

SPHERE

by Stephen Hauser

based on the novel, SPHERE, by Michael Crichton

March 5, 1996

EXT. STREET IN GEORGETOWN -- MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT

Fog hangs above the street, amongst the streetlamps. Apartment buildings line the curb, it is very quiet. In one building, six floors up, a bedroom light is on. WE SEE the silhouette of Norman's WIFE looking out the window.

WIFE (O.S.)

What kind of a crash was it?

NORMAN (O.S.)

You seen my suitcase?

WIFE (O.S.)

There's nothing on the news about a crash. Did he say what airline?

NORMAN (O.S.)

He didn't say much at all. Honey --

WIFE (O.S.)

In the closet. I don't understand, Norman -- why would they call you?

NORMAN (O.S.)

Don't be so supportive, honey.

WIFE (O.S.)

Well, I can't imagine five years of unemployment --

NORMAN (O.S.)

Four. Four years --

WIFE (O.S.)

Four years of unemployment would look too good on a resume.

NORMAN (O.S.)

Keep watching the news. Are you watching the news?

WIFE (O.S.)

How are you getting to the airport? You need money for the bus?

A tinted-window black SEDAN travels down the street, pulls up in front of the apartment building. A U.S. NAVY decal is on the door.

WIFE (O.S.)

There's a U.S. Navy car outside, Norman.

NORMAN (O.S.)

What?

WIFE (O.S.)

Was it a military crash?

NORMAN (O.S.)

I don't know.

WIFE (O.S.)

They never used to send a Navy car.

CUT TO:

THE LOUD, HARD CHOPPING OF A HELICOPTER PROPELLER

EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN -- DAY

Blinding sunlight, as the helicopter WHIPS by, speeding above the Pacific Ocean.

INT. HELICOPTER -- DAY

Norman, 53, disheveled, unshaven, sits in the back. He studies a pamphlet in his hand: "AIRCRAASH SURVIVAL: HOW TO COPE". The PILOT, in

the cockpit, turns to him.

PILOT

What kinda work you in, Dr. Johnson?

Norman quickly stuffs the pamphlet into his dufflebag.

NORMAN

I'm in psychology. Was. Still am
really, just been a while.

(beat)

I treat aircrash survivors.

PILOT

Oh, so you're that Dr. Johnson.

NORMAN

You've heard of me?

PILOT

Well, everybody's been talking about
that report you wrote.

NORMAN

What report?

PILOT

Huh?

NORMAN

What report?

PILOT

You mean you don't know?

NORMAN

Know what?

The pilot glances back at him again.

PILOT

Must be another Johnson then. Been
flying so many scientists out here
-- can't keep everyone straight.

NORMAN

Who's everyone?

PILOT

Physicists, mathematicians,
geologists, you name it.

NORMAN

Geologists? At a plane crash?

PILOT

Strange, isn't it? In the middle of
the ocean no less.

NORMAN

What the hell would a geologist be
doing at a plane crash?

Norman looks out the window and sees a group of ships circling in
the
water.

EXT. SHIP DECK -- DAY

The helicopter descends down onto the helipad, wind gusting
about. A
young, female OFFICER -- holding her hat to her head -- rushes to
greet Norman, as he climbs out of the helicopter.

She looks down crudely at his shotty, nylon dufflebag.

OFFICER

Any other bags, Dr. Johnson?

NORMAN

Just that. Careful, it's heavy.

She lugs it over her shoulder, no problem.

OFFICER

No other equipment? Scientific
instruments?

NORMAN

No, they didn't say --

OFFICER

This way, sir.

Norman follows the officer away from the helipad.

INT. SHIP

She leads Norman down a flight of stairs.

OFFICER

Captain Barnes wants to see you
right away, sir.

NORMAN

Captain who?

OFFICER

Barnes. He's very eager to meet you.
Been calling us every half hour to
see if you're arrived.

NORMAN

Really?

As they march down a hallway, Norman looks down at his wrinkled
suit,
tries to smooth it out.

OFFICER

By the way sir, I've read your
report. I think it's brilliant.

NORMAN

What report?

OFFICER

You mean they haven't told you yet?

NORMAN

Told me what?

She straightens up, like she might have said too much.

OFFICER

This way, sir.

INT. BARNES' OFFICE

CAPTAIN HAROLD BARNES, 60s, immaculate, proud of who he is, talks
on
the phone.

BARNES

How's he look?... Well, we can't all
be officers, can we?
(laughs)
They tell me he's brilliant.

EXT. BARNES' OFFICE

Norman stands in front of the door. The doorplate reads: PROJECT
COMMANDER -- CAPTAIN HAROLD BARNES. Norman straightens his big-
knotted
tie. Deep breath.

INT. BARNES' OFFICE

As the door opens, Barnes is putting down the phone, rises from his desk, as Norman steps inside.

BARNES

Dr. Norman Johnson. Welcome aboard.

They shake hands.

NORMAN

Thank you, Colonel.

BARNES

Captain.

NORMAN

Captain. Right, forgive me.

Barnes looks at Norman, sizing him up. An awkward silence.

NORMAN

Well, thanks for the opportunity here -- my wife appreciates it.

BARNES

Don't thank me, Dr. Johnson. You weren't my choice. The Pentagon made me take you.

NORMAN

(smiling)

The Pentagon? I didn't know I had friends in Washington.

Norman tries to laugh as Barnes ushers him to the door...

BARNES

Come with me. The team's already waiting.

NORMAN

What team?

INT. HALLWAY

Barnes leads Norman down the corridor, lined with OFFICERS and GUARDS.

BARNES

What have you been told so far?

NORMAN

The usual. Plane crash. Survivors unknown. Routine stuff really.

BARNES

Anything else?

NORMAN

Nothing else.

A GUARD unlocks a large, steel door.

GUARD

Captain Barnes. Dr. Johnson.

NORMAN

Hello.

Norman looks at the guard as they proceed through the doorway, wondering how the guard knows his name.

BARNES

You talk to any reporters? Any press?

NORMAN

Press? No, I haven't.

The steel door shuts loudly behind them.

BARNES

Good. Security's been our biggest worry. Now that you're here we can shut this thing down tight.

NORMAN

From what? What's with all the security?

BARNES

Well, we don't have all the facts yet.

Another GUARD opens up another large steel door...

INT. TECH ROOM

Barnes leads Norman through the room, crammed with video monitors, screens, and grids. Officers talk into radios. Technicians work on

computers.

BARNES

We're moving fast considering the storm.

NORMAN

Storm? What storm?

BARNES

A cyclone's on it's way in. I thought they would have told you on the phone.

NORMAN

They didn't tell me anything.

Norman tries to keep pace...

BARNES

We've had divers working around the clock. Take a look at this...

ANGLE ON a large VIDEO SCREEN -- shows a diver walking on the ocean

floor, holding a bright artificial flashlight.

NORMAN

How deep is he?

BARNES

A thousand feet.

NORMAN

A thousand? An airplane crashes into a thousand feet of water -- I don't want to sound pessimistic here, but I assume there are no survivors.

BARNES

Survivors? No, I wouldn't think so.

NORMAN

Then why am I here?

BARNES

What?

NORMAN

What do you need me for?

ON THE VIDEO SCREEN -- the diver shines his light on a large,
metallic
OBJECT.

BARNES

What crashed wasn't an airplane, Dr.
Johnson. It's a bit larger than
that.

Barnes walks toward a TECHNICIAN, sitting at a keyboard.

BARNES

(to technician)
Bring up the grid, would you?

ANGLE ON THE MONITOR as an IMAGE OF THE CRAFT begins to form.

NORMAN

What is it? A military spacecraft?
Like a shuttle or satellite?

BARNES

Something like that.
(beat)
That doesn't surprise you?

NORMAN

Not really, no. Something of the
military crashes in the ocean -- it
explains why there was nothing on
the news, why you've kept everything
a secret... When did it crash?

BARNES

As best we can estimate, it crashed
four hundred years ago.

A beat.

NORMAN

Four hundred? You're kidding, right?

ANGLE ON THE MONITOR -- showing a grid depicting an image of the
craft
and a small layer of ROCK above it.

BARNES

See this? Coral. Geologists measured
the coral growth on top of the craft
to be over five meters thick.

NORMAN

Geologists?

BARNES

Coral grows at a rate of two and a half centimeters a year --

NORMAN

-- Wait a second --

BARNES

-- dating the crash at least that old.

NORMAN

Hold on --

BARNES

Maybe older --

NORMAN

-- there's got to be some mistake here -- a four hundred year old military spacecraft? There's no such thing... our space program isn't even forty years old.

