

THE RIG

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. SANTA BARBARA CHANNEL - LATE AFTERNOON

Channel Islands shimmer against the descending sun.

A helicopter FLIES AWAY from an offshore oil and gas platform.

Loops around.

CHOPPERS past a TOURIST BOAT floating between the islands and the rig.

EXT. TOURIST BOAT - OBSERVATION DECK - LATE AFTERNOON

MAY, late 50s, tourist guide, notices the helicopter BANK toward shore.

MAY

That's strange ... must've been
an incident at the oil rig.

JASMIN Freed, 30s, tough as nails, follows May's line of site.

JASMIN

Why do you say that?

MAY

They usually fly in during the
morning.

(shrugs)

Anyway, as we approach the island,
keep your hands inside the boat.

A SHIFTY TERRORIST, early 20s, shakes his head.

SHIFTY TERRORIST

What is this, an amusement park
ride?

MAY

Sharks, my dear. These waters are
infested.

A BURLY TERRORIST, 40s, slowly pulls his hands into the boat.

SHIFTY TERRORIST

Why so many sharks?

Activity on the bridge catches May's attention.

JASMIN

(steps into May's view)

Because San Miguel Island is a smorgasbord of sea lions, isn't that right, May?

MAY

(tries to look around Jasmin)

Yes ... yes, that's right. There are over ten-thousand on the island ripe for the killing.

JASMIN

Is something wrong?

MAY

I just thought I saw that young woman with my husband.

JASMIN

Oh?

MAY

Tourists aren't supposed to be on the bridge.

A distant EXPLOSION.

Everyone scans the horizon toward Vandenberg Air Force Base, watches the ROCKET LAUNCH.

A DEEP ROAR as a stream of fire and smoke TRAIL a swift line into the sky.

JASMIN

(checks her watch)

Looks like the launch is on time.

May's eyes widen ... stares in disbelief at the bridge.

MAY

Ralph!

Jasmin sidesteps, cuts her off.

JASMIN

Can't let you do that.

MAY

You're no tourists - who are you?

JASMIN

You might say we're angels
performing dirty deeds.

Jasmin nods to Shifty Terrorist.

He whips out a taser.

ZAP!

May collapses.

Wriggles helplessly.

Eyes roll back.

RALPH (OS)

May!

RALPH, late 50s, husky, STUMBLES down the stairs,
wires dangle from his chest.

SCARLET Cooper, late 20s, athletic and no pushover,
staggers out of the bridge with a reddened cheek.

THROWS an axe.

THUD!

Ralph, axe lodged in his back, FALLS to the deck.

He reaches for May.

Takes his last breath.

BURLY TERRORIST
Jesus Christ, Scarlet, no one was
supposed to die!

SCARLET
Son of a bitch hit me. Besides,
looks like you gave it good to
the old lady.

BURLY TERRORIST
I didn't do that.

Burly Terrorist feels May's neck for a pulse.

Shakes his head, throws Shifty Terrorist a death
stare.

SHIFTY TERRORIST
What? How was I to know it would
kill her? Thing's like a fucking
lightning bolt.

BURLY TERRORIST
Is this funny, asshole?

Burly Terrorist steps toward Shifty Terrorist, chest
out.

Jasmin moves between them.

JASMIN
That's enough. We still proceed
as planned.

BURLY TERRORIST
And what do we do with the bodies?

JASMIN
Throw a tarp over the old lady
and toss him overboard.

BURLY TERRORIST
What if he washes ashore?

JASMIN

He won't. If that old lady's right,
the sharks will take care of him
before we hit the oil rig.

Jasmin turns toward the metal structure rising from
the water a short distance away.

JASMIN (CONT'D)

Now move, people!

EXT. OIL PLATFORM - LATE AFTERNOON

300-foot high structure.

Multiple levels.

Pipes, catwalks, flare, huge crane and heliport.

INT. OIL PLATFORM - CONTROL ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

Outdated electronic displays, control panels.

COLE, early 30s, by-the-book lead engineer, storms in
huffing and puffing.

MONTY, 50s, grizzled rig foreman, grins as he casually
sips coffee.

COLE

Can you believe it - a damn stop
work order!

Monty leans back in his worn out chair.

Plops his feet on the desk.

MONTY

Only partial.

