

SUPER:

"Souls never die but always on quitting one abode pass to another. All things change, nothing perishes. The soul passes hither and thither, occupying now this body, now that, passing from the body of a beast into that of a man, and then into a beast's again. As a wax is stamped with certain figures, then melted, then stamped anew with others, yet it is always the same wax, so the soul, being always the same, yet at different times, different forms."

FADE IN:

EXT. THE SARGASSO SEA - EARLY MORNING

The SUN RISES on the horizon. Illuminates the sea. We're mesmerized by the sparkling blue water, until -

- A LARGE SHAPE drifts into view, blocks the sun. Is it whale? Or a ship? Before we can tell for sure, we -

FADE TO BLACK.

SUPER: "THE SARGASSO SEA. JULY 1997."

EXT. "THE SARGASSO" OIL TANKER - CONTINUOUS

The LARGE SHAPE is a DOUBLE HULL oil tanker. 800 feet long.

An ALARM RINGS.... BRRRRRRRIIIIIIIINNNNNGGGG!

INT. SLEEPING QUARTERS - CONTINUOUS

Row of BUNK BEDS. The bay is cramped and dim. Nine WORKERS lumber out of the beds and suit-up. JUMPSUITS and BOOTS.

SMITH (O.C.)
Scott, Folsom, Polk...

CLOSE ON - PLASTIC TRAY

Various items are DROPPED into the tray. KEYS, COINS, LIGHTER, a FLASK - WE NOTICE the items are all metal or flammable. They clatter into the tray - CLUNK! CLINK!

EXT. TANK ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

SMITH, 45, mans the CLIPBOARD. Marks a LINE through NAMES on the list. As each worker passes, they deposit items into the PLASTIC TRAY.

SMITH
... Bodega, Hendrix, Carson,
O'Dell, Mesnier...

PAUL KURTZ, 30s. Tall, with an athletic-build, is the last man to arrive. The FURROW in Paul's forehead tells us he's ALWAYS been last. This guy can't catch a break.

SMITH (CONT'D)
Kurtz.

Smith looks up for the first time. His Jamaican DREADLOCKS seem to move on their own - like the arms of an octopus, searching for their next meal.

KURTZ
Morning, Sir.

Smith shoves the TRAY into Paul's chest.

SMITH
No deadweight on my ship.

Paul empties his pocket. Tosses an ARMY KNIFE in the tray. Initials "P.K." is engraved.

SMITH (CONT'D)
I said, no deadweight on my ship.

Smith sticks his index into Paul's chest.

Paul knows better than to take the bait. He follows his coworkers into the tank room.

Smith scowls as Paul walks off. Then, he focuses back to his clipboard. And with relish -

CLOSE ON - CLIPBOARD

Marks a line through ~~PAUL KURTZ~~

INT. TANK ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

There are nine TANKS eleven feet high. A grating of overhead beams and pipes.

Paul and his coworkers prepare to clean the tanks. O'DELL and MESNIER, 40s, and the first to say they're too old for this job.

MESNIER
Cleaning the tanks? That's
graveyard's job.

SMITH
Well, graveyard didn't do it. Now
it's day's problem.

Smith loiters nearby with his clipboard. Always with the
clipboard.

The men don MASKS. The masks LOCK into the collar of their
jumpsuits. How can we tell who's who? Their names are
embroidered on their lapel.

Paul braces an extension ladder against the side of the tank.

PAUL
Hold this motherfucker steady, K?

O'DELL
Alright, Paul. I got you covered.

Paul climbs the ladder. He notices several droplets of OIL.
Puddled underneath the injection nozzles.

PAUL
Graveyard fucked us. Whoever did
this weld job did a piss-poor job.

MESNIER
Think it will hold?

PAUL
Not likely.

SMITH
I'm not paying you to think.
Sending up a torch. Weld until its
as safe and secure as your Mother's
arms -

PAUL
- not a good idea!

SMITH
Goddamn it, Kurtz! This isn't Iraq.
I'm the boss around here!

Mesnier carries an acetylene torch up the ladder. Passes off
to Paul.

Paul makes his first weld. The SPARKS fly into his mask.

INSIDE THE TANK

A slimy, dark tomb... until we see a SPARK. As if something is gaining energy... coming to life.

OUTSIDE THE TANK

Paul continues to WELD. When, WE HEAR a very loud HISSING SOUND. The men are familiar with this sound.

Mesnier moves fast down the ladder. Two rungs at a time.

MESNIER

Paul, get down - it's gonna blow!

PAUL

Go on, I'm right behind you.

WE HEAR commotion from the men below.

As Paul moves down the ladder, one of the high-pressure lines above RUPTURES. Escaping gas from the line IGNITES and the tank EXPLODES -

- the force HURLS Paul twenty-feet backwards into a brick wall!

The HISSING SOUND travels through the overhead pipes, from tank to tank - the other TANKS BURST - one by one, like volcano dynamos.

The tank room becomes a blazing inferno. SMOKE, FLAMES, a depiction of HELL. Paul staggers to his feet, when he stumbles over the body of Mesnier.

PAUL (CONT'D)

(shakes him, vigorously)

Mesnier! Mesnier!

Mesnier's eyelids flutter. Paul notices his buddy's legs are broken - CRUSHED beneath a metal tank.

Meanwhile - the room is burning up fast. Paul struggles to push the tank off Mesnier. The tank is too heavy.

When the ship CREAKS... and shifts to port-side, Paul pushes the tank easily. Paul picks up his friend, and lugs him to the EXIT. When another EXPLOSION rocks the vessel.

EXT. "THE SARGASSO" OIL TANKER - DAY

The tanker is blazing and SINKS - Titanic-style. The Sargasso Sea transforms from BLUE to BLACK - as oil eeks out of the tanker, seemingly swallows up the tanker into a WATERY BLACK HOLE.

CLOSE ON - PAUL

Sinking into the depths, his face covered in oil.

He still holds onto Mesnier - but the slippery liquid makes holding onto anything impossible.

PAUL'S FINGERS

Slide off of Mesnier's wrist... and WE SEE

MESNIER DRIFT away from Paul. Into the ocean deep.

WE SEE other items sink into the depths - TANKS... the FLASK... and Paul's ARMY POCKET KNIFE.

Paul tries to REACH for the pocket knife - but it too, wafts below, until it - and everything else becomes less than shadows.

Paul gasps for air, sucking in the liquid tar. Choking on it. The oil enters his ears, nose, mouth... it's as if the oil has intent - to INVADE Paul. He gags for air - which he will not get.

His eyes roll back, the whites of his eyes turn into BLACK POOLS -

CLOSE ON - PAUL'S EYES

PAUL'S P.O.V.

A WOODEN LADDER - at the surface. Something he can hold onto. He swims up towards the beam - until -

- he is CAUGHT on something.

Paul glances down, as FEMININE HANDS GROPE Paul's leg. Then a FIGURE comes into view - a FEMALE slithers up his leg, humping his trunk, angling her FACE towards his...

PAUL

Kicks the female form off him. He fights his way to the surface - arms flapping, wild. Unable to advance through the thick ocean sludge.

As MORE HANDS reach from below. CLAMP Paul's LEGS, ARMS, FACE...

PAUL (V.O.)
Off... get off...

EXT. FIRST AID BOAT - SARGASSO SEA - CONTINUOUS

A MALE FIRST RESPONDER hangs over the side of the boat. His arms tug on something just below the surface.

As another RESPONDER POINTS to the ladder.

FIRST RESPONDER
Got him...

PAUL (V.O.)
Stop... no... no!

The rescuer pulls Paul up with a heavy heave. As Paul is pulled out of the water, he looks as though he's resurrected from a dark grave.

CLOSE ON - SIGH

"KING EDWARD'S MEMORIAL HOSPITAL, ST. GEORGE, BERMUDA"

EXT. KING EDWARD'S MEMORIAL HOSPITAL - DAY

Establishing.

INT. PAUL'S ROOM - DAY

Paul lies in a HOSPITAL BED. His forehead BANDAGED. An attractive NURSE scribbles VITAL SIGNS on a clipboard.

Paul gazes at the nurse - or is he looking behind her, at -

CLOSE ON - TELEVISION SCREEN

The WRECKAGE of the tanker spill is the day's news - make that the century's news. This spill was messy, and the PR mess to follow even messier.

REPORTER
"The Sargasso" tanker property of
Dennison industries poured 8,000
gallons of bunker C fuel into the
Sargasso Sea...

The camera transitions from the blast area to SMITH. His dreadlocks are gone, head shaved. He wears an EYE PATCH and his face is scarred up from the explosion. But still, Smith is in better shape than Paul.

REPORTER (CONT'D)

...I understand you had just reported for work when the accident occurred.

SMITH

Yes, Sir.

REPORTER

Any idea what may have caused this catastrophic accident?

SMITH

The cause is currently under investigation. OSPR has the full cooperation of Dennison Industries to determine cause.

PAUL

Lying piece of shit.

The NURSE spins around.

NURSE

Mr. Kurtz, you're awake. How are you feeling?

PAUL

My kidneys are gonna explode like that tanker in about two seconds.

Paul moves to get out of bed. The nurse heads him off, puts her arms around his shoulders. It's difficult for Paul to move. He GRUNTS with each step.

They are CHECK TO CHEEK when the door SWINGS OPEN -

- Paul's wife, CHRISTIAN KURTZ, mid-twenties, half-Portuguese, half-West Indian, enters. She is a smart, sexy, good-natured, mulatto woman with honey brown skin, auburn colored hair. Her brown eyes are soft like a doe, in contrast to her biting tongue.

Kurtz pulls away from the Nurse - as if by reflex - loses his footing, and CRASHES to the floor.

NURSE

Today is just not your day.

CHRISTINA
 Hasn't exactly been his decade,
 either.

It takes the Nurse and Christina to position him in the bed.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)
 Is he going to be okay?

NURSE
 (skeptical)
 Let me get the doctor.

The Nurse exits the room.

CHRISTINA
 How do you feel?

PAUL
 I'm alive.

CHRISTINA
 So... pretty shitty?

PAUL
 Where's Joseph.

CHRISTINA
 Left him at Mom's.

PAUL
 So he can be brainwashed?

CHRISTINA
 So he didn't have to see his Father
 half-dead in a hospital bed.
 (beat)
 Or on the floor... he's seen that
 enough times already...

PAUL
 Tina, stop.

Christina sits on the bed next to Paul. Despite the tense
 vibe, we can tell this is a couple that wants to stay
 together. But Christina is antsy.

CHRISTINA
 Where is that doctor...

She springs off the bed. Exits the room. Just as SONJA
 PIERCE enters. PANTSUIT, SHARP HEELS, and an even SHARPER
 STARE.

PIERCE

Glad to see you're feeling better,
Mr. Kurtz.

PAUL

Are you the Doctor?

PIERCE

No, I'm Miss Pierce here to speak
about your insurance.

PAUL

What about it?

PIERCE

You don't have any. We offer a
variety of credit plans you can
choose from to repay the hospital
and staff for your life-saving
treatment.

PAUL

I have health insurance. The money
is deducted from my paycheck every
week.

PIERCE

Your employer, Dennison Industries,
has declined your insurance.

DR. LEAVY, a HAITIAN DOCTOR with thinning hair and beard
enters the room. Pierce holds up a finger to the Doctor, as
if to say, "I'm not done here."

PIERCE (CONT'D)

We really must settle this account.
Our care is of the upmost quality,
even for the indigent patients.

PAUL

Lady, I'm not a deadbeat. I served
three tours of duty in Iraq and
Afghanistan!

DR. LEAVY

Ms. Pierce, perhaps we can shelf
this discussion for later? I'd
like to speak to my patient.

PIERCE

Accounting won't like that.

DR. LEAVY

Please, Mr. Kurtz has been through a tremendous lot today.

Pierce exits, as Dr. Leavy picks up his MEDICAL CHART.

DR. LEAVY (CONT'D)

I understand you work for Dennison Industries.

PAUL

I did, until my office blew up.

Dr. Leavy removes Paul's dressings and shines a light into his eyes.

DR. LEAVY

Any headaches, Mr. Kurtz?

PAUL

Sure I have a headache.

DR. LEAVY

Dizziness, double vision?

PAUL

Those too.

Dr. Leavy reapplies the dressing.

DR. LEAVY

You have a slight concussion. Won't know for certain until I get the results of your MRI.

Christina returns. Out of breath.

CHRISTINA

Ah, Doctor. I've been looking for you. Did you say something about an MRI? It's that serious?

DR. LEAVY

Hello, Mrs. Kurtz. Your husband has been through a terrible ordeal - an MRI is standard. He needs rest. Is Bermuda your home?

PAUL

Christina grew up on the island. I was born in Nebraska. We moved here five months ago, after the death of her Father.

CHRISTINA
 (matter of fact)
 We thought a change of environment
 might do Paul some good.

DR. LEAVY
 Has it?

EXT./INT. ISABELLA'S FRONT DOOR - EVENING

An opulent, three-story colonial style mansion.

Isabella's housekeeper, a lovely Haitian, KATHLEEN greets
 Christina at the door.

KATHLEEN
 (British accent)
 Hello, Miss Christina. Is that
 Paul in the car?

CHRISTINA
 Hi, yeah... he's resting- been
 through a lot.

KATHLEEN
 An explosion will tire anyone out.
 (awkward chuckle)
 Come in won't you, Joseph is with
 your Mother in the garden.

EXT. GARDEN - MOMENTS LATER

ISABELLA, mid-forties, tall, aristocratic relaxes on the
 patio amidst a semi-tropical garden. Flowers and plants
 abound, plus a greenhouse.

Isabella is relaxed, like she's on a permanent vacation - and
 she basically is.

ISABELLA
 Ah, my baby girl. Come in. We're
 just doing a bit of gardening...

Isabella nods to DAWN, 73 - as wrinkled as a tree trunk.
 Dawn toils in the dirt planting PEONIES.

Christina gives Isabella a genteel kiss.

ISABELLA (CONT'D)
 Come to pick up that handsome boy
 of yours?

CHRISTINA

Did he behave himself?

ISABELLA

Why would you ask a silly question like that? My Grandson is not going to grow up to be a hooligan like the troublemakers around town.

JOSEPH, 7, sits at a chair next to Isabella. An active boy with an angelic smile. He manages the large PITCHER of lemonade.

JOSEPH

Mommy, care for some lemonade?

CHRISTINA

We better get going, Joseph. Daddy needs to get home and rest.

ISABELLA

Oh, that's right. He had that little spill this afternoon.

CHRISTINA

Spill, explosion - what's the difference. Come, Joseph.

Joseph reluctantly puts the lemonade pitcher down and climbs off the chair. He puts his hand in Christina's.

ISABELLA

If you need anything, it's no strain on me to help out.

CHRISTINA

No, Mother. I can't let you do that.

ISABELLA

You can't let your own Mother help you? Nonsense.

