

FEROCIA

by

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EXT. THE ABYSS-DAY

Five hundred feet below the surface of the Atlantic. Blackness mixes with dark shades of blue as the last few rays of sunlight finally disappear.

Bubbles fill the frame, starting their long ascend towards the surface as three divers, all equipped with heavy aquatic gear and wearing oxygen helmets with glass bowls rise towards the daylight like monsters emerging from the dark depths. Their flashlights sting our eyes as they wave them around like wands.

The sound of INHALING and EXHALING through an oxygen tank as we follow the divers towards the surface of the murky water.

EXT. THE SURFACE-DAY

The divers emerge from the dark ocean, looking around like curious fish, one of the three men takes his small oxygen helmet off and SLAPS it down into the water. The other men follow him in this action, all of them taking in the fresh air from the surface.

DIVER #1
(To Diver #2)
Fuck you.

He turns to the diver floating just to his right, the one on the far end only roughly listening to their conversation as he spots their research vessel in the short distance.

DIVER #2
Climb off my back you damn ape. You think I never make mistakes?

DIVER #1
You can't make any mistakes when your six hundred feet down, now can you?

DIVER #2
Will you relax?

DIVER #1
Yeah, sure, it's not like we were close to suffocating.

DIVER #2
Jesus.

The divers' research vessel, a 203 foot long white ship with a red bottom and the word 'FEROCIA' written on the stern begins to approach them.

DIVER #1

If you accompany me down there again you'll be lucky.

DIVER #2

Shut up.

They begin to swim towards the approaching ship.

EXT. STERN OF DECK OF FEROCIA-CONTINUOUS

The divers, as they undress, look up at an older man with greying hair, dressed in only the best Ralph Lauren, watching the divers with curious, demanding eyes. This is CHARLES.

A team of doctors and nurses greet the divers, running towards them with medical supplies.

NURSE

(To Diver #1)

You men alright?

(beat)

Lets just check vitals...

As the nurse and the other members of the medical team go about their examination, Charles frowns upon the divers.

CHARLES

Well?

The divers glance up at Charles nervously.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

You find anything? Anything at all?

The first diver stands, letting the medical team tend to the other divers first.

DIVER #1

No.

CHARLES

(Becoming angry)

Not an oil slick or a-

DIVER #1

No, sir we didn't find anything. Anything worth noting-

CHARLES
Anything worth-

Charles takes Diver #1 by the collar, THROWS him against the ship's guard rail, furious.

CHARLES (CONT'D)
Boy do you understand why we're out here?

DIVER #1
Yes sir.

CHARLES
Good, now you do understand that finding something, whether or not it's worth noting to you is still under the category of a discovery?
(BEAT)
Let me ask you again-did you find anything?

DIVER #1
No sir. Nothing at all.

The diver FALLS to the floor as Charles releases him from his grasp.

The divers resume to being checked by the medical team as Charles turns from the divers and begins walking away, towards-

INT. BRIDGE OF FEROCIA-MOMENTS LATER

Monitors flashing, sonar BEEPING as a man in his late thirties, with greying hair only on his short sideburns lays sitting in a chair sipping a cup of coffee, reading the many monitors. The man is somewhat in shape, unshaven but handsome, this is CAPTAIN BRADBURY.

Charles enters, and takes a glance at the set of monitors.

CHARLES
Nothing?

Bradbury shakes his head.

CHARLES (CONT'D)
God dammit.

BRADBURY
I recommend rest.

CHARLES

Why's that?

BRADBURY

You know just as much as I do we
won't find anything.

(beat)

Not today.

Charles SIGHS, runs his right hand through his thinning grey hair.

CHARLES

We need the sub.

BRADBURY

I told you we can't use it until
tomorrow.

CHARLES

For Christ sake, Antonio isn't
here, how and hell would he know we
would use it a day early?

BRADBURY

That's not what matters.

Charles becomes irritated.

CHARLES

Jesus, it's not like that's why I'm
paying you assholes.

Charles turns to leave, Bradbury stands, fuming.

BRADBURY

You get this through your thick-
ass, money-impacted skull...

(beat)

...when it comes to the safety of
these men-

(points to stern)

-I will be as strict as I, myself
can allow. Now, if that doesn't
please you, we can quit now and you
can find someone else.

Charles turns, facing Bradbury.

CHARLES

You wouldn't, this is about-

BRADBURY

I would. I don't care who this is about, when I say the submersible won't be done charging until tomorrow that's what I mean.

(Beat)

Any other questions?

(Beat)

Oh and look, I know how you've been treating those divers, they aren't mine, but if you harass any of my own crew, the shit will hit the fan, mister Foster.

Bradbury takes a breath as he tries to calm himself. Charles takes his right hand and grips something underneath his jacket.

BRADBURY (CONT'D)

(Pointing to Charles' jacket)

And if you grip that God damn thing one more time I'll kill you before you'll get the chance to pull the trigger.

CHARLES

I have a right to carry a weapon on this boat.

BRADBURY

I understand that, but what you don't have is a right to go around scaring everyone with it.

Bradbury sips his coffee, sits. Charles turns towards the door out of the bridge, hesitates, his nerves on edge, then opens the door, exits.

Bradbury sighs.

BRADBURY (CONT'D)

(Under his breath)

Rich bastard can kiss my ass.

INT. CARGO HOLD-CONTINUOUS

PITCH BLACKNESS

Finally, a door opens, letting in a significant amount of light.

A man steps inside the cargo hold and flicks a switch, setting off a number of fluorescent lights, the man squints as his pupils shrink.

The man wanders through rows of boxes and barrels of food, not to mention other various pieces of cargo. This is GLEN.

Glen suddenly stops to gape up in awe at-

We pan left, revealing several tractor-trailer size tankers of unknown content. Glen rubs his palms against one of the metal tankers.

A hand enters the frame, landing on Glen's shoulder, who is frightened until he turns around to see Bradbury.

BRADBURY

What the hell are you doing down here?

Glen trembles, then breathes.

GLEN

What? Who doesn't know?

BRADBURY

The fucking old-ass riding upstairs. The dick that hired us, remember?

GLEN

Jesus.

BRADBURY

If he saw this-

GLEN

He doesn't know?

BRADBURY

What do you think?

Glen turns back towards the tankers, curious.

GLEN

Did he pay for them to be here?

Bradbury says nothing, only stares at Glen long enough for a quick glance.

GLEN (CONT'D)

That's against the law.

Glen turns back towards Bradbury, shocked.

BRADBURY

I erased it from the manifest.

GLEN

Oh, so he'll instead see you paid
tens of thousands on a new toilet
seat?

(Beat)

Why didn't you mention it to him
that you'd buy all this shit?

BRADBURY

Sometimes its best to leave people
a little clueless. Curiosity killed
the cat, right? Well maybe it will
kill this old fogey.

INT. CHARLES' STATEROOM-MOMENTS LATER

Charles is sleeping in his bed. He shivers from the cold. The
ship begins to rock back and forth with the heavy surf.

EXT. CLOUDSCAPE-BLACK AND WHITE-DAY

A Cessna 525 Citation Jet rockets through a cloudscape at top
speed.

INT. CESSNA 525 CITATION JET-BLACK AND WHITE-CONTINUOUS

We fade from black and white to color.

A cozy plane cabin with five white leather seats and a small
narrow aisle connecting them together. The walls are white
with sleek black stripes running around the cabin at the
height of the portholes.

A PILOT, in uniform, SLAMS the back cargo door of the plane
shut, concealing our view of the contents inside. He takes
out a set of keys from his back pocket and LOCKS the door
before moving on towards the cockpit, passing as he goes-

A pregnant woman of 36, long dark hair and blue eyes, she
sits eating dinner, fanning her hot face as she holds her six-
month along stomach. This is MARISSA.

Marissa takes a bite of her salad and a swig of her water as
she looks down at her other two children, one boy, one girl,
spread-out sound asleep on two of the other white-leather
seats.

Her other children are young, one three, the other six. Marissa continues to feast her eyes on her children with love.

The 'FASTEN YOUR SEAT BELT' sign blinks and a BING sounds throughout the cabin. Marissa is not alarmed.

SMASH TO BLACK

INT. CHARLES' STATEROOM-CONTINUOUS

Charles wakes from slumber suddenly, gasping for air as his pupils come to terms with the amount of light pouring through the porthole just above the bed.

Charles tries desperately to slow his breathing as he goes to stand, his legs shaking.

EXT. STERN OF DECK OF FEROCIA-MORNING

A small crane lowers a large deep-diving submersible closer to the deck of the ship, it's soon-to-be occupants waiting to enter with sweaty palms.

Charles walks the length of the deck towards the crane and the submersible, Bradbury greets him.

BRADBURY

Glad you're late. A crew member called you last night with the launch time.

Charles becomes confused.

CHARLES

No one called me last night.

BRADBURY

I watched him do it, you must of been sleeping.

CHARLES

(Sarcastic)
Forgive me.

Bradbury only laughs.

Glen, one of the men awaiting the entrance into the submersible maneuvers towards Charles and Bradbury, his hand extended towards the man in only the best Ralph Lauren.

GLEN
 You must be Charles.
 (Beat)
 My name is Glen, I'm your
 submersible operator.

Glen and Charles shakes hands.

CHARLES
 You must know who I am.

GLEN
 How could I not? My, no, our
 employer.

Charles chuckles.

CHARLES
 Uh-huh.

An awkward silence, one Bradbury breaks.

BRADBURY
 I'll be monitoring the dive from
 the bridge. Just so you know, there
 are several different cameras
 within the submersible which bring
 feed back to me.

CHARLES
 For security purposes I presume?

BRADBURY
 No, actually, to make sure if
 anyone screws up I can get their
 feet out of the mud.

A MAN standing next to the submersible a few yards down opens
 the latch allowing occupants to enter above the machine and
 turns towards Glen, yelling-

MAN
 We're ready! Lets hustle, now.

Glen waves a hand of acknowledgement. Glen then meets Charles
 and Bradbury's gaze.

GLEN
 Bradbury-

BRADBURY
 (Correcting)
 Captain.

GLEN
Captain-
(beat)
It seems all ago.

Glen meets Charles' gaze.

GLEN (CONT'D)
Mister Foster.

Glen leads Charles towards the awaiting submersible.

INT. BRIDGE OF FEROCIA-MOMENTS LATER

Bradbury sits with his cup of coffee, looming over the many monitors that bring him feed live from the submersible. He watches as the sub's occupants enter nervously.

BRADBURY
Christ, hopefully this won't turn
out to be a cluster fuck.

Bradbury sips his coffee.

INT. SUBMERSIBLE-CONTINUOUS

The last occupant, Charles himself, is lowered into the submersible.

Glen looks up at the man outside holding the latch open for people to enter. Glen gives the man a thumbs up, his expression rendered with nerves.

GLEN
Good to go.

The man closes and SEALS the latch without a word.

EXT. STERN OF DECK OF FEROCIA-CONTINUOUS

The crane holding the submersible in place lowers it over the stern of Ferocia and into the cold Atlantic.

The crane loses grip on the submersible and-

EXT. THE ABYSS-CONTINUOUS

-the submersible begins its long descend into limitless, cold darkness.

INT. SUBMERSIBLE-CONTINUOUS

Charles grips his firearm as he becomes nervous. Glen checks oxygen levels on one of the many controls.

GLEN
Oxygen and ambient pressure looking good.

Charles lets up on his gripping on the gun.

In total there are three individuals inside the submersible. The first Charles, the second Glen, and the third a woman of 41. She has shoulder-length dark hair and PREGNANT. This is AMANDA SHAW.

Amanda sits up vertically straight at a plethora of controls, checking each and every one. Glen turns to her, meeting her gaze.

GLEN (CONT'D)
Are the atmospheric pressure levels stabilizing?

Amanda checks a monitor, then meets Glen's gaze.

SHAW
Wait.
(beat)
Yes, they are stabilizing just as we are used-

GLEN
Okay, good.
(Looks at one of the various cameras on board)
We're good!

INT. BRIDGE OF FEROCIA-CONTINUOUS

Bradbury, irritated, sets down his coffee and picks up a black radio, presses a single button and speaks forcefully.

BRADBURY
(Into radio)
Glen can you please contact me through radio, over.

Glen's voice comes back through the radio's speaker.

GLEN (O.S.)
Yeah, Captain.

BRADBURY
 (Into radio)
 Can you please say 'over' when you
 are finished speaking please.

GLEN (O.S.)
 Oh. Of course.
 (Beat)
 Over.

Bradbury sighs and hangs up the radio piece, he sits back
 down and takes hold of his coffee once more.

