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Spring 2021

## Whittier

Mario E. Johnson

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# FINAL THESIS

## TELEVISION PROJECT DESCRIPTION

Student Name: Mario E Johnson \_\_\_\_\_

Thesis Logline: Whittier (One-Hour, Sci-fi, Drama, Mystery)

A Navy sailor enlists at a mysterious Naval Reserves base to be closer to his dying mother and discovers he's transporting aliens and an unknown medicine that could potentially save his Mom's life.

# Whittier

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Title

A teleplay written and produced and presented to the faculty of  
the Writing and Producing for Television MFA Program in the  
School of Film & Television at Loyola Marymount University of  
Los Angeles, California

In partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree

Master of Fine Arts

Writing and Producing for Television

By

Mario E Johnson

---

Student Name

Mario E J

21 16:34 PDT)

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Student Signature

## APPROVAL TO ADVANCE TO CANDIDACY

The following student has met all the criteria to advance to candidacy for an M.F.A. in Fine Arts with an emphasis in Writing and Producing for Television:

**Mario E Johnson**

\_\_\_\_\_  
Student Name



\_\_\_\_\_  
SCWR 680 Fall 2020 Instructor Signature



13:08 PDT)

\_\_\_\_\_  
SCWR 681 Spring 2021 Instructor Signature



\_\_\_\_\_  
Graduate Director Signature

Date: May 4, 2021

WHITTIER  
PILOT

"BALLS TO 4"

Written by

Mario "Rio" Johnson

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619-341-9629  
Rioeddie.com

**COLD OPEN**

**EXT. DART'S HOUSE - EASTSIDE DETROIT - DAY**

A two story bungalow, with cracked stairs, leading to a busted porch and a deteriorating roof, sits in the middle of a working class neighborhood. It's not the prettiest house on the block.

**INT. DART'S HOUSE - DART'S BEDROOM - DAY**

Black boots hit the deck, polished so shiny as if they were mirrors. A hand affixes the final touches from pant leg to boot. Arguing is heard in the distance as the boots move.

TIFFANY (O.S.)

So annoying.

PJ (O.S.)

You fried. I bet if your baby daddy died, other hoes go post on his timeline saying they was just with him last night.

TIFFANY (O.S.)

Just shut up, already.

The boots makes their way out the room.

**INT. DART'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

The only person capable of filling these boots, Dartanion Michaels, aka DART, 23, in his digital green fatigues, looking sharp as a razor's edge. "MICHAELS" is stitched above the right chest pocket. "NAVY" above the left pocket. Two chevrons and a perched eagle signifying he's a Second Class Petty Officer. He knows he's hot shit.

PJ (O.S.)

Bet.

Two steps plants Dart in front of a hand-me down sofa, covered in plastic, right in the middle of an argument between his siblings, TIFFANY MICHAELS, 16, a miss know-it-all, with a baby bump to prove her lessons not learned, and PJ MICHAELS, 14, fascinated with the streets, just started smelling his own piss.

TIFFANY

Dart, tell PJ to gon' somewhere  
before I knock his teeth out.

DART

Okay y'all. Knock it off. I need  
y'all to check on Momma while I'm  
on base today.

PJ

No sweat. We got it.

PJ saunters away from the sofa but nudges Tiffany too far by  
swiftly rubbing her pregnant belly.

PJ (CONT'D)

(imitates Gollum)

The precious.

Tiffany clocks him with everything that's on the sofa: fists,  
pillows, TV remote.

PJ (CONT'D)

Ow!

DART

You go get enough, knucklehead.

(re: Tiffany)

Never mind him. How does big bro  
look, today? Look at the drip.

Dart jokingly parades around their old school furniture and  
floor model TV with the ass in the back. He hits the dab.

TIFFANY

Umm... You look, um...

DART

Check out the boots. Shiny enough  
to see your big head in them.

TIFFANY

Um... What's the word I'm looking  
for... Oh yeah, militant.

DART

Damn. Thought I looked good enough  
to play Rihanna's love interest in  
*Battleship Two*... If they make a  
sequel. Can't fault me for leaving  
my options open.

Dart checks his watch.

TIFFANY

Get out of here before you're late.  
You ain't gon' blame me for you  
getting in trouble.

DART

If I'm not on the Watch Bill  
tonight, I'm coming back to check  
on Mom.

TIFFANY

Lingo! Dart. What's a Watch Bill?

DART

Let's just say it's a paper with a  
list of folks standing security  
shifts.

TIFFANY

So you're a rent a cop or should I  
say rent a soldier?

Tiffany is too cute for her own good.

DART

(laughs)  
Catch you later, Sis.

**INT/EXT. EASTSIDE NEIGHBORHOOD - DART'S CAR - DAY**

A 2001 Pontiac Bonneville bends the corner to a street that  
once thrived from the auto industry, now barren and grungy  
looking. The car loudly announces itself.

SUBTITLE: Detroit, Michigan

Big Sean's "Lucky Me" is bumping from the aux cord of Dart's  
phone to the car radio.

Dart cocks his digital green camo hat. He mean mugs and bobs  
his head as he passes the little homies on the block. He  
reaches a stop light. A dingy liquor store at the corner  
where all the working old heads get their drink on before  
they clock in.

A familiar MAN in the crowd spots Dart at the light.

MAN (O.S.)

(yells)  
Yo! What's good Dart.



The Man approaches the car while Dart is still in the middle of the street as cars zoom by. Dart cuts down the music and turns on his hazard lights.

MAN (CONT'D)

Didn't know you were back in town.

DART

Just got back two weeks ago.

MAN

I see you still fighting the white man's war. How's the fam?

DART

Everybody pushing through. I'm running a little bit behind but I'll holler.

Dart fist bumps the Man. He leaves.

As soon as Dart is about to pull off, the light turns RED. A random THUG, in no relation to the Man, jumps in the passenger seat, brandishing a PISTOL. His eyes are oddly bright green.

THUG

Don't be stupid, nigga.

**EXT. EASTSIDE NEIGHBORHOOD - LIQUOR STORE - CONTINUOUS**

Dart slowly exits the car with his hands held high.

DART

Fuck man. I'm already running late.

The Thug hops in the driver seat and chucks out change from the center console of the car at Dart. Loose change falls into the street.

GUY

The bus, nigga.

SKKKRT! Dart's car peels out down the street without him. He unwillingly picks up the change out of the middle of the street. A car speeds through nearly hitting him.

WOMAN IN CAR

The fuck out of the street, bitch.

Dart steps onto the sidewalk and stands next to the bus stop. An OLD WOMAN sits on the bench near Dart.

OLD WOMAN

Hey baby. I'm short a quarter for  
the bus. Would you happen to have  
any spare change?

**EXT. WHITTIER NAVAL BASE - DAY**

Dart exits the bus in front of the base. A CRACKHEAD, wearing  
a stained, blue FUBU jogging suit, lights up some drugs in  
his pipe. Dart can't believe his eyes. The Crackhead eyes  
turn bright green.

CRACKHEAD

(raspy)  
Oh shit.

DART

The fuck...

Dart makes a double take. The Crackhead back to normal.  
Without a question, Dart presses on. That's when he notices  
on the ground a plank of wood, with "51" labeled on it.

The outside of the base is just like the rest of the eastside  
neighborhood, dirty and rundown. Dart heads toward the gate.  
The base looks like an forgotten warehouse from the 1970's.

Dart looks back at the Crackhead. He levitates off the  
ground. Dart presses further toward the gate.

CRACKHEAD

You got twenty dollars?

Dart looks back. The Crackhead is grounded like it never  
happened.

CRACKHEAD (CONT'D)

I'll let you shove it in my face...  
Please Mr. Navy Man... PLEASE!

**END COLD OPEN**

ACT ONE**INT. WHITTIER NAVAL BASE - CHIEF'S OFFICE - DAY**

Pictures of the chain of command leading up to President Biden with a sleepy smile upon his face, hangs on the wall.

An out of shape, older, goofy looking man, lays back in a computer chair, like it's a La-Z-Boy, snoring. On the tip of his collars, he has gold anchor devices, with a silver super imposed: "USN" embroidered on the patch. His name tag reads: "Tomahawk," aka CHIEF.

DART

Chief.

Sounding like a lawnmower, Chief continues to snore.

DART (CONT'D)

(louder)

Hey Chief.

Awake out of his wild slumber, Chief wipes the cold out of his eyes and the slobber off of his chin. He fixes his posture back into the chair and spins around slowly and faces Dart.

Chief glances down at his watch and looks back up at Dart's name and rank on his uniform.

CHIEF

How can I help you Petty Officer Michaels?

DART

It's my first day, here. I need to check in.

CHIEF

You're late.

DART

I know but my car was stolen and I had to catch the bus. A crackhead offered to blow my dick for twenty bucks... Haven't you noticed anything strange happening around the base?

CHIEF

The only thing strange is you passing up that twenty dollar offer. You call the police?

DART

They take forever. My car is probably sitting on bricks by now. I'll make a report later.

CHIEF

Sounds like a Detroit problem to me... Welcome to the Whittier, shipmate.

**INT. WHITTIER NAVAL BASE - HANGAR - DAY**

A group of 20 Sailors stand around and shoot the shit in a ancient looking hangar that reeks of asbestos and rusty pipes. Old broken down aircrafts that once conducted missions from the Vietnam War are spaced throughout the hangar.

Chief strolls in with Dart.

CHIEF

(shouts)

Everyone, listen up.

They expeditiously muster in formation on the opposite side of Chief. The LPO (Leading Petty Officer), ALPO (Assistant Leading Petty Officer), and Work Center Supervisor, stand next to Chief.

Dart stands at ease on Chief's left side.

