

THE OCEAN DEEP

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. BEACH - EVENING

JAKE CARVER, 35, ex-pro surfer, fiddles with an MP3 player.

The earphone's line trails through his shirt and attaches to the two earphones stuck in his ears.

Swimming suit clad tourists ease back on the beach on various colored towels and umbrellas.

A pair of surfers bound down the sand for the water, hauling their boards with them.

ALAN CARSON, 35, drops a stack of papers near Jake. He sits down next to him, setting his drink in the sand.

Jake pulls out one of his earphones.

ALAN

At times it seems it's going to be okay and other times, I'm just not sure.

JAKE

The research center was rejected again?

Alan sighs.

ALAN

They don't think it's worth the funding to study one small reef when there are others more worthy of their dollars, so they say.

JAKE

We'll find another way.

ALAN

I think it holds what we're looking for if we could just convince...

Alan turns over a page on the stack, staring at his own handwriting.

JAKE

We could always open the old shop, perhaps with the revenue...

Alan is absorbed into the study sheets.

JAKE
Want a drink?

ALAN
Huh? Oh, I've got one.

Jake half nods, focusing on the beach and the ocean.

The tide recedes back, exposing the sandbar.

Jake sets down the ear phones and shuts off the MP3. He sits up.

Brought to his feet in a trance like state, he steps forward.

The water continue to pull back.

JAKE
Alan.

ALAN
Yeah?

JAKE
Get Samara.

ALAN
Wha...?

Alan sees the water pulling back and clamors to his feet.

JAKE
Get them to the shelter.

The tsunami alarms on the beach blare, the beach falls into chaos, screams erupt in a heightened pitch.

Jake runs down the beach.

EXT. PRO SHOP

Alan dash behind a dilapidated old shack. The windows are boarded up.

A dishevelled sign barely makes out the letters "PRO-BOARDS".

He walks past it to a well kept garden patch. SAMARA, 34, is on her hands and knees pulling weeds.

ALAN
Samara, where are the kids?

SAMARA
They're in the shop, why?

ALAN
Grab them, we're leaving.

SAMARA
Alan?

ALAN
Don't you hear the sirens?

SAMARA
I thought that was a shark...no?
What's happening.

ALAN
Tsunami.

Samara's face whitens. KRISTEN, 10, and DAVIE, 8, run out of the shop.

DAVIE
Dad, I made a...

Alan grabs him and starts running. Samara tugs along Kristen.

KRISTEN
Dad, what's going on?

ALAN
To the shelter.

DAVIE
Dad, my project, I can't...

Davie turns back for it. Alan grabs him and picks him up.

ALAN
Davie, listen to me, we'll get it later.

EXT. BEACH

A surfer runs to the water, his surfboard stuck under his arm, a boyish grin breaking across his face.

Jake grabs him by the collar of his wet suit.

JAKE
You want to live past today?

The young man pauses.

YOUNG MAN

It's the biggest wave since, I
don't know, I'm never going to get
another chance like this.

JAKE

There's surfing and there's
suicide.

He drags the young man up the beach and pushes him toward the
shelter.

He throws his board in frustration and enters the shelter.

EXT. STORM SHELTER

Alan moves his family into the shelter, he scans the area
looking for Jake.

The tsunami wave is visible now, surging along the beach.

ALAN

Jake!

INT. WORKSHOP

Jake tosses aside stacks of papers uncovering a custom
surfboard.

He grabs a thick worn notebook and the surf board.

Jake spots a makeshift necklace composed of a leather strap
tied together.

A piece of a surfboard rudder hangs from the end, curled at
the tip.

JAKE

Can't leave this.

He grabs it from the hook.

EXT. STORM SHELTER

Alan stands in the door frame, scanning the area.

The submarine style door to the storm shelter is pushed
against him.

Alan grabs it and forces it to stay open.

ALAN

Wait, just a little longer.

An old woman peers out of the darkness.

OLD WOMAN

If we don't close it now we'll all
drown.

ALAN

Please, he's coming.

Alan pleads with her. She relaxes her grip on the door.

Jake bounds over the side, landing near Alan.

Alan grabs him and pulls him inside. The wave swallows the
ground in front of them.

Together, they force the door closed, the water beats against
it, forcing it back open.

Water spews through the cracks around the door.

People pile against it, using their body weight to force it
back closed.

The door seals and Alan twists the lock as Jake props his
body against it.

They back away from the door, soaked, listening to the sounds
of the water surround the shelter.

Alan claps Jake on the shoulder and they chuckle.

EXT. STORM SHELTER - MORNING

The storm door creaks open casting light into the shelter.

Jake emerges, holding his hand out in the sunlight.

He steps out of the way as others follow, suspiciously
surveying the surrounding area.

Fallen palm trees litter the area, their wet leaves plastered
across the buildings.

Alan follows him out, examining the beach.

Resurfaced boats in all shapes and sizes litter the beach, marked by seaweed and washed up fish.

JAKE

It's as if the ocean spit out all that it had swallowed.

ALAN

The reef!

Alan bounds down the beach. Jake runs after him, catching him by the shirt. Alan whips around by the force coming face to face with Jake.

JAKE

Now's not the time.

ALAN

The damage, they...

Alan struggles to get away.

JAKE

Not now. The fish will be frenzied and who knows if another wave isn't still out there.

ALAN

But I have to know, there was a new growth of coral just off.

JAKE

Calm down, you're not using your head. We'll check on them in a few days. Okay?

Alan stops struggling. Jake releases him and he crumples to the beach.

JAKE

They'll be okay.

Jake pats Alan on the back and steps away.

EXT. BOAT - DAY

Alan hauls gear onto the boat, dropping them over the side.

Samara stands on the beach, her arms wrapped around her stomach.

SAMARA
You sure this is a good idea?

ALAN
Twenty minutes, tops.

SAMARA
I'll hold you to it. Kristen's
play is in an hour, but I have to
take her early, costumes and all.

Alan kisses Samara on the cheek.

ALAN
I'll be there as soon as I can,
save me a seat.

Samara nods. Jake walks up, carrying gear in one hand. He touches Samara on the shoulder with his free one.

JAKE
I'll make sure he's there.

SAMARA
Thanks, Jake. You'll come too
won't you?

JAKE
Wouldn't miss it for the world,
she's like family.

Jake places the gear on the boat and climbs aboard.

Alan waves to Samara and blows her a kiss.

She pretends to catch it and places it in her pocket.

EXT. OCEAN REEF - DAY

The ocean reef is alive with movement. Fish swim around the coral, scattering a bit here and there.

A shark swims lazily in the distance, crossing from side to side, hunting.

Alan swims in SNUBA gear along the reef, snapping pictures at the coral and fish.

Bits of debris are scattered along the reef.

He releases the camera and it hangs on it's strap.

Alan pulls off a larger uneven plank of wood from a set of coral, laying it harmlessly on an open patch of sand.

He stares ahead at a group of coral, picking up stray bits of palm leaves and seaweed.

He examines the exposed edges with his gloved fingers.

He moves on, pulling his breathing line along with him.

His breathing line trails to the surface, attached to a rubber raft with a compressed air tank on top.

EXT. OCEAN SURFACE

A sail boat rests on the surface of the water, rolling with the small waves in the sheltered bay.

Jake fiddles with a radio on the boat, and leans back in his seat, cracking a soda.

He watches the small raft, carrying Alan's air supply, drift further away from the boat.

A second boat drives into the bay at a low speed. They slow as they move closer to Jake.

He sips on it. He sets down the can and reaches for a stack of research papers.

Sifting through the study sheets, Jake shuffles them, muttering as he does.

JAKE

Study sheet, study sheet, study
sheet...boring!

A surfer comes rolling in on one of the larger waves, outside of the bay, cheering as he does.

Jake jumps to his feet, tossing the papers aside.

JAKE

Yeah!

He cheers the surfer on with an air horn. The surfer loses his balance and tumbles head first into the water.

JAKE

Amateur.

Jake glances around and reaches into his pocket.

He stares at a picture of his younger self, standing proudly by a surfboard trophy.

He traces the picture with his thumb.

The speed boat drifts in the water, carried by their remaining inertia.

The men in the other boat stare into the water, following one of the larger shadows in the water.

They dump a weighted net into the water near Alan's raft.

Jake stuffs the picture back into his pocket.

JAKE

Hey! You can't do that. It's a no fishing zone.

The two men inside the boat panic.

The speed boat veers away and disappears around the bend.

The waves from their boat hit Jake's boat and rocks it in the water, the raft lifts and is carried back along the surface.

Jake grabs onto the side, and plunges the air horn under water, compression the button in short bursts.

Jake pulls out a rudder piece that is hung around his neck by a leather strap.

It is warped, curled in. His fingers rub it superstitiously.

EXT. OCEAN REEF

Alan picks up an empty shell, turning it over in his hands.

The sound of an air horn blares Alan out of his thoughts. The air line tightens and tugs him backward.

A weighted net falls over him trapping him against the coral, the respirator pulls free from his mouth.

He pulls out his knife and saws away at the ropes.

He clenches his mouth as small bubbles escape his mouth.

Fighting his way free, he jumps for the drifting respirator, scraping his leg across the coral.

Blood seeps from his wound and dissipates into the water.

EXT. OCEAN SURFACE

Alan surfaces, tossing aside the respirator, gasping for air and coughing.

He lobs the net over raft, keeping it from falling back into the water.

Jake throws him a rope.

JAKE
What happened down there?

ALAN
This net, where the heck did it
come from?

JAKE
Some idiots in a speed boat.

Alan grabs onto the rope.

EXT. OCEAN REEF

Bits of blood drift in the water.

The shark catches the scent of blood in the water and turns toward Alan.

He watches him move along the surface, a rope hanging between his legs.

Blood seeps from the scrapes on his leg.

The shark flips upward, opening his jaws as he nears.

EXT. BEACH

The boat slides onto the sandbar.

A shirtless Jake jumps out, splashing into the water, pulling Alan with him.

He drags Alan onto the beach as a lifeguard runs to him.

JAKE
He's been attacked. Get help.

He lays Alan on the beach. Jake's soaked shirt dresses the wound.

Jake holds Alan's hand and presses his other hand on Alan's forehead.

JAKE
Stay with us.

Alan fades from consciousness.

INT. SCHOOL AUDITORIUM

Families line the chairs set up in the room.

The stage shines through the darkness.

Kristen stands on the stage singing "IT'S A HARD KNOCKED LIFE" from the play "LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE" with the other children in the play.

Her smiles falls as she stares out into the audience.

Samara sits next to two empty seats.

Kristen looks down and recovers, returning to her place in the song.

Samara frowns and looks at the two empty seats next to her.

INT. HOSPITAL WAITING ROOM - DAY

The falsely warm room, cast in the florescent lights lining the ceiling, isolates Jake from the rest of the hospital bustle.

He sits hunched over in the chair, holding his head between his hands.

Samara walks in, holding Kristen and Davie by the hand. Kristen still wears the makeup from the play.

Jake spots them approaching and jumps to his feet.

Samara pauses at the door, staring down the empty corridor.

SAMARA
How is he?

JAKE
It was close, he's in recovery.

Samara's shoulders sag as she leans against the wall.

A doctor clothed in fresh surgeon scrubs walks down the hall.

DOCTOR

Are you Alan Carson's wife?

Samara straightens up and steps forward.

SAMARA

I am. How is he?

