

BL DLIST



FRESH BLOOD SELECTS

DAGON

By

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Based on the story by

H.P. Lovecraft

BLACK

Darkness upon the face of the deep.

Somewhere within this void A MAN GASPS. Over his SHUDDERING BREATH -- PEN SCRATCHES ON PAPER.

He manages to speak:

SANDOVAL (V.O.)
I write this under an appreciable
mental strain --

Something else over the sounds of pen scratches -- THE OCEAN.

SANDOVAL (V.O.)
-- since by tonight, I'll be no
more.

The OCEAN'S CRASHING WAVES grow louder.

FADE IN:

EXT. SOUTH PACIFIC - NIGHT

Inky black water roils beneath a cloudy sky.

A large TRAWLER and its small NAVY ESCORT steam across the surface, their ENGINES the only sound above the waves.

TITLE OVER: SOUTH PACIFIC, 1944

EXT. TRAWLER - NIGHT

MADELINE WALLACE (30s) - regal, dressed for a lecture hall even in the middle of the ocean - stands at the bow.

She puffs on a slender cigarette.

CAPTAIN (O.S.)
Put that durrie out, Miss Wallace.

The boat's CAPTAIN (50s) stands behind her. He's bearded, his face weathered by years at sea.

They both speak with New Zealand accents.

MADELINE
Doctor Wallace, please.

She takes a drag.

The Captain fumes. Through gritted teeth:

CAPTAIN

Doctor Wallace, Jap subs can spot
that ember from across the sea.

MADELINE

The Japanese were driven out of
these waters.

CAPTAIN

If the Navy believed that, you
think they'd bother sailing dark?

He motions to their escort ship. It's a small, lightly-armed
corvette sailing with its lights off.

She flicks the cigarette away. Checks the Captain's relief.

MADELINE

The Admiral's official
determination was that --

CAPTAIN

The Admiral's a politician. Real
sailors know Japs still have a few
kamikaze boats out here.

MADELINE

Is that why your crew's been so
jumpy?

CAPTAIN

They're haulin' cargo they can't
identify someplace they never
sailed, and all you can tell them
is "it's classified" - you ask me,
I'd say they're holdin' it together
just fine.

MADELINE

If they'd rather the department
charter a proper vessel next --

The Captain LAUGHS.

CAPTAIN

Come off it, love - we both know
I'm the last captain in Auckland
willin' to risk his boat on another
of your --

He stops at the sound of STEEL CRUSHING from the nearby sea.

Madeline covers her ears.

MADELINE
What on earth is that?

WAVES CRASH - something huge falls into the water.

It's quiet again except for the sound of their engine. She searches the water -- the Navy ship is gone.

MADELINE (CONT'D)
Where's our escort?

The deck jolts beneath them. MADELINE SCREAMS -- she's knocked overboard.

UNDERWATER

Madeline plunges into the waves, flailing in the murky sea. She kicks her legs. Knives her arms until she emerges --

ON THE WATER

She GASPS. Flinches as DEBRIS RAINS DOWN AROUND HER.

Madeline manages to stay afloat. Watches in terror as the trawler sinks below the surface.

A LIFEBOAT drifts upside-down nearby, its white hull bobbing on the waves.

She swims to it - struggles to get it righted.

She pulls herself into the lifeboat. It threatens to capsize until she drops in a wet heap onto a plank bench.

A CREATURE ROARS beneath the surface, its deep cry echoing through the water.

Off Madeline's terrified, wet face we --

CUT TO:

EXT. UNDERWATER CORAL REEF - MORNING

Coral and anemones blossom in a vibrant display of color along the reef. Fish dart within the undulating flora.

LT. JUAN SANDOVAL (20s) dives towards this. He's a slender, dark-featured, Latino wearing flippers and swim trunks. His dog tags glint in the sunlight refracting through the water.

He admires the tranquil beauty through his goggles, brushing his fingers over the coral.

There's movement somewhere nearby: slow, methodical -- the patient gait of a predator.

TWO ISLANDER BOYS prowl the ocean floor.

They each hold a long spear, peering through the water with open eyes, unaffected by the salt.

Sandoval watches the boys stalk through the sea as easily as if they were on land.

A large fish slips from the safety of the coral -- one of the boys lances it before it reaches open water.

The BOYS CHEER, showing off the writhing fish to Sandoval.

He offers a thumbs up, breaking for the surface.

ON THE WATER

Sandoval swims for shore.

BIRD'S EYE VIEW - looking down at the clear water.

The reef grows on A SEA CREATURE'S SKELETON. It's the size of a whale. Arm bones protrude from its torso. Fin bones splay from its spine. Massive jaws stretch open.

Sandoval glides over it, blissfully unaware.

EXT. BEACH - MORNING

Sandoval towels off on the pristine white sand before a palm jungle tree line.

TITLE OVER - RONGERIK ATOLL, MARSHALL ISLANDS, U.S. NAVY BASE

The Boys emerge from the waves. Each carries their spear, and a line full of fish.

They wave to Sandoval.

He holds his goggles out to them - they shake their heads.

SANDOVAL

You fellas could use these.

He offers the goggles again.

They walk past him, laughing.

SANDOVAL (CONT'D)

You'll hurt your eyes keepin' 'em
open underwater like that!

ISLANDER BOY

No need - we are of the ocean!

He watches them disappear into the jungle.

EXT. PIER - MORNING

EIGHT PT BOATS are tied to a long pier. The 80-foot, wooden, motor boats are painted green. Machine guns, torpedoes, and automatic cannons cover their decks.

An American sailor - KRIEGMAN (20s) - snoozes at the pier entrance. His prone body blocks the path. A white cap covers his eyes, a rifle leans against a nearby post.

SOMEONE KICKS HIM -- Kriegman scrambles to his feet. Blindly grabs for his rifle - knocks it onto the pier.

Sandoval, wearing a khaki Naval officer's uniform, grabs Kriegman by his collar.

Kriegman realizes who it is - salutes.

KRIEGMAN

Lieutenant! I was just --

SANDOVAL

You're lucky that wasn't the
Commander - you'd be digging
latrines until Christmas!

KRIEGMAN

You're not gonna tell him?

Sandoval shrugs. He surveys the boats.

SANDOVAL

Go check the boats - see how many
Islanders got on board during your
nap.

KRIEGMAN

What do you think they want with those engine parts anyway? It's not like they need 'em on their canoes.

Sandoval is about to respond - stops as he hears something.

METAL CLANGS within a nearby boat.

Sandoval races towards it - "936" is painted on its hull.

ON PT-936 STERN

Sandoval runs across the deck, past the torpedoes lined end-to-end in roll-off launching racks along the boat's sides.

A massive, 40mm gun rig sits at the boat's stern. The four-person piece of anti-aircraft artillery shimmers in the sun.

FLYNN (30s) emerges from the Engine Room hatch before this, wrench in hand. He's a salty New Englander etched with grime.

FLYNN

Top of the morning, and other such utterances, Lieutenant.

Flynn salutes.

Kriegman arrives, out of breath. He relaxes as he sees Flynn.

KRIEGMAN

Oh, thank God it's just you.

FLYNN

Eat shit, sleeping beauty.

SANDOVAL

Take your post, Kriegman - don't let me catch you asleep again.

KRIEGMAN

Yes, sir.

He salutes. Heads back to the pier.

Flynn wipes his hands on his pants.

SANDOVAL

Didn't think you'd be at it so early.

FLYNN

Yeah, well, someone's been tinkerin' with my engines and I knew I'd have to fix all their mistakes.

Sandoval nods, guilty.

SANDOVAL

I thought an extra set of hands might speed up the process.

Flynn SNORTS. Shakes his head.

FLYNN

Don't worry, I got them all working, no thanks to you.

SANDOVAL

So she's ready?

FLYNN

Ayuh.

(beat)

You know, an officer so eager to get back out on the water won't be too popular with his men.

SANDOVAL

That's not the reason I'm unpopular.

Flynn doesn't argue.

INT. OFFICER'S MESS TENT - MORNING

The dining area is nothing more than a few wood tables and chairs beneath a canopy.

Sandoval takes a tray of slop from the COOK. Sees a few OFFICERS seated at a nearby table. They're all young. Anglo. Uniforms tidy despite the heat.

LT. GRAHAM (30s) - country club elitist - grabs the squadron leader, COMMANDER PATRICK (40s). Patrick is no-nonsense, with a greying crew cut.

GRAHAM

Commander, one of the natives stole an officer's uniform -- oh, wait, it's just Sandoval.

The OFFICERS LAUGH.

Sandoval doesn't respond.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)
What? I was just joking.

The Officers return to their breakfast, closing ranks as they scoot their chairs together.

Sandoval takes a seat by himself at a nearby table.

He glances at the other Officers - ENSIGN BOWERS (20s) stares back. Bowers is square-jawed, straight out of a Navy poster.

He glances away. Pretends Sandoval isn't there.

Kriegman races into the tent. Catches his breath.

KRIEGMAN
Commander. The, uh... the natives
are restless.

The Officers laugh.

BOWERS
What is it this time?

Commander Patrick points to Sandoval.

PATRICK
Lieutenant --

Sandoval is already on his feet.

SANDOVAL
I'm on it, sir.

Sandoval follows Kriegman out.

EXT. BASE - DAY

An American flag flutters on a solitary pole set up beside the camp. Gas barrels, empty ammo tins, and trash festers beside it.

Sandoval and Kriegman march past this. See a burly Islander man - BIUKU KUMANA (40s) - arguing with CRAWFORD (20s) - an American sailor. Biuku wears a ragged shirt and shorts.

CRAWFORD
I told you, I can't help you, and I
don't know what you're talking --

SANDOVAL
At ease, Crawford.

CRAWFORD
He's all yours, Lieutenant.

Crawford happily leaves the scene. Kriegman follows him.

Biuku nods a greeting to Sandoval.

BIUKU
Sandoval. The Americans seem to think you are the only one I can speak with.

SANDOVAL
How can I help you, Biuku?

BIUKU
One of your sailors stole something from our camp.

SANDOVAL
Were they taking back one of our carburetors?

Biuku stutters - busted. He waves his hand.

BIUKU
This is more than just engine parts. We are missing a -- how do you say?
(beat)
You would call it an idol.

SANDOVAL
Why would any of our sailors --

BIUKU
His altar is empty. Someone left this there.

He pulls a small New Testament from his pocket.

Sandoval nods.

SANDOVAL
All right, I'll check our camp. Maybe while I'm doing that you can search your village, find any of our engine parts that might have found their way over there?

Biuku nods.

BIUKU
Thank you, Sandoval.

He offers the New Testament to Sandoval.

SANDOVAL
Go ahead and hold on to that.

Biuku considers the book. Flips through it. Nods.

BIUKU
Yes. Many uses for paper.

He pockets it.

Sandoval is about to clarify - decides against it.

EXT. LAGOON - DAY

Canvas tents with their sides rolled up line the shore. AMERICAN SAILORS linger in the shade, their blue uniforms hanging on clotheslines strung between the palms.

A makeshift signpost protrudes from the sand, handcarved markers read: "WAKE ISLAND, 885 KM; MIDWAY, 2451 KM; PEARL HARBOR, 3853 KM; TOKYO, 3887 KM".

Sandoval leans into a tent where O'MALLEY (20s) - cocky, tanned, surfer boy - lays in a cot reading a pulp magazine.

O'MALLEY
An idol?

SANDOVAL
Any idea what he's talking about?

O'MALLEY
No, sir. I've read enough Doc Savage to know what happens when you go messin' around with that.

Another sailor, JONES (20s), walks past. He carries a shaving kit, a towel over his shoulder.

JONES
My cousin stationed in New Guinea says the Native girls there do anything you want for a pack of Chesterfields.

O'Malley WHISTLES.

JONES (CONT'D)

And here we are stuck with the last
tribe in the Pacific still prayin'
to idols for protection from
American cock.

The SAILORS LAUGH.

SAILOR (O.S.)

Atten-tion! Officer on deck!

O'Malley scrambles out of his cot - stands at attention.

Jones sets his shaving kit down - stands at attention.

Sandoval sees Bowers marching towards them.

BOWERS

As you were.

The Sailors return to their routine.

Bowers snaps a salute. Sandoval returns it.

BOWERS (CONT'D)

Commander Patrick needs all
Officers to HQ!

SANDOVAL

A mission briefing?

Bowers smiles.

INT. HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Radio equipment lines plank tables along the cabin walls. A
tiny metal fan struggles against the heat.

Commander Patrick stands at a nautical map tacked to the
wall. OFFICERS in khaki uniforms sit on benches before him -
Sandoval, Bowers, and the ones from breakfast are all here.

PATRICK

A New Zealand navy corvette went
missing last evening. According to
HQ, its last reported position was
here.

He points to a spot on the map in the middle of the ocean.

GRAHAM

What are the Japs doing all the way
out there?

LT. CAINE (20s) - a burly, former boxer - chomps a cigar.

CAINE

Who cares - at least this is a combat operation!

PATRICK

There's been no sighting of The Shingai in two months - it's believed the Japanese pulled her back to the Philippines.

Sandoval stares at the map as Patrick continues.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

The New Zealand ship was escorting a civilian vessel, which we've also lost contact with. We're to head to their last known location - if either ship went down we should pick up their emergency beacons.

SANDOVAL

That's pretty far from any of the transit routes, Commander.

PATRICK

We're not sure what they were doing all the way out there.

(beat)

All boats will take extra fuel. I'll command one boat - Graham, Caine, and Grabinski - you'll bring your boats as well.

LT. GRABINSKI, a fresh-faced young officer, raises his hand.

GRABINSKI

Sir, we're still down one engine.

SANDOVAL

PT-936 is repaired, Commander.

Patrick hesitates.

PATRICK

Is anyone else --

BOWERS

Commander, with all due respect, I've been here two months now without the privilege of a real mission.

PATRICK

(beat)

Very well - Lieutenant Sandoval,
you'll lead the fourth boat.

(to the other Officers)

Let's show Ensign Bowers how we do
things in the Forty Six.

Bowers winks to Sandoval, who ignores him.

EXT. LAGOON - DAY

The camp teems with activity - Sailors scramble about their
tents, grabbing weapon belts and pulling on combat gear.

INT. SANDOVAL'S CABIN - DAY

The cabin is a slight upgrade from the enlisted sailors'
tents. A few cots and metal footlockers are set within.

