

IN DEEP
PILOT

Written by

Jeremiah C. Foote

Jcfoote1977@gmail.com
(902) 301-7624

FADE IN:

TEASER

EXT. HAWAIIAN COAST -DAY

A tropical sunrise breaks over the waves of a calm ocean.

The sun beams hit a small, quaint house on the beach. The morning waves crash on the sand, and the birds chirp.

JOHN (PRE-LAP)
You did what?

CUT TO:

INT. JOHN'S HOUSE -DAY

JOHN (40s) stands in the kitchen nursing a cup of coffee.

MIKE (18), a younger version of his father, finishes a bite of cereal, peering up at him.

MIKE
I joined the Navy.

John raises his eyebrows after hearing it a second time.

JOHN
Why would you go and do that? You were supposed to go to Duke on a swimming scholarship. Your Mother would have been so proud.

Mike stands up and walks over to the kitchen sink, tipping the remaining contents and dropping the bowl with a clatter.

MIKE
Grandpa would have been proud, too. Mom always told me to do what makes you happy, even if that means forging your own path.

JOHN
I think you are throwing away so much.

KAT (14), a surfer girl by nature, storms into the kitchen. Her tone suggests she has been mothering these two for years.

KAT
C'mon! We're going to be late!

Kat throws a graduation gown and cap at Mike.

MIKE
Thanks Mom.

Kat looks at him, sadness in her eyes.

KAT
(to Mike)
I'm going to miss you.

JOHN
(to Kat)
Wait! You knew and didn't tell me?

Mike and Kat look at each other.

JOHN (CONT'D)
(to Mike)
What's the point of joining the Navy?

MIKE
I want to be a SEAL.

Kat glances at her watch.

KAT
We have to go!

Kat and Mike head to the door.

JOHN
(irritated)
I'll be out in a minute.

BEDROOM

John walks in, pulling a high-end dive watch from his pocket. He opens the nightstand drawer and puts the watch inside. He gazes at it, gently closing the drawer.

KITCHEN

John walks out the front door.

Moments later, we see the silhouette of a MAN.

Mail drops to the floor through the door slot.

CLOSE ON the envelopes stamped with big red letters "PAST DUE"

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD -DAY

Family and friends are sitting in the stands. Kat and John are sitting down, UNCLE JACOB (40s), a scruffy beach bum, joins them.

UNCLE JACOB
(to Kat)
Sorry, I'm late.

KAT
It's okay.

John rolls his eyes.

We scan the crowd and hundreds of young men and women are seated in chairs on the field. They are all wearing the same gowns and caps. Someone is giving a speech.

Mike is sitting amongst his peers.

SPEAKER (O.S.)
As you head off to your next great
adventure....

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. C-130J SUPER HERCULES -NIGHT

Super: 10 years later

Mike is now sitting on a bench inside the Super Hercules. He is kitted up with a parachute.

Mike has a military-issued sniper rifle inserted into his kit.

EXT. DESERT -NIGHT

Super: 0100 Unknown location, Middle East

The C-130J Super Hercules breaks the silence of the desert night, sending nocturnal creatures scurrying for cover.

INT. C-130J SUPER HERCULES -NIGHT

A voice comes over the speaker in the back.

STATICKY VOICE (V.O.)
Two minutes to the drop zone!

Mike and the other five members of his SEAL team stand up and start heading to the back of the plane in formation.

A red light flashes above them. An ALARM sounds.

The back of the C-130J opens to the night sky, flooding the cargo area with WIND.

EXT. C-130J SUPER HERCULES -CONTINUOUS

The back of the plane opens like a Blue Whale's mouth.

INT. C-130J SUPER HERCULES -CONTINUOUS

The SEAL team casually walk towards the open mouth of the plane. They all leap into the night sky.

OVER BLACK

Title Card: IN DEEP

ACT ONE

INT. MIDDLE-EASTERN POW PRISON CELL

The cell is dark except for the sliver of light gleaming from underneath the cell door. The only noise: water DROPS and BREATHING from a PRISONER

CLOSE ON the gaunt, bearded face of Mike.

One eye is barely open, and the other eye is swollen shut.

AUTOMATIC GUNFIRE is heard outside the cell door. A gunfight breaks out. SCREAMS and SHOUTS... then silence.

BAM... Mike's cell door is forcibly opened, causing the cell to flood with light. Mike quickly turns his head, shielding his one good eye from the light.

BALD RESCUER
(over the mic)
We have one alive! But barely--send
in a medivac!

Bald Rescuer looks at Mike.

BALD RESCUER (CONT'D)
 (over the radio)
 I need a medic ASAP!
 (to Mike)
 What's your name, soldier?

MIKE
 My--Mike Webber. Seal sniper.

BALD RESCUER
 We got you. Hang on...
 (on mic)
 Where is my medic?

THREE SOLDIERS race into the small cell, the medic starts an IV. They place him on a portable stretcher and evacuate him.

EXT. MIDDLE-EASTERN POW PRISON -DAY

The team is carrying Mike towards a helicopter.

Mike closes his eyes and takes in the warmth of the sunshine.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM -DAY

Mike watches the wind blow through the palm trees outside his window from a hospital bed. Shaved and starting to put some weight and muscle back on, he glances at the cell phone sitting on his bedside table.

Grabbing the cell phone, he slowly punches in a number, pausing, and hits the green dial button. We hear the faint sound of RINGING.

KAT (V.O.)
 Hello?

Mike waits a moment.

KAT (V.O.)
 Hellllllooooo?

Kat sighs on the phone.

MIKE
 Wait! Kat, don't hang up--

KAT (V.O.)
 Mike? Is that you?

MIKE
Yeah... It's me.

KAT
Where are you?

INT. JOHN'S HOUSE -DAY

LIVING ROOM

John (50s), more grey now than blond in his hair, sits enjoying a Boston Red Sox game while sipping on a beer. The phone RINGS, breaking the drone of the crowd on the TV.

Sauntering over to the landline, John picks up the phone.

JOHN
Yellow... Yes... Really? Okay, I
will be right there.

John looks confused as he hangs up the phone.

MAX'S BEDROOM

MAX (10), a Hawaiian boy, sits at a desk playing a first-person shooter game on a PC.

MAX
I'm gonna tea bag you when I get
you!

John peers into the bedroom through the door.

JOHN
Max!

Max doesn't respond to him. Walking over, John rips the headset off his head.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Max!

MAX
(annoyed)
What!

Max still plays his game.

JOHN
Where is Kat? She isn't at the
shop.

MAX

Oh yeah... She went to Pearl
Harbour for some reason.

JOHN

That would have been good to know
about four hours ago!

