

DEEPWATER HORIZON

Written by
Matthew Sand

Current Revisions by
Matthew Michael Carnahan

POV: out a spotless window at a horizon-wide expanse of water so vast and blue it hurts our eyes. Morning sun slides along the water. Beautiful. Unforgiving.

The only object visible on the water is something gleaming white, small in the distance...but steadily growing as we seem to be moving nearer. Hold on this sight for several seconds...the trance-like hum of an engine somewhere above us...

INT. HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS

10 souls aboard, including the 2 pilots.

4 dressed in respectable suits, leather duffels pegged between their feet. BP (British Petroleum) badges on two of these duffles. TRANSOCEAN badges on the other 2. One bag sports a semi-permanent plastic tag denoting golfing privileges at a Country Club.

The other 4, seated directly across, are dressed like tradesmen. Tradespeople rather: one is a WOMAN. She sits furthest right, at one of the windows. Battered bags of all stripes pegged between their legs - one a duct-tapped lawn-n-leaf bag. Socio-economics in microcosm.

The MAN sitting next to the WOMAN puts away sheaves of print-outs he's been reading, then introduces himself with an extended hand, raising his voice over the rotors.

MAN

Never introduced myself -
preoccupied - I'm Mike Williams.

WOMAN

Andrea Fleytas.

MIKE

New Comms Officer.

ANDREA

Yes Sir.

MIKE

Mike, please. What exactly does a
Communications Officer do?

ANDREA

(beat)
I was hoping you might tell me?

MIKE

(smiles)
A lotta running.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANDREA
Good thing my boots fit.

MIKE
Nice to meet you Andrea.

ANDREA
You too Sir.

MIKE
Mike. These other 2: Leo Lindner -
used to teach English believe it
or not...

LEO LINDNER is 31, bespectacled, shakes her hand.

LINDNER
Roughnecking pays triple. And I
still get to surround myself with
Children.

MIKE
And Dale Burkeen, who I don't
think ever took English.

DALE BURKEEN is 59, weathered. Smiles at Andrea, shakes:

DALE
I speak American. Good to meet ya.

Then both Dale and Lindner go back to this stoic, staring
silence: letting the Suits know what they think about
being on the same chopper.

Andrea nods to the Suits herself now, to Mike quietly:

ANDREA
And who are they?

Hints of real tension Mike can't hide:

MIKE
They can introduce themselves.

Silence save the hum of engines. Then:

MIKE (CONT'D)
First time on a Rig?

ANDREA
Yes Sir - *Mike*.

Mike points out the window Andrea sits right next to:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MIKE

*Check it out then: she's called
the Horizon.*

She turns back to her window, peers out and down: sees now that gleaming white speck from earlier is actually the deepwater drilling rig HORIZON.

Our reaction is her reaction: amazement. Human Beings can still build spectacular things.

EXT. DEEPWATER HORIZON - CONTINUOUS

Take in the unfettered sweep of the DEEPWATER HORIZON. Nothing less than a city-block sized skyscraper floating in the middle of the Gulf of Mexico. Mike narrates:

MIKE (O.S.)

Better than a football field long,
bow to stern.

ANDREA (O.S.)

'Bow to stern?'

MIKE (O.S.)

Whole thing's a BOAT-

LINDNER (O.S.)

-semi-submersible mobile off-shore
drilling unit-

MIKE (O.S.)

-short for Boat. Floats on the
largest pontoons ever made. We
keep it centered over the well
with engines the size of homes -
and not ours mind you, but the
homes of the guys sitting across
from us.

ANDREA (O.S.)

She's...beautiful.

MIKE (O.S.)

Beautiful's a word.

(beat)

She works. That's for certain.
Last September she drilled the
deepest well ever: 35,000 feet -
Keathley Canyon. In February she
sailed here to the Macondo.

ANDREA (O.S.)

How deep is this well?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIKE (O.S.)
Just a mere 3 miles.

We come around and see a wholly separate ship next to the Rig: a flat-backed 150' freighter tethered to the Horizon. This is Horizon's "tender": *USS DAMON BANKSTON*.

ANDREA
That Freighter's the Tender?

MIKE
But instead of supplies, she's mostly here to catch our Mud.

EXT. USS DAMON BANKSTON, BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

CAPTAIN LANDRY (bearded/burly, 45) is skipper of the Bankston. Brushing his teeth and reading a book at the same time: Teach Yourself French.

MIKE (O.S.)
The idea is we get this well drilled, built-up, then capped so BP can come back to it at a later, *less stressful*, date.

Landry muttering French words and phrases around his toothbrush. Pauses to spit over the side - but wind off the chopper blows toothpaste back all over his beard...

This doesn't seem to bother him in the least though. He doesn't even immediately swipe the toothpaste off - just keeps reading and brushing, his face a mess now, talking around that toothbrush sticking out of his mouth:

LANDRY
MERDE.

EXT. DEEPWATER HORIZON HELIPAD - DAY

Helicopter settles onto the pad. Mike, Andrea, Lindner, Dale and the Suits all clamber off. Mike about to continue with Andrea:

MIKE
Gotta get you a safety tour-

-until he spots DEWEY REVETTE (African-American, 35, pudgy) and CALEB "HOLLYWOOD" HOLLOWAY (20s) fist-fighting on the catwalk just below.

MIKE (CONT'D)
Baby Jesus.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Mike takes off. Lindner and Dale follow like this is common. Andrea hesitates...then follows too...

EXT. CATWALK, BOW - NEXT MOMENT

Clumsy punches between Dewey and Hollywood. Neither connecting. Mike runs up, breaks them up. Gruffly. Each with red spots that won't even evolve into bruises...

MIKE

Knock it off.

Hollywood wears no shirt - just shorts and runners. Despite his uncoordinated flailing, he sports a honed physique and Gulf tan. One of his earbud-style headphones ripped from the wire. Dewey wears a T-shirt and a fishing hat. Mike nods up to two of the Suits, watching...

MIKE (CONT'D)

That was embarrassing.

(beat)

Neither a' you connected on a single punch.

Lindner and Dale smile small. Dewey and Hollywood each ready to plead their version of events:

DEWEY

You don't want to know how it started?

HOLLYWOOD

I ain't to blame here!

Mike exhales, *already tired of being on the Rig:*

MIKE (CONT'D)

Lemme guess: Hollywood was running-

HOLLYWOOD

-you ever done that Dewey?

Dewey flips Hollywood off.

MIKE

Dewey was fishing. Hollywood was lost in his tunes, thinking about plays he never made in high school-

HOLLYWOOD

-all conference, Dude-

MIKE

-honorable mention, Dude. And Dewey was lost in his-

(air quotes)

-*"fish."*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DEWEY

Don't do that with your fingers-

MIKE

-and you smacked into one another.

Hollywood and Dewey look at Mike like he's Sherlock:

DEWEY

Were you watching us?

MIKE

Boys, we're all being driven nuts
on this Job. Cut each other some-

-as if to prove the point, a shockingly loud ALARM goes off now: piercing howl accompanied by flashing red lights. Everyone startles...*and then Andrea sees all eyes swing to something near the center of the Rig...*

Mike grabs a PHONE mounted just behind on the bulkhead.

INT. ELECTRONICS ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Computers floor-to-ceiling. Dozens of pressure gauges ring the walls, "kill" switches under each gauge. This is where all drilling operations are monitored/directed.

Phone ringing. RANDY EZELL (42) snatches it without taking his eyes off the screens:

RANDY

E-Room.

MIKE (ON PHONE)

What's up?

RANDY

Mike?

MIKE (ON PHONE)

Just landed.

RANDY

Pressure spike.

EXT. CATWALK, BOW - CONTINUOUS

Mike just hangs up. All eyes turn to him.

MIKE

Hit your posts.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The Men sprint off now to various parts of the rig - suddenly transformed, like drilled Military.

Andrea watches Dewey stumble as they go - *and Hollywood unthinkingly grabs him, steadies him, and they both just continue running without a word...*

Mike to Andrea with a wry smile:

MIKE (CONT'D)
She still 'beautiful?'

EXT. MAIN DECK - NEXT MOMENT

Mike climbs down a short flight of stairs, picking his way through PIPE RACKS: a horizontal forest of stacked pipes the size of trees. Barking orders as he goes:

MIKE
Get these latched!

TIGHT: yellow safety latches that Lindner and others now hurry to fasten down. These latches secure the huge pipes in place - so that in case of bad weather or accidents, they don't become steamrollers or missiles...

NB: TWO GROUPS ON A DEEPWATER RIG: ROUGHNECKS, AND SAILORS. ROUGHNECKS DO EVERYTHING RE: OIL. WEAR COLOR-CODED COVERALLS: GREEN-ELECTRONICS, RED-ENGINE, BLUE-DRILLERS, ETC. SAILORS SAIL AND NAVIGATE THE RIG. WEAR NAVY-ISH UNIFORMS. RATIO OF ROUGHNECKS TO SAILORS: 20:1.

Mike, Andrea in-tow, comes to the MOON POOL: a huge rectangular hole in the middle of the rig, with white walls 5 stories high on all 4 sides.

Extending up from the center of the Pool is the gleaming steel STANDPIPE. It rises from the deepest blue up to the DERRICK, 20 stories above our heads. Hums with power.

Andrea's eyes are wide and riveted to it...

A Man with shoulders broad even beneath the coveralls is hurrying up the stairs to the drill floor: JASON ANDERSON (45), Senior Tool Pusher.

ANDERSON
Whaddya got?

MIKE
Spiking.
(to someone else)
CRANK UP THE SEPARATOR.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Anderson hustles up the stairs two at a time now as Mike continues his half-run - following a green-painted path - around the Pool, then passing under the STARBOARD CRANE: 100 vertical feet of latticed steel...

TIGHT: the Crane Operator, SHANE ROSHTO (26), is just now starting to climb the ladder up to the crane's cockpit.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Get that boom in the cradle quick.

The "cradle" brackets/locks the massive boom in place.

ROSHTO

Another pressure spike?

MIKE

I've lost count.

Mike keeps following that green-painted line as it snakes across the main deck. He's heading for a structure that looks like a mobile home, but with reinforced doors and a thick plexi-glass window that faces the drilling floor: this is the ELECTRONICS ROOM from the outside...

INT. ELECTRONICS ROOM - CONTINUOUS

As Mike enters his eyes go immediately to the STANDPIPE MAIN PRESSURE GAUGE on the wall. This the most important gauge on the entire Rig, and one Mike checks obsessively.

The readings on the gauge are in BARS (Barometric Pressure), and the different sections of the gauge are color coded: under 500 is green, 500 to 700 yellow, 700 and over is red. The needle is at 540 Bar - *in the yellow zone* - but falling back toward green...Mike exhales with small relief...

MIKE

How high did it get?

RANDY

Six-oh-three.

Randy looks over Mike's shoulder: Andrea. Mike turns, forgot she was in his wake.

MIKE

Andrea, Randy. Randy, Andrea.

They nod at each other. To Andrea:

MIKE (CONT'D)

Familiar with Barometric?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANDREA

Yeah...603 Bar is like...8500
pounds per square inch?

As Randy's hands fly again across the keyboards, trying
to figure out what happened:

RANDY

Eighty seven hundred...

ANDREA

That pressure can rip metal...

MIKE

Which usually isn't a good thing.

Mike sits next to Randy, starts working the problem too:

MIKE (CONT'D)

A Kick?

RANDY

I'll bet more cracking around the
core...a reaction to the last
blowback?

MIKE

Maybe.

(beat)

This God damn thing just will not
settle.

RANDY

Thought you weren't back 'til
Monday?

MIKE

No 'I' in team.

RANDY

That's right - you're bucking for
promotion.

MIKE

Does everyone know?

Randy chuckles as Mike locks eyes on a particular set of
figures on a screen:

RANDY

Only because we all think you
should already be there.

Mike studies the data a last beat, reaches for the phone.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MIKE

Stop kissing ass.

Brings the phone to his ear:

INT. BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

The nerve center for the navigation of the Deepwater Horizon. The Man-in-Charge of that daunting task is tall, handsome, sporting a blue hat with gold-braid: CAPTAIN KUCHTA (late 40s). Picks up the phone:

CAPTAIN KUCHTA

Bridge.

MIKE (ON PHONE)

Captain, it's Mike. Jimmy there?

CAPTAIN KUCHTA

Hang on.

Captain Kuchta finds, then passes the phone to JIMMY, (50s) wearing jeans and a flannel shirt. A Cheshire Cat quality to him...

JIMMY

OIM.

MIKE

Jimmy, Mike - looks like it was a kick. Pressure's coming down now.

The 4 SUITS from the Chopper enter the bridge now. Jimmy notices them - notices everything on the Deepwater Horizon - speaks loudly into the phone so the Suits can hear:

JIMMY

Just another day on the Well from Hell.

Hangs up. Reaches down and flips a switch on the panel. Alarms die. Cues the PA microphone:

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Morning folks, this is the OIM...

EXT. DEEPWATER HORIZON - CONTINUOUS

Jimmy's easy voice echoes across the whole Rig:

JIMMY (PA)

...all Clear. Repeat: All Clear.
Everything's okay. Y'all get back
to work now. Sorry for the racket.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Roughnecks of all colors exhale, then start going back to their day jobs on the drilling floor, the engine room, the moon pool, the pipe racks, etc. Unease in their manner now though. What's laughs there are, seem forced.

INT. BRIDGE - DAY

Captain Kuchta steps forward to greet the Suits:

CAPTAIN KUCHTA
You come out to see what's taking
us so long?

A smattering of smiles at the attempt at humor, but tension rules - *that's exactly why the four Suits are here*. Kuchta ushers them to the front of the bridge: he's smooth, charming:

CAPTAIN KUCHTA (CONT'D)
How was your flight in? We have
Starbucks aboard...

Andrea enters the bridge now. Closes the door behind her, then just stands awkwardly in the doorway...wide-eyed and reeling a bit.

Jimmy notices her immediately, raises a finger: *you can talk to me...*

ANDREA
Hi - Mr. Williams told me to come
to the bridge, introduce myself to
the 'Boss.'

JIMMY
You're in the right place.

ANDREA
(pointing at Kuchta)
But I guess he's busy, so-

JIMMY
(smiles small)
-Mike's having fun with you.

ANDREA
How's that?

JIMMY
I'm Boss.

She takes in his flannel, stained jeans...

ANDREA
You sure you're not the one having
fun?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JIMMY

Kuchta's just the Captain - sails
the Rig and wears that hat. The
boss on a Deepwater Rig is the guy
in charge of the drill - the
'Offshore Installation Manager.'

ANDREA

(beat, getting it)
And you're that? Him?

JIMMY

I'm Jimmy. The OIM.

She blushes from head to toe now. Jimmy's charmed.

ANDREA

I'm Andrea.

JIMMY

Where's Mike now?

INT. MESS HALL - DAY

Round tables and matching chairs, two COOKS behind the
counter serve mounds of eggs, sausages, bacon, grits to
70+. Ferns hang in the windows to try to manufacture a
homey atmosphere in the middle of heavy industry.

Mike, Hollywood, Dale and a few others eating. They all
seem to be trying to get Hollywood to do something:

MIKE

Come on. Do it.

DALE

He'll just laugh.

MIKE

Or start punching you again.

HOLLYWOOD

He didn't lay a glove on me.

MIKE

Because my daughters throw truer
punches. That fight made me sad.

Hollywood glances at his immediate supervisor: BLAIR
MANUEL, 39, latino, fu-manchu beard...

HOLLYWOOD

Boss?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MANUEL

I didn't know huggable Dewey
scared you so much.

Hollywood has had enough: holds his hand out. Mike gives him something we can't see. Hollywood takes it, stands, trudges to the middle of the room. People from all points begin to watch him.

Dewey looks up as Hollywood approaches. Still pissed. The younger man holds out what he has toward Dewey now: a large can of tuna, complete with red ribbon and bow.

Chuckles spread through the room. Dewey stands...feints a huge punch. Hollywood flinches so hard he drops the can. Chuckles turn to Laughs. Before Hollywood can get irate all over again Dewey gives him a giant, smiling hug. *Laughter turns to applause.*

Jimmy enters the room. Mike sees him, steps to him.

JIMMY

What's this?

MIKE

Too many dust-ups lately. I wanna
lighten the mood.

JIMMY

You look at the charts?

MIKE

On the ride in.

JIMMY

And?

MIKE

I didn't love any of it, Boss. And
we had that Kick this morning...

Jimmy staring at Mike for three seconds.

JIMMY

*You wanna run another test on this
bitch, don't you?*

MIKE

It's the smart play.

JIMMY

(blows an exhale)
We'll do it before lunch then.
Sooner the better.

MIKE

BP's gonna have a seizure.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JIMMY

They'll live.

MIKE

You want me to tell them?

JIMMY

No. They'll hear about it when you make the announcement to everyone else.

Mike smiles, admires Jimmy. Then his smile dies...an odd moment between them now that Jimmy senses:

JIMMY (CONT'D)

What else you got?

MIKE

Nothin'...just the test.

JIMMY

Good. Tell Hollywood to come get me when he's done dancing with Dewey. And make sure Randy gets rest: tough geek's been on back-to-backs since you left.

INT. ANDREA'S CABIN - DAY

A cross between a motel room and a college dorm. Andrea takes clothes out of her duffle, hangs them. A KNOCK.

ANDREA

Hang on...

Andrea quickly twists her hair into a pony tail...

INT. CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Opens the door: Hollywood, looking impatient.

HOLLYWOOD

I gotta give you a safety tour.

ANDREA

Cool. Okay. Thank you.

HOLLYWOOD

OIM gave me a choice between this or scrubbin' toilets.

A moment as they stare, Andrea not knowing how to respond to that. Then Hollywood just starts walking. Andrea follows.

EXT. DEEPWATER HORIZON - DAY

BEGIN MONTAGE: Hollywood taking Andrea below decks...

HOLLYWOOD

Three decks: Main, Two and Three.
This here's Deck Two, where we got
your Mess Hall, your theater...

ANDREA

You walking with me is punishment?

HOLLYWOOD

Like I said, tours are just above
toilets. It's on account I had a
fight this morning.

ANDREA

I saw.

HOLLYWOOD

Yeah? Well I was just about to
start putting the hammer down on
Dewey's dimply ass.

ANDREA

There been many fights?

HOLLYWOOD

(beat, shrugs)
Everyone's pent-up.

Passing a large room with sofas, ping-pong tables...

HOLLYWOOD (CONT'D)

That's the lounge. Smells like
feet. What I need to do is find my
happy place when shit jumps off
like that, and I want to stomp a
bone out someone's ass. I need to
remember my super-swampers -
that's a kind of tire - just put
'em on my truck. I gotta remember
to count to 10, and imagine what
they're gonna sound like when they
rip mud. This is the gym. Smells
like feet. Lotta places on a Rig
smell like feet...

Past the gym is a stairwell - the bulkhead door kept open
by a WOODEN SHIM. Hollywood heads down the steps.

EXT. DECK THREE - NEXT MOMENT

Door to DECK THREE is also propped open. More roughnecks in this corridor. We catch a glimpse of TWO MAIDS making a bed and vacuuming the floor.

The Maids look at Andrea - in her jeans and boots - as though she's alien...

