

CREATURE FROM THE BLACK LAGOON

by
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Based on the Original
Creature from the Black Lagoon (1954)

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UNIVERSAL LOGO

Over the classic logo we hear heavy breathing of panicked gasps.
Someone on the run.

CUT TO:

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

Jarring, hand held camera reveals a MAN, mid 30s. His body is completely covered in perspiration. He moves with amazing speed and agility, continually looking back towards some as-of-yet unseen pursuer.

The man is bare chested and dressed as traditional Peruvian tribal. His face is tattooed, his ears and lips pierced, yet his features seem more European than Peruvian.

Close on the man's face. Sweat drips into his eyes. He blinks them shut and for a brief glimpse we see eyelids that seem more REPTILIAN than human- a double membraned white inner eyelid. But the moment is fleeting and obscure.

A sound behind him...an inhuman ROAR. The man shutters...a glance behind...camera reveals nothing...the man looks ahead just in time to see a 20 FOOT CHASM. But he doesn't stop. With what is clearly impossible strength he JUMPS THE CHASM, lands, continues to run without pause.

Suddenly, the vegetation underfoot gives way to ASPHALT as the man blasts out of the dense jungle and onto the middle of an isolated HIGHWAY.

EXT. HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

A MASSIVE BIG RIG, carrying hundreds of recently felled trees, screams by the man missing him by inches. Although unstoppable before, the sight of thousands of tons of speeding steel brings him to a sudden halt.

Shocked by this sight, the man takes a tentative step back and is HIT by a PICK UP TRUCK traveling at highway speeds. He's instantly crushed. His head gets whipped backwards into the truck's front windshield before his body flies over the vehicle and lands in a heap on the pavement behind.

ANGLE ON:

The jungle's edge. Camera pushes. Green foliage gives way to a set of eyes. The camera closes in and we see that the eyes belong to ANOTHER MAN from the same tribe. The leaves rustle. We catch a glimpse of three other tribesmen arriving within the deep foliage.

One of the TRIBESMEN moves out towards the highway but is stopped by another. Their pursuit is over, the man is dead. A beat and then they are gone, disappeared back within the deep jungle.

EXT. HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

Bystanders -modern day Peruvians- begin to gather around the body. The camera drifts through them towards the dead man. BLACK BLOOD flows out of his nose and mouth and begins to pool out from under the body. He has been literally folded in half from the impact, his spine shattered, his neck wrenched at more than ninety degrees.

One of the BYSTANDERS moves to the body and places two fingers on the man's neck in a vain attempt to locate a pulse. Just as he looks up to the others and shakes his head signaling no pulse, the dead man's hand THRUSTS UPWARDS AND SLAMS into the bystander's arm. Shock beat as the body begins to spasm and buckle uncontrollably, as if a massive surge of electricity somehow is ripping through his lifeless limbs.

Camera looks straight down at the scene as the group of bystanders back away from the re-animated body.

BLACKNESS - TITLE

"creature from the black lagoon"

AMAZON RIVER - DAY

Aerial shot of the river 1000 feet below. A sea of green, horizon to horizon bisected by the mighty AMAZON RIVER. Widen to reveal our POV is from the window of an airplane.

REVEAL:

INT. PLANE - CONTINUOUS

CARRIE, late 20s, looks down at the jungle. They're on descent. The river-side jungle town of IQUITOS appears below.

Turbulence suddenly buffets the small aircraft. Carrie shuts her eyes. A hand reaches over, wraps around hers reassuringly. This is JOHN, mid 40s.

Camera lingers on their clasped hands. There's an ENGAGEMENT ring on Carrie's finger.

JOHN
You OK?

CARRIE
Fine.

Clearly, she's not. The plane rocks again.

EXT. IQUITOS AIRPORT - DAY

John and Carrie emerge from Peruvian customs, only to be greeted by a mass of humanity trying to help with their luggage, offering them taxis, places to stay. It's all so immediate and in their face. Carrie seems overwhelmed.

JOHN
Stay here. I'm going to find our driver.

Off her look-

JOHN (CONT'D)
I'll be right back.

Left alone, Carrie studies the sea of people. She's rooted to her spot, taking in the scene. A man approaches.

MAN
Les llevo las maletas a mi taxi.

CARRIE
Taxi? No, that's ok my fiance is-

Before she can finish he suddenly grabs her bags and walks off.

CARRIE (CONT'D)
-Hey, wait...come back.

He doesn't stop. She takes a beat before following, keeping the man at a safe distance.

CARRIE (CONT'D)
Hello? I don't need the help-

She's having trouble keeping him in sight as he begins to disappear in the mass of people.

CARRIE (CONT'D)
Stop...come back-

And she runs right into John who is returning with their DRIVER.

CARRIE (CONT'D)

That man's got our luggage.

DRIVER

No worries, very common. I get luggage.
Our car is just outside.

The Driver rushes off, John and Carrie start for the door.

CARRIE

I tried to stop him.

John glances down at her hand, at the engagement ring.

JOHN

Maybe you shouldn't wear that here.

CARRIE

I don't want us to be like that, the
frightened American touristas.

JOHN

Then you should plan our next trip for
somewhere not so frightening. Like the
Bahamas. But we're here now so better
pocket it.

He winks.

And with that the ring is gone and buried deep in her pocket.

INT./ EXT. LANDCRUISER, IQUITOS STREETS- AFTERNOON

The vehicle winds its way through the congested streets of Iquitos. Their luggage is safely piled in the back cargo area. Everywhere: commerce, people, the day's catch. The trade of the river, inundating the city. The SUV seems somewhat out of place on the narrow streets populated by pedestrians and exhaust spewing Mototaxis (three wheeled Tuk Tuk styled motorcycles).

The SUV turns a corner and into the middle of hundreds of people in festive ceremonial dress--half-pagan, half-Christian, tumult of drums and stomping feet, papier mache effigies and singing.

JOHN

Wow.

She looks over. John's eyes are focused not on the show outside the window, but rather the BLACKBERRY in his hand.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Blackberry actually gets service down here.

CARRIE

Can we stay in the moment here?

JOHN

Can my Blackberry be part of the moment?

Outside, there's a YELL. A MAN, walking next to the taxi as it moves through the congestion. His body's completely covered in bright BLUE AND RED BODY PAINT. MAKESHIFT HORNS PROTRUDE FROM HIS HEAD. A large ornate papier mache cast causes him to favor his left leg as he limps.

CARRIE

(to the driver)

What is that?

DRIVER

(as if she should know)

Chullachaqui. The devil of the forest.

Part of the festival of San Juan.

The Chullachaqui suddenly beckons Carrie to join him. The language he employs is guttural, unintelligible to her.

DRIVER (CONT'D)

He's trying to persuade you to follow him into the jungle.

The Chullachaqui continues to beckon, his movements at once mesmerizing and unsettling.

CARRIE

Why?

DRIVER

(amused)

To do what the devil does.

John surveys the intense trance-like effort the man puts into playing the role, beckoning them...

JOHN

Guy takes his job a little too seriously.

The Chullachaqui runs off into the teeming mass of people.

DRIVER

The Riberenyo celebrate San Juan because
he is about water. And down here,
señor...

The driver guides the car around a corner. The buildings open up to reveal a shoreline street and the AMAZON RIVER beyond. It's SIX MILES-wide here, its banks crowded in a crush of shanties on stilts, fishing boats, people washing, pissing, and collecting drinking water from the slow-moving current. A teeming society as far as the eye can see, wholly dependent on the umbilical of the River.

DRIVER (CONT'D)

...water is life.

Off Carrie and John, eyeing the staggering vista of the river before them--

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL PLAZA MAYOR, BEDROOM - IQUITOS - NIGHT

--another view of the river. This one at night, the river in the distance, framed by the gauzy drapes on the balcony a five-star hotel.

Camera drifts over to John and Carrie, making love. It is not intense or passionate but rather rhythmic, formal, subdued. The roar of the celebration outside intermingles with their quiet sounds of climax.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOTEL PLAZA MAYOR, BALCONY - CONTINUOUS

The San Juan celebration is still going on in the plaza below. John, in his boxers and Carrie, wrapped in the sheet, emerge onto the balcony.

JOHN

Still at it. These Peruvians sure know
how to drink.

CARRIE

Looks like fun.

He throws her a surprised look.

CARRIE (CONT'D)

It does.

JOHN

Want to go down there?

She smiles at John.

CARRIE

No, right here is beauty enough.

He wraps his arms around her.

CUT TO:

EXT. BELEN PORT - IQUITOS - MORNING

Torrential rain. Carrie and John, now soaking wet despite umbrellas, push through the chaos and grime as they follow a TOUR REPRESENTATIVE carrying their luggage.

Carrie absorbs the commerce of the Riverfront--fishermen toting Herculean strange fish, dugout canoes nestled between modern boats.

They finally arrive at a decaying but still elegant RIVER QUEEN of a boat. Two story, with decks all the way around.

The CAPTAIN directs the porter with the luggage and approaches John and Carrie. He's older, but with a sweet, avuncular presence.

CAPTAIN

Bienvenido.

EXT. RIVER BOAT - COVERED DECK - DAY

A swirl of exhaust rises from the wake as the boat leaves port. Carrie stands at the stern railing, watching Iquitos diminish in the distance.

John's eyes are on his BlackBerry. The coverage bars go from 2, to 1...then none. No service.

JOHN

Well you've done it. Now I'm totally in the moment.

As the boat motors on...

INT. RIVER BOAT - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

That night. Rain continues to fall, battering the window pane. John and Carrie sit over dishes of local meat. There is only one other COUPLE on board, a French pair who converse quietly amongst themselves across the way.

CARRIE
(re: dish)
You like it?

JOHN
There's a diplomatic answer here I'm sure
but it's not coming to me.

The FRENCHMAN pipes up quietly from the other table.

FRENCHMAN
It's the Peruvian national dish. Cuy.

CARRIE
Cuy?

FRENCHMAN
(looks to his wife)
What's the word in English? Em. Guinea
pig.

John lowers his fork slightly.

The Frenchman motions to himself and his wife.

FRENCHMAN (CONT'D)
Etienne. Aja.

JOHN
John. Carrie.

ETIENNE
It's just us on the big boat, you know?

JOHN
Us and the Guinea pigs.

AJA
Do you go to Sueño Del Rio resort?

CARRIE
No, further up river. Treetops Lodge.

AJA

Ah, that's very remote. Just you and the jungle.

The First Mate, NANDO, serves the French Couple, pouring drinks.

ETIENNE

It's our anniversary-Peru's our gift to ourselves for surviving forty years.

CARRIE

Ours is an engagement sort of thing, I guess.

AJA

Congratulations. This calls for a celebration. Two more, Nando.

CARRIE

John spoke at a conference in Buenos Aires and we decided to extend the trip and come here.

JOHN

She decided. I consented.

ETIENNE

Then you've learned the secret to marriage already. Smart man.

Nando arrives with the new drinks. John and Carrie graciously accept theirs. Carrie sniffs the pungent drink.

ETIENNE (CONT'D)

It's pisco. The Peruvian national drink.
You'll love it, I swear to you.
(holds up his glass)
To marital bliss.

Everyone hoists their glasses in a silent cheer. They swallow it down. John grimaces like he just drank gasoline.

JOHN

It's godawful--

Off everyone's laughter--CUT TO--

INT. RIVER BOAT - DINING ROOM - LATER

The clink of glasses as Nando clears away their plates. The French couple have joined John and Carrie at their table.

They are deep into pisco now. John seems especially enthusiastic about his drink.

JOHN
Four more, Nando.

AJA
So he was your doctor?

JOHN
Surgeon actually.

ETIENNE
Positively scandalous.

AJA
And he made you well? Just like that?

CARRIE
Not just like that but, yes, eventually he did.

She and John lock hands.

CARRIE (CONT'D)
John is one of the top surgeons in the United States.

JOHN
Well I don't know if I'd say that exactly.

CARRIE
(teasing)
Oh really, and what would you say?

JOHN
I might leave out the "one of." And it wouldn't hurt you to say "the world."

Off everyone's LAUGHTER- the camera pulls back out through the rain-streaked window into the darkness, their faces contorted by the running water, and somehow for some reason, feeling vulnerable out here, a tiny window of light in an otherwise raging rainstorm of limitless black...

EXT. SUEÑO DEL RIO RESORT - DAY

Day time. The rain has abated. Sunlight streams down as Etienne and Aja are greeted by the staff of the resort.

The boat is pulling away from the dock. Carrie watches as the French couple are brought up to the resort. Etienne looks back to Carrie and waves goodbye.

EXT. RIVER BOAT - CONTINUOUS

CARRIE

It's a good omen, I think, to meet an old couple celebrating their anniversary.

JOHN

(hungover)

Except they were French so it cancels out.

CARRIE

You're saying it's a neutral omen? Is that even possible?

JOHN

Why not? But let me sleep off this hangover and we'll see if things start to look up.

He turns to go, leaves her standing alone at the railing. She watches the resort disappear in the distance.

EXT. RIVER BOAT, TRAVELING - DAY

The boat moving further up the Amazon.

INT. RIVER BOAT, LIBRARY - DAY

Carrie and John play backgammon. Quiet determination on John's face. Carrie much more at ease.

JOHN

It's just a game of luck. The fact that you're winning doesn't mean anything.

CARRIE

So give up.

He doesn't. Suddenly there is a BANG. The boat LURCHES. John meets eyes with Carrie, alarmed.

JOHN

What was that?

EXT. RIVER BOAT - DAY/LATER

CU - the BOAT'S propeller, as it's roughly laid out on the deck. It's old and severely banged up with one of the blades bent at a 90-degree angle.

The DECKHAND pulls himself out of the water as the captain yells at him in Spanish.

ANGLE. JOHN AND CARRIE.

Watching from the railing above.

EXT. RIVER BOAT, DECK - DAY/LATER

John stands face to face with the Captain. The Deckhand stands silent behind the Captain.

JOHN
--Absolutely not.

CAPTAIN
Señor--

JOHN
No we paid for this. We PAID you to take us to the lodge--

CAPTAIN
Señor--there is a little village, 15 kilometers. They have a radio phone--

JOHN
How bout a real phone? You don't have a cell phone?

CAPTAIN
We're out of range.

John, frustrated, checks his own BlackBerry for service. None. He curses under his breath.

JOHN
Fine, how long will it take you?

DECKHAND
Four hours.

CAPTAIN

Maybe six. Nando will stay here and take care of you while we are gone. Is no problem, señor. No problem.

John pinches the bridge of his nose, frustrated. Meets eyes with Carrie.

EXT. RIVER - DUSK

Sunset over the river. A light rain falls. The jungle, darkening. A long shot of the boat, low, over the water.

INT. RIVER BOAT, DINING ROOM - NIGHT

John and Carrie eat dinner in silence. Nando sets the main course.

JOHN

More Cuy. How excellent.

CARRIE

Thank you, Nando.

He looks out the window at the dark landscape around them.

JOHN

They're not gonna be back this evening, that's what I think.

CARRIE

Nando, when you get a chance can we have some pisco? I think it will help settle our nerves.

NANDO

Pisco, nada mas.

JOHN

Nada mas. Excellent.

EXT. RIVER BOAT - NIGHT

Wide shot of the boat, in the rain, moored to the side of the river. In the distance, LIGHTNING.

INT. RIVER BOAT, CABIN - DAWN

John wakes up, takes a beat to figure out where he is.

He gets up and, without waking Carrie, exits the room.

EXT. RIVER BOAT, OUTDOOR HALLWAY - DAWN

A storm rages, sheets of rain spill off the boat.

The riverbank is no longer in close proximity, in fact it is not even visible from the boat. John looks down to the river's surface and sees the tell tale signs of movement from the boat. A sense of relief washes over his face. He starts for the bridge.

INT. RIVER BOAT, BRIDGE - DAWN

John enters and is shocked to discover the room EMPTY. CAMERA FOLLOWS as he...

EXT. RIVER BOAT, DECK - CONTINUOUS

...races out of the pilot house and down the long deck. He flings open door after door glancing into empty rooms.

CUT TO:

INT. RIVER BOAT, CABIN - DAWN

John's breathing hard in the doorway

JOHN
We're in trouble.

ON CARRIE

She blinks herself awake--glances around.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Bastard's gone. He left us.

CARRIE
(waking up)
What?

He pulls clothes from the his bag, growing even more agitated.

JOHN
Nando. He left us here. Took the goddamn life raft. We're alone.

CARRIE
Maybe there's an explanation. Could he--

Not finding what he wants, he knocks the suitcase from the stand.

JOHN
And our passports.

He produces their money belt, turns it upside down. It's empty.

JOHN (CONT'D)
And our goddamn money.

Throws the belt.

EXT. RIVER BOAT, DECK - DAY

John and Carrie move along the deck. Wind beats down. Waves crash over the side of the boat.

JOHN
(stressing)
Just don't panic, okay? We musta come
unmoored in the storm.

CARRIE
John.

BAM! The boat hits a large boulder in the river, shudders. John loses his footing, falling to the ground almost going overboard.

JOHN
Christ!

The boat slides past the boulder, begins rotating uncontrollably in the river.

CARRIE
John--

JOHN
John, John, John! Just stop! You've done
enough already!

Carrie looks at him, shocked.

CARRIE
I've done enough?

JOHN
I'm sorry, ok? I am. It's my fault.
This whole thing. For ever letting you
convince me a field trip to this muddy
shithole was somehow a good idea!

He pauses, mid-diatribes, cranes his head. Slowly, subtly a different sound begins to emerge through the rain.

