

HYPERBARIC

by

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FADE IN:

A SILVER MEDALLION

The image of a holy man shines out from a SILVER MEDALLION.

The man holds a sailboat in one hand, a crucifix in the other.

An inscription reads: "**Saint Brendan, Pray for us.**"

MAN (V.O.)

Shall I abandon, O King of mysteries,
the soft comforts of home? Shall I
turn my back on my native land, and
turn my face towards the sea?

The silver medallion hangs around the chest of a PRISONER.

Electric cable binds his wrists. A rough cloth sack covers his head like a shroud.

MAN (V.O.)

Shall I put myself wholly at your
mercy, without silver, without a
horse, without fame, and without
honor?

He's crouched on the deck of a MOTOR LAUNCH.

THE PRISONER'S POV, INSIDE THE CLOTH SACK

Deprived of sight, the Prisoner listens as the ENGINES CUT OUT and the launch BUMPS against something much larger.

He feels himself being lifted. Thrown onto a hard surface.

He is dragged, cajoled, kicked down a hole into --

INT. A DARK PLACE

The Prisoner hits the floor hard.

A HATCH slams shut above him.

He instinctively curls up, waiting for the beating.

...it never comes.

Silence, only the sound of the Prisoner's fevered breathing.

Tentatively now, he inches the sack off his face.

CONALL MCGINTY sucks in air.

He's a derelict Irish-American in his mid-30s with scarecrow hair and a beard like thorns. Dried blood cakes his nose and mouth.

His bloodshot eyes soak up his new surroundings.

A NARROW CORRIDOR

A line of ALUMINUM VATS run along both walls.

Through the dim light, Conall can just make out the "cerveza" labels on the sides. Is he in a brewery?

Why are the beer vats connected to a rack of ORANGE GAS CYLINDERS?

Conall crawls forward. Stands. Bangs his head on --

A BMW STEERING WHEEL.

For some reason, it's bolted to the wall.

Conall discovers a second wheel, this one bearing the Porsche logo.

Nerves jangling, Conall focuses through the gloom.

The narrow corridor opens out into a much larger space, over eighty feet long. The walls curve round and over, forming a cylinder.

Blind panic.

He's standing on the LOWER DECK of a HOMEMADE SUBMARINE.

It looks like the garage of a mad inventor; exposed PVC pipe hangs from the ceiling, electrical wires are patched to the walls without any apparent logic.

In the center of the deck, a METAL LADDER leads up to the submarine's CONNING TOWER.

As Conall rushes toward it --

Veteran guerilla fighter, GAMBOA slides down.

To describe Gamboa as heavily-armed would be missing the point; the guy's a walking WMD.

A Magnum Pistol pokes out the top of Gamboa's jungle combats. A Galil assault rifle hangs from his back like a third appendage.

And if he did run out of ammo -- he'd happily carve off your face with his KA-BAR fighting knife.

GAMBOA

The Mexicans traded you. The money you owed them, now you owe us.

Conall clocks the SHOULDER PATCH on Gamboa's combat jacket:

Crossed machine guns against the FLAG OF COLOMBIA and the acronym of Gamboa's guerilla group: "**FARC**".

Gamboa unsheathes his Ka-Bar knife...

Conall stands his ground.

Gamboa eyeballs him, weighing him up. Then SLICES through the cable round his wrists.

Gamboa barks down the length of the submarine --

GAMBOA (CONT'D)

BELLHAUS!

ETHAN BELLHAUS emerges from the stern.

Somewhere in his 40s, the American engineer is buttoned-up neat in gray overalls; the only drop of color on him, a red circular badge.

GAMBOA (CONT'D)

Show him the controls.

Bellhaus eyes Conall like he was roadkill.

BELLHAUS

He's UN-clean.

GAMBOA

What did you expect, GQ man?

BELLHAUS

He looks like a DRUG ADDICT.

Something whack about the way Bellhaus talks. Variations in pitch and intonation.

GAMBOA

Ex-addict. Mr. McGinty has been clean for almost twelve hours.

CONALL

I don't know what the Mexicans told you, but I'm not your guy.

GAMBOA

Conall McGinty. US Navy Submarine
School. Class of 2004.

CONALL

I never graduated. Look at my
shoulders. See any dolphin tats? I
washed out.

GAMBOA

We're washing you back in.

CONNING TOWER LADDER

Conall follows Bellhaus up the ladder, Gamboa right behind them
with his arsenal of weaponry.

They emerge up into --

THE CONTROL ROOM

A circular room housed inside the conning tower. Just enough
space for the three men to stand.

Unlike a conventional submarine, this sub's equipped with
portholes that let in natural light.

There's too much condensation to see outside, but Conall is
mesmerized enough by what's in front of his eyes.

A cheap swivel chair is bolted down in front of a CONTROL
CONSOLE -- a bizarre mix of high and low technology.

Bellhaus provides the most cursory of tours.

BELLHAUS

Rudder.

-- A wooden steering helm cannibalized from a fishing boat.

BELLHAUS (CONT'D)

Planes, bow AND stern.

-- Two auto stick shifts rigged to who knows what.

The GPS kit looks state-of-the-art. Ditto that sonar screen.

Conall can feel Gamboa breathing down his neck.

CONALL

Propulsion?

BELLHAUS
 Surface engines: Daimler-Benz, 394
 horsepower. Batteries below surface.
 249, lead-lined.

Conall points at a RED LEVER.

CONALL
 What's this?

GAMBOA & BELLHAUS
 NO!

CONALL
 Take a pill, fellas.

BELLHAUS
 NEVER EVER touch that.

Conall studies the inside of the submarine, equally amazed and appalled.

CONALL
 Where'd you get this?

BELLHAUS
 I designed it. The FARC built it for
 me.

Gamboa snorts at that notion.

CONALL
 Where?

BELLHAUS
 Out here.

Conall wipes condensation from a porthole window...

CONALL'S POV: THE PORTHOLE WINDOW

They're afloat on the ocean. But a hundred yards to port, a sheer wall of TROPICAL JUNGLE FOREST rises up.

THE CONTROL ROOM

Conall stares out, dumbfounded.

BELLHAUS
 We shipped in the parts by canoe.

CONALL
 ...Hull must have weighed a ton.

BELLHAUS
 I don't LIKE steel. I find it
 unnecessary.

Conall raps his fist on the hull wall.

Not so much a clang, more a DULL THUD.

CONALL
 (feeling the hull)
 What the fuck?

BELLHAUS
 What the FLAP.

CONALL
Fiberglass?

BELLHAUS
 Two inches thick. She'll go down to 50
 feet.

The color drains from Conall's cheeks.

CONALL
 Heads up on your little submarine
 project. I was being modest about my
 qualifications; I *did* go to sub
 school, for the full two years. Only
 ditched the last week; but that was
 all stars and bars bullshit, anyway.

BELLHAUS
 (to Gamboa)
 He's not qualified.

Conall focuses on the big Colombian.

CONALL
 Way we trained it: every man on the
 boat could do every job on the boat.
 Sonar, propulsion, weapons. I can
 shutdown a nuclear reactor. That's how
 smart I am.

GAMBOA
 So you *can* drive the sub.

CONALL

I can dive & drive any sub, anywhere.
So long as it's watertight. Fiberglass
hull? Are you fucking kidding me?

BELLHAUS

You are a RUDE person. You should
refrain from cursing.

CONALL

The moment you drop below 40 feet --

He violently CLAPS his hands together.

CONALL (CONT'D)

Like a tin can.

BELLHAUS

Nonsense. It's coated with KEVLAR.

These guys are crazier than he thought.

CONALL

That should do it.

Conall HAS to get out of here.

He checks out the ladder which leads up to the escape hatch.
Takes a mental note of the distance to shore...

CONALL (CONT'D)

I need to walk the deck. Get a feel
for the dimensions.

BELLHAUS

Total length, 84 feet. Height, 32
feet.

CONALL

I have to see what that looks like.

Bellhaus wraps his hand around the old ATARI JOYSTICK on the
control console.

BELLHAUS

Electro-optical periscope. Two cameras
mounted on a gimbal.

A video feed flashes up on an LCD SCREEN.

BELLHAUS (CONT'D)

One for daylight, one infrared. Both:
360 degree VIEW.

Conall stares as the camera pans from bow to stern, showcasing the submarine in all its glory.

CONALL
It's a pilot thing.

EXT. SUBMARINE - DAY

The escape hatch pops open.

Conall clambers out of the conning tower, sucks in a badly-needed shot of sea air.

He drops down onto the foredeck...

Gamboa's still in the tower, a few seconds behind.

Lightning fast, Conall premeditates his escape plan.

IN HIS MIND'S EYE, CONALL SEES HIMSELF:

-- Sprinting away along the foredeck. As --

Gamboa lifts his assault rifle to fire.

-- he swallow-dives into the sea.

And it's at this point, Conall's plan grinds to a halt.

FOREDECK, SUBMARINE

Conall stares into the turquoise sea. For some reason, he's nauseous at the sight of the water.

Gamboa's boots thump down behind him.

GAMBOA
Got the picture?

No way out.

INT. THE CONTROL ROOM - DAY

With great trepidation, Conall takes his seat in the pilot's chair.

While Conall is in the control room, our view of the outside world is contained by what he can see through the portholes and the periscope system.

As long as Conall stays in the sub, WE stay in the sub.

GAMBOA

Before we load the cargo, I want to see you dive.

Conall looks about ready to puke.

CONALL

What's the cargo?

Not telling.

Bellhaus points at a VOLUME DIAL cannibalized from a hi-fi system.

BELLHAUS

Purge valve. Make sure you bring us back up.

Bellhaus clicks his fingers at Gamboa, commanding the Colombian to follow down the ladder.

BELLHAUS (CONT'D)

(to Conall)

Helmsman, await my signal.

CLOSE ON CONALL: as he considers the myriad of gauges and ad hoc dive controls.

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

(shouting from below)

OPENING VALVES!

Conall glances down into the LOWER DECK, where --

Bellhaus & Gamboa crank round the CAR STEERING WHEELS.

Here we go.

LOWER DECK

Seawater THUNDERS into the aluminium ballast tanks, weighing the sub down.

CONTROL ROOM

Conall wrestles with the plane controls, struggles to keep the sub on an even keel AND HIS PANIC IN CHECK.

The color of the water outside changes, turns a darker, more menacing hue...

Conall fights his nerves, levels out the sub.

He can feel a tremor in his arms...

CONALL
(shouting out)
Zero bubble at 30 feet.

From the bowels of the lower deck --

GAMBOA'S VOICE (O.S.)
DEEPER.

Conall grinds his jaw. He can't believe he's got himself into this.

CONALL
You want to get thin. Let's get thin.

It's all bluster. *He's absolutely terrified* as he pushes the bow plane stick.

LOWER DECK, BY THE STEERING WHEELS

The fiberglass hull CREAKS as hundreds of tons of water bear down on the sub.

BELLHAUS
(to Gamboa)
That's deep enough.

GAMBOA
You guaranteed me 50 feet. I want to see 50.

CONTROL ROOM

Conall watches in terror as the needle on the FATHOMETER creeps into the red zone.

40 feet, 45...

The GROANS build in volume & intensity.

Conall grimaces in pain. *Blood trickles from his ears.*

With the blood, comes the memory of a long-lost voice.

NAVY INSTRUCTOR(O.S.)
What are you going to do?

Conall convulses as he remembers his response.

CONALL (O.S.)
Breathe normally.

NAVY INSTRUCTOR (O.S.)
What are you NOT going to do?

CONALL (O.S.)
Hold my breath.

A wave of nausea floods over Conall. His vision blurs.

He botches the angle of his dive.

The sub ROLLS 45 DEGREES.

LOWER DECK

Gamboa smacks his head against a pipe.

BELLHAUS
LEVEL OUT, YOU FLAPPING MORON!

CONTROL ROOM

Fighting the nausea, Conall yanks back the planes and pulls the sub back up to --

CONALL
Zero bubble, 50 feet.

He exhales, fighting the urge to scream.

CONALL (CONT'D)
Surface, surface.

He spins round the volume dial.

DOWN IN THE LOWER DECK

The effect is immediate.

Compressed air HISSES from the orange air cylinders, forcing the seawater out of the ballast tanks.

The noise is apocalyptic; but Gamboa and Bellhaus breathe a lot easier as the sub rises.

CONTROL ROOM

Bellhaus swarms up the ladder.

BELLHAUS

I requested a qualified pilot.

Bellhaus notices the blood trickling out of Conall's ears.

BELLHAUS (CONT'D)

You're a wreck.

Gamboa hauls himself up, sporting a nasty cut on his head.

