

The Legacy

written by

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**FADE IN**

**EXT. DESERT - DUSK**

The setting sun paints the sky an angry red.

Men in traditional robes and checkered keffiyehs shove a blindfolded DAVE ATKINSON, 36, across the wasteland.

**SUPER: Al-Qaeda Stronghold, Western Iraq - June 19, 2006**

Dave, his torn and filthy civilian clothes spattered with his blood, shuffles in exhaustion, stumbles, falls.

A young jihadist stands over Dave, lets a single drop of water from a goat-skin bag fall upon Dave's chapped lips.

The jihadist smirks, kicks Dave viciously in his side.

Dave whimpers and spits, pushes his arm into his side.

The jihadist kicks Dave again, harder.

Two of the band yank Dave to his feet, shove him forward.

**INT. CORY'S HOUSE - HIS OFFICE - DAY**

CORY ATKINSON, 36, Dave's identical twin except for three scars: two on his left cheek, one across his forehead.

Cory possesses the lean, powerful physique of a swimmer.

**SUPER: Narragansett, Rhode Island - June 20, 2006**

Cory leans forward on the palms of his hands on a desk.

Cory looks up, shakes his head at the sounds of cheerful childish voices and a video game from the other room.

Cory returns his attention to LUKAS SÄNGER, 27, on Skype.

LUKAS

(German accent)

Hey, *Professor*, thanks again for getting me a spot on the Maris.

Cory nods.

LUKAS

I know you had to pull strings with Dr. Neff to shell out extra cash.

CORY

Adam loves sponsoring young people.  
And he's been keeping close tabs on  
you. Two PhD's: first, Physical  
Oceanography; now, cetology.

Cory picks up a graph.

CORY

From some of the things he's told  
me, don't be surprised if he  
poaches you for AQUA.

Lukas smiles widely, his dark eyes dance, but then he frowns.

LUKAS

Hey, you okay? You seem off today.

Cory doesn't immediately answer.

LUKAS

I'm sorry. That was way personal.

CORY

No, no. Just something gnawing at  
me. My brother, he's...

Cory takes a seat, pulls out the keyboard tray.

CORY

Flip over to page 57.

Advisor and student continue their discussion.

The bell to the front door chimes.

JOE (O.S.)

(through door)

Hey, Dad! Get that, willya? I'm  
clobberin' Marc in GTR!

MARC (O.S.)

(through door)

Is not!

JOE (O.S.)

(through door)

Get the door, Dad?!

Cory glances out the window, sees how late the afternoon has  
become, the old oaks have completely shaded the front yard.

CORY

Lukas, I gotta get the door. We'll talk more tomorrow. Your work's looking really good so far.

LUKAS

Hope everything's okay. *Auf wiedersehen, Professor.*

They both cut the call.

Cory gets up, heads out into the living room, glances over at his sons, JOE, 11, MARC, 9, playing their racing video game.

With the bushes blocking the windows, the only light comes from the TV screen, Cory can barely see the boys' faces.

CORY

Turn that down!

Cory opens the front door.

MAJOR PAUL MCBRIDE, 41, stands there in dress uniform, full cabbage on his chest, beret tucked into his epaulet.

He holds a computer slipcase under his arm.

Cory glimpses another Army OFFICER, in silhouette behind McBride, then Cory's eyes drift numbly back to the major.

MAJOR MCBRIDE

Dr. Atkinson, sir, I'm Major Paul McBride. This is --

CORY

My brother's dead.

MAJOR MCBRIDE

Yes, sir, I'm afraid he is.

Cory looks at a family portrait of Dave decked out in his Army dress greens, handsome with his cheese-slicer jawline and dark eyes.

Dave has his hands on the shoulders of his beautiful wife GABBIE while she holds their giggling two-year-old KELLAN.

Other framed photos of Cory, smiling as he spends time with his boys and his wife AMÉLIE, populate the walls.

Cory invites the officers in.

Major McBride glances over at the two boys sitting on the couch, staring back at them, clearly aware something's wrong.

MAJOR MCBRIDE

(to Cory)

We tried calling you, sir. Your whole family did. They're with Mrs. Atkinson. We just came from there.

Cory slips his cellphone out of his pocket.

CORY

I never remember to keep this thing charged.

MAJOR MCBRIDE

Do you have somewhere private we can talk, Doctor?

CORY

What? Um...yeah, yes. My office.

Cory enters his office.

The major stops at the door long enough to look over his shoulder at the other officer.

We can see only enough to know that he's a dark-haired young man, only a few decorations on his chest.

MAJOR MCBRIDE

Lieutenant, why don't you stay here and entertain those lively youngsters, maybe do a couple of your magic tricks?

The lieutenant walks over to the boys.

Major McBride enters Cory's office.

**INT. CAVE - NIGHT**

The young jihadist smashes his rifle's butt across Dave's face, then shoves Dave down onto the ground, where Dave's battered body kicks up dust at an older jihadist's feet.

**SUPER: Al-Qaeda Stronghold, Western Iraq - June 19, 2006**

This older man, his beard greying, stares down at Dave.

Dave hocks a loogie of spit, snot, blood, and a tooth onto GREYING-BEARD's boot.

The young jihadist hollers something in Arabic, kicks Dave, raises his rifle, readies it to cave in Dave's skull.

Greying-Beard raises a hand, stares at the younger jihadist.

The young jihadist gulps, lowers his weapon, steps back.

Greying-Beard barks out something in Arabic, two jihadists rush forward, yank Dave off the ground, shove him down onto a chair, roughly pull his blindfold off.

An eye has swollen shut, his nose is busted, his hair matted.

Even with this damage, Dave presents the perfect mirror image of his brother Cory: face, physique, height, everything.

Dave tries to sit up, grits his teeth, groans.

DAVE

They didn't understand. You don't understand. You don't want to do this. You don't have to do this. Just let me go.

Greying-Beard stares at Dave.

Dave stares back.

Greying-Beard doesn't even blink as he continues staring.

Dave looks past Greying-Beard.

A camera feeds into a laptop off to the side.

Dave gulps at the scimitar strapped to the man's thin waist.

Dave jumps to his feet.

Two jihadists force Dave back down into the chair.

Dave fights them, but they hold him down.

Greying-Beard snorts, shoves a paper in Dave's face.

Dave looks at it, reads:

DAVE

"I am giving this statement voluntarily, that my government, decadent and unholy and evil, is the one murdering me today --"

Dave stares at Greying-Beard.

DAVE

I'm not reading that, motherfucker.

Greying-Beard rakes Dave up and down with those cold eyes, smirks, nods, then leans in to Dave.

GREYING-BEARD

Spy!

DAVE

I'm an officer in the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers, I'm working with my State Department. I'm here on a peaceful mission. I'm here to rebuild a dam. I'm here to help your people.

GREYING-BEARD

Liar! You. Here. To kill!

Greying-Beard hardens his eyes the most we've seen them so far. Between his clenched teeth:

GREYING-BEARD

You. American. Die.

The man clenches his hand into a tight fist.

GREYING-BEARD

All Americans. Die!

For just a moment Greying-Beard's composure cracks.

GREYING-BEARD

My wife, my daughter. They die. You make them. Bombs. My only son, Waleed, eighteen. Serves his country. You shoot, leave like dog.

Greying-Beard's chest heaves.

GREYING-BEARD

You. Americans. Do all this.

Greying-Beard smashes his fist into Dave's face.

Dave groans, spits, breathes hard as he grits his teeth which become stained with the blood gushing from his nose.

Dave looks anew into this man's hate-filled eyes.

Dave calms his breathing, sits up in the chair, straightens his shoulders.

DAVE

Atkinson. David Michael. Captain.  
U.S. Army. 193-11-4738.

Greying-Beard gives two of his men a quick nod.

The two jihadists move Dave in the full focus of the camera.

Greying-Beard hits a key on the laptop.

The camera winks on with a red light marked "REC".

Greying-Beard starts to chant, the other jihadists soon take it up with him.

Dave looks around him, tries to take it all in.

The chanting stops. Greying-Beard shoves the paper in Dave's face again.

Dave looks down at it, then into the camera:

DAVE

I love you, Gabbie. Mom and Dad, I love you.

(his voice catches)

Daddy loves you, son. Always will.

**INT. CORY'S OFFICE - BACK TO PRESENT**

On the screen of the Army-issue laptop:

DAVE

I love you, Gabbie. Mom and Dad, I love you.

(his voice catches)

Daddy loves you, son. Always will.

Major McBride hits a key.

Dave's battered face pauses on the screen.

**SUPER: Narragansett, Rhode Island - June 20, 2006**

MAJOR MCBRIDE

Dr. Atkinson, sir, your sister-in-law did choose not to watch this recording. For good reason.

CORY

She's seven months pregnant. Could have triggered a premature birth.

Cory plaintively regards the officer.

CORY

Listen, my brother won't die alone.



MAJOR MCBRIDE  
Sir, he already has.

CORY  
I know he has. I've known for the  
last day.

Cory glances for a moment at the door.

CORY  
What the fuck, Major? Dave was out  
of uniform, working with the State  
Department. He was away from  
anything active.

Major McBride nods but says nothing.

CORY  
More than that, I heard in his  
phone calls and in his letters how  
Muslims and Islam and the whole  
Arab world were touching him. Trust  
me, Major, my brother isn't --  
(his voice catches)  
-- wasn't the deepest person out  
there. More your dumb jock type.

Major McBride breathes a long sigh.

MAJOR MCBRIDE  
You're sure you want to watch this?

Cory nods.

The sound of the front door opening and closing and of voices  
of multiple adults in the living room catch their attention.

Major McBride returns his attention to Cory.

MAJOR MCBRIDE  
Hit any key.

The officer straightens.

MAJOR MCBRIDE  
I'm supposed to not let this thing  
out of my sight, but...

McBride nods sadly.

MAJOR MCBRIDE

Petty Officer Atkinson, I'm very sorry for your loss, yours and your family's. Captain Atkinson was a fine man, loved by his sappers.

McBride leaves Cory alone.

Cory slowly pulls out a chair, sits in front of the laptop.

His hand shaking, Cory reaches out, hits a key.

Greying-Beard rants in badly-subtitled Arabic about jihad and infidels and "Down with America!"

Cory stares into the screen.

Greying-Beard stops his rant, steps back, signals two young jihadists, who step forward and yank Dave to his feet.

Cory doesn't look away.

Greying-Beard grabs the hilt of his scimitar and, chanting in Arabic, lifts the blade high over Dave.

Cory continues to not look away.

Dave looks right into the camera. Eerily calm, Dave says:

DAVE

Cory, I know you. Don't --

Greying-Beard brings the blade down.

**INT. CORY'S OFFICE - 45 MINUTES LATER**

Cory reaches out, closes the laptop, stands, pushes the chair under the desk.

**SUPER: Narragansett, Rhode Island - 45 Minutes Later**

Cory takes a key out of his pocket, unlocks one of the desk's drawers, pulls it open, stares down at a case for a handgun.

He runs his fingertips over the case, then pushes the drawer shut, locks it.

Cory walks up to a window-sized poster of a 150-foot three-masted schooner barque, the Rex Maris, prowling the gentle waves in all her full-sail magnificence.

Cory stares and stares, loses himself in the image.

**EXT. ISELIN DOCK - PIER EAST - DAY**

The Rex Maris doesn't prowl the waves, but bobs, her sails furled where she's berthed, but she's no less magnificent.

**SUPER: Woods Hole Village, Cape Cod - July 17, 2007**

Cory stows equipment on the schooner's main deck, looks up.

BETHANY REES, 33, plump, escorts Marc and Joe toward the ship. Bethany and Marc smile and wave.

Cory obliges them with a return wave.

Joe, spitting image of his father and uncle, doesn't wave.

The three come aboard, Marc races up to his dad, wraps his arms around Cory's midsection.

JOE

Stop being such a baby, Marc.

Cory strokes Marc's hair, looks the boy in his eyes.

CORY

You have your mom's eyes.

**BEGIN FLASHBACK****INT. ROGER WILLIAMS MEDICAL CENTER - NIGHT**

Cory, 27, stares at the doors marked "Obstetrics".

**SUPER: Providence, Rhode Island - April 17, 1997**

His parents, MIKE and LISA, flank him.

MIKE

What happened?

CORY

They rushed me out of there.  
Everything was fine, we were happy,  
Amélie was doing great, then they  
rushed me out of there.

All three look toward the doors as they open and DR. HOLLANDER approaches them.

One look at the doctor's expression:

CORY

No!

Lisa, weeping, wraps her arms around Cory. Mike demands:

MIKE  
What the hell happened?

Dr. Hollander keeps her focus on Cory.

DR. HOLLANDER  
Amélie fought the good fight, but  
she succumbed to the eclampsia.

Cory stares wide-eyed at her.

CORY  
And the boy? Is he dead, too? Oh,  
please, God, don't tell me --

DR. HOLLANDER  
No. No. You have yourself one  
beautiful, healthy baby boy.

CORY  
Thank God for that at least.

Cory looks at his mother, his father, back to his mother.

He grabs his mother in a tight, desperate embrace.

Mike wraps them both in his strong arms.

CORY  
Why? Why? Oh, God, why?

**END FLASHBACK**

**EXT. REX MARIS - CONTINUOUS**

Cory brushes hair out of Marc's eyes. Cory sniffs and, his  
tone dripping with bitterness, whispers:

CORY  
Why? Just...why anything?

Cory breathes a long, shuddering breath, regains his  
composure, turns a stern look at his older son.

CORY  
What have I been telling you about  
your attitude, buster?

JOE  
Oh, now, a year later, you want to  
start being a dad again?

Cory catches Bethany looking at him, refocuses his attention on his son. Cory opens his mouth.

JOE  
Just screw you already, okay?

MARC  
Why you always ragging on Dad?

JOE  
Just shut up. This is adult stuff.

CORY  
Too big for your britches, boy.

SETH ZINCZENKO, 37, steps out of the shadows of a hatchway.

SETH  
(Oklahoma twang, to Joe)  
Look at you! Shot up six inches.

JOE  
Well, three.

Seth walks up, puts his arm around Joe's shoulders.

SETH  
Feelin' picked on?

Joe meets the man's eyes.

JOE  
Ye --  
(his voice cracks)  
Yeah!

Seth gives Joe's shoulders a squeeze.

SETH  
C'mon, let's check out the rigging.

They walk out of sight.

Cory looks at Bethany.

CORY  
Have you talked to him?

BETHANY  
(British accent)  
Of course I have. I love these boys like my own, but there's only so much I can do.