Sandoval studies a checklist in a dog-eared manual. Places
supplies from his open footlocker into a canvas sack.

Bowers pulls on a belt. Slides a knife into its scabbard.

BOWERS

Good thing my father went to
Annapolis with the Commander, huh?

Sandoval doesn't respond. He continues loading items off the
list: a compass. A flashlight. A whistle.

BOWERS (CONT'D)

Thought you'd be more excited to
finally get your shot.

Sandoval pockets the manual. Cinches his canvas bag.

SANDOVAL

We have no room for error - I'm
just planning accordingly.

He grabs a sealed envelope from his footlocker. Kisses the
letter. Slides it under his pillow.

SANDOVAL (CONT'D)

Where's your checklist?

Bowers puts an extra ammunition clip in his belt pouch.

BOWERS

My checklist is making sure you
have your checklist.

SANDOVAL

This is your first time out.

He peers into Bowers's footlocker.

SANDOVAL (CONT'D)

Double-check that --

Bowers closes his footlocker -- Sandoval grabs the lid.

SANDOVAL (CONT'D)

Hold on.

Sandoval lifts the lid. Sees a blanket-wrapped bundle inside.
A carved tentacle protrudes from the wrap.

SANDOVAL (CONT'D)

What is that?

BOWERS

Nothing, Lieutenant, just --

Sandoval grabs the bundle. Unwraps it.

It's a carving of a serpent-like figure with scaly arms and
webbed hands. Massive jaws and teeth dominate a head like an
eel. Tentacles from its waist-down hold it upright.

Sandoval glares at Bowers.

SANDOVAL

The Islanders said one of our men
stole their idol.

BOWERS

You're okay with this blasphemy?

SANDOVAL

It's none of my business.

BOWERS

If you ask me, we ought'a smash all
their idols - show 'em their false
gods are nothing but statues.

Sandoval hefts the idol. Its painted eyes stare defiantly up
at him.

He wraps it back in the sheet.

SANDOVAL
We're not conquerors - we're
liberators.

He grabs his bag. Carries the wrapped idol out with him.

Bowers slams his footlocker shut.

EXT. VILLAGE - DAY

Grass huts on raised wooden platforms line either side of a dirt path cutting through a clearing.

Sandoval carries his canvas sack over one shoulder, holds the wrapped idol under his other arm.

ISLANDERS give him a wide berth as he heads down the path.

An OLD WOMAN scurries into a hut as Sandoval approaches.

He hears A WOMAN SCREAM within a nearby hut, its entrance covered by a heavy blanket.

She SCREAMS AGAIN. LOW VOICES CHANT from within.

Sandoval approaches, concerned.

He hears SOMETHING WET SLAP THE WOOD PLANKS inside the cabin. One more CRY from the woman.

Sandoval reaches for the blanket --

-- as a heavy hand grabs his shoulder.

It's Biuku.

BIUKU
It is best not to disturb the
family now.

AN INFANT'S MEWLING CRIES emanate from the hut.

SANDOVAL
We got a medic at base that could --

BIUKU
No need. Thank you.

Biuku leads Sandoval away.

Sandoval realizes ISLANDERS now stand before their huts, watching with unblinking eyes.

BIUKU (CONT'D)
You have found him?

Sandoval offers the wrapped idol. Biuku unwraps it.

As the Islanders see what's inside:

ISLANDERS
(low)
Jemamwoj ilan Dagon.

Sandoval can't make out what they said.

Biuku quickly wraps the idol.

BIUKU
You have my thanks, Sandoval.

SANDOVAL
You find any of those engine parts
I asked for?

BIUKU
We will deliver them this
afternoon.

SANDOVAL
I won't be there. Any of the other
officers can --

BIUKU
They are sending you out?

SANDOVAL
Don't sound so surprised.

BIUKU
You will be back before sundown
though, yeah? Stars very bad for
sailing tonight.

SANDOVAL
God willing.

Biuku nods. Pulls a small medallion from his pocket.

BIUKU
For luck.

Sandoval accepts the medallion. It's embossed with the same
figure as the idol.

SANDOVAL

You should read that Bible my X.O.
left behind. Once the war's over
there's gonna be plenty of
opportunities to integrate into --

Biuku dismisses him with a laugh.

BIUKU

White men come, white men go.
(beat)
We will always be here.

Sandoval scans the Islanders around him - they stare back with unblinking eyes.

He decides not to push the issue. Pockets the medallion.

EXT. PIER - DAY

SAILORS pull the moorings off four PT Boats. The crews man their stations.

The ENGINES FIRE UP, the cacophony of V-12 engines shattering the island's tranquility.

EXT. PT-936 COCKPIT - DAY

The cockpit is atop the enclosed Chart House. O'Malley stands at the wheel beside Sandoval.

Crawford and a gruff veteran, SIMPSON (30s), man the twin 50-caliber machine guns in turrets flanking the cockpit. There's an unmanned heavy machine gun on a post at the bow.

Bowers stands on the other side of O'Malley, reveling in the spectacle. With the boat's four torpedoes, two depth charges, and array of machine guns on deck, it's a formidable sight.

Sandoval pulls a faded saint figurine from his pocket. He affixes it to the wheel well.

Bowers scoffs at the statue.

O'Malley crosses himself.

Sandoval watches three other PT Boats slowly reverse.

SANDOVAL

Take her out, O'Malley.

O'MALLEY

Yes, sir.

O'Malley pulls the throttle into reverse - the boat backs into the lagoon.

EXT. RONGERIK ATOLL, OFFSHORE - DAY

The Islanders shove their boats into the waves, manning the oars to propel them past the surf.

The PT Boats motor past in formation, PT-936 on one end.

EXT. PT-936 COCKPIT - DAY

Sandoval and Bowers watch the Islanders' boats as they pass.

BOWERS

Gotta wonder how they can see us going forty knots and not feel completely insignificant in their primitive craft.

SANDOVAL

They were doing just fine in those before we got here - I reckon they will be long after we leave, too.

BOWERS

You really think we're leaving after all this? This is our ocean now! Ain't that right, O'Malley?

O'MALLEY

Whatever you say, sir.

Bowers glares at the young pilot. Sandoval laughs.

EXT. OPEN SEA - DAY

Later. The sun is already past its apex. The four PT Boats skip across the water, their bows bouncing on the waves.

They've left their base far behind - there's nothing but blue sky and blue water as far as they can see.

EXT. PT-936 COCKPIT - DAY

O'Malley grips the steering wheel. Bowers and Sandoval scan the distance with binoculars.

The RADIO CRACKLES.

PATRICK (FILTER)
Lieutenant Sandoval, watch your
spacing. Don't break formation!

Sandoval activates the radio.

SANDOVAL
Roger that, Commander.

BOWERS
(to O'Malley)
Keep her straight, Seaman.

O'MALLEY
Yes, sir, Ensign Bowers, sir.

Bowers glares at O'Malley - *was that a hint of sarcasm?*

Sandoval motions to the rudder angle indicator above the
wheel. Needles show the rudders' position.

SANDOVAL
Rudders are straight. He usually
tries a little harder to bust my
chops.

BOWERS
What's the Commander's problem with
you?

SANDOVAL
He was good friends with this
boat's previous Lieutenant. Ever
since they promoted me he's made it
clear where I stand with him.

BOWERS
And here I thought it was just
'cause you're a Mexican.

SANDOVAL
I'm an American.

Sandoval scans the horizon with his binoculars.

SANDOVAL'S P.O.V. - through the binoculars: he sees a small
island on the horizon. It's a low peak of jagged rock, void
of vegetation.

Sandoval lowers his binoculars.

Bowers has seen the island as well.

BOWERS
I didn't think there were any
islands out here.

Sandoval exits the cockpit.

INT. CHART HOUSE - DAY

Kriegman and Jones sit in the cramped communications room. Kriegman wears headphones at the radios. Jones marks their position on a map beside the radar.

Sandoval ducks in through the open doorway.

SANDOVAL
Jones, where's the nearest island
southeast of our current position?

Jones studies his map. He flips the page to the map beneath.

JONES
Two hundred kilometers away.

Sandoval points to the island through the Chart Room windows. Jones squints - sees it.

JONES (CONT'D)
That's great, Lieutenant - these
maps better be the only outdated
thing you brought out here.

Bowers pokes his head into the room.

BOWERS
Hey, if it's uncharted, that means
I get to name it, right?

SANDOVAL
I saw it first - you're looking at
La Isla de Sandoval out there!

BOWERS
If you're such an American, give it
an American name.

Sandoval is about to respond --

Kriegman yanks his headphones off.

KRIEGMAN
Lieutenant, I picked up an SOS
signal on the distress frequency!
(MORE)

KRIEGMAN (CONT'D)
Signal strength indicates bearing
twenty-four degrees southeast.

SANDOVAL
Notify the rest of the detachment.
I'll set our course.

KRIEGMAN
Yes, sir!

SANDOVAL
Everyone stay frosty - if we got
the signal, that means the Japanese
could have heard it as well.

Bowers follows Sandoval out.

EXT. SOUTH PACIFIC - DAY

Later. The PT Boats slow down, cruising across the water.

PATRICK (FILTER)
Target area approaching - everyone
look sharp!

EXT. PT-936 BOW - DAY

Sandoval passes the Chart House and cockpit to the bow. He
surveys the sea ahead -- there's something on the surface.

After a moment he can make it out: debris.

SANDOVAL
There's debris off our starboard
bow! Ensign, call it in.

BOWERS
Yes, sir!

At the cockpit, Bowers calls in their find.

Sandoval stands at the bow, bracing himself.

EXT. SOUTH PACIFIC - DAY

Chunks of wood planks float on the undulating surface.

PT-936 slowly motors through this.

ON PT-936 BOW

Sandoval searches the debris. There's nothing recognizable amongst it.

Something bright bobs on the water -- Sandoval sees white containers roll over the waves.

A life preserver bobs on the surface amongst these.

He grabs a boat hook off the rack beside the cockpit.

BOWERS

You see something?

He hooks the life preserver from the water. Letters on it read "H.M.N.Z.S BEDFORD".

He shows it to Bowers.

SANDOVAL

Looks like we're in the right place.

(beat)

Sorry, fellas.

He drops the preserver on deck.

MADLINE (O.S.)

Help!

He can barely hear her over the noise of his boat engine, but he's sure he heard something.

He searches the ocean - sees someone stand above the waves.

ON THE WATER

Madeline stands in the life boat, an emergency transmitter at her feet. She waves her sweater overhead.

MADLINE

Over here!

ON PT-936 BOW

He points to her.

SANDOVAL

We got a survivor - call it in!

IN PT-936 COCKPIT

O'Malley steers towards her.

O'MALLEY
It's a girl!

Crawford and Simpson look over from their gun turrets.

CRAWFORD
Would you look at that.

SIMPSON
Ain't that a sight for sore eyes.

BOWERS
Settle down, boys. I'll make sure
she's nice and comfortable in the
Officer's quarters.

He calls in the report.

BOWERS (CONT'D)
Be advised, we found a survivor.
Picking her up now.

PATRICK (FILTER)
All right, everyone else let's form
a perimeter around nine-three-six.
Keep your eyes out for any other
survivors!

ON PT-936 BOW

Sandoval grabs a long rope from a tool box on deck.

He throws it to Madeline.

ON THE WATER

She catches the rope, wrapping it around her hand. Sandoval
reels her lifeboat towards them.

She studies the small motorboats around her.

MADELINE
They sent mosquito boats!?

ON GRAHAM'S BOAT

Graham stands on the deck, surveying the debris around them.

He watches Sandoval pull Madeline's boat to him.

GRAHAM
 (to himself)
 Prettiest gal this side of Hawaii
 and she ends up on Sandoval's boat.

He sees Patrick's boat and Caine's boat circle them.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)
 Look alive, men, there's gotta be
 more --

He trails off as he sees A SHADOW MOVE BENEATH THE WATER.

It's cyclopean: first guess would be it's a whale - but whales don't move this fast, and Lt. Graham knows it. This is nothing he's ever seen, and it's swimming right for his boat.

He can only stare in stunned silence.

ON PT-936 BOW

Sandoval pulls Madeline on deck. She collapses.

Bowers races over to them, a heavy wool blanket in his arms.

He drapes it around Madeline - she takes it from him.

MADELINE
 (to Bowers)
 Tell your men to drop every depth
 charge and torpedo you've got --

SANDOVAL
 Hey! This is my boat.

She looks him over, not convinced. Shrugs it off.

MADELINE
 As I was saying, get your --

SANDOVAL
 Ma'am, we need to know if anyone
 else made --

She grabs him. He's taken aback by her grip.

MADELINE
 Drop every bit of ordinance you
 have into the water or we're all --

CRASH! - wood splinters somewhere behind them.

They look out at the sound -- a few wooden planks fall into the water where Graham's boat had been. A momentary chasm left in the ocean fills, erupting in a geyser.

Sandoval scans the area - he counts Patrick and Caine's boats, but doesn't see Graham's.

MADELINE (CONT'D)
Bloody hell, it's here!

The other Sailors watch, unnerved at her words but not yet realizing just what she means.

SANDOVAL
(to Madeline)
Get below deck.

MADELINE
Absolutely not!

SANDOVAL
Then hang on to something!

He hands her a life vest. She pulls it on.

SANDOVAL (CONT'D)
(to O'Malley)
Full throttle!

O'Malley doesn't respond, staring at the area where Graham's boat went under.

SANDOVAL (CONT'D)
O'Malley!

O'MALLEY
Aye aye, sir!

O'Malley hits the throttle - the boat lurches forward.

Sandoval scrambles back to the --

PT-936 COCKPIT

Sandoval holds on to the windshield as the boat speeds ahead.

He sees O'Malley hyperventilate.

SANDOVAL
Deep breaths, O'Malley - we're
gonna be fine.

O'Malley nods. Tries to calm down.

Madeline stands behind them, tying her life jacket.

MADELINE

Tell the rest of those boats that
if they don't --

SANDOVAL

Ma'am, if you're not gonna go below
deck I need you to let me --

The RADIO CRACKLES.

PATRICK (FILTER)

Everyone circle back around and
look for any survivors from Lt.
Graham's boat.

