

DISCOVERING PLENTY

Written by

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INT. MITCH'S WALL STREET OFFICE - DAY

MITCH ALLAN, 63, looks down from his corner office at the cars below. He sets a glass of scotch next to a family photo. In the photo, Mitch's wife, GAIL ALLEN, 55, a mother with a gorgeous smile, flawless hair, holding a string of pearls.

The two young men are Mitch's sons. RICK ALLEN, 30, his shaggy hair and hemp necklace set him apart from the rest of the family. Rick smiles devilishly, latched onto the arm of his brother, a trim and suited, FRANKIE ALLEN, 27.

GAIL ALLEN (V.O.)  
Florida State requires next of kin  
identify him before they'll allow  
him to return home for the funeral.

Mitch takes a long slow swig of scotch, in the mirror he straightens the Windsor knot on his silk tie. Gail cries.

GAIL ALLEN (V.O.)  
I can't do it Mitch.

MITCH ALLEN (V.O.)  
I haven't seen him in 12 years,  
can't Frank go?

GAIL ALLEN (V.O.)  
You're their father, Mitch.

She hangs up.

INT. FLORIDA KEYS CREMATORY - DAY

The TECHNICIAN, 44, peers down over his beady glasses, holding up a sheet the same shade of white as his lab coat. Lying under the sheet is Rick's gray body. Mitch emotionlessly nods his head affirmative, and the technician lowers the sheet covering Rick's body.

MITCH ALLEN  
How did he die?

TECHNICIAN  
You don't know?

Mitch shakes his head at the puzzled technician. The technician hold's up his finger and he heads for the desk. He finds a newspaper and hands it to Mitch. There's a photo of Rick and the headline of the KEY WEST TIMES reads:

"Notorious treasure hunter, Rick Allen, drowns during an engine explosion at sea, age 30."

EXT. SEASIDE DOCK - DAY

A two-story boat rubs against the buoys on the dock. Painted in gold letters on the white ship is the word "Destiny." Mitch climbs over the ladder and onto the deck.

A gull on a rail squawks catching the attention of a golden retriever. The dog bolts up the stairs, knocking Mitch over. Mitch yells out as he slips and face-plants on the deck.

CAPTAIN HAL, 60, climbs the stairs of the lower deck scratching his white unruly hair, he yells over his cigar.

CAPTAIN HAL  
Greedy! Get your ass over here!

Captain Hal stretches his leathery tanned arm out to Mitch to help him up. Once on his feet, Mitch straightens his tie.

CAPTAIN HAL (CONT'D)  
Sorry, Greedy's a free spirit.

CAPTAIN HAL (CONT'D)  
Listen, I told you guys, we're not hunting without permits. Wait, you're Rick and Franky's father?

MITCH ALLEN  
Yes. Is Frank here?

CAPTAIN HAL  
He's around. Weren't expecting you.  
I'm Hal, captain of the Destiny.

He extends a hand for Mitch who shakes it without looking.

INT. DESTINY - LOWER CABIN - DAY

Captain Hal cracks open a beer and hands it over to Mitch who is looking at some blue prints scattered over the table.

MITCH ALLEN  
What's all this?

CAPTAIN HAL  
What's left of Spanish treasure galleon, Nuestra del Antonia.

Captain Hal clears clutter off of the map.

CAPTAIN HAL (CONT'D)

We're here, and here's Antonia. She was taken out by a storm in 1713, her hull crashed into the reef, sinking within minutes. Full to the brim with 1 million pieces of gold from Mexico, headed to Spain for the Queen's dowry.

MITCH ALLEN

Rick found this ship?

CAPTAIN HAL

He was close. See, historians said that Antonia sank off the coast of the Matacumba's. These islands.

He points to the map.

CAPTAIN HAL (CONT'D)

Everybody combed those coasts since the invention of diving. But Rick learned in that in the 1700's, the Spanish referred to all of the Florida Keys as the Matacumba's.

MITCH ALLEN

It could be anywhere in the Keys?

CAPTAIN HAL

Yeah, that's what we thought, but Rick went to Spain for the galleon registries and found that a passenger of the El Capitan signed the registry as the Nuestra del Antonia salvage hunter. When Antonia sank only one passenger survived. This person on the El Capitan was probably that passenger on a salvage mission.

MITCH ALLEN

And where was the El...?

CAPTAIN HAL

...Capitan. We don't know where it was going, but we know that it too sunk in a storm off the coast of Key West. Last February, Rick and Frank found the El Capitan here.

Captain Hal points at the map. Mitch shrugs.

CAPTAIN HAL (CONT'D)  
Your sons found a 300 year old ship  
no one in the world could find.

MITCH ALLEN  
But NOT treasure, it's ridiculous.

