/DC Back In Black ringtone. Answers the cell.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Dave Briggs.

MIKE (O.S.)

(phone)

She's back on the lot.

Off David's eyes...

EXT. MARINA AUCTION BLOCK - DAY

Beat-up Ford pulls into lot.

MIKE NEAL (40s) hustles up. African-American. Ex-athlete build. Like David, the weathered look of hard work rigging sails and hooks.

MIKE

C'MON, troller. Opening bid. Hustle, hustle!

Mike laughs as David races to find a spot.

EXT. DOCK - DAY

Huge crowd of boat owners and would-be's like Dave. This is the boat industry's version of a short sale and police confiscation auction.

Dave has his ticket number, moves through the working-class crowd, taking a look at the UNSEEN VESSEL.

Mike comes up behind, sweaty and pumped.

MIKE

Can't believe she's back on the block.

DAVID
Ramschackles make for shit short sales.
Half these trollers can't make the 30-day
final after the cash deposit.

MIKE
Can we?

DAVID
Maybe today.

David shows a brick of cash.

MIKE
Shit. How many king you hook this week?

DAVID
They like the college girls, man.

Mike cracks up as the AUCTIONEER starts his ramble...

CUT TO:

EXT. RENTAL APARTMENTS - DAY

80s-era stucco. One of many overlooking a loud
thoroughfare.

INT. APARTMENT - SAME

Popcorn ceilings and green drapes.

Take a good, hard look at SARAH BRIGGS (30s/40s).

Pretty Florida mom with the sweaty pony-tail and beach
tee. A strong, optimistic stare dimmed by the great
recession.

Takes on the monthly bills. Moving numbers around.
Checkbook disintegrating.

LINDSEY (O.S.)
Mom, I want a tattoo.

Daughter LINDSEY (16) in the small kitchen. Looking
through tattoo images on the family laptop as the \$7
rotisserie chicken heats in the oven.

Long legs crossed in Rip Curl denim shorts. Cusp of a
young woman.

SARAH
 (focused on bills)
 You watching that chicken, Lin?

LINDSEY
 Yeah. You have a tat, it should be like
 passed down.

SARAH
 (working the bills)
 Baby, I have an arm vine. Got it at 19
 on a dare and it hurt like hell.

Lindsey clicks another image, day-dreamy.

LINDSEY
 I want a dragon. All blue and yellow.

Sarah pulls off her reading glasses, rubbing tired eyes.

Cheap bathroom door opens as little MARY (8) moves out.
 Dressed in shorts and surf shirt. Wiggles her tooth.

MARY
 Mommy, feels weird.

SARAH
 Mary, you know the drill, gotta stop
 wiggling it, it'll come out when it's
 ready.

MARY
 But I want it to be out now.

LINDSEY
 She means she wants that phat ten spot
 that magically appears under the pillow.

SARAH
Five spot. Tooth fairy wasn't born a
 banker.

LINDSEY
 Sucks for us.

SARAH
 Rice. Boiling.

Lindsey checks the rice on the stove. Sarah picks Mary
 up, setting her on her lap.

SARAH (CONT'D)
 Do this.

Moves her tongue around her teeth. Mary follows it.
Sarah folds her tongue over, makes Mary giggle.

PHONE vibrates on table. David.

Sarah pats Mary's tush.

SARAH (CONT'D)
Go help your sister set the table.

MARY
Oh, okay.

She starts out as Sarah answers the call.

SARAH
Hey, late charter?

Sarah listens. Eyes narrow. Has to rise up from the
bills at what she just heard.

EXT. DERELICT MARINA - DUSK

Used Honda pulls into the now-deserted lot.

EXT. DOCK - DUSK

Sarah and her two girls move down a slip, stopping at the
sight of David. Waving from the deck of a decrepit,
eerily-familiar SCHOONER.

Mike beside him, killing a cigarette.

LINDSEY
Dad, what are you and Mike doing on that
schooner?

DAVID
You mean *our* schooner?

Mary runs into his arms with delight. Sarah, quietly
floored, trades a look of bafflement.

EXT. SCHOONER - NIGHT

Summer thunder booming as Lindsey walks on the starboard
side with Mike, carrying Mary in his arms.

MIKE

(points to some planks)
Got distress here, that wood dates back a
hundred years.

LINDSEY

This boat is over a hundred years old?

MIKE

Some of it, yeah. What you call a
"ramshackle". Bits and pieces of other
ships. Pretty rare.

Lindsey moves her hand over the worn railing...

DAVID (V.O.)

Sarah, it's only a deposit.

INT. GALLEY - SAME

A familiar galley completely gutted out and stripped raw.

Sarah turns around, red in the face.

SARAH

Only a deposit? David, it's twenty
thousand. TWENTY THOUSAND DOLLARS. How
are we supposed to come up with the other
180?

DAVID

We sell the cars, my old man's patch of
land in Tampa, we go from there.

(moves toward her)

Honey, all combined, that's nearly 160.
And Mike might come onboard for 5 as side
partner and chef. He needs the nut after
getting laid off from Carnival.

SARAH

Mike knew about the. What, was this some
freak-the-wife-out conspiracy session?

DAVID

No. This was getting out of a goddamn
rut. I can't predict the markets, but I
know boats. We both do. And Sarah, we
can make this work. This is the find of
the century. Our find.

SARAH

David. This NEVER ends the way you want it to. We have to be practical.

DAVID

And how's that working out? Baby, you have a five-star resume that goes nowhere, I'm barely keeping my head above water untangling fishing lines. I need a real captaincy to succeed. We can make this boat a family cruiser and take people anywhere they wanna go.

SARAH

Overhead will kill us in the first season.

DAVID

Not if we live on the ship. Summer's here, the kids are out of school. We do ten tours a season, we have enough to live six months dryland. Sure, we gotta find another 20 for renovations, but I already talked to Jay, he may be able to loan a bit in turn for side castings.

SARAH

Castings. So now we'd be running a deep-water fishing troll for your boss.

DAVID

We'd be running a boat for ourselves. What we always dreamed of doing.

SARAH

David, we can't just snap a finger and make it fucking happen-

Stops herself at the sight of Lindsey, standing by the dark steps.

LINDSEY

Mary has to go to the bathroom, does the head work?

SARAH

I don't know, baby, that's an outstanding question. David?

David swallows a hurt breath. Wipes sweat from his face.

DAVID

Take her to the marina bathroom.

SARAH
I'll take her. Need some fresh air. Hot
as hell down here.

Sarah heads off, leaving Lindsey standing there a moment more. Gestures to the pine walls of the cabin.

LINDSEY
(quietly)
I kind of like her, Dad. Old-school.

DAVID
(low)
How I roll.

Lindsey ascends the steps, running her hand up the wood.
As David wipes tired eyes, lost that round hard...

INT. BEDROOM - APARTMENT - EARLY MORNING

5:20 a.m. More bills on the dresser.

David, lying on his side. Eyes open. Mice in his head.
Beat.

HAND suddenly comes over his chest. Sarah's hand. A touch both compassionate and slightly apologetic. Spoons him close, whispering into his ear:

SARAH
Let me see her again.

EXT. MARINA LOT - DAWN

Glimmer of sunrise as the battered Ford rumbles in.

EXT. TOPSIDE - SHIP - MOMENTS LATER

Sarah walks alone on the side of the ship. Taking it in more closely now. Runs a hand across the chipped railing.

INT. GALLEY - LOWER LEVEL - NEXT CUT

Day breaking through the upper windows.

Sarah's eyes hover over the deteriorated mess. Something about it. Although it's gut bare, there's now an aura both quaint and hopeful.

Peering into one of the small sleeper rooms that will undoubtedly be for the girls.

Sees an old, forgotten SAILOR'S CROSS on the wall. Tattered and humble as the ship.

EXT. QUARTERDECK - NEXT MOMENT

David at the tarnished steering wheel. Staring into the waking sun.

Sarah moves in. Wraps her arms around her husband.

SARAH

It's 260 with the work. With the marina fees and insurance, we'll never turn a profit in the first two years and it'll take a miracle to renovate her hull.

DAVID

I know.

SARAH

(beat)

David. God knows we've had enough setbacks, we can't afford anymore. This boat is too great the risk.

David. Nods in slight acceptance of her refusal.

Sarah watches that sun rise. Kisses his neck. A whisper:

SARAH (CONT'D)

So. What do we name her?

David turns. Off her stare, he moves in for a kiss...

CUT TO:

MARY

MARY!

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

Coin just flipped. Mary just beat her older sister for the name, hugging Mom and Dad.

MARK

Mary, Mary!

SARAH

(giggling)

Don't say it three times, baby.

LINDSEY

Mom, that's bloody Mary and you need a mirror. Watch horror movies much?

DAVID

Hug your smart-assy sister for being a good loser.

LINDSEY

(bummed)

Epic loser.

Mary hugs Lindsey hard.

MARY

Love you, Lindsey.

LINDSEY

Yeah, yeah, it was a double-sided coin.

Sarah smiles, putting an arm around her teenage daughter.

MONTAGE - THE NEXT FEW WEEKS

David at Car Max, working out a sale on the Ford and Honda.

Sarah at boat wholesale store, cutting deals for the supplies.

ON THE BOAT, lots to do. Mike now helping out, putting in a new range and oven in the galley.

With supplies everywhere, new floorboards laid, the galley is starting to actually come together...

David with TOMMY, the young deckhand from the drift boat. Using ropes and pulleys to paint the side of the boat. Purposely or not, showing off his tatoos.

Gets some stray looks from Lindsey, helping her mom with the bow railing.

David has to literally pull Tommy's head around, keeping him focused on the job and not on his daughter.

Last WEEK. Sarah's taking cash advances on her credit cards. Working those awful COSTCO lines.

David selling his father's land. Takes one last look at it with Sarah.

As David and Mike carefully install the inboard motor.

Final touch: M A R Y

In bright, candy-apple red. David gently guides Mary's hand to finish up the Y and --

CORONA 40-OUNCE SMASHES ON THE BOW

Two hits to really crack it and christen the Mary properly.

PULLING BACK TO REVEAL DAVID WITH BROKEN BOTTLE

Sarah and the girls with Mike and a handful of marine locals. All cheering and applauding the successful working-class christen.

Off a fire-red sunset lighting up the rise...

EXT. MARINA SLIP - NIGHT

THE MARY. Looking all lit-up and pretty with red jalapeno lights. A brand-new ship. A beautiful ship.

Titles: **June 22nd, night before departure**

EXT. MARY - SAME

Rumble of G-rated UB40 as a mellow launch party's in full regale. Two dozen or so locals and friends cracking open beers out of the coolers.

Lindsey sits with Tommy, feet dangling over the aft. He's showing her how to tie a proper boat knot.

TOMMY

This is the bow line slip. You take the first coil, turn it over.

He takes her hand, moving a piece of rope through a slot.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Now pull and --

LINDSEY
It fails hard.

TOMMY
Takes some practice.

LINDSEY
(giggling)
No shit.

INT. GALLEY

Mike, wearing a *Bang the Cook* apron. On the third rack of shrimp tacos with the guac. Sarah grabs a tray, sprinkling some onion.

SARAH
The shrimp tacos are killing it, Mike.

MIKE
Spicy and sweet, right?

INT. QUARTERDECK BRIDGE

Friends and marina workers huddled around David and an oceanic map. Course plotted out.

Mary sits on the table, holding her father's arm. Wearing party hat and plastic Caribbean necklaces.

DAVID
Clear 220 to Abaco, make the turn in Harold's Cay at around 14 knots, then full sail into Hamilton.

FISHERMAN FRIEND
Abaco to Bermuda, helluva final stretch, Dave.

DAVID
It's all blue wind, we'll have the wind at our back, inboard on reserve.

David pulls off Mary's party hat, replacing it with his Dolphins cap.

DAVID (CONT'D)
Official family test run, tomorrow, 6 a.m.. All hands on deck.