CHIEF (CONT'D)

We have a newbie here, today but he's no newbie. He has sea legs. I want everyone to give a warm welcome to Petty Officer Michaels. He's completing his active duty tour here. How many of you ever been out to sea? Lake Erie doesn't count because it's a Lake, smart asses.

Four hands go up in the air.

CHIEF (CONT'D)

Family cruises don't count.

The four hands drop back down, instantly.

CHIEF (CONT'D)

What I'm trying to say is that  
Petty Officer Michaels would be a  
great asset to the Whittier crew.  
His experience at sea can surely  
help us with our missions.

(looks to Dart)

Fall in, shipmate.

Dart joins the pack. Chief continues on because he loves the  
sound of his own voice.

CHIEF (CONT'D)

Tonight, we will be doing our usual  
runs, back and forth, patrolling  
Lake Erie. Tonight is a special  
night. I don't have to go home to  
my wife.

(awkward chuckle)

But I get to be here with you,  
fucks. Let's make the most of it...  
Petty Officer Williams!

Standing in the same row as Dart, one rank above, is MM1 Nia  
Williams, aka WILLY, 27, if her first name could be anything,  
it would be Beauty. She's petite, wearing her locs in a bun  
per Navy regulations.

WILLY

Yes Chief.

CHIEF

Just checked the Watch Bill. You  
have balls to four watch, tonight.

WILLY

Roger that, Chief.

CHIEF

Show the new guy around. Get him up  
to speed.

WILLY

Aye Chief.

CHIEF

As for the rest of you... We have  
maintenance to start for the week.  
And if you have watch right now,  
don't bag the watch or that's your  
ass. Fall out.

Everyone disperses to their respected duties. Willy sticks  
around. She parades over to Dart. He pops tall, at attention.

WILLY

At ease, shipmate. Chief's gone.

Dart relaxes.

WILLY (CONT'D)

Sea legs, huh?

DART

Two deployments. A lot of work-ups. Inspections. Felt like I was always underway.

WILLY

Sounds like the dream.

DART

(sarcastically)

Galley food, coffin racks, sleep deprivation, and constipation does sound like the dream... A nightmare even.

WILLY

Can't be that bad. At least y'all had a galley. We gotta call in delivery. It sucks to hear your delivery driver is robbed or worse when you're just trying to order a meal on base. That's Detroit for ya. The base is not excused from being ghetto.

DART

What's it like during balls to four watch?

WILLY

From midnight to 4am, everyone's either sleeping or caught slipping.

**INT. WHITTIER NAVAL BASE - MALE BARRACKS - DAY**

GUNFIRE. Button MASHING.

A room housed by brick walls that's cool to the touch on the hottest of days. The room has four bunks, with desks at the bottom of each one, which sits at each corner of the room. Two bunks are occupied with backpacks and nicknacks. The other two bunks are empty.

More button MASHING. More GUNFIRE from two TV monitors that sit in the middle of the room while FREEMAN, 19, a Caucasian redhead and JONES, 19, a Black guy with freckles, play video games with their headphones on. Like everyone else, they're in uniform.

FREEMAN  
FUCK YOU! PUSSY!

JONES  
On me. On me.

FREEMAN  
I'm flanking around.

GUNFIRE. Button MASHING. Dart enters with Willy. Freeman and Jones continue to play their shooting game as if they're the only ones in the room.

JONES  
Fuck!

WILLY  
(re: Dart)  
So, these are your roomies, Freeman  
and Jones.

FREEMAN  
I'mma get you back, Jones.

DART  
What's up, fellas?

Freeman and Jones are too into their game to answer.

WILLY  
Yep. These two are slow. Hopefully  
it's not contagious.

**EXT. WHITTIER NAVAL BASE - PIER - DAY**

Willy shows Dart a back lot area covered in grass like an amazon rainforest. Dart is bewildered about the terrible upkeep of the base.

Docked at the Pier is a shitty looking, rusted out river patrol boat. A flag hangs from the boat that reads: "USS EERIE" after Lake Erie but in a peculiar way.

DART  
Damn. Shit looks depressing.

WILLY

And this is where we will be  
standing watch later, at midnight.  
Be on time. Any questions?

Dart spots out a crate sitting on the boat that has "51"  
stenciled on it.

DART

Yeah. After our shift, can I get a  
lift home? I got you on gas--

--RING. Dart answers his PHONE.

DART (CONT'D)

(on phone)

Hey Ma... Um yeah. Uh... Don't get  
a jitney, Ma. I'll be there... Yeah  
everything's fine. Love you, too.  
Bye.

**EXT. SAINT JOHN HOSPITAL - DAY**

A six story, beautiful brick hospital that sits across the  
street from Detroit City limits. The Detroit side of the  
street looks like shit.

**INT. SAINT JOHN HOSPITAL - JUANITA'S ROOM - DAY**

JUANITA MICHAELS, 42, Dart's mother, hangs up the phone. She  
lies in bed, in an all white room feeling rejuvenated. An ECG  
(electrocardiogram) BEEPS steadily, showing a consistent  
rhythm of beats on the monitor.

PJ and Tiffany are at Juanita's bedside. They twiddle on  
their phones.

JUANITA

Guess we don't need that jitney,  
after all. Dart got us. The doctor  
says I'm good to go home, tomorrow.

PERRY MICHAELS, 44, Dart's father, a Detective for the  
Detroit Police Department KNOCKS and proceeds in. He's  
dressed business casual, wearing a gray blazer and black  
shirt with his police badge hanging around his neck and nice  
shiny shoes on his feet.

PJ

Dad.



JUANITA

Who told you to come, Perry?

PERRY

I was here for a suspect--

TIFFANY

--We didn't call for the police.

PERRY

Look, baby girl--

TIFFANY

--Don't call me that.

PERRY

I was only stopping by to make sure  
y'all was alright. Y'all have a way  
home?

JUANITA

We good.

Perry discovers Tiffany's pregnancy for the first time. He  
treads on thin ice moving closer to investigate her belly.

PERRY

How far along?

TIFFANY

That's none of your business.

PERRY

And the father?

TIFFANY

If we wanted you here, we would've  
called.

PERRY

(re: Juanita)

Your Momma didn't tell me I was  
gonna be a Granddaddy. How you let  
this happen, Juanita?

Juanita sits up in bed.

JUANITA

Nigga, you got your nerve. I've  
been taking care of *your* kids. What  
have you done besides play Houdini  
all of these years?

PERRY  
I'm still paying child support.

JUANITA  
And that supposed to make things  
right? You got a whole other--

PERRY  
--Look, I came down here to  
investigate a suspect. Then, I saw  
your name on one of the charts... I  
get it. I can't make up for the  
past. But I just wanted to--

--KNOCK. KNOCK. The door swings open. It's the DOCTOR, 50's,  
Arab woman, in a plain white coat, interrupting a possible  
WWIII.

DOCTOR  
Hello. How is everyone?

JUANITA  
(re: Perry)  
He was just leaving...

Juanita gives Perry the death stare. With no fight left in  
him, Perry leaves.

DOCTOR  
Feeling better, Mrs. Michaels?

Juanita stretches.

JUANITA  
Feeling much better, now.

DOCTOR  
We just received your lab results  
from the stem cell treatment.

JUANITA  
Anything good?

DOCTOR  
Everything looks great. But we're  
not out of the woods yet. Still,  
there's no cure for liver cancer  
but on the bright side of things,  
we've slowed down its effects.

JUANITA  
Any way we could stop it?

DOCTOR

We recommend treatments every six to 12 months to keep the cancer dormant. But at least you can finally enjoy home.

Juanita smiles in relief.

**EXT. WHITTIER NAVAL BASE - PIER - NIGHT**

An overhead light flickers constantly on the loading dock. Willy slaps the breaker box a couple of times like an old TV with bad reception. The light becomes steady.

Dart CREAKS up on the loading dock.

WILLY

About time you showed up.

DART

It's 11:55. I'm early.

WILLY

If you're on--

DART

--I know, I know. If you're on time you're late. The Navy's motto.

WILLY

Exactly.

DART

But I'm five minutes early.

WILLY

How about five minutes too late. I've already relieved Freeman and Jones.

DART

Where they go?

WILLY

It's Saturday night. Probably went to a party or something. They'll be back to the barracks by muster in the morning.

DART

On a duty day?

WILLY

We kinda do our own shit here. This ain't your typical Navy. You'll see.

Willy takes the clipboard that's hanging from the breaker box.

WILLY (CONT'D)

Welcome to the USS Eerie. Let's take the watch.

They both walk to the edge of the dock. Dart has a closer look. An old decrepit looking thing, like a rusty hand me down hoopty. The boat stretches out thirty-two feet, in length. The beam (width) is about twelve feet.

In the boat, a large crate.

DART

What kind of death trap on water is this? Wait. This is one of those old ass River Patrol boats from Vietnam. Watched a documentary about it. This can't be safe, now. It's so outdated.

WILLY

We're only going across the lake. I thought you had sea legs.

Willy cuts a sly smile.

**EXT. USS EERIE - CONTINUOUS**

Willy climbs down into the boat. Dart follows her down and wobbles his way onboard. Willy runs through her checklist.

WILLY

Holes. None. Rudders...

Willy tests the rudders. She wiggles them side to side.

WILLY (CONT'D)

Seems good to me. Motor...

The motor is hanging by a thread off the boat. Willy grabs a roll of duct tape. She pushes the motor against the stern side of the boat.

WILLY (CONT'D)

Hold right there.

Dart holds the position of the motor. Willy rigs the motor to the boat with just duct tape and rope.

DART  
You were right earlier. This some  
ghetto ass shit.

Willy turns the ignition. The boat sounds like a coughing chain smoker. She slaps the boat's ass.

WILLY  
Come on baby.

She slaps it a couple more times and just like that, the boat growls like a champ.