ON PATRICK'S BOAT

Commander Patrick stands in his cockpit, glaring out at the sea. He snarls into the receiver --

PATRICK

Watch for periscopes - let's make
those goddamn Nip bastards pay!

PT-936 COCKPIT

Sandoval grabs the radio receiver. Madeline seizes his hand.

MADELINE

Tell him it's not a Jap sub!
Whatever's out there is --

She stops as Caine's boat crosses twenty yards before them - a dorsal fin breaks the surface behind it. The fin is membranous green skin stretched between spiky white bones. It's nearly as big as the boat, closing fast.

The Sailors on Caine's deck look ahead at where Graham's boat disappeared, oblivious of what's behind them.

The dorsal fin submerges.

Madeline watches in terrified wonder.

MADELINE (CONT'D)

Did you see that!?

She smiles for the briefest moment before the terror returns.

Sandoval fumbles for the receiver, dumbstruck at the sight.

SANDOVAL
Lieutenant Caine, there's something
on your six!

Caine's boat speeds across the surface.

CAINE (FILTER)
Say again? I don't see --

Sandoval watches CAINE'S BOAT SPLIT IN HALF. The rupture
along the hull tears the boat apart.

The Sailors on deck realize what's happening. They scramble
from their battle stations. The gas tanks burst; FLAMES
ENVELOP the wooden boat.

As the men abandon ship its munitions ignite -- the PT BOAT
EXPLODES IN A FIREBALL.

Sandoval and O'Malley duck for cover in the cockpit. Madeline
huddles behind the Chart House.

O'MALLEY
What the holy fuck was that!?

SANDOVAL
Get us out of here!

O'MALLEY
Evasive --

SANDOVAL
Negative, go straight!

O'MALLEY
Yes, sir!

MADELINE
Now do you believe me?

Bowers arrives before Sandoval can respond to her.

BOWERS
Where are we going? We got men in
the water we need to --

Sandoval pushes past him.

SANDOVAL
(re: the 40mm cannon)
Get that forty ready! Aim it into
the water.

FOUR SAILORS who were on lookout scramble to the 40mm cannon.

AT THE 40MM CANNON

One Sailor jumps into the gunner's seat, another into the controls beside it. The other two hold racks of shells the size of a man's forearm to drop into the gun chambers.

The Controller spins the hydraulics - the gun barrels lower towards the sea.

Sandoval runs over to them.

SANDOVAL
On my command.

SAILORS
Yes, sir.

The Gunner holds the handles, fingers ready on the triggers.

Sandoval races back to the cockpit.

SANDOVAL
(to a nearby Sailor)
Ready the depth charges - set them
to minimum depth!

TURNER (20s) - farm boy, still getting his sea legs - scrambles to a depth charge loaded on a roll-off rack.

AT THE COCKPIT

Sandoval joins Bowers and O'Malley.

The RADIO SQUAWKS.

PATRICK (FILTER)
Sandoval, goddamnit, take evasive
maneuvers right now!

Sandoval grabs the handset. Sees Patrick's boat nearby. It zig-zags across the water, slowing with each turn.

SANDOVAL
Commander, that's not a submarine
back there!

PATRICK (FILTER)
I'm ordering you to circle back
using evasive measures to --

CRASH! Patrick's boat flips through the air end-over-end, flinging SAILORS from their stations. Their SCREAMS ring out before they and their boat SMASH INTO THE WATER.

The boat SHATTERS INTO PIECES as it hits the waves.

Sandoval watches, speechless, as what's left of Commander Patrick's boat sinks.

He scans the ocean around them but there's nothing - no boats, no land - anywhere to be seen.

O'MALLEY
Lieutenant?

SANDOVAL
(beat)
Hold steady.

O'MALLEY
Yes, sir.

Sandoval and Bowers exit the cockpit.

ON PT-936 STERN

Sandoval and Bowers watch the wreckage site drift further away as their boat rockets across the water.

The other Sailors stand stunned, unable to process everything that's happened.

Sandoval watches the ocean behind them: nothing there but the white foam of their wake. Madeline approaches behind him.

The Creature's dorsal fin breaks the surface, heading from the crash site after them.

Bowers watches, aghast. Madeline covers her mouth.

SANDOVAL
(to Madeline)
What is that thing?

Madeline shakes her head, at a loss for words.

They watch the fin approach, slowly closing on them.

Sandoval crosses to the depth charge rack. Turner holds the release lever, eyeing the approaching fin.

SANDOVAL (CONT'D)
Turner!

TURNER
Ready, sir!

BOWERS

I'll get the other one --

SANDOVAL

Negative, Ensign - we may need another shot.

BOWERS

We may not get another shot!

The Creature's massive shape is visible beneath the waves. A powerful tail propels it through the sea. Its appendages are held to its body.

SANDOVAL

Launch depth charge!

Turner yanks the launch lever - the depth charge drops onto the rack, rolling off the side. The steel barrel SPLASHES into the ocean.

SANDOVAL (CONT'D)

Gunner, ready!

The Sailor in the gunner's seat waits, his fingers tense.

He and the crew stare wide-eyed at the approaching Creature.

It closes - they can see its slimy green scales now beneath the white foam where its fin splits the waves.

BOWERS

Lieutenant --

The DEPTH CHARGE EXPLODES -- water launches from the surface.

The Creature flinches, twisting away from the explosion.

SANDOVAL

Fire!

The Gunner pulls the triggers -- the 40mm cannon ERUPTS IN A DEAFENING FUSILLADE.

The Creature writhes as shells punch into it, chopping the water into foam.

The Loaders feed racks of shells into the cannon.

The Creature turns away, diving beneath the sea.

For a moment its massive, membranous tail fin protrudes from the ocean, flipping water through the air. Rows of jagged spikes protrude from the tail.

The crew watches it plunge beneath the surface, out of sight.

SANDOVAL (CONT'D)
Hold your fire!

The guns cease fire. Smoke belches from the barrels.

Everyone peers out at the water. The spot where the creature dove settles.

Sandoval scans the ocean around them: all clear.

BOWERS CHEERS, startling Sandoval. The OTHER SAILORS CHEER WITH HIM - for a moment thinking only of their escape.

Sandoval doesn't join in. He stares out at the water where the creature had been, knowing he hasn't seen the last of it.

BOWERS
Sir, permission to go back and search for survivors.

The Sailors wait for Sandoval to respond.

He searches their faces, unable to tell whether they want him to respond affirmatively or not.

SANDOVAL
You see that thing's body out there?

Bowers searches the ocean behind them - nothing but choppy blue water shimmering beneath the sun.

Sandoval shakes his head.

SANDOVAL (CONT'D)
It's still out there.

No one responds - it's hard to tell if they're relieved, or if they'd be willing to risk heading back to the crash site.

Flynn clambers from the engine room, drenched in sweat. He yanks his ear plugs out.

FLYNN
Lieutenant! Have you gone mad? The engines can't keep up this speed much longer.

SANDOVAL
If you'd have seen that thing you'd understand why I'm telling you we're not slowing down.

FLYNN
 Thing? What thing?

SANDOVAL
 We'll debrief later. Just keep an
 eye on those engines.

FLYNN
 I appreciate the vote of
 confidence, but I'm not a goddamn
 miracle worker; you don't ease up
 soon we'll be towing this boat from
 the friggin' life raft!

Sandoval crosses to the --

CHART HOUSE

Kriegman scans the radio frequencies. Jones identifies their
 location on his map.

KRIEGMAN
 Repeat, can anyone hear me?

Sandoval enters, Bowers on his heels.

KRIEGMAN (CONT'D)
 This is PT-936, requesting
 assistance.

Only SILENCE in response.

He switches the dial.

SANDOVAL
 You can't raise anyone else?

KRIEGMAN
 We're outta range. Once we get
 closer --

SANDOVAL
 Just keep working on it - let me
 know as soon as you get a response.
 (then)
 Jones, where are we?

Jones shows him on the map - they're even further out than
 they had been.

JONES

Not sure if the compass is broken
topside, sir, but base is the other
way.

SANDOVAL

We have a sea monster on our ass -
I'm not about to take us right back
towards it. Once we're back on
course, get up top and man the
twenty.

Jones nods.

SANDOVAL (CONT'D)

I can't hear you!

JONES

Yes, sir.

Sandoval and Bowers step out.

EXT. PT-936 COCKPIT - DAY

O'Malley keeps the boat steady, eyes focused ahead, his
knuckles white on the steering wheel.

Sandoval and Bowers arrive, scanning the sea around them.

O'MALLEY

Sir, permission to lower throttle?

SANDOVAL

Permission denied. Maintain this
speed.

O'MALLEY

It's just, I heard Flynn say he was
worried about the engines --

SANDOVAL

I heard Flynn just fine.

Bowers smells something. Grimaces.

BOWERS

What's that smell?

O'MALLEY

I, uh, might need to change my
dungarees before I introduce myself
to the doll on board.

SANDOVAL

Jesus, O'Malley, after everything we've been through you're worried about --

BOWERS

Hey, whatever keeps his mind off it.

Sandoval motions to the rudder angle indicator.

SANDOVAL

Every minute, turn the wheel one degree to the right.

Sandoval taps the compass.

SANDOVAL (CONT'D)

Once we're heading northwest you can straighten her out. That should take us around that thing.

(beat)

You can change your trousers then.

O'MALLEY

Can you put in a good word for me while you're at it?

Sandoval scans the boat.

SANDOVAL

Where'd she go?

INT. DAY ROOM - DAY

The day room is a cramped common area below deck. Enlisted bunks - coffin-like dugouts in the walls - line the bow.

Madeline stands at the tiny kitchenette - little more than a hot plate and shelf. She rummages through the cabinets.

Sandoval descends the short ladder beside her.

SANDOVAL

Looking for something?

MADELINE

A kettle. I'd like one proper cup of tea if I'm to die in this blasted ocean.

SANDOVAL

You're not gonna find much in the way of tea on an American boat.

She SLAMS A CABINET SHUT.

MADELINE

Could I trouble you for a glass of water, then?

Sandoval hands her a jug - she rips the cap off and swigs huge gulps of it.

SANDOVAL

Miss --

MADELINE

Doctor Wallace.

SANDOVAL

I'm Lieutenant John Sandoval,
United States Navy.

MADELINE

Lieutenant --

SANDOVAL

Everyone calls me Johnny.

(then)

What's a doctor doing way the hell out in the middle of the ocean?

MADELINE

I'm a marine scientist with the University of Auckland.

SANDOVAL

Then you must know something about that thing out there.

She shakes her head.

MADELINE

The only thing I know about it is that it sunk both of our ships in less time than it takes to sound a bloody alarm.

Sandoval holds her stare. She doesn't flinch.

SANDOVAL

How'd you manage to survive?

MADELINE

I've been wondering that myself.

She chugs more water. Glances away from him.

He relents.

SANDOVAL

Stay down here till we get back to base. I'll make sure none of the men bother you.

He heads for the ladder.

MADELINE

Johnny.

He stops.

MADELINE (CONT'D)

Thank you for getting me out of there.

He nods, heading up the ladder.

EXT. PT-936 - DAY

Sandoval climbs from the day room hatch. He surveys his crew: O'Malley at the wheel.

Crawford and Simpson sweep the 50-calibers across the water.

Bowers and Turner stand near the 40mm gun, talking in low voices with the gun crew.

PT-936 STERN

Sandoval approaches. Bowers forces a smile, stepping away from the Sailors.

BOWERS

Lieutenant. How's the little lady?

SANDOVAL

What's our status?

BOWERS

Still no sign of the creature. O'Malley's almost got us back to a northwest heading.

SANDOVAL
How's everyone holding up?

Sandoval stares at the other Sailors. They all look away.

BOWERS
(beat)
I think they would have preferred
to go back and see if any of our
men survived is all.

SANDOVAL
They have a plan to get past that
thing out there?

Bowers looks to the Sailors. They nod back.

BOWERS
(to Sandoval)
We go fishing.
(loud)
Load the life raft with our spare
fuel drum and all the grenades we
got, then trail it behind us. Once
that thing comes up to bite, shoot
the fuel drum and boom - we bring
its head back and mount it at HQ.

The Sailors nod in agreement.

SANDOVAL
If we waste our reserve fuel, and
the only explosives we can spare,
we're putting ourselves at an even
bigger disadvantage than we're
already in.

Bowers looks to the Sailors - Sandoval can read their
expression: *what did we tell you?*

SANDOVAL (CONT'D)
Once we're back in radio contact
I'll make sure we have a properly-
equipped deployment to return with.

He heads back to the cockpit.

Once his back is turned:

TURNER
(low, to Bowers)
Say what you want about the old
Lieutenant - at least he had guts.

Sandoval pivots towards him.

SANDOVAL

Anyone else here have something to
say on the --

THE ENGINE NOISE DIMINISHES. While two engines rumble, A
CLICK-CLICK-CLICKING is heard from the third.

Sandoval checks the cockpit - sees O'Malley struggle to keep
the wheel straight.

SANDOVAL (CONT'D)

No, goddamnit, not now!

He races to the engine room hatch.

INT. PT-936 ENGINE ROOM - DAY

The cramped interior houses the boat's three V-12 engines.
Pipes run oil, coolant, and gasoline to each engine. While
two rhythmically chug along, one is silent.

Flynn is already on it, a toolbox open beside him.

Sandoval clambers down the ladder. Flynn removes the ear
plugs. They SHOUT ABOVE THE NOISE.

FLYNN

Don't you come down here actin'
like this is my fault, sir - I told
you to go easy on 'em!

SANDOVAL

Just tell me you can fix it!

FLYNN

Ayuh. It's an alternator. Good news
is we got the part here on the
boat.

SANDOVAL

I can't handle any more bad news
today, Flynn!

FLYNN

Too bad - it's gonna take me at
least an hour to replace it.

SANDOVAL

We may not have an hour.

FLYNN

If we drop weight we may make up a little speed.

SANDOVAL

You're just saying that because you're too valuable for me to toss you overboard.

Bowers leans his head through the open hatch.

BOWERS

Lieutenant! It's back.

FLYNN

What's back?

SANDOVAL

Just get that alternator fixed on the double!

Sandoval races up the ladder.

EXT. PT-936 STERN - DAY

All the crew members watch the ocean behind the boat.

Bowers views the area through his binoculars.

Sandoval clambers from the engine room hatch. Bowers hands him his binoculars. He points out at the ocean.

