

BERMUDA

by

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BLACKNESS.

TEXT FADES IN ONE AFTER THE OTHER.

**To this day an average of 4 aeroplanes and 20 seafaring vessels disappear without explanation every year within an area known as The Bermuda Triangle.**

BEAT.

**There is no known scientific reason for these disappearances.**

BEAT.

**On May 10th 2010 a student documentary crew chartered The Nautica in a bid to solve these mysteries.**

BEAT.

**On May 15th it was posted as overdue.**

BEAT.

**On May 16th it was declared missing.**

BEAT.

**On June 25th it was discovered by the Seventh Coast Guard off the coast of Puerto Rico.**

BEAT.

**What you are about to see is the documentary crews edited footage.**

BLACKNESS.

[NOTE: **CUT** will indicate time lapse within a scene.]

THEN.

SLAM TO.

**EXT. THE SHORE - MORNING**

HD CAMERA FOOTAGE.

Turquoise waters sparkle under a radiant sun.

VOICE (O.S.)  
Zoey- it's the ocean-

The CAM SWINGS around to find the voice, CAL (CALLUM), 23, handsome with dirty blonde surfer hair and a toned physique, holding a SCUBA DIVING OXYGEN TANK, ready to load it onto the back of a Ford flatbed.

VOICE/ CAL

-we're gonna see plenty of it for the next 3 days- it won't look any different! So how about you shake that ass and give me a hand!

Zoey swings the CAM around on herself, she's 23, attractive with BLACK stylishly chopped hair, pulls an unimpressed face and turns the CAM back on Cal.

ZOEY (O.S.)

I've got only one answer for that and it's not even a word!

She gives Cal the finger, holding it up in front of the LENS.

We see that Cal is outside of a DIVING SHOP. Rows of OXYGEN TANKS lined up along with diving paraphernalia.

CAL

I love it when you make those sexual gestures.

Cal loads the tank onto the flatbed as Zoey LAUGHS.

ZOEY (O.S.)

Y'know we should have an in-depth conversation about professional ettiquette and the endless ways in which you don't abide.

Cal looks over, feigns a sad face as RORY emerges from the Dive Shop.

RORY

We good to go?

CAL

Aye aye captain!

Rory looks over at the CAM. He's also 23, dark hair, an intelligent geeky quality and more handsome than he knows.

RORY

Zoey- are you filming?

ZOEY (O.S.)

No.

She turns the CAM off.

CUT TO:

**INT. FLATBED - LATER**

Flying along a coastal road. Zoey angles the CAM on Rory, he's driving. Cal is in the middle.

Rory looks at the CAM.

RORY

I can see the red light- that means you're recording!

ZOEY (O.S.)

Isn't that what you always tell us to do, Mr. Coppola? Film everything...

CAL

(sarcastic)

She's right... it is what you always say.

RORY

Well I just hope you have enough tapes for the footage we actually need.

Cal sarcastically begins to count on his fingers.

CAL

I brought like... a million tapes.

ZOEY (O.S.)

I don't think we'll run out.

Rory looks over, hides a smile.

CAL

(to Rory)

And where's your faith anyway? With my expertise, 3 days filming in the Devil's Triangle, is gonna be a cake walk.

(beat)

My mini-cam set-up is the pièce de résistance. Whatever happens on those waters is gonna be captured... precluding an act of God of course...

Rory laughs. Looks back at the camera, sees that he's still being filmed.

RORY

You know Cal is actually the camera-  
man- Zoey you're sound- so how  
about you put the camera down and  
you go play with the mic?

Cal looks, waiting for her response.

ZOEY (O.S.)

Oh so now I'm just the 'sound gal'?

RORY

And co-producer, if you play  
nice...

CUT:

**SAME SCENE. LATER**

Zoey is filming Cal, he sings along to Hanson's 'MmmBop' as it plays from the radio.

CAL

*Mmmbop, ba duba dop  
Ba du bop, ba duba dop  
ba du bop, ba duba dop  
ba du, yeah, Mmmbop, ba  
duba dop ba du bop, ba  
du dop ba du bop, ba du  
dop ba du-*

Rory shakes his head incredulously.

RORY

Hanson are you serious?!  
(re: Cal's hair)  
Oh, I get it now, the hair thing.

CAL

Who'd you model yourself off-  
Screech from Saved By The Bell?

ZOEY(O.S.)

Oh no you didn't just say that!

Her hand enters shot as she *high fives* Cal!

Rory can't help but laugh as he self consciously finger combs his hair.

RORY  
Cal...

CAL  
Yeah?

RORY  
I was actually thinking about  
promoting you to assistant director  
on this project...

CAL  
Really?

RORY  
No. You're fuckin' fired!

Zoey leans over, crushing Cal's face with the CAM as she *high fives* Rory.

CAL  
(re: his face)  
Easy!

ZOEY (O.S.)  
Seriously though- you two are like  
a bickering couple- why don't you  
get it on already?

Cal and Rory look at each other.

CAL  
Well you do have a point... but  
unfortunately Rory only has eyes  
for you...

RORY  
CAL!

Long pause.

RORY  
You're such a dick!

CAL  
Cut me deep dude!

ZOEY (O.S.)  
Cal, did your mother have any kids  
that lived?

CUT TO:

**EXT. COASTAL SHOP - MIDDAY**

Cal has the CAM angled on Zoey's sandal sporting feet. He slowly TILTS up her lithe figure. She pops her Dior shades onto her head, looks-

ZOEY  
What are you doing?

CAL (O.S.)  
It's like the tilt that Cameron  
used to shoot Arnie in T2 when he  
gets his-  
(Arnie accent)  
-clothes, his boots and his  
motorcycle.

Zoey ignores him and waves. Cal PANS to what she is waving at, Rory, reversing the flatbed into a parking space, watching her through the side mirror.

ZOEY  
Keep it coming.

CAL (O.S.)  
(whispered)  
Watch this!

Cal raises his foot and KICKS the back of the Flatbed. Rory instantly jumps on the brakes.

CAL (O.S.)  
Rory- dude- what the fuck!

Zoey smirks.

RORY  
What the hell?

CAL (O.S.)  
Fuck- you hit the post- you dented  
the rental!

RORY  
WHAT?!  
(to Zoey)  
You were backing me up!

ZOEY  
I said enough already!

RORY  
Did not- you waved me back!

ZOEY  
No, I was signalling you to stop!

RORY  
Shit. Shit! Is it bad?

CAL (O.S.)  
If you're fuckin' blind it's not!

CUT:

**SAME SCENE.**

The Flatbed is parked. Cal is still filming as the trio head into the shop. Zoey is still laughing.

RORY  
(sarcastic)  
You guys are so funny- It's like hanging out with Will Ferrel and Tina Fey all day! Are you here all week?

ZOEY  
C'mon you looked like you'd shit a kitten!

Rory gives Zoey the finger as they enter the shop.

**INT. COASTAL SHOP - CONTINUOUS**

CAL (O.S.)  
You looked like how you looked at the end of Marley And Me- you know when the dog died and you cried.

ZOEY  
I cried at the end of Marley And Me too!

RORY  
(knowing he's been had)  
Screw ya both.

Zoey's CELL begins to RING, recognizable at Nicky Minaj's SUPER BASE. She checks the ID, looks at Rory.

ZOEY  
It's my mom-

She slinks away and answers off screen.

Cal teases-

CAL (O.S.)  
 (quietly to Rory)  
*Can't you hear that boom, daboom  
 boom, boom, daboom, boom base, yeah  
 that's that super base!*

Rory rolls his eyes, ignoring him and heads off down an aisle.

As Cal laughs something catches his eye and he FOCUSES on a POSTER. It shows a FIERY TRIANGLE against a FULL MOON with the words DEVIL'S TRIANGLE NIGHT TOURS. Below it is a tour boat resting on a black ocean. HOLD FOR A BEAT. THEN-

CUT:

**SAME SCENE.**

CAL FINDS Rory looking at sailing equipment down an aisle. He picks up a COMPASS. Shows it to Cal as he nears with the CAM-

CAL (O.S.)  
 What is it?

RORY  
 Compass.

CUT:

**SAME SCENE.**

The CAMERA focuses on the elderly store owner. PETE DENTON (70's). He stares hard at the CAM.

RORY (O.S.)  
 You just say what you just said,  
 but look at me, not the camera.

Pete looks away at Rory off-screen.

The BOOM MIC slips into shot.

CAL (O.S.)  
 Mic.

It rises out of shot.

ZOEY (O.S.)  
 How's that?

CAL

Great.

RORY

So Mr. Denton can you tell us what you know about The Bermuda Triangle?

PETE

The Bermuda Triangle ain't no place folk should be going. Strange things happen out there on the ocean that no one can explain. People go out, they don't come back.

(beat)

I've lost count of the ships and planes that have simply vanished without a trace, no warning, no distress call, no survivors, no wreckage. And they look for them- Oh they look alright, but they never find them...

(beat)

It ain't no coincidence when it keeps happening!

Pete looks at the CAMERA. Real conviction in his eyes.

CUT TO:

**EXT. COASTAL COMMUNITY ROADSIDE - SOMETIME LATER**

The CAM focuses on a WHITE FLATBED. The DRIVERS DOOR emblazoned with USCG SEVENTH COAST GUARD INSIGNIA. The driver leans out of the window. Shades cover his eyes.

DRIVER

Yessir we patrol the waters around the Bermuda Triangle, have done for 50 years now- anybody gets into trouble we're there to help.

RORY

Seems there's a lot of stories about holiday makers that run into trouble out in the triangle.

DRIVER

I don't think it has a preference...

(MORE)

DRIVER (CONT'D)  
 30 years ago we lost one of our  
 own, Seventh Coast Guard 8776-  
 called out to a may day- never came  
 back. Never seen again.

The driver smiles as we hold on his last words.

CUT TO:

**EXT. COASTAL COMMUNITY - SOMETIME LATER**

An elderly woman, late seventies, is being interviewed.

ELDERLY WOMAN  
 I remember my Daddy telling me all  
 sorts of stories from sea monsters  
 to the Devil himself, dragging  
 ships and planes down to hell  
 itself.  
 (beat)  
 And it's not just in recent times-  
 I know nowadays that you kids  
 don't think the world existed  
 before you were born, but it's been  
 going on for centuries...  
 (beat)  
 Since Columbus first sailed into  
 these waters...  
 (beat)  
 ...strange lights in the sky and  
 God only knows what else...

She thinks for a moment.

ELDERLY WOMAN  
 In fact just last month a young  
 couple disappeared. Such a shame.

CUT TO:

**INT. FLATBED - LATER**

Zoey is reading the paper. The mood, more subdued.

ZOEY  
 There's a piece in here about that  
 couple that disappeared.

RORY (O.S.)  
 The- erm- The Sea Breeze.

ZOEY

Uh huh- it's been like 3 weeks.

She looks up.

ZOEY

It was their honeymoon.

Cal PANS to Rory, concentrating on the road.

CAL (O.S.)

That sucks man.

(beat)

Don't worry Zoey, I'll protect you.

RORY

'Makes for a helluva documentary.

Cal ZOOMS past Rory, out of the window to the ocean running parallel with them.

CAL (O.S.)

Yeah, just remember never stop-

RORY

-Filming!

Rory's film-making mantra. The group crack up.

CUT:

**SAME SCENE. LATER**

The flatbed pulls up at a small harbour, overlooking THE NAUTICA, a 25 foot long trawler used for corporate fishing and tourist trips.

CUT:

Rory heads down to The Nautica, out in front of Cal and Zoey

CUT:

**EXT. HARBOR WALKWAY - MOMENTS LATER**

The trio stand on the walkway next to the trawler.

Emblazoned on the hull, *The Nautica*.

CAL (O.S.)

This looks like the boat!

RORY  
Hello?

No reply.

RORY  
We said 12:30-  
(checks his watch)  
-it's 12:26!

CUT:

**SAME SCENE. MOMENTS LATER.**

Rory edges along a plank and onto The Nautica's deck. Cal follows.

RORY  
Anybody on board?

ZOEY  
Is the captain gonna be pissed if  
he comes and we're on his boat-

RORY  
-That we chartered.

CUT:

**EXT. THE STERN - MOMENTS LATER**

RORY  
Captain Adelaid...?