HOLLYWOOD

Down here's more cabins. Storage.
Conference room. Offices n' shit.
And Lifeboat access.

They walk past the access, turn left into another stairway. Hollywood steps through the door - yet again propped open with a WOODEN SHIM - goes up the stairs.

ANDREA

Why the shims under these doors?

HOLLYWOOD

Rig's always twisting, warping. If
you don't keep 'em open, they can
get stuck closed.

Exit the stairway. Andrea blinks back brilliant sunshine.

HOLLYWOOD (CONT'D)

Over there's the engine room.
Where I should be. And down here-

-Andrea follows his gesture down past the steel cliff of the Horizon's stern. There's another platform below them, thirty-foot long LIFEBOATS mounted on either side:

HOLLYWOOD (CONT'D)

You got your aft lifeboats. Plus 2
more up front.

(beat)

Each boat holds 40. With the Suits
and you, there's 126 aboard - so
sleep easy: we got plenty a room
should Kingdom come...and that's
that. I gotta work. Questions?

ANDREA

What kind of truck do you drive?

HOLLYWOOD

(beat, surprised)
F-250.

ANDREA

Gas or the TD?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HOLLYWOOD
(even more surprised)
Diesel...only ever Diesel with me.

ANDREA
Really? Glow plugs always made me nervous.

Hollywood smiles. A new, budding respect for Andrea...

HOLLYWOOD
You like trucks?

ANDREA
Drove my Dad's Step Side to school when I was 14. Got whipped for it but it was worth it.

Hollywood officially a fan now. Smiles wide...

JIMMY (O.C.)
Hollywood!

They both look up: Jimmy's leaning over the railing along the edge of the Bridge, twenty feet above:

JIMMY (CONT'D)
You're late for your shift!

HOLLYWOOD
But you told me to-

JIMMY
-God damned if you soft Millenials don't always have an excuse.
Double time it Boy.

Hollywood red with anger again, runs off for the DOGHOUSE (Locker Room) cursing. Jimmy gives Andrea a little wink: relishing Hollywood's - mostly good-natured - punishment.

INT. DOGHOUSE (THE LOCKER ROOM) - DAY

Mike getting dressed: coveralls, steel-toed boots, gloves, hard hat, etc. Loud. Men giving each other shit, griping, laughing...the TRANSOCEAN corporate motto is written on the wall: WE'RE NEVER OUT OF OUR DEPTH!

DEWEY (O.C.)
Yellowfin too. What they like to call "sushi-grade." 50 pounds if it was an ounce...

Mike smiles, zips his coveralls. Ties his boots...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DALE

Mike? Sir, I wanna apologize for my attitude this morning. Making a stink about ridin' with the Suits.

MIKE

Don't sweat it...*I still can't shake the smell of Clubman Aftershave.*

Dale laughs.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Just don't it again.

DALE

Yes, Sir. I love these guys is all. Second family. Kills me the Suits been coming down on us like they've been. Making us all mean.

MIKE

Me too, Pal.

DALE

But we're almost done, right?

Mike hesitates...evinces nothing like confidence...

MIKE

So they say. Let's get it going.
That well won't drill itself.

Mike closes his locker. Hollywood comes running in now.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Hollywood, you'll be late for your own God damned funeral.

HOLLYWOOD

How come y'all ain't giving Dewey shit?!

MIKE

Because he was catching 'sushi-grade' tuna-

DEWEY (O.C.)

-I know you're right-

MIKE

-that we all could've eaten. You we're just worrying about abs and your tan. Which is a bit odd on a rig with 120 dudes. Move your ass.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Chuckles. Everybody heading out, boots clanging as Hollywood opens his locker: picture of a gleaming red Ford F-250 on the door. Changing as fast as he can...

EXT. DRILL FLOOR - DAY

Mike surveys the drilling floor. This is the beating heart of the rig, everything else is here to serve this purpose: DRILLING. A tightly choreographed ballet of 20+ men and 300 tons of steel. *Mike smiles small like a Dad.*

TIGHT: those yellow safety latches on all those extra PIPES in the Pipe Racks are all being opened again now that work is back underway...

Broad-shouldered Jason Anderson and his team operate the drill: it's at the business end of that huge STANDPIPE driving down through the Moon Pool, through 5000 feet of water to the wellhead, then thru another 2 miles of Earth to the Macondo Prospect - the name of the Oil Field...

ANDERSON

BACK IT IN! BACK IT IN!

Mike steps to him as they each watch the work...

MIKE

Jason - wanted to be the first to let you know: we're running a blowback test. Before lunch.

ANDERSON

Again? Mike, that blows our schedule to hell...

MIKE

Better the schedule than us, yeah?

INT. DAMON BANKSTON, BRIDGE - DAY

Without taking his hands off the controls, Captain Landry STOMPS on the floor in a certain spot: BOOM-BOOM-BOOM.

INT. DAMON BANKSTON, MATE'S CABIN - CONTINUOUS

ANTHONY GERVASO (36), first mate of the Bankston, jerks awake at the thunder on the ceiling of his cabin.

Pushes his hair out of his bloodshot eyes. Needs a shave. Grimaces at the taste in his mouth.

Gervaso sticks his head out the porthole...

EXT. DAMON BANKSTON, SUPERSTRUCTURE - CONTINUOUS

GERVASO
What?

LANDRY
Doing another blowback test.

GERVASO
Jesus Christ. No joke?
(off Landry's
confirming silence)
How many is that?

LANDRY
Apparently one too few.

Gervaso nods groggily, pulls his head back in...

INT. DAMON BANKSTON, MATE'S CABIN - CONTINUOUS

...lies back down...falls right back asleep.

BOOM-BOOM-BOOM.

Gervaso snaps awake. Yells from his bed:

GERVASO
YUP...I'LL GET STARTED ON THE
PIPE...INTAKE VALVES...

BOOM-BOOM-BOOM.

GERVASO (CONT'D)
FUCK!

LANDRY (O.C.)
TRES BIEN, MERCI.

INT. ELECTRONICS ROOM, DEEPWATER HORIZON - DAY

Randy stifling a yawn when Mike comes back in. The MAIN
PRESSURE GAUGE reads 420...

MIKE
Those bags under your eyes get any
darker, BP's gonna sink a well.
(beat, sits)
I want you to sleep a good 10
hours after we run the blowback. A
little Ny-Quil, a little porn,
really treat yourself.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RANDY

(chuckles)

After all the crap BP gave us for the last one? Jimmy okayed it?

MIKE

He did.

RANDY

Bet the drill team loves you.

MIKE

What's not to love?

RANDY

Speaking of love, any news on this promotion?

MIKE

(cheeks flush a bit)

Nothing yet. I promised Cindy I'd talk to Jimmy. She's getting a little prickly about it-

RANDY

-because you're too polite-

MIKE

-and you gab like the gals in her book club. 10 hours just turned into 6.

Randy chuckles. They've been friends a long time.

EXT. MAIN DECK - DAY

Andrea comes down the stairs from the bridge. One of the cranes swings over her head: 70 foot pipes swaying under it. Andrea ducks reflexively - then almost walks into a forklift shifting half-ton bags of cement...

FORKLIFT DRIVER

Watch it! Gonna get killed...

Andrea nods a mea culpa, adjusts her hard hat, heads for the steps just as Lindner comes around the corner, instantly familiar with everyone he meets:

LINDNER

What's up, Andy?

She points up:

ANDREA

Trying not die getting to the E-room.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LINDNER
Well, that's the Drill Shack.
(points the opposite
direction)
E-Room's there.

She scoffs at her own ineptitude, nods thanks, begins heading that way - but has to jump backward as that same forklift cuts across her path again...

LINDNER (CONT'D)
Stay on the green path. Like the Fidelity commercial. Hollywood's dumbass didn't tell you about the Green Path?

ANDREA
(not wanting to
create problems)
Well...he may have...

LINDNER
First rule of safety tours is that Hollywood shouldn't be giving safety tours. Keep your feet on the green and you'll be good.

ANDREA
Thank you Leo.

Andrea follows it now. And Lindner, along with a few other Roughnecks watch her go. She looks very good in jeans. Especially to a captive audience.

LINDNER
If anyone makes a "drill" joke,
I'll toss you over.

EXT. WIND WALL, NEAR THE ELECTRONICS ROOM - NEXT MOMENT

Andrea gets a glimpse of the Moon Pool again - the gleaming steel pipe - menacing as it vibrates and hums now, seeming to struggle against the full power of the Earth below it. She can't help but slow down to take it in...listen to that hum...

Equal parts amazement and trepidation.

EXT. DOOR TO ELECTRONICS ROOM - NEXT MOMENT

Hydraulic lock. Andrea has to roll the handle to open it: heavy as hell...

INT. ELECTRONICS ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Andrea comes in just as Hollywood is finishing speaking with Randy and Mike. An Engineer with a HALIBURTON name badge: CHAISSON is in here too.

HOLLYWOOD
Manuel thinks 3 and 6 both need overhauls-

CHAISSON
-good luck with that-

MIKE
-no way we're taking any of our engines apart until the well is capped-

HOLLYWOOD
But y'all-

MIKE
-you guys gotta Make it work, Hollywood. *Please*. Out of the question.

Mike sees Andrea. She holds out a stack of papers to him:

ANDREA
Mr. Harrell said you'd need these for the Blowback test.

Mike takes them. Hollywood and Chaisson pause at the door to check out Andrea's body. Mike, father of daughters, doesn't like it:

MIKE
Beat it.

Hollywood and Chaisson exit as Randy rolls his chair over. Grabs some of those papers from Mike, rolls back.

And now both he and Mike start inputting data. Andrea scanning the screens, dials, gauges...the window with its commanding view of the main deck...Mike while typing:

MIKE (CONT'D)
Read your PF. Your Daddy's a roughneck.

ANDREA
And his before him. Runs in the family.

MIKE
Yes it does. I asked you earlier, still think it's beautiful?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANDREA

Yes, Mike, I do.

Mike smiles at her now, maybe living vicariously through her. Remembering his first time on a Rig. The sense that you're at the Center of things...that the World cannot continue if not for your work, your profession...

ANDREA (CONT'D)

Is it alright if I stay and watch you do the test? Mr. Harrell said it was okay by him.

MIKE

(facetious, good-natured)

You mean to tell me you've never seen a negative blowback test performed, Andrea?

ANDREA

Call me Andy, and no I haven't.

Mike waves her into a chair, his fingers always flying over computer keys...

MIKE

Buckle up.

INT. ENGINE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

NB: THIS ENGINE ROOM PROVIDES THE POWER FOR ALL THE DRILLING OPERATIONS.

Hollywood enters. Manuel is working on the engines.

HOLLYWOOD

No overhaul, and we're doing another blowback test...

Manuel utters an impressive stream of Spanish curses.

INT. ELECTRONICS ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Mike finishes inputting data. Grabs the phone:

MIKE

E-Room here. Gimme the OIM.

INT. BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

Jimmy takes the phone:

JIMMY

OIM.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIKE (ON PHONE)
It's me. Clearance to start?

Jimmy checks his watch: 10:49 AM.

JIMMY
Let's go knock on Hell's door.

INT. ELECTRONICS ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Mike hangs up the phone. Hits the WARNING KLAXON button. Two piercing honks sound across the rig. Then he picks up the microphone and holds it out to Andrea...

MIKE
Make the announcement.
(off her reaction)
Communications is your job...

She tentatively takes the mic...clears her throat...

ANDREA
Attention please.

Mike flexes his arms, makes a war-face: LOUDER...

ANDREA (CONT'D)
ATTENTION PLEASE! Negative
Blowback Test now commencing!

INT. BRIDGE BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

PAT O'BRYAN - *one of the Suits from the Helicopter* - is sitting on the toilet, typing on his BlackBerry when he hears the announcement.

PAT O'BRYAN
That better be a joke-

ANDREA (PA)
-repeat: Negative Blowback Test
now commencing.

INT. ELECTRONICS ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Andrea lowers the microphone. Mike nods approval, hits the Klaxon once more.

EXT. DEEPWATER HORIZON - CONTINUOUS

EXTREME CLOSE UP: top of the derrick, 20 STORIES above the Ocean...and now we move down the length of the STANDPIPE...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

...into the water, corkscrewing/dropping now through a mile of rapidly-darkening Ocean, then into and thru the bedrock: brown/grey rock shot through with paler substrate...

EXT. THE MACONDO PROSPECT - CONTINUOUS

...then finally into the porous, oil-saturated shale itself: cubic miles of crude oil under pressure for the past 300 million years, all of it trying to force its way up and out of that narrow, little STANDPIPE...

EXT. DEEPWATER HORIZON - CONTINUOUS

TIGHT: but something pushes back against that pressure. A pitch-black synthetic lubricant the consistency of molasses, and heavy as lead. What Roughnecks call "MUD." They pump MUD into the Standpipe, use it to counter the pressure of the whole World beneath...

INT. BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

Pat O'Bryan exits the bathroom:

PAT O'BRYAN

No shit another test? Should've known when I saw Mike Williams-

JIMMY

-my call. *My Rig*. You wanna bark at someone, Pat, I'm right here.

Jimmy very calm, but also ready to fight about it, if that's what O'Bryan wants. *Pat O'Bryan walks away.*

INT. ELECTRONICS ROOM - CONTINUOUS

MIKE

In a Negative Blowback Test, we eject all the *MUD* out of the pipe, pump in seawater instead. That lowers the pressure in the pipe, so we get to see just how bad all that oil down below wants to shoot up it.

RANDY

Basically, we dare the Well to blow.

MIKE

And here we go...
(into the phone:)
Mud out.

EXT. DRILLING FLOOR - DAY

Anderson cradles the phone against his ear.

ANDERSON
(hangs up, shouts)
MUD OUT!

His men feverishly work their posts. Anderson hitting switches/makes adjustments...and now the pitch-black "MUD" pours up through the pipes, heading for the MUD-GAS SEPARATOR - separates flammable gas from inert MUD.

Dewey working the Separator, adjusting levers. Anderson watches the gauges, hand on the compressor controls.

Pan up the 20-story Derrick with the flow of MUD, and then back down to the...

EXT. MAIN DECK - CONTINUOUS

...rivers of the black MUD fountaining out of the EJECT PIPE, flowing through a MESH SCREEN, then pooling in a MUD PIT - one of twenty huge tanks on the Horizon used for just that purpose: holding the MUD.

But now another pipe sucks the MUD right back out of the pit, carries it off the Rig entirely, over to the Tender...

EXT. U.S.S DAMON BANKSTON - CONTINUOUS

...that pipe descends from the heights of the Deepwater Horizon, down over 50 feet of open Ocean, and then finally to the Damon Bankston where it dumps the used MUD into a holding tank in the Ship.

Capt. Landry, Gervaso, and another HALF DOZEN CREWMEN work/oversee as the MUD pours out of the pipe and into ship's belly...

INT. ELECTRONICS ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Through the window, Andrea is fixated on the Mud gushing out of the well. The wide eyes of a child watching fireworks. The Mud seems alive...a snake forever coiling itself into the Pits...

MIKE (O.C.)
See that dial up there?

She turns: Mike pointing at the STANDPIPE MAIN PRESSURE GAUGE: needle is at 300 Bars...well in the green.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIKE (CONT'D)

On this rig we can handle up to 700 bars. Anything over that and we're looking at a blowout.

(beat)

You can bleed pressure in a half-dozen ways - mud-gas separator, eject pipe, and so on - but if none do the trick-

ANDREA

-EDS?

TIGHT: a BIG RED BUTTON at the edge of the control panel, covered by a glass dome. Mike impressed:

MIKE

Well look at you. Yeah. Emergency Disconnect System. Activates the Blowout Preventer down at the well-head on the ocean floor. There's another button in the drill shack, and one on the bridge.

(beat)

The rub: it's a nuclear option. Once you push the EDS, the well is screwed: riser gets torqued, Standpipe gets shredded. From there you either start all over, or cut your losses and sail on to the next bet.

ANDREA

Expensive.

RANDY

In both Jobs lost and Money lost.

MIKE

Which is why you must get approval from either me or the OIM before you ever even think about it.

Andrea getting progressively more uneasy about this...

ANDREA

How many times have you had to do it before?

MIKE

Press the button? Never.

ANDREA

(beat)

Then why tell me all this?

Mike hesitates...then just goes back to reading numbers on screens...

INT. BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

Through the windows on the port-side of the bridge, Jimmy watches Dale Burkeen, his crane boom locked into it's cradle, get out of the cockpit and begin climbing down.

Pat O'Bryan can't stay quiet any longer...red-faced:

PAT O'BRYAN
Day 90 of a 30 day project...

JIMMY
Pat, I don't think any of us will
ever forget that fact for as long
as we live. Thank you though.

Jimmy gives that serene, Cheshire smile, goes back to the control panel. Pat's eyes flashing. Muttering. Another of the Suits, TRAHAN, steps up next to Pat:

TRAHAN
They're doing the best they can.

PAT O'BRYAN
That's the problem: their best is
2 months behind and 60 million in
the hole. And before you get so
magnanimous, understand it's you
and me who have to answer for it.

INT. ELECTRONICS ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Andrea watches Roughnecks through the window: nimble as dancers, working huge machines without fear...

ANDREA
When the Rig that tried to drill
the Macondo before Horizon-

MIKE
-the Marianas.

ANDREA
When it got hit by the Hurricane,
did they use EDS?

MIKE
No. They just couldn't make the
well work.

RANDY
(smiling)
To be fair, that crew couldn't pop
a cork out of a champagne bottle.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIKE

(not smiling)

Macondo's tough, Man. Geology's weird, pressure changes one minute to the next...

(to Andrea)

That's why BP asked for us:
Horizon's crew might be the best
in the World. No joke.

ANDREA

Keathley Canyon. 35,000 feet.

RANDY

(proud)

World record.

Mike impressed with her memory.

ANDREA

Is the Crew always this tense? Is
that just part of being good?

MIKE

No.

(quick beat)

Between BP's schedule and this
ugly Well, it is the hardest
prospect we've ever worked.

(beat)

Boys are on-edge because we've
never failed. That's why they're
fighting. But don't be fooled:
Hollywood would take a bullet for
Dewey. And the other way around.

(beat)

And they would for you too.

Andrea shocked by this. The matter-of-factness of it...

ANDREA

But I just got here.

MIKE

But you're here.

EXT. DRILLING FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Anderson watching the MUD FLOW GAUGE...then:

ANDERSON

CAP FLOW!

Clark hits a button and the compressor's rumble fades...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLARK

PUMP OFF!

Dewey pulls the lever - the Mud stops flowing...

INT. ENGINE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Manuel turns off the Engines. Looks at the Engine temp readouts: shakes his head unhappily...

EXT. MAIN DECK - CONTINUOUS

The Mud pouring into the pit slows to a trickle, stops. One last drop splashes on the mesh, hangs there...

Dewey's hand is poised on the PRESSURE RELEASE CONTROL: ready to pull it if the pressure gauges spike...

INT. ELECTRONICS ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Mike, Randy, and Andrea all stare at the Standpipe Pressure Gauge. They, like everyone else on the rig, now holding their breath...the needle trembles...then starts to rise...300 bars...350...

INT. BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

Jimmy and everyone else riveted to the same gauge up on the bridge: 400, 450...

INT. ELECTRONICS ROOM - CONTINUOUS

...500...550...