John storms off. Max, unaffected by the situation, continues
his game.

JOHN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Kids and their G.D. Games, get
outside and get some fresh air!

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM -DAY

Mike, from his hospital bed, watches the same Red Sox game
that John was watching, there is a small KNOCK on the door.
Mike turns and smiles.

MIKE

Kat!

Kat runs over to Mike and hugs him. She starts sobbing.

MIKE (CONT'D)

It's okay... Kat, stop, I'm okay.

KAT

What happened? Why didn't anybody
tell us?

Mike gets out of bed, legs full of scars. Kat touches his
leg.

KAT (CONT'D)

(shocked)

My god...

EXT. HOSPITAL GARDEN/SITTING AREA -DAY

Kat and Mike sit on a bench with coffee.

MIKE

Then I was being rescued, I didn't
think that day would ever come.
Been here for a few months now,
doing rehab.

KAT
Why didn't you call sooner?

MIKE
I didn't want you or Dad seeing me like that. My muscles wasted away from lying in a small cell, tortured... daily.

KAT
I couldn't even begin to imagine what that was like... How did you ever survive it?

MIKE
I know this sounds crazy...But I talked to Mom, I talked to you, and once in a while, Dad.

Kat smiles and starts tearing up again.

KAT
That's not crazy at all. What are you going to do now?

MIKE
I don't know, I could probably get medically discharged from the Navy. I will cross that bridge when I come to it, though.

KAT
When can you leave here?

MIKE
Anytime I'm physically cleared. I need to be able to get back to the base for psych.

KAT
I will make room for you at the house.

MIKE
(pondering)
No, I'm still having nightmares. I don't want to wake anyone up. I was thinking if Dad still has the boat.

Kat smiles and hugs him.

KAT
I'm so glad you're home.

MIKE

Me too, I will call when I'm ready.
Don't tell Dad yet. Make it a fun
surprise.

KAT

Yeah, fun.

I/E. RED BEAT-UP PICKUP TRUCK -DAY

Kat and Mike drive down the Hawaiian coastline. The wind blows through the truck's open windows. They pass people surfing on beaches, palm trees blowing in the wind, small buildings of different kinds, and people walking and biking on the road.

MIKE

What did you mean by make room for
me? Did Dad turn my bedroom into a
baseball man cave?

KAT

No. Wait until you meet Max.

MIKE

Did you have a baby?

Kat laughs at the thought of her having a baby.

KAT

You need to have spare time to
date, let alone get pregnant. Max
was a homeless kid we took in.

MIKE

Wow. Dad is a softy in his old age.

KAT

We caught him trying to break into
the shop.

MIKE

Probably would've gotten good money
pawning off a dive computer.

KAT

We caught him with snorkel gear and
a speargun. So he could feed
himself.

MIKE

No parents?

KAT

His Mom OD'd on drugs. She was a prostitute. No idea where his Dad is.

MIKE

So you took him in.

KAT

So we took him in. We're here.

Panoramic view of the marina and boats from above as the red truck drives into the parking lot.

EXT. MARINA -DAY

Kat parks the truck, and they both get out.

A Cape Cod fishing boat converted to a dive boat is tied up at the concrete pier.

Max is busy loading SCUBA tanks into a pull cart.

Kat and Mike walk to the pier's edge, looking down at Max and John.

Music BLARES, keeping the work light and fun. A booming voice comes from the wheelhouse.

JOHN (O.S.)

I love this song!

He bounds out of the wheelhouse towards the radio.

Grabbing the volume knob, he turns the song up.

JOHN (CONT'D)

C'mon, Max, have fun!

Max smiles and shakes his head.

John dances back into the wheelhouse.

The duo are moving to the beat of the music as they clean up the dive boat from the day's dives.

They don't notice Mike and Kat watching them work.

KAT

Dad!

JOHN (O.S.)
Oh, Kat, you're back. That's great.
We could use your help getting
ready for the next charter.

KAT
Come here! I brought someone else
to help.

John walks out of the wheelhouse, drinking a bottle of water.

JOHN
Right on! Finally, meet the
boyfriend you have been sneaking
off to see.

John sees Mike standing on the pier.

MIKE
Hi Dad.

Walking over to the radio, John turns it down. They stare at
each other.

JOHN
Well, well, well. The prodigal son
returns.

John turns and walks back into the wheelhouse.

MIKE
I think you should have told him,
Kat.

KAT
No. This was the best way. You
know, Dad, he would have been
grumpy for days.

Mike and Kat walk down the gangway to the boat. Mike steps
onto the gunwale* and jumps down onto the deck of the dive
boat. He walks towards the wheelhouse.

**Gunwale: the side edge of a boat.*

INT/EXT. OCEAN EXPLORER -DAY

WHEELHOUSE

Mike walks into the wheelhouse.

John reviews some paperwork, he looks up.

JOHN

I could have you shot for coming on
board my boat uninvited.

Mike looks towards Kat, who is on the back deck of the dive
boat with her arms crossed.

MIKE

Your first mate permitted me.

John looks at Kat.

JOHN

Traitors are thrown in the brig!

Kathy shakes her head.

KAT

See! Cranky!

MIKE

Do you even have a brig on this
vessel?

John watches Mike as he walks to a map on the wall of the
wheelhouse.

CLOSE ON the map, there are dive flags marked on the map,
there are also black triangles.

Beside the ship's wheel are framed pictures on the wall. Mike
then walks over and grabs a black and white one.

CLOSE ON a picture of a muscular man with a 1950s haircut,
wearing first-generation SCUBA gear and holding a speargun.

JOHN

He was so proud the day you were
born. He even made a sign for his
boat, "Captain Mike Webber was born
today." he would have been proud
that you joined the Navy.

Mike hangs the picture back on the wall.

MIKE
Too bad you weren't.

JOHN
You threw a good education away.

MIKE
I didn't want to sit in a lab all day, diving occasionally. Doing work ignored by people.

Mike sees the paper his dad was looking at.

MIKE (CONT'D)
The weather looks good for diving this week. Anymore charters going out?

JOHN
One. Day after tomorrow. Listen... We're pretty full at the house. You can stay here on the boat if you like.

Mike looks down into the bow* from the small door. He sees a Queen-sized RV mattress.

**Bow-front of the boat*

MIKE
Bigger than a room on a sub.

JOHN
Well then, you will be right at home.

KAT (O.C)
Dad! The tanks are all loaded up on the truck. Max and I are going to drop them off at the shop for filling. Are you coming?

JOHN
Yup! Be there in one second. Do you have everything you need?

MIKE
I'm good. Been a long day may have a drink and go to sleep.

