

LEVIATHAN

Screenplay by

David Webb Peoples

and

Jeb Stuart

Revised Draft

September 8, 1987

FACE IN ON

THE SURFACE OF THE OCEAN

sunny and placid then slowly WE BEGIN DESCENDING UNDERWATER

Moving down from the bright surface waters, through layers of fish and marine life...

A school of vibrantly colored fish move with the current, their numbers are enormous, their movements in unison. Suddenly out of the darkness a barracuda cuts through the school, taking out four or five before disappearing into the shadows. The school moves on as if nothing happened, quickly closing ranks where the missing ones swam only seconds before.

WE MOVE DEEPER AND DEEPER

Fish disappear, darkness envelopes us. Cold and lifeless where light has never penetrated...Five thousand feet, ten thousand. Deeper, where only strange, self-illuminating echinoderms move eerily through the currents. Then suddenly WE HEAR STATIC from RADIO TRANSMISSION. THEN VOICES...

JONES

Burritos...Enchiladas...

DEJESUS

(hispanic voice)

Oh, gag, man, how can you eat that stuff?...

BOWMAN

(female)

I can't wait for fresh vegetables...

Several voices suddenly break into argument..."vegetables?" "shit," "burgers"...Suddenly another voice rises above the others.

BECK'S VOICE/ RADIO

Okay, cut the chatter. You're not out of here, yet. Who's the hook? Seven?...You got a hook on container 22?

A pause, then more voices.

SIXPACK'S VOICE/ RADIO

(redneck drawl)

The man's asking if you're hooked on 22, you dumb shit.

JONES' VOICE/ RADIO

Watch your mouth, Sixpack. Hello,

Shack, Seven, here. I ain't the hook,
over.

A light flares out of the darkness, suddenly illuminating an IMMENSE SHAPE--fifteen hundred pounds of hardened metal nearly seven feet tall. It is a motorized diving suit and we see the stenciled name, WILLIE across the front breastplate. As it pivots we see the stationary worklights around the base of a large underwater mining operation, THE SHACK. Then a woman's voice.

WILLIE'S VOICE
(woman's voice)

Six to Shack. I'm the hook.

INSIDE THE SHACK/ CONTROL ROOM

littered with papers, half-full coffee cups, and a confusion of wires and very low-tech, high-tech equipment BECK sits at the monitor controls. He is younger than we expected, twenties, clean cut good looks. He'll be a hell of a good-looking man at thirty-five, he just needs to be hardened. From the looks of the coffee cups around him he's on his way.

BECK'S VOICE/ RADIO

Okay, Six, let's wrap this container
and call it a day.

Above him a bank of monitor screens. Each one labeled with a crew member's name and providing a video picture from a camera mounted on their helmet. Beck reaches above him and throws a console switch which activates another monitor labeled ROV. With a joystick he manipulates an outside camera(the ROV), its picture we see on the monitor. It is moving.

UNDERWATER

WILLIE'S POV The inside of her helmet is a grid of LED gauges monitoring air reserve, body temperature, atmospheres, heart rate, blood pressure.

She stops next to a pair of railroad-like tracks and removes the tool attached to the end of her arm. The move is practiced and professional, like a cook changing the tool on a set of egg beaters. First, she inserts the existing tool into a lock on her opposite arm which holds it while she disengages the tool. Next, she selects the next tool from the storage compartment at her waist and punches it into position. Sixpack's voice comes over the radio.

SIXPACK'S VOICE

Hey, Willie, you trip on a
tit or something? We're all
waiting on you, honey.

WILLIE

(under control)

Keep your pants on Sixpack.
I promise you'll be inside before
"Mr. Rogers' Neighborhood" comes on.

OVER THE RADIO WE HEAR other men's voices laughing. They
like Willie and cheer her on. "Tell him, Willie," "Atta
girl," etc...

Willie CLICKS in her last tool and turns. Expertly she
hooks a large dumpster-like container, the container to what
looks like an underwater parachute--A CONTAINER
TRANSPORTER--which when filled with oxygen it lifts the
massive container onto the tracks where it can be hauled-in
by a winch.

WILLIE'S VOICE

Six to Shack...Hook's on. Ready
to winch.

UNDERWATER MACHINERY

Halogen lights illuminate bits and pieces of dredges and
dumpsters squatting in the gloom. A winch begins grinding
and the big, newly hooked container lurches down the tracks.
It comes to the end where a winch fits it into place with
several others to complete a set. We hear BECK'S VOICE.

BECK/ RADIO

Ok, that's it. Come on in.

More motor suited DIVERS appear, their helmet lights
glaring. Their breastplate names catch in the dim lights:
COBS, BOWMAN, WILLIE.

As they approach the UNDERWATER LOCK, where an elevator will
transport them up into the Shack, we see signs of human
life: a basketball goal attached to the side of the
building; stickers and signs: "No Bozos," etc. A formal sign
towers over the entrance. It says: TRANSOCEAN CORP. SHACK 6.

ON ONE OF THE CREW

He moves behind the others. Suddenly he freezes in his

tracks and slowly rotates his helmet--on his shoulder in the glare of his helmet beam WE SEE the a hideous looking SEA SPIDER. It's thick legs moving eerily down his arm.

Carefully, so as not to disturb the creature, a mechanical motor hand moves into position below it, and in one quick movement, snares it.

CLOSE ON METAL WAIST POCKET. The latch opens and the writhing sea spider is shoved inside. From the pocket WE MOVE UP the diver's suit until we see the name SIXPACK on the breastplate. He looks around to see if anyone has noticed then continues on toward the shack.

ON TWO DIVERS(JONES AND DEJESUS)

They walk together to the Shack. A Latino VOICE, DEJESUS, comes over the radio singing an old Miller Beer jingle in an exaggerated accent.

DEJESUS

When it's time to relax....
One thing stands clear...

INSIDE ON BECK

As he listens to the singing over the tinny speaker, we see he aches to be a part of their camaraderie, but is alienated by age and rank. He is the shack boss, management. He listens as a BOOMING BLACK VOICE joins in off-key.

JONES' VOICE(O.C.)

Mil-ler's tastes too good to
hurry through...

As the singing continues, Beck looks over at an empty chair in front of a bank of equipment monitors. The vital signs of each miner and his equipment are registered on this console. The chair in front of them sits conspicuously empty. This doesn't please Beck, neither does a hand written sign under the console which states: THE DOCTOR IS OUT.

DEJESUS' POV

Inside his helmet we see the grid of LED gauges monitoring vital signs.

DEJESUS

...beer after beer...

Suddenly a red warning light begins blinking in the bottom corner inside DeJesus' helmet. The words to the song freeze in his mouth. His voice becomes edged with panic.

DEJESUS(cont'd)

Oh, shit...

JONES/ RADIO

(to DeJesus)

Hey, Hazy, I'm not that bad, man.

DEJESUS

(rising terror)

Jonesy! I'm losing compression...

I'm going to blow my suit, man!

Beck! Doc! Help me!...

INSIDE

Beck grabs his microphone. He tries to remain calm but there is a definite tremble in his voice.

BECK

Give me a readout, DeJesus.

DEJESUS(ON RADIO)

(gripped with panic)

Ahhhh!

OUTSIDE

The other divers move quickly to DeJesus.

BECK (ON RADIO)

DeJesus! A readout!

JONES

He don't need a readout,
man, he needs help!

BECK(RADIO)

(anything but calm)

Stay calm!

BOWMAN

Calm!? Where's Doc?

INSIDE

Beck stands in front of the equipment monitors, lost.

BECK
(trying to
keep control)
The internal monitors read
normal.

ON THE MINERS, PANICKED

COBB
Where's Doc?!

BECK(RADIO)
He's not at his station.

DEJESUS
(panicked)
Oh, mother of Jesus, forgive
me of my--

BECK'S VOICE
(making a decision)
Get him into the Shack.

DeJesus' gauges begins a countdown to implosion. "15, 14, 13..." DeJesus is grabbed by his co-workers and hurried the last few yards to the SHACK.

INSIDE/SHACK - SAME

ON BECK sweating bullets, turns a dial on the instruments and suddenly, DeJesus' gauges jump to life. We see the same countdown in progress on the Shack's gauges!..10, 9, 8...

OUTSIDE

ON DEJESUS He is forced into the LOCK, the underwater elevator room is eerily lit. His readout continues inside his helmet...5, 4, 3...DeJesus screams.

ON BECK

DeJesus' scream comes over his radio in the control room. Beck hits the elevator switch--nothing happens. He hits it again harder and suddenly DeJesus voice is drowned out by the SCREAMING VACUUM PUMPS of the elevator. It's moving! Beck looks up at the monitor of the interior Lift Lock.

INSIDE/LIFT LOCK

WE SEE DeJESUS'S SUIT dripping wet. It stands inside the Lift Lock, ankle deep in greasy bilge water.

CLOSE ON HIS EYES, for a moment they remain closed, then suddenly they flutter. He's alive!

THE MESS - LATER

The blackboard prominently displayed on the wall of the Mess features neatly stenciled letters that say: "DAYS TILL PICKUP". The number scrawled on the chalk-smudged board obviously changes daily. Right now, it's a "3"...

A CLUNK, CLUNK and a Coke can rolls out of a compact COKE MACHINE. A big, sandy-haired man, SIXPACK, takes the soft drink, pops the top and downs it in one long pull while he looks over an arguing group of deep sea miners: JONES, Black, athletic, 30's; COBB, 50's, a career miner with a mouthful of gum; BOWMAN, 35, attractive, hardened woman, she has seen more of the world than any of them; WILLIE, twenties, fresh good looks, master electrician, optimist. DEJESUS, Latino, wiry muscles, he keeps his head down, still shaken from his experience.

The strain of a month of working two miles beneath the ocean's surface has drawn nerves tight.

BOWMAN

I'm telling you, it's the suits!

JONES

Fuck the suits, it's the people monitoring them. It Doc had been there like he's supposed to it never would've happened!

SIXPACK

And just what the fuck would he have done to stop it, huh?

Sixpack looks over the group, then suddenly crushes the empty Coke can in his hand, punctuating the action with a huge belch.

SIXPACK(cont'd)

That would have been you, DeJesus...

DeJesus keeps his head down.

SIXPACK(cont'd)

Yeah...I was standing next to a guy who blew a suit once in the Indian Ocean...little tiny hole

in the fucking toe of his suit
...ocean came in and the
pressure crammed his whole
fucking body up into his helmet.
They just buried his helmet.

DEJESUS

(coldly)

I know all about implosion, man.

SIXPACK

Yeah, I bet you do.

(laughs)

I bet you were imploding in
your pants.

(laughs then imitates
a hysterical DeJesus)

Jonesy! Doc!...Help me! Help me!

DeJesus springs for Sixpack's throat AS WE CUT TO

BECK - SAME

Beck's eyes are blazing with cold authority as he speaks.

BECK

Knock it off, Sixpack! I know
it's been a long month for every-
one, but we can't let something
like this tear us apart...

Beck glares, ready for an argument, but as WE PULL BACK we
see he's talking to the mirror, in his tiny quarters.

Apparently he fails to convince himself because his hard
look fades and he mutters unhappily as he turns away.

BECK

Shit...

He turns around to face a smiling picture of himself at
college graduation with his Eastern establishment looking
father. Leadership "how-to" books like The One Minute
Manager, etc. line his bookshelf with technical manuals on
underwater mining.

He opens his door to leave when SUDDENLY A LOUD METALLIC
GROANING NOISE stops him cold. The entire Shack seems
shifting, like a giant waking from a nap.

MESS

The NOISE stops the fight between DeJesus and Sixpack cold.
All eyes go to the ceiling and walls.

JONES

Fuck the suits man...this
place is going to kill us first.

Just as suddenly as it began the GROANING NOISE STOPS and in
its place WE HEAR an intermittent RATTLE in the air system.
Only Cobb seems undisturbed by this sound.

DEJESUS

(listening)

There it is again...

(sitting down again)

Two more days. I tell myself
'you can make it two more days--'

BOWMAN

What's the weather like up top?

WILLIE

Clear for pickup.

JONES

Let's hope it holds.

Cobb looks up disgustingly.

COBB

Then what? Huh?

(to everyone)

Then what? You folks think
going up top's the answer to
all your problems. Well, it ain't.

BOWMAN

Give us a break, Cobb...

COBB

A break? You folks don't need a break,
you need psychiatrists. 'Know what
you'd be doing if you were up there,
right now?

SIXPACK

(a boorish leer)

Eating pussy and drinking brew...

COBB

Eating pussy my ass. What about
lines at the bank: What about
getting stuck in traffic?

SIXPACK

(grinning)

Wherever I can find it.

Everyone laughs but Cobb, WE SEE he's serious.

COBB

Bullshit! I'll tell you
what you'd be doing! You'd
be watching news on TV
that's so fucking bad it
makes you nauseous. So you
go out and get in your car
to get some fresh air and
after you've been driving for
five minutes you realize the
air's so damn dirty you don't dare
breath it! That's what you've
got to look forward to...

LOWER RING CORRIDOR

Beck approaches the Mess and as he nears it we hear Cobb
ranting inside.

COBB'S VOICE(O.S.)

...And if you're lucky
enough to make it back home
to your house that looks the
fucking same as everyone else's,
you'll find your wife's just as
fat as she was when you left and
the only reason your kids ain't
strung out on the drugs they were
using when you left is that
they've found some new drugs
which fuck 'em up even more!...
You people just don't appreciate
how good you've got down here...

BECK hesitates at the door to the Mess, as though screwing
up his courage, then takes a deep breath and enters as we

CUT TO

INSIDE THE MESS

Everyone looks up as Beck enters and the room goes quiet.
Beck notices Doc's empty chair.

BECK

Doc eat already?

JONES

The good doctor hasn't showed yet.

Looks are exchanged. Sixpack smirks knowingly.

BECK

(to DeJesus)

How do you feel, DeJesus?

DEJESUS

(obviously embarrassed
to be singled out)

Okay.

BECK

Better let the Doc take a
look at you, after dinner.

SIXPACK

Yeah, since he was busy earlier
when you needed him.

He cracks up and Beck turns on him.

BECK

Cut it, Sixpack.

Sixpack shuts up, but Beck notices the others feel the
seriousness of Doc's absence during the emergency.

BECK(cont'd)

Leave the Doc to me. I'm
going to talk to him.

SIXPACK

(sarcastically, under his
breath to Bowman)

'Makes me feel better already...

Beck gets his tray but it is clear he is thinking about
something else. He clears his throat.

BECK

I've been looking at the duty
roster...at the shack hours

outstanding...

JONES

Uh, oh...I see where this
is going...

BECK

(ignoring Jones)

...all of you owe time and I
thought tonight would be a good
time to---

COBB

(erupting)

No way, Mister Beck! No
fucking way! We just did a
full shift, you can't call
Shack duty on top of a full
shift. It's a contract violation!

JONES

Whooo! Right on, Cobb! Let's
hear it for our shop Steward!

SIXPACK

Hear that Becky, er, Mr. Beck?
Company got to abide by the rules.

FIVE FACES STARE AT BECK. THEY'RE LOOKING FOR WEAKNESS.
THIS IS A CHALLENGE TO HIS AUTHORITY.

BECK

I know all about the contract.
The point is you can follow the
goddamn contract to the letter and pull
your shack duty tomorrow...or you
can get it done tonight and call
tomorrow a down day. It's up to you.

This leaves the group momentarily speechless. Even DeJesus
comes out of his stupor.

