

DARK

Written by

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WME  
KAPLAN/PERRONE

Ninety percent of the ocean is entirely dark. There is no light. There has never been light. For four billion years there has never been light. This ocean makes up most of our planet.

The world isn't green and blue. It's black.

EXT. THE DEEP OCEAN - NIGHT

It says NIGHT, but at the deep ocean floor, there is no DAY or NIGHT. There's just BLACK WATER in every direction.

We're in that water, moving, pushing forward, struggling to get our bearings, as we see, growing in the distance:

A SMALL WHITE RECTANGULAR PRISM. And we're moving towards it.

As we push closer, the prism grows larger, and we realize --

It's actually a LARGE, BRILLIANTLY LIT stretch of OCEAN FLOOR, an ARENA the size of a football field.

POWERFUL STADIUM FLOODLIGHTS shine through the black water, but the water is so dense, that anything not DIRECTLY LIT stays completely BLACK. As a result, the lit portions of the Arena have hard, distinct edges. Here, light. There, dark.

The lit water is CRYSTAL CLEAR, no floating bits of algae, etc. It's the surface of the moon, underwater.

The grey OOZE of the ocean floor (its actual scientific name) is covered in dead sea animals. Most are gray. Some are blue or red. Fish, cephalopods, eels, thousands of corpses at all levels of decay. Some freshly dead. Some skeletons.

The JUTTING ARMS of OIL DERRICKS dot the Arena's uneven surface, perfectly still. They haven't started pumping.

A series of STEEL TUBES stretch across the Arena -- OIL PIPELINES that carry CRUDE OIL from the PUMPS to --

THE RIG -- a RICKETY COMPOUND at the far end of the Arena. It's underwater, but it's recognizably an oil rig. Heavy, ugly, steel construction built for function, not beauty. Home to crew quarters, industrial processing, base control.

Bubbles RISE from it, an INDUSTRIAL GLASS WINDOW faces out toward the ARENA. We push in on the Rig, as suddenly --

A LOW GROAN sounds from beneath the floor. It grows, until --

VRRRRRRR! The DERRICKS START TO MOVE, PUMPING for the first time. Up and down, up and down, their motion foreign in the absolute stillness of the OCEAN FLOOR.

As the LOW RUMBLE continues. Almost hypnotic.

BANG! A gunshot ROCKS us, as we --

CUT TO:

INT. THE RIG - BULLPEN - CONTINUOUS

A CORK EXPLODES from a bottle of champagne. See it's held by DAVID TRAVIS (35), clever, charming. Sort of shut down.

DAVID

At the end of a voyage, the captain usually says a few words.

See David's standing on a cheap CAFETERIA TABLE, facing an ANXIOUS CREW of WORKMEN, holding Styrofoam coffee cups.

DAVID (CONT'D)

When we got here, I thought, what the *fuck* did I do. Thinking I could pull this off. And then I realized, I couldn't. But we could. And we did. "One task, one team." We said that then. We say it still, but --

OX

Just pour the fucking juice already.

David smiles, looks down at OX, 40, squat, snippy.

DAVID

God, I hate you.

OX

Mutual, mama. Now let's get spitzed.

Ox holds up his cup. David CAREFULLY POURS champagne into it.

JEN

Too slow, Grandpa.

JEN (30), Chinese American, holes in her jeans, GRABS the bottle, TIPS it like a bartender, fills CUP after CUP in one perfect movement.

JEN (CONT'D)

Next bottle please.

DAVID

We only have one.

A LAUGH comes from a WEATHERED GEORGIAN MAN (LEVAN GABRIADZE, 50, the adult) in a backward KANGOL HAT.

LEVAN

"Levan, the walls will be *lined* with champagne," he told me.

OX

He told *me* I'd have an assistant.

RAE, lesbian in a tank top. ARMY TATOO on her shoulder.

RAE

I was promised mates, not assholes.

DAVID

The number on your checks hasn't changed. Has it?

CRAIG (O.S.)

There's still time for that.

CRAIG (30, but kind of still in college) walks out with a HANDLE of JIM BEAM.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

Round two, who's up?

Ox takes out a lighter -- LIGHTS a fucking cigarette.

DAVID

Ox, no -- the fire alarms --

OX

Haven't worked since Frat Boy tried to play Top Chef.

CRAIG

(butt hurt)

The thermometer in that oven is severely miscalibrated.

David SNATCHES the cigarette out of Ox's mouth. He SNUFFS it out in the bit of champagne at the bottom of his cup.

But when he looks up -- Ox is lighting another one.

DAVID

You're a monster.

OX

Two hundred eighty six days I've stared into that fucking void. Imma smoke my reward. You should, too. "One task, one team," right?

Ox puts an arm on David. He points to the derricks.

OX (CONT'D)  
 She's breathing. She's pumped --  
 (shouted)  
 Craig! What's the count so far?

Craig moves over to a DATED CONTROL DECK at the top of the bullpen. BLACK and WHITE cameras of the DERRICKS. PRESSURE LEVELS, ATMOSPHERE, ETC. He checks a GAUGE, numbers rising.

CRAIG  
 Twenty eight!

OX  
 (can't believe it)  
 Twenty eight thousand barrels in  
 four minutes. Tide doesn't turn for  
 six hours. We have shit to do till  
 then. Enjoy me.  
 (to everyone)  
 Cause I'm never seeing any of you  
 pricks again.

LEVAN  
 Seconded!

JEN  
 Thirded!

CRAIG  
 Fourthed!

ANNA (O.S.)  
 Come on, ya'll ain't so bad.

ANNA, 35, a cowgirl scientist struts in with a handle of --

CRAIG  
 Fireball! Dude! Yes!

ANNA  
 My roots.

Anna walks up to David, not stopping a moment, and --  
 She KISSES David, all out. David's surprised, but... into it.

OX  
 (re: Anna and David)  
 Someone owes me fifty bucks.

Ox puts his hand out to Levan: "pay up."

LEVAN

Logic said if it was going to happen, it would have, already.

ANNA

Logic's never met this Boy Scout.

OX

You two should go off. Deepest bang in the history of man.

Anna takes a pull of Fireball.

ANNA

What do you say?

As she jests, we start to absorb the aesthetic of this shit hole. Somewhere between a submarine and a 90s RV. Fake wood paneling. A coffee maker sits by a bottle of Coffee Mate.

David smiles, then reaches for the whiskey --

OX

'Atta boy!

David takes a swig from the bottle. Anna stares back, smiles.

ACROSS THE WAY

Levan and Rae talk, each still sipping their champagne.

RAE

Seoul, Sydney, Manila, Beijing, Reykjavik. Then I work my way down to Morocco, Egypt --

LEVAN

What about a personal life?

RAE

Covered. I'm doing Switzerland. You know how many sad lesbians hike the alps each year? All of them.

LEVAN

(raises his glass, shrugs)  
To loneliness.

AT THE CONTROL DECK

Craig sips Jim Beam, as he runs through a series of final checks on the Rig. Jen comes up -- sits next to him, passes him another shot of Fireball.

JEN

How is it you never had to go outside?

CRAIG

Cause. I'm in charge of all these buttons.

It's true. There are a lot of buttons. But Jen senses --

JEN

Nope. Bad liar. Try again.

CRAIG

It's a medical issue.

JEN

We talking, gout? Polio?

CRAIG

(not gonna get out of it)  
I'm afraid of the dark. Okay?  
(off her laugh)  
There's gnarly shit out there. This is my fierce inner animal saying, stay the fuck away.  
(suddenly)  
Hey hey hey! Don't touch that.

We see -- Jen's got her hand on a knob on the control panel.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

That controls heat in the oil main.  
If it gets too hot...  
(motions toward the Arena)  
All that goes -- kaboom!

JEN

Huh. Kaboom. Guess that's why you're in charge of the buttons.

Craig grabs his shot, nods "yeah". Then throws it back.

AT THE TABLE

David and Anna sit together, bump knees. It's cute.

DAVID

What happened to "this was fun, but we're not compatible?"

ANNA

I lied. I'm into it.

DAVID  
This whole time? Then why --

ANNA  
Didn't I want to spend six months  
sneaking around, fucking the boss?  
(he kind of gets it)  
It's not like you were gonna stop  
diggin' this bod. So, I hit pause.

David can't tell if he's offended or impressed.

DAVID  
I feel played.

ANNA  
Checkmate, Boy Scout.

David brings her hand to his mouth. Kisses it, sweetly. She goes in to kiss him again, when --

*CHUNG!* The POWER SHUTS OFF, and -- the entire fucking place goes dark. Totally. Completely. Our screen is just black.

CRAIG (V.O.)  
Not loving *this*...

JEN (V.O.)  
(to Craig)  
Fight that fear, bud!

A small red light pokes through the darkness. The ember from Ox's cigarette. It lights his face in an eerie glow.

We just BARELY start to recognize the shapes of our heroes.

RAE  
But like. Actually...

As the darkness persists.

ANNA  
Any orders for us? Captain?

DAVID  
Right, let's...

Before he can answer -- *KACHUNG! KACHUNG!*

LIGHTS come back on throughout the Rig. Hallway lights *CHUNG! CHUNG! CHUNG!* Come on in succession.

OUTSIDE IN THE ARENA

*KACHUNG!* The STADIUM LIGHTS turn on, one by one, illuminating the Arena. The darkness outside receding one light at a time.

Finally, ALL THE LIGHTS are on inside the Rig. Craig is sweating. This dude is *really* afraid of the dark.

OX

Well, that spoiled the mood.

RAE

Fucking nightmare.

ANNA

What do you think it was?

DAVID

First time we turned on the pumps.  
Maybe something shook loose.

LEVAN

That far down. What shakes loose?

As the DERRICKS slowly start to pump again, Craig checks the control deck -- which shows the vital signs of the Rig.

CRAIG

(reading)

All systems back on. Diagnostics aren't showing shit, so... Maybe it's all good?

Anna looks out the bullpen window. See -- *zztt!* An ARENA STADIUM LIGHT is flickering now.

ANNA

Maybe, not.

INT. THE RIG - PUMP CONTROL ROOM

David and Rae move into a TIGHT INDUSTRIAL SPACE. A LARGE PIPE shoots straight down. The oil main.

RAE

If it's pinched a power cable, we're fucked. It's two miles deep.

DAVID

Two miles. Jesus. Can you scoot under the engine, check the converter belt?

RAE

Not for what you're paying me.

DAVID  
I'm paying you the GDP of Tonga.

RAE  
Which I can't collect if I'm dead.

INT. THE RIG - BULLPEN - SAME

Craig sits at the control deck, his feet up, sipping his whiskey. He's talking into a COMM UNIT.

CRAIG  
Guess they're not having much luck downstairs.

JEN (V.O.)  
(over comm)  
David wants to waste his time hunting mechanical issues. His choice. But the grid is my job.

INT. THE RIG - AIRLOCK - SAME

Jen waits nervously in a PRESSURIZED SUIT and GLASS HELMET as water rises at her feet. She's in a STEEL ROOM, the size of a ONE-CAR GARAGE.

JEN  
It's a blown fuse. Simple.

CRAIG (V.O.)  
(over comm)  
You know David; he always wants to swoop in to the rescue.

The water rises more and more. The two sit in silence.

CRAIG (V.O.)  
(over comm)  
I told my mom I'd buy her a swimming pool when I get back.

JEN  
I'm never touching water again.

The water rises over Jen's head. When the airlock's full --  
The walls start to CLOSE IN, as the room starts to compress.

CRAIG (V.O.)  
(over comm)  
Outside pressure's matched and --

CHNN! The DOOR of the AIRLOCK OPENS -- a RAMP leads down to THE ARENA FLOOR.

JEN  
Last fucking time.

Jen steps down the ramp, to --

EXT. THE ARENA - INTERCUT

Jen trudges forward through the layers of dead, rotted fish. Their ooze rises to her knees as she GRIPS a TOOLBOX.

JEN  
'Member when these critters were all alive?

CRAIG (V.O.)  
(over comm)  
*Crude oil wasn't a healthy addition to their environment. Who knew?*

JEN  
I feel sort of guilty.

CRAIG (V.O.)  
(over comm)  
*I tell myself we saved them from being savagely eaten.*

She trudges over to TWO SMALL VEHICLES -- like SNOW-MOBILES for the bottom of the ocean. TREADS.

Jen STRADDLES a Tread.

CRAIG (V.O.)  
(over comm)  
*You on?*

JEN  
Let her rip.

INSIDE

Craig hits a "START VEHICLE" button, and --

The THE WRONG TREAD TURNS ON -- TAKES off, JETTING along the Arena floor.

JEN (CONT'D)  
Wrong tread, dumbass.

Craig scrambles -- HITS the button. STOPS the other Tread.

CRAIG  
 Fuck. I'm wasted.

JEN  
 Four shots after a year without  
 booze. We fucked up *that* math, huh?

Craig hits the RIGHT button, and Jen's Tread starts up.

INT. THE RIG - OIL CAGE

David's lying FLAT underneath a LARGE MACHINE that connects to the oil main. He's TWISTING a bolt. Then realizes --

DAVID  
 Jen was right. Must have just been  
 a blown fuse. Here, I'm coming out--

David GROANS as he tries to pull his wrench out from the UNDERSIDE of the machine. He YANKS it, as --

WHOOF! A BLAST of OIL SHOOTs from the pipe, SPRAYING David in the face, covering him in goo.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
 Oh, Jesus.

Rae can't help but laugh.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
 (joking. Sort of...)  
 Don't laugh. I could have drowned.

RAE  
 At the bottom of the sea, man  
 drowns in oil.

EXT. THE ARENA - NEAR THE FLICKERING STADIUM LIGHT

Jen reaches the floodlight, RIGHT at the edge of the Arena. A hard, distinct edge separates the light from the black.

She drops her toolbox, pulls out a socket wrench -- starts TWISTING a BOLT on a CIRCUIT BOX.

Jen gets the box OPEN -- sees a PANEL of circuits inside.

She grabs a LARGE FLARE from her belt. It looks like a STICK OF DYNAMITE. She RIPS the fuse off, as --

a SPHERE of RED LIGHT BLOSSOMS around her, three feet in every direction. The GLOW lights up the CIRCUIT BOARD.

JEN

Yep. Just a fucking fuse... A bunch of them, actually.

CRAIG (V.O.)

(over comm)

You got enough replacements?

Jen reaches down into her toolbox. She grabs a few FUSES, when -- A ROCK beneath her feet gives way. Jen SLIPS --

JEN

Fuck!

-- and KICKS her toolbox forward, it TUMBLES toward the edge of the light. She reaches for it, but --

It keeps rolling down the slope, disappearing into the black.

JEN (CONT'D)

I just kicked my box into the shit.

CRAIG

Maybe less wasted people should be doing this?

Craig tries to slap himself sober, as he sees on his scanner--

CRAIG (CONT'D)

Jen what are you doing?

Jen's walking toward the DARK. She's gonna leave the Arena.

JEN

It'll take me forty minutes to go back and grab another one.

CRAIG

We'll send someone else.

