

"LAST FLAG ON OAK ISLAND"

by

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Based on the Novel

by

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LAST FLAG ON OAK ISLAND

FADE IN:

INT. UNDERGROUND, VERTICAL BOREHOLE - DAY

Dark. CLICK. CLICK. Then -

A pinpoint of light shines on a metal wall lining an eight-foot wide Borehole. Light illuminates SAUL CLEMENS, mid-50s, Canadian, a hard, rough man, dangling by a safety harness on a twisting cable, wearing a hardhat with headlamp and an audio headset. GENERATOR, WATER PUMPING OS. An industrial hose running down the wall quivers from the force of water pumping.

Saul braces a hand at the metal wall, shines his headlamp below into the darkness.

Water 60 feet below is barely visible. WATER GURGLES.

He shines a flashlight on the metal casing at his side, rubs his glove on the surface rust. HEADSET BUZZES.

SAUL
(into set mic)
Larsen there yet?

STATIC over line.

SAUL (CONT'D)
(into set mic)
If he shows up, tell him he's the
worst damn engineer I've seen in
thirty years.

A patch of rusty metal falls into the water below.

SAUL (CONT'D)
Is Miles back yet?

LOW RUMBLE from below.

Saul looks down. His headlamp beam dissolves into watery rings trembling in semi-darkness below. SHUDDERING RUMBLE ECHOES.

SAUL (CONT'D)
Damn...

WATER BELCHES UP, rising fast. Saul's light beam focuses on the ROILING WATER RUSHING UP to him. He grabs mic.

SAUL (CONT'D)
Up! Up! Bring me up! Now!

Water thrusts up swiftly, forced by METAL WALLS GROANING, PINCHING SHUT BELOW.

A WINCH WINDS OS from above. Saul desperately climbs the cable as it whisks him up.

EXT. CLEMENS TREASURE HUNTING OPERATION, BOREHOLE 12B, OAK ISLAND, NOVA SCOTIA, CANADA — SUMMER, 1995 — DAY

Borehole 12B is the main shaft, surrounded by a wooden platform over the opening. WATER PUMPS ON HIGH. The drilling rig sits to one side. Wooden and metal scaffolding hang over the Borehole, holding the winch.

TWO WORKMEN, 40s, look into Borehole as the WINCH WINDS, preparing for Saul's emergency exit.

WORKMAN 1
Come on! Quick, Saul!

WORKMAN 2
We got you, Saul!

Cable pulls up, Saul appears at Borehole top and scrambles out with Workmen's help. A gusher of water chases him out, SPLASHES UP as SOUNDS OF METAL CRUSHING SHUT BELOW SCREECHES.

Saul disentangles from his harness, irate, wet from his knees down. He tosses off his headset and hardhat.

SAUL
Where the hell is Larsen?!

SUPER: "OAK ISLAND, NOVA SCOTIA. MAHONE BAY, 1995"

The site is equipped with 30 years worth of drilling equipment, from drilling rig to defunct railroad tank cars and twisted, eight-foot I.D. steel pipes scattered nearby with compressors and water and mud pumps. Nearby, a mobile home trailer serves as the office.

Workmen gesture helplessly as Saul stalks to the office.

EXT/INT. CARNEGIE MUSEUM OF ANTIQUITIES/CARLOS SHELDON'S OFFICE, HARRISBURG, PENNSYLVANIA, USA — DAY

A museum in typical Carnegie turn of the century style.

In Carlos' Office, LAUREN GATES, female, 22, student assistant, sits at a mahogany desk across from DR. CARLOS SHELDON, male, 70, curator, bespectacled and short, who walks with a slight limp, reads his mail.

She looks at a postcard with a lighthouse on it, smiling nearly deliriously as she keeps flipping the card over and over, reading both sides.

CARLOS
What are your plans for the
summer, Lauren?

She holds up a postcard with a lighthouse on it.

LAUREN
The Oak Island, Dr. Sheldon --
Carlos? The one with...? Plans?
Oh, just on call for the museum, a
paper to research.

She waves card, smiles, looks hopeful.

CARLOS
From my childhood friend, Rudy
Maddock. He's the Oak Island
lighthouse keeper.

LAUREN
Oh... Lighthouse keeper.

CARLOS
He's asked me to take a look at
something. I need an extra set of
eyes on this, and a bit of
legwork. And it may need some,
shall we say, creative thought.
Most likely a simple translation.

LAUREN
That's all?

CARLOS
An American Revolutionary War
relic. Pack sensibly. We leave
this afternoon.

She's surprised, then nods and rereads the postcard,
searching for more details.

INT. COMMERCIAL PLANE — IN FLIGHT — DAY

Carlos and Lauren sit in adjoining seats. In the seat back
magazine pocket in front of her is an inflight magazine

with the words "TURNS 200" visible. She pulls the magazine out.

HEADLINE: "MONEY PIT TREASURE HUNT TURNS 200"

The date is May 19, 1995. On the cover is a polished-up photo of Saul Clemens at a desk, looking studious.

Lauren glances to Carlos. He leans back in his seat, closes his eyes. She opens the magazine.

EXT. WEST WINDS DOCKS, MAHONE BAY, NOVA SCOTIA, CANADA — DAY

Fishing and tour boats are docked. The SECOND WIND, a 42-foot fishing and touring boat, is docked. On the dock stands LEWIS MARUSO, male, 30, Canadian, Second Wind's captain; he's a little rough, very seaworthy.

Carlos and Lauren appear in the port traffic with luggage, searching the area.

Maruso sees them, waves them over.

Carlos waves back.

Maruso walks briskly down the dock and meets them.

MARUSO
(French-Canadian accent)
Welcome aboard, Doctor, Lauren!

CARLOS
Thank you, Captain. You know
Lauren.
(to Lauren, quieter)
Lauren, Captain Maruso of the
Second Wind.

LAUREN
(to Maruso)
Hello. It's a...pleasure...

Maruso grabs their luggage and nods for them to follow him. They walk to the Second Wind. Maruso boards, then Carlos and Lauren.

Maruso pulls up the bow line.

MARUSO
Settled in? Off we go!

SECOND WIND'S ENGINE STARTS. Maruso steers them away from the dock.

Lauren looks at the Causeway breaching West Winds to Oak Island, then at Carlos. He's looking at the open water.

INT. SECOND WIND - DAY

Second Wind motors to Oak Island, around to eastern side to the Lighthouse with a cottage nearby. They dock at the small dock a few acres away, near a waiting Jeep.

EXT. LIGHTHOUSE DOCK

Maruso ties up the Second Wind, then helps Carlos and Lauren out and puts their luggage in the waiting 1982 Jeep. NOISE OF YEARBRIGHT GROUP OPERATION DRILLING OS. They get into the Jeep and Maruso drives to the cottage.

EXT. RUDY'S COTTAGE - DAY

Jeep pulls up to the small two-story brick cottage and parks. The lighthouse is 150 feet away with a four-inch-diameter trunk elm tree nearby. Maruso gets out of the Jeep as the cottage door opens.

RUDY MADDOCK, male, 70, Canadian, potbellied, steps out, grins as Carlos gets out of the Jeep. DRILLING OS.

RUDY
(French-Canadian accent)
Good to see you, Carlos! Thank
you, Captain Maruso!

Lauren gets out of the Jeep and grabs her bags as Maruso reaches for her door. He tries to take her bags from her.

CARLOS
Rudy! You look well, my friend!

MARUSO
(to Lauren)
You're making it look bad.

LAUREN
I am? ...Sorry.

Carlos and Rudy heartily greet each other.

Lauren and Maruso walk to the porch with the bags. They all go into the cottage.

INT. COTTAGE, SITTING ROOM/KITCHEN

The cottage is small, with tight spaces, and with a sitting room off the kitchen. Rudy, Carlos, Lauren, and Maruso pass through the sitting room.

In the kitchen, Rudy gestures to the table as Maruso leaves their bags in the sitting room.

Carlos, Lauren and Maruso sit at the kitchen table. The kitchen has a 1940s look, with some updates, very bachelor. Rudy squeezes around their chair backs as he serves iced tea. DRILLING OS.

RUDY

The two hundredth anniversary this year has led to a riot of attention. That's why I enlisted Captain Maruso. Tea? We need ready, trusty transportation. Already Clemens is suspicious.

CARLOS

Where is it?

Maruso sees Lauren take a drink of tea; she winces.

MARUSO

Rudy spikes everything.

LAUREN

I see.

Rudy closes the window and curtains over the sink, MUTES DRILLING OS, and sits down at the table.

RUDY

Safe. My nephew got it in Sussex at the Brielle estate sale about six months ago. They were a prominent British family, but lost credibility with with the Crown around Seventeen-Eighty. Admiral Claude Brielle somehow lost or stole a payroll meant for troops in Virginia during the American Revolution. According to the family, Admiral Brielle was attacked by privateers and the bankroll stolen.

CARLOS

How much?

RUDY

Guessed at a little over two million pounds. No one believed his story of privateers. The ship's log placed Brielle's ship, the Lady Grey, off the coast of what's now Black Island Sound at the time of the attack. She was taking the payroll to Virginia, part pay and part bribe during the war; never shoulda been that far north.

LAUREN

You have the ship's log?

RUDY

We have Brielle's personal account of the war, written by his own hand.

CARLOS

We'll run the proper tests, of course.

Rudy grabs a whiskey bottle from the counter and adds some to his tea.

RUDY

Debatable now is if Brielle did bury anything on Oak Island. The time-frame and amount are right.

LAUREN

But you think it has something to do with this island?

RUDY

In Eighteen-Oh-Three, a stone was found in the pit with a coded inscription. It was deciphered by a computer cryptologist as reading 'Forty feet below two million pounds are buried'. That's where the amount two million comes from. The journal has a similar code.

Rudy stands, gets a paper from the sitting room secretary desk, sits at the table, and slides the paper to Carlos.

RUDY (CONT'D)

That's a copy of the original inscription. The rock itself has long-since disappeared.

(MORE)

RUDY (CONT'D)
Brielle's ship log was in Modern
English, but his journal is in old
text.

CLOSE-UP OF THE 1803 STONE INSCRIPTION ON THE PAPER.

Lauren looks at the paper, then to Maruso and Rudy, then to Carlos.

LAUREN
This is a treasure hunt?

INT. CLEMENS OFFICE - DAY

Messy office includes a desk, filing cabinet, the walls plastered with Island and drilling operation maps, tables, charts. A planter with a stick in it, once an ornamental tree, is near the wall. Saul, cleaned up, sits at his desk, studies a map spread on the top.

Door opens and MILES CLEMENS, male, 19, Canadian, blond, appears older than his age and tougher than his years, Saul's son, enters with a large envelope in hand.

Saul glances at Miles, then looks down at the map.
YEARBRIGHT DRILLING OS.

SAUL
You get the report, Miles?

MILES
The guys told me what happened.

Miles drops the envelope on the desk

MILES (CONT'D)
You all right, Dad?

Saul nods, opens the envelope, withdraws a report and studies it.

SAUL
But Larsen's fired. The drunk.

Miles sits in the chair opposite the desk.

MILES
How bad is it?

Saul flips through the report, reads silently, then studies the last page.

SAUL

About fifteen meters squeezed shut. We can pump it out, jack it open and weld enough new plate in by the end of the week.

He tosses the report to Miles' side of the desk.

MILES

Rudy has company. Americans. Maruso's girl and her old man, according to the dock gossips.

SAUL

That's what we're supposed to think?

Miles shrugs, takes the report, thumbs to the last page, reads silently and frowns.

MILES

You said to watch Rudy; that's what I seen. Maybe they are just company.

SAUL

And maybe they're not. He's been getting a lot of mail from a Pennsylvania museum. Does that sound like our lightkeeper? He's got something. A map.

MILES

Museums don't cater much to Blackbeard stories, Dad.

Saul gives him a caustic glare.

Miles runs a hand through his hair, looks like he wants to pull it out in frustration.

MILES (CONT'D)

Okay. ...What do you want me to do? Charter a fishing trip on the Second Wind? Ask Rudy for a tour of the lighthouse?

Saul opens a worn cigar box, takes out a cigar.

SAUL

I was thinking about the girl.

MILES

What if she really is Maruso's old girlfriend?

Saul bites off the cigar end, spits it into the planter.

SAUL
Up here with a museum rep? Think
about it, Miles. And remember,
half this operation is your baby.

INT. COTTAGE KITCHEN — DAY

Rudy, Carlos, Lauren and Maruso eat salmagundi at the
table. DRILLING OS, WATER PUMPING OS.

CARLOS
You showed no one?

RUDY
Not 'til you said to get a
skipper. Captain here knows.

Carlos nods "good".

MARUSO
Saul Clemens' operation is
organized, but the main concern is
the treasure, not the search.

CARLOS
We can guarantee a scientific
study.

Everyone finishes eating.

Carlos takes out a pipe. Rudy slides an ashtray to him.

LAUREN
He's just one of the operations?

MARUSO
One of two, both big.

LAUREN
Why two? There's only one real
location, right?

MARUSO
Lots of holes on this island.

RUDY
No one takes Lucy Yearbright's
operation lightly, especially
Saul. Her operation's guarded day
and night by armed men.

CUCKOO CLOCK HOOTS SIX P.M. OS DRILLING STOPS.

KNOCKING OS. Rudy stands and exits into the sitting room and answers the front door.

RUDY (O.S.)
Well, hello, Miles.

MILES (O.S.)
Hi, Rudy.

Carlos, Lauren, and Maruso exchange looks. Rudy enters with Miles. Maruso is slightly annoyed.

RUDY
This is a friend of mine, Carlos
Meade, and his daughter, Lauren.

Lauren looks at Carlos at the use of names.

RUDY (CONT'D)
You know Captain Maruso, I s'pose.

Miles nods to Maruso.

RUDY (CONT'D)
(to Carlos, Lauren)
This is Miles Clemens. His pappy
runs one of the Money Pit digs.

Miles grins, shakes Carlos' hand, then grabs a chair from sitting room and sits near the table. Rudy sits down.

MILES
(to Carlos)
Glad to meet you. Up for the
anniversary?

CARLOS
(puffs quicker on pipe)
Not particularly, but it sounds
like quite an event.

MILES
It is. Good tourism money.
(to Lauren)
I couldn't help notice company on
the island.

MARUSO
Miles doesn't go to the mainland
much.

MILES
I can give you a tour of our
operation tomorrow,
(MORE)

MILES (CONT'D)
(glancing at Maruso)
if you don't have any plans.
(back to Lauren)
Pick you up around ten?

LAUREN
(to Carlos)
Dad, you need me in the morning?

CARLOS
No. Go ahead. Enjoy yourself.

LAUREN
(to Miles)
Ten o'clock is fine.

MILES
Good.

Miles stands and replaces the chair.

MILES (CONT'D)
Well, I've got to get back. Just
thought I'd be neighborly. See you
tomorrow, Lauren.

Miles exits into sitting room. OS DOOR OPENING, CLOSING.

Lauren looks to Carlos.

RUDY
I'll see he's really leaving.

Rudy exits out the kitchen backdoor.

CARLOS
(to Lauren)
Saul probably thinks you'll be the
easiest path to any information.
Of course, you know how to keep
quiet.
(to Maruso)
What do you know about Miles?

MARUSO
Not much to know. His pop runs the
second largest operation on the
island. He knows as much as Saul
himself,
(to Lauren)
but he won't say anything of any
real importance. It'll be a token
tour, rehashing touristy info.
(MORE)

MARUSO (CONT'D)
But he will try to find out why
you're here. Not a very trusting
lot.

CARLOS
She won't be in any danger?

MARUSO
Not from Miles.

OS DOOR OPENING, CLOSING. Rudy appears from sitting room
with an old shoebox he sets on the table and sits down.

CARLOS
(to Maruso)
Who knows he hired you?

RUDY
No one, 'xactly. We needed a
reason for him to be coming to the
lighthouse, so we made up stuff
about him and Lauren.

LAUREN
Now wait a minute--

MARUSO
Nothing torrid. Rudy just
mentioned to a few of the local
gossips we were once involved.

CARLOS
You can work out the details
later. Let's take a look at this
before it turns to dust.

Carlos unlids the shoebox and takes out a worn leather
journal circa 1770 and sets it carefully on the table.

EXT. CLEMENS BOREHOLE 12B -- DAY

Near Borehole 12B, HIGH CAPACITY WATER PUMPING as Two
Workmen man discharge hoses to a small nearby pond.
YEARBRIGHT DRILLING OS.

Miles and Lauren walk safely around Borehole 12B, wearing
hardhats.

MILES
(yelling over noise)
Scheduled tours are planned, but
from a distance!

LAUREN
I'm lucky to be so close!

MILES
...Well, I didn't know how long
you're staying, since you're just
visiting. ...Guess I wanted to
meet you.

LAUREN
I'm flattered.

Miles points at the parts of the drilling operation and
pantomimes MUTED SPEAKING. He and Lauren walk to the
office.

INT. CLEMENS OFFICE

Miles and Lauren enter, he closes the door. WATER PUMPING
OS. YEARBRIGHT DRILLING OS. Miles removes his hardhat,
gestures to a chair for Lauren.

LAUREN
Everything here is so big...and
dangerous.

She removes hardhat, sits down.

He sits behind Saul's desk.