Bethany looks down at Marc.

BETHANY

Marc, sweetheart, go catch up with Doc Z and Joe, okay?

MARC

I'm old enough, y'know, you can talk about stuff around me.

Cory makes a motion for him to obey Bethany, Marc heads off.

Cory opens his mouth, but Bethany cuts him off.

BETHANY

Cory, everyone's dealing. Your parents, Gabbie, even little Kellan. Everyone.

CORY

Everyone...but me.

BETHANY

You said that, not me.

CORY

I can't stay home all the time. Those boys have known that all their lives. They used to be proud of me, the work I do.

BETHANY

You used to spend every moment you could with them when you were home. Now they barely see you even when you're in the same house.

Bethany narrows her eyes at him.

BETHANY

You've become a hermit in that bloody office of yours.

CORY

I just want to get out to my whales, Bethie. Swim with them.

He shakes his head.

CORY

They don't hurt each other.

Cory sighs.

CORY

Well, *Orcinus orca*, but...

Bethany lets Cory stay lost in this thought for a moment.

BETHANY

That appointment. When you get back, you're keeping your promise.

Cory squints into the sun.

Bethany makes him look at her.

CORY

I'm fine.

Bethany sighs, shakes her head.

BETHANY

It's okay to miss him, and it's okay to feel bloody bad about it. I can't imagine watching that, Cory. He was your identical twin brother.

Cory straightens to his full six-two.

CORY

You tell me what was the point of any of it, then I'll feel bloody bad about it. Until then, I said, I'm fine.

BETHANY

You damn stubborn Yank.

They look up as Seth and the two boys come back into view.

MARC

Dad! Bethie! Doc Z was saying how he was stuck in space for a half hour when the Atlantis lost power.

Cory exaggeratedly laughs.

CORY

Seth! Buddy! The space shuttle story? Again?!

Seth grins, shrugs his strong shoulders.

Bethany glares at Cory.

**INT. M.I.T. - UNIVERSITY HOUSING - SAME**

OMAR ABD-AL-KARIM, 26, thin, 6'4", olive-complected, black-haired, dark-eyed, bearded, with a proud beak-like nose.

**SUPER: Boston, Massachusetts - Same Day, Same Time**

FLORIDA MARTINEZ, 24, looks up from where she sits cross-legged on the bed in front of an opened laptop.

FLORIDA

(South Miami accent)

Oh, no. I know that look. You just got off the phone with your dad.

Omar snorts, walks up to her, holds out his hand.

OMAR

(thick Emirati accent)

Hello, I'm Omar, walking disappointment to my parents.

FLORIDA

Oh, Omar, honey, we all are.

Omar plops down beside her.

OMAR

My mother cries herself to sleep every night because of me. Dad really made sure I knew that one.

Omar sputters, flops back, stretches out his long arms.

His phone rings.

Omar props himself up on one elbow, answers it.

After a moment:

OMAR

What?!

**EXT. REX MARIS - SAME**

Seth rushes topside and over to Cory.

**SUPER: Woods Hole Village, Cape Cod - Same Day, Same Time**

SETH

Jack broke his leg yesterday, climbing. He's not coming!



CORY

What?!

Cory stiffens in suspicion, squints his eyes at his friend and his Chief Sci.

CORY

Seth.

Seth bites his bottom lip.

**INT. M.I.T. - UNIVERSITY HOUSING - SAME**

Omar stands in the bathroom's doorway, stares at Florida.

**SUPER: Boston, Massachusetts - Same Day, Same Time**

OMAR

You'll at least miss me, right?

Florida exaggerates considering her answer.

FLORIDA

Well...yeah, I'll miss you, but, y'know, I mean, six weeks is a long time, so I guess I'll have to start banging Robby.

OMAR

Robby? Listen, I don't want you banging anyone else but me, but... Robby? He looks like John Hurt in *The Elephant Man*.

Florida laughs.

FLORIDA

You and your movies.

Florida pulls Omar over, glances at his watch.

FLORIDA

Um...hun, didn't they tell you to get down to that boat, like, yesterday?

Omar looks at the time.

OMAR

Ah, shit!

Omar yanks off his T-shirt,  
tugs off his sweatpants,  
grabs a pair of jeans off the  
floor, shrugs into them.

OMAR  
Do you have any idea how  
lucky I am, this chance I  
have to work and study under  
Doctors Seth Zinczenko and  
Cory Atkinson? Dr. Parker was  
going to go, not me -- I'm  
just the dumb, stupid PhD  
candidate nobody.

FLORIDA

Omar.

OMAR

Dr. Zinczenko is the go-to guy for  
Arctic amplification and North-  
Atlantic weather. I mean, the guy's  
been in outer space. And Dr.  
Atkinson knows more about the  
finback whale than anyone alive.

FLORIDA

Omar.

OMAR

And here I am, a jerk who can't  
even show up on time. They're gonna  
join my father, thinking I'm the  
world's biggest loser. So I can  
make a few submesoscales models  
look like they might work, so what?

FLORIDA

Omar.

OMAR

Every fucking thing I touch, I  
screw up! What's the goddamn point?

FLORIDA

Omar!

Omar stares at her as he fumbles slipping on his left Nike.

He tumbles flat onto his back on the bed.

Florida stretches out atop him, puts her finger on his mouth.

FLORIDA

I really hate listening to you put  
yourself through your family's  
grinder and putting yourself down.

Omar grins, starts to say something.

Florida smacks his shoulder.

FLORIDA

Don't laugh it off. I'm serious.

Omar breathes deeply, looks her in the eyes, nods.

Now she laughs, bops him on his beak nose.

FLORIDA

Now, get out of here. I've already called Robby, and he's coming over.

Omar grins, narrows his eyes at her, he rolls himself and her over so he's now on top of her, uses his long leg to kick the door to his dorm room shut.

**EXT. ISELIN DOCK - PIER EAST - THREE HOURS LATER**

Omar has a seaman's bag slung over his shoulder, he carries two items.

**SUPER: Woods Hole Village, Cape Cod - Three Hours Later**

Seth shoots Cory a warning look as he steps over to the gangway and motions for Omar to come on board.

Omar does so, and Seth takes one of the two items: a long metal cylinder, capped at both ends.

SETH

This the VMP?

OMAR

Yes, sir, in its hardshell case.

Omar holds up the other item: a picnic cooler.

OMAR

And the car battery to power the tuna-line winch.

CORY

Dammit, that's the VMP Two-Fifty. We need the Five Hundred.

SETH

No we don't. You know perfectly well the Two-Fifty's just fine to gather this study's results.

OMAR  
(to Cory)  
I promise, sir, this equipment  
meets our needs. More than.

Cory takes a few steps toward Omar.

CORY  
Thick accent. Iraqi? Western Iraqi?

Seth shoots him another sharp look.

SETH  
Cory. We talked about this before  
he got here.

CORY  
Just asking about my new science  
team member.  
(to Omar)  
You're Muslim, of course.

Omar shifts from foot to foot, nods.

OMAR  
I'm Emirati. And I'm not sure why  
it's important, but, yeah, I'm  
Muslim. Sufi.

CORY  
Oh. The whirling dervishes.

OMAR  
My grandmother tried to teach me  
when I was ten, but turns out I  
have two left feet.

Omar clears his throat, plasters a smile on his face.

OMAR  
I can't tell you what an honor this  
is, sirs, to work with you. I can't  
tell you what this research is  
going to do for my dissertation,  
the chance to actually test it in  
the field. I can't tell you --

CORY  
Try a little harder.

Omar stares at him, confused.

CORY

Are you telling me you've never  
been on a research voyage before?

OMAR

Um...no, sir. I...sure hope...um...

SETH

Cory, you know full well every  
student has their first time. You  
did.

CORY

I got my sea legs in the U.S. Navy.  
Hospital Corpsman Third Class. E-4.  
Then Navy Reservist.

Omar nods, shrugs uncomfortably, musters a grin.

OMAR

I hope, sir, you'll help me get my  
sea legs on this voyage.

Cory says nothing.

OMAR

Something good for an oceanographer  
to get, right? Especially a dune  
jockey like me.

Cory just stares at him.

Omar clears his throat.

OMAR

Dr. Parker says my research is  
sound, a real asset to this study.

CORY

Oh, he does? Then lets hear it.

SETH

Cory! You're treating him like some  
undergrad noob.

CORY

Hey, I want to know who I'm working  
with. My research is on the line.

SETH

Cory, you've read what Parker and  
his lab bring to this research  
study a dozen times.

CORY

Yeah, but not from him.

Omar catches himself just before he rolls his eyes.

OMAR

Well, sir, I'm interested in ocean frontal systems, but on the submesoscales, not the mesoscales; and how frontal upwelling interacts with the vertical migration of plankton.

(to Cory)

That's where your work comes in, Dr. Atkinson, sir. We believe we can use the migration patterns of the finbacks as a proxy for the location of mixed layer eddy fronts.

CORY

Oh, really? You do, do you?

OMAR

I don't mean, like, sir, where you come in...

CORY

I make you nervous?

OMAR

(pathetically)

Everyone makes me nervous.

Omar clears his throat again.

OMAR

Ask my dad, he says it's my worst quality. No, don't ask my dad, he hates my guts. Oh, fuck, no, he doesn't, I can't believe I just said that.

Omar stares at Cory and Seth.

OMAR

Oh, fuck, I can't believe I just said fuck to you two. Oh, fuck! I can't stop saying fuck to you! Oh, fuck!

Omar slaps his hand over his mouth.

CORY  
I thought your kind didn't swear.

Omar lowers his hand, knits his brows.

OMAR  
My "kind"?

Omar snorts.

OMAR  
We're not supposed to drink or have  
extra-marital sex, either.

Omar's eyes look to be in danger of popping out of his head.

He hefts his seaman's bag, turns, starts to walk off.

Seth puts his hand on Omar's shoulder, stops him.

SETH  
Where are you going?

OMAR  
I'll just get out of here and go  
find someplace to get drunk before  
I slink back to my girlfriend who's  
probably banging Robby already.

Who?                          SETH    Who?                          CORY

OMAR  
Never mind.

**INT. REX MARIS - SHIP'S SALOON - NIGHT**

A spirited discussion of their research study fills the room.

**SUPER: Woods Hole Village, Cape Cod - That Evening**

Omar grins, opens his mouth at something Cory has said.

CORY  
Oh, please, do enlighten us, Mister  
Abd-al-Karim. We poor PIs with PhDs  
and our own labs sure need it.

Seth stares daggers at his colleague.

Omar wipes his palms on his jeans, shrugs, chuckles with  
feigned ease.

OMAR

I was just going to say, Dr. Atkinson, sir, you might want to look at that a little --

CORY

I've lost count of how many times you've said "sir" since you've arrived.

Omar shoves his plate away, steps across the room.

JACKIE STAIN, 23, Rex Maris's boatswain, sedately-beautiful, well-tanned, looks at Cory.

JACKIE

Hey! Dr. A., go easy on the kid.

OMAR

I'm 26 years old, thank you.

Omar presses his forehead against the bulkhead.

JACKIE

Sorry, Omar. Meant nothin'.

Seth jumps to his feet, stalks right up to Cory.

SETH

Cory, go for a walk, go for a drive, take a long stroll off a short pier, but, whatever you do, I will have professionalism and good seamanship on this vessel. Clear?

Cory glares at him, then at Omar, back at Seth.

CORY

My pleasure. Stuffy in here with all this hot desert air.

Cory, as he leaves, gives Seth the finger over his shoulder.

SETH

Joe's more mature than you, you know that?!

Omar jumps when Seth puts his hand on his shoulder.

OMAR

He hates me.



SETH

Not for the reasons you think. Come with me.

OMAR

Yes, sir.

**INT. CAPTAIN'S CABIN - A FEW MINUTES LATER**

Omar stops at the hatchway as Seth perches on the corner of the desk, lets one leg dangle.

**SUPER: Woods Hole Village, Cape Cod - A Few Minutes Later**

OMAR

Dr. Zinczenko, sir, I'll pack my bags, get out of your hair. I'm --

SETH

Could you not talk for five seconds?

OMAR

Yeah, my father tells me all the time I talk --

SETH

Stow it!

Seth points at the small couch.

Omar gulps, slips over to the couch, drops down on it.

SETH

First of all, your father seems to have a lot to say to you, none of it good. But that's your business.

Seth runs a hand through his hair.

SETH

Second, you're not going anywhere. You're a valuable member of the team and a fine member of the crew.

Seth shuts the hatchway, joins Omar on the couch.

SETH

No. I called you in here because I have to explain something to you about Dr. Atkinson, about Cory.

OMAR

Sir?

SETH

He'd kill me if he knew I was telling you this, but it's only fair you know. You obviously don't.

OMAR

Don't what, sir?

**INT. ISELIN DOCKMASTER'S OFFICE - DAY**

Cory finishes filling out the form on the clipboard, picks up the telephone receiver, dials.

**SUPER: Woods Hole Village, Cape Cod - A While Later**

CORY

Dr. Neff, please. Dr. Cory Atkinson calling.

After a brief wait:

DR. NEFF (V.O.)

Cory? You okay? The Maris okay?

CORY

Oh, she's fine, sir. Ship-shape and Bristol-fashion, as they say.

Cory clears his throat.

CORY

I regret to inform you, sir, that I  
--

Cory halts.

DR. NEFF (V.O.)

Dr. Atkinson, I stepped out of a rather important meeting.

CORY

Ah, yeah, yeah. Sorry, sir. I, ah, I just wanted to say thank you, sir, for securing the Rex Maris for us yet again, plus all the funding.

DR. NEFF (V.O.)

Well...you're welcome. I know you could secure a sturdier, more modern r/v, but AQUA's dime, AQUA's ship. Seems little to ask for our 35K a day.

Dr. Neff chuckles.

DR. NEFF (V.O.)

Plus, the romance of sailing. Spent many an hour and a day on that ship with my grandfather and father.

CORY

Yes, sir. Thank you for your time, sir. Sorry I interrupted you.

DR. NEFF (V.O.)

Have an excellent voyage. Very much look forward to your report.

Cory hangs up at the same time their benefactor does.

Cory steps out onto the dock. He stares at the Woods Hole Oceanographic Institution's R/V Knorr, its steel hull painted blue and streaked with rust, its bridge a faded white.

Cory looks past the Knorr at the majestic, wooden Rex Maris.

Cory takes a deep breath, heads toward the sailing vessel.