ADELAID (O.S.)  
Yeah!

RORY  
(startled)  
Jeez.

The CAM WHIPS to find Adelaid rising up from a HATCH that leads down to the engine room. He climbs out. He's in his 50's. Looks directly at the CAM. A seasoned sea vet with a cigarette held limply between his lips.

RORY  
I mean hi- we're- I'm Rory McKenna,  
I hired- erm, chartered your boat.

ADELAID  
Sure did. Pleased to meet you.

He wipes his greasy hands on his overalls and offers his hand for Rory to shake.

ADELAID

Jon Adelaid your captain for the duration. If there's anything I can do to make your stay all the more pleasant then don't you be hesitating to ask.

CUT:

**EXT. MAIN DECK - SOMETIME LATER**

ZOEY IS FILMING.

Rory and Cal board the deck from the harbor walkway. Rory carrying TWO CAMERA CASES and Cal hauling the SCUBA equipment.

Adelaid takes one of the cases from Rory.

RORY

Careful- that's a very expensive camera in there!

Adelaid nods and leads the pair through a door and below deck.

Zoey follows them into

**INT. BELOW DECK CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS**

Adelaid enters a store room.

CAL

(to Zoey)

Y'know you could help?

The CAM TILTS DOWN to a SOUND EQUIPMENT CASE in Zoey's free hand.

ZOEY (O.S.)

Technically not my department. I'm sound remember. I've got my mic and boom, plus if I was helping you I wouldn't be capturing this glorious moment to digital posterity.

Cal turns away and passes the SCUBA GEAR to Adelaide who places it inside the store room.

CUT:

**SAME SCENE.**

Adelaide points out everyone's rooms. He opens a door, shows Zoey inside hers.

Cal follows with the CAM.

ADELAID  
This'll be your quarters.

Zoey enters. It's small, room enough for a bed and closet.

CUT:

**SAME SCENE.**

Adelaide opens a door at the end of the corridor, revealing a

**KITCHEN**

Resembles an RV interior.

ADELAID  
Where we eat, drink and wash our plates.

He smiles.

**EXT. MAIN DECK - LATER**

Adelaide casts off. Rory talks to him as he does it.

Cal films with Zoey next to him.

ADELAID  
Problem is- I'm a fishing charter, you kids never said anything about diving...

RORY  
It's just some underwater shots to use for cutaways- you said you'd take us to a reef...

ADELAID  
I thought y'all wanted to snorkel.

RORY

We've got all the gear and Cal is an experienced diver and he did this course on shooting underwater- it's nothing to worry about.

Adelaid purses his lips.

ADELAID

It's just the regs...

RORY

Can't you just... turn a blind eye?

Adelaid mulls it over.

ADELAID

I could... you might want to turn that camera off.

CUT:

**SAME SCENE. MOMENTS LATER.**

ZOEY

I can't believe we just paid that guy 100 bucks. It's bullshit.

RORY

It'll be worth it, if we get the shots we need.

She gives him a look.

RORY

I mean what choice did we have? Take the Ikelite back without using it? Where's the sense in that?!

(beat)

It's how these people work!

ZOEY

Extortion... Great.

Adelaid shouts down from the WHEELHOUSE.

ADELAID (O.S.)

Y'all need to put a camera in here too?

The CAM finds Adelaid looking down at them from the WHEELHOUSE door.

RORY (O.S.)  
Yeah. We're gonna set up now.

CUT:

**SAME SCENE.**

Rory looks up to the wheelhouse. Discussing shooting arrangements with Cal.

Zoey is filming.

RORY  
(re: the wheelhouse)  
I was thinking that we could put one above there- cover the whole deck.

CAL  
Sounds good to me- you're the director.

CUT TO:

BLACKNESS FOR A BEAT. THEN A SERIES OF SHOTS OF VARIOUS CAMERA'S BEING RIGGED THROUGHOUT THE NAUTICA.

THE BLACKNESS DISSOLVES TO:

WHITE OUT.

The WHITE DISPERSES and we're looking at --

**EXT. MAIN DECK - CAMERA #1**

Rory looks up at the CAMERA, mounted above the WHEELHOUSE. A WIDE ANGLE LENS covers the whole deck.

He puts his thumb up.

**INT. WHEELHOUSE - CAMERA #2**

Cal adjusts CAMERA #2's position to get the best view of the wheelhouse. Adelaid looks up at it curiously.

ADELAID  
How many camera's is there?

CAL  
Erm- we've got 7 in total to cover  
the whole boat.

Adelaid peers in closer.

ADELAID  
And they film in the dark too?

CAL  
Sure, there's a sensor here-  
(points with his finger)  
-switches over to night vision when  
it gets dark.

**INT. CORRIDOR BELOW DECK - CAMERA #3**

At the far end, CAMERA #3 offers coverage of the short  
corridor that connects to the kitchen.

**INT. KITCHEN - CAMERA # 4**

Rory looks up at CAMERA #4, positioned high and angled to get  
the best coverage of the kitchen.

**INT. ZOEY'S ROOM - CAMERA #5 - LATER**

The CAMERA in the corner of the room SHARPENS on Cal's face.  
Zoey behind him.

ZOEY  
This takes voyeurism to a whole  
other level.

CAL  
Big brother is always watching.

She playfully hits him over the head with a pillow.

**INT. RORY'S ROOM - CAMERA #6**

Stares at the bed.

**INT. CAL'S ROOM - CAMERA #7**

Identical to the other two rooms.

CUT TO:

**EXT. MAIN DECK - LATER**

Cal films the shoreline in the distance as The Nautica heads out into the ocean.

In the B.G. Mungo Jerry's 'In The Summertime' is playing from an iPod deck.

SUPER:

**DAY 1**

**1:44 PM**

The CAM finds Zoey sitting on deck in a bikini top and ripped jean shorts. She has the shooting schedule, reading through it.

She looks up, smiles.

ZOEY

Who knew this would be so relaxing!

CAL (O.S.)

Amen to that.

The CAM PANS around. Not another ship in sight. It's just them and the ocean.

The TAPE WARNING SYMBOL FLASHES.

CAL (O.S.)

Tape.

The CAM is lowered and SWITCHED OFF.

**INT. WHEELHOUSE - CAMERA #2 - SAME**

Adelaid is at the helm. Rory observes the RADAR, GPS and SONAR equipment. He's clutching a book entitled: *Inside The Bermuda Triangle*.

Adelaid looks around.

ADELAID

Not much chance of us getting lost.

RORY

A helluva lot of planes and boats go missing in these waters every year.

ADELAID

That what your book tells you?

Rory looks down at his book.

ADELAID  
Great story for the tourists.

RORY  
I've done my research, the sheer  
number of unexplained  
disappearances is unsettling.

Adelaid smirks. Not buying it.

ADELAID  
I've sailed these waters all my  
life, so did my ol' man and his ol'  
man. I've never seen nothing  
untoward, and certainly nothing  
that couldn't be explained without  
facts and simple logic.

RORY  
In the last 8 weeks alone, 3 yachts  
have gone missing. The latest just  
3 weeks ago, a couple on their  
honeymoon-

ADELAID  
-I heard, The Sea Breeze. You left  
out the part where the guy had only  
been sailing for 10 months. Like I  
said, inexperience is dangerous on  
these waters. You can get turned  
around, sent in a different  
direction like that-

SNAPS his thumb and forefinger.

ADELAID  
-a lot of ocean out there. Lot of  
places to get lost.

**EXT. MAIN DECK - CAMERA #2 - SAME**

Cal is lying on the deck, tossing a BASEBALL into the air and catching it.

Zoey is a few feet away, catching some rays.

Jay Z's 'Big Pimpin' is playing in the B.G.

CAL  
Okay try this one- Vern Troyer to  
Kevin Bacon... in six steps.

Zoey puffs her cheeks.

ZOEY

You're really putting me to the test. Okay... Vern Troyer... Austin Powers... Austin Powers- Mike Myers... Mike Myers starred in Inglorious Basterds with Brad Pitt, Brad Pitt starred in Sleepers starring one *Kevin Bacon*...

CAL

Shit that's good. I need to go old school on you, silent movie stars!

Zoey sits up. All ears.

ZOEY

Bring it.

Beat as Cal searches his brain.

CAL

Charlie Chaplin to Kevin Bacon.

Zoey thinks.

CAL

Not so easy now!

ZOEY

I refuse to be beaten.

She smiles.

ZOEY

Right, Charlie Chaplin starred in-

The music STOPS abruptly. Cal and Zoey look over at the iPod deck.

Nothing for a moment.

THEN the music begins again. Only now it's the soothing voice of Karen Carpenter singing '**We've Only Just Begun...**'

ZOEY

(sarcastic)

I never had you down as a fan.

Cal pads over to the iPod.

CAL

Purely a seduction track!

He shuts it off-

ZOEY

Cringe!

Cal laughs, checks his iPod.

CAL (O.S.)

I don't even know how this got on here?

(beat)

Shit!

ZOEY

Say what?

CAL

It's wiped- my iPod! Everything's gone.

ZOEY

And that's a bad thing?

CAL

My iPod was looking respectable.

Rory steps out of the WHEELHOUSE. Overlooks the pair from the wheelhouse steps.

RORY

Shall we get our first set up?

**EXT. STERN - SOME TIME LATER**

The CAMERA is on a tripod. Rory before us. Behind him is a sparkling blue expanse stretching to the horizon and beyond.

RORY

How's that?

CAL (O.S.)

Looking good. Ready to roll.

BEAT.

ZOEY (O.S.)

Sounds not happening- we got too much wind...

CAL (O.S.)

We could shoot inside?

RORY  
No- we need the scenery.

ZOEY (O.S.)  
I'll mic you up.

CUT:

**SAME SCENE. MOMENTS LATER.**

Zoey finishes off attaching a lapel mic to Rory's collar.  
Their faces close.

Cal ZOOMS in on the pair, their eyes meet for the briefest of moments. A hint of attraction.

RORY  
(shy)  
That's great, thanks.

ZOEY  
No problem.

She steps out of shot -- Cal ZOOMS OUT -- Focuses.

CUT:

CAL (O.S.)  
Ready to roll.

BEAT. Rory begins-

RORY  
Out there in the middle of the last truly uncharted wilderness on our planet.

(beat)  
Within the North Atlantic there is an area of ocean that stretches South East from Bermuda to Miami and then Key West across to Puerto Rico and then back Northwards to complete The Bermuda Triangle, sometimes referred to as the Devils Triangle, with some religions believing that Satan's crown rests below the surface of the ocean itself...

(beat)  
The truth is we simply do not know enough about the ocean and what's below, in the depths, to be sure.

(beat)  
(MORE)

RORY (CONT'D)

But what we do know is that there is something of an unexplained phenomenon surrounding this area of ocean, where year after year countless planes and ships are lost, never to be recovered.

Rory casts his gaze out to the ocean, *to the unknown...*

HOLD. AND-

CAL (O.S.)

Cut.

CUT TO:

**INT. KITCHEN - CAMERA #4 - NIGHT**

Zoey, Cal and Rory are sat around the table, each have a bottle of Bud in their hand with a MAP of the ocean laid out in front of them.

Rory points to a small group of islands whilst Cal labels up tapes.

RORY

When we get to Great Isaac's, we'll shoot the lighthouse.

CAL

The creepy abandoned lighthouse-

RORY

-Where people have mysteriously disappeared- it proves that it's not just over the ocean where things vanish.

(beat)

It's on land too.

ZOEY

What if we don't make it there...

Cal and Rory look. A wave of unease washes over them. Until Zoey's serious demeanor breaks to a smile. They all laugh.

CAL

I'll drink to that.

They all clink bottles and sup back the beer, Zoey finishes hers off in one sitting.

Cal and Rory watch, impressed.

ZOEY  
 (re: finishing her drink)  
 Man up guys- I'm for an early  
 night!

RORY  
 G'night.

CAL  
 Need any company?

ZOEY  
 If I do, Rory will be more than  
 capable.

CAL  
 Well that's what I was gonna  
 suggest.

Rory playfully jabs Cal in the arm.

Zoey exits the kitchen.

RORY  
 Dick!

CAL  
 Look at her, she backs dudes up!  
 Why don't you make a move already?!

RORY  
 Quit it!