DEJESUS

You giving us a day off?

Beck nods. Cobb eyes him suspiciously.

COBB

What about our quota?

BECK

You're only twenty-five
tons off quota. Barring an
unforeseen problem you should
reach it easily on the last day.

(he looks at the group)

It's just a day off. You don't
have to take it, I just thought it
might help.

The others look around for agreement but Jones doesn't need
anyone else's approval, he's already made up his mind.

JONES

Count me in.

Bowman nods her head also and the others unanimously agree.
Buoyed, Beck moves ahead, businesslike...

BECK

Cobb, Jones, I want you to do
something about that damn rattle
in the air system...

(to Bowman and Sixpack)

Bowman and Sixpack...living quarters...

SIXPACK

(disgustedly)

Shit...

BECK

Williams...get DeJesus' suit on
the "sick rack" and do a diagnostics.

(to group)

Any other suit problems she should
know about?

Sixpack suddenly looks up as the group disperses.

SIXPACK

(to Willie)

My pocket. Check my pocket,
will ya, honey?

WILLIE

(annoyed)

Your pocket?

SIXPACK

The latch is screwed up. Or
the hinge.

WILLIE
(disgusted)

Right.

LOWER RING CORRIDOR - SAME

ON BECK He starts out of the Mess and by chance finds himself walking with Willie. Beck is obviously uncomfortable with the crew, even after 28 days together. She smiles, friendly, at ease.

WILLIE
You did good...

BECK
(a little surprised)
What?

WILLIE
Today...with DeJesus. That was smart thinking to get him inside...

BECK
There probably wasn't anything wrong with his suit...

WILLIE
Still...you did the right thing.

She turns off toward the Swamp, leaving Beck with the tiny, but honest compliment. He savors it.

THE SWAMP - LATER

The "Swamp" (where DeJesus came up), is ankle deep in greasy bilgewater. The door slides open, Willie enters, and switches on a bank of fluorescent lights. The room is spooky even with the lights. The giant machine suits, we saw earlier outside, hang from racks like sleeping monsters.

Willie straps on a utility belt and checks her tools--a motorized screwdriver, a power wrench, a long-necked, laser-tipped soldering iron(looks like a long-necked screwdriver)--then splashes through the bilge water to the control switch and hits the START button.

NNNNNNNNNN. A motor moves one of the suits along the track toward Willie. As it turns the corner toward us we see it says: DEJESUS.

DOC'S OFFICE - SAME

Beck opens the door to Doc's quarters and we see Doc putting on a fresh shirt. A man in his 50's, he must have once been quite handsome and intelligent, but has now gone to seed.

DOC

I must have dozed off.

Beck looks on the cabinet and sees a bottle of Old Granddad Whiskey. He picks it up.

DOC(cont'd)

Snakebite medicine...Never
pack my bag without it.

Beck doesn't smile. He puts the bottle back down and Doc watches him in the mirror.

BECK

Are you planning on working tomorrow?

DOC

Well, I'll be on the golf course
in the morning. Then, if I don't
have any babies to deliver--

BECK

(cutting him off)

We almost had an accident today.
DeJesus' suit...

The Doc stops buttoning his shirt and locks eyes with Beck.

DOC

You got something to say to me, son?...

Beck definitely has something to say, but confronted, he falters.

BECK

I...I think it's important to
have the second officer on deck.

Doc smiles, and goes back to buttoning his shirt.

DOC

I'll keep it to nine holes
in the morning.

THE DORMITORY - SAME

Small but functional. The bunks can be closed-off with a privacy door. Photographs and bumper stickers on the walls of the bunks provide the only personal touches in an otherwise sterile environment.

Willie's bunk is wallpapered in detailed interplanetary maps; Sixpack's privacy door has a bumper sticker which proclaims: "I MAY BE FAT, BUT YOU'RE UGLY AND I CAN DIET." DeJesus' has posters of the Alps, and the Rockies; Bowman's has clipped pages from "Gourmet" of meals she dreams for; Cobb's has nothing, as if perfectly content to be where he is instead of somewhere else. Inside Jones' bunk is an indoor basketball goal.

Bowman and Sixpack scrub down the walls of the dorm with a sponge and pail. Sixpack pauses and smirks, his eyes on Bowman's chest.

SIXPACK

Christ...what a pair...

BOWMAN

(sharply)

What was that? What'd you say?

SIXPACK

I said, "What a pair" the
boy wonder Shack Boss and his
drunken doctor buddy make...

(innocently)

Why? What did ya think I said?

CORRIDOR "A" - SAME

Jones and Cobb are kneeling in a corridor, unfastening a big plate on the floor with a power wrench. Overhead a huge plexiglass conduit flows with water from the desalinization system. The interior wall of the corridor is meshed wire exposing the throbbing machine floor of the Shack.

Cobb removes the last bolt and Jones lifts off the floorplate exposing the guts of the shack--the BILGE--dark and wet. Without the plate the RATTLE in the air system is much louder and sinister.

JONES

Listen to it for Christsake.

COBB

Ah, it's just old, like me.

You don't see the Doc opening
me up every time I get a new creak
in my joints...I say, as long as
it's recycling the air let
the next shift deal with it.
But, 'long as we're here...

He pulls a retractable ladder from inside the hole and drops
it down into the wet darkness, without hesitating he climbs
down, stopping at the bottom to look up at Jones. Jones
seems in no hurry to accompany him.

COBB(cont'd)

You gonna sit there on your
butt or give me a hand?

Jones reluctantly starts down after him.

BECK'S QUARTERS - SAME

Beck in his quarters. He seems to be talking to himself but
as we move around him we see he is talking to a video
monitor. On screen we see MARTIN, 30's, a slick
bureaucratic executive with TransOcean Corp. whose face is
all we see on the video monitor.

BECK

Two hundred and fifty-two
tons of Magnesium and 15 tons
of Sodium.

MARTIN

(taking notes)

Sounds like a good week, Beck.
In fact...I put your folder
in front of the Vice President
of District Operations last night...

Beck stops. Martin notices his concern.

MARTIN(cont'd)

You're good executive timber,
Beck. A lot of management trainees
wash out when they have to go under
for their first tour. But you've done well.

BECK

(smiles, relieved)

Thank you, Martin.

MARTIN

Don't thank me, yet, but it is important to know where you're going and who your friends are...
'Know what I mean?

He stares hard at Beck, but doesn't wait for an answer.

MARTIN(cont'd)

The one thing I've learned in this company is you can't have enough friends. It's the only way to survive.

CLOSE ON A BOOM BOX/ LOWER RING CORRIDOR - SAME

The boom box sitting on a wall pipe is blaring John Denver's Rocky Mountain High.

DeJesus is singing along loudly in his thick accent as he works on the intercom system. He finishes, closing a metal box which says: ONBOARD COMMUNICATIONS.

SWAMP - SAME

ON WILLIE She has connected DeJesus' suit to the diagnostic computer and is going through the computerized checkpoints--an electronic list of literally hundreds of possible problems.

WILLIE

(to herself)

Probably a short.

Suddenly, the computer pauses on one: It says: Electrical Short.

WILLIE(cont'd)

Good guess, Williams.

She types in a "help" command and the computer screen displays an electrical circuit pattern that would leave most Electrical Engineers baffled. Willie hardly bats an eye.

WILLIE(cont'd)

Piece of cake.

She immediately opens the circuit panel on DeJesus' suit and pulls the laser soldering iron out of her tool belt. With two quick spot welds she repairs the short, then replaces the panel. Finished, Willie presses the control switch and the suits begin to move along the track. A new suit rounds

the corner toward us. It says SIXPACK.

THE BILGE - SAME

The walls are dark and moist. Water drips from the pipes. The rattle in the air system continues loudly as Jones leans over and hands Cobb another tool. Crouched in the humming machinery, Cobb spits his wad of chewing gum into a greasy hand, kneads it a couple of times, then grins at Jones.

COBB

Okay, watch this..

THE SWAMP - SAME

The monotonous clatter of the air system is the only sound in the gloomy SWAMP as the huge suit labeled SIXPACK stops directly in front of Willie. She reaches up to open the pocket latch when she stops...listening. THE NOISE IN THE AIR SYSTEM HAS STOPPED.

THE BILGE - SAME

Jones looks incredulously at Cobb. He can't believe that's all it took. Cobb starts gathering up the tools.

JONES

So that's all you do?...

COBB

Shhhh...don't tell no one.
(winks)

Job security.

THE SWAMP - SAME

In the gloomy silence, Willie reaches for the hinged pocket in the waist of Sixpack's suit. Some water drips out. She pushes the spring a second time. The pocket opens. Nothing.

WILLIE

(miffed)

Nothing wrong with this...

SUDDENLY THE HIDEOUS SEA SPIDER SPRINGS OUT onto the workbench where it wriggles grotesquely toward Willie. She backs away and it drops into the water at her feet.

THE DORMITORY

Bowman looks at DeJesus who comes to the door, then to Sixpack who convulses with laughter against the bulkhead.

WILLIE'S VOICE(O.C.)

(over intercom)

Fuck you, Sixpack! You think
you're funny? You're not funny!

ON BECK

He hesitates then presses the TALK button on the intercom.

BECK

This is Beck. Is there a
problem, Williams?

SWAMP

Willie watches the Sea Spider move in the water toward her as Beck's words come over the P.A. Ignoring Beck she watches the spider right as it moves to her feet then brings the soldering iron down into the water with a LOUD HISS skewering it. She presses the intercom button and lifts the skewered sea spider out of the water.

WILLIE

(to Beck)

A little problem, sir...but I've
got a handle on it now.

TIME CUT TO:

THE MESS - LATER

BOWMAN sits at a portable computer terminal and watches stock prices scroll across the screen. Every so often she freezes a stock and types the command: INFO. The screen immediately changes to a financial report of the company in question as if prepared by a broker. In a matter of seconds Bowman can learn all the major aspects of the company.

Across the room from her, Willie exercises with dumbbells while she studies an astronaut training manual. She looks up at Bowman.

WILLIE

Made your million, yet?

BOWMAN

(studying the screen)

Not yet.

WILLIE

How's TransOcean doing?

This causes Bowman to turn and look at Willie.

BOWMAN

You got money in this tub?

WILLIE

I signed-up for the stock option.

Bowman shakes her head and goes back to the computer and types in TransOcean Corp.

DORMITORY

ON COBB He lies on his bunk under a sunlamp, but wears a T-shirt and long pants. DeJesus does a jigsaw puzzle of a snow covered Swiss mountain scene.

DEJESUS

Hey, man, you know that in Switzerland--and this country's the size of East L.A., okay?--they speak 54 different dialects? Fifty-four!

COBB

Who cares?

DEJESUS

I do, man. That's a beautiful place. When I get out of here I'm going there. Find a nice little snow covered chalet, warm little woman, crackling fire--

He looks up and sees Cobb's sunbathing attire and laughs.

DEJESUS

Hey, Cobb...Man, why don't you take off your shirt and pants, man? You should do that wearing what you're going to wear at the beach.

COBB

(sharply)

This is what I wear at the beach, goddamnit.

MESS - SAME

COMPUTER SCREEN The report appears on screen with a
capsulized history of the TransOcean company, its philosophy
and growth plans and most current financial report. A final
column called "insider tips" says:

BOWMAN

(reading)

"Major development in
South Indian Ocean set for
fall of 2010..."

(to Willie)

That sounds interesting, but they're
too tied to their holdings. Remember
a year ago when they lost that tanker?...
The bottom fell out of their stock and
I lost a bloody fortune. That's
when I decided to diversify.

Willie looks at Bowman a moment, then keeps exercising.

WILLIE

You take your money, too
seriously, Bo.

BOWMAN

(sharply)

You're damn right I do. Five
years down here and I'll pull
in more than 15 topside. I'm not
down here for the fun, I'll tell
you that.

SIXPACK'S VOICE(O.S.)

"Fun?" Somebody talking fun?

They look up to see Sixpack at the door to the Mess wearing
only a robe. With a leer he stares at Willie exercising.

SIXPACK(cont'd)

(saccharine sweet)

Hey, Willie, honey...Sorry about that
little incident tonight...Everyone's
been so tight lately, I thought
a little humor'd loosen us all up,
you know?

Willie doesn't bite, she looks hard at Sixpack.

WILLIE

Get out of here, Sixpack.

Sixpack smirks. He waves a copy of Penthouse opened to the Pet of the Month and sings cheerfully.

SIXPACK

(leaving)

I got a date with an angel...

CLANK, BANK, CLUNK. A coke can tumbles noisily from the Coke machine. Jones retrieves two cans of Coke and comes out of the Galley with a snack. He stops in front of Bowman and the computer.

JONES

Hey, Bo...when're you going to be off that thing? I want to find out tonight's NBA scores and check the weather.

BOWMAN

(not taking her eyes off the screen, answers him)

The weather's good, I already checked, but I'll be off in a minute.

WILLIE

(to Jones)

Hey, Jonesy, who's the best power forward in the NBA...Jameson?

JONES

Jameson? Who're you trying to con?

They grin at each other--a standing joke and Jones leaves.

DORMITORY

Jones enters the Dorm with his snack and tosses a can of Coke across the room to DeJesus.

JONES

Hey, Hazy! We got a day off tomorrow, Kemosabi! Let's get shit-faced!

DEJESUS catches the can and pops the top sending a shower of carbonation all over Cobb under the sunlamp.

JONES(cont'd)

How about you, brother Cobb?
Little Wild Turkey?

Cobb wipes the Coke from his sunglasses and shakes his head.

DEJESUS

No, man, Cobb is a Chivas drinker,
from way back. Ain't that right
Cobbie?

Jones and DeJesus laugh and take long pulls on their Cokes.
Cobb turns and watches them. This is obviously a nightly
ritual.

COBB

You guys are crazy. What
the hell you play that stupid
game for?

DEJESUS

(acting drunk)

What game, Cobb?...I'm on
my way to Nirvana...

COBB

You're on your way somewhere
all right...the looney bin.

DEJESUS

(laughing)

I'm on the way to the looney
bin? Hey, man, I'm not the dude
sun bathing in his clothes.

INT. SIXPACK'S BUNK - SAME

CLOSE ON The Pet of the Month as she smirks coyly from the
centerfold, her body twisted into an awkward position
representing mad desire.

Sixpack closes his privacy door then smirks back at the
photo.

SIXPACK

Oh, Darlin'...come sit on
my face...

He stirs in the bed and adjusts his pillow and SCREAMS! The
SEA SPIDER is suddenly right there on his shoulder, dead.

Sixpack sits bolt upright in his bunk and slams his head against the roof of the bunk, then stumbles out screaming. He hits the floor and rams his foot into a table and screams in more pain.

The whole dorm looks up amazed, Cobb takes off his sunglasses, even Jones and DeJesus temporarily "sober up" to stare.

SIXPACK

That bitch!

MESS

Sixpack storms into the Mess with the dead Sea Spider. He points angrily at his bleeding foot. Jones and DeJesus move up to watch.

SIXPACK

(moving into room)

Bitch! Look what you did!

WILLIE

(imitating Sixpack)

Sorry, darling...Just thought a little humor would loosen us all up...you know?...

Everyone laughs, but Sixpack. He has revenge in his eyes. He holds out the ugly, limp creature and advances toward Willie.

SIXPACK

You think you're so funny?

Wait till you taste this!

As he pushes the dead creature into her face BECK'S VOICE behind him makes him freeze.

