

circle of confusion



UNTITLED DUFFIELD

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THE EARTHQUAKE CONTINUES

NORAH is facedown on the metal grated floor, arms wrapped around her head. Eyes clenched shut.

The sound of the quake is deafening, echoing in the tight industrial hallway.

RODRIGO hugs a wall nearby.

RODRIGO
NORAH! GET UP HERE!

The metal bones of this place are screaming.

Condensation drips from the ceiling.

NORAH
(quietly)
I can't move. I can't move.

Rodrigo swallows a round of nausea as the quake keeps on.

RODRIGO
COME ON, GIRL. THIS IS JUST AN
AFTERSHOCK.

Holy shit.

NORAH
That... just makes me feel worse.

A huge cracking sound above. Rodrigo's eyes dart up in terror.

RODRIGO
ME TOO.

And then slowly...

Slowly...

The aftershock dissipates.

Until the only sound left is dripping water.

NORAH
That's a bad sound.

RODRIGO
I'm gonna throw up.

NORAH
I'll wait here.

He throws up. Norah rolls onto her back.

A water drop hits her face.

She sighs.

NORAH (CONT'D)
We're all dead.

Rodrigo vomits harder.

THEY HELP EACH OTHER DOWN THE HALLWAY.

NORAH
Jules?

Rodrigo shakes his head.

NORAH (CONT'D)
Mac?

RODRIGO
A beam just...

He waves his arm down in a cutting motion.

NORAH
Fuck. Aren't we supposed to be
quake proof?

RODRIGO
I think we are for normal bad
quakes. That wasn't a normal quake.

NORAH
Nope. It sure wasn't.

RODRIGO
I've been in an eight before. I'm
not convinced that aftershock
wasn't an eight.

NORAH
I'm not convinced that I'm not
currently asleep in my bunk having
the mother of all nightmares.

Rodrigo pinches Norah's arm. She winces and chokes out a
laugh.

NORAH (CONT'D)
I hate you.

RODRIGO

Trust me, I was really pulling to
be a construct of your nightmare.

They turn a corner. At the end of the hall is **A DOOR.**

Was a door.

Now there's a fuckton of **RUBBLE** blocking what used to be a
door.

They both stop. Stare.

Without looking at him, Norah pinches Rodrigo's arm hard.

After a moment, he pinches his own arm even harder.

THEY PULL AWAY THE RUBBLE.

They shout to anyone that might be on the other side.

RODRIGO

HEY! ANYONE OVER THERE!

NORAH

ANYBODY! HELLO!

No answer.

So they keep digging.

NORAH (CONT'D)

At first I thought a group of you
assholes snuck up behind me and
started shaking my chair. And
table.

RODRIGO

And then it kicked up a notch.

She lifts a cinder brick that used to be wall aside.

NORAH

When it did that, I thought, this
is the end of the world.

RODRIGO

Me too.

NORAH

I mean, fuck. I don't want to die
doing paperwork on intake
quantities.

(MORE)

NORAH (CONT'D)

I'd much rather die with you in a hallway as we try to dig ourselves free.

RODRIGO

That's the spirit.

NORAH

Thank you.

RODRIGO

I was working out. And like, the weights didn't fall from their... shelves? Is that what those are called? It doesn't matter. But Norah, the weights *launched*. Like someone was throwing them. I was dodging 'em left and right, big fifty pound dumbbells and shit.

NORAH

That's some security footage I'd pay top dollar to see.

They lift another piece away. Norah wipes sweat from her brow.

NORAH (CONT'D)

What if they left without us?

RODRIGO

They're supposed to leave without us. That's-

MUFFLED VOICE

Hello?

Rodrigo nearly bursts into tears. Norah jumps up and down happily.

RODRIGO

Hey! Hey! We're over here! Who is that?

MUFFLED VOICE

It's Paul!

Norah and Rodrigo are kind of deflated.

NORAH

(quietly to Rodrigo)
Really?

RODRIGO
 (quietly to Norah)
Shh!
 (loudly)
 IT'S NORAH AND RODRIGO! WE'LL BE
 THERE IN A FEW MINUTES!

PAUL (O.S.)
OH, NO RUSH! TAKE YOUR TIME!

You want to punch the sarcasm in Paul's voice.
 Norah rolls her eyes. The two dig fast.
 Her fingers are bloody but she doesn't notice or care.
 They whisper while they work.

NORAH
 He's such an asshole. Of course he
 survived. I can't wait for him to
 take the opportunity of our near
 death to touch my ass.

RODRIGO
 "Norah, there's only one way out of
 here... and it's through my disease
 ridden penis."

Norah almost drops a heavy chunk of debris by trying not to
 laugh.

NORAH
 See, you're a nice guy. You never
 say shit like that.

RODRIGO
 Because I have an immaculately
 clean, healthy penis.

NORAH
 Ha ha.

Rodrigo smirks.

RODRIGO
 Gimme a hand with this one.

She gets on the other end of a five foot long concrete slab.
 They look up and see the massive hole above where it fell.

NORAH
 What is this from?

RODRIGO
China?

NORAH
I meant-

She points to the massive hole in the ceiling.

NORAH (CONT'D)
What's it from up there?

RODRIGO
Don't think about it. Three, two,
one-

They both strain and heave and slowly lift it.

Like jenga, the rest of the rubble falls away as they do so.

RODRIGO (CONT'D)
DROP IT...

They let it go with a *thunk*.

Light peers through the door.

Rodrigo sighs with relief.

RODRIGO (CONT'D)
There was a part of me that thought
water might come rushing in at us
when we cleared that.

NORAH
And what, Paul was just a... merman
or something?

RODRIGO
I put nothing past him. And, as
annoying as he is, I will be very
happy to see his face.

Rodrigo lifts up a beam a few inches so Norah can crawl
through.

NORAH
Yeah. Me too. God help me.

RODRIGO
There is no God here. Only Paul.

Norah laughs as she crawls into-

THE ARENA.

Red emergency lights spin across the cracked cement ceiling.

Norah is helped to her feet by **PAUL**.

PAUL

What are you guys laughing about?

NORAH

Hey Paul. Just, ya know, the state of the world.

PAUL

That's currently not that funny.

NORAH

No, I know, it's- *Tiffany!*

Norah runs away. Paul yells after her.

PAUL

I'll just help Rodrigo alone!

Rodrigo will be fine.

Norah runs past large rectangular **WINDOWS** that show... absolutely nothing but pitch blackness.

So that's helpful.

Norah runs over to the remaining **THREE SURVIVORS**.

She hugs **TIFFANY** tightly. She is the smallest of the six.

NORAH

I'm so glad you're alive.

TIFFANY

Me too.

Norah opens her eyes and sees-

NORAH

Holy shit motherfucker.

TIFFANY

That's exactly what I said.

Norah lets go of Tiffany and stares ahead at-

THE SMALL SUBMARINE.

Or rather, what used to be a submarine.

The quake has pushed it from its conveyer belt platform. It rests on its side.

Rests is the wrong word. More like it *died* on its side.

Rubble from above has pummeled the tiny craft with a variety of dents and cracks.

Basically, *heartbreakingly*-

NORAH

We can't use it.

CAPTAIN

That's about it. Hey, kiddo.

He turns and hugs her quickly.

CAPTAIN is in his forties. The affable demeanor of a high school football coach.

His arm is broken. Bloody. Wrapped in a t-shirt sling.

NORAH

You alright, Captain?

CAPTAIN

I mean, it's broken, but besides that, this is the worst day of my life.

Next to him is **SMITH**. He's a quiet one.

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

On a scale of one to ten, how bad is it, Smith?

SMITH

Ummm.

Smith looks at the sub.

SMITH (CONT'D)

Fucked.

CAPTAIN

So maybe... that's an eight.

NORAH

And the other subs?

Captain points to the heavens and whistles.

NORAH (CONT'D)

At least some of the others made it.

RODRIGO

Those pricks.

Rodrigo and Paul join them. Rodrigo sees the sub.

RODRIGO (CONT'D)

I was happier vomiting in the hallway.

PAUL

You hurled?

RODRIGO

Oh yeah. Not for the last time tonight.

(beat)

Unless I die first. So.

TIFFANY

The escape pods are all gone too.

PAUL

That's not true.

TIFFANY

Okay. The escape pods *that weren't damaged in the quake* are all gone too. Better?

NORAH

Could we fix any of them?

Everyone looks at Smith. This appears to be his area of expertise.

SMITH

How much time we got?

CAPTAIN

Last aftershock was, what, five minutes ago?

RODRIGO

Maybe more. So next could be... I actually have no idea what I'm talking about.

PAUL

I read somewhere that aftershocks
can hit years later.

RODRIGO

Really? How's that work?

NORAH

Who gives a fuck?

RODRIGO

Good point.

Captain turns back to Smith.

CAPTAIN

Let's say you have fifteen minutes.

Smith thinks.

SMITH

Can I have two days instead.

An awful pause.

CAPTAIN

...No. And also there are six of
us. So six pods.

TIFFANY

There's only four pods left.

NORAH

But they're all broken?

SMITH

I'd need two days for one pod.

Fuck.

NORAH

Could we get to the other arena?

CAPTAIN

We could try, but I think we're
almost out of time as it is.

TIFFANY

You think she's dying?

CAPTAIN

Oh, she's long past dying.