DOCTOR

He is stabilized and resting.
He will need time to heal. There
is some nerve damage, he may
recover from this but it's too
early to tell. We were able to
reattach the tendon as well as his
femoral artery, it will keep him
from losing his leg but how much
function he will regain, I can't
say.

Samara nods her head, tears welling in her eyes.

She bites her lower lip, attempting to fight them back.

She puts on a brave face for the kids.

SAMARA

Daddy's going to be just fine.

The doctor studies her for a minute.

DOCTOR

You can see him now.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

A vitals monitor beeps near the bed as the jagged line jumps
up and down following the pattern of Alan's struggling heart.

He lays in the hospital bed, his leg bandaged and propped.

Samara sits to the side of him, holding his hand and stroking
his hair.

Kristen and Davie hang out near the other bed which is empty.

Jake sits in a chair near the foot of the bed, his face
etched with worry.

SAMARA

Kristen was the star in the play. We're sorry we were late. They didn't allow any phones in the auditorium. You would have been proud of her though.

KRISTEN

Mom. He can't hear you.

DAVIE

Is Dad ever going to wake up?

SAMARA

Oh, of course he is. It's Dad. You'll see, the nurse will bring by a tray of food and his eyes will pop wide open. He's been a lot of things but he's never missed a meal.

A knock on the door draws their attention. A nurse walks in carrying a tray.

She lifts the lid, a puff of steam rises near his bed.

Alan stirs, his eyes blinking open.

ALAN

(weakly)

Something smells good.

The family breaks into giggles. The nurse looks around, a bit confused.

She smiles down at Alan.

NURSE

I brought you some yummy broth and a cup of tea.

Alan moans.

His head sags to the side and he stares into Samara's teary eyes.

ALAN

Sorry I missed the play, honey. I was kind of strapped to my work.

SAMARA

It's great to see you still have your sense of humor.

Alan sobers up.

ALAN

There was a net, it caught me
against the coral. I made it out,
but the shark...

Samara soothes him.

SAMARA

It's over. You'll be home in a few
days.

Alan touches Samara's hair and half smiles. He reaches out
to the kids.

They move over to his side and lean in for a hug.

Davie leans on the bed, his boyish round eyes stare at his
dad with quiet enthusiasm.

DAVIE

A shark, really? Was it big?

SAMARA

Davie.

Samara scolds him and pulls him back.

ALAN

It's okay. Why don't you take the
kids out to dinner tonight.

SAMARA

I can't leave you alone.

JAKE

I'll stay with him. I'll call you
if anything happens.

Samara forces her concern back.

SAMARA

Sleep well honey, I'll be back in
the morning.

Samara touches his forehead and stands up.

The nurse moves the tray within Alan's reach.

He looks distastefully at the sparse tray of liquids.

ALAN
Eat something for me.

Samara chuckles and herds the kids out.

The nurse walks to the door. Jake pulls a chair closer to the bed.

ALAN
You want some of this?

Jake holds up his hand.

JAKE
Thanks, I'll pass.

ALAN
I...

JAKE
You know you really had me going back there. You shouldn't scare me like that.

Jake leans back in the chair.

Alan smiles and opens the broth. He takes a sniff and cringes as the liquid touches his tongue.

ALAN
They call this food?

Jake places a hat over his eyes and chuckles.

EXT. PRO SHOP - DAY

Alan and Jake stand in front of their pro board shop and staple up a plastic sign "GRAND RE-OPENING".

The small shack looking shop features top boards and gear hung on display in the windows.

Alan claps Jake on the shoulder.

Favoring his injured leg, Alan hobbles back to gaze at the shop.

ALAN
Opening our old shop was a great idea.

Jake dusts off his pants and smooths his hair.

JAKE

Wanted to do it last year, but never had the funds. You know after the incident and all.

Jake places the staple gun on an outdoor cafe style table and pulls a couple of weeds out of the front planters.

A chair sits by itself to the right while the cafe table and two chairs sit to the left, both sheltered by awnings jutting out from the building.

He tosses the weeds into the trash bin and wipes the dirt off his hands.

ALAN

Yeah.

JAKE

Where's Samara?

ALAN

Buying some pots for our pitiful planters.

JAKE

That's sweet of her.

ALAN

You know I never properly thanked you for saving me back there.

Jake shakes his head.

JAKE

There's nothing to thank. After spending as much time in the water as us, things are bound to happen.

Alan stares out at the ocean. He limps along the sand and loses himself in the distant blue of the ocean.

His hand trembles and he struggles to control it with his other hand.

An enthusiastic holler catches his attention and he turns to see his children racing in their snorkel gear to the water.

DAVIE

Beat you to the water.

KRISTEN

Nuhuh!

Alan panics and forces himself into an awkward run in their direction.

He grabs Davie and pulls him to a stop.

ALAN

Whoa, where do you think you're going?

DAVIE

To the reef, Finch said he saw a pack of sting rays in the area.

ALAN

Sharks live there, you know that.

KRISTEN

Dad, we've swam in the reef since we were three.

Alan sighs and drops to one knee.

ALAN

I know it's not much fun, but please, stay away from the reef for a while. There are some great alcoves on the other side. It has micro pools and starfish and it's far away from...

KRISTEN

All the fun.

Kristen pulls off her gear from her head.

Alan frowns and bites his lip.

ALAN

Well I was going to say danger.

Kristen scowls to the side, looking away from Alan. Coveting to be in the water.

ALAN

I'll let you take the scuba gear.

Davie's face lights up. Kristen grits her teeth and nods.

KRISTEN

We'll do it this time, but I'm not sitting in the kiddy pool forever.

Alan nods and ushers them away.

He glances back at the ocean, his hand trembling again.

EXT. ALCOVE

Kristen and Davie jump into the quiet secluded alcove.

The greyish blue rock is teeming with small life forms.

A starfish sits near the bottom.

Davie picks it up and turns it over in his hand, staring at the bottom.

Kristen swims away, maneuvering her way around the rock bed. She stops and motions to Davie.

He sets down the starfish and joins her.

They hover there, staring ahead at a black cave. Davie kicks his legs to swim away but Kristen grabs him and pulls him back.

She switches on a flash light that is draped around her wrist and shines it into the cave.

The light catches on an irregular mound. She swims forward, tugging Davie along as she does.

He swims on his own and she releases him.

The cave is small and they pass onto the other side.

Kristen stops at the mound, touching it with her fingertips.
S

he pulls a tool from her belt and pries a barnacle off.

Turning it over in her hand she looks ahead, noticing Davie is staring at something.

Kristen joins him, they see a strange outline against the sandbar ahead.

A barnacle covered cave draws their attention and they swim downward.

Kristen shines her light into the entrance, the light dances along old planks of wood.

As she sweeps it to the side, she illuminates a skeleton settled in the corner, grinning at them.

EXT. PRO SHOP

Alan sits out front in the chair at the table, staring at the spot where the children entered the water.

Samara walks up the beach holding two paper sacks.

She sets them down on the table.

SAMARA

There was a sale going on at the flower shop, I just couldn't resist.

Samara pulls out a set of plants and reaches in the sack.

She pulls out another set and pauses, staring at Alan's worried face.

SAMARA

Will you stop worrying. Look at these plants, do you think the yellow and purple will look best or the...Alan.

Alan takes a deep breath and forces himself to look at Samara.

ALAN

Yeah?

SAMARA

You're hopeless.

Jake walks out of the shop, staring at a small printed flier.

SAMARA

Jake, perhaps you can help. Yellow and purple or the red and orange?

JAKE

It's up to you Samara, you always had a better eye for these things.

He hands the flier to Alan.

JAKE

Take a look at this.

Alan stands next to Jake and accepts the flier and quickly scans it.

Samara reads over his shoulder then returns to her flowers, arranging them by color.

ALAN
Wanted, treasure, will pay big
money for discovery.

Samara places the plants in the planter and backs away, side glancing at Jake and Alan.

Alan hands it back to Jake.

JAKE
Well?

ALAN
Sound like typical treasure hunters
to me. Besides, why would you hand
over a pile of treasure to them for
only a small percentage?

Jake shrugs and crumples up the paper.

Samara leans on Alan's shoulder, fussing over the plants.

SAMARA
I think I'll mix them, yes,
definitely a mix.

Jake tosses it into the waste bin near the entrance. It bounces off the side and settles near the shop.

JAKE
Back to work for me.

ALAN
Almost finished?

JAKE
I don't know, I can't seem to get
the circuitry on the foot pedals
correct. I don't know why I even
fiddle with it anymore.

ALAN
It was for your dad, nothing wrong
with that.

JAKE
Who's been dead for six months. I
should give it up. To think I, an
ex-surfer, could ever become an
inventor.

Alan pats Jake on the back.

ALAN

Is there such a thing? I've seen
you surf, and you are far from
being an ex.

Jake chuckles.

JAKE

If only the sponsors would listen.

ALAN

Who needs sponsors when you have
the two of us together.

JAKE

Yeah a marine biologist who is
terrified of the ocean and a
disgraced surfer. What a pair!

Jake settles into a chair and pulls a custom surfboard with a
plug-in engine onto his lap.

He grabs a screwdriver and fiddles with a foot pedal near the
front.

Alan stands facing the ocean. He paces as best he can.

SAMARA

Will you relax? The children know
their way around the ocean, they'll
be fine.

ALAN

Yeah? So did I.

Samara pulls a face at Alan and pulls a plant out of the
flat.

They hear Kristen yelling nearby.

Alan's attention snaps to the alcove entrance and he spots
Kristen and Davie running toward them, their head gear
flopping in their hands as they run.

Panicking, Alan charges toward them, hobbling down the uneven
sand, nearly falling.

Samara drops the plant to the ground and bounds across the
beach.

She catches Alan and forces him to slow down.

The kids meet up with their parents, breathless.

DAVIE

Dad.

SAMARA

Are you kids alright?

ALAN

Did something happen?

KRISTEN

You gotta come see it.

Alan straightens up.

ALAN

See what?

EXT. ALCOVE

Clothed in partial scuba gear, Jake, Alan, Samara, Kristen, and Davie swim back to the sunken ship.

Kristen points to the outline in the barnacle and rock formation.

Alan's eyes widen behind his mask and he kicks ahead of the group.

He shines his light into the hole in the ship immediately catching upon the skeleton.

He reels away, frightened at the sudden sight.

Samara touches him and he points to the skeleton.

She holds her chest and looks back at the kids.

Jack pulls out his knife and moves ahead of the group.

When he spots the skeleton he replaces his knife and pulls out a diving light. He swims into the dead ship.

Kristen and Davie follow him in, motioning to their parents to follow.

Samara hesitates for a moment then enters as well.

Alan glances around, then swims into the hole as the darkness swallows him.

I/E. SUNKEN SHIP

Alan climbs in, moving next to his family as they stare at the wide open overturned galley of the sunken ship.

Fish flit from side to side in the dark cavernous room.

Jake moves ahead of the group, disappearing into the next room.

Kristen motions to her parents to follow further into the ship.

Fish swim away as Jake scans the area with his flashlight.

The light dances across the old weakened planks of the ship.

A skeleton lays, suspended in the water, his arm caught in some rotting ropes, supported with tangled vines of seaweed.

Kristen pulls on Alan's arm and leads him to a dark upper corner of the large room.

Jake comes up behind them, following their ascent.