MIKE

You son of a bitch...

600...650...but now it slows, then stops...and holds steady. Near the very top of the yellow, 40-50 Bars from Red - and possible BLOWOUT.

INT. BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

Collective exhale. But still-nervous countenances. Jimmy grimaces small, shakes his head...

INT. ELECTRONICS ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Randy hits a few more buttons. Mike's eyes scan the half-dozen screens...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANDREA

That's too high, isn't it?

MIKE

We won't know until we run the numbers on the finalized data set...*but yeah, it's too high.*

INT. JIMMY'S OFFICE - DAY

The OIM's office is attached to the bridge. Small. Crowded with manuals and personnel files. But still tidy.

Mike waiting while Jimmy looks over the printed results from the blowback test...

MIKE

BP won't like it.

JIMMY

They don't like anything...
(finishes reading)
Get me the finalized set ASAP.

Jimmy hands back the papers. Mike nods, starts for the door, stops...

MIKE

Mind if I get your advice about something, Sir?

JIMMY

Took you long enough.

MIKE

(beat)
You know?

JIMMY

Transocean asked me about you two weeks ago.

MIKE

(big beat, surprised)
Can I ask what you told them?

Jimmy's face loses its easy quality now. Pauses a second before delivering the answer as kindly as he can.

JIMMY

That you're not ready to be an OIM. You may never be.

Mike floored. Breathes. Almost says something...then doesn't. Then just sits back down without asking.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The best he can come up with is:

MIKE

I disagree.

(big beat)

My Family? Is it my girls?

JIMMY

That's part of it. Transocean won't admit it because they don't wanna seem like bigger Assholes, but Roughnecks with families have a tougher climb than Roughnecks without. Mobility is huge for them-

MIKE

-and for you.

JIMMY

Yes. It's also why I have 3 ex-wives who'd probably kill me if they could get away with it, and why my kids would have a rough time picking me out of a line-up.

Silence. Mike still reeling. Then:

MIKE

Said my family was just 'part'...

Jimmy exhales. And now pulls a bottle of good Bourbon from a desk drawer. Sets it between himself and Mike. Mike looks at it, doesn't touch it...

JIMMY

You think Men should climb Mt. Everest, Mike?

Mike squints mean at that non sequitur...

MIKE

What? Now is not the time, Sir-

JIMMY

-you think Rich Assholes who spend more on the trip than we do on homes should be able to climb to the highest part a' the World? Even if it means they die?

Mike stares at Jimmy...and only now reaches out, takes a drink straight from the bottle. Finally:

MIKE

No.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JIMMY

Why not?

Wipes his mouth...thinking about his answer...then:

MIKE

Because sometimes you have to
protect idiots from themselves.

(beat, honest)

*And I like that there are places
in the World we don't get to go.*

JIMMY

That's the other 'part.'

Mike getting angrier, trying to stay professional...

MIKE

Because I don't wanna climb
Everest, Jimmy?

JIMMY

(motioning to the Rig
all around them)

Because *this* is *that*. It's just in
the other direction.

Mike silent. Seconds passing...

JIMMY (CONT'D)

You're the best Supervisor I-

MIKE

-y'know what - *bullshit* - I don't
have a problem drilling deep. We
set a record last time out if you
remember. What I do have a problem
with is drilling a Well that's not
safe, 30 feet or 30,000-

JIMMY

-they're all unsafe, Mike.

(beat)

We drill holes into pressure
cookers miles beneath our feet,
because only in those pressure
cookers do you find any oil
anymore. *It's unsafe as a rule.*

MIKE

So...what, Jimmy? It doesn't keep
you up nights sometimes?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

JIMMY

I wouldn't do this, I wouldn't
love it like I do, if it was safe.

(beat)

Where you see risk, I see riddles,
Man. An OIM has to. An OIM has to
look at the Earth like a kid does
a treasure hunt: if you're smart
enough and ballsy enough and quick
enough, the treasure is all yours.

MIKE

And what if you aren't?

And now Jimmy takes a drink from the bottle...

JIMMY

I don't ask myself that question.

EXT. MAIN DECK - SUNSET

Mike exits the Bridge, face pale.

Looks up. And despite the crushing news of the last few
minutes, is captivated by the sunset over the Gulf...how
it always just looks better - more true - from the deck
of a Rig. The wind blows into his face like a kiss. He
stands there and lets it hit him, breathing the perfect,
warm air. Thinking about nothing less than his future...

Until huge FLOODLIGHTS begin snapping on all over the
deck and drilling floor, anticipating nightfall. Snap
Mike out of his thoughts. Within seconds, the entire Rig
is lit up as bright as a Texas football field...

INT. USS DAMON BANKSTON, BRIDGE - SUNSET

Gervaso carries a plate of chili dogs into the Bridge.
Takes one for himself, holds the plate out for Landry.

LANDRY

Merci, mon frere.

GERVASO

(mouth full)

Stop with that please.

They watch the sunset together, chewing happily...

LANDRY

Quelle belle nuit...

INT. ELECTRONICS ROOM - NIGHT

Mike enters. Closes the door. Sits. Randy gingerly:

RANDY
Talk to Jimmy?

Mike ignores him. Checks the GAUGE: 400 Bars. Finally:

MIKE
I'm not ready to be OIM.

RANDY
He said that?

MIKE
Jimmy and BP both want the final
blowback data set. Meeting in 10.
You wanna help me?

Randy stares at his old friend...

RANDY
Sure, Pal.

And they get to work.

INT. PROJECTION ROOM - NIGHT

The Projection Room uses cutting-edge 3-D technology and stacked supercomputers to create a holographic, full-color representation of the well and the geological formations beneath it.

Mike stands in the middle of the simulation - pointing to the images as he talks.

MIKE
So it spikes here and here. I'm
thinking it's more than just a
Kick.

We take in the room now, the attendees: Jimmy, Trahan, Anderson, another engineer named BERTONE, two other BP employees named KALUZA and VIDRINE, and a pair of Halliburton guys, Chaisson who we met before, and TABLER, another engineer.

Between the holograms and people, it's crowded. *Tense.*

TRAHAN
Bladder effect?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIKE

Or the casing cement might be cracked.

CHAISSON

We've poured a lot of OptiCem over the years without having it crack. Could be drill placement-

ANDERSON

-it's not the God damn drill-

JIMMY

-easy. No one's blaming anyone.

ANDERSON

Just because he said "could be" doesn't mean he ain't pointing a finger.

TRAHAN

Can we get back to brass tacks? At the end of the day, this is a judgment call for the OIM...

MIKE

Well then let's be crystal clear what exactly he's judging, yeah?

Mike hits switches - the Holograph now becomes a wire-frame picture of what's happening under the Rig - one mile of pipe down to the well-head, then another two miles down into the Macondo Prospect - Mike points to it:

MIKE (CONT'D)

There's a beast at the bottom. It has been trapped down there for 300 million years. It has a mile of ocean pressing down on it, then another two miles of solid rock.

(beat)

And we're punching a hole in it.

JIMMY

Mike-

MIKE

-I know a lot of you in this room just want to get it over with, move on, stop losing money. But there are those who think this beast might be ready to roar up out of that hole we're punching into it's roof, and breathe fire.

(beat)

Fifty million barrels of crude.

Long silent beat as the People in the room consider this.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TRAHAN

What would you do Mike?

Mike looks at Jimmy through the glowing subterranean images...then back to Trahan:

MIKE

Shut down the drill. Full annulus and bore inspection. Work double-shifts so it would take 4 days.

PAT O'BRYAN (O.C.)

And then be right back here,
debating the same things.

POV switches: Pat O'Bryan is sitting at the edge of the room, looking at pages of raw data instead of the hologram. Mike turns to face him...

PAT O'BRYAN (CONT'D)

These numbers are okay. They're not great for sure, but they're okay. I don't want to be the stereotype, but my bosses in London are livid. With this and me. So can you say right now, Jimmy, based on the numbers - that there's an unacceptable risk of a blowout on this well?

A long silence. Mike just keeps his eyes down.

JIMMY

No. I can't.

O'Bryan turns up his palms, a gesture that says to one and all: *'and that's that.'*

PAT O'BRYAN

Drill it, cap it, tree it, then let's get the Hell out of here.

Room pauses...then just starts to break-up now as people head toward the door. Mike and Jimmy share a last look.

PAT O'BRYAN (O.C.) (CONT'D)

Mike?

Mike turns around to Pat O'Bryan, ready for another scrap. But Pat is holding out a slender box to Mike...

PAT O'BRYAN (CONT'D)

For you.

Mike takes it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

PAT O'BRYAN (CONT'D)

Seven years without a single
safety incident. We've all noticed
and we're all grateful.

Mike stares at Pat gape-mouthed, like the irony of this
is so great it has to be a dark joke. But it isn't. Pat
nods, steps back to a cluster of Executives and Jimmy...

EXT. DRILLING FLOOR, NEXT TO MOON POOL - NIGHT

Seawater flows out of the separator eject pipe: ejecting
what they pumped in this morning.

Then BANG. Men everywhere freeze, turn: something has
slammed into the mesh screen over the reservoir...it's
black, curled like a talon, and sharp. One of the Men
uses a tool to drag it off the mesh...

ROUGHNECK #1

Hell is that?

Dewey prods it with his boot...

DEWEY

Rubber. From one of the gaskets I
think. 3rd or 4th chunk...

ROUGHNECK #1

What did they say?

DEWEY

"Don't worry."

ROUGHNECK #1

Because they're not staring at it.

DEWEY

And "Keep pumping." We gotta get
new Mud back down in this Pipe.

INT. ELECTRONICS ROOM - NIGHT

Mike enters. His eyes go to the Standpipe Pressure Gauge,
as they always do: 400 bars and holding steady. Randy
waiting to hear about the meeting:

RANDY

And?

MIKE

We're drilling.

Randy makes a face...then yawns.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIKE (CONT'D)

Go to bed. Anything interesting happens I'll call.

Randy gives his old friend a pat on the back as he heads out. Mike waits for Randy to leave...

Then pulls out the box O'Bryan gave him. Opens it: a BREITLING watch. Mike stares. Beautiful. *His disgust slackens the longer he stares at the grey titanium...*

Then looks at his current G-Shock watch, which is so battered and beaten it's hard to see the hour.

And he switches them out.

Looks at his G-Shock again now that it is off his wrist, as if deciding what to do with it. Looks over at the trash can...but then puts the old watch in his pocket.

Sets the new watch using the clock on the wall: 9:19 PM.

EXT. MAIN DECK - NIGHT

Randy walking, yawning again as he heads across the deck. Anderson sees him from up on the Drilling Floor. Sketches a wave. Randy waves back, heads through the door...

TIGHT: Randy's boot stepping past one of the wooden shims keeping the bulkhead door propped open.

INT. DECK TWO, CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Randy takes off his hard-hat. Scrubs his hand through his thinning hair. Yawns again. Curses to himself at just how tired he is...nods at fellow roughnecks as they exit their own rooms, the Theater, the Gym, the Mess...

Jimmy, Pat O'Bryan, and Trahan are only now exiting the Projection Room just ahead. Jimmy gives Randy a knowing wink as they pass. No sign he himself just came out of a miserable meeting. O'Bryan on his phone:

PAT O'BRYAN

Yes, we're set. I still think that-
(beat, interrupted,
listening...)

For sure...for sure...although
it's not quite-

(interrupted again)

Yes Sir. I hear you. Enjoy Hawaii.

INT. DECK THREE, CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Randy passing more roughnecks, more nods, reaches his cabin and opens the door...

INT. RANDY'S CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Drops his helmet. Sits on the bed, lays back...and falls asleep almost immediately, fully-clothed, boots on.

INT. BRIDGE - NIGHT

Andrea still working, sipping a fresh cup of coffee, getting the hang of the place.

Like Mike she habitually glances up at the Standpipe Main Pressure Gauge: still holding at 400 bars. But just after she stops looking at it, the needle trembles - jumps to 450 for a second - then comes right back down.

INT. ELECTRONICS ROOM - DAY

Mike opens a bottle of Coca-Cola, leans back in his chair and puts his feet up on the desk, exhales with weariness, lingering frustration...then takes a pull off the bottle to try to wash both away.

Toggles through screens one handed: all's well and green.

So Mike pulls up his SKYPE screen. Hits the "DIAL" button and puts the bottle of coke on the desk...

INT. MIKE'S HOUSE, MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

CINDY WILLIAMS: 40s, face washed clean, hair back, magazines in hand, ready for bed. Mike's wife. She hears the Computer, hustles over, hits the ACCEPT button.

Mike's smiling face comes into being on the screen:

MIKE

Sweet, I got you before the mud mask.

CINDY

I've never used a mud mask once.

MIKE

Don't need to. You glow naturally.

CINDY

(beat)

What have you done wrong?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIKE

With us? Nothing.
(motions to the Rig
behind him)
With this? Said what I thought.

CINDY

They listen?

MIKE

They gave me a \$3,000 watch.

CINDY

That all it takes to shut you up?

MIKE

God no...they overspent.

She laughs. He loves it when she laughs.

CINDY

How are you Baby?

MIKE

Rough. Good. They still up?

CINDY

No. Christie has swim practice in
the AM, so she went to sleep at 9.

Mike and Cindy stare at each now...a lull...

MIKE

I talked to Jimmy.

CINDY

(beat)
This intro doesn't bode well.

MIKE

He thinks I'm not ready.

CINDY

Why?

MIKE

Because I wouldn't climb Everest.

Confusion ripples across her face...

CINDY

What?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MIKE

Because he thinks I'll be happier
married to you instead of a
Deepwater Rig.

CINDY

(beat)
He doesn't know me very well.

Mike laughs. Then doesn't.

MIKE

He told this to Transocean too.

Her face gets serious...

CINDY

Are you kidding?

MIKE

I'm not.

CINDY

You okay?

Mike's Coke bottle begins rattling now...then vibrates
right across the desk in front of the computer screen,
and off the edge before he can even comprehend it...

AND NOW WARNING LIGHTS FLARE LIKE MAD. A RISING CRESCENDO
OF ELECTRONIC BEEPS AND TONES...

MIKE

Call you back, Baby.

Mike kills the connection, feet on the floor, wide-eyed,
all his attention instantly on the situation at hand.

TIGHT: the Coke bottle leaking it's contents onto the
floor now in a rhythmic chug...

The ENTIRE RIG starts vibrating around him now. His eyes
go the STANDPIPE MAIN PRESSURE GAUGE: 550 and climbing
FAST...

INT. MIKE'S HOUSE, MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Cindy stares at the dark screen. Gape-mouthed. She's not
one to worry, but the last few seconds of their
connection felt deeply wrong...

INT. RANDY'S CABIN - NIGHT

The clock's green numbers read 9:30 PM. Randy's phone
ringing. He wakes up, totally out of it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Thinks the shaking Rig must be a figment of semi-consciousness. Picks up the phone:

RANDY

Prank?

INT. ELECTRONICS ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Mike on the other end:

MIKE

Get in here now.

Mike hangs up. Pressure gauge is at 600 and climbing toward the RED...toward 700...

EXT. DRILLING FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

The Rig vibrating under Anderson's feet as the Mud that they've been putting back into the Pipe post-blowback test now just comes surging back up the Standpipe.

He looks to his Men...inhales to yell-

-BOOM-

-Mud explodes out of the top of the standpipe at 260 miles an hour. Geysers to the top of the rig like an evil Old Faithful, then starts splashing down on the derrick like rain: harsh black against all that clean white. And it's loud: a jet engine sound.

Anderson trying to SCREAM over it:

ANDERSON

BLEED IT OFF! GET ON THE
SEPARATOR! THE OIL IS GONNA BE
COMING UP RIGHT BEHIND THAT MUD!

Roughnecks trying to stem the flow. Anderson himself grabs the separator control valve...

EXT. MAIN DECK - CONTINUOUS

The geysering Mud splashing down like toxic, black rain. Within seconds surfaces are slick with it...

DALE

GET THESE PIPES LATCHED!

More Roughnecks quickly start to close those yellow safety latches on the forests of PIPES in the Pipe Racks - but there are many...

INT. ELECTRONICS ROOM - NIGHT

The phone rings - Mike grabs it - and with his other hand continues furiously hammering keys, trying to make sense of what's happening 3 miles below him...

MIKE

E-ROOM.

INT. BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

Jimmy on the other end: his eyes on the flashing warnings and the rising pressure...still cool though:

JIMMY

Hell of a pressure spike, Mike.
What's going on down there?

INT. ELECTRONICS ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Randy opens the door, bleary. Mike into the phone:

MIKE

Don't know. I'm going to the
floor.

Hangs up, sprints past Randy and out the door. Randy checks the STANDPIPE MAIN PRESSURE GAUGE: 690 bars...just below blowout. Wide awake now...

INT. DAMON BANKSTON, BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

Captain Landry relaxing on the bridge of the Damon Bankston. Music playing on the radio. Has no idea what's happening on the Deepwater Horizon.

Then something heavy slams into the side of the Bridge.

Then another impact which shakes the wall.

Landry stands. Blinks. Goes out to see what is happening.

EXT. DAMON BANKSTON, SUPERSTRUCTURE - CONTINUOUS

Looks up: the Deepwater Horizon looming over his vessel.

And sees the things slamming into his Bridge: Dead Gulls and Birds falling from the sky. Surprisingly heavy impacts that spew feathers. These birds were killed by the blast wave of Mud roaring out of the top of Standpipe at 260 miles an hour...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Landry turns to look at the pipe connecting his ship to the Horizon - Mud is again spraying out of it again, cascading across the deck and down the side of the hull...

INT. DAMON BANKSTON, BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

Landry sprints back in, grabs the phone...

INT. DEEPWATER HORIZON BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

Phones ringing off hooks, warning lights, electronic tones punctuating a building worry. No one panicked yet, all just trying to figure out what's happening - like a military HQ during an attack that started too soon.

ANDREA
(into the phone)
No - hang on-

-Andrea puts that call on hold, takes another incoming call from the Rig's Tender Ship - the BANKSTON:

ANDREA (CONT'D)
(into the phone)
Bridge...
(listening, then:)
Hold on...
(up to Jimmy)
It's Captain Landry-

JIMMY
-I'll call back-

ANDREA
(into the phone)
-he'll call back.
(quick beat)
You're the tender right?

LANDRY (ON PHONE)
Yes. Who's this?

Andrea silent a few seconds, eyes on the pressure gauge...then:

ANDREA
Maybe you should untie and get
back from Rig a bit?

Hangs up. Looks around to see if anyone heard her - *will get mad at her*. Everyone occupied though, working...

INT. DAMON BANKSTON, BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

Landry suddenly much harder than we've ever seen him.
Thinking, the dead phone still in his hand.

GERVASO
What'd they say Boss?

He doesn't answer. Another TWO CREWMEN come running in:

CREWMEN
WE JUST HEARD A-

-Landry cuts them off with a raised hand now - as cool
under pressure as Jimmy, and very calmly tells them:

LANDRY
Unhook the pipe. We're pulling
back from the Rig.

Gervaso's face suddenly sheet white...swallows...then he
and the other two Crewmen sprint for the stern of the
Bankston as Landry turns the ship's engines on and starts
to bring the steering wheel 'round.