JEN

The last time Rae tried this she shorted the whole grid.

CRAIG

(actually upset now)

Jen!

JEN

Hey. Scaredy cat. It's ten fucking meters past the boundary.

He pulls up a rectangular map of the Arena, overlain with a checkered grid. It's dated software, circa Windows 2000. Jen is a dot flashing at the edge.

CRAIG  
I'll get David. I swear.

JEN  
(considering, then)  
Fine. You win.

With that, Jen takes a breath, clutches her flare, and --

Steps past the wall of light. Wholly entering the black. For all of her bravado -- she shivers at the first step.

CRAIG (V.O.)  
(over comm)  
God dammit --

We're alone in the black with Jen. Hear Craig run away from the control deck. Once he's gone, it's utterly silent. Jen steps forward, further into the unknown.

INT. PUMP CONTROL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

David's ragging oil off of him, when -- Craig runs up. David sees the mix of panic and anger on Craig's face.

DAVID  
What?

But Craig just shakes his head.

INT. THE RIG - HALLWAY

David, still messy, runs with Craig following.

DAVID  
You told her, you would get me?

CRAIG  
It was the first thing I said.

David and Craig TURN the corner into

THE BULLPEN

Where David moves to the comm unit --

DAVID  
 (into comm)  
 Jen, come back immediately. That's  
 an order.

JEN (V.O.)  
 (over comm)  
 I'm almost there.

IN THE DARK - INTERCUT

Jen's approaching the toolbox, which we see now, barely lit.

DAVID  
 (via comm, to Jen)  
 Don't leave the Arena. That's the  
 fucking rule.  
 (to Craig)  
 How much did she have to drink?

CRAIG  
 More than me. And I'm... not great.

DAVID  
 (into comm)  
 There are geothermal vents that can  
 melt steel. There are rocks sharp  
 enough to pierce your suit.

Off no response.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
 Drones tilled the Arena for five  
 years to make it safe for us.  
 You're in extreme danger.

JEN  
 Watch how dangerous it is.

Jen stands above the toolbox. She turns back toward the Rig.

David jumps up -- runs to the window. Sees Jen as a lit red  
 dot in the unknown black.

JEN (CONT'D)  
 Here I go.

Jen reaches down to grab the toolbox. For a second, she  
 stops. Looks behind her. Did she just hear something?

Nope.

She grabs the toolbox. Hoists it up.





And just like that....

The vibration stops.

The water suddenly clears again.

The entire crew now stands at the VAST INDUSTRIAL WINDOW --

Their backs to us. Staring into the Arena.

ANNA  
(seeing)  
Oh, no...

Jen's not there.

David looks again. Takes a breath. Then --

OX  
What the fuck?

He SNAPS into action -- turns to Craig.

DAVID  
Maybe her suit light failed --  
(into comm)  
Jen!

OX  
I don't understand.

DAVID  
Jen! Hello! Jen! Answer me.

Craig hops into his seat, starts to manipulate the controls.

CRAIG  
David, she's not here.

DAVID  
Her location sensor.  
(into comm)  
Jen!

CRAIG  
She's not here, she's --

And then a DOT blinks on his radar. Far from the Arena.

CRAIG (CONT'D)  
That's a half mile.

Craig turns to the crew, like --

OX  
How the fuck?

As Rae and Levan rush into the bullpen. Off their stares --

INT. THE RIG - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

David's RUSHING down the hallway. Craig's behind him.

DAVID  
There's a thousand things that  
could block her comm. Steel  
deposits, a deep enough rift.

ANNA  
How would she get so far?

DAVID  
If she tripped and tumbled down --

OX  
Nah. This was something else, man.  
Something did this!

The entire crew is running to keep up with them.

OX (CONT'D)  
Hello?

DAVID  
(ignoring Ox, to Craig)  
Get me a mobile radar unit. The  
rest of you get the return sub  
prepped. If she's hurt, I want to  
leave the minute I'm back.

ANNA  
We're coming with you.

DAVID  
No, you're not.

ANNA  
Yes, we are. "One task. One team."

DAVID  
It takes three people to man the  
return sub. We don't know what the  
fuck happened. I'm not bringing any  
of you out, till we do.

ANNA

What if she's stuck and you need help lifting her?

DAVID

I'm not risking your lives. If something happens to me. The rest of you get out of here.

OX

And what if she's been attacked?

DAVID

(too quick)  
There's nothing to suggest that.

LEVAN

The screaming.

DAVID

(won't think about it)  
Her vitals are normal.

ANNA

What if it were *me* out there?

This gets awkward looks from the crew. Like they've stumbled into the middle of a couple's fight.

ANNA (CONT'D)

Would you still refuse?

David's in a weird spot. He looks at the crew. Anna's caught him. He shakes his head. Can't say no. So --

INT. NEAR THE AIRLOCK - MINUTES LATER

David stands in his pressurized suit and helmet. REVERSE to see Ox, Anna and Levan suited up with him. They sort through equipment set on LARGE INDUSTRIAL SHELVING UNITS.

OX

Thirty four flares.

ANNA

We can each take eight.

DAVID

Everyone take three.  
(off their look)  
We can't use every flare on the rig. Three.

The crew grab THREE FLARES each, lock them into their belts.

LEVAN  
Perhaps we take spears?  
(off their unease)  
Simply for kicks.

Levan grabs a RETRACTABLE SPEAR, looks like a SHORT HARPOON. He hands one to David, Anna, Ox and keeps one for himself.

OX  
Charges, too. For double kicks.

Levan takes FOUR small HOCKEY PUCK-sized explosives. He FLIPS a switch. They glow green. He TWISTS the puck -- they glow RED, then twists them back, turns them off.

Finally, David grabs a SMALL METAL BOX: a PRESSURIZED CAMERA.

INT. AIRLOCK - MOMENTS LATER

Ox, Levan, David, Anna step into the airlock together. Rae stands by at the door.

RAE  
Everyone set?

The crew nods, as Rae hits a button and the HEAVY FUCKING STEEL DOOR SLIDES into place -- and -- *PFOOOM!* Locks.

CRAIG (V.O.)  
(over comm)  
*I'm pressurizing at double speed.  
Don't spook.*

INT. BULLPEN - INTERCUT

Craig sits at the control deck. Rae walks in, sits down. They check diagrams of the Arena and monitor the crew vitals.

RAE  
We're not gonna crush them?

As Craig pulls a lever, speeding up the pressurization.

CRAIG  
Not unless my hand slips.

INSIDE THE AIRLOCK

The walls SHAKE and RATTLE as water floods in. The crew kind of nods. The water rises past their knees.

DAVID  
I don't know this territory any  
better than you. But I do know --

The water rises past their chests.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
If we're bickering out there, Jen's  
fucked. We need to move fast.

The cage GROANS, as the water RISES above their heads.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
So if I give an order, you follow  
it. And under no circumstances, do  
we split up. Understand?

Pressurization starts, as the walls move inward, SQUEEZING --

DAVID (CONT'D)  
Tell me you understand.

BANG! A GUNSHOT makes the crew JUMP. We see --

OX  
-- the fuck --

CLANG! A PIECE of STEEL on the floor imploding. CLANG! CLANG!  
The noise rocks the room as the steel collapses in on itself.

CRAIG (V.O.)  
(over comm)  
*What is that?*

Anna reaches down, grabs a mangled piece of steel.

ANNA  
(realizing)  
Rae left her walkie. It just got  
crushed with the weight of the  
Eiffel Tower.

Levan turns to her. Smiles.

LEVAN  
A good omen.

The airlock SHAKES, as the pressurization ends. Motors TURN  
and the AIRLOCK DOOR opens. They look out on the Arena.

EXT. THE ARENA - MOMENTS LATER

David leads the crew, TRUDGING through ooze to the edge of the light. For the first time, we realize the difficulty of moving out here. Like trying to sprint through syrup.

Anna comes behind David. Sees his face. Manic, determined. She holds up two fingers. They switch to a private channel.

ANNA

You've got to calm down.

DAVID

Not till she's safe.

ANNA

(re: her comment, "what if  
it were me out there.")

Sorry if I overstepped back there.  
I just...

DAVID

No. It's fine. You were right.  
(nothing else to say)  
Back to one.

As soon as they FLIP --

OX

Tummy doesn't feel great. Someone  
remind me why I drank Fireball.

DAVID

If you're sick, go back.

OX

Sick of you in my ear.

CUT TO:

THE EDGE OF THE ARENA

The point where light meets dark. Like a literal wall. Our team arrives.

ANNA

Let's light up.

Anna, David and Ox pull out FLARES. They RIP their fuses and PWOOF! - BURNING SPHERES of BRIGHT RED in the darkness.

OX

After you, cap'n.

David stares into the dark. Faced with the prospect of actually stepping in, he's less sure of himself. He stalls.

DAVID  
What's her O2 at?

CRAIG (V.O.)  
(over comm)  
Seventy five minutes.

DAVID  
And vitals?

CRAIG (V.O.)  
(over comm)  
Same as three minutes ago.

DAVID  
Just fucking tell me.

CRAIG (V.O.)  
(over comm)  
...normal.

None of them want to take the first step. Anna approaches the barrier. Cautiously, she sticks her hand into the darkness.

ANNA  
I've been pretending the world  
stopped right here.

Ox joins her at the edge. He sticks his hand across, gets chills as he does.

LEVAN  
In the beginning... the earth was  
without form and void; and darkness  
was upon the face of the deep.

OX  
Who said that? Jesus?

DAVID  
It's Genesis. And the scripture  
ends, "Let there be light."

Levan smiles at David, then -- SPARKS his flare.

LEVAN  
Agreed.

He turns, and -- steps into the darkness.

We see -- the floor OF FISH GUTS continues outward -- but now, JAGGED ROCKS poke through. It's treacherous as fuck.

OX  
Just started believing in God. So that's good.

DAVID  
(into comm)  
Guys? We on course?

IN THE BULLPEN

Craig monitors the grid, showing the crew's locations in the dark. They're a bunch of DOTS moving slowly toward JEN'S DOT.

CRAIG  
(into comm)  
Just keep going straight.  
(to Rae)  
I feel like we're sending them up the river.

RAE  
Ahoy, Colonel Kurtz.

DAVID (V.O.)  
(over comm)  
*How far out are we? A number.*

Craig turns to Rae, annoyed at David.

CRAIG  
I swear to God.

Craig leans into the comm unit.

IN THE DARK

Levan leads the group as they weave through the jagged rocks, trying not to slip. David brings up the rear, on the lookout.

CRAIG (V.O.)  
(over comm)  
*I can't give you exacts. But there's a rock ahead. It's big. Go around the left side, there's a sort of clearing, it levels out.*

Levan walks slowly, with purpose, then --

LEVAN  
Shit!

A FLASH OF BRIGHT WHITE LIGHT shoots from below Levan. He jumps -- frightened.

OX  
What is it?

Anna looks at the ground where the light came from.

ANNA  
It's phytoplankton.

OX  
And why's it flashing us?

ANNA  
It ingests acids from the water and as they digest, it emits light.

OX  
It shits light? What kind of thing shits light?

ANNA  
The kind that's been brewing down here for three billion years.

As the rest of the team moves on, Anna SWEEPS her hand through the plankton. It lights up like little stars.

LEVAN (O.S.)  
There is a problem.

Anna turns the corner to see --

A CLEARING

The size of a bedroom, in the center -- there's nothing.

LEVAN (CONT'D)  
We are here. She is not.

The whole crew arrives. Scans the area. He's right.

DAVID  
You're sure this is it?

CRAIG (V.O.)  
*(over comm)*  
*She should be right there.*

DAVID  
Check it again, restart the system.

CRAIG (V.O.)  
(over comm, annoyed)  
*The system is working. She's there.*

David does another sweep of the clearing. Then realizes --

DAVID  
She's beneath us.

The team looks down. Hadn't thought of this. Levan agrees.

LEVAN  
So, how did she get there?

Ox does a 360, searching for signs of danger.

OX  
Something's out there.

Rather than worry about this -- David DROPS to his knees -- furiously starts DIGGING into the ground.

DAVID  
Everyone take a corner.

Everyone but Ox drops down and digs. They heave and groan. These suits weren't meant to do work. It's not easy.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
Ox, fucking help.

OX  
I'm standing watch!

ANNA  
Drop -- now.

Ox drops -- but keeps glancing up, as the whole team burrows into the ground.

DAVID  
Craig, how's her breathing?

INSIDE THE RIG

Craig checks her vitals.

CRAIG  
Elevated. She's burning through O2.  
But we've got a good forty minutes.

BACK IN THE WATER

They keep DIGGING and DIGGING, growing more and more nervous.

ANNA  
I've got something.

Anna wipes some ooze away as we see -- A SUITED HAND JUTTING OUT THE DIRT.

ANNA (CONT'D)  
Oh, God. It's her.

DAVID  
Shit.

LEVAN  
Dear.

DAVID  
Craig, we've got her!

David starts digging around the hand.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
Please be okay. Please be okay.

CRAIG (V.O.)  
(via comm)  
*Is she hurt? How's she look?*

DAVID  
She's in the dirt. Watch her vitals if anything spooks.

CRAIG (V.O.)  
(over comm)  
*Yeah.*

DAVID  
Jen, if you can hear me, stay calm, we're getting you out.

ANNA  
Come on...

David nods to Levan for help. Together, they GRAB Jen's hand, HEAVE her upward. But her body barely moves.

OX  
This is bad. Something did this.

DAVID  
(to Ox and Anna)  
See if you can dig around her arm, loosen up the dirt.

They DROP to their knees, start digging more and more dirt.

OX  
Is anyone listening to me?

LEVAN  
For the moment, no.

DAVID  
Let's try again. On three. One, two--  
On three, they PULL on Jen's hand -- she moves up a bit more.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
She's coming, come on, harder. Grab her arm.

LEVAN  
We're going to hurt her.

DAVID  
We don't have a choice -- Anna.

Anna jumps to help them. They grab, HEAVE again, and -- PULL Jen's body up from the ooze. Jen lands FACE DOWN.

ANNA  
Come on, girl. Come on.

Anna moves to her -- grabs her, TURNS her over to see --

The MASK of her suit is BLASTED OPEN -- her suit fully breached. As inside we see --

A SWIRL of GUTS -- a PULVERIZED HUMAN BEING

ANNA (CONT'D)  
Oh, my god!

DAVID  
-- fuck --

OX  
-- Jesus --

LEVAN  
Lord.

OX  
Oh, no --

Ox SPITS UP in his suit seeing the flesh. A bit of vomit SPLASHES on his mask. He takes a breath. Tries to wipe it clean with his chin.

CRAIG (V.O.)  
(over comm)  
What is it?

ANNA

She's...

But Anna can't even finish. Tears forming in her eyes.

IN THE BULLPEN

Rae's mouth hangs open. Craig is just stunned, sick.

RAE

Girl.

IN THE DARK

David wipes his hand across his forehead, tearing up.

DAVID

I told her to come back!

Anna sits on the ground, devastated. She holds Jen's hand.

