

TRIDENT

Written by

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INT. SEA PLANE - DAY

SUPER: JUNE 1992 - BERING SEA

SUPER: ACT ONE - SALMON SEASON

OLIVER(22), thin with a shaggy mess of hair, sits in the droning single-propeller plane and watches his breath appear in the cold air.

Past the beads of condensation that track across the window he sees endless mountain peaks gleaming in the sunlight above the low cloud cover.

There are cloud breaks to the sparkling sea below and small, green, windswept volcanic islands.

Oliver scans the aisle with a single line of 3 or 4 seats on either side when KAT(23) turns and sees him.

She pushes off the fur-lined hood of a heavy olive jacket, brushes her hair away, smiles, and flashes a peace sign.

Her cheeks are pinked by the cold and her eyes are bright and clear.

Oliver returns the sign. She turns away but Oliver is transfixed.

She turns back to face him and pulls a looped wand out of bottle and gently blows dozens of bubbles towards him.

The bubbles slowly float up the aisle as some passengers reach out and pop them and chortle.

She watches with anticipation as their number diminish until one last bubble makes it to Oliver.

He reaches out his palm and it anchors there.

The bubble shimmers in the cabin light and then pops.

He looks towards Kat but she has turned back. He rubs the soapy moisture in his hand.

Then the plane shudders and the wing flap gears whine loudly.

It eases through the clouds and emerges into the expanse of a sea splashed with small, brushed whitecaps.

The intercom crackles.

PILOT  
There's your ship.

Everyone presses towards the windows.

The M/V TRIDENT. 400 feet long. 50 feet across. Rises stories above the waterline. The bright royal blue, hulking ship appears majestic in the endless sea.

EXT. SKIFF - DAY

The skiff is dwarfed as it pulls up to and bobs next to the boarding ladder of the Trident.

From this vantage, the Trident's 50 years of paint, streaked with rust, more say scrap heap than majestic.

EXT. HELIPAD - NIGHT

The ship churns a silvery spume that glows in the moonlight and fades into the darkness.

A flurry of BUBBLES appear unexpectedly and hangs high over the white wake. They are quickly caught by the sea winds and rushed into oblivion.

Kat is there, bundled in her jacket and a wool knit cap. She pulls the wand out of a bottle and blows dozens more bubbles out beyond the stern of the ship.

Behind her, Oliver appears next to the towering bridge, outlined by the bright sodium lights from the main deck.

As she dips her wand again she sees him.

KAT

Oh. Hello.

She speaks with a heavy German accent.

OLIVER

Hi. I didn't mean to scare you.

She chuckles.

KAT

You did not scare me. Would you like to blow some bubbles?

Oliver approaches.

OLIVER

You're German.

KAT  
(sternly)  
Yes. I am very German.

He smiles.

OLIVER  
Sorry about this. Disturbing you. I  
promised myself I would come out my  
first night.

Kat checks her watch.

KAT  
At three o'clock in the morning?

OLIVER  
Something like that.

She offers the wand and bottle of soapy water.

He blows a thick stream of bubbles and hands them back.

She blows more. They watch the endless churning of the wake.

OLIVER  
I'm Oliver.

KAT  
I am Kat. Really Katharina but I  
liked to be called Kat.

OLIVER  
Nice to meet you, Kat.

KAT  
It is nice to meet you, Oliver.

There is a quiet moment with just the rush of water and soft  
drone of the engine. They look up to the heaven of endless  
stars in the sky.

KAT  
I shall leave you to your night  
sky.

OLIVER  
No, please. I'll go.

KAT  
I am a bit chilled. Goodnight. It  
was nice to meet you, Oliver.

OLIVER

Great to meet you, Kat.

She walks towards the outside passage of the ship and gives him the peace sign.

OLIVER

Peace!

He shakes his head, disappointed by his awkwardness, but as she disappears down the ladder she calls back.

KAT

Peace!

He smiles and staggers backwards, hand to heart.

INT. FACTORY FLOOR - LATER

Oliver walks through thick plastic strip curtains onto the SILENT floor of the factory.

Its many levels are connected with conveyers and steel grated floors and landings.

Sections of machinery are hooded in stainless steel. Vats and chutes and conveyers and steel tables snake throughout.

Colored hoses lead from the insulated pipes running across the ceiling into various sections of the factory line.

Even in the dim light, the white painted support beams show blisters of rust and corrosion.

He peers down an open hatch with a ladder that leads into darkness below.

There is the sound of a heavy door opening. He slinks back out the plastic curtain.

EXT. MAIN DECK - DAY

SEA BIRDS hover over the ship and are its constant companions. They wait for the expected stream of blood and viscera discharged from the factory and into the sea.

A couple of young, white ship's mechanics, ROSS and GREG, lean against the thick steel walls and loudly assess each new employee as they walk past.

ROSS

Faggot. Faggot. Faggot.

An OLDER WOMAN.

ROSS

Mamma.

GREG

Mammacita!

Oliver walks past.

GREG

Faggot.

OLIVER

What?

GREG

Move along, faggot.

They shoo him away.

He finds a place to sit next to a older, bone-thin Southeast Asian man only known as SKULLY (50's) because of the paper-thin skin that covers his cheeks and eye-sockets.

Kat goes through the gauntlet.

ROSS

We got a Girlfriend. Yeah, baby.

She lifts her eyebrows and moves on.

Oliver waves her over as a few more pass Ross and Greg.

ROSS

Faggot. Faggot.

Hollis (24), black, muscular, back as straight as a ramrod, walks by.

ROSS

Faggot.

Hollis stops and puts his hands on his hips.

HOLLIS

Excuse me?

GREG

Move along, faggot.

Hollis squats before him.

HOLLIS

How'd you know I was a faggot? You must have some kind of supernatural senses. But I have to tell you, unless you're looking for a daddy, you ain't allowed to call me that.

He pokes Greg in the chest.

HOLLIS

You understand me, little brother?

Greg sneers. Ross giggles nervously. Hollis stands above.

HOLLIS

Uh, huh.

He moves on as the rest of the employees move past unperturbed. A dozen total.

Kat turns to Skully and smiles. His smile accentuates the bony facial structure.

SKULLY

How much?

KAT

Excuse me?

SKULLY

How much? How much you? I have much dollar.

Just then a burly, engineer's assistant, TOD (26) shirtless with brown overalls with the bib hanging down from his waist, walks across the deck.

TOD

I'm Tod. Been on this ship seven years. You all are just passing through so I don't give a shit about you. But I'm 'sposed to tell you how to save your own lives. Cause this ain't no game. You think you can last in that water? You can't. I once pulled a guy out of the god damn, fucking Bering Sea after three minutes and that mother fucker was never the same! Never. And this was a seasoned deck hand, mind you, not some little pussy like you fuckers. You won't last a minute.

He picks up an orange bag and shakes its contents onto the deck in a sharp snap. The bright red PVC immersion suit rolls open with a kick from Tod.

TOD

This is your "Gumby suit". It will save your life in this water. You must be able to get it on in one minute. You will be timed. The piece of shit who takes the longest is fucked.

He mimics the process as he explains.

TOD

You take off your heavy clothing and shoes. Lie on deck. Slip your legs in. Ankle straps. Kneel. Weak arm in. Hood on. Dominant arm. Zip up and Velcro face panel. Easy.

He points out five, including Kat and Oliver, and tosses them unopened Gumby suits.

TOD

You five. Go.

They take off their jackets and shoes. Oliver is wearing a SUICIDAL TENDENCIES concert t-shirt.

KAT

Ooh. I love your shirt.

OLIVER

Thanks.

He furtively glances at her. She is bra-less with a thin sleeveless white t-shirt on.

The mechanics Ross and Greg whistle and call out and laugh as the employees struggle into their suits.

Tod approaches Kat.

TOD

You doing okay there, girlfriend?

KAT

Yes. I am fine.

TOD

Where is that accent from?



KAT  
Freiburg. Germany.

TOD  
I love German women. They're very beautiful.

KAT  
Oh. You must not know very many German women.

TOD  
Here. Pull out your leg a bit and I'll show you how to point your toes in.

He reaches inside the leg of her suit as she shoves her foot in and kneels to get her arm in.

KAT  
Not necessary. Thank you though.

She ignores him as continues to talk.

TOD  
Very good. It's harder for men. Especially guys like me with these big ole feet.

KAT  
Your feet seem to me to be the normal size.

She pulls the hood over her head and slaps the face panel around.

KAT  
Good?

Tod nods.

TOD  
Good.

He moves on to Oliver and looks at his t-shirt.

TOD  
Suicidal! This man's got some taste. Listen. We're gonna play some cards tonight. Cabin seventeen. About eight.

OLIVER  
Uh. Sure.

TOD

Finally someone who listens to good music.

(to Ross and Greg)

Not like you pansies.

He goes to one of the other employees and claps his hands aggressively in their face

TOD

Hurry! Hurry! Ship's sinking!

You're gonna die!

INT. TOD'S CABIN - NIGHT

Tod sits shirtless in shorts with Ross, Greg and Oliver in the cramped cabin around a small table attached to the hull of the ship, below the porthole.

It is strewn with cards, chips, and an overflowing ashtray. Smoke is heavy in the room and a bottle of liquor is passed.

The ship moves through moderately rough seas. Anything hanging from the walls or ceiling sways with the waves.

Thrash music plays from a compact boom box.

Tod throws down his hand and scrapes the chips into a cup.

TOD

So you know that Kat chick?

OLIVER

Yeah. She's pretty cool.

GREG

Stone cold fox. Kinda slutty too. You see those titties today?

TOD

Oh, yeah. She wants that hot beef injection. You giving it to her?

OLIVER

Uh. No. But yeah. She's hot.

TOD

Well, fucking step aside. I'm gonna mark that bitch as mine.

He grabs his FLUORESCENT YELLOW MARKER from his jacket pocket and writes "TOD" on his forearm

They all laugh except Oliver.

GREG  
Aren't you still fucking Susan?

TOD  
When I'm down for something skanky.

GREG  
Better than that Filipino pussy.

OLIVER  
Susan, the Floor Manager?

ROSS  
Yeah. That's definitely some skank  
ass pussy.

Tod lunges across the table and grabs Ross by the neck. Then releases.

TOD  
I'm just fucking with you.

They laugh again but Greg stops laughing when the ship pitches hard.

TOD  
You better not fucking throw up in  
my room.

GREG  
I'm not. Fuck. That was a rough  
one.

TOD  
That wasn't shit. Ante up. Susan is  
just another piece. She knows it.  
You wanna fuck her? Go ahead. I  
don't care. I want some of that  
Meisterbrau.

He swipes all the cards off the table and starts to shuffle them. Oliver gets up to leave.

OLIVER  
I should go. This guy's making me  
feel queasy.

GREG  
I'm not getting sick.

Oliver moves to leave again and Tod grabs him and taps him with his FLUORESCENT YELLOW MARKER.

TOD  
If you ain't gonna fuck her then I  
am. We clear?

Oliver is clearly uncomfortable. The ship pitches again and Greg hiccups and burps.

TOD  
Shit. Get this fucker a trash can.

Greg runs out of the room.

OLIVER  
I'll go check on him.

Oliver leaves the room and Tod calls out after him.

TOD  
We clear, dude?

INT. FACTORY FLOOR - DAY

Hollis and Oliver burst through the plastic curtains to the factory floor in their polyurethane bib pants, rubber sleeve guards, rubber boots.

They place hearing protection muffs over their knit caps.

Pop music blasts from speakers and fights to overpower the pulsing drone of machinery, clunking of pistons, squeal of blades spinning, the rush of water.

