
P L A T F O R M

Kurt Wimmer

P L A T F O R M

FADE IN

EXT. OCEAN FLOOR

THREE MEN IN HELMETED UNDERWATER GEAR are working on a GAS MAIN that rises up towards the relatively shallow surface of the Gulf of Mexico above. Beyond that, shimmering, the massive Eiffel Tower structure of an OIL DRILLING PLATFORM can be seen.

One DIVER is ARC WELDING at the pipe while two others are working at a pump twenty yards off. Suddenly, one of the gauges on the pipe *shoots into the red*. The torch has violated pipe integrity. A tremendous shudder vibrates up the pipe towards the surface and the platform above it.

WELDING DIVER

Shit! The gas ignited!

The eyes of the other two shoot towards him.

2ND DIVER

Close the valve!!!

WELDING DIVER

It'll blow!

2ND DIVER

Close it! The whole platform's gonna blow!!!

The Welding Diver reaches for the valve but his hand falters.

WELDING DIVER

I ... I can't ...

The 2nd Diver starts swimming all out towards the pipe.

2ND DIVER

Trust me, goddamit!

The Welding Diver closes the valve ... **KABLAM!!!** the main *explodes* at their level - obscuring the water with bubbles.

When it clears, all that is left is a twisted gas main and BITS OF THE WELDING DIVER floating in shreds gently towards the bottom, nibbled at by small fish.

The 2nd Diver, stunned, looks up to see the THIRD DIVER clawing his way madly towards the surface in a panic.

2ND DIVER

Pfeiff! NO!

INT. ROOM - ESBJERG DENMARK - NIGHT

CARD: Esbjerg, Denmark ...

A light snaps on from darkness - the 2ND DIVER has his hand on it. He heaves silent sobs that won't come out.

Suddenly, he throws back the covers, opens the drawer of his nightstand and pulls out a STICK OF DYNAMITE attached to a DIGITAL TIMER.

He activates the timer - 10 seconds - and sits there, eyes lightly closed, waiting for the explosion. 5..4..3..2.. without even looking, he unerringly reaches out and deactivates the timer an instant before detonation - he's done it so many times before. Much as he'd like to, he can't bring himself to do it. He puts his hands over his eyes.

The phone rings. After a few rings BILL DISNEY answers it.

DISNEY

Yeah? . . . What am I doing?...

He glances at the bomb a moment, then shakes his head.

DISNEY

Nothing much ... sleeping. Got work for me?

Disney sits up at the response - interested.

DISNEY

Is it dangerous?

He sits up even further.

DISNEY

(almost eager)

How dangerous?

Even further.

DISNEY

Have you already tried everyone else?

He jumps out of bed.

DISNEY

I'll do it.

EXT. TARMAC - ABERDEEN SCOTLAND - NIGHT

Dead of night. In the shadow of a C-41 transport seven SEAL TEAM SIX MEMBERS are on the tarmac packing their chutes. They all sport the "RELAXED DRESS CODE" of Seals - the LONG HAIR, BEARDS, AND EARRINGS that allow them to assimilate into non-military environments - contrasting sharply with the military crispness of their tiger stripe and black jump uniforms.

A JEEP skids to a halt next to them and the SEAL TEAM LEADER, WEST - heavily bearded, with a long Grateful Dead ponytail, looks sharply up with piercing eyes.

A COLONEL IN THE BRITISH SAS steps down followed by a YOUNG MAN IN FATIGUES with his own gear.

SAS COLONEL

Good morning West - this is Lt. Spivey with SAS. He'll be the Crown's observer for this morning's assault exercise.

WEST, eyes flashing, extends his hand to the young Brit.

CAPT. WEST

Welcome to U.S. SEAL Team Six.

EXT. PIER - NORTH SEA - DAWN

When Bill Disney pulls his big frame out of the tiny cab, dressed in a SHEEP SKIN COAT, JEANS AND COWBOY BOOTS, there is already a YOUNG DANISH MAN standing on the pier staring out into the WIND AND SNOW sweeping off the dark NORTH SEA.

Disney drops his gear onto the pier and addresses the man in SUBTITLED DANISH.

DISNEY

Waiting for the skiff to Piper Epsilon?

The HANDSOME YOUNG DANE smiles.

YOUNG DANE

Yes. You too?

Disney, AT 38, IS ABOUT 15 YEARS THE BOY'S SENIOR. He extends his hand.

DISNEY

Bill Disney, American.

INT. C-41 - NIGHT

Preparing for take-off. These planes are not outfitted for comfort. Steel benches and that's it. All the SEALs sit

along the benches, checking their weapons, packs, chutes and bullshitting amongst themselves. LT. SPIVEY is quiet as he just listens and watches - interested.

TEXAS

Jamaica - I done paid you for that Ganja.
Where is it?

JAMAICA

Up in smoke, Mon. Up in smoke.

With a pleasant smile, Lt. Spivey speaks up.

LT. SPIVEY

Say, if you don't mind my asking, why do
all you blokes go by the names of places?

Jamaica, a black West Indian, smiles with impossibly white teeth.

JAMAICA

'Cause we all from places so so cool.

He indicates the big TEXAN, with his Stetson.

JAMAICA

Texas.

TEXAS

(tips hat)

Howdy.

Jamaica points to the strapping, DEADLY LOOKING AMERICAN INDIAN.

JAMAICA

Phoenix.

PHOENIX

How.

A COUNTRY-FRIED HICK looking son of a bitch, strumming a guitar.

JAMAICA

Nashville.

NASHVILLE

Mighty damn pleased to meetcha.

Now a BLONDE-HAIRED, BLUE-EYED SURFER waxing the stock of a nasty looking rifle.

JAMAICA

Malibu.

MALIBU

What's the haps, Dude?

Now a MEAN LOOKING BLACK motherfucker who doesn't blink or take his eyes off Spivey.

JAMAICA

Compton.

COMPTON

Yo Hom.

And finally a THICKSET ITALIAN.

JAMAICA

Bronx.

BRONX

It is too early in the morning for this fucking shit.

EXT. PLATFORM DECK - PIPER EPSILON - DAWN

An ATTRACTIVE YOUNG WOMAN pauses before making the dash through the SNOW STORM that assaults the INSTALLATION DECK.

Patrolling the platform, heedless of the freezing wind and slushy snow, are SEVERAL MEN IN BRITISH COMMANDO UNIFORM WITH GUNS. She looks at them a moment, then makes a run for it to the other side of the platform.

INT. CORRIDORS - PIPER EPSILON - DAWN

A bit soggy, NATALIA makes her way purposefully down the corridor, stirring her coffee as she goes. Up ahead is another YOUNG SAS BRITISH COMMANDO with a rifle. She smiles as she approaches him and when she speaks it is with a RUSSIAN ACCENT, although her English is near perfect.

YOUNG SAS COMMANDO

'Morning, Missus.

NATALIA

Good morning. You're one of our "terrorists", right?

YOUNG SAS COMMANDO

Oh yes'm. That I am today. That indeed I am.

NATALIA

And some brave Americans are coming to rescue us?

YOUNG SAS COMMANDO

Not if the British SAS has anything to say about it Ma'am.

NATALIA

(smiles)

This is what I pay taxes for? So you boys can play games in Never Never Land and not have to grow up?

YOUNG SAS COMMANDO

And God Bless you, for it, Ma'am, God Bless you for it.

INT. CONNING TOWER - DAY

This is the CONTROL ROOM FOR PIPER EPSILON - An AMERICAN HI-TECH DEEP-OCEAN DRILLING RIG IN THE NORTH SEA (American oil companies lease ocean space from the Danish or British government). It looks like the FLIGHT DECK OF BATTLESTAR GALLACTICA. These installations are going where no man has gone before and are operating on the cutting edge of technology. The place is crammed with the COMPUTERS and machinery necessary to keep a behemoth drilling platform functioning just outside the ARCTIC CIRCLE.

Snow and hail pelts the windows. The PLATFORM SUPERVISOR and DIVE SUPERVISOR are already on duty when Natalia enters.

DIVE SUPER

'Morning, Geo-Girl.

NATALIA

Hey, Jack. How is the stress fracture in the drill casing?

DIVE SUPER

Shore finally found someone crazy enough to go down and fix it. He's on his way.

She looks relieved.

NATALIA

Good. I'd love to know what hit the column so damn hard ...

PLATFORM SUPER GARR

Probably another submerged iceberg.

She reaches for a switch on a bank of monitors, but Platform

Supervisor Garr says preemptively ...

GARR

Storm's still got those seabed cameras
knocked out.

She glances at him - you can tell there's no love lost
between them. Her hand falls from the monitor switch.

NATALIA

It's been a week. It's starting to be like
Russia here - nothing gets fixed.

Abruptly the RADIO crackles urgently ...

RADIO

Piper Epsilon, this is a commercial
copter in your airspace. We're a bit
under the weather - request permission to
land on your helideck...

Garr reaches for the headset but Natalia, standing closer,
picks it up instead.

NATALIA

Commercial Copter, we're not sanctioned
for unauthorized landings. A mile due
west Piper Beta has berthing facilities.
Recommend you head over there.

RADIO

(beat)

Well, in truth we're suffering mechanical
difficulties, Epsilon. We wouldn't make
it.

Something about it doesn't sound quite right, but before
Natalia can inquire further, Garr snatches the headset away
from her and speaks into it.

GARR

This is Platform Super - use helideck C.

RADIO

Much obliged, Epsilon.

He tosses down the headset back to Natalia with a look.

EXT. NORWEGIAN SEA - NIGHT

A SMALL BOAT, encrusted in ice, smashes through 20 foot waves
on its way towards Piper Epsilon.

INT. BOAT: The YOUNG DANE sits 'tweendecks in the violently

jarring boat looking very ill. He glances enviously at the OLDER, MORE SEASONED AMERICAN who is fast asleep on top of his gear - hat tipped down over his eyes.

Suddenly overcome, the young man pushes his head into a pail he has for the purpose and pukes.

VOICE

Hey Kid ...

The young man lifts his eyes. Disney tosses him a bottle.

DISNEY

Dramamine. I won't promise you anything
- but it might make you feel better.

The young Dane squints at the label.

YOUNG MAN

Take 2?

DISNEY

Why screw around? Take six.

The boy does, popping them in his mouth. Disney smiles.

#

EXT. PLATFORM - DAWN

Garr, standing out in the freezing snow is speaking to COLONEL KITCHENER - COMMANDER OF THE BRITISH SAS EXERCISE TEAM on the platform. The Helicopter Natalia and Garr had spoken to is landing up on Heliopad C.

They have to yell to be heard over the storm and chopper.

COLONEL KITCHENER

Personnel on the platform need to be kept
to a minimum until the exercise is over.

GARR

Yes Colonel, all but the skeleton crew is
down on the flotel ...

He points over the edge of the platform where, moored 400 feet below is the FLOTEL - "FLOATING HOTEL" OF HUNDREDS OF SLEEPING BERTHS, RECREATIONAL FACILITIES, AND DINING ROOMS FOR THE ROTATING WORK-SHIFTS OF PIPER EPSILON, ALL SUPPORTED ON TWO IMMENSE PONTOONS - heaving restlessly in the heavy swell of the seas.

GARR

.... but this is an emergency landing.

COLONEL KITCHENER

Keep any passengers out of the way in the tower with you. Don't come out unless you have to.

Garr gives him a thumbs up. Both men turn towards the chopper out of whose opening door STEPS ONE GAUNT MAN. Overcoat whipping around him, he surveys the platform with keen eyes as cold and unforgiving as the North Sea itself.

INT. C-41 TRANSPORT - NIGHT

The SEALs are strapping on their chutes. West, the SEAL Team Leader, is going down the line checking each one. He stops in front of Lt. Spivey and taking the Brit's HK P7, he JAMS A MAGAZINE INTO IT and turning, **BLAM!** fires into the opposite wall of the plane. But, instead of puncturing a hole, the steel wall "BLEEDS" RED BLOOD. West looks back to Spivey.

WEST

Simmunition FX cartridges. Filled with fluorescent red marking compound.

West's eyes are steady as Gibraltar into Spivey's.

WEST

Remember - this is just an exercise.

EXT. BOAT - NORTH SEA - PRE-DAWN

Disney and his Scandinavian companion stand on the prow of the boat, weathering the stinging, icy spray of the waves. Ahead of them a MONSTROUS STRUCTURE - a PLATFORM supported on SIX GARGANTUAN LEGS - looms out of the storm like some prehistoric spider. Atop the legs, FOUR HUNDRED FEET ABOVE THE SEA, some EIGHT STORIES OF DECKS, and above that, the flare stacks shoot flame into the dark sky ...

PIPER EPSILON is simply the biggest thing you've ever seen. Each massive leg is buoyant, semi-submersible and floodable with a 350 foot draft beneath the water.

Piper Epsilon remains in place by virtue of a dozen 10,000 horsepower satellite-guided directional thrusters attached to the legs sub-sea level that keep it precisely in place over the drilling hole in even the worst weather.

(note: the technological descriptions of drill rigs in this screenplay are accurate and unexaggerated.)

The boat motors past the FLOTEL - the huge floating "hotel" on two submersible pontoons. Although big by ordinary measure, it is dwarfed by Piper Epsilon next to it. It's painted name is "TREASURE FINDER". There are a dozen men on

deck, weathering the snow in order to have a smoke.

Disney WAVES at the men. They wave back.

INT. CONNING TOWER - DAWN

Glasses on, Natalia is at work at the seismograph. The UNEXPECTED VISITOR FROM THE HELICOPTER leans on the drafting table, chain-smoking cigarettes. He is about 40 and his eagle eyes have the look of acute, learned intelligence.

He nods down to the platform where the SAS are patrolling.

VISITOR (SCHILLER)
Military exercise?

GARR
Yeah, AmGas lets U.S. SEALs practice on its installations. They're here with the Brits today.

Schiller nods. Natalia glances at him - it is plain that, instinctively, she doesn't trust him.

NATALIA
I'm surprised Exxon lets its people fly in this weather.

SCHILLER
(shrugs)
Some business just can't wait.

EXT. PERSONNEL BASKET - DAWN

Disney and young Dane have traded the sickening plunging and rising of the boat for the wild swinging of the PERSONNEL BASKET that, twisting wildly in the 50 knot winds is raised upward towards the massive platform above by a CRANE. The Dane looks none too happy about this development. Disney smiles and gives the boy a reassuring pat on the shoulder.

EXT. PLATFORM - DAWN

As they are deposited down onto the platform, A MASSIVE PLAYGROUND OF STORAGE TANKS, MACHINERY AND MODULES stacked one atop the other, Disney sees his young friend eying the SAS Commandos in black jumpsuits patrolling the platform.

DISNEY
Probably another exercise. Come on, let's replace that food you gave up on the way out with some of the North Sea's finest.

INT. CONNING TOWER - DAWN

As Natalia, Garr and the Dive Super work, Schiller carefully studies the computer-jammed room around him. Then his eyes move out the window, scanning the stormy skies.

Natalia sees him and thinks he is looking at his helicopter on the pad - where a mechanic is going over it.

Schiller's eyes shift blandly to her. She returns to work.

INT. GALLEY - MORNING

The Galley is all but empty this morning. Just a half dozen TOOLPUSHERS AND ROUGHNECKS sipping coffee at one table with A COUPLE SAS COMMANDOS.

Disney, with two trays piled high with food, slides into a table where his young Danish friend already sits.

DISNEY

Dig in, Kid. I won't promise you it'll taste good, but it will fill you up.

The young Dane eyes the food dubiously. Disney turns to the cook, a SCRAWNY LOUISIANIAN behind the counter.

DISNEY

Say Jackson, where the hell is everyone this morning? This place is a ghost town.

JACKSON

Aw, they most all down on the flotel till the army boys's done.

One of the workers at the other table speaks up.

TOOLPUSHER

And guess who gets to play the "hostages". We been up all night.

DISNEY

And John Wayne's gonna come to your rescue, right?

SAS COMMANDO

(good-natured needling)
Sure. 'Less the Yanks blow it.

ROUSTABOUT

Well, pray that doesn't happen, 'cause you Brit terrorists make a God-awful cup of coffee.

DISNEY

(chuckles)

Don't worry boys - I'll come save you.

A gagging sound turns his head. The young Dane is spitting his first forkful of food back onto his plate. Disney smiles.

DISNEY

Better eat up - it's all there is and all you get.

He winks and, standing, shakes the boy's hand.

DISNEY

Got a dive job to do. Good meeting you.

INT. C-41 TRANSPORT - DAWN

The plane is out over the North Sea now. Lt. Spivey watches as Compton tumbles a deadly-looking knife through his fingers like a card shark. He looks lethal.

Compton looks up and catches Spivey looking at him. His eyes are so cold and empty that even a combat-trained commando like Spivey must glance away.

INT. CONNING TOWER - DAWN

When Disney enters the Dive Supervisor removes his headphones and shakes Disney's hand familiarly.

DIVE SUPERVISOR

Bill ...

DISNEY

Jack - good to see you. How deep's this crack?

DIVE SUPERVISOR

30's.

DISNEY

Excellent.

A voice from behind them interjects.

VOICE

30's??? That's illegal depth.

They both turn to see DISNEY'S YOUNG DANISH FRIEND entering the tower. Disney reacts - surprised to see him.

DISNEY

Kid ...? What're you doing up here ...

DIVE SUPERVISOR

(clears throat)

Bill, this is Bjork Bjorksen. He'll be your dive partner.

DISNEY

(blinks)

Dive partner ... I thought ...

Diseny assumed Bjork was just a Roustabout. He wheels on the Dive Supervisor.

DISNEY

No way. No way! I dive alone! You know that!

DIVE SUPERVISOR

Not on this rig you don't. The insurance we're carrying won't cover single divers.

DISNEY

Insurance? What the hell're you talking about? I got no one. No one's gonna come after AmGas if I buy it.

BJORK

I'm going.

DISNEY

(wheeling on him)

No you're not fucking going.

Bjork braces up - he's a little afraid of the older man but he's going to stand his ground.

BJORK

I am. I'm going.

Disney gives him a SHOVE. By this point, everyone in the room, Natalia, Garr, is staring at them.

DISNEY

Are you out of your mind? Do you know why 30's are illegal depth? Because it's suicide depth. You go down today you got one chance in two of coming back.

BJORK

I'm going.

DISNEY

Why? Why're you so goddam eager to kill yourself?!?

BJORK

(swallows)

My wife is pregnant. I need the money.

This stops Disney like a brick wall. He stares at the boy, UNINVITED COMPASSION creeping into his eyes. Garr, who has been watching finally speaks ...

GARR

Excuse me, but what exactly the fuck is he doing on this rig?

He is referring to Disney. The Dive Super looks guiltily to his superior.

DIVE SUPERVISOR

He's here to go down and fix the drill column.

GARR

Like fuck he is. He's been stricken off AmGas and everybody else's lists.

DIVE SUPERVISOR

The storm screwed up everything down there. We've got to get that column fixed.

GARR

He's a menace. Find someone else.

DIVE SUPERVISOR

Alan, I tried everyone else. He's the only one who'll do it.

A beat from Garr. Disney sees Natalia looking at him, STUDYING HIM CURIOUSLY. She looks away.

GARR

(grudging/pissed)

It'll have to be off the books.

And he returns abruptly to his work.

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EXT. CAGE - DAY

Disney and Bjork, SUITED UP FOR SATURATION DIVING are lowered by CRANE in A METAL CAGE down forty stories towards the white froth of the wave-smashing water below. Sat Divers don't wear self-contained breathing units. Instead, their OXYGEN AND

HEATER LINES snake back up towards the platform above them along with their WELDING LINES.

Finally, Bjork speaks up.

BJORK

What about you? Why are you so eager to kill yourself?

Disney studies the younger man for a moment.

DISNEY

A while back, I got a couple guys killed.

A beat from the young Dane. Then he shrugs.

BJORK

I trust you.

There is a beat that Disney cannot hide the appreciation in his eyes. Then, to change the subject, he nods down to the icy cold waves, coming up fast now beneath their feet.

DISNEY

Better brace yourself. I always do.

He's talking about his pecker. He cups his hand protectively over his groin. Bjork, seeing the wisdom of this, follows suit. The cage strikes the sea's raging surface and the icy waters close over their heads.

INT. C-41 - DAWN

Capt. West turns to the SEAL Team.

WEST

Ten minutes to target.

The yawning back ramp of the transport hydraulics open and whipping wind fills the plane.