(beat)

Why couldn't he listen to you. Had the sense not to pursue employment with Dennison. Choose a job with longevity - did you know little Stevie Peterson has his own practice? He had such the crush -

CHRISTINA

Joseph, let's go.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Paul receives a CALL on his cell.

CLOSE ON - CALLER ID

"MONTGOMERY HOSPITAL".

Paul picks up.

PAUL
Kurtz here.

NURSE
Mr. Kurtz hold for Doctor Leavy.

WE HEAR a "CLICK!" And MUZAK as Paul holds the line.

PAUL'S P.O.V

Isabella's immaculate house. The water sprinkler turns on automatically - showering the yard with sparkly beads...

DR. LEAVY (O.S.)
Mr. Kurtz... I've had a chance to review your MRI results. Wish you had stayed at the hospital as I asked -

PAUL
I was feeling good, didn't see the need.

DR. LEAVY (O.S.)
You have a stage IV glioblastoma multiforme...

PAUL
I think you're breaking up?

DR. LEAVY (O.S.)
Brain cancer. The prognosis is 3 months, Mr. Kurtz.
(beat)
Mr. Kurtz?

Paul doesn't say anything. He notices Christina and Joseph exit the house. They saunter down the walk, as Isabella WAVES to Paul from the door.

He turns his head away from her.

PAUL
Is this because of the insurance?

DR. LEAVY

Mr. Kurtz -

PAUL

Bad joke. Dr. Leavy, are you sure?
I mean, mortar shells, tanker
explosions... my noggin' has been
through a lot, maybe it's a bruise
or just a greasy thumbprint on the
MRI?

DR. LEAVY

I'm sorry, Mr. Kurtz. I can
recommend a fantastic therapist -
Ms. Wilson. She runs a potluck.
She can connect you with patients
going through similar situations -

Paul rolls his eyes. He doesn't "do" groups. He's about to
hang up, when a thought occurs to him -

PAUL

Dr. Leavy, while I was drowning - I
had a dream that a woman was
pulling me down to the ocean
floor...

DR. LEAVY

Loss of oxygen can cause
hallucinations. But Mr. Kurtz,
your glioma is no hallucination.

Christina and Joseph open the car doors.

PAUL

Okay, thanks.

DR. LEAVY

Mr. Kurtzzzz-----

Paul hangs up the phone, FAST. Christina noticed. She tries
to hide her suspicious look.

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON - JOSEPH

Asleep, innocent-looking.

EXT. PAUL'S CAR - EVENING

Paul carries Joseph out of the car, cradles him in his arms
when Christina pries him away.

CHRISTINA
You need to rest.

EXT. PAUL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The family walk up to their front door. A single-level 2 bedroom home, painted taupe with green trim. It looks like all the other homes in the suburban neighborhood.

INT. PAUL'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The interior is modest. On the wall is a collection of family photos, decorations, and Gulf War mementos.

Paul watches Christina carry Joseph to bed.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Paul lies on the couch. Watching the television. Evening news SPECIAL REPORT about... what else - the Dennison explosion, which is dubbed "**DENNISON MASSACRE!**"

Paul flicks the television off. Pries himself off the couch, even though he winces - every bone in his body hurts.

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Christina enters the kitchen, grabs the TEA KETTLE. Swivels towards the sink and recoils.

CHRISTINA
Jesus, Paul!

ON PAUL

Lies on his back, head under the sink. A beat.

PAUL (O.C.)
Look what I found...

Paul withdraws a GOB of FURRY REFUSE.

CHRISTINA
What are you doing.

PAUL
Sink was clogged, I wanted to take care of it...

CHRISTINA

Now that you unclogged last year's
meatloaf, go lie down and rest?

Paul doesn't respond. He continues, CLANKING and BANGING on
the pipes.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Christina and Paul are in bed. Side by side, both staring up
at the ceiling. Never been this wide-awake before.

CHRISTINA

Mom was worried sick about you. It
would have been nice if you got out
of the car and said "hello."

Paul rolls over on his side. Then groans - his right
shoulder in pain.

PAUL

If I died today, she would have
celebrated.

CHRISTINA

You're a prick for saying that.

PAUL

She doesn't think I'm good enough
for you.

(beat)

She's right.

CHRISTINA

Don't be ridiculous... she's just
concerned about you being away so
long... and the drinking...

(beat)

Were you drunk when your colleagues
died?

PAUL

No.

CHRISTINA

Who were you talking to, on the
phone in the car?

PAUL

A guy at work.

Christina rolls over on her side. Her back to Paul.

CHRISTINA

The war is over. You can't drink
your problems away.

PAUL

I'm NOT DRINKING MY FUCKING
PROBLEMS AWAY.

A pattering of SMALL FOOTSTEPS, then -

JOSEPH (O.C.)

Don't yell at Momma, Paul!

Joseph barrels into the room. Jumps on the bed into
Christina's arms. He fights Paul with his tiny fists.

CHRISTINA

Joseph, sweetie.

She tries to collect his hands, kisses them.

PAUL

Hey, little man, I'm sorry.

CHRISTINA

You know, he's your Daddy and he
loves you.

PAUL

You don't have to call me Daddy if
you aren't ready yet, Joseph.

Paul reaches for Joseph, who pulls away from him and deeper
into his Mom's chest.

CLOSE ON - SINK DRAIN

The drain is PLUGGED.

ON CHRISTINA

She washes dishes, frowns at the clogged sink her husband
failed to fix.

She sighs, glances out the WINDOW -

EXT. PAUL'S DRIVEWAY - CONTINUOUS

Paul cranks up his MOTORCYCLE. Wheels out way too fast for a
guy who has 3 months to live.

INT. AETNA LIFE AND CASUALTY INSURANCE - MORNING

Paul sits before MR. GROGAN, a BURLY American with stout hands, dark hair, and squinty eyes. He resembles a BOUNTY HUNTER more than an insurance agent.

GROGAN
(shakes hands)
Mr. Kurtz?

PAUL
That's me.

Paul shakes his hand. Firm handshake, that Mr. Grogan.

GROGAN
Thanks for coming. Something to drink?

PAUL
A little too early for cocktails, don't you think?

Grogan's expression goes cold. Eyes icy.

GROGAN
I was offering water or coffee. Alcoholic beverages would not be appropriate during work hours.

PAUL
(whoops)
Just a joke.

GROGAN
I'll make this quick. I have a copy of the preliminary report from the Fire Marshall here.

Paul folds his hands in his lap.

GROGAN (CONT'D)
In the report it states that the explosion was centered around the vessel room floor; in particular tank number three. Your tank.

PAUL
Actually, Mr. Grogan - I'm here to discuss my insurance policy.

GROGAN
Oh? Let's take care of Mr. Gunnar Dennison's claim first.

Paul is taken aback.

GROGAN (CONT'D)

Mr. Dennison alleges everything was up to code.

PAUL

Yes.

Grogan examines a folder - actually, more like a STACK of documents.

GROGAN

A Mr. Smith from Dennison Industries said you faulted graveyard, is that true?

PAUL

Why is that greedy prick bringing me into this.

GROGAN

No one is accusing you of any wrongdoing, Mr. Kurtz. But if you know anything that alludes to how the explosion occurred, the best thing is for you to come forward with it. We're asking all Dennison employees to provide details.

PAUL

I've given all the information I can. Now about my health insurance-

Grogan abruptly reaches into a desk drawer, withdraws a RED FOLDER labeled with "PAUL KURTZ". Glances at the file. Then steadies his gaze on Paul.

GROGAN

Your health insurance was canceled.

PAUL

Canceled. Why?

GROGAN

Because Dennison Industries terminated your employment yesterday morning.

PAUL

Morning. Before the explosion?

GROGAN

Correct. Anything else you'd like
to add to your statement on
Dennison?

Paul barrels out of the chair and leaves.

Mr. Grogan savors Paul's exit. These are the moments when he
loves his job most.

As the door SLAMS - Grogan tosses Paul's folder into the
TRASH.

INT. DENNISON INDUSTRIES - LOBBY - DAY

The lobby is white and saccharine. You can almost smell the
bleach. Paul enters, face red. Beelines for the -

MAIN DESK

A heavy-lidded SECRETARY hordes the phones. And SLURPS
through a straw of a SUPER-SIZED DRINK, *SLURRRRRRPPPP!*

PAUL

Mr. Dennison.

SECRETARY

Is he expecting you?

SLUUUUUUUUURRRRRPPPPPP!

PAUL

He canceled my family's health
insurance and fired me without
telling me, so yeah - he fucking
better be expecting me.

SMITH (O.C.)

I'll handle this, Ms. Stearns.

Smith plants his hand on Paul's shoulder. Spins him around.

PAUL

Smith? Get your hand off or
withdraw a stub. Tell Dennison I
won't leave until I see him.

A toothy grin spreads across Smith's face. He still wears
the EYE-PATCH. His scars are RED, like a cat scratched him.

SMITH

You refuse to leave, we'll have to
call the police.

(MORE)

SMITH (CONT'D)

Considering your involvement in the explosion, lucky you're not in jail.

PAUL

Are you trying to pin the accident on me you son of a bitch?

Paul attacks Smith - aims for the blistered and scabby parts of his face most vulnerable. Rips his eye-patch off, revealing an EMPTY SOCKET.

The SECRETARY intervenes, hurls her SUPER-SIZED DRINK at Paul's face. Paul is drenched, ice cubs tumble down his shirt.

And the DREAM begins...

DREAM SEQUENCE

EXT. FORTUNATO - NIGHT

Paul is at the HELM of a LARGE SAILING VESSEL.

Fifty-foot waves - the size of SKYSCRAPERS - PUMMEL the DECK. As the ocean pitches and heaves all around him.

PAUL'S P.O.V.

Through a strange type of TUNNEL VISION, he cannot move his head. The LEFT and RIGHT side of his perspective is fixed STRAIGHT... He tows the bow of the ship.

HE SEES a FEMALE FIGURE - on a ROCK in the distance. Waving for him to sail towards her. Just as another TOWER of WATER hits the Fortunato HARD, splitting the ship in TWO like a log.

EXT. DENNISON PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

Paul awakens on the PAVEMENT. Drenched with sweat. He bolts upright, uncertain of his surroundings.

WE NOTICE TWO WHEELS coming straight for Paul. About to hit him! And then, a familiar voice -

MESNIER

Paul, you're alive. My God.

The WHEELS don't belong to a car - they belong to Mesnier's WHEELCHAIR. Although he lost his legs in the explosion, he has rosy cheeks and a strong voice.

PAUL
Buddy, you made it.

MESNIER
Half of me. The other half is
floating at the bottom of the
ocean.

PAUL
What's happening... Dennison -

MESNIER
Everybody came here looking for
answers. So far we're not getting
any.

PAUL
He fired you too?

MESNIER
Yep. Starting a new deep-sea
salvage operation. Hiring divers,
so I'm not exactly on the short
list. They're more concerned about
salvaging their assets than
cleaning up the waters or keeping
us survivors employed.

Mesnier leans down. Glares at Paul. Points at his FACE.

MESNIER (CONT'D)
Paul, you have something there...

WE SEE BLACK LIQUID eek out of Paul's nose. He wipes it
clean with his hand. Glances down at his FINGERTIPS - the
tips smudged with what looks like OIL.

INT. DENNISON INDUSTRIES - CONTINUOUS

Smith gazes through the window at Paul and Mesnier.

DENNISON (O.S.)
(British accent)
If he's a Gulf Hero, America is
done for.
(beat)
I want him followed. See who he
mingles with, who's in his circle.

SMITH
Kurtz ain't got no circle.

GUNNAR DENNISON, 63. Silver hair, stubble, and piercing blue eyes. Dennison is a guy who takes no prisoners. Mostly because he's too busy torturing them first. Despite his cruel-streak, he is at heart, a polite Englishman.

DENNISON

We don't want him chatting with anyone who might jeopardize D.I.

SMITH

I'll call the usual guys.

DENNISON

Thank you, Mr. Smith.

Dennison turns to leave - but has an after thought -

DENNISON (CONT'D)

Next time throw him off the property. And make it hurt.

(beat)

Please.

SMITH

Yes, Sir.

INT. CAB - DAY

THREE THUGS sit in a cab. WE SEE the back of their heads - all angled in the same direction - towards PAUL. He is on his MOTORCYCLE in front of the cab.

CLOSE ON - RED LIGHT

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Paul idles at the RED. His instincts tell him to check the side view mirror.

CLOSE ON - SIDE VIEW MIRROR

WE SEE the three men in the cab behind him. They look a bit too interested in Paul and his motorcycle.

ON PAUL

His face is basked in the RED TRAFFIC LIGHT. A beat, as the traffic light changes, his face reflects a sickly GREEN.

Paul doesn't go straight. He makes a sharp RIGHT. DARTS down the street on his Kawasaki. REVS the bike, weaving in and out of traffic.

EXT. STREETS - CONTINUOUS

The taxicab pulls out behind Paul, as he ZIPS along for several blocks.

A GARBAGE TRUCK turns down the street, cutting Paul off. He slows, as the taxicab wheels beside him.

One of the men launches a WATER BALLOON out of the window. HITS Paul square in the face. The cab ACCELERATES. Gains distance. This INFURIATES Paul.

He regains control of his back and SWERVES around the garbage truck.

EXT. STREETS - CONTINUOUS

The black and yellow weaves through traffic. Until it zips LEFT and SNAKES down a long, dark alleyway.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - DAY

Paul fires into the alley like a bullet. VROOOOOOM, and then BREAKS to a stop. Just as the cab wheels up and parks in front of a dumpster. Heading Paul off.

Two THUG'S point their gun out of the PASSENGER and DRIVER'S side. They take turns FIRING their 12-GUAGE SHOTGUNS into Paul's motorcycle tires.

Of course, Paul's motorcycle evacuates - sliding out from underneath him.

Paul tumbles to the ground, rolls 5 feet towards the front of the cab. The men step out - surround him.

THUG #1

What it do, white boy?

Pumping the slide on his shotgun.

PAUL

Bring it, asshole! If you think you can!

THUG #3 swings a pair of NUNCHUKS like a deranged Bruce Lee. Paul sidesteps the hoodlum, swings around 360 and grabs his head in the crook of his elbow. SMASHES his skull into the taxicab door.

Paul KICKS thug #1 in the groin. The thug fingers the trigger and fires - POP, POP, POP, POP high at the alley walls.

He regains composure and jerks Paul by the elbow. FLIPS him over the car hood. Thug #2 grabs him from behind in a modified bear hug. SHOUTS in Paul's ear.

THUG #2

This is dread, man! You wanna play rough with us? I spit on your grave, cocksucker!

Thug #3 gets back up on his feet, spits blood from his mouth. He walks towards Paul, grips his hands around Paul's throat.

THUG #3

That's me brother behind you! All seven feet of 'em! He like killing small buggers like you!

PAUL

Fuck you, and your brother!

Thug #3 releases his grip - SLAPS Paul across the cheek.

THUG #1

Don't do him yet, make him bleed some more!