BRADBURY
 (To himself)
 Over and out.

INT. SUBMERSIBLE-CONTINUOUS

Glen hangs up his radio, looks at Charles.

GLEN
 How do we know where we're looking?
 How did Bradbury know for that
 matter?

Charles takes in a deep breath, takes his hand off his
 firearm.

CHARLES
 Air traffic control gave me lat.
 and long. for where the pilot last
 gave a frequency.

GLEN
 I get it.

An awkward silence.

GLEN (CONT'D)
 Why didn't the Coast Guard fund
 this?

CHARLES
 They looked for three weeks and
 gave up on my daughter...and my
 grand kids.

GLEN
 Did they-

CHARLES
They looked around these
coordinates, but those assholes
only cover the surface.

Shaw listens intently.

GLEN
Well, the diving is reserved for
Navy Seals.

Charles becomes restless, he decides to ignore Glen, and
looks near him for something around the submersible's
monitors.

CHARLES
The lights are on, right?

GLEN
What?

CHARLES
(Unnecessarily loud)
The LIGHTS. Are they on?

GLEN
Oh, yes, yes, they're on.

Charles is obviously uneasy.

CHARLES
What now?

GLEN
Now?
(Sighs)
Now we just have to wait. The free-
fall usually takes a good two
hours.

CHARLES
Christ.

EXT. THE ABYSS-CONTINUOUS

PUSHING IN on the falling submersible, its lights stinging
our eyes as it passes us.

We TILT DOWN to watch the submersible as it continues falling
into the darkness.

INT. SUBMERSIBLE-CONTINUOUS

Charles grabs a blanket from a small stack just off to his right. Glen takes notices, refuses to say anything.

Shaw crosses her legs and closes her eyes, her head leaning against some of the many controls.

INT. BRIDGE OF FEROCIA-CONTINUOUS

Bradbury sips his coffee, drums his fingers against the his desk, not without gazing at the monitors on board.

INT. SUBMERSIBLE-CONTINUOUS

Charles glances at his watch, an old JC Penny item bought many years ago from his wife.

Glen meets Charles' serious gaze.

GLEN
How old is it?

Charles has a look of confusion.

CHARLES
What are you talking about?

GLEN
The watch. How old is it?

A beat, Charles' expression suggests he is thinking.

CHARLES
Twenty five years. What do you care?

GLEN
No reason.
(Beat)
Just a wandering mind I guess.

Amanda Shaw leans in towards the men, trying to listen to their conversation intently. An awkward silence.

Only the sound of the sonar beeping, monitors binging and the swish swash of the water being swept around the submersible as it descends...

GLEN (CONT'D)
(To Charles)
You married?

Charles jumps back in his seat, offended by the question.

CHARLES

Mr. Glen, what ever happened to things being personal?

GLEN

What do you mean, asking if you have a ring on your finger for good purpose is something personal?

CHARLES

Yes. It is.

Charles takes a quick glance at his ring, an old piece of metal that has turned part of his ring finger green from tarnish.

A beat of silence.

GLEN

When was the last time you saw her?

CHARLES

Who?

GLEN

Your daughter. Since you have a problem discussing your wife.

CHARLES

My wife was murdered after being raped by two different men. She was stabbed to death and left for dead in an alley just outside Miami. Now, Mr. Glen, do understand why I don't like discussing my wife?

Glen hesitates, taking a deep breath.

GLEN

I'm sorry.

(Beat)

Now, about your daughter-

CHARLES

Are you doing this to me on purpose?

GLEN

Look, mister I, in no way meant to-

CHARLES
You didn't huh? Well than you must
be stupid.

INT. BRIDGE OF FEROCIA-CONTINUOUS

Bradbury watches Charles and Glen with intensity and anger, he listens closely before throwing his empty cup of coffee into a trash can at his right side.

BRADBURY
Prick.

INT. SUBMERSIBLE-CONTINUOUS

Glen says nothing in return. Shaw only stares at Charles, something he doesn't notice.

GLEN
Okay.
(beat)
Wait-

Suddenly the submersible hits something below, and CRASHES into-

EXT. THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA-CONTINUOUS

-the ocean's floor with a BONK.

INT. SUBMERSIBLE-CONTINUOUS

Everyone shifts in their seats from the hard landing.

CHARLES
Jesus Christ. Who in the hell is
piloting this thing?

The lights flicker. Everyone FREEZES.

GLEN
No.

Flicker.

CHARLES
Is this normal?

INT. BRIDGE OF FEROCIA-CONTINUOUS

Bradbury jumps from his chair, it crashes to its side on the floor as he reaches for his radio breathlessly.

INT. SUBMERSIBLE-CONTINUOUS

The lights flicker once more, twice more as Bradbury's voice comes over the radio.

BRADBURY (O.S.)
Glen, Glen, what's the electricity
level, come on, we just charged
this bitch last night, over.

Glen RUNS to the radio, the lights still flickering. He grips the radio in the his right hand and speaks.

GLEN
(Into radio)
I'm checking energy level now,
over.

He meets Shaw's gaze, who scans several of the monitors.

SHAW
We should be full, unless it's
lying.

Glen picks the radio back up, speaks fearfully into the expensive gadget.

GLEN
(Into radio)
We got full charge here, sir, over.

INT. BRIDGE OF FEROCIA-CONTINUOUS

Bradbury's expression turns to that of confusion.

BRADBURY
I'll be God damned.

INT. SUBMERSIBLE-CONTINUOUS

The lights flicker when suddenly-

Everything returns to normal, full brightness from the lights as everyone crosses their fingers.

TIGHT ON CHARLES, whose face is frozen in fear, his cheeks are bone white.

The lights do not flicker.

Glen sighs.

GLEN
I think we're okay.
(Turns to Shaw)
Start her up.

EXT. THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA-CONTINUOUS

With a clicking sound, the large propeller behind the submersible starts, kicking up dirt and sand from the bottom of the ocean's floor, creating a cloud of debris headed straight at us-

INT. SUBMERSIBLE-CONTINUOUS

Glen looks through a small porthole in the side of the submersible as he flicks a switch to his right-

EXT. THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA-CONTINUOUS

A large array of lights, hanging off the bow of the submersible cuts on, revealing the stark, grey, seriously flat landscape of the ocean's floor.

INT. SUBMERSIBLE-CONTINUOUS

Charles fights for a seat in front of the porthole. Glen finally lets him have it as he retreats back towards the controls, steering the submersible straight.

Charles' eyes widen as he looks out into the dark, barren landscape.

CHARLES
Jesus what kind of place is this?

GLEN
A place only friendly for death.

Shaw meets Glen's gaze only for a quick second.

SHAW
(Under her breath)
What bull-shit.

Charles pays no attention, he only gapes out the tiny porthole.

GLEN

We won't run into anything now will we boss?

CHARLES

No, you're good. Just keep it steady.

TIGHT ON CHARLES, a look of fear as he prays to find a trace of his daughter. He is whispering under his breath.

EXT. THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA-CONTINUOUS

The submersible hovers just over the sandy bottom, lighting a short distance into the cold sea with its serious set of lights.

The submersible floats over an unrecognizable object-

INT. SUBMERSIBLE-CONTINUOUS

Charles jumps at the sight of something on the ocean floor, he turns to Glen-

CHARLES

We got something-

GLEN

What?

Charles sticks his face back into the porthole, his expression boiling with curiosity.

EXT. THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA-CONTINUOUS

The submersible is coming up to something, we can feel it. A tense pause just as-

The submersible is only fifty yards from a MASSIVE CARGO SHIP's stern-

INT. SUBMERSIBLE-CONTINUOUS

Charles panics, he turns to Glen as quickly as he can, he can barely speak through his utter fear-

CHARLES
GO UP! MOVE THIS THING UP!

GLEN
What? Why?!

CHARLES
YOU'RE GONNA HIT-

EXT. THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA-CONTINUOUS

The submersible SMASHES into the stern of the massive cargo ship, the entire thing rocking forward and then back, almost flipping end over end.

INT. SUBMERSIBLE-CONTINUOUS

Everyone shifts inside from impact. Glen steers the submersible upward just as Charles turns back towards the porthole, too interested in what is outside to care about being angry at Glen.

EXT. THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA-CONTINUOUS

The submersible glides up and over the stern of the cargo ship.

INT. SUBMERSIBLE-CONTINUOUS

Glen takes hold of the radio, speaks into it.

GLEN
(Into radio)
Ferocia, Ferocia, we just collided
with-

He turns towards Charles.

GLEN (CONT'D)
(To Charles)
What the hell was that?

Charles, dazed and fearful, not to mention full of energy meets Glen's gaze.

CHARLES
Cargo ship.

GLEN
 Cargo ship? What the hell?
 (Speaks into radio)
 A-
 (beat)
 -cargo ship.

CHARLES
 Stern side.

GLEN
 (Into radio)
 Stern side, over.

INT. BRIDGE OF FEROCIA-CONTINUOUS

Bradbury is already at his feet, he has been watching the monitors intensely. He takes hold of his own radio.

BRADBURY
 (Into radio)
 Did you look over the vessel?

Beat.

GLEN (O.S.)
 What we could, we see no leaks.

INT. SUBMERSIBLE-CONTINUOUS

Shaw is looking over every monitor in a frenzy, then turns to Glen, who is hunched over the radio.

SHAW
 Nothing's blinking.

Glen breathes a sigh of relief.

GLEN
 Jesus. Alright Shaw.

INT. BRIDGE OF FEROCIA-CONTINUOUS

Bradbury is also hunched over the radio, listening intently for a reply.

GLEN (O.S.)
 Nothing on the vessel's monitor board is blinking, over.

Bradbury sighs, relieved.

BRADBURY

Christ.

(Into radio)

You get your asses back up here to the surface, we'll need to take a complete assessment of the submersible, you know at that depth the smallest dent can grow bigger through pressure.

Beat.

GLEN (O.S.)

Sir, ambient pressure is activated.

INT. SUBMERSIBLE-CONTINUOUS

Glen awaits a reply from Bradbury as he continues to hunch over the radio.

Charles turns towards Glen, fear still living in his pupils, anger growing alongside it.

BRADBURY (O.S.)

I don't care get back up here to the surface.

Glen raises the radio to his lips.

GLEN

(Into radio)

Copy.

CHARLES

No-

Charles TACKLES Glen against the floor of the submersible, Shaw jumps as the submersible shakes...

CHARLES (CONT'D)

We're not going back up.

GLEN

I'm not getting fired.

CHARLES

You take us back up and I'll kill you.

Charles grips his .45 firearm.

SHAW

Jesus, Charles, just listen to the man-

CHARLES

NO! I'm through listening to you assholes, I came down her to get my daughter.

SHAW

All we're going to do is assess the sub and come back down.

CHARLES

That's a lie.

Glen freezes, Charles still grasping the .45 on his hip. Charles meets Glen's gaze once more.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

We're searching for another half hour.

GLEN

You don't have the authority.

Charles remembers the cameras, he looks up at the camera stationed right at him-

INT. BRIDGE OF FEROCIA-CONTINUOUS

Bradbury is galvanized with anger at what he is seeing, he reaches for his radio.

INT. SUBMERSIBLE-CONTINUOUS

Charles finds himself still looking at the camera-

TIGHT ON THE CAMERA, feeding every second back to Ferocia's bridge.

Charles climbs off Glen, he lets go of his firearm and retreats to the port hole.

Just then, over the radio-

BRADBURY (O.S.)

Someone tell me what in God's name is going on down there?!

(beat)

HUH?!

Glen, frozen with fear licks his lips, wipes a droplet of sweat from his forehead and reaches for the radio.

GLEN
(Into radio)
Bradbury, requesting a half hour of
searching. Over.

Charles looks out to see the entire cargo ship as it rests on the sandy ocean floor, an entire 100,000 of DWT (Deadweight tonnage) resting before the submersible.

CHARLES
It's a tanker.

Glen moves away from the radio, towards Charles with hesitation.

GLEN
What?

CHARLES
It's a tanker, the cargo ship.

GLEN
(Fearful)
Wait, you mean the kind that
carries gas and petroleum, and oil,
and-

CHARLES
Yeah, that kind. Jesus.

Bradbury comes back through the radio.

BRADBURY (O.S.)
Hell no, you get back up here like
I told you, that submersible could
have a million problems you can't
see.

Glen is fixated at the tanker, he is gazing through the porthole, watching it in awe, slowly forgetting about Bradbury.

GLEN
Christ almighty.