EXT. UNDER SEA

The absolute massiveness of Piper Epsilon's semi-submersible Northwest leg is overwhelming through the gloom of the water around Disney and Bjork as the cage descends ever downward.

The Dive Supervisor, WHOSE JOB IT IS TO MONITOR THE ENTIRE DIVE VIA RADIO, speaks to them through their helmet sets.

DIVE SUPERVISOR (O.S.)

Disney - you got your Bailout Bottle?

Disney feels for his EMERGENCY SUPPLY OF OXYGEN - A MAGNETIC

BOTTLE WITH A FLASHING LIGHT ON IT.

DISNEY

Roger that.

DIVE SUPERVISOR

Kid?

Bjork feels for his bottle. But it's not there. He looks up, eyes wide. But, through his helmet, Disney puts a finger to his lips, *takes his own and magnetically clamps it on the boy's dive belt.*

DISNEY

He's all set too, Boss.

DIVE SUPERVISOR (O.C.)

All right, free-flow your helmets to helium mix.

Bjork and Disney reach up and open the valves that cut off the air to their helmets and replace it with Heliox - a HELIUM/OXYGEN MIX to prevent nitrogen narcosis at deeper depths. Now, when Disney talks, he sounds like DONALD DUCK.

DISNEY

Heeeeey! Welcome to Disney Land!

INT. CONNING TOWER: The Dive Supervisor smiles to himself at Disney's off-beat sense of humour and ...

DIVE SUPERVISOR

Okay, let's hear it, Disney ...

DISNEY (O.S.)

(crackle/sings)

Disco, disco Duck ...

... ATTENUATES the two divers' radio transmissions on an oscilloscope back down to something close to NORMAL in order to render them intelligible.

DISNEY (O.S)

Aw, I was having fun.

INT. C-41 - TRANSPORT

The SEAL Team is gathered at the dizzying edge of the ramp. The sky swirls around them and they must yell to be heard above the roar of the wind.

WEST

90 seconds!

EXT. UNDERWATER

Having reached operating depth, Disney and Bjork have left the cage and are swimming to the steel alloy DRILL COLUMN through which Piper Epsilon's massive drill bit feeds down to the OCEAN BOTTOM INVISIBLE BEYOND THE DEPTHS BELOW.

Disney swims around the massive core, minutely examining the crack in it's surface. He whistles.

DISNEY

Christ Almighty ... the whole column's bowed. Something must have hit this sucker hard down deep.

DIVE SUPER (O.C.)

Roger that, Disney - but we don't have our eyes back on down there yet. Can you repair?

Disney nods to Bjork who hands him the OXY-ACETYLENE TORCH.

DISNEY

Roger that. Make it hot, Jack.

DIVE SUPERVISOR (O.C.)

Roger that. Make it hot.

The welder *pops!* on and Disney goes to work doing what he does best.

CONNING TOWER: The Dive Supervisor stands, hitching up his trousers.

DIVE SUPERVISOR

Natalia, cover here for me for a minute.
I gotta take a leak.

Natalia glances up from her work, smiles.

NATALIA

Sure.

She TAKES HIS PLACE before the radio and controls and places the headphones on her head.

UNDER WATER: As Disney welds, Bjork looks uneasily around in the dark depths that surround them. A machine called a MOLE crawls up and down the legs of Piper Epsilon, scouring it with super hydrostatic pressure. A shark swims by to investigate and then lazily disappears into the gloom.

DISNEY
(conversational)
Wife pretty?

BJORK
(smiles)
For a Danish girl.

DISNEY
Then she's a knockout.

BJORK
You?

DISNEY
(beat)
Yeah, she's pretty. Past tense. Belongs
to someone else now.

BJORK
Why?

DISNEY
Well, in her words I was a dead man in
the land of the living.

BJORK
(beat)
What happened?

DISNEY
(matter of fact)
A decision I made would have saved a
hundred lives. But a valve I didn't know
was closed was and instead two men are
dead. One was Garr's brother-in law. He
panicked and surfaced too quick. Lungs
popped like firecrackers.

INT. CONNING TOWER: Headphones on, Natalia is listening in,
riveted as a man bares his soul. It is plain that HIS STORY
TOUCHES HER.

DISNEY'S VOICE
Since then, I've been taking every shit
job that came my way hoping like hell
lightning'd strike again and do for me
what I don't have the balls to do myself.

Natalia REACTS. But she pushes her emotions back down - it's
just another sad story of someone hiding in the North Sea.

EXT. C-41

West faces his men on the howling ramp.

WEST

This is HALO jump, Friends and
Countrymen. High altitude, low opening.
See you at the bottom.

He dives off into the void. Lt. Spivey looks horrified.

LT. SPIVEY

Low opening!?! At 400 kilometers per
hour how will we know when to open???

Behind him, Nashville laughs heartily.

NASHVILLE

Ya eyeball it, Good Buddy. Ya eyeball
it!

And he pushes Spivey off the ramp and out into the void.

The SEALs buffet into the stratosphere and shoot downwards at
an incredible speed towards Piper Epsilon, rising out of the
fog-shrouded ocean more than a mile below.

INT. CONNING TOWER - DAWN

The door opens and Piper Epsilon's helicopter mechanic who
inspected Schiller's copter, enters and addresses Garr.

MECHANIC

That whirlybird's in tip top shape. I
couldn't find nothing wrong with her.

Eyes narrowing, Natalia glances to Schiller, but Schiller,
paying no attention whatsoever, is AT THE WINDOWS looking up
at the dark sky - a smile on his thin, pale lips ...

SCHILLER

Here they come ...

SKY: Spivey looks at the SEAL's in the air around them, wide
grins on their faces as they near the Platform. He would have
opened ten seconds ago, but still they wait ...

The numbers are falling fast from here ...

1000 yards ...
500 yards ...
250 ...

But still they don't open. The Platform, looming enormous,

is coming up at terrific speed beneath their feet.

100 yards ...

Lt. Spivey braces for terminal impact ...

Fifty yards and the SEAL's *yank!* their cords. Ten chutes *FWUMP!* inflate and no sooner do they reach full inflation than do all ten slam into the platform, roll with their inertia and *come up shooting.*

Instantly, the drill deck is alive with assault fire and TWO SAS COMMANDOS, taken completely by surprise, fall to the ground "dead", red dye running from their chests like blood.

CONNING TOWER: Everyone is gathered at the windows watching the assault - like something out of a movie.

Down below, *BABLAM!* Bronx puts two shots right into an SAS's throat. Schiller looks at Natalia with a chilling smile.

SCHILLER

Quite realistic, isn't it?

PLATFORM: Lt. Spivey watches impressed as the SEAL's move practicedly and without hesitation to the door of the platform compound, quickly wire it and *blow!* it.

The SEAL's sweep in - hi-lo formation - in shooting pairs. Taking out the SAS's in the module with lethal accuracy.

INT. HOLD - DAY

Kitchener, the SAS COMMANDER, looks up at the sound of shots and smiles to himself. He turns to the group of OFF-DUTY PLATFORM ROUGHNECKS AND TOOLPUSHERS who have volunteered to PLAY THE HOSTAGES. He claps his hands.

COLONEL KITCHENER

"Hostages", it seems your would-be rescuers have arrived. Please assemble this side of the hold.

The Americans, including Jackson, give up their checkers and sandwiches and, DONNING PROTECTIVE GOGGLES AND CHEST PADS, move good naturedly to the other side of the room. Kitchener nods to his SAS Commandos in the room, who don their own protective goggles and flank the doors with assault rifles.

INT. LATRINE - DAY

The Dive Super stands at the urinal taking a nice, long piss - listening to the muffled sounds of gunfire.

INT. CORRIDORS - DAY

The SEAL's come on, an unstoppable force, bursting through doors and blowing the shit out of anything and anyone who gets in their way - blasting the SAS Commandos backward with unerringly placed mortal "kill"-shots.

Lt. Spivey, bringing up the rear watches their deadly efficiency with amazement. Abruptly, a closet door opens and an SAS COMMANDO bursts out. Spivey *spins instinctively*, wheeling his rifle around, and lets off four rounds point blank into the man's PADDED CHEST. The impact slams the man back into the closet where he looks down dismayed at the red dye running down his chest.

Spivey smiles and gives his countryman a wink ...

LT. SPIVEY

Top of the morning to ya. Now be a good boy and play dead.

SAS COMMANDO
(sigh)

Yes Sir.

He remains as he fell. Spivey moves on after the SEALs.

INT. CONNING TOWER - DAY

Natalia looks up when the Dive Super reenters the tower.

NATALIA

(handing him headset)

Well, it's about time.

DIVE SUPERVISOR

Gotta do what whatcha gotta do.

NATALIA

So true.

And standing, she starts donning her chest pad. Garr looks up with alarm.

GARR

What the hell do you think you're doing?

NATALIA

Jack's back - it's my turn now.

GARR

You can't go out there until the exercise is finished!

NATALIA

I was told not to go out unless I had to.
I have to.

GARR

No. You'll stay in here and that's an order.

Natalia gives him a look.

NATALIA

As Jack says - "gotta do whatcha gotta do".

And picking up her goggles she walks out.

INT. HOLD - DAY

Colonel Kitchener's lips twitch up into a smile of anticipation as he hears the sounds of gunfire approaching closer. He nods to his men to be ready ...

INT. VESTIBULE - DAY

The SEAL's burst into the vestibule and even though the SAS Commando there knew when and where they were coming, his reactions can't compare to theirs and his shot goes wild while theirs *smack!* him back against the wall.

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

The sounds of the fire fight are distant through the walls. Natalia walks through the quiet of the corridor down towards the latrine. Ahead of her in the corridor, in a pool of red dye lies the YOUNG BRITISH SOLDIER she spoke to earlier that morning. His eyes are open and he is staring at her - blinking silently.

She smiles.

NATALIA

Hey, I thought you were supposed to be dead.

The Young British Soldier opens his mouth but no words come out. BLOOD DOES. The smile on Natalia's lips fades ...

INT. VESTIBULE - DAY

The door is marked HOLD and with hand signals, West indicates that Bronx should go in first. Alaska plants the charge, they cover, the door *blows!* and Bronx is *in!*

INT: HOLD: But Kitchener, an old warhorse himself, is waiting

for him - grabbing Bronx's assault rifle and twisting it with such savage force that Bronx *flips* slamming to the floor.

Kitchener wheels *Bronx's rifle* on Alaska and Miami in the doorway and *blasts!* them back pointblank with "sym-fire" from their own rifle.

As Alaska and Miami slam back into their companions in the small vestibule, "bleeding" red dye, Kitchener rips a CONCUSSION "SYM-GRENADE" off his padded vest, tosses it into the vestibule and slams the steel door shut in their faces.

CORRIDOR: Natalia kneels down beside the fallen soldier, confusion in her eyes. With a trembling hand, she reaches out and touches the "red dye" on his padding ...

She stares at it for a moment ... then her eyes shoot the soldier's. He stares at her with pleading eyes for a moment; somewhere off in the distance there is the dull *thud!* of the sym-grenade ...

Then those pleading eyes *glaze over* ...

The Young Soldier goes limp. Stunned, Natalia backs up to her feet ... then, completely forgetting the bathroom, she turns and *runs* back the way she came.

HOLD: Believing the war won, Kitchener, grinning from ear to ear, throws the door of the hold back open. His grin fades when he sees SEAL Team Six, covered in red dye from the sym-grenade, gathered around their two fallen companions.

Kitchener knows instantly something is wrong and he kneels by Alaska's side and takes dully staring Eskimo's pulse.

COLONEL KITCHENER

My God ... (looks up) this man is dead.

He quickly takes Miami's pulse and it is plain from his reaction that the Cuban is also dead. Kitchener, shell-shocked, stands ...

COLONEL KITCHENER

I...I thought the ammunition...

He looks up to see the muzzle of West's .45 not two inches from his face. **BLAM!** West shoots Colonel Kitchener pointblank between the eyes.

WEST

Play dead.

A momentary look of dull surprise ... then Kitchener falls dead to the ground.

Lt. Spivey stares stunned at the blood plainly pumping from the wound in his countryman's head. Then looks up at West.

WEST

Sorry, U.K..

And he shoots him too. He looks to Jamaica, Texas and Bronx.

WEST

Sweep the rest of the rig. Round up any and all Civilians.

EXT. UNDERWATER

Disney and Bjork remain completely ignorant of the momentous events going on some 700 feet above them. Disney glances at his watch.

DISNEY

(into mike)

Looks like we're coming up on maximum time, Jack ...

DIVE SUPER (O.C.)

Yeah I'll send the cage down...

CONNING TOWER: The Dive Super speaks into his mike.

DIVE SUPER

... and bring you on up.

Abruptly, the door flies open and Natalia bursts in ...

NATALIA

They're killing them! They're *killing* them!

DIVE SUPER

What? (to Disney) Right back to you guys ...

HE REMOVES HIS HEADPHONES as Natalia slams the door closed and LOCKS IT.

DIVE SUPER

Natalia ... what the hell's going on???

NATALIA

(almost in tears)

They're killing them! They're *really* killing them!

DIVE SUPER

Killing who?

NATALIA

Everyone! Everyone's dead out there!

Schiller, nursing a cup of coffee, watches bemused.

GARR

That's ridiculous. Open the door.

DIVE SUPERVISOR

Wait a minute. What's she talking about?

NATALIA

They're killing them! Those men who landed here are really killing them!

Garr rises and heads purposefully for her and the door.

GARR

That's absurd.

And he unlocks the door. But she instantly re-locks it.

NATALIA

No, you don't understand! There was blood. A soldier died right in front of me!

GARR

It's supposed to be realistic.

And he unlocks the door. Again, she relocks it.

NATALIA

I'm not kidding with you! Next they're going to be coming up here for us.

INT. HOLD - DAY

The SEAL Team now stands, weapons at ready. The motley group of half a dozen toolpushers and roughnecks who volunteered to play the hostages are all just beginning to have enough realization to be scared. The TWO REMAINING SAS COMMANDOS stand by, hands raised into the air.

West stops in front of the Commandos.

WEST

Ready to die?

Both vigorously shake their heads no - they're scared too.

WEST

I don't blame you myself, but you're about to. (addresses "hostages") How about the rest of you? Are you prepared?

He nods to Nashville who steps immediately to one of the SAS's and, before the man can even protest, POW! shoots him in the head. West turns back to the frightened hostages.

WEST

Now, tell me honestly, did that look like fun? Something maybe you'd like to do later on today? Let me see a show of hands - how many here think they'd like to do that today?

No one raises their hand.

WEST

Well, I'll be damned. Guess you'd better behave then.

And POW! he cold-bloodedly shoots the other SAS himself.

#

EXT. UNDER SEA

Disney glances anxiously at his watch and taps his headset.

DISNEY

Jack? Jack ...? Where the hell are you Jack? We need to get the hell up or we're going to have so much helium in our blood we'll be balloons.

No answer. Disney exchanges a glance with Bjork.

#

INT. CONNING TOWER - DAY

Garr is trying to reason with Natalia who is near hysterics.

GARR

Why? Why the hell would they do that?

Natalia, panting with adrenaline, shakes her head.

NATALIA

I don't know, I don't know ...

GARR

Have you ever even seen a dead person before?

Natalia shakes her head.

GARR

(gently)

Then how can you be sure he was dead?
Now, if we just open the door ...

He reaches for the lock - but a MEATY HAND falls over it ahead of him and he finds himself looking up into the fat but substantial form of the Dive Supervisor.

DIVE SUPERVISOR

I don't see what it can hurt to just
leave this locked for a little while.
And wait ...

Abruptly *KLANG! KLANG!* someone on the other side, pounds the door, making everyone except Schiller who remains calmly stirring his coffee in the background, jump nearly out of their skins. The three exchange a glance.

GARR

Y...Yes?

TEXAN VOICE

Open up, we're SEAL's. We need to use
the radios to transmit to the mainland.

Another glance exchanged. Then, before Natalia or the Dive Supervisor can stop him, Garr ...

NATALIA

No!

... throws the lock and Jamaica, Texas and Bronx explode into the room.

BRONX

*Nobody fucking move! Get your hands in
the air!*

Natalia and Jack immediately throw their hands up. But Garr doesn't budge.

NATALIA

For God's sake, Garr - just do what they
say ...

Bronx wheels his gun on her and looks like he's about to blow her away when Schiller suddenly steps coolly into the light.

SCHILLER

No, she's the geologist, we need her.

He indicates the Dive Supervisor.

SCHILLER

He can go.

Before anyone can react or even register what is happening, Jamaica *blasts* Jack back into his radio set. In the ringing silence afterward, Natalia's eyes move from Jack's body to Schiller. Then to Garr who, hands not raised, looks away.

EXT. UNDERSEA

Disney is still trying to regain contact topside.

DISNEY

Jack! Jack! For God's sake, you're gonna kill us!

Nothing. He looks to Bjork.

DISNEY

We can't wait. We gotta get up or we're going die down here.

INT. CONNING TOWER - DAY

Natalia stands covered by Bronx's assault rifle. Garr is at the computers, activating the tower's weather tracking system

NATALIA

Garr ... what the hell's going on?

SCHILLER

Sit tight, Pretty. All will be revealed.

The door opens and West enters with Malibu.

WEST

All secure here?

SCHILLER

Appears that way. What about the rest of the rig?

MALIBU

Locked down tight, Bro'. We scoped every inch - there's no one on this platform we haven't accounted for.

Natalia's eye FALLS ON THE HEADSET NEAR HER HAND - wheels begin turning as she realizes that Disney and Bjork are still down there.

TEXAS

(indicating Jack)

What about this stiff?

Surreptitiously, Natalia's hand flips the INTERCOM switch on the radio set - a RED LIGHT COMES ON ...

WEST

Dump it in the drink.

UNDERWATER: Suddenly, Disney and Bjork are getting transmission.

GARR'S VOICE

No! Don't do that! In an hour the tide will have carried it to Piper Beta. Someone might spot it.

SCHILLER'S VOICE

He's right. We can't risk tipping our hand until we're ready.

Disney exchanges a "what the fuck?" glance with Bjork.

CONNING TOWER: West is matter of fact.

WEST

Then stack all the corpses on the rig deck and cover it with whatever's available.

Garr who happens to glance over in the area of the Dive Super's station, abruptly realizes the red light is on.

GARR

Christ! The divers!

Schiller and West look at him - what?

GARR

There's two divers working 3 hundred feet down on the drill column. Some Danish kid and the bastard that got my sister's husband killed in the Gulf.

Garr shoots a look at Natalia.

GARR

She thought she'd make a couple heroes. (to Natalia) Sorry, Disney isn't the type.

Schiller steps to the Dive Controls and puts his finger beneath a SET OF SWITCHES.

SCHILLER

This is their oxygen, yes?

UNDER WATER: Beneath the sea, Disney and Bjork are getting every word of this and they stare at one another through their helmets with "Holy shit!" eyes.

GARR'S VOICE

Wait! I've been waiting three years to get this bastard ...

CONNING TOWER: Garr stops just short of licking his lips.

GARR

Let me do it.

Schiller looks at him blandly a moment. Then at West who shrugs. Then he magnanimously steps aside. Garr sits hungrily at the controls and leans into the mike.

GARR

Hey ... Disney? You there? You getting all this?

CUT TO: UNDERWATER: Disney looks up towards the surface three hundred feet above.

DISNEY

(very worried)

Garr, what the fuck's going on?

TOWER: Garr smiles, savouring it.

GARR

You're in minus ten degrees of water and your heat just got turned ...

As Natalia watches, *horrified that she just sentenced two men to death*, Garr cavalierly flicks the HEAT switch off.

GARR

... off.

UNDERWATER: Bjork jerks - life-preserving hot water cut off. Through his helmet, his expression is plainly terrified.

DISNEY

Kid!

Then he jerks too, his own hot water cut.

DISNEY

Garr! Garr, you bastard! This kid never did anything to you!

TOWER: West gives Garr a look of annoyance.

WEST

Quit screwing around - we got work to do.

Garr, with a disappointed sigh, puts his finger beneath dual sets of switches marked OXYGEN AND RADIO ...

GARR

So long, Disney ...

DISNEY'S VOICE

Garr! Just me! *Just me!* This kid's got a wife and ch...

flick! Garr impassively kills both their oxygens.

EXT. PLATFORM: The OXYGEN COMPRESSOR sputters to a halt.

UNDER WATER: Disney and Bjork jerk like puppets as their breath catches in their throats.

DISNEY

Kid, your bailout bottle!

He reaches for his but then realizes he gave it to the boy.