EXT. MAIN DECK - CONTINUOUS

Mud still gushing from the Derrick - everything coated
with the viscous, black shit now - and the flow is only
building, increasing.

Mike shocked by the transformation of the Deck - slips on
the Mud while gawking at the chaos - Dale grabs him.

DALE
Watch it - slippery as a Senator.
You alright?

Mike nods. Dale goes back to helping secure the pipes.
Mike takes the stairs as fast as he can.

EXT. DRILLING FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Anderson is finally able to hammer a LEVER into the
'closed' position - and now the Mud from the standpipe is
diverted to the pits...

Anderson's men swipe at their dripping/caked faces so
they can see - twisting closed more connections and
trying like Hell to alleviate the Standpipe Pressure
before the unthinkable...

ROUGHNECK #2
Pipe on-line!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANDERSON

Pushing!

Anderson yanks another LEVER - additional compressors come on-line now, trying to force the Mud back down where it belongs: holding back all that Oil - and 300 million years' worth of pressure. The Rig pulsates with the force being exerted by all 6 engines driving the compressors...

INT. ENGINE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Each of the 6 massive engines rated to 10,000 horsepower - the air buzzes with their force. Manuel reads dials - adjusting controls second-by-second. Hollywood helps.

MANUEL

OVERHEATING! BEARINGS ARE GONNA
SEIZE: CALL THE BRIDGE!

Hollywood snatches the phone, dials feverishly...*busy*...

HOLLYWOOD

Fuck.

Manuel doesn't even need to ask. Curses under his breath.

MANUEL

SPRINT TO THE E-ROOM. FIND MIKE!
TELL HIM WERE MAXED, THAT THESE
THINGS ARE GONNA DIE-

-Hollywood bolts. Manuel continues making adjustments, only now he mutters Catholic prayers in his native Spanish...

EXT. DRILLING FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Mud still gushing out of the Riser, even though some has been diverted, still pouring down all around the ROUGHNECKS. Mike, who seems now to be everywhere at once screams at them:

MIKE

KILL THE INTAKE VENT!

Anderson glances back: Mike slashes his hand across his throat, trying to communicate over that jet-engine roar.

ANDERSON

WE'RE ON IT!

Roughnecks already working to get another pipe into the system - moving in unison, skills honed by years of labor:

ANDERSON (CONT'D)

KEEP IT LEVEL - C'MON!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Mike sees they're already doing everything they can.
Starts hustling back downstairs again...

EXT. MAIN DECK - CONTINUOUS

...back down to the Main - just as another pipe roars to life: begins ejecting Mud straight out into the Gulf...

And after a few moments, the flow of Mud spraying from the standpipe starts to subside. The omnipresent roar diminishes a bit...then greatly so, like an animal dying.

Mike can hear a few cheers from scattered points around the Rig...nervous laughs and backslaps...but he evinces none of the same enthusiasm or relief...

EXT. MOON POOL - CONTINUOUS

The Standpipe, coming up through the Moon Pool, starts to vibrate - a chilling bass hum that rattles your fillings.

The water around the pipe starts to tremble, then FOAM WHITE as the vibrations build...no one here to see it...

INT. ELECTRONICS ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A piercing siren goes off now as Randy furiously chases all the dozens of different warning lights/beeps - he looks up with a start at the Main Pressure Gauge: 900 bars. The gauge doesn't go any higher, nor does it get any redder.

Randy's eyes wide with terror now. Arrayed before our POV is every gauge, computer screen, and warning light in the E-Room...and they're all flashing, blinking, beeping...the warnings and lights he just dealt with/fixed all pop right back on...

Randy momentarily stunned by this - something he's never seen before. No idea where to dive back in...

EXT. MAIN DECK - NIGHT

Mike tastes something...smells something...wipes his lips: his fingertips glistening with a fine coating of...

...looks up now: the air in front of the floodlights billows and wavers like air above an asphalt street on the hottest day of the Summer...

INT. ELECTRONICS ROOM - CONTINUOUS

MAGENTA WARNING LIGHTS in the midst of all the flashing/beeping chaos: ***GAS-GAS-GAS.***

INT. BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

Magenta warning lights pop on here, too. Jimmy sees them, and for the very first time, we see a break in his calm exterior - a small, frightened, inhaling squint...then:

JIMMY
There's methane gas blowing out of the Standpipe.

That stops the room. Turns to a Sailor named SCOTT:

JIMMY (CONT'D)
General alarm.

CAPTAIN KUCHTA
And make sure those blast doors are locked tight-

JIMMY
-right after I leave that is - I'm going to the drilling floor.

CAPTAIN KUCHTA
What?

Jimmy hustles out before he can be talked out of it. Scott reaches out to hit the GENERAL ALARM button - notices Pat O'Bryan staring at him - this causes Scott to hesitate...makes Kuchta angry:

CAPTAIN KUCHTA (CONT'D)
Hit it!

Scott finally does...but the hesitation and silent second guessing doesn't bode well...

INT. BELOW DECKS - CONTINUOUS

The GENERAL ALARM is a banshee howl down here. Men watching movies, lifting weights, sleeping, eating - all startle, then shoot up and start running for the doors...

EXT. STERN CATWALK - CONTINUOUS

Our POV: we watch the shimmering, wavering methane-saturated air start to get sucked up into the engines' wide air intake pipes like water up a straw...a macabre, surreal, but almost beautiful visual.

INT. ENGINE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Internal combustion engines work by combining gasoline and oxygen in a combustion chamber, and detonating that mixture. If the amount of gas in the chamber is increased - if for example vaporized methane is being pulled in along with oxygen from the intake valve, then the engine will simply drive faster and faster until it exceeds all tolerances, and explodes. And that is happening now.

Manuel still praying as the engine read-outs suddenly jump - all 6 red-line at the same time, hitting fail levels in a blink...

EXT. MAIN DECK - CONTINUOUS

...Mike can only stare wide-eyed as the floodlights illuminating the Rig get brighter and brighter - for a frozen instant, the deck is lit up brighter than the sun ever managed. He takes off running now, just before the floodlights start exploding...

...and starts helping the other Roughnecks to close all those yellow safety latches on all those spare Pipes...

INT. ENGINE ROOM - NIGHT

Manuel still working/praying as the growl from the engine right next to him spikes into a shrill, metal-on-metal shriek. Manuel just closes his eyes now, but doesn't stop praying or working with his filthy, expert hands. And then ENGINE #3 explodes. The force of a 1000-pound bomb.

Blair Manuel atomizes. *He's the first Crew Member to die.*

EXT. DEEPWATER HORIZON - CONTINUOUS

This Explosion rips through the stern of the Rig. Shreds inch-thick steel like foil and sends fragments ripping through the air...

EXT. MAIN DECK - CONTINUOUS

Mike dives for cover as the steel fragments zip past like jagged bullets, ricocheting off of walls and equipment like shrapnel from a God-sized grenade. He's now peppered with lacerations. Face and hands bleeding. Clothes torn.

EXT. DRILLING FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

The blast and shockwave have battered the Standpipe back and forth against the Derrick - reminds us for a second that this whole rig is floating...

ANDERSON

CUT THE FEED! CUT THE FEED!

INT. BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

Everyone looks up from whatever frenzied task they were engrossed in...an eerie silence...

PAT O'BRYAN

What the hell was that?

TIGHT: the steering console display. It looks like a video game: a simple graphic representation of the Deepwater Horizon floating over the wellhead.

Kuchta looks down at it as that screen flashes YELLOW: too much lateral pressure on the miles-long Standpipe as the Rig has started drifting sideways suddenly...

Kuchta just about to frantically grab the joystick to manually re-center the Deepwater Horizon over the Well - and keep that miles-long pipe in a relatively straight line so it doesn't snap apart - but thankfully the thruster control system automatically compensates now - propellers engage, re-center the damaged Rig, relieve the torque and tension on the Pipe.

CAPTAIN KUCHTA

GPS and Thruster Control System
are still online. *Thank God...*

INT. ENGINE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

ENGINE #6 explodes now. The second to detonate.

EXT. ELECTRONICS ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The rear wall of the Electronics Room is directly across from Engine #6. The blast's shockwave lifts the entire structure clear of the deck for one full second - blows the armored door at the rear right off its hinges...

INT. ELECTRONICS ROOM - CONTINUOUS

...and straight into Randy - slammed into the computers with cringe-worthy violence. Glass shards in his face.

EXT. ELECTRONICS ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A RAGING FIRE from the exploding engines is able to escape the confines of the shredded Engine Room now.

It gets out into the open air, where it moves and grows like a wave, something sentient and soulless and searching...

And no sooner does it escape the breached Engine Room then does that FIRE kiss METHANE-SOAKED AIR...

EXT. DEEPWATER HORIZON - NIGHT

WIDE ANGLE: *an Explosion like this has never been seen on film.* The Air itself IGNITES...seems like more a massive lightning strike than it does an explosion. More breathtaking and horrifying than you could've ever imagined watching all those long months of monotonous coverage of the leaking aftermath...

EXT. DRILLING FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Flames fill the air at the speed of ignition, engulf the Drilling Floor where Anderson and the others are still working frantically, trying to cheat the inevitable.

Dewey Revette simply turns his back to it, and looks out over the clean blue curve of the Gulf he so loved to fish, the Moon silver on the surface. The fire just moves right through him, turning him to ash in a blink. *Along with Stephen Curtis, Jason Anderson, Roy Kemp, and Donald Clark.*

EXT. MAIN DECK - CONTINUOUS

Mike throws himself to the floor as Fire fills the deck. Through sheer luck, he's near enough the Wind Wall that it saves his life by redirecting the flow of air, thus the flow of fire. Dale, Hollywood, and Lindner similarly quick, lucky.

But Shane Roshto, Adam Wiese, Karl Kleppinger, and Gordon Jones are all caught in the open, incinerated as well.

EXT. EDGE OF DECK, NEAR BOW - CONTINUOUS

The Superstructure protects Jimmy from most of the blast, but a tongue of fire slips through the gap between the stairs and the wall and envelops his head...

Jimmy falls, flails. But the saturated flames cling to his head - already covered with Mud and methane - burning his eyes and face...

INT. BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

And now the raging spread of flame slams into the bridge. It's sheltered by the Superstructure and the Helipad on the roof, but the impact is still enough to burst glass and throw everyone...

EXT. MAIN DECK - NIGHT

Fire rolling out in all directions...like it's chasing the Methane in the Air, racing against itself to consume every last molecule of the fuel...

TIGHT: the door to the stairwell kept open with that wooden shim - of course the waves of FIRE roar into the open doorway like a funnel now, whipping through like it would a wind tunnel, down the stairs and into...

INT. BELOW DECKS - CONTINUOUS

...open cabins and conference rooms...shattering windows, incinerating tables, chairs, beds, pictures, books...and it all sounds like one long, loud, horrific inhaling...

And then DARKNESS. All electrical power gone.

EXT. DAMON BANKSTON - CONTINUOUS

Shockwaves and fragments hammering the Bankston - the huge ship *rocking* with the impact(s).

EXT. DAMON BANKSTON BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

Landry hunches reflexively as the windows in the Bankston's bridge star and splinter in their frames.

LANDRY

Son of a Bitch-

-keeps his hands on the Wheel though, getting his ship even further away from Horizon now...

CUT TO:

INT. MIKE'S HOME, MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Cindy trying again to hail Mike on Skype. Her Computer screen flashes: "PARTY UNAVAILABLE."

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She brushes her hair back from her forehead, trying to be calm, trying not to worry...something that usually comes easily...but right now her knee is bouncing like mad...

RETURN TO:

EXT. MAIN DECK - CONTINUOUS

Mike rolls over...dazed and growling...his clothing smoking vigorously, like on the verge of bursting into flame - his jeans do catch for a second in one spot that he unconsciously swats out. Hair singed, hard-hat gone.

And now the carpet of fire above him seems to stop in it's tracks suddenly, unnaturally almost, and now begins pulling back. The fire receding as fast as it came now, and with just as much force...

It retreats so quickly, that it literally begins sucking at that forest of pipes in the racks - and the pipes in the racks with still-open and/or damaged safety latches begin to fly free now: tossed in the air like sticks...*each 75 feet long and 2 feet in circumference...*

They begin slamming into the deck with mammoth reverberations. Mike scrambles back, disbelieving, feet slipping on the Mud. One pipe cartwheels down at him, open end looming like a guillotine...

Mike just drops down to the Mud-covered floor with his heads cradling his head - PIPE hits the FORKLIFT immediately behind him instead. Crushes the vehicle, hurls it through the railing and over the edge...

EXT. OCEAN, NEXT TO STARBOARD PONTOON - CONTINUOUS

Trailing fire, the forklift falls 70 feet into the Gulf - scores of pipes follow in it's wake. Massive splashes.

EXT. MAIN DECK - CONTINUOUS

Mike still dazed, tries to stand again, but slips again in the Mud...and now he's just getting angry, literally punches one of those inanimate PIPES now-

MIKE

-GOD DAMN IT.

EXT. DEEPWATER HORIZON - NIGHT

The FIRE, having consumed every last bit of Methane Vapor that had spread out around the Rig - *now re-forms itself as a pillar of flame jetting from the top of the Derrick* - where all that Methane from three miles down is still exiting into the atmosphere.

The FIRE now seems to endlessly climb overtop of itself, licking and reaching hundreds of feet into the air.

And now the BLOWOUT becomes complete: OIL starts spewing out of the Derrick now, instantly set ablaze as it exits, like fuel moving through the mouth of a flame thrower.

And of course all that flaming Oil just begins raining down on the Rig, pouring down the walls of the Moon Pool like lava. It hits the surface of the Ocean below, stays ablaze, and starts spreading out - a moat of orange-red fire, afloat on the surface of the water, begins slowly surrounding the Rig.

CUT TO:

INT. MIKE'S HOUSE, MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Cindy picks up the house phone now...

INT. TRANSOCEAN OPERATIONS CENTER, HOUSTON - CONTINUOUS

10th Floor of an office tower in downtown Houston - a long way from the Horizon. Sound of a phone ringing...

Night shift the only personnel here. A JANITOR vacuums the carpet. Phone keeps ringing...

Finally a sleepy TRANSOCEAN SUPERVISOR picks up:

TRANSOCEAN SUPERVISOR
'We're Never out of our Depth.'
This is Operations...

CINDY (ON PHONE)
Hi, this is Cindy Williams - I'm,
Mike's wife. Sorry to bug you this
late, I just wondered if you'd
heard of any problems on the
Deepwater Horizon...

TRANSOCEAN SUPERVISOR
Hang on, I'll check...

Supervisor glances up at his screens. Types commands. Then responds to her with a mildly patronizing tone:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TRANSOCEAN SUPERVISOR (CONT'D)
No Ma'am. No problems.

INT. MIKE'S HOUSE, MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

CINDY
You're sure?

TRANSOCEAN SUPERVISOR (ON PHONE)
I am. Everything's alright.

Cindy's face evinces nothing like confidence...

CINDY
Thanks.

Cindy hangs up...and simply knows something is wrong...

RETURN TO:

EXT. MAIN DECK - NIGHT

Mike scans - everything covered in Mud or fire or both.
Gathering his wits...begins moving again: heading back up
the stairs toward the Drilling Floor. Fights against the
heat billowing off the inferno pouring down the
Standpipe, and all the 1000s of drops and bits of
sizzling debris and Oil raining down now.

Mike looks down: the BLAZE from the spewing Oil has
nearly filled the entirety of the angular Moon Pool. An
almost unreal, hallucinogenic sight...

EXT. DRILLING FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Makes it to the Drilling Floor, and has to stop to
calculate the horror: everything charred beyond
recognition. Drill Shack a smoldering husk. No trace
whatsoever of the Men who were here seconds ago.

EXT. MAIN DECK - CONTINUOUS

Dale and Lindner struggle to their feet. Lindner stares
in shock, bleeding. Dale reaches out, puts his hand
around Lindner's arm:

DALE
LIFEBOATS...

And begins dragging him toward the Horizon's bow.

INT. BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

Lights come back up - Emergency Power Generators come on line. Andrea and the others get to their feet, taking in the damage. The General Alarm still howling...

CAPTAIN KUCHTA
 Okay...okay...We need to assess
 damage...*what in God's name was*
that - was that a blowout?

The Bridge is insulated from what's happening on the rest of the Rig - the windows only really show the relatively calm waters of the Gulf, but that water glows red...

CAPTAIN KUCHTA (CONT'D)
Where's Jimmy?

ANDREA
 The Drilling Floor remember-

CAPTAIN KUCHTA
 -call him...wait - *no* - call the E-Room.

Andrea flat scared now, picks up the phone. Dials...

CAPTAIN KUCHTA (CONT'D)
We need the OIM here. In here. Not
 the fucking Drilling Floor.

ANDREA
 No answer.

CAPTAIN KUCHTA
 Jesus Christ...what do we do? I
 don't know Oil...I know how to
 drive the boat...*what do we do?*

People don't know if Kuchta's thinking out loud or actually asking hoping for ideas. Andrea looks around, sees everyone waiting for someone else to speak...

ANDREA
 Have you ever felt anything like
 that before? The blast?

CAPTAIN KUCHTA
 God no.

ANDREA
 (beat)
Then do you hit the EDS?

Kuchta turns to her now, eyes wide:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CAPTAIN KUCHTA

What?

Pat O'Bryan cuts in - calmest guy in the room suddenly:

PAT O'BRYAN

Don't joke about that.

ANDREA

I'm not.

PAT O'BRYAN

(to Kuchta)

Stay calm. This Rig is designed to handle blowouts...these Roughnecks are the best in this business, right? That's what I've been told dozens of times the last three months...

(off Kuchta's nod)

So let them do their jobs. Our job here is to man the Comm System, keep the boat over the well, and wait for Jimmy to come back. And no one thinks about EDS. That decision will be made many pay grades over our heads. Got it?

No one responds. Kuchta a deer in headlights. Andrea picks up the RADIO and selects the emergency frequency.

ANDREA

*Houma CG, this is the oil rig
Deepwater Horizon-*

-this snaps Kuchta out of his daze-

CAPTAIN KUCHTA

-HEY!

Kuchta reaches, gruffly kills the connection. Andrea startles. Now Kuchta, getting his legs under him again, unleashes all his fear and insecurity on Andrea, the newest face on the Bridge. Red with rage-spittle:

CAPTAIN KUCHTA (CONT'D)

I'M THE CAPTAIN OF THIS SHIP! YOU
DON'T CALL THE COAST GUARD UNTIL I
SAY! AND NOW YOU DON'T TOUCH THAT
RADIO WITHOUT MY PERMISSION!

Andrea more puzzled than frightened...glances at Scott, the junior Navigation Officer, but he's pale with fear. Still no one speaks...General Alarm still howling.

INT. HOUMA COAST GUARD STATION, COMMAND CENTER - NIGHT

A hexagonal room on a tower overlooking the Gulf. Banks of screens: radar sweeps, weather maps, satellite feeds, etc. FOUR COAST GUARD OFFICERS and one COMMANDER.

COAST GUARD OFFICER #1
Deepwater Horizon, repeat?
(beat)
This is Houma Coast Guard. What's
current status? Over.

The other guys in the station turn to see what's going on. Commander steps behind, over his shoulder...

COAST GUARD OFFICER #1 (CONT'D)
Deepwater Horizon, repeat, what's
your current status? Over.