**INT. ZOEY'S ROOM - CAMERA #5**

Zoey strips away her T-shirt, turns, spies CAM #5 in the  
 corner and tosses the T-shirt over the lens.

**EXT. MAIN DECK - NIGHT - LATER**

Cal is filming the sky. In the distance he can make out  
 lights -- ZOOMS IN.

CAL (O.S.)  
 'Hell is that?

RORY (O.S.)  
 I'm not sure.

Cal ZOOMS IN and OUT. Tries to FOCUS on the dancing lights  
 hidden within soft grey clouds.

The CAM finds Rory, squinting at the lights in the sky as he speaks.

RORY  
Film that, not me.

He SWINGS back to the lights in the distance.

RORY (O.S.)  
This is good footage- what the hell  
is that?

CUT TO:

**MAIN DECK - CAMERA #1 - CONTINUOUS**

Cal and Rory are leaning against the starboard rail. The sky alive with indistinct light forms.

Adelaid steps into shot. He's also spotted the lights.

ADELAID  
Just a storm.

The pair turn.

ADELAID  
I spotted it on the radar. We get a  
lot of tropical storms around this  
time of year- coming up to  
hurricane season.  
(beat)  
I'll be dropping anchor for the  
night boys.

Cal lowers his camera.

**INT. RORY'S ROOM - CAMERA #6 - LATER**

He's asleep. He's snoring faintly.

**INT. ZOEY'S ROOM - CAMERA #5 - SAME**

BLACKNESS for a BEAT. THEN the room reveals itself as Zoey's T-shirt slides from off CAM #5's LENS.

She's fast asleep, the sheet wrapped around her.

SUPER: **11:51 PM**

TWO points of interest: The porthole. The closet.

The CAMERA alters focus slightly. Something has piqued its interest and *ours*, the PORTHOLE above Zoey's head.

Our eyes begin to adjust and strain, we notice what we think is a SILHOUETTE of something staring in from outside. *It's been there this whole time!* But we're not sure. *Maybe it's just our eyes?*

-- The closet DOOR OPENS slightly. Hinges letting out a SQUEAK.

The CAMERA RACKS FOCUS to the closet door. HOLD. But the door doesn't move.

CUT TO:

BLACKNESS.

THEN. PING. The SOUND of the HD CAMERA'S motor coming to life and-

FADE IN:

FROM CAL'S CAM. It's dark. Not enough light to make out much. The CAM switches to NIGHT VISION --

**INT. CAL'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

-- GHOSTLY GREEN. We're looking at Cal, sleeping. *Who is operating the camera?*

SUPER: **11:56 PM**

Outside we HEAR the gentle lapping of the ocean against the hull of The Nautica.

A SCRATCHING SOUND interrupts. First quiet, but gathering pace. Like fingernails clawing at the outside of the door.

**INT. CORRIDOR BELOW DECK - CAMERA #3 - SAME**

The corridor is empty. No sign of what could be making the *scratching* noise.

**INT. CAL'S ROOM - SAME**

CAL'S CAM. The noise intensifies. Like something pawing at the door...

The CAMERA BEGINS a slow ZOOM into Cal's face --

-- the scratching ceases as does the ZOOM, now TIGHT on his Cal's face.

But Cal doesn't wake up.

WE HOLD ON THE CLOSE UP. THEN. SLOWLY ZOOM OUT --

-- the PULL BACK reveals a BLACK FIGURE stood over Cal, like a shadow, impossible to make out any defining features.

It doesn't move. Just stands. Watching.

THE CAMERA SWITCHES OFF.

CUT TO:

**INT. KITCHEN - CAMERA #4 - MORNING**

Zoey is sipping coffee sat around the table with Cal and Rory, both finishing toast.

SUPER: **DAY 2**

**08:22 AM**

Adelaid enters.

ADELAID  
Howd y'all sleep?

There's a collective nod. *Not bad.*

ADELAID  
Breakfast to your liking? I know you LA folk like all that healthy green soup crud!

CAL  
Not me- mexi dog wrapped in bacon my usual kick start to the day!

Zoey cocks an eye.

ZOEY  
Suicide!

CAL  
I die young, I'll leave a fine looking corpse.

CUT TO:

**INT. ZOEY'S ROOM - CAMERA #5 - A SHORT WHILE LATER**

Zoey grabs her CELL phone from off the bed, checks it. No signal.

ZOEY  
 Figures.

She waves it around, trying to pick up signal. No use.

She stops. Something has caught her eye. The PORTHOLE. She peers closer. We have no idea what is so interesting...

CUT:

**SAME SCENE. LATER**

Cal's HD CAMERA fixed on the porthole, looking out at the ocean.

ZOEY (O.S.)  
 Have you got it?

Cal adjusts the aperture. SHARPENS on the glass, revealing a HAND PRINT.

ZOEY (O.S.)  
 It's on the outside...

CAL (O.S.)  
 Sure is.

HOLD on the print for a minute-

CAL (O.S.)  
 (calls to)  
 RORY!

CUT TO:

**INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER**

ZOEY FILMS.

Cal is sat with the laptop on the kitchen table. Zoey focuses on the screen, Rory peers over his shoulder

CAL  
 All the camera's we rigged, record  
 to this hard drive...

RORY  
What're you looking for?

ZOEY (O.S.)  
Peeping Tom that was outside my  
window.

Rory looks around.

CAL  
Was it you?

RORY  
Shut up.

Zoey moves to get a better angle on the screen.

ON SCREEN: Cal scrolls through the footage from Zoey's room.  
They see Zoey enter the room the night before.

TIME CODE READS: 10:27:16

They watch as Zoey removes her T-shirt and throws it onto the  
camera.

CAL  
You can be a real killjoy  
sometimes!

Zoey slaps Cal around the back of the head.

CAL  
Sorry. But you kinda did defeat the  
objective of the camera in the  
room!

CUT TO:

**INT. WHEELHOUSE - CAMERA #2 - LATER**

Adelaid is hunched over the his GPS system. Smoking a  
cigarette down to the nub. Something puzzling him..?

ADELAID  
What the hell?

He taps the GPS screen. Sits back. Can't fathom it.

**KITCHEN - CAMERA #4 - SAME**

Cal scrolls through the footage. SUDDENLY he stops.

CAL  
 Whoa!  
 (shouts)  
 Guys check this out!

Moments later Zoey and Rory enter.

ZOEY  
 What is it?

RORY  
 Cal...?

CAL  
 Zoey start filming...

CUT:

ZOEY FILMS.

ON SCREEN: Cal REWINDS the footage. We see Zoey's T-shirt slip off the lens as if *something* pulled it.

TIME CODE READS: **11:51:23 PM**

RORY (O.S.)  
 It fell off?!

CAL  
 Fuck that did it fall off. Watch!

Like previously the closet door opens slightly.

RORY  
 Jeez- You see that?!

Zoey ZOOMS in closer.

ZOEY (O.S.)  
 Shit!

ON SCREEN: The image FREEZES.

CAL (O.S.)  
 Look at the porthole...

They do, squinting.

RORY (O.S.)  
 I don't see anything...

Cal scrolls through, frame by frame. We watch as the figure comes alive, edging out of view.

ZOEY (O.S.)  
There's someone there!

RORY (O.S.)  
It could be- hard to tell- could  
have been anything!

Cal looks around.

CAL  
Does *anything* leave a hand print on  
the window?

CUT TO:

**INT. WHEELHOUSE - A LITTLE LATER**

Cal's CAMERA ANGLES DOWN ONTO A RADAR DISPLAY. The tiny ship  
in the middle of the ocean flickers, darts about.

Adelaid taps the screen. The image rolls.

ADELAID  
Goddammit- Been like this all day!

We sense the anxious mood, gradually descending into jittery  
nervousness.

ADELAID  
Radar's off.

RORY  
We still got GPS though, right?

Adelaid checks the GPS SYSTEM. It's unable to pick up a  
signal. He shakes his head.

Adelaid turns his attention to a final screen.

Cal follows. ANGLES ON A SONAR SCREEN, displaying data that  
indicates the underwater topography of the ocean.

Adelaid muses.

ADELAID  
According to this we're in 10  
meters of water... Impossible.

Rory fishes the COMPASS he brought from the shop from his  
pocket --

-- The CAMERA fixes on it -- the needle going haywire.

CAL (O.S.)

Shit!

He kills the CAMERA.

BLACKNESS.

CUT:

**SAME SCENE. MOMENTS LATER.**

RORY

(to Cal)

You don't stop rolling- got it!

CAL (O.S.)

Okay.

The CAMERA trains on Adelaide, he pulls a WOODEN CASE from beneath the RADAR station. Opens it.

ADELAID

This is how they did it back in the day.

He removes a SEXTANT from the case. The wooden handle grips warn from over 100 years worth of use.

WE FOLLOW him out onto the

**WALKWAY**

Outside the WHEELHOUSE.

Adelaide holds the Sextant up to the horizon.

ZOEY

That thing will tell us where we are?

ADELAID

It'll allow me to find due South, longitude and latitude-

(beat)

And our location.

He adjusts the sextant, lining up the sun and the horizon.

ADELAID

At one time this was all sea men  
had to navigate the oceans, all my  
ol' man and his ol' man had- never  
failed them once...

He takes a few moments.

ADELAID

(to himself)  
21 degrees...

Adelaid marches back into the

**WHEELHOUSE**

He grabs a NAUTICAL ALMANAC.

RORY

What's that?

ADELAID

It shows the sun definition for  
every minute of the year- it'll  
tell us where we are to within one  
nautical mile.

Zoey breathes easier.

Adelaid finds the page he wants. His finger trails down the  
listings. He stops. Got it.

HOLD ON his face. His brow creases. *Something's wrong?*

ADELAID

This- shit' dammit!

RORY

Adelaid?

Adelaid flips another page, then goes back. Shakes his head.

ADELAID

It's wrong.

A BEAT. Zoey et al take it in.

CAL (O.S.)

How do you know- all looks the  
same?

Adelaid stares ahead, doesn't look as he answers, trying to  
fathom it.

ADELAID  
If we were where it says we are...  
(pauses)  
We'd be on land!

CUT:

**EXT. WHEELHOUSE WALKWAY - MOMENTS LATER**

CAL CONTINUES TO FILM.

Adelaid has the sextant pressed to his eye once again.

ADELAID  
Can't be...

ZOEY  
What now?

Adelaid lowers the sextant. Silently shakes his head.

ADELAID  
Erm- it's- 78 degrees West.

CAL (O.S.)  
So- you read it wrong first time?

Adelaid shakes his head.

ADELAID  
Hell no- the sun covers a quarter  
of a degree a minute.

ZOEY  
And what does that mean?

ADELAID  
That unless the sun decided to rise  
in the West this morning- it's an  
impossible reading for this time of  
the day!

ZOEY  
NONONONO- we need to go back!

RORY  
Zoey calm do-

ZOEY  
Rory we're lost in the middle of  
The Bermuda Triangle-

RORY  
-Let's not let our imaginations run  
wild.

Cal PUNCHES INTO CLOSES UP on Zoey.

ZOEY  
Err Bermuda Triangle and lost is  
not my imagination running wild.

She bites at the CAMERA!

ZOEY  
And get that thing out of my face!

The footage cuts to BLACK.

CUT TO:

**INT. WHEELHOUSE - INTERCUT CAL'S CAM & CAM #2**

Cal is filming. Adelaide is manning the radio.

ADELAID  
Mayday, mayday, mayday. This is The  
Nautica. Repeat The Nautica... Can  
anybody hear me?

STATIC CRACKLES.

RORY  
Can't we turn around- head back the  
way we came?

*If looks could kill...*

RORY  
Okay- that was stupid.

ADELAID  
Mayday. This is The Nautica. Is  
there anybody out there?

MORE STATIC.

RORY  
This isn't normal...

*No shit!*

ADELAID  
Mayday, mayday...

Nothing. Cal lowers the CAM, pointing it at the ground.

CAL (O.S.)  
Jesus, Rory- 'fuck we gonna do?

Rory doesn't know what to say.

ZOEY (O.S.)  
I didn't sign up to be lost in the  
middle of the Bermuda-fuckin-  
Triangle!

RORY (O.S.)  
We're gonna be okay- let's just...