Every station along the line is manned. Oliver and Hollis make their way over the steel grated floor.

Bloody pink water rushes under the grates.

They take their place at the bottom of a chute sending down a steady stream of salmon where they line them up for de-heading and gutting.

Oliver catches sight of Kat high on an elevated platform. He watches her until Hollis pushes him to the side.

Three JAPANESE MEN dressed in matching white button ups, slacks and fleece jackets with their company logo walk through the busy floor and ignore all around them.

Behind their backs, some employees perform exaggerated bows and mock their stiff manner.

They weave their way up to the highest platform where the fish sorting takes place.

Oliver watches them as the floor manager SUSAN (32) bows and moves the small staff of female graders to the side while she talks to the Japanese men.

Kat is one of those graders. She leans against the rails and scans for Oliver. They make eye contact and wave.

Oliver flips some fish over his back for her amusement.

As he manipulates two fish into kissing each other, a SCREAM heard. Then ANOTHER SCREAM. Then an alarm sounds and the machinery is shut down.

Pop music plays as a man clutches his hand and cries out in agony and is rushed past Oliver.

The music is cut. The factory floor is silent.

Oliver looks back up to see Kat but she is gone.

INT. MESS - NIGHT

Oliver sits in the mess in jeans and his Suicidal Tendencies t-shirt. It's late into the night.

He has a notebook and tarot cards spread across the table.

Skully sits on the center of one of the nearby tables seemingly in deep meditation.

Tod, Ross, and Greg sit at a corner table silently shoving food into their mouths.

From behind Oliver, Kat approaches and puts her hands over his eyes. She whispers in his ear.

KAT

What was the last card you put down?

OLIVER

Um. The Tower?

KAT

Correct.

She sits next to him and picks up the card.

KAT

What does this mean for you?

OLIVER

Actually, I'm just learning. I don't think it's a good card. It's like destruction or something, isn't it?

KAT

Oh. It could be very good card. For example, maybe you might lose something precious to you.

OLIVER

That's good?

KAT

I don't know. But it could be. For example you might lose that t-shirt to me. Would that be such a terrible thing?

OLIVER

You want my t-shirt? Yeah. You can have it.

He stands and pulls it over his head and hands it to her.

She beams.

KAT

You don't have to give it to me right now.

OLIVER

Right. I should wash it first. It probably smells. I didn't wear it on the line or anything though.

She takes the t-shirt to her face and inhales deeply.

KAT

I like the smell.

She takes off her jacket and puts the t-shirt on over her own thin shirt.

KAT

Thank you, Oliver. I will think of you whenever I wear it.

She kisses him on the cheek and gets up to leave.

KAT

I only came for a snack.

Oliver watches her walk away past Skully.

SKULLY  
How much? How much?

She ignores Skully to gird herself to walk past Tod.

Tod mumbles something to her.

She leans in and responds but Oliver can't hear her.

TOD  
Whatever.

She exits and Tod and his crew glare at Oliver who turns back to his cards and puts his jacket on over his naked torso. He picks up the Tower card.

EXT. SHIP'S BOW - DAY

Kat and Oliver lay in a secluded corner of the bow, side-by-side. The day is beautiful. The sun. A gentle wind. Distant sea birds.

They both appear to be asleep until Oliver rolls towards Kat.

OLIVER  
Kat? You awake?

KAT  
I dozed off for a little bit. Have you slept?

OLIVER  
No.

KAT  
Just close your eyes and let the sun warm you. It is delicious.

OLIVER  
I can't because I think I have to ask you something.

KAT  
What is it?

OLIVER  
Do you think I could kiss you?

Kat laughs. Oliver opens his eyes. Kat is directly above him.

OLIVER  
What? Why are you laughing?

KAT  
You may kiss me.

Oliver lifts his head to reach for her but she pulls away.

He sits up and leans in but she stands.

He lets out an embarrassed laugh and stands and faces her and they look into the other's eyes.

He leans close and softly presses his lips to hers.

As he readies to pull away, she responds to his kiss.

She pulls his hand around to her back and he holds her tight.

She holds him.

Their kiss becomes rhythmic and pulsing and their hands roam the other.

Their mouths and tongues explore.

Their bodies press.

They might release soft, ecstatic moans.

For them, this moment will never end.

EXT. FACTORY FLOOR - DAY

Pop music blasts above the din of the factory floor.

Gone is the playful nature of the early salmon season. This is intense work and everyone now knows it.

Oliver works as "giller" who stands at the "slime line".

He takes the beheaded and eviscerated salmon, scrapes the entrails, and feeds them into a running trough of water.

Working backwards up the line, the conveyer belt of belly-up fish is run through a whining blade. It slices each individual. The guts fall onto another conveyer.

The station before rhythmically brings each fish under a steel tooth that chonks down and removes the head and passes the body across a spinning brush.



Above that we rise to the cadre of female sorters and graders. Here is where the finest specimens are separated out for inspection by the Japanese and where roe is collected.

Kat is there. She pulls a lever that opens up on a chute and releases a couple dozen fish.

She then slides them down a variety of chutes based on species and quality.

One of the Japanese inspectors approaches and stands next to her, presumably to instruct her on the fineries of the job.

The inspector wedges in and expertly shows his process.

She watches intently but backs away and takes a moment to lean out over the rail and wave at Oliver. He waves back.

The inspector calls her back and motions for her to resume her duties. He steps to the side, bows. Kat returns the bow. He goes back to the other inspectors.

Susan stands with the Japanese as they pull exquisite knives from sheaths on their belts and touch and cut open fish.

Susan glares at Kat who just shrugs her shoulders.

Susan bows to the Japanese and excuses herself. She goes to Kat.

SUSAN

What the fuck are you doing, Kat?

KAT

I am not doing anything.

SUSAN

You've been told not to interact with the Japs and what the fuck were you guys doing there? Holding hands?

KAT

What was I supposed to do?

SUSAN

You were supposed to ignore him and do your work.

KAT

Sorry.

SUSAN

Don't talk to him again. And quit making goo-goo eyes with your boyfriend down there or I'll send him down to case-up. Maybe then you'll pay attention.

KAT

I am the best grader you have.

SUSAN

Oh, if you're gonna be a bitch then he's definitely going down to case-up.

Susan storms off down the landing and straight up to Oliver.

Kat watches Oliver look up and then go down the ladder to the lower deck.

INT. OLIVER'S CABIN - DAY

Oliver lay on his bunk with Kat sitting on its edge. Hollis and James(21), a lanky Texan, are on their own bunks.

KAT

I like how you do not care who knows you are gay.

HOLLIS

Do you care, honey?

KAT

No. In Germany it is not so dangerous as it is here.

HOLLIS

Ain't nobody gonna bother me.

He pulls off his shirt and shows his muscle-bound physique.

HOLLIS (CONT'D)

Have you seen this body?

KAT

It is a very impressive body.

HOLLIS

I ain't here for no boyfriends, though. I'm here for the money.

JAMES

Yeah, baby. Give me that sweet, sweet money!

HOLLIS

Six months on this boat and I got enough to start building something real. I don't have time for people's games and shit. Honey, I've got spreadsheets and everything.

KAT

You wish to start a business.

HOLLIS

I've got the ideas, now all I need is the capital. Money, money, money.

JAMES

You, Ollie? You here for the money? I mean, I can't see why else.

OLIVER

Yeah. Money. Something. I need something and I guess it's money.

HOLLIS

Now, this girl don't need money. Ain't that true, Kat? She be a rich girl. I can smell that on her.

KAT

No. I am not terribly rich. It is true that I am not here for the money though.

HOLLIS

Then why are you here?

KAT

I come from... tradition. My life was set before me before I was born. I cannot abide that. If I were born one-hundred years ago I would be in the wild west of America. Is this not the wild west?

OLIVER

Hell, yeah, it is.

KAT  
I simply want to know if I can  
survive the wild, wild west.

HOLLIS  
Umm, huh. I bet it's more  
complicated than that.

Susan can be heard walking down the passageway calling shift  
change.

JAMES  
Gotta go. You coming down to case-  
up then, Ollie?

OLIVER  
Yeah.

JAMES  
He's a packer now! No offense  
Hollis.

HOLLIS  
You best mind your manners, my  
brother.

JAMES  
Hey, Ollie, bring down some new  
music. Please!

Hollis and James pull on their boots. Kat opens the porthole.

KAT  
You boys stink.

HOLLIS  
And you smell like a rose?

The two of them leave Kat and Oliver alone in the room. She  
comes to him and rubs her hand under his shirt.

KAT  
You are going to have such big  
muscles working in case-up.

OLIVER  
I hate that I won't be able to see  
you anymore.

She straddles him and pulls off his shirt. They kiss.

KAT

You will not smell like fish  
anymore. Do me now you stinky boy.

She pulls off her top and jumps down to lock the door and shimmy out of her pants.

INT. CASE-UP STATION - DAY

Oliver hands a cassette tape to EDDIE(25), white with a patchy beard and bib pants covered in smiley faces with swastika eyes.

EDDIE

What's this?

He looks at the cover.

EDDIE

It better fucking be good or I'm  
shipping it out with the fish. Get  
a stack of them boxes and put 'em  
over here.

He puts the tape in a boom box as he juts his chin to one of the floor to ceiling stacks of flattened boxes. Oliver grabs a stack.

EDDIE

I said a fucking stack! As much as  
you can lift. I don't have time to  
fuck around.

Oliver piles as much as he can carry. The music starts playing. It's dark heavy metal and Eddie digs it.

EDDIE

Watch me for a minute then get on  
the other machine. It's fucking  
easy.

The boys are grooving.

EDDIE

You're gonna run out of strapping.  
It's over there by the hatch to the  
hold.

Oliver head-bangs his way to the strapping and looks down a roped off hatch in the floor leading to utter darkness.

EXT. DECK - DAY

Exhaustion shows on the zombie-like march of employees during shift change.

Oliver is among the glaze-eyed dead but he lights up when he sees Kat on the other side of the deck.

OLIVER

Kat!

She doesn't hear over the boats unloading their fish, winches squealing, the rush of wind.

She stands with Tod. Tod flexes his naked arms.

Oliver watches them as co-workers bump past.

He sees Kat drop the straps holding up her bib pants and lets them drop to her waist. She wears Oliver's t-shirt.

She sticks out her chest for Todd. He leans in close and lingers.

Kat smiles.

Tod points finger guns at her and walks away. Kat pulls her bib back up and walks towards the galley.

Oliver stares at the space they occupied, perhaps replaying the event in his mind.

A co-worker knocks him aside.

CO-WORKER

Get the fuck out of the way.

He's shoved to the edge of the ship.

He lays his head on the rail and watches the discharge of a steady watery pink stream of entrails into the sea where seagulls swarm and cry.

INT. OLIVER'S CABIN - NIGHT

The room is dark but for the light of the moon filtered through the porthole.

There is a rhythmic grunting and moaning.

Kat and Oliver are on his bed. The sheet that covers them falls away.

Oliver relentlessly bucks over her like an animal. She lies beneath with her legs wrapped around him, urging him on.

INT. MESS - DAY

Kat sits with Tala(22), her reserved Filipino roommate, as they both eat a hot breakfast.

Oliver comes in with a buoyant excitability and plops down at the table.

He bites playfully at Kat's neck. His familiarity makes Tala uncomfortable and she slides over.

OLIVER

You wanna go see the bears?

KAT

Bears? I do love bears. How?