THUG #3

Stand out of me way! If you don't have the balls...

MAN'S VOICE

Takes more than balls to kill a man.

KOFI JOHNSTON, 40s wanders down the alley. We aren't sure how much he's seen - but it's enough to determine Paul is outnumbered.

KOFI

Not to worry, man. There's a new sheriff in town!

Kofi moves swiftly down the alley towards the cars. Like a stray-cat, slithering in the shadows. We catch quick glimpses of his body - an arm... the V in his V-Neck sweater... emblazoned with the JAMAICAN FLAG... a Bob Marley baseball cap... Dreads...

THUG #3

Who the fuck?

KOFI
I'm your neighborhood Jehovah's
witness, come to deliver the good
Word.

Kofi comes into the sunlight, a STOCKY-BUILT Rastafarian you
don't want to meet in an alley.

Kofi hits thug #3 with a baseball bat, BUCKLES him at the
knees! Paul breaks out of the pin - judo flips the thug on
the ground.

KICKS him twice in the ribs.

CRACKKKKK! Thug #3 cradles his side and barrels into the
cab. His cohorts follow.

PAUL
Who are you?

KOFI
The name is Kofi... Kofi Johnston.
Why you have trouble with those
men?

PAUL
They came at me for no reason.

KOFI
Thievery is everywhere. Your bike
would fetch a nice price on the
black market.

PAUL
Paul Kurtz. Thanks for saving my
ass. Can I buy you a drink?

KOFI
How about I buy you one, that's my
bar, after all...

Kofi nods to a NEON SIGN: "THE CELLAR"

PAUL
The Cellar?

KOFI
The hippest trip on the island.

PAUL
Chill sounding club.

KOFI

Not a club - an oasis where the coolest of the cool come to get their groove on.

Paul wipes his face with his shirt. Notices BLOOD.

PAUL

Is that mine or there's?

KOFI

Likely both.

PAUL

I'll take a rain-check on that drink. I need to find my family, make sure they're alright.

INT. "IMMORTAL BRIDE" SHOP - LATER

A STUDIO space of vintage-inspired bridal. The lights are dim, an intimate boudoir.

WE HEAR the TSKTSKTSKTSK of a SEWING MACHINE, from the -

INT. BACK ROOM - CONTINUOUS

SCISSORS, NEEDLES, and spools of THREAD line the walls.

Christina pedals the sewing machine. Her back is to the doorway. She looks angelic. Dressed in a vintage gown, beaded with PEARLS at the hem and delicate rose lace at the sleeves.

She PRESSES the sewing pedal... FASTER TSKTSKTSKTSKkkkkkkkkkkkk-- the machine picking up speed, until - CHRANK!

CHRISTINA

Ouch!

Christina sucks on her THUMB -

CLOSE ON - THUMB

Specks of blood TRICKLE, punctured by a needle.

As she sucks examines her thumb, ARMS SWOOP in and grab her by the waist.

Christina GASPS.

MAN'S VOICE

Guess who?

A coy smile spreads across Christina's face.

CHRISTINA

Shhhhh... someone might hear us...
or my husband might walk in.

The man spins Christina around in the chair.

PAUL

I'll take my chances.

They gaze at one another for a beat. About to kiss, when she notices the bruises on his face.

CHRISTINA

Paul, were you in a fight?

PAUL

Yes and no.

CHRISTINA

Is it yes or no?

PAUL

I was only defending myself. So
technically, no.

CHRISTINA

You promised you would stay out of
trouble.

PAUL

They tried to jack my bike, and
then jack me up.

Christina spins back around in her chair. She snatches a
DIAMOND BRACELET from her desk. Hands to Paul.

CHRISTINA

I found this on our bedroom floor.
While Joseph was eating his
birthday breakfast pancakes...

Paul's eyes glaze over. As he caresses the bracelet.

PAUL

Pretty. Looks good on you.

CHRISTINA

It's not mine. Who is she?

PAUL

Honey, I have no idea. Maybe a gift from your Mom?

Christina tosses the bracelet back on the desk. Like it's junk.

PAUL (CONT'D)

I'm devoted to you, Tina. Come on, I want to get something really special for Joseph for his birthday.

CHRISTINA

You said we can't afford it?

PAUL

Your Mother taught you gifts have to be expensive... like those diamonds. I have something else in mind...

CLOSE ON - "IMMORTAL BRIDES" DOOR

SIGN is flipped over to say "OUT TO LUNCH"

CLOSE ON - BIRTHDAY CAKE

Icing, sprinkles, candles - the works.

Joseph leans over the cake, and BLOWS!

EXT. ELBOW BEACH - AFTERNOON

Pink sand shines like sugar for miles.

SWIMMERS in the water. LIFEGUARDS on duty. There are fancy hotels and the usual TOURISTS. But Paul, Christina, and Joseph claimed a private patch of sand.

CHRISTINA

Where's your knife?

Paul searches his pockets.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)

Don't tell me you lost that too?

PAUL

Floating at the bottom of the sea... with Mesnier's legs...

Christina hits Paul in the shoulder, chuckles.

PAUL (CONT'D)
Who needs a knife?

Paul nods to Joseph, who grins ear to ear.

JOSEPH
Really?

CHRISTINA
No, no... we're not barbarians.

Joseph dips a FINGER through the icing. He sucks on the icing and grins.

PAUL
(disappointment)
Son, you can do better than that.

Paul digs his hand into the cake, grabs a fistful. Stuffs it in his mouth.

Joseph squeals.

CHRISTINA
That's gross, Paul.

She stifles her laughter, but when Paul leans in and plants a cakey-kiss on her cheek, she can't keep the giggles in.

PAUL
Mmmmmmm... tastes better without silverware, try it Tina.

Paul and Joseph gaze at Christina. Who relents, and grabs an even bigger handful of cake than Paul's.

The gloves are off. The family now digs into the cake and eats, laughing... feeding it to one another like they're getting married.

EXT. MONTAGE - BEACH - DAY

- Paul flies a kite with his son. They run across the sand with the ocean in the background.

- Paul, Joseph, and Christina play in the surf. Christina laughs as she splashes water in Paul's face.

- Paul, Joseph, and Christina build sand-castles.

EXT. ELBOW BEACH - EVENING

The family lie on the beach blankets as the SUN SETS. Joseph is asleep, leaving the setting-sun only for Christina and Paul to enjoy.

CHRISTINA

This was the best birthday ever.

PAUL

I've missed all the important times with you and Joseph. That won't happen again.

CHRISTINA

He was happy to share it with you.

(beat)

Paul? What's wrong?

Paul's gaze has shifted from the sunset to a DARK SHAPE washed ashore. He stands up, as if in a trance...

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)

Paul!

Paul beelines for the figure... as a LIFEGUARD runs past, along with some onlookers.

And as Paul approaches... the SHADOWY FORM takes shape...

Two VOLLEYBALLERS pack up their net and eye the surf.

VOLLEYBALLER (O.S.)

Is it a whale?

VOLLEYBALLER #2 (O.S.)

I think it's... a body?

Paul ventures further... making his way through the crowd that now forms, and SEES -

Mesnier's LEGS are kicked by the waves to the break. Paul leans in and attempts to grab Mesnier's legs.

LIFEGUARD

Sir! Back away, Sir.

Paul reaches down into the water - about to make contact with the legs... when HE SEES the face of a BEAUTIFUL WOMAN in the water.

Her SHINY VISAGE smiles... opening a gaping mouth with pearly-white teeth. And then her HANDS, reach up out of the water - and grip PAUL'S HANDS.

PAUL
Ahhhhhh! Shit!

Paul withdraws his hands, but the figure won't let him go. Their fingers are ENTWINED and LOCKED.

PAUL (CONT'D)
Get off!

Paul rips his hands away, stumbles backwards into the sand. Crawling like a crab back further on the beach...

The lifeguards now stop paying attention to Mesnier's legs, and instead focus on Paul.

He shuts his eyes... rubs eyes - and looks up to see Christina and Joseph peering down at him.

PAUL'S P.O.V

His hands are WHITE. The RING FINGER is BROKEN. And his WEDDING RING is GONE.

EXT. CHAMBERS OF COMMERCE - DAY

Establishing.

INT. CHAMBERS OF COMMERCE - HALLWAY - DAY

Paul advances down a narrow hallway. Past EMPTY CLASSROOMS. Makes his way to the last doorway. Opens the door.

INT. CLASSROOM - CONTINUOUS

DIANE WILSON, a former university professor LECTURES to MIDDLE-AGED STUDENTS. They look exhausted, like they came to this class right after work.

WILSON
...I want you to read pages three
and four of the handout I just gave
you. We will meet again next
Tuesday. Questions?

No one says anything. Paul, still standing in the doorway, raises his hand.

WILSON (CONT'D)
May I help you?

PAUL

Dr. Leavy recommended a Ms. Wilson?

She nods to the CLASS. Dismissed. Students lumber out.

INT. CLASSROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The room is empty. Except for Paul and Ms. Wilson who sit at two STUDENT DESKS, side by side.

WILSON

Let me guess, anger management?

PAUL

How'd you know?

WILSON

It's plain as the bruises on your face and the pain in your eyes.

(beat)

Dr. Leavy told me about your situation. Tough break.

PAUL

Can I sign up or not?

WILSON

You could really benefit from my etiquette class, too.

PAUL

Sorry, my nerves are shot.

Wilson stands, for a moment we think she's going to ask Paul to leave. But instead, she walks across the room, behind Paul.

WILSON

Coffee? Water?

PAUL

No thanks.

Wilson fills a paper cup from the water cooler. Paul continues facing the front of the room.

WILSON

There's more to solving a volatile temper than attending a few classes... With your diagnosis, I'm not sure anger management is what you need most now. So what do you want, advice? Breathing exercises? Yoga moves, what?

PAUL
 If I'm at the end of the line here,
 I want to leave on good terms with
 my wife.

Wilson returns to her seat next to Paul. She sets her cup of WATER on the corner of the desk. Paul glances at it.

WILSON
 Do the two of you fight a lot?

PAUL
 We have a difficult time
 communicating... and that leads to
 anger, usually from me.

WILSON
 Where do you work?

PAUL
 As of Monday, Dennison Industries.

WILSON
 (raises eyebrows)
 I know Gunnar. Not the most civic-
 minded person. I can see why you'd
 need anger management after dealing
 with him.
 (beat)
 Did he drive you to drink, too?

PAUL
 I don't drink anymore. I went to a
 program for that, though my wife
 doesn't believe me.

Paul's eyes go back to that cup of water on the desk. As Wilson's voice fades out... Paul speaks more to himself than to Ms. Wilson...

PAUL (CONT'D)
 I can't slow down. If I do, the
 memories of all the bad things I
 saw on the battlefield catch up to
 me...

Paul's face begins to crack... as he studies the liquid inside the cup...

PAUL'S P.O.V.

The WATER changes color to BLACK OIL... and it seems to SLOSH inside the cup. Like it has a life of its own.

PAUL (CONT'D)

I can see myself standing on the deck of a ship - it's sinking. I'm not sure why, but everyone on board drowns in a typhoon.

Paul's eyelids flutter. But Ms. Wilson doesn't seem to notice, she checks her watch... and then reaches for the cup of water.

WILSON

Yes, well dreams can be quite interesting, can't they...

PAUL

...And then I drown...

Ms. Wilson purses her lips. Brings the cup to her mouth.

Paul gazes at this in horror, as she takes a SIP of what looks like BLACK OIL.

PAUL (CONT'D)

No!!!!

Paul SMACKS the cup of water out of Ms. Wilson's hands. Water drops flick across the room.

Ms. Wilson's complexion goes ashen. She fixes her eyes on Paul.

MS. WILSON

What you just did was quite rude, but I'm not angry. Why? Because I unlike some people I can control my anger.

PAUL

I'm sorry, Ms. Wilson.

Paul launches himself out of the desk. A bit too fast - tipping the desk over - CRASH! As he makes a quick exit.

MS. WILSON

Mr. Kurtz.

(beat)

Mr. Kurtz!

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Paul scampers down the hall. Ms. Wilson exits the classroom and hollers after him -

MS. WILSON

Paul!

Paul stops, and turns around.

MS. WILSON (CONT'D)

I can help you. Let's make our
next appointment tomorrow at 3?

Paul nods, then continues running out of the building.

CLOSE ON - SHOWER HEAD

WE HEAR PIPES working... clunk, clunk, clunk... and the SOUND
of WATER RUSHING through...

A DROP of water first. In TRICKLES... and then suddenly a
deluge of WATER GUSHES out - about to spray us.

INT. SHOWER - NIGHT

Paul stands under the shower-head. His palms open, face up.
As if he's waiting for answers to his problems to rain down
on him.

PAUL

(to himself)

Relax... I'm just rattled... the
war, the tanker explosion, the...
diagnosis - it's a lot to handle...

Paul runs his hands through his hair. Closes his eyes...
shuts the world out.

As the STEAM rises from the shower, fills the bathroom.
Clouds our vision. Obstructs our view.

The SOUND of the WATER splashes around us. Reminding us of
the open sea, and we -

CUT TO:

EXT. FORTUNATO - NIGHT - DREAM SEQUENCE

Paul is at the helm of the Fortunato. The CAPTAIN'S WHEEL
firmly between his two hands.

Carved into its MASTHEAD is the HEAD and TORSO of POSEIDON.
A TRIDENT in his hand.

Suddenly, Paul senses someone behind him.

The presence wraps her ARMS around his chest like a slithering snake. Slides her fingers through the buttonholes of his shirt. The nubs of her fingers make contact with his skin.

The way she moves... liquid-like. As if she can slip into any vessel, every crevice, and become it.

Paul juts around to confront the figure.

She has pale skin. Her long, blond hair is BRAIDED with SILVER and GOLD thread. Dove-white, silky gown that is almost transparent. Around her neck is an ULTRAMARINE CRYSTAL.

This is SAPHORA. She is GORGEOUS.

His eyes open wider, as if seeing clearly for the first time. The universe finally making sense.

Paul and Saphora's lips meet for a DEEP KISS. He LETS GO of the Captain's Wheel - and reaches Saphora. Gripping her waist tight.

CLOSE ON - CAPTAIN'S WHEEL

Spins wildly... Right, Left, Right - out of control.

BACK TO:

INT. SHOWER - CONTINUOUS

Paul is in the middle of having sex - moans and grunts.

But the bathroom is foggy. We can't tell who is in the shower with him.

PAUL
I've missed you...

WOMAN'S VOICE
Fuck me forever.

The STEAM CLEARS. Giving us a pocket to peer through. And WE SEE the WOMAN wears CHRISTINA'S BRIDAL OUTFIT... vintage lace, a hem of pearls... the dress is hiked up to her waist. We can't see her face...

We can only assume it's Christina. As Paul climaxes.

He holds onto her waist, tight. As he turns her around, for a kiss... the water from the shower still pelting his back.

PAUL
Christina...