We HEAR the wheelhouse door open and close. Zoey is gone.

RORY (O.S.)  
Zoey...

CAL (O.S.)  
Go after her- go and talk to her.

RORY (O.S.)  
We should just leave her, let her  
cool down, she's not gonna be in  
the mood for-

ZOEY (O.S.)  
(shouting from the deck)  
RORY- CAL, C'MERE!

CUT:

**EXT. MAIN DECK - AFTERNOON - MOMENTS LATER**

Cal ZOOMS in on another ship in the distance. As he gets CLOSER it becomes apparent that it's a luxury YACHT.

CAL (O.S.)  
Ain't that a sight for sore eyes!

ADELAID  
Let's hope their radio is working?  
(beat)  
I'll bring us about.

Adelaid heads back toward the WHEELHOUSE.

**INT. WHEELHOUSE - CAMERA #2 - MOMENTS LATER**

Adelaid is at the helm, bringing her about starboard, heading toward the yacht.

He has the radio to his mouth.

ADELAID  
Come in- this is The Nautica...

Just STATIC. He throws the radio down in frustration.

CUT TO:

**EXT. MAIN DECK - SAME**

Cal is filming. The Nautica is quickly closing the gap to the yacht. Zoey and Rory lean over the balwark.

ZOEY  
Sorry I snapped.

RORY  
Don't worry about it.

ZOEY  
'Just freaked me out.

Rory puts an arm around her, gives her a reassuring cuddle.

CAL (O.S.)  
(shouting.)  
AHOY THERE!

CUT:

CAL'S FOOTAGE. We're now 50 feet away from the yacht. It's ANCHORED but with no sign of life --

-- HARD ZOOM into the hull. 'The Sea Breeze' wrote fancifully across it.

CAL (O.S.)  
The Sea Breeze... Honeymooners,  
right?

RORY (O.S.)  
Erm- yeah...

The CAM jerks as Cal deflates slightly.

CAL (O.S.)  
 (to Rory)  
 Don't suppose they been bumpin'  
 uglies all this time and just kinda  
 forgot about civilization?

PAN TO Rory and Zoey, both looking concerned.

CUT:

**SAME SCENE.**

Only 20 feet away from The Sea Breeze.

CUT:

**SAME SCENE.**

The Nautica is now parallel with The Sea Breeze. The ANCHOR  
 SPLASHES DOWN.

Still no sign of anybody on board.

CUT:

**SAME SCENE.**

Adelaid leans over the bulwark. Rory SHOUTS-

RORY  
 AHOY? Anybody on board?

Adelaid looks over at Rory. Shakes his head.

CUT:

**SAME SCENE.**

Adelaid marches across the deck, spinning the BARREL of a  
 LOADED REVOLVER -- SNAPS it shut.

ZOEY  
 Why do you have a gun?

ADELAID  
 These waters are dangerous, lotta  
 dope runners.

Zoey looks at Cal.

CUT:

**EXT. THE SEA BREEZE - MOMENTS LATER**

Cal climbs over the balwark and lands onto the deck of The Sea Breeze.

He glances back at Rory. Not comfortable as he leans over The Sea Breeze's Pullpit and takes the camera off of Rory. Looks back at him and Zoey.

CAL (O.S.)  
For this I expect full producer credit.

Rory shows a faint smile.

RORY  
(dry)  
You've got it!

Cal turns the CAM to Adelaid. Follows him along the deck guardrail.

ADELAID  
Anybody hurt?

Nothing.

Cal TILTS UP to the MAST. The SAIL half unfurled. Like someone tried to do it in a hurry...

Adelaid ducks under the BOOM ARM. Cal follows.

The CAMERA spots an EMPTY BOTTLE of CHAMPAGNE lying upon the deck.

The pair move around to the ENTRANCE to BELOW DECK.

Adelaid pauses for a moment, crouches, gazes down into THE GALLEY.

ADELAID  
Hey- anybody down here?

Adelaid looks back at Cal, then proceeds on. Down the four steps into the

**GALLEY**

It's spacious. RV-esque interior. But chairs are upturned. Clothes strewn about the place.

Cal ZOOMS IN on a wall clock. It's stopped, half struck on 5:07.

In silence Adelaide presses on. Steps over a chair, spotting a RADIO TRANSMITTER on a table. He heads over to it.

Cal follows.

Adelaide inspects the TRANSMITTER. Looks like it's been chewed up and spat out.

Cal PANS to a fruit bowl next to it. Its contents as fresh as the day they were bought...

CAL (O.S.)  
Fresh fruit...

Adelaide takes notes.

CAL (O.S.)  
How's that work- it's been missing  
for like 3 weeks...

Cal moves over to the fridge, pulls it open. Films the contents. JUICE. MEATS. EGGS. All fresh!

Cal grabs picks up the juice carton. Smells it, takes a sip.

CAL (O.S.)  
It's good.

He checks the date. APRIL 15th.

CAL (O.S.)  
Jesus- 3 weeks out of date...

Cal rises, closing the fridge.

Adelaide moves on -- Cal spots something-

CAL (O.S.)  
Hey- Adelaide- cell phone.

Adelaide turns. Cal grabs a CELL from off the floor. Tries it. No dice.

CAL (O.S.)  
Batteries dead.

-- A BURST OF RUSTLING grabs both their attention.

Adelaid holds firm as the noise ceases. Stares ahead, to a door, from which the noise came from behind.

ADELAID  
Is anybody there?  
(beat)  
We're here to help...

No reply. There's an uneasiness about the place. Both men sense it.

Cal sees something-

CAL  
(whispered)  
Adelaid... There!

Adelaid glances around as Cal slowly ZOOMS into something. We're unsure what he's spotted but it soon becomes clear -- BLOOD on the floor.

CAL (O.S.)  
(quiet)  
Oh man.

Adelaid COCKS the REVOLVER as he nears the BLOOD. Kneels down and touches it-

ADELAID  
Dry-

-There it is again, the SAME NOISE. A sharp burst of restrained movement.

Adelaid pops upright, tense as hell, eyes trained in the direction of the noise.

CAL  
(barely a whisper)  
Adelaid...

Adelaid pays him no attention, instead edges toward the door.

Cal holds firm, a mere 5 feet from the door. Cold sweat running down his neck as he watches Adelaid reach the door.

BEAT.

Adelaid's fingers wrap around the handle as he leans in closer, places his ear to it. Listens. Nothing.

Adelaid twists the handle and pushes the door open, slowly revealing a MASTER BEDROOM. It's dark inside.



OFF THAT-

CUT IN ON:

**CELL PHONE FOOTAGE:**

**EXT. THE SEA BREEZE - DAY - 3 WEEKS PREVIOUS**

Glorious day. On the deck a HUSBAND FILMS his WIFE (30's). Slim with flowing blonde hair, attired in a sarong. She twirls on the deck, holding a bottle of CHAMPAGNE.

HUSBAND (O.S.)  
How's your first official day going  
as my wife?

She thinks for a moment. Smiles.

WIFE  
If everyday is this good, then I'm  
going to be very happy woman  
indeed.

She walks over and plants a kiss on her husband's lips and pads away, taking up a sunbathing position on a towel laid across the deck.

WIFE  
What time is it honey?

The husband checks his watch.

HUSBAND (O.S.)  
Erm...  
(to himself)  
Strange...  
(to wife)  
Watch has packed up!

**THE FOOTAGE ENDS.**

BACK TO:

**INT. GALLEY KITCHEN - CAMERA #4 - PRESENT**

Zoey is holding Rory's cell. Cal and Rory peer over her shoulder.

Adelaid takes another swig from his flask.

ZOEY  
They looked so happy...

RORY  
Is there anything else on there?

She checks.

ZOEY  
One more video.

CUT TO:

**CELL PHONE FOOTAGE:**

**EXT. THE SEA BREEZE - DUSK**

The WIFE has the cell phone. She films an orange sun as it burns against the horizon.

WIFE (O.S.)  
Honey you should come see this.

Her husband shouts from below-

HUSBAND (O.S.)  
Not now sweetie.

WIFE (O.S.)  
It's beautiful, you don't know what you're missing.

She rises to her feet and heads below deck.

WIFE (O.S.)  
What are you doing down here?

**INT. BELOW DECK - CONTINUOUS**

Her husband comes into shot, sat at the radio. All he hears is the BUZZ OF INTERFERENCE.

HUSBAND  
Can you hear me? This is The Sea Breeze-

WIFE (O.S.)  
-Honey what's wrong?

HUSBAND  
It's on the blink. Piece of shit!

WIFE (O.S.)  
Don't curse.

HUSBAND  
Sorry sweetheart.

A VOICE comes through the radio. Tinny and troubled by interference.

VOICE (O.S.)  
Is this The Sea Breeze?

It breaks up.

HUSBAND  
Yes yes- this is The Sea Breeze.  
GPS is on the blink- we're unsure  
of our current position-

WIFE  
Honey, what's going on?

HUSBAND  
Nothing to worry about, GPS is  
playing up is all.

We barely catch the reply from the radio, all we can make out is-

VOICE (O.S.)  
How is this happening-

HUSBAND  
What? Who is this?

**THE FOOTAGE ENDS.**

BACK TO:

**INT. GALLEY KITCHEN - CAMERA #4 - PRESENT**

ZOEY  
Shit. What the hell was that all  
about?

Even Adelaid is leaning over, showing concern. But no one has an explanation...

**INT. WHEELHOUSE - CAMERA #2 - NIGHT**

SUPER:                   **01:32 AM**

Adelaid has the radio to his lips.

ADELAID  
Mayday, Mayday- anybody hear me?

All he gets is static.

Rory watches hopeful. Zoey and Cal, watch from the other side of the wheelhouse.

Zoey turns, gazes through the windshield at the surrounding darkness. Not a star in sight. Yet the sky is clear.

THEN. VOICES COME THROUGH in varying volume bursts --

-- half snippets of spoken words and conversations. Impossible to distinguish; Telemetry, cell phone chatter, military jargon.

Adelaid pounces-

ADELAID  
Mayday, Mayday- this is The Nautica-  
last known position 70 miles North  
North East of Miami-

The VOICES CEASE.

ADELAID  
Mayday... hello- anybody...

Everyone deflates. Zoey rubs her eyes, tired, they all are.

ZOEY  
I need caffeine or something.

ADELAID  
(without looking)  
You kids should get some shut eye-  
sooner or later we could be working  
shifts on the radio.

CUT TO:

**INT. KITCHEN - CAMERA #4 - LATER**

**SUPER: 02:10 AM**

Rory and Zoey are at the table, in silence. Zoey has her head in her hands.

Rory glances up at CAMERA #4. Stares at it for a moment.

**INT. CAL'S ROOM - CAMERA #7 - SAME**

We stare at Cal for a few moments. Asleep.

**INT. ZOEY'S ROOM - CAMERA #5 - LATER**

Zoey is in bed. Rory is on the floor with his pillow.

SUPER: **02:27 AM**

ZOEY

Thanks.

RORY

It's cool.

ZOEY

D'ya wanna squeeze in?

RORY

There's barely enough room for one person in these cots.

She smiles.

ZOEY

'Night Rory.

RORY

'Night.

She rolls over.

CUT:

**INT. WHEELHOUSE - CAMERA #2 - NIGHT**

Adelaid is still at the radio. Eyes heavy. Close to nodding off. Eyes closing.

SUPER: **03:01 AM**

A VOICE wakes him. Indistinct and plagued by interference, hard to make any sense of.

He tunes the frequency. The VOICES CLEAR to that of people SINGING 'God Rest Ye Merry, Gentlemen.'

RADIO VOICES (O.S.)

*God rest ye merry, gentlemen  
Let nothing you dismay  
Remember, Christ, our Saviour  
(MORE)*

RADIO VOICES (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
*Was born on Christmas day  
To save us all from Satan's power  
When we were gone astray-*

INTERFERENCE destroys the transmission...

Adelaid scribbles something down on a LEGAL PAD

He sits back. SLAMS his fist against the desk.

**INT. ZOEY'S ROOM - CAMERA #5 - NIGHT**

Zoey rolls over, fast asleep. Rory is snoring, not too loud though.

SUPER: **03:15 AM**

Our eyes settle. Torn between Zoey and Rory.