CRAIG (V.O.)

*(over comm)**I don't understand.*

DAVID

Something breached her mask. She's dead.

CRAIG (V.O.)

*(over comm)**No she's not.*

DAVID

I'm sorry.

CRAIG (V.O.)

*(over comm)**No. I mean she's not dead.*

LEVAN

We can see her remains.

CRAIG (V.O.)

*(over comm)**It says she's still alive.*

IN THE BULLPEN

Craig and Rae look at the board. Sure enough. Jen's heartbeat is good and pumping.

CRAIG

Solid vitals. Nothing's changed.

## BACK IN THE WATER

David looks at Jen's suit. A SMALL PACK on her belt is crushed and blinking erratically.

DAVID

Her life-post is smashed. Must be... an error. Or... Christ.

ANNA

(seeing something)  
Wait.

There's a GLINT on the ground, sticking up through the ocean floor. Anna stops. Bends down to it.

She reaches out, wipes away some ooze --

IT'S ANOTHER HUMAN HAND IN A SUIT.

ANNA (CONT'D)

Guys...

Anna moves forward, just to be sure, wipes more ooze away --

ANNA (CONT'D)

Guys!

They turn to her. She points down at the hand, backing up.

OX

The fuck -- the fuck!

LEVAN

What is this.

CRAIG (V.O.)

(over comm)

What's happening?

David reaches down -- GRABS the hand --

DAVID

Help.

LEVAN

Here.

CRAIG (V.O.)

(over comm)

Guys! What is it?

Levan grabs too, and they -- HEAVE --

ANOTHER BODY PULLS OUT.

Fully suited.

The facemask also broken. A SWIRL of guts inside.

ANNA  
I don't understand.

OX  
How is this possible?

CRAIG (V.O.)  
(over comm)  
*Would someone fucking tell me?*

LEVAN  
There's a second body.

CRAIG (V.O.)  
(over comm)  
*What?*

Levan turns to David.

LEVAN  
Captain?

DAVID  
I don't know anything about this.

LEVAN  
Not a single thing?

DAVID  
(gets the implication)  
Not a single thing.

OX  
Bullshit.

It's a bit of a standoff. No one knows the next move.

LEVAN  
Hold on.

Levan squats by the first body. He pushes away the guts of the ruined face, unfazed --

LEVAN (CONT'D)  
There's a serial number.

Levan points at the number. Ox realizes --

OX

We can run a search through the supply stock. Match it to a crew member.

ANNA

Craig, you hear all that?

CRAIG (V.O.)

(over comm)

I'm ready. Hit me.

LEVAN

(reading)

A-4-1-

IN THE BULLPEN

Craig enters the number as Levan reads them.

LEVAN (V.O.)

(over comm)

B-2-R-6-5-8.

CRAIG

(to Rae)

Pull up the history of pressure synchronizations from the airlock.

Craig hits in the last few letters -- hits SEARCH when --

CRAIG (CONT'D)

Okay, looks like they belong to --

"HISTORY DELETED" comes up on the page.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

Those records were deleted.

BACK IN THE WATER - INTERCUT

Anna looks between the bodies. Everyone on fucking edge.

OX

You're fucking me.

CRAIG

It says deleted --

DAVID

(crazy nervous, now)

Well, check it again.

Craig pulls it up again. The same error.

CRAIG  
Deleted.

OX  
The fuck is going on?

DAVID  
Close out history -- search all  
vital syncs.

CRAIG  
Pulling it up.

Craig pulls it up, as --

CRAIG (CONT'D)  
Files purged January 14th 2018.

And THIS fucking floors the entire crew.

ANNA  
That's the day after we docked.

OX  
No shit.

LEVAN  
Who can delete files?

DAVID  
No one.

CRAIG (V.O.)  
*(continuing to read)*  
*David, you signed in that day.*

They're all slipping into the abyss. David jumps in --

DAVID  
Obviously, I didn't do it.

LEVAN  
Little is obvious.

DAVID  
Everyone calm down. This doesn't  
change anything.

OX  
Unless you brought me here to  
fucking kill me.

DAVID  
No one killed anyone!

OX

They sure as fuck didn't kill themselves! If it wasn't someone. It was *something*.

ANNA

Stop it!  
(taking control)  
After we find Jen. We get this.  
Hash it out. After.

OX

No.

ANNA

After.

OX

We cannot ignore this. Has everyone lost their fucking minds?

But no one answers him. Everyone's going to wait to freak out. Ox just waves his hands, takes a breath. David stares at Ox, like... "just shut the fuck up."

DAVID

(to Craig)

Can you get her vertical location?

CRAIG (V.O.)

(over comm)

Sonar only works up to ten feet underground.

DAVID

And her comm signal?

CRAIG (V.O.)

(over comm)

Doesn't give me depth at all. But you're standing right on her.

David looks beneath him. He looks to Anna.

DAVID

Should we just keep digging? You know the terrain best.

ANNA

I guess...

LEVAN (O.S.)

No.

See, Levan stands at the edge of the clearing, looking down. Anna and David join him, look down and see --

They're actually at the edge of a cliff. The clearing is on a promontory that JUTS OUT over a deep canyon below (think PRIDE ROCK). Of course... we can't see this canyon yet.

Levan SPARKS a new flare. Lays it at the edge of the cliff. Places a rock over it to mark this point.

LEVAN (CONT'D)

This way.

Levan turns, finds a less steep path that seems to descend into the canyon. Ox, David and Anna follow --

EXT. DESCENDING INTO THE CANYON - MINUTES LATER

The crew navigates a sharply sloping path, like they're climbing down a steep mountain.

It's tricky, maneuvering boulders and slippery rock. No one speaks -- just concentrating on the descent.

EXT. THE CANYON FLOOR - MINUTES LATER

They arrive at the bottom -- where the terrain levels out.

They look back up and see -- the RED FLARE that Levan left. It's now TEN STORIES UP.

OX

(knows the answer)

Were we just up there?

They move toward the flare, aiming to get directly underneath it. Directly underneath where they were digging for Jen.

And as they arrive, they see --

LEVAN

She's here.

AN ENORMOUS PIT

TWENTY FEET wide, almost a perfect circle. It goes straight down, seemingly forever.

LEVAN (CONT'D)

Down there.

As they stare into the pit.

DAVID  
(into comm)  
Craig, can you confirm we're on  
target?

But there's no response.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
(into comm)  
Craig!

Still nothing.

ANNA  
We must be out of comm range.

The crew looks to each other. No one's happy about this.

DAVID  
It's fine. They know we were  
descending. They'll figure it out.

David walks to the edge of the pit, he looks straight down.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
How far do you think it goes?

OX  
All the way.

Anna grabs a flare,

LIGHTS it,

DROPS it into the pit.

And it falls.

Slowly.

Dropping.

It illuminates jagged rocks on the sides of the pit.

But the flare starts growing dimmer as it drops...

Deeper...

Deeper...

Deeper...

Deeper...

Until...

...it disappears.

Ox shakes his head -- done with this.

OX (CONT'D)  
I'm not going down there.

LEVAN  
Nor would the devil.

DAVID  
I'm going.

Anna looks to David. She expected this, but still.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
We've got a tether and a hundred feet of rope. You can lower me.

ANNA  
You're not going alone.

DAVID  
(trying to be nice)  
Yes, Anna. *This* time. I am.

ANNA  
(getting angry)  
"Under no circumstances do we separate." One task, one team.

LEVAN  
-- David.

DAVID  
(to Anna, intense)  
Jen is fucking dying. Every second we sit here arguing --

ANNA  
You killing yourself doesn't help --

DAVID  
It's done! Okay? It's done.

A beat of silence, then.

LEVAN  
At least take a spear?

Levan takes his spear out -- offers it to David.

LEVAN (CONT'D)  
If something is down there --

DAVID  
 (cutting him off)  
 One spear won't make a difference.

Levan accepts. David takes the CARABINEER off his belt. He HOOKS it to his suit, reaches out to Anna and Levan.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
 You've got the rope?

Levan UNWINDS the rope from the back of his suit. They CLIP the end of it to David's carabineer. Anna's resigned.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
 Once I've got her, the three of you  
 should be able to pull us up.

Ox just shakes his head.

OX  
 Been shit knowin' ya.

Anna steps forward, pulls Ox back. David pretends to be annoyed, but really -- he's just scared.

Anna THROWS the rope around a jutting rock to secure it.

DAVID  
 Okay.

David steps off the cliff's edge and drops into

THE PIT

Almost instantly it's darker, as if the space is smothering him. Anna lets out rope steadily, he sinks downward.

ANNA (V.O.)  
 (over comm)  
 How's that feel?

DAVID  
 You can go a bit faster.

David looks up at the crew. They're fading rapidly. Even just a few seconds later, they're growing dim.

He's alone.

Dropping.

Into black.

To the bottom of the world.

David waves his flare, trying to brighten the pit as he looks for Jen.

He sees -- TUNNELS break off from the pit, like it's the hub of a thousand underground pathways.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
There are tunnels everywhere.

In the tunnels, all David can see are SHARP ROCKS --

ANNA (V.O.)  
(over comm)  
Any animal life?

DAVID  
Nothing.

ANNA (V.O.)  
(over comm)  
There's gotta be something.

DAVID  
It's just rock.

David sees -- there are SCRATCHES on the rocks.

As he descends, there are more and more scratches.

David looks below, as he drops. Still no sign of ocean floor.

He looks up.

He can no longer see Anna at all.

And then his flare starts to dim.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
My flare's going out.

ANNA (V.O.)  
(over comm)  
Maybe it's faulty. Spark a new one.

David SPARKS a new flare. It FLASHES bright at first, then dims to the same level...

DAVID  
No good.

ANNA (V.O.)  
(over comm)  
Shit.

David looks around him. In the dimmed light of the flare -- the shadows grow large and flickering.

ANNA (V.O.)  
*(over comm)*  
*There must be something choking the magnesium.*

DAVID  
 Can we stop it?

ANNA (V.O.)  
*(over comm)*  
*Can't answer that from up here.*

David takes a breath. The flare in his hands is little more than a dying candle.

DAVID  
 I can use my flash.

ANNA (V.O.)  
*(over comm)*  
*Camera?*

DAVID  
 It's on my belt. Lemme try.

David RIPS the BLACK BOX of the CAMERA from his belt. He MESSES with the settings. It's prepped.

He goes to hit the button. Then hesitates... Does he really want to see what's lurking down here?

He has to. For Jen. He hits the button, and --

**FLASH!**

David's camera BRILLIANTLY LIGHTS UP the pit -- goes from total darkness to PERFECT BRIGHTNESS. See clearly the jagged, hellish walls around him. Before it drops back to black.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
 It's good. Keep going.

David continues to get lowered down. His helmet the only thing that stays lit through all of this.

He charges his camera, and --

**FLASH!**

Sees down a tunnel for the first time. Bright specks shine back. They look like EYES. But he can't see, because seconds later it's black again.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
I think I saw something. I'm moving closer.

David charges his flash -- he peers in closer this time. Still worried about what he might see, but --

*FLASH!*

SEE A GIANT FUCKING FISH SKULL INCHES FROM HIS FACE!

DAVID (CONT'D)  
Oh god!

SUNKEN EYES, ENORMOUS TEETH. Its FLESH mostly ROTTED AWAY. David almost DROPS his camera he's so scared.

ANNA (V.O.)  
(over comm)  
David!

DAVID  
I'm fine. It's just a fish.

ANNA (V.O.)  
(over comm)  
Did it attack you?

He looks at the FISH SKELETON from underneath.

DAVID  
It's dead. Keep going.

David charges the camera again. What the fuck is he going to meet next. He pushes the button, and --

*FLASH!*

Sees JEN -- BELOW HIM -- to the side of the pit, grabbing onto a rock for dear life.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
I see her!

Hear Anna, Ox and Levan CHEER over the radio.

ANNA (V.O.)  
(over comm)  
You're sure?

DAVID  
It's her! Jen hold on!

ANNA (V.O.)  
(over comm)  
Thank god.

OX (V.O.)  
(over comm)  
Is she okay?

LEVAN (V.O.)  
(over comm)  
How does she look?

DAVID  
Her helmet light's out.

ANNA (V.O.)  
(over comm)  
Is she breathing?

OX (V.O.)  
(over comm)  
What can you see?

DAVID  
Jen, can you hear me?

LEVAN (V.O.)  
(over comm)  
Is she moving?

OX (V.O.)  
(over comm)  
Tell me what you see!

DAVID  
Wave your hand if you can  
hear me. She's --

David JERKS to a halt as the ROPE stops lowering him.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
Guy's it's caught --

LEVAN (V.O.)  
(over comm)  
-- Jen?

DAVID  
The rope -- ?

OX (V.O.)  
(over comm)  
-- yeah.

DAVID  
It's not moving --

ANNA (V.O.)  
That's all we've got.

Uh oh.

DAVID  
She's ten meters away --

OX (V.O.)  
(over comm)  
-- there's no more fucking rope!

DAVID  
Tie it to a closer rock --

ANNA (V.O.)  
(over comm)  
-- we did.

DAVID  
She's right there --

ANNA (V.O.)  
(over comm)  
-- that's it.

DAVID  
Ten more meters -- !

OX (V.O.)  
(over comm)  
There's no fucking ROPE!!!!

David takes a breath. Fine... he hits the camera --

**FLASH!**

Gets a look at Jen below him. Still can't see her face.

DAVID  
-- I'm disconnecting.

OX (V.O.)  
(over comm)  
You fucking idiot --

ANNA (V.O.)  
(over comm)  
-- don't you dare!

LEVAN (V.O.)  
(over comm)  
David --

DAVID  
-- I'm not leaving her.

ANNA (V.O.)  
(over comm)  
You cannot disconnect --

DAVID  
-- I can't leave!

ANNA (V.O.)  
(over comm)  
Just hold a second --

DAVID  
-- no.

ANNA (V.O.)  
(over comm)  
We'll figure something else --

OX (V.O.)  
(over comm)  
-- this is fucked.

DAVID  
She's gonna die --

OX (V.O.)  
(over comm)  
-- I don't like this.

DAVID  
I'm going --

ANNA (V.O.)  
(over comm)  
-- please don't.

DAVID  
There's grooves in the rock --

ANNA (V.O.)  
(over comm)  
-- you'll slip.

DAVID  
I'm fine --

ANNA (V.O.)  
(over comm)  
-- David!

DAVID  
I just need quiet --

David knows better, but he unhooks his tether. Starts CLIMBING down the wall of the pit.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
 (trying to calm them)  
 It's solid, okay? It's safe.

David carefully climbs down, sweat runs down his neck. He CRANES his head below, sees --

Jen's WEDGED between two rocks. Completely stuck.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
 Jen. I'm right above you. I'm going  
 to grab your belt okay?

But David can't see her belt in the darkness --

David finds a solid foot hold -- TESTS its hold strength. He charges his camera, leans down. He reaches for her belt. He can't see precisely, so --

*FLASH!*

CLOSE ON JEN'S GLASS HELMET. See her EYES -- WHITE AND TERRIFYING -- her face covered in BLOOD -- she's BRUTALLY SCREAMING, but it's completely silent.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
 -- oh fuck!

