

PROPEL

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Empirical Evidence | Derrick Eppich, Daniel Seco

"Yes, as everyone knows, meditation and water are wedded for ever."

Herman Melville

INT. UNKNOWN - UNKNOWN

Complete otherworldly darkness.

Feels like the hopeless confines of a buried coffin except for SLOSHING from an undefined liquid being tossed about like something in a washing machine.

But there's no mechanical sounds. Definitely more natural than manmade.

Over the sloshing comes a bizarre CLICKING. Almost squeaky. Like an alien or a bug trying to communicate.

Faint specks of luminescent bluey green appear. *Lights? Buttons? Something more surreal?*

They swirl about in whatever the fluid is. Nearly hypnotic. Certainly unnerving.

Wherever we are, it's a place we've never been before and...

A PLACE WE NEVER WANT TO VISIT AGAIN.

But we might.

A RINGING phone followed by a human GROAN leads us into...

INT. HOTEL, KATE'S ROOM - DAWN (DOMINICA, WEST INDIES)

The dim sterile space is a jumble with PROFESSIONAL SCUBA DIVING GEAR and a suitcase of woman's clothes scattered over the carpet like a tornado has ripped through.

Splayed across the bed covers comatose is KATE LOCKE (32), somewhat fit but messy. Consumed by yesterday's loose black t-shirt. Long hair dehydrated from heavy seawater exposure swamps her cadaverous face and sticks to her perspiring brow.

Her arms hug a pillow like it's a loved one.

Kate's phone continues to RING. She groggily wakes as if she's being prized from the clutches of Satan. Her bloodshot oculars are glassy and distant.

Kate SNEEZES in an unusually suppressed way like her nasal passage is blocked and imprisoning something in her skull. An invisible muzzle. Terribly uncomfortable.

A haunting scar pegs the bridge of her nose.

She glimpses the time.

KATE

Shit.

Kate cancels the incoming call and hurriedly bumbles to her feet.

A ghostly AMBULANCE SIREN echoes from somewhere outside.

INT. KATE'S ROOM - DAY

On a veneer table is a signed non-disclosure agreement for a company called "A+ ATLANTIC DIVE SOLUTIONS". Trashy generic template.

Sprawling beside this is a used international flight ticket and Kate's purse with a mishmash of cards including her Florida driver's license where she appears far more lively.

Kate emerges in flip-flops and a full body wetsuit half-zipped with her dive bag lumbered over her shoulder. A hot shower and splashes of makeup have done little to combat what must be a hangover from hell. Eyes still glazed and detached.

She notices a crinkled PHOTO in a cellophane bag on the floor, delicately brushes it off, routinely tucks it in her wetsuit, and heads for the door.

INT. RESTAURANT AND BAR - DAY

Sweeping views across the Caribbean Sea. On a good morning this developing island nation is breathtaking. Serene turquoise water. Crisp sand beaches. Lush palm trees. A tropical paradise.

But this morning is not a good morning. A thick mist stymies the modest coastal town's salty air. Depressing gray clouds quell any radiant travel brochure sunlight. Pregnant with rain.

Forget swimsuits and volleyballs. Who's selling raincoats?

A DEAD SEAGULL lies outside a window. Claws to the sky. Face imploded. MAGGOTS feasting.

A print on the glass reads "HERMAN HOTEL, ROSEAU, DOMINICA".

The four star establishment is dotted with dated furniture and foreign guests including a bored COUPLE regretting their cheap offseason flights and a slippery BUSINESSMAN searching his corn flakes for a way to pay even less tax.

Kate hunches over a vodka on the rocks. She's the only one drinking. Eyes closed. Chin subtly shaking. Pulse racing like her jugular is about to burst. Whatever she's ruminating over sure doesn't seem healthy. *All at sea.* LOST IN HER HEAD.

Nearby is an ornamental ship stuck inside a glass bottle.

A local BARMAID watches Kate with concern.

BARMAID
You're dancing wid da devil, ma'am.

KATE
Pardon me?

BARMAID
Going out there. It d'is playing
wid fire.

Kate gazes out at the expanse of brooding ocean.

KATE
I can handle it.

BARMAID
That d'is what da others all
thought.

KATE
Did you say five people?

BARMAID
No. Seven. Seven in three months.
Rest in peace.

KATE
All drowned?

The barmaid shrugs.

BARMAID
Only two bodies recovered. God help
us.

Kate takes a bread crust from a disorderly half-eaten plate. Close in on her GOBBLING it into mush and swallowing it down her esophagus.

Someone WHISTLES nearby. The sharp sound jolts Kate's estranged spirit.

She turns to see a BACHELOR (32) approaching, maybe a conservationist. Salt of the Earth. A wide smile one could build a family around.

BACHELOR
Good morning.

Kate sinks into her shell.

KATE
Ah... Hi.

BACHELOR
We met briefly last night in the
lobby.

KATE
Did we?

BACHELOR
I'm Sean.

KATE
Right.

BACHELOR
Have you tried the lobster salad
here?

KATE
No.

BACHELOR
Oh, you have to. It's out of this
world. How about I buy you dinner
tonight?

Kate freezes up. Deer in the headlights.

BACHELOR (CONT'D)
Say six thirty?

The pressure in Kate's cranium mounts. A boiling kettle.
Totally OVERTHINKING it.

BACHELOR (CONT'D)
Are you okay?

KATE
I... I can't.

BACHELOR
You sure?

KATE
Yeah.

Kate necks the remainder of her vodka without cringing, slaps down some USD, grabs her dive bag, and rushes out into the...

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Kate peeps back at the bar. Catches the bachelor's kind eyes.

Glances at her annular finger. No ring. Just a tan mark.

Kate pulls the cellophane wrapped photo from her wetsuit. This time the crinkled image is revealed: Kate beaming with her HUSBAND (32), not dissimilar to the bachelor, and a BABY BUMP.

Kate reconsiders the bar's chrome door handle...

But decides against it.

She returns the photo inside her rubber attire, though perhaps not with the same ease as earlier, and wallows away down the carpeted corridor, past a stack of whale watching brochures and a JANITOR cleaning a fish tank.

Kate rounds a corner to find an upset GIRL (3) CRYING alone and studying the different doors, unsure which room is hers.

Kate hesitates before approaching.

KATE

Ah, excuse me. Can I help you?

The girl pauses on Kate. Stunned by a new fear. *Stranger danger!*

MOTHER (O.S.)

Hey!

Kate sees the girl's MOTHER hurrying over, her eyes tense, her muscles rigid. A lioness scrambling to protect her cub.

MOTHER (CONT'D)

What do you think you're doing?

KATE

I --

The mother promptly unlocks a door.

MOTHER

Go in, Nancy.

The girl ducks into the room.

The mother stares daggers at Kate.

MOTHER (CONT'D)
Stay away. Next time I'm calling
the manager.

And she SLAMS the door in Kate's crazed face.

Kate is left in the shadows somewhat perplexed.

...

She checks the time and starts running.

EXT. MARINA - DAY

Kate sprints along the wonky wooden dock, PITTER PATTERN, past a vast array of hibernating yachts. No other souls in sight.

She gazes around the exotic morning air, not sure exactly where to go. Almost trips on a wayward fishing net. Steps right in the middle of a grungy oil stain.

Kate's phone RINGS. She sees who's calling and SIGHS.

KATE
(on phone)
Hello?

MOM (V.O.)
(on phone)
You got a minute?

KATE
(on phone)
Not really but --

MOM (V.O.)
(on phone)
I'm sorry for what I said at the airport. I was out of line.

KATE
(on phone)
Forget it.

MOM (V.O.)
(on phone)
I just think... These gigs. Surely you'd be better off staying grounded for a bit or at least taking something closer to home.

KATE
(on phone)
Home?

MOM (V.O.)
(on phone)
Yes. Home.

KATE
(on phone)
The appointments with Dr. Ryan are
total BS.

MOM (V.O.)
(on phone)
So change tact.

KATE
(on phone)
To what? I'm not going back to that
grief group.

MOM (V.O.)
(on phone)
*What if you give it a proper
chance? Commit to a schedule. Six
or eight weeks. When your father
passed I honestly found the group
really --*

KATE
(on phone)
How many times? I'm not you.

MOM (V.O.)
(on phone)
I know that, Katherine.

KATE
(on phone)
And what happened to Pa is not even
close to the same.

Kate blinks back tears.

MOM (V.O.)
(on phone)
*Of course it's not. I didn't
mean... I apologize. I... There is
going to be a way out.*

KATE
(on phone)
Fuck this.

MOM (V.O.)
(on phone)
I still believe in you.

Kate SCOFFS.

MOM (V.O.)
(on phone)
Yeah, maybe I am a tad crazy and out of touch and whatever else but it's the truth. You can still have some version of your dreams. Three bedrooms. A swimming pool. Little League. Camping trips. Don't doubt it.

...

MOM (V.O.)
(on phone)
Did you hear me?

KATE
(on phone)
I'm running late.

MOM (V.O.)
(on phone)
Well, ah... Take care out there, hon.

KATE
(on phone)
Bye.

A long cold moment on the decrepit dock.

Kate notices a memorial for all those who've died at sea. Fresh wreaths of flowers lean against it.

MITCH (O.S.)
The Daytona Dolphin?

Kate spots MITCH GRISTLE (45), a burly Texan hulk oozing alpha status, straggly stubble, also in dive gear, checking oxygen tanks while sucking on a cigarette. *Ain't his first rodeo.*

One bicep dons a faded US Navy tattoo. The other displays a romantic heart recently disfigured.

KATE
Ah, Mr. Saviano?

MITCH
Huh? No. Gristle. Mitch Gristle.

KATE
Oh? Eileen said --

MITCH
Dear ol' Eileen.
(checks watch)
We callin' this jet lag?

Kate offers Mitch a croissant as an apology. He grins.

Rough handshake. Kate BURPS in a way that only results from too much booze.

KATE
Excuse me.

MITCH
Ya good?

KATE
Ah, absolutely.

MITCH
Ya want painkillers?

KATE
Oh, thanks but I've had some.

MITCH
What 'em white collars don't know
won't hurt 'em.

Kate manages a half-smile.

MITCH (CONT'D)
They tell ya much?

KATE
Um, some.

Mitch stares into her, trying to get a read.

KATE (CONT'D)
Work's work.

MITCH
Amen, sista.

Mitch MUNCHES the croissant. Emphasis on the gorilla's chewing and swallowing.

KATE
You seen the, ah, weather report?

MITCH
Ya seen your contract?

Mitch's phone RINGS.

MITCH (CONT'D)
(on phone)
Howdy?... Well, tell her I ain't
budgin'! Not with the house. Not
with custody. Not with my shares.
What a wreck. Bury her.

A jolly HUMMING emerges from an old but tidy 25 foot timber
fishing BOAT.

Out of the rickety hull comes EDISON SHAW (30), a wiry local
fellow and the hired driver for the day. Neat haircut.
Secondhand t-shirt tucked in. Upbeat nature despite his
jarring limp.

EDISON
Welcome aboard, ma'am. I be Edison.

KATE
Kate. Hi.

Gentle handshake. Kate offers him a croissant.

EDISON
Oh, thank you but no thank you.

Edison blows a kiss to his cute DAUGHTER (4) on shore who's
puffing angelical bubbles and waving lovingly alongside his
GRANDMOTHER.

Kate produces a polite smile over what might be envy towards
the sweet local family.

The knot binding Edison's daughter's tired backpack strap
together breaks. Edison's expression dwindles.

Edison assists Kate with her dive bag.

Kate almost loses her balance boarding. Edison gracefully
catches her.

EDISON (CONT'D)
Eaaasy, ma'am.

Edison notices Kate's nose scar. She quickly shies away.

EDISON (CONT'D)

Here.

Edison passes Kate a paper towel and motions to the flood of perspiration twinkling across her forehead.

EDISON (CONT'D)

I have extra drinking water too.

KATE

Thanks.

Kate pads her brow.

EDISON

Have you vomited yet?

Kate nods.

EDISON (CONT'D)

Da fish will be disappointed.

Faint smiles.

Edison hooks Mitch's croissant wrapper out of the turquoise shallows and folds it up.

Mitch concludes his heated phone call and GRUMBLES through his wispy beard laden with crumbs.

He scans the dock's surroundings suspiciously. Difficult to know what he's looking for. Sees nothing of particular note.

Mitch reignites his cigarette with a MATCH.

Kate eyes the flame and feels her husband baby bump photo inside her wetsuit. A new unsettling thought.

MITCH

All righty, y'all. Let's dance.

EDISON

Aye aye, bahss.

INT./EXT. BOAT/OCEAN, CLOSE TO SHORE - DAY

Ominous gray clouds continue to loom like demons as the decaying vessel skims away from the security of the tropical shoreline and east over the slightly turbulent surf of the expansive blue Atlantic Ocean. Mother Nature's domain.

The boat's wonky nose repetitively digs into the thalassic frontier, causing white foamy sea spray to SPURT over the dilapidated bow and utterly douse the rusted windscreen.

Kate and Mitch's dive bags sprawl across the wooden deck. Edison's rucksack is neatly nestled behind a life buoy.

Kate hunches alone at the stern of the aged trawler, staring at the worn floor, lost in the labyrinth of her mind again.

Mitch waves his hefty paw in her vision. *Anyone home?*

Edison steers the helm and merrily HUMS, the salty unrestrained air whipping through his short hair. His lifejacket has "DAD" creatively drawn on.

