

Rev. 08/22/98 (Pink)
Rev. 08/26/98 (Yellow)
Rev. 08/29/98 (Green)
Rev. 09/21/98 (Goldenrod)
Rev. 09/23/98 (Buff)
Rev. 10/07/98 (Salmon)
Rev. 10/31/98 (Cherry)
Rev. 11/03/98 (Tan)

DEEP BLUE SEA

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REVISED DRAFT

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The safest road to hell is the gradual one,
the gentle slope, soft underfoot, without
sudden turnings, without milestones, without
signposts.

- C.S. Lewis

FADE IN:

1

EXT. OCEAN - NIGHT

1

Moonlit. An eternity of water. A distant sail wafts under the glittering canopy of stars. (OVER), the faintest sounds of LAUGHTER and MUSIC drift TOWARD us.

*

BOY #1 (V.O.)

So, what's the surprise?

GIRL #1 (V.O.)

Kiss me. You'll see.

*

2

EXT. CATAMARAN - CLOSER - NIGHT

2

TWO young COUPLES inhabit the deck of this old wooden catamaran. One pair pass a bottle back and forth. The other kiss hungrily, tanned legs intertwined. The kissing BOY pulls back, smiling, stunned.

BOY #1

Oh my God. Show.

The GIRL grins, Cheshire-like, sticks out her tongue, revealing a new silver stud.

*

GIRL #1

Cool, huh?

BOY #1

I don't know. Do it again.

The two resume kissing. The boat's deck makes an odd little shudder. ICE RATTLES in the cooler, all but lost in the wind's gentle drum on the sail.

GIRL #2

You feel something?

BOY #1

(looking up)

Oh, yes.

*

*

*

The boat rocks. The portable radio slides a few inches.

*

BOY #2

(drunk, singing)

Rock the boat, don't rock the boat, baby.

HIGH ANGLE - BOAT

Looking DOWN AT the boat and the couples on the deck.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The sea is glass as the others join in singing badly, off-key.

VOICES

Rock the boat, don't tip the boat over.

Then a ripple cuts the water in a perfect line. The ripple keeps going... around the bow... down the other side of the boat... around the stern... completing a full circle before disappearing from sight.

EXT. CATAMARAN - NIGHT

All four kids croon on, enough of a horror show in its own right. Then one girl abruptly stops singing.

BOY #1

Hey, what's --

GIRL #1

Shh. Listen.

The group quiets. At first, only the sound of LAPPING WAVES. Then it starts faint, from somewhere deep below them.

BOY #2

Wha -- ?

He breaks off. Now they all hear it. LOW. GROWING LOUDER. A mighty sound, like rushing water. SOMETHING RUSHING THROUGH WATER. BANG. The boat rocks.

GIRL #2

Oh my God.

The kids scramble higher on the hull. BANG. The boat rocks again.

BOY

(freaked)

What's going on?!

With a thunder of bursting wood, the DECK SPLITS beneath them. The huge snout of a mako shark explodes through the yawning chasm. It is fear made flesh, a nightmare with hundreds of teeth and two merciless black eyes.

Everything and everybody is dumped overboard. The couples, clawing, spitting, screaming, tumble into the water.

3 EXT. UNDERWATER - SHARK'S POV - NIGHT 3

MOVING IN ON their legs kicking hard for the surface.

4 EXT. CATAMARAN - NIGHT 4

The kids desperately claw the side of the boat, trying to pull themselves out of the water.

SERIES OF SHOTS

Hands, feet, slipping. Nothing to grasp onto. OVER, ragged moans of desperation, "Oh God," "Please, please..."

5 SHARK'S POV - NIGHT 5

Bursting through the surface, toward the couples. Towards one girl's kicking legs.

5A GIRL POV - NIGHT 5A

The monster opens its mouth, revealing shining white teeth. Razor sharp. Closing fast. No hope. And in that instant --

A sudden flare illuminates the flesh-seeking missile, followed by a concussive thud. Then a second flash, a second concussion.

The thirteen-foot monster jerks to a stop, stunned, jaws wide, inches from the still scrambling kids.

6 EXT. CATAMARAN - NIGHT 6

The shell-shocked couples look, dazed, toward a sudden, heavenly light. They shield their eyes, squinting to see...

A powerboat. Standing at the bow, silhouetted by the spotlight is CARTER BLAKE, a lean young man in cut-offs and a life-vest. Breathless, sweating despite the cool breeze, he locks down two harpoon cables that have tethered the shark.

CARTER

Everybody okay here?

7 EXT. CITY - OVERHEAD - DAWN 7

FROM HIGH ABOVE we see a helicopter descend like a tiny silver bee into the umber flowers of steel and glass.

8 EXT. HIGH-RISE ROOFTOP - DAWN

8

(OVER) HELICOPTER BLADE WHUMP as a chopper door marked "Chimera Pharmaceuticals" swings open. Wearing sneakers, shorts and T-shirt is SUSAN McALESTER, a woman who would look good eight days into a Himalayan survey, hair whipping in the helicopter wind.

CUT TO:

9 CLOSE - NEWSPAPER

9

Headline reads: "Test Shark Escapes -- Teens Narrowly Avoid Slaughter." WIDER.

*

10 INT. CHIMERA HEADQUARTERS - WIDER - CEO'S OFFICE - DAWN 10

PANORAMIC VIEWS of Los Angeles beneath cathedral ceilings. A figure sits behind a large oak desk, newspapers spread before him. This is DAMON GUNTHER, CEO of Chimera Corp.

VOICE (O.S.)

(over)

What am I doing here, Damon?

REVERSE ANGLE

McAlester, in svelte business attire, stands before Gunther. In this stale air, these clothes, she is caged.

*

McALESTER

Consider me reprimanded. Can I go back to work now?

GUNTHER

Nice to see you too, Susan. Read the funny papers this morning?

McALESTER

Obviously the press is not good. Okay, bad. Let's go with bad. But --

GUNTHER

I had a call from New York last --

VOICE (O.S.)

(over)

Sorry to be late.

(CONTINUED)

Another figure enters through the still open door. Tall, fashionable lines of a couture suit, but something of the adventurer in his eyes. This is RUSSELL FRANKLIN.

McALESTER

Oh, man --

Susan is obviously stunned. He takes her hand, giving her a beat to move past it.

FRANKLIN

Russell Franklin. It's a true pleasure to meet you, Dr. McAlester, although the circumstances...

McALESTER

The escaped shark? That was nothing, just a little mishap.

She turns to Gunther for support. But his gaze is impassive.

McALESTER

But Russell Franklin doesn't fly all the way down here for a little mishap, does he?

FRANKLIN

I'm afraid not.

Susan sees what's coming. Tries to recover.

McALESTER

Okay, we've had some problems at the facility. But reactivating brain cells has never been done. We're this close.

FRANKLIN

Doctor, the two hundred million I've sunk into this company is in great part due to your research. But when the market opens Monday...

(opens his hands)

Despite my reputation, I don't like heights. Especially falling from them. I need to show the market we reacted quickly, made changes...

McAlester stares at him, stunned.

(CONTINUED)

FRANKLIN

I'm sorry. Honestly.

McALESTER

You can't shut me down.

A beat. She turns towards the window.

GUNTHER

Susan, we'll do everything we can
to find you a different
placement --

McALESTER

Tell me, Mr. Franklin, have you
ever known anyone with Alzheimers?

Her back is still to them.

FRANKLIN

Not well, no.

McALESTER

By the end, all my father could do
was ask why my mother wasn't home.

Susan turns to face him, now, back-lit by the city, eyes
blazing.

McALESTER

And each time I told him she was
dead, I had to watch him take her
loss like a car wreck. Two
hundred thousand men and women
develop Alzheimers each year.
What if you could end all that
suffering with a single pill?

*

She's got his attention, now. Holds his gaze.

McALESTER

Give me until Monday morning.
Forty-eight hours. I'll give you
results that will skyrocket your
stock price or I'll help you pack
the lab myself. It's your call.

And with that Susan is gone, slamming the door behind
her.

Franklin stares after her, smiles as if, perhaps, it was
her very determination he came to see. Turns to Gunther.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED: (3)

10

FRANKLIN

Wow.

GUNTHER

Told you.

11 OMITTED

11

11A EXT. HELIPAD - SAME DAY (LATER)

11A

In civvies again, Susan looks out over the city. Gunther stands behind her.

MCALESTER

You ever think, in each one of those windows is a whole life.

(turning)

I don't have time to baby-sit some mountain-climbing millionaire --

GUNTHER

Susan, take yes for an answer, would you? That mountain-climbing billionaire practically owns Chimera. If he wants to see first-hand how we're not going to lose him a fortune, he gets to.

Just then Franklin arrives, now wearing casual clothes, an overnight bag in hand.

FRANKLIN

Ready?

Susan manages a smile. Franklin grins, takes her arm.

FRANKLIN

The happy couple will forward postcards from paradise.

12 EXT. SKY - LATE DAY

12

In postcard fashion, a red antique pontoon plane glides between the bluest of skies and the reflective waters of the Pacific.

13 INT. AIRPLANE - LATE DAY

13

McAlester, piloting the tiny aircraft, is focused forward. Franklin peers down at the water.

(CONTINUED)

FRANKLIN

An impressive speech back there.
Still, if I remember your
personnel file correctly, your
father owns and runs a golf course
in Phoenix.

Susan keeps her eyes on the windshield.

McALESTER

That's not the point. Somebody's
father died that way. Somebody's
father is dying that way right
now.

Franklin nods, he likes her.

McALESTER

I read that article on you. That
thing in the Himalayas --

FRANKLIN

The Alps.

McALESTER

Right.

Franklin stares out the window.

FRANKLIN

We were all just doing something
together. Fun. Things went bad.
I was in the right place at the
right time. Heroes are just folks
who don't have time to think.

McALESTER

But you saved all those people.

FRANKLIN

Not all.

The ENGINE COUGHS like a cat with a fur ball in its neck.

She runs through the meager instruments. A puff of smoke
whiffs by the window. He peers out at the SPUTTERING
ENGINE.

FRANKLIN

Pray too soon in these situations,
you make God promises that can
make life awfully dull. I know.
So...

(a beat)

... say when.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED: (2)

13

Susan can't help but smile. She THROTTLES down toward the water.

14 EXT. SEA - WIDE OVERHEAD - LATE DAY

14

Floating in the sea, the Aquatica research facility first appears like an apparition on the waters. Through the parting clouds, we see a compound of fenced structures, catwalks around aquatic pens, platforms and tanks amidst a turreted central tower.

McALESTER (V.O.)

Navy built it for W.W. II
submarine loading and refueling.
When they moth-balled it, we
picked it up, added aquatic pens,
underwater labs. Your dime, I
guess.

14A EXT. AQUATICA - SURFACE LEVEL - CLOSE ON CARTER

14A

wind whipping his hair, gazes up as the small, red CRAFT ROARS around the facility, finding a landing path.

15 INT. AIRPLANE - MOMENTS LATER

15

Water rushes up as McAlester lands the plane on the sea.

FRANKLIN

Looks like Alcatraz floats.

16 EXT. SURFACE LEVEL - SUNSET

16

A tiger shark thrashes wildly in a net, being craned out of a fishing boat and over to the fenced lagoon.

CARTER

No puede ser.

*

Carter on a catwalk, yells to the Mexican fishing boat CAPTAIN.

CARTER

It's got a damn license plate
jammed in its mouth. You're
asking full freight for that one?

The net is released. The writhing beast hits the water, flicks its muscular tail, and in an instant disappears into the lagoon.

17 EXT. PLATFORM DOCK - SUNSET

17

Franklin climbs out of the plane. McAlester nods to a lively YOUNG WOMAN waiting on the dock.

McALESTER

Russell Franklin, Janice Higgins,
Marine Biologist.

*

*

FRANKLIN

You must be the baby-sitter.

JANICE

No TV. Lights out by ten.

*

*

McALESTER

Jan will get you settled.

McAlester shoulders her light pack and strides away.

JANICE

Welcome to our island paradise.

*

FRANKLIN

Where's Tattoo?

(off her blank look)

Short guy? De plane boss, de plane?

*

*

*

JANICE

Right. So, how much do you
know about our facility?

*

*

*

FRANKLIN

Treat me like a tourist.

JANICE

No. I hate tourists. I've
decided I'm going to like you.

Janice locks the gate behind them. Franklin peers back at the ocean now obscured by endless fence.

18 EXT. LAGOON PEN - UNDERWATER - CONTINUOUS ACTION

18

Carter Blake is swimming just below the surface.

19 EXT. CATWALK - CONTINUOUS ACTION

19

Franklin, following Janice across a catwalk, sees a shark fin knife through the lagoon pen a few yards behind Carter.

FRANKLIN

Hey!

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED:

19

McAlester, already well ahead, hears Franklin's shout, turns towards...

20 EXT. LAGOON PEN - UNDERWATER - CONTINUOUS ACTION

20

As the shark dives, we see a flash of metal in its mouth.

ANOTHER ANGLE

The shark is moving straight for Carter.

SHARK'S POV

Carter is getting CLOSER. CLOSER.

CARTER

turns. Sees the tiger shark zeroing in. A sleek missile with teeth.

SHARK

bursts forward, propelled by short thrusts of its powerful tail and suddenly it is upon Carter.

CARTER

arches his back, kicks both feet forward. The shark misses him by inches.

As it roars past, he grabs the tiger shark's dorsal fin, a gracefully-curved sail, and pulls himself onto its back.

Wearing a chained-metal glove, he reaches around into the shark's mouth, yanking out the license plate caught between two incisors.

21 EXT. CATWALKS - CONTINUOUS ACTION

21

Franklin ogles in disbelief at what he's just witnessed.

JANICE

(deadpan)

Yeeehaa.

He and Janice resume walking towards...

(CONTINUED)

EXT. CATWALKS - CONTINUOUS ACTION - SUNSET

Clank... The license plate is tossed onto the catwalk directly in McAlester's path.

Carter half-climbs the metal ladder that leads to the catwalk. There is startling electricity between him and McAlester that neither knows what to do about. She examines the license plate.

McALESTER

Louisiana...

CARTER

I'm thinking he was bought in a pet shop in Baton Rouge, ate everything in his fish tank, then ate the guy that bought him. Next day he fills up the cab of the guy's truck with water and drives to Baja, picking bones out of his teeth with the license plate. We need to talk.

Just then, Franklin and Janice approach.

McALESTER

Later.

She heads off toward the lab as Franklin and Janice arrive.

JANICE

Carter, this is Russell Franklin, President of the board of Chimera Pharmaceuticals.

Franklin reaches down to shake Carter's hand. Carter uses the grip to hoist himself onto the deck, almost pulling Franklin in.

FRANKLIN

That was incredible.

CARTER

Actually, they don't like the taste of us much. If they bite you, it's 'cause they think you're a fat little seal. Or a rich suit. Nice to meet you.

Carter nods and heads for the upper gantry.

(CONTINUED)

21

CONTINUED: (2)

21

FRANKLIN

Friendly place.

JANICE

You got full sentences. Usually
he just nods.

*
*

JANICE (CONT'D)

(a beat)

Word travels fast. I mean about
why you're here and all.

*

As he and Janice walk on, Franklin gestures after the
shark.

FRANKLIN

Was that the Gen I that escaped?

JANICE

That little guy. No way.

(off the pen)

Those are normals; we use them for
controls. And for feeding.

*

Franklin's expression says, feeding? But Janice is still
talking.

JANICE

Those are the test sharks.

She points to another, larger pen. Nothing. But then an
immense shadow moves beneath the surface. Franklin is
mesmerized.

JANICE

Beneath its glassy surface, a
world of gliding monsters.

FRANKLIN

Excuse me?

JANICE

Joseph Conrad. The writer.

(off the shark pen)

Pretty scary, huh?

Franklin finally tears his gaze from the pen, his
response surprising even himself.

FRANKLIN

Yes. It is.

21A CLOSE ON WEATHER MONITOR

21A

On it the swirl of an approaching storm. PULL BACK to reveal...

22 INT. AQUATICA CONTROL TOWER - SUNSET

22

BRENDA KERNS sits over monitor banks beneath windows boasting panoramic views of the operation. She pushes a button and leans into her mic. Her VOICE ECHOES across the complex.

KERNS

Tower to water taxi. Ben, I'm picking up a nasty little bitch of a squall 30 miles out. Suggest you take short route Charlie to San Diego, baby. Over.

RACK FOCUS THROUGH the window. On a moored mini-barge, a crew of about fifteen wave up to her; some throw kisses.

Brenda grins, cues up a CD, and CRANKS the VOLUME. It is "I CAN SEE CLEARLY NOW."

*

23 EXT. PLATFORM DOCK - HIGH ANGLE - CONTINUOUS ACTION - SUNSET

23

As "I CAN SEE CLEARLY NOW" BOOMS over the SYSTEM, Janice leads Franklin past a few workers who race for the taxi dock.

*

FRANKLIN

Where are they going? Or do they all just hate me, too?

JANICE

There's two crews. The taxi'll drop these guys off and pick up the weekend crew and two specialists to assist with the tests tomorrow.

(grins)

But they probably hate you anyway.

She waves at the final stragglers. Then gestures behind her.

JANICE

That is Doctor Jim Whitlock, the most brilliant man ever. Creative bathroom habits notwithstanding.

(CONTINUED)

A man stands on a catwalk, white lab coat whipping in the wind, peeing into the ocean. This is JAMES WHITLOCK.

JANICE

Kerns, our resident sadist, runs
the tower, has a knack for figuring
out each of our least favorite
songs. That droning little
Temptations number is mine.

*
*
*
*

Kerns waves from the tower window above as the SONG
BLARES on.

FRANKLIN

You're not going ashore?

JANICE

A few of us are 'floaters.'

FRANKLIN

What's that?

JANICE

It means, we're home, sir.

They have come to the sub-level elevator in the central
tower. The doors whoosh open and TOM SCOGGINS, a lanky
fellow, peers out onto the platform. Satisfied, he steps
out.

JANICE

Russell Franklin, Tom Scoggins,
Aquatica Chief Engineer.

SCOGGINS

What's up?

(looks him up and down)

11, 42 long, 7.

*
*

Scoggins moves past them before Franklin can speak.

JANICE

(off Franklin's look)

Shoe size, suit size, hat size.
Scoggs is a genius. Which makes
him just this side of broken.

Janice tugs Franklin into the elevator airlock.

JANICE

He has a buoyancy inversion, only
surfaces when the sun goes down.

Franklin looks back after him as the airlock doors close.

23A

EXT. SURFACE LEVEL - BOAT DOCK

23A

Carter is breaking down and replacing the tranquilizer cartridges in the two spent harpoons.

SCOGGINS

(crouching)

Miss with the first shot, deadeye?

CARTER

Took two hits to even slow it down.

SCOGGINS

No way. A single ampule of this shit could have kept my freshman class stoned for a week. Two of these babies should have damn near killed it.

CARTER

Tell it that.

Scoggins lifts the bag, walks to a storage shed.

CARTER

You hadn't left the pen open, I coulda gotten a good night's sleep.