BARNES

Extraordinary, isn't it?

NORMAN

It's impossible.

BARNES

I'm afraid it is Dr. Johnson... because it's sitting on the bottom of our ocean floor.

INT. STAIRWELL

Barnes and Norman shuffle down the stairs.

BARNES

Off the record, I don't mind telling you, this thing scares the shit out of me.

NORMAN

It doesn't make any sense.

BARNES

We think it might. That's why we brought you here. We've assembled

your team -- they're waiting for us now.

NORMAN

What team?

BARNES

The one you recommended. In the ULF report you wrote for the Bush administration.

NORMAN

ULF report? Nobody's mentioned that in years. You mean someone actually read it?

As they head down a hallway, Barnes pulls the ULF REPORT out from under his arm, hands it to Norman.

Norman looks at it, almost embarrassed to be holding it.

BARNES

Your report's become our bible down here, Dr. Johnson. We've been carrying out each of your recommendations -- one by one -- to the smallest detail.

NORMAN

But sir, I don't understand. This report -- these recommendations... they're for an encounter with extra-terrestrial life.

INT. BRIEFING ROOM

ON A VIDEO SCREEN -- sonar video of the spacecraft.

BETH (O.S.)

How big is this spacecraft?

BARNES (O.S.)

Of what we're able to measure, roughly twenty-six hundred feet.

TED (O.S.)

A half a mile long?

BARNES

The wing dimension alone is larger than any aircraft we've seen.

The team members sit around the conference table:

TED FIELDING, 41, geologist, boyish and happy to be here. BETH HALPERIN, 36, biochemist, mother of three who's never worn an apron.

ARTHUR LEVINE, 54, marine biologist, pudgy and quiet. HARRY ADAMS, 32, mathematician, African-American, wire-glasses, no bullshit.

HARRY

How much damage?

BARNES

To the craft? None. Not a scratch.

HARRY

Right. So you're saying it survived a high speed impact with water without a scratch?

BARNES

I'm not saying anything, Harry, I'm just stating the facts.

(continuing)

The outer metal is made of a titanium alloy, built into an epoxy-resin honeycomb. The necessary technology to bond this type of metal has never been invented.

TED

Never invented?

ON NORMAN, watching the team...

BETH

In basic English, what does all this mean?

BARNES

Basic English? There's no way this spacecraft was constructed on our planet.

A LOUD MECHANICAL WHIRR

INT. TESTING ROOM -- LATER

A large, X-Ray APPARATUS moves to the side, revealing Norman's FACE.

ON BETH -- standing next to him.

BETH

Five years. No phone calls. What am I -- a leper?

Norman sits up...

NORMAN

Beth, look, can I trust you with a little secret?

BETH

I love secrets.

NORMAN

That ULF report everybody's patting me on the back about?

BETH

I've read it twice, Norman. It's brilliant.

NORMAN

It's bullshit. The report's a joke.

BETH

(beat)

That's quite a secret.

NORMAN

I spent a week reading Sagan and watching re-runs of the Twilight Zone. Seriously. I was just trying to pay the mortgage on my house -- I had no idea --

ANGLE ON TWO NAVY CORPSMEN, standing behind glass in the next room, monitoring Beth and Norman.

BETH

Do yourself a favor, Norman. Are you listening? Don't tell anyone what you just told me.

NORMAN

C'mon, Beth -- that report's like the blind leading the blind.

BETH

Because when we get down there --

NORMAN

Wait -- down where?

BETH

To the spacecraft. To investigate.

NORMAN

Underwater?

BETH

What do you expect? For them to bring it up here?

NORMAN

We can't go down there. We're not prepared. That deep? That takes years of training, Beth. We're just scientists. Lab scientists. We wear ties and lab coats to work -- not oxygen tanks.

BETH

Well, you must have realized the chances an encounter like this would happen here. In the ocean.

(off his look)

70 percent of the earth's surface is water, Norman. That's first grade geography.

NORMAN

It never occurred to me.

BETH

Well, let's pray that's the only mistake you made. Have you said anything to Barnes about this?

NORMAN

The timing has never seemed quite right.

BETH

Just keep your mouth shut, alright? This could mean everything to our careers, you know that? Don't jeopardize this.

NORMAN

(nervous laughter)

What -- are you threatening me?

EXT. SHIP -- LATE AT NIGHT

THE SKY -- clouds looming on the horizon.

ANGLE ON ARTHUR LEVINE, leaning against the railing, looking out
at
the water.

ON NORMAN, approaching him. Arthur never looks at Norman, he
just
stares out at the water.

ARTHUR

I don't know you, but I'll be honest
with you. I don't like this. I don't
like any of this. Especially, the
water.

NORMAN

Seasick? A marine biologist?

ARTHUR

I don't belong here. None of us
belong here. Look at that.

ANGLE ON THE WATER, an ocean of seemingly endless, choppy waves.

NORMAN

Makes you feel pretty small, doesn't
it?

ARTHUR

It scares the shit out of me.

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON NORMAN, lying on a cot. It is dark. His eyes are open.
He
stares at the ceiling.

CUT TO:

INT. DESCENT PLATFORM

A porthole hatch to the DESCENT SUB unlatches loudly. A SUB-
OFFICER
help Norman lower himself through the hatch.

INT. DESCENT SUB

Norman steps down the ladder into the sub compartment. Seated in
a

circle area: Ted, Beth, Harry, and Arthur. Ahead of them,
Captain Barnes sits with the pilot in the sub's cockpit, separated by a
wall of plexiglass.

Norman takes a seat between Beth and Ted.

BARNES (O.S.)

(through the intercom)
Our descent will take 13 minutes.
Descending at a speed of 80 feet per
minute.

Across from Norman, Harry is WHISPERING something quietly into
Arthur's ear.

BARNES (O.S.)

Pressure adjustments will cause the
sub to lurch at times, but don't be
alarmed. It's perfectly normal...

Arthur's face drips with sweat, as Harry continues to whisper
into his ear.

BARNES (O.S.)

The sub's interior atmosphere will
experience moisture as we descend,
and the temperature will drop
rapidly. Just relax and remain
seated during the descent.

Norman watches Arthur, dripping with sweat.

BARNES (O.S.)

We have clearing from the base.

Red interior lights flicker on in the compartment, and WE HEAR
the sub make a HISSING sound. The sub lurches, and begins to lower in
the water.

NORMAN

Arthur?

Harry has gotten to Arthur. Arthur is on the verge of panic.

NORMAN

Arthur? You alright?

ARTHUR

Open the hatch door, please.

Harry continues to whisper in his ear.

ARTHUR

Captain, open the hatch door, please
... the hatch door, Captain. Open it,
please.

BARNES (O.S.)

Calm down, Dr. Levine.

ARTHUR

Let me out, Captain. Open the door!

BARNES (O.S.)

Please, Dr. Levine.

Arthur leaps violently out of his seat, scrambles to the
plexiglass
wall.

BARNES

(through the plexiglass)
Sit down, Dr. Levine! You're in a
military operation now --

Arthur bangs on the plexiglass wall with his fists.

BARNES

... Your civil rights have been
overridden!

ARTHUR

Open it, Captain!

BARNES

Dr. Levine, please! Return to your
seat!

Arthur VOMITS, violently, heaving, splattering the plexiglass
wall.

ARTHUR

Open the fucking door!

The sub LURCHES again, coming to a stop. The compartment is
totally
silent, as they begin ascending to the surface.

ON HARRY smiling a sly, evil grin directed right at Norman.

The sub lurches again, and WE HEAR clanking metal. The hatch door opens.

And Arthur, wiping the vomit from his mouth, climbs up the ladder and out the hatch door.

BARNES (O.S.)

Anybody else?

Silence.

The hatch door LOCKS, loudly. The sub lurches, and begins descending.

TED

Pussy.

BETH

What's that -- mistake number two, Norman?

NORMAN

He wasn't feeling well.

TED

He's a pussy.

Harry is still staring at Norman...

HARRY

How are you feeling, Norman?

NORMAN

What?

HARRY

You holding up alright?

NORMAN

Fine. I'm fine.

HARRY

Don't be defensive.

NORMAN

I'm not being defensive.

HARRY

You sound defensive.

NORMAN

I'm fine.

TED

(to Harry)

What'd you say to him?

HARRY

To who? Arthur? Nothing. Nothing that Norman doesn't already know.

TED

What does Norman already know?

HARRY

Norman thinks we shouldn't be going down. Thinks it's a mistake.

Norman looks over at Beth.