A MOTOR.

They squint into the teeming rain. The SOUND grows louder. It's so small at first that the entire thing could simply be a hallucination...

THEIR POV. A BLANK GREY SCREEN

The rain is dense and at first the outline is barely discernible. But then as the sound of the motor starts to grow, the shape of a LARGE MODERN SHIP materializes.

It's a hulking mass of steel, a radar spinning atop the bridge; she's 20 feet from bow to waterline, 150 feet in overall length. The anchor alone is the size of a small life raft. Next to it, on the bow:

"DAEDALUS"

CUT TO:

EXT. RIVER BOAT, DECK - DAY

A heavy rope is thrown onto the deck of the river boat as it continues to slowly rotate. The outline of a figure standing on the deck yells down to Carrie and John.

FIGURE

Tie the line around the forward cleat so we can stabilize you! Where's the crew?

JOHN

It's just the two of us.

John grabs the heavy line and rushes to the front of the boat. He secures the line.

FIGURE

Now get away. Other side of the boat, quickly.

And with that the figure disappears. John and Carrie rush to the other side of the deck as the sound of the Deadalus' massive engines roar to life and with a snap the rope suddenly goes taut.

EXT. RIVER BOAT - CONTINUOUS

Through the teeming rain we see the Daedalus churn forward and straighten out the river boat, bringing the two ships side by side. However, the intense wind and river swell cause the two ships to continually SLAM into one another. The GROAN OF METAL and strain on the rope tell us this union is to be short lived. The river boat begins to take on water.

EXT. RIVER BOAT, DECK - CONTINUOUS

Carrie and John rush to the Daedalus and are hastily pulled on board and into the face of-

EXT. DAEDALUS, DECK - CONTINUOUS

-A DECKHAND who suddenly pulls out a MACHETE, holds it up over his head and violently brings it down on the rope connecting the two ships.

DECKHAND
(in Spanish - yells)
Clear!

And with that the Daedalus steams forward. John and Carrie watch as the foundering boat is quickly lost in the blanket of rain.

JOHN
I can't believe it. We've lost everything.

CARRIE
Not everything.

She lifts her hand. The engagement ring's there. In defying him, she's unwittingly saved it.

CUT TO:

STEAMING HOT WATER SPRAYS FROM A SHOWER HEAD.

Carrie washes away the chill from the morning. Eyes closed, she relishes the heat.

She shuts off the water and is immediately aware of TWO VOICES coming from the attached bedroom.

INT. STATE ROOM - DAY

Carrie, now in a white Frette bathrobe, exits the bathroom. John is deep in conversation with another, older MAN, 50's.

JOHN
Carrie, this is-

OLDER MAN
Morgan Hallowell.

They shake. Morgan is polished, well groomed, and handsome. He exudes a warm presence.

JOHN
It's his boat.

MORGAN
I'm not sure Jensen Pharmaceuticals sees it that way.

CARRIE
Thank you for everything.

MORGAN
Of course.

JOHN
Morgan was just about to give us the grand tour.

CUT TO:

INT. DAEDALUS, HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Carrie and John, in matching track suits with the *Daedalus* logo embroidered on the left breast pocket, follow Morgan through the sleek modern corridor.

MORGAN
This is a specially outfitted research vessel designed solely for Amazon exploration. Except for an occasional trip to Belem, this ship will never touch salt water.

Morgan reaches a door and swings it open.

MORGAN (CONT'D)
Follow me.

INT. DAEDALUS, BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

Modern and high tech. Instead of brass compasses and spoked wooden wheels there are plasma screens and keyboards. TOMAS, the First Mate, stands at a work station with a joystick. A high resolution display shows a profile of the river bottom. Heavy rain streaks across the panoramic windows. A man in uniform, VALHEIRA, turns to them.

VALHEIRA

Look who's all cleaned up.

MORGAN

This is Valheira, our captain. He's the one who spotted you.

CARRIE

Thank you. I can't imagine where we'd be if you hadn't seen us.

VALHEIRA

The river bottom. But anyway, it's my job. Welcome aboard.

JOHN

Thank you.

MORGAN

Come on. I'll show you the rest.

INT. LOWER CORRIDOR - DAY

Unlike the previous hallway, this one is in the business end of the ship. Polished teak has given way to stainless steel and a linoleum floor. It's bathed in fluorescent lights.

MORGAN

You're free to wander around anywhere on the top three decks. Most of the research is conducted down here, so if there's anything you want to see, just ask me first.

They approach a locked door at the end of the hall.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

This is the only area that's totally off limits and we keep it locked at all times.

Carrie and John exchange a curious look as Morgan pulls a set of keys from his pocket. He flashes Carrie a slight smile as he fits the key in and turns the lock.

REVERSE ANGLE. THEIR POV -

A massive wine cellar stretches out in front of them. There are floor to ceiling bottles all housed in mahogany racks.

MORGAN (CONT'D)
We have over two thousand bottles. Some
are actually worth a lot of money.
(beat)
It's a long trip.

They glance back at him, slightly shocked.

MORGAN (CONT'D)
(smiles)
Forgive me if I'm bragging. We don't get
to give tours very often.

INT. DAEDALUS, ENGINE ROOM - DAY

Morgan leads them on a small catwalk three or four feet above the huge turbine engines. The place is gleaming and spotless.

MORGA
(above the noise)
...It has a range of twelve thousand
miles. We can make all our own water.
The entire ship is sealed in an airlock
and biostatically controlled. We can
filter out any virus or bacteria down to
four microns.

JOHN
(straining to hear)
Who owns all this?

MORGAN
We do.

They reach the end of the catwalk. He pauses in front of another door.

MORGAN (CONT'D)
Jensen Pharmaceuticals.
(a familiar riff)
(MORE).

MORGAN (CONT'D)

...A quarter of all the drugs you get in a pharmacy contain some form of rain forest materials: an eighty billion dollar business. But less than ten percent of the plants in the rain forest have ever been analyzed. Where we're headed, that number is almost zero.

CARRIE

(beat)
And where are you headed?

MORGAN

(smiles/cryptic)
That way.

He motions with his head...to a door.

INT. DAEDALUS, DIVE ROOM - DAY

A clean white space. High tech diving equipment lines the walls. A steel decompression chamber sits in the far corner of the room. On entering they run into TY, late 20's, Aussie. He holds a large STOPWATCH in his hand. It's ticking away, measuring something being done by Ty's wife CHLOE, 20's, also an Aussie. She stands mutely during the introductions.

MORGAN

Our expert dive team.

TY

Ty Risdale, hello. And my wife Chloe.

Beside him Chloe waves, says nothing.

MORGAN

Chloe's testing her lung capacity?

TY

You got it.

MORGAN

I'll say hello on her behalf. Even when they're not in the water they're always at work.

Carrie waves hello.

Morgan keeps the tour moving, heading through the room towards another door.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

I'm told our dive room is one of the most sophisticated of any ship this size. Jensen strongly believes we will discover the next generation of crucial medicines underwater.

As John and Carrie exit past Ty, he distinctly checks out Carrie's ass and, behind her back, gives an approving look meant to get a rise out of his wife. Chloe exhales.

CHLOE

Watch it mister.

TY

One minute and thirty-two seconds. Worst time yet.

INT. DAEDALUS, LAB - DAY

They are standing in a bright science lab that could easily be the heart of a research facility. There are dozens of complex instruments scattered about the room: a spectrometer... an electron microscope... a large centrifuge...

MORGAN

Walter Geller and Copley Irwin.

WALTER / COPLEY

(turning)

Hello. Nice to meet you.

MORGAN

Copley is the on-board medic and Walter is our research scientist.

Walter is sweet, amiable and balding. Without the white lab coat, he could easily pass for an accountant.

WALTER

Galley slave. Everyone else gets a window. Do I get a window?

MORGAN

Walter, you are our window.

WALTER

See what a charming guy? That's how I got here. In this windowless dungeon.

MORGAN

Walter what was that cancer statistic,
again? What? Eighty five percent...

WALTER

No -- you screwed it up. Of the four
thousand plants known to have cancer
fighting properties, eighty-five percent
live in the Amazon basin.

CARRIE

So you're fighting cancer?

MORGAN

Well -- no.
(another smile)
We've got bigger fish.

There's a beat...

WALTER

Speaking of which...
(crosses to the counter)
Have you ever actually seen a piranha?
We netted this one this morning.

He opens the sliding door on a large cabinet revealing several
gleaming cases. One is filled with water and has a piranha
swimming inside it.

INSERT CASE

He faces out toward the light. The jaws are formidable and live
up to the reputation.

DIFFERENT ANGLE

John has moved to another cabinet and is staring at it intently.
Inside is a bright yellow frog with red bands on the back.

COPLEY

Poison dart frog. That's the deadliest
venom in the world.
(beat)
If you even graze the skin you'll be dead
in ten minutes.

John stares at it, mesmerized.

MORGAN

It's a great place to visit but it's nice
to be in here.
(beat)
(MORE)

MORGAN (CONT'D)

It's a lot more comfortable.
And there's nothing wrong with being
comfortable.

INT. DAEDALUS, OBSERVATION DECK - DAY

It's a huge glass dome at the top of the ship, similar to the observation car on a train. The jungle glides by out the "window" with an unobstructed view in 360 degrees. The room itself is outfitted like a lounge, with deep soft chairs facing out toward the river. A long bar sits in the corner with booze.

CARRIE

(struck by the view)
It's *beautiful*.

MORGAN

It might seem indulgent but it's really kind of necessary. By your fourth month away, "creature comforts" become a necessity.

He moves to a table and picks up two clipboards. Hands them to John and Carrie.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

Just at the bottom there, if you could.
Where the sticker is.

John and Carrie exchange a look.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

Non-disclosure form. It's mandatory, I'm afraid, if you're going to be on this boat for the next week or two.

JOHN

Two weeks? I have to be back in the states next Tuesday. I'm the keynote at a conference in Boston.

MORGAN

They better find a backup speaker, John. Unfortunately, there aren't any towns up here, any infrastructure to speak of that'll get you back down river.

CARRIE

What about the eco-lodge we were going to. Treetops--

MORGAN

Completely different tributary. Long ways down stream, too.

JOHN

You could call a sea plane.

MORGAN

Doctor-

JOHN

We can't be stuck here. There's always a way out with enough ingenuity. Or enough money.

MORGAN

I can't let you call a plane, our location is the protected intellectual property of Jensen Pharmaceuticals. I'm sorry for that, but as the captain pointed out, being stuck here with us is a lot better than your alternative.

He moves to exit the room.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

Why don't you guys relax and have a drink. Dinner is at seven thirty.

They watch Morgan disappear down the stairs. John takes the advice, makes a Scotch and soda.

JOHN

I'll have us home in two, three days max. Don't worry.

CARRIE

I'm not.

JOHN

I'm sure they have a sat phone or internet...

CARRIE

John-

JOHN

...I mean it's not like he can force us to stay. It is a nice boat and all but I-

CARRIE

(interrupting)

We should stay.

JOHN

Right.

CARRIE

No, I mean it. We should stay. We've come this far already.

JOHN

This isn't a Carnival Cruise ship. We don't belong here.

CARRIE

We came here to see the jungle.

She points out the windows. Jungle everywhere.

CARRIE (CONT'D)

This might just be a blessing in disguise. John, I want you to do this for me. Please.

He takes a deep breath, pinches the bridge of his nose for the second time in two days.

MORGAN (PRE-LAP)

I'd like to propose a toast to our new guests...

CUT TO:

INT. DAEDALUS, DINING ROOM - NIGHT

It's huge and opulent. The walls are solid mahogany. Along the length of the room is a massive painting by Rousseau. It's a jungle scene with a panther skulking through the bush.

The room is full, most of the characters from before plus a half dozen more (Blaylock and Beck - the security detail, Andrew - local guide, Wayne - Andrew's research assistant, Tomas - the first mate, and Ramon - the ship Engineer). The whole thing is very egalitarian: the crew from the engine room mix in with Morgan and his scientists. John and Carrie sit together near the middle.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

...John and Carrie will be traveling with us for the remainder of the expedition and I want you to be very nice to them because if the research doesn't work out we may need to start giving tours.

Laughter. Cheers. Glasses clink.

CUT TO:

EXT. DAEDALUS, BOW - DAY

LONG SHOT. Amazon River.

It has narrowed slightly and there is a strange new feeling heading toward uncharted waters with no civilization left. Off in the distance the river makes a long slow bend toward the right -- turning toward infinity.

SHOT. CARRIE

She watches from the bow, soaking it in: something she imagined that she finally gets to see. Movement draws her attention to the river water below.

ANGLE ON the furtive blurs of two pink forms darting in and out of the wake. RIVER DOLPHINS, frolicking in the water.

The dolphins suddenly make a quick move, cutting towards the hull below her.

They dart beneath. It's too fleeting a moment for her; she wants it to last--

ANDREW (O.S.)
Beautiful, aren't they.

She turns to see ANDREW, Peruvian, late 20s, he's a shy guy, a sweet and studious type with a pinch of social awkwardness. He seems like he takes a beat with everything before speaking. He is situated on the lower rear deck, standing next to a LARGE WHITE HIGH-TECH MACHINE. Andrew's assistant, WAYNE, works next to him.

CARRIE
Do they always disappear so fast?

ANDREW
That's the magic trick. Wanna see them reappear?

Wayne chuckles and goes back to work.

ANDREW (CONT'D)
(to Wayne)
What?

WAYNE
Nothing...Houdini.

INT. DAEDALUS, LOWER DECK OBSERVATION ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

There's a HUGE WINDOW IN THE FLOOR here. Beneath, the murky waters and riverbed cruise past.

ANDREW

Thought it was a bit much at first. But I have to say...

It's an amazing perspective, especially when the TWO PINK DOLPHINS shoot up beneath the glass, maintain a constant pace with the vessel, mirroring the two humans standing above them.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

The Amazon used to be saline before the Andes were formed. The animals either adapted or died. These guys evidently adapted.

CARRIE

Beautiful.

ANDREW

Some indigenous people believe that when someone drowns, their spirits enter the dolphin's body, that the animals in turn change into young men. Sort of their version of the reincarnation myth, human life being re-manifested by the powers of Nature.

As they watch, one of the dolphins turns on its side seemingly to get a look at them.

CARRIE

It's almost human, as if they're watching us.

ANDREW

They are. Cetaceans have cognitive ability equal to our own. Maybe even greater. We're far from the only smart ones out here, I can assure you of that.

EXT. AMAZON RIVER - VARIOUS

Various shots of the Daedalus steaming dutifully onward. The light changes--dusk, then night, then day--but the one consistency is that in each, the river grows narrower, the foliage around it encroaching ever closer to the Daedalus...

JOHN (O.S.)
I can't believe how slow this thing is.

INT. DAEDALUS, UPPER OBSERVATION DECK - DAY

Carrie and John sit in the room. John is working on a computer, Carrie holds a book she is reading.

CARRIE
(incredulous)
You're on the internet in the middle of
the Amazon river.

JOHN
Well, still. You have a million dollars
worth of wine and a dial up modem.
Someone's priorities are screwed up.

CARRIE
I'll say.

She goes back to her book for a moment before looking up again.

CARRIE (CONT'D)
Did you feel that?

JOHN
What?

CARRIE
The engines. They just stopped.

EXT. DAEDALUS, DIVE DECK - DAY

The Daedalus is at anchor. Two ZODIACS are being prepped with loads of gear. Morgan and his team (Copley, Blaylock, and Beck) are moments away from hopping in. Carrie and John watch the preparations. Carrie notices Blaylock load a several RIFLES into the boat. Carrie and John approach.

MORGAN
Make yourself comfortable. We'll be back
in a couple days. Assuming Andrew doesn't
get us lost.

ANDREW
(overhearing)
Remind me which way is North?

JOHN
A couple days?

ANDREW

At this time of year we're able to take these Zodiacs almost fifty miles into the flooded forest. From there the rest is on foot.

CARRIE

Where are you going?

MORGAN

(not a real answer)
Into the jungle.

EXT. RIVER - DAY

The Zodiacs leave the side of the Daedalus and disappear into the flooded banks of the river.

EXT FLOODED JUNGLE - DAY

The high-pitched whine of the Zodiacs' engine as they speed through the flooded trees. It's a white knuckled ride.

TY (O.S.)

At least he left the keys.

CUT TO:

INT. DAEDALUS, DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Ty has just entered the room. He holds four bottle of vintage red wine and a large set of keys.

The full dining room table we witnessed previously has given way to a more sparsely populated affair.

TY

I don't know shit about wine, that's usually Morgan's job.

JOHN

Hand 'em over.

As John takes the bottles from Ty and inspects the labels, Carrie leans over to Chloe.

CARRIE

Do you know what they're doing out there?

CHLOE

Chasing butterflies? As Morgan says, "if it doesn't involve water, it doesn't involve us."

CARRIE

You're not curious?

CHLOE

We're not paid to be curious, just to dive. It's the best gig in the world. The seventy percent of the planet most people never see. You ever been?

CARRIE

Diving? Oh, no never.

CHLOE

You should, it's truly an amazing experience. Come down tomorrow to the dive room and I'll take you into the river if you like.

CARRIE

See that seventy percent?

CHLOE

Well, the water up here's a bit like pea soup so you might not actually see that much.

CUT TO:

EXT. JUNGLE VISTA - MORNING

A sea of green as far as the eye can see. The mighty Amazon nowhere in sight. Reveal-

Morgan, Andrew, and the rest of the team bushwacking their way through the heavy foliage. Andrew leads the way using a hand held GPS unit, satellite photos, and his knowledge of the jungle.