OLIVER

We aren't pulling up anchor until tonight and there were some sighted on those islands nearby. They're gonna take some skiffs out. I heard Susan talking about it. They're gonna post a sign-up sheet. Yes?

KAT

Yes. Yes. Yes! And Tala?

OLIVER

Hey, Tala. Of course!

Tala keeps her head down.

TALA

Thank you. I've got lunch and dinner shift.

KAT

No! Maybe you can go late.

TALA

It's okay.

KAT

I'll talk to them.

TALA

No. I don't like bears so much.

KAT  
Are you sure?

OLIVER  
I should sign us up soon.

KAT  
Tala?

TALA  
You go.

OLIVER  
So, yes?

KAT  
Go!

Oliver jumps up and runs out of the mess. Kat gives Tala a hug.

EXT. SKIFF - DAY

MONTAGE BEGINS

- A beautiful day. The skiff hops across the low waves. Oliver and Kat and a handful have the wind blow through their hair.

- They approach an island with its black cliffs and rocky shore and grassy hills swept free of trees by relentless sea winds.

- A family of Brown Bears move across the grassland.

- An eagle soars above.

- Ravens dance and swagger on the shore.

- Oliver and Kat hold each other close and point at every novel sight.

EXT. MAIN DECK - DAY

Oliver and Kat walk hand in hand, exhilarated by their experience when an alarm sounds and an announcement comes over the speaker. "Man overboard! Man overboard"

There is a rush of people to the skiff ladder.

Some employees stay and gawk. Others walk away.



One walking away is Tod. He walks by Kat and Oliver.

KAT  
Is everything okay?

TOD  
They pulled her out pretty quick.  
She'll be okay. It was Susan. She  
must of slipped.

OLIVER  
Jesus.

KAT  
Don't you want to go help her?

Tod stops and comes close to Kat and assumes a dominant posture.

TOD  
Too many people over there anyway.  
Now if it was you, I'd be right up  
in there to help.

Tod moves closer, his crotch in her eye line.

TOD  
I'll tell you a little secret. They  
say that naked skin on naked skin  
is best. So they say. And I'd warm  
every last inch of you. Inside and  
out. I'd fucking save your life. I  
gotta duty, girlfriend.

He offers a smirk to Oliver.

TOD  
See ya later, Kat.

KAT  
You are disgusting, Tod.

Tod bumps Oliver aside as he walks away.

KAT  
Disgusting.

Oliver is completely flustered. He moves to go after Tod but Kat grabs him.

KAT  
Don't.

OLIVER

But-

KAT

Forget it. What are you going to do?

She shakes her head.

KAT

I will see you at dinner.

She walks away and Oliver looks at his shaking hand.

SUPER: SEPTEMBER 1992

SUPER: ACT TWO - THE DOLDRUMS

INT. FACTORY FLOOR - DAY

Oliver walks through the factory floor. The machinery is silent but squads of people scrub and spray and pull rotting flesh from the gears.

He takes the ladder down the hatch.

INT. CASE-UP - DAY

Eddie and James are wiping down the machinery and restocking supplies.

EDDIE

Where the fuck you been? We're almost done.

OLIVER

Fuck you. I'm on time according to the schedule.

JAMES

Well, I don't know what you're gonna do. Do you wanna go down in the hold and re-stack that pile of boxes that fell?

OLIVER

No.

JAMES

I guess just sit around then.

He watches them work. He looks at the swastikas that adorn Eddie's overalls.

OLIVER  
Are you really a Nazi?

EDDIE  
Me? No. Why?

OLIVER  
Why do you think?

EDDIE  
Oh, that. Yeah. I put those on there last year. Some fuckers kept fucking with me. It was pretty rough. I figured people don't wanna fuck with Nazis and I guess they don't, 'cause it stopped.

He laughs as Susan comes in.

SUSAN  
What the hell is taking so long?

EDDIE  
We're basically done.

SUSAN  
Did your clean up that spill in the hold?

EDDIE  
Yeah. Oliver did.

Oliver gives Eddie a look.

SUSAN  
Good. You have new assignment until we start crab season. Come with me.

They follow her up the ladder. James pretends to poke her butt. They all squash their laughter.

SUSAN  
Stop doing that, James.

JAMES  
Yes, ma'am.

EXT. MAIN DECK - DAY

Oliver, James, Eddie and a few others stand in a crescent around Susan who unlocks a door and pushes it open.

SUSAN

Paint locker. Everything you need is here. Ten pound sledge, chisels, pneumatic hammers, chippers, primer, brushes, overcoat. There's some ear cans so you don't go deaf. If you need more paint, you come and see me.

She holds up a key on a large key tag.

SUSAN

Who wants the key?

No one responds.

SUSAN

Oliver. Take it.

He hesitates.

SUSAN

Fucking take the key.

He takes it.

SUSAN

You lose it, I'll throw you overboard. You understand?

He nods.

EDDIE

Oh yeah? Falling overboard...I wonder what that's like?

SUSAN

Oliver. Give Eddie the key.

EDDIE

What? No.

SUSAN

Shut the fuck up, Eddie. You know the drill. You show these fuck ups where to start and when to stop. Can you do that?

EDDIE

Yeah.

SUSAN

Lucky for you it was a short salmon season 'cause you go a lot of ship to get to before the crab come. You'll be here eight in the morning to seven at night, every day except your assigned day off. Fucking get to work.

She turns and walks away. Eddie makes a splash noise.

SUSAN

Fuck you, Eddie.

Eddie turns to the others.

EDDIE

I guess I'm the foreman. Gimme the fucking key, Oliver. Grab a hammer and follow me.

INT. GALLEY - DAY

Kat works in the kitchen with Tala, happy and laughing.

Oliver peeks his head through the pass-through. He is dripping with sweat.

Oliver scans the galley.

OLIVER

Hey, Kat! How do you like it here?

KAT

Oh, my God. I love it so much.

OLIVER

Cool. You wanna watch a movie tonight? I got wine.

KAT

Real wine or ship wine?

OLIVER

Ship.

KAT

I do not want any of that but I will see a movie. Do you know what it is?

OLIVER

Nope.

INT. MESS - NIGHT

A pulled down screen is showing an action movie. A capacity of 40 seats available. 8 people watching. They are engrossed.

James and Hollis are present.

Kat and Oliver come in and stand to the side. Oliver puts his hand in the small of her back and she reflexively bats it away. Oliver puts his hands up and backs away.

She takes his hand and leads him to the rear of the mess and pulls him down in a seat next to her.

Skully turns to Kat and smiles wide.

SKULLY

How much?

She ignores him to focus on the movie.

SKULLY

How much you?

OLIVER

Shut up, Skully.

INT. MESS - LATER

The movie plays while Kat nibbles on Oliver's neck.

OLIVER

I don't understand you. You knock away my hand and now you want to bit my neck?

KAT

Maybe you are not thinking about it deeply enough.

She bites him hard and he suppresses his reaction but kisses her and they begin an aggressive make-out session.

INT. OLIVER'S CABIN - NIGHT

Oliver locks the door and Kat is on him.

She slams him back against the door and undoes his belt. He is putty in her hands.

KAT

Take off your pants, boy.

He does.

KAT  
Your shirt too or are you a shy  
boy?

He pulls off his shirt and underwear and rushes her but she pushes him back against the door.

She presses against him and kisses his chest and shoulders. Her hands run along his body. He risks putting his hands on her and she allows it.

His mouth finds hers and they kiss deeply.

OLIVER  
Oh, God. I think I'm in love with  
you.

She stops.

KAT  
You are in love with me?

She pushes him away and sits at the table and drinks from a water bottle.

OLIVER  
What? It's true, you know. I've  
never met anyone like you.

KAT  
You fucking Americans. So careless  
with your emotions. What makes you  
think I won't just disappear from  
your life. Have we made commitments  
to each other?

OLIVER  
I want to. I want us to make  
commitments to each other.

KAT  
So you can control me?

OLIVER  
What? No! What are you talking  
about?

KAT  
Like that little bullshit you  
pulled at the movie putting your  
hand on my back.

OLIVER  
That was trying to control you?  
That's crazy!

KAT  
I thought you were different. I  
thought you got it.

OLIVER  
Got what? What the fuck is  
happening?

She gets up to leave but he stands in her way.

She stares him down.

He relents and moves aside.

She walks out the door and leaves it open.

Should he go out after her? Should he just close the door? He  
hesitates and shuts the door.

EXT. MAIN DECK - DAY

Oliver and the rest of the crew hammer and chip away at the  
ship's corrosion. The crew is topless or in tank tops. Their  
bodies toned and glistening with the daily hard work.

A smattering of disappointed gulls hover in the air currents  
above the ship.

The crew has moved quite a ways along the length of the ship.

Oliver comes out of the paint locker with a 5-gallon bucket  
of paint, sees Kat.

The rest of the crew slowly stop what they're doing to  
listen.

KAT  
Would you like to see a movie with  
me tonight?

OLIVER  
Yeah.

KAT  
You look good, Oliver.

She turns and leaves.



Oliver goes back to work while his co-workers poke at him and make suggestive noises.

He smiles as he puts on his ear protection and runs a pneumatic chipper at the base of a thick, squat capstan.

INT. MESS - NIGHT

The mess is crowded with people. With nothing to do all day, the movie nights have become an attraction.

The atmosphere is rowdy. Ship wine is passed around freely. There have probably been other drugs taken.

Kat and Oliver sit with Tala and James and Hollis. A well-known comedy plays on the screen. People know the jokes and shout them out.

Tod shouts the loudest. Someone calls out for him to shut up.

TOD

Who the fuck said that?

No one says a word until there's another joke and Tod turns back around and shouts it out.

Hollis stands up.

HOLLIS

You are a pain in my ass. Why don't you just sit the fuck down and shut up.

TOD

You think I'm gonna listen to a faggot?

Hollis walks towards Tod but Oliver stops him.

OLIVER

Just let him rant. We can go.

Kat gets up and confronts Tod.

KAT

Do you think you can talk to people like that? What kind of garbage are you? Asshole!

TOD

Oh. You too now? You just need a good fucking. Still not fucking her, Oliver?

He mock fucks the air.

KAT  
Oh, I am getting fucked good!

She also mock fucks the air.

OLIVER  
Jesus, Kat. Calm down.

KAT  
You don't think you fuck me good?

OLIVER  
Just stop talking!

KAT  
Never, ever say that to me.

OLIVER  
Okay. Okay.

From out of the blue, two other men in the mess start fighting about something completely different.

Oliver pulls Hollis towards the door as Kat leads them.

HOLLIS  
You come call me faggot later and I'm gonna fuck you up, little brother!

TOD  
Fuck you!

He slugs some wine and turns back to the movie to shout out another line.

INT. KAT'S CABIN - NIGHT

Oliver looks around the tidy cabin. There are shelves of books.

He runs his fingers along them. The Beauty Myth, Backlash, a mix of feminist theory and classic female authors.

He sees a cassette tape player.

OLIVER  
Can I play some music?

KAT  
I don't know if you would like it.

OLIVER  
I like all kinds of music.

KAT  
Play it. It reminds me of you.

It is BRUCKNER'S 9TH SYMPHONY. The music cascades up and down in repeating patterns of brass instruments.

OLIVER  
Why does this remind you of me?

KAT  
Don't you like it?

Oliver stops and listens.

OLIVER  
I dig it.

He mimics conducting the symphony.

OLIVER  
How come you never let me come over here?

KAT  
This is a sacred place. I did not think you were ready. Are you ready now?

OLIVER  
I think so.

KAT  
You should be sure.

He takes her hands.

OLIVER  
I'm ready.