They pop onto the surface in an air pocket. Alan pulls out his respirator.

Samara bobs next to him and pulls hers out as well.

SAMARA

How is this possible?

ALAN

The tsunami, it must have exposed the ship.

Jake lifts his mask, his respirator hangs down in the water.

JAKE

Is that what I think it is?

Alan climbs up to a set of jumbled boxes caught in a cargo hold.

KRISTEN

Davie found them.

DAVIE

She found the ship.

He touches one of the trunks that is missing a lock. His fingers pause at the rusty latch.

Alan tugs on the latch, it's sealed shut.

Jake and Alan glance around the ship, their lights flashing along the open space.

Jake's diving light catches a glint in the water.

He leans down and grabs it and pulls it out of the water, exposing the lean metal bar of sorts.

JAKE
This should do.

They wedge the bar between the latch and the trunk.

Alan pushes on it. The latch doesn't budge.

Jake takes a hold of the end and pulls on it, using the side of the boat as leverage.

The latch breaks free, spitting water and dust into the area.

Jake falls backwards into the water.

Alan extends a hand to him and helps him climb back up.

ALAN
You okay?

JAKE
Yeah.

Alan and Jake take the sides and open the lid. It CREAKS open like a rickety old door.

Jake shines his light on the contents.

Gold shimmers from the box, glittering through the dirt and moss partially masking it.

Alan moves out of the way.

He helps Samara up to the trunk and lifts Davie onto his shoulder.

DAVIE
Do you think it belonged to pirates?

KRISTEN

What do we do?

ALAN

I don't know, it's not like I ever expected to find anything like this.

JAKE

We should take it to the shop and decide from there.

Alan checks the gauge on his tank.

ALAN

It'll have to wait, I'm running low on air.

SAMARA

We should get the kids home.

The kids protest together.

DAVIE AND KRISTEN

Aww, mom!

ALAN

You're mother's right.

Alan kisses Samara on the cheek.

JAKE

Alan and I will take care of it, let's get back to shore for now.

EXT. BOAT

Alan limps across the deck and smooths back his wet hair.

Jake stands near the edge, surveying the busy ocean, teaming with people enjoying the waves and sun.

A speed boat surges past, pulling a hollering guy behind. He loses his grip and tumbles into the ocean.

The speed boat comes around.

JAKE

Are they gone?

ALAN

Yeah, sent them home to prepare a place. Thoughts?

JAKE

Tonight, during the cover of night. We won't draw as much attention then.

ALAN

Tonight it is.

JAKE

I'm surprised you went down there, it being so soon and all.

Alan half shrugs.

ALAN

Sharks can't get into the smaller alcoves.

JAKE

I think it's best I be the one diving after it. It'll be dark, and if we're both in the water we run the risk of being caught off guard. Besides, we need a strong swimmer on this one, I know your leg hasn't fully recovered.

Alan leans against the side of the boat, looking out at the ocean's surface.

EXT. BOAT - NIGHT

Jake pops up to the surface and hands Alan the end of a rope. Alan feeds it through a pulley and into a winch.

Alan helps Jake on board before flipping a lever on the winch.

The rope winds around the winch, pulling the heavy chest into the air that is secured by the thick rope.

The edges drip with sopping moss.

Jake guides it carefully onto the deck and they lower it with care, setting it next to five other chests.

JAKE

That's the last of it.

Alan pulls up the anchor using the electronic system and enters the engine compartment.

Jake opens up the one lid. He pulls out a water proof camera and snaps a picture of them.

He crouches, getting a closer look at it. He snaps another picture.

His fingers drift across the top of the treasure, the coins turning beneath his sweeping digits.

Jake lowers the lid and casts a tarp over the top of all the boxes.

INT. PRO SHOP - DAY

Jake, and the Carson Family stand around the treasure boxes sitting in the back room.

ALAN
This is all of it.

Jake crosses his arms and leans against the wall, rubbing the broken rudder piece between his fingertips.

DAVIE
So what do we do with it?

ALAN
With it, I could open the research center I've always wanted, and your art shop, Samara.

JAKE
It'd be the pros for me.

KRISTEN
What about a pony?

The level of chatter rises.

Samara frowns and slams one of the treasure boxes closed.

They quiet down, focusing on Samara.

SAMARA
This isn't right. We can't keep this.

JAKE
Don't exactly plan on keeping it.

SAMARA
We can't sell it either.

Alan takes her by the shoulders.

ALAN
You want to put it back? Wait for
some treasure hunter to find it?

SAMARA
No! It belongs in a museum, it
belongs to everyone.

KRISTEN
What? Mom, you can't be serious.

SAMARA
These are a piece of history, a
piece of all of us. There are
figurines from my tribal ancestors,
things that have been lost to us
for generations. We can't lose
them again to a private collector.
They deserve to be seen.

KRISTEN
Aww.

Davie picks up a small gold figurine.

DAVIE
Yeah.

Alan stares at it for a moment.

ALAN
I hate it when you're right.

SAMARA
Kristen?

Jake clutches the rubber piece. Kristen fusses with her
hair.

KRISTEN
I know, I know, the pony'll have to
wait.

ALAN
Jake?

Jake shakes his head and walks out. Alan looks down at the
floor.

ALAN

It'll take some time for a museum curator to fly out here and inspect it.

SAMARA

We can't leave it here.

KRISTEN

And we can't put it back.

ALAN

Any suggestions?

EXT. PRO SHOP

Jake walks out of the shop, his face flush with anger. He rubs the rudder piece hard between his fingers.

He kicks the trash can, spilling papers along the sand.

Jake watches a paper flit in the breeze.

He pulls the bin back into place and sinks to his knees, tossing the papers back into the bin.

He grabs the last crumpled piece when Samara walks out.

SAMARA

Jake?

JAKE

Yeah?

SAMARA

I hope you understand why this needs to be done.

JAKE

Not really. We're faced with a real payday, something that can set things straight, and you want to throw it away.

SAMARA

You've always been closer to Alan, ever since we were kids and I've respected that. I won't pretend to understand how you feel, but money never really solved anything. Whatever it is, you'll find another way, or something better.

Jake turns away, hiding his bitter feelings from Samara.

JAKE
Sure, Samara.

Jake walks to a smaller building to the rear of the pro shop.

INT. WORKSHOP

Jake enters the workshop, pacing in front of his desk. He motions to throw the paper in his hand, but doesn't.

He sighs and tosses the crumpled piece of paper onto his workshop table, staring ahead at a newspaper clipping.

INSERT - NEWSPAPER CLIPPING HEADLINE

"One surfer's tragic death leads to
the champ, Jake Slasher's,
downfall."

BACK TO SCENE

Jake slumps into his chair and pulls his custom board onto his lap. He presses on the foot pedal which sticks in return.

He presses it a couple of times, his frustration growing.

He tosses it to the side and glares at his desk. The crumpled piece of paper catches his attention.

It is the treasure hunter's flier.

Jake stares at it and then the phone. A picture of the Carson family is pinned behind the telephone.

He grabs the phone and spins in his chair, turning away from the picture.

JAKE
You the ones looking for treasure?

EXT. PRO SHOP

Jake sits on the steps as he laces up his jogging shoes. He stands and jogs down the beach.

Samara rounds the corner and waves to Jake who doesn't notice.

He makes his way down the beach, toward the pier.

A group of kids toss a beach ball between them. The ball hits Jake and bounces off his back.

CHILD
Sorry mister!

He gives them a look and continues on his way.

EXT. PIER

Jake jogs by, pauses on the underside, reaching to re-tie his laces which are fine.

LONNY (O.S.)
Well, if it ain't Jack Slasher.
Thought they would've locked you up
for that stunt you pulled two years
back.

Jack stands rigid, his fists clenched at his side.

JAKE
Except we both know who's stunt
that was, Lonny.

LONNY, a tanned and toned ex-surfer, steps out of the shadows of the pier.

LONNY
So this is where you've been
hiding? Heard you tried to prove
sabotage, but the board figured a
cop-out. You never did own up to
any of your mistakes.

JAKE
Heard you got kicked out due to an
anonymous tip.

LONNY
About that, you wouldn't know who
that might have been, now would
you?

JAKE
Haven't a clue.

Jake and Lonny scowl at each other.

HARK and TRIST, two well dressed men, appear to the side of the pier, watching the two ex-competitors.

LONNY
Allow me to introduce my employers.
Hark and Trist. World renowned
treasure hunters.

Jake swallows hard and clenches a picture in his hand.

HARK
Where is it?

JAKE
Safe.

TRIST
Take us to it.

JAKE
What guarantee do I have you're
good for it?

HARK
What guarantee do we have it
exists?

Jake hesitates, then hands Hark the picture he took of the treasure.

Hark glances at it then hands it to Trist.

TRIST
Where was this taken?

JAKE
On my boat.

HARK
When?

JAKE
Last night.

TRIST
Anyone else involved?

Jake stares at the ground.

Hark and Trist stand near the shop. They whisper a few things back and forth.

EXT. PRO SHOP

Davie and Kristen walk up the beach toward the shop. Davie holds a hermit crab, teasing Kristen.

She pushes his hand away, wrinkling her nose in disgust.

KRISTEN
Keep it to yourself.

DAVIE
Come on, maybe it will do something
great like snap your nose off.

Hark walks into the shop, Trist watches the two kids come closer.

KRISTEN
Just give it to Dad, he'll know
where to return it.

They walk up the path toward the shop.

Trist trails them from the shelter of a palm tree, keeping a keen eye trained on them.

INT. PRO SHOP

Alan stands behind the counter, sorting out a stack of catalogs.

Hark enters the front door.

HARK
Where is it?

Alan rests the catalogs on the counter next to the cash register.

ALAN
The bathrooms are outside, around
the corner, to your right.

Alan bends down, reaching for a box on the floor. Hark leans over the counter.

HARK
I'm talking about the treasure.

Alan pauses and slowly stands up, looking Hark in the eye.

ALAN

Treasure? You must be mistaken.
Oh, you must have heard about the
new Z-138 our very own pro surfer
helped design. It has a sleek...

Trist bursts through the front door, dragging Davie and
Kristen in.

He pulls them in front of him.

Trist brandishes a pistol in his one hand, while securing the
two kids with the other.

They stop squirming as they see their father.

Alan clenches his jaw shut.

HARK

Let's try this again.

Alan looks pointedly at Hark.

ALAN

It's not here.

Hark rubs his chin. Lonny walks in, glancing around at the
commotion in the room.

Trist pushes Davie over to him.

TRIST

Take him.

Lonny grabs hold of Davie before he can wiggle away.

HARK

You don't mind, if I don't believe
you? Think I'll take a quick
looksie, you know, just to be sure.

Hark pulls out a gun and motions to Alan to move.

HARK

Come on, you first.

Alan walks in front of Hark while glances back at his
children.

ALAN

It's going to be okay.

Alan limps through the doorway leading to the

REAR ROOM

Hark pokes him in the back with the barrel of his pistol.

HARK
Keep it moving.

A single damp treasure box sits near the corner. Hark pushes Alan to the side and hurries over to the treasure box. He rubs the top and lifts the lid.

Hark closes it quickly and glances around. He backs up, motioning for Kristen.

Trist pushes Kristen over to Hark who locks her into a grip. Trist lifts the lid to the trunk and moves it away from the wall. A single gold coin falls out of the box and clanks on the floor.

Trist picks it up and examines it in the light.