**INT. REX MARIS'S BERTHING COMPARTMENT - LATER**

Omar sits, his back to his pillow in his little bunk area, the drape drawn.

**SUPER: Woods Hole Village, Cape Cod - That Night**

The young man stares horrified into his laptop, at the official portrait of Captain David Atkinson in his Army dress greens. Omar reads the accompanying obituary.

He flips over to an article about Captain Atkinson's beheading and the 48 hours that led up to it.

Omar sniffs, tears drop down his cheeks, as he surfs through more articles.

Under his breath, Omar recites the prayer for the dead.

**EXT. REX MARIS - DAY**

A hubbub of activity occupies the ship as the entire crew, maritime and scientific, get her ready to make way.

**SUPER: Woods Hole Village, Cape Cod - Two Days Later**

HANK MARQUAND, 54, the quintessential "salty dog", stands beside the wheel, right hand on a handle. He calls out:

HANK  
Boatswain, standing and running  
rigging! Status, please!

Jackie cranes her head to look at a crewmate who gives her a thumbs-up.

JACKIE  
Line and sails, aye, aye, Cap'n!

Jackie gets a thumbs-up from another crewmate.

JACKIE  
Forestay and backstay, aye, aye!

Jackie goes from the port to the starboard side of the ship, returns the thumbs-up of her crewmate there.

JACKIE  
Shrouds and mast, aye, aye, Cap'n,  
sir! Dinghy secure!

HANK  
Aye, aye! Thank you!

Hank looks in another direction.

HANK  
Engine status?

The ship's engineer returns with:

ENGINEER  
Aye, aye, Cap'n! All systems, go!

Hank unhooks the mic from the VHF radio, brings it to his mouth, presses the button.

HANK  
Iselin Dockmaster, this is R/V Rex  
Maris requesting permission to  
leave the dock.

DOCKMASTER (V.O.)  
R/V Rex Maris, permission granted.  
Calm seas and fair winds to you.

HANK  
Thanks for that, Dockmaster. Rex Maris, out.

Hank returns the VHF's mic to its hook.

HANK  
Prepare to depart! Make all lines!

Soon, the vessel, magnificent even with her sails still furled, plies Great Harbor on her way to the Mid-Atlantic.

**EXT. OPEN MID-ATLANTIC - NIGHT**

The Rex Maris, her sails deployed, prowls the gentle waves.

The light of the full moon dances over the ocean in a scene straight out of a Peter Ellenshaw painting.

**SUPER: Open Mid-Atlantic - Five Nights Into Voyage**

Cory, a silhouette, steps up onto the bow's sheerline. He massages his left thigh as he grits his teeth.

He hears that distinctive sound of a whale's blowing as it surfaces nearby.

Cory, the tears on his cheeks glowing in the moonlight, stares hard across the water at the whale, watches as its long body barely cuts the surface.

That seemingly-endless body finally does end as the small dorsal fin which gives it its name -- the finback whale -- appears, then its tail flukes, which send it back under the surface.

Cory starts to raise the handgun to his temple.

**BEGIN FLASHBACK**

**EXT. WHEELER BEACH - DAY**

JACK MAGUIRE, 17, pudgy, no one's idea of a looker, smirks as his three fellow high school BULLIES drag SIXTEEN-YEAR-OLD CORY into the half-torn-down Delaney beach house.

**SUPER: Narragansett, Rhode Island - September 15, 1985**

Jack, as his goons pin Cory against a wall, grabs Cory's chin, makes him look at him.

JACK

Hey, Atkinson, I heard about these huge factory ships blowing bomb-tipped harpoons into whales, sucking the oceans dry of them, soon they're all gonna be gone.

Jack grins, his eyes dance at the idea.

JACK

Whadaya think of that? Eh, whale jerk-off? Gives you a hard-on?

Jack grabs the crotch of Cory's cut-off jean shorts, twists.

Cory grits his teeth.

TEENAGE CORY

Leave me alone, Jack. I never did anything to you guys.

Jack looks at his cohorts, grins.

JACK

Hey, guys, he never did anything to us. C'mon.

Jack slams his fist into Cory's midsection.

His three goons laugh.

Cory sputters and spits.

Jack punches Cory in the face, twice, lands his fist once again in Cory's midsection, then knees Cory in the crotch.

Jack's goons take turns punching Cory in the midsection, one then slams his fist in Cory's face.

Jack and his goon high-five as Cory drops to his knees, clamps his hands between his legs.

Jack laughs, brings his knee up, slams it into Cory's face.

Cory takes one hand, clamps it over his mouth and nose, blood mixed with spit and snot oozes between his fingers.

Cory looks up, squints his left eye shut, with his right eye glances over at what's left of the front door.

TEENAGE CORY

Dave!

Jack and the other bullies stiffen and stand back a few steps as they stare at SIXTEEN-YEAR-OLD DAVE.

Dave folds his arms across his chest, leans against the jamb.

Jack knits his brows, then smirks.

JACK

What, Atkinson, not gonna save your little pansy-ass brother again?

TEENAGE DAVE

We just turned sixteen last month. Needs to stop relying on me.

TEENAGE CORY

Dave!

JACK

Shut up!

Jack kicks Cory.

Cory falls over onto his side.

Jack kicks Cory again, harder.

Cory wraps his arms around his middle, groans.

BULLIE #1

Jack, man, this is boring. Let's go rip off Old Man Jacob's shop.

Jack gives Cory one more kick for good measure, then he and his three goons leave.

Dave walks over to his brother, gets down on one knee, helps Cory to sit up.

Cory slams his fist in Dave's face, Dave flies back against the wall, slides down it till he's sitting beside Cory.

Dave clamps his hand over his left eye.

Dave smirks as he regards his brother and nods.

TEENAGE DAVE

Okay, okay, I deserved that. Good to see some fight in you at last.

TEENAGE CORY

What were you going to do, wait till Jack killed me? He's a fuckin' psycho, Dave. You know that.

TEENAGE DAVE

I woulda stepped in. Eventually.

TEENAGE CORY

"Eventually." Great. Eventually he would have turned my face into a painting by Picasso.

TEENAGE DAVE

Who?

Cory growls something ugly, uses the front of his T-shirt to wipe his face, grimaces at what he wipes away.

Cory grits his teeth, squirms.

TEENAGE CORY

Feels like he burst one of my nuts.

TEENAGE DAVE

Atkinson men are tough. You'll be fine.

TEENAGE CORY

"Needs to stop relying on me." What the hell's that about, asshole?

Dave lowers his hand from his eye.

TEENAGE DAVE

C'mon, we ain't staying together forever just 'cause we're twins.

Cory silently keeps wiping his face, darts his eyes at Dave.

TEENAGE DAVE

Cory, we're never going to stop having that special...I don't know...connection we have, but even twins go their separate ways.

TEENAGE CORY

Don't have to!

TEENAGE DAVE

Yeah, have to. And you know it.

Cory goes silent again, stares down at his hands, pick at his bloody T-shirt.



## TEENAGE DAVE

Silent treatment? Me? Everyone else, even Mom and Dad, but you know you can't hide what you're really feeling from me.

Dave snorts, shakes his head.

## TEENAGE DAVE

That's my brother Cor, talk about -  
- or not talk about -- everything else but what should be.

## TEENAGE CORY

You let them nearly kill me today. I think they broke my nose, cracked one of my ribs. And Mom and Dad expect grandkids, y'know.

## TEENAGE DAVE

Tell 'em, I don't care. They think I'm the biggest loser anyway. "Why can't you be like your brother Cory?" Hearin' that all my life.

Dave shifts to face his brother, hooks his thumb at himself.

## TEENAGE DAVE

Well, I'm not you, okay? You can bob around with your fish, but I'm doing something exciting with my life. Corps of Engineers for me, man: blow up bridges, clear minefields, dodge bullets the whole time. Hooah!

## TEENAGE CORY

They're mammals, not fish, and I'm sick and tired of everyone making fun of me. So I like whales. So what? Y'know, I really hate you.

Dave grins mischievously, winks at him.

## TEENAGE DAVE

No, you don't. Brothers don't hate each other. Ask Dad and his.

## TEENAGE CORY

Whatever. It's all pointless anyway.

TEENAGE DAVE

That's sure become your word lately.

TEENAGE CORY

How would you know? Been forever you listened to me, you don't care.

TEENAGE DAVE

Lighten up, bro! You're so damn serious about everything. Always were. Cory the buzzkill.

TEENAGE CORY

You get serious for once. With you, it's swimming and getting laid. Who's your latest, Barbara? Can't keep count.

Cory wraps his arms around his middle, grits his teeth, groans.

TEENAGE CORY

Maybe I'll just go ahead and tell Mom and Dad about the abortion you made Shirley get.

TEENAGE DAVE

Cory, you promised.

TEENAGE CORY

Don't worry.  
(sneers)  
Brothers don't hate brothers, remember?

TEENAGE DAVE

Anyway, serious? Listen, I want to be an officer. That means college. You know how much I suck at school. School's nothing for you. I don't hump my ass on my grades and get a swimming scholarship, I'm fucked. I got more things to think about than always saving your ass. You do too.

TEENAGE CORY

I keep telling you, you idiot, the Army will pay for all four years of your college if you enlist out of high school and add four years to the end of your hitch.

TEENAGE DAVE

Oh, yeah. I keep forgetting.

Cory groans, grumbles, spits as he shuffles to his feet.

TEENAGE CORY

And, besides, sorry Mister Buzzkill  
here's such a burden.

Dave gets to his feet.

TEENAGE DAVE

Ever occur to you, it's hard being  
Cory Atkinson's big brother?

TEENAGE CORY

Ever occur to you it can suck being  
Dave Atkinson's brother? I look in  
the mirror sometimes and I forget  
it's not me I'm looking at.

Dave tries to put his hand on Cory's shoulder, Cory jerks his  
shoulder away.

Dave grabs Cory, sandpapers the top of his head.

TEENAGE CORY

Ouch! Ouch! Ouch! Dave!

The twins walk out of the beach house.

Cory doesn't let Dave his expression still tinged with hurt.

**END FLASHBACK**

**EXT. OPEN MID-ATLANTIC - NIGHT**

Joe emerges topside, trips, tries to stifle a swear word.

Cory, hearing his son, rams the weapon into his bag, slaps  
the tears off his face, rushes over to Joe.

**INT. CAPTAIN'S CABIN - CONTINUOUS**

Seth rubs the sleep out of his eyes as he stares at Joe.

**SUPER: Open Mid-Atlantic - Soon After**

The boy sits, miserable, as everyone stares at him.

Joe keeps darting his squinted eyes at Omar.

Hank shakes his head.

HANK

Where have you been keeping yourself for five days?

JOE

There's a spot way down in the hold no one ever checks. I've been coming out at night. I get hungry.

JACKIE

I thought those were rats I was hearing.

CORY

They were.

Cory looks hard at his son.

CORY

Where's Bethie think you've been this whole time?

JOE

I told her I was going on the hiking trip with Gordie and Teddy.

SETH

Joe, Joe. Why? Stowing away? We can't have anyone under sixteen on one of these research voyages.

JOE

(to Cory)

Dad, don't take me back. C'mon, be a pal. You know I know my way around a boat. You taught me.

Everyone turns their attention to Hank.

Hank runs his fingers through his hair. He looks around at the research team.

HANK

We're not so far southeast yet that we can't be pulling into St. John's in less than a day.

(to Cory)

Somebody in your family can catch the next flight, come up, take the boy home.

JOE

Dad!

Jackie walks over to Joe, puts one arm around his narrow shoulders, cups his chin with her other hand.

JACKIE

Look at this face. You tell me this face doesn't look sixteen.

Jackie looks down at Joe, winks.

Joe breaks out in a wide grin, holds his head high.

Seth looks first at Cory, then at Omar.

SETH

Whatcha say? What Neff and the maritime regulations don't know, won't hurt them?

Omar shrugs.

Cory huffs.

CORY

Lie?

SETH

Stretch the truth. Three years.

JACKIE

Hey, Doc A, how can you resist these puppy dog eyes? He's adorable.

CORY

Try living with him. It's surprisingly easy.

Joe crosses his arms, scrunches down in his seat.

JOE

Screw you, Dad.

Jackie raps him on the shoulder.

JACKIE

You're not making your case, kiddo.

Joe catches Omar regarding him sympathetically.

SETH  
 (to Hank)  
 You're captain.

HANK  
 And you're Chief Sci.

Hank considers for a moment.

HANK  
 I've never been on a cruise that  
 couldn't use an extra pair of  
 hands. And I started out getting my  
 sea legs when I was way younger  
 than this lad here.

Joe sits up, dares to let himself grin a bit.

CORY  
 Don't get too excited, you. You're  
 gonna work your butt off. This is  
 going to be no vacation, I promise.  
 You're working off your passage.

Joe sits all the way up, exchanges a quick glance with  
 Jackie, who winks at him again. Joe looks at Cory.

JOE  
 Thanks, Dad.

Seth and Hank are the first to stand.

HANK  
 Well, I suggest we all hit our  
 racks. Big day tomorrow.  
 (to Omar)  
 You begin measuring the water  
 column, right?

Omar nods.

OMAR  
 Fourteen hundred hours Greenwich.

Everyone stands.

Cory clandestinely holds his bag close to his side.

**EXT. REX MARIS - DAY**

Omar sits on his haunches, inspects the car battery inside  
 the picnic cooler.

**SUPER: Open Mid-Atlantic - Six Days Into Voyage**

Omar glances over his shoulder, sees Joe standing there, staring at him.

Omar stands, takes in a deep breath of the salt air.

A gull squawks from high up in the rigging.

Omar squints his dark eyes against the early-afternoon sun.

The boat buzzes with activity.

Joe points at the cooler.

JOE

What's that?

Omar yawns, stretches, moves to shade the cooler so Joe can see better inside it.

OMAR

You know that big commercial fishing winch attached halfway down the port railing? This battery powers that, and I attach this instrument --

Omar uncaps the metal cylinder, carefully lifts out a long tube at the end of which extend legs and spikes and probes.

OMAR

-- to the winch's tuna-grade line.

Omar beams a proud smile.

OMAR

This is the VMP, the Vertical Microstructure Profiler. Ain't it a beaut? Better be for the price.

JOE

You throw this thing in the water and it measures stuff on its way down. Why not just say that?

OMAR

I thought I just did.

Omar returns the VMP to its casing, closes the cooler.

OMAR

What I'm really excited about is when I can drop the VMP in the vicinity of your father's finbacks, to test the proxy theory which is such a cornerstone of this particular research study. The real trifecta will be when we can correlate a meteorological event according to Dr. Zinczenko and his lab's theories and models.