BOWERS

It musta'a been tailin' us this whole time!

Sandoval looks through the binoculars.

SANDOVAL'S P.O.V. - the Creature's dorsal fin cuts through the water, rocking side-to-side as it gains on them.

He lowers the binoculars.

SANDOVAL

Everyone look alive!
(to Turner)
Set the depth charge to minimum depth.

Turner sets the dial on the depth charge.

BOWERS

Damn things are exploding too far behind us to really hurt it.

SANDOVAL

If they blew up any closer they'd take us down with it.

Madeline emerges from the day room hatch.

MADELINE

It's back?

BOWERS

Ma'am, we need you below deck --

MADELINE

I'll die up here with the rest of you, thank you very much.

SANDOVAL

She's fine.

He studies the dorsal fin trailing them.

SANDOVAL (CONT'D)

It was right on our ass at forty knots - now we're down one engine and it's just keeping pace.

BOWERS

We need a plan, Lieutenant!

Sandoval watches the Creature trail them.

SANDOVAL

(beat)

Ready the forty millimeter gun! On my command.

The Creature holds distance behind them.

SANDOVAL (CONT'D)

Deploy depth charge!

Turner yanks the deployment lever. The depth charge rolls over the side, SPLASHING into the ocean.

The Creature dives.

Sandoval watches its primordial tail fin flap once in the air before it slides below the surface.

He races for the cockpit. Madeline follows.

PT-936 COCKPIT

Sandoval and Madeline climb into the cockpit. He braces himself against the walls.

O'Malley sees Madeline.

O'MALLEY
Aw, geez, Lieutenant --

SANDOVAL
Forty-five degree turn to port on my command!

O'MALLEY
Aye-aye, sir!

SANDOVAL
(to Madeline)
Hold on to something.

O'Malley offers her his arm.

She grimaces, wrinkling her nose. She grips the windshield.

MADELINE
Good god, what's that smell?

O'Malley plays cool, putting both hands back on the wheel.

Sandoval raises his left arm. He confirms his men see him.

PT-936 STERN

The Sailors on deck brace themselves.

Bowers grabs the levers on the heavy machine gun - a 30mm gun - on its post behind the cockpit.

PT-936 COCKPIT

Sandoval searches the ocean behind him - there's no Creature.

PT-936 STERN

The Sailors anxiously wait for the Creature to surface.

Turner leans over the side to search for any sign of it beneath the water: nothing.

TURNER
(to Bowers)
What the hell's he waiting for?

Bowers doesn't respond. He looks to Sandoval.

PT-936 COCKPIT

The DEPTH CHARGE EXPLODES BENEATH THE WAVES. A geyser of water sprays from beneath the ocean.

SANDOVAL
Now!

He drops his left arm.

O'Malley spins the wheel to the left. The boat sharply turns - the deck tilts.

EXT. OCEAN - DAY

The PT boat makes a perfect 45-degree turn --

-- just as the Creature surfaces. Had they not turned it would have gone right through the boat.

It rockets from the sea, revealing its full form as it flounders in midair for a single terrifying moment.

It has a fish-like head with a wide jaw and rows of razor-sharp teeth. Small, opaque eyes stare unblinking on either side of its head. A mane of tentacles ring its neck. It has two arms with sinewy hands and taloned, webbed fingers.

EXT. PT-936 COCKPIT - DAY

Sandoval stares, stunned. Madeline is awestruck.

O'MALLEY
Jesus, Mary, and Joseph!

SANDOVAL
Everyone hold on!

The Creature SPLASHES BACK INTO THE SEA -- water sprays onto PT-936.

Waves blasts across the water from the splash zone, rocking the boat as it speeds away.

Sandoval turns to the 40mm gun crew.

SANDOVAL (CONT'D)
Watch our starboard!

PT-936 STERN

The Sailor at the hydraulics spins its wheel -- the cannon rotates right.

The Gunner sights into the water.

Turner mans the other machine gun - a 20mm gun - beside Bowers, aiming off the right side.

Bowers holds on to the 30mm gun, searching for the Creature's fin -- there's no sign of it.

SANDOVAL (O.S.)
Forty-five degree turn to starboard
on my command!

Bowers nods.

BOWERS
Forty-five degree turn - get ready!

He braces himself.

PT-936 COCKPIT

Sandoval raises his right hand. He scans the ocean ahead of them -- sees the Creature's form rushing to the surface.

Sandoval drops his right hand.

SANDOVAL
Now!

O'Malley spins the wheel right - the boat tilts heavily --

-- just missing the Creature as it SURFACES IN FRONT OF THEM, its waiting mouth open. Water gushes from between its rows of teeth, the tentacles around its head flailing for anything within reach.

Its powerful jaws SNAP SHUT, empty, as they miss the boat.

The Creature slips back beneath the waves.

PT-936 ENGINE ROOM

Flynn tumbles into the wall as the boat pitches. His TOOLS CLATTER across the floor.

FLYNN
Fucking hell, give me a break down here, would ya?

PT-936 STERN

Bowers sees the Creature submerge.

BOWERS
(to the 40mm gun crew)
Other way! Off our port side, ten o'clock!

The hydraulics spin - the gun repositions.

PT-936 COCKPIT

Sandoval checks the water behind them - the Creature lurks somewhere beneath the surface.

SANDOVAL
Everyone hold on - we're going port side!

PT-936 STERN

Bowers holds onto the 30mm gun.

BOWERS
Just hold her steady, goddamnit!
Give us a fucking shot at it!

SANDOVAL
Can it, Ensign! I said --

The Creature surfaces behind them, its gaping mouth right off their stern.

The 40MM GUN UNLEASHES A BURST OF GUNFIRE --

-- as the Creature swipes its arm across the deck, its taloned, webbed hand open.

CRASH! - with a HORRENDOUS GROAN OF SNAPPING STEEL it rips the entire 40mm gun and its crew from the boat.

The Sailors' broken bodies fly through the air with the shattered gun. They fall, limp, into the water.

PT-936 COCKPIT

Sandoval yells to Simpson and Crawford in their gun tubs.

SANDOVAL
Shoot its arms!
(to O'Malley)
Give me the helm!

Sandoval takes the wheel.

SANDOVAL (CONT'D)
Get the grenades out of the armory!

O'Malley doesn't move, catatonic.

Madeline grabs his shoulder.

MADELINE
O'Malley!

O'Malley realizes she watches him. He finds his strength.

O'MALLEY
(to Sandoval)
Yes, sir!

He clambers from the cockpit.

SANDOVAL
Evasive maneuvers - everyone hold
on!

Madeline braces herself.

Sandoval kisses two fingers - gently places them on the St. Anthony statuette. He WHISPERS A PRAYER TO HIMSELF.

PT-936 STERN

Turner retreats from his gun - O'Malley catches him, shoving him back to his post.

O'MALLEY
Look alive! Watch for its hands!

TURNER
Where are you going?

O'Malley doesn't respond, racing down the day room hatch.

Bowers watches Sandoval at the helm. Bowers holds the 30mm gun's grips - eyes all steely resolve.

IN GUN TUB #1

Simpson's hands tremble on the .50 caliber machine gun triggers. His breath comes fast, his eyes wide.

He sees the Creature's hand raise above the water, ready to swipe again.

In a split-second he lines up his gun's spider sight on the hand -- OPENS FIRE.

The bullets hit their mark, tearing into the webbed hand.

The Creature yanks its arm back beneath the surface.

PT-936 STERN

The Sailors watch, emboldened by the momentary victory.

The Creature's other hand rises over their starboard bow - Crawford OPENS FIRE from the gun tub, barely missing as the hand prepares to swing forward --

-- BOWERS OPENS FIRE with the 30mm. The shells punch through the Creature's forearm. Green blood gushes from the wounds.

It yanks it back beneath the water.

INT. PT-936 OFFICER'S QUARTERS - DAY

O'Malley races through the boat's quarters, past the small Officer bunks and operations desk to a narrow metal locker.

He tries to pry the door open, fumbling with the lock.

EXT. PT-936 STERN - DAY

Bowers and Turner keep their guns aimed out to either side, waiting for the Creature to show itself.

Its dorsal fin breaks the surface off their right side, gliding beside them as the Creature swims around the boat.

Bowers takes aim - OPENS FIRE.

Crawford's .50 caliber guns join in.

PT-936 COCKPIT

Sandoval and Madeline see the Creature off the right side.

He prepares to spin the wheel away.

MADELINE

Wait!

Something in the urgency of her voice makes him listen.

Good thing, too - he watches the Creature submerge, swimming beneath the boat to cut them off had they sailed that way.

Sandoval spins the wheel the other way. The deck shifts beneath them as the boat turns.

PT-936 STERN

Bowers stumbles as the boat suddenly changes direction. He stops firing just as his gun barrel sweeps across the cockpit and Chart Room.

He glimpses the Creature on the left side - he OPENS FIRE.

INT. PT-936 OFFICER'S QUARTERS - DAY

O'Malley slams his fists against the metal locker doors. He takes a breath - finally manages to unlock it. He yanks the doors open.

He disregards the rifles and machine guns stowed within.

He instead grabs the crate beneath the ammunition tubs labeled "EXPLOSIVES".

PT-936 COCKPIT

Sandoval sees the Creature cut back to their right -- he spins the wheel left.

PT-936 STERN

Bowers slips as the deck shifts. He grabs the gun's grips, pulling himself upright - unwittingly squeezing the trigger --

-- the 30MM GUN OPENS UP, its shells punching straight into the Chart House.

INT. PT-936 CHART HOUSE - DAY

Shells slam through the cramped room. KRIEGMAN AND JONES SCREAM - they're splattered across the walls.

The RADIOS SPARK AND SIZZLE as shells demolish them.

EXT. PT-936 COCKPIT - DAY

A stray shell punches through the cockpit right between Sandoval and Madeline, sending wood splinters everywhere.

The ST. ANTHONY'S FIGURE VAPORIZES INTO SHARDS.

Madeline drops for cover, her hands over her head.

Sandoval ducks the other way, yanking the steering wheel.

SANDOVAL
Cease fire goddamnit!

EXT. PT-936 STERN - DAY

By the time Bowers realizes what he's done it's too late - he releases the triggers just as the gun sweeps over Turner.

Turner dives for cover, releasing his gun post -- the deck suddenly shifts again.

He flails for his gun's grips - it spins out of his reach.

He loses his footing. SCREAMS as he falls into the sea.

Sandoval watches helplessly.

SANDOVAL
Turner!

PT-936 COCKPIT

Sandoval stares at the sea behind him -- he sees a pool of red in the water where Turner fell.

Bowers watches, unmoving, at the gun.

SANDOVAL

Bowers, you son of a bitch, watch
your fire!

Sandoval grabs the wheel, getting the boat under control.

He sees Madeline gape at the St. Anthony statue's smoldering
feet on the wheel well.

IN GUN TUB #1

Simpson steadies himself. He twists the gun rack, sweeping
the .50 caliber guns towards the rear. He stares through the
sights, trying to find the Creature.

PT-936 COCKPIT

Sandoval sees the Creature's massive hand punch through the
surface ahead on the right side.

He spins the wheel left.

SANDOVAL

Starboard - two o'clock!

IN GUN TUB #1

Simpson twists the gun rack towards the front. Too late --

SIMPSON

Shiiiiiiit!

-- he ducks into the tub as the Creature's hand SLAMS DOWN ON
THE GUN TUB, shattering the guns.

PT-936 COCKPIT

Madeline pulls Sandoval down -- the Creature's taloned
fingers SHATTER THE WINDSHIELD.

It plucks Simpson from the gun tub. He SCREAMS as its claws
sink into him.

IN GUN TUB #2

Crawford spins the gun rack towards the Creature.

He watches it toss Simpson aside, flipping him through the
air like a bloodied rag doll.

Simpson's body SPLASHES INTO THE OCEAN.

CRAWFORD

Simpson!

Crawford OPENS FIRE -- peppering the Creature's arm with bullets as it sinks back beneath the water.

PT-936 COCKPIT

Sandoval watches as the Creature's other hand rises off their left side - behind Crawford - talons out and ready to swipe.

SANDOVAL

Port side, nine o'clock!

Sandoval rams the boat against its arm.

The Creature's webbed fingers claw through the air -- slicing Crawford with their razor tips.

He SCREAMS, holding the gash on his shoulders. He ducks into the tub.

PT-936 STERN

Bowers clutches the 30mm gun, staring numb at the chaos around him.

SANDOVAL (O.S.)

Bowers! Look alive!

O'Malley emerges from the Day Room hatch. He slides the crate of explosives out before him.

O'MALLEY

Lieutenant!

He yanks the lid off the wooden crate - eight grenades rest on sawdust within.

THE DECK JOLTS BENEATH THEM -- the boat rises, airborne after being hit from below.

PT-936 COCKPIT

Madeline holds onto the short cockpit walls. Sandoval yanks the wheel side-to-side - the boat doesn't turn.

SANDOVAL

Everyone hold on!

The boat SPLASHES BACK INTO THE WATER.

PT-936 STERN

O'Malley stumbles - he reaches for Bowers.

Bowers watches O'Malley tumble - he snaps out of his catatonic state.

O'MALLEY

Help!

Bowers reacts a moment too slow -- by the time he reaches for O'Malley, the young sailor is already beyond his grasp.

O'Malley falls into the water -- the crate of grenades snags on a stow box on deck.

PT-936 COCKPIT

Sandoval and Madeline watch O'Malley fall overboard.

MADELINE

O'Malley!

SANDOVAL

(to Madeline)

Take the helm!

MADELINE

I've never driven a --

SANDOVAL

(re: the steering wheel)

Just turn us away from that thing
when you see it!

He pulls her to the wheel - places her hands on it.

SANDOVAL (CONT'D)

Whatever you do, don't slow down!

He scrambles down to the deck.

MADELINE

Okay, then.

She catches her breath, steadying the boat.

PT-936 STERN

Sandoval rushes to the unmanned 20mm gun, holding onto its post. Bowers keeps hold of the 30mm gun beside him.

They watch O'Malley rise to the surface.

BOWERS

I'm sorry, sir, I just --

Sandoval grabs him by the collar - yanks him face-to-face.

SANDOVAL

Get it together right now, Ensign!

Bowers nods, stammering.