Scoggins has begun working the combination lock on the shed.

SCOGGINS

Like I told the Doc, that pen was locked. It got out some other way.

He pulls the lock open, turns to look at Carter who is staring at him skeptically.

SCOGGINS

Who you gonna trust?

He steps into the shed to store Carter's gear.

CARTER (O.S.)

How high are the fences off the water?

Scoggins turns to find Carter standing in the doorway of the shed. Hands Scoggins his gun.

SCOGGINS

Well, given surface variations and tensile strength --

(CONTINUED)

23A CONTINUED:

23A

CARTER

The short answer.

SCOGGINS

Eight feet, give or take a centimeter.

CARTER

You have any more height?

SCOGGINS

I can raise them to about ten.
That's all I've got. Why?

CARTER

Go ahead and do it.

SCOGGINS

What are you thinking?

CARTER

Nothing good, friend. Nothing
good.

Carter stares out at the darkening sea.

24 OMITTED

24

25 INT. SUB-LEVEL ELEVATOR - SUNSET

25

Franklin and Janice in the slowly-descending elevator.

JANICE

I'm sorry, I'm making Aquatica
sound like a mental hospital.

FRANKLIN

No. Well, maybe a little.

JANICE

The truth is, it is. But almost
everyone here is top of their
game. Living below is like living
in space. You don't get very many
mistakes.

26 EXT. CATWALKS - NEAR DARK

26

JANICE (V.O.)

Besides the half a mile of catwalks,
you bought us titanium-based
fencing around the lagoon and pens...

*

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED:

26

Carter prowls the catwalks, looks down into the blackening waters with concern.

27 EXT. UNDERWATER - CONTINUOUS ACTION

27

JANICE (V.O.)

... There are three sub-levels.

*

The teeming life within the aquatic pens shimmers and flicks by the underwater lights. The reinforced titanium fencing creates the biggest aquarium you can imagine.

JANICE (V.O.)

Sub-level one is living quarters,
two, the wet lab and work shops.
And three, engineering and air-
locked wet entry.

In the center of it all is the real Aquatica, a behemoth three-level structure floating like an upside-high-rise. Portholes of yellowish light create an eerie halo around the structure.

Suddenly something yanks us at breakneck speed straight for Aquatica! We're going TO crash through a porthole! By some miracle we STOP just before the glass and see:

28 INT. MCALESTER'S QUARTERS/OFFICE - NIGHT

28

In spartan surroundings, McAlester sits tensely at a small desk, slipping a disc from a watertight satchel into her computer.

She whirls and looks out the porthole. Nothing there. A TAPPING at her door startles her.

MCALESTER

I'm busy.

Jim Whitlock enters.

MCALESTER

I'm working here, Jim.

WHITLOCK

How is it that you have to study procedures that you invented?

As McAlester studies her program, Jim crosses to a bookcase, begins banging around near a steaming electric kettle.

(CONTINUED)

McALESTER

Because I think something up, I should remember it? What'd you have for lunch last Tuesday?

WHITLOCK

Skippy peanut butter and celery sticks. Why? Hey, where's the tea?

McALESTER

What?

(a beat)

Moved it. Over there.

Susan rises, crosses to a long table bearing a startling lifelike model of a mako shark.

McALESTER

Did you dose the Gen II with the serum?

WHITLOCK

I had Carter do it right after you called from the city. She'll be ready by tomorrow night...

Susan circles the table, abruptly lifts the top from the shark's head, revealing a brain made from realistic soft tissue.

McALESTER

But?

WHITLOCK

But we're not ready. This is two months ahead of schedule. We're skipping three rounds of preliminary trials.

She lifts a long stainless probe with an even longer needle. Concentrating, she inserts the needle into the shark's brain.

McALESTER

No choice. We don't deliver, we're back to scrambling for grants and pampering grad students.

WHITLOCK

God, I hate university coffee. It's like mud.

(CONTINUED)

28

CONTINUED: (2)

28

Whitlock has found the tea, drops the bag into his hot water.

McALESTER

You wait your whole life for a single moment. And then, one day, it's tomorrow.

He moves to her, lifts her chin with his hand.

WHITLOCK

We're underwater, we love pressure.

He takes the probe from her hand and sets it down on the table.

WHITLOCK

No more practice. Take the night off. Doctor's orders, Doctor.

Whitlock is almost at the door before Susan speaks.

McALESTER

Jim. What you've risked, here. I just wanted to say...

WHITLOCK

You'll do fine, Susan. I promise.

And with that, he's gone. Susan stares after him a beat. Then she lifts the probe, begins again.

28A

INT. WET ENTRY

28A

Expansive. A submersible hangs over a grated pool, open to the lagoon. Shards of reflective light dance across walls lined with scuba equipment. Carter is checking his gear.

FRANKLIN

Seen a bathroom around here?

Carter looks up to see Franklin standing in the doorway.

CARTER

Two levels up. Some wrong turn.

Carter goes back to examining his regulator.

FRANKLIN

So, what's a shark wrangler do, exactly?

(CONTINUED)

28A

CONTINUED:

28A

CARTER

Pretty much what it sounds like, I guess.

FRANKLIN

How'd you end up at Aquatica?

CARTER

I like the water. The pay's good.

Franklin has moved into the room, inspects a dive mask himself.

FRANKLIN

Augamask. Did a wreck dive with one of these off the coast of Spain. Tourist thing.

Carter keeps working. But something registers in his eyes.

FRANKLIN

You like wreck diving?

CARTER

It's okay.

FRANKLIN

I bet you're pretty good at it.

CARTER

We're on the water, this whole cat and mouse thing doesn't float, okay. You're the man, right?

Franklin smiles, introspective for a beat. His tone, now, is wry.

FRANKLIN

Yeah, I guess I'm the man.

CARTER

And the man always has a file. So, what's it say?

FRANKLIN

3-5. Leavenworth. Smuggling.

CARTER

I did some wreck diving, found a few things I figured would sell better in the U.S. than Mexico.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

28A CONTINUED: (2)

28A

CARTER (CONT'D)

I got caught. How'd you make your money, man? Or are you the first rich guy in history who's squeaky clean?

FRANKLIN

You understand my concern. If tomorrow's test is successful, the data would sell a lot better than soggy Mexican pottery.

CARTER

Look, I got a good gig here. I don't make waves and I meet the terms of my parole. I'm not out to change the world, like the Doc, but I'm not out to wreck it, either.

Franklin stares at him a beat, a man used to taking the measure of other men. Then he nods.

FRANKLIN

Check the SP transmitter. Mine used to get a little finicky.

Carter nods. He knows that. Franklin turns, starts to go.

CARTER

What about you? You musta got two of everything already. What are you in it for?

FRANKLIN

The pay's good.

(a beat)

And I do want to change the world. You might try it sometime.

And he's gone. Carter stares after him, goes back to work.

CARTER

The shit rich people say.

29 OMITTED

29

30 EXT. UNDERWATER - SOMETHING'S POV - SAME TIME

30

Looking THROUGH a porthole as Franklin walks the corridor away from Wet Entry.

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED:

30

(OVER) VERTICAL MOVEMENT. UP FROM the porthole, PAST three levels. MUSIC, a rousing GOSPEL SONG. Another porthole comes INTO VIEW, LOOKING IN ON...

31 INT. MESS HALL/GALLEY - CONTINUOUS ACTION

31

The final strains of a GOSPEL SONG bounce off sparkling chrome counters and polished pots and pans.

VOICE (V.O.)

Eat me, asshole.

CAMERA FINDS PREACHER, wearing a starched chef's outfit. What he's making we cannot see, but, from his expression, this culinary creation must be divine.

VOICE (V.O.)

Hey, hey you. Dickhead.

WIDER

The source of the voice. On his perch, a parrot of unknown ancestry is doing an appalling Texas two-step.

PARROT

Fat butt. You got a big fat butt.

*

Preacher reaches out and touches his unseen delicacy, feeds the bird icing off the tip of his finger.

PREACHER

Bird, you are trying my last nerve.
Do not make me drown your little
feathery ass. Get myself a cat.

*

*

*

Something catches his attention outside the porthole. He turns, looks out, his expression darkening.

PREACHER

Feeding time.

CAMERA PUSHES THROUGH the window INTO...

32 EXT. UNDERWATER - NIGHT

32

Carter is silhouetted in a light from one of the aquapens. He appears to be inside some kind of tubular cage. BUBBLES from his scuba tank POP like thoughts from above his head. Hear them.

33

EXT. SURFACE LEVEL PLATFORM - CONTINUOUS ACTION

33

Scoggins stares down into the waters of the lagoon for a moment. He walks to a winch, pulls a release lever.

SCOGGINS

Soup's on, boys.

*

34

EXT. UNDERWATER - CARTER'S POV - CONTINUOUS ACTION

34

THROUGH the wire of his tube, Carter sees only shafts of light and dark water. Louisiana, the license plate shark, drops into the water and swims into the shadows, then back.

From the darkness, a thick silver shape hits Louisiana from the side, rolls him over and disappears again. So fast...

Louisiana thrashes and rights himself, tries to swim away. After a moment of calm, he is hit again, from the other side.

Hear Carter grunt hard, as if he has taken the hit.

And this time, Louisiana is bitten and blood drifts up from his wound. He thrashes in his own blood, then swims straight for Carter before being suddenly jerked down into the dark.

EXT. UNDERWATER - CONTINUOUS ACTION

Carter drops to the bottom of his tube, but there is nothing to see from below but a thick pool of blood bubbling up through roiling waters.

CLOSE ON CARTER

Definitely disturbed.

35

INT. CONTROL TOWER - NIGHT

35

Brenda Kerns, seeing by flashlight, pushes an intercom button.

KERNS

Dr. McAlester, we have a situation here. Could you come to surface level, please?

36

EXT. SURFACE LEVEL - NIGHT

36

The surface level lights are out. Only the waters of the lagoon and aquatic pens are still lit from below. With a billion stars overhead, Aquatica looks as if it's floating in space.

The elevator doors open and McAlester, seeing that all is dark, steps cautiously out.

KERNS (O.S.)

Over here, hurry!

She looks up to the tower level and stops dead still.

Faces of the crew peer down at her, illuminated by firelight. Preacher stands front, center, holding a cake, finishing lighting the birthday candles with his Zippo.

Kerns raises two FLARE GUNS into the air and FIRES.

MCALESTER

Aw, Christ...

36A

EXT. AQUATICA - HIGH ANGLE

36A

The FLARES rocket TOWARD us, EXPLODING like fireworks, raining embers onto the tiny, glittering facility below.

37

EXT. SURFACE LEVEL - CLOSE ON HAND - LATER

37

Hits the play button on a boom box's CD player. WIDER. Kerns grins as (OVER) "I CAN'T HELP MYSELF (SUGAR PIE, HONEY BUNCH)" begins to PLAY.

WIDER. The party is in progress. Preacher stands by a makeshift bar, pouring a drink for Whitlock as the MUSIC BLARES.

PREACHER

Damn, I hate that song.

KERNS

(crossing)

Like the tunes, Preach.

Preacher grins, shoots her the finger as Kerns moves to the dance floor to join Scoggins and Janice. Carter, arriving late, crosses to grab a beer.

(CONTINUED)

KERNS

Come on, Carter, there's too much woman on this deck for Scoggs to handle.

SCOGGINS

Never happen.

JANICE

Mysterious dancing trauma in his past?

SCOGGINS

No. Too white.

McAlester is trying hard to be here. Franklin sits alone, taking it all in. Whitlock turns off the boom box, the MUSIC STOPPING abruptly, begins tapping his glass. Preacher pours champagne.

*
*

PREACHER

(to Scoggs)
You didn't try the cake.

SCOGGINS

I don't like cake.

PREACHER

Try the cake.

SCOGGINS

What? I don't like cake.

WHITLOCK

One glass only, I'm afraid.

(groans all around)

But if all goes well tomorrow, you have my word that each of you will be sufficiently hammered by sunset so as not to be able to recall your name...

(to McAlester)

... or your birthday.

(raises his glass)

To Doctor Susan McAlester, without whom none of us would have discovered that we are unfit for the world.

All drink except Preacher who looks wistfully at the bottle in his hand.

*
*

PREACHER

Umm, mmm, mmm.

*
*

(CONTINUED)

37

CONTINUED: (2)

37

He lifts a soda instead.

JANICE

Speech.

OTHERS

Speech! Speech!

McAlester gets reluctantly to her feet.

McALESTER

Thank you. But we should all go
back to work now. Really.

Folks stare at her. She seems terribly uncomfortable.
Finally, she speaks again.

McALESTER

I know I've been a nightmare these
past few months.

WHITLOCK

Hear-hear.

McALESTER

But I didn't know how else to get
the job done.

(sincerely)

Impatience is a weakness I've had
my whole life. I can stand here
now and tell you how it works, how
I hate it, but when it takes over,
I don't seem to be able to do a
damn thing about it. So, I
apologize. For the next time.

In a rare moment, McAlester has spoken from her heart.
In doing so, she has become almost hauntingly beautiful.
Carter, looking into her, is clearly captivated.

McALESTER

Anyway, if the test is successful
tomorrow, it will be because of
all of you. Someday, if you look
back on this, I hope you remember
that you did something that had
never been done. And I hope you
are as proud then, as I am of you
now.

(walking away)

And the cake is exquisite,
Preacher, as usual.

(CONTINUED)

37

CONTINUED: (3)

37

Silence. Whitlock catches Franklin's eyes.

WHITLOCK

Ophelia, my second and most
expensive wife... just as you
began to enjoy hating her, she'd
do something nice.

(a drink)

Four glorious years of whiplash.

38

EXT. UPPER CATWALK - MINUTES LATER

38

McAlester, embarrassed for talking so much, heads for the
elevator. The catwalk overlooks the shark pens, still
seawater dotted by the reflection of a panoply of stars.

CARTER (O.S.)

Happy birthday?

(CONTINUED)

McALESTER

(turns)

I'll let you know tomorrow. How's life underwater?

CARTER

(catching up)

A lot less complicated than on the surface, that's for sure.

McAlester smiles. Despite differences in just about everything, she likes this guy.

McALESTER

Nice work with that new tiger today. One day, you'll have to tell me how you learned that.

CARTER

One day you'll have to take me up on that beer.

Her smile is different this time, defended, but somewhere, way down deep, she's sure tempted.

McALESTER

It's all work for me, Carter. But like you said. One day.

She starts walking again.

CARTER

They're hunting in a pack, like wild dogs. They want the chase.

McALESTER

You're reading too much into it.

CARTER

(blocking her way)

That Gen I attacked a twenty-five-foot boat. I think it jumped the fence to get there. Or am I reading too much into that too?

McALESTER

Scoggins left the pen open.

CARTER

No. He didn't.

A beat. Then...

(CONTINUED)

McALESTER

The hormonal changes we induced to
increase the size of their
forebrain is bound to affect
behavior. The thalamus, cerebrum...
(trying to simplify)
Sight, thought, hunger...

Her next thought stops her dead.

McALESTER

Did you tell Franklin?

CARTER

I'm just the fish keeper, lady.

Susan nods, relieved. Pushes the elevator button.

CARTER

But bringing that shark in ahead
of schedule is one real bad idea.

Susan turns back to face him.

McALESTER

Do you like your job?

CARTER

You threatening me, Doc?

McALESTER

No. But if we don't pull off that
test tomorrow we're all on the
street. You're a good man,
Carter, but with your
background...

CARTER

Right.

Carter is already walking off, as angry as he is
disappointed in her. McAlester looks embarrassed by her
own words.

McALESTER

(flaring)
Look, just get the fish inside.
Let me worry about her behavior.
(cooling)
Carter?... Please?
(small)
Good night?

38A

EXT. CATWALK - CONTINUOUS ACTION

38A

Carter is crossing one of the shark pens as the elevator doors close on McAlester in the b.g. Scoggins falls in by his side.

SCOGGINS

How's the queen genius?

CARTER

Not as dumb as she seems, I hope.

A sudden ripple in the water breaks the stars' reflection. The two walk on.

CARTER

You raise the fences like I asked you...

SCOGGINS

Yeah. C'mon. Let's get a beer.

(walking off)

You're not that good with women, are you, Casanova? Maybe you should stick to fish.

39

EXT. SURFACE LEVEL - NIGHT

39

Whitlock has broken his one-drink rule. He sits with Janice, who shovels slices of cake. Franklin sits alone. Preacher clears.

FRANKLIN

Food was great, brother.

PREACHER

Um, hmm.

(a beat)

You're the guy got caught in that avalanche, right?

FRANKLIN

Yeah. That was me.

PREACHER

Like black men don't have enough ways to get killed, climbing some stupid ass mountain in the middle of God's nowhere. Leave that shit to the white folks, brother.

Preacher moves off. Franklin crosses to Janice and Whitlock, pulls a couple of cigars from his pocket.

(CONTINUED)

*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*

FRANKLIN

Peace offering?

Janice and Whitlock exchange looks.

JANICE

What the hell.

She takes a stogie, lights it as Franklin sits, joining them. He glances at the shark pen.

FRANKLIN

Lab rats would sure be cheaper.

(CONTINUED)

WHITLOCK

Yes, they would. Easier to feed...

JANICE

Sharks never get cancer, or go blind, or show any loss of brain activity as they age...

(off Whitlock)

... unlike some people I know.

WHITLOCK

Sharks have no ghosts, did you know that? Too old. The oldest creatures on the planet. From a time when the world was only flesh and teeth.

Whitlock's a little in his cups. Franklin smiles.

FRANKLIN

So you have two sharks from the First Generation, and one Second Generation female, right? She's coming in tomorrow for the test?

WHITLOCK

Women are so often the cradles of redemption, yes, Jan?

JANICE

By using a hormonal enhancer, we increased this female's forebrain to five times its normal size.

*

FRANKLIN

Why? More protein complex?

*

JANICE

Exactly. The protein that may --

WHITLOCK

That will --

JANICE

... reactivate human brain cells is stored in the forebrain of the shark. The bigger the forebrain the better. You've done your homework.

*

FRANKLIN

My interest and my checkbook go hand and hand, Miss Higgins.

*

(CONTINUED)

WHITLOCK

Your checkbook is your interest, eh?

*

FRANKLIN

And you increased the shark's
brain size without D.N.A.
restructuring?

JANICE

Not only is that kind of genetic
tampering unethical, it's illegal.
Genetic engineering to increase
brain mass is in direct violation
of the Harvard Genetics Compact.
Not to mention Chimera policy.

WHITLOCK

We'd have a world run by genius
cockroaches and brilliant white
mice. Maybe wouldn't be so bad.

JANICE

Do you know who you have on staff
here? Susan is the youngest
scientist ever to win a McArthur
Grant. Jim practically wrote the
Harvard Compact.

*

*

WHITLOCK

Ah, Boston. What time is it in
Boston?

FRANKLIN

It's just so fantastic, to have come
so far without genetic tampering.

WHITLOCK

Tampering. No, no tampering. But
if...

*

But Whitlock is already up, stopping his own reverie.

WHITLOCK

Well. Time to sleep this buzz
off. The bear goes over the
mountain tomorrow...

