

WATERWORLD

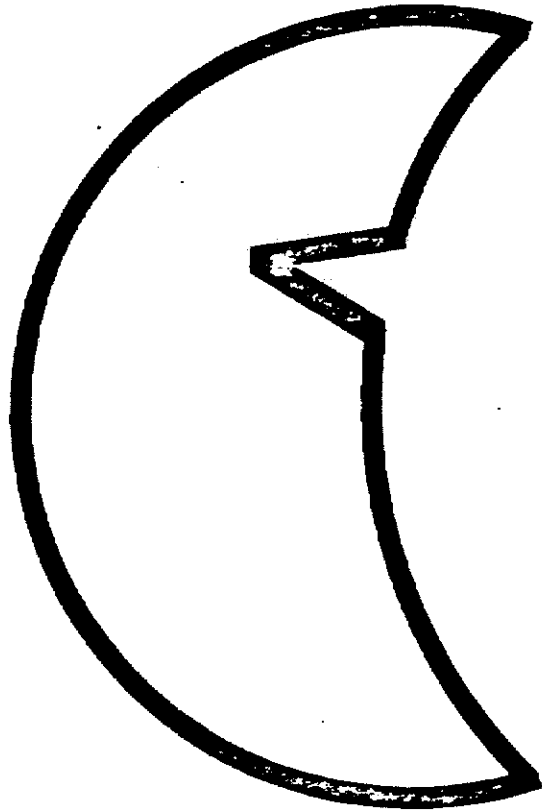
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P e t e r R a d e r

Polished Second Revision
July 4, 1991

THE TATTOO



of
THE GIRL
from
WATER'S END

A TITLE CARD:

*The Warming Age began after the Great Thaw of the Cold War.
Free markets heated up and the ice caps slowly melted.
Little by little, the globe became one seamless ocean.
The survivors scavenged rafts, buoys, anything that could float.
As hope of finding Water's End slowly faded,
sweet water became scarce and the wars began anew.*

FADE IN:

THE EARTH

The round blue planet as seen from space. A familiar image, but something about it is different. There are no continents. No land whatsoever. Only water. Nothing but water.

WE BEGIN MOVING in on the blue globe. Descending into it, as if on a spaceship. Closer and closer. Now the screen is filled with blueness.

DISSOLVE TO:

THE OCEAN

A sweeping panorama of waves kissed by the golden halo of sunrise. Sublime and balmy. Not a vessel in sight. WE BEGIN to pan along the gently curving horizon. Empty ocean in every direction. Now, at the end of our 360° pan, we finally REVEAL:

"OASIS."

A floating community. Several dozen vessels of all shapes and sizes tied together -- bow to stern -- in a large ring. They are connected by planks and bridges.

WE MOVE CLOSER. There are boats of every description -- tugs, trawlers, Chinese junks, river barges. Most are simply "houseboats" for the various families, but others seem to be rigged for communal needs like the "Barterboat" with its electricity-generating windmill, the "Schoolboat" which doubles as a chapel, and the "Vegetable Barge," where rows of bizarre-looking hybrid seaweed are growing in special hydroponic tanks.

IN THE WATER - NEAR A SLOOP.

An angelic, though impish GIRL of twelve is scraping barnacles from the hull, collecting them in a basket. This is ENOLA. She grabs a fat one and sucks out the meat.

VOICE

Enola... lunchtime!

HELEN, a striking if somewhat intense young woman in her late twenties, approaches the rail and looks down at Enola in the water.

HELEN

I made a kelp salad.

CONTINUED:

ENOLA
We always have kelp salad.

HELEN
It's good for you.

ENOLA
I'm not hungry.

HELEN
Have you been eating those barnacles again? Those are for later. Come on, dolphin.

Enola makes a face and climbs up the rope ladder with her basket of barnacles. Helen has set the table under a canopy with clam shells and other scavenged china. She dries off Enola with a towel and begins to oil her body with whale blubber. Enola is squirming and fidgeting.

HELEN
Stop that. Do you want to turn red like a lobster?

Helen takes some flesh colored-powder from a small urn and mixes it with the oil, making a paste. She begins to apply the paste to Enola's left shoulder, concealing a small round tattoo. It is crescent-shaped with a triangular nick in the concave arc.

ENOLA
Why do you have to do that every time? I like to see it.

HELEN
So does every trader that ever drifted past us. I don't want you looking different from any other kid. Besides, it keeps it from fading.

ENOLA
It doesn't mean anything, anyway.

HELEN
Someday you'll remember...

Just then, Enola notices something bounce over the rail onto the deck -- is that a flying fish? No, wait... it's walking over to her. Her jaw drops, eyes go wide.

ENOLA
Look!!

Helen glances over -- it's a bird!

HELEN
Oh, my God. It can't be...

They move over towards the bird which COOS nervously and backs away. Helen reaches out smoothly and picks it up.

CONTINUED:

(CONT.)

HELEN

Do you remember ever seeing one?

ENOLA

I've seen them in my dreams.

They smile at each other. Just then, a LOUD GONG resounds three times across the water. Helen's expression becomes grim.

THE LOOKOUT POST.

High up in the tallest crow's nest, a LOOKOUT repeats the THREE GONG warning, gazing out to sea with his spyglass.

LOOKOUT

(calling down)

APPROACHING FLEET!! EAST-SOUTH-EAST.

ON HELEN.

She grabs Enola's hand.

HELEN

Let's go.

AERIAL ANGLE.

A panoramic overview. WE SEE MEN and WOMEN of "Oasis" scrambling into a well-rehearsed routine. Helen and Enola race up-and-down across the planks that connect the boats towards a central platform where many PEOPLE are gathering. A MAN is passing out weapons. ANOTHER is rounding up the CHILDREN.

THE PLATFORM.

Helen approaches a tough-looking woman with short spiked hair. This is ANGEL, her sister. Helen holds up the bird.

ANGEL

Jesus.

Other PEOPLE move in for a look, crowding around with stunned expressions. TROY, a boy of sixteen, looks on in wonder

TROY

What's that??

HELEN

It's called a bird.

MAN

They swim through the air. We must be near Water's End...that's where those things come from.

RODNEY, a nervous man with frightened eyes, pushes his way to the front.

RODNEY

Great timing!! We're about to be slaughtered...

CONTINUED:

HELEN

Don't say that! We have to win,
that's all. We can't let them find it
before us! How many times have we
rehearsed for this? We're gonna give
them the fight of their lives...

VOICE

Yeah!!

HELEN

That's right. We're tough...
(holds up the bird)
And now we have some extra incentive!!

Everybody CHEERS, waving their guns and makeshift weapons.

ANGEL

Let's kick some pirate butt!!

CUT TO:

A FEW MILES AWAY.

The approaching fleet shoots ahead, full-throttle -- a mean
assembly of PIRATES on crafts of every description. The charge is
lead by MEN on attack aqua-cycles, their handle bars outfitted
with swivelling 25mm guns. Behind them in tight formation, is the
"INFANTRY," a rabid assortment of KILLERS on motorized surf-boards
attached to cigarette boats. When the time comes, they'll
unbuckle their harnesses and shoot off solo. Then the "ARTILLERY,"
four matching swamp skiffs with out-rigged airplane props. Large
mortars are bolted to the foredecks. WATER-SKIERS are being towed
behind each boat. various deadly weapons dangling from their wet
suits. Finally, the "Command" Hovercraft brings up the rear.

CUT BACK TO:

"OASIS."

SIMON, an ancient man of at least eighty, is leading the
CHILDREN into the hold of a trawler.

SIMON

No need to panic, now...

VOICE (O.S.)

Wait a minute!

It's Angel. She walks up to Troy who looks scared.

ANGEL

You just turned sixteen, didn't you,
kid?

TROY

(hesitant)

Yes.

ANGEL

You have to fight.

CONTINUED:

(CONT.)

Troy looks anxiously at Simon.

SIMON

Those are the rules, Troy.

ANGEL

Don't worry. I'll take care of him.

(to TROY)

Follow me.

CUT TO:

ANOTHER PART OF THE RING.

Helen races along hand-in-hand with Enola. They come to the "Vegetable-Barge" where Helen pulls an oil-drum out of a recess. She lifts the lid and Enola climbs inside the barrel. Helen hands her the bird.

HELEN

Take the bird too. I don't want them to find it.

Helen grabs an oxygen cannister and checks the valve. She puts it in the barrel with Enola.

HELEN

It's set so you have air for an hour. Don't touch the valve. If you overpressurize, they might see the bubbles.

ENOLA

You said we we're going to win. So why do I have to hide?

A little tear begins to snake its way down Enola's cheek.

HELEN

Go on, dolphin. Be brave.

She reaches inside a pouch and pulls out two circular glass pendants. Clear crystal medallions, protected in leather sleeves. Helen hands the smaller one to Enola.

HELEN

Remember these? Our lucky amulets. As long as we wear them, we'll never be separated, right?

ENOLA

(sadly)

Right.

Enola puts it around her neck. Helen does likewise. They hug. Then Enola ducks inside the barrel. Helen secures the rubber gaskets and the lid. She heaves the oil drum over the edge of the barge. A thin nylon rope pays out as it sinks...

CUT TO:

THE PIRATES.

WE ARE BACK in the thick of the attacking vessels, BLASTING ahead at break-neck speed. The ROAR of the engines is deafening. Whitewater splashes around us wildly. The PIRATES are SCREAMING demonically as combat adrenaline surges through their veins. A mile ahead, "Oasis" looks doomed...

CUT TO:

A SERIES OF CLOSE-SHOTS. PRE BATTLE-MONTAGE.

RODNEY is prepping one of the "defensive cannons." An old relic, Spanish galleon style. He pours in some gunpowder and loads the massive ball.

OTHER MEN AND WOMEN load bullets into rusting revolvers. Survival knives are strapped to thighs. Spear guns pumped up.

ANGEL and TROY have taken position on a barge. They are placing the Molotov cocktails on the deck at even intervals.

ANGEL

You good with guns, kid?

TROY

I'm scared...

CUT TO:

THE PIRATE AQUA-CYCLES.

CAMERA is on the handle-bars of the lead bike, looking back at the blood-thirsty mob. WE BOUNCE insanely as the cycle surges over the waves and SMACKS down into the troughs.

CARLOS, the driver, CACKLES like a madman. He's the first pirate we've seen close-up and HE IS SCARY!!!

Tribal style war-paint smeared across his face. A pierced nose with a large fish-bone. His hair, a shock of blue, flying back like satanic flames. On his forehead, a self-inflicted triangular scar. And his eyes. They are beyond description. A quasi-primordial post-punk.

CUT TO:

A HOUSEBOAT

Helen straps a flame thrower onto her shoulders. She crouches beside the outside rail and looks out towards the approaching horde. Almost within range...

HELEN

Come on, you bastards...

AERIAL ANGLE.

The pirate vessels surround "Oasis" and ALL HELL BREAKS LOOSE!!!

The "ARTILLERY" mortars bombard the flotilla with cover smoke. "SURFERS" peel off from the cigarette boats and BLAST through the smoke, FIRING at everything in sight!!

CONTINUED:

(CONT.)

RODNEY tries to aim his cannon but is blinded by the smoke-screen. Before he can react, a SURFER bursts through with a lasso. Rodney hurries to intercept him...

IN THE WATER.

The skimmers kick into full gear, sending the PARA-SAILERS high into the air. They spray down bullets, picking off the defenders like flies. Next, the DRIVERS cut their engines and PARA-SAILERS glide down onto the defenseless ring-boats.

ON THE BARGE.

Troy cowers below the rail, trembling uncontrollably. Bullets RICOCHET and splinter the wood like shrapnel. Angel is hidden behind some barrels. A PARA-SAILER comes gliding down out of the sky. Angel jumps up and nails him with her machete. She tosses Troy a flint striker.

ANGEL

Come on, kid. Get the fireworks going!

UNDERWATER, IN THE BARREL.

It is perfectly quiet and womb-like, but Enola is clearly apprehensive. She clutches her glass pendant and shuts her eyes, petting the nervous bird..

MEANWHILE, ABOVE.

MEN AND WOMEN exchange FIRE with the PIRATES. They are heavily outnumbered, outgunned. Many of the boats have already been boarded.

ON THE BARGE.

TROY strikes the flint and lights one of the bombs. He lobs it out at a passing cigarette boat and ducks as...

BOOOM!!!

A colossal fireball surges upwards. Angel gives him the thumbs up. Troy looks at her in terror. That's what those things do?

ON THE HOUSEBOAT.

A WATER-SKIER is headed straight towards Helen. She pulls the trigger of the flame thrower...

...nothing!

The WATER-SKIER takes aim. Helen bangs her tanks. Is she out of gasoline?

Suddenly, a STREAM OF FLAME bursts out of the nozzle, knocking her backward. The skier catches fire, SCREAMING in agony, as he continues to be dragged along like a FLAMING COMET...

CONTINUED:

(CONT.)

...Helen starts to get back to her feet, but doesn't notice, behind her...

...A LARGE PIRATE CLOSING IN!!! It's Carlos. In a flash, he grabs her by the arm and whips a large scythe around her throat. Helen instinctively resists but he presses the blade against the flesh, drawing a trickle of blood...

CARLOS

You wanna die?

She stops moving. He paws her breasts with a vicious smile. Helen's eyes falter. Suddenly, she swoons, fainting. He reaches for her...

...BUT SHE'S FAKING!!! Helen spins around and SLAMS him with her gasoline tanks. He sprawls across the deck and Helen turns to barbecue him, but the trigger is stuck again!!!

He leaps to his feet and charges with his razor sharp scythe. Helen ducks the first blow by inches...but the return swing, gorges her in the gut!!! Her eyes go wide with shock as she grabs her bleeding stomach with her hand. Carlos prepares for the final blow -- decapitation...

SLOW MOTION NOW: The scythe slicing the air. Helen hesitating. It's all or nothing. The lethal blade. Carlos's eyes. Helen surges. Intercepts it with the flame-thrower nozzle. CLANG!!!! As metal scrapes metal...

She dives backwards, over the rail. Into the water. Agony in her face, as salt-water finds the wound...

Slow motion, UNDERWATER SCREEEEAAAMMMMM!!!!

DISSOLVE TO:

TWENTY MINUTES LATER.

The battle is over. A massacre. All the SURVIVORS have been rounded up on the "Vegetable" barge. They are huddled together, shivering quietly, separated into two groups -- WOMEN and YOUNG BOYS on one side; MEN, INFANTS and OLD PEOPLE on the other. Several PIRATES guard them with automatic weapons.

The bounty -- jugs and barrels of fresh water, desalinization units, solar distillers, nautical instruments, weapons, gasoline, dried food and so on -- is arranged in neat rows. A mean-looking ROGUE is inspecting it. He is DIETER -- his left hand has been replaced by prosthetic metallic pincers.

Angel whispers to a WOMAN, standing beside her.

ANGEL

You seen my sister?

She shakes his head. Angel turns to look at the group of "MEN" prisoners. She makes eye contact with Troy, who's been sequestered with them. He looks petrified.

CONTINUED:

The "Command Hovercraft" eases up to the dock. TWO THUGS jump to secure the stern and bow lines. The large, vertical-hinged door swings open with a THUD! A FIGURE emerges...

Huge. Six-eight at least. Hip length hair. Yellow. Not blonde, balloon yellow. He has a solid-gold triangle attached to his forehead. And his cape -- it's a dense mesh of bird feathers! Meet LAZLO, "Lord of Pirates."

A YOUNG MAN rushes up to meet him. He's HELMUT, also unique in appearance -- one of his eyes is blue, the other green.

HELMUT

They must have hidden her.

LAZLO

(ominous smile)

Don't worry...

MEANWHILE, IN THE BARREL.

Enola is PANTING, out of breath. The bird COOS nervously and flaps its wings. She looks at the the oxygen cannister.

INSERT - THE GAUGE is nearing the red "DANGER ZONE"...

BACK ON THE PLATFORM.

Lazlo moves forward and addresses the prisoners.

LAZLO

Take me to your leader.

No one speaks. Lazlo surveys the faces before him.

SIMON

We have no leader. It's a round table democracy.

LAZLO

Spoken like a leader.

Lazlo yanks him away from the others. The crowd reacts with concern as Lazlo manhandles the old man.

LAZLO

Your people are very loyal. This is good. Above all, a leader need loyalty, no? Let me show you...

(to HELMUT)

A torch.

Helmut douses a torch with some gasoline and lights it with a flint striker. He marches up to Lazlo, awaiting instructions.

LAZLO

Your hand, please.

Helmut nods grimly. Then, without hesitation, puts his hand in the flame. Hovering there, unflinching. He grits his teeth.

CONTINUED:

(CONT.)

Lazlo watches calmly. Helmut's hand is blistering, he begins to shake...

LAZLO

Thank you.

Helmut pulls back his hand and plunges it into the water. Lazlo turns back to Simon.

LAZLO

That is my son. What does that tell you about me?

SIMON

(horrified)

You're a monster!

LAZLO

Exactly. Now...let's get to business. We heard that you have a little girl here. A little girl with a little tattoo. I want her. Are you afraid of death?

SIMON

You wouldn't kill an old man.

In the background, Rodney begins to tremble.

RODNEY

He's going to kill us all, don't you see...

Suddenly, he breaks free from the others and dives off the platform into the ocean. Immediately, several GUARDS pepper the water with gunfire.

Carlos moves towards a submerged steel cage, floating alongside one of the pirate boats. He yanks open a hinged doorway and instantly a black SHARK FIN makes a beeline for the escaping man, sucking out a "leash" of steel webbing. The water foams up with blood. Carlos cranks a large winch to recoil the leash and haul the thrashing shark "dog" back into its cage.

IN THE BARREL.

The gauge is near "EMPTY." Enola begins to panic, hyperventilate. She opens the valve all the way and BANGS the metal drum with her fist...

UNDERWATER.

A small trickle of bubbles begin to ascend from the "escape" valve of the barrel. WE FOLLOW them up to:

THE SURFACE.

BODIES are floating like logs in slicks of blood and oil. A PIRATE is patrolling in a kayak, jabbing the bodies with a harpoon to make sure they're dead. Will he notice the bubbles?

CONTINUED:

(CONT.)

Suddenly, a BODY moves right in front of us! It's Helen, she's "playing dead." Directly before her nose, a stream of bubbles is frothing up to the surface. She sneaks a glance around and makes a sudden decision. Holding her breath, diving...

UNDERWATER.

Helen follows the nylon cord down to the barrel. She BANGS a signal on the lid. Then, works to remove the latches. The first one opens. But the other two are stuck... rusted...