MARY

Aye.

Some friendly laughs as David's boss JAY (50s) grabs up Mary with one arm, giving her a swing.

JAY

(lousy pirate)

Arrrrr. Treading thee darling open waters of the Devil's Triangle. Home to pissed-off bull sharks, missing planes and UFOs.

Sarah comes in, setting more trays down.

SARAH

You forgot the six-ton squids, Jay.

JAY

Giant whirlpools swallowed em whole.

MARY

Na-uh.

Jay cracks up. Sets down Mary and puts that beer up for a toast.

JAY

Hey. To "Captain" David Briggs. Best helm I ever had. Hate to lose you, brother, but I know you'll flourish. You better, have ten grand invested in your ass.

Everyone cheers and drinks. Off Sarah, exchanging a small look with David.

EXT. MARY - NIGHT

Last of the guests departing as David and Sarah see them off.

INT. GALLEY HULL - NIGHT

Sarah slips by the kitchen with left-over trays. Spies Lindsey, sitting cute on the counter. Tommy close, talking and charming it up. Rope dangles from his hand.

SARAH

Master that knot, Popeye?

Tommy moves away as Lindsey adjusts herself, embarrassed.

LINDSEY

Mom.

TOMMY

(harmless grin)

Who's Popeye?

SARAH

Forget it. You all settled in with Mike about those bunks?

TOMMY

Yup, he gets the bottom.

SARAH

Smart man. I'd finish up saying my good nights. You got a full week to get sick of each other.

TOMMY

Yes, ma'am-

SARAH

Sarah will work.

She moves on as WE FOLLOW HER, passing the breakfast nook and main cabin, heading down the hall. Comes to her daughters' BEDROOM DOOR.

Gently opens the door, regarding Mary, fast asleep.

Sarah notes the old ship crucifix, cradled in her small fingers.

Sarah pauses. Reaches down, kissing Mary's face. Begins to hum the old Irish sailor's lullaby Too-ra-loo-ra-loo-ral.

She stops, reflecting on the new silence.

The ship around her. The creaks.

Sarah moves back to kiss her little girl good night.

Mary's face, crushed inward and pummeled.

Loud razor peel --

INT. MASTER BEDROOM

Sarah awakens, sweating.

David's shaving with razor at the dresser. Loud, fast peels. Spots her in the small mirror.

DAVID
(a whisper)
Morning. Dry-mouthed from those margs?

Sarah swallows a breath, coming back into the reality.

SARAH
No. Just a little-

DAVID
Nervous. Me, too. Mike and Tommy are already topside.
(grabs his windbreaker)
Gonna wake the girls. Shovin' out, love.

He leans down, kissing her lovingly. Sarah nods as he heads out. Alone, she regards her flash dream a moment more.

EXT. TOPSIDE DECK - MARY - DAWN

FOLLOWING Sarah, now dressed for the day. Moving out the hatch with coffee as a beautiful, red sun on the rise fills her face.

Tommy and David work the main sail.

DAVID
Layer up, up.

Lindsey and Mary watch as Sarah comes over. Whispers into Mary's ear:

SARAH
Watch this, crabcakes.

David gets a firm hold on the swoop line.

DAVID
Okay, let her go.

Tommy flips open the lock on the sail's two-handed crank. David ducks the boom as it fattens up like a kite.

And a beautiful creme-colored SAIL comes to life.

Mary's eyes brighten like watching a butterfly find the sky.

Mike, toothpick in mouth. Starts hard applause.

MIKE
LADIES AND GENTS, WE HAVE THE WIND.

Sarah cheers as the two daughters join in. David puts an arm around Tommy, messing up his cool hair.

DAVID
Nice draw, First Mate.

TOMMY
Thanks.

Sarah approaches David, handing him coffee. Runs arms around his waist.

SARAH
Your father would be proud.

DAVID
You think so, huh?

Sarah understands the slight discontent. Kisses him. Whispers into this ear:

SARAH
Take us out, cap.

EXT. MARINA INLET - DAWN

AERIAL of the beautiful Mary schooner.

One force sail up, starting its journey out of Boynton Beach inlet.

NEW ANGLE

Waves smashing against the side as she finds her sea legs. With the morning wind kicking in, taking it up 15 knots.

Second SAIL now rising. Heading out past the early-morning fishing boats, heading into the mystical sunrise...

BLACK

Beat.

EXT. OCEAN - LATER DAY

Dark blue and mesmerizing.

We can barely make the distant land mass of Palm Beach as The Mary heads into international waters.

All three sails wide open and feather-crisp.

EXT. DECK

FOLLOWING Tommy as he moves under the big sail masts, checking the locks on the wind coils.

Comes up to the QUARTERDECK where David is now alone, steering his ship.

TOMMY

Strong on the stripes.

DAVID

Okay, let's roll up 3, gonna catch late-day in an hour.

Lindsey peeks her head out from the underside hatch. Hair now done up in the Jamaican braid thing.

LINDSEY

Mike says grouper or chicken?

DAVID/TOMMY

Grouper/chicken.

David gives a look to the kid.

TOMMY

Grouper's cool.

David notices his daughter's hair.

DAVID

What's with the hair?

LINDSEY

Mom did it. Jamaican braids.

TOMMY

Looks cool.

Lindsey smiles at the compliment, heading back down.

Tommy's still watching her. David makes a quick shift with the wheel, knocking Tommy off balance.

Tommy heads off, leaving David with a slight grin.

NEXT MOMENT

Tommy heads up to the MAIN MAST, #3. Starts to hoist it down. Suddenly stops. Takes note of the old wood.

A slight change in his face.

Reaches up, feeling the mast. Stares out to the open water. Some weird, vague moment.

CUT TO:

PEN ON PAPER

A few paragraphs on this first day of sailing.

June 23rd, 4:10 p.m.

*Sails strong, David looks and feels like he's 25 again!
40 miles into the Up Fla Straits --*

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - SAME

Sarah's writing in the journal at a small desk. We now recognize that ill-fated handwriting to be her own. Lindsey pops her head in.

LINDSEY

Chicken or-

SARAH

Grouper. Where's your sister, she's supposed to be setting the table.

LINDSEY

Picasso's deep into her latest masterpiece, I have no control over that.

SARAH

Help Mike with the sides, watch and learn, you'll be doing it for real paying customers next month.

LINDSEY

We ever gonna get wifi on this tub?

Sarah gives her a look and she's off. Sarah takes a breath, finishing her final note...

Abaco by morning tomorrow. Bahamas, here we come :)

INT. HALL - NEXT MOMENT

FOLLOWING Sarah as the boat rocks a bit. Slight sound of creaking. She has to use the rail.

Heads up to CLOSED BEDROOM DOOR.

SARAH

Mary?

She tries the door. Locked.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Mary, you wanna tell me why this door's locked?

Fidgets with the lock. Twists it. Knocks hard.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Mary-

Door suddenly CREAKS OPEN. As if never locked.

Sarah regards that. Opens door to reveal NUMEROUS DRAWINGS all over the wall. Just like we saw in the teaser. Most of the ship, some appear to be Lindsey and Tommy.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Mary -- ?

Sarah moves into the room, realizes Mary's not here.

Sees an unfinished DRAWING on the bed. Reaches down, picking it up. Black-crayon outline of a child. Stick figure. Eerie how it's not yet colored in. No face.

Sarah, left in the quiet of it. HAND tucks her jeans.

She jolts a little, staring down at Mary, having come in from the open door.

MARY

Mommy, I want chicken.

EXT. DECK - SUNSET

Glorious, vanilla red. The Briggs with Tommy and Mike, all seated topside for dinner.

Lindsey snorts a laugh into her food.

LINDSEY

That is such a lie.

SARAH

It's the truth, when it came out, your sister cried for a day.

MARY

Cause it hurt?

SARAH

No, baby, she cried cause she missed her front tooth.

LINDSEY

Mom, shut up already.

DAVID

Hey, don't tell your mother to shut up.

MIKE

That's right.

LINDSEY

She's embarrassing me.

SARAH

Oh, I'm sure Tommy has a litany of horrific tales of the dental persuasion to regale us with. Tommy, you're on. Hot mic here.

ON TOMMY

Distant, passive. Hasn't touched food.

LINDSEY

Tommy. You okay?

Tommy lingers, nods.

TOMMY

Yeah. Feel a little sick.

DAVID

Sick? Two storm seasons on the George, high drifts and you're sick?

TOMMY

I'm all right. Just want to take a little rest if that's okay.

SARAH

Sure, honey.

Tommy rises up, heading off without a bye.

DAVID

Don't forget, we gotta tie down the
drogue tonight.

Tommy disappears down the galley steps. Lindsey, still
watching.

MIKE

Hope that wasn't my clams.

EXT. MARY - NIGHT

Black as motor oil on the ocean. Small lamp light on the
bow. All sails down. An eerie creak...

INT. MASTER BEDROOM

David snaps up.

Listens to the new creaks. Just startled Sarah awake in
the Ron Jon's half tee.

SARAH

What is it?

Beat. Feels it.

DAVID

We're drifting.

EXT. TOPSIDE DECK - MARY - NIGHT

David moves quickly up from the lower deck, flashlight in
hand. Turns it to a big DROGUE, wet and hanging over the
railing.

Drogue's a big parachute-like canvas used to keep the
bottom of the boat from drifting.

Sarah moves up behind in houserobe, seeing it for
herself.

SARAH

The drogue.

DAVID
Someone brought it back up.

Sarah looks around, spotting him.

SARAH
David.

David turns:

TO TOMMY

His back to us, standing on the bow. Shirt off.
Silhouette outlined in that eerie lantern glow.

David's about to go gruff. Gently stopped by Sarah who
takes his arm. Approaches first.

SARAH (CONT'D)
Tommy?

Tommy barely reacts to his name.

DAVID
Tommy, why'd you bring up the drogue?

Tommy faces them in the silvery light. Features are
dark, almost hollow like a hunger victim.

Multiple, self-inflicted fingernail scratches all over
his arms and bare torso. Some bleeding.

Sarah looks at David. Makes sure the others aren't
awoken. Takes another stop toward him.

SARAH
Tommy, come on downstairs.

TOMMY
I can't. Need to make it right.

Tommy suddenly holds up that KNOT ROPE he and Lindsey
were using. Now tied into a grim HANG NOOSE.

The end of the rope, tied to the bow.

Sarah, hasn't blinked. Takes a slow breath.

SARAH
Tommy. Give me your hand, honey.

Tommy feels the rope in his hand a moment more. Looks up
at them. Holds out a HAND covered in some blood.

TOMMY
 (the tooth)
 She'll miss it.

Tommy reveals his front tooth extracted. Pulled out by his fingers alone.

Sarah throws a hand around her own mouth, horrified.

Tommy puts the noose around his throat.

SARAH
 NO.

David grabs Tommy before he can plunge over the side. Has to fight him hard.

INT. LOWER DECK - NEXT CUT

FOLLOWING DAVID HAND-HELD. Tommy in his clutches as Mike moves out of his room, heard the commotion.

DAVID
 Mike, gimme a hand!

Mike comes up on Tommy as he SCREAMS. Moving him to the bathroom head.

Sarah quickly comes up to the girls room as Lindsey opens the door, sleepy.

LINDSEY
 What's going on?

SARAH
 Tommy had a little accident, he's all right. Go back to bed.

LINDSEY
 Accident, lemme-

SARAH
 Lindsey, back to bed.

Sarah shuts the door on her.

LINDSEY (O.S.)
 Mom -- !

FOLLOWING Sarah into the:

INT. CREW ROOM

Where David already has pressure on Tommy's mouth. Mike, holding him down as Tommy fights to get loose.

TOMMY
(muttering in bloody mouth)
Fuckers. Gonna see it, see it all.

Tommy violently KICKS the walls, nearly breaking away. Mike has to practically throw him to the ground.

DAVID
SARAH, LOCK THE DOOR.

Sarah locks the bolt.