Oliver goes back to the shelf of books and pulls one out.

It is stuffed with vintage pornographic cards between the pages. Some paintings. Some photographs. All different forms of sexuality.

OLIVER  
Wow. Where did you get these?

KAT

A shop in Berlin. I have hundreds of them at my home. I'll bet you would like them, you pervert.

He thumbs through the cards

OLIVER

Sure.

He puts the cards back in the book and the book back on the shelf and turns his head to read each book spine.

OLIVER

Should I read these?

KAT

If you want.

OLIVER

Is this what you think about?

KAT

Some of it. Why do you ask?

OLIVER

I don't think I understand you at all. I like the music.

KAT

You may borrow it if you like but you must take very good care of it.

She begins stripping.

KAT

You are such an American.

He starts stripping.

OLIVER

There's nothing wrong with that.

KAT

Of course not. But you think a different way. I like much of it. That's why I considered study in America.

Oliver comes up to her and begins running his hands along her naked body.

OLIVER

You might not?

KAT  
I have a path laid out for me in  
Germany.

OLIVER  
I know. I know. Your parents are  
important.

KAT  
They are not so important but my  
mother and father are both  
respected. There are many  
opportunities for me.

OLIVER  
I don't know what I'd do if I  
couldn't see you. I'd go mad.

She kisses his body and bites his shoulder.

KAT  
I have not decided anything.

She bites his shoulder. Hard.

OLIVER  
Ow!

KAT  
Good boy.

INT. FACTORY FLOOR - DAY

Oliver follows James through the factory floor carrying a  
large box. They head down the ladder to case-up.

JAMES  
You need help with that?

OLIVER  
I got it.

He struggles with the large box but makes his way down.

INT. CASE-UP - DAY

James opens up the hatch to the hold.

JAMES  
Just send it on down.

Oliver puts the box on the chute down to the hold and pushes it into the darkness.

JAMES

Come on.

He heads to a hatch off the case-up room.

INT. HOLD - DAY

It's pitch black but they each have flashlights. Oliver goes to get the box he sent down.

He shines his flashlight on the wall and sees it is filled with GRAFFITI.

JAMES

Hurry the fuck up.

Oliver grabs the box and follows James through the dark hold.

James comes to the door to the engine room and opens it and the sound of the diesel engine's pistons throb escapes into the hold.

INT. ENGINE ROOM - DAY

James turns on the lights, dulled from years of aerosolized grease.

Every surface show the futile attempts to wipe away the oil: the huge engine with its gauges and dials, the fuel oil heaters, racks of injector parts, tools, pumps, tanks, tapped drums of oil.

JAMES

Come on.

He shimmies behind an engine block.

JAMES

Give me the box.

Oliver hands it over.

JAMES

What the fuck. I thought this was full.

OLIVER

I got what I could. I had to beg her for this. She wasn't happy.

He shimmies behind with James.

JAMES

That's some crappy begging.

Behind the engine block are a dozen plastic bottles of juice lined up with balloons attached to their mouths.

JAMES

Just hand 'em over.

Oliver pulls a bottle out of the box and hands it to James. James looks.

JAMES

White grape? Oh, yeah! That's what I'm talking about. Primo! Next.

Oliver hands over the next one.

JAMES

What the fuck. This is straight cranberry.

OLIVER

So.

JAMES

No sugar content, dude. I don't even know what to do with this. I could add a bunch of sugar. Gonna taste like shit.

OLIVER

Sorry. That's the rest of it.

He looks at the bottle.

OLIVER

It's got a little sugar.

JAMES

Let me see.

Oliver hands over 3 more bottles of cranberry juice.

JAMES

Shit. They're gonna be pissed. You got the yeast?

OLIVER

Yeah.

He hands over a packet of yeast.

JAMES

That's it?

Oliver shrugs.

JAMES

It's gonna get real dry after the party. You get your costume yet?

OLIVER

No. What costume?

JAMES

Oh, shit. Kat's got it all planned out for us. She's some kind of snake goddess and you and I are gonna be her minions. It's just a fucking plastic bag and some fucking face paint.

OLIVER

She didn't tell me.

James arranges the product they brought next to the current batch of ship wine.

JAMES

I guess we can get more juice when we go back to Akutan. This party is gonna be a blow out!

OLIVER

We're going back?

JAMES

Yeah. Can't you feel the ship turning right now?

OLIVER

No.

They both pause and try to sense the ship's movement.

JAMES

Well, it is. The whole system processor got fried. They're flying something in from Anchorage. So we got nothing but free time until then. The Captain's pissed. We're gonna be two days late for crab. Works for me though. I'm getting fucked up tonight.



INT. MESS - NIGHT

The room is crowded. Red and purple crepe paper cover the fluorescents making it dim and moody.

Two large stereo speakers blast Guns N Roses, Ice Cube, The Melvins, Soundgarden, or R.E.M.

Red cups are in everyone's hands. Many wear mediocre costumes.

Mechanics in coveralls and homemade hockey masks are scattered throughout the mess.

There's a toilet paper mummy.

Lots of zombies including Hollis.

Some Cowgirls in gingham with their shirrtails tied in front.

Groups of women dance together and most of the men stand to the side, not dancing but willing should they be dragged.

The door opens. Kat walks in.

A short black dress slit down both sides of the torso.

She holds a spiral snake wand. Each bare arm is encircled with silver foil snakes.

A snake crown tops her curled hair.

Her lips are bright red.

Kat pulls Oliver and James by their leashes.

They wear black plastic trash bags and snake medallions. Their faces are marked with the war-paint of some invented culture.

The music is loud. Talking involves leaning in and shouting.

ALL DIALOGUE IN THE MESS IS SUBTITLED

KAT  
(to Oliver)  
Get me a drink.

He and James find the cups and lift the sheet on the table to reveal the jugs and jugs of ship wine underneath.

JAMES  
They estimate it at 14 proof.

OLIVER

Nice.

The knock cups and slug it back. Their faces contort then break into a laugh.

OLIVER

Disgusting.

They fill their glasses and one for Kat.

MONTAGE BEGINS

A guy in coveralls and a hockey mask slides white pills out of a small baggie.

A jug of wine is drained of its last drops.

Women navigate unwanted advances while they dance.

Susan's Polaroid flashes as she takes pictures.

Kat and Oliver make out

James, and Hollis raise their glasses and chug.

Kat dances with abandon. It's a freedom we've never seen from her but might have guessed at it.

Tod also dances with abandon though it's not the same vision of grace and beauty.

He dances up to Kat and slips his hand on her side. She slaps it away and wags her finger at him.

His face is flushed and his eyes are wild.

Oliver nudges himself between Kat and Tod.

Tod pushes him to the ground and grabs at Kat. She slaps him across the cheek and shoves him away.

KAT

You fucking asshole!

She goes to Oliver as he is getting up and reaches for his hand.

KAT

Let's go.

He shakes her off and swings at Tod but misses. Tod lands a solid jab on Oliver's cheek and sends him crumpled to the ground.

He grabs Oliver by the hair smiles wide and lightly hits him in the skull over and over as people try to pull him off.

Kat scratches Tod's face and grabs Oliver and they stumble out of the mess hall.

END OF MONTAGE AND SUBTITLES

EXT. MAIN DECK - NIGHT

The wind whips against Kat and Oliver as they make their way through the groups gathered outside the mess.

Kat leads him along the side of the ship.

EXT. STERN OF SHIP - NIGHT

She gets Oliver under a light and looks at his swollen cheek.

OLIVER

Are you okay. I'm sorry. I tried to stop him.

KAT

I didn't want you to stop him. I wanted you to leave with me. You fucking men.

Tod storms around the corner towards them.

Oliver goes straight for Tod but Tod easily puts him in a headlock and drags him along helplessly.

It only takes a moment for him to be on Kat.

His hand at her throat.

He forces her to the ground and straddles her.

His scratched face swings back and forth in a rage as he gropes at her chest.

TOD

I know you want some of this you yummy little slut.

She bites his arm as hard as she can and he pulls away enough for her to get her knee into his groin.

He falls away and groans in pain and holds his arm. Oliver tumbles to the side.

Kat gives Tod a solid kick to the head and grabs Oliver and they run into the dark passage of the ship.

INT. KAT'S CABIN - NIGHT

Oliver lies on the bed. His face is swollen. Kat sits by his side and presses a wet washcloth to it.

KAT

We'll go see the Captain and see if he can get you to a doctor.

OLIVER

Don't. Nothing's broken. I don't think. Did he hurt you? I'll fucking kill him.

KAT

I'll report him in the morning.

OLIVER

They'll just say that you...

KAT

What?

OLIVER

You know he's friends with the Captain.

KAT

I don't care. They'll just say that I what?

OLIVER

Jesus, Kat. You were almost naked out there.

KAT

Are you kidding me?

OLIVER

I'm just telling you what they're gonna say.

KAT

Are you seriously blaming me?

OLIVER

No, but...

KAT

This is so disappointing. Oliver. I should be able to walk around this ship completely nude and not feel like someone is going to rape me. Nobody gave him permission to do that.

OLIVER

Really? Are you joking?

She stares bitterly.

OLIVER

That's not the way they're gonna see it.

KAT

Is that how you see it?

Oliver is silent.

KAT

Get the fuck out of here.

She throws the washcloth to the side and points to the door.

Oliver groans as he gets up.

OLIVER

Kat. I'm sorry.

KAT

Right.

OLIVER

Will you still go ashore with me tomorrow?

KAT

I don't even want to see you.

She turns away.

KAT

I thought you were different.

OLIVER

I am. I'm trying to be. You have to teach me.

She turns back to him. Her face has hardened.

KAT  
You are a fucking child.

OLIVER  
I really hope I see you tomorrow.  
I'll make it all up to you.

She looks out the port hole.

He turns and limps out of the room.

SUPER: OCTOBER 1992

SUPER: ACT THREE - CRAB SEASON

EXT. AKUTAN VILLAGE - DAY

Oliver walks along the shore as gentle waves break and slosh among the rocks.

He glances at the Trident anchored in the bay.

The village exists along a strip of beach sheltered by a steep rise of black hillside with 40 or 50 structures connected by a raised wooden walkway.

A group of ship employees laugh and talk as they clack by on their way to the village store.

Oliver climbs back up the steep berm to the walkway and follows the employees who disappear into the store.

He glances through the window then walks away.

He walks faster and faster until he is at a full sprint down the walkway.

He bears left and hits a dead end.

He goes back to the main walk and breaks into a sprint until he is at the end of the line.

He holds his face and wipes a few tears. Then he turns back and walks slowly back towards the pier.

EXT. AKUTAN PIER - DAY

The other employees wait for him and call on him to hurry until he begins a jog towards them.

EXT. MAIN DECK - EVENING

Back on the ship, he watches the skiff come in from the village and maneuver next to the ladder.

Everyone boards the ship one by one coming up to the top of the ladder. Kat is not there.

Oliver approaches one of the employees.

OLIVER  
Was Kat with you guys?

EMPLOYEE  
No. Not with our group.

OLIVER  
Cool. Thanks.

He is disconcerted.

INT. PASSAGEWAY - EVENING

He knocks on Kat's cabin door. No response. He knocks again and puts his ear to the door. He bangs. Nothing. He kicks the door and walks away.

EXT. STERN OF SHIP - EVENING

Oliver scans the area when the ship's engines start. He hears the loud clank of the anchor pulling up and starts to panic.

INT. MESS - EVENING

He rushes through the mess and peeks into the galley.

OLIVER  
Hey, Tala!