Paul moves her hair out of her face. And REVEALS -

CLOSE ON - SAPHORA'S FACE

A beautiful face - at first. Her clear skin at once crackles, pores open up into pockmarks... her eyes at first bright suddenly dull, from blue to a dead-white... her hair falls away, brittle. Into Paul's hands.

In a matter of seconds, this beauty decays.

PAUL (CONT'D)
Shit!

Paul pushes himself off Saphora - and she collapses onto the floor of the shower. A corpse, with a mere grain of life left - her mouth moves... desires Paul.

SAPHORA
Come back to me!

Arms outstretched - the water pelting her face... breaking it apart, peeling her skin off her skull. Revealing decay and worms and bone.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Paul sits at the table, still naked from the shower. Cradles a beer. When Christina and Joseph enter.

CHRISTINA
Hi, honey. How was your meeting?

Christina sets the groceries on the table.

Joseph points at Paul -

JOSEPH
Paul has no pants, Mommy.

CHRISTINA
Go to your room, Joseph.

Christina eyes the BEER.

JOSEPH
But Mommy, he can't -

CHRISTINA
ROOM. NOW. GO!

Joseph scrambles out of the kitchen and down the hall.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)
You're hitting the bottle again?

Paul doesn't respond. Stares into space.

JOSEPH
Mommy, Paul left the water running!

Christina hears the SHOWER... confused... she heads down the hall... when Paul grabs her hand.

PAUL
No! Don't go down there. She's -

Christina's face is hurt.

CHRISTINA
"She" - another floozy, Paul? I thought we grew from that.

She snatches Paul's beer.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)
And alcohol? You said -

PAUL
I didn't open it. Wanted to.

Christina doesn't believe him. Her eyes finally glance at the can, she turns the can upside down. Unopened.

PAUL (CONT'D)
Something is happening to me.

CHRISTINA
What's happening is you're driving your family nuts.

Suddenly the telephone rings. Neither Paul nor Christina make a move to answer it. A kind of standoff.

Paul relents. Picks up the phone first.

MESNIER (PHONE)
(frantic)
Paul, is that you?

PAUL
Who is this?

MESNIER (PHONE)
Fred Mesnier, can you hear me?

PAUL
You're breaking up, where are you?

CUT TO:

EXT. SARGASSO SEA - CONTINUOUS

Mesnier sits in a small MOTOR BOAT. The roar of the motor is deafening.

MESNIER
The Sargasso Sea! Listen, buddy, I think I got it all figured out!

WE NOTICE various EQUIPMENT in his boat. What looks like wreckage from the tank. As he speaks to Paul on his cell, he fishes out more debris from the water and tosses it aboard.

PAUL (PHONE)
Got what figured out?

MESNIER
Dennison is in trouble with the IRS and he's using unlicensed contractors to work on his equipment! One of the men he hired is a diver on his ship!

PAUL (PHONE)
What?

Mesnier sees a small LOCK BOX floating just beneath the surface of the water. He reaches over the boat, STRETCHES for the box.

MESNIER
He said that they didn't know how to install the nozzles on the vessel head plates. So when the tank exploded, Dennison filed a bogus insurance claim to collect the money!

PAUL (PHONE)
Speak up, Fred. I can't hear you.

Mesnier's body is almost entirely over the edge of the boat. The wheel of his wheelchair is tied to a rope. Giving him just enough slack to stretch overboard and grasp the LOCK BOX.

MESNIER

He owes millions of dollars in back taxes! Smith wouldn't shut down the line because Dennison told him not to! Oh, and there's something else! Wait... I ---

POV - UNDERNEATH THE WATER

WE SEE Mesnier above, reaching his hands in. WE HEAR the sounds of a diver's oxygen tank. Someone is beneath Mesnier's boat.

ON MESNIER

Suddenly, Mesnier is seemingly PULLED underneath the water. The ROPE tied to his lower half unfurls, as he sinks overboard.

MESNIER (CONT'D)

Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhh! gargagaraga....

WE SEE a DIVER'S HEAD bob to the surface. His mask has the initials, "D.I."

BACK TO:

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

A ROAR of static comes over the phone.

PAUL (PHONE)

Fred! Fred! Speak up.

Suddenly there is a loud noise in the background and the line goes dead.

PAUL (PHONE) (CONT'D)

Fred! Can you hear me, Fred?

SOUND: DANCE CLUB MUSIC

THUMP THUMP THUMP... THUMP THUMP THUMP...

EXT. THE CELLAR BAR - NIGHT

Establishing.

INT. THE CELLAR BAR - NIGHT

It's LOUD. Urban music BOOMS from the loud speakers as an INTERNATIONAL CROWD rocks the house.

Christina grabs Paul's hand, TIGHT. As they navigate through the sea of DANCERS.

PAUL
Why are we here again?

CHRISTINA
I thought a romantic night out
would do us some good, but this?

A sharply dressed COLOMBIAN named RAUL takes over from here.

RAUL
Kofi is expecting you. Follow me.

He escorts them over to the VIP section. Kofi sits at a table with two ASIAN beauties.

KOFI
Welcome to my private island, my
oasis, my dream.

Greets Paul with a man-hug. Eyes Christina once-over.

KOFI (CONT'D)
And who is this Goddess from above?

PAUL
My wife, Christina. Christina,
meet Kofi Johnston.

CHRISTINA
Hello, Mr. Johnston.

KOFI
You're exquisite. I didn't know
you were a woman of color. Rare
thing to find such beauty and
grace, your charm expresses the
naturalness of our island.

Christina smiles.

CHRISTINA
Who are your friends?

KOFI
This is Li-An. And that's Emico.
They're on vacation from Tokyo.

Both girls smile politely.

KOFI (CONT'D)
Do you like champagne?

CHRISTINA
It's alright, I guess.

Kofi snaps his fingers. A WAITRESS walks over to the table. Pours Christina a champagne - when she offers one to Paul, he refuses. Christina smiles.

KOFI
You two make a lovely couple.
(beat)
Enjoy yourselves. Excuse me.

Kofi gives them privacy, as Paul and Christina make eye contact. They smile shyly. WE SEE Paul SQUEEZES Christina's hand. Then brings it to his lips for a kiss.

CHRISTINA
We're just under a lot of stress.
It will get better.

PAUL
(doesn't believe it)
I'm sure it will.

MONTAGE - PAUL AND CHRISTINA DANCE

- Dance to a fast beat.
- Slow dance, seductive.
- Bouncing up and down with everyone else on the dance floor.

CHRISTINA
Like old times. Missed you, Paul.

BACK TO:

INT. THE CELLAR BAR - DANCE FLOOR - NIGHT

Paul and Christina are laughing, smiling - when a TALL PARTYGOER accidentally SPILLS liquid on Paul.

PARTYGOER
Sorry, man. It's just water.

Paul waves the guy off.

PAUL
No worries, man.

He glances down at his shirt, brushes the water off.
Christina stifles a giggle, then helps him rub the water out -
when he GRABS her WRIST.

PAUL (CONT'D)
Don't! Don't touch it.

Christina's smile disappears.

CHRISTINA
Paul, it's just water.

PAUL'S P.O.V

The WATER on his shirt is an OBSIDIAN STAIN. Like he's been
shot and his blood is oil.

He glances around the walls - OCEAN WAVES crash down on
everyone on the dance floor. In the LED lights it appears to
him the people are dancing - UNDERWATER... Some of them
scream for help, drowning. As the ROOM starts to sway like
the deck of a ship.

PAUL
I've got to get out of here.

Paul pushes his way through the crowd to the exit.

EXT. THE CELLAR BAR - NIGHT

Paul acts like a man possessed. He STUMBLES around DRUNKENLY
with his hands planted firmly against his temple.

Because he hasn't gotten very far, he makes it easy for
Christina to find him quickly. She turns up, grabs his
hands.

CHRISTINA
What's wrong, Paul?

PAUL
(greek accent)
By the gods of Olympus, what is
this place?

CHRISTINA
Paul. Are you joking?

PAUL
Your face is unfamiliar to me. By
what name are you called?

CHRISTINA
Stop it! You're starting to freak
me out.

Paul shakes Christina violently.

PAUL
Your name, woman! Tell me your
name or I'll declare you a traitor.

She doesn't fight back. Simply stands there, dumbfounded.
Tears WELLING.

CHRISTINA
Get a hold of yourself, Paul.

PAUL
Stupid, wench. Do you not know
your own name?

CHRISTINA
(cries)
Christina! I'm your wife,
Christina!

Paul releases his grip. Distraught.

PAUL
You are not my wife. My true love
awaits me on the ship.

Christina breaks down crying. As a gray-colored Jaguar pulls
up near the entrance. When the COUPLE gets out of the car,
Paul jumps in the driver's seat and PEELS off.

Kofi walks outside, flanked by TWO BOUNCERS.

KOFI
Paul took my jag?

CHRISTINA
He's cracked. My husband is losing
his mind.

EXT. DOCKYARD - MORNING

Paul sits on a bench in front of a "NO LOITERING" sign.
Suddenly, a POLICE CAR crawls by. Pulls over.

The OFFICERS exit the car. Stride over to Paul.

POLICE OFFICER #1
Hey, Fella. You can't sit here.

Paul doesn't look up.

OFFICER #1 glances at his buddy.

POLICE OFFICER #2
You had too much to drink?

PAUL
(in Greek)
<Do not start with me unless you
want a war.>

POLICE OFFICER #1
Okay, buddy. In you go.

The officers HANDCUFF Paul and SHOVE him in the backseat of their PATROL CAR.

INT. POLICE STATION - BOOKING - MORNING

An OFFICER pats him down. Withdraws a BUSINESS CARD, from Paul's front pocket.

CLOSE ON - BUSINESS CARD

Reads "THE CELLAR BAR, OWNER KOFI JOHNSTON"

The Officer tosses Paul into -

INT. JAIL CELL - CONTINUOUS

Paul trips over his feet. Picks himself up and stumbles to a BENCH. Next to CARL, 60, a DRUNK NEW-AGER.

At first, Carl looks dead to the world. He is slumped over. But when spots Paul out of the corner of his eye, he perks up. A light FLICKERS in his eyes.

CARL
Where you from, stranger?

Paul gives Carl a shrug. Which Carl uses as an invitation to scoot closer to Paul.

CARL (CONT'D)
Hey, you not from around here.

Paul is silent.

CARL (CONT'D)

You not from anywhere, are you?

Carl fishes in his POCKET, reveals a PAMPHLET. Passes to Paul, who hesitates before taking the literature.

CLOSE ON - PAMPHLET

"REINCARNATION: THE TRUTH IS WE NEVER DIE."

There is an image of a SUN SETTING over water. Something about the image relaxes Paul. The worry-wrinkles disappear from his face.

EXT. CLAY TOWN - CITY STREET - MORNING

Kofi drives slow, as Christina passengers and scopes the streets. She starts to cry.

KOFI

You crying?

CHRISTINA

No.

KOFI

Your husband has been through hell in the last 24 hours.

CHRISTINA

There is always something going on with Paul. If it's not wars, booze, women - it's oil tanker explosions and hallucinations.

KOFI

Paul is troubled. The demons in his mind chase him.

CHRISTINA

I doubt it. If he could apologize for everything he's put us through - just once - maybe I'd forgive him.

Kofi's cell phone rings.

KOFI

Kofi here.

His expression changes.

KOFI (CONT'D)
Be there in 15. Thanks, Officer.

Kofi hangs up and pulls U-Turn.

CHRISTINA
Officer? Now we can add "prison
sentence" to my list of grievances.

INT. PAUL'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Paul is hunched over at the table. Christina plates a meal of EGGS and BACON.

PAUL
I don't remember anything. I swear.

CHRISTINA
You don't remember leaving the
club, talking like a Greek God and
raving about a woman on a ship?
(beat)
You said I wasn't your wife.

Paul glances up. His eyes full of tears. As she puts the meal in front of him. BACON and EGGS.

He sticks his FORK inside the EGG YOKE. It BURSTS - the yellow liquid oozes over the plate. A sea of yellow.

Paul covers his mouth, about to vomit. He takes the plate over to the -

SINK

Paul smashes the plate into the sink. Turns the FAUCET ON. WATER gushes into the sink.

PAUL
I love you, Tina.

CHRISTINA
You do?

Paul flicks the garbage disposal ON. It BLARES - but the DRAIN is still clogged, so the water RISES.

PAUL
Damn it.

Paul digs his hand into the disposal...

PAUL (CONT'D)

I love you.

CHRISTINA

Me, and another woman on some ship.

CLOSE ON - INSIDE DRAIN

WE SEE as Paul's HAND fishes down inside the drain. His fingers slick off the inner workings of the drain - the blade and motor...

ON PAUL

Distracted, far-off eyes.

PAUL

Since the explosion, I feel like I'm living in the past. But it isn't my past, it's someone else's history...

Paul glances down, as the sink fills with the BLACK OIL... Suddenly - the GARBAGE DISPOSAL turns ON. While his hand is still INSIDE.

CHRISTINA

Paul!

Paul tugs at his hand. But something is HOLDING IT THERE...

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

Christina RUSHES to Paul's side and helps bring his hand out of the disposal. The DRAIN UNCLOGS, and the water level recedes.

Paul's hand is free - Christina examines it. His fingers are slashed, bloody.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)

We need to get you to the hospital.

PAUL

NO. I need to show you something.

CHRISTINA

You're bleeding.

PAUL

That's not important.

INT. BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Christina sits on the side of the bed. Paul returns from the bathroom with a SKETCHBOOK. He hands it to her.

CHRISTINA
My old sketch pad, so?

PAUL
Open it.

Christina tries to wrap a WASHCLOTH around Paul's hand, but he shoves her away.

PAUL (CONT'D)
Open the book. Now.

She opens the book. Puzzled.

PAUL (CONT'D)
To the back.

She skips through the pages, finds the sketch of the SAILING SHIP.

CHRISTINA
What is this?

PAUL
A ship. My ship.

CHRISTINA
Paul -

PAUL
I have dreams about that ship. I believe in a former life, I was the Captain and it sank during a typhoon.

She focuses in on the sketch. WE SEE a FEMALE FIGURE at the bow of the ship - Saphora.

CHRISTINA
Who is she?

PAUL
She was my lover, in another life.

Christina SHUTS the scrapbook.

CHRISTINA
So you had a few dreams about a ship. This proves nothing, Paul.

Paul grabs the sketchbook, flips through. To a drawing of the figure on the MASTHEAD.

PAUL

That's Poseidon, he's carved into the ship's masthead.

He turns the page, a CLOSE UP SKETCH of Saphora. At her prettiest.

CHRISTINA

(frowns, disapproves)

Your lover?

PAUL

She drowned with the rest of the men on that ship.

CHRISTINA

Your ex doesn't show her age.

PAUL

She's a demon. Ever since that tanker explosion she comes to me -

CHRISTINA

How do you know she drowned?

PAUL

Because... I think I was there?