Off a heavy thunder clap:

EXT. TREASURE CAY MARINA - NEXT DAY - RAINING

Loud ripple of thunder as the rain falls from dark sky.

The Mary sits tied into slip.

Titles: **Treasure Cay Marina, Abaco, Bahamas**

June 24th 9:12 a.m.

ON LINDSEY

Standing alone on the deck, eyes wet. Watching David and Sarah talk with some Bahamian officials as thunder booms...

SARAH (V.O.)
She's going to hate you if you don't tell her why.

EXT. TIKI BAR/RESTAURANT - ABACO - DAY

Sarah sits with David over some rum runners and fish soup.

DAVID
Let her hate me today, I'm here to protect her, not win her the boy of the month.

SARAH
At least talk to her about-

DAVID

About what? What, Sarah? That some kid she's crushing on for five minutes pulled out his own tooth? All she needs to know is he wasn't working out.

(takes a swig of rum)

His uncle fishes open channels, he's already on his way.

(pauses)

Says Tommy had -- issues. Quit high school cause of it. Probably the reason why he never went into the navy-

SARAH

Jesus, and Jay knew?!

DAVID

Hey. The kid was always a good crewman who got the job done. Minimum wage with a tip bucket, you make concessions.

Sarah sighs, tired of the day. Stares past the rain to Lindsey, holding Mary's hand at the dock. Feeding fish crumbs.

Something tracking on Sarah's mind.

DAVID (CONT'D)

What?

SARAH

(beat)

I don't know. Just felt like something more. The way he acted. Said "we're gonna see it".

DAVID

That's the teenage mind for you. Comes in all shapes and sizes.

Sarah regards that. Turns back to him.

SARAH

So what now?

DAVID

We keep going.

SARAH

With what? We already paid out Tommy and the doctor's bills, we don't have money to hire another first mate-

DAVID
 We don't need a first, we have you.
 (off her tension)
 Sarah, your father taught you the sea,
 you know a boat better than anyone.

SARAH
 I haven't rigged a sail in five years.

DAVID
 It never leaves you.

SARAH
 This isn't the time to start quoting my
 old man.

MIKE (O.S.)
 Anytime's a good time to quote Lenny.

Mike comes up with another round from the bar.

MIKE (CONT'D)
 King of the Florida Straits.

David grins. Stares across at Sarah. She's still
 simmering. Looks out into the rain.

DAVID
 Weather's breaking. By tonight, we'll
 have sunset skies.

MIKE
 And jerk chicken. Mary's request.

Sarah turns to her two kids. Lindsey stares back. Off a
 broken heart...

EXT. MARINA - DAY - ABACO

The Mary sits docked under diminishing storm clouds,
 prepping to shove out.

INT. GALLEY KITCHEN - MARY - DAY

Sarah's putting away island groceries with a very quiet
 Lindsey. Feels the need to finally say something.

SARAH
 Honey. I know how you feel, but your dad
 had to-

Lindsey slams the fridge shut, done with her duties.
Starts off. Sarah gently grips her arm

SARAH (CONT'D)

Hey-

LINDSEY

(snaps away)

NO. This is all about what you guys
want, it has nothing to do with anyone
else!

SARAH

That's not true, we're all-

LINDSEY

"In the same boat?". Really, you're
going with that?

SARAH

Lindsey-

LINDSEY

Jesus, it's like you guys just make a
choice and pull us out of our lives. You
never even asked if we wanted this. No
friends, no internet-

SARAH

The wifi is coming, okay?

LINDSEY

That's not to point, Mom,, I feel so
alone out here! Tommy was the last one I
could really talk to-

SARAH

You can talk to me, baby. I promise you
can. About anything.

(holds her hand)

Linny. Mary looks up to you so much.
She needs you to be strong-

LINDSEY

I DON'T WANNA BE STRONG, I JUST WANT A
NORMAL FUCKING LIFE.

Lindsey breaks away, heading off.

Sarah lets it go. Starts putting away the final bag.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - NEXT MOMENT

Sarah comes in with a tub of laundry detergent, setting it down by a pump-activated WASHER.

Loud SCREECH of a seagull. Gives her pause.

Another.

Sarah moves over to the window, opening the drape. Trying to look above.

A GULL SLAPS THE GLASS

Jolts us all. More screeches.

SARAH

Jesus.

Sarah heads out as we FOLLOW her through the galley and up the steps, coming onto the:

EXT. TOPSIDE DECK - SAME

Where Mike stands, baffled. Holding Mary's hand as more GULLS swarm around the boat.

MARY

Mommy, look at them all.

Sarah has to duck one from nearly clipping her head.

SARAH

Mike, get her downstairs!

MIKE

Copy.

Mike picks Mary up, taking her down quickly as Sarah reacts to the swearing of David.

Moves up to the railing, staring down on the dock. David, with a large broom. Wiping off THOUSANDS OF BARNACLES from the boat's side.

Eerily attached to the side and bottom, as if the ship were some kind of magnet for their plague.

More GULLS swoop down to feed on the new barnacles. The reason why they're going batshit.

DAVID

You believe this?! Barnacles, both sides. You'd think we're a goddamn dead whale carcass.

Sarah, more concerned than pissed. Realizes the extent of it.

Loud SNAP OF CANVAS.

Sarah turns around, staring at that eerily familiar STARS AND STRIPES FLAG snapping in the wind on The Mary's mast...

EXT. MARINA - DUSK

The Mary's sailing back out to sea, two sails up. Chasing a blood-red sunset.

INT. GALLEY KITCHEN - SAME

Spent plates of jerk chicken and bean rice.

Mike's spraying off dishes with the radio on, whistling to old-school Stones' Miss You.

EXT. QUARTERDECK - SAME

David at the helm, radio mic in hand.

DAVID

Copy, Crisscraft, Mary Schooner at 442, 25 miles out from Abaco, any advisory.

ANOTHER BOAT

Uh, yeah, Schooner, little headwind on the rise, you're coming into a bit of a squall, may want to lower those sails.

DAVID

Copy that.

As David can see the unsettling night clouds ahead.

EXT. TOPSIDE DECK - SAME

Chalk formulating lines on wood. A HOP SCOTCH GAME.

Sarah on her knees with a Corona, helping Mary with the bigger squares.

Lindsey to herself at the railing, watching the darkening sky.

SARAH
Mary, big number 4 here.

Mary starts to draw the number in different colors and swirls.

SARAH (CONT'D)
Lin, show Mary how you make your final square with the cloud shape. It's so cool.

LINDSEY
(doesn't turn around)
She's doing fine by herself.

Beat.

SARAH
Lindsey.

Lindsey finally turns around. Sarah's holding up that piece of chalk.

Lindsey sighs, moving in. Takes the chalk from her. Moves down by her sister.

LINDSEY
Watch and learn, grommet.

Sarah takes a small sip of beer, watching Lindsey slowly embrace the moment. Gently strokes her hair. An unspoken truce.

Off new thunder and the coming storm...

EXT. OCEAN - NIGHT - HARD RAIN

The night squall. Big and swift. Rocking The Mary around as she sits anchored, waiting out the weather.

EXT. TOPSIDE DECK

Loud rapping of rain on the wood. Mary's chalk hopscotch now smeared and running.

David, wearing yellow slicker, applies a final rope on the drogue, making sure the boat is stable. Mike holding flashlight for him.

Has to hold onto the rail as the boat goes up and down.

INT. LOWER DECK - SAME

Thunder rattles the walls of ship.

Sarah feeds more gasoline into the genny. Cranks it up as weak, yellow hull lighting blinks on and off.

She closes the door on the utility closet.

Notices one of the hall bulbs isn't lighting up.

SARAH
(shouting to top deck)
DAVE, WHERE'S THE EXTRA LIGHT BULBS?

DAVID (O.S.)
CUBBY HOLE, BEDROOM.

Sarah sighs, moving down the HALL as we FOLLOW. Knocks on a closed head.

SARAH
Lindsey, you okay in there?

LINDSEY (O.S.)
There's no hot water, Mom.

SARAH
Dad has to change the propane on the water heater, hot water in the a.m..

She moves into the:

INT. MASTER BEDROOM

Sees Mary on their bed, drawing that illustration of the child.

SARAH
That you, baby?

MARY
No.

Sarah wipes sweat and rain from her face. Hunches down at that CUBBY HOLE from the grim teaser.

Pulls hard on the handle, opening it. Stares into the small CRAWL SPACE. Nonperishables and some wheeled LUGGAGE CHESTS.

Sarah moves into the crawl space, finding the small stock of soft 40 bulbs.

SARAH

Mary, hand this to your father.

She turns to the bed. Mary's now gone. All that remains is that DRAWING.

Slight crackle of thunder.

Lights suddenly discharge and strobe. All goes dark.

Scamper of little feet running. Soft and loud.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Mary?

Beat.

THE CUBBY DOOR BANGS CLOSED

ALL GOES DARK

SARAH (CONT'D)

MARY.

She pushes the door hatch. Won't budge.

SARAH (CONT'D)

MARY, OPEN THIS DOOR.

Sound of Sarah's nervous breaths. Fumbles around in the dark, finding her small flashlight.

Puts it on...

HER FACE

Half lit in the dark. Trying to pull open the door.

SARAH (CONT'D)

MARY, ARE YOU THERE? OPEN THE DOOR.

She puts the thin flashlight in her teeth to get a handle on the door --

FORM OF A DISFIGURED CHILD BESIDE HER

Eyes gone. Just a dark glimpse as the flashlight changes angle. Sarah shakes the locked door as thunder rattles.

SARAH (CONT'D)

HELLO?

FINGER suddenly touches the back of her neck.

She SCREAMS, dropping the flashlight.

DOOR'S THROWN OPEN

David's face, staring back with Mary beside him. A little confused.

SARAH (V.O.) (CONT'D)

The door wasn't stuck.

EXT. LOWER DECK - NIGHT

Sarah stands with David as he twists in a new bulb.

SARAH

Someone was holding it closed from the other side.

DAVID

Sarah, it's an old ship. There's bound to be some expansion in the wood when the humidity-

SARAH

Someone closed the door on me. And it wasn't Mary.

Light winks back to life. David taps it for good measure, hops down from a small stool.

DAVID

Okay. So we have a ghost in the machine.

SARAH

Maybe we do.

Takes a sip of coffee, laying a small grin on her.

SARAH (CONT'D)

It's not funny. After what happened with Tommy and all the other weird shit-

DAVID

Okay, hey. You're right. I'm sorry.

Sets his coffee down, pulling her closer.

DAVID (CONT'D)

There's a lot of nervous energy shooting around, I get it, we'll work through it-

SARAH

David.

(pauses to convey)

There's something going on here. On this boat. Something I can't put into words. It doesn't feel right. And these dreams.

David regards that. Reaches in, gently runs a hand down her arm.

DAVID

We caught some rough stuff. But it's in the rearview now.

(quietly)

We just need some time to ourselves.

Sarah looks at him. Manages a small nod, taking his hand. Off a soft kiss, growing into something more...

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Loud rain raps the windows. The storm's intensified.

Sarah and David making love. David on top, working grinds. Passionate. All consuming.

Sarah reacts with each pump. The act growing more physical, even strange.

She stares at their WEDDING PHOTO on the mantle. Another of the family in the Keys.

Rain drops falling from cracks in the ceiling. Smearing those photos.

She suddenly feels David's pressure. Something not right.

Thunder crackles.

SARAH

(hushed)

David.

Starts to push David to slow down.

SARAH (CONT'D)
David, stop.

David, in the moment, grabs her by her hair.

SARAH (CONT'D)
David, stop-

ANOTHER FACE. Burned and pummeled.

Sarah SCREAMS, pulling David off of her. Scrambles away to a corner. Any corner.

David hits a light, facing her in a sweaty, sheer confusion.

DAVID
(hushed, angry)
What.

Sarah. Taking deep breaths. Sees nothing in her husband but a stressed look.