BELLHAUS (CONT'D)

This man is a danger to my submarine.

GAMBOA

Your submarine?

Conall breathes in ragged gasps.

CONALL

...The boat I trained on, had two pilots. Helmsman for direction... planesman for depth. And we didn't drive stick-shift.

Gamboa deliberates, judge, jury and executioner.

Conall doesn't wait for the verdict, he keys the ignition.

Deep in the boat, the diesel engines ROAR to life.

CONALL (CONT'D)

What's our course?

Gamboa stabs his finger in the direction of the coast.

Conall turns the helm with the look of a man going to his own execution.

Gamboa stands over him. He can smell the toxins flowing out of the Irishman's skin.

The sound of THE ENGINES bleed into a WHUP-WHUP pulse.

NAVY INSTRUCTOR (O.S.)

Tell me about the cocaine.

INT. INSTRUCTOR'S OFFICE, NAVY SUB SCHOOL - DAY (FLASHBACK)

A CEILING FAN rotates above Conall's head.

He's having a sitdown with US Navy Instructor CHIEF "BEAR" BUSBY.

CONALL

Don't know what you're talking about,
Chief.

Busby taps the medical report on his desk.

CHIEF BUSBY

The bloodwork doesn't lie.

Conall avoids eye contact.

CHIEF BUSBY (CONT'D)

Navy looks after its own. But you got
to be honest with me.

CONALL

...it was a one-off thing.

Not according to the results Busby's looking at.

CONALL (CONT'D)

I needed a boost.

CHIEF BUSBY

Confidence?

Conall shrugs.

CHIEF BUSBY (CONT'D)

The fear? It helps you with that?

The slightest nod of his head.

CONALL

...I don't know what I'm doing any
more. My wife's expecting a baby. I'm
a danger to them.

CHIEF BUSBY

My brother's a fisherman. Went through
a bad patch a couple of years ago. He
hailed in a bull shark. Thought it was
dead. It bit a chunk out of his first
mate's face. Couldn't get him back out
on the water for love nor money.

Conall nods, earnest to hear more.

CHIEF BUSBY (CONT'D)

His wife wanted him to see a shrink.
That's not the way we roll in my
family.

Nor Conall's.

CONALL
How'd he beat it?

CHIEF BUSBY
Booked himself a week in one of them
shark cages. Day three: stopped
shittin' his pants, starting running
the bastards through.

Busby looks deep into Conall's eyes.

CHIEF BUSBY (CONT'D)
Sometimes you gotta look your demon in
the eye, tell it to go fuck itself.

CONALL
So put me back in the tank. I'll
finish training. Get my dolphins.

CHIEF BUSBY
Son, there's something I need you to
get your head around. You'll never set
foot on a US Navy submarine again.

CONALL
I swear, this coke thing --

CHIEF BUSBY
Is not the deal-breaker.

Conall stares at the brass sextant on Busby's desk. His dreams
shattered.

O.S. The angry GROWL of diesel engines.

INT. CONTROL ROOM, SUBMARINE - DAY

Conall cooks in his paranoia. He's piloting the sub up a NARROW
JUNGLE RIVER.

Leaves and vines whip against the porthole windows.

A trio of mosquitoes dive bomb his head.

They ignore Gamboa. Smart fuckers.

The sub pushes through the wall of green into...

A GUERRILLA ARMY BASE on the banks of the river.

CONALL'S POV THROUGH THE PORTHOLES

Heavily-armed GUERRILLA SOLDIERS line the banks of the river: battlehardened killers with black hearts and dead eyes.

The Soldiers shadow the submarine as Conall steers her into a WOODEN JETTY.

They standby to load the mountain of cargo --
TEN TONS OF COCAINE.

CONTROL ROOM

Any moisture left in Conall's mouth, evaporates in an instant.

CONALL
Gonna be a white Christmas after all.

Gamboa throws him a murderous look, climbs up to the escape hatch.

CONALL (CONT'D)
Need a hand?

GAMBOA
Go below.

CONALL
It's a hundred and twenty in here.

GAMBOA
Plenty of shade below.

BUNK AREA, STERN

Conall lies on the lower bunk, sweltering in the oppressive heat.

He cranes his head, salivates as the coke is loaded.

THREE TEENAGE SOLDIERS work in a chain, passing the 50lb bales of cocaine through the FOREDECK HATCH, ferrying them down into --

THE CARGO HOLD

The hold runs beneath the entire floor of the lower deck. Just enough height for a man to stand.

Gamboa carefully spreads out the weight of the bales...

The air's foul, the heat's topping 130 Fahrenheit, but Gamboa doesn't stop to rest or re-hydrate. He's a machine, driven to get the coke loaded.

FRONT COMPARTMENT, LOWER DECK

Bellhaus obsessively counts every block that comes onto his sub, penciling-in tally marks on his notebook.

BELLHAUS

One HUNDRED and ninety SIX. One
HUNDRED and ninety SEVEN.

But he's getting on the nerves of JOSE ANTONIO, a skinny 16 year-old.

Jose shouts down to Gamboa in Spanish, complaining.

Gamboa climbs up out of the cargo hold, his body dripping with perspiration.

GAMBOA

(to Bellhaus)
Go back to bed.

BELLHAUS

If every block weighs fifty pounds,
that's almost five tons already. Our
maximum capacity --

GAMBOA

Lie down or I'll put you down.

Bellhaus looks like he's about to cry.

BELLHAUS

NOBODY talks to me like that.

He banks the resentment - like he banks every slight, real or imagined - and retreats down to the stern --

BUNK AREA

-- where Conall sweats in his bunk.

CONALL

I've worked for some mother flappers
in my time. But *this* guy.

Bellhaus strips off his overalls and methodically cleans himself with a packet of baby wipes.

He makes sure every used wipe is bagged as refuse.

CONALL (CONT'D)

Bellhaus?

Bellhaus seems oblivious to Conall's presence.

He opens his washbag and takes out a CUT THROAT RAZOR.

Conall recoils as --

Bellhaus reaches for the leather strop hanging off a nail.

He sharpens his razor on the strop.

CONALL (CONT'D)

Old school.

Bellhaus wets his face with hot water from a flask. Lathers up suds from a tiny piece of soap.

BELLHAUS

Turn a chore into a pleasing morning ritual.

He looks directly at Conall.

BELLHAUS (CONT'D)

You take no pride in your appearance.

CONALL

See anyone to impress?

Bellhaus looks around.

BELLHAUS

Not yet.

Despite everything, Conall can't help but laugh.

CARGO HOLD

Gamboa stacks the cocaine.

As he positions a bale, he notices a blemish on the polyurethane wrapping.

A small cut has been repaired with scotch tape.

BUNK AREA/LOWER DECK

Conall sees the Colombian coming right for him.

GAMBOA
 (to Bellhaus)
 HAS HE LEFT HIS BED?

Bellhaus shakes his head.

CONALL
 What's the problem?

GAMBOA
 (in Spanish)
 <<Little bastards.>>

Gamboa turns on his heel, storms up to the foredeck hatch.

Conall & Bellhaus hear SHOUTING.

BELLHAUS
 Stay in bed.

But Conall ventures out of his bunk to investigate.

BELOW THE FOREDECK HATCH

Conall skulks under the foredeck, looks up through the open hatch where ---

CONALL'S POV: OUT ON THE FOREDECK

The three Teenage Soldiers stand to attention on deck.

Gamboa prowls around them.

GAMBOA
 (in Spanish)
 <<Confess, I'll be fair. Stay quiet,
 none of you will speak a word again.>>

One of the soldiers takes a halting step forward -- the skinny kid, Jose Antonio.

JOSE ANTONIO
 <<It was me, Commandante. It was only
 a tiny pinch. I've never tried it.>>

Gamboa puts a fatherly hand on Jose Antonio's shoulder.

GAMBOA
 <<Cocaine's a disease. That's why we
 give it to the Americans.>>

JOSE ANTONIO
<<I'm sorry.>>

GAMBOA
<<I'm sorry, too.>>

Gamboa LOOKS DIRECTLY AT CONALL.

He knew he was there all along.

In one fluid move, Gamboa slashes open Jose's throat.

Conall stifles a gasp.

Gamboa lets the boy's body drop to the deck, looking at Conall all the while.

CUT TO:

PERISCOPE MONITOR SCREEN, CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

Infrared images.

The sub is at the surface, making good headway across the open ocean.

Jose Antonio's body is still spread-eagled on the foredeck.

CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

Conall is back at the controls, fighting the heat and putrefied air.

But it's the sight of the boy's body that's causing him the most distress.

CONALL
We need to let in some air.

GAMBOA
You open the hatch, we give off a heat signature.

He doesn't sound angry with Conall, just disappointed.

GAMBOA (CONT'D)
DEA's got satellites, spotter planes.

A beam of moonlight tracks across the body of the slaughtered teenager.

GAMBOA (CONT'D)
I run a tight ship.

CONALL
It's not a ship, it's a boat.

The sedition is there in Conall's eyes.

CONALL (CONT'D)
Hold her steady.

He leaves Gamboa in charge of the helm.

GAMBOA
Where are you going?

Conall climbs down to --

LOWER DECK

-- And turns the BMW wheel two quick turns, flooding a port-side ballast tank.

CONTROL ROOM

Gamboa panics as the sub violently lists to port.

Conall climbs back up the ladder, spins the volume dial to three.

Cue the HISS of air. The ballast tank is purged and the sub bobs back onto an even keel.

Gamboa wipes the sweat off his brow, mystified...

...Until he realizes Jose Antonio is no longer on the foredeck.

Conall has committed his body to the deep.

Conall gestures for Gamboa to hand him back the controls.

GAMBOA
Go sleep, two hours off.

CONALL
I'm not tired.

GAMBOA
Must be all that adrenalin. But the crash is coming.

BUNK AREA, STERN

Conall lies on his bunk. He's exhausted, but can't sleep; not with those diesel engines THUDDING through him.

He can feel the shakes coming on again. Heavy sweats. Heart palpitations.

He imagines the walls closing in on him. It's like being trapped in a coffin.

Conall checks that Bellhaus is asleep, then slips out of his bunk...

LOWER DECK

Conall creeps across the deck, bare feet pressing on the dirty linoleum.

Adrenalin pumping, he passes under the central ladder.

Looking up, he can see Gamboa in the pilot seat, his back turned.

Conall crouches down over the cargo floor-hatch.

...Only to discover that it's been secured with a heavy padlock.

Desperate news.

Conall's going out of his mind, until he hits on Plan B.

He scurries his way back through the bunk area, heads into --

ENGINE ROOM, STERN

Conall surveys the noisy engine room.

Twin 400 BHP diesel engines drive the propeller shafts, belching out toxic fumes.

Conall tips tools out of a STEEL BUCKET.

He searches through plastic storage boxes: unearths spare parts, a FIRE EXTINGUISHER, DISCO GLOW STICKS, an emergency OXYGEN MASK & CYLINDER...

...And a BOTTLE OF ENGINE COOLANT.

His hands are shaking so much, he can barely get the cap off the bottle.

Conall raises it to his lips.

He's disgusted at himself, but he NEEDS something.

He screws his eyes tight and glugs down the treacly coolant.

It's revolting, tearing at his throat, burning up his eyes.

Conall's steeling himself for another shot, when a shadow creeps over him.

CONALL
Auto pilot, nice.

Hellfire reflected in Gamboa's eyes.

CONALL (CONT'D)
Not my favorite cocktail. Needed something to take the edge off.

GAMBOA
You're a disgrace.

CONALL
How about a taster-sample from the hold? Don't tell me you can't spare a little toot --

Gamboa grabs Conall by the throat and slams him up against the hull.

GAMBOA
I WARNED YOU.

His fingers tighten round Conall's larynx.

Conall struggles, but can't break out of the deathgrip.

He chokes, eyeballs rolling back into his brain.

HE'S OUT OF AIR.

As Conall blacks out, the words of his training instructor come back to haunt him.

CHIEF BUSBY (O.S.)
A submariner has many enemies.
Torpedoes, depth charges, bad air...

INT. SUBMARINE ESCAPE TRAINING FACILITY (FLASHBACK)

Chief Busby addresses a class of CADETS, who are gathered beside a SUBMARINE ESCAPE TRAINING TANK.

100 feet high, the entrance to the tank is via a DIVE CHAMBER at the bottom.

CHIEF BUSBY

...but his greatest enemy is in here.

Busby taps his forehead, pans across the faces of the anxious Cadets. They're all dressed in SUBMARINE ESCAPE SUITS: full-body, hazmat-style rubber garments.