Glen hugs himself as he begins to shiver, he snaps back into reality when Shaw's voice disrupts his moments of pure uncomfortable silence.

SHAW

Jesus Glen, our asses are on the line, pick up that receiver and talk into the damn thing.

Charles is breathing heavily as he sits eyeing Glen, awaiting his next move.

TIGHT ON THE .45 HANGING FROM CHARLES' BELT.

Glen slowly puts down the radio receiver and grabs for the submersible's controls, Shaw is confused and outraged.

SHAW (CONT'D)

Glen, think about what you're about to do. This could mean your job.

Glen ignores Shaw's worrisome voice.

SHAW (CONT'D)

Glen-

Shaw shakes nervously as Glen takes hold on the controls. The submersible BOUNCES forward with a quick tug, everyone but Glen flies to the floor.

INT. BRIDGE OF FEROCIA-CONTINUOUS

Bradbury looks confused, he watches the monitors, his eyes scanning every inch of the device.

BRADBURY

What in God's name does he think he's doing?

INT. SUBMERSIBLE-CONTINUOUS

Glen maneuvers the submersible towards the cargo ship.

EXT. THE ABYSS-CONTINUOUS

The massive cargo ship sits in front of us as the submersible bounces over the stern side of the ship, its lights illuminating the entire front section.

INT. BRIDGE OF FEROCIA-CONTINUOUS

Bradbury is putting things together.

BRADBURY

He's not-

EXT. THE ABYSS-CONTINUOUS

The submersible glides over the stern, heading towards the bridge yard by yard, second by second.

The submersible makes a sudden turn, headed for the port side of the cargo ship, its lights turning the somber darkness into a knowledgable and obvious location.

INT. SUBMERSIBLE-CONTINUOUS

Charles heads for the porthole, Shaw is completely fixated with what Glen has decided to do.

SHAW

(To Glen)

Take us up.

GLEN

Charles what do you see?

SHAW

Glen.

GLEN

What do you see?

Shaw becomes furious.

SHAW

GLEN GET US OUTTA HERE GOD DAMMIT!

Charles' eyes WIDEN suddenly, obviously enthralled with something in front of him.

CHARLES

Jesus GOD!

GLEN

What?

Shaw returns to the dials, checking oxygen levels, pressure gauges-

GLEN (CONT'D)

(To Charles)

What do you see?

Charles jumps back from the porthole, his eyes still widen in awe and fear. He glances at Glen.

GLEN (CONT'D)

Charles?

Charles only points to the porthole, then finally clears his throat.

CHARLES

(Irritated Shaw and Glen
won't look)

Take a damn look at what the hell
I'm seeing! Go on!

Charles SMILES.

GLEN

Amanda, take these.

Glen motions to the controls as Shaw takes hold of the controls.

EXT. THE ABYSS-CONTINUOUS

The submersible still sits ten yards away from the hull of the port side of the ship. The submersible shines light on a gash a good fifty yards in length torn out of the cargo ship, debris is nowhere to be found.

INT. SUBMERSIBLE-CONTINUOUS

Glen holds a hand up to Shaw.

GLEN

Stop. Keep the lights in that
position.

He looks down at something amazing.

INT. BRIDGE OF FEROCIA-CONTINUOUS

Bradbury is in wonder, pure curiosity of what the team of submersible divers are staring at, in particular what Glen is staring at.

TIGHT ON THE RADIO RECEIVER, which falls from Bradbury's grasp.

EXT. THE ABYSS-CONTINUOUS

The submersible's lights shine down on HUNDREDS of oil barrels that have poured out of the ship from within, some littering a tad bit of the sandy ocean floor, the others most likely have fallen down the MASSIVE TRENCH that sits next to the cargo ship's port side.

The submersible glides out of frame.

INT. SUBMERSIBLE-CONTINUOUS

Silence. Glen slowly backs away from the port hole in the side of the submersible and turns to Shaw.

GLEN

Get us out of here.

Shaw goes for the controls, Charles abruptly stands and points in Glen's face.

CHARLES

You took me down here for a reason,
now lets-

GLEN

That was before we hit this damn
thing. The metal on this
submersible won't withstand
everything.

Charles looks deep into Glen's eyes, trying his hardest to put fear into them.

Shaw only watches silently.

A WHITE NOISE over the radio-

INT. BRIDGE OF FEROCIA-CONTINUOUS

Bradbury talks into his radio, his voice shaky.

BRADBURY

The surface waits you boys.

He hangs up the receiver, pauses, and picks it back up, talks into it.

BRADBURY (CONT'D)

And Shaw.

He hangs the receiver's box.

BRADBURY (CONT'D)
(To himself)
So get your fucking asses up here.

INT. SUBMERSIBLE-CONTINUOUS

Glen nods to Shaw.

GLEN
Go ahead.

Shaw grabs for the controls

EXT. THE ABYSS-CONTINUOUS

The light from the submersible washes away from around the cargo ship, the trench, and the scattered oil barrels.

The submersible launches itself towards the surface.

INT. SUBMERSIBLE-CONTINUOUS

Silence.

Shaw works the controls aimlessly as her eyes search the area, curious for answers. No one responds to her ailment.

Glen's eyes and mind are fixed into space.

Glen clears his throat.

GLEN
What the hell made that gash?

No one utters a syllable.

GLEN (CONT'D)
You listening?

Charles maneuvers in his seat.

CHARLES
It had to have been fucking huge.

GLEN
You saw it?

CHARLES
Of course I did, I saw the whole side of the damn thing.

GLEN
 Could have been anything.

CHARLES
 What the hell does a damn cargo
 ship run into in the middle of the
 Atlantic?
 (beat)
 Better yet, why didn't they see it
 before it hits?

Shaw becomes uneasy.

GLEN
 I don't know.

EXT. THE SURFACE-DAY

The submersible rockets from the below the surface, bobbing just above the water where Ferocia sits just twenty yards to the right.

INT. BRIDGE OF FEROCIA-MOMENTS LATER

Glen stands next to Charles, both men standing before Bradbury, whom of which shows an unreadable expression.

Charles then finally takes a seat on one of the various chairs that are anchored into the floor.

BRADBURY
 Did I tell you to sit?

CHARLES
 This chair is what I'm paying you
 for isn't it?

Bradbury ignores the comment.

BRADBURY
 Glen I'm not going to interrogate
 you, although such a procedure
 would be appropriate.

Bradbury looks deep into Glen's eyes.

BRADBURY (CONT'D)
 (grave)
 What did you see?

Charles glances at Glen, who swallows HARD. The ship rocks back and forth with the rough surf.

INT. LAB-LATER

Amanda Shaw, dressed in a white surgeon's gown, hovers over several pieces of machinery in a small but adequate scientific research laboratory.

In the cold, harshly-lit room, Shaw stands alone working with liquids in beakers, handling them only with gloves upon Bradbury's entrance through double doors off the Shaw's left.

BRADBURY

You got a minute?

Shaw pays little attention to Bradbury as she pours a clear liquid from one beaker into another, mixing it with a separate colored substance.

SHAW

Time is something a scientist doesn't have.

BRADBURY

(stern)

I need you to make time.

Shaw stops her work, throws her gloves into her lab station and turns to Bradbury.

SHAW

What is it?

Bradbury pauses before clearing his throat.

BRADBURY

Have you sampled the water?

SHAW

From out of the sink?

Bradbury is finding this difficult to get across.

BRADBURY

Not exactly I need-

(beat)

Shaw-

SHAW

Doctor Shaw.

Bradbury gives her an uneasy glance.

SHAW (CONT'D)

You think I took ten years to get my doctorate for nothing?

BRADBURY

When your working for someone who's keeping you fed I would think so.

SHAW

The food around here sucks, you know that Bradbury.

BRADBURY

Captain.

SHAW

You beating around the bush or did you come here wanting something from me a little more important than chit-chat?

Bradbury takes a moment of silence, inhaling deeply before moving forward with the conversation.

BRADBURY

I need you to sample the water outside.

SHAW

Why?

Bradbury says nothing, only looks into the curious-girl's eyes.

SHAW (CONT'D)

I have a right to know.

BRADBURY

You would. If you went to boat school.

He prepares to leave.

BRADBURY (CONT'D)

You think I graduated high school for nothing?

Before he leaves-

SHAW

Hey-

Bradbury turns, meeting Shaw's gaze.

SHAW (CONT'D)

Does Charles know he's paying me to do this research?

BRADBURY
Are you out of your mind?

SHAW
No.

BRADBURY
There's your answer. All this...
(points around the lab)
...isn't on the manifest.

SHAW
Oh, so now we're all cargo?

A beat. Shaw reaches in back pocket for a cigarette, pulls one out and inserts in her mouth. Lights it.

BRADBURY
You stand so comfortably. Does it hurt?

Bradbury motions to her eight and a half month pregnant stomach.

SHAW
Sometimes. All he does is kick.

BRADBURY
He?

A beat.

SHAW
Yeah.

Bradbury shrugs and leaves, leaving Shaw to her experiments, and her smoking.

INT. BRIDGE OF FEROCIA-DUSK

Bradbury sits sipping a mug of coffee on the bridge, the sunset unfolding before him. However, he pays no attention to the picturesque reds and pinks, he only pays attention to the sonar screen where shades of objects are popping up all around the ship and then disappearing. A spot here, and there, here and-

Glen enters the bridge through a doorway behind Bradbury. Bradbury turns, stands.

BRADBURY
Glen?

Glen looks ill, his face pale with sweat.

GLEN

Captain I'm not exactly in the best shape.

BRADBURY

Jesus Christ you actually called me by my damn title what the hell's a matter with you?

Glen sits in a chair next to the one Bradbury had been resting at only seconds before.

GLEN

That cargo ship we found at the bottom?

BRADBURY

What about it?

Glen holds his stomach uncomfortably. The ship sways and rocks.

INT. SHAW'S STATEROOM-CONTINUOUS

Shaw holds a small petri dish in one hand, its lid in the other as she staggers towards her stateroom's porthole.

Shaw unlocks the porthole window, it swings open. She hangs over the side of the ship, the water line just a couple feet below the porthole window. She slides the petri dish into the water and retreats back into her stateroom, the petri dish full of clean seawater.

Shaw snaps the lid back on the petri dish and closes the porthole window, locking it back.

INT. BRIDGE OF FEROCIA-CONTINUOUS

Glen is still sweating, and is still as pale as a ghost, barely able to keep his eyelids open.

GLEN

Captain, the mainland is a good idea to me I just-

BRADBURY

It's not the claustrophobia is it?

Glen shrugs. He then mindlessly chuckles, sweat dripping off his forehead while shivering.

Bradbury takes a seat in front of him, meets his gaze with intense eyes.

BRADBURY (CONT'D)

Listen to me, listen carefully, we were brought out here to find a man's daughter, and that's what we're going to do.

GLEN

But Antonio will re-assign me, he can figure it all-

BRADBURY

No, I can't let him do that. Can you imagine how that would make me look? You think he'd know after all this that I could handle my position?

Bradbury becomes angry, stands.

GLEN

God that water's so black. I don't want to go down there.

BRADBURY

You have to. Glen, we don't have a choice.

GLEN

We do have a choice. I need to get home!

BRADBURY

We all want to get home, Glen!

Glen is furious, he explodes with anger as he shakes uncontrollably.

GLEN

You knew how I was when you hired me!

(beat)

And you did it anyway, so you get me off this boat or I'll jump.

BRADBURY

You and I both know-

GLEN

You and I know shit. What else is really underneath this boat that we don't know about, huh?

(MORE)

GLEN (CONT'D)

God only knows what new brand of hell is just waiting for us to come knocking on its door. Not to mention if we continue, we're just using the big black metal knocker!

BRADBURY

That's enough.

Glen takes in a shaky deep breath. Exhales unsteadily. Bradbury leans in towards his co-worker.

BRADBURY (CONT'D)

What you need to do is go downstairs to your bunk and take whatever pill you have, and make this thing go away. The pills will make it go away, Glen, that's what they're there for.

GLEN

I'm so worried about taking all these pills. They're going to kill me.

BRADBURY

You're just talking shit. You drink?

GLEN

Used to.

BRADBURY

That's problem number two.

Bradbury grabs a bottle of whiskey from within a desk cabinet, pulls out two glasses.

GLEN

I can't drink. Not while I'm on these meds.

BRADBURY

You're not leaving either. We have a job to finish.

The sonar beeps. BEEPS.

GLEN

The hell is that?

Bradbury turns to the sonar, the small spots on the screen coming and going.

BRADBURY

It does that. Damn things broken,
if we really need it we're
probably...

GLEN

...fucked.