Off OCEAN RAIN, smearing down window glass...

EXT. MARY - DAY

Deck wet from the recent storm. Dark and cloudy.

CLOSE ON A DIVER'S QUARTZ WATCH: **6/25 10:04 A.M.**

ON SARAH

Wearing the watch, dressed in top and bikini. Furiously winding the double-handed CRANK as David races to change sail position.

SARAH
DOUBLE'S CLEAR.

DAVID
COPY, WATCH YOUR BACK.

SARAH
Lindsey, here comes the boom, you ready?

ON LINDSEY

Standing at the mast, holding rope. Nods, ready for it.

Mike and Mary at the helm. Mike has big hands on the wheel.

MIKE

Release in 3, 2, 1. TURN.

Mike turns wheel hard left as David lets the sail go.

Lindsey's already ducking as the boom staff whips over her head.

Comes back on the other side as David comes up behind her, taking the rope.

DAVID

PULL.

They both do, leveling out the sail as Sarah runs to the opposite side, locking the boom end in place. Winds it up.

SARAH

Winding -- !

David races over, helping her with the double-handed crank.

Mike checks the directional, keeping a firm steer. Smiles and nod.

MIKE

Pretty turn, crew, pretty turn.

Mary claps her hands.

Sarah pulls off her sunglasses, getting a shoulder rub from David.

She smiles over to Lindsey, standing under the big mast.

Lindsey nods back. Humble, but proud of herself.

Off loose rope from the cross sail, dangling in the wind...

AERIAL - THE MARY

Surfing on her starboard side, heading into the dark Bermuda.

EXT. MARY - LATER

SARAH. Now high atop the center mast. Working on rigging a GARMIN WIFI ANTENNA. Screwdriver in her teeth.

SARAH
(shouting)
Anything?

ON LINDSEY

Lying in yellow bikini on deck. Checking cell.
Mary beside her, drawing more pics.

LINDSEY
Negative.

Sarah sighs, going back to the wifi.

DAVID ON THE QUARTERDECK

Steering the helm, checking his own signal.

DAVID
We'd only be piggybacking wifi on the shipping lanes, it doesn't make practical sense.

SARAH
(shouting back)
Tell that to the armies of teens who'll be stuck on this trip with the rent.

LINDSEY
(under her breath)
No shit.

Mary pulls Lindsey's hair.

MARY
Swear word.

LINDSEY
Damn, girl.

MARY
Again.

Lindsey swats Mary's hand away.

LINDSEY
Enough, Creaton.

MARY
What's a Creaton?

LINDSEY
Look it up. Oh wait, we don't have
internet.

ON SARAH

Tries a new cable, locking in the thread.

SARAH
Now?

Lindsey checks it. Smiles small.

LINDSEY
Hell, yeah.

Mary pulls her hair hard.

LINDSEY (CONT'D)
Damn it, Mary-

Turns to her. No one there.

Lindsey turns around to see Mary heading into the deck
below.

HARD ON LINDSEY

Slight confusion, fear. Feels her hair.

INT. LOWER DECK - NEXT MOMENT

Sarah comes down the steps, wiping sweat off with a
towel. Passing Mike in the kitchen.

MIKE
Lobster rolls. T-minus 10.

SARAH
Copy that. We have minimal wifi.

MIKE
Alleluia.

Sarah smiles, moving into the MAIN GALLEY where Mary
draws alone on a padded bench.

Sits down beside her, checking out the drawing.

SARAH
Where's the one you did yesterday? The
one of us?

MARY
He told me to rip it up.

Sarah checks her on that.

SARAH
Who?

MARY
Sanfree.

MIKE (O.S.)
LUNCH BELL, DING DING.

Mary rushes off, leaving the drawing there.

Sarah, still in the moment.

INT. GIRLS BEDROOM - NEXT MOMENT

Sarah comes in, looking around her. Regards Mary's
DRAWINGS on the wall. Some of the ship, some more vague
and abstract.

People in woods, swamps.

Sarah spots that one DRAWING, ripped up in waste basket.
Pulls it out.

Mary and the family with Mike on the boat. On the far
side of the boat, another figure. Small, like a child.
Featureless.

EXT. TOPSIDE DECK - DAY

Under a new canopy, they dine on lobster rolls with the
hot dog buns.

DAVID
Starting tomorrow, we begin trolling
every morning from 8 to 10. That means I
expect ten fine fish from each of your
girls.

LINDSEY
I thought this was supposed to be a
family trial run?

SARAH

Jay needs grouper, baby, part of the contract.

Lindsey lifts an eyebrow.

MIKE

Heck, just catch anything. Once it's frozen, the man won't know the difference.

DAVID

Negative, I expect the fattest grouper these Bermuda waters have ever spit out.

SARAH

Easy, Ahab, she doesn't know how to work multiple lines.

LINDSEY

Would if Tommy were here.

David checks his daughter on that.

Sarah takes a sip of lemonade, trying to change the conversation.

SARAH

So Mary, who's Sanfree?

LINDSEY

Squirt has an imaginary boyfriend.

Mary clutches her water glass tightly.

MARY

He's not my boyfriend.

LINDSEY

Kiss and tell, baby lay.

SARAH

Lindsey.

LINDSEY

(giggling)

What, she talks to him at night. I hear them on the upper bunk-

Mary strikes Lindsey's face with the WATER GLASS. Shocking and abrupt.

SARAH

MARY.

Lindsey stumbles up, holding a hand over her face.
Stumbles.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Lin, honey, you all right?

INT. BATHROOM HEAD - NEXT MOMENT

Door partially open.

Sarah gently applies some minimal butterfly bandages to Lindsey's forehead. Tears in her eyes as Sarah pats down some small blood.

DAVID (V.O.)

You're gonna stay in bed.

INT. BEDROOM - SAME

David at Mary's bunk. She's lying down, facing the wall.

DAVID

You're gonna think about what you did,
and then you're going to apologize to
your sister. You hear me?

Mary says nothing. David reacts to Sarah, moving up to the open door.

SARAH

Mary, baby, why did you do that?

MARY

(muttering)

She was making fun of him.

SARAH

Your friend-

DAVID

Sarah, don't negotiate with her.

(to Mary)

HEY. No more drawings, no more anything
until you had time to think about this.

David snatches up her small portfolio of drawings,
heading out.

Sarah, alone with Mary. Notices that crucifix on the wall. Having returning to its slanted pose.

Mary's involvement most likely. Acting out.

Sarah straightens it, shutting closed the door.

INT. CAPTAIN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Sarah awakens in a rush. Sweating. Horrible nightmare.

Something vicious and violent. Feels her body to check if it's still there, intact.

INT. HEAD - NIGHT

Sarah on the toilet, finishing up a pee. Eyes red.

Sound of FOOTSTEPS from the other side.

Sarah regards them. Moving closer. She reaches up, fumbling for the latch.

Just as the force on the other side tries to open.

SARAH

Occupied.

Beat. The door begins to aggressively shake. Loud BANGING.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Occupied!

Unknown force goes quiet. Sarah regards the person's SHADOW through the bottom crack. Heading out.

SARAH (CONT'D)

David?

Sarah fumbles off the head, pulling up her shorts. FOLLOWING her as she opens the door, stepping into the:

INT. HALL

No one and nothing.

It's there on the ground she spots it. FOOTPRINTS drenched in water and muck.

Sarah grabs up her phone, using a FLASHLIGHT APP to see.

That old camera flash charge sound comes on as Sarah begins to follow the vague trail --

Moving up the steps. Coming onto the:

EXT. TOPSIDE DECK

All dark and fog-laden. Creak of boat as it stays anchored.

Light goes out from the ten-second timer. Sarah hits it back on again.

Shines light on the WET FOOTPRINTS, barely visible, randomly patted all over the hop scotch.

The trail then ends abruptly at the center mast of the boat.

Same place Tommy had felt that unknown sense.

Phone light blinks out again. Sarah hits it again.

As her eyes sharpen. Putting LIGHT on the old wood of the mast. Can barely make distinct SCRATCHES in the wood. The words, half legible in the dark pine:

s a n f r e e

CLOSE ON SARAH

Intense stare. Lash of heavy wind.

Light blinks out.

Loud SNAP as the RAIN CANOPY above come loose, lashing down upon her. Covers her whole.

Sarah's thrown to the ground. Fights her way out the dark tarp like a kid under a bed sheet. In doing so, BIG HANDS grab hers.

Sarah SCREAMS, throwing off the tarp. Flashlight filling her face as MIKE looks on with concern.

DAVID (V.O.)

Of course that's what she'd say.

INT. QUARTERDECK - NEXT MORNING - CLOUD COVER

David and Sarah facing off at the helm.

David, shirtless, pen in mouth, more concentrated on his mapping than the conversation.

DAVID

She's scared, she doesn't want to get in trouble.

SARAH

David, she couldn't have reached that high and she was in her room the entire night. I would have seen her. Just like I would have seen those footprints.

David gestures to Mike, starting the fishing lines on the aft deck.

DAVID

Mike says he sleepwalks sometimes, doesn't deny that it might'a been him.

SARAH

So you're saying Mike wrote that on the mast, too?

DAVID

(deep into his map)

Sarah, right now, I'm trying to focus on the last phase of this, okay-

Sarah grabs the chart map out of his hand, forcing his attention.

SARAH

SOMEONE BANGED ON THAT HEAD LAST NIGHT
AND IT WASN'T MIKE.

(takes a deep breath)

We need to alert the Coast Guard, report this.

DAVID

Report what? That our daughter had a tantrum and wrote her imaginary friend's name on the mast?

SARAH

There may have been an intruder, we need this ship inspected-

DAVID

The hell we do. Sarah, that means waiting on a PT boat, filing a boarding report, which means we're set back a day and Jay's catch goes to shit.

(deep breath, resets herself)

We're taking care of this ourselves, right? That's what this whole trip is about.

SARAH

It's also about factoring in the variables and how we would react. Something both our fathers taught us-

DAVID

ENOUGH. No more talk about fathers. This is our boat. This is our life.

Sarah realizes she hit a sore nerve. More calm:

SARAH

David, I'm just-

DAVID

I'M CAPTAIN, OKAY? We start the morning fishing troll, then we set sail. That's it.

Sarah regards him. Heads out mad, leaving him alone on the quarterdeck.

INT. GALLEY - NEXT MOMENT

Lindsey by herself, eating Lucky Charms dry. Bandage still on her forehead.

Sarah comes down the hatch, into the galley. Gently squeezes Lindsey's shoulder, going for coffee to calm down.

LINDSEY

She still hasn't said she's sorry.

SARAH

She's going through a tough time.

LINDSEY

Oh, and I'm not-

SARAH

Lindsey. She'll apologize today.

Lindsey sighs, just lets it go as Sarah starts the coffee maker. Opens the small fridge, taking a whiff. Winces.

LINDSEY

Yeah, milk's spoiled. Everything smells funky.

Sarah checks the fridge temperature gauge.

SARAH

Low wattage. Genny must not be giving off enough power. Have to check it with Mike.

LINDSEY

Nice, let's blame the cook-

SARAH

I'M NOT BLAMING ANYONE, GODDAMN IT. AND THAT "COOK" IS A TRAINED CRUISE CHEF WHO INVESTED HIS OWN MONEY IN OUR FUTURE, GETTING OUT OF SHIT. YOU KNOW SHIT, LIN?

Lindsey takes a hard breath, tears starting. Sets down her cereal.

SARAH (CONT'D)

(devastated)

Sweetie, I'm sorry-

Tries to put arms around her. Lindsey squirms out quickly, heading off. Off Sarah's confliction...

EXT. OCEAN - DAY

FOLLOWING The Mary is it surf-jumps through deeper ocean. All blue and radiant from passing thunderheads above.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

Sarah's keeping up with the journal.

June 26th. 2:11 pm.

Course changes due to storm, David making adjustments.

Blow out this morning, will we get through it? Feels like the old fights coming back.