Still no answer. Officer turns to the Commander.

COAST GUARD OFFICER
Just the initial call, Sir. Seemed
to die mid-sentence...

COMMANDER
(to another officer)
Sally, pull up Satellite of the
Deepwater Horizon?

Coast Guard Officer #2 types. And the image on the big screen changes, comes into focus: just the dark expanse of the Gulf at night, 50 miles off-shore...nothing out there...nothing...nothing...then a vivid shock of fire.

Bright like Hell in all that black: *the blazing Deepwater Horizon is visible from space...*

COMMANDER (CONT'D)
*My God - scramble all Chopper
Teams - get 'em up and out now!*

Station springs to life: everyone grabbing phones, hitting buttons...

COMMANDER (CONT'D)
Post alerts to all vessels in the
vicinity. I want fireboats
underway in 10 minutes...

We can hear Helicopter engines already begin roaring to life now on the airfield below the Command Center. Echoing shouts and running boots...

COMMANDER (CONT'D)
ETA on the Helicopters to cover
the distance?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COAST GUARD OFFICER #3

74 minutes.

TIGHT: the Satellite image of the Horizon engulfed...

COMMANDER (O.C.)

73 minutes too late.

INT. ELECTRONICS ROOM - NIGHT

Mike enters. It's wrecked. Pieces of monitors and half-melted wires everywhere. Hard to see anything...

But Randy's legs sticking out from under one of the doors. Mike rips-draws the shredded steel off of him. Grimaces when he sees the glass embedded in Randy's face.

MIKE

RANDY...RANDY...

Randy's breathing ghastly...but he blinks awake suddenly...shockingly. His eyes focus on Mike's...but he's still not all there...looks around at the wreckage of the E-Room...then distant, without humor:

RANDY

Why won't you let me sleep?

MIKE

I'm an Asshole. Now get up...

Mike helps Randy to his feet. Randy horribly unsteady, blood running from face and neck - he reaches up to swipe at all the glass still sticking out - Mike catches his arm, holds it back down: that glass might be plugging up what would otherwise be life-ending gushers.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Keep your feet going. Don't worry about putting your weight on me...

RANDY

I'm not.

Mike smiles small.

EXT. MAIN DECK - CONTINUOUS

The pillar of fire is now almost two hundred feet high: the height of a 20-story building. It envelopes the Derrick - and is still growing...

The Moon Pool is like a volcano, overflowing now with liquid flame.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Mike helps Randy across the deck as both Men can't help but stare in awe, toward the stern lifeboats. Both can't help but be singed by their proximity to immense heat. Slipping on the Mud constantly, gagging on the waves of black smoke that swirl like flocks of ravens, surround them, then pull back just as quick...

What Dante thought Hell looked like.

EXT. THE STERN - CONTINUOUS

Mike and Randy make it around the corner - stop in their tracks: the stern of the Deepwater Horizon is just gone. Catwalk, lifeboat platform, both lifeboats...everything aft of the engines has been blown off. One more step and they'd have fallen 7 stories off the jagged edge...

Mike squints at the devastation...*can't process it.* Seconds passing. Then he blinks...and just starts dragging Randy back towards the bow...

RANDY

Where's the stern?

MIKE

Gone.

RANDY

Why?

MIKE

Dunno partner.

RANDY

We're still here?

MIKE

Yes we are. But we gotta get to the Bow lifeboats now...

EXT. MAIN DECK - CONTINUOUS

Mike helps Randy back across the deck - back through Hell - even hotter than it was just seconds before. Stairs just ahead-

-Massive blast from the STANDPIPE now. The explosion rocks the deck just as Randy and Mike plant their feet on the first stair up. *Randy falls badly.* Mike grabs him almost the same second, but momentum pulls them both down, sliding across the deck, spiralling through the Mud toward the Volcano that was once the Moon Pool.

Mike holding Randy with the one hand, desperately grabbing for purchase with the other - slapping off steel slick with Mud.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The Moon Pool closer and closer - droplets of burning gas spattering them now, catching their clothes and hair...

Mike finally manages to jam his boot behind a jagged girder. The leather catches, holds. Pats out the flames on their clothes and heads - broiling - then uses both hands to grab tight to Randy. One steel-toed boot keeping them both from falling into the inferno...

RANDY

This isn't the Bow...

MIKE

Shut up.

Mike is able to get upright again, hauling Randy's girth back and forth as he does. Deck uneven now, at this slightly askew, broken angle. He's able to get Randy up finally - *nearly loses him a second time* - and starts dragging/carrying him again toward the Bow lifeboats.

And just as they hit the stairs for the second time, something hums through the air above them, trailing wet fire in long streamers: the port-side CRANE - a 50-ton, 94-foot flaming "club" now, aimed at the...

INT. BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

...chaotic. Alarms still ringing, phones still buzzing, *but people still seem frozen, unsure of what to do*. Because of where the Bridge is on the Deck, they still don't have any real idea exactly how devastated the Rig itself is.

Kuchta still simmering...enraged.

And again he turns on Andrea, she being the only one who seems to want to get moving, to go and do something...

CAPTAIN KUCHTA

THAT GOES ON MY MARITIME RECORD!
DID YOU KNOW THAT?! SOS CALLS GO
ON MY PERMANENT MARITIME RECORD!

ANDREA

Sir...I said I understand-

CAPTAIN KUCHTA

-NO YOU DON'T! WHAT THE HELL DO
YOU KNOW ABOUT MARITIME-

PAT O'BRYAN

-Let it go, Captain. Let it go.

Kuchta breaths again...teeth gritting hard. Pours himself a shaky cup of coffee...O'Bryan taking nominal control:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PAT O'BRYAN (CONT'D)

Get the E-Room on the phone. Or the Drill Shack. Or anyone not on this Bridge. We need to find out what's going on outside this room.

(beat)

And cut that God damned alarm.

No one makes a move. So Andrea stands, steps, turns a switch. The alarm stops-

-just as the crane slams into the side of the bridge. Kuchta, Andrea, Scott, and the others are again sprayed with glass, and knocked off their feet...massive impact that deeply dents the steel wall...

EXT. HELIPAD - CONTINUOUS

The helipad on the roof of the bridge is nearly obliterated by this impact of the crane - lattice beneath the tarmac buckles, sends pieces of the surface up at crazy angles...

But the crane, alive and swinging now with hundreds of tons of momentum, doesn't stop. Keeps revolving, coming back around for another smash into the bridge...

EXT. MAIN DECK, PORT-SIDE CRANE - CONTINUOUS

Dale and Lindner still picking their way through the rubble - when Dale sees the crane, burning and still swinging, destroying everything in it's arc.

And without thinking, Dale takes off running for it - faster than you thought the portly man could move - reaches the ladder, and just begins charging up the slippery rungs as the whole structure shakes, flaming oil raining down on his hard-hat, shoulders...

Lindner just stares up at Dale's remarkable action...

INT. BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

Andrea and the others watch in braced horror as the Crane slams into them a second time. The entire structure trembling around them, giving way...

EXT. BRIDGE/HELIPAD - CONTINUOUS

Cracks radiating out now from where the crane hit the helipad - all the way to the antennas and communication gear mounted at the very edge, connected to the Bridge by a COUPLING.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TIGHT as this critical coupling is rocked violently by this second impact...

INT. BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

Andrea and the others stare through the cracked side windows at the crane as it slowly draws away again, revolving for what will be a 3rd strike...

PAT O'BRYAN
*Can't take another...it'll knock
 us right into the Gulf...*

EXT. MAIN DECK, PORT-SIDE CRANE - CONTINUOUS

Dale keeps climbing, recklessly even, his hands slipping on the steel as the Upright continues trembling and shuddering under his boots - and then WHOOSH as the crane itself roars over his head in it's horrific arc, dropping fragments of concrete and rebar down on him...

INT. BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

The Crane's boom gets larger and larger in the splintered windows as it heads for the bridge a 3rd time.

Andrea swallows dry-mouthed, braces herself. Pat O'Bryan gets under a table.

EXT. MAIN DECK, PORT-SIDE CRANE - CONTINUOUS

Dale sees the crane heading for the bridge again - he hurries - throws himself up the last few rungs despite the burning oil dripping down the steel, catching his shirtsleeves...Dale makes it to the last rung...

INT. MAIN DECK, PORT-SIDE CRANE - CONTINUOUS

Leaps into the cabin, grabs the controls, hits the brakes. The Brakes bite into the boom with an earsplitting metal-on-metal SCREECH...

INT. BRIDGE - DAY

Andrea and the others cringe as the boom heads right for them, *this new screeching noise though that none of them can place permeating the Room now...*

And then, at the last moment, the crane lurches, slows, and hits the bridge with a relative tap compared to the first two crushing blasts. *Dale saved their lives.*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CAPTAIN KUCHTA

Where is Jimmy? Call the E-room-

-Andrea reaches for the phone, and sees now that all the flashing lights above the phones have gone dark.

ANDREA

Lines dead.

She pushes buttons, but the lights stay black...

ANDREA (CONT'D)

Nothing.

CAPTAIN KUCHTA

Scott, go down there and find out what the hell is going on please.

SCOTT

(grimaces, then:)

Yessir.

Scott runs out. Kuchta looks relieved...until he notices a flashing light on the steering controls: "NO SATELLITE LINK"

CAPTAIN KUCHTA

We're drifting...

Computer no longer able to center the Rig over the well.
On the screen we see that videogame-style representation of the Rig over the well - yellow lights flashing.

Captain Kuchta again runs to the steering controls, and begins to do something he's finally good at it: driving the Boat.

EXT. MAIN DECK, PORT-SIDE CRANE - DAY

Lindner pumping his fist and screaming up at Dale as he exits the Crane's cockpit:

LINDNER

Well done Old Man!

Dale flips him off, smiles wide. Starts to climb back down - *but simply slips* - falls 3 stories to the deck, headfirst. His hard hat explodes into plastic shards on impact...

EXT. MAIN DECK - CONTINUOUS

Lindner leaps to Dale, but he's clearly gone: skull crushed from the impact. *Lindner just starts crying.*

EXT. FORWARD LIFEBOAT PLATFORM - CONTINUOUS

Mike helps Randy down the short set of stairs to the Lifeboat Staging Area - a platform thirty feet square, with LIFEBOAT ONE and LIFEBOAT TWO hanging from gantries.

It's quieter here - a sense of safety, however illusory - garnered from the roof blocking the view of the blaze.

15+ people here already, more filing in behind them...but Mike is shocked, and frightened by this paltry turn-out:

MIKE

*There should be a hundred people
out here...*

Mike reaches for the phone on bulkhead. Lifts it to his ear - immediately knows it's dead. Just drops it, letting it hang, and starts the gentle process of loading a badly injured Randy into the cramped craft...

INT. LIFEBOAT ONE - CONTINUOUS

Benches along the walls. Room for 40 - if they're skinny and have no care for an inch of personal space.

TEN People already inside - some of whom we recognize. All terrified, burned, hacking, wild-eyed with eagerness to get away from the Rig...

Mike helps Randy slump against the wall, his head and ears still bleeding rivulets...trying to manufacture confidence, Mike says:

MIKE

You're gonna be good, partner.
Stay just like this, okay?

Randy manages a nod. Mike squeezes his shoulder, and then quickly exits back out of the lifeboat...

EXT. FORWARD LIFEBOAT PLATFORM - CONTINUOUS

...and runs into Lindner, eyes still streaked, face still caked in Mud and blood.

LINDNER

Dale fell. He's dead. He fell.

Mike squints back his sorrow. Then:

MIKE

Leo, you gotta help me get these
boats loaded...there are dozens
not here who should be...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Lindner blinks...nods...then starts helping Mike get people aboard, all of whom seem wounded in some way, shape, or form. Mike taking charge of the loading:

MIKE (CONT'D)
ONLY GOT TWO LIFEBOATS LEFT - THE
STERN BOATS WERE LOST IN THE BLAST
SO PACK IT IN TIGHT! MAKE ROOM!

INT. BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

Phone to her ear, Andrea trying to get a line out - hits switches and changes settings - knows a few tricks and is using them all...

Captain Kuchta works the steering controls - keeps the rig from drifting sideways and ripping apart the STANDPIPE - *wind rising though, in part whipped and driven the size of the blaze* - current readout at 29 MPH already, and anything but steady. The Standpipe Stress Indicator keeps flashing yellow as it torques...

ANDREA
Crane damaged the Comms...if it
hit the Helipad, then it hit the
main switch...

CAPTAIN KUCHTA
*I need that GPS...I'm good but the
computer is better...and what
happened to Scott? And God damn it
where's Jimmy? I can't do this all
myself...*

Sweat drips from his brow as he uses the joystick to fight against the treacherous current.

And now Kuchta lets his eyes flit to the EDS button...

EXT. MAIN DECK - CONTINUOUS

Scott stares in awe-struck horror. They had no idea how bad it was on the Bridge. He spots Hollywood:

SCOTT
Hollywood! Where's the OIM-

HOLLYWOOD
-we're abandoning ship-

SCOTT
-What-

HOLLYWOOD
-ABANDON SHIP!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Scott looks back the way he came, back toward the bridge...thinking...*then runs after Hollywood.*

EXT. FORWARD DOOR - CONTINUOUS

Mike and Lindner finding and helping people now - out of the Rig and down the stairs. The corridor behind them is black as pitch and full of thick smoke.

As Mike passes the Men back to Lindner and Bertone - one of the Engineers from the Projection room - he questions each of them:

MIKE

Where you coming from?

CREWMAN #1

The Gym.

CREWMAN #2

My cabin. Deck Two.

Sims and Winslowe - two of the Suits from the Chopper - are next.

MIKE

Where are you coming from?

SIMS

Mess Hall. What the-

-a roar from above - Mike looks up - the pillar of fire is 400 feet tall now, 40 stories, and still growing. The sky has been replaced by a black cloud shot through with burning fragments. This hellish sight puts another charge into Mike:

MIKE

GET ON THE BOATS!

Literally shoves Sims and Winslowe toward the platform as more drops of burning oil pour off the roof in continuous streams. Mike lifts the phone again: still dead.

A light heading towards him through the pitch black corridor: resolves itself into a coughing Hollywood, holding one of the big, industrial-sized flashlights found all over the Rig...

MIKE (CONT'D)

You coming from the Engine Room?

HOLLYWOOD

No, Main Deck. Lookin' to talk to you when the Engines blew.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIKE

To tell me what?

HOLLYWOOD

(beat)

"The engines are about to blow."

Mike can't help but smile at Hollywood - when he spots Scott coming out of the corridor now - the 1st Sailor to make it to the platform.

MIKE

Coming from the bridge?

(off his nod)

The others?

SCOTT

Still there...shit, Mike, I took off when I heard abandon ship.

MIKE

You're alright. Get in the boat.

Mike guides him past, down the stairs to the...

EXT. FORWARD LIFEBOAT PLATFORM - CONTINUOUS

...and around 40 people are waiting to get on the lifeboats - a crowded, angry, panicked fucking mess - Lindner and Bertone doing their best to keep it organized and civil, but people shove, scream...

TERRIFIED CREWMAN

WE CAN'T ALL FIT GOD DAMN IT-

MIKE

-CHILL THE FUCK OUT! EVERYONE!

Mike gets people's attention...

MIKE (CONT'D)

When you get out of this, and you will all get out of this, you're gonna have to look at yourself in the mirror tomorrow morning...

Sims and Winslowe take this to heart...begin helping people shove their way onto Lifeboat Two.

INT. LIFEBOAT TWO - CONTINUOUS

Fifty burly men in Mud caked coveralls crammed into a boat designed to hold 45 Geishas.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Hotter than a sauna and loud as hell. One of the Men with half his face burnt away keeps moaning:

BURNT CREWMAN
Push the button! Push the button!

EXT. FORWARD LIFEBOAT PLATFORM - CONTINUOUS

One man can't stand it anymore - his hands shaking like mad - just jumps off the side - *falls 70 feet through smoke-filled void, and hammers into black water with an impact that's audible even in this noise-filled morass...*

Another Man sees this, thinks it a good idea, and he jumps too. Mike can only stare at the long fall to the Ocean - as this Man hits just a few feet from the burning oil afloat on the surface.

EXT. DAMON BANKSTON, BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

100 yards away, Captain Landry watches through the smoke and falling fire as these Men jump off the rig.

GERVASO
Jesus Christ...

Landry makes a decision: turns the wheel sharply right.

LANDRY
They're not going to last - drown or burn or both. Get the FRC out. I'll get us in as close as I can...

Gervaso rushes off as the ship comes around and Landry makes for the Horizon - burning drops of oil start to splatter the windows...

LANDRY (CONT'D)
Joe - tell Doc to get prepped. We'll do triage on the forward deck.

Joe/Crewman is dumbstruck by what's happening...

JOE/CREWMAN
Triage?

LANDRY
LET'S GO JOE! THEY NEED HELP!

Joe/Crewman nods, rushes off as Landry hits the throttle. Tries to keep it steady as waves crash into his ship, more burning oil coats it, and that building wind begins to shriek now...harder and harder the closer he brings his vessel to the dying Rig.

EXT. DAMON BANKSTON, DECK - NIGHT

Gervaso and several other Crewman get a little inflatable boat - the Fast Response Craft (FRC) prepped to launch. They have to shield their eyes against the heat and smoke to see what they're doing...

EXT. FORWARD DOOR, DEEPWATER HORIZON - CONTINUOUS

Mike spots the lights of the Bankston - *sailing towards them...*

MIKE

God bless that guy...

Mike lifts the phone a third time now: still nothing. Hollywood still at Mike's side despite the pell-mell rush to get on the boats - a good, brave Man.

HOLLYWOOD

Who you trying?

MIKE

Bridge. I don't even think Jimmy knows we're evacuating.

HOLLYWOOD

You serious?

MIKE

With the phones out, you can't hear or see a damn thing on the Bridge. Designed that way.

HOLLYWOOD

That's a stupid design.

EXT. FORWARD LIFEBOAT PLATFORM - CONTINUOUS

A 3rd crewman jumps now. Bertone steps into the lifeboat's door, shouts up at Mike:

BERTONE

WE'RE FULL! WE GOTTA GO!

EXT. FORWARD DOOR - CONTINUOUS

Mike glances at the other lifeboat: Lindner still pushing people in like a Tokyo Subway Conductor. Mike squints, then gestures to Bertone: pumps his fist in the air.

MIKE

GOOD LUCK!

EXT. FORWARD LIFEBOAT PLATFORM - CONTINUOUS

Bertone nods, gives Mike a little salute, heads back into the lifeboat...

INT. LIFEBOAT TWO - CONTINUOUS

Bertone pulls the door shut behind him: sardine tight and as loud as a Disco with moans and cries and screams...

BERTONE
EVERYONE HOLD ON TO SOMETHING!

And now Bertone hits the emergency release. And we stay inside as the lifeboat drops like a stone - suddenly all is silent save the whistling of the wind as it plummets - and then hammers into the Ocean. One of the Crewman snaps his arm, bracing it on the wall that hit first...

EXT. LIFEBOAT TWO - CONTINUOUS

Water explodes out from all sides as the Lifeboat becomes a Submarine for a split-second, then bursts back angrily back to the surface.