Edison flexes his kinked right leg and grimaces. Kate spies heavy scarring around the local man's kneecap.

Mitch takes a stout drag on his cigarette and approaches Edison with a detailed map. He points out a marked spot some distance offshore.

EDISON

That d'is not da place we talked of
wid da Bruce.

MITCH

I know.

EDISON

It d'is not part of da reserve. No
coral there, bahss.

MITCH

Pretty please, cowboy.

Edison hesitates.

EDISON

Wid these clouds --

MITCH

We'll be in and out. No biggy.

Edison studies the marked spot more closely and his irises stiffen.

MITCH (CONT'D)

That's where the sky falls, huh?

EDISON

What d'is it? Oil?

MITCH

Pirate treasure, my man. Arrr!

Mitch winks.

Edison doesn't like it. His blood pressure rises.

He glances to Kate. She can't hold his frustrated eyes.

KATE

In and out.

MITCH

I'll chuck in another two hundy
cash. Take 'em someplace fancy for
dinner.

Edison remains unsure, his stress continuing to escalate.

MITCH (CONT'D)

Fine. Three hundy.

Edison rubs his sweaty palm on the boat's crusty dashboard in
a strange way, ALMOST MASSAGING IT. He takes a deep
concentrated breath...

And calms down.

Edison forces a smile to Mitch and diverts the boat towards
the new spot.

Mitch pats Edison's boney shoulder and notices Kate drilling
into him.

MITCH (CONT'D)

Jeez Louise. Fine. Three Bens a
piece. Everyone's a winner.

Kate discreetly slips a sip from her HIP FLASK and discerns
SEAGULLS circling overhead like crows.

A rogue wave jolts the boat. Kate stumbles on her untidy dive
bag and BUMPS some wires.

The antique outboard motor abruptly dies. DRRRP!

Kate immediately freaks out.

MITCH (CONT'D)

What the --

KATE

I'm sorry. I --

EDISON
Relaaax, ma'am.

Edison keeps cool and examines the troubled wiring.

He tries something to fix it. *Giddy up!* No luck.

Kate's towel blows into the ocean. She reaches to fetch the soaked garment, really extending over the aquatic unknown, extremely vulnerable to anything beneath.

DUN-NUN...

Stretching to the max...

DUN-NUN...

Fingertip stuff...

DUN-NUN-DUN-NUN...

And Kate safely retrieves her towel.

Edison attempts something else with the dead engine wires. Still no life. *Forget it.*

Kate's negative thoughts spiral. Mitch GRUMBLES.

Edison remains composed. Tries another electrical solution.

COUGH, SPLUTTER... BRRRM!

Yeehaw!

Edison motions to Kate to take a soothing inhalation but she just turns her back. Pulse galloping.

Edison eyes Kate's dive gear in disarray across the faded timber deck.

The trio resume their journey away from shore, en route for Mitch's spot.

Mitch hands Kate a waterproof HAZMAT SUIT to fit over her wetsuit. Kate wavers on the additional rubber layer.

MITCH
Your call. They can't be sure.

INT./EXT. BOAT/ OCEAN, FAR FROM SHORE - DAY

The postcard shoreline is a mere slither on the dim horizon.

A gap in the ghoulish clouds enables crisp sunlight to warm the dated vessel now resting amidst the awe-inspiring seascape. An ant in a hypnotic swimming pool. No other land or boats in sight. Hard to believe that somewhere out there lies Africa and Europe.

A soothing breeze encourages soft waves to lap against the humble trawler's teak underside like a kitten drinking milk, the gentle rhythm reminiscent of a lullaby.

Edison lowers the anchor over the boat's bow and Mitch has his head buried in the hull leaving Kate alone on the rear deck.

She attempts a soul-searching inhalation, willing the pure serenity to occupy her lungs and work its magic.

In. And out.

Kate tentatively slides her husband baby bump photo from her rubber pocket and removes the cellophane bag.

She pulls one of Mitch's matches from her sleeve and prepares to ignite the precious image...

But then returns the picture inside the bag and drops her chin.

INT./EXT. BOAT/ OCEAN, FAR FROM SHORE - DAY

The beam of encouraging sunlight has been obscured with the gloomy atmospheric ceiling once again fully enclosed. The tranquil breeze has morphed into a piercing wind.

Kate and Mitch finish kitting up in goggles, gloves, wetsuits, hazmat suits, oxygen tanks, and flippers. *The works.* They act with professional fluency. *It's business time.*

Edison scoops handfuls of the alluring seawater onto his uneasy face and reverts to his HUMMING, though not as jovially as earlier.

An archaic sonar screen adjacent to the steering wheel indicates that the water's depth is 131 feet.

KATE

Crap. My light. I must've --

MITCH

Ya can't be --

EDISON
Use d'mine, ma'am.

Edison passes Kate his flashlight.

KATE
Are you --

MITCH
Great. Thanks.

KATE
Thank you.

Edison nods and sips on a GLASS BOTTLE of orange juice.

BEEP, BEEP, BEEP from the geriatric sonar system.

MITCH
What's up? Mermaid?

Edison studies the glitching monitor. It doesn't depict anything notable beneath the boat.

Edison taps the system. It remains blank.

EDISON
Not sure, bahss. Maybe d'something.
Maybe nothing.

Mitch stubs out his cigarette and double-checks a case of NEEDLE-LIKE SCIENTIFIC TOOLS for collecting sediment samples from the seabed.

MITCH
At least four inches each. Ideally six. Aim for variety. Preferably mud. The darker the better. We'll split on the ground.

KATE
Roger.

SOMETHING splinters the water 100 yards behind them. A log? A creature? Tricky to tell exactly but it seems sizable.

Gone now. No one on board noticed.

Mitch clips a handheld RADIO to his weight belt and gives Kate another.

He does the same with DISTRESS BEACONS, handheld FLARES, and orange inflatable LIFT BAGS (the ones divers fill with oxygen to carry heavy items underwater).

Kate and Mitch activate their DIVE COMPUTERS. Kate's reads zero feet deep and 91 minutes of oxygen remaining.

MITCH

Forty five good mins and we can
beeline it for whatever waterin'
hole ya like. My shout.

A thumbs-up from Kate.

MITCH (CONT'D)

You too, pal.

Edison half-nods.

Mitch lowers himself over the dodderly boat's side into the breaking water.

Kate shuffles to follow but hooks her flipper on her sprawling dive bag. Edison limps over and frees her.

KATE

Cheers.

Kate glimpses the "DAD" drawing on Edison's lifejacket.

KATE (CONT'D)

What's your daughter's name?

Edison smiles coyly. Slightly awkward.

EDISON

D'is there anything else I can help
you wid?

Kate SNEEZES in her sorely suppressed nasally way.

EDISON (CONT'D)

Bless you, ma'am.

Kate abruptly grasps her lower abdomen in discomfort.

EDISON (CONT'D)

What? Again?

Edison stares at her sunken hand placement in confusion.

Kate waits for the pain to settle.

KATE

It's fine.

A strap from Kate's oxygen tank hangs messily. She doesn't realize.

Kate lifts herself over the wooden edge and down into the...

EXT. OCEAN, ABOVE THE SURFACE - CONTINUOUS

Kate joins Mitch bobbing atop the remote briny pond, the rumpled waves rolling across their industry standard goggles.

Mitch displays a hand gesture to descend. Kate motions back in agreement. *Dive language 101.*

Another BEEP, BEEP, BEEP from the onboard sonar system. Edison checks. Nothing significant showing. He shrugs to the divers.

Kate and Mitch gaze down through the foreign water. No visual of anything but aqua.

Kate notices that her rubber glove is undone and quickly signals for Mitch to wait.

Mitch rolls his eyes. Kate fiddles to fix her hand wear.

A strangely tense moment as the professional duo float vulnerably on the vast surface.

Kate gestures affirmatively to Mitch. *All hunky dory. Let's do this!*

Edison waves farewell and the pair dive...

EXT. UNDER THE SURFACE - CONTINUOUS

The submerged nautical habitat feels like a muted cosmos entirely separate from the rest of existence. A lonely but wondrous alternative dimension merging from a dreamy baby blue down to a spooky dark navy.

Mitch leads the descent towards the foreboding seafloor.

Both divers swim with ease, clearly skilled at their jobs.

A school of majestic golden ANGELFISH flutter past in perfect unison. Their sparkly scales instantly dazzle the hushed underwater abyss.

Kate and Mitch pause to watch on spellbound as the bright little animals twirl sublimely in the untamed current like bélé dancers...

And gently dissolve into the salty universe like morning stars.

Kate realizes that Mitch has frozen at the sight of something to the east. His demeanor far more taut.

She surveys for whatever it is. Can't see anything but alien seawater.

Mitch performs a variety of gestures representing different marine creatures and shrugs. Isn't sure what he saw.

The two stalled divers cautiously rescan their isolated aquatic surroundings. Again nothing but blue murk in all directions.

Mitch looks below towards the target seabed...

And glances up at the barnacle covered hull of Edison's boat.

Abandon the mission?

Kate contemplates her dive computer: Nine feet deep and 86 minutes of oxygen remaining.

Mitch continues on his downward trajectory towards the mysterious bottom.

Kate reluctantly paddles to follow...

But hears a squeaky CLICKING from behind, same as the opening scene.

Kate swiftly turns...

BAM! She's butted hard by a gigantic leathery hunk of charcoal gray and spirals back like a rag doll.

What the fu --

Kate gathers herself enough to identify the battering ram as a highly distressed SPERM WHALE, 55 feet long, 45 tonnes, bigger than an interstate bus. The ocean's version of King Kong. Perhaps a descendant of Moby Dick.

A large industrial fishing net is tangled around the almost mythical creature's giant forehead like a spiderweb.

Kate whisks herself aside in a frenetic panic.

The huge agitated mammal powers past her and towards a bewildered Mitch, roughly clipping his torso in its perplexed funk.

The appearance of the oceanic Goliath is both terrifying and mesmerizing, completely dwarfing the two divers with its elephantine bulk.

Kate promptly ascends for the breaking waterline with her heart in her throat, flippers flapping like nothing else matters...

But the manic whale barrels overhead, blocking out the faint daylight and Kate's most direct pathway to the boat.

The supersized cetacean's sheer velocity sends out colossal ripples, rocking Kate again.

She loses her sense of orientation, twisting upside down like an astronaut in a malfunctioning spacecraft.

Around and around in this world of wild water, everything blending into a pelagic blur.

Kate steadies herself ten feet beneath the undulating surface. No sign of the jumbo sperm whale. *Is the discombobulated animal gone?*

...

Kate glimpses Mitch above largely unscathed and rapidly swimming towards the jaded boat like he's racing Michael Phelps. He leaves behind a vivid trail of scrambled effervescence.

Kate pursues, kicking doggedly for fresh air and some kind of salvation.

Go! Go! Go!

Mitch peers down. The two divers make strained eye contact. Panic firmly etched across their ashen faces.

Mitch sees something over Kate's shoulder that makes his pupils pop.

Kate quickly turns...

But the loose strap from her oxygen tank thwarts her view.

She swipes the unruly band to discern the seething mammal bursting through the grim darkness below, still masked by the jungle of ghastly netting.

The mighty creature opens its narrow V-shaped mouth wide, baring its jagged fist-sized white teeth like a hellmouth...

And swiftly gulps Kate inside...

INT. WHALE, MOUTH - CONTINUOUS

Kate squirms on top of the animal's refrigerator-sized tongue amidst the bizarre biological cavern of brimming creamy gums. Like being engulfed by an enormous greasy sock.

A relentless torrent of incoming seawater blasts her goggles.

Kate reaches desperately for grip but her heavy-duty gloves are no match for the whale's serrated conical incisors and her palm instantly leaks thick claret into the churning aqua.

Kate clutches a string of the flailing fishing net to prevent herself from falling deeper inside the ballistic mammal.

She holds tight, imploring all the hungover energy she can muster.

Through the leviathan's chomping jaws Kate spies Edison's vessel on the surface rapidly getting closer. *Oh, shit!* The crazed mammal is recklessly ascending straight for the hull!

Incoming!

BAM!!! The whale violently connects with the timber body. It's difficult to gauge the extent of the damage from Kate's insular POV but no doubt the boat is now taking on water.

Kate peeps out through the creature's teeth at the brooding clouds, seemingly lower and more sinister than before.

CLAMP! The whale closes its mouth completely like a vice, locking Kate in an almost pure black prison with just dull glimpses of light through the animal's dentition.

They hurtle through the secluded patch of ocean. The noise from water WASHING past is immense.

Kate continues to cling to the strand of fishing net as the pressure from the mammal's attempts to swallow her ramps up.

She tries to climb the serpentine mesh rope for an exit. One shaky hand after the other...

But the whale's tongue flexes in an effort to force her back.

The cavity's pulsating dimensions corkscrew inversely with the creature's contorted swimming. Nearly impossible to maintain one's bearings. Like riding a roller coaster blindfolded.

The whale's mouth opens slightly and Kate sees the underside of the ailing boat once again quickly approaching with Mitch and Edison's flummoxed faces peeping down over the edge.

The men are shouting at the top of their lungs but it's inaudible to our half-consumed heroine.

BAM!!! The whale headbutts the crumpled boat for a second time. Like an asteroid. More force. More havoc.

The exorbitant mammal angles away, vying for a descent...

But the net wrapping the cetacean is now also caught on the wounded vessel.