JOE

Yeah, Dad and Doc Z have worked on this study for a couple of years.

Joe grows somber.

JOE

The last year, when he's not at work, he's in his office. He's alone or talking to students.

Joe hesitates to look Omar in the eye, then does so.

JOE

He used to be a dad.

Joe looks Omar up and down.

JOE

And, now, well, ever since...you know.

Joe narrows his eyes at Omar.

JOE

I don't think I want to talk to you anymore.

Omar frowns, slips his hands in his pockets, nods slowly.

OMAR

I imagine it's hard to look at me.

Omar lifts the cooler, reaches for the VMP in its casing.

Joe steps up beside Omar.

JOE

Can I take that?

OMAR

Sure? It's kinda heavy.



JOE

I'm sure. And I won't drop it, I promise. Dad would kill me.

OMAR

Dr. Parker would kill ya first, considering the price tag Rockland Scientific put on this thing.

JOE

Okay if I help you with your stuff? Other than looking at Jackie, I'm bored on this tub.

OMAR

I'd love your help, and I sure could use it. And you got good taste.

JOE

Yeah?

OMAR

Yeah.

Joe grunts as he hefts the VMP in both arms.

They make their way over to the fishing winch.

Soon Omar has the battery unpacked and hooked into the winch, and he and Joe have the VMP out of its casing.

They both look up when Jackie saunters over to them.

Joe immediately wipes his nose with the back of his hand, straightens his shirt. He grins at her.

Jackie grins back at him.

JACKIE

Hey, squirt.

Joe's shoulders sag as his grin disappears.

Jackie regards the equipment with a sad shake of her head.

JACKIE

Why does everything you oceanographers bring aboard always look put together with chewing gum and tinfoil?

OMAR  
Hey! This is state-of-the-art high-tech, thank you.

JACKIE  
You say so.

Jackie hooks her thumb over her shoulder.

JACKIE  
Captain was wondering when you're ready for your deployment. We've reached our starting point.

OMAR  
Ah, fantastic! Ready in two minutes.

Jackie points at the both of them.

JACKIE  
Protective gear, gentlemen.

As Jackie starts to walk off, she leans in to Omar.

JACKIE  
Not so nervous when you're in your element, eh, Doctor Abd-al-Karim?

Jackie continues her way toward the bow.

OMAR  
Jackie!

She turns.

Omar grins at her.

OMAR  
Not "doctor" quite yet, but...thanks.

Jackie winks at him, another wink for Joe, heads off.

Omar points at the bottom of the VMP.

OMAR  
The probe that's really important is this black one, the tine shear-probe, measures ocean turbulence.

Omar checks to see if he has Joe's attention -- and interest.

OMAR

That's what I'm really measuring,  
the turbulence that results from  
the submesoscale instability.  
Basically, vertical vs horizontal.

Omar looks at Joe, a glaze has come over the boy's eyes.

OMAR

I throw this thing in the water and  
it measures stuff on its way down.

Omar and Joe pick up the device together, then Omar starts to  
let go to reach for the end of the tuna-line.

JOE

Omar! Omar! I'll drop it!

Omar pats Joe's shoulder.

OMAR

No, you won't. Have some confidence  
in yourself. You got this. I  
wouldn't let you hold it otherwise.

Omar turns to the winch, starts punching some settings into  
the small computer attached to its motor.

Omar hooks the top of the VMP to the tuna-grade line.

Omar grabs the mic off the VHF.

OMAR

Bridge deck, asking for permission  
to deploy.

HANK (O.S.)

Permission granted.

OMAR

Okay, let's hoist it up and over  
the side.

Joe stares at him, panicked.

OMAR

I'm telling you, you got this.

Joe steps forward, and, within moments, they have the device  
dangling over the side of the Rex Maris.

Omar activates a feathery drapery at the top of the VMP.

JOE  
What's that for?

OMAR  
Helps stabilize the VMP as it drops  
through the water column.

Omar looks at Joe, smiles.

They release the device, step back.

OMAR  
Okay. On three.

Joe nods vehemently.

OMAR  
One. Two. Three!

JOE  
One. Two. Three!

Omar punches a control on the winch's computer, the VMP drops into the ocean, disappears.

The tuna line unreels from the huge spool.

Joe laughs and hoots, slaps high-five with Omar.

CORY (O.S.)  
Joe.

Joe and Omar both turn around.

Omar squares his shoulders, frowns, slips his hands in his pockets again while Joe rushes over to his father.

JOE  
Dad, this is super-cool!

Cory locks eyes with Omar for a long moment before he looks at his son.

CORY  
I want you to stay with me.

JOE  
But, Dad, he's really nice.

CORY  
I told you this isn't a vacation,  
we're getting serious research  
done. I'll find work for you to do  
so you're not bothering people.

JOE  
Yes, sir.

As Joe follows his father, he looks back at Omar, throws Omar a thumbs-up, which Omar returns, grins.

**EXT. REX MARIS - DUSK**

A beautiful sunset paints the distant sky behind Cory.

He stares down inside his bag at his handgun.

**SUPER: Open Mid-Atlantic - Nine Days Into Voyage**

Cory hears laughter coming from the berthing compartment.

He shoves the handgun down into the bottom of the bag and moves from his lonely spot on the crowded boat.

Cory sees Omar and Joe sitting on the bow.

Omar, by the light of a lantern, calls out measurements to Joe, who plugs them into a laptop.

Cory walks up to them.

Omar and Joe look up, then dart their eyes at each other.

Cory motions to them to stay where they are. He takes a seat beside his son.

CORY  
(to Omar)  
Good data today?

Omar knits his brows but answers, matching Cory's easy tone:

OMAR  
Yes, sir. Damn good data.

Omar frowns.

OMAR  
Sorry. I say "sir" too much.

Cory shrugs, musters a grin, massages his son's shoulder.

CORY  
Got yourself a good worker.

OMAR  
Sure do! The best. We make a great team. Right, Joe?

Omar and Joe high-five.

Cory stands.

CORY  
Omar, come with me down to the  
captain's cabin. I want you, Seth,  
and me to talk.

Omar stares at Cory.

CORY  
Nothing bad, I promise.

Omar stands, as does Joe. Omar takes the laptop from Joe,  
closes it, hands it back to the boy.

OMAR  
Know where this goes?

JOE  
Sure do.

Joe walks off, but not without shooting his father a  
questioning gaze.

**INT. CAPTAIN'S CABIN - CONTINUOUS**

Seth shuts the hatch, pinches the bridge of his nose, then  
perches on the desk's corner, musters a weary grin.

**SUPER: Open Mid-Atlantic - Short Time Later**

SETH  
Okay, Cor, your meeting.

Cory tucks his bag at the end of the small couch, faces Omar.

Cory holds out his hand.

Omar tentatively shakes it.

CORY  
I never formally -- and personally  
-- welcomed you to our team.

OMAR  
Thanks...Cory. And thanks for Joe,  
he's been a great research  
assistant.

SETH  
And have you seen him tie an anchor  
hitch knot? Kid's a natural.

OMAR

He does tend to treat the VMP like a toy. I've never had experience telling someone what to do, and I do that well with Joe, and he takes it well. It's a good feeling.

Omar takes a deep breath, plows onward:

OMAR

And it's not been until this voyage that I discovered I'm truly expert in something.

Omar looks at both men, one to the other.

OMAR

That my dad's wrong.

Omar squares his shoulders, holds his head up.

OMAR

All I'm saying, I need to be able to do my job as a full member of the science crew. Now I feel I can.

Cory and Seth both regard the young man, Seth gives him a thumbs-up. Seth stands.

SETH

We are in the middle of the Mid-Atlantic on a postage stamp. We have got to get along.

OMAR

Yes, sir.

CORY

Yes, sir.

Seth cups his hand around his ear.

SETH

What was that, troops?

CORY

Yes, sir!

OMAR

Yes, sir!

SETH

I don't want to put the kibosh on this Hallmark moment, but I feel it bears repeating that Captain Marquand can turn this ship around any time he wants, for whatever reason he deems sufficient. Safety is his number one concern.

Cory and Omar grow silent again.

SETH

Do either one of you want to make that phone call to Dr. Neff? I sure as hell don't.

Omar knits his brows.

OMAR

Who is this Neff guy?

SETH

A donor who gets very personally involved, and happens to own this ship, let's just leave it at that.

Omar considers for a moment.

OMAR

Going back home, no, that's not what I want, not at all.

Seth and Omar look at Cory.

CORY

Of course that's not what I want. I want to find my finbacks. I really need to find my finbacks.

Cory faces Omar.

CORY

Well, just some things I wanted to say, should've said days ago. Hell, should have said the day you appeared on the pier.

OMAR

Thanks again -- Cory.

Cory grabs his bag, moves to leave.

SETH

Cory.

Cory turns.

SETH

Me, too: thanks.

Cory shrugs, leaves, shuts the hatch behind him.



OMAR

What was that about? He suddenly  
thinks I didn't behead his brother?

SETH

He never thought you beheaded his  
brother. But he's convinced himself  
you look like the people who did.

OMAR

It's not American, not the America  
I was taught about, not the America  
I've come to love in four years.

SETH

You were taught right. So was Cory,  
but he's forgotten.

Seth sighs.

SETH

He'll remember.

**EXT. REX MARIS - SHORT TIME LATER**

Cory leans on his arms, crossed on the railing at the bow.

**SUPER: Open Mid-Atlantic - Short Time Later**

He stares off across the ocean, his eyes narrowed, his brows  
deeply furrowed. He shakes his head slowly.

Cory keeps brushing his hair out of his eyes.

He cranes his neck so he can stare up into the jib sails that  
billow in the strong wind -- thwap...thwap...thwap...thwap.

**BEGIN FLASHBACK**

**INT. BELL UH-1H "HUEY" HELICOPTER - DAY (FLYING)**

The cabin fills with the strong wind created by the rotors.

Thwop!-Thwop!-Thwop!-Thwop!

**SUPER: Camp Lejeune, Jacksonville, N.C. - April 17, 1991**

Cory, 21, sits with his back to the two pilots, facing his  
three fellow Navy corpsmen.

All four of them, in their respective full battle dress  
uniforms (BDUs), have their rifles shouldered.

FINNICK ("FINN") AITKEN, 24, male-model handsome, raps Cory on the shoulder.

FINN

Relax, you got this. We're all going to be home for dinner. It's just a damn exercise, Atkinson.

Finn points beyond the pinned-open door.

FINN

That there's the friendly confines of Camp Lajeune down there, not Bosnia or Somalia or some other fucking shithole, y'know?

Finn then grins wickedly, glances beside him.

YANNICK KELLY, 23, leaned back, eyes shut, his arms folded across his chest, his ridiculously-long legs stretched out.

Yannick wears an Australian flag patch on his right shoulder. A white canvas sleeve that sports a big red cross covers his entire left upper arm.

Finn winks at Cory.

FINN

Or, you know, that real fucking shithole, that armpit down under.

Yannick untucks his hand from under his arm, flips Finn the finger, tucks his hand back under, never opens his eyes.

Cory tightens his grip of his seatbelt, stares at Finn.

Finn unbuckles his seatbelt, moves around the tight cabin.

First, Finn checks Yannick's medical bag, seatbelt, and pulse, Yannick never so much as twitches or opens his eyes.

Next, Finn checks CALEB JONES, 21, in the same way. Caleb sports a red cross on his shoulder and a "Royal Navy" tape over his right breast pocket.

The whole time Finn runs the Brit through his inspection, Caleb stares out the opposite pinned-open door, all while Caleb clutches his corpsman's bag in his lap.

Finally, Finn comes to Cory, puts him through his inspection, gives Cory a big thumbs-up and another wink.

Finn resituates himself in his seat, snaps his seatbelt.

Finn shouts toward the cockpit.

FINN

Hey, Mikey, how's the old bird flying today? The duct tape still holding everything together?

Mike glances over his shoulder at Cory and chuckles.

MIKE

This old girl saw action in Nam. She made her way through all that, hauling your asses around ain't nothin' to her.

Mike returns his attention to his instruments.

Cory darts his eyes at Yannick and Caleb, then narrows his eyes back at Finn.

CORY

Fuck you. I ain't scared.

FINN

Oh, really? Then what's that shit we're smelling?

Yannick chortles.

Finn kicks Cory in the shin.

FINN

Hey, got great news. Julie and me, we're gonna have twins!

Cory and Finn both catch Yannick giving Finn a big thumbs-up upon hearing this, still yet to open his eyes.

CORY

Dude, that's terrific! I'm a twin.

FINN

I know that, shitferbrains. Why you think I'm telling you?

CORY

Expect not to get any sleep for the next eighteen years. Just ask my mom and dad.

Cory's smile fades to sadness.

Finn narrows his eyes at his fellow corpsman.

FINN

What? Cor, did I say something?

CORY

Just don't let them grow apart.

Cory shrugs, shakes his head, sighs as he looks at Finn.

CORY

Yeah, I came off like a faggot just then. Sorry, forget I said that.

Cory straightens up in his seat, smiles hugely.

CORY

Congratulations, man. Really!

Caleb snorts, rolls his eyes.

CALEB

(Cockney London accent)

What are youse going to do now, kiss?

Finn acts as if he's going to reach behind Cory's neck.

Cory leans back, puts his finger in Finn's face.

CALEB

Can we focus on the task at hand, gents? This goat won't fuck itself.

Caleb glares at the three of them.

CALEB

You know what it took for me to get over here to the colonies, take part in this exercise?

FINN

Why don't you tell us, Jonesy, for the tenth time?

CALEB

Sergeant Jones to you, you dodgy tosser.

Yannick, with what is clearly his characteristic glacial pace, moves his right arm until his hand is right in front of Caleb's face, then Yannick pops him the middle finger.

Still yet to open his eyes:

YANNICK

(Australian accent)

No one likes a whinging Pom, you bloody fucking officious prick. Could you maybe stop being both?

MIKE

Okay, gentlemen, just got a call for cas-evac. We're going in. Prepare for --

KA-BOOM!!

Alarms. Sirens. Mike and the other pilot shout back and forth.

The Huey spins out of control. Cory holds on for dear life.

Finn grabs Cory by a fistful of the front of his BDU.

As the other pilot radios in their situation, Mike shouts back to the cabin:

MIKE

Hold on to anything you got back there! We're going for a controlled landing! Can't promise anything!

Cory watches the ground come up and slam into the helicopter.