Still can't sleep, bad dreams. Feelings that I can't explain and this Sanfree-

BANG. Not loud, but abrupt.

Sarah reacts. Turns around. To that ominous CUBBY HOLE in the wall.

She reflects on it. Watching it.

Small BANG again. Coming from inside.

Sarah cautiously rises from the desk, taking a flashlight with her. Moves over to the CLOSED CUBBY HOLE. Crouches down. Feels the contours of the small door for a moment.

Puts her hand around the latch. Fights to open it. Really has to yank it open. Shines light into the STORAGE SPACE.

Creaking of old wood and nothing more.

Sarah keeps the light on the interior. Feels something.

SARAH

Hello -- ?

(off the silence)

Is someone there?

A pause.

Then. Barely audible... the dark, deep breath of a child. Haunting, in pain. As if in the creaking, scratched walls themselves:

UNKNOWN

MareEE.

Sarah absorbs. The sound vanishes as fast as it came.

Beat.

TRIPLE BANG.

ENTIRE SHIP SHIFTS

KNOCKS SARAH AGAINST THE WALL.

She takes fast breaths, stumbles up, rushing out the room. FOLLOWING her through the galley.

SARAH

DAVID?

She runs up the steps, onto the:

EXT. TOPSIDE DECK

Where Mike has a hand on Mary. David already helping up Lindsey.

SARAH

Babies!

Sarah runs over to them, fighting some of the tilt on the ship.

DAVID

It's okay, they're okay.

Sarah grabs up both her children.

SARAH

What happened?

MIKE

Ran aground. Gotta be a sandbar.
(to David)
Probably patch rudder?

DAVID

Yeah.

Sarah looks at him.

EXT. OCEAN - DUSK

Under grey cloud swirls, The Mary sits stubbornly locked on a shallow spot of SANDBAR.

A staggering image as waves crash against her stagnant sides. Miles and miles of dark sea around them.

EXT. TOPSIDE DECK - DUSK

David sends the anchor wheeling down -- PLUNKS through the surface, hitting a fat section of sand bog.

SARAH

Nine meters.

DAVID

Maybe ten. Keep on the helm, Mike can watch my air.

SARAH

What are you talking about?

DAVID

I'm going down there, have a look.

He starts for the lower deck and his fins. Sarah grabs his arm.

SARAH

You can't move a bog on your own.

DAVID

Sure, I can. I've done it before.

SARAH

Not with a schooner this size. David, if that rudder's dug in deep, we have to call a tow.

David, getting pissed. Moves close to her so the kids don't overhear.

DAVID

And how do we pay for that?

(before she can answer)

You know, Sarah, you need to have a little faith in me.

SARAH

I do have faith in you. But David, you don't know what's down there.

DAVID

Yeah, I do. A rudder the size of a sea lion giving me shit.

David snatches up the snorkel gear on the wall. Starts off to deal with it.

SARAH

David.

SMASH TO:

FORM PLUNGING THROUGH SURFACE

EXT. UNDERWATER - DUSK

David's form. Wearing mini tank and apparatus mask. Quickly, professionally kicks his flippers, separating himself from his effervescence.

The water is growing dark from the diminishing daylight. Foggy from the blowing detritus.

David heads down the side of the ship, trapped in thick sand.

EXT. TOPSIDE DECK

Mike checks his progress as Sarah looks on.

MIKE

He's all clear, heading to the aft.

Sarah pauses. Starts away as we FOLLOW her down the side of ship.

Mary and Lindsey, clinging to the railing, watching their father.

SARAH

Lindsey, take your sister and go downstairs.

LINDSEY

We want to make sure Dad-

SARAH

Now.

Lindsey regards this. Reluctantly takes Mary's hand, heading to lower deck as we FOLLOW Sarah... heading up to the QUARTERDECK BRIDGE.

Tests the wheel. Won't budge.

She pauses. Goes to the radio handset.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Mary Schooner 85 85, any ears out there, over.

EXT. UNDERWATER - SAME

Dark and murky down here.

David, gear on, kicks over to the bottom aft of the boat. Puts flashlight on the RUDDER. A huge part of it, stuck down in a deep bog.

He pulls a grate from his back. Think tire iron with a wedge. Starts to dig hard around the rudder's edges. Clearing sand.

INT. GALLEY - SAME

Mary and Lindsey washing up at the galley sink. She finally mutters it:

MARY
I'm sorry, Lindsey.

Lindsey regards that. Bumps Mary with her hip.

LINDSEY
It's okay.

Beat.

MARY
He's sorry, too.

Lindsey regards that.

EXT. UNDERWATER - SAME

David starts to pull out more sand, now beginning to get some traction on the rudder. Suddenly feels something in the sand. Extracts it with the grate...

INT. QUARTERDECK

Sarah on the radio.

RED PARROT
Roger, Mary, we're at 14.2, could drift by in a couple of hours if you need the help.

SARAH
Appreciated, Red Parrot, please stand-by as we test the bog.

INT. GALLEY

Lindsey turns to Mary, piqued.

LINDSEY
Mary. It's okay to admit you do things sometimes. I don't care if you pull my hair or whatever-

MARY

No. He says he's sorry for what's going to happen.

Mary looks up at her. And with one small finger, pulls her front tooth loose. PINGS into the sink.

EXT. TOPSIDE DECK

Mike smoking a cigarette, watching the water.

EXT. UNDERWATER

As David clears the final bog away. Feeling the obstruction.

Gets a grip. Pulls the thing that was buried beneath -- someone's mutilated ARM embedded in the rudder.

David falls back, dropping the grate.

His own arm torn from the socket.

Starts to freak out under pressure, hyperventilate. Turns around. Spotting something only he SEES. Something so horrifying, it freezes him up.

CLOSE ON HIS WIDE EYES

Mask glass reflecting the distorted image of unseen, mutilated bodies. Floating.

In the horrible, dense moment --

A THRESHER SHARK TEARS INTO HIS MASK.

Nearly gets half his face.

MORE SURFACING FROM THE DARK. Whole pack. Attracted to the morning catch.

David loses the mask, now scrambling back for the:

EXT. TOPSIDE DECK - DUSK

Mike now spots the FINS. Throws his cigarette down.

MIKE

SHARK.

Sarah reacts. Throws the radio down, running hard for the railing.

EXT. OCEAN UNDER/SURFACE - DUSK

David's mauled on the leg, fights off the animal's jaw, breaking to surface without the flipper.

Scrambles up as Mike's already leaning over the railing.

MIKE
DAVE, GIMME YOUR HAND.

David fights the pain, reaching out. Locks onto Mike's hold. Now joined by Sarah who yanks up David just as a thresher lunges for his leg.

Slaps the side of the boat with violent force.

MIKE (CONT'D)
GOTCHA, WE GOTCHA.

David, shaking, comes up, falling into Sarah. Both of his arms are once again intact.

SARAH
David, it's okay, it's okay!

He's still staring at the ocean, the vision. Saliva dripping from his mouth.

LOUD BANGS AS THE SHARKS SLAM INTO THE SIDE OF SHIP.

SMASH TO:

THUNDER RIPPLING ACROSS THE SKY

THE MARY, NOW FREED OF THE SANDBAR

Still anchored under threatening, heavy skies.

EXT. TOPSIDE DECK - NEXT MOMENT

David takes deep, panicked breaths as Sarah has the med kit out.

SARAH (CONT'D)
Deep breaths, slow.

David grimaces at the pain, flowing with it.

Sarah uses a towel as a makeshift tourniquet.

SARAH (CONT'D)

(hushed)

Dave, we're gonna need stitches. We'll call 816 for S.O.S-

DAVID

No.

(fighting it)

We're okay.

Sarah wipes sweat off her face, tending to another piece of heavy gauze.

SARAH

David. Baby, this is no longer part of the program. You need medical attention-

DAVID

NO.

Stuns her. David, resolute, shows his other leg. Scars from sharks, barracudas.

DAVID (CONT'D)

It's not the first time, Sarah. We're not quitting this run for one goddamn flesh wound.

Sarah, going deep, hard eyes.

SARAH

What's happening to us, David?

David, fighting his own instincts.

DAVID

(breathless)

Sailor's luck.

She shakes her head.

SARAH

Something's wrong with this ship. With us. David, we need to --

(swallows a breath)

We need to get you help.

DAVID

I told you, I'm fine. Four inch bite, I can stitch it myself. The rudder's clear and we have the wind. In two days, we reach Hamilton and then you can decide if you want to walk out of this. On me.

SARAH
 (shattered)
 David.

DAVID
 Until then, we stay the course.
 (hard)
We stay the course.

Off Sarah's eyes, tense and concerned...

LOUD SNAP OF SAIL

AERIAL - THE MARY, SAILING THROUGH DEEP WATER

Following a dark sunset into the mid-Atlantic.

EXT. MARY - DUSK

Mike now at the helm. Tense eyes, staring into the setting sun off the west. Looking to just end this run.

INT. CAPTAIN'S ROOM - DUSK

David, lying in bed. New bandages on his leg. As Lindsey sits by his bedside, holding her father's hand...

SARAH (V.O.)
 It's gonna be okay, honey...

INT. GIRLS BEDROOM - SAME

Sarah gently pats Mary's mouth with wet cloth. Mary sits straight on the bed, rather disengaged.

SARAH
 We'll be in Bermuda before you know it.
 Elbow Beach.
 (points to one of Mary's
 beach pictures)
 Pretty as yours.

Mary continues to stare into the wall. Holds her tooth in hand.

SARAH (CONT'D)
 It's going to be okay.

She reaches in, kissing Mary's cheek.

Lindsey comes in, looking tired. Fraught.

LINDSEY
Dad's sleeping.

Sarah pauses. Gently takes the small tooth from Mary's hand, putting it beneath her pillow.

SARAH
Get your sister ready for bed. We're all turning in early tonight.

Lindsey doesn't argue it, exhausted and scared.

Sarah moves in, embracing her daughter. They both begin to cry as Sarah kisses her. Their mother-daughter tension, finally broken.

Off the silence, creak of water below...

EXT. OCEAN - NIGHT/EARLY MORNING

The Mary and the moonlight. Still as a painting.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM

David, in a dark sleep.

Sarah beside him, hasn't slept. Quietly writing in the journal with flashlight.

June 27th 4:04 a.m.

Bermuda ring, 104 miles SW Hamilton.

Shark attack yesterday, right for the boat. Right for David. Never saw such a frenzy. Something very wrong. Doing the best we can with minimal kit-

INT. QUARTERDECK - NEXT MOMENT

Light clicks on. Drawer unlocks.

Sarah, wrapped in houserobe. Quietly pulls out files on the recent purchase of The Mary.

INSERTS

Paging through thick stacks of summary reports. Mostly loan forms and receipts for the renovations.

She comes upon the AUCTION HISTORY. Only dates back seven years. Ship was called the Marlascout. Last port, Proper, Maine. Ownership classified.

NEXT MOMENT

Sarah with a cheap Lenovo laptop open. Fighting to get onto wifi. Double-clicks some unsecured FREIGHTER out there and gets a weak signal.

Types *Marlascout schooner* on the Google page.

A few come up. Something about Maine and she double-clicks.

Owners KATE AND BURT HANSON. Died off the coast of New Hampshire, April 2008.

Sarah's eyes sharpen. Reads a local paper article. The words PLEASURE CRUISING. Self-inflicted wounds. Possible murder suicide.

Sarah takes a hard look at the Marlascout. Though the paint and sails are different, the boat is most definitely The Mary.

Off Sarah's eyes, cold in the lamp glow...

NEXT CUT

Typing in the word SANFREE.

Gets a thousand things. Mostly samphire stones. Sand variations and a billions things free.

Sarah pauses. Separates the two words and types schooner.

Google comes back: Do you mean *Sanafree schooner ship?*

Sarah hits Y. Headlines and images pop up.

Some in color, some black and white sepia. All of a very familiar schooner.