The creature unleashes an exasperated CRY as it drags the brutalized boat, the load voraciously sapping its vitality.

The mammal CLAMPS its mouth shut, trapping Kate back inside a dungeon of near darkness.

MITCH (O.S.)
Ya fuckin' --

Another woody BAM!!! Surely decimating at least part of the vessel into driftwood. Maybe capsizing it.

The whale's jaws part. Through the barricade of teeth Kate spies the ocean's surface teeming with floating boat debris, some pieces a few feet wide, others pretty much kindling. Total carnage. A bomb site.

The animal SPOUTS out a geyser of water from its iconic blowhole, globules spraying down like rain.

Kate spots EDISON MOTIONLESS in the breaking waves, floating face up in his lifejacket, his short hair caked in blood.

She's mortified by the solemn vision.

The whale swiftly turns, revealing Mitch, bruised but still conscious, straddling a chunk of detritus like it's a bronco.

His eyes are delirious, redolent of Quint in the third act of *Jaws*.

The rugged Texan wields a harpoon above his head like it's Neptune's trident.

Kate's precarious grip of the aggravating netting starts to slip.

Mitch bravely leaps at the tiring mammal as it CLAMPS its crowded mouth back together, returning Kate to a blackened cell.

WHUMP! *What was that? Mitch landing on the creature's scalp?*

MITCH (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 (from above Kate)
Son of a --

PFFFT! A fleshy piercing sound from extremely close by.

The hysterical whale releases an almighty CRY of pain that reverberates around the entire anatomical cocoon encapsulating Kate.

Subtitles for the animal would read "FUUUUUUCK!!!".

The drastically unhappy mammal spirals sideways, flinging Kate into the brawny ceiling of its mouth and sending Mitch the sea jockey SPLASHING into next week.

Kate snags her deltoid on something and SCREAMS in anguish.

The whale opens its tense jaws, providing Kate with just enough daylight to observe the source of her hurt...

The nasty rusted tip of Mitch's harpoon has speared through the whale's eye into its mouth and beyond into Kate's hazmat suit and wetsuit but fortunately not much further.

She'll need a tetanus shot for sure but she couldn't care less about that right now.

The irate whale GAGS in agony as it adjusts to swimming with a single ocular. Its deep retch places even more stress on Kate's sliding net grip.

Kate makes eye contact with Mitch through the cyclopic whale's teeth. He's clinging desperately to a debris chunk while clasping his banged up ribs. Out of weapons.

MITCH (CONT'D)
 Kill it, Kate! Kill it with ya --

The berserk creature hurls itself at Mitch in a furious lunge...

BAM!!! The animal's imposing cranium plows directly into the burly man, causing his head to whiplash and his body to cannon across the waterline.

The southern battler falls DEATHLY SILENT and Kate loses sight of him.

Kate is flabbergasted by the blunt impact.

She glances down at the six inch KNIFE strapped to her ankle.
Her key to an escape?

Kate listens to the whale's aggrieved CRIES and hesitates. Despite the mammal's ruthless destruction the notion of killing it crucifies her soul.

She again endeavors to heave herself up the net rope one hand at a time, still hoping to somehow sneak out through a gap...

But another ferocious burst of incoming water combined with more writhing from the deranged swimming makes it nigh on hopeless.

Kate is spiked once more by the corroding harpoon, this time in her thigh and deeper.

The deluge of saline aqua torturously stings her stark lacerations and drowns out her harrowing SCREAMS.

She catches another glimpse to the outside world, this time of MITCH'S MOTIONLESS BODY bobbing on the surface. Face down. Eyes and lips wide open. NECK BROKEN. *Fish food.*

Kate reconsiders the knife on her ankle.

Fuck it. She cranks out the steel blade and stabs it straight up into her best guess of where the whale's brain is. SCHUNK!

The mammoth specimen lets out a more terminal CRY but continues to power through the screwing tide.

One blow isn't going to end it.

A bolt of guilt fries Kate's spirit. She closes her eyes, her heart crimped inside out. So conflicted.

She barely evades another cruel prong from the protruding harpoon.

Kate's disheveled long hair catches around the whale's teeth.

She SHRIEKS and tries to untangle it but can't.

She's reeled towards the creature's GRINDING jaws, seemingly destined to be crushed into mincemeat.

Kate rapidly HACKS a large chunk of her hair off with the knife, freeing herself to narrowly avoid a pulverizing.

Her adrenaline overrides her emotions towards the whale and she unleashes a heedless flurry of heartbreaking metallic punctures into the whopping mammal's cerebrum.

SCHUNK! SLASH! SQWELP!

The wounded creature produces its rendition of a BELLOW as its warm blood spews down over Kate's face, drenching her goggles and turning everything red. Like a slaughterhouse.

The whale slows up but remains alive with Kate's assault too unorganized to kill it quickly.

Kate urgently propels herself towards a small gap in the aching mammal's jaws. An exit nearly within reach...

But the animal locks its traumatized mouth shut. CLAMP!

The LAST FLICKER OF DAYLIGHT eclipses into nothing but almost absolute infernal darkness.

The impaled giant GAGS.

Its massive blood-soaked tongue rises into an unnatural arc, finally dislodging Kate's grip of the net...

And shoving her into the rear of the freakish oral cavity.

Kate's overwhelmed skull SPLATS into the whale's gooey boxing bag-like uvula and everything becomes fuzzy for her.

She regains a vague shred of coherency as she's bent awkwardly and SWALLOWED headfirst into the...

INT. THROAT - CONTINUOUS

A tight insular tube of slimy darkness. A physiological rabbit hole.

Kate is inexorably sucked down like a mouse in a vacuum cleaner, the mammalian forces outrageous.

She slips past a thin side duct leading to the creature's blowhole.

Kate fumbles around vehemently for handgrips but the hot muscular walls are inconveniently sparse.

Her dive gear comes loose on the ribbed lining.

The torrent of bloody seawater mixed with the contracting esophagus muscles propels her deeper inside.

Kate's face WHACKS into a tough tissue screen and she's KNOCKED OUT COLD.

BLACK SCREEN

INT. WHALE, STOMACH - DAY

Complete otherworldly darkness. Coffin-like.

SLOSHING and no other sounds. Not from the whale. Not from any humans.

Specks of luminescent bluey green emerge.

Seem familiar?

We've returned to the location of the arcane OPENING SCENE.

A long peculiar moment of nothing but the odd neon colors swaying in the briny bodily liquid.

An abrupt internal SPLASH followed by a frantic GASP and panicked WHIMPERING.

KATE (O.S.)
Hel... Hel... Help! Helllp!!!

No response. Just Kate's voice echoing back in rejection.

More agitated GASPS and SPLASHING, her intensity rising.

KATE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Hellllllp!!!

Same reply. Zilch.

A violent GAGGING like Kate's windpipe is being seared by a flamethrower.

A faint white glow. Different to everything else. The light from Kate's dive computer providing just enough illumination to depict her petrified silhouette.

Kate desperately checks her pocket. Empty.

She feels around the digestive fluid. Finds Edison's flashlight floating on the viscous surface. WAIST DEEP.

CLICKS it on, lighting her extraordinary metabolic surroundings...

A five foot wide, six foot high crypt with pink flesh walls, perhaps resemblant of a brain.

The steamy brown liquid concoction half-filling the insular space is infused with a rancid foamy mashup of chewed sea creatures.

The luminescent colors are revealed to be chunks of SQUID.

The bulk of Kate's dive gear remains fitted to her body. Her hazmat suit provides an invaluable extra layer of skin protection. Her oxygen tank enables her to breathe amidst the plethora of harsh belly vapor.

Kate removes her mouthpiece to call out.

KATE (CONT'D)

Help!!!

No reply.

More awful GAGGING from Kate due to the ripe stomach fumes.

She promptly returns her mouthpiece to breathe and pegs her nose to nullify the potent fishy stench.

She THUMPS the flesh lining. Still nothing.

Cold macabre nothing.

THE WHALE IS DEAD.

Kate takes some deep shuddering inhalations as she tries to come to terms with the mammalian tomb. *Never in her worst nightmares.*

Perspiration accumulates on her feverish brow.

She considers her dive computer: One foot deep and 61 minutes of oxygen remaining.

One foot deep? Can that be right?

She taps the device but the depth reading remains fixed.

THE DECEASED WHALE IS FLOATING HORIZONTALLY ON THE OCEAN'S SURFACE.

Kate tentatively withdraws her mouthpiece to retest the breathability of the obscure gaseous environment...

And instantly GAGS again like she's going to barf up her vital organs. Absolutely no chance of survival without her oxygen tank.

KATE (CONT'D)

Hello?!!!

No response.

Kate's 61 minutes of air ticks down to 60, emphasizing the clock she's now fighting.

She spots the throat tunnel she was squeezed in through and reaches up to hoist herself out...

But it's slipperier than soap and she SPLASHES back into the repugnant bodily liquid.

A pitiful claustrophobic SCREAM...

But then an idea. Kate unclips the distress beacon from her hip and switches it on. No signs of life. No reason to believe that a mayday transmission has been sent.

She notices a disconcerting crack across the back of the gadget, possibly causing the electronics to falter.

Kate feels her weight belt for the radio but it's gone.

She searches the murky brown pool and finds the plastic communication device shattered.

Kate considers her empty knife sheath on her ankle. Hunts for the steel blade. Nope.

She contemplates the two handheld flares clipped to her belt. No obvious use right now. Elects to save them.

The entire whale jolts slightly, maybe from a wave, shifting the stomach's orientation enough for Kate to clutch the mega esophagus passage.

Kate wriggles up into the...

INT. THROAT - CONTINUOUS

Kate shuffles through the tight pipe, relying on pressure from all four of her limbs to grip the ribbed pink lining. Like climbing up an AquaLoop.

She struggles to maintain traction with her flippers so she removes them.

Kate thrusts around a tubular bend. Making decent progress. Like Andy escaping Shawshank.

Nods to herself. Feeling slightly more optimistic.

Kate flashes her incandescent light up the narrow tunnel only to come face to face with the whale's blood-soaked refrigerator-sized tongue completely BLOCKING HER ROUTE to the mouth.

She pushes as hard as she can on the inconveniently positioned organ, using whatever angle available for leverage...

But it's no use. Zero movement from the whale's swallowed tongue. Her exit remains dammed. An impasse.

Kate drops her head.

Her heavy HUFFING fogs her goggles.

Another effort to bulldoze the monolithic tongue. No luck. Unwieldy. A door bound by a thousand padlocks.

A wave shifts the mammalian dimensions again and the tension on Kate's grip multiplies.

Holding...

Still holding...

Nup. Kate's feet slip out and she tumbles back down into...

INT. STOMACH #1 - CONTINUOUS

SPLASH! Kate is unwillingly reunited with the vile tummy juices.

The imprisoned woman slaps the surface in a paroxysm of frustration.

Her breathing picks up. Almost hyperventilating.

She SCREAMS...

But is disrupted by the cetacean carcass again being bunted by a wave, this one creating a CRASHING sound, the dodgy weather gathering puissance.

Kate regains some semblance of balance but her oxygen intake remains profuse.

Her bloodshot eyes tremble in their sockets like they're experiencing an earthquake.

She rechecks her dive computer: Still one foot deep but now just 55 minutes of oxygen remaining. Tick tock!

Yet another SCREAM. Fraught by a maze of negative thinking.

A FULL DECEASED SQUID strangles Kate's arm. She violently flings it away.

Kate POUNDS the walls of the expired whale in a mad barrage.
Hammer and tongs.

No progress whatsoever. *Literally dead in the water.* Just depleting her precious supply of breathable air and inflaming her throbbing knuckles.

Kate's tantrum has loosened her dive apparatus further with tubes and more straps flailing about untidily.

She locks eyes with the full lifeless squid swaying across the pool as if it's alive. Seems almost friendly.

Kate can't handle the mollusk's gaze and SPLASHES umber stomach juices at it.

She CRIES like a baby. Devoured by her mind. Simply unable to cope with the stress of being trapped in this digestive dungeon.

...

Kate assesses her wounds. Nothing too dire. TEARS off shreds of her hazmat suit and binds the worst of her injuries.

She catches sight of something. Another tunnel. Well not exactly. More like a shelf.

Kate SPLASHES over to it and peers in with the flashlight.

She discovers a SECOND STOMACH CHAMBER, similar sized to the one she's in, also rife with despicable liquid but with lighter pink walls and less chunks of sea creatures.

Kate strains to enter but is struck by an insidious gas cloud, far more noxious than what's in her current space.

She abruptly retreats.

Additional jittery breaths.

Kate inspects her battered distress beacon. Still no evidence of a signal.

She closes her eyes and MUTTERS to herself.

Her face turns red with rage. A smoldering volcano.

Three, two, one...

KATE
Fuuuuuuck!!!

Another wave rocks the whale, swirling the revolting juices up the anatomical walls.

Kate SNEEZES in her miserably suppressed way and lets herself drift with the liquid. Appendages spread like a defunct starfish floating in a rock pool.

Eyes shut. Head shaking. Pulse racing.

Back and forth with the putrid mixture, her face screwing up, immense perverse thoughts sizzling again...

Kate explodes against the belly flesh, POUNDING with more psychotic fists of fury while SCREAMING her lungs out. *Really throwing her toys.* The Incredible Hulk.

EDISON (O.S.)

Ma'am?

Kate freezes. *Did she imagine that?*

...

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

Ma'am? D'is that you?

KATE

Edison?!

EDISON (O.S.)