HARRY

She told me what you said, Norman.

TED

What is it, Harry?

HARRY

Just one of Norman's many secrets.

ON NORMAN, saying nothing.

EXT. OCEAN

WE SEE the sub descending into darker waters.

EXT. DH-8 HABITAT -- ARRIVING DOCK

The SUB descends into the AIRLOCK, metal clanks against metal. Around it, the DH-8: interwoven cylinders lit up with lights.

INT. AIRLOCK -- PRESSURIZING ROOM

CLOSE ON THE HATCH DOOR closing tightly, locking.

OFFICER (O.S.)

One moment for pressurizing.

A SOFT WHIRR.

ANGLE ON -- Barnes and the four remaining team members standing in the small, claustrophobic pressurizing room. Like sardines. Nobody says anything. A long beat.

THE DOOR

in front of them, opens. TEENY FLETCHER, 30s, a big-boned female officer, stands before them. She wears a black plastic PAD, a "talker", around her neck.

She hands each member their own "talker". Norman takes his.

INT. DH-8 HALLWAY

Fletcher leads Barnes and the team members down the hallway. Each of them wears the "talkers" around their necks.

BARNES

They pressurize us with helium.

NORMAN

What's wrong with oxygen?

BARNES

It's a corrosive gas. On earth, it makes a half-eaten apple turn brown and puts the ugly, iron rust on an Oldsmobile. At a pressure this low, oxygen becomes toxic. Breathe it down here, and it'll do to your dick what it does to the Oldsmobile.

TED

Important safety tip. Thanks Captain.

Fletcher listens through her radio earpiece, turns to Barnes...

FLETCHER

Captain, the divers have the airlock mounted at the door. The robot is now in position to enter the spacecraft.

TED

Robot? What robot?

INT. VIDEO FEED ROOM

CLOSE ON A MONITOR -- showing the robot in front of the curved
gray
metal of the spacecraft.

BARNES

Edmunds, bring up the robot's camera
feed.

JANE EDMUNDS, 32, the unit archivist, works the control panel.
Another

MONITOR clicks on -- showing the robot's POV of the door.

TED

Captain, you know, I really
appreciate you hauling us a thousand
feet below sea level so we can watch
this historical event on television.

BARNES

Nobody goes inside, until we know
what's inside.

ON THE MONITOR -- THE ROBOT CAMERA scans the spacecraft hull,
stops on
a rectangular panel mounted to the left of the door.

BARNES

Can you open that panel?

EDMUNDS

Working on it now, sir.

ON THE MONITOR -- a robotic CLAW extends out to the panel.
Trying to
pry the panel open.

TED

I'd like it noted in the report that
I think we should be doing this
ourselves. Making a manned entry...

The claw is clumsy, and keeps banging into the metal.

TED

I'd also like it noted --

BARNES

Duly noted, Ted. Edmunds, try using
suction.

ON THE MONITOR -- another robotic arm extends out, with a rubber
sucker. It pushes against the panel, but doesn't suck.

EDMUNDS

It's not sucking, sir.

BARNES

Thank you, I can see that. Try something else.

EDMUNDS

We don't have anything else to try, Sir.

BARNES

Well, shit -- find something, do something... make something up --

TED

What about a crowbar?

Barnes straightens up, looks at Ted...

BARNES

What about a crowbar?

TED

What if we go out there, you know -- wedge a crowbar in the door and pry the thing open.

HARRY

Pry the thing open? What are we -- neanderthals?

BETH

All that banging and pounding. I don't know. We should think about making a good first impression.

HARRY

For who? The fish?

BETH

For whoever's in that thing.

BARNES

Or whatever's in that thing.

ON THE MONITOR -- the spacecraft, sitting there silently, staring back at them.

BARNES

Norman, what do you think?

Norman, quiet in the corner, perks up...

NORMAN

Me? Well -- I don't really... I mean, you could... you know, you could make a real solid case... a crowbar?

All eyes on Norman.

NORMAN

I don't know.

A beat as they all stare at him.

TED

I'm secure enough with that.

INT. CHANGING ROOM

ANGLE ON A LOCKER door opening. Inside is an elaborate JUMPSUIT and HELMET with the name: "JOHNSON", stenciled above the faceplate.

NORMAN

Are we all -- I mean, is it necessary for all of us to go... out there?

The other team members take their suits out of their lockers.

BARNES

Nothing to be nervous about. These suits are wired and electrically heated. Each equipped with an alarm that triggers automatically if life-support systems go below optimum.

Norman holds his jumpsuit out and away from him, like it's something nuclear.

TED

It's just like swimming, Norman... You know how to swim, don't you?

HARRY

You're not afraid of the water, are you, Norman?

They all look over at him.

BETH

(half smiling)
Isn't there a psychological term for
that, Dr. Johnson?

NORMAN

(under his breath)
Yeah. Drowning.

INT. AIRLOCK ROOM -- (A CYLINDER)

Dressed in jumpsuits and helmets -- Barnes jumps into a POOL of
ocean
water, cut out from the floor, leading to the ocean. It looks
like a
tiny swimming pool. Ted jumps in next. Beth, Harry, and Norman
are
left...

BETH

You're next, Norman.

NORMAN

(nervous as hell)
No. Go ahead. Really. Ladies first.

BETH

Such a gentlemen when you're scared
shitless.

She hops in. Norman watches, looks up at Harry, next to him.

HARRY

Go ahead. Ladies first.

NORMAN

No, why don't --

Harry nudges him forward.

HARRY

C'mon.

NORMAN

Wait a second, I --

Harry pushes him again. Norman catches himself.

NORMAN

Geez, c'mon, alright. Gimme a

minute. Let me get my bearings --

Harry pushes him again.

HARRY

C'mon, Norman.

NORMAN

Look, would you --

And Harry just pushes him in. Norman slips and falls awkwardly... into the ocean depths.

CUT TO:

BLACK.

Quiet. Only THE SOUND OF NORMAN -- BREATHING.

For a couple beats.

Now... NORMAN'S POV -- from inside his helmet -- a light SHINES from behind him -- casting his SHADOW onto the murky ocean floor.

Norman's head turns, and he's BLINDED by a light -- it's Harry, the light SHINING from the top of Harry's helmet.

WE HEAR Harry's voice, static, through Norman's helmet.

HARRY (O.S.)

The switch is on your waist.

ON NORMAN -- his GLOVE -- fumbling at his waist.

HIS HELMET LIGHT -- FLICKERS on.

ON NORMAN -- slowly, beginning to walk on the ocean floor.

HIS FEET -- squashing gently, lightly into the muddy ground.

NORMAN'S POV -- can barely make out the others in front of him, their helmet lights STROBING the dark water, crossing each other, like searchlights on a foggy night.

CLOSE ON NORMAN'S FACE -- eyes cold, BREATHING. Couple beats.
And

HEARS:

TED (O.S.)

Look at that thing.

Norman's eyes look up... WE PULL BACK...

LONG, HIGH, WIDE SHOT of the team -- their little helmet lights
tiny
and insignificant almost as...

IN FRONT OF THEM -- the SPACECRAFT. Dwarfing them in size,
looming
large, majestic, like nothing we've ever seen. The enormous tail
fin,
in the distance, extends high out of the coral.

In the huge MOUND OF CORAL covering the spacecraft, WE SEE a
tunnel --
cut out like a cave -- lined with tiny, dim lightbulbs.

INT. TUNNEL

About 60 feet deep. Narrower than they'd like. Norman descends,
clumsily, awkwardly -- pushing off the bulky, iron handles
fastened to
the coral walls.

THE LOUD HISSING OF AIR

INT. SPACECRAFT AIRLOCK

CLOSE ON NORMAN'S FACE as he watches the water recede, down past
his
faceplate.

THE LOUD BANGING OF METAL

Ted has wedged a crowbar into the door and BANGS at it with a
sledgehammer.

HARRY

Easy Ted, we're not mining gold.

TED

Gimme some room here, will you? Back
off. Gimme some space.

They all back away, cramming into the far corner of the airlock
as Ted
keeps swinging.

BETH

Looks alot like an airplane door,

doesn't it?

Ted stops and looks at the door.

TED

Alot like. You know, I noticed it before, but I didn't...

HARRY

Shutup, Ted. You didn't notice shit. Keep hammering.

NORMAN

You want me to try?

TED

You're a 53 year old shrink, what are you gonna do?

BARNES

Give him the hammer, Ted.

Norman takes the hammer. Walks up to the wedge. Gets his bearings.

Rears back... then stops.

TED

What is it, your back give out?

Something has caught Norman's eye. He looks down at the wedge.