MILES
We're pumping out water from a
recent collapse.

He spreads a map of Island on desk, points at it.

MILES (CONT'D)
This is an aerial view of the
island. Smith's Cove, South Shore
Cove, the original pit site, and
our operation.

LAUREN
You're not drilling in the
original site?

MILES
No. Yearbright has it. We had it,
but our lease expired. Lucy took
over.

LAUREN
Then why dig at all here?

MILES

How much do you know about the pit?

LAUREN

Well, the brochures say a teen boy named Daniel McGinnis and two friends rowed out to investigate the island in Seventeen Ninety-Five, found a depression by a tree with broken ship tackle, and dug it up, thinking of pirate treasure ... But this is more than three teens with shovels.

MILES

It is.

He points to the map's two blue lines.

MILES (CONT'D)

These are flood tunnels that keep the original pit filled with water. Sort of a booby-trap for anyone trying to retrieve the chests. It's impossible to pump all the water out from the tunnels -- although Lucy's trying to -- which means there must be another way to get the treasure out.

He lays a transparency over map showing past digging operation sites.

MILES (CONT'D)

Lots of people worked the area -- so much that the chests aren't in the pit anymore. The flooding from Smith's Cove is strong -- emptying about two thousand liters per minute. Forced through a space the size of the tunnel, the pressure is strong enough to push a large weight quite a distance. We know we're in the right spot now.

LAUREN

So any treasure might not even be in its original location?

MILES

(nods)

Also, Blackbeard had another way--

LAUREN
The pirate Blackbeard?

MILES
It's his long-lost treasure. Other
pirate captains had thrown in with
him, but Blackbeard would've
carried out the operation.

He opens a book on Blackbeard, shows a page with Captain
Blackbeard.

MILES (CONT'D)
We think the pit was either dug as
a distraction -- nothing was ever
hid there -- or if it was, has
been pushed south by the flooding.
That's our strongest theory.

He points at a map blue line.

MILES (CONT'D)
It's probably about here, in the
South Shore tunnel.

LAUREN
Wouldn't the water pressure there
keep it from moving?

MILES
Not when compared to the force
from Smith's Cove.

LAUREN
And if Blackbeard didn't bury it
in the pit at all? Do you have a
map?

He closes the book, studies her.

MILES
No. Do you?

LAUREN
Me? I don't even believe in this
pirate treasure theory.

MILES
Why is Rudy Maddock so interested
in the pit? He barely gave it a
second look 'til a few months ago.
What's your dad really doing here?

LAUREN

I didn't know Rudy was so interested. Dad hasn't seen him in years. They aren't young anymore, you know... That's why you invited me here? You didn't want to meet me.

She walks abruptly to the door. Miles steps before her.

MILES

Sorry, Lauren. That's not why I asked you here. Honest. I'm just so used to people coming to the island only for the pit.

LAUREN

Rudy gives tours of the light, too. It's the only kept light around since Country Island went auto.

MILES

I know, I know. Let me take you out to dinner tonight. Make amends.

LAUREN

I have plans for dinner.

MILES

With Captain Maruso? ...It kinda got around you two were together a few years ago. He's been hanging around Rudy's.

He opens door. PUMPING LOUDER OS.

As they step outside -

MILES (CONT'D)

How about lunch Saturday?

INT. COTTAGE KITCHEN — DAY

Noon. Carlos and Lauren sit at the table. He translates the journal as she takes notes. DRILLING OS, WATER PUMPING OS.

CARLOS

The admiral complains of his ship and the paltry provisions.

(MORE)

CARLOS (CONT'D)

He even says how privateering
would be more profitable than
sailing for the Crown. Jonathon
Stuart, a Royal British Engineer
aboard, shares this view.

LAUREN

Miles asked me out for dinner
tonight. I told him I had plans.
He assumed they were with Captain
Maruso.

CARLOS

I can get along without you
tonight. Get the samples ready and
send them off. I want the test
results ASAP.

LAUREN

I'll do them now.

Carlos slides the journal to her.

Lauren takes a white cloth from her tote beneath the table and spreads it on the tabletop. She sets the journal on the cloth, dons white cotton inspection gloves and uses a pair of preservation scissors to carefully snip a centimeter-square patch from the journal's leather cover back at one edge. She places this in a small plastic bag, seals and labels it. She finds an inconsequential page inside the journal and copies the few ink letters into her notes and labels the location of them from the journal. She then cuts a centimeter square spot from a journal page with ink (that she copied into notes), puts it in another plastic bag and seals and labels it.

CARLOS

Make sure the lab knows we're
under a tight deadline.

LAUREN

I'll catch up on your notes.

She removes gloves and puts scissors and samples into tote. She takes his notebook and exits room with her tote.

INT/EXT. SECOND WIND — NIGHT

Dusk. Second Wind pulls away from the lighthouse dock with Lauren and Maruso aboard.

A moment - Lauren stands at the boat rear, watches the island as the sun sets. Maruso looks on, steers the boat. She pulls her jacket tighter.

MARUSO

He's there.

LAUREN

You know who?

MARUSO

No, but I'm sure someone is.
Probably Miles. Lucy may have
someone watching, too. You cold?

She joins him at wheelhouse.

LAUREN

No. Summer goes down fast out
here.

MARUSO

It's always colder seaside.

LAUREN

I'm sorry to change your plans for
tonight. This whole charade thing
kind of threw me.

She sits down on the bench seat.

Boat rounds the island to the mainland as lights onshore
are seen.

MARUSO

I don't mind. Actually, this is a
good time for you and Dr. Sheldon
to come up. We got holidays coming
up. Canada Day, lots of Scottish
events.

LAUREN

What kind of a time-frame did Rudy
give you?

MARUSO

I'm hired for one month, with an
unchallenged bid on another sixty
days. I had to drop my fulltime
first mate, but by law I gotta
have one to go outta the bay.
...Thought you knew more about
this gig.

LAUREN
I can't call you Maruso or
captain.

MARUSO
Lewis. Long as we're being frank,
I got a few questions, too. First,
what kind of food do you like?

INT. LAUREN'S COTTAGE ROOM — NIGHT

Lauren looks out the window as she pulls the shade, pauses.

Out the window is seen headlights going away amid the trees
toward Clemens.

She pulls shade and changes into sleepwear.

EXT/INT. YEARBRIGHT OPERATION, BOREHOLE 11C/OFFICE — NIGHT

Similar to Clemens Operation, but tidier, over the original
Money Pit site. TWO ARMED GUARDS keep watch.

A light is on in the office trailer. PHONE RINGS OS.

In the Office, cluttered with maps, two desks, two 1995
computers; charts, graphs, and maps on the walls. LUCY
YEARBRIGHT, female, 42, Canadian, blocky build and dirty
blonde hair in a short ponytail beneath her hardhat, a
tough gal, is on the phone.

HEAD ENGINEER, male, 42, stands at the desk.

LUCY
(into phone)
Yes. As soon as... I'd like it
sooner... That will have to do.

She hangs up phone; smiles wryly.

LUCY (CONT'D)
We got it.

Head Engineer nods, grins.

EXT. SMITH'S COVE — DAY

Mid-morning. Lauren and Carlos walk along the Cove, looking
out over the inlet of water.

CARLOS

This could have more to do with the find than the pit itself.

LAUREN

The fake cove, created to keep the pit flooded via the manmade tunnels. ...I don't know, Carlos. If there was anything here it would've been found by now. Operations have already dug up the whole area several times.

CARLOS

They've done the same thing to the pit and never found anything either.

They walk on slowly, keeping "father/daughter" close.

CARLOS (CONT'D)

The tunnel that kept the original pit flooded gulched out here. If there was anything of monetary value buried in the pit, it would've been found by now. Brielle couldn't have buried it there. ...How would he get it out? Unless there was another, safer way in. Now if this flood tunnel could be shut off, they could walk it up to the pit.

He turns, looks inland.

CARLOS (CONT'D)

Perhaps not. It'd be difficult to get a chest through a slot as narrow as the flood tunnel.

LAUREN

It's a big undertaking to pull off without being seen. But no one would have thought it odd to see a British ship hanging around.

CARLOS

But an operation the size it'd take for the pit would attract attention. And the workers themselves.

EXT. LADY GREY (SHIPBOARD), AT SEA ON THE ATLANTIC OCEAN —
1776 — DAY

Flashback begins. Lady Grey is a British Naval ship (sails, wooden), circa 1770s, carrying a total of 120 MEN. ADMIRAL CLAUDE BRIELLE, male, 42, British, stands mid-ship, watching GREY'S CREW going about duties. Some mend rope, some polish hardware, a few looking southwest toward Colonies (early US, mainland out of sight). Two Grey's Crew look suspiciously at Brielle.

CARLOS (V.O.)

How would you go about conducting a large-scale excavation without explaining it to a ship's crew who knew they were sailing for the Colonies? How do you convince them to sail over a hundred miles past, cooperate in a dig, and then keep quiet about it? If only one man in a crew talked, Brielle's secret was out.

A few more Grey's Crew look southwest, then to Brielle.

A moment — Brielle gives them a stiff look.

Grey's Crew break eye contact, go about their duties.

Stuart, now 38, British Engineer, comes up from companionway, sees Brielle.

LAUREN (V.O.)

It would be simple to let Stuart be killed in the privateer attack Brielle said happened. Any crew who wouldn't cooperate could be lost that way, too.

Suspicious Grey's Crew glance at Stuart, who walks across the deck to Brielle.

LAUREN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

He could've promised the loyal ones a cut of the payroll when they went back, or maybe kept them drunk, or maybe they died of disease.

Several Grey's Crew, Loyal to Brielle, look up from their work to Brielle as Stuart pantomimes INDISTINCT SPEAKING.

CARLOS

He'd need only a small crew to manage the ship.

End of Flashback.

EXT. SMITH'S COVE — DAY

Present, 1995, mid-morning. Carlos and Lauren walk to a small dock nearby and sit down.

LAUREN
Carlos, why did we come here? Why
not just have the journal sent to
the museum for tests?

A tourist fishing boat bobs farther out in the Cove.

CARLOS
Brielle vanished for the last time
in Seventeen Eighty-One, long
before the inscribed stone was
found at the ninety-foot mark in
the pit, but his journal uses the
same code.

She hooks her arm under his as they stand up.

CARLOS (CONT'D)
Personally I don't think it's
there. But there's going to be a
lot of preliminary legwork. You
and the Captain can do that
discreetly. Quietly is the only
way to explore something as
over-exposed as this Money Pit.

LAUREN
The two hundredth anniversary is
going to draw lots of attention.

Tourist fishing boat in the Cove heads for the dock.

CARLOS
It'll give you a good excuse to
ask questions without being too
obvious. And we better be quick.

Tourist fishing boat docks.

Carlos and Lauren walk away from the Cove.

INT. LAUREN'S COTTAGE ROOM — NIGHT

Lauren enters carrying notes and research books. She sets these on the bed and finds her sleepwear. She pulls down the shade, pauses, and looks out searchingly.

Out the window, a glint of light in the trees, twice.
Lauren tosses her sleepwear on the bed and exits.

EXT. INCLINE NEAR COTTAGE — NIGHT

Up from the cottage. Lauren walks up the treed slope. A white pickup (with a rear pipe bumper) comes into view.

Miles sits on the lowered tailgate, watches the cottage with binoculars.

Lauren nears from the pickup front, unseen.

LAUREN
What are you doing out here?

Miles startles, lowers binoculars, hops off the tailgate.

MILES
Lauren. What are you doing here?

LAUREN
I asked you first.

MILES
I wanted to see if Maruso came by.
This is a long way to come just to
see an ex-boyfriend.

LAUREN
We kind of fell out of touch,
but... I knew he worked the
island, and Rudy said I should
come up with Dad. Said Lewis asked
about me. Guess I kind of wanted
to see him, too.

MILES
You wanted to see him. I thought
it was the other way around.

LAUREN
Well, he didn't seem to mind me
coming with Dad. I'll have to back
out of lunch Saturday.

MILES
Do you have plans for Canada Day?

LAUREN
We kind of left it open.

He moves to pickup side, near her; she steps back.

MILES

You'll let me know if the holiday
is off between you and Lewis?

LAUREN

Sure.

She heads down the slope to the cottage.

INT. COTTAGE KITCHEN — DAY

Morning. Carlos and Lauren sit at the table working on the
journal and notes. Rudy dozes in a chair nearby. TWO
DRILLING OS.

CARLOS

If Saul Clemens wants Miles to see
you again, Miles will have to
try... And if you won't see him,
Saul may find another way to find
out if we're really here for a
visit.

LAUREN

If I see Miles and Lewis no one'll
take me serious.

He nods and turns a journal page; a widened "X" spreads
across the parchment in lighter ink. Lauren sees.

LAUREN (CONT'D)

Don't tell me there really is an X
marking the spot.

CARLOS

Not quite.

EXT. SECOND WIND — DAY

Bobbing in Mahone Bay water within sight of Oak Island.
Lauren and Maruso sit on deck chairs as she skims her notes
and newspaper articles.

MARUSO

It's all going to be public
knowledge. Won't be anything about
Brielle.

LAUREN

This reporter, Newport, wrote a
lot on the pit in Nineteen
Seventy-Three and 'Seventy-Four.

MARUSO
I remember him.

LAUREN
You remember him? From Nineteen
Seventy-Four, Lewis?

MARUSO
I was in grammar school and we
read the articles in class. When
nothing new was happening, he'd
rehash earlier digs, early as the
Eighteen Forties.

LAUREN
He writes the "pod auger hit
wood..."

EXT. OAK ISLAND, THE TRURO COMPANY DRILLING SITE (MONEY
PIT) - 1849 - DAY

SUPER: THE TRURO COMPANY, 1849

Flashback begins. Oak Island and The Truro Company
excavation as they looked in 1849, with auger-type
drilling. SIX TRURO WORKMEN, ages 28-45, surround the
modest Truro Borehole as the auger pod drops a foot into
the hole, then drops another foot, spinning all the while.

Truro Workmen grin, EXCITED INDISTINCT SPEAKING, shoulder
slapping.

LAUREN (V.O.)
"...dropped through empty space,
rattled through eighteen inches of
loose metal, through wood
again..."

Truro Workmen nod, watch the drill drop again into ground.

LAUREN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
"...more space, loose metal, and
wood again before halting in dirt.
The find of the century is at
hand."

MARUSO (V.O.)
Someone wrote that line every
week. That was the Truro dig. Pit
flooded out. William Chappell
found something like that in
Eighteen Ninety-Seven, but it's
been lost ever since.

DRILL EXHAUST BLASTS. Truro Workmen step back from Borehole. Drill stops, then slowly raises the auger from the hole. Truro Workmen inspect the bit, a few rub fingers on the auger pitches, nod, congratulate each other, certain of success.

End of Flashback.

EXT. SECOND WIND — DAY

Present, 1995. Lauren and Maruso still sitting in deck chairs.

MARUSO

Backers don't back without hope.
Financiers want tangible proof
they can wrap their fingers
around. Besides, treasure hunters
have to dance around the Treasure
Trove Rights with the government.

LAUREN

Carlos said any treasure buried in
the pit would've been found by
now.

MARUSO

Or washed out to sea when the pit
collapsed in Eighteen Sixty-One.

LAUREN

Maybe it was designed to lead away
from a real treasure buried
elsewhere.

MARUSO

Like the Swiss Bank idea?

LAUREN

That would be one way to do it.
Even pirates did; it wasn't very
complex.

She sketches on a piece of paper the sideview of an underground Swiss Bank concept with one shaft and three offshoot tunnels angling up.

MARUSO

Miles convince you it was pirates?
Is it Blackbeard or Kidd this
week?

Finished sketching, she turns the paper for him to see.

LAUREN

The pit is too well-structured to be the work of seventeenth century pirates, Lewis. But Swiss Banks have been found in Haiti and Madagascar.

She shrugs and folds up the paper.

MARUSO

By unconfirmed sources.

She folds the other papers, puts them and the sketch in her beach bag nearby.

He gets them beers from a cooler.

LAUREN

Okay, what's your theory, Captain?

MARUSO

I've heard some good ones.

He hands her a beer.

MARUSO (CONT'D)

You old enough for this?

LAUREN

You're not robbing a cradle.

MARUSO

You've read the theories. Every twig on this island has been linked to a theory at some time. Say the triangle of stones one operation found on the island was a sort of marker, not for the pit, but for a scout party. People trying to escape persecution don't leave highly visible markers -- just something only they can find. Then you got that Kidd map.

She sifts through her bag, brings out an article with the Kidd-Palmer "W.K. 1669" treasure map, skims it.

LAUREN

The antique dealer's map? In the late Sixteen Nineties...

EXT. CARIBBEAN SEA — 1698 — DAY

Flashback begins. On the water, privateer CAPTAIN KIDD on deck of his ship, ADVENTURE GALLEY, as KIDD CREW engages the Moorish ship QUEDAGH MERCHANT in a CANNON BATTLE.

LAUREN (V.O.)
...Kidd captured the Moorish
Quedagh Merchant in the Caribbean.

Kidd wins; KIDD CREW brings up a few chests of the QUEDAGH MERCHANT's pricey cargo. INDISTINCT RAUCOUS CELEBRATING by KIDD CREW.