Sandoval doesn't wait for a response -- he races for the grenade box.

EXT. OCEAN - DAY

O'Malley swims after the boat in a panic -- it speeds away.

O'MALLEY

Wait, don't leave me!

He's yanked beneath the waves. His life jacket's buoyancy pops him back to the surface.

He opens his mouth to scream, stops as he sees blood seep into the water all around him.

His head lolls - he falls forward into the water, revealing the ragged, severed, flesh where his legs should be.

EXT. PT-936 COCKPIT - DAY

Madeline holds the steering wheel, glancing around her.

She sees the Creature's dorsal fin break through the sea to their right.

She spins the wheel to the left.

PT-936 STERN

Sandoval grabs a grenade, his hand on the pin.

The grenade pops from his hand, bouncing on the wood deck. He catches it on its second bounce, holding it in both hands.

The Creature's hand rises from the water beside them, its fingers spread - ready to come smashing down on the deck.

SANDOVAL

Bowers!

Bowers spins the 30mm gun around - he OPENS FIRE. In his trembling hands the shells miss their mark.

Sandoval holds his arms before his face --

-- the 20mm GUN OPENS FIRE. Its shells tear into the Creature's arm, drawing more green blood.

The Creature yanks its arms back into the water.

Sandoval sees Flynn at the 20mm gun.

FLYNN

You're welcome.

Sandoval yanks the grenade pin - he tosses it over the bow.

He grabs the explosives, yanking the pins one after another and tossing them over the bow.

A moment later the SIX GRENADES EXPLODE UNDER WATER, blowing up right behind the boat like a series of firecrackers.

THE CREATURE ROARS.

Its dorsal fin breaks the surface, swimming away. It sinks beneath the waves as it escapes.

The survivors cautiously relax at their stations. Sandoval checks the grenade box - there are only two left.

He surveys the 40mm gun mount wreckage at the stern.

Sees the smashed gun tub beside the cockpit.

Crawford leans against his guns in the other tub. Holds his bleeding shoulder.

Sandoval sees the shattered Chart House.

SANDOVAL

Shit.

He races into the --

CHART HOUSE

Kriegman and Jones lie dead on the floor, the bullet-riddled room covered in their blood. Sandoval stares in shock at their bodies.

Smoke rises from the destroyed radios. He grabs the receiver - the frayed chord falls off.

He drops it. Staggeres out.

PT-936 STERN

Sandoval braces himself in the Chart House doorway. He glares at Bowers - the shaken Ensign avoids eye contact.

Flynn stares, incredulous, at the surviving crew.

FLYNN

Hey everyone, there is a big friggin' sea monster out there! Anyone wanna talk about that?

SANDOVAL

If you're up here that must mean the alternator's fixed?

FLYNN

Not yet - my whole engine room's tits over teacups with that broad steerin' us every which way but straight.

MADELINE

You mind your tongue, grease monkey!

FLYNN

Fat chance, lady!

SANDOVAL

That's enough!

(to Flynn)

We don't have enough ammo left to fight that thing if it comes back. If we don't get that engine fixed --

FLYNN

Yeah, yeah. I'm makin' a habit of savin' your ass, Lieutenant - better remember that when they bring the tab.

He heads back to the engine room.

SANDOVAL
Crawford - you okay?

CRAWFORD
I can squeeze a trigger, if that's
what you're askin'.

SANDOVAL
I'll get the first aid kit.
(then)
Bowers.

Bowers manages to look him in the eye.

SANDOVAL (CONT'D)
Cover up those bodies.

Bowers nods.

Sandoval watches him stumble over to the Day Room hatch.

EXT. OCEAN - DAY

The sun hangs a bit lower in the sky, its light more orange
as it edges closer towards dusk.

PT-936 motors across the water, an insignificant speck within
the blue waves stretching around them.

EXT. PT-936 COCKPIT - DAY

Madeline holds onto the steering wheel, keeping them on path.

Sandoval finishes applying a heavy bandage to Crawford's
torso. Blood soaks through the gauze.

SANDOVAL
You feel good staying in the gun
tub?

Crawford chugs water from a canteen. He shrugs.

CRAWFORD
As far as coffins go, this one
suits me just fine.

Sandoval pats Crawford's good shoulder. Crawford gazes out at
the passing ocean.

Sandoval packs up the first aid kit. He watches Madeline steer the boat.

SANDOVAL
Need me to take over?

MADELINE
Worry about your men - I can handle this.

Sandoval carefully pries what's left of the St. Anthony statue off the wheel well.

MADELINE (CONT'D)
What do you think about *Carcharodon Wallaceus*?

SANDOVAL
I think I'm down half a crew and I couldn't care less what you name that thing.

MADELINE
I don't mean to seem callous. It's an undiscovered species, though --

SANDOVAL
Hate to burst your bubble, Doctor, but someone already knew about it.

He fishes the necklace Biuku gave him from his pocket.

Madeline grabs the medallion. Studies it.

MADELINE
Where did you get this?

SANDOVAL
Rongerik Atoll. An Islander there told me it was for good luck.

MADELINE
Our first time out this way, a native on Tuvalu was wearing one of these. When they heard where we were sailing, they tried to convince us to leave. Our crew caught them trying to sabotage the engines.

SANDOVAL
The Islanders back at base have been messing with our engines, too.

She shoves the medallion back to him.

MADELINE

They were trying to protect it from us.

SANDOVAL

Maybe they were on to something.

He pockets the medallion. Tosses the remains of the St. Anthony statue into the ocean.

Madeline spots something on the horizon.

MADELINE

I didn't think there were any islands out this way.

Sandoval sees she's spotted the uncharted rock island in the ocean before them.

SANDOVAL

It's not on any of our maps. Must have just formed within the last month or --

MADELINE

A new volcanic eruption would create a cone. Peaks, valleys, beaches - these would be created over the course of centuries, if not millennia.

He studies the island -- knows it shouldn't be there.

In the gun tub beside the cockpit, Crawford scans the boat.

CRAWFORD

Lieutenant, is Ensign Bowers still below deck?

Sandoval sees the unmanned 30mm gun. There's no sign of him in the water.

SANDOVAL

(to Madeline)

Keep us on this course.

INT. PT-936, OFFICER'S QUARTERS - DAY

Sandoval sees Bowers at the small operations desk beside the Officers' bunks, his head in his trembling hands.

Sandoval is about to lash out -- he bites his tongue. He instead grabs a canteen and two tin cups from his bunk.

Bowers doesn't look up.

Sandoval pours liquid into each cup. Hands Bowers one.

Bowers smells the liquid. Grimaces.

SANDOVAL

Torpedo fuel. You can't call yourself a true P.T. Officer until you've had a glass.

(raises his cup)

Salud.

He chugs the drink. Bowers nods, numb. He sips, gagging.

Sandoval sits on the bunk across from him.

SANDOVAL (CONT'D)

I ever tell you what happened with the boat's previous Lieutenant?

Bowers barely shakes his head. Sandoval splashes a little more torpedo fuel in his cup.

SANDOVAL (CONT'D)

Our last time out, looking for "The Shingai", we heard a plane, but we couldn't see him - not until he was already right on top of us. See, pilots - they try to line up their planes so when they dive their backs are to the sun - makes it harder for boat gunners to spot 'em. We were already at combat stations, being on patrol and all - our Lieutenant ordered us to open fire. When the pilot came out of his dive, he showed us his plane's belly. By the time we saw there were stars - not suns - painted on the wings, we'd already hit him. Shot him right out of the sky. Some rookie flyboy wanted to show off and buzz a PT boat.

(beat)

It wasn't anyone's fault - he should'a known better, and we could'a confirmed he was the enemy before opening fire.

(MORE)

SANDOVAL (CONT'D)

But as anyone who's been out to sea knows, things don't always happen the way they're supposed to.

(beat)

You understand?

Bowers nods. He finishes his drink.

SANDOVAL (CONT'D)

I need you topside.

BOWERS

How'd the Lieutenant face everyone afterwards?

SANDOVAL

He performed his duties. Eventually they reassigned him. That's how this works out here - you carry on, or you die. There's a war going on that doesn't give a flying fuck whether you're strong enough to handle it or not.

AN ALARM SOUNDS. Sandoval scrambles back to the hatch, Bowers on his heels.

EXT. PT-936 COCKPIT - DAY

Sandoval and Bowers climb into the cockpit. Sandoval TURNS OFF THE ALARM.

He searches the water behind them - there's nothing there.

SANDOVAL

Where's it at?

Madeline and Crawford both point ahead of them.

MADELINE

There's another boat!

Sandoval grabs his binoculars.

SANDOVAL'S P.O.V. - through the binoculars. It's a warship of dull steel, sailing right for them. The dual cannon turrets facing them indicate it's a Destroyer.

BOWERS (O.S.)

Is that one of ours?

SANDOVAL'S P.O.V. - he lifts the binoculars - sees the flags atop the ship's observation towers. The Imperial Japanese Navy's rising sun waves atop the signaling banners.

Sandoval lowers the binoculars.

SANDOVAL
It's "The Shingai".

Madeline doesn't understand - she knows it's bad though when Crawford punches his turret.

INT. PT-936 ENGINE ROOM - DAY

Flynn has the blown motor disassembled. He works in the dim light provided by the open hatch and electric lights.

Sandoval slides down the ladder. Flynn removes his ear plugs. They SHOUT OVER THE ENGINES.

SANDOVAL
How are we doing, Flynn?

FLYNN
Any time you come down to see me, Lieutenant, it's for bad news! Just spill it an' be done with it.

SANDOVAL
The Shingai's spotted us.

FLYNN
Ah, you've gotta be fucking kidding me!

SANDOVAL
It's maybe two clicks away. At our speed it'll be in firing distance within five minutes.

Flynn stares, overwhelmed, at the engine pieces around him.

FLYNN
Goddamnit, sir, it's gonna take me at least thirty minutes just to --

SANDOVAL
I'll buy you as much time as I can.

FLYNN
Just keep that lady off the wheel - I'll see how much magic I got left.

EXT. PT-936 COCKPIT - DAY

Sandoval climbs into the cockpit. He scans the ocean around the boat - it's water, water, everywhere. The Creature's nowhere to be seen.

As he finishes his scan, he spots the Shingai, looming larger as it steams towards them.

Madeline eyes the incoming warship.

MADELINE

What's the plan?

BOWERS

Sir, we have four torpedoes ready to fire.

SANDOVAL

At this range they can outmaneuver them.

He grabs a pair of orange signal flags from beneath the dashboard.

BOWERS

Sir?

SANDOVAL

Hang on.

He stands on the smashed windshield, balancing himself. He carefully holds the flags out, signaling to the Shingai.

He holds his left arm up. Holds the pose a moment.

MADELINE

(to Bowers)

What's he doing?

Sandoval drops his left arm. Raises his right arm. Holds it a moment.

Bowers watches the flag signals.

BOWERS

Lieutenant - you're not surrendering?!

CRAWFORD

He's signaling a cease-fire.

Sandoval holds both arms up in a "V" shape. Crosses his forearms - holds it a moment.

BOWERS

You want a cease-fire with those
stinking yellow --

SANDOVAL

There's a bigger threat to both of
us somewhere in the water - if we
work with them, we might have a
fighting chance --

The Shingai OPENS FIRE.

The shells lands in the water well short of them, but the
message is clear.

MADELINE

I take it we should expect no
quarter?

BOWERS

(to Sandoval)

I don't know what you were
thinking, trying to negotiate.

MADELINE

I assume we can't outrun them?

SANDOVAL

Not on two engines.

He watches the Shingai gain on them.

SANDOVAL (CONT'D)

Our only hope is a knife fight.

CRAWFORD

Jesus, Lieutenant, we might as well
surrender if that's your plan!

MADELINE

Translate that to civilian.

SANDOVAL

We get in right next to it - under
its guns.

BOWERS

Sir, are you serious?

SANDOVAL

We'll create a smokescreen now and
wait for it.

(MORE)

SANDOVAL (CONT'D)
 Once Flynn has that engine fixed we
 can drop the rest of our smoke and
 hightail it outta there.
 (re: the wheel)
 Excuse me.

She lets him take the wheel.

SANDOVAL (CONT'D)
 Ensign, get on the 30. You and
 Crawford keep their sailors off the
 deck.

| | |
|--------------|-----------|
| BOWERS | BAKER |
| Affirmative. | Yes, sir. |

Bowers climbs to the boat's stern.

SANDOVAL (CONT'D)
 Everybody hold on!

He pulls a handle beneath the dashboard.

The SMOKE MACHINES ON THE BOAT'S STERN ACTIVATE, releasing
 thick plumes of white smoke behind them.

Madeline watches the smoke screen develop above their wake.

EXT. OPEN WATER - DAY

PT-936 lays a smokescreen in its wake, sailing perpendicular
 to the Shingai.

The Shingai turns after them. Its cannon turrets rotate to
 track them.

It OPENS FIRE.

EXT. PT-936 COCKPIT - DAY

Sandoval spins the wheel. The boat banks hard, sailing back
 behind the smoke screen.

Shells SPLASH INTO THE SEA -- EXPLODING UNDERWATER.

A shell SMASHES THROUGH THE 20MM GUN BESIDE BOWERS.

Bowers jumps back, holding onto the 30mm gun grips.

EXT. OPEN WATER - DAY

The heavy smoke floats on the water, forming a thick screen.

PT-936 spews more smoke behind it as it sails behind the screen, creating a dense cloud further across the ocean.

The Shingai tracks the boat towards the smoke.

KABOOM! -- it FIRES INTO THE SMOKE.

EXT. PT-936 COCKPIT - DAY

Sandoval pilots the boat into the smoke screen. SHELLS DETONATE IN THE WATER BEHIND THEM.

He hears THE SHINGAI'S RAPID-FIRE DECK GUNS OPEN UP. SHELLS WHISTLE OVERHEAD.

Crawford spins the twin-50's towards the sound.

Madeline ducks into the cockpit, peering over the windshield.

Sandoval turns off the smoke canisters. He lowers the throttle. The boat slows down.

PT-936 STERN

Bowers aims at the sound of the Shingai's gun - he can't see anything through the smoke.

PT-936 COCKPIT

Sandoval steers them along the smoke. It slowly begins to dissipate.

The Shingai's guns go quiet. Sandoval listens for them - hears nothing.