A WALL LAMP above ZOEY'S head GLOWS, shedding light across the PORTHOLE and we see it -- A SILHOUETTE.

Zoey twists in her bed, eye lids flutter and the LAMP dies, casting the room back into darkness and the silhouette back into obscurity as Zoey's eyes open. Sleepily she looks down at Rory.

ZOEY  
Shhhhhh!

He still continues to snore.

She switches on the WALL LAMP --

-- the silhouette is gone, no longer peering in through the porthole.

ZOEY  
Rory shut up!

She pokes him. He quietens down.

She looks to the porthole. Leans closer. Face to the glass. Staring out into the darkness outside.

She crawls back under her sheet. Kills the wall lamp and goes back to sleep.

**INT. WHEELHOUSE - CAMERA #2 - LATER**

Adelaid is asleep at the RADIO station.

SUPER:

04:55 AM

SILENCE.

A faint SOUND rises from the radio. A disjointed blend of VOICES.

Adelaid stirs. Eyes shifting beneath closed lids until they open and Adelaid sits up. Stares at the radio as the VOICES clear-

RADIO VOICE (O.S.)

*-we seem to be off course, we can not see land, repeat we can not see land, we're not sure of our position, we seem to be lost.*

*(beat)*

*We don't know which way is West, everything is wrong, we can't be sure of any direction. We're completely lost-*

END OF TRANSMISSION.

SUDDENLY the WHEELHOUSE door OPENS behind Adelaid. He turns. Nobody there...

ADELAID

*(spooked)*

Rory- kid... that you...? Cal?

BEAT. Adelaid stands up. Peers out through the door.

THE CAMERA GOES BLACK. OFFLINE.

CUT:

**INT. ZOEY'S ROOM - CAMERA #5 - LATER**

Zoey and Rory are dead to the world.

SUPER:

05:05 AM

A PIERCING SHRIEK SHATTERS the serene silence.

Zoey and Rory spring awake. Their eyes pin on the door.

ZOEY

'Hell was that...?

RORY

Cal... Adelaid...

THE FOOTAGE GOES BLACK.

HOLD ON A BLACK SCREEN. A LONG BEAT.

FINALLY-

RORY (O.S.)  
 (rushed)  
 Cal- are you filming-

CAL (O.S.)  
 Yes- fuck- gimme a break!

The LENS CAP is removed. Our world a hurried blur as Cal rushes up onto deck. Settles on Rory. Face pale, *scared shitless*.

RORY  
 Keep filming.

SUPER: **05:07 AM**

O.S. Zoey yells.

ZOEY(O.S.)  
 Cal!

INTERCUT BETWEEN FOOTAGE FROM CAL'S CAMERA AND CAMERA'S RIGGED ABOUT THE NAUTICA.

CAL (O.S.)  
 Up here.

Our world is one of QUICK PANNING confusion.

Zoey emerges from below deck.

ZOEY  
 What's going on?

RORY  
 (shouts)  
 Adelaid?

Rory enters the wheelhouse.

CAL  
 Where is the son-ova-bitch?

SUDDENLY THE DECK'S FLOODLIGHTS BLAST TO FULL BRIGHTNESS.

Rory emerges from the wheelhouse, the CAM fixes on him. He stands there, a stunned expression-

RORY

Look-

The CAM turns to the direction Rory points, revealing that The Sea Breeze is GONE!

Zoey steps into shot. Looks back at the CAM.

ZOEY

Where's the yacht?

CAL (O.S.)

What the fuck?!

As Cal PANS across the deck, Zoey spots something, Adelaide's HIP FLASK. She picks it up!

Cal lowers the CAMERA. SWITCHES IT OFF.

CUT IN ON:

**EXT. MAIN DECK - CAMERA #2 - SAME**

Cal, Zoey and Rory stood on the deck.

CAL

(irate)

People don't just disappear-  
Captain's of ships don't just  
disappear!

Stares at Rory.

RORY

What do you want me to say?

CAL

Dude- Adelaide set this up!

The trio take in the notion.

CAL

Where's the yacht- The Sea Breeze,  
Huh? Just vanish did it?

Rory looks around, no sign of The Sea Breeze, surrounded by nothing but an impenetrable black void.

CAL

This is how it happened- The Sea  
Breeze belongs to Adelaide's buddy-  
and that's where Adelaide is,  
laughing his Goddamn ass off-

ZOEY

Enough! Let's think about this...  
We all heard the scream.

They nod, processing the series of events.

ZOEY

-Within 10 seconds we were on deck  
and there was no sign of Adelaide or  
The Sea Breeze...

Rory and Cal regard this-

RORY

Right.

CAL

(realizing)

Hold up- he never left- son-ova-  
bitch is still be on board.

The trio trade looks.

CUT TO:

**INT. WHEELHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER**

RORY FILMS.

Cal is sat before his laptop watching the footage back.

ANGLE ON SCREEN: Adelaide asleep by the radio.

RADIO VOICE (O.S.)

*-we seem to be off course, we can  
not see land, repeat we can not see  
land, we're not sure our position,  
we seem to be lost, we don't know  
which way is West, everything is  
wrong, we can't be sure of any  
direction. We're completely lost-*

END OF TRANSMISSION.

The WHEELHOUSE door OPENS behind Adelaide. He turns. Nobody there...

ADELAID

(spooked)

Rory- kid... that you...? Cal?

The footage goes BLACK.

Cal works the laptop, goes to every other CAMERA on board.  
ALL BLACK.

CAL  
Every camera went off the same time-  
04:55- no sound or footage. Just...  
black...

BEAT. THEN-

RORY (O.S.)  
I know that transmission...

ZOEY  
What?

Cal scrolls through the footage.

The TAPE SYMBOL FLASHES.

RORY (O.S.)  
I need a tape.

ZOEY  
(to the point)  
How do you know that transmission?

RORY (O.S.)  
It's from Flight 19...

CUT:

SAME SCENE. MOMENTS LATER.

Cal switches the camera on having changed tapes. Finds Rory reading a book, Inside the Bermuda Triangle.

RORY  
*-we can not see land, we're not  
sure our position, we seem to be  
lost, we don't know which way is  
West, everything is wrong...*  
(beat)  
That was the last transmission from  
Flight 19 before it went down in  
1945.

Cal shakes his head, stunned. Turns back to the laptop,  
continues scrolling through the black footage --

CAL  
This makes no sense.

THEN -- A SNIPPET OF FOOTAGE FLASHES PAST.

CAL

Whoa!

He rolls the footage back.

ANGLE ON SCREEN: A few frames taken from the MAIN DECK CAMERA. It shows Adelaid cowering on the deck, curled in the foetal position. SOBBING and THEN SCREAMS as his body is dragged away by an invisible force.

CUT TO BLACKNESS.

A collective intake of breath.

CAL

Holy shit- Holy shit!

ZOEY

'Fuck was that?

Cal scrolls through the remaining BLACK FOOTAGE. The footage returns. Cal, Zoey and Rory on the deck.

ANGLE ON SCREEN:

The footage shows Cal, Zoey and Rory arrive on deck to find Adelaid missing.

RORY (O.S. FROM FOOTAGE)

Cal- are you filming-

CAL (O.S. FROM FOOTAGE)

Yes- fuck- gimme a break!

RORY (O.S. FROM FOOTAGE)

Dude just keep filming!

CUT TO THE WHEELHOUSE CAMERA #2.

Zoey picks up the legal pad on which Adelaid scribbled something on. She reads aloud-

ZOEY

*God rest ye merry, gentlemen  
Let nothing you dismay  
Remember, Christ, our Saviour  
Was born on Christmas day...*

(beat)

God Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen.

(MORE)

ZOEY (CONT'D)  
(beat)  
Christmas carol. We're in May...

CUT:

**SAME SCENE. MOMENTS LATER.**

**WHEELHOUSE CAMERA #2.**

CAL  
Do we all agree that we need to get  
the fuck outta here?!

RORY  
Amen to that!

Cal studies the controls. Spots the ANCHOR LEVER. Raises the anchor. Finds the ignition and starts her up. Grips the wheel. Looks out across the ocean.

RORY  
Wait- We have no idea of knowing  
which way to go?

*Good point!*

CAL  
Sooner or later we gotta hit land?

RORY  
Or Antarctica?

ZOEY  
Or run out of fuel...

He shuts the engine off.

CAL  
So what's the plan?

Zoey's eyes narrow. Suddenly distracted. She's spotted something in the distance.

ZOEY  
What is that?

Cal and Rory train their eyes in the direction Zoey points.

Rory grabs the HD CAMERA. STARTS FILMING.

CUT TO:

HD CAMERA FOOTAGE:

Rory ZOOMS in on a LIGHT in the sky in the distance. The image sharpens and we see that it is a small PLANE.

RORY (O.S.)  
It's a plane! Shit- a Goddamn  
plane!

Cal looks around for a-

CAL  
Flare gun!

He spots it in a GLASS CASE on the wall. INSIDE IS A FLARE GUN. He grabs it.

Cal rushes out of the WHEELHOUSE, Rory gives chase, the CAMERA SHAKING as he follows.

**EXT. MAIN DECK - CONTINUOUS**

Cal races down onto the deck and holds the FLARE GUN aloft.

Rory finds the plane in the sky with the CAMERA, it's heading their way.

They cheer.

Cal lets it get a little closer -- *SHRUUUUFFFTTT!* The flare launches into the sky -- the sky is illuminated by RED LIGHT.

ZOEY(O.S.)  
They've got to see it!

Rory tries to keep the CAMERA steady as the plane nears, allowing him to get a clear view of it. It's an AVENGER BOMBER, World War 2 era and it's going down, dipping lower and lower.

RORY (O.S.)  
Can't be?!

The trio stand in muted silence as the plane zips by overhead. Flying dangerously low, on a collision course with the ocean.

As Rory continues to film, the PILOT bails out. His PARACHUTE OPENING, as the plane sweeps toward the ocean in the distance.

CAL (O.S.)  
Someone bailed out!



**SAME SCENE. A LITTLE LATER.**

The Nautica is anchored. FLOOD LIGHTS BLASTING ACROSS THE OCEAN.

The night eerily silent.

Zoey and Cal lean over the balwark fishing out the parachute and dumping it down onto the deck. But nobody is attached just the dripping 'chute pack.

Cal looks up at the CAMERA. Fear and confusion fused across his face.

SUDDENLY ALL THE LIGHTS CUT OUT. The boat is plunged into darkness.

ZOEY(O.S.)

Jesus!

RORY (O.S.)

Zoey, take my hand.

Their eyes still adjusting to the dark as Rory fumbles with the camera.

RORY (O.S.)

Fuck- Where's night vision-

CAL (O.S.)

Give it here.

The camera is passed about in the dark.

NIGHT VISION POV: Cal has the CAMERA on his shoulder.

CAL (O.S.)

This way.

Cal heads to the WHEELHOUSE. The steel steps *Choong* as they head up them and into the

**WHEELHOUSE - CAMERA #2**

The trio enter. Rory fixes on a small RED DIODE. FLASHING. It's a warning light, indicates COOLANT DISABLED.

RORY

Coolant disabled? Cal, you've been on enough boats- can you fix this?

CAL

Erm- coolant- that'd be in the engine room.

CAL'S CAMERA: He switches NIGHT VISION OFF --

A moment of BLACKNESS -- LIGHT -- from the lamp mounted on top of the camera.

Cal begins checking through drawers.

CAL (O.S.)  
I'm gonna head down to the engine room-

RORY  
What are you looking for?

*Ker-ching!* Cal holds Adelaid's REVOLVER up.

ZOEY  
Fuck Cal!

RORY  
Be careful with that thing.

CAL  
I'm gonna go check out the coolant, then hopefully we get the hell out of here.  
(beat)  
You two stay here. Don't move.

Rory nods solemnly.

ZOEY  
Be careful!

CAL  
I will.

Cal heads out of the WHEELHOUSE.

**EXT. WHEELHOUSE WALKWAY - CONTINUOUS**

Cal heads down to the deck. The CAM LIGHT illuminating his path as he moves around and down the side of the ship to the STERN --

-- *SPLASH!* Cal restrains a scream -- SPINS -- REVOLVER pointed in his outstretched arm.

No sign of anybody...

CAL (O.S.)  
Zoey..? Rory...?