INT. LIFEBOAT ONE - CONTINUOUS

Not quite as crowded as the other boat, but hotter inside: fires cast red shadows through the windows.

Mike enters, grabs Lindner:

MIKE
*This lifeboat stays right here
until every man is off the Rig!
Got me, Lindy? No one left back!*

LINDNER
We'll wait.

Mike nods. Exits. But already some of the men crammed into the lifeboat are looking to get off this Rig no matter what the cost to their souls...

EXT. DAMON BANKSTON, BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

The Bankston's RADIOMAN on the phone:

RADIOMAN
Copy.
(over to Landry)
Houma CG - for you...

He holds out the phone.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LANDRY

Tell 'em to hold on...

Landry yanks hard on the throttle. Judging/working the building swells as sweat beads on his face. Now he keys the radio handset, yells into it:

LANDRY (CONT'D)

NOW!

EXT. FRC - CONTINUOUS

Gervaso at the helm of the FRC, on the other end of the radio - hits the release now and the FRC drops into the ocean, in a trough between two swells so high relative to the little boat it looks like their in a valley between two moving foothills.

Gervaso guns the outboard engine, begins carving a competent path up the incoming swell, toward the dotted Men treading water amidst the waves, smoke, and flaming oil...

INT. DAMON BANKSTON, BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

Landry watches the FRC head out, exhales, then takes the telephone from his Radioman:

LANDRY

Landry...

INT. HOUMA COAST GUARD COMMAND CENTER - CONTINUOUS

Controlled chaos here too: all doing their best to coordinate rescue.

COMMANDER

Captain, I can't get a response from anyone on the Horizon-

LANDRY (ON PHONE)

-because they're on fire. Massive damage everywhere I'm looking...

INT. DAMON BANKSTON, BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

Landry steering/working the throttle like a frenetic expert, even as he juggles the phone. Triple-tasking.

COMMANDER (ON PHONE)

Any lifeboats in the water?

LANDRY

One - deployed the FRC.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Rogue wave kicked up by changing weather and FIRE hammers into the side of Bankston. Landry adjusts with quick, economic movements...

LANDRY (CONT'D)

Wind has gone Mad with the fire
updraft and the barometer drop.

COMMANDER (ON PHONE)

Copy. Call me when you got the
first lifeboat aboard if you can -
and Captain, please don't take any
unnecessary risks.

LANDRY

Like sailing toward Hell?

Tosses the phone back to his Radioman without looking,
his eyes glued to the windshield...

EXT. FORWARD LIFEBOAT PLATFORM - CONTINUOUS

The rain of burning oil has turned to a monsoon. The pillar of fire reaching up from the Derrick is now 50 stories high, and the chimney effect from the all that massive heat is like a Hurricane ripping up and around Mike and Hollywood on the little platform - the only two still standing there and not on the Boats...

MIKE

Hollywood you climb in...

HOLLYWOOD

You headin' back inside?

MIKE

Jimmy's on the Bridge. Gotta talk
to him. And so's Andrea.

HOLLYWOOD

The new girl?

MIKE

They don't know we're abandoning
ship. Someone's gotta tell 'em,
and bring them down here to the
Life Boat.

HOLLYWOOD

You ain't gonna do it alone, Sir.

Mike's eyes well with tears as he stares at Hollywood - the young man proving himself to be something much more than outward appearances would suggest...

EXT. ENTRY CORRIDOR - NEXT MOMENT

Dark as a cave and still choked with smoke. Red smudges flicker and fade here and there from fires deeper inside, and a curtain of burning oil droplets falling down over the threshold...

Mike pauses a beat - a decision that could mean he'll never see his Wife and girls again - then he steps back inside the Deepwater Horizon.

Hollywood also has moment of doubt...

HOLLYWOOD

Don't be a punk...

...summons all his courage, and follows Mike in...

INT. DEEPWATER HORIZON BRIDGE - NIGHT

Still this surreal, eerie quiet up here, sealed-in behind blast doors and blastproof glass...

Captain Kuchta as focused and sweaty as Landy was on the Bankston, is doing his best with the Rig's steering controls to fight a current that reads 41 MPH and it's moving around so fast the directional arrow turns to a blur every few seconds - the yellow PIPE tension warning flashing continuously...

CAPTAIN KUCHTA

Wind's getting to the point that I
can't correct course fast
enough...where's the GPS?

Andrea has unscrewed the panel at the base of the Communications Console. Scanning every connection, tightening...everything looks confusing, but undamaged...

ANDREA

Problem isn't in here...

She stands up, begins following wires as they leave the rear of the console, go up the corner to the ceiling, and through to the roof...

ANDREA (CONT'D)

...gotta be out there...

An ACCESS PANEL leading out of the ceiling. Andrea drags a chair over. Stands on it. Pat O'Bryan holds it steady while Andrea opens the panel with a phillips-head. As she pulls it off: the bright orange of the fires beam inside the Bridge...every pair of eyes wide, staring at how malevolent it must be outside...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CAPTAIN KUCHTA

Are you going out?

...Andrea doesn't answer, simply crawls out...

EXT. ROOF OF THE BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

Andrea pulls up...and stops...speechless at the destruction: the landing pad over the bridge shimmers with heat. Burning oil rains in like a storm as updrafts scream past, twisting the drops into fiery ribbons, changing their course mid-air...

Andrea buckles her hard-hat tighter - zips her jacket to her chin, then climbs onto the shattered platform...searching...finds the radar dish and other communications gear mounted at the edge of the roof...

INT. COAST GUARD HELICOPTER ONE - CONTINUOUS

Flying as fast as they can while the DIVERS prep for whatever they're going to find out there...

COMMANDER (ON PHONE)

Houma One - Base - Visual yet?

Nothing but velvet black out the windshield...

PILOT

Nega-

-then a RED GLOW seems to spontaneously appear on the horizon, as bright as the first few moments of the sunrise...the Pilot checks his watch...to his Co-Pilot:

PILOT (CONT'D)

Is the that Sun?

CO-PILOT

Not unless it decided to rise in the South today, and hours early.

PILOT

(into the mic)

We got it Sir. It's...awful.

As they get closer now, they see that 500-foot high pillar and the roiling, greasy clouds that hang over the Rig like a curse. The Rig itself seems to cringe in the middle of it all. The Chopper is still miles away, but it's clear they're heading for a catastrophe worse than any of them have ever seen before...

INT. HOUMA COAST GUARD, COMMAND CENTER - CONTINUOUS

Video feed from the Chopper shows the Commander and everyone else in the Center what the Chopper Crew sees. Breathtaking.

PILOT (ON RADIO)
ETA 20 minutes believe it or not -
that's what it looks like 20
minutes out...

COMMANDER
Roger, Houma One.

Commander lowers the radio. One of his Lieutenants waits nearby, phone in her hand:

COAST GUARD LIEUTENANT
Sir? I've still got Cindy Williams
holding for you...*her Husband Mike*
is apparently on that Rig...

Commander takes the phone. Eyes still locked on the Chopper's video feed...fucking grim...

INT. MIKE'S HOUSE, MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Cindy's face worried, expectant...dry-mouthed...

COMMANDER (ON PHONE)
Ma'am?

CINDY
Yes Sir, my Husband is Mike
Williams and he's on the-

COMMANDER (ON PHONE)
-there's a fire on the Rig.

CINDY
(beat)
Deepwater Horizon? Sure it's that
one?

COMMANDER (ON PHONE)
Yes Ma'am. We've scrambled
everything. Choppers 20 minutes
out. But we have no communications
with the Horizon - that's not
surprising, so don't lose hope,
okay? I've been told the Crew on
that Rig is very, very good...

Cindy's face sheet white...gape-mouthed...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CINDY

I gotta go...

COMMANDER

Me too. But you call me back if
you need to. For anything...

Cindy hangs up. Sits heavily on the bed. Terrified.

MIKE'S YOUNGEST DAUGHTER (O.C.)

Mom?

Cindy looks up: her youngest in the doorway, knows
something is wrong, but not what...

MIKE'S YOUNGEST DAUGHTER (CONT'D)

Is Daddy's Oil Well okay?

Cindy manages to smile - strong:

CINDY

I don't know. But your Daddy is
tough. Don't you worry.

Grabs her daughter up - exhales to stop from crying -
then reaches into her desk, pulls a RED FOLDER, opens it.

TIGHT: Sheets of stapled papers that read "DEEPWATER
HORIZON: INCIDENT PHONE TREE/MASTER LIST." She starts
turning the pages: every Crew Member's family listed -
broken down into a phone tree.

Cindy puts her finger the first line: "JASON ANDERSON -
MARGE ANDERSON (WIFE)." Cindy picks up the phone again.
Dials without letting go of her Youngest...

INT. ANDERSON HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Anderson's wife, MARGE (45), is still up. Startled by the
phone. Mutes the TV, picks up the phone like it bites...

MARGE ANDERSON

Hello?

CINDY (ON PHONE)

Marge, it's Cindy Williams-

MARGE ANDERSON

-what's happened?

CINDY (ON PHONE)

(beat)

The Rig's on fire.

Marge begins hyperventilating. Sits on her floor indian-
style...between gasps...

INT. MIKE'S HOUSE, MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

MARGE ANDERSON (ON PHONE)

Jason's gone-

CINDY

-Marge, I need you to calm baby
You have to call the people on
your branch, okay? And they can't
hear panic or we won't make it...

A long pause...

CINDY (CONT'D)

Marge?

INT. ANDERSON HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

MARGE ANDERSON

I will...okay...I will.

Marge hangs up. Her hands shaking. Steps quickly into the kitchen: taped right next to the phone are three names - "DEEPWATER HORIZON: INCIDENT PHONE TREE" - her branch...

INT. MIKE'S HOUSE, MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Cindy uses a pen to put a check next to Marge's name, finds the next name on the list, dials the new number...

PAN OVER: Mike's two other daughters watching, still in pajamas, faces wide awake now with fear...

INT. DECK THREE, CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Unrecognizable with smoke, damage. Eerie quiet - nothing alive down here. Mike's flashlight can barely penetrate the black smoke...

MIKE

ANYONE DOWN HERE?

Nothing. The Rig creaks...and now several rivets pop in the darkness like gunshots. Something whizzes past Mike and Hollywood so fast it seems to tear a hole in the air...something else unseen falls and lands with a floor shudderting impact...

HOLLYWOOD

MAKE A NOISE!

Just wide open cabins, an utterly empty mess hall, fire raining past the windows...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Mike's light strafes a MAP of the Rig bolted to the Wall - he swipes off the soot and resin...staring, his finger moving now in lock-step with his thinking:

MIKE

Can't take the catwalk - we'll
cook up there - that leaves
Stairway 3 up to the Main...

Mike's finger traces a route through DECK THREE and DECK TWO to the MAIN DECK, and then up to the BRIDGE...

HOLLYWOOD

Keeps a roof over our head most
the way.

MIKE

Then the back way to Deck Two -
Stairway 1, back down here.

HOLLYWOOD

Okay...

MIKE

Might singe your perfect locks a
bit...

HOLLYWOOD

It'll grow back...yeah?

MIKE

I hope so. For your sake: the Bon
Jovi hair is all the game you
got...

HOLLYWOOD

Please: you wanna pull shirts and
have a pose down?

Mike and Hollywood both chuckle small...the unspoken:
they could just as easily die as not...

Their smiles fade away now...then they just begin
marching deeper into the belly of the beast.

EXT. HELIPAD, EDGE - NIGHT

Andrea makes it to the antenna array, hand-over-hand, her feet planted on crooked I-beams jutting out over the abyss, her eyes locked on a metal coupling between the array and the cable bundle leading back to the Bridge.

She carefully uses her screwdriver to remove the coupling cover, one tenuous screw at a time...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Heat radiating off the metal as she works, burning her hand a dozen times. The asphalt beside her is smoking. She uses the sleeve of her coverall now to pull off the coupling: sees immediatiely that several of the plugs have been jarred loose, but nothing seems beyond repair...

Andrea reattaches the plugs, battening them tight...

INT. BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

Captain Kuchta is steering with all the skill and experience at his disposal - the system was never designed to be operated manually - especially not seas and current this strong, and with Oil surging up through the PIPE.

Andrea climbs back in, still shocked by what she saw...

ANDREA
That Fire is just...

CAPTAIN KUCHTA
Did you fix the GPS?

Andrea hits buttons on the Communications Console:
"...ACQUIRING SATELLITE..." She crosses her fingers...

PAT O'BRYAN
How huge is it? The Fire...

ANDREA
Skyscraper-

-"SATELLITE ACQUIRED" lights her screen. On Kuchta's steering console the GPS light goes glorious green again. He smiles wide, tears in his eyes, switches over to automatic, then without a word steps to Andrea and gives her a bear hug. Lifts her off her feet.

Sets her down - *sees that she is not smiling:*

ANDREA (CONT'D)
We should hit the EDS.

Kuchta loses his happy thought. O'Bryan goes anxious, grim:

PAT O'BRYAN
Only the OIM or the E-Supervisor
can authorize EDS...

Andrea tries to get the phones working again..

ANDREA
If they saw what I just saw, there
wouldn't be a question?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PAT O'BRYAN

This is your first time on Rig.

ANDREA

And I can already tell one is
LOST.

(point to the hatch)
Poke your head up Sir-

PAT O'BRYAN

-watch your tone.

(beat)
Let's see what the folks on the
floor have say before we think
about something that can't be
undone-

Andrea still working the phones, increasingly
frustrated...

ANDREA

*-if there were still 'folks' out
on the floor, wouldn't they have
come here by now? Wouldn't Scott
have come back? Assuming he isn't
dead, then he saw what I saw, and
bolted for the lifeboats-*

CAPTAIN KUCHTA

*-I won't have you talk about one
of my Sailors like that...*

Andrea gets nothing from the phones. Throws up her hands:

ANDREA

Telephone lines fucked. Problem's
somewhere else in the Rig...we
should be heading to the Lifeboats-

CAPTAIN KUCHTA

-no: someone has to be able to
push the EDS if we get the call-

ANDREA

-on phones that don't work?! Just
please look out that hatch! And
you'll see what I see!

But neither O'Bryan or Kuchta do...

INT. DECK THREE, CORRIDOR, REAR - CONTINUOUS

Fire dripping down walls spider-webbed now with ghastly
cracks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Mike and Hollywood reach the shim-propped door to the rear stairs...a veritable wind tunnel blasting out the stairwell into their faces...

HOLLYWOOD
I HEARD SOMETHING!

MIKE
OVER THIS HURRICANE?!

Mike and Hollywood both use their strength to get the door shut - and the LOUD blast of hot air stops from one second to the next.

They just listen now, squinting as though that will help their ears pick up anything...flashlights trying to pierce the ever-thicker smoke.

The steel frame of the Rig itself is now groaning and shuddering like the beginning of death throes...distant, eerie echoes too of the chaos above decks...

MIKE (CONT'D)
I don't-

HOLLYWOOD
-SHUT UP-THERE...

And sure enough:

TRAHAN (O.C.)
(faint)
Dying...

From somewhere down the hall - Mike and Hollywood sprint.

INT. MEN'S BATHROOM, DECK THREE - CONTINUOUS

The door closed. Mike tries it - warped tight it's frame. Mike and Hollywood begin hammering it with steel-toed kicks - finally splinter it...

Trahan on the floor, oddly and totally naked except for a black T-Shirt, a charred piece of machinery on his legs and a gaping hole in the ceiling above: the blast(s) propelled the machinery down through several decks. Water from shattered pipes flood the floor.

He's barely conscious, moaning:

TRAHAN
...dying...dying...

Water spraying Mike and Hollywood as they move to Trahan.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Mike kneels on the floor beside Trahan - reaches out to grab his arm: and Trahan's skin disintegrates in Mike's hand - Trahan roars in pain - *we realize his black T-Shirt is actually charred black skin...*

HOLLYWOOD

Oh, Jesus-

MIKE

Trahan, it's Mike - your favorite - can you hear me Bud?

TRAHAN

(out of it)

Yeah...where is this?

MIKE

Bathroom on the Deepwater Horizon. We had a blowout.

TRAHAN

Blowouts are bad.

MIKE

Yes they are Buddy. So we gotta get off the Rig.

TRAHAN

(crying now)

Everyone forgot about me.

HOLLYWOOD

Never partner.

(to Mike, pointing to the pinning machine)

Grab that side...

Mike and Hollywood get their hands under it - lift and grind with everything in them - Trahan roars as the wreckage shifts on top of his broken and charred body...

Hollywood tries to pull Trahan free while Mike still pushes...nothing. Mike stops pushing. Panting. Sweat pouring from his face, arms shaking. He and Hollywood stare at each other - the unspoken: we have to leave him.

HOLLYWOOD (CONT'D)

Let me try.

Hollywood takes Mike's place, gets into a textbook squat position...then with enormous force, the shattered machine shifts...

MIKE

GRUDGE FUCK THIS THING! CLOSE!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TRAHAN
(mewling with
blackout pain)
THAT HURTS SO BAD-

-Mike pulls Trahan clear of the engine. Burned and broken but alive. Hollywood's gym-trained build saved Trahan...and now he and Mike lift Trahan and as gingerly as possible carry him out...

EXT. FRC - CONTINUOUS

8 foot swells slam into the FRC. Gervaso fights to keep them upright as they pull the last of those initial Jumpers out of the water...

Crewman gives a thumbs up and Gervaso rips an accelerating turn towards Lifeboat Two - he's an expert with this FRC in unforgiving seas...

Up above, something explodes on the deck of the Horizon - sending flames sideways - over the heads of the Men in the FRC, and straight into the...

INT. DAMON BANKSTON, BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

...fingers of fire reach through the cracked windows of the bridge. Landry just ducks, and keeps working the helm of his vessel with an unflappable brilliance.

CREWMAN (O.C.)
WE GOTTA PULL BACK-

LANDRY
-SHUT UP - NO-

CREWMAN (O.C.)
-your fucken beard's on fire, Cap.

Landry feels it, slaps out the flames with one hand, keeping the other on the helm.

CREWMAN (CONT'D)
PLEASE SIR! YOU'LL LOSE THE-

LANDRY
-THEN WE LOSE THE SHIP! NO ONE IS
GONNA HELP THOSE PEOPLE BUT US!

INT. DECK THREE, CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Trahan's head lolls in agony - much of his upper body scorched - but he can hobble on one less-damaged leg as they march him down the corridor.

More gunshot-sounds from rivets popping free...

TRAHAN
...you were right Mike-

MIKE
-who gives a shit, buddy. You're doing such a great job - tough Motherfucker despite your Suit.

Trahan actually cracks a broken, painful smile. Grabs a tighter handful of Mike's shirt.

Light from the open door to the lifeboat platform shines through the smoke suddenly - 20 yards up...

Something hammers into the deck above them. LOUD. Mike glances back...then passes Trahan to Hollywood.

MIKE (CONT'D)
Go with Hollywood now -you're home, pal.
(to Hollywood)
Get him to the lifeboat. And get on it yourself-

HOLLYWOOD
-screw you Mike. I mean, sorry Sir. But I ain't leaving you-

MIKE
-who's gonna take care of that F-250 if you don't get out of here right now-

HOLLYWOOD
-sold it.

MIKE
(beat)
What?

HOLLYWOOD
My sister needed cash.