Tiffany regards this.

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

Time on a good day to walk to the other arena would be, ten minutes? We've got no clue if the path is clear, or if there's anything left to use. I don't like it.

PAUL

Plus, I was there.

They all look at Paul.

PAUL (CONT'D)

And now I'm here, so do the fucking math.

They do.

NORAH

And radios are down?

Captain nods.

CAPTAIN

There could be more of us here but... but we don't got time.

Everyone is quiet.

NORAH

So... how do we get out of here?

Captain rubs his unbroken hand over his face.

CAPTAIN

I'm really sorry about this.

Norah puts her hand on Captain's shoulder.

NORAH

It's not your fault.

CAPTAIN

That's not what I'm apologizing for.

They look at him. He sighs.

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

The Roebuck.

RODRIGO

What about it?

CAPTAIN

We go there. It's our only chance.

Paul laughs. Sarcastically, obviously.

PAUL

Oh wow, great idea, that's a really fucked up chance.

NORAH

He's still the Captain, show some respect.

(to Captain)

How do we get there if there's no sub-

She realizes.

Stares at him.

He stares back apologetically.

NORAH (CONT'D)

Oh fuck you.

THE SIX RUN THROUGH THE ARENA.

Tiffany is limping, so Norah runs back to help her.

TIFFANY

I can barely walk in here, how am I gonna do it out there?

NORAH

Adrenaline?

TIFFANY

Ugh. Maybe I can just cry my way to Roebuck.

NORAH

I will happily join you.

The station **GROANS** again as it continues to slowly fall apart.

NORAH (CONT'D)

Sorry. Miserably join you.

TIFFANY

That's the scariest thing I've ever heard.

NORAH
Don't think about it.

TIFFANY
What should I think about?

NORAH
I don't know. Literally anything
else. Fucking... McDonalds.

They reach the lockers along the wall that house-

THE DEEP SEA DIVING SUITS.

Paul and Rodrigo carefully remove suit after suit from the locker.

They are **WHITE** and look almost like **ARMOR**. Multi-jointed like an action figure, designed to withstand enormous amounts of pressure.

The helmets are a fist-thick of glass all the way around.

They are like a fishbowl, except for a large metal rim that run across it vertically on the sides. These are fixed with lights.

And also, there are only six left.

NORAH
Well. Hooray for perfect math.

RODRIGO
Hooray. Here.

He hands her a skin tight wetsuit.

NORAH
Thanks.

The six change as quickly as they can, considering their various injuries.

Paul strips down to his underwear. Tiffany does not look his way as she pulls her suit up over her pants.

Much to his disappointment.

PAUL
You're putting it on over your
pants?

TIFFANY
Appears that way, doesn't it.

PAUL
Won't it get all bunched up?

TIFFANY
Bunched up pants are honestly the
least of my concerns right now,
Paul.

He shrugs and finishes suiting up.

Tiffany turns to Norah. Whispers.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)
I don't have underwear on.

NORAH
Why not?

TIFFANY
I was doing laundry when it hit,
man.

Norah tries not to laugh.

NORAH
But your pants will bunch up.

TIFFANY
Screw you.

NORAH
Poor Paul. You have a great ass.

TIFFANY
I know! That's why I'm keeping it
to myself.

NORAH
You should let everyone see it
before we go outside.

TIFFANY
Like a, *good luck out there gang,
and here's my ass.*

NORAH
Mission kicks off on a high note.

CAPTAIN
Guys-

Everyone looks at Captain-

Who is suited up only to his waist because of his broken arm.

Even asking for help hurts his pride.

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

I need a hand. With... my hand.

Norah reaches into her wetsuit and takes off the belt on her shorts. Rodrigo eyes her.

NORAH

It's not like I need it now.

RODRIGO

When you get picked up by sailors,
you'll wish you had a way to keep
your shorts up.

NORAH

When I get picked up by sailors, I
won't want my shorts to stay up.

CAPTAIN

You're disgusting.

Norah smiles sadly. She holds the belt up to Captain's mouth.

NORAH

And it'll be all your fault.

Captain takes some deep breaths.

Bites the belt and-

Rodrigo and Tiffany **BEND** Captain's arm grotesquely so it can
squeeze into his suit.

He, naturally, screams into leather.

They get it in.

He spits out the belt. Tears.

CAPTAIN

That wasn't even leather.

NORAH

I'm sorry. They don't pay me enough
to give a shit about belts.

CAPTAIN

I'll put that in my report. Holy hell.

RODRIGO

I guess you can put your belt back on after all.

Norah tosses it aside.

NORAH

Fuck it. I'm coming for them sailors.

Captain leans against the wall as Tiffany screws on his helmet. When the latches catch, the suit whirs to life, locking the rest into place on its own.

Tiffany and Norah help each other get suited up.

Paul and Smith wait on a metallic platform. Captain hobbles over.

SMITH

Three rows of two?

Captain nods.

CAPTAIN

Rodrigo and you up top. Ladies middle. We got the rear.

PAUL

Why am I at the back?

Captain does the smart thing (as he always does) and ignores him.

RODRIGO

I'll start her up.

Norah puts her helmet on. The suit whirs to life. She walks past Rodrigo as he mans a control panel.

NORAH

I hate this thing.

RODRIGO

Yeah, but I love you.

Norah laughs at his odd remark. Winks at him through the helmet.

Takes her place in line on the platform with the others.

They click three inch thick platinum tether through belt holes built into their suits. Connecting the team one by one with separate lines.

They help each other with long oxygen cords that screw into their backs. Again automated. The hiss of air when each locks in.

TIFFANY

What happens if, ya know...

SMITH

The station succumbs?

TIFFANY

And we're still tied to the air?

Smith holds up his arm. A panel lights up.

SMITH

Eject.

NORAH

How much air do we have on our own then?

SMITH

Honestly?

NORAH

Or, what, fictionally?

SMITH

Well, fictionally... Enough to make it.

NORAH

Oh what a difference a word makes.

The platform starts to lower.

Rodrigo still at the control station.

CAPTAIN

Let's go, Rod.

RODRIGO

Just a second, boss.

He keeps working at the station.

Tiffany grabs Norah's hand. They look at each other.

TIFFANY
I'm a vegetarian.

NORAH
So?

TIFFANY
So I've never even been to a
fucking McDonalds.

They are about six feet down when a-

LARGE IRON ROOF begins sliding over them.

Cutting them slowly off from Rodrigo.

They all react.

NORAH
Rodrigo!

CAPTAIN
Now!

Rodrigo walks over to the ledge and looks down at his
friends.

RODRIGO
Things I like less than earthquakes
right now? Absolutely nothing.

He sighs and holds up his helmet.

RODRIGO (CONT'D)
Cracked.

And **IT IS**. A long hairline runs across it.

TIFFANY
Oh fuck me.

CAPTAIN
Rodrigo! Bring us back up now!

Captain tries to move over to the wall but-

The link connecting him to everyone restricts him. He starts
trying to unhook himself with his good hand.

SMITH
Paul! Stop him now!

PAUL
He'll fucking court marshal me!

RODRIGO

Oh my God, do you realize this
isn't the military? Worst he can do
is fire you. So, stop him.

The ceiling keeps shutting.

NORAH

G-go find another suit. We can wait
for you down there.

RODRIGO

That's a pretty lie.

The roof is halfway closed. It's getting dark. The crew's
helmets automatically **LIGHT UP** their head beams.

Captain tries to unhook again with his good hand.

Paul reaches out to stop him.

CAPTAIN

I will fucking murder you.

TIFFANY

Oh my God. Oh my God.

NORAH

(to Rodrigo)

I'm not ready to say goodbye to
you.

Rodrigo leans so he can still see them as the roof closes.

Raises up his hand to say goodbye.

Norah raises one back and-

The roof **BOOMS** shut, sealing them in the-

PRESSURIZATION CHAMBER.

The six become five.

More won't survive.

CAPTAIN

MOTHERFUCK! GOD!

Tiffany cries quietly.

Their audio relaying into each other's helmets.

Norah just stares at the space where Rodrigo was standing moments ago.

TIFFANY
What will happen to him now?

NORAH
Exactly what you think will happen.

WATER begins pouring in from **TUBING** along the walls.

TIFFANY
I can't do this. I can't, I-

SMITH
You don't get a choice about what you can or can't do anymore.

Tiffany understands. Starts trying to take deeper breaths.

SMITH (CONT'D)
Everyone's pressure good?

Everyone looks and nods. Water up to their waists.

Smith checks a gauge and turns to his left. The crew follow.

SMITH (CONT'D)
Roebuck's little less than two miles on.

PAUL
How long will that take?

SMITH
Good day? 'Bout...

PAUL
It's absolutely not a good day, Smith.

Smith mulls this over. Water up to their eyes.

PAUL (CONT'D)
Well?

NORAH
It's gonna be a bad night at the bottom of the world, Paul. So shut the fuck up and get ready to walk for two miles.

And we slowly fade out.

This is what you need to know about the bottom of the ocean
in the middle of the night.

It is nightmare dark.

All of the sounds are muffled and awful.

You can't run.

You are walking with the weight of the entire world on your
shoulders.

You can't see the Roebuck Station.

You can barely see the station you just left.

Your lights get you about ten feet ahead.

The ocean floor is rock and sand.