Standing amongst the elite: Conall, in peak physical and mental condition.

CHIEF BUSBY (CONT'D)

You can't afford to listen to your fear.

Conall hangs on to every word.

CHIEF BUSBY (CONT'D)

Your hand is a castle, it's impregnable. When you're scared, that's where you put your brain.

The Instructor holds up his hand.

CHIEF BUSBY (CONT'D)

The madness is in your head, but your brain is safe, inside your castle.

Awestruck silence.

CHIEF BUSBY (CONT'D)

Who wants to go first?

No one is surprised when Conall steps forward.

CONALL'S POV, THE DIVE CHAMBER

Sounds AMPLIFY and DISTORT inside Conall's escape suit: the RIP of the hood-zipper closing around his head; the CRUNCH of the orange polyurethane material against his skin.

Chief Busby's voice sounds muffled through his hood.

CHIEF BUSBY

What are you going to do?

CONALL

Breathe normally.

CHIEF BUSBY

What are you NOT going to do?

CONALL
Hold my breath.

The Chief connects a nozzle to Conall's suit.

SQUEALING AIR assaults Conall's ears as it fills his suit.

Busby turns a wheel-valve...

Water gushes down into the confined chamber, swirling around.

Conall maintains laser focus on the ESCAPE HATCH in the ceiling.

As the water rises, it compresses the air, which has nowhere to go.

Conall's ears POP under the intense pressure.

The moment the air pressure in the dive chamber equalizes with the pressure outside --

The escape hatch FLIES OPEN and Conall is propelled out on a flurry of bubbles into --

INT. SUBMARINE ESCAPE TRAINING TANK

A cylindrical water tank, 100 feet deep.

Down here, everything is bathed in blue light and takes on a dreamlike quality.

A SAFETY DIVER catches Conall and checks up on him.

CONALL'S POV INSIDE THE ESCAPE SUIT

Conall gives the Safety Diver the thumbs up, only to discover something's not right.

Water floods into his hood. There's a leak in his face visor.

Conall sucks down the last of the air inside his flooding mask.

The Diver offers Conall a mouthpiece, directing him to unzip the suit.

But Conall loses his head and panics. He thrashes out, inadvertently punches the Diver.

Conall kicks for the surface, HOLDING HIS BREATH.

As he ascends --

CONALL'S CHEST

Bubbles of air EXPAND inside Conall's vital organs.

SUBMARINE ESCAPE TRAINING TANK

By the time Conall realizes the danger, it's too late.

He waves his arms and legs to slow his ascent, but his escape suit propels him to the surface at ten feet per second.

SURFACE, TOP OF THE TRAINING TANK

Conall bursts to the surface and suffers a massive BAROTRAUMA.

-- He vomits in his flooded mask.

-- He coughs up blood, turning his view crimson.

A NAVY MEDIC hauls him out of the pool and cuts off his escape suit.

Conall's stomach has ballooned to the size of a medicine ball.

The Medic bends over him with something long and sharp.

A SURGICAL ROD.

The Medic stabs the steel rod into Conall's gut, releasing an EXCRUCIATING HISS of trapped air.

Conall screams, his face a tapestry of burst blood vessels.

His nose, ears, *even his eyes* weep blood.

CUT TO:

INT. ENGINE ROOM, THE DRUG SUB - DAY

Conall awakes from his night terrors, holding on to his St. Brendan's medallion.

He's been lashed to a pipe with plastic hand ties.

Bellhaus sits in a camping chair, constructing a ship-in-a-bottle. He uses a thin hook to pull the mast into place. Whistles a nautical tune as the sails and rigging rise up.

Conall has to shout to be heard over the engines.

CONALL
Can I get some water?

Bellhaus fidgets, apprehensive.

CONALL (CONT'D)
Please.

The engineer carries over a water bottle.

BELLHAUS
What are you so afraid of?

Conall focuses on his breathing.

BELLHAUS (CONT'D)
The blood on your ear. You have a perforated ear drum.

CONALL
Two, actually.

Bellhaus dangles the water bottle.

CONALL (CONT'D)
...I was medically discharged.

BELLHAUS
On what grounds?

CONALL
Escape exercise went sideways.

BELLHAUS
An ACCIDENT?

CONALL
I'm just a little rusty.

Bellhaus's synapses fire and he hits on it, joyous.

BELLHAUS
Bathophobia. A chronic fear of depths.

Conall looks away.

CONALL
I'm here, I'm dealing with it.

Now Bellhaus hands him the water bottle.

As Conall gulps it down --

BELLHAUS

You have a design flaw. If Gamboa finds out, he'll cut your throat.

CONALL

But you wouldn't tell him.

BELLHAUS

My submarine deserves better than you.

And there was Conall thinking he'd found an ally.

Conall suddenly convulses, doubling up.

CONALL

Need the head.

BELLHAUS

That's not up to me.

A MINUTE LATER, ENGINE ROOM

Gamboa slices through the plastic cuffs.

Conall springs up, staggers through the LOWER DECK to the --

FORWARD COMPARTMENT

-- where he leans over the toilet and vomits.

Hot bile. Dry retching into the blue chemicals.

Conall wipes his mouth on his sleeve, flushes the toilet.

Shameful tears fill his eyes.

He sees a paperback novel balanced on a stack of tuna cans.
Twenty Thousand Leagues Under The Sea.

He opens it, parks his ass on the toilet seat.

An inscription inside the book reads:

'This is Ethan's book.'

Conall emits a bitter laugh.

He throws the book down. It lands face up, the cover art demanding his attention.

THE BOOK COVER: Captain Nemo battles a giant squid. Nemo takes it on single-handedly, looks the monster in the eye...

A raw determination seeps into Conall's own eyes.

CONALL
Fuck it, kill or cure.

He rises to his feet.

A SICKENING, SQUEALING NOISE runs through the submarine.

The engines GRIND to a halt.

BELLHAUS (O.S.)
This is all your fault.

ENGINE ROOM

Bellhaus unloads on Gamboa.

BELLHAUS
You pushed the engines TOO far, TOO fast.

GAMBOA
So fix them.

BELLHAUS
You need to stop telling me what to do.

CONALL (O.S.)
I want to apologize for last night.

Gamboa and Bellhaus pivot round.

CONALL (CONT'D)
It won't happen again.

Bellhaus dismisses Conall with a wave of the hand.

BELLHAUS
Somebody's going to have to tow us.

Conall crouches down by the engines.

CONALL
Benz? Plenty of power but temperamental. Could be air trapped in the fuel line.

Conall chooses his next words carefully.

CONALL (CONT'D)
(to Bellhaus)
If you like, I can assist.

Gamboa growls, leaves them to it.

Bellhaus has got himself an assistant whether he likes it or not.

LOWER DECK

Gamboa stomps forward to the central ladder.

He gags on the smell of vomit drifting down from the head.

GAMBOA
Hijo de puta.

EXT. OUTER HATCH, CONNING TOWER - NIGHT

Gamboa opens the hatch and sucks in lung-fulls of sweet air.

And then a miracle. IT STARTS TO RAIN.

Cleansing water drops down onto the guerilla's sweaty face.

GAMBOA
Gracias Dios.

He makes the sign of the cross, enjoys the cooling balm.

INT. CONNING TOWER

The rain patters on the metal ladder...

DRIPS DOWN into the belly of the sub. TRICKLES onto the deck.

SEEPS THROUGH the flooring into --

THE BATTERY BAY

249 lead-lined batteries, wired up in series.

They're encased in plastic, but the terminals are exposed where the wires poke through.

DRIP. DRIP. DRIP.

ENGINE ROOM

Conall loosens the engine bleeder screw with a wrench.

BELLHAUS
I warned him, time and again.

CONALL
Turn the primer round.

BELLHAUS
I'll NEVER get home now.

CONALL
Bellhaus.

Bellhaus obliges and pumps the hand primer a few turns.

Air bubbles POP-POP out of the fuel lines.

Bellhaus does a near-perfect impression of Conall --

BELLHAUS
"Could be air trapped in the fuel
line."

Conall shrugs, happy to help.

CONALL
Where are you from?

BELLHAUS
1222, Gregory Drive, Tampa Bay,
Florida.

CONALL
No shit, I grew up in Jacksonville. We
could have gone to the same high
school.

BELLHAUS
Tampa Bay is one hundred and fifty
miles from Jacksonville.

CONALL
I'm just saying, in a different life.

BELLHAUS
That is IMPOSSIBLE. I was home
educated.

BATTERY BAY

The rain water reacts with the batteries, sets off a YELLOW GAS...

ENGINE ROOM

Conall tightens up the bleeder screw.

CONALL

How'd you end up in Colombia?

BELLHAUS

I was talent spotted.

CONALL

Really?

BELLHAUS

I wrote a paper about my vision for a new generation of affordable submersibles. Published it on the internet. Nobody believed.

Behind them, YELLOW GAS seeps up through the floor.

BELLHAUS (CONT'D)

I sent it to the top twenty five maritime companies in the United States. Nobody replied. I sold my mother's house, built a 1/16th prototype. Then I received a very nice email. *"We believe in you, we believe in your idea."*

Even now, Bellhaus glows with the memory.

The yellow gas drifts, tendrils swirling like a malevolent spirit.

CONALL

Got to hand it to the FARC. Eyes on the prize.

Bellhaus screws up his eyes. Tears squeeze out, falling down his cheeks.

-- But it's nothing to do with the trip down memory lane.

They both choke, their throats suddenly red-hot.

Conall finally sees the gas.

He holds his breath and plows through the plastic boxes.

...Grabs the emergency oxygen mask, feels for the valve on the air cylinder.

Conall takes a good deep breath, then shoves the mask on Bellhaus's panicked face.

CONALL (CONT'D)
(between coughs)
Where are the batteries?

Bellhaus gasps on the air, points downwards.

Under the floor in the cargo hold.

EXT. OUTER HATCH, CONNING TOWER - NIGHT

Gamboa is still perched on the ladder, enjoying his impromptu shower.

CONALL (O.S.)
Gimme the keys!

Gamboa peers down into the lower deck and sees --

Conall & Bellhaus at the bottom of the ladder, choking their guts out on yellow gas.

CONALL (CONT'D)
THROW THOSE BITCHES!

The drill sergeant tone does the trick.

Gamboa unhooks his bunch of keys and tosses them down.

LOWER DECK

Half-blinded by the gas, Conall unlocks the hatch to the cargo hold.

Bellhaus is on hand with the emergency oxygen cylinder, feeds him one last hit of air.

Then the deranged submariner jumps down into the hold.

CARGO HOLD

Conall clambers over millions of dollars worth of cocaine, accessing --

THE BATTERY BAY

Chlorine gas continues to spew from the batteries.

Through the yellow fog, Conall sees BLUE ELECTRIC FLASHES leaping from the terminals.

Next up on the menu: battery explosion.

The moment of truth for Conall.

He's scared to death. His eyes burning up inside his skull.

But he holds his nerve.

He picks up a 50lb bale of cocaine and uses it as a shield, parries the thunderbolts of electricity.

Conall lunges for the master power socket and triggers the CIRCUIT BREAKER.

He's killed the electrical storm -- BUT NOW HE'S OUT OF AIR.

Conall's scrambling back to the hatch, when:

-- A HUMAN SHAPE lunges over the cocaine and barrels into him.

Conall finds himself fighting off a PETRIFIED TEENAGE GIRL.

Tangled bodies, arms and legs in a whirl...

The chlorine gas is now so thick, Conall can barely see his hand in front of his face, let alone the exit hatch.

Both he and the Girl are going to be asphyxiated.

Then, a PURPLE EXPLOSION. Potassium bicarbonate foam.

Bellhaus blasts a fire extinguisher from the top of the hatch.

It disperses the yellow gas and creates a purple "exit corridor".

Lungs bursting, Conall scrambles for the hatch, dragging the Girl with him.

He claws up for Bellhaus's outstretched hand...

EXT. THE FOREDECK, DRUG SUBMARINE - NIGHT

The hatch on the foredeck springs open. A tornado of yellow gas swirls.

Conall climbs up, pulling the Girl out with him.

She's mumbling, delirious.

Gamboa & Bellhaus push up behind her and crawl out on their bellies.

They all lie on their backs, suck in fresh air.

Bellhaus is the first to notice the bump beneath the Girl's vest.

BELLHAUS
She's very fat.

GAMBOA
She's pregnant, *imbécil*.

Conall stares at the Girl's belly, transfixed.

BELLHAUS
What's she doing on my boat?

GAMBOA
Maybe she's your girlfriend.

BELLHAUS
I never had a girlfriend.

Gamboa eyes the stowaway.