BARNES

What is it, Norman?

NORMAN

Take a look.

Barnes comes toward him. The others follow. Barnes bends down, looks

closely down at the wedge in the door.

BARNES

It's chipped.

HARRY

Chipped? The door? How can it be chipped?

BARNES

I don't know how it can be chipped, but it's chipped.

HARRY

I thought you said there wasn't any damage done in the crash?

BARNES

I did.

HARRY

Then how can it be chipped?

ON BETH -- she touches the door with her palms, feels around.

BETH

There's heat coming the door.

BARNES

Back away then.

BETH

Wait a minute --

BARNES

I said back away.

BETH

Would you wait a minute?

THE DOOR STARTS TO RUMBLE

Barnes unstraps a GUN -- nearly the size of an uzzi -- from his buckle.

BARNES

Ted, get her away from the door.

TED

What are you going to do -- shoot her?

The RUMBLING louder...

BARNES

Get her away!

THE DOOR begins to slide open.

Beth backs away.

THE DOOR, sliding, is revealing COMPLETE BLACKNESS inside. The door stops, it's open, it's quiet. They all stand there, looking at BLACKNESS. A long beat.

INT. SPACECRAFT

ON NORMAN -- cautiously stepping inside. His helmet light SHINES on the others ahead of him, walking along a 5 foot wide CATWALK, suspended high in the air.

Metallic BEAMS and RAFTERS criss-cross above them.

Norman looks over the railing -- his light STROBES through 40 feet of darkness, dimly lighting the LOWER HULL, a dense network of STRUTS and **GIRDERS.**

TED

Look at this.

BARNES

What is it?

Ted SPOTLIGHTS the OUTER HULL.

TED

Some sort of lead or something.

BARNES

Radiation shield, you think?

TED

A foot and a half thick? That'd withstand a helluva lot of radiation.

Beth's light SHINES down onto the CATWALK. WE SEE FOOTPRINTS outlined on the dusty floor.

BETH

Hold on --

BARNES

What is it?

BETH

Any of you get ahead of me -- walk this far up?

TED

No. I don't think so.

BETH

Well, think. Because there's
footprints here that aren't mine.

TED

Well, they're not mine.

ON THE FOOTPRINTS -- large, like the boots they're wearing.

BARNES

Calm down, alright? They gotta be
somebody's here. Let's stay
together, please.

CUT TO:

LONG SHOT -- seeing them suspended high in the air on the
catwalk,
walking. Their tiny streams of LIGHT moving about. WE SEE just
how
ominous this spacecraft really is.

BETH

It's empty. Why would someone build a
ship like this?

HARRY

You'd have to ask them.

They approach a DOOR, at the end of the catwalk.

BARNES

Alright, Beth, do that thing you did
before.

BETH

How about I just press the button?

She presses a button near the door. The door SLIDES open.

BARNES

Or just... press the button.

Barnes holds out his gun, and enters. The others behind him.

TED

Strange, isn't it? You know -- how
it would have a button.

NORMAN

Earth doesn't have a patent on

buttons, Ted.

TED

Still, make a note I recognized that.

ON BARNES -- leading them through a small hall. It seems to be opening up into some sort of room -- when Barnes stops. Dead in his tracks.

TED

What's wrong?

BARNES

(serious)

What do you make of this?

A ON NORMAN -- as he steps around Barnes, his light BRIGHTENING on:
SIGN that reads: "Trash."

TED

(softly)

What the hell?

Very softly, Harry begins to laugh.

TED

English?

HARRY

That's right.

Norman looks up and SEES more of the room as his light SHINES throughout it: TABLES, COUCHES and CHAIRS -- made of leather, very comfortable looking.

They begin to slowly wander about...

BETH

I don't get it.

TED

It doesn't make any sense.

HARRY

You don't think it does? I think it's rather obvious.

TED

Is it some sort of joke? Like one of

those hoaxes?

HARRY

A spacecraft half a mile long --
with 500 tonnes of coral on top of
it? Someone went to a lot of
trouble. Try again.

TED

But it's impossible.

HARRY

Is it?

Beth touches the table, it's metal, but it's soft and rubbery.

TED

Why would this ship carry
instructions in English?

HARRY

Think about it.

TED

Unless, this alien spacecraft was --
you know -- somehow presenting
itself to Americans in a way that
would make us feel comfortable.

NORMAN

400 years ago? I'm sure Christopher
Columbus would've loved these
accommodations.

BETH

Good theory, Ted.

TED

Well, what's your theory?

BETH

I'm a woman. I don't theorize. I
only deal with facts.

HARRY

All the facts you need are right in
front of you.

TED

Gimme a minute here... I think I've
got it.

HARRY

Do you?

TED

If it is an alien spacecraft --

HARRY

Save your breath. It's not an alien spacecraft.

BETH

Then what is it?

HARRY

(beat)

It's an American spacecraft.

TED

An American spacecraft? Half a mile long? And buried 400 years? Yeah, good theory, Harry.

HARRY

It's been obvious from the start, hasn't it, Captain? That's why all the secrecy, why no one was told about it?

BARNES

We had considered it.

TED

Considered what? That it's American? How would you think it's American?

HARRY

The chip in the door.

ON NORMAN -- glancing up at Harry...

HARRY

We take a weeny little wedge, bang on it a couple of times, and bust off a chunk of the metal. Yet any spacecraft -- even at a low velocity, say 200 miles an hour -- crashes into the water -- it's gonna be like hitting concrete, it would crumple like paper. But there isn't a dent to be seen anywhere. Not even a scratch.

TED

Meaning?

HARRY

Meaning it didn't land in the water.

TED

Please. It must have flown here --

HARRY

It didn't fly here. It arrived here.

TED

Arrived? From where?

HARRY

Not where. When. 400 years ago. From our future.

A quiet moment as they take this in.

INT. SPACECRAFT -- DEEPER INSIDE

Ted and Barnes trek through a vast cargo bay, like two ants with flashlights.

TED

Time travel. I always thought it was one of those myths... like Santa's reindeer.

BARNES

What would we be working on in the future that would make us want to come back?

TED

Maybe we didn't want to come back.

BACK IN -- THE ROOM

Norman, Harry, and Beth...

BETH

What are you looking for?

HARRY

A light switch. A button opened that door -- the craft runs on some sort of power.

ON NORMAN -- as he sits down in one of the CHAIRS.

BETH

What's that noise?

They LISTEN to a GIRGLING NOISE.

NORMAN

Sounds a little like water --

SUDDENLY -- the chair Norman's in -- wraps around him, squeezing
him
inside, padding sliding around his head, his shoulders enveloping
him
-- sucking him inside...

BETH

Norman!

NORMAN

Get this thing off me.

Beth bends down, presses a button, the CHAIR releases Norman...

BETH

I think the chair thinks you want to
fly this thing.

ON BETH'S FACEPLATE -- as she's looking down -- WE BEGIN TO SEE -
-
reflected in her faceplate: yellow digital lettering sputtering
across...

"RV-LHOOQ... DCOM1... "

Her EYES look up slowly... as we

CUT TO:

THE BLACK SCREEN in front of the chairs, lit up with bright
yellow
lettering:

"RV -- LHOOQ -- DCOM1 -- U.S.S STAR VOYAGER"

"ASSIMILATING DATABASE" as a series of numbers race upwards in
count...

And the desk in front of them LIGHTS UP, a control panel coming
to
life.

HARRY

Nice work, Norman.

NORMAN

Whatever I can do to help.

ON THE SCREEN as it changes, now filled with columns:

SHIP SYSTEMS
DATA SYSTEMS
QUARTER MASTER
FLIGHT RECORDS

Harry punches some keys on the control panel.

HARRY

A flight recorder. Our future is
about to be seen in our present.

ON THE SCREEN as it changes:

FLIGHT DATA SUMMARIES
FDS 01/01/47-12/31/49
FDS 01/01/50-12/31/52
FDS 01/01/53-12/31/55
FDS 01/01/56-12/31/56
FDS 01/01/56-02/01/56
FDS 02/02/56-UNKNOWN ENTRY EVENT

NORMAN

01-01-47. Two thousand-forty seven.
50 years in our future.

HARRY

Unknown Entry Event.

Harry pauses, looks down, and punches more keys...

ON THE SCREEN -- as it expands in size, widens around them,
curving...

WE SEE a galaxy of stars, planets coming OFF THE SCREEN, into the
room, becoming three dimensional, suspended in air, giving the
illusion of depth.

The IMAGE begins streaking outward, TOWARD US, moving rapidly,
like
we're flying through it.