In the middle of all this, Mike stares at Hollywood in astonishment...then:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIKE

Son, you couldn't have possibly impressed me more than you have tonight. But now I need you to take Trahan to the lifeboat. He needs whatever first aid they got inside, ASAP.

Smoke and fire all around them - Hollywood nods, and begins guiding Trahan to the Platform. Turns back one last time to watches while his Boss moves back into the corridor...

INT. DECK THREE, DOOR TO STAIRWAY 1 - MOMENTS LATER

Mike makes it to the door marked "STAIRWAY 1". It is still propped open with a wooden shim, but no hurricane blasts are blowing out...

INT. STAIRWAY 1 - CONTINUOUS

Mike heads up the steps with the flashlight doing its feeble best to pierce the shadows and black smoke...

EXT. DEEPWATER HORIZON - CONTINUOUS

Something moves within the twisting pillar of fire - spars and angles of brilliant golden-yellow - the DERRICK, 30 stories high, is starting to melt...

INT. DECK TWO, CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Mike exits the stairs. Emergency lights dim and flickering. Pans his flashlight down the hall...

MIKE

ANYONE?! CALL OUT!

Deck Two as empty as Deck Three. The roar of unchecked Fire is audible in a way that it wasn't further below...

MIKE (CONT'D)

HELLO?!

Mike hustling down the corridor toward the set of stairs on the port side, eyes wide, ears perked...

EXT. DEEPWATER HORIZON - CONTINUOUS

The Derrick's melting steel collapses under its own weight - falls sideways - to the deck: 75 tons slam down like a God-sized sledgehammer, and keeps going...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The entire Rig literally RINGS like a bell from the impact...

INT. DECK TWO, CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

A GLOWING SPEAR 100 feet long plunges through the decks of the rig with an incomprehensible roar and force.

The Derrick rips open the corridor just feet behind Mike - searing him with heat from the molten metal - he instinctively dives and scrambles forward like an animal.

EXT. WATERLINE - CONTINUOUS

The molten-hot Derrick simply hammers/slices it's way completely through the Rig and down into the ocean where it produces plumes of super-heated steam - and igniting even more of the Oil floating on the water's surface...

TIGHT: these new ragged fissures in the structure of the Deepwater Horizon release whatever Oxygen was inside, producing another dozen blasts and jets of flame...

EXT. FRC - NIGHT

Waves hammer the little FRC - some of which are burning with the floating Oil now. One in particular seems to swamp the tough little boat for a horrible second - until it punches through the burning wave and out the other side like a projectile...

Gervaso shakes spray out of his eyes - holding tight to the line attached to the lifeboat we now realize they're towing toward the Bankston.

INT. DAMON BANKSTON, BRIDGE - NIGHT

Landry sees how close his guys just came to being swallowed - sees also that the Deepwater Horizon is entering a new phase of metallurgical failure...

And can see that the second lifeboat up above, still hasn't dropped...squints at why this could possibly be...

INT. DEEPWATER HORIZON, DECK TWO, CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Mike cut off - no way to go back through the decks the way he came - Smoke quickly filling up the corridor - his flashlight nearly unable to pierce the darkness...

So he gets even lower - hands and knees now - and tries to breathe in quick sips - brilliant runnels of fire begins licking and snaking overhead.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Comes to a BULKHEAD DOOR, sign barely visible: STAIRWAY 3. Mike instinctively reaches up for the handle - a sound like sizzling bacon. Rips his hand away with a deep bellowing scream: the flesh on his hand burned clear down to bone...

The Fire above and behind him roars - moving closer...

Mike rips off his jacket. Wraps it around his hand, reaches for the door again - the heavyweight canvas springs into flames - damn near explodes into Mike's face. Drops it almost as quickly as pulled his hand away.

MIKE

Smart you Idiot...

He looks for something else to use - frantic as the fire behind and above start to sear his neck and back, now without the protection of his Carhartt jacket.

AN AXE. *Providential*. Hangs in it's glass case next to a fire extinguisher.

Mike breaks the glass with the attached tool - grabs the axe and uses it to lever open the door handle - the blade of the axe turning red hot as he pries...

As soon as he hears it give, he rolls away as the door blasts open with a rush of super-heated air - the updraft so strong that it almost sucks Mike in...plants the axe head against the door-jamb until the rush subsides.

Gets to his feet, crouching almost totally over at the waist like a nonagenarian - waddles through the door...

INT. STAIRWAY 3 - CONTINUOUS

Climbing up the stairs as fast as he can. Flame licks past - clothing, paper, photographs - bits of the 120+ lives aboard - fly past...

INT. MIKE'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Cindy in the living room, lights ablaze. Dressed again, still working the phone like a seasoned operator:

CINDY

Of course I will. I'll see you there.

Hangs up. Flips through the phone tree one last time: everyone she needed to call has a check by their name.

Her daughters enter now, all dressed too.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Cindy drops the phone tree to the ground, looks at her girls...

CINDY (CONT'D)

Okay?

They all nod, varying degrees of foreboding, anxiety...

CINDY (CONT'D)

Hey: your Daddy is something else.

That seems to be just what they needed to hear.

CINDY (CONT'D)

Now let's go find him.

INT. DEEPWATER BRIDGE - NIGHT

Something like paralysis. Everyone just standing around. Andrea, to help with her frustration and fear, keeps working phone lines she knows are fucked beyond repair.

Pat O'Bryan suddenly reaches for his cell phone: it's vibrating - e-mail alerts rolling in by the dozens...

PAT O'BRYAN

Holy Shit I've got a signal!

They stare at his phone for a beat. Disbelief...

ANDREA

Call the CEO...

PAT O'BRYAN

(instantly nervous)

What?

(beat)

Why?

ANDREA

He can authorize EDS.

Pat looks to Kuchta...neither so as adamantly opposed to this idea anymore. Pat addressing Kuchta directly:

PAT O'BRYAN

It's 3 AM in London.

(beat, pathetic)

I'm not waking him up...

ANDREA

ARE YOU KIDDING ME?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PAT O'BRYAN
WHO THE HELL DO-

CAPTAIN KUCHTA
-Pat...he needs to know.

Pat O'Bryan pauses...swallows...then begins dialing a long string of numbers. He turns away from Andrea and Kuchta so they can't hear the conversation. The just stare at the back of head.

Pat O'Bryan mumbling...then he hangs up quicker than we would have thought...his face white...and like he can't believe it even as he's saying it:

PAT O'BRYAN
Hit the EDS.

But neither he nor Kuchta can do it. *Even now.* They both just look over at Andrea...who has no problem flipping off the glass cover, and pushing the red button...

FLASH TO:

THE OCEAN FLOOR. The 30 foot tall Blowout Preventer (BOP) a mile below the rig. The BOP pinches the PIPE shut like fingers making a fist: no more gushing oil.

But that's not what's happening - only one of the two huge BOP shears screws shut down on pipe. The other doesn't move an inch...and now we see a very slender thread of red-brown hydraulic fluid leaking out of the base of the damaged shear.

Oil just keeps surging up the PIPE, flow undiminished...

INT. BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

Andrea and everyone else glued to the windows: the cloud of fire towering above the rig is reflected in the Ocean below that they can actually see from the Bridge - that's how they're gauging the Fires behind and over top: vicious red-yellow streaks reflecting off black waves...

ANDREA
When?

PAT O'BRYAN
A few minutes before we see any change from up here...Oil in the standpipe has to burn...*shouldn't be long...*

INT. STAIRWAY 3 - CONTINUOUS

Mike at the top of the stairs, facing a DOOR marked "MAIN DECK." It's still open - propped ajar by another one of those treacherous wooden shims - and the air is howling through the gap with a sound like a freight train. Exhales, grits his teeth, and then steps thru...

EXT. MAIN DECK, NEAR BOW - CONTINUOUS

Pillar of fire directly above him has spreading out now - a sky-filling mushroom of the brightest red-orange flames he's ever seen. It hovers over the entirety of the Rig - and the smoke cloud it birthed is far, far larger and more expansive than even the mushroom of flame.

He looks down now: the moat of burning oil is wider too - a blazing slick that surrounds the Deepwater Horizon. The Rig is now wreathed in flames, above and below.

Mike is protected by a protruding slab of shattered helicopter pad. Just a short flight of steps ahead leads up to the bridge.

EXT. DAMON BANKSTON, DECK - NIGHT

They're still off-loading survivors from Lifeboat Two. Burning drops of oil and thick smoke commonplace now.

Captain Landry is everywhere: helping the wounded, giving orders, lifting people out of boats. Dervish.

LANDRY

Put the stretchers on the lee side! Careful!

(to another crewman)

Move those crates - or just shove them over - for fuck's sake we need room!

Lights appear to the East: Coast Guard helicopters finally making the scene. The distinctive thump of distant rotors.

Landry glances up at Lifeboat One, still hanging from its gantry. Flaming oil dripping off it...

LANDRY (CONT'D)

They better drop here real soon...

INT. LIFEBOAT ONE - CONTINUOUS

Fire streams past the windows. The lifeboat shakes like an Autumn leaf. No one speaks, save the groans and moans from burns and breaks.

Lindner peers through the open door - looking for Mike. Hollywood finishes applying whatever Aide he can for Trahan, making him as comfortable as possible. Steps to Lindner:

HOLLYWOOD

Anything?

Lindner just nods "no."

A distant explosion shudders through the Rig and the still attached lifeboat, eliciting fresh screams from the wounded and terrified.

HOLLYWOOD (CONT'D)

He'll be here...

Hollywood meant it as a statement, but it came out a question. Lindner meets his eyes...both in mental agony: know they can't wait much longer...

EXT. BOW, NEAR BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

Mike climbs the last few steps to the Bridge. Reaches out to open the door - locked - Pounds on it with a fist...

Andrea throws it open - gape-mouthed staring at him in disbelief - then wraps her arms around him in a massive hug.

INT. BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

Mike enters the bridge, scans all the people still clean, still clueless, doing next to nothing. Can't help but get impatient:

MIKE

You all needed to get the fuck off
this rig an hour ago.

CAPTAIN KUCHTA

We hit the EDS. Should be a matter
of seconds now before-

-Mike realizes something suddenly-

MIKE

-where's Jimmy?

A pause...then:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANDREA

He went down to the Drilling Floor
just before the Fire...

Mike's shoulder sag...

MIKE

He did what?

CAPTAIN KUCHTA

*What happened on the drilling
floor?*

MIKE

(beat)
Almost everyone died.

The Bridge finally gets it.

PAT O'BRYAN

People have died?

Mike can't even comprehend that question...

MIKE

All of you get out of here. Now.

PAT O'BRYAN

Wait for the EDS is-

CAPTAIN KUCHTA

I'll never abandon my ship-

MIKE (CONT'D)

YOUR SHIP'S DONE! HORIZON WILL
BURN UNTIL IT SINKS! EDS OR NO, WE
GOTTA GET!

(gathers himself now)
One Lifeboat left. The aft boats
were blown to bits with rest of
the Stern, and one of the Forward
Boats already deployed.

Kuchta and O'Bryan can't muster anymore rebuttals.

EXT. MAIN DECK - NIGHT

The group comes around the corner, Mike in the lead. And
it's the first time Kuchta and the others from the Bridge
- even Andrea - see the true extent of the blaze for the
first time...and they can only gawk.

Until they hear Mike's voice boom:

MIKE (O.C.)

JIMMY!

He sprints now - for a figure slumped against the
bulkhead: Jimmy Harrell, OIM of the Deepwater Horizon.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Mike and Andrea help him stand up. His face and head
horribly burned. He's blind - his blue eyes burned a
ghastly, cloudy red. One seems to be leaking.

JIMMY

Mike?

MIKE

Yeah Boss...

JIMMY

Is she bad? I can't see my Rig.

Mike grimaces...lies:

MIKE

Nothing spackle and paint won't
fix...

JIMMY

Liar.

EXT. DAMON BANKSTON, DECK - CONTINUOUS

Landry and Gervaso are still busy helping the Survivors
from the first lifeboat...RADIOMAN appears at a railing
above them:

RADIOMAN

Captain! Coast Guard!

Landry points to the phone on the bulkhead. Steps, grabs
it, just his side of the convo:

LANDRY

Landry.

(beat, listening)

Yeah. No-yeah, I understand. I
thought so.

(beat)

Of course I will.

Hangs up. Turns to Gervaso and the other Men who were on
the FRC...steps to them gravely:

LANDRY (CONT'D)

Coast Guard says the updraft is
too strong for those helicopters
to get to the lifeboats...

A fraught moment drags past...then:

GERVASO

*You want us to take the FRC out
again...*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Landry looks out across the Water: hard to make out the Rig now - waters around it a maelstrom of smoke and steam - 6-foot flames lick up off the oil-choked waves now.

LANDRY

No. I can't ask that.

Gervaso and the others from the FRC share small, almost imperceptible nods and hard looks.

GERVASO

We're going anyway.

(handsome smile)

Call it a Mutiny.

Gervaso and the other Crewmen run back to the FRC. Landry just rubs ash off his still-smoldering beard.

EXT. TRANSOCEAN STAGING AREA - NIGHT

Cindy drives her SUV through the gate. Girls in the back. She parks. A TRANSOCEAN SUPERVISOR steps to her:

TRANSOCEAN SUPERVISOR

Mrs. Williams-

CINDY

-heard anything?

TRANSOCEAN SUPERVISOR

No, ma'am-

CINDY

-don't lie. I've been around Oil my whole life...I have a right to know what's happened to Mike...

TRANSOCEAN SUPERVISOR

You do Ma'am-

CINDY

-Cindy - please - you're older than me-

CINDY'S OLDEST DAUGHTER

-Mom...

TRANSOCEAN SUPERVISOR

(understanding)

Cindy, I swear I'll tell you just as much as I can...

Cindy nods, blinks an apology, looks East: out over the Gulf towards where Mike is hopefully fighting for his life. And Her's. And their daughters'.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Other cars and trucks driving through the gate. Other wives and kids naturally congregating around Cindy. Hugs all around. Someone has brought a big coffee box and two dozen Krispy Kreme donuts...

RETURN TO:

EXT. MAIN DECK, ENTRANCE TO STAIRWAY 3 - NIGHT

Fire and smoke choke the air as a rule now. Burning oil falls down on Mike, Andrea, Kuchta, O'Bryan, and Jimmy...they swat at the drops like they would bugs capable of hot stings.

MIKE

KEEP MOVING!

Andrea and Mike helping Jimmy as he stumbles over debris.

INT. STAIRWAY THREE - CONTINUOUS

Once they're all in, Mike kicks the shim out from under the door. It shuts - the rush of air abruptly stops with it. The sound of the blaze drops to a dull roar...

MIKE

Everyone close, alright? I made it
up here so we can make it back
down - you're almost Home.

EXT. WATERLINE - CONTINUOUS

TIGHT: the pontoons on which the Deepwater Horizon floats
- each the size of 30-story office buildings laid flat.

Burning oil pours down the legs of the Rig onto the pontoons, but it pours like a waterfall on the Starboard Pontoon...and now a JET of superheated air explodes out, just below the water line: a fountain of seawater and bubbling steam accompanied by a high-pitched shriek...

INT. STAIRWAY THREE - CONTINUOUS

Back with Mike the rest climbing downstairs. The roar is constant - but suddenly there's a new and god awful sound - like steel shredding steel...

EXT. WATERLINE - CONTINUOUS

Almost instantly, the entire Rig begins slowly keeling to the right as air blasts out of the deflating pontoon...

INT. STAIRWAY THREE - CONTINUOUS

Mike and the rest grab rails as the entire Rig tilts...Jimmy knows his Rig, knows instantly what's happening

JIMMY
Pontoon - Starboard pontoon's
bursting-

MIKE
-EVERYBODY DOUBLE TIME IT!

EXT. WATERLINE - CONTINUOUS

The fissures in the pontoon rip wide now - air bursting out with explosive force. And what began as a slow keel, suddenly turns into a violent tilt: the entire massive Rig lists 15 degrees to starboard in two seconds...

INT. BELOW DECKS - CONTINUOUS

The decks of the Rig start collapsing - pancaking one atop the other. Iron ceilings slam into floors with terrifying violence and a surge of superheated flame. The sound is unmeasurable...

INT. LIFEBOAT ONE - CONTINUOUS

The Lifeboat still hanging from the gantry goes nearly vertical - throwing the ever-impatient/panicked Survivors hard against the walls and ceiling. Screams-Moans-Blood.

Lindner nearly falls out the door - straight down 70 feet to burning water - Hollywood grabs him - strong hands keep them both from going...

LINDNER
WE NEED TO DROP!

HOLLYWOOD
FUCK YOU LEO - WE WAIT FOR MIKE...

EXT. DAMON BANKSTON, DECK - CONTINUOUS

Fragments hit the decks of the Damon Bankston 300 yards away. Landry sprawls over wounded Roughnecks - protecting them with his body...

EXT. FRC - CONTINUOUS

Gervaso and the others are on the lee of the Bankston, just putting the FRC back into the water.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The little boat is rocked by the blast of the pontoon - Gervaso barely manages to keep the ship from swamping.

He and his crew get steady...

GERVASO

WE GOOD?

CREWMAN #1

DEFINE 'GOOD'?

Gervaso slams the throttle, rips the FRC's bow towards the Deepwater Horizon, heading through fire and waves and thick banks of smoke toward the remaining lifeboat, still hanging at an ungodly angle from it's gantry, 70 feet up.

INT. STAIRWAY THREE - CONTINUOUS

Mike, Jimmy, Andrea, Kuchta, and O'Bryan struggle to hang on the handrail and keep from dropping all the way down the suddenly M.C. Esher-angled staircase.

"Disorienting" doesn't do it justice.

Mike - down in front - hears it first - a RUSH: fire coming up from below...lots of it...

MIKE

GET BACK-GET BACK-FIRE-

-they all turn back upstairs - falling ugly, scrambling back up, then hurling themselves through the door just as a ball of orange fills the stairwell...

EXT. MAIN DECK - CONTINUOUS

Mike slams the door with his back and hips - shuts out the inferno, but now they're up in the open - protected only by the shattered/jagged/now tilting roof of the Helipad. The Floor upon which they stand is also hard to navigate, slick with mud, and at a sudden angle...

JIMMY

(panting)

Helicopter Rescue?

Mike nods - then remembers Jimmy can't see him...

MIKE

Yea. Smart Boss. Coast Guard can pull us off.

Mike exhales with trepidation, then looks up toward the totally exposed deck of the Helipad...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIKE (CONT'D)
You all stay here...

EXT. HELIPAD - NEXT MOMENT

Mike standing tall on the helipad despite the flames and smoke and raining oil. He can see the Helicopter - the blue-white of its searchlights passing in and out of smoke. Mike waves his arms for all he's worth.

MIKE
HERE! HERE!

INT./EXT. COAST GUARD HELICOPTER ONE - CONTINUOUS

The Helicopter tries to get close to the Rig - risking further disaster from the fires and roaring updraft.

The Pilot can see Mike, see him waving...jerks and coaxes the cyclic and the pedals - blades fighting to keep them aloft - keep them from being sucked into Hell.

Warning alarms start to howl - lift compromised - Pilot rears back on the stick, getting his craft away from the maelstrom...they can't do it...

PILOT
God damn it.

CO-PILOT
We can't get 'em...