JOHN
Sounds good. See you tomorrow.

John walks off the Ocean Explorer.

Mike goes to a small cupboard and pulls out a glass with a Jaws movie poster on it. He looks around.

MIKE

There you are.

He pulls a bottle of Glen Breton whiskey from beneath the table seat. He pours a drink. He walks to where the wheelhouse and the open deck meet.

He watches a little Red truck leave with SCUBA tanks loaded on the back.

EXT. SEA SCORPION -NIGHT

THREE GOONS lean over the stern* of the boat "SEA SCORPION"

A light underwater is flashing around, looking for something. Bubbles are breaking the surface like boiling water.

UNDERWATER

A DIVER is looking around with his dive light.

Looking at his dive slate, he has coordinates written down on it. He double-checks his dive coordinates on his dive computer, and they match.

He swims off to keep looking.

SEA SCORPION

The three goons are still watching the diver search.

DET. GARY (O.C.)

Has he found anything yet?

DETECTIVE GARY ANDREWS (40s) is wearing blue jeans and a polo shirt, standing near the wheelhouse, drinking coffee out of a ceramic mug.

One of the goons looks at the steel cable unwinding off the wench.

ONE EYED GOON

Doesn't look like it.

Detective Gary walks towards the stern of the boat, he looks down at the water. Walking away, he pulls out a flip phone.

DET. GARY

Hello sir.

He focuses on the wench, watching the cable unspool.

DET. GARY (CONT'D)

No sir...Yes, I understand it's
been three nights now...where will
we find another diver?... He said
he was done...I will try to
convince him.

He closes the flip phone.

The Three Goons stare at the water intently when the diver's
head breaks the surface of the water.

DIVER

I can't find the product. I'm out
of air and two tanks in. Are you
sure this is the right spot?

The diver passes his weight belt and fins up to one of the
goons.

He ascends the ladder to the dive platform. He climbs over
the gunwale and sits down. He takes off his BCD* and tank.

The diver stands up and unzips his shorty wet suit, he sits
on the gunwale, lighting up a cigar.

**Buoyancy Control Device: the vest divers inflate with air and strap their tank
too.*

DIVER (CONT'D)

When are we--

BOOM... Det. Gary caps the Diver in the head.

The diver's lifeless body belly flops over the side of the
boat and into the water. The detective pulls a cloth out,
wipes the gun, and then throws it in the water.

DET. GARY

Let's go.

ACT 2

CUT TO:

EXT. OCEAN EXPLORER -NIGHT

Mike walks the gunwale of the boat, like a tight rope. He sits down on the bow of the boat, letting his legs hover over the water.

The moon's reflection lights up the water. Small waves LAP against the bow.

Mike holds up the glass to the moon like he is giving a toast. Drinking the shot like water.

The sound of a GUNSHOT echoes through the night.

Mike jumps up, throwing the glass in the water, he tries to grab non-existent night vision goggles. He listens for...something.

He hears a boat MOTOR in the distance, its location unknown.

Mike walks along the gunwale, jumping down to the deck.

WHEELHOUSE

Mike leans up against the wall of the wheelhouse. Beads of sweat are forming on his brow. He breathes in through his nose and out through his mouth to calm his breathing.

He looks up at the map on the wall.

CLOSE ON the dive map. The black triangles pop out among the red dive flags.

MIKE

(muttering)

What the hell are you up to?

Drunk, Mike stumbles to the mattress in the bow of the boat. He flops down, staring at the ceiling he slowly falls asleep.

INT. MIDDLE EAST PRISON COMPLEX -FLASHBACK

TWO MIDDLE EASTERN SOLDIERS walk intensely down a dimly lit hall. They stop at a cell door.

One of the soldiers unlocks and opens the cell door.

Inside the dark cell is Mike. Lying on the dirt floor wearing a blood-soaked shirt and his combat pants.

Mike stands up weakly and gets into a defensive posture.

The two soldiers sneer at him. One of them pulls a cattle prod out of a loop in his belt. He shoves the cattle prod into Mike's side, SHOCKING him and breaking a rib at the same time.

Mike falls to the floor.

Picking him up, they place a bag over his head. Dragging him up the hall.

INT. OCEAN EXPLORER -DAY

A police siren RINGS OUT in the distance.

Mike shoots up out of bed, startled by the noise. His chest is covered in different-shaped scars. Two circular burn scars from the cattle prod on his side.

Mike crawls off the mattress. Putting on a pair of shorts and a t-shirt.

DECK

Mike, on the deck of the boat, watches the police boat move towards a spot in the bay.

LOCALS gather on the pier beside the Ocean Explorer.

MIKE

What's going on?

EMACIATED LOCAL

There is a dead body floating over there by the rocks.

MIKE

A little early in the morning for a drowning.

HIPPY LOCAL

Not likely, man, look.

EXT. POLICE BOAT -DAY

TWO POLICE OFFICERS use a pole hook to move the body towards the dive platform on the boat.

The corpse spins in the current, revealing chunks of flesh missing from fish bites. Locals GASP at the bullet hole in the victim's head.

EXT. OCEAN EXPLORER -DAY

Mike and the onlookers watch the gruesome scene unfold. Some walk away horrified.

EMACIATED LOCAL

I'm surprised there is a body left;
lucky the sharks didn't find him
first.

HIPPY LOCAL

I think whoever did this man... was
hoping for the sharks to eat him
up.

The Hippy Local makes chomping noises and laughs.

Mike shuffles back inside the wheelhouse.

WHEELHOUSE

Mike sits at the table, his trembling hands. He rests his head on the table.

Standing up, he goes to his suitcase and gets some meds out of the bag. He swallows them with a quick drink of water.

Sitting in the Captain's chair, he grips the steering wheel and concentrates on the horizon, waiting for the medication to work. Feeling the calming effects of the pills, he calmly walks back towards the open-air deck.

DECK

TWO POLICE OFFICERS are talking to the locals. The Emaciated Local points towards Mike.

EMACIATED LOCAL

There he is, officer, he acted very
strange when you guys pulled the
body out of the water.

SWEATY POLICE OFFICER
Hello sir.

MIKE
Hey guys, do you want a cup of
coffee? I can make a fresh pot; no
donuts, though.

DORKY POLICE OFFICER
Don't worry about it. We have
plenty back at the station.

The Sweaty Police Officer smacks the dorky police officer on
the shoulder.

Mike notices a man walk up behind Abbott and Costello,
putting his hands on their shoulders.

DET. GARY
Why don't you officers talk to
those people over there?

SWEATY POLICE OFFICER
Sure Gary, c'mon moron.