She scrolls down to a SHIP REGISTRY CATALOGUE dating back to 1923.

Sanafree schooner hits the warm waters of the Florida keys after ten years on dry dock. No wreck can stop the integrity of this hull -

Sarah finds another, 1941. Palm Beach Post.

Flagler family bids farewell to close friends Alan and Judith Admundon and their three sons, all missing off the shores of Aruba after their ship The Grand Star was found floating alone-

Sarah, eyes bright, clicks another.

1971, Schooner Henrietta found floating alone off the Ivory Coast after its maiden sail from Cape of Good Hope.

1994, Amazon Sun wrecked off the shores of Virginia Beach. Three dead. Self-inflicted gun wounds on Captain Neil Hass' wife and child-

Sarah puts a hand over her mouth, eyes going wide.

Seeing the various iterations of The Mary throughout the years. All colors and oceans.

Families smiling on the bow. Captains at the wheel.

Finally spotting the oldest PHOTO. Sepia-toned 1893.

Trembling finger clicks.

SANAFREE, BORE FROM THAT STRONG FLORIDA PINE, TO SET SAIL ON A BONY JULY 4TH

Dark-brown image of The Mary, heading out to open waters. Off its menacing bow...

SARAH (V.O.)
YOU KNEW ABOUT THIS?

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - NEXT MOMENT

Sarah, enraged, holding up the paperwork to David.

SARAH
Over a dozen people dead or missing and you knew?!

DAVID
I heard the rumors, I didn't know the whole history.

SARAH
David. Sanafree was a tribe from Florida. They were killed, slaughtered for their land. LAND USED TO BUILD THIS SHIP.

DAVID

Jesus, it's a ramshackle, Sarah, all ramschackles have different pieces and histories-

SARAH

IT'S NOT A RAMSHACKLE, IT'S A DUTCHMAN, DAVID. IT'S A CURSED SHIP.

David stumbles over, getting in her face.

DAVID

There's no such thing as a Dutchman, it's a superstition used to keep crews down, you know that!

SARAH

What I know is people have died or gone missing every time this ship was launched and you elected to keep that one detail from this family-

David SLAMS fist on wall. Scares her.

DAVID

This is our way out. You think I was going to pass up the fire sale of a lifetime because of some shitty ledger's report? How many homes with murder scenes have been sold over the last hundred years? People getting screwed by banks, foreclosures piling up by the truckload and you're going on about some ghost-story horseshit?! Don't you understand that importance? This was make or break for us-

SARAH

NO. THIS WAS MAKE OR BREAK FOR YOU.

(hard)

David, if this had passed us up, we'd have dealt with it and looked for a new path. We've done it before. I have always believed in you. I have stuck beside you thick and thin, but when it involves the safety of our children, there is no compromise. When we reach Hamilton, we are selling this boat.

She starts out. David grabs her wrist, almost violently.

DAVID

You don't decide that.

Sarah pulls away from his grip.

SARAH

It's done.

Before something can happen, LOUD KNOCK.

LINDSEY (O.S.)

(worried, crying)

Mom, something's wrong with Mary.

SMASH TO:

SARAH MOVING THROUGH THE CABIN HALL

David behind her. Coming through the open door of the:

INT. GIRLS BEDROOM

Where Mary lies on the bottom bunk, white as a porcelain doll. Bed stained in sweat.

Lindsey, tearful beside her.

SARAH

Mary, sweet baby?

LINDSEY

(breaking apart)

She woke me up, talking in her sleep.

She won't respond to me.

Sarah crouches down before her daughter. Puts a hand on her pale face.

SARAH

Mary? Mary, honey? Look at me, baby.

Mary, as though influenced. Staring at that crucifix on the wall.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Mary, it's mommy, can you hear me, baby?

Wake up.

DAVID

(moving in, aggressive)

Goddamn it, lemme hold her-

SARAH

GET AWAY.

DAVID
 DON'T TELL ME TO GET AWAY, YOU FUCKING
 BITCH.

Lindsey, hand over her mouth. Finding a corner to hide
 in, never saw this before.

As Sarah, holding Mary, ready to protect.

Mike rambles in, still in boxers and tee shirt.

MIKE
 What's wrong?

SARAH
 Mike, call for help, Mary needs help!

Mike rushes out, leaving David facing off with Sarah a
 moment more. He violently grabs that crucifix, throwing
 it off the wall. Heads off.

EXT. QUARTERDECK - NEXT MOMENT

Mike runs up to the radio, hitting the switches. Nothing
 working. Eyes sharpen at the sight of various CORDS
 stripped off.

The WIFI ANTENNA gutted on the mast.

MIKE
 What the hell-

MIKE'S SLAMMED IN THE FACE

Falls back as David's there, smashes him again with
 Sarah's LAPTOP. Splits his mouth.

SLAMS the laptop on the ship's helm, smashing it to
 pieces.

SARAH
 DAVID.

Sarah grabs his from behind before he can use the jagged
 broken piece to slash Mike.

Who jumps him, throwing all his weight onto his best
 friend.

They all crash violently, clumsily to the ground, finally
 able to restrain David.

DAVID
KILL YOU FUCKERS-

DUCT TAPE is viciously thrown over David's mouth as Sarah works frantically to cut another sheet for his arms and legs.

Lindsey SCREAMS, standing by the hatchway, watching her father come undone like Tommy had.

David, kicking for release as Mike holds him down. Sarah, working to now wind the tape over his wrists.

DAVID'S LEG. Shark wound pussing, stitches torn.

Off his violent SCREAM-

BLACK

EXT. OCEAN - DAY

Dreary, dark morning.

The Mary creaks on the open ocean, stagnant. A thin veil of low-lying marine layer has moved in, covering the world.

INT. CARGO HOLD - SAME

David, groggy and consumed in sweat. Coming to.

Lying on the filthy wood floor. Weak light bulb and nothing more.

Spots some run off blood from his injured leg. Ankles now bound in tape. Realizes his mouth is now free of the duct tape. Spots a thermos of water with a straw.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

PHOTOS of The Briggs on mantle. Happier days.

ON LINDSEY

Holds Mary in her arms in bed. Staring into space. Silent and traumatized.

MIKE (V.O.)
He tore up the main sail --

INT. GALLEY - SAME

Sarah examines a big swatch of canvas Mike just brought in.

MIKE

Must have done it sometime last night. Along with the radio. My cell phone's missing. Take it yours is, too.

Sarah ponders. Nods.

MIKE (CONT'D)

I can't find any diesel which means-

SARAH

We have no inboard power.

Beat. Sarah puts down the sliced canvas.

SARAH (CONT'D)

What about the remaining sails?

MIKE

I can get #3 at full canvas, but we'll barely be at 8 knots and that's with the head wind.

Sarah regards that. Tries to think amid the surreal horror and insanity.

SARAH

We wait for the cloud cover to lift. Then we put up full sail.

MIKE

Sarah. Hamilton's still a good-

SARAH

The hell with Hamilton. We chart a course to the nearest shipping lane. Fire off a flare and get picked up. We're getting off this fucking ship, Mike.

Mike absorbs that. Off an allied nod:

INT. CARGO HOLD - DAY

Water bottle untouched.

David, spread against the wall and floor. Flinches at the pain and heat.

Nothing but the sound of water, creaking from below.

David swallows a breath. Eyes drift closed for a moment. Some kind of delirium setting in.

DAVID
 (hushed, ambiguous)
 You see them now. In the water.
 (breathless)
 You do see them.

He trails off, hasn't blinked.

Sound of footsteps from outside. Soft KNOCK at the closed door.

SARAH (O.S.)
 David.

David, still staring into the ether.

SARAH (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 David, are you awake?

DAVID
 (quietly)
 Yes.

INTERCUT - DAVID/SARAH

SARAH IN THE SMALL HALL

Crouched before the locked door.

SARAH
 David, what did you do to the fuel?

Beat.

DAVID
 Gone.

SARAH
 You ripped up the sails, too?
 (keeping composed)
 David?

David puts his head to the wall. Reflecting.

DAVID

You remember my father's dock? Barely 20, tan as the sand. We couldn't keep our hands off each other. Summer rain storms. They were all ours then, Sarah. All ours.

Tear slides down Sarah's face as she recalls the memory.

DAVID (CONT'D)

We got exactly what we wanted. Didn't we?

Beat.

Sarah wipes her eyes clean. Swallows a breath.

SARAH

David. I have to keep you in there until we get help. We're going to channel into the shipping lanes, we're going to get you help.

He shakes his head.

DAVID

No. We're not going anywhere. You know that.

(off Sarah's silence)

My leg's bad. I'm bleeding out -- Sarah. You need to open this door and help me. I saw them. Hurting you and the girls. Deep underwater. I saw them. All the... limbs...

Sarah cradles a hand over her mouth. New tear runs.

DAVID (CONT'D)

I need to protect you and the girls. You hear me?

Sarah pauses. Ready to open the latch. Stops herself. Swallows a breath, fighting every impulse.

SARAH

I left -- I left some gauze by the water for your leg. You'll be all right, David-

He SLAMS fist on locked door.

DAVID
 NOTHING'S ALL RIGHT. BASTARD OLD MAN
 LEFT ME WITH SHIT, STILL SCREAMING IN MY
 EARS. THEY WILL SLICE OUR BABIES
 STOMACHS WIDE OPEN AND HANG THEM ON THE
 PINES.

(slams again)
 NOW OPEN THIS GODDAMN DOOR!

Sarah cradles herself from the torment. Breaking apart.

SARAH
 David. I'm sorry.

She heads out.

David, face dark in the low light. BATTERS the door with
 his fist. Starts making blood marks from the knuckles.

DAVID
 SARAH. IT'S TOO LATE TO BE SORRY.
 (almost manic)
 WE'LL ALL BE SINKING DOWN THERE.

He continues to slam the door.

INT. LOWER HALL - SAME

The BANGS, reverberating across the old pine.

DAVID (O.S.)
 DOWN THERE, DOWN THERE, DOWN THERE-

Off the horrifying echo:

EXT. OCEAN - EARLY MORNING

Mist settled over The Mary. Dark as hell.

EXT. QUARTERDECK - SAME

Battery-operated clock on the helm: **6.28 6:04 a.m.**

Cigarettes spent.

CLOSE ON MIKE

Groggy, but keeping watch. FLARE GUN at his side.

Stares down at the SAILOR'S CRUCIFIX he took from Mary's room. Gently runs a finger over the old wood. Keeping it close to him now.

Slight bang and creak.

A hissing whisper. Barely audible. Like someone in pain.

Mike perks up on it. Turns around. To the barren AFT DECK. And the mist settling around it.

NEXT MOMENT

Mike comes over. Shines flashlight into the mist. Off a haunting creak of water, he crouches down. Sees something big for the first time.

Inspecting faint traces of FINGERNAIL SCRATCHES covered over the name MARY. Thousands of them.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - SAME

Sarah, exhausted. Fast asleep with Mary in her arms. Lindsey cradled against them.

CLOSE ON LINDSEY'S FACE

Torrid dreams, wincing. Like Sarah, prone to the nightmares.

A HAND suddenly reaches in, gently stroking her hair.

Lindsey twitches at the sensation. Adores it.

Opens her eyes, turning around.

SHADOW OF A SKINNY MALE FORM slips down the hall.

INT. GALLEY HALL - NEXT MOMENT

Lindsey cautiously comes out of the bedroom, shining flashlight down the long hall.

Barely spotting the dark, muscular silhouette to Tommy, moving up the steps.

LINDSEY
(hushed whisper)
Tommy -- ?

EXT. TOPSIDE DECK

FOLLOWING Lindsey out into the white mist. A dreamlike limbo. Hard to see four feet ahead.

Reacts to the creaky sound of steps.

She steps forward, cutting flashlight through the mist.

TOMMY (O.S.)

Over here.

She snaps around. Puts hollow light on Tommy, standing on the bow. Shirt off. Tattoos glistening in the cold light. Looking refreshed, beautiful.