When he looks up he sees Bjork fumbling with the bottle that is the difference between life and death for them both. But in his panicked hurry, *the young Dane's fingers fumble and the BOTTLE goes spiraling into the dark depths below,* FLASHING LIGHT FADING INTO THE DARKNESS BELOW.

Bjork panics and begins clawing madly for the surface.

DISNEY

Kid! No!

He grabs the kid's foot but Bjork kicks loose in his panic, *cracking* Disney's helmet, and surges upward ...

DISNEY

Kid!

Bjork's lungs *burst* fifty feet up. Disney stares devastated as the boy becomes still - an inky trail of blood wisping out of his helmet's exhaust valve - and begins drifting back down

But now Disney's own lack of oxygen forces him to act. He glances quickly around - searching for some way, any way, to get out of this alive. His eyes fall on the TWO WELDING LINES snaking from his welding gun up towards the surface ...

Yanking his DIVE KNIFE out of its sheath, he *cuts* through the

WELDING LINES, sending twin clouds of OXYGEN AND ACETYLENE streaming towards the surface. Slashing upward, he severs his own useless Oxygen line and jams the smaller Oxygen Welding line into it - flooding his helmet with pure oxygen.

TOWER: West pulls up a chair before Natalia.

WEST

Now, my Russian Chickadee, what I'm gonna need from you is your computer access code and the indexing of this rig's seismic survey charts.

Natalia looks at him a moment. Then *spits* in his face for an answer. West, unfazed wipes the saliva off and stands.

WEST

There's an easy way to do this, and a hard way. Choice is yours Chickadee, 'cause it makes no difference to me.

He turns back to the others and claps his hands once.

WEST

All right, let's see what we have on the bottom.

Garr moves quickly to the monitors that *he earlier told Natalia were not working* and flicks them on.

OCEAN SURFACE: Disney, holding Bjork in his arms, surfaces and, tearing off his helmet, starts administering MOUTH TO MOUTH RESUSCITATION to the boy. But, in his heart, he knows it's useless. The boy's vacant eyes stare skyward.

After a moment, Disney fighting back tears gives up and raising his eyes to the platform 400 feet above, grits his teeth - those eyes FILLING WITH DETERMINATION AND PURPOSE.

INT. CONNING TOWER - DAY

The storm is howling outside. Natalia watches as Schiller, West and Garr stand huddled before the WELLHEAD MONITORS THAT GIVE A VIEW OF THE OCEAN FLOOR. From her position, she cannot see the monitors.

SCHILLER

(whistles)

Beautiful ... absolutely the most beautiful thing I've ever seen in my life.

Natalia, intrigued, tries to move into a better vantage point. But Compton fixes her with his bottomless black eyes and a minute adjustment of his gun. Swallowing, she remains where she is.

GARR

What's so valuable about it? Nobody else seemed interested.

Schiller looks at Garr without respect - like an academician explaining basic arithmetic to a blue collar worker.

SCHILLER

Mr. Garr - it is "Garr" isn't it? What price would you put on a 100 million human lives, at say ... one dollar a life? (smiles) Untaxed, of course.

Garr glances to West and quickly sees that he's not going to get any support from that quarter.

GARR

(suppressed anger)

I'll need three Roughnecks to help me bring up the drill bit.

EXT. OCEAN SURFACE - DAY

Four hundred feet below, Disney, HALF-DROWNED ALREADY, is trying to get hold of one of the ladder rungs on Piper Epsilon's southwest leg in the swelling seas. Just as he gets hold of it, a tremendous wave smashes over the leg and washes him off. In the lull, he swims hard back, gets a grip on the icy ladder, and holds on for all he's worth as the next wave crashes over the leg.

EXT. PLATFORM - DAY

As the storm whips snow across the drill floor, Garr and three conscribed Roughnecks are bringing up the drill string, a labour intensive process that pulls up over a mile of drill

pipe in 30 foot sections - aggregate weight: 1,000,000 lbs.

Right now, Garr and the three men are at the Wellbore, detaching the drill string from the rotary table and attaching it to the draw works that will winch it up.

Nashville and Compton stand by - if one of the Roughnecks attempts to run, he will be gunned down.

INT. CONNING TOWER - DAY

When Garr re-enters the Tower, Schiller is at the computers familiarizing himself with the installation.

SCHILLER

How long exactly is it going to take to have the string up?

GARR

Four hours, give or take.

SCHILLER

Can't it be speeded up?

GARR

Look Friend, maybe in your labs you can fix things so they run on your schedule, but that drill string is one mile and one million pounds of steel and it ain't going nowhere fast.

INT. AMGAS CONTROL - ABERDEEN SCOTLAND - DAY

Jammed with computers and people, this is the LAND-BASED CONTROL ROOM that receives EVERY METER READING, EVERY PRESSURE CHANGE, EVERY COMPUTER FUNCTION that occurs on AmGas's drilling rigs.

A TECH arches an eyebrow and looks up from his monitor to his supervisor who is standing by.

TECH

Piper Epsilon is pulling up its drill string.

The SUPERVISOR, attention snared, leans in and studies the screen with furrowed brow.

INT. TOWER - PIPER EPSILON - DAY

A voice crackles over the tower radio and all heads turn.

RADIO

Come in, Piper Epsilon, this is AmGas

Control ... Come in Piper Epsilon ...

The "terrorists" all exchange a glance. West nods to Garr that he should answer it. Garr picks up the mike uncertainly.

GARR

This is Piper Epsilon ...

RADIO

Piper Epsilon - we show you're pulling up your drill string. What the hell's going on?

Garr hesitates. Schiller nods that he should continue.

GARR

We're changing the bit.

RADIO

The bit was changed three days ago.

GARR

Something hit the column. The bit was hanging up in the hole.

RADIO

(beat)

Our computers didn't show it.

Garr looks at the others in the tower - it's a tense moment.

GARR

You must've missed it.

RADIO

(dubious beat)

Okay roger that, Piper Epsilon.

The transmission crackles out. Everyone exchanges a glance.

GARR

They won't send a chopper in this weather.

AMGAS CONTROL: The Tech and his Supervisor exchange a perplexed look.

SUPERVISOR

Think we ought to send a chopper out to take a look?

TECH

In this weather?

The Super chews on it for a moment ... then looks up.

SUPERVISOR

Send that Vietnam pilot we got. He'll
kiss our ass for the opportunity to do
something dangerous.

BACK TO: TOWER: Schiller is highly agitated.

SCHILLER

Can't we cancel the redundancy feature?
Do they have to see everything we see?

GARR

Not without turning off our own
computers. Every signal that comes to us
goes to them.

WEST

We need to be prepared for any
eventuality. (to Malibu) You and
Nashville get the hostages into the
Saturation Tank.

EXT. PIPER EPSILON SUPERSTRUCTURE - DAY

The storm rages, churning the ocean below, howling through
the girders above as Disney makes his perilous way upward on
the icy ladder.

The ocean swells and for a moment the frothy water rises 30
feet up the leg and above his head. All he can do is hold on
and ride it out. A moment later, the water ebbs and he
continues upward.

INT. CORRIDORS - PIPER EPSILON - DAY

The three "hostages", who are really hostages now, (the other
three are bringing up the drill string) are hustled along at
gunpoint down the prefabricated corridors into a room
containing a LARGE STAINLESS STEEL TANK SUSPENDED OVER A
"MOONPOOL" cut into the floor and opening up to the ocean
below. This is the SATURATION TANK, a pressurized living
environment for long-term dive work, Malibu dials the door
open and Nashville herds them in. Jackson, the COOK, turns
back.

JACKSON

Look, I got a wife an' kid.

NASHVILLE

Wife purty?

JACKSON

She an Angel, Man.

NASHVILLE

Then maybe I'll pay her a visit when
you're dead.

Chuckling, he slams the heavy door shut, dialing it closed,
and securing it with a crowbar.

Meanwhile, Malibu consults a gauge beside the door measured
off in ATMOSPHERES. He turns the dial all the way to the
left - 50 atmospheres.

NASHVILLE

That oughta 'bout do it.

MALIBU

Stokin'.

INT. SATURATION TANK: The two roughnecks and one cook look
apprehensively around as the PRESSURE BEGINS TO RISE AND THE
STEEL WALLS CREAK.

#

EXT. PIPER EPSILON SUPERSTRUCTURE - STORM

Fifty feet up, Disney has made it to the first of a series of
STRUCTURAL SUPPORT CROSSTUBES that crisscross between Piper
Epsilon's gargantuan legs. It is a huge bright yellow pipe
with a NARROW CAT WALK traversing its crest.

Sea raging just below, Disney makes his way cautiously out
onto the tube. **CRASH!** a rogue wave washes over the cat walk
and it is everything Disney can do to keep from being washed
back into the boiling sea and sure death.

Ahead, a ten foot section of the crosswalk has been washed
away by the storm. Disney stops at its jagged edge. If he's
going to make it to the ladder on the Southwest leg, he has
to cross this section of tube and it's covered with an eighth
of an inch of ice. If he does it, he's gotta do it fast.

Taking a deep breath ... he goes for it, moving quickly, feet
barely touching the icy surface. But several feet out, he
slips and *slams* down onto the pipe, just barely managing to
stay on. If he moves at all, he'll fall ...

There is a sudden silence ... as if the sea suddenly went
calm. And it is frightening. Disney's head comes up to see
a MONSTROUS WAVE coming towards him.

He *acts*, slipping under the pipe, grabbing the water line
there and going hand over hand the last few feet and *throwing*
himself up onto the catwalk and holding on for everything

he's worth as the wave *smashes over him*.

The wave passes but the sea, calm and frothy in its wake, remains swelled to just below the catwalk's railing. There is no sign of Disney. It looks as though he's been washed off.

Then a form RISES like the Phoenix out of the froth - Disney. As the water sinks away below his feet, he moves doggedly on.

EXT. PLATFORM - STORM

The three Roughnecks are pulling up the drill string. As each 1000lb piece of pipe is unscrewed from the string, it is craned over onto an immense, growing stack of pipe.

CUT TO: INT. TOWER: From the windows, Schiller watches the work impatiently. His attention turns to Natalia. He makes a clumsy attempt to flirt.

SCHILLER

So, tell me ... what's a pretty Russian girl doing spending nine months out of the year on this Arctic hell. What's she hiding from?

NATALIA

Fuck off.

SCHILLER

(incredulous)

I beg your pardon?

NATALIA

English is a new language for you too?

His eyes burn into her for a moment - then he turns back to looking at the computer over Garr's shoulder.

CUT TO: HELICOPTER: A helicopter flies through the storm.

INSPECTOR

There it is.

Ahead, out of the storm emerges the mammoth Piper Epsilon. The Inspector takes note of Schiller's chopper on Helipad C.

INSPECTOR

Looks like they've got a visitor.

He picks up the mike and radios the mainland.

INSPECTOR

Mainland, this is HP3. I need an I.D. on

a chopper, A645Z003.

PLATFORM: Compton, guarding the Roughnecks bringing up the string, hears the roar of the chopper's turbine over the storm and looks up to see its dim shadow through the snow.

COMPTON
(into headset)
Party been crashed.

TOWER: Schiller and West rush to the windows where they too can see the chopper hovering over Helideck C. Abruptly, the RADIO crackles and all eyes snap to it.

RADIO
Piper Epsilon, this is HP3. Your
helidecks are full. Require clearance to
land on platform.

Garr looks worriedly at the others, then picks up the mike.

GARR
I wasn't notified anybody was being sent
out.

Nobody is paying attention now to Natalia who takes this opportunity to start edging for the door.

RADIO
Consider this notification, Epsilon. Are
we clear to land?

Garr looks to West - West thinks for a moment. Then nods.

WEST
More the merrier. Bring 'em in.

GARR
Activating drill floor lights now, HP3.

Abruptly, Natalia bolts - throwing open the door and rushing out.

WEST
Dammit!!!

CORRIDOR: Buffeting the walls, Natalia goes tearing down the corridor. Texas and Phoenix burst out behind her and rake the hall with fire.

WEST
Don't kill her! We need her!

Natalia ducks under the barrage and plunges through the door

and ...

EXT. PLATFORM: ... out into the storm. Before Compton and Jamaica can even realize what is going on, she races by them, snatching a FIRE AXE off a wall ...

INT. HELICOPTER: The Inspector and Pilot stare at the woman running below them across the platform pursued by two huge men with guns.

INSPECTOR

What the hell ...

PLATFORM: Natalia skids to the edge of A TARP-COVERED MOUND just ahead of Texas and Phoenix and, raising the axe high over her head, she brings it down on the retraining rope.

SNAP! the whole thing unravels and the 60 knot wind picks up the tarp and sends it whipping back like a huge flag - revealing the GRISLY PILE OF SAS CORPSES stacked below.

The Pilot and the Inspector's jaws drops.

PILOT

Mother of God ...

In the Tower, West shouts into his headset.

WEST

Take it out! Blow that fucking thing out of the sky!

On the platform Jamaica, Compton, Texas and Phoenix turn their assault rifles upwards and open a blistering fire on the chopper.

In the cockpit, the bubble glass caves inward in an explosion of glass and snow.

INSPECTOR

Go! Go! Get the fuck out of here!!!

The Pilot pulls back hard on the controls and the helicopter veers sharply upward.

On the Platform the SEALs stop firing as the chopper disappears back into the storm.

JAMAICA

(into headset)

It get away, Mon. But I think we 'urt 'eem bad.

In the tower, Garr looks panicked to West and Schiller.

GARR

Will it make it back? Do you think it'll
make it back???

WEST

It doesn't matter. It'll radio in.

HELICOPTER: In the helicopter, things don't look so good.
The windows are all gone and the snow is pouring in. The
whining turbine sounds like it's about to explode. The
Inspector has been hit in the chest by a bullet and his teeth
grit against the pain as he shouts into the mike.

INSPECTOR

I don't know who the fuck they are but
the rig is in the hands of terrorists! I
repeat - in the hands of terrorists!!!

Suddenly the turbine hits a new pitch and the Pilot grips his
chair.

PILOT

We're going down!!!

The Inspector forgets the mike in his hand, watching with
terror as the copter nose dives and heads directly for the
boiling sea below. He screams ...

INT. AMGAS CONTROL: Now everyone is gathered around the Piper
Epsilon monitors. The MAINLAND CONTROLLERS stare horrified
at one another as the Inspector's scream and transmission
abruptly cut off and are replaced by static.

CONTROLLER

My God . . .

INT. PIPER EPSILON - TOWER: Jamaica drags Natalia, wet and
furious into the Tower and hurls her to the floor at
Schiller's feet. Schiller looks at her contemptuously.

SCHILLER

You may be pretty, but you're not smart.
If you think you've done something to
thwart us, you're wrong. Dead wrong.

WEST

Hey, pretty good villain-speak for a
scientist.

Schiller looks embarrassed and, grinning, West turns to Garr.

WEST

Get us the mainland.

He takes the MIKE from Garr and hands it to Schiller.

WEST

Plan B is now officially in effect. Since you're such a good heavy, I'll let you do the honors.

INT. AMGAS CONTROL: The controllers are still recovering from the shock of what they have just heard. The FLOOR SUPER looks to a Tech.

FLOOR SUPER

Notify the Board, I don't care if they're asleep, screwing, or vacationing in Spain - get them all here immediately!

The Tech turns to hurry off but a sudden voice crackling over the Radio speaker rivets all eyes back to the transceiver.

Schiller's voice seeps into the room like a spider's venom.

SCHILLER'S VOICE

Attention AmGas control, a brief word before you scurry off to notify your Board...

There is a beat as these men, clearly unprepared for such an eventuality decide what to do. The super picks up the mike.

FLOOR SUPER

This is AmGas Control. Who am I speaking to?

SCHILLER

That's hardly relevant. What's important is that I'm in control of a billion dollar facility that has hydrocarbon reserves in excess of fifty million barrels crude.

The controllers all exchange a glance.

FLOOR SUPER

What is it you want?

INT. PIPER EPSILON TOWER: Schiller exchanges an amused grin with the others in the room.

SCHILLER

100 million dollars and a blow job.

INT. AMGAS CONTROL: The controllers are all pale.

FLOOR SUPER

And if we don't to comply?

SCHILLER

Then I release the oil into the ocean and you have a spill that makes the Exxon Valdez look like a teenager's forehead. I release the oil and you have a slick that covers the entire North Sea, contamination that destroys the fishing industry and every shoreline from Russia to England. Every surface-dwelling form of sea life, including the whale packs migrating south from the arctic circle ... will die.

FLOOR SUPER

(under his breath)

My God ... eco-terrorists ...

INT. TOWER: Schiller's having fun with this.

SCHILLER

In the short - an oil spill that will make you wish like hell you had paid me the 100 million in a prompt and timely fashion when I'd asked for it.

He smiles to himself.

SCHILLER

And one more thing - by all means, notify your precious Board - but do not, under any circumstances, do not notify military authorities. Till we next speak ...

He kills the transmission and looks to the others.

SCHILLER

"Oh, please don't throw me in the briar patch."

WEST

Sure, Olivier. They're gonna act quick. We better be ready.

INT. AMGAS CONTROL: The Super, ghost-white, turns to the Tech who was going to notify the Board of Executives. He swallows.

FLOOR SUPER

Better call in the cavalry while you're at it.

TECH
American or British?

FLOOR SUPER
All of 'em.

EXT. SUPER STRUCTURE - PIPER EPSILON - STORM

Disney has reached the dizzying height of some 300 feet above the water and is now at the top of the Southwest leg's ladder, pressed nose-up against the BOTTOM OF THE RIG FLOOR - the bottom of the Piper Epsilon platform.

He pounds upward on the steel trap door there but it's not budging - locked from the other side. Disney looks around in despair. All that work for nothing.

He spots a crossbeam radiating outward towards the edge of the platform some fifty yards away. To get there he'd have to inch his way along it, holding on *upside down* in the now 100 knot winds already threatening to sweep him off into the boiling cauldron of sea far below but ...

... what are his options? Gripping the inner edges of the girder, he allows his body to leave the safety of the ladder and swing out into empty space. With an effort, he swings his legs up and catches his heels on the inside of the girder's lips ... and begins inching along *upside down* towards the daylight at the edge of the platform. -----

EXT. PLATFORM - STORM

Garr, on the deck, stops, before a trio of CABLE, PIPE, AND HOSE that radiates out of the steel floor and goes over the edge of the platform. This is the lifeline to flotel Treasure Finder - the FLOATING "HOTEL" MOORED FAR BELOW.

West glances over the platform edge where the "umbilical cord" feeds into the deck of Treasure Finder far below.

WEST
This is the power for the flotel?

GARR
Right. Water pressure, gas, and
pressurized air as well.

West looks to Jamaica and Nashville and nods to the two pipes next to the power - marked "AIR PUMP" and "GAS".

WEST
Switch 'em.

Jamaica and Nashville jump to it, closing off valves,

unhooking the pipes from their floordocks and switching them so that natural gas now feeds into the pressurized air line.

INT. AMGAS CONTROL - DAY

The Supervisors are on the radio.

FLOOR SUPER
Flotel Treasure Finder, flotel Treasure
Finder ... do read?

INT. FLOTEL: The SHIFT SUPERVISOR, who had been staring out the window up at Piper Epsilon, keys his radio mike.

FLOTEL SHIFT SUPER
This is Treasure Finder, AmGas. What's
up?

AMGAS CONTROL: The Floor Super is urgent into his own mike.

FLOOR SUPER
Listen to me. We want you to steam out
of there right away.

FLOTEL: The Shift Super is derisive.

FLOTEL SHIFT SUPER
Immediately? In this weather? You've got
to be kidding. I'd have to pump half the
ballast out of the pontoons before I
could even move this rig in these seas.
What the hell's going on anyway?

RADIO (AMGAS CONTROL)
Don't worry about that right now. How
soon can you get out of there?

SHIFT SUPER
Maybe two hours.

AMGAS CONTROL: The Supervisors all look at one another.

CONTROL SUPER
We don't have much alternative.

FLOTEL: The Floor Super's voice crackles back over the radio.

RADIO (AMGAS CONTROL)
Just get out of there as fast as you can,
Treasure Finder.

SHIFT SUPER
(sighs/shrugs)
Roger that, Control.

He looks back up at Piper Epsilon and re-keys the mike.

SHIFT SUPER

Jimmy, get a crew pumping out ballast -
we're pulling anchor.

EXT. FLOTEL DECK: The roustabouts get on it right away,
hooking the air pump that descends down to them from Piper
Epsilon and screwing it into the pontoon ballast conduit.
Only, we know it's not air - it's gas.