There is nowhere to hide. You are out in the open.

And at the same time, you will never feel more claustrophobic
in your life.

But this is what they are trained for.

Today is just a really bad day.

And slowly in the distance-

Tiny specks of light appear as the team of five emerge from the pressurization chamber.

And into hell.

The water is thick with SAND and DIRT churned up from the quake.

There is nothing protecting them except their suits.

SMITH
Everyone good?

PAUL
You already asked.

SMITH
I'm gonna ask every five minutes
until we can see the sky.

PAUL
But if we weren't doing good, we'd
be dead.

SMITH
...That's actually true.

And in silence for the moment, they walk on.

They pass different support pillars for their station. Huge, thick arms of concrete and steel. Wide as God's bone.

CAPTAIN
See any cracks?

Norah looks up. Her light reveals-

A very big crack.

NORAH
I feel like we should stop asking
questions because the answers will
always depress us.

CAPTAIN
Should we detach the oxygen?

NORAH
What I just say?

CAPTAIN
I heard you. I just didn't care.

SMITH

Don't unhook. Besides, if she goes down in the next few minutes, oxygen cords will be the least of our problems.

Smith looks back at Tiff.

SMITH (CONT'D)

Good job with the breathing.

Tiff nods.

TIFFANY

Let's not talk about it. Let's just get to the Roebuck.

NORAH

Atta girl.

TIFFANY

Here's what I'm thinking about. I'm thinking about how I'm going to have the easiest master's thesis of all time.

Norah and Captain chuckle. Smith even smiles.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)

And I'll be on the cover of Wired.

NORAH

And Time.

PAUL

We'll be on the cover.

TIFFANY

This is my fantasy. Norah can join me. The rest of you can settle for Newsweek.

CAPTAIN

Ouch, kid.

NORAH

Keep going, Tiff.

TIFFANY

Okay... Book deal. At least two. The public have no idea how interested they're about to be in ocean floor vegetation.

PAUL

I still honestly have no idea what you do.

TIFFANY

Because you are seriously the worst person alive at the bottom of the ocean.

CAPTAIN

Oh boy.

NORAH

Tiffany scores.

But even Paul laughs.

PAUL

Fuck you guys.

TIFFANY

I'm sorry.

PAUL

It's fine. Whatever. I know none of you like me. But here we are.

CAPTAIN

Here we are.

TIFFANY

An olive branch, Paul. Your turn.

PAUL

What I'm thinking of to get me through this bullshit?

TIFFANY

Yeah.

Paul laughs.

PAUL

It's just going to make you dislike me more.

NORAH

Try us.

TIFFANY

Come onnnn.

PAUL

Fine. I *really* wanna get laid.

They laugh hard.

NORAH

I think I started ovulating as soon as the quake ended.

TIFFANY

Oh my God me too.

Smith raises his hand in agreement. Laughter.

PAUL

Like I have never been more horny than I am right now.

TIFFANY

It's your body's way of wanting you to reproduce in-

PAUL

It's my body's way of saying, suck my dick, death.

NORAH

Now all I see is the Grim Reaper on his knees in front of Paul. Somehow the most terrifying thing I've seen tonight.

They all laugh.

TIFFANY

Norah?

Norah sighs.

NORAH

Stars, man. I just wanna lay on the grass and stare at the stars and name them and just, fucking, thank them for being stars.

They agree.

CAPTAIN

You ever get cabin fever?

NORAH

Oh yeah. But I mean, a job's a job.
(laughs)
I have a night light.

PAUL

No shit.

NORAH

Projects stars on my ceiling. When I'd get really bad, ya know, the itch to not be cooped up in the station, I'd just go to my room, play some nature noises like rain and wind and just pray to God I could buy the lie for a whi-

The ground suddenly **RUMBLES**.

TIFFANY

Fuck fuck fuck-

SMITH

Hold on...

But there is nothing to hold on to but each other.

The rumbling subsides just as quickly as it started.

From above, tiny bits of plaster float down in front of them.

They watch it sink as they regain their balance in the dark.

SMITH (CONT'D)

Don't pay attention to it. Let's go.

He continues walking.

The cord tethering him to everyone else tightens until Norah takes the next cautious step forward.

SMITH (CONT'D)

Mind your step.

NORAH

What-

Norah shines her headbeam down and-

THE GIANT DRILLING HOLE LOOMS AHEAD.

Too dark to see too far down it anyway, but rest assured, that fucker goes deep.

A thick metal fence surrounds the hole, but is damaged here and there.

CAPTAIN

Drill's gone.

Norah looks up and-

The iron spine of the drill has shattered.

The drill itself nowhere to be seen.

SMITH

Don't get too close to the hole.

PAUL

Underwater drilling one oh one.

NORAH

Nothing's leaking though.

SMITH

Mmm. That might not be true.

PAUL

I don't feel the need to find out.

CAPTAIN

Yeah. Whatever.

Norah swivels back towards Captain.

NORAH

I like the new you, sir.

CAPTAIN

The one who says "whatever" when his multi-billion dollar job becomes an unmitigated disaster?

NORAH

That's the one.

CAPTAIN

I mean, I preferred the old me for a few different reasons, but I see what you're saying.

TIFFANY

What are you thinking about?

CAPTAIN

Oh, man. Camping. I really want to go camping. Go to REI, buy a nice tent. Go out into the woods with the wife. Campfire. Whiskey.

(then, quickly)

Sorry, Smith.

SMITH
S'alright.

PAUL
Why sorry?

SMITH
Don't worry about it.

TIFFANY
YOU'RE MARRIED?!

CAPTAIN
What?

TIFFANY
You said go camping with your wife?
You're married!

CAPTAIN
Kind of?

TIFFANY
What does that even mean!

NORAH
This is the highlight of my day.

PAUL
You really didn't know he was
married? He wears a wedding ring.

TIFFANY
No he doesn't!

CAPTAIN
I don't, actually.

PAUL
You don't?

Norah keeps laughing.

CAPTAIN
Look, it's not really your concern.

TIFFANY
Fuck that! It is so my concern! We
have two miles to go!

SMITH
Less.

TIFFANY

Like, fifty feet less. You're married?!

CAPTAIN

Separated. Ish. Not divorced. Not... the fullest extent of marriage I guess.

TIFFANY

No, I gathered that since you run a mining station on the ocean's floor.

PAUL

Plenty of the crew had healthy marriages.

TIFFANY

Shut up, Paul. Dude. *Dude*. This is blowing my mind.

CAPTAIN

You never asked.

TIFFANY

Really?!

NORAH

I have known this about him for the entire time I've know him.

TIFFANY

Is anyone else married? What else don't I know?

A pause.

NORAH

I have a son.

TIFFANY

WHAT?!

Norah bursts out laughing.

NORAH

I'm just kidding.

The group laugh and march slowly on through the dark when-
Above Paul at the rear-

A solitary spiked **LEG** of what must be a **HORRIFICALLY LARGE CREATURE** about twenty feet tall comes into our view.

Hovers over Paul for a moment.

Before sliding down like a knife through butter.

And in this case, Paul is the butter.

He never felt a thing.

He **DIES** instantly.

His suit **DECOMPRESSES** in a flash, crumpling and expelling its oxygen outward.

The others fall forward as-

The Creature swiftly pulls its leg free and retreats back into the darkness.

Spooked by whatever it just touched.

NO ONE else has seen it.

Yet.

TIFFANY

Ugh.

SMITH

Everyone alright?!

They slowly clamber back onto their feet when-

Captain yells.

CAPTAIN

DON'T! DON'T TURN AROUND!

NORAH

Why not?!

CAPTAIN

...Paul's gone.

Smith disobeys and turns around.

The girls follow suit and-

Shine their lights on the fragments of suit and Paul floating down to the sand bed.

TIFFANY

Holy shit holy shit holy shit-

She turns away. Norah and Smith stare in horror.

CAPTAIN

I...

NORAH

God in heaven.

What else is there to say?

They watch the pieces hit the ocean floor.

Look at each other as their day somehow gets worse.

Captain clears his throat.

Forces himself to take charge.

CAPTAIN

Nor... Norah. Can you... help me
detach this?

He holds up his tether, still connected to a piece of Paul's
suit.

Norah moves towards him and begins helping.

They work in silence for a moment.

Tiffany turns away, Smith's arm on her shoulder.

NORAH

Did... was something... go wrong
with his suit?

CAPTAIN

I guess. The poor bastard-

SMITH

No.

They look at Smith, who is still surveying the damage.

SMITH (CONT'D)

It wasn't his suit. It wouldn't
have broken like that. Even if it
had a leak.

NORAH

Then what the fuck happened?

Smith is silent. Trying to make sense of it.

SMITH

I think something hit him.

More silence.

NORAH

Like, debris?

CAPTAIN

There's nothing here, Smith! How much force would it take-

SMITH

A sizable amount of force. I don't understand.

They unhook Paul.

Look at each other.

NORAH

Let's get out of here. We can eulogize on the way.

They hate to do it, but they move on.

Captain letting Paul's tether go. It floats there for a moment, as if he never let it go.

CAPTAIN

He was good at his job.

SMITH

He was.

NORAH

He treated me nicer than... ya know. Others.

TIFFANY

Last thing I said to him was to shut up.

SMITH

Don't be hard on yourself about that.