EXT. HELIPAD - CONTINUOUS

Mike stops waving his arms now...knows the realities as well as the Pilots do. *Maybe even better because he's standing in it.*

INT. MAIN DECK, SHELTERED BY THE PAD - NEXT MOMENT

Mike comes back down. Still one of the safest places, but it's all relative...

ANDREA
Helicopter coming?

Mike doesn't answer. Just walks to lockers mounted on the bulkhead: starts pulling out HEAVY WORK GLOVES...

MIKE
Everyone put these on.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He tosses the gloves to the Andrea, Pat, Kuchta...

PAT O'BRYAN
What about the helicopter?

MIKE
No. They'll die if they try.

No one moves for a second. Then Jimmy shakes his head,
heartbroken now...

JIMMY
How much fire is there?

No answers. Then:

PAT O'BRYAN
What about staying right here,
under the Pad? The Coast Guard has
cutter crews and fireboats on the
way for sure - Navy might even be
coming - we should hunker...

Kuchta is nodding agreement. Mike just feels tired now:

MIKE
It's real simple, y'all: we get to
that Lifeboat before it drops, or
we burn. I can't make you go. But
I know that's the sum: move or
die.

Andrea starts to put the Gloves on. The others follow her
lead...

EXT. CATWALK, BOW - MOMENTS LATER

Where Dewey used to fish: tiny platform over the water.

And the new tilt of the Deepwater Horizon makes standing
here an exercise in vertigo - plus there's no roof here
so it's a constant assault of noise and heat hot enough
shrivel/melt the hair down to the scalp.

MIKE
Catwalk's the only way off...

PULL BACK: reveal the enormity/insanity of what they're
attempting: the catwalk is a sliver of ridged steel,
tilted hard right and hanging above an ocean red with
burning oil...

Mike to Andrea:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIKE (CONT'D)

Keep close to me. And don't let go
of the fucking rail...

Mike starts down the narrow stairs to the catwalk proper. The others follow. Andrea, Jimmy, O'Bryan and Captain Kuchta, all holding white-knuckle tight to the rail - gloves already smoking from the contact...

EXT. CATWALK - NIGHT

One step at a time: 4 men and 1 woman trying to make it across, 150 feet to the other side, then down to the lifeboat platform...

The inferno towers over them: a sentient, fundamentally evil thing, roaring and coiling in on itself.

Andrea slips in the ever-present, hateful MUD that was prelude to all this - Mike catches her, helps her forward. Jimmy, O'Bryan, and Kuchta at the rear - all inching forward, hands on the railing as pieces of the actual catwalk are falling away into the flames...

One step at a time.

BOOM - one of the Nitrogen tanks on the main deck detonates: brilliant blue-green flame in the midst of all this red and black - and it splashes them.

Pat O'Bryan is instantly and badly burned. Andrea is tossed sideways by the blast - knocked hard into the railing - and it breaks - Andrea falls...

ANDREA

AAAAAHHHH-

-reaches back desperately as she goes over the edge - manages to grab one of the broken ends of the guard rail - it bends sharply - weakened by the heat - and Andrea drops another two feet closer to the inferno below...

ANDREA (CONT'D)

MIKE-MIKE-MIKE-

Her gloves slip on the slick, hot metal: down, down, down, until there's no more railing to keep her aloft...

ANDREA (CONT'D)

TELL MY DAD-

-Mike grabs her - HARD - gets his feet under the lower spar of railing, reaching with gloved hands-

MIKE

-DON'T BE SO GOD DAMN DRAMATIC!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Andrea clings to his hand with both of hers - her eyes locked on his, unblinking...

10 feet back, Pat O'Bryan is shrieking - Kuchta rips off his jacket, uses it to douse the blue flames dancing on O'Bryan's clothes, hair. O'Bryan burnt so badly his skin glows like lava...

Jimmy - blind - just hangs on and yells out:

JIMMY

YOU GOT THAT CUTE GIRL MIKE?

-Mike looks up at Jimmy, and only now realizes that Jimmy has been holding Mike's other hand - maybe kept them all from falling. Blind but tough as a boot, intuitive.

Mike manages to pull Andrea back up on the tilted, slippery catwalk. She starts to bawl, finally breaking.

Very quietly to Mike:

ANDREA

We're going to die out here-

MIKE

-you know I hired you?

That snatches her somewhat from her panic...

MIKE (CONT'D)

Ask around. My call. Know why?

She nods "no"...

MIKE (CONT'D)

You were the last person I'd have expected to see out here, working this Job. So I figured you had to have known more, worked harder, and been tougher than any other resume Transocean threw at me.

She's looking at him now...no longer crying...

MIKE (CONT'D)

I was right on every count.

Andrea can just nod. Swipes her tears. Kuchta has put the fires on Pat O'Bryan out...

MIKE (CONT'D)

You're getting on that Lifeboat
and off this Rig...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

She nods...and believes. Kuchta puts an arm around O'Bryan, and now guides/lifts the Younger Man - determined to make it to the lifeboat. And Mike, still holding Jimmy's hand, leads the way once more.

EXT. WATERLINE - CONTINUOUS

Another compartment of the starboard pontoon bursts. The whole rig shudders again, then settles into an even more broken angle...

EXT. LIFEBOAT ONE GANTRY - CONTINUOUS

The lifeboat, which is already lurching sickeningly, now tips even further as the Rig tips - one of the two gantries holding the boat aloft fails now - shatters like glass...

The stern of the lifeboat drops 3 feet as the whole thing dangles off of the remaining gantry. One of the windows cracks too - lets in streams of burning oil that drip down the length of the interior. Screams.

EXT. FRC - CONTINUOUS

Gervaso and the others on the FRC peer up through the smoke and flame at the lifeboat dangling off its single gantry. Waves crash against them, and the updraft tries to drag them into the inferno...Gervaso constantly reversing, maneuvering...

Coast Guard helicopters circle above. Spotlights stabbing down through smoke and fire like frozen lightning.

INT. LIFEBOAT ONE - CONTINUOUS

Lindner leans close to Hollywood. Shouts to be heard over the howl of the fires and the updraft.

LINDNER

We have to go!

Hollywood faces Lindner. The other men and women in the lifeboat are literally cooking to death behind him.

LINDNER (CONT'D)

We can't all die waiting. Not even if it's Mike...

Hollywood puts his hand on his forehead. Wracked. But sees the inevitable. Spares a last look at the entry corridor...tears in Hollywood's eyes now...

EXT. STAIRS TO BOW LIFEBOAT PLATFORM - CONTINUOUS

They're on the final set of stairs - 20 yards down to the lifeboat platform - keep their footing somehow as the slick stairs shift under them - Rig letting out fresh gouts of flame from every orifice now...

Kuchta carrying O'Bryan - Jimmy helps - Andrea and Mike in the lead - helping each other as they stumble down the last steps...

EXT. LIFEBOAT ONE - CONTINUOUS

...in time to see Life Boat One, door shut and sealed, plummet to the Gulf...

EXT. FRC - CONTINUOUS

Gervaso and his crew watch as it hits with enormous force, submarines an instant, then explodes back up to the surface sending fire, smoke, steam and spray cascading out...

Gervaso punches the throttle and the FRC surges through that cascading smoke and fire now towards Lifeboat One...

EXT. FORWARD LIFEBOAT PLATFORM - CONTINUOUS

Andrea's face frozen. Mike too. Kuchta sinks to the ground with O'Bryan draped across his shoulders. Despairing. Jimmy can't see what's taken their hearts...

JIMMY

Why are we stopping?

MIKE

It's gone.

(beat)

We have to jump.

Waves of fear cascade through each face. Andrea just begins shaking her head 'no'...

EXT. OCEAN, LIFEBOAT ONE - NIGHT

Hollywood and Lindner try to get the lifeboat away from the fire - but the little propeller isn't nearly strong enough. More panic.

Then the FRC angles appears out of the smoke, jumping over a wave, and comes in close to the lifeboat - twin Bertram outboard engines roaring.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A Crewman stands amidships now with a coil of rope in his hands - throws it - Hollywood snags it, ties it fast to a cleat in the bow. Signals to the FRC, and screams:

HOLLYWOOD

GUN IT!

FRC's engines rev. Throw up a pair of rooster tails. Rope pulls taut...and the FRC starts to drag them to the Damon Bankston and safety.

Hollywood looks back at the Deepwater Horizon. Towering black and tilted. Nearly obscured by flame and smoke that the Helicopter's searchlights can't begin to pierce...tears still in his eyes...

EXT. DAMON BANKSTON, DECK - NIGHT

The Survivors who made it out on the first lifeboat are scattered about on the broad deck of the Bankston. Most in rough shape: burned, bruised, broken, shivering.

CREWMAN

Outta blankets.

LANDRY

Use the packing sheets: cut 'em into sections...

Coast Guard Helicopter One roars past, trailing bright lights and black smoke...

INT./EXT. COAST GUARD HELICOPTER ONE - NIGHT

The helicopter jolts in the updraft like a toy on a string. The Pilots peer down...

PILOT

That was the last boat.
Anything/anyone else you see?

CO-PILOT

Can't even hardly make the Rig...

EXT. FORWARD LIFEBOAT PLATFORM - NIGHT

The five of them still frozen in place. Tiny and alone.

Mike leans over the edge of the platform - can't even see water - just fire and smoke - a less than 50/50 chance...

MIKE

C'mon.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANDREA

No.

MIKE

What else?

ANDREA

I can't jump.

MIKE

I'll throw you in Andy-

Starting to panic:

ANDREA

Don't you fucking touch me...okay?
Don't touch me...

Mike sees her losing it:

MIKE

I'm sorry. I won't. I promise you
I won't...I'm just scared. And
there isn't another way...

A long moment of unblinking silence between them...and
then like she's admitting something she's deeply ashamed
of...her body beginning to shake now:

ANDREA

I'd rather Burn...
(beat)
I'll burn but not fall.

MIKE

Andy...
(big, hopeless beat)
*I gotta go Kid...when I left this
time my girls were asleep...I
gotta see 'em again.*

ANDREA

(tears stream)
Then go.

MIKE

Please don't make me choose like-

ANDREA

-you're not choosing. I am.

But Mike can't take his eyes off her, even as the fires
rage and the smoke thickens, and as Kuchta stands back up
now, lifts O'Bryan, steps to the edge...his lips
trembling so badly we can hardly make out:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CAPTAIN KUCHTA
Like Butch and Sundance...

And just as Kuchta is about to step off:

JIMMY
Did you check the raft?

The others stop...turn to look at him like he's lost it:

MIKE
Jimmy the boats are all gone-

JIMMY
-I said 'raft.' When I took
command of Horizon 9 years ago
there was a raft. They had to have
it aboard to be meet code, before
the new lifeboats were installed.
Is it still there?

MIKE
(beat, agape)
I don't fucking know - this is the
first I ever heard of it.

JIMMY
Bulkhead. Rear Platform.

All their heads snap back now in that direction...

JIMMY (O.C.) (CONT'D)
Yellow case...

Andrea squinting...

ANDREA
I see something yellow...

She and Mike bolt for it...

TIGHT: a RECTANGULAR YELLOW CASE the size of a coffin,
lashed to the top of a girder at the rear of the
platform, totally out of the way and unnoticeable if you
weren't looking.

Mike rips open the fast-straps - rusted and corroded -
and the case slams down on the platform with a burst of
dust, debris.

JIMMY
Unroll it - you gotta unroll it if
I remember.

Mike and Kuchta and Andrea struggle with it - get the
case unfolded: reveal a tight-wrapped inflatable raft.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Fiery drops of oil falling down on them and the raft as Mike sees a RED RIBBON: "PULL TO INFLATE LIFE RAFT."

MIKE

Stand back guys. *And cross your fingers.*

Pulls it. Nothing. Then before he can swear, the raft blasts into shape with a rush of CO2: expands until it's 15 feet long and six wide, with a domed, fire-retardant roof...

Andrea lets out a delighted, incongruous laugh...

CUT TO:

EXT. TRANSOCEAN STAGING AREA - NIGHT

30+ cars and trucks now. More people gathering together in more groups.

UNKNOWN VOICE (O.C.)

Anyone know the latest?

CINDY

More than a hundred survivors on the Bankston-

-ragged cheers and sighs of relief from those who just arrived...but Cindy isn't done yet...

CINDY (CONT'D)

...but also they said there were some that haven't made it off. Yet.

And the low sotto voce vigil returns...

RETURN TO:

EXT. FORWARD LIFEBOAT PLATFORM - NIGHT

Mike and the others roll the raft onto its flat keel. Push it toward the edge - the 70 foot drop - but the cable holds the raft in place for loading...

MIKE

ALL IN...

Andrea first. Captain Kuchta carries O'Bryan in next - raft sways with their weight and with the tremors of the Deepwater Horizon's death throes.

Even through horribly damaged eyes Jimmy knows this is the end of his beloved Rig. One last moment to mourn.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIKE (CONT'D)

Come on, Jimmy!

JIMMY

I should have listened to you.

MIKE

So start now: get in Buddy...

And Jimmy lets Mike help/lift him onto the raft.

INT./EXT. LIFE RAFT/OCEAN - CONTINUOUS

From inside, Mike meets eyes with everyone as they hold tight - and then he pulls a pin - raft drops now through smoke and flame, wild updraft screaming past, catching and almost seeming to hold the raft mid-air, only to drop it again - searchlights from the helicopters catching the plastic windows...

It hits the water with bone-jarring force. The 5 inside hammer into one another, splitting noses and lips...

The raft almost immediately tips over - door bursts open. Water splashing over the edge and into the raft as Mike and the others fight to keep it balanced...

Waves hammering the sides - each wave coated in Oil - raft sideways now, taking broadside punishment - the 5 inside tossed like laundry - oil-coated water pouring in. Andrea tries to stand, get the door closed again...

EXT. FRC - NIGHT

Gervaso stands in the bow of the FRC - peering through the smoke and falling fire with the other Crewmen - sees nothing...

GERVASO

That's all.

Gervaso spins the FRC around - *motors away from the Rig and towards the Bankston...*

INT. LIFE RAFT - CONTINUOUS

Raft half full of flammable water. Andrea has the door closed, but there's so much weight inside with the water that every wave sloshes it all to one side, threatening to tip it every time...

And of course burning Oil falls down on the rubberized material, melting it slowly but surely...again they'll either drown or burn or both...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Then the SEARCHLIGHT hits them: blue-white through the broken door - a benediction...

EXT. WATER - CONTINUOUS

Coast Guard Helicopter One, still circling in this Perdition, not leaving until someone tells them to...

INT. COAST GUARD HELICOPTER ONE - CONTINUOUS

Co-Pilot working the SEARCHLIGHT:

CO-PILOT
RAFT-RAFT-RAFT-3 O'CLOCK!

PILOT
KEEP IT LIT!

Co-Pilot fights wind and smoke to do just that...

EXT. FRC - CONTINUOUS

CREWMAN
(pointing)
TONY!

Gervaso follows the Crewman's outstretched arm toward the SEARCHLIGHT - and the RAFT - scorched yellow fabric just visible amid the smoke and flames...

He rips the FRC toward them...

INT. LIFE RAFT - CONTINUOUS

Mike, his face shredded, his hair burnt, his body soaked in oil and blood and salt water, peers through the broken door, squinting back the light, *and sees the FRC roaring toward them...*

Turns to back to everyone inside and gives them a wide, exhausted, broken smile...

CUT TO:

EXT. DAMON BANKSTON, DECK - EARLY A.M.

Andrea, Mike, Jimmy, Kuchta, and O'Bryan on the deck of the Bankston now. Wrapped in blankets. The other Survivors all around them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Hollywood is hugging Mike. We don't hear it through the rage of fire and engines and helicopters but we see him saying over and over again: *I'm sorry. I'm sorry...*

Jimmy barely conscious, Coast Guard medics trying to save what's left of his eyes...

LINDNER (V.O.)

111. 112. 113.

We see Andrea and Leo counting and re-counting everyone now, and that count is the only thing we hear above the din:

ANDREA (V.O.)

114. 115.

(beat)

115. *Again.*

Another helicopter roars past...

LINDNER (V.O.)

11 gone. *Again.*

EXT. DAMON BANKSTON, RAIL - DAWN

Sun rising. Smoke turns it brown as dried blood.

Mike looks across the water at the Deepwater Horizon. Fireboats all around it now, spraying the blaze with sheets of water from high-powered hoses - but all their efforts aren't making much of a dent.

He looks down at his wrist to check the time - surprised to see the watch O'Bryan gave him. Forgot all about it. And it still looks immaculate - like it did the moment he took it out of the box...

He stares at this...squinting a bit, unsettled, *turns his wrist over to look at the clasp...*

INT. SUV - DAY

Cindy leans in, gently shakes her daughters awake.

CINDY

They're coming in guys...

EXT. TRANSOCEAN STAGING AREA - CONTINUOUS

Cindy steps back from her truck, turns to stare up at the sky with the others - hundreds of people here in the staging area now.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The 3 Williams girls climb out of the SUV, sleepy and scared, just as the first of the helicopters comes into view - silver dots that quickly grow in the blue Louisiana sky.

EXT. TRANSOCEAN STAGING AREA - LATER

The first helicopter comes in. Lands. Roughnecks rush out, grabbing wives and children and husbands and parents and holding tight as tears flow.

More helicopters touching down around the first. A small fleet. More Roughnecks and Sailors emerging. Cindy desperate for the sight of her husband.

Doesn't see him...craning...moving...her girls following her silently, pensively, watching her closely for what their reactions should be...*she still doesn't see him...*

A few people around her start losing it now...being told by Survivors they'll never see their loved ones again. Cindy can hardly breathe. She has to step away from this grief for fear it's contagious. She shields her girls from it with her body...

We see Lindner consoling a Woman who must be Dale's wife.

We see Jimmy *alone*. His Eyes bandaged. Sitting on a gurney with no one waiting for him...

We see Andrea hugging an Old Man with a cane who must be her Dad. He's wearing an ancient, beaten hard hat too, in solidarity - *runs in the family*.

And now Cindy sees Mike - running at them, burned and bloodied and as handsome as she could ever remember him.

He scoops her up as she sobs without guard or pride. And he hugs her as tight as he ever has, his own eyes closed tight, his face buried in her neck.

And we see now he's wearing his old, beat-up Casio G-Shock watch again on his wrist.

That Breitling nowhere to be found.

FADE TO BLACK.

Supertitles:

11 MEN DIED ON THE DEEPWATER HORIZON. THEIR NAMES ARE:

JASON ANDERSON, 35

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DALE "BUBBA" BURKEEN, 37

DONALD CLARK, 49

STEPHEN RAY CURTIS, 40

GORDON JONES, 28

ROY WYATT KEMP, 27

KARL KLEPPINGER JR., 38

KEITH BLAIR MANUEL, 56

DEWEY REVETTE, 48

SHANE ROSTO, 22

ADAM WEISE, 24

*115 MEN AND WOMEN SURVIVED. SOME IN PART BECAUSE THEY
WOULDN'T LET EACH OTHER QUIT.*

*THERE ARE AN ESTIMATED 50 MILLION BARRELS OF OIL IN THE
MACONDO PROSPECT. THE WORLD USES 100 MILLION BARRELS OF
OIL PER DAY...*

THE END