LAUREN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Over ninety thousand pounds
sterling was removed by Kidd, none
of which was ever handed over to
the British Crown...

End of Flashback.

INT. BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS, DOCKSIDE HOTEL — 1720 — DAY

Flashback begins. Second-story room of a rundown hotel. A FORMER PIRATE, male, 65, ragged, toothless and poor, lays dying in his bed.

Beside him the HOTEL OWNER, female, 50, watches him with disinterest (he owes her money) as her son, 13, looks on.

Former Pirate GASPS, WHEEZES, makes a gesture for the Son to lean closer. Son moves closer to the bedside.

Hotel Owner listens in as Former Pirate SPEAKS MUTED.

LAUREN (V.O.)
In the early eighteenth century a
dying sailor in New England
confessed to being part of Kidd's
crew on the San Antonio. He
claimed he helped Kidd bury two
million pounds sterling on an
uncharted island east of Boston.

Son's eyes grow wide in disbelief as Former Pirate SPEAKS INDISTINCTLY.

Hotel Owner looks both shocked and suspicious.

LAUREN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
The story was picked up by major
coastal newspapers...

End of Flashback.

INT. ANTIQUE SHOP, BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS — 1929 — DAY

Flashback begins. Two Shop Owners, brothers, ages 48-52, spread a map on the shop counter, study it in detail (description as per Kidd-Palmer "W.K. 1669" treasure map). Brothers smile, nod to each other.

LAUREN (V.O.)
 ...in the Nineteen Thirties when a
 map with "W-K Sixteen Sixty-Nine"
 surfaced in a Boston antique
 dealer's shop.

End of Flashback.

EXT. SECOND WIND — DAY

Present, 1995. Lauren and Maruso still sit in deck chairs as she finishes reading aloud.

MARUSO
 Map's a fake.

LAUREN
 How do you know? It looks like it
 marks where those triangles were
 found on the island by one digging
 operation. This doesn't have
 anything to do with the stone
 triangles? They're two different
 things?

MARUSO
 I tell you, the map's faked. But
 maybe there was more work done
 here than just the pit. According
 to that W-K Map, the pit was dug
 or the map marked in Sixteen
 Twenty or Seventeen Eighty. Either
 way, it's altered.

LAUREN
 Why those two years?

MARUSO
 The stones have to do with
 magnetic and true north bearings.
 Got a pen?

She hands him a pen and a copy. He turns over the copy.

MARUSO (CONT'D)

The difference between true and magnetic north changes constantly and some bearings are only accurate at certain times.

He draws a circle.

MARUSO (CONT'D)

The first triangle the stones made points true north, not north by a compass. If it'd been done by magnetic compass there'd be a declination figure -- the variation between true and magnetic north.

He divides circle into pie slices, rests the pen on a slice.

MARUSO (CONT'D)

Magnetic declination has never been zero in this area; there's always been a variation. ...What it boils down to is that the bearings for the triangles were shot off the North Star, but with precision rivaling the best navigation today.

LAUREN

Two parties worked the island at some point before Seventeen Ninety-Five?

MARUSO

Could be. Pizarro was pillaging in the Fifteen Hundreds. A lot of Mezo-American Indians picked up and went somewhere. If they did any work with the limestone Clemens found, it was just to modify existing natural tunnels, and no, I don't think they buried anything valuable; maybe made an underground passage to the mainland. The tunnels Lucy and Saul both found were pieces to an older puzzle, not the pit.

LAUREN

But why isn't the antique dealer's map even a possibility? Aside from the date.

She looks at the Kidd-Palmer "W.K. 1669" treasure map. He points at the words "Mar Del" on the map.

MARUSO

Pure hoax. This right here, "Sea of", means nothing. Nautical maps from sixteenth- and seventeenth centuries used Mar Del Nort for the Atlantic Ocean.

He points at 64 degrees, 18' West on the map.

MARUSO (CONT'D)

And the coordinates used for location, this is marked off of the Royal Greenwich Observatory built in Sixteen Seventy-Five. If the map was marked in Sixteen Sixty-Nine it would have used the old island of Ferro -- now Heirro -- in the Canary Islands as the meridian line, making it located at Three Hundred Sixteen degrees East.

LAUREN

The location reads too new.

MARUSO

Yup. And closer inspection showed that the map was actually a copy, and changed at that.

He grabs them two more beers, sits down across from her. She considers the map, nods.

LAUREN

But what would you think? If you didn't know about Brielle.

MARUSO

You can make a lot of ideas fit. I worked with a guy on the Chester docks who had an idea. The beauty of it is that it needs no substantiation. So generic it could have happened to a hundred different ships from a hundred different ports. Suppose it's the early eighteenth century, around Thirty-Five...

EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN, OFF CUBA/MAHONE BAY/OAK ISLAND — 1735
- DAY

Flashback begins. Eight Spanish ships follow the Gulf Stream. As Maruso narrates:

MARUSO (V.O.)

A Spanish fleet is sailing to the motherland after plundering Cuba, following the Gulf Stream north, common for the time. The ships are heavy with silver and gold.

The Spanish ships encounter a rough storm. SPANISH CREWS fight to stay afloat and ride out the storm.

MARUSO (V.O.) (CONT'D)

They catch a storm hundreds of miles south of Nova Scotia. One ship is separated, driven north by the gale.

One Spanish Ship, alone, is damaged and listing, heading north.

Onboard, SPANISH CAPTAIN SPEAKS INDISTINCTLY WITH NAVIGATOR on the quarterdeck.

MARUSO (V.O.) (CONT'D)

A few days later the winds have calmed, but the vessel is severely damaged. She's taking on water, in bad need of repair. The captain knows they can't hope to rejoin the fleet, wherever it is now. He's not even sure where he is.

Spanish Ship, low in the water, slowly sails into Mahone Bay toward Oak Island.

MARUSO (V.O.) (CONT'D)

They hobble into Mahone Bay, which is uncharted, unpopulated to their knowledge, incurring more damage along the shoals. Ship is grounded on the east end of Oak Island. There're over a hundred crewmen, also common for the time.

Spanish Ship is sailed to the east side of Island and anchored. Longboats lower into the water with ROWERS, BOATSWAIN and SHIP CARPENTER.

Onboard, Spanish Captain, Navigator, and MERCHANT AGENTS SPEAK INDISTINCTLY, gesturing to the hold, then to Island.

MARUSO (V.O.) (CONT'D)

The ship's damage is assessed. It'll take a month to make her seaworthy. Onboard are the usual carpentry tools, including a forge. After repairs, they can either sail to the nearest Spanish colony, Florida, or try to draft the Newfoundland Basin and head to the Azores. Onboard are key personnel likely to accompany a ship; merchant agents owning the cargo, maybe an auditor for the Crown, a mining engineer who supervised work in Mexico. It wouldn't be uncommon. Anyone with an interest in the cargo doesn't want to sail it home on a damaged ship.

On the Island, SPANISH CREW and SHIPMEN begin cutting down trees, making camp, haul water, other needs to live while making repairs on the ship. Spanish Ship is now drydocked, canted, repair-side facing up.

MARUSO (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Plus, without cargo, the ship's lighter, faster, necessary for a lone ship in foreign waters. The island provides freshwater, lumber, and game to support repairs and the crew. It's also comprised of clay, firm enough to forgo cribbing.

On the Island, in the "Money Pit" area, Merchant Agents, SHIP CARPENTER, and Spanish Captain nod agreements.

SPANISH ENGINEER, 50, male, holds a shovel as he walks off measurements heading toward Smith's Cove (present location) as several Spanish Crew follow with shovels and pickaxes.

Spanish Crew digs the Money Pit, fifteen feet deep.

MARUSO (V.O.) (CONT'D)

The Money Pit shaft is dug. Secondary crews branch tunnels to Smith's Cove and maybe South Shore, for flooding. More corridors are tunneled and vaults constructed to hold each merchant's cargo separately. ...Go ahead, say it.

LAUREN (V.O.)
The Swiss Bank theory.

Inside the Money Pit, Spanish Crew digs secondary tunnels horizontally out from the main shaft.

From above, Spanish Engineer watches, wipes his sweaty brow, then looks toward Smith's Cove.

MARUSO (V.O.)
Yes, yes. Anyway, part of the crew has built the cofferdam at mean low tide in both coves. The one at Smith's is used to drydock the ship. The whole operation is meticulously mapped. The cargo can be retrieved by digging straight down through virgin soil, like a Swiss Bank.

Spanish Engineer stands 100 feet away from Money Pit area and makes a map, marking a spot. He looks to the east and walks off measuring thirty feet, marks the map again.

MARUSO (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Or maybe flood gates are set up for future use. Once these are employed, the flood tunnel can be walked, or the pit pumped out.

End of Flashback.

EXT. SECOND WIND — DAY

Present, 1995. Lauren and Maruso stand at the rail, looking out at the Island.

LAUREN
You and a Chester man came up with this?

He nods.

LAUREN (CONT'D)
So then the captain kills off most of the crew and the engineer and sails home under false pretenses to return another day, right?

MARUSO
Not in this version. Care is taken not to leave any sign of activity on the island.

EXT/INT. ATLANTIC OCEAN/SPANISH SHIP — 1735 — DAY

Flashback begins. Spanish Ship is at sea.

MARUSO (V.O.)
 With the repairs finished, the
 ship sets sail. Back in sunny
 Spain, the merchants have
 written-off the cargo as lost or
 plundered. After all, it's been
 three or four months.

Onboard, the Spanish Crew battles terrible leaking problems
 from the hold, obviously losing.

MARUSO (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 A week into their return voyage,
 the ship starts leaking.

In Spanish Ship hold, Spanish Crew works frantically to
 bail out leaking water as bilge pumps run. Coir dunnage
 shifts in the rising water. SPANISH CREW SHOUTS
 INDISTINCTLY.

MARUSO (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Pumps are manned, but it's not
 enough. The weather is rough. The
 ship is now heavy from leaking. In
 haste to depart, the repairs
 weren't properly seasoned. Planks
 swell, buckle, loosen.

On rough waters, Spanish Ship loses the battle of leaking
 water. She's overcome with seawater. Most onboard jump into
 the water to escape.

A few longboats of Spanish Crew float around the sinking
 ship.

Spanish Captain stands tall and forlorn on the main deck,
 watching helplessly.

MARUSO (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 An hour later the whole mess is on
 the ocean floor, maps included.

End of Flashback.

EXT. SECOND WIND — DAY

Present, 1995. Lauren and Maruso stand at the rail, looking
 out over the water.

MARUSO

Of course, it's almost all
circumstantial.

LAUREN

Are there any names in this
theory?

MARUSO

Nope. Purely hypothetical, using
public knowledge of the island.

LAUREN

It's so simple. No government to
vouch for it, or verify that it
didn't happen, given the number of
shipwrecks on the Gulf Stream in
any given year.

MARUSO

No one would believe it. Too
general. Not romantic enough -- no
pirates or Indian or Templars, or
even Vikings. Too probable.

LAUREN

So Brielle's concept isn't so
farfetched.

Second Wind nears Big Tancook waters.

INT. COTTAGE KITCHEN -- DAY

Carlos and Lauren sit at the table, work on the journal.
TWO DRILLING OS. Carlos dabs at his watery eyes with a
tissue.

CARLOS

Brielle mentions the Lady Grey is
in Mecklenburgh waters, one of the
bay's names during his time. He's
already bypassed Port Shannon in
Virginia.

He turns a journal page. Page shows a map of Mahone Bay
sketched in ink. Lauren sees.

CARLOS (CONT'D)

Reduced about thirty percent, this
map would fit exactly.

(skimming reading)

He spent much time convincing
Stuart to take the risks. Their
collaboration begins.

LAUREN

We need only find the map or plans. He'd have to write them down.

CARLOS

Yes, but that's exactly what he did. This is the only map in the journal. Brielle never made a map with an X. He wrote out the directions.

LAUREN

But I saw a large X.

CARLOS

The smudged page. Yes, but there was no island beneath that X.

LAUREN

Every word will count.

CARLOS

I've got my own part to play in our little charade. Rudy plays poker at some gent's house on Wednesdays. I'm invited tonight. Don't laugh; I think if I lose quickly enough they'll deal me out after a few mercy killings.

LAUREN

I'll revise my notes while you're gone.

INT. COTTAGE KITCHEN/SITTING ROOM — NIGHT

In the Kitchen, Lauren pours a glass of iced tea and settles at the table to work on journal and notes. A moment — OS TRUCK DRIVING UP. Lauren quickly stashes her work in the cold oven.

She goes into the sitting room with tea, grabs a magazine and sits on the sofa. KNOCKING OS. Magazine in hand, she opens the front screen door to see Miles.

MILES

Good evening, Lauren. I didn't think anyone was home.

She flicks on the porch light, momentarily blinds him.

LAUREN

You thought I played poker?

Lighthouse beam passes over Miles.

MILES

Well, not that. But I didn't think
your old man would leave you here
alone. You are alone, aren't you?

LAUREN

Yes. Come in?

He steps in, looks around. She closes the door.

LAUREN (CONT'D)

What are you looking for?

MILES

Nothing.

LAUREN

Do you want some tea?

MILES

Sure.

She goes into the kitchen, he eventually follows.

In the kitchen, they sit at the table with iced tea.

MILES (CONT'D)

Canada Day is this Saturday.

(nervous, hesitant)

I suppose you have plans.

LAUREN

I do. Actually, I'm going to be
busy while I'm here.

MILES

You and Maruso sure patched things
up quick enough.

LAUREN

Sometimes things happen that way.

Growing awkwardness.

MILES

How serious is it?

LAUREN

Why are you so interested?

Awkwardness grows. She stands up.

LAUREN (CONT'D)
I think you'd better leave.

MILES
Now, Lauren, I'm sorry.

He stands, reaches for her hand; she eludes him, opens the backdoor for him to leave.

Miles steps into the sitting room, looks it over as Lauren enters from kitchen.

MILES (CONT'D)
I don't give up that easily.

He fingers the knickknacks on the secretary shelf.

LAUREN
I suggest you do.

MILES
Only a week and you two are back together?

LAUREN
It's really none of your business.

MILES
I'll find out why your old man is really here, Lauren. What have you got? A map?

LAUREN
Is that what you're talking about? That damn pit again?

MILES
It's why you're--

LAUREN
Get out.

MILES
You should tell me now. I'll only--

LAUREN
Get out!

He nods and then leaves out the front door. She twists the lock, then leans her back to the door. PICKUP ENGINE STARTS OS, DRIVES AWAY.

INT. COTTAGE KITCHEN — DAY

Lauren and Carlos sit at the table, working on the journal.
DRILLING OS.

CARLOS

New entry dated June One. Brielle
agrees to the plans Stuart draws
up.

EXT. OAK ISLAND, MONEY PIT SITE — 1776 — DAY

Flashback begins. Brielle and Stuart stand around treasure
pit being dug by Grey's Crew. Buckets, ropes, ladders, and
tools are used to dig. The area has fewer trees now, many
cut down for scaffolding and other use. Brielle nods
bemusedly as Stuart SPEAKS INDISTINCTLY.

CARLOS (V.O.)

One Ensign Williams goes to the
mainland with other crewmen to
bring seventy-eight natives to the
island, which they call Port
Gloucester.

ENSIGN WILLIAMS, male, 30, British, leads two lines of 78
MICMAC INDIAN MEN, ages 20-35, chained together, to
Brielle.

CARLOS (V.O.) (CONT'D)

New entry. Two days later. He
describes Stuart's plans as
ingenious and resourceful, but
they will not accommodate his
separate deposit.

Brielle and Stuart glance at Ensign Williams and Micmac,
turn back to pit.

Micmac are frightened, angry, helpless.

Flashback ends.

INT. COTTAGE KITCHEN — DAY

Present, 1995. Lauren and Carlos work at the table on the
journal. DRILLING OS.

CARLOS

(reading)

He writes, "...inland from the
cove, westward.

(MORE)

CARLOS (CONT'D)

Stuart has the mind to make use of a wide sinkhole to discourage curiosity, in a copse of oak." That's the only useful reference.

LAUREN

He expected to find the pit again with that one phrase?

CARLOS

He isn't concerned with the location of the actual pit because he doesn't plan to bury it there. June Eighth...

She adds a note to her sketched map.

EXT. OAK ISLAND, SMITH'S COVE/MONEY PIT SITE — 1776 — NIGHT

Flashback begins. At the Cove, by torchlight, Stuart oversees 40 Micmac stacking rocks and sandbags to dam up the Cove.

From the land working out to the water, 24 Grey's Crew dig the flood tunnel leading from the Money Pit site to the Cove.

CARLOS (V.O.)

"Stuart insists supervising the night shift. Twenty-four of the crew will work the depository under my watch. Ensign Williams today will govern the forty heathen at Small Cove". I would say that's our Smith's Cove. He also calls it South Cove.

At the Money Pit Site, Grey's Crew digs the shaft as Brielle oversees.

CARLOS (V.O.) (CONT'D)

"The sinkhole is widened to a breadth of about a rod." That's roughly fifteen feet. Seems the hole was dug angled to one side, not in the middle of the clearing.

Looking down into the Pit, twenty feet down are Grey's Crew using pickaxes and spades to fill wooden buckets with dirt.

At the top, other Grey's Crew use ropes to pull the loaded buckets up.