TIFFANY

Oh God. What are we going to-

Norah **SCREAMS!**

They look up as-

THE EIGHT LEGGED CRAB WATCHES THEM.

Standing calmly on the ocean floor.

Is it a crab?

It's impossible to tell.

Its shell is practically **ARMORED.**

It doesn't have pinchers.

More like a **SPIDER** than anything.

No recognizable face.

It just stands there, staring down at the tiny people below.

They don't move.

It doesn't move.

Without any warning-

It skitters away in the opposite direction, vanishing in the black.

And then they freak out.

NORAH
THE FUCK WAS THAT THING?!

CAPTAIN
Smith?

SMITH
I have no idea. God that was big.

CAPTAIN
I've never even heard of anything like that-

SMITH
The quake must've... I really don't know. I'm sorry.

NORAH
I think it's gone.

TIFFANY
How can you tell!? It's, it's so fucking dark.

She begins to cry.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)
We're gonna die. We're all gonna die.

NORAH
Someone slap her.

TIFFANY
Norah!

Norah reaches out and grabs Tiffany's arm.

NORAH
We. Can't. Do. This. We can't.
We have to keep walking. One step
at a time. It's all there is to do.

TIFFANY
I can't. I-

NORAH
If we don't keep moving, we will
all die. That's a fact. And we're
not leaving you behind. So don't
kill us, alright.

Tiffany gets it. Nods.

And starts limping forward.

SMITH
Good girl.

He forces an encouraging smile.

CAPTAIN
You ladies keep an eye on the
sides. I'll look backwards.

Norah and Tiff silently agree. Shift their bodies just enough
to keep an eye on the flanks.

And so they walk on.

Captain reaches back a hand and takes hold of Norah's.

Tiffany reaches forward and takes hold of Smith's.

Norah stares straight up and-

It's oddly disorienting. It feels like she's looking down a
hole, as there is just nothing but pitch black above her.

They are *hours* beneath the surface.

Norah brings her eyes down and shakes her head.

Her lights follow her movements.

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

You okay, Norah?

NORAH

It's weird that you can get vertigo while looking up. But to answer your question, I'm terrible.

CAPTAIN

I know. Just keep your eyes on the prize.

NORAH

Up is the prize.

CAPTAIN

The Roebuck is the playoffs. Up is the Super Bowl.

TIFFANY

Sports! Can't even avoid them down here.

CAPTAIN

You love basketball.

She sniffs. Trying her best.

TIFFANY

I'm pretty sure I am the highest scoring woman in underwater basketball. In human history.

NORAH

Damn.

CAPTAIN

I can barely see the station anymore.

NORAH

There's a metaphor in there.
(to Captain)
How's your arm?

CAPTAIN

Still broke.

NORAH

If it makes you feel any better,
I'd totally break my arm if it
meant getting out of here.

CAPTAIN

It doesn't, really. I'd break your
arm too.

A little bit of laughter.

NORAH

Not with that arm you won't. That's
a one sided fight.

TIFFANY

How do we... how do we fight? Ya
know... that *thing*?

A long pause as they think it out.

SMITH

Verbal abuse.

NORAH

Stop joking.

TIFFANY

Today's the first time anyone has
ever had to ask him that.

CAPTAIN

I don't think he's joking.

SMITH

I'm not joking.

TIFFANY

"Verbal abuse" is not a joke?

SMITH

Well when you put it like that.

NORAH

So we're defenseless?

SMITH

We can punch too.

CAPTAIN

Nnnnnnope.

NORAH

What about lights? Can we blind them?

TIFFANY

Them?

NORAH

I'm just being pessimistic.

TIFFANY

I don't think pessimism exists where we are. You'd need neutral to have pessimism. We don't have that. We have nothing but... bullshit.

SMITH

Lights could work, but I didn't see eyes on that... bug? If it, or *they*, are from... even deeper than where we are now, they might not even have eyes. And if they did, even our lights right now are brighter than anything they've ever seen before. So I don't know if brightening them would make much of a difference.

A painful pause as they realize they are basically totally defenseless.

CAPTAIN

That's the most I've ever heard you say.

Norah and Tiffany smile.

SMITH

Sorry.

CAPTAIN

Know any jokes?

He thinks about it.

SMITH

What did the diver say to the shark?

NORAH

I don't know, what?

Smith **SCREAMS**.

Everyone jumps and yelps until-
They realize that was Smith's joke.
No one laughs.

TIFFANY
That's so fucked up.

NORAH
Are you serious, Smith?

SMITH
...I'm not the funniest guy.

CAPTAIN
No. No, you are not.

SMITH
It's kinda funny, maybe?

CAPTAIN
To who, Smith?

SMITH
...Sharks.

Another quiet pause.

And then they can't help but chuckle. But only just.

TIFFANY
Oh you're a son of a bitch.

SMITH
I know.

NORAH
Any other jokes?

Beat.

TIFFANY
There are monsters now. That's a
pretty great joke.

CAPTAIN
I hate dry comedy.

TIFFANY
...It's a wet comedy.

Everyone groans. Tiffany cackles.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)

Oh man. I'm not even sorry. Fuck all y'all.

NORAH

You shouldn't be. If we get out of this, I'm getting that framed.

CAPTAIN

When. Not if.

NORAH

I'll send you all one. Not even the cheap frames. I'll get sun-resistant glass and everything.

TIFFANY

Make it water proof.

NORAH

So I can put it up in the shower.

TIFFANY

I'm never taking a shower again.

CAPTAIN

That's gross.

TIFFANY

Fine. Never taking a bath again.

SMITH

That's fair.

TIFFANY

I mean, I'm intentionally going to move to a place with no tub. Or pool. Or... fucking rain.

(beat)

I also will need to change careers.

(then)

I would swear to never bathe again if it meant getting out of here, though. Sorry.

They have stopped walking.

Specifically, Smith has stopped walking.

He is squinting ahead.

But there is nothing to see but the darkness.

CAPTAIN
Why have we stopped?

SMITH
I thought I saw something.

TIFFANY
Something like The Roebuck or
something much more depressing?

Captain refuses to turn around and stare. His eyes always
fixed on the way they came.

SMITH
It was just a sec-

They see it.

It's a **FAINT DOT**, a far-off flash of blue.

NORAH
I see it.

TIFFANY
What was it?

He takes a step forward.

SMITH
I think it's a fish.

NORAH
How can you tell?

SMITH
Because working here is my job.

TIFFANY
Then why are we stepping forward?

SMITH
Because it could be the size of my
fist.

This sounds good to Tiffany.

TIFFANY
I'm gonna punch it.

They walk towards it.

CAPTAIN
How close?

SMITH

Don't know.

Another (very minor) **RUMBLE** runs along the ground.

TIFFANY

It's just an orgy of horse shit
down here.

NORAH

Sharks!

Tiffany gasps as-

Four **FRILLED SHARKS** swim swiftly through the group.

They are about six to ten feet long.

They look fucking bizarre. Almost like swimming fossils.

The group freeze, but Smith keeps walking.

SMITH

Just frilled sharks. They won't
bother us.

The group is still a little hesitant to shrug them off.

SMITH (CONT'D)

Hmm.

NORAH

Hmm?

SMITH

Lit up again.

NORAH

And hmm?

Smith gently holds out his hand as the shark swims on by.

The four frilled sharks swim past Captain-

And vanish through the ocean-

As something catches his eye.

NORAH (CONT'D)

And hmmmmmmmmmm?

SMITH

More than one light this time.

TIFFANY
What's that mean?

SMITH
Maybe a school of fish.

Tiffany does not want to ask the next question.

TIFFANY
Or?

SMITH
Or a depressing answer.

Tiffany stares the way Smith is walking and sees-
Absolutely nothing.

At all.

TIFFANY
I don't see anything.

SMITH
Maybe it swam away.

TIFFANY
Maybe it died! Also fuck you for
shouting "sharks!" like that.

NORAH
I felt badly at first, but then got
over it.

CAPTAIN
There's something reflective over
there.

TIFFANY
I will not forgive you if you say
it's sharks.

CAPTAIN
Holy hell.

They follow his gaze as he walks towards it-
Off the path-

SMITH
Sir, I wouldn't move-

TIFFANY
Oh my God.

Smith looks and sees what it is they see.

A few yards away is-

THE DRILL.

It is about thirty feet tall. Its stem cracked.

It must weigh TONS.

TIFFANY

How'd it get this far away from the hole?

NORAH

Was the quake really that strong?

SMITH

For the drill to break free, defy gravity and move over half a mile away?

TIFFANY

We've only gone half a mile?!

SMITH

I'm guessing.

NORAH

There's no drag marks or anything.

They look.

Sure enough, there's no apparent damage anywhere.

TIFFANY

I don't understand.

SMITH

The quake might have released gasses with enough force that it launched the drill.

NORAH

That's a fuckload of force.

TIFFANY

It was a fuckload of earthquake.

Captain lays a hand on the massive drill.

CAPTAIN
I've never actually touched it.
Kinda crazy, when you think about
it.

They let him enjoy his surreal moment before-

SMITH
Sir-

CAPTAIN
Right. Enough gawking. Lead the
way.

And so they regroup in their formation-

And leave the mysteriously misplaced drill behind.

They walk in silence.

NORAH
Wish we could play some tunes up in
here.