Tala looks over, wipes her hands and walks over.

OLIVER  
You seen Kat?

TALA  
No. She not working.

OLIVER  
So you haven't seen her all day?

TALA

No. I work all day. Maybe in cabin.

OLIVER

She's not in the cabin. I just checked there.

TALA

Then I don't know. Yesterday she say she go to Akutan with you.

OLIVER

She didn't go. Unless she went with the first group but she wasn't on the skiff. Do you think they left her?

TALA

I don't know. I work.

She walks away.

INT. STAIRWAY TO BRIDGE - NIGHT

Oliver runs to the stairwell but stops as the door opens.

Tod exits the bridge and rushes down the ladder. He turns his head away as he brushes past Oliver. Was Tod crying?

EXT. DOORWAY TO BRIDGE - NIGHT

The ship sways and hums as the door opens and he is greeted by the FIRST MATE(30's) dressed in pressed khakis and a pressed polo with the company logo embroidered on the chest.

FIRST MATE

Yeah, what?

OLIVER

I need to talk to the Captain.

FIRST MATE

He's a little busy right now. I'll come find you later.

OLIVER

It's important. I think we left someone at the village.

FIRST MATE

I'll come find you later.



He starts to close the door.

CAPTAIN (O.S.)  
Let him in.

INT. BRIDGE - NIGHT

The bridge is lit with red light except for the low whites of gauges and dials. Out the window, bright sodium lights blast the deck. Beyond that, the sea is lit with moonlight.

The CAPTAIN(50's) leans back and smokes a cigarette in the dim light. He holds a large plastic mug of coffee.

OLIVER  
I'm so sorry to bother you but I think we left an employee, Katharina Mueller, behind.

CAPTAIN  
And what makes you think that?

OLIVER  
I can't find her anywhere. I've looked everywhere.

CAPTAIN  
Maybe she's somewhere she might oughten't be. Did you try her cabin?

OLIVER  
I banged on her door a bunch and nothing.

CAPTAIN  
Maybe she doesn't want to talk to you. Think of that?

The First Mate chuckles.

CAPTAIN  
Listen. This job ain't for everyone. People leave this job all the time. Maybe she booked a plane home.

OLIVER  
Maybe she's in her room and she's hurt. We should at least check.

FIRST MATE

We're not doing that. Just like the Captain said, she probably just didn't get back on board.

OLIVER

Please.

The Captain stubs out his cigarette and digs in a drawer and pulls out keys for the First Mate.

CAPTAIN

Just go open the door for him. Then close it right back up.

FIRST MATE

Sure, Captain.

CAPTAIN

Hey, son.

OLIVER

Yeah?

CAPTAIN

They're predicting a big crab season. Lots of money at stake. You here to make money?

OLIVER

Yes, sir.

CAPTAIN

Then you need to rest up and be ready. I'm gonna need you working like an animal.

EXT. PASSAGEWAY - NIGHT

The First Mate knocks at Kat's door and they wait for a moment.

He shuffles around for the master key and puts it in the lock when someone shouts from down the passageway.

TALA

What are you doing?

Tala strides towards them in her robe. Her hair wrapped in a towel.

TALA

What are you doing in my room?

FIRST MATE  
Just checking on your roommate.

Tala gets to the door and pushes in past them.

TALA  
She gone.

FIRST MATE  
Where did she go?

TALA  
Don't know. I work breakfast. I  
work lunch. Come back. All her  
things gone. She left.

OLIVER  
All her things gone? That can't be.

TALA  
I don't know. She not here.

OLIVER  
Did she leave anything? Did she  
leave a note?

TALA  
No. Nothing.

OLIVER  
Well, can I look?

Tala looks at the First Mate who just shrugs.

TALA  
I guess. She took all.

She lets him past.

INT. KAT'S CABIN

Oliver looks around the room and confirms to himself that her things are gone. The First Mate stands in the doorway.

Oliver gets on his hands and knees and looks under the bed. He reaches to the far wall and pulls out her bottle of soapy water for bubbles.

FIRST MATE  
Come on. Don't be poking around.

OLIVER  
I don't believe it. She wouldn't  
leave without telling me.

TALA  
I know. Rude. She act like my  
friend.

OLIVER  
Do you have her phone number or  
address.

TALA  
No. You can go now.

OLIVER  
Yeah. Sure. I'm gonna take this.

He holds up the bottle.

TALA  
I don't care.

EXT. HELIPAD - NIGHT

Oliver sits on the helipad blowing bubbles over the dark sea.  
He gets up and walks down the side of the ship.

EXT. MAIN DECK - MOMENTS LATER

He comes out on the main deck and walks past Skully who sits  
on a capstan and meditates.

SKULLY  
How much gone.

Oliver turns back.

OLIVER  
What?

Skully mimics cupping breasts and jiggling them.

SKULLY  
How much. How much. How much gone.  
Off boat.

He uses his hands to mimic a splash.

SKULLY  
Pweeesh.

Oliver is confused.

OLIVER  
What are you talking about?

Skully repeats the action.

SKULLY  
Pweeesh. Pweeesh.

OLIVER  
Jesus fucking Christ, Skully.

He walks away. Skully settles back into a deep meditation.

INT. MESS - DAY

Oliver sits by himself eating breakfast. Hollis comes over and plops himself across from Oliver

HOLLIS  
How you doin', little brother?

OLIVER  
I feel like shit.

HOLLIS  
I know. I know. Love's a bitch  
ain't she.

OLIVER  
Hey, you know that guy, Skully?

HOLLIS  
That boy is strange.

OLIVER  
Yeah. He was trying to tell me  
something last night. He said Kat  
left the ship but then he made this  
splashing sound. I think that's  
what it was. What the fuck does  
that mean?

HOLLIS  
He's a crazy man so I wouldn't be  
putting too much into what he says.

OLIVER  
You know some of those Filipino's  
right? You could see if they know  
what he's talking about.

HOLLIS

He ain't no Filipino. I don't know  
what he is. I'll ask though.

INT. CASE-UP - DAY

James has the music loud and bounces about excitedly.

Oliver sets up his packing station.

James shouts up the chute to the factory floor.

JAMES

Okay! Here we go! Bring it on,  
bitches! What color you got?

OLIVER

What?

JAMES

Your marker.

He flashes his FLUORESCENT YELLOW MARKER.

OLIVER

I lost mine.

JAMES

Fuck, dude. Them boxes 'bout to  
start coming down. Go get one.  
Wait. Here's one.

He tosses Oliver a red marker and bounces around a bit before  
a rack of frozen crab legs slides down the chute.

JAMES

And so it begins.

He hammers off the cage and plops a box over it, flips it,  
marks it with his marker and straps in in a strapping machine  
before sending it to the hold.

Finally, another comes down to Oliver. He does what James did  
but with low energy and he forgets a step.

JAMES

Tag it, man! Tag it!

James grabs the box and puts a check mark next to the kind of  
crab he is boxing.

JAMES

There. Now strap it. Push it up tight against the safety or it won't strap.

Oliver puts it under the machine and plastic bands violently whips around the box and the machine heat seals them.

James begins the next rack to slide down.

INT. OLIVER'S CABIN - DAY

Oliver lays on his bunk while James changes clothes.

JAMES

I'm gonna get something to eat. You coming?

OLIVER

Nah.

JAMES

You want me to get you something?

OLIVER

No, thanks.

James considers.

JAMES

She'll write you a letter or something.

No response so James leaves Oliver to sulk on the bed.

Finally alone, Oliver yells out in frustration and slams his fist into the wall.

He sees the corner of something drop below the level of the upper bunk.

He reaches up and tries to grab the corner but he can't grasp it.

He grabs a knife stolen from the mess and pries the corner down far enough to grab.

He pulls it out and it's a Polaroid of Kat from the party. She is dancing and her breast is exposed in the shot.

Just then James comes back in and grabs his knit cap.

Oliver gets up out of the bed and holds up the picture.

OLIVER  
What the fuck is this?

James is flustered.

JAMES  
Oh, shit. Yeah. I was supposed to  
give you that. Susan took it.

He pauses.

JAMES  
I forgot.

OLIVER  
You got more?

JAMES  
No. I swear. You can look if you  
want.

He wants to leave.

JAMES  
Get some rest. They want us back in  
like three and a half hours.

He goes to leave but pokes his head back in.

JAMES  
I saw Hollis out there. We'll be  
quiet when we come in. Um. Sorry.

INT. PACKING HOLD - NIGHT

James is bouncing around again. Oliver looks like a zombie.

JAMES  
Listen, man. I'm really sorry about  
that picture thing. Are we gonna be  
okay?

OLIVER  
Just leave me alone.

JAMES  
Did you sleep? I got like 2 hours.  
It's gonna be jammin' today so they  
say. They got boats lined up.

OLIVER  
I couldn't sleep.



He watches Oliver pack up the first rack of the day. Oliver misses putting the check mark.

JAMES  
You gotta tag it, Ollie.

He goes over and marks the box for him with his marker.

INT. PACKING HOLD - LATER

James looks over at the back-up of racks piling up on Oliver's side. Oliver has fallen asleep standing up.

JAMES  
Ollie!

Oliver starts awake and starts packing.

OLIVER  
Sorry.

James grabs some of Oliver's racks over to his side.

JAMES  
Jesus, dude.

James walks over and pulls a baggie from his pocket. He offers Oliver a pill.

JAMES  
Take this. You gotta focus.

OLIVER  
What's that?

JAMES  
It's a Ross and Greg special. Trust me. It'll help.

Oliver takes the pill and puts it in his mouth.

JAMES  
Not now! I meant for your next shift. Oh, well. You can say bye-bye to your sleep today.

INT. GALLEY - DAY

Oliver approaches a table of Filipino's speaking Tagalog.

OLIVER  
Hey. You guys know Kat?

They look at him blankly.

OLIVER  
You know. That German girl?

FILIPINO MAMA  
Yeah.

She turn to her table mates.

FILIPINO MAMA  
(in Tagalog)  
You remember that white girl  
dancing like a whore at the party?

They all remember.

FILIPINO MAMA  
We know her.

OLIVER  
Well, have you seen her? Or did any  
of you talk to her?

FILIPINO MAMA  
No.  
(in Tagalog)  
Have you seen the German?

They all shake their heads.

SKINNY FILIPINO  
He looks like shit.

FILIPINO MAMA  
Nobody seen her.

Oliver walks away.

SKINNY FILIPINO  
(in Tagalog)  
He was one of the one's she was  
fucking.

FILIPINO MAMA  
(in Tagalog)  
Who else was she fucking?

SKINNY FILIPINO  
(in Tagalog)  
Not me.

Everyone laughs. Oliver notes their laughter as he exits.

EXT. PASSAGEWAY - DAY

Oliver walks down the passageway.

Someone comes from a door down the passageway. It's Tod.

Tod sees Oliver then turns and walks the other direction.

Oliver approaches the door Tod came from and knocks.

ROSS (O.S.)  
Come on in!

INT. ROSS AND GREG'S CABIN - MOMENTS LATER

Oliver tosses a roll of bills on the table. Greg takes it and assesses.

ROSS  
Is this 'cause we're so good  
looking?

OLIVER  
I want some of those pills that  
James has.

ROSS  
What pills does he have?

OLIVER  
Okay. Whatever.

He snatches the bills back and heads out the door.

ROSS  
Hold on. I was just fucking with  
you, man. Why so serious? Let me  
see that money.

Oliver turns back and tosses him the money. Ross takes some of the money and starts to hand it back but hesitates and takes out a few more bills.