The stars and other space matter streaking by.

BETH

What's that cluster of stars there?
In the center?

Harry stares, walking around the desk, moving into the 3-D image...

HARRY

Our answer.

NORMAN

To what?

HARRY

Time travel. A black hole.

The CLUSTER of stars grows brighter and brighter, as it comes closer and closer, brightening.

The FIELD twists and turns as the SCREEN and FIELD become BLINDING as WE ENTER the cluster, the black hole.

ON NORMAN -- his face, bright, FRIGHTENED as he HEARS:

HARRY (O.S.)

Ted? Captain?

BARNES (O.S.)

Yes, Harry.

HARRY (O.S.)

We know how this craft got here.
Where it's been.

BARNES (O.S.)

So do we. And it seems to have
picked up something on it's travels.

STILL ON NORMAN -- frightened...

NORMAN

Picked up something? What is it?

BARNES (O.S.)

I don't know. But it's something
alien.

CUT TO:

INT. CARGO BAY

ANGLE ON our six team members' BOOTS, in the distance. AS WE PAN UP

and AROUND WE SEE a curved surface appear: a surface of slowly swirling green and blue fluids. Like mercury. Mesmerizing.

AS WE COME AROUND, the team stands looking at the SPHERE, 30 feet in diameter, held by a GIANT CLAW gripping it from the top. They walk around it, circling it, looking up at it.

HARRY

This answers one of our questions.

NORMAN

Which one? Let me get the list out.

HARRY

This spacecraft was designed to pick things up. They see things they want -- these claws go out and bring it in. They come across this. This... sphere. Find it interesting, curious. They draw it inside to take back home.

NORMAN

But on the way home, they miss their turn, go too far, into the past.

HARRY

Our present.

BARNES

But what does it do? This... sphere.

TED

Maybe it's a message of some sort, you know? See this red here.

ANGLE ON THE SPHERE -- some dark red MARKINGS on it's surface...

TED

(continuing)

Looks like a design, some writing, maybe. Maybe it was sent to meet the spacecraft with a message.

HARRY

Look closely. That isn't writing. Those are grooves.

ON THE RED GROOVES -- engraved into the surface.

HARRY

No. They don't represent a message.
They aren't decorative at all. They
have another purpose entirely.

BARNES

What?

HARRY

To conceal a small break in the
surface of the sphere.

BARNES

A break for what?

INT. HABITAT -- HALLWAY

DOWN A LONG CORRIDOR -- WE SEE Barnes, through a half-closed
door,
pacing, talking on the phone...

BARNES

... it's definitely something alien
... another civilization, yes, sir...
Well, we don't know yet, but we
think we've found a door...

INT. VIDEO FEED ROOM

Edmunds, Barnes, and the team members (minus Ted) look at the
monitor.

BARNES

So how do we get it open?

HARRY

Ted seems to have some ideas.

ON THE MONITOR -- Ted pushing on the SPHERE door. Banging into
it with
his shoulder.

NORMAN

Maybe we shouldn't.

BARNES

What?

NORMAN

If it is alien, maybe we shouldn't
try to open it at all.

HARRY

(nodding to Norman)

Man is man, all he knows is man, and all he can think of is what he knows. The anthropomorphic problem. Good, Norman.

BARNES

The what?

NORMAN

I mentioned it in my report. Didn't you read the report?

HARRY

Everything ever written about extra-terrestrial life imagines that life is essentially human. If it doesn't look human, it's a reptile or a big insect or something, having human values, human understanding.

BARNES

So? What's the problem?

HARRY

It's nonsense. There's enough difference between our own species to prove that.

BETH

Take politics, our views on abortion, the death penalty...

HARRY

Cannibalism, to be extreme. And now we're talking about a new life form. Their values and ethics may be incomprehensible.

BARNES

Like "Thou shall not kill"?

NORMAN

Or maybe, it can't be killed.

BARNES

You mean, what's in that thing is immortal?

NORMAN

I don't know. That's the point.

BARNES

Everything can be killed.

BETH

Not everything. Even on earth. Take ... yeasts.

BARNES

Yeasts? Thank you, Beth, but I don't think we're gonna open it up and find a loaf of bread.

HARRY

And we're just talking about three-dimensional creatures. What if it's five or six or seven-dimensional? So dimensional that we couldn't even see it to kill it.

NORMAN

Good point. I don't know what you're talking about, but good point.

BARNES

Or it could contain some great benefit to us, some astonishing new idea or technology to help mankind.

HARRY

It could. But the odds of it being any use to us are against it.

BARNES

You don't know that.

HARRY

Let's say whoever made this thing is a thousand years ahead of us, just like we are to, say, medieval Europe. Suppose you went back to medieval Europe with a TV set. There wouldn't be any place to plug it in.

BARNES

Just tell me worst case. Worst case of what we might find?

BETH

It could breathe in air and exhale cyanide gas.

NORMAN

Disrupt our brain waves, interfere
with our ability to think.

HARRY

Produce radioactive waste and
disintegrate us into nothing.

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON PRINTER, TYPING: "Surface winds at 25 knots -- Estimated
Time of Departure -- 01:45 hrs"

CUT TO:

INT. DH-8 HALLWAY

Empty, sterile. WE HEAR the repeating sound: THWAP. Almost like
a dripping faucet. THWAP... THWAP...

INT. LIVING QUARTERS

Harry on his bunk, staring at the wall, flicking his middle
finger at his cheek: THWAP... THWAP.

HARRY

You realize, Norman, that we are all
going to die.

Norman is lying in his own bunk, below Harry.

NORMAN

Don't be so optimistic, Harry.

HARRY

I'm completely serious. There is
something very important missing
from that spacecraft. You know what
that is?

NORMAN

Not a clue.

HARRY

A sign that the builders knew time
travel through a black hole was
possible.

NORMAN

I don't follow you.

HARRY

On that flight recorder, they called the black hole an "Unknown Entry Event." They didn't know what a black hole was. Fifty years from now, men are going to build that ship in a very tentative, experimental way, with no knowledge that time travel through a black hole is possible.

NORMAN

So what?

Harry leans his head over his bunk.

HARRY

So, we know.

(beat)

We know it went through a black hole. We saw it. Norman -- when we'd get to the surface, we'd tell someone about the black hole, wouldn't we? It'd go in some report like some big discovery. So in fifty years when they build that ship, they'd make precautions for a black hole.

(beat)

But they didn't. The called it an Unknown Entry Event.

NORMAN

Meaning we're never gonna get the chance to tell anyone.

HARRY

Meaning we're never gonna get to the surface alive... to tell anyone.

Norman gets out of his bed.

NORMAN

I can't believe that, Harry.

HARRY

Gimme another explanation.

Norman pacing.

NORMAN

I can't. If I had a minute to think, maybe, but I know you're wrong.

HARRY

Am I?

NORMAN

Look -- we're under a lot of pressure, we're tired, you're not thinking straight.

HARRY

You mean, you think I'm cracking?

NORMAN

No. I didn't say that.

HARRY

Then what, Norman?

Norman stops pacing, a beat.

NORMAN

It's what's in that sphere, isn't it, Harry? Whatever you think is in that thing -- you think it's going to kill you.

HARRY

Curious, isn't it? What's inside? Before I die, I'd sure like to open it and see.

INT. VIDEO FEED ROOM

CLOSE ON MONITOR: Video of the sphere. RAPIDLY rewinding.

BARNES

What caused it?

EDMUNDS

Nothing. I don't know. Everything was normal. No changes at all.

HARRY

When did it happen?

EDMUNDS

Seconds ago. Here!

PLAYBACK: WE SEE the sphere -- idle. Nothing around it. Then
it's DOOR
slowly OPENS, revealing BLACKNESS inside. A beat. And then it
closes.

BARNES

Let me see that again.

Edmunds plays it again. This time...

WE MOVE IN ON HARRY, staring at the monitor.

HARRY

(to himself)

I'd sure like to open it and see.

ON HARRY -- those cold, intelligent eyes.

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON PRINTER, TYPING: "... 30 knots -- ETD -- 00:19 min"

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY

CLOSE ON -- Norman and Barnes.

BARNES

Don't get hysterical, Norman.

NORMAN

I'm telling you, Harry's lost it.
He's saying there's a deathwish out
for each of us.

BARNES

Look, the ships are clearing out.
They're taking us topside in a
matter of minutes. Someone can check
him out there, if it's that important.

NORMAN

All I'm saying is, someone should
keep an eye on him.

BARNES

Just worry about yourself.