Bradbury pours the whiskey into the two glasses. He hands a glass to Glen, who takes it with hesitation.

BRADBURY

Problem?

Glen's uneasy expression tells all. He sniffs the whiskey, gags, and VOMITS on the floor, all over his shoes. Bradbury JUMPS out of his seat.

BRADBURY (CONT'D)

Jesus Christ! Glen-

Glen vomits a second time, the glass of whiskey falling out of his grasp, shattering on the floor.

Glen stands, staggers over towards the radio, picking up the receiver as Bradbury CHARGES towards him, furious.

BRADBURY (CONT'D)

What the fuck are you doing?!

Glen continues to cough and gag. Bradbury wrinkles his nose to keep out the putrid smell of vomit. He SNAPS the radio's receiver from out of Glen's paws.

GLEN

Bradbury, God dammit!

Bradbury THROWS the radio receiver, its attached chord only allowing it to spiral towards the floor.

GLEN (CONT'D)

I'm sick! Not well, do you
understand?

BRADBURY

If this is some joke, some-

GLEN

What the hell do you think I am?

BRADBURY

-some way of getting off this boat-

GLEN
Bradbury you listen to me-

BRADBURY
NO! You listen to me, you took this
job knowing you have this problem.
I care about my crew but I will
draw a line.

Glen's eyes are filling with tears.

GLEN
But I can't-

BRADBURY
You can, and you will.

GLEN
Get me to Shaw.

BRADBURY
What?

GLEN
SHAW! Amanda, the fucking
scientist.

BRADBURY
What is she going to do?

GLEN
She's a damn doctor, right?

BRADBURY
Don't bother her busy-ass. Go to
bed. Puke out the drugs.

GLEN
I don't have any in me.

BRADBURY
Then start popping the pills,
friend. We can't have this shit.

Glen coughs, spits on the floor.

INT. LAB-CONTINUOUS

The lab's lighting is harsh as Shaw stumbles towards a bar stool situated beside the lab counter. She sits. Shaw first takes out a cigarette from within her back pocket, then a lighter from her front.

She inserts the cigarette into her mouth before lighting it. She breathes in, inhaling the nicotine joyously. She exhales, smoke dashing from her lungs.

Shaw slides the petri dish under a microscope, positioning its eyepiece before peering through the equipment.

A beat. She slowly spins the coarse and fine focus dials then adjusts the lens turret. Peers once more through the eyepiece lens.

A beat.

Shaw holds her large stomach, draws away from the microscope. She winces as she stands, running awkwardly from swelled ankles towards the lab door.

Her cigarette falls to the floor, burning a black hole in the linoleum.

INT. CORRIDOR, FEROCIA-CONTINUOUS

Shaw stumbles through the dark corridors of Ferocia wincing, passing several staterooms and making countless painful steps before reaching room 11. She opens the unlocked door into-

INT. SHAW'S STATEROOM-NIGHT

A small, cramped space with a bed and side table. Shaw enters, without bothering to shut the door behind her.

She takes her shoes off, revealing her horribly swelled ankles. Sitting on the floor, Shaw groans in pain. Sweat drips off her forehead as she moves into her six by six bathroom.

INT. SHAW'S BATHROOM-CONTINUOUS

Shaw runs water over her face from out of the sink, taking in deep breaths as she struggles to stand, her ankles purple.

She SCREAMS, holding her stomach, hunching towards the floor, her nose wrinkled, her eyes closed.

She collapses to the floor, SCREAMING as she waits for her pain to pass, or at least to subside.

A moment passes, Shaw crawls towards the toilet, hunching over the seat, gagging, struggling to catch her breath.

SHAW

Jesus Christ, Shaw, hold it
together.

INT. BRIDGE OF FEROCIA-CONTINUOUS

Glen finally exits. Bradbury is left alone where he reaches
for the radio receiver, his hands shaking.

He turns the radio channel dial for a second or two, then-

BRADBURY

(Into radio)

Mainland this is Ferocia needing
assistance, over.

WHITE NOISE.

A beat. Two. Then, a male's stern voice comes through the
radio at high volume.

MAN (O.S.)

This is Coast Guard to Ferocia on
mainland, go ahead.

Bradbury hesitates before beginning to speak into the radio a
second time-

EXT. STERN OF DECK OF FEROCIA-MORNING

The submersible has been attached to the large crane, it
hangs over the stern deck of Ferocia as the morning sun hides
behind a series of grey clouds.

Bradbury watches as the door situated atop the submersible
shuts.

INT. SUBMERSIBLE-CONTINUOUS

Charles sits with blankets over his shivering body, Glen and
Shaw work the controls as-

EXT. THE SURFACE-CONTINUOUS

-the submersible is lowered in the Atlantic.

INT. SUBMERSIBLE-CONTINUOUS

Glen flicks a switch, his hands are white and moist with sweat as they shake.

CHARLES

What are we, decompressing?

GLEN

No, that's only for when we approach the surface.

Glen steps away from the controls, sitting across from Charles. Shaw follows him in his action, trying to conceal her swollen ankles from the mens' vision. Charles notices.

CHARLES

How far along?

Shaw meets Charles' gaze, only for a short second, uncomfortable.

SHAW

Just over eight months.

CHARLES

Jesus. Why'd you decide to be apart of all this?

SHAW

Money.

CHARLES

You're not well-off?

Shaw feels uncomfortable answering the question, Glen sneaks a glance at Charles.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

(To Glen)

What? She can't answer the question?

GLEN

You can't refrain from asking someone something so personal?

CHARLES

Why should I? If you asked me, I wouldn't be embarrassed.

GLEN

You don't have any reason to be.

A beat of silence.

CHARLES
Well, Amanda?

SHAW
My name is Doctor Shaw.

CHARLES
Okay. Doctor Shaw?

A beat.

SHAW
(Nervous)
My fiancé took to the road when I
got pregnant. He who made all the
money so I was stuck between a rock
and a hard place, alright?

Charles tries to meet Shaw's gaze, she ignores him.

CHARLES
You're not a good liar.
(beat)
Shaw? Hello?

Shaw doesn't dare glance at Charles.

CHARLES (CONT'D)
You listening to me?

Shaw says nothing, only stares into the controls.

CHARLES (CONT'D)
There's more to that story.

Shaw takes in a deep breath, sighs. A beat.

CHARLES (CONT'D)
You didn't make good money?

She hesitates, sighs angrily and looks dead into Charles' eyes. He stares back.

SHAW
I was an out of work biologist.

CHARLES
So? There weren't other jobs?

SHAW
I didn't want another job.

CHARLES

Why?

Glen is becoming angry. Shaw holds nothing back, at this point she doesn't give a shit.

SHAW

If you want the truth-

CHARLES

I hope you wouldn't lie to your employer.

SHAW

(Sighs)

My parents didn't want me to be a biologist.

Shaw gazes away from Charles, again only staring into the eyes of the controls.

CHARLES

Oh, I see, so this has nothing to do with you.

Shaw can not bring herself to make eye contact with Charles, she avoids it anyway she can.

SHAW

Of course it does, you're wrong.

CHARLES

Being stubborn, and continuing to try to make it as a biologist to prove your folks wrong was better than making any money?

SHAW

To me, yes. You don't have any room to judge.

CHARLES

In fact I do.

SHAW

How? We're all people, we make our own choices, hell, even make some mistakes.

CHARLES

Well I didn't.

Glen can not stand listening to Charles break down a pregnant woman any longer.

GLEN

Really, Charles? How did you make your money?

CHARLES

I didn't.

GLEN

What are you talking about?

Charles licks his lips and sighs, he has obviously had this conversation one too many times.

CHARLES

I inherited it from my folks. They died when I was in law school.

GLEN

How much?

CHARLES

How much what?

GLEN

Did they leave you?

CHARLES

A bit personal but I'll play fair.

He clears his throat.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

They left me their entire estate. Their home in The Hamptons came to just under one hundred million dollars. I sold it for just under that much, and bought a fucked-up trailer in up-state New York, finished Law School, barely passing the bar, and put the money in the stock market. I lost a couple thousands but gained a few millions. The company of Apple was good to me. With the few millions I made in the stock market I bought several pieces of shit homes in little shit-splat towns in America and fixed them up to be something worth buying.

GLEN

You put one hundred million dollars in the stock market?

CHARLES

No, not all of it. I invested ten million in the stock market and the rest I put away.

GLEN

In a bank?

CHARLES

No, under my fucking mattress.

A beat.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

I made fifty million off the several homes I bought and later fixed up. Yeah, I put that money in the bank too. I had a hundred and fifty million to my name by the time I was thirty-one. Maybe you could consider my parent's death a fucking blessing.

SHAW

They weren't good to you?

CHARLES

Of course they weren't, little rich bitches that thought they ran the world. It's funny, just about every other Christmas I was left alone in that fucking house in Rhode Island. Yeah, they had a house there, too. They sold it a month before they died. Damn pricks didn't know the first thing about having kids.

GLEN

You're breaking my heart.

CHARLES

Don't you dare feel sorry for me.

GLEN

I don't, believe me.

CHARLES

What's that supposed to mean?

GLEN

Nevermind.

Shaw finds Charles' gaze.

SHAW
Did they ever hurt you?

CHARLES
No. Not in the way you say.
Physically, no.

A beat.

GLEN
What about the rest of your money?

CHARLES
What rest of my money, that's it.

GLEN
So one fifty?

CHARLES
Million, yes. Not including the
money I continue to make from
stocks.

GLEN
How did that all cover this?

CHARLES
Stocks alone covered this.

A beat.

GLEN
So what are you going to do with
the one fifty in the bank?

CHARLES
It's not in the bank anymore.

GLEN
Well then where is it?

A beat, Charles hesitates. His expression looks nervous.

GLEN (CONT'D)
Charles?

CHARLES
What makes you think I have to
answer your questions?

GLEN
Shaw answered yours, now answer the
question-where's the God damn
money?

Suddenly, BAM!

EXT. THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA-CONTINUOUS

The submersible, barely visible, only the submersible's exterior lighting illuminates the abyss, hits the edge of the trench, beginning to tip end over end towards the trench's large opening, heading for the bottom.

INT. SUBMERSIBLE-CONTINUOUS

The submersible's occupants are thrown around the interior cabin as it begins to tilt to the right.

Glen stands, heading for the controls, Shaw doing the same, trying to handle the pain of her swollen ankles, she fails, tripping over her own feet. She crawls to the controls.

GLEN
Thrusters!

EXT. SUBMERSIBLE-CONTINUOUS

The large aquatic machine continues to tilt towards the trench's black opening, falling end over end into the mouth of doom.

INT. BRIDGE OF FEROCIA-CONTINUOUS

Bradbury, watching the computer monitors on the bridge of Ferocia's ship, monitors bringing him live feed from the submersible's interior, stands as his eyes widen. He grabs at the radio.

EXT. SUBMERSIBLE-CONTINUOUS

The THRUM of the submersible's large rear thruster, it's thin propeller blades spinning ferociously as the machine begins to level-out.

INT. SUBMERSIBLE-CONTINUOUS

The submersible begins tilting back into place as Glen and Shaw man the controls.

GLEN
Fuck a duck.

Everyone tries catching their breath, INHALING and EXHALING viciously.

Bradbury comes through the radio.

BRADBURY (O.S.)
What the hell? Will somebody talk
to me!

Glen grabs for the radio, Shaw gets at it first, speaks into the receiver.

SHAW
We hit the edge of the trench.

BRADBURY (O.S.)
Trench? What trench?

CHARLES
Turn him off. Sick of listening to
his shit.

He is ignored.

SHAW
(Into radio)
Bradbury, look, there's no damage
that's been reported we need to
just carry out this operation.
Over.

WHITE NOISE as the threesome wait to hear back from the man in charge. A beat.

BRADBURY (O.S.)
Fuck it.

INT. BRIDGE OF FEROCIA-CONTINUOUS

Bradbury hangs up his radio receiver with a SMASH, sitting back down in his chair and re-feasting his eyes on the interior of the submersible from the monitors.

INT. SUBMERSIBLE-CONTINUOUS

Shaw nods to Glen. He in return carries out working the controls.

Charles heads for the porthole in the side of the submersible.

Shaw PLOPS down on the floor, her ankles purple.

Charles turns to Glen.

CHARLES

Take her forward, the ship is just ahead.

GLEN

I thought we were here for a plane.

A beat, Charles hesitates with his answer, then-

CHARLES

The plane should be here and it isn't. The fucking ship might know a little something about the plane.

GLEN

What do you mean?

CHARLES

I'm talking about the ship's black box.