Det. Gary stands on the pier, sizing up Mike.

DORKY POLICE OFFICER (O.C.)
What did you hit me for?

Mike sees Det. Gary eyeing him, he creeps up the gangway. The
two men's eyes are locked.

Det. Gary pulls out his wallet from his back pocket and
flashes a badge.

Mike examines the badge for a moment.

MIKE
Can I help you, Detective?

DET. GARY
Yes, as you know, we found a dead
body in the harbour this morning.

MIKE
It was hard not to miss.

DET. GARY
Just wondering if you heard or saw
anything unusual last night.

MIKE
Not that I recall, went to bed
early.

DET. GARY
That skinny fella over there stated
you acted strangely when you saw
the body.

Mike has grown tired of the cat-and-mouse game.

MIKE
Am I being detained or arrested?

DET. GARY
No.

MIKE
Then I am done here.

DET. GARY
Do I need to come back with a
search warrant?

MIKE
You can, but you have zero cause
for one, just that I was acting
strangely. Half of these people act
strange, talk to them.

Mike and Det. Gary are just standing, staring at each other.

The red beat-up truck that Kat and John own appears in the
parking lot.

John gets out.

JOHN
What's going on?

John walks towards Mike and Det. Gary.

The Two Police Officers notice John walking up.

DORKY POLICE OFFICER
Whoa! Sir, where are you going?

JOHN
That's my son! What's going on?

SWEATY POLICE OFFICER
It's an active police
investigation...

John dismisses them and walks up to where Mike and the Det. Gary are standing.

JOHN
Gary! What is going on?

MIKE
Hey Dad. We're just having a nice chat.

DET. GARY
Dad? Is this your son, John?

JOHN
Yes, it is.

DET. GARY
Oh. I see. Boys, we're in the presence of a war hero. This man is a Navy SEAL.

The two Police Officers look at each other and walk away.

JOHN
I still haven't been told what is going on.

DET. GARY
We fished a body out of the bay this morning. Witnesses saw your boy acting suspiciously and called us.

Det. Gary breaks eye contact.

DET. GARY (CONT'D)
I think we are good here. Can I have a word, John?

Mike walks away down the gangway to the Ocean Explorer.

John and Det. Gary walk away out of hearing distance.

JOHN
Gary. How are things?

DET. GARY
Good. I see you're collecting more strays. When were you going to tell me he was here?

JOHN

He surprised me yesterday. It's also not a concern of yours or your boss.

DET. GARY

Well, see that's where you're wrong. Everything is my concern around here...Xavier needs your services, the last diver. Well, he didn't work out. Had to let him go.

Det. Gary looks toward the body being loaded into the coroner's van.

JOHN

I told you and Xavier that I was done, plus the Doc dry-docked me after my last DCS* hit.

**DCS: Decompression Sickness, aka The Bends.*

DET. GARY

Well, that's not our problem. Either find us a new diver or get in the water. We could use that pretty little daughter of yours.

JOHN

(angry)
Absolutely not!

DET. GARY

Twenty-four hours. Find a diver, or you'll go for a swim.

Det. Gary walks away towards the two uniformed officers. They all leave.

INT. OCEAN EXPLORER -DAY

Mike sits at the dining table. The GURGLING sound of coffee being brewed fills the wheelhouse.

John walks in.

JOHN

You okay?

MIKE

Yeah. I'm good.

JOHN
C'mon. Let me buy you breakfast.

MIKE
Alright.

INT. DINER -DAY

John and Mike sit at a table in a small diner near the window.

A MINOAN WAITRESS walks over and places a paper placemat and cutlery on the table.

MINOAN WAITRESS
What can I get you boys?

JOHN
Toast and a cup of coffee.

MIKE
Same, but whole wheat, please.

MINOAN WAITRESS
Perfect.

The waitress looks at Mike as if she will climb him like a tree.

John looks out the window. He spots a black SUV parked across the street.

JOHN
What happened to you over there?

MIKE
I'm not ready to talk about it.

JOHN
Your Grandfather, as you know, was a World War II vet. I only knew him as a mean drunk. Only when he got sober did he become the man everyone loved.

MIKE
I only have a few vague memories of him now.

JOHN
I was going to give you this on your graduation day.

Mike pulls out the sterling silver watch with a red face.

JOHN (CONT'D)
That was your Grandfather's dive
watch.

Mike holds the dive watch in his hand, the sun reflecting in the silver on his face. On the back, he sees the inscription Mike Webber. He removes his military-issued watch and puts it on.

MIKE
I remember this watch.

JOHN
You probably saw it in my side
table.

The waitress comes with their toast and coffee.

MINOAN WAITRESS
Here you go.
(to Mike)
If you need anything else, let me
know.

The waitress walks away.

JOHN
She was ready to carry your kids
yesterday.

MIKE
Not interested.

JOHN
Someone special?

MIKE
No. Not in the headspace for a
relationship right now.

John watches the black SUV leave.

JOHN
Well, eat up. We need to get to the
shop before Kat gets mad.

MIKE
I need a small favour. Can you drop
me off at a car rental so I can get
a car?

JOHN
Sure thing.

INT. OCEAN EXPLORER -DAY

Mike sleeping peacefully in the bunkroom. We hear the DING of a buoy bell.

KAT (O.S.)
Dad! The tourists are here!

Mike's eyes open up.

The door to the bunk area in the bow of the Ocean Explorer opens up, and Kat is there.

Kat catches a glimpse of his scars before he quickly covers up.

KAT (CONT'D)
Rise and shine.

JOHN (O.S.)
Want to go diving?

WHEELHOUSE

Mike crawls out and goes to the coffee maker.

JOHN
Don't drink that crap. Here.

John hands Mike a cup of coffee.

There is a phone number written on the lid.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Specially made by a certain waitress.

Max walks in and looks at Mike.

MAX
She's gonna have you shackled up and her knocked up.

KAT
(surprised)
Max!

John laughs.

MAX

It's true.

TOUR ORGANIZER (O.S.)

John! I have the group for the charter today.

DECK

John comes bounding out.

JOHN

Perfect! Come, friends, C'mon aboard!

The charter group all walk down the gangway to the Ocean Explorer.

JOHN (CONT'D)

This is my daughter Kat. She will get you sized up for your gear, along with our friend Max.

Max and Kat help the tourists over the gunwale.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Kat will also be your divemaster for the day, along with my son.

John points to Mike, who is drinking coffee in the wheelhouse.

Mike gives a slight wave and then a yawn.

MAX

He's taken ladies, so don't stare too long.

KAT

Oh my god, Max. Where are you learning this?

Mike walks out of the wheelhouse.