TRIST
Where's the rest?

ALAN
I told you, it's not here.

TRIST
Get it.

ALAN
I can't. It's in a vault, locked away. The bank executive won't be back for two more days so you're out of luck.

Samara walks into the room, her mouth drops open.

Alan shakes his head.

SAMARA
Alan, what's going on? Where are the kids? Who are these men?

Hark backs away and she sees Kristen and Davie in their grasp.

Samara gasps Trist points the gun at her head.

TRIST

Scream and it'll be your last. If you know what's best for you and your children, you will convince your husband to give us what we came for.

SAMARA

Alan?

ALAN

It's okay, honey.

SAMARA

Okay? Okay? Our kids are being held by crazed gunmen and you say it's okay?

Hark eyes Alan and smiles.

HARK

This is a lot of pressure to put on one man, so we're going to reduce some of the stress factors.

Hark motions to Trist and Lonny.

HARK

My trusted associates are going to take good care of you're family while we have a little chat.

Trist grasps Kristen and motions to Samara with the gun. Lonny forces Davie out the door and to the

SHOP FRONT

Davie struggles against Lonny.

DAVIE

Help.

Lonny clamps his hand over Davie's mouth, cutting him off. He continues to scream despite the muffling of Lonny's hand.

Trist shoves Samara out the door and drags Kristen along with his vice like grip.

Alan hobbles after his family. Hark grabs him by his collar, preventing him from following them any further.

Forced to watch his family drug onto a boat, Alan reaches for them.

HARK

Give us what we want and you'll see them again.

Davie bites Lonny's hand freeing his mouth.

DAVIE

Don't do it, Dad! Don't give it to them.

Lonny grabs Davie by the hair, forcing him to comply.

Hark knocks over several bottles of chemicals on their way out.

Alan watches, stumbling after his family as they are sped away in the boat.

HARK

Now, about my treasure.

EXT. PRO SHOP

Jake hides behind a set of palm trees, watching the family forced on board. His face changes between guilt and anger as he stands there, helpless.

Hark pushes Alan into the sand. Alan struggles to stand, but Hark kicks his bad leg out from underneath him.

He pulls out a lighter and tosses it into the shop. Hark crouches down by Alan, using the steps as cover.

The shop EXPLODES, sending splinters across the beach.

Jake sprawls across the ground, sliding himself underneath a set of low lying plants.

Hark steps on Alan's sore leg, twisting his foot over the top. Alan hollers out in pain, gritting his teeth in a poor attempt to hold back the scream.

Hark releases him, allowing him to roll over in the sand. He tosses a PDA in front of Alan in the sand.

HARK

Consider this a link to your family.

EXT. HARK'S BOAT

Trist lifts up a trap door revealing a plexiglass case sitting in the water. Trist motions to it with the gun.

TRIST
Well, get in.

Samara glances down at the small 5 x 5 x 4 holding box. Three full scuba tanks rest on the bottom.

SAMARA
Three tanks?

TRIST
It's enough.

SAMARA
We won't last an hour on those.

TRIST
I said it's enough.

SAMARA
We aren't going. If you put us in there, we won't be coming back out.

Trist motions with his gun, pointing it to the children.

TRIST
Either the gun or the box. Take your pick.

Samara grabs Davie and Kristen and backs down into it, holding them firmly in her arms.

Trist moves to shut the lid then pauses.

TRIST (CONT'D)
Oh and don't touch the camera, unless you want your husband to miss your last moments.

Trist points to a small camera fastened to the inside, chuckling a bit.

Trist closes the lid to the box, sealing it and lowers the box into the water.

A group of tethered weights pull them as far as the rope will allow. Samara kisses Kristen's hair as she gazes out into the ocean, her eyes brimming with tears.

EXT. PRO SHOP

Alan touches the PDA, the screen activates. A video feed of his family stuck in the box pops onto the screen.

A timer in the upper left corner activates, counting down from two hours.

A shark swims in the background. Alan's hands begin to tremble, he drops the PDA.

HARK
I wouldn't lose that.

ALAN
Let them go. They have nothing to do with this.

HARK
Bring the treasure and I will.

ALAN
I can't. I already told you.

HARK
You'd better find a way, for the sake of your family.

Hark pats Alan on the shoulder and steps away.

ALAN
How will I find you?

HARK
The coordinates are programmed into the PDA.

Hark pull son a pair of sunglasses.

HARK (CONT'D)
Oh, and don't try anything. If a coast guard so much as pops onto my radar, I'll send your family to the depths of the ocean.

ALAN
I don't control the coast guard. They patrol the ocean, it's their job.

HARK

Then I suggest you hurry, you've got two hours.

Hark strolls down the beach, climbs onto a parked jet ski and speeds into the ocean.

Alan hobbles up to the tree, leaning against it for support.

Jake takes a couple of deep breathes then walks over to Alan's side.

Alan stares at the video feed of his family as the shop smolders behind him.

ALAN

It's strange how everything means so little. I feel like I'm in the water and I'm drowning and the whole world is watching...watching it happen.

JAKE

I...

ALAN

You were the only one who knew.

Alan grabs Jake by his shirt and jerks him.

ALAN

Why'd you do it?

The check falls onto the ground.

Alan bends over and scoops it off the ground before Jake can grab it.

ALAN

Money? You betrayed us for this?

Alan holds up the check at eye level.

JAKE

I...

Alan tosses it back in disbelief.

ALAN

You're pathetic.

Alan turns away. Jake grabs him by the arm.

Overcome by his anger, Alan responds swinging, his punch meets with Jake's jaw, sending him reeling back.

ALAN

My family's out there because of you.

Jake steps forward, Alan punches at Jake again. Jake avoids the blow by leaning back. Alan charges forward as best he can.

ALAN

You were like a brother to me.

Alan knocks Jake to the ground and goes down with him. He grabs a boot knife and tackles Jake holding the knife just inches above Jake's exposed neck.

His forearm holds Jake pinned against the sand.

Alan heaves from the effort, staring Jake in the eyes, the knife shaking in his hand.

ALAN

Stay out of my way.

Alan stabs the knife into the ground next to Jake's neck and pushes himself off the ground. He staggers a few steps back, anger seething from face.

Jake brushes his mouth with the back of his hand.

JAKE

Where're you going?

ALAN

To find them.

JAKE

You think you can just waltz up there and rescue them? Are you going to take on all three of them?

ALAN

Whatever it takes.

JAKE

You need help.

ALAN

From who? You? I think you've helped enough.

JAKE
If not for you, then think of your
family.

Alan stops in his tracks.

ALAN
They wouldn't be in this mess if it
wasn't for you.

JAKE
You can hate me all you want, but
Alan, they're out there.

ALAN
You think I don't know that?
They're going to die and it's all
your fault.

Jake stares at the sand, his hands shaking, shame covering his face. His hand drifts to the rudder piece and draws it into view.

He tugs on it hard, ripping the leather strap from his neck. Using a running start, he tosses it as far into the ocean as he can.

JAKE
I screwed up. Okay? I made one
mistake and before I knew it, I ran
out and made a bigger one to try
and fix the first. I'll
never...never forgive myself if
something happens to them.

ALAN
We're wasting time.

JAKE
Two hours is more than enough to
save them.

ALAN
I don't think so.

Alan hobbles away. Jake follows.

JAKE
What's our plan?

ALAN
Who said you were coming?

JAKE
Who said you could stop me?

Alan pauses to look Jake in the eye.

ALAN
You're hopeless.

JAKE
I can live with that.

Jake claps Alan hard on the back.

JAKE
First things first, the coast
guard.

EXT. HARK'S BOAT

Hark lounges on the sun deck. Trist watches a television screen, monitoring the family below.

Lonny paces along the deck, he catches sight of the screen mid-step and pauses, before continuing his course.

HARK
Would you relax?

LONNY
What if he brings the coast guard?

TRIST
He won't risk his family on a stunt like that, besides, I have it all covered.

LONNY
So what if he can't get the treasure? Like he said?

TRIST
It wouldn't be the first time.

LONNY
So we let them go, right?

TRIST
Yeah, with a bullet.

LONNY
How can you be so cold, man, he's got kids.

Hark sits up and looks over the edge at Lonny.

HARK

I'm sure I'll be real hurt, tears even.

TRIST

With a bit of research, Hark can belong to any family at any time.

LONNY

You act like this means nothing, like it doesn't matter if he brings it or not.

HARK

Cause it doesn't.

LONNY

You mean?

HARK

Don't stress over the little stuff. We'll handle it.

Hark lays back down, resuming his sun bathing.

Lonny shakes his head and steps away. Trist grabs him by the arm and pulls his mouth within an inch of Lonny's ear.

TRIST

Keep your eyes on the ocean or you'll be joining them.

Trist releases him and Lonny stares out at the ocean, disturbed by Trist's words.

INT. COAST GUARD OFFICE

A uniformed coast guard officer, BARRY, sits behind a large counter like desk, leaning back a bit.

Jake and Alan enter the room.

BARRY

What can I do for you, gentlemen?

JAKE

We don't have much time. Where's Ian?

BARRY
Vacation. I'm filling in.

BEHIND THE COUNTER

IAN, 50, sits bound and gagged, stripped of his uniform and left in his underclothes.

Barry holds a gun under the desk pointed at Ian.

His eyes widen.

ALAN
We need your help.

Alan turns on the PDA displaying his family and turns it to face Barry.

He sits up and leans forward, grabbing the PDA and staring at the screen.

EXT. HARK'S BOAT

Lonny dips a deep large spoon into a bucket brimming with chum.

He throws a spoonful over board, then dips it back in.

He readies to throw it.

A speed boat appears in the distance.

LONNY
Hark! You wanna come see this?

Hark sits up and lifts his sunglasses to see the small boat.

Trist moves his hand over to a large red "RELEASE" button.

TRIST
Hark?

Hark shakes his head and motions Trist to sit back down.

Hark grabs a drink out of a cooler and leans against the side, popping the top off casually.

The boat pulls up next to them, three girls BRENDA, NICA, FELICITY, clad in bikini's covered in wrap around skirts and tie front shirts wave to them.

HARK

What bring you girls out this way?

BRENDA

Looking for a bit of fun.

NICA

Know where we can find any?

TRIST

Try the bay.

HARK

Trist, come now, they don't know their way around the islands, show some hospitality.

FELICITY

What are you boys doing way out here?

HARK

Doing a bit of deep sea fishing isn't that right boys?

Lonny nods and sets down the spoon. He smooths out his hair and steps closer to the edge toward the women trying his best to smile.

INT. BOX

Samara holds the two kids tight. The rumble of a boat motor catches their attention.

KRISTEN

Mom.

SAMARA

Shh, quiet down.

Samara and the two kids listen. Davie crawls to the other side of the box.

DAVIE

Do you hear that? It's Dad! Dad, we're down here.

KRISTEN

Help us!

Samara faces the camera and screams.

SAMARA
Help! We're here, somebody help
us!

EXT. HARK'S BOAT

A muffled scream comes from the screen. Trist's hand crawls behind him and turns it off.

Brenda leans to the side trying to look behind Trist.

Trist grabs a pistol off the table and holds it behind him, cocking it.

BRENDA
What was that?

TRIST
Horror movie, now ladies, if you
don't mind...

FELICITY
Oh, is it any good?

HARK
Nah.

NICA
So what you fishing for?

HARK
Sharks.