She's 19 years old, dressed in jungle boots and fatigues. Her extraordinarily beautiful face marred by a couple of inch-long scars.

GAMBOA
What a waste.

Conall doesn't understand.

GAMBOA (CONT'D)
She's a deserter. She'll be court-martialed when we get back.

INT. BUNK AREA, DRUG SUB

Conall feeds the Girl a can of condensed milk. She's drowsy but conscious.

TEENAGE GIRL
You have to help me.

CONALL
Pipe down.

TEENAGE GIRL
They'll kill me. They'll kill my baby.

CONALL
What's your name?

TEENAGE GIRL
Soledad.

Conall gently feeds her more of the sticky milk.

SOLEDAD
It's forbidden to get pregnant. They
send you to a camp in the mountains.
Pull the baby out of you, *throw it in
a hole in the ground.*

Conall reels as the imagery triggers something deep inside him.

SOLEDAD (CONT'D)
He's only one man. You're strong.

She forces a smile.

SOLEDAD (CONT'D)
We could escape together.

CONALL
Lie still.

SOLEDAD
Don't let him take me back.

CONALL
I'm a prisoner, same as you.

He sees the disappointment in her eyes.

Soledad's features morph into another woman's face --

WOMAN'S FACE, BEDROOM (FLASHBACK)

The woman chokes for air, her eyes bulging on stalks.

A man's hands tighten around her throat, throttling the life out
her.

The hands belong to Conall.

He's in a trance-like state, strangling his wife in their bed.

MARIA can't speak, but implores Conall with her eyes.

Conall suddenly becomes aware of what he's doing.

He pulls his hands away, horrified.

CONALL

Maria...

Maria rolls onto her side, gasping for air.

CONALL (CONT'D)

I was asleep. I didn't know what I was doing.

She is five months pregnant.

CONALL (CONT'D)

I'd never hurt you or the baby. I swear.

MARIA

I can't live this any more! I WON'T.
Get help or I'm not having this baby.

Face streaming with tears, Maria pulls the sheets up around her.

CUT BACK TO:

LOWER DECK, THE SUBMARINE

Soledad lies in misery on the bottom bunk, tears flowing down her oil streaked-cheeks.

Conall hangs back behind a ballast tank, watching her.

The Irishman's eyes sparkle, as the seeds of a plan begin to form...

BATTERY BAY, CARGO HOLD

Conall & Bellhaus junk the damaged batteries and rewire the good ones, sealing them with duct tape and plastic sheeting.

CONALL

You had my back, Belly. I owe you.

BELLHAUS

My name is Ethan Bellhaus.

CONALL

I won't forget it.

BELLHAUS

It's important that you live. You're the only one who can dive the submarine.

CONALL

We're countrymen. We're on the same team. *Countrymen stick together.*

Conall leans in close, drops his voice.

CONALL (CONT'D)

That girl is in a lot of trouble.

BELLHAUS

This is no place for a baby. It's full of germs.

CONALL

They're going to kill her. You understand what I'm saying?

BELLHAUS

This wiring is ruined.

Conall despairs. If he wants to help Soledad, he's on his own.

CONTROL ROOM

Conall climbs the ladder into the control room.

Gamboa's in the pilot chair, his back turned.

His assault rifle leans up against the hull. *Within reach.*

Gamboa swivels round in the office chair.

GAMBOA

We good?

CONALL

Lost 80% of the batteries. Salvaged what we could.

GAMBOA

Can we dive?

CONALL

Sinking's the easy part. Sea does that for free. Batteries won't last an hour.

Cue a stream of Colombian expletives.

Conall's already ruing his wasted opportunity.

BUNK AREA, LOWER DECK

Soledad sleeps fitfully, her chest rising and falling.

Conall stands over her, focused on her swollen belly.

His eyes wander to the top bunk and the washbag on Bellhaus's pillow...

LATRINE AREA, FRONT COMPARTMENT

Conall shaves with Bellhaus' cut-throat razor, using one of the aluminium ballast tanks as a mirror.

It's a shock to see his old face re-emerge.

BUNK AREA

Bellhaus panics when he discovers his washbag gone.

He searches under his blanket, turns his pillow inside out.

He jumps when Conall lays a hand on his arm.

BELLHAUS

Never, ever take my things.

CONALL

I'm sorry.

Bellhaus screws up his face, exasperated. He wants to form new words but he can't.

CONALL (CONT'D)

Don't worry, everything's clean.

Conall proffers the washbag.

Bellhaus grabs it, stuffs it under his pillow.

He registers Conall's transformation.

BELLHAUS

Stop searching. Start grooming.

CONALL

Amen.

Conall no longer looks like a bum. His eyes are clear and determined. His whole body radiates a sense of purpose.

CONALL (CONT'D)
We're going to be okay.

He smiles at Soledad.

CONALL (CONT'D)
All of us.

CONTROL ROOM - DAY

Conall's back on piloting duties, steering the sub over the endless ocean.

He checks his watch, it's time.

He pulls a line of electrical cable out of his pocket...anchors the cable to the helm, locks it off.

The sub drones on at 16 knots. Now on 'autopilot'.

LOWER DECK

Conall drops down the conning tower. There's something in his right hand.

Bellhaus's cut-throat razor.

Conall pads down to the stern --

BUNK AREA

-- where Gamboa is asleep on the top bunk, rifle by his side, pistol clenched in readiness across his chest.

Soledad sees the assassin and sits bolt upright in the lower bunk.

Conall holds his finger to his lips.

He's never killed a man before. Let alone in cold blood.

But the desperation in Soledad's eyes gives him courage.

Conall lifts the razor blade up to Gamboa's throat, holds it just above the man's windpipe...

One clean slash is all that's required.

Conall steels his nerves. Commits.

A BOOMING VOICE cuts in --

COASTGUARD'S VOICE (O.S.)
 (over a bullhorn)
 THIS IS THE COASTGUARD. I AM TALKING
 TO THE CREW OF THE NARCO SUBMARINE.

Gamboa's eyes flicker open.

...But Conall's already gone.

CONTROL ROOM - DAY

Conall scrambles up into the pilot's chair, verifies the threat.

CONALL'S POV: THE CONTROL ROOM WINDOWS

A SEA SPECTRE PATROL BOAT shadows the sub, moving parallel on her starboard side.

It's so close, Conall can make out the faces of the CAPTAIN and his three-man CREW.

They're on deck, aiming AR-15 rifles at the submarine.

CONTROL ROOM - DAY

Gamboa climbs up as Conall unties the helm.

GAMBOA
 Americans?

CONALL
 Colombian coastguard.

GAMBOA
Mierda.

COASTGUARD CAPTAIN (O.S.)
 (over bullhorn)
 IF YOU TRY TO DIVE, WE WILL SINK YOU.

CONALL
 What do you want to do?

GAMBOA
 Ten tons of coke. Life without
 parole.

Conall calmly processes it.

GAMBOA (CONT'D)
Can you get us out of this?

Bellhaus clambers up, late to the crisis party.

BELLHAUS
What's happening?

CONALL
Kevlar, right?

Bellhaus nods, terrified.

CONALL (CONT'D)
What about the portholes?

BELLHAUS
Lexan Plexiglas, one quarter inch
thick.

CONALL
Can they stop a 5.56 millimeter round?

BELLHAUS
I...I think so.

COASTGUARD CAPTAIN (O.S.)
(over the bullhorn)
THIS IS YOUR FINAL WARNING.

CONALL
Flood the tanks.

Nobody moves.

CONALL (CONT'D)
Do it.

CONALL'S POV: THE CONTROL ROOM WINDOWS

The sub dives.

A bow wave crashes over the foredeck, engulfing the conning tower.

The Coastguards open fire with their AR-15s.

Bullets strike the Control Room windows. Blotches appear on the Plexiglas, but it holds. For now.

LOWER DECK

Gamboa & Bellhaus crank the car steering wheels like fury.

The noise is extreme: the bass of the flooding ballast tanks mixing with the treble of bullet hits.

If just one bullet gets through...

CONTROL ROOM

Conall dives the sub, overdosing on adrenaline.

CONALL
(shouting out)
ZERO BUBBLE AT 50 FEET. DAMAGE REPORT.

LOWER DECK/CONTROL ROOM

Gamboa & Bellhaus check the hull, run their fingertips along the joins between the fiberglass panels.

CONALL (O.S.)
(shouting down)
Any water, any leaks at all? It'll
start small.

GAMBOA
It all looks good.

CONALL (O.S.)
You sure about that?

Bellhaus looks up the ladder, gives Conall the thumbs up.

CONALL (CONT'D)
Props to the engineer.

Bellhaus beams with pride.

An active SONAR PING echoes through the deep...

The men freeze.

Then a LOUDER PING.

And another, which hits the sub and bounces back a RETURN BEEP.

The gaps between the PINGS and the BEEPS get closer together.

The terrifying symphony builds, 160 decibels loud.

CONTROL ROOM

Conall angles his head to look up. He can make out the shadow of the patrol boat passing overhead.

CONALL
Hang tough. They're just trying to spook us.

They're succeeding.

CONALL (CONT'D)
They don't have torpedoes. Don't have depth charges...

But they've got something.

CONALL'S POV: THE CONTROL ROOM WINDOWS

Objects the size of apples fall down around the sub.

CONALL
You are kidding me.

The GRENADES explode underwater, creating percussive vacuums.

LOWER DECK

Shockwaves hit the sub, smashing into the hull.

Everything that's not locked down, goes flying.

-- Bellhaus and Gamboa crash to the deck.

-- Soledad is thrown out of her bunk.

Pipes rupture, seawater spumes. Bolts fly out of fixtures and fittings...

CONTROL ROOM

Conall wrestles with the bow planes, fighting a roll and a full-blown panic attack.

GAMBOA
(from the lower deck)
Water's coming in! What do we do?

CONALL
Get me...*BELLHAUS*.

LOWER DECK

Water surges around Bellhaus as he strides across to the ladder.

BELLHAUS
Helmsman?

CONALL
(from above)
Lock it all down.

BELLHAUS
(to Gamboa)
Close all the YELLOW levers.

But Gamboa's frozen, clinging to a ballast tank.

Soledad pushes past him, livid.

She pulls on a yellow lever with all her strength, cuts off the water to a burst pipe.

The sight of the pregnant woman shames Gamboa into action.

He throws himself into the task.

The engineer, the guerilla and the deserter work as a team, turning off all the yellow levers on the pipework.

The spurts of seawater die, fountains become trickles, the sub steadies.

BELLHAUS (CONT'D)
(shouting up the ladder)
We've stopped the leaks!

CONALL
You'll get a medal for this, Bellhaus.

BELLHAUS
I will?

Gamboa emits a crazed laugh. But it dies when he hears the return of the SONAR PINGS.

CONALL
They're making another pass. Rig for silent running.

BELLHAUS
I don't like this noise. It is a nasty noise.

GAMBOA
 (fevered whisper)
Silencio.

BELLHAUS
 Nasty. Nasty. Nasty...

Bellhaus loses it, SCREAMING at the top of his voice.

Gamboa puts the engineer in a headlock, clamps his hand round his mouth, choking him out.

SOLEDAD
 He can't breathe!

GAMBOA
Cállate!

SOLEDAD
We need him.

Gamboa eases up on the neck hold, but keeps his hand firmly over Bellhaus's mouth.

Soledad spots a can of engine grease.

SOLEDAD (CONT'D)
 Hold him still.

She unscrews the lid, dips her hand into the brown ooze.

BELLHAUS'S POV

Bellhaus's fears multiply as the woman slathers the grease into his ears.

It drips on his cheeks, trickles onto his lips. He spits it out.

But then an unexpected relief -- the engine grease muffles the sound of the SONAR PINGS.

Bellhaus can only hear his HEARTBEAT now.

Soledad's face suddenly looks benevolent. He can't hear what's she's saying, but she's stroking his face. She looks kind. Someone he can trust.

LOWER DECK

Bellhaus stops struggling.

For a moment, he looks like a child in Gamboa's arms.

CONTROL ROOM

Conall clamps the sonar headphones around his ears.

Mixed in with the SONAR PINGS, he can hear the SCREWS of the patrol boat hunting them. Plus something else.

CONALL
Splashes.

His training kicks in.

CONALL (CONT'D)
One Mississippi. Two Mississippi.
Three Mississippi...

He doesn't get to four. BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! Conall is blown out of his swivel chair.

This time the sub rolls through the full 360 degrees...

Tumbling, turning. The deck becomes the ceiling.

The GPS, the radio set, the maps -- it all churns round in the control room like washing in a laundromat-cycle.