WILLY (CONT'D)  
That a girl.

DART  
(laughs)  
I don't know if I should be turned  
on or shook.

WILLY  
It's just a boat, Petty Officer-

DART  
--Dart. Just call me Dart.

Willy reaches behind the crate.

WILLY  
Here. Catch this.

She tosses Dart an old M16 RIFLE.

DART  
Wished I had this earlier for the  
asshole that jacked my ride.

Willy finishes the rest of the checklist.

WILLY  
Rifles. Check. One scaredy ass  
dude. Double check. That's  
everything.

DART  
I ain't scared.

WILLY  
(laughs)  
Relax.  
(MORE)

WILLY (CONT'D)  
Just a little pre-watch humor  
before we head on our first rove to  
Windsor.

The motor RUMBLES. They're finally underway.

**EXT. LAKE ERIE - NIGHT**

The reflection of the moon and stars illuminate off the lake. Detroit's downtown is vibrant with its skyline, as the Renaissance Building stands lookout over the city.

City lights from Windsor, Ontario twinkle like holiday lights from a distance. The USS Eerie is at the midpoint to Windsor.

**EXT. USS EERIE - NIGHT**

Dart and Willy stare at the reflection of stars in the lake.

WILLY  
The lake is so beautiful at night.  
Bet the ocean is even better.

DART  
It's dark actually. The brightest thing in the sky is the moon. And the stars are like little night lights. I miss it sometimes... I take back the shitty stuff I said about the Navy, earlier. Reminiscing about it makes it halfway decent. And then after looking pass all that, you can't help to wonder, what is out there?

WILLY  
Sounds wonderful.

DART  
The thing is, I've been away from home for so long. Didn't expect to miss it as much as I did.

WILLY  
So, what brought you back?

DART  
My Mom has cancer.

Dart fiddles around with the M14 RIFLE in hand.

WILLY

Sorry about your Mom... Wished I could have left like you did. Detroit seems like it always has some type of hold over its people.

DART

And not to mention the shit that's been happening around base. What we *really* doing with these crates?

WILLY

I thought it was some type of replenishment between us and the Canadians.

Dart inspects the crate. BOOM. The crate shifts.

DART

It's something in here.

WILLY

Nah. Just rough waters.

BOOM. The crate shifts a little more.

**END OF ACT ONE**

**ACT TWO****EXT. WINDSOR - NIGHT**

The Ambassador Bridge and lights trail back to downtown Detroit, from the lake. Windsor's street lights brightens the surrounding streets outside of the dark pier. USS Eerie steadily floats closer to the Canadian border.

SUBTITLE: Windsor, Ontario

**EXT. USS EERIE - NIGHT**

Dart and Willy approach the pier. Motion sensor lights spots them upon arrival.

WILLY

We're here. Moor the boat while I do a quick rove.

DART

Roger that.

Dart ties up the boat. Willy finishes her checklist of inspections.

WILLY

Seems like we're G.T.G. All we have to do now is place this crate up on the dock.

DART

Got it. When do we come back to pick up the crate?

WILLY

The balls to four watch always make the pickups and drop offs.

Dart examines the size of the crate. It's huge.

DART

So, where's the dolly?

WILLY

Stolen. It's been missing for a few weeks, now. Stuff comes up missing all the time. Nothing new to Detroit. Guess we gotta put our backs into it, shipmate.



They both grab each end of the crate.

WILLY (CONT'D)  
On my count... One. Two. Three.

Ugh. DART Ugh. WILLY (CONT'D)

They lift the crate.

DART (CONT'D)  
This is heavy.

**EXT. WINDSOR - PIER - NIGHT**

The pier is less CREAKY and sturdier than Detroit's pier. They move the crate and set it next to something that is covered by a tarp.

WILLY  
Right here is fine.

The crate is dropped in place. Willy removes the tarp. It's another crate with a faded "51," labeled on it.

DART  
Wait. Hold up. Another crate? We gotta see what's inside.

WILLY  
Cameras are everywhere on this pier. They can tell if it's been tampered with, from what I've been told.

DART  
Who's they?

WILLY  
Help me lift this one... One. Two. Three.

They lift the new crate.

DART  
This one is way lighter than the one we brought. Who's watching us?

WILLY  
Don't know...

**EXT. USS EERIE - CONTINUOUS**

They carefully place the crate onboard. Willy unmoors the boat.

DART  
Wait a sec.

Dart grabs a crowbar.

WILLY  
What are you doing?

Dart cracks open the top of the crate and takes a peek.

DART  
It's empty.

**EXT. WINDSOR - PIER - CONTINUOUS**

Dart jumps back up to the pier to take a crack at the crate they just dropped off. He opens it--

MAN 1 (O.S.)                      MAN 2 (O.S.)  
Hey!                                      Hey! Yo!

DART  
Fuck.

In a panic, Dart closes the crate before he can even take look inside.

WILLY (O.S.)  
Let's go, Dart!

The silhouette of two men run through the pier toward the dock, heading closer to the USS Eerie. The motor rumbles. Dart scrambles down the loading dock.

The USS Eerie pulls away from the dock without Dart. Dart doesn't look back at the men. He sprints toward the boat but it's too far. He dives...

**EXT. USS EERIE - CONTINUOUS**

Miraculously, Dart lands into the boat just in the nick of time, nearly missing the lake itself. He's a little shaken.

MAN 1 (O.S.)                      MAN 2 (O.S.)  
Hey!                                      Yo!

Dart can't help but hear the men on the pier. Willy ignores them and keeps hauling ass, getting further away from the pier.

MAN 1 (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Wait!

MAN 2 (O.S.)

Come back!

Dart looks at the pier. Familiar faces in Navy uniform.

DART

Freeman? Jones? We gotta go back.

WILLY

No we don't. They ain't bout to puke all over this deck. They're probably drunk.

Dart bogarts the helm away from Willy.

WILLY (CONT'D)

What the fuck are you doing?

DART

The right thing.

Dart makes a hard U-turn, making a huge splash. Willy holds on tight to Dart, the closest thing to hold on to. Surprisingly, the USS Eerie is still in one piece.

DART (CONT'D)

My apologies. Did I get you wet?

Without a drop of water on her body, she couldn't hold back the moment... In her pants. She's turned on sexually.

WILLY

Um. Yeah.

#### **EXT. USS EERIE - CONTINUOUS**

They pull up to a roughed up Freeman and Jones on the dock. They're drunk. Both with blood stains and mangled uniforms.

JONES

(tipsy)

We gotta. Leave. They tryna kill us.

DART  
What the hell happened? Y'all look  
like shit.

WILLY  
They can't get on if they're drunk.  
He sounds drunk.

Willy stands her guard, blocking them from entering.

DART  
Relax. It'll be alright, Willy...  
Oh shit. I forgot something on the  
pier.

WILLY  
Whatever it is, we have to come  
back for it next rove.

**EXT. USS EERIE - CONTINUOUS**

Willy softens up. Freeman and Jones are finally aboard.

WILLY  
Ew. Y'all smell like shit, too.  
(re: Dart)  
If anyone pukes, it's *you* swabbing  
the decks, *not me*.

DART  
I need to get back on the pier.  
It's important--

FREEMAN  
(tipsy)  
--Kill the motor. Shhh... Stay  
still.

The motion lights cut out. The pier is suddenly pitch black.  
The USS Eerie gradually moves...

**EXT. UNDER LOADING DOCK - USS EERIE - CONTINUOUS**

Everyone onboard is frustrated in the dark.

WILLY  
(whispers)  
I just relieved you guys. How the  
hell you get back over here, so  
fast? Why y'all out drinking in  
uniform?

JONES  
 (whispers)  
 It's fucking Freeman's fault.

The guilt sinks into Freeman's face. He sobers up.

Simultaneously, the lights rekindle. Multiple footsteps are heard roaming the dock. The boat is dead in water, under the loading dock. Everyone tenses up in fear of being discovered.

UNKNOWN 1 (O.S.)  
 Which way did they go, eh?

UNKNOWN 2 (O.S.)  
 They couldn't of made it that far.

The sounds of footsteps deplete. The radio...

CHIEF  
 (on radio)  
 USS Eerie. Chief Petty Officer of  
 the Watch--

--Willy cuts off the radio.

ALL  
 (quietly)  
 Shhh.

The footsteps come back. A flashlight spots their location. Their cover... BLOWN.

UNKNOWN 1 (O.S.)  
 Don't make this difficult. Hands in  
 the air.

DART  
 Fuck!

Everyone surrenders. All hands reaching the sky.

#### **INT. CANADIAN BUNKER - NIGHT**

The light flickers ON. A old classroom with empty desks reeking of cat piss and stale corn chips, where no one can hear you scream. One-by one, Dart, Willy, Freeman, and Jones are escorted at gunpoint by the two big, burly MOUNTIES. One bearded. The other, clean shaven with a baby face.

WILLY  
 We didn't do anything.

DART  
Chill Willy.

WILLY  
Is this how Canadians treat the  
U.S. military? We're on duty. Just  
let us go.

The Mounties ponder for a sec.

BABY FACE MOUNTY  
If we let you go...

Baby Face Mounty points to Freeman and Jones, the only two  
they recognize out of the lineup.

BABY FACE MOUNTY (CONT'D)  
These two have to stay, eh?

FREEMAN  
Come on, man.

JONES  
We don't know anything.  
(re: self)  
Shouldn't have never stayed out.

BAM! Baby Face Mounty sucker punches Jones in the kisser. He  
ropes Jones and Freeman to their desks.

Willy swiftly heads to the door without Dart. Bearded Mounty  
grabs her in a bear hug from behind.

WILLY  
Let me go! Get off me!

