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Written by
Max Landis
8 - 21 - 15

there is a house on the bottom of the ocean

The sound of the ocean. Rain. Distant thunder. Then:

Clicking. Hissing. Then the unmistakable bright hum of electrical equipment starting up.

BREEN (O.S.)
Why call it a submersible, anyway?

INT. BELLE OF THE BOTTOM

Daylight shines into the tiny interior cabin of the Belle Of The Bottom, a vertical compartment a bit bigger than your average coffin.

The control panel...Well, the whole fucking thing IS a control panel, the entire interior of the vessel wallpapered with lights, toggles, switches, dials, nary a touchscreen in sight, and more than a little claustrophobic.

Light streams in from three portholes, one of them behind the seat in the center. Outside, we can hear a stormy sea, a gray day; momentary flashes of lightning and thunder.

BREEN (O.S.)
Okay here we go, gently, I'm a fragile little flower.

Legs dangle down into it from above; then: **THUDcrash!**

Eddie BREEN, 30s, tumbles into the submersible, landing roughly, accidentally hitting a few toggles, setting off alarms. He scrambles back up into his chair.

BREEN (CONT'D)
(shouting upwards)
Perfect! That was perfect landing, great start right there, everybody.

There's muted laughter from above, as Eddie, fresh-faced, with a bubbly, catchy enthusiasm, shakes off the fall and resets the various machines, turning off alarms.

BREEN (CONT'D)
Okay. Bee-yoo-ti-ful. We're here and we are live. Stacey, can you hear me up there?

A female voice, excited, answers. This is Stacey. She's not in the pod, and we're not leaving the pod unless something really bad happens, so let's leave the "O.S" to your imagination and give my fingers a break.

STACEY
 Yep, loud and clear, Eddie.

Breen watches in silence as the hatch above him is sealed.

BREEN
 Okay, looks like hatch is closed.
 Pressurizing the cabin at point
 five, if you hear the sound of my
 head exploding, there's still time
 to tell Lisa to take over.

STACEY
 Copy, but we thought your head
 exploded a long time ago.

Breen flips some switches, and we can hear a muted hiss and
 then a couple of clicks.

BREEN
 I just heard some clicks, some
 clicking, you hear that?

STACEY
 What'd it sound like?

BREEN
 "Click click click"

STACEY
 Very helpful. You're all good up
 here, we don't see anything.

BREEN
 Great, great start. Again remind
 me which sounds mean "you're going
 to die?"

STACEY
 Um...Hisses, pops, clicks-

BREEN
 Right. Fannntastic.

Breen continues powering up machines, flipping switches and
 adjusting dials. There's a loud mechanical *clank*, and it
 becomes clear the Belle Of The Bottom is being lifted into
 the air by a crane.

Breen quickly straps in.

BREEN (CONT'D)
 Jesus, whoa, turn on the seatbelt
 sign next time.

A male voice speaks over the intercoms; older, fatherly.

HARRY

Sorry Ed, looks like the deck crew is a little over-excited.

BREEN

Well Harry, dare to resist drugs, okay, this is not Thunder Mountain. As much as I recognize how funny it would for me to die before I even touch the water, I think my son would have trouble explaining it to his friends at school. "What happened to daddy?" "Oh nothing the deck crew just got a little over-excited-"

STACEY

What happened to Mr. Confidence I was just talking to at the dock?

BREEN

Mr. Confidence is now in the coffin you designed for him. Mister-Coffidence, harder to be optimistic-

HARRY

Reminder that this was your idea.

BREEN

Reminder OVERRULED.

Harry laughs on the intercom. Breen smiles too; despite what he's saying, we can feel his excitement building as the cabin rocks gently back and forth.

BREEN (CONT'D)

We are 100% on all systems, guys.

Another voice speaks, male, excited.

TYSON

Guess who buddy-

Breen's immediate excited reaction tells us everything we need to know about his relationship with Tyson.

BREEN

TYSON! You're here!? What?

TYSON

Not on the boat, you're picking me
on a separate channel. I'm in a
UAV about two kilos out.

BREEN

Well holy shit, you wanna- you
wanna try to meet me at the door to
the trench, give me a kiss goodbye?

TYSON

Only if I can film it for CNN, babe-

BREEN

Yeah man, sextape, I smell millions-

STACEY

Tyson you've gotta stay off the
official channels.

BREEN

Oh boooooo!

TYSON

Sorry mom.

There's another clicking noise. Breen flinches, looking
around the chamber, checking gauges, eyes very slightly
worried as he searches.

HARRY

We're good to go up here, Eddie.

BREEN

...Yeah...
(snapping out of it)
Stacey, remember when you said you
thought I was superficial?

STACEY

I say it every day.

BREEN

How's it feel to know I'm about to
be the deepest man alive?

STACEY

Drop in 3...2...

BREEN

At least laugh.

The submersible *DROPS*, plummeting down ten feet and then *SPLASH!* It hits water.

TITLE: **DEEPER**

INT. BELLE OF THE BOTTOM - CONTINUOUS

The lights flicker, coming back on, casting Breen in lovely white light, but he flicks them off, the blue of the ocean shining in through the windows.

We can hear people applauding on the radio, and Breen smiles, very pumped up.

BREEN

Okay everybody, calm down, calm down. I need your eyes on those screens, yeah?

STACEY

Easy, bossy. I can hear you smiling.

BREEN

I am not smiling, I am frowning and making a serious face, I would describe it as both masculine and sensitive.

STACEY

Time Magazine cover?

BREEN

Better. There'll be a statue.

STACEY

Right where it belongs, at the bottom of the ocean.

BREEN

(rolls eyes)
Starting descent now.

He flicks switches, and very gently adjusts a lever. We hear a faint hum and the sensation of motion.

BREEN (CONT'D)

Okay. Ten feet.

Breen leans forward and peers up through a porthole.

BREEN (CONT'D)

Holy shit I can see the whole bottom of the Wild Glamour from here.

HARRY

How do we look?

BREEN

Old. When's the last time they had her scrubbed for barnacles, I thought you said that thing was state of the art.

HARRY

Art is subjective, Eddie.

BREEN

Yeah well. Survival isn't. Try not to sink while daddy's at work.

HARRY

I don't go in for that banter, sorry, I'm never quick enough to keep up with you.

BREEN

Sure you are Harry.

There's an odd beat of silence. Breen settles in, looking at his displays, and then drums his fingers anxiously, noticing something.

BREEN (CONT'D)

Hey, uh, how are we on electronics up there? Any bizarre anomalies, compasses spinning around, maybe a woman with no face crying for her drowned baby, anything like that?

STACEY

No, we're good up here. Green lights all around.

HARRY

The legends of the Ni'hil Crevasse remain legends for now, sorry Eddie.

BREEN

What about current fluctuations, all good there? Temperature, flow, everything nominal?

STACEY

Yes. One minute in and everything seems unfucked.

BREEN

Very professional.

STACEY

I hold myself to your standards.

BREEN

Never sink that low. Hey, "sink that low." I didn't even catch that one on the way out.

(beat)

One hundred feet.

STACEY

Would it kill you to switch to meters?

BREEN

It wouldn't, but that clicking might, any news on that?

STACEY

I'll check again.

BREEN

Thirty meters.

STACEY

Thank you.

Breen looks around, checking balances, and, after a moment, noticing it's getting a little dark, flips a switch, turning back on the **WHITE** lights.

BREEN

Okay, okay.

He sits back, relaxing, but then hears the clicking again, flinching and looking around. It stops just as quickly as it started, and Breen sighs, adjusting a dial.

He leans forward, looking out the window again. It's still light blue outside. He sighs, and there's a slight hiss. He checks something, laughs to himself, and tightens a knob.

The hiss stops. He smiles, and then **THE RADIO WHINES LOUDLY** startling him.

BREEN (CONT'D)

Yo- WHOA- Jesus christ-

STACEY

You okay?

BREEN

Yeah I just- shit we got some kind of interference.

STACEY

Loud and clear up here.

BREEN

I think it was just the speakers, I...uh...

He fiddles with the radio controls as she speaks, her voice distorting and bending weirdly.

STACEY

Well I've got good news, you're a trending globally right now.

Breen stops fiddling, his face lighting up a little bit.

BREEN

Really? I- if I'm being honest I wasn't sure, you know-

STACEY

You wanna hear?

BREEN

Uh- god, um- yeah, yeah put it on.

The radio switches over to a woman with a very slight Indian British accent; better production quality, a news broadcast.

NEWS REPORT

-Edward Breen, former NASA Astronaut Trainee and noted oceanographer, in a privately funded mission to the bottom of the Ni'Hil Trench, which as of its discovery in March of last year, is theorized to be the lowest point on Earth; absolute darkness, crushing pressures, and freezing cold await him.

BREEN

Listen to her paint that picture. You think she's cute?

NEWS REPORT

The Ni'hil Narrows, several miles off the coast of the Ni'Hil Islands in the South Pacific, is notorious for the myths and folklore that surround it. Stories of vanishing ships, electrical phenomena, sea serpents, and even the paranormal have circulated around the area since it first became a trade route in the 1850s, its most notorious victim being Marion Delphine, a French oceanographer who-

NEWS REPORT (CONT'D)

-originally theorized that the phenomena could be traced to a trench deep beneath the islands, but vanished while attempting to-

BREEN

Okay, hey, turn it off. Stacey, come back to me, come back come come back come back-

STACEY

Yeah boss, I'm here. Did you hear that? There's reports like it all over the place. The streaming footage from the drone is at two and a half million active viewers right now.

BREEN

Holy shit. I'm the Superbowl.
(beat)
Speaking of, where is old droney, where's my little Terminator, where's old Open The Podbay-

STACEY

We get it. Kayur, can you fly Big Eye down to where Breen can see him?

BREEN

Or her, or her. Don't be gender biased until the drone has had a chance to decide.

Another voice, younger, intelligent, a bit nerdy, speaks up.

KAYUR

Big Eye coming in. Hi Eddie.

A shadow passes over Breen's face, and we get a glimpse of a submersible drone passing. Breen waves.

BREEN

Hi Kayur! Big Eye, looking good.

Breen hums to himself, checking something.

BREEN (CONT'D)

Oh hey, three hundred and twenty meters. Picking up steam, motoring through the euphotic zone.

There's a beat, and Breen speaks up.

BREEN (CONT'D)

Is that what they're calling me on the radio, "Former NASA Astronaut Trainee?" Not "noted oceanographer," or "explorer," something like that...

STACEY

Uh...Yeah it's getting tossed out a lot. That's- you know, that's very-notable, or-

BREEN

Right but it's not "good way" notable. Right it's like "Why wasn't this guy an astronaut, let's go Google why this guy isn't an astronaut," right?

There's a beat of silence.

BREEN (CONT'D)

I dunno. I'm just being too sensitive, maybe.

Another long beat of silence. Breen frowns slightly.

BREEN (CONT'D)

Guys? You with me? Was it that awkward, did I just make you all so uncomfortable you decided to leave me down here?

Another beat. Breen shifts, checking a dial, and taps it, shaking his head, and then Harry speaks; it'll startle the more anxious audience members, but Breen seems relieved.

HARRY

Sorry Eddie, we just had our first little blip up here.

BREEN

Blip? What is "blip," I need some nouns and adjectives, please.

HARRY

Just a weird little bit of radio interference, but we're back now. Signal's strong.

BREEN

Good, yes, I actually heard a bit of that earlier.

HARRY

Well it scared the shit out of us up here, Stacey threw her headphones-

STACEY

But I'm back now. Hi.

BREEN

Hi, welcome to the party. I didn't like that, man, that was...Not fun to be out of contact, even for a second there.

STACEY

Well you know there's a chance we might lose you completely when you get past one thousand.

BREEN

Right, but I'd rather not lose you when I can still see sunli-

There's a *strong shake*, and the entire Belle of The Bottom tips slightly. Breen immediately begins manipulating the controls, getting himself back upright.

STACEY

We just saw a strong cross current, you okay-

BREEN

Yeah, I'm okay. Caught me a little off guard. You know I tell you what, it's actually way easier than the simulator. Not nearly as, uh-what's the word-

STACEY

Claustrophobic?

BREEN

No it's pretty fucking claustrophobic, ha, it's not as-boring, I guess? Four hundred twenty meters.

KAYUR

Mr. Breen if you don't mind me asking-

BREEN

Hiiii Kayur.

KAYUR

(laughing)

Hi Mr. Breen. If you don't mind me asking what were you saying about "submersible," about not calling them submersibles?

Breen looks completely confused, then remembers.

BREEN

Oh yeah, of course. Yeah. Well it doesn't make any sense, right? "Submersible." It's- it's got all the wrong implications. It sounds like a vehicle that is capable of being submerged- there's a phonic fallacy at hand, like "ible" sounds like "able," so "submers-able," like it's a kitchen product, like "it's okay to get this wet," when in reality the whole purpose of the- the *this* is to be submersed. I'm not gonna win any street races in this thing, right? So the name's got the wrong implications, is what I'm saying, basically. A better name would be like...I don't know, hm, I don't know.

STACEY

"Submarine?"

BREEN

Hey Stacey that's good, that's catchy, did you just think of that?

(beat)

Five hundred ten meters by the way. Exiting the euphotic zone, looking at the last rays of sunlight right now.