Paul pulls out the reincarnation pamphlet the prisoner gave him earlier. Christina LAUGHS.

CHRISTINA

Because of that doomsday flier? Paul, you are going crazy. And you need stitches.

PAUL

You don't believe me?

CHRISTINA

Nope.

PAUL

If I don't solve this, I'm going to die. I think this demon... Saphora wants to take me away. Will you help me?

Paul reaches for her.

PAUL (CONT'D)
I love you, Christina. Believe me.

CHRISTINA
Don't touch me!

Christina goes into the closet and pulls out two suitcases. She begins to pack them with clothes.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)
You don't want to help yourself.
Fix your hand, get a grip. If not
for me, than for your son...

PAUL
Where are you going?

CHRISTINA
Mom's house. I'm taking Joseph.

INT. THE CELLAR BAR - LATER

Paul enters the club. He finds Kofi inside along with a few other COWORKERS.

KOFI
Welcome back, Zeus.

PAUL
Thanks for saving my ass a second
time. I still feel like shit.

KOFI
You should be at home banging that
beautiful wife of yours.

Kofi passes him a beer. Paul hesitates before popping it open. When he does - he takes a big gulp, savors it.

PAUL
My wife took my son to her
Mother's.

KOFI
She left you, man?

PAUL
Yeah, I guess so.

KOFI
And you let her go?

PAUL
We had an argument.

KOFI
About what?

PAUL
She thinks I'm cheating on her.

KOFI
Are you?

Paul meets Kofi's gaze - but doesn't answer "yes" or "no."

PAUL
I'm having these... visions.

Kofi and his other coworkers laugh.

KOFI
You not trying to kid me? You're
for real about this shit?

PAUL
I think I'm the reincarnation of a
man who drowned at sea.

Everyone laughs again.

Paul stands up, pulls the sketches out of his back pocket.

He unfolds them, lays them on the bar.

KOFI
These sketches from your dreams?

Paul nods. Kofi picks up the sketch of Saphora.

KOFI (CONT'D)
This one too?

PAUL
She was my lover in a past life.
Christina thinks I'm cheating on
her with Saphora.

KOFI
The white woman?

PAUL
I told you - it's crazy.

KOFI

You play your own self with this one, man. This bitch is fine as hell. I'd fuck her too, even if she is fuckin' 2000 years old.

Kofi picks up the sketch of Poseidon.

KOFI (CONT'D)

And this?

PAUL

A sketch of the statue I saw on the ship's masthead.

KOFI

Poseidon. This is your first clue man, your ship was from Greece.

(beat)

If you're reincarnated, in your past life you were a Greek dude. Shit... you always got hot honeys, yeah?

MONTAGE

As the hours pass, Paul consumes more and more alcohol. The BARTENDER, a pretty Jamaican named JAYKALA flirts with Paul through the montage.

JAYKALA

Hey, I'm Jaykala. I like crazy cool white guys. I can be your girl, for a little while.

- He waves her off. Pounds DRINK after DRINK

- DANCERS party in the background. But he is always focused on his BOOZE.

- As Paul GAZES at the images from the sketchbook, Jaykala puts her ARMS around his NECK.

JAYKALA (CONT'D)

No strings tie us together...

PAUL

Sorry, I can't. But if things were different...

She kisses him full on the LIPS.

JAYKALA

Are they different now?

- The lights overhead blare on and off - as if winking at him. His EYELIDS flutter.

- Paul rests his head on the counter, and DOZES OFF.

INT. THE CELLAR - PRIVATE ROOM - NIGHT

Jaykala leads Paul by the hand into a small, dark room. He is only half-awake. Slips in and out of consciousness.

In the self-aware moments he notices LIT CANDLES on the floor. Surrounded by STRANGE SYMBOLS painted in RED. A GRID-PATTERN, connected by clouds. And another symbol that looks like a LADDER.

In one corner of the room is a ROOSTER. It pecks at the floor. In another corner is a SINGLE BED.

Jaykala guides Paul to the bed. She undresses. Paul does the same. His eyes dart between Jaykala and his surroundings. The BROKEN LIGHT OVERHEAD. ROOSTER. CANDLES. What are the RED SYMBOLS?

Paul lies on the bed. Jaykala straddles him. She guides his manhood inside of her. As she rides him, his eyes close with pleasure, when WE HEAR -

- The ROOSTER cackles.

PAUL

What's going on...

Paul's eyes flicker open, he tries to crane his neck to the rooster.

JAYKALA

Shhh... stay with me.

Jaykala shifts his head to face hers.

Paul gets back into it. He puts his hands on Jaykala's waist. Together they go deeper into the throes of sex, Jaykala still on top.... moaning... when Paul notices a SHADOWY FIGURE in the corner -

PAUL

What's that?

The figure has a BLACK CLOAK over it...

JAYKALA

Don't you worry about that.

ANOTHER FIGURE joins the first... and then another. The hooded figures take places within the circle of symbols on the floor. As if waiting for something to BEGIN...

PAUL
What the fuck?

Jaykala rides Paul harder. As another figure joins the strangers in the circle. He holds the rooster. And SLICES the rooster's throat. The rooster gives one last COCKADOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO-SQUAKKKKKK!

The SOUND of BLOOD DRIPS on the floor -

- SPLAT, SPLAT, SPLAT

Paul tries to push Jaykala off him. Starts out of the bed. When he feels hands on his shoulders, keeping him there.

PAUL (CONT'D)
Get off me.

Paul is HELD FIRM.

Jaykala resumes position. As eyes the hooded figures in the center of the room. They disrobe, and are NAKED. Men and women, they dance around the room. Reciting a chant.

WE HEAR drums, and cackles, and Paul's screams -

PAUL (CONT'D)
Get the fuck off me!!!!

BLOOD is drizzled onto his face.

A FIGURE flicks WATER on Paul. And he goes into a trance...

DREAM SEQUENCE

INT. SAPHORA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Paul lies in bed in a room made out of white marble and light blue granite. A woman lies on the bed next to him. She is completely nude.

CUT TO:

Paul is back in the room with Jaykala. She straddles his waist in a back and forth motion on top of him. After the third set of orgasms, Paul rolls over on top of her and pumps with everything he's got.

He sees an image of Saphora superimposed over the Jamaican girl's face. The specter haunts him like a ghost. Suddenly he finds himself back in Atlantis...

BACK TO:

DREAM SEQUENCE - CONTINUOUS

Paul lies in the same bed with Saphora. They kiss sweetly when AMON-RA and his guards enter the room and attack him.

He tries to fight back but Saphora begs him not too.

END OF DREAM SEQUENCE

Slowly everything starts to SPIN around him. Paul desperately needs to get out of there but the horny nymphomaniac won't let him go. He PUNCHES her twice in the face and jumps up from the bed.

The other figures are in a TRANCE... smearing the rooster blood over their faces and bare chests. They make no move to stop Paul's escape.

He grabs his clothes, and runs out of the room naked.

INT. THE CELLAR BAR - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Paul scrambles down a dark hallway. Past various doors and stained-glass windows... it's so dark, he has to feel his way through... he pushes through a random door, and exits out the other side to -

INT. THE CELLAR BAR - DANCE PLATFORM - CONTINUOUS

The dancers stop to point at Paul and laugh at him. He puts on his shirt and pants. Climbs down a LADDER onto the -

DANCE FLOOR

Kofi and two BARTENDERS head Paul off before he makes his exit.

One of the bouncers takes a SWING at Paul. He puts the man in a restraint hold and BODY SLAMS him onto the floor. Kofi steps in between them to prevent any further violence.

KOFI

What goes on here, man? She gives you some ass and you hit her?

PAUL
She was putting some kind of spell
on me.

KOFI
She is a spiritual healer, and I
asked her to heal you from your
visions...

Paul pushes past Kofi towards the exit. Kofi follows.

EXT. STREETS - DAY

Paul trudges down the street. Directionless.

KOFI (O.C.)
You have the demons inside you.

Paul continues. As Kofi's JAGUAR pulls up alongside him.
Rolls slowly to keep speed with Paul.

Kofi shouts through the passenger side -

KOFI (CONT'D)
Jaykala was just trying to get rid
of those demons.
(beat)
Get in. I take you home.

PAUL
I don't want to go home.

KOFI
Okay, I take you anywhere. Where
you want to go?

EXT. SCHOOL - AFTERNOON

Kofi drops Paul off at the school. Before Paul gets out,
Kofi hands him a KEEPSAKE CHARM. It is a NECKLACE with a
ROOSTER FEATHER and BEADS.

KOFI
Take it, it's good luck.

Paul grabs the charm and shoves it in his pocket, not
thinking.

INT. CLASSROOM - AFTERNOON

Paul sits at the student's desk. Ms. Wilson paces the classroom.

WILSON
Regression hypnosis?

PAUL
Can you recommend someone?

WILSON
Yes, you're looking at her.

PAUL
You?

WILSON
I offer self-hypnosis at 5PM on
Wednesdays.

PAUL
Is there anything you don't teach?

Ms. Wilson stops to ponder the question.

WILSON
(thinking out loud)
Taekwondo, rooftop gardening,
swimming...
(beat)
No, I teach pretty much everything.

INT. WILSON'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

There is a desk and a SOFA COUCH. The floor is swathed in
TURKISH RUGS. The blinds are drawn.

WILSON
Alright, Mr. Kurtz. Have you been
hypnotized before?

PAUL
Nope.

WILSON
Empty your pockets and remove your
shoes. Get comfortable.

Paul empties his pockets on the desk. Keys, the feather
charm Kofi gave him, and some change.

He lies down.

WILSON (CONT'D)

There's nothing to be afraid of. I will ask you a series of questions to help me discover the components of your dreams and previous life episodes.

PAUL

Whatever it takes, Ms. Wilson.

Ms. Wilson turns out all of the lights, except for the FLOOR LAMP next to the couch. It casts a WARM GLOW over Paul's face.

Ms. Wilson dictates into her tape recorder.

WILSON

This is the evening of July 17th, 1997. The time is 10:45 P.M. Location is my office.

Ms. Wilson lays the tape recorder on her desk. Next to Paul's keys and charm. WE HEAR the tape wheels rolling.

WILSON (CONT'D)

I'm here with Paul Kurtz. First regression with subject.

CLOSE ON - PAUL'S CHARM

We are TIGHT on the charm. The black feather flutters from a draft.

EXT. PARKING LOT - KOFI'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Kofi turns on a small handheld RADIO. Places an EARBUD.

WILSON (O.C.)

Relax, Mr. Kurtz. Imagine you're somewhere else. It's quiet, and peaceful.

(beat)

Breathe in and out. In and out.

BACK TO:

INT. WILSON'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Wilson clicks open a POCKET WATCH and holds it up to the lamp. The golden watch GLITTERS into Paul's eyes.

WILSON

Keep your eyes focused on this watch. Notice out the light bounces off of the golden encasing.

(beat)

I will start counting from ten down to one... when I reach the number one you will be asleep. But you will still hear my voice, okay?

PAUL

Mmmmmhmmm.

WILSON

Ten.... nine... eight....

Paul's eyelids flutter.

WILSON (CONT'D)

...seven... six... five... four... three... two... one...

(beat)

You are asleep now.

Paul opens his eyes. He is not asleep.

PAUL

I'm not feeling anything here, Ms. Wilson.

Wilson leans back in her chair.

WILSON

Perhaps you need to relax a bit more.

She pours a glass of water from a pitcher on her desk. Passes the cup to Paul.

PAUL

Thank you.

WILSON

Perhaps you can tell me your dream?

PAUL

I've had several dreams. In one dream, I'm on a ship. In another, I'm in a city made out of blue granite. In each dream, I'm always aware of a woman - her name is Saphora.

Paul takes a sip of the water. His eyes gloss over... Ms. Wilson notices the change.

WILSON
Paul? Are you alright?

Paul mumbles something in Greek.

WILSON (CONT'D)
Lie back on the couch, Paul. And keep your eyes focused on my golden watch.

His gaze moves to Wilson's watch.

CLOSE ON - WATCH

The SPARKLY reflections bounce off, like the surface of the sea - diamonds beneath the sun.

WILSON (CONT'D)
We are going to go back now in time and space. Back to when you were six years old. When I speak to you again you will be six years old and you will answer all of my questions. Now you are six years old. Can you tell me what you see?

PAUL
I see my dog, Blackie.

WILSON
What is Blackie doing?

PAUL
Licking my face.

WILSON
Where are you?

PAUL
Sitting in a corn field.

WILSON
Do you remember when you first got Blackie?

PAUL
I was five.

WILSON
When I speak to you again you will be five years old, understand?

Paul nods.

WILSON (CONT'D)

You are five-years old Paul. What do you see?

PAUL

My Dad. His name is Paul, like me.

WILSON

What is your Dad doing?

PAUL

Taking Blackie out of a shoebox.

WILSON

Is Blackie a puppy?

PAUL

Yes.

WILSON

Good. Now go back further in time... back before you were born. To another place in time and space... A place before you lay sleeping in your mother's womb... You will remember things long forgotten to you and you will see things from another lifetime.

(beat)

You are in this place now. You can see it clearly. Everything around you has changed. What do you see?

PAUL

(Greek dialect)

I'm at the help of a ship. I am the Captain. My name is Brassius.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT - KOFI'S CAR - NIGHT

Kofi is reclined in his seat. But perks up at "Brassius."

WILSON (O.C.)

Where were you born?

PAUL (O.C.)

Greece.

WILSON (O.C.)
What year is it?

PAUL (O.C.)
9600 B.C.

WILSON (O.C.)
Are you married?

PAUL (O.C.)
I've taken a lover, Saphora. She
is on this ship with me.

WILSON (O.C.)
What is your ship's destination?

PAUL (O.C.)
Cypress.

WILSON (O.C.)
Why Cypress?

PAUL (O.C.)
We pick up consignment of gold and
silver ingots, jewelry, art, bronze
sculptures, and resins to make
perfume.

WILSON (O.C.)
Where will you take it?

Kofi starts the car. He peels out.

BACK TO:

INT. WILSON'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Paul frowns. His eyeballs move beneath his eyelids, as if in
REM.

PAUL
A colony in the Aegean Islands.

WILSON
Does your ship make it there?

PAUL
A strange fog on the water. A fog
of phantoms and ill spirits.
Surrounds our ship.

WILSON

Sail into the fog, Paul. What do you see?

PAUL

We are... off-course.

WILSON

See where the fog takes you... what do you see?

PAUL

(focusing)

Mainland. Island. Wells and canals. The land is hilly. Mountainous. Pine trees and valleys. I spy shore!

Wilson leans back, intrigued.

WILSON

Leave the ship, Paul. Explore the island.

PAUL

We walk to the heart of the island. A large hill. Citadel.

WILSON

What do you see?

PAUL

A temple. The pillars are of crystalline granite. The front has hieroglyphic writing...

WILSON

What is the name of this city?

PAUL

I don't know.

WILSON

What do you see now?