INSIDE THE BARREL.

Enola gasps for breath. She's suffocating... water begins seeping in through the crack, filling the up the drum...

ON THE PLATFORM.

BLAMMM!!! Carlos has BLASTED away half of Simon's head with a pistol. Point blank.

LAZLO

(to the PRISONERS)

Next volunteer, please...

UNDERWATER.

The second latch finally SNAPS open. Helen is running out of breath. She pulls at the final latch with all her might, blue in the face...

ABOVE.

The pirate in the kayak has spotted the bubbles.

PIRATE

(pointing)

Over here!!

Several PIRATES converge on the adjacent platform.

BELOW. IN THE BARREL.

Enola has passed out. The water level is up to her chin...

UNDERWATER.

The latch is still frozen shut. Suddenly, Helen feels herself being hoisted up! Someone's pulling the cord from above. Helen looks up in a panic. She attacks the latch with renewed frenzy.

ABOVE.

Lazlo and others are gathered round, as Dieter pulls up the barrel line. The barrel breaks the surface. Dieter wrenches off the cover with his mechanical hand. Lazlo peers inside...

Just the bird... Lazlo picks it up and crushes it in his fist in disgust.

LAZLO

Save me the feathers.

CONTINUED:

(CONT.)

Just then, there's the sound of the Hovercraft ROARING to life. Lazlo spins to see his boat ripping away from its mooring, bursting through the flotilla towards the open sea... it BLASTS right through a bamboo-thatched boat, ripping it in two.

ANGEL
Thataway, Helen!

Immediately, several pirates pile into their cigarette boats and peel off in pursuit.

LAZLO
(to HELMUT)
Let's move out.

Helmut directs the guards to escort the women and children prisoners towards a souped-up pirate trawler. The men and other "rejects" remain on the platform, guarded by sentries. Angel suddenly breaks ranks and grabs Troy from the "man" group which seems to be staying behind.

GUARD
Hey!

ANGEL
He's thirteen! He's a kid!

TROY
(nervous whisper)
What are you doing?

ANGEL
Just keep quiet...

Meanwhile, OTHER PIRATES begin to load the bounty -- water, gas and so on -- onto the slower boats.

CUT TO

THE DISTANT HOVERCRAFT

BLASTING ahead full-throttle. It's definitely fast enough, but will they have enough fuel? Three cigarette boats lag in the distance.

CUT BACK TO

"OASIS"

Everything stowed, the last of the pirate boats peel off. The "rejected" men watch, unsure, as the pirates retreat. The "prisoner" boat begins to pull away. Women and children watch their mates/fathers receding -- will they ever see them again? Troy looks at Angel.

TROY
Why did you do that? We're prisoners.

ANGEL
Shhh...

With all the pirate vessels at a safe distance from the platform of "rejected" men, Lazlo turns back with a bazooka...

CONTINUED:

(CONr.)

The men don't even have time for prayers before...

THE ENTIRE PLATFORM EXPLODES!!!

Troy looks back in horror from the stern deck of the "prisoner" trawler. All the men of "Oasis" killed in an instant!!! It could have been him. Angel puts her arm around Troy's shoulder.

CUT TO:

INSIDE THE HOVERCRAFT.

WE ARE at the bridge, but no one is at the helm! It has been lashed down amidships. WE NOTICE Helen's flame thrower aimed sternward towards the fuel tanks. The trigger is tied in the firing position. Malfunction or not, sooner or later it will...

EXPLODE!!!!!! The Hovercraft rips apart in a MASSIVE FIREBALL!!!

Lazlo and Helmut approach the smouldering wreckage on a cigarette boat.

LAZLO

(rage)

My boat!

HELMUT

So much for the girl from Water's End.

FADE TO BLACK:

FADE IN:

BERMUDA SHORTS.

Someone's crotch in a pair of well worn khakis. The large survival knife sheathed over his left hip looks like it has recently tasted blood. He moves to unfasten his fly -- his hands, coarse and dehydrated. A manicurist's nightmare.

A BEAKER.

Fills up with his urine. Pale yellow. No overdose of vitamins in this sample. Last few drops. He's done, reaching in to grab the beaker.

A PLASTIC FUNNEL.

The top of some kind of contraption. A large, translucent funnel connected to a rubber hose which weaves down through a series of valves and filters.

He pours the urine into the machine and WE FOLLOW its progress downwards -- through a paper filter, along a glass tube, down a rubber hose. Suddenly, WE COME to something organic in the chain -- a large, slimy, steaming KIDNEY!!!

The organ pulses with the flow of liquid. Processing it, pumping it out into the mechanical remainder of the contraption which concludes in a copper faucet. Somehow, a living, organic kidney has been incorporated into this bizarre chain. But those familiar with anatomy will notice that it is backwards -- the urine is being forced into the wrong end of the kidney.

CONTINUED:

(CONT.)

Indeed, he places the beaker under the faucet and opens the spigot. Out rushes clean, pure H₂O!! He's reversed the excretion process, turned urine into water!!!

As he puts the beaker to his mouth and swigs it back in one gulp, WE SEE his face for the first time -- rugged, weatherbeaten. No sentimentality here. This is MORGAN, a drifter in his early 40's.

Morgan puts down the beaker and raises a pair of binoculars to his eyes.

BINOCULAR POV.

A faint column of smoke rising several miles away on the horizon. His destination.

WIDE SHOT.

WE SEE his vessel. A river-barge modified to fly a sail. Two cannons on either side, a rack of weapons, strands of kelp drying on shelves, barrels of water. The boat's name is faded, barely legible -- the "Miranda." WE NOTICE something bizarre pacing on the deck -- a magnificent white stallion!!

In the distance, the burning wreckage appears closer, but still not distinct. Morgan adjusts his rudder slightly, trims his sail. Morgan moves to the center of the deck where a series of oil drums are strapped together.

INSERT - THE BARRELS.

They are labeled "H₂O." Morgan opens the lid of one but instead of water, it's packed full of dynamite. There's a jerry-rigged trigger -- a wire filament attached to a flint striker. Morgan secures it to the lid and gingerly closes the barrel. It's a booby-trap.

ON MORGAN

Satisfied, he grabs a speargun and an oxygen cannister from a locker. He takes another look with the binoculars.

POV.

Burning wreckage of a flotilla. The aftermath of battle. He PANS south, checking the horizon... Whoah. What's that? A small motor-sailer bearing down on his opportunity! It's another drifter, also looking to scavenge from the wreckage...

MORGAN (O.S.)

Son of a bitch.

SMASH CUT TO:

A SPINNAKER.

Surging out of its sail bag. The rainbow colored nylon balloons upwards with wind, as Morgan hoists up the halyard. He re-checks his rival through the binoculars.

CONTINUED:

(CONT.)

MORGAN

Let's see you beat that, pal!

There's a distant RUMBLE. Morgan cups his hands behind his ears to hear better. An ENGINE...

MORGAN

God damn, asshole...

He races inside the bridge.

THE BRIDGE.

Morgan rummages below the counter for a can of gasoline. He swishes it around a few times. It's pretty low.

MORGAN

Shit.

He scrambles outside...

THE STERNDECK.

Morgan leads the horse to a rotating yoke. He harnesses it in, SLAPS the horse's rump. It begins walking round and round, turning a gear which drives a jerry-rigged paddle wheel. Morgan grabs the yoke and pushes alongside his horse. The sound of the other guy's ENGINE becomes tauntingly louder...

Morgan looks at his rival. They are converging from different directions in a triangle. But his engine is at least five horse power and Morgan's only got the one horse. It's hopeless...

But now the ENGINE SPUTTERS. COUGHS a few times, and dies. He's out of gas!

MORGAN

(picking up his binoculars)

Serves you right. Gas-guzzling stinkpot.

BINOCULAR POV.

A scrawny guy. Looks hungry. Morgan PANS north. About two hundred yards away, the wreckage is looking more promising. It's at least, two-dozen "ghost" boats, some burning, others ransacked. No survivors.

WIDE ANGLE.

Morgan grabs an acoustic megaphone from the stern locker. He moves to the port rail.

MORGAN

(thru megaphone)

AHOY DRIFTER!!! I CLAIM THIS FLOTSAM.
IF YOU APPROACH...I'LL KILL YOU. I
REPEAT, KEEP AWAY UNTIL I HAVE SAILED.

DISSOLVE TO:

AMID THE SMOKE. LATER.

WE ARE surrounded by floating debris. The remains of a flotilla in the typical "ring" formation. The "Miranda" is drifting in the oily "centerwater," near a floating platform.

Morgan drags out another contraption. Some kind of slanted rubber conveyer belt. He sets it up on the stern, angling it into the water. Attaches the horse to another harness and the belt begins to move. The oil and water travel up the tilted belt, separating as they do. The heavier water slips back down into the sea, the more viscous oil sticks to the rubber and moves up the belt until it falls over the lip into a container that Morgan has set up. He's skimming oil.

Morgan glances at the other drifter who waits patiently, sails lowered, about fifty yards away. He grabs his speargun and leaps onto the nearby platform, tying down his barge with a loose line. Leaving his horse to continue skimming...

Morgan looks around at the ring of "ghost" vessels. WIND WHISTLES through large holes in the hulls, gorged by stray artillery shells. A bridge door BANGS open and closed, hanging from one hinge. In the distance, a windmill power genny SQUEAKS round and round -- WE RECOGNIZE this from "Oasis." Morgan focuses his gaze on a severely charred platform across the way, all but burnt to a crisp. That's where he wants to go.

He begins to make his way from ship to ship. They've been stripped clean of every conceivable scrap. Ne'er a cleat remains. Even the decking has been ripped up for scavenged lumber.

THE BURNT PLATFORM.

Morgan boards it with a grim expression. Amid the charcoal timbers...are roasted human remains!! Morgan picks up a skull with cool detachment. Still plenty of flesh -- this was recent. He drops the skull, looks around for clues. Something catches his eye. He kneels down, picks it up -- a feather!!

A feather attached to a fragment of cloth. Morgan stares at it, an intense expression. Unblinking, his eyes speak volumes.

SMASH CUT TO:

A BOY

About four-years old. Somewhere else, another time. He's found a bird. One of his eyes is green, one is blue. He holds up the bird. A big smile.

BOY

Daddy, look! An an-im-al!!

BACK TO:

MORGAN.

Thinking, staring at the feather...

There is a THUD. Morgan spins. It's the other drifter, boarding the platform behind him.

CONTINUED:

(CONT.)

MORGAN
That little fucker!!

Morgan races to intercept him. The drifter drops his rope sheepishly. He's emaciated. Looks like he hasn't eaten in weeks.

MORGAN
Listen, stranger. I gave you fair warning. I kill people who cross me. You got it?

Morgan COCKS his gun for emphasis. The drifter nods diminutively. He's too weak to speak.

MORGAN
You ain't gonna find nothing to eat here. Unless you're a cannibal and you like it well-done.

DRIFTER
Any...thing...

Morgan looks at him for a moment.

MORGAN
This was recent. You see them sail?

The drifter can't stand it any longer. He's salivating...

DRIFTER
Please...

MORGAN
Which direction??

The drifter points weakly.

MORGAN
East??

DRIFTER
Oil...trail...

Morgan looks where he pointed. Sure enough, there's a narrow slick of oil receding into the distance. One of the pirate boats must have been leaking. Morgan turns back to the drifter.

MORGAN
O.K., pal. Dig in.

The drifter dives down, grabs a bone and attacks it.

MORGAN
Don't eat too fast. You'll get sick.

DISSOLVE TO:

DUSK.

Morgan is at the bow of the "Miranda." In the background, WE SEE the remains of "Oasis" receding in his wake...

CONTINUED:

(CONT.)

He's got an old rag wrapped around a stick in one hand, a compass in the other. He dips the rag in gasoline, lights it with a flint striker. Tosses the burning torch ahead in the water. Suddenly, the "oil-trail" ignites and shoots an arrow of flame along the floating bead towards the horizon. It's like a comet.

Morgan checks his compass -- East-South-East.

DISSOLVE TO:

LAZLO.

Addressing an assembly. It's night and as he speaks WE PULL BACK REVEALING more and more details of the pirate encampment.

LAZLO

It's an imperfect world, gentlemen.
There will always be strength and
weakness.

Lazlo is seated on his throne platform. Around him, stand Helmut, Carlos and Dieter. Above them, is a massive water tower, the central node of the pirate flotilla...

LAZLO (Cont'd)

Why not be on the side of strength?
We offer you an opportunity here, a
last chance for redemption. You're at
an age where you can still choose your
own path...

Huge hose spill down from the tower reservoir, like gigantic umbilical cords, sucking up fresh water from pirate vessels that have docked to unload the latest bounty...

LAZLO (Cont'd)

Resistance takes so much effort. And
what's the point? No one will ever
defeat us. You know that in your
hearts.

Behind Lazlo, the sheer magnitude of the pirate flotilla is becoming evident. Hundreds of boats -- the best and fastest -- berthed in a haphazard "town" of several acres. Gaslights burn in many vessels, and shadowy FIGURES stumble across the planks from boat to boat, bottles in hand. The sound of LAUGHTER, MUSIC and GENERAL DEBAUCHERY.

LAZLO (Cont'd)

Look around you, my sons. You could
be part of this. And loyalty is so
effortless. "Do what you're told."
What could be simpler?

WE HAVE PULLED BACK enough to reveal the people Lazlo is addressing. Several dozen YOUNG BOYS -- the one's from "Oasis" -- standing in a triangular formation. But their appearance has changed. They have been "branded" with the pirate triangle in their forehead. Their faces are streaked with warpaint.

CONTINUED:

(CONT.)

Troy is standing at the peak of the triangle, facing Lazlo directly. Lazlo looks right at him.

LAZLO

I offer this to you -- the chance to be one of us. Part of our family... I have a dream for us, gentlemen. That when we find Water's End...and we will find it first... that it becomes a place of strength. I see no room for sickness there, for disease, the crippled, the enfeebled. Just strength... perfect physical specimens, perfect discipline, pure strength. Do you have it in you to be part of this dream? This is the final question.

Lazlo stands up.

LAZLO

My sons will supervise your training.

He leaves. Dieter moves towards the boys.

DIETER

It's pretty simple. Bend or break. You either join us or die. Carlos teaches you how to fight. If you survive his little seminar, you'll be half-way there.

Helmut makes eye-contact with Troy who looks utterly petrified. He moves closer to him at the top of the triangle.

HELMUT

(so only TROY can hear)

I was standing there, once. It's not so bad.

CUT TO:

THE "MIRANDA."

Morgan is taking a noon-sighting with his sextant. He marks his position on a featureless map. Grabs his compass and spyglass and moves towards the mast. He uncleats a line, hooks one end to the horse's yoke. Puts his foot in a loop on the other end. Morgan slaps the horse on the rump...it walks towards the stern, hoisting Morgan up the mast. He checks his compass, looks out with the spyglass. Nothing...

CUT TO:

SUNSET.

Morgan collects the strands of kelp drying on the racks. He crumbles them up and puts them in a pail. Carries it over to a trough and pours some out.

CONTINUED:

(CONT.)

MORGAN
 (calling to his horse)
 Dinnertime...

Morgan grabs a handful for himself and munches on it. He carries his pail to the kelp locker and opens it up. He starts to fill the bucket then notices something -- a long blonde hair! Morgan holds it up. Almost indiscernible at first. Immediately, he jumps to his feet and races towards the bridge.

INSIDE.

He grabs his speargun, loads two bolts and pumps it up. He unbuckles the sheath of his survival knife.

THE STERN.

One by one, he yanks open the lockers, thrusting the speargun inside. He's taking no chances as he works his way forward.

THE BOW.

The forward lockers seems to be in order. He checks the shadowy recesses between pieces of machinery. There is a NOISE behind him. He spins instantaneously, drawing his knife...

It's the horse...

Morgan hesitates. He leads his horse inside the bridge then re-emerges. Night has almost fallen. Morgan rummages in a chest for an old lantern. He shakes it to see if there is any kerosene left and lights it with a flint-striker.

MEANWHILE. INSIDE.

WE ARE below the floor boards, looking upwards through the cracks. A mysterious POV. The horse CLOMPS around directly above us. Now WE SEE, Morgan entering the bridge. As he moves around the cabin swiftly checking all the corners, WE CATCH GLIMPSES of him through the cracks. Then, he disappears...

WE HEAR a board CREAKING. Where is he?? Suddenly, the planks rip open above us. Morgan is glaring down at us, his weapons drawn...

REVERSE ANGLE.

It is little Enola, cowering in a recess under the floorboards.

MORGAN
 (growling)
 Get out of there you little...

At that instant, Helen comes flying out of nowhere. She leaps onto Morgan's back, looping a fish-line garotte around his neck. Morgan thrashes backward. He lashes out with his knife but Helen deftly avoids the blade, pulling the fish line with all her might.

CONTINUED:

(CONT.)

Morgan spins around trying to free himself with centrifugal acceleration. His face is turning red with the build-up of pressure. Helen BASHES against the sides of the the cabin as they turn. An avalanche of fishing rods spill off a rack, nautical instruments are flying everywhere.

The horse begins to shake its head and rear, slicing the air with its hoofs. It kicks Morgan's arm, sending his knife flying. It lands inches from Enola's nose as she climbs out of her hiding place...

Helen is still choking Morgan with both hands. The speargun FIRES, slamming a bolt into the starboard wall. Enola looks around for a weapon. Helen can't hold on any longer. Still weak from the pirate wound, she releases. Slumps to the ground.

ENOLA (O.S.)

STOP!!

She's got a revolver. Enola points it at Morgan with both hands.

ENOLA

Don't kill her! We don't want to hurt you.

MORGAN

You could have fooled me...

It's a stand-off. Morgan has his speargun leveled at Helen's forehead. Enola is pointing the revolver at Morgan's chest. Helen clutches her side, wincing with pain...

MORGAN

(cool as death)

Drop it before I blow her face off...

Enola hesitates. She looks to Helen for advice but she is too preoccupied with her own discomfort.

ENOLA

Drop yours first...

Morgan presses the speargun barrel against Helen's skin.

MORGAN

Say goodbye...

ENOLA

(panicking)

Wait!! Wait...

She lowers her gun. Lets it drop at her feet.

ENOLA

Don't kill us, please. We were attacked by pirates! They killed everybody!! We're the only survivors.

Morgan pulls his gun back. A beat. They stare at each other.

CONTINUED:

ENOLA
She's wounded. Please help us...

MORGAN
(holding up the feather)
The man...was he wearing these?

HELEN
(weakly)
Yes...

Morgan thinks for a moment.