COLE

Yeah, but-

NICKI Marshal, late 20s, pretty and confident, marine
biologist extraordinaire, steps through the door.

Nicki is Scarlet's identical twin!

NICKI

Is it true, a cease and desist?

Monty shakes his head, amused.

COLE

May as well be!

NICKI

So it's not a court order to shut everything down?

MONTY

Not sure how it went from a routine inspection to a full blown meltdown.

COLE

Wishful thinking on her part.

NICKI

(glares at Cole)

So I can continue with my sampling tests?

Monty sips his coffee, nods reassuringly.

COLE

I showed them the paperwork and they just ignored it.

MONTY

Doesn't matter now - half the crew went back with them.

COLE

It's a bogus violation and you know it.

MONTY

Of course it is, but that's how the game is played.

COLE

Yeah, well I don't operate in shades of grey - people get hurt that way.

NICKI

Those grey hairs on your temples might disagree.

Nicki winks at Monty.

Exits before Cole can react.

MONTY

Now that's a scientist I can warm up to.

COLE

She gets under my skin.

MONTY

Skip the theatrics, kid, and just ask her out.

COLE

You're all nuts.

Cole RIPS OPEN the door, but checks his reflection before exiting.

COLE (CONT'D)

She was just kidding about the grey hair, right?

Monty laughs.

Cole SLAMS the door.

EXT. OIL PLATFORM - LATE AFTERNOON

The tourist boat slowly closes in on the oil rig.

EXT. TOURIST BOAT - OBSERVATION DECK - LATE AFTERNOON

CHOPPY waves.

The massive oil rig dwarfs the boat.

The terrorist crew eyes the behemoth curiously, sizing her up.

Jasmin raises her hand.

The boat stops.

BARKING sea lions lounge on the first deck catwalk 20 feet above.

Other sea lions swim around.

Burly Terrorist and MUNITIONS TERRORIST, late 20s, step out of the bridge.

Burly Terrorist spots Jasmin, shakes his head.

BURLY TERRORIST

The radio's dead.

Shifty Terrorist throws Jasmin a confused look.

SHIFTY TERRORIST

Is that a good thing because how the fuck are we going to get up there ... the lowest deck has to be twenty feet above us?

JASMIN

(to Munitions Terrorist)

Get the flares.

(to Shifty Terrorist)

And yes it's a good thing. Those space launches from Vandenberg provide the perfect cover.

SHIFTY TERRORIST

If you say so, but I still don't know how we're going to get up there.

Munitions Terrorist FIRES a flare into the sky.

SCARLET

Watch and see, dumb ass.

Scarlet PUSHES Shifty Terrorist aside, steps to the middle of the deck.

Shifty Terrorist STUMBLES BACK, nearly falls as a wave ROCKS the boat.

He grabs the bannister, looks down at the whitecaps.

A shark LAUNCHES out of the water.

DEVOURS a baby sea lion.

Shifty Terrorist jumps back.

SHIFTY TERRORIST

Holy shit ... a shark just ate
that sea lion!

SCARLET

I guess the old lady was right.
Now hold onto the railing before
you -

A wave ROCKS the boat!

Shifty Terrorist FLIES BACK.

FALLS overboard!

Jasmin and Scarlet exchange furious glances.

Scarlet snaps up a rope.

Ties it to the banister.

Tosses it over the side.

No sign of Shifty Terrorist.

Sea lions BARK.

SCARLET (CONT'D)

Where the hell did he go?

Shifty Terrorist BOBS above the water.

Frantically scans for sharks.

SCREAMS!

SCARLET

Grab the rope!

Scarlet spots a dorsal fin thirty feet away, closing in.

She extends her hand, nods to Munitions Terrorist.

Munitions Terrorist tosses the flare gun.

The shark is 15 feet away.

Scarlet FIRES!

STREAKS toward the water.

STRIKES the gap between the shark and Shifty Terrorist.

The dorsal fin turns.

Swims away.

SCARLET (CONT'D)

Grab the rope, dumb ass!

Shifty Terrorist grabs the rope, climbs.

JASMIN

Enough fucking around. Send up another flare!

Scarlet tosses the gun to Munitions Terrorist.

She HEAVES Shifty Terrorist into the boat.

A flare SHOOTS into the sky.

Shifty Terrorist, wet, out of breath and slightly covered in green residue, glances at the BARKING sea lions.

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