ANNA (V.O.)  
 (over comm)  
 Did you slip --?

OX (V.O.)  
 (over comm)  
 -- what?

ANNA (V.O.)  
 (over comm)  
 David --

DAVID  
 I've got her she's --

OX (V.O.)  
 (over comm)  
 What?

DAVID  
 -- fuck.

OX (V.O.)  
 (over comm)  
 What??

DAVID  
 -- she's hurt.

ANNA (V.O.)  
 (over comm)  
 Shit --

DAVID  
 FUCK -- it's bad --

OX (V.O.)  
 (over comm)  
 -- bad how?

ANNA (V.O.)  
 (over comm)  
 She moving -- ?

She makes eyes with David -- keeps SCREAMING for help.

DAVID  
 Jen --!

ANNA (V.O.)  
 (over comm)  
 -- David.

DAVID  
 She's saying something --

ANNA (V.O.)	OX (V.O.)
(over comm)	(over comm)
-- just grab her.	What --?

DAVID  
 -- I don't know. She's bleeding.

ANNA (V.O.)	DAVID (CONT'D)
(over comm)	What should I do --?
Shit --	

But now Jen starts talking -- clearly trying to tell him something. David points to his ears, mouths "Can't hear."

ANNA (V.O.)  
 (over comm)  
 You can't help her down there --

DAVID  
 -- Jen -- take my arm.

ANNA (V.O.)  
 (over comm)  
 Just grab her --

DAVID  
 -- careful.

ANNA (V.O.)  
 (over comm)  
 She could pull you off --

DAVID  
 -- it's fine.

OX (V.O.)  
 (over comm)  
 It's not fucking fine --

DAVID  
 Jen -- I'm going to grab you.

David motions to his arm. He tries to grab her, but -- she PUSHES him back -- shouting something --

DAVID (CONT'D)  
 Try to stay calm.

David GRABS her belt -- even as she fights him.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
 She's fighting me --

ANNA (V.O.)  
 (over comm)  
 -- she's short on O2.

DAVID  
 I know.

ANNA (V.O.)  
 (over comm)  
 She could be hallucinating

DAVID  
 I'm trying not to --

OX (V.O.)  
 (over comm)  
 Don't over think it. Just --

DAVID  
 EVERYONE SHUT THE FUCK UP!!!!

And they do. David takes a breath. Then.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
 (gearing himself up)  
 Sorry about this.

David reaches down -- GRABS Jen -- she's WRESTLING with him -- trying to break free -- but he HOLDS her close -- firm.

HOISTS her over his shoulder, fireman's carry, as he tries to climb back up to the rope.

He steps onto a rock on the wall of the pit, balancing. He can barely see his feet, as he tries to find a foothold.

He REACHES up -- grabs a ledge, pulls himself. The rope is now within arms reach.

David STRETCHES for the rope. But it's too far. Just barely.

He takes a careful step forward, feeling out his footing. Once it's secure, he STEPS forward, but --

Jen JERKS on his arm, and --

The rock CRUMBLES beneath him --

He falls, but --

SNAGS the rope with his hand. Holding Jen below him with the other. David STRAINS, as --

He LIFTS Jen up with him -- SNAPS his carabineer onto the rope. Takes a fucking breath.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
 (to Anna, out of breath)  
 Pull us up.

ANNA (V.O.)  
 (over comm)  
 -- you're attached?

DAVID  
 Yeah --

OX (V.O.)  
 (over comm)  
 -- the line can buckle.

ANNA (V.O.)  
 (over comm)  
 He said he's good --

David breathes, centering himself as the rope hoists them. But while David's looking up --

Jen's looking down...

Deep into the pit, staring at something, panicking.

She STRUGGLES, trying to get his attention.

DAVID  
We're almost there.

And then we see what Jen's pointing at. Below David, in the bottom of the pit, a MOVING SHADOW, a DARK ANIMAL SHAPE, the size of a GREAT WHITE swimming up toward us. Its features are unseen. Whatever this thing is, it reflects no light.

As the mass moves closer and closer, the light from David's FLARE grows darker. Like this thing is eating the light...

Jen's looking right at it. SCREAMING. DESPERATELY trying to get David's attention. But his eyes are FIXED above him.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
Don't worry. I've got you.

AT THE TOP OF THE PIT

Anna, Levan and Ox HEAVE on the rope together. They've got a rhythm going -- PULL, SLACK, PULL, SLACK.

IN THE PIT

JEN stares down at the Unseen creature, devouring David's light as it grows closer. She finally JERKS him so hard that--

DAVID (CONT'D)  
Ow!

He looks down, and sees...

That BLACK ANIMAL swimming in the darkness.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
(descends into panic)  
Oh... no, no no no no --

ANNA (V.O.)  
(over comm)  
-- you drop her?

DAVID  
Shit -- pull faster --

OX (V.O.)  
(over comm)  
-- what?

DAVID  
Go --!

ANNA (V.O.)  
 (over comm)  
 -- what happened?

OX (V.O.)  
 (over comm)  
 Huh --?

DAVID  
 -- something's coming.

OX (V.O.)  
 (over comm)  
 What --?

DAVID  
 I don't know --

OX (V.O.)  
 (over comm)  
 -- something?

DAVID  
 Go go go --

OX (V.O.)  
 (over comm)  
 -- fucking what?

DAVID (CONT'D)  
 Oh, shit! It's close --

OX (V.O.)  
 (over comm)  
 -- should we run!?

ANNA (V.O.)  
 (over comm)  
 Fucking shut up and pull --

LEVAN (V.O.)  
 -- is it an animal?

DAVID  
 I -- can't see it -- just pull--!

LEVAN (V.O.)  
 (over comm)  
 We are --

DAVID (CONT'D)  
 -- no no no no!

OX (V.O.)  
 (over comm)  
 What can you see --?

DAVID  
 -- get us up!

LEVAN (V.O.)  
 (over comm)  
 You are close.

OX (V.O.)  
 (over comm)  
 David!! What do you see?

DAVID  
 I can't! Just go --!

OX (V.O.)  
 (over comm)  
 How will we know --

ANNA (V.O.)  
 (over comm)  
 Ox -- just keep pulling!

LEVAN (V.O.)  
 (over comm)  
 How far is it behind you?

DAVID  
 I can't see.

OX (V.O.)  
 (over comm)  
 WHAT DO YOU MEAN!???

DAVID  
I mean I can't fucking see it!!!

ANNA (V.O.)  
 (over comm)  
 Here!

AT THE TOP OF THE PIT

Ox and Levan HEAVE at the ROPE, desperately pulling up, as --  
 Anna POPS A FLARE and DROPS IT DOWN INTO THE PIT.

DAVID  
 Oh, no...

The FLARE floats down, we see the silhouette of a creature --

**A BLACK MASS with SPINDLY TENTACLES UNDULATING IN THE WATER.  
 We see its shape, but no other details.**

**It is now and forever UNSEEABLE as anything but a black hole  
 cut out of the frame, swallowing light.**

And just as we're getting a sense of it's shape -- the Unseen  
 creature SHOOTs upward -- a TENTACLE WRAPS around Jen's  
 torso, and --

PULLS her from David's grasp -- RIPPING her backward.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
 Shiiiiiiiiiiiiit!

David looks down in time to see --

HER LOWER HALF SEVERED from her body in a SINGLE BITE.

Blood SQUIRTS out of her suit, as water RUSHES in -- crushing  
 the rest of her body, instantly.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
 Nooooooooo!!!!!

Seconds later -- *CHOMP!* Her head and torso are SWALLOWED, as if by the darkness itself.

ANNA (V.O.)  
(over comm)  
David!

And then. Barely skipping a beat --

*WHOOSH!* The Unseen ROCKETS upward. It's TENTACLES SWIRLING -- just black silhouettes in the light of David's flare.

David PULLS himself against the wall of the pit -- manages to WEDGE himself in a crack.

OX (V.O.)  
(over comm)  
What's going on!???

A tentacle WHIPS at him -- SMACKS the rock -- and when it fails to catch him --

It just keeps swimming upward --

DAVID  
Spears! It's coming for you!

OX  
(over comm)  
God, no.

DAVID  
Spears!

AT THE TOP OF THE PIT

Anna, Ox and Levan watch, as --

The Unseen JETS out above them. Ox sees Anna DISAPPEAR as the Unseen crosses his view.

OX  
Holy fuck!

ANNA  
Stay tight!

David HEAVES himself out of the pit -- out of breath.

DAVID  
You can't see it, except when it blocks the light.

Ox, Levan, and Anna PULL their spears. Hold them in ONE HAND, hold their FLARES in the other.

They stand BACK to BACK -- READY FOR BATTLE.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
It ripped her in half. It grabbed her or something. It's fast --

As their heads spin, suddenly --

WHAM! The UNSEEN'S TENTACLE GRABS Anna. WRAP around her neck.

ANNA  
Shit!

She tries to STAB the thing -- but it SQUEEZES her -- CHOKING her, PREVENTING her from hitting it. As it PULLS her forward--

Levan SPINS and -- FWOOSH! Shoots his spear toward the Unseen. It STICKS into its DARK BODY.

It JERKS back IN PAIN -- WRITHING, as --

VRRRRRR!! The water VIBRATES like we saw before. We realize --

DAVID  
The vibration. It's screaming! You hurt it!

The Unseen JERKS from SIDE to SIDE -- somehow RIPS the SPEAR out from its body. Maybe with its tentacles, but remember --

WE CAN'T FUCKING SEE THIS THING.

ANNA  
Get behind me -- go!

Levan, now weaponless, moves to Anna -- grabs her flare for her while she fights --

OX  
We're dead, we're fucking dead.

DAVID  
Focus!

CRASH! The Unseen SMASHES a BOULDER nearby. Fragments SHOOT through the water like SHRAPNEL from a BOMB.

ANNA  
Get down!

One SVT!! Hits Anna's helmet. SCRAPES it --

ANNA (CONT'D)

Shit!

Ox sees the scrape -- losing his shit. He sets his spear --

OX

FUCK YOU!

Ox just FIRES into the DARKNESS! The spear SAILS past, doesn't hit anything.

LEVAN

Do not shoot! We have only two spears left.

And now they've lost track of the thing. Just darkness all around. David's head spins as he tries to think of what to do. They can't beat this thing. Not like this --

Suddenly, their flares start to dim. They grow DIMMER and DIMMER, like dying candles. The Unseen is approaching. It could be two feet in front of them, and they wouldn't know.

So David makes a choice --

DAVID

Down! In the pit! Go --

OX

-- what?

DAVID

Get in the tunnel --!

ANNA

-- why?

DAVID

The first one at the top!

ANNA

We could fall --

LEVAN

-- inside?

DAVID

Trust me!

Anna and Levan process for a second, then --

DAVID (CONT'D)

FUCKING GO!

The two JUMP into the pit -- start CLIMBING down the wall.

OX  
I'm not --

DAVID  
-- NOW!

David grabs Ox --

OX  
Get off me --!

PULLS him down, as -- *WHAM!* The Unseen SHATTERS some rocks above. They DROP into the pit.

ANNA  
-- where's the tunnel?

LEVAN  
Which one --?

DAVID  
-- below to the left.

ANNA  
I see it --

DAVID  
-- Levan.

LEVAN  
Anna, you -- what?

DAVID  
-- get a charge ready.

The TUNNEL'S just below the crew. Levan grabs one of the SMALL EXPLOSIVE CHARGES from his belt; he FLIPS a switch -- it turns green.

ANNA  
If you blow that, you'll block us in.

DAVID  
That's the point!

The Unseen JETS toward them. The outline of its TENTACLES visible in the light of the flares.

Levan PULLS himself into the tunnel, then Anna, Ox, David.

IN THE TUNNEL

The team HEAVE their bodies away from the pit, pushing into the darkness, step by step.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Now!

Levan FLIPS the CHARGE -- it turns RED. He SHOVES it inside the rock --

LEVAN

Get down --

*BOOM!!!* The charge FLASHES WHITE. We see the OUTLINE of the SNARLING Unseen, as --

*CRACK!* The ROOF of the TUNNEL ENTRANCE SHATTERS into pieces -- then COLLAPSES down -- forming a barricade to the pit.

DAVID

Keep going! Run!

The crew SCRAMBLES deeper into the tunnel, as, on the other side of the barricade, the Unseen -- *WHAM! WHAM!* slams into the rock barrier. The rocks JOLT with each hit.

OX

It's not gonna hold --

DAVID

It'll hold.

And then suddenly... The slamming stops. The Unseen gives up.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Oh my god.

LEVAN

Thank Jesus.

OX

Is it gone?

ANNA

Shhh...

They listen. So much so they can hardly stand.

OX

I can't breathe.

ANNA

Shhh!!!

They breathe in silence.

Just listening.

For anything.

Some sign that they're finally safe.

And when all we hear is the moaning of the ocean.

Their breath returns. And their senses.

David snaps into boy scout mode. Grabs his location sensor -- we see our position. A blinking dot outside the Arena.

DAVID

We're pointing at the Arena. If the tunnel keeps its course, we find the right spot, we bore our way up--

ANNA

(not ready to move on)  
Jen...

David takes a beat. Swallows a tear. Blames himself.

DAVID

("we'll mourn --")  
On the rig. Let's go.

But Levan isn't moving. He's staring at the barricade. Ox besides him.

LEVAN

We have awoken something. Deep.

DAVID

It doesn't matter right now.

But no one has seen... a DARK TENTACLE slithered through the rocks in the barricade. It moves slowly, wraps around Ox's ankle, and then --

LEVAN

It is *all* that matters.

It YANKS Ox backward -- PULLING him toward the barricade.

OX

Fuck!!!!

He -- WHAM! SLAMS into it.

ANNA

Grab him!

The Unseen's tentacle thrashes, trying to PULL Ox through the rocks. But David and Anna GRAB each of Ox's arms, hold him --

OX  
Ow!!! Fuck!

Levan RACES over -- RAISES a SPEAR, then -- STABS the TENTACLE. DIRECT HIT. The Unseen SCREAMS, the water BLURS as it releases Ox.

Ox SCRAMBLES up. Free from the Unseen -- but fully manic now.

DAVID  
Let's go.

OX  
(crazed)  
Nuh uh! We've got to finish it.

Ox grabs a CHARGE from Levan's belt -- he FLIPS it GREEN. It's in ready mode. He's going to use ANOTHER explosive.

ANNA  
What are you doing?

OX  
Ending this.

Anna tries to grab him, but Ox just PUSHES her back.

DAVID  
Are you fucking crazy? You could shatter the ceiling --

Ox -- FLIPS the CHARGE to RED. It's about to fucking BLOW! As he goes to THROW it into the barricade --

WHAM! David TACKLES him -- GRABS the charge away from him -- SWITCHES it to GREEN.

OX  
Stop!