Somehow, Conall manages to right the vessel and stop the roll.

That patrol boat's coming back.

How much more can Conall take? He knows what he must do, but it doesn't make the prospect any less terrifying.

CONALL (CONT'D)
OPEN THE VALVES, SIX MORE TURNS.

LOWER DECK

Gamboa rushes to the Porsche steering wheel, but Bellhaus pulls him back.

BELLHAUS
LIKE A TIN CAN.

That puts the fear of God into Gamboa.

GAMBOA
Mierda, mierda, loco!
(shouting up to Conall)
The freak says no!

CONALL (O.S.)
The grenades are on short fuses.
They're exploding at 40 feet. MUST
dive, go DEEPER.

BELLHAUS
NO.

Gamboa is caught. Who should he trust?

CONALL
If the hull can take a bullet, it can
take a hundred feet!

Gamboa puts his life in Conall's hands.

CONTROL ROOM

Conall sweats as the sub takes on even more seawater ballast.

The nose of the sub suddenly drops.

Conall is hit by a rush of vertigo.

There goes the dreaded POP-POP in his ears. The shrill RINGING
sound.

Conall grips the St. Brendan's medallion around his neck.
Squeezes it hard.

The needle on the fathometer edges past 70 feet, the pressure
relentless.

Conall fights his terror.

The whole hull GROANS AND CREAKS.

The windows creak too, flexing under the increased water
pressure.

CONALL
80 feet. We are at eight-zero feet.

The mania burns in his eyes. Balls-out determination to look his
demon in the eye -- and tell it to go fuck itself.

CONALL (CONT'D)
...At 100 feet.

He levels out the planes.

He can hear the MUFFLED WHUMP of grenades exploding 60 feet
above.

Seconds later, the sub feels the shockwave. But compared to before, it's a spot of light turbulence.

Conall releases his grip on his St. Brendan's medallion. He's squeezed so hard, he's cut his palm.

It's then he notices the red warning light on the control console.

"Battery Low".

The needle hovers over the 5 amp level.

CUT TO:

CONTROL ROOM

Conall addresses the crew. Even Soledad squeezes in, shoulder-to-shoulder with the men.

CONALL

We've got less than thirty minutes of battery power. Can't outrun them. Can't stay down here.

Gamboa cocks his assault rifle.

GAMBOA

No surrender.

CONALL

Only one option. We take them out.

CLOSE ON: THE CONTROL PANEL

CONALL (O.S.)

Standby emergency blow. Brace, brace.

Conall cranks the hi-fi volume dial up to "10".

LOWER DECK

The compressed air cylinders HISS, pumping water out of the ballast tanks.

The sub shoots up like a 747 lifting off from a runway. Only none of this crew are wearing safety belts...

CONTROL ROOM

The rapid change in air pressure hammers Conall's ears.

Gamboa howls under the pain.

He clings on to the top of the ladder, just below the escape hatch.

Displaced water explodes outside the windows as they surface -- Conall's brought them up *right behind* the patrol boat.

Gamboa heaves open the hatch.

Sunlight shoots in, blinding the submariners.

ON THE PERISCOPE SCREEN

Conall tracks blurred movement on the deck of the Coastguard vessel -- they've been spotted.

The Captain's handing out grenades like candy bars.

CONALL (O.S.)
Target is at 150 yards, engage.

Tracer rounds CHATTER out of Gamboa's assault rifle.

A stream of light pulses toward the patrol boat.

CONTROL ROOM

Hot bullet casings drop down on Conall's head, scorching his hair & skin.

He swats them aside, concentrates.

CONALL
Track left. Target's the box on the port side.

Gamboa adjusts his aim, keeps firing.

ON THE PERISCOPE SCREEN

Gamboa's tracer rounds clip into the metal tank on the side of the patrol boat.

The fuel tank.

The lens flares WHITE.

CONALL (O.S.)
Direct hit.

The Coastguards flee from the fire, abandoning ship.

TOP OF THE ESCAPE HATCH LADDER, CONTROL ROOM

Gamboa slams home another magazine, racks the loading bolt.

Conall grabs him by the leg.

CONALL
NO.

For a split-second, Gamboa's eyes burn brighter than any explosion.

But he obeys the order, spares the men in the water.

He passes his rifle down to Conall and closes the hatch.

...Conall feels the weight of the rifle in his hand.

GAMBOA
Bellhaus is gifted. But you are the
genius.

Gamboa grabs Conall by the face, kisses him on his forehead.

GAMBOA (CONT'D)
First admiral of the FARC fleet.

Despite everything, the praise brings a glow to Conall's face.
He craves it.

But as Gamboa reaches for his rifle...

Conall takes a step back.

CONALL
Always dreamed about making Chief of
the Boat. But my own command? That's
Captain Nemo shit.

GAMBOA
Admiral Nemo shit.

CONALL
Shark cage. Run the bastard
through...

They have no idea what he's babbling on about.

GAMBOA

I tell the leaders what you did,
they'll pay you for the next run.

CONALL

I'm in.

He dry swallows.

CONALL (CONT'D)

One favour. Give the girl a pass.

GAMBOA

She's a deserter.

CONALL

Her kid's innocent.

GAMBOA

What do you care? Don't tell me you
got your dick wet already?

Conall doesn't smile back. The way he's holding the weapon is making Gamboa nervous.

CONALL

When we get to Mexico, we put her in
the dingy. Nobody will know.

There's real steel behind his eyes. Gamboa's finally met his match.

GAMBOA

I had you down as a degenerate junkie.
I was wrong. You're a fool, McGinty.

Gamboa steps closer. Within strangling distance.

GAMBOA (CONT'D)

But a great pilot. We'll work
something out. You have my word on
that. *Capitan*.

Conall finally surrenders the rifle. They have an understanding.

BUNK AREA

Conall lies awake on the lower bunk, the diesel engines pulsing through him. The air fouler than ever.

And yet, he looks at peace. The submarine no longer feels like a coffin, more a comforting womb.

In this stinking, claustrophobic hell, Conall's finally found his mission.

Just as he's drifting off to sleep, he's jolted by a scream.

ON THE TOP BUNK: Soledad awakes from a nightmare, arms flailing.

Conall holds her down.

CONALL

It's okay.

SOLEDAD

There's no space in here.

CONALL

Coffin dream, right?

SOLEDAD

Si...

How did he know?

CONALL

Busby told us we'd get them.

(off her look)

My Navy instructor.

Conall realizes he's still holding her, lets go.

His eyes inevitably drop down onto her bump.

CONALL (CONT'D)

Boy or girl?

She doesn't answer.

CONALL (CONT'D)

My wife couldn't wait to find out. On Christmas Eve, she's the girl crawling round the tree, rattling the giftboxes. She can't stand NOT knowing. So when we went for the three month scan...

He realizes Soledad has no idea what that is.

CONALL (CONT'D)

They take this ultrasound picture, ask you whether you want to know the sex. But if one of you shows any hesitation, they say the picture's too blurry. They won't tell you.

(MORE)

CONALL (CONT'D)

Me, I like a bit of mystery. Maria was so pissed at me.

SOLEDAD

I'm hoping for a girl. All the boys I know, are either bastards or cowards.

Conall lets the dig wash over him.

CONALL

Does the dad know you split?

SOLEDAD

He took me from my village when I was fourteen. Put me on the pill. But when I got dysentery, it stopped working. Didn't stop him, though.

(in Spanish)

<<I hope he burns in hell.>>

CONALL

Took some guts you getting on this boat. But you didn't think it through. Say you get to Mexico; how will you live? Where are you gonna have this baby?

SOLEDAD

If I can survive the jungle, I can survive anything...Anyway, I was going north. To California.

CONALL

There's something called a border fence.

SOLEDAD

(continuing)

That's where I want my girl to grow up. Free, without fear.

She touches his arm, gazes into his eyes.

SOLEDAD (CONT'D)

I can't go back there.

CONALL

You won't have to.

SOLEDAD

So you'll kill him?

CONALL

Get some rest.

ENGINE ROOM

Conall walks in on Bellhaus, surprising him.

CONALL
You eaten anything today?

Bellhaus fumbles something, drops it. Like a kid caught with his hands in the cookie jar.

CONALL (CONT'D)
What you got there?

Bellhaus kicks the object away under the engine.

BELLHAUS
Nothing.

Bellhaus stands tall, blocks Conall.

Conall shoves him aside, crouches down to look under the engine.

He can see --

UNDER THE ENGINE

A SMALL BLACK BOX trapped beneath the engine housing.

Conall fishes in with his hand, his fingertips reaching for it...

ENGINE ROOM

Conall inspects the black box.

It takes a second for the penny to drop.

CONALL
Where did you get this?

Bellhaus stammers.

BELLHAUS
They gave it to me.

CONALL
Who did?

BELLHAUS
Countrymen. We're all on the same team.

CONALL

...That's how the coastguard found us.
It was you.

BELLHAUS

That's a LIE. This transmits on an
encrypted frequency. The DEA don't
TRUST the Colombians.

CONALL

You're snitching for the DEA?

BELLHAUS

I don't want to work for these people
any more. They're not very nice.

Conall grabs him by the collar.

CONALL

When's the bust going down?

BELLHAUS

You're hurting me.

Conall squeezes tighter.

BELLHAUS (CONT'D)

Not until we get to Mexico. Stop it.

Conall releases his grip. He flicks off the power switch on the
tracker.

BELLHAUS (CONT'D)

*Keep it switched on at all times. Or
they won't find us.*

CONALL

Nobody's coming for you, Ethan. Once
we make the trade, you're going back
to Colombia.

BELLHAUS

I will not.

CONALL

You'll build them some more
submarines. If you can do that, you
get to live.

BELLHAUS

They can help you, too.

CONALL

I'm a drug pilot. I'm not going to jail for your crazy ass.

BELLHAUS

They'll understand. You were forced. I'll tell them.

Conall's no longer listening, off on his own track.

CONALL

I needed this push. Can't sail for the Navy, I can do a job for these people -

BELLHAUS

Do you know what they do? They kidnap people.

CONALL

- this is my second chance.

Bellhaus grabs him.

BELLHAUS

They burn whole villages.

CONALL

You don't get to fuck this up!

GAMBOA (O.S.)

There a problem?

Gamboa materializes from the shadows.

Decision time for Conall. He has the evidence behind his back...

CONALL

Next run. I want him off my crew. He's not fit to serve.

Gamboa shrugs. No argument about that part.

Bellhaus chews the skin on his wrist.

Conall stashes the tracker in his pocket, gives Bellhaus one last warning look.

O.S -- the faint WHIR of the periscope camera hunting focus.

THE VIDEO PERISCOPE SCREEN

The image resolves into the bulk of a FREIGHTER VESSEL.

The camera zooms in on the name on the hull: **Goliath**.

GAMBOA'S VOICE (O.S.)
That's them.

CONTROL ROOM

Conall adjusts the Atari joystick, pulls a 360 degree pan across the ocean.

GAMBOA
What are you looking for?

The DEA.

CONALL
How do you know this is safe?

GAMBOA
The Mexicans wouldn't dare rip us off.
Vamonos, we need to get paid.

...Conall engages the engines.

P.O.V. THE PORTHOLE WINDOWS

The Goliath looms into view.

The submarine BUMPS up against the freighter's hull.

CARTEL DRUG TRAFFICKERS abseil down onto the foredeck.

CONTROL ROOM

Gamboa turns to his crewmate.

GAMBOA
Care to give me a hand?

CARGO HOLD

Conall and Gamboa work as a team, relaying the bales of cocaine into the greedy hands of the Traffickers.

BUNK AREA/LOWER DECK

Soledad and Bellhaus are confined to their beds, concerned to see Conall and Gamboa getting on so well -- they're tossing the bundles to each other like it's one big game.

INT. CARGO HOLD

Gamboa strips off his sodden shirt.

Conall can't help but stare at the strange scarring pattern on his back and arms.

GAMBOA

Like my souvenirs? Pesticide, made in the USA.

He hurls a bale into Conall's chest.

GAMBOA (CONT'D)

I used to grow this shit. My wife and I had a small field. Didn't make much money, but we were happy. One day, the government sprayed down a new chemical. Pink rain. It didn't just kill the coca.

Gamboa lifts up another bale, arm muscles bunching.

GAMBOA (CONT'D)

Beatrice managed to get inside. I thought she was okay. But the baby that came out of her...it was deformed. You understand?

Conall nods, sickened.

GAMBOA (CONT'D)

I had to put it out of its misery. My own child.

CONALL

And your wife?

GAMBOA

She threw herself in the river.