MADELINE

Why'd they stop?

SANDOVAL

They can't see us.

Sandoval steers the boat away from the open water, clinging to the edge of their smoke screen.

He lowers the throttle even more - the boat slows to a crawl.

He peers into the smoke, searching for the Shingai.

At the smoke's edge, Sandoval turns the boat back around.

EXT. OCEAN - DAY

PT-936 sails back through the smokescreen --

-- the Shingai bursts through the smoke in front of them, nearly ramming them. Its bow slices the water.

The Japanese ship dwarfs the PT boat.

EXT. PT-936 COCKPIT - DAY

Sandoval spins the wheel, avoiding the warship's steel hull. He slams the THROTTLE - the boat races the Shingai.

The PT boat and Destroyer sail side-by-side. The squat motor boat sits low in the water, its deck over ten feet beneath the Shingai's deck.

JAPANESE SAILORS ON DECK SHOUT as they spot the boat, motioning for backup. They take position along the guard rails, rifles and machine guns ready.

CRAWFORD SHOOTS UP AT THEM, sending them scrambling for cover. Bullets bounce off the ship's steel sides.

PT-936 STERN

Bowers sees JAPANESE SAILORS on their deck set up a machine gun at the guard rail.

Bowers takes aim - FIRES THE 30MM GUN.

A JAPANESE SAILOR SCREAMS, blown apart by gunfire. He falls overboard into the water.

EXT. OCEAN - DAY

The Shingai's deck teems with SAILORS defending their ship.

The ship's guns rotate for position - PT-936 remains hidden from view beneath them.

The warship turns into PT-936's path.

EXT. PT-936 COCKPIT - DAY

Sandoval sees the ship veer towards them.

He steers away from it, punching the throttle. Can't avoid the Shingai -- PT-936 BOUNCES OFF THE SHIP'S HULL.

Sandoval steers further away --

-- the Shingai's guns take aim as his boat drifts into view.

SANDOVAL

Shit!

He steers back toward the Shingai -- it OPENS FIRE.

The broadside passes over the top of PT-936.

The boat hugs the Shingai's side.

Crawford sees Japanese Sailors on the Shingai's deck peek over the side. He OPENS FIRE. They duck for cover.

When Crawford stops, the Japanese Sailors lean over the side, SHOOTING BACK with submachine guns.

Bullets punch through the PT boat's wood deck.

Crawford RETURNS FIRE -- Sandoval slows the boat, maneuvering them away from the small arms fire.

PT-936 STERN

Bowers keeps watch on the ship's deck above the stern. He OPENS FIRE as soon as a Japanese Sailor peers over the side.

A grenade sails over the ship's side, right for him.

BOWERS

No, no, no!

He leaves his post, running for the grenade in midair -- slapping it over the stern.

It EXPLODES IN THE WATER.

The Japanese Sailors see him race back for the 30mm gun. They lean over the side, FIRING with submachine guns.

Bowers covers his head -- the deck splinters at his feet.

PT-936 ENGINE ROOM

Flynn covers his head as bullets punch through the ceiling. The wrench and screws he was holding CLATTER ACROSS THE GROUND beneath the engine.

FLYNN
Aw, for fuck's sake!

He ignores the bullets, reaching for the wrench.

PT-936 COCKPIT

Crawford sees the Japanese Sailors FIRE AT BOWERS.

He spins the .50 caliber guns towards them, RETURNING FIRE.

He SHOOTS TWO MORE JAPANESE SAILORS. Their bullet-riddled bodies fall overboard.

Bowers gets to his post, OPENING FIRE along with Crawford.

Crawford spins his guns back to the front.

The Japanese Sailors there are already set up -- Sandoval sees them too late.

SANDOVAL
Look out!

He hits the throttle -- the boat lurches forward.

The Japanese Sailors OPEN FIRE -- Crawford never gets his guns back around.

Bullets tear through him, obliterating the side of his head into red mist. He collapses into the gun tub.

SANDOVAL (CONT'D)
Crawford!

With no forward gunner, he tries to maneuver them away. He lowers the throttle, slowing down enough so the Japanese Sailors no longer have a shot at them.

Sandoval slams the steering wheel, his mind racing.

Madeline points to the unmanned machine gun - a 20mm gun - on its post at the bow.

MADELINE
I can take the wheel - go!

SANDOVAL
(hesitates)
Keep it as close as you can, we gotta --

She takes the wheel, shoving him out of the cockpit.

MADELINE
Yes, obviously!

PT-936 BOW

Sandoval rolls to the 20mm gun. He PULLS THE SLIDE, locking a shell into the chamber. He pops the safety.

When the Japanese Sailors take aim again he OPENS FIRE -- they duck for cover.

Sandoval watches the deck above them -- the Shingai's sailors keep their heads down.

The ship steers away from them -- he can see the guns appear over the side as his boat drifts further away from its hull.

He's about to shout for Madeline -- she steers the boat closer to the ship.

EXT. OCEAN - DAY

The Shingai makes a 45-degree turn.

EXT. PT-936 COCKPIT - DAY

Madeline sees the ship veer away from them.

She hugs its hull, spinning the wheel to keep from crashing into it.

PT-936 BOW

Sandoval hears AN ALARM SOUND ON THE SHINGAI'S DECK.

Madeline looks to him - what is that?

Sandoval shrugs - he doesn't know.

PT-936 STERN

Bowers hears the alarm as well. He keeps the 30mm ready, sweeping it along the deck and looking for any more grenades.

The SHINGAI SAILORS SHOUT. FOOTSTEPS RACE on deck above them.

MACHINERY ACTIVATES on its deck. The Shingai SPITS DEPTH CHARGES FROM ITS STERN RACKS into the ocean behind it.

PT-936 BOW

Sandoval hears the depth charges splash into the water.

He watches the deck - the Shingai's sailors aren't searching for PT-936 - and he realizes why.

He scrambles to the --

PT-936 COCKPIT

He takes the wheel from Madeline. Turns off the engine.

MADELINE

What are you --

SANDOVAL

They must have picked something up on the sonar - that's why they're firing depth charges!

Madeline's face drops. PT-936 drifts to a halt -- the Shingai sails past them.

The Shingai's gunners spot PT-936 as they sail past. A deck gun spins towards them.

Sandoval sees them. He keeps his hand on the boat's ignition, making no attempt to evade the Shingai's guns.

Madeline watches nervously. Bowers climbs into the cockpit beside them.

The deck gun lowers, aiming at them.

BOWERS

Lieutenant!

He lunges for the wheel -- Sandoval holds him back.

SANDOVAL

Bowers, stand down!

BOWERS

We've got to get out of --

The DEPTH CHARGES EXPLODE beneath the water behind them.

The CREATURE LAUNCHES FROM THE SEA BENEATH THE SHINGAI, lifting the ship's stern.

The DECK GUN FIRES - its shell whistling over PT-936.

The Shingai's propellers spin uselessly above the waves.

Japanese sailors on deck tumble overboard, SCREAMING AS THEY HIT THE WATER.

The Creature dives beneath the surface. The Shingai splashes back down into the sea, carting from one side to the other. Some of its GUNS FIRE WILDLY.

Sandoval STARTS THE ENGINE. He slowly motors after the Shingai, letting it speed away from them.

SANDOVAL

That thing was tracking us this whole time!

MADELINE

Must have decided to skip the appetizer and go straight to the main course.

SANDOVAL

It's got its hands full now.

Sandoval checks the torpedo sight -- realizes it was smashed with the cockpit windshield.

He steers the boat so it's lined up behind the Shingai.

Sandoval pulls Madeline to the wheel.

SANDOVAL (CONT'D)

Hold this steady - keep her in front of us!

MADELINE

You know I can handle that.

BOWERS

Sir, what are you --

SANDOVAL

(to Bowers)

Ready forward torpedoes!

Bowers grins - the attack order brings his swagger back.

BOWERS

Yes, sir!

He runs to the port-side torpedo; Sandoval races to the starboard side.

EXT. OCEAN - DAY

The Shingai's guns search blindly for the submerged Creature.

The Creature's slimy webbed hand grabs the deck. The ship lists to the side as it pulls itself onboard. Its huge, prehistoric body covers almost half the ship.

It ROARS.

AT THE PT-936 BOW

Sandoval and Bowers watch, horrified, as the Creature attacks the Shingai.

ON THE SHINGAI

The Shingai's guns rotate to face the Creature. It SLAMS an anti-aircraft gun battery - SMASHING IT TO PIECES.

It swipes at the dual barrels on a cannon turret -- the steel barrels bend, broken in the turret.

The gun tries to FIRE. The shells detonate inside the broken barrels -- the TURRET EXPLODES.

The Creature climbs over the ship's forecastle, snapping radio antennas and smashing observation decks. The GUNS' BROADSIDE MISSES as it slithers back into the sea.

The Shingai rocks side-to-side, its GUNS FIRING WILDLY.

EXT. PT-936 BOW - DAY

Sandoval pulls the torpedo's safety pin out. He grabs the roll-off rack's firing lever.

He watches the Shingai slowly right itself.

SANDOVAL
Launch torpedoes!

He pulls the lever -- the TORPEDO ROLLS INTO THE WATER, zipping beneath the surface towards the Shingai.

The second torpedo follows after.

INT. PT-936 COCKPIT - DAY

Sandoval climbs into the cockpit. He watches the Shingai.

The TORPEDOES SLAM INTO IT - EXPLODING BENEATH THE STERN.

The Shingai's stern sinks. Its bows rises, spilling water from its rusted hull as the ship slips beneath the ocean.

A CHEER startles Sandoval and Madeline -- Flynn has joined them on deck.

FLYNN

Nice shot, Lieutenant!

SANDOVAL

What are you doing up here?

FLYNN

That's not the welcome I expected, seein' as I just fixed your goddamn engines!

Sandoval punches the throttle - ALL THREE ENGINES ROAR.

The rest of them CHEER.

FLYNN (CONT'D)

Save your thanks - repay me in beer.

SANDOVAL

With pleasure.

MADELINE

(to Flynn)
Excellent work.

Flynn nods to her.

FLYNN

You didn't do too bad up here, yourself.

They watch the Destroyer slip beneath the surface

FLYNN (CONT'D)

Lieutenant, if anyone wants to know whether or not you belong out here,
(re: the Shingai)
Have 'em ask those assholes.

He claps Sandoval on the back.

EXT. OCEAN - DAY

PT-936 motors away. The Shingai disappears into the ocean.

EXT. PT-936 STERN - DAY

Sandoval joins Flynn and Bowers on the stern. They're watching the water.

SANDOVAL
Any sign of it?

BOWERS
No, sir. What do you think the chances are we hit it with one of those torpedoes?

SANDOVAL
Even if we didn't hit it - two warheads detonating that close should have cleaned its clock something fierce.

He lifts the binoculars, searching the water with them.

SANDOVAL'S P.O.V. - through the binoculars he sees the Creature surface near the Shingai's crash site. Its fin flexes, weak. It sinks beneath the waves, its tail limp.

He lowers the binoculars -- Bowers has seen it as well.

SANDOVAL (CONT'D)
If it thinks those torpedoes were nasty, just wait till it sees what we come back here with.

He heads into the --

PT-936 COCKPIT

Sandoval stands beside Madeline.

SANDOVAL
I'm glad you'll be there to corroborate my story - not sure anyone would believe me otherwise.

MADELINE
Would have been easier to prove if we had a body to show for it.

SANDOVAL
Is that why you were out here - to bring its body back?

Madeline doesn't respond.

SANDOVAL (CONT'D)

No more secrets. Not after
everything we've been through.

He stares at her. She tries to glare back. Shakes her head.

MADELINE

I was part of a team working on a
new type of sonar based on whale
vocalizations. We needed to test it
far from any shipping lanes, that's
why we chose such a remote area.

(beat)

Our last time out, we heard that
thing on our microphones - it was
responding to our device. No one in
my department could identify it.

SANDOVAL

It's a big ocean - I'm sure your
department can find another part of
it to test --

MADELINE

The project's getting cancelled -
none of us were supposed to be back
out here! I thought we had a
potential discovery, though, that
would redeem us.

(beat)

All the lives lost, all the ships
sunk - if we could have shown this
to them --

(beat)

Maybe, somehow, it would have all
meant something.

She cries. Wipes her eyes, embarrassed.

SANDOVAL

You had no way of knowing how
dangerous it would be.

MADELINE

It won't surprise us next time!
That bloody thing's gonna be sorry
it ever let us off the hook after
we're through with it.

Sandoval ponders her words.

SANDOVAL

Let us off the hook?

MADELINE

I realize that must sound horribly
inappropriate given --

He lowers the throttle.

MADELINE (CONT'D)

Johnny?

Flynn looks towards the engine room.

FLYNN

Aw, Jesus, what'd you do to my
engines now?

He crosses to the hatch.

SANDOVAL

There's nothing wrong with the
engines.

Bowers approaches from the stern.

BOWERS

Then why the hell are we slowing
down?

SANDOVAL

That thing's using bait to lure in
bigger ships.

(re: Madeline)

First it used her to lure us in,
then it used us to lure in the
Shingai - if we lead it back to
base it'll destroy every boat
there!

BOWERS

So we radio ahead and warn --

He stops, realizing their radio's out -- and why it's out.

FLYNN

You couldn't have figured all this
out before I broke my back on those
engines?

He flings his wrench into the ocean behind them.

BOWERS

Lieutenant, if you don't --

SANDOVAL

We will do whatever it takes to
keep that thing as far away from
our base as we can.

Flynn sees the Creature's dorsal fin in the water, swimming
towards them.

FLYNN

It's back!

BOWERS

Lieutenant, get us out of here.
Now.

Sandoval turns the engines off. He glares at Bowers.

Bowers doesn't take his eyes off Sandoval.

BOWERS (CONT'D)

Flynn, escort the Lieutenant below
deck.

FLYNN

Come again?

SANDOVAL

(to Bowers)
You're not in charge.

Bowers jumps on the 30mm gun. Aims at Sandoval

BOWERS

I am now.

Flynn waits, not sure who to listen to.

Bowers keeps the gun aimed at Sandoval.

BOWERS (CONT'D)

(to Sandoval)
I am not giving you another fucking
chance to lose this boat!

(to Flynn)
Take the Lieutenant --

FLYNN

You think I'm listenin' to you,
asshole? You almost killed as many
of your men as that fuckin' sea
monster did!