LINDSEY

(hollow, scared)

Tommy, what are you doing here?

TOMMY

Waiting for you.

Lindsey regards that, staring ahead.

HAND moves onto her waist. Tommy, behind her now.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

You've been dreaming about me.

Lindsey, trembling in the morning mist, the cold. He runs his hand up her body.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

I've been dreaming of you.

Moves his hand up to her neck and face.

Lindsey, can't seem to move, lets him run his fingers across her skin. The sensation, both terrifying and curious.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

You're the most beautiful girl, Lindsey.

Lindsey closes her eyes as he moves closer. Delicately kissing her lips.

LINDSEY

You're not here. You left us.

TOMMY

I came back. For you.

With that, Tommy shows the NOOSE. Knotted and perfect.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
I couldn't leave you. I couldn't leave
this beautiful ship.

CLOSE ON LINDSEY

Tear crystallizes from her eye. As he catches the tear.
Lowers his DEAD HAND down to her neck.

LINDSEY IS NOW WEARING THE NOOSE

TOMMY (CONT'D)
When you awaken, you'll be with me. With
us all.

Lindsey opens her eyes, now finding herself standing on
the rickety edge of the HALF MAST. Noose attached to the
wing-bar above her.

Sleepwalking into death.

TOMMY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
(no longer here)
Isn't it perfect?

Lindsey look down at the RUIN below. Vague bodies of the
Sanafree massacre, barely visible in the white mist.

LINDSEY
(terrified)
I want to wake up.

TOMMY (O.S.)
You will. Take my hand.

EXT. AFT DECK - SAME

Mike examining the scratches. Finally hears the
muttering. Now spots Lindsey standing on the high mast
post.

Extending her hand in lucid dreamstate.

MIKE
Lindsey -- ?!

Lindsey steps forward, fast-dropping off the post.

Snaps back up as the rope breaks her neck and hangs her.
An unnatural, horrifying motion.

Cracks the mast as both fall off the side, into the ocean.

CLOSE ON MIKE

Screams her name, rushing up to the starboard. Left the FLARE GUN on the ICE CHEST.

NEXT CUT

As Mike comes up to the misty side, trying to look into the water.

MIKE (CONT'D)

LINDSEY.

Horrified, he turns around to get Sarah.

HAND rushes out of the pure white mist. FLARE GUN to Mike's face.

Off a BLAST OF POWER OUTAGE --

SMASH TO:

SARAH STARTLED AWAKE

Pivots at the small DESK FAN, winding down. Power gone.

No lights.

Lindsey is gone. Huge stain of sweat left in her wake on the bed. Sarah realizes Mary's vanished, too.

SARAH

Mah -- Mary? LINDSEY?

Sarah staggers up, checking her half ajar door. An eerie creak and nothing more.

Sarah jumps from the bed, grabbing flashlight and a KITCHEN KNIFE on the dresser.

INT. GALLEY HALL

Dark silhouette of Sarah, moving out, ready to kill.

Passes the GALLEY AREA, shocked to find that the table has been set. The aura of a small family ready for Sunday dinner.

Sarah controls her fear, drifting over to the sleeping quarters of Mike and Tommy.

SARAH

Mike -- ?

Creaks open the door. Startled to find beds neatly made. Everything too organized.

Loud BANG snaps her around. Coming from the dreaded:

INT. CARGO HOLD - NEXT MOMENT

Sarah shines flashlight down four steps into that small HALL.

SARAH

(a whisper)

Mary?

She takes a step forward. Horrified to spot that CARGO DOOR now breached. David gone.

OFF SARAH'S FACE --

DAVID

Mist has cleared.

Sarah spins with the KNIFE.

Struck by the METAL SAND GRATE --

HARD BLACK

Long beat.

CLOSE ON SARAH

Fighting head wound. Groggily opens eyes, finding herself lying beside:

MIKE'S DEAD BODY

His face gone from the point-blank flare shot. A blurred image from Sarah's perspective. She tries to scream. Can't.

EXT. TOPSIDE DECK - DAY

Loud rip of duct tape working around her body. As she tries to speak. Her mouth now in bind.

Realizes the HONDA POWER GENERATOR is now being taped to her body like a heavy diving weight. Mike's body, already attached to it.

More loud rip of duct tape. Eerily methodical, almost mundane in its wrapping.

DAVID (O.S.) (CONT'D)

It's almost over. We'll be together.

Sarah angrily fights the bind as another coil of duct tape goes around her waist and Honda generator. She kicks her legs, screaming Mary's name.

David finally turns her over, facing him. Hovering over her with a grim, calm finality.

DAVID (CONT'D)

The door was open. They wanted me to finish it.

Sarah takes a deep breath in her bind. Eyes wet.

DAVID (CONT'D)

This is how we atone. Just like Mike did. And our sweet Lindsey.

David gestures to the severed mast. Lindsey's death.

Sarah tries to scream. David sets a final coil around her body, strapping the tape to the genny.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Mary will, too. When we find her.

Sarah regards that. David didn't take her yet.

She swallows a hard breath. Tries speaking his name through the tape.

David looks up to the sky. An eerie peace.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Then we can sail.

She mutters his name again. Almost pleadingly.

David regards her. Pulls that horrible KITCHEN KNIFE. Uses it to cut a piece of tape from her mouth.

She spits, breathes heavily.

SARAH

(half voice)

David. David, this isn't you. It's doing this to you, David. You love me, you love your family. Oh God, David, fight it.

David shushes her, gently wiping sweat from her face.

SARAH (CONT'D)

We can still save Mary.

(breaking apart)

Our daughter. Listen to me, listen to my voice. I'm your wife, David. Please don't do this.

(passionate, trying to reach him)

You can fight it, David, don't-

David seals a new piece of duct tape over her mouth. She begins the scream through it as he kisses her bound lips.

DAVID

(a whisper)

I'll see you down there.

And with that, David rises up as she screams hysterically through the duct tape.

David, no hesitation -- KICKS THE GENERATOR OVER THE SIDE.

SARAH AND MIKE FALL WITH IT

INTO THE DEPTHS, SINKING FAST

(for the purposes of this underwater sequence, there are no cuts. We are entirely in Sarah's POV.)

As we go CLOSE on Sarah's terrified face. Seeing the surface above go colder, darker. Going down 10, 20 meters.

Effervescent bubbles rising up from her nose. Mouth duct-taped, providing some deterrent from the water.

As we SINK WITH HER. Down, down -- a nightmare every human being has had, suffered through: drowning alive at the bottom of the sea.

As SARAH'S EYES try to remain alert, in the here and now.

She SLAMS to a bottom reef, the heavier generator striking the bed first.

She jerks her head, trying to find a way to free herself.

Mike's body begins to drift up from the bloat. Still bound to the generator. Bumping up beside her.

Sarah winces, keeping from passing out as her bound HANDS find their way on the sharp coral. Begins using the jagged coral to cut through her wrist binds.

Slicing some skin as she does it.

Myriad of blood blossoms into the dark water as she's nearly through the final layers. One huge, final struggle. Cuts her skin badly on the coral --

But BREAKS THE DUCT TAPE BINDS.

With seconds left, Sarah pinches her nose for equalize the pressure in her ears.

Furiously digs through Mike's dead person. Checking for anything she can use. Comes up with that WOODEN CRUCIFIX.

Breaks it in half, using the jagged piece as a means of tearing through her final binds. Stabbing through the tape to free herself.

Finally gets enough leverage to cut herself loose of the generator.

Kicks herself up from the reef bottom, starting back up.

As WE'RE RIGHT WITH HER. Summoning all her strength, a lifetime swimming the deep ocean waters, using every last ounce of air to propel herself up.

Sarah can't breathe. We can't breathe.

As she struggles to find the light of day, use it as guide. Then. Spots the ship's ANCHOR AND CHAIN rising up from the seabed.

Sarah, new sense of urgency, fights to get it, swimming hard and fast.

Grabs onto the chain just as it propels her like a lift crane. She gasps, now beginning to suffocate. Can't hold on.

As the chain comes up, she BREAKS TO SURFACE, hugging the side of the boat. Comes up just as the BIG ANCHOR does, buffering any noise.

Rips the duct tape off her mouth to take huge breaths. Has to cling to the side of the bow, putting a hand over her face. Taking huge, life-affirming breaths as we:

PAN UP TO REVEAL DAVID

Winding up the final length of chain with the mechanical pulley. Locks it in place.

Loud SLAM of machinery stopping. The deliberate creak of water consumes as David drifts away...

PANNING BACK TO SARAH

Still clinging to the side of the boat, hiding beneath the bow. Using the slap of water as buffer, she starts to make her way around to the rear of the ship.

Using the current to propel her toward that EASY LADDER.

Loud SLAP OF SAIL as the one remaining goes up.

The Mary is starting out, having caught the wind.

Sarah won't make the ladder on ship's port side in time.

Takes a deep breath, DIVING BACK DOWN.

Going UNDERNEATH THE MARY AS IT RUMBLES ABOVE HER.

MOVING WITH SARAH

As she propels herself under the bottom and up the other side, GRABBING the LADDER RUNG just in time.

Pulls her along for the ride as she comes back to:

EXT. OCEAN SURFACE (END OF NO-CUT SEQUENCE)

Water pouring over her face as she pulls herself up upon the slippery ladder. Energy nearly depleted.

Trembling now from the sheer cold and terror. Using it to propel her own. Moving clandestinely onto the:

EXT. AFT DECK - SAME

Where the one sail is now at full, snapping hard in the wind.

FOLLOWING SARAH as she hides behind a big plastic block whose velcro straps secure the INFLATABLE RAFT.

Rips the inflatable from the velcro, kicking it over the side. Pulls the cord, automatically sending the dingy to full-air as it hits the water below.

Sarah keeps the rope tethered around the snap bar, will be her escape from The Mary.

Moves around the block to spy the QUARTERDECK AND STEERING WHEEL.

No one at the helm. Wheel's locked into position.

Before she can sneak around to the HATCH --

David reappears, coming up the shaft.

Looking panicked, flustered. Holding a big, scary BUTCHER'S KNIFE.

Sarah, staggering, has to make a play here and now. Runs up to the rear mast.

Jumps up high, pulling the fret knot loose.

Sends a crackle snap of rope flying over the deck, causing David to turn toward it.

In the momentary diversion, SARAH CHARGES THE QUARTERDECK.

He turns and spots her.

DAVID

SARAH.

Sarah SCREAMS, unlocking the wheel. Turns it hard right.

THE ENTIRE SHIP TURNS ON ITS SIDE.

Enough to SLAM David down to the deck. Falls hard as the BUTCHER KNIFE slides out of his grasp.

Huge spray of saltwater pounds the side of the boat as The Mary rights herself.

Sarah's now hard-charging for the knife before David can get it. Crashes down on top of him as both crash to the ship's side.

Sarah, pure adrenaline, tearing his face with her bare hands. Slamming his head to the deck.

SARAH
WHERE IS SHE? WHERE?

He back-hands her with the weight of rock salt. She tumbles back as he reclaims the butcher blade. Raises it high like some killer possessed --

As SARAH powers into him.

The BUTCHER BLADE falls back onto deck, sliding in the tilt --

CLOSE ON DAVID AND SARAH

Husband and wife, face to face. Staring at each other on the floor of their ship. As we now REVEAL the crucifix piece gouged into David's chest.

He freezes up, as if stunned. Manages to stumble up, tearing off part of his shirt. Faces Sarah with scared eyes.

A man for only a moment, returned to himself.

DAVID
There wasn't pain.

With that, he falls backwards into the OCEAN. Into deep depths.

HARD ON SARAH

Tears flowing, unsure if that meant their daughter. Grabs up the butcher's knife.

SARAH
Mary. MARY.

Sarah gets up, nearly SLAMMED to death by a violent turn of the MAST'S BOOM.

She moves around it, fueled by her love for Mary and her hate for this ship.