Whitlock and Janice move off together as Preacher wheels
the dishes away on a cart. Franklin sits alone, smoking.

FRANKLIN

... to see what he can see.

42 EXT. AQUATICA - EARLY MORNING 42

A streak of red on the horizon is all the sky there is.
Black clouds have dropped the ceiling on the world.

43 INT. CONTROL TOWER - EARLY MORNING 43

Brenda nervously checks her weather monitors. The ugly
swirl of storm ominously stares back at her.

44 EXT. SURFACE - EARLY MORNING 44

Scoggins checks the emergency lock-downs on the fuel
tanks, test lights flashing green.

45 INT. GALLEY/MESS - EARLY MORNING 45

Preacher, spiffy even at this hour, but obviously still
tired, prepares crepes of all sorts. The PARROT SQUAWKS. *

PREACHER

Any of your nonsense this morning
and we are gonna have tiny, little
drumsticks on the menu tonight. *

The bird is silent.

PREACHER

That's right.

46 JANICE'S QUARTERS - EARLY MORNING 46

Janice yawns and rolls over, revealing Jim Whitlock with
his head on the pillow, looking at her.

WHITLOCK

Promise me you'll never marry me.
Even if I beg you. And I will.
I'd be a fool not to. You have to
be strong for both of us.

JANICE

I think I'm pregnant.

WHITLOCK

How do you feel about a floral
pattern for the everyday dishes?

47 INT. McALESTER'S QUARTERS - EARLY MORNING

47

McAlester's bed has not been slept in. She emerges from a shower, takes caffeine pills from a drawer, and drops two.

48 INT. FRANKLIN'S QUARTERS - EARLY MORNING

48

Franklin jerks up as BOB MARLEY'S "Get Up, Stand Up" comes through the LOUDSPEAKER on the wall beside him.

KERNS (V.O.)

Good morning, Aquatica. It's another gloomy day here in the beautiful Pacific.

48A INT. TOWER - DAWN

48A

KERNS

Wake yourselves up now and climb on outta bed. That's right, shake off those rum drinks, campers, scrape the cotton out of your mouths, it's time to save the world. And I've got just the music to do it by. Coming at you...

49 INT. GALLEY/MESS HALL - LATER

49

Everyone except Kerns and Carter is doing the Preacher crepes thing. Even the bird. (OVER) "SITTING ON THE DOCK OF THE BAY" PLAYS.

*

FRANKLIN

(to himself)

I hate that song.

Preacher grins. Franklin has a bite of a crepe and moans.

*

FRANKLIN

Oh my.

PARROT

Cocksucker.

PREACHER

Take it as a compliment. Most people he bites.

(CONTINUED)

49

CONTINUED:

49

JANICE

(hungover)

Oh, man. We've got to bring my
brain back to life.

WHITLOCK

(worse)

Did you know a hangover is not
having enough fluid in your
body to run your krebs cycle.
Which is exactly what happens when
you die of thirst. So dying of
thirst would feel like the
hangover that finally kills you.

*

JANICE

Jim. Shut up. Please.

Preacher drops a slice of last night's cake in front of
Scoggins.

SCOGGINS

What's up with you, man?

Brenda Kerns enters with a weather print, hands it to
McAlester.

KERNS

Storms are knocking the hell out
of the coast. No boats or
choppers from landside today.

WHITLOCK

No crew?!

KERNS

Sorry.

McAlester looks as if she has taken a fist to the gut.
She sits frozen, her coffee still on the way to her lips.

McALESTER

We're twelve hours into Gen II's
final cycle. If we don't do this
tonight, the test window closes.
Six weeks before we can try again.

*

FRANKLIN

We don't have six weeks.

*

The funk spreads across the room. Finally...

(CONTINUED)

49

CONTINUED: (1A)

49

McALESTER

We could do it ourselves.

WHITLOCK

I know how you feel, Susan, but...

McALESTER

Think about it.

(beat)

You run the scan. I'll do the biopsy. Janice does the vitals. Scoggins knows the monitors, he installed them...

(thinks)

We'll have to let some of the exotics slide, but, end of the day, we'd know if it works or not.

The audacity of this creates a ripple of excitement.

WHITLOCK

Does give you a tingle, doesn't it?

JANICE

I can double up.

WHITLOCK

Wait wait... The recovery team was coming on the boat. How are we gonna get Gen II into the lab? Carter can't do it by himself.

Carter has been leaning against the door frame, enters, gets a crepe and sits quietly down. All eyes are on him. *

He holds McAlester's gaze. A long beat. Then she looks down.

CARTER

I'll get her into the lab.

McAlester looks like she could kiss him. Others light like bulbs.

JANICE

(grinning)

Show-off.

49A

EXT. AQUATICA - SUNSET

49A

A storm has gathered. Through the dark clouds, the sinking sun stains the ocean a flickering and bloody crimson.

(CONTINUED)

49A CONTINUED:

49A

WHITLOCK (V.O.)
Okay, everybody, Gen II will be at
optimum clinical window in...
(checks his watch)
... eight hours. Let's get ready.
I'll see you all at sunset.

50 OMITTED

50

50A INT. CONTROL TOWER - SUNSET

50A

Its windows are BLASTED with RAIN. Brenda leans into her mic.

KERNS

Wet entry...

51 INT. SUB-LEVEL 3 - WET ENTRY

51

Carter is suited up, checks the tranquilizer dart in his spear gun. Speaks now into his helmet mic.

CARTER

On line. I hear you, Brenda.

He hits a control stud and the grate over the pool slides open.

CARTER

I'm going in.

51A INT. CORRIDOR

51A

Walking, the group is heading towards two giant doors, Franklin and McAlester in the lead.

MCALESTER

Welcome to my parlor, Mr. Franklin.

She cranks a wheel, pushing the door open.

CLOSE - FRANKLIN

stunned.

FRANKLIN

Wow.

Franklin steps through the doorway into...

52 OMITTED

52

53 INT. WET LAB - SUNSET

53

The heart of Aquatica. A balcony overlooks a cavernous space of glass-tiled floors and an immaculate array of scientific instrumentation. In the center of the room is a surgical platform big enough to hold a baby dinosaur.

(CONTINUED)

53

CONTINUED:

53

Over all this, a large viewing window looks directly onto the lagoon. The waters are clouded with silt, like a trapped, churning storm.

KERNS (V.O.)

We're taking a pounding up here.

The group spills down the stairs. FAVOR Franklin as he descends after them, watching them take their stations.

KERNS (V.O.)

Can't see past my own nose. It's a pretty nose.

Scoggins flips on the banks of high-tech monitors and recorders. The screens come to life, revealing various exterior views.

KERNS (V.O.)

Suggest you check lagoon and pen monitors.

Janice and Whitlock flank Scoggins. Franklin joins them.

KERNS (V.O.)

Can't imagine there's much visibility below.

We see what the cameras inside the lagoon and aquapens are recording. It isn't much.

SCOGGINS

Not good.

Scoggins moves the cameras with a remote and fiddles with the monitors but all he gets is weather.

SCOGGINS

Extreme tidal changes and violent turbidity equal opacity.

*
*

WHITLOCK

English, Tom.

SCOGGINS

It's like trying to see through dirt.

Whitlock looks at Janice and sighs. He flips the com-link buttons on the panel.

54 INT. SUB-LEVEL 3 - WET ENTRY

54

The choppy waters in the pool splash onto the floors.

WHITLOCK (V.O.)

Carter, do you copy?

The room is empty. Bubbles float up through the choppy water. FALL INTO the POOL and FOLLOW the bubbles...

55 EXT. UNDERWATER - CONTINUOUS ACTION - SUNSET

55

... THROUGH murky, silt-laden waters. FOLLOW them THROUGH patches of lagoon lights which make visibility worse, as every particle is magnified like dust in sunlight.

WHITLOCK (V.O.)

Carter?

We FIND Carter swimming toward a tubular tunnel, built like a maze twisting through the lagoon and pens.

56 INT. WET LAB - SUNSET

56

Scoggins, still moving the cameras, picks up Carter. The picture is grainy, hard to make out.

SCOGGINS

Bingo. Elvis has left the building.

CARTER (V.O.)

I'm approaching the tunnel.

WHITLOCK

We've picked you up but visibility is near zero.

On the monitor, they see Carter swimming into the tunnel.

CARTER (V.O.)

I'm okay.

Janice checks two monitors labeled Gen I and Gen II.

JANICE

We have no visual sighting at all on Gen I or II pens.

57 INT. UNDERWATER TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS ACTION

57

Carter swims through this strangely beautiful place.

(CONTINUED)

57 CONTINUED:

57

Fish burst into color as they cross the light, like Christmas bulbs twinkling on and then gone. Sudden brief beauty. Life.

CARTER

Like a walk through Central Park.

58 INT. WET LAB

58

Scoggins is working the joystick, trying to keep Carter in frame.

SCOGGINS

What would you know about Central Park, cowboy?

CARTER (V.O.)

Not much. 'Cept it's got a beauty you can't trust.

Whitlock glances at McAlester, her eyes fixed forward, as if she didn't hear.

CARTER (V.O.)

I have contact. Two Gen I's.
Repeat, contact.

59 INT. UNDERWATER TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS ACTION

59

Carter swims in place, looking up. FOLLOW his gaze to find...

Two huge mako sharks on opposite sides of the top curve of the tunnel. They hang there, staring down at Carter.

The sharks drift down in unison but still on opposite sides. They study Carter carefully, no other word for it.

Then the sharks rub their snouts up against the tunnel. Even Carter looks uncomfortable, unconsciously scrunches his shoulders together, boxed in between these two deadly creatures.

60 INT. WET LAB - CONTINUOUS ACTION

60

WHITLOCK

Those are the two first generation sharks.

(CONTINUED)

60

CONTINUED:

60

Franklin is frozen, watching the monitor. Scoggins notices.

SCOGGINS

The tunnel's titanium. They can dent it, but they can't bite through it.

McALESTER

How long have they been... synchronized like this?

A quick look between McAlester and Whitlock.

61

EXT. UNDERWATER TUNNEL - SAME TIME

61

CARTER

It's the first time I've seen it.

The sharks press a little harder into the tunnel. The fencing gives slightly like a rigid metal net.

Carter backs slowly away. The sharks begin an unbearable gnawing at the tunnel. They press harder at the wire. It seems to give a little more. They trail him as he continues down the tunnel.

CARTER

Proceeding to Gen II pen.

The sharks move down until they are right at the side of Carter's head and bite at the tunnel in earnest. Their bodies jerk as they pick up the attack.

SHARK'S POV

Carter raises the tranquilizer gun he is holding down by his side.

SHARKS

do the unthinkable. They thrust away from the tunnel and swim rapidly backwards, and into the shadows.

62

INT. WET LAB - CONTINUOUS ACTION

62

FRANKLIN

Tell me I didn't see that.

(CONTINUED)

62

CONTINUED:

62

Everyone stares goggle-eyed at the screen. Janice is stunned.

JANICE

That's impossible.

*
*

FRANKLIN

They recognized the gun.

JANICE

And sharks do not swim backwards.
They cannot.

*

WHITLOCK

Let's try and stay focused,
people --

SCOGGINS

What the hell --

On the monitor marked Gen II, something that looks like a dark mountain fills the screen and everything goes black.

63

INT. UNDERWATER TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS ACTION

63

A dull THUD REVERBERATES under the water as the light in Gen II's pen arcs and dies out in a flash.

WHITLOCK (V.O.)

We've lost picture in the Gen II
pen.

64

INT. WET LAB - SAME TIME

64

Gen I's monitor begins to darken, but this time, even in the murky waters, it becomes clear what is happening, as Gen I rams headlong into the camera and shatters it.

WHITLOCK

A Gen I just knocked the camera
all to hell.

There is another THUD and the lights in the other pen flash out.

CARTER (V.O.)

Repeat?

WHITLOCK

You heard me. I want you back
inside. Carter, return to the
lab.

(CONTINUED)

64

CONTINUED:

64

INT. WET LAB - CONTINUOUS ACTION

CARTER (V.O.)

No. I got a fish to catch, right,
Doc.

WHITLOCK

Carter? Carter, answer me.

CLOSE - McALESTER

It's hard to read her expression, equal parts relief and
dread.

65

INT. UNDERWATER TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS ACTION

65

Carter hovers a beat before the gate to the Gen II pen.

CARTER

Proceeding to Gen II pen.

He turns on the barrel light of his aquagun and unlocks
the gate. The tunnel sways now in the storm-tossed
waters. He swims out. *

HOLD as he is swallowed in darkness, the light from his
gun becomes a fading blur in the swirling silt, then
gone.

65A

INT. WET LAB - MOMENTS LATER

65A

Everyone is sitting, waiting, holding their breath.

SCOGGINS

Carter? Talk to me, man. The
smell of fear is stinking up the
place.

66

EXT. UNDERWATER - GEN II'S PEN - CONTINUOUS ACTION

66

RIP like a tornado TOWARD a faint light. Closer, now,
see bubbles shooting upward into the light.

A snout suddenly plunges into the bubbles.

Great teeth rip from the fence and crush an empty scuba
tank that was hanging there. A decoy. The mouthpiece is
slung away as...

(CONTINUED)

66

CONTINUED:

66

From the dark... a GUN is thrust into the great snout and FIRED, point blank...

And there is Carter at last, rolling out of the darkness, using his small spare tank for air. Gen II begins to fall as Carter hits a switch on a lighted panel affixed to the fence.

CARTER

Gen II is sedated. Boarding platform is engaged. I'm bringing her in.

Flashing red lights suddenly illuminate the perimeter of a giant mesh platform that begins to rise beneath the now-sinking Gen II. The Gen I sharks go nuts and throw themselves into the fence.

67

INT. WET LAB - NIGHT

67

Franklin, Janice, Whitlock, and Scoggins are staring into the waters of the examination tank. Hear the GROAN of the HYDRAULIC PLATFORM below.

In a near corner of the tank, a head breaks the surface. Carter, gasping for air. And rising up beside him is something that challenges the imagination.

SCOGGINS

Did somebody order the fish?

A sleek, silver back breaks the water, then keeps coming. The mind works to absorb the 8,000 pounds and the 25-foot length of the creature that is emerging, sedated, laying on the platform.

Overwhelmed, Franklin takes a big step back. A sign of sanity.

FRANKLIN

What in God's creation...

WHITLOCK

Not His. Ours.

INT. WET LAB - MOMENTS LATER

Franklin watches from the corner as Carter, who has emerged from the tank, fastens restraining straps to their magnetic couplings.

(CONTINUED)

67

CONTINUED: (A1)

67

CARTER

Restraints are in place, Scoggs.

Scoggins stands at a central monitor console on the balcony.

SCOGGINS

Engaging electromagnetic couplings.

He hits a switch and the straps lock into place.

(CONTINUED)

SCOGGINS

Test animal is locked down.
Sealing pool doors.

(OVER) Giant DOORS CLANK shut underwater. *

Carter stares at the closed eyes of the beast for a moment, then cautiously lifts the pectoral fin, revealing a thin metal plate. He grabs a code reader gun, runs it across the plate.

CLOSE ON SCOGGINS' MONITOR

A rotating 3-D schematic of Gen II pops up on the screen, listing the shark's vitals and specs in colored highlights.

SCOGGINS (O.S.)

Gen II is on line. Transferring
exotics to remote terminals.

JANICE AND McALESTER

each stand over their own monitor banks, now flickering into life with more specific data.

SCOGGINS

Vital signs to terminal one.

JANICE

(off her monitor)
Got 'em. Confirmed.

SCOGGINS

Diagnostic imaging to terminal two. *

McALESTER

(off her monitor)
Right. Confirmed.
(turning)
She's all yours, Jim.

Whitlock stands at yet another monitor station. Hits a switch.

WHITLOCK

Commencing scan. *

As he speaks, the huge PET scan machine built into the ceiling HUMMS as it tracks across the head of the shark.

(CONTINUED)

WHITLOCK

We are live and in color.

JANICE

B.P. 43 over 67.

(checking)

Heart rate 50 B.P.M. Within norms.

WHITLOCK

Thalamus coming on. Here we go.

McAlester watches a forming burst of colorful thermal images on her screen.

WHITLOCK

Forebrain is up another full diameter since last measurement.

McAlester stares at her screen, toggling to highlight the massive forebrain. Whitlock crosses to her.

McALESTER

If I go straight through, I'll penetrate the cerebrum.

WHITLOCK

You can reroute. Go through the hippocampus.

McALESTER

Jim, I'm not sure I...

WHITLOCK

You can do it. I mean it. Go around.

McAlester rolls her secondary control platform over the shark's head. Laser-sights the entry point and locks in the stays.

McALESTER

I'm in position.

She lifts a long glass-encased syringe and locks it into frame.

JANICE

Vitals are stable.

WHITLOCK

Scan is good. You can start.

(CONTINUED)

But Susan doesn't seem convinced. Looks instead to Carter who pours water over Gen II's back, rubs a calming hand over the creature's still lightly-shuddering muscles.

Carter holds her eyes a beat. Then nods a reluctant yes.

McALESTER

Here we go.

CLOSE ON NEEDLE

Pierces the skin and stops.

ANOTHER ANGLE

The needle drops and drops, the longest damn needle in the world. You squirm just thinking about it.

McALESTER

Vitals?

JANICE

Holding.

McALESTER

Aspirating 400 milliliters. *

She withdraws the needle slowly from the shark's brain.

McALESTER

Syringe is clear.

Releasing the stays, Susan moves to a scanning box, locks the syringe in place.

McALESTER

Protein complex is ready. *

She moves back to her primary console. Everyone else has gathered behind her save Carter, who stays by the side of the shark.

McAlester touches the keyboard. She stops, takes a deep breath. When she looks up, she seems like nothing more than a small girl.

McALESTER

Okay, Mr. Franklin. Let's see how good an investor you really are.

(CONTINUED)

She pushes a button on her panel. The syringe plunger depresses, a droplet of fluid hitting the Petri dish in the scanning box.

McALESTER

Introducing two c.c.'s of the protein complex into cultured inactive brain neurons of an Alzheimer's patient.

*
*

McAlester joins Whitlock and Janice as they watch their monitors.

Franklin slips in behind, peers over their shoulders.

McALESTER

What you're looking for, Mr. Franklin, is lightning in a bottle.

But before he can ask what she means, something starts happening on the monitor. Tiny globules coagulating.

McALESTER

Protein complex is interacting with the neurons.

*

A long moment. McAlester's shoulders sag.

McALESTER

Nothing.

CLOSE ON MONITORS

The lifeless neurons seem to flicker and lighten.

McALESTER (O.S.)

(voice shaking)

Neurons are becoming hyper-osmotic.

(beat)

Membrane integrity improving.

*
*
*

JANICE (O.S.)

Unbelievable.

Electrical impulses leap between them. It looks exactly like lightning in a bottle.

(CONTINUED)

67

CONTINUED: (5)

67

BACK TO SCENE

McALESTER

They're firing!

No one is breathing. Even Carter has stopped his ministrations with the shark.