CARLOS (V.O.) (CONT'D)
The plans include a flood tunnel from Small Cove. ..He's rambling now about 'stitchery'. No new entry for two pages, but surely this cannot be a single day. The twelve-hour shifts are unbearably long. Brielle and Williams find the location for Brielle's depository.

In the Pit, GREY'S CREWMAN chops a hole in the side of the clay wall.

End of Flashback.

INT. COTTAGE KITCHEN — DAY

Present, 1995. Lauren and Carlos sit at the table, working on the journal. DRILLING OS.

CARLOS
Not their depository, but "my own". Brielle's.

She nods, writing. He rubs his watery eyes.

CARLOS (CONT'D)
No definite location yet. He says the Lady Grey is drydocked just up the beach at Small Cove and soon she'll soon be wearing his flag.

LAUREN
His flag?

CARLOS
Seems Brielle romanticizes his adventure as a sort of piracy.

LAUREN
Let's stop and rest your eyes.

CARLOS
Not now. Brielle had no qualms about enslaving the Micmac from nearby islands. Typical civilized attitude. He never entertained the thought of actually using Stuart's shaft after seeing how it was to be constructed.

Rudy enters from the back door, flushed.

RUDY

Every kid in the province must be on a fieldtrip. I'm surprised Norman Monro is allowing tours. He owns the lots near the Causeway. Last two years he's hardly let anyone in.

Rudy rubs the back of his neck, gets iced tea pitcher from the refrigerator and a bottle of whiskey and a glass.

CARLOS

How much of the island does he own?

RUDY

Roughly the western third.

Rudy makes himself a drink.

PICKUP DRIVES UP OS. Lauren peeks out the window curtains.

LAUREN

Miles is here.

Carlos and Lauren quickly gather journal materials and put them in the sitting room secretary.

She casually leans her back to the sink counter as KNOCKING OS. Carlos sits at the table. Rudy opens the backdoor.

Saul and Miles stand there.

RUDY

Well, well. Saul. Come in.

Saul and Miles enter the kitchen. Strained looks pass between Lauren and Miles. Saul sizes up Lauren, winks.

SAUL

Now I see why Miles is spending so much time over here. Now, Meade,
(to Carlos)
I hear you're interested in the pit.

Rudy gestures to the chairs. Saul and Miles sit at the table as Rudy and Lauren sit down.

CARLOS

Who isn't? Any treasure hunt going on for two centuries is fascinating.

SAUL

Listen, Rudy, I know your friend is here for the pit. I'm here to cut a deal. Now, you have no equipment, but you must have something. We can work together. Share fifty-fifty, after royalties. I can provide men, engineering, pumps, all of it.

RUDY

What are we supposed to supply? We're too old to--

SAUL

You have a map. We'll partner up.

CARLOS

You mean you've got all that equipment but no map? Isn't that an expensive waste?

SAUL

I know you've got a map, Meade. Blackbeard made three.

CARLOS

We don't have any pirate treasure map. Besides, the way that Yearbright woman is going the whole island will go down before anything comes up.

SAUL

She's been here? What'd she offer? She won't honor it. She'll cut you out.

RUDY

Lucy hasn't been over. We have no interest in the Money Pit. Not the type you're suggesting.

Saul stands up.

SAUL

It's safer to work with me than against me, Maddock. You know that.

(glances at Lauren; to Carlos)

Think about it. I'm sure you wouldn't want anything to happen to your girl.

Carlos gets to his feet, jabs a finger at Saul's chest.

CARLOS
You leave my daughter out of this,
Clemens. Keep your son off the
stoop or I'll have him permanently
removed.

Glowering all around.

SAUL
We'll see about that.

Saul and Miles exit out the backdoor, SLAM DOOR. PICKUP
ENGINE STARTS OS, DRIVES AWAY.

LAUREN
(whistles lowly)
I hope he isn't serious, Rudy.

Rudy adds more whiskey to his tea.

RUDY
He can't be.

CARLOS
If he tries anything or if that
son--

LAUREN
They won't. I didn't tell Miles
anything, but he might have made
something up to appease Saul.

RUDY
Miles wouldn't lie to his pappy;
Saul must've decided it was time
for the direct approach.

CARLOS
(to Lauren)
If that boy gives you any trouble,
the Captain puts him in drydock.

LAUREN
I think Miles is safe.

CARLOS
Perhaps, but Saul may not be.

EXT. YEARBRIGHT OPERATION, BOREHOLE 11C — DAY

Lucy and Head Engineer set up LIDAR equipment at Borehole
11C.

Nearby, a sonar waits in a pickup bed. A crane hovers at Borehole 11C as WORKMEN attach long cables.

INT. CLEMENS OFFICE — DAY

Near six p.m. Miles sits before Saul's desk, drinking whiskey, his mood sour. A map of the Island's limestone tunnels spreads on the desk. DRILLING OS.

Saul enters the office, glances at Miles.

SAUL
Lucy's got a new toy.

Miles pours himself another drink, then one for Saul.

MILES
I already saw it.

Saul sits behind the desk. Miles pushes a drink to him. Saul spreads a second map of the Island on the desk.

SAUL
Well?

MILES
I'm not sure. Some sonar-thing,
and a LIDAR. Makes sense.
(as Saul studies map)
Maybe we should just throw a dart.

Saul looks at the half-empty whiskey bottle.

SAUL
You've got little appreciation
for--

MILES
(looking at his drink)
--thirty years of hard work.

SAUL
That's enough.

MILES
I had enough two years ago.

Saul leans back in his chair, estimates Miles.

SAUL
When you sober up we'll take this
outside.

MILES

I'm sober enough. ...Rudy doesn't have a map.

Saul sorts mail, mostly bills as Miles downs his drink.

SAUL

You didn't look good enough.

MILES

I went through every inch of the house. Lauren was with Maruso, Rudy and Meade were doing a tour. Nothing. I'm not bothering Lauren again.

SAUL

Afraid Maruso will beat the hell out of you?

Miles pours another drink for himself.

MILES

Thanks a lot, Dad.

WHISTLE BLOWS OS. DRILLING OS STOPS.

SAUL

Never mind. Maybe you're right.

The drink in Miles' hand stops halfway to his lips as his eyes narrow on Saul.

MILES

What are you going to do?

EXT. SECOND WIND — NIGHT

Lauren and Maruso relax at the boat's rear, watch the Canada Day FIREWORKS over Bay.

EXT/INT. RUDY'S COTTAGE/LAUREN'S COTTAGE ROOM — DAY

Noon. Maruso pulls up in the Jeep, gets out with the mail, and returns Rudy's wave from the lighthouse beacon where he's cleaning windows. DRILLING OS.

In Lauren's Cottage Room, the door is open. She pieces together an aerial view of the Island on the bed.

Maruso stops at the hallway.

Lauren moves the papers on the bed.

LAUREN
Mail? Good. Come in.

Maruso enters and hands the envelopes to her.

MARUSO
This stuff is addressed to you.

She takes the mail, nods, and opens one, skims it.

LAUREN
This is from the museum expert on
heraldic nuances, checking out the
Brielles for us.

They sit on the bed as she skims the letter.

LAUREN (CONT'D)
The seal was Admiral Brielle's
personal seal, not the family's.

She opens and skims second letter.

LAUREN (CONT'D)
The lab reports the ink is India
ink and dates to about Seventeen
Eighty. The paper is a sheepskin
parchment commonly used by naval
personnel. There was a high saline
content count in both paper and
leather cover and it was sewn, not
glued, better for sea travel.

MARUSO
So it's legit?

She nods.

INT. COTTAGE KITCHEN — DAY

Carlos and Lauren work on the journal and notes.

Rudy is seen dozing on the sofa in the sitting room,
SNORING. RAIN OS, TWO DRILLING OS.

CARLOS
Stuart's plans called for a one
hundred seventy-foot hole dug
straight down from the oak tree.

EXT. OAK ISLAND, MONEY PIT SITE TO SMITH'S COVE — 1776 —
DAY

Flashback begins. YOUNG CREWMAN, male, 17, British, carries buckets of water by shoulder yoke up a worn dirt path from the Money Pit site to Smith's Cove, slightly upgrade.

CARLOS (V.O.)
Meanwhile, the flood tunnel from North Cove, now Smith's Cove, was also being dug five hundred feet away at a twenty-two percent gradient.

Young Crewman reaches a barren part of the path that is cleared and heavily worked, where a three-foot-wide trench is being dug by hand spade by 20 Micmac. The dirt is carried away by wooden skids on bumpy stone rails leading to the Cove.

Ensign Williams stands over them with a whip. Micmacs look thirstily at Young Crewman as he approaches. Ensign Williams SNAPS WHIP; Micmac renew digging efforts.

CARLOS (V.O.) (CONT'D)
It was two-and-a-half feet wide by four feet high, serviced by wooden skids to remove dirt, and lined with stones.

As Young Crewman passes Micmacs working, he looks back and sees the trench goes underground at a steeper angle with Micmacs digging inside (most of the trench is underground).

CARLOS (V.O.) (CONT'D)
This will meet the pit Brielle is constructing at about the hundred-foot mark. New entry, note that Brielle mentions digging a second air shaft one-hundred feet north of the pit along the tunnel.

End of Flashback.

INT. COTTAGE KITCHEN — DAY

Present, 1995. Carlos and Lauren work on the journal and notes. RAIN OS, TWO DRILLING OS. Rudy's SNORING STOPS.

CARLOS
(skimming journal)
This is where the flood gate will be located, but he gives no details.

Rudy enters, rubbing his face. He places on the table a hand-drawn map of the Island with a Lighthouse Route marked from 1935.

RUDY

That first air shaft is where a woman fell into an old closed up sinkhole in the late Eighteen Eighties. She was plowing when the ground collapsed four meters.

He points on the map to Cave-In Pit.

RUDY (CONT'D)

Right about here.

CARLOS

What map is this, Rudy?

RUDY

A map my pappy and Grandpap worked up of old lighthouses from the 'Thirties. Afore the war, there was talk of a tourist route of the lights and the town asked my Grandpap to draw up a route. ...That sinkhole, a couple different companies tried to dig it up or blow it up later. They call it Cave-in Pit.

CARLOS

Good. Another identifiable landmark.

(summarizing from journal)

Rain on the twenty-fifth...work is halted. Ah, an insight into Jonathon Stuart. The admiral invites Stuart to his cabin. He tells Stuart that his plans are "fascinatingly complex," to which Stuart, into the liquor by now, admits that not all of his knowledge came from the academy.

EXT. SPANISH PIRATE SHIP/SMALL CARIBBEAN ISLAND — 1764 — DAY

Flashback begins. On the Spanish Pirate Ship, SPANISH PIRATE CREW of 70 SPANISH PIRATES surround Stuart, age 25, who is on his knees and wearing bloodstained British clothing, begging for his life as SPANISH PIRATE CAPTAIN,

40, menacing and battle-stained, stands over him. Spanish Pirate Captain likes Stuart's contriteness.

CARLOS (V.O.)
 Earlier in Stuart's career he had
 the misfortune of being on a ship
 that fell prey to a pirate captain
 sailing to Saint Dominguez,
 present day Haiti.

Spanish Pirate Captain SPEAKS INDISTINCTLY. Stuart nods fervently. Spanish Pirates animate SPEAKING, LAUGHING, some disgusted, some amused. Stuart nods nonstop.

CARLOS (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Stuart accepted forced piracy to
 keep his throat from being cut.

In the water past the Spanish Pirate Ship, another ship flounders, sinks slowly.

Spanish Pirate Captain looks past Stuart to where Two British Engineers, late 20s, ragged and battle-beaten, are slumped, barely conscious.

CARLOS (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 He sailed with them for nearly two
 years, after which he and several
 other engineers escaped when the
 ship was back in French waters.

Scene changes to - Small Caribbean island, sandy and warm, where the Spanish Pirate Ship bobs anchored in a small cove. From the sandy beach, Spanish Pirates walk to a clearing in the tropical trees. Here eight Spanish Pirates are digging a deep (140 feet) shaft, similar to the Money Pit. Stuart is among them, using a pickaxe, as British Engineers use wooden buckets and rope to lift dirt out of the pit.

At the top, Spanish Pirate Captain and a slighter Portuguese Pirate, 35, consult a map showing a Swiss Bank treasure shaft.

CARLOS (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 He tells Brielle he underwent "a
 peculiar apprenticeship" working
 with Spanish and Caribbean
 "buccaneers skilled at limestone
 vaults." These operations were
 much like the pit Stuart devised,
 using flood gates in the air
 shafts to stop the tunnel waters
 to retrieve the treasure from the
 pit.

In the pit, SPANISH PIRATE at the bottom sinks his spade into the ground, where it stops with a JARRING THUD.

Spanish Pirate looks up as Spanish Pirate Captain and Portuguese Pirate look over the pit edge.

SPANISH PIRATE
Caliza! Caliza! Calcário!

Spanish Pirate Captain smiles, CHUCKLES. Portuguese Pirate nods, writes on the map.

End of Flashback.

INT. COTTAGE KITCHEN — LATE DAY

Present, 1995. Carlos, Lauren, and Rudy sit at the table with the journal and notes. RAIN OS, TWO DRILLING OS.

CARLOS
Stuart originally wanted to try this, but it required more manpower and time than Brielle deemed necessary.

Disbelief from all.

LAUREN
It was pirate technology? They knew how to design something like this?

Carlos cleans his glasses, replaces them.

CARLOS
I didn't think it possible either.

RUDY
Amazing.

CARLOS
Entry dated June Twenty-Nine. The pit is complete.

INT. LADY GREY, CAPTAIN'S CABIN — 1776 - NIGHT

Flashback begins. Brielle and Stuart sit at a table savoring a lavish meal (for where they are), both drinking and enjoying their conspiracy.

Stuart writes on a map he's drawn, marking Oak Island. He then copies the map onto another parchment.

CARLOS (V.O.)
 The flood tunnel is nearly finished. Brielle makes plans to celebrate, asking Stuart to his cabin for an extravagant meal. They discuss technicalities; Stuart details two maps of the pit area.

Brielle pulls an oil lamp closer, removes the glass dome with a flourish.

End of Flashback.

INT. COTTAGE KITCHEN — LATE DAY

Present, 1995. Carlos, Lauren and Rudy sit at the table as Carlos skims the journal. RAIN OS, TWO DRILLING OS.

CARLOS
 ...That son of a... In all his vainglorious, pompous stupidity. To prove how much he trusted Stuart, Brielle burned his copy of the map that night.

RUDY
 Stuart had the only map?

Carlos takes out his pipe, lights it, puffs angrily.

CARLOS
 Brielle didn't need a map; just the island with his own separate cache and this blasted diary. A valuable artifact, up in smoke.

LAUREN
 He was only trying to prove a point with Stuart.

CARLOS
 Yes, yes. ...Stuart is impressed with Brielle's gesture of good faith...

INT/EXT. LADY GREY, CAPTAIN'S CABIN / ISLAND SHORELINE — 1776 — NIGHT

Flashback begins. Series of shots:

1. In Brielle's cabin, he holds his copy of the map as it burns. Stuart looks on, surprised, now fully trusting

Brielle. Brielle places the burning map in a metal bowl. He opens another bottle of wine and pours him and Stuart each a glass.

As V.O. continues, Brielle and Stuart toast, drink, and Stuart gets drunk.

CARLOS (V.O.)
...and proposes a toast. This
leads to quite a drinking bout.

Stuart, drunk, stumbles out of Brielle's cabin. A moment - Ensign Williams appears in the open doorway, glances after Stuart, then looks at Brielle. Brielle nods.

CARLOS (V.O.) (CONT'D)
After Stuart has staggered to his
own cabin, Brielle and Williams
prepare two chests.

2. In Brielle's cabin fore room, Brielle and Ensign Williams fill canvas bags with sterling silver coins from a wooden chest (4x3x2.5 feet) bearing Royal British insignia. They fill two smaller wooden sea chests (3x2x2) with the canvas bags. The two chests are locked and fastened with chains.

CARLOS (V.O.) (CONT'D)
No size is given on the chests;
simply two chests. He and Williams
put two million pounds sterling in
canvas bags and put these into the
chests.

3. At the Island shoreline, two longboats are hip-deep in the water, each with five Micmacs and one chest, with Brielle in one, Ensign Williams in the other. At sword point, the Micmacs row the boats, keeping close to the Island.

CARLOS (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Ten natives are used to transport
the chests by cart to what he
calls his private depository.

4. At the Lady Grey, still docked, but out of drydock, the Grey's Crew revel and drink, SINGING SHANTIES and LAUGHING. Against the moonlight, a black flag with a plain white X is raised over the Lady Grey.

CARLOS (V.O.) (CONT'D)
The crew has been given a holiday
and free license on the ship's
liquor earlier that day.
(MORE)

CARLOS (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Brielle's black flag is raised to
discourage mainlanders.

Scene dissolves as Grey's Crew SINGING is heard.

End of Flashback.

INT. COTTAGE KITCHEN - LATE DAY

Present, 1995. Carlos, Lauren, and Rudy sit at the table
with the journal and notes. RAIN OS, TWO DRILLING OS.

CARLOS
A black flag.

RUDY
(cackles)
He did it. Damn, he really did it!
Uniform and all, he went pirate!