SMITH
I use headphones sometimes.

NORAH
You listen to music?

SMITH
Sure.

NORAH
This is as shocking to me as
Captain's wife was to Tiffany.

TIFFANY
What's her name, by the way?

CAPTAIN
Mrs. Captain.

TIFFANY
Wait. Wait! Is your last name
Captain?!

NORAH
What do you listen to?

SMITH
Tina.

NORAH
YOU DO NOT.

SMITH
That's his wife's name.

CAPTAIN
He listens to Queen.

TIFFANY
HE DOES NOT.

CAPTAIN
He does too.

NORAH
That can't be true.

Smith doesn't answer at first.

Then.

SMITH
Guilty.

TIFFANY
WHAT.

NORAH
The apocalypse has come.

TIFFANY
I'm so glad you broke the silence
with your music quip.

NORAH
God, I thought he was going to be
like-
(Smith impression)
I listen to the phonebook on tape.

TIFFANY
(Smith impression)
I have mastered intelligence. Let
me understand what you human's
call... music.

NORAH
Oh my God, can you sing Queen for
us?

TIFFANY
YES! BEST IDEA!

SMITH

No.

TIFFANY

WE NEED THIS.

NORAH

Nothing will power us through like
a well timed musical interlude.

TIFFANY

"Bicycle Girls"! That's a song
right?

NORAH

Captain! Order him!

CAPTAIN

I order you.

SMITH

No.

CAPTAIN

And you're confusing "Bicycle Race"
with "Fat Bottomed Girls".

NORAH

PLEEEAAASSEEEE.

TIFFANY

COME ON!

NORAH

Would you sing it if it meant you'd
get out of here?

SMITH

No.

NORAH

I don't respect you.

Smith stops walking.

TIFFANY

He's gonna do it.

NORAH

Oh shit. Respect is back!

TIFFANY

He's going to sing "Bicycle Girls".

Smith is staring down.

They stare down.

The tiny pebbles on the ground are vibrating.

They stare in terror as the pebbles and stones shake harder.

They start shaking as-

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOM!

The **QUAKE HITS** and hits hard like a **MOTHERFUCKER**.

All four of the survivors are tossed from the ground-

Scrambling in the water as it churns and shakes.

They scream.

Unable to get their footing.

Bouncing on the seabed when-

In the distance-

In the dark-

A FIREBALL FLASHES.

As their old station **EXPLODES**.

Smith and Norah see it.

NORAH
HOLY SHIT.

SMITH
DISENGAGE THE AIR!

Everyone claws for their arm pads.

Norah's and Captain's are first free when-

TIFFANY
I CAN'T! I CAN'T GET IT!

Smith stops what he's doing before disengaging his own-

Reaches her panel and with a calm, steady hand-

Disengages her cord.

But before he can reach for his own-

He **GASPS**.

CHOKING.

His body **CONVULSING**.

He paws desperately at his panel.

Uselessly.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)
SMITH! HELP!

As the monster quake subsides-

She tries to use his panel.

Norah and Captain crawl on the ocean floor to help.

He keeps choking.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)
WHAT'S HAPPENING?!

CAPTAIN
Fumes from the explosion getting
into his air. Norah!

Norah grabs Smith's arm and-

Finally-

Disengages the cord.

It pops off, flipping like a snake with its head cut off.

She keeps working calmly on his panel-

Bringing up the suit's oxygen and turning it ALL THE WAY UP.

The convulsing comes to a stop.

And he is still.

Tiffany is sobbing.

TIFFANY
Is he dead?!

CAPTAIN
I don't know.

Norah leans her helmet against his.

His face is swollen and red. Spittle and some foaming at his mouth.

A little blood here and there.

Speckles of it on the inside of his helmet.

She stares at his mouth.

Closely.

And the **TINY BREATHS** going in and out.

In and out.

NORAH

He's breathing. I'm trying to flood the fumes out but-

CAPTAIN

You can't flood them out.

NORAH

I just meant giving him as much oxygen as possible.

TIFFANY

What's that mean?

NORAH

It means whatever fumes are in there he's gotta breathe.

She cries harder.

TIFFANY

He shouldn't have helped me.

CAPTAIN

It's okay. We'll be okay. We just gotta get him to the Roebuck and we'll be okay.

Norah climbs to her feet.

NORAH

We gotta keep going.

TIFFANY

Fuck you! I'm not leaving him!

NORAH

I never said leave him! Are you fucking serious?

(MORE)

NORAH (CONT'D)
We're carrying him. Even if he
dies, we're fucking carrying him.

Tiffany nods, trying to stop crying.

TIFFANY
I can't even wipe my fucking tears.

NORAH
Oh boo hoo. Get up.

Norah helps Captain get to his feet when-

He freezes.

Norah sees his face. Groans.

NORAH (CONT'D)
Oh come on.

CAPTAIN
I thought... I thought I saw a
skeleton.

NORAH
A skeleton?

He nods.

Norah thinks fast-

NORAH (CONT'D)
Turn off your lights! Now!

She turns off hers.

Captain switches off his.

Tiffany turns off Smith's-

Then hers.

And for a moment, it is nothing but the black vacant ocean.

The only sound their breathing when-

IT LIGHTS UP.

Maybe ten feet away.

It *does* look like **A SKELETON.**

Maybe ten feet tall.

But it walks on **FOUR LEGS**.

Long legs that bend at the wrists and ankles and elbows and knees.

Its skin is translucent, its **BLUE PHOSPHORESCENT LIGHT** living underneath its awful body.

Long hair follicles float at odd parts of its body.

But by far the worst part of it is its hideous **FACE**.

Almost like a **HUMAN HEAD**.

With two gigantic cataract eyes that don't work. Or move.

An open mouth that water runs through and out the gills along its thin body.

This is **THE OLD MAN**.

And like that, its light goes out again.

And it's pitch black again.

No one says a word as-

It approaches them with its stilt-like legs.

Barely visible in the dark until-

It **LIGHTS UP** harsh-

Like a flash photograph.

The group don't move.

They stay still.

Try not to wince in the light.

Holding their breaths as-

It checks them out.

One at a time.

Not necessarily in a threatening way.

More in a *what the fuck are you* kind of way.

It inspects Tiffany.

Her eyes closed tightly. Rhythmic breathing.

Waiting for the nightmare to end.

It moves past her-

Resting a nubbed hand on her shoulder as it-

Inspects Norah.

Her eyes are open. Staring vacantly past the creature.

It has lips much too long and thin.

It brushes them against her helmet.

She doesn't flinch.

Its blue glow the only light source as-

It moves to Captain and-

Even though he doesn't move-

The Old Man puts its **MOUTH** on Captain's helmet.

Opening wide-

Trying to wrap itself around the helmet.

Captain can see down its throat.

Its needle teeth retreating back down its throat-

To make more room. Like it can swallow its dentures.

When he speaks, it's as quietly as can be.

CAPTAIN

--unhook me--

Norah doesn't say anything.

Slowly turns her head to see The Old Man-

Its mouth on Captain's helmet-

It puts its arms on him-

Trying to force more down.

Captain is forced to take a step back.

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

--Do it!

He slowly moves his hand towards his broken arm-
And its control panel. His lights.
Norah sees the creature has a limb on Tiffany-
Her eyes still clenched shut.
Unable to move without raising attention.
So first, Norah unhooks Tiffany-
Her tether floats down-
She moves to unhook herself when-
The Old Man brings its **TEETH BACK UP-**
And they begin **GRINDING ON CAPTAIN'S HELMET-**
Violently-
Trying to crack it open.
It might actually succeed-
Captain **SURGES HIS LIGHTS-**
Trying to blind it.
The women can't help but turn their faces away from the
brightness-
The Old Man reacts angrily-
Pushing Norah and Tiffany away-
It **GRABS** Captain and-
Pushes off the ground-
SWIMMING AWAY WITH HIM.

TIFFANY

NO!

Tiffany looks at Norah as-
The line connecting her with Captain-
PULLS NORAH UP TOO.
Less than ten feet separating her from Captain.

She tries pulling herself up to get closer as-
The Old Man swims rapidly upwards.

CAPTAIN
Norah! Unhook now!

NORAH
No! I'm not leaving you!

CAPTAIN
The pressure change will kill you.
You have to do it.

And try as Captain might to kick and push himself away from the creature, it becomes abundantly clear:

He's not getting out of this.

Norah's ears **pop-pop-pop**. A ringing in her ears.

She looks towards Captain.

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)
It's okay. Just turn off the sound.
I don't want you to hear this.

Tears well in her eyes.

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)
Now go!

And she unhooks.

The Old Man and Captain swim higher up as-

The pressure change starts becoming too intense for Captain.

She hears him start to groan in pain.

And as she drifts down-

Her lights still off-

She frantically tries to find out how to turn Captain's audio off.

It takes much too long until-

Finally-

SILENCE.

Complete silence.

As Norah floats slowly down to the ocean floor.
She is weeping.
But we can't hear a thing.
Eventually she hits the floor with a soft thud.
And lays there on her back, clutching herself and screaming.

MINUTES LATER.

Norah forces herself to stand up.
She turns her lights back on.
There is nothing around her whatsoever.
She turns her audio back on.
Silence.

NORAH
...Tiffany?