WHITLOCK

One second, two seconds, three!

JANICE

Still firing!

WHITLOCK

Four, five, six...

Suddenly the neurons cease firing and go dormant again.

JANICE

6.560 seconds!

McAlester, as if in shock, backs up against the wall and stares at the monitor. Whitlock and Janice are grinning at each other.

FRANKLIN

I'll be damned.

WHITLOCK

No sir! For 6.560 seconds you saw what it's like not to be damned!

FRANKLIN

But can you make it last?

McALESTER

We made it possible, we'll make it last. We're on the road to a cure.

They all turn. McAlester's face is glowing. Whitlock, feeling jubilant, slides in front of the shark. Looks right at it.

WHITLOCK

You did it, pal! You did it!

Only Carter sees the sudden MRI spike on Janice's monitor from across the room. No one else notices it.

CARTER

Something's wrong.

(CONTINUED)

67

CONTINUED: (6)

67

CLOSE ON SHARK'S EYE

The eyelid rolls back.

BACK TO SCENE

CARTER

Jim, move, get back!

Gen II springs to life! Its mouth opens, a gaping maw of eight rows of six-inch triangular teeth that lash out at the closest thing within reach: Whitlock. The bite tears into his arm.

Whitlock lets out a blood-chilling growl of agony.

The shark shakes its head savagely and Whitlock's arm comes off in the mako's mouth at the bicep. The tiled floor is splattered with blood.

Whitlock writhes on the floor. Janice is apoplectic.

WHITLOCK

My arm! Oh God Jesus God my arm!!

Carter smashes a glass cabinet, rips a stainless steel marine shotgun off its mount. Moves towards the wildly thrashing shark.

McALESTER

No!

Before he can fire, McAlester hits the emergency release button. The restraints fall away, the platform drops out of sight, falling out of Carter's range. (OVER) POOL DOORS OPEN and CLOSE. *

CARTER

Are you insane --

JANICE

(over)

Help, oh God, please help. *

PULL BACK AND UP as all close in on Janice, who cradles Whitlock, the white floor a quickly spreading sea of red.

68

INT. CONTROL TOWER - NIGHT

68

The sky is pitch black. RAIN POUNDS the glass. Kerns is reading her monitors, multiple storms moving in, one worse than the next.

(CONTINUED)

68

CONTINUED:

68

CARTER (V.O.)

Tower! We need paramedics and
evac, now!

Training kicks in. Without missing a beat, Kerns cranks
her band width full wide.

KERNS

(into mic)

All frequencies. S.O.S. This is
Research Station Aquatica. We
have a medical emergency.

She snaps open the intercom.

KERNS

Wet Lab, nobody's flying in this
storm! Who is it? What
happened?!

MCALESTER (V.O.)

Jim...

KERNS

(into mic)

All frequencies. S.O.S. This is
Research Station Aquatica. Please
respond...

69

EXT. OCEAN - NIGHT

69

An aging HELICOPTER ROARS INTO FRAME, engulfed in the
raging storm.

70

INT. HELICOPTER - NIGHT

70

A crew of three Mexican flyers: PILOT, co-pilot and a
WINCH OPERATOR.

PILOT

X-ray Alpha 218.

KERNS (V.O.)

Copy, 218!

PILOT

Coming off of oil platform Chiapa.

KERNS (V.O.)

I know it's rough out there, 218,
but we have a live-or-die friend
here. Please don't let us down.
Over.

71

INT. ELEVATOR

71

Carter, headset on, and Scoggins, carry Whitlock, now covered with plastic tarps, and laying on a gurney.

JANICE

We'll get that posting you always wanted. In West Africa.

She starts to lose it, tears spilling down her cheeks, her breath catching in sudden sobs.

CARTER

Stay with him, Janny.

JANICE

They say the yellow butterflies are thick as clouds there, remember?

McAlester tries to insert a saline drip into Whitlock's good arm as they head towards the surface-level doors.

McALESTER

Can't find a vein. His pressure's too low. Wait. Got it. Damn.

She's jogged loose the packing in his wound, the blood pooling beneath the transparent plastic like a grisly rorschach.

McALESTER

I'm not this kind of doctor.

JANICE

(over)

And our house will be far away from the water.

Franklin is pulling off his belt, ties it around the bloody packing, wrenching it secure with such force that Whitlock actually groans before passing out again. The doors open.

71A

INT. ELEVATOR BAY - MOVING

71A *

McALESTER

The med staff was on the relief boat. We all have E.M.S. training but...

FRANKLIN

Keep doing what you're doing.

(CONTINUED)

71A

CONTINUED:

71A

JANICE
You can't die, okay, sweetie?
It's just a bite. You can't die
from a bite.

Carter hits a button. The surface doors open. Sweeping
sheets of rain. ROARING WAVES. If hell were made of
water it would look like this.

CARTER
(shouting into
headset mic)
Where's the chopper? Tower?

72

INT. CONTROL TOWER - NIGHT

72

The windows are being pummeled. MONITORS show nothing
but rain. A WHUMP of chopper BLADES but Kerns can't see
them.

She flips a switch and an enormous searchlight flashes on
outside, tries to find a chopper.

CARTER (V.O.)
Come on, Brenda...

Brenda, slashing the driving rain with her light, finally
sights the chopper, its belly light sweeping the landing
pad.

KERNS
Chopper is here! 218, this is
Aquatica Tower.

73

INT. HELICOPTER - NIGHT

73

The helicopter is being whipped around like a whirligig.

PILOT
El viento!

73A

EXT. SURFACE PLATFORM - MOVING - CONTINUOUS ACTION

73A

The group holds onto the gurney in the SCREAMING TORRENT
of RAIN, WAVES SLAPPING the structure.

KERNS (V.O.)
The chopper can't land!

(CONTINUED)

*
*
*
*

73A

CONTINUED:

73A

CARTER
Franklin! This end!

Franklin grabs the handles of the gurney. Carter moves
out to where the chopper is trying to hover.

CARTER
Patch me through, Brenda.

Whitlock regains consciousness and looks up.

WHITLOCK
(softly)
Hey, you...

McALESTER
Jim!

WHITLOCK
The other you...

Janice leans down and kisses his forehead.

WHITLOCK
How do you feel about the name
Riley, for a boy?

JANICE
(nods yes)
I hate it.

He half-smiles before his face distorts as if there is an
inner electrical storm and he passes out again.

JANICE
Sleep awhile, dearest. There'll
be time later.
(looking up)
Oh, please, God...

74

OMITTED

74

75

EXT. SURFACE LEVEL - NIGHT

75

Carter stands on the catwalk, gets the word from Brenda.

KERNS
I've got a patch.

76

INT. HELICOPTER - NIGHT

76

The crew is having a heated argument in Spanish about leaving Aquatica. The Pilot prepares to pull away.

CARTER (V.O.)

Buenos noches, muchachos! A fine
little wind today, eh, gracias a
dios! Habla Ingles?

*

Carter's voice is light, spirited, as if this storm is
nothing.

PILOT

Un poco. We must go, senor. Lo
siento. The storm is too
dangerous. Adios.

76A

EXT. SURFACE LEVEL - CLOSE ON FRANKLIN - NIGHT

76A

Holding the gurney.

FRANKLIN

What's wrong?! Why won't they
land? Ten thousand dollars if
they take him out. Tell them.
Ten thousand dollars a man.

*

*

76B

INT. HELICOPTER

76B

CARTER (V.O.)

Dias meil!

*

*

The crew exchange looks, obviously in response to Carter
having relayed Franklin's offer.

PILOT

Maybe we take the great man, eh?

77

EXT. SURFACE LEVEL - NIGHT

77

Carter, looking up into the driving rain, sees the lights
on the belly of the helicopter.

CARTER

30 feet to your left and down a
little...

(as chopper banks
right)

Your other left! A la izquierda!

(as it banks left)

Perfecto! El cable, por favor!

78 OMITTED 78

79 INT. HELICOPTER - NIGHT 79

The Winch Operator opens the side door and activates the hydraulic lever to lower the winch cable.

WINCH OPERATOR

Esta loco...

79A EXT. SURFACE LEVEL - NIGHT 79A *

Carter watches as the cable is lowered. *

CARTER

Keep it coming. *

He turns around and waves the group over. *

FRANKLIN

Come on. *

They push the gurney into the DRIVING RAIN. *

80 INT. CONTROL TOWER - NIGHT

80

Brenda spotlights the group, makes out Carter and Scoggins hooking the gurney to the helicopter cable. The next moment they're hit by a wave that nearly washes them into the pens.

81 EXT. SURFACE LEVEL - NIGHT

81

CARTER

Arriba, amigos!

As the gurney rises into the air, it spins slightly. McAlester has to pry Janice's hands from Whitlock's.

McALESTER

You've got to let him go, Janice.

The gurney rises away just as another huge wave hits, knocks everyone flying. Hands reach for anything stable. They are all just as much at risk as Whitlock now.

McALESTER

Inside!

They go sliding, clutching the rails, trying to navigate the charging walls of water back to the elevator. Carter hangs back.

CARTER

Up up...

82 EXT. LAGOON - WITH GURNEY

82

Whitlock regains consciousness again just as he is swung out over the lagoon by the wind.

HIS POV

Whitlock looks past his toes at his perilous tether, so thin in the helicopter's lights. Turns to the water below...

And the dark shape of Gen II moving beneath him...

ON WHITLOCK

For a moment Whitlock sees past his pain and finds all this somehow amusing, ridiculous. Until the cable slips and the gurney drops like a rock to within inches of the water.

He screams into his oxygen mask.

83 INT. CONTROL TOWER - NIGHT

83

Brenda sweeps the Aquatica waters with the searchlight, trying to see the gurney and the chopper.

BRENDA

C'mon, Jim. Where are you?

84 INT. HELICOPTER - NIGHT

84

The Winch Operator, fingers bleeding, tries like hell to get the cable to re-engage.

85 EXT. SURFACE LEVEL - NIGHT

85

Carter can't bring himself to leave the surface until Whitlock is aboard. He hears the CHOPPER BLADES, sees the belly lights, but Whitlock is barely visible.

A wave squashes him flat and nearly washes him away. Finally, he crawls for the elevator.

86 INT. HELICOPTER - NIGHT

86

The cable starts to roll up! The Winch Operator grins.

WINCH OPERATOR

Facil, eh?

*

But then, THUNK, it stops. The Operator curses. Grabs a wrench to hit the crank. But the chopper is jerked straight down.

87 INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT

87

Carter is washed into the elevator on a wave. Scoggins seals the door and the elevator immediately descends. The pilot's VOICE CRACKLES in his HEADPHONE, obscured by STATIC.

JANICE

Is he in? I couldn't see. Is he in?

CARTER

Como? Brenda? Anybody? What's happening?

88 INT. CONTROL TOWER - NIGHT

88

Brenda can't believe her eyes.

(CONTINUED)

88

CONTINUED:

88

She sweeps the lagoon with the light and stops. The gurney has disappeared under the surface.

KERNS

The gurney's below the water line.

CARTER (V.O.)

Say again, Tower?

89

INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT

89

CARTER

Pull up, muchachos!

90

INT. HELICOPTER - NIGHT

90

The co-pilot and Winch Operator are trying to release the CABLE. There is a sharp CRACK and the helicopter tilts crazily. The frantic co-pilot directs the searchlight to the gurney.

To their horror, the chopper crew sees the cable running straight into the water, as if they are on the business end of a giant fishing line. They are being pulled down and across the lagoon straight toward the facility.

PILOT

Dios mio!

91

INT. WET LAB - NIGHT

91

The crew races into the wet lab, Scoggins already activating the surface-level monitors. But there is nothing to see but storm-tossed waters.

SCOGGINS

Damn, damn, damn. Routing imaging enhancement subroutines.

Janice is nearly hysterical.

92

INT. CONTROL TOWER - NIGHT

92

KERNS

218, pull up! Arriba!

93

INT. HELICOPTER - NIGHT

93

The Winch Operator swings the wrench with all his might, trying to release the cable.

(CONTINUED)

93 CONTINUED:

93

The Pilot fights valiantly at his controls, trying every trick in the book to pull up from Aquatica.

Suddenly WHIZZZZ! The CABLE is released and comes flying up on the take-up reel.

94 EXT. LAGOON - NIGHT

94

The gurney bursts through the surface. Freed. Whitlock is freaking out!

95 INT. HELICOPTER - NIGHT

95

The Pilot soars up and away from the facility. The Winch Operator goes into overdrive trying to pull Whitlock into the chopper.

96 INT. CONTROL TOWER - NIGHT

96

Kerns is filled with a sense of relief. Whitlock is saved.

BRENDA

He's away. Repeat, Jim is above the water, winching into the chopper.

But suddenly her expression turns to awe and horror as she sees the gigantic form of Gen II -- shining, silvery, horrendous -- highlighted in the light of the storm -- as it arches out of the water and snatches the gurney into its monstrous jaws...

The gurney is jerked back underwater. The helicopter drops.

97 INT. WET LAB - NIGHT

97

MCALESTER

Tower! What's going on up there?

SCOGGINS

Gotcha.

The monitors rezz into clarity. Scoggins jabs his finger at a surface level monitor as a strange whirl of blades flies by.

SCOGGINS

Oh hell...

98 EXT. HELICOPTER - STORMY NIGHT

98

As Aquatica looms up suddenly in the window of the chopper, the Winch Operator gives himself absolution with the sign of the cross and a last mighty swing of his wrench.

99 EXT. SURFACE LEVEL - STORMY NIGHT

99

The helicopter slams into the side of the facility, flips and rolls over the surface and into the main fuel tanks, the facility suddenly alight with a world of EXPLODING FLAME.

100 INT. CONTROL TOWER - STORMY NIGHT

100

Brenda gets only a glimpse of the spinning BLADES SLAMMING like a blender into Aquatica's electrical and fuel sheds. Huge chunks of debris tumble slowly but inevitably for her. She cannot look away from her own death.

CLOSE - BRENDA'S WINDSCREEN

spiderwebs to black.

101 INT. WET LAB - STORMY NIGHT

101

The EXPLOSIONS throw everyone off their feet as if they were hit by a squad of invisible linebackers.

102 INT. GALLEY/MESS HALL - NIGHT

102

Canned and glass goods avalanche off shelves as a shock wave knocks Preacher on his ass. He scampers for cover, cutting his palms in the glass. The bird flaps in mid-air.

103 EXT. SURFACE LEVEL - NIGHT

103

The obliterated control tower is a lonely spire. The storm beats at the fires on the platform, the smoke choked in the rain.

104 INT. WET LAB - NIGHT

104

As everyone crawls up. Scoggins tries the monitors. Only snow.

(CONTINUED)

SCOGGINS

If that chopper was moving at,
say, 50 miles per hour, the metal
superstructure would react like
balsa wood.

CARTER

(into mic)

Tower?! Are you there? Brenda?

Only STATIC.

FRANKLIN

Somebody please tell me what that
is, please.

Franklin points at the viewing window. Through the
murky, muddy waters, a surreal nightmare unfolds.

Jim Whitlock, still alive, is hurtling through the waters
straight at the viewing window. How can he be moving so
fast...

And then he crashes at this incredible speed. The glass
spider-webs around him, thankfully obscuring his face but
leaving him stuck there in the oddly-folding glass.

Only then do we see the fin and huge belly of a beast as
it cuts upward for the surface. In that moment we
realize that Jim was a battering ram in the beast's
mouth.

CLOSE ON JANICE

Horrified.

The spider web slowly crinkles and crackles into a
mosaic.

SCOGGINS

All the king's horses and all the
king's men...

FRANKLIN

Can it...?

SCOGGINS

No way.

An ice cube-size piece of glass flies from the window.
As the horrified crew steps back, Janice moves
forward....

(CONTINUED)

*
*
*
*

104 CONTINUED: (2)

104

But the spider-webbing continues and shards of glass now spit from the center of the window.

FRANKLIN

Let's move, people. Now!

Franklin grabs Janice as the WINDOW CAVES IN. The OCEAN ROARS inside. Hundreds of tons of water overtake the lab.

A metal desk goes up in a torrent of water and smashes into a cabinet, lifting it, slamming into Carter's shoulder.

The tremendous Niagara sends up a deafening ROAR. The water's rising horrifyingly fast, chasing the rest of them up the stairways that lead to the balcony.

*

FRANKLIN

Go for the door!

SCOGGINS

Really. Thanks. No kidding.

Water rushes onto the balcony level, about a foot deep and rising. Scoggins and McAlester reach the door, Franklin and Janice right behind. Finally, Carter.

FRANKLIN

Get it open!

Scoggins cranks the door open. They spill into the corridor.

105 INT. CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS ACTION

105

Carter, Scoggins, and Franklin lay their bodies into the door and strain against the tidal wave of water to get it closed.

The lights in the corridor flicker on and off and then die, leaving only a dim blue-green emergency light.

The door seals at last, with a dull thump, like the lid of a coffin coming down.

JANICE

(slaps her arm,
hard)

Wake up, wake up.

*
*
*

106 INT. GALLEY/MESS HALL - NIGHT

106

Preacher crawls from beneath a stainless steel counter.

PREACHER

Sweet Jesus.

All around him is wreckage. But amidst the broken glass, a single unbroken bottle. Cooking sherry. Preacher lifts the bottle.

PREACHER

I'm going to take this as a sign.

He unscrews the cap, takes a long drink. Heaven.

PREACHER

I think I just found step thirteen.

He turns, surveys the wreckage.

PREACHER

Bird! Bird!

The parrot flutters out from behind an overturned table and spots a shaky landing on Preacher's outstretched finger.

PARROT

Dickhead.

Preacher looks at the soggy bird and smiles.

PREACHER

Yeah. Nice to see you too.

Preacher and his mascot head for the door.

107 INT. SUB-LEVEL 2 - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

107

Franklin, Scoggins, Carter, Janice, and McAlester are strung out along the corridor like shell-shocked soldiers.

SCOGGINS

I... I... mean... he was in the mouth of...

Janice shoves her fingers in her ears, hums.

*

FRANKLIN

The words aren't even in the goddamn dictionary, young man.

(CONTINUED)

107 CONTINUED:

107

That seems to say it for almost everyone. McAlester touches Janice's arm, a gesture of comfort.

McALESTER

Jan, are you all right?

*

JANICE

(dead smile)

I will be when you get your hand off me.

*

*

Shocked, McAlester jerks her hand away.

FRANKLIN

Okay, people. We have to get topside, find help...

Franklin has made it to a stairwell door. Reaches out to open the door. Carter grabs his hand. A beat.

He points to the top of the door. There's a thin spray of water seeping from the door's seal. His face is haunted and strained.

CARTER

Flooded.

The news gets everyone's attention.

SCOGGINS

There's not another stairway from this level. The elevator seals off automatically to keep the shaft from filling.

(a beat)

No way up.

108 INT. SUB-LEVEL 1 - CORRIDOR - CLOSE ON PHONE -
CONTINUOUS ACTION

108

Being lifted off its wall mount.

WIDER

Preacher, sherry bottle in one hand, tries the mounted phone, the parrot perched, skittish, on his shoulder.