Willy kicks, SCREAMS and bites. Dart charges at Bearded Mount  
and Dart's immediately knocked on his ass with a one handed  
push. Dart pops tall.

DART  
(re: Mounties)  
Let her go!

Baby Face Mounty places his Glock 22 PISTOL in Dart's face.  
Dart freezes up like a deer caught in headlights. His hands  
immediately in the air. He panics.

DART (CONT'D)  
Whoa!

BABY FACE MOUNTY  
Or what, eh?

DART

Hold on. Wait. What did they do? We could fix it.

Dart glances over to Freeman and Jones. Their duct taped mouths are muffled trying to speak up for themselves.

BEARDED MOUNTY

Let's just say they caused quite the kerfuffle.

DART

Whatever it is, it's not worth killing us--

--SHOOM. SHOOM.

A wave of frequency blasts onto Freeman and Jones heads. They convulse and their faces contorts... DEAD.

Dart and Willy are stunned. Dart is disoriented from the ringing in his ears from the blasting sound. It's like he's trapped in a bad dream.

Behind the frequency blast is Florence, aka FLO, 42, Black, the sexiest, little four-eyed glasses wearing, dwarf from up north, with a full sized RAY GUN in her tiny hands.

FLO

Or maybe it is...

DART

What the fuck was that!?

Flo ignores Dart's question and smacks Baby Face Mounty's ass.

FLO

(re: Baby Face Mounty)

Good game, boo.

Baby Face Mounty secures his weapon back in the holster while Flo shifts her focus toward Dart who's too tall to grasp.

FLO (CONT'D)

Down on your knees, ho.

Dart cautiously lowers himself to his knees. Flo places the barrel of the RAY GUN on Dart's forehead. The RAY GUN is all gold with color changing lights at the barrel that rotates. Something out of this world.

FLO (CONT'D)

Say *ahh*.

Dart's hesitant and frightened but he commits.

DART

Ahh.

Flo puts the barrel of the ray gun in Dart's mouth.

FLO

Hmmm... No gag reflex.

Flo licks her lips. The humiliation sets in. Dart's frozen.

FLO (CONT'D)

So, you're willing to die like  
those two low lives, who couldn't  
play the game?

Dart snaps out of it.

FLO (CONT'D)

Choose wisely. Don't be a hero.

Flo moves the ray gun back to his forehead then right back into his mouth. Dart clinches his fists, closes his eyes and says a silent prayer.

FLO (CONT'D)

Answer me... Oh. *Sorry.*

Flo removes the ray gun out of Dart's mouth.

DART

True heroes never make it home. But  
today... I don't want to be a hero.

FLO

I guess you're right. You're no  
hero. At least you're honest--

WILLY

--LET ME GO!

Willy pinches, punches and bites but Bearded Mounty clutches on. Flo removes the ray gun away from Dart's forehead.

FLO

Okay. Under one condition. You  
bitches owe me. I have a job  
opportunity that pays handsomely.

DART

No. We're okay.



WILLY

You killed two Navy sailors with  
some weapon I've never seen before.

FLO

It'll be your families, next. 3855  
Montclair. 546 Lakewood.

DART

Yo. What the fuck?

WILLY

You touch them. I'll kill you.

FLO

I like this one. Feisty!

Flo leers at Bearded Mounty. He still has Willy in his grasp.

FLO (CONT'D)

(re: Bearded Mounty)

Let her go. Matter of fact. They  
can both leave.

BEARDED MOUNTY

What if they go to the authorities,  
aye?

FLO

(sniffs repeatedly)

They won't. I can smell fear in  
their blood.

Dart races over to a rattled Willy, now free from the grips  
of Bearded Mounty.

DART

You okay?

Willy nods her head. They both walk toward the exit. Flo  
stands in their way.

DART (CONT'D)

(re: Dart)

What now?

FLO

Never speak of this to anyone.

DART

Why are you letting us go?

Flo hands Dart a card with her contact info.

DART (CONT'D)  
I told you we're okay.

Flo doesn't budge. She holds her position. Both Mounties drag out Freeman and Jones lifeless bodies.

FLO  
Trust me, you're going to need me  
before I need you. Its only a  
matter of time. You'll see.  
(re: Bearded Mounty)  
Give them back their belongings.

Dart gives in and takes the card just to get out of this wild nightmare. Bearded Mounty stops in his tracks and drops Freeman's lifeless body to hand Dart his and Willy's military ID cards they confiscated from them.

Dart's boots are scuffed but he and Willy make it out alive.

**EXT. CANADIAN BUNKER - NIGHT**

Dart and Willy walk away in one piece. Mentally, they're all over the place.

WILLY  
How the fuck do she know where our  
families live?

Dart hands Willy her military ID card.

DART  
They had to scan our shit to get  
info on us or something.

WILLY  
I didn't sign up for this shit.

DART  
We're gonna be okay, Willy. We just  
need to calm down.

WILLY  
How can I be calm when they just  
killed two of my sailors. I gotta  
get my family out of there.

DART  
Look. If they wanted us dead, we'd  
be dead.

WILLY

And then what are we supposed to do?

DART

I'm not going to let them hurt our families.

WILLY

We gotta let Chief know what happened. I'm not going to wait around and worry about if my Mom and brothers are okay.

Willy storms off not wanting to listen to Dart. He quickly grabs her shoulder to get her attention.

DART

I know we're in a pickle. We have to be smart about this. Right now, I think it's best for us to not say anything about we saw until I figure out the next move on how to get us out of this.

WILLY

But did you see Freeman and Jones faces when whatever weapon that was, killed them? It was so fucked up, Dart. They can't get away with this.

DART

You're right absolutely right, Willy. They're going to pay. Until then, we didn't see shit. We don't know shit. Everyday is just a normal day.

Willy nods in agreement but still shaken about everything.

**EXT. EASTSIDE OF DETROIT - DAY**

Rugged two story homes fill the neighborhood divided by oil stained, pothole-ridden, deteriorated roads, where General Motors and Ford vehicles come and go.

SUBTITLE: DAYS LATER...

**EXT. EASTSIDE NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY**

It's a sunny day. Kids dance around a raining fire hydrant while other children play hopscotch. Thugs making deals. Birds chirping. Crackhead riding a bike with stolen goods up for sale. You can smell the shadiness in the air.

Dart, now wearing a t-shirt and shorts, strolls through the hood with Juanita.

JUANITA

It's nice out today.

DART

It is. A perfect day to *hike* to the pharmacy.

Dart gets a little quiet.

JUANITA

You okay?

DART

Just a lot on my mind. Sorry that I didn't tell you about getting jacked the other day, Ma. It was a lot going on and I didn't want you to worry. You got enough on your plate... Niggas be doing the most.

JUANITA

Well, it was nice of your friend to take us home from the hospital. She seems nice...

They walk closer to the corner approaching local businesses. Dart still looks troubled.

JUANITA (CONT'D)

You ain't gotta worry about me, son. I just gotta follow the Doctor's orders, do the treatments and take the meds. Momma gon' be alright. The Lord has a special plan for me. I feel it. I pray for all of us.

DART

Me too.

On the other side of the corner, a 2001 Pontiac Bonneville sits in front of the neighborhood bank. Dart takes a double take and can't believe his eyes.

JUANITA  
I think one of my prayers been  
answered. That looks like--

DART  
--MY CAR!

Dart rushes over to his long lost car.

**EXT. EASTSIDE NEIGHBORHOOD - BANK - CONTINUOUS**

Dart's car is still running with the keys in the ignition.

DART  
I'm not even going to question this  
but at least it's still in one  
piece.

JUANITA  
Won't he do it?

Dart and Juanita jump in the car and speed off...

POW POW. RIII-ING. An alarm sounds after shots fired at the bank. Two GUNMAN, wearing alien masks, run out with a bag of money scrambling to get to the getaway car but it's long gone.

GREY ALIEN GUNMAN  
Nigga, where you parked the car?

GREEN ALIEN GUNMAN  
It was right here.

Grey Alien Gunman draws his pistol on an oncoming station wagon with an old man behind the wheel.

GREY ALIEN GUNMAN  
Give it up, old nigga.

**INT/EXT. EASTSIDE NEIGHBORHOOD - DART'S CAR - DAY**

Dart grips the wheel. He's relieved to have his car back.

DART  
Hope they didn't do nothing stupid  
in here when they had it.

He takes one hand off the wheel to turn on the radio. The RADIO plays Journey, "Don't Stop Believing."

JUANITA  
This my jam. Turn it up.

Dart turns up the radio and they both sing along.

DART/JUANITA  
*Just a city boy.*

They look at each other with wide smiles pretending like they have microphones.

DART/JUANITA (CONT'D)  
*Born and raised in **south Detroit**.*

All you see is teeth. They're having a good time.

DART/JUANITA (CONT'D)  
*He took the midnight train goin'  
anywhere--*

--WOOP!!! Red and blue lights FLASH from behind. The police.

DART  
Shit. I mean shoot.

Juanita gives Dart the side eye for his use of profanity.

JUANITA  
Mmhmm.

Dart immediately pulls over to the side of the road. The squad car follows. Juanita reaches in the glove compartment.

JUANITA (CONT'D)  
Here.

She hands Dart his registration. He places his wallet and documents on the roof of the driver's side and keeps his hands glued to the steering wheel.

The squad car door SLAMS. The sounds of footsteps ramble toward the driver's door.

Dart barely recognizes him until he reaches the car. Juanita catches a glimpse. It's Perry, now at the window.

JUANITA (CONT'D)  
Shit.

DART  
I got this, Ma.

PERRY

You know this car has been reported stolen? Is this the only way I can see you? I didn't even know you were back.

DART

(scoffs)

Why you harassing us, man? As you can see, the car isn't stolen anymore.