EXT. PIPER EPSILON DRILL FLOOR - STORM

The snow is really coming down now. The PILE OF DRILL PIPE
has tripled in size and the three Roughnecks are working like
dogs to get the rest of it up.

INT. TOWER: In the Tower, Garr, back at the computers,
glances up at Schiller.

GARR

The bit's at 1500 feet.

SCHILLER

Well then, I suppose it's time to talk to
our friends on the Beach again - before
they do anything stupid.

He smiles wryly.

SCHILLER

Or, should I say, to manipulate them into
doing something stupid.

West rolls his eyes.

INT. AMGAS BOARDROOM - DAY

A DOZEN MEN have been assembled in various stages of undress
- all were roused out of some activity and brought in on the
double: the AMGAS CEO, NORTH SEA DIVISION, an AMGAS
TECHNICIAN WITH A COMPUTER MONITOR patched into AmGas control
and Piper Epsilon, the BRITISH COMMANDER OF THE SAS, KELLEY,
the CIA presence in the Shetlands, a US NAVAL COMMANDER,
SCOTLAND YARD, a COLONEL IN THE RAF, A RUSSIAN MILITARY
REPRESENTATIVE, and a Frenchman from INTERPOL to name a few.

They all sit at the huge board table, hastily prepared for
this makeshift summit - patched into their respective
headquarters as well as AmGas computers and radio
communication with Piper Epsilon 100 miles off-shore.

KELLEY

For some time we or those who have held

our posts have known that we might one day have to assemble here at a moment's notice. Well, Gentlemen, it appears that today is that day. A U.S. Navy Seal Team has executed a hostile takeover of the deep sea drilling rig Piper Epsilon in what was supposed to be a routine exercise. Apparently this was done with the collaboration of the platform supervisor, one Alan Garr.

AMGAS CEO
(defensively)
We were about to shitcan his ass.

KELLEY
Gee, maybe you shouldn't have let him know ahead of time.

NAVY COMMANDER
I'd like to state for the record, this action was carried out without Navy sanction.

INTERPOL
I'm sure you'd tell us if it were.

The Navy Commander seethes but restrains himself from dignifying the Frenchman's jibe with a reply.

KELLEY (CIA)
The rig is in the control of ten men, all extremely highly trained and, ironically enough, all intimately acquainted with any counter-terror tactics we might employ against them.

SAS COMMANDER
Who's in command?

There is a beat of hesitation from Kelley.

KELLEY
His name is Captain Carl West.

SAS COMMANDER
Background?

KELLEY
West point, Annapolis, Green Beret in Vietnam ...

He trails off here, not finishing the story ...

SAS COMMANDER

And?

KELLY
(resignedly)

CIA.

INTERPOL
(clearly amused)
Oh, so then he's one of yours?

KELLY
He's not ours. We deactivated him
fifteen years ago. He was judged
unstable.

INTERPOL
Ho hum. Once a CIA man, always a CIA
man.

Kelley looks at the man without love. Then he looks to the
AmGas Tech.

KELLEY
What have we got on Piper Epsilon?

AMGAS TECH
Well basically we have eyes, but we have
no hands.

KELLEY
Clarify.

AMGAS TECH
Well, we can see everything they see on
their computers and monitors but we have
no telemetry - we can't control anything.

Abruptly, something on the monitor before him catches his
eye.

AMGAS TECH
Piper Epsilon is transmitting.

The Amgas CEO nods to him and the Tech pipes in the
transmission with a keystroke. Again, Schiller's poisonous
voice fills the room.

SCHILLER'S VOICE
Hey, how 'bout them Dodgers?

AMGAS CEO
Is this Captain West?

SCHILLER'S VOICE

He can't come to the phone right now -
may I take a message?

RUSSIAN ARMY COLONEL

Just who are we speaking to?

SCHILLER'S VOICE

"To whom" are we speaking." Well, the
fist that's squeezing your balls. Plain
talk for plain people.

U.S. NAVAL COMMANDER

How about getting to the point.

SCHILLER'S VOICE

Must be an American in the room.
Business, business, business. Very well
- one long range helicopter capable of
carrying 10 men and 100 million dollars -
unmarked American, of course - choppered
onto the rig by one unarmed man at
exactly 6 A.M. tomorrow morning. Pointed
enough?

There is a momentary silence in the room.

KELLEY

If we don't?

SCHILLER'S VOICE

We release the petroleum into the sea.

SCOTLAND YARD

(whispers)

The loss of animal life would be
catastrophic ...

AMGAS CEO

Animal life? What about my oil!

Kelley draws his finger across his throat to the AmGas Tech,
indicating that he should suppress their end of the
conversation. The Tech does. Schiller chuckles on his end.

SCHILLER'S VOICE

By all means - discuss it amongst
yourselves.

KELLEY

Pay him. This guy's a loose cannon who
hasn't done his homework. We can track
him anywhere in the world once he's in a
copter. We'll be on him like hornets on

ham the instant he lands.

AMGAS TECH

I got a better idea ...

All eyes turn on him. He performs a few keystrokes and a DIAGRAM OF PIPER EPSILON is PROJECTED ON THE WALL. With a mouse he moves a cursor so the others can see what he is talking about.

AMGAS TECH

The thyristor room - that's where the DC the station generates is converted to AC - it's located for safety reasons here ... (indicates) in a module on the outside wall of the station, well away from the gas and oil storage ...

He pauses for dramatic effect.

AMGAS TECH

If we disable it, the station has zero power. The well gates can't possibly be opened and this joker would be powerless to make good on his threat.

An energy begins to crackles around the table.

RAF COLONEL

With a precision airstrike we could be there and gone at thrice the speed of sound before they even knew what hit them.

Suddenly, Schiller's voice pipes up.

SCHILLER'S VOICE

Oh and, by the way, if you should be thinking of launching an air-strike against my power supply, you ought to know that an undisclosed number of your employees have been secured in the Saturation Tanks at 50 Atmospheres. Carry on.

There is a beat silence around the table.

AMGAS CEO

What the hell does that mean?

AMGAS TECH

(sigh)

The Saturation Environment is basically a pressure chamber that's lowered into the

ocean for extended deep ocean dive work. It allows divers to live for several weeks in a high pressure environment without having to decompress.

AMGAS CEO
(doesn't get it)
Well ... ? So???

AMGAS TECH
If we kill Piper Epsilon's power the pressure in that tank will plummet back to sea-level. The men inside will burst like cantaloupes.

AMGAS CEO
Oh ...

SAS COMMANDER
Which leaves an SAS counter terrorist strike.

KELLEY
Oh, come on. Captain West is thoroughly...

SAS COMMANDER
(cutting him off)
Your SEAL Captain doesn't know every trick in the SAS bag.

KELLEY
What do you propose?

SAS COMMANDER
The nearest submarine is 16 hours away and the rig is equipped with state-of-the-art weather radar - so we can't get near it without them knowing about it first ...

The SAS Commander gets up and goes to the projection of Piper Epsilon where he indicates a PIPELINE RUNNING ALONG THE SEABED.

SAS COMMANDER
But this 187 mile pipeline for off-loading petroleum from the rigs runs five hundred feet beneath the ocean surface and connects all the Amgas platforms in the North Sea. It's just recently been completed.

He turns and look at the assembled with gravity.

SAS COMMANDER

A crack counter-strike team can land at Piper Beta, one nautical mile away, go down through the pipe, come up Piper Epsilon's ass and tear this son of a bitch's heart out his ass. Whoever he is.

Everyone around the table exchanges a glance - sounds good to them.

AMGAS CEO

How long would it take to put a plan like that in action?

SAS COMMANDER

I've taken the liberty of already putting a chopper underway.

Another glance around the table - hot damn! The AMGAS CEO nods to the Tech who switches their transmission back on.

AMGAS CEO

Piper Epsilon ... ?

SCHILLER'S VOICE

Yuh-huh?

AMGAS CEO

You'll have your money and transportation at 0600 tomorrow morning - as requested.

INT. PIPER EPSILON TOWER: Schiller kills the transmission and turns to West.

SCHILLER

Translation?

WEST

They're sending a strike team.

Garr turns from the weather computer.

GARR

I got what looks like a chopper flying in low to Piper Beta.

West gives Schiller and "Told ya so" look.

WEST

Unnecessary waste of human life if I ever saw one. But we'll oblige them - what the hell. (to Garr) The Pig down in 20 - time it.

Garr performs a keystroke and a digital counter appears on-screen counting down from 20 MINUTES.

EXT. PIPER BETA - STORM

A CH-47C Chinook transport lands on Piper Beta's helipad and the SAS counter-strike team sweeps out - met by Beta's Operations Officer.

SAS TEAM LEADER
The dive bell.

OPERATIONS OFFICER
Yes Sir, right this way.

EXT. PLATFORM - PIPER EPSILON - STORM

The edge of the platform. Wind sweeps snow off in gusts. A BLOODY HAND comes up over the edge and feels blindly for something, anything to grip onto on the icy surface.

Then, using pressure friction alone, a gaunt figure pulls itself half up onto the platform - DISNEY.

He sees a LENGTH OF CHAIN peaking just out of reach from beneath the snowdrifts and lunging forward, he makes a desperate grab for it - managing to get hold of it.

But it is not secure, and although he has hold of the chain, nothing seems to have hold of it and he goes falling backwards into the storming nothingness.

DISNEY
YEAAAAAAAAAAH!!!

CLANK! the chain hits tautness fifteen feet down and he goes shooting down the remaining fifteen feet of it, just barely catching the HOOK at the end.

He dangles there for a moment, 400 feet above the ocean.

DISNEY
I really ... (pant) ... just don't know
how much more of this... bullshit I can
take ...

And, HOOKING THE HOOK through the belt on his saturation suit, he begins to climb back up the chain, hand over hand.

INT. MODULE DECK - PIPER BETA

The SAS Commandos are shown into a room identical to that holding the saturation chambers Piper Epsilon's skeleton crew is imprisoned in.

SAS COMMANDER
(to Operations Officer)
Does Epsilon have dive bell?

OPERATIONS OFFICER
No Sir, Epsilon's waters aren't as deep
as ours.

The Commandos get in the DIVING BELL attached to the Saturation Chambers. The hatch dials closed after them and the Operations Officer nods to his man who hits a button and the Bell begins lowering into the ocean below through the Moon Pool.

INT. DIVING BELL: Inside the Bell, the commandos, all heavily armed, are quickly changing into their diving gear.

EXT. SUPER STRUCTURE - PIPER EPSILON - STORM

Disney is still battling his way back up the icy chain and is close to the top.

PLATFORM: But we can now see that the chain is hooked to a 200 POUND ANCHOR. And it begins to slide across the icy surface of the platform towards the edge ...

Below, Disney freezes at the feel of the sudden give. A beat as he dangles there - not sliding. Then he continues. Again, the Anchor above slips. He freezes. Another two feet up. Another foot of slip.

The question for Disney, who cannot see the anchor - is which is further - he from the platform edge ... or the slipping anchor?

He has no choice but to continue. Suddenly, he sees the back half of the anchor come over the edge, wavering there as though the slightest disturbance will send it over.

Disney holds his breath. It doesn't go. Slowly, he climbs the last few feet, and his hand once again finds the platform edge. He pulls himself up on elbow.

Only to find himself staring at a PAIR OF COMBAT BOOTS. He looks up them to see himself staring into PHOENIX'S RIFLE.

PHOENIX
Today is a good day to die. Five ...
four ... three ...

Disney's eyes fall on the HEAVY ANCHOR sticking half over the edge of the platform. Then go back up.

DISNEY

For you ... (pant) ... or me?

PHOENIX

(chuckles)

Happy Trails, White Man ...

His finger tightens on the trigger but, abruptly, Disney *cantilevers the anchor over the edge* and, snatching the hook off his belt, *jams it into the laces of Phoenix's boot*. There is a moment's stunned realization on Phoenix's face before, thirty feet below, the anchor *hits* it's length and Disney *lunges* sideways, grabbing a pair of pipes, and up onto the deck as Phoenix goes *shooting* over the edge after the anchor.

Disney, panting, looks over the edge in time to see Phoenix in freefall. Then two huge, successive splashes ...

DISNEY

(softly singing)

Anchors away, my Boys, Anchors away ...

Exhausted, he rolls onto his back and closes his eyes.

#

EXT. UNDER SEA

The Beta Diving Bell is at the bottom of the ocean and the PIPELINE looms nearby. The Bell's hatch opens and a string of SAS Commandos swims out. The Leader swims to a REPAIR LOCK on the massive black pipe and dials it open.

INT. PIPELINE: The six Commandos come through the lock. The Leader switches on his flashlight. They are inside a giant, eerie, gas-filled steel tube twelve feet in diameter. His light disappears into darkness down the tunnel.

He flicks on his dive helmet mike.

SAS LEADER

We're in.

AMGAS BOARDROOM: Back on shore, the AmGas Tech looks up.

AMGAS TECH

They're in.

Everyone gathers back around the table.

PIPER EPSILON TOWER: Garr looks up from the digital clock on his screen. Two minutes and counting.

GARR

Minus 18 and counting.

WEST

They're in.

PIPELINE: The Commandos, in top shape, are moving at a run down the dark interior of the pipe - five hundred feet of crush depth ocean above them.

The SAS leader consults a pedometer in his hand.

AMGAS BOARDROOM: The SAS Leader's transmission is piped into them via Piper Beta relay.

SAS LEADER'S VOICE

Minus 1000 yards. Will connect in
T-minus 2.

PIPER EPSILON TOWER: On Garr's screen the numbers are falling fast. 5...4...3...2...1...

PIPELINE: Inside the pipeline a HUGE CYLINDRICAL MACHINE shaped like a wicked bullet with horrible prongs bristling from every spare inch of its polished surface, drops down from a holding compartment into the pipe. It fills the breadth of the pipe. The Pig.

TOWER: Garr swivels to West and Schiller.

GARR

Pig's down.

AMGAS BOARDROOM: The AmGas Tech suddenly sits bolt upright, eyes riveted on his monitor.

AMGAS TECH

My God . . . they've dropped the Pig ...

The SAS Commander hits his feet.

SAS COMMANDER

It's not supposed to be operational!

AMGAS TECH

(reeling)

Technically... it's not. There's supposed to be another week of tests, but ...

PIPELINE: The horrible bristles on the surface of the "Pig" start rotating with whistling velocity and, driven by gas pressure, it starts to accelerate down the Pipeline, bristles connecting with the steel sides of the pipe and building into a screaming storm of sparks as it gains velocity.

AMGAS BOARDROOM: All attention is on the Tech.

AMGAS CEO

Well what the hell is a goddam "Pig".

It's his company but he doesn't know the first damn thing about how it works.

AMGAS TECH

(shaky)

It's a cleaning machine. It cleans the inside of the pipe. It reaches speeds in excess of fifty miles an hour.

He blinks up - stunned by the dawning realization of what's about to happen.

AMGAS TECH

It weighs over five tons.

There is a shocked silence.

SCOTLAND YARD

(gesturing at computer)

Can't you do something? Can't you stop it???

AMGAS TECH

I ... I have no telemetry ...

PIPELINE: The SAS Leader draws up short, signaling for his men to be quiet ...

SAS LEADER

Listen ...

Out of sight down the tunnel, speeding towards them, can be heard the screaming approach of the Pig.

SAS COMMANDO

What in God's name is that?

PIPER EPSILON TOWER: West good-naturedly cups his hand to his ear ...

WEST

If you listen, you can just hear ...

PIPELINE: Abruptly, into the SAS Commandos' lightbeams, there blasts the terrible charging juggernaut of the Pig. They all scream their last split second ...

AMGAS BOARDROOM: The SAS Commandos screams fill the room and then abruptly cut out. A pall falls over the room as each man cannot help but feel responsible for the death's of six men.

KELLEY

Good God . . .

The SAS Commander, badly shaken, covers his eyes.

PIPER EPSILON TOWER: West turns to the others.

WEST

Now for the icing ...

Garr nods to Natalia - who is handcuffed.

GARR

What about her?

WEST

Bring her along. Maybe when she sees how much trouble she's caused she'll just up and volunteer her access code and we won't even have to torture her.

EXT. PLATFORM - STORM

Night is falling. Disney is perplexedly examining the set of pipes he grabbed in his lunge to gain the deck. They are the UMBILICAL HOSES FOR FLOTTEL TREASURE FINDER and Disney knows they shouldn't be crossed. He wipes the snow off their dials and sees meters for AIR PRESSURE AND GAS PRESSURE.

DISNEY

What the hell . . .

He looks off the edge of the platform and sees the light of the flotel, underway a thousand yards off Piper Epsilon's port. His eyes narrow ...

PLATFORM EDGE: Disney creeps through the shadows of cranes and machinery that litter the edge of drill deck. He stops at a SNOWY PILE at the edge of the platform. Something about it gives him an UNEASY FEELING. He digs into the snow and is shocked to uncover the FROZEN FACE of one of the SAS "terrorists" the SEALs killed when they landed.

DISNEY

Mother of . . .

Sudden voices whip his head around. Schiller, West and Garr are at the Well Bore with Natalia in tow. Garr is yelling at the Roughnecks bringing up the drill string - exhorting them to work faster. Disney recedes back into shadow and watches as the small party continues up to Helipad C where Schiller's copter is tethered.

Disney's eyes move up to HELIPAD A WHERE ONE OF THE TWO PIPER EPSILON COPTERS IS TETHERED.

HELIPAD C: Jamaica opens the copter's fuselage storage compartment and climbs in to retrieve something ...

JAMAICA

Located it, Mon.

WEST

(to Garr)

Are we patched in? (Garr nods) Camera on?
(Garr nods)

West nods to Schiller who raises a portable radio patched through the Tower to the mainland to his lips.

SCHILLER

Oh, AmGas Control - knock, knock -
anybody home?

AMGAS BOARDROOM: All eyes turn towards the speakers.

SCHILLER'S VOICE

... in case you hadn't already noticed,
we've activated F Camera for your viewing
pleasure.

The AmGas Tech performs a few key strokes and the video image is projected - giving all a view down off the Port side of Piper Epsilon. Flotel Treasure Finder, lit up like Christmas, can be seen sluggishly steaming away from the platform.

AMGAS CEO

What the hell is that?

AMGAS TECH

That's the flotel - the quarters for
Epsilon's crew. There's over 100 men on
that barge ...

PIPER EPSILON COPTER: Disney cautiously unlatches the copter's door and climbs up inside.

He flicks a few switches and keys the copter mike.

DISNEY

Mayday. Mayday. Is anyone out there?

INT. FLOTEL BRIDGE: The Flotel Shift Super keys his own mike.

FLOTEL SHIFT SUPER

This is flotel Treasure Finder. Who is
this?

COPTER: Disney leans into the mike.

DISNEY

This is Piper Epsilon. I'm a salvage diver.

FLOTEL SHIFT SUPER

Piper Epsilon! What the hell is going on up there?

DISNEY

I was hoping you could tell me.

FLOTEL SHIFT SUPER

The Beach wouldn't tell me squat. Just to get underway the hell out of here.

DISNEY

And it took you this long?

FLOTEL SHIFT SUPER

We had to use your air to pump out our ballast, Mate.

There is a beat from Disney as the pieces come crashing suddenly into place in his mind.

DISNEY

My God . . .

FLOTEL SHIFT SUPER

What's that there, mate ... ?

AMGAS BOARDROOM: The picture of the flotel hasn't changed much.

AMGAS CEO

I don't get it - what do they want us to see this for?

HELIPAD A: Disney comes flying around the Epsilon copter in time to see West across on Helipad C with the others - a *Stinger portable rocket launcher shouldered and aimed down at the massive pontoons of the retreating Flotel.*

DISNEY

NO!!!!

There is a flash of fire followed by a *FWUMP!* and a streak of flame that shoots down from Piper Epsilon and into the water just below the flotel's waterline.

AMGAS BOARDROOM: The men assembled all watch in horror as

there is a flash of a sub-surface explosion ... followed by an immense gas explosion as both HUGE GAS-FILLED PONTOONS ignite and Treasure Finder *explodes* into a fireball, killing more than 100 men.

HELIPAD C: All heads whip across to Helipad A where Disney is staring down into the dark water where Treasure Finder existed a moment before.

GARR

Disney... I don't believe it...

Disney's head snaps up and his eyes connect with those of West and Schiller. West shouts to Texas and Jamaica.

WEST

Don't just fucking stand there! Kill somebody!