Andrew stops suddenly. He reaches forward and parts the dense overgrowth to reveal-

-an ancient stone carved statue of a jaguar, rearing up on it's hind legs, mid attack.

ANDREW

We're close.

EXT. AMAZON, DAEDALUS - CONTINUOUS

The Daedalus at anchor.

INT. DAEDALUS, LOWER CORRIDOR - DAY

Carrie makes her way into the bowels of the ship. As she passes the door to the lab she hears a LOUD METAL CRASH. She stops. The door is slightly ajar. She looks and sees Walter cursing as he bends down to pick up a dropped METAL TRAY. Several medical instruments are littered across the floor.

But something else grabs her attention. On the other side of the room, on a table, appears to be the FOOT OF A CADAVER sticking out from under a sheet. The outline of a body.

But before she can clearly put it all together, Walter stands up. She moves away from the door just before Walter would have noticed her.

EXT. DAEDALUS, DIVE DECK - DAY

SPLASH.

Carrie, now clad in wet suit and full scuba gear, enters the water. Chloe is already in, waiting for her.

CHLOE

Ok, go ahead and slowly let the air out of your BC. Remember to clear your ears going down and breathe out when we come back up.

She nods her head in affirmation and slowly she, and we, sink below the surface of the Amazon.

The water is a dark brownish green. Visibility is only about ten feet.

Chloe stays with Carrie, holding on to her. As they continue to descend, Chloe points to her ears and gives the 'OK' symbol. Carrie nods.

They reach the bottom of the river. Chloe checks the depth - 23 Feet.

The two stay side by side as they let the current of the river take them downstream. The murky water and highly diffused dirty brown light creates an ominous mood. Thick river grasses line the bottom. Carrie is clearly nervous in this dark, spooky world.

Suddenly a flash of movement -

-a large, seven-foot long ARAPAIMA FISH darts out from the underwater grass and shoots between the two divers. Carrie begins to panic but Chloe calms her down. Carrie shallows her breaths and they continue on through this murky underwater world.

CUT TO:

EXT. JUNGLE VILLAGE - CONTINUOUS

Andrew and the others cautiously emerge from the jungle and into a primitive village. Blaylock raises his rifle to a ready position.

ANDREW

Put it down.

Blaylock looks to Morgan, get a nod. The gun is lowered.

The village is composed of about two dozen wooden huts that form a circle around a larger, central open air building. The place appears empty, although not abandoned. Andrew CLAPS HIS HANDS in welcome as he tries out 'hello' in multiple indigenous dialects.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

Alo...Canaa...Gabou...Alo...Daanay...

They cautiously enter as Andrew continues to call out the greetings. There is something about the place that feels dark and dangerous. A light rain falls.

MORGAN

Where is everyone?

Moving further into the village they become aware of high pitched screams. Blaylock raises his gun again, a look to Andrew dares him to protest.

Screams closer now, nerves on edge, breaths held, rounding a corner revealing-

Several GIANT BOAR corralled in an enclosure, the source of the human sounding 'screams'. Breaths released, Blaylock's gun is lowered. With a nod from Morgan the team splits into two groups.

BAYLOCK, COPLEY, BECK-

At the edge of the village they come across a bizarre sight-something strung up between two of the trees. By all appearances it's the LARGEST SNAKESKIN in the world. A staggering sight just in square footage. There is something about the shape, almost humanoid, but on a massive scale.

BECK
What the hell is that?

MORGAN AND ANDREW-

They arrive at the gnarled trunk of a intricately carved tree. At its bottom depicting men, the tribesmen likely, then, moving up its span, the river, the flow of fish and water and life nourishing the tribesmen below. The river in turns flows from the top of the totem, which is carved into the rough form of a disk, its surface black and smooth as obsidian, thanks to the black river rocks imbedded there.

ANDREW
It's a primitive depiction of the source of life.

Morgan is keenly interested-

MORGAN
Let me see those Satellite map images.

Andrew pulls them out of the bag, hands them over. Morgan studies the images, one after the other, tracking the length of the river. He stops on one image, looks up to the totem pole, thinking.

CUT TO:

EXT. AMAZON RIVER - SURFACE - DAY

Carrie and Chloe break surface about three hundred yards downstream from the Daedalus. The sound of Ty in a Zodiac heading towards them.

Carrie pulls out her regulator.

CARRIE
Wow. Pea soup. You weren't kidding.

CHLOE
You'll have to see the Yucatan some time.
Water there is as clear as air.

EXT. DAEDALUS, DIVE DECK -DAY

Chloe helps Carrie out of the Zodiac and back onto the deck.

TY
Here, let me help you with that.

He takes her gear. Carrie peels off her wet suit and sits down, exhausted.

CHLOE

Just make sure to drink some water.

Chloe hefts her gear and begins to move on.

CHLOE (CONT'D)

You did great by the way.

CARRIE

Thanks.

She exits, leaving Carrie alone. Carrie lies down on a deck chair soaking up the warmth of the mid-day sun. The gentle lapping of the river and sounds of the jungle envelops her.

But then another sound- a rhythmic splashing in the water. Subtle but unmistakable. Carrie opens her eyes and looks off to the shoreline.

ANGLE ON - FOUR PRIMITIVE WOOD CARVED LONG BOATS APPEAR FROM THE FLOODED JUNGLE.

In each boat are three INDIGENOUS MEN. Two of the boats come directly astride the port side of the Daedalus and the other two starboard.

Carrie moves to the railing to get a better look.

She watches as the man sitting in the middle of the boat takes a LARGE BRUSH made from tree leaves and 'paints' a clear, viscous liquid across the length of the Daedalus. Carrie keeps pace with the long boat as it slowly travels the length of the Daedalus.

CARRIE (CONT'D)

Hello?

They don't answer. Don't even look up at her.

Just then Carrie notices something sticky and wet under her bare feet. A few more steps she rounds the corner revealing-

An INDIGENOUS MAN standing on deck, an empty primitive bucket in one hand a LIT TORCH in the other. In the process of dropping the torch onto the deck, he freezes on Carrie's sudden appearance.

She doesn't move. He blinks his eyes and we see the distinctive WHITE INNER EYELID (familiar from the film's opening scene). Slowly he pulls the torch up and away from the deck.

A GUNSHOT rings out.

The indigenous man stiffens. BLACK BLOOD streams down the side of his mouth.

Carrie, shock setting in, looks up to see Valheira holding a smoking rifle.

She looks back to the Indigenous man as he staggers backwards and falls over the railing and into the dark waters below. However, his flaming torch drops to the ground which instantly ERUPTS IN FLAMES. Within a fraction of a second the flames are RACING TOWARDS CARRIE, fed by the fuel of the mysterious clear liquid.

She runs away from flames but they are moving much faster than her. At the last moment she bounds over the railing and into the river below.

UNDERWATER- submerged for a moment in the dark brown water, Carrie pulls herself up and breaks the surface - face to face with the floating DEAD INDIGENOUS MAN.

Carrie chokes on a mouthful of water. A frozen beat before the body suddenly COMES BACK TO LIFE with movement. Reveal that it is not reanimation but rather one of the tribesmen from the longboat pulling the body into his canoe.

As they quickly paddle away, the indigenous man in the stern glances back, catches eyes with Carrie. She holds his gaze a beat before-

SPLASH- next to Carrie pulls her out of the trance as Chloe jumps into the water to assist her.

CUT TO:

EXT. DAEDALUS, DIVE DECK - DAY

Carrie, now wrapped in a bathrobe and towel, sits in silence next to John. Ty and Chloe are there as well. Ramon, supervised by Valheira, continues to wet down the charred side deck extinguishing any remaining embers. Tomas holds a rifle at the ready.

Valheira, a rifle slung across his back, approaches Carrie and John.

VALHEIRA

We're lucky the damage is only superficial. I've radioed Morgan. He'll be back in a few hours. Don't worry, we're safe now.

INT. DAEDALUS, STATE ROOM - NIGHT

Carrie is asleep in the bed. John is upset, pacing.
In the distance he hears something - a boat's motor.

EXT. DAEDALUS UPPER DECK - NIGHT

John looks down at the dive deck as the two Zodiacs return.
Morgan is the first one off. He rushes to Valheira and launches
deep into conversation - one that John cannot hear.

INT. DAEDALUS, HALLWAY - DAY

Morgan and Valheira move quickly towards the bridge. John
intercepts them, keeps pace.

JOHN

We're turning around to head back down
river, I assume.

MORGAN

I've been appraised of everything that
happened. I understand Carrie's fine.

JOHN

No physical trauma but she's ready to go
home.

As they arrive at the bridge door.

MORGAN

I understand you concerns, John. But
we're heading further up river.

INT. DAEDALUS, BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

The three enter. Morgan and Valheira immediately pull down a
series of rolled navigational charts. Begin to plot a course.

JOHN

We were attacked, they'll be back.

MORGAN

A demonstration to spook us. It didn't
work.

JOHN

You weren't here for it. For those of us
who were, it worked pretty well.

MORGAN

(to Valheira)

Pull chart 17-B.

John moves to stop Valheira. Grabs the chart.

JOHN

You need to turn this ship around right
now.

For the first time in the scene Morgan turns his attention from
the charts. Gets right in John's face. Intense.

MORGAN

You are a passenger on this ship and will
do as I say. We are heading up river and
we will all be perfectly safe. As long
as you don't get in the way.

A clear threat.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

Understand?

In the silence that follows they both notice Carrie standing in
the doorway.

CARRIE

I saw the body.

She's been listening.

MORGAN

I've heard the entire account. A man was
shot in front of you, for your
protection.

CARRIE

No. In your lab.

This stops Morgan.

CARRIE (CONT'D)

I saw Walter working on a cadaver in the
lab.

JOHN

Is there a dead body on this ship?

Morgan doesn't answer. John moves to exit.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Jesus. I'm sure the Peruvian authorities will have something to say about the transportation of human bodies. I'm sending an e-mail on your slow-ass computer and stopping this expedition immediately.

On his exit.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Who the fuck has such bad internet on such a decked-out ship?

MORGAN

John, stop. There's something you need to see.

CUT TO:

INT. DAEDALUS, LAB - DAY

ANGLE ON-- a file. Open to reveal a sepia-toned daguerreotype. It's a picture of a 19th CENTURY SHIP with a crew of about twenty standing on a dock in front.

MORGAN (O.S.)

The Rita-

Reveal: Morgan, Walter, John, and Carrie standing around a table in the lab.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

-1899. She left the Port of Manaus in search of gold, a last ditch attempt by her captain...

Morgan pulls out another sepia toned image - a bearded man of about 40 years dressed in a white suit.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

...Waldemar Scholtz to save his fortune lost in the collapse of the rubber industry. The ship left in March, was spotted four months later during a brief resupply stop in Iquitos and after that never seen again.

JOHN

Yet another reason to turn around right now-

Another image from Morgan. A young man standing next to Waldemar.

MORGAN

On board was a young sailor named Arthur McMorrow. Born 1879.

He nods to Walter who walks over to a large metal drawer imbedded in the wall. He pulls out the drawer to reveal a body covered with a sheet. Morgan glances to John.

JOHN

Carrie, maybe you should-

CARRIE

I'm fine.

Walter pulls back the sheet to reveal-

the body. Surgical clamps hold open the chest so as to allow a clear look into the cavity. The body is that of the man killed in the opening of the film.

MORGAN

Died 2008 at the ripe old age of-

JOHN

One hundred and twenty nine?

Carrie backs away, averts her eyes. Maybe she's not so fine.

MORGAN

He wandered out of the jungle about six months ago and right into the path of an oncoming pickup truck.

Morgan holds up the picture of the young sailor (McMorrow) right up next to the face of the body. There is a clear resemblance.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

Based on his tribal markings-

Morgan points out specific marking on the dead man's face.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

-the hairs implanted at the base of the nose, the vertical tattooed horizontal lines all suggest an attempt to imitate the appearance of the jaguar.

(MORE)

MORGAN (CONT'D)

We traced the dyes used in the tattoos to a very specific black clay found only in this part of the Peruvian jungle. Early 19th century research pointed us to a long forgotten tribe, the Aguarunes - an all male tribe of 'jaguar hunters' long thought to be nothing more than a myth. We now believe the crew of the Rita must have assimilated with the tribe and have been living there ever since. Clearly, they headed up here in search of gold but ended up finding something much more valuable; a way to use the jungle to extend life.

As Morgan finishes, John slowly starts to clap.

JOHN

Wonderful story. Well told.

MORGAN

You don't believe me?

JOHN

I can't believe this entire expedition is based on the passing, at best, resemblance of two men.

MORGAN

Walter.

Walter moves to the body. As he talks, John moves to get a better look.

WALTER

We found many exceptional attributes with this body, things never seen before. He has nictitating third eyelids, common in amphibian species. Signs of skin Ichthyosis with a hardened outer membrane...lung capacity appears to be exceptionally large at fifteen liters....

As Walter continues with his 'tour' of the body-

WALTER (CONT'D)

.....the spleen demonstrates
high erythrocytic levels,
producing highly-oxygenated
blood....increased muscle
density throughout the body
..... enlarged blood vessels to
medulla oblongata...advanced
leukocytes stimulating immune
systems...

MORGAN

When we got to the Aguarunes
village yesterday it was
recently deserted. They
obviously traveled here, to the
Daedalus, to scare us away,
protect their secret. But what
they left behind told us all we
needed to know. We found a
totem, a genesis story, that all
life they know comes from a
source, a body of water,
further upriver. I don't know if
it's in the water--macrophytes--
or in the plantlife. But we're
gonna find out. Because we're
talking about the fountain of
youth. Maybe literally. Which is
why a little demonstration of
native ritual isn't enough to
get us to turn around. And
anyway, this far upriver, you'll
find our crappy internet isn't
just slow. It's dead.

*

*

EXT. AMAZON RIVER - LATER

--murky waters. Tight quarters. The river's hardly 30 feet wide
here. The Daedalus motors very slowly along, the jungle
encroaching on all sides, reaching spidery tendrils toward the
vessel...

INT. DAEDALUS, BRIDGE - DAY

Ahead, the river just ends in a tangle of overgrowth. Morgan and
Valheira meet eyes. Valheira powers down the engines.

EXT. TRIBUTARY / AERIAL - DAY

An overhead shot shows the vessel stopped at the apparent end of
the river.

EXT. TRIBUTARY - DAY

CU of a chain saw as it tears into a tree. Widen to reveal
several members of the crew, in the Zodiacs, beginning the process
of clearing a path for the boat.

EXT. DAEDALUS, FORE DECK - NIGHT

Andrew stands at the deck watching the men cut through the thick vegetation. Carrie approaches. A silent beat before-

CARRIE

It's black. The water. It's not dark.
It's black.

ANDREW

Actually, it's not the water that's black. It's the sediment on the bottom. The water's actually clear. Spring fed. There's a local algae that turns the bottom that color.

A beat.

CARRIE

Did you know why he was coming here?

ANDREW

No, I didn't realize Ponce de Leon was leading this expedition.

CARRIE

But you've heard now.

ANDREW

Of course.

CARRIE

So, what do you think?

ANDREW

I think this is one hell of an arrogant way to introduce yourself to the jungle.

INT. DAEDALUS, CABIN - NIGHT

John pores over the pages of data given to him by Morgan. Outside we hear the whine of chainsaws.

Carrie enters.

JOHN

Amazing.

CARRIE

John, what do you think we should do?

JOHN

--telomerase maintains a constant level
between generations of cells--

CARRIE

Maybe they would give us a Zodiac, we
could head back down river, call a plane.

JOHN

--no deterioration at all. It's
impossible--

CARRIE

John!

He takes a beat to consider her and when he talks to her now it's
condescending.

JOHN

It's your anxiety, Carrie. Just breathe
deep. It's all going to be fine.

CARRIE

You didn't have the day I did.

JOHN

And you're not reading these lab reports.
They're extraordinary.

Carrie is speechless.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Morgan's giving me a chance to be a part
of this work. We can't turn that down.
It's too important to us, our future.

CARRIE

It doesn't feel right.

Softening up a bit.

JOHN

Carrie please, just do this for me.

With that said, John returns to his reading.

EXT. TRIBUTARY - NIGHT

The men work by utility lights. Sawing, inch by inch through the
jungle. The sounds in the blackness around them are rendered mute
by the high whine of the chain-saws, strangely heightening the
mystery of what is out there.....

EXT. TRIBUTARY - DAWN

Wide shot. The Daedalus begins to travel through the path cut for her overnight. The boat is just barely able to fit through the opening. Branches scrape the side of the ship as she advances.

INT. DAEDALUS, OBSERVATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Andrew, John, Carrie, Walter, Copley, Ty, and Chloe all watch, rapt, as the rainforest consumes the boat. Branches from the jungle glide by, inches from the glass.

The room is thrust into shadowed darkness as the boat enters the newly cut channel, the canopy overhead completely blocking out any view of the sky. The COMMUNICATIONS MAST, about twenty feet higher than the boat itself, cuts through overhead vegetation.

The SCRAPING sound of the branches, like fingernails on a chalk board, is ever present.

Suddenly, thumping on the glass roof of the room. It starts small and infrequent, like the beginning of a rain storm, but quickly grows in intensity and level. Everyone looks up to see ANIMALS of every kind- snakes, lizards, monkeys, giant spiders, and bugs-tons and tons of bugs, are falling all over the top of the ship, dislodged by the communication mast. A giant black snake lands with a loud thud.

ANDREW

Anaconda.