Flynn steps forward.

BOWERS
One more step, Flynn, and I'll
blast the Lieutenant right off this
fucking boat!

Flynn stops.

BOWERS (CONT'D)
(to Sandoval)
Start. The. Engines.

SANDOVAL
Ok.

He FIRES UP THE IGNITION.

SANDOVAL (CONT'D)
This is mutiny, Ensign.

BOWERS
That's not the way I'm telling it.

FLYNN
You can't shoot all of us.

MADELINE
(low, to Sandoval)
Duck.

Bowers glances back at Flynn.

BOWERS
You're taking this goddamn
wetback's side?

Madeline yanks the throttle -- the boat lurches forward.

Bowers slips on the deck, pulling the barrel up.

Sandoval turns the boat. Bowers aims the gun back at them --

-- Flynn tackles him. Bowers struggles against him.

Sandoval jumps from the cockpit. Madeline takes the wheel.

Flynn PUNCHES BOWERS IN THE FACE.

Bowers claws at Flynn's face -- Flynn chokes him.

Bowers brandishes the pistol from his belt -- JAMS IT INTO
FLYNN'S RIBS.

BANG! BANG! - Bowers SHOTS HIM TWICE.

FLYNN SCREAMS, grabbing his side. Blood spreads on his blue shirt. Bowers kicks him away, scrambling to his feet.

Sandoval PUNCHES BOWERS. He holds Bowers's arm, prying the pistol from his hand.

Bowers FIRES AGAIN -- Sandoval pushes the gun away from Madeline.

PT-936 COCKPIT

Madeline checks the fighting on the stern. She holds the throttle full blast.

PT-936 STERN

Sandoval almost has the pistol free -- Bowers HEAD-BUTTS HIM. Sandoval keeps the gun pointed away from Madeline.

The boat turns, the deck shifting. Bowers loses his balance, FIRING WILDLY INTO THE AIR.

Madeline turns the other way, keeping them off balance.

Sandoval STOMPS BOWERS'S FOOT -- BOWERS YELLS. Sandoval tackles him, driving his shoulder into Bowers's gut.

They land with a THUD -- the pistol falls from Bowers's grasp, tumbling overboard.

Sandoval PUNCHES HIM IN THE FACE.

HITS HIM AGAIN. He pummels the helpless Ensign.

Bowers lies on the deck - dazed, bloody. Sandoval stands over him - decides Bowers has had enough.

Sandoval sees Flynn holding his gunshot wounds. Blood gushes between his fingers. Sandoval rushes to check on him.

Flynn tries to stand -- YELLS IN PAIN. Blood coats his hands.

He sees Bowers brandish his knife behind Sandoval.

FLYNN

Watch out!

He shoves Sandoval aside.

Bowers rushes Sandoval --

-- Flynn barrels across the deck.

Doesn't react as Bowers slices his shoulder -- he TACKLES BOWERS OVER THE STERN.

Sandoval watches both men SPLASH INTO THE WATER.

SANDOVAL

Flynn!

EXT. OCEAN - DAY

Bowers FLAILS IN THE WATER, keeping himself afloat.

He searches for Flynn -- there's nothing but a growing cloud of red blood seeping into the water where Flynn sunk.

Bowers sees PT-936 sail away. He tries to swim after it --

BOWERS

No!

-- the CREATURE SURFACES BENEATH HIM. It catches Bowers in its open mouth, lifting him as its body rises above the sea.

Bowers SCREAMS, crushed between the jaws. Rows of teeth tear him apart with each chomp.

Bowers's broken body tumbles down its gullet.

EXT. PT-936 STERN - DAY

Sandoval watches the Creature dive into the water - the boat rocks beneath his feet in the wake of its splashdown.

He waits at the stern. Steps closer to the edge.

PT-936 COCKPIT

Madeline watches the Creature swim after their boat. She sees Sandoval perched on the deck's edge.

She takes her hands off the wheel - the boat remains on a straight course.

She jumps from the cockpit.

EXT. PT-936 STERN - DAY

Sandoval stares into the sea. The Creature keeps pace in the water behind them, its dorsal fin cutting above the waves.

He waits for it to close in - it keeps its distance.

Madeline yanks him away from the stern.

MADELINE

Were you really gonna leave me here
alone on your boat?

SANDOVAL

It was never my boat.

(beat)

I had a chance to finally prove I
belong out here, and instead I got
every one of my crew killed.

She SLAPS HIM. He stares back, stunned.

MADELINE

You kept your men alive longer than
any other officer. I'm alive
because of you.

(beat)

We may not get the glory we sought,
but we have a chance at honor.
That's got to count for something.

He nods. She takes his hand.

MADELINE (CONT'D)

And just because we can't escape
doesn't mean we have to make this
easy on it.

He smiles. He sees the uncharted island loom on the ocean
behind her.

SANDOVAL

We don't stand a chance as long as
we're here in the water.

She sees what he's looking at.

MADELINE

Let's see it try and follow us up
there.

He sees the grenade box on the deck. He grabs it - two left.

SANDOVAL

You sure about this?

She hesitates. Can't help but laugh.

MADELINE

Maybe they'll name the new Marine
Sciences building after me?

She heads to the cockpit.

He pockets one grenade - pulls the pin on the other.

Madeline watches, hopeful he's not going to use it on
himself. A moment passes - she's about to call to him --

-- he drops it into the sea.

It EXPLODES UNDERWATER. The Creature swims away.

PT-936 COCKPIT

Madeline watches the Creature's tail flap in the air as it
dives.

She steers the boat towards the island. The barren rock with
its single peak approaches.

PT-936 BOW

Sandoval unstraps the small life raft from the chart house
roof. He discards the two oars from within. Opens the
emergency supplies.

He cracks open a flare gun -- it's loaded.

He grabs the emergency beacon, heading into the --

PT-936 COCKPIT

Madeline keeps them on course towards the island.

Sandoval joins her beside the wheel. He surveys the shore -
it's all jagged rock. There's no beach to land on.

She lowers the throttle.

MADELINE

You see anyplace to --

The BOAT ROCKS BENEATH THEM, rising into the air. It SPLASHES
BACK DOWN INTO THE WATER.

Madeline grips the wheel. Fights to keep them on course.

Sandoval PUNCHES THE THROTTLE.

SANDOVAL

Hold on!

She steers the boat past the first rocks as they approach the island's shore.

The CREATURE RISES FROM THE SEA BEHIND THEM, one webbed hand raised in the air, talons stretched to smash into them.

ROCKS SCRAPE THE BOAT'S HULL -- the Creature stops, held in the shallow depths as the tides recede across the shore.

EXT. ISLAND SHORE - DUSK

The BOAT LAUNCHES FROM THE WATER. It SKIPS ACROSS THE ROCK SURFACE, its machine guns spinning on their posts. The remaining two torpedoes shake in their racks.

INT. PT-936 COCKPIT - DUSK

Sandoval and Madeline brace themselves within the cockpit as the boat bounces over the rocks.

They SLAM INTO THE DASHBOARD and each other.

EXT. ISLAND SHORE - DUSK

PT-936 ENGINES WHINE as it rests on the rocks. The propellers spin in the air.

PT-936 COCKPIT

Sandoval raises his head. Blood runs down one eye. He stares at the barren rocks. A low ridge splits the island, running to a peak rising above them.

He kills the engines. The only sounds are the WAVES CRASHING ONTO THE ROCKS AROUND THEM.

He checks Madeline -- she lifts her head, dazed.

SANDOVAL

You okay?

MADELINE

Smashing - thanks.

He helps her from the cockpit. Grabs the emergency beacon and flare gun.

EXT. ISLAND SHORE - DUSK

Sandoval stumbles out, falling onto the rocks. He YELLS IN PAIN. Pushes himself to his feet.

He helps Madeline jump off the deck. Holds her steady as she lands on shaky legs.

They check the desolate landscape around them. Late day sunlight casts the dark rock surface in an orange glow.

Sandoval sees gasoline pour from the punctured fuel tanks in the hull. It pools around the boat.

He yanks Madeline away. Checks the water behind them.

The Creature prowls the shallow bay, circling back and forth. Its top-half is visible above the waves, revealing its fin and spiked tail.

It probes the shore for an inlet, feeling only dry land between itself and the wrecked boat.

SANDOVAL

Come on.

He leads her from the boat. She studies the island's surface.

MADELINE

This is sedimentary rock.

He scans the rocks - doesn't see anything unusual.

SANDOVAL

Translate that to dumb sailor.

Madeline inspects the rocks.

MADELINE

These aren't new - they're ancient.

Sandoval watches the Creature prowl the shoreline.

He pulls her along. Points to the peak.

SANDOVAL

We can worry about that later.
Right now let's just get --

They hear SPLASHING BEHIND THEM.

The Creature pulls itself from the water, its webbed hands gripping the rocks. The tentacles around its head probe along the shore. Its opaque eyes stare, unseeing.

MADELINE

No. It can't get up here!

SANDOVAL

Don't --

MADELINE

It can't --

The Creature springs after them, lifting itself above the jagged rocks. It ROARS, pulling itself to the boat.

Sandoval and Madeline race across the shore. The Creature clambers after them, climbing onto the boat.

It RIPS THE BOAT APART, flinging wooden planks and machinery across the rocks. The remaining torpedoes fall to the shore.

Boat pieces rain down around Sandoval and Madeline. They cover their heads.

Sandoval sees the Creature sniff through the wreckage for them, its tentacles sifting the debris. It SPLASHES IN GASOLINE from the demolished tanks.

SANDOVAL

(low)

This way.

Sandoval and Madeline creep away from the Creature.

It RIPS APART MORE WRECKAGE. Flings more boat debris.

A machine gun CLATTERS ACROSS THE ROCKS near Sandoval. He grabs it. Takes aim.

CLICK! -- the GUN'S JAMMED.

Sandoval pulls the slide. Tries to dislodge the cartridge - it's stuck.

The Creature stops. It watches Sandoval.

MADELINE

Johnny!

Sandoval realizes they've been spotted. He discards the gun -- IT BOUNCES OFF THE ROCKS

The Creature crawls from the wreckage after him.

SANDOVAL

Watch out!

He pushes Madeline away, luring the Creature after him. He scans the debris -- sees a machine gun on the rocks ahead.

He scrambles for it -- the Creature claws after him.

Madeline watches it close on him.

MADELINE

Johnny, look out!

She scans the boat debris around her.

Sandoval grabs the machine gun. Spins towards the Creature -
FIRING AS HE TURNS.

It SWIPES AT HIM.

He leaps back - the tips of its razor talons SLICE HIS CHEST -
KNOCK THE GUN AWAY.

Sandoval SCREAMS. Falls to the rocks. He holds one arm over his bloody chest. Pushes himself away from the Creature.

Its tentacles find him. They curl around his ankles. Haul him towards the Creature's gaping maw.

Sandoval YELLS. Kicks fiercely. The tentacles hold him tight.

He grabs the grenade from his pocket. Another tentacle wraps itself over his arm. Pulls the grenade free. It bounces on the rocks beneath them.

SANDOVAL

Help me!

He gapes at its waiting jaws. At the rows of teeth ready to clamp down over him.

MADELINE YELLS, boat hook in hand. She SHOVES IT INTO THE CREATURE'S EYE.

MADELINE

Bugger off, you bloody guppy!

It ROARS. Drops Sandoval. What's left of its eyeball seeps from its scaly socket.

Madeline pulls the handle, lodging its hook in its head.

It swipes for her. She ducks beneath its claws, releasing the handle.

She scrambles under its belly. Races for Sandoval.

The boat hook handle snags on the ground, pushing it further into the Creature's head.

It grabs for the hook, snapping the long, wooden handle. It shakes its head to dislodge the metal end from its eye.

Madeline snatches the grenade off the ground. Pockets it.
Grabs Sandoval.

MADELINE (CONT'D)

Come on, we have to --

SANDOVAL

Wait.

He weakly grabs the flare gun from his belt. Madeline takes it from him.

She aims at the Creature -- it turns for them, ROARING. It pulls itself to them --

Madeline FIRES -- the flare sails towards the Creature, bouncing off its face, onto the rocks beneath it.

The gasoline on its skin ignites, SETTING IT ABLAZE.

The Creature hops back, shocked. It pulls itself in a circle. ROARS IN PAIN.

It DASHES TOWARDS THE OCEAN, heading right through the main crash site.

Sandoval brandishes his pistol. He balances himself on the ground - aims at the crash site.

As the Creature pulls itself across the boat debris, it approaches a torpedo lying on the ground.

Sandoval FIRES AT THE TORPEDO - misses.

The Creature launches through boat pieces as it plows across the site. The gasoline pooled there IGNITES - further consuming the Creature in flames.

Sandoval aims - FIRES AGAIN.

The bullet BOUNCES OFF THE TORPEDO CASING.

The Creature clammers over the torpedo.

Sandoval FIRES - shoots the torpedo warhead.

It EXPLODES BENEATH THE CREATURE.

The Creature HOWLS. The explosion rips through it. It's lifted in the air by the blast. Splashes down on the rocks.

It grasps at the surface, EMITS A DYING ROAR. Collapses. Flames dance across its scaly body.

MADELINE CHEERS.

Sandoval drops the pistol. His head lolls.

Madeline grabs him.

MADELINE

Johnny! Stay with me. You're okay.

She pulls his arm over her shoulder. He YELLS as she helps him to his feet.

SANDOVAL

Ow, fuck!

MADELINE

Sorry.

She lays him on the shore. Sees the blood seeping between the fingers clenched over his wounds.

Madeline searches through the crash site.

MADELINE (CONT'D)

Where's the med kit? It's got to be around here somewhere!

SANDOVAL

Forget the med kit.

MADELINE

You don't tell me what to do,
Johnny!

SANDOVAL

Juan.

(beat)

My name's Juan.

She grabs a canteen. Holds it to his lips.

MADELINE

I'm Madeline. Now don't move.

Sandoval stares up at the darkening sky. The first stars shine in the eastern sky.

EXT. ISLAND SHORE - NIGHT

Sandoval's torso is wrapped in thick gauze. Sweat covers his pale face.

SANDOVAL'S P.O.V. - on the sky. Amongst the stars the PLANETS SHINE BRIGHTEST. They're lined up in a perceptible row, a moment of symmetry amongst the sky's beautiful chaos.