LAUREN
(to Carlos)
He used the flag as a dissuasion?

Carlos nods, skims the journal.

CARLOS
Indeed he did. He skips right to
the deposit. He orders Williams to
kill two of the Micmac. He
threatens the others. No location
yet. A tunnel is dug, the chests
buried, and the tunnel refilled.

EXT/INT. ISLAND SHORELINE/ISLAND AT LADY GREY/CAPTAIN'S
CABIN - 1776 - NIGHT

Flashback begins. Series of shots:

1. At the Island Shoreline, Brielle and Ensign Williams,
dirty and rumpled, kill the remaining eight Micmac men and
toss their bodies into the Bay water.

CARLOS (V.O.)
He and Williams kill the rest of
the natives and throw them into
the water on the south side of the
island. They return to the ship
before sunrise.

2. At the Lady Grey, Grey's Crew is passed out on the ground, bottles in hand. Brielle and Ensign Williams dock the longboats and coming ashore.

Brielle and Ensign Williams board the ship, where more of Grey's Crew sleep on the deck.

Brielle and Ensign Williams walk to the captain's quarters.

CARLOS (V.O.) (CONT'D)
The crew is passed out. Brielle
and Williams go to Brielle's
cabin.

3. In Brielle's Cabin, Brielle and Ensign Williams open the Royal British chest and look inside. It's one-sixth full of canvas bags, with silver and copper coins spilled amongst.

CARLOS (V.O.) (CONT'D)
There they prepare a larger sea
chest for burial the next day.

End of Flashback.

INT. COTTAGE KITCHEN — LATE DAY

Present, 1995. Carlos, Lauren, and Rudy sit at the table with the journal and notes. RAIN LOUD OS, dark early.

LAUREN
(to Carlos)
Another chest?

RUDY
The dud. The one meant to be
found.

He removes his glasses, eyes watering. She shuffles papers.

LAUREN
Let's take a break, Dr. Sheldon.
Lewis will be here with soon.

CARLOS
We'll continue after supper.

Lights flicker, THUNDER BOOMS. Lauren looks to the window.

RUDY
The light's on a generator, so the
beam won't go out.

LAUREN

The Second Wind is coming right
into the rain.

RUDY

Captain Maruso knows what he's
doing.

LAUREN

I'm going to get some air before
the rain gets worse.

EXT/INT. RUDY'S COTTAGE/LIGHTHOUSE — NIGHT

RAIN, WIND, THUNDERSTORM DEVELOPS. Lauren exits cottage and
heads for the lighthouse, goes in. Beam sweeps yard.

In the Base Room, she looks around, shakes off rain. STORM
WINDS GROW IN FORCE. She climbs the winding staircase.

In the Beacon Room, the prism is blinding white at the
shine side. Lauren reaches the landing, looks around,
switches on a small NOAA/NWR radio.

RADIO (V.O.)

...Marine storm warning in effect.
Wind gusts of forty knots
expected. Small craft curfew.
Large craft advisory...

RADIO CRACKLES, BUZZES. Lauren lowers the volume and goes
to southwest side of the room.

Out the window, wind-whipped rain sheets against the glass.
A boat running lights appear on the Bay water, bobbing and
closing in.

LAUREN

Be careful, Lewis.

Beacon shines on the waters, shows trees bent under the
gale, rain sideways. ROAR OF WIND. RADIO BUZZ CUTS OUT.

Out the window, Lauren sees the cottage lights go dark.
LOUD POUND OS. She looks to the staircase, then out the
window.

In the yard, the blurry shape of a pickup stops in the
driveway and an indistinct figure (Saul) gets out.

LAUREN (CONT'D)

No... No!

In the darkened Base Room, Lauren races down the staircase and grabs door to whip it open, but it won't move. She twists the knob, wrestles with it, but the doorknob moves freely. She rushes to the window that's painted-over, rubs a small spot, sees outside.

Cottage lights are out, but a flashlight beam moves inside the kitchen window.

LAUREN (CONT'D)
Carlos! Rudy!

POPPING SOUNDS OS. She looks to staircase, then window. She POUNDS on the window.

LAUREN (CONT'D)
Carlos!

STORM GETS LOUDER. Lauren finds a metal closet, rummages through it, finds a shovel. WHOOSH OF FIRE OS. She looks to the staircase and runs up it.

In the Beacon Room, smoke fills as a fire blazes at the electrical panel. Lauren rushes in and finds a fire extinguisher near the staircase and uses it to extinguish the fire. Room is smoky.

She COUGHS, makes her way down the staircase. Beacon light is out.

At the Base Room window, the flashlight beam is seen moving through the cottage upstairs.

Lauren, COUGHING, uses the shovel to break the window to discover it's too small to get through, cutting her palm in the process. She WINCES, then attacks the door with the shovel. After a moment of hacking, the door's open enough for her to squeeze through.

Outside the Lighthouse in the sheeting rain, she sees the elm tree, bent, lodged against the door. THUNDER CRASHES. She runs to the cottage, opens the backdoor.

INT. COTTAGE, KITCHEN/SITTING ROOM/SECOND FLOOR — NIGHT

Lauren pauses in the dark kitchen, gropes for the emergency flashlight from the wall port near the door. She moves aside Rudy's jacket hanging there to show the electrical panel. She opens it, shines the light on old the fuses, sees one tripped and SNAPS it back. Light floods kitchen from overhead and sitting room lamp. STORM RAGES OS. She looks warily around, then to her left palm. Her hand is sliced along the lifeline, but not deeply. She winds a dish towel around it. She sniffs air, frowns.

LAUREN

Carlos?

Lauren enters the Sitting Room. Rudy dozes on the sofa, Carlos in a chair. Both look placed. She glances up the stairs, checks Rudy and Carlos' pulses, and then heads up the staircase.

Lauren cautiously walks down Second Floor Hallway, sees drying footprints of a man's boots on the wooden floorboards. She looks into the bathroom, into Carlos' room and then into her room; sees no one.

Lauren returns to the Sitting Room and goes to Carlos.

LAUREN (CONT'D)

Carlos?

She shakes him, she frowns and sniffs.

LAUREN (CONT'D)

Carlos, wake up. Dr. Sheldon.

CARLOS

(groggily)

Sign it in, dear.

LAUREN

Carlos. Wake up. Are you okay?

(inhaling)

Ugh, what is that?

She looks to Rudy, who SNORTS, SNORES, scratches himself.

BACKDOOR OPENS OS.

Lauren spins to face the kitchen.

MARUSO (O.S.)

Hello? Lauren? Carlos? Rudy?

DOOR SHUTS OS.

Maruso, drenched with rain and holding soggy takeout dinner bags, appears in the kitchen doorway.

LAUREN

Oh, it's you. You're soaked.

MARUSO

Jeep's fuel line is cut. What happened here? The light isn't...
What happened to your hand?
...What's going on, Lauren?

RAIN SUBSIDES TO DOWNPOUR, WIND LESSENS.

LAUREN

A tree fell against the lighthouse door and trapped me. But them... I think they're drugged. It smells sweet.

MARUSO

I'll check upstairs. Stay--

LAUREN

I already did. No one.

Maruso feels Rudy and Carlos' necks for pulses.

MARUSO

I think they're okay. Let's sit down a minute.

In the Kitchen, RADIO PLAYS TINNY CABARET MUSIC IN FRENCH. Lauren and Maruso sit at the table as he threads a needle with dental floss. Lauren has a glass half full of whiskey. The whiskey bottle and a first aid kit are nearby. A window is open a few inches.

MARUSO (CONT'D)

You sure you don't want to go to a clinic for this?

LAUREN

We're supposed to keep this hushed.

MARUSO

I see Rudy's got the very basics.

LAUREN

Floss?

MARUSO

Strong, flexible, and waterproof. My bet is someone used a chloroform pod. It's fading quick.

LAUREN

At least everything is still here.

MARUSO

I saw that tree against the lighthouse door when I came in. It didn't fall by itself. I'd say something ran into it.

He stitches her cut palm with needle and floss.

LAUREN

It wasn't a big tree, but it would have damaged a car.

MARUSO

Yeah, but a pickup could get away with less damage. And it couldn't naturally lodge against the door that well. Isn't heavy enough. It was wedged there.

CARLOS (O.S.)

Captain?

LAUREN

We're in here.

She stands up. Maruso pulls her back down.

MARUSO

Sit tight, Doctor.

Lauren goes into sitting room.

LAUREN (O.S.)

How are you feeling, Carlos?

Maruso SIGHS, refills Lauren's glass from the bottle, takes the glass and bandages into the sitting room.

MARUSO (O.S.)

Drink this. I'll be right back.

CARLOS (O.S.)

Captain...? What time is it?

LAUREN (O.S.)

The clocks are off a few minutes. Where are you going, Lewis?

Maruso enters Kitchen and takes a fire extinguisher from cupboard.

MARUSO

To the lighthouse. Storm's dying away, but it's still a nasty night without the light on.

LAUREN

It might catch fire again.

MARUSO

I'll just look at the circuitry.

He goes out the backdoor.

She turns to the sitting room.

EXT. RUDY'S COTTAGE — DAY

The storm's ravage leaves bent trees and loose shingles. Lauren straightens the cottage's welcome mat. Her injured hand is wrapped.

Miles' pickup drives up, stops and he gets out, meets Lauren near the porch.

MILES

I just stopped by to tell you
Lucy's dynamiting Smith's Cove day
after tomorrow at five.

LAUREN

Hasn't that been done already?

MILES

A couple times. Never plugged the
flood tunnel before. I don't see
why it would now. But you can't
tell Lucy that. Or anything else.

CLEMENS DRILLING OS STARTS. She looks that way.

LAUREN

I suppose you're used to it all.

MILES

I'm sick of it.

LAUREN

Then why do you stay? Let Saul dig
it out himself. He's had you
trapped here for how long? Twenty
years?

MILES

I can leave. I'm not trapped.

He sees her bandaged hand

MILES (CONT'D)

Sorry to hear about your accident.
You had a fire?

LAUREN

Kind of. Lewis said it was
probably old wiring.

MILES

Glad it wasn't too serious.

LAUREN

Me, too.

He looks like he wants to say more, then heads back to the pickup.

MILES

See you, Lauren.

Miles gets in pickup, waves to her; she waves back as he backs up and leaves.

INT. LIGHTHOUSE BEACON ROOM — DAY

Maruso kneels at the beacon circuitry board, inspects singed wires. Lauren kneels beside him, cleaning a loose wire with wire strippers. Electrical blueprints are spread out on the floor beside Maruso.

LAUREN

They've been grouchy all morning.
Some chloroform hangover. Carlos
mentioned I should go back.

He blows on a wire he holds, turns to the circuitry.

MARUSO

Maybe you should.

LAUREN

You said there was no evidence of
arson; probably just old wiring.

MARUSO

Trapping you in a burning room
puts a new edge on this whole
thing. Don't ignore the danger and
don't say it wasn't Saul. You know
it was.

She hands him the wire.

He uses it to patch a section of burnt wires, then tapes them together.

LAUREN

Can you fix it?

MARUSO

I think it'll hold for a while.
...Miles' pickup has a fresh bend
in its rear bumper. A pipe bumper.

(MORE)

MARUSO (CONT'D)

I saw it when he came up to the Jeep. I think Saul pulled that stunt last night, not Miles. He probably knew his old man was up to something, but I don't think he knows everything. He's a slow pot to simmer.

She watches him work, then looks to the prism.

EXT/INT. CLEMENS OPERATION/CLEMENS OFFICE — LATE DAY

Evening. Workmen leave Borehole 12B as Miles gets out of his pickup and stalks to the office trailer.

Inside the office, Saul sits leaning over a map on his desk. TWO ENGINEERS look on.

Miles bursts into the room, pissed.

SAUL

--six meters, give or take...

(sees Miles; to
Engineers)

All right, that's it. We'll cover the rest tomorrow.

Engineers exit.

Miles stands across from Saul's desk.

MILES

Did you set that fire?

SAUL

Of course not.

MILES

You did.

SAUL

You know I didn't. I watched, locked her in the tower when she came out. Nothing more to her, Miles.

Saul pours two whiskeys, sets one before Miles.

SAUL (CONT'D)

You know I wouldn't torch that girl.

Miles turns away, conflict evident on his face.

Saul leans back, takes a drink, considers Miles.

SAUL (CONT'D)
Is that what she put in your head?
That your old man did it?

Miles turns around.

Saul nods to the drink.

MILES
(shaking his head)
She didn't mention you. Maruso
told her it was old wiring.

Saul sits forward, attention on the charts before him.

SAUL
Then that's what it was.

On Miles' face, we see his loyalties are in trouble.

INT. COTTAGE KITCHEN — DAY

Five p.m. Lauren goes through paperwork at the table with Carlos. Rudy deals solitaire. RADIO PLAYS RECORDED INTERVIEWS. TWO DRILLING OS.

SAUL (V.O.)
(over radio)
...I can't give specifics, Matt,
but this new evidence shows what I
know is true...

Rudy LOWERS RADIO VOLUME.

RUDY
That could be a lot of things.

CARLOS
What could he have possibly gotten
from us? Everything we had was
locked in the secretary and is
still here.

LAUREN
If he went through our personal
things he knows our real names.

CARLOS
If so...we're frauds. Nothing
more. No maps, charts.

RUDY

Every kid on the lighthouse tours
has a map, Carlos. Some dot-to-dot
contest in the newspaper comics.

Carlos nods "good enough" as Lauren skims a letter.

CARLOS

Where are we now, Lauren?

LAUREN

According to Brielle's estate, he
was acquitted after a trial for
treason. Shamed, he took a ship
and disappeared in June of
Seventeen Eighty. That's it.

CARLOS

The Naval Registry recants that.

LAUREN

(reads another letter)
According to their records...

EXT/INT. OAK ISLAND NEAR LADY GREY/STUART'S QUARTERS/LADY
GREY MAIN DECK/BRITISH SEAPORT — 1776-1777 — DAY

Flashback begins. Mid-morning, 1776.

1. On shore, drunken Grey's Crew awake, stagger back aboard
ship.

Series of shots:

LAUREN (V.O.)

The Lady Grey had a one hundred
twenty men crew when she left in
September of Seventeen
Seventy-Six. Also aboard was
Jonathon Stuart...

2. In Stuart's quarters, he's sleeping in his berth, still
fully clothed, with dried vomit on his shirt.

LAUREN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

...formerly of the Royal British
Engineers.

3. On the ship's main deck, Brielle, cleaned up but weary,
stands at the ship rail with his hands behind his back,
watching in disdain as Grey's Crew clumsily climb ladder to
ship topside. Ensign Williams also looks on.

LAUREN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Brielle was to drop ninety
 laborers off at Port Shannon,
 Virginia, Stuart included, and a
 payroll of two-point-two million
 pounds. It was old money, silver
 coins and old copper farthings.

CARLOS (V.O.)
 Then that's what we need to see
 and verify from the British Royal
 Revenue Library.

LAUREN (V.O.)
 There's no record of the Lady Grey
 reaching Port Shannon.

4. At a British Merchant Seaport in winter 1777, the Lady Grey slowly drifts to the docks, careworn and under torn sails, with a bony, disease-ravaged 18 Grey's Crew.

Brielle leans heavily at a mast post, dull eyes searching the docks.

LAUREN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 She turned up in a British port in
 December Seventeen Seventy-Seven
 with a crew of eighteen, plus
 Brielle, suffering from numerous
 disorders.

As the Lady Grey pulls portside of a dock, the DOCK MASTER, male, 50, British, warily watches Brielle and Grey's Crew as ropes are tossed to tie up the ship.

Brielle nods to the Dock Master.

Dock Master stiffly summons waiting FOUR BRITISH OFFICERS at the town side of the dock.

LAUREN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Most died of their illnesses.
 Brielle was tried and convicted of
 treason and sentenced to hang in
 Seventeen Eighty...

End of Flashback.

INT. COTTAGE KITCHEN — DAY

Present, 1995. Five-thirty p.m. Lauren sits at the table with Carlos as Rudy plays solitaire. TWO DRILLING OS.

LAUREN
(reading letter)
...but escaped and was never taken
into custody again.

AIR HORN RIPS OS, an EXPLOSION OS. Everything RATTLES.

RUDY
That'll be Yearbright.

CARLOS
Quite the noise.

RUDY
Everything around here is noise.

CARLOS
(skims journal)
It's early the next morning. The
Thirtieth. Brielle and Williams go
to Stuart's cabin.

INT/EXT. LADY GREY, CAPTAIN'S CABIN/MONEY PIT SITE - 1776 -
DAY

Flashback begins. Brielle and Ensign Williams stand over
the open Royal British chest, which is now empty. They load
it with thick metal chain until three-quarters full.
Brielle and Ensign Williams add the loose silver and copper
coins on top the chain in the chest.

LAUREN (V.O.)
Brielle states Stuart has made a
"mess of himself," not being a
drinking man. Brielle and Williams
return to his quarters, where they
fill the large chest with chain,
topped by loose half-penny
farthings and what he calls
"enough old shillings to appear
appropriate."

KNOCKING on cabin door; Brielle opens it to find Stuart, in
clean clothes but disheveled and wobbly, leaning on a
walking stick. Brielle gestures Stuart in.