No answer.
And worse than that-
No clue what direction she needs to be walking in.
She circles around.
It's all dark.
It all looks exactly the same.

NORAH (CONT'D)
Tiffany. Tiff can you hear me?

Again, nothing.
She sniffs hard, unable to wipe her nose.
She goes to her panel, searching for help.
Can find none.

NORAH (CONT'D)
Well you're a fucking useless piece
of shit.

She closes her eyes.

Deep breaths.

She spins slowly.

Trying to just feel *good* about a choice.

Even though there is absolutely no good choices.

And so with her eyes still closed and an anguished groan-

She stops spinning.

And just **STARTS WALKING**.

Hoping for the goddamn best.

She moves faster than before, now that she's alone.

NORAH (CONT'D)

Tiff? Are you there?

There is no answer.

So she rambles on as if she was leaving a voicemail.

NORAH (CONT'D)

I wanna keep talking in case we get in range, but now I don't know what to say. I hope you make it. I know how scary this has been for you and I think you've done a great job. I want to change my answer from earlier about stars to be "take a fucking nap". Just give me a chair. Feet up. Boom. Heaven. I don't know if I'm going anywhere near the right direction, but this was the direction that felt the most right. Maybe I'm walking towards my death. HA! I just realized, that's basically what we do all the time, in general, walking towards our inevitable deaths. I am so fucking deep. I wish Rodrigo could have heard that. He would've told me to shut the fuck up. He told me he loved me. I had the biggest crush on him. We both knew it was going to get to a point where we couldn't handle it anymore and would explode and I think we were really having fun dragging that out. Not like we were going anywhere.

(MORE)

NORAH (CONT'D)

And then the catastro-fuck happens
and here we are.

She walks in silence.

She looks around to her left-

To her right-

And when she looks back to her left-

SOMETHING is swimming beside her.

She gasps and freezes.

It freezes.

It's not looking at her.

Just staring straight ahead.

It is shimmery white. About the same size as Norah.

It swims upright, like a squid.

But it's not a squid.

It almost has the shape of a **GHOST**.

A forward face. An open mouth. No discernible limbs. Its body
just seems to trail off towards the bottom.

It seems entirely soft. As if there were no bones at all.

It floats there motionless while Norah stares at it.

For a very, very long time.

With a sudden twist-

Its looking straight back at her.

Blank eyes, like everything down here.

Norah takes a startled step back.

And the Ghost doesn't move an inch.

Norah tries to keep her breathing calm.

And slowly begins walking again.

The Ghost keeps up with her step by step.

It is chilling.

NORAH (CONT'D)

Tiff?

Still no answer.

So she keeps walking.

NORAH (CONT'D)

You look like the fucking Pac-Man ghost.

There is obviously no response.

Nothing but silence.

It's oddly humorous, Norah and this thing, out for a walk.

Norah keeps looking towards it, like she wants to start a conversation but doesn't know how.

NORAH (CONT'D)

Things I'd do to get out of here.
Give away all my money. Never eat cereal again. Eat haggis. Eat only haggis for months. Break my fingers. Chew off a toe, singular-

When all of a sudden-

TIFFANY (O.S.)

(singing. badly.)

...Bicycle... biiiicycle.

NORAH

Holy shit! Tiffany!

TIFFANY (O.S.)

(doesn't hear her yet)

That's alllll the words... Iiii know.

NORAH

TIFFANY!

TIFFANY (O.S.)

NORAH!?

NORAH

OH MY GOD! WHERE ARE YOU!

TIFFANY (O.S.)
IT ALL LOOKS THE FUCKING SAME!
YOU'RE ALIVE! IS CAPTAIN WITH YOU?!

Norah is quiet for a beat.

NORAH
 No.

Tiffany is silent on the other end.

TIFFANY (O.S.)
I'm sorry.

NORAH
 (quietly)
 Yeah.
 (then)
 Also you can't sing for shit.

TIFFANY (O.S.)
I'm trying to make Smith feel
better while I drag him-

The **GHOST** suddenly wraps itself around Norah!

Its spongy form instantly becoming **RIGID** and hard as-

It pulls her to her knees and starts trying to push her helmet against the rocks.

Norah screams in terror!

TIFFANY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
What's happening! Norah! NORAH!

Norah tries fighting back-

Trying to get a fistful of the Ghost but it seems to always float just far enough away from her reach-

It lifts her helmet again and hits it-

HARD-

Against the rock.!

NORAH
 Fuck! No! No!

Tiffany is screaming on the other end.

Norah does not give up.

She pulls at the Ghost's wrapped body around her-
 Uselessly-
 Until without warning-
 It **DARTS** away into the inky blackness-

NORAH (CONT'D)
 I'm okay... I'm okay...

TIFFANY (O.S.)
SHIT! What happened?!

NORAH
 I... I...

She regains her breath-
 Stands and looks up as-
 Something **MASSIVE** passes by above her.
 It is the largest creature to have ever lived on planet earth.
 She can do nothing but stare as it seems to pass above her for an eternity.
 Smaller creatures hug its side like clingy boyfriends.
 It lets out a **BELLOW** so loud that Norah winces, unable to cover her own ears as-
THE BEHEMOTH passes by.
 So big she never gets a full look at it and then-
 Its gone, moving off into the unknown.

NORAH (CONT'D)
 (shocked whisper)
 What is it?

TIFFANY (O.S.)
 (same)
 I... I don't know.

And then Norah realizes-

NORAH
 Wait. You can see it?!

And Tiffany realizes.

TIFFANY (O.S.)

Yes! It's... It's too my left!

NORAH

Right now? You can see it right now?

TIFFANY (O.S.)

Yes! It's still going! Holy fuck it's huge!

Norah winces her eyes shut.

Left of her, left of her-

She figures it out.

Basically leaps after the Behemoth.

NORAH

Don't move! I think, I think I can find you!

TIFFANY (O.S.)

Alright!

Norah goes as fast she can-

Her headlamps bouncing like a flashlight in the woods when-

A little more to her left-

She sees **LIGHT**.

NORAH

IS THAT YOU!?

TIFFANY

I THINK SO!

The light moves towards her and soon-

THEY SEE EACH OTHER.

Norah rushes as fast as she can towards Tiffany, who is still dragging Smith-

They burst into tears and embrace-

As well as they can embrace with their suits at least.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)

Also, there's a shark.

NORAH

That's what that was?

TIFFANY

No that was... maybe a shark? But at least a different shark. There's a shark hunting us. It's cool.

NORAH

Oh good. I got here just in time.

TIFFANY

What was with all the screaming?

NORAH

Fucking... fish ghost thing. I hate it down here.

She looks down and sees Smith-

Still looking like shit.

TIFFANY

He says we're almost there.

NORAH

He says anything?

TIFFANY

Well he mumbled a lot and I'm pretty sure he said "almost there". But I'm also pretty sure he said "vagina vacuum" so the fuck do I know.

NORAH

At least he's mumbling.
(smiles)
Let's go home.

Tiffany beams at her.

Together they drag-carry Smith through the dark.

NORAH (CONT'D)

So there's a shark?

TIFFANY

Yeah, but when you think about it, there are always sharks? I had a full blown meltdown after you guys left us. I'm just like... giggly now. Which I'm sure is healthy.

NORAH
Whatever gets us home.

TIFFANY
I just wanna sleep in my childhood
bed.

NORAH
Did you hear any of my voicemail
type ramblings?

TIFFANY
No!

NORAH
I replaced "stars" with "naptime".

TIFFANY
Amen. I want my mom to make me
pancakes.

Norah laughs.

NORAH
I want your mom to make me
pancakes.

TIFFANY
I'm also going to eat the fuck out
of seafood.

NORAH
Red Lobster, bitch.

TIFFANY
I don't want to jinx it, but even
if I'm allergic to shellfish, I'm
going to go crazy and eat all of
them. I'll even eat urchin even
though it looks like diarrhea.

NORAH
Victory lap, in my mouth. I would
run a marathon a day if it meant
getting out of here.

TIFFANY
I would literally eat a toe.

NORAH
Oh my gosh, I totally said that.

TIFFANY
No shit!

NORAH

I'd chop off a limb. I'd probably be willing to sacrifice a leg.

TIFFANY

To Satan.

NORAH

I'd stop wanting to have sex with Harrison Ford circa 1980.

TIFFANY

Circa *today*.

NORAH

No, I *would* have sex with Harrison Ford today if it meant getting out of here.

TIFFANY

I'd live in Miami Beach by choice.

NORAH

I'd tattoo George W. Bush on my tit.

TIFFANY

I'd run full sprint into a wall.

NORAH

I'd set my hair on fire.

TIFFANY

Really?

NORAH

Probably. I really hate it here.

TIFFANY

I would sing "Bicycle Girls: completely naked on live television.

NORAH

That's hardly terrible. You'd become a celebrity and goddess to men worldwide. Enemy to Queen fans, though.

TIFFANY

Fun, all that, while playing Russian roulette. My odds will probably be higher of surviving playing Russian roulette.

NORAH

Gross.

TIFFANY

I'd bitchslap a child. Like, the cutest, most innocent child. A starving, cute, innocent child.

NORAH

I'd punch a newborn baby in the fucking mouth.

TIFFANY

You would not.

NORAH

I would too. I would feel terrible about it for the rest of my life. But the baby would feel better eventually and I'd be out of here.