MORGAN
I unload you at the next flotilla.
Until then, you do what I say...when I
say it. You catch your own food and
you better start recycling your piss,
because I'm not sharing my hydro.

CUT TO:

THE NEXT MORNING.

Helen's on the berth. Enola changes the dressing on her wound.

HELEN
I'm fine. The salt water cauterized
it.

Morgan leans in the doorway and calls in to Enola.

MORGAN
Let's go, girl.

He SLAMS the door. Helen and Enola look at each other.

HELEN
Go on, dolphin. Everything will be
O.K. We still have our lucky amulets.

The glass pendants still hang from their necks.

CUT TO:

THE DECK. DAY.

Enola is strapped up to the top of the mast as a "lookout".
Morgan calls up to her from below.

MORGAN
East-south-east.

ENOLA
I know...I know.

She looks through the spyglass.

ENOLA
Nothing.

Morgan hoists up a small green flag.

CONTINUED:

(CONT.)

MORGAN
Tie that up there.

ENOLA
What does it mean?

MORGAN
Means I have something to trade.

ENOLA
What?

MORGAN
You.

Enola looks at him nervously.

MORGAN
Keep looking.

IN THE CABIN.

Helen is on lying on the berth, patching sails with scraps of cloth. She hears the SOUNDS of Morgan moving about outside. Helen strains to sit up straight and see what's going on outside through a small window. But her mobility is severely limited. She's obviously in a lot more pain than she let on.

Helen listens. Is he crossing to the stern? She notices a small crack in the rear wall. Puts her eye to it.

POV THROUGH CRACK.

Morgan is rumaging through a locker. He moves out of view. Comes back. He has a rope. Reaches into a bin. Pulls something out... God, it's a skull!!

ON HELEN.

A look of horror. He's a cannibal!! Now he moves aside and disappears. Helen thinks for a moment. Then, begins to drag herself towards the door.

OUTSIDE, ON THE STERN.

Morgan looks at the skull for a moment. Still has a little flesh. Pretty burnt though. He's not going to eat it, is he? Our hero... Jesus.

Morgan grabs a steel wire, loops it through the eye sockets and ties a boline to a thick nylon cable. He tosses the skull over the stern rail, letting the line pay out. He's trawling for sharks... whew!

MEANWHILE. ON THE BOW.

Helen calls up to Enola on the mast.

HELEN
Come down, quick. He's a killer!

CONTINUED:

(CONT.)

She uncleats the line and starts to lower her, wincing with pain from her wound.

MORGAN (O.S.)

Hey! Who said you could relieve her?

Helen turns. She grabs an oar, brandishing it as a weapon.

HELEN

Stay back!

Morgan marches up menacingly. Enola is dangling half-way up the mast.

MORGAN

Get your ass back up there. And keep your eyes glued to the goddamn scope!

Helen swings the oar back and forth in warning.

HELEN

Hold it right there!

Morgan narrows his eyes. Just then, the entire boat jerks to one side. Morgan races back towards the stern.

ENOLA

What is it?

HELEN

I don't know. Quick...

Helen lowers her down. The boat continues to shake...

THE STERN.

Morgan is fighting what must be a mammoth shark. The line whips from side to side, back and forth. Morgan cleats it to the paddle-wheel. He and the horse begin to reel it in. Helen and Enola come peeking around the corner, watching him...

He turns, notices them. Morgan tosses Helen the speargun.

MORGAN

You'll only get one shot. Make sure it's in the brain.

He goes back to the paddle wheel, hauling in the monster shark, now only thirty yards from the boat. Thrashing wildly, leaping out of the water...it's a nasty-looking hammerhead.

ON HELEN.

She looks at the gun. Looks at Morgan facing away. Vulnerable. The shark is almost within range... five yards and closing. Helen raises the gun. Is she aiming at Morgan?

MORGAN

(turning)

Now!!

CONTINUED:

(CONT.)

Helen hesitates... then swings the gun towards the shark and nails him between the eyes. It goes limp. Morgan storms up to Helen, grabs the gun and stares her in the eye.

MORGAN

Why the fuck did you wait?? A fish that size could sink us!!

Helen is silent. Morgan turns to Enola.

MORGAN

Get back up in the crow's nest, girl.

ENOLA

My name's Enola.

MORGAN

Not to me.

CUT TO:

THE CABIN. NIGHT.

Morgan has cooked a fish soup. He ladles out the bowls.

HELEN

(cautious)

Thanks for sharing your catch.

MORGAN

You helped.

He passes out the bowls. But Enola refuses.

ENOLA

I'm not hungry.

She gets up and runs outside.

HELEN

Enola, come back here and finish your dinner! Can you get her, please?

MORGAN

She'll be fine. Just wants some attention.

Helen looks at him for a moment.

HELEN

You have kids?

MORGAN

A son. He's dead.

Helen glances at the life-preserver, racked against the wall. The ship name "MIRANDA" is stenciled on it.

HELEN

Was she your wife? Miranda...

Morgan turns to face her.

CONTINUED:

MORGAN
I don't like questions.

HELEN
Sorry.

MORGAN
You like talking about your husband?

HELEN
Enola never had a father. I adopted her.

MORGAN
Too bad for you. Now you gotta keep her alive.

CUT TO:

THE PIRATE CAMP.

Lazlo is seated on his throne, surrounded by his sons. A diminutive FIGURE cowers at his feet.

HELMUT
He was scavenging some burning flotsam about a week ago. Said he noticed a little girl and a woman sneak on to another guy's boat.

LAZLO
Did she have a tattoo, drifter?

The figure raises his head slightly -- it's the emaciated scavenger. He looks a little better, but not much.

DRIFTER
I think so, yes.. Your Lordship. Uh... respectfully... a little something for my services. A pour-boire...

LAZLO
Give him a drink.

The drifter kisses Lazlo's feet. Dieter yanks him to his feet and marches him towards the edge of the platform. There's a gigantic anchor, so huge it must have come from an ocean liner. The drifter stares at it for a second, then his expression becomes anxious. Before he can react, Dieter has clamped his wrists into iron manacles chained to the anchor.

CARLOS
Big reward, huh?

He nudges the mammoth anchor in the water with a large lever. The drifter looks down in a panic as the chain pays out at lightning speed beside his feet. Then, in a flash, he is sucked overboard, SCREAMING...

CUT TO:

THE "MIRANDA." DAY.

Enola calls down from the crow's nest.

ENOLA

Look!

Morgan races up -- there's a flashing light on the horizon. Not a signal. It's irregular, like sunlight reflecting off something shiny. Morgan checks his compass. Just a few ticks off East-South-East. It's gotta be them.

He lowers Enola down from the mast, intense expression.

MORGAN

(grabbing the scope)

Give me that... back off!

Enola retreats, bumping into something. She turns and jumps with fright...

A big white nose...

She's come face-to-face with the horse, who shakes its head good-naturedly. Enola stares at it, unsure of what to do. She reaches out tentatively to touch it...

MORGAN

Hey! Stay away from him.

Enola looks him abruptly in the eye.

ENOLA

You just pretend to be mean. But I know you really aren't. It's 'cause you're scared...

Morgan glares at her.

MORGAN

You don't know anything about me and it's gonna stay that way.

Enola sticks out her tongue at him. He ignores her, goes back to the scope.

POV THROUGH SCOPE.

Magnified but still indistinct. Irregular flashing. Definitely something manmade. Could certainly be a flotilla.

MORGAN.

Narrows his eyes. The adrenaline begins to surge.

MORGAN

Get your mother! I want you off this boat.

ENOLA

What do you mean?

CONTINUED:

(CONT.)

MORGAN

You deaf?? The ride's over. Get out of here!!

Enola races into the cabin. Morgan crosses to his booby-trap barrel. Once again, he attaches the wire trigger to the hook on the lid. Replaces it ever-so-lightly. What else? Spear gun... oxygen tank...

Enola emerges from the cabin helping Helen who's still limping.

HELEN

I don't understand... you're just going to toss us in the ocean?

Morgan's eyes look possessed.

MORGAN

You see this barrel? There's about four hundred pounds of dynamite in it. You wanna be here when they set it off? No... didn't think so. So grab a piece of wood, and get the fuck overboard. This is goodbye, gang. It was nice to know you...

HELEN

We wouldn't stand a chance out there.

ENOLA

You can't do that to us! She's still hurt.

MORGAN

You don't get it, do you? I don't give a shit about you.

Enola looks hurt.

HELEN

What about you? You're going down with the ship.

MORGAN

And what if I am...

Enola has noticed something. She points eastward.

ENOLA

It's gone.

The flashing has stopped. Shadows suddenly disappear. Morgan looks up at the sun. It's been obscured behind an enormous grey cloud.

Morgan smells the air. Strangely still -- the sail, motionless. The sky turns silver... The horse NEIGHS nervously.

CONTINUED:

(CONT.)

MORGAN

Goddamnit!! Move! Get inside and
secure everything...

They bolt. Morgan quickly straps in all his barrels. Lowers the sail and lashes it down.

INSIDE.

Helen and Enola are busy stowing things in the lockers. Morgan comes in with the horse. He clears one wall and straps the horse against it with thick webbing. He tosses Helen some rope.

MORGAN

Tie yourself down. I'll get her.

The winds begin to WHISTLE around the cabin. The barge rolls with the growing swells. Enola climbs onto her berth and begins to strap herself down. Morgan comes over to assist her.

ENOLA

(coldly)

I can do it myself.

THE OCEAN.

The winds are picking up fast. The tiny barge begins to look dwarfed by the size of the waves. It rises up twenty feet with the swells and CRASHES down into the troughs, spraying up whitewater.

IN THE CABIN.

The small room begins to roll nauseatingly. The wind HOWLS through the cracks. Morgan staggers over to a free wall and ties himself against it.

The horse's tongue hangs down pathetically. Its eyes are bulging...

Enola and Helen are tied to their berths and are moving in tandem with the cabin which oscillates like a huge pendulum.

OUTSIDE.

It's a full gale now. The sky is deep gray. Wind hammers incessantly into the tiny vessel. Water sprays everywhere. The mast soars wildly through the air like a conductor's baton.

IN THE CABIN

A locker BURSTS OPEN, sending an avalanche of cargo across the room onto Helen. She winces, holding her forehead. Everything is rocking like a see-saw. The NOISE is deafening.

Helen closes her eyes. An instant later, she is leaning over, retching violently onto the floor. She opens her eyes, resignedly.

CONTINUED:

(CONT.)

The horse WHINNIES in agony. It begins to buck and flail against its straps.

CLOSE ON STRAPS -- The webbing is old. One edge begins to give, ripping...

Enola is directly in line with the horse. She takes her glass pendant off and holds it in both hands tight against her chest. The horse is thrashing in the background. Suddenly, the straps rip!!! The horse comes crashing across the cabin, directly towards Enola... she will be crushed!!!

At the last instant, the cabin shifts in the opposite direction, sending the horse sidestepping away from her...

It SLAMS into another wall, ripping open several lockers. Objects spill out and bounce around the cabin floor.

Morgan unties himself to secure the horse. Enola loosens her straps wisely as the cabin shifts again. The horse is coming back... LOOK OUT!!!

Enola dives off her berth a nanosecond before the horse SMASHES against it, crushing the planks like egg shells...

Enola is on all fours. She's lost her pendant. Objects are flying back and forth through the air. Helen SCREAMS above the bedlam.

HELEN

Get back to your berth!!

But Enola has spotted her pendant on the opposite side of the cabin floor. She's crawling for it. The horse stumbles by epileptically, stomping inches from Enola's hand.

OUTSIDE.

The mast is whipping back and forth with the relentless wind. It bows at an unimaginable angle and SNAPS suddenly, SMASHING into the cabin...

INSIDE.

The mast comes CRASHING through the cabin boards, gorging a window-sized hole in the starboard wall. Morgan has managed to get the horse and himself strapped down...

But now Enola's pendant slides across the floor towards the hole in the starboard side. She starts to move for it.

HELEN

(screaming)

No, Enola!! Get back here!!

Enola is determined to retrieve her glass amulet. It's sliding towards her now. She reaches. Inches from her fingers...

Now the boat rolls the other way and the pendant slides back towards the hole in the wall...

CONTINUED:

(CONT.)

...stopping a hair short of slipping onto the deck. One more roll and it'll be lost forever into the ocean. Enola races across...

HELEN
Enola!! Don't!!

Helen loosens her straps. She starts to sit up, but winces in pain. Her belly wound is still raw... She hesitates.

The room rolls again and Enola's pendant slides outside. She leans out to reach for it. Suddenly, a flood of water sweeps past and sucks Enola outside...

HELEN
NO!!!

ON MORGAN.

Looking at Helen, at the hole...

SMASH CUT TO:

THE YOUNG BOY.

SCREAMING...a hand clamps over his mouth. His green/blue eyes darting back and forth.

WOMAN'S VOICE
DON'T TOUCH MY SON!! PLEASE...

A blade comes down. Blood splatters against the deck. A woman lies dead, her throat slit...

ON MORGAN

An instant decision.

MORGAN
Stay where you are!! I'll get her!!

WE ARE back in the present. Morgan rips off his straps and moves quickly to the opening where Enola was swept away...

OUTSIDE THE HOLE.

He peers out into the raging torrent. The wind rips around the boat, pounding it with water. No sign of Enola. Morgan ties a rope around his waist and secures the other end to a post. He dives blindly into the inky water...

THE OCEAN.

The water froths up like an gigantic washing machine. Morgan is carried helplessly with waves.

MORGAN
(screaming)
Hey!! Girl!!!

She is nowhere to be seen. Morgan's safety rope is stretched taut to the limit. He calls out again, this time with her name.

CONTINUED:

MORGAN

ENOLA!!

VOICE

Here!

Another thirty yards out. He's going to have to untie himself. But the instant he does so, he is sucked away from her. He's helpless against the unyielding wash...

Morgan spots the broken mast, floating to his left. It's his only shot. It takes all his strength to swim up to it. With his last surge of energy, Morgan swings the mast towards Enola. She grabs it, holding on for life... Morgan paddles against the raging waves, guiding them back to the boat. One arm against the titanic power of the ocean...

ON THE BOAT.

Helen is standing near the rail. She tosses out a life-preserver on a guide line. It falls near Morgan but he relays it to Enola. Helen pulls her on board. Enola coughs up mouthfuls of water.

But now a great wave lifts the mast high into the air. It comes SLAMMING down on Morgan. He goes under... Helen and Enola stare helplessly into the oceanic tumult for signs of Morgan.

ENOLA

Where is he??

HELEN

We lost him.

ENOLA

(crying)

He saved my life!! We have to help him!

HELEN

We'll all drown that way...

Enola becomes HYSTERICAL.

HELEN

Stop it! There's nothing we can do!

Helen opens the door to the bridge cabin and guides Enola inside, as she continues to struggle.

IN THE BRIDGE.

Enola is in shock, SCREAMING and flailing her arms. Helen forces her onto the berth, starts tying her down.

ENOLA

Wait!! Wait!

HELEN

Quiet, Enola!

CONTINUED:

(CONT.)

Helen cups her hand over Enola's mouth. Enola seems to be trying to say something, gesturing with her arm. Helen grabs the arm and ties it down, ignoring her pleas.

ENOLA'S POV.

She can see a hand, struggling to claw it's way onto a purchase through the starboard hole...

OUTSIDE.

Morgan is dangling from one arm off the starboard side of the hull. Waves crash against him, challenging his grip...

INSIDE.

The fingers slipping... will Helen notice?

ON ENOLA.

She wrenches her hand free and SLAPS Helen across the face.

ENOLA
(pointing)
The drifter!

Helen turns. She dives to help Morgan. Their hands come together, locking at the wrists... she hauls him aboard.

DISSOLVE TO:

DEAD CALM.

Balmy, flat ocean. The devastated barge floats quietly in the storm's aftermath. Morgan is busy resurrecting the mast. He's harnessed the horse and they are hoisting it up with a thick hemp cable. The green "trading" flag is still flying on the masthead. Morgan's face goes red with the exertion. They've got the mast to 60°. One last effort now...it's up! Morgan lashes it in place.

INSIDE.

Enola is lying alongside Helen on the berth. She is teary-eyed.

ENOLA
You said as long as we had them we'd never be separated. What's going to happen now?

HELEN
You can have mine, dolphin. It's just as lucky.

Helen takes the amulet from around her neck and gives it to Enola who looks at it dubiously.

ENOLA
What about you?

CONTINUED:

(CONT.)

Morgan enters through the door and glares at them. He's out of breath, a fountain of perspiration.

MORGAN

What are you doing? I told you to clean out the bilge!

HELEN

She's still upset...

MORGAN

Upset? My boat's been wiped out! She almost got us all killed over a stupid pendant. Don't tempt me! I've got a bad side and you don't want to see it.

Morgan reaches out and pulls Enola from the berth.

MORGAN

Get to work!

But suddenly Helen grabs Morgan's wrist and yanks him down to face her.

HELEN

Don't ever touch her like that again!

MORGAN

I make the rules around here!! You're stowaways. I usually kill stowaways.

Enola begins to CRY.

HELEN

You're just a little pirate, aren't you?

Morgan raises his arm to hit her, but restrains himself.

Enola has stopped crying but now is looking at Morgan with terror in her eyes. Who is this man? Morgan stares back at her.

CLOSE -- ENOLA'S EYES.

Full of suspicion.

MORGAN'S EYES.

Going within. Remembering...

HIS SON'S EYES.

Blue and green, smiling back at him.

ON MORGAN.

He softens. Impulsively, Morgan picks Enola up in his arms and marches her outside. Helen moves to intercept him, but winces with pain, clutching her bandaged wound.

CONTINUED:

THE DECK.

Enola holds on warily as Morgan carries her purposefully across the deck. Where are they going? Overboard??

Morgan stops at the horse. He lifts Enola up and places her on its back. Enola's expression goes through the following range: terror, bewilderment, curiosity, intrigue, excitement, and joy, all in about three seconds.

She begins to pet the horse's mane, looking cautiously towards Morgan for approval.

ENOLA

I knew you weren't mean.

Morgan half smiles.

ENOLA

You don't talk to people much, do you?

MORGAN

No.

ENOLA

What's your name?

A beat.

MORGAN

I don't need a name.

ON HELEN

She's on her feet, watching them from the doorway to the bridge. Helen can't hear what they're saying but Morgan clearly will not harm her child.

ANGLE ON ENOLA.

She looks at the horse.

ENOLA

(conspiratorial)

You're from Water's End too, right?
That's where you got the an-im-al...

MORGAN

I saved him from a sinking cargo ship.
What do you mean, "too?"