Wrenching metal. Glass smashing. Rotors plowing into the ground.

The dying of men.

The Huey tumbles over and over several times before it comes to a stop.

A smoking hulk.

Cory lies there, breathes heavy, brings his hand to his forehead. When he brings his glove away, it drips with blood.

Cory blinks blood out of his eyes as he then presses his gloved hand against his left cheek and his blood oozes down his forearm from two deep gashes in his left cheek.

One of the pilots screams. Cory struggles to unstrap himself from his seatbelt, screams when he touches his forearm.

Cory glances down at his left leg, at the bone -- his bone -- that has torn through his pants leg.

The pilot calls out.

Cory squints more mixed blood and sweat out of his eyes.

Cory slowly looks up, then into Finn's unseeing eyes.

Cory fights hyperventilating as he darts his eyes over at Yannick and Caleb, both also dead.

The pilot moans.

Cory unbuckles and pulls loose his belt, which he then uses as a tourniquet on his left leg above the compound fracture.

He unshoulders and tosses aside his rifle, grabs his corpsman's bag, then howls in pain as he hauls himself out of the cabin and around to the smashed front of the helicopter.

Cory glances over at Mike -- no hope there. He's very dead.

Cory wipes sweat, blood, and dust out of his eyes, gets down onto his right knee in front of the other pilot. Cory glances at the man's name tape.

CORY

Got a first name, Marine?

JORGE GUTIERREZ, 33, has also become so twisted in the Huey's wreckage he too seems to have become one with it.

JORGE

Doc, take care of yourself. Jesus, look at you.

Spumy blood sputters from Jorge's mouth as he speaks.

Cory looks at the pilot, musters a grin, slaps away blood dripping into his right eye from the gash on his forehead.

CORY

Hey, who's the doc here?  
(chuckles)  
Still looking for that first name.

JORGE

Jorge.

Jorge's eyes droop.

Cory pats his cheeks.

CORY

Don't fall asleep on me, Marine.

Jorge nods.

CORY

I bet you got a nice chiquita back home, right? We got to make sure we get you back to her.

Jorge chuckles, sputters blood.

JORGE

Damn straight. She'd kill me, I died on her.

Jorge starts to look towards Mike.

CORY

Hey, hey, Jorge, look at me, look at me.

Jorge does so.

JORGE

Mikey gone, Doc?

Cory takes a moment to look the Marine in the eye. Cory nods.

CORY

Focus on me, Marine. You're not going anywhere, not on my watch.

Cory motions for Jorge to look him in the eye. Jorge does so.

JORGE

You're pretty fuckin' busted up yourself, Doc.

CORY

Only hurts when I grin.

Cory grins at him.

They both look up when a Black Hawk helicopter comes roaring upon the scene and touches down three hundred yards away.

Three MARINES rush over, one checks out the Huey's cabin, two hurry to Cory and Jorge.

Cory looks at them.

CORY

Save those men in the cabin!

The two Marines exchange a look with their comrade checking out the cabin, their comrade shakes his head back at them.

CORY

He can't be dead. He's going to have twins. What the fuck's the point if he's dead?

The two Marines regard each other with knitted brows, then look back at Cory.

Cory grabs the nearest one, brings the guy's face right into his own. By doing so, he puts weight on his left leg. Cory releases a blood-curdling scream.

MARINE #3 comes around from the cabin, pushes Cory firmly but gently against the wrecked Huey.

MARINE #3

Doc, you're the patient now. Let's check your tourniquet.

Cory shouts in the man's face:

CORY

It's not fair! It's not fair!

Marine #3 glances over at #2, gives him a quick nod.

Marine #2 takes out a syringe marked Droperidol/Midazolam, flicks off its plastic cap with his thumb, slams it against Cory's forearm through the thick material of his sleeve, puts his thumb on the plunger, squeezes the plunger hard.

Almost instantly, Cory's shouts lower to plaintive pleas:

CORY

It's not fair. It's not fair.

As the Marines load Cory onto a litter in preparation for loading him onto the Black Hawk, Cory mutters:

CORY

What's the point? Why should I be the one who lives? I should have died with them.

**END FLASHBACK**

**EXT. REX MARIS - LATER**

Omar stops, remains in the shadows, cranes his neck to watch Cory and Joe.

**SUPER: Open Mid-Atlantic - Later**



CORY

Everyone's worried about poor, sad, pathetic Cory, not dealing with anything.

JOE

Me and Marc pointless, Dad? Bethie? Grandma and Grandpa? Mémé et Pépé? Doc Z?

CORY

I'm your father. If I tell you to stay away from that dune monkey, you obey me. I'm fed up!

JOE

"Dune monkey"?! Dad!

Cory throws up his arms, storms toward the berthing compartment's hatchway.

Cory, hearing Joe crying behind him, stops.

Cory turns around.

JOE

I miss Uncle Dave too, Dad. I miss him a lot. None of you adults will talk to us kids, you act like we can't get on the Internet.

Cory looks like he might soften for just a moment, but then he bears down on his son with a hardened stare.

Cory points at Joe rigidly.

CORY

Okay, then, Joe, the second you find any meaning in that or any point, you tell me.

Big tears drop down Joe's cheeks as he stares at his father.

Cory frowns, walks up to his son.

Joe shoves him away.

JOE

I don't want to talk to you anymore. Get away from me.

CORY

It's a small boat, Joe, a postage stamp in the Mid-Atlantic.

Cory walks over to the hatchway to the berthing cabin, slides down the ladder out of sight.

Omar takes a deep breath, tentatively approaches the roof of the deck house, where he finds Joe staring up at the incredible blanket of stars.

Omar sits beside him, crosses his legs.

Joe immediately sits up, slaps the tears off his face.

JOE

You didn't hear what he called you?

OMAR

Yeah, I heard it plenty well.

JOE

I hate him, Omar. I really do.

OMAR

No, you don't.

JOE

He hates me.

OMAR

You listen to me: he might hate me, your dad does not hate you. He loves you a lot.

JOE

I think Dad hates Uncle Dave for dying. But Uncle Dave didn't do it, those horrible people did.

Joe darts his eyes at Omar.

JOE

Sorry.

OMAR

Don't be. I didn't take that wrong.

JOE

I think Dad hates himself the most. But...why?

OMAR

I don't know.

JOE

Didn't you say your dad really hates you?

Omar sighs, leans back on his hands pressed palms-down on the deck house.

OMAR

He doesn't really hate me. He loves me. He just doesn't understand that what he wants for me is not what I want for myself.

Omar reaches into his pocket, removes his Swiss Army knife.

JOE

That knife is so wicked.

Omar hands it to him, grins as he watches Joe open and close all the attachments.

OMAR

That's one of my most prized possessions.

JOE

Sure see why.

OMAR

My father gave that to me. No occasion, just...to give it to me.

Joe eyes him, then slams his fist on the deck house.

JOE

It's so fucking confusing!

Joe darts a look at Omar.

JOE

Tell Dad I said that. I don't care. He just wants to keep me a little boy. Doesn't think I know bad words or how the world works.

Omar squeezes Joe's shoulder, shakes his head.

OMAR

It is confusing. Every day. Doesn't matter how old you are.

Omar leans in toward Joe.

OMAR

It's just as confusing for your dad. Toss him some rope, kiddo.

Omar hops to his feet.

OMAR  
Hey, let's get in some GTR.

Joe shakes his head.

Omar nods.

OMAR  
Get to bed early then. We've got a  
big day of measurements tomorrow.

Omar starts to walk off.

Out of the dark, solemnly but sincerely:

JOE (O.S.)  
Thanks, Omar.

OMAR  
You bet.

Omar heads below-decks.

**INT. REX MARIS - BERTHING COMPARTMENT - LATER**

Cory lies on his back in his berth, the curtain drawn.

**SUPER: Open Mid-Atlantic - Later**

A tattered paperback of an anthology of the works of the Ancient Greek playwright Euripides sits open Cory's stomach.

Cory drapes his arm over his eyes. Under his breath:

CORY  
"Dune monkey"? Saying that around  
my son. What's wrong with me?

Cory starts to sit up on one elbow, the paperback slips down onto his cot.

CORY  
Poor kid. I've got to go apologize,  
explain.

**BEGIN FLASHBACK**

**INT. CAMP LEJEUNE - NAVAL MEDICAL CENTER - DAY**

Cory opens his eyes, squints against the late-afternoon light coming in the window of his room.

**SUPER: Camp Lejeune - Three Days After Training Accident**

Mike raps Dave on the arm, they both get to their feet, Mike stands behind Lisa seated on one side of Cory's bed.

Dave steps up to the other side of the bed.

Lisa has been holding Cory's hand. She squeezes it.

Cory musters a weak grin at her, then turns his head to Dave.

Not angry, but just...simple surprise:

CORY

Why are you here?

Dave gulps as he digs his hands into his jeans pockets.

Mike squeezes his wife's shoulders, Lisa stands.

They move to leave the room.

Lisa looks back at the two brothers.

LISA

You two have a lot of air to clear.

Dave keeps his back to them, stiffens, digs his hands even more deeply into his pockets.

The parents leave the brothers alone.

Dave looks down at Cory.

DAVE

We've been given our marching orders.

Cory drifts his head away from Dave, looks out the window.

CORY

You don't have to stay. Mom and Dad know you have classes.

DAVE

I didn't sit here nearly three and a half days on my ass in that chair just to leave when you wake up.

Cory groans as he turns his head back to Dave.

CORY

I been out of it three and a half days? I don't remember anything.

DAVE

The doc said you wouldn't. Also told us you were being a real pain in the ass when they first brought you in, he had to pull rank on you, you still wouldn't settle. Said he put enough Drop-something in you to knock out a horse.

Cory shakes his head, tries to sit up, groans anew.

CORY

Feel like I'm busted in a hundred pieces.

DAVE

Because you are.

Dave slips his hand out of his pocket, diffidently places it on his brother's shoulder.

DAVE

Take it easy, try not to move.

Cory stares at Dave, seemingly confused, definitely weary.

CORY

Dave, we stopped pretending years ago. You moved on, so have I.

Cory blinks at Dave.

CORY

Wait, don't you have your big final project due for your degree? What, don't want to be an officer anymore?

Dave shrugs, grins cockily.

DAVE

A'course, I do. And my profs are cool, they'll work with me.

The grin disappears.

DAVE

(under his breath)  
Maybe they'll work with me.

Dave looks down at Cory.

DAVE

The middle of class, I felt  
our...our connection, I ran outta  
there, flipped my phone on, saw the  
ten messages from Mom and Dad. I  
hailed ass down here.

Dave throws a glance over at the chair where he'd been  
sitting beside their father.

DAVE

I parked myself in that chair,  
never moved. They kept giving me  
bullshit about visiting hours, I  
kept telling them to go fuck  
themselves.

Cory stares at him, his expression blank.

Dave grabs the chair, pulls it over, sits.

DAVE

I know you, Cory. Don't be the  
quiet one. Talk to me. What's going  
on in that head of yours?

Cory continues to stare at Dave, keeps his expression blank,  
then out of nowhere big tears drop down his cheeks.

CORY

Finn promised we'd be home for  
dinner, it was just an exercise.

DAVE

It was an accident, Cor.

CORY

He promised! He was my best friend!

DAVE

I imagine he did.

CORY

And he died. They just found out  
they're going to have twins, and he  
dies. How's that fair, Dave? How?

Dave shakes his head, puts his hand on Cory's shoulder.

CORY

I watched all three of them die  
right in front of me. I didn't know  
it would feel like that.

DAVE  
Like what, Cor?

Cory sniffs, blinks the tears out of his eyes.

CORY  
So damn pointless.

DAVE  
You're alive, don't you dare tell  
me you don't see the point in that.

CORY  
Yeah, but what's the point if I'm  
alive and Finn, Yannick, Jonesy,  
and Mikey are dead?

DAVE  
The point is, you matter. You  
matter to us.

Dave narrows his eye hard at his twin.

DAVE  
(his voice quivering)  
You matter to me.

Cory stares back at Dave just as hard.

DAVE  
And I haven't shown you that in the  
last ten years.

Dave blinks back his own tears.

DAVE  
The whole ride down here and  
sitting here the last three days,  
all I thought was how much I've  
sucked as a son, sucked as a  
boyfriend, hell, probably royally  
suck as a soldier, but most of  
all...

Dave has trouble meeting Cory's eyes.

DAVE  
...really sucked as your brother.

Dave can barely get his words out.

DAVE  
And I almost lost you before I  
could tell you that.



Cory reaches his hand out from under the light blanket and takes Dave's hand.

Dave entwines his fingers in Cory's, squeezes.

CORY

I was so scared, Dave. I watched those four guys die right in front of me.

Dave squeezes Cory's hand more tightly.

CORY

Finn's wife, what's she going to do now?

DAVE

Have them, love them, and tell them how much their father loved them.

Dave lets Cory take this in for a long moment.

DAVE

We all put on our uniforms, we all sign the dotted line, we all accept we might die, might watch our buddies die, they try to prepare us for what could happen, an accident or the battlefield.

CORY

That pilot, scared the shit out of me. I had his life in my hands.

DAVE

And you came through for him! And don't think he and his family aren't grateful to you.

CORY

Yeah, but what if I had screwed up, I had failed? What -- ?

DAVE

Hey! You're a Navy corpsman, not God. How 'bout cutting yourself some slack there, bro? Weren't you the one told me you wanted to be a corpsman to make a difference?

Cory shrugs, looks miserable.

DAVE

You made a difference!

Dave punches Cory softly on the shoulder.

DAVE

I thought I was the arrogant asshole S.O.B. of the two of us, thinks he's all-powerful and untouchable and invincible.

Cory spits a laugh, then grits his teeth, yelps, presses his good arm into his side.

CORY

Jerk. Doc says I did a number on my ribcage.

DAVE

Doc told us you're gonna have two months of intense physical therapy to bounce back from that compound fracture. And you'll be prone to infection now your spleen's gone.

Cory nods, turns glum.

CORY

They're going to drum me out of the Navy for this, Dave.

DAVE

What? No! Cory, get it through your thick skull, it was an accident. God, you're so damn serious about everything! You've never changed.

Dave rolls his eyes, growls under his breath.

DAVE

Rehab will be your job, then they'll put you on light duty. Y'know, "being on profile".

Dave acts as if he's going to smack Cory up side the head.

DAVE

And I'm the stupid one.

Cory chuckles.

CORY

There's my hard-ass brother.

Dave winks at him.