HE PANS over the side of the balwark, the CAMS LAMP raking over the ocean. He spots a ripple. But nothing else.

DEEP BREATH.

He continues on, rounding to the

### **STERN**

He checks the area, no sign of anyone.

Zeroes in on the ENGINE ROOM HATCH. Shines the light on the handle and pulls the hatch open --

-- SHINING the light inside, spearing through the darkness.

*CREEAAK!*

He spins. Scans the area with the CAMERA. *What was that?*

Steady breaths as he composes himself and switches the LAMP OFF. Goes to NIGHT VISION -- PANS slowly across the stern. It's deserted.

CAL (O.S.)

C'mon Cal. Pull it together.

Cal turns back to the HATCH. Now armed with NIGHT VISION he can see clearly into the engine room. It appears to be empty.

Cal pads cautiously down into

### **THE ENGINE ROOM**

Cal tries not to let his imagination run wild. Plenty of places down here for someone to be hiding.

CAL (O.S.)

Right coolant- coolant. Where the fuck is it?

A COOLING PIPE WANES. Cal doesn't move for a moment. Just exhales.

He PANS around the labyrinth of pipes that grow out of a 16 CYLINDER ENGINE, spreading up and around the room. THEN --

-- A SHADOWY FIGURE stares at us from between the pipes in the corner of the frame. It's a *blink and you'll miss it* moment that Cal doesn't spot as he continues PANNING LEFT --

-- STOPS -- ZOOMS IN then PANS BACK RIGHT. We hold our breath waiting to see the shadowy figure, but it's gone -- Cal STOPS --

-- On the other side of the room he's spotted a SIGN. COOLANT VALVE.

CAL (O.S.)  
Gotchya!!

Cal navigates his way around the room to the COOLANT VALVE.

SUDDENLY he hears a SOUND from behind. Turns. Nothing.

THEN. FOOTSTEPS.

CAL (O.S.)  
Hello... Guys?

The FOOTSTEPS grow closer. Cal's eyes go up to the ceiling, as the FOOTSTEPS pass overhead on the deck above.

CAL (O.S.)  
(loud whisper)  
Rory... Don't be fucking around!

He turns back to the hatch. Holds for a moment. No one appears.

Cal turns away and continues on through the engine room toward the COOLANT VALVE.

As he reaches it he places the CAMERA down and sees to the valve.

From where the CAMERA rests we have a clear view of the wall to the right of Cal and what looks like a **TRIANGLE** daubed in BLOOD --

-- PFHT! Cal turns the valve. A burst of pressurized steam accompanies it.

CAL (O.S.)  
C'mon baby...

BEAT. The engine comes to life. Working up from a low drone.

The lights flicker to full brightness and as we're still in NIGHT VISION mode --

-- WHITE OUT --

-- Cal switches the camera off.

BLACKNESS.

**INT. WHEELHOUSE - CAMERA #2 - SAME**

The light stutters and returns.

Rory cheers.

RORY  
Way to go Cal.

Zoey exhales. Closes her eyes.

ZOEY  
Thank God!

RORY  
It's gonna be okay- the engine just  
cut out- happens on these old  
boats.

Zoey shakes her head.

ZOEY  
Please don't, we both know that  
something is happening here!

She looks him in the eye, he can't hold her gaze.

ZOEY  
The plane? The radio  
transmissions... It's not normal.

Something on the tip of Rory's tongue. But he shakes it away.

Zoey probes.

ZOEY  
Rory?

RORY  
I think- that... It's crazy- I  
dunno.

The door opens. It's Cal.

ZOEY  
What's crazy Rory?

Cal's eyes go to Rory.

CAL  
Dude...

RORY

I don't know what's going on?

There's an unsettling silence between them. Everyone formulating their own theories...

CAL

Goddamn aliens if you ask me.

ZOEY

Aliens!

CAL

Yeah- power going off- fucking  
Adelaid getting abducted- what else  
could it be?

RORY

Adelaid wasn't abducted by aliens-

CAL

-Something dragged him off this  
boat- you saw it with your own  
eyes, we all did!

RORY

What about the plane- the  
parachute?

CAL

Why don't you enlighten us with  
your theory?

RORY

I think that we're lost-

CAL

-No shit Sherlock!

RORY

Lost in some sort of timeless  
vortex...

CAL

'Fuck?

Zoey senses the tension growing between the pair.

RORY

That's the only way I can explain  
the Avenger Bomber from Flight 19-

Rory grabs Adelaid's legal pad. Flips to the appropriate page. Reads-

RORY

*God rest ye merry, gentlemen  
Let nothing you dismay...*

(beat)

I read that air traffic controllers in Miami logged that the last transmission from a plane that went down like 40 years ago, said the crew and passengers were singing Christmas carols...

He lets it sink in.

RORY

The Sea Breeze- complete with fresh fruit and juice, even though it's 3 weeks out of date... How does that make sense?

CAL

Then what the hell do we?

Rory considers this.

RORY

Best guess- get out of the triangle!

Cal looks over the controls. Fires the ignition. The ship rumbles to full power.

CAL

(re: the engine)

That's what I'm talking about.

Cal's hand hovers over the controls-

CAL

Anchor up.

Cal hits the anchor lever. It starts to reel in.

CAL

And away we go...

SUDDENLY the anchor stalls. WARNING LIGHT FLASHES.

CAL

Huh?

The anchor is snagged.

Cal tries the lever again.

CAL  
C'mon baby.

ZOEY  
Wassup?

CAL  
Goddamn anchors snagged!

He looks over the control screen.

CAL  
Hung up- like 20 meters down.

ZOEY  
Try lowering it again.

Cal does. But. WARNING MESSAGE.

CAL  
You're shitting me!

He tries raising it again. No use.

RORY  
What are we gonna do now?

Cal looks, something ticking over in his brain.

CAL  
Okay-

He checks the SONAR. Still not working correctly...

CAL  
C'mon...

He tries to get a reading of the underwater typography but it's no use.

ZOEY  
Cal...?

CAL  
It's probably a reef. I've known it happen on dives, sometimes the anchors get hung up.

RORY  
What do we do?

And off Cal's look-

CUT TO:

**INT. STORE ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

RORY FILMS.

Cal is sat on a bench pulling on FLIPPERS. Decked out in a WET SUIT and SCUBA GEAR.

ZOEY

Are you sure about this?

CAL

I've done my fair share of night dives.

He smiles trying to reassure her.

CAL

It's preferable to us staying here and having an alien probe shoved up our asses!

RORY

Thought you'd like that?

CAL

Only on the weekends.

Zoey finds her smile that has deserted her for so long.

ZOEY

Sick.

Rory looks at Cal, serious now.

RORY (O.S.)

Cal it'll be zero visibility down there...

CAL

That's why I'm taking the Ikelite.

Cal unpacks a NIKO IKELITE UNDERWATER CAMERA. Counter balanced for buoyancy.

HE CLIPS A CORD ATTACHED TO THE IKELITE TO HIS BELT. Looks up at the CAM. Puffs his cheeks. Ready as he'll ever be.

CAL  
May as well get our money's worth  
out of it.

CUT TO:

**EXT. OCEAN - NIGHT - A LITTLE LATER**

IKELITE FOOTAGE.

Cal is in the water with the IKELITE CAMERA. He puts his mouth piece in.

RORY  
Be careful!

Cal raises his thumb in front of the lens and dives under the oceans surface.

IKELITE CAMERA FOOTAGE.

A POWERFUL FLORESCENT LIGHT guides us as Cal descends.

The anchor chain comes into view. Cal zeroes in on it. Follows it down, into the darkness.

It's a slow descent and we're with Cal the whole way down. Waiting. Tense as hell...

Cal checks the DEPTH GAUGE on his wrist. 10 METERS.

Tension mounts the deeper we get --

-- Something darts in front of the CAMERA. It's fast and gone in an instant. Cal jolts. Must have been a *Fish..?*

Cal regains composure. Checks his depth gauge. 16 METERS. Not far now and continues down...

...and down...

But the Anchor is nowhere in sight.

Cal stops. Checks the depth gauge on his wrist. 23 METERS.

Cal hovers. This makes no sense...

A LONG LONELY MOMENT as Cal scans the gloomy surrounds. Nothing. He's alone. Feeling incredibly isolated.

Cal makes a decision, he swims down deeper. Following the anchor chain into a black abyss.

CUT TO:

**INT. WHEELHOUSE - CAMERA #2 - SAME**

Rory and Zoey are inside. Nothing they can do but wait.

BEEP.

They both exchange looks.

BEEP.

RORY

Sonar...

Rory and Zoey check out the SONAR SCREEN.

BEEP.

ZOEY

What is that- Rory?

RORY

I dunno- erm- shit...

BEEP. Whatever it is, it's getting closer.

ZOEY

Something's down there with him!

Rory doesn't reply, his expression says it all.

BEEP.

ZOEY

Rory-

RORY

-We need to get him up- now!

BEEP.

The pair rush out of the WHEELHOUSE.

BACK TO:

**EXT. UNDERWATER - SAME**

Cal films his continued descent, following the ANCHOR CHAIN. But there appears to be no end in sight.

It's tense. We're watching the edges of the screen, waiting for whatever is down here with Cal...

He stops. Checks the gauge on his wrist. 28 METERS.

*Can't be right?!*

Cal swings the Ikelite UP toward the surface. Visibility only a few feet even with the florescent light.

He TILTS the CAMERA back down -- SWOOSH -- the ANCHOR FLIES PAST, hits the CAMERA. Our world becomes a blur of movement, a rush of air bubbles --

-- Finally everything settles -- Cal checks around...

THEN --

-- Cal is dragged away by a powerful unseen force. OXYGEN BUBBLES flooding the shot as the Ikelite is taken along for the ride.

The florescent light CUTS TO BLACK!

CUT TO:

**EXT. MAIN DECK - CAMERA #1 - SAME**

Rory leans over the starboard rail. As the Anchor raises, breaking the oceans surface.

RORY

He's sorted the anchor!

ZOEY

Yes- now c'mon Cal.

They watch the surface. Hopeful.

CUT:

**SAME SCENE. LATER**

RORY'S CAMERA FOOTAGE: NIGHT VISION MODE. He scans the surface of the ocean.

ZOEY(O.S.)  
Where is he?

The CAM finds ZOEY, leaning over the edge of the boat.

The CAMERA turns back to the oceans surface.

CUT:

Zoey YELLS-

ZOEY(O.S.)  
Cal!

RORY (O.S.)  
Cal, you out there?

Zoey looks at the CAMERA.

ZOEY  
He's been down there too long...

RORY (O.S.)  
I know- I know!

CUT:

Zoey paces around the deck. Wipes tears from her eyes.

ZOEY  
We shouldn't have let him go down there!

RORY (O.S.)  
We had no choice- he knew that...

ZOEY  
And now he's gone!

RORY (O.S.)  
Don't you think I know that-

ZOEY  
(abrupt)  
-will you stop fucking filming!

The CAM is switched off.

BLACKNESS.

CUT:

The CAM sharpens on a FLASHING LIGHT in the night sky. ZOOMS IN.

RORY (O.S.)  
It's definitely a lighthouse.

Zoey exhales. Relieved.

SUPER: **UNKNOWN TIME**

ZOEY(O.S.)  
Thank God.

RORY (O.S.)  
It's got to be the lighthouse at  
Great Isaac's- Got to be.

The CAM swings to Zoey, staring out into the windless night.

ZOEY  
What about Cal?

The CAM is lowered and STOPS RECORDING.

CUT IN ON:

**INT. WHEELHOUSE - CAMERA #2 - A SHORT WHILE LATER**

Rory is at the controls. Zoey behind him.

RORY  
We can't be far from it!

Zoey says nothing.

RORY  
It's a lighthouse, what range do  
they have? We must be close, right?

Trying to convince himself more than her.

Zoey is still thinking about Cal. She nearly breaks down,  
holds her head in her hands.

RORY  
Hey...

Knows there are no words he can say as she wraps her arms  
around him, burying her head into his shoulder, finding some  
comfort.

RORY

We're going to make it.

(beat)

We can make it to that lighthouse.  
They'll have a phone. We can get  
help!

SUDDENLY A CRACK OF THUNDER.