CHINESE LADY DIVER

Oh my god. Look at those arms!

She covers her mouth with her hand, shocked that she said that out loud.

Mike walks over to the Chinese Lady Diver.

MIKE

What's your shoe size?

The Chinese Lady is embarrassed.

EXT. THE BAY -DAY

Panoramic view of the Ocean Explorer steaming out of the bay towards the dive site. The morning sun reflected off the calm morning water.

EXT. OCEAN EXPLORER -DAY

When the Ocean Explorer hits the open ocean, the first wave hits the boat, and sea spray flies everywhere.

DECK

Mike sits on the bench near the gunwale, sea spray splashing him. He looks at his sister.

Chinese Lady Diver is trying to avoid eye contact with Mike, so she stays busy with her phone.

There are four other divers: a DIVING COUPLE and TWO MALE DIVERS.

Mike walks to the cooler and grabs a bottle of water.

WHEELHOUSE

Mike walks into the wheelhouse. John pilots the boat, while Max, sitting nearby, plays a game on his tablet at the table.

Mike looks again at his Dad standing at the wheel.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. OCEAN EXPLORER -FLASHBACK

John (30s) stands in the same spot. Mike (5) stands beside him.

Mike tightly holds a first-generation SCUBA mask. The black-and-white picture of Mike's grandfather hangs on the wall.

Mike pulls out a small booklet rolled up from his back pocket.

CLOSE ON Mike unrolling a funeral announcement for "Mike Webber" with the same Black and White photo on the front.

John looks down at Mike and smiles. John wipes tears out of Mike's eyes. Beside the wheel of the ship is a wooden box.

A female figure holding a baby walks up beside Mike. She places her free arm around him.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. OCEAN EXPLORER -PRESENT DAY

Mike walks over to the dive map. Mike looks at one of the black triangles on the map.

MIKE

Hey, what are the black triangles?

JOHN

Potential dive sites that fishermen have told me about. Just never got to dive them.

MIKE

We should dive one day, you, me and Kat.

John throttles down the boat. He walks to the door.

JOHN

We're here, ladies and gents!

Max puts down his tablet and walks out to the deck.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Help Kat get them into the water.

Mike walks down to help the Chinese Lady Diver with her BCD and tank beside his sister.

MIKE

Dad got a little stand-offish when I mentioned the three of us going diving together.

KAT

The old man had a severe bends hit a couple of years ago. Doc said no more diving. He has been even more grumpy since.

All the divers are geared up and slowly back roll or giant stride into the water.

Mike and Kat each back roll off opposite sides of the Ocean Explorer.

They signal okay up to Max.

Everyone descends into the water column.

UNDERWATER

The divers descend towards a coral reef. There, they see various types of marine life, an old ship anchor, and a sunken sailboat.

The group converges on the anchor line. Mike keeps looking at his dive computer.

Mike signals to the divers that the safety stop is finished. The divers all ascend to the surface.

SURFACE

The diver's heads break the ocean's surface. They are all smiles.

The tourists start talking to each other excitedly about what they saw.

John peers over the stern of the OCEAN EXPLORER.

The dive platform smacks the water on the waves of the ocean.

JOHN

How was your dive?

The excited chatter starts again amongst the group.

Mike swims toward the dive platform. John throws a safety line out to the divers.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Hang onto that rope. The current
has picked up a bit since you left.

The tourists all cling to the line.

Kathy bobs just behind them to make sure none drift away.

Mike fully inflates his BCD at the ladder beside the dive platform.

He removes his weight belt and passes it up to his dad.

Mike then hands his fins to his dad, who, in turn, passes them to Max.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Do you want me to take your BCD?

MIKE
No, I'm good.

EXT. OCEAN EXPLORER -DAY

DECK

Mike pulls himself out of the ocean with the BCD on. He walks up the ladder and over the gunwale.

He looks and notices another dive boat in the distance dropping anchor.

He drops down to the deck with a thud. He removes the BCD with the tank and sets it down out of the way.

He and his father help everyone out of the water.

Once all the tourists are up and out of the water, they all sit and enjoy the sunshine.

Max passes out bottles of water to them all. They each open the water and drink.

Some of them are reapplying sunscreen, while they talk to each other more about what they saw.

Mike sits in the corner by the stern*, sitting on the gunwale. He drinks his water and begins peeling an orange. He notices another boat off in the distance.

**Stern: The back of a boat*

Kat comes over to Mike.

KAT
Once you finish your snack, we must start changing tanks out for the second dive.

Mike finishes peeling his orange. The orange peels were piled beside him. He pops an orange slice in his mouth.

MIKE
Sure thing, boss.

Kat looks at Mike, annoyed.

KAT
Did you and Dad get into it?

Mike drinks some water.

MIKE
Nope... Just curious about that
dive boat over there.

Mike points to the boat that arrived earlier.

Kat turns, shading her eyes from the sun.

KAT
What about it? I've seen them
around. It's a new dive operation.

Mike puts down the empty water bottle.

MIKE WEBBER
Oh yeah. Well, that must be one
hell of a dive briefing. We've been
up here for what, fifteen minutes
now? I haven't seen one diver
moving around or anyone splashing.

Kat shakes her head.

KAT
Mike...you have spent too much time
in the Navy. Not everyone is
suspicious or is your enemy. It
could be just a sightseeing charter
or something.

Mike picks up his orange peels and empty water bottle and
puts them in the trash and recycling.

MIKE
We'll see. For now, I don't like
it. Let's get at it.

Mike and Kathy removed the empty air tanks from the tourists'
BCDs and replaced them with full ones.

Max gathers everyone's empty water bottles and other trash from snacks in the meantime.

John comes out of the wheelhouse.

JOHN

You can start gearing up for your second dive!

Kat gears up first. When she is ready, she does a giant stride off the stern dive platform.

Max begins rinsing everyone's mask in a bucket full of soapy water, passing them back out.

Mike and John help everyone get their BCDs back on.

Max picks everyone's fins up and hands them out. After helping them, a few of the tourists tousle Max's hair.

The tourists all take turns doing a giant stride into the water.

Mike gears up. John helps Mike with his tank and BCD.

MIKE

Thank you.

JOHN

You're welcome, tough guy.

Mike sits on the gunwale. He salutes John and then puts his hand over his mask and regulator.

Rolling backward with a splash into the ocean.

SURFACE

Mike gestures "okay" with his hand.

DECK

John smiles and shakes his head.

JOHN WEBBER

Show off.

John walks into the wheelhouse.

DECK

John picks up a pair of binoculars and looks at the anchored boat nearby.

John picks up the radio.