Jamaica and Texas open fire across the chasm separating the two helipads with assault fire. Disney dives for cover behind the helicopter and bullets chew up the fuselage. West quickly reverses the rocket tube on his shoulder and sights down on the Epsilon copter.

FLASH!FWUMP! a second rocket streaks the distance to the chopper and *KABLAMMM!* it erupts into a fireball ...

HELIPAD A: Half diving, half propelled by the explosion, Disney goes flying off the Helipad and slamming down to the platform deck twenty feet below.

HELIPAD C: West calls down to Malibu and Compton guarding the Roughnecks at the Well Bore.

WEST

Check it out!

They rush up the stairs to Helipad A. Schiller's voice ...

SCHILLER

Fuck!

Turns everyone around.

SCHILLER

The girl!

He's right. Natalia is gone - having taken advantage of the action to slip away. West jerks his head to Jamaica and Texas who move quickly out to search for her.

SCHILLER

She's handcuffed. She can't get far ...

right?

WEST

You better hope not - without her access code, we're FUBAR.

Schiller puts the radio to his mouth once again and speaks to AmGas Control. Although he keeps it brief, he cannot hide the pissed tone in his voice.

AMGAS BOARDROOM: The assembled are still severely shaken.

SCHILLER'S VOICE

The next time you fuck with me, I release the oil.

There is a hiss of static as the transmission is terminated.

RUSSIAN ARMY COLONEL

(shocked)

Who God's name is this person?

There is a beat of silence around the table. Kelley speaks up

KELLEY

I know a way we just might be able to find out.

INT. TOWER - PIPER EPSILON - NIGHT

Malibu and Compton enter the Tower and shake their heads in response to West's questioning look.

MALIBU

Nada, Dude. Nada.

West looks to Garr.

WEST

I don't want to pry, but just who the fuck is this person?

GARR

(apologetic)

Bill Disney. He's just a salvo diver. A head case. He's nothing to worry about.

West gives him a withering look?

WEST

This is the one who you screwed up killing even though you cut his air in 300 feet of water.

GARR
I did not screw it up.

WEST
Yeah?

He gets into Garr's face.

WEST
Then why the fuck is he still alive!

GARR
(quiet)
Maybe he died in the explosion.

WEST
Yeah well, I hope you're right. For your sake.

West looks to Jamaica.

WEST
Find that goddam geologist. Take Phoenix with you.

JAMAICA
No one see Phoenix in two long hours, Mon.

WEST
What the fuck is going on around here???
Jesus!

EXT. LIFEBOAT - MODULE DECKS - NIGHT

The snow is really coming down now. Natalia, in a near-hysterical state, is throwing every edible thing she can find into one of the dozen LIFE BOATS suspended on the sides of the platform. She stop, panting ...

NATALIA
Water . . .

MODULE DECKS: Jamaica and Memphis hunt through the decks for her.

GALLEY: Natalia is ransacking the cabinets. Abruptly, she hears a sound and whips around. Nothing ... No one ... But she can feel someone else's presence ...

Grabbing down several cans of water, she moves cautiously out into the corridor ... then bolts.

RAILWALK DOORWAY: Natalia is about to push through the door

to the lifeboat deck, when she hears a sound on the other side of the door. She peers cautiously out the door-window. A STORM-TOSSED SEA BIRD lands on the gunwale of the boat. She breathes a sigh of relief and continues through the door.

A figure pounces on her, securing her flailing arms and covering her mouth.

Disney hisses into her ear.

DISNEY

Don't make a sound. They're right above us.

Her eyes move upwards over his hand and she sees the boots of Jamaica and Memphis through the corrugated steel - searching the walkway above. After a moment, they disappear and Disney relaxes, releasing her. She whirls on him.

NATALIA

(panting)

You ... but... but you're dead.

DISNEY

Not quite - in spite of everybody's best efforts. (nods to lifeboat) Going somewhere?

NATALIA

(dumping her water in)

Yes, off this deathtrap. I'll float to Norway and walk back to Russia from there.

DISNEY

No you won't.

NATALIA

As if you have any say in it.

Disney pulls a butcher knife he appropriated from the kitchen from his waistband and *slashes* through the ROPE SECURING THE LIFEBOAT - it tumbles out into forty stories of darkness. Natalia stares after it a moment, then turns her searing eyes on him.

NATALIA

You American asshole!

DISNEY

Yeah well, I'm the American asshole that just saved your life. That tea cup wouldn't last ten seconds in these seas. Where do they have the crew?

NATALIA

The Sat Deck.

DISNEY

Show me ...

NATALIA

I'm not going anywhere with you.

He studies her a beat, then nods to her handcuffs.

DISNEY

Here ...

He takes her hands and twists a screw driver through the links and torque-twists until one of them *pops!* open. He nods to the cuffs dangling from her wrists.

DISNEY

You're going to have some new fashion accessories for a while. (looks at her) Lady, they killed a pretty decent kid down there and it looks like a lot more up here. If we can get the crew out maybe we can do something about it.

INT. AMGAS BOARDROOM - NIGHT

The men are all physically tired here but their minds remain alert in the midst of the emergency.

AMGAS TECH

I just received word - we picked up a transmission from Epsilon to the Flotel just before it blew.

All eyes turn to the Tech. A FAX MACHINE at CIA Kelley's place begins spitting out a document. Kelley examines it.

SCOTLAND YARD

Who made it?

AMGAS TECH

He only identified himself as a salvage diver.

AMGAS CEO

(consulting papers)

That would be one Bjork Bjorksen.

AMGAS TECH

This was an American.

AMGAS CEO

There's no other divers listed.

AMGAS TECH

Well, someone's on that rig.

KELLEY

(speaking up)

Gentlemen, does it really matter? A single diver? What matters is we now have our terrorist.

He tosses a faxed PHOTO OF SCHILLER onto the table.

KELLEY

Eric Schiller. Those photos were taken by our eye in the sky when the flotel was blown.

U.S. NAVAL COMMANDER

Who the hell is Eric Schiller? IRA?
PLO?

Scotland Yard beats Kelley to the punch.

SCOTLAND YARD

He's an Epidemiologist.

All heads turn to him.

AMGAS CEO

What the fuck's that?

SCOTLAND YARD

Quite simply, he's one of the world's leading experts on epidemics - plagues, pestilence, in short, anything created by God to destroy mankind.

RUSSIAN ARMY COLONEL

How is it you know so much about him?

SCOTLAND YARD

We've been tracking him for more than fifteen years. He was in charge of the Smallpox Project. Because of his work, the Smallpox variola exists only in two places on Earth today. A high-security lab in Moscow and the Center for Disease Control in Atlanta. Both samples are in vaults, frozen at negative 94 degrees. Schiller accomplished his feat in 1977 and at the time there was some discussion that the samples should be destroyed

altogether. Schiller didn't agree. He said it wasn't for man to play God. He lost face and his position at Harvard. The following year two cases of Small Pox occurred in England. Scotland Yard traced them to him - but by then he had disappeared.

INTERPOL

Interpol knows him. He turned up briefly in the mid-eighties in Central Africa.

He smiles at Kelley.

INTERPOL

There were theories that he was there working with AIDS for the CIA.

KELLEY

(hits his feet)

Listen to me you French Faggot!

But those around him haul him back.

SCOTLAND YARD

Pointing fingers and calling names isn't going to help anybody. It seems to me we ought concern ourselves with here and now and why a renowned epidemiologist has taken control of the Piper Epsilon.

INT. MODULE DECKS - NIGHT

Like Panthers on the move, Jamaica and Memphis are searching through the hundreds of rooms and machineworks crowded 'tweendecks of the monstrous rig.

INT. SATURATION DECK - NIGHT

Natalia leads Disney onto the saturation deck where the Saturation Chambers that the three crew members are imprisoned in hangs. Disney examines the controls.

DISNEY

Dammit! They're at fifty atmospheres. If we open the door it'll kill them.

NATALIA

Next time you'll believe me.

Pulling a screwdriver out of his pocket Disney opens the panel, quickly cuts a wire, circumvents it and reseals the panel.

DISNEY

If anybody checks it'll still look like
the tank's maintaining 50 atmospheres.

He picks up a mike and keys it.

DISNEY

Hey, you guys all right in there?

INT. SATURATION TANK: The three men sit bolt upright at the
sound of a voice. Jackson grabs up the mike.

JACKSON

We all right - who's this?

DISNEY'S VOICE

Disney. The Diver. I've deactivated the
pump. Pressure's going to gradually fall
off in there.

JACKSON

Deactivated the pump?!? Get us out of
here!

DISNEY: Disney's eyes fall to the crowbar in the door.

DISNEY

No can do, Partner. You come out of
there now, you're gonna die. You have
blow down for at least 10 hours.

JACKSON'S VOICE

But what if they come!

DISNEY

Secure the door from your side. If
someone still manages to get in, you see
the flare box in there?

SATURATION TANK: Jackson looks around a moment before
locating the FLARE BOX. He removes the flare gun.

JACKSON

What the hell am I supposed to do with
this?

DISNEY'S VOICE

Someone comes through that door, you
shoot 'em.

JACKSON

What??? I'm no damn soldier. I'm just a
cook!

DISNEY'S VOICE
You see "Under Siege"?

JACKSON
Yeah ...

DISNEY'S VOICE
Someone comes through that door, you
shoot 'em.

DISNEY: Disney suddenly stops - listening to a sound.
Jamaica and Memphis are coming! Quickly back into the mike.

DISNEY
Lay down and conserve your air. I'll be
back to you later.

JACKSON'S VOICE
Disney! Don't leave us in here!

DISNEY
I'll be back for you. Trust me.

And, hanging up the mike, he grabs Natalia's arm and they
duck behind the motor assembly. A moment later, they can see
Jamaica and Memphis' feet stop in the room.

JAMAICA AND MEMPHIS: They look around the room for a moment,
down through the moonpool to the dark ocean below.

JAMAICA
What you say, smoke-break time, Mon?

MEMPHIS
Fire 'er up, Bro'.

Jamaica produces a big joint and lights up - taking a deep
hit and passing it to his companion.

JAMAICA
When I find de girlee, me gonna carve 'er
eyeballs fine.

MEMPHIS
West wants her kicking.

JAMAICA
Oh, girlee kick fine widout de eyes. And
don't be bogartin' me joint now, Mon.

Memphis passes the roach back and they move on. From their
hiding place, Disney and Natalia exchange glances.

INT. MUD ROOM - NIGHT

Where the drilling mud is mixed, a huge mixing vat and bags of chemicals stacked against the walls.

Disney enters, closely followed by Natalia. He grabs a fifty pound bag, slings it over his shoulder, and they are out.

INT. SHIFT QUARTERS - NIGHT

The two SEAL's move stealthily through the sleeping berths.

Memphis hears a sound in one of the quarters, pauses, then, kicking open the door, he shoots the shit out of the place - only to see that the only thing that he has accomplished is scaring the hell out of a CAT.

INT. MAINTENANCE ROOM - NIGHT

Disney is at the workbench with A DISASSEMBLED FIRE-EXTINGUISHER, that has been left here for reconditioning. He glances up at the sound of gunfire. Then to Natalia - nodding down to the bag of chemicals.

DISNEY

Measure me off about a quart of that stuff. But don't breath it in and don't touch it - it's caustic soda and it'll eat you alive.

INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Disney and Natalia are now in the bowels of Piper Epsilon.

The sounds of the storm howling outside the platform combined with the roar of machinery assaults them as they make their way quickly through the corridors. They pass into a room growling with machinery. Natalia nearly doubles over gagging.

NATALIA

Oh! ... that's horrible. What is it???

DISNEY

(grins)

Waste treatment plant. You could always hold your breath.

ADJACENT CORRIDOR: They pass out of the waste facility and into a CORRIDOR.

DISNEY

Don't make a sound. I'll be back.

And taking the fire-extinguisher with him, he ducks back into

the waste treatment facility. She doesn't look pleased to have been left alone.

INT. CORRIDORS - NIGHT

The shifting shadows and the roar of the storm and machinery heighten Jamaica and Memphis's sense of awareness as they hunt for Natalia.

A sudden shadow crossing in the periphery of Memphis' vision, whips him around. But there's nothing there ...

He peers around his corner and just catches the tail end of a movement disappearing around the next corner.

MEMPHIS

Jamaica! Hssst!

Jamaica falls into step behind as Memphis moves after the specter, checking each corner as he goes.

They stop in the doorway to the waste treatment center and recoil at the stench.

JAMAICA

Come, Mon, let us go. Only crazee mon hide in der.

ADJACENT CORRIDOR: Natalia glances nervously up at a sound from inside the waste treatment plant.

NATALIA

(whispers)

Disney?

Nothing. Edging to the doorway, she peers inside the plant. Nothing. She breathes a sigh of relief.

Suddenly, Jamaica steps out in front of her! Grinning from ear to dreadlocked ear with impossibly white teeth.

JAMAICA

'Ello Girlee.

Natalia quickly backs into the dead-end corridor, grabbing the fire extinguisher off the wall and aiming it at them.

NATALIA

I swear to God . . .

Jamaica, grinning, steps in after her, followed by Memphis.

JAMAICA

Girlee like to play games.

FWUPT! Natalia, backed against the wall, sprays him with the extinguisher - only succeeding in covering him with a fine white powder. Jamaica laughs and, pulling out his joint, casually lights it.

JAMAICA

(singing)

I smoke two joints 'fore I kill de
Girlee, an' den I smoke two more ...

He takes a deep toke and as the end of the joint crackles red, he puts it to her eye ... Abruptly, a voice ...

VOICE

Hey!

... spins them around. It is Disney - holding *his* fire extinguisher.

DISNEY

Back off.

JAMAICA

(laughs/to Memphis)

Oh, anuder feer-extinguisher. Me so scared.

His raises his gun to blow Disney away and Disney lets him have it full in the face with the pressurized caustic soda. There is a beat from Jamaica, then his hands leap to his face and he lets out a blood curdling scream. Nashville swings his gun up and Disney smashes it with the extinguisher.

Natalia grabs up Jamaica's gun and **BLADADADAM!** rakes Memphis with it, killing him instantly. Disney looks to Natalia who is GHOST PALE, and then to Jamaica screaming on the floor. Disney deliberately hits the INTERCOM BUTTON on the wall ...

TOWER: All eyes shoot to the intercom as the ROOM FILLS WITH JAMAICA'S SCREAMS ... then abruptly cuts out.

SCHILLER

(pale)

What the hell was that?

WEST

Jamaica and Memphis probably found that diver.

He takes up an assault rifle.

WEST

I'm gonna check it out.

But everyone is staring at him - unnerved by the screams.

TEXAS

I'll go with you.

WEST

Jamaica and Memphis have over 150 kills between them. They can handle a geologist and one diver. I'll go myself.

CORRIDORS: West moves through the corridors at a rapid, no-bullshit pace.

WASTE TREATMENT CENTER: He stops cautiously in the doorway, and peers in. From across the plant, he can hear intermittent moans - mixed with a horrible gagging.

Unmindful of the stench, the SEAL Team Leader makes his way quietly towards the sound - rifle on full-auto.

ADJACENT ROOM: West bursts in - ready to blow anything and everything away. Instead he recoils at the ghastly sight of Jamaica on the floor, face eaten away to the bone, still alive, coughing up blood.

West turns his head as he mercifully gives Jamaica a SHORT BURST ON AUTOMATIC. When he looks back, he sees Natalia. A smile spreads across his lips but a GENTLE NUDGING IN HIS EAR evaporates it. He knows from experience it is a GUN BARREL.

DISNEY

Don't move.

WEST

(hands coming up)

Wouldn't dream of it.

Disney moves tensely around in front of his bearded adversary

DISNEY

What the hell's going on? Why are you people here?

WEST

You got the wrong guy, Buddy. I'm just some grunt they forced to come along. At gunpoint.

DISNEY

Yeah? like they forced you to blow up the flotel?

WEST

(chuckles)

All right, you got me, you got me - I'm the brains, I'm the mastermind behind all this.

Disney, angered by West's cavalier attitude, shoves him roughly against the wall.

DISNEY

You son of a *bitch*!

WEST

Ah ah - Geneva convention - no mishandling prisoners of war.

DISNEY

How about a bullet in the brain? How about several bullets in the brain? Does that constitute "mishandling".

West looks to Natalia.

WEST

Your boyfriend's been eating too much red meat, Chickadee.

DISNEY

You've got three seconds to tell me what I want to know.

WEST

Don't even waste your breath. I'm not going to tell you shit.

DISNEY

Your choice. Turn around, get on your knees ...

West slowly obeys. Disney levels the gun at the base of his skull.

WEST

Why you fucking everything up, Man?

Disney's finger tightens on the trigger.

WEST

Don't you know there's greater forces at work here than either one of us?

But Disney can't shoot a man in cold blood. Instead, raising the rifle, he brings it *down* on West's cranium.

But West is tough. He goes down but doesn't lose consciousness. When he opens his eyes, Disney and Natalia are gone. Instantly, he rolls over to Memphis and strips his sidearm out of its holster and leaps to his feet - blood in his eye.

Abruptly NASHVILLE enters from the waste plant. He stares bug-eyed at his two fallen comrades.

NASHVILLE
Holy shit ... what the hell happened here???

WEST
(pissed as hell)
I killed them.

NASHVILLE
You killed them???

West throws the SEAL up against the wall and is in his face.

WEST
Yeah, I killed them. And if you want to hole up a burn a doobie when you're supposed to be on the job, I'll be happy to kill you too!

NASHVILLE
(very cautious)
Be cool, Man ... I don't even smoke the shit.

West abruptly releases him and looks down the corridor.

WEST
Fuck!

He fires a burst that direction. Then looks to Nashville.

WEST
Let's get the hell out of here.

TOWER: When West barrels through the doors he *slams* Garr up against the wall.

WEST
Just who is this goddam diver?

SCHILLER
West ...

GARR
(scared)

I ... he's just ... just a diver.

West looks like he's about to kill Garr.

SCHILLER

West!

WEST

What!

SCHILLER

The drill string is up.

West turns and looks at him a beat. Then looks back to Garr, releasing the frightened man.

WEST

Well, this "diver" of yours is starting to irk me.

INT. AMGAS BOARDROOM - NIGHT

It's night and nerves are really beginning to wear thin. Kelley chats on a hot line with CIA headquarters at Langley.

LANGLEY (O.C)

I hear there's a virus going around. You got it yet?

KELLEY

(glances around/chuckles)

Not yet. But my resistance is piss poor and, with all these clowns in this room, I guarantee you I'll have it by the end of the day.

LANGLEY (O.C.)

Good. See you back in D.C.. Transmitting now.

Kelley pulls the REPORT as it comes out of the telex.

KELLEY

(to others in room)

Langley put its computers on it and we can't come up with any scenario requiring Schiller to be on that rig.

He tosses the report on the table and shrugs.

KELLEY

We can only conclude that he's switched

careers and he's dead serious about
dumping fifty million barrels of oil into
the North Sea.

The AmGas CEO picks up a phone.

SCOTLAND YARD

What are you doing there?

AMGAS CEO

We only have three hours to arrange for
the money and chopper - we've wasted all
the time we can afford.

SCOTLAND YARD

There's one piece to this puzzle that we
keep putting aside because it doesn't
seem to fit ...

All attention focuses on him.

SCOTLAND YARD

They're drawing up the drill string.
What in God's name would eco-terrorists
be drawing up the drill string for?

AMGAS TECH

Well actually, Gentlemen ...

He is looking at something on his screen.

AMGAS TECH

The drill string is up.

EXT. PLATFORM - NIGHT

The DRILL BIT, still steaming from temperatures in excess of
500 Celsius more than a mile below the ocean floor, lies on
the snowy platform.

Disney and Natalia watch from one of the darker gangways as
Nashville operates one of the rig cranes - lifting with a
HUGE GRAPPLING HOOK what looks like the CROSS-SECTION OF A
HIGHLY POLISHED 6 FOOT HYPER- ALLOY EGG over the well bore
(pipe down which the drill string is fed).

DISNEY

What in God's name are they doing?

Schiller, West and Texas come out onto the floor IN DEEP SEA
GEAR, weighted down with GEAR. West stops to SHAKE THE HANDS
OF EACH OF THE THREE ROUGHNECKS who worked like dogs to bring
up the drill string. Disney looks at Natalia.

DISNEY

What could this rig have struck that's more valuable than oil?

There is a beat of realization in Natalia's eyes.

NATALIA

Maybe it hasn't struck anything Maybe something struck us.

He looks at her - "What?".