PERRY

Listen. I know things are rough right now with your Momma's procedures and all--

Dart tenses up.

DART

Everything's fine!

JUANITA

Can we go now?

DART

Chill Ma.

JUANITA

(mutters to self)

Can't stand his ass.

DART

Don't you have like some unsolved mysteries to solve or something?

PERRY

Okay. Got it.

Perry fills out a piece of paper. He hands it over to Dart. It's a check.

DART

I said we're fine.

PERRY

But I just--

DART

I'm the man of this household. You take care of yours--

PERRY

--Don't talk that shit your ass  
can't cash, boy. I'm still your  
Daddy, now.

Dart balls up the check and tosses it out the window.

DART

Whatever man. You need to lay off  
the hooch. I can smell it on you.

A stare down between father and son. Perry wipes some of the  
anger off of his face and heads back to his squad car.

**INT. DRUGSTORE - DAY**

Convenience store music plays in a crowded, musty, dusty  
corner. People waiting in line for their prescriptions.

Dart and Juanita sit patiently in the waiting area.

A disgruntle older WOMAN, jumps the line, reeking of  
cigarettes, stale booze, and God knows what. She yells at the  
PHARMACIST, Caucasian woman, 30s, behind the counter.

WOMAN

Y'all fucked up my prescription.

JUANITA

(re: Dart)

They better stop playing with Black  
folks.

Dart and Juanita watch the drama unfold like a ghetto soap.

PHARMACIST (O.S.)

I'm sorry about your order, Ma'am.  
We're understaffed today but I will  
be happy to help you.

WOMAN

You can help me by getting my  
fucking order right. How about  
that? I don't understand how you  
can go to school for this and still  
be a dumb fuck.

PHARMACIST

We're fixing it as we speak. Just  
give us a minute and we'll have  
your prescription shortly, Ma'am.



The woman storms back into the corner. People scatter like roaches because of her bad attitude and stench.

PHARMACIST (CONT'D)  
Michaels... Juanita. Michaels.

Dart and Juanita head up to the counter. Dart grabs a bag of Funyuns.

DART  
(re: Juanita)  
Oh yeah. Tiff wanted these.

PHARMACIST  
That'll be \$5083.77.

DART  
DAMN! That's a car! Why so expensive?

JUANITA  
It should be just the co-payment.  
My son is a veteran. His health insurance cover majority of it?

PHARMACIST  
I'm sorry. It doesn't.

DART  
Military discount?

PHARMACIST  
I'm sorry. Best I can do is a five dollar off coupon...

JUANITA  
I need my meds, Dart. What are we gonna do?

DART  
I'll figure out something.

Dart is beyond frustrated. He pulls out cash and stumbles upon Flo's business card he gazes upon.

DART (CONT'D)  
Damn. Let me pay for the Funyuns.

**END OF ACT TWO**

ACT THREE**EXT. WHITTIER NAVAL BASE - PIER - DAY**

POW.

Two CASKETS. One AMERICAN FLAG to each. Four SAILORS in there Dress Blues, two per casket, holding up the flag where the grass is finally tamed.

Chief continues giving orders to seven RIFLEMEN in their Dress Blues, shouldering rifles. The Color Guard of the Navy.

CHIEF

Ready aim!

POW.

CHIEF (CONT'D)

Ready aim!

POW.

A well executed 21 gun salute to the fallen heroes, Freeman and Jones.

Dart in the crowd, wearing his Dress Blues and shiny shoes, glances at Willy, who's also in her Dress Blues standing next to him, teary eyed.

TAPS is played by a trumpeter. Everyone apart of the Color guard salutes. The flagmen continues to hold open the flags.

Sadness and grief can be felt through each note of TAPS.

BUZZ. Dart looks at his phone. It's Flo. He walks off to the side to take the call.

DART

Not a good time, right now--

INTERCUT WITH:

**INT. DOWNTOWN WINDSOR - FLO'S HOME - DAY**

Classical music plays. Flo is sitting in a white comfy chair as her feet dangles. On the armrest, a stogie burning in the ashtray.

FLO

--I don't give a damn.

BRAYTON, 14 comes out of nowhere, wheeling himself around in his wheelchair.

BRAYTON  
Mom, is everything okay?

Flo covers her hands over the phone to mask her conversation with her son.

FLO  
(to Brayton)  
I'm sorry, honey. I'm on an important phone call. Go watch TV, okay. Don't forget to take those special meds from the cabinet.

BRAYTON  
Okay.

Brayton wheels himself away. Flo grabs the burning stogie out of the ashtray and takes a drag and exhales smoke to release tension.

DART  
Hello?

FLO  
I need my shipment tonight and I have a special project for you.

DART  
Okay, I'm listening.

FLO  
Your friends I took care of...

DART  
Yeah.

FLO  
I need those caskets.

DART  
But bodies are in them.

FLO  
I don't care if your Momma was in them. Bring em' both to me, tonight on your last rove, by 4AM. Or your bodies will be sent back to base, just like your two comrades.

DART  
But today's not my duty day--

CLICK... DIAL TONE.

Perry strolls up to Dart dressed business casual, wearing a black blazer, white shirt, with his police badge hanging from his neck and shoes just as shiny as Dart's.

PERRY

Hey son.

DART

You joined the Navy, now?

PERRY

I'm here, just doing my job. Last time I saw you, I know things got a little...

DART

Out of hand.

PERRY

Yeah... But I understand you're going through some things.

DART

Spare me with that Father-Son crap. You're too late for that. Look at me...

Perry takes a gaze at Dart for the first time, from head to toe, as a military man, in his Cracker Jacks. Sharp as a tack.

DART (CONT'D)

I'm all grown up. You should be proud.

Dart starts to walk off.

PERRY

Look. I'm here to investigate the murders of the two sailors from your base. Both were shot execution style. Any information you can give me, son?

Dart ignores Perry's question. Perry extends his arm out to stop Dart by the shoulder.

PERRY (CONT'D)

One of the guys was the son of my late ex-partner, who was on the force with me.

(MORE)

PERRY (CONT'D)

I gotta find out what happened to  
his son and if it's related to  
their murders.

Dart snatches away and gets back in the crowd next to Willy.  
He comforts her by rubbing her shoulder.

Chief parades the folded flags that once laid over the  
caskets to the mourning Mothers of Freeman and Jones. He  
renders a salute to both Mothers sobbing and parades back to  
the front podium.

Everyone watches on as Chief closes out the ceremony with a  
few words.

CHIEF

Freeman and Jones were great  
sailors. They loved the Navy and  
the camaraderie of it all. You  
learn a lot about brotherhood and  
protecting each other. If the U.S.  
attacks Turkey from the rear, will  
Greece help? Those are the  
questions that keep me up at night.  
However, I've never killed a  
mountain lion but I've choked a  
cougar or two but that makes me no  
hero... The real heroes put their  
lives on the line...

Dart checks over his shoulder and sees Perry questioning more  
sailors in uniform. Dart leans over to Willy's ear.

DART

We got some work to do.

Willy nods.

#### **INT. DART'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY**

A sink full of dirty dishes. Pots are on the stove simmering.  
In the middle of it all is Juanita preparing dinner. She  
simultaneously checks each pot and dashes certain spices to  
the respectable cooking dish.

The aroma of savory spices fill the rest of home. A head  
pokes in the kitchen. Sniffing. It's PJ.

PJ

What's cooking, good looking?

JUANITA

Dinner.

PJ

Is that--

JUANITA

Dart's favorite... Meatloaf, mashed potatoes and gravy, and greens. Now help me by washing some of these dishes.

PJ starts busting suds in the sink.

JUANITA (CONT'D)

Dinner is going to be a while. I need you to go with your sister to her lamaze class, today.

PJ

Gross. I ain't the Daddy.

JUANITA

Well I'm too exhausted to go. Slaving over the kitchen in all.

PJ

How come she can't go by herself?

JUANITA

The same reason why you gonna get an ass whooping if you don't.

#### **INT. YMCA - LAMAZE CLASS - DAY**

Tiffany leans forward while on her knees like a bullfrog over a stack of pillows. The LAMAZE INSTRUCTOR, 30s, Asian, woman, assists Tiffany and the seven other pregnant ladies with their breathing exercises.

PJ sits uncomfortably behind Tiffany for support. He's seriously disgusted by her sitting position.

PJ

This is lame as hell.

TIFFANY

(scoffs)

Nigga, you think I wanted you here?

Tiffany gives PJ an ugly look back.

Together, the entire class of pregnant ladies suck the air out of the room by INHALING on the Lamaze Instructor's count.

LAMAZE INSTRUCTOR  
Breathe in, two, three, four.

A BLONDE MAN, 20s, Caucasian, is the only other male in the class besides PJ, coaching his partner on. The rest are females coaching each other.

The ladies EXHALE by the Lamaze Instructor's count.

LAMAZE INSTRUCTOR (CONT'D)  
Breathe out, two, three, four,  
five, six. Expand those tummies,  
ladies. Exhale all of that tension.

PJ hops up to get some more pillows for himself. The Blonde Man casually strolls over to PJ.

By the Lamaze Instructor's count, again the ladies INHALE.

LAMAZE INSTRUCTOR (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Breathe in, two, three, four.

BLONDE MAN  
(re: PJ)  
I heard you was the guy.

The ladies EXHALE by the count of the Lamaze Instructor, again.

LAMAZE INSTRUCTOR (O.S.)  
Breathe out two, three, four, five,  
six. Good. One more time...

PJ  
(re: Blonde Man)  
Don't know what you're talking  
about.

PJ grabs a stack full of pillows.

BLONDE MAN  
That shit that have you feeling  
like you're on the moon... I'm not  
sucking a dick for it--

PJ  
--What!?

The ladies INHALE.