NICA
I don't see any poles.

Hark pulls a camera out of his back pocket.

HARK
Not all catches are made with
hooks.

INT. COAST GUARD OFFICE

Barry stands at his desk. Alan and Jake are on the other side.

BARRY
Who's done this?

ALAN

What can you tell us about Hark and Trist?

JAKE

World renowned treasure hunters.

Barry's eyes widen.

BARRY

We've been tracking them for six years now. Every time they announce a discovery of treasure, someone disappears. Their bodies usually wash onto shore. They also happened to be in the relative area the treasure was discovered shortly before they disappeared.

ALAN

How many?

BARRY

Seven incidents so far, ranging all over the world.

Alan crumples into the seat.

Barry pulls a small data disc out and slips it into his computer.

BARRY

This is footage from one of the banks after a man and his three kids disappeared.

A security footage plays across his screen.

BARRY

A man claiming to be the missing man's brother.

Barry pauses it as a man in a hat walks past the security camera.

BARRY

Look familiar?

Alan peers at the screen. Hark's face is recognizable through the grain.

Alan's mouth gapes over.

Jake rubs his eyes and leans against the wall.

JAKE
Did they give it to him?

BARRY
He had right of attorney, birth
certificate, everything.

Alan holds his mouth and stares at the screen. Sweat forms on his forehead.

EXT. HARK'S BOAT

Hark sips on his drink and grins at the girls. Trist continues to scowl while Lonny shifts in his place.

His gaze drifts over to the trap door where the box was at.

BRENDA
So if you aren't fishing, what
y'all doin'?

HARK
Mostly we're out here to enjoy the
sun, the beautiful ocean...

TRIST
The peace and quiet.

HARK
You'll have to forgive my friend,
he's getting over a nasty breakup.
Which is why we came out here.

FELICITY
Need anything to make it all
better?

Trist glares at her.

TRIST
Yeah. Left alone.

Felicity retracts from her target and turns to Lonny.

FELICITY
What about you, need any company?

INT. COAST GUARD OFFICE

Jake leans onto the desk.

JAKE
So why haven't you arrested them?

BARRY
After this incident they dropped
off the radar. We haven't been
able to find them.

ALAN
What about bulletins? APB's?

BARRY
We didn't want to scare them off!

ALAN
But you'd risk lives?

BARRY
It's not that simple. What has
happened to your family is
unfortunate, but let's not waste
it.

Alan stands and walks toward the door.

BARRY
Wait, I can help.

EXT. HARK'S BOAT

LONNY
I'm good, I got my trusty chum
spoon.

Felicity giggles.

FELICITY
Doesn't seem like much of a...

A shark's dorsal fin breaches the surface and swims between
the boat.

Felicity whips out a camera and snaps a photo of it.

FELICITY
Oh, he's beautiful. Makes you want
to jump in, doesn't it?

TRIST

Be my guest.

HARK

I think you'd find these critters
rather unwelcome to swimming
companions.

Hark pulls a fish out of a second cooler and with a knife
splits it down the center.

He tosses it into the water. A shark pops onto the surface
and swallows the fish, disappearing back into the water.

Felicity moves back.

FELICITY

I'd say.

INT. COAST GUARD OFFICE

Barry sets down the PDA. Alan shuffles, taking most of the
weight off his bad leg.

Jake folds his arms across his chest.

BARRY

Where are they?

JAKE

These are the coordinates.

Jake hands him a torn piece of paper with three coordinates
scribbled on it.

Barry studies them and pulls out a map.

Jake traces his finger along a line and stops.

JAKE

About here.

BARRY

What can we do?

Alan grins.

JAKE

Keep the lines open, we'll be
contacting you at twenty-one point
two, short wave.

BEHIND THE DESK

Sweat pours down Ian's face as he quietly struggles.

He stares at the barrel pointing at his face and leans back, staring at the ceiling.

EXT. HARK'S BOAT

Brenda sets back into the shade of her boat and signals the other two to follow.

BRENDA

Well then, it seems we can't convince you to share company we will be on our way. We can take hints when we see them.

Hark tips his hat to them.

HARK

Perhaps a better time ladies.

He tosses a silver dollar onto their deck.

HARK

Have a drink on us at the local bar.

The women grin and turn their boat away, they wave as they disappear along the ocean.

TRIST

I thought they'd never leave.

Trist turns the monitor back down and grabs a drink. Lonny returns to the chum bucket and slops another spoonful over.

INT. BOX

Samara and the two kids stop screaming as the sound of the boat engine revs up and moves away from them.

SAMARA

No, no, no!

Samara pounds on the side.

KRISTEN

Where are they going? Didn't they hear us?

Samara frowns and stares at the oxygen tanks.

EXT. COAST GUARD OFFICE

Barry, Alan, and Jake walk across the sand.

BARRY

We will be waiting as planned. Be careful out there.

He shakes their hands and watches them shuffle down the beach to their boat.

Barry pulls a radio up to his mouth.

BARRY

Look alive, it's going to be a good one.

INT. COAST GUARD OFFICE

Barry sets his hat down and leans over the counter smiling down at the tied up Ian.

BARRY

Don't go anywhere.

He chuckles and grabs a set of keys. He pulls the hat back on and walks out, leaving Ian there.

EXT. BOAT

The boat moves swiftly across the top of the water, bouncing a bit in the waves.

Jake hovers over a map resting on the helm. The coordinates are marked with three red lines and a dot in the center.

He adjusts the steering to compensate for the waves and force of the ocean.

Alan sits in a rear seat, leaning against it, examining his leg.

The reopened gash glistens in the water. Alan dries it and closes it with butterfly bandages.

He groans quietly from the pain.

JAKE
Okay back there?

ALAN
Closing up the last of it. He
broke the outer stitches.

Jake stares intently at the map.

JAKE
It should be me going in there.
The ocean will be chummed to keep
the sharks excited, with your leg
and your...fear.

ALAN
It's my family. This won't work
unless both of us keep our heads
clear. If I'm on the boat I
might...I might hesitate.

Jake frowns.

JAKE
It's at the edge of the shelf.
It'll be risky when we switch
lines.

ALAN
I know, but it's the best shot
they've got. Even if I found a way
to deliver the treasure, the
chances of them setting them
free...after all we've seen.

JAKE
Right then, you remember what I
told you?

Alan nods nervously and zips up his wet suit. Jake pats him
on the arm.

JAKE (CONT'D)
You're a brave man.

ALAN
This is a lot of things, I don't
think bravery is one of them.

INT. COAST GUARD OFFICE

Ian works at his bonds from behind the desk.

He pulls himself onto his knees, the drawer of the desk opens as he does.

His ropes are intertwined with the handle.

He yanks the drawer free toppling over to his side.

A pocket knife spills onto the floor, settling in front of Ian's eyes.

INT. BOX

Davie holds his knees and stares out at the ocean. A shark swims nearby.

Samara plays with Kristen's hair, while staring ahead at nothing.

DAVIE

Think Dad will find a way?

KRISTEN

Rescue's out of the question if that's what you mean.

SAMARA

Kristen.

KRISTEN

It's true, look at those sharks. Dad will never make it through, even if he dared.

DAVIE

You're wrong. Dad will come for us. Nothing could stop him, not men, not sharks. You'll see.

Samara holds out her free arm to Davie, motioning him over.

He moves under her arm and leans against her side.

SAMARA

You're father loves you very much. He will do everything in his power to bring us home safe.

Samara touches the scuba tank with her foot, pulling the gauge into sight, the needle has reached the yellow range.

Kristen lurches forward.

KRISTEN

Mom, the tanks! Mom, we can't stay in here, we have to get out.

Kristen claws at the side, panicking.

Samara motions them down.

SAMARA

How about we all take a nap?

KRISTEN

A nap? Mom, you've got to be kidding.

Samara leans back against the wall. She motions to them. They don't move.

SAMARA

Come here. All we can hope for is for once he comes early.

DAVIE

Dad's always late.

SAMARA

Settle down. The more you panic, the more oxygen you use.

Samara grabs the tank and partially closes the valve, slowing the flow of oxygen.

KRISTEN

What are you doing?

SAMARA

Buying us more time. It will make us a little sleepy but we'll be okay. By the time we wake up, Daddy will have rescued us.

DAVIE

But I'm not tired, Mom.

Samara holds her arms open and the two children move into her arms, leaning against her sides.

Davie moves down, resting his head on her leg.

She strokes their heads and sings a Hawaiian lullaby. Davie's eyes grow heavy and he falls asleep.

EXT. HARK'S BOAT

Lonny stands near the edge. He tosses a spoonful of chum into the water.

Trist flips through a magazine, sitting on a box and leans against the steering compartment.

Hark sips on a beverage on the upper deck, soaking up the sun's rays.

Lonny mutters as he tosses another scoop of blood soaked fish pieces into the ocean.

LONNY

Lonny, keep that water red, Lonny, don't let up. How come I'm the only one chucking this stuff?

His gaze shifts between Trist and Hark then returns to the foul chum bucket.

Trist sneaks up behind him, walking soundlessly across the deck.

LONNY

Family locks down there in that box, it ain't right. Down right sick if you ask me.

TRIST

No one's asking.

LONNY

Trist.

Lonny holds the chum spoon defensively in front of him, startled.

Trist pulls a knife from his belt, challenging Lonny.

TRIST

Care to dance?

Hark sits up, watching the events from his perch.

Lonny's eyes widen. He brings the metal spoon down toward Trist's head, trying to strike him.

Trist dodges the blow and grabs Lonny's arm twisting it painfully under his grip.

Lonny drops the spoon.

Trist presses the knife against Lonny's throat and spins him over the side, forcing his face close to the water.

Hark jumps onto the deck and walks over to the two men.

He leans his arms on the side and smiles at Lonny.

HARK

I know this is your first mission and all so let me explain how things are done around here. We look for treasure, now since we aren't the only ones looking for it we need a certain edge.

LONNY

You kill people for gold.

HARK

And you kill them for glory, so spare me the lecture. I suggest you keep that bleeding heart of yours in check or we'll do it for you.

Hark pushes back and motions Trist to back off.

Trist pulls Lonny back up and brushes him off.

TRIST

Keep your mouth shut and your feet planted and you'll be in for the biggest payday of your life.

Trist walks back to his box and sits back down, picking up where he left off in the article he was reading.

Lonny rubs his neck touching a hairline cut along his neck. He pulls out a tissue and touches it against the cut.

Hark climbs back onto the top and lays down.

Lonny pulls away the tissues and stares at the blood. He glares at Trist from beneath his hair.

He dabs the wound to ensure the blood has stopped flowing and wads up the tissues.

Lonny tosses the wadded tissue onto the deck and walks away.

INT. COAST GUARD OFFICE

Ian grabs the knife with his fingers. His face is red and sweat drenched.

He fingers the knife open, the blade opens a bit, slipping out of his fingers as the spring pulls it closed again.

He closes his eyes and presses his lips together as he picks up the knife again and works at the edge.

EXT. BOAT

Alan leans over the side, clothed in his scuba gear.

The boat slides to a stop, turning a bit with the force of the ocean.

JAKE

This is as close as I dare get,
I'll be creeping toward the boat,
hopefully it will keep them
distracted.

Jake hands Alan a propulsion system.

ALAN

What's this for?

JAKE

You didn't think I was going to
make you swim it? Twist the side
and you'll go, press the green
button and it will move on its own,
press the red one and...