Ox FIGHTS him for it, STRUGGLING on the ground. Ox GRABS a ROCK -- SWINGS it and --

WHACK! Hits David in the mask. David REELS -- gets his bearings, fucking INCENSED now.

DAVID  
Are you fucking insane?

OX  
This is your fault. You knew about  
those bodies.

DAVID  
No I fucking didn't!

Ox goes to HIT David again. But David BLOCKS it.

ANNA  
Stop! You'll pierce his suit!

OX  
What he fucking deserves.

Ox HOLDS David between his legs. David takes his SPEAR out --  
WEDGES it between Ox's legs, and --

FORCES them apart. But the spear HOOKS on a rock and --  
TWISTS Ox's leg -- CRUNCHING it badly --

OX (CONT'D)  
Fuck!

The two break their hold, as Anna and Levan JUMP between,  
pushing them apart. They're both huffing and puffing.

ANNA  
Call a truce. Let's go!

DAVID  
(to Ox)  
Fuck you!

But David realizes he just basically said fuck you to Anna.

ANNA  
Shake. Your fucking. Hands.

David hates this. But... seeing Anna STARE at him...

He puts out his hand.

Ox hates it, too. But grabs David's hand. They shake.

ANNA (CONT'D)  
Now -- let's go!

The team picks up -- starts hurrying through the tunnel, as  
fast as they can. Every step is a fight. It's exhausting.

LEVAN  
It was a trap. He could have killed  
Jen any time. He brought us here.

OX  
So he's a genius killing monster  
fucking thing.

ANNA  
No.

Everyone turns to her, "oh yeah?"

ANNA (CONT'D)  
It's just an animal.

OX  
Why couldn't we see it?

DAVID  
It wasn't reflecting light.

OX  
So it's magical!

The team is getting tired, as they RUSH down the tunnel.

ANNA  
It's just camouflage!  
(explaining)  
There are species, both land and  
aquatic that reflect minimal light  
using unique epidermal structures.  
This is an extreme case, yes, but --

LEVAN  
It also dimmed our lights.

Anna nods, almost to herself. Keeps moving.

ANNA  
Yes... I think it was ingesting it.

OX  
Eating it?

ANNA  
Energy is energy.

OX  
One thing shits light, one eats it.

LEVAN  
The circle of life.

DAVID  
How would that even work?

ANNA

I don't know.

DAVID

Why haven't we seen it, yet? The Arena is a feast of light.

LEVAN

Our derricks turned on today. Perhaps we woke it up.

David, Anna and Ox seem to agree.

DAVID

From its year-long nap? It would have starved.

ANNA

Lungfish can go five years without food.

DAVID

It didn't get that big by eating once a year.

ANNA

Unless it's very old. Greenland sharks live 500 years. Some biologists think it's a thousand.  
(explaining)

Eight million species live on land. A hundred million live underwater and we don't know a quarter of them. People don't get it, down here, *this* is our planet. The earth isn't blue and green. It's black.

A moment, then --

DAVID

Everyone, hold up for a second.

The crew halts, David PULLS a new flare -- LIGHTS it, shows -- UP AHEAD, the tunnel splits into three different paths.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Let's split up. One of these must lead toward the Arena.

To the side -- see -- Ox is jostling his suit.

ANNA

You okay?

OX  
By boot is fucking bent, it's  
hurting my toes.

ANNA  
Next time don't attack your  
captain.

OX  
Shit!

DAVID  
What?

OX  
It really fucking hurts. It's  
pinching a nerve or something, my  
foot is freezing cold.

The three of them look at each other.

DAVID  
Your foot's cold?

Ox looks up at them. Sees how terrified they all look.

OX  
What? Why are you looking at me  
like that?

David jumps into action -- GRABS Ox's VITALS BOX, see -- a  
FLUCTUATION in his suit pressure..

OX (CONT'D)  
What is that?

DAVID  
It's...

ANNA  
No.

OX  
What??

DAVID  
I think it's a breech.

The four of them look around each other.

OX  
This is water?  
(realizing)  
Shit! Yeah, it's at my knee.

Ox starts to freak out, trying to stay calm.

OX (CONT'D)  
So what do we do?

The four of them think...

OX (CONT'D)  
Huh?? Somebody answer me?  
(emotional)  
David!

DAVID  
We could try sealing the suit  
higher up. You'll lose your leg. It  
might not work.

OX  
It's at my junk... Take the leg.

DAVID  
You could bleed out.

OX  
Just do it!

DAVID  
Anna -- on his vitals. You'll need  
to do a bolus of pressure to keep  
the water back.

ANNA  
If it's too much, I'll kill him.

DAVID  
You've got the external pressure  
numbers -- match them and it should  
be fine --

LEVAN  
(to David)  
We're going to twist the leg cusps,  
I assume.

OX  
Please, hurry. It's spilling into  
the other leg. Come on.

DAVID  
We'll do on three? You pull the  
lock -- I'll knock it in place?

LEVAN  
I have my doubts, but I suppose  
it's all we have.

OX  
You guys have to do this, please.

ANNA  
We're going to do it, Ox.

DAVID  
(checking around)  
Everyone ready?

ANNA  
Be strong. This is going to hurt  
like nothing you've ever felt.

OX  
(almost laughing)  
Thanks, that's encouraging.

DAVID  
Here we go, 1, 2, 3 --

Levan PULLS the leg joint back -- Anna BLASTS the air  
pressure -- the water HOLDS --

LEVAN  
We're clear.

David TWISTS the cusp of the KNEE JOINT -- then SHOVES it  
forward -- JUTTING it through Ox's LEG.

OX  
Fuuuuckk!!! Oh shit!

But not all the way. David pushes HARDER... and HARDER.

OX (CONT'D)  
Fuckk!!!

DAVID  
I need help.

Levan GRABS David's hands -- PUSHES, tries to make the seal --

OX  
Please! Just do it -- please!!!

They keep pushing, and pushing and pushing. Then David stops.

OX (CONT'D)  
Why are you stopping?

DAVID  
(looking at him)  
It's not gonna go.

OX  
What do you mean?

DAVID  
The holes, they're not the same  
size. It's not going to go.

OX  
What do you mean, it's not going to  
go?  
(the pain)  
Fuck!!!!

DAVID  
I'm so sorry.

OX  
There has to be something else,  
though. Right?

ANNA  
Ox.

OX  
There's must be fucking something.  
It's at my fucking chest --

Ox starts to cry.

OX (CONT'D)  
Guys...  
(to David)  
I'm sorry, I'm sorry. I didn't mean  
to fight please just try something.

Anna comes to Ox. She takes his hand.

OX (CONT'D)  
(to Anna)  
Please?

ANNA  
I'm so sorry.

OX  
It's at my neck, guys...

And now -- we start to see -- the actual water at his neck.

OX (CONT'D)  
What am I supposed to do?

The other three are crying. Even Levan has tears in his eyes.

OX (CONT'D)  
What do I do?  
(to David)  
I didn't mean it. I'm sorry.

DAVID  
I know.

The crew looks him in the eyes.

The water's at his chin. It's slowly rising toward his mouth.

OX  
Guys... this isn't fair.

And now -- the water is at his mouth -- he spits it out --

OX (CONT'D)  
Please.

Trying to keep it out. He takes a BIG breath of air.

And now the water's covering his mouth.

He says something -- bubbles rise out.

David comes to Ox. Puts his head against Ox's mask.

See Ox's eyes -- just staring into David's.

Tears running down.

Ox is furiously breathing in and out of his nose.

And then it rises past his nose.

Now it's just his eyes.

Staring.

Still.

David doesn't look away.

He can't.

He just stares into Ox's eyes.

The only thing he can do for him now.

Just be here with him.

Ox stares back at David.

Afraid.

Helpless.

Each moment closer to his last.

And then he starts to feel it.

His throat starts to spasm.

His chest jerking.

As he fights the urge to breathe in.

He keeps staring at David.

His eyes.

So afraid.

So broken.

David nods to him, "it's okay..."

And then, not looking away --

OX BREATHES IN

Water.

A full breath of it.

He's still alive, though.

A moment --

A look between David and Ox.

And then...

Ox's body spasms --

Jerks this way and that.

And then it's still.

His legs give out.

He tips to the side, leaning against the tunnel wall.

Then he sits there, still, for what seems like an eternity.  
He's gone.

LEVAN  
My lord.

David takes a breath, then bends down. Grabs Ox's arm.

DAVID  
Help me.

Levan comes next to David, helps lower Ox down.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
I didn't mean to --

ANNA  
We know.

The silence hangs between them.

LEVAN  
Come.

Levan moves forward, as David rallies himself. He doesn't get to mourn. Not while his crew's in danger. Off his face, determined to get back --

INT. THE RIG - BULLPEN

Rae sits in front of the control deck -- staring at the screen. ALL FIVE of the crew members' vitals say, "OFFLINE."

RAE  
(to Craig, O.S.)  
Is that really the most important  
thing right now?

REVERSE to see Craig. He's got David's suitcase open on the table. He's RIPPING clothes out of it, checking pockets, etc.

CRAIG  
If he knows some other shit that's  
gonna kill us, then yeah.  
(seeing something)  
Boom!

Craig pulls out a HAND GUN. Sets it on the table.

CRAIG (CONT'D)  
You were saying?

RAE

Bro. Chill. I don't fucking care about David, I'm talking about us.

Craig takes a breath. Calming down. Rae gets a bit serious.

RAE (CONT'D)

Their 02 runs out in fifteen. The return sub takes three people to operate.

Craig realizes where she's going with this. He suddenly sobers. Doesn't want to talk about it.

CRAIG

I don't want to do this yet.

RAE

You just want to plan your victory speech? If they're not coming back -- I want to be out of here.

CRAIG

They're coming back.

RAE

What if they don't. And whatever happened to them happens to us.

Craig closes his eyes. She's not wrong. Now he feels guilty.

CRAIG

We can't just leave them --

RAE

It's going to take time to hack the sub, so you and I can operate it alone. I go out there. I check. If we don't detect a signal, we leave.

Craig and Rae stare at each other. Deal.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE ARENA - MINUTES LATER - INTERCUT

Rae walks down the airlock ramp toward a Tread. And as she does, we notice --

THE RETURN SUB -- A SQUAT VESSEL, the size of a UTILITIES VAN -- docked a dozen meters from the Rig. Suddenly, the SUB'S EXTERNAL LIGHTS turn on.

CRAIG (V.O.)  
 (over comm)  
*The sub's booting. You got the  
 location sensor ready?*

RAE  
 (she's holding it)  
 Should I hold it, or --?

CRAIG (V.O.)  
 (over comm)  
*Strap it to the control bars. As  
 long as it's directed downward, we  
 can check the reading.*

Rae gets to the Tread. Climbs on. Attaches the sensor.

Craig HITS the button -- VROOM! The Tread STARTS, heads out.

As Rae drives, those old familiar fish guts swirl around her.  
 The sensor BEEPS, as it scans for the crew.

CRAIG (V.O.)  
 (re: the sub)  
 I could pre-rig the ballast tanks.  
 We'd rise at a crawl, but it'd free  
 up a set of hands.

Craig's looking at a schematic of the SUB.

RAE  
 How long will that take?

CRAIG  
 It's a complete rewiring. But I bet  
 I can do it in forty.

FROM A DISTANCE

The small white cube of THE ARENA just sitting in that vast  
 expanse of black. Rae is a TINY SPECK.

BACK IN CLOSE

Rae reaches the ENDZONE of the Arena. She CHECKS the scanner.  
 Then pulls the Tread around, facing the Rig.

RAE  
 Nothing, C.

Craig closes his eyes. That can't be fucking true.

CRAIG

(keeping it together)

The airlock's prepped for you. I'll start on the sub.

(heavy, then)

Fuck David. I should've sniffed him out sooner.

RAE

"Should've" is a dark road. Let's just get out of here.

EXT/INT. VERTICAL SECTION OF UNDERGROUND TUNNEL - SAME

Levan, Anna and David climb up the rocky sides of this vertical stretch. Anna is in the lead, a flare held out in front of her. Suddenly, she stops.

ANNA

This is as far as it goes.

David and Levan, disappointed, strain their heads, looking up. Trying to see --

DAVID

Is there a crack? Something we can squeeze through?

Anna stretches and sees -- sure enough. A small crack winds its way up to the surface.

ANNA

A few feet. Not enough to pass.

DAVID

Could we put a charge up there?

Anna looks down at him.

ANNA

You realize if it doesn't break right, we'll be crushed?

LEVAN

We have five minutes of oxygen.

Anna looks at them.

ANNA

We need to turn down our intake.

DAVID

We're already at the minimum.

ANNA  
The safe minimum.

LEVAN  
(beat)  
Better to die slowly, I guess.

Anna, David and Levan grab their vital controls.

ANNA  
Thirty percent.

They all look up. Immediately, breathing more heavily.

ANNA (CONT'D)  
Breathe full, slow breaths. Okay?

DAVID  
(trying to breathe)  
Do we do this or not?

They look up at the rock. No decision made. We CUT TO:

THE ARENA FLOOR

Rae moves toward the Rig, when --

The ground starts to rumble. Beneath her feet.

RAE  
(into comm)  
Craig?!

The water SHAKES -- VIBRATING like before, until --

RAE (CONT'D)  
No, no no no!

BANG! The ground EXPLODES next to Rae --

RAE (CONT'D)  
Fuck!

But instead of a monster, Rae sees -- DAVID'S HEAD JUTTING out of a hole. David just blasted a hole in the rock.

Craig's SCREEN lights up -- as the VITALS of the crew members return. Craig floods with relief --

But there's silence from David -- as he pulls Anna out of the hole, followed by Levan, who's having trouble.

They're all breathing frantic, shallow breaths.

DAVID  
 (to Rae, on her Tread)  
 Levan's losing consciousness.

RAE  
 Where's Jen?

David just looks at Rae, his silence saying so much.

DAVID  
 We need to hurry.

CRAIG (V.O.)  
 (over comm)  
 What about Ox?

More silence from both of them. Then --

IN THE RIG

*Ehh Ehh Ehh!* Alarms go off -- a read out on the control deck shows, "BLOOD 02: 12%" Craig's eyes go wide.

CRAIG  
 Holy shit! You guys have to hurry.  
 You're gonna pass out any second.

DAVID  
 Not good.

David breathes, erratic, strained. Anna looks at him.

ANNA  
 Full. Slow. Full. Slow.

RAE  
 Get on. You'll have to squeeze.

David and Anna help Levan swing his legs over the TREAD, as both of them hop on the back. It's a tight fit.

DAVID  
 Fast --  
 (breath)  
 -- as you can.

RAE  
 It's a lot of weight for one Tread.

DAVID  
 (breath)  
 I know.

Rae STARTS the engine, REVS it, then -- *VROOM!* The Tread TAKES off toward the Rig.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Is the sub --  
 (breath)  
 -- online?

CRAIG (V.O.)

(over comm)  
*It can be in ten. What happened?*

RAE

Save your breath.

ANNA

No. Talking. Is good. Regulates  
 breathing. We were --  
 (breath)  
 -- attacked.