PREACHER

Hello? Brenda? Anybody, hello?

Preacher hangs up, swigs, begins walking down the corridor.

(CONTINUED)

108

CONTINUED:

108

PREACHER

Well, Lord, looks like you're only taking calls person to person. So, don't put me on hold, now. I don't need to tell you I haven't been the most saintly man on this green earth but I haven't been your worst sinner either. So if you feel like getting me outta this jam...

That's when the corridor shakes from another surface EXPLOSION. Small jets of water begin spraying from the walls.

PREACHER

Okay, now. All right, if this lesson is about the drinking...
(tosses away
the bottle)
... let's just say I learned it. I know your wrath, Lord. No need to get all carried away showing me your vengeful side...

He has reached the stairwell. Suddenly the shock wave from another surface EXPLOSION rocks the corridor.

A painful MOAN of METAL, then a distant WHOOSH. The bird flies up and away down the hallway.

An eight-foot wall of seawater comes rushing down the stairwell, barreling right toward Preacher.

109

EXT. UNDERWATER - NIGHT

109

Gen II hovers, staring into the blown-out window of the flooded wet lab. The two smaller Gen I sharks glide INTO FRAME, flanking their offspring on each side in fighter jet formation.

CUT TO:

110

CLOSE ON DIAGRAM

110

shaking so wildly from another EXPLOSION (OVER) that we cannot make it out. *

As the shaking stills, we see a cross section of Aquatica, giving us a clear view of the facility's three sectors and three sub-levels. We're in...

(CONTINUED)

110

CONTINUED:

110

INT. SUB-LEVEL 2 - CORRIDOR

The crew, except for Janice, is huddled near the diagram, which is mounted on the wall, waiting to see if the shaking is over.

CARTER

If corridor B is dry we could get past the lab to the maintenance ladder...

(pointing)

... climb to level three, get to wet entry and take the sub topside two at a time. Go down to get up.

MCALESTER

I have to get the back-up discs from my room.

CARTER

You still have to get out of here before you can get to your room.

MCALESTER

I know that.

CARTER

Then what are we talking about?

FRANKLIN

Let's move.

They start down the corridor, back the way they came.

SCOGGINS

Maybe Brenda called for help.

FRANKLIN

You saw what happened up there.

SCOGGINS

What about Preacher?

Janice hasn't moved. She looks as if she has decided to become a permanent fixture here. Carter stops in front of her, looks down at the floor. She stares past him.

JANICE

Leave me alone, Carter.

He nods his understanding.

CARTER

You got to go, Jan.

(CONTINUED)

110 CONTINUED: (2)

110

JANICE

Bullshit.

CARTER

You got a reason to.

Her face floods with pain. But she sucks it back in and pushes away from the wall, heads down the corridor.

A deep THUD ECHOES down the long corridor. They all stop and listen. THUD, THUD comes from the wet lab door ahead of them. Carter slips quietly to the front and listens.

SCOGGINS

What the hell is that?

McALESTER

Lab equipment maybe, banging around...

The door to the lab is barely visible in the blue/green light. THUD! THUD!

FRANKLIN

(to Carter)

Think so?

CARTER

Not a chance.

They all stare at the door. And then there is a BANG! BANG! BANG! against the steel.

SCOGGINS

(horrified)

No, no, no...

CARTER

We gotta get past that door.

Carter shoves Janice and McAlester to get them started, all going now at a dead run. The BANGING is louder, mind-jangling.

SCOGGINS

(racing)

What's going on!?

As they run by the door, RIVETS SHOOT from the door frame and into the walls. Now they stampede!

Just as they reach the maintenance hatch -- BAM! They hear the wet lab DOOR EXPLODE, the ROAR of tons of WATER coming their way.

(CONTINUED)

110 CONTINUED: (3)

110

MCALESTER

It busted through the door.

Carter and Scoggins are already spinning the wheel to the hatch which is mounted on the wall.

FRANKLIN

Hurry up!

All the back-up lights suddenly come on, giving them a good look at the mad rush of salt water that instantly inundates the main corridor and splits off, rolling toward them.

FRANKLIN

Faster!

The wave of water hits at the knees, almost bowling them over. Carter and Scoggins spin the hatch wheel like mad. The water level rising ever higher.

SCOGGINS

(to himself)

Ten rotations in a standard screw groove, give should be right now --

The HATCH POPS open. A maintenance ladder is inside. Scoggins rushes Janice and McAlester through. Water gushes in after them.

FRANKLIN

Go! Go!

Franklin pushes Scoggins and Carter through the hatch and follows, closing the hatch behind as the crushing wave descends.

111 EXT. SURFACE LEVEL - NIGHT

111

The deluge continues, unabated. The WIND HOWLS like an animal caught in a trap.

A section of the surface has been torn open like a tin can, leaving a jagged hole to the stairwell, endless ocean pouring in.

A Gen I swims up to the hole. Takes a quick look and slithers down inside...

112 INT. STAIRWELL - SHARK'S POV 112

ZOOMING THROUGH the water, DOWN the stairwell, really fast, then TURNING SHARPLY, swimming OUT INTO the corridor.

113 INT. SUB-LEVEL 1 - CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS ACTION 113

A large sign that reads, "SAFETY FIRST! 432 Days Without an Accident," floats on the water that is four feet high and rising.

A hand pushes the sign away. Preacher sloshes down the hallway.

PREACHER

(calling)

Bird!? Bird!? Come on, bird,
where are you?

Nothing. Only silence.

PREACHER

And then the Lord reached down
from above and took hold of me.
He pulled me out of deep waters.
He rescued me from my powerful
enemies...

114 SHARK'S POV - SAME TIME 114

MOVING SLOWLY DOWN the corridor, through an eerie underwater world. Chairs float above picture frames knocked off the walls. Far ahead, what looks like a pair of slow-moving shoes. Preacher's voice continues, now distorted.

PREACHER (O.S.)

... When I was in trouble they
attacked me, but the Lord
protected me. He helped me out of
danger...

115 INT. MAINTENANCE CORRIDOR - NIGHT 115

Carter jumps down from the ladder and joins the crew. Everyone is catching their breath. Franklin leans against the wall.

FRANKLIN

Hey, cowboy, let me ask you a
question.

(CONTINUED)

115

CONTINUED:

115

MCALESTER

We should keep moving.

FRANKLIN

I was talking to him. Was that a
goddamned shark broke down that
door?

*

Carter glances around at the rest of them.

CARTER

I expect so.

FRANKLIN

You expect so?

(looking around)

Well, well. Am I the only asshole
down here who thinks that a
teensy bit odd?

*

He sees their haggard faces. He tries to calm down.

FRANKLIN

It can do that, come through a
door?

CARTER

(reluctantly)

I'm not the expert here. But I'd
say, given Gen II's size, and some
room to move, she could put coupla
tons or more into a hit.

(thinks)

So, yeah, in my opinion, if she
wants through, she's coming.

SCOGGINS

Anywhere they can swim belongs to
them. Including in here.

Franklin looks hard into Carter.

FRANKLIN

But these sharks aren't knocking
down doors just for the unbridled
joy of it, are they?

(a beat)

They're after us.

CARTER

It's pretty obvious we don't know
what they're doing yet.

(CONTINUED)

115

CONTINUED: (2)

115

FRANKLIN

You knew there was something wrong. You didn't want to bring the beast in! Why?

But Carter just holds his eyes. That's when Franklin spins towards McAlester.

FRANKLIN

What the hell did you do to those sharks?

McAlester takes a long beat.

MCALESTER

Their brains weren't big enough to harvest sufficient amounts of the protein complex. So we violated the Harvard Compact. Jim and I used gene therapies to increase their brain mass. Bigger brain means more protein. As a side effect, the sharks got smarter.

JANICE

You stupid bitch.

She takes Janice's words like a blow. But she keeps coming, voice quivering with intensity, masking the quickly-welling guilt.

MCALESTER

But what you've got to see here, what we've all got to see, is that it worked. We've made a great leap forward. The test was a success.

JANICE

What's a couple lives to possibly save a thousand, that it, Susan?

MCALESTER

Yes. No. I don't know. I didn't want this to happen but... With this research we can practically wipe out brain disease. Think of the generations that will be saved.

Carter slams his hand into the bulkhead, stilling them all.

(CONTINUED)

115

CONTINUED: (3)

115

CARTER

Exactly how many sticks of dynamite would you have to set off in your ears before your head cleared?

McALESTER

Carter, you wouldn't understand.

CARTER

I wouldn't, huh? Dumb old Carter. Wouldn't understand that you used us? That you used me. Someone on the water who wouldn't make waves. Someone who wouldn't ask too many questions because he had something to lose.

McALESTER

You don't see what we've done here --

CARTER

What you've done here is taken God's oldest killing machine and given it will, desire. What you've done is knock us all the way to the bottom of the damned food chain. That ain't a great leap forward.

Susan fights to hang on, grasping at her last threads of rationalization.

McALESTER

The people we'll save.

CARTER

(lethal)

Jim. Brenda. Us.

And finally his words still her. She opens her mouth to speak but nothing comes. She just stares at him, then looks to the floor.

FRANKLIN

Okay, folks, these sharks are thinking, hard and clear. So here's the riddle, what does a 8,000 pound mako shark with a brain the size of a flathead V-8 and no natural predators think about?

*

(CONTINUED)

115 CONTINUED: (4)

115

CARTER

I'm not waiting around to find
out.

Carter starts down the corridor. A beat. Then the
others, one by one, begin to follow.

SCOGGINS

She fucked with the sharks, now
the sharks are fucking with us...

*
*
*

116 INT. SUB-LEVEL 1 - CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS ACTION -
NIGHT

116

Preacher wades through the chest-deep water, pushes past
a Playboy Magazine floating on the water. Lifts it.

PREACHER

(off the centerfold)
Please let me get outta here.

SHARK'S POV

as Preacher's legs kick through the water.

BACK TO PREACHER

SWISH. A sound racing through water. He pivots. Sees
the mako charging from the end of the corridor. Its body
knocks away a floating life preserver.

Preacher plows through the water. Turns a corner. Sees
the entrance to the elevator. The light above it is now
red.

PREACHER

Green. You're supposed to be
green!

He hears the SHARK COMING CLOSER. He quickly pushes
through the swinging doors that lead him into the --

117 INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS ACTION

117

He looks desperately around. Sees an emergency fire axe behind the glass, SHATTERS the GLASS with his elbow, and grabs the weapon. He flattens himself to the wall, the water up to his shoulders. His heart hammers inside his rib cage. Chest heaving.

118 INT. SUB-LEVEL 1 - CORRIDOR - SAME TIME

118

The shark swims right past the kitchen door and keeps on going.

119 INT. KITCHEN - PREACHER - SAME TIME

119

Still fearing the worst. His heart pounds. Our CAMERA DUCKS...

UNDERWATER

We see Preacher's chest. Hear his HEART POUND. The sound TURNS INTO A STRANGE RHYTHMIC BEAT. This is what a heartbeat sounds like through electro-reception: bioelectrical fields that humans can't detect, but are a shark's sixth sense...

Our CAMERA SPINS AWAY FROM Preacher and RACES THROUGH the water at the speed of bio-electrical waves, slicing THROUGH the kitchen... INTO the flooded corridor outside, and right UP TO...

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS ACTION - NIGHT

Preacher doesn't see the half-submerged kitchen door swing open. Ghostly. He is busy pulling himself onto a metal table and climbing the wide shelves that hang above it.

INT. UNDERWATER - CONTINUOUS ACTION

The shark has lost the heartbeat. Lost visual contact. It searches through the water...

INT. ABOVE WATER - CONTINUOUS ACTION

Preacher tries to scale a higher when a shape EXPLODES from the shelves. Preacher almost tumbles into the water as...

(CONTINUED)

119 CONTINUED:

119

The parrot flaps its wings angrily, settling on a floating pot.

PARROT (V.O.)

Eat me, asshole.

PREACHER

Careful now.

Preacher slips down a shelf. Holding on with one hand he reaches over the water, stretching his arm towards the bird, extending one finger. Closer. Closer. Barely an inch separates them.

PREACHER

Come on, bird. Come on.

The BIRD stares at Preacher's outstretched hand. Cocks its head. Then it FLUTTERS its wings, rising up into the air.

PARROT (V.O.)

Eat me.

The SHARK EXPLODES through the surface, swallowing the bird whole, leaving only a floating feather.

Preacher clings to his perch, terrified. The mako scours the room, its fin turning, now, back for the exit.

Preacher stares on, too petrified to feel relieved. He doesn't see the trickle of blood that has formed on the cut on his elbow.

In SLOW MOTION a drop of blood slips off his arm. Falls through the air... and lands in the water.

UNDERWATER

We watch the drop disseminate into a tiny cloud of red.

PREACHER

sees the shark fin disappear underwater. Waits for the kitchen doors to open again, signaling the shark is gone. They never do.

UNDERWATER

The shark stops, turns around, its genetically-heightened olfactory nerves lured by the smell of blood.

(CONTINUED)

119 CONTINUED: (2)

119

ABOVE WATER

Preacher watches the shark break the surface directly below him. Completely silent, it slowly circles the mist of blood, trying to ascertain the precise whereabouts of its source.

He stays completely motionless on the darkened top shelf, staring at the mako's conical head and snout as it cruises by, so close he could touch its dorsal fin.

The shark pauses, then it backs up for a running start and propels itself into the shelf. The whole shelf unit falls, throwing Preacher into the water.

UNDERWATER

The shark blocks the doorway. So Preacher furiously swims the opposite way, not knowing where to go, trapped in his kitchen.

The mako tears after him.

ABOVE WATER

An adrenaline rush kicks in and Preacher swims faster. He locks onto a potential escape.

The double-oven is against the far wall. The water line has not reached its doors yet. Preacher swims to it, then rises out of the water and, ax in hand, grabs hold of the oven door.

SHARK'S POV

Preacher scrambles into the oven, yanking the door closed behind him, disappearing from sight.

120 INT. SUB-LEVEL 3 - SECTOR TO WET ENTRY - CONTINUOUS ACTION

120

The group is travelling past the bulkheads that lead from the southern to the northern sector.

FRANKLIN

What if they get out through the fences? Into the ocean?

(CONTINUED)

120

CONTINUED:

120

SCOGGINS

The fence on the ocean side is titanium. And it gives, so it works like a net. You could catch a freight train in a titanium net.

CARTER

They can't get out, but they can get in.

SCOGGINS

I don't believe in super smart killer sharks. No way.

CARTER

Problem is, they believe in you.

That's when the facility MOANS, the concrete BULKHEADS GRINDING against each other, shifting.

SCOGGINS

Each sector's design is modular, hinged and jointed on gussets. Smooth work. It takes on water, you get buoyancy variations.

(off their
puzzled looks)

We may be sinking.

CARTER

Let's get to the sub, discuss it on the way to the surface.

McAlester crosses the bulkhead and opens the air-lock door. The group pushes into...

121

INT. SUB-LEVEL 3 - WET ENTRY - ON DOOR - MOMENTS LATER 121

as our group enters. See their faces, looking up, expressions of shock, even despair.

Janice begins laughing as if she just heard the best joke ever, then abruptly stops, looks completely normal.

REVERSE ANGLE

The explosions have redecorated the room in grand hurricane style. The submersible dangles by a single cable above the pool.

(CONTINUED)

121 CONTINUED:

121

INT. WET ENTRY - MINUTES LATER

The sub has been crushed against the roof. Flecks of yellow paint still hang from the ceiling.

The men examine the submersible. Carter's expression darkens.

FRANKLIN

Explosion?

SCOGGINS

Nothing in here could have blown with enough force to move that sub.

CARTER

Whatever. It's junk.

A dead calm. Franklin and Scoggins move across the room. Susan checks circuit box. Janice circles the pool.

JANICE

(lightly)

We could all just dive in and see who makes it to the top.

(a beat)

Isn't that the old Aquatica spirit, Dr. Suzy? Diiiive in! You could go first and lead by example.

The muscles jump in McAlester's jaw but her voice is soft.

McALESTER

He was my best friend, too, Janice.

JANICE

Really? When was his birthday? Huh? What'd he like on his pizza? His father died when he was home for Christmas. He said he didn't tell you because he didn't want to distract you.

(voice shaking)

But I know he didn't tell you because he knew it wouldn't distract you at all.

(CONTINUED)

121 CONTINUED: (2)

121

McAlester is cut to the bone, works not to show it. She moves to Carter who is examining fallen crates of shattered tranquilizer ampules. Useless. He glances up at her, continues inspecting the debris.

MCALESTER

What fun are hard feelings if
we're both dead? Couldn't you
wait until we get out to hate me?

Despite her forced smile, she looks ravaged. He almost wants to tell her it's okay. Almost.

CARTER

All the short cuts. So much risk.

MCALESTER

What do you want me to say? You want the speech about how my mom got killed by a car when I was a kid. How I swore I'd spend my life fighting that kind of loss. It's a good speech, Carter. All true. But it's not the reason. I did what I did because I thought I was right.

CARTER

And now?

MCALESTER

It's not the answer you want to hear. But I still think I was right.

SCOGGINS (V.O.)

(panicky)

No way, man. The sharks are in there.

Carter and McAlester turn. Franklin is pulling wet suits from the wall pegs where they hang like dead bodies.

FRANKLIN

Put these on. They'll fight the hyperthermia. Start there. But unless anybody's got a better idea, we're going to have to swim out.

122 INT. SUB-LEVEL 1 - KITCHEN - NIGHT

122

The Gen I slams into the metal door of the bottom oven, now under the ever-rising water level.

(CONTINUED)

122

CONTINUED:

122

INTERCUT:

INT. BOTTOM OVEN

Preacher can see the shark through the oven window. Each impact rocks him to his core. He clutches the ax, terrified.

Another slam. And then, in a frenzy, the shark tears off the oven handle with its teeth, rams its leathery body against the row of oven controls.

Inside the oven, Preacher hears the unmistakable HISS of the GAS.

PREACHER

This. Isn't. Happening.

Preacher looks around his coffin. Trying to think. Hard to do with a constant HISS of GAS and another WHAM from the shark.

Then he rams the ax's blade against the ceiling of the oven. The blade starts a hole in the oven's ceiling.

PREACHER

I am not Daniel when he faced the lion.

As if in answer, WHAM. Another hit shakes the oven.

PREACHER

I am not David when he slew the Giant, no sir.

Preacher slams the ceiling with the ax again.

PREACHER

But I have cut more fish than Peter plucked from the sea.

In the water, the shark HAMMERS into the door again.

PREACHER

So, I appreciate the irony, Lord. Cook dies in his own oven.

Rams the ax again.

PREACHER

But I've got other plans.

(CONTINUED)

122 CONTINUED: (2)

122

Preacher starts to climb through the hole to the top oven. WHAM. Another hit from the shark and water starts shooting into the lower oven. The shark's nose lodges in the broken metal.

The door to the top oven opens, smacks the shark on the top of its head, and Preacher shoots out, swimming for the exit.

The shark's stunned, but only for a moment. It manages to back out of the hole, whirls around, starts after its prey.