CHLOE

Jesus Christ.

TY

Happy to be inside.

And then a loud crack and suddenly, the mast comes toppling over and into the glass roof. A loud crash, shattered glass, screams. And then it is over.

ANDREW

Is everyone ok?

Everyone is.

CHLOE

(to Ty)

Maybe you spoke too soon.

INT. DAEDALUS, BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

VALHEIRA
We just lost the communications mast.

MORGAN
Shit.

VALHEIRA
(to Tomas)
Stop engines.

MORGAN
No, no. Look.

EXT. THE BLACK LAGOON - CONTINUOUS

The Black Lagoon.

For a moment the inky waters fill frame, preternaturally calm...then the reflection of the Daedalus appears as it enters the Lagoon, upside down, splitting the idyll.

Til now the Amazon has been understandably gorgeous. But here it has taken an exponential leap: the place is sublime, an awe-inspiring web of life from canopy above to waters below.

INT. BENEATH THE SURFACE - CONTINUOUS

...unbeknownst to them, the sizeable propeller of the Daedalus guts the thick tangle of vines beneath the surface...shredding, invasive...

INT. DAEDALUS, BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

Valheira kills the engines--

CU - THE ANCHOR.

Camera travels with the anchor as it falls from the front of the boat and into water. Camera continues to descend with the anchor till it comes to rest on the bottom of the lagoon.

CUT TO:

EXT. DAEDALUS, DECK - DAY

The deck is a hive of activity as everyone ramps up for work. Chloe and Ty drop into the water.

They clear masks, steal peeks down into the waters.

CHLOE

Wow. Water is clear as air.

Walter eyes them from the dive deck, where he's finished prepping a rubber raft full of research supplies -- bales of netting, steel frames with floats.

He holds up a PRINT-OUT.

WALTER

Fish finder's showing lots of life along the far bank. Just keep an eye out for the usual habitat--eddys, sunken logs, feeding sites--a general preponderance of life.

TY

Preponderance of life, got it.

As they put in regs, start to descend --CUT TO--

EXT. DAEDALUS, SIDE DECK - CONTINUOUS

Carrie and John watch the crew prep a waiting Zodiac. Walter, Copley, and Beck are already in the raft. Morgan calls to John.

MORGAN

John, if you wanna join us we could use your expertise on shore.

John is clearly enthralled with the idea.

JOHN

I'll be right down.

Off Carrie's look.

JOHN (CONT'D)

He's right.

CARRIE

What do I do?

JOHN

Stay put, be a good girl, enjoy the view. I'll be back--

And with that he rushes to the lower deck and gets into the Zodiac. She watches them depart then moves up the deck, climbing the stairs. As she does, something rises behind her...from the back deck...something massive and white...

She turns with a start to see a RESEARCH BALLOON rising from the lower deck. Andrew stands at the cockpit filling ballast water bottles. Wayne holds the guide ropes.

Andrew calls across to her.

ANDREW

Daedalus is exactly the wrong place to be while we're here. All the action's out there.

CARRIE

Evidently.

He surveys her.

ANDREW

How much do you weigh? For ballast.

He motions to the other seat in the cockpit beside him:

CARRIE

Oh no.

ANDREW

Got room for one more. It's safe, I promise.

Off Carrie, glancing once more to the Zodiac.

CUT TO:

THE BLIMP--

Rises gently above the tree canopy, it glides up into the sunlight, silently, effortlessly as thousands of miles of jungle open up to the horizon.

Carrie anxiously grips the sides of the cockpit. Andrew notices -

ANDREW

If you hold on too tight, you might make the cockpit break apart.

Carrie instantly lets go. Andrew smiles and Carrie knows she's been had.

CARRIE

I'm sorry, I'm just a nervous flyer.

ANDREW

Then you're in for a pleasant surprise.
We'll be out of this balloon in no time.
Hold on.

Carrie doesn't need to be asked twice. She braces herself.
There's an explosive pop.

She jumps slightly as a WEBBED NET is released from beneath the cockpit, spreading with explosive concussion, splaying out on the treetops beneath. Carrie looks down at the netting draped over the canopy.

CARRIE

What in God's name is that?

Andrew smiles back at her.

ANDREW

It's how we walk in the sky.

CUT TO:

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

Morgan cuts his way through the thick vegetation, leading the ground expedition. John follows close behind.

Morgan points out a small, leafy plant as he moves past.

MORGAN

Curcuma autumnale, used to make the drug
Colcheceine Amide: anti-tumor agent. One
hundred and fifty million in sales a
year.

They continue on, Morgan quickly spots pink flowers growing on a tree.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

Pausinystalia yohinbe. Now that's a
valuable plant. Cure for erectile
dysfunction.

A few moments later he suddenly stops.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

Walter.

He points out a small red flowering vine.

WALTER
Looks to be from the Genus Cynara.

MORGAN
Yes, but...

WALTER
But the leaves are too wide for that
species-

Walter turns over the leaf. The back side has a smooth silky
'skin'.

WALTER (CONT'D)
Wow. Never seen that before.

MORGAN
Ok, get a sample.

Walter takes out a small set of clippers, a plastic bag. Morgan
removes a HAND HELD GPS and marks the coordinates.

MORGAN (CONT'D)
Looks like we might have found a new
species already. I have a good feeling
about this place.

UNDERWATER.

It's deep. Much deeper than one would expect from a small lagoon.

Ty and Chloe glide past camera.

Chloe checks her gauge. Speaks over Dive-Link comm system--

CHLOE
We're passing eighty feet. Difficult to
judge depth in water this clear.

They pass through a particularly thick patch of kelp to reveal-

THOUSANDS OF FISH. Pulsing in vivid Technicolor schools. They fill
frame, the divers two tiny specks in a sea of ever-moving color.

CHLOE (CONT'D)
Wow.

TY
Think that qualifies as a 'preponderance
of life'?

CHLOE
Let's set the nets.

Off the image of nature effulgent, awe-inspiring...

EXT. THE TREE STATION - DAY

Carrie and Andrew move among the netting, the balloon tethered behind them. It's taut, like moving across a trampoline... Carrie's at once transfixed and terrified.

She moves cautiously.

ANDREW
Better than Treetops Lodge, right?

CARRIE
If you say so.

ANDREW
You're perfectly safe. It's thousand pound test... got safety lines to the forest below just in case. And if that's not enough, here--

He extends his hand, she takes it. He leads the way.

CARRIE
You walk along this thing like it's nothing at all.

ANDREW
(opening up)
I've done the jungle a dozen times like this. Countless times by foot. I grew up in one of the river villages, thought I'd escape to the University and then my dissertation studies brought me right back. From a slightly different vantage point.

He looks back, Carrie is staring down, transfixed.

ANDREW (CONT'D)
Did you hear anything I just said?

CARRIE
Can we please move further from the edge?

ANDREW
Here's the secret: just look across. Not down.

They stop. Carrie looks out. It's astonishing. A silent moment is shared for a beat. Then Carrie lets go of Andrew's hand.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

There are a lots of ways to die in the jungle, Carrie. Based on my research, falling out of a big treetop net isn't really one of them.

At last, his black humor gets a smile.

EXT. DAEDALUS, DIVE DECK - LATE AFTERNOON

The Zodiac is now lashed to the back of the Daedalus. Crew members are unloading hundreds of plant and animal samples.

INT. DAEDALUS, LAB - DAY

ANGLE ON- A GIANT KILLER ANT. Or so it looks under the magnification of a microscope. Reveal-

Walter studying the insect. He speaks into a digital recorder-

WALTER

Polyergus rufescens with an extremely elongated and fierce looking mandible. The ant's exoskeleton seems to function as a protective casing but with larger pores than normal. Specific ant species is unknown.

He moves on to a live giant butterfly in an aerated plastic case. He passes row after row of various live animals. They run the range from the mundane - wasps - to the frightening- a three foot long millipede - to the mysterious - a red and yellow snake with legs, and everything in between.

He and Copley are up to their ears in animal and plant samples.

WALTER (CONT'D)

I don't know what the hell half of these things are.

COPLEY

How bout this one?

Walter turns to see Copley holding up a MASSIVE DEAD MOSQUITO.

WALTER

Live would've been better.

Copley spreads the mosquito's dead wings. The wingspan's almost TWELVE INCHES.

COPLEY
Really? You sure?

He hands it to Walter. Walter carefully pins it to a tray.

EXT. DAEDALUS, DECK - DUSK

The crew arrayed along a table under the emerging stars, enjoying food and drink. John sits beside Morgan, unable to hide the mood he's in: Carrie's not there, nor is Andrew. John is completely distracted by her absence.

WALTER
In sheer numbers, we would win. I'm certain.

CHLOE
You didn't see below the water line, Walter. It's the most incredible place.

TY
More fish than the Great Barrier Reef.

CHLOE
Without the Great Whites.

WALTER
But in sheer numbers, I'm certain we found more unclassifiable plant and animal life. Case closed. We win.

Morgan has noted John's disposition.

MORGAN
I'm sure she's fine-

JOHN
You don't know her like I do.

MORGAN
Ask her yourself.

Morgan gestures off the deck and we see the balloon -- with Carrie and Andrew -- returning to the ship.

EXT. DEADALUS, SIDE DECK - EVENING

John, drink still in hand, has come around to meet Carrie as she steps off the balloon onto the deck --

CARRIE

It's the most amazing thing I've ever let myself do.

She gives John a kiss. He is cold, reacts stiffly.

JOHN

Well it was rash, Carrie. If that's what you mean. A thousand things could have harmed you out there.

CARRIE

But nothing did.

ANDREW

She was safe from start to finish-

JOHN

Thank you for your unsolicited opinion.
Come on, Carrie.

John finishes his drink, leaves the empty glass on the deck and exits.

Carrie turns to Andrew.

CARRIE

Thank you.

Andrew smiles bashfully and waves it off.

EXT. LAGOON - NIGHT

Wide shot of the Daedalus, the only speck of light in a sea of darkness. Voices from the crew's dinner party drift off into the darkened jungle.

CUT TO:

INT. DAEDALUS, CABIN BATHROOM - DAWN

--morning light as it slants in through the window. Carrie enters blinking away the sleep. She grabs her toothbrush, wets it beneath the faucet. Pauses.

A tendrill of vines has snaked up through the drain in the basin. She looks at it curiously, then pulls it loose and tosses it in the waste basket.

As she does, there's movement in the water just outside the bathroom window (which is just above water line). She sees Chloe taking a morning swim in the tranquil waters of the Lagoon. There is something elegant in the image.

EXT. DAEDALUS DECK - MOMENTS LATER

Carrie emerges moments later on deck with swim gear and towel just as Chloe pulls herself up the dive ladder and out of the water.

CARRIE
How is it?

CHLOE
Brilliant.

CARRIE
Is it safe?

Chloe nods over her shoulder. Ty is visible across the Lagoon, in scuba gear, working on the pontoons on the floating nets.

CHLOE
Just watch out for my husband.

Carrie disrobes. Drops into the water.

CHLOE (OS) (CONT'D)
Here, take these.

She throws swimming goggles to Carrie.

Carrie puts them on and pushes off the boat, in the opposite direction of Ty.

It's sublime. The water's cool around her, the canopy framing the sky above her as she rolls onto her back, begins back-stroking...

It's just her and the muted sound of her breathing in her ears...

...then it comes. Movement in the water beneath her. A rippling hybrid of surge and sound.

Instinctively she stops, looks down. From her POV--something is for a moment visible through the dancing reflective water--a dozen feet down--

--a flash of reptilian scales and amazing speed--

Carrie catches her breath. Knows immediately: not good. She spins, swims back toward the boat--

The underwater POV--mirroring Carrie beneath the water--her body silhouetted against the sky as she flees--

The POV nears--

ON CARRIE--eyeing the dive deck--still 20 feet--too far--

The POV--rocketing for her--

ON CARRIE--reaching vainly for the deck--still 10 feet away--won't make it--

The water breaches before her, something rising before her. She gasps--

It's Ty. He spits out his reg. Laughing.

TY

Sorry sorry sorry. I thought you were Chloe.

Carrie gasps, pushes past him.

He stops her at the dive ladder.

TY (CONT'D)

You okay?

CARRIE

I just...I thought I saw something in the water.

TY

It *is* the Amazon.

Carrie isn't assuaged. She climbs on board, quickly pulling a towel around her, moving inside. Ty watches her go. His eyes drift over to Chloe, who's pulling her scuba gear and tank over her back.

CHLOE

Ready?

Ty casts a final curious glance back to where Carrie disappeared, then nods.

TY

Yeah.

INT. DAEDALUS, LOWER HALLWAY - DAY

Camera travels with Walter approaching the lab. As he unlocks the door he notices a small vine protruding from under the threshold. He pushes open the door to reveal-

INT. DAEDALUS, LAB - CONTINUOUS

-the jungle come to the boat. The plant samples in the lab have run rampant--growing overnight at an amazing rate. They overrun the counters with their spidery tendrils. It's a seemingly impossible sight - the lab is completely overrun.

WALTER

Oh my.

Walter moves into the room, passing the clear plastic containers that hold the multiple different animal species- all of which seem to be highly agitated. WASPS menacingly swarm, thankfully contained within a large glass case.

He notices that the aquarium, which holds the piranha caught down river, is now overrun by vines. The fish lays dead, caught in the plant's 'grip'.

Next to the aquarium, unseen by Walter, a container holding dozens and dozens of ants is tipped on its side. The ants have spilled out, climb up the wall, and into the air vent.

Walter looks down at the sample dish--where he had pinned the huge DEAD mosquito yesterday. But the body of the insect is gone, only the two pinned wings remain.

Then he hears buzzing from above.

He looks up.

The mosquito is there--very much alive, its wings miraculously regrown--flapping against the ceiling, trying to get out.

A smile grows on his face --CUT TO--

INT. DAEDALUS, LAB - MOMENTS LATER

Morgan surveys the torn wings of the mosquito in the specimen dish. The actual mosquito is now in a sample box on the counter beside it.

MORGAN

You're sure.

WALTER

It was dead.

MORGAN

You made a mistake. It must have some kind of defense mechanism that simulates death.

A wall mounted intercom phone rings. Walter makes no move to answer and the constant ringing heightens the growing tension in the room. Walter picks up a live butterfly in a plastic case.

WALTER

I've age-graded this butterfly to 18 months.

Waits for a reaction from Morgan. Gets nothing.

WALTER (CONT'D)

This species never lives more than 115 days. Max. Most of the insects I tested here are at least three times as old as their known projected species lifespan. There are at least 40 different plants and animals in this room that have never been identified before. Morgan, this place, this lagoon, is impossible. This plant growth is impossible. These animals are impossible.

He moves to the phone.

WALTER (CONT'D)

And yesterday that mosquito was dead.
(into phone) Hello?

Morgan studies the Lazarus mosquito.

WALTER (CONT'D)

They need you in communications.

INT. DAEDALUS, COMMUNICATIONS ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

It's dark and subdued like a recording studio. There are no windows and the only illumination is the soft light from a half dozen computer monitors. On a large central plasma screen is the underwater video feed from Ty's DIVE CAM.

ANGLE ON TY'S SCREEN- The specimen nets are there, strewn in the kelp, shredded, as if a torpedo has breached them. The gaping hole in the steel mesh suggest as much.

TY (OVER DIVE LINK)
These were in perfect condition when we
set them up yesterday.

MORGAN
Crocodile?

TY (OVER DIVE LINK)
No way, these things're are steel cable.

MORGAN
Sabotage? The tribe?

TY (OVER DIVE LINK)
Unlikely, these nets are in water over
eighty feet deep. I was thinking maybe
you should talk to Carrie. She said she
saw something in the water this morning.

Morgan looks to Tomas.

MORGAN
Get her.

TY (OVER DIVE LINK)
But that isn't the only reason we called
you. Switch over to Chloe's cam.

Morgan hits a button that immediately switches the monitor.

ANGLE ON- Chloe's camera. Clearly visible is the profile of a
SUNKEN SHIP laying on the lagoon floor. It's been down here for
quite some time, the mud and submarine foliage co-opting its
structure over the decades...

CHLOE (OVER DIVE LINK)
Looks like we're not the first to find
this place.

*** INTERCUT AS NECESSARY ***

Morgan, watching in piqued silence as the divers move towards the
boat and rise along the stern.

Ty runs his hands over the muddy hull, the rivets...sees letters
beneath. Begins clearing the mud away.

A single word is revealed, in foot-high letters: "RITA".

As Morgan moves closer to the screen to get a better look.

JOHN
The Rita?

Morgan turns to see John and Carrie have entered the room

MORGAN

Yes.

JOHN

The ship you were talking about-

MORGAN

It is.

He turns to address Carrie.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

Ty says you saw something in the water
this morning.

CARRIE

I'm not sure.

MORGAN

Do you know what it was?

CARRIE

I didn't get a very good look...an
alligator or crocodile but different.

MORGAN

Different? How?

She takes a beat, thinks.

CARRIE

It was much bigger.

The filtered voice of Ty brings Morgan back to the monitors.

TY (OVER DIVELINK)

We're going inside.

INT. WRECK OF THE 'RITA' - DAY

Chloe and Ty descend into the rusty, dangerous darkness. The faint
light of the surface disappears as they sink deeper into the ship.

Unlike an ancient wreck found in the ocean, this one is well
preserved thanks to its fresh water tomb. They swim through a
hallway and into the lower depths of the boat. Chloe gets to a
door at the end of hallway. It takes all her strength to pry it
open.