INT. COMMUNICATIONS ROOM

Barnes on the phone with the surface. Ted talking to him anyway...

TED

Can I stay, sir? I'm willing to risk it. I am. After what we just witnessed.

BARNES

(into phone)
What? No, I know they're civilians...

INT. LIVING QUARTERS

ON NORMAN -- gathering his things. Stuffing his shotty dufflebag.

Beth, at her bunk, doing the same.

Norman stands up. Looks at the bunk above him: unpacked clothes, unpacked belongings, a notebook lying there saying: PROPERTY OF DR.

HARRY ADAMS.

ON NORMAN -- panicking, looking around for Harry.

CUT TO:

BACK IN -- COMMUNICATIONS ROOM

BARNES

(into phone)
... I said send the subs down, damn it!

Barnes out the door, Ted at his heels...

TED

Did you hear me, sir, because --

BARNES

Ted, shut up. Are you packed? Ready to go? I want everyone packed. Now!

ON NORMAN -- running at them...

NORMAN

Harry's missing.

BARNES

What do you mean, he's missing?

NORMAN

He's missing. He's gone. He left.

BARNES

He's here somewhere. Find him. The
sub's on it's way.
(they look at him)
Go! C'mon!

Norman runs off. Barnes storms down the hall...

BARNES

How can he be missing?

TED

Sir, about leaving --

BARNES

We're on the bottom of the fucking
ocean -- he can't just walk outside!

INT. VIDEO FEED ROOM

Edmunds working the monitors, stops. Seeing something on a
screen.
Staring in horror...

EDMUNDS

(to herself)
Oh my gosh...

INT. COMMUNICATIONS ROOM

Barnes, phone to his ear...

BARNES

Gimme a report, I want --

HARRY (O.S.)

Ladies and Gentlemen...

BARNES

Who is that? Where's that coming
from?

HARRY (O.S.)

Please watch your closest monitor...

Barnes turns...

ON HIS MONITOR -- Harry, in jumpsuit and helmet, stands in front of the **SPHERE.**

Barnes quickly puts on his headset mic...

BARNES

What's he doing there?

INT. VIDEO FEED ROOM

Edmunds, Norman, Beth, Ted staring at the monitor...

TED

I thought he was with you, Norman.

Through the speakers...

BARNES (O.S.)

Get him out of there. I thought I told you people --

EDMUNDS

(into her mic)

Harry? Can you copy?

ON THE MONITOR -- Harry, before the SPHERE...

HARRY

Pay close attention. I think you will find this of interest.

The sphere DOOR slowly opens.

TED

What the hell is he doing?

Harry steps up and into the sphere. The door closes slowly behind him.

CUT TO:

PRINTER, TYPING: "... ETD -- 00:15 min"

CUT TO:

INT. COMMUNICATIONS ROOM

Norman with Barnes...

BARNES

Don't tell me I told you so, Norman,

because I don't want to hear it.
(yelling past him)
Ted, I want everything by the door
-- ready to go!

INT. VIDEO FEED ROOM

ON MONITOR -- labled: "SUB DESCENT" -- it's still.

EDMUNDS

(into mic)
Subs are still at surface, sir.

INT. COMMUNICATIONS ROOM

BARNES

(into phone)
Send them, damn it! I know, but I'm
not gonna be held responsible --

Norman with him...

NORMAN

You can't just leave Harry down
here, sir.

BARNES

I told you people, nobody goes
anywhere unless I say.

NORMAN

But sir --

BARNES

No "buts". If he wants to be left,
we'll leave him.

(into phone)

Hello? Yes, the subs -- I want a
report... Hello... Yes, a report.
Gimme... shit.

EDMUNDS (O.S.)

I'm getting no sub reading, sir.

BARNES

They're coming.

CUT TO:

PRINTER, TYPING: "... ETD -- 00:13 min"

CUT TO:

INT. VIDEO FEED ROOM

ON NORMAN -- staring at the monitor of the sphere, idle.

BARNES (O.S.)

Any sign of Harry?

EDMUNDS

Nothing, sir.

INT. COMMUNICATIONS ROOM

BARNES

Fuck him.

(into phone)

What? Hello?

INT. VIDEO FEED ROOM

ON MONITOR -- labeled "SUB DESCENT"...

EDMUNDS

Sir, I am still getting absolutely
no reading on sub movement...

CUT TO:

PRINTER, TYPING: "... ETD -- 00:11 min"

CUT TO:

INT. COMMUNICATIONS ROOM

BARNES

(into phone)

Yes, a report... Hello?

Beth, inside now...

BETH

I am not leaving without him. Do you
hear me? We come down as a team, we
leave as a team.

BARNES

What are you -- his mother? Get
Norman, I want everyone ready to go.

(into mic)

Edmunds, the subs?

EDMUNDS (O.S.)

Nothing, sir.

BARNES

What the hell is going on here?

INT. CORRIDOR

Beth rushes by Ted, carrying bags to the door...

BETH

Norman? Where's Norman?

TED

By the bunks.

INT. LIVING QUARTERS

Beth running in...

BETH

Norman?... Norman?

Can't see him anywhere.

INTO THE BATHROOMS

BETH

Norman!

INT. COMMUNICATIONS ROOM

BARNES

Edmunds, do you have a 20 on Norman?

EDMUNDS (O.S.)

Yes, sir.

BARNES

Well, where the fuck is he?

EDMUNDS (O.S.)

In the ship, sir.

Barnes spins to see the monitor...

BARNES

What?

ON MONITOR -- Norman, in jumpsuit and helmet, running through the ship.

Barnes slipping on headset mic...

BARNES

Norman? Norman!

INT. SPACECRAFT

Norman running across a catwalk...

BARNES (O.S.)

You get your ass back here. You have no authority whatsoever to be in there. You hear me?... Norman? Don't go hero on me now.

CUT TO:

PRINTER, TYPING: "... ETD -- 00:05 min EVACUATION IMMINENT"

INT. VIDEO FEED ROOM

EDMUNDS

Sir, if the subs haven't left by now...

BARNES (O.S.)

They've left, keep watching!

EDMUNDS

Sir! Sir, the door -- it's opening.

ON THE MONITOR -- the sphere door, slowly opening. Revealing:
BLACKNESS.

BARNES (O.S.)

Where is he? Damn it! Can you see him?

A still moment and then Harry tumbles out the sphere, and falls to the ground.

INT. COMMUNICATIONS ROOM

Barnes, squinting at Harry on his monitor.

BARNES (O.S.)

How does he look? Can you tell?

Harry lies motionless.

EDMUNDS (O.S.)

He looks... dead, sir.

ON BETH -- in the hall, hearing that.

INT. SPACECRAFT

Norman, running, blindly, through a hall, around corners...

BARNES (O.S.)

Norman, get out of there now!
Norman?

INT. VIDEO FEED ROOM

EDMUNDS

If the subs aren't here yet, sir --

INT. COMMUNICATIONS ROOM

Barnes, into his headset.

BARNES

They'll be here. Norman -- can you
hear me?...

INT. SPACECRAFT

ON NORMAN -- running...

BARNES (O.S.)

You don't have time! Get the hell
out of --

Barnes' voice goes static, and cuts out.

INT. VIDEO FEED ROOM

ON THE MONITOR -- flickering, losing power...

EDMUNDS

Sir, we're losing it.

ON THE MONITOR -- flickering, fading, and all the lights and
monitors

SHUT DOWN.

INT. SPACECRAFT

ON HARRY -- lying still, face down under the sphere. Goes to
him.

Checks Harry's LIFE SUPPORT BADGE. Still blinking -- he's still
alive.

Norman, pauses, looks up, staring at...

THE SPHERE

Mesmerizing. He can see himself, reflected in the swirling mass, staring back at himself. The door begins to open, closes.
Begins to
open.

INT. CORRIDOR

Dark. Ted, Beth, and Barnes wander throughout.

TED

What the hell happened?

The lights flicker back on.

BARNES

They switched us over.

TED

To what?

BARNES

Internal power.

BETH

What for?

CUT TO:

THE OCEAN FLOOR -- a cable falling from the surface, coiling
around and
around.

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON their dufflebags piled in the corner by the door.
They've
been left behind.

INT. HABITAT HALLWAY -- LATER

LOOKING DOWN A LONG CORRIDOR -- it's quiet. WE PEEK inside the
cafeteria...

BARNES (O.S.)

The surface ships will be back.
After the storm clears.

BETH (O.S.)

How long will that be?

INT. CAFETERIA

Barnes speaks to the team (minus Harry and Norman)...

BARNES

They told me about sixty hours.