DAVE

I don't ride your ass, who's going to? Mom and Dad? Grandma and Grandpa? You're everyone's pet, remember?

Cory settles back into his pillow, looks at the ceiling.

CORY

I like liking you again.

Cory swallows hard as he nervously side-glances his brother.

Dave grins.

DAVE

I like you liking me again.

Cory breathes a sigh of relief, returns his brother's grin.

DAVE

I've got a confession. Partly, sure, I was just an out-of-control asshole, but, really, I never told you this, Cory, but I was jealous.

Cory sits up a little.

CORY

You talking of me?

DAVE

You got all the brains. I was just a dumb, self-centered jock.

CORY

Jealous?! Jealous of me?! Dude, you were cool! Strong and an athlete and popular and you could fix cars. You were into every sport. You know how proud I was I could tell folks Dave Atkinson was my brother?

DAVE

Yeah?

CORY

Yeah.

Dave grows serious again.

DAVE

Anything were to happen to you, I don't know what would happen.

CORY

Same here.

**INT. NAVAL MEDICAL CENTER - CORY'S ROOM - SHORT TIME LATER**

Lisa and Mike crack the door open, peer inside.

**SUPER: Camp Lejeune - Short Time Later**

DAVE

And remember that time you thought the whole of Narragansett Bay was so shallow, you could walk all the way to New Bedford to visit Grandma and I had to dive in and save your sorry ass from drowning?

Cory had been grinning the moment before, now he turns angry eyes on his brother.

Dave rolls his eyes.

DAVE

Oh, c'mon. What's your problem? It's a funny story. So you're the butt of it, so what?

CORY

Remember that time you earned a seventeen on that geometry test the teacher handed out a seventeen just for putting your name on it?

Dave stiffens, purses his lips, puts his hands on his hips.

Dave shakes his finger at Cory, stomps his foot.

Cory knocks Dave's hand away.

CORY

Don't shake your finger in my face, you asshole. Get out of my room.

DAVE

I'll stay where I want, you don't tell me what to do, squid.

CORY

Dog face!

Lisa and Mike shut the door on the brothers' continued squabbling, the parents grin wearily, shake their heads.

MIKE

Our two boys are gonna be just fine. Finally.

**END FLASHBACK**

**INT. REX MARIS'S BERTHING COMPARTMENT - A FEW MOMENTS LATER**

In his berth, curtain still drawn, Cory falls back from sitting up on his elbow.

**SUPER: Open Mid-Atlantic - A Few Moments Later**

His chest heaves as he grits his teeth, his hand clenched into a tight fist.

CORY

All that burying the hatchet, for what?

Cory rolls onto his side, his back to the curtain, pulls the handgun out of his bag, stares at it with hard eyes.

**EXT. REX MARIS - MORNING**

Cory stands at the bow in his wetsuit. He stares at the pod of humpback whales that frolic 100 yards to port.

**SUPER: Open Mid-Atlantic - Nineteen Days Into Voyage**

Cory counts seven adults and two calves.

He dons his flippers, shimmies down the ladder, situates his snorkel and mask, starts swimming toward the pod.

Cory's eyes, his expression, his whole body relax.

One mother approaches Cory, her calf hugs her flank.

Cory breathes rhythmically as the pair passes him and he bobs in their wake.

**EXT. MID-ATLANTIC - CONTINUOUS**

Omar and Joe, also outfitted in wetsuits, flippers, snorkels, and masks, swim toward Cory and the pod.

**SUPER: Open Mid-Atlantic - Short Time Later**

As hard as it is for Omar to tear his eyes away from these magnificent giants, he watches Cory and knits his brows.

Cory places his hand on a whale as she glides past him, and Cory seems so at peace and so at one with her.

Omar glances at Joe, whose eyes are wide, and Omar spins around, he immediately freezes as a huge humpback, the largest in the pod, comes right at him.

Omar rolls along the beast's flank, then he positions himself, puts his hand on the animal, and lets her slide under his touch.

Soon her tail fluke washes under him, and Omar watches her disappear into the murkiness.

Omar surfaces, removes his mask and snorkel, bobs and stares.

With a huge grin and wide eyes Omar looks at Joe.

OMAR

Wicked!

JOE

I know! Right?

**EXT. REX MARIS - SHORT TIME LATER**

Omar has his wetsuit halfway unzipped when Cory shoves him.

**SUPER: Open Mid-Atlantic - Short Time Later**

CORY

I may have to share space and work with you on board this boat, but the whales are mine.

Cory jabs his finger on Omar's chest.

CORY

You hear me?

Omar glances down at Joe, who frowns.

Cory shoves Omar again.

Omar works to stay on his feet.

OMAR

Yeah. Yes. Awright, I hear you.

Omar clears his throat.

OMAR

But I understand why you love and respect them so much, Cory.

CORY

That's Dr. Atkinson to you.

Omar narrows his eyes at Cory.

OMAR

Maybe you've forgotten the talk the three of us had, but I haven't.

Cory pushes past Omar.

CORY

Joe, come with me.

Joe exchanges a quick glance with Omar, follows his father.

Hank has been watching this exchange from the deck house.

**EXT. REX MARIS - LATER**

Hank helps Cory stow some equipment.

**SUPER: Open Mid-Atlantic - Later**

HANK

Doc, I ever tell you about my son?

Cory glances at him, shakes his head.

HANK

He was a hand on a lobster boat, they went too far out, a nor'easter swallowed them whole.

Hank stares across the ocean.

HANK

Didn't even have a body to bury. That was important, somehow.

Hank looks at Cory again.

HANK

I hated everything and everyone... especially the bottle I was crawling into.

Cory regards the man intensely.

HANK

I can't have you treating Omar like you are. It's unprofessional, it's poor seamanship...it's wrong.

Cory opens his mouth.

Hank stops him with a motion.

HANK

I'm not saying I don't understand. I'm saying everyone deserves their own chance.

Hank pats Cory on his back, heads into the deck house.

Cory stares after him.

**EXT. REX MARIS - DAYS LATER**

Cory looks around, sees that everyone's occupied, picks up his bag, climbs down the ladder, boards the dinghy.

**SUPER: Open Mid-Atlantic - Twenty-Two Days Into Voyage**

Cory tucks the bag up under the control panels, then starts checking all the vessel's systems.

Seth appears, looks down at Cory, indicates some printouts.

SETH

I'm telling you, I don't feel good about these isobars.

CORY

Finback, Seth. Finally.

Omar races up, holding the VMP in its hardshell case.

Joe comes up right behind him, lugging the picnic cooler.

Omar points at the hand-cranked fishing winch attached to the stern of the dinghy.

OMAR

We don't need that, Joe. You're gonna build some big arm muscles.

Omar winks at Joe, then looks down at Cory, then at Seth.



OMAR

I want to get out there, drop this  
in their proxy. This is exactly the  
chance we've been waiting for.

JOE

And I want to come too!

Cory looks from his son to Omar to Seth, then over Seth's  
shoulder at Hank.

Cory grins, shakes his head, motions to Omar and Joe.

CORY

Okay, you two pirates, climb  
aboard.

Omar and Joe quickly do so, each smiling and laughing.

Cory throttles the engine and gets them under way.

Joe waves back at everyone watching them depart, he waves  
most enthusiastically at Jackie, who waves back.

**EXT. OPEN MID-ATLANTIC - LATER**

The seas have gotten rough.

**SUPER: Open Mid-Atlantic - Later**

The dinghy rides out the crests and troughs like a cork.

Joe holds onto the safety line, keeps glancing at Omar and  
his father, grins and chuckles nervously.

Cory suddenly straightens to his full height. With one hand  
he maintains his white-knuckled grip of the wheel, with the  
other he points.

CORY

Thar she blows!

A finback slices the choppy water, and the animal's body  
seems never to end. Finally, the tail flukes rise just above  
the water, cut into the churned waves, and disappear.

JOE

Wow! Who-a! Co-o-o-l!

Cory glances back at his son, throws Joe a thumbs-up.

Before they know it, an entire pod of seven of these second largest of whales is surfacing and diving, surfacing and diving, and Cory throttles the dinghy's powerful motor to keep up, with little success in doing so.

All around them the storm worsens and worsens as the clouds darken and lightning strikes and thunder claps.

The whales don't care, the humans don't notice.

Suddenly, out of the VHF:

SETH (V.O.)

Cory! What the hell are you thinking?! Get back here! We're battening down the hatches! We're taking a pounding back here!

Cory grabs the mic.

CORY

I'm not losing this pod of fin, Seth! We'll ride this out, no worries. We've ridden out worse.

Omar stares at him, clutches the VMP to his chest.

OMAR

Maybe you have! But I'm a damn dune monkey, remember? Eh, Dr. Atkinson?

Cory throws him a sharp look.

OMAR

Where the hell did this storm come from?!

CORY

They blow up out of nowhere sometimes.

OMAR

Not nowhere! Seth tried to tell us!

JOE

Dad, I'm scared!

CORY

We're gonna be okay, I promise!

HANK (V.O.)

Get back here! Immediately! That's an order from your captain, Dr. Atkinson!

Cory switches off the VHF, then the GPS.

OMAR  
Cory! That's insane!

Cory keeps his gaze steadfastly ahead.

CORY  
We're gonna be okay!

**EXT. OPEN MID-ATLANTIC - LATER**

It seems as if night has come on, but actually the raging storm has prematurely darkened what's only mid-afternoon.

**SUPER: Open Mid-Atlantic - Later**

The dinghy rocks, bounces, careens, the three human occupants do the same, marionettes controlled by a mad puppeteer.

A huge wave picks up the dinghy, the dinghy takes the wave's trough broadside and proceeds to roll down the wave that way.

The dinghy remains turned turtle.

There's no sight or sound of Cory, Joe, or Omar.

**FADE OUT**

**FADE IN**

**EXT. DESERTED MID-ATLANTIC ISLAND - DAY**

The storm has passed.

**SUPER: Deserted Mid-Atlantic Island - Day One**

A small beach on a small island.

Omar flutters his eyes open, groans, places his hand on the back of his head, winces.

He pushes himself up to a sitting position.

Omar sees the dinghy smashed against some rocks. Even from this distance, he can see the VHF and GPS are beyond repair.

Then he sees Cory.

Omar knits his brows as he shakily gets to his feet.

Cory sits on his knees in the surf, his head down.

Omar widens his eyes, his expression becomes one of horror, as he finally discerns what Cory is staring down at.

Joe bobs in the water, face up, his unseeing eyes meeting his father's tear-filled eyes.

Omar whimpers in grief.

Cory glances over his shoulder, stands, turns, faces Omar.

Cory holds his bag in one hand.

Omar, crying, points at Joe. He croaks:

OMAR

Cory. Oh, God. First your brother  
Dave, then --

Cory narrows his eyes at him.

CORY

How do you know about that? How do  
you know his name?

Cory takes a step toward Omar.

Omar instinctively takes a step back, stumbles a bit.

CORY

Who told you?

Omar can't help but look past Cory at Joe.

OMAR

I'm so sorry.

Cory, his eyes filled with rage and hate, shakes his head.

CORY

No, you're not. You did this.

OMAR

What? No.

Omar steps backward with each step Cory takes forward.

CORY

You suicide-bomb destroyers. You  
blow up embassies.

OMAR

No. Cory, no.

CORY  
You fly planes into our Pentagon.

Cory's entire body shakes.

CORY  
You drowned my son.

Then, in utter rage:

CORY  
You murdered my BROTHER!

Cory digs the handgun out of the bag, points it at Omar.

Omar's eyes go wide.

Cory shoots.

The bullet hits a tree inches from Omar's shoulder.

Omar screams, trips, stumbles, takes off into the heart of the island.

#### **EXT. ISLAND - CONTINUOUS**

Omar crashes through the undergrowth, trips, picks himself up, goes and goes, pants like a steam engine.

Finally he comes out into a clearing and he stops, stands, lets the sun bathe him.

He looks down at his hand, sees how much it's shaking, he tightens it into a fist.

Omar cranes his head upward, at some sound that grabs his attention, then spins around when he hears a rustle far off.

Omar walks over to a tree, sits at the base of it, pulls his knees to his chest, wraps his arms around them.

He looks all around, eyes wide.

Out of nowhere Omar starts to cry.

He looks up, squints into the sun.

OMAR  
I want to go home! I don't deserve  
this! I never did anything to him  
or his family!

#### **BEGIN QUICK FLASH**

Joe bobs in the water, face up, his unseeing eyes meeting his father's tear-filled eyes.

**END QUICK FLASH**

Omar breathes in deeply several times.

OMAR

You selfish asshole, if you want to live, stop whining and get your fuckin' ass in gear.

Omar takes several more breaths, lets one last deep one out.

OMAR

Okay. The first order of business, survival. If I was in the desert, the first thing I'd need is water.

Omar looks all around him, the thick forest, the undergrowth, the leaf-litter carpet. He looks up, at the sounds of birds.

OMAR

Well, not exactly a desert, but I still need water.

He presses in on his flat stomach.

OMAR

And food. Damn, I'm hungry.

Omar thinks for a moment.

OMAR

Even smashed, there's gotta be foodstuffs on the dinghy that must be protected from the seawater.

Omar slaps his forehead.

OMAR

Yeah, Omar, the dinghy where there's a maniac crazed with grief trying to shoot you. Real smart.

Omar sputters, then darts his eyes around for a moment.

OMAR

If I'm not careful, I might let this situation make me start talking to myself.

Omar steps carefully through the forest.

He startles when a rabbit bounds away and into the brush.

The sound of the surf through the trees catches his attention.

He bites his bottom lip.

Omar continues his trek through the forest, which he notices starts to thin as the sound of the surf gets closer.

Omar also notices he's walking up an incline.

Suddenly, he comes out onto an outcropping.

The ocean stretches out before him, seemingly forever.

Omar can't stop staring. He drops to his knees.

OMAR

It's like I've never seen it  
before.

Omar glances upwards, then straight ahead again.

OMAR

This probably isn't exactly the  
right direction, but...

Omar adopts the position of Islamic prayer, silently recites.

He sits up, tears on his cheeks.

His eyelids droop, he jerks his head to try to keep awake.

Omar falls over onto his side, wraps his arms around himself.

Soon he's asleep.

#### **EXT. ISLAND - MORNING**

Omar opens his eyes, grunts as he sits up, rubs the back of his neck.

#### **SUPER: Deserted Mid-Atlantic Island - Day Two**

Omar squints his eyes into the rising sun.

Omar stands, puts his fist in the middle of his back, stretches. His back cracks in three places.