Enola glances at Helen for a moment. She hesitates.

ENOLA

Helen found me when I was a baby in a
boat full of earth-greens and sand.
Also, the glass amulets. That's why
they're lucky...

Morgan takes this in for a moment, then:

MORGAN

Why are you telling me?

CONTINUED:

(CONT.)

ENOLA

You can help us get back there.

MORGAN

I'm not looking for Water's End.

ENOLA

What d'you mean? Everyone's looking for it.

MORGAN

Not me.

ENOLA

Don't you dream about it?

Morgan shakes his head, expressionless.

ENOLA

Close your eyes...

MORGAN

Why?

ENOLA

Just close them... please. It's a game.

Morgan closes his eyes.

ENOLA

Now, picture Water's End. What's the first thing you do when you get there?

Morgan frowns. Hesitates. He opens his eyes.

MORGAN

Let the animal run.

ENOLA

(delighted)

See. You do have a dream when you close your eyes! D'you like Helen...

MORGAN

I don't like anybody. Too risky.

ENOLA

You don't like me?

Morgan looks at her. How can you not like this kid?

ENOLA

You're going to help us, right?

But Morgan pulls himself back.

MORGAN

Listen, Enola. A dream is just a dream. If you really came from Water's End, then why did they set you drifting?

CONTINUED:

(CONT.)

ENOLA

To bring back all the Searchers...

Enola lifts her sleeve and points to the tattoo on her left shoulder.

ENOLA

See this? That's the secret map.
That's what we have to figure out.

At that moment, Helen walks up to them and pulls Enola off the horse.

HELEN

I told you never to tell that to
strangers!! Never!! Are you crazy??

CUT TO:

THE BOW. NIGHT.

A cloudless sky, the stars shine brilliantly. Morgan is alone, charting his position against the constellations. He lifts up his sextant. Now, Helen approaches from inside...

MORGAN

What are you doing up?

HELEN

I'm feeling better. I thought maybe
you wanted company.

Morgan looks at her. Company?

HELEN

I never had a chance to thank you for
saving her.

MORGAN

Don't bother. It was crazy. I
wouldn't do it again.

They look at one another.

HELEN

(hopeful)
What are you thinking about?

MORGAN

We were so close to them. I could
taste it. Now it's back to zero.

He turns back to his sextant. Helen studies him for a moment. That's all he thinks about -- pirates? She shakes her head, looks down. Tries another tack.

HELEN

My grandfather used to tell the stories
about the Great Thaw. As the water rose,
the animals went higher and higher,
until there was no place left but the
stars. I used to know all their names.

CONTINUED:

(CONT.)

She looks up at the stars, thinking... she points at a constellation.

HELEN

Leo... that's one. He was the strongest...

Helen studies Morgan's horse for a moment.

HELEN

You're animal... God, it's been so long. Tau... Taurus. No wait. Pegasus. That's it. He's a Pegasus.

MORGAN

Enola likes him.

HELEN

Yes. She likes you too.

A beat. They stare at each other. It hangs there for a moment, then Morgan looks down at his charts. Helen sighs.

HELEN

I want to go with you.

MORGAN

What?

HELEN

Find those pirates.

Morgan frowns.

HELEN

They took prisoners when they attacked us. Women and young boys. My sister's there.

MORGAN

That has nothing to do with me.

HELEN

Revenge. That's all you care about?

MORGAN

And what if it is?

HELEN

That make you just like them.

CUT TO:

A PERISCOPE POV. MORNING.

Cross-hairs and scale markings. PANNING across the ocean. Flat, blue horizon for 75°. Then a barge. A green flag is flapping from its mast. It's the "Miranda."

VOICE (O.S.)

Fu-ne! Fu-ne!! Sho-gyo!!!

CUT TO:

THE "MIRANDA."

Helen and Enola are busy unraveling a trawling net, Morgan feeding the horse when...

...there is a CRASHING SOUND of waves.

A mass of water rises up beside the barge, revealing a small, antiquated submarine. Morgan races inside the bridge and emerges instantly with his speargun and a pistol. He SHOUTS at the women.

MORGAN

Get out of sight! Quick.

Morgan takes cover behind a barrel.

The submarine hatch SQUEAKS open. TWO JAPANESE GUYS emerge. One is a fat sumo-wrestler type with a shaved head, the other is an old man with an endless white beard. The fat guy has tattoos all over his body -- Yakuza-style. He is GIGGLING nervously, his finger twitching on the trigger of a cross-bow. The old man unfurls a small green flag and waves it. Morgan eyes them suspiciously, his guns drawn.

MORGAN

(calling out)

You speak English?

VOICE (O.S.)

I do.

A completely bald BLACK WOMAN emerges from the hatch. She is WANDA, tough but somehow endearing.

MORGAN

(suspicious)

What do you want?

WANDA

We need spark plugs. Got any?

MORGAN

Maybe. What are you trading?

ANOTHER JAPANESE with round gold spectacles emerges carrying a bundle. He holds it up.

WANDA

Gill net. Two hundred yards long. No holes.

MORGAN

I got all the nets I need.

Wanda translates for the Japanese. The old man seems to be the boss. Wanda is just the interpreter. They come to a decision.

WANDA

How 'bout hydro? Five G's for six plugs.

CONTINUED:

(CONT.)

MORGAN

Ten.

Translation. Another debate. Fatty points to the horse and says something to Wanda.

WANDA

The animal. Would you trade it?

MORGAN

No. No way.

Enola turns to Helen, as the Japanese debate some more.

ENOLA

Why would they want the an-im-al on their submarine?

HELEN

They want to eat it...

Enola reacts in disgust. Wanda turns back with their decision.

WANDA

O.K. You're on. Ten G's.

Spectacles goes below and gets two jugs of water.

MORGAN

Tell him to drink some.

Spectacles puts the jug to his lips and takes a swig. He smiles.

MORGAN

The other one too.

He tries the second. Morgan waits for him to swallow but he can't fake it anymore. He spits the salt water back into the ocean. The Japanese grin sheepishly.

MORGAN

Real cute.

WANDA

Hey give us a break. It's tough getting hydro in a sub.

MORGAN

O.K. Five gallons. But there's one more thing.

Morgan stands and points to Helen and Enola.

MORGAN

Take these two to a flotilla.

Helen stands up, enraged.

HELEN

You can't hand us over to these thugs.

CONTINUED:

WANDA
That's right, drifter. You think
we're running a ferry service?

MORGAN
Then no deal.

He turns to Helen.

MORGAN
They're harmless. Look at them.

Meanwhile, Wanda translates and Fatty smiles broadly. He looks
at Helen lecherously.

ENOLA
I don't like them. I don't want to
go.

MORGAN
You're much safer on a sub. No
pirates, no hurricanes. It's the
quickest way you're going to get to
another flotilla...

Morgan grabs six spark plugs from a locker. Helen looks
shattered.

MORGAN
I can't take responsibility for you
anymore. Drifters just don't take
passengers.

HELEN
I guess I was right about you.

MORGAN
(menace)
Yeah, maybe you were. You know how
many people I've had to kill just to
stay alive?

Helen hesitates. She's about to speak but doesn't. He softens.

MORGAN
We're looking for different things.

Then she plays her trump card.

HELEN
Listen. You know what Enola said
about her tattoo? It's true. We're
going to get to Water's End. I'll cut
you in.

MORGAN
I don't believe in Water's End.

The Japanese throw down a boarding plank. Spectacles carries
the water across and snatches the plugs from Morgan's hands.

CONTINUED:

(CONT.)

Fatty grabs Helen by the arm.

HELEN

Get your hands offa me, jumbo!!

Helen glares at Morgan.

MORGAN

I've always been solo.

The Japanese escort the women across the plank.

MORGAN

Helen...

She turns. Morgan tosses her his survival knife in its sheath.

MORGAN

Do what you gotta do...

The Japanese move to intercept the knife but Helen pulls it out of the air...

On the fly, she has yanked the gleaming blade out of its sheath and flashed it up in warning. The Japanese are impressed. Obviously, Helen knows her way around a knife.

She turns back to Morgan and scowls at him.

He averts his eyes and moves towards his horse. The Japanese push the women below and pull back the plank.

WANDA

See you on the waves, drifter.

They close the hatch and dive.

Morgan turns back and watches the bubbles ripple to the surface as the sub sinks and sinks...

CUT TO:

INSIDE THE SUB. NIGHT.

The galley is a cramped, claustrophobic affair with steam HISSING from leaky valves. Water DRIPS down in several locations causing swamps of moss and corrosion. Enola and Helen are sleeping in a pair of hammocks which CREAK back and forth with the currents.

A large dark form sneaks up on them. It's Fatty, holding a rope. He reaches down for Helen's wrist...

...but she springs bolt upright!!! Knife drawn. Enola blinks her eyes sleepily.

HELEN

I'm warning you, hippo!! You touch me, you're sashimi.

Fatty withdraws GRUNTING obscenities under his breath.

CUT TO:

THE "MIRANDA". DAY.

Morgan has returned his barge to a semblance of order. He is busy at the stern hauling in the kelp-trawling nets. Pulling the dripping strands of kelp into a big pile.

Then, he notices something shiny caught in the rope netting. He reaches for it...

Enola's amulet!!!

Morgan holds it up in the sun. He stares at the glass lens in disbelief. Gazes out towards the empty horizon. Looks back at the lens. Pensive...

As if on cue, the horse trots up to him. They stare at each other like lonely bachelors.

MORGAN

Don't look at me like that. I already had my family.

CUT TO:

THE SUB ENGINE ROOM. DAY.

The submarine's antiquated engine churns round and round like a broken blender. Wanda is replacing the spark plugs, oiling the valves. Helen's watching her while Enola wanders about aimlessly.

WANDA

Daihiro tried to get in your pants?
That two-timing S.O.B... He's gettin'
sick of me, I can feel it. I like
tying him up, you know... kinky stuff.

Helen makes a face. Enola walks up, petulant and grumpy.

ENOLA

I miss him.

HELEN

Who?

ENOLA

The drifter.

HELEN

How can you miss a pirate??

Enola looks at her, frowning.

CUT TO:

PERISCOPE PCV.

A large flotilla.

ANGLE ON SPECTACLES.

He pulls away from the eye-piece and calls out to the others.

CONTINUED:

(CONT.)

SPECTACLES

Arimasu Fu-ne! Sho-gyo on-na.

The Japanese begin JABBERING amongst themselves.

HELEN

What's going on?

WANDA

A flotilla. They think they'll get thirty gallons of gas for you.

HELEN

Did they say anything special about my girl?

WANDA

No. Why?

HELEN

Just wondering...

CUT TO:

THE SURFACE.

The sub emerges near a nondescript platform in the center of a maze of boats. The hatch SQUEAKS open. Fatty pops his head out...

Immediately, several MEN race over with machine guns. A ONE-LEGGED MAN climbs down from a crow's nest with a dueling pistol. TWO MEN swing onto a nearby platform on ropes with daggers in their mouths. Everyone has a triangular mark on their forehead...

ONE-LEG

Hi ho, mates. Dropped in for tea, did we?

CUT TO:

LATER.

The prisoners are escorted by a platoon of pirates towards the main platform. Helen looks around grimly. Enola notices a familiar face among the escort -- it's Troy!!

But he looks like a pirate now -- warpaint, dreadlocks... he's carrying a spear.

ENOLA

Troy!! It's me!!

TROY

(whisper)

Sshhh!!! I can't talk to you...

CUT TO:

THE PRISONER "STOCKADE" BOAT.

Angel stares out of the small barred window, watching the commotion.

CONTINUED:

(CONT.)

ANGEL

Son of a bitch. Look who's here...

CUT TO:

THE THRONE PLATFORM.

The procession arrives under the great water tower. The trio of Japanese bow deferentially. Wanda, Helen and Enola stand alongside. There is a wave of MURMURING among the pirates, as fingers point towards Enola's tattoo. Carlos moves up to the throne to brief Lazlo.

CARLOS

The Japs say they know nothing. They stole 'em from a drifter. The woman and kid ain't talking.

LAZLO

(pointing to Fatty)

Keep blubber-belly alive. Kill his mates in a way no one will forget.

Carlos walks up to the Japanese trio. Nonchalantly, he slips his hands into a pair of rubber gloves. The Japanese eye him cautiously -- what's he doing? A couple of pirates wheel over a glass fish tank. There appear to be eels inside. Carlos reaches in and grabs one in each hand. He swings them around by their tails, building speed...

Suddenly, he flings them forward. They swish through the air and coil like bolas around the necks of Spectacles and the old man...

Immediately, their heads light up like fireworks... they're electric eels!! The Japanese grab desperately, trying to wrench the eels from their necks. Fatty watches his mates in horror. Electric bolts are shooting out of their ears. Their eyes light up like torches... then, they collapse to the ground.

Fatty stares in stunned silence. Lazlo studies his reaction. Then, turns his attention to the women.

Helen stares up at him defiantly. Without a word, he ambles over to her. Real close. Enola gazes up at his towering frame. Lazlo glances at Enola, then back to Helen.

Eye to eye. He smiles.

HELEN

If you so much as touch her, I'll rip your balls clear out of the sack.

Lazlo looks at her for as moment. Chuckles. Laughs a little. Then, guffaws in a great ROAR.

CUT TO:

EXTREME CLOSE UP - A WATER DROP.

Pear shaped, swelling. It reaches the critical mass and falls, disintegrating on impact. Landing on human skin. Somebody's nose.

WE FOLLOW as the drop rivulets down the bridge and falls again off the nose tip.

WIDEN:

The nose belongs to Helen. Her head is strapped in the harness of some kind of torture chair. A water reservoir suspended above dribbles out single drops of drinking water. Tantalizing, down her nose, passing millimeters from her lips...

It's high noon and she could sure use a drink. But any movement of her jaw pulls the hinged door of another reservoir, releasing a stream of salt on to her face.

Great mirrors have been set up around her to focus additional sunlight on her. The heat is intense...

Drip, drip, drip...

Helen can't stand it any longer. She opens her mouth for a drink but an avalanche of salt pours out. She gags...

HELEN

...don't know anything!!!

The salt pours on. She spits through it.

HELEN

Let m... go!!! ...please!!

More salt. She gags.

HELEN

Where's ...nola!!! Let me see... her!!!

Her mouth is foaming up with salt. Helen shuts her eyes. Tears stream down her flushed cheeks.

Lazlo has her where he wants her. He strolls up and removes the salt harness.

LAZLO

What does the tattoo mean?

HELEN

(sobbing)

I don't know, I swear. Please, please, don't hurt her. Let me see her. Please...

LAZLO

What's the glass circle for?

CONTINUED:

(CONT.)

HELEN
 (broken)
 I don't know anything. Please... I'm
 swear.

Lazlo turns to his men.

LAZLO
 Take her down. Call the Doc.

CUT TO:

LAZLO'S YACHT.

It is a huge boat with jarringly eclectic decor. Though generally nautical in theme, there is everything from arabesque ottomans to Chinese screens, all arranged in the epitome of ostentation.

Enola is seated in a plush chair. Nervous. Helmut stands behind her.

The sound of BREAKING GLASS.

VOICE (O.S.)
 Shit...

ANGLE ON:

THE "DOC", an obese quack with jaundiced skin and rotting teeth. He is fumbling over a cart of surgical instruments.

DOC
 Where the fuck is that piece of shit
 needle?

He's shaking like a addict in rehab. He plunges his plump hand into a pile of medical hardware, spilling several probes on to the floor and finds a huge trocar syringe, old and rusted.

DOC
 Hold the fucking fish.
 (smiles weakly)
 Please, sir.

Lazlo moves in and steadies a flapping pirukuru fish with his enormous hands. The Doc guides the formidable syringe towards the puffer, but his hands are shaking epileptically...

LAZLO
 It's in the liver.

DOC
 I know. I know. I fucking know.

Abruptly, he plunges the needle into the fish and withdraws a full vial of slimy, greenish fluid. Enola watches in horror as the fish ceases to struggle. Now it's her turn...

CONTINUED:

(CONT.)

She SCREAMS as Helmut holds her arm and the Doc injects her with the green bile. She struggles, lashes out... weakens...

...her eyes droop... Lazlo moves close to her.

LAZLO

Can you hear me?

ENOLA

(zombie-like)

Yes.

LAZLO

Tell me about the tattoo.

ENOLA

Ow...ouch... hurts!!! Ow..

She begins to CRY. Not a little girl whimper, it's a baby BAWLING...

LAZLO

Who did it? What does it mean??

She SOBS and SCREAMS, ignoring him.

LAZLO

(angry)

What about the glass pendant??

ENOLA

(relaxing)

Pretty... two circles... baby likes glass... lucky amulets...two lenses, that's the secret.

LAZLO

Two?? Where's the second?

ENOLA

...the drifter... he saved me...

Lazlo turns to Helmut with a smile.

SMASH CUT TO:

FATTY

looking unhappy. Wind and water splash into his face. A huge wave engulfs him. He gags...

PULL BACK -- It's keel-hauling. He has been strapped to the underside of a bow. A cigarette boat, BLASTING over the waves at full throttle. Forty-five knots of water bludgeons his face like a sledge hammer. Fatty is taking a serious pounding.

REVEAL: A small pirate assault fleet ripping across the open sea in the golden light of dawn. Lazlo and Helmut are on the lead ship.

LAZLO

We're close enough. Release the bird.

CONTINUED:

(CONT.)

Helmut picks up a small cage. Inside, there is a bird identical to the ones we've seen. Helmut opens the door and grabs it. He hurls it straight up in the air...

The bird surges up some seventy-five feet. Circles a few times to get its bearings. Then, begins to fly due west.

LAZLO

Alter course to 270°...

The formations swings to starboard.

CUT TO:

THE "MIRANDA."

Morgan is fast asleep in his hammock. There is a FLUTTERING sound. Morgan opens his eyes and notices...

...the bird!!

He blinks a few times. Is this a dream? Then, suddenly it dawns on him. He leaps up...

THE DECK.

Morgan picks up his spyglass, scans the horizon. Nothing...

But now there's a distant sound -- APPROACHING ENGINES. Morgan points his scope eastwards, towards the sound.

SPYGLASS POV.

The early morning sun makes the ocean shimmer. Mirage-like, barely visible through the undulating ripples, a fleet of vessels advance...

ON MORGAN.

He is momentarily stunned -- it's finally happening!!

Abruptly, Morgan begins to rush around the barge, preparing for the imminent attack. He leads his horse to the stern edge, pushes him off...

MORGAN

Go on. Get out of here!