BETH

Two and a half days?

TED

How long can we last down here?

EDMUNDS

Comfortably? Seventy-two hours.

BETH

Comfortably -- what's that mean --
with oxygen?

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING QUARTERS

CLOSE ON HARRY'S FACE

Harry lies on his bunk. He begins to slowly awake.

WE BEGIN TO HEAR A SCRATCHING NOISE, like nails on a chalkboard.
It gets LOUDER as Harry comes to. He puts his fingers to his temples.

Norman stands beside, him writing in his notebook.

HARRY

What is that? That noise?

NORMAN

What noise?

HARRY

It's like...

ANGLE ON Norman's pen -- as he stops writing, the NOISE stops.

Harry sighs. Norman looks down at his pen.

NORMAN

Harry, can you tell me about the
sphere?

HARRY

What are you still doing here?

NORMAN

You remember opening the door?

HARRY

You were all supposed to leave. You weren't supposed to stay down here.

NORMAN

Tell me about the door. Do you remember how you opened the door to the sphere?... Harry?

HARRY

You don't understand about the sphere.

NORMAN

Then explain it to me.

Harry pauses, staring almost like a frightened little boy.

HARRY

Norman?

NORMAN

What is it, Harry?

HARRY

What happens on page 87? Have you ever read page 87?

NORMAN

Page 87 of what, Harry?

HARRY

I could never read that far. I never wanted to.

NORMAN

That far in what, Harry?

Harry doesn't say anything. Norman waiting...

HARRY

You shouldn't be here, Norman. It's too dangerous for you and the others to be down here.

INT. BATHROOM/SHOWER FACILITIES

Beth comes out from behind a vinyl shower curtain. A towel wrapped around her.

BARNES (O.S.)

Beth -- I wanted to have a word with you...

Barnes washes his hands at the sink, looking at her in the mirror in front of him.

BARNES

Back at the door -- I asked you to back away.

BETH

Yeah. I heard you.

BARNES

There are procedures, Beth, that I want followed. My procedures. And considering what's going on, I want you to follow them very closely.

BETH

(a beat)

Forgive me. I've never read the Navy manual. I wonder what it says about bathroom and shower procedures.

He walks to the door, then turns.

BARNES

And Beth, one other thing. I'd like from now on for you to address me as Captain or sir in front of the men.

INT. HABITAT HALLWAY

A LONG CORRIDOR -- LOOKING into the cafeteria...

INT. CAFETERIA

Harry is eating at a table, seems more relaxed. The team members around him, eating too. Beth, cold. Harry sprinkles salt on the dish of food in the middle.

TED

Hey, go easy on the salt, will ya?
We're not a bunch of icy streets
here.

HARRY

Salt's good for you, Ted. Helps you
from getting impotent.

TED

Impotent? I'm not impotent.

NORMAN

(off food)

These aren't half bad, Fletcher. You
might have a second career coming.

HARRY

What are they?

FLETCHER

Squid...

Harry stops mid-chew. Frightened.

FLETCHER

... there was a whole flock of them
out there earlier. It's strange.
It's dead down here, and then all of
a sudden --

Harry drops his fork. He begins COUGHING. HACKING. CHOKING
loudly.

GAGGING. He HACKS out the squid from his mouth...

CUT TO:

INT. HABITAT CORRIDOR

A long, empty corridor. All is quiet.

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON A MONITOR -- a series of numbers:

00032125262632 032629 301321 04261037 18 3016 06180
82132 2903305 1822 04261013 0830162137 1604 4298756
08301632125262632 032629 301321 04261037 18 3016 06
82132 2903305 1822 04261013 0830162137 1604 4268756
08301632125262632 032629 301321 04261037 18 3016 06
82132 2903305 1822 04261013 0830162137 1604 0830164

NORMAN

When did it come across?

EDMUNDS

Minutes ago. Harry's trying to decode it in his room now.

NORMAN

Where's it coming from?

EDMUNDS

No idea. We have no surface support. It transmitted too fast to be coming from underwater.

NORMAN

Is it coming from our own computer?

EDMUNDS

Harry thinks it's some sort of discharge from our own system, but I've seen it discharge before -- and it didn't look anything like this.

EXT. HABITAT -- UNDERWATER

SWARMS of pretty, pink JELLYFISH. Everywhere.

FROM UNDER THE HABITAT -- Fletcher swims up to them with a net.
It's beautiful. Eerie. Almost idyllic.

INT. LIVING QUARTERS

Harry, on his bunk with decoding papers in his hands, turns to Norman,
entering the room.

NORMAN

Getting anywhere with those?

HARRY

There's some sort of pattern here. It'll take a minute.

NORMAN

Have you looked outside? Jellyfish. Everywhere. I hate jellyfish.
(sits on the table)
Harry, what happened in the cafeteria?

HARRY

Don't do this. Don't psychoanalyze me. I hate squid. Period. Just like you hate jellyfish.

NORMAN

You said something to me, before -- about how we were all going to die.

HARRY

Did I?

NORMAN

You don't remember that?

HARRY

I don't remember much. It's like my memory is on the tip of my tongue -- but I can't taste any of it. Funny, my senses are much keener though. Purer. Hearing, seeing, smelling. Like, I can smell your sheets, Norman. You tried to wash it out earlier, But I can still smell the urine.

(beat)

Don't worry, I'm not going to tell the others. It's normal, really, isn't it? In a crisis. The stress. The panic.

INT. VIDEO FEED ROOM

Beth, Ted, and Barnes watch...

ON A MONITOR -- Fletcher outside, with the jellyfish.

BARNES

(into the mic)

Fletcher? What are you doing out there?

FLETCHER (O.S.)

They're like pink snow, sir. Sticky.

TED

She says jellyfish are a delicacy. You know, I never knew that.

BARNES

Get out of there. I don't want anyone going anywhere outside, understood?

FLETCHER (O.S.)

They're warm. I can feel the heat on my legs.

BARNES

Fletcher, I want you back here.

CUT TO:

BACK IN -- LIVING QUARTERS

Norman sitting on the table...

NORMAN

What happened to you inside that sphere, Harry?

A long beat. Harry becomes concerned...

HARRY

Why? Does someone else want to go inside?

CUT TO:

INT. VIDEO FEED ROOM

ON THE MONITOR -- Fletcher, the jellyfish clinging to her facemask, her suit...

FLETCHER (O.S.)

I can't see, they're smearing the faceplate. My arms... the fabric...

Fletcher's suit tears...

BARNES

Fletcher, get away from there...

FLETCHER (O.S.)

It's burning...

BARNES

Get out of there!

FLETCHER (O.S.)

I can't see...

BARNES

Fletcher! Now!

FLETCHER (O.S.)

I can't...

ON BETH -- bolting out of the room. Barnes turning to her...

BARNES

Nobody move.

BETH

But she's --

BARNES

Nobody move!

FLETCHER (O.S.)

They're eating through...
Somebody --

CUT TO:

ON FLETCHER -- UNDERWATER -- jellyfish eating into her plastic faceplate... she's COUGHING, GASPING.

INT. VIDEO FEED ROOM

They watch...

ON THE MONITOR -- Her body twisting, contorting. Her suit,
ripping
apart. SCREAMING. She convulses. Her body falling.

HER HORRIFYING SCREAM FADING INTO...

INT. DECONTAMINATION LAB

CLOSE ON -- Fletcher's face. Cold, dead. Eyes open. Jellyfish
rooted in
her skin.

CUT TO:

INT. LABORATORY

CLOSE ON A MICROSCOPIC IMAGE of a jellyfish.

ON NORMAN -- in the corner of the lab, inspecting a MEDICAL KIT.

NORMAN

What is this, Beth? You taking
valium?

Beth, looking into the microscope.

BETH

Sedatives. Whatever my mood calls for.

Norman picks up a book, next to the kit: 20,000 Leagues Under the Sea.

NORMAN

Where'd this come from?

BETH

The library.

NORMAN

We have a library?

BETH

A bad one. It was the only book in there. Norman, come here, look at this.

NORMAN

No, thank you. I hate jellyfish.

Walking toward her...

NORMAN

... when I was six, my younger brother and I -- we went swimming in the Pacific. At my mother's beach house. We both felt stinging, and when we came out of the water, he was wearing jellyfish head to toe. Killed him.

BETH

My gosh, Norman.

NORMAN

Yeah, it was awful.

BETH

What about you? What happened to you?

NORMAN

Me? Well, I was wrapped in seaweed. It itched for a while, but I survived.