LAMAZE INSTRUCTOR (O.S.)  
Breathe in two, three, four.

PJ turns away. Before he could head back with his pillows, the Blonde Man grabs PJ's arm.

BLONDE MAN

Wait.

The Blonde man flashes a hundred dollar bill to PJ.

Tiffany EXHALES with the rest of the class.

LAMAZE INSTRUCTOR

And out two, three, four, five,  
six.

Tiffany looks back to see where PJ went and discovers him trying to be discreet while slinging drugs to the Blonde Man for cash. Tiffany shakes her head in disappointment.

PJ arrives back to Tiffany with more pillows.

TIFFANY

What was that?

PJ

Mind your business, Tiff.

Outside the window, the Blonde Man eyes are bright green. He levitates into the air. The Blonde Man's pregnant girlfriend blocks everyone's view as she exhales.

LAMAZE INSTRUCTOR

Great job today, everyone...

# **EXT. MEMORIAL PARK CEMETERY - NIGHT**

CLANK!

Two shovels are thrown out of a grave plot. Willy climbs out first, tilting the casket on the ledge of the plot. She jumps back down.

DART (O.S.)

On three. One, two...

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

WILLY (O.S.)

Ugh.

Ugh.

Dart and Willy push the casket out of the grave plot. They climb out exhausted and winded. They're both wearing digital green fatigues, now looking like grunts in battle. Mud all over.



WILLY (CONT'D)  
This is bullshit.

DART  
Who'd you telling? We've got one  
more to go.

WILLY  
At this rate, we'll be all night.

**MOMENTS LATER**

At another grave plot, Dart has a CHAIN FALL connected to a nearby tree and pulls the chain in a repetitive motion to hoist the casket out.

Willy follows the casket to balance but it opens. Freeman's dead body plops out onto Willy.

WILLY (CONT'D)  
What the fuck!

Willy SCREAMS. Dart rushes over and covers her mouth with his hands.

DART  
Shhh. You're gonna bring us  
unwanted attention.

WILLY  
You said we wouldn't have to touch  
no bodies. This shit is too much.  
I'm out.

DART  
Look. Flo needs the bodies. I don't  
know why but we're getting paid--

WILLY  
--I don't give a fuck what that  
bitch is paying us. It's not worth  
it. I don't care. Handle it on your  
own.

DART  
Look. I can't do this by myself. I  
know you really don't need to do  
this to help you leave Detroit. But  
I need this more than you know. I  
would do it for you...

WILLY  
You hardly know me.

DART

But it feels like I've known you...  
All of this is to help my Mom. If  
you were in my shoes, I'd help you  
in a heartbeat. What if it was your  
Mom, Sister, Brother, that needed  
help?

Willy speculates the situation for a moment. Still upset.

WILLY

(scoffs)

Alright. I'm back on board but I'm  
not touching no bodies.

**EXT. LAKE ERIE - NIGHT**

Cloudy skies. The moon and stars are hidden. The lights seem  
extra bright across the Ambassador Bridge and skyline of  
downtown Detroit. It's a cold night.

**EXT. USS EERIE - NIGHT**

Same old watch. Dart and Willy are on another voyage across  
the lake with two caskets onboard, along with the usual  
crate. Quiet as kept, the lifeless bodies of Freeman and  
Jones are perfect stowaways.

Their digital fatigues still look like shit. Dart's boots  
lost the luster it once had. Willy looks like she's been  
through hell and back.

WILLY

Can't believe you got me out here  
like this. I'm cold and fucking  
filthy.

Dart glances at his watch. It's already 3:30AM. He's cutting  
it close.

DART

At least we're almost done. We  
should get there just before 0400.  
Still can't believe Smith charged  
me 100 bucks for us to take over  
his watch. That's straight up  
extortion.

WILLY

Can we not talk about this? I just  
want this to be over with.

(MORE)

WILLY (CONT'D)  
The Whittier Naval Base, man. Can't  
believe this shit.

The absurdity of the Whittier Naval Base becomes a facepalm  
for Willy. A moment of awkward silence between them as the  
USS Eerie's engine roars. Dart bursts into tears of laughter.

WILLY (CONT'D)  
What's so funny, asshole?

DART  
(laughs)  
We're a filthy mess.

Willy gazes at Dart. He has mud all over his uniform, hands,  
and cheek. She finally breaks and joins into the laughter--

--WOOP!!! It's the HARBOR PATROL. Red and blue lights FLICKER  
in the darkness followed by sirens WAILING with blinding  
headlights that follow. Their laughter turns into certain  
panic.

DART (CONT'D)  
Fuck! It's the po-po.

WILLY  
Shit.

Dart immediately grabs duct tape from a tool box and covers  
both of their name tags. He dons a Navy issued ski-mask and  
tosses one to Willy.

HARBOR PATROL  
(on intercom)  
Pull over. We have you surrounded.

DART  
No loose ends.

The USS Eerie comes to a stop.

Willy puts on the ski-mask and returns communication to the  
Harbor Patrol with their receiver. The Harbor Patrol light  
steadily flickers.

WILLY  
(on intercom)  
This is the United States Navy.  
Please state your purpose of  
interrupting our mission in  
progress...

HARBOR PATROL  
(on intercom)  
You can't be the Navy. They don't  
have boats like that anymore. Show  
me your hands so we can see them.

Dart and Willy raise their hands high.

DART  
I knew this old ass boat would be  
trouble. Haul ass, Willy!

Willy rapidly increases the throttle, full speed ahead. The Harbor Patrol is still on their ass, like white on rice.

DART (CONT'D)  
They're gaining on us.

WILLY  
We're going as fast as we can.

Dart scans the boat for hope. Sirens still WAILING. Both caskets and the crate is in his peripheral.

DART  
Fuck. Too much weight. We gotta  
dump a body.

WILLY  
Wait. What? Flo needs both.

DART  
Just consider it a burial at sea.  
We'll come back for it.

With all of his strength, Dart snatches the casket up with his hands and dumps it overboard. WHOOSH. Water SPLASHES.

They pick up speed. RING. An unexpected call. Dart answers the phone. The Harbor Patrol still trailing behind.

DART (CONT'D)  
(on phone)  
We have a tail.

HARBOR PATROL  
(on intercom)  
Pull over. Now. This is your final  
warning.

FLO (O.S.)  
Don't bring that shit this way.  
Lose them. Fast!

The Harbor Patrol kill their siren.

HARBOR PATROL  
(on intercom)  
Pull over. Now!

Dart hangs up. They're closer to Windsor's pier. Willy turns the opposite direction from the pier.

The skies clear up. The moon and stars illuminate the skies where it's impossible for them to vanish into the night. The Harbor Patrol is not letting up.

POW POW POW. Gunshots ring from the Harbor Patrol.

DART  
The fuck?! Trigger happy ass  
niggas. Why are they shooting at  
us? We didn't even get a warning.

WILLY  
Try this.

Willy tosses Dart the M14 RIFLE that's next to her. Dart notices: "DETROIT PUBLIC SCHOOLS" stenciled on the rifle for the first time.

DART  
What the hell am I going to do with  
this cap gun bullshit?!

WILLY  
Scare them!

Not knowing if the rifle legitimately works, he flails it in the air.

POW! More GUNSHOTS. Their side mirror is blown off.

DART  
It didn't work.

WILLY  
No shit. Shoot it!

Dart aims the rifle at the Harbor Patrol boat. The blinding headlights from the boat makes it difficult to see, like a blind man at a shooting range.

Dart holds steady and makes a quick prayer... BOOM.  
Surprisingly, the gun is more than just a high school prop.

MORE GUNFIRE rings from the Harbor Patrol. Bullets riddle through the crate and bounces off of the only casket left.

Dart hides behind the crate and uses it as cover. BOOM. He fires back. Still, no luck. The Harbor Patrol keeps blasting at them. POW. POW. POW.

Multiple bullets pierce the water missing their boat as they leave a trail of waves for this never ending chase.

Willy gives her best shot to shake them by performing zig zags, like a crazed Nascar driver. From each maneuver by Willy, water SPLASHES everywhere. It's not enough.

Dart pops his head from behind the crate. He has his sights aimed on the head of a blurry target on the Harbor Patrol boat's port side. He pulls the trigger... BOOM rings out at the exact same time, from Dart and the Harbor Patrol.

	DART	WILLY (CONT'D)
Ah! Shit.		Fuck!

Willy jerks the helm. Simultaneously, Dart falls onto the deck as if he was tackled by the bullet. He grabs his ear.

WILLY (CONT'D)  
I'm hit.

DART  
Can you drive?

Dart pulls up his mask slightly and touches his right ear. He rolls his fingers together... It's sticky from blood. Luckily, he's only grazed.

He jumps up, slips from the wet deck, but catches his footing. Dart's eyes goes into fight or flight when he witnesses blood oozing through Willy's top. There's no way out.

Dart grabs a LIFE PRESERVER that's lying on the deck, puts it around his waste and grabs the pull cord. He contemplates jumping overboard for a second.

WILLY  
My shoulder. Ugh... I'm driving like shit.

Dart remembers that he dragged Willy into this. He releases his hand from the pull cord and notices that the life preserver has a bullet hole in it, anyway. Dart rips off his top and wraps it securely around Willy's left shoulder, tightening it from the armpit up.

WILLY (CONT'D)  
Ah! For fuck's sake.

DART  
Just hold on for a while longer.

Willy steers with her left hand. She makes a hard right, doing donuts. Dart jumps back into the fire fight. They are finally out of the blinding headlights of the Harbor Patrol.

Dart has a clear shot of the rifleman from the port side of the Harbor Patrol boat. He aims his somewhat trusty rifle. CLICK. Dart's out of ammo. POW! The Harbor Patrol shatters their makeshift windshield.