The horse stares at him blankly, treading water. Impulsively, Morgan takes the amulet from his neck, leans down and puts it around that of the horse.

MORGAN

You'll need all the luck you can get.

He SMACKS its rear and the horse begins to swim away. Morgan races to the barrels -- sets the booby-trap. He rushes to a locker. Pulls out the oxygen container. Grabs his spear gun. Loads two bolts and pumps it up. An belt of extra ammo. He tosses all this gear into a small tight-weave net...

CONTINUED:

THE PIRATES.

Almost within striking distance. Four vessels in all.

MORGAN.

Grabs some fish from his drying rack. Fish?? He hacks it up with a machete until the fish bleeds. What's he up to? Morgan tosses this into a second net. Now he ties both nets into bundles, attaches them to separate painter lines...

The sound of automatic GUNFIRE. Riccos rip into the wooden hull...

Morgan ducks and quickly tosses both net bundles overboard.

Bullets spray over his head. Morgan keeps cool. He reaches for a rag, a stick. Ties them together and...

...raises the WHITE FLAG!!!

VOICE (O.S.)
HOLD YOUR FIRE!!

The shooting stops. Morgan stands there, arms raised in surrender. The pirate vessels heave to alongside the barge. A pirate jumps aboard with an M-60...

MORGAN
I give up! Don't kill me...

PIRATE
(leveling the gun at him)
Easy... drifter. Easy.

Suddenly, Morgan's jaw drops. He stares at the pirate in front of him. The eyes -- one blue, one green. God, can it be?

EXTREME CLOSE-UP - MORGAN'S EYES

Staring, thinking back...

FLASHBACK

A young Morgan, in the ocean, bleeding. Swallowing mouthfuls of water. He calls out.

MORGAN
Blake!! Jump... quick!

HIS POV.

A small barge surrounded by pirate ships. The little boy is SOBBING over the body of his mother. Lazlo, looking maybe fifteen years younger, moves up behind him. He yanks the boy viciously by the hair...

A large wave sweeps Morgan back, SLAMMING his head against a floating timber. The POV submerges, underwater...

...he sinks and sinks...

CONTINUED:

(CONT.)

...struggling to swim. He kicks desperately, pulling himself back up. Breaks the surface, just in time to see...

BOOMMMM!!!

The barge exploding in a massive fireball... as pirate ships retreat.

BACK TO PRESENT.

Morgan eyes tell it all -- he never saw his son actually die.

VOICE (O.S.)

Search this thing!

It's Lazlo! Morgan stares at him with venom. Pirates begin to poke around the barge. Helmut is guarding Morgan with a gun. Morgan signals him with his eyes.

MORGAN

(whispering)

Blake?

Helmut stares blankly.

MORGAN

It's me!! Don't you recognize me?

Lazlo saunters over.

LAZLO

What's he saying?

HELMUT

I don't know, father.

Father?? Morgan can hardly believe his ears. He sees Lazlo, the cape of feathers. His heart is pounding... Lazlo holds up the large amulet with a pleasant smile.

LAZLO

We're looking for this. Can you help us?

Morgan is silent.

LAZLO

(to HELMUT)

Torture him.

Immediately, Morgan is restrained by Carlos and Dieter who pincers his arm with his prosthetic hand-clamp.

HELMUT

(to a PIRATE)

Get me the vice.

The pirate hands him a small instrument of torture -- what seems to be a large cigar-cutter joined with two twisting nut-crackers. He holds it up in front of Morgan's face.

CONTINUED:

(CONT.)

HELMUT

This'll turn you into a woman,
asshole.

Morgan stares back, eyes pleading for recognition.

MORGAN

He's not your father. You know that,
don't you?

Helmut swings the metal vice across Morgan's face, drawing
blood.

HELMUT

You wanna lose your dick, old man?

Meanwhile, Lazlo has been poking around the barrels. He reaches
out to pull of the lid...

CLOSE ANGLE - LAZLO'S FINGERS

Reaching for the booby-trap. Any second...

MORGAN (O.S.)

Wait!!

ON MORGAN

Totally flustered. Bewildered...

MORGAN

It's... it's booby-trapped. I... uh...

Suddenly, Morgan ducks down, wriggling free from the pirates'
grips. He scrambles towards the edge. Helmut FIRES but misses.
Morgan leaps overboard.

HELMUT

The shark!

Carlos moves towards the submerged cage. He opens the door. A
shark fin shoots out after Morgan. The water foams up with
blood. The shark thrashes wildly, relishing the kill...

UNDERWATER.

WE SEE Morgan, unharmed. He's released the bundled net of
bleeding fish scraps. The shark is attacking the decoy!

Morgan grabs the oxygen container from the other net. Sucks in
some air. He can see distorted figures moving around on his
boat. But now he sees something dangling underwater near the
edge of the boat...

...the horse!!! They've found it...

...a MUFFLED GUNSHOT...

...the water reddens with blood. The horse goes limp.

...Morgan's face becomes contorted in agony...

CONTINUED:

ABOVE.

Lazlo leans down and yanks the amulet off the floating carcass of the horse.

LAZLO

How convenient. Pull it out before the shark gets it.

His men haul the bleeding shark aboard.

LAZLO

They really prefer people.

He gesture towards Dieter who grabs Fatty and pushes him overboard. He SCREAMS as the shark converges. They watch the feeding frenzy with glee. Then, Carlos spools in the shark leash, hauling it back into its cage.

LAZLO

Let's move out.

MORGAN. UNDERWATER.

He can see them dragging the dead horse onto a boat, loading booty. Morgan looks around. He grabs one of the nets, cuts some holes into it with his speargun tip. He slips his arms and legs through the holes -- it's a makeshift harness.

Morgan dives deeper and swims under one of the pirate vessels. He ties the net off to the eye-hooks on the keel. He pulls the oxygen valve to his mouth and waits...

ABOVE.

One by one, the pirate vessels begin to peel off.

UNDERWATER.

Morgan is pulled along under the belly of one of them. He's hitching a ride...

LAZLO'S BOAT.

It's idling some distance from the "Miranda." Lazlo turns back with his bazooka. Fires...

A COLOSSAL EXPLOSION!!!

The boat splinters into a million pieces, soaring two-hundred feet into the air...

HELMUT

He wasn't lying about the booby-trap.

LAZLO

But why did he tell us?

This questions hangs there as the shrapnel rains down around them, splashing into the ocean and we

DISSOLVE TO:

PIRATE PRISON STOCKADE. NIGHT.

Wanda is looking through the steel bars of the small porthole window. There's the sound of LAUGHTER and MUSIC. She turns to her cellmates -- Helen, Angel and Enola.

WANDA

Now's the time to make our move. No doubt about it. It's some kinda celebration.

HELEN

Let me take a look.

Wanda moves aside so Helen can see.

HELEN

(horror)

Oh God...

ENOLA

What is it?

HELEN

No, Enola. Stay away!!

But Enola pushes up for a glimpse.

POV THROUGH WINDOW.

All the pirates are gathered on the distant tower platform, converged around something roasting on a fire -- an unmistakable silhouette...

...it's the horse!!

ON ENOLA

A look of agonized horror.

ENOLA

They killed the drifter!! It's all my fault...

ON THE PLATFORM.

A one-eyed GOON slaps his BUDDY on the back.

ONE-EYE

When's the last time you tasted animal?

FRIEND

(salivating)

Never...

ONE-EYE

It's better than snuff-sex!

WE PAN AROUND the group of feasting pirates and REVEAL Lazlo on his throne, Helmut at his side.

CONTINUED:

(CONT.)

LAZLO

Eat up, my sons! You deserve it.

He holds up the glass amulets in triumph.

LAZLO

Now we have the secret to Water's
End!!

The pirates CHEER. Lazlo turns to Helmut.

LAZLO

Put these lenses in my safe...
(hands him the amulets)
Tomorrow we'll figure out how they
work.

Helmut walks away with the lenses.

In a nearby GROUP, the "Doc" glances around nervously. Then, discretely, withdraws into the shadows.

WE TILT DOWN into the murky water below the platform. A dark FIGURE pops his head up -- it's Morgan...

HIS POV.

Several dozen boats surround the platform. A veritable maze of canals between them. Pirates jump from boat to boat converging towards the "main attraction" -- roasting animal flesh.

Morgan glances at Lazlo for a moment. Then, looks the other way and spots Helmut making his way up the ramp of Lazlo's impressive yacht. About fifty yards dead across the "canal".

ON MORGAN

Should be easy enough. He takes a deep breath and dives...

UNDERWATER.

Ten yards, twenty. Slow but steady progress. A stern boarding ladder, dead ahead. Smooth underwater breast stroke. But now, from behind...

A GUARD SHARK!!! Converging like a torpedo...

Morgan doubles his effort. Ten more yards to the ladder. Will he make it? The shark closes in. Morgan strokes as fast as he can. The shark opens its jaws. Morgan reaches desperately. The shark lunges for his legs but...

TWANG!!!

Stops inches short. It's on a leash. The stunned shark backs off in frustration. Tries to lunge again. But the leash stops it just shy of Morgan on the ladder. Morgan catches his breath. Climbs up.

CONTINUED:

LAZLO'S YACHT.

It's a rope ladder on the stern. Morgan looks up. Thirty feet to the main deck. Will he be noticed? He starts up, rung by rung...

He looks to his left. All the pirates are focused on the impending feast. A few more rungs. He looks up...

A YOUNG PIRATE staring right down at him!! It's Troy, patrolling the deck... Morgan looks at him. Will he sound the alarm? Troy hesitates...

VOICE (O.S.)

Get over here boy! I ain't done with you yet...

Troy backs off. Morgan breathes a sigh of relief. He climbs up to the rail and peers over. Troy is following Carlos, who's carrying a pair of swords...

Morgan waits until they're out of sight and quietly hauls himself onto the deck...

CUT TO:

MEANWHILE. ON THE STERN OF THE "STOCKADE" BOAT.

The "Doc" climbs on board with a lecherous smile. He addresses a seated GUARD.

DOC

Who's available?

GUARD

All of 'em. Everybody just wants to eat animal tonight.

DOC

(his eyes light up)

I'll take the feisty one.

The "Doc" hands him something round and shiny -- a pearl. The guard bites into it. Satisfied of its authenticity, he drops it in a small cash box with a half-dozen other pearls. He unlocks the stockade.

GUARD

Help yerself.

INSIDE.

The "Doc" enters with a big grin. Helen smiles back at him.

HELEN

I hope it's me you want.

The "Doc" can hardly believe his ears. He approaches her...

But Wanda leaps out and loops her manacles around his neck, breaking it with a sickening CRACK.

CONTINUED:

(CONT.)

WANDA

Wow... That kinda turned me on...

Angel grabs the keys. Quickly, they unlock their chains.

OUTSIDE.

The guard is staring idly at the roasting horse and surrounding activity. Behind him, the door CREAKS open.

GUARD

(without turning)

Talk about a quickie...

Helen sneaks out, reaching for his knife. It's sheathed on his hip. Helen's fingertips stretch towards the knife handle...

Suddenly, he turns!! Helen yanks out the knife and plants it into his ribs. His eyes lock open in frozen shock.

HELEN

(grabbing his gun)

I hate quickies.

CUT BACK TO:

LAZLO'S YACHT.

TWO SENTRIES are patrolling the main deck. One of them spots something ahead.

SENTRY

Well lookee here.

It's a feather attached to a scrap of cloth. He reaches down for it but it moves suddenly... eluding his grasp. He lunges but again it skitters away from him. Round the corner...

The sentry frowns. Is it just the night breeze? He stomps after it.

AROUND THE CORNER.

It's Morgan playing the old monofilament trick. He reels in the feather. The sentry comes after it. And, in a flash, the nylon becomes a garotte around his neck...

WITH THE OTHER SENTRY.

Waiting for his friend's return. A VOICE comes from around the corner.

VOICE (O.S.)

(whisper)

Hey. Come see this.

He frowns. Something fishy here. He unsheaths his dagger. Edges up to the corner... pauses, back to the wall, peeking...

HIS POV.

A glimpse of a body lying motionless on the deck -- someone got his buddy!! His instincts were right, it's a trap.

CONTINUED:

(CONT.)

The ambusher must be waiting just like he is -- back to the wall, right on the other side of the corner. The sentry readies his knife... then suddenly...

Lunges round the corner!! The knife connects with flesh. The ambusher collapses into his arms. But it's not Morgan!! It's the first sentry propped into a standing position...

Morgan is the guy on the ground, "playing dead." He grabs the second sentry by the ankle. Twists him down to the deck. His head SLAMS down against the ground. Out cold.

CUT TO:

LAZLO'S QUARTERS

Helmut walks across the ostentatious owner's cabin towards a safe on the far wall, amulets dangling from his neck. He starts to dial in the combination.

VOICE

Stop!

Helmut turns to find Morgan aiming his spear gun at him.

HELMUT

You again!

MORGAN

Yeah. You can't run away from me. That scar on your left arm. You've had it all your life, right? How could I know that? Because you were a baby when it happened.

Helmut looks at the scar -- was that just a lucky guess?

MORGAN

He attacked us. Killed your mother. I thought you were dead. But he must have taken you. You have to remember that! I know you do...

Helmut suddenly drops to his knees, covering his face in his hands...

HELMUT

Oh God...

Morgan approaches him softly, hand outstretched...

But, suddenly, Helmut lashes out, swatting the speargun from his hand!! He SLUGS him in the jaw with a right... left, then a great HEAD-BUTT in the forehead that sends Morgan reeling silly to the floor.

HELMUT

Should've died the first time, drifter. Now I'm gonna make it really hurt...

Helmut kicks him in the gut. Morgan GROANS.

CONTINUED:

(CONT.)

HELMUT

Sorry, pops. Just my rebellious phase.

Another KICK sends Morgan's jaw snapping sideways like a mouse-trap. Blood gushes down from his nose... his fingers stretch out for the spear gun... Helmut STOMPS down on his hand....

But now Morgan wrenches his ankle out from under him -- same move as with the sentry. Helmut crashes down to the ground. Morgan grabs his gun and BONKS him on the head, knocking him out...

CUT TO:

SOMEWHERE. IN THE FLOTILLA.

Morgan is dragging Helmut's unconscious body through the shadowy platforms. Morgan has disguised himself with pirate warpaint and headgear. There are VOICES. Morgan freezes...

A COUPLE OF PIRATES round the bend, sucking on horse ribs. They spot Morgan... and the body!

1ST PIRATE

Hey. What's this?

MORGAN

(silly grin)

Too much help cider... I'm putting him to bed.

2ND PIRATE

Helmut doesn't drink.

MORGAN

Yeah. That's what happens when you're not used to it...

1ST PIRATE

Well, who the hell are you?? I ain't seen you before...

MORGAN

Ho, ho, that's funny... you guys musta been drinking too, huh?

The pair eye him suspiciously. Morgan tries to keep grinning... then:

MORGAN

Fuck this...

He BLASTS two rounds with his spear gun. Bulls-eyes in both hearts...

CUT TO:

THE "TRAINING" PLATFORM.

WE ARE in a remote corner of the flotilla. A twenty-foot dueling ring surrounded by a margin of broken glass shards.

CONTINUED:

Carlos and Troy are sparring with two-handed swords. Troy can barely lift his weapon. While Carlos slashes effortlessly through the air using his good hand. CLANG!!!

Troy retreats. He barely blocked that last one. Again, the sword comes slashing around. CLANG!!! Troy's feet are inches from the deadly glass perimeter...

CARLOS

Come on!! Are you going to die like your friends???

CLANG!!! Troy's arms are weakening...

CARLOS

Keep your sword up, you little wimp!!!

CLANG!!! That one sends Troy limping backwards. He SCREAMS as the glass cuts up his feet... Carlos lowers his sword.

CARLOS

You had enough??

Troy nods, lowers his sword. WOOSH... Here comes the blade!!!

Troy ducks in the nick of time. The sword SWISHES a hair's width above his head.

CARLOS

Never let down your guard!!! You hopeless moron. I oughta kill you right now.

Troy begins to tremble slightly. He's breaking. Carlos laughs sadistically.

CARLOS

You belong with the women.

...but then a huge sword comes bursting through his abdomen!!! Carlos goes bug-eyed, gurgles blood, collapses.

ANGEL

Fucking sexist!!

She looks down at his frozen body. Troy breaks into a big grin. Angel smiles back, grabs his hand.

ANGEL

Let's get out of here.

TROY

(to CARLOS)

Never let down your guard, asshole.

CUT TO:

THE FUELING DOCK.

Wanda, Helen and Enola, armed with clubs and other weapons, are sneaking along the shadowy platform along which the attack cigarette boats are moored.

CONTINUED:

(CONT.)

They pause behind several dozen oil drums of fuel. There is the distant sound of the ongoing CELEBRATION. Helen looks around. The coast seems clear.

HELEN

(pointing to a boat)
Let's take the yellow one.
(to WANDA)

You take care of the goodbye present.

Helen crawls round the barrel and comes face to face with...

...a SENTRY!!

She SLAMS him with the club but he ducks, pinning her against the barrels which avalanche down. He raises his speargun and stops... recognizing her! It's Morgan.

MORGAN

Surprised to see me, huh?

HELEN

I thought you were dead...

MORGAN

Other people make that mistake too.

Enola peeks around and sees Morgan. She runs up and gives him a hug. But Morgan pushes her off. Enola looks hurt...

MORGAN

I knew I should've killed you right off. You show people some mercy and they go and stab you in the back.

ANGLE ON HELMUT

Is his little finger twitching slightly?

HELEN (O.S.)

What are you talking about?

CLOSE - WANDA

She pokes her head out from hiding.

WANDA

You two at it again? You ever consider marriage counseling?

HELEN (O.S.)

Just rig those booby traps, will you?

Wanda smirks and pulls out a fishing net. She starts to cut it up in small squares with the knife...

MORGAN (O.S.)

Oh! A quick getaway now? Real smooth plan. Almost too smart for your own good.

CONTINUED:

(CONT.)

As Morgan and Helen continue arguing, WE FOLLOW Enola who has spotted the glass amulets on Helmut's neck. Her eyes light up.

ENOLA
(to herself)
Both of them! They really are lucky...

She kneels down beside Helmut, reaches out to pull them off. Leaning dangerously close...

HELEN (O.S.)
You think I'm up to something? Say it.

MORGAN (O.S.)
Don't play innocent with me. You set me up with the pirates. Made some sweet little deal. And now this is the big double-cross. Just remember one thing, lady. Pirates don't think too much when they're mad. They just kill.

One of the the amulet chains is stuck. Enola struggles to lift Helmut's torso -- did he just blink slightly?