(beat)

Beth, do you find it... curious that

we're seeing all this life down here. Nothing, and then these enormous flocks of squid. Then jellyfish?

BETH

Normally, I'd say no. Everything's quiet now -- no ships, no divers, no electricity. Makes sense. But what's curious is -- these aren't normal jellyfish.

NORMAN

What do you mean -- not normal?

BETH

They have six tentacles. A new species. And the squid too. They had no stomach.

NORMAN

Wait a minute.

BETH

What?

NORMAN

You knew about the squid not being normal. Before Fletcher went out there?

BETH

Yeah, why?

NORMAN

And you didn't tell anyone?

Beth, nervous...

BETH

What? Why...

NORMAN

Beth --

BETH

I mean, I'm not... I wasn't absolutely sure if... they --

NORMAN

They are or they aren't. Which is it?

BETH

What?... Wait. Don't... why are you --

NORMAN

Beth.

BETH

Nobody said... Norman... What? Why are you looking at me like that?

NORMAN

Beth --

She backs away from Norman, knocking off a specimen jar, it SHATTERS

on the floor. She starts breaking down.

Norman watching her, falling to the ground, picking up the glass, hurriedly...

BETH

I didn't do anything wrong. I didn't mean...

NORMAN

Beth.

She's crying, glass in her hands. She looks up at Norman, frightened, nervous...

BETH

You wouldn't go and tell the others, would you?

Norman hesitates, goes to her, tries to hold her, but she pushes him away.

BETH

I hate this place, Norman. I want out.

CUT TO:

INT. HABITAT -- HALLWAY

LOOKING DOWN -- at the room where Barnes was on the phone earlier. He stands there now, hand on the knob.

CLOSES it shut.

CUT TO:

INT. ROOM

Barnes sits, Norman in front of him, worked up...

NORMAN

I'm not paranoid. I know Beth. She can be drastic.

BARNES

How drastic?

NORMAN

You don't want to know.

BARNES

I think I do.

NORMAN

A while back, Beth and I -- we worked at the same university. She was assisting a chemist there -- I forget his name -- doing research, experiments. She was also living with him.

(off Barnes' look)

Yeah, I know. And when she finished her work, he kicked her out, broke off the relationship, and published five papers -- all her work -- without any thank you or acknowledgement.

BARNES

She should've known better.

NORMAN

She put a razor to her wrists a day later.

BARNES

(a beat)

When was this?

NORMAN

'81, I think. She tried again five years ago.

(beat)

I thought you should know.

BARNES

So you knew this when you wrote your report?

NORMAN

At the time, I don't know, I thought putting her on the list -- it might help her career -- catch her a break.

BARNES

You knowingly recommended a woman with suicidal tendencies for a government operation --

NORMAN

Wait a second --

BARNES

-- and then brought her down here --

NORMAN

-- I didn't know it would come to this --

BARNES

-- without a cautionary word to anyone.

(beat)

You know, Ted said something to me earlier. I think he's right. He said, "When you got a guy who -- if he wasn't here -- he'd be standing in the unemployment line, you gotta question if you got the right guy."

ON NORMAN -- sweating.

CUT TO:

ON THE MONITOR -- a series of numbers:

00032125262632 032629 301321 04261037 18 3016 06180
82132 2903305 1822 04261013 0830162137 1604 083106
21 1822 0330313130432 00032125262632 032629 301321 0
4261037 18 3016 0618082132 2903305 1822 04261013 08
30162137 1604 08301621 1822 0330313130432 000321252
62632 032629 301321 04261037 18 3016 0618082132 290
3305 1822 04261013 0830162137 1604 083016 21 1822 03
30313130432 00032125262632 032629 301321 04261037 1

8 3016 0618082132 2903305 1822 04261013 0830162137

HARRY

It's the same as before, but the spacing's different now. It's definitely nonrandom. See...

Harry sitting at the monitor, shows Ted, Barnes, Norman, and Edmunds a

PRINTOUT of the screen -- indicating a pattern.

HARRY

It's a single sequence repeated over and over.

BARNES

We're all very proud of you, Harry, but what the hell is it?

TED

Maybe it's a message?

EDMUNDS

From what?

TED

The sphere. Maybe the sphere --

EDMUNDS

We're not hooked up to the sphere.

HARRY

Well, if it's a discharge --

TED

It's not a discharge. Right, Edmunds? You said before, right? So it's gotta be a message.

BARNES

From the sphere?

TED

What's inside the sphere.

HARRY

If it is a message, it's probably a substitution code. I'll work on it.

TED

Yeah, I'll work on it, too.

BARNES

(to Ted, flat)
You do that.

INT. BATHROOM/SHOWER AREA

Ted, nervous, anxious -- with five or six printouts in his hand -
- has
Norman's ear in front of the sink...

TED

He's manic, Norman. You know that?
This reliance on Harry is misplaced.
You hear me? Totally misplaced. He's
overlooking things. Obvious things.

NORMAN

Like what?

Ted hands him a printout...

TED

It's not some fucking substitution
code, it's a direct visual
representation.

NORMAN

You mean a picture?

TED

Take a look. I rearranged the
numbers. Put 'em up to the light.
(Norman does)
Go ahead. Squint at it.

NORMAN

I don't see anything.

TED

Squint harder.

NORMAN

Please, Ted.

TED

(hands him another
printout)
Try this one.

NORMAN

This is like nursery school.

TED

Don't you see it? It's a picture of the creature.

NORMAN

The creature?

TED

Inside the sphere. Look, that's the vertical torso, three legs, two arms. There's no head, so I'm guessing the creature's head is located within the torso itself, you know?

ON NORMAN -- Ted's lost it.

NORMAN

Well, how about we wait and see what Harry comes up with?

TED

Sure, why not. Give him the trophy. That pretentious son of a bitch. You heard him, Norman. All that "someone went to a lot of trouble, try again" bullshit. And "impotent". Where does he get off saying I'm impotent? He's a fucking self-righteous, little prick.

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON MONITOR -- spirals now.

HARRY

... I asked myself, why would the sphere be using a code? If you're trying to communicate, why use a code?

TED

(to Norman)

See? No code. What'd I say?

HARRY

Codes are for hiding information. So it's making a mistake. It's making a code without intending to. I figured it's probably substituting numbers for letters... Then I began to wonder what an alien intelligence would

make of our keyboard. And since we're getting spirals, I imagined the keyboard as a spiral. So I translated it...

NORMAN

That's brilliant.

Ted grimaces at Norman.

HARRY

... spiralling out of the center, you see: "G" is one, "B" is two, "H" is three, and so on... when I got the message.

BARNES

What's the message?

HARRY

I have to tell you. It's strange.

BARNES

How do you mean, strange?

Harry picks up his yellow pad of paper and reads:

HARRY

"Hello. How are you? I am fine. What is your name? My name is Jerry."

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY

Barnes walks briskly down the hall, Norman with him...

BARNES

He translated it wrong. "My name is Jerry"? It's like "See Spot run."

NORMAN

The message doesn't show a lack of intelligence. It's smart. It's approaching us in a simple way. Like you would a dog. Holding out your hand, letting it sniff, get used to you.

BARNES

What am I -- a dog, now?

Barnes ducks his head into the Video Feed room...

BARNES

Edmunds, get in here. I need you for this.

EDMUNDS

In a minute, sir.

BACK IN COMMUNICATIONS ROOM -

Barnes storming through the room, the others (minus Edmunds) around the monitor.

BARNES

I want a name. A real name. This thing's full name, rank and serial number.

TED

Captain, I personally feel we should ask much more substantive questions --

BARNES

I am not gonna explain in some damn report that one person died in a deepsat expedition so we could meet an alien named Jerry.

HARRY

(on the keyboard,
typing)
First, we have to see if he'll talk at all.

ON THE MONITOR -- "0032125252632"

The monitor BLINKS, reply:

"0032125252632"

HARRY

Okay, Jerry's talking.

Harry types -- "0002921 301321 0613182108142232"

TED

What'd you say?

HARRY

"We are friends".

BARNES

Cut the friends crap, get a name.

"004212232"

HARRY

"Yes". Good. Now let's see if it'll switch over to English letters.

"0032125252632 = Hello"

Reply:

"0032125252632 = Hello"

BARNES

It's not talking, it's mimicking.

TED

Give him a chance. He's speaking our language, not the other way around.

HARRY

(typing)
Good idea, Ted.

TED

(confused)
Thank you.

"0032125252632 = Hello. Hello = 0032125252632"

No reply.

BARNES

What's he doing?

Reply:

"Hello = 0032125252632. 0032125252632 = Hello."

BARNES