SANDOVAL
Stars very bad for sailing tonight.

MADELINE
Ssh. Save your energy.

She finishes the wrap.

He sits up - hisses in pain.

MADELINE (CONT'D)
Don't move, we have to --

SANDOVAL
High tide's comin'.

She sees the ocean lap up closer to them, pushing boat debris up the rocks.

The tide rises to the Creature's body. The corpse gently rises, falling back onto the shore as the tide recedes.

She rises, taking Sandoval's arm. He slings the machine gun, holding onto her.

SANDOVAL (CONT'D)
Come on.

They stagger past a tidal pool where bloated bodies of dead fish float.

They're grotesque, fixed with phosphorescent appendages and gaping jaws of razor teeth.

Sandoval shakes his head.

SANDOVAL (CONT'D)
What the hell are those?

MADELINE
They look like anglerfish. That's impossible, though - those can't survive anywhere above the furthest depths of the ocean.

Madeline studies the island's surface, eyeing the numerous fissures and craters along it.

MADELINE (CONT'D)

This whole place. It's like --

(beat)

It's like an earthquake, or a volcanic eruption, or something just pushed the ocean floor up to the surface and brought all its nightmares along with it.

They look back to the shore - the Creature's body slowly floats back out to sea.

Sandoval's about to comment -- stops as he hears VOICES.

Madeline hears them, too.

They see FIRELIGHT ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE RIDGE. The light dances along the rock peak above them.

Madeline LAUGHS, elated. Sandoval manages a smile.

They carefully trudge together towards the ridge.

EXT. ISLAND RIDGE - NIGHT

Madeline and Sandoval ascend the low ridge. He leans more heavily on her. Blood soaks through his bandages.

From the ridge top, they see a rock shore on the other side. Wooden boats with woven sails land on shore - more ISLANDERS congregate around bonfires lit along the water's edge.

Other boats land here as well - ISLANDERS IN TRADITIONAL GARB mingle with ISLANDERS IN MODERN CLOTHING from various tribes.

Madeline is about to call out to them; stops as she sees --

-- a towering stone marker. It gleams in the moonlight on the shore below.

It's intricately carved with symbols and images of ocean wildlife. Bas-relief molds of creatures just like the one they killed rise along the marker's sides.

At the marker's top is a detailed carving of a serpent-like figure with scaly arms, webbed hands, and tentacles where its legs should be. The tentacles are wrapped around the marker.

The Islanders congregate around this, leaving a wide path to the shore before it.

MADELINE

Do you see that? Those carvings...

Sandoval scans the Islanders -- sees Biuku on shore dumping a wicker basket of fish at the marker's base.

Sandoval summons his strength, pushing past Madeline. He stumbles down the ridge.

MADELINE (CONT'D)

Wait!

She hurries after him.

EXT. ISLAND SECOND SHORE - NIGHT

Sandoval moves like a man possessed, teeth clenched against the pain.

Madeline picks her way over the uneven ground behind him.

MADELINE

Juan - slow down!

He ignores her - makes a beeline for Biuku.

Islanders spot Sandoval. They back away, looking to one another. Nervously eye his slung machine gun.

An Islander near Biuku grabs him. Points to Sandoval.

Biuku is shocked at the sight. He stammers.

BIUKU

Lieutenant?

Sandoval PUNCHES BIUKU IN THE FACE.

Down goes Biuku.

Islanders push Sandoval back, SHOUTING.

Biuku holds up a hand - he's okay. The Islanders back off.

He rises - faces Sandoval. Wipes blood from his busted lip.

BIUKU (CONT'D)

I told you not to sail tonight!

Sandoval shakes his head, incredulous.

Madeline marvels at the marker looming above them.

Watches the bonfires.

Sees Islanders dump baskets of fish at the marker's base.

MADELINE

What is all this?

BIUKU

When the stars are right, the Deep
Ones rise to accept our offering.

SANDOVAL

We killed your fucking Deep One!

The Islanders gape at his blasphemy.

Madeline is about to interject -- sees something nearby that stops her cold. Her jaw drops.

Biuku reaches for Sandoval -- Sandoval slaps his hand away.

BIUKU

Please listen --

SANDOVAL

You tried to protect that thing
from us instead of helping us --

BIUKU

No! You do not understand --

SANDOVAL

Bowers was right - we should have
smashed that idol and shown you it
was nothing but a --

Madeline tugs his arm.

MADELINE

Juan!

An INFANT CRIES NEARBY.

Sandoval realizes Madeline stares in stunned silence at it --
and when he sees it, he joins her.

A HUMANOID CREATURE covered in green scales stands in the
crashing waves with an ISLANDER MOTHER and her CRYING INFANT.

A small dorsal fin stretches down the Creature's back. A tail
hangs behind its legs -- it's a more-human version of the
Creature Sandoval killed.

It takes the child in its webbed hands.

The Infant stops crying. Stares up at the Creature. Smiles.

The Humanoid Creature rocks it gently side-to-side.

Madeline covers her mouth - can't do anything but stare.

Sandoval realizes Islander Boys from the reef stand nearby with more HUMANOID CREATURES.

The Humanoids study the boys hands - investigate their eyes.

SANDOVAL

(realizes)

They are of the ocean.

A LARGE CREATURE EMERGES FROM THE SEA. It's bigger than the one they just defeated. Its tentacles are curled tight.

Sandoval and Madeline scramble away -- the Islanders don't move as it crosses the shore towards the marker.

Sandoval watches the Creature unfurls its tentacles --

-- DROPS BODIES OF JAPANESE SAILORS held within onto the piles of fish at the marker's base.

It flings its gigantic scaly arms around the marker.

Madeline gapes at the sight.

The Creature bows its head in reverence, emitting MEASURED GRUNTS MATCHING THE ISLANDERS' CHANT.

ISLANDERS

*Iä! Iä! Cthulhu fhtagn! Ph'nglui
mglw'nafh Cthulhu R'lyeh wgah-nagl
fhtagn.*

The Creature releases the marker.

SPLASHING ON THE SHORE -- MORE CREATURES EMERGE.

Sandoval checks on Madeline - she's covering her mouth, willing herself not to scream.

The Creatures haul human bodies in their tentacles. Some are the bloated corpses of Sailors in blue American uniforms, others are fresh Japanese bodies from the Shingai.

Creatures crawl one-by-one to the marker. Emit their GRUNTS --

Dump their offerings at its base --

Crawl aside as the next Creature arrives --

Madeline and Sandoval both watch in catatonic terror at the scene unfolding before them.

A MASSIVE ROAR FROM BENEATH THE OCEAN. The island trembles.

The Islanders, Humanoids, and Creatures prostrate themselves.

SANDOVAL

What the fuck is that!?

MADELINE

(to Sandoval)

That's what we heard on our recordings!

Biuku pulls Sandoval and Madeline to their knees.

BIUKU

You must be quiet!

ISLANDERS

*Jemamwoj ilan Dagon! Jemamwoj ilan
Dagon! Jemamwoj ilan Dagon!*

A MASSIVE CREATURE emerges from the sea - it's the figure carved atop the marker: the idol in Biuku's house -- DAGON.

It towers above the largest creatures on shore. Its slimy, bulbous tentacles slither over the rocks, carrying it from the ocean. Its serpent-like body leans forward, gaping jaws open, as it approaches the marker.

It uses its webbed hands to shovel the offering into its mouth, chewing the larger human bodies and slurping them into its massive belly along with the fish.

Sandoval and Madeline grimace at the sound of SNAPPING BONES.

In a merciful moment it's over. DAGON ROARS - Sandoval and Madeline cover their ears.

It crawls towards the sea.

Stops.

Its massive head hovers over where Sandoval and Madeline wait. It SNIFFS LOUDLY over them, its jaws opening.

Sandoval sees the Islanders nearby clutch their medallions to their foreheads.

He yanks his from his pocket - shoves it at Madeline.

She doesn't take it.

He tries to press it into her hands -- she pulls away.

SANDOVAL
(whispers)
Madeline - take it!

Madeline shakes her head. She eyes Dagon, defiant.

MADELINE
We can't let another specimen get
away.

SANDOVAL
(whispers)
Madeline, for God's sake --

MADELINE
That's not a god!

She stands up. Grabs the grenade from her pocket.

SANDOVAL
Madeline, no!

MADELINE
(to the Islanders)
Get up - that's just an animal!

She yanks the grenade pin. Pops its handle.

Dagon's jaws stretch over her; razor-sharp, blood-soaked
teeth edge closer.

MADELINE (CONT'D)
We already killed one of those
things - we can kill this one, too!

She hurls the grenade into Dagon's mouth - the steel ball
bounces down its fleshy throat.

It EXPLODES deep within its belly --

-- Dagon doesn't react.

Madeline's face drops.

Sandoval reaches for her -- Biuku keeps him back.

SANDOVAL
(to Biuku)
Let me go! We have to --

Dagon wraps a tentacle around Madeline. She SCREAMS as it
lifts her above the crowd.

The tentacle curls over her, completely engulfing her within its slimy flesh. Her MUFFLED SCREAMS RING OUT from within.

SANDOVAL (CONT'D)

Madeline!

Sandoval can only watch as Dagon carries her into the sea, SPLASHING BACK BELOW THE DEPTHS.

The Creatures and Humanoids follow it into the ocean.

Once they're all gone, the Islanders head for the fires, pouring sea water over the flames.

Biuku sees Sandoval gaze out at the waves.

BIUKU

We were not protecting it from you:
we were protecting you from it.

CU - on Sandoval. He can only stare, shocked.

All SOUNDS FADE, the IMAGE SLOWS.

NOTE - over the next few scenes Sandoval remains motionless in the foreground, activity occurring MOS in SLOW MOTION around him.

EXT. MARSHALLESE BOAT - NIGHT

Sandoval sits in an open wooden boat, his eyes fixed in a thousand-yard stare. Biuku works the rudder behind him, keeping an eye on Sandoval.

EXT. RONGERIK ATOLL, DOCK - MORNING

Sandoval is led off the Islanders' boat. He stares ahead, numb, his eyes bloodshot and red-rimmed.

He doesn't react as SAILORS from his squadron push Biuku and the Islanders aside.

They help Sandoval up the beach. Shout for assistance.

INT. HOSPITAL, SANDOVAL'S ROOM - DAY

Sandoval sits in a small bed. Fresh bandages cover his torso, his color pale. Stubble grows on his face.

He stares past TWO OFFICERS peppering him with questions. One of the Officers jots notes on a pad of paper.

Sandoval doesn't respond to them.

EXT. HOSPITAL, PORCH - DAY

Sandoval sits in a wheelchair on the small hospital porch. His face is bearded, haggard. He stares out ahead, dazed.

The SOUNDS RETURN: WAVES CRASH NEARBY.

Everything around him happens in real-time again.

OFFICER #1 (O.S.)
Lieutenant Sandoval.

Sandoval blinks - the closest he's come to acknowledging the Officers standing beside him.

OFFICER #2
Doctors say your wounds have just
about healed.

Sandoval doesn't respond.

OFFICER #1
That means you can get back out to
sea.

Sandoval shudders.

The Officers note the response.

OFFICER #2
Don't you wanna deliver some
payback to those bastards that sank
your battle group?

Sandoval slowly shakes his head.

SANDOVAL
We don't belong out there.

Officer #2 grabs his note pad.

OFFICER #2
What happened, Lieutenant?

Sandoval hesitates. The Officers lean closer.

He focuses on the WAVES NEARBY; watches them crash onto the pristine white sand beach below the hospital porch.

SANDOVAL
It's their ocean.

OFFICER #1

Come on - we're wasting our time.

The Officers head into the hospital.

Sandoval closes his eyes.

An AMERICAN NURSE (30s) in a crisp, white uniform rolls a medicine cart onto the porch.

She grabs a paper cup of pills, walking them over to a HEAVILY-BANDAGED PATIENT at the other porch corner.

SANDOVAL (V.O.)

When you've read these pages you'll
know why I had to either forget --

Sandoval sees a few syringes on the cart beside stacked glass vials of morphine.

SANDOVAL (V.O.)

-- or die.

He grabs a syringe and a few vials, hiding them in his robe.

INT. HOSPITAL, SANDOVAL'S ROOM - NIGHT

Sandoval sits at the small desk in his hospital room, scribbling furiously in a notebook beneath a lamp.

SANDOVAL (V.O.)

I can't look at the ocean without
shuddering at the undiscovered
things that may - at this very
moment - be crawling and swimming
beneath the surface, worshipping
their ancient stone idols --

LATER

Sandoval sits in bed.

He jabs the syringe full of morphine into his arm -- presses the plunger.

SANDOVAL (V.O.)

-- and carving their images on
monuments of underwater granite.

LATER

Sandoval sleeps, twitching fitfully.

SANDOVAL (V.O.)
I dream of a day when they'll rise
above the waves --

There's SPLASHING IN THE OCEAN beyond his open window.

Sandoval's eyes open.

EXT. MAJURO BEACH - NIGHT

Sandoval hobbles down the white-sand beach. The pristine hospital sits on its manicured lawn behind him.

He sees MONSTROUS DORSAL FINS break through the shimmering ocean, reflecting in the moonlight.

SANDOVAL (V.O.)
-- to drag down in their webbed
talons --

Sandoval stumbles into the ocean, letting the waves crash over him.

He walks against the current into the sea.

SANDOVAL (V.O.)
-- the remnants of insignificant,
war-exhausted mankind.

Sandoval dives beneath the waves.

UNDERWATER

Sandoval swims deeper into the ocean. His legs kick, his clothes billowing over his lean frame.

SANDOVAL (V.O.)
Of a day when the land will sink --

Dagon's bulbous tentacles snake through the water ahead of him, kicking up silt from the ocean floor.

Madeline emerges from within this mass of slithering appendages. She's nude, one arm covering her bare breasts. Her other arm is wrapped beneath her swollen, pregnant belly like a macabre take on Botticelli's "Birth of Venus".

She smiles, her open eyes unaffected by the salt water.

SANDOVAL (V.O.)
And the dark ocean floor will
ascend amidst universal
pandemonium.

Madeline reaches for Sandoval -- he swims to her. The
tentacles swirl around them.

DAGON ROARS. The entire ocean quakes at the sound.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END