PAUL

Several pale skinned men in togas approach us. They carry spears in their hands. They take us to a temple to meet their ruler, a man named AMON-RA. He asks us what we are doing here, in his city...

WILSON
What is the city?

PAUL
I don't know.

WILSON
Try harder. You are in a city with
a man named Amon-ra. He tells you
the name of his citadel and asks
why you are here. What is the name
of that city?

PAUL
ATLANTIS!

BEADS of SWEAT TRICKLE down Paul's forehead. His lips
QUIVER. His FISTS CLENCH.

WILSON
Paul, relax. Breathe...

Paul's chest RISES - TIGHTENING... his JAW TAUT.

PAUL
I can't breath.

WILSON
Inhale, exhale... in... out...

CLOSE ON - WILSON'S NOTEPAD

WE SEE Wilson scribbles the words "DELUSION... ALCOHOLIC...
FAKE..."

PAUL
I can't...

WILSON
Alright, Mr. Kurtz. I'm going to
count from one to ten, and when I
reach the number ten you will be
fully awake.

Paul's face goes WHITE. He makes CHOKING SOUNDS.

WILSON (CONT'D)
Ten... nine... eight... seven...

Paul puts his hands around his THROAT. His face, now PURPLE.

WILSON (CONT'D)
...six...five...four...three...two.
..one. Paul?

He gasps for air. His complexion returns to normal.

PAUL
Am I back?

WILSON
Yes. Welcome back.

PAUL
Does this mean I'm cured?

Wilson opens her blinds. Turns on the lights.

WILSON
Depends on what you mean by
"cured."

She sets her notepad down. The words, "delusions of grandeur... post traumatic stress..." stick out.

WILSON (CONT'D)
I'll discuss with my colleagues and
get back with treatment options.

INT. DENNISON INDUSTRIES - MORNING

Kofi steps into Gunnar Dennison's office. Along with the thugs that jumped Paul in the alley. The men all surround an ENGLISH TEA SET. Mr. Dennison sips out of his cup, daintily.

DENNISON
What did you find out, Mr.
Johnston?

KOFI
I follow him all over the island.
He not snitch to the Police, but I
hear him talk about a fortune in
gold and silver ingots buried at
sea.

DENNISON
Well that sounds delicious.

KOFI
He talk about a bad dream.

DENNISON
Since when is gold a bad dream?

KOFI
He was hypnotized, talked about a
sunken ship...

Dennison dabs his mouth with a handkerchief.

DENNISON

You fucking with me rasta? Don't think I'm afraid to dirty my hands, because I will bury you 6 feet under. I'd rather enjoy that.

Dennison's thugs SNICKER.

KOFI

I ain't lying, Mr. Dennison.

DENNISON

Alright, Mr. Johnston. I'll play things your way. You find out the location of this ship. If it's where you say it is, I'll consider your debts to me paid in full.

INT. "IMMORTAL BRIDES" - DAY

Christina shows off her dress collection to a YOUNG BRIDE.

CHRISTINA

Marriage is the most important decision you'll ever make. Do you know the second most important decision?

YOUNG BRIDE

No.

CHRISTINA

Your wedding dress. This is what I wore when I married my husband, Paul.

Christina pulls a LACEY GOWN off the hanger and displays it in front of her.

YOUNG BRIDE

Gorgeous!

RIIIIIINNGGG! The telephone rings.

CHRISTINA

Excuse me a moment. Take a look around.

Christina scuttles to the back room. We hear her OFF SCREEN while the bride admires the clothing.

CHRISTINA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 Hello? Paul? Now isn't a good
 time. I told you I need
 distance...

The young bride keys into the conversation, sensing it's a
 juicy one.

CUT TO:

INT. PAUL'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Paul is CHOKES the telephone receiver.

He looks dry, dehydrated. Lips are CRACKED, blistered. His
 skin and hair is oily, needs a shower.

PAUL
 I was under hypnosis, and found out
 in a past life I was a guy named
 Brassius. And another thing - I
 figured out that water makes these
 visions come on... see, Saphora
 cursed me - and she can reach me
 through my contact with water.

CUT TO:

- Paul SHUTS OFF the WATER VALVE of the house.

CUT TO:

- Paul tests the sink FAUCET - no water comes out.

BACK TO:

PAUL ON PHONE

PAUL (CONT'D)
 I'm not crazy, Christina. You're
 always telling me I have to get
 over the past - this is my
 opportunity.
 (beat)
 Listen: I think I haven't been the
 best husband because of my past
 life. If I can resolve this, I'll
 be better to you and Joseph -
 Christina?

BACK TO:

INT. "IMMORTAL BRIDES" - CONTINUOUS

The young bride is now browsing near the back room. Obviously eavesdropping, and not thrilled with what she's hearing.

CHRISTINA (O.S.)
Give me a break, Paul. You're nothing but a lying bastard. And a waste of time. Because while you're lazy ass is unemployed, I'm trying to support your son by selling this lie that marriage is bliss. And ours is a sham!

SLAM! As the receiver hits the telephone. Christina waltzes into the front room and smiles sweetly at the young bride.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)
So... have you decided?

INT. PAUL'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Paul hangs up. Wipes his face. There is a KNOCK at the door.

INT/EXT. PAUL'S FRONT DOOR - MOMENTS LATER

SMITH has a grin on his face. Still wears the eye patch.

SMITH
Ah, Paul. I've missed you buddy.

PAUL
What's going on?

SMITH
I have a present for you...

Smith hands Paul an ENVELOPE.

SMITH (CONT'D)
You hereby have been served. Dennison Corp. and affiliates are taking you to court for gross negligence of the tanker explosion.

Paul shuts the door. And RIPS the envelope in half.

INT. BERMUDA MARITIME MUSEUM - day

Paul wanders through the SHIPWRECKS EXHIBIT.

He studies faded black and white PHOTOGRAPHS of SHIPWRECKS. MARINERS. Scrawled DIARY PAGES from the high seas. Pieces of DRIFT WOOD and LIFE PRESERVERS...

In one display, Paul notices a familiar carving on a sailboat MASTHEAD. He pulls out his SKETCHBOOK PAGES to compare.

CLOSE ON - MASTHEAD DISPLAY and Paul's SKETCH

The mastheads are a perfect match. Both Poseidon.

Paul spots a room through the exhibits, the -

INT. MARITIME MUSEUM LIBRARY - CONTINUOUS

The library is QUIET. Except for an occasional COUGH from an ELDERLY WOMAN.

Paul enters, his footsteps soften as if the room is a sacred space. As he moves, people take notice.

- A PURPLE-HAIRED WOMAN holds her nose.

- A FRECKLE-FACED CHILD POINTS at Paul's messy hair.

- The CURATOR, LEELAND RUSSEL is a conservative, smartly dressed man in his 50s. He mans the MAIN DESK. Studies Paul's every movement... as if he shouldn't be there.

All this goes unnoticed to Paul, who has focused in on the -

- LOCAL HISTORY SECTION

TWO AISLES of books, photo albums, and reference works.

INT. LIBRARY - DESK - LATER

Paul CLUNKS various books and documents onto the table. The materials are a FOOT HIGH.

MONTAGE - PAUL RETRACES THE LOCAL ROOTS

As Paul pours through the books, he scribbles in his SKETCHBOOK dates, drawings, and connections. Such as,

- "TRIANGLE OF WRECKAGE: SARGASSO SEA HOT SPOT OF SHIPWRECKS!"

- Black and white photograph of the "FORTUNATO." Paul caresses the photo, and it crumbles beneath his fingers.

PAUL
 (to himself)
 This one looks awful damned
 familiar.

Leeland Russell moves behind him.

RUSSELL
 The Fortunato.

PAUL
 I've seen this before...

RUSSELL
 Don't see how you could. That ship
 left Cypress hundreds of years ago -
 may even be a myth. Just like the
 continent of Atlantis. They say if
 it did exist, it'd be in our
 Bermuda Triangle for sure.

PAUL
 It's no myth.

RUSSELL
 You sound pretty sure of yourself.
 If you think you can find it, you
 could make millions. Twenty-five
 years ago, after a violent
 hurricane finished churning
 up the ocean floor, a half dozen
 gold ingots were discovered washed
 up on the shore.
 (beat)
 There are maps in my office that
 may give a general location of
 where the ship went down. That is,
 if it is real...

PAUL
 I want to see them.

INT. LEELAND'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Leeland unlocks a METAL SAFE. Inside are priceless MAPS,
 COMPASSES... SPYGLASSES... priceless artifacts.

Leeland withdraws one of the CARTOGRAPHIC MAPS, rolled in a
 bundle. He spreads it on the table.

RUSSELL
 (points with his pen)
 This is the Nares Abyssal Plain.
 (MORE)

RUSSELL (CONT'D)
 About ninety miles off the coast.
 (makes a wide circle)
 The Fortunato was found somewhere
 here...

Points at map.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)
 Historians have deduced that the
 ship went down March 9th, 1200.

PAUL
 March 9th?

WE SEE the wheels in Paul's head moving. He's making
 connections.

PAUL (CONT'D)
 What are these?

RUSSELL
 A ship's manifest. Found at the
 same time the gold ingots were
 discovered.

Paul examines the copy.

PAUL
 I've seen this before...
 (beat)
 It's extremely important that I
 locate this ship. May I borrow
 this map?

RUSSELL
 No, Museum property. If you are in
 fact familiar with the Fortunato,
 perhaps you don't need a map. True
 helmsman never do.

INT. ISABELLA'S HOUSE - LATE EVENING

Christina arrives home from work. She walks in the door,
 sees Joseph RUN through the house in his UNDIES. Kathleen
 CHASES behind him with a scrub brush in her hand.

KATHLEEN
 Come back here you little elf!
 There's a tub of bath water waitin'
 on you upstairs!

CHRISTINA

Haha, you're going to have to be faster than that.

KATHLEEN

(out of breath)

That boy of yours, ma'am. He's faster than a greased pig in a thunderstorm.

CHRISTINA

Where's Mother?

KATHLEEN

Miss Isabella is outside in the garden. She wants to talk to you.

EXT. GARDEN - NIGHT

Christina goes to the greenhouse. She finds her Mother busy arranging the last of her flowerpots.

CHRISTINA

You wish to see me, Mother?

Isabella removes a pair of gloves from her hands, then she turns to confront her daughter. Christina can see a look of displeasure in her eyes.

ISABELLA

It's late. Where were you?

CHRISTINA

A client. Final approval for a wedding design.

ISABELLA

Have you spoken to Paul?

Christina doesn't say anything.

ISABELLA (CONT'D)

Paul has started drinking again...

Isabella chuckles.

ISABELLA (CONT'D)

... Seems he thinks he's a Greek God or some nonsense... plus, he is being sued by Gunnar Dennison.

(beat)

(MORE)

ISABELLA (CONT'D)

Paul is responsible for the explosion. I knew he had something to do with it.

CHRISTINA

How would you know?

ISABELLA

I've lived here for 45 years. Secrets don't stay secret for long when you offer cash.

CHRISTINA

I don't believe it, Mother. Not for one second.

ISABELLA

There's one more thing, Christina. Paul is sick.

Christina's eyes well.

CHRISTINA

You're lying, Mother.

Christina marches out of the room.

INT. ST. ANTHONY'S CHURCH - DAY

Paul approaches the altar, sits down in the front pew. FATHER NICHOLAS BRANTFORD, a stalwart Canadian in his early forties, recognizes him when he walks in.

FATHER BRANTFORD

Paul Kurtz. How have you been?

PAUL

I've made a mess of my life, Father.

FATHER BRANTFORD

What is it that troubles you, my son?

PAUL

I'm having visions of a former life... Christina thinks I'm lying to cover an affair.

(beat)

What does the Bible say about reincarnation?

FATHER BRANTFORD

The Bible never talks explicitly about reincarnation because it is contrary to scripture. The belief that the soul passes onto Heaven, after death, is the primary teachings of Christianity. With that being said, I have heard that some people are able to recall memories of a past life while under hypnosis, but the real probability is that they were in contact with the souls of dead humans in purgatory, or from demons.

Father Brantford puts his hand on Paul's shoulder.

FATHER BRANTFORD (CONT'D)

You cannot run from your past, Paul. Would you like to make a confession?

INT. CONFSSIONAL - MOMENTS LATER

Paul kneels down. Makes the sign of the cross. Father Brantford sits opposite a partition.

PAUL

Bless me Father for I have sinned. It has been over a year since my last confession.

FATHER BRANTFORD

What are your sins, my son?

PAUL

I'm sorry for the times I knew I should have gone to church, but didn't. I'm sorry for the men I killed in combat. I'm sorry for not being a better Father to my son and for taking a drink on the Sabbath. And most of all... I'm sorry I cheated on my wife.

Paul breaks down in tears.

FATHER BRANTFORD

God the Father of mercies has reconciled the world to Himself through death and the resurrection of His son, and has poured forth the Holy Spirit for the forgiveness

(MORE)

FATHER BRANTFORD (CONT'D)
of sins. May he grant you pardon
and peace through the ministry of
the church. I absolve you from
your sins in the name of the
Father, the Son, and the Holy
Spirit".

PAUL
Thank you God. And thank you
Father.

Paul rises from the confessional and walks back towards the altar. He gazes at the cross. A moment later, Father Brantford joins him.

FATHER BRANTFORD
Hold onto your faith, my son.

Father Brantford dips his hand in HOLY WATER, about to bless Paul.

PAUL
No. Don't.

Paul cringes at the WATER... DRIPPING from the Father's finger.

FATHER BRANTFORD
You can't run from your past, Paul.
And most of all, you can't run from
all that is holy.

Paul nods. Shuts his eyes. As Father Brantford blesses Paul with the water. His eyes are still closed... waiting for a vision to kick in. Then he opens his eyes.

PAUL
Nothing happened.

INT. DENNISON INDUSTRIES - EVENING

Dennison, the thugs, and Kofi enjoy TEA and SCONES.

DENNISON
I must know the precise location.

KOFI
The curator at the Maritime Museum
has a map that points to the exact
location of the wreck.

DENNISON

The map can piss off. How about we just bring the curator?

KOFI

He's a dickhead. Policy and regulations, you know- blah, blah.

DENNISON

When the museum closes, we fetch the map. And fetch Paul, too.

KOFI

Yes, Mr. Dennison.

DENNISON

Thank you, Mr. Johnston.

(beat)

We may need a bit of insurance for Paul to come along. Wife, child, Mother-in-Law...

Kofi laughs.

KOFI

Mother-in-law? She's a liability.

DENNISON

Fine. Just the former two items for collateral.

EXT. ISABELLA'S HOUSE - DAY

Paul BARRELS his motorcycle into the driveway. Kathleen meets him at the door.

PAUL

Hello, Kathleen. I need Christina.

KATHLEEN

Miss Christina isn't here.

She tries to CLOSE the door in his face. He FORCES his way inside.

INT. ISABELLA'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Paul rushes into the living room, YELLS for his wife.

PAUL

Christina! Christina!