ALAN

I'll stop, right.

Jake checks over Alan's gear.

JAKE

Don't be afraid to stare them down,
if they get too close, use this and
give them a good whack.

Jake holds up a metal bar, then tucks it into Alan's belt.

JAKE

The longer you're in that water,
the more you're in danger, get in,
secure them, get out.

A dorsal fin of a shark breaches the surface nearby. Alan stares at it, his hands trembling.

JAKE

The PDA is rigged into the front,
it'll lead you straight to them.
It should be me going down there.

Alan secures his diving mask. Jake places a hand over Alan's face and pushes him backward into the water.

Jake lowers the propulsion system down after him.

EXT. COAST GUARD OFFICE

Ian pries the knife open.

He grasps it firmly in his hands and turns it, the sharp side facing the ropes.

He saws at the ropes in short awkward strokes. He bites on the gag and works harder at it.

A shadow passes by the window of the office.

He pauses, looking at it as best he can.

A sharp knock at the window startles him. His scream is muffled by the gag.

A face of a man presses up against the window, scanning the room.

He knocks again, surveying the room one last time.

He backs away from the window and disappears.

Ian kicks the desk. He continues with his knife sawing at his bonds.

INT. BOX

Samara lifts her head, looking through the slits of her eyes. The tank gauge is in the red.

She reaches for it, then collapses over her Kristen.

Davie moans a bit, struggling to wake. His efforts are defeated and he slips into unconsciousness.

EXT. OCEAN BENEATH BOAT

Alan sinks into the water, the propeller drops down in front of him.

Alan tethers the propeller to him and grasps the handle.

A small green dot flashes off center.

He twists the right grip and the propeller jerks him forward, pulling him through the water.

The green dot slowly moves closer toward him.

Sharks circle the area, swerving as bits and pieces of chum drop nearby.

Alan slows a bit, hovering near the outer edges of the sharks.

He takes a set of deep breaths, then accelerates into the area.

His movement attracts their attention and the sharks turn to follow as he passes.

A shark swims up to the side, turning to snap at him.

Alan spots him and speeds up the propeller, zooming out of his reach.

More sharks turn to join the pursuit, zipping through the water.

EXT. BOAT

Jake checks his watch, the count down is at ten minutes.

He rubs the back of his neck and fiddles with a pile of ropes.

He slides them to the side before settling into the driver's seat.

He pushes the thrust forward.

JAKE

Give it all you've got, Alan, I'm
with you.

EXT. OCEAN NEAR BOX

Alan spots the clear box ahead, his family lying in a heap.

He releases the propeller and grabs the metal bar from his belt.

He spins and faces the oncoming stream of sharks, whacking the closest one in the nose.

It retreats, swimming to a safe distance from his bar.

A second one attacks. Alan turns to the side, the shark barely misses him.

A third one swoops up from below. Alan kicks his fins, maneuvering to face it, whacking the shark as it approaches.

It flips in the water, disappearing into the murky depths of the ocean.

The sharks return to an outer perimeter, circling his position.

Alan watches them for a second, confirming their retreat.

He turns to his family, touching the plexiglass. He taps on the side. No one stirs.

Alan moves to the side, gazing in at their sleeping faces. The tanks catch his attention and his eyes drop to the gauge.

The needle is buried in the red, indicating the tank is empty.

Alan banks on the side, muffled noises escape in a stream of bubbles leaving his mouth.

INT. COAST GUARD OFFICE

Ian cuts through the last strand of the one side of his rope.

He pulls his hands free from the tangle leaving the severed knotted rope in a heap on the floor.

He pulls down his gag and lunges for the radio.

He pulls the transmitter to his mouth. The wire dangles below, stripped from the machine.

Ian stands up in his underclothes and tosses it across the room, miffed.

EXT. BOAT

Jake Steers the boat slowly toward Hark's boat which is bobbing on the surface nearby.

He glances at a small red light located near the steering wheel. The light is off.

JAKE
Come on, Alan, hurry up.

EXT. HARK'S BOAT

Lonny throws a spoonful of chum into the water. He pauses as he sees the boat turn around the cove.

Hark sits up.

HARK
Well that was fast.

TRIST
Think he got it?

HARK
Does it matter?

TRIST
Just one more body to dump.

Hark grins and lays back down.

HARK
Just what I thought.

INT. COAST GUARD OFFICE

Ian yanks on the top desk drawer. A small round lock prevents it from opening.

He falls to his knees, his hands flitting through the pile of stuff from the bottom drawer.

His fingers pushes a small key out of the pile. He grabs it and tries the lock.

It won't unlock. He tosses the key and feels back through the pile.

EXT. COAST GUARD BOAT

Barry stands behind the helm of the stolen coast guard boat, confidently surveying the ocean.

ELIS looks at him uneasily.

ELIS
Shouldn't we tell Hark?

BARRY
He'll find out soon enough.
Wouldn't want to break radio
silence.

Barry grins.

Elis looks away, nervously chewing on his fingernail.

ELIS
He's going to be ticked when he
finds out.

BARRY
Let him steam over it.

EXT. OCEAN NEAR BOX

Alan hangs his head, his fingers down the side.

Samara stirs, raising her a heavy hand to meet his. Her fingers match his, resting against the glass.

Alan stares at her, reaching with his other hand, he strokes the glass where her hand rests.

Samara collapses. Alan kicks hard, moving to the top of the box.

He unties the rope hooked to him and laces it through the large eyelet fastened to the top of the box.

EXT. HARK'S BOAT

Lonny paces along the boat. Hark continues to sunbathe.

HARK
Will you ease up? It'll all be
over soon.

Hark rolls over onto his stomach.

Lonny glares in Hark's direction, clenching his jaw shut.

TRIST
Will you knock it off?

Lonny turns to say something, but catches sight of the screen instead.

His eyes widen.

Trist's head jerks around. He stares at the screen, and hunches over it.

TRIST
Double cross us, will you. See you
on the bottom.

Trist smashes his fist against a large red button.

INT. COAST GUARD OFFICE

Ian grabs another small key and jams it into the keyhole. He unlocks it and the drawer slides open.

A gun rests on a white uniform wrapped in plastic.

He grabs the gun and ejects the magazine, checking for bullets. The gun is loaded.

He forces the magazine back into the gun and loads a bullet into the barrel.

EXT. OCEAN NEAR BOX

Alan winds the rope around the large eyelet. The clasp holding the box suspended in the ocean releases, dropping the box.

The tethered weights drag the box down, pulling free from the rope.

Alan clings to it. He forces the rope back through the loop, fastening it into a knot.

They disappear into the darkness.

EXT. BOAT

Jake fidgets, slowing the boat even further. He taps on the dash, surveying the ocean.

The small red light comes on.

Jake rushes over to it. He taps it, and jumps.

JAKE

Now that's more like it!

EXT. OCEAN NEAR BOX

The propeller bursts out of the area, tugging the box behind it. The movement is slow.

He presses the green button and drops back to the box and pulls a knife from his belt.

He cuts the weights free, the propeller speeds up, dragging the box and Alan clinging to it, behind.

It zips past the sharks forcing them to swim out of the way to avoid collision.

They gaze after it, watching it move away.

The propeller twists in the water, tossed around by the currents.

Alan flails behind.

As he gains a grip on the edge, he inches over the box, spotting a volcanic formation dead ahead.

His grips slips down the box.

EXT. BOAT

Jake watches a panel as a small green dot blip toward him.

JAKE

That's it Alan, bring em in.

The blip turns to the side, moving away from the boat toward the rocks.

Jake looks up at the rocks and back at the screen.

JAKE

What the heck are you doing down there?

EXT. OCEAN

The side of a cliff looms ahead, the propeller speeding the Carson family helplessly toward it.

Alan's grips the severed rope and uses it to gain a hold over the box.

He wraps his legs around it, clinging to it as he slides around the box grasping the eyelet.

He reaches with his other hand, grabbing the rope just as his legs slip off, flowing in the ocean.

He releases the eyelet and reaches his other hand to a higher hold on the rope.

The propeller glides through an archway, bringing Alan dangerously close to hitting the rocks.

His grip slips him back to the box.

EXT. BOAT

Jake hovers over the radar, rubbing his hands together in nervous tension.

JAKE

Come on, turn it, you're going to crash!

EXT. OCEAN

Alan grabs the eyelet, pulling his body up.

He plants his feet firmly against the top of the box and slides up the rope against the current.

He places one hand over the other working his way up the rope.

The current pulls one of his hands free and he dangles in the water for a moment.

He looks at his family in the box and moves more determined to reach the top.

He Pulls against the force of the water, his hands touch the edge of the propeller.

They move closer to the cliff. Alan grasps the sides, steering it away from the cliff, just missing the side.

The box smashes into the formation splitting the box's seal.

INT. BOX

A gap in the seal opens up. Water sprays into the box drenching everyone inside.

Davie's head slips off Samara's lap onto the bottom of the box where the water begins to pool.

Water laps against his shoulders and touches his cheek.

EXT. COAST GUARD OFFICE

Ian charges out, met with two young officers in the coast guard.

Ian places his weapon in it's holster and adjusts his collar.

OFFICER

Sir?

IAN

Prep the boat for launch, and someone, get me a radio!

The other officer jogs off as the other one follows after Ian.

OFFICER

A briefing would be useful.

IAN

Later, right now I'm too ticked off.

EXT. HARK'S BOAT

Hark's turns the key, forcing the boat to rumble to life.

Lonny hauls up the heavy anchor, pressing a lever. The rope winds up, thickening on the large spool.

Lonny tosses the rest of the chum overboard and places the large pot onto the deck.

Trist climbs onto the front of the boat, moving into the harpoon seat.

He arms the harpoon, locking the wicked looking arrow into place.

EXT. OCEAN BENEATH BOAT

Alan steers the propeller through the ocean. He spots the bottom of the boat.

He leans up, easing the propeller speed down as he prepares to surface.

He releases his grip, pulling the handle and the propeller to a stop.

They surface alongside the boat, bobbing in the waves.

EXT. BOAT

Jake extends a boathook, grappling the box with the eyelet.

Alan tugs his diving mask off.

ALAN
They're out of air.

Alan climbs onto the side of the boat and yanks the lid off.

His wife and two children lie unconscious in a pool of water.

Jake pulls Davie out as Alan lifts Kristen. Together they pull out Samara, lying them out on the deck.

ALAN
Grab the tank.

JAKE
Which one?

ALAN

Any of them, all of them, just give them air.

Jake pushes through the tanks checking the gauges, he spots two in the green.

He hauls them over, setting them down between the three people.

Alan moves from person to person, checking their breathing. He pauses at Davie.

ALAN

He's not breathing!

Jake bursts into action as Alan moves Davie's lifeless body into position.

Alan performs CPR on Davie, pausing only to listen for signs of life.

Jake opens up the oxygen tanks, resting the respirators near their noses.

Davie coughs, water flows from his mouth.

Alan pulls him into his arms, stroking his son's hair.

Kristen stirs, her eyes blink and she leans into the flow of oxygen.

Davie spots her and weakly smiles.

DAVIE

I told you nothing could stop him.

Davie moves off Alan's lap and leans against the side of the boat.

Alan crawls over to Samara. He pulls her into his lap, cradling her in his arms.

She groans and reaches weakly for him. He takes his hand and touches it against his face. He strokes her hair.

ALAN

You with me?