CAPTAIN HAL  
It's NOT! Rick knew where she is.

Hal lays a plastic sheet with oblong circles on the map.

CAPTAIN HAL (CONT'D)  
This is a scatter pattern. Each  
circle is a cannon. Antonia had 9  
cannons, your boys found 7 of 'em.  
Rick's boat, sank just feet away  
from the 8th cannon. We find the  
9th cannon, Antonia will be close.

MITCH ALLEN  
What do you mean we?

CAPTAIN HAL  
You're the beneficiary of the  
claim. Rick left it to you. The  
state of Florida's beating down, we  
can't go on without a claim holder.

MITCH ALLEN  
Well, I'll sign it over to Frank.

CAPTAIN HAL  
You know how long probate can take,  
for the next 10-20 months pirate  
divers will find Rick's treasure.

MITCH ALLEN  
Maybe it wasn't Rick's to find.

INT. HOTEL - MITCH'S ROOM - NIGHT

Mitch sits with a handful of empty bottles from the mini bar  
on the bed. He stumbles to answer a KNOCK at the door.

FRANKY ALLEN  
Hey dad.

Mitch motions for Frank to come in. Frank enters but does not  
sit. Mitch plops himself down on the bed.

FRANKY ALLEN (CONT'D)  
I came to talk about the claim.

MITCH ALLEN

We haven't seen each other in a dozen years, your brother's dead, and you wanna talk about the claim?

FRANKY ALLEN

Mom and I...

MITCH ALLEN

Oh my god, your mother knows doesn't see? That's why she wanted me to come down here.

FRANKY ALLEN

Someone else will find it, and they won't own the claim so the state of Florida will take all of it. Our investors, and crew that are working for a share will sue you. If we don't keep looking you'll bankrupt yourself. That's right dad, Rick made you the beneficiary.

EXT. DESTINY - DECK - DAY

As the Destiny makes it's way out to sea, water splashes up on the deck. Mitch tries to keep his tie under control as it flaps in the wind. Greedy stands on his hind legs, tongue flapping. Mitch takes off his tie and puts it in his pocket.

EXT. DESTINY - DECK - DAY

The anchor is thrown and within minutes men are scrambling for their gear. Franky approaches Mitch carrying SCUBA gear.

MITCH ALLEN

You know I can't dive.

FRANKY ALLEN

I'll teach you.

EXT. DESTINY - DECK - DAY

Mitch is in SCUBA gear, as Franky shows him how to blow into his goggles. Frank adjusts his father's mouth piece before falling off the side into the water. Mitch uses the ladder.

FRANKY ALLEN

It's 38 feet to the bottom, if something happens follow bubbles to the surface.

MITCH ALLEN  
What could happen?

INT. OCEAN FLOOR - DAY

Crewman use brooms to brush off a large cannon. Frank uses a measuring tape to mark the distance. Mitch follows along.

A shark comes out of the muck and Frank signs to the crew to swim to the top. Frank un.masks in a huddle of crew.

FRANKY ALLEN  
A shark is napping in the search zone. Better call it a day boys.

INT. DESTINY - LOWER CABIN - EVENING

Paper bags are crinkled and thrown onto the floor as the crewmen dig into dinner. Hal throws a bag into Mitch's lap.

MITCH ALLEN  
Frank was so calm seeing a shark.

CAPTAIN HAL  
Ha! That's our Franky. Mitch's death wasn't his fault, he was a skilled seaman. But the engine...

MITCH ALLEN  
I read it in the paper. They quoted you. Not his father.

CAPTAIN HAL  
They wanted someone who knew him.

MITCH ALLEN  
Hey, you don't know anything...

CAPTAIN HAL  
I know enough.

Franky climbs down the stairs carrying rain coats.

FRANKY ALLEN  
Storm's coming.

INT. DESTINY - UPPER DECK - NIGHT

The boat rocks against the storm surge in the night.

CAPTAIN HAL  
Pull the anchor!

Crewmen jump to attention. Captain Hall grabs the radio.

CAPTAIN HAL (CONT'D)  
Mayday. Mayday.

EXT. DESTINY - UPPER DECK - DAY

With the storm over, Destiny heads back to the salvage site, crew sweep the deck of debris. Clearing the fog at the site, a coast guard ship waits. Officers rope onto the Destiny.

A mustache wearing PROCESS SERVER, 40, in brown pants and a life preserver, crawls over the side of the Destiny.

CAPTAIN HAL  
It's my fault. The distress call.

PROCESS SERVER  
Mitch Allen?

MITCH ALLEN  
That's me.

He crosses to Mitch and hands him a large yellow envelope.

PROCESS SERVER  
You've been served.

Mitch opens the envelope.

MITCH ALLEN  
It's a cease and desist letter.