GLEN

It's not called a black box, not on a ship.

CHARLES

Jesus jumping Christ, that isn't the fucking point now is it? Just take her forward.

EXT. THE ABYSS-CONTINUOUS

The submersible glides over the port side of the cargo ship, hovering above the hull, fifty yards from the bridge.

INT. SUBMERSIBLE-CONTINUOUS

Charles turns towards Glen anxiously.

CHARLES

Take her to the right, towards the bridge, the black box should sit off a post or something.

GLEN

A post?

CHARLES

Yeah, just outside the bridge.

GLEN
Jesus Christ.

EXT. THE ABYSS-CONTINUOUS

The submersible takes a sharp right, the entire hull of the cargo ship being lit from the lights off the underwater-operating machine.

The submersible treks towards the bridge of the cargo ship, powering through the dark water. The submersible soon gets dangerously close to the bridge.

INT. SUBMERSIBLE-CONTINUOUS

Charles holds his palm up at Glen.

CHARLES
Stop, we're getting too close. I
can see the damn thing.

GLEN
The black box?

CHARLES
Yeah, stop!

EXT. CARGO SHIP-CONTINUOUS

A fat red and white capsule mounted off the exterior of the cargo ship's bridge comes into focus before us, the submersible charging towards it.

INT. SUBMERSIBLE-CONTINUOUS

Charles meets Glen's gaze.

CHARLES
Stop, God dammit!

EXT. CARGO SHIP-CONTINUOUS

The submersible's front SMASHES into the fat red and white voyage data recorder, popping it out of its socket, causing to automatically begin it's long ascend towards the surface.

INT. SUBMERSIBLE-CONTINUOUS

Charles is in an outrage.

CHARLES
Mother-

GLEN
What, what did we hit?

CHARLES
The damn black box, that's what!

EXT. SUBMERSIBLE-CONTINUOUS

The submersible comes to a stop, only a few feet away from the cargo ship's bridge.

INT. SUBMERSIBLE-CONTINUOUS

Glen becomes worried, his face begins dripping in sweat.

GLEN
Well what does that mean, what happened to it?

CHARLES
Take us up.

GLEN
Why?

CHARLES
The fucking thing floats, it's going up there!

He points towards the surface.

Shaw is holding her stomach, pain setting in.

SHAW
Guys, I need to go anyway, I'm hungry.

Shaw is sweating also, she looks pale and sickly.

GLEN
We got to finish-

SHAW
There's nothing left to do, get me out of this fucking sub.

GLEN
But the data recorder-

SHAW
It's gonna be at the surface, we
can get it up there, just take us
up, I have to eat.

Charles pulls away from the porthole.

INT. BRIDGE OF FEROCIA-CONTINUOUS

Bradbury watches the three talking to one another closely.

INT. SUBMERSIBLE-CONTINUOUS

Glen grabs the radio receiver, talks into it calmly.

GLEN
On our way up, Bradbury. Over.

A beat. Shaw tries to stand, her ankles are in too much pain.
She winces and gives up her struggle.

BRADBURY (O.S.)
Copy that. Hurry and be vigilant, I
got shit on this sonar I don't know
what the hell it is. OVER.

Glen sighs and hangs up his radio. Charles sits, covers
himself with a wool blanket.

EXT. THE ABYSS-CONTINUOUS

The submersible heads towards the surface of the Atlantic,
its lights slowly fading on the lonesome cargo ship.

INT. SUBMERSIBLE-CONTINUOUS

Shaw sits sweating as Bradbury comes through the radio in a
frenzy.

BRADBURY (O.S.)
Hey Shaw, did you get a sample of
the water yet? Over.

Shaw crawls towards the radio as the others watch her
curiously. She grabs the receiver, speaks.

SHAW

Yeah, it's in a petri dish on the counter. Why?

INT. BRIDGE OF FEROCIA-CONTINUOUS

Bradbury, confused, speaks into his radio.

BRADBURY

There wasn't any water sample on the counter.

INT. LAB-CONTINUOUS

The dark, lonely, stark science lab aboard Ferocia. The counters are clean of materials, everything locked away in cabinets above the counter tops. We dolly in towards a single petri dish sitting on the otherwise clear counter, its contents only a black liquid. The liquid moves, not with the sway of the ship, but self propelled, moving slowly but surely.

BRADBURY (V.O.)

The only thing in a petri dish is some black liquid.

SHAW (V.O.)

Say what?

INT. BRIDGE OF FEROCIA-CONTINUOUS

Bradbury is becoming angry.

BRADBURY

Shaw, this operation needs to be a little more God damn cut and dry, where the hell is the water? Over.

A beat.

SHAW (O.S.)

Bradbury, God dammit, that is the water.

BRADBURY

Shaw, you aren't making any sense.

Bradbury pauses before speaking back into the radio.

BRADBURY (CONT'D)
 You get your asses to the fucking
 surface. Now.

SHAW (O.S.)
 Copy.

WHITE NOISE as Bradbury hangs up the radio receiver.

EXT. THE SURFACE-DUSK

A fat red and white capsule blinking on the surface of the
 water as-

WHOOSH! The submersible breaks the water's surface just next
 to the voyage data recorder.

EXT. STERN OF DECK OF FEROCIA-CONTINUOUS

Drivers one, two, and three lunge into the sea water to
 retrieve the voyage data recorder as the crane is lowered
 towards the water to fetch the submersible.

INT. BRIDGE OF FEROCIA-NIGHT

Shaw, smoking a cigarette, painfully positions herself over
 the unopened voyage data recorder as Bradbury fetches her a
 chair only a few feet away. He does so and Shaw sits, wincing
 in pain.

Charles stands behind Shaw, awaiting the box's opening.
 Bradbury turns to Charles, angrily.

Shaw takes puff of her cigarette.

BRADBURY
 I didn't see you come in.

CHARLES
 I most certainly did.

BRADBURY
 Unfortunately, I'm going to have to
 ask you to leave.

CHARLES
 I'm funding this operation-

BRADBURY

I don't care, this has nothing to do with you. This is about the cargo ship.

Charles, nervous, grabs his .45 resting on his hip. Bradbury dives after him throwing him against the desk tabletop, wrapping Charles' hands around his back.

BRADBURY (CONT'D)

You touch that God damned thing again and I'll kill you myself.

CHARLES

They'd have to sue.

BRADBURY

Who? You think anyone's going to come looking for you? Your family's dead, you have no one you sorry-ass piece of shit-

Shaw watches closely, wincing, not from physical pain but from emotion pain.

CHARLES

Get your fucking paws off me! Maybe I'll sue myself!

BRADBURY

Go the fuck right ahead you damn prick. Trust me, I can screw you over like you won't believe.

(beat)

Why are we here, huh? What the hell do you want from this plane so badly? I looked through your damn wallet, no kids pictures. So what the hell are we really looking for? This was never a missing person's investigation was it?

A beat.

CHARLES

No.

BRADBURY

Huh?

CHARLES

No!

BRADBURY

Now we're getting somewhere.

(beat)

What the hell we looking for then
Charles?

A long moment of silence. Shaw listens intensely.

INT. CESSNA 525 CITATION JET-DAY

The pilot, in uniform is rummaging through the back door of the plane as witnessed earlier, he goes to close the door as we dolly into the closet-

INT. CESSNA 525 CITATION JET, CARGO CLOSET-CONTINUOUS

A single bundle of one million dollar U.S. Treasury Bearer Bonds sits lying lonely on the dark floor of the plane's cargo closet.

CHARLES (V.O.)

I was moving a hundred and fifty
million from my house in the
Bahamas to a bank in the States.

The door to the closet SLAMS shut, leaving us in the pitch black.

INT. BRIDGE OF FEROCIA-NIGHT

Bradbury still has Charles pinned down on the desk as he continues.

CHARLES

I was giving up my house in the
Bahamas so my daughter could live
there with her kids. She was
watching the cargo on a flight
back, when the fucking thing
vanished off radar.

Charles holds back tears.

SHAW

Hey!

(To Bradbury)

Climb off his back, please.

There's a moment's pauses before Bradbury climbs off Charles' back. Charles stands, faces Bradbury, who is appalled.

BRADBURY

You lied to me. To all of us.

CHARLES

You have to let me look in the trench, that's the only place left, Bradbury. It's one hundred and fifty million dollars.

(beat)

It's also my daughter.

Bradbury moves in on Charles, pure rage radiating from his eyes.

BRADBURY

You get your ass off my bridge. And don't you dare make me tell you twice.

Charles holds back his balled fists, hesitates, and then exits.

Shaw has another puff from her cigarette.

A moment of silence.

BRADBURY (CONT'D)

Christ.

He runs his hands through his hair and looks down at Shaw as she-

Shaw grabs at the voyage recorder, opens the top section of the capsule, puts her hand down inside-

INT. GLEN'S STATEROOM-CONTINUOUS

Glen lies on his bed. His forehead is sweating fiercely and his mouth is gaped open.

Glen's eyelids snap open and he sits up, taking a bottle of prescription drugs from out of a bedside table drawer. He snaps the bottle open, swallows two pills dry and lays back down, shivering.

INT. BRIDGE OF FEROCIA-CONTINUOUS

Shaw extracts a small data chip from within the fat red and white capsule. She shares a glance with Bradbury before loading it into the side of the desktop computer which sits only a few feet away on the large desk.

SHAW
(Inhaling a puff of smoke)
Here we go.

We watch Shaw as she clicks away here and there at the computer keys, opening up file after file under various names such as 'AUDIO' and 'HULL OPENINGS.'

BRADBURY
Shaw, how much shit is on this little chip?

SHAW
I don't know. Could be the last two hours could be the last several minutes.
(beat)
I'm surprised a captain like yourself doesn't know.

BRADBURY
What's that supposed to mean?

Shaw turns away from the computer screen, meets Bradbury's glance.

SHAW
He's still a human being. You crossed the line.

Bradbury says nothing, he only stares into Shaw's eyes with much intensity for several moments. Shaw turns back to the computer screen.

SHAW (CONT'D)
Well there was a hull opening during the last recording.

BRADBURY
Is there audio?

SHAW
Yeah, hang on let me get there.

Shaw clicks here and there until finally-

SHAW (CONT'D)
Here it is, listen.

She cranks up the volume on the computer.

WHITE NOISE. Then, a male's panic-filled voice radiating from the computer speakers.

TIGHT ON THE COMPUTER SPEAKERS, AS-

MAN (O.S.)

(From speaker)

...the bridge, the damn thing just came across the windshield.

(beat)

Yeah, yeah, the fucking end of it.

(beat)

Black, uh-huh a black pool of whatever the hell it is. I've never seen-

A beat of STATIC.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Holy shit, you feel that? Yeah, the boat's tipping, we're tipping!

SHAW

Just now the water-tight doors are closing.

BRADBURY

Just now?

SHAW

In this record here, listen!

MAN (O.S.)

I'm looking right into the damn thing. It's really God damn big. Holy fuck.

(weeping)

Don't call for help. God dammit!

(beat)

Where it came? It came from out of the fucking water. All around us.

The man is weeping.

Shaw's eyes are filling with tears.

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

This thing's from hell. No, no here it comes. Up on your right! Jesus-

STATIC. The audio goes dead as Shaw freezes.

SHAW

That audio was recorded on the bridge six minutes before the ship went to the bottom. There isn't any more data.

Bradbury wheezes. Regains his breath.

BRADBURY

Shaw, what did you say was in that
petri dish?

SHAW

Water.

INT. LAB-NIGHT

Shaw and Bradbury enter the stark lab in a frenzy only to find the petri dish shattered across the linoleum flooring. Containing no black liquid.

Bradbury flicks a wall switch, suddenly the entire room becomes flooded with light. He meets Shaw's gaze, her chest heaving up and down.

Shaw BELLOWS in pain, crying out with wincing as she doubles over.

BRADBURY

What is it? Shaw?

Shaw does not speak, she only looks down between her legs where there is a steady trickle of blood.

She winces, holds the lower portion of her back as she falls to the floor in pain. Bradbury freezes.

Shaw is weeping.

SHAW

Jesus this can't be hap-

BRADBURY

Shaw-

SHAW

The blood's a sign of a fucking
miscarriage!

(weeps)

He hasn't moved in so long-

She staggers towards the medicine counter, grabbing a roll of gauze and unwrapping them while Bradbury wallops in confusion.

BRADBURY

I can-

SHAW

Just shut up, shut up just for a
fucking second.

A beat.

SHAW (CONT'D)

Its the God damn smoking that did
it! The fucking smoking.

She weeps.