SAMARA

You're late.

She half smiles, Alan smiles with her, the grin breaking across his face.

ALAN
What can I say? I'm always late.

Kristen mutters.

KRISTEN
Dad?

Alan touches her face, leaning over Samara.

ALAN
I'm here pumpkin.

KRISTEN
Dad, how many times do I have to ask you not to call me that?

ALAN
Oh, I'd say at least a hundred.
You okay?

Jake walks to the front of the boat. He spots Hark's boat moving toward them.

JAKE
I hate to break this up, but we've got trouble closing in fast.

Alan touches his family's faces one more time, then springs into action as best his leg allows.

He takes the helm starting the boat and brings it around.

Alan works the boat up to speed, forcing it through the gears.

JAKE
They're gaining!

ALAN
She can't give much more than this.

Alan kicks it into the highest gear, lifting the front of the boat out of the water.

Jake picks up the radio and flips it on.

JAKE
We're coming in hot.

They smash hard against the oncoming waves.

A harpoon flies over the boat, just missing Alan's head.

ALAN
Now would be a good time for some
back up.

Alan steers the boat to the right.

EXT. COAST GUARD BOAT

Barry pulls on his cover, the stolen coast guard uniform hat,
and motions to Elis.

BARRY
You heard him, show time.

Elis takes over the steering wheel and pushes the thrust
forward.

EXT. HARK'S BOAT

Hark glances out at his prey. Lonny hangs on to the edge,
trying not to slip.

Trist picks up another harpoon.

HARK
They're going to escape before you
even load that thing.

TRIST
I'll get them.

Trist locks the harpoon into place. He sits behind the
harpoon and levels it at the boat, taking aim.

TRIST
I've got you now.

Trist fires.

The harpoon spins through the air and spears the

BOAT

In the engine. It sputters and dies.

The boat glides over the surface, slowing considerably.

Alan attempts to restart the engine.

Jake fiddles with the harpoon, unable to dislodge it.

JAKE

It's no use.

He pulls the engine up out of the water, the harpoon sticks up in the air.

DAVIE

Dad, they're coming!

KRISTEN

They'll kill us, Dad, we have to do something.

Alan pulls out the emergency life raft. He pulls on the cord. The bundled plastic leaps out of his hands and fills with air.

EXT. COAST GUARD BOAT 2

Ian jogs over to the helm and grabs the radio. He twists the dial to the proper frequency and speaks into it.

IAN

Come in, this is Coast Guard 2,
come in please.

He listens for a moment met with nothing but static. He glances across the horizon.

IAN

Alan, Jake, this is Ian with the
Coast Guard, come in, over.

More static crackles.

IAN

We're too far out.

He tosses the radio to the officer and folds his arms.

OFFICER

Orders sir.

IAN

Let's bring out the calvary.

EXT. BOAT

Alan motions the family over to the raft sitting in the water.

SAMARA

We can't out run them in that.

Jake grabs his custom surfboard and drops it into the water. The radio crackles.

JAKE

You don't have to. Make for shore,
I'll hold them off as long as I
can.

Jake grabs a portable radio and hands it to Alan.

JAKE

It's all set.

ALAN

What about you?

JAKE

There's not time for that, go!

Jake climbs over the side, stepping onto the surfboard. He lifts the foot pedals with his heels.

Alan forces his family onto the flimsy raft.

Jake straps a remote control pad over his hand. He glances back at the family in the raft.

Davie waves at him.

Jake smiles and focuses on the approaching boat.

Tapping a button with his thumb the board purrs to life. Jake widens his stance, reading himself.

He shifts his thumb to the control pad. The board surges forward.

Jake flails about, attempting to regain his balance. He steadies out and speeds forward.

EXT. HARK'S BOAT

Trist locks in another harpoon, training his sight on the flimsy raft.

Jake steers in his direction, riding up the boat's wave, splashing the water on Trist, breaking his lock. He fires blindly.

The harpoon zooms through the air. A large wave picks up the lifeboat, pulling them to the side.

The harpoon lands next to them in the water.

The life boat disappears around the cove.

Trist growls at Lonny.

TRIST

Time to earn your pay.

Lonny leaps over the side, landing on a jet ski.

He cuts the rope and starts the engine, gunning away from the boat.

Lonny veers in front of Jake, chopping the surface into small irregular waves.

Jake, caught by surprise, loses his balance, but recovers enough to swerve away from Lonny, forcing him to pursue.

Hark steers the boat out wider, regaining sight on the family.

Trist has them in his sight, as they cut the distance between them.

EXT. LIFE RAFT

Kristen glances back and taps Alan rapidly on the shoulder.

KRISTEN

Dad, they're back.

Alan glances back, rowing harder.

KRISTEN

What do we do, what do we do?

EXT. OCEAN

Jake comes around and follows Hark's boat up the rear, riding another large wave up, dumping water across the engine.

It sputters and stalls, choking from the water.

AT THE CONTROLS

Hark slams his hand against the controls a few times. The engine clears and revs back to life.

He forces it to the highest gear.

ON THE SURFACE

Jake baits Lonny with a wide arc through the water. Lonny pursues, following closely.

Lonny rams into the side of Jake.

Jake's foot slips, but he quickly regains his footing and speeds toward Hark's boat.

Lonny moves in for another hit.

AT THE HARPOON

Trist's hand moves down to the trigger.

Jake flies forward, flipping over the boat and Trist.

Trist turns the harpoon on Jake and fires as he is coming down.

The harpoon flies out of the gun and smashes through the board, snagging Jake in the side.

He flops into the water.

Lonny moving at high speed, pulls to the side, but the force slams the jet ski into the side of the boat right as Lonny bails.

Hark grabs a small single person tank with front mask and dives into the water.

Trist glances over his shoulder and sees the oncoming collision and jumps for it, thrown into the water by the force of the hit.

Jake surfaces, tossing the harpoon to the side.

The surfboard floats nearby.

Jake swims painfully over to it and pulls himself onto his surfboard.

His thumb slides over to the remote control pad when the harpoon bursts through the hole.

The edges span out, locking their grip into the surfboard.

Trist's climbs out of the water on the other side, grabbing Jake by the neck.

Jake struggles with Trist, trying to force him off.

Trist digs his hand into Jake's harpoon wound. Jake bellows in pain, losing his strength.

Trist kicks Jake off the surfboard.

He sinks beneath the surface, unconscious.

UNDER THE SURFACE

Jake hangs limply in the water, blood leaking into the water.

A shark gains interest and swims toward him, confused a bit by all the chum in the water, but still moving toward him.

Jake's head jerks as he begins to come to.

He opens his eyes and glances over his shoulder, stunned. He spots the shark, his eyes widen.

Looking around for anything to help, he spots the harpoon sticking out of his surfboard.

He grabs the side.

ON THE SURFBOARD

Trist struggles with his balance on top of surfboard.

The edges of the harpoon retract and the harpoon disappears into the water.

Trist leans over the side, watching the ocean.

The harpoon spins out of the water and grazes his arm. He loses his balance and falls into the

OCEAN

Trist swims after Jake, lunging for him in the water. Jake spins missing his attack.

He kicks Trist.

The shark moves in behind Jake. He senses the shark and dodges the incoming attack.

Jake kicks to the surface and rolls onto the

SURFBOARD

Pulling his legs out of the water. Jake touches a button on his remote control pad and the surfboard carries him away.

He lays, breathless.

The BUZZ of engines in the distance forces Jake to rise onto his elbow.

He spots the stolen coast guard ship and waves.

JAKE

Hey.

He collapses back down, shielding his eyes from the sun.

JAKE

(breathlessly)

Down here.

EXT. COAST GUARD BOAT

Davie stands near the side, stepping on some boxes of gear for added height.

Alan stands near the front looking through the windshield, his gaze sweeping the ocean for signs of life.

Samara and Kristen hold back, looking out the rear, in case something was missed.

Davie's face lights up and he points to a small dark figure against the ocean.

Barry stands at the helm and steers the boat toward Jake.

DAVIE

That's Jake!

Samara comes up behind him, worry masking her face.

SAMARA
He looks injured.

Alan smiles confidently.

ALAN
We'll get him.

Alan points to Jake laying on his surfboard carried by the waves.

The center boat slows nearby as the other two continue on course.

Jake brings his surfboard alongside them and shuts it off.

Alan leans over the side and reaches for Jake.

He accepts the outstretched hand and painfully climbs on board.

Jake lies down on the boat's deck, babying his wounded side.

Elis grabs a first aid kit and bandages him up.

JAKE
I told you these guys would come in handy.

ALAN
You sure did.

EXT. COAST GUARD BOAT 2

Ian surveys the ocean. He shakes his head and picks up the radio again.

IAN
This is coast guard two is anyone out there?

He waits for a minute, the static crackling over the small speakers.

The officer holds up a hand as if to voice a suggestion.

Ian stops him with a flick of his hand.

IAN
This is coast guard two, come in.

EXT. COAST GUARD BOAT

The radio in Alan's pocket crackles. The transmission is muffled and distorted by static.

IAN (V.O.)
Come in.

ALAN
Hello?

IAN (V.O.)
It's a...

ALAN
Come again, you're breaking up.

IAN (V.O.)
It's...trap...get out of there!

The radio goes dead.

ALAN
Say again.

Barry reaches over and switches it off. He turns to see that Elis has a gun trained on his family.

BARRY
Play time's over.

Elis' hand quivers under the weight of the gun.

ELIS
Over there.

He motions Alan to stand by his family. Barry pulls out his pistol, taking over watch.

Elis proceeds to search them.

He crouches down and inspects Alan's ankle. He pulls a knife from Alan's boot sheath.

He stabs it into the side of the boat. Alan stares at it as it remains stuck to the boat.

Barry brings the boat around, steering right for Hark who is clinging to a piece of his ill-fated boat.

He guides the boat to the side of Hark.

He releases the wood and swims over to the boat, joining his two companions on board.

Barry tosses him a second pistol and Hark catches it.

HARK

Well, that was amusing. Could have given me a heads up at least.

BARRY

Where's the fun in that? Elis, take the helm.

Hark glares at him. Elis takes the helm of the boat, keeping a sharp eye on the horizon.

Hark turns to Alan.

HARK

Very clever. It's a pity all your effort was for naught.

ALAN

Let my family go, just forget about them.

HARK

That won't do at all. I know some old friends that would like to be reacquainted with you. It would be rude to keep them waiting.

Barry touches his shoulder.

BARRY

There's no time for that Hark. The coast guard will be half way here by now.

HARK

What do you propose, we become one big happy family?

BARRY

If we take them further out, we'll have enough time to make a run for it.

HARK

And the treasure?

BARRY
Forget the treasure. I say we cut
our losses and run.

Hark's head jerks up.

HARK
Where's Trist?

BARRY
I didn't see him in the water.

Both men turn on Jake.

HARK
What'd you do with him?

Jake props himself up against the side of the boat, his hand
resting on the bandages cover his wound.

JAKE
(smugly)
I guess he couldn't swim.

Hark back hands Jake knocking him onto his side.

Hark grabs a propane canister and ties a rope onto it.

HARK
Let's see how you fair.

Samara grabs a metal boathook and hides it vertically behind
her.

Hark ties the rope around Jake's legs as he lies, stunned
from the blow.

Alan moves forward. Barry levels the gun at him.

BARRY
Stay.