BECK'S VOICE(O.S.)

That's enough!

Everybody turns to see Beck standing in the doorway.

SIXPACK

Look at my foot, sir! This bitch put a goddamn sea monster in my bunk!

BECK

(cold as ice)

How do you know it was Williams?

SIXPACK
(trapped)

Huh? I...uh...uh...

BECK
All right, Sixpack, you and
Williams are gonna pull water
duty tomorrow--

SIXPACK AND WILLIE
(protesting)
Bullshit! What?! She...He...

BECK
(cutting them off)
At ease! You both have a half
day...Anymore shit and its a full
one.

CLOSE ON BLACKBOARD/ MESS - MORNING

SCREECH! Chalk on the blackboard as Bowman writes "2" in
place of yesterday's "3" over the neatly lettered words
"Days Till Pickup."

Jones, sitting next to Cobb, looks up from his tray of
cereal and holds his head in mock misery.

JONES
Ooooooh. Damn! Not so loud.
Turn down the music.

COBB
What music? There ain't no
music.

DeJesus enters holding his head and sits on the other side
of Cobb.

DEJESUS
Ooooooh.

Cobb looks from one man to the other, realizing what they're
doing.

COBB
You know it's really crazy to
pretend to be drunk, but it's
fucking insane to pretend

to have a hangover.

BOWMAN

(to Jones and DeJesus)

Your "hangovers" made you miss
the Sixpack Good Morning Show.

(imitating Sixpack)

"No goddamn boy is going to make
me go out on a down day."

JONES

(grinning)

Yeah? How'd the kid hold up?

COBB

(pleased)

Pretty good. He sent them
out videotaping outcrop.

UNDERWATER - SAME

CLOSE ON A whirling cylinder tool we see is attached to the
end of Willie's mechanical suit arm. Like a drill its
diamond bits cut into the rock outcrop to take a core
sample. It's a sinister hand-attachment, something Captain
Hook would have loved.

Above her the ROV maneuvers into position for a better view.

INSIDE THE SHACK CONTROL - SAME

Beck is in the control station, staring at the video
monitors--the image from the ROV. Willie removes a slender
instrument, like a bicycle pump and with a quick pump
motion, CHUNK, CHUNK...activates an explosive charge. She
puts it into the hole she made with the drill and backs off.

BECK

Charge set?

WILLIE'S VOICE(RADIO)

Charge set. Backing off.

(to the ROV)

C'mon Rover let's get out
of here.

Like a good dog, the ROV follows her to a safe position.

ON MONITOR THE CAMERA HOLDS ON THE SPOT. SUDDENLY THE
GROUND SHAKES VIOLENTLY ON THE MONITOR SCREEN--A MINI
EARTHQUAKE CHARGE.

WILLIE RETURNS TO THE SITE OF THE CHARGE AND REINSERTS HER DRILL, EASILY REMOVING A TEST SAMPLE.

Willie holds out the sample to the ROV so Beck can see inside.

INT. CONTROL ROOM/ CLOSE ON BECK'S ROV MONITOR

He stares at the image on the screen.

BECK

I need more light on that, Four.

OUTSIDE

WILLIE

(to Beck)

Roger...

(to Sixpack)

More light, Sixpack...

There is no answer. Willie turns around. Her helmet lamp eerily illuminating the darkness around her. Sixpack is nowhere to be seen.

WILLIE(cont'd)

Sixpack?

She turns in the other direction and suddenly blinding lights are turned on.

SIXPACK

Boo!

Sixpack laughs. His lights now on, he stands right behind her.

WILLIE

You shit....

BECK'S VOICE

What's going on, Four? What's happening?

WILLIE

We're fine, Shack. His lights malfunctioned for a minute. How's this?

She again holds out her hand to the ROV.

INSIDE SHACK

Beck looks at the monitor and presses a red button to start the tape, then after five seconds releases the button.

BECK

That's great. Now let's move
35 degrees southwest.

WILLIE AND SIXPACK MOVING

WILLIE

(to Sixpack)

You screw around like that again and--

SIXPACK

What's wrong, did you miss me?

WILLIE

Hardly.

SIXPACK

Don't worry, darlin, I'm...

Suddenly Sixpack's foot hits some loose rock and slides.

Willie turns in his direction and sees his headlight turning, becoming smaller, then disappearing as his radio goes dead.

INSIDE ON BECK

BECK

What's wrong?! What happened?

UNDERWATER

ON WILLIE She has stopped in her tracks. All around her is blackness. Her helmet light hardly penetrates the darkness.

WILLIE

Sixpack?! Sixpack...

Then she looks down--a cliff right in front of her feet. The drop is thirty feet into a waving sea of tubers.

BECK'S VOICE brings Willie back.

BECK'S VOICE(RADIO)

Willie? What's going on?

WILLIE

He's gone. I think he's
fallen. I'm going down after him.

MESS

Jones is bench pressing 200 pounds on a fold-down compact gym, while DeJesus huffs and puffs on an exercise bike.

DEJESUS

That's it Jonesy...Sweat it
out, man...Got to get the poison
out of our blood.

Jones grits his teeth and struggles against the weight,
suddenly Bowman throws open the door and sticks her head in.

BOWMAN

Sixpack is lost.

CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

Bowman, Jones and DeJesus are heading for the control room
where they are joined by Cobb.

COBB

Weren't they tied? They're
supposed to be tied.

They all enter the

CONTROL ROOM

Beck is at the console with Doc in his chair.

JONES

How far away is she?

DOC

Two hundred meters.

WILLIE'S VOICE silences them.

WILLIE'S VOICE(RADIO)

Four to Shack...nearing the
bottom. Look at this...

They all stare at the monitor. The screen is filled with
huge waving tubers.

DOC

My God, look at the size of
those tubers....

DEJESUS

Nine, ten feet high...

BOWMAN

If he had his blinkers on--

JONES

It wouldn't make any difference in
there...He could be two feet away and
on fire and she'd still not see him!

UNDERWATER

ON WILLIE She moves through the dense waving forest of
giant tubers, parting them with her hands as she moves
slowly.

WILLIE

Sixpack?

CONTROL ROOM

BECK

Why can't we pick up his signal?

DEJESUS

(a joke)

Maybe he got eaten?

BOWMAN

(dryly)

What would be dumb enough to
eat Sixpack?

ON WILLIE

She moves aside the last of the tubers and freezes at the
sight in front of her.

WILLIE'S VOICE(RADIO)

Four to Shack...you picking
this up?

INSIDE

All eyes suddenly go to the monitor. A huge dark maw fills
the screen.

BECK

Affirmative...Widening picture.

The image on the screen widens and we see the opening is a huge gash in the side of a sunken ship.

BECK(cont'd)

(to DOC)

Tighten the picture on the upper righthand corner.

CLOSE ON THE MONITOR: The picture zooms in on the corner and Willie's added light suddenly brings the letter "M" into focus.

Beck presses the red record button and pans the ROV slowly across the bulkhead of the ship. The next letter is an "A". Then suddenly a Cyrillic letter appears, then others.

COBB

What the?...

DOC

Russian.

WILLIE'S VOICE(RADIO)

I'm going inside.

BECK

What's your air reading?

WILLIE'S VOICE

Twenty minutes...

BECK

Twenty minutes!...Who had tank duty?

BOWMAN

Who else...Sixpack.

JONES

The man is unbelievable...
I say, leave him in there.

BOWMAN

(dryly)

What about his suit? That's a million five the company's got to replace. They'll make

somebody go get it.

BECK

(to Willie)

Willie, we're giving you five
minutes...after that we're coming in.

WILLIE'S POV

Her life-support gauges move eerily around the perimeter of her mask. She moves along steadily down darkened corridors. She opens a door and it drops from its corroded hinges--a cloud of sludge rises off the bottom. The room looks empty.

WILLIE

Sixpack?...Answer me.

She throws open another door. It also looks empty, then WHAM! a grotesque ECHONODERM slams into her helmet. Willie bats it aside and as soon as she recovers shines her light into the room.

WHAT SHE SEES: The ship's infirmary. Broken glass, stainless steel...the light does strange things, reflecting, sparkling...

WILLIE(ON RADIO)

The infirmary...

BECK'S VOICE(RADIO)

Three minutes...

Her helmet-mounted camera pans the room one more time, then as she turns to leave it captures a strange gleam of white in the corner--A LARGE HUMAN-LIKE SKELETON. Willie doesn't see it.

INT. THE CONTROL ROOM

CLOSE ON DOC He stares at the monitor screen. Did he see something or were his eyes playing tricks? He looks across the console and sees the videotape is recording.

UNDERWATER

ON WILLIE She moves to the end of the hall. It ends with two doors.

BECK'S VOICE(RADIO)

One minute.

Willie hesitates at the junction and PUSHES OPEN the door on her left, SOMETHING HUGE BEHIND IT MOVES--IT'S SIXPACK. His mechanical arms suddenly rise and in their grasp we see the ship's huge safe.

SIXPACK

(laughing)

I'm rich, honey. Rich!

THE SWAMP - LATER

The door to the Russian ship's safe stands open. BANG! BANG! Jones and DeJesus hammer safety deposit boxes with a chisel. While the others watch, Sixpack pleads his case with Beck.

SIXPACK

It's all mine if I'm on report.
Otherwise you gotta take me off
report before you look at any more...
Ain't that right, Cobbie?

COBB

You're on your own, Sixpack, you
fucked up everybody's day off...

DeJesus pries off the top from the first safety deposit box and dumps the contents on the workbench...several wallets, wristwatches, a pocket watch, a wedding ring...Bowman who stands with a clipboard begins taking inventory.

BOWMAN

Personal effects...

WILLIE

(considering
a watch)

Timex...

She picks up something else, a pack of soggy chewing gum and tosses it to Cobb.

WILLIE(cont'd)

Here's something for you, Cobbie.

JONES

(checking a wallet)

Russian money...Don't look like much.

Jones opens the next box and dumps it out onto the table...Life Savers candy, a postcard of a fat Russian woman

in a bathing suit. Bowman looks at it.

BOWMAN

(grinning to
Sixpack)

Yeah, I'd say you can retire
with all this loot.

SIXPACK

Shut up.

Everyone chuckles. More papers and a small, book-shaped object wrapped in plastic. Jones unwraps it. It's a video tape. He looks at the label.

WILLIE

What is it?

JONES

(reading)

"Debbie Does Dallas"...

(looks up and
grins)

Hell, it's in Russian. I can't
read it...

DOC

May I see it?

Jones hands it to Doc who looks at it.

DOC (cont'd)

It's a log of some sort.

Jones pries the lid off another box and dumps it out--Papers, more cheap watches.

ON SIXPACK He notices something silver, the size of a paperback book, under a stack of papers. Discreetly he covers the object with a piece of paper and slides it off the table out of sight.

Jones opens the last box, and something rolls across the table toward the edge and starts to drop when it is caught by DeJesus. He holds it up and we see--a clear liquor bottle.

WILLIE

Vodka.

COBB

What assholes, they lock booze
in the safe.

DEJESUS

Probably confiscated. No
booze on board, same as us.

Doc turns the bottle around in DeJesus' hand so he can read
the label.

DOC

(eyeing the bottle)

Stolichnaya.

Everyone looks at Doc.

COBB

You read Russian?

DOC

Russian, French, Italian, Spanish,
Greek, German, a little Hindu, some
Serbo Croat and a smattering of
Swahili...standard pre-med background...

Cobb stares at him a second then:

COBB

Bullshit.

DOC

(grins)

...and a Russian grandmother...

Beck ignores them and addresses Bowman.

BECK

I want all this stuff impounded
in the supply safe.

He lifts the bottle of Stolie out of DeJesus' hands.

BECK(cont'd)

...except this...it goes in my
safe.

A disappointed crew watches Beck leave with the bottle. Doc
stops him.

DOC

(to Beck,

ON DOC

He stops the tape and presses another button on the console. WILLIE'S VIDEO of the huge hole in the hull of the ship appears on another screen.

DOC(cont'd)

See that gash? The way the edges protrude inward is like from a torpedo explosion. It couldn't have come from within. Like an accident.

He looks back at Beck who we see is sitting behind him, and has also been watching the tape. Beck looks at Doc and shrugs.

BECK

What do you want me to say?
That it all sounds mysterious?

DOC

These observers were doing something. A test...I think they sank that ship on purpose to cover up their mistakes.

BECK

What mistakes?
(he shakes his head wearily)
Look, I think it's no big deal but if you want to find out why this ship sank have Maritime run a check.

He gets up and goes to the door. Doc watches him.

DOC

I did. They have no record of the wreck.

(beat)

The Marshal Goloviev is now on a tour in the Baltic Sea.

Beck stops. This is a mystery.

CLOSE ON COMBINATION LOCK/ BECK'S QUARTERS - SAME

Fingers fiddle with the combination. He pulls on the handle. The safe doesn't budge.

DEJESUS

(whisper)
It's not the phone number...

We pull back to see that DeJesus is alone in Beck's darkened quarters, he talks to the P.A. Suddenly we hear BOWMAN'S VOICE over the intercom.

BOWMAN'S VOICE
(on intercom)
Okay, try the social security
number...

DeJesus puts his fingers back, on the safe dial.

DEJESUS
Okay, give it to me...

INTERCUT WITH BOWMAN IN DORM.

BOWMAN
(reading off of Beck's
forms)
Two...twelve...ninety-six.

SIXPACK
(scoffingly)
You guys are so full of shit...
Who's going to use their
birthday...

DEJESUS VOICE
(over intercom)
BINGO!

SIXPACK
(suddenly sitting up)
Like I said, that bottle's mine!

CONTROL ROOM - SAME

ON Beck at the door and Doc.

DOC
I want your permission to
check that vodka.

Beck looks at him. It is obvious that he doesn't trust Doc, with the vodka, but he's diplomatic.

BECK
This is a mining shack, not

a lab, Doc. If there's something strange with the vodka it's safe till we get back.

UPPER RING CORRIDOR

ON COBB Standing watch for DeJesus. Suddenly the door to the Control room opens and Beck walks out. Cobb grabs a walkie-talkie.

COBB

Beck's coming.

BECK'S QUARTERS/ ON DEJESUS

He hears Cobb and freezes. He looks around--the cramped quarters don't offer much in the way of hiding places.

INTERCUT WITH BOWMAN AND OTHERS IN DORMATORY

They react similarly to the sound of Cobb on the P.A.

ON COBB AND BECK/ CORRIDOR

Beck stops outside his door and sees Cobb.

BECK

Something wrong, Cobb?

COBB

(struggling)

Uh..Excuse me sir, it's the air recirculating system, sir...

BECK

What's wrong with it?

COBB

(thinking fast)

...I'd really have to show it to you.

BECK

(beat)

All right...

Cobb smiles, he can't believe his luck, then Beck holds up the videotape.

BECK(cont'd)

...Just let me put this in

my safe...

Before Cobb can react Beck opens the door to his quarters and steps inside.

BECK'S QUARTERS WE SEE no sign of DeJesus. Cobb follows into the room, looking carefully around for sign of DeJesus.

In the mirror to Beck's bathroom, Cobb spots DeJesus pressing against the wall. Cobb suddenly starts to sweat bullets. Beck quickly unlocks the safe, opens it, and puts the videotape right next to the bottle of Vodka.

We see Cobb's reaction. Beck turns.

BECK

Something wrong?

Cobb shakes his head weakly and starts to follow Beck out, he sneaks a look back at DeJesus in the shadows who gives him a thumbs up.