HELEN (O.S.)
I set you up?? Hah!! Don't flatter yourself, drifter. I'd have been lucky to get a half a jug of hydro for you.

...suddenly Helmut's hand springs up round Enola's neck!! He's come alive. Enola SCREAMS... Helmut is strangling her with the amulets...

Morgan turns. Helen pulls out the gun. Aims it at Helmut's head. She FIRES but Morgan dives at her arm...

...sending the gun, flying into the water!! Helen glares at him.

MORGAN
That's my son!

Helen looks at him in utter bewilderment.

CUT TO:

THE TOWER PLATFORM.

Lazlo spins suddenly towards the sound of gunfire. He turns to a LARGE GOON.

LAZLO
What was that?

The GOON shrugs.

LAZLO
Where's Helmut?

The GOON shrugs again.

CONTINUED:

(CONT.)

LAZLO

Get a patrol out there! Now!!

CUT BACK TO:

THE "FUELING" PLATFORM.

Now Helmut is standing up, holding Enola "hostage" in a choke hold.

HELMUT

Everybody freeze... hands up, real slow.

They comply.

HELMUT

You, too...

He points to Wanda who's been busy loading extra fuel drums on the yellow boat. Wanda stands up and looks at him.

HELMUT

Now... we're all going back to join the celebration. Single file...

Wanda hesitates...

HELMUT

Move it! Or I'll kill her!

HELEN

Please, Wanda...

WANDA

Hey, it's every drifter for themselves. I don't even like the kid.

HELMUT

Good... 'cause I'm going to break her little neck.

Enola SCREAMS. Helmut starts to twist the the glass medallions, tightening the chains around Enola's neck...

HELEN

No!!! NO!!

Enola's face is turning blue when...

BONK!!!

Helmut falls down, unconscious. It's Troy and Angel. (Bet you were wondering when they'd show up.)

ANGEL

I'm ready to leave now.

Helen rushes towards Enola. She picks her up and carries her into the yellow boat. Wanda is already at the controls. She FIRES it up. Angel and Troy jump in...

Morgan hesitates on the dock, looking down at Helmut...

CONTINUED:

HELEN

Let's go!!

Wanda slams the boat into gear. But Enola covers the throttle.

ENOLA

Wait! The drifter!

ANGEL

That guy? Looks like a pirate.

HELEN

He is...

ENOLA

No. He saved my life!!

(to MORGAN)

Come on, quick...

Now half-a-dozen ARMED PIRATES spill onto a nearby platform, across the "canal." They spot them...

PIRATE

Hey!! Hold it...

Helen pulls Enola's hand off the throttle.

HELEN

(to WANDA)

Get moving!!

The boat begins to pull away. Morgan stares at it, frozen... He looks back at Helmut...

GUNFIRE erupts around him...

The pirates are closing in...

PIRATE

KILL THEM. SHOOT!!!

Morgan looks at him. Looks at Helmut...

Thinking...

Suddenly, Morgan turns towards the yellow boat. He runs to the edge of the platform and dives... but his hand misses the rail!!

...Enola throws him the stern line. He grabs the rope...

...Wanda kicks it into full power, and the boat surges out towards the open sea, dragging Morgan along behind...

...the pirates converge on the platform and jump into pursuit vessels. Engines ROAR to life...

...a pirate throws his into gear and there is a CALAMITOUS GROAN!! He looks back towards the outboard...

PIRATE

Wait!! Nets in the props!!

CONTINUED:

(CONT.)

But no one can hear him over the sound of ENGINES. The other boats start up and foul their propellers...

IN THE OCEAN.

The yellow boat speeds out into the black night, leaving the pirate flotilla far back in its wake...

Morgan has hauled himself aboard. He looks exhausted... empty.

Helen turns to him...

HELEN

I thought your son was dead.

MORGAN

He is...

AERIAL ANGLE.

The wake of the moon seems to race along with the tiny boat as they head out into the vast ocean...

ANGEL'S VOICE

Cut the engines when we're out of eye-sight. If they can't hear us, they'll never find us at night.

DISSOLVE TO:

THE NEXT DAY.

Everyone's asleep except Angel. And she's yawning. It's just daybreak. The yellow boat is drifting alone.

Angel moves up to Helen. Gives her a nudge... She leaps up, ready to fight.

ANGEL

Whoah, kiddo. It's dawn, that's all.

HELEN

(groggy)

You see anything.

ANGEL

Nah. Three-sixty of flat and clear.

HELEN

(pointing to MORGAN)

What about him?

ANGEL

An intense guy. Nightmares all night. You sure know how to pick 'em, sis.

HELEN

Shut up, will you? How much petrol?

ANGEL

About two hundred miles worth.

CONTINUED:

(CONT.)

HELEN
Let's go south.

CUT TO:

MINUTES LATER.

The yellow boat rips south across the open sea. Morgan moves up to Helen.

MORGAN
This is nuts. You don't run from pirates you can't see. That's burning petrol for nothing. Just drift and take your chances.

HELEN
Yeah. You're the expert on pirates, huh?

MORGAN
No... you are.

HELEN
Listen, drifter. For what it's worth, I think you're an asshole but I didn't set you up.

Morgan is silent. Helen grabs a hold of Troy.

HELEN
Hey, kid. You should know how pirates think. You almost became one. What d'you think we oughta do?

TROY
Run like hell.

HELEN
(to MORGAN)
Sorry, pal. You're outvoted.

DISSOLVE TO:

NIGHT.

Helen is tucking Enola into a berth in the forward cabin.

HELEN
You have the last watch. I'll wake you up when it's time. If we run out of petrol, just keep us drifting south.

ENOLA
O.K.

HELEN
Time to float away now...

She gives her a kiss, gets up to leave.

CONTINUED:

(CONT.)

ENOLA

Wait... can I have a story?

Helen hesitates.

ENOLA

Please...

HELEN

O.K., dolphin. If you promise to close your eyes.

(takes a breath)

One day, deep in the deep blue, a little fish came across a sunken chest. It was beautiful and shiny so he knew there was something precious inside. He tried to open it but the latches were stuck. No matter how hard he pulled, they just wouldn't budge.

OUTSIDE.

Morgan is lying rolled up in a blanket against the starboard rail. He's also listening to Helen's story which drifts out through the porthole window.

HELEN (O.S.)

Then, he noticed a killer whale swimming by. And the little fish said: "you're the strongest in the sea, will you help me open my chest?" The whale said, "Sure." But instead of opening it, he swallowed the chest up whole. "Now the chest belongs to me," he laughed...

Morgan leans near the window, takes a peak inside.

HIS POV.

Helen's eyes are sparkling in the light of the gas lantern. There's something hypnotic about her whispering voice, something mesmerizing.

HELEN

The little fish was very mad. He found a school of hammerhead sharks and told them that the whale had a valuable chest in his stomach. The greedy sharks lunged at the whale and ripped a hole in his belly...

INSIDE.

Enola's eyes pop open in horror. Helen smiles and slowly closes Enola's eyelids with her fingers.

CONTINUED:

HELEN

You promised, Enola...

In the background, WE SEE Morgan staring in at mother and child, a look of longing in his eyes. Helen continues, her tone calm and reassuring.

HELEN

The chest fell out, but by now, all the fish in the sea had heard about the chest and there was a huge fight over it. In the struggle, it opened up and they all gathered round to look inside. But there was nothing except a small, dead goldfish. Everyone turned to the little fish. "There's nothing in there," they shouted, "this chest is worthless. At that moment, an old wise dolphin swam up to the group. He said: "There was sweet water in that chest; worthless to you, but worth life to that goldfish. Now, there is nothing..."

Helen looks at Enola. Fast asleep, floating away into her dreams.

DISSOLVE TO:

HOURS LATER.

The first light of dawn is breaking and Enola is at the helm. The others are asleep below. The engine SPUTTERS a few times and dies. No more gas.

It is completely still, save the sound of LAPPING WATER against the hull. The vessel is on the cusp of a fog bank. As it drifts, the cotton-like fog becomes thicker and thicker, until it is milky white...

Now even the water becomes obscured by the thick creamy haze. Enola looks around in awe. Everything beyond the boat has disappeared into whiteness...

...Enola turns slowly round, sweeping the "non-panorama"...

...on the starboard side, the fog is as thick as anywhere but something seems to be out there...

...a presence...

...Enola notices something moving on the bow. A small white bird -- it's a dove!!!

She can scarcely believe her eyes. She moves closer to the bird who retreats modestly. Morgan wakes up nearby. He blinks his eyes, notices the bird. Enola sees him...

ENOLA

It's Water's End!! We're near...

CONTINUED:

(CONT.)

Morgan stares at it...

MORGAN
Shit!! wake everybody up, quick.
It's the pirates.

...suddenly, the bird FLAPS its wings and takes off...

Enola follows the bird with her eyes until it disappears in the
whiteness...

ENOLA
(excited)
No it's Water's End! I can feel it.

She strains to see through the haze...surely, there is something
out there. A huge presence, looming just behind the veil of
whiteness. It's becoming more visible, the boat seems to be
drifting towards it...

...something solid and massive...

...Morgan stands up...

...suddenly, it bursts into visibility...

...AN ENORMOUS WALL OF STEEL...

...the cigarette boat is right alongside it. They could reach
out and touch it, it's so close...

...Enola stares up, mouth agape, at the vast perimeter of steel,
soaring into the sky for hundreds of feet, extending
horizontally in both directions as far as the eye can see. The
surface is coarse and weathered, paint peeling, pockets of rust
forming...

ENOLA
I'm home...

CUT TO:

LONG SHOT.

Everyone is awake, staring up at the surreal perimeter like
sinners at the gates of heaven. Boat, steel curtain, and
whiteness is all that there is. They paddle along the barrier,
searching for its limits...

...now it seems to be changing angle, the wall is beginning to
slope in an overhang. At the water level, it begins to recede;
overhead, it projects outwards. Finally, the wall ends in a
sloping diagonal...

They paddle the cigarette boat across the edge of the wall.
It's almost thick as it is tall. On the other side, it sweeps
back in an identical mirror image...

TROY
(pointing up)
Look!!

CONTINUED:

(CONT.)

He's pointing to some writing high up on the wall. The faded letters read:

"U.S.S. BRIDGESTON"

It's a ship!!!

CUT TO:

LATER.

The group is making its way up an endless diagonal ramp that is suspended along the hull. The cigarette boat seems like a toy, hundreds of feet below at the base of the ramp.

Their sea legs are wobbly, unaccustomed to such solid ground. For the first time, it's not rolling below them.

Morgan leads with his speargun drawn. The others follow with a mixture of caution and bewilderment.

THE DECK.

The group emerges onto the vast plane of the deck. It is just above the fog layer so the huge plateau seems to be floating on an endless sea of whiteness.

The area is larger than a dozen football fields strung out end to end. Towards the stern, a massive bridge soars up several stories. The surface is dotted with plant and animal life. Several gnarly olive trees are growing somehow, bursting through the deck from pockets where enough earth has gathered to sustain them. A small bird colony has formed, with pelicans dive bombing the water for food to bring back to their young.

Morgan looks around. There's not a human in sight...

MORGAN

This place is too quiet. Stay here, I'll check her out.

WANDA

I'm going with.

CUT TO:

BELOW.

Morgan and Wanda make their way along the darkened corridors in the bowels of the old boat. Wanda has the lantern from the cigarette boat...

...WATER DRIPS from a nearby valve. Not a soul in sight...

...they move deeper and deeper into the recesses of the ship. The corridor is getting darker, moldy...

WANDA

Hey, drifter. You an' I could do some good things on this floater. If we team up, you know what I mean? I could make you scream...

CONTINUED:

(CONT.)

Morgan frowns. They come to a T-juncture, where the hall splits in two directions...

MORGAN
You go that way.

CUT TO:

THE DECK.

We are a MOVING POV. A mysterious PERSON, stalking through some oil drums. WE PEEK around a barrel and spot Helen, Enola, Angel and Troy waiting near the mouth of the diagonal boarding ramp.

HELEN
What's taking so long??

Helen glances suddenly in our direction and WE DUCK BACK...

CUT BACK TO:

BELOW.

Wanda enters a large darkened chamber. There is a LOW AMBIENT MURMUR OF SQUEAKING. Wanda adjusts her lantern, to raise the flame. The room begins to glow and she notices...

...an ocean of rats!!!

Wall-to-wall squirming rodents, surrounding her, running across her feet. Wanda smiles broadly, licks her lips.

WANDA
Lunch...

CUT TO:

MORGAN.

In another part of the endless halls. Almost pitch black here. He's in a corridor lined with anonymous doors. He tries one. It's locked. Tries another. Empty closet...

CUT TO:

THE MYSTERIOUS POV.

Still stalks the foursome on deck. Angel turns to Helen.

HELEN
I don't trust those two.

TROY
Should I go after them?

ANGEL
Stay here. We might have to make a quick getaway...

WE DUCK back into hiding. Pause a moment. Then SCURRY OFF through the machinery...

CUT BACK TO:

MORGAN.

He reaches out to another door. It opens with a CREAK... seems to be the Captain's cabin. He steps...

INSIDE.

Dusty, cobwebs... mossy walls. A shaft of light from the window. Morgan glances at the wide, double-berth. The covers are lumpy -- could someone be sleeping in it?

Morgan advances, speargun raised... He reaches towards the covers, yanks them back...

...SKELETONS!!

Three people, maybe four. But what's strange is the bones -- they're all jet black...

CUT TO:

THE DECK.

Everyone's back, gathered for a meeting.

ENOLA

What's "Black Bone?"

HELEN

A plague just before you were born. It wiped out whole flotillas. All their bones became black...

Troy looks at her in horror...

ANGEL

Don't worry. It's not contagious anymore. The virus dies with its victims.

TROY

So this ship is ours.

ANGEL

Yeah. Let's see what we got.

CUT TO:

ON THE DECK.

Angel and Troy have found an old pontoon plane near the bow. The central aisle of the deck forms a short runway. Troy looks at the plane curiously.

TROY

What is this?

ANGEL

An airship. I saw one once.

TROY

It swims through the air, right?

CONTINUED:

(CONT.)

ANGEL

Yeah. How'd you know?

TROY

Like a bird...

CUT TO:

THE STERN DECK.

Helen leads Enola to a large hatch on the backside of the bridge tower. She swings it open and looks down.

HELEN

It's the engine room!! Come on.

INSIDE.

They make their way down the spiral staircase, descending into a volume of Promethean proportions. A dizzying array of catwalks suspended above two mammoth turbines. Twin steam driven screws with racks upon racks of support equipment. A stupendous network of pipes and tubing.

They come to the upper level in front of two giant reservoirs. Helen twists open the huge bleeder valve. Some liquid trickles out. She wets her finger, tastes it.

HELEN

Distilled water! It's steam powered.

ENOLA

This one's filled with petrol!

They look at each other like jackpot winners.

CUT TO:

THE CREW QUARTERS.

Morgan and Wanda have found a small gymnasium, complete with Nautilus machines, barbells, "Stairmasters", rowers and exercise bikes. The machinery looks spooky in the subdued light. Morgan enters, gun drawn.

WANDA

What is it?

MORGAN

Torture chamber, maybe...

WANDA

We could have a loads of fun in here, for example. Or are you just not into that?

Suddenly, a HAND clamps down over Wanda's mouth!!!

Morgan turns -- it's a LITTLE GUY. No more than four and a half feet. Mousy looking. Cracked glasses. A lab smock. He's standing up on a stool in order to reach Wanda's mouth...

CONTINUED:

(CONT.)

MAN
Drop your gun or I'll kill her.

MORGAN
Go ahead. She's a pain in the ass.

MAN
(perplexed)
You're not supposed to say that!

With hardly any effort, Wanda pushes him aside. He's unarmed.

WANDA
Who are you? I thought everybody on
this tub died of backbone?

MAN
Who am I??? I'm Cornelius Funky,
inventor of the antidote for
backbone. Who are you -- is more the
point -- and what are you doing on my
ship?

MORGAN
It's a pretty big ship for just one
guy, Cornelius. You alone here?

CORNELIUS
No... of course, not. There are my
bodyguards. My harem, my...

WANDA
Yeah, right. So what's with this
antidote. It didn't work so good?

CORNELIUS
(sheepish)
I only made enough for one dose...

CUT TO:

THE MESS HALL.

Everyone is gathered around the "Captain's Table" for a
celebration feast. There's bottled "designer" water, bird's
eggs and olives. Cornelius is looking very uncomfortable with
the new company. Enola, next to him, takes a swig of water...

ENOLA
(giggling)
It tickles...

Angel lets out a LOUD BELCH. Everyone LAUGHS. Helen comes out
of the pantry with a tray overflowing with cans.

CORNELIUS
Hey... that's my favorite paté.

CONTINUED:

(CONT.)

HELEN

Relax, Cornelius. You have enough in there for six lifetimes.

Helen begins prying open the cans and handing them out. Troy tries to bite an olive, discovers the pit, hurts his teeth trying to chew and finally spits it out.

CORNELIUS

Such table manners, young man! Are you all just a bunch of savages? Look at this girl... she has a tattoo!

ENOLA

(enjoying herself)
You like it?

CORNELIUS

It looks like a lunar eclipse. We happen to be having one tonight. What synchronicity...

Morgan stands up suddenly.

MORGAN

Of course... an eclipse!!

TROY

What's an eclipse?

Morgan moves over towards Enola, his expression intense. He takes the amulets from her. Hands him to Cornelius.

MORGAN

These are lenses, right?

CORNELIUS

So it would appear. An ocular and a diopter...

(inspecting them)

Very high quality, I might add. Undoubtedly for a telescope...

MORGAN

That's it!!

HELEN

What?

MORGAN

The secret!!

(to CORNELIUS)

Do you have something round, a sphere like the globe. A ball, anything...

CORNELIUS

I can do better than that.

CUT TO:

THE SHIP LIBRARY.

Everyone is gathered around Morgan for a demonstration. Long shafts of late-afternoon light streak through the porthole windows. Morgan is holding up a globe, the kind with the mountain ranges raised up in bas-relief.

MORGAN

This is Waterworld. Before the Great Thaw, Water's End was everywhere. Then, the ocean rose and covered it all.

Everyone stares at what it used to be like. Morgan crosses to a round white clock against the cabin wall. He points to it.

MORGAN

Pretend that's the moon.

Now, he holds the globe up in a shaft of light, casting a shadow on the wall. He "moves" the shadow until it begins to "eclipse" the clock face.

MORGAN

During an eclipse, we move directly between the sun and the moon, casting a shadow...