(beat)

(MORE)

BREEN (CONT'D)

I gotta say, this close to the Ni'Hil Reefs I was hoping I'd at least see some fish or something, it's pretty empty down here.

He sits in silence, and then notices a blinking white blue light behind him. Surreptitiously he turns down the dial on his main radio, and presses a button by the blue light.

BREEN (CONT'D)

Male, forties, bottom of the ocean, looking for male, forties but looking beat up, bottom of the ocean, into urban legends and intense pressure.

The secondary radio whines, and then:

TYSON

That's just what I was looking for. I like a boyish forty. So what are you wearing?

BREEN

Mainly the weight of the world. Jesus Tyson, what are you doing down here, who gave you a sub?

TYSON

No lie: Bandwidth International.

BREEN

Sandwich international, sounds delicious-

TYSON

It's a news media conglomerate. I'm supposed to get a shot of you going into the trench. I'm just in a UAV, I'm not riding in style like you.

BREEN

Hey man, don't give Harry and his geeks too much credit, I feel like canned tuna.

TYSON

Welcome to the life, Spaceman.

BREEN

I'm taking this bitch over, waterboy.

TYSON

You watching your O2 mix, your pressure, your-

BREEN

Yes mom, I am following all of your training to the letter. What do they want this footage for? Nevermind, I already know.

TYSON

Do you now?

BREEN

I mean none of the people watching are watching cause they think this is gonna go smoothly. You know what they used to say, "I read Playboy for the articles." They think, and pardon my assumption that something is gonna happen.

TYSON

Something is gonna happen, deepest man alive, never before seen area of the ocean, it's a big deal-

BREEN

That's not what I meant.

TYSON

And there's the human angle too, your redemption-

BREEN

"Redemption," right, that's not what I meant and you know it, Ty. The think something is gonna happen. Something el not-good-o, and they want a picture, like some kinda dead woman with her face hanging off crying for her drowned baby, some kinda thing like that pressed right up in the camera.

TYSON

Uh...Pretty specific.

Breen takes a beat, shaking his head.

BREEN

Ummm...Yeah, uh, it was...sorry?

(checks machines)

(MORE)

BREEN (CONT'D)

Sonar says...I'm coming up on the beginning of the canyons. Still a ways out from the trench, you sure you're gonna be able to catch up...

Breen notices a blinking red light.

BREEN (CONT'D)

Shit, Ty, I gotta go, sorry.

He clicks off the blue light and clicks into the main radio which immediately **SCREAMS STATIC AND DISTORTION-**

BREEN (CONT'D)

SHIT! JESUS CHRIST, whoa WHOA!

Breen tries to turn it off. Everything he tries fails, the radio groaning insane shrieking nonsense into the tiny cabin until he finally *flips the switch-*

It turns off.

BREEN (CONT'D)

Hello? Hello, anybody?

(long beat)

Shit, I went off the main radio but it was only a- shit, sorry, that won't happen again. Sorry, my bad.

(beat)

Anybody. Anybody hear me?

Silence.

BREEN (CONT'D)

Okay...Okay then. Halting decent.

He presses some buttons, slowly, expertly pulling down a throttle, carefully deactivating things. He pulls a cord, and the main power of the Belle Of The Bottom turns off.

He's instantly cast in the auxiliary lights; a deep, rich **ORANGE**, punctuated only by the occasional flashes of color from the control panels.

BREEN (CONT'D)

Descent halted at...Seven hundred seventy seven meters, on the dot.

(beat)

Wow. Okay, anybody?

A long beat of silence, and then a glimmer of yellow light flashes past one of the now dark blue windows, momentarily passing over Breen's face.

BREEN (CONT'D)
(jolting)
The *fuck*, what is that?

He tries to lean forward to get a look out the porthole, into the darkness, but tugs against his restraints. He quickly unbuckles them, pressing his face against the window, trying to see above him.

He reaches blindly, cuing his radio.

BREEN (CONT'D)
Hey, Harry, Stacey...Anybody can hear me right now I just saw a light and I-

The light comes in the window at the other side of the Belle Of The Bottom, and Breen quickly shifts to get a look, his face lit yellow in the orange cabin.

Through the window, we can faintly see the shape of a diver, holding a light. Another diver passes, closer.

BREEN (CONT'D)
No, that's...That's- who the fuck-

There's a noise at the other side of the vessel, and Breen tears himself away, going to look into the other side, only to see the face of a diving mask directly next to the window.

Breen startles, looking at the mask. It appears to be the face of an adult man in a wetsuit, with a rebreather in his mouth and a scuba mask on, distorting his eyes, beneath.

BREEN (CONT'D)
Uhhh...

He checks some dials, and then looks back at the man, confused, only to see him moving away. Breen pulls down an extendable microphone from a control panel above him.

From the vibrations outside, we're aware that he's using an external loudspeaker.

BREEN (CONT'D)
This is Edward Breen, um...what the hell are you d- doing, uh...

Breen shakes his head, stowing the mic, and leans back to his main radio.

BREEN (CONT'D)

Guys, I don't know how to say this, but we've got some weird- I've got some trick or treaters down here paying me a visit, can anyone give me a little heads up on, you know: "what the fuck?"

Silence. Breen notices a green light flashing in the orange behind him, and turns, staring at it.

BREEN (CONT'D)

Really? Okay.

He presses the button next to the green light. Another communications channel opens up: there's an odd, rumbling ambience; the distant sound of the ocean.

The voice that speaks is muffled and distorted.

DIVER

hello are you there

BREEN

Yes, I'm here, who am I speaking to?

DIVER

there's been an accident - you must open the hatch

BREEN

...Ha, um, is this- are you outside right now?

DIVER

there's been a very terrible mistake - we're here to help

Breen's eyes bounce around to the windows as he tries to formulate a response.

BREEN

I- uhhhhh- Listen, I'm green on everything here. I'm good to continue to descend.

DIVER

something bad is going to happen

BREEN

That's a little unlikely, this thing is state of the art, takes a lickin' and keeps on sinkin'- can we just- take a step back here, who are you, who am I speaking to?

(beat)

Listen this is a private operation in international waters, you could be in some deep shit for interfering with this, right now, and that's me looking out for you, that's me being a nice guy...

DIVER

open -- the hatch -- now

Lights flash through the window again. Breen, frustrated and a little freaked out, leans over and we see through the window over his shoulder.

BREEN

Okay, let's just-

He flicks a switch, turning on the floodlights outside the Belle of The Bottom. What we see is, put lightly, confusing.

There appears to be a writhing, completely solid wall of divers, human bodies, roughly ten feet away, just at the outer limits of the flood lights.

But no sooner than the lights turn on, the divers suddenly *scatter* like a startled school of fish, vanishing into the midnight blue of the ocean.

Breen is frozen for a moment, then *jerks back* as though he received an electric shock, turning off the floodlights and covering his ears with his hands as he cowers momentarily in his seat, breathing hard.

Breen wipes his eyes, squeezing them open and shut a few times, and then, noticing his Green communication channel is still on, quickly turns it off.

He looks anxiously at the window, and then, after a beat, leans over and flicks on the light. Nothing out there.

BREEN (CONT'D)

What...Okay, what did I even want to see, there? Shit. Oh- OH!

He notices the blinking red light and clicks the hard button.

BREEN (CONT'D)

H...Hello?

There's a cheer from the other side, multiple people.

STACEY

Jesus christ Eddie what just happened, we thought your radio went out-

BREEN

I did- I did a- well, multiple things, multiple things happened.

STACEY

Are you alright? Is the craft alright, is everything-

BREEN

The craft is A-okay, the craft is great, it's great.

Breen starts operating the controls, powering back up the submersible, the orange lights being replaced by the lovely white ones.

BREEN (CONT'D)

Switching back to main power, reinitializing ballast and downward thrusters, so-

STACEY

Don't tell me you've just been talking to Tyson this whole time.

BREEN

I-

STACEY

You know how much money this is costing Harry a minute? They broke it down on CNN, it's a LOT-

BREEN

I know-

STACEY

He's out on the deck on his phone right now talking to your son trying to calm him down because his dad just disappeared for four minutes, so could you take it a little bit more serious maybe-

BREEN

OKAY listen to me, for a second,
stop stop stop. What are you
saying, it wasn't just the radio?
You lost the feed, the video?

STACEY

We lost everything, yes. You went
completely dark, didn't the-

BREEN

Okay, stop, hold on, what about the
drone, what about Big Eye, it
didn't-

STACEY

We lost our full feed, we think it
was an error up here, didn't help
that you had your mic switched off-

BREEN

Shit! Jesus christ, okay- look,
listen to me, I need you to pull
that footage, upload it from the
cameras, they were running, right?

STACEY

They were running yeah, but
we weren't streaming or
getting any-

BREEN

Okay but you've got access to
them now, pull that footage
right now.

STACEY

Eddie are you okay, you're scaring
me-

BREEN

I'm okay, I'm...I'm calm, but I'm a
little, also not calm, because I
just saw people down here-

STACEY

-People!?-

BREEN

Yes people, I am- yes. Divers. I
saw a lot- I saw *several divers*
down here, in SCUBA gear.

There's a beat of silence.

STACEY

I'm sorry- listen, Edward, that's
not possible-

BREEN

Oh, I'm *very aware-*

STACEY

Divers at that depth in SCUBA gear would be deeper than the deepest SCUBA divers ever by three hundred meters, they'd be dead of nitrogen narcosis, oxygen toxicity-

BREEN

Dysbaric osteonecrosis, HPNS, I know that, but here's the thing, right, is I saw *divers down here* and they spoke to me, okay, they-

STACEY

They ?spoke? to you-

BREEN

So here's what I need to happen now: I need you to do a full analysis on all my chemical levels, the oxygen, everything. If I'm hallucinating I'd like to know sooner rather than later, okay, thing two, you're gonna do, is pull the video and go over it.

STACEY

Ummm...Uh- Okay, halt the descent, we'll do a full systems check-

BREEN

I'm not halting the descent.

STACEY

Okay, Eddie, listen, if you don't halt the descent, when we pull video it's gonna take our whole feed, so-

BREEN

That's fine.

STACEY

Look, it's not fine, we don't want to lose communication again.

BREEN

I repeat, it's fine. I'll go to silent, talk to Tyson. It's only a minute of footage.

STACEY

Yeah coming up through eight
hundred meters of salt water-

BREEN

One thousand now. Eleven hundred
and counting.

STACEY

Did you speed up?

BREEN

Just a little. Pull the video
please.

(long beat)

Pull the video, please.

STACEY

...Okay. In the mean time, maybe
switch over to the neon-oxygen
hybrid, just to be safe?

BREEN

...Yeah okay, not a bad idea.
Switching over.

Breen flips a few switches and gently nudges a dial. There's
the hiss of a valve, and the lights go from White to **PINK**.

BREEN (CONT'D)

Ooh, lovely. Just lovely, in here,
very...pink.

STACEY

Diagnostic starting now. Comms
going down.

There's a "bing." The cabin goes quiet. Breen checks out a
few dials, and there's an electronic spooling sound from
somewhere above him.

There's a clicking sound. He hunts around for it: nothing.
He sighs, and flips his Tyson switch.

BREEN

Tyson? You there? You read me?

Silence.

BREEN (CONT'D)

Okay. Well, I'm just...I guess I'm
just, here, now. Okay.

He sighs, looking out the window, then notices the green light behind him blinking again.

The short wave radio. The same thing the divers called in on. He stares at it, then shakes his head and clicks it on.

BREEN (CONT'D)

Hey this is a private channel for emergencies *only*, if you're going to continue d- d- dicking around there's gonna be some real heavy...shit going down, so-

FLOYD

Breen? Eddie? It's Floyd Ackerman.

BREEN

I- wh- Floyd, what're you doing on here, this channel needs to be kept clear at all times-

FLOYD

We're up on the Sarah Anne, the press ship. It's started raining pretty hard up here so we're gonna have to pull back-

BREEN

Okay, Floyd, but you gotta get off this line, I'm-

FLOYD

I know, I just- I had someone who was a little nervous, who wanted to talk to you.

Breen holds a beat, and then a very young voice speaks through the speakers.

CARTER

Dad?

Breen suddenly lights up, covering his mouth.

BREEN

Carter! Hi...Hi bud, holy- hey buddy, are you okay up there?

CARTER

I'm okay, it's raining a lot. When are you coming back?

BREEN

When I get to the bottom, I'll come back up. I miss you.

CARTER

Do you see anything? Do you see any fishes or whales or anything like that, you said you'd take pictures if you did-

BREEN

I actually didn't, not yet. Are Floyd and Marta taking good care of you?

CARTER

Yes but I wish I was down there with you.

BREEN

Oh, no. No you don't, bud, gonna have to take my word on that one.

CARTER

Did you see the ship, the big ship?

BREEN

The Elusidea, no, I'm not there yet. That's down a little deeper.

CARTER

Will you take some pictures for me?

BREEN

Yeah of course, yes.

(beat)

Is your stomach okay? Still upset or okay?

CARTER

It's better now. Do you have to hold your breath?

BREEN

No, there's air in here, you've seen it, you know-

CARTER

I know, but what if you have to hold your breath. If the water gets in.