MESS - LATER

Five specimen cups filled with vodka. Bowman takes hers and looks at it questioningly. Cobb watches the door for signs of the officers.

BOWMAN

Cute, DeJesus...Specimen cups?

JONES

Aw, loosen up, Bowman...

(he looks over and notices Willie)

Hey, Willie, I got one served up for you.

Willie shakes her head.

WILLIE

No, thanks. I've got my blood tests in three days.

DEJESUS

That's all you do is exercise. You got to learn to live a little.

WILLIE

After my astronaut training physical, then I'll tie one on.

SIXPACK

Forget space cadet, I'll drink hers.

COBB

Hey what happens it he goes
back and finds the bottle missing?

DEJESUS

He won't...

He holds up a plastic IV bag filled with clear liquid.

DEJESUS(cont'd)

I poured the vodka in here.

Cobb, Jones, DeJesus, Bowman, and Sixpack grin and clink glasses, then knock back their vodka. Afterwards we get their reactions.

JONES: Looks concerned.

BOWMAN: Shakes her head, something's wrong.

DEJESUS: Can't get the taste off his tongue.

COBB: Seems totally satisfied.

SIXPACK: who has held the liquid in his mouth savoring it, suddenly spits the vodka out.

SIXPACK

Shit! It's water!

JONES

Beck switched it!

DEJESUS

Can you beat that? The sonof-
abitch doesn't trust us!

Willie grins at her co-workers and Beck's move and jogs out into the corridor. Sixpack disgustedly tosses his shot glass away and leaves.

SIXPACK

That little turd. If I
ever get the chance I'll
fix his ass.

The others put down their glasses disappointedly except Bowman. She watches Sixpack.

DORMITORY

SIXPACK'S BUNK He closes his privacy door and hesitates as if listening for the others, then he removes a silver flask with Cyrillic lettering--the silver object he palmed in the Swamp--and smiles as he takes a long pull. Suddenly WHAM!

The Privacy door to Sixpack's bunk is slammed open. Startled he turns startled to see--BOWMAN.

BOWMAN

Didn't I ever tell you vodka
was my favorite drink?

She holds out her glass. Sixpack looks around the Dorm, it's empty, then grins sheepishly and pours her a shot.

CORRIDOR "B"

ON WILLIE She is jogging through the corridors. Suddenly there is a GREAT GROANING NOISE. Willie stops and looks through the steel mesh wall into the machine floor. The dark shapes of the machines move monstrosly in the dim light. The GROANING ends and she jogs on to the Swamp.

As she passes the door she notices the light and stops. Beck stands with a clipboard by an equipment cabinet filled with the parachute-like Container Transporters we saw outside. He sees her.

BECK

That was a loud one wasn't it?

WILLIE

After a month of it you'd think
I'd be used to it.

She moves into the Swamp and goes to the Lift Lock, stopping under one of the ladders she leaps up and grabs a metal rung above her and begins doing her chin-ups as Beck watches her lean body easily doing the exercises.

BECK

(watching her)

How's astronaut training?

WILLIE

Why? You going to give me hard
time like the others?

BECK

No. I'm just being friendly.

WILLIE

(beat)

Good...It's going good.

Beck tries to concentrate on his inventory, but continues to watch Willie's sexy, athletic body.

BECK

Whatever made you want to do a tour down here?

WILLIE

I need electrical field experience on my resume. Everything helps...

(she watches him)

Why are you here?

BECK

Everybody in corporate training serves a tour on the line. Supposed to hone leadership skills or something.

WILLIE

Has it helped?

Beck shrugs.

WILLIE

I guess there's not a lot of adventure in the Control Room.

Beck looks up and they lock eyes.

BECK

You think I should hang around more with the crew?

WILLIE

Well, I always heard you don't "learn" leadership, you earn it.

(beat)

How did you know they'd get into the vodka?

Beck looks up from his clipboard and smiles.

BECK

I guess I figured if I was in their shoes that's what I would've

done.

WILLIE

(smiles)

Maybe you're more one of us
than you think...sir.

INT. MESS/ BLACKBOARD - MORNING

SCREECH! The chalk shrieks across the blackboard, making a
"1" over the words "Days Till Pickup."

Jones looks up from his cereal at Bowman, the culprit with
the chalk.

JONES

Puuleeeeeeze...

INT. DORMITORY - SAME

DeJesus puts on his wet suit which goes under his large
mechanical suit and gets ready to join the others in the
mess. He notices Sixpack's privacy door is still closed and
bangs on it.

DEJESUS

Hey, Sixpack...Rise and shine
amigo...

There is no answer. Carefully he opens the door and is
surprised to find it empty.

INT. INFIRMARY - SAME

CLOSE ON Sixpack's eye. We pull back to see it is being
examined by Doc who frowns.

DOC

Let's see your tongue.

Sixpack obliges as Beck enters.

BECK

What's wrong?

DOC

Pretty good imitation of
a hangover and I ought to know.

SIXPACK

Well, it ain't! It feels a

thousand times worse.

DOC

Where?

SIXPACK

I...I dunno. I just feel...
wrong.

DOC

Take off your shirt.

Sixpack pulls off his shirt. Doc frowns in surprise.

WHAT HE SEES: SIXPACK'S TORSO There are strange black areas, each of them an inch in diameter.

DOC (cont'd)

(concerned)

How long...how long have you
had these?

SIXPACK

(surprised, scared)

Shit, Doc...I didn't know I
had them.

Doc peers closely at the skin where it's discolored. It's a different texture. Beck watches as Doc touches a spot and Sixpack screams in agony. Doc and Beck lock eyes.

BECK'S QUARTERS - SAME

CLOSE ON MARTIN on Beck's video monitor. He is drinking a cup of coffee.

MARTIN

...as long as you know it's
not in your contract.

BECK

I know that.

MARTIN

Well, suit yourself, then...its
your decision...

(he chuckles)

Ha ha...a little joke...suit
yourself...

Beck interrupts impatiently.

BECK

How's the weather for pickup tomorrow?

MARTIN

(looking at a report, then up at Beck)

Beautiful.

THE SWAMP - MORNING

The crew members climb into their suits.

COBB

Bad as he is there's no way we can make our quota without his sad self out there. You just can't do it.

DEJESUS

(angrily)

He's tanking on us...

WILLIE

No...he's really sick. I heard him last night. The company will take that into consideration...

JONES

Honey, the company don't give a flying fuck about "whys," they just look at the numbers and the contract says if we miss our quota they only got to pay us half-pay for the entire month.

DEJESUS

(convinced)

'Cocksucker's tanking on us...

Suddenly all eyes go to the door, Beck enters.

BECK

(to DeJesus)

No, he's really sick...He won't be going out today.

The crew increases its bitching...

COBB

There goes our quota...

BOWMAN

Thirty days, right down the toilet...

Beck ignores them and goes to the control rack which sends the suits around the room and pushes number 8--his suit. DeJesus and Jones share a look. Bowman and Willie watch him carefully. As Beck's suit stops in front of him the room is quiet, they can't believe their eyes. Awkwardly, Beck tries to get into his suit. Cobb breaks the silence.

COBB

Excuse me, sir...

BECK

Is this a contract violation,
Mr. Cobb?

COBB

No sir...I just wanted to know
if you needed a hand?

Beck sees he's sincere, then looks at the others and Willie. She nods slightly. Beck turns back to Cobb.

BECK

(beat)

Thanks...

INT. THE INFIRMARY - SAME

Doc and Sixpack. Doc takes a blood sample, seals it and opens a cabinet under the sink where a supply of blood is stored in a refrigerated unit. The plastic bags of blood are labeled with the various crew members' names.

Sixpack watches him from the examination table. He is shivering violently and scared.

SIXPACK

(he's losing it)

Please, Doc...I'm cold...I hurt...

We see a change in Doc's demeanor. He is suddenly needed and it has touched something in him and we see him rising to the challenge.

DOC

I'm just going to take a tiny
piece of skin to look at under

the microscope...Afterwards I'll
give you a sedative.

Skillfully Doc takes a skin sample. Sixpack screams.

VIEW THROUGH THE MICROSCOPE

An enlarged view of the cells in alarmingly hyperactivity.
We see it literally spreading before our eyes.

ON DOC

He leans back from the microscope. There is awe on his face
for the first time since first year medical studies--and
there is fear of the unknown. He looks over his shoulder at
Sixpack, his shivering has stopped, he lies still on the
table.

UNDERWATER

Lights move in the blackness, but there is an order to the
actions and a crispness to the voices. People doing work
that is moving sharply. Pride in what they're doing.

DEJESUS

Okay, number 23's full.

BECK

Let's get it out of here and
bring in a new one.

JONES

Yes sir...

BOWMAN

Hook's on 24...

BECK

Let's have her...

The Container transporters fill with compressed air and lift
the container as the miners guide it to the track...

INT. INFIRMARY/ SHACK - SAME

Doc is at the console of his computer. As words appear on
the screen, obviously in response to his query...

"...would appear to indicate a virus of unknown origin..."

Doc shakes his head disgustedly.

DOC

(to himself)

No kidding? "A virus of unknown origin." Come on and tell me something I don't know... like what's going on...

ON SCREEN

More words come up. "...no idea..."

DOC(cont'd)

(typing, angrily)

Then take a guess, goddamnit!

He finishes typing and waits for an answer. The cursor flashes the word "PROCESSING". Then an answer comes up. "Genetic Alteration?" The words send a chill down Doc's spine.

SWAMP ROOM - LATER

The mood is happy. Like a high school football locker room after a winning game. DeJesus climbs out of his suit and slaps Beck on the shoulder.

DEJESUS

Good work out there, Mr. Becky.

Beck, obviously pleased, looks at the others. Jones sums up the feelings of the entire group.

JONES

Thank you, sir.

Beck's grin suddenly disappears at the sight of a flashing red light over the intercom.

INFIRMARY - LATER

Beck is standing in the doorway of the Infirmary, glaring at Doc, who sits with his bottle of Old Granddad.

BECK

Dead? This morning you said he had some skin disorder.

DOC

He did.

BECK

Well, how the hell does a
skin rash kill you in eight
hours?!

Doc looks at Beck wearily and hands him a mask.

DOC

Here. Put this on. You examine
him.

BECK

I'm not a doctor.

DOC

For this...you don't need to be.

Beck hesitates, then puts on the mask.

SICK ROOM

As Beck enters, masked, Sixpack's back is to him under the sheets. Slowly he pulls back the sheet and recoils from the sight. The black splotches have nearly all grown together. His fingers have lengthened and become more webbed. Most dramatically the sores on the sides of his neck have become flared and elongated. Though not bleeding, the open veins are visible.

INFIRMARY

Doc pours some bourbon in a glass, and takes a sip. Beck enters dazed from the sick room and their eyes meet.

BECK

The mask is because you think
it might be...catching?

DOC

I don't know. I've been back
and forth with Narragansett Naval
all day, consulting with the best
people in maritime medicine, the
best people in viruses...

BECK

(impatiently)

And?

DOC

And they didn't believe the

symptoms I described...

BECK

(beat)

Why Sixpack?

DOC

It could be a million things,
something in the air, food....

(he looks up and
locks eyes with Beck)

But he went on that ship and so
did Williams...

(beat)

I want to examine the crew.

BECK

(still in shock)

Yeah...right...

He starts to the door and Doc watches him.

DOC

I've reported the death to
the company.

INT. THE MESS - SAME

The mess is quiet. All eyes are down. Sixpack's absence is noticeable.

JONES

"Routine," my ass! Ain't nothin'
"routine" about no physical check-
up 10,000 feet down...especially
when we're getting picked up the
next day!

COBB

He didn't say it was a "routine
check-up," he said it was a "routine
precaution."

WILLIE

Must be bad. Even sick
Sixpack never missed a meal.

DEJESUS

It's this fucking air system....

COBB

Ain't the food or the
air system, he's just sick...
Everybody gets sick every
now and then. It's all
part of being human!

Bowman suddenly becomes pale.

BOWMAN

Well, I must be human because
I'm sure as hell sick.

She gets up from the table and dashes for the toilet.

INT. SHOWER ROOM - LATER

EXAMINATION SEQUENCE

CLOSE ON WHITE SKIN/(COBB)

Pale skin, fishbelly white with white hairs, seen closely...

COBB'S VOICE(O.S.)

I guess I'm kinda...outta shape...

(a pause, no answer)

This skin condition...what is it?

Like herpes, or measles, or what?

DOC'S VOICE(O.S.)

It's difficult to describe.

Doc is scrutinizing Cobb's flabby body closely. They're alone in the shower room. Stainless steel, and mirrors. Doc stops and checks a place on Cobb more closely.

COBB

(watching, nervous)

Christ, it'd be a hell of a thing

if I went back to the roof with

some kind of herpes thing. My

wife wouldn't understand that at all...

Doc peers closely, satisfies himself that it's nothing.

DOC

You seem all right.

COBS

(relieved)

She wouldn't understand. She'd

think I was down here fucking

my head off.

DARK SKIN/ PORES Black skin, seen very close, the pores appearing like craters.

We're looking at Jones' naked body...rippling muscles.

JONES

(grumbling)

This whole thing's unnecessary, Doc.
Only "skin problem" I got is
white people...

(beat, suspiciously)

How come you're wearing those
gloves?

INT. SHOWER ROOM/ SMOOTH SKIN - LATER

Firm, lovely breasts, smooth skin...

WILLIE'S VOICE(O.S.)

This disease...do you know
what causes it?

Doc turns Willie around and examines her firm naked
buttocks.

DOC

Not yet. You got any ideas?

WILLIE

(suddenly)

You don't think it was from going
on that ship do you?

DOC

That's a possibility. But if
it was that simple why haven't
the symptoms begun on you?

Doc turns away to let her dress.

WILLIE

You mean I'm okay?

DOC

You're fine.

SHOWER ROOM/ TAN SKIN

DeJesus' body is being examined...tan skin, wiry muscles

seen very close. As we move along the skin, it seems every moment as if the next instant will reveal a dread blemish...

DEJESUS' VOICE(O.S.)

What do you mean, "a skin problem"...
your skin changes?

DeJesus, naked, with his back to us. Doc examines him.

DOC

It blackens...becomes scaly.

DEJESUS

(joking)

You mean like a fish?

DeJesus chuckles, but something about the thought stops Doc.

DOC

(almost to himself)

Yes...like a fish...

DEJESUS

(smiles)

I was just joking, Doc.

CONTROL ROOM - SAME

Beck sits in his chair reading the TRANSOCEAN OFFICERS
INSTRUCTIONAL MANUAL.

INSERT: The chapter he's on says: BODY DISPOSAL AT SEA.

The face of Martin stares back at us.

MARTIN

Well, according to Maritime law,
you, as commander of the Shack
have the authority to dispose of
the body. However, the company
doesn't want you to do that.

BECK

What you don't understand is that
my crew is in jeopardy.

MARTIN

But you don't have any proof
at this point to assume that
this disease is contagious, do
you?

BECK

I'm not anxious to find out, either.

MARTIN

Beck, trust me. If the company felt that you or your crew were in any danger we would authorize an immediate emergency pickup. We could be there in a few hours.

BECK

Do it.

MARTIN

(beat)

Unfortunately. We can't.

He picks up a sheet of computer paper.

MARTIN(cont'd)

There is a typhoon about 600 miles off the coast of Baja. It's not coming your way but the Company doesn't want to lose you folks or an emergency ship should it veer your way.