TIFFANY

And in jail.

NORAH

Unable to lust over 1980's Harrison Ford. The more I think about it, the more sure I am that I don't have a line I wouldn't cross to get home.

TIFFANY

Preach.

The girls laugh, giddy that they are almost there.

FROM FAR AWAY.

Like two shooting stars, the lights of the survivors slowly pass by.

It doesn't feel slow. It feels herculean.

And when they finally reach the end-

They stop.

And close up again-

THE LOOK ON THEIR FACES.

As they gaze upon the majesty of **THE ROEBUCK**, towering ahead of them. Like fucking OZ.

They look like they have seen the face of God for the first time, and He did not disappoint.

TIFFANY

I've... I've never been aroused by an underwater station before.

NORAH

Me neither.

Its flood lights potmark the ground with big, beautiful, bright light.

The closer they walk towards it-

The more they have to squint so their eyes can adjust.

There is no DRILLING EQUIPMENT here. For what it's worth-

TIFFANY

GET DOWN!

She crouches immediately-

So does Norah-

Just before they pass through into the Roebuck's light-

NORAH

Shark?

TIFFANY

Shark.

She points and-

Swimming around the perimeter of The Roebuck is-

A SHARK the size of a school bus.

Norah looks at Tiffany and raises a finger to her lips for quiet.

Tiffany agrees.

They crouch low to the ground as the shark circles above.

They look at each other-

What the fuck do we do now?

Norah nods towards the station.

Tiffany gives her the death stare.

But really, what other choice do they have?

They drag Smith over the coarse, bumpy seabed.

The shark moves out of sight as they begin moving underneath the station.

Its giant pillars still intact.

Maybe even a little bit better than their home.

Norah looks ahead and suddenly gasps.

NORAH
They lowered it.

TIFFANY
What?

NORAH
The chamber. It's open.

Tiffany follows Norah's gaze and-

It is.

THE PRESSURIZATION CHAMBER IS OPEN.

Waiting for them to walk in and ascend to the station.

TIFFANY
You hear that, Smith? We're gonna
get you inside in no time.

They start pulling him faster towards the open chamber.

Not noticing-

THE SHARK watching them from beyond the station.

Its outline silhouetted by the station floodlights.

It watches them move closer to the chamber-

And closer-

Until Norah stops.

With that awful dread that something is watching her.
She calmly looks to her right-
Ripples of **PHOSPHORESCENT LIGHT** flicker through the shark.
As it *acknowledges* that she can see him.
It's playing with them.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)
What's it doing?

NORAH
Being a dick.

With a flash of its tail-
It vanishes in the dark.

NORAH (CONT'D)
Now it's being a dick somewhere
else.

TIFFANY
I'm sure we're totally safe now.

NORAH
Yeah. No way is it circling us.

TIFFANY
That would just be obnoxious.

They get closer to the chamber.

NORAH
No way it's going to eat us mere
yards from The Roebuck.

TIFFANY
Mere yards.

Norah sighs.

NORAH
I'm so fucking scared.

TIFFANY
Me too.

NORAH
But we're so close.

TIFFANY
I wish we could run.

NORAH
Thanks for nothing, water.

TIFFANY
Yeah, fuck you, liquids.

NORAH
Dead ahead.

Tiffany looks up and-
Behind the chamber-
The outline of the fucking shark.
Just hanging out.
They stop walking.

TIFFANY
What a fucking asshole. What do we
do now?

NORAH
Worst case scenario, we raise the
chamber and it gets in there with
us.

TIFFANY
Yeah, that would suck.

NORAH
Get Smith in there and start the
ascension.

TIFFANY
What, you're gonna fight the shark?

NORAH
No. I think I would die real fast.

TIFFANY
So what are you going to do?

NORAH
...I don't really know. Go.

Tiffany pulls Smith onto the metal platform.
Sits him up against the back wall by the control box.

Norah hasn't moved. The shark hasn't moved.

TIFFANY

Ready.

NORAH

Do it. I'll make it.

TIFFANY

You promise?

NORAH

I mean... it's a giant fucking shark. I'll try my best. Now hit it.

She opens the box, revealing a lever.

She pulls it-

Nothing happens.

NORAH (CONT'D)

Did you pull it?

TIFFANY

No, Norah, I've decided that now is the perfect time to take a break.

The shark swims away again.

NORAH

Fuckkk.

Norah makes her move to the chamber.

NORAH (CONT'D)

Why isn't it working?

TIFFANY

I DON'T KNOW.

She tries lowering the lever. Then raising it again. Nothing.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)

Am I doing it wrong?!

NORAH

I've never had to manually do it before!

Norah goes to the panel to investigate.

TIFFANY

I think I'm doing it right! Oh God.

NORAH

There's still power because the
lights are on-

Norah tries it. Up down. Up down. Up down.

Nothing.

NORAH (CONT'D)

I guess we just have to take the
stairs.

TIFFANY

There are stairs?

Norah looks at Tiffany.

No. No there are not stairs.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)

It's been a really long night,
okay?

She tries again when-

She feels something on her leg.

SMITH.

Barely awake but trying to get her attention.

He's staring straight ahead.

In the distance coming towards them slowly is-

THE SHARK.

Its lights **CHANGING COLORS RAPIDLY**, making it difficult to
see it clearly.

But it's coming.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)

Oh my God.

NORAH

I know I know.

They keep trying the lever.

The shark is closer-

Again-

Closer-

Again-

Closer-

NORAH (CONT'D)
Come on, you piece of shit!

She raises the lever again as the shark is *mere yards* away
and-

KA-THUMP!

The platform lifts!

Sending a cloud of sand violently forward-

The shark swims away in a panic.

The women exhale triumphantly.

Sliding to the ground as the view outside becomes smaller and
smaller.

Too fucking tired to celebrate.

TIFFANY
Turns out you just had to swear at
it to get it to do what you wanted.

Norah smiles.

NORAH
Just like a boy.

Tiffany laughs.

The two bundle up on the ground with Smith as-

The chamber ascends into the dark.

And they wait.

And wait.

And wait.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE LIGHTS APPEAR.

As the chamber has depressurized.

Water begins filtering out of the chamber slowly.

Tiffany has her hands on Smith's helmet-

Ready to twist it off at the earliest possible moment.

The women remain silent as they watch the water line come closer and closer to them as-

THE METAL CEILING OPENS-

Slowly revealing the Arena above-

Identical to the one that left earlier.

The metal ceiling **ka-chunks** and begins sliding open.

Norah and Tiffany gasp in relief.

Look at each other, full of smiles.

TIFFANY

Help me with him?

Norah nods and wraps her arms around Smith's body and lifts him up-

Out of the water so-

Tiffany can take off his helmet.

It disengages and she tosses it aside.

Smith breathes in the air softly.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)

There, see? We made it.

She swims with him over to the wall-

Waiting as it reaches the floor above-

Norah moves her way over to join her when-

Something seems to move by her feet.

She pauses, searching the water and-

Finds nothing.

The water is down to her waist now.

Tiffany dislodges her helmet and tosses it up on to the floor.

She breathes in the air and laughs.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)

Oh my gosh it feels so good. I can even taste it.

The water at their knees.

Tiffany can grip the top of the ledge-

Norah joins her at the wall.

Tiffany grunts and lifts herself out of the chamber-

Onto the floor above.

With Norah's help, she pulls Smith up and onto the floor with her.

Water at their ankles.

Norah exhales and looks around the chamber and-

Sees it.

Huddled in the corner, breathing calmly.

THE GHOST.

Norah never takes her eyes off of it.

NORAH

Tiffany. Turn off the lift right now.

Her tone is so deathly serious that Tiffany doesn't even ask why.

She moves to the panel and the platform halts suddenly.

Norah steadies herself against the wall.

NORAH (CONT'D)

Lower it.

Tiffany obeys.

The platform begins to **LOWER.**

The Ghost does not move.

The ceiling begins its slow crawl over the top again.

Norah slowly pulls herself out of the chamber and into-

THE ARENA.

Tiffany helps and sees the problem in the Pressurization Chamber below.

TIFFANY

(terrified)

What the fuck is that thing? How is
it alive?

NORAH

It's what attacked me earlier.

They move quietly back.

The Ghost still hasn't moved.

The ceiling of the chamber slides over. Half way.

Smith is laying on his back, still out of it.

Tiffany whispers:

TIFFANY

The subs are gone.

Norah nods.

They keep crawling backwards towards Smith.

Can't see inside the chamber anymore.

It's almost closed off when-

With an alarming amount of speed-

The Ghost slithers out of the chamber!

And onto the floor.

NORAH

Aw fuck.

It rests there. Still the same breathing motion.

TIFFANY

Is it... is it breathing?

NORAH
I don't care.

She cautiously stands up.

Her helmet still on.

And then it **ARCHES UP**.

So it stands about five feet tall.

It **HISSES** angrily towards them.

Its black eyes seemingly looking nowhere in particular.

NORAH (CONT'D)
You don't belong here.

It hisses louder. Multiple pitches.

Tiffany covers her ears.

But Norah stomps towards it in her suit, trying to scare it back-

NORAH (CONT'D)
I didn't walk all this way for you
to hiss at me, you ugly fuck!

But it **LEAPS AT HER**.