SHOCK BEAT as a giant SIX FOOT LONG CAT FISH comes screaming out from behind the door, knocking Chloe aside as it swims away.

TY (OVER DIVE LINK)
Holy shit!

CHLOE (OVER DIVE LINK)
Was that a cat fish?

TY (OVER DIVE LINK)
(laughing)
Sure as hell wasn't a Great White.

INT. RITA, LOWER DECK STORAGE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The divers' flashlights penetrate the absolute darkness.

One of the beams reveals the faded image of a SKULL AND CROSSBONES. Written beneath are the words "SODIUM CYANIDE". Reveal a row of half a dozen steel drums with the same image and text stenciled on the side. Four of the six drums appear to still be sealed. The others are rusted open and empty.

MORGAN (OVER DIVE LINK)
Cyanide. Must have been using it for the gold extraction. Deadly stuff. Don't touch.

TY (OVER DIVE LINK)
Wouldn't dream of it.

CHLOE (OVER DIVE LINK, TO TY)
Wait, do you feel that?

A silent beat.

TY (OVER DIVE LINK)
Water flow.

CHLOE (OVER DIVE LINK)
Yea, strange. Come on.

And they leave the room and head deeper into the wreck.

INT. RITA, ENGINE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

They pass through the sizable steam engine once used to power this ancient craft.

TY (OVER DIVELINK)
I think I might have a guess as to why
she went down.

Reveal - a MASSIVE HOLE in the hull. The puncture in the metal skin is about five feet wide in diameter. Jagged metal edges protrude into the boat from the impact. Darkness outside the hole.

TY (OVER DIVELINK) (CONT'D)
You getting this?

MORGAN (OVER DIVELINK)
Yeah, I see it...

TY (OVER DIVELINK)
Pretty severe damage.

As he talks, Chloe moves to the opening to investigate. She studies the punctured steel.

CHLOE (OVER DIVELINK)
There's a massive amount of water flow
coming through this.

ON THE BRIDGE, Morgan knits his brow.

MORGAN (OVER DIVE-LINK)
Do me a favor. Put a light down there.

Chloe complies, shines her dive light into the punctured steel--
--revealing what would appear to be the entrance to LIMESTONE
CAVES beneath the surface, just on the other side of the ship's
hull.

MORGAN (OVER DIVE-LINK) (CONT'D)
What's that?

CHLOE (OVER DIVE-LINK)
Looks like a cave entrance. Must be an
underwater river flowing into the lagoon.

Chloe looks to Ty. Smiles.

CUT TO:

INT. DAEDALUS COMMUNICATIONS ROOM - DAY

On the monitor TY's screen reveals the dive guide line being tied
to a piece of metal pipe.

TY (OVER DIVELINK)
 Ok, we're heading in now. Probably gonna
 lose the video signal pretty soon.

And with that the video images, and all communications with the
 divers, are lost.

INT. CAVES - CONTINUOUS

Chloe and Ty slip down into the warrens. The sediment stirs
 easily with their fin-kicks.

As they continue to swim; Ty unspools the dive line, tracking
 their way out. The somewhat spacious cavern begins to narrow until
 the opening is not much wider than the size of a diver. Due to
 the constricted size, the flow of water is much more rapid.

TY (OVER DIVELINK)
 Think we should continue?

CHLOE (OVER DIVELINK)
 That a rhetorical question?

He laughs.

TY (OVER DIVELINK)
 It's gonna be tight.

INT. CAVE, SMALL PASSAGE - CONTINUOUS

Due to the extremely tight fit, Ty is forced to push his air tank
 in front of him rather than wear it. Chloe follows some distance
 behind. Their labored breaths can be heard over the talk-back
 system.

TY (OVER DIVELINK)
 It's really tight in here...I'm having a
 bit of difficulty with the current.

CHLOE (OVER DIVELINK)
 You ok?

TY (OVER DIVELINK)
 Bitchin.

The movement is slow and difficult. The effect is absolutely
 claustrophobic and a reminder to us that cave diving is the most
 dangerous 'sport' on the planet.

ANGLE ON -

Chloe - the sediment kicked up by Ty completely envelops her.

Ty's labored breaths finally give way to his voice.

TY (OVER DIVE LINK) (CONT'D)
I'm through.

We stay with Chloe as she travels through the cloud of sediment and finally passes out the other side as she enters-

INT. MASSIVE UNDERWATER CAVERN - CONTINUOUS

A breathtaking vista. The cavern, the size of a huge ballroom, is a magnificent sight. Giant stalactites hang from the underwater roof. But most impressive of all is the fact that the entire place is lit up by some type of phosphorescent glow.

CHLOE (OVER DIVE LINK)
Jesus.

TY (OVER DIVE LINK)
My thoughts exactly.

CHLOE (OVER DIVE LINK)
Hey, how's your air?

He checks.

TY (OVER DIVE LINK)
Enough to go a bit further.

CHLOE (OVER DIVE LINK)
Reading my mind again I see.

INT. CENOTE (LIMESTONE CAVE)- CONTINUOUS

The divers travel through a short, narrow passageway and enter into a well lit cenote - the area where the underwater river surfaces into a dry cave. Forty feet above their heads daylight streams into the cavern.

As they continue on, the bottom of the river suddenly gives way to blackness.

TY (OVER DIVE-LINK)
You got the HawkEye?

Chloe nods, produces a small HawkEye Digital Handheld Sonar unit. Levels it downward. Her eyes widen.

She holds it up to Ty. The screen reads...3,166 feet.

TY (OVER DIVE LINK) (CONT'D)
Three thousand feet. Impossible.

She takes another reading. Holds it up....3,168.

TY (OVER DIVE LINK) (CONT'D)
No way.

They continue on over the abyss. Suddenly the ground returns under the divers. But the bottom is no longer a dark stone color but rather it is WHITE. As they continue on the depth gets more and more shallow until the two are swimming in only 3 feet of water.

TY (OVER DIVE LINK) (CONT'D)
What is this?

Chloe reaches her hand into the white textured surface on the bottom and is surprised to pull back an ANIMAL SKULL- one that looks to be that of a pig or boar.

A moment of shock as Ty and Chloe immediately surface into the MASSIVE CENOTE. The ceiling is almost fifty feet above the water line and the space is the size of a small sports arena. But most shocking of all is the MOUNTAIN OF BONES that stretches from the dry floor of the cave, into the water, and down into the abyss. Ty and Chloe find themselves standing right on top of this epic pile of death.

TY (OVER DIVE LINK) (CONT'D)
Holy shit.

CUT TO:

INT. DAEDALUS COMMUNICATIONS ROOM - DAY

TY (OVER DIVE LINK)
Do you guys copy?

Morgan jumps up. Moves to the monitor. Sees a close up image of Ty, his mask off.

MORGAN
Yea, where are you?

TY (OVER DIVE LINK)
Take a look.

Ty swings the camera towards the massive pile of bones.

CARRIE
What is that?

CHLOE

Bones. Thousands... millions of animal bones.

TY

We think it's some kind of feeding ground. We're in a cenote, it opens to the jungle.

MONITOR

Ty points the camera towards the ceiling of the cenote where daylight streams in from a large opening.

MORGAN

Send us your GPS coordinates and get the hell outta there.

CUT TO:

EXT. DAEDALUS, DIVE DECK - AFTERNOON

Ty and Chloe surface, are helped back onto the ship.

EXT. LAGOON - EVENING

The setting sun bathes the Daedalus in a brilliant red hue.

INT. DAEDALUS, KITCHEN - EVENING

Carrie, alone in the kitchen, pulls open the large industrial refrigerator. She removes some bread, sandwich meats, head of lettuce, moves to the sink and turns on the water. Only a trickle escapes. She notices something green protruding from the faucet. She pulls on it dislodging a long vine growing deep within the pipes. Water flow returns.

Carrie washes the lettuce and when finished shuts off the water. However, the sound of the water flow seems to continue. The sound slowly builds, the room becoming enveloped by it. Carrie checks the faucet again-dry. She circles the room as the sound grows louder and louder. She moves closer to one of the air vents- the sound seems to be coming from there. Puts her ear to the vent....listens.....sound grows.....

Suddenly, a swarm of wasps shoots out of the vent and into the room. Carrie screams in shock as she is stung several times before she is able to get out of the room and shut the wasps within.

She pauses, catching her breath then looks up and notices vents lining the hallway and in that moment wasps pour out and into the hallway. She runs.

EXT. DAEDALUS, REAR DECK - NIGHT

Carrie emerges outside. The wasps follow then fly away, disappearing into the darkness.

MORGAN (PRE-LAP)
Alright everyone, party's over...

EXT. DAEDALUS, REAR DECK - NIGHT / LATER

Most of the crew is now gathered on this outdoor deck. Copley is applying an ointment to Carrie's arms and neck. Several others, including John, actually suffer from more severe wasp stings.

MORGAN (CONT'D)
...We've cleared the boat. Time to go back inside. Come on, lets go. Just a few wasps - nothing we haven't seen before.

Andrew sits down next to Carrie.

ANDREW
You ok?

CARRIE
Yeah, I'm fine.

Copley finishes up.

COPLEY
There you go.

CARRIE
Thanks.

He smiles and moves on.

CARRIE (CONT'D)
It's not just wasps. There are some kind of plants, vines, growing in the pipes.

ANDREW
I know. The samples collected in the lab have managed to disperse throughout the ship. Morgan tells me he has it under control. I'm not so sure.

They watch for a beat as everyone starts to move back inside.

ANDREW (CONT'D)
Come with me, I wanna show you something.

INT. DAEDALUS, BRIDGE - MOMENTS LATER

Carrie and Andrew enter. Valheira is standing on his chair taping closed the air vent. Andrew nods to Valheira:

ANDREW
Mind if I show her what you showed me?

Andrew turns to the instrument panel, works a few controls around a small screen.

ANDREW (CONT'D)
Fish finder caches a certain amount of
back data before erasing it.
(beat)
This is from last night.

A still image pops up. A digital profile of the Lagoon. As expected, lots and lots of blips connoting fish.

ANDREW (CONT'D)
All this is normal fish activity.

He then taps a large one.

ANDREW (CONT'D)
But watch this one.

He toggles the switch forward. The other blips rearrange in staccato 'jumps'--flip-book-style--as a succession of cached images show their movement.

The large blip circles the boat, slowly, methodically.

ANDREW (CONT'D)
Two a.m. Four a.m. Six a.m.

Each time, he skips two hours forward and the other blips in the lagoon rearrange in random patterns...but the single large blip remains in its slow ominous orbit.

Valheira steps down from the chair.

ANDREW (CONT'D)
It circled us the entire night. Whatever
that is, I think it might be what you saw
in the water this morning.

The screen flickers suddenly. Carrie and Andrew look up, so does Valheira.

It's the electricity, starting to pulse sickly, weakening, threatening to quit...

ANDREW (CONT'D)
(to Valheira)
What's going on?

VALHEIRA
I don't know.

CUT TO:

A panel being pulled back revealing the ship's electrical system.

INT. DAEDALUS, ENGINE ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Morgan, Valheira, Andrew, Carrie, and Tomas stand in front of the panel.

TOMAS
For some reason we're not getting enough water flow to the APC. Something's obstructing the underwater intake. We don't clear that soon systems gonna overheat and shut everything down.

VALHEIRA
We lose the APC we're dead in the water.

He looks up, meets eyes with Morgan. Morgan quickly exits.

INT. DAEDALUS, LOWER HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

ANDREW
Morgan....Morgan.

Morgan continues on, Andrew catches up.

ANDREW (CONT'D)
You're not sending those two divers down there.

MORGAN
I'm about as excited by the prospect as you are. But we need power.
(MORE)

MORGAN (CONT'D)

Without it, we lose our samples, we lose our communication, the electric starters for our motors don't work. And we won't ever get out of here.

ANDREW

You brought me along because of my expertise out here. I'm telling you: night's the wrong time to be in the water.

MORGAN

I know. That's why, down there...

They move through the door, out onto the deck--

MORGAN (CONT'D)

...it won't be night.

REVEAL - the bright glow of lights in the water, ringing the Daedalus. Sodium vapor lights mounted beneath the hull, lighting up the waters like it's daytime...

INT. BENEATH THE SURFACE - MOMENTS LATER

SPLASH! SPLASH! Ty and Chloe drop into the waters, look around their strange, hyperlit world.

TY (OVER DIVE-LINK)

Told you I can handle this on my own.

CHLOE (OVER DIVE-LINK)

And miss this?

(re: blinding lights)

Feel like I'm at the Super Bowl.

He hefts the BANGSTICK - a single shot .44 caliber - and his other gear.

TY (OVER DIVE-LINK)

Let's get this over with.

As they swim under the hull-

INT. DAEDALUS, BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

--their images on the fish finder--two blips beside the ship--

Carrie watches, the others arrayed before the other monitors around her.

The fish finder re-renders--Ty and Chloe disappear from view. Carrie takes a deep breath, looks back at Morgan and the others.

Morgan looks at his video screen--Ty's POV cam--

MORGAN (OVER DIVE-LINK)
How we doing down there?

TY (OVER DIVE-LINK)
Think we found our interloper.

And we see it, onscreen, the small grating around the intake valve, clogged with TENDRILS OF VINE snaking up from the bottom of the lagoon. In fact, it almost looks as if the plant life at the bottom of the lagoon is reaching up to grab the Daedalus.

INT. BENEATH THE SURFACE - CONTINUOUS

*** INTERCUT AS NECESSARY ***

Ty tries to clear the heavy growth away.

TY (OVER DIVE-LINK)
Jammed in there good.

He tries to pull away the grating around the valve. Nothing doing. To Chloe:

TY (OVER DIVE-LINK) (CONT'D)
You got your bottle?

As Chloe moves to unhook her compact blow-torch--

--ON THE BRIDGE: Carrie's eyes never leave the fish finder. Nothing there. Her eyes quickly dart up to the lit-up Lagoon outside, anxious.

IN THE WATER: Ty fires up the blowtorch--begins surgically cutting away the grating--

ON CARRIE: face growing ashen as she looks down at the fish finder's display.

CARRIE
Get them out of there.

MORGAN
What?

CARRIE
Get them out of there now.

Reveal, on screen before her, amidst the small blips, a LARGER ONE.

The screen re-renders--the blip much closer--bearing down on the Daedalus and Ty and Chloe beneath--

BENEATH THE SURFACE--the grating gives beneath Ty's blowtorch. As he starts to clear away the vines inside--

TY (OVER DIVE-LINK)
There we go. Piece of piss--

ON THE BRIDGE: Morgan eyes the fish finder, the fast approaching blip--

MORGAN (OVER DIVE-LINK)
Ty, listen to me--

BENEATH THE SURFACE--just as Ty clears away the last of the vine--

WOOSH! THE PLANT GETS SUCKED INTO THE INTAKE VALVE.

MORGAN (OVER DIVE-LINK) (CONT'D)
Ty--

ON THE BRIDGE--

The power dies, plunging everything into darkness.

BENEATH THE SURFACE--

The sodium vapor lights go down, killing visibility instantly.

ON THE BRIDGE:

MORGAN (OVER DIVE-LINK) (CONT'D)
Ty, you gotta get out of the water, you hear me--

He pauses, meeting eyes with the others, realizing with dread. Comm's out.

BENEATH THE SURFACE--Only the tiny glow of the blowtorch. Another light flicks on. A flashlight. Finding Chloe's face.

TY (OVER DIVE-LINK)
How you goin'?

A nod from her. Ty hands her the flashlight.

TY (OVER DIVE-LINK) (CONT'D)
Must've shorted the whole bit.

He peers into the intake valve. Wedged up there, a few inches in, is the tail end of the vine.

TY (OVER DIVE-LINK) (CONT'D)
I can see it. Just...

And as he reaches, his gloved fingers straining--CUT TO--

--a POV through the murkiness--stalking the two divers--homing in on the glow given off by the flashlight--

INT. HALLWAYS OF DAEDALUS - CONTINUOUS

Morgan rips through the halls, yelling at the crewmen--

MORGAN
Goddammit! Do whatever you got to get to get that power up! I want those divers out of the water!

INT. BENEATH THE SURFACE - CONTINUOUS

Chloe holds the flashlight as Ty works--

TY (OVER DIVE-LINK)
(re: vine, straining)
Almost got the bugger...

INT. DAEDALUS, LOWER DECK, OBSERVATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Carrie bursts in, rushing to the window in the floor and begins banging on the glass with the back of her flashlight--

CARRIE
Get out! GET OUT OF THE WATER!

*** INTERCUT AS NECESSARY ***

Ty and Chloe meet eyes with her through the glass. A knowing fear in her eyes.

CHLOE (OVER DIVE-LINK)
We gotta go, baby.

And right then--as she swings her flashlight--something large flits through the narrow shaft of light--too fast to process--

CHLOE (OVER DIVE-LINK) (CONT'D)
(paling)
What was that?

IN THE SHIP--Carrie pales too--

CARRIE

No...

Both women swing their flashlights--searching--

WHOOSH! A near miss--a tangle of bubbles and contact--

Chloe drops the flashlight!

It sinks to the bottom 40 feet below--settling--casting a focused beam up toward them like a single klieg light--bathing them in light--the surrounding water dark--

Ty focuses instantly. Calm--if scared--in the storm--

TY (OVER DIVE-LINK)

We get out of the water nice and easy,
understand me?

He hands Chloe the blowtorch, still burning--

TY (OVER DIVE-LINK) (CONT'D)

I want you to hold this. If anything
comes near you, fry it.

CHLOE (OVER DIVE-LINK)

Ty--

TY (OVER DIVE-LINK)

Take it!