IN THE BULLPEN

Craig works the control deck to BOOT the sub. He pushes a button. "BOOT SUB."

CRAIG

By what?

BACK IN THE WATER

ANNA

A.  
 (breath)  
 An.  
 (breath)  
 Animal.

CRAIG (V.O.)

(over comm)  
*What kind?*

DAVID

Too dark.  
 (breath)  
 To see.

ANNA

Nothing on sonar?

IN THE BULLPEN

CRAIG

No.

Suddenly -- *ERH ERH ERH!* Levan's blood O2 is dropping out of the sky. His heart is starting to FLUTTER.

CRAIG (CONT'D)  
He's fading. Levan?

IN THE WATER

LEVAN  
(confused)  
Huh...

DAVID  
(to Rae)  
We can't.  
(breath)  
Go faster?

The Tread is *really* trying. They're still a few minutes out.

RAE  
This is a one man ride.

ANNA  
David and I. Can walk.

RAE  
No fucking way.

Anna looks at Levan. His eyes are dilating.

ANNA  
Levan...  
(makes a choice)  
He won't make it. Hurry.

Anna steps off the Tread. STUMBLES onto the Arena floor.  
David JUMPS off the Tread, turns.

ANNA (CONT'D)  
Go. GO!

Rae nods, as -- the Tread ZOOMS off -- going MUCH faster.

RAE  
I'll swing back once he's inside.

David starts off toward the Rig -- PUSHING forward. HARD.  
Like walking through GLUE with a bag over your head.

ANNA  
David. Slower.

DAVID  
We don't have. Time.

ANNA  
We have to save. Breath.

David blinks -- his vision getting blurry. Keeps on.

OUTSIDE THE RIG - MOMENTS LATER

Rae arrives at the AIRLOCK DOOR. She JUMPS off the Tread.  
Helps Levan up the ramp --

DAVID (V.O.)  
(over comm)  
How is. Levan?

RAE  
Still conscious.

Rae hurries him into the airlock, supporting him, as --

RAE (CONT'D)  
Shut the door!

CRAIG (V.O.)  
(over comm)  
Closing.

WHAM! The airlock door SLAMS shut. Locks them inside.

IN THE BULLPEN

Craig pulls up a SCHEMATIC for the AIRLOCK. He adjusts  
repressurizing to "rapid."

CRAIG  
We're going turbo.

IN THE AIRLOCK

The water level LOWERS, as quickly as it can. Alarm's FLASH.

CRAIG (V.O.)  
(over comm)  
Ignore those, levels are fine.

As the water recedes, Rae supports Levan. Once it passes his  
head -- Rae PULLS his helmet off.

Levan takes an ENORMOUS breath. Life returns to him.

LEVAN

I am here.

BACK IN THE ARENA

Anna and David still moving toward the Rig.

DAVID

My eyes. Are blurring.  
(breath)  
Fuck.

ANNA

We're doing. Okay.

DAVID

Craig?

CRAIG (V.O.)

(over comm)

You've got ten minutes at this  
level. Stay calm. Once Levan's in,  
I'll ready the airlock.

DAVID

No. We'll take. The single diver  
hatch. Faster.

CRAIG (V.O.)

(over comm)

Perfect.

Anna and David can make out the SINGLE DIVER HATCH at the bottom of the Rig. It looks like a little red door.

Just twenty yards away.

IN THE RIG

Craig's at the control deck -- suddenly -- DING! A light flashes green. "SUB ONLINE."

CRAIG

We're ready to go. Get back here.

ANNA (V.O.)

(over comm)

Keep. Checking. Sonar. The animal.

CRAIG

I've got an idea.

Craig pulls up a different program on the control deck. We see a SCHEMATIC of the RIG. A SATELLITE DISH on top BLINKS.

CRAIG (CONT'D)  
It won't be too dark for this!

The AIRLOCK opens. Levan stumbles in, Rae supporting him.  
Levan looks at Craig's computer, sees --

LEVAN  
Don't!

Craig hits ENTER -- and --

EXT. THE RIG - SAME

A GIANT REFLECTIVE SATELLITE DISH suddenly LIGHTS UP --  
BLASTING a ray of light around THE RIG.

CRAIG (V.O.)  
(over comm)  
I can keep it circling. Any  
movement, and --

Craig PUSHES a button and the RAY moves like a searchlight.

DAVID  
Stop! No!

CRAIG (V.O.)  
(over comm)  
What? Why?

IN THE BULLPEN

Levan RACES to Craig's computer. He stumbles to the control  
deck. Points to it -- manic.

LEVAN  
Kill it -- stop it!

CRAIG  
What?

LEVAN  
The light! It feeds on light!

Levan hits "TERMINATE" on the search light.

The satellite dish goes DARK -- the crew holds their breath.

Did the Unseen notice? Does it even care...

A heavy beat...

Maybe everything's fine. But then --



A MILLION GALLONS enter the Rig in a tenth of a second.

A tenth of a second later -- EMERGENCY LOCKS SEAL ADJOINING DOORS -- BLOCKING off this part of the Rig, but an OLYMPIC SWIMMING POOL of water has already FLOODED into the Rig --

IN THE BULLPEN

A ROAR, as A FUCKING TSUNAMI FLOODS into the BULLPEN from every HALLWAY and AIR DUCT.

Craig JUMPS into the open airlock -- HIDES in the corner -- MISSING the BRUTE FRONTAL FORCE of the flood.

Levan CLIMBS the wall with STRENGTH we hadn't seen. He stays high and DESPERATELY HOLDS ON -- his arm BLEEDING, as water FLOODS below him.

IN THE WATER

Anna and David stare at the Rig. Their heart rates rise, as their breathing grows faster. They're losing it.

DAVID

No. No.

ANNA

Oh. God. Hurry.

David and Anna start PUSHING toward the Rig. But it's slow.

ANNA (CONT'D)

Try to keep --

Anna starts PANTING -- can't finish the sentence.

DAVID

Rae? We need.

(breath)

Help.

But no one's responding.

ANNA

Maybe comm link. Shorted.

DAVID

Or. They're dead.

Just then --

BEHIND THEM -- at the far end of the Arena, the ARENA LIGHTS start to flicker.

Anna and David see it. Hope drains from their faces as they realize now --

The Unseen is coming for them.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Anna...

Suddenly --

*CHUNG!*

The FAR LIGHTS of the ENDZONE SHUT OFF.

ANNA

No. No, no, no.

DAVID

Don't look back! Just move.

ANNA

Can't. Breath.

DAVID

Try.

They TURN -- start PUMPING their legs. WILLING them to go faster through the water. Their oxygen levels close to zero.

*CHUNG!*

The LIGHTS at the 10-yard line die, as the Unseen approaches.

ANNA

We. Won't. Make it.

*CHUNG!*

The 20-yard line goes black.

We're TIGHT ON DAVID AND ANNA -- just their faces -- red -- breathing frantic, shallow breaths. Terror in their eyes.

ANNA (CONT'D)

Can't. Breath.

*CHUNG!*

The 30-yard line. Going SO MUCH FASTER than our heroes can.

*CHUNG!*

40-yard line. Like the lights of a GIANT HALLWAY being shut off, one by one. David and Anna are breathless -- heaving with the impossible task.

*CHUNG!*

50-yard line. It's halfway to the Rig and gaining.  
But David and Anna are in the HOME FIELD END ZONE.

DAVID  
Almost. There.

They're close to the SINGLE DIVER HATCH.

They just might make it --

DAVID (CONT'D)  
Come. On.

Suddenly Anna DROPS from frame as we see --

Her BOOT snagged a ROCK. As she panics --

*CHUNG!*

The 40-yard line goes dark. Anna tries to JERK her boot free. But it won't budge.

*CHUNG!*

The 30-yard line. David turns back, sees Anna struggling.

ANNA  
Stuck.

David doesn't even think about it. He moves forward. His oxygen almost out, he --

DROPS to the ground. Crawling toward her now. Breathing so hard. He can hardly make a sound.

He grabs her leg, as --

DAVID  
Push!

Anna PUSHES with her other foot, as David HEAVES. And --

*POP!* Her boot breaks loose. And they move. Slowly. So. So.

Slowly.

*CHUNG!*

20-yard line and gaining.

*CHUNG!*

10-yard line.

Finally -- David looks behind him. We see --

The silhouette of the UNSEEN, this fucking primal beast. But it's too late. They weren't fast enough --

The FINAL SET OF ARENA LIGHTS start to flicker, then --

*CHUNG!*

The lights go off. And the only light is from Anna and David's HELMETS in total darkness. The Unseen reaches Anna --

David can't even yell, as --

Anna's helmet DISAPPEARS into the Unseen's mouth. It's all over, until --

*POW!!!!!!!!!!*

A LIGHT -- brighter than anything you've ever seen -- BLASTS from the Arena and completely WHITES out the screen.

We have no idea what just happened.

All we know is it's white.

And silent.

White.

Silent.

David's EYES open --

His vision awful -- can barely see anything.

The whole world ENTIRELY without sound.

Hear his heart pounding.

Nothing else.

He searches around -- madly.

The floodlights above him off --

But he's in the Arena -- the Rig glows behind him.

A RINGING starts to fill his ears.

His vision still flashing white -- then black -- as his eyes try to recover from the flash.

We start to hear muffled sounds.

Muffled screaming.

Then --

FULL AUDIO KNOCKS DAVID IN THE FACE -- US WITH HIM --

ANNA (V.O.)  
DAVID!!!!!!

David looks down and sees -- Anna at his feet. Almost unconscious. That scream having taken the last of her energy.

Her suit is DENTED at the neck line, where the Unseen BIT her -- but wasn't able to finish.

The dent is STRANGLING her, cutting off her blood flow. This, on top of her low O2. She's as good as dead.

Anna's eyes roll back. Hear the GURGLING of her mouth. The CHOKING noises, fucking horrifying.

David GRABS Anna -- drags her toward the Rig.

He STUMBLES in the ooze. No energy left in him.

But somehow.

He gets back up.

See a LADDER that leads up to a small, cylindrical PORT at the bottom of the Rig. The SINGLE DIVER AIRLOCK.

David hits a button, as --

A DOOR opens up at the top of the ladder. He climbs it,

Or rather. Tries. But can't.

At first.

He GRITS his teeth -- panting in and out, in and out. Then --

SCREAMS! As he climbs into the airlock. Pulling Anna up.

IN THE SINGLE DIVER AIRLOCK

He supports Anna, who's now unconscious.

The bottom of the airlock SHUTS closed, as --

David SMACKS a button "ENTER."

WHIRRRR -- the water starts EMPTYING. But it's going slowly.

An inch...

Two inches...

If it doesn't go faster -- Anna's going to die.

Six inches...

It starts to pick up. Their heads now above water.

David decides to act --

He GRABS Anna's helmet -- UNHOOKS it -- rips it off.

She GASPS air, as her neck is freed from the clamp. But BLOOD's flowing from a wound where her neck was PINCHED.

David PULLS his off, too. Takes an ENORMOUS breath of oxygen.

FORCES his senses back to him. As he looks to Anna. Suddenly, her eyes open. She looks at him.

She mumbles. Not yet able to talk.

DAVID

Okay -- you're okay.

The water now at their waists.

DAVID (CONT'D)

(into comm, shouted)

Please! Guys -- can you hear me?

David POUNDS on the door above him. No one responds.

David GRABS Anna's NECK -- tries to STOP the bleeding. But it's not enough. As the water in the airlock STAINS RED --

He GRABS the cloth of her underarmour wet suit -- TEARS a strip free -- He TIES it around her lower neck, securing it under her shoulder. It's not perfect. But the bleeding slows.

The airlock finishes draining, and the HANDLE to the HATCH lights up -- "ready to open."

David takes a few more breaths. Gets his head ready for this.

ANNA  
What happened?

DAVID  
I don't know.  
(into his comm)  
Guys -- I'm opening the hatch.

David GRABS the handle, he PULLS it toward him.

The hatch ENGAGES. It starts to tilt open --

But instead of seeing the bullpen --

*WHOOOSH!*

A FLOOD of dark water streams in, as we realize --

THE RIG IS NOW FULL OF WATER. But not just that --

ALL THE LIGHTS IN THE RIG ARE OUT. It's TOTAL FUCKING DARK.

David GRAPPLES with the water -- it's pressure KNOCKING him and Anna against the wall. The only light coming from the collar of their suits.

See Anna's face. Trying SO FUCKING hard not to breathe in.

The water settles, as it finishes filling the airlock. David steadies himself, then PUSHES up, swimming blindly into --

THE DARKENED, FLOODED BULLPEN

David pulls Anna behind him, as he DESPERATELY moves toward the surface --

He gets to the surface, when --

*WHAM!*

He hits his head. Sees --

It's the fucking CEILING. The whole room is full of water.

David's trapped. Doesn't know what to do.

He looks at the ceiling. Tries to get his bearings when he realizes --

This isn't ceiling. THIS IS THE WALL.

In the total dark -- in his heavy suit, he got turned around.

Thought he was swimming upward -- but actually swam sideways.

Now it's all out panic.

He doesn't even know which way to swim.

Anna looks at him -- shaking her head -- she can't hold her breath any longer.

David moves to her.

He GRABS her head, HOLDS her nose shut, then BREATHES into her mouth.

Bubbles RISE as she takes in the air.

He's bought her a few more seconds.

With no idea what to do -- with no light to see --

David makes a decision -- CHOOSES a direction --

SWIMS that way with all of his might, tracking the wall -- DRAGGING Anna, hoping for some kind of opening to air --

WHAM!

FUCK -- he hits another surface.

It's THE FLOOR.

Bad news.

But also good news.

This means the SURFACE, if there is one, is straight up.

He KICKS off the bottom. PUSHING upward.

But his muscles start to spasm.

He's not gonna make it.

He PUSHES Anna upward.

His vision darkens.

But he's not giving up --

He KICKS his legs a final time.

EXPLODES ABOVE THE SURFACE OF THE WATER

He GRABS some kind of ledge, pulls himself onto it --

He GASPS IN and OUT -- Anna gasping beside him.

He rolls over onto his back.

Looking straight up, we see --

Nothing.

The entire room is dark.

Nothing beyond his and Anna's suit collars.

They just lie there, sucking desperate breaths into their lungs. Their ribs aching from the effort.

For a long moment, they're too exhausted to care --

About anything. Where they are. What surface they're on. What happened to the Rig.

They BREATHE and BREATHE in total darkness.

Their faces, only, lit.

They breathe.

Breathe.

And finally... as senses return. David sees --

The bullpen is filled with water. He turns on his side, sees--

They're on top of the INDUSTRIAL SHELVING UNITS that sit at one side of the bullpen. The water's ten feet high, ending just beneath the shelf. The CEILING is eight feet above them.

ANNA

It took me, David. I thought I was done. Then everything went white.

DAVID

The oil main blew.  
(before she can answer)  
Nothing else would burn that bright.

They breathe more, and more and more...

ANNA

The crew. Do you think --

Then, from the darkness --

CRAIG (O.S.)