ROSS  
See. That was easy. Get him a bag,  
Greg.

Greg pulls out a lockbox from under the bed, unlocks it, and hands Oliver the pills.

OLIVER  
Is that it?

ROSS  
Yeah, man. That's it.

OLIVER  
That was like fifty bucks you took.

ROSS  
You're in the middle of the Bering  
Sea, dude.

Oliver digs out his wad of cash and hands Greg more bills.

OLIVER  
What'll this get me?

ROSS  
Just give him the same.

Greg pulls another bag out and snaps the lockbox closed and slides it under the bunk.

Oliver reaches out his hand.

ROSS  
Jesus. You gotta relax.

Oliver takes it and exits. Ross and Greg chuckle when the door closes.

ROSS  
Awkward.

EXT. DECK - NIGHT

The sky is black beyond the blast of the sodium lights of the ship.

Oliver looks out over the dark sea.

He leans over the rail and watches a steady stream of crab gills and blood pour into the sea.

The seagulls have swarmed the area and Oliver watches them hover in the light above the ship.

The deck hands call out to each other and to the crew of the boat transferring its haul of crab. Susan supervises.

She sees Oliver zoning out at the rail.

SUSAN  
Oliver!

He doesn't hear her over the whining of the crane and cries of birds and wind that blows over the water.

She marches over his way.

SUSAN

Oliver!

He turns, innocently enough.

SUSAN

What are you doing? Get back to work!

OLIVER

Oh, I'm off.

SUSAN

Well, why the fuck aren't you asleep.

OLIVER

I don't know. Couldn't sleep.

She looks at her watch.

SUSAN

Your shift starts in two hours and fifteen minutes. Go get some sleep.

OLIVER

Nah.

SUSAN

Well, go get something to eat then.

OLIVER

Okay.

SUSAN

What the fuck is wrong with you?

OLIVER

I'll go get some food. I won't be late.

She walks back to the crab transfer.

SUSAN

You better not be!

INT. PACKING HOLD - DAY

Oliver and James follow the rhythm of the boxes sliding down from above: Crack the frame, box, and mark. Then strap and send down into the hold.

James glances over. Oliver changes the cassette tape and gets back to it.

James dives over before Oliver sends the strapped box down.

JAMES

Whoa!

He pulls it back marks the kind of crab meat on the side of the box.

JAMES

Did you miss any more of these?

OLIVER

Shit. No. I didn't. I swear.

JAMES

Careful, man.

They ease back into the rhythm.

INT. OLIVER'S CABIN - DAY

Oliver sits on his berth, his leg bounces nonstop.

Hollis comes in and strips out of his outerwear.

HOLLIS

You okay, little brother?

Oliver smiles at him.

OLIVER

Yeah. Haven't been sleeping much.

HOLLIS

You gotta sleep, little one. You lie your head down right now.

OLIVER

I can't.

HOLLIS

You'll do what I say. You wanna hear what I found out about Skully don't you?

OLIVER

Yeah.

HOLLIS

Then rest your head on your pillow  
and I'll tell you.

Oliver lays back and Hollis sits on the edge of the berth and strokes Oliver's hair out of his eyes.

HOLLIS

Close your eyes.

Oliver complies. Hollis gently strokes Oliver's head.

HOLLIS

Turns out no one knows much about him. He's been on the ship since before the Captain. Who knows how long. They say he's a Buddhist monk. Can you believe that? I don't know if I do. They say he doesn't speak English but I don't know how he works here if he don't. That don't make sense. Anyway, I heard he's Cambodian. But he don't speak regular Cambodian. Some dialect no one understands.

OLIVER

What does he even do on the ship?

HOLLIS

Now you just relax. Did I tell you to talk?

OLIVER

No.

HOLLIS

That's right. So, I'm not sure, but I think he's some kind of janitor though I never seen him do any kind of janitorial duties. Basically, no one knows what he was talking about with you and nobody seems like they wanna go through the effort to find out.

OLIVER

That's it?

HOLLIS

Shhhh.

Hollis covers him in a blanket and softly hums and strokes Oliver's head and shoulders.

Oliver seems to drift off. His breathing is slow and steady.

Hollis stays on for a few moments more and hums now more for his own enjoyment of his voice than anything. Then he gets up and leaves, quietly closing the door.

Oliver's eyes snap open.

EXT. DECK - NIGHT

Oliver leaves the galley as a gust of wind blasts him.

He looks out over the darkness beyond the sodium lights of the deck.

He notices Skully sitting just a few feet away from him.

Skully smiles. His smile is wide. His thin skin stretches into a strange mask.

Oliver nods and rushes away.

INT. PACKING HOLD - DAY

James packs up boxes and sends them down. He looks over and Oliver is standing still. Asleep.

JAMES

Hey!

Oliver startles awake and starts packing. He sends a box down.

JAMES

Did you mark it?

Oliver searches his pockets for his marker.

OLIVER

Shit. I think I forgot my marker.

JAMES

Are you kidding? How many boxes have you sent down?

Oliver thinks for a moment.

OLIVER

I don't know. Maybe thirty?



JAMES

Well, fucking go down and mark 'em.  
I'll cover your fucking station.

Oliver goes to the ladder and disappears into the hold.

INT. HOLD - MOMENTS LATER

A burly Puerto Rican "stacker", Raul(20s) shuffles around in the dim light.

OLIVER

Hey. I forgot to mark a couple of boxes.

RAUL

Over there.

Oliver goes over and finds the boxes he missed.

He scans the graffiti on the wall when hears the arpeggios of BRUCKNER'S 9TH. It is like a distant radio. But the distance seems both of space and time.

OLIVER

You hear that?

RAUL

Hear what?

The sound fades.

He sees a cluster of scrawls that reference Kat.

DOES KATS PUSSY SMELL LIKE FISH?

Or

I LIKE MY HOTDOG WITH KRAUT

Someone scrawled next to it

WITH KETCHUP?

Then

KAT IS PROOF GERMANS LOVE SAUSAGE

Or

BANGING GERMANS LIKE ITS 1944

OLIVER  
Jesus. Hey, Raul. Who wrote this?

Raul looks.

RAUL  
I don't know. Someone with a yellow  
marker.

We all know that James writes in FLUORESCENT YELLOW MARKER.

OLIVER  
Mother fucker.

INT. PACKING HOLD - MOMENTS LATER

Oliver climbs up the ladder.

JAMES  
Took you long enough.

Oliver comes at him. He pushes James backwards onto the  
strapping machine.

Oliver puts his arm on a mechanism to bypass the safety and  
STRAPS James' neck.

JAMES  
What the fuck?

James can't move. Oliver pulls the FLUORESCENT YELLOW MARKER  
from James' pocket and throws it down into the hold.

OLIVER  
You wrote that shit down there.

JAMES  
What the fuck are you talking  
about? Write What?

Eddie comes down. Sees the situation and quickly goes back.

OLIVER  
You wrote that shit down there.

Oliver goes back to his station. He grabs a crab rack and  
begins to disassemble it and pack it up. James lays helpless

INT. PACKING HOLD - MINUTES LATER

Susan comes in and cuts the strap from James' neck. Oliver is  
working both stations and has things fairly under control.

Susan sizes up the situation then looks at James.

SUSAN  
(to James)  
Well, are you quitting?

JAMES  
What? Me? No!

SUSAN  
Then get back at your station.

He goes back to hauling racks and splitting them.

Susan paces back and forth as they both eye her.

SUSAN  
What do you want to do, James? Do  
you want me to go to the Captain?

JAMES  
I want that crazy mother fucker  
arrested.

Oliver acts as if he is ignoring the conversation

SUSAN  
You want me to put him in the brig,  
do you?

JAMES  
Yeah.

SUSAN  
We don't have a brig, you fucking  
idiot. I can call a helicopter out?  
How about that?

JAMES  
Sure. Get him off this fucking  
ship!

Susan shakes her head.

SUSAN  
None of that is happening. We're in  
the middle of the fucking Bering  
Sea. Okay?

JAMES  
I want something done. I don't ever  
want to work with him. That's what  
I want. And I want a new room. No.  
I want him out of my room.

Oliver continues to work as quietly as he can with such a job as James and Susan work out his fate.

He goes to replenish with another flat of boxes next to Susan.

OLIVER

Move.

Susan looks incredulous.

OLIVER

(an edge in his voice)

Move.

She steps aside.

SUSAN

I can't get him into another room right now. But I can put you on opposing shifts. You'll barely see him.

She turns to Oliver.

SUSAN

Oliver!

Oliver stops what he is doing.

SUSAN

If you can't play well with others, I'm gonna have to send you down into the hold. Just fucking go down there now and finish your shift.

She turns indignantly to James.

SUSAN

Satisfied?

JAMES

No.

SUSAN

I don't care. Get back to work.

James glares at Oliver and gets back to work as Oliver preps his station for shift change then heads down into the hold.

She goes to leave.

JAMES  
Make sure his replacement is cool.

SUSAN  
(in a mocking voice)  
Make sure his replacement is cool.

Oliver disappears down into the hold.

INT. HOLD - CONTINUOUS

Oliver lets his eyes adjust to the darkness. Raul is grunting away with every box he stacks. He glances over at Oliver and goes back to work.

OLIVER  
Susan sent me down here.

Raul nods and ignores him.

OLIVER  
I'm supposed to work the rest of  
the shift.

Raul ignores.

OLIVER  
It's nice down here. It's too  
fucking bright up there.

He peeks up the chute and sees James drop another box down. James squints into the dark and displays his middle finger.

Oliver turns back to Raul.

OLIVER  
Can you show me what to do?

Raul stops and points to the chute and stacks of boxes.

RAUL  
You grab 'em from there and put 'em  
over there.

Raul looks at Oliver.

RAUL  
Well. Go on.

Oliver grabs a box and stacks it.

Raul puts on his jacket and climbs up out of the hold.

Oliver is alone.

He grabs another box. Stacks it. His glance is drawn to the hull and its years of graffiti.

He sees all the constipated emotional shit forced out in violent, sexist, and racist pellets on the wall.

Kat's name is partially obscured by a large stack of boxes.

He pulls but the thousand pounds of stacked crab won't budge.

INT. PASSAGEWAY - DAY

Two FILIPINO EMPLOYEES walk down the passageway and speak in Tagalog (subtitled)

FILIPINO 1  
Am I awake?

FILIPINO 2  
We're sleepwalking!

FILIPINO 1  
Good. That way we get more than 4  
hours of sleep!

FILIPINO 2  
We outsmarted them!

FILIPINO 1  
Yeah. We're pretty smart.

They laugh at the absurdity all the way down the passageway.

INT. OLIVER'S CABIN - SIMULTANEOUS

The light spills into the cabin from the sides of the porthole dimmed by a makeshift sweatshirt curtain.

Oliver sits alert on his bunk. He hears voices in the passageway speak a foreign tongue and laugh at the absurdity.

His eyes are hollow. He drifts into a micro sleep but jumps into wakefulness.

He cocks his head and smiles as he hears the far off cascading notes of BRUCKNER'S 9TH.

INT. HOLD - NIGHT

Oliver climbs down the ladder.

Raul stacks one more box then collapses on a pile of boxes he has formed into a kind of chair.

RAUL

Hey.

Oliver grabs the box that Raul just stacked, pulls it from the pile and sets it aside.

Raul looks confused as Oliver dismantles his work.

RAUL

What are you doing? I just stacked those.

OLIVER

I'm moving them.

RAUL

What the fuck for?

OLIVER

What the fuck do you care?

Raul gets up and heads up the ladder.

RAUL

You're right. I don't give a shit.