BREEN

Well you know the longer you hold your breath the more pressure there is inside your head, so- it can really start to hurt, like it's being crushed from the inside, you know, so I hope I don't have to hold it, right?

Carter's silent for a moment; Breen wonders if he should've said that.

CARTER

Oh...But if...but if it gets in, you'll be okay?

BREEN

Yes, of course. Yes. I'll be okay.

CARTER

Wanna hold your breath right now?

Breen chuckles, and looks at the screens for a second. Still in diagnostic mode.

BREEN

...Sure buddy.

CARTER

Okay, on three.

BREEN

Okay.

CARTER

THREE!

We hear Carter sharply inhale, and Breen inhales too. They sit there in silence, both holding their breath.

The pressure builds. The silence grows heavy, creeping like a tangle of seaweed, Breen alone holding his breath in the pink light, his face bloated like the face of a baby washed up on the shore, lost from its mother, a baby's body being pushed around by the tides as they roll in and out, its final moments of terror and confusion having given way to the wet rot that now melts its flesh, the salty water, somewhere its mother crying, where's my baby where's my baby, somewhere close to you now, maybe behind you, the drowned mother, her rotten split lips spread wide, where's my baby where's my

MOTHER (O.S.)

where's my baby

Breen *splutters, gasping in air, reeling around the cabin, searching wildly for the source of the raspy whisper, finding nothing, as Carter exhales, laughing.*

CARTER

Did I win? Did I win, dad?

BREEN

...Yeah buddy you w- you won. Hey Floyd is there anyone else there, did someone just talk over the comms?

FLOYD

No Eddie, just me and Carter; I thought it would be better to do this privately-

BREEN

Right. Okay.

CARTER

Can you tell me more about what you see, and-

BREEN

Well I actually have to get off this channel right now, okay?

There's a long silence.

CARTER

Okay, I love you.

BREEN

You're the best, bud.

Breen turns off the radio, and then makes a face of consternation: did he handle that right? He's not sure.

He flips the switch again.

BREEN (CONT'D)

Hey Floyd? Floyd, you there?

Silence.

BREEN (CONT'D)

Oh well. Okay. It's fine.

(beat)

I didn't say "I love you," okay. Okay, that's all...okay.

He takes a beat, checking a gauge, then holds his hands in front of his face, taking a moment.

BREEN (CONT'D)

...Hello?

No one. He looks at one of the windows. Stares at it. Nothing. There's a soft bing.

STACEY

Eddie, I've got- we, uh...

BREEN

That's doesn't sound good.

STACEY

Well I have news, for you, maybe I...Uh, it's...I don't know if it's good news or not.

BREEN

You are building a lot of anticipation down here, Stace, and not in a fun way. Three thousand meters, by the by.

A beat.

HARRY

Hey, Edward, it's me.

BREEN

Uh, hi Harry.

HARRY

Well the good news is you can switch back over to oxygen. All your levels are normal.

Breen blinks, confused by this, and switches the system back on, changing from PINK to WHITE.

BREEN

Well, that's- that's actually kind of shitty to hear, because I gotta tell you harry, I'm- some shit is happening down here, a little bit of the "old shittola," I'm having visual and auditory hallucinations, I assume it's some form of narcosis-

HARRY

Slow- slow down, Edward, slow down.
See...Now, it's dark down there,
but- oh god, I don't know how to...

BREEN

It's okay, Harry, just say whatever
it is, I know I'm seeing things-

HARRY

No.

(beat)

Eddie, the divers are on the tape.
We played it back. It's clear as
day. We all see them. It's not a
hallucination. There's someone
down there with you.

where's my baby

Eddie Breen stops dead in his seat. His breezy confidence flickers oddly, and he has a few false starts before he speaks again.

BREEN

I'm- woof, okay. Okay, but that's
impossible, at that depth-

HARRY

Yes, we know. That's- that's all
we're talking about up here, and
we're trying to figure it out-

BREEN

Look you- *what did you see-*

HARRY

We see two divers approach and
circle the pod-

BREEN

-uh huh-

HARRY

And then, after an interval, you
turn on the flood lights and they-
they retreat-

BREEN

What did you see when I turned the
floodlights on?

HARRY

The wireless cameras don't show us that far, Eddie, you know that... All we saw was the divers leaving-

BREEN

Drone didn't see anything?

HARRY

Big Eye was below you at the time.

BREEN

So no one saw like- like a writhing swarm of human duplicates, nothing like that on the ol'GoPro?

STACEY

(after a beat)

No, nothing like that.

Breen sits in silence and then shakes his head.

BREEN

Okay. So what's the plan.

STACEY

(beat)

Eddie, I think there's a chance you should maybe- maybe think about coming back up.

BREEN

Harry, what do you think of that?

HARRY

I think it's- I don't know what to think, right now. We're in contact with our naval escort to see if there's any way another sub could've snuck into the area, but-

BREEN

Well I'm not stopping. I'm not stopping, okay. I'm at three thousand five hundred meters. I'm passing through the thermocline right now, the water outside is starting to cool down, I can feel it. I'm looking at black windows. No one's gonna bother me now, okay? I'm halfway down, it's impossible for anyone to follow me.

KAYUR

It was impossible for them to do so before, Mr. Breen. You think you're safer now, in the dark?

There's muffled talking; clearly, everyone's pissed at Kayur.

BREEN

How many people are watching now, guys? Do you have an estimate?

STACEY

Why is that important?

BREEN

C'mon, hit me.

STACEY

We...We're up to five and a half million on the stream-

BREEN

Well, there you go. I'm closing in on four thousand meters, Harry. That's the depth Marion Delphine got to before they lost contact. You wanna let some dead French woman rotting in a rusted out watery coffin beat us, Harry?

(beat)

I thought that was why we were doing this. Delphine said her instruments were going crazy, she was hallucinating, and she said she saw a trench, they said she was crazy, and poof, she's gone. We did the sonar sweep, we found that trench, and we're not gonna give up half way, right?

(beat)

Harry what'd you say to me back at NASA, before all this? The monkeys who came back had the ride of their lives? Well I'm here, man, I'm having the ride of my life, and I'm not scared, not yet. Delphine said she saw the wreck of the Elusidea, well I wanna see that, don't you?

There's a beat.

HARRY

I do. The expedition continues, divers be damned.

BREEN

That's the attitude, hell yeah.
Four thousand meters by the way.

He smiles, shaking his head, and adjusts a few dials.

BREEN (CONT'D)

Adjusting for temperature change
into the Abyssopelagic region.
Going to simple systems mode.

He flips a switch, turns a knob, and something really fucking horrible happens:

The white lights go out, before dim, yellow bulbs flick on from beneath him, underlighting the interior of the submersible like he's sitting around a campfire, casting it's narrow claustrophobic corners into darkness.

someone could be in there with you right behind you

you wouldn't even see them. maybe you'd feel their wet, cold breath on the back of your neck.

BREEN (CONT'D)

Cozy.

The blue light behind him flickers, and he presses it: instantly, "Red Red Wine" by UB-40 begins to play in the pod.

TYSON

Ey mon, welcome to the Ni'Hil islands! Pina Coolada?

BREEN

I could use some alcohol, where've you been, waiter? The service here is atrocious.

TYSON

Well I-

BREEN

On second thought, cancel the drink.

TYSON

Uh, did you just cancel your imaginary drink order?

BREEN

Yeah. Guess I did. Where are you, by the way?

TYSON

Closing in. Three kilos out. Why, you getting lonely?

BREEN

No, I've been feeling a little crowded, actually.

TYSON

What's happening in there? The press is getting all kind of weird rumors from the Wild Glamour-

BREEN

You know what I keep thinking? It could've been you in here instead of me. I was thinking that while you trained me too, but I never wanted to say it.

TYSON

Nah, Harry wanted you. It was going to be whoever Harry wanted, and the second you volunteered...I mean that's A plus press. No one wants to see my face on TV, brother; "fallen astronaut" has a better ring to it than "retired Navy Seal."

BREEN

Is that how you think of me? "Fallen?" That's why you think I need "redemption?"

TYSON

Well slow down, brother, I never said that-

BREEN

No, it's okay. I get it. But the way you frame it it's some kind of tragic, heroic thing. You know what the first line of that Esquire article about me last month was? "This man is not a role model." I felt like: "Fuck you, let's see where you're at after you lose your fucking dream, your only goal in life fucking vanishes," right? Judge me? Fuck them. Fuck them.

TYSON

...You okay over there?

BREEN

I- I think so, yeah. Just a little edgy. You hear anything- see anything weird?

TYSON

Heard some whale song that was kinda off a little earlier. Plus I thought I saw some lights. Why, is there someone you wanna introduce me to?

(beat)

Seriously, Ed, you okay?

BREEN

I'm okay.

TYSON

You know what the natives over on the Ni'Hil islands say about this place. You heard those recordings of the last transmissions from Marion Delphine, right? Gave me chills, man. She sounded insane. "There is a house on the bottom of the ocean-"

BREEN

Okay, stop, I get it.

TYSON

I'm just saying, it's possible- you know, there are some places that are just...

He trails off. Breen's quiet too. "Red Red Wine" plays softly, in the darkness.

BREEN

Did you see Carter, up on the press ship, the Sarah Anne?

TYSON

Yeah, I saw him. He looked nervous.

BREEN

Maybe. He's a brave kid though, he understands how important this is. His mom- you know, if his mom were- well, you know. He understands.

TYSON

How deep are you now? I think I'm getting close.

BREEN

Christ, I'm at four thousand five hundred meters. The canyons around me are getting narrower.

TYSON

Wait, four and a half thousand... That means you're closing in on the wreck of the Elusidea, right? Hit your floods, check it out.

BREEN

Did I ever tell you about the night I spent in jail? About what that guy said to me? I forget if I told you about that-

TYSON

Not now man, you're in uncharted territory. Turn on the lights, look around outside, get some pictures for them to gawk at. I gotta focus on getting around these canyons.

BREEN

Look around, right. Okay, sorry Tyson, if I was...Tyson? You there?

Silence. The blue light goes off. He's alone, in the increasingly cold darkness, lit from beneath. Breen's eyes drift over to a porthole, out of which is only darkness.

BREEN (CONT'D)

Look around. Okay. Look around for that drowned baby...

Breen seems surprised that he said this. He takes a moment, closing his eyes, and then suddenly *startles*, looking above him at the darkness. The little lights and displays glow like christmas lights, but above him...no.

There could be a figure crouched there, in that space. It would have to be contorted. Just a tangle of pale, veiny limbs, dripping slimey rot water down onto his face.

Breen stares for a moment longer, then shakes it off.

He reaches over and turns accesses a control for the flood lights outside, and begins taking pictures. We see the muted flashes of the lights outside through the windows.

The pictures come up just darkness, faint particles, on a primitive screen in on the console, each replaced by the next.

One. Two. Three. Just darkness. Empty ocean.

Breen sighs, and loosens his straps, leaning close to the window. Nothing. Just blackness momentarily lit by flashes. On the screen, more blackness. Particles.

Breen turns and looks out the other window, ignoring the screen, searching the darkness with an exterior spotlight.

The screen tells iT's OwN sTorY

Flash. Blackness. Particles. Flash. Blackness. Particles. Flash the faint shape of a woman in all white mostly obscured by darkness Flash. Blackness. Particles. Flash. Blackness. Particles. Flash. A bloodshot, distorted human eye pressed right up against the camera. Flash. Particles. Darkness.

Breen looks back at the screen, sighing, turning off the exterior photography. He works the controls, his face very close to the porthole, waiting.

Finally, he turns on a very bright exterior spotlight. We can see the beam search around outside the window as he operates a little joy-stick.

Suddenly, his eyes widen, his face lighting up.

BREEN (CONT'D)

Oh, hey, shit.

He smiles, excitedly, turning up his main comm.

BREEN (CONT'D)

Hey gang, good news. I'm looking at the Elusidea.

HARRY

What? Really?

BREEN

I think so. It's still down below me a ways but I think I'm going to pass right by it, should get some really amazing pictures.

(beat)

(MORE)

BREEN (CONT'D)

What's the news on those divers, guys? Any updates, got cuffs on them yet-

(sings)

Bad boys bad boys, whatcha gonna do, whatcha gonna do when...No? Nothing?

STACEY

Sorry. They say no subs in the area, so...it's a mystery.

BREEN

That'll give the internet something to talk about.

STACEY

How are your electrical systems? Everything still okay?

BREEN

I'm good down here. Running in Simple Systems, so I have that really lovely "you're about to get murdered" lighting, but nothing creepy has happened for a whole five minutes. Five thousand one hundred twenty five.

(beat)

I had the shakes for a minute there, I was shaken up, but I'm okay now.

STACEY

Can I be honest with you?

BREEN

Only if you promise to speak in rhyme.

STACEY

(laughs nervously)

We're actually pretty shaken up up here. Harry's anxious. Says this whole thing is a little out of control, he says-

BREEN

Well tell Harry to calm the fuck down. This isn't NASA, where him spazzing out over every little... Every little blip is gonna...Oh wow, Stacey, you seeing this?

Breen leans up to the window.

STACEY

No, our streaming cams can't catch it. Is it the Elusidea?

BREEN

Yeah, try to- Kayur, can Big Eye see the ship?