BECK

What're you saying? That we're not even going to be picked up tomorrow?

MARTIN

It shouldn't be a long delay.

BECK

But it's a delay! How long? A day? Two days?!

MARTIN

Twelve hours, no big deal. We should know something first thing in the morning. Don't worry.

WASHROOM - SAME

Willie enters the room with several sinks and a couple of toilet stalls. She approaches one of the sinks and pulls a toothbrush from the pocket of her robe.

WILLIE

Bo? Doc says you're next.

Just then she hears a retching sound from one of the stalls.

WILLIE(cont'd)

Bo?...You okay?

INFIRMARY - SAME

Willie and Jones help Bowman into the Infirmary. She is weak from nausea. They help her onto the examination table and look around for Doc. Jones sees a light on in the Sick Room.

SICK ROOM - SAME

Sixpack's body lies under a sheet in the Sick room. The door opens and Jones looks in, sees Sixpack but in the dim light, doesn't realize the sheet covering him, covers the body totally. Jones smiles.

JONES

(whispers)

Hey, Sixpack...Hey, my man...
How you feeling?

There is no answer and Jones slowly approaches the body.

JONES

Hey, man, we made quota today. No thanks to you, you dog, but we made it...Beck helped us...We just dropped Bowman off. I hope what you've got ain't catching...

He is almost to the table and reaches out to touch Sixpack when suddenly the body stirs. Sixpack's foot moves slightly under the sheet as if shifting in his sleep. Jones stops.

JONES(cont'd)

Oh, man, sorry...you go back to sleep.

INFIRMARY - SAME

Jones returns to the examination room. Bowman is now undressed and under the blankets on the examination table.

WILLIE

Who were you talking to?

JONES

Sixpack...

WILLIE

How is he?

JONES

Sleeping. No sign of Doc,
though. I'll check the
control room. You look
in the shower room...

They leave Bowman GROANING on the examination table and head back to the main corridor. As they leave WE HOLD ON the door to the sick room behind Bowman.

Bowman writhes on the examination table in pain. Carefully she climbs off the table and goes behind a partition to throw up.

CLOSE ON BOWMAN

At the sink in the infirmary. She rinses her face in the sink and pulls back her hair, suddenly she stops and brings her hands in front of her face.

INSERT HER HANDS. Huge clumps of hair have come out in her hands. And then she sees her hands themselves. Scaly.

BOWMAN

Oh, God...what's going on?

She turns and looks at the light on in the Sick Room. Slowly she goes to the door and enters.

SICK ROOM

Bowman approaches the body of Sixpack.

BOWMAN

(panicked)

Sixpack...what's going on?

No answer. She pulls back the sheet and gasps.

CONTROL ROOM - SAME

ON BECK AND DOC.

DOC

(panicky)

You have to call them back.

Explain that this is an emergency.

Jones enters.

JONES

Excuse me, sir...Bowman's sick. She's downstairs in the infirmary.

DOC

(concerned)

The infirmary?...

JONES

Yes sir, ain't that where we usually go when we're sick?

DOC

We're simply concerned about her...proximity to...

BECK

(to Jones)

Sixpack's dead.

Jones looks from one officer to the other then grins.

JONES

Bullshit...I was just talking to him. I saw him move.

BECK

What?...

LOWER RING CORRIDOR - SAME

Beck hits the floor off the ladder and rushes to the Infirmary with Jones. He opens the door and freezes.

WHAT HE SEES: The examination table where Jones left her is empty. The room deserted.

JONES

(pointing to examination table)

I left her here.

DOC comes up behind them, then turns. He hears to a HISSING SOUND down the ring corridor. He turns from the others and moves slowly toward the noise.

SHOWER ROOM

Doc enters the shower room, full of steam and the SOUND OF WATER.

DOC

Bowman?

There is no answer and he moves toward the shower.

DOC

Bowman. It's Doc. I'm here
to help you.

The water continues to run. No answer. Carefully, Doc opens the shower door.

WHAT HE SEES: Bowman. Dead. Her wrists have been cut and blood swirls down the drain.

Doc sadly squats down beside her. The death effects him greatly. He feels helpless, then suddenly his eyes widen and he carefully reaches out and takes Bowman's limp arm, turning it supine. There, running the length of the arm, WE SEE the black scales.

INFIRMARY

Jones and Beck lay Bowman's body carefully onto the examination table in the infirmary. Through the Sick Room door we see the sheet shrouded body of Sixpack. Doc covers Bowman with a sheet as

WE CUT TO

THE MESS - LATER

The remaining crew, Doc, and Beck assembled in the Mess. Doc sits quietly, almost in a daze.

BECK

I can't tell you much about
it, except that none of you
show any symptoms.

DEJESUS

And it killed Bo?

BECK

No...she killed herself.

ON WILLIE the news hits her hard.

JONES

We're getting out of here just
in time.

BECK

There's now a problem with the
weather for pickup. There's a
typhoon in our sector...
...We're going to be delayed
twelve hours...

DEJESUS

Typhoon?!

JONES

Twelve hours!

COBB

At least we get time and
a half. That's in the contract.

JONES

Fuck double pay, man! I
want out of here!

Their argument is suddenly cut short by a NOISE from the
corridor. A THUMP! The crew stops their grumbling and
listens. A moment later we hear another THUMP! Beck looks
at Jones.

BECK

(motions for Jones
to come with him)

Jones...

(to the others)

Stay here.

RING CORRIDOR

Beck leads the way slowly toward the Infirmary where the
sound is coming from. Outside the door they hear it once
more. THUMP!

Carefully he enters the Infirmary and WE SEE the
examination table is empty! Beck goes to the Sick room and

stops in the doorway. Jones moves behind him and his eyes suddenly widen.

WHAT THEY SEE: Both bodies now are in a motionless, hideous conglomeration on the the table.

SLAM CUT TO

CLOSE ON HEAVY ZIPPER

ZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZ. It is quickly pulled shut, running the length of a heavy plastic bag, closing both bodies inside.

INT. CORRIDOR "B" - LATER

Dressed in their rubber latex suits Cobb, Jones, DeJesus, Beck, and Willie carry the body of Sixpack and Bowman in the zippered bodybag. Now, well over three hundred pounds, the bodies strange shape and dead weight make it difficult to transport.

DEJESUS

C'mon, Cobb...you're slacking...

COBB

(angrily)

I ain't, goddamnit...It's Jones!..

Before Jones can argue, Beck cuts them off.

BECK

Shut up, all of you.

COBB

Mr. Beck, the contract states that no body can be disposed of without authorization of---

JONES

Fuck the contract, man!

The group turns into the Swamp where Doc waits for them by the Lift Lock. Rounding the corner Cobb bangs into the side of a bulkhead and drops his corner of the "package." Like dominoes, Willie also loses her grip, then DeJesus. The bodybag splashes into the grimy bilge water making it even harder for everyone to get a handhold.

BECK(cont'd)

C'mon...Lift!

The group struggles to raise the bodybag and just get it to their shoulder when suddenly we go tight on DeJesus's face.

DEJESUS

Hey!...I feel something.
It's moving! He's alive!

COBB

I feel it, too...Someone's trying
to get out.

Cobb drops his end intentionally and he kneels looking for the zipper.

JONES

Cobb, what're you doing!

COBS

But he ain't dead! He ain't
dead.

BECK

Cobb! Stop!

But Cobb grabs the zipper and starts to unzip the heavy bag. Beck tries to stop him when suddenly, WHAM! a DARK APPENDAGE RIPS through the zipper and flails like a pressurized firehose. It beats wildly for several second, then lashes out at Cobb--ripping a gash on his forearm.

While Cobb screams in pain, Beck yanks the appendage off Cobb's arm revealing a mouth full of needlesharp teeth and a sharp tongue-like proboscis which has stabbed Cobb like a dagger.

COBB

It bit me! It bit me!

While Beck and Willie wrestle the strong flopping appendage, Doc rushes to the Lift Lock.

DeJesus and Jones struggle to force the lurching bodybag into the Lift Lock.

JONES

Push Hazy!

The bodybag shudders like a huge cocoon about to lose its occupant. Jones digs his shoulder down into the task just as the bag suddenly RIPS in several places. A tear RIPS

OPEN next to Jones' head revealing the head of BOWMAN, her vacant eyes only inches from Jones' face.

JONES

Oh, Jesus Christ! I ain't
never gonna sleep again!

Suddenly a WHINING NOISE sounds behind them. Beck looks back to see Cobb approaching with a battery operated underwater chain saw. He's clearly intending to cut the Creature with the whirring blade.

BECK

No!

COBB

It bit me!

DEJESUS

It's Sixpack!

COBB

I'm going to kill it!

DeJesus turns to block Cobb while the others continue to wrestle the bodybag into the Lift Lock. The bag suddenly splits and a scaly arm protrudes. It reaches out grabbing DeJesus. Beck pulls him free and yells.

BECK

Close the Lock! Now!

Doc hits the lever. The elevator doesn't move!

RRRRRRRIIIIIPPP! A scaly leg rips out of the body bag!

BECK(cont'd)

Hit it again!

Doc hits the elevator switch again, harder.

NNNNNNN! The Lift Lock door whines closed and a horrifying SCREAM rises from the Lock.

CLOSE ON THE LIFT LOCK

The end of the appendage is severed in the closing door, disappearing unseen into the greasy bilge water.

BECK(cont'd)

Flush it!

Doc flips a switch and the SCREAM OF THE VACUUM PUMPS drown out the SCREAM in the Lift Lock, the wails of Cobb, and the splashing sounds of the severed three-foot section of gory muscle which slip silently and undetected under the workbench.

A second later the elevator returns empty, silent, bloodstained.

Beck turns on the video monitor of the exterior Lock. The exterior worklights illuminate millions of bubbles from the flush and the struggling movements of the bodybag before it grows still once again and disappears beyond the range of the Shack lights...into the darkness.

Beck turns and looks at his savaged crew. Willie, Jones, DeJesus, Doc look like wet-suited butchers. Splattered in blood, numbed by the experience, they are brought together by having simply survived. Jones holds up Willie. DeJesus leans against the bulkhead. In the far corner Cobb sobs quietly.

SHOWERS - LATER

Clouds of steam. Vaguely seen through the steam, Willie is scrubbing herself almost desperately, as though the spattered blood of the creature had penetrated into her skin. Finally she gives up almost in tears and rests her head against the wall of the shower stall.

DORMITORY - SAME

Beck and Jones open the privacy door to Sixpack's bunk. After some digging which produces five month's supply of pornography, the empty flask clatters to the floor. Beck picks it up.

BECK

I think we just found our problem.

MESS - LATER

Cobb pours himself a cup of coffee with a shaky hand. Jones, and DeJesus sit at a table and Willie laces up her shoes for a run. There is a feeling of anger among them.

DEJESUS

Serves his ass right to get it. Motherfucker brings that

shit onboard. I hope his
fucking ass rots in the sea and
is shit upon by the fish.

JONES

'Fucker could have gotten us
all killed.

COBB

He knew better than that.

Willie finishes tying up her shoes and looks at them all
coldly.

WILLIE

You guys sure weren't so holy
when you were shooting that
vodka...It could have been you.

She gets up and walks out into the Ring corridor.

THE RUSSIAN SHIP

WE ARE MOVING along the ship's corridor that Willie walked
looking for Sixpack.

WE PULL BACK TO REVEAL WE ARE WATCHING A VIDEO SCREEN IN THE
CONTROL ROOM

Doc and Beck replay the tape of Willie's search for Sixpack
on the Russian ship. On the monitor screen we see Willie's
POV of the infirmary. The light dances off the broken glass
as she turns, then the flash of white we saw before as the
light moves out into the corridor.

DOC

Hold it! Rewind it.

Beck rewinds it.

ON SCREEN we see the scene again. Light dancing off the
cabinets. As the light starts to turn--

DOC

Stop it.

Beck pauses the tape. We see nothing. Doc is confused.

DOC

Back it up slowly.

Beck does and we watch Doc's face as he stares intently at the screen. Suddenly he sees it.

DOC

There.

ON SCREEN We see it. Caught in the turn of the camera, now frozen on the screen is the clear gleaming skeletal remains of a man. Only it is clear that this is no ordinary man. Fingers and appendages are lengthened and broader than normal. But it is the large head and long sharp teeth that especially catches our attention.

MESS - SAME

ON A BEAUTIFUL BAVARIAN SETTING

as a hand suddenly moves into frame and we see the scene is actually one of DeJesus' jigsaw puzzles. He takes a piece of blue sky from the hundreds of pieces on the table and places it perfectly into position on the puzzle. Jones watches him amazed.

DEJESUS

You know that Innsbruck
has 64 square miles of ski
slopes, man? Think about that.
Sixty-four square miles.

He picks up another piece of blue sky and effortlessly fits it into place as Jones watches. It's blowing Jones' mind.

JONES

How'd you do that?

DEJESUS

What? That?...I've done this
one before. You hungry? I'm
hungry.

He gets up to go into the mess and Jones looks at him in amazement.

JONES

Hungry? After what we just
went through I may never
eat again.

ON WILLIE

She jogs down the corridors toward the Swamp. The Shack

CREAKS and Willie looks down through the grating passing below her feet. It is dark down there. Her feet pound off the metal grating.

LOW ANGLE We watch Willie from below as she jogs past. THEN WE TILT DOWN to the dark, still water of the bilge. Suddenly something stirs in the water--a ripple like a trout in a stream.

CONTROL ROOM - SAME

Using a computer plotting program to measure the dimensions of the skull on the videotape, Doc enters these measurements as they are read off to him by Beck. As each of the measurements go into the computer an image of a skull begins to appear on the computer screen, followed by a name: DANAKIL MAN.

BECK

They found this?

DOC

No. I think they isolated him in genetic engineering. Homo aquaticus...

BECK

Was there such a thing?

DOC

Danakil man?...one of our ancestors. Named for the Danakil Alps in Ethiopia.

BECK

Not exactly a big ocean country.

DOC

It was when it counted a couple of million years ago when the seas came in and drove us into the water. Most homo sapiens didn't make it...Danakil man... adapted.

ON WILLIE

running. She jogs past the machine room. Looking in, the machines seem alive, pulsing, the beating heart of the Shack. There is something else though. We feel something

in there watching her.

CONTROL ROOM

On Doc.

DOC

Some say that's why we're
basically hairless, for less
water resistance, faster swimming
speeds...

BECK

But what about those scales...
or that leech-like thing that
bit Cobb?

DOC

Why stop with just one aspect
of marine life? Why not incorporate
the best genetic components the
ocean has to offer?...

BECK

(pointing to screen)

Well, if they were perfecting an
aquaman, then why's there a dead
one onboard that Russian ship? Why
isn't he out swimming around?

Doc looks up at the image on the screen. The huge skull
stares back hauntingly.

DOC

(beat)

He obviously lacked something
in his environment.

DORMITORY - SAME

ON COBB He sits on his bunk and peers under his bandage.
He turns on an overhead reading light and looks again.
Suddenly a voice startles him.

JONES' VOICE

Turned black yet?

At first startled, Cobb recovers and answers sharply.

COBS

That ain't funny.

JONES

Relax, Cobb. If it was going to turn, it would have done its trick by now.

COBB

That's easy for you to say. You ain't the one that got bit.

Jones starts to leave when he suddenly notices something on Cobb's bunk. He picks it up and we see a photo of Cobb's family.