NATALIA

During the storm last week something struck the drill column ...

Suddenly **BLAM!** the sharp report of a gun snaps their eyes up. **BLAM! BLAM!** *Bronx cold-bloodedly executes the remaining two Roughnecks* while Schiller and West stand by observing.

Disney takes a furious step forward but Natalia grabs him.

NATALIA

Disney! No!

DISNEY

That was cold blood!

NATALIA

It won't get any warmer when they kill you.

She yanks him around and forces him to look her in the eyes.

NATALIA

This time getting yourself killed isn't going to serve any purpose.

He stares at her - *how did she know that???* He recovers.

DISNEY

You got any better ideas?

NATALIA

Yes.

She points to the AmGas COPTER on helideck B.

NATALIA

I can fly that thing.

WELLBORE: Nashville lowers the EGG into the well bore and the three scuba suited men STEP INTO FOOT-SLINGS AROUND IT. West gives him thumbs up and speaks to Compton as they begin to be

lowered into the pipe.

WEST

Take it deck by deck. Kill that fucking diver if you happen to see him, but find the geologist. We need that code.

PLATFORM: Disney looks back to Natalia.

DISNEY

I don't expect you to understand, but this is a once- in-a-lifetime chance for me to even things up with myself. I'm going to stay here and do it.

He nods towards the IMMENSE PILE OF DRILL PIPE.

DISNEY

I'll create a diversion. You're gonna need one if you expect to get off this platform. (he sticks out his hand) Good meeting ya, Natalia.

A beat as she hesitates. Then her hand comes out ... wavers there ... then pulls back.

NATALIA

Disney, I . . .

He watches her curiously. Finally, she looks up at him.

NATALIA

If it's all the same to you ... I'm going to stay.

INT. DRILL COLUMN

A hellish, confined space not more than six feet across. Schiller, West and Texas regard one another silently as they are lowered the more than 900 feet down to where the well head meets the ocean floor.

INT. SATURATION DECK - NIGHT

Disney, with Natalia, is at the computer on the Sat Deck.

DISNEY

We want to find out what they're so interested in down there - we send the ROV down.

He nods to a STEEL BALL WITH A CAMERA LENS protruding out of it, hanging from a cable beneath the Saturation Chamber. This is the Remote Operating Vehicle. She nods, impressed.

The ROV COMES UP ON SCREEN. There is a whir and a whine ... and then the ROV begins to LOWER DOWN THROUGH THE MOONPOOL and towards the dark surface of the sea below.

TOWER: Garr, dead tired, locks the tower door and, returning to his seat, wipes his glasses clean, and then closes his eyes - oblivious of the SCHEMATIC OF THE ROV that has just popped up onto his screen.

DRILL COLUMN: Schiller is reading off barometric pressure as they descend.

SCHILLER

480 feet - that's it!

The EGG yo-yo's to a halt. West consults a compass and then plants four small wads of C-4 plastique in a square on the pipe wall immediately west.

WEST

All right, let's get to work.

And he begins scoring a doorway into the metal between the explosives with a DIAMOND BIT HIGH SPEED SAW.

#

INT. AMGAS BOARDROOM - NIGHT

Scotland Yard, a stack of papers before him, is speaking.

SCOTLAND YARD

Well, the hounds have put together at least one of the pieces. It seems that Capt. Carl West was in London in 1978 simultaneously with Schiller. It seems highly likely, that's the time they first met.

INTERPOL

(to CIA Kelley)

Isn't that approximately the time he was working for your people?

KELLEY

You know I'm getting about sick and fucking tired of this CIA paranoia bullshit! Let's get something straight once and for all. The CIA is not some super- intelligent evil empire unto itself. It's bureaucracy! And like any bureaucracy, Scotland Yard, the FBI and Interpol included, it doesn't know it's head from it's ass even on a good day!

Kelley is fuming. The RAF Colonel clears his throat.

RAF COLONEL

Yes, well ... I don't see that all this brings us any closer to understanding why they brought that drill string up.

There is a silence around the table. Then, Kelley, calming himself, speaks up.

KELLEY

Maybe there's something on the bottom they're after.

Everyone looks at him. Then at the hapless AmGas Tech.

AMGAS TECH

Well ... we have numerous cameras on the bottom, but they've been out of commission since the storm.

He blinks at those around him.

AMGAS TECH

Either that ... or they've been turned off ...

INT. SATURATION DECK - NIGHT

Both Disney and Natalia stand at the monitor watching as the ROV's spotlight passes through the crashing waves into the dark underwater world.

WELLBORE: Within the cramped confines of the pipe, Texas and West work feverishly. They press the EGG against the outline of the doorway scored into pipe wall - it fits perfectly into the pipe's curvature. Using a special gun, West shoots LIQUID METAL CAULK all around the edges and IGNITES THE SUBSTANCE WITH A MAGNESIUM FUSE. An instant METAL-METAL MELD is created between the egg and the pipe wall.

Texas glances at Schiller and grins.

TEXAS

Don't lose your grip none. (nods downward) 'Cause from here the drop's about a mile.

INT. MODULE DECKS - NIGHT

Compton moves with the stealth of a huge black panther through the module decks, searching for Natalia.

SATURATION DECK: A digital counter on Natalia's screen marks

off the depth. The ROV is going down fast.

NATALIA

380 ... 390 ... 400 ...

DRILL COLUMN: West presses a button on a RADIO CONTROL DEVICE and FOUR LEGS telescope out of the EGG and CLANK! brace the opposite pipe walls.

WEST

Duck and cover everyone ...

Everyone turns away as there is a muffled explosion.

West dials open the EGG's hyper alloy door and squeezes inside. Texas closes it behind him and a LIGHT ON THE DOOR PANEL FLASHES RED. Through the EGG's mini-window, Schiller and Texas see the EGG fill with sea water ... then empty. The LIGHT TURNS GREEN. Texas dials the door back open

LIKE SOME MAGICIAN'S TRICK - West is gone.

TEXAS

(grinning at Schiller)

You next, Hoss.

SATURATION DECK: Natalia is still counting off the feet ...

NATALIA

440 ... 450 ...

DISNEY

(grabbing her arm)

Look!

She looks at the screen. We don't see it but ...

NATALIA

My God . . .

WELLBORE: Schiller is in the EGG. Abruptly, it fills with water and a door *on the pipe wall side opens* and he finds himself in an EERIE ROOM. West is already in there, shining his flashlight across the rotting crossbeams.

The EGG is a high-tech AIRLOCK.

SATURATION DECK: Natalia and Disney stare at the ROV's camera transmission. Just down below, filling the screen with it's immensity, just visible through the murk a SUNKEN SHIP IS PRESSED UP AGAINST THE DRILL COLUMN - THE NAME "POTEMKIN" AND A RED MEDICAL CROSS INSCRIBED IN A RED RUSSIAN STAR is still visible across her bow.

INT. MILITARY MEDICAL SHIP POTEMKIN

West, Schiller and Texas swim through the dirty, dark, once-white corridors of the huge medical ship. Dozens of human skulls grin back at them - scattered everywhere.

TEXAS

Great God it's cold!

SCHILLER

(swimming ahead)

The infirmary. Just find the infirmary.

INT. NATALIA'S OFFICE MODULE - NIGHT

Natalia and Disney are now back in her office module.

NATALIA

The storm must have moved the ship, it could have been miles, until the drill column stopped her.

DISNEY

It's a Russian ship - a Russian medical ship. Potemkin. Ever heard of it?

NATALIA

(shrugs)

What would they want with a medical ship?

Disney thinks hard for a moment. Then ...

DISNEY

I know a way to find out.

He moves to the computer, executes several keystrokes, and a schematic of Piper Epsilon comes onto screen. He ZOOMS IN ON ONE OF THE LEGS and we see that IT IS HOLLOW with an elevator going down its core.

INT. SATURATION DECK - NIGHT

Compton stops on the Saturation Deck. He sees the ROV monitor's feedback of the Soviet Ship. He knows they have been there.

INT. RUSSIAN MILITARY MEDICAL SHIP

West, Schiller and Texas are lost. Schiller is irritated.

SCHILLER

Dammit! You'd think your organization would have provided us a floor plan of this goddam ship!

WEST

Now why didn't I think to stop off at that "Floor Plans For Sunken Classified Soviet Ships" store down on the corner before I left? How thoughtless.

As Schiller sulks, West checks his air.

WEST

We're running out of time. Split up and meet back here at 1000 psi. If the item's been found. Otherwise, don't bother.

SCHILLER

It's in a refrigeration unit with the Hammer & Sickle on it.

INT. PIPER EPSILON NORTHWEST LEG

Each of the huge legs of Piper Epsilon is hollow. Some are used for oil storage, but others, like this one, have an elevator wrapped with a spiral staircase that goes 700 feet to the bottom of the leg - 350 feet beneath the water.

Dive equipment slung over their shoulders, Natalia and Disney walk down the SPIRAL STAIRCASE ENTWINING THE ELEVATOR SHAFT.

NATALIA

Wouldn't it be just as easy, easier, in fact, to take the elevator?

DISNEY

Yeah, but it would show up on the computers and, I don't know about you but this's definitely not a place I'd want to get cornered.

INT. NATALIA'S OFFICE MODULE - NIGHT

Compton stands in Natalia's office module - her pictures and books everywhere. He feels the monitor - still warm. He switches it on - the schematic of Piper Epsilon's semi-submersible legs statics to life.

The trail is getting hot.

INT. SOVIET MILITARY MEDICAL SHIP

Texas is swimming through the bulkheads when he comes to a closed door. He gives it a tug. It doesn't open. Coiling his massive biceps he jerks it off it's rusting hinges. SEVERAL SKELETAL FIGURES in tattered Russian army uniforms come tumbling out in watery slow motion.

Texas is startled for a moment ... then, almost to reassure himself, he crushes one of their skulls to dust with his fist and swims on.

INT. BOTTOM OF PIPER EPSILON'S NORTHWEST LEG

The interior walls of the leg are cement and, here at the bottom, the huge crossbeam pipes that connect the legs at the bottom, send two dark corridors radiating off in either direction.

Natalia stands by as Disney, ALREADY IN WET GEAR, dials open a HEAVY DUTY AIRLOCK sunk into the concrete of leg-bottom.

NATALIA

Everyone's right, you know. You're an absolute madman.

DISNEY

(winks/grins)

These legs have a 350 foot draft. That means I'll only have about 100 feet of descent left to get to the ship.

Disney slings on his tank, puts on his mask and keys his radio.

DISNEY

You reading?

Natalia nods. Disney nods too and, giving her the thumbs up, puts his regulator into his mouth ...

NATALIA

Wait!

He pauses a beat. A hesitation from her ... then she gives him a kiss on the cheek and hugs him tight. Stepping back ...

NATALIA

For good luck.

He nods and, holding his mask, jumps into the water. Natalia dials the airlock closed after him. She looks down the eerie, dark tunnels filled with machinery leading off on either side. Did he have to leave her alone?

She wraps her arms around herself, feeling the chill for the first time.

EXT. UNDER SEA

Disney swims downward, quickly coming into view of the Soviet Medical Ship resting on the bottom below.

There is a massive, TWISTED GOUGE in it's side. Disney swims through the gaping hole and inside the ship.

INT. AMGAS BOARDROOM - NIGHT

The AmGas Tech, dead tired, is trying to keep himself awake by paginating through a computer inventory of Piper Epsilon.

Abruptly, he sits up straight, wide awake again.

AMGAS TECH

Hey ... hey everybody ...

Everyone looks at him.

AMGAS TECH

Someone's engaged the ROV camera. We've got a picture.

He projects his monitor screen for all to see. The Soviet Ship Potemkin. Stunned silence.

KELLEY

Holy shit . . .

Everyone looks reactively to the Russian Army Colonel, who looks quite alarmed.

RUSSIAN ARMY COLONEL

I know nothing about it.

KELLEY

(picking up the phone)

I doubt that. But, even so, I know someone who does ... Hello, Langley - I need everything you've got on the Soviet Medical Ship Potemkin... ... how the hell should I know?!? It's a ship and it's at the bottom of the sea right under Piper Epsilon!

INT. SOVIET MEDICAL SHIP POTEKIN

Disney swims cautiously through the eerie bulkheads of the ship. Abruptly, a motion to his left catches his eye.

Gripping his SPEARGUN tightly, he swims through the doorway and glances around the low-ceilinged room there. Nothing.

He turns just in time to glimpse of a HUGE SET OF JAWS flashing out at him. He ducks just as an IMMENSE SHARK passes within inches of him.

Disney *swims like hell* with the shark right after him. He just makes it through the bulkhead ahead of the massive fish and *slams* the door shut in its jaws.

The shark *smashes* into the door from the other side and it is all Disney can do to keep it shut.

WHAM! the shark *slams* again into the door from the other side and a LARGE CORNER OF THE DOOR BENDS OUTWARD, allowing the vicious fish to get its jaws out the door, snapping with voracious violence millimeters from Disney's ear.

Without any choice, Disney jams his speargun through the handles of the door and swims the hell out of there.

INT. ENTRANCE TO PIPER EPSILON'S NORTHWEST LEG - NIGHT

Compton moves quietly through the doorway to Piper Epsilon's northwest leg. At the top of the spiral staircase, he looks down the echoing 700 feet to the bottom and listens.

INT. SOVIET MEDICAL SHIP POTEMKIN

Schiller, armed with a CO2 PUNCTURE GUN, swims through a door marked with a large red cross. He is starting to get excited now.

He finds himself in a long, low room lined with beds around which lie the skeletons of men picked clean by fish. The INFIRMARY. He swims directly into the infirmary office where he spots immediately a HERMETICALLY SEALED STEEL REFRIGERATION UNIT with an imprint of the HAMMER AND SICKLE.

SCHILLER

(into radio/jubilant)

I've found it.

ANOTHER PART OF THE SHIP: Disney, now unarmed, is in what appears to have been the Medical Officer's quarters - covered now in several inches of detritus.

He finds a BOOK on the floor and dusts off the cover - Jules Verne's 20,000 LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA in English. Swimming to the desk, he opens a drawer and finds a METAL BOX. Clean of detritus there lies inside a ledger titled in Russian.

Disney opens the first page. It LOOKS LIKE A SHIP'S LOG. The page crumbles in his fingers. *Taking the whole metal box*, he pushes it inside his wet suit.

INFIRMARY: West is now here with Schiller and he is cutting open the mini-vault with a PLASMA TORCH. A moment later, the door pops open and Schiller carefully extracts a CRYSTAL VIAL. He holds it up to his flashlight. The crystal of the

vial breaks the light into the colors of the rainbow and inside there is FROZEN an AMBER FLUID. (Note: salt water's freezing point is considerably lower than fresh water)

WEST

Bingo. I'll see you back at the airlock.
I got to prep this place to blow.

Schiller, barely paying attention, nods and as West swims out, he drops the vial into a GLASS BOX and pulls out a plastic divider. The two chemicals inside mix and FLASH FREEZE INTO VISIBLE CRYSTALS around the vial.

BOTTOM OF PIPER EPSILON LEG: Natalia, still waiting apprehensively by the jagged edge of the moonpool, looks upward at a SUDDEN NOISE.

Far above, the ELEVATOR has started coming down.

SOVIET MEDICAL SHIP: Disney, swimming out of the Captain's quarters, jerks instinctively back as the EVIL NEEDLE of a CO2 GUN thrusts past - missing his face by millimeters. *SCHING!* it punctures the flimsy wall in an explosion of bubbles. *Schiller!*

Schiller jabs again with the CO2 gun. Disney kicks back, slamming into the wall. Schiller comes after him, viciously thrusting the point of the gun towards Disney's midsection.

But Disney, much more accustomed to moving underwater, grabs the stick-gun and twists it out of the Scientist's hands. He thrusts it back at Schiller, just catching the Neoprene of his suit - the needle punctures the material and *FWUMP!* the CO2 INFLATES SCHILLER'S SUIT - making him instantly buoyant and *slamming* him into the ceiling. A sudden form comes barreling over Disney from the periphery, knocking the CO2 gun from his hands. *Texas!*

Texas draws a wicked skinning knife and the two square off underwater. West is there too. Schiller slashes his suit open with a knife, releasing the CO2, and drifts back down.

He swims hurriedly out as Texas drives Disney back with his knife. Texas makes a sudden thrust that Disney ducks. Texas slams into him with his momentum and the two go ...

ANOTHER ROOM: ... *crashing* through the crumbling steel wall and into the adjacent room in a flurry of bubbles. Texas presses his advantage, driving/swimming Disney across the room until they *slam* into the door there.

Texas tries to jam his knife into Disney's throat but Disney catches the hand and the tip of the knife wavers there just at his throat.

Abruptly, a massive force slams into the door from the other side. *This is the room Disney trapped the shark in.* The SHARK rams his head out the hole again, vicious white jaws snapping for anything within reach.

Texas, using his massive brute strength, begins forcing Disney's head over towards the shark's gaping jaws and Disney is losing the battle.

DRILL COLUMN: Schiller arrives back at the airlock from the Potemkin to the drill column just as West is arming a SHOCK MINE. Schiller fingers his torn wet suit.

SCHILLER

I'm going into the hypothermia.

WEST

Builds character. Anyway, this oughta warm things up.

He tosses the NOW ARMED MINE floating to the ship's floor - red light flashing alarmingly.

SCHILLER

Wait! What about Texas???

WEST

You got the item, right?

SCHILLER

Yes, but...

West opens the airlock.

WEST

Then fuck him.

BACK TO DISNEY: As Texas forces Disney's head back, the shark's slashing teeth encounter Disney's regulator hose and slice it to ribbons, sending his oxygen streaming out in a huge cloud.

Suddenly, Disney reverses his force, catching Texas off balance, and swings him around, slamming! his head into the shark's mashing jaws. As Texas lets out blood-chilling aquatic scream, Disney wrenches his spear gun free of the door and shoots Texas pointblank in the chest.

Then, GRABBING TEXAS' REGULATOR, he takes three short breaths and as the shark swims free, shaking Texas like a rag doll in his massive jaws, Disney swims the hell out of there.

INT. LEG OF PIPER EPSILON: Natalia has hidden herself behind a dark piece of machinery and she's scared as hell when the

elevator stops, the doors open and Compton, a Black Angel of Death, steps out. Now it's just her and him - all alone down there.

SOVIET SHIP: As if things weren't bad enough, Disney, without a breath of air to his name, is lost.

DRILL COLUMN: Back inside the drill column, West and Schiller have removed their helmets and are headed upwards on the grappling hook.

DISENY: He swims into the room smashed up against the drill column and sees the bomb - FLASHING WITH INCREASING URGENCY. He also sees the AIRLOCK and tries it - but West jammed it.

One more glance at the bomb and he swims the hell out of there.

DEAD END ROOM: On the verge of bursting, Diseny swims into a dead-end room. In the ceiling of the room is a DARK SHAFT. What's he got to lose? He swims up into the shaft.

Disney swims for everything he is worth for the dull light at the end of the shaft.

BOMB: The light is flashing so fast now it's almost screaming.

DISNEY: Disney bursts out of the shaft and emerges out of the Potemkin's SMOKESTACK into open ocean.

Behind him there is a massive, ocean-shaking *THUD!* as the Potemkin *bursts!* - DISINTEGRATING INTO DEBRIS and violently rocking Disney in an upward *avalanche* of bubble turbulence.

But, rather than surging for the surface, impossibly far away, Disney swims instead for the sea bottom.

INT. BOTTOM OF PIPER EPSILON'S NORTHWEST LEG

Compton is moving slowly through the machinery - he knows that Natalia is near - he can smell her fear. He stops ... silence ... *Abruptly*, Natalia bursts out with a cry from behind a piece of machinery, *wielding Memphis's gun*.

But Compton, fast, incredibly fast, twists the gun out of her hands before she can get a shot off and hurls her to the floor.

Scrambling to her feet, Natalia runs for the elevator and slaps the button. But the doors don't open immediately.

NATALIA

Come on! Come on!

But still they don't open. The silence behind her brings her frightened eyes slowly around. Compton stands there, staring at her, with eyes silent and empty as a statue's. Setting his gun down, he draws his evil, serrated knife.

Back against the elevator doors, Natalia, trapped, brings her chin proudly up ...

BOTTOM OF OCEAN: Disney, desperate for oxygen, is frantically searching the bottom around the drill column. Abruptly, something catches his eye up the column. A FLASHING LIGHT. He swims for it ...

It is BJORK'S BAILOUT BOTTLE - stuck magnetically to the column. Quickly opening the valve, he sucks in oxygen.