Now, only a "crescent" of sunlit clock remains. Identical in proportion to Enola's tattoo.

MORGAN (Cont'd)

But we're also spinning at the same time.

He begins to spin the globe on its axis, and suddenly, as if by magic, a triangular nick grows out of the shadow portion, cutting into the crescent!!!

It's one of the bas-relief mountains. He has spun the globe so the tallest mountain is on the edge of the sphere -- the "lem" of the earth -- casting a tiny triangular shadow against the clock-face. It's exactly like the tattoo!

MORGAN

That's the nick in the tattoo. A piece of Water's End so tall that it still sticks out from the ocean.

They look at him in stunned realization. An enlightened glow sweeps across their faces. Enola is beaming.

ENOLA

I knew you would help us!

HELEN

(frowning)

How did you figure that out?

Morgan looks at Enola and smiles.

CONTINUED:

MORGAN

I closed my eyes and dreamed.

TROY

All the searchers have been looking down -- onto the waves -- when the secret was to look up into the sky.

HELEN

Why didn't I think of that?

ANGEL

You wanted it too much.

Wanda looks completely confused. She's the only one that doesn't get it.

MORGAN

Enola's parents... or whoever gave her the tattoo, sent her with a clue that you could use from anywhere on the planet. It doesn't matter where you are. You get the coordinates off the moon with a sextant. If the moon is overhead, then we would be here...

(points to the globe)

...ninety degrees away from Water's End. But if the moon is near the horizon, then it would be right behind us...

WANDA

Hold it... time out. Are you telling me this kid drifted from Water's End?

Everyone nods.

WANDA

I like you better already, kid.

Morgan turns to Cornelius.

MORGAN

What do you think of all this, Cornelius?

CORNELIUS

Fascinating. Most impressive. Particular your knowledge of astronomy. How can a savage know all this?

MORGAN

I've been plotting my course against the stars for years. You said there's gonna be an eclipse tonight. How can you know that?

CONTINUED:

CORNELIUS

Simple, my boy...
(picking up a book)
An almanac.

MORGAN

But how do you know what day it is?

Cornelius points to an enormous stack of calenders.

CORNELIUS

The Funky family has been keeping
track of the days for six generations.

Helen grabs the "amulets."

HELEN

So we need to rig these into a scope,
right? Can you do it?

CORNELIUS

Young lady, there is nothing of which
Cornelius Funky is incapable.

CUT TO:

SUNSET.

Morgan is alone on the bridge terrace, deep in thought. Now,
there's the SOUND OF HOOFBEATS... Morgan looks down and can
scarcely believe his eyes...

There, below him on the deck, a white stallion, galloping
carefree on the vast open plane. Back and forth it runs,
shaking it's main, neighing up on its hind legs. Almost surreal
in the late-afternoon light...

VOICE (O.S.)

Hi...

Morgan spins, crashing out of his daydream. It's Enola...

ENOLA

Why do you look so sad? We're going
to Water's End!

MORGAN

Yeah...

She sits down beside him. He hesitates, then turns.

MORGAN

You think you'll recognize your real
parents when you see them again?

ENOLA

I don't know.

MORGAN

I wonder how long it takes to forget.

CUT TO:

THE BRIDGE. NIGHT.

Cornelius has jerry-rigged a telescope out of a piece of metal piping. He puts his eye to it and checks the focusing mechanism. The others watch behind him.

CORNELIUS

Perfect.

ENOLA

Can I see?

He lets her take a look.

POV THROUGH TELESCOPE.

The moon in all it's glory. Shining proud, full flawless. Mighty craters rise majestically round the perimeter of the Sea of Tranquility...

CORNELIUS (O.S.)

The eclipse won't begin for another six hours, so I suggest we all get some rest.

WANDA (O.S.)

What's an hour?

ON CORNELIUS

Dumbfounded. He pulls out a pocket watch, winds it up.

CORNELIUS

Savages...

(pointing)

Hours. There are twenty four in a day.

CUT TO:

A PETTY OFFICER'S CABIN.

Enola and Helen are sharing the ample double-berth. Enola is sound asleep, but Helen's eyes are wide open. She stares up at the ceiling. Glances to look at Enola for a moment. Then, gets up and moves to the door.

CUT TO:

ANOTHER CABIN.

Morgan's awake too. There a light KNOCK.

MORGAN

Yeah?

It's Helen.

HELEN

I couldn't sleep.

Morgan looks at her for a moment.

CONTINUED:

(CONT.)

MORGAN

Come in.

She sits at the foot of the bed.

HELEN

I thought it would be a shame if we
didn't give being friends a chance.

MORGAN

It's better than beating each other up
all the time.

Helen smiles. Morgan smiles back. They're both smiling. This, we've never seen. Morgan sits up. He inches closer to her. She lets him. He lifts his hand. Puts it on her cheek. Feels her skin. She closes her eyes. Leans. They kiss...

...and begin to make love.

DISSOLVE TO:

MOONRISE OVER SEASCAPE.

It's rippling wake comes towards us like a ribbon of white. Complete serenity, then...

...VROOOMMMM!!!

...a blur of passing vessels. One after another. Dozens upon dozens. An endless convoy of pirate boats...

CUT TO:

ENOLA.

Her eyes pop open, as if suddenly roused by a karmic alarm. Helen's not there. She jumps out of bed and runs out...

CUT TO:

THE BRIDGE.

Cornelius is asleep at the navigation table. His head, laying down on the board, surrounded by a half-dozen wind-up alarm clocks. Enola rushes up, looks out the observation window.

HER POV.

The entire pirate armada surrounding the tanker!!! Fanning out in attack formation.

ENOLA

Cornelius!! Quick!!

ON CORNELIUS

Snapping up, disoriented. He starts slapping the alarm clocks around him.

ENOLA

Look!!

CUT TO:

SEVERAL MINUTES LATER.

Cornelius moves towards a closet and swings the door open with a flourish. It's packed with automatics and semis. A veritable arsenal. Everyone is awake behind him, staring at the weapons.

CORNELIUS

I've been waiting so long to use these.

ANGEL

There's no spare ammo. Just a couple of clips.

WANDA

Great...

MORGAN

We'll have to improvise.

HELEN

How much longer until the eclipse?

CORNELIUS

One hour and thirty six minutes.

MORGAN

We can stall them. We just need an escape plan.

ANGEL

What about the airship? You know how it works?

CORNELIUS

Obviously.

MORGAN

O.K. Let's move... just keep them from boarding.

ENOLA

Quick, come here!

Enola's at the viewing window, pointing down to the diagonal boarding ramp, where several pirate vessels are converging.

MORGAN

Can you hoist that thing?

CORNELIUS

Why do you people keep asking me these silly questions? Haven't you understood, there's nothing I can't do.

MORGAN

We'll do it. We need lights too.

CONTINUED:

(CONT.)

Cornelius goes to the control panel. Snaps on the "Master Control," the "Generator," the "Deck Lights"...

Immediately, the entire deck is awash with orange mercury vapor lights. Cornelius hits the "Ramp Winch" but nothing happens. He flips it back and forth...

CORNELIUS

Oh oh...

MORGAN

Is there a manual override?

CORNELIUS

(a worried nod)

Down there...

SMASH CUT TO:

OUTSIDE.

Morgan vaults down the bridge ladder. Several pirate vessels are closing in on the diagonal ramp that runs up the hull...

Morgan races across the deck. He yanks back the hoisting lever but nothing happens. The ramp is stuck. Morgan looks down. A safety hook is preventing the pulley from working. The pirate boats are twenty yards and closing...

Morgan zooms down the ramp. The pirates begin to FIRE. Sparks fly in all directions as bullets ricochet off the steel hull. Morgan lunges for the hook and tries to work it free. It's rusty and stuck...

Now a pirate dives onto the ramp from his "whaler." He tries to tackle Morgan but suddenly the hook comes loose.

Immediately, the gigantic winches turn and begin to suck the ramp upwards...

The pirate loses his footing and Morgan kicks him in the jaw. He plunges into the ocean. Morgan claws his way up the moving ramp. Another vessel sweeps alongside and blasts a column of fire...

The ramp erupts into flame. Morgan scrambles through the fiery tunnel and dives back onto the deck...

CUT TO:

AERIAL ANGLE.

The tanker is completely surrounded by pirate vessels. Some have searchlights which are raking over the vast hull, seeking out points of vulnerability.

Their only advantage is the sheer height of the hull, maybe forty yards from waterline to deck. It's like a floating fortress but they are outnumbered forty to one.

CONTINUED:

(CONT.)

The pirates are laying siege, bombarding the ship with firepower while attempting to erect battlements to board her...

A SPYGLASS POV.

Someone observing Morgan as he huddles with the others to coordinate the defense.

ON LAZLO.

He lowers a spyglass, turns to Helmut beside him at the bridge of the pirate command ship. Their eyes lock.

LAZLO

You sure you've never seen him before?

HELMUT

I swear it. He's just a drifter.
Lost his mind.

LAZLO

Good. Take him alive. I want to skin him raw and dip him in salty brine. I want to pull out his fingernails one by one...

HELMUT

I won't fail you, father.

LAZLO

Don't call me that any more. I've reversed your adoption...

Helmut looks at him curiously.

ON THE DECK.

Wanda defends the starboard side. A rope with a gaff hook is tossed up behind her, snagging the deck rail. She rushes to it, flings it off. The PIRATE falls SCREAMING into the water.

THE PORT SIDE.

Helen is holding her own. Four hooks ropes come up at the same time, but she slices them off with the survival knife.

Morgan is the "rover," rushing around from side to side as needed.

THE BRIDGE TERRACE.

Enola is the "spotter." She has a large megaphone and YELLS down points of attack as she sees them.

ENOLA

To starboard at the bow!! Amidships,
to port, three ropes!!

Cornelius, behind her, is wringing his hands nervously...
tweaking the telescope on occasion.

CONTINUED:

THE STERN.

The hull here is square and flat so this is where the pirates are concentrating their efforts. Hooked ropes fly up in massive volleys. Several pirate vessels are erecting a battlement with masts and ladders. But Angel and Troy are holding it valiantly.

They lob down Molotov cocktails, which explode midair showering the pirates with shrapnel. Then, they race over to the battlement carrying a large cauldron-shaped vat. They lift it up to the rail and pour its contents down...

It's boiling engine oil!!! The pirates writhe in agony under the "napalm" waterfall, collapsing in SCREAMS into the ocean...

ANGEL

Who needs bullets?

THE PORT SIDE.

On the foredeck of an attack ship, Helmut is being strapped into an elaborate harness -- it's a monstrous catapult!

Several pirates struggle to lock the huge launching arm into firing position. Helmut climbs onto the catapult and buckles the straps.

HELMUT

Ready.

A pirate yanks out the retaining pin and the arm rockets forward, launching Helmut up to deck level...

THE DECK.

Helmut slams into the rail with a THUD. He hoists himself over. Helen moves to intercept him, but he BLASTS a cover of automatic fire. Immediately, he clips a series of block and tackle pulleys along the rail.

Below, pirates grab the ropes and hoist up more ATTACKERS...

Morgan runs to sabotage the beachhead. But Helmut SPRAYS the deck with an entire clip. Morgan somersaults behind a vent. He peeks around his cover and stares at Helmut -- pure pirate, lost beyond hope of salvation.

Wanda calls out to Morgan, holding up her gun.

WANDA

No more bullets!

Morgan thinks for a moment. Just then, SOMEONE jumps him from behind!! He spins -- it's Helen.

HELEN

There's just too many boats down there...

Morgan suddenly gets an idea. He calls up to the bridge.

CONTINUED:

(CONT.)

MORGAN
START THE ENGINE!!

AT THE BRIDGE.

Enola moves up to Cornelius.

ENOLA
Can you start the engine?

CORNELIUS
Naturally.

He flips some switches, turns the starter. Nothing...

CORNELIUS
Oops. It's... uh... been sometime,
I...

Enola rushes out onto the terrace.

ENOLA
WE CAN'T DO IT!

BELOW.

Morgan turns to Helen.

MORGAN
I'm going to the engine room. I'll
get it manually...

HELEN
What for?

MORGAN
You know the size of the rotors on
this thing? In full-reverse they'll
suck in their boats and shred them.

HELEN
(impressed)
That's a good little idea there,
drifter.

MORGAN
You retreat to the bridge and hold it.
(glances back at the beachhead)
Cover me!

Helen grabs his arm.

HELEN
No way! You cover me.

Morgan looks in his pouch -- one more twelve gauge shell, two in the shotgun breach. They look at each other. A little silent prayer. Then, they both go...

CONTINUED:

(CONT.)

...bullets from every direction graze their skin, bouncing off the deck in a SYMPHONY OF RICCOS...

Morgan dives behind a tubular vent stack. Helen risks a few more steps and makes it to Wanda's shelter. She catches her breath a moment. Then, both women sprint towards the bridge tower...

Now, waves of pirates are clambering aboard. Morgan looks around quickly...

NOT FAR AWAY

Helmut is busy choreographing the assault. He signals a squad to the far side, another back around the port rail...

ON MORGAN

slowly realizing what is happening. He is completely surrounded!!! All at once, the pirates make their move...

Morgan spins. BLAM!!! He took out three with that shot. Now the other side...

...he ducks as BULLETS spray above him. They're closing in from all sides!!! Yards away...

Morgan looks at the mouth of the large tubular vent. Suddenly, he dives in it head first...

IN THE VENT SHAFT

It's like a gigantic slide, almost vertical. Morgan BANGS and BASHES against the sides of the chute, plunging blindly...

ON DECK

Helmut rushes up to the tubular vent. He turns to his men.

HELMUT

I got him. Take the others.

Helmut climbs into the vent and plunges after him...

BELOW.

Morgan continues to sink down the endless shaft. Now, it twists and corkscrews like bob-sled course. Suddenly, it ends and he is hurled out into...

A HUGE CHAMBER.

Morgan spills onto the metallic floor in a stunned heap. He looks around at the stupendous volume. It's an enormous empty oil tank. Walls soar above like a great vaulted cathedral...

...he hears a BANGING sound and turns to see Helmut launched out of the chute opening. His gun skids across the floor, with a REVERBERANT ECHO...

CONTINUED:

(CONT.)

Morgan moves above him with his shotgun. Helmut looks up at the menacing double-barrel...

MORGAN

Stand up.

Helmut complies, glancing to where his gun has landed, ten feet away. He turns back to Morgan and the shotgun. They look at each other for a moment. Eye to eye. Morgan takes a breath. Then he turns the shotgun around and hands it to Helmut.

MORGAN

If you're not my son, shoot me.

His voice ECHOES eerily in the vast chamber. Helmut stares in disbelief for a moment. He takes the gun. Morgan is calm, accepting. Helmut raises the weapon. Aims it. Morgan has not blinked. Helmut's finger tightens around the trigger...

Now Morgan closes his eyes. Impulsively, Helmut swings the gun out sideways into the void. He pulls the trigger...

CLICK!!!

It was empty. Morgan and Helmut pokerface each other.

MORGAN

You think I'd give a loaded gun to a pirate?

A beat. Was that a joke? Helmut looks at the man across from him. Morgan's face is enigmatic. Is that a grimace or the hint of a smile?

Then, simultaneously, as if by psychic command, both men dive for Helmut's gun...

...it's skids further away. Helmut grapples. Morgan kicks it.

Now, a great THUD comes down from above. Pirates have opened the large overhead door. Morgan glances up...

Pirates begin to rappelle down ropes, like spiders. They FIRE their automatics. The sound ECHOES in the vast cavern, building into an excruciating CACOPHONY of overlapping explosions...

Morgan notices a small door. It's his only hope. He dives for it, wrenching open the lock wheel, SLAMMING it behind...

IN THE PASSAGEWAY.

Morgan has entered some kind of air-lock. Another door. He yanks it open and bolts it from the other side...

It's a long, dark corridor somewhere in the bowels of the ship. Morgan runs blindly... He can hear, behind him, the SOUNDS of pirates struggling with the lock. They BLAST at it with their guns...

CUT TO:

ON THE PORT SIDE.

Lazlo has made his way up and over the rail with a squad of men. Dieter is with him. They start towards the stern.

LAZLO

This way

CUT TO:

THE TERRACE OUTSIDE THE BRIDGE.

Wanda and Helen pull themselves up the final rungs.

Waves of pirates are making their way towards the base of the ladders below them on deck. Wanda notices something behind them...

There's a pair of huge water-cannons for extinguishing fires. One on each side of the bridge terrace. They jump into the swivelling control chairs, open the valves...

A rocket-like geyser of water spews out of the nozzle. Helen swings her hose around to the starboard ladder. The flow pulses out like a jackhammer, wrenching the pirates off the ladders. They fall SCREAMING to the deck...

CUT TO:

THE BOWELS OF THE SHIP.

Morgan comes into a large room with subdued light. He looks around. It's the engine room!!

The mammoth twin turbines sit idle like lifeless whales. Morgan races up the ladder to the mid-level catwalk. He runs to the control panel. An intimidating array of buttons. He punches a few. Nothing. He turns a key. Still nothing...

...but then an AGONIZED GROAN, as the massive gears scrape against their rusted bearings. Suddenly, the engine ROARS to life. The whole room vibrates with the bone-rattling HUM of the gargantuan machine. Morgan slams the throttle into "Full-Reverse."

The impressive screws begin to turn... faster and faster...

UNDERWATER.

...spinning the colossal rotors in a furious rage. They suck in oceans of current...

THE WATERLINE.

Water froths up. Pirate vessels are vacuumed in towards the mammoth blades. Ladders topple. Pirates cascade into the water. Wooden boats splinter like match-sticks...

THE STERN.

Angel and Troy look down with big grins.

CONTINUED:

(CONT.)

ANGEL

Why didn't I think of that?

TROY

You wanted it too much.

CUT BACK TO:

THE ENGINE ROOM. UPPER LEVEL.

Lazlo and his team burst in at the upper catwalk. They spot Morgan climbing the ladder across the void, his back to them, oblivious...

Dieter raises a cross-bow. TWANG!!! A barbed dart shoots across the volume. It's attached to a long wire paying out from a spool...

THUNK!! It hits Morgan in the shoulder blade. He SCREAMS.

Dieter yanks the line back. Morgan is forced to release. He pendulums across the void, suspended by the harpoon wire. The thick barbs are lodged deep in his flesh. He is helpless, like a fish on a hook...

Lazlo looks down at him, dangling below the catwalk with an expression of pathetic agony.

LAZLO

Reel him in.

Dieter and the other three pirates haul the wire in, pulling Morgan up towards the catwalk.