CUT TO:

LOWER DECK, LATER

Conall glugs down a liter bottle of water.

TWO LARGE BLACK CANVAS BAGS thump down through the foredeck hatch.

Gamboa follows them down, a big grin on his face.

GAMBOA

Eight million dollars. Not bad for a week's work. What will you spend your cut on?

CONALL

My cut?

GAMBOA

You've proved your worth. Now you start earning.

CONTROL ROOM

Gamboa pores over a sea chart, cross references it with the GPS screen.

Conall sits in the pilot's chair, on edge.

He's got Bellhaus's razor concealed in his hand.

CONALL

What course do you want me to set?

GAMBOA

There's a cove a few hours west.

Gamboa shows Conall the position on the chart.

GAMBOA (CONT'D)

She can row in from there.

Conall breathes a huge sigh of relief, pushes the razor deep in his pocket.

He engages the engines, bound for the Mexican coast.

GAMBOA (CONT'D)

Mission accomplished.

Gamboa conjures up a small baggie of cocaine.

GAMBOA (CONT'D)

Now we party.

Just the sight of it brings Conall out in a cold sweat.

Gamboa snorts some powder, offers the bag to Conall.

CONALL

I'm good.

GAMBOA

Just a little taste. You deserve it.

CONALL

That's what got me here.

Gamboa enjoys the cocaine rush, observes Conall's torment.

GAMBOA

What is it with you and this girl?

Gamboa's got interrogator's eyes.

GAMBOA (CONT'D)

I don't think she even likes you.

Gamboa leaves the baggie on the control console.

GAMBOA (CONT'D)

I'll check on Bellhaus. Make sure he's behaving.

A SERIES OF SHOTS, CONTROL ROOM

Conall fights the temptation to use again.

-- the sweat crawls around his neck.

-- his fingers twitch.

-- he clings on to his St. Brendan's medallion.

But he can no longer ignore the cocaine.

-- He picks up the baggie. Eyeballs the flecks of powder.

Yet somehow he finds the strength to put it back down.

He allows himself a little smile, congratulates himself.

Outside the Control Room windows, a squadron of seagulls escort the submarine.

To Conall, they look like angels, guiding him to the light of the sun.

The omen gives him great comfort.

He relaxes a breath...

And that's when his addiction crawls up from his belly and demands he take a hit.

Just a little toot.

Conall snorts the white powder up his nostrils.

His whole body tingles as the narcotic hits home. How can something that feels this good, be so wrong?

CUT TO:

CONTROL ROOM, HALF AN HOUR LATER

Conall drug-drives the sub.

The controls are idiosyncratic at the best of times; but when piloted by a coked-up submariner, in choppy seas...

Not that Conall cares anymore. He thinks he's invincible.

The intercom box squawks.

GAMBOA (O.S.)

(over intercom)

I need you down here. We got a problem with Bellhaus.

LOWER DECK

Conall stumbles down to the lower deck, missing hand and footholds on the ladder.

Swells rock the sub, he struggles to stay on his feet.

For some reason, the cargo hatch is open.

Bellhaus is down there, whimpering like a lost lamb.

CONALL

...Fuck are you doing down there?

Even in his wired state, Conall can see the fear shining in Bellhaus's eyes.

Conall senses a presence behind him.

Gamboa. With a monkey wrench in his hands.

Conall instinctively puts his arms up.

...The blow shatters his elbow and knocks him to the deck.

Gamboa uses his boots to kick Conall down through the open hatch.

CARGO HOLD

Conall lands at an awkward angle, scrambles to right himself.

Gamboa is framed in the hatch above.

BELLHAUS

He's a nasty man.

And he's not alone.

Standing at Gamboa's side, his partner-in-crime, Soledad.

GAMBOA

Perdoname, capitán. I have a family to feed.

Conall stares up at Soledad, the woman he was prepared to kill for. The woman who --

The hatch SLAMS shut. The padlock bolt LOCKS HOME.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - DAY

Gamboa makes a call on the long-range radio.

GAMBOA

(in Spanish, subtitles)

<<Mayday, Mayday. This is Stingray. We have lost propulsion. We're sinking. Our position is -->>

He hammers his rifle into the radio set.

He smiles at Soledad, enraptured by her youthful beauty.

GAMBOA (CONT'D)

How does it feel to be dead?

Gamboa scoops her up in his arms, plants kisses on her.

GAMBOA (CONT'D)

I'm not proud of how we met. I was an animal. But you *saved* me.

Gamboa pulls her into a tight embrace, so her head rests on his shoulder.

Soledad's eyes are dead.

CUT TO:

FORWARD COMPARTMENT, BELOW THE FOREDECK HATCH

Gamboa passes up an INFLATABLE DINGY & FOOT PUMP.

GAMBOA
 (in Spanish)
 <<Blow it up, I'll handle the rest.>>

Soledad stares down at him through the hatch.

SOLEDAD
 <<Always giving me orders.>>

GAMBOA
 <<We'll hire servants. You can give
them orders. We can live however the
 hell we want!>>

CARGO HOLD

Conall desperately tries to make sense of it all.

CONALL
 She wanted me to kill him.

He won't get anything cogent out of Bellhaus; the engineer crouches in a corner, pulls his knees up to his chest.

CONTROL ROOM

Gamboa looms over the control console.

Through the portholes, he can see Soledad on the foredeck. She's inflated the orange dingy.

Gamboa smiles, deeply contented.

His hand reaches under the console, pulls the red lever.

CARGO HOLD

Conall hears it before he sees it.

-- Seawater shoots up into the cargo hold, whirl-pooling around his feet.

His worst nightmare.

FORWARD COMPARTMENT

Gamboa races for the foredeck hatch, burdened with the two moneybags.

He passes the first one up to Soledad.

SOLEDAD
(in Spanish)
<<Hurry, my love.>>

He hefts the second bag up, she hauls it out.

Gamboa grins like a child.

But as he clambers up, she SMASHES the monkey wrench into his face.

Gamboa tumbles back down into the sub, smacks his head on the deck.

Soledad spits on him, angry tears pouring.

SOLEDAD (CONT'D)
<<How could I ever love you, you son
of a bitch?>>

Gamboa lies still.

For good measure, Soledad hurls the wrench at his head.

CARGO HOLD

The water gushes around Conall & Bellhaus's waists.

CONALL
SOLEDAD!

Bellhaus springs up and pummels the hatch.

BELLHAUS
LET US OUT!

EXT. FOREDECK, DRUG SUBMARINE - DAY

Soledad hears their BANGING and WAILS for help.

She's home free. She's got the money, she's got her getaway vehicle.

The submarine's started to list, low in the water.

SOLEDAD
 (in Spanish)
 <<Fucking men.>>

She jumps back down through the hatch.

FORWARD COMPARTMENT

Soledad double-checks that Gamboa's still unconscious. Fishes into his pocket for the padlock key...

The frenetic banging carries on.

SOLEDAD
 Shut up. I'm coming.

CARGO HOLD

Conall shakes Bellhaus.

CONALL
 You hear that?!

They hear the padlock CLUNK OPEN.

Desperate glee on their faces.

LOWER DECK

But as Soledad unhooks the padlock --

Gamboa KICKS her in the back, PILE-DRIVING her against the metal ladder.

GAMBOA
 (in Spanish)
 <<We could have been so happy.>>

He glances at the bare curve of her belly, where her vest has ridden up.

GAMBOA (CONT'D)
 <<...the baby...is it okay?>>

FORWARD COMPARTMENT

Water spills down through the open hatch and slops onto the lower deck.

Gamboa sees the water...looks back at Soledad...sprints for the exit hatch.

But in the second it takes him to get there --

The river becomes a torrent.

Gamboa fights to get up onto the foredeck.

But the hatch CLANKS SHUT ON its springs.

Gamboa pushes against the hatch with all his might. But the pressure bearing down on the other side is too great.

GAMBOA

NO!

The sub's underwater now and sinking fast...

LOWER DECK

Gamboa staggers back up the deck, hurls himself up the conning tower ladder.

CONTROL ROOM

The Colombian dives for the red scuttle lever and flips it off.

The fathometer needle hovers at the 50 feet mark.

But how's Gamboa going to get the sub back up to the surface?

He's determined not to panic.

He's seen Conall in action. He knows what to do.

The hi-fi volume dial.

He cranks it round to "10".

Cue the HISS of compressed air cylinders working flat out.

GAMBOA

Venga, vamonos!

But the submarine does not rise. Quite the opposite.

The fathometer clicks over to 60 feet, 70 feet...

The sub's being pulled into a death dive.

GAMBOA (CONT'D)
Mierda! Mierda! Mierda!

CARGO HOLD

Conall & Bellhaus struggle to keep their heads above water as the submarine plummets.

The hatch opens up.

A HAND reaches in, grabs Conall by his shirt and yanks him out.

LOWER DECK

Gamboa dumps Conall on the deck, sticks his pistol in his chest.

GAMBOA
Fix it.

Conall turns his back on Gamboa, reaches back into the hold to pull out the engineer.

GAMBOA (CONT'D)
Just tell me what to do.

Because they're dropping deeper by the second.

Soledad clings onto the bottom of the ladder, terrified.

GAMBOA (CONT'D)
I already blew the ballast tanks.

CONALL
You blew it all right. We're not sinking because there's water in the tanks -- we're sinking because of the hundred gallons you put in the hold. *How are you gonna blow that out, you stupid motherfucker.*

PPFFTT!!

A pipe bursts, showering the submariners with water.

Conall grabs the monkey wrench and tightens the nut around the ruptured pipe.

He kills the leak, but another pipe bursts open.

CONALL (CONT'D)
Fight it!

It's like close quarters combat as Conall and his crew tighten valves and plug holes with rags.

They have one common enemy now. The sea.

INSIDE A NETWORK OF PIPES

Malevolent and insidious in its attacks, the water SURGES down a network of pipes. It's looking for weaknesses.

The water builds up behind a hairline crack in a pipe, pushing the crack wider...

ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE PIPE

The water explodes over Gamboa's head.

He ties a rag around the leak...Bellhaus slaps a replacement collar onto the burst pipe...Conall tightens it with the wrench.

LOWER DECK

They've killed the leaks, but the sub's still in freefall.

The hull GRUMBLES, hundreds of pounds of pressure squeeze the fiberglass from all sides.

Time slows. The crew sense the end.

THE SUB CRASHES INTO THE SEABED.

The impact throws everyone forward.

-- Gamboa & Conall collide.

-- Soledad is driven into a LARGE BLUE OXYGEN CYLINDER.

-- Bellhaus cuts his head on the ladder.

Then stillness. Total silence.

Conall pulls himself to his feet. His first thought is for Soledad.

She's still alive. Still breathing.

CONALL

Mr. Bellhaus.

Bellhaus wipes the blood from his eyes.

BELLHAUS

Captain.

CONALL

This kevlar is good shit.

The sea takes offense.

The walls of the sub FLIP INWARDS and GO CONCAVE.

Bunk beds are mashed together by the imploding hull walls.

The ballast tanks, air tanks and every other thing in the sub -- COMPRESSED INTO A SPACE HALF THE SIZE.

And with the volume inside the submarine halved, the water in the cargo hold shoots up into the lower deck...settling around their waists.

ON CONALL

Deep breaths now, on the verge of meltdown.

Every time Conall thinks he's got his fears licked...

Conall pans around the faces of the three people trapped with him on the bottom of the ocean.

They're all looking to *him*.

And that's when the power dies.

The lights snap out, plunging the submarine into darkness.

OVER BLACK: the sound of FEVERISH BREATHING.

Then...

Conall flexes a GREEN GLOW STICK.

The chemicals inside the stick react and beam out light.

LOWER DECK

Conall wades toward his crew mates, handing out glow sticks.

Yellow for Soledad. She clings on to that stick as if her baby's life depended on it.

Blue for Bellhaus. His face devoid of expression. He looks dead already.

And as for Gamboa, he gets a blood-red stick...

Conall cracks more glow sticks and strategically positions them in the nooks and crannies of the flooded deck.

If hell had a nightclub, this would be it.

CONALL
(to Bellhaus)
Tell me we got a bilge pump.

BELLHAUS
No power, can't use it.

CONALL
We hand-crank it.

BELLHAUS
Where exactly would you like me to put all this water?

CONALL
Into the ballast tanks. We fill them up, then purge. Float to the surface.

BELLHAUS
With a hand crank?

CONALL
-- And your tool bucket, the storage containers, anything we can fucking fill!

BELLHAUS
We'll run out of air first.

Gamboa wades over.

GAMBOA
You're a smart guy. Figure it out.

BELLHAUS
I'm going to bed. I don't want to be disturbed.