Preacher beats it to the door, turns back toward the shark. In one fluid motion, he snaps open his Zippo and it lights.

PREACHER

You ate my bird.

He throws the Zippo.

SLOW MOTION. The Zippo arcs into the air. Falls toward the water. Hits the surface, bubbling now from the stove gas.

PREACHER

(turning away)

Get thee behind me, Satan.

Ka-boom! The giant EXPLOSION engulfs the shark in flames, killing it, Preacher's fate obscured in the ROARING bolus of flame.

123 INT. SUB-LEVEL 3 - WET ENTRY - CONTINUOUS ACTION

123

Scoggins, Franklin and Janice have shed their soaked, salty clothes, are pulling on wet suits.

The EXPLOSION from the kitchen rocks the wet entry slightly.

CARTER

Surface level?

SCOGGINS

(touches wall)

No. Vibrations are too deep.
That was inside.

McAlester moves near Janice, hesitates, then gets closer. She speaks low, so the others can't hear her.

(CONTINUED)

123 CONTINUED:

123

MCALESTER

March 12th, 1958. *

Janice closes her eyes. She stops dressing but won't turn.

MCALESTER

Canadian bacon, pineapple, and anchovies.

Tears flow unbidden down Janice's cheeks as she pulls on the rest of the suit.

JANICE

And artichoke hearts. *

With that the two women hug. Franklin has walked over to the wet pool. *

CARTER

It was me, I wouldn't get that close. Just a suggestion. *

Franklin looks down at the water, then back at Carter, steps away from the pool.

FRANKLIN

Water's murky. We might make it.

O.S. CRASH. Scoggins pulls a standing rack of scuba equipment down to the floor.

SCOGGINS

There is no way, man. No way.

He pulls down another rack of crates, EQUIPMENT CRASHING. By the sweat on his temples, he's having trouble holding it together, keeps hurling racks to the floor as he talks.

SCOGGINS

It is two hundred and thirty feet from the lagoon floor to the lagoon surface. The average human swims two feet per second. The average shark swims fifty feet per second. That's enough time for the shark to eat each one of us six times and still circle the facility twice before we can get halfway to the surface. There is no way I am getting into that pool.

(CONTINUED)

123 CONTINUED: (2)

123

Scoggins has cleared the wall to reveal a hatch that reads: "KEEP SEALED! AUTHORIZED ELEVATOR CREW ONLY!"

SCOGGINS

Now, what we got here is your basic service ladder, leads all the way up to the surface.

JANICE

I love you, Scoggs. I really do.

CARTER

Why do I feel a but coming on?

SCOGGINS

But we don't know what kinda shape surface level is in.

(beat)

This shaft is airlocked. But if the explosions breached the shaft in any way at surface level, we won't have enough pressure in here to keep the wet pool stabilized.

McALESTER

If that pool isn't stabilized, there's a million tons of ocean just busting to get in here. It could bring the whole facility straight to the bottom. We're better off taking our chances with the sharks.

*
*

SCOGGINS

You wanna swim with your little fishes you go right ahead. Me, I'm opening this door and climbing out.

McALESTER

The hell you are. You can't --

SCOGGINS

Lady, I don't work for you anymore. I quit. You can take your orders and --

FRANKLIN (O.S.)

Enough!

His voice is so commanding, it stills everyone in their tracks. He has backed onto the pool ledge to get height, stares down at their assembled faces.

(CONTINUED)

123 CONTINUED: (3)

123

FRANKLIN

That's enough now, from all of you.

(gathers himself)

There were ten of us on that mountain when the avalanche came. You think water's fast, you should see ice. It moves like it has a mind, like it knows it killed the world once and it got a taste for murder. Seven were left after the first hit. It took us a week to climb out. And somewhere we lost hope. That's how death plays you, calls you to her, taking away your hope. So you fight, how else can you stay alive? But you can't - fight nature, you can't fight God. I don't know exactly when we turned on each other. I just know that seven of us survived the slide and five made it out. We took an oath I'm breaking now, swore that we'd say it was the snow killed the other two. Wasn't though. Nature can be lethal, but it doesn't hold a candle to man.

They all stare at him. Speechless.

FRANKLIN

You've already seen how bad things can get and how quick they can get that way. Well they can get a whole lot worse. So we're not going to fight anymore. We're gonna pull together and get ourselves out of here. First we're gonna seal up this pool by --

It happens so fast the sound seems to come second. A giant beast rises in a frothing geyser and in a heartbeat Franklin is gone.

There is a slight ripple in the pool, but nothing more. Blood and effluvium suddenly belch up from the pool.

SERIES OF SHOTS

Faces, stunned, trying to comprehend.

(CONTINUED)

123 CONTINUED: (4)

123

SCOGGINS

Oh, man, Jesus it ate him he was
just there and now he's gone it
ate him Christ it just ate him --

Scoggins has backed against the wall, slides now onto the
floor.

CARTER

Scoggs --

Carter reaches down to take Scoggins' hand, but Scoggins
slaps it away. His breathing is rapid, he's rocking
slightly. This guy is about to snap.

SCOGGINS

No way. I'm not moving. I'm not
moving from here, that's it.
They'll come. Someone will come
get us and we'll be fine. It just
ate him whole, man. It just ate
him whole. I'm not moving at all.

CARTER

Tom, listen to me --

SCOGGINS

Just stay right here, just stay is
all we'll be fine right here --

CARTER

Tom, how much water is out there?

Carter's voice gets his attention. He looks up.

SCOGGINS

I don't know.

CARTER

Yes you do.

SCOGGINS

A lot.

(off his look)

One million tons. Give or take.

CARTER

What is the precise structural
failure limit for Aquatica?

SCOGGINS

Thirty-two hundred tons.

Scoggins' rocking is slowing now.

(CONTINUED)

123 CONTINUED: (5)

123

CARTER

And how fast is the water pouring
into the facility?

SCOGGINS

I have no idea.

CARTER

Exactly. And what happens when
Aquatica floods beyond its
structural failure limit?

*

McALESTER

Carter, what are you --

He silences her with a gesture. Maybe he's right, all
this calculating seems to have an oddly calming effect on
Scoggins.

CARTER

Come on, Tom. What happens when
we get more than thirty-two hundred
tons of water in this rig?

*

Tom's eyes focus as he computes, his rocking coming to a
stop.

SCOGGINS

The support struts go first.
Their tolerance is about seven
tons so they crack like
toothpicks. Then the walls
buckle. They can't handle more
than ten tons of pressure. The
super-structure goes next,
pulling the whole facility down
to the ocean floor in, oh...

*

*

(calculating)

... four point two minutes.
About.

CARTER

You wanna be here for that, boy?

A beat. Carter extends his hand again. Scoggins stares
at him. Then he reaches up, takes Carter's hand, pulls
himself standing.

SCOGGINS

Hell no.

Scoggins starts towards the escape hatch. McAlester and
Janice just stare at Carter.

(CONTINUED)

123 CONTINUED: (6)

123

CARTER

For some folks, God is in the details.

Carter joins Scoggins in front of the hatch wheel.

CARTER

Unless anybody still wants to go into that pool, this is the only way up.

He looks at McAlester. Silence. Then they begin turning the wheel. At the last crank, they hesitate a second.

JANICE

Moment of truth. Again.

They break the seal and the door swings open.

There is a tremendous RUSHING as the PRESSURE SEAL is breached. Janice's hair pulls forward, tiny bits of metal shooting past her as the air in the room is sucked up by the shaft. *

A THUNDEROUS EXPLOSION erupts from the pool, the water knocking the submersible aside like a child's toy. Tiles are blown off the ceiling as the water curls across the roof like an A-bomb cloud. *

CARTER

Move, move!

Already up to their knees in water, they scramble into the shaft.

124 INT. ELEVATOR SHAFT - CONTINUOUS ACTION

124

A narrow ladder snakes up the 150-foot shaft. Janice starts up the ladder, McAlester at her heels. The water chases them like an assassin.

The water is up to Carter and Scoggins' neck. They desperately try to close the door. But the pressure is like a bulldozer on the other side.

SCOGGINS

There's no way! Won't close!

McAlester sees the water go over their heads.

McALESTER

They didn't get it! Go!

(CONTINUED)

124 CONTINUED:

124

Janice climbs for all she is worth. The water is rushing up at them. McAlester sees that they aren't going to make it.

McALESTER

I'm sorry, Janice.

CLICK... like awakening from a nightmare, the WATER STOPS.

Moments later, Carter and Scoggins break the surface. Carter drags Scoggins to the ladder and loops his arm around a rung.

They both heave for air and spit up water. No words.

INT. ELEVATOR SHAFT - HIGH ANGLE - MINUTES LATER

from the top of the shaft. The explosions have wedged the elevator sideways into the top of the shaft. Little storms of SPARKS and EMBERS rain down on the tiny climbing figures.

SCOGGINS (V.O.)

The elevator is blocking the top.
But if we can make it to level
one, maybe we can take the stairs
out.

Janice is pallid, slicked with sweat, about 100 feet up the ladder in the lead. Flames from the torn-open surface level flicker eerily across the shaft walls.

Janice stops climbing. Clings to a rung. This is just too much for her to bear.

McALESTER

Stop too long, your muscles'll
cramp.

CARTER

One rung at a time, Jan.

She looks up again, then down into the dark waters below. She presses her cheek into the ladder so hard that it looks like she is trying to become one with it.

McALESTER

Keep moving, please!

(CONTINUED)

124

CONTINUED: (2)

124

JANICE

Nothing up there...

(a beat)

And nobody...

She closes her eyes and buries her head in the crook of her arm. In this cocoon, she looks as if she will hang there till spring.

A piece of flaming PLATFORM TIMBER falls past them and SIZZLES in the water below.

A SMALL HUM comes from somewhere in the shaft, some kind of melody, becoming, now, a surprisingly soulful voice singing...

SCOGGINS

'I can see clearly now the rain
has gone. I can see all obstacles
in my way...'

*
*
*

Scoggins looks up, tries to see if he's having any effect.

SCOGGINS

'Gone are the dark clouds that had
me blind. It's going to be a
bright, bright, bright sunshiny
day...'

*
*
*
*

McAlester and Carter add their awful voices to the chorus of Janice's least favorite song.

EVERYONE

'It's going to be a bright, bright,
bright, sunshiny day...'

*
*

Janice stares down the ladder at them.

JANICE

I hate all of you equally now.

(a beat)

I miss dumb Brenda.

But she pulls herself up another rung, then another.

SCOGGINS

Second verse?

JANICE

I swear to God, I'll jump.

125 OMITTED
thru
128

125
thru
128

129 EXT. UNDERWATER - NIGHT

129

The Gen II owns the water. Time slows down watching this magnificent beast. If this shark were music it would be a solo cello.

The surviving Gen I swims up to Gen II as it hovers in front of the sealed hatch to the elevator. They float together a moment.

Then, as if receiving orders, Gen I blasts away toward the opening to the wet entry.

130 INT. WET ENTRY - SHARK'S POV

130

ZOOMING UP THROUGH the water, THROUGH the wet entry hole, FLYING UP INTO the flooded wet entry room.

131 INT. ELEVATOR SHAFT - CONTINUOUS ACTION

131

A huge THUD shakes the walls. They all freeze and stare down through the water below to the elevator shaft door. The water REVERBERATES. Another giant THUD! The metal door buckles.

MOVE SLOWLY UP the ladder, as expressions of disbelief, dashed hopes, fear, and anger spread over the faces of the climbers.

CARTER

This isn't random...

THUD... THUD...

McALESTER

What?

CARTER

Just get the hell out of here!

As they scramble up, fast, we see the bolts that hold the ladder onto the saltwater-corroded wall are starting to loosen under the heavy strain of the four climbers.

Carter waits, looks down at Scoggins.

SCOGGINS

Whatcha doin'?

(CONTINUED)

131 CONTINUED:

131

CARTER

Stay with 'em.

SCOGGINS

What about you?

CARTER

We need more time. If the sharks
break through, the water will
bring them right to us.

(looks up)

Level two is partially flooded.
I'll try and open the access door
so the water'll stabilize there,
at least until we can get out.

THUD... THUD... Scoggins looks down in terror, then back
at Carter. Carter swings out so that Scoggins can climb
by.

CARTER

Go on. You sing better'n I do.

SCOGGINS

Big, man. Real big.

CARTER

What's that?

SCOGGINS

The size of your brass balls.

(crawls past him)

Be careful, brother.

THUD... THUD... The wall shakes. The elevator shaft door
dents, buckles, it's being ripped from its hinges.

132 OMITTED

132

133 SECOND-LEVEL ACCESS DOOR

133

Carter struggles to open the access door. The explosion
has shifted the walls. He strains at the lever.
Nothing. A piece of falling molten debris hits his arm,
burning through his wet suit. He grimaces with pain.

THU-BOOM! ECHOES up through the shaft as the shaft door
blows open. Water rushes in with the Gen I shark.

BELOW Carter the dark shadow of the shark's muscular body
circles in the tight confines of the shaft, the pressure
of the entire ocean carrying the beast ever higher.

(CONTINUED)

133

CONTINUED:

133

CARTER

(shouting)

Go! Go!

Carter swings off the ladder onto the second-level access door platform, tries to crank open the doors. No luck.

*
*

Carter pulls his knife and begins trying to pry the door open. The blade snaps but the door has given slightly. Carter tosses away the blade. Begins turning the door crank. The door begins to open, wider, wider...

*
*
*
*

He reaches out for the ladder as the water gushes up to his legs and... pours off into the second-level access door.

Carter scrambles onto the ladder.

CLOSE ON LADDER BOLTS

Barely hanging on by a thread.

BACK TO SCENE

Janice is climbing for dear life, McAlester right behind her. Scoggins slips, grabs the ladder, jerking the metal frame...

The BOLTS at the top of the ladder start POPPING out all the way down the line. PING. PING. They ricochet off the metal walls. The LADDER starts RIPPING of the wall.

MCALESTER

Hang on!

The top half of the ladder starts falling diagonally across the shaft. They hold on for dear life as they fall backwards with it.

WHAM. The ladder slams down hard against the opposite end of the shaft. The impact rips Janice off the ladder and slams her hard against the wall.

She falls down, down, hits the water below. Comes up flailing and screaming.

JANICE

Help me!

McAlester and Scoggins are scrambling furiously to get on the topside of the ladder which has formed a precarious bridge to the other side of the shaft.

133 CONTINUED: (2)

133

JANICE

Help!

Carter springs into action. Wraps his legs around a ladder rung and drops. Extending his arms toward Janice.

CARTER

Grab my hand!

Janice bobs in the water, trying to reach him.

JANICE

I can't reach!

She is panicking, clawing for Carter's hand.

CARTER

(reaching)

Janice! Grab my hand!

JANICE

I can't!

CARTER

(reaching)

Kick. Come on!

Contact. He grips her hand tightly in his.

CARTER

Gotcha. You gotta help me now.

As if finding the strength to do what Carter said, Janice suddenly springs out of the water. For a brief moment this looks like a good thing. But then we realize that her lower body is rammed inside the jaws of the shark.

She looks right into his eyes.

JANICE

(whispering)

Shark.

*

*

And she's yanked down into the water with almost unimaginable speed. Carter can only watch her go. Stares at his empty hand.

SCOGGINS

Carter. Move! Now!

Scoggins' scream snaps Carter out of it just as the shark leaps out of the water. At that instant, Carter does a hanging sit-up, pulling himself back to the ladder, the snapping shark's breath hot on his back before it falls back into the water.

(CONTINUED)

133 CONTINUED: (3)

133

McAlester, having seen Janice die before her eyes, is crying. Scoggins turns his face to the wall.

Carter flips onto the top of the ladder and just lays there, searching for the strength to go on. Finally...

CARTER (O.S.)

Scoggs?

Scoggins sighs and looks back at Carter.

SCOGGINS

Yeah?

CARTER

See if you can reach that emergency ventilator door above you.

Scoggins looks up, sees a small door about eight feet above the ladder. He grips the ladder even more tightly.

SCOGGINS

No go, man. Too high.

(to himself,
surprised)

A few feet could be a mile.

Carter drops his head in defeat. A beat, then he feels something on his foot. Looks down to see McAlester holding his ankle.

She moves up now, right beside him, so the two of them are squashed together on the ladder.

She smiles at him, not even trying to hide the tears streaming down her face.

McALESTER

We'll be all right.

CARTER

Probably not.

They both know this is true and it shows. She reaches up, lays her hand over his.

McALESTER

No one could have done more.

This is a person talking sincerely to another person in what may be their final minutes of life.

(CONTINUED)

133 CONTINUED: (4)

133

CARTER
What's wrong with more?

McALESTER
(trying to smile)
Nothing. More is good.

PULL BACK AND UP OVER three figures illuminated by
firelight, nowhere to go. A THUD fills the shaft.

CLOSEUP - CARTER

Freaked. He looks down. THUD!

McALESTER
No, up.

Another THUD. It's coming from the ventilator door above
them! The sound nearly scares Scoggins off the ladder.

CARTER
The sharks must have flooded that
level, too.

A final THUD rocks their souls as the ventilator door
flies open and...

... a singed head peers out at them. All stare at
Preacher in shock.

PREACHER
(to Scoggins)
Why didn't you try the cake? *

SCOGGINS
I'm going back in with the sharks.

134 OMITTED

134

&

&

135

135

136 INT. ELEVATOR SHAFT - LATER

136

A length of tied-together bed sheets hangs down from the
ventilator door. Everyone is gone from the ladder.

Now the bed sheets are jerked up through the door, the
DOOR SLAMMING SHUT.

137 EXT. UNDERWATER - SHARK'S POV - NIGHT

137

Darkness. Vertical movement. A porthole shows an empty corridor on sub-level one. Vertical movement. Another porthole comes INTO VIEW showing our group. POV HOVERS, TINNY, slightly DISTORTED voices.

PREACHER (V.O.)

Good thing you came to this side,
the other side is underwater.

McALESTER (V.O.)

We didn't exactly plan it.

138 INT. SUB-LEVEL 1 - DRY CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS ACTION

138

Breathlessly grouped together, trying to recover.

PREACHER

Are you all that made it?

McALESTER

Not all.

Scoggins has moved to a facility schematic mounted on the wall.

SCOGGINS

We did it. We're on level one.
We can take the access stair to
the surface.

PREACHER

It's flooded. Trust me.
(rubs his forehead)
I know.

SCOGGINS

(shouting to God)
Give us a goddamned break!!

A horrible METAL SCREAM, as if the very structure of Aquatica itself is moaning. It chills them to the bone.

PREACHER

He always answers. But sometimes
the answer you get isn't the
answer you want.

SCOGGINS

The structure's taking on too much
water.

(CONTINUED)

CARTER

This level has an emergency hatch
to the lagoon, right?

SCOGGINS

Okay. No. We've been over this.
The sharks will get us in a heartbeat.

*

McALESTER

(taps her toes
together)

There's no place like home.

There's no place like home.

(haunted, off their
looks)

It was worth a try.

SCOGGINS

We have to drain the stairway.

He is staring at the schematic again.