PIPER EPSILON LEG: Natalia is hardly breathing when Compton stops in front of her. Slowly, he raises the point of his blade up to her throat and looks into her eyes.

Abruptly, he slashes it forward. But, at that same instant, the elevator doors fly open behind Natalia as she steps instinctively back.

Compton's knife slashes thin air and for a beat they are both astonished. Compton that he missed and Natalia that, instead of being dead, she stands now inside the elevator.

It is she who recovers first, *slamming!* the palm of her hand flat into his face, causing him to drop the blade and stagger back, gripping his nose.

Natalia wastes no time in slapping the "up" button. With a cry of rage, Compton charges back as the elevator doors slap closed in his face.

But his hand flies through ahead of them - grabbing a fistful of Natalia's hair. The elevator starts to rise. Natalia cries out and tries to free herself but it's of no avail - Compton has pulled her hair through the doors and her head is being dragged down to the floor. In a moment, every hair in her head is going to be wrenched out by the roots.

She tries to reach the elevator emergency stop button but her quivering hand falls short.

Smack! her cheek hits the elevator floor and her hair will go next. In a flash of an instant, she sees COMPTON'S KNIFE lying on the elevator floor and in one sweeping slash, she grabs it up and cuts through her hair - severing it.

Slamming herself back against the elevator, she watches her hair disappear through the crack.

Outside the elevator, Compton is enraged. He snatches up his rifle and rakes the elevator as it rises away from him.

In the elevator, Natalia buries herself in a corner as the floor rips up all around her.

All his ammunition spent, Compton, breast heaving but face emotionless, stares up after his disappearing quarry.

EXT. DRILL FLOOR - DAWN

The DAY IS DAWNING as Schiller and West are raised up out of the wellbore by the crane. Garr is there to meet them as they are deposited on the deck.

WEST

You turned on the seabed cameras for the mainland?

GARR

Didn't have to - someone activated the ROV camera.

WEST

Gee, wonder who that was. Has Compton found her yet?

BRONX

We ain't heard from 'im.

WEST

Dammit!

West snatches Bronx's radio from him.

WEST

Compton??? Compton???

PIPER EPSILON LEG: Compton has reached the top of the stairs when West's transmission comes through. Without bothering to reply, he removes the radio from his GRENADE ENCRUSTED FLAK VEST and drops it into the 700 foot void that is Piper Epsilon's northwest leg. He's on a personal mission now.

DRILL FLOOR: West, furious, hurls the radio down the wellbore, and looks at the others.

WEST

Without her access to the rig's survey files, we're going to have to fly the chopper out.

SCHILLER

But they'll track us.

WEST

(pissed)

You think I don't know that? We'll have to ditch at sea and scuba the rest of the way. Let's get the copter loaded.

INT. SATURATION DECK - DAWN

Natalia, near tears, is pacing the Sat Deck, RADIO to her lips

NATALIA

Disney? Disney? Please answer. Are you there, Diseny?

LEG AIRLOCK: Disney, still using Bjork's bailout bottle, swims up into the TRAPPED AIR OF THE AIRLOCK and tears off his mask.

DISNEY

(pant)

I'm here, Natalia.

NATALIA: Natalia is hugely relieved.

NATALIA

Oh Disney! Thank God! Are you all right???

DISNEY: Disney pushes up on the steel door of the airlock above but it doesn't budge.

INT. EPSILON LEG: We can see now that the airlock dial has been WEDGED SHUT WITH COMPTON'S GUN.

DISNEY: Disney give it one last push.

DISNEY

The airlock's stuck.

NATALIA'S VOICE

I'll go back. I'll open it.

DISNEY

Don't bother. I don't have that kind of oxygen.

NATALIA'S VOICE

(swallows)

Can you make it back to the surface?

DISNEY

Maybe. But I'm not looking forward to climbing this rig again ...

He looks around. He spots a dark shape in the sea below.

DISNEY

Natalia, where are you?

NATALIA'S VOICE

Saturation deck.

DISNEY

Bring up the ROV.

NATALIA'S VOICE

But ...

DISNEY

Quick, Natalia!

SATURATION DECK: Natalia executes the necessary commands on the computer.

UNDER WATER: Abandoning the air bubble of the airlock, Disney swims out into the water. Coming up under him is the ROV. He grabs on as it passes by and allows it to draw him up towards the surface with it.

MODULE DECK: Compton armed now with only his bare hands - and that's plenty - searches through the module deck for Natalia.

INT. TOWER - PIPER EPSILON - DAWN

Schiller places GLASS FREEZE CANISTER CONTAINING THE VIAL into a STAINLESS STEEL COOLING CONTAINER and seals it.

OCEAN: DAWN: The storm has abated somewhat but the ocean is still rough as the ROV BREAKS THROUGH THE SURFACE AND RISES upward towards the rig deck some 350 feet above - carrying Disney with it - holding on for everything he's worth.

SATURATION DECK: Natalia watching the ROV depth numbers clicking off in reverse on her screen, suddenly feels cold eyes on her back. Slowly she turns - blood chilling.

Compton stands there.

STORAGE ROOM: Nashville stops in the storage room - arrayed on racks is a ROW OF SCUBA TANKS. He speaks into his radio.

NASHVILLE

There's about a dozen tanks.

WEST

We're going to need them all.

SATURATION DECK: Expressionless, emotionless, Compton is *slamming* Natalia around the saturation deck - throwing her into machinery and walls - taking good care to beat the shit out of her before killing her.

EXT. PIPER EPSILON: At a dizzying height above the ocean, Disney is coming up with the ROV - hands slipping around the icing steel ball.

SATURATION DECK: Compton *smashes* Natalia into the ROV console and it goes up in a spray of sparks.

EXT. PIPER EPSILON: The ROV, suddenly disabled, yanks to a yo-yoing halt and Disney finds himself dangling 340 feet above the ocean. He looks up to the moonpool fifteen feet above and sees Natalia slammed into the Saturation Chamber.

DISNEY

Natalia!

SATURATION DECK: Natalia's lip is bleeding and she's had enough. Her back is up against the stainless steel wall of the saturation chamber. Compton raises a FIRE AXE.

NATALIA

Fuck you.

CLANG! he brings it down into the metal not an inch from her head - teasing her with death. He raises it again ...

INT. SATURATION CHAMBER: All the men are lying down - trying to conserve oxygen. Jackson suddenly sits upright.

JACKSON

Hey ... y'all hear that?

Another dull clang comes to their ears.

SATURATION DECK: Compton raises the axe for the last time.

COMPTON

Swing low, Sweet Chariot . . .

Natalia closes her eyes. Abruptly, out of nowhere, a figure slams into Compton, sending him sprawling. Disney. He climbed up the icy cable.

Compton finds his feet again, a smile on his face.

COMPTON

Musta died and went to heaven.

He punches Disney in the face and Disney goes staggering back. Compton follows up with a back spin kick that flattens

Disney *slamming* back into the saturation chamber.

Winding up, Compton throws a punch designed to shatter every bone in Disney's chest - only, instead, it connects and *shatters every bone in Compton's hand with a hideous CRUNCH!*

Compton falls back with an astonished and, even betrayed look on his face.

DISNEY

That looked really painful.

And taking hold of two of the pins of the GRENADES attached to Compton's flak vest, he *yanks* them out and shoves Compton staggering back to the edge of the moonpool where he flails for a moment ...

Then drops into oblivion. The grenades detonate and Compton EXPLODES INTO BITS just before striking the water.

Disney turns to Natalia and, unzipping his wet suit, he pulls out THE METAL BOX CONTAINING THE CAPTAIN'S LOG. He grins.

DISNEY

Old movie trick. Nice haircut, by the way.

NATALIA

Thanks. Did it myself.

EXT. PLATFORM - DAWN

Nashville has carted the 12 SCUBA TANKS up to the deck and is now moving them up to helideck C and loading them into the helicopter.

INT. MODULE - DAWN

Disney leans close over Natalia as, with a pair of tweezers, she carefully turns the pages of the POTESKIN'S LOG.

She pauses a moment as she becomes conscious of the heat of his body and his breath in her hair. Getting a grip on herself, she brings her attention back to the matter at hand.

NATALIA

It's very strange. The Medical Officer writes very ... it's as if he is very scared

DISNEY

Scared of what?

NATALIA

Well ... it's hard to tell exactly. It seems there were some very sick men in the infirmary, horribly sick, boils, vomiting blood; he writes he's never seen anything like it and he's afraid he will catch whatever it is they have. And here ...

She pauses. Diseny leans closer - interested.

DISENY

What?

NATALIA

He's talking about a "special cargo" they are carrying ... Wait a minute ...

She reads on. And as she does so, her face drains white.

DISENY

What? What???

NATALIA
(looks up)

My God . . .

INT. AMGAS BOARDROOM - DAWN

Everyone looks up when Kelley enters the room - as if they had been waiting for him. With him is an ACADEMIC LOOKING MAN WEARING GLASSES. Kelley looks quite pale.

KELLEY

Gentlemen, we now know why Schiller is aboard the Epsilon.

Everyone leans forward. Kelley takes a deep breath.

KELLEY

Qb14.

Silence.

AMGAS CEO

Well????

KELLEY

It's an experimental virus genetically engineered in Soviet labs during the 70's.

Stunned silence. Kelley looks to the Russian Colonel.

KELLEY

In 1978 a specimen was being transported on the Potemkin from Leningrad to a quarantine lab in the New Siberian islands. It sank in a storm - no one knew where. Also, in the ship's infirmary were several men who had been intentionally infected with the virus.

He leans across the table and looks the Russian officer directly in the eye.

KELLEY

Intelligence is that Qb14 is incredibly lethal, traveling on air currents and fatal in three days. There is zero immunity.

The Russian Colonel squirms in his seat.

RUSSIAN COLONEL

(finally)

I can neither confirm nor deny these allegations.

Figures.

SCOTLAND YARD

(to Kelley)

How is it you people no so much about the Potemkin?

KELLEY

There was a survivor. A U.S. sub picked him up off Norway. (smiles) He lives in Spokane now - has a wife and three kids.

AMGAS CEO

So what are we saying here? That these guys are after a virus?

KELLEY

A virus that makes AIDS and the Black Death look like common colds. Controlling it, Schiller would hold the planet hostage.

U.S. NAVAL COMMANDER

But this is all 16 years ago. Could this thing still be potent after all this time?

Kelley defers to the BESPECTACLED MAN he came in with.

KELLEY

Dr. James Crawley, an epidemiologist with Cambridge Medical.

Crawley clears his throat and steps forward.

CRAWLEY

Frozen, a virus can remain viable indefinitely. Clearly, temperatures at the bottom of the North Sea are sub-zero.

U.S. NAVAL COMMANDER

What would the damage be if - God forbid - Schiller released it?

CRAWLEY

The death toll is difficult to estimate. Best case scenario - millions. Potentially ... all of us.

There is a shocked silence around the table. Until Interpol, somewhat cheerily, pipes up.

INTERPOL

(to Kelley)

It's just occurred to me, CIA, that it's a pity you didn't know the location of this ship earlier. You could have gone down and had the virus for yourself.

KELLEY

(restraining himself)

First of all, I don't think that sort of thing sits too well with the international community. Second, the CIA has absolutely no interest in that kind of sick intrigue.

RAF COLONEL

This thing, this virus, can it be destroyed?

CRAWLEY

No virus can survive heat in excess of Fahrenheit 451.

Silence.

CRAWLEY

I must tell you people - whatever you're going to do, do it fast. If Qb14 thaws or is dropped, thrown or in any way exposed to air - every man woman and child on this planet is in jeopardy.

Kelley takes the helm again.

KELLEY

There's only one alternative.

He takes stock of those around him.

KELLEY

An air strike against Piper Epsilon.

This gets the AmGas CEO's attention.

AMGAS CEO

That's a billion dollar installation!!!

KELLEY

Why don't you quit worrying about your bottom line and see the bottom line. Everyone's going to be dead here if we don't do something and fast.

He looks back to the others.

KELLEY

An air strike against Epsilon will detonate its hydrocarbon reserves. Everything within a kilometer will be vaporized. It's the only way to be sure.

Silence.

SCOTLAND YARD

(to RAF Colonel)

How soon could a strike be launched?

RAF COLONEL

I've got a fighter standing by. The computers say 29 minutes.

INTERPOL

There's innocent men still on that rig.

KELLEY

They'll have to be casualties.

There is an anguished silence around the table as they absorb the magnitude of their task.

KELLEY

Are we in agreement?

AMGAS CEO

(to the others)

Hell no! How do we know any of this is

real??? It could all be just smoke this
guy is blowing up our asses!

Silence. He has a point. Then someone clears their throat
and all heads turn in that direction. THE RUSSIAN COLONEL.

RUSSIAN COLONEL

While I can officially neither confirm
nor deny rumours that my country
engineered a deadly virus that may be in
danger of being released, I can tell you
that I think an immediate airstrike
against Piper Epsilon is an excellent
idea.

INT. MODULE - PIPER EPSILON - DAWN

Disney and Natalia, who have both just assimilated this same
information from the Medical Officer's log, stare at one
another, shocked.

NATALIA

We can't let them off this rig.

A beat from Disney. Then ...

DISNEY

Summon up the ballast controls for this
rig.

EXT. AIRSTRIP - ABERDEEN SCOTLAND - DAWN

With a roar a TORNADO GROUND ATTACK JET blasts off the strip.

INT. TOWER - DAWN

Garr spins from the computer.

GARR

There's someone on the computer!

West rushes to his side.

GARR

It's the girl's I.D. number.

WEST

Where!

GARR

C-7!

WEST
(into radio)

Nashville!

DRILLING DECK: Nashville has hauled all but the last three tanks up to the helideck and is headed back for those when West's voice snaps at him through the radio.

WEST
... Drop what you're doing! The girl's in C-7.

Nashville grabs up his automatic rifle.

NATALIA'S OFFICE: Natalia has a schematic of Piper Epsilon up on screen. Disney indicates the rig's legs.

DISNEY
Now take the ballast and move it here, to the port side. All of it.

NATALIA
All of it???? If we do, it'll..

DISNEY
I'm sure.

As Natalia begins graphically relocating all the rig's ballast to the port side, Disney's eyes fall on a PICTURE OF NATALIA pinned to the wall. HER WITH ANOTHER MAN - looking happy.

CORRIDOR: Nashville stealthily approaches the module with the alphanumeric C-7 painted on its door. There is a light coming from under the door.

He *kicks* it open and rakes the room in fire ...

But no Natalia and Disney. Just one shot-to-shit computer. Nashville keys his mike.

NASHVILLE
The computer's here but she ain't.

TOWER: Garr is pissed.

GARR
Dammit! She must have been modeming to it from another remote site. Fuck! Now she's back on again.

NATALIA'S OFFICE MODULE: Natalia finishes the task.

NATALIA

That's it.

She is about to execute when Disney's hand stops hers.

DISNEY

Put it on a timer.

TOWER: Garr is furiously chasing Natalia through the computer

GARR

I got her! She's in her office. D-3!

WEST

To hell with that. What's she using the computer for?

GARR

For? Well, it looks like she's in the ballast control program.

WEST

Don't make me ask again.

GARR

(scared)

The ballast in this rig is distributed by computer, but...

He is cut off by the SUDDEN WHINE OF A TURBINE and all eyes leap to the windows. Outside on Helideck B the remaining Piper Epsilon chopper's blades are beginning to spin.

WEST

It's her!

And sidearm leaping from it's holster, he charges out.

#

EXT. PLATFORM - DAWN

Nashville is just coming back up onto deck when West bursts out of the tower followed by the others. West screams at him and Bronx - already on deck.

WEST

(pointing at copter)

Shoot it!!!

Nashville and Bronx's rifles snap to their shoulders. But even as it does, something strange happens ...

The deck under their feet begins to tilt. West's eyes shoot to the HUGE STACK OF DRILL PIPE stacked on the deck from the raising of the drill string and he *suddenly realizes what is*

going to happen.

WEST

Get back!

On Helipad B the copter lifts off and on the deck, the FRICTION INTEGRITY of the pile of drill pipe FAILS, the pile collapses and an avalanche of hundreds of half ton pipes comes crashing down the deck ...

The steel storms down the now-steep deck towards the port side, *crushing* Bronx on its way to HELIDECK C. **SMASH!** they strike the girders of Helideck C and send the whole thing collapsing and sweeping over the edge of the platform, helicopter and all, tumbling down to the sea below.

A moment later, all is silent again.

WEST

Mother fucker!

He whips back to Helideck B but the copter is already gone. The deck beneath their feet begins to shift back to normal. West turns to the others.

WEST

Wonder-fucking-ful! No chopper and no access code! Dammit! We're back to square one. If we can't get into her files, we are lip-deep in shit.

NASHVILLE

Even if we can, all the tanks were in the copter! The only one's left are those!

He indicates the THREE SCUBA TANKS still standing by the module doorway.

NASHVILLE

There's not enough.

WEST

Excellent point.

Raising his sidearm, West **BLAM!** shoots Nashville dead.

WEST

Evens things up a bit.

GARR

(eying tanks)

Yeah, but there's still ...

He trails off - thinking better of it.

WEST
What?

GARR
Nothing ...

WEST
No really - what were you going to say?

GARR
(getting very nervous)
Nothing. I wasn't going to say anything.

WEST
No, I think you were going to point out
that there's still too many people and
not enough tanks - and rightly so.

West raises his gun in line with Garr's head.

GARR
Wait! You can't kill me! I know the
girl's password and I.D. code!

WEST
You never mentioned that.

GARR
(panting)
It was my ace.

WEST
Well gee, is it my imagination or did
Chickadee leave your ace running and
already accessed when she dumped that
load of pipe on us?

BLAM! West shoots him dead - spraying his brains all over the
deck. Such a pro. Schiller grimaces. West grins at him.

WEST
What?

SCHILLER
Oh nothing - I'm getting used to it.

WEST
Ha! This is only micro-fractional
compared to the way you kill people.

SCHILLER
(shrugs)
Maybe you should be in a different line
of work.

EXT. HELICOPTER - DAWN

The Piper Epsilon Copter is shooting low across the waves towards Denmark.

INT. HELICOPTER: Natalia looks to Disney.

NATALIA

What about those men in the Sat Tank?

DISNEY

They'll be okay as long as they don't open the door. The tanks are airtight and practically indestructible.

Disney, in the navigator's seat, abruptly freezes. Natalia follows his eyes to the COPTER'S RADAR SCREEN - capable of picking a barrel out of the water at ten miles. On it is a FAST-MOVING BLIP.

NATALIA

The copter AmGas is sending?

DISNEY

No, it's moving too fast.

He looks at her - pale.

DISNEY

Is there any way Shore could know what we know?

NATALIA

It's possible.

DISNEY

(grim beat)

It's an airstrike.

She stares at him.

DISNEY

We have to go back.

NATALIA

What? Are you nuts?!? Everything within...

DISNEY

We have to go back! There are men still on that rig.

NATALIA

But they're still under compression. You

couldn't let them out even if...

DISNEY

I promised them. They put their trust in me. I have to go back.

INT. TOWER - DAWN

West, nervously tugging at his beard with one hand, is at the computer, paginating through Natalia's files.

WEST

Come on ... come on ... where did you put it, Chickadee ...?

Abruptly the RADIO crackles.

RADIO

Wet Seal, Wet Seal, you're supposed to be monitoring this frequency, Seal ...

WEST

(snatching it up)

This is Seal.

RADIO

Christ Seal, why haven't you migrated south on the current?

WEST

I had an extended mating season but I'm taking care of it as we speak.

RADIO

I hope so, Seal, because the Seal Hunter is on his way. Four, three, two, one, mark.

And the transmission goes dead. West looks at his watch.

WEST

Shit!

He quickly sets the WATCH'S TIMER. A voice behind him.

VOICE

Does that mean what I think it means?

West whirls around to see Schiller, loaded with WELDING EQUIPMENT, paused in the doorway. He nods grimly.

WEST

The airstrike is going to hit in exactly ten minutes.

SCHILLER
(panicking)

Have you found the tables!

WEST

Just keep getting the equipment out there. I'll find them.

A beat between them ... then Schiller fades from the room. West turns back to the computer - going through the files with even greater intensity.

WEST

Come on ... come on ...

EXT. NORTH SEA AIRSPACE - DAWN

The Tornado streaks across the crests of the waves at incredible airspeed.

INT. HELICOPTER - DAWN

The Piper Epsilon Copter is now headed back towards the rig. Disney is tensely watching the Tornado's blip on their radar.