Bellhaus recedes into the bunk area, ringed in a blue halo.

CONALL
C'mon Ethan, we need you, bro.

GAMBOA
FREAK!

Conall grabs Gamboa by the shirt.

CONALL
Go and apologize.

GAMBOA
Fuck you.

CONALL
Really?

Soledad stands shoulder-to-shoulder with Conall.
She glowers.

SOLEDAD
He's stealing our air.

BUNK AREA

Bellhaus lies on the top bunk, shivering beneath a blanket.
Conall's friendly face appears.

CONALL
Someone wants a word.

GAMBOA
I'm sorry if I upset you.

BELLHAUS
You vandalized my boat.

CONALL
He's a real asshole.
(to Gamboa)
On your knees.

Gamboa eyes the filthy water.

CONALL (CONT'D)
You put it there.

Gamboa kneels down, up to his chest in water.

GAMBOA
Bellhaus, could you please get us the
fuck out of here?

CONALL
(to Gamboa)
We don't use the F-word.

Soledad implores Bellhaus with her eyes.

Finally, he climbs down off the bunk, squares up to Conall.

BELLHAUS
You said I wasn't fit to serve.

CONALL
I was wrong. I was angry about that other thing.

BELLHAUS
(imitating Conall)
On your knees.

Conall swallows his pride, kneels alongside Gamboa in the rancid, oil-streaked water.

Bellhaus stands over them, their Nemo now.

BELLHAUS (CONT'D)
Better.

He reaches into a nook, pulls out his ship-in-a-bottle.

BELLHAUS (CONT'D)
The world's first cruise ship. *The Syracusia.*

CONALL
Grand name for a boat, Ethan. When we get out of this, how about we paint it on the tower? Sound good?

Bellhaus angles the ship, absorbed by the way the light of the glow stick catches the sails.

BELLHAUS
Designed by the great Archimedes. She had a heated swimming pool, hanging gardens, a temple dedicated to the goddess Juno. But Archimedes was concerned a ship of her size could take in water through the hull.

GAMBOA
That's really interesting but --

Conall silences him with a look.

BELLHAUS
So he invented the Archimedes Screw. The first ever bilge pump.

Without another word, Bellhaus goes off on the hunt.

He splashes over to the nearest compressed air cylinder, taps it with his knuckle.

It rings hollow.

BELLHAUS (CONT'D)

Perfect.

LOWER DECK

Bellhaus supervises the construction of his "Archimedes Screw" bilge pump.

-- Bellhaus fashions a turning handle from some metal piping.

-- Conall bolts the handle onto the top of the empty gas cylinder.

-- Conall and Soledad wrap a rubber tube around the outside of the cylinder.

BELLHAUS

Not like that. The tube needs to *snake* around the cylinder.

They do it again, spiralling the tube from top to bottom.

-- Conall and Gamboa prop the cylinder against the conning tower ladder.

-- Bellhaus feeds the top end of the rubber tube into one of the ballast tanks.

Conall turns the cylinder, but it's heavy, difficult to maneuver.

BELLHAUS (CONT'D)

Use the handle grip, you idiot.

Soledad puts a calming hand on Conall's shoulder.

SOLEDAD

Stand on the ladder. Get some height.

Conall climbs a few steps up the ladder, leans down to turn the cylinder, rotating it in the water.

Gamboa assists at the bottom, keeping the cylinder at an angle, turning it round and round.

...The hydrostatic pressure works its magic: IT SUCTIONS WATER UP THE TUBE AND PUSHES IT OUT INTO THE BALLAST TANK.

Soledad presses her ear against the tank.

No need. They can all hear the water splashing down.

TWENTY MINUTES LATER, LOWER DECK

Bellhaus taps the top of the first tank.

BELLHAUS

Full.

Conall and Gamboa catch their breaths, lathered in sweat, palms blistered up.

GAMBOA

I was protecting my family.

He gets zero back from Conall.

GAMBOA (CONT'D)

You don't know what it's like. You don't have a family.

CONALL

You kidnapped her. Raped her.

GAMBOA

I risked everything to get her out of Colombia.

CONALL

She doesn't want to be part of your fucked-up family.

Bellhaus measures the water level with a meter rule.

BELLHAUS

It's gone down by two inches.

Exasperation on Conall and Bellhaus' faces. Only that much?

BELLHAUS (CONT'D)

Eleven more tanks to go. Speed it up. Before we run out of air.

GAMBOA

Surely...the harder we work, the more air we use?

BELLHAUS

Exert yourself without breathing too hard.

A SERIES OF SHOTS, LOWER DECK

Conall & Gamboa work themselves into a stupor.

They turn the cylinder, pumping out the water from the lower deck into the ballast tanks...

The air's foul, Conall's back is killing him.

Soledad passes him up a bottle of water.

GAMBOA

Soledad, por favor?

She'd rather eat her own vomit than help Gamboa.

But needs must. Soledad tosses another water bottle in his direction.

GAMBOA (CONT'D)

(catching it)

Gracias.

CLOSE ON: THE ARCHIMEDES SCREW

As the seawater is pumped out of the lower deck, liter by liter...

BELLHAUS (O.S.)

Last tank.

THE LADDER, LOWER DECK

Gamboa collapses against the ladder. The water level has dropped to his knees. But have they pumped out enough?

CONTROL ROOM

Bellhaus & Conall cannibalize three damaged batteries.

Steaming acid oozes out, eating into the deck.

They salvage anode and cathode sticks and copper wire, jerry-rig their own homemade battery.

Bellhaus connects the battery directly to the wiring beneath the control panel.

Conall monitors the battery meter needle.

CONALL

One amp.

GAMBOA

Can we go back up now?

CONALL

Stand by for emergency blow.

However, when Conall puts his hand on the hi-fi volume dial, he discovers it's already turned up to the "10" position.

Frantic, he toggles it back round.

CONALL (CONT'D)

No air. It's all gone.

BELLHAUS

That can't be right.

The men scramble down the ladder.

LOWER DECK

Conall raps on the orange air cylinders.

Every single one RINGS HOLLOW.

CONALL

He blew our whole supply.

BELLHAUS

You stupid..fucking..CUNTSUCKER.

Bellhaus hurls himself at Gamboa.

CONALL

ETHAN!

Conall wraps his arms round Bellhaus, squeezing him until he collapses in a heap.

Soledad gestures at the large blue oxygen cylinder, which is rigged up to the air conditioning system.

SOLEDAD

What about that one?

CONALL

That's our oxygen supply.

GAMBOA

Genius, chica.

CONALL

...*Why not?* If we can't get up, we're flapped anyway. What do you think, Ethan?

Bellhaus mumbles, shoves past Gamboa.

He yanks out the hoses from the empty orange air cylinders.

Conall lends a hand, allowing Bellhaus to focus on task two: he makes an 'octopus' of hoses to link the big blue oxygen cylinder to each of the twelve ballast tanks.

CONTROL ROOM

Conall and Soledad stand poised over the volume dial.

CONALL

You do it. Haven't had too much luck.

SOLEDAD

Forget luck. This is God's punishment. When he thinks we've suffered enough, he'll let us go.

She takes his hand, places it with hers on the volume dial.

They look into each other's eyes.

Together, they turn the dial to "7".

LOWER DECK

Gamboa & Bellhaus celebrate the HISS of pressurized air.

It rushes out of the blue oxygen tank...expands the hosepipes...blows into the ballast tanks.

CONTROL ROOM

Conall concentrates on the fathometer dial. The needle is stuck at 220 feet. It doesn't even flicker.

Time to crank the volume dial up to "8".

CONALL

Come on.

A lot of noise. A lot of air escaping...

CONALL (CONT'D)

Fuck it.

Up to "10". Full blow.

The hull THROBS and VIBRATES as the fiberglass beast finally awakens from its slumber.

Soledad dares to hope.

The sub rises by inches, then feet, then whole yards.

Cheers ring out from the lower deck.

LOWER DECK

Gamboa & Bellhaus hug each other.

GAMBOA

You did it!

CONTROL ROOM

Then the calamity. The HISS fizzles out to a damp squib.

CONALL

Don't choke. Not now. You got more than that...

He toggles the volume dial, watching in terror as --

ON THE FATHOMETER

The needle goes into freefall.

180 feet...200....

At 210 feet, the glass cover CRACKS.

O.S. The sound of another white-knuckle crash landing.

LOWER DECK

Conall clambers down into the lower deck, destroyed.

The faces of his crew look to him for salvation.

But he's got nothing left in the tank either.

SOLEDAD

There must be a way out of here. We can swim.

CONALL

From 220 feet?

A thought flashes through Conall's eyes. But he puts it to the back of his mind.

SOLEDAD

You know how to get out. They trained you.

CONALL

Have you any idea how much pressure's pushing down on that hatch? 8 bar. Eight times atmospheric pressure. Try it. If you can get it open, I'll give you a free ride to the surface.

Gamboa experiences an unexpected wave of euphoria.

GAMBOA

What *is* that?

He staggers like a drunk, a big grin plastered on his face.

CONALL

Nitrogen.

Conall closes his eyes, tilts back his head and opens his nostrils.

CONALL (CONT'D)

Been waiting for you, motherfucker.

Stupefied faces stare back at him.

CONALL (CONT'D)

The Martini Effect. One for every 30 feet. We've had seven large ones.

He snorts down that bad air like it was a wonder drug.

SOLEDAD

What are you doing?

CONALL

Getting wasted. You should try it.

SOLEDAD

I don't want to die down here.

CONALL
You don't have a choice.

Gamboa puts his arm around her, doe-eyed, in the full throes of nitrogen narcosis.

GAMBOA
(in Spanish)
<<Every child needs its father.
Forgive me. For the sake of this baby.
We can be a family.>>

She doesn't hear him. She's in the grip of her own paranoid hallucination.

SOLEDAD'S HALLUCINATION

The BABY punches through her womb, fighting to get out.

LOWER DECK

Gamboa hugs Soledad closer to him.

GAMBOA
(in Spanish)
<<The important thing is we're
together.>>

Bellhaus watches on, strangely unaffected by the nitrogen levels.

Conall spots movement in the stern. A SHADOWY FIGURE drifts.

CONALL
Who's there?

He splashes down to investigate.

BUNK AREA

The Shadow stands over the top bunk, tucks someone into bed.

The woman turns to face him, lit up by a green glow stick.

CONALL
Maria?

MARIA
Hey.

CONALL

What are you doing here?

MARIA

I stowed away, nobody noticed.

Conall throws himself into her arms, hugs her tight.

He kisses her forehead, her cheeks, her lips.

CONALL

You shouldn't have come.

MARIA

I wanted to see you again.

CONALL

After the accident, I had all this
crap in my head and --

MARIA

Poor you.

CONALL

I couldn't deal with it. I let you
down. I --

MARIA

I understand, Conall. It's not your
fault.

Conall feels queasy, the dread building in his stomach.

MARIA (CONT'D)

Are you okay? You don't look so good.

CONALL

It's not on you, the blood is on me.

MARIA

You're the captain of the ship.

The CRY OF A NEWBORN BABY rings out.

MARIA (CONT'D)

Now look what you've done, you've
woken him up.

What...?

MARIA (CONT'D)

Our baby, silly. Come and meet him.

CONALL

But you had the procedure.

She steers him over to the top bunk.

There's a little bundle hunched under the blanket.

MARIA

Go on, have a peep.

Conall stays rooted to the spot.

MARIA (CONT'D)

On a late term, they have to count the products. To make sure they've got everything out. I got all the products back. Stitched him together again. He's a handsome boy, isn't he?

Hands trembling, Conall pulls back the blanket..

The image is too shocking to share.

Conall's body jerks, rocked by a paralytic seizure.

Someone grabs him from behind, and suffocates him...with the oxygen mask.

Bellhaus to the rescue.

The hallucination vanishes, the seizure abates.

...Leaving Conall in Bellhaus's arms, sucking on emergency oxygen.

BELLHAUS

Countrymen stick together.

CUT TO:

FRONT COMPARTMENT

-- Conall slumps down on the toilet seat, which is now an inch below water.

-- Gamboa looks equally listless.

-- Soledad quietly sobs.

Only Bellhaus is on his feet, feeding the others from his emergency oxygen cylinder.

BELLHAUS
Oxygen masks will be provided.

Between shots of air, they breathe in sharp, panting breaths, like dying animals.

Soledad needs air more than the others.

GAMBOA
She's being too greedy.

He grabs the mask, sucks.

BELLHAUS
Just clear the nitrogen.

GAMBOA
There's nothing coming out. It's not working.

BELLHAUS
Give it to me.