JONES

Don't tell me you're getting soft on us, Cobbie? You're the fellow who always said--

Cobb snatches the photo back from Jones and glares at him with the same old, hard "Cobb look."

COBB

Nothing's changed, goddamnit!

Jones leaves, and Cobb waits till he is gone then looks back at his photo. His look changes, softening. Absently he scratches his bandage.

SWAMP

Willie enters and checks her running time on her watch. She bends over to catch her breath then straightens suddenly.

OVERHEAD SHOT

WE are watching her from above. For a moment she is quiet as if listening for a noise somewhere in the Swamp. She looks around slowly and her eyes come to rest on the Workbench.

MESS - SAME

DeJesus looking for food. In the gloom of fluorescent lighting he opens and closes various cabinets looking for a snack.

He notices that the floor's wet near the sink. He frowns and hears a SMALL NOISE, like something shifting slightly. He moves to investigate, crouching low, peeking into the shadows under the sink, into a litter of cleanser bottles,

pails, rags...All he can see are shadows. He looks more closely, actually sticking his head under the sink when

SUDDENLY SOMETHING TOUCHES HIS SHOULDER FROM BEHIND! DEJESUS JUMPS, BUMPING HIS HEAD ON THE SINK AS HE WHIRLS TO SEE.

JONES, looming over his shoulder, looking down at him.

JONES

Man, everybody is jumpy...
What are you doing?

Not fully recovered from the start, DeJesus rubs his bruised head.

DEJESUS

Getting some food.

JONES

Under there?

DeJesus gets to his feet, points at the water under the sink.

DEJESUS

Look. Water.

JONES

Probably the plumbing. You
gonna make me finish that puzzle
by myself, or what?

DeJesus continues to scrutinize the water then looks back at Jones.

DEJESUS

No, I'll be right there.

He looks down at his sandwich as Jones starts out of the galley. Something is missing.

DEJESUS

(to himself)

Mustard. Need mustard...

He opens the refrigerator and finds the mustard jar empty.

DEJESUS

(muttering to himself)

Sixpack...

He throws the jar in the trash then opens the cabinet next to the refrigerator for a new jar, and reaches inside.

SUDDENLY, LIKE A SNAKE, A TWO FOOT CHUNK OF MUSCLE ATTACHES TO DEJESUS'S WRIST! WITH HIS FREE HAND DEJESUS TRIES TO RIP THE TWISTING, WRITHING THING OFF. PULLING AT IT HE REVEALS PART OF SIXPACK'S FACE--ONE EYE AND PART OF HIS MOUTH--UNDERNEATH THE SURFACE.

DeJesus falls against the side cabinets screaming and causing an avalanche of pots and pans.

DEJESUS
(in pain)

Ahhh!

INSIDE THE MESS

Jones is now putting a piece of the puzzle into place when he hears THE CLATTER OF POTS AND PANS.

JONES
Hey, Hazy...what're you doing
now...cooking?

There is no answer and Jones looks up.

JONES(cont'd)
(concerned)

Hazy?...

He goes to the door and looks in. His eyes widen at the sight of DeJesus staggering toward him with the squeezing hunk of muscle.

JONES(cont'd)
Holy shit!

DEJESUS
Help me, Jonesy. Oh, God,
help me! It's getting inside
me, I can feel it!

He keeps coming at Jones who backs away slowly from his friend.

JONES
Hazy, please...I'm going to
get you some help, man...just
don't touch me...

Jones finds himself backing away until he is by the door to the Galley. He closes it, rushing through into the Mess to the Ring corridor where he runs into Cobb.

COBB

What's going on?

JONES

It's Hazy...It's got him!
Stay here and don't let him
out. I'm going to get the Doc.

Jones runs out and leaves Cobb by the door. Cobb watches him go. As the noise in the Mess intensifies, we hear banging on the door, then DeJesus' anguished cries.

DEJESUS

Help me! Help me!

Cobb backs slowly down the corridor toward the dorm.

UPPER RING CORRIDOR - SAME

Jones meets Beck and Doc leaving the control room.

JONES

It's got Hazy!

BECK

What has?

JONES

One of those chunks of
Sixpack! Like a big leech,
with those teeth!...

DOC

We've got to get him to the
infirmary.

JONES

What are you going to do to
him?

DOC

I'm going to try to remove it.

JONES

I've got Cobbie downstairs
watching the door.

INT. LOWER RING CORRIDOR - SAME

Deserted. There is no sign of Cobb and the door to the mess stands open. The mess is empty. Beck is the first one down the ladder followed by Jones.

JONES

Cobb? Hazy? Oh, shit...He's gone...

Cobb returns with a mining tool.

JONES

You let him get away!

COBB

I ain't doing nothing for that thing without something to defend myself.

JONES

That thing happens to be my friend.

BECK

Shut up, both of you! We've got to find it.

Beck suddenly looks around noticing something.

BECK(cont'd)

Where's Willie?

COBB

Oh, God, she's out there...

BECK

Jones...come with me. Cobb, you and Doc check the rooms.

INT. THE LOWER "B" CORRIDOR - SAME

Jones and Beck move down the spooky corridor toward the Swamp. Overhead, water moves through the desalinization conduit. Jones eyes it warily.

SWAMP

They enter the quiet Swamp. The suits hang silently like sleeping monsters. Beck steps into the equipment room.

Jones walks along the suits which hang in front of him. Their empty masks stare at him hauntingly. He reaches the end and stands in front of the ladder where we earlier saw Willie doing chin-ups. He looks down and sees her headband floating in the bilgewater.

JONES

Willie...

Suddenly Willie lowers herself from the bar behind him.

WILLIE

Yeah?

The sudden sight of her nearly gives Jones heart failure, he stumbles backwards into the ankle deep water and Willie drops from the bar laughing.

WILLIE

(grinning)

What on earth's the matter
with you?

JONES

I ought to smack your face!

Willie picks up the strain in Jones' voice, her smile fades.

WILLIE

What's wrong?

JONES

DeJesus...It's got him.

THE EQUIPMENT ROOM - SAME

Jones, Willie and Beck move quickly. Beck pulls a portable laser drill which fits into the arm of the mechanical suits and attaches a portable power unit to the back. Turning it on it becomes a sinister close-range weapon.

Willie opens an equipment cabinet and reveals deflated container transporters. Beck notices and then looks up at Jones who opens a locked cabinet and takes out the bicycle pump/earthquake device we saw Willie use earlier.

BECK

I thought they were your friends?

JONES

Were, Doss were.

Beck reaches out and takes the powerful weapon away from him.

BECK

You fire that in here and
you'll bring the whole place
down.

Jones thinks about it for a moment, then reaches for one of the Acetylene tanks. He lights the end of it and a long blue tongue of flame whips out the door into the Swamp. Jones grins.

INFIRMARY - SAME

Doc and Cobb move into the Infirmary. Doc goes into his office. He takes three scalpels out of an equipment drawer and then looks up, through the levolor blinds into the infirmary. What he sees upsets him.

INT. SWAMP - SAME

Jones working the intercom.

JONES

(to intercom)

Jones to Doc. Doc?...Cobb?

He looks back to Beck, concerned.

JONES(cont'd)

(to Beck)

Think it got 'em?

BECK

No, it's not going through.
The intercom's busted. I thought
DeJesus fixed that?

JONES

(beat, realizing)

He did.

INFIRMARY - SAME

Doc leaves his office and slowly goes into the Infirmary to the storage counter across the room--where the blood is stored. WE SEE what disturbed him...the door to the refrigeration unit is ajar. Doc opens the door to the cabinet. The plastic bags are now empty. Each one has been

drained.

LOWER RING CORRIDOR - SAME

Cobb moves out of the Infirmary, carefully down the eerie corridor, his mining tool in front of him for security. There is a sinister feel to the place. Each step only reveals a little bit of space ahead of him. Suddenly he stops. In front of him across the hall a cabinet which says: ONBOARD COMMUNICATIONS, is torn open. It is where DeJesus fixed the intercom the day before.

CLOSE ON THE CABINET

The door is shattered. Carefully, Cobb opens the door and WE SEE the guts of the wiring have been torn out--the entire system has been disabled.

Cobb carefully examines the damage WHEN SUDDENLY A SCALY HAND-LIKE APPENDAGE slams into the cabinet door trapping COBB and sending his weapon to the floor. Cobb turns directly into

THE LEECH-LIKE MOUTH! It's sharp teeth shine in the light, poised to strike.

Cobb's eyes closed, screams like a maniac, waiting for the tentacle to attack. Then suddenly an UNGODLY SCREAM echoes in the corridor.

COBB opens his eyes to see the tentacle gone. Doc is holding the smoking mining drill, his eyes glazed, as if he has seen the devil itself.

COBB

What happened?

DOC

(absently)

It...almost got you.

COBB

What was it?

Doc shakes his head dumbly. He is in total shock.

THE MESS

The remaining group is assembled around the table. Jones watches the door with one of the homemade flamethrowers. He listens.

COBS

(excitedly)

I saw it! It's big!

BECK

Big?

JONES

Bigger than DeJesus? How?

DOC

It's had a meal.

He holds out the empty blood bags. A change has come over Doc since Bowman's death. The experience has slightly deadened him.

WILLIE

It needs blood?

JONES

Fucking great...You telling me we got a fucking dracula in here with us?

DOC

It would explain the suction-like appendages.

JONES

Like a leech.

BECK

That's why there's a dead one on the ship. It ran out of blood.

JONES

What dead one on the ship?

He looks from Doc to Beck.

JONES(cont'd)

(sharply)

Someone want to let the rank and file in on your little secret?

Doc looks at Beck, then Jones.

DOC

The monster appears to be
a genetic aberration...

JONES

No fuckin' lie...

DOC

...It has many traits of deep
sea marine life...regeneration,
scales, gills, even a period
of dormancy...

(more to Beck)

but the fact that it remembered
where the plasma was stored, or
where the communication wiring was,
may imply that it has some other
quality...

COBB

(panicky)

What?...What?

Beck locks eyes with Doc.

BECK

(to Doc)

That it acquires intelligence
from its victims?

DOC

Intelligence may not be the right
word...

JONES

Fuck semantics, Doc!
You saying its like part
DeJesus, part Sixpack, part
Bowman?!

DOC

(tiredly)

I don't know. I'm guessing.

COBB

(losing it)

I say we should go get in the
escape bubbles and get the hell
out of here!

JONES

And hit the surface in the

middle of a typhoon?...No, thank you.
I'll take my chance down here.

Willie looks at Beck.

WILLIE

What can we do?

BECK

Our only chance is to lure
it to the Swamp and flush it
like we did the other.

COBB

And how're we going to do that?

Beck checks his flamethrower and looks at Jones.

TIME CUT TO

THE MESS - LATER

ON BECK He flexes his arm as a needle is taken from it. WE
SEE a half-pint of blood in a bag, held by Doc. He secures
it and hands it back to Beck.

DOC

Be careful with it.

BECK

Don't worry, I don't want to
give up any more.

He looks over at Jones who watches the door. Jones looks
back and nods. The coast is clear.

LOWER RING CORRIDOR - SAME

The door to the Mess opens and Beck slips into the shadows
of the hall. A second later Jones follows. In the dim
light they begin moving toward the Lower "B" corridor to the
Swamp.

MESS - SAME

Cobb, Doc and Willie alone in the Mess. Cobb scratches his
bandage. Doc notices.

DOC

Still bothering you?

COBB
Itches like hell.

DOC
Take it off and let me have
a look.

Cobb pulls back the bandage and looks at the gash.

INSERT COBB'S WOUND Pink and healing.

DOC
Looks good to me. I'll re-bandage
it, though.

He looks at Willie.

DOC(cont'd)
Willie, would you clean it
for me. I'm going to the
infirmary for supplies.

He turns and Willie stops him with a firm grip.

WILLIE
You can't go out there alone.

DOC
I'm the Doctor. I have to
do what's best for this crew.
(he pulls away)
I need my bag.

THE LOWER RING CORRIDOR - SAME

The door opens and carefully Doc steps out into the
corridor. He looks toward the Infirmary then starts up the
ladder to the Upper Level instead.

CLOSE ON DROPS OF BLOOD INTO A SMALL POOL

a grisly sight.

WE PULL BACK TO REVEAL the drops coming from the plasma bag
of Beck's blood. Beck stops the drip and moves on into the
darkness of the corridor.

CONTROL ROOM

Doc moves behind the computer keyboard in the dim light of
the Control room. His face lit by the computer monitor. He

types furiously.

COMPUTER SCREEN

"Emergency Escape Bubbles...ready for activation..."

DOC pauses looking at the message, then moves his hand to the SEND command and presses it.

THE MESS - LATER

Willie prepares a clean bandage as Doc examines the cut. He smiles at Cobb like a friendly country doctor. The tired look now gone from his eyes. He seems revitalized.

DOC

There, good as new. Just
keep your paws off of it.

(to Willie)

Do you have the new bandage ready?

She nods. Doc turns back to the sink and Cobb holds out his arm to let Willie put the new bandage on. As Cobb's arm comes up we suddenly notice a slight movement under his shirt. Willie stops just before applying the bandage. The movement intensifies--like snakes moving wildly beneath the cloth. Cobb whitens...breaks out in a sweat. Willie backs off.

WILLIE

Doc?...Doc!

She steps back and Doc moves into her place as suddenly a leech-mouthed tentacle erupts from Cobb's waist. It's razor sharp proboscis punctures Doc's chest right at the heart and the leach mouth with it's hundreds of teeth attaches with vacuum-like suction.

DOC

No!

But it is too late. Willie falls back screaming as Cobb's gash RRRRRRRIPS OPEN! THE FLESH OPENING GROTESQUELY FROM THE INSIDE AND INVERTS SCALY--SPREADING OVER COBB'S BODY LIKE A BUSHFIRE!

CORRIDOR "B"

CLOSE ON THE POOL OF BLOOD

A huge shadow falls over the pool left by Beck. A scaly

tentacle suddenly whips across the floor. The DEJESUS CREATURE! WE SEE THE FLASH OF ITS APPENDAGES. IT'S HEAD. AN EYE OPENS AND LOOKS UP.

WHAT IT SEES The outline of Beck lying "hurt" fifty feet away.

It starts down the corridor toward it's prey--Beck.

ON BECK

A little behind him with the homemade flamethrower, Jones waits in the shadows. Suddenly Beck hears something.

BECK

(whispers)

I hear something. Don't fire
until we're both in the Swamp.

Jones moves a little farther back.

BECK(cont'd)

Don't let him see you.

JONES

Don't worry...

As the Creature approaches WE SEE Beck stand up like a wounded animal. He begins dragging his "injured" leg behind him as he retreats toward the Swamp. THE FOOTSTEPS MOVE FASTER. IT'S CLOSING!

INT. RING CORRIDOR - SAME

ON WILLIE She bursts out the door to the MESS and heads toward Corridor "B."

DOOR TO THE SWAMP

Beck moves through the door to the Swamp and positions himself by the door. He looks back and WE SEE Jones for the first time, flamethrower poised, ready to fire.

JONES

C'mon baby c'mon...

ON THE SHADOW OF THE CREATURE

It moves steadily toward the door, moving right to the doorway. Carefully it moves a dark, horrible hand-like appendage inside the doorframe.

ON BECK AND JONES

poised to kill when suddenly both men hear the same thing.

WILLIE'S VOICE(O.S.)

Beck? Jones!?

ON WILLIE

She turns the corner and freezes. There, less than ten feet away is the Creature. A tentacle whips excitedly like a tail!