JOHN WEBBER
Ocean Explorer to Sea Scorpion.
Divers are in the water, you can
come on over.

RADIO (V.O.)
Copy.

The boat pulls up its anchor and starts towards the Ocean Explorer.

UNDERWATER

Mike, Kat, and the group of divers descend the water column. They are all hovering above a coral reef, which has many underwater creatures to observe.

They hear the RUMBLE of a boat motor in the distance.

Mike recognizes it and looks up. He sees the bow of another boat coming towards the divers. Mike looks back toward the group.

The group gathers together, and Husband Diver, who has an underwater camera. He begins taking an underwater group photo.

The engine noise cuts out.

Mike looks up and sees another boat beside his dad's boat.

He stares at it intently, he begins to swim towards it when a CLANK gets his attention.

Mike turns and looks, and Kathy has her dive knife out, banging on the side of the tank. She points toward the photographer.

The photographer is floating backward, and behind him is a box jellyfish. The jellyfish floats aimlessly in the ocean current when it wraps its tentacles around the unsuspecting photographer's arm.

The sudden shock on his arm surprises him, causing the diver to drop the camera and spit out his regulator.

The diver panics and shoots for the surface.

DECK

John, the Detective, and the Three Goons lounge around the deck of the Ocean Explorer.

The Three Goons all have handguns somewhere on their body.

There is no tension between John and them.

DET. GARY

John, we need a new diver. The last one couldn't get the job done.

JOHN

Why did you have to kill him? He was just a kid, trying to earn extra money for university.

DETECTIVE GARY ANDREWS

You know the big man's policy. No loose ends, no potential to turn rat. Now there is the question of half a million in fentanyl sitting on the bottom of the ocean.

SURFACE

Suddenly, a diver's head breaks the surface like a rocket.

The diver SCREAMS in pain.

DECK

JOHN

Get out of here!! All of you!!

Det. Gary and the Three Goons all run for their boat.

The Sea Scorpions' motor ROARS to life, and they leave full speed.

John grabs a long pole with a hook on it.

He runs towards the gunwale and leans over, extending the pole towards Husband Diver.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Grab on!! I need to get you on board!!

Husband Diver grabs it, and John pulls the diver towards the boat.

He gets him close to the boat.

JOHN (CONT'D)
(straining)
Drop everything! BCD! Tank!! Weight
belt now!!

Husband Diver does as instructed and unhooks everything.

The weight belt drops to the ocean bottom while the BCD floats away from the diver.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Max!!

Max comes running out of the wheelhouse.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Get on the radio and call the Coast
Guard!! We have a potential diver
with the bends!

Max nods and runs to the radio.

MAX (O.S.)
Mayday! Mayday! This is Ocean
Explorer to Coast Guard Station 5,
we have a diver with a suspected
DCS hit. How do you copy?

John struggles to get the diver on board, who has now gone unresponsive.

UNDERWATER

Mike begins to ascend.

He sees the diver break the surface.

He hears what sounds like people running. The boat beside his dad's ship starts up and takes off.

Mike has stopped for his safety stop. He intensely watches his dive computer and the diver.

A pole hook breaks the surface, and the diver grabs it. He gets dragged towards the boat.

Suddenly, he sees the weight belt rocketing to the ocean floor, and the diver's BCD starts floating away.

Mike's dive computer BEEPS off. Mike shoots for the surface.

DECK/SURFACE -CONTINUOUS

John's arms are underneath the diver's arms. He tries to drag him up into the boat but has no luck.

Mike breaks the surface. He inflates his BCD all the way and drops his weight belt. He unbuckles his BCD and pushes it near the boat.

He grabs hold of the ladder, unfastening his fins, and throws them in the boat.

MAX

Mayday! Mayday! This is Ocean
Explorer to Coast Guard Station 5.
We have a diver here with a
potential DCS hit. How do you copy?

Mike climbs the ladder and jumps onto the deck of the boat.

Reaching his dad, the pair drag the diver over the gunwale and onto the boat deck.

MIKE

Dad! Get the oxygen kit!

John runs into the wheelhouse, grabbing the oxygen case.

RADIO (V.O.)

Ocean Explorer, this is Coast Guard
Station 5. What are your GPS
coordinates?

John runs back to the diver.

MAX (O.S.)

Lat is 19.46.962. Long is
156.03.159.

The patient has been put in the recovery position*

Recovery Position is left side lying

RADIO

Ocean Explorer, our ETA is 10 mins.
See you then.

Mike opens up the oxygen kit, sets the flow rate, and attaches a nonrebreather to the tank. He then slips the oxygen mask over the diver's face.

Max walks out of the wheelhouse.

MAX

The Coast Guard is ten minutes out.

John nods to Max and gives him an okay.

MIKE

Max, come here, bud...

Max jogs towards Mike.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Grab a piece of paper or a dive slate. Something to write on.

Max nods. He sees a dive slate nearby and grabs it.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Now write down everything I tell you.

Max nods.

MIKE (CONT'D)

First dive 110 feet max. Proper safety stop, proper surface interval. Second dive 80 feet for approx. 5-10 minutes, suffered a box jellyfish sting to the right arm. Panicked and shot for the surface

MIKE (CONT'D)

OK. Now, treatment: the patient was put in the recovery position and administered oxygen at 15 litres per minute. Patient is currently unconscious but breathing.

Mike looks and sees Max writing.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Dad..do you have a blood pressure cuff or a pulse ox?

JOHN

There may be one in the first aid kit. I will grab it.

John quickly walks into the wheelhouse.

WHEELHOUSE

John is visibly shaken.

He takes a moment to catch his breath. He opens a cupboard, grabs a red bag, and takes it out.

He heads back to the deck.

DECK

John comes out to the open deck, and the diver has regained consciousness.

The diver SCREAMS in agony.

MIKE WEBBER
Where is it hurting?

HUSBAND DIVER
My arm!! Oh my god, my arm!!!!

Mike moves the diver's shoulder so he can look at his arms.

He sees thin red strings wrapped around the diver's arms.

Mike looks relieved.

MIKE
Okay...I can help you.

Mike grabs the first aid kit. He pulls out a bottle of vinegar and some medical tweezers.

Mike begins slowly unwrapping the jellyfish tentacles off the diver's arm with the tweezers.

One by one, being very careful not to touch them.

Once done, he pours the vinegar on the diver's arm where the red marks are.

HUSBAND DIVER
Oh my god, thank you so much. That feels better.

Mike screws the cap back on the vinegar.

MIKE
Is there any pain anywhere else? In the joints of your body..any blurred vision..chest pain.

HUSBAND DIVER
No, not right now.