KATHLEEN

Please, sir. You must leave!

ISABELLA

I suggest you do as Kathleen asks,
Paul.

Isabella scoots out of a doorway. Looms behind Paul.
BRANDISHES a GUN at the back of his head.

ISABELLA (CONT'D)

I won't ask as sweetly.

Kathleen stumbles out of the room. Splits.

PAUL

Where is Christina. Where is my
Son?

ISABELLA

They aren't here. Now get out and
don't return. My daughter doesn't
want to have anything else to do
with you. If you were a smart man,
you would understand that.

PAUL

So shoot me. I'm not leaving
without them.

ISABELLA

All of you men are just the same.
Always thinking with your private
parts instead of your smart parts.

PAUL

I must have my wife.

ISABELLA

You got her pregnant just so you
can take her away from me. Away
from her home and family.

PAUL

I love Christina.

ISABELLA

I'll shoot.

INT. BERMUDA MARITIME MUSEUM - NIGHT

Leeland Russel puts his papers away in his desk. Last minute
cleaning up before he clocks out.

He turns off the lights, closes and locks the door behind him. Then he climbs the stairs that lead to the second floor of the museum.

EXT. ISABELLA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A TAXI pulls up in the driveway with its HEADLIGHTS turned off. Three men get out, make their way across the lawn.

INT. ISABELLA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - LATER

Christina and her mother sit at the table. Both women play a game of SOLITAIRE.

ISABELLA

You will see, Christina. I am right about Paul.

CHRISTINA

Would you have shot him like a dog?

ISABELLA

Listen to me, minha filha encantadora. All men are dogs. You were too good for him. He never appreciated you.

CHRISTINA

Was Papa a dog, too?

ISABELLA

No, your Father was a good man. He was faithful until the end.

CHRISTINA

Too bad you never told him that.

Christina stands from her chair and walks out.

INT. ISABELLA'S HOUSE - JOSEPH'S ROOM - NIGHT

Joseph lies in bed with some of his army men toys. Teary eyed, Christina comes in to check on him.

CHRISTINA

Bedtime, Mister.

JOSEPH

Where's Daddy?

She notices a WAR MEDAL on Joseph's bed.

CHRISTINA
Is that one of your Father's
medals?

Joseph clutches the medal. Nods.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)
Did he give it to you?

Another nod.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)
What are you doing with it?

JOSEPH
Training to be a good soldier.

CHRISTINA
How come?

JOSEPH
Daddy said if anything happened to
him, he wants me to know how to
protect you.

She smiles, wipes her eyes.

JOSEPH (CONT'D)
Are you going to cry again?

CHRISTINA
No, sweetie. Go to sleep, okay?

JOSEPH
Yes, ma'am.

Christina takes the toys out of his bed, tucks the cover up
around him. She gives him a kiss good night and walks out.

Joseph reaches underneath his pillow, pulls out another toy,
and continues to play. Suddenly the doors that overlook the
balcony slide open.

One of Dennison's thugs enters the room. He walks over to
Joseph's bed, glares down at him.

INT. ISABELLA'S HOUSE - KATHLEEN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Kathleen sits in front of a mirror with a jar of moisturizer
in her hand. She walks into the bathroom, undresses, turns
on the water in the bathtub and puts on her bathrobe.

Slowly her bedroom door opens. Another one of Dennison's thugs enters the room. When she walks out of the bathroom, he places his hand over her mouth and stabs her in the abdomen.

INT. ISABELLA'S HOUSE - CHRISTINA'S ROOM - NIGHT

Christina picks up her cell phone and calls home. The phone rings and the answering machine picks up. The outgoing message begins to play, when she HEARS a GUNSHOT from downstairs.

CHRISTINA
Joseph? Joseph? Mother?

Christina descends the staircase. It's PITCH BLACK.

CLOSE ON - DENNISON'S MEN

Wearing special NIGHT VISION goggles and black, military fatigues. They follow their prey down the staircase. When they are behind the VICTIM'S HEAD, they pull out a GUN -

BLAST!

CUT TO:

INT. MARITIME MUSEUM - CONTINUOUS

LEELAND is SHOT in the back of the head.

CLOSE ON - SAFE

The door of the SAFE swings open. The tugs grab various MAPS.

BACK TO:

INT. ISABELLA'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

In the darkness, Christina trips over something on the floor. She kneels down. Her hands find a mess of hair sticky with blood.

CHRISTINA
Mother!

JOSEPH (O.C.)
Let me go!!!

Christina rushes to the front door. Where one of the thugs is holding Joseph. But she doesn't get far - another thug grabs her from behind.

He puts a SOAKED-RAG over her nose. She struggles to free herself, but quickly succumbs to chemical's effects.

EXT. PAUL'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Paul ZOOMS into his driveway on his motorcycle. As he climbs off his bike, WE SEE Kofi's JAGUAR motor past.

INT. PAUL'S - KITCHEN - LATER

Paul is on the TELEPHONE.

ANSWERING MACHINE (PHONE)

At the tone, please leave your
message, for: Christina Kurtz.

(beat)

BEEEEEEEEEEEEEP!

PAUL

Christina, pick up the phone.

Paul's back is turned against the front door. He doesn't notice as Kofi opens the door and tip-toes inside the house like a cat.

PAUL (CONT'D)

I need to see you. I need to talk
to you.

Kofi approaches Paul. He owns the element of surprise.

PAUL (CONT'D)

I love you -

Kofi pulls a GUN and PRESSES it to the back of Paul's head.

PAUL (CONT'D)

What the fuck...

Paul let's go of the receiver. It drops to the floor.

KOFI

Sorry to interrupt the romance.
But I have a family of my own, back
in Jamaica. They need this sunken
treasure.

INT. DENNISON BROTHERS SALVAGE - DOCKYARD - NIGHT

Paul enters the warehouse. He sees Christina and Joseph handcuffed to a motorized platform suspended over a twenty-five foot wide maintenance bay. The compartment has been flooded and converted into an underground SHARK TANK.

PAUL

Christina! Joseph! Are you okay?

CHRISTINA

Yes, Paul.

PAUL

Let them go, damn you!

DENNISON

Ah, yes. The infamous Paul Kurtz. I believe I'll be seeing you in court, unless I see you in the grave first?

PAUL

What do you want.

DENNISON

Straightforward and to the point: how tasteful. Well, here's the deal.

He points to Christina and Joseph.

DENNISON (CONT'D)

I'm sure you recognize the two individuals suspended on the platform above you.

PAUL

(pained)

Yes. Why bring them here?

DENNISON

Insurance, Mr. Kurtz. I don't care if your visions of Atlantis are real or not. All I want is the treasure that's onboard the Fortunato. You will find this vessel and bring it's cargo back to me.

PAUL

Fuck off.

DENNISON

This isn't a request. It's an order.

PAUL

I refuse.

DENNISON

I have a net worth into the billions. I didn't get to where I am without being prepared for every contingency.

He walks over to what appears to be a large cooler and opens the lid.

DENNISON (CONT'D)

The platform your wife and son are handcuffed to is operated by a motorized wench. The entire gantry can be lowered into the water at the flip of a switch.

Dennison snaps his fingers. As a thug WHEELBARROWS in a large GOAT.

Kofi climbs into a FORKLIFT. He gears the lift up, and picks up wheelbarrow - with the goat - and tosses them both into the tank.

A GREAT WHITE surfaces, swallows the goat whole.

In a fit of anger Paul goes after the expatriate, but he gets hit from behind by one of his thugs.

Dennison kneels down over Paul.

DENNISON (CONT'D)

Are we on the same page now, Mr. Kurtz? If you cooperate with me, I'll let them go. If not, I'll lower the platform, and make you watch as the flesh is ripped from their bones piece by piece.

PAUL

I'll help you find the ship. Just don't hurt them.

DENNISON

Excellent. You're not as stupid as I thought you were.

EXT. MOTORBOAT - SARGASSO SEA - NIGHT

Paul is at the helm, motored out to sea at GUNPOINT. Two of Dennison's thugs sit behind Paul, on watch.

Kofi handles the MAP. Eyeing their position.

KOFI
We're closing in. Do you sense it too, Paul?

PAUL
The impressions are getting stronger.

KOFI
Get ready to dive.

The men put on their face masks. They have the "D.I." initials we saw when Mesnier was pulled underwater.

KOFI (CONT'D)
(to Paul)
I don't want to hurt you, man... but I will if I have to.

PAUL
Save it.

The men DROP ANCHOR. They climb over the railings and jump into the water. Paul and Kofi remain.

KOFI
You're next, man.

Paul puts his legs over the side of the boat and dives in.

EXT. SARGASSO SEA - FORTUNATO - NIGHT

Paul, Kofi, and the thugs swim downward through the abyss.

The SHIP WRECKAGE pokes up through the layers of sediment and muck. On instinct, Paul takes the lead. He swims to an OPEN HATCH and delves into the wrecked vessel.

INT. FORTUNATO - LOWER DECK - CONTINUOUS

Paul enters the vessel first, followed by Kofi and the other two thugs. The divers pass several cabins as they make their way to the end of a long hallway.

INT. FORTUNATO - MIDSECTION - CONTINUOUS

Paul descends down past a LADDER. It leads to an OPEN DOORWAY with STAIRS leading into a CARGO HOLD.

INT. FORTUNATO - CARGO HOLD - OUTER CHAMBER - CONTINUOUS

Kofi swims past Paul, taking the lead up the stairs and surfaces into a CHAMBER just outside the cargo hold.

The men burst through the water's surface, remove their masks and gasp for air. Grateful this chamber is a giant air pocket.

Kofi and the men pull themselves up out of the water onto dry flooring. On the opposite side of the room is a semi-transparent doorway that shimmers like sunlight reflecting off of water.

The men pass through into the -

INT. CARGO HOLD - CONTINUOUS

Paul reaches the door first. As he passes through he experiences another vision...

EXT. FORTUNATO - NIGHT - VISION

...He stands on the deck of the Fortunato; his men are kneeling before the statue of Poseidon. Some of them are PRAYING in GREEK.

Paul sees himself as he fights against the waves - trying to get below deck before the ship capsizes. Suddenly part of the ship's rigging comes loose and BASHES him in the head.

A moment later, and the SEA SWALLOWS the FORTUNATO.

BACK TO:

INT. CARGO HOLD - MOMENTS LATER

When Paul awakens he rubs his eyes. The cargo hold is now a LIVING QUARTERS. Chairs, sofa, fixtures adorn the hold.

And stacked floor to ceiling along the walls is the massive treasure that the ship was carrying - GOLD, SILVER, PERFUMES...

What's more - there are also CRYSTALS from Atlantis in various colors, shapes and sizes.

KOFI AND THE THUGS

The men jump up and down, squealing. They pull CANVAS BAGS from their pockets and tote sacks, and begin to STUFF THEM with the GEMS and GOLD.

KOFI
We gonna be rich!!!

PAUL

More aware now, realizes he is lying on a long CRYSTALLINE TABLE. Above him stands Saphora.

She grips a HEALING CRYSTAL in her hand. Hovers the crystal over Paul's body.

Paul GRABS her by the arm. Uses her as leverage to pull himself off the table.

PAUL
Saphora?

SAPHORA
Welcome to my home. I have waited nine thousand years of my life for your return.
(beat)
I will never let you leave me again.

Kofi and the thugs clench their canvas bags.

KOFI
Shit... you that Greek hoe? We are gonna leave this ship with your gems, bitch.

PAUL
How have you survived?

SAPHORA
When the Fortunato sank, I used the crystals to generate a magnetic field around me to stop the progression of time.

KOFI
I want that. Fountain of Youth. Put it in the bag.

Paul puts a hand up to tell Kofi to zip it.

SAPHORA

You don't remember what happened,
the night we fled from Atlantis?

Paul shakes his head.

DREAM SEQUENCE

INT. SAPHORA'S BEDROOM - DREAM SEQUENCE - NIGHT

Saphora kisses Paul's lips (as BRASSIUS). He places his hands on her breasts and mounts her. They make love.

SAPHORA (V.O.)

We were lying in bed, when suddenly
the guards entered the room. They
dragged you to the floor.

She looks up and sees that her husband, Amon-Ra stands there with his GUARDS.

SAPHORA (V.O.)

Amon-Ra, my husband, ordered that
you and I be executed for betrayal
and infidelity.

Brassius and Saphora are taken by the guards.

INT. CRYSTALLINE ROOM - DREAM SEQUENCE - MOMENTS LATER

Brassius and Saphora await in the cold room. When BRASSIUS' MEN break into the cell.

SAPHORA (V.O.)

Somehow, word got back to your ship
and your men came to rescue you.
They killed the guards and we
escaped.

INT. FORTUNATO - DREAM SEQUENCE - CONTINUOUS

Brassius and Saphora are at the helm. As STORM CLOUDS gather above. The ship is hit by SQUALLS.

SAPHORA (V.O.)

We had hoped to set sail to your
homeland, hoping to use the fire-
crystals to open a portal that
will take us to Greece.

Next, a TYPHOON kicks up WAVES that break on deck. Brassius and his men fight to keep the ship afloat.

SAPHORA (V.O.)
 Unable to activate the crystals,
 your ship capsizes in the ocean.

Brassius goes BELOW DECK, when one of the MASTS BREAKS. It crashes down and HITS him in the head.

BRASSIUS' P.O.V.

The face of the masthead - Poseidon - staring down at him while he swallows water.

END OF DREAM SEQUENCE

BACK TO:

INT. CARGO HOLD - NIGHT

Same.

SAPHORA
 I called for you to save me, to
 have you by my side when the end
 finally came, but alas, my love you
 never returned for me.

PAUL
 I was someone else. If I was who I
 am today, I never would have left
 you.

SAPHORA
 I know that now, because you came
 back from me. After thousands of
 years, of waiting... and just
 before the power of my crystals was
 almost drained - my final messages
 got to you.

PAUL
 Why was the ship brought here to
 Atlantis?

SAPHORA
 The Fire-Crystals create a type of
 "residue" when activated. To the
 naked eye it may appear to be just
 fog or mist but it's not.

(MORE)

SAPHORA (CONT'D)

The crystals are strongly attracted to the magnetic field here. And now, you will remain here forever with me, for all time.

PAUL

Look at me. What's my name?

SAPHORA

Brassius. My one true love.

PAUL

I'm not Brassius. My name is Paul. I have a wife named Christina and a son named Joseph. Brassius was a Greek sailor who drowned thousands of years ago.

SAPHORA

You may call thyself by another name, but I know who you really are: my soul mate.

Kofi walks over to where they stand, interjects himself in their conversation. He plucks a CRYSTAL from Saphora's hand.

KOFI

I hate to interrupt your reunion, but what are these crystals used for?

SAPHORA

Healing the sick, controlling the weather, telekinesis, traveling through time, and to harness energy.

KOFI

You have more of these?

SAPHORA

Each Atlantean wears a crystal, such as the one you have, as a way of monitoring their own health. We also have manufacturing centers capable of producing thousands of crystals if needed.