WILLIE

Oh God...

AS THE CREATURE starts to turn for Willie, Beck suddenly closes the vault-like door to the swamp on Creature's hand, trapping it vise-like in the door.

BECK

Run Willie! Run!

The Creature throws back its head and SCREAMS in pain as the heavy door severs its appendage.

ON BECK AND JONES

As the writhing hand-like appendage squirms in front of them Jones blasts it with his flamethrower until the hand curls like a piece of bacon and it ceases to move.

JONES

Well done. Just like
momma makes 'em.

Beck opens the door--the corridor is empty. Willie and the creature are gone.

ON WILLIE RUNNING

She heads back toward the Ring corridor around the inner path toward Corridor "A". In a full run now, every panel and instrument looks even more sinister--where is Cobb/Doc CREATURE?---

ON THE DEJESUS CREATURE'S SEVERED APPENDAGE

As the Creature moves after Willie we see its bloody stump suddenly sprout a new appendage! Like a starfish it grows

another leech like tentacle to replace the one it lost.

ON WILLIE

She turns down Corridor "A". A NOISE overhead in the water conduit causes her to look up WHEN SUDDENLY A BLACK ARM REACHES OUT FROM THE SHADOWS, AND PULLS HER INTO THE DARK DOORWAY TO THE MACHINE FLOOR----IT IS JONES! He pulls her between him and Beck in the shadows.

BECK

(whispered)

Where's Cobb and Doc?

WILLIE

(recovering)

Cobb's cut...It was in him!
It got Doc...

JONES

Oh man, that's just great...

BECK

C'mon.

CONTROL ROOM

Beck is followed inside by Jones and Willie. It is empty.

BECK

Lock the door.

Jones rolls the large vault-like door closed and locks them. Beck goes to the console and checks the instruments. Suddenly he sees something that causes him to freeze in his tracks. A red light blinks ominously on the console.

BECK

Shit! He sent them all.

WILLIE

The escape bubbles?

She and Jones stop in front of Doc's console.

JONES

(gravely)

Look at this.

Beck looks at Doc's computer screen.

ON SCREEN WE SEE DOC'S MESSAGE: "...hope that our sacrifice will mean that the human race will never know this awful mutation..."

WILLIE

What is it?

JONES

The good doctor signed our death warrant.

SUDDENLY THERE IS A TREMENDOUS BANGING ON THE DOOR! LIKE A HUNDRED SLEDGEHAMMERS POUNDING THE HEAVY STEEL DOOR TRYING TO BREAK IT DOWN. Jones readies his weapon but just as suddenly, the BANGING STOPS. Beck, Willie and Jones all nervously exchange looks.

WILLIE

Well, at least we're safe inside here.

JONES

For how long?

Beck slides behind the Console and quickly types in a message. WE SEE IT ON THE SCREEN. "SHACK SIX REPORTING. PLEASE DISREGARD PREVIOUS MESSAGE---"

SUDDENLY MARTIN'S FACE APPEARS ON THE VIDEO SCREEN.

MARTIN

Thank goodness, you're still alive!

JONES

(yells nervously at the screen)

Hey, man, you better get your ass out here right now and get us. You hear me, motherfucker? Right now!

Martin smiles calmly back at the three of them.

MARTIN

Please relax, Mr. Jones. Everything is under control. Naturally, when we received Dr. Warren's message we were concerned but would never have deserted you.

Jones lets out a breath. Willie stares straight at the screen.

WILLIE

When are you coming for us?

MARTIN

(smiles nervously)

Well, that's the bad news.

The typhoon did turn your way.

(he looks at weather
printout)

Right now it is on a course--

JONES

Just answer the question, man!

When are you coming?!

MARTIN

(beat)

Hopefully in the next 48 hours.

BECK

Forty-eight hours!

MARTIN

I realize you must have gone
through hell--

JONES

Gone? Man, we're still here!

MARTIN

(firmly)

I can't change the weather.

Try to get some rest. I'll

keep you posted.

He turns off his screen and the picture in front of Beck, Jones and Willie goes blank.

BECK

He's right. Why don't you get some
rest. I'll stand the first watch.

TIME CUT TO

CONTROL ROOM - LATER

Jones sits near the vent sound asleep, his weapon across his stomach. Near him Willie lies still, eyes open. She

watches Beck across the room, standing at the window.

He stares outside into the darkness for a moment, then as if a thought suddenly occurs to him he looks at the blank computer screen.

CLOSE ON COMPUTER SCREEN

"Request weather summaries January 14-21." The cursor blinks back ominously then races across the screen. "FILE CLOSED."

BECK

(to himself)

Martin, you asshole...

Suddenly he hears a voice behind him.

WILLIE

They know, don't they?

BECK

(quietly)

Yeah...I think they're just deciding what to do with us.

WILLIE

Maybe they already have.

She moves into Doc's seat in front of the console and calls up the stock market program that Bowman was monitoring earlier.

ON SCREEN WE SEE: Stock prices.

Willie types in a series of commands.

BECK

What are you doing?

WILLIE

Seeing how my stock's doing...

ON SCREEN: The words TransOcean Corp. The capsulized report comes up on screen: "TransOcean Corp. took a bath on world markets today when news of a tragic mining accident was revealed to investors. The Board of Directors...."

WILLIE

(impatiently)

Where?....

She scrolls forward in the report and suddenly freezes the words.

THE SCREEN: "...accident took place in Shack Six, Southeast Sector of Pacific Zone 10...Seven dead. All bodies missing." Their names follow.

ON WILLIE as her name comes up she shivers.

BECK

I can't believe they'd
just leave us.

A voice behind them causes them to turn.

JONES

Welcome to the union, boss.
We're all expendable.

He is now awake. He sits up against the air vent. Suddenly, Beck listens, the room is deathly silent. He looks over to the air vent. Jones is listening also.

WILLIE

What is it?

JONES

The air's stopped.

WHOOOP! WHOOOP! Suddenly a KLAXON HORN sounds hysterically. A blue light on the console blinks on and off. It says "AIR." Beck turns to the instruments.

BECK

We're on backup air.

WILLIE

How much time does that give
us?

BECK

Less than an hour. It's ruptured
an air duct.

WILLIE

Can't we fix it?

JONES

There're twenty miles of
pipe in the bilge, they

could have tapped-in anywhere.

SUDDENLY WE HEAR A SOUND WE HAVEN'T HEARD IN A LONG TIME.
The RATTLE THAT JONES AND COBB FIXED. Jones and Beck home
in on the tell-tale noise.

JONES
(almost to himself)
Cobb...Job security...

He locks eyes with Beck.

BECK
They're drawing us out.

He leaves his seat and Jones checks his weapon as Willie
watches.

WILLIE
You can't go out there, that's
what they want.

Beck checks his make-shift flamethrower.

BECK
We don't have much choice...
without air, the internal
pressure will fall and--

JONES
Crunch...Implosion.

Willie watches them a moment then picks up one of the mining
tools, the laser-drill, she powers-it up to check it. Her
action stops both men and she catches their looks.

WILLIE
You don't think I'm sitting
in here, do you?

INT. CORRIDOR "A" - SAME

Carefully the three move into the Lower Ring Corridor. As
they move we suddenly hear a new sound, DEEP, LIKE DISTANT
THUNDER. The sides of the shack tremble slightly.

WILLIE
(low)
The shack...

JONES

She's wondering what's happening. We're losing air faster than I thought.

BECK
(to Jones)

Which way?

Jones moves to the lead and turns down Corridor "A."

INT. CORRIDOR "A"

The SOUND of the power-wrench removing the bolts from the flooring. The cover is removed and Beck and Jones peer down into the darkness. Willie stands guard with the flame-thrower.

ON JONES He peers into the darkness below. He wasn't a big fan of the bilge even before the Creature, now he's scared shitless.

BECK
I'll go first.

Before Jones can protest Beck drops the ladder and climbs down into the dark bilge. Jones waits till he's at the bottom, then starts down behind him. Willie looks back.

WILLIE
Don't spend all day down there.

JONES
Don't fuckin' worry, I ain't.

BILGE

From somewhere in the darkness we hear the HISSING SOUND OF ESCAPING OXYGEN and the FAMILIAR RATTLE OF THE AIR SYSTEM. As soon as Jones reaches the bottom rung Beck shines a light into the eerie underground area.

Pipes run overhead and on the walls. A broken electrical conduit sparks over their heads. The floor is ankle deep in greasy water. They start toward the noise.

ON WILLIE

Her back is to the solid wall(outside wall). Her eyes move from one end of the corridor to the other, not lingering

long enough to distract her. Sweat runs down her face and we hear another tremor in the Shack.

WILLIE

(to herself,
calming herself)

Okay, Williams...let's hear a
tune.

(beat, quietly
at first)

"Off we go...into the wild
blue yonder..."

ANOTHER RUMBLE FROM THE SHACK causes her to pause. She catches her breath and starts again.

WILLIE(cont'd)

"...flying high into the sky..."

She suddenly looks into the Main machine area (behind the wire mesh of the other wall). Was it something moving?

BILGE

ON BECK He moves around a corner we recognize from before with Jones' and Cobb's repair. Beck floods the area with light and the break in the line is visible. The pipe has been torn from the wall, it is totally unreparable. What's worse, electrical wires hang down, showering sparks into the water.

JONES

Jesus Christ...

BECK

Can you fix it?

JONES

No way...

BECK

Think! Can we stop it?!
Block it up?! Shut down
the line somewhere?! Think!

JONES

I am thinking, man! You
think I want to die! I am
thinking! I--

Suddenly his eyes widen. Beck sees this and turns. In his

light WE SEE THE GLINT OF LONG TEETH AND THE HUGE BLACK FRAME OF THE COBB/DOC CREATURE! It's leech-like appendage whipping in front of it like an excited cat's tail. Before it can strike, Jones pushes Beck out of the way and fires a blast of flame from his flamethrower. The CREATURE SCREAMS and disappears.

As Beck falls his light lands in the bilge water and goes out sending the bilge into greater darkness.

JONES

I hit it. But I can't see it! Can you see it?!

BECK

(standing)

No.

Jones looks back at the ruptured pipe and suddenly has a thought.

JONES

The Swamp. There's an override switch in the Swamp.

They start for the ladder when WWWWHHHHHHHIP! out of the darkness the appendage wraps like a bullwhip around Jones' arm. The deadly proboscis, which stabbed Cobb, is poised like a dagger about to be plunged into the black man's thigh.

JONES

(screams)

Ahhh!

Instinctively Beck whips out the mining saw and severs the tentacle. The unseen Creature's SCREAM echoes through the Bilge. Beck grabs Jones by the arm and pulls him toward the ladder.

BECK

Hurry...Get out!

Quickly they slosh toward the ladder and hole in the floor fifteen feet away, moving closer...ten...eight....then suddenly ANOTHER APPENDAGE thrusts between the rungs of the ladder at them. Beck ducks and leaps to the side. He is less than six feet from the Creature. In the dim light WE SEE it wickedly bare its teeth.

Beck's eyes go to the walls from one side to the other and

spot the exposed power cable. The Creature steps forward directly under the hole in the floor. It is about to lunge when a voice from above distracts it.

WILLIE'S VOICE(O.C.)

Hey, you?

The Creature looks up and sees:

ON WILLIE STANDING OVER THE OPENING, HER FLAMETHROWER POINTED STRAIGHT DOWN. SHE FIRES, SENDING A SEARING BLUE FLAME INTO THE BILGE.

BECK watches the flame roar down on the monster and it gives him the moment of distraction he needs. He leaps out of the bilge water and onto a pipe on the wall then rips the broken power cable from the wall.

BECK

Jones! Get your feet out of the water!

Jones jumps up and grabs a pipe running overhead as Beck thrusts the sparking cable into the water at the Creature's feet.

IN A BLINDING FLASH OF ELECTRICITY

The current surges through the Cobb/Doc Creature sending it instantly rigid. A second later it crashes forward into the water.

Moving hand over hand toward the ladder Jones quickly climbs out, followed by Beck.

THE SHACK CONTINUES TO SHAKE, EACH JOLT STRONGER THAN THE LAST. As they emerge Willie helps them.

BECK

C'mon, the Swamp!

They start for the Swamp down Corridor "A" when an enormous shudder goes through the Shack, causing the lights to blink and the floor to open beneath Beck. The jolt knocks him back into the bilge. Only grabbing onto the pipes just above the water stops him from falling back in.

JONES stops and looks back over the missing grating.

JONES

Beck!

Jones moves instinctively back for him, but another jolt only widens the gap. Beck yells to be heard over the din of the collapsing Shack.

BECK

Go on!

JONES

No!

BECK

That's an order!

JONES

Fuck your orders!

He leaps across the gap onto a remaining grating and thrusts his hand down into the darkness. Beck lets go of one hand, then the other, to grab Jones' extended arm. In one Herculean effort Jones pulls him out of the bilge. Together they leap across the chasm as the Desalinization Conduit collapses over their heads and water floods into Corridor "A" behind them. They have to go around the other way!

AS THEY RUN

KLAXON HORNS SOUND and a RECORDED FEMALE VOICE warns: "Five minutes until implosion..."

FLASH CUTS OF:

THE LIGHTS FLICKER AND FAIL, CAUSING THE EMERGENCY LIGHTING TO GO ON, AND CASTING AN EERIE STROBE EFFECT ON THE ESCAPING THREE CREW MEMBERS

FALLING CEILING BEAMS CRASH DOWN IN FRONT AND BEHIND...

SEAMS BEND UNDER THE STRAIN, RIVETS POP...

STRAINING MACHINES SEND SCALDING GEYSERS OF STEAM INTO THE CORRIDORS...AND SUDDENLY THE FLOOR GIVES WAY BENEATH WILLIE! She leaps up and grabs an overhanging pipe and swings to the firm ground.

JONES LEADS THE WAY TOWARD THE SWAMP, WITH WILLIE BEHIND HIM, AND BECK COVERING THE REAR.

THEY reach the end of the corridor and Willie and Jones turn into the Swamp Annex. Willie hits the door opener. RRRRRR IT DOESN'T BUDGE. The pressure has bent the door frame.

BECK ARRIVES

WILLIE

It's jammed!

Immediately Beck backtracks to the corridor and pulls a hand held spreader--like a "Jaws of Life"--from the wall. He turns back to the Swamp when a BLACK SCALY ARM SUDDENLY BURSTS THROUGH THE WIRE MESH OF THE MACHINE FLOOR AND PULLS BECK AGAINST THE WIRE! IT IS THE DEJESUS CREATURE.

His head held in place by the powerful arm, Beck looks almost directly into the dark eyes of the Creature. Its gill-like slits flare. Its mouth opens and we see a flash of its razor sharp teeth.

Before Beck can move the leech-like appendage ruptures the steel mesh and its razor-sharp proboscis plunges like a knife for Beck's face. At the last instant Beck move his head and the proboscis slams into the steel mesh. The mesh loosens the creature's grip and Beck manages to reach a mining drill from the tools on the wall. As the appendage starts to strike again Beck buries the whining tool into the Creature's tentacle and breaks free.

Scooping up the spreader Beck rushes to the Swamp door where Jones and Willie are trying vainly to hand crank the door open.

JONES

Where the hell've you been?

BECK

I got hung up! Try this!

Willie stands back and Beck thrusts the Spreader into the tiny crack in the door the hand crank had made. With Jones' help the two men force open the door and all three rush inside the SWAMP. Beck closes the door behind them.