MIKE
Okay, you rest. The Coast Guard is coming. They will take you to the local medical facility to treat you and watch to see if you get the bends.

HUSBAND DIVER
Okay. Thank you so much.

The diver rests quietly.

Mike stands up and looks at his father through squinted eyes.

We hear a boat in the distance, a Coast Guard boat.

SURFACE

The other divers break the surface, including Kat.

Max goes to the stern and throws the safety line out. The divers all grab hold.

KAT
How's the diver Max?

Max looks down at the diver lying on the deck.

MAX
Looks good so far, Mike took care of him. Coast Guard is almost here.

KAT
Where is Mike now?

WIFE DIVER
(to Kat)
Is my husband okay?

KAT
I think so, the Coast Guard will take him to the hospital for a check-up anyway.

WIFE DIVER
Oh, good, he thinks he is a pro diver.

Max leans over the gunwale to help the divers.

MAX

Good thing we had vinegar. Mike
would have had to pee on him.

KAT

(embarrassed)

Max! Get Dad to help us out.

WIFE DIVER

(whispering to herself)

Probably would have liked that.

DECK

Mike waits on the bow of the Ocean Explorer.

The Coast Guard boat is a few meters off the dive boat. A
deckhand throws a rope to Mike and then ties off the bow.
Mike jumps down to the deck and grabs the pole hook.

He reaches, and the same Coast Guard deckhand grabs the hook
and pulls the boats together. They then tie off at the stern.

MAX

Alright. Max do this, Max do that.

Max goes over to John.

MAX (CONT'D)

John...Kat and the rest of the
divers have surfaced. I have the
safety line out for them. If you
want to go help them.

John looks flustered from all the activity.

JOHN

Okay, thanks, pal. Can you give me
a hand? Mike has this under
control.

John and Max help the divers out of the water.

Kat is the last one up the ladder. By the time all the other
divers are out of the water, the Coast Guard is leaving.

John passes the slate with all the information over to the
Coast Guard.

Mike unties the stern and bow lines.

Mike stands on the bow watching the Coast Guard leave.

The divers mill around. The excitement from the dives has left them.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Alright folks! I know you're worried about your friend and husband. Let's get the gear put away so we can head back to shore. There, I will get you the number and directions to the medical center.

Everyone begins putting their gear away.

Mike, Kat, and Max help them. John heads into the wheelhouse.

WHEELHOUSE

John sits down at the table.

He rubs his face, trying to calm himself down.

Kat comes into the wheelhouse.

KAT
Dad. We're ready to go.

John lets out a large sigh.

JOHN
Okay.

Kat leaves.

John pops his head out, glancing at his son.

Mike eyes him suspiciously.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Alright, gang! Let's head back to shore.

DECK

The dive boat starts heading back to land. The waves crash against the bow.

Mike sits in the same corner as before, watching the sun get lower on the horizon. It's a blood-red sun right now.

They steam back into the bay and towards the dock.

ACT 3

EXT. MARINA -DAY

The RESORT EXCURSION COORDINATOR waits for them on the pier.

Mike throws him the bow line as they get closer, and the boat gets tied off.

EXT. OCEAN EXPLORER -NIGHT

All the divers are gone.

Mike, Kat and Max remove the empty SCUBA tanks from the boat.

They walk them up a gangway and put them in the back of the small red pickup truck.

EXT. RED PICKUP TRUCK -NIGHT

Kat and Max get into the truck. Max rolls his window down.

KAT

You're so lucky your car wasn't stolen.

Pointing towards Mike's rental car.

KAT (CONT'D)

Can you give Dad a ride home? Me and Max are going to drop the empties off at the shop, then head home.

MIKE

Yeah, sure can. Listen...didn't you find anything suspicious at all about today? Did you notice anything weird about that boat being by our boat and taking off quickly when that diver rocketed up to the surface?

Kat rolls her eyes.

KAT

I didn't want to say anything. Dad and that other dive operator are disputing over dive sites and who gets what resorts. He told me not to worry.

Mike looks puzzled.

MIKE

Okay. I will see you later.

Mike walks over to his car and stands there. He twirls the keys on a finger.

EXT. MARINA -NIGHT

John shuts the lights down on the boat.

He walks up the gangway to the top of the fishing pier. He walks towards Mike.

JOHN

We will refuel in the morning. What a day.

John walks up to the car. Mike nods, walks to the driver's side, and opens the door.

He looks at his dad. He unlocks the passenger side door.

He gets into the car, and John stands beside the car. The car roars to life.

Opening the door, John gets in.

INT. RENTAL CAR -NIGHT

Mike waits in his car, the radio has an 80s rock song playing, when John sits in the car.

John and Mike both buckle up.

Mike puts the car into gear and slowly drives off.

JOHN

Nice car...you must make good money killing people?

Mike sighs through his nose.

MIKE

Yup...

John looks out his window.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Take you back to the house?

JOHN

Yeah, that was a hell of a day...

MIKE

Yeah, okay...What was that all about today?

JOHN

I'm sure Kathy told you.

MIKE

She did, but I want to hear you say it.

John rolls his eyes.

JOHN

Just like your mother.

MIKE

You mean I can see through your lies. Is that what you mean?

JOHN

Like I'm sure Kathy told you, a new dive operation opened up. They smell blood in the water since the doctor dry-docked me. They want to take all my contracts with resorts and squeeze in on my sites.

MIKE

I don't know. If they were divers, then why didn't they stick around to help with that diver today?

JOHN

My best guess is insurance reasons. Didn't want to be involved in case of a lawsuit. Then they could get me when I get sued and lose everything.

MIKE

I was in the Navy for ten years. I have known you for nineteen years before that. I'm used to your lies, things always come out in the wash, you know that. Just a matter of time. If you are lying, I will find out.

JOHN

Well, good thing I'm not lying.

John turns up the radio. John starts humming along.

They drive along the Hawaiian coast.

EXT. JOHNS HOUSE -DAY

The rental car pulls into the driveway of John's house. The beat-up pickup is in the driveway. In front of the house are surfboards being sanded and waxed.

The curtains in the house move.

Kat peers out the window.

JOHN

Want to come in and have another
drink?

Mike stares at the curtain moving.

MIKE

Not tonight, going to head back to
the boat and crash.

JOHN

Sounds good. See you tomorrow
sometime. No charters booked
tomorrow.

John gets out of the car.

Mike watches him go into the house. Backing out of the driveway, Mike leaves.

INT. JOHN'S HOUSE. -NIGHT

KITCHEN

John walks into his house through the kitchen. He goes to the fridge.

Opening the fridge, he takes out a beer.

He opens it and takes a drink.