Ma'am? You're... Oh my.

Kate determines that Edison is on top of the whale carcass.

She wades closer to improve their communication through the floating creature's flesh which must be at least a foot thick.

They have to almost shout to hear each other.

KATE

Please. I need... I really... I don't know. Just get me out. Ah, have you radioed for help?

EDISON (O.S.)

No, ma'am. I don't have one. Do you?

KATE

No.

EDISON (O.S.)

Sorry, ma'am?

KATE
Um, what about a beacon?

EDISON (O.S.)
No. I can't find d'Mitch.

Kate wilts.

EDISON (O.S.) (CONT'D)
How's your oxygen?

Kate checks her dive computer: One foot deep and 49 minutes left.

KATE
Forty nine minutes.

Kate feels something beneath the surface with her foot and reaches down...

Hauls up her steel knife.

KATE (CONT'D)
Do you have a knife?

EDISON (O.S.)
A wife? What?

KATE
No. A knife.

EDISON (O.S.)
No, ma'am. Do you?

KATE
Yeah.

EDISON (O.S.)
You cut. I'll search for d'something to help.

KATE
Wait! Edison?!

...

KATE (CONT'D)
Edison?!!!

EDISON (O.S.)
Ma'am?

KATE
I... I don't know.

EDISON (O.S.)
Relax.

KATE
 Relax? How the hell can I relax?!

...

KATE (CONT'D)
 Hello?!

EDISON (O.S.)
You cut. I search. Talk soon.

KATE
 But --

A SPLASH from Edison leaving the whale.

Kate's dilated eyes dart down at her six inch blade and up at the pink flesh incarcerating her.

She launches at the blubbery meaty ceiling in a rabid flurry, slicing and stabbing and twisting at a particular spot above her. SCHUNK! SLASH! SQWELP!

Kate's disorganized frenzy is relatively ineffective, scarcely making a dent in the stomach lining.

Is her knife blunt? Maybe a little.

Another erratic attack on the tissue ceiling. SCHUNK! SLASH! SQWELP!

Barely a mark. Tougher than old boots.

She tries a different spot with more vigor. SCHUNK! SLASH! SQWELP! Like a demented bat out of hell.

Still no concrete progress.

Kate SPLASHES the brown liquid in annoyance and SCREAMS.

Rushed breaths. Eyes weeping.

Kate checks her dive computer: One foot deep and 47 minutes of oxygen remaining.

EDISON (O.S.)
Ma'am?

KATE
 Yeah?

EDISON (O.S.)
Any luck?

KATE
 No.

EDISON (O.S.)
Me neither.

Kate scowls. More MUTTERING.

EDISON (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Which stomach are you in?

KATE
 Ah, the first one.

EDISON (O.S.)
Da first one d'is for crushing da food. Tough walls. Da second one has softer walls.

Kate eyes the shelf to the second chamber.

KATE
 But more gas.

EDISON (O.S.)
Up to you, ma'am. I'll keep looking.

KATE
 Wait.

EDISON (O.S.)
No time, ma'am.

Another SPLASH representing Edison's departure.

Kate SIGHS and grips her temples, trying to reign in her overheating mind.

She clambers up towards the cranny to the second chamber.

Another aggressive wave rocks the whale, knocking Kate back into the umber pool.

KATE
 Fuck!

Kate peeps inside the second stomach. On closer inspection its lighter colored walls do seem mushier.

A cutthroat gas cloud rams her face and she ducks back down.

Kate tucks in her hazmat suit to ensure it's concealing as much of her skin as possible...

And slips up onto the mucilaginous shelf and through into...

INT. STOMACH #2 - CONTINUOUS

The area is slightly smaller than the previous chamber but much hotter and harder to see inside with the dense fumes limiting visibility to a foot.

Kate WINCES under the raw intensity of the pungent gases as she slides down into the slicker brown juice, also around waist height.

She feels the anatomical walls with her gloved hands. Definitely more supple.

She itches her wrist and discovers a tetchy SKIN RASH formulating on her wrinkling pores.

Kate notices a basketball-sized alcove leading somewhere else.

She peers inside to see a THIRD STOMACH, this one far more cramped. Like a miniature mineshaft. Too narrow to fit in.

Kate focuses back on the spongy more spacious second stomach.

A heavy distorted breath...

And she lunges into a reckless knife assault on a fleshy ceiling section. SCHUNK! SLASH! SQWELP! Like an unhinged jackhammer.

Kate stands on tippy-toes for maximum leverage, unleashing the kitchen sink at the roof.

PFFFT! After sloppily exuding a hefty amount of elbow grease the steel blade pierces through the pink lining into the meat.

Rich red whale blood oozes out like cherry juice and drenches Kate's gloves.

Kate's animated rugged approach combined with the stomach's merciless aromatics overwhelms her and she keels over in the umber liquid as if she's suffering a heart attack.

...

PICK! PICK! PICK! *What the hell is that?*

KATE
Edison?

More PICKING. It's coming from above outside.

Kate THUMPS the ceiling.

KATE (CONT'D)
Hey!

Further PICKING along with SQUAWKING. *Seagulls?*

Kate stabs at the ceiling again, continuing to savage the wounded spot in a disorganized melee. SCHUNK! SLASH! SQWELP!

A sludge of sinews and blood sprays down like a blender without a lid.

FLAPPING from above. No more picking. *The gulls have gone?*

KATE (CONT'D)
Edison?

...

KATE (CONT'D)
Edi --

EDISON (O.S.)
How's da cutting, ma'am?

KATE
Does my direction seem right?

EDISON (O.S.)
I can't tell.

KATE
How thick is it?

EDISON (O.S.)
A foot. Maybe two.

Kate assesses her meaty divot. Three inches in.

KATE
Stupid damn --

EDISON (O.S.)
Hey.

KATE
What?

...

EDISON (O.S.)
*Just... I won't be a minute. Keep
 going.*

Edison leaves again with a SPLASH.

Kate rinses her bloody gloves and blade in the brown liquid and launches another disorderly siege on the ceiling. SCHUNK! SLASH! SQWE --

A CRUNCHING wave rocks the whale, more powerful than anything previous.

Kate slips and...

PLOP! She drops her knife in the repulsive belly soup.

The flashlight blacks out. Complete darkness. No luminescent squid in this chamber.

Kate SPLASHES around in the vulgar liquid and recovers the flashlight.

Tries it. CLICK. Nothing.

CLICK. CLICK. CLICK. No cigar.

PICK! PICK! PICK! The vulturous gulls are back with newfound vigor, ruthlessly pecking the mammalian buffet.

Kate SCREAMS hysterically.

She BASHES the flashlight against a wall in frustration.

Presto! The light flickers back on.

Kate flippantly feels around the murky floor for the knife and stubs her fingers on different items.

She dredges a few objects to the surface. Mostly half-digested bones. All smoothed over and useless for cutting.

No steel blade.

Kate frisks around the opaque liquid more irreverently. Something perforates her palm.

KATE
 Shit!

She dips under the pool's surface...

A turbid brown blur. Next to zero visibility. *Forget it.*

Kate resurfaces and sifts through the pool's floor more apprehensively, like a child who's just learned that wasps can sting.

She pulls up a bizarre milky flesh ball containing a black claw-like feature. About an inch in diameter. This is a SQUID BEAK, used by the gangly mollusks to break down food.

Kate strikes the sliced ceiling region with the unusual beak, rigorously digging it into the tissue like a chisel. GIRK! GARK! GURK!

Again largely uncontrolled in her work.

Swift edgy breaths. It's a strenuous mission.

Kate assesses her penetrating efforts. No obvious progress.

More. GIRK! GARK! GURK! Still no notable advance through the flesh.

Kate hurls the strange squid item away in defeat.

KATE (CONT'D)

Edison?

Nothing but PICKING from the ravenous gulls.

KATE (CONT'D)

Edison?!!!

...

Kate SCREAMS and tugs at the whale's open wound with her gloved hands. More blood cakes her mug. Still no real headway.

She checks her dive computer: One foot deep and 41 minutes left.

Kate wants to loosen her hazmat suit to allow her sodden body to breathe a little but she's wary of the dangerous gases.

She clambers back over the slippery shelf into...

INT. STOMACH #1 - CONTINUOUS

Kate flops into the less gaseous but tougher walled first chamber and wrestles her hazmat suit open like it's a python resolute on constricting her to perdition.

She GASPS and CRIES.

Her flippers remain sprawled across the surface. Her goggles fog up again.

The gulls' PICKING onslaught ceases but Kate doesn't react, besieged by her thoughts.

EDISON (O.S.)

Hello?

Kate is too depleted to bother responding.

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

Ma'am?

KATE

Anything?

EDISON (O.S.)

No.

KATE

Son of a --

EDISON (O.S.)

What d'is going on down there?

KATE

I lost my knife.

EDISON (O.S.)

No. I mean wid you.

KATE

What does that mean? I... I...
Fuck!

...

KATE (CONT'D)

I'm sorry.

EDISON (O.S.)

Relaaax.

KATE

Don't give me --

EDISON (O.S.)

Take charge.

KATE
How the hell do I take charge of
sixty feet of blubber?

EDISON (O.S.)
I don't mean da whale.

...

EDISON (O.S.) (CONT'D)
What happened?

KATE
Are those seagulls --

EDISON (O.S.)
Kate.

Kate takes a deep haunting breath and feels her nose scar.

EDISON (O.S.) (CONT'D)
*Kate. Earlier you asked me about my
daughter. Jean. We call her Jean da
Machine. She loves to run. Ran
before she walked. She dreams of
being world champion. Dominica's
Fraser-Pryce.*

Edison COUGHS.

EDISON (O.S.) (CONT'D)
*Covid and whatnot stripped da
tourism dollar from my pockets and
I... Well, Daddy was no champion.
Not even close.*

Prickly goosebumps emerge on Kate's skin...

And she softens slightly in the repugnant brown juices.

EDISON (O.S.) (CONT'D)
*To escape da whale you must first
escape your mind.*

KATE
It's messy. Too messy.

EDISON (O.S.)
No.

KATE
Yes.

EDISON (O.S.)
I think no.

...

Kate slaps herself and lifts her chin, trying to build gusto...

But it collapses almost instantly.

KATE
I can't.

EDISON (O.S.)
Really?

Kate's pallid face crumbles into SOBS.

EDISON (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Feel da whale.

KATE
Huh?

EDISON (O.S.)
Feel its flesh on your hands.

Kate hesitates...

And places her palms on the tough pink lining.

EDISON (O.S.) (CONT'D)
What does it feel like?

KATE
This is dumb.

EDISON (O.S.)
Tell me.

KATE
No.

EDISON (O.S.)
Yes.

KATE
Ah... Rubber. Old bubblegum. I don't --

EDISON (O.S.)
Now think of da air flowing in and out of your lips.

Kates focuses on her rushed breathing.

EDISON (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Slow and steady, please.

Kate puts emphasis on taming her respiratory system...

But it remains unsettled and fast.

KATE
Edison, I --

EDISON (O.S.)
Old bubblegum you say?

Kate concentrates on a flesh wall again, her fingers caressing the pulpy surface.

EDISON (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Massage it.

KATE
Edison --

EDISON (O.S.)
Try.

KATE
But --

EDISON (O.S.)
Focus on da whale.

Kate presses her palms against the stomach lining like a masseuse. The flesh wall suddenly seems almost therapeutic.

Kate's breathing eases, the fog in her goggles clears, and her eyes become less glassy and MORE PRESENT.

EDISON (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Okay?

Kate absorbs the revelatory moment.

EDISON (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Kate?

KATE
(far more relaxed)
Okay.

EDISON (O.S.)
Gooooood, ma'am.

Kate checks her dive computer: 35 minutes of oxygen INCREASES to 37 minutes with her relaxed state.

Kate CALMLY ties up her dangling hair with a strip of wetsuit, tightens her hazmat suit, and refits her flippers.

A SPLASH from Edison departing.

Kate wriggles back over the anatomical shelf into...

INT. STOMACH #2 - CONTINUOUS

Kate methodically sieves through the more gaseous chamber's disgusting liquid with her gloved hands, her fingers combing across the menagerie of half-digested bones.

Still no knife.

Kate screws her face up, her thoughts starting to overwhelm her again.

She presses both palms against the whale's lining. This stomach's softer surface is even more soothing on her hands.

Kate settles. Back to reality. Quietly nods to herself.

Commences another systematic check of the stomach's abhorrent floor, probing deeper with her mitts...

What's that?

Kate raises her knife up out of the brown liquid like it's Excalibur.

A smile. First real one from her.

She studies the divot she's gouged in the mammal's flesh...

And considers the steel blade, able to put much better planning into her mission with her mind more relaxed.

Eyes wide open. Head nodding. Heart rate CONTROLLED.

Kate slices into the hole in a stable circular motion. Almost surgical.

No random array of SCHUNK, SLASH and SQWELP but instead a finessed SCHUNK, SCHUNK, SCHUNK.

The mess is significantly reduced. Far less sinews and blood spilling over her.

Six inches deep.

The gulls' rapacious exterior PICKING resumes.

Kate maintains her focus, becoming MORE CONFIDENT with each precise incision. Into a rhythm.

Nine inches deep... Arduous.

12 inches... *Keep going.*

Kate stops for a second to empty out the diced meat. Palms blistering.

KATE
Edison?!

No response. It's all on Kate.

She continues to intricately cut into the tissue. Eyes riveted like lasers. Katniss Everdeen style.