Hello!? Is someone there?

DAVID  
(snapping to attention)  
-- Craig!

CRAIG  
Help!!! God, please help --!

David tries to stand up, but --

NOPE! -- he's still too light-headed. He stumbles back down onto the shelf.

ANNA  
Craig, where are you --?

CRAIG (O.S.)  
Help! Someone!?

ANNA  
Craig --?

DAVID  
We can't see you.

CRAIG  
Levan --?

DAVID  
It's David! Anna. Where are you?

CRAIG  
I can't see. I'm pinned --

DAVID  
Are you bleeding?

CRAIG  
I don't know --

DAVID  
We can't see you!

CRAIG  
Please!

DAVID  
Can you light a flare --?

CRAIG  
I can't move my arms.

DAVID  
Are you in the water?

CRAIG  
Fuck. It hurts --

DAVID  
Craig, where are you?

CRAIG  
Hurry -- the water's rising --

DAVID  
(doesn't know where, but)  
We're coming --

CRAIG  
It hurts! Fuck!

ANNA  
(to David)  
How could the waters be rising?

DAVID  
If the pumps backcharged... It's  
gonna start filling fast.

CRAIG  
Ow, fuck! Shit. Come on!

David SPARKS a flare -- he goes to jump into the water.

DAVID  
Keep talking. We'll follow the  
sound. Look for our flare.

ANNA  
David, stop!

Anna STOPS David from jumping in.

ANNA (CONT'D)  
We can't spare the heat.

And we notice -- both of them are shivering -- intensely!

DAVID  
What do we do --?

ANNA  
There!

Anna points at -- the AIR DUCT -- a JUMP away. It spans the  
bullpen, now, like a bridge or a catwalk.

DAVID  
Hang on --!

They JUMP across the water --

SLAM into the airlock. Holding on, PULLING themselves up onto the make-shift walkway.

They stand up, balancing, then rush down the metal bridge.

CRAIG

I see you --

DAVID

Where --?

CRAIG

In front of you.

They hurry along the duct. Straight in front of them, see --

Craig -- on his back, a LARGE STEEL BAR has FALLEN on his chest -- pinning his arms. If he twists wrong -- it will roll down his chest onto his neck.

David runs to him. He struggles.

DAVID

Don't -- your neck.

CRAIG

It hurts.

DAVID

Stay still --

CRAIG

Is it dead?

DAVID

Don't talk --

CRAIG

Did you see it --?

DAVID

Gotta stop moving --

CRAIG

If it's dead we've got a chance.

ANNA

How?

CRAIG

The sub's prepped. I got it going.

DAVID  
But the system power --

CRAIG  
Might just be the grid shorted --

ANNA  
Could you get it back on --?

CRAIG  
If I switch the power -- fuck --  
source!

ANNA  
Could work. We only need a sec to  
unlock the sub -- transfer to  
remote controls.

CRAIG  
The electrical panel. If I reroute  
it to use the backup grid --

DAVID  
Which --?

CRAIG  
Above me.

DAVID  
*This?* Can I do it?

CRAIG  
Has to be me. But if he's dead we  
can run.

DAVID  
Come on. Anna, help --

Anna and David grab the steel bar. They conjure up strength --

DAVID (CONT'D)  
One, two, three!

They LIIIIIFT!!!! the bar, trying to FLIP it into the water.  
The bar moves, then --

WHAM! Lands back down on Craig's chest.

CRAIG  
Ah! Fuck -- fuck -- fuck --

DAVID  
We got this -- liiiiiiift!!!!

They HEAVE the bar. But as they move it up, it SLIPS --

ANNA

Shit!

ROLLS onto Craig's neck! He JERKS -- as his ARMS are freed, but he's choking -- clawing at the bar.

DAVID

Shiiiiit!!!! Lift!!!!

Craig is gurgling -- his eyes bulging from his head. His hands useless trying to lift it off himself.

ANNA

I can't!

DAVID

You have to --!

Craig's a goner, when --

LEVAN (O.S.)

Here!

From NOWHERE -- Levan jumps in -- GRABS the bar.

DAVID

(startled)  
Fuck!

ANNA

(startled)  
Oh, God --

LEVAN

Lift!

Levan LIFTS on the bar. And -- they lift it off Craig's neck.

Levan WINCES horribly, as we see -- he's got a nasty cut through his ribs. But as they lift --

LEVAN (CONT'D)

Yes!!!

The bar drops off the duct -- *SPLASH!* Lands in the water.

David reaches down. Grabs Craig's hand.

CRAIG

I need a minute.

Craig rubs the GIANT RED MARK across his neck. Then --

CRAIG (CONT'D)

Okay!

David HOISTS him onto his feet.

CRAIG (CONT'D)  
Gimme some light.

Anna swoops in -- holds the FLARE up to the panel -- it and their suit collars, still the only light in the world.

CRAIG (CONT'D)  
(as he gains his footing)  
Take it off. The door.

David reaches for the panel -- he PULLS at its door. But it's not opening.

DAVID  
It's stuck.

CRAIG  
You gotta do it.

David HEAVES but it's not moving.

DAVID  
Must have been damaged.

CRAIG  
Stand back --

Craig straightens up now. Grabs something from his pocket --

ANNA  
What the fuck?

It's David's gun.

David makes eyes at him. Realizes Craig found this in his bag. Craig gives him a glance. But it doesn't matter anymore.

Craig holds the gun horizontally to the panel, and --

**BANG!** The flash of the gun LIGHTS up the darkness, as -- he shoots off the door's hinges -- the door DROPS to the ground.

Craig digs into the board. Starts retooling wires. The rest of the crew just watches -- silent.

CRAIG  
It's sparking. This could work.

ANNA  
Come on.

CRAIG  
Guys. This might work.

Craig CROSSES two wires, and --

A SPARK flashes. Craig's face lights up.

CRAIG (CONT'D)  
Yes!! Almost done --

Levan crosses his fingers.

Craig grabs a POWER LEVER at the side of the panel.

CRAIG (CONT'D)  
Here goes.

He takes a breath, then --

CRAIG (CONT'D)  
Please work. Please work.

DAVID  
It'll work.

Craig PULLS the lever, and --

CRAIG  
Come on, come on.

Nothing.

CRAIG (CONT'D)  
No... no no no no no!

Didn't work.

CRAIG (CONT'D)  
No!!!!

Craig POUNDS against the panel. *BAM BAM BAM!* His knuckles TORN open. Bloody. Raw.

And then it's done.

Everyone loses their breath.

Game over.

The dripping sound of the Rig filling up with water.

Levan takes a breath.



*BANG!* Shoots his brains all over the wall.

He *DROPS* the gun, slumps to the ground. Levan gasps.

LEVAN

Dear boy.

David *GRABS* him, supports his head, but there's blood and liquid brains flowing from it.

Craig's body jerks a few times, and it's over.

David lowers him onto the air duct, straightening him out, while Levan picks up the flare.

Anna cries.

David cries.

Levan cries.

There's no fucking solace.

There's nothing to do.

Suddenly --

David *GRABS* the gun -- *JUMPS* up, and --

*BANG BANG BANG!* Fires into the darkness at it.

DAVID

Fuuuuuuuuuuck!!!!!!!

He fires until -- *CLICK CLICK!* The clip is out. He *TOSSES* the gun into the water --

DAVID (CONT'D)

FUCK!!!!!!!

David slumps down, so he's sitting on the duct. His back against the wall. We take in just how fucked up this all is.

Their dead friend's body is splayed at their feet.

Their only light comes from a single flare.

The water level is rising. It's risen over the duct, so David's now sitting in a foot of water.

The Unseen is just outside the Rig.

And everyone is shivering from the cold.

LEVAN  
You will freeze down there.

DAVID  
I did this.

Anna moves to David, sits down beside him.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
I let it get Jen, I smashed Ox on a  
rock. I brought the gun -- I --

David has something else to say. But he needs help.

ANNA  
Did you know? About the dead men?  
  
His soul the only thing at stake.

DAVID  
I knew *something* happened... They  
offered to tell me.

LEVAN  
You declined?

DAVID  
They promised it wouldn't help my  
crew. It'd just make me liable for  
something I had nothing to do with.

A beat.

ANNA  
Did you know there'd been deaths.

DAVID  
Yes. But it's Chinese construction,  
people die pouring concrete.  
(a final beat)  
That's what I told myself, anyway.  
And then I brought us all to hell.

Levan takes a breath, looks out over the water.

LEVAN  
Before working petrol, I dove in  
the Ukraine, retrieving boats and  
bodies and whatever treasures won  
me a paycheck.  
(taking a breath)  
One day, at a rig above the  
Mykolaiv tar pits, a bridge  
collapsed and a boy fell in.  
(MORE)

LEVAN (CONT'D)

Tar pits were the one dive we never took. The salt in the tar would strip a man to bones in only a few days. But this boy mattered. His father requested his body be retrieved, and requests from big men were not requests. So, for a normal wage, they lowered ten of us into the tar. We were told returning without the bones would not be returning at all. So down we went, the tar was impossible to maneuver; quickly, it began to seep into our suits. We understood, we would die.

(looking off)

But then a man, the oldest of us, Fidel, had an idea. Since we would never find the bones, we could kill the smallest of us, strip off his flesh and return him to the surface as our prize. The smallest diver's name was Indar. Circassin. We decided he would work, and so we began. We had no tools, so we used our hands. An hour later we were done.

Levan takes a breath. Even for a stiff motherfucker like him, this doesn't go down easy.

LEVAN (CONT'D)

We took his bones to the surface, where we, the surviving nine, were declared heroes to the family.

(taking another breath)

The next day, I left for my sick mother in Tbilisi. But then the dead boy's teeth were examined. Our secret came out and the eight remaining men were shot, while I was forgotten. Be grateful we have this to kill us.

Silence from everyone. Some heavy fucking shit. And then --

David laughs.

DAVID

That's the last fucking thought I'm gonna die with?

ANNA  
 (she's with David)  
 That wasn't great, man.

Levan looks at them, smiles.

LEVAN  
 Allow me to make up for it.

Levan points in the water -- there's an unopened pack of OX'S CIGARETTES, floating by. They're dry, and there's a SMALL box of MATCHES taped onto them.

David and Anna jump up, as Levan GRABS the pack. Tears it open. Takes a cigarette. Lights a match. Then sparks it up, as he passes the pack to Anna and David, who spark up, too.

David, Anna and Levan all take full drags on their smokes. And suddenly... there *is* solace.

LEVAN (CONT'D)  
 The light of the gods.

DAVID  
 I smoked for a year. Was always afraid I'd die of lung cancer.

LEVAN  
 Where is the fun in that.

David looks at the glowing stick in his hand. He exhales, as--

*ERHH ERHHH ERHHH!* An ALARM blares in the Rig. The crew looks to the ceiling -- panicked, but -- David realizes --

DAVID  
 It's the smoke alarms.

ANNA  
 I thought those were broken.

DAVID  
 Maybe they were just scrambled.  
 (putting it together)  
 ... and needed a system reboot.

ANNA  
 That's why the controls didn't turn on right away.

DAVID  
 It was warming up.  
 (through gritted teeth)  
 God dammit, Craig.

LEVAN

Look.

BELOW THE WATER we can see CONTROL LIGHTS on the DECK blinking. They're back online.

On a SCREEN, beside the PANEL we see -- A FLASHING GREEN LIGHT: "SUB ENGAGED."

ANNA

Fuck yes!

LEVAN

And what of our swimming friend?

DAVID

It's only three minutes to the sub.  
We just need to distract him.

ANNA

We build a bomb.  
(off their looks)  
The airlock. Shove everything  
remotely explosive inside. If we  
turn the pressure up high enough.

Anna mouths, "kaboom!" David leans in -- KISSES her.

DAVID

This could work.

LEVAN

No.

David turns, concerned. Levan is usually right...

LEVAN (CONT'D)

No distractions. We kill the  
cocksucker.

ANNA

How?

LEVAN

Your method, the airlock. But  
instead of crushing explosives. We  
crush *him*.

The three of them look at each other. He's right.

ANNA

If we could lure him inside. He'd  
pop. Life has its limits.

LEVAN

At worst, we've trapped him in the airlock and you two escape through the single hatch.

A stillness in the cabin. They realize what he means. Levan preempts their question.

LEVAN (CONT'D)

Someone must be the bait. I have no one in the world.

DAVID

We draw for it. No discussion.

Levan nods. Accepts the terms.

He grabs the box of matches from his pocket. Takes out three. Passes it to Anna. She pockets the match box.

Levan takes three matches. BREAKS one match into a "short stick." Then sets them out for Anna and David to choose.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Fuck the dark, huh?

LEVAN

Seconded.

ANNA

Thirded.

David and Anna pick. They look among them to see.

David got the short stick.

He looks up to them. Tries to make a joke.

DAVID

Captain goes down with the ship.  
Or, I guess, *stays* down.

But no laughs. Just stares and silence from Levan and Anna.

The moment suddenly so singular and intimate. The end.

Anna tears up. Levan, too. But all of them accept. There isn't another way.

Anna reaches out. Touches David's hand, as --

He pulls her into a hug. HOLDS her tight. So, so tight.

ANNA

All that time we could have had together.

DAVID

Hey. These suits are pretty solid.  
(knows it's a lie)  
Maybe I'll see you in the sub.

Anna gives him one last hug. And then --

DAVID (CONT'D)

Levan?

But when they turn, they see -- Levan -- fully suited up. Helmet attached. He waves to the two of them, as --

*SPLASH!* He jumps off the air duct into the water. He's going to do it instead.

DAVID (CONT'D)

No you don't --

David DROPS to his stomach. Reaches down into the water -- GRABS Levan, but --

*WHAM!* Levan PUNCHES David in the face. David lets go -- stunned. And by the time he gets his bearings --

Levan's sunk down to the bullpen floor. He starts trudging through the water toward the airlock.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Hey! You don't get to do this.

David searches for his helmet, but --

It's FLOATING in the water across the room. Levan THREW it out there to slow David down.

UNDERWATER

Levan SPARKS a flare, as he arrives at the OPEN AIRLOCK DOOR.

Beside it is a CONTROL PANEL with BUTTONS and GAUGES. He finds the PRESSURE GAUGE -- turns its knob all the way up.

Numbers RISE -- flashing, warning him of the danger.

With that, Levan steps into the airlock, SHUTS the door, locking himself inside.

ABOVE WATER

David STRAPS his helmet on, ready to go after Levan. But before he can, Anna grabs him.

ANNA  
The door's locked.

David looks down. The RED from Levan's flare has disappeared.

DAVID  
Dammit!

ANNA  
You want to do him right. Make this count.

David hates this. But she's right. He jumps to, resigned --

DAVID  
Grab our helmets. I'll prep the hatch.

As David grabs the remote deck unit --

IN THE AIRLOCK

Levan takes a breath, hits the "PRESSURIZE" button, as --

*ERRRRRRRRR* -- the AIRLOCK CONTRACTS. The engine GRINDS as the walls move in, and the water is crushed together.

Levan closes his eyes. We've never seen him scared.