New SCREAMS all around her. Distant, chilling echoes, mixing with the loud spray of ocean water.

The voices are primal, native and violent. The screams of countless butchered souls bound to the wood of this ship.

Sarah, horrified, has to put a hand over her ear as the ship -- with wheel now unlocked -- twists and turns in the new winds.

SARAH (CONT'D)

MARY.

FOLLOWING Sarah as she starts down the HATCH, making her way down those steps we now know so well, into the:

LOWER DECK

Loud pounding of waves against the sides as Sarah move through that DARK HALL.

FORMS in darkness, sprinting through the lower deck. Loud, tribal cries reverberate through the walls.

Now mixing with the unintelligible cries, screams and voices of those who have perished on this boat.

My wrists. The blood.

You'll be with us, Adam, take my hand

Her heart, look at it still beating

It hurts, Marian.

Put the gun in your mouth

We walk into the water. Way down there.

A horrible cacophony of sound as Sarah SCREAMS it all away.

SARAH

DON'T HURT MY BABY.

Sudden rush of CHILD DARTING from Mary's room into the master bedroom. Door SLAMS closed.

SARAH (CONT'D)

MARY.

Sarah charges the door, finding it locked.

SARAH (CONT'D)

MARY.

She begins furiously chopping the door latch apart with the butcher's blade. Third chop blows it open.

She drops the blade, running into the:

INT. MASTER BEDROOM

Looks around her. WAVES pounding on the windows as the boat is half titled in her unmanned course.

In that moment of DEPTH, we SEE the bloated bodies of the dead, smashing violently against the glass.

Sarah SCREAMS as the visions rush off with the tide.

LOUD BANG.

Sarah snaps around. Sound came from that dreaded CUBBY HOLE.

SARAH
(breathless)

Mary?

She darts for it. Tries to throw it open. Realizes a 19TH CENTURY PADLOCK is now locked on the bolt.

SARAH (CONT'D)

MARY.

She tries kicking it open. Won't budge. Looks around. Races over to get the butcher's blade.

Suddenly freezes over. Staring at something UNSEEN on the desk. Something that's always been there, right in front of her.

THE CAPTAIN'S LOG

Pages now rewritten. Lines about perfect sunsets and mornings.

*Lindsey doing a jig on the deck, David can't keep up.
Pathetic.*

Another page.

*Spotting more dolphins in the Bermuda circle. Guiding us
into Hamilton and --*

Another.

Red sky at night, sailor's delight!

Another.

No single mention of a nightmare. Of Tommy. Of David.

HARD ON SARAH

Whatever distress and anxiety-ridden panic she had written about is now replaced with mundane, pleasant entries.

The final page turning over:

June 28th, Easy NW winds, 10:12 am.

Mary finally lost the tooth, wants to keep it! Now within Hamilton by afternoon, very sorry Sanfree!

Sickened, she drops the LOG to the floor. With its flat smack, the ship grows calm. Having righted itself.

As Sarah collapses to her knees, destitute. Nothing left in her.

Then, in the dead silence, off her unstoppable tremble...

VOICE

(dead whisper)

MaaaReee.

Sarah, face shaking, regards that small dresser mirror.

Obscure FORMS in the reflection.

The dead from the ship over its many years.

Dressed in various fashions of the decade, era.

Some with slit wrists. Others wet from drowning.

Made all the more disturbing as we never quite see their faces.

A SMALL BOYISH FORM drifts up to Sarah. She turns around to face him.

ALL WE FRAME IS SARAH'S EYES

Full of terror and regret.

SARAH

I'm sorry.

(hushed, mortified)

I'm so sorry.

CLOSE ON HIS EYES

The eyes of a boy. Native aura. Capillaries burst.
Just like in Mary's drawings.

In blurred b.g., the form of Lindsey. Now dead, noose
still around her snapped neck. Quietly making the bed.
Tucking in corners.

BACK ON SARAH

Understanding of the horror, the retribution. Falling to
his dead, small feet. Pale, filled in muck.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Let me have them back. Oh God, please
let me have them.

HIS EYES

Sunken, dark. Turning down to gauge her. Reaches out,
placing a burned, torn up hand on her wet hair. Begins
stroking it.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Let me have them back.

THE DEAD NOW SURROUNDING SARAH

Drenched bodies, standing there like lost souls. A
mixture of the Sanafree tribe and those who have
succumbed to the evil of the ship.

SARAH (CONT'D)

(destitute)

Let me.

She closes her eyes, taking deep breaths. Moves hands
forward to feel his toes.

Feels nothing but a small, old 19th century TURN KEY.
Left for her on the floorboard.

Sarah, opens her eyes. Seeing nothing now.

Then, sound of a little girl's muttering.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Mary.

With a flash of hope, Sarah pulls herself up. Runs for that CUBBY HOLE.

SARAH (CONT'D)

MARY.

Hears her daughter's weak breaths. Sarah fights to get the key in and turn the bolt.

SARAH (CONT'D)

MOMMY'S HERE. HOLD ON, BABY.

She throws open the door, moving through:

INTO THE FAINT DARKNESS

Ready to hold her daughter. It's barren.

Nothing but some storage chests and the last of Mary's DRAWINGS. Sarah and the family, all standing on the bow of the ship. Scratched out faces in red crayon.

Then. The sound of real scratching --

As Sarah turns around. Spotting a glimpse of little MARY, upside down on the wall. Long hair covers her limp body. Drenched in water, as though recently drowned.

Fingernails DIGGING into the wall as she's dragged up to the ceiling. Already dead.

SARAH (CONT'D)

NO.

DOOR SLAMS CLOSED.

BLACK

Dead beat.

Titles: **June 30th**

UP FROM BLACK:

THE MARY, FLOATING ALONE TO HERSELF

We've returned to that opening sequence.

As we now see the COAST GUARD BOAT entering the scene from the schooner's point-of-view...

INT. CAPTAIN'S DECK - COAST GUARD SHIP - NEXT CUT

CAPTAIN on that handset, calling in codes. His men have already boarded.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - SAME

We've returned to that moment where the Lieutenant's looking over the log on the ground.

Sailor 2 shines light on Mary's fingernail scratches.

Loud BANG. Coming from the cubby hole.

Everyone takes point as Lieutenant calls it in.

LIEUTENANT

Possible 112, advise derelict.

CAPTAIN (O.S.)

Copy, calling in tow.

CUBBY DOOR

Now unlocked, just like it was in the beginning.

LIEUTENANT

Coast guard on deck. Anyone in there, any injuries?

Puts her hand on the door's handle. Her others, ready with weapons.

Lieutenant. Pauses for effort. Yanks it open.

As she shines light into --

AN EMPTY CUBBY HOLE

Loud BANG from one of the WHEELED STORAGE CHESTS rolling up against the wall. Caused by the chop of sea.

Lieutenant regards it a moment more.

SAILOR 2

CLEAR?

She pauses, wanting more. Eyes scan everything. Sweat and tremble.

LIEUTENANT

Clear.

Sound of boots as her men clear more angles.

She stays there. Shines flashlight on that single drawing, left behind. The Family Briggs.

CUT TO:

EXT. PORT OF HAMILTON - BERMUDA - DUSK

Dark sunset off the bow of The Mary.

Bermudan Port Authority tape blocked off around its slip. A boat under investigation.

INT. HOUSE - HAMILTON - NIGHT

That Lieutenant. First name HELENE. Shed of her official uniform now. Like Sarah, surfer tee and shorts. A mother.

Gently runs her hand over the face of her little 5 year-old BOY. Drifting to sleep on a humble sofa couch.

Off the INVESTIGATION REPORTS in her lap...

INT. BEDROOM - SAME

Helene awakens in the dark. Abstract nightmare. Feels her face.

INT. WORK ROOM - NIGHT

Helene, surrounded in photos of her naval service and family.

Peers over the many pages of The Mary port investigation.

Five individuals. Whereabouts, unknown.

PHOTOS of Sarah, David and the others.

Just like those countless other articles, they are now part of the mystery.

Helene turns a page, rereading the evidentiary report.

One knife (blade) recovered in Captain's room. No physical signs of distress.

A sixth individual tied to case, Tommy Weathers, found hanged in Abaco, Bahamas. Death determined suicide.

CLOSE ON HELENE

Haunted by it. Sets down the police pages.

NEXT CUT

Moves over to her window, pulling back thin drapes.

She lives right next to the marina, staring past the many boats and slips at that one ominous schooner, The Mary.

EXT. SLIP - NIGHT

The thin silhouette of Helene, dressed in official windbreaker, wearing naval ID. Moves through the yellow tape, boarding with flashlight.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Eerie creak of door as Helene moves through. Needing to take another look.

At the scratches in the wall.

At the perfectly-written pages of the log.

The drawing of the Briggs Family.

Finally, putting light in that CUBBY HOLE. Moving in, crouching down. Feels the place around her.

Something wrong here. Feels it in her bones.

Maybe because she's a naval officer who can't accept the obvious. Maybe because she's simply a woman and mother.

Feels the contours of the wood just as Sarah once had when first boarding.

Moves fingers through the floorboards, trying to understand. Suddenly stops. Feels something. Has to reach in and pull it out from a board crack...

A tiny TOOTH. Mary's tooth.

Helene, haunted by the find, puts it to her eyeline. Eyes welling up.

Then. Barely hears it in the wood: a distant, almost indecipherable Irish lullaby. Sarah's voice. Dry, lost.

Helene reacts. Eyes hovering over the darkness.

Nothing here making senses. But something very wrong.

Off the abrupt roar of CHAIN SAW...

EXT. SHIPYARD - BERMUDA - DAY

CHAIN SAW cutting through the bow post of The Mary.

Big labor crew covering the deck, breaking the ship down in a big demolition. Saw cuts through that mast with Sanfree as Contractor looks on.

Posted on the helm:

#4451 Vessel Condemnation Notice. Raise Hereby Granted, Naval Magistrate of Greater Bermuda.

ON SOUNDTRACK, a lone child sings that delicate lullaby in its native Irish Gaelic.

Single-toned. Haunting and powerful...

EXT. MARINA SCRAPYARD - DAY

Huge bits and pieces of The Mary being scrapped and salvaged in steel tubs. WORKERS separating the goods from the bads.

One picks up a big piece of block wood, checking its weight and integrity.

EXT. ANOTHER SHIPYARD - CARRIBEAN - DAY

Crates pried open as HANDS pull various ship components and newly-filed particle board.

MANUAL LABOR and MACHINES working in tandem, putting something big together.

As the single-note score plays out...

EXT. UNSEEN SCHOONER - DAY

MEN on deck, putting together the final pieces of flooring. FOLLOWING a DAY LABORER as he carries a big piece of boat wood.

TWO OTHERS holding up a big mast in place as the WORKER moves toward them.

NEXT CUT

Fitting the third piece of mast in place as we barely note the diminished scratching: Sanfree

PULLING BACK TO REVEAL

A brand-new schooner. Made from key components of other ships. The most infamous of which we know all too well...

EXT. OCEAN - DAY

FRAMING a vast ocean. Somewhere in the Caribbean or Mexico. Under a blood-orange sky setting.

Joining the grim lullaby, a whispered cacophony of voices. New to the darkness...

We'll be together again

I'm sorry, Lindsey.

Mommy, look at them all

I want a dragon... all blue and yellow.

Off that final voice, a SCHOONER sails quietly into FRAME. Paint set in calico blue and yellow.

Dark in the coming sunrise. Heading out to open ocean. Monotonous and mesmerizing.

Day and night as one. A Magritte painting.

Loud snap as EXPENSIVE SAILS rise. Union Jack.

Her new owners. Heading out into open waters with their lovely schooner.

And the final notes of the lullaby die down.

The voice just stops.

Nothing but a diminishing, late-day wind and that malevolent creaking of water.

In the creaking comes a raspy, unforgettable whisper:

UNKNOWN

Marree.

BLACK

*