They both look up as LIGHTNING SHREDS THE SKY and the first  
drops of rain begin.

They watch as the storm seem to be brewing directly above the  
lighthouse, growing louder and louder.

The rain hits heavier, DRUMMING against the wheelhouse.

The wind begins to whip up a frenzy.

RORY

Oh shit.

Rory grips the wheel. The ocean starting to get rough.

ZOEY

It doesn't want us to leave does  
it?

RORY

Just hold onto to me.

Zoey tightens her grip around his waist as the SWELL ROCKS  
THE SHIP.

RORY

Jesus.

The windshield is soon awash with rain and spray. Rory can't  
see much, straining to see the FLASHING LIGHTHOUSE BEACON.

Zoey checks the controls for the WIPERS. Hits a button. The  
wipers spring to action.

RORY

(re: the wipers)

Good thinking.

The SHIP begins to sway as it rides over the building waves.

Rory wrestles with the wheel, completely in over his head.  
Fighting to keep control. Muscles straining as-

THUNDER BREAKS OVERHEAD.

RORY

Shit!

A BOLT of lightning rips across the sky.

RORY

We can make it-

Zoey holds on for dear life.

RORY

Once we get to land, we'll be fine.

The windshield is now in deluge, the wipers little use --

-- The wheel springs out of Rory's grasp, spinning out of control.

RORY

Dammit!

He tries to grab it, but his hand gets trapped in the WHEEL'S SPOKES -- SNAP! It BREAKS his wrist.

HE SCREAMS IN AGONY. Falls to the floor.

ZOEY

Rory!

The ship rises and banks over the swell, crashing down against the fierce ocean --

-- Zoey tries to tend to Rory -- the ship rolls left and both slide along the floor, crashing into the wall --

-- Rory nurses his wrist as he writhes in agony, cursing and YELPING.

RORY

MY WRIST!

ZOEY

Let me see.

She manages to get a look. It's a sickening sight, the bone protruding from the skin, his arm slick with BLOOD.

He SCREAMS LOUDER!

BLACKNESS. THE LIGHTS DIE!

Both panic. Rory SHRIEKS louder over the howling wind.

CLICK. NIGHT VISION. An eerie green tint reveals a BLACK SILHOUETTE standing in the corner of the WHEELHOUSE. Seemingly looking across at Zoey as she tries to comfort Rory.

THE IMAGE JERKS. ROLLS. STABILIZES. To our horror the SILHOUETTE is now closer to Zoey and Rory, both still unaware of its presence.

ZOEY

What do I do?

Rory is in too much pain to answer.

THE IMAGE STUTTERS AGAIN. Once it settles the SILHOUETTE is standing directly over Zoey and Rory.

CUT TO BLACK:

CUT TO:

IKELITE CAMERA FOOTAGE

THE SOUND OF RUSTLING ALL AROUND US. DISORIENTING. We have no idea where we are...

WATER comes into focus. We realize that we flailing in the night sea, washing up on the shore --

**EXT. SHORELINE - NIGHT**

-- The image sharpens on the face of Cal. Still wearing his scuba mask and breathing apparatus as the ocean laps against him and around the lens. The Ikelite still attached to his belt via the cord.

Cal's eyes are closed. He's unconscious.

A BEAT and his eyes open wearily. He gets his bearings. Rolls onto his back. Removes his mask and breathing apparatus. Gasps.

CUT:

**SAME SCENE. MOMENTS LATER.**

Cal stands upright, holding the Ikelite and un-clips it from the scuba belt.

On the beach we see his discarded scuba equipment.

Cal brings the CAMERA UP. Tries to focus on something, but it's too dark to make out what?

CLICK. NIGHT VISION. We're now able to make out what we were looking at, A LIGHTHOUSE. CLASSIC COASTAL DESIGN. A WHITE BODY reaching 120 feet into the sky. Only its LANTERN isn't lit.

CAL (O.S.)

Lighthouse-

Cal PANS around to the ocean. It's calm. No sign of the storm or The Nautica.

CAL (O.S.)

Right- I'm on shore- I made it!

He goes through it in his mind. PANS around to the LIGHTHOUSE.

CAL (O.S.)

They can't be far- I washed up on shore- they can't be far- they can't be!

Cal begins sprinting up the shore toward the lighthouse.

He makes it to the lighthouse, circles around to the door, spots a PADLOCK. BANGS on it.

CAL (O.S.)

HELLO- ANYBODY?

(frustrated)

SWITCH THIS GODDAMN THING ON!

He slams his shoulder against it. A futile effort.

He steps back, looks the lighthouse up and down. Places the CAMERA down on a ROCK and dashes away.

CUT:

**SAME SCENE. MOMENTS LATER.**

Cal is standing before the door, POUNDING the padlock with the OXYGEN TANK. The lock SMASHES to the ground.

Cal throws the tank to one side. Pushes the door open. Peers inside --

-- Cal grabs the CAMERA, cautiously ventures inside. Stops dead. Feels a chill.

Looks around the gloom.

HE SWITCHES THE CAM FROM NIGHT VISION TO SHOOTING MODE. Hits on the FLORESCENT LIGHT. The bright beam expels the dark.

He TILTS DOWN -- a RAT scurries over his feet. He flinches.

CAL (O.S.)  
Fuck off!

The CAM LIGHT combs the place, falling on a STAIRCASE that spirals up to the summit of the lighthouse.

Cal begins toward the staircase. Peers up.

SLAM! He jumps out of his skin -- WHIPS BACK -- the door has SLAMMED SHUT.

Cal swallows hard and begins up the staircase, gradually picking up the pace as it spirals higher and higher.

We're with him every step of the way. The CAM LIGHT cutting through the veil of blackness.

His breathing starts to grow laboured and heavy as he begins to slow a little --

-- THUD! The SOUND of FALLING ROCKS echoes down the staircase.

Cal stops dead, the sound enough to send a shudder down his spine.

He listens hard. The silence absorbing.

TENSE MOMENT as he holds the CAM up, illuminating as far as he can see before the stairs curve out of view.

Cal takes a step then another. Slow and precise. Hand beginning to tremble. Genuinely unnerved.

KRAKAKAKAKAKAKAKAAK! The SOUND of *something* heading Cal's way. He goes rigid.

Hand trembling even more uncontrollably as the SOUND is almost upon him --

-- A BASEBALL SIZED ROCK rolls into view stopping at Cal's foot.

He breathes a huge sigh of relief. Presses on, picking up the pace and...

...Finally Cal arrives at the

### **LANTERN ROOM**

He draws a breath, eyeing the huge glass encased lantern.

Cal rushes to a CONTROL PANEL. Wastes no time in HITTING A BUTTON.

The lantern filament fuses to full brightness and begins to rotate.

Cal kills the CAMERA LAMP and places it down. Still rolling. It films him as he presses against the glass. Staring out across the ocean. A BLACK WILDERNESS. THEN he spots something.

CAL

Yes!

He reaches around and grabs the CAMERA. HOLDS IT to the glass. PUNCHES IN on a faint vestige of light in the distance. The Nautica.

CAL (O.S.)

YES! C'mon baby- I know you see  
this light- c'mon!

THUNDER BOOMS. Startling Cal. A FORK of lightning lacerates the sky.

Rain begins to pour. Getting heavier by the second.

We realize that this is the LIGHTHOUSE that Zoey and Rory headed for.

Cal slides down the glass. Relieved. Exhausted.

The CAMERA rests at the side of him. Still rolling. All we can see are his outstretched legs and feet.

As the lighthouse LANTERN rotates it illuminates the area in front of the CAMERA and Cal's feet.

The STACCATO-ESQUE strokes of light continue. Again and again. UNTIL -- A SHADOW appears at the edge of the frame for a split second, 5 feet from Cal's feet as the light strokes past.

The light passes again. But the shadow is gone.

Clearly Cal hasn't seen it because he doesn't react.

THUNDER ROLLS overhead. Frighteningly loud and close. A brief flash of lightning follows.

Cal shuffles back to his feet, leaves the CAMERA where it is.

CAL (O.S.)  
That's it, right over here.

The CAMERA continues to film and captures the SHADOW. This time CLOSER.

CAL (O.S.)  
Come on-

*SHRUUUP!* Cal is violently yanked from off his feet by an unseen force -- SLAMS FACE FIRST in front of the CAMERA and is dragged away, DOWN the stairs and out of sight.

His SCREAMS ECHO throughout the turret before coming to nothing...

The SHOT HOLDS, illuminated by strokes of the lantern.

It's an unsettling few moments. Just waiting and waiting. *Our eyes narrowing, expecting something from each lantern stroke.*

The same monotonous dark. Light. Dark. Light. Dark continues. THEN --

-- A HAND shoots into FRAME from the staircase. Gradually Cal hauls himself back up the stairs and into the lantern room.

His face etched in pain. Can't speak, almost like he's choking.

He crawls toward the CAMERA --

THE LIGHTHOUSE IMPLODES. GLASS SHARDS cut Cal to ribbons. The lantern goes out.

BLACKNESS.

We wait, lost in the blackness. THEN-

BACK TO:

**INT. WHEELHOUSE - CAMERA #2 - NIGHT**

NIGHT VISION. The eerie green tint reveals the BLACK SILHOUETTE standing in the corner of the WHEELHOUSE, seemingly looking at the pair as Zoey tries to comfort Rory.

We realize that this is the last moment that we saw Zoey.

THE IMAGE JERKS. ROLLS. STABILIZES. To our horror the SILHOUETTE is now closer to Zoey and Rory.

ZOEY

Please- what do I do?

Rory is in too much pain to answer.

THE IMAGE STUTTERS AGAIN. Once it settles the SILHOUETTE is standing over Zoey and Rory.

Zoey has no idea of its presence.

In the distance we catch glimpses of the LIGHTHOUSE LANTERN flashing. But then it ceases. Extinguished.

Zoey looks up, realizing that their beacon of hope is gone.

Quickly the LIGHT inside the WHEELHOUSE RETURNS.

A BEAT and CAMERA #2 CLICKS back over to shooting mode and the SILHOUETTE is gone.

Zoey gets a good look at Rory's wrist. Her hand goes to her mouth. Almost vomits. His hand is bent out of shape. Bone broken and protruding out of the skin.

ZOEY

Oh God.

Rory can't look at it, just cradles it. Whimpering, close to passing out.

ZOEY

It's okay- don't look.

Outside we realize that the storm is settling, the rain less terrific. The thunder and lightning, gone.

ZOEY

Rory, we need to strap it up.

Rory isn't hearing the words as shock takes a grip.

ZOEY

We need to stop the bleeding, do you understand.

He nods, going white.

Zoey thinks. Looks around, rises to her feet, quickly checks the wheelhouse, looking for a MEDICAL KIT.

ZOEY

There should be a medical kit on board...

Rory edges closer to unconsciousness.

She looks out, sees that the storm is subsiding.

ZOEY

I'll be right back.

Zoey exits the WHEELHOUSE.

**EXT. MAIN DECK - CAMERA #1 - CONTINUOUS**

Zoey holds onto the rail as she moves down the steel stairs. Careful not to slip, but the rain is less insistent and the wind slowing.

She makes it to the bottom and darts through the door, down into

**INT. CORRIDOR BELOW DECK - CAMERA #3 - CONTINUOUS**

Zoey stumbles along, rushing into the

**INT. GALLEY KITCHEN - CAMERA #4 - CONTINUOUS**

Her eyes comb the place, finding what she is looking for, a MEDICAL BOX. She grabs it and attempts to exit the kitchen --

-- as she pulls the door open she YELPS, startled by Rory as he falls into her arms.

She's not strong enough to hold him up and lays him down on the floor as gently as she can.

RORY  
Don't leave me.

ZOEY  
I won't.

She opens the MEDICAL BOX. Empties the contents.

ZOEY  
I need to bandage it and stop the bleeding.

RORY  
Okay.

Zoey rifles through the spilled contents. Nothing of much use, save for a bandage and tape.

Here goes. THEN-

RORY  
Wait- Zoey...

She looks into his eyes.

RORY  
I just wanted to say that...

She kisses him. Passionately, on the lips. A charged moment, neither want to stop but eventually their lips part.

ZOEY  
You were saying...?

RORY  
That was pretty much all I wanted to say...

She smiles.