SCHUNK. SCHUNK. SCHUNK.

14 inches...

15...

16...

PFFFT! It hits her. A gleam of DAYLIGHT. The size of a bottle opening. Like a finger of god stroking her face.

Hallelujah!

Kate rejoices in the welcomed natural light as the stomach gases HISS out into the fresh free oceanic atmosphere, the chamber gradually becoming less toxic.

The drab external conditions have definitely worsened with angrier waves CRASHING, wild winds HOWLING, steady rain PELTING, and an eerie mist lurking, reminiscent of the Bermuda Triangle.

Kate methodically chops around the slit hole to enlarge it. Tantalizingly close to freedom.

With the passage now fist-sized Kate jams her distress beacon out into the twisting sea air.

Surprised gulls SQUAWK and FLAP away, their feasting disrupted in a fashion they've never witnessed before.

The beacon continues to demonstrate no life...

But then a green light flickers on, probably transmitting a MAYDAY SIGNAL.

BOOYAH! Kate beams. Ecstasy.

She pries her knife further into the flesh to slice herself completely out of the floating carcass...

KURK! *What was that?* Sounded terrible. Like fingernails on a chalkboard.

Kate maneuvers the blade to cut with more energy. KURRRK!

She scrapes at the sinews to expose a speck of white.

More scraping...

More white. It's a BONE. Maybe a rib.

Kate uncovers further unwanted pearly cartilage. *Heavens to Betsy it's thick!* Like a tree trunk.

Kate's breathing ramps up.

She aggressively stabs at the restricting bone but her knife just skews off to the side. Harder than nails.

Kate's mind begins to really boil again.

She places a hand on the uncut tissue...

And calms down. *Thatta girl!*

Kate removes her mouthpiece to test the diluted belly air. She immediately GAGS like she's choking on a sparkler and frantically reverts to respiring with her oxygen tank.

Kate slices into the opposite side of the severed hole...

But quickly hits another hulking bone. KURK! At least the same size, perhaps larger.

The carved tunnel between the bones is about two fists wide, nowhere near expansive enough for her to exit through.

EDISON (O.S.)
There you are, ma'am.

Kate gazes up to descry Edison's battered face peering down.

Despite being bedraggled by seawater and clearly fatigued, Edison still appears somewhat tidy with his faded shirt tucked in, his lifejacket zipped up, and the blood washed out of his short hair.

He musters a warm smile and notices the distress beacon continuing to flash an encouraging green light.

KATE
I think it only just activated. How long do you reckon?

EDISON
Twenty. Twenty five.

Edison exhibits a handheld radio.

EDISON (CONT'D)
Just found it floating.
(on radio)
Mayday, mayday, mayday. Does anyone copy? Over.

...

EDISON (CONT'D)
(on radio)
I repeat, mayday, mayday, mayday.
Please respond. We're fourteen point four miles east of Port Amity. Over.

Nothing. Dead.

Edison wraps the radio in a plastic bag and buries it in his shirt pocket.

Kate tries wiping her face clean but her grimy digits only make it worse.

Edison rips off his sleeve, soaks it in the ocean, and passes it to her.

KATE
Thanks.

Kate tenderly grips Edison's mitt. He softly embraces hers.

EDISON
T'will be okay.

The duo have a quiet moment of unity as the great whale sways back and forth in the breaking current like a baby in a crib.

...

KATE
How far did you fall with everything?

EDISON
Further than I thought I could.

KATE
Jean, she... She just forgave you?

EDISON
Well, no. But eventually. Pretty much. From what I can tell. Whether she should have or not d'is another question.

KATE
What about her mom?

EDISON
Ah... She...

KATE
If that's too sensitive --

EDISON
No, no. It... Jean needed stability. I got to a point where I could provide some version of that again but in da process Jean's mom... I don't know. I wanted it to work out. But I had to put Jean first.

KATE
So --

EDISON
So we went our separate ways.

Kate wavers.

KATE
I'm sorry.

EDISON
Don't be. Tide comes in. Tide goes out. It d'is what it d'is.

...

Edison delicately releases Kate's hand.

EDISON (CONT'D)
Go on.

Kate mops the gore off her cheeks with Edison's torn sleeve.

EDISON (CONT'D)

Much better.

Edison assesses the hefty bones confining Kate's cut hole and displays a shrewd knife-like METAL SHARD from the obliterated boat's outboard motor.

EDISON (CONT'D)

Let's try three feet to your left.
Second time lucky.

Kate wades across to a fresh area of the pink ceiling.

She taps the undisturbed flesh for bones. Doesn't feel any.

KATE

You sure?

EDISON

Kind of.

Kate slices into the new spot. Edison can be heard doing the same from the outside. SCHUNK! SCHUNK! SCHUNK!

More whale sinews spatter on Kate's goggles. Another bloodbath.

Six inches deep... Cumbersome again.

Ten inches...

12...

Where's Edison's hole? Shouldn't they be connecting by now?

KATE

Are you sure you --

PFFFT! Edison's elongated metallic shard bursts through the ceiling a foot away from Kate's new hollow and almost snags her clavicle.

More HISSING from escaping stomach gases.

PFFFT! Kate's blade also pierces all the way through the flesh.

Further HISSING.

There are now THREE CUT HOLES to the outside world. None are wide enough for Kate to slip through. The two new ones are barely the size of coins.

Kate and Edison toil in unison to carve out the foot of blubbery meat separating the two fresher holes.

SCHUNK! SCHUNK! SCHU --

Kate notices that Edison has stopped cutting with about nine inches still to whittle away.

She peeps up through her narrow second hole and glimpses Edison warily staring out to sea like he's seen Blackbeard's ghost.

KATE (CONT'D)
What is it?

The slender local man remains fixated on his dismal aquatic surroundings. Something has definitely spooked him into limbo.

KATE (CONT'D)
Edison?

...

KATE (CONT'D)
Edison?!

EDISON
(re: Kate's distress
beacon)
May I?

Kate ambivalently hands the beacon up through the original orifice, the largest of the three.

EDISON (CONT'D)
Thank you, ma'am.

Edison rescans his remote marine surroundings on tenterhooks.

KATE
Please just tell me what you see or
saw.

Edison stares at Kate oddly, his face obscured in shadows, whatever he glimpsed nearby still weighing on him.

EDISON
Don't d'worry. Keep cutting.

KATE
But --

Edison pats Kate's hand. It's meant to be reassuring but his quivering fingers make it otherwise.

He stands up on the floating carcass with the distress beacon high above his head to increase its signal.

A long taut moment as Kate watches through the hole.

...

The beacon's green light changes from flickering to solid.
Jackpot!

Smiles all round.

KATE (CONT'D)

Here.

Kate reaches to pass one of her two handheld flares to Edison...

WHAM! The entire whale carcass rocks to one side. Too blunt to be a wave. *What the --*

Edison almost loses his footing but somehow stays standing.

Kate fumbles the flare into the brown stomach liquid.

KATE (CONT'D)

Edison?! What was --

Another WHAM!!! Harder. Like the mammalian remains are being rammed by a submarine.

Edison's scarred knee buckles and he falls flat on his nose right beside the largest cut hole.

PLOP! PLOP! The distress beacon and Edison's knife-like metal shard plunge into the ocean.

Edison glances over their isolated nautical environment in utter horror.

KATE (CONT'D)

Edison?!

SPLASH! Something breaks the water nearby.

Edison whirls around just in time to see the source of a devastating CRUNCH. An unrevealed entity sandwiching or biting his leg flesh and fracturing his bones.

Edison lets out an agonizing SHRIEK as he's fiercely ripped away from the larger cut hole and out of Kate's vision.
Jeepers creepers!

KATE (CONT'D)
 Edison?!!!

Nothing.

Kate rushes to a smaller cut hole and gazes out. No visual of anything but the ghoulish mist.

She peers out the third hole. Again, no --

A wave rocks the whale carcass enough to enable Kate to catch sight of the dorsal fin of a circling SEVEN FOOT SHARK.

A hellacious chill rockets down Kate's rigid spine and frays her nerves.

She hears Edison GASPING and sees his bloody hand grappling the bigger cut hole's rim.

Kate quickly grabs the man's convulsing mitt.

KATE (CONT'D)
 How bad?

Edison glimpses at his lower body. His shellshocked face and guttural GAG reflex say enough.

Kate places her precious knife in Edison's pained clench.

EDISON
 N... No.

KATE
 Yes.

EDISON
 You ne... Need it.

KATE
 I need you.

Edison wavers over taking Kate's blade as his teeth turn a hideous crimson from internal bleeding. A mouthful of ketchup.

EDISON
 You sure?

Kate hesitates...

And nods.

EDISON (CONT'D)

How --

SPLASH! CRUNCH!

Edison SHRIEKS in even more torment.

Kate clinches Edison's shivering arm as tightly as she can. A tug of war against the shark...

Her grasp slips with the blood acting as unwanted lubricant...

Kate grits her teeth like a woman possessed, drawing heavily on her waning energy.

Not today, motherfu --

Edison is abruptly yanked out of Kate's sight by the dominant beast, her pivotal knife still in his shuddering clutches.

A cold SPLASH and Edison's shrieking turns morbidly quiet.

KATE

Edison?!

Nothing.

KATE (CONT'D)

Edison?!!!

...

Kate's breathing becomes rampant and her thoughts run wild.

KATE (CONT'D)

No! No!! No!!!

Kate slumps into the pool of gross stomach liquid.

A desperate external SPLASH from close proximity.

EDISON (O.S.)

My... My baby... My...

Kate staggers up.

KATE

Edison?!

The man's butchered hand grips the smaller cut hole. No knife.

Kate reaches for Edison's gnarled paw but the hole isn't broad enough.

Another sickening CRUNCH from Edison's munched body, this one riddled with POPPING ribs and TEARING innards.

A nightmarishly croaky WHEEZE from the eviscerated man...

And SPLASH! Edison is jerked underwater in a cruel LAST WRENCH.

Kate GASPS, speechless, and listens...

Absolutely nothing from Edison.

Kate stoops over, gobsmacked.

She notices a "+" PLUS SIGN on the flare floating in the odious brown soup. Kind of looks like a positive home pregnancy test.

Kate gazes up from her mammalian prison through a flesh hole at the devilish steely gray clouds, her complexion mutated with sour sadness, her digits smeared with red.

She glimpses a lingering gull flying solo and getting beaten up by the unforgiving wind vortex.

Kate drops her head like she's been given a life sentence.

A shitty extended lull.

...

Kate BASHES the pudgy pink walls in a tumultuous frenzy of raw grief and incarcerated frustration.

Her goggles' strap SNAPS, exposing her eyes to the harmful tummy gases.

Her calf muscle cramps sharply, chopping her at the knees.

Kate pulls her hip flask from her wetsuit and swigs.

She notices the full dead squid staring at her from across the umber pool.

Kate shuts her eyes, head shaking, pulse racing, the liquor stagnating in her bazoo.

...

KATE SPITS OUT THE ALCOHOL AND DISCARDS THE FLASK.

She presses her withered hands against the stomach wall and massages her fingers into the flesh...

And calms herself down.

Kate fixes and refits her goggles.

She tidies her sprawling dive apparatus into a compact formation. *Trimming her sails.*

Kate sits sedately in the icky belly juices and takes some deep breaths as she contemplates her next move --

CRASH! A hefty wave washes over the deceased whale and SEAWATER POURS INSIDE through the three cut holes. *Oh, shit!*

Kate leaps to her feet.

Another CRASH! More water cascading in, the level of liquid in the creature rapidly rising.

Kate checks her dive computer: Two feet deep and 28 minutes left.

THE WHALE IS STARTING TO SINK!

Kate scrambles to a smaller cut hole and tugs at its boneless sides in another hectic bid to rive an evacuation route open by hand.

She flexes hard, calling on all her strength, teeth clenched to the point of nearly cracking...

But makes no progress.

Yet another CRASH! Several additional gallons of water GUSH inside like gasoline pumping into a car's fuel tank.

Kate checks her dive computer again: Four feet deep. Her depth has doubled.

She endeavors to bail water out of the bodily enclosure but doesn't have a suitable tool.

Batten down the hatches!

Kate jams her flippers into the smaller cut holes and shoves her hands over the larger hole.

A further CRASH and more water GUSHES in, her flippers and paws far from watertight, stifling the flow by only 50%.

THE WHALE SINKS COMPLETELY BELOW THE SURFACE, making the aqua intake constant like a firehose.

Kate searches frantically around the brown stomach liquid for anything to help fill the holes...

But only finds small partially digested bones and the full dead squid.

Kate eyes the shelf to the first chamber containing numerous sizable squid chunks. Trying for them means she'll have to remove her hands from the big hole, enabling a powerful torrent of water to stream in.

Kate unclips her oxygen tank from her back and shoves it upside down halfway inside the largest cut hole so she can still use it to breathe.

The metallic cylinder jams into the more oval than circular tunnel as well as might be expected, stemming 75% of the incoming seawater.

Kate sheds her hazmat suit and plugs it around the oxygen tank. *Choc-a-block*. Well almost.

99% of the larger hole's water inflow is now dammed but Kate is stripped down to just her wetsuit.

Her angry skin rashes are worsening with nasty red spots peppering her tense haggard body like she's been nipped by a million mosquitos.

The two smaller cut holes clogged with flippers continue to leak significantly.

Kate takes a humungous gasp from her air tank in the ceiling...

And swiftly paddles across the rising stomach pond while holding her breath.