KAYUR

Not yet, you left him behind. You've got to slow down, he's at least five minutes behind you.

BREEN

Oh, well jesus christ, I gotta tell you...Wow, it's beautiful...

Breen turns on more exterior spotlights, angling cameras; he seems excited.

BREEN (CONT'D)

I'm getting close now. The ship is embedded in the wall of the canyon, I'm gonna pass right by it. It's huge, Stace. I had no idea, it was so...

Breen blinks, looking at the porthole. He leans closer, staring. His expression of awe is frozen on his face, but his eyes slowly widen.

We can hear a low, eerie tone. The clicking. Breen leans further forward, staring, his attentions fixed on something we can't see.

STACEY

Can you see it?

Breen sits staring his face right up to the glass. His eyes are wide and unblinking. His face has melted into a rictus of blank horror.

He is unable to look away.

STACEY (CONT'D)

Eddie? You with me?

Eddie slowly shrinks away from the window, into his seat. He doesn't move, his eyes still locked on the window.

HARRY

Edward, you there?

STACEY

You have to say something, are you hearing us? Copy? Belle of The Bottom, do you-

Edward suddenly reaches out and flicks off the exterior lights.

BREEN

I hear you.

HARRY

Oh thank christ.

There's a long beat.

BREEN

I uh...uh...I saw something, down here. I'd really appreciate if you could pull the cameras again, all the still photos too. I know that means you'll have to go quiet and I'm really...I- I'd appreciate it.

There's a beat.

KAYUR

We're going to try to pull from Big Eye, Mr. Breen, but until then, can you just describe what you saw?

Breen speaks slowly, intensely.

BREEN

I saw the wreck of the Elusidea. It was all rotted, big holes in the hull, laying half out over the edge of the t- trench. And as I passed I saw movement, and I thought it was crabs, in the half light. But then when I turned on the lights I saw it more clearly. There were people lining the deck of the ship. Rotting, bloated people, with worn out clothes.

(beat)

They were standing on the deck of the ship.

(beat)

They were waving at me.

There's a long beat of silence. The frosty cold hangs in the cabin, dead in the air.

KAYUR
 ...Pulling from your on-board
 cameras now. Stand-by.

Then Breen notices the blue Tyson-light blinking on and off
 and he quickly hits it.

TYSON
 (singing)
 Come and get your love, come and
 get your love-

BREEN
 Jesus, Tyson, where are you?

TYSON
 Arriving as promised, brother.
 Check your six.

Yellow light shines in from the porthole behind Breen, and he
 turns, looking out. We briefly glimpse the arrival of a
 second deep sea submersible, clearly a little less sturdily
 built than the Belle of The Bottom.

BREEN
 Holy shit, did you see?

TYSON
 Did I see what?

BREEN
 The- the ship-

TYSON
 The wreck up there? Yeah I got a
 glimpse, but I was hauling ass
 trying to keep up with you, this
 thing isn't built to go-

BREEN
 You saw then, you saw the people-

TYSON
 The what? People!? I don't-

BREEN
 I have to go up, Ty, man, I'm-
 there's something wrong with me in
 here, something wrong with this
 whole p- place-

TYSON
 Wh- what, seriously?

Breen stares at his shaking hands, then bites one hand, trying to snap himself out of it.

BREEN

No, I'm fine.

TYSON

This isn't a "will she won't she" situation Ed, you're either fine or you're very very not fine.

BREEN

I'm not going up, the descent will continue, I'm going all the way.

There's a beat. Breen seems shaken, but tries to hide it. He stiffens, and then forces a smile.

BREEN (CONT'D)

You know, you're technically making history too, pal. You're down here with me, so-

KAYUR

Hey, Mr. Breen, excuse me. Hello Mr. Baker.

TYSON

Hey Kayur, how's my favorite drone pilot doin'?

KAYUR

Not good, actually, I have a bit of alarming news.

BREEN

I thought you were pulling the footage?

KAYUR

We were, but we lost Big Eye's feed; the wireless went out, he was behind you but now we can't find him. Can you either of you see the drone?

Breen blinks. He clearly doesn't want to look out the window. Do you blame him?

TYSON

I'm not seeing anything. Breen, you see anything?

BREEN
 (quietly)
 Nope.

TYSON
 Might help if you turned your
 exteriors on, bud.

BREEN
 Tyson could you just- okay. Okay.

Breen flips on his exterior lights, and leans over, looking out the window, where we can see Tyson in his more primitive DSV vehicle, sinking nearby.

Tyson gives a wave, and a middle finger. Breen gives him both right back, and smiles, sighing, and looking out the next window. Faintly, we can see a canyon wall.

He looks out the last window: nothing, and then sits back in his seat: the clicking sound comes again.

BREEN (CONT'D)
 The fuck?

Breen rocks in his chair. The clicking sound comes regularly, and Breen laughs.

BREEN (CONT'D)
 You kidding me? It was the seat?
 The whole time? Switching back to
 main power, get some light in here.

Breen reactivates the main power, killing the creepy lighting and bringing back the clean white brightness.

KAYUR
 Um, Mr. Breen, could you focus,
 please, on the matter at hand-

He unstraps, crouching in his tiny cabin, checking out his seat's base, where it meets the consoles. He pushes it back and forth. There's the clicking. It's the base of the seat.

BREEN
 Guys, I found the source of that
 clicking: it's from the extenders
 on my seat, do we- I need an Allen
 wrench, the seat is loose. It's
 only a little loose but- I mean,
 shit, c'mon that's it. It's just
 the seat...Guys? Anyone?

There's a beat.

TYSON

Hey, Wild Glamour, this is Tyson Baker, you hearing us? I'm seeing some kind of sea weed forest approaching, below.

Another hollow beat.

BREEN

Well Tyson, I guess it's just you and me down here-

There's a harsh belt of static that crackles out of his shortwave radio, and for a moment, a heavily distorted female voice is audible.

MARION

-approaching craft, if you can hear me, this is an SOS from Marion Del-

Breen jerks up, sitting upright.

There's a long beat.

He starts to say something, then stops. His eyes look wide as saucers, the irises cemented onto them.

TYSON

(slowly)

Tell me you just heard that. *Tell me you just heard that.*

BREEN

Yes. Welcome to the party, Tyson.

TYSON

Halting engines. You should halt yours too.

BREEN

...No, you know- I think I'm going to keep going, for now.

TYSON

We're almost six thousand meters in, here, Ed. The trench mouth is only two thousand away. You are close enough, okay, you are close enough, enough has happened that you should consider-

BREEN

Hey. Asshole. I'm not giving up. I'm not turning back.

TYSON

This is...I mean it's bordering on pathetic, now. You're putting yourself in danger-

BREEN

The only thing putting me in danger is this chair, Ty. C'mon man, where's your sense of adventure, what happened to "Where no man has gone before-"

TYSON

Buddy I just heard a dead woman on the radio. I got a feeling at the back of my neck, man.

BREEN

Well *shake it off*. I'm shaking it off, I'm shaken not stirred, cold as a dead little rotting baby- *ha-* did I tell you what he said to me- the crazy guy, in jail, after the DUI *ruined my life*, did I tell you the story he told me-

TYSON

Breen. Eddie. Slow down.

Breen tries to refocus.

BREEN

Okay. Sorry. I just- need an Allen wrench in here.

(beat)

Six thousand met...Shit. What the fuck is that? Tyson, hey Tyson, my electrical's going weird. My compass is...

It's spinning. In fact, all of the dials and magnetic measurements are moving rapidly, disorganized, flailing like half squashed insects.

HARRY

Breen. Tyson. I need you both to listen to me very carefully. The mission is over. Engage ballasts and head for the surface, now.

Breen pauses, confused. He smiles, getting back some of that confidence, a little lost.

BREEN

That wasn't nearly enough time to pull the video feed, so-

STACEY

Eddie...It's- I don't-

HARRY

You need to come back up right now, Edward. Right now. This isn't a suggestion.

BREEN

Did you get a look at the Elusidea and all my new friends down here, ha, did you see the welcoming party-

STACEY

No, we couldn't pull the video, we didn't have time. We only got the stills though, and-

BREEN

The stills? There was nothing in the stills, I saw them myself-

STACEY

No. There's- there's something. Eddie you need to listen to me-

BREEN

Look what I need right now is an Allen wrench. I just need to tighten the seat, I mean if something went wrong it could cause some real serious problems in here-

HARRY

*Harry, you listen to me, you're coming up, **NOW, RIGHT NOW.** That is not a suggestion, there is something **DOWN THERE WITH YOU,** and-*

Breen notices something out the window behind him. A light.

BREEN

Hey. I see Big Eye.

THE LIGHT CAREENS IN AND SMASHES DIRECTLY INTO THE SIDE OF THE POD. The impact is VIOLENT and STARTLING, one of the panels above Breen *cracking inward, SPRAYING HIM WITH SPARKS-*

HARRY

Breen! What just happened!?

Breen can't respond; the entire pod is **SPINNING**

LIKE

A GRAVITRON

Out of control, as the cracked panel *belches smoke*, exposed wiring and circuit boards coated in roiling hot red fire-

TYSON

(distorted)

*Jesus christ, Big Eye just crashed
right into the pod, something **THREW**
Big Eye into the pod!*

*The main power drops out- the spinning cabin is now ONLY LIT
by fire! Breen's coughing convulsively, and fumbling for the
controls in the dark-*

HARRY

Tyson do you have a visual on the pod, can you see him-

TYSON

I see him, the pod is below me now, but there's something else out here-

HARRY

Can you get to him?

TYSON

I'll try.

Though the pod's still spinning in near total darkness, Breen manages to grab onto a console, unhook a latch, and slam down a lever-

The effect is instantaneous: the entire cabin is lit **BLUE**, as an icy blast of fire retardant instantly puts out the fires, simultaneously dousing Breen.

BREEN

Shit! Shit-

Breen grabs the controls and holds on tight, moving the gears, trying to stabilize the spin- the spin slows, but the *entire vessel begins to tip to the right-*

HARRY

What the hell is happening down there?

TYSON

BREEN! You're inverting, you're going belly-up! You've gotta stabilize your gyroscope!

BREEN

(to himself)

Okay, okay. This is gonna suck-

Breen, now nearly sideways, *shoves the controls in two opposing directions, SPINNING OUT THE SUBMERSIBLE-* it's like before, only a thousand times worse, Breen's body being rocked violently as he tries to stay upright-

You know that feeling, maybe when you were on a playground when you were a little kid on one of those roundabouts, where you're spinning so fast it feels like your body is trying to pull out of itself? *That.*

Breen shoves himself back in his chair, trying to keep the vomit down, as the spinning forces the submersible to right itself, coolant dripping down his face-

He slams the controls back into place, and the spinning stops. Breen sits for a moment in the blue light, trying to get his bearings.

BREEN (CONT'D)

Okay. Okay I'm okay.

TYSON

I see him! Eddie I see you, you're-

The pod **SUDDENLY, VIOLENTLY** collides with something below it- there's a serpentine sound of things slithering and crashing over the exterior of the pod, and then a *sudden, bungee-yank!*

The pod is still, except for gentle swaying back and forth. Breen blinks, wiping his face, then braces himself, leaning forward, almost vomiting.

The vomit doesn't come, and he leans back in his chair, staring up at the hatch above him, taking long, deep breaths, trying to pull it together.

He looks around, leaning over to a window and clicking on a little light next to it. Outside, he can see faint tangles of some kind of slimy black sea-weed, pressed right up against the window.

He checks the other two. It's on all sides. The entire pod is tangled in it. He finally seems to be coming back to us: he reaches over to his radio deck, checking some switches.

BREEN
 (after a long beat)
 I'm alive.

STACEY
 Breen, are you alright? What is
 the status of the submersible.

BREEN
 I'm...I'm very dizzy, but I'm okay?
 I think? The Belle of the Bottom
 is- we're a little fucked up over
 here, but nothing catastrophic, I-
 actually, scratch that, there is
 something catastrophic, I appear to
 have lost the aft engines.

Breen, processing this over his controls, suffers a
 debilitating moment of fear.

STACEY
 Can you bring them back online?
 Have you tried rerouting power from
 auxiliary systems?

Breen looks up at the destroyed, cracked in panel above him.
 He gingerly reaches up to it, touching it gently-

It spits sparks down onto him.

That looks like a no go.

BREEN
 That looks like a no go.
 (re: the windows)
 Hey I'm...I don't have any frame of
 reference for where I am right now,
 what's this shit on the outside of
 the ship? It looks like seaweed?

TYSON
 Yeah- uh- Eddie I wanna try to give
 everyone a clear idea of what's
 happening, right now, but you know,
 I'm not a poet, so-

HARRY
 Mr. Baker can you see the pod?

TYSON

Yes. Oh yeah. So basically what we have is a situation where the pod is tangled in a web of some kind of sea-weed or abyssopelagic flora, but it's caught up and- it's dangling in the mouth of the trench. The seaweed's the only thing keeping it up.

A spotlight passes over the windows, shining through the seaweed, and Breen peers out into the tangle.

BREEN

(quietly)

Hi Tyson.

TYSON

I think there's a chance I could cut him loose; the manipulators on this baby have a saw, but it's not meant for anything like this.