Dart scavenges the boat and finds the other M14 lying under crate debris. He fires back. CLICK. CLICK. CLICK. This rifle is definitely a prop.

He shuffles through the tool box. He discovers a pair of BINOCULARS.

He takes a glimpse through the BINOCULARS at the Harbor Patrol. There's multiple policeman onboard. One has a rifle in hand pointing directly at him. Dart's befuddled.

DART (CONT'D)  
You got to be shitting me.

WILLY  
What now?

DART  
It's my dad.

POW...

**END OF ACT THREE**

ACT FOUR**EXT. USS EERIE - CONTINUOUS**

POW. POW. POW. Missed. Dart is still standing. He must've had a Guardian Angel by his side. Water spouts up from the deck of the boat causing water to fall, like a wishing fountain. Unfortunately, Dart is low on change.

DART  
Fuck. We got a leak.

MORE GUNFIRE. The boat is starting to look like Swiss cheese. Water is shooting out of multiple holes on the boat.

DART (CONT'D)  
You okay over there?

WILLY  
I'm managing but I can't shake them.

An enormous ROCK peeks out of the lake. Willy steers toward it. The flood on deck covers their boots. Dart splashes around frantically and finds a bucket halfway submerged in the water.

In efforts to slow down the flooding, Dart jettisons water back into the lake with the bucket, but he's only able to maintain their current level of water they've taken in.

Willy drives right around the rock for cover to buy time. The Harbor Patrol's boat is too bulky to maneuver around the rock at Willy's pace.

WILLY (CONT'D)  
Just dump the other casket and the crate. We can definitely get away, then.

DART  
Negative. We gotta have something to take back to Flo. We've already lost enough.

Dart steadily tosses water overboard, keeping them afloat. She stalls the boat for a moment to hold their position behind the rock.

WILLY  
We will die here, Dart.



More water seeps in at a faster rate. The water is at his knees. Dart heaves the water overboard faster.

**EXT. DETROIT HARBOR PATROL BOAT - NIGHT**

Perry, still sharp, wearing the same clothing from the funeral but with a orange life vest over, aiming his rifle at the USS EERIE. Other officers onboard scramble around on what to do next. Perry forces himself on the intercom.

PERRY  
(on intercom)  
Whoever you are, you're not going  
to get away.

The Harbor Patrol lights shines pass the outer edges of the rock. The USS Eerie's ass pokes out from the side.

PERRY (CONT'D)  
(on intercom)  
Make this easy for yourselves.

Dart adjusts his ski-mask and pulls out a trump card. Dart grabs some ROPE and turns the wheel all the way left. He ties it to the medal piece of the broken windshield, hoping left is the way out.

DART  
On three, I start the boat. I'll  
hide behind the crate and you...

Dart points to the casket.

DART (CONT'D)	WILLY
Hide in the casket.	Fuck. No.

WILLY (CONT'D)  
I'm not jumping in there with a  
dead body.

DART  
(madly)  
We don't have time to argue.

WILLY  
Okay. Okay.

DART  
On three...

DARTANION	WILLY
One. Two...three.	One. Two...three.

Dart starts the boat and they immediately travel left. Willy, instead, hides with Dart behind the crate. It's too late to convince her otherwise.

They both hold each other tight. They wade in the water on their sinking vessel. This may be it as they face certain death.

**EXT. DETROIT HARBOR PATROL BOAT - NIGHT**

Perry barks orders at the other officers on board.

PERRY

Don't let them get away. They're responsible for the murders at the base. I feel it in my bones. Do what you gotta do to stop them.

The Harbor Patrol boat keeps up their pursuit.

The eight officers onboard do what they do best... Pull out their guns and BLASTS away at the USS Eerie.

**EXT. USS EERIE - NIGHT**

Dart and Willy lie flat on the deck with their heads above water. Bullets chop through the crate. Packing peanuts and pieces of crate flying everywhere. The boat picks up a little speed but they're not out of the woods yet.

MORE GUNFIRE. Bullets bounce off the casket.

The crate is demolished. Suddenly, BLOOP, a small GUN from the crate floats within Dart's reach.

**EXT. DETROIT HARBOR PATROL BOAT - NIGHT**

The Harbor Patrol closes in on them. Perry clinches his teeth.

PERRY

Closer! Ha! We got them, now!

**EXT. USS EERIE - NIGHT**

In his last hope of desperation, Dart grabs the gun and pulls the trigger. A BLUE RAY of light shoots out at the Harbor Patrol boat's hull.

**EXT. DETROIT HARBOR PATROL BOAT - NIGHT**

The Harbor Patrol boat freezes in place as ice builds from the hull onto the lake, trapping them in an icy prison.

PERRY

Fuck! What the... What the fuck is going on?

Perry catches on. He notices the hull is frozen to the lake. He yells at his crew.

PERRY (CONT'D)

Shoot the ice to break us free. Try not to shoot the hull.

Perry and the Harbor Patrol all shoot at the ice but the bullets ricochet off. They're stuck.

**EXT. USS EERIE - NIGHT**

The USS Eerie gains distance further away from the Harbor Patrol. Dart realizes the gun in his hand is a FREEZE GUN or something unearthly.

DART

Holy, Mother of Jesus.

WILLY

What the fuck type of gun is that?

DART

I dunno but I'm not going to question God.

WILLY

Shit. We're still sinking.

Dart uses the freeze gun to freeze the water inside the USS Eerie, providing a temporary patch. It keeps them barely afloat.

PERRY (O.S.)

(intercom)

If you cooperate with us we will give you immunity.

Dart and Willy continue to maneuver incognito, camouflaged into the night with their lights off. The moonlight and the stars is the brightest thing they see, now.

**INT. CANADIAN BUNKER - NIGHT**

THUD. Dart and Willy drops a casket in front of a pair of stubby legs.

FLO  
There were two... And you're late.

DART  
At this point, you're lucky we're here.

Dart and Willy, banged up, still running off of adrenaline stare at the little she-devil.

Flo stands there with her 2 Mounties as body guards, ready for anything.

FLO  
(re: Willy)  
Bitch you look beat. The cops really pulled a number on y'all.

Willy stands there silent, also ready for anything. She clinches her fists.

FLO (CONT'D)  
And don't be bleeding all over my shit, either. And your hands... Unball them motherfuckers. You're making me nervous.

Tired of fighting, Willy finally folds. She unclenches her fists. Dart recognizes Willy's exhaustion.

DART  
Look, we had a tail and we had to dump one.

FLO  
Sounds like a personal problem. That wasn't our agreement.

Flo opens the casket. It's Freeman corpse, wearing the ridiculous metallic plaid suit he was buried in.

FLO (CONT'D)  
The color scheme doesn't flow.

Flo belts out a CHUCKLE. No one laughs her lame joke except for her Mounties.

BABY FACE MOUNTY  
 (laughing)  
 Good one, Boss.

Bearded Mounty grips his fire arm.

BEARDED MOUNTY  
 (re: Dart & Willy)  
 Laugh!

Flo holds back the Bearded Mounty before things get too aggressive.

FLO  
 So, that's not funny?

With no response, Dart stands there with a stoic look upon his face. He's beyond tired of this shit.

FLO (CONT'D)  
 (to Mounties)  
 I like this kid.

Dart pulls out the small FREEZE GUN out of his pockets and forks it over to Flo.

DART  
 What the hell is this? Never seen anything like it besides TV.

FLO  
 Don't worry about it. Lets just say I know people in pretty high places.

DART  
 But I had to use this to stop the Harbor Patrol. Don't worry, your location hasn't been compromised.

Flo inspects the weapon for damage. She nods at her Mounties to give them her seal of approval of Dart.

FLO  
 (to Mounties)  
 I really fucking like this kid.  
 (re: Dart)  
 You're lucky I'm in a good mood.  
 But you still owe me.

Flo pockets the gun. She grabs a couple bands of money and hands it to Dart.

WILLY

So, we're not going to discuss that we just froze an entire boat to the fucking lake with a gun? A freeze fucking gun.

FLO

No.

Willy tries to keep her composure and balance while Dart counts the money.

DART

Where's the rest?

FLO

You find the other body, I give you the rest. It's that simple.

DART

Well, that's gonna be a problem. Our boat was just been baptized in the fucking lake. We need money for another one.

FLO

Look in your hands.

Dart takes a glimpse at the wad of cash in his hands.

DART

What you mean?

FLO

You already have it. Sometimes you gotta invest a little to get a little. That's the key to survival.

DART

I don't know where to start or where to begin to look.

FLO

You should start by saying "*Thank you.*" Remember, I'm the reason you're still breathing.

Dart is hesitant to respond. He takes a gander at Willy. She's still hanging in there.

DART

Thanks.

FLO  
Now, say it like you mean it. Say,  
"Thank you, Flo."

DART  
(unmotivated)  
Thank you, Flo.

FLO  
(re: Mounties)  
I really like this kid. Cute, isn't  
he?  
(to Dart)  
See, how hard is it for a little  
appreciation--

--THUD. Willy collapses to the floor.

DART  
Shit.

FLO  
Get this bitch off my floor.

Dart places an unconscious Willy on his shoulders. Flo pulls  
out a green little pill bottle.

FLO (CONT'D)  
I got something that'll fix her  
right up.

**EXT. DART'S HOUSE - EASTSIDE DETROIT - DAY**

The same two story bungalow. The roof and porch still needs  
work. Cars drive by. Kids playing tag out front.

SUBTITLE: One Week Later

**INT. DART'S HOUSE - PJ'S ROOM - DAY**

A semi junky bedroom with anime posters of Goku, Vegeta,  
Naruto, Deku, and more, plastered all over the walls. A  
gaming system hooked up to a small flat screen TV.