Stuarts steps in, unsteady, but he livens a bit when he
sees the chest of coins. He pokes the walking stick into
the chest, wiggles it, retracts stick.

LAUREN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Stuart arrives, not quite sober,
but has wits enough to stick a
cane into the chest to test for a
false bottom. Satisfied, the chest
is locked.

Brielle closes chest lid and locks the chains and padlocks
around it.

A DRUNKEN CHORUS OF SHOUTS OS.

Brielle looks to Ensign Williams, nods.

Ensign Williams exits the room.

Flashback travels to the Money Pit Site. Brielle, Stuart,
Ensign Williams, and four Grey's Crew (hungover) lower the
chained Royal British chest by ship's tackle from an Oak
tree down into the Pit depths to the 130-foot-deep wooden
platform.

In the Pit depths, Stuart descends by rope and detaches the
rope from the chest. He is lifted out of the Pit.

At the surface, Brielle directs Crewmen to pour buckets of
cement into the Pit.

CARLOS (V.O.)
The chest is placed in the pit and
cement poured on top. They let
this set until the evening, during
which the crew has free access to
the ship's liquor. Brielle and
Stuart put a metal plate on top of
the set cement and construct a
wooden platform at the
one-hundred-foot mark. This is
where the flood tunnel enters the
shaft.

CUT TO:

Dusk. The Pit is filled with dirt to the 100-foot depth.
Brielle looks at Stuart, now soberer, who carries the
Inscribed 90-Foot Stone.

Stuart carefully ties the stone onto a rope and lowers it
by hand to the wooden platform in the Pit.

At the Pit bottom platform, Brielle watches the Stone
lowered, then positions it on the platform, stands, looks
warily to the shaft walls.

CARLOS (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Stuart has left two feet of earth
undisturbed at the wall of the pit
where the tunnels meet. If
activated, the force of the
seawater will push through the
remaining wall into the pit.
Brielle remarks that he is "in the
belly of the earth."

Brielle motions to the top and a wooden seat lowers by rope
to take him out.

End of Flashback.

INT. COTTAGE KITCHEN — DAY

Present, 1995. Lauren and Carlos sit at the table with the
journal and Rudy. DRILLING OS.

CARLOS
(skims text)
Another ten feet of dirt is
filled. This is the coded part,
Lauren. Copy it down exactly.

Lauren sees the Inscribed 90-Foot Stone code.

LAUREN
Forty feet below two million
pounds are buried.

CARLOS
(reading)
"Stuart included the inscription
on his useless map, lest we forget
the water trap." The flood gate
was located forty feet below the
surface in the second air shaft
one hundred fifty feet north of
the pit. It was to be dug forty
feet down and activated ten feet
above the tunnel.

RUDY
Lucy has an exclusive lease on
that whole flood tunnel parcel for
years.

CARLOS
If it comes to that, we'll see if
we can find a way to work with
her.

RUDY

Good luck.

LAUREN

Well, there's some treasure in the pit at least. If he put roughly two million in the first two chests he would have about two-hundred-thousand pounds left for the largest chest.

RUDY

Lucy'll have to be satisfied. She's not going to like those chains.

EXT. SMITH'S COVE — DAY

Six p.m. The flood tunnel ground from Smith's Cove to the Yearbright Operation is blown up between midpoint and beach. Lucy, Head Engineer and Four Workmen assess their success through the mud. A backhoe, crane, and bulldozer stand by.

INT. LIGHTHOUSE BEACON ROOM — NIGHT

Dusk. Lauren watches the beacon go through warm-up, BEACON HUMS. Along the wall, she sees Rudy's Bronze Dustpan Awards, photos from the lighthouse's early days and framed articles. She looks out a window at the Bay.

FOOTSTEPS OS.

She looks to the staircase.

Miles appears. He holds up a hand.

MILES

Now before you tell me to go to hell, let me say a few words.

LAUREN

Miles, please--

MILES

I apologize for what I said at Rudy's last week, and for all the accusations about you and your old man and the pit. Honest. ...Just saying sorry.

LAUREN

Okay. Forget it.

MILES

And, I apologize for my old man coming over. He had no right to threaten you or be an ass.

LAUREN

Thanks. Lewis will be here soon, Miles. Thanks for coming by...to settle things.

MILES

I can stay 'til this comes on, in case of another fire.

LAUREN

It's fine. No need.

MILES

Well, just in case--

MARUSO (O.S.)

She said she can handle it, Miles.

Maruso appears at staircase, walks to Lauren, kisses her soundly.

LAUREN

(to Maruso)

You're late.

MARUSO

(to Miles)

Don't you have a hole to dig?

Miles glances at Lauren, then exits down staircase.

LAUREN

That was rude.

MARUSO

It wasn't that bad of a kiss. Oh, Miles? So is putting a golfball in my boat's fuel tank. I'd been here sooner but the damn thing stalled all the way. Guess that would have put a damper on Miles' little ambush.

Beacon illuminates. They avert their eyes, head for stairs.

EXT. OAK ISLAND/LIGHTHOUSE — NIGHT

STORM RAVAGES Island, lighthouse. DESTRUCTIVE GALE FORCE WINDS WHISTLE, SHEETING RAIN. Beacon glows steadily.

EXT. OAK ISLAND — DAY

A wet, soggy morning. Series of shots:

1. BOREHOLE 12B is puddled with water, the pump pond overflowing, scaffolding loose, equipment strewn.

As cameraview crawls over Island, LUCY YEARBRIGHT V.O. IS HEARD.

2. BOREHOLE 11C is sturdy but wet, some water standing, equipment idle.

LUCY YEARBRIGHT (V.O.)

(over radio)

I believe he could be right on that part. Saul Clemens has been wrong about a lot of things the last few years, but he's probably right on that. We had over one thousand liters of water coming into the pit every minute, Matt. That's a lot of pressure, enough to push a sizable mass some distance, especially when you consider the length of time the Smith's Cove flood tunnel has been active.

3. Flood tunnel area from Smith's Cove is under rainwater.

4. Lighthouse and cottage are intact, but windblown. Second Wind is seen at the dock.

LUCY YEARBRIGHT (V.O.) (CONT'D)

(over radio)

...He's right; any treasure buried in the pit has migrated south, but not as far as he's saying. Any bulk would move ten to fifteen meters, not the hundreds he's been claiming.

5. Causeway is half washed out by rain and sea, impassable. Boats dot the Bay for cleanup, transportation.

LUCY YEARBRIGHT (V.O.) (CONT'D)

(over radio)

...Good question, Matt, but I don't know what goes on in his mind these days. If he's got a map, he's got a map.

INT. COTTAGE KITCHEN — DAY

Rudy and Carlos eat breakfast at the table. Lauren enters, looks back to sitting room, then glances at RADIO PLAYING.

RADIO NEWSCAST (V.O.)
...The Causeway servicing Oak Island was privately owned. Boat owners are asked to avoid the area until cleanup is finished.

LAUREN
That's why Lewis is on the sofa?

RUDY
Yep. Told him not to try going back.

LAUREN
...No drilling. No pumps?

Maruso appears in kitchen doorway, looking groggy.

MARUSO
Not yet. Saul has to react to Lucy and the storm now, and Lucy probably has to pump out whatever new work she's done.

Rudy changes the radio station.

SAUL (V.O.)
(over radio; irate)
...only as legitimate as its sources, and that's what this map is. I'll not go into it on air, but some unscrupulous people will go to any length to make a dollar. Naturally, I've stopped payment on that transaction.

RUDY
Can't save face on stolen goods, Saul.

Rudy switches radio to previous station, lowers volume.

CARLOS
(to Lauren)
Rudy has a theory about Saul's evidence.

RUDY
I got a map missing.

MARUSO

What map?

RUDY

The sketch of proposed lighthouse sites. That's what Saul Clemens got his hands on.

CARLOS

If that's it, we're lucky.

HEAVY DUTY EQUIPMENT AND CRANE MOTORS START UP OS.

MARUSO

Well, they're at it again.

YEARBRIGHT DRILL STARTS OS.

EXT. YEARBRIGHT OPERATION, BOREHOLE 11D - DAY

Yearbright and Head Engineer stand at Borehole 11D as a DRILLING RIG brings up a core sample (6-inch split bit). She cranks out the bit, carries it to a work table, cracks it open and inspects it. Head Engineer looks on.

INT. COTTAGE KITCHEN - DAY

Seven p.m. Carlos and Lauren work on the journal, Rudy watching. DRILLING OS. YEARBRIGHT DULL WHINE DRILLING RISES OS. WHINE STOPS.

RUDY

That was Lucy's drill. Core sampling, probably.

SERIES OF TIGHT, STUNTED, HIGH-PITCHED DRILL SHRIEKS OS. Rudy closes the window, sits at the table and deals solitaire.

RUDY (CONT'D)

Well, they're going through it, or at least taking a sample.

CARLOS

How long will it take?

RUDY

If it's only a sample, a couple hours. If they're going through it, a day, 'til they break enough bits to decide it's a boulder and better to go around.

LAUREN

Too long.
 (to Carlos)
 Do you want to wait until this
 evening? It might be quieter then.

He shakes his head.

CARLOS

I don't think you want to, either.

He turns the journal for her to see a coded part on the page.

CARLOS (CONT'D)

Using the previous code and I-B-M
 rendering, this translates as
 "Northwest Cove. Port Gloucester,
 Mecklenburgh. Little sister in the
 Atlantic. Jasper, water and Earth.
 A cubit dry port and two rods."

LAUREN

That's it. That's...all? Those are
 the directions?

Carlos nods.

INT. YEARBRIGHT OFFICE — NIGHT

Lucy leans over her desk. She's dirty and weary but hopeful, hardhat still on. Two two-cup mounds of clay and silt are on the table from the core sample. She divides the first mound with a ruler, sees a dull gray vein, then a trace of copper.

Office door opens and Lucy looks up as PAUL ROBBINS, male, 52, geologist, steps in.

LUCY YEARBRIGHT

You got the lab results, Paul?

He grins, holds up a rolled paper.

PAUL ROBBINS

Twenty-two percent.

Lucy smiles, drops back heavily in her chair and LAUGHS.

EXT/INT. CLEMENS OPERATION, BOREHOLE 12B/OFFICE — DAY

Sunrise. Two Workmen look at the drill and water pumps off.

Workman 2 shines a flashlight into Borehole 12B and sees water is at the 40-foot level.

In the Office, Saul sits at his desk smoking a cigar.

Workman 2 rushes in.

WORKMAN 2
None of the pumps are running. We
got water up to--

SAUL
I know. Let 'em go.

Workman 2 is confused, then realizes.

INT. COTTAGE KITCHEN — DAY

Carlos and Lauren sit at the table working on notes.
DRILLING OS. WATER PUMPING OS. KNOCKING AT DOOR OS.

Rudy enters kitchen from sitting room and opens the
backdoor to see Maruso.

RUDY
No need to knock, Captain.

Maruso enters, puts BAY COAST STAR newspaper on the table.

HEADLINE INSERT: "OAK ISLAND TREASURE FOUND"

Carlos, Lauren, and Rudy react.

RUDY (CONT'D)
Sit down, Captain.

Maruso sits. Carlos and Lauren pull the newspaper closer.
Rudy serves coffee and sits down.

LAUREN
Found?

CARLOS
Lucy isn't wasting time.

RUDY
She can't afford to. Saul stopped
manning his pumps on the
Yearbright side, letting water
drain into her site. We're talking
about a flood tunnel drain, mind
you.

MARUSO

(reads article)

"The first two core samples were taken from below bedrock," Lucy says.

(skims paper)

..."Reports conclude the iron filings are a low carbon material, extensively corroded with a definite saline factor...drawn between the years Fifteen Hundred and Eighteen Hundred, by cold workings."

LAUREN

She doesn't say from what depth.

MARUSO

That would make working too difficult, considering how close she must be to the Clemens.

(reading)

"Yearbright reports trying to obtain more samples from a deeper level, but the hole refilled with loose metal as soon as the bit was brought up."

RUDY

Metal in loose pieces.

CARLOS

The timing couldn't be better. The depository is somewhere on the Joudrey shoreline. If the treasure has been located in the Money Pit, we'll have a better chance at getting the lease and rights we require elsewhere.

MARUSO

You know where it is?

CARLOS

Last night we found a second coded section. He never gives any precise directions. What we've come up with is a cave at least partially submerged, in Joudrey's Cove.

MARUSO

There're no caves above the waterline along Joudrey's shore.

RUDY
We were thinking about the
difference in elevation since
Seventeen Seventy-Seven.

MARUSO
(to Lauren)
Won't take long to find out.

EXT. JOUDREY'S COVE — DAY

Binoculars view (held by Miles, unseen): The Second Wind is anchored in the cove. Maruso and Lauren with snorkels go over boatside. DRILLING OS, WATER PUMPING OS.

EXT. UNDERWATER, JOUDREY'S COVE — DAY

Lauren and Maruso swim the shoreline edge underwater, search, find nothing, then move down the grassy shoreline.

EXT. SUBMERGED CAVE 1 — DAY

Lauren hovers just at snorkel level as Maruso pushes back the bank's long grass, exposes a submerged cave. He goes in with a flashlight, comes out, shakes his head. They move on.

EXT. YEARBRIGHT OPERATION — LATE DAY

Near sunset. Yearbright oversees erecting tall, portable construction floodlights. At Borehole 11D, a bulldozer and excavator work the area at an angled slope.

INT. COTTAGE KITCHEN — NIGHT

Carlos sits at the table with the notes and journal. Lauren and Maruso enter from the backdoor, both tired.

CARLOS
Nothing yet?

She sits down, strips off the bandage around her hand, flexes her fingers.

MARUSO
Nope. We've covered half of the
shoreline. Just a few shallow
caves.

Maruso looks at Lauren's palm.

CUCKOO CLOCK HOOTS 10 P.M.

MARUSO (CONT'D)
I'll pick you up at seven
tomorrow.

LAUREN
See you then.

Maruso exits out the backdoor.

CARLOS
Hungry?

LAUREN
I'm too tired and sore to eat.

CARLOS
Lucy plans to work around the
clock. Timing is crucial on this.
We have to get the rights on the
Joudrey Cove lot after the cache
is brought up, but before it's
opened. ...Rudy's right. Those
chains Brielle buried will create
a lot of suspicion. Focus will be
on the rest of the island, no
matter how obscure the lot.

LAUREN
The chains won't necessarily mean
there's more treasure elsewhere.

CARLOS
True. I've contacted the
Historical Society. They have
contingencies in working with us.

INT. CLEMENS OFFICE — NIGHT

Saul, bleary with drinking, studies a newspaper article in
low lamplight. He drags out a map of Lot 18, pushes aside
Rudy's Lighthouse Route map. A stack of unpaid bills is
nearby. Frustrated, he sweeps the bills and Route map into
the wastebasket. He focuses on the newspaper article, downs
his drink.

LOUD HUM OS, THEN CRACKLING BUZZ OS.

From outside, floodlights from the Yearbright Operation
spread, illuminate the office caught in their path.

SAUL
Damn her.

EXT/INT. JOUDREY'S COVE, SHORELINE/SUBMERGED CAVE 2 — DAY

Noon. Lauren and Maruso swim along the shoreline, exploring the half submerged shoreline.

Second Wind is seen anchored in the Cove.

Lauren and Maruso stop at one grassy spot of shore and inspect; he ducks underwater. A moment — he surfaces.

MARUSO

This one's deeper. Take a breath
and we'll go in. Not too far.

She removes snorkel, inhales deeply. They submerge.

Inside Submerged Cave 2, dark; Maruso and Lauren surface, shine flashlights on the brown and tan walls; the ceiling is three feet off the water. The opening is covered by a veil of moss; the rock ceiling breaks the surface inside the air-trapped cavern.

Their flashlight beams rest on the wall with a six-foot-wide sand bank with a deep hole tunneled inland.

LAUREN

Ugh. Not much fresh air.

MARUSO

The entrance allows some exchange
of air at low tide.

They swim, then walk up to the sandy bank, beams spotting the walls. Her light circles, then rests on an outdated, rusted, short-handle spade and pickaxe.

LAUREN

Someone's been here before.

She shines her light on the tools, then to the tunnel hole in the wall. He shines his light there.

MARUSO

Stay here.

He moves to the hole, shines his light in. She follows.

Their lights show a hollow six feet deep, then a collapse of dirt. He shines his on the hollow walls, sees pick marks.

LAUREN

Pick marks. This has to be it.

MARUSO

Should we take anything back?

LAUREN

No. Carlos will want everything
photographed first.

MARUSO

I'll get the equipment.

He reenters water and submerges.

She shines her light on the bank where high tides have left slimy foliage and small seashells. At the hollow is a set of old bootprints in the sand. She kneels beside them, studying, looks to the sharper prints of their water shoes, then shines her beam to the hollow floor.

Inside, the prints (low-heeled bootprints, clear in the clay hollow/tunnel floor).

Moments later — Lauren kneels on the bank, staring at the tools, bootprints, and ground as Maruso emerges from the water with a waterproof bag and meets her. She shines her light into the hollow, then to the bootprints. He nods.

MARUSO (CONT'D)

Damn... You think...? Really?

LAUREN

It has to be.

From the bag she takes a Polaroid camera. She takes photos of the tools, hollow, bootprints, then the jasper-colored walls and watery entrance. She watches Polaroids develop, leans to the wall.