BREEN

Well I mean...Tyson if there's a will there's a way. I don't like being the damsel in distress, but if that's what we gotta do to finish the expedition-

HARRY

Finish the expedition? The expedition is over, Edward. You've lost your aft engines. This is non-negotiable-

BREEN

Well let's just get me out of the briar patch here and see where we-

TYSON

Eddie the second I get you loose you're going to start sinking, unless you cue your ballasts and head topside. You are gonna literally fall off a cliff.

BREEN

Um, sorry, wasn't that my job description? A shoemaker makes shoes, a model poses for pictures, and I, Eddie Breen, have been hired to fall off a cliff underwater, so-

HARRY

I should've known.

BREEN

What, you should've known what?

HARRY

That you weren't ready. It was irresponsible of me. Selfish.

BREEN

Hey, slow down. You came to me because I have the highest stress cognition ratings in NASA history, and *Harold*, I think it's paying off. You think anyone else you got would be cracking jokes right now? No they'd be *fucking panicking*, they'd have gone back to the surface after the fucking monster divers, well I did that, passed that challenge, jumped through that hoop, I been hearing things, I've been SEEING THINGS, the cast of Titanic gave me an up close and personal meet and greet and then YOUR fucking drone crashed into *my* ship and I'm still smiling, so don't make me make the same speech twice...right? ...Right? Harold, anyone? ...c'mon, I want to see the bottom. I want to see where this goes... I have to just...just let me see where it goes, and I'll...

Breen trails off, near tears.

HARRY

Eddie...you know you're right. But you sound insane. This isn't your fault. Something...something we don't understand is happening, it's not your fault.

Breen doesn't respond. He flicks some switches.

TYSON

Beginning to cut now. Everybody please quiet but Breen, this is a real red-wire-blue-wire situation.

STACEY

Copy. We're here if you need us.

There's a whistling **VRMMMM** from outside the pod as Eddie's saw starts up.

BREEN

...I just wanted to give Carter something to tell the kids at school about, you know?

TYSON

Sure Eddie.

There's a moment of silence, Eddie flipping some switches, getting some angry beeps from his machines.

BREEN

Hey, um...Watch your back out there, okay?

TYSON

I am.

BREEN

No I just mean...you know, in case something...I mean I at this point, if I'm being completely candid, I at this point have accepted that I'm having a...
(struggles to say it)
S- Supernatural experience.

The buzzing of the saw gets closer. The yellow light of Tyson's spotlight shines through the window, casting Breen in a surreal mix of blue and white.

TYSON

I'm not- you know, I'm not trying to quantify, anything, yet. Just trying to focus on getting us both in from the cold.

BREEN

Right, yeah.

There's a beat. The saw is getting closer. There's a jolt: the pod drops a few inches.

BREEN (CONT'D)

Whoa! Whoa now.

TYSON

Sorry about that. You should prime your ballasts, you're going to have to hit them as soon as I get you free. Hit'em too soon, and you'll tangle yourself all the way in.

BREEN

So low stakes then. Love it. I love it!

He reaches down to a rip cord slightly beneath his seat, priming some switched.

BREEN (CONT'D)

Ballasts primed. I hate that you have to reach down in order to go up, seems counter-intuitive.

TYSON

When we get up, let's file a complaint.

BREEN

Yeah.

(beat)

I'll take that Pina Coolada now, please.

Tyson laughs.

Breen starts priming various systems, and then notices something out of his opposite window, leaning over. The view is obscured mostly by seaweed, but there's a faint orange point of light.

BREEN (CONT'D)

Hey Tyson, you see anything over to the east?

TYSON

From here my view is all this seaweed shit. Something I should be worried about?

BREEN

I...I can't really...

Breen trails off.

TYSON

(beat)

How you doing? You feeling...you know, how you doing in there?

Breen sighs, leaning back.

BREEN

At first, I was seeing things, hearing things no one else was seeing, but then: they saw them too. They saw them, so that to me leaves two options, which is that all of this, everything happening is real, or option B...

(beat)

None of it is. None of this is happening.

TYSON

Don't tell me I'm working my ass off to save a guy who thinks he's dreaming.

BREEN

Eh, maybe not a dream, right? Maybe I'm hallucinating it all, and somewhere Harry and Stacey are yelling "wake up Eddie! Snap out of it before it's too late!" Or maybe I'm dead? Did you think of that? I'm dead, laying in a puddle of blood and broken glass after my DUI, right?

TYSON

I feel like I've seen that movie.

BREEN

I feel like I've seen that movie about six times. Plus a few episodes of the Twilight Zone.

(beat)

Hey, if these are my dying moments, I could do a lot worse than ripping off the Twilight Zone, right?

There's a beat. We can hear the ratcheting sound of the saw outside, buzzing, ominous, sharp.

BREEN (CONT'D)

Do you know what Ellie's last words were? When she was in the hospital, christ, that's like...Six years ago now...

Tyson doesn't respond.

BREEN (CONT'D)

Do you know what her last words were? She had just delivered our daughter, you know. She'd just delivered our daughter and she was hemorrhaging. She was so pale- I was right there, and they told her the baby was- was dead. The baby was stillborn.

(remembers)

And she just started screaming. And those were her last words. Just screaming. She was just screaming. And then she was gone. And I thought...

(beat)

"Well, that doesn't seem fair."

TYSON

...Just...Just try to relax, Eddie.

Eddie sighs, staring at his hands, and then hears an odd sound, and more seaweed falls away from his east facing window.

Breen does a double take, rubbing his eyes, and then pushes his face right up against the window, staring.

BREEN

Hey, Tyson. Do you see that?

Silence. Just the sound of the saw.

BREEN (CONT'D)

There's a house.

(beat)

There's a house on the bottom of the ocean.

The lights die, *plunging him into total darkness.*

BREEN (CONT'D)

...Tyson? My power just died. Shit, you can't hear me. Okay.

MOTHER

(whisper)

where's my baby

Breen startles. We hear him scrambling in the body, breathing hard, hysterical.

BREEN

No no no no no no no no no

He slowly falls back to silence. The saw is getting closer. A light briefly comes in through the window, which only serves a frame of reference for when the cabin *jolts* again, another short drop.

We can hear Breen moving around, and then a glow stick cracks, lighting him in eerie **GREEN** haze. He searches around the pod like a trapped animal, his seat clicking away, popping more glow sticks and dropping them, trying to fill up the area with light as he frantically pushes buttons and turns knobs.

His eyes go to the window, where he can see black seaweed pressed against the glass. But there's something wrong about it...the way it moves.

BREEN (CONT'D)
It's hair. That's *hair*.

The bloated, rotten face of a woman with puss yellow eyes drifts up against the window.

Breen gasps, *jerking backwards, dropping his glowstick.*

The face remains, now only barely lit. A palm *slaps against the glass, so rotten you can see straight through tendon and bone to the other side.*

Breen doesn't even scream. He's frozen. The spotlight passes over the woman, and she turns, disappearing into the seaweed.

Power comes back on in the pod, bringing back the white lights and Breen lurches to the radio.

BREEN (CONT'D)
*TYSON! TYSON BACK OFF THE SEAWEED
NOW THERE'S SOMEONE IN HERE WITH US*

TYSON
What? You're almost free, I-

BREEN
No, NO GET OUT OF HERE NOW BEFORE-

There's a *HORRIBLE SHRIEK OF STATIC, DISTORTION, WHALING THROUGH THE RADIO-*

Breen lurches to the window to see the rotting, distorted woman *LEAP FROM THE SEAWEED ONTO TYSON'S POD- the saw goes wild and SLASHES INTO the side of the Belle of The Bottom-*

TYSON
JESUS CHRIST WHAT THE FUCK-

Tyson's feed *explodes into static* as the Belle of The Bottom *TIPS ONTO ITS SIDE*, and Breen, not strapped in, falls violently into the control panel-

BREEN

AGH!

He pushes himself up to face the window- *just in time to see Tyson's craft, being torn at by the Mother, get its propellers caught in the seaweed-*

TYSON

I've lost control, I've lost con-

The motion of the propellers *spaghettis up the SEAWEED AND THEN YANKS TYSON'S CRAFT FORWARD, SMASHING IT DIRECTLY INTO THE WINDOW BREEN HAS HIS FACE UP TO-*

Breen's face is *SMASHED AGAINST THE WALL*, and he topples backwards, the impact setting off dozens of alarms in the craft-

There's a moment of silence, and then *TYSON'S CRAFT EXPLODES AND THE BELLE OF THE BOTTOM LURCHES OUTWARD*, falling free of the seaweed, all of the instruments screaming in protest-

Breen rights himself as the craft goes vertical, letting him get back into his seat-

BREEN

TYSON DO YOU READ ME, DO YOU RE-

The porthole to his left begins *spraying a thin stream of high pressure water*. He turns and stares in horror, just in time to Tyson's destroyed craft *fall past, lit by fires burning brightly and electrical failures-*

That moment. It's here. It's starting. The end.

BREEN (CONT'D)

Wild Glamour this is Belle of the Bottom, I have rupture, repeat, I have a hull rupture here-

STACEY

Breen what happened where's Tyson-

BREEN

Tyson is-

Breen notices a canyon wall rapidly getting closer through one of the portholes- *he's drifting straight towards it-*

BREEN (CONT'D)
 oh god I'm falling into the trench,
 I can see the wall, I can see the-

The pod *smashes into the canyon wall, RICOCHETING OFF-*

BREEN (CONT'D)
 We hit the wall! We hit the wall
 and we're still falling!

The pressure of the water spraying in intensifies; it's still just a mist but slowly condensing into an actual stream. This is bad, this is *so bad*.

STACEY
 Reroute all power to the remaining engines, pull the main grid off line and switch to auxiliary with a three over three!

Breen starts flipping switches frantically, turning knobs; we see what he doesn't, the other side of the canyon wall rapidly approaching in the porthole behind him-

BREEN
 No go, my routers are damaged from the imp-

The pod strikes the opposite canyon wall, ricocheting off again! In the window, we can see the wall racing by: the pod is in *freefall*.

BREEN (CONT'D)
 SHIT! SHIT!

STACEY
 Stay calm, and trigger the ballasts. You can still go up, it'll be a rough ride, but-

BREEN
 Shit. Goddamn it! Okay-

He reaches down to trigger the ballasts...But his fingers discover what his eyes confirm.

BREEN (CONT'D)
 Are you fucking kidding? No!

STACEY
 What's happening?

BREEN

The chair, the loose chair! It's blocking the ballast control!

STACEY

What!?

BREEN

It got knocked loose in the impact and now the base is jammed- Fuck! I have to unstrap to-

CRASH! Into the wall on the other side; the pod is being ping pong'd back and forth, receiving more damage every time!

BREEN (CONT'D)

I'm in free fall. I'm in free fall.

STACEY

Eddie, listen to me, okay-

BREEN

I'm sinking. I'm still sinking. Tyson's dead. I'm in free fall! Oh god. Okay! Oh god-

STACEY

Eddie, focus, you have to try to empty your oxygen tanks, if you use your rebreathers you could-

Breen realizes that a screw on the leaking porthole window is slowly unscrewing itself, the water pressure pushing in from the outside.

BREEN

There's a screw. There's a screw.

STACEY

What? Eddie, what are you-

BREEN

A screw on the porthole is coming loose, it's coming out-

There's a rattle, clearly Harry grabbing the microphone.

HARRY

Stop it. Get your tool kit, for it back in-

Breen reaches. Nothing. *THE POD HITS THE WALL AGAIN, the lights flickering, some of the LED's snapped in the impact-*

BREEN

Chair's blocking the tool kit. Oh god. Oh no. HA! THIS FUCKING CHAIR, RIGHT, WHO WOULD'VE THOUGHT-

HARRY

Eddie listen to me you cannot let that screw come out!

Breen, being sprayed with water as he careens towards another impact, slaps his right hand down over the screw as his other hand still gropes for the tool kit.

BREEN

Aghhhh no come on, come on-

His fingers down quite reach.

BREEN (CONT'D)

No, NO DAMN IT

Eddie starts violently elbowing the chair in frustration- **BAM THE POD HITS THE WALL AGAIN**, knocking his hand away from the screw- he immediately slaps it back down, blinking water out of his eyes-

HARRY

*Do not let the window breach!
Repeat, do not let the window breach!*

He's reaching, reaching- in frustration, he unbuckles one of the latches on his seatbelt to reach further-

HARRY (CONT'D)

DO NOT TAKE PRESSURE OFF THAT WINDOW, WHATEVER YOU DO, DO NOT TAKE PRESSURE OFF THAT WINDOW.

BREEN

IT'S PUSHING BACK- THE SCREW IS PUSHING INTO MY HAND- AGHHH-

We watch as a single point on the top of Breen's hand slowly, steadily, bulges outward- Breen screams, using his other arm to push back- *blood has begun to seep down the wall-*

BREEN (CONT'D)

AGHHHH NO NO NO

The screw, under tremendous pressure, **PUNCHES STRAIGHT THROUGH BREEN'S HAND on an explosion of water- ricochets twice and then STRIKES BREEN IN THE SIDE OF THE HEAD-**

He jerks back in pain and surprise, *smacking his head violently against a low hanging console-*

SLAM TO BLACK.

The sound of rushing water...slowly transitioning...