INT. HOLD - LATER

Oliver crawls over the scree of boxes to the exposed hull.

He scans with his flashlight as the sounds of the factory seep into the hold.

His finger traces a crude drawing that describes a line of erect men waiting their turn for a woman splayed out before them. The woman is labeled "KAT". The "K" being written uniquely like an "I" and a "C" put together.

INT. FACTORY FLOOR - NIGHT

Oliver moves like a shade along the edge of the factory floor, jostled by other shades.

He's knocked against an electrical panel that juts out.

The words "DO NOT BLOCK" are written in childish script in FLUORESCENT YELLOW MARKER with the unique "K" he saw in the hold.

There's a moment of recognition.

He grabs the first person he sees.

OLIVER  
Hey. Who wrote that?

They shake their head and turn back to their work.

He sees Susan and pushes his way towards her, pointing.

OLIVER  
Who wrote on that panel?

He sees another panel with the same writing.

OLIVER  
See. That one too. Who wrote that?

Susan looks at the writing.

SUSAN  
I don't know. Maybe one of the  
mechanics.

OLIVER  
Tod?

SUSAN  
Maybe. It kinda looks like Tod.

OLIVER  
Are you sure?

SUSAN  
Don't ask me. Ask Ross. Aren't you  
working?

OLIVER  
I'm off.

SUSAN  
Jesus.

She is called away by the First Mate.

Oliver stares at the panel.

He absentmindedly digs into his pocket and pulls out a pill.  
He pops it and spits out a bit of lint.



INT. GALLEY - DAY

Oliver sleeps at the table and wakes with a start. Eddie stands over him.

EDDIE

It's your shift dude. Raul's lashing everything down. Big storm coming. We're headed for shelter.

OLIVER

Yeah. Okay. Now? What time is it?

Ross and Greg wolf down food at a nearby table. Oliver ignores Eddie and rushes over to them.

OLIVER

Hey Ross. I need you to see something. In the factory. Can you come? Now?

ROSS

What, man? We gotta get ready to sail. This shit's gonna get real.

OLIVER

I just need you to check out one of the panels down there.

Greg guffaws.

GREG

Fuck that.

ROSS

Your shift, Ollie.

Oliver waits for a moment thinking that they might still come with him to the factory.

Ross shoves more burger in his mouth and gets up to leave.

OLIVER

Come on. Please.

INT. HOLD - DAY

Oliver climbs down and stalks towards the graffiti covered wall.

Raul looks up and goes to walk past Oliver but Oliver blocks his way. Raul is visibly annoyed.

RAUL

What?

Oliver points at the wall almost shaking with rage.

OLIVER

You knew it was Tod this whole time, didn't you! You knew who wrote all that SHIT!

RAUL

All I left you to do is those stacks there. Strap them down. Fucking move, Oliver.

Oliver's rage collapses into pleading.

OLIVER

Why didn't you tell me. You knew, didn't you?

RAUL

I just want to eat some jello. If they're out of jello when I get up there, I'm gonna fuck you up.

Raul heads up the ladder while Oliver puts on his gloves and checks the lashing of crab.

INT. HOLD - DAY

Oliver pulls tight on a strap when Susan climbs down.

SUSAN

Oliver!

Oliver stops.

OLIVER

Yeah.

SUSAN

You done?

OLIVER

Just checking everything again.

SUSAN

Check them and get to your cabin. We're headed out and it's gonna be a bumpy ride. Captain says it's gonna be slow going. Maybe eleven hours. And rough seas at that.

(MORE)

SUSAN (CONT'D)

Get some Dramamine and get some rest. We could all use it.

OLIVER

Yeah, okay.

She climbs out. Oliver walks among the stacks. He randomly checks the tautness of different stacks.

He hears the familiar rasp of the heaving anchor chain. The engines ramp up.

He sits in Raul's makeshift chair and pulls a tarp over himself and closes his eyes.

INT. HOLD - NIGHT

A crash startles Oliver awake.

A lash has snapped and sent boxes of crab across the floor.

OLIVER

Fuck.

A SHINE from the corner of his eye distracts him. It's a soap bubble that floats to him in the dim light.

He reaches out a finger and it pops.

He rubs his fingers together and feels the moisture is real.

He looks around the hold.

OLIVER

Hello?

He throws the tarp aside and holds himself and shivers. He grabs his gloves and crawls over the mess.

The fallen stack has exposed some new area of the wall of graffiti he hasn't explored.

He grabs the flashlight and shines it on the hull.

There's a drawing of a woman on all fours. She looks back with "x"'s for eyes to the man who fucks her.

There's another drawing of waves with a foot and leg above them.

It is captioned:

"DEEP SIX FRIGID KRAUT BITCHES"

The "K" is Tod's.

Oliver stares. His breath speeds and deepens. His countenance transforms. Inquisitive. Concerned. Horrified. Enraged.

SUPER: DECEMBER 1992

SUPER: ACT FOUR - THE STORM

INT. PASSAGEWAY - NIGHT

Oliver rushes down the passageway when Hollis steps out of the cabin.

HOLLIS  
Where you been, little brother?

OLIVER  
I gotta go.

HOLLIS  
Hold on there. Where you been?

OLIVER  
I fell asleep in the hold.

HOLLIS  
For twelve hours?

OLVIER  
What? Twelve hours? Are we there?

HOLLIS  
Honey, we've been here. You're lucky you slept through that. There be puke all over the place. You going to see the barge?

OLIVER  
What?

HOLLIS  
There's a barge busted loose its moorings. It's on a collision course with us.

Just then, he sees Tod leaving his cabin in a hurry.

OLIVER  
Tod!

Tod ignores him and heads up the ladder.

He rushes after Tod.

EXT. DECK - NIGHT

Oliver sees Tod huddled with Ross and Greg. They disperse and Tod runs straight into Oliver.

TOD  
Get the fuck out of my way.

Oliver stops him with a hand on the chest. Tod seems confused.

OLIVER  
What did you do to Kat? Did you  
fucking hurt her? Did you kill her?

Tod laughs out loud.

TOD  
What? You're insane, dude.

He tries to push around but Oliver blocks him.

OLIVER  
What does deep six mean?

Tod hesitates.

OLIVER  
What does it mean?

TOD  
Listen, psycho. I've got a  
crankcase going red that might need  
a new cylinder head. And you see  
that barge?

He points out into the inky blackness. There are lights visible rising and falling with the waves.

TOD  
There's no stopping it. It's gonna  
ram our hull and Captain wants  
everything double-lashed before  
that happens. I don't need your  
bullshit so get the fuck out of my  
way.

Tod shoves Oliver down and sends him sliding on the wet deck and disappears into the darkness.

Oliver starts after Tod but stops to peer out at the bobbing lights in the darkness.

INT. PASSAGEWAY - NIGHT

Oliver stalks forward, shoulders hunched. As the ship sways, he leans port and starboard.

He rushes at Tod's cabin door arm raised to pound but the first hit swings the door wide open.

Then it slowly closes.

Oliver stops it from latching.

OLIVER

Tod!

No answer. He pushes it open.

INT. TOD'S CABIN - NIGHT

Rain pounds against the porthole.

Oliver looks out at the chaos outside.

There is the BARGE rising and falling with the waves.

It's closer.

He clicks on the light above the table.

The room is slovenly.

He moves a dirty sweatshirt on the table to uncover an ashtray, cards, and a few pills.

He picks up one of the pills and puts it in his mouth and walks to the built-in dresser.

He peeks in each drawer. He might push things aside or not.

He squats down for the bottom dresser and pulls it open. He picks up a crumple of t-shirts and is struck.

Wadded up in the back corner of the drawer is a SUICIDAL TENDENCIES concert t-shirt. His t-shirt. The one he gave to Kat.

OLIVER

What the fuck?

He pulls it out and unfurls it. He puts it to his face and inhales. Nothing. He inhales again then sits down on a bunk.

The rain whips against the porthole. The ship groans as the sea tries to twist it.

INT. FACTORY FLOOR - NIGHT

Oliver moves across the empty factory floor with the confidence of a predator and disappears into a lower deck.

INT. HOLD - NIGHT

Oliver hesitates.

Light pours from the open engine room door.

He stalks closer. Voices are heard mixed over the engine.

He sees no one.

Just a little closer.

Then they come out.

Oliver pulls quickly back into the shadows.

It's just Greg and Ross.

GREG

He ain't gonna fix that.

ROSS

If he says he can fix it, he can fix it, as if you know shit.

GREG

Maybe I should fix it and he can go out in the rain while I stay cozy warm.

ROSS

He'll come up when he can.

GREG

That barge ain't gonna sink us, right?

ROSS

Nah. Probably put a big hole in the hull but not below the waterline.

Their voices fade as they climb up out of the hold.

Oliver is at the half-open engine room door.

He sees Tod's legs stick out from under the engine casing.

Oliver pulls the door open. It groans on its hinges. He stops.

No reaction from Tod.

INT. ENGINE ROOM - NIGHT

He walks into the bright room and stands directly over Tod. Oliver's body sways with the pitch and roll of the ship.

Tod's grunts can be heard over the engine whine.

INT. UNDER ENGINE - CONTINUOUS

Tod strains to tighten a greasy bolt in the tight space below the engine. Oil drips down his hand. The wrench slips and he smacks his hand on the engine casing.

TOD

Fuck!

He resets the wrench and hears something like the jangle of tools.

TOD

Ross?

He waits for a response.

TOD

Greg! What the fuck are you doing?

Nothing.

He sets the wrench on the bolt and puts a mighty effort into tightening it.

INT. ENGINE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Oliver stands with his feet straddling Tod as Tod continues to work, ignorant of Oliver's presence.

Oliver holds a 9 inch screwdriver over Tod's exposed belly. His hand quivers. His inhalations are deep and steady.



INT. UNDER ENGINE - CONTINUOUS

Tod stops and listens. He feels a presence but can't see.

TOD  
(timid)  
Hello?

He shakes it off and gets back to the bolt.

INT. ENGINE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The engine room is empty except for Tod. His feet search for a brace to help drive that bolt tighter.

The screwdriver is back in the toolbox.

NOTE TO READER: The following sequence is tightly choreographed to the second movement of Anton Bruckner's 9th symphony. Its wildly varied energies mimicked in the storm's assault on the ship and the storm of Oliver's emotions. The result might be seen as stylized as a tragi-comic ballet.

EXT. MAIN DECK - NIGHT

Oliver exits the hatch into a downpour that pounds the deck.

He stops and cocks his head in attention. Music? Is this a trick of the storm? The plucking of cello strings?

EXT. PASSAGEWAY - CONTINUOUS

He rushes down the outer passageway disconcerted by sound of the music building in his head.

He takes the ladder steps to the Helipad three at a time and disappears around the corner.

EXT. HELIPAD - CONTINUOUS

Oliver walks to the center of the helipad and listens closer.

The sound of the storm fades and is completely replaced by the crescendo of plucked strings that clarify as clear as a concert hall.

He raises his head and arms to the dark scudding clouds.

A sustained oboe and clarinet note hangs in the air. The insistent pizzicato of violin and cello entrance him.

Then SILENCE. His body tenses.

He thrusts his arms and body down at a demonic orchestral blast and booming timpani that accompany the crashing waves.

Again he drives his arms down and up as the music advances and the sea breaches and sweeps across the deck.

He broadly swings his arms and enchanted sheets of rain come from the port side. He turns starboard and the rain obeys.

The music swirls and he reels in mad joy at his newfound power.

He spins and spins in giddy ecstasy until he collapses on the helipad.