SHAW (CONT'D)

That or, the, or the fucking up and
down of the submersible. God
dammit.

BRADBURY

Look, you don't know anything yet.

SHAW

The hell I don't! Fuck.

Shaw takes the cigarette pack from out of her pocket, TOSSING
it across the room. She grabs her stomach, continuing to
weep.

SHAW (CONT'D)

You let me on this ship.

BRADBURY

Don't you dare-

SHAW

This was about you!

BRADBURY

Shaw-

SHAW

You needed me, God forbid you ever
thought about the well-being-

BRADBURY

Don't you fucking put-

SHAW

-of a pregnant woman!

BRADBURY

Don't you fucking put this on my
shoulders.

A beat.

BRADBURY (CONT'D)

You knew the state you were in when you got on this ship, this was your fault!

SHAW

I didn't know I was going to have a fucking miscarriage now did I?

BRADBURY

No one could have predicted that!

SHAW

Maybe if you had a little insight to the fact that I smoked, for number one, and two-that the up and down of the submersible might wrap the damn umbilical chord around the poor thing's neck!

BRADBURY

This isn't about me, you made your own sorry-ass decision to step foot on this boat.

Shaw wipes tears from her cheeks.

BRADBURY (CONT'D)

How dare you blame me. You got some fucking nerve.

A beat of silence.

SHAW

Maybe as a father you would have known what would have been best for your son-

BRADBURY

My God, Shaw, Shaw-

SHAW

Instead of coming off as an emotionless dick! He's not just my child, Bradbury.

BRADBURY

-Shaw I swear to God.

SHAW

What? You made the decision.

BRADBURY

We both did!

Bradbury's expression turns helpless.

SHAW

You decided not to keep it in your pants, hon.

BRADBURY

And you took it, you hypocrite!

A beat.

BRADBURY (CONT'D)

I didn't mean that.

SHAW

That's okay, the crew will be in for a real shock when they find out the baby-daddy.

BRADBURY

(Desperate)

Shaw you can't let them know.

SHAW

You want to try me?

BRADBURY

Do you know how I would look? I'd be nothing.

SHAW

Whose problem?.

BRADBURY

It's not my fault he's dead-

Bradbury's eyes soon fill with tears.

BRADBURY (CONT'D)

Would I want my own son dead?

SHAW

I don't know, do you?

BRADBURY

How dare you.

SHAW

No that's okay, when the crew realizes when a little bird tells them-

BRADBURY

You can't try and get back at me-

SHAW

Oh I will.

BRADBURY

-when I haven't done anything.

A beat.

SHAW

We'll just have to see, huh? We'll just have to see how it all plays out. Should be an interesting ride now, shouldn't it?

Bradbury holds back his tears.

INT. GLEN'S STATEROOM-CONTINUOUS

Glen's eyelids are heavy, they're about to shut just as-

BAM! his door is SMASHED in as Charles bursts through, his foot still hanging in the air. He maneuvers over towards Glen's bedside where he meets Charles' gaze in a pool of sweat, swimming in pain.

CHARLES

Glen, listen to me carefully okay, we found the plane.

GLEN

What? Charles-

CHARLES

We found it on sonar. Funny, huh? You'd think-

GLEN

There's no way it would show up-

CHARLES

It did, it's at the bottom of that fucking trench and you have to take me there.

A beat.

GLEN

What about Bradbury?

CHARLES

It's all ago. Just looks like its you and me on this one.

GLEN

And Shaw?

CHARLES

Her ankles look like damn balloons.

GLEN

You're lying.

Glen wipes sweat from his brow.

GLEN (CONT'D)

You're lying through your God-damned teeth! Bradbury wouldn't let you take it down and you know it.

Charles doesn't hesitate pulling out his .45 and placing it against Glen's jaw.

CHARLES

It's a yes or no question.

(beat)

You going to take me, or not?

A beat, Glen struggles keeping his eyelids open, sweat drips off his brow.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

Glen?

Charles COCKS the .45.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

I hate to say we're running out of time. Both of us.

Glen hesitates, looking into Charles' eyes ferociously. Charles reflects pure hatred.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

What will it be?

The gun's barrel is pressed even more forcefully into Glen's jaw.

GLEN

Look, I-

CHARLES

Don't beat around the bush, Glen, I'm not in the fucking mood.

GLEN

I've already had my pills and I'm not, you see, I'm just not allowed to operate heavy-

CHARLES

You'll live. Grab your coat.

INT. LAB-CONTINUOUS

Shaw goes to stand, her ankles black and blue.

BRADBURY

Good try.

SHAW

Watch it you prick, I could ruin your career with a couple of words.

Shaw tries to stand once more, fails, falling to the ground with a THUMP.

Bradbury takes a deep breath.

BRADBURY

Look, I have to get up to the bridge, you stay here-

SHAW

No. That thing's out of the dish.

BRADBURY

Shaw what is that? What came from the dish?

A beat.

SHAW

Why the hell would you care?

BRADBURY

This isn't about you and me anymore. You need to put aside however you feel about me at this point and think about-

Bradbury sighs.

BRADBURY (CONT'D)

Shaw we're in the middle of the Atlantic. There's only two outcomes to this situation.

A beat.

SHAW

I looked at it under the microscope. I forgot to fucking tell you, when I looked at the thing I went into one of my damn pregnancy fits! You wouldn't know anything about that, you only make them.

Bradbury sighs.

BRADBURY

Jesus Christ-

SHAW

I saw cells like nothing else, Bradbury. Two combined into one, and then they split into three, then those three would combine and split into four and-

BRADBURY

Rapid cell growth?

SHAW

But it was happening at such a fast-

SMASH! Just outside the lab door something shatters. Shaw and Bradbury FREEZE.

BRADBURY

Don't you fucking move.

SHAW

Bradbury!

Bradbury heads towards the door. Before exiting, he takes his foot, SHATTERS an emergency kit hanging on the wall covered in glass. The glass rains down onto the linoleum as Bradbury retrieves an axe from within the kit.

He takes a step towards the lab door, axe in hand-

INT. CORRIDOR, FEROCIA-CONTINUOUS

Glen snakes his way through the narrow, dark corridors within the ship. He comes across an open doorway, hesitates, and then rounds the corner, entering the-

INT. BRIDGE OF FEROCIA-CONTINUOUS

-bridge which has been vacated. Glen continues to sweat, his chest heaving up and down as his breathing quickens.

He stumbles towards the array of controls, hesitating before wrapping his fist around a joystick, moving it to his left which-

EXT. STERN OF DECK OF FEROCIA-CONTINUOUS

-powers the crane carrying the submersible towards the dark water.

INT. BRIDGE OF FEROCIA-CONTINUOUS

Glen lets his grip slide from the joystick. He uses his index finger to press a small red button adjacent to it allowing-

EXT. STERN OF DECK OF FEROCIA-CONTINUOUS

-the crane to release the submersible, dropping it through the night air, into the water with a PLOP.

Nearby, Charles places his .45 back onto his hip holster before leaping off the deck of Ferocia into the Atlantic, swimming towards the submersible as it awaits his arrival.

INT. BRIDGE OF FEROCIA-CONTINUOUS

Glen steps away from the controls, moving towards the exit.

INT. SUBMERSIBLE-CONTINUOUS

Charles PLOPS into place, the interior of the submersible dark and gloomy.

He grabs a wool blanket off to his left, drying his wet clothes off as best as he is able to.

INT. LAB-CONTINUOUS

Shaw only sits on the floor, blood oozing from between her legs, pain shooting through her lower back as she winces.

SHAW

This isn't happening. Jesus God,
please-

She turns to meet Bradbury's gaze, he has exited the lab and has moved on out into the-

INT. CORRIDOR, FEROCIA-CONTINUOUS

-corridor, holding his axe high. His heart pounds loud enough to hear, his eyes bloodshot from little sleep.

INT. SUBMERSIBLE-CONTINUOUS

Glen CLIMBS into the submersible soaking wet. He hits the floor with a THUMP. He and Charles are both shivering.

CHARLES

Take us down.

Glen's eyelids can barely keep themselves open as he staggers towards the controls, as he gets up, he FALLS, SMACKING his face onto the submersible floor. He gets back up, wincing.

INT. CORRIDOR, FEROCIA-CONTINUOUS

Bradbury wanders through the corridors of Ferocia, carrying his axe high as he rounds the corner to the bridge only to see-

A black liquid, looking almost like black jelly, snaking its way under and over the several desktops and cabinets belonging to the bridge of the ship.

Bradbury's eyes widen as he stares at this six foot by six foot monster without eyes, or any distinct features.

INT. SUBMERSIBLE-CONTINUOUS

Charles holds his pistol towards Glen as they sit shivering.

GLEN

You mind taking-

CHARLES

I do.

Glen shakes fearfully as he continues to break out into cold sweats. His face is dangerously pale and his eyes have dark blue circles underneath.

GLEN

(He stutters)

Are you going to kill me?

CHARLES
Why would I do that?

GLEN
(Stutters)
Well could you lower the gun?
Please?

Charles does so.

CHARLES
I'm sorry.

Glen watches Charles carefully as he begins to convulse, twisting and turning on the floor, his eyes rolling into the back of his head.

CHARLES (CONT'D)
Hey Glen! GLEN!

Charles pounces towards Glen's uncontrollable person.

INT. BRIDGE OF FEROCIA-CONTINUOUS

Bradbury is taking his time stepping onto the bridge, the moving black creature still searching the area.

Moonlight finds its way into the ship's bridge, casting odd shadows throughout the room.

Bradbury makes little noise. He begins raising his axe, ready to jump towards the creature only two yards away as-

The radio ERUPTS with telecommunication.

COAST GUARD (O.S.)
(From radio)
Ferocia this is Coast Guard, please
confirm your position. Over.

The black jelly-like creature turns towards Bradbury, as it does so, its black body TRANSFORMS into the shape of a woman's head, with only long tentacle-like appendages hanging from the neck acting as legs.

Bradbury can do nothing but stand in awe and confusion. The axe begins sliding from his grasp as the creature stares into his soul with dark eyes.

The creature goes to lurch towards Bradbury, he ducks, throwing himself in the other direction, crashing to the floor as the axe flies from his grip.

COAST GUARD (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Ferocia, what is your position?

Bradbury leaps towards the axe only a few yards away as the creature goes scurrying towards him.

Bradbury grabs the axe, tosses it at the creature. The blade soars through the room before slicing through the creature, slitting it in two. Seconds later, the creature's two pieces collide into one another, reconnecting properly.

BRADBURY
Jesus Christ.

The axe is now on the other side of the creature. Bradbury only scurries towards the radio as the creature hurtles itself towards him.

INT. SUBMERSIBLE-CONTINUOUS

Charles is SLAPPING Glen in the face, spit and saliva churns and FLIES from his mouth.

CHARLES
Glen, wake up! Come on, God dammit!

BAM, the submersible twists and turns as-

EXT. THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA-CONTINUOUS

-the machine falls onto the edge of the cargo ship, then bellows end over end, flipping onto the many barrels of oil barrels which BUST open, spilling oil and releasing them towards the surface.

The submersible then flips end over end into the trench, its exterior search lights are now flickering.

Before the submersible's search lights disappear over the edge of the trench, a swimming black mass, appearing to be almost like a large black jellyfish, lurches out from within the large opening of the cargo ship's hull. The black mass snakes towards the trench, disappears as it chases after the submersible.

EXT. THE TRENCH-CONTINUOUS

The submersible is tumbling end over end towards the bottom of the black trench.

Above, the swimming black mass catches up to the submersible, surrounds it, and then tosses it against the trench wall.

INT. SUBMERSIBLE-CONTINUOUS

Charles flies around the interior of the cabin as he panics. Several BEEPS and ALARMS sound throughout the interior of the aquatic machine.

EXT. THE TRENCH-CONTINUOUS

The submersible continues to pound into the trench's walls.

The black mass is allowing this, tossing the submersible like a toy, here and there.

INT. BRIDGE OF FEROCIA-CONTINUOUS

Bradbury has grabbed the radio and is speaking into it as the black head-on-tentacles creature reaches for him-

BRADBURY
(Into radio)
Coast Guard, this is Ferocia-

INT. LAB-CONTINUOUS

Shaw is crawling out of the lab as Bradbury SCREAMS down the hall. She goes to stand, calls out in pain, and then limps along out the door.

INT. CORRIDOR, FEROCIA-CONTINUOUS

Shaw is limping down the hall as SCREAMS and BANGS are heard from down the corridor, Shaw, instead running towards the call for help, treks away from it, weeping.