His stomach audibly grumbles.

Omar gazes across the vast ocean again, squints.

OMAR

Dammit!

He frowns, then furrows his brows as smoke catches his attention from a beach some fair distance away.

Omar scans the horizon again.

OMAR

C'mon! Someone, show up already.  
I'm hungry.

Omar picks his way a little further up the rocky ledge.

His eyes widen as he looks down. He drops onto his haunches, reaches out, dips his fingers into a sizable pool of water a formation of rocks has captured.

Omar tentatively brings his fingers to his lips, tastes the water, smiles.

He cups his hands, dips them into the pool, brings the water to his mouth, he can't swallow fast enough.

After he's slaked his thirst, Omar sits back, takes several deep breaths.

He stands.

OMAR

That storm came by here after all.

Omar thinks for a moment.

He steps over to the edge of the ledge, cups his hands around his mouth.

OMAR

(shouts)

Cory!

(waits)

Cory! Follow my voice! I've found  
some fresh water!

(waits again)

Follow my voice! This isn't a  
trick! Up here on this outcropping!

Omar hastens getting out of there, before he knows it he's slipping on the rocks and tumbling down them.

Omar comes to a stop at the bottom of the incline, groans.

Slowly he stands. He tries putting weight down on his left foot, he winces.



Omar darts his dark eyes all around this alien landscape.

OMAR  
This ain't summer camp.

He looks in the direction of the smoke, cranes his neck in order to listen for someone approaching.

Omar squints his eyes as he hobbles away.

**EXT. ISLAND - LATER**

Omar sits at the base of the tree, eases off his left high-top Nike, massages his ankle, grits his teeth.

Omar breathes a long, shuddering breath, grits his teeth anew, slips his sneaker back on, carefully stands.

He swallows and makes a face, glances in the direction of the surf and the outcropping.

OMAR  
Cross paths with Cory, get shot,  
die.

His shoulders sag.

OMAR  
Not high on the survival meter.

Omar starts to gather large boughs that the storm had torn from the thick-trunked pine trees.

Pain from his ankle pinches his expression, but Omar perseveres, before long, he has quite the lean-to erected.

OMAR  
Yes!

His stomach grumbles again, this time more loudly.

Omar heads off into the forest.

**EXT. ISLAND - CLEARING - LATER**

Omar returns, holding up his shirt tail's edges to make a basket for the haul of wild blueberries he has gathered.

His lips, tongue, and all around his mouth are already stained blue.

With one hand Omar tamps down a blanket of pine needles onto which he then pours out his banquet from his shirt.

Omar drops down onto his back, stretches out his long legs, places a hand on his stomach. He belches, sighs contentedly.

OMAR

Not exactly a steak, but...

After a little bit, Omar arises onto his knees, gathers leaf and pine-needle litter together, finds a stick within reach.

Omar squints his eyes, goes to work on the stick which he's placed down onto the gathered-together litter, rubs it like a spindle between his hands faster and faster.

Omar's look of determination gives way to one of frustration as nothing comes of his efforts to bring fire to life.

A small breeze courses through the clearing and the trees, Omar looks up, watches his lean-to creak and crack and finally collapse.

Omar just stares, disgusted.

He throws down the stick.

OMAR

Fuck it. I'm thirsty. Let him shoot me.

Omar painfully gets to his feet, heads through the forest toward the surf.

**EXT. ISLAND - OUTCROPPING - SHORT TIME LATER**

Omar, brows deeply furrowed, stares down at the box of matches, the snare kit, the survival booklet, and three fish tied through the gills.

Omar looks in the direction of Cory's fire on the beach.

He cups his hands, takes three big drinks of water, then picks up the items, stands back to his full height.

Omar cups a hand around his mouth.

OMAR

Thanks!

A gunshot obliterates the tranquility of the island.

Omar urinates himself as he stumbles backwards, takes off.

**EXT. ISLAND - CLEARING - SHORT TIME LATER**

Omar's hands shake as he attempts to open the plastic package holding the snare kit.

Finally he whips the package at the ground.

OMAR

Dammit!

He stands to his full height, starts kicking at anything: sticks, rocks, leaves.

Omar looks down at his urine-stained crotch.

OMAR

Big baby.

Omar goes over to the tree -- his tree -- and kicks and kicks at the base of it.

He stalks into the middle of the clearing.

OMAR

Why didn't I just become the lawyer  
Dad wanted?

Omar stomps back over to the tree, and, right when he's ready to kick it again, he stops.

He lets his chest heave as he turns around and falls back against the tree and jerkily slides down it.

Omar stretches out one leg as he sits there, drapes his hand over the knee of his other leg.

OMAR

No. I die on this island, I die me.

Omar tsks a deep breath, lets it out slowly, clambers to his feet, brushes himself off.

He goes over, picks up the snare kit, successfully opens it, pulls out the instructions.

**EXT. ISLAND - CLEARING - LATER**

A fire crackles in the rock-ringed pit Omar has created for it.

Omar uses his knife to pull a piece of meat off the rabbit he has roasting over the fire on a rudimentary spit.

As he eats, his eyes practically roll back into his head.

Omar sits back, takes one of the three fish, hisses through his teeth at how hot it is, starts devouring it.

Omar glances over at his dessert of wild blueberries.

With a stupid grin on his face he says:

OMAR  
Better'n sex.

He knits his brows in contemplation of this statement, shakes his head.

Omar glances down at his lap, squirms, grins.

**EXT. ISLAND - CLEARING - LATER**

The sun is beginning to set.

Omar regards the pile of pine boughs and other materials which are the remainders of his first attempt at a lean-to.

He returns to the page he holds with this finger in the survival booklet Cory gave him.

He scrutinizes the diagram of the lean-to.

OMAR  
Oh!

Omar slaps his forehead.

He sets the booklet aside, starts in on attempt number two.

**EXT. ISLAND - CLEARING - NIGHT**

The fire has burned down to little more than glowing coals.

Omar sits, his arms wrapped around his legs folded up to his chest, he stares up at the stars as they come out from behind big clouds.

Tears streak his cheeks, pool at his chin.

OMAR  
I don't want to die alone.

Omar rises, moves over to the lean-to, climbs into it.

He curls his considerable frame into a fetal position.

Omar sniffs as he can't stop crying.

OMAR

I want to go home. I want my mom.  
Hell, I want my dad.

He shuts his eyes, soon he's asleep.

**EXT. ISLAND - CLEARING - MORNING**

Omar crawls out of the lean-to, stands, cracks his back.

**SUPER: Deserted Mid-Atlantic Island - Day Three**

Omar takes a deep breath.

Omar frowns, wipes his cheeks.

He looks down at his hands, squares his shoulders.

Omar shakes his head, purses his lips with determination.

OMAR

No more charity. I can do this.

Omar takes out his knife, pokes around the clearing for large sticks, picks some up, dismisses them, picks up others.

Finally he finds one that suits him, he gets down on his haunches, goes to work on sharpening it with his knife.

**EXT. ISLAND - OUTCROPPING - LATER**

Omar finishes his prayers, sits up, breathes in deeply.

He stands, picks up his spear but leaves behind the half of the rabbit carcass he's brought.

Omar gets himself his morning's ration of water, then heads down the incline in the direction opposite of the beach where Cory has set up his campsite.

**EXT. ISLAND - ANOTHER ROCKY BEACH - LATER**

Omar wears only his jeans, folded up to his knees.

His natural olive complexion has, even in this short time, deepened. He's put on muscle, between his hard work on the Rex Maris and his fight to survive on this island.

Omar spears a fish, raises it high with an air of triumph.

He tosses the speared fish onto the rocky beach, then wades into the gentle surf, then dives into the water.

Omar surfaces, shakes his head vigorously. He starts running his long fingers through his hair, then splashing for seemingly the sheer joy of doing so.

**EXT. ISLAND - OUTCROPPING - LATER**

Omar, scrubbed clean and carrying the speared fish, walks up onto the outcropping, looks down.

Cory has used a rock to etch the words "Thank You" in the spot where Omar had left the rabbit. Next to the words "Thank You" Cory had also etched out the outline of the handgun.

Omar narrows his eyes in the direction of the smoke, heads down the incline, then toward the clearing -- his clearing.

**EXT. ISLAND - CLEARING - EVENING**

Omar waits out the storm in the lean-to which stands strong and steady and keeps him dry.

The storm passes.

Omar picks his way out of the lean-to, gazes upwards, his mouth gapes open.

A canopy of stars to take the breath away. In a whisper:

OMAR  
Like the skies of home.

Omar stands, unable to stop staring. His eyes brim.

He gasps when twin shooting stars streak across the constellation of Castor and Pollux.

He knits his brows as he brings his hand up to his face, wipes his cheeks, brings his hand away again, and he stares at his fingers as he smiles as wide a smile as ever was.

Soon Omar has a new fire raging.

He starts moving back and forth, then gyrating his shoulders.

That huge smile persists, as do the tears.

Omar kicks off his Nikes, yanks off his shirt.

He dances around the fire, moves toward it, moves back.

Omar unbuttons, unzips his jeans, pulls them off, then his underwear, he continues his dance of wild abandon and freedom around this most primitive of elements.

His lean, naked body glistens with sweat as his hair plasters to his neck and forehead.

Omar takes up the steps of the whirling dervish, moves his arms in all the various motions as his whirling quickens.

Finally, in one last ecstatic whirl, he flops onto the forest floor litter, and he laughs, laughs for the whole universe to hear. Then he relaxes, looks up at those beautiful stars.

OMAR

I get out of here, I'm gonna stop  
being such a chickenshit and tell  
Florida how much I love her, ask  
her to marry me.

Omar's eyelids droop, he turns onto his side, closes his eyes.

**EXT. ISLAND - CORY'S ROCKY BEACH - NIGHT**

Cory lies there, his eyes dance under his closed lids.

**BEGIN DREAM SEQUENCE**

Cory stands in the Western Iraqi cave.

All the jihadists, save Greying-Beard, lie on the ground, human sausage piled up to the middle of Cory's shins.

Cory wields Greying-Beard's blood-dripping scimitar.

The cave's ceiling drips with gore, the walls streaked with blood back-spatter from the scimitar.

Greying-Beard presses himself against the opposite wall, stares at Cory with those black, hard eyes. Greying-Beard grits his teeth in a snarl.

Cory approaches, his feet splash in pools of blood and gore.

Tears stream down Cory's face, he barely manages to get his words out past his clenched teeth:

CORY

All our lives, I was the good one,  
I was the quiet one. Didn't drink.  
Didn't smoke, do drugs, kept my  
thing in my pants.

(MORE)

CORY (CONT'D)

"Why can't you be more like your brother Cory?" "You don't see Cory giving us all these problems, David."

Cory's whole body starts to shake.

CORY

I hated him for so long. And now because of you -- because of YOU! -  
- I hate him all over again, I can never again tell him I love him.

By now Cory has stepped all the way up to Greying-Beard.

Greying-Beard has traded his expression of defiance for one of terror.

Cory brings the blade down upon the man, Greying-Beard's head falls from his neck, drops to the cave floor.

Greying-Beard's body crumples beside the head.

Cory starts hacking and hacking, within moments Cory is pure primal id as he hacks and hacks more at Greying-Beard's body, that's quickly becoming unrecognizable as such.

Cory tosses the scimitar aside, drops to his knees, smashes his fists into Greying-Beard's ruined body, then Cory starts ripping it apart with his hands, which have grown claws.

Cory is drenched in Greying-Beard's blood and gore.

Cory looks up, his eyes grow wide, his expression horrified as he sees the family portrait of Dave in his Army dress greens, Dave's hands on Gabbie's shoulders as she holds Kellan, the glass over the portrait reflects Cory's own face, overlaying his brother's face.

Streaks of blood run down the front of the portrait, turning the portrait macabre.

Dave turns his head, frowns, regards his brother with an expression of immense sadness. Dave opens his mouth, but no words come out.

Cory reaches out to the portrait, which fades away.

Cory falls back against the wall, stares down at his hands, his chest heaves, he can't stop swallowing.

**END DREAM SEQUENCE**

Cory pops his eyes open.



**EXT. ISLAND - CLEARING - NIGHT**

Omar jerks awake, bolts upright.

Cory points the handgun at Omar's forehead.

Omar stares into Cory's tear-filled eyes, Cory stares back.

CORY

I hate you! I hate all of you!

OMAR

Cory, I know you do.

Omar stares at Cory's finger twitching at the trigger.

OMAR

Please, Cory. I'm scared, too.

CORY

Not scared -- hate!

Omar furrows his brows at him.

CORY

Get out of my head!

Cory disappears out of the light of the fire, Omar hears him crash through the forest back toward the beach.

Omar stares wide-eyed after him.

**EXT. ISLAND - OUTCROPPING - MORNING**

Omar slakes his thirst, then stands his full height, shoulders back, head held high, jaw set confidently.

**SUPER: Deserted Mid-Atlantic Island - Day Four**

Omar looks in the direction of his clearing, then turns, looks toward the smoke rising from Cory's beach encampment.

Omar takes a deep breath, shimmies down the outcropping with ease, heads toward the smoke.

**EXT. ISLAND - ROCKY BEACH - SHORT TIME LATER**

Omar stands behind a tree, watches Cory wipe down the handgun with a rag.

Omar glances around the encampment.

Omar has a little trouble seeing because of the fog which has rolled in.

He settles his eyes on the cairn of stones, adorned with one, simple cross made of two, twined sticks.

Omar's eyes brim as he can't take them off Joe's grave.

Omar steps away, makes sure to make nearly no sound at all.

**EXT. ISLAND - CLEARING - LATER**

Omar, kneeling on a flattened-out area of forest floor, finishes weaving a small wreath from materials he's gathered.

He places the wreath down carefully in front of him, then kneels all the way down, silently prays.

**EXT. ISLAND - ROCKY BEACH - SHORT TIME LATER**

Omar carefully steps out of the forest line onto the beach.

The fog lingers.

Omar looks all the way around.

Cory is nowhere to be seen.

Omar steps over to the cairn, gets down on his haunches, puts his hand on the largest stone at the head of it.

OMAR

I'm so sorry.

CORY (O.S.)

No, you're not. Not yet. But you're about to be, briefly.

Omar slowly stands, turns, faces Cory.

Cory points the handgun at him.

CORY

How dare you? Leave him alone.

Omar, though he can't take his eyes off the weapon, straightens to his full height, squares his shoulders.

OMAR

Forgive me, don't forgive me, hate me, don't hate me, I'm putting this burial wreath on Joe's grave.