ELLIE (O.S.)

What are we gonna do if you go up?

BREEN (O.S.)

If I go up, I go up. That's the most exciting day of our lives.

ELLIE (O.S.)

Of your life.

(beat)

Maybe mine too. I want- actually yeah, that's what would make me happiest too. You sending me a picture from space.

(beat)

You know we have that picture of you in the space helmet from when you were a little kid...I'd frame it. No one frames pictures any more.

BREEN (O.S.)

That's the only thing I'm scared of. That I'd go up and you'd take the opportunity to embarrass me.

ELLIE (O.S.)

I always knew there had to be something that scared you.

BREEN (O.S.)

Well I mean, that's not really it. That's not it. There is something that scares me...That I'd miss you too much.

ELLIE

Aw babe. Then there's only one question left.

BREEN

Oh yeah? What's that?

MOTHER (O.S.)

where's my baby

SLAM TO:

INT. BELLE OF THE BOTTOM

Breen is *completely upside down, hanging from the straps of his seat*. Water is streaming down his body, over his head, effectively water-boarding him-

He splutters, coughing and spitting ocean. The lights are flickering on and off. He looks up, to where water three feet deep is pooling on the ceiling.

The bloody wounds on his forehead and hand have been leaking down into the water, which is stained red.

He struggles with the straps, and then *falls headfirst* out of his chair into the water below, OUCH. Scrambling to his feet, he tries to check his systems-

But the vessel begins to tilt. It was standing on its head and he's overbalanced it-

BREEN

No no no no wait wait-

The vessel turns and *falls onto its side, THUD*. The water spreads out, but it's still coming in. Breen looks at the porthole, now under him; it's just pressed seaweed and black soil.

BREEN (CONT'D)

I'm on the bottom. I'm on the bottom of the ocean.

His eyes widen; something in Breen has shaken loose. He seems hysterical as he crawls through the pod, trying to get to the controls. He hits the Ultra Low Frequency line.

BREEN (CONT'D)

Wild Glamour this is Belle of The Bottom, Wild Glamour this is Belle of The Bottom, I am- I'm-

He checks a clearly broken and malfunctioning depth measurement, taps it, nothing.

BREEN (CONT'D)

HA! I'm a lot of meters, a lot of meters, hull is ruptured but it doesn't look structural- taking on water, ballast and buoyance still blocked, stil...haha oh god the water's really rising...

He reaches frantically behind the seat. He can almost get the tool kit; he's breathing hard, hysterical.

BREEN (CONT'D)

I am having a, uh, human arm length malfunction. HA. Stacey, Harry-Harold, c'mon- ANYONE. Come on.

There's the sound of a baby's laugh, muted from outside.

Breen freezes, the only movement being water sloshing around beneath him as it slowly rises.

There's the sound of something skittering over the outside of the hall, and he turns to the porthole that faces up.

Some kind of deep sea spider-crab skitters over the window. Breen barely even reacts, just shivers and goes back to reaching for the tool kit, when he sees...

The blue light. His short-range radio. He blinks away water, and then reaches out and hits the blue button.

BREEN (CONT'D)

T...Tyson?

Silence, then distant static, building, building- a low, hissing, piercing whine. Then, a gasp. Breen blinks, pulling himself close to the speaker.

BREEN (CONT'D)

Tyson!? Tyson is that you-

A female voice, french accent, rusty and distorted, as though through old speakers, responds.

MARION

Unidentified craft, please identify yourself. Repeat, unidentified craft, this is the Fée Bleue, please identify.

He stares. The moment hangs. Very slowly, he leans over, and pushes the "CALL" button.

BREEN

This is Edward Breen...aboard the DSV Belle Of The Bottom...

(beat)

.....who am I speaking to?

MARION

This is Marion Delphine-

BREEN

Fuck you, no it isn't.

Breen turns off the radio.

He sits in silence, and then, after a moment, *starts screaming, sobbing, shaking, splashing in the still rising bloody water, pounding his fists against the walls, completely breaking down.*

He lets out three long, bellowing screams, and then the baby's laugh comes again from outside.

Breen nods to himself, something occurring to him, hits a series of switches: there's a VRMMM and the lights go **RED**.

The water is rising now, at chest height. The water itself is murky brown from his blood. In the red light, it looks like black poison.

Breen shudders, and braces himself against the roof, turning on both radios again.

BREEN (CONT'D)

This is Edward Breen to ANYONE, I have reached the b- bottom of the trench, and...I'm about to die, so-

MARION

Mr. Breen, this is Marion Delphine, you say you are *in the trench-*

BREEN

(vicious)

SHUT UP! SHUT UP YOU'RE A FUCKING H- HALLUCINATION!

MARION

It's equally possible you're my hallucination, Mr. Breen.

Breen collects himself, laughing, sounding unstable.

BREEN

You might think differently if you were talking to someone who's been dead for almost fifty years. Stay off this channel.

MARION

Why did you say "fifty years?" I'm not dead, I've only been down here for- for- ...I- time is, I've realized...I don't...

(beat, whisper)

...I don't know how long I've been here....

Breen, ignoring her, snaps.

BREEN

*Got to try to flush the- flush the
cabin, so-*

He ducks underwater, pressing some buttons, and pulls a lever. This gets an angry error noise.

MARION

I don't feel dead. I feel alive.
I think perhaps-

BREEN

SHUT UP! Just SHUT. UP.

Breen tries to shut off the radio, but the button, damaged in the crash, simply falls off.

Breen starts to take deep, shuddering breaths.

The static-tinged voice of the dead woman continues.

MARION

Is your pod flooding? Listen, if
you're flooding, an old
submariner's trick is to invert the
oxygen flow; use the air pumps to
jettison the water and repressurize
the cabin-

BREEN

*Cold, it's so fucking cold, jesus
christ, it's so cold-*

MARION

You'll have to wait til it's
completely full for the pressure to
equalize so you could repair
whatever damage has been done-

The water is now up to his neck.

BREEN

If the water gets in I'll just hold
my breath, Carter. If it gets in-
ha- if it- it won't get in- haha-
I'll just hold my- *hold my breath-*

His last words spoken with his lips pressed against the ceiling, he sucks in air and the water goes over his head.

Breen is completely submerged in freezing, ice cold water. Power fluctuates in the cabin, and the LEDs start cycling, repeatedly lighting Breen from different angles, casting shadows in every corner.

Breen sits with his eyes squeezed shut.

And that's when the baby's crying starts. It's faint at first. Breen shakes his head "no." The crying is getting louder.

Breen's opens his eyes, focusing, trying to think, freezing cold, but getting more collected.

He goes to the control panel in the dizzying, changing light, and operates a few buttons. He opens a special latch, exposing the oxygen flow controls.

He twists a knob, and moves a slide dial. There's a whirring, bubbling sound: something starting up.

Now that he's floating, he reaches again for the tool kit behind the seat. The new angle- his fingers can touch the latch- he's reaching- reaching-

He hits the latch, and the tool kit falls. He tears it open, looking for a magnetizing screwdriver- tools fall in all directions in the darkness-

He grabs up one of his glowsticks from earlier, searching- *got it, got the screwdriver-*

The sound of the baby crying is growing louder and louder.

He searches frantically on the dark floor, knocking aside tools- **THERE, THERE IT IS, THE SCREW!**

The baby goes silent.

Breen lifts the screw, and turns, to *see that rotten, bloated face of the long dead woman is pressed grotesquely against the window. A spider-crab crawls out of her mouth.*

Breen just stares at it, and then lowers to the damaged porthole, and applies the high-tech screwdriver to the screw, locking it tightly back in place

Breen turns, and pulls a big emergency lever under the control console.

The noise of the fans is **STARTLING AND TERRIFYING**, jolting Breen so badly he exhales completely, **LOSING ALL HIS REMAINING AIR-** he flails as the ship, its weight changing, shifts-

Pushing the ship back right side up- Breen tumbles into his seat-

When he looks back, the face is gone- and the water level is slowly dropping: we can hear the hiss of air being pushed back into the cabin.

The water levels lower- Breen takes in a gasping breath, coughing, badly, as he operates revs back up the power. The lights are flickering, barely there.

He lays there, exhausted, giving himself, and us, a chance to catch our breath. There's a hiss, and he sits up, going to the porthole. He flicks on the exteriors.

It's beautiful out there. Haunting. We can only see a bit; the pod is resting in a thick field of the black seaweed, that hands and sways like a cornfield.

We can see anglerfish pass, their lights dangling. Under them, we can see more spider crabs. It's almost pitch black out there.

The fanged, lipless mouth of a goblin shark drifts into view- Breen pulls back, and watches as the goblin shark passes.

BREEN (CONT'D)

Oh thank god. It's just a shark.

(laughs to himself)

Right. That's where I'm at.

The laugh that comes out of Breen sounds insane. He leans and tries to search around with the tools, now near impossible to reach at the bottom. He moves them around.

BREEN (CONT'D)

Nope. No allen wrench. Hmhmhmh.

The radio crackles, and he stares at it.

MARION

Hello? Bonjour is anyone there...

(beat)

Please be there...Don't have left me alone down here again, I don't know what I would do.

Breen groans, still just breathing. He takes a moment. Then shakes his head, and grabs his wire mic.

BREEN

Hey. Hi. Still here.

(beat.)

(MORE)

BREEN (CONT'D)

That's a neat trick with the carbon dioxide flush, I...I wouldn't have thought of that.

MARION

It's a Navy trick. I wasn't sure that it would work, I've never seen a submersible like yours.

Breen sits up, anxious. He looks around in the dim light.

BREEN

Wh...What do you mean, like mine?

There's a low hiss of static, and then:

MARION

I can see you. I am watching you now.

Breen gets chills, but then shakes them off.

BREEN

Where?

MARION

Outside. Close.

Breen sucks up his fear, and checks a window. Nothing, just the field of black seaweed. Another window. Nothing.

The third window. He checks, then pulls away, then checks again. Wait. Wait, what.

Mired in the black seaweed almost a hundred meters away is a bathysphere, laying on its side, lit faintly by yellowed, aged lights on its exterior, showing signs of heavy damage.

Through its lone window shines the musty golden light, like a window into a furnace. A lantern in the woods at night.

Breen stares.

BREEN

I see a bathysphere. I actually see a bathysphere.

MARION

Do you see this?

The exterior lights on the bathysphere click on and off. Breen gulps, pulling away from the window.

BREEN

Yeah I...listen, are you..okay
listen I really- this is going to
sound bad, but I really think
you're a monster right now.

The laugh that comes through the speakers could be sweet.

Or sinister.

MARION

What if I am? What if I've come to
finish the job the trench started,
and peel the flesh from your bones-

BREEN

*Hey. Don't say that shit. I can
still just fuckin bash this radio,
don't say that shit-*

MARION

Sorry, sorry. Are you alright, are
you injured?

Breen has opened a first aid kit, and is disinfecting the
wound on his hand.

BREEN

I was almost drowned in my own
blood. Ah- ouch. Plus there's a
dead baby crawling around on the
outside of my p- p- pod.

MARION

A what?

Breen begins bandaging his hand.

BREEN

How is this- look, what- *what do
you- okay.* What are you doing down
here?

MARION

My name is Marion Delphine. I'm an
oceanographer, I was on a
expedition to-

BREEN

No, listen- stop. Are you aware of-
okay, ha, okay: listen it's 2016
right now. The year 2016. You
disappeared into this trench in
1968....

MARION

I was...I was sleeping...I got dizzy, and then I...I don't know.

There's a long, dead silence. Breen finishes his hand, and sits there, fidgeting.

BREEN

You didn't notice, "hey, my pod has enough oxygen for an hour without the tether to the ship, and I've been untethered for, oh, check my watch, fifty or so years, I think something might be wrong."

There's a beat.

MARION

My instruments...my instruments are all broken, Mr. Breen. I think I...I went to sleep...for a while...I think I...

The static fades in and out.

BREEN

Listen, Casper. You're dead. You're definitely dead.
(beat)
I...I'm sorry.

He switches some switches. Angry beep. The lights flicker. He turns them off, going back to minimal lights. He can faintly hear crying.

BREEN (CONT'D)

Hey, don't...Cry, right? I mean...We're just sitting here waiting to die, let's not be...let's not be sad about it.

MARION

Ah Mr. Breen, you forget that I am already dead.

There's a noise above him. Breen closes his eyes, ignores it, and looks out through the window, staring at the bathysphere.

He brings up a mirror from the first aid kit, investigating the cut on his forehead. He jams the mirror into the panel, and draws out a needle and sutures from the kit.

He takes a deep breath.

BREEN

So why are you down here? Why would you- why did you want to do this, come here?

There's a beat. He pushes the needle through the gash on his forehead, slowly carefully, and begins stitching the wound.

MARION

You're trying to cheer me up.

BREEN

Sure.

There's a beat, we can hear Marion wiping her tears.

MARION

Would you believe I just love fishes?

(laughs)

Ever since I was a little girl, I loved fishes, I loved the ocean. I wanted to see all of it, I wanted to be a boat captain, you know?

BREEN

Well, you got a good view now. Speaking of, how are there fish down here?

MARION

You can see the flora. This is a thermal vent; the water is warmer, the pressure is lower. If I wanted to I could come out in my suit and pay you a visit; it's only 30 or 40 atmospheres.