A wave bunts the whale and a decent portion of Kate's inhaled oxygen evades her salty lips.

She considers retreating to her suspended tank for a full breath but seeing the seawater pouring inside spurs her on.

Kate quickly climbs up onto the slimy shelf and into...

INT. STOMACH #1 - CONTINUOUS

Kate SPLASHES down into the thicker brown pool and scoops up globs of terminated squid.

Some of the decaying mollusks slip through her fingers like spaghetti.

Kate jams what squid she can grip inside her wetsuit as the oxygen in her lungs rapidly dwindles. Asphyxiation closing in.

She hurriedly clambers back over the anatomical ledge into...

INT. STOMACH #2 - CONTINUOUS

Kate rushes to her oxygen tank wedged in the largest cut hole and gulps some much needed air, the pool now CHEST DEEP.

She briskly retrieves the dead squid segments from her wetsuit and rams them inside the leaking crevices around her flippers in the two small cut holes.

She recycles nuggets of the sliced whale flesh by stuffing them up.

Kate gets 99% of the incoming briny aqua blocked on these openings too.

She checks her dive computer: Six feet deep and 25 minutes left --

Wait! Make that seven feet deep.

Still notably sinking?! Whaaat?!

An unwanted CHOMP from outside. The shark has shifted from chowing Edison to chowing the whale?

Kate eyes the lead dive weights on her belt. She swiftly unclips the strap and slides all the solid pieces off. Must be 15 pounds worth.

Kate gazes up at the largest flesh hole with the oxygen tank rammed inside.

She rehearses quickly pulling the tank down, ditching the weights out, and plugging the tank back up.

Kate hesitates. Hates the idea of so much water jetting in.

Another check of her dive computer: Eight feet deep. Still dropping. She *hasn't got a choice*.

Deep breath. She's gonna need to be fast.

Three, two, one...

Kate wiggles the oxygen tank far enough out of the biggest flesh hole to fit her hand up the side.

More seawater GUSHES in.

Kate disposes of all her lead weights but one into the swirling ocean.

She learns that the destructive fishing net bound around the lifeless whale's head is still caught on timber boat debris floating on the surface. The tangle aids in preventing the mammalian carcass from sinking further.

Near the detritus Kate spies the seven foot shark grotesquely gorging on Edison's detached leg, the rest of his remains nowhere to be seen.

Kate goes to recoil her gloved hand inside...

But it's embroiled in a strand of the wicked mesh.

Water continues to GUSH in, blasting Kate's goggles off her vexed face.

She strains to undo her snagged mitt. Can't get it.

Kate retrieves her goggles from the brown pool and jams them back over her eyes.

Realizes a lens is cracked. Fortunately not leaking.

Kate gazes up to see...

Edison's DECAPITATED HEAD less than a foot away, his dead oculars staring straight at her. *EKKK!*

Kate jolts back, the force from the scare enough to pluck her hand free from the villainous net.

She reaches to replugin her air tank into the large cut hole...

But hesitates.

Kate peers out of the hole and confirms that Edison's shirt is draped around his severed head.

She draws the radio from the twisted garment's pocket and crams it in her belt.

Kate gathers a dangling rope from a life buoy and binds it around her waist.

She positions the essential oxygen tank back in the cut hole and rapidly fills the leaking gaps with her hazmat suit.

Back to 99% blocked.

Kate checks her dive computer: Nine feet deep and 22 minutes left.

She monitors her dive computer closely. It holds on nine feet.

THE WHALE HAS STOPPED SINKING JUST BELOW THE SURFACE.

Kate settles herself with the heavily diluted umber pool now SHOULDER DEEP.

She again withdraws her mouthpiece and tries openly breathing amidst the tempered abdominal atmosphere. GAGS violently. Still unbreathable.

CHOMP! Another hostile shark bite jars the whale, the carcass acting as a shark cage.

Kate SHRIEKS...

But quickly mutes herself and again massages the whale's pulpy gut lining.

Another dive computer check: Still nine feet down.

A SPLASH FROM INSIDE the stomach. *She's not alone?*

Kate impulsively cowers against a flesh wall and cautiously observes the brown pool's rancid surface, the remaining lead weight in her paw primed for self-defense.

No sign of the splash's source.

Kate tentatively dips under the disgusting surface...

Visibility remains terrible. She returns up.

Something whizzes past Kate's leg. She flinches and GASPS.

...

Another brush. She kicks out at the unknown creature and waits with the lead weight.

Kate feels something nibbling at her thigh wound. She loosely hits at the mystery culprit...

But fails to connect.

A second nibble. Another reckless and unsuccessful swat.

Kate fetches Edison's damaged radio. No signs of life.

KATE
 (on radio)
 Mayday, mayday, mayday. Does anyone
 copy? Over.

No response.

KATE (CONT'D)
 (on radio)
 I repeat, mayday, mayday, mayday.
 My name is Kate Locke. I'm in
 desperate need of help. Fourteen
 point something miles east of Port
 Amity. Please. Over.

Nothing.

Kate's spirit sags.

Yet another nibble on her thigh gash from whatever's roaming
 inside. Kate again fails to clunk it with the weight.

She raises her quadricep laceration to the pool's surface to
 lure the unspecified creature into view and waits, poised to
 strike.

No sign.

Kate scratches her leg lesion to increase its bleeding.

More waiting...

An abrupt flash of silvery skin and inch long barbed teeth
 launches for Kate's seeping thigh wound...

A BARRACUDA aka the tiger of the sea, four feet long and as
 slippery as hell. Looks like a demon fish. Something Satan
 might have in his aquarium.

Kate leaps aside out of fright.

The substantial barracuda disappears into the brown murk.

Kate caresses a hand over the whale's flesh and calms
 somewhat.

She repositions her thigh lesion as bloody bait.

Waiting...

The barracuda reemerges and Kate measuredly clubs at it with
 the lead weight. DONK! Right on the skittish fish's shiny
 scalp.

The struck barracuda vanishes into the pool. *Is it dead or --*

Rampant SPLASHES as the creature thrashes about half-stunned.

Kate grabs the drowsy intruder under its spastic gills, pins it against the whale's tissue, and WHACKS it into another dimension.

A solemn moment as Kate watches the scaly predator's carcass float on the pool's top.

She notices a plastic garbage ring garroting its sleek tail and causing its caudal fins to deform.

Kate catapults the lifeless barracuda into the first stomach. *Out of sight. Out of mind.*

She gathers the handheld flares. Both seemingly functional.

Kate paddles to a smaller cut hole, removes the flipper, and presses her goggles against the opening.

She spies the breaking surface suppressed by apocalyptic rain clouds. Feels like witching hour.

The timber boat debris and the distress beacon bob in the waves off to the side. No green mayday light. No sign of a rescue effort.

Kate plugs the smaller cut hole and rechecks her dive computer: Still nine feet deep. Not sinking further but not rising either.

She reads the flare's label: "VISIBLE IN UP TO SIX FEET OF WATER".

Kate needs to ascend at least a few feet.

THUD! *What now?!*

The oxygen tank slowly squeezes out of the larger cut hole like a champagne cork...

POP! A projectile of seawater GUSHES inside the whale.

Kate glimpses the seven foot shark's flinty white fangs MUNCHING into the mammalian flesh.

WHACK! Kate carefully lashes at the finned beast's face with the last lead weight...

And the vicious animal swims out of view.

Kate quickly plugs the tank back into the flesh hole and fills the gaps with the hazmat suit.

She considers her dive computer: 11 feet deep and 20 minutes left.

Kate remembers two orange inflatable dive lift bags inside her wetsuit.

She dislodges part of the hazmat suit from the bigger hole and pokes a lift bag out into the ocean while keeping the bag's chord inside the whale.

Kate does the same with the other bag through a smaller hole.

She knots the straps of the two lift bags together in the stomach, anchoring them.

Kate tests the bind. Strong enough to hold a megalodon.

She checks her dive computer: Still 11 feet deep but now just 18 minutes of oxygen left.

Kate hesitates over the deflated lift bags and her oxygen tank, unsure if it's worth sacrificing vital air on the chance to get closer to the surface.

STATIC sounds creep through the beaten radio.

KATE (CONT'D)
(on radio)
Hello?! Does anyone read me?! Over.

More STATIC.

KATE (CONT'D)
(on radio)
Mayday, mayday, mayday! Please
respond if you can hear me! Over!

A long moment of nothing.

MAN (V.O.)
(on radio)
Calling... East of... Over.

KATE
(on radio)
I'm sorry. You're breaking up.
Please repeat. Over.

...

KATE (CONT'D)

(on radio)

My name is Kate Locke. I'm fourteen point something miles east of Port Amity and stuck inside a dead whale eleven feet below the ocean's surface. Please help me. Over.

Nothing.

Kate taps the battered device.

KATE (CONT'D)

(on radio)

Can you please confirm that you hear me?! Over.

Not a sound.

KATE (CONT'D)

(on radio)

Please, sir! Please! Over.

Nada.

Kate imprints her tiring hands back on the whale's stomach lining to ease her angst.

She reconsiders the two deflated lift bags poking out of the cut holes.

Stuff it. Kate holds her breath and uses her oxygen tube to inflate the larger hole's lift bag.

BUBBLE, BUBBLE, BUBBLE. The orange bag fills with air. Three feet high extending from the whale up towards the waterline.

Kate checks her dive computer: Still 11 feet deep but now just 16 minutes of oxygen left. At least a minute of oxygen used to fill one lift bag.

She plugs the gaps around the bag with the hazmat suit and ducks across to the other bag in a smaller cut hole.

BUBBLE, BUBBLE, BUBBLE. She fills the second bag.

Kate now has two inflated orange lift bags suspended from the whale carcass.

Another check of her dive computer: Just ten feet deep but only 14 minutes of oxygen left.

Kate studies the digital depth reading intently, praying for it to reduce by more...

But it doesn't. *Dang it.*

Kate expels more precious air into each lift bag.

Still ten feet deep but now just 13 minutes of oxygen left.

The ten feet ticks over to nine. *C'mon!*

The nine changes to eight. *Keep going!*

Eight becomes seven! *One more foot --*

A THUD and TEAR from something striking the mammalian remains. The knotted chords binding the lift bags jolt.

The dead whale halts on seven feet deep.

Kate brushes aside the hazmat suit in the larger cut hole and peeps up at the lift bag. It's partially ripped and half-deflated.

Kate reaches out to inspect the wounded lift bag more scrupulously.

CHOMP! The shark embeds its pointy incisors into Kate's hand. She SCREAMS through her mouthpiece and cringes like there's no tomorrow as her blood pollutes the saltwater.

Kate wrenches her percolating paw back inside the whale and the shark vanishes into the aquatic oblivion.

Kate quickly clogs the hole's gaps with the hazmat suit.

She assesses her masticated mitt with chunks of flesh missing and fingernails dangling. Like it's been run over by a lawnmower.

Kate binds her injured hand in a shred of her wetsuit.

The life buoy's rope around Kate's waist comes undone and escapes through the cut hole. *Shit!*

Kate checks her dive computer: Still seven feet deep but now 12 minutes of oxygen left.

MAN (V.O.)

(on radio)

*This is pilot Jonah Watkins
following up on a possible distress
signal fourteen point four one
miles east of Port Amity. Does
anyone associated with that call
copy? Over.*

KATE
(on radio)
Yes! This is Kate Locke. I'm a
diver in urgent need of help. Can
you confirm that a rescue effort is
underway? Over.

An awkwardly long silence.

...

MAN (V.O.)
(on radio)
*I repeat, this is pilot Jonah
Watkins investigating a possible
distress call fourteen point four
one miles east of Port Amity. Does
anyone related to that transmission
copy? Over.*

The man hasn't heard Kate. Her heart sinks. She desperately
taps the radio.

KATE
(on radio)
Mr. Watkins, do you read me? Over.

...

Kate blows into the critical communication device to improve
its operability.

KATE (CONT'D)
(on radio)
Mr. Watkins, this is Kate Locke.
I'm inside a sperm whale seven feet
below the surface. Do you copy?
Over.

Nothing.

More tapping and blowing on the depleted radio.

MAN (V.O.)
(on radio)
*I... Watkins... Port Amity...
Call... Copy --*

The radio cuts out completely.

Kate's mind wants to detonate with frustration...

But she massages the whale lining and settles herself.

Thinking...

Kate peeks around the hazmat suit and up through the larger cut hole at the ocean's disturbed surface.

The thick black clouds dump precipitation in buckets as lightning cracks and thunder probably rumbles. Armageddon.

There's barely any remnants of boat debris thanks to the livid waves. *How far has the whale drifted?*

No visual of a rescue.

Kate spots the severed anchor rope still connected to a modest chunk of the floating bow and manages to tie it to the whale's netting for additional buoyancy.

The ominous outline of the seven foot shark glides overhead like the boogeyman.

Kate plugs the cut hole and reconsiders the malfunctioning radio. No signs of life.

She tries anyway.

KATE
(on radio)
Mayday, mayday, mayday! Does anyone
at all copy?! Over.

Totally dead.

Kate glances at her dive computer: Still seven feet deep but now just ten minutes of oxygen left.

Kate assesses her skin rashes. Much worse without hazmat suit protection, morphing from red to a sickly purple and starting to swell. Like a mid-stage zombie transformation.

Kate peeps through a smaller cut hole at the surface. No sign of anything encouraging --

Wait! What's that?! A faint ARTIFICIAL LIGHT in the foggy periphery above the surface.