Omar glances down at the little-stick cross, back at Cory.

OMAR

You honored him with your faith,  
I'm going to honor him with mine.

Omar gets back down on his haunches, places the wreath atop the cairn, bows his head, closes his eyes.

After a few moments, he opens his eyes, stands.

Omar tosses down the spear, holds out his hands in surrender.

OMAR

Go ahead. Pull the trigger.

Cory twitches his finger at the trigger.

OMAR

Don't be surprised, though, Cory,  
if all that hate is still there.

Omar keeps his hands held out. He gulps.

Cory narrows his eyes at Omar.

CORY

You didn't know if I was going to  
be here or not.

OMAR

No.

CORY

But you came anyway. To do this for  
my son.

OMAR

Yes.

Cory just stares at Omar, looks the young man up and down.

Big, hot tears drop down Cory's cheeks.

CORY

Maybe you didn't kill my brother,  
you just look like the ones who  
did. But they're all gone now.

The Rex Maris, far off from the shore of the little island, appears out of the fog, drops her anchor.

Seth and Hank climb aboard the 12-foot inflatable, head immediately inshore.

They both hop out of the craft, pull it all the way up onto the rocks so it remains stationary.

Seth wears an expression of horror as he stares wide-eyed.

Hank looks at Seth, then back at the scene before them.

Cory sits there, stares blankly, seems oblivious to Seth and Hank's presence.

Cory holds the handgun in one hand, cradles it in the other.

Seth stares agape at Joe, who just lies there, pulled up onto the rocky beach, his unseeing eyes staring upwards.

Hank taps Seth on the shoulder, points at a nearby tree.

Omar lies, partially upright, at the base of the tree, his arms sprawled, his head at an unnatural angle, his eyes, also unseeing, staring forward.

Cory's bullet had met its mark perfectly between Omar's eyes.

**SUPER: Deserted Mid-Atlantic Island - Day One**

Seth drops to his knees beside his friend.

SETH

Cory! What happened? Who did this?

Seth looks around wildly, scans the tree line.

Hank, equally aghast and befuddled, demands:

HANK

How did you find the one island with some lunatic with a gun in all this emptiness? It's only been an afternoon since we lost sight of you.

Finally, Cory looks up at the two of them. He stands.

Cory looks down at his son, then back at Seth.

CORY

(choked with tears)  
I didn't want this. I thought I did, but I didn't.

Cory looks over at Omar, then back at Seth and Hank.

CORY

It's all a lie. I thought I could make it true, what I told him, but I can't. I do believe he killed my brother. I'll always believe he killed my brother. I was just kidding myself.

Seth and Hank stare at him with utter perplexity.

Cory takes in the entire island in a wide inspection.

CORY

Oh, my God, what is this island?  
Some sick Twilight Zone?

Cory regards Seth.

CORY

We're just going to go around and around on this island forever.

Cory starts to calm.

CORY

I'm never going to be anything but hate.

Cory fully calms, stands up straight, breathes in deeply.

CORY

Tell everyone I'm sorry.

Cory puts the handgun in his mouth, pulls the trigger.

BOOM!

**INT. CORY'S OFFICE - BACK TO PRESENT**

Cory jerks in his desk chair, his breathing comes in gasps, his eyes stare wide as half-dollars.

**SUPER: Narragansett, Rhode Island - June 20, 2006**

Cory swallows and swallows.

Cory blinks his eyes, focuses them at the image before him.

Dave, looking right into the Al-Qaeda camera, fills the screen of the Army-issue laptop with his battered face.

DAVE  
 (eerily calm)  
 Cory, I know you. Don't --

Greying-Beard brings the blade down.

Cory watches Dave, both parts of him, disappear from the screen, only the empty chair left behind.

Just as eerily calm, Cory responds:

CORY  
 I won't. I promise.

Cory reaches out, puts his hand on the laptop screen.

CORY  
 I love you, brother.

Cory stands, looks around the office as if seeing it all for the first time.

He takes in the window-sized poster of the Rex Maris.

Cory pulls a key from his pocket, unlocks one of the desk's drawers, stares down at the insurance papers and the house's deed and the other sundry important papers, but...

...no case for a handgun.

Cory jerks his head toward the door, through which he hears everyone's voices, rushes to the door, throws it open.

#### **BEGIN REWIND OF MEMORIES**

-- Cory and Bethie stand near the placard that reads "Meet and Greet with Economist Dr. Bethany Rees, Keynote Speaker, International Conference on Atlantic Fisheries Conservation".

Bethie and Cory are among the few left in the large room as they nurse half-empty flutes of champagne.

Cory stares into her eyes, a besotted grin on his face.

-- Cory, in his Navy dress whites, and Amélie, in her wedding gown, each smile grandly as they dodge rice thrown at them by their equally-smiling and -laughing family and friends.

-- Cory corks to the surface as the pod of grey whales moves along on their peaceful way.

Cory removes his mask and snorkel and, breathing hard, beams a huge smile as his eyes glint in the sun that sparkles off the Pacific Ocean all around him.

Cory throws a big thumbs-up at his PHD ADVISOR who beams back at him from the research vessel marked "UCSD - Scripps Institution of Oceanography - Marine Mammal PhD Program".

-- Cory applauds the hardest as the Officer Candidates School COMMANDER pins the second lieutenant insignia on Dave, who stands at attention.

-- TEN-YEAR-OLD DAVE and TEN-YEAR-OLD CORY chase each other on Wheeler Beach, Cory tackles Dave, they both laugh as they roll over and over and smooch sand in each other's face.

-- FIVE-YEAR-OLD CORY jumps up and down and points excitedly at the humpback whale that breaches a quarter of a mile off the bow of the whale watch boat.

Cory turns, looks at FIVE-YEAR-OLD DAVE who nods and jumps and points just as excitedly. Dave slaps Cory on the back.

Behind them Mike and Lisa beam.

-- Dave and Cory, third-trimester fetuses in Lisa's womb, float side-by-side.

Cory takes Dave's hand, Dave takes Cory's, they cling hard.

Brothers forever.

#### **END REWIND OF MEMORIES**

#### **INT. CORY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

Cory stares at Dave's family portrait. For the briefest of instants Cory swears he sees his brother turn to look at him.

#### **SUPER: Narragansett, Rhode Island - Moments Later**

The family packs the living room.

His parents console Gabbie who sits in a big chair, Kellan on her knee, Gabbie bounces him as he cries.

GRANDPARENTS and IN-LAWS mill about.

Bethie cradles Marc against her as the boy weeps.

PARKER, 39, Cory and Dave's older brother, has his hand on Joe's shoulder.

Joe fights back tears.

Joe.

Joe!

Cory rushes over, looks Parker in the eyes, drops immediately to his knees, Cory grabs Joe, can't stop touching him, as if the boy might evaporate.

CORY

Joe! Joe! My beautiful boy!

Cory pulls Joe to him in a tight embrace, finally Joe allows himself to weep as openly as his little brother does.

Cory kisses the top of Joe's head, whispers in his ear:

CORY

I love you.

Cory stands, Bethie takes Joe, lets Joe cry into her side.

Cory calls their sister, ANNE, 35, over, and the three siblings entwine their arms, hold each other.

Cory looks at Parker, then Anne.

CORY

He's gone, isn't he? Our brother,  
he really is gone. Right?

Parker and Anne nod.

Cory's lower lip quivers as he places his hand on his chest.

CORY

What do I do? There's a voice in my  
heart that's no longer there.

Parker pulls his two siblings into a tight embrace in his strong arms, the three weep openly and hard.

**INT. CORY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - SHORT TIME LATER**

Cory holds Bethie's hand.

**SUPER: Narragansett, Rhode Island - A Short Time Later**

Cory leans in to Bethie, whispers in Bethie's ear so only she hears:

CORY

Please marry me.

Bethie leans in to Cory, whispers in his ear:



BETHANY

Yes.

Cory squeezes her hand, mouths the words "I love you", his eyes lose a little of their sadness and pain.

They walk up to Major McBride, who's talking with Mike and Lisa. The lieutenant remains unassuming in the background.

Cory looks at Major McBride, who has retrieved the laptop, returned it to its slipcase, and tucked it under his arm.

Cory holds out his hand to McBride, and the two men shake.

CORY

Thank you, Major. I know these notifications can't ever be easy.

Major McBride shakes his head.

Cory turns to the other officer.

CORY

Thank you for --

Cory, his mouth agape, stares bug-eyed at the young man.

The young officer shakes Cory's hand.

LIEUTENANT

(middle American accent)

Lt Abdul Abd-al-Karim, sir. Glad to do anything I could. I wish I could make a real difference.

ABDUL ABD-AL-KARIM, 23, tall, olive-complected, black-haired with a military cut and a well-groomed mustache -- he's clearly lean, strong, and chiseled under his Army dress greens -- turns, gets down on his haunches.

Abdul motions for Joe and Marc to come over to him.

Joe and Marc step over right in front of the young officer.

ABDUL

I imagine it's hard to look at me.

Cory looks mystified as he watches the young officer with his sons. Cory knits his brows as he tries recalling...well... that line...something...something about it...

ABDUL

You have to watch out for each other.

(MORE)

ABDUL (CONT'D)

As you know from your father and uncle, the love between brothers is something sacred.

Abdul puts one hand on Joe's arm, the other on Marc's.

ABDUL

I'm really sorry what happened to your uncle. Don't ever forget him. He was a good man who did a lot of good things for many good people.

Abdul pulls them to him in a quick, tight embrace, then lets them go, stands.

Marc wraps his arms around Abdul's waist, squeezes.

Abdul tousles the boy's thick mop of hair.

Marc releases him.

Abdul looks at Joe, hooks his thumb at Marc.

ABDUL

Watch him. He cheats at GTR.

Joe manages a little bit of a laugh, wipes his nose with the back of his hand.

Cory and Bethie escort the two officers to the front door.

Cory opens it, Major McBride and Abdul step out outside.

CORY

Thanks, Lieutenant, for helping them feel just a little bit better. They loved my brother a helluva lot. He loved them even more.

Abdul nods, knits his brows as Cory stares at him.

CORY

I must have seen your face just long enough.

Abdul glances at Major McBride, who shrugs just slightly.

Cory keeps staring at Abdul. More to himself:

CORY

And why don't you have the accent?

Abdul good-naturedly grins.

ABDUL  
My parents came over here from the  
U.A.E.

CORY  
(aghast)  
You're Emirati?

ABDUL  
Well, first-generation Emirati-  
American, born and raised San  
Francisco.

CORY  
I hope you don't mind my asking,  
but are you Muslim?

ABDUL  
Don't mind, sir. Don't mind at all.  
Yeah, I'm Muslim, Sufi Muslim.

Cory stiffens. He whispers:

CORY  
How's all this possible?

Bethie stares at him, squeezes his hand.

BETHIE  
Sweetheart, are you okay?

Cory looks at her, his expression happy at the same time it's  
sad, his eyes bright at the same time that they brim.

CORY  
I'm...fine.

Cory reaches his hand out to Abdul, they shake hands.

Cory and Bethie watch the two officers leave.

MAJOR MCBRIDE  
(to Abdul)  
Mighty fine job for a shave-tail.

Abdul squares his shoulders, holds his head up, grins, as he  
dons his beret and falls in step with his commanding officer.

**EXT. ISELIN DOCK - PIER EAST - DAY**

Lukas helps Cory shift gear onto the deck of the Rex Maris.

**SUPER: Woods Hole Village, Cape Cod - August 2, 2006**

Cory, his eyes bright, laughs at some joke Lukas drops. He slaps Lukas on his strong shoulder.

Cory uses his Swiss Army knife -- exactly the one Omar used in Cory's vision -- to cut plastic wrapping around some cans.

OMAR (O.S.)  
(middle American accent)  
Hey! Excuse me!

Cory and Lukas turn.

Cory stares, his mouth agape.

Before them stands Omar. An impossibility, but still, there stands Omar.

Unlike when we all first met Cory's fictitious Omar, this young man stands with a grin and a languid pose, exudes confidence with surprisingly endearing cockiness.

Omar wears expensive sunglasses with an air of ease and American attire with comfortable style.

OMAR  
This is the --

Omar double-checks the name on the bow.

OMAR  
-- Rex Maris? Yeah, good. Dr. Neff told me to haul my ass down here before you heave-ho. I floored it here from New York.

Omar knits his black brows at Cory.

OMAR  
I got a huge zit on my forehead?

Cory shakes his head.

CORY  
No. No, not at all. Sorry.

OMAR  
You're Dr. Cory Atkinson, right?  
Chief Sci of this voyage?

CORY  
Yes, that's me.

OMAR

I'm the top intern at AQUA. Dr. Neff wants me to get some real-world experience on the open ocean. He's got real plans for me.

CORY

News to me.

OMAR

Which one? That I'm an intern, he wants me to get the experience, or that he's got real plans for me?

CORY

You're certainly sure of yourself.

Omar grins cockily.

OMAR

Like to think of it as a healthy dose of personality. Ask my friends.

Lukas sputters. Under his breath:

LUKAS

Got any?

OMAR

(to Cory)

Didn't Dr. Neff call you?

Cory slips his phone out of his pocket.

CORY

Crap. I never think to keep this thing charged.

Cory looks down at the young man, beckons him on board.

When Omar boards, he tosses his seabag at Lukas, who catches it barely in time to keep it from going overboard.

OMAR

Thanks there, sport. Stow that below in a first-class cabin.

Lukas tosses Omar's seabag right back at him. Hard.

LUKAS

Do I look like a deckhand to you?

Omar finger-guns Lukas, hits him with rapid-fire German.

Lukas laughs, returns his native tongue just as rapid-fire.

Cory makes the time-out signal.

CORY

Okay, gentlemen, plenty of time to  
play in the sandbox together later.

Lukas points at Cory, then looks at Omar, says something in  
German that sends Omar into guffaws.

Cory narrows his eyes at Lukas.

CORY

I know somebody who doesn't want  
his dissertation signed off on.

Lukas immediately returns to stowing gear.

Cory slaps Omar on his shoulder.

CORY

Glad to have you. But how in blazes  
can you be an intern for AQUA while  
on active duty?

OMAR ABD-AL-KARIM, 23 -- tall, olive-complected, black-haired  
and -bearded, lean, strong, chiseled -- smiles and nods.

OMAR

Oh! We get that a lot.

Omar grins.

OMAR

You must have met my brother Abdul.  
We're identical twins.

**FADE OUT**