Just as she does--

WHOOSH--SOMETHING SHOOTS BETWEEN THEM--

IN THE SHIP--Carrie sees this--banging her flashlight against the glass--

CARRIE

TURN AROUND!

BENEATH THE SURFACE--the divers wheel--sees a comet of green whip through the slanting light of Carrie's torch--

TY (OVER DIVE-LINK)

What the hell was that--

CHLOE (OVER DIVE-LINK)

It's coming back--

AND WHAM!--IT'S ON THEM IN A CHAOTIC SWIRL OF BUBBLES AND DARKNESS--

Chloe whips the blowtorch around defensively--and in that split seconds glimpses something - a primordial figure--

--then there is a great underwater roar as flame meets reptilian 'flesh'--

CRUNCH! Chloe's slammed up against the hull of the Daedalus at violent, lightning speed--

INT. DAEDALUS, LOWER DECK, OBSERVATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

--driven right up against the glass beneath Carrie with a sickening thud--

A shocked cry escapes Carrie's lips.

The two women meet eyes through the glass--Chloe's mask cracked--water rushing in--life ebbing--

--and for a fleeting moment, something else appears behind her in the bubbling darkness--two strangely human eyes--an ancient scaly face peering back at her--

--then Chloe's yanked from view.

CARRIE

NO!

Carrie spins, flashlight searching the darkness. But there's no sign of Chloe or Ty or the strange presence. Only blackness.

EXT. DECK OF THE DAEDALUS - CONTINUOUS

Carrie rushes up to the dive deck, finds Andrew and the others there--

There's wild thrashing in the water as something breaches right in front of them. They recoil--

--only to see Ty, virtually *throwing* Chloe onto the deck--a Herculean, adrenaline-addled effort--

He scrambles up behind, Carrie and Andrew yanking him up. It's a tangled mess of wet flippers on wet deck--everyone scrambling back away from the water--

--looking back at it--nothing coming--just that horrible preternatural black calm--

ANDREW

Oh no.

All eyes go down to Chloe. Something snakes away from her, a rivulet sliding across the deck. BLOOD. Her wet-suit is soaked with it.

Off her pale, shocked face --CUT TO--

INT. DAEDALUS, DINING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

--controlled chaos as Chloe is rushed inside. The room is dark, low voltage red battery back-up lighting weakly illuminates the room. Vines hang down from the roof, covering the tops of the walls in green foliage. With the power off, the room is quickly getting hot and humid.

JOHN

I need the ship's medical kit here now!

John cradles her head in his hands as they lay her on the table.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Give me space. Give me space!

The others follow him in. Ty's right up there with him, holding Chloe's hand--

TY

Chloe, baby, stick with me--

JOHN

You gotta give me space, Ty.

Morgan comes rushing in with the medical gear. John takes the kit and grabs instruments, begins trying to cut away Chloe's wetsuit.

JOHN (CONT'D)

I need another hand in here. Where's the god damn on-board medic?

MORGAN

We can't find Copley.

That stops John for a moment. He shakes his head.

JOHN

Do you have a defib in the kit?

MO

Yes.

JOHN

Get it out and prep it. Carrie are you in here?

CARRIE

Yes.

JOHN

I need your help over here.

She immediately approaches. He grabs her hands.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Hold the wetsuit right here. Pull it away from the body as I cut.

Ty leans in over Chloe:

TY

Chloe, can you hear me?

She looks up at him with glazed eyes.

CHLOE

I'm...I...gonna be okay...?

RIP. John cuts away her wetsuit. Revealing A HORRID, DEEP GASH across her midriff, the viscera within visible. She's living on borrowed time. She's too weak, too shocked to be able to move her head and see the fatal wound.

Tears well in Ty's eyes. Carrie is shocked by the sight of so much blood. She turns away.

JOHN

Carrie, Carrie...stay with me. I need you to put your hand right here and staunch the blood loss. Do you understand?

She nods in the affirmative. He places her hand inside the open wound.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Keep the pressure on, don't let go. Morgan, I need surgical sutures, and 20cc's of Morphine.

Suddenly, Chloe convulses--her body wracked with bloody, gurgling pain..

JOHN (CONT'D)

She's going into Cardiac shock. Shit. The defib - now!

But Chloe's body shivers violently one last time...then goes slack.

Morgan rushes over with the machine. John takes out the two paddles and places them on her chest.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Carrie, Ty move back.

They do and John fires the defibrillator. Chloe's body jumps with the electrical charge. John feels for a pulse, gets none. Tries the defibrillator again. Still no pulse. He stops.

TY
Try it again.

JOHN
I'm sorry Ty.

TY
Do it again.

JOHN
She's gone.

Suddenly, Ty flies into John, pushing him to the ground. Ty grabs the defibrillator and attempts to use it on Chloe. But in his raging state he is unable to get it to fire.

TY
Fuck, fuck fuck.

He throws it to the ground, smashing it as he storms out of the room.

INT. DAEDALUS, DIVE ROOM - NIGHT

Reveal Ty frantically pulling together his dive gear. Carrie enters.

CARRIE
Don't do this Ty.

TY
I'm going down and taking care of that thing.

CARRIE
It's suicide Ty.

TY
Fine.

His arms now full of his gear, including another bangstick, Ty moves to the door. But Carrie holds her ground, doesn't move.

TY (CONT'D)
Outta my way.

CARRIE
I'm so sorry Ty.

TY
Move the fuck outta my way.

CARRIE
I'm sorry Ty.

He levels the bangstick at Carrie. She doesn't move.

TY
Goddamit, move!

She doesn't. A tense beat before he lowers the gun and drops all his gear to the floor. Breaks out in sobs. Carrie takes him in her arms.

CUT TO:

INT. DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The body now covered, John begins to pack up the medical kit.

JOHN
Morgan, we need to preserve the body.
Given the humidity-

MORGAN
I know. Use the kitchen freezer, it
should be big enough.

He turns to Walter.

MORGAN (CONT'D)
And where the hell is Copley? He
should've been here?

WALTER
I don't know.

ANDREW
Time we got out of here don't you think?

MORGAN
Getting out of here requires power.
(beat)
Trust me, panicking won't do anything.

ANDREW
May save our lives.

MORGAN
We are still connected to the outside world. I can get on that Satphone and be in touch with New York in 30 seconds.

ANDREW
Then do it.

MORGAN
We'll have this conversation later.

ANDREW
We'll have it now. You are endangering the lives of everyone on this ship every second longer you wait to make that call.

MORGAN
We'll talk later.

And with that Morgan exits the room. Off of Andrew's look-

CUT TO:

INT. DAEDALUS, BRIDGE - NIGHT

Valheira is alone on the bridge. Everything is dark save for the emergency lights. Vines protrude from the taped over air vents in the room.

Andrew enters. He passes right by the captain and moves to the door to Morgan's office. It's locked.

ANDREW
I need the key to Morgan's office.

VALHEIRA
I can't give that to you without his approval.

In response Andrew slams his foot into the door, shattering the lock and throwing it open. He enters.

VALHEIRA (CONT'D)
Andrew!

Valheira moves to the room but before he can enter Andrew slams the door shut. The sound from inside of a chair sliding across the floor and being wedged into position to keep it shut. Valheira tries the door but is unable to open it.

VALHEIRA (CONT'D)

Shit.

INT. HALLWAYS OF THE DAEDALUS - MOMENTS LATER

Morgan and Valheira ascend the stairs--

VALHEIRA

I tried to stop him--

They reach the upper landing. Andrew's there on deck along the railing, holding the SATPHONE.

MORGAN

What're you doing?

ANDREW

I just made the call. First light they'll put a plane out here.

MORGAN

Call them back.

ANDREW

(a stern glare back)
Why?

MORGAN

This location is the intellectual property of Jensen.

(beat)
Call them back.

Andrew eyes him. A long tense beat.

ANDREW

You wanna call em...

He turns, throws the SatPhone into the Lagoon.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

...go get it.

He walks away leaving Morgan alone on deck.

EXT. LAGOON - NIGHT

Night on the Lagoon. This time, no lights to suggest the Daedalus in the dark. Only a looming shadow.

Prelap- KNOCKING

INT. DAEDALUS, HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Walter standing at the door to a cabin. He knocks again.

WALTER
Copley, you in there?

No answer. He tries the door, it opens.

INT. DAEDALUS, CABIN - CONTINUOUS

A red glow from the emergency lighting weakly illuminates the room. As is the case in most of the interior spaces of the boat, vines sprout from the air vents and cover much of the walls. Copley appears to be sleeping in the bed, his head the only part of his body exposed.

WALTER
Copley, what the hell are you doing?
Morgan is freaking out.

But he gets no answer, no reaction at all. Walter is immediately worried. He moves closer to Copley.

WALTER (CONT'D)
Copley?

He looks at Copley's face - a death stare. But then Walter notices something really strange. The sheet appears to be moving, almost undulating. He takes a beat then grabs the sheet and flings it back revealing-

Millions of ants swarming over Copley's body. In fact, they have eaten away most of his skin. This image is shocking and Walter is freaked out, to put it mildly.

But then Walter notices something else. The line of ants travels from the body, across the floor, and up the wall. With dread he looks up to see that the entire ceiling is covered with millions of ants.

WALTER (CONT'D)
Oh no.

As he makes a move to run out of the room, the ants drop from ceiling and onto Walter.

INT. HALLWAYS OF THE DAEDALUS - CONTINUOUS

His screams echo throughout the boat as he runs down the hallway trying frantically to get the ants off of him.

EXT. DAEDALUS REAR DECK - CONTINUOUS

He reaches the rear deck and unable to extricate himself he does the unthinkable - jumps into the dark waters of the lagoon.

Andrew is there to witness this act of seeming insanity. He rushes to the rear of the boat as the rest of the occupants arrive on deck.

ANDREW

Walter!

Walter surfaces for a moment then goes under.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

Shit.

And without another thought Andrew jumps into the absolute black waters of the lagoon.

EXT. UNDERWATER LAGOON -CONTINUOUS

Darkness surrounds Andrew as he searches for Walter. Panic held at bay by the surge of adrenaline. Silence under the water. He surfaces.

Yelling, sees people on the deck, flashlights in their hands, probing the dark waters. Andrew goes back under-

UNDERWATER.

Silence again. Flashlight beams pierce the water from above. Andrew searching frantically- but sees nothing. The water is just too dark.

SURFACE.

Arms reaching down, pull Andrew out of the water. Lay him down on the deck. Coughing.

MORGAN

What the hell happened?

ANDREW

I don't know, he was screaming and just jumped into the water. I couldn't see anything.

MORGAN

God damn it.

Everyone continues to search the dark waters looking for Walter, yelling his name. And then silence.

Panic stating to take hold.

Carrie moves to John.

CARRIE

I need that flashlight.

She walks to the back of the boat but doesn't shine the light down into the water, rather towards the edge of the lagoon. She slowly sweeps the light across the dense foliage.

CARRIE (SOTTO) (CONT'D)

It's gone.

She turns to the group assembled on the deck.

CARRIE (CONT'D)

It's gone.

JOHN

What?

CARRIE

Our exit...the path we cut to get in here. It gone. Completely re-grown.

Multiple flashlights aim towards the shore-probing, confirming their worst nightmares - they are trapped.

INT. DAEDALUS, BRIDGE - NIGHT

The entire remaining crew is assembled. Morgan rolls out the ship's construction blueprints.

MORGAN

Copley is dead. We found him, or what's left of him, in his cabin.

Motioning to the plans.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

These lower decks are completely infested. We need to seal them off here and over here.

Flips to another set of plans.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

We can shut off the ventilation system from these two points then fall back to the upper areas and wait till sunrise.

ANDREW

Morgan, it's too late for that. This ship is being taken over. We've got to assess the situation real quick here. We go in that water, we die. We stay on this boat, in all likelihood we die. Only other option is...

He takes a beat, nods vaguely outside.

MORGAN

The jungle? No way.

ANDREW

What if we were above it? The tree station, we can wait the night out there. Morning, we get the plane and get out of here.

MORGAN

We stay here and wait for morning. That's the plan. End of discussion.

And with that Morgan rolls up the plans and exits.

JOHN

(to Carrie)

Come on.

She doesn't move.

JOHN (CONT'D)

It's safer here where there aren't any more variables.

CARRIE

You know from your work, John. What the body does when something toxic enters its system. It throws everything it has at it to reject it, kill it off.

JOHN
And you're telling me this why?

CARRIE
Because maybe that's what's happening
here. Maybe we're what's toxic here.

John looks at her incredulously. Then casts a glare Andrew's way.

JOHN
He put that in your head?

CARRIE
What?

JOHN
It's horseshit. You're mythologizing
something that needs to be explained by
science.

CARRIE
Then explain it.

JOHN
Give me enough time and I will.

An impasse. Carrie meets eyes with Andrew. Looks back to John.

CARRIE
We're going to the trees. I want you to
come with me. I want to know that you'll
be safe.

John shakes his head.

JOHN
Too many variables.

She nears him. Quietly, a last ditch attempt to get through to him.

CARRIE
What about me?

He eyes her impassively. Fully cognizant of Andrew beside her:

JOHN
Maybe you're more variable than I
thought.

EXT. BALLOON / DAEDALUS DECK - NIGHT

TIGHT ON THE ROPE, as it's untied from the cleat, slowly pulled up into the cockpit of the balloon. Wayne stows the rope. Blaylock's here. Andrew's at the controls, Carrie beside him.

They look back at the crew on the darkened deck below them. Overgrowth spidering up the walls around them.

ANDREW

Still can come. We can make another run,
come back for the rest of you.

Morgan nods dutifully. An implicit no.

MORGAN

Good luck.

ANDREW

You too.

He engages the engines. As the balloon starts to drift away from the Daedalus, Carrie's eyes never leave John's. His face is cold, judgmental. Still, she never breaks his gaze, until once far enough away, it is lost to the shadows that ensconce the boat...

ANGLE ON: THE LAGOON

The white balloon is reflected in black mirror-like surface of the lagoon. Just below water level the slightest hint of movement - a pair of MASSIVE REPTILIAN EYES are visible watching the balloon disappear into the night sky.

INT. DAEDALUS, VARIOUS LOCATIONS - NIGHT

A brief montage of the remaining members of the crew sealing off the lower deck and covering the air vents with masking tape.

EXT. TREE STATION - NIGHT

Andrew descends from the cockpit to the webbed 'floor' of the tree station, ties off the balloon. He takes Carrie's hand, guides her down. Wayne and Blaylock follow a moment later.

RAIN is starting to fall. The others take notice.

ANDREW

If rain's all we gotta worry about, I'll
take it.

He tosses Wayne and Blaylock a tarp. Searches. Only has one left. He pulls it up over his and Carrie's huddle. They huddle there on the webbing, the rain stippling the tarp over their heads. Something intimate, if water logged-about it.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

Hell of a way to spend to spend the night, hey?

(beat)

We're gonna be okay.

She looks out in the rainy darkness toward the Lagoon. Concerned.

CUT TO:

INT. DAEDALUS, OBSERVATION DECK - NIGHT

John and the others wait on pins and needles in the darkness. Utter silence. Morgan checks his watch. John's eyes are on the vines that completely cover the glass structure.

Thump.

Everyone meets eyes. *Thump.* It happens again. Somewhere far below.

MORGAN

Something's in the boat.

VALHEIRA

Or trying to get in, below the waterline.

Thump. No one moves a muscle.

VALHEIRA (CONT'D)

If the hull's breached this ship will go down fast - unless we close all the bulk head doors.

JOHN

Are you saying we need to go back down there?

Off Valheira's look-

INT. DAEDALUS, STAIRWELL - MOMENTS LATER

John, Morgan, Ty, and Valheira move down the stairwell. Ty and Valheira heft rifles.

They descend into the ship. Dark, scary. The jungle has now really come to the boat. Vines cover most surfaces. Masses of insects - mosquitos and such swarm.

INT DAEDALUS, LOWER HALLWAY - NIGHT

The group rounds the corner to reveal what would be a beautiful image if it weren't so deadly - thousands of vibrantly colored POISON DART FROGS covering every surface of the long hallway.

JOHN

Tell me that's not what I think it is.

MORGAN

Come on. And don't touch anything.

They move on, carefully moving down the hallway. Their pace is slow and deliberate, the scene tense, especially when one of the frogs lands on John's shoulder. But he keeps his cool and the frog never touches his bare skin.

Finally they make it safely to the other side. The sense of relief is immediately lost when just ahead the thumping they've been tracking grows louder and a little more steady.

The men meet eyes. The sound is coming from the kitchen.

INT. DAEDALUS, KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

They enter. The place is completely overgrown. For a moment, silence. Then: *thump, thump*. It's coming from the walk-in freezer.

Ty catches his breath then moves for the freezer. Morgan restrains him.

MORGAN

Go easy.

Thump thump thump. In rapid succession. With seemingly more urgency.

TY

'The fuck you talking about--she's in there--

He swings it open.

TY (CONT'D)

Oh Jesus...oh Jesus no...

Chloe's body is ghostly white. Her eyes dead. But her body buckles uncontrollably, insentient, as if a massive surge of electricity somehow rips through her lifeless limbs...

Ty recoils in horror.

Chloe's body twitches, spasming, its head bouncing again and again violently against the door frame.

As Morgan and John move to restrain it, and Ty just about loses his mind--CUT TO--

EXT. TREE STATION - MOMENTS LATER

--the Balloon, being battered by the increasing rains and winds. It threatens to unseat itself from its mooring.