SCOGGINS

This level has bilge pumps for
storm run-off. Reroute the
emergency generators, we could
drain one stairwell.

CARTER

You sure?

SCOGGINS

Who you gonna trust?

McALESTER

But all the controls are back down
in wet lab.

(a beat)

You know that.

CARTER

So?

McALESTER

So it's flooded and we have no air
and there are sharks down there.

CARTER

You worry too much.

CUT TO:

(CONTINUED)

138 CONTINUED: (2)

138

CLOSEUP - WEDGE OF HALL LIGHT

The group stands in an open doorway.

CARTER

May be dark down there. We need
light.

He steps forward into...

138A INT. LEVEL 1 - DRY LIVING QUARTERS - NIGHT

138A

The bed is made, everything in its proper place. We see
Janice in the photographs that hang above a bureau. Her
room.

SCOGGINS

We had poker here tomorrow night.

PREACHER

She'd always draw to the inside
straight when she could have stuck
with a pair.

CARTER

Big dreams.

Carter has begun rifling drawers, finds a plastic
container of power bars, hands them around. Preacher
tosses his on the bureau.

PREACHER

Even in death, standards.

Scoggins is reaching under the bed, comes out with a
waterproof flashlight. Turns it on. Nothing.

SCOGGINS

Jan was a healthy girl. Something
in here's gotta run on batteries.

PREACHER

Nice.

McAlester looks up to see Carter walking through another
door, leaving it open behind him. She follows.

138B INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS ACTION

138B

Carter has the medicine cabinet open, removing a box of
gauze. McAlester enters.

(CONTINUED)

138B CONTINUED:

138B

McALESTER

(trying)

Wanna play doctor?

Carter gestures to a bottle of sunscreen.

CARTER

Grab that, would you?

McAlester takes the bottle, frowns at it.

McALESTER

For prolonged exposure to the sun
and a deep, tropical tan.Carter takes the bottle and begins pouring the liquid
over the burn on his arm. He winces, lets go an
involuntary "oh" of pain.

McALESTER

That can't be good for that.

CARTER

It's not. But my skin's starting
to hemorrhage. If the sharks
smell the blood... This will coat
it with oil.Carter begins wrapping the gauze around the burn on his
arm.

McALESTER

Look, Carter, what you said down
there. Maybe you were right.
maybe, when I hired you, I did
like having some leverage. But
all these months, working
together, everything I've done, I
couldn't have done it without you.

CARTER

I know, Susan. That's the
problem.

Carter looks down, continues tending his wound.

McALESTER

Why did you come here?

CARTER

I thought I might pee...

But his joke falls flat.

(CONTINUED)

138B CONTINUED: (2)

138B

MCALESTER

Why?

CARTER

This isn't really the time, is it?

MCALESTER

Maybe this is the only time.

CARTER

I needed the work.

But she just keeps staring at him.

CARTER

Well, first I needed the work.

He holds her eyes a beat, then another.

MCALESTER

When we get out of here, if you're
still interested, I'd like to take
you up on that beer.

She takes the gauze from his hand, begins wrapping his
cut, the two standing together, deep underwater, in
silence.

138C INT. JANICE'S ROOM

138C

Scoggins sits on the bed, pulling batteries from an
electric clock, a pile of power bar wrappers beside him. *

SCOGGINS

I could use a piece of that cake
right now. *

Preacher smiles, lifts the timepiece, hands now frozen
forever. *

PREACHER

Four A.M.

SCOGGINS

(working)
One night, seems like a week.

PREACHER

Relativity.

Scoggins looks up, smiles.

SCOGGINS

Say what?

(CONTINUED)

138C CONTINUED:

138C

PREACHER

Einstein's theory of relativity.
 You can grab hold of a hot pan, a
 second can seem like an hour. But
 put your hands on a hot woman and
 an hour can seem like a second.
 It's all relative.

SCOGGINS

Four years at Cal Tech, that's the
 most beautiful physics explanation
 I've ever heard, Preach.

Carter and McAlester emerge from the bathroom. Scoggins
 lifts the flashlight, clicks it on. It works. Carter
 turns to Preacher.

CARTER

You and the Doc stay here. Scoggs
 and I will get to wet lab and try
 to drain the stairway.

Carter opens the door to the hallway. Scoggins joins
 him. No one knows what to say. McAlester notices an
 antique diving knife on the wall, pulls it free, hands it
 to Carter.

CARTER

Awful small knife for an awful big
 shark.

He takes it anyway, stows it in his leg sheath. She
 leans up, kisses him on the cheek.

CARTER

You must really think we're not
 going to make it.

Carter smiles. Then he and Scoggins head off down the
 hall.

MCALESTER

They'll be back.

But Preacher is silent, watches them go.

139 INT. ELEVATOR SHAFT - MINUTES LATER

139

MOVE IN ON the half-submerged Level 2 entry door and
 INTO...

140 INT. SUB-LEVEL 2 - FLOODED CORRIDOR - NIGHT

140

Carter and Scoggins dog-paddle down the dark corridor. Carter's flashlight sets the shadows swimming around them.

Scoggins is struggling to keep his head above water and breathe.

SCOGGINS

Carter, what was up with you and the Doc back there. Little bathroom love. No, I'll tell you women dig the whole genius rap. Baby check out the size of my big, big... brain and bam, love is in the air, know what I mean? Nah, I guess you wouldn't with your strong, silent, keep-it-all-to-yourself, meaningful looks shit.

*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*

CARTER

They got a pill for what's wrong with you, Scoggs?

*
*
*

Scoggins slips underwater. Carter grabs him, pulls him to the surface.

*
*

CARTER

C'mon, you're doing great.

*

Ahead, the water meets the ceiling. Beyond, dim light from the submerged wet lab.

SCOGGINS

I'm doing great.

*

When Scoggins sees the water against the ceiling, he starts to panic. Carter helps him hold onto the door frame.

SCOGGINS

I can't do it, Carter.

CARTER

Okay. Panels six and eight, right?

Scoggins, trying to control his terror, looks back down the corridor and nods.

SCOGGINS

I'm sorry.

CARTER

I'll be back before you know it.

(CONTINUED)

140 CONTINUED:

140

Carter hands Scoggins the flashlight, takes several deep breaths, nods and disappears beneath the water. Scoggins looks anxiously down, hoping to see Carter's shadow but there is nothing.

141 INT. LEVEL 1 - DRY LIVING QUARTERS - NIGHT

141

Preacher and McAlester are inside the room. McAlester lifts a photo of Janice.

McALESTER

Did you know? I mean about her and Jim?

PREACHER

Hard not to, carrying on the way they did.

McAlester looks away. Not everyone knew.

PREACHER

No matter what kind of mood she was in, no matter how busy, she always had a good word about the food.

Susan is silent, stares at the emptiness around her. It echoes down to her bones. Finally...

McALESTER

I have to get some things from my quarters, Preacher.

(off his look)

My research data. The tests, they worked.

Preacher just opens his hands, as if to say, so?

PREACHER

So much death here, all around us, to risk any more life for some numbers...

McALESTER

Without that data, everyone dying isn't just tragic, it's useless.

And with that, Susan is gone.

PREACHER

Death is always useless, Doctor.

(CONTINUED)

141

CONTINUED:

141

Preacher spots a camcorder on a shelf. Takes it. Stares hollow-eyed at the camera. He turns on the camcorder and adjusts the viewing screen so that he can see his own image. Then he smiles.

PREACHER

Hello, my name is Sherman Dudley and if this message finds you I did not survive. So this is my legacy. I have loved the pulpit and I have loved the bottle. I did my best to be a husband, a father, and came up wanting. What do I have to say to you, what mark do I have to leave behind?

A long beat. Searching. Then he smiles.

PREACHER

We will begin with the perfect omelet which is made with two eggs, not three. Amateurs often add milk for density. This is a mistake. After the eggs are beaten, mix with cheese and diced vegetables and pour into a hot, buttered skillet. Do not stir. When the top is no longer runny, fold once with a spatula and then slide onto garnished plate....

*

142 INT. SUBMERGED WET LAB - NIGHT

142

FOLLOW Carter as he swims THROUGH the disaster that was the lab. Equipment, cabinets, have been tossed aside by the incoming tidal wave, creating a bizarre maze in the dark waters.

An emergency light casts a crimson glow over the shattered equipment, drawing long shadows through the water.

Carter swims through the underwater maze towards the flickering pool of what may be an air pocket, eyes wide, expecting a shark at every turn.

Tentacles entangle his hand. He jerks back, looks. Only a bundle of torn cables. He pulls them and something drops into his path.

CLOSEUP - JIM WHITLOCK'S CRUSHED CORPSE

Upside down, dead eyes.

Bubbles spit from Carter's mouth. If he could scream... He pushes the corpse aside and kicks up into the air pocket.

143 INT. WET LAB - AIR POCKET - CONTINUOUS ACTION

143

Carter surfaces inside a tiny air pocket, takes a deep rasping breath, and screams, at the top of his lungs!

Halfway through Carter's scream, Scoggins pops up in the air pocket beside him.

The scream pushes Scoggins, who is nearly drowned now, over the edge. He sucks air, panics, kicks the water below, thinking a shark must have Carter.

Carter finally grabs him and pulls him up.

CARTER

Stop kicking... we're okay... it's all right. Don't kick!

Scoggins calms a bit and tries to breathe.

SCOGGINS

(gasping)

What the fuck, man?

CARTER

Sorry. Screaming fit.

SCOGGINS

You said you were coming back.

(a beat)

I thought you could use some help.

CARTER

You're my hero, Scoggs. There's a cabinet blocking the panel bank.

SCOGGINS

We do everything right together, all right?

Carter reads the terror in Scoggins' face and nods.

CARTER

Right together.

144 INT. SUBMERGED WET LAB - CONTINUOUS ACTION

144

Carter and Scoggins swim down to the control panels. A large monitor rack is in front of the panel bank.

*

(CONTINUED)

144

CONTINUED:

144

SHARK'S POV - THROUGH FLOATING DEBRIS

Scoggins gets on the outer side of the monitor rack to pull it. Carter braces himself against the other side so he can push.

*
*

Carter pushes with all his might. Scoggins pulls and the monitor rack gives way.

*

Scoggins throws two levers on the panel bank and two green status lights go red. He throws two more levers and the corresponding status lights go green.

*
*
*

Scoggins gives a thumbs up. Success.

*

CLOSE - CARTER

*

Grins. Then his expression changes to one of horror.

*

A giant shape looms up behind Scoggins. Scoggins can't see it, but he can see the terror reflecting in Carter's eyes.

*
*
*

Scoggins turns just in time to see the killer strike. In an explosion of foam and blood -- he's gone.

*
*

Carter stares, helpless, as the Gen II makes a circle with Scoggins in her jaws. His body is a bloody mess but he's still alive.

*
*
*

With poor Scoggins still clamped in her jaws, she rams dead-center of the control panel. The PANEL EXPLODES, Scoggins, broken, flops like a rag doll in her jaws.

*
*
*

With little or no air, helpless, Carter kicks for the surface, bubbles rising from his mouth in a silent scream.

*
*
*145
thru
147

OMITTED

145 *
thru *
147

148

INT. WET LAB - AIR POCKET - CONTINUOUS ACTION

148

Carter surfaces. Gasping. Sucks in air. Panicking. Dives out of sight, back under...

*

148A

INT. SUBMERGED WET LAB - CARTER'S POV -CONTINUOUS ACTION 148A

*

No shark.

*

(CONTINUED)

148A CONTINUED:

148A

Carter swims fast for the door. Hand outstretched for the handle. Out of nowhere, Gen II whips in front of him. Blocking the door. Angry. Jaws snapping.

*
*
*

Carter throws his legs out, jerks his back straight, trying to stop the forward momentum that's careening him right toward the shark.

*
*
*

He flails, actually kicking off the shark's snout, flips backward and swims like a madman for the lower level emergency hatch. He makes it to the door crank, begins turning the wheel.

*
*
*
*

Carter can't help but look back over his shoulder -- he should have felt the beast's jaws by now -- but the shark is not following. She's floating a few feet behind him, baring her fangs like a guard dog. She makes a little lurch, as if she wants him to go through the door.

*
*
*
*
*
*

Lungs bursting, Carter frantically spins the wheel. The door blows open. The ocean washes him into the dry corridor, gone from sight.

*

148B INT. LEVEL-ONE CORRIDOR

148B

Susan descends a set of steps into the lower section of level one. The corridor here is partially submerged. She wades into chest-high water, begins slogging into the darkness.

149 INT. MCALESTER'S QUARTERS - CONTINUOUS ACTION

149

She pushes open the door to her quarters, slogs in through the chest-high waters. She takes a few steps, then stops, thinks, turns back, and closes the damn door.

The only light in the room is a red emergency strip light over her desk. She wades toward it, then gasps, stops dead still, and stares across the room.

A shark, floating in the corner, is slowly turning toward her.

She stands frozen, looking for options, seeing none. Then she sees the opened section of the shark's skull. It is her model.

MCALESTER

Sonofabitchgoddamnasshole!

She tries to calm down as she wades to the desk.

Reaching inside her wet suit, she pulls a key from around her neck, unlocks the cabinet, and carefully removes the watertight satchel which holds her research discs.

She closes her eyes in thanksgiving. Something bumps her in the back! Terrified, she whirls, and stares down at the model shark. The stainless probe is still sticking out of the fake brain.

MCALESTER

Dr. Susan McAlester was found dead in her quarters, the result of an apparent heart attack brought on by the sight of Ted, her model shark. Ted had no comment.

She sticks an accusing finger into Ted's snout and shoves him away. As she starts to leave, she glances into the corner and sees a shark floating there! Her mind shorts out.

She looks to her right, sees the model shark...

... back to the corner as a Gen I rises in the water, rolls its eyes open, whips its tail.

(CONTINUED)

149 CONTINUED:

149

Susan turns and heaves herself onto a cabinet above the desk, all in one motion just as the shark slams full force below her.

150 INT. SUB-LEVEL 1 - DRY CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS ACTION

150

Preacher is sealing his videotape inside a jar. He stares tensely down into the flooded elevator shaft where Carter and Scoggins disappeared. The water level has risen to barely five feet below the opening.

Suddenly, Carter's head pops up on the surface. Preacher quickly leans down, helps pull him up and out of the shaft.

Preacher looks down into the water past Carter, hoping to see Scoggins. Carter just stares at him, shakes his head.

PREACHER

Damit, Scoggs.

Preacher reaches into his shirt, pulls out a heavy silver cross, holds it in his hand, and bows his head in silent prayer.

Carter bows his head as well, not even aware he is silently crying.

*
*

CARTER

(looks up)

Where's Susan?

*

Carter starts moving. Preacher follows.

PREACHER

I'm done. Brother never makes it out of situations like this. Not ever.

151 INT. MCALESTER'S QUARTERS - CONTINUOUS ACTION

151

The Gen I rises out of the water, SNAPPING FURIOUSLY at McAlester's legs. She scrunches herself further into the corner. The emergency light on the ceiling paints her face blood-red.

Its snout bloody and battered, it hits the cabinet again. The cabinet rocks, almost topples, the plastic bag of disks slipping into the drink.

Susan reaches out, stretching over the water towards the bag. The shark leaps again, practically knocking the cabinet over.

(CONTINUED)

151 CONTINUED:

151

Survival kicks in. Susan looks up frantically. Takes her fists and begins smashing the ceiling above the emergency light, plaster falling away, revealing the coiled wire behind.

Then Susan does something entirely unexpected. Pulls down the zipper of her wet suit. Strips off the tunic and stuffs it under her feet.

ACROSS ROOM

The shark has given itself some room to make a running start. The fin surfaces now, begins cutting towards her.

Feet on the rubber suit, Susan grabs the emergency light, gives a sharp tug.

The shark is almost on her, mouth rising from the water, lethal jaws opening wide.

Susan drops the SPARKING EMERGENCY LIGHT, still connected by wires to the ceiling, into the water.

A SHORTING storm shoots up from the water, arcing all around her, the room now a trapped world of electricity.

The shark thrashes in agony, making an eerie, alien SCREECHING.

She's safe, grounded by the rubber suit under her feet.

The shark convulses violently, then the CIRCUIT SHORTS OUT. The shark floats dead, belly up. Beside it drift her disks, melted, useless.

152 INT. SUB-LEVEL 1 - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

152

Carter and Preacher are rushing through the half-submerged section of level one, heading for McAlester's room.

CARTER

Susan! Susan!

No answer. He's about to panic, when the door to her quarters opens and a very shaky McAlester steps out.

CARTER

(pissed)

What the hell do you think --

(CONTINUED)

152

CONTINUED:

152

The sight of the floating shark body behind her stills him. Carter's eyes meet McAlester's.

McALESTER
(trying to be brave)
You worry too much.

He moves to her and she collapses into his arms. Clinging a moment. Her shoulders begin to shake. He holds her closer. Then her sobs change in tenor, turning to laughter.

CARTER
What?

McALESTER
(zipping her wetsuit) -
You have no idea what you just missed.
(a beat)
Did you do it? Where's Scoggins?

CARTER
(shakes his head)
It knew what we were trying. It shattered the control panel. Then it drove me into the service hatch.

McALESTER
What are you talking about?

CARTER
It was... herding me.

McALESTER
Where? Why...?

CARTER
Later. We've got to get topside.

PREACHER
How?

CARTER
We swim.

153

INT. SUB-LEVEL 1 - EMERGENCY HATCH ROOM - LATER

153

The Hatch Room is tiny. Preacher, McAlester and Carter enter, Carter's hands full of fire extinguishers, McAlester's full of life jackets.

*
*
*

(CONTINUED)

153

CONTINUED:

153

PREACHER
(closing the door)
Is this the only way?

*
*
*

CARTER
The exits are flooded. The whole
place is sinking. It's this way
or no way at all.

PREACHER
You can bring on the good news any
time now.

They're wrapping and tying extra life vests from the wall
onto fire extinguishers.

CARTER
Sharks are attracted to bright
colors and churning water. The
extinguishers should be a
distraction.

PREACHER
You weren't the sunny kid in your
class, were you?

Preacher lifts a spare life vest.

*

PREACHER
What about us?

*
*

CARTER
We'd surface too fast. Bends.

*
*

McALESTER
Scoggs never wanted to swim in the
lagoon.
(small)
Now he doesn't have to.

Carter studies her eyes. Sees something new there.
Fear.

McALESTER
How far to the surface? 60 feet?

CARTER
Nothing to it. Exhale on the way
up and then get the hell out of
the water.

Carter finishes with the fire extinguishers.

(CONTINUED)

153 CONTINUED: (1A)

153

CARTER
(to McAlester)
We need to equalize the pressure
before we open the air lock.

McAlester stares at him blankly.

(CONTINUED)

153 CONTINUED: (2)

153

CARTER

We have to let the room fill up first. It'll only take a few seconds, so don't worry.

MCALESTER

I'll do my best.

CARTER

(softening)

I know you will.

(beat)

Ready?

MCALESTER

No.

PREACHER

Not in the least.