BREEN

Well, yeah, don't do that.

MARION

Of course I can't. It would depressurize my craft. And forty atmospheres is still too much to use oxygen, I'd have to hold my breath.

(laughs)

Shouldn't you know this? You are an oceanographer, no?

BREEN

No, actually. I'm an astronaut.

MARION
You're joking.

BREEN
Nope.

The lights flicker. He flinches, stabbing himself with the needle right next to his eye.

BREEN (CONT'D)
Agh, shit.

MARION
If it's not presumptuous to ask,
why is an astronaut on the bottom
of the ocean?

BREEN
I...Well, I made some mistakes.

MARION
Pointed the rocket in the wrong
direction, eh?

BREEN
Not- ha, you're funny for a dead
person- not quite. I uh...
(beat)
I had a...My wife died. She died
giving birth to our daughter,
who...You know, who also died.

MARION
I'm sorry.

BREEN
Yeah, it...

Breen takes a long beat. He looks around the cabin. This is just happening. Finally.

BREEN (CONT'D)
(near tears, shaky)
It wasn't good. It wasn't a good
time, it still...it's still not
done, I just think about it all the
fucking time, you know, I still
just think about it. But anyway, I
started making a lot of mistakes, I
started...drinking, a lot. And one
night I got drunk, at a NASA event,
if you can believe it, and I got in
the car...I don't even remember it.
(MORE)

BREEN (CONT'D)

But I backed right out into traffic. They told me that. I just reversed into traffic.

(beat)

I spent forty years of my life training for one thing, wanting one thing, knowing one thing. And then in one stupid decision...poof. Gone. I never even got to take a test flight.

He's quiet. The shark passes outside. In the distance, he can hear a quiet baby's laugh.

MARION

The Ni'Hil natives called this trench The Ocean's Mother. Young boys from the tribe would take a boat out, and submerge themselves, staring down at the trench. It was a right of manhood. There were stories of a place where the line between the living and the dead was blurred, and souls would be kept locked away forever...

(beat)

A house on the bottom of the ocean.

There's a low rumbling hiss.

BREEN

Yeah, I think I heard that story. Earlier. Cause it was...happening.

(beat)

In jail for the DUI there was this guy, this crazy guy, he was schizophrenic or something. He was talking about this woman, this...dead woman. It's a mexican thing, she's like...a ghost, or a curse. La Llorona. Stands in the the ocean, and beckons in children, looking for her lost baby...

(shakes his head)

I started dreaming about her. I thought it was because of my wife, this image of a woman at the bottom of the ocean, beckoning me into the dark...

(beat)

My dead wife. Whatever that thing is out there. "La Llorona." You.

(beat)

(MORE)

BREEN (CONT'D)

So I kissed my son goodbye, and here I am.

MARION

You chased this, this nightmare. You sought it out.

BREEN

Well- I don't know about that. The deepest trench in the world? C'mon.

(beat)

I had a- if I'm being honest, I don't know what it was, obsession feels like an over-reach, but- yeah maybe an obsession? I had this, haha- oh god.

Breen wipes his face and shakes his head, laughing, staring at the lights on the console.

MARION

What?

BREEN

I had this fixation that I'd go up into the unknown, you know? Not like- space but that I'd- that I could be part of the absolute unknown. I wanted to disappear into a place no one had ever seen, no one had ever been, and come back and say hey, I *did it*, and here's proof.

MARION

This sounds like the American ego.

BREEN

No, no it- I mean maybe- but for me it was always about just a little bit of surprise. I feel like maybe the reason people are letting everything go to shit these days is because they're know-it-alls. Everyone's so fucking eager to give you their personal favorite set of facts on the way things are. I mean when's the last time something truly inexplicable happened that didn't have ten thousand experts knocking down the doors to tell you just why and how it happened. Well I wanted to be the guy saying...

(MORE)

BREEN (CONT'D)

(beat)

"Nope. Not this time. Stand there, and shit your pants in awe of the impossible."

(smiles)

Make'em say "Holy shit, didn't see that coming."

Breen laughs, and we hear Marion laugh too. Outside the shark circles past. Breen eyes it casually.

BREEN (CONT'D)

You know, my dad was an architect, in Chicago. He was a great dad, but the best part was when I'd drive around Chicago, I could point at buildings and say: my dad built that. I was proud of him.

(beat)

So maybe...You know on some level I feel like I let my son down, even worse then I failed myself. Dead mom, disaster dad, I couldn't...you know, I had to give him something. Some of the meaning I'd been looking for.

(beat)

And here I am.

He stares out the window, numb. He's clearly never said any of this out-loud.

MARION

May I play the psychoanalyst for a moment?

BREEN

Oh certainly. Be my guest. Or ghost. Be my ghost. S'funny.

MARION

I think your problem is one of perspective, Edward. You talk about meaning and the unknown, but these are um- the American word, um- you know, human inventions? Meaning is just as empty as emptiness, and emptiness is just as meaningful as truth. These are all just words, you know, just concepts we created.

BREEN

Ooh, very French.

MARION

Right, but you must listen, now.

(beat)

There is, up on the surface, there is a boy in a boat who loves you, who needs you. You are his meaning. To him, you are god, you are the unknown. He doesn't need you to go to the bottom of the ocean. You are proof of something greater.

(beat)

And you've left him all alone.

BREEN

Well, I-

Breen processes this. We can feel it landing, step by step; he stops trying to find a quip, slowly breaking down into sobs, dry, heavy sobs, which open into tears.

He falls back in his chair, sobbing, frantic, miserable, and finally giving up, slouching back into the red light...

He sits there, processing.

We watch in his face as Breen realizes the extent of his failure as a father, and the doom he now faces, and the future of his son, growing up alone and fatherless, the child he wanted so badly to protect having been left to rot for his own misguided ambition, cause he really was just running away, running away from a dead mother and a dead baby hiding in the darkest place he could go.

Breen sits there staring into the red LEDs, crying. And then sighs, sitting up.

He collects himself, shaking it off.

MARION

I'm sorry, Edward. I just- it's been lonely down here.

BREEN

No, I think you're right. Oof. I wish I could've seen it. I should've never left him.

(beat)

So now what. We're just down here forever. Time starts to blur.

MARION

I...I think maybe we are both dead,
oui? I've begun to think this is
hell.

Breen sits starting at the ceiling, then reaches for his
ballast control again, one last time. Blocked by the chair.

BREEN

Hell is an itch you can't scratch.
Sounds about right.

(beat, sighs, chuckling)

I don't suppose you have an allen
wrench over there, do you?

MARION

An "allen wrench?"

BREEN

Yeah. Just a hunch, I think that's
the last straw, I just asked a
ghost for a favor-

MARION

You mean like a hexagon wrench?

BREEN

Correct, yeah. In America we call
them "allen wrenches," I thought it
was worth a-

MARION

I do, of course I do. I have an
entire set.

Breen sits in total silence as we watch him process this.
The moment of complete stillness is electric.

BREEN

I- you- um, shit, okay. What a, uh-
what a twist, here. We...Shit.

He sits up, addressing his control panel, thinking. We can
feel it in his face, his tiny movements, trying to decide
which controls to access.

BREEN (CONT'D)

Marion, uh, I don't mean to be-
premature , but my seat's rigging
is off-rail by about a third of an
inch, and that's blocking my
ballasts control- if I had an Allen
wrench I could twist that sucker
right back in and get to my tools,
I could fix my mainline and
reengage my ballasts, are you, uh,
do you see what I'm saying, here?

There's a beat of silence.

BREEN (CONT'D)

Marion? Oh don't turn out to be a
hallucination now, that would-

Marion speaks, in the same wired, anxious tone Breen was
using. A trapped rat that sees a way out.

MARION

No, I'm here, I just- I don't know
how to- you know, my craft, it's
fifty meters away, you know, I'm
not sure how I'd get it to you-

BREEN

Well, uh, I think you'd have to
walk it over, neighbor. You said
this was a low pressure zone, you
said you had a suit onboard. You
flood your vessel, you take a jog.
Now they didn't have this back in
your day but I have a very pimped
ride, I can let you in, I have a
two stage airlock on this bad boy,
and that is not a metaphor.

Breen is so excited he's having trouble sitting still, but
there's a depth and weight to his excitement that wasn't
present back on page one.

Back then, he was a kid on a rollercoaster. Now, he's a man
on a mission.

MARION

...How do I know this isn't a
trick? I told you, I have been
hearing things, seeing things-

BREEN

Right well I've been hearing and seeing things too, remember how you found me? I was in a bad way and you brought me back. We need to trust each other, because you're right, I fucked this up, and I intend to unfuck this whole deal right now and you're going to help me, damn it, so put on your suit, pick up your tools, and let's oceanographer the living shit out of this nightmare.

MARION

Oui- okay, yes, yes. I'm- this is crazy, okay.

BREEN

I'm gonna put down flares, turn the lights on down here.

(beat)

And keep your eyes open. If you see anything run...you know coming towards you, just...

MARION

Scream.

BREEN

Okay, good plan so far.

Breen turns, and flips a series of switches, uncovering a security lever and pulls that. There's a loud pop, and waterproof, bright red flares eject out of the top of the Belle Of The Bottom.

We can hear them crackle as they slowly drift down on all sides of the submersible, into the field of seaweed, lighting the surreal environment in flickering red.

The effect takes it from dreamlike to openly frightening.

MARION

Okay, I'm coming. Oh, god. Listen, if I die-

BREEN

You're already dead.

MARION

Yes. What a relief.

There's the noise of a rattling, and then a hiss, through the radio, then the beginning noises of a rush of water.

The occasionally flickering lights inside the Belle of The Bottom finally shut off, plunging him into complete darkness, lit only in the **RED** glow from the outside.

BREEN

Marion- Hey Marion, uh, the lights
are out over here-

He's cut off by the distant sound of a baby crying in the darkness. He turns, and looks outside the porthole behind him.

The Mother is standing amongst the seaweed, staring at him.

She holds one of the burning red flares.

The noise of the crying baby is coming from *her mouth*.

BREEN (CONT'D)

No...

He spins, looking back to the bathysphere.

BREEN (CONT'D)

*Marion, WAIT. I repeat, wait, it
isn't safe, it isn't-*

The top of the ancient bathysphere opens in an explosion of bubbles, and, slowly, an old fashioned brass helmet diving suit climbs out.

Eddie takes a deep breath, holding it, and we hold it along with him, and the suit, as it moves towards him.

don't be afraid

hold your breath

Sitting in inky darkness, with only a faint sheen of red light, Breen reels, going back to the other window. The Mother is gone, having disappeared into the black seaweed.

Breen turns and sees that the suit is slowly starting to make its way towards him.

He can feel the Mother looking at him through the window behind him, and slowly turns, staring at her. She opens her mouth, letting out the baby's cry once more.

can you feel the pressure in your head

Breen *slams his head against the window, holding his breath.*

The Mother slowly smiles, exposing its horrible teeth, and then her *face starts to grotesquely balloon out, bloating rapidly, as she moves back into the darkness, seeming to grow-*

Breen spins back to the window with the diving suit. It's getting closer. Closer. Closer.

Eddie frantically goes to each window, searching for mother, the baby sound goes around the outside...

can you feel it crushing you from the inside

He looks back to see that the *diving suit is climbing up onto the outside of his pod.*

Breen splutters, coughing, and triggers the emergency release valve on the exterior airlock. There's the noise of rushing water above him, and then a loud series of clanks and scuttling sounds. Then a final clank. He looks out the windows.

The Mother is nowhere to be seen. His eyes slowly go up. The three stage REPRESSURIZATION lights are counting down.

He exhales. We exhale. Did you make it? Cause if you didn't...did she...or is it...something else...

The interior gear wheel starts to turn, creaking loudly. Breen cracks a more glowsticks; **RED, GREEN, YELLOW, BLUE...**

The repressurization lights are all lit. What did he just let in. Marion Delphine? The fucking dead woman. *The thing in the fucking rusted out bathysphere? What corroded sinewy skeleton with rotted out holes where the eyes should be did he just let in, after all that, after all that he'll have his throat ripped out by seastained human teeth-*

Eddie suddenly grabs the wheel, holding it tightly, stopping it from spinning.

He sits there like that, and then...Let's go.

There's a low, rumbling hiss from the airlock above him. It builds. Louder and louder until, *the wheel turns-*

The space around the airlock spits water down onto him, startling him as it *abruptly gives birth to a writhing figure, dropping onto him with a shower of water in the claustrophobic space-*

Breen screams in panic as the diving suit clangs around, and then, the helmet comes off.

BREEN (CONT'D)

Ahhh...Ahhh!

The helmet falls away, the figure sitting across him, nearly straddling him, and he sits still, hands up, protectively.

MARION Delphine, 40s, with sharp features and intelligent eyes, gasps in air, her wet hair falling around her face, eyes wide as she and Breen stare at each other.

The moment is completely silent, save her gasping breaths, the two of them lit only in the haze of the glowsticks.

MARION

.....Hello Mr. Breen.

Their mutually shocked faces of relief bring them both immediately nearly to tears. Eddie Breen is by far the happiest we've seen him, and as amazed and delighted as we are to see another person.