LAUREN (CONT'D)

Someone never came back out.

MARUSO

Buried alive.

He looks at the hollow ceiling as she studies Polaroids.

LAUREN

What's this?

She kneels at the hollow, careful not to disturb the prints, and rubs her fingers over the clay floor inside. Embedded is a small round shape; she digs it up.

LAUREN (CONT'D)

A coin. ...No. A button?

He studies the button as she carefully rubs the dirt off it. It's brass, old (1770s) with an indistinct relief.

MARUSO
Looks like brass.

LAUREN
We'll take it for Dr. Sheldon.

EXT. YEARBRIGHT OPERATION, BOREHOLE 11D — DAY

MATT SMITH, male, 30, Canadian newspaper reporter,
interviews Lucy. Tarps block the Borehole from cameraview.

LUCY YEARBRIGHT
... we're contending with the
waters from the South Shore flood
tunnel now, but our pumps can
handle it. I'd like to say it's a
chest, but after all the time and
hits and misses, I doubt the damn
thing is in one piece.

MATT SMITH
What's your plan now?

INT. COTTAGE KITCHEN — DAY

Seven p.m. Lauren and Maruso enter from the backdoor.

LAUREN
Dr. Sheldon? Rudy?

MARUSO
The drills have stopped. She's got
it. Lucy brought it up.

She TURNS RADIO ON.

LUCY YEARBRIGHT (V.O.)
(over radio)
We plan to bring it up tomorrow,
Matt.

She turns RADIO VOLUME LOW.

LAUREN
Dr. Sheldon said we had to get the
permit approved after Lucy brought
anything up but before it was
opened. This is about as close as
we can get.

PHONE RINGS. She answers it.

LAUREN (CONT'D)
Hello... Yes, Dr. Sheldon, we...
(to Maruso)
Do you have a change of clothes on
the Second Wind?

EXT. CLEMENS BOREHOLE 12B - DAY

Seven-thirty p.m. Miles peers into the Borehole, wearing headset and hardhat. A winch rope hangs into the Borehole. Two long pump hoses hang over Borehole side. Four Workmen look on. Winch rope twists.

STRESSED THUMPING SOUND FROM TWO WATER PUMPS, pumps shaking dangerously. WATER GURGLES OS.

WORKMAN 1
He's crazy.

MILES
Shut up.

Miles looks down Borehole.

MILES (CONT'D)
(into headset mic)
Come on up, Dad.

CRACKLING LINE OS.

MILES (CONT'D)
Dad! We've got to shut down. The
pumps are knocking.

WORKMAN 2
Miles, we gotta close off.

MILES
(listens; into mic)
We can't lock them down. The water
level is too high. Come on up,
Dad. ...Dammit.

Miles strips off headset, tosses it to Workman 2, grabs a cable harness, straps it on, snaps it to winch cable.

MILES (CONT'D)
Lower me down.

EXT/INT. MAHONE BAY HISTORICAL SOCIETY, WEST WINDS, MBHS
CONFERENCE ROOM – LATE DAY

Establishing shot. Eight p.m. The Jeep pulls into the parking lot with Lauren and Maruso.

In the Conference Room, Carlos and Rudy sit with WALT BROOKS, male, 65, MBHS president, and MAJEL GRAVES, female, 62, MBHS senior member/numismatic, and JAMES ROGERS, male, 66, MBHS senior member at the table, with papers before them (all Canadian), discussing a cooperation.

Lauren and Maruso enter. Carlos, Rudy, Brooks, and Rogers stand.

RUDY

Gentleman and gentlelady, this is Lauren Gates, Carlos' assistant at the museum. Captain Maruso, our hired skipper.

(to Lauren, Maruso)

This is Majel Graves and James Rogers, senior members of the Mahone Bay Historical Society, and Walt Brooks, president of the Society.

All shake hands and sit down.

BROOKS

Captain, Ms. Gates. Please sit.

Everyone sits down. Lauren tries to read Carlos but can't.

CARLOS

Lauren, Captain, we've applied for and secured the leasing rights from the owner of the Joudrey Cove lots, who is unable to attend this meeting, but has agreed by proxy.

BROOKS

Our society owns the rights of Lot Twenty, where the lighthouse stands, and Treasure Trove Rights on roughly half the island, including the Joudrey Cove lots. Not all rights would be assigned. It would be a percentage-based share, and there are other, more valuable assets involved here.

CARLOS

Naturally.

LAUREN
Dr. Sheldon...

She leans to him, shows him the photos, then opens a tissue to reveal the button.

Majel sits straighter, pulls a monocle chain at her blouse.

Carlos smiles, turns to the table.

CARLOS
I think we have something you'd
like to see.

DISSOLVE TO:

Moments later — Carlos, Rudy, Lauren, Maruso, Brooks, and Rogers crowd around Majel sitting at the table examining the button with a jeweler's loupe. Reference books and Polaroids are on the table.

MAJEL
It's British, from an officer's
uniform. Circa Seventeen
Seventy-Seven to about
Eighteen-Oh-Five. After that
nickel replaced brass as the base
metal in England and Germany.
Before the 'Seventies, pewter was
used. The design is worn, but it
appears to have been an anchor. I
can make out one fluke point. From
the coat of an admiral or
commander. I'm satisfied.
(to Brooks)
It's enough for me.

BROOKS
Our agreement is also contingent
upon finding the chains in this
cache Yearbright plans to exhume.

CARLOS
According to our agreement.

INT. CLEMENS OFFICE — NIGHT

Saul enters with Miles close behind and stomps to the desk;
both covered with clay mud.

MILES
The guys are right! You are crazy!

SAUL

That's my cache! I didn't put
thirty years in that damn hole to
hand it over to a woman!

MILES

Dad, the whole area is a sponge.

Saul leans over the desk, switches lamp on, studies the map
spread out, and wipes away falling mud splats.

SAUL

I know exactly where it is, Miles.
We were right on it a few years
ago. We can reach it.

MILES

Maybe if we had a couple weeks and
cement culverts in place -- maybe
then. But sideways by tomorrow?
Insane.

Saul, oblivious to Miles, traces a finger along a red line
on the map.

MILES (CONT'D)

Listen, Dad... Please...

INT. SUBMERGED CAVE 2, HOLLOW TUNNEL — DAY

Scenes of Lauren and Maruso digging out the collapse,
pushing dirt behind and to sides, only to encounter more
tunnel. Both are cramped, dirty, wearing tank tops and
shorts, tired, with mining lights on hardhats, using hand
spades, trowels and buckets to move dirt out.

After several hours pass — Maruso shines his flashlight on
the tunnel once it's cleared to see a dirt mound ahead.

MARUSO

Another collapse.

LAUREN

Another?

He shines a light on the ceiling above next dirt mound.

MARUSO

No, it's not collapse. It looks
like it was dug out.

They crawl ahead to the next dirt mound. He shines a light
over this mound to see darkness beyond, where another four

feet of dirt is piled to within six inches of the tunnel ceiling.

MARUSO (CONT'D)

It just dissolves into darkness.
Doesn't look like a cave-in; it's
just too dark to see.

She looks ahead. With hat lights and flashlight, they see a square edge in the next dirt mound, a ragged black cloth hanging from it.

LAUREN

Brielle had to dig out the tunnel
when he came back, alone, or
there'd be more sets of
footprints. Maybe he took the
first section of dirt out
completely, like we're doing. But
as he got farther along, he just
pushed it behind him.

MARUSO

There's not a lot of working room.
By the time he shifted the dirt
around to get through, he'd be
reburying the chests.

LAUREN

And running out of air.

MARUSO

He didn't clear the tunnel
completely before trying to move
the chests out.

LAUREN

He's still in there.

MARUSO

He'll keep 'til tomorrow. Let's
call it a night.

They grab the buckets and crawl to OS entrance.

Camera angles to the next dirt mound, to edge of the black cloth, and reveals a tip of a dirty white (Jolly Roger) X.

EXT. YEARBRIGHT OPERATION, BOREHOLE 11D — NIGHT

Near daybreak. BULLDOZERS and CRANE WORK to excavate at an angle down to the cache area, taking dirt down to 75 feet deep, sloped. WATER PUMPS RUN, the discharge hoses shaking under the strong flow.

A moment — All work stops as Yearbright, wearing a headset with her hardhat, suddenly waves for the floodlights to redirect toward Clemens' Operation. She SHOUTS INDISTINCTLY over EQUIPMENT NOISE.

Workmen quickly pivot the floodlights to Clemens side.

EXT. CLEMENS OPERATION SITE — DAY

Dawn. EMTs, PARAMEDICS and ambulance, Miles, Workmen, and a few Reporters assemble at a tunnel bored underground between Borehole 12B and Borehole 11D, a slippery mess, lit by Yearbright's floodlights.

Matt Smith reports with a Cameraman.

MATT SMITH (V.O.)
 ...Rescue operations are underway
 at the Clemens' drilling site
 where Saul Clemens is trapped
 twenty meters beneath the ground
 in a side tunnel began only hours
 ago.

Frantically, Miles, Workmen, EMTs and Paramedics work to extract Saul from the collapsed tunnel.

Miles desperately sinks to his knees, shoves one hand down to his elbow into the muck, strains and pulls up, slowly lifting Saul's wrist.

MILES
 Medic! Here! Here!

EMTs slog from other end of trench to Miles and wave over the stretcher.

Workmen and Miles dig out Saul. EMTs help load Saul onto the stretcher.

Paramedics take Saul, unconscious, with a respirator, bleeding, mud-caked and missing two fingers, on the stretcher to the waiting ambulance. Miles, distraught and mud-covered, is with them.

Reporters and Cameramen swarm the area. Matt Smith hurries to Miles.

MATT SMITH
 Miles Clemens! What was your
 father doing in this secondary
 tunnel?

MILES
Go to hell!

REPORTERS SHOUT INDISTINCT QUESTIONS.

Miles climbs into the ambulance back as the stretcher is loaded. EMTs work on Saul inside. Doors close. AMBULANCE SIREN BLARES as it drives away.

INT. YEARBRIGHT OPERATION, BOREHOLE 11D — DAY

A crane hovers over the eight-foot-wide uncribbed Borehole; chains extend from the boom as it pulls something from the depths. Lucy, Robbins, Engineers and Workmen look on.

Reporters and News Crews wait at a safe distance.

A moment — Chains pull a chipped concrete vault measuring 5x4x3.5 feet from the Borehole.

CHEERING FROM ONLOOKERS.

Lucy HOOTS JUBILANTLY.

The cement vault is lowered to a semi-truck flatbed. Lucy and Team surround it and detach the chains.

INT. HOSPITAL, ICU, SAUL'S ROOM — NIGHT

Miles, cleaned up but haggard, sits beside Saul's bed. Saul is bandaged, bruised, and in a coma. He has missing fingers on both hands. Equipment for life support and IVs keep him alive, but no brain activity.

Miles is pensive, exhausted, staring vacantly at Saul.
EQUIPMENT BEEPS, HUMS.

EXT/INT. HIGHWAYS/WEST WINDS/BARS/NATIONAL MUSEUM OF HISTORY/SUBMERGED CAVE 2/SAUL'S HOSPITAL ROOM — DAY

Series of shots:

1. Traffic jams highways from Margaret's Bay to Bridgewater.
2. West Winds docks are crowded with boats.
3. Pubs and taverns packed with Patrons to watch the grand opening of the cement vault.
4. At the National Museum of History in Ottawa, every cable, network, and radio crew carries live coverage.

5. At Cave 2, Lauren and Maruso dig out the hollow tunnel.

6. In Saul's Hospital Room, Miles watches the corner-mounted TV, SOUND MUTED, showing the National Museum of History as Lucy and Team prepare to open the vault.

Stock footage of Oak Island treasure hunting operations over the decades is shown. When Saul's face comes on, it's accompanied by a running banner of creditors at the bottom.

Miles stands and switches TV off. Only sounds are LIFE SUPPORT SYSTEMS. Miles sits down, folds arms over his chest, leans back in the chair, and stares at the blank TV screen.

EXT/INT. NATIONAL MUSEUM OF HISTORY/CONSERVATOR ROOM — DAY

Establishing shot of the museum in Ottawa.

In the Conservator Room, nine a.m. Media airs the live coverage. Lucy, Robbins, and Team are in place for the grand opening of the vault. The vault sits center in the large room.

Media positions at safe but strategic spots, cameras rolling, with live TV feed.

Walt Brooks looks on.

An empty cart waits near Lucy. NMH DIRECTOR TODDS, male, 64, Canadian, overdressed, stands nearby. Lucy nods to LEO, male, 36, the pneumatic hammer operator; she looks to Todds.

LUCY
(to Todds)
Director Todds, we'll now begin.
(to Leo)
Let her rip, Leo!

Leo takes the pneumatic hammer to the vault, expertly chips away at the brittle cement casing. PNEUMATIC HAMMERING CONTINUES.

Fifteen minutes later - Cement lays on the floor, the wooden chest exposed, its lid removed in sawn pieces, as Leo STOPS HAMMER. Lucy takes a shovel and stands at the chest side, her hands trembling.

CROWD MURMURS INDISTINCT.

Cameras zoom in to show that the cart is empty.

On Lucy's face is hesitancy, a decade of hope, as she carefully puts the shovel into the patina-murky watery

chest depths and lifts it, pulls up chunks of wooden mulch, sediment, and saltwater tainted with oxidization. She slowly ladles a shovelful into the cart.

Cameras flash and glint off of the dulled coin-shaped copper in chunks.

CROWD CHEERS.

Lucy faints.

Leo drops the hammer and barely catches Lucy, pulls her upright (her hand still locked on her shovel).

CROWD CHEER-ROARS. Lucy revives fully, flustered but happy.

DIRECTOR TODDS
Well done, Ms. Yearbright!

CROWD CHEERS INSANELY.

INT. COTTAGE SITTING ROOM — DAY

Carlos, Rudy, Lauren, and Maruso watch the event on TV.

On TV, Lucy plunges the shovel back into the chest, pulls up another chunk of murky, clumped coins.

LAUREN
I can't believe she fainted.

MARUSO
Look at Brooks.

On TV, Brooks steps to the cart, sees the coin chunks.

Several scoops later, Lucy cannot pull the shovel up from the chest. She wiggles shovel, then Leo helps her heave up the handle. A rusty, thick-link ship's chain hangs off the spade. More Workmen help them lift shovel, then drag out a kinked chain.

TV CROWD MURMURS CONFUSION.

Brooks nods, leaves the room.

From Rudy's kitchen, PHONE RINGS OS.

RUDY
That's probably for you, Carlos.

Carlos exits into the kitchen.

CARLOS (O.S.)
Hello... Yes, Walt. We're
watching.

INT. SUBMERGED CAVE 2, TUNNEL — DAY

Five p.m. Lauren and Maruso have cleared more of the dirt mound for a better but dark view of a buried chest past the next clearing. He angles a flashlight, the beam dims. Both are tired, dirt-smeared. Headlamps and work lights are dim.

MARUSO
He buried himself in twice.

LAUREN
At least. ...Ready to head back?

He reaches a spade over the remaining cave-in mound, tries to poke the buried chest blockage beyond.

MARUSO
Well, he got it nearly out.

His flashlight beam dims, fades; he shakes it.

MARUSO (CONT'D)
We'll need more batteries.

LAUREN
That won't be our problem. The
museum work crew takes over
Monday.

MARUSO
You won't need me anymore?

LAUREN
Of course we will. But you won't
have to dig. We still need
transportation.

MARUSO
There won't be any reason to keep
up this counterfeit relationship.

LAUREN
It won't be the secret it was, but
Dr. Sheldon isn't going public
yet.

MARUSO
Well, it's not going to get you
out of a real dinner tomorrow
night.

LAUREN
You're on.

They head back to tunnel entrance as lights dim.

INT. HOSPITAL, ICU, SAUL'S ROOM — DAY

Seven p.m. Miles watches Saul in the bed. LIFE SUPPORT
BEEPS, HUMS. NURSE, female, 28, looks in from the hallway.

NURSE
Mr. Clemens, we really need you to
take these phone calls or make
arrangements. I'm sorry, but--

MILES
Tell everyone to call the island
office.

NURSE
Yes. If you need to talk to
someone, we have counselors--

MILES
I don't need any help.

NURSE
Okay.

Nurse leaves.

Miles looks to the life support panel lights.

INT. LIGHTHOUSE BEACON ROOM/BASE ROOM — NIGHT

Dusk. In the Beacon Room, Lauren watches foggy dark settle
over Island and Bay, sees a few boats' running lights. She
descends the staircase.

As Lauren reaches the dimly lit Base Room, Miles steps from
the shadows.

LAUREN
Miles. I heard about your dad. I'm
sorry. It's got to be tough. How
is he?

MILES
He's a vegetable, Lauren. Or isn't
that your real name?

LAUREN
What do you--?

MILES
You know what I mean.

She looks to door, then the broken window.

He grabs her arm; she sees a handgun in his other hand.

LAUREN
What did you do to my dad?

MILES
He's not your dad! Shut up or I'll
shoot you here. Understand?

She nods. He forces her to the door and outside.