PJ stuffs a wad of money in his mattress from the slit on the  
side. Tiffany opens the door without knocking, catching PJ  
being funny with money.

TIFFANY  
PJ. What are you doing?

Pj quickly turns around dropping the mattress back in place.

PJ  
Nothing. Don't you ever knock? You  
have your own room. You always up  
in my business.

TIFFANY  
You still think you grown.

PJ  
Whatever Tiff.

TIFFANY  
You didn't answer my question.

PJ  
It doesn't matter. Would twenty  
keep your mouth shut?

TIFFANY  
I don't want your money. You could  
have used it to help Momma out.

Tiffany turns away heading to snitch on PJ. PJ bolts to the  
door blocking her in.

PJ  
Come on Tiff. Please. Don't tell,  
Mom. I'll give you 50.

TIFFANY  
(yells)  
Ma-aaaa--

--PJ muzzles Tiffany with his hand covering her mouth.

PJ  
Shhh. Okay. Okay. I'll give you 100  
to keep your mouth shut.

TIFFANY  
(yells)  
Ma--

--PJ covers her mouth again.

PJ  
Okay. I'll give 200.

TIFFANY  
300.

PJ  
This is extortion.



TIFFANY  
 Nigga you been doing your homework.  
 Your vocabulary *strong, strong*.

SLAM. The front door shuts.

JUANITA (O.S.)  
 (yells)  
 PJ. Tiffany. Help Dart with the  
 groceries.

TIFFANY  
 There's Mom, now.

PJ  
 (scoffs)  
 Okay fine. Pinky swear that you  
 won't tell?

Tiffany extends her pinky and locks it with PJ's.

TIFFANY  
 And hope to die. Well, not me. I'm  
 a goddess.

PJ  
 (mumbles)  
 More like a *thot-tess*.

JUANITA (O.S.)  
 (yells)  
 I'm not gonna ask again.

TIFFANY  
 What was that?

PJ  
 Nothing Tiff. I got you.  
 (re: Juanita)  
 COMING MOTHER!!

# **INT. DART'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY**

Groceries pile up at the front door. Dart with a bandage over his right ear, wearing sweats, brings in more groceries. Juanita is already on the sofa with her feet up on the new ottoman.

Juanita grabs the remote and turns on the TV to watch her soaps.

Tiffany and PJ help Dart with the groceries. They both take the groceries from the front door to the kitchen.

JUANITA

Y'all sure do love ya Momma. Whoo!  
Treatment was rough.

PJ

I didn't know you had a treatment,  
today?

PJ side eyes Tiffany. She smirks back knowing she tried to play PJ earlier about Juanita being home to extort PJ, when she wasn't.

TIFFANY

How was your treatment, Mom?

JUANITA

I hated it, honestly. Wouldn't wish  
it on my worst enemy. But I'm glad  
to see my babies, together. I'll do  
anything to see your beautiful  
faces.

Dart comes back in with bags of groceries. The security door swings closed without Dart locking it behind himself. He sets the groceries on the floor.

DART

That was the rest of the groceries.  
(to Tiffany and PJ)  
You guys can put the rest away.

PJ and Tiffany grabs the rest of the groceries.

PJ

Umhmm.

TIFFANY

Yep.

PJ and Tiffany head to the kitchen with the groceries.

JUANITA

(re: Dart)

You remember that time we sent you  
to Boy Scouts and we couldn't even  
afford to get you a uniform?

DART

Had to earn badges and keep them in  
my pocket.

JUANITA

You always been able to take care  
of yourself, making the best of a  
bad situation.

DART

I had no choice. Too bad the scout master took off with everyone's money.

JUANITA

That Reverend Mike, he was a con man.

The screen door opens. Perry's head pops in.

PERRY

And that's why I don't trust the church, today. Just greedy.

Dart cringes to the sound of Perry's voice and turns around.

DART

What you doing here, man?

PERRY

I'm here for you, *man*. Better yet, Tell your Navy buddies that they messed with the wrong one. I know you won't tell. And you all look out for your own. Apparently, your Chief doesn't know shit, either.

DART

I don't know what you're talking about.

PERRY

Yeah. Okay. Whatever it is, stay out the way.

JUANITA

(re: Perry)

You need to get outta my house. I'm already in pain from my treatment session, today. Don't be a pain in my ass.

PERRY

Okay. I'm leaving. Send my greetings to Tiffany and PJ.

Perry walks away but turns back to Dart.

PERRY (CONT'D)

I know you're hiding something, Dart. I'm your father. I know you better than you know yourself...

(MORE)

PERRY (CONT'D)  
All things will come to the  
surface. Believe that. Hopefully,  
it ain't too late for you.

Perry immediately leaves as PJ comes back from putting up groceries.

PJ  
Was that Dad's voice I heard? Y'all  
can't ever get along.

**INT. GYMNASIUM - WESTSIDE DETROIT - NIGHT**

A crowd of rooting parents watching their children ball out during a junior high basketball game. It's a wheelchair league. 15 seconds left on the SHOT CLOCK. Flo CHEERS for Brayton. She's her son's biggest fan.

Brayton executes a spin move in his wheelchair to get himself free. 10 seconds left on the clock. He collides with an opponent and falls out of his chair. The crowd gasps.

Out of nowhere, Perry arrives to the game right beside Flo, his wife. He kisses her on the cheek.

PERRY  
Hey baby. Did I miss anything?

The crowd is silent.

Brayton stands up for the first time and places his wheelchair upright.

FLO  
Our baby is a miracle...

**EXT. LAKE ERIE - DAY**

It's a new day. The sun's reflection is dancing off the lake. A new River Patrol Boat with the same name as the previous, freshly painted on the hull: "USS EERIE".

The USS Eerie sails with promise.

**EXT. USS EERIE - DAY**

Behind the helm is Willy. Dart observes their radar and sonar technology.

WILLY  
This is so cool!

DART

I know.

WILLY

Where'd you find this beauty?

DART

I got a plug in supply, from my old command. He owed me a favor. He can literally find a way to get anything we need.

WILLY

Really?

DART

Nah, I'm just fucking with you. I was able to talk Chief into ordering another. And when I say *talk*, I mean pay. It was a pretty penny for a more current boat than the Vietnam Era one that was destined to sink.

Dart sees something.

DART (CONT'D)

Wait. Stop right here.

Willy kills the motor to the USS Eerie.

WILLY

What's up, Dart?

DART

This gotta be the spot where we dumped the casket. Umm... How's your shoulder feeling?

Willy rotates her shoulder in a circular motion. Her face reveals no pain.

WILLY

Can you look at it?

Dart takes a peak at Willy's shoulder. The wound has completely healed.

DART

It's hard to see nothing. Damn, what was in those pills she gave us?

Dart removes the bandage on his ear. All healed.

WILLY

Whatever it is, it works miracles  
because I don't feel a thing.

Dart looks overboard.

DART

Good. Lets figure this out really  
quick. I'mma dive in. Just in case  
I don't come back up, you gotta  
jump in and save me.

WILLY

Hopefully not. Just got my hair  
done--

DART

--Just be my lookout, okay.

WILLY

(sarcastically)

Roger that, Petty Officer Michaels.

On a beautiful day like today, Dart can't resist stripping  
down to his swim trunks to jump in the lake.

DART

Cannon ball!

SPLASH. Dart is underwater searching for the casket that they  
tossed overboard. He comes up for air.

WILLY

Any luck?

DART

(out of breath)

I think I saw something.

Dart fills his lungs up with oxygen and re-submerges himself  
again. This time he's under longer. Bubbles form. Dart's up  
again, gasping for air.

DART (CONT'D)

I almost had it. I have to go  
deeper.

WILLY

Okay. Be careful. I don't want to  
have to jump in to get you.

Dart goes under again. The water ripples vanish. No sign of  
him. A nervous Willy takes a look over the ledge of the boat.

WILLY (CONT'D)

Dart...

Still nothing. The water is calmer than a glass of H2O.

WILLY (CONT'D)

Dart. This is not funny.

Willy strips all the way down to her bathing suit.

WILLY (CONT'D)

Come on Dart. Stop fooling around.

#### **EXT. LAKE ERIE - UNDERWATER - CONTINUOUS**

Beneath the murky waters, Dart swims as far as he could go. His face is strained. Halfway under he discovers another crate but smaller with a faded "51" stenciled on it.

With the rest of his might, he goes deeper, stretches out his arm to grab the crate. Bubbles leaves his body. He can't withstand holding his breath any longer.

He ascends toward the top, kicking. It hurts so bad but he still clenches on to the crate. The USS Eerie's silhouette is getting closer. He's losing his grip on the crate.

#### **EXT. USS EERIE - CONTINUOUS**

Willy nervously bites her lips. She's about to jump in--

--WOOSH. Dart pops his head out of the water like the Loch Ness Monster. Sucking all of the air out of the atmosphere, straight into his lungs.

DART

Help me pull this on board.

WILLY

But that's not what we dumped overboard.

DART

I know. Just help me. I'm losing my grip, here.

Willy assists Dart by pulling this miniature crate onboard with a CHAIN FALL. This crate has the same "51" stenciled on it's exterior, like other crates but smaller.

Dart opens the crate. More packing peanuts. They dig hoping to find more treasure. Inside is a wooden box filled with more packing peanuts.

WILLY

Is this some kind of joke?

Dart dumps all of the packing peanuts out of the wooden box and discovers a gray egg, with green spots.

DART

What the hell is this? I've never seen anything like this.

WILLY

Me either. This is beyond me--

DART

--Wait. I hear something.

The egg begins cracking from within. Gray little arms and legs with claws starts piercing through it's shell.

SCREECHING.

Frightened, their expressions become pale.

WILLY

Oh my God.

DART

What the fuck...

CUT TO BLACK.

**END OF PILOT**