Blood continues to trickle down between her legs as she limps.

INT. CARGO HOLD-CONTINUOUS

PITCH BLACKNESS

The door is SMASHES open, light flooding in as Shaw quickly limps towards the back of the cargo hold, passing the three rows of liquid nitrogen-filled tankers.

Shaw opens a back cabinet, revealing several different weapons. Shaw grabs the largest one, a long, narrow gun attached to two larger green cylinders.

INT. BRIDGE OF FEROCIA-CONTINUOUS

Bradbury SCREAMS into his radio, two of the creature's tentacles have latched on to his right leg.

BRADBURY

Twenty-five degrees north, seventy-one degrees west-

One of the tentacles rips a chunk out of Bradbury's leg, blood spraying across the room. He SCREAMS in pain, dropping the radio receiver. Suddenly, it is SPRAYED with blood.

INT. CORRIDOR, FEROCIA-CONTINUOUS

Shaw, still limping, powers through the many corridors of Ferocia, carrying a flame thrower towards the bridge as her chest heaves up and down. Her ankles are unidentifiable due to swelling.

INT. BRIDGE OF FEROCIA-CONTINUOUS

She rounds the corner without hesitation, onto the bridge, seeing Bradbury as he desperately tries to break away from the creature's hold.

Shaw, doing her best to run, leaps towards the creature, pulling the flame thrower's trigger as flame WHOOSHES from the gun, spewing onto the black creature.

The creature SCREAMS and POPS under the heat as it is totally aflame.

Bradbury is released from the creature's grasp, he crawls away as quickly as he can as Shaw continues to throw flame into the creature's person.

EXT. THE TRENCH-CONTINUOUS

The swimming black mass is twisting and turning around the submersible before it finally-

WHACK! The submersible crunches into something metal below, its exterior lights flicking onto something now to its side.

INT. SUBMERSIBLE-CONTINUOUS

Blood trickles out from a large open wound in Charles' forehead. Glen lies motionless on the submersible's floor, unconscious, or maybe something else.

Charles struggles towards the porthole, he happens to look out at-

EXT. BOTTOM OF THE TRENCH-CONTINUOUS

-a Cessna 525 Citation Jet's tail. The submersible has fallen directly atop the plane and begins to slowly slide off.

INT. SUBMERSIBLE-CONTINUOUS

Charles tumbles towards the other side of the submersible, wincing from his head injury as-

EXT. BOTTOM OF THE TRENCH-CONTINUOUS

-the submersible falls from off the top of the Cessna, scraping against its metal hull.

The submersible PLOPS to the bottom of the trench, next to the plane.

The submersible's exterior lights fall onto-

INT. SUBMERSIBLE-CONTINUOUS

Charles regains his balance, wiping blood away from his forehead as he scurries to the porthole to see-

EXT. BOTTOM OF THE TRENCH-CONTINUOUS

-the scattered remains of the many one million dollar U.S. Treasury Bearer Bonds.

INT. SUBMERSIBLE-CONTINUOUS

Charles nearly weeps, his entire fortune sits in ruins.

Something is moving outside. The water is being disturbed around the entire submersible. The aquatic machine moves.

EXT. BOTTOM OF THE TRENCH-CONTINUOUS

The swimming black mass from above engulfs the entire submersible, squeezing.

INT. SUBMERSIBLE-CONTINUOUS

A beat of silence. Charles can no longer see out his window. He has become angry, he sits enraged by the loss of his money.

The anger turns to sorrow. He begins to weep. Blood mixes with his tears as they both fall down his cheeks.

He pauses from weeping. The lights inside the submersible are flickering.

The submersible GROANS, its metal underneath tremendous pressure.

Charles slides his hand towards his gun's holster. He slips his .45 out from his hip and COCKS it without hesitation. Charles slowly brings the gun's barrel towards his mouth.

Just then, the glass to the submersible's porthole begins to CRACK.

Charles' eyes widen as he places the gun's barrel in his mouth.

The interior lights of the submersible go dark.

We sit in total blackness as the shot from the .45 rings out.

Then comes the suction from the glass, shattering into a million pieces, the water rushing into the submersible in less than a second.

INT. BRIDGE OF FEROCIA-CONTINUOUS

Shaw removes her finger from the flame thrower's trigger, the black creature with only a head and tentacles sits charred to a crisp.

A beat.

Bradbury CRIES OUT in pain, blood seeping viciously from his leg wound.

EXT. THE SURFACE-CONTINUOUS

Bubbles EMERGE from underneath the water, an oil slick beginning to appear on the starboard side of Ferocia's hull.

Moonlight aluminates the oil slick.

INT. BRIDGE OF FEROCIA-CONTINUOUS

Shaw hurries towards Bradbury, flame thrower still in hand and on back. She presses down onto Bradbury's wound as he continues to SCREAM.

SHAW

You need to keep pressure on this,
you hear me?

Shaw winces in her own pain. Blood has stopped oozing from between her legs, but her ankles still are purple.

SHAW (CONT'D)

Are you listening?

BRADBURY

Yeah.

Bradbury heaves and huffs to try and get his breath.

EXT. PORT SIDE OF FEROCIA-CONTINUOUS

The water around the ship is spinning, swirling from something underneath.

The water continues to swirl, just then-

SLAP, a stringy piece of black mass appears from beneath the water, sticking itself onto the metal side of Ferocia's hull. The mass climbs its way up the side of the boat.

SLAP, another stringy piece, followed by another, and yet another, of black mass materializes from the water, climbing up the port side of Ferocia.

INT. BRIDGE OF FEROCIA-CONTINUOUS

Shaw stands, flame thrower in hand, and goes to the window. She gazes out, looking at the night-stalked horizon.

SHAW

Is there someone coming?

Bradbury coughs, winces, and clear his throat.

BRADBURY
Coast Guard.

Shaw surveys the port side of the ship, her eyes widen as she sees the black masses slap themselves up the side of the ship, onto the bridge's exterior windows.

SHAW
Bradbury, Jesus God, look.

Bradbury hesitates, then slowly turns his head towards the port side of the ship. He finally takes a glance at the many pieces of black mass, crawling their way up the side of Ferocia.

BRADBURY
Shaw-

SHAW
No need. I'll carry you.

BRADBURY
You can't fucking carry me! You
can't even carry yourself.

Shaw takes a few steps back from the window before taking her arms and snagging them underneath Bradbury's. She drags him across the ship's bridge towards the exit.

Bradbury stops her.

BRADBURY (CONT'D)
No, wait.

SHAW
Bradbury we have to go-

Bradbury ignores her request, releases himself from her tough grasp, crawling as fast as he can towards a lower cabinet below one of the many bridge computer monitors. He leaves a trail of blood running across the bridge's linoleum flooring.

He opens one of the lower cabinets, trying to catch his breath. He reaches in, and takes out a small remote control.

SHAW (CONT'D)
What the hell?

Bradbury crawls back towards Shaw, remote in hand.

INT. VARIOUS CORRIDORS, FEROCIA-MOMENTS LATER

Shaw drags Bradbury throughout various corridors within the research vessel.

Bradbury grips the remote control as tightly as he can.

Something SHATTERS in the short distance.

BRADBURY

Don't stop.

Shaw struggles with the flame thrower that is still resting on her back. The gun, however, only drags across the floor, still attached to the gas tanks.

INT. BRIDGE OF FEROCIA-CONTINUOUS

The exterior windows to the bridge have all shattered, the black masses finding their ways inside.

Most of the masses begin transforming into the large head-with-tentacles creature.

EXT. STARBOARD SIDE OF FEROCIA-MOMENTS LATER

Shaw and Bradbury run down the night-darkened starboard side of the ship, moonlight bouncing off their shoulders. Shaw is ready to collapse, the door she and Bradbury have escaped from still lingers open only five feet behind them.

Ahead awaits an orange free-fall lifeboat resting on an inclined plain, barely visible through the night air.

Shaw stops at the ladder to enter the free-fall lifeboat. She bends down towards Bradbury, meeting his gaze.

SHAW

Listen, you're going to have to help yourself up on this one a little, okay?

BRADBURY

I've been good at helping myself.

SHAW

Tough.

Bradbury takes in a gush of air, he uses his good leg to help hoist himself up onto the first ladder. He does this three or four times as Shaw waits, wincing from ankle pain.

Bradbury stops to catch his breath, his neck veins bulge from their place, his chest heaving.

SHAW (CONT'D)
Don't stop, Bradbury, lets go.

Bradbury holds back the urge to scream with rage. He continues up the ladder.

SHAW (CONT'D)
Two more steps, come on!

Shaw looks behind her, making sure nothing stalks her. The coast is clear.

SHAW (CONT'D)
Where the fuck is the damn Coast
Guard, huh?

She can not wait patiently. She winces from back pain, realizing she still has the flame thrower strapped onto her. Shaw grabs the flame thrower from off her back, tossing it over the side of the boat where-

EXT. THE SURFACE-CONTINUOUS

-it PLOPS into the massive oil slick just beside Ferocia.

WHOOSH, the oil slick ignites, flames ERUPTING from atop the water, reaching towards the vessel, illuminating the night air.

EXT. STARBOARD SIDE OF FEROCIA-CONTINUOUS

Shaw turns towards the side of the ship, watching flames practically spill over the side of research vessel.

She runs to the ladder, desperately seeking sanction.

Bradbury flips up two latches along the entrance door to the free-fall lifeboat, the entry soon swings open where Shaw JUMPS in-

INT. FREE-FALL LIFEBOAT-CONTINUOUS

-landing on her stomach.

EXT. FREE-FALL LIFEBOAT-CONTINUOUS

Bradbury watches the flames spill over the side of the ship only yards away in awe.

He takes the remote control he previously retrieved from the bridge out from within his pocket, before tossing it into the lifeboat behind him.

Bradbury pauses. He glances at his ship for the last time. His whispers its name like a prayer under his breath.

BRADBURY

Ferocia.

He does not hesitate sliding into the lifeboat before SLAMMING its door closed. We hear the CLICK of its locks.

INT. FREE-FALL LIFEBOAT-CONTINUOUS

Three small portholes sit in the very front of the lifeboat. They gaze towards the seawater outside and below. Shaw and Bradbury crawl painfully towards the front where two seats are situated in the floor.

Shaw is the first to climb into her seat, strapping a seat belt around her torso.

Bradbury is hesitant to follow. After a few seconds of pausing he sits in his seat, chest moving up and down as he gasps for air.

He LOCKS in his seat belt, then reaches for a large red button on the ceiling of the lifeboat. He hesitates, his hand hovering below the button.

EXT. FEROCIA-CONTINUOUS

We glide over Ferocia, high above it's decks, watching the moon-lit black masses take over the port side of the ship.

Seconds later, ten yards away from the roaring oil slick fire beside Ferocia, the free-fall lifeboat LAUNCHES from the starboard side into the dark sea, the night stars still looming overhead. It powers into the sea with a SPLASH.

INT. FREE-FALL LIFEBOAT-CONTINUOUS

Shaw sighs, followed by Bradbury as he unbuckles his seat belt.

SHAW

What are you doing?

BRADBURY

There's got to be a first aide kit
in here somewhere.

He searches throughout several small plastic compartments
without luck.

BRADBURY (CONT'D)

God dammit.

He tosses blankets and pillows, bottles of water and bags of
trail mix from out of the compartments.

He comes to the last compartment, hesitant. After a moment,
he opens the compartment.

Nothing.

BRADBURY (CONT'D)

Fuck!

He THROWS himself against the wall of the lifeboat, weeping.

Shaw turns, unbuckles her own seat belt and crawls towards
Bradbury.

She presses down onto his wounded leg, and he BELLOWS in
pain. Shaw withdraws, her hands bloodied.

Bradbury wipes his tears, meeting Shaw's gaze.

BRADBURY (CONT'D)

Doesn't compare, does it?

SHAW

To what?

BRADBURY

Birth.

SHAW

I wouldn't know.

Bradbury turns away.

BRADBURY

I'm sorry Shaw.

Shaw holds back tears.

SHAW

No, its my fault. I'm the only reason why I have gotten to this point.

BRADBURY

You don't understand-

SHAW

No, I know what you're talking about.

Shaw's voice becomes unsteady.

SHAW (CONT'D)

I guess sometimes having a life of your own is asking too much.

Bradbury lowers his head.

BRADBURY

Sometimes it's not about what you do, or how hard you try, the world still speaks. Most of the time it's not what you want to hear.

(beat)

And I should have known better.

Shaw says nothing, only frowns at Bradbury's blood-spewing leg.

A beat as Shaw turns her attention to the remote control Bradbury holds.