Carter opens the drainpipe. The room GASPS like a pair of lungs, hungry for air. Seawater jets into the room.

McAlester looks wildly around, trapped, like she's about to panic. Preacher opens his palms before them.

PREACHER

Join hands.

They look at him a beat. Then they do, taking hands, the three humans standing together in a tight circle as the water rises.

PREACHER

Even though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I shall fear no evil, for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me...

153A OMITTED

153A

153B EXT. FACILITY - UNDERWATER

153B

The dim lights of the crumbling facility glimmer darkly in the murky waters, only faint signs of life. Something watches.

PREACHER (V.O.)

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life, and I shall dwell in the house of the Lord forever...

153C INT. EMERGENCY AIR LOCK

153C

The water is almost up to their chests.

PREACHER

The Lord is my shepherd, I shall
not want; he makes me lie down in
green pastures. He leads me
beside still waters, he restores
my soul.

CARTER

Amen.

McALESTER

(shaky)

Amen.

PREACHER

(loud)

I can't hear you. Can you give me
an amen?

Carter and McAlester each offer another pretty feeble
amen.

PREACHER

Lemme feel you now. Can you give
me an amen?

Carter and McAlester try a stronger amen. The water is
rising.

PREACHER

Come on, people, sing out. Let
God hear you. Amen.

They try again, amens coming louder at Preacher's
prompting, shouts towards heaven, ecstatic, cathartic as
the water rises quickly to their chins. Amen. Amen.
And then...

CARTER

Hold on three. One-two-three.

They gasp as the water surges over their heads. Carter
yanks a lever and the HATCH EXPLODES!

Carter, McAlester and Preacher set off the fire
extinguishers, the water boiling around them.

McAlester is in a near panic. Carter motions for her to
follow as she kicks away, through the open hatch into the
lagoon.

154 EXT. LAGOON - UNDERWATER - CONTINUOUS ACTION

154

They shove the extinguishers below them and race for the surface.

The extinguishers spray full throttle and spin wildly, churning up the water till you can't see through it.

PULL BACK and UP to see three tiny figures, swimming towards the surface, the extinguishers like pinwheels of water below.

CLOSE - SHARK

Rockets forward in a plume of silt.

SHARK'S POV

The spinning extinguishers and then, beyond, three sets of madly-kicking legs.

The beast inhales one of the decoys and blasts through the others, homing in on the bioelectrical waves of three heartbeats.

WIDE SHOT

The shark rams into one of the swimmers. A bath of blood. In the silt-laden water, we cannot tell who's been hit.

155 EXT. SURFACE OF LAGOON - DAWN

155

McAlester's head pops up from below, gasping.

Preacher pops up, gasping.

Carter isn't with them. It hits McAlester. The shark must have got him. But then...

Carter pops up, gasping.

CARTER
Everyone okay?

McALESTER
Okay.

PREACHER
Oh --

(CONTINUED)

155 CONTINUED:

155

But it's an agonizing, wretched moan. Preacher's body is whipped across the surface of the water like a rag doll and then yanked down. OUT OF SIGHT.

CARTER

No!

Then a sudden blast of water as Gen II explodes out of the sea, Preacher sticking out of her mouth sideways. They stare in horror. Preacher is pulled under.

156 OMITTED

156

156A EXT. UNDERWATER

156A

Preacher is being pulled down, the shark's jaws clamped to his side like a bloody vise. He reaches up and grabs his silver cross, rips it off his neck and stabs it into the shark's eye.

The shark's jaws open in a silent scream as a bloody cloud forms over its eye and Preacher kicks up, agonizingly, breaking the...

156B EXT. SURFACE

156B

Preacher surfaces. Carter sees him, grabs him around the neck in a lifeguard's hold. Starts swimming for a nearby structure.

CARTER

Swim!

156C EXT. UNDERWATER - SAME TIME

156C

Gen II shakes off the injury, spins, rockets after their kicking legs. Pissed.

157 EXT. ABOVE WATER - SAME TIME

157

The fin breaks out from under the surface, knifing through the water, closing in on McAlester, Preacher and Carter.

The structure looms up before them, small windows floating in a dark sea. Carter shoves Preacher through, then McAlester.

Gen II raises her head above water, revealing her artillery.

(CONTINUED)

157 CONTINUED:

157

Carter hurls himself through the window just as...

Gen II silently drops beneath the surface, temporarily defeated.

157A EXT. AQUATICA - WIDE SHOT - MINUTES LATER

157A

Aquatica is sinking. Only the highest parts of the facility break the surface of the water like a vanishing city.

The top of Brenda's tower floats amidst the ruins like a tiny, enclosed island. Carter stands on a metal balcony above the water line. This is where our swimmers escaped to. CLOSER...

INT. BRENDA'S TOWER

Susan sits wrapping Preacher's ribs in gauze from an open first-aid kit. He winces.

PREACHER

Lord's gonna have to wait on me some more. I'm not ready.

SUSAN

Sleep, now.

He looks up at her, consciousness dimming.

PREACHER

It's the devil, you know?

McALESTER

What?

But he's already out, breathing jagged breaths.

157B EXT. TOWER BALCONY - DAWN

157B

Carter is surveying the ruins as McAlester ENTERS FRAME.

CARTER

My boat's half underwater. Fires musta got your plane. There're couple of lift rafts, though.

Susan is staring out at the horizon.

McALESTER

It's beautiful. The ocean, I mean.

(CONTINUED)

157B CONTINUED:

157B

Carter just looks at her.

McALESTER

Everything we did, all of this,
was about saving lives, not
slaughtering them. I thought...

CARTER

Maybe that's the problem, Susan.
Maybe there was too much thinking.
Thinking we can do better.
Thinking we're not just supposed
to leave things alone.

McALESTER

You don't really believe that, do you?

CARTER

Today, I do.

Carter turns, follows her gaze. A red dawn streaks the horizon.

CARTER

It is beautiful, though.
(a beat)
Shit.

CARTER'S POV

The fences are mostly submerged, barely extending three feet above the surface.

BACK TO SCENE

CARTER

Sonofabitch. They couldn't get
out. But they could get in.

McALESTER

What?

It takes Carter a beat to speak. When he does, his words are slow, his eyes haunted.

CARTER

Every move they made was planned.
Breaking the window to wet lab so
the water would come.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

157B CONTINUED: (2)

157B

CARTER (CONT'D)

Chasing us to wet entry and maybe even jumping out of the pool and wrecking the submersible so we'd have to use the elevator shaft, so they could bring the water in there, too.

MCALESTER

What are you talking about?

CARTER

It's why Gen II didn't kill me in wet lab. It needed me to fill the service corridor with water. They've been herding us, pushing us where they went, using us to flood the facility.

MCALESTER

Why? If the facility floods, it sinks.

CARTER

And if the facility sinks, the fences sink.

MCALESTER

Oh, my God.

CARTER

Because that's the answer to the riddle. That's what an 8,000 pound mako thinks about. About freedom. About the deep blue sea.

Carter looks at the sinking perimeter fence under the water line.

CARTER

Those fences are titanium beneath the surface. But they're plain steel at the top. They sink low enough, she can bash right through in a New York minute.

Susan surveys the desolation before her.

MCALESTER

(looking away)

She's the most valuable animal in the world, Carter. We have to figure some way to contain her.

He just stares at her.

(CONTINUED)

157B CONTINUED: (3)

157B

McALESTER

My back-up data got nuked in my room. If we lose Gen II...

CARTER

What happens if she escapes?

McALESTER

I don't think I could repeat the protocols. Jim wasn't the best at documentation. All our work --

His voice shakes her.

CARTER

Look, Susan. Look. And tell me what happens if she escapes.

Out there, the dawn stains the sea red, light dancing across the waves. Slowly McAlester's face begins to darken.

McALESTER

Regular sharks would be easy prey. She's used to feeding on them. But she's smarter than dolphins and whales, too, so pretty soon she'd start going after them. She's alone, a rogue, but... she's biologically compatible with normals. She could probably breed.

(absorbs the thought)

One of them already attacked a boat. Two could clean a holiday beach in less than an hour. A hundred could upend the food chain. Wipe out fish populations. Nothing that swims would be safe. The oceans would be theirs.

CARTER

You wanted to change the world, Doc. Is this how?

The enormity of what might happen is upon her now, her eyes fixed forward. She levels her gaze at Carter.

McALESTER

We have to kill her.

CARTER

That's the first really smart thing you've said.

Right as he finishes, WHAM.

158 EXT. UNDERWATER - SAME TIME

158

Gen II smashes into the upper steel portion of the fence. Dents it all to hell. Then majestically circles around for another run.

159 EXT. SURFACE - DOCK - MINUTES LATER

159

McAlester and Carter traverse sunken sections of catwalk. FAVOR McAlester as she leans out over the upended hull of Carter's sunken boat. She retrieves Carter's harpoon gun. WHAM. She spins. Gen II has just taken another run at the sinking fence.

Carter stands at the explosives shed. McAlester turns in time to see him kick the shed.

CARTER

I don't know the damn combination.

McALESTER

Maybe his birthday.

Carter stares a beat. Then spins, working the lock.

CARTER

First thing Scoggs told me. His shoe size, suit size, and hat size.

He pulls the LOCK. CLICK. It opens. From inside the shed, Carter removes a handful of flares, hands them to Susan.

*

CARTER

Open them up. Hurry.

*

He reaches into the shed again, comes out with his bag of tranquilizer harpoons.

*

*

160 EXT. UNDERWATER

160

Gen II slams the fence again. Rears back like an enraged bull, snout bloody and battered. The fence is beginning to fray. Beyond it lies freedom.

161 EXT. AQUATICA - BOAT DOCK

161

Carter sits on the catwalk, a harpoon open before him, pouring gunpowder from the flares into a single casing.

*

*

(CONTINUED)

161

CONTINUED:

161

CARTER

That's about five sticks worth of
T.N.T. Basically a pipe bomb.

(off her look)

Hey, prison was good for something.

You should see how many boiled
eggs I can eat.

(a beat)

But we don't have an impact detonator.

*
*
*
*
*
*

Carter finishes screwing on the top of the harpoon. He
attaches the end of a spool of thick generator cable to
the harpoon's metal hilt.

CARTER

We spear it. Then we connect this
cable to the boat battery.

Carter gestures to a boat battery he has removed from the
shed.

CARTER

And boom.

MCALESTER

Will it work?

Carter locks the harpoon into the gun.

CARTER

I have no idea.

*

Carter looks across the lagoon as Gen II takes another
run towards the sinking fence.

CARTER

Now I just have to get close
enough to hit it.

162

EXT. UNDERWATER - DAWN

162

LOOKING THROUGH FROM the open ocean side of the fence.
We see Gen II rushing TOWARDS us. She slams into the
fence inches from our eyes. The fence buckling AT us.

163

EXT. CATWALKS - DAWN

163

Carter has the harpoon gun in hand, the generator cable
coiled around his shoulder. He is navigating sunken
catwalks, leaping sunken sections, moving into the lagoon
pen, towards the shark.

CARTER

(stopping dead)

Damn.

(CONTINUED)

163

CONTINUED:

163

PULL BACK AND UP. Dead end. The catwalks leading out to the lagoon are totally sunken. No way to get close enough to the shark to shoot it.

CLOSE ON CARTER

staring out at the shark. He turns to face McAlester, calls across the water.

CARTER

It's too far away.

ANOTHER ANGLE

McAlester stands on a sinking cement piling, stares at Carter across the expanse of water. All is silent for a beat. Then she smiles a sad smile.

McALESTER

I know how to get her.

CARTER

What? How?

McALESTER

Bait.

And with that, Susan lifts a piece of jagged metal wreckage.

McALESTER

Millions of years they've been coming when blood calls.

She uses the metal like a knife and slices the palm of her hand. Blood gushes up.

CARTER

No...

McALESTER

I may have made her the smartest animal on the planet. But she's still just an animal.

(grin)

Come to Mama.

CARTER

Susan, don't --

And with that, Susan leaps into the water.

164

EXT. UNDERWATER

164

Gen II slams into the fence. There's already a large hole in it, just not large enough to fit her frame through. But it won't be long now. She circles again, about to take a final run at it. Escape. Freedom. Suddenly, she stops. Turns.

CLOSE ON HER EYES

Expressionless, matte-black squash balls punched into a bullet-shaped snout.

GEN II'S POV

Movement in the distance, and more importantly, blood, disseminating into the water.

SHARK

turns back toward the fence and open sea beyond that. Turns again toward McAlester and the spreading cloud of red. She shakes her head, bares her teeth, ancient instincts aroused by the scent.

McALESTER

swims a little toward the shark, a blood trail flowing from her hand.

SHARK

Her basic instincts override her better judgement. The super-predator shoots after her prey, steering with minute adjustments of her pectoral fins.

165

EXT. SURFACE LEVEL - CATWALK - SAME TIME

165

Carter is leaping platforms and racing around the catwalks, gun in hand, back towards McAlester. He sees the ominous fin tearing across the surface of the water toward her.

166

EXT. LAGOON - SAME TIME

166

McAlester sees that Gen II is taking the bait. Be careful what you wish for. She turns, swims frantically back toward the catwalks.

167 EXT. UNDERWATER - ANOTHER ANGLE - SAME TIME

167

Gen II cruises effortlessly through the sea, exhibiting the best design innovations of a nuclear submarine.

168 EXT. LAGOON

168

McAlester is swimming like crazy. She reaches up and grabs a ladder rung on the piling, but the rung and a chunk of cement come off in her hand, pulling her down. The next rung is too high. All that's left is a jagged slope of the piling. Nowhere for her fingers to find purchase.

*
*
*
*

McALESTER'S POV - OVER HER SHOULDER

The shark is closing fast. Its dead eyes glint over its gaping maw.

BACK TO SCENE

Suddenly a splash behind her. Carter. He leaps up, grabs the rung.

*
*

CARTER

(shouting)

Climb over me. I can pull myself up. Go! Now!

Susan grabs his shoulders, pulls herself up, grabbing the next rung, just as Carter's rung comes off in his hand.

*
*

CARTER'S POV

The shark is ten feet away, its jaws widening to reveal razor sharp teeth. Susan reaches down.

*

BACK TO SCENE

McALESTER

Grab my hand. Oh, God, hurry!

*

*

Carter grabs Susan's hand. Pulls. But she's not strong enough.

*

*

Carter spins over his shoulder just in time to see the fin disappear under the surface. He'll never make it in time.

(CONTINUED)

168 CONTINUED:

168

SHARK'S POV

Carter's kicking legs. What Carter does next is insane.
He lets go of Susan's hand and, spinning, plummets into
the water.

*
*

McALESTER

No!

*
*

169 EXT. UNDERWATER - CARTER'S POV

169

He hits the water, GOING UNDER to see the giant leviathan
killer, jaws wide, right on top of him.

CARTER

contorts his body, kicks up towards and over the monster,
the shark shooting past as he grabs its dorsal fin and
hangs on, whipping into position, riding the back of the
beast.

170 EXT. CEMENT PILING - McALESTER'S POV

170 *

She stares on in terror. Suddenly the shark bursts
through the surface, Carter clinging to its back.

CARTER

(screaming)

Shoot it, Susan. Shoot it.

BACK TO SCENE

*

McAlester pulls Carter's fallen gun onto the piling by
the generator wire from where he dropped it on the deck.
Hands shaking. Sights the beast in her cross-hairs.
She's only got one shot.

*
*

The shark has turned, starts racing toward the fence.
McAlester's finger tightens on the trigger. She FIRES.

FOLLOW the harpoon as it soars TOWARDS the shark and
hits, slamming into the leathery flesh just under the
dorsal fin...

... and exploding through the other side of the shark,
cutting a canal in Carter's leg and skewering him by his
wet suit to the raging beast.

He screams in agony as the shark rears up and dives under
the surface of the water.

(CONTINUED)

170 CONTINUED:

170

Susan stands frozen in terror. A beat. Another beat. Then the shark breaks the surface, exploding upwards in a raging froth of water, now closer to the fence, Carter gasping for breath.

CARTER

(screaming)

Blow it. Blow the charge.

Susan looks down. The generator wire attached to the harpoon is uncoiling wildly off the deck. She grabs the contact end, reaches towards the boat battery.

She turns, sees Carter pinned to the shark. It finishes a wide circle and barrels towards the fence.

*
*

CARTER

(screaming)

Do it!!

And then he is gone, the shark submerging once more. Susan looks at the wire, uncoiling ever more rapidly now.

171 EXT. UNDERWATER

171

The mighty Gen II, Carter still clutching its back, hits the fence with all its might and the metal finally gives, the fence breaking, the shark bursting free, into the open ocean.

Carter is reaching towards his boot, reaching for something we cannot see...

172 EXT. SURFACE - AQUATICA

172

The final coil of cable pulls free. The wire goes taut. At the last instant, Susan, face streaming with tears, touches the generator contact to the battery. A tiny spark.

173 EXT. LAGOON

173

A tremendous underwater EXPLOSION as the surface of the ocean erupts with a ROARING GEYSER of frothing water and blood.

174 EXT. SURFACE - AQUATICA

174

Susan stares in shock at the now settling water. A beat. Then she falls to her knees, looks up and screams at the heavens.

(CONTINUED)

174 CONTINUED:

174

SUSAN

Nooooo!

PULL BACK AND UP ON this small figure, alone amidst the ruins.

CARTER (O.S.)

Hey.

A head has broken the surface. Susan races to the edge as Carter swims awkwardly to the platform. She pulls him up onto the deck, his leg a bloody mess.

MCALESTER

How...?

Carter holds up the knife she gave him, gestures to an incision in the wet suit.

CARTER

Pretty good knife after all.

She puts her arms around his torso, half supporting him as they walk towards the center platform.

CARTER

I can't believe you just blew me up.

MCALESTER

You told me to.

CARTER

You've never listened to me before...

PULL BACK AND UP as they head for the raft, two humans keeping each other standing, holding on.

175 EXT. DEEP BLUE SEA - DAWN

175

Upon the bluest of seas, debris of every kind floats in the water. A jar with a videotape inside drifts amongst the ruins.

A hand ENTERS FRAME, lifts the bottle.

WIDEN.

(CONTINUED)

175

CONTINUED:

175

EXT. LIFE RAFT - CONTINUOUS ACTION

Susan removes the tape, tosses the bottle overboard. Behind her, only the very tips of the now sunken Aquatica. Carter and Preacher nod out in the bobbing inflatable.

A familiar TUNE. Preacher has regained consciousness, is humming, now singing "I Can See Clearly Now." Carter and McAlester look at him, puzzled. That's when they hear it, too...

*

PIANO MUSIC faintly drifts in from far over the water.

SONG (V.O.)

'I can see clearly now the rain is
gone. I can see all obstacles in
my way. Gone are the dark clouds
that had me blind...'

*
*
*
*

In the distance, the water taxi filled with a new crew is coming across the waters, its speakers filling the morning with song.

SONG (V.O.)

'... It's going to be a bright,
bright, bright sunny day...'

*
*

Carter begins waving to the boat as we PULL BACK and UP HIGH, now, OVER the deep blue sea.

176

OMITTED

176

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END