He laughs as he stands, but the joy on his face evaporates.

He scans the sea that he WILL control.

He sets himself.

Then it comes. The orchestral storm. Buffeted by rain and wind, he commands the musical energy like an intimate libretto.

The music brings him to his knees while waves wash across the helipad and slosh over his thighs.

He rises to his feet and raises his arms to the sky as the music reaches its strident, demonic heights.

The thrust of his arms to his sides brings a moment of SILENCE.

The wind dies.

Olvier smiles and sways his hands gently and summons a strange mix of mournful strings and a happy, lilting flute.

A seabird hovers above, lit from below by the bright sodium lights against the darkness beyond.

The bird is called into Oliver's dance as Oliver sways it back and forth with the gentle movement of his fingers.

He laughs and pulls off his sopping wet shirt, the shirt he gave to Kat, the totem, and slings it to the deck.

Oliver maneuvers the bird across the blackness in ever wider arcs accompanied by the swirling score.

Farther and farther until the bird and the music are  
swallowed by the darkness

But it's only a single beat of silence because Oliver  
immediately summons the demon music and waves to crash the  
rails once again.

He turns from starboard to port and commands the sea until it  
breaches the deck and tosses the ship in the churning sea.

He gesticulates like a mad conductor and draws the wind to  
lash him from every direction.

The wind calms. The lilting flute returns and swirls. Oliver  
struts around the helipad.

His movements are tense and precise like a danseur on stage.

He sucks in oxygen reveling in his god-like power.

He draws his muscles taut.

He prepares.

Then the music comes on like ruination as Oliver slashes his  
fists through the air, this way and that, again and again.

He urges the storm to destroy the ship.

The storm answers and crashes like the music with waves that  
heave the Trident and stagger Oliver.

He urges the storm to destroy himself.

The storm answers with wind that buffets the stinging rain  
against his face.

He urges the storm to destroy the very universe.

The storm answers with silent lightening that crackles across  
the heavens to the end of the horizon.

It leaves the sea illuminated by a thousand lightning  
channels.

As the music reaches a dark peak Oliver catches something in  
the corner of his eye.

In a silent beat he sees Skully, cross-legged on a steel  
capstan.

Their eyes meet as the music transforms.

Suddenly it's fairy-like, melodic, frantic.

Skully's smile creases his entire face and his eyebrows dance up and down as he jerks his chin in the direction of the outer passageway.

Oliver is confused. What does this mean?

Skully even more animatedly urges Oliver down the passageway.

Oliver understands and nods.

In his mind he understands, "Yes. I will go and murder Tod."

He runs towards the ladder like the frantic fairies who rush around enchanted field but he remembers and returns for the t-shirt.

Oliver stops stunned when the wind whips the shirt off the deck and into the darkness overboard.

The music turns mournful and full of longing as he staggers to the edge of the ship and scans the angry water.

He collapses on the rail then turns to look mournfully back at Skully.

Oliver is shaken from his remorse by the frantic fairy music's return and Skully's manic eyes and furious chin juts.

He rushes down from the helipad and disappears down the outer passageway.

EXT. PASSAGEWAY - CONTINUOUS

The fairy music draws Oliver along with long balletic strides along the passageway.

He slides on the wet deck and slips onto his back.

His accident brings back the sorrowful, longing music as he painfully eases himself back up.

He looks out over the sea and towards the barge on a collision course.

He watches the lights of the barge rise and fall with the waves as the flautist's song flits like a bird struggling in the wind.

He looks back from where he came.

Then to where he was going.

He sees a vision of Skully's exaggerated smile and wide grin.

So Oliver,  
the frantic fairy,  
RUNS.

He looks down this hatch.

Nothing there.

He sticks his head around this corner.

Again, nothing.

He stalks his way towards the ship's fore.

EXT. SHIP'S BOW - CONTINUOUS

Oliver finds himself at the ship's bow and the longing music strikes.

There is KAT, who stands before him in jeans and a bra.

Drenched.

Open.

She reaches out with choreographed grace then surprises him with an aggressive yank towards her.

She cradles his head in her hands and pulls him into a kiss.

Their mouths seek something in the other.

Their hands clutch at the other. Animal. Instinctual.

Then the fantasy and the longing music end and Oliver stands alone.

The fairy music returns and he sees the barge looming and dashes down the port side passageway.

EXT. PASSAGEWAY - CONTINUOUS

Oliver takes great leaps along the passageway.

He skids to a stop.

Movement ahead. It's attended by the plucked strings that again call him to attention.

He peeks around the wall.

Someone hangs precariously over the edge of the ship and attempts to swing a rain laden lashing over a lifeboat.

Oliver cautiously edges closer.

Can he be sure that is Tod?

He creeps closer.

Skully was right.

It is Tod. Right there.

Tod is vulnerable.

Just yards away.

Tod sees him.

The demonic blast of brass and timpani returns as Oliver charges into a run.

Tod swings himself towards the deck but Oliver is on him. Their wet skin slaps against the other.

Oliver peels Tod's leg from it's hold on the ship's rail.

Tod loops the lashing around his wrist as he hangs over the sea.

As Oliver attempts to pry away Tod's other foothold, Tod pulls himself up and wraps a leg around Oliver's shoulder.

He yanks Oliver against the edge of the ship.

The music swirls again as Tod uses his free fist to pound repeatedly into Oliver's skull.

Oliver can't escape the pummeling.

Time expands as he squirms in terror between between each painful connect.

Please, won't it stop.

But it won't

Tod's blows are powerful.

In desperation, Oliver bites Tod's leg and finds an exit.

The demonic music signals Oliver's dominance as Tod tries to secure himself and Oliver attacks again.

Oliver rips at Tod's leg and punches at his torso.

The swings are wild and inexpert but keep Tod off balance.

Oliver is like a savage animal.

Tod's grip slips a few inches.

Oliver's eyes are wide in murderous wonder.

But the music begins again to swirl as Tod slams a foot to Oliver's shoulder and sends him spinning away.

Oliver quickly reengages but is kicked off again.

Tod pulls back up and regains another foothold.

He repels each of Oliver's increasingly impotent attacks.

Tod strains to pull himself onto the deck but fails.

He looks at his hand as it slips a little more in the lashing.

He is tiring.

The demonic strains return and he looks back to see Oliver coming again.

The attack is weak but Tod doesn't have much left.

His grip is loosening.

He slips again.

Oliver makes one last charge and pushes against Tod with all his might.

Then with thud,

THE BARGE HITS THE TRIDENT.

Oliver is sent tumbling to the deck.

He looks up and Tod is gone.

He gets up and rushes to the railing to see the lashing flit in the wind.

The music is a storm that matches the waves below.

Oliver is shocked.

Tod has appeared and thrashes for his life in the agitated sea.

Tod's calls for help whipped away by the wind.

Then Tod disappears for a moment below the waves.

Then he fights again to the surface. Perhaps the last time.

Oliver's eyes meet Tod's.

Then the sea pulls Tod under once more.

Oliver waits in anticipation for Tod to rise again but he does not.

Please rise again.

The music is like that storm. Relentless.

Please rise again.

THE MUSIC ENDS.

Oliver stands in the absolute silence.

THE SOUNDS OF WIND AN RAIN RUSH INTO REALITY.

He stumbles away from the rail in horror.

He runs down the outer passageway.

In the corner of his eye he sees Skully meditate.

Is he LEVITATING?



He runs through the hatch and down the ladder.

INT. FACTORY FLOOR - NIGHT

Oliver runs through the factory and down into the hold.

INT. HOLD - NIGHT

Oliver huddles in the dark hold naked but for his wet jeans. He pulls the tarp around him and shivers.

The ship rolls back and forth and groans.

Oliver pulls the tarp close, lies down in exhaustion.

INT. HOLD - DAY

Oliver is asleep. The ship is still.

SUSAN (O.S.)

Oliver! Get up on deck! We've been  
looking for you everywhere!

Oliver startles awake.

Susan approaches glances around.

SUSAN

Coast Guard's on main deck. Report  
to them now! Up! Up! Let's go! Now!

He hustles to the ladder and makes his way up.

SUSAN

You alone down here?

OLIVER

Uh, yeah.

SUSAN

Fucking go!

She stays behind.

EXT. DECK - DAY

Oliver comes out and squints in the bright sunlight.

He hears the calls of the sea birds and looks up to see them hover against the crystal blue sky.

He is startled by the low fly-over of a Coast Guard helicopter.

He looks on deck and there is a line of employees leading to a couple of Coast Guard officers. He lines up behind Tala.

OLIVER  
What's going on?

TALA  
They doing a full roll call. They can't find Tod. They think he fell overboard in the storm.

She is called forward. Oliver looks around for some indicator that his guilt is known. Nothing.

COAST GUARD OFFICER (O.S.)  
Next!

Oliver approaches.

COAST GUARD OFFICER  
Name.

OLVIER  
Oliver Peterson.

The Officer scans his list and marks it.

COAST GUARD OFFICER  
Do you know Tod Klinge?

OLIVER  
Yes. Yes, sir.

COAST GUARD OFFICER  
Have you seen Mr. Klinge in the last twelve hours?

OLIVER  
No. No, sir.

COAST GUARD OFFICER  
Thank you. You can go.

Oliver walks away to the rail and suppresses an urge to vomit as the next employee is called forward.

He looks out over the bay they harbored in. The Helicopter and a Coast Guard skiff are running separate grid patterns.

He sees the barge being towed towards the harbor.

He looks down the side of the ship.

There is a four foot puncture of the ships hull far above the waterline where it was hit.

He lingers on the black water lapping at the ship.

INT. PASSAGEWAY - DAY

Oliver walks down the bright passageway towards his cabin.

FIRST MATE

Oliver!

Oliver turns.

The First Mate walks quickly towards him. As he approaches he pulls a letter out of his jacket.

FIRST MATE

I know you've been waiting for this.

He hands the letter to Oliver who takes it and stares.

The First Mate waits for some acknowledgement that doesn't come so turns and makes his way back down the passageway.

OLIVER

Thanks.

Without turning around.

FIRST MATE

You're welcome.

INT. OLIVER'S CABIN - DAY

Oliver sits on his bunk.

He opens the letter and unfolds the paper.

KAT (V.O.)

Dearest Oliver, I am in Seattle and I await your return. I do hope you'll come to see me as I am in a panic multiple time throughout the day in fear that you have forgotten me. I, myself, have not forgotten.

EXT. THE SEA LAPS AGAINST THE SIDE OF THE SHIP - DAY

KAT (V.O.)

I have repeated visions of your  
ruby red lips. I remember acutely  
the smell of your body. I do not  
have a permanent residence but have  
acquired a full time job at the  
copy center in the University of  
Washington Communications Building.  
Please find me there when you  
return.

EXT. THE HELIPAD AGAINST THE BLUEST OF SKIES - DAY

KAT (V.O.)

Neither of us will ever be able to  
undo what has been done but my  
anger has softened and given way to  
something I didn't expect.

EXT. THE SHIP LEAVES A WAKE CRISS-CROSSED BY SEA BIRDS

Something deep and sincere. Ich  
liebe dich, mein sanfter Engel.  
Please return to me. Kat

INT. OLIVER'S CABIN - DAY

Oliver looks up. The port hole is open. A breeze ruffles the  
thin fabric tacked up over it and reveals the blue sky  
outside.

CUT TO BLACK.

OVER BLACK.

THE SOUND OF SEA BIRDS AND THE LAP OF WAVES ON THE SHIP ARE A  
CALM AND PEACEFUL BALM.