Carrie and the others battle to save it in the torrential downpour.

ANDREW

The rope! Wayne! The rope--

But the Balloon tears free. Wayne chases the rope along the webbing, lunging for it--

--but Carrie pulls him back at the last second. He's a foot before the edge of the webbing. The jungle yawns 200 feet below.

As he catches his breath, the trio can only watch as the Balloon disappears into the rainy blackness.

BLAYLOCK

Grand! Absolutely fucking grand!

For a moment, only silence. Then:

ANDREW

Think we got more pressing issues.

They follow his gaze. Visible beneath the netting there is movement. Something large in the rainy shadows, moving through the trees...

Wayne swings his flashlight down there--and for the briefest of moments--it illuminates the ancient face of the CREATURE.

Carrie pales.

CARRIE

It's here?

ANDREW

That's impossible. The water--

The Creature rises up into the beam of the light with preternatural speed. It's seemingly adapted, its claws and limbs more pronounced, more suited to the jungle canopy--

BLAYLOCK UNLOADS HIS RIFLE DOWN AT IT, muzzle flashes lighting up the jungle-

Then only silence. No sign of the Creature below.

Everyone shares horrified looks.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

The emergency lines.

He shoves Carrie. The others follow, ripping across the netting toward the emergency lines on the far side of the canopy.

Camera tracks with them, above, looking down into the dark canopy beneath their feet--

--something parallels them down there--visible in intermittent flashes of Baylock's gunfire.

--and for a moment we get that unsettling feeling of "Jaws"--of swimmers highly visible and vulnerable to an unseen predator below-

Suddenly, Blaylock's violently yanked down, through the netting. He disappears with a scream.

Carrie and the others reach the descent lines.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

Go go go!

He ushers them down onto the lines. Before Carrie knows what she's doing, she's on the line, suspended 200 feet above the blackness of the jungle floor.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

Don't look down! GO!

Carrie steels herself, quickly begins descending. As does Wayne. He slides down, one arm free with his gun, sweeping the jungle around him, waiting, terrified...

ANGLE - CARRIE. Digging deep as she descends through the rain. All around her, darkness...

It's then that she notices that the water that runs over her face has a crimson hue. She looks up.

Blaylock's corpse hangs from a tree limb just above her.

She moves to scream, but doesn't. No room for that now. Only business. She begins her descent again, hyperventilating.

ANGLE - ANDREW. As he begins down the descent line...

ANDREW (CONT'D)

Carrie--

ANGLE - CARRIE. Below. Hearing the disembodied voice, virtually all of it lost to the storm. She pauses--

And in that moment, the tree trunk beside her OPENS ITS EYES.

A brief moment of confusion before we, and she, realize it's the Creature, its scales now the color of the tree. It blinks, and for a moment, we see a double-eyelid there, milk-white--

A brief horrifying moment as Carrie stares down the Creature, no more than 2 feet separating them.

Then, instinctively, she loosens her hands slightly on the rope--going into a controlled free-fall in an attempt to get away--

The Creature descends after her.

She tries to tighten up her grip--it's turning into a deadly freefall--

--but can't. She falls. Slamming through the limbs in a violent series of bone-crunching and violent tumbles.

WHAM! SHE CRASHES TO THE JUNGLE FLOOR WITH A VIOLENT 'UMMPH'.

For a moment, dazed confusion. She looks up into the rain. Tries to move. Can't. Her eyes slowly look down.

Her face goes ashen.

Something protrudes from her chest.

The broken tip of a thick branch. It's gone clean through her. Blood wells around it.

She rolls onto her side. Coughs up blood.

Her breaths come in ragged gasps, and for a moment, that's all we hear...

...until it is joined by more breathing. Louder. Significantly deeper. For the briefest of moments, the two breathing patterns find a curious cadence...

...then the Creature steps into view. It looms over her in the rain, squatting close to her.

She tries to scream, but only a gurgle of blood bubbles next to the branch wedged into her chest.

The Creature surveys her. Its taloned hand reaches for her...stops, curious, touching the blood spreading across her chest.

For a beat, it considers the blood. Carrie can only look up at it, frozen. Something human in its eyes. Something in the way it looks at the blood, the way it cocks its head as it looks at her, that bespeaks...*empathy*?

Then...POP POP POP! Bullets tear into the Creature. It spins, sees Wayne 20 feet back, unloading in measured bursts.

The Creature wheels, and with unearthly quickness, leaps toward Wayne, crossing the 20 feet between them in a single bound--

It slams down onto him, eviscerating him instantly.

In that moment, there are hands on Carrie. Andrew. He pulls her to her feet, slings her arm over his shoulder. Begins rushing her away through the jungle.

TRACKING WITH THEM--she bleeding out, he doing his best to get her out of Dodge as quickly as possible.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

Stay with me.

They run like this--crashing through the foliage--looking back into the darkness--seeing nothing--but running on and on anyhow--

--until finally, unable to run anymore, they crash to the jungle floor in a gasping, muddy heap.

Andrew rolls over, surveying her. Seeing the wound. Trying to figure out a way to remedy what can't be remedied.

Sounds behind them in the jungle.

Andrew tries to scoop her up, tries to carry her up the muddy embankment, but can't. He collapses, exhausted, with her. Both look up.

Andrew swings his flashlight back.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

Stay away...stay away...

Then, their pursuer steps into the light. But it's not the Creature.

It's a man. Dressed in native garb.

We recognize him. WALDEMAR SCHOLTZ, captain of the Rita's ill-fated expedition.

More tribesmen step into view behind him.

CUT TO:

INT. DAEDALUS, KITCHEN - NIGHT

ON TY--a thin stream of drool running from his lip as he sits at a table. John finishes administering a sedative to him.

INT. DAEDALUS, DINING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

John enters. Chloe's body is strapped to the table here. It still trembles intermittently. Morgan stands at the table, Valheira sits in the corner.

JOHN

Technically, an autopsy's done on a dead body.

MORGAN

She is dead John.

John nods. As they start to prep instruments, Valheira speaks.

VALHEIRA

This is madness.

MORGAN

This is science, Captain.

Valheira casts one final glance at both of them before leaving.

VALHEIRA

God have mercy on you.

He exits angrily. Morgan and John meet eyes. John grabs the scalpel.

As he puts it to Chloe's flesh, splitting her milk-white skin-

CUT TO:

EXT. JUNGLE- NIGHT

Confusion. Tight on Andrew. He's being rushed through the dark jungle by the men.

ANDREW
Carrie--Carrie--

ANGLE - CARRIE. Behind him, being carried--seeing only the blurry forms of people and rain around her--

The world begins to glow orange with the dance of torch flames. From Carrie's POV we see multiple CARVED WOODEN STATUES depicting the Creature. The dancing fire light appears to give movement to these inanimate objects.

EXT. JUNGLE CLEARING - CONTINUOUS

The tribesmen emerge into a clearing. In the center a large shallow stone basin is set into the earth.

As they pass through the clearing, a separate group of men carry a HUGE SQUEALING WILD BOAR towards the center. Carrie is able to glimpse the men aggressively tying the boar down in place on top of the stone basin. The animal's incessant high pitched squealing mixes with the ominous chants of the tribe.

After they pass through, Carrie is laid down on a rough wooden table set away from the clearing. She can just barely see the struggling boar through the thick vegetation that separates them.

She fights to retain consciousness as the men move away from her - deeper into the jungle. They force Andrew with them.

ANDREW
Stop! Goddamit, whatever you're doing,
stop! Let me go. Let her go.....

His voice and the chanting fades into the distance until all that is heard is the sound of the squealing boar.

Carrie can fight no longer and she loses consciousness.

Blackness envelops the scene.

An ear splitting SHRIEK brings Carrie back. She tries to move but cannot - looks to the source of the sound - the boar. Through the foliage she can see that the animal is now far more agitated than before, thrashing violently.

Then rustling in the jungle behind the boar. A flash of shadowed movement - something massive, predatory. The boar's shrieking builds and Carrie makes a sudden realization - the Creature has emerged from the jungle.

The Creature launches itself into the massive boar and instantly kills it--ripping it apart with its gaping maw--

Copious amounts of the boar's blood rains down into the stone basin. It's chaotic, horrifying as the Creature feeds.

Then it is done. The Creature rips what remains of the boar free of the restraints, bolts away into the darkness.

Silence.

Carrie glances to the basin filled with blood. Notices a stone channel cut into the dirt runs from the basin towards her. Red blood flows from the basin, through the channel, and into another basin under her. In the silence of the jungle she can hear the flow of the blood as it puddles under her.

And then the tribesmen are on her, scooping up the blood and spreading it all over her body, forcing it into her mouth...

She swoons in the chaos.

And for a long beat there is nothing.

Only black.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HUT - MORNING

Sunlight, hazy, indistinct. A POV. We're looking up at the roof of a hut, the sunlight slanting in through tiny cracks. Smoke rises.

Carrie shudders, rolls onto her side. Vomits. Her eyes are bloodshot, her body wracked with pain.

But she is alive.

She looks around, sees some of the tribesmen squatting in the dark corners of the hut, watching her. Keeping vigil. Andrew is at her side.

Confused, she reaches down to the site of her wound. Shock creeps across her weakened features.

The skin's intact. Pristine. As if it'd never happened...PRE-LAP--

JOHN (V.O.)
*Totipotent stem cells. It's effectively
 cell regeneration on steroids.*

INT. DAEDALUS, LAB - CONTINUOUS

The room is absolutely covered in jungle growth. Enough space has been cleared out to do the necessary work. It's been an all-nighter for Morgan and John.

JOHN
 They're backward regenerative. Like a starfish, it has the ability to regrow a body from a single arm. *(referring to report on the table)* The mosquito Walter found apparently had them in its stomach; that's how it was able to regrow its wings. Obviously whatever it leached that blood from-

MORGAN
 You think it's the same?

JOHN
 Matches the genetic makeup in the saliva in Chloe's wounds.

MORGAN
 Then you're saying...

A deep breath from John. A nod.

JOHN
 Whatever that thing was that killed Chloe...it's our source.

MORGAN
 Our fountain of youth.

INT. HUT - DAY

Camera starts on crude effigies of the Creature, drifts down to Carrie. Andrew's beside her. They share a look as she surveys her pristine flesh. She doesn't understand...

There's a murmur. Waldemar Scholtz appears at the door. He squats beside her, just surveys. An uncomfortable few beats.

CARRIE

(to Andrew, re: Waldemar)
He was in that canoe, when the Daedalus
was attacked.

SCHOLTZ

Yes, that was me.

CARRIE

You speak English.

ANDREW

Carrie, meet Waldemar Scholtz.

SCHOLTZ

Such an old name. So many syllables.

CARRIE

From the Rita?

SCHOLTZ

Yes.

CARRIE

Oh my God.

SCHOLTZ

Oh no, you are mistaken-

He points to the tribesmen in the shadows around him.

SCHOLTZ (CONT'D)

These very Incans, fled before the
Spanish half a millenia ago.

CARRIE

Half a millenia?

SCHOLTZ

A hundred warriors took refuge in the
jungle, to die out, the last of their
civilization...a jungle full of warriors
with nary a woman to know...to smell...

He leans in, taking her hair in his hands. As he closes his eyes,
drawing in her scent--his eyelids blink, and we see the same milk-
white inner-eyelid we saw on the Creature.

Carrie pulls away violently.

CARRIE

Get away from me.

She does it with such ardor that the other tribesmen bristle, jumping to their feet. Through the shadows, a hint of their features become evident. They too have the inner-eyelids. Some have more advanced reptilian features. It is only a glimpse, but it is enough to wholly unsettle Carrie and Andrew. Scholtz smiles vaguely. Eyes Carrie's repugnance.

SCHOLTZ

Price of immortality, I guess.
Headmasters teach you Man creates God in
his image, to give face to the eternal.
Horrible lie, that. To be eternal we must
become God.

(referring to Creature)
We must become *Him*.

ANDREW

He--*it*--slaughtered three of our crew.

SCHOLTZ

Only because He is a reflection, a mirror
showing you your own soul. Neutral and
bounteous as the universe, He is. Giver
to the soul ennobled, punisher to the
heart inflamed with greed.

He sucks on his teeth, enthused. A zealot.

SCHOLTZ (CONT'D)

We made the same mistake when we came.
Found a resource to despoil, an elixir to
monopolize.

(beat)

We hunted Him. We lost.

(beat)

So stupid, humans. Gods can't be killed.
Only worshipped.

He motions to the tribesmen around him.

SCHOLTZ (CONT'D)

We are all on our way, don't you see? On
the road to eternal perfection. You look
at me like you haven't already begun.
You've begun, you know. He's begun you.

He nears her, putting his hand to her face.

SCHOLTZ (CONT'D)

Forever can be had...but you have to
stay, you have to drink from His
well...otherwise it goes away...

CARRIE

Stop!

Scholtz gazes at her. Sees the impossibility of connecting with her. He darkens slightly.

SCHOLTZ

One left us before, that is what brought you here. We try to stop him, to catch him, kill him-

A long beat, Schultz is thinking, deciding.

SCHOLTZ (CONT'D)

Do not let others follow your path. You are outsiders. You deal with an amoral law that responds in kind. Stay, invasive and greedy, and die. Or go, and live. Either way, Judgment comes. I assure you.

Off his face, cautionary and stolid--and Carrie and Andrew looking at him--CUT TO--

EXT. LAGOON - DAY

Torrential rains. Carrie and Andrew, paddling back toward the Daedalus across the Lagoon in a dug-out canoe.

The boat looms ahead. Almost completely overgrown. It's unduly silent.

They tie off at the dive deck. Step aboard.

ANDREW

Hello?

Nothing but silence.

INT. HALLWAYS OF THE DAEDALUS - MOMENTS LATER

Carrie and Andrew move through the shadowy interior. No one anywhere. Just the overgrowth, and swarms of insects at every turn. Carrie looks in to the dining room, sees Chloe's dissected corpse. She just about wretches.

Behind her, Andrew calls to her:

ANDREW

Carrie.

She crosses to him. A small storage room is before them. There's thumping at the door. Someone kicking it from the inside.

They meet eyes. Tense. Throw the door open to reveal-

-Valheira and Tomas. Duct-taped. Andrew yanks the duct-tape from their mouths.

VALHEIRA

I tried...I tried to stop them...

ANDREW

What do you mean? Where'd they go?

A beat as Valheira catches his breath, meets eyes with them.

CUT TO:

INT. CENOTE (LIMESTONE CAVE)- DAY

A rope's been strung from the jungle surface down across the 60 degree slope of collapsed rock that serves as the most passable descent into the cave. Rainwater from the raging storm cascades down the massive pile of stones. At the bottom are Morgan, John, Ty, Ramon, and Beck. They scan the water, sweeping everything with their weapons--nerves on fire.

Suddenly a disturbance in the water. Panic. All guns trained on the spot, fingers on triggers. A dark form suddenly breaks the surface.

REVEAL - TY. Guns relax...slightly.

Next to Ty an object surfaces- a metal drum, a picture of SKULL AND CROSSBONES is painted on the side. This is one of the canisters of Cyanide from the RITA. Ty pulls off his mask.

TY

Nothing in the warrens.

He casts a glance back at the dark waters below.

TY (CONT'D)

Only place it can be is down there.

Morgan looks to the others.

MORGAN

Let's get to it.

As Ty pulls himself out of the water the men grab the cyanide cannister. They carefully force open the rusted top.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

Nice and easy.

(to Ty)

Get the HawkEye up. If there's any movement down there I wanna know it.

Ty places the HawkEye at the water level. The men shift the cannister, move it toward the water--

CARRIE (O.S.)

Morgan!

Morgan and the others turn to see Carrie and Andrew there, halfway down the line.

ANDREW

Don't do this. It's a mistake.

MORGAN

A mistake? We're talking about the greatest medical breakthrough of all time--

CARRIE

We're talking about getting us all killed.

MORGAN

Standing here, yes, likely. (*motions to the cyanide*) But with that in the water...there's enough to stun a blue whale.

ANDREW

You don't understand what you're dealing with. That thing can't be stopped. It won't work--

CARRIE

-the creature's not aggressive. It's territorial! We're being the aggressors here!

TY

We're the aggressors?

And with that he moves for the cannister.

CARRIE

Ty. Don't.

MORGAN

Dump it Ty, it's ok.

CARRIE

Ty. *Don't.*

Ty's about to dump it, until--

CARRIE (CONT'D)

Ty, don't do it. Please. Trust me.
Don't make this mistake. You're killing
us all. This won't bring her back.

Ty stops. Gut check time. He relents. Backs away.

CARRIE (CONT'D)

Thank you.

ANDREW

We just walk on out of here--

Suddenly, John makes a fast move to the Cyanide and knocks it into the water before anyone can stop him. Carrie is shocked, furious.

CARRIE

Johh!

JOHN

Wrong place and time to be having a
debate, sweetie-

CARRIE

A debate?

JOHN

This is too important.

ANDREW

Too important...or too much of a
windfall?

JOHN

Doctors get paid to heal. And we're
talking about healing on a level you
can't even imagine--

CARRIE

It doesn't work. I've seen what it does.
It's poison--

JOHN

Let the labs decide that.

BENEATH THE SURFACE--

following the cannister as it tumbles into the depths--dispensing its toxic content--falling, disappearing into the darkness--

IN THE CENOTE--

Morgan and the others sweat, waiting--

MORGAN

Everyone. Away from the water. As far as possible.

CARRIE

We've got to move, Morgan--

She gets no answer from him.

CARRIE (CONT'D)

John, please. You need to get outta here.