Suddenly -- the engine HALTS. Silence. The airlock's finished pressurizing.

Outside, we can now hear vague sounds of the Unseen swimming, rubbing up against the airlock door.

Levan takes a slow breath -- PRESSES the "OPEN" button, and -- the OUTER DOOR opens. Its ramp leads down to the ocean floor.

The entire world is dark, except the glow of Levan's helmet and the red shine of his flare.

A moment rests.

Is this going to work?

Is the Unseen even here?

Levan tries to keep questions away.

Tries just to look forward.

And then...

The flare starts to dim. The awful fucking telltale sign.

It dims and dims, as the Unseen swims into the open airlock. We can't so much see the beast as we can *feel* its presence.

Levan backs up against the wall. He needs to trap this thing inside the airlock. But he only gets one shot. If he closes the outer door too early, everything will be lost.

He sweats.

Beat.

Blinks.

Beat.

And just as the flare is about to go out --

Levan JUMPS! SMACKS the "CLOSE" button for the outer door --

*WHAM!* The door SNAPS closed -- LOCKING the Unseen inside.

Instantly it TWISTS -- and THRASHES -- THROWING Levan against the wall. It SCREAMS --

*VRRRRRRRRRR!!!!*

Blurring the water.

Levan SCRAMBLES -- *WHAM!* He's SLAMMED against the wall AGAIN and AGAIN as it THRASHES -- trying to escape its prison.

Levan can't get his bearings. Can't tell which way's up --

In its struggle, the Unseen BITES at the walls. TOOTH MARKS appear, as if from nowhere. The Unseen is trying to CHEW his way out of the airlock. But just then --

The ENGINES of the airlock turn back on. *ERRRRRRRRRR!* SQUEEZING the room, INCREASING the pressure to deadly levels.

Levan gets his bearings. Stands UPRIGHT. Eyes closed.

The pressure PUSHES on the Unseen -- CHOKING it. HURTING it. The Unseen SCREAMS -- TWISTS. But he's not alone in here --

*CLANG -- CLANG!*

Levan winces as the metal of his suit starts to buckle.

It RINGS as the pressure TESTS its strength.

LOUD and FORCEFUL like a DEATH KNELL --

*CLANG!* -- *CLANG!*

The suit at Levan's arm starts to tremble --

He grits his teeth. Breathes. Waiting for what's next.

*CLANG! CLANG!*

The metal suit SHAKES -- RATTLING -- Levan closes his eyes. Any second now, when --

*CRUNCH!*

The ARM of Levan's SUIT COLLAPSES ON ITSELF -- CRUSHING HIS ARM FLAT (but keeping its seal). Levan screams as --

*CRUNCH!* His other arm is CRUSHED to nothing.

*CRUNCH! CRUNCH!* -- his legs flattened, too.

His eyes scream, as --

*CRUNCH!* His CHEST PLATE COLLAPSES inward -- his TORSO SQUEEZED to FOUR INCHES ACROSS!

Blood SQUIRTS UP onto Levan's STILL SCREAMING FACE, as --

*CLANG!* His HELMET COLLAPSES, POPPING his SKULL LIKE A BUG.

Levan's whole body is CRUSHED to nothing.

A FLESHY SOUP trapped in a STEEL BALL.

And through it all the UNSEEN keeps THRASHING. More and more intensely as the pressure continues to INCREASE...

The pressure is INSANE. It'd crush a tank. But is it enough?

The DOOR into the bullpen starts to tremble. If it BREAKS open -- the Unseen lives on -- and it's over.

INSIDE THE RIG

Anna and David have found their helmets. They STRAP them on. The water's risen to their chests.

Anna and David turn back. Hear the door -- *CLANG! CLANG!* BUCKLING on its hinges.

FUCK.

The door's not going to hold.

David SPARKS a flare. Anna does not.

ANNA  
(re: no flare)  
I'm out.

DAVID  
Stay close!

They STEP off the air duct into the water--

UNDERWATER

They SINK to the bullpen floor, as we see -- the airlock door starts to bevel, and then --

WHAM!!

The door EXPLODES INWARD -- a WAVE OF PRESSURIZED WATER SHOOTS INTO the BULLPEN -- like a JET into a swimming pool.

The TURBULENT WATER KNOCKS the FLARE out of David's hand -- and PUSHES David backward, SLAMS him into the CONTROL DECK.

He tries to stand up, but -- he's STUCK! His O2 TANK is caught on a LEVER.

David struggles to break free, to untangle his TUBING. But before he can make any progress --

VRRRRRRRR!!!!

That awful fucking scream! Which means --

The Unseen is still alive. The pressure wasn't enough to kill it. And it's not done.

It SPEEDS into the bullpen, moving like a TORPEDO. We see its SHADOWS in the sparse light from the flare.

It's dim, but we can hear it SMACK into the bullpen walls -- SHATTERING the SHELVES --

RIPPING through TABLES and PIPING as it speeds toward David.

Anna trudges to David, JERKS him loose from the lever.

ANNA  
(shouted)  
Stay low -- he's coming!

Anna and David DROP to their stomachs -- try to ARMY CRAWL toward the airlock, which is now busted open.

DAVID  
Which way?

Anna looks -- the flare is SWIRLING in the water, confusing their position.

ANNA  
We were pointed right at it.

DAVID  
I'll spark my last flare, you run --

ANNA  
The minute you spark it, he's going to --

*FWOOSH!* David sparks a flare. Not waiting for her permission.

Anna can see the airlock, now -- off to her right!

DAVID  
Run!

But just as she steps forward, she sees --

ANNA  
David!

A BLACK TENTACLE WHIPS into the frame --

WRAPS around David's neck.

It SQUEEZES him tight. And David gets a moment. Just enough to mouth, "goodbye," and then --

He's JERKED backward -- FLARE in hand -- toward the Unseen.

This is it. It's all over.

But... suddenly...

The PULL of the Unseen's tentacle slows down.

Slower. And slower.

And then -- it SPASMS.

Still moving him backward, but now, in bizarre JERKS.

The tentacle around his neck starts to loosen.

DAVID  
Anna. Something's...

Then, as if being lowered onto a chair, David is gently pulled down into the Unseen's open mouth.

And David stays still.

Frozen.

Confused.

Afraid.

And then the tentacle slacks completely. He takes a breath.

David holds up his flare, and we see for the first time --

The shark-like TERROR of the Unseen's MOUTH. As WIDE as a standing man. It's TEETH long and thin like BUTCHER KNIVES.

David tenses, realizing his metal suit is resting on these sharpened teeth. Like he's on a bed of nails.

From the side of its mouth -- TWO GIANT TENTACLES stretch out, arms, whose sole purpose is to pull food inside of it.

The FEROCITY of a SHARK, the BRUTE FORCE of a GIANT SQUID.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
Is it dead?

ANNA  
It's bleeding out.

DAVID  
It worked.  
(almost crying)  
Levan got him.

Anna moves to David, she grabs him --

ANNA  
Careful -- they could pierce your suit.

Anna lifts David off of its teeth, then helps him down, maneuvering over the jelly-like surface of its skin.

From the light of David's flare, we see -- BLACK BLOOD spilling into the water like INK.

It's dead.

But the horror isn't finished.

As the inky blood swirls toward them. It STICKS to their helmets, a THICK BLACK SYRUP COATING the glass.

DAVID  
Get it off.

As they scramble to wipe it clear, we see --

The blood ISN'T HOMOGENOUS -- its made of a BILLION LITTLE MICRO ORGANISMS -- SQUIRMING like BLACK MAGGOTS --

David FURIOUSLY WIPES ANNA CLEAN -- scrubbing the dark maggots from her suit.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
Get off!!!!

ANNA  
They're just blood cells. It's fine. Let's go!

David doesn't need to be told twice.

The two start TRUDGING toward the NOW-BUSTED OPEN AIRLOCK. Their steps labored. The resistance has never seemed so great

David's FLARE the only light in the universe.

They step through the airlock. David turns his head -- seeing the STEEL BALL of Levan smashed in the corner of the room.

He exits to --

EXT. THE ARENA FLOOR - SAME

But they might as well be in the middle of nowhere -- there's just darkness all around. Except -- ahead of them, where --

The ESCAPE SUB SHINES. It's booted up and ready.

ANNA  
We'll have to flood the cabin.

DAVID  
It's built for that. We can pump it out once it's re-sealed.

They hurry through the water -- obsessively looking behind -- expecting to see the beast attacking. But instead... nothing.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
I can't believe. He saved us.

ANNA  
Not yet.

They arrive to the sub. Like a low ceilinged utilities van.

David comes to the HATCH -- a RED WHEEL CRANK sticks out from it. He GRABS the CRANK, starts to turn.

DAVID  
Move. The door's gonna bust inward.

Anna moves to the side, BRACES herself against the sub. GRABS David with both hands, as --

He SPINS the wheel --

WHAM! The door FLIES inward -- water SHOOTS inside, and --

KABOOM! A JET of pressurized air -- the entirety of the oxygen in the sub -- goes SHOOTING back out like a bullet --

DAVID (CONT'D)  
Good to go.

David HURRIES into the flooded submarine. Anna behind him -- their flare still burning strong.

INT. INSIDE THE SUB

David PUSHES the door shut, as --

It CLICKS into place. Seals. They're in. They did it.

David moves to a CONTROL DECK at the front. A COMPUTER MONITOR behind pressurized glass shows the sub's controls.

DAVID  
This takes just a second.

David pulls up a command that says -- "DRAIN." He hits "GO."

ENGINES turn on -- the WATER is PUMPED OUT of the sub, as the sub's O2 tanks pump air into the cabin.

The water level starts to lower, as oxygen floods in.

Once there's real air, Anna and David PULL off their helmets.

David keeps at the controls, prepping the sub's departure. He finds a command that says, "LIGHTS." He CLICKS it, and --

The INTERIOR LIGHTS UP like an actual room. We haven't seen real light in fifteen minutes. The flare's still burning.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Take the wheel. I'll do power.

ANNA

Is this gonna work without someone on ballasts?

DAVID

Let's say yes. Engines starting --

The sub JERKS as its engines turn on.

Anna smiles at David, but there are tears in her eyes. As they're waiting for the gears to engage --

The flare goes out. David looks at it. Almost laughs.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Perfect timing. If we'd stalled even a minute, we wouldn't be here.

ANNA

That's not *entirely* true.

Anna reaches to her belt, grabs -- a FLARE she was hiding.

DAVID

You said you were out.

ANNA

I lied. Wanted us to have one final backup. A Boy Scout I know taught me to "be prepared."

David takes the flare from her hand, looks it over.

DAVID

I'm impressed.

But there's one last thing to come clean about.

ANNA

Don't be *too* impressed.

(he looks up)

The auto-ignition cap broke off, so... wouldn't have actually lit.

DAVID

Maybe you're more of a *Cub Scout*.

David passes her back the unlit flare, as -- she LOOKS out the window as the sub RISES off the ocean floor. It's surreal, after what they've been through.

As the sub turns, their HEADLIGHTS ILLUMINATE --

The Rig.

Utterly pulverized. It already looks like ruins.

DAVID (CONT'D)

(shaking his head)

What was the point?

ANNA

What do you mean?

DAVID

Why attack Jen, why do any of it?

ANNA

The same reason we did all this.

As the water drains more, we see -- it wasn't just water. They sucked up a foot of the gray FISH GUTS. The animals they murdered.

ANNA (CONT'D)

To survive and flourish. All... so we can reproduce. That's the only reason for anything.

They stare at the guts. So much death. When --

DAVID

Sorry.

Anna looks up -- confused.

ANNA

For what?

DAVID

I kicked you.

ANNA

No you didn't...

And slowly, our heroes look down. Sitting in the slosh of fish guts, they see, they also sucked in --

**AN EGG** -- the size of a BOWLING BALL.

AND IT'S BLACK AS FUCKING NIGHT.

The lights start to flicker, as --

DAVID

No --

*POP!* A BLACK CREATURE like a SNAKE SLITHERS out from the egg.

David JUMPS up -- tries to stomp on it --

ANNA

Get it!

But --

DAVID

Fuck!

The creature JUMPS onto David's TORSO. It's so black we can't see what it is --

David GRABS the thing on his chest.

He STRUGGLES with it in his hands -- trying to CONTROL it as the lights dim LOWER and LOWER. And then --

*CHOMP!*

David's LOWER JAW is RIPPED from his FACE.

His eyes TWIST back --

ANNA

David!!!!

But before we can see more --

*CHUNG!* The lights go out.

*SPLASH!* David's body DROPS into the fish guts, as Anna, again, is left completely in the dark.

She SCREAMS as we hear the thing SPLASHING in the fish ooze on the floor. Finishing David off.

She's SOCKED in the GUT by fear.

Can't think whole thoughts.

Just instinct.

Raw.

Wild.

*Move!*

She scrambles backward against the sub wall.

We hear her HUFFING and WHIMPERING in panic.

And then we hear the SPLASHING of the creature, as it moves toward Anna.

ANNA (CONT'D)

No, no no no no!

Anna's voice hysterical. Cracking.

The SPLASHING moves closer.

Anna searches her pockets for an answer, when --

Hear the SHAKING of --

The BOX OF MATCHES that Levan had passed her.

She grabs a match.

SPARKS IT!

Sees the baby creature slithering toward her. The match dies.

SPARKS ANOTHER!

The creature's closed half the distance. The match dies.

SPARKS ANOTHER!

It's practically at her feet. She jumps back, and --

SPARKS ANOTHER.

But sees... nothing. The creature's stopped.

We hear no sign of it.

She holds the match.

So carefully in front of her.

AN INCH from her face.

It burns.

And then we see --

A REFLECTION in Anna's eye.

Inches from the match.

A shape.

Long.

Thin.

Black.

Anna takes in a breath. The creature REARS back to strike.

And JUST as the match is about to die --

Anna PULLS the damaged flare from her belt.

MANUALLY LIGHTS IT WITH THE MATCH.

It sparks as --

She JUTS it forward like a knife --

STABS it into the creature --

PIERCES its skin --

PINS the creature against the wall.

It screams -- thrashing this way and that, as --

ANNA (CONT'D)

Fucker!!!!

The flare BURNS in it.

LIGHTING the creature up from its insides.

She grits her teeth, holding it in place, as it tries to squirm free. And then we see --

It's BAKING from the inside -- its flesh HARDENING as it cooks through.

The LIGHT and HEAT the most PAINFUL FUCKING WAY for this thing to die. And then --

It stops moving. Smoke rises from it, until...

It DROPS to the ground. Charred into ash.

Sizzling in the water on the sub floor.

Dead.

And with that, with the flare still burning in her hand --

Anna SITS down on the captain's seat.

With one hand, she wipes sweat from her forehead.

She breathes.

She leans back against the seat.

Breathes.

And then --

With a final look at the burnt creature on the floor --

She turns to the sub's control deck.

Its instruments turning back on.

As the sub rises upward --

Moving toward the surface.

And light.

SMASH TO:

TOTAL FUCKING BLACK