NATALIA

Do you think we'll beat it?

DISNEY

We have to.

INT. TOWER - DAWN

West nearly jumps out of his seat for joy.

WEST

Yes!

He has found what he is looking for - a seismic survey of Piper Epsilon's drilling - the kind that oil companies guard LIKE THE CROWN JEWELS.

PIPER EPSILON COPTER: Disney, searching through the copter's overhead compartments, finds a .45 AUTOMATIC. He shoves it into his waistband. Up ahead the monstrous spider of Piper Epsilon rises up out of the ocean fog.

PLATFORM: Schiller is waiting nervously by the Wellhead when West arrives carrying, among other things, the STAINLESS STEEL COOLING UNIT. But Schiller who is extremely jittery with other things on his mind, doesn't notice it.

SCHILLER

Five minutes. Tell me you found the

tables!

WEST

I found the tables.

SCHILLER

Thank God!

And he turns to loading the supplies onto the grappling hook craned over the wellhead. *West pulls his gun and points it at the back of the Scientist's oblivious head.*

SCHILLER

(back turned)

We've only three tanks of air.

WEST

Oh, I don't mind sharing.

West's finger tightens on the trigger to blow Schiller's head off ... *but Schiller's sudden voice...*

SCHILLER

I don't believe it.

Stops him. He looks up to see what Schiller is looking at. The Piper Epsilon Copter is coming in off the sea. A beat ... then West re-holsters his gun and, quietly picking up the STAINLESS STEEL COOLING UNIT, *He conceals it in his own bag.*

PIPER EPSILON COPTER: The rig is coming up fast. Disney, in his open doorway, looks to Natalia.

DISNEY

That picture of you in your office, with that guy ... Your husband?

NATALIA

(beat)

He left. Two years ago. Much like your wife.

Disney looks at her a beat. He starts to say something, but thinks better of it and instead, gives her hand a squeeze.

PLATFORM: West speaks to Schiller who is fixed on the copter.

WEST

Forget about them. You've got the item; let's just get the hell out of here.

SCHILLER

(turning)

Me? I thought you had it ...

WEST

Me? I thought I saw Nashville take it
out to you ...

SCHILLER

No, Nashville was loading everything into
...

Schiller trails off, horrified ...

SCHILLER

My God ... the helicopter ...

He looks to the wreckage of where helideck C used to be.

COPTER: They are almost over the rig. Disney looks to Natalia

DISNEY

You'll get the hell out of here, right?

She looks at him a beat before, too choked up to speak, she
nods. Disney nods too and ...

PLATFORM: ... *jumps* the ten moving feet to the deck below.

WEST & SCHILLER: A hundred yards away, Disney hits the deck
with a roll and, quickly recovering, disappears below deck.

Schiller, ENRAGED AT THE LOSS OF THE VIAL, snatches West's
gun out of its holster and fires several shots at the
helicopter - but it's too far away to have any effect. It
sweeps off back towards the mainland.

West puts a calming hand over the gun and takes it back.

WEST

It's no good - we've lost the game. We
just have to accept it and get the fuck
out of here.

MODULE DECK: Moving like a bat out of hell, Disney slams
through the corridors towards the saturation deck.

PLATFORM: West steps up on the grappling hook. But Schiller
holds back.

SCHILLER

I'm staying.

WEST

(feigning shock)

What? Are you nuts!?! In three
minutes...

SCHILLER

(smiling to himself)

No. You're right - the game's up.
Anyway, now that the virus is out of our
reach your organization has no use for
me.

WEST

Oh, don't say that.

SCHILLER

No, it's true. I wouldn't last a day on
the streets.

WEST

It hurts me to hear you talk that way.

Schiller, oblivious of West's sarcasm, heads off across the
deck towards where Disney disappeared. He calls over his
shoulder as he goes ...

SCHILLER

(oblivious)

I think I'll spend my last moments on
earth killing that fucking diver.

West watches him go with a slight smile on his lips.

WEST

(to himself)

So long sucker.

Unholstering his gun, he aims it at the crane control booth
and **BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!** he strikes the round knob of the
control lever and the hook he is on begins to descend back
into the pipe.

SATURATION DECK: Disney skids onto the saturation deck and
races to the chamber control. He is dismayed to see that it
was destroyed when Compton was beating the hell out of
Natalia - *now there's no way to lower the saturation
chambers.* His eyes fall to the tank's CABLE ENGINE. He
picks up the mike.

DISNEY

Jackson!

INT. TANK: Jackson snatches up the mike.

JACKSON

Disney! You came back!

SATURATION DECK: Disney smiles to himself.

DISNEY

I told you I would. I'm going to disable the cable brake. So hold on - this baby's gonna drop fast.

JACKSON

Drop! What the hell you wanna do that for!

As Disney is about to answer when a screaming figure tackles him from behind and they both go flying across the deck to the edge of the moonpool.

Schiller winds up on top and snatches Disney's gun. Disney just manages to catch his wrist before he gets blown away. Schiller tries to force the gun into Disney's face ...

SCHILLER

How's it feel to be under the gun, Diver? Fifteen years I waited to get my hands on that virus and you royally fucked it up!

BLAM! he fires nearly taking Disney's ear off. **BLAM!** he fires again, this time even closer.

Disney suddenly reverses his weight and slams Schiller down onto the deck and pins him down at the edge of the moonpool - four hundred feet of empty air under Schiller's head.

Schiller is again forcing the gun up towards Disney's head. Disney, hand straining to hold Schiller's back, sees the timer on Schiller's watch - *75 seconds left*. No time to screw around. He sees that Schiller is about to fire again. Out of the corner of his eye, he can see the MOTOR that controls the descent of the saturation tanks.

Abruptly, Disney thrusts Schiller's hand to the side as he fires. **BLAM!** the bullet strikes the motor, disabling the servo brake mechanism. Schiller's eyes widen as the chamber drops through the moonpool - popping his head off as it goes.

INT. SATURATION CHAMBER: The five men feel the semi-freefall.

JACKSON

Hold on!!!

SATURATION DECK: Disney looks after the saturation tanks, descending very quickly towards the water - held back only by wire friction.

SMASH! a moment later the tank strikes the water with a tremendous splash - but holds.

INT. SATURATION CHAMBER: The men are shaken but okay.

SATURATION DECK: Disney glances down at the watch on Schiller's lifeless wrist - 60 seconds.

A man who has absolved himself and accepted his fate, Disney walks calmly off the deck.

PLATFORM DECK: Disney comes up the ladder and onto the top of the drill floor - the top deck of the platform. From here he can see the sun rising. A fitting place to die.

He looks to the south and sees the morning sun glinting off the FIGHTER PLANE as it streaks towards the platform. It is almost beautiful ...

Abruptly, a ROAR whips his head to the north. The HELICOPTER rises up parallel with the deck. Natalia did not leave.

NATALIA

Disney!!! Jump!!!

Disney shoots a glance to the fighter plane. There is a puff of smoke as a PAIR OF SIDEWINDER MISSILES is launched. Turning, *Disney starts running full out for the edge of the platform.*

Behind him the missiles streak down onto the platform as he jumps into space ...

Sailing in slow motion across the fifty feet of air that separates the platform edge and the helicopter.

HELICOPTER: **WHAM!** he hits the runner and holds on as **KABLAM!!!!** the missiles strike and detonate on the drill floor.

The helicopter sweeps off as a chain reaction of explosions begins. Natalia swings the copter almost on its side, and Disney grabs her hand and hauls in.

INT. HELICOPTER:

DISNEY

Go! Go!

She guns it as the rig behind them blows to pieces in a monstrous fireball the size of a football stadium.

A hideous SHUDDER slams through the copter with the shock wave. They look behind them to the pluming fireball. Then at each other.

NATALIA

So you decided to live after all.

DISNEY

(smiles)

Well, seems the second you finish the business at hand - new business presents itself.

His eyes make it clear what new business he is referring to. Natalia nods back to the orange fireball of the platform.

NATALIA

You don't think ... ?

DISNEY

No. Nothing could have survived that.

DRILL COLUMN: At that moment, West, cutting with the high speed diamond saw far below in the drill column, glances up as the pipe violently shudders. He redoubles his efforts and a moment later kicks out a square of pipe, pushes his gear through it and jumps in after, just as SEVERAL TONS OF OCEAN WATER come crashing down the pipe.

CAVERN: He finds himself in a low-ceilinged CAVERN - RUSHING WITH STEAMING FRESH WATER - AN UNDERSEA RIVER WARMED BY THERMAL HEAT - revealed through Epsilon's seismic charge surveys. The drill column cuts right through it. He grins.

WEST

Thanks my Russian Chickadee.

#

INT. CONNING TOWER - PIPER BETA - DAY

Almost identical to the tower on Piper Epsilon. Disney, wrapped in a blanket, sits in the tower surrounded by the men from the AmGas Boardroom.

U.S. NAVAL COMMANDER

So, essentially, West and Schiller were incinerated in the explosion ...

DISNEY

It looks that way, Sir.

Kelley, who is entering the room, speaks up.

KELLEY

That's the way it is. I just reconned the area and, believe me, there is nothing left.

U.S. NAVAL COMMANDER

(to Disney)

Well, in my book, you deserve a medal, Mister.

Kelley takes a seat at the Dive Supervisor's station. He glances out the windows to the DIVE CAGE that hangs from its crane over the edge of the platform.

All attention is centered on Disney. Kelley casually *flips a switch* and, in the background, the dive cage begins to *descend to the ocean*.

INT. UNDERSEA RIVER

Scuba gear on, West swims, flashlight leading, with the rushing, steaming current through the tunnels of rock.

OPEN OCEAN: He emerges out of a YAWNING HOLE IN THE SEA FLOOR WHERE THE RIVER ISSUES UP INTO THE SEA - it's fresh, warm water causing a clear density change in the surrounding sea.

West swims to a QUAD OF SCUBA TANKS ANCHORED NEARBY and slings them onto his shoulder. Using a HANDHELD GLOBAL POSITIONING SIGNAL, he begins swimming in the appropriate direction.

EXT. PIPER BETA DRILL FLOOR - DAY

A crane lifts the SATURATION TANK out of the ocean and deposits it on the platform. A saturation technician dials open the door and three very strung out but very happy looking men step out into sunshine. Jackson still has his apron on.

EXT. UNDER WATER

West swims into the view of the hulking shape of Piper Beta.

INT. PIPER BETA INFIRMARY - DAY

Natalia is being treated by the nurse for minor cuts and bruises.

EXT. UNDER WATER

Gear in hand, West swims up towards the cage that hangs waiting for him in the water, shedding his tanks as he goes.

INT. PIPER BETA TOWER - DAY

Everyone is still gathered around Disney - pressing him for details, while Kelley sits back. Plainly from his expression, he doesn't like Disney. Suddenly, PIPER BETA'S DIVE SUPER sticks his hand in front of Kelley to throw the switch that will *bring the cage back up*.

KELLEY

What are you doing???

The Dive Super pauses to look at him.

DIVE SUPER
Someone must have accidentally put the
cage down. There's no one down there.

Kelley hesitates - unable to think up a good lie quick.

DIVE SUPER
Something wrong with that?

Everyone is staring at them.

KELLEY
Yeah ... whatever ...

The Dive Super flicks the switch.

UNDERWATER: West is just about to reach the cage when, with a
jerk, it starts upward.

WEST
What th...!

He redoubles his efforts and just manages to catch it's lip
and swing up into it as it lifts out of the water and heads
up towards the platform high above.

INT. TOWER - DAY

Kelley is now visibly nervous and, as the others are
preoccupied with Disney, he watches anxiously out the windows
to the dive crane ...

EXT. BETA EPSILON SUPER STRUCTURE - DAY

As the cage passes the 3rd module deck, West tosses his bag
over the rail and easily jumps the space to it, letting the
cage continue up without him.

INT. TOWER - DAY

The cage is up now - dripping water and empty. Kelley
swallows hard. Did West make it?

INT. HEAD - DAY

West is using one of the rig's bathroom mirrors and sinks to
cut his hair down to a military buzz cut and shave off his
heavy beard. He is transforming into an entirely different
person.

INT. CONNING TOWER - DAY

Kelley abruptly interrupts those questioning Disney.

KELLEY

How do we know he isn't one of the terrorists?

Everyone stares at him.

SCOTLAND YARD

Don't be silly, Man. Why this lad here...

KELLEY

Yeah, I've been sitting here for the last hour listening to his shit like everyone else. How do we know he wasn't part of it?

DISNEY

(stands)

Jack, you just won my "Fuck you" award for the day.

Kelley stands too - holding his eyes.

KELLEY

The CIA'd be happy to transport him back to the mainland for high intensity interrogation.

SCOTLAND YARD

(stepping between them)

I think that might be jumping the gun just a bit, Old Man.

Kelley's eyes burn into Disney. The door suddenly opens and a CLEAN-CUT, FRESH-SHAVEN MAN STEPS IN. We recognize him as WEST. Kelley is made immediately nervous by his presence and, for his part, West is startled to see Disney sitting there. But Disney doesn't recognize him - so remarkable is West's transformation.

KELLEY

Well, uh, here's my pilot. The CIA's job is done here.

Kelley makes for the door, but West, brimming with confidence, steps forward to Disney and extends his hand.

WEST

You must be the hero I've been hearing so much about.

DISNEY

(shaking the hand)
Anyone else would have done the same in
my shoes.

WEST

The world needs more men like you. In
fact, the CIA could use men like you.

West glances at Kelley who is shitting bricks.

WEST

Isn't that so, Mr. Kelley?

KELLEY

(tight)
Yeah, well, I think we really ought to
get going.

West gives Disney a dynamic smile and a wink.

WEST

Be seeing ya ... Buddy.

And he walks out with Kelley. Something tugs at Disney's
subconscious and as those around him fall back to talking, he
stares at the door - something struggling to emerge in his
mind.

EXT. PLATFORM: There must be a dozen choppers on Piper Beta's
deck - all with turbines lazily turning. Kelley and West
come out onto the deck - headed for the choppers.

KELLEY

That was a stupid stunt.

WEST

(chuckles)

Relax. Here's your merchandise.

He hands Kelley the stainless steel cooling container which
Kelley stops to greedily inspect - pulling the glass
freeze-case out ...

KELLEY

Beautiful ...

WEST

Yeah right, just don't drop it.

TOWER: Disney is still staring into space. Abruptly, the
clouds clear in his eyes and they come up.

Continued

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DISNEY

West . . .

People look back at him.

RAF COLONEL

What's that?

DISNEY

(hitting his feet)

It's him! It's West!

INTERPOL

Who? Who's West?

DISNEY

Him. The man with Kelley!

He starts towards the door but a couple men catch him.

SCOTLAND YARD

You've had a long 24 hours, Chap. Why not take it easy?

Disney's eyes fall to A MONITOR that shows Kelley and West's backs - standing just outside the tower door.

DISNEY

I'm telling you! It's him!!!

Scotland Yard moves between him and the door.

SCOTLAND YARD

Why doesn't someone jot down to the infirmary and see if they don't have anything to help him relax ...

DISNEY

NO!!!

And tearing free, he runs for the tower windows and goes ...

EXT. PLATFORM: ... *crashing* through them in a spray of glass, and hitting the deck he *slams* into Kelley and West. Kelley goes sprawling and the glass freeze-case goes flying.

It shatters on the deck and the VIAL inside goes skittering. Both Kelley and Disney see it simultaneously and, jumping to their feet, charge for it.

West starts to draw his gun but all the people who abruptly come rushing out of the tower after Disney make him think twice. He draws a deep breath and sighs.

WEST

Know when to raise, know when to bluff
and know when to fold. I am outta here
...

He backs off into the jungle of helicopters.

VIAL: Disney and Kelley slam into one another at the vial.
Kelley just manages to get hold of it and bursts to his feet,
VIAL raised over his head to smash it on the steel deck.

KELLEY

Nobody fucking moves!

The SAS Commandos on deck snap their guns up and aim them at
Kelley's heart. But Disney, the closest, raises a hand.

DISNEY

No! He drops it and we're all dead!

He extends his hand and takes a step towards Kelley who
tightens.

KELLEY

Stay where you are!

DISNEY

It's a no-win situation. Just give it to
me, Kelley.

KELLEY

What? A hundred million human lives in
exchange for mine? That's not a win?
Get your fucking hands away from me.

DISNEY

Just relax - I'm not going to try and
grab it or you. Look, I'll put them
behind my back.

Disney puts his hands cooperatively behind his back. But we
see that he has extended all ten fingers and is counting them
off - 10 ...9 ... 8 ...

The SAS Colonel makes eye-contact with his Commandos and
silently nods. Then nod back.

DISNEY

The CIA acquires a lethal virus for use
against who? Unwanted segments of the
population? Uncooperative Third World
countries? Or just research into
bio-warfare?

KELLEY

D) All of the above.

Disney's fifth finger clicks off - five ...

DISNEY

How'd you find out about the ship?

KELLEY

When that greedy little platform supervisor saw the ship on the bottom, he thought it might have gold in it like the Murmansk did. He put the word on the street - we were the fish that bit.

Two ...

DISNEY

How do you sleep at night?

KELLEY

Like a baby.

One! **BLADADADADAM!!!** a dozen bullets ruin Kelley and as the crystal vial goes tumbling from his fingers, Disney dives...

... SLOW MOTION. The vial comes tumbling through space towards the steel drill floor. The instant before it strikes, a set of fingers comes sliding under it and slaps closed around it.

BACK TO REAL TIME: Lying on the deck, Disney holds up the intact vial for all to see. Everyone lets go the breath they were holding.

CUT TO: CHOPPER: Amidst the sparse forest of choppers, West flicks the booster switches and the IMMENSE CARGO COPTER starts to rise

He is not four feet off the deck when abruptly, seemingly materializing out of nowhere, A HALF DOZEN SAS COMMANDOS surround the chopper - assault rifles aimed up at West. He knows they're not likely to miss.

As he continues to hover there, undecided, the passenger door opens and Disney climbs in - taking the seat next to him.

DISNEY

Look good without the beard.

WEST

You sound like my wife.

DISNEY

Love her?

WEST

Yep. Mind telling her for me?

DISNEY

Doesn't have to be that way.

WEST

Do you know what they'll do to me? The CIA will never let this get to trial. They'll bury everything, including me and you.

DISNEY

I don't accept that. You shouldn't either.

West looks at the man sitting next to him. Then smiles.

WEST

That's the thing, isn't it? Should have had you on my team.

And, abruptly, he yanks the controls hard right.

The chopper spins in a tight circle - smacking all six SAS commandos to the deck with its runners - and then sweeps off.

Disney jumps West and, as they struggle, West and control of the helicopter is lost. It begins to drift - out of control - fifteen feet off the deck.

Disney and West land in the back of the chopper. West leaps to his feet.

WEST

Come on!

Disney comes, tackling him. West reverses his momentum and slams him up against the hull.

The helicopter DRIFTS INTO ONE OF THE CRANES - perched on the edge of the platform - its RUNNERS BECOMING ENTANGLED in the crane line. The copter's massive turbine begins to whine. Inside, the battle still rages on - each man trading body blows and Disney getting the worst of it.

The crane begins to creak, and then, at an angle of mechanical disadvantage, tilt. Disney sees it. The massive machine is plainly about to topple over the edge of the rig. West, who stands blocking the bay door, sees it too.

DISNEY

We have to jump ...

West only looks at him. Then ... steps aside - allowing Disney to escape if he so chooses. Outside the crane tips perilously with a ghastly creaking ...

They watch one another a moment, saying nothing. Disney understands. Outside, there is a horrible snapping sound and the crane goes over the edge. Disney charges for the bay doors and ...

... sails out over the nothingness and ...

... *slams* into the edge of the deck as the massive crane goes over above him, narrowly missing crushing him.

It plummets forty stories, snapping the helicopter after it, and crashes into the flotel moored below. It lingers there for a moment on the flotel's deck ... then slides off into the water, dragging the helicopter and West after it into the depths - forever.

INT. BUCKINGHAM PALACE - DAY

An immense ceremony as Disney and Sheryl walk down the processional to the QUEEN who presents them each with a medal and, accepting a GOLDEN WRENCH from the AmGas CEO, presents that to Disney.

Turning back to the crowd, Disney smiles and holds up the wrench for the cameras and the flash of bulbs that goes off. In the crowd he sees JACKSON, the cook who gives him a wink.

Disney takes Sheryl's hand beside him and squeezes it tight.

T H E E N D

C

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Q

Q

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