He inspects the dial. Bone dry.

Bellhaus lets the cylinder drop into the water.

BELLHAUS (CONT'D)
Littering.

SOLEDAD
My baby can't breathe.

CONALL
Every breath, we add more CO2 to the mix.

He exchanges a dark look with Gamboa.

CONALL (CONT'D)
We're finally going to kill each other.

A terrible moan rumbles up from deep inside Soledad. She clutches her belly.

SOLEDAD
Mi bebé...No lo dejes morir!

CONALL
Not long now.

Gamboa clasps Soledad's hand. She doesn't want it.

GAMBOA
 (to Conall)
 Do something.

CONALL
 Two options. Die slowly or give me
 your gun.

Gamboa freezes, punched in the gut.

CONALL (CONT'D)
 I'll handle it.
 (to Bellhaus)
 Before it gets nasty.

GAMBOA
 Are you fucking CRAZY?

CONALL
 Here's the trailer: convulsions.
 Seizures. Slow strangulation.

They can taste death in the poisoned air. See it in the
 swirling, toxic fog.

BELLHAUS
 (a whisper)
Eureka.
 (grabbing Conall)
 Activate the tracker. They'll come and
 rescue us.

GAMBOA
 What tracker?

Conall delves into his pocket and tosses Bellhaus the little
 black box he confiscated.

CONALL
 Nice idea.

Bellhaus's face fills with hope. He flicks the on-switch right
 in front of Gamboa's eyes.

CONALL (CONT'D)
 But the DEA don't do submarine rescue.

Gamboa snatches the tracker.

GAMBOA
 What is this?

BELLHAUS
 My countrymen gave it to me.

GAMBOA

...you ratfaced, son of a bitch.

CONALL

That's rich, coming from you. You ripped off the boat. You sunk us.

GAMBOA

(to Soledad)

We could have made it. We were home free.

SOLEDAD

Estas loco? I WANT YOU DEAD!

BELLHAUS

(to Gamboa)

I want an apology.

SOLEDAD

(continuing)

My only happiness, you die now.
Malparido!

There's an explosion of violence as the four of them attack each other.

They're like monsters in the multicolored gloom, all thrashing limbs and gnashing teeth.

Gamboa goes berserk. He throws Conall over his shoulder, forces his head underwater.

Bellhaus beats his fists into Gamboa's back, Soledad scratches his face, but the FARC killer is too strong.

UNDERWATER

Conall doesn't fight, resigned to drowning until --

Bellhaus's RED TOOL BUCKET bumps into his face.

It's like a jolt of electricity into his brain and body.

Somehow, he bucks free from Gamboa's grasp...

LOWER DECK

...bursts to the surface.

CONALL

Bucket escape.

Gamboa charges him.

Conall flicks out the cut-throat razor, wards off the Colombian.

CONALL (CONT'D)

1915, German sailor escapes from the English Channel from a depth of 150 feet. With one of these on his head.

Conall scoops up the steel bucket.

CONALL (CONT'D)

Trap an air pocket, you can breathe all the way to the top.

SOLEDAD

What about the hatch? You said --

CONALL

We let the sea in, equal the pressure. Then we can open it.

GAMBOA

Flood the boat?

Exactly.

Gamboa shakes Bellhaus's arm.

GAMBOA (CONT'D)

Can we go up like that?

BELLHAUS

Four heads, one bucket.

Gamboa tears the bucket out of Conall's hands.

Bellhaus and Soledad stare Gamboa down. They WANT it.

CONALL

Save your breath. We'll find something else.

Gamboa's hand hovers over his pistol.

GAMBOA

Like he says.

BUNK AREA

Bellhaus sloshes through the narrow space, hunting for escape materials...

FORWARD COMPARTMENT

Soledad's fading fast, her brain addled by lack of oxygen and the lethal combination of carbon dioxide and toxic fumes.

She holds her head in her hands, squeezes her eyes shut.

SOLEDAD

Dios, por favor...

Conall puts his arm round her and presents their lifeline -- a CLEAR PLASTIC STORAGE BOX.

CONALL

We'll share it, go up together.

SOLEDAD

...too tired, now. Need to sleep.

CONALL

You and your baby. I'm taking you up.

LOWER DECK

Conall and his bedraggled crew muster.

Conall strips off his shirt, shows them how to make a life preserver.

CONALL

Pants, jacket, whatever you got.

The others follow suit, tying off arms and legs, blowing into them.

Conall beckons Gamboa aside.

CONALL (CONT'D)

We escape. Then what?

GAMBOA

DEA hasn't got shit on us. All the evidence...bottom of the sea.

CONALL

What about her?

GAMBOA

The mother of my child? Until she has that baby...I'd give my life for that woman.

CONALL

And after?

Conall looks deep into Gamboa's eyes, the Colombian's face pulsing red in the light of his glow stick.

He's not the forgiving type.

GAMBOA

We go our separate ways.

CONALL

One more thing...

The submarine gives vent to a whalelike GROAN, drowning out Conall's last instructions.

CONTROL ROOM, THE CONNING TOWER

The four survivors climb up into the control room with their improvised escape hoods.

Gamboa with the bucket. Bellhaus with an old laptop bag.

Conall has to push Soledad from behind. She's suffering the worst of all of them, breathing bad air for two.

CONALL

When the water comes, it'll compress the nitrogen even further. Think 20 Martinis.

GAMBOA

Fiesta time.

Sheer bravado. He's crapping his combats.

CONALL

Whatever happens, you fight it.

Conall lifts up Soledad's hand, making a fist.

CONALL (CONT'D)

Your hand is a castle, it's impregnable. That's where you put your brain. The madness is in your head, but your brain is safe, inside your castle.

GAMBOA

Are you still high?

CONALL

Repeat after me. My brain is in my hand.

Gamboa snorts.

CONALL (CONT'D)

You think this is stupid? You wait. MY BRAIN IS IN MY HAND.

SOLEDAD & BELLHAUS

My brain is in my hand.

CONALL

(glaring at Gamboa)

My brain is in my castle.

GAMBOA & SOLEDAD & BELLHAUS

MY BRAIN IS IN MY CASTLE!

CONALL

Take your positions.

Gamboa barges his way to the top of the escape ladder.

CONALL (CONT'D)

You next, Ethan. Breathe like I told you.

The engineer climbs up, squeezing in.

Conall supports Soledad just below them. But he's been so busy thinking of everyone else, he's forgotten his own problems.

As he reaches for the red scuttle lever...

The fear takes hold.

Conall's bowels turn to ice. A wave of nausea washes over him.

He feels his limbs turn traitor. His belief wavers.

But the sight of Soledad, her lungs heaving like a chronic asthmatic...

...Conall pulls the scuttle lever.

They hear the DIN of seawater FLOODING into the lower deck at 100 gallons a minute...

Their faces taut with tension, sweat streaming off their brows.

Bellhaus suddenly hurls himself off the ladder. He wants to go back into the lower deck.

CONALL (CONT'D)
 (seizing him)
 Ethan!

BELLHAUS
 It's my best boat. I need it.

CONALL
 Your boat's here, look.

Conall takes off his St. Brendan medallion and fixes it around the engineer's neck.

CONALL (CONT'D)
 (pointing at the medal)
 See the boat in Brendan's hand? That's yours. You hold on tight. Say the prayer.

BELLHAUS
 What prayer?

At that moment -- the seawater SHOOTs up the conning tower ladder.

The water gurgles round, turning the control room into a raging whirlpool.

Fighting the rising tide, Conall pushes Bellhaus back up the ladder.

Conall and Soledad squash in just below, jammed like sardines.

CONALL
 Prep the hatch!

Gamboa signals back with grim determination.

CONALL (CONT'D)
 Remember what I said.

GAMBOA
 SI, CAPITAN!

Gamboa unscrews the hatch. But he can't open it just yet...

All four grip onto the ladder, escape hoods at the ready: bucket, laptop bag, storage box.

As the water rises inexorably, it squeezes the air, which has nowhere to go.

It becomes hotter, even more difficult to breathe, the air pressure crushing them at *over a hundred pounds per square inch*.

Conall and the others pinch their noses...

POP. POP.

Conall's eardrums are the first to burst. Blood streams from his ears and across his cheeks.

Then, as predicted, they are all hit by a terrifying attack of NITROGEN NARCOSIS.

Visions from hell swirl with the water. Monsters of the deep coming to claim their souls.

They're all going to drown. Or be eaten alive...

Soledad thrashes her arms.

Conall holds her tight, strokes her face.

CONALL
My brain is in my hand.

SOLEDAD
My brain is in my hand.

Bellhaus can't take it anymore. He wants to die someplace else.

Conall holds up his fist.

CONALL
My hand is a castle.

Bellhaus fights narcosis, copying him.

BELLHAUS
MY HAND IS A CASTLE.

CONALL
Hoods!

The four pull their 'hoods' over their heads, TRAPPING THE LAST OF THE AIR.

When the pressure inside the submarine equalizes with the pressure outside in the sea...

-- The hatch flies open.

In a split-second, they're all underwater, breathing the air trapped in their escape hoods.

INSIDE THE PLASTIC BOX

Soledad & Conall breathe from their air pocket, chins barely above the water.

Looking up through the plastic box, they can see Gamboa & Bellhaus exiting the escape hatch, their glow sticks strapped to their boots.

But Conall's paralysed, he can't let go of the ladder.

CUT TO:

INT. TOP OF THE SUBMARINE TRAINING TANK (FLASHBACK)

Something long and sharp comes into focus.

-- A SURGICAL ROD.

The Medic stabs the steel rod into Conall's gut and releases an EXCRUCIATING HISS of trapped air.

INSIDE THE PLASTIC BOX

Conall can't release his grip on the ladder.

Soledad's face glimmers gold.

SOLEDAD

LET GO.

Soledad's panicked face morphs into Maria's.

MARIA

Let go.

ESCAPE HATCH LADDER, CONTROL ROOM

Conall uncurls his fingers from the rungs, one by one.

The ultimate kill or cure...

He kicks out and takes Soledad up through the escape hatch.

UNDERWATER, THE SEA

The submariners shoot up to the surface like human torpedoes, the colors from their glow sticks beaming out iridescent light.

INSIDE THE BUCKET

Gamboa follows Conall's last instruction to the letter.

CONALL (V.O.)
 One more thing. When you go up, deep
 breaths. Suck it all up.

GAMBOA SUCKS IN AIR, his terror-stricken face, framed inside the metal bucket.

INSIDE THE PLASTIC BOX

Conall keeps his eyes fixed on Soledad's, showing her how to breathe -- small, shallow breaths in, HUGE BREATHS OUT.

In his head, Conall recites the sailor's prayer.

CONALL (V.O.)
 Shall I abandon, O King of mysteries,
 the soft comforts of home? Shall I
 turn my back on my native land, and
 turn my face towards the sea?

INSIDE THE BUCKET

Gamboa fills himself up with more and more air.

CONALL (V.O.)
 Shall I put myself wholly at your
 mercy, without silver, without a
 horse, without fame, without honour?

VIEW INSIDE GAMBOA'S CHEST CAVITY

The air bubbles expand in Gamboa's vital organs until they explode.

CONALL (V.O.)
 Shall I pour out my heart to you,
 confessing my manifold sins and
 begging forgiveness, tears streaming
 down my cheeks?

INSIDE THE BUCKET

Blood spurts out of Gamboa's eyes.

CONALL (V.O.)
 Shall I then suffer every kind of
 wound that the sea can inflict?

INSIDE THE PLASTIC BOX

Conall and Soledad shoot past Gamboa's convulsing body.

Throughout, Conall maintains eye contact with Soledad. Her trust in him is now absolute.

The seawater lightens, the pinprick of sun growing into a beacon.

ABOVE WATER, PACIFIC OCEAN

Conall & Soledad surface, gasp in life itself.

He holds on to her, buoys her up.

The terror in her eyes vanishes, replaced by sheer joy at being alive.

Bellhaus floats happily alongside them, serene in the warming rays of the sun.

CONALL (V.O.)
 Shall I take my tiny boat across the
 wide sparkling ocean?

A wave rises on their port side.

The INFLATABLE DINGY bobs on a crest of foam, still laden with the money bags; \$8 million in cash.

It's impossible to tell whether the dingy's moving toward or away from them...

CONALL (V.O.)
 O King of the Glorious Heaven, shall I
 go of my own choice upon the sea?

Conall cradles Soledad, keeping her and her unborn baby afloat.

CONALL (V.O.)
 O Christ, will you help me on the wild
 waves?

Conall McGinty is reborn and no longer afraid.

FADE TO BLACK.