Samara swings the boathook up, knocking the gun out of
Barry's hand.

It slides across the deck.

She swings the boathook to the side knocking Elis overboard
as he turns.

Alan glances at his knife stabbed into the side board.

Hark rolls the canister over the side, dragging Jake with it. He grabs onto the side, clinging to the boat.

Barry leaps for the gun, Samara hits him on the back of his head, knocking him down.

Hark points the gun at Jake's head.

He releases the boat and sinks into the water.

Alan grabs his knife from the side and dives in after Jake.

EXT. OCEAN

Tugging him deeper into the water, the canister pulls him down.

Jake works at the rope, his teeth clenched together.

Tiny bubbles escape his mouth.

The canister catches on a rock formation preventing him from sinking to the bottom.

Jake tugs on the rope, the knot tightening around his ankle.

EXT. COAST GUARD BOAT

Hark stares down at the water, he spots Elis swimming toward the boat.

Hark motions with his gun to Elis.

HARK

After him.

He tosses down a sheathed knife. Elis catches it in one hand.

He pulls out the blade, turning a bit in the sunlight. Elis waves off Hark.

He tosses the sheath into the water.

He places the blade between his teeth and dives under the water.

EXT. OCEAN

Alan dives to Jake's level, he grasps the rope with one hand and saws at it with the knife in the other.

The severed strands spindle out and unwind.

With half of the rope cut through, Alan continues to saw at it.

Jake taps Alan on the head forcing him to cease cutting.

Elis slices through the water at Alan. He turns in the water, grabbing Elis' hand.

Alan forces him back with a lunge, the knife knocked free from Alan's grasp.

It slips out of his fingers and sinks.

Alan grabs for it, his fingers touching the edge, it descends out of reach.

Elis lunges at him again, Alan jerks to the side, the blade snags the rope severing all but one strand.

Jake tugs on it breaking it free. He uses the rock for help and bounds upward, surging to the surface.

He gasps as his head rears out of the water.

Hark cocks the gun. Jake dives back under before he can fire a shot.

Elis grabs Alan by the throat and pulls him down. Jake swims down behind them as they struggle.

He punches Elis in the side of the head, freeing Alan.

Alan swims to the top, careful to come up next to the boat.

Jake grabs Elis and swims to the surface, holding him under his arm.

He pops up next to Alan in the shadow of the boat. Elis bobs on the surface, unconscious, buoyed up by Jake.

HARK (V.O.)

Who's next? Perhaps darling
daughter would like a swim.

Engine noise draws their attention. Alan swims quietly to the back of the boat.

He grabs the rail and slithers over the edge, crouching behind a set of boxes.

The coast guard appears against the horizon.

Hark grabs Davie and backs against the side.

He waves the gun at Samara who is still brandishing the boat hook.

Samara drops it and clings to Kristen.

Alan climbs out of the water.

Hark spins around and points his gun at Alan stopping him in his tracks.

He holds up his hands.

ALAN

Release him.

HARK

And forfeit my escape route?
Everyone stays still or the boy
dies.

Hark kicks Alan in the face sending him backwards into the water.

He climbs over the side of the boat onto a wave runner.

Hark throws off the rope that tied it to the boat. Keeping the gun trained on them, he pushes away from the boat.

He starts it with his free hand. The wave runner sputters to life.

He moves slowly away, facing them as he does.

At a safe distance he tucks the gun away and surges the craft forward, launching it over the waves.

Barry stands, groggy from the hit.

BARRY

Hark, you can't leave me here.

He stumbles over to his gun.

Samara grabs the boat hook and brings it up to a bat like position.

He stares at her, dazed.

She whacks him hard, knocking him over the side and into the ocean.

Alan tugs Jake and wraps his arm around the rail to keep him from sinking.

Alan grasps the rail, still out of it from the kick. He slips back into the water.

Samara drops the boat hook and runs over to Alan. She leans over the side.

SAMARA

Honey, grab my hand.

He grabs her with his wet hand. His grasp falters and he slips back into the water.

She grabs his forearm and pulls him up. He climbs using the boat's back step and climbs aboard.

Together they pull Jake up out of the water. He falls over the edge on to the boards of the deck.

He leans against the side of the boat panting, holding his wound.

Alan rushes over to the helm and forces the throttle forward.

The boat surges forward in the water, picking up speed.

A white United States Coast Guard boat bounds through the waves toward them, sirens blaring on top.

IAN (V.O.)

This is the United States Coast Guard, bring your engines to a stop.

Alan picks up the radio and speaks to him.

ALAN

Negative, I'm in pursuit.

IAN (V.O.)

You have men overboard, cease movements immediately.

ALAN

You're welcome to give them a ride
but I'm not stopping.

IAN (V.O.)

Cease immediately or we will be
forced to take action.

Alan shoves the crackling radio mouth piece to his lips.

ALAN

The wave runner bearing due east,
has my kid aboard. Stay out of my
way or assist, it's up to you, but
whatever you do, please don't
endanger my son.

Alan swerves to the side, lining up for a direct path at the
zagging wave runner.

EXT. COAST GUARD BOAT 2

Ian pulls alongside the two men in the water. The officer
tosses a life preserve to Barry.

He grabs another one and tosses it to Elis. They land with a
PLOP next to them.

They grab on and allow themselves to be hauled aboard.

Barry, still wearing Ian's cover, climbs aboard.

Ian extends a hand out to him.

IAN

Welcome aboard, I believe this is
mine.

Ian grabs the hand and perches it carefully on top of his
head.

Barry's head sags. He holds up his hands.

BARRY

You got me.

IAN

I'm forgetting my manners, allow me
to extend my full hospitality.

He moves aside, the officer locks a pair of handcuffs around
Barry's wrists.

OFFICER
Compliments of the United States
Coast Guard, enjoy your stay.

The officer moves Barry onto the deck and pulls Elis out of the water, handcuffing him as well.

EXT. WAVE RUNNER

The small craft bounces along the surface. Hark holds Davie between his arms as he maneuvers the craft.

Davie squirms between his arms as they smash into another wave.

DAVIE
Let me go!

Hark grips him in his arm, locking his head into place.

Davie struggles against his grip, bringing Hark's arm to his mouth.

He bites down hard.

HARK
Little brat!

A shark swims nearby, casting a dark shadow in the water.

HARK
Fine. You want to act like a shark
then you can swim with them.

Hark pushes Davie over the side and speeds away.

EXT. OCEAN SURFACE

Davie flops in the water, coughing the water out of his lungs.

A shark swims by, Davie screams.

Alan pulls back on the throttle and slows the boat. Before it can stop Alan dives overboard swimming hard for Davie.

Samara tosses over a life preserve.

Alan grabs Davie and helps him swim over to the ring. He pushes Davie out of the water.

They cling to it as they guide them around to the back.

Samara leans over and pulls Davie out of the water as the guard helps Alan climb out.

He leans on the deck, pulling himself out of the water. A shark swims up.

Alan pulls his feet out of the water narrowly avoiding the shark's jaws.

It brushes against the boat and disappears back into the water.

IN THE DISTANCE

Hark speeds away, cheering as the waves smash against him.

The two other coast guard ships swoop in, cutting off his escape route.

He turns as the boats close in, looking around for anything.

Two guards move up on the side, arming and pointing rifles at him.

Hark pounds his fist against the steering and holds up his hands, surrendering to the guards.

Lonny, bruised and soaked, chuckles, snorting a bit as they handcuff and haul Hark on board.

Hark kicks at Lonny which only makes him laugh harder.

His blanket slips off his shoulder a bit as he falls over in laughter.

The two guardsmen handling Hark wrestle him to the side, fastening him to the side of the boat.

He glares out at the third boat where Alan and his family are safely on board.

EXT. BEACH

Ian steps onto the beach, Elis, Barry, Lonny, and Hark are handcuffed and lined up on the beach.

Alan hugs his family, kissing their heads. He drops to one knee and stares them in the face.

Jake stands off to the side a bit, smiling at them.

IAN
This all of them?

Alan steps away from his family and sizes up the captive men.
Jake shakes his head and stares at the ocean.

ALAN
There was another named Trist.

Hark glares at Ian, Alan, and Jake with penetrating hatred.
Jake glances between Hark and the ocean.

JAKE
I don't think he made it.

Ian nods gravely.

IAN
I'll need statements from all of
you, but God willing, we won't see
any of them for a very long time.

Alan shakes his hand. Samara moves forward, shaking his hand
as well.

SAMARA
We can't thank you enough.

IAN
Just doing our job, but you, you
did a fine thing, not only saving
your family but helping bring these
men to justice.

EXT. RESEARCH CENTER - DAY

Alan pulls off a plastic "WE'RE BACK" sign from the front.

Jake, wearing an outback type hat, stands next to him as they
size up the building.

JAKE
A research center funded by a pro-
shop. Who would have thought.

Samara walks up to them holding a stack of envelopes in her
hand.

SAMARA
This was a great idea, combining
the two.

Alan places an arm around her and kisses her head.

Samara places an envelope in Alan's hand and kisses his cheek.

She walks into the shop, leaving the two of them alone.

Alan taps the envelope in his hand.

ALAN
Crazy times.

JAKE
Yeah.

ALAN
The museum was excited for the new addition.

Jake chuckles.

JAKE
I bet.

Alan extends the envelope to Jake.

JAKE
What's this?

ALAN
You're cut.

Jake accepts the envelope and opens it. He pulls out a check and smiles.

JAKE
Cut?

ALAN
It's called a finders fee. They pay a percentage of the overall worth to those who found it. Since the treasure was partly yours, so is the fee.

Jake looks at the check again.

JAKE
I used to think that if I got my hands on one of these, I'd have everything I wanted.

ALAN

And?

Jake shakes his head.

JAKE

Turns out I already had it, just
couldn't see what was staring me in
the face.

Jake tucks the check back into the envelope and holds it out
for Alan.

ALAN

Keep it.

JAKE

I can't.

ALAN

Go on, you've earned it.

JAKE

No. I lost it a long time ago.
Besides, seems my tinkering project
is a hit at this year's surfing
expo. They'd like to try it for
sport.

Alan pulls a chain off from around his neck, a shiny metal
barb from a harpoon is hooked on the end.

He hands it to Jake.

Jake examines it in his hand.

JAKE

What's this for?

ALAN

A bright future. Close calls and
all.

Jake pulls out a small box.

JAKE

Speaking of close calls.

Alan opens it, revealing a shark tooth necklace. Alan half
smiles.

ALAN

Thought I'd seen enough of these.

JAKE
Enough? Never.

Jake places the necklace over Alan's head, it drapes over his neck and the shark tooth hangs down.

Alan touches it.

ALAN
They don't seem so bad when they're not attached.

Jake backs away. Samara steps out of the shop.

JAKE
Well, I best get a move on, they're expecting me.
Samara.

Jake tips his hat to Samara and walks down the beach, grabbing his board on the way.

Samara moves in front of Alan. She touches the shark tooth and smiles.

Alan pulls her in for a hug and she turns in his arms, to watch the kids coming out of the pro-shop.

DAVIE
Mom, the stuff is here, come look!

Davie runs back inside.

ALAN
Think you could get used to this?

SAMARA
Yeah.

Samara grins and follows the kids back into the shop, releasing Alan's hand as he lingers behind.

He glances down the beach where a man resembling Trist is standing alone, staring at him.

Alan steps toward him, startled.

FADE OUT.