The whale carcass sways in the vehement current and Kate loses sight of the illuminating beam.

Oh, c'mon!

The mammalian corpse rocks back and Kate glimpses the light again. It's getting bigger!

It's coming closer?!

Kate primes a handheld flare, ready to activate it through the larger cut hole.

The welcomed light continues to brighten...

Kate discerns that it's shining from a RESCUE HELICOPTER 200 yards away, 30 yards beyond the surface.

Kate ignites the flare, creating a bright scarlet glow...

Well, it appears bright to Kate because she's holding it. Hard to distinguish how bright it is to the helicopter through seven feet of seawater and breaking waves.

Kate shakes the flare frantically but the range of her movement is pathetic due to the cut hole's tight confines.

More salty aqua GUSHES in.

The rescue helicopter soars above.

KATE (CONT'D)
(on radio)
Mayday, mayday, mayday! I'm
directly below you! Over.

Kate tugs the anchor rope to create surface movement from the bow detritus.

KATE (CONT'D)
(on radio)
Look down! Please!!!

The chopper flies off into the desolate mist. Its artificial light fades away. No!!!

Kate keeps brandishing the flare and jerking the anchor rope but it feels like a lost cause.

The flare's scarlet glow dwindles out.

Kate drags the expired flare back inside, scraping the cetacean's carcass on the way in and releasing a blanket of whale blood into the swirling pelagic surroundings.

CHOMP! CHOMP! CHOMP! The seven foot shark bombards the whale.

Kate tries to ignore it but the rate of incoming water ratchets up. CHIN DEEP.

Kate SMASHES at the seven foot shark with the lead weight, clipping its ribs...

And it swims away into the marine gloom.

THUD!!! A bigger TEN FOOT SHARK rams the whale and CHOMPS into the cut hole like a tyrannosaurus. *EKKK!*

We're gonna need a bigger whale.

Kate instinctively panics and drops the lead weight in the ocean.

She reaches to plug the larger cut hole that's under siege but notices another dazzling beam of artificial light strike the water. *The rescue helicopter is coming back?*

Kate sparks her LAST FLARE and prods it up the bigger hole.

The stark scarlet glow scares the ten foot shark away.

Kate flitters the flare frenetically in the direction of the returning chopper while again tugging the anchor rope to draw attention to the modest floating bow debris.

C'mon dammit!

The helicopter light gets brighter...

And brighter...

Kate shakes the blazing flare and yanks the anchor rope with everything she's got. *Hell for leather!*

The chopper seems closer than before.

The anchor rope detaches from the floating bow detritus and sinks.

Kate continues to flap the scarlet distress glow.

The aircraft hovers smack-dab above...

KATE (CONT'D)
(on radio)
Look down into the ocean! Straight
down right now!!!

THE HELICOPTER FLIES AWAY through the atrocious weather, its ardent light fading along with the flare's.

Kate takes a moment to digest her sullen disappointment.

She peers up to see the daunting ten foot shark about to chow down on her hand with its fierce jaws...

Kate whisks her limb inside just in the nick of time.

THUD from the larger shark followed by more hellbent CHOMPING.

Kate checks her dive computer: Sunk to eight feet deep with seven minutes of oxygen remaining.

Make that nine feet deep.

Kate rams the oxygen tank through the bigger flesh hole and nails the ten foot shark's abdomen with a decent shot...

But the finned assailant persists with its vicious CHOMPING and confiscates the hazmat suit.

The water intake surges.

Down to ten feet.

STATIC sounds again struggle out of the radio.

KATE (CONT'D)
(on radio)
Hello?!

...

WOMAN (V.O.)
(on radio)
*D'is is da... Distress... Please...
And we...*

KATE
(on radio)
Mayday, mayday, mayday! Do you
copy?! Over.

...

WOMAN (V.O.)
(on radio)
I repeat, d'is... We --

The radio zonks out completely.

KATE
(on radio)
Do you copy? Over.

Crickets.

The shark continues to CHOMP incessantly on the dead whale like it's a chew toy.

Kate peeps out of a smaller cut hole towards the surface. The blood from the mammalian carcass spoils her view.

She gazes out the other smaller cut hole with a lift bag still extended above.

Kate eyes the underside of a 30 foot alloy RESCUE BOAT gradually approaching the surface.

TWO SPOTLIGHTS dart across the broken water like wizard wands, the vessel's passengers unaware of Kate's unique insular position beneath them.

Kate waves the flashlight skywards. No luck.

She scours the umber pool, now CHIN DEEP, and finds the used flare cases floating.

Kate pokes the exhausted flares through a cut hole and observes them drift up and pop out on the surface near the rescue boat.

The vessel's spotlights continue to shimmer across the dark water. No one on board notices the relatively inconspicuous cases.

Kate checks her dive computer: Sunk to 12 feet deep with six minutes of oxygen remaining.

The rescue boat is now directly above her.

KATE (CONT'D)
(on radio)
I'm right below you! Can you hear me?!

No response.

Kate ditches the dead communication device and just SCREAMS.

KATE (CONT'D)
Help! Help!! Help!!!

Nothing.

The rescue boat starts to pass by.

Kate trolls the whale prison for something else to help her attract the vessel's attention.

Nothing obvious inside the carcass.

The ten foot shark continues to CHOMP on the deceased mammal.

Kate eyes the inflated orange lift bags extended above.

She rushes to untie the knot that's keeping them bound. Her shredded gloves and maimed hand make it tough.

Kate dives into the brown pool and retrieves a squid beak from the murky floor.

She uses the strange object's pointed claw to pick the lift bags' knot.

Kate releases one torn lift bag and watches it float towards the ocean's surface like a balloon.

Go! Go! Go!!!

With just one lift bag remaining THE WHALE CARCASS SINKS FASTER.

Kate discharges the second lift bag in a bid to double her chances of being found.

Both lift bags break the surface about ten yards behind the rescue boat.

Someone see them! C'mon!

The alloy vessel continues to putt away from the site. No detection of the orange bags.

Kate SNEEZES in her painfully suppressed nasally manner.

The whale keeps sinking, the surface rapidly becoming small and distant, the sparse daylight swiftly fading.

The liquid level finally rises to inundate the fleshy cell to the brim meaning Kate is FULLY SUBMERGED.

Kate checks her dive computer: 18 feet deep and four minutes of oxygen remaining.

Kate glances back up. THE RESCUE BOAT IS GONE. The lift bags are nowhere to be seen.

Kate SCREAMS through her mouthpiece and rampantly THUMPS the holes in a dire bid to liberate herself before she plunges to the dreaded briny bottom.

No luck. Insoluble.

Kate's ruffled hair comes undone and her lengthy dehydrated strands swirl chaotically around her face.

She places her tense mitts on the whale lining to calm down...

But she's too distraught to focus and pulls away, REVERTING TO HER OLD BEHAVIOUR of overthinking, allowing herself to be flung about like a dead duck.

Her oxygen supply SKIPS from four minutes to two minutes.

The dimensions of the anatomical space flip around.

25 feet deep. The whale almost nose diving, hastily gaining momentum in its descent into the thalassic underworld. Like a busted airplane plummeting for Earth.

30 feet...

35...

The growing pressure on Kate is immense. Her eardrums want to explode. *Heck, maybe they will!*

Daylight has weakened significantly with the increased depth. Even more reliance on Edison's flashlight.

Kate begins to lose consciousness. She glimpses fragments of the fading nautical cosmos around her.

45 feet...

50...

Shiver me timbers!

The flashlight blinks like it's about to capitulate.

The excruciating circumstances become too much...

KATE PASSES OUT.

BLACK SCREEN

A cold hollow KATHUNK from the giant mammalian carcass colliding with the SEAFLOOR.

...

INT. WHALE, STOMACH #2 - DAY

Total darkness. Feels eternal. Soulless.

Ghastly near silence. Vague sounds of the twisting oceanic undercurrents but no crashing waves or signs of life.

Seems deep. Really deeper. *Forget the Mariana Trench or Davy Jones's locker.*

More like the basement of hell!

A faint NIBBLE.

Doomed near silence again.

...

Another NIBBLE.

A feeble human GROAN.

A dim RIPPLE.

The light on the dive computer flickers, bleaker than earlier, the battery wobbling on the cusp of expiration.

It weakly illuminates Kate's conquered silhouette. She looks like absolute death. A crippled specter of the seabed. Entombed in this sunken netherworld.

Her scruffy long hair sways over her broken face like a curse.

Kate's dive computer states she's 132 feet deep with one minute of oxygen remaining.

Something floats against her goggles... Edison's flashlight.

She tries to switch it on. CLICK. CLICK. CLICK. Of course it doesn't work.

Kate scraps the defunct flashlight.

The light from her dive computer turns off. Complete darkness again.

A long macabre moment. Utterly miserable.

...

Another meek GROAN from Kate.

A torpid RIPPLE from her movement.

A more strained GROAN.

Kate presses the dive computer light back on. Its power has dwindled further. Wretchedly meek.

The full dead squid drapes around Kate's neck.

She grapples the gelatinous mollusk off and swipes it away.

She feels her hip flask nagging her and takes a swig of the liquor.

A solemn gazillion yard stare into the watery abyss with the alcohol ruminating in her salty mouth.

Kate swallows, albeit somewhat reluctantly.

She eyes the full deceased squid hovering before her like a fairy.

Her dive computer light times out again. Back to pure darkness.

...

Kate thumbs the dive computer light on. Resumes her stare at the fantastical squid.

Thinking...

Hesitating...

Kate hugs the squid tightly against her solar plexus like a loved one.

Forlorn tears flood her goggles.

...

Kate releases a FINAL BREATH of oxygen and observes the effervescence ascend in the direction of the surface 132 feet away.

The bubbles drift up through the internal liquid.

A bittersweet smile forges on Kate's lips.

The bubbles hit the stubborn stomach ceiling near the larger cut hole and become trapped like Kate.

Her condemned face melts in the frigid solitude.

A fateful melancholic MUTTER.

She removes her mouthpiece and ruefully shrinks into the fetal position.

Her dive computer light turns to black.

Kate presses it back on. A dismal glint...

And the light quickly peters out. DEAD.

Outright darkness and grave stillness from Kate as SHE SURRENDERS herself to the Reaper and unwillingly accepts her blubbery casket.

This. Is. It.

GAME OVER FOR THE DAYTONA DOLPHIN.

FADE OUT

THE EN --

Wait!

A SPIRITED GASP from Kate...

Followed by a DETERMINED RIPPLE.

CLICK. CLICK. CLICK. *Laboring over the flashlight?*

Still dark.

THUNK! THUNK! *The flashlight being hit?*

CLICK. Nothing.

THUNK! THUNK! THUNK! CLICK.

The white beam of the flashlight glimmers on, the abrupt transition jarring Kate's oculars.

She shines it up at the larger cut hole...

And notices a TRAIL OF BUBBLES floating towards the surface from somewhere outside the whale.

A separate oxygen source or a death's door hallucination?

Kate's empty lungs plead for air.

She jams her ragged hand through the cut hole and over the whale's leathery skin for the origin of the phantasmal bubbles.

Feeling...

C'mon!

Feeling...

Nothing?

Feeling...

What's that?!

Kate drags MITCH'S OXYGEN TANK into view through the hollow.
Finally, some good fortune.

The precious air supply is slowly leaking and caught in the
ungodly fishing net still smothering the dead whale's face.

Kate feeds the tank's tube in through the larger cut hole,
inhales some desperately needed breaths, and REGAINS SOME
STRENGTH.

She toils to squeeze Mitch's tank inside...

But the net provides stout resistance.

Kate manages to unknot the crucial tank and wiggle it in.

She inhales more greatly appreciated breaths.

She works to stymie the oxygen exuding from the tank but the
damaged metallic cylinder valve can't be fixed.

Kate contemplates swapping the fractured valve with her
drained tank's one but lacks the tools.

Her dive computer remains lifeless.

She attempts to read Mitch's tank's gauge manually but it's
shattered.

Kate tries to ascertain the tank's oxygen level by feeling
its weight. It's alarmingly light.

She searches Mitch's tank's straps and finds an empty knife
sheath.

Kate tenses back up. *Sure, she has some oxygen but she's
still trapped.*

Her hip flask nags at her again...

But she rejects it.

Kate places her worn fingers on the whale's stomach flesh and
composes herself.

She ties her flailing hair back into an orderly bun and fits the oxygen tank neatly on her back.

Another NIBBLE from outside the whale. More forceful.

Kate measuredly bludgeons the flesh ceiling to scare off whatever the creature is...

But the undefined diner persists.

Kate shines the flashlight out of the larger cut hole for a glimpse at the unwanted animal...

Her eyes widen like screaming mouths and the little remaining color in her face dissolves...

Circling above are 12 SHARKS varying in size from a few feet to at least eight feet and in species (threshers, hammerheads, tigers, etc). Angels of death out for blood.

Kate jounces away from the hole in fright and repositions her mitts on the carcass.

Deep steady breaths.

Kate studiously peers again up through the larger cut hole at the finned gang. The flashlight's beam dissipates into the marine darkness. Too deep to see the ocean's surface.

She inspects the cut hole confined by those hulking bones, the sinews still extremely raw.

Kate shifts her focus to a smaller cut hole with no evidence of bones.

She rubs the hole's blubbery meat with her ratty gloves. Droplets of crimson creep out.

Kate quickly checks her wounds. They've all stopped bleeding.