JOHN

You want to run, run--

Carrie and Andrew move for the rope. Just as they do--

TY

Morgan--

Everyone turns. The HawkEye unit starts beeping.

TY (CONT'D)

Something's down there. Twenty one hundred feet.

Whatever it is, its ascending fast. In a blink, the monitor is showing it at 1200 feet--

TY (CONT'D)

Twelve hundred feet.

MORGAN

Nothing moves that fast.

Carrie looks at Andrew, then back to John--

CARRIE

Get out of there, John--

MORGAN

Be ready, everyone--

500 feet.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

--this is where he runs outta juice-

CARRIE

Morgan, move!

MORGAN

Nothing can absorb that much cyanide--

100 feet--

TY

He's not running outta juice-

RAMON

Let's get outta here.

MORGAN

Let it work its way through his system--

60 feet...30 feet...10...

TY

He's not running outta juice--

Ramon makes a dash for the exit rope when suddenly-

A HUGE SPLASH OF WATER as the CREATURE explodes through the surface--

--CRASHING DOWN ON RAMON--

--GUTTING HIM INSTANTLY IN A SNARLING ROAR.

Pandemonium.

Morgan and John move to the rope and start to climb towards the exit.

Carrie and Andrew take cover, unable to get past the Creature and to the exit.

ANGLE ON JOHN AND MORGAN-

Panicked as they pull themselves up. John looks down just as the Creature locks on them. Still only half way to the exit, John and Morgan start to panic as the Creature, with amazing speed and agility, bounds up the rocks. Significantly faster on ascent, it is only a matter of seconds before the Creature is on top of them. Suddenly-

GUNFIRE rips into the Creature splattering its black blood onto the rocks. Reveal-

BECK firing. A primal scream from the creature as it literally jumps 30 feet down to the cenote floor, landing right in front of Beck as the gun clicks empty. With a swipe of its claw the Creature grabs his gun and studies it for a moment giving Beck the opportunity to run.

However, in a blinding flash of speed, the Creature whips its SPIKED TAIL into Beck's torso, viciously impaling him. And with a flick of the tail Beck is thrown into the rocks, dead.

JOHN AND MORGAN-

Are now at the rim of the cenote exit. They pull themselves up to the jungle floor and out of the cave, disappearing.

CARRIE AND ANDREW-

Hidden behind a large boulder. The Creature stands between them and the cenote rope exit. They are pinned.

A long, uncomfortable beat as the Creature stalks the cave, blood oozing from its wounds, skin burning from the cyanide, the orifices in its face dilating...sniffing...

Carrie and Andrew don't breathe as the Creature passes--crossing toward the far side of the cave--searching--

TY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
(very quiet)
Sst.

Their eyes turn to their left. Barely visible in one of the watery warrens is Ty.

He quietly motions them over. Andrew and Carrie pick their spot--duck through the rocks toward him--

Reaching him, the three duck in the cramped warren. Eye the Creature.

TY (CONT'D)
(very quiet)
There's another way out. Down. We're clear of the Cyanide here.

He nods into the black water.

He hefts his scuba tank. The Creature is coming around, nearing their position--sniffing--

TY (CONT'D)
(very quiet)
We gotta go three-way on the tank.

The Creature nears, almost sees them--

They drop down into the water. Begin swimming through the dark warrens--away from the cenote and the Creature--

UNDERWATER

--the warrens are narrow--the tank scrapes against the wall--

CENOTE

--the Creature's head jerks--it's heard--

UNDERWATER

--the trio pushes on through the cramped darkness--sharing the reg-
Behind, only a terrifying swirl of bubbles and blackness--

--and then Ty, the scuba tank still attached to him, is yanked
wickedly back--out of sight--

Carrie and Andrew panic. The Creature is just behind them and they have NO MORE AIR. Swimming faster through the darkness, following the guide line that Ty previously set.

They push up against the ceiling...nothing....searching for an air pocket.

They've got very little time...and no way out. Until-

INT. UNDERWATER CAVE, AIR POCKET - CONTINUOUS

Mouths forced up, their eyes just above the water line.

Breaking in deep breaths of stale air.

CARRIE

Andrew, we're gonna be ok.

The share a look....determination.

ANDREW

Expel all your air then take as deep a
breath as you possibly can.

And with that they empty out their lungs and then breath in deeply. Andrew takes a massive breath but Carrie's intake seems to go on forever, impossibly deep.

They submerge back into the water and continue on.

INT. CAVE, NARROW PASSAGEWAY - CONTINUOUS

They enter this constricted passage and are immediately whipped along by the raging current, their bodies bloodied as they are smashed against the sides of the cave. Finally they are spit out the other side into a larger underwater space.

But by now they are truly running out of oxygen. A desperate search for another air pocket is unsuccessful. They press on, their lungs bursting...hands entwined...until Andrew's hand goes slack in hers.

She turns. Looks. His eyes are barely visible in the darkness. Lifeless...

She keeps going, pulling him through the cave. Ahead, the faintest hint of light. A seam in the Lagoon floor, leading to the surface.

Somehow she is able to continue on, her oxygen starved but not gone.

She struggles, the chaos intensifying...unsure if she can make it. Then, behind her, the sound of something coming, fast, scraping against the walls of the cramped warrens...

She pulls Andrew toward the light--

EXT. LAGOON - CONTINUOUS

She bursts through the surface taking rapturous breaths. 20 yards ahead, the Daedalus.

She drags Andrew's lifeless body toward it.

Before she knows it there are hands on her--she is at the dive deck--Valheira and Tomas, pulling her up--

They scramble aboard, as far away from the water as they can.

VALHEIRA

You okay?

But Carrie's got other things on her mind. She begins pumping Andrew's chest. Presses her lips to his. Begins CPR.

VALHEIRA (CONT'D)

I don't think--

CARRIE

Shut up.

She continues--pumping harder--pressing her lips tighter to his, breathing air into his lungs--

He gags. Spits up water.

CARRIE (CONT'D)
Thank God. Thank God.

She embraces him. He looks up at her, confused.

CARRIE (CONT'D)
I can't explain it. The breath...my lungs...it must be the creature, the blood, the healing. It was amazing.

It's then that Morgan and John appear at the deck.

Carrie looks up. Daggers in her eyes. Pure venom:

CARRIE (CONT'D)
This is on you. Every one of their lives.

John looks ashen, pathetic:

JOHN
Carrie, I...I--

WHAM. The Daedalus is rocked below the water line.

JOHN (CONT'D)
No...

WHAM! Another impact, even harder. The Daedalus pitches. Valheira spins to the companionway, freezes when he reaches it.

REVEAL - WHAT HE SEES: the hallways below--sloshing with the dark water of the Lagoon.

CARRIE
The Zodiac, where is it?

JOHN
We can't go out there again--

CARRIE
(to Valheira)
The Zodiac!

CUT TO:

BELOW DECK-

-Lagoon water rushes in, overrunning everything--the lab--all of its samples floating, swirling in eddys--for naught--

ON DECK--

the deck starts to list--15 degrees--

Carrie and the others scramble toward the Zodiac--

--but the Creature rises from the water in an explosive leap--lands on the railing just over the Zodiac, all snarling teeth and blood and anger. A wounded vengeful God if there ever was one.

A horrible half-beat staredown as Carrie and the others retreat.

The Creature springs at them--slamming down onto Tomas, killing him instantly--

Carrie and the others only move--retreat into the bridge-

INT. BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

--sealing themselves inside, bolting the door--just as the Creature slams against it.

Chaos. The deck's at a 30 degree angle. Water rises from the shattered portside windows below--rising up the sloped decks toward the remaining survivors--Carrie, John, Andrew, Morgan, and Valheira--

Outside, the Creature slams against the fore windows--smashing them, bucking the steel frame--

--it crashes in--Carrie and the others scatter in different directions--

INT. DAEDALUS HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Carrie and John half-run, half-slosh through the partially-submerged 45-degree hallways--

CARRIE

We go up through the dive room--we can still make it--

(motions up)

That window right there.

As they start to climb--toward the light--

--suddenly there's a protracted, deafening groan around them--the boat rolling completely as it takes on a critical amount of water--

Chaos. Suddenly down is up, up is down---the light of day above disappearing as the Daedalus rolls...

Carrie and John crash back down as everything reorients.

A beat later the windows are now pointing down--into the black waters of the Lagoon.

The water continues to rise. For a beat, Carrie and John catch their breath. They crouch there, huffing, Carrie strategizing, John hyperventilating:

JOHN
We're gonna die.

CARRIE
Don't say that.

John is completely frozen. She gets up.

CARRIE (CONT'D)
We gotta move. We gotta get out of here.

She starts climbing up the various shelves, etc., toward a hatch above--

JOHN
(resigned, afraid)
And go where? There's nowhere left to go.

She stops, looks down the 6 feet that separates them. He looks like a terrified child.

She reaches down toward him--

CARRIE
John, we gotta move--

Their hands meet--and then in a rising uprush of water--the Creature crests from the dark water below--claiming John--

Carrie screams--losing her grip--John pulling the engagement ring from her finger--

--but John and the Creature disappear back into the water in a florid upswell of blood.

And for the briefest of moments, we see the engagement ring in XCU, sinking into the depths...

Carrie has no choice, frantically begins climbing up toward the far hatch--

INT. DIVE ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

She pulls herself into the dive room. Frantically scans the walls, the 'ceiling' for a way out. As she moves--there is a crunch beneath her foot--the emergency light fixture--once on the ceiling but now on the 'floor'--breaking--

The windowless room is plunged into darkness. She spins--trying to figure her next move--

Something grabs her, yanks her down. She tries to scream, but a hand covers her mouth.

It is Valheira, hidden beneath a bench that has fallen to the 'floor'. His voice is the faintest of whispers:

VALHEIRA

Shh.

Gripped in his hand, a SPEAR GUN. They lie there motionless, silent--

--as the Creature slowly enters the dark room, pulling itself up through the hatch. Just them and it, in a locked box with only one way out.

Valheira nods to a slick shiny pool of blackness it leaves behind on the 'floor'. Blood. Confidently:

VALHEIRA (CONT'D)

It bleeds.

INT. CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS - CONTINUOUS

Andrew and Morgan. Morgan pulls an MP-5 from the gun case.

MORGAN

Suggest you stock up. 'Cause nobody's coming to pull our asses out of the fire.

He checks the clip of the MP-5--

MORGAN (CONT'D)

It's just him and us now.

INT. DIVE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Valheira and Carrie. Holding their breath, watching as the Creature stalks the room. It knows she's come in here.

That there's no other way out. It 'sniffs' the scuba tanks, surveying the regulator in the darkness

Carrie and Valheira watch as it prods the regulator's purge valve scarcely 10 feet from them, causing a burst of air to issue forth.

It slowly looks around the room. Water starts to rise through the hatch on the 'floor'--the only way out.

As the water pools around them, Valheira eyes the Creature. In a low whisper, gripping the spear gun:

VALHEIRA

When I step out, you go for the hatch.
Swim toward the stern.

CARRIE

Don't--

Valheira cuts her off.

VALHEIRA

There are no negotiations with nature,
señora.

He steps out from their hiding spot. The Creature wheels. He shoves her toward the hatch--

VALHEIRA (CONT'D)

Go.

She resists, but he slams the hatch down behind her.

BENEATH THE HATCH--underwater--Carrie struggles, orients herself in the dark water--

--while above, Valheira faces down the Creature. 800 pounds of prehistoric might versus one pissed off Brazilian ass-kicker.

The Creature springs at him--deftly, Valheira slams the spear gun into the Creature--burying it deeply in its scaly flesh--

BELOW--Carrie swims for her life--

ABOVE, the Creature comes at Valheira again. Valheira drills it hard with the spear gun--drawing its black blood--

--but the Creature gets him in its grip--drives him into the wall--splintering Valheira's ribs, crushing his torso and internal organs--

BELOW--Carrie rounds a corner--seemingly no way out--lungs bursting--

--while above, the Creature is now banging against the hatch--
Valheira's lifeless body behind it.

The Creature stops, surveying the door, the mechanized lock
release--

--as his fingers slowly find the release--

INT. ANOTHER ROOM - CONTINUOUS

--Carrie rises to the surface--finds an air pocket--12 inches
worth of air. The water's rising.

She bangs against the steel ceiling--

CARRIE
Help! HELP!

INT. CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS - CONTINUOUS

Morgan exits the Captain's Quarters, Andrew about to follow right
behind. Just as he's about to step out, he hears Carrie's voice
through the wall.

ANDREW
Morgan. Morgan!
(beat)
She's there! She's alive!

He goes to the floor, bangs on it, tries to find a way to breach
it. Nothing doing.

MORGAN
There's nothing we can do for her.

ANDREW
Bullshit.

He starts searching, finds the blowtorch. Bangs it on the steel
wall.

ANDREW (CONT'D)
Hey! We're here! You hear me?! We're
here!

He fires up the blowtorch. Looks back. Morgan is gone.

ANDREW (CONT'D)
Morgan!

INT. ANOTHER ROOM - CONTINUOUS

6 inches of water left. Carrie presses her face against the ceiling.

CARRIE

Help!

*** INTERCUTTING AS NECESSARY ***

Andrew takes it to the steel 'floor'. As it slowly starts to cut--

BELOW, Carrie's down to about 2 inches of air space--has to back away as the flame comes through--

--sinking beneath the surface, holding her breath--

ABOVE, Andrew sees Lagoon water rising through the red-hot channels in the steel. Pooling at his feet.

ANDREW

Carrie!

INT. BELOW DECKS - MOMENTS LATER

Carrie swims back through the halls for her life--

--surfaces in another room. Pulls herself up the sloping floor, gasping.

On her for a moment, the lights flickering on and off around her.

Just her and the sound of water echoing in here...then she slowly catches her breath.

But there is another series of breaths in here. Ragged and decimated like hers, though much heavier, more bestial. We've heard this before.

She pales, slowly turns to see the Creature across the way in the flickering light. Severely wounded. Crouched. Still dangerous. Battle weary. Blood runs from the spear wounds, from the bullet wounds...

It feels the wounds with its 'fingertips'--something in the gesture mournful, knowing--the wounds are *bad*--

For a beat, the two meet eyes--a long, wary look between them--two soldiers on different sides of a battle silently understanding one another's fear, pain...

The fading light pulses around them: light, dark, light, dark...

Carrie doesn't move. Just tries, in her most non-confrontational way, to say:

CARRIE

It's okay.

(beat)

It's okay.

The Creature eyes her warily. For a beat, a detente, mutual non-aggressiveness--

--then suddenly the Creature snarls, baring its teeth.

Carrie spins, sees Morgan behind her, the MP-5 in his hand. Coolly:

MORGAN

Get out of the way.

CARRIE

What're you doing--

The Creature roars again, rearing up.

MORGAN

Get out of the way!

CARRIE

Morgan, don't--

The Creature starts to come toward them. Carrie's caught between two very angry parties--

MORGAN

GET OUT OF THE WAY!

Morgan pushes her to the floor and fires into the Creature.

The Creature comes at him. Morgan's eyes go wide with horror.

The Creature leaps over her, descends upon Morgan. He unloads the entire clip into the Creature, but it's too late. The Creature eviscerates him anyhow.

But then the Creature staggers. Its breathing is raspy and intermittent. And then it stops completely. Blood pours out of the many bullet wounds. The Creature collapses to the ground--dead.

The room is quickly filling up with water, the angle of the boat tilting severely toward the bottom of the lagoon.

ANDREW

Carrie! Come on, we gotta get outta here now!

REVEAL - ANDREW has found Carrie. He takes note of the dead Creature then grabs her and pulls her towards the exit.

She glances back to see the Creature swallowed up by the water of the lagoon.

CUT TO:

EXT. LAGOON - DAY

The teeming rain has given way to a light misting. The Daedalus finally goes under completely, lost to the bottom of the lagoon. A silent beat before-

--Carrie and Andrew break the surface. Alive.

A quiet beat before there's a growl overhead.

They look up.

The pontoon plane whips by, descending for the river outside of the Lagoon...

EXT. RIVER - LATER

The pontoon plane. On the river. The engine idling. The PILOT out on one of the pontoons, looking around.

He notices two muddy and wary forms have appeared along the riverbank.

ANGLE. CARRIE AND ANDREW. Waving their arms. The Pilot waves back. Off them, full of gratitude and relief--CUT TO--

INT. PONTOON PLANE - LATER

--Carrie, in the back seat, as the plane rises over the jungle. Andrew looks over at her.

ANDREW

You okay?

Carrie nods vaguely but says nothing. There is turbulence but she scarcely notices it. She is very much of a different woman than the one we saw on the plane in the opening sequence. The BUSH PILOT looks back at them.

BUSH PILOT
I swear, señor, when you called, you said
something about a ship.

ANDREW
Must've heard it wrong.

BUSH PILOT
What were you doing down there?

A beat as Andrew looks to Carrie. What to say? Then, very coolly,
Carrie answers for him.

CARRIE
We were lost.

The Pilot looks out the window at the Lagoon and jungle.

BUSH PILOT
Hell of a place to be lost. Nothing for
hundreds of miles. Thousands.

Carrie takes a deep breath in through her nose, herself looking
down at the jungle, the dark waters of the Lagoon. For a long time
she says nothing. Then:

CARRIE
No. Nothing at all.

EXT. LAGOON / JUNGLE - CONTINUOUS

And as the plane disappears into the afternoon sky, camera drifts
down to the tranquil waters of the Black Lagoon, holds there on
its inky waters, and we...

FADE TO BLACK.