EXT/INT. LIGHTHOUSE/MILES' PICKUP — NIGHT

Miles takes Lauren into the mature trees away from the cottage to where his pickup is parked. He shoves her in driver's seat and gets in beside her. She moves away.

She sits in the passenger side, frightened. She sees the door lock is broken off, the window crank and door latches removed.

Miles looks gaunt in the dashboard lights as he drives down the dirt road.

MILES
Carlos isn't your dad. ...Answer
me!

LAUREN
No, he isn't.

MILES
I want some answers. Who is he?

LAUREN
Carlos Sheldon.

They drive deeper into the tree-shrouded roads, traveling until she's lost.

MILES
Keep going.

LAUREN
He's from the Carnegie Museum of
Antiquities in Harrisburg,
Pennsylvania.

MILES
Who are you?

LAUREN
Lauren Gates, his assistant.

MILES
You're archaeologists?

LAUREN
He is.

MILES
Why are you still here?

LAUREN
We wanted to see Lucy open--

MILES
You did have a map for the pit.

LAUREN
No.

MILES
Don't lie to me. I'm so sick of
all your lies!

LAUREN
I didn't lie to you for personal
reasons, Miles. No one was
supposed to know why we were here.

MILES
Except Rudy.

LAUREN
Dr. Sheldon and Rudy go way back,
to their childhoods. That's the
truth.

MILES
And Captain Maruso.

LAUREN
It was safe to tell him. We were
introduced by a mutual friend a
few years ago and kind of dated.

MILES
Why are you really here?

LAUREN

We're exhuming an Algonquin burial site. We had a lead on a Micmac graveyard discovered during the American Revolution found by a man--

MILES

--named Brielle. Right?

LAUREN

How do you know?

MILES

I heard Rudy say the name a couple months ago... Why all the lies? Who cares if you dig up a bunch of old Indians?

LAUREN

Nobody. We knew all about the Money Pit and what a notorious attraction it was. Is. Dr. Sheldon wanted to see if this was the island Brielle mentioned in his journals. We weren't--

MILES

You did have a map!

He sticks the gun barrel in her side; she flinches away.

MILES (CONT'D)

My old man went looking for that damn map, Lauren. I've been telling him you didn't have one!

He pulls pickup over, stops, parks and grabs her wrist. She tries to inch away.

LAUREN

Miles, please...please listen. It wasn't to a treasure, not like you were looking for.

He eases the gun away, releases her.

MILES

This better be the truth, Lauren.

LAUREN

It is. Brielle was stationed in Halifax during the war.

(MORE)

LAUREN (CONT'D)

We didn't know which island he was talking about for the burial site. All the map said was Mecklenburgh and an island he called Gloucester.

MILES

Old names for the bay and Oak Island.

LAUREN

We guessed he spent a lot time shunning his duties.

He pulls the pickup on the road, takes a one-track lane.

MILES

Go on. Why not just tell the truth?

LAUREN

When we thought we had the right island we knew we'd have trouble leasing any property. No one would ever believe we were searching for anything other than the Money Pit treasure.

MILES

Was that an old survey my dad got his hands on?

LAUREN

No. Just an old lighthouse map Rudy's father made.

MILES

He didn't set that fire. He wouldn't do that.

LAUREN

Lewis said it was old wiring.

MILES

What were you two doing in Joudrey's Cove?

LAUREN

Brielle's instructions said the entrance to the tomb was in a cave in a northwest cove on the island.

MILES

Why didn't you look there when you first got here?

LAUREN

We didn't think we'd have a chance of getting a lease until after the commotion for the anniversary calmed down. By then Lucy was ready to bring her find up. Dr. Sheldon figured that once the vault was opened, island landowners would lease at a good price.

MILES

No one's going to sell you Treasure Trove Rights.

LAUREN

I doubt anyone considers a pile of old bones a treasure. If there's any value, it'll only be in an academic sense, and the Historical Society owns the rights.

MILES

Go on.

LAUREN

Well, we found it.

MILES

You just walked into a cave and there it was -- a graveyard.

LAUREN

No. It was submerged, and we had to dig the tomb out.

He grabs her hand and studies it.

MILES

You've been digging?

LAUREN

Lewis did most of it. Tomorrow an excavation crew comes up to work. It's not a big secret anymore. ...Miles, please take me back. Lewis is picking me up soon. He's--

MILES

He won't be coming by.

He looks at the scar on her palm, then releases her.

LAUREN
What did you do?

MILES
Nothing serious, but he won't be
running the Second Wind tonight. I
don't know if I believe your
story.

LAUREN
It's true. Are Dr. Sheldon and
Rudy all right?

MILES
I didn't do anything to them...
Show me this cave.

EXT. JOUDREY'S COVE, DOCK/ShORELINE — NIGHT

Miles and Lauren enter the water from the bank and wade
along the shore toward Submerged Cave 2. They walk/half
float in the cold, chest-deep water along the grassy, steep
hill shore bank, Lauren leading the way.

LAUREN
Saul isn't really that bad, is he?

MILES
There's a seventy percent chance
he'll never come out of the coma.
Even if he does he'll be brain
dead.

LAUREN
I'm sorry.

MILES
No one cares. Don't act like you
do. He should just die.

LAUREN
You don't mean that.

MILES
Just find this damn cave.

Lauren searches for Cave 2's hidden opening. A moment — Her
hand breaks through the veil of grass.

LAUREN

I think this is it. We never came
in from the dock.

(looks up at long grass
covered steep bank)

Yes. I'm sure.

MILES

Go in.

She inhales, sinks to her chin in the water (tide level
lower) and goes through the grassy veil. He follows.

INT. SUBMERGED CAVE 2/HOLLOW TUNNEL — NIGHT

Lauren and Miles enter. Filtered moonlight seeps in, shows
a plastic sled with lanterns, flashlights, spades and
buckets, shovels and picks on the bank near the hollow.

Miles looks around.

MILES

Where are the lights?

LAUREN

We packed most. The excavation
crew will have their own.

She slogs to the bank and finds a nearly spent flashlight,
switches it on as Miles joins her. He takes the light.

She crouches at the hollow opening. He crouches next to
her, shines the weak light beam in and looks inside.

MILES

How far in does it go?

LAUREN

We got about twenty-five feet.

MILES

Go in. Don't try anything stupid.

She crawls inside the hollow tunnel, he following.

The light ahead is weak and her body blocking most of it.

A moment — They reach a dirt mound blockage.

LAUREN

Miles, archaeological digs don't
always look like much. This one
doesn't have--

MILES
Save the disclaimers, Lauren.

He tries to see over the blockage; shines the light on the mound.

MILES (CONT'D)
Is it in here?

LAUREN
No. Just beyond.

She leans on the dirt by him, sees the next mound ahead.

LAUREN (CONT'D)
We haven't reached it yet.

He leans over the dirt mound, angles the light ahead.
Weak beam barely reaches the flag-draped chest mound.

MILES
It doesn't look like a coffin.

She squints at the flag corner, realizes what it is.

LAUREN
Not from this side. The general
shape is similar to the other ones
we've found in Washington.

Flashlight dims, he shakes it; beam steadies, but weak.

MILES
Brielle dug it out before you? Why
is all this dirt still here?

LAUREN
We know he got this far, but he
never made it back to Britain. We
think he was buried in a cave-in.

He shines beam on a corner of flag, frowns, inches forward
over dirt mound for a better look as the light dims.

Lauren scoots away, backs down the tunnel to the entry.

At the tunnel entry, she just clears the opening and
prepares to dive into the water when Miles emerges from the
hollow and tackles her. They wrestle.

The flashlight bounces into the water.

He grabs her wrists, pulls her up, and pins her back to the
cave wall.

MILES
What's in there?!

She twists against him, able to slide her hand down to their waists; they fumble for the gun.

GUNSHOT.

She slumps at the wall, then drops into a heap.

He tries to catch her, but she's limp. He sets the gun on the bank.

MILES (CONT'D)
Lauren?

He tries to lift her to the wall; she sags.

MILES (CONT'D)
No... Lauren? Dammit, Lauren...
Please say something.

He lowers her down to the bank and scrambles to the supply sled, searches for another flashlight.

Lauren dives into the water.

EXT. UNDERWATER/ JOUDREY'S COVE, SUBMERGED CAVE 2
HILLSIDE/ROAD — NIGHT

Underwater, Lauren holds her breath, swims furiously for the cave exit as MILES CALLS INDISTINCT OS.

Outside Cave 2, Lauren breaks water, GASPS, and grabs the long, slick grass on the steep bank above. She desperately scrambles up the slope.

MILES (O.S.)
Dammit, Lauren! Lauren!

At the Hillside Slope, she climbs faster, races uphill once she can stand and runs across the top into the sparse trees, down other side and into the dirt Road below. Disoriented and soaking wet, she looks to sides, then runs into the opposite thicket of young Oaks.

OS JEEP APPROACHING.

Miles, soaked, gun in hand, races down the slope after her.

At the Road, the Jeep appears and slows as Maruso inside sees Lauren run into the thicket, then SLAMS BREAKS as Miles runs into the road.

BRAKES SCREECH and the Jeep HITS Miles with a THUD. Miles drops, out cold.

Maruso gets out and searches for Lauren.

MARUSO
Lauren! Lauren?

She emerges from the dark.

LAUREN
I'm here!

They slowly approach unconscious Miles on the road. Lauren drops to her knees, reaches to his neck.

EXT/INT. JOUDREY'S COVE/LIGHTHOUSE/COTTAGE KITCHEN/HOSPITAL
— DAY

The Carnegie Museum of Antiquities MUSEUM CREW descends on Cave 2 with TWO DIVERS and equipment.

Second Wind is nearby, Maruso aboard, with a winch.

Series of Shots:

1. Two days later, more activity from the Museum Crew; a 5x5x4-foot cargo pod floats near Cave 2 entry at the shoreline.

In the water, Media on boats and fishing boats SNAP PHOTOS; REPORTERS CALLING INDISTINCT QUESTIONS to Museum Crew.

Near the Second Wind, smaller boats with Tourists bob, cameras flash. Maruso tries to wave them away.

2. At the Lighthouse, Rudy gives crowded tours.

3. In the Cottage Kitchen, Carlos and Lauren sit with Majel and Brooks, INDISTINCT SPEAKING over the journal and notes.

4. On the Second Wind, Maruso watches Joudrey Cove shoreline as Museum Crew huddles waiting around Cave 2 entry.

Suddenly, a pod burps out of the water and floats.

From nearby tourist boats, CROWD CHEERS, cameras flash.

The Museum Crew secures cable line from Second Wind winch to the pod.

WINCH WINDS, tightens, pulls the pod to the Second Wind.

5. Outside the Hospital entrance, Miles walks out on crutches with one leg in a cast. TWO CITY POLICEMEN meet him, escort him to a waiting squad car.

INT. CITY POLICE STATION, INTERROGATION ROOM — DAY

Miles sits across from POLICEMAN. Carlos and Lauren sit at one end of the table. Miles appears drawn, pained.

POLICEMAN
(to Miles)
Do you understand the charges?

MILES
Yes.

POLICEMAN
Lewis Maruso reported hitting--

MILES
I don't want to file charges.

POLICEMAN
Dr. Sheldon, you stated earlier
that your museum will assume
responsibility for Miles Clemens'
hospital bills?

CARLOS
Yes. The accident took place on
property leased by us.

Policeman writes on a claim form.

LAUREN
(to Policeman)
I'd like to drop my charges.

POLICEMAN
The city recommends you not take
this matter lightly, Ms. Gates.

LAUREN
I don't.

POLICEMAN
Is that your final decision?

LAUREN
Yes.

Policeman writes on the form and stands up, looks at Miles.

POLICEMAN
Consider yourself lucky, boy.

Policeman exits.

CARLOS
(to Lauren)
Do you know what you're doing?

LAUREN
Yes. Can I speak to him alone?
Just for a moment.

MILES
You won't have any more problems
with me, sir.

CARLOS
(to Lauren)
Five minutes.

Carlos exits the room, leaves the door open.

MILES
You didn't tell them I had a gun
that night.

LAUREN
Dr. Sheldon would have made me
press charges.

MILES
I thought I shot you, Lauren. You
let me believe that.

LAUREN
(sighs)
How are you doing?

MILES
All right.

He moves crutches aside, leans to table.

MILES (CONT'D)
I didn't believe that story about
the Indian tomb. Oh, I did when
you told me. But you're right; no
one would ever believe you were
digging up this damn island if not
for the treasure. I realized that
too late.

LAUREN

I would have told you the truth, Miles, but I was afraid you'd be too angry. I mean, with your dad searching for all these years, and...and everything else.

MILES

You didn't know Maruso before you got here, did you?

LAUREN

No.

MILES

...What did Lucy bring up?

LAUREN

A part of the two million.

MILES

You know that for a fact? You knew those chains were going to be there?

She nods.

MILES (CONT'D)

Who was Brielle?

LAUREN

A British admiral. I can't tell you more, Miles. We're giving a press release soon.

Carlos passes by the doorway.

MILES

I can wait.

He gets to his feet.

MILES (CONT'D)

I'm sorry for everything, Lauren. You can tell Maruso that, too. I'll pay for the damage on his boat.

LAUREN

He said it was just a clipped wire. It's taken care of.

MILES

Thanks for letting me off.

He offers his hand and they slowly shake hands.

LAUREN
You're leaving, aren't you?

MILES
I should have long ago.

LAUREN
Take care of yourself.

MILES
You, too, Lauren.

INT. COTTAGE KITCHEN — DAY

Rudy sorts newspapers with headlines: "Society-Museum Claim Find"; "New Evidence in Old Hole"; "Dead Man Guards Treasure"; "Money Pit Work of British"; "Is Tell-All Diary Fake?"

He looks sourly at a black suit hanging on the door.

INT. WEST WINDS CULTURAL CENTRE — DAY

Brielle's treasure chests sit on stage, wooden, with brass bands and fittings, metal locks and chains, all showing surface and some deeper corrosion. The oiled hinges work and the lids are propped open.

The room is packed with media and TV cameras with live-feeds, including Todds.

In the wings, the Museum Crew looks on with Carlos and Rudy (both in suits). Lauren and Maruso watch the chests under the spotlights.

Majel and James are in the opposite wing with TOWN OFFICIALS, plus ALAN SULLIVAN, male, 44, Canadian, metals specialist.

INDISTINCT MURMURS from CROWD.

Brooks walks onto the stage.

BROOKS
(to audience)
Welcome to yet another treasure
find from Oak Island.

CROWD CHUCKLES, SOME CLAPPING.

Two Workmen approach Chest One with scissor jacks.

BROOKS (CONT'D)

(gestures to his right)

The Historical Society's own Majel Graves has examined the contents of this chest before you, a cache buried in the late eighteenth century by one British Admiral Claude Brielle, who appears to have robbed the Crown of a payroll intended for the Colonies during the American Revolutionary War. The full story is in the brochures available at the Centre entrance. Ms. Graves and Allan Sullivan, our metallurgist and numismatic, please step out.

Majel and Sullivan join Brooks, nod to Crowd.

CROWD CLAPS.

BROOKS (CONT'D)

(to Workmen)

If you please, gentlemen.

Workmen carefully lift CREAKING, GROANING Chest One lid and stabilize jacks beneath.

A camera projects a view of the contents on a screen overhead behind the stage. On screen, dulled silver and copper coins in clumps are seen.

CROWD GASPS.

An inset on the screen shows Brielle's Crossbones black and white flag, tattered but mostly intact.

In the wings, Carlos and Lauren look on.

On stage, Sullivan uses a loupe to examine a chunk of coins he holds with tongs, then nods.

SULLIVAN

After examination of these coins in my hand, and from previous study, I announce these to be copper farthings, probably of Charles the Second, and silver shillings of the Commonwealth, circa Sixteen Fifty.

CROWD CHEERS, WHISTLES.

In the wings, Maruso nudges Lauren.

MARUSO
You're not gonna faint?

LAUREN
Not a chance.

CARLOS
That's a genuine British payroll
in there. Majel got through to the
British Royal Revenue Library this
morning and they confessed Admiral
Brielle did have possession of
two-point-two million pounds --
mostly old sterling -- when the
Lady Grey missed its docking at
Port Shannon. Straight from
London.

He takes a paper from his breast pocket and hands it to
Lauren. She quickly skims it.

LAUREN
Indisputable.

CARLOS
The crew uncovered a skeleton,
complete with remnants of British
clothing from the eighteenth
century and two more buttons
matching the one you found. He's
being exhumed now and will be sent
to our lab.

On stage, Workmen set up posts and velvet ropes and Brooks
organizes a Crowd line for viewing the chest.

CARLOS (CONT'D)
(to Rudy)
I believe we're due a celebratory
Scotch.

RUDY
Or two.

Maruso puts his arm around Lauren's shoulders.

MARUSO
If you're done toying with young
Clemens' affections--

LAUREN
Lewis...

MARUSO
We've still got a dinner date.

On stage, the Crowd parts to allow Lucy Yearbright to the head of the line.

Lucy Yearbright searches out Rudy and Carlos, nods and grins.

Carlos and Rudy nod in reply.

CARLOS

Ms. Yearbright is a class act.

Camera closes in on the chest's contents, then pulls back, focuses on the overhead screen, which enlarges the image to show Brielle's X flag laid flat for display

FADE OUT.

THE END