The flesh around the barb is turning deep blue. Morgan grabs onto the wire with his hands to lessen the pressure on his shoulder blade. Lazlo LAUGHS sadistically...

LAZLO

How do you feel now, small fry?

Morgan is losing the will to struggle, like a fish pulled close to the boat.

LAZLO

I remember you now. I killed your wife all those years ago. Too ugly to save. But your son... what a faithful little soldier he's become. He'd give his life for me...

VOICE (O.S.)

Not any more.

It's Helmut!! He has a gun. The pirates turn to him.

LAZLO

Helmut!! You'll die for this.

HELMUT/BLAKE

Helmut's already dead.

CONTINUED:

Blake begins to PUMP OUT rounds of GUNFIRE. Two pirates drop while Dieter dives aside and FIRES back. Lazlo manages to run away down the catwalk. Morgan's wire is released. He plunges downward...

...directly into the machinery!!! The huge spinning gear assembly -- he'll be ground to a pulp....

...but the end of the wire snags on the rail! He stopped inches short. His feet are dangling above the 3000 RPM gears...

...the wire is slipping...

...meanwhile, above, Blake has Dieter pinned behind a reservoir. The last pirate tries to make a run for it. But Blake BLASTS him. He goes flying over the rail, directly towards Morgan...

...Morgan braces himself. They collide. The wire yanks off the rail. They fall. The pirate is chewed up into the gears. Morgan barely clears the machine, spilling onto the floor...

He stands. The barb is still hopeless stuck in his back. The pain is almost unendurable. He gathers up the wire and holds it up against a spinning gear linkage. Sparks fly as he begins to cut through it...

...suddenly, he notices Lazlo charging him with a harpoon. He turns and parries the blow with a length of wire stretched between his hands. Lazlo swings again. Morgan retreats...

CUT TO:

ON DECK.

Angel and Troy have snuck around the shadow of the bridge tower to check out the situation. The pirates are busy hoisting the catapult launcher on deck in order to mount the final assault on the bridge. Beyond the pirates, the pontoon plane sits ready on the runway.

TROY

Even if we hold them, we'll never get to the plane...

ANGEL

Wanna bet? How would you feel about the largest gasoline bomb in history?

Angel ducks into the shadows. Troy follows her curiously. Angel finds what she was looking for -- a deck-level fuel bleeder valve. She opens it and a slow stream of gasoline begins to pour out on the deck.

Angel grabs some signal flares, cracks them open. She begins to pour out the gun powder in a line along the runway. It's a fuse.

CUT TO:

THE BRIDGE.

Enola suddenly points up to the moon.

CONTINUED:

ENOLA
It's happening!!

A shadow is slowly moving across the face. Cornelius looks up, completely flustered. Outside on the terrace, Wanda and Helen are still repelling pirates with the water cannons.

CORNELIUS
What do we do... what do we do?

ENOLA
Calm down, Cornelius. The coordinates, remember?

CORNELIUS
Right, right. You watch the telescope. As soon as the bump appears, you let me know.
(grabs a sextant)
I'll get the moon altitude.

Cornelius fumbles with the sextant. Puts it to his eye.

ENOLA
It's upside-down, Cornelius.

CUT TO:

IN THE ENGINE ROOM.

Blake FIRES a diversion burst. Then, he leap-frogs over the rail and jumps down to the lower catwalk. Dieter FIRES back at Blake's former position, oblivious to his maneuver. Blake now creeps along the lower catwalk, trying to sneak under Dieter...

Below, Lazlo explodes in a furious series of thrusts and blows. Morgan retreats each in turn, but then trips on the ever-present wire and sprawls backwards. Lazlo lunges with the harpoon. Morgan SNAPS his wire like a whip. It coils around the spear and Morgan yanks it out of Lazlo's hand. The harpoon skitters across the floor. Lazlo attacks with bare hands. They roll across the floor towards the stern terrace...

Meanwhile, Blake is directly beneath Dieter. He can see him above through the catwalk grate. Blake takes aim...

CLICK!!

What a time to run out of ammo. Dieter spins and spots him below. He cocks his gun and aims...

DIETER
Loyalty... we all stick together, remember? What happened to you?

BLAKE
It's a big lie, don't you see? He's only loyal to himself?. You think he's gonna take you to Water's End? Look at your hand. You're not a perfect "physical specimen."

CONTINUED:

(CONT.)

DIETER

Shut up...

BLAKE

He'll kill you like anyone else that
doesn't fit in.

DIETER

Shut the fuck up. I don't believe you!

He FIRES, hitting Blake in the shoulder. Blake stumbles to the rail. Dieter takes aim again. It's all over...

BANG!!

But it's Dieter that falls. Troy is behind him with the smoking gun...

Troy and Blake look at each other -- an unspoken bond. Two generations of boys that Lazlo tried to indoctrinate. Troy takes his hand and hides the triangle in his forehead. Blake does likewise. A gesture of solidarity. They smile at each other...

Blake turns to look for Morgan. But they're gone.

THE STERN TERRACE.

It's a tiny deck for ship maintenance, directly below the huge letters: "U.S.S. BRIDGESTON." Lazlo has Morgan pinned in a backbend over the rail. Directly below, the enormous rotor spins incessantly...

Lazlo is forcing Morgan's chin back with his hand. He's looped his other hand through the rail, pulling at Morgan's barbed hook. Morgan is on the verge of fainting from the pain. Sweat washes down his face in gushes. He's weakening. Lazlo grits his teeth with determination...

Suddenly, Morgan hugs Lazlo with his legs and flips backwards over the ledge. They both somersault over...

...falling...

...but Morgan has grabbed the terrace lip with one hand...

...Lazlo is still holding the barbed hook in Morgan's back...

...below them, the lethal blades spin furiously...

...two men suspended one from the other like chain links...

...blood is pouring out of Morgan's shoulder which has swollen up like a small pumpkin. The barb is still firmly lodged...

...Morgan's fingers begin to slip off the balcony. They're wet with perspiration...

...his face is in agony...

CONTINUED:

...he can't take it anymore, looks up to the lunar eclipse for a split second and...

...releases... so Lazlo also releases...

...but, from nowhere, Blake clamps down on Morgan's forearm, hauling him up...

...while Lazlo continues plunging downwards. His cape of feathers filling up like a parachute...

For an instant, Lazlo looks like he is trying to fly...

...then, he hits the water. The moonlit foam becomes sanguine as Lazlo is shredded mercilessly by the rotors. The feathers spin up and slowly settle on a liquid carpet of blood...

...Blake helps his father onto the platform...

BLAKE

We've got to get this hook out of you.

MORGAN

No time. Let's go...

BLAKE

No, wait. Trust me. It's the only way.

Morgan looks at his son. He shuts his eyes in anticipation. Blake grips the barb and twists it out counter-clockwise. Morgan grimaces, clenching his teeth. His knees are weak. Blake holds up the barb and wire. He tosses it overboard.

CUT TO:

THE BRIDGE TERRACE.

A pair of pirates are launched up on the catapult, while Wanda and Helen are ducking a SPRAY OF COVERFIRE. Immediately, the pirates hook up the standard block and tackle pulleys. They're going to take the bridge!!! Helen and Wanda take cover...

CUT TO:

VERTICAL SHAFT.

Angel and Troy are helping Morgan and Blake -- the two wounded warriors -- up a ladder stairwell...

CUT TO:

INSIDE THE BRIDGE.

Enola is looking through the telescope. Her expression suddenly becomes panicky...

ENOLA

It's there!! It's there!!!

POV THROUGH SCOPE.

Sure enough, a tiny bump is emerging from the curved shadow. About thirty degrees north of the "Equator."

CONTINUED:

ON CORNELIUS.

He holds up the sextant. He looks confused...

ENOLA (O.S.)

Quick. It's disappearing...

CORNELIUS

(sheepish)

I can't do it. I don't know how to use a sextant.

Enola grabs it from him, puts it up to her eye, measuring...

At that instant, the door is KICKED open. A squad of pirates burst inside, with Helen and Wanda as prisoner...

PIRATE

Everybody freeze.

A pirate grabs Enola viciously by the hair. The sextant goes flying...

But now Blake emerges from the hatch.

BLAKE

I'll take the prisoners. Lazlo wants you below...

They eye him suspiciously.

BLAKE

On the double!!

The men start filing down the hatch. He points to the women and Cornelius.

BLAKE

Outside!! Onto the terrace...

Helen begins to resist but then notices Morgan signaling to her from outside. He lobs a Molotov cocktail into hatch after the other pirates. Everyone dives outside as...

...the bridge EXPLODES in a massive fireball...

MORGAN

(to HELEN)

My son's alive and kicking!

OUTSIDE.

Everybody has converged on the mezzanine deck. The group races down the central catwalk, descending onto the runway.

Meanwhile, the second wave of pirates are hoisting themselves up onto the deck from boats below. Waves of killers are converging on them...

The group runs and piles into the small pontoon plane, but at the last instant, Cornelius balks...

CONTINUED:

(CONT.)

CORNELIUS

I'm not going! I'm staying with the ship...

MORGAN

Are you crazy? They'll kill you...

GUNFIRE begins to pepper around them. Pirates are swarming the ship, getting closer and closer...

TROY

Who's going to swim the airship?? They'll kill us all...

CORNELIUS

I'm willing take my chances...

Suddenly, Angel pulls out a flare gun and shoots down onto the deck, igniting her fuse. It begins to burn, a straight line right down the runway towards the massive fuel reservoirs...

ANGEL

I just made your chances zero. In a couple heartbeats this whole fucking ship's gonna blow up. Now get your ass into the airship.

CORNELIUS

Oh no!! Oh no... you shouldn't have done that... They never taught me to fly!! I don't know how it works...

Everyone looks at each other in a stunned silence. The flaming fuse races onwards -- about forty seconds to go. Morgan suddenly grabs Cornelius and stuffs him into the pilot's seat.

MORGAN

Learn fast!!

IN THE COCKPIT

Cornelius looks around in utter panic. He flips a few switches. Nothing. Wanda looks like she's gonna be sick...

THE FUSE.

Racing along... thirty seconds.

THE DECK.

Pirates are within forty yards of the plane.

CORNELIUS.

Sweating profusely. Tries a few more switches.

Helen shakes her head in disbelief...

THE FUSE.

Sssssssssssss.....

CONTINUED:

THE COCKPIT.

Suddenly, a HAND reaches in from outside and grabs Cornelius. It's a VICIOUS PIRATE, trying to yank him out. Cornelius struggles, flails his arms...hits something...

...CHUG...CHUG...CHUG... the props begin to turn!! It was the starter! His hands slap something else -- the throttle...

The plane lurches forward. The pirate loses his grip, slips back onto the pontoon...

The airship begins to rattle along the runway...

THE DECK.

...the plane catches up to the burning fuse. They're running neck and neck -- but will the plane clear the runway before the fuse hits those gasoline tanks?

CHUG...CHUG...CHUG...The pirate is dragged along with them.

IN THE COCKPIT.

Cornelius is shaking with fear.

CORNELIUS

I think we're too heavy. We'll never take off!!

LONGSHOT. THE DECK.

The fuse burns across the frame in the foreground. The plane runs parallel with it, behind. It's a dead heat. But there's only about fifty feet of runway left, and the wheels haven't left the ground...

...they're not going to make it!!

...the plane pours over the lip of the deck, falling...

...down towards the sea...

...the pirate dangling onto the pontoon skims the water. He's forced to release. Then, the plane suddenly surges upwards...

IN THE COCKPIT.

Cornelius smiles triumphantly.

CORNELIUS

See? Too heavy... I told you...

Then... **K a b o o m m ! ! !**

The ship explodes in a massive fireball, which mushrooms up and out, singeing the plane. The airship surges upwards into the heavens, leaving the flaming ship below like a tiny patch of glowing lava in a sea of blackness...

CONTINUED:

(CONT.)

Smiles and SIGHS of relief. Morgan has his arm around his son.

MORGAN

What about the coordinates, Cornelius?

CORNELIUS

Ask the girl...

Everyone turns to Enola. She hesitates.

HELEN

(anxious)

You got them didn't you, Enola?

A moment of suspense. Then, Enola turns to Morgan, smiling proud.

ENOLA

Twelve degrees above the horizon...

CORNELIUS

It's right behind us!! We should reach it by sunrise...

But, in the excitement, he's released the stick. The plane goes into a nauseating nosedive. He pulls her back up, sending everyone's stomach through the basement...

DISSOLVE TO:

THE OCEAN. DAY.

The pontoon plane flies towards us erratically. The engine SPITS a few times. Now, the plane begins a wobbling descent. It hits with water with a SPLASHY GEYSER, somewhere between a nosedive crash and a picture-perfect touchdown...

But why are they landing? It's the middle of nowhere...

Wait. Are those birds?

Look, a school of dolphin is surrounding the plane like a welcoming committee. The group piles out LAUGHING, CHEERING. Morgan's shoulder is bandaged...

They are wading in the water!!! A sand shelf...

WE TURN 180 degrees TO REVEAL, the most beautiful, inviting island you can imagine...

WATER'S END!!!

Not just one, but a string of islands. A tropical archipelago...

The troupe re-enters the shot, frolicking in shallow water. They make their way onto the beach, GIGGLING like children.

It's hard to maintain balance on terra firma after a lifetime of sea legs. They fall into the sand and roll around. There's a small shack in the background...

CONTINUED:

(CONT.)

...and now Morgan stands, looking in disbelief. A heard of wild horses gallop past them on the beach...

DISSOLVE TO:

THE SHACK.

Angel and Wanda step inside. Dark and dusty. Some rotting furniture. Then they notice some bones, a skull. Ebony black.

WANDA

Blackbone...

ANGEL

That's why they set her adrift.

CUT TO:

OUTSIDE.

Everyone is LAUGHING, playing in the sand. Cornelius stands up suddenly agitated...

CORNELIUS

Goodness, I've forgotten my calender.
How will I keep track of the days.

BLAKE

Why don't we just call this day number
one...

Blake moves up to Morgan and hugs him.

DISSOLVE TO:

THE APEX OF WATER'S END.

Enola has made it to the peak of the mountain. She can see the other's way below her on the beach...

She notices something planted in the earth. A bit of cloth on a stake. She unfurls it -- a Union Jack, tattered and torn. Below it, is a metal plaque. Enola wipes off the dirt. It reads:

Edmund Hillary
Sherpa Tenzing Norgay
May 29, 1953

Enola studies it curiously. She stands, wipes her hands...

WE PULL BACK HIGHER AND HIGHER into the air like a soaring bird,
Enola standing triumphant on the mountaintop.

ENOLA

(to herself)

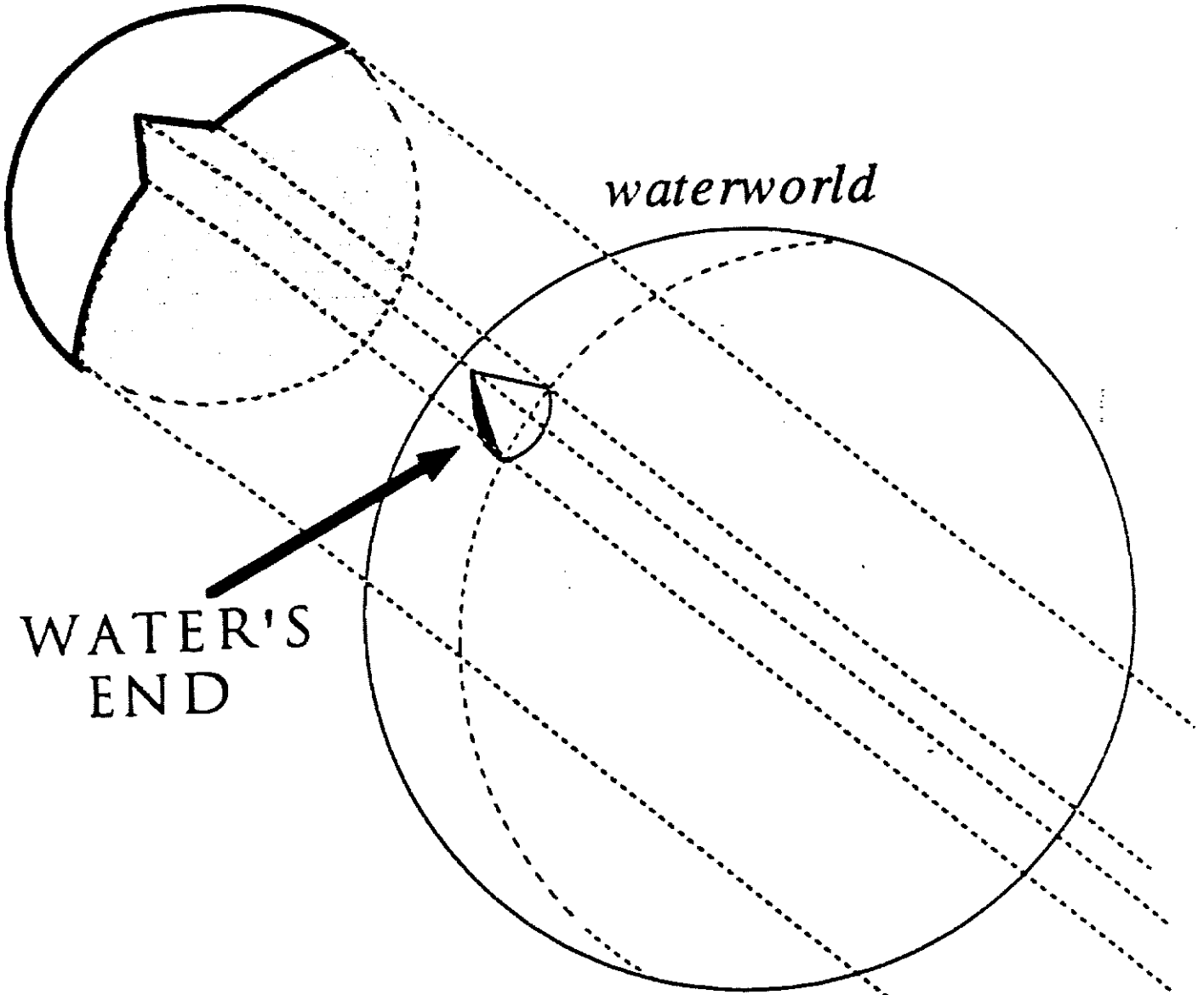
Now I'm really home...

AS WE SPIRAL UPWARDS into the heavens, the string of islands
stretch out below us like an earthly paradise...

FADE TO BLACK.

THE SECRET

the moon



waterworld

WATER'S
END

*149,660,000 kilometers to
the sun*