She dips into the stomach chamber's nadir...

And fetches a pointed squid beak.

Kate GRATES the weird claw around the perimeter of the smaller cut hole. A cloud of blood emerges.

More GRATING. Larger cloud.

And more. *Tooth and nail.*

A cacophony of violent CHOMPING erupts over the smaller cut hole, the severe haze of claret functioning as Kate hoped to chum the swarm of macrosmatic sharks down en masse.

Like bees to a honey pot...

And these bees really like honey!

Kate paddles back from the smaller cut hole and watches the ravenous fish gradually EXPAND THE FLESHY TUNNEL through their feasting.

She feels something touch her shriveled arm. The dead radio. She discards it...

But then swiftly regathers and inserts its batteries into her dive computer.

The informative device flickers to life. Kate syncs it with Mitch's tank: Six minutes of oxygen remaining.

Kate reexamines the mob of sharks chowing on the smaller cut hole. The creatures still have some munching to do before she can fit through.

A few of the littler predators enter the whale and gnaw at the hole from the inside out.

One nearly brushes Kate.

Kate hugs the opposite side of the whale's stomach to avoid attention.

She places both hands on the flesh lining and really concentrates to keep her cool.

Eyes focused on the moment. Breathing slowed remarkably.

Kate enters a visceral ALMOST MEDITATIVE STATE.

She glances at her dive computer. Her oxygen reserve has INCREASED again to seven minutes.

The shark CHOMPING mania rises in ferocity.

Kate remains obsessed with settling herself.

Going deeeeeep within like a yogi...

Now up to eight minutes of oxygen.

Kate emerges from her placid posture.

Eyes wide open. Head nodding. Heart rate controlled.

The savage sharks persist in dinning out on the flesh hole which now seems broad enough for Kate to swim through. Her pathway to freedom.

Kate gently slips on her flippers and ensures that her lacerations aren't bleeding.

She takes several more graceful breaths and surveys the populated tissue hole.

Kate looks to the full dead squid and tentatively propels herself towards the bloody shark ridden orifice. Sailing super close to the wind but she's got no choice.

She moves incredibly slowly. Incredibly calmly. Monk-like. Devoid of unhelpful thoughts.

A smaller shark skims Kate's shoulder.

She flinches and retreats to the far side of the stomach.

Kate regathers herself.

She cautiously approaches the crowded hole again...

And softly twists her torso to minimize the chance of more shark contact.

Weaving through, getting further than before...

The ten foot shark suddenly appears from the external darkness like Michael Myers. *Hell's bells!*

Kate GASPS and jolts backwards, her impassive veneer clearly rattled.

The top of her tank BUMPS the stomach ceiling and the damaged cylinder valve comes loose.

A flurry of oxygen BUBBLES out of the tank.

Kate swiftly recedes to the safer side of the stomach and tightens the valve.

She checks her dive computer. Her oxygen supply has plummeted to five minutes worth.

Kate observes her exit hole again. Seems even more thronged. Additional sharks vying for a share of the whale banquet. Redolent of a shopping mall on Black Friday.

More concentrated breathing from Kate.

She quietly ventures once more towards the narrow murk of blood and finned assailants.

Different sharks nudge Kate in their feeding frenzy but none lock in on her. It's like she's invisible. A zen apparition.

Kate shirks past the last few fish.

A larger tail whips Kate's thigh's harpoon wound but she ignores it.

Kate finally emerges out into the...

EXT. OCEAN, UNDER THE SURFACE - CONTINUOUS

It's slightly lighter out here though still quite dim.

Kate gazes up at the swirling seawater overhead. The surface remains obscured.

Mucoid algae shrouds her appendages.

She checks her dive computer: 126 feet deep and four minutes of oxygen remaining.

Blood trickles from Kate's quad injury but she doesn't notice.

Kate carefully paddles up, wary of suffering from the bends, leaving the ravaged whale in her rearview mirror.

121 feet to go...

Good.

116 feet...

Kate seems to ease up a little. More self-assured. *The challenging part is over?*

111 feet...

Kate identifies the blood seeping from her thigh and freezes.

She scans the surrounding gloom. No predators approaching.

Kate changes gears and thrusts herself towards the distant surface with added haste. *Pedal to the metal.*

Out of the aquatic obscurity charges a hulking 15 FOOT SHARK. The largest of the day. Gaping jaws. Extra terrifying in the somber light.

Kate swerves to narrowly avert the carnivorous beast's vicious dagger-like teeth.

She again propels herself upwards, kicking like she's striving for Olympic gold...

The powerhouse fish swoops in voraciously for another bite.

Kate dodges its gnarly razor incisors...

But gets clobbered in the nose and becomes caught over its fearsome mug, face to face with one of its icy black doll eyes.

The callous predator bulldozes Kate down towards the dreary seafloor, undoing all of her ascent work, its sandpaper-like coat grazing her exposed skin.

Kate breaks free of the hellacious animal and glances around the barren gravelly seabed for something to aid her defense.

Nothing but the whale buffet with the fishing net still hooked over its massive cranium.

Kate scans the treacherous water above and spies the formidable 15 footer rampaging for her yet again like one of Lucifer's hounds.

She rapidly paddles across the desolate seafloor with the seething brute hot on her heels...

And slinks into the...

INT. WHALE, MOUTH - CONTINUOUS

Kate darts over the deceased mammal's teeth and hides in the shadows of the gargantuan mouth. An asylum of sorts.

The bleeding from the whale's head wounds has stopped.

Kate tentatively peeps out through the giant lifeless cavity into the spooky water. No visual of the 15 foot pelagic dragon.

She checks her dive computer: Just three minutes of oxygen remaining.

A two foot TENTACLE curls down behind Kate...

And disappears back into the mouth before she notices.

Kate tightens her thigh bandage to halt her bleeding and assesses her bashed nose, possibly broken again.

The tentacle reaches for Kate's nape...

She SHRIEKS through her mouthpiece and swivels around...

An OCTOPUS launches onto her cracked goggles, eclipsing her vision with an octad of slimy pink feelers lined with suction cups.

Kate wrestles with the medium-sized cephalopod...

But it remains fixed to her mug like the facehugger in *Alien*.

Kate attempts to dig her disfigured paws underneath the blinding tentacles for leverage. No luck. Set like superglue.

She examines the octopus's sticky appendages in a different light, noting its twinkling rosy colors and enchanting dimples.

Kate delicately strokes the octopus's bald head like it's a pet. The sizable mollusk tenses up and increases its clinch...

But then relaxes and releases itself from Kate's skull.

Relief for the embattled diver.

WHAM!!! The brawny 15 foot oceanic raider abruptly lurches for Kate through the whale's mouth in a cyclone of horrifying CHOMPS. Like a vampire on steroids.

Kate shuffles far enough away to keep the insanely energized beast at bay. At least for now.

She realizes that the octopus is inches from being munched and manages to swipe the supple creature out of harm's way.

The feral shark spikes its chin on one of the whale's sharp conical teeth and vanishes into the grim murk.

Kate cautiously peeks out through the whale's gums and spies the tenacious predator circling above like a Hadean overlord.

She checks her dive computer: Just two minutes of oxygen left.

Kate's mind wants to run riot but she massages a wall and remains controlled in her thinking.

She scours the cavity for something to help her diabolical predicament.

Kate tries to free the rusty harpoon that Mitch rammed through the whale's eye socket but it's well and truly stuck.

She attempts to pull the fishing net off the whale's head but can't.

She shines the flashlight out of the dead cetacean's mouth. Something on the seafloor sparkles at her.

Kate inspects more closely while remaining hesitant of the finned hunter lurking above.

She discovers that the glistening object is Edison's glass orange juice bottle.

Kate peeps back up at the mammoth fiend ready and raring for another shot at wolfing her head off.

Kate extends her mangled hand into the open water to fetch the glass bottle while keeping her tired body in the whale's mouth.

Straining with her mutilated fingertips...

Almost there...

The patrolling shark detects her flailing limb and zones in like a torpedo...

Kate grips the glass bottle and quickly retreats inside the whale just in time to evade becoming the tyrant's next meal.

The hungry menace resumes prowling overhead.

Kate holds the bottle upside down like a baton and practices recklessly striking with it.

She stops herself. Shakes her head. *That's not the way.*

Rethinks...

Feels the scar on her nose. Nods.

Checks her dive computer: One minute of oxygen remaining.

It's now or never. Sink or swim. Do or die.

Kate peeps out. No sign of the finned behemoth.

She pats the flesh of the whale, almost like she's thankful to the great animal...

And calmly swims over its lifeless gums out into the...

EXT. OCEAN, UNDER THE SURFACE - CONTINUOUS

Kate defiantly gazes around the murky water like a hawk. Still no 15 foot shark in sight.

She notices something else on the turbid seabed. Promptly pockets it. We don't see what it is.

Kate guardedly kicks her flippers towards the surface while constantly searching with the flashlight for her adversary.

Off to the side Kate spies the pointy gray visage of the monstrous fish careening in from eight yards away. Its jagged fangs glint in the artificial light. *Ready to lock horns.*

Kate remains poised and tightens her grip on the recycled glass bottle.

The shark continues to rip in. Dead set on its human prey.

Building towards a crescendo...

Four yards and gaining speed. *Dinner time!*

Kate keeps her cool. Unyielding. Stone-faced. Waiting. Calculated.

The shark's barbaric jaws open wide...

Kate stays levelheaded despite the alarming proximity of the hellbent assassin...

Waiting...

Now! Kate cleanly rams the butt of the glass bottle directly into the shark's nose.

CRACK! Was that from the bottle or the shark's face or Kate's bones or what?

Too difficult to tell as the intense collision has caused the flashlight to die. Near darkness.

A morbid moment of uncertainty.

...

A meager flicker of illumination from Kate's dive computer.

SHE'S ALIVE!

The 15 foot shark is dazed and drifting a few feet away, its nose crooked, maybe busted. *Hook, line, and sinker!*

Kate stares, transfixed.

The wounded fish languidly regains consciousness and sets its glaring black eyes on the depleted diver.

The stupefied predator gapes to snap at Kate...

But she abruptly jams one of Mitch's needle-like scientific tools through the monster's temple. PFFFT!

Bullseye! Straight into the beast's brain, the life instantly evaporating from its grisly body.

Shark blood spews into the dim seawater, Kate's world again filtered in red.

The 15 foot shark's corpse fades into the aquatic underworld and joins the dead whale on the bleak seafloor.

No time for celebration. Kate's sapped figure intrepidly ascends through the dark murk, once more moving relatively gradually to avoid the bends.

The water becomes lighter...

And lighter...

Like she's approaching the Pearly Gates.

Kate stops to decompress and glances around the blue submerged world. There's a strange PEACE to it all. The beauty far more palpable now that she's relaxed and present.

Kate resumes her ascent, halting for further decompression breaks where necessary...

And finally bursts out...

EXT. ABOVE THE SURFACE - CONTINUOUS

Mountainous waves. Gale-force winds. The dense pale mist makes visibility utterly terrible.

Kate spits out her mouthpiece and GASPS for fresh breathable air amidst the steady rain.

Her horrid purple skin rashes ache in the exposed atmosphere.

She removes her fractured goggles and scans around in all directions.

No helicopters or boats. No debris from Edison's vessel.

Seems deserted. Like *Open Water*.

KATE

Help!!!

Nothing.

KATE (CONT'D)
Please! Hel --

A wave SMASHES Kate's face and she COUGHS on seawater.

Still no signs of salvation.

Kate draws Edison's unbroken glass bottle from her wetsuit and uses it to WHISTLE.

The high-pitched sound pierces through the grim conditions.

No evidence of a rescue.

More WHISTLING.

A disconcerting SPLASH from something splintering the surface behind Kate.

She promptly turns to see the crystal ball-like eye of a SECOND SPERM WHALE poking above the waterline five yards away.

Kate gazes into the huge creature's mystical ocular. Captivated.

The downpour eases.

The spectacular specimen raises its regal Y-shaped tail and SPOUTS out a fountain of moisture through its trademark blowhole before gliding away across the thalassic depths.

Kate embraces the exhaled droplets as they gently sprinkle down over her bobbing frame like magic dust.

A profound moment of contemplation.

Kate tentatively reaches inside her frayed wetsuit and reveals the sealed cellophane bag containing her husband baby bump photo and the match. All still dry.

She studies the sentimental image. Her and her husband's sparkling eyes. Their full smiles. Their interlinked fingers lovingly cradling their precious bulge of unborn life.

Heavy tears swell Kate's pupils.

She flips the picture over to reveal a handwritten note reading "BABE, WHAT DID YOU EAT?!". She can't help but LAUGH.

A soft kiss...

And Kate folds the photo into the neck of the glass bottle and strikes the match.

The cherished memento ignites into a humble fireball.

Kate watches, cheeks drenched, as the picture ceremoniously dissolves into ashes and is taken from her by the breath of Mother Nature.

She lays her scalp back and lets the crisp saltwater wash over her face. As if she's baptizing herself.

A serene minute. Like she's floating in her own swimming pool.

...

Through the mist spawns a glimmer of CELESTIAL WHITE LIGHT. The emotional magnitude of Kate's burning process means that she takes a second to realize.

She eventually turns and waves out...

But the luminescent beam fails to land on her.

Kate WHISTLES again using the bottle.

Finally, the ethereal ray sets on her exhausted but imperturbable face.

Kate takes a clear composed breath and calmly paddles towards the light.

FADE OUT

THE END