SHAW

What's that?

Bradbury glances down at the remote control.

BRADBURY

Deoxidizes the three tankers full of liquid nitrogen on board.

SHAW

One remote?

BRADBURY

Blows your mind doesn't it? Pun intended.

Bradbury hits the small red button on the remote control forcefully.

EXT. FEROCIA-CONTINUOUS

An explosion, all-consuming, lights up the night. Ferocia's hull is lifted into the air thirty feet, the keel splitting in two before beginning to sink.

A massive white cloud of smoke begins to rise hundreds of feet into the air.

The lifeboat is spotted half a mile away from Ferocia's sinking remains, a five-foot wave inching towards it.

INT. FREE-FALL LIFEBOAT-CONTINUOUS

The lifeboat shifts suddenly from the fairly large wave as it passes underneath them gently.

BRADBURY

I bet that killed the bastards on board, don't you think?

Shaw says nothing.

EXT. OCEAN-DAWN

A massive red and black AW139 helicopter enters frame, its propellers slicing through the air with a THRUM.

Telecommunication sounds around us.

INT. FREE-FALL LIFEBOAT-CONTINUOUS

The lifeboat is rocking with the waves to and fro. Shaw has curled up next to Bradbury, both of whom are still awake.

A beat.

SHAW

I want to tell you something.

BRADBURY

What? You think I don't know enough?

Bradbury can barely keep awake.

SHAW

I wanted to tell you what those things really were.

He tries to meet her gaze, he can't move quite that much, he strains his eyes to do so.

BRADBURY
Enlighten me, please.

A beat.

SHAW
The cells in the water resembled neurons.

BRADBURY
Brain cells?

Shaw nods.

SHAW
These things just materialized,
rapid cell growth.

BRADBURY
Christ.

SHAW
These things could think. Actually
think like you and I-

BRADBURY
There were always legends about
this place.

A beat.

SHAW
We know why.

Her eyelids are heavy, she tries desperately to keep them open.

Bradbury's body is extremely pale.

A beat.

Then-the faint sound of THRUMMING in the distance. Shaw becomes confused by what she is hearing.

Shaw sits up, listening to the sound for a moment. She then crawls to the portholes, dragging her swollen feet and ankles behind her. She looks out, desperately seeking the origin of the thrumming.

SHAW (CONT'D)
You hear it?

Bradbury nods.

BRADBURY

Damn right. Coast Guard. Not exactly the best timing in the world.

SHAW

When is it ever?

Shaw stares out the window for a few moments. She then slowly turns her head to Bradbury, who sits in a pool of his own drying blood.

SHAW (CONT'D)

Hey-

They meet each other's gaze for a few moments. Shaw gives Bradbury a broad smile. Bradbury holds back tears, smiling back.

EXT. OCEAN-CONTINUOUS

The enormous AW139 helicopter continues powering its way towards the horizon, and towards a tiny orange life boat in the short distance.

INT. AW139-CONTINUOUS

Pilots and navigators search, desperately seeking the distressed sea voyagers.

The first PILOT, a middle-aged man, spots the lifeboat through binoculars, he motions towards the discovery, catching the attention of the second pilot sitting beside him.

PILOT 1

There. Bring us in.

The helicopter banks right.

EXT. FREE-FALL LIFEBOAT-CONTINUOUS

Shaw is poking her eyes towards the sky from within the lifeboat. She spots the helicopter banking towards the lifeboat and she screams wickedly from inside.

We pan up, one hundred feet above us the helicopter begins to descend.

INT. FREE-FALL LIFEBOAT-CONTINUOUS

Shaw crawls towards Bradbury, whose eyelids have fallen shut. Shaw shakes him viciously.

SHAW
Get your ass up.

Bradbury does not respond, he only sits pale, in the pool of his blood.

SHAW (CONT'D)
Come on, Bradbury, they're right
over our heads.

EXT. OCEAN-CONTINUOUS

The helicopter sits hovering twenty feet over the orange lifeboat.

A one person rescue basket attached to a hoist is lowered towards the small orange sea vessel.

INT. FREE-FALL LIFEBOAT-CONTINUOUS

Shaw has tears in her eyes as she thrusts her finger onto Bradbury's neck.

Her eyes become wide after a moments hesitation. Her breathing becomes erratic.

SHAW
No, no, no, God dammit Bradbury! I
was sorry! Oh, no, Jesus Christ! I
was sorry!

Shaw is in hysterics as calls from the above helicopter erupt.

VOICE
(Through megaphone)
This is the Coast Guard, we are
sending down a basket. Please exit
the lifeboat and look up.

Shaw collapses in Bradbury's drying pool of blood.

SHAW
You just lost too much.

Shaw wipes tears from her cheeks, while, by doing so, spreads blood over her nose.

SHAW (CONT'D)
I'm so sorry, Bradbury.

VOICE
This is the Coast Guard, we are
sending down a basket. Please exit
the lifeboat and look up.

SHAW
The world spoke, and I never got a
chance to say anything back.

Shaw kisses Bradbury's hand and crawls towards the door,
dried blood covering her legs and knees.

She twists two latches and opens the exterior door.

EXT. FREE-FALL LIFEBOAT-CONTINUOUS

Shaw looks up at the hovering helicopter and waves. She sobs
as she looks back on Bradbury's body.

The basket attached to the hoist is lowered a foot above
Shaw, she takes her arms and goes to lift herself into the
basket. She fails, tries again.

We pan right, the murky ocean water begins moving awkwardly
around and around, swirling in circles around the lifeboat.

EXT. AW139-CONTINUOUS

The rescue team glances down at the swirling water in dazed
confusion.

EXT. FREE-FALL LIFEBOAT-CONTINUOUS

Shaw tries a third time to get into the basket, she succeeds
just as-

The swirling mass of water pulls the lifeboat below the
surface with a WHOOSH.

EXT. RESCUE BASKET-CONTINUOUS

Shaw, now in the basket, is beginning to be hoisted towards
the helicopter as-

A black tentacle of water reaches towards the basket, growing
bigger and bigger until it LATCHES onto the basket where Shaw
SCREAMS.

The black tentacle pulls the basket back towards the water, where a sort of whirlpool sucking the water down into a hole has formed.

SHAW

Jesus God!

Shaw closes her eyes, desperate to think of something.

INT. AW139-CONTINUOUS

The men on board sit in awe, they can do nothing but watch, and struggle as hard as they can to pull the basket up to the helicopter.

EXT. RESCUE BASKET-CONTINUOUS

Shaw digs into her front pocket, a second or two pass as she continues to search, then-

She withdraws her cigarette lighter, flicks on the flame, and tosses it towards the black tentacle.

The lighter falls onto the black creature, as soon as it does so, the entire arm is ENGULFED in flames. The creature retreats to the water, releasing the basket from its grasp.

Shaw whispers a sigh of relief, the rescue basket swinging viciously mid-air.

The rescue basket is pulled towards the helicopter inch by inch.

Shaw looks down in the water, now ten feet below, she sobs as bubbles appear at the surface.

INT. AW139-SECONDS LATER

Shaw is helped into the helicopter by the rescue crew, the helicopter propellers roar above.

A male rescue personnel turns to Shaw, meeting her gaze with fearful eyes.

RESCUE PERSONNEL

Were you the only one in the
lifeboat?

Shaw hesitates, she turns away from the man, glancing into the water.

She can barely keep her eyelids open. She turns back to the man.

SHAW
Yeah I was.

A beat.

RESCUE PERSONNEL
Boy or girl?

Shaw looks down at her stomach.

SHAW
It was a boy.

RESCUE PERSONNEL
I don't understand.

A beat.

SHAW
He's dead.

The male rescue personnel shows an expression of sorrow and pity.

RESCUE PERSONNEL
I'm sorry ma'am.

A beat.

SHAW
Do you have children?

RESCUE PERSONNEL
Pardon?

SHAW
I said, do you have children?

A beat, the rescue personnel hesitates.

RESCUE PERSONNEL
Two girls. One's a soft ball player
in high school, pretty good one.

A beat.

SHAW
What about the other one?

RESCUE PERSONNEL
Pardon?

SHAW

Your other daughter? What about her?

RESCUE PERSONNEL

She's in prison.

Shaw nods, her expression flooded with sorrow.

RESCUE PERSONNEL (CONT'D)

She blames me, her mother died six years ago from a car accident. We were coming home one night, I was driving and-

The rescue personnel hesitates, he holds back tears.

SHAW

Look, I'm sorry.

RESCUE PERSONNEL

You don't have to be. She never got over it.

A beat.

SHAW

Sometimes the world speaks, most of the time its something you don't want to hear.

RESCUE PERSONNEL

It doesn't have to be.

SHAW

What?

RESCUE PERSONNEL

I said it doesn't have to be. You are responsible for your own trek. Your own journey, not anyone else.

A beat.

SHAW

You're a good man, there's another woman just waiting for someone like you.

RESCUE PERSONNEL

I try.

EXT. OCEAN-CONTINUOUS

The helicopter begins out into the horizon, the THRUM of the propeller blades is more vicious than before.

INT. AW139-CONTINUOUS

Shaw wraps herself in a blanket and looks out at the sea to her left, watching the clear horizon.

Suddenly, THWACK, the AW139 helicopter lurches into the air, then goes into a dramatic spin.

The rescue personnel previously talking to Shaw is thrown from the helicopter, flying out of sight through the side opening.

EXT. OCEAN-CONTINUOUS

A MASSIVELY black long TENTACLE has spiraled up from the sea and has grasped on to the helicopter above.

The tentacle pulls the helicopter towards the murky water below.

INT. AW139-CONTINUOUS

Shaw carefully inches towards one of the openings in the helicopter's side walls, she looks out and down at the tentacle, exacerbated.

Shaw's hair is thrust into her face from the wind as several BEEPS and ALARMS sound within the helicopter.

The helicopter is spinning out of control, Shaw loses grasp on her safety bar, tossing her from the helicopter through one of the openings.

EXT. OCEAN-CONTINUOUS

Shaw plunges one hundred feet into the ocean, back first. She hits the water with a SLAP.

She takes in one last shaky gulp of air before going limp.

Only twenty yards ahead of Shaw's body the helicopter is finally pulled into the water by the black tentacle, its blades chomping at the water with several slices before being completely dragged under.

Shaw's body lies motionless for a moment, her glossy eyes staring into the blue sky.

A beat. Then suddenly-

Shaw's body is finally pulled under the water by several black tentacles. After a moment, she disappears completely.

A beat.

The water is still, without disturbance. A seagull CALLS out in the distance and his voice ECHOES.

A moment passes before a MASSIVE cargo ship enters frame, only passing through as it churns the water powerfully.

We glide towards the stern where we-

EXT. CARGO SHIP-CONTINUOUS

-pass over thousands of tons of cargo, the crates a wide array of colors-blue, red, white.

We continue gliding over the cargo until we reach the bridge, passing through a pane of glass into-

INT. THE BRIDGE, CARGO SHIP-CONTINUOUS

Men and women at work on several monitors, keeping a close eye on navigation and various other technicalities of vessel travel.

The CAPTAIN, a man of fifty-five, with long greying hair, looks through a set of binoculars, towards the large front panes of glass out into the ocean's horizon. A young FIRST MATE stands next to him curiously.

CAPTAIN

I don't see anything now.

The First Mate is puzzled.

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

Nothing at all.

FIRST MATE

It has to be out there.

The Captain lowers the binoculars from his face.

CAPTAIN

It just came and went. Helicopters do that.

The First Mate extends his hand out to the Captain, who places his binoculars in the First Mate's palm.

FIRST MATE

I don't doubt you.

The Captain walks the length of the bridge, until finally retiring to a chair among many of the computer monitors and data recorders. He turns to a YOUNG WOMAN sitting a couple yards down from him at a sonar screen.

CAPTAIN

You picking anything up there? I can't imagine you would, other than maybe my whiskey bottles from last night's-

The young woman meets the Captain's gaze.

YOUNG WOMAN

There is something. I can't really tell what it is.

CAPTAIN

Screw it, what the hell does a computer know? These new technologies, or 'ways of the future' are going to get us in deep gravy, you watch what I'm telling you.

No one responds.

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

You can have it, pricks.

We glide back out of the bridge, back through the large front panes of glass towards-

EXT. PORT SIDE OF CARGO SHIP-CONTINUOUS

-the port side of the cargo ship where the water is swirling around the hull.

A black tentacle, then another, and yet another, SLAP themselves against the port side hull of the cargo ship, slowly squirming their way to the bridge.

SMASH TO BLACK