THE RECORDED FEMALE VOICE INTONES: "Five minutes to implosion." And we feel it happening:

THE BILGE WATER ON THE FLOOR OF THE SWAMP RIPPLES WITH THE VIBRATIONS

THE WALLS SHAKE

THE HUGE METAL SUITS ROCK LIKE CLOTHES ON A CLOTHES LINE. ONE FALLS AND CRASHES INTO THE WATER

JONES throws open the control panel and grabs the red handled emergency air switch, but he can only move it half way! It is jammed by the pressure.

JONES

It won't go!

Willie grabs it with him, but even together it is not enough. THE HANDLE BREAKS OFF IN THEIR HANDS!

STEAM JETS WHIP DOWN ON THEM FROM ABOVE!

THE WATER AT THEIR FEET NOW BOILS FROM VIBRATION!

THE FEMALE VOICE INTONES: "Four minutes..."

BECK TURNS AND SEES THE SUITS IN THE LOCK

He grabs Willie and pushes her toward the Lock where her suit hangs.

BECK

The suits! Get in them!

Willie moves quickly but Jones doesn't.

JONES

The suits! Are you crazy!
How're we going to get to
the surface?

Beck yanks open the equipment locker revealing TANKS OF COMPRESSED AIR AND DEFLATED CONTAINER TRANSPORTERS.

BECK

Like this.

He looks up at Jones who grins with renewed hope and they begin pulling the equipment out.

BECK(cont'd)

Get them in the Lock!

Jones and Beck drag the tanks and the parachute-like Container transporters to the lock.

ON WILLIE She climbs into her suit and activates her generator. Instantly her Vital Signs spring to life around the perimeter of her helmet.

THE FEMALE VOICE TREMBLES FROM THE VIBRATIONS..."Three minutes...to...implosion..."

Beck and Jones throw the last of the supplies onto the elevator and Beck holds out the SEISMIC TOOL Jones tried to arm himself with earlier. He takes the tool from Beck and sticks it in the vest of his wet suit.

Then suddenly he sees that there are only two suits in the Lock. Beck will have to wait on his to move along the track to the Lock.

JONES

Your suit, Becky!

BECK

Just get in yours!

Jones climbs onto the Lock platform and slides into his suit.

Beck hits the Suit track button and his suit begins moving along the track toward the Lock. A suit turns the corner from the storage room followed by one labeled BECK.

Beck looks at the walls, they're shaking harder. He moves along the suit rack when suddenly THE CREATURE BURSTS FROM BEHIND THE SUITS SHATTERING THEM LIKE AN EXPLOSION! A HUGE TENTACLE HURLS TOWARD BECK LIKE A SPEAR.

BECK ducks just in time, grabbing a fire ax and chopping off the appendage. Another tentacle jabs for Beck.

WILLIE

(screams)

Look out!

But it is too late. It knocks the ax from Beck's hand and sends him to the floor. Beck looks up at the Lock in time to see Jones seal himself into his suit.

JONES/RADIO

I'm in.

BECK

(to the others)

Go!

WILLIE/RADIO

No!

THE CREATURE APPROACHES BECK

Beck looks at the others one last time.

BECK

Go, now! That's an order!

Jones hits the elevator button and the Lock closes as the elevator sends them down without Beck.

BECK stands and arms himself with a mining drill, which he swings at the Creature driving it back. As Beck gets the upper hand, the Creature turns its hideous face and Beck freezes. There attached to the back of the Creature's head is the grotesque face of DeJesus!

DeJesus' eyes suddenly blink. He's still alive! His lips tremble in agony.

DEJESUS

Kill me...Kill me!

Beck, momentarily stopped by the face, lunges forward with the drill and embeds it in the side of the Creature.

As the Creature falls back hurt, Beck looks up at the lock elevator as it returns--IT IS EMPTY--The others have made it out! His suit continues down the track and stops in the Lock. He still has to make it, if he can just get there!

THE RECORDED FEMALE VOICE SOUNDS: "One minute to implosion..."

Beck races to the Lock and starts to climb into the suit. His arms slide into place, his legs drop into the heavy metal shell and as he seals up the back he activates the generator.

BECK'S POV. His vital signs light up around the perimeter of his helmet, but he sees something else--the Creature charges toward the Lock--its arm reaches out to yank Beck out of the elevator! Instinctively, Beck swings his motorized leg into the Creature's snarling mouth, knocking it backwards and stunning it long enough for Beck to hit the elevator button. BUT IT DOESN'T WORK!

BECK

No!

He hits again, still nothing!

THE RECORDED FEMALE VOICE..."Nineteen, eighteen..." Her voice begins to quiver.

BECK POUNDS ON THE BUTTON AND LOOKS UP JUST AS THE CREATURE DIVES FOR HIM, ITS HUGE SCALY HAND GRABBING HIM AROUND BECK'S LEG!

CLOSE ON THE ELVATOR BUTTON Beck pounds it one last time and NNNNNNNNNNNN!

THE LOCK CLOSES, CRUSHING THE CREATURE AS IT FLUSHES BECK OUTSIDE SECONDS BEFORE THE ENTIRE STRUCTURE COLLAPSES WITH IMPLOSION AND SUDDENLY EXPLODES IN A HUGE SHUDDER OF ENERGY!

UNDERWATER - LATER

WHOOSH! A parachute-like Container Transporter zoom toward the surface. A heavy-suited crew member flashes past us. Its helmet light pierces the darkness, then disappears. A moment later another Transporter follows, racing out of the darkness after the first.

BECK'S POV We see the vital signs lit in a ring around his helmet. The depth gauge races past with blinding speed as he moves closer to the surface.

WILLIE'S POV She tilts her head upwards. She snaps off her light and sees instead of black, a lighter gray, then suddenly faint traces of light in the water above her. At first it seems like her eyes are playing tricks on her, then we see it again--a glimmer of light.

WILLIE(RADIO)

Light. Beck, I see light!

ON BECK

He follows her look. Light is coming fast, brightening as they rise. The LED numbers inside their helmets click off..."125, 100, 75..."

BECK(RADIO)

Wait till you reach thirty-five before you blow your suit...

WILLIE'S VOICE(RADIO)

Roger.

WILLIE'S POV Her numbers count down "...70, 60, 50, 40..."

WILLIE(RADIO)

Ejecting.

She yanks at the handle on the chest plate and WHOOSH! The plate bursts open and reveals a second interior handle. Her hand gropes for it.

SUNLIGHT IS STREAMING DOWN THROUGH THE WATER AS SHE RUSHES UPWARD.

WHOOSH! The helmet and torso of the suit are blown open as she pulls the second lever detaching her from the balloons.

No longer oxygen supported or being pulled upward, Willie frees herself from the heavy suit and swims to the surface.

SUDDENLY SHE BREAKS THE SURFACE AND CATCHES A GLIMPSE OF THE SUN, DAZZLING THROUGH A MILLION DROPLETS OF WATER AS A HUGE SWELL CARRIES HER UP EVEN HIGHER.

Then she's underwater again, struggling desperately to pull the tab on the life jacket around her neck. Suddenly a MALE HAND GRABS THE TAB FOR HER AND PULLS. She looks up at Beck.

WILLIE

We made it!

BECK

Where's Jones?

Holding onto each other Willie and Beck ride a swell. At the crest WE SEE JONES in the trough below, face down. Beck breaks away from Willie and swims through the waves to reach Jones. Reaching him Beck pulls his face out of the water and inflates his life jacket.

WILLIE

Is he okay?

Beck lays Jones head back against the life jacket. For a moment. Jones seems lifeless, then his eyes blink and squint against the sunlight. Beck turns back to Willie and as he and Jones ride the next crest he gives her the "thumbs-up."

WILLIE(cont'd)

(jubilant)

The sun! The sun!

Jones looks at Beck and grins.

JONES

What happened to that typhoon?

CALM SEA - LATER

BECK, WILLIE AND JONES cling to each other as they search the horizon.

WILLIE

Are you sure you saw something?

JONES

How many times I got to tell you. I saw a ship.

WILLIE

Well, why haven't they answered our flares?

BECK

We'll fire one more, that leaves us one last one.

BECK pulls the flare off his latex wet suit and fires it into the sky casting a comforting yellow glow over the dark water. The light fades, Willie looks at Jones.

WILLIE

Are you okay, Jonesy?

JONES

(weakly)

Tip top, Willie...tip top.

WILLIE

(testing him)

Who's the best power forward in the NBA...Jameson?

JONES

(tired, but with fight)

Jameson? Who are you trying to con...?

They both manage a weak laugh, then Beck sees something.

BECK

I'll be damned. Look!...A flare!

As a small swell lifts them up we can see a tiny flare just fading against the sky.

WILLIE

It saw us!

JONES

Answer them and quit kicking me!

WILLIE

I'm not touching you!

WHOOOOOOOSH! Beck fires another flare into the sky. As the flare arcs downward, Willie feels another bump and for the first time sees the SHARKS CIRCLING THEM.

WILLIE

No...no, no, no.

The SHARKS tighten the circle as the flare fades.

EXT. U.S. COASTGUARD SHIP'S BRIDGE - SAME

A CAPTAIN watches the flare fade through his binoculars and speaks to someone O.S.

CAPTAIN

I thought you said you'd
combed this area?

He lowers his binoculars AS WE WIDEN TO REVEAL MARTIN standing on the bridge. He also lowers his binoculars and smiles coolly as he lies.

MARTIN

We did....Many times.

CAPTAIN

(looks at Martin
then to a Lieutenant)

Initiate rescue.

We hold on Martin's face as from

THE FORE DECK OF THE SHIP

A rescue chopper with pontoons lifts off the deck and banks off toward the fading flare.

OCEAN - SAME

Jones, Willie and Beck stay bunched close together. Suddenly Willie feels another bump.

WILLIE

(panicky)

It hit me! Where are they?!

BECK

I can't see them!

Suddenly he is bumped by a shark. Willie sees one only two feet away. They are surrounded. Suddenly Jones stare to taunt the sharks aggressively.

JONES

All right! I've had enough of this shit! You want meat, motherfucker? Come on, eat me, sucker, try some dark meat!

He pushes away from the group despite Beck's attempt to stop him.

JONES(cont'd)

(taunting sharks)

What's wrong you snout-nosed bastards? My meat too tough for you?!

Amazingly the sharks begin to disappear. Willie and Beck watch stunned. Even Jones is surprised.

JONES(cont'd)

(to Willie and Beck)

Whoa! Did you see those fools run? They know whose boss.

He jabs his arm upward in triumph and for the first time WE SEE a gash across his forearm.

UNDERWATER POV

As Jones crows triumphantly, WE SUDDENLY SEE HIS WET SUIT RIPPING ALONG HIS THIGHS!

SURFACE/OCEAN

Jones is chortling, suddenly his smile vanishes, something is happening...

WE hear the DRONE OF THE APPROACHING HELICOPTER...THUMP, THUMP, THUMP...The blades of the helicopter sound out over the waves. It's lights are visible. Willie and Beck wave frantically as Jones drifts closer to them!

UNDERWATER

JONES' LEGS His wet suit is now completely split open and
WE SEE THE BLACK SCALES SPREADING!

THE HELICOPTER

hovers over the group below and lands on the water. Its blades beat the surface into waves. The WINCH OPERATOR hurls out a rescue harness and Beck helps Willie into the ring. He CLICKS the fastener and suddenly they both lock eyes. Before Willie can say anything Beck falls back and signals the Winch operator who begins hauling her to safety. Immediately Beck locks back at Jones and extends his arm.

BECK

Jonesy...Give me your hand!

WILLIE reaches the helicopter and quickly climbs out of the harness. The Winch operator throws it back across the water where

BECK grabs the harness.

BECK

C'mon, Jones!

Jones reaches out his hand. He is almost there WHEN SUDDENLY RISING OUT OF THE WATER BEHIND THEM IS THE SIXPACK/BOWMAN CREATURE IN ALL ITS HIDEOUS GLORY! HUGE AND GRUESOME, ITS LONG TEETH GLIMMER IN THE LIGHT. IT GOES FOR BECK BUT JONES MOVES BETWEEN THEM.

BECK

Jonesy, No!

JONES

Get out of here, Becky!

The Creature grabs Jones and pulls him violently under. Beck watches horrified as his friend disappears. Numbed he clips the rescue harness around him when suddenly, WE SEE a boiling of water where Jones disappeared...bubbles rising...and then Jones' bloody and tattered life vest bobs to the surface several feet away from Beck.

Beck reaches out for it just as the Creature appears again! It turns and focuses on Beck. Beck keeps going for the life vest as the Creature starts for him.

ON HELICOPTER

The Winch operator and Willie watch in horror as the Creature bears down on Beck.

WINCH OPERATOR

Is he in the harness!

CLOSE ON JONES' TATTERED VEST Beck reaches it. His fingers wrap around the bicycle pump-like, seismic tool in Jones' vest pocket. The Creature is right on top of him!

CHUNK, CHUNK, Beck cocks it like a pump shotgun as tentacles rise wickedly out of the water and wrap around Beck's body in a death grip. It's horrible mouth starts to open.

BECK

C'mon, motherfucker open up!

The Creature's mouth widens and as it starts to strike Beck thrusts the seismic tool into its gaping maw and is suddenly pulled from behind--out of the creature's grasp! The rescue cable is taut! The helicopter is taking off!

BECK'S POV/ RISING SHOT. Beck rises suddenly out of the water, the Creature growing instantly smaller below him until BOOM! the Seismic device explodes in the Sixpack/Bowman Creature, blowing it to bits across the ocean surface! The shock wave sends the helicopter banking off toward the ship with Beck safely attached by cable below it. The winch operator pulls him in.

EXT. COAST GUARD SHIP - LATER

Beck, dressed now in crisp white clothes, stands on deck of the ship. He glances occasionally at a door nearby marked INFIRMARY, then looks up as the Captain approaches and shakes his hand.

CAPTAIN

Mr. Beck, I understand you passed your physical with flying colors. And Ms. Williams?

BECK

(worried)

I don't know yet, she's still in there.

CAPTAIN

Well, you'll be glad to know

you have a friend onboard.

Beck looks up surprised as suddenly Martin joins them.

MARTIN

(excitedly)

Beck! I told them you'd
make it. No one back at
TransOcean believed me, but
I never gave up on you once.

(smiling)

So, how are you feeling?

Beck looks at Martin for an instant then hauls off and in one incredibly smooth punch knocks Martin on his can across the deck.

BECK

Better...A lot better.

Just then the door to the infirmary opens and Willie appears with a new outfit on. Smiles at Beck.

WILLIE

I'm fine!

Beck lets out a slight sigh of relief as a STEWARD approaches with a tray of WHOLE COOKED FISH, HIDEOUS LOOKING THINGS LIKE ANGLERS, LOBSTERS, CRABS...MINIATURE LEVIATHAN. The sight is almost too intense for Beck and Willie. The Captain notices.

CAPTAIN

I thought we might have some
wonderful seafood. But, if there's
something else you'd rather have...

Willie stares at the tray of seafood uneasily then looks at the Captain and smiles.

WILLIE

How about a burger and fries?

She and Beck laugh as they sit at a finely set table on the deck with the Captain.

AS WE PULL BACK the ship becomes smaller and smaller in the distance and WE ARE AT THE

SURFACE OF THE OCEAN

riding the swells, rising and falling before slipping
beneath the waves and descending again into the cold
depths.

THE END