Wrapping its tendrils around her throat-

Her arm-

Using its strength to try pulling her arm in unnatural directions-

Norah screams and falls backwards.

Tries rolling on top of it as it pulls her arm harder-

The suit straining-

She finally pushes herself on top of it but-

Fast as a light-

It flips her back down.

Suddenly, her helmet **TWISTS** as-

The creature has accidentally figured out how to twist it off.

It leans down to her glassbowl face-

It opens its mouth and-

TEETH cut through its gums slowly just for the occasion.

Norah screams when-

The creature's head suddenly **EXPLODES**.

All manner of goo and liquid splatter onto her helmet.

She frantically unwraps the thing off of her and scrambles away-

Watching as it twitches and spasms on the floor.

She looks up to see-

TIFFANY.

Holding a **BOLT GUN**.

TIFFANY

I just wanna go home.

Norah desperately claws her helmet off and slings it across the arena.

Catching her breath.

Tiffany kneels down beside her quickly and wraps her body in her arms.

Whispering to her that everything will be okay now.

THEY WORK TOGETHER.

Taking Smith out of his suit.

His eyes flutter open, revealing they are bloodshot and blackened.

NORAH

How are you still alive?

SMITH

I... didn't... like my life.

This takes Norah and Tiffany by surprise.

SMITH (CONT'D)

...And I wanted... To change that.

Norah smiles kindly as Tiffany cradles his head.

Norah pulls the rest of the suit off.

Notices the gentle way Tiffany is wiping his brow.

The station **GROANS** and **TREMbles** throughout but they don't seem to notice.

Or maybe they've gone through just too damn much to care.

The women begin removing their suits.

Peeling off their wetsuits.

They are all drenched in sweat.

When Norah is free of the suit legs, her shorts start to drop.

With a quiet laugh, she folds the top of them down along her waist to keep them up.

TIFFANY

Want my belt?

NORAH

No. Not really.

They smile at each other.

And then the moment comes.

NORAH (CONT'D)

Ready?

She nods.

TIFFANY

First one we find, we send him up.
We don't keep looking to see how
many are left.

NORAH

Agreed.

With a deep breath-

They walk over to the-

ESCAPE PODS.

They reach the first door.

And hold hands.

They push the release button for the first door and it is-
EMPTY.

They exhale.

NORAH

Come on. It wasn't going to be that
easy.

Tiffany nods, trying to be optimistic.

TIFFANY

I just feel like we've earned a
little luck though.

NORAH

I can't argue with that.

They try the second-

Empty.

The third-

Empty.

The fourth-

Empty.

The fifth-

Starts to open before jamming only a few inches wide.

TIFFANY

Son of a bitch!

Tiffany jams her fingers in, trying to pry it open-

Norah quickly yanks her hand out of there.

NORAH

Stop it! You'll lose your fingers!

TIFFANY

I honestly don't mind losing them
if it means we can get the fuck out
of here!

NORAH

But you don't lose them while it opens. You lose them when it shuts. So you just lock your fingers in there for no fucking reason.

Tiffany sighs.

TIFFANY

How does your brain keep working.

NORAH

I don't know. But look-

Norah points through the hole.

Tiffany looks and-

The pod inside is crushed like a stepped-on soda can.

TIFFANY

Well. At least I still have my fingers.

They try smiling, but it doesn't really work.

They try the sixth.

Empty.

The seventh-

OPENS WIDE THE FUCK OPEN.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)

Holy shit! Holy shit!

NORAH

Oh my gosh.

They quickly check out the inside of the very-small pod and-

TIFFANY

It looks good! It looks good, right?

NORAH

It looks good!

They smile at each other. For real this time.

They run over to Smith-

He is unconscious. Shallow breaths.

They quickly, gently pick him up and carry him towards the pod.

He stirs awake.

SMITH

Washapnin-

TIFFANY

You're getting out of here.

SMITH

Youcoming?

TIFFANY

Yeah. We'll be right behind you.

He doesn't really answer. Just keeps breathing.

They place him in the pod, bending his legs one at a time so they fit inside.

His head slumps to the side.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)

Smith! Smith! Wake the fuck up!

He groans like a child.

NORAH

You're going to have to start the pod on your own. We can't do it for you.

SMITH

I jus wanna sleep!

TIFFANY

Smith, listen to me. The more time you waste not doing this, the more risk you put us at. If there is another quake, Norah and I will die. That's a fact, okay?

Smith takes a deep breath, coughs grotesquely-

And nods.

SMITH

Kay. Don't die.

TIFFANY

We won't. Ready?

He closes his eyes and coughs harder.
 Leans forward and begins working the panels.
 Norah puts a hand on Tiffany's shoulder-
 And she steps away from the pod entrance as-
 It shuts.

It's quiet for a moment before-

They hear the *whoosh!* of the pod launching.

Tiffany laughs, her eyes full of tears, her hands covering her mouth.

Norah wraps her arm around her friend's shoulder.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)

He got out.

NORAH

He did.

TIFFANY

We did it. I can't believe it.

NORAH

Me neither.

Together, they look down the row of the remaining pods.

TIFFANY

Ready?

NORAH

Fuck yeah.

They run to door eight.

Empty.

Nine.

Empty.

Ten.

OPENS!

They squeal with joy.

Run to eleven!

EMPTY.

And twelve!

Is fucking **EMPTY.**

Oh.

Oh God.

There is **ONLY ONE POD LEFT.**

Their smiles slowly fade as they catch their breaths.

Realizing:

ONE OF THEM IS STAYING HERE.

They look at each other.

Don't say anything for a long moment.

Norah almost laughs.

NORAH (CONT'D)

Oh man.

TIFFANY

What?

NORAH

So *that's* my line.

TIFFANY

Norah-

NORAH

Are you in love with Smith?

TIFFANY

What?

NORAH

It's not like you can get in trouble for it anymore.

TIFFANY

I'm not answering that. I know why you're asking-

NORAH

I'm not getting in that pod.

TIFFANY
Then I'm not either.

NORAH
Yes, you are. You're just a kid.

TIFFANY
Fuck you! I'm like two years
younger than you.

Norah takes a step back from Tiffany.

NORAH
You have to go. None of this will
have mattered if you don't.

TIFFANY
None of this will have mattered if
you- *What are you doing?!*

She asks this, because Norah has **RAISED HER FISTS**.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)
Are you fucking serious?!

NORAH
I'm getting you in that pod.

TIFFANY
By fighting me?!

NORAH
I mean, I'd rather not.

Another **AFTERSHOCK** hits the station. They both struggle to
keep their balance.

Norah pleads with her.

NORAH (CONT'D)
Tiffany! Go!

TIFFANY
No! I'm not going anywhere without
you. No fucking way.

So she raises her fists.

And so they fight.

It's relatively one sided as Norah slams Tiffany against the
wall-

And **PUNCHES** her-

Hard-

Again and again in the stomach.

Tiffany grips Norah's hair and pulls her head back.

Norah gasps but keeps punching.

It is brutal.

And selfless.

NORAH

I'm sorry. I'm so sorry.

Tiffany reaches for Norah's eyes-

Half hearted and without much strength-

Tiffany falls to her knees-

Struggling to breathe.

Norah grabs her roughly and-

Crying-

Pushes her into the escape pod.

Tiffany tries to resist.

NORAH (CONT'D)

I know you and Smith have a thing. He's going to need you. I know you have parents and a brother and your parent's dog is named Megabyte. I know you are kind and good and you have books to write and covers to be on, and I... I don't have that. I don't even know if there's a fucking world left up there after all of this, but I know that no matter what happened, the world is better off with you in it. So I'm going to shut this pod, and you're going to get out of here and I can feel so good that I helped my friends. That's all I want right now. Deal?

Tiffany is crying.

Before she can answer-

NORAH (CONT'D)

Deal.

Norah **STARTS THE ESCAPE POD** and-

Removes her arms before the door closes.

Tiffany cries-

TIFFANY

I'll send help!

Norah smiles and nods as-

The door shuts.

And it is suddenly very, very quiet.

As Norah stands in the vast arena, all alone.

She leans on the wall.

Listening intently.

It's quiet...

Quiet...

Quiet...

Until suddenly, finally-

The **whoosh!** of the pod ejecting.

Heading to the surface.

And the air.

And safety.

Norah closes her eyes and her tears run down the wall.

NORAH MAKES HER WAY THROUGH THE ROEBUCK.

She limps and moves slowly.

The events of the night finally taking their toll.

A huge **CAVE-IN** blocks her off from an entire section of the station.

She sighs and turns around.

Limping onwards.

SHE REACHES THE CONTROL DECK.

A room encased in glass, showing the dark world outside.

The red alarm light rotating.

She stands on a chair and-

Breaks the light, so the room is a cool, calm blue.

She moves over to a command chair and finds-

A CIGAR waiting there.

NORAH

Oh worrrrd.

She scoops it up-

Looks around the room.

And exhales.

NORAH (CONT'D)

They didn't leave a lighter?

She chuckles and sits in the command chair.

Puts her bare feet up on a counter.

Sticks the cigar in her mouth.

Wraps her hands around the back of her head.

A DROP OF WATER hits her face from the ceiling.

She doesn't even bother wiping it off as-

She simply stares out the window.

Into the dark.

The swirling sand and mites and phosphorescent lights.

They almost look like stars.

THE END.