KOFI

Will you take me and my men to Atlantis, so we can get more?

SAPHORA

No, I cannot. The day I left, Amon-Ra swore to execute me if I ever returned.

Kofi withdraws a GUN.

KOFI

Do not fuck with me, sister.

PAUL

Didn't you hear what she said, Kofi? Put the gun down.

KOFI

I do not care what happens to this bitch. These crystals are priceless. I must have more.

SAPHORA

Alright, coffee -

KOFI

- Kofi, bitch. Say my name right and we don't got a problem.

SAPHORA

I will grant your request, but you must be purified first.

KOFI

What does this mean, purified?

SAPHORA

Sometimes the shock of traveling from one dimension to another can be disastrous on an unhealthy body. Through the process of purification, I will prepare you for the journey.

KOFI

Nah, I got this. Do it.

Saphora extends her hand, touches Kofi's face. And in an instant - he SCREAMS in agonizing PAIN. Dropping to the floor, his body withers up like a dry leaf.

The thugs open fire at Saphora, their BULLETS are SUSPENDED in mid-air. Trapped in an ENERGY FIELD. They drop harmlessly to the floor with a PING!

She waves her hand. The thugs fall to their knees, gasping for air.

PAUL

You are insane. No matter what you do to me, I will never love you!

She drops her hand, the men are no longer choking.

SAPHORA

The night we made love I shared something with you that was special to me. I WILL NOT let you seduce me and then ignore me like it never happened.

PAUL

I'm sorry this person, Brassius, hurt you. Don't blame me for what Brassius did to you.

Saphora's head tilts back, as she lets out a GUFFAW.

SAPHORA

You think I'm a fool? Your words, no matter how sweet and convincing they sound do not change how I feel for you. Prepare yourself. This is your home now, here with me.

INT. DENNISON BROTHERS SALVAGE - NIGHT

Back on shore Dennison and his men still hold Christina and Joseph hostage.

JOSEPH

I'm tired, Mother. When are we going home?

CHRISTINA

Try not to move so much. It will only make your wrists hurt more.

A HENCHMAN eavesdrops.

HENCHMAN #1

You don't like it here? The accommodations not splendid enough?

CHRISTINA

Fuck off, he's just a child.

HENCHMAN #1

I'm not a bad man. I have kids myself. They ain't spoiled brats.

Another henchman comes over.

HENCHMAN #2

The boy's Mother is probably a good fuck, you know. Maybe we ought to clip her wings?

HENCHMAN #1

Not a bad idea.

(to Joseph)

Hey, little boy. What say you, if your Mother gives us all a taste of her Portuguese honey?

The men CRACK UP. When Christina spots a LASER BEAM, shining through a WINDOW to the floor below.

EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT

A SNIPER on the roof targets the back of the closest henchman standing next to the tank. The sniper speaks into a WALKIE.

SNIPER (VIA WALKIE)

I've got one in my scope, Lieutenant. Shall I take him down?

LIEUTENANT (VIA WALKIE)

Affirmative, Night Raven. Secure the package.

INT. DENNISON BROTHERS SALVAGE - MOMENTS LATER

Dennison holds a two way radio in his hand. He tries to contact Kofi's boat.

DENNISON

Crazy bastard. I told him to keep his radio turned on.

HENCHMAN #3

Maybe they're out of range?

DENNISON

Go into my office and bring me the satellite phone. I'll try to call him on his cel-

- CRASH!

A BULLET SHATTERS the glass and henchman #1 topples over into the tank. He splashes around in the water, tries to swim back towards the edge. When -

The GREAT WHITE surfaces...

Catches him mid-stroke. The henchman extends his hand for help - but the shark takes him under. Easy.

Dennison DUCKS for cover. As the front doors of the warehouse are blasted open and a SWAT TEAM led by Mike Grogan rushes in.

DENNISON (CONT'D)

The Police! Stop them!

Henchman #2 rushes the assault team, his guns blazing.

HENCHMAN #2

I'm a superman, you know. I shit Kryptonite.

The policemen gun him down in a hail of bullets. Dennison runs over to the switch that controls the gantry. He flips it, and the motor grudgingly comes to life. It slowly begins to lower the platform into the water.

GROGAN

(to the police)

Cover me!

Grogan fights his way over to the panel that controls the hoist, stops it before it reaches the tank. Dennison tries a sneak attack but Grogan sees him coming and shoots him in the shoulder.

Grogan makes it safely to Dennison. Cowers over him.

GROGAN (CONT'D)

Gunnar Dennison, I'm placing you under arrest for the death of Fred Mesnier, insurance fraud, tax evasion...

DENNISON

No need to list all these accusations, I'm a British citizen. You can't arrest me.

GROGAN

Your citizenship has been revoked.

The police round up the last remaining henchman as Christina and Joseph are untied from the platform.

GROGAN (CONT'D)

Where's your husband?

CHRISTINA
They took him in a boat.

GROGAN
Kofi Johnston?

CHRISTINA
Yes, how did you know?

GROGAN
Kofi's been on our radar for months.

CHRISTINA
Dennison said something about salvaging a ship.

GROGAN
I'll notify the coast guard. Don't worry, they'll find him.

EXT. COAST GUARD AIR STATION - OPA-LOCKA, FLORIDA - NIGHT

An establishing shot of the Search and Rescue station and it's landing pads.

A red MH-65C Dolphin rescue helicopter sits on the tarmac.

The HANGER DOORS OPEN. Out comes the helicopter CREW, led by LT. TERRY KIRKPATRICK. The men are SUITED UP, helmets, glasses, the works.

INT. FORTUNATO - CARGO HOLD - NIGHT

Paul and the thugs are trapped inside a FORCE FIELD within the cargo hold. The thugs toss gold INGOTS, aiming for the doorway. Each time the ingot hits the force field, it bounces back.

THUG #1
What kind of shit is this, man?
There's no way out of here.

THUG #2
This bitch is crazy, you know.
She's holding us here because of you!

PAUL
Relax. I can't think with you two running your mouths.

Thug #2 shoves Paul in the chest.

THUG #2

She's your bitch, get a hold of her. Lie if you have to. Get us out.

Paul PUMMELS the thug square in the jaw. He falls flat on the floor.

THUG #1

Me brother is right. She believe you once, maybe she believe you again.

THUG #2

(rubs his jaw)

Too bad there's no C-4 in this gold. We could blast our way out.

Paul bolts. An idea.

PAUL

Take off your watches.

The thugs refuse.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Give them to me.

THUG #1

You crazy, man. You ain't going to rob us.

SAPHORA

Listen: Saphora said the crystals are activated by high-pitched sound. Quartz watches have an electromechanical tuning fork inside them. May break us out of here.

THUG #1

Take more than a watch to break that barrier.

PAUL

Fine, what's your idea.

The men exchange glances, then shrug. They hand over their watches.

PAUL (CONT'D)

I need your knife.

The thug hesitates, before handing over his POCKET KNIFE.

Paul opens the watches with the tip of the knife. He removes the turning forks.

PAUL (CONT'D)
I need something to amplify the
sound waves.

One of the men opens Kofi's backpack, takes out his shortwave RADIO. Paul grabs it, removes the speaker.

He gives each of them a TUNING FORK.

PAUL (CONT'D)
Take one of these and stand as
close to the wall as possible.
(to thug #1)
You hold this. I'm going to
distract Saphora. When I give the
word, strike your tuning fork and
hold it close to the speaker. The
sound waves should activate the
crystals.

THUG #2
Then what?

PAUL
Let's just say it's going to get
wet in here- quick, fast, and in a
hurry.

Saphora steps down from underneath the crystals. Her body glimmers like an incandescent light bulb.

PAUL (CONT'D)
You have to do that every time?

SAPHORA
Not every time. Only when I feel
myself getting weak.

PAUL
I never meant to hurt you.

SAPHORA
Sounds like trickery you wish to
bait me with.

PAUL
No, I swear. It's not.

SAPHORA

Now that you've returned to me, you
have an eternity to make things
right.

PAUL

Those fire-crystals, will they
rejuvenate me as well?

SAPHORA

Yes.

PAUL

Show me.

Paul walks over to the station, stands underneath the
crystals. Kofi's men get in different positions close to the
wall.

Saphora waves her hand over a PANEL. Four of the five
crystals begin to glow.

Now that she has her back turned away from the men, Paul
waits for the fifth crystal to glow. When the last crystal
discharges he steps off of the grid.

PAUL (CONT'D)

(to thug #1)

Now!

He strikes his tuning fork against the wall and holds it
close to the speaker. It begins to REVERBERATE loudly
through the hold, causing the other three forks to vibrate as
well.

VRB>B>B>B>B>B>BBBBBB

All of the Fire-Crystals resonate and react at the same time.

SAPHORA

No!

The HULL EXPLODES. Floods the chamber with GALLONS of sea
water.

The FORCE FIELD BREAKS.

SHARKS swim through the opening and attack Kofi's men. They
scream in agony as the man eaters go into a feeding frenzy.
The water turns red with their blood.

Paul secures his face mask, swims toward the doorway. A
tiger shark advances towards him.

In the water, he spots a spear gun floating nearby. Paul knocks over a bronze statue to deter the fish.

The shark comes back around for another pass. Paul grabs the spear gun, takes aim, and fires. He hits the fish above the left eye. He swims towards the door, looks back and -

SEES Saphora standing motionless in the middle of the room. Paul escapes the chamber of horrors and swims into the corridor.

At the end of the passageway, he spots a monstrous Moray Eel blocking his path. He ducks into one of the cabins and hides underneath a table.

The giant eel enters the room. When the monster can't find him, it abruptly leaves. Paul darts out from hiding, swims the length of the corridor in record time. He makes it to a ladder that leads above deck. Once outside the ship, he swims for the surface.

EXT. SARGASSO SEA - NIGHT

When Paul surfaces he looks up at a cloudless Bermuda sky. He breathes a sigh of relief and removes his face mask. Kofi's boat is anchored only a few yards away from him.

He begins to swim towards it when a bright light approaches him slightly above the horizon. As it gets closer, he can tell it's the halogen beam spotlights of a helicopter.

Paul yells and waves his arms as it circles above him, when -
- STRONG HANDS grab him from underneath the water.

SAPHORA! She has freed herself from the ship and followed him to the surface.

CLOSE ON - SAPHORA

No longer protected by the restorative power of her crystals, she ages a thousand years right before his eyes.

Paul wretches when he sees her old and decrepit looking face. Unwilling to let her lover go, she yanks and pulls at him, as if trying to drag them both back downwards into the murky depths below.

EXT/INT. MH-65C DOLPHIN SEARCH AND RESCUE HELICOPTER - NIGHT

The coast guard helicopter descends towards Kofi's boat.

LT. KIRKPATRICK
 (to copilot)
 There's a man in the water!

COPILOT
 What's he doing?

LT. KIRKPATRICK
 Fighting with someone.

The COPILOT, VASQUEZ peers into the water... he frowns.

VASQUEZ
 You mean some Thing!

LT. KIRKPATRICK
 (to rescue jumper)
 Get a shot off with the Dragonov?

O'NEAL
 Negative, Lieutenant! They're too
 close together.

EXT. SARGASSO SEA - NIGHT

Paul fights with Saphora as best that he can, but her strength is superhuman. She scratches and claws him repeatedly, depriving him of the life-giving oxygen he needs to survive.

Paul waves wildly. Searching for something to beat Saphora with. When his hands GRIP a POCKET KNIFE bobbing at the surface. We recognize the engraved initials: "P.K."

Paul takes the knife and STABS Saphora in the HEART.

Saphora jerks spasmodically, stares pitifully into his eyes, and releases her grip on him. Paul catches one final glimpse of her face before he swims away from her. Subject to the whims of the current, her body drifts along like a piece of flotsam, until it finally comes to rest on the bottom.

INT. MH-65C DOLPHIN HELICOPTER - NIGHT

LT. KIRKPATRICK
 Time to get wet! Make me proud,
 son!

O'NEAL
 Yes, Sir!

Airman MICHAEL O'NEAL leaps into the water.

He helps Paul swim back to the surface. As a LITTER BASKET is lowered from the chopper.

EXT. DOCKYARD - NIGHT

Back at the docks Paul is loaded inside an ambulance.

GROGAN

Thanks for helping me apprehend Dennison and his men. I was able to get a confession out of him concerning murder of Fred Mesnier and the plant explosion.

PAUL

Poor Fred.

(beat)

So you know I'm not at fault of the explosion, right? What about Smith?

Grogan tilts his head.

GROGAN

Dennison - and Smith - will be in jail for a very long time.

PAUL

Who are you, anyway?

GROGAN

Private Investigator. Some of the dead workers' families hired me to find out what happened to their loved ones. Sorry I told you I was an insurance investigator. This was the only way I could smoke Dennison out into the open.

Christina runs to Paul. He picks her up off the ground.

PAUL

I love you, Tina. I'm sorry.

GROGAN

Condolences for your loss, Ms. Kurtz. I wish there was something we could have done for your Mother.

CHRISTINA

You put our family back together. That's all that counts. Right, Joseph?

JOSEPH
 (salutes)
 First of line, first of foot.

Grogan laughs. Shakes Paul's hand goodbye.

CHRISTINA
 I'm sorry I didn't believe what you
 told me about your visions.

PAUL
 You have nothing to apologize for.
 I put a lot of bad to rest. And
 I'm going to do right by you for
 the rest of my life.

Paul unzips his wet suit, pulls out a small tote bag full of
 gold and silver jewelry.

PAUL (CONT'D)
 Hold these for me.

Christina laughs.

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Dr. Leavy enters the room. Paul is reclined in the bed.

PAUL
 I don't need to be here. The
 visions are gone. I feel fine.

Christina sits at Paul's bedside. Clutches his hand. As Dr.
 Leavy puts up the MRI slides on the LIGHT BOX. He compares
 the MRI SLIDES to the previous, side-by-side.

DR. LEAVY
 Well, Mr. Kurtz... these slides do
 show me one thing:

Paul and Christina glance at each other, slightly worried.

PAUL
 What is that, Doctor?

DR. LEAVY
 That my earlier diagnosis must have
 been a fluke. Maybe it was a
 thumbprint, like you said.

Paul and Christina KISS.

CUT TO:

EXT. DESERTED HIGHWAY - DAY

A WOMAN walks along the shoulder of the road. Cowboy boots, daisy dukes, and tank top. She carries a GAS CAN in her hand.

INT. CAR - MOMENTS LATER

A young HISPANIC MALE The song "Atlantis" by Donovan plays softly on the radio. As he PULLS OVER to the woman.

MALE

Where are you going, Señorita?

WOMAN

I'm outta gas. Stuck three miles back.

MALE

Hop in. I'll give you a ride into town.

She opens the door, settles into passenger seat. There is a CRYSTAL around her neck. WE SEE, this stranded woman is SAPHORA.

SAPHORA

I love this song.