INT. HOTEL - MITCH'S ROOM - NIGHT

Mitch paces the room on the phone.

MITCH ALLEN  
I don't care Doug, get your ass  
down here now, I need my lawyer...

After a KNOCK, Mitch throw's the door open startling Gail.

MITCH ALLEN (CONT'D)  
I gotta go. Ok? Just be there.

He hangs up. Gail enters the room and Mitch close the door.

MITCH ALLEN (CONT'D)  
What are you doing here?

GAIL ALLEN  
I talked to Franky, he said you  
went diving.

MITCH ALLEN  
Yeah, we're trying to find Antonia.

GAIL ALLEN  
I heard.

A tear streams down her cheek, Mitch wipes it away.

GAIL ALLEN (CONT'D)  
What took you so long?

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

Mitch, Frank, and Gail sit at a long wooden table.  
Prosecutor, JEREMY MATHAESON, 45, flashes a toothy smile as  
he sits at the opposite table and unpacks his briefcase.

GAIL ALLEN  
You said Doug was sending a local  
attorney, right?

MITCH ALLEN  
Yes, one with a background in these  
cases. You think he'd be here now?

JUDGE NORTHAM, 60, enters the room with frankness. Everyone  
stands as he seats himself. He reaches his hand to a  
militantly looking BAILIFF, 32, who passes the judge a file.

BAILIFF  
Case 345 The State of Florida  
versus Discovering Plenty, LLC.

The Judge looks up as CHRISTOPHER BROOKS, 32, sits next to  
Mitch. Mitch looks over his lawyer's khaki pants and sandals.

BAILIFF (CONT'D)  
The honorable Judge Northam  
presiding.

JUDGE NORTHAM  
Thank you, Bailiff. You may be  
seated.

They all sit.

JUDGE NORTHAM

Mr. Mathaeson?

JEREMY MATHAESON

Thank you, Sir. Due to the death of Rick Allen, owner of Discovering Plenty, the state of Florida requests that all search rights be stricken and returned to the state until an appropriate applicant is selected. I have with me archeologist and historian, Rupert Flynn, who can speak to the site's historical importance.

RUPERT FLYNN, 55, a tall, thin, ginger-bearded man stands up from the front row behind Attorney Mathaeson.

JUDGE NORTHAM

Alright, Mr. Flynn, what say you?

RUPERT FLYNN

As I'm sure you've read in your report, this galleon is significant to the state of Florida and the Keys. The Nuestra del Antonia carried gold from Mexico, presumably from Aztec miners. Every piece was registered and documented upon departure to with 50 first-class passengers carrying their own wealth. Which adds to findings and makes this a site a burial ground.

JEREMY MATHAESON

Sir, Rick Allen had the experience to run an operation that could guarantee the utmost care. That is no longer the case.

Christopher puts his hand up to Mitch as he stands to address the judge.

CHRISTOPHER BROOKS

Your honor, Rick Allen has bequeathed the business to his father Mitch, who is here, and the family reserves the right to continue their son's work.

JUDGE NORTHAM

Bequeathed the business, but not the permit. That's up to the state to decide ownership of the salvage.

CHRISTOPHER BROOKS

Sir, the state of Florida collects 25% of Mr. Allen's findings. Furthermore, the state decides who owns the permit, not the salvage. That was awarded to Rick Allen from the government of Spain after they take their 25%.

JUDGE NORTHAM

Treasure hunting, everyone wants gold, but your records show that you've only recovered some cannons.

MITCH ALLEN

Sir, if I may? I'm Mitch Allen, Rick's father. I haven't been a treasure hunter for long, but I know where the ship is. My son knew. He bet his life on it. My son's business investors include contracts with museums for restoration. A crew of 35 men and women dove alongside MY son, the same crew stands beside me now.

Crew members begin to stand up from their seats behind Mitch.

MITCH ALLEN (CONT'D)

All of them believed my son knew where Antonia is. Based on those endorsements, the government of Spain believed him, and the state of Florida believed him too when he was granted the permit. I believe my son too, that's why I'm here.

Judge Northam sits back in his chair and gazes at Mitch.

JUDGE NORTHAM

Judge rules on the side of the defendant.

The room erupts into a frenzy. Mitch turns to Frank who throws his arms around his dad. Gail kisses them both.

EXT. DESTINY - UPPER DECK -DAY

Frank bobs in the water and removes his SCUBA mask. He grips a rope and hoists a bucket of silver pieces onto the Destiny. Captain Hal and Rupert Flynn sit at a table with magnifying glasses identifying and logging pieces of gold and silver.

EXT. BEACH SHORE - DAY

Gail walks with Mitch carrying a small silver urn, barefoot along the shore as the waves come up and crash on their feet Greedy runs in and out of the water.