JOHN

Kat!

KATHY (O.S.)

In here!

LIVING ROOM

John walks into the living room.

She is curled up watching TV.

Max is asleep with his head on her lap.

John sits down in a recliner.

JOHN

He did well today.

KAT

Yup. He did. Listen, you're going to have to tell Mike sooner or later.

JOHN

Tell him what exactly. That I dove for a drug smuggler or used to. Now I can't get out.

KAT

Well, what are you going to tell him when you need to use the boat?

JOHN

Trying to avoid that. Need to find another diver.

KAT

Don't look at me. I already watch the big man's kid. If he ever finds out Max is his kid. We're both going to be fished out of the bay. Maybe Max, too.

John's cell phone rings, and he answers it.

JOHN

I'll be right out.

John stands up. Kathy looks up at him.

EXT. JOHN'S HOUSE. -NIGHT

John walks out of his house.

Crossing the road, he walks onto a beach.

EXT. BEACH. -NIGHT

A lone FIGURE stands on the beach.

John gets closer and closer to him. The man is eating a hamburger.

The man turns, and it's Detective Gary Andrews.

DET. GARY
We never got to finish our
conversation.

JOHN
Yeah, well, who would have thought
that would happen?

DET. GARY
Well, we need another diver.
Preferably a pro. Maybe Kat?

JOHN
No, and it's not up for discussion!

DET. GARY
Well, who is it going to be? If you
can't find someone, you will have
to get your feet wet. What about
your son, can he dive?

John laughs.

JOHN
He's an active Navy SEAL. Oh, he
can dive, but he will not do it.
Besides, he is in the dark about
this.

DET. GARY
Well, maybe the big man can tell
him and convince him.

JOHN
No. I will do it or find someone
else.

DET. GARY
(taps his watch)
Clocks ticking.

Det. Gary walks away and puts his garbage in a trash bin.

John looks out at the waves. He then heads back to the house.

EXT. DETECTIVE GARY'S CAR. -MOMENTS LATER

The detective stands outside the car.

He pulls out a cell phone and makes a call.

DET. GARY

Yeah Boss. We're figuring out things on this end. (pause) Yeah, I think he might become a problem too.

EXT. MARINA -NIGHT

The rental car pulls into a parking spot near the fishing pier where the Ocean Explorer is docked.

Mike gets out of the car and locks the car. He walks towards the boat.

He sees a FIGURE standing at the end of the pier. Mike carefully walks towards the figure, walking slowly, trying to be quiet.

The man's details start becoming clear. A man in his (50s) wearing a trucker's hat, scruffy beard, and mustache sprinkled with grey.

MIKE

Uncle Jacob?

The man turns.

UNCLE JACOB

Hey Pal!

They hug each other.

MIKE

I barely recognized you. How did you know I was back on the island?

UNCLE JACOB

Kit Kat called me yesterday. I wanted to see you. I brought beer.

Jacob points to a six-pack on the ground.

INT. OCEAN EXPLORER -MOMENTS LATER

WHEELHOUSE

Mike and Jacob walk into the wheelhouse.

Jacob carries the beer in, setting the beer down on the small table.

They both sit down. They each take a beer out of the box and twist the top off.

Jacob holds his bottle up, and Mike taps the necks of their bottles together.

UNCLE JACOB

Good to see you and welcome home.

They both drink.

MIKE

Thank you, not sure for how long though.

UNCLE JACOB

Oh?

MIKE

Well, you know how Dad is.

UNCLE JACOB

Yes, and he has gotten worse with age. I haven't had a meaningful conversation with him for seven or eight years.

MIKE

Same, I don't know how Kat stays here with him.

UNCLE JACOB

She has a lot of your mother in her. Your grandmother used to call your mother St. Anthony, and Kat is like her.

MIKE

Patron saint of lost souls.

Jacob smiles.

MIKE (CONT'D)

I hope it doesn't burn her.

Jacob notices the pills.

UNCLE JACOB
What are the pills for?

Mike picks them up.

MIKE
One for PTSD and the other to keep
the nightmares away. I start Navy-
mandated counselling next week.

UNCLE JACOB
Have you tried alternative
treatments?

MIKE
Not yet. I'm not liking the pills,
though, I know that.

Mike puts the pills in a toiletry bag.

MIKE (CONT'D)
Whatever happened between you and
Dad?

UNCLE JACOB
We drifted apart. Your mother was
the glue that held the family
together.

Mike stares at his beer.

MIKE
Yeah, her memory has helped more
than you would ever know.

Jacob puts his hand on Mike.

UNCLE JACOB
Your mother, my sister, loved you
and Kat more than you would ever
know. She was one of the good ones,
and we lost her too soon.

Mike wipes a tear away.

MIKE
Dad's up to or into something.

UNCLE JACOB
Wish I knew or I would tell you.

Mike looks Jacob in the eye.

MIKE

I'm going to find out. Things are not right here.

UNCLE JACOB

Do you know the name Xavier MacDonald?

MIKE

I do not.

UNCLE JACOB

Suppose you wouldn't. The great thing about being old is nobody pays attention to you, but you watch everyone.

Mike leans back.

UNCLE JACOB (CONT'D)

Anyway, this man is not to be messed with. He is a large ape of a man with the temper to match. He is getting drugs of all kinds into the area, and nobody knows how.

Mike looks interested.

UNCLE JACOB (CONT'D)

Just stay out of his crosshairs and out from under his thumb.

MIKE

Do you think Dad is involved somehow?

Jacob shrugs.

UNCLE JACOB

Your Dad knows a lot of people, so I'm sure he knows something.

MIKE

I will keep an eye out.

UNCLE JACOB

I need to get going.

MIKE

Stay in touch.

They both get up and hug.

UNCLE JACOB

Good seeing you. Let's keep my
visit between us. Things are
strained between your father and
me.

MIKE

You got it.

Jacob walks out of the wheelhouse, Mike watches him.

Mike looks down at the table with his beer in his hand. He
starts peeling the label off.

He turns his head and looks at the map on the wall.

EXT. MARINA -NIGHT

A black SUV is hiding in the corner of the parking lot.

The windows are tinted, so we can only see the DRIVER.

INT. BLACK SUV -NIGHT

A LARGE FIGURE moves in the back seat.

He is smoking a large Cuban cigar. We see his eyes from the
glow of the cigar.

They watch Jacob leave in his rusted hatchback car.

The outdoor lights on the Ocean Explorer turn off.

XAVIER

All right, let's go for now.

EXT. MARINA -NIGHT

The black SUV slowly pulls out of the parking lot of the
marina and leaves.

FADE OUT:

END CREDITS.