BREEN

You're- HAHA- YOU'RE A PERSON!
YOU'RE AN ACTUAL FUCKING PERSON-

MARION

Yes, I'm trying to be-

BREEN

YOU'RE NOT A FUCKING GHOST ZOMBIE
FUCKING- HOLY SHIT! How is *this*
fucking possible? This is- HOLY
SHIT! *HI MARION.*

They shake hands oddly in the cramped space.

MARION

(wiping tears)
Women in my family age well-

BREEN

Yeah I'd say...I'd say so.

They stare at each other, smiling crazily. Marion covers her mouth, covering a little scream.

Breen laughs and embraces her, and she hugs him back, but then pulls away.

MARION

I brought you a present.

She raises a kit of Allen Wrenches.

BREEN
That's- HA! That's...

The wheel of the exterior air-lock begins to turn. Water spits down onto them both.

BREEN (CONT'D)
Wh- SHIT IT'S OPEN, IT'S STILL OPEN-

Breen and Marion both clamor to stand, grabbing onto the lock-wheel, bracing themselves, but *something is turning it, impossibly strong, slowly but surely-*

BREEN (CONT'D)
HOLD IT! HOLD IT!

Blood from his hand-wound spills down his arm and Breen screams in pain, and then Marion tucks down, grabbing a steel wrench and jamming it into the wheel-

This halts the turning, and there's a *BANG from the outside, and a point on the airlock door BENDS INWARD in the shape of a human palm.*

BREEN (CONT'D)
...That's seven inch thick steel.

BANG! Another handprint. And then *the wheel starts to turn again, the wrench slowly starting to bend-*

Marion and Breen work together to slam and lock the interior door, Breen then flipping electronic locks as the grinding noise continues from just above them.

BREEN (CONT'D)
The seat, the seat!

As Marion braces herself above him, Breen ducks down, trying to three allen wrenchs before finding the one that fits, and **WRENCHING UP THE SEAT**, exposing the ballast controls.

They're older, more basic looking, operating with loud clanks and thunks as he primes the ballast, and then-

BREEN (CONT'D)
Fuck-

MARION
What, what's wrong-

BREEN
The ballasts aren't firing. I mean the pod took a beating on the way down, maybe-

MARION

No.

Marion pushes in next to him, and begins operating switches-

BREEN

This is from the future, you won't understand how to-

There's a ping and a green light goes up over BALLAST 1.

BREEN (CONT'D)

Okay then.

Breen pulls himself up, over her, as she continues to hurriedly work in the light of a glowstick, and notices something outside the window.

Standing out in the red haze of the flares are a number of little boys, their corpses rotten and loose from decades, maybe centuries of rot, standing in rows, shirtless, the native children of times past watching them with milky eyes-

MARION

What's happening out there? What do you see?

BREEN

Um...Fish?

Marion looks up at him.

BREEN (CONT'D)

Just finish the- just finish that.

He turns back to the window to see the Mother's upside-down face looking at him, having grown bloated and massive, just before it *splits apart as tentacles push out of her eyes-*

MARION

Got it!

She activates the ballasts and the BELLE OF THE BOTTOM TAKES OFF, immediately swinging violently, throwing them both-

MARION (CONT'D)

Oh god-

BREEN

The GYROSCOPE, the fucking electrical is still out, we don't have a center of-

THERE'S AN IMPACT ON THE OUTSIDE OF THE POD THAT SPINS IT VIOLENTLY, DENTING IT IN! Water again begins to SPRAY IN from the already damaged window!

Breen and Marion *brace themselves as the Pod, still spinning, SLOWLY TURNS UPSIDE DOWN, and then SIDEWAYS.*

BREEN (CONT'D)
COME ON! COME ON!

Outside, through the window, we can briefly see *the screaming faces that comprise the walls of the trench, and then THE MOTHER, now barely human and growing steadily larger, still hanging on the outside of the pod, RIPS SOMETHING AWAY from the exterior- a shower of sparks inside and ANOTHER leak-*

Breen, despite the movement of the pod, forces himself into the seat and takes the helm, hitting switches- grabbing the controls-

BREEN (CONT'D)
Come back, come back-

The power briefly comes back on- the vessel shaking, suddenly LOUD with the scream of computers warning them of the blatantly obvious error and malfunctions piling up by the second, the lights cycling casting them in a perverse rainbow-

RED BLUE GREEN YELLOW PINK ORANGE

He attempts to right the craft- barely-

BREEN (CONT'D)
Shit we're in an uncontrolled ascent, the ballasts are going to over-pressurize-

MARION
We can't risk getting to the surface like this, they'll explode!

BREEN
Well, we can't stop, either-

The engines start up again-

BREEN (CONT'D)
I've got the eng-

There's a MASSIVE IMPACT ON THE BOTTOM of the craft that **KNOCKS THE ALREADY LOOSE SEAT** completely free of its station and *turns the ship sideways.*

Water is now coming in from above AND below them!

Breen, laying against the wall, grabs Marion's hand. They stare at each other, the ship shaking, still rising.

Marion notices something outside the window. Blue light. Faint, but growing. The warning sirens are louder than ever.

MARION

Daylight. I see daylight.

(beat)

Please Eddie, we have to make it.

Please take me back to the world.

I don't want to stay in Hell.

THERE'S VIOLENT IMPACT RIGHT ON THE WINDOW SHE'S LOOKING THROUGH- MARION IS SNAPPED backwards, slamming into the side of the ship, going limp-

you're never getting out of here

BREEN

No no-

Breen goes to Marion, grabbing her up in his arms as the ship tilts *AGAIN* from *ANOTHER* impact- more and *HANDPRINTS* bulge inwards on the inner hull- *AND ANOTHER* and *ANOTHER-*

Breen, bloody and soaking wet, clutches Marion as the lights cycle then *SPARK AND GO OUT*, the pod finally dying completely leaving him only in the increasing daylight as the water rises-

There's terrifying *RIPPING* sound from above and water begins to *SEEP THROUGH* the upper air-lock- we can hear water *RUSHING PAST, FASTER AND FASTER-*

Breen turns, reach under the seat to the emergency kit, hurriedly putting a life-preserver and oxygen mask on the unconscious Marion in the dim light as the pressure warnings for the ballasts *SCREAM* through the pod-

The pod, laying on its side, still ascending, is clearly coming apart- daylight shines brightly through the window now, and then *the craft stops. Something has grabbed it.*

Breen, clutching Marion, slowly looks up. The window behind him has gone dark, and then he realizes...It's *flesh.*

Veiny, rotten, black flesh. Impact lines appear all around the pod as something constricts around it, *A TENTACLE*, crushing it like a soda can.

Breen begins hyperventilating, holding Marion, staring at the daylight through the window, the water now up to his chest, more spilling in all the time-

BREEN (CONT'D)
Please...please...

Black flesh blocks the window, the face of The Mother appearing, and then falling and rotting away, revealing a second face underneath it.

Breen, seeing the face, gasps, covering his mouth, tears welling in his eyes and falling into the rising salty water past his collar bone.

BREEN (CONT'D)
Ellie?

The face of his wife stares at him longingly.

He touches the glass between them, he shakes, crying, as the water rises past his neck.

BREEN (CONT'D)
Oh Ellie...

Breen's face changes, hardening.

BREEN (CONT'D)
You're not Ellie.

The face looks sad. The water reaches his chin. We something building in Breen.

BREEN (CONT'D)
I can't stay with you.
(beat)
I'm not dead. I'm *not* dead.

The face of his wife ***DISTORTS HORRIBLY, ROARING, SPLITTING APART INTO ROT AND TENTACLES-***

BREEN (CONT'D)
No! FUCK YOU! I'm not dead! I'm coming back!
(screams)
I'm coming back, I'm not dead!

The water rises past his face, and he ducks down to the ballast control and ***DEPRESSURIZES THE BALLASTS- ALL OF THE LIGHTS ABOVE THE CONTROL PANEL GO RED-***

THE TOP OF THE BELLE OF THE BOTTOM EXPLODES OFF, FIRING ITS CONTENTS UP AND OUT INTO THE OPEN OCEAN-

UND. OCEAN - CONTINUOUS

Breen is rocketed up and out into the water, limp, unconscious- his body hangs loosely, blood trickling from the wounds on his head and hand, without gravity-

no air no hope

Marion's limp body, lifted by the life vest, collides with him as it floats past, headed towards the surface, and his eyes pop open as he regains consciousness-

High above him he can see the rippling, jagged crystal ceiling of the surface, Marion already just a small figure heading towards it-

He looks down, to see the pod, blown open, **IN THE GRIPS OF A MASSIVE BLACK TENTACLE**, hundreds of **TENTACLES** rising up from the teeth an **impossibly GIANT FORM** rotted human **ARMS AND FINGERS** rising up from a mellow black darkness below around a human eye that **SNAPS OPEN** revealing its rotten popped pupil-

The Belle of The Bottom ruptures, **EXPLODING** under water- the **shockwave** hitting Breen, who loses some air-

you're never getting out of here

But then turns back, focusing on the surface, and starts kicking weakly, then stronger- he's too far he'll never make it- kicking and pulling, his face white and red-

He kicks, pulling, pulling himself up, kicking, fighting upward, upward, losing more air- blood has begun to stream out of his nose- then his ears- the changing pressure-

He can't make it- his fingers reach- reach for the surface-

Breen's eyes glass over- he stops kicking-

He looks down. The giant horror is gone, but Mother is **SWIMMING UP TOWARDS HIM-**

He turns around, **ONE LAST PUSH-**

EXT. OPEN OCEAN - CONTINUOUS

*The storm is raging as **BREEN BREAKS THE SURFACE, GASPING IN AIR**, only to be IMMEDIATELY pushed back under by a wave- the ocean is churning slopes and valleys, a stormy sea-*

Lighting flashes, thunder claps in the sky- Breen surfaces again- he gasps in air-

BREEN
Marion! MARION!

He's struggling to stay up when he sees the light on her life vest- he paddles frantically, grabbing a hold of her motionless form-

She's barely conscious, her eyes half open- she seems far away- pale- ghostly- blood from her nose and ears as well-

BREEN (CONT'D)
Marion wake up-

MARION
Did we make it? Did-

A wave washes her away from him, Marion disappearing into a surge of water, his arms holding nothing, as though she were never there at all.

Breen hoarsely screams over the sound of the waves and the storm as he's thrown around by the sea, alone, a tiny figure alone in nothing.

BREEN
MARION! MARION!

A light hits him, and he blinks against it, and then he's abruptly grabbed and pulled up onto a raft by human hands.

CREWMAN (O.S.)
Holy shit, he's alive-

Breen, exhausted, blacking in and out, is moved around, as we can hear the boat's crew yelling to each other.

BREEN
*There's someone else, there's
someone else in the water-*

CREWMAN
Bud we gotta get you up, hold on
you're going up-

He's attached to some kind of tackle, on a gurney, and lifted up, swaying in the air, dazed, his face pale; he looks dead.

The gurney comes down onto the deck of a large ship, and Breen fights free of it, immediately falling to the ground; he's still too weak to stand.

HAROLD Fontaine, 60s, appears next to him.

HARRY

For christakes some call the doctor
up here, someone help him-

Breen grabs Harry.

BREEN

Harry. Listen to me, listen to me-

STACEY Sokoloff, 30s, appears over him as well, kneeling,
already near tears.

STACEY

Eddie, jesus, we thought you were
dead-

BREEN

No, no- listen to me- listen to me-

HARRY

Get those men up from the water,
what's taking them so long?

BREEN

Marion, you have to get Marion-

HARRY

He's hallucinating, we have
to get him inside-

BREEN

She was- she was with me- you
have to- you have to-

Breen turns trying to stand, and falls back down, starign at
the sky, when.

CARTER (O.S.)

Dad! DAD DAD DAD-

Breen looks up to see Carter charging towards him, breaking
free of **FLOYD ACKERMAN** as he runs across the slippery deck,
colliding with Breen, who embraces him.

BREEN

Oh buddy, oh my god, Carter-

CARTER

They brought me over from the other
ship because I was too scared-

BREEN

I know, I know- I'm so sorry- I'm
so sorry-

CARTER

It's okay-

BREEN
 No I'm so- God I love you. I LOVE
 YOU. Carter...I...

Breen momentarily pulls away.

BREEN (CONT'D)
 (beat)
 Is this real?

CARTER
 (confused, through tears)
 What?

BREEN
 Oh god. That's the perfect answer.

Breen falls silent, clutching his son, who laughs, sobbing, hugging him back.

CREWMAN (O.S.)
 Second coming up!

HARRY
 Second? What the hell are
 you...talking...about...

Breen looks up, his hands shaking, his eyes wide.

A woman is pulled up onto the deck by crew members, soaking wet and shivering, her face covered in hair.

Stacey and Harold slowly turn, frozen to the spot, standing in awe of the impossible.

The hair falls away from the woman's face...

Marion Delphine looks around, shivering, and immediately begins to cry, laughing, staring up at the sky, before looking to Breen.

Stacey stares, jawing, before forcing out words.

STACEY
 That's...isn't that...

HARRY
 (complete numb shock)
 ...Holy shit.

Breen, in disbelief, clutching his son, lets out a thrilled, joyous laugh.

SLAM TO BLACK.