RORY  
And that I wish I'd said it  
earlier.

They kiss again.

ZOEY  
Me too.

She looks down at his wrist. He swallows hard.

ZOEY  
Don't look.

He looks away. Zoey does her best, bandages and tapes Rory's wrist as he wriggles and HISSES in pain.

She finishes, realizing that Rory has passed out.

She sits there for a moment, strokes his head.

CUT:

**SAME SCENE. SOME TIME LATER.**

Rory is sat at the table nursing his wrist and a hot drink. Zoey is next to him, her arm around him.

RORY  
It doesn't want us to go anywhere.

ZOEY  
Don't say that.

RORY  
Look at my wrist! The Triangle  
wants us... we're not going  
anywhere...

Their heads rest together and their lips find each others. As they kiss a tear rolls down Zoey's cheek.

CUT:

**SAME SCENE. LATER.**

Rory is asleep with his head against the table. Zoey is sat next to him gently stroking his hair.

She leans in close and kisses his cheek.

ZOEY  
(whispers)  
I'm going to try and get us out of  
here.

She gets up without disturbing him and exits the kitchen quietly. Rory doesn't wake up.

**INT. CORRIDOR BELOW DECK - CAMERA #3 - CONTINUOUS**

Zoey heads along the corridor and up onto

**EXT. MAIN DECK - CAMERA #1 - CONTINUOUS**

The rain has completely stopped and she observes the calmness of the ocean. She continues into the

**INT. WHEELHOUSE - CAMERA #2 - CONTINUOUS**

Zoey steps inside. Takes the wheel. Wipes her hair from her face and the tears from her eyes, looking out at the black abyss. She fights the emotion and fear bubbling inside her.

Has to stay strong, has to hope. Because now that's all she has left.

She glances over at the radio. Grabs the receiver and brings it to her mouth.

ZOEY  
Hello... Can anybody hear me?

Her voice close to breaking.

ZOEY  
If anybody can hear me...

She almost breaks down completely. Holds back the tears.

**INT. GALLEY KITCHEN - CAMERA #4 - SAME**

Rory is still asleep.

On the table is Cal's HD CAMERA.

Ever so slightly one of the chairs around the table MOVES.

Rory stirs. Doesn't wake up.

BEAT and then we see a RED LIGHT FLASH on the HD CAMERA indicating that it is RECORDING.

Suddenly the HD CAMERA starts to move. Twisting so as the lens is facing Rory.

WE CUT TO THE HD CAMERA:

Filming Rory's sleeping head. WE HOLD on him.

CUT TO:

**INT. WHEELHOUSE - CAMERA #2 - SAME**

A Zoey tries various frequencies on the radio. All she gets is static.

ZOEY

Please... somebody help us...

THEN. A VOICE. MALE. Barely audible but enough for us and Zoey to hear it...

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

Hel- is- at-

Zoey's eyes widen.

ZOEY

Hello is somebody there? This is Zoey Andrews on board The Nautica- we're lost in the Bermuda Triangle...

She listens. Nothing.

ZOEY

If you're out there, please find us...

Nothing but interference. Hope fades from Zoey's eyes, her head bows-

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

Can you hear me-

ZOEY

Yes- yes I can hear you!

THEN another voice. Female. Faint.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)  
What's wrong?

ZOEY  
We're lost- we

MALE VOICE (O.S.)  
It's on the blink-

Zoey listens. Her eyes narrow.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)  
Don't curse.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)  
Sorry sweetheart.

It hits Zoey right about the same time it hits us. This is the same conversation that they watched from The Sea Breeze.

ZOEY  
Is this The Sea Breeze?

It breaks up.

HUSBAND  
Yes- yes, this is The Sea Breeze.  
GPS is on the blink- we're unsure  
of our current position-

WIFE  
Honey, what's going on?

HUSBAND  
Nothing to worry about, GPS is  
playing up is all.

We barely catch the reply from the radio-

ZOEY  
How is this happening- this isn't  
possible!

HUSBAND  
What? Who is this?

The transmission breaks up.

Zoey just sits there. In stunned silence. Struggling to comprehend.

CUT TO:

**INT. GALLEY KITCHEN - CAMERA #4 - SAME**

The HD CAM is still fixed on Rory. He's Still asleep.  
 WE SEE that BLOOD is soaking through his bandaged wrist --  
 -- his WRIST SNAPS BACK, TWISTS in an inhuman manner. He  
 SCREAMS!

*Something has him!*

CUT TO BLACK:

The LIGHT has gone --  
 -- the SOUND of a SCUFFLE. A SCREAM. Then nothing.

CUT TO:

**INT. WHEELHOUSE - CAMERA #2 - SAME**

Zoey, off Rory's SCREAMS. Looks around.

ZOEY  
 Rory...?

She dashes out of the WHEELHOUSE.

CUT TO:

**EXT. MAIN DECK - CAMERA #1 - CONTINUOUS**

Zoey rushes out of the WHEELHOUSE, down the stairs to the door that leads to below deck.

ZOEY  
 RORY!

**INT. GALLEY KITCHEN - CAMERA #4 - SAME**

EMPTY. EERIE.

Off-screen we can hear Zoey calling Rory's name as she dashes down the corridor and bursts into

**INT. GALLEY KITCHEN - CAMERA #4 - SAME**

ZOEY

Rory?

There's no sign of him. Just upturned chairs.

THE LIGHTS FLICKER. Zoey's eyes fix on them --

-- THE DOOR TO THE MAIN DECK SLAMS. Zoey SLAMS the door, caught in cold shock, motionless.

Fighting to control her breathing, she holds the door shut.

BEAT. She exhales and slowly opens the door slightly, peeks through the tiniest gap --

-- BAM -- The door FLINGS OPEN -- Zoey FLIES back, crashing over the table but is immediately back onto her feet --

SCREAMS defiantly and charges at the door, RAMMING it shut.

But something tries to get in, pounding against the door. We don't know what or who, we just know that Zoey gives it her all to keep it closed.

ZOEY

NONONO!

The pounding ceases. Zoey breathes easier. Looks around. Grabs one of the chairs and jams it under the door handle.

Hesitantly she backs away from the door, catching the HD CAMERA with her foot. She looks down at it.

THE LIGHTS DIE. TOTAL DARKNESS.

CAMERA #4 NIGHT VISION. Zoey is stood stiff. Terrified.

BANG! Something hits the door... She screams but can't see a thing.

A SILENT BEAT. She slowly reaches down, feels around for THE HD CAM. Finds it. She lifts it up. Fiddles with the controls. FLIPS THE SIDE VIEWER OPEN.

**HD CAMERA FOOTAGE:**

BLACKNESS for a beat as Zoey fumbles with buttons.

ZOEY (O.S.)  
 (whispered)  
 C'mon...

CLICK. NIGHT VISION. The lens sharpens. Zoey can now see. Her world a spectral green. Truly unsettling as Zoey reacts to every sound, shifting the CAM this way then that.

She reaches out for the light switch. Flicks it. Nothing.

She sighs, totally drained from everything that has happened.

Suddenly the SOUND of something. A TUNE. Seems familiar.

ZOEY (O.S.)  
 Wh...

We recognize the tune. SUPER BASE by Nicky Minaj. It's ZOEY'S CELL PHONE!

But Zoey's hope is quickly dashed as she realizes that it's coming from within her room...

She moves toward the door, presses her ear against it. Her cell phone still ringing.

*She knows she needs to take that call!*

She takes hold of the chair, willing herself to move it from under the handle... *but she can't.*

Her cell STOPS RINGING.

ZOEY (O.S.)  
 No!

She starts to crumble.

ZOEY (O.S.)  
 (defiant)  
 What do you want?

Fights back the tears.

*CHINK!* Zoey flinches, a breath catching in her throat. *That came from behind her...*

She doesn't move for a moment. Then slowly PANS around. Trains the CAMERA on a CUP hanging from a peg, rocking slightly.

A locked BEAT. THEN --

-- She jumps as her CELL PHONE begins to ring again.

She listens. Makes a decision and shifts the chair from under the door handle and pulls the door open.

The door widens, revealing an empty corridor behind it.

She makes a beeline into her room.

**INT. ZOEY'S ROOM - CAMERA #5 - CONTINUOUS**

Zoey instantly spots her RINGING CELL. GRABS IT. Checks the display...

ZOEY

(answers)

Mom- Mom it's me- I'm lost...

She realizes that it has rung off. No one is there...

ZOEY

No.

She tries dialing but she hasn't got any signal.

ZOEY

Please work! Mom...

But it's no use. She breaks down. Begins to sob.

As she does we notice the closet door OPEN slightly. Zoey doesn't see it.

TENSE BEAT.

THEN the closet door swings open as Rory's broken body drops out and onto the bed.

Zoey SCREAMS -- dashes out of the ROOM.

THE CAMERA GOES OFFLINE. BLACKNESS.

**INT. KITCHEN - CAMERA #4 - SAME**

That goes offline too. BLACKNESS.



The CAM moves out into the corridor. Heads down, through the dark and up onto the

**MAIN DECK**

It continues around, up the wheelhouse stairs and into the

**WHEELHOUSE**

It searches for ZOEY, finding her lying under the radio counter. Now asleep. It creeps closer, settling next to her. Staring at her face as she sleeps.

CUT:

Still looking at Zoey. We realize that something is different, it's getting lighter.

CUT:

Zoey is still asleep but has her back turned to the camera. Now bathed in bright sunshine.

A moment later we HEAR the SOUND of the WHEELHOUSE DOOR OPENING.

THEN-

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

Jesus- we got somebody up here.

O.S. Footsteps head toward Zoey and a HAND reaches into frame and gently wakes her.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

Hello miss...

Zoey springs awake. Coils up. Frightened. Lips quivering. Breathes, short and sharp.

A male kneels down into shot. A friendly man in his late 20's, dressed in a COAST GUARD FATIGUES. This is JACK.

MALE VOICE/ JACK

It's okay. I'm Jack Davey. Part of the Seventh Coast Guard. I'm here to help- we heard your mayday...

Zoey breaks down as Jack gently places his arms around her, helping her to her feet.

ZOEY  
 (sobbing)  
 They're gone...

The door opens again. ANOTHER VOICE. ROB.

ROB (O.S.)  
 What happened here- is she okay?

JACK (O.S.)  
 She will be. I'm gonna get her off  
 this boat, get her some warm  
 blankets and food.

Zoey is taken away.

A moment later.

ROB (O.S.)  
 (to himself)  
 What is that? Some kind of movie  
 camera?

The HD CAM is lifted up and inspected by Rob, he stares into the lens, we notice a distinguishing MOUSTACHE and MOPPISH HAIR...

He takes the CAMERA with him and exits the wheelhouse.

**EXT. MAIN DECK - MORNING - CONTINUOUS**

Rob pauses for a moment on the WALKWAY. PANS across the ocean. A distant horizon where a tranquil azure sea meets a cloudless sky.

The CAM finds Zoey and Jack as she is carried onto THE SEVENTH COAST GUARD SHIP which is anchored next to The Nautica.

But something seems odd. And then we realize that the ship is old, say 40 years old and the crew, all look like they belong in a different era- beards complimented by *bowl cut* hair styles...

It hits us, this is the Seventh Coast Guard ship that we heard went missing at the start of the movie...

The CAM focuses on JACK'S BACK, it's slick with BLOOD, the back of his skull split, oblivious to Zoey as she boards the waiting COAST GUARD SHIP.

We notice that other members of the coast guard have suffered some sort of trauma. One holds his throat, BLOOD oozing between his fingers. Another has suffered a head wound. *Essentially the walking dead...*

And finally the CAM settles upon the HULL OF THE COAST GUARD SHIP. IT READS **USCG SEVENTH COAST GUARD 8776.**

THE BATTERY WARNING SYMBOL FLASHES.

BEAT.

O.S. Zoey SCREAMS! A long and chilling SHRIEK...

THE BATTERY WARNING SYMBOL FLASHES FOR A MOMENT LONGER --

A BEAT OF NOTHING.

TEXT FADES IN.

**Callum Davenports Ikelite camera was recovered from Great Issacs.**

BEAT.

**His body was not.**

BEAT.

**To this date no survivors or bodies have ever been recovered.**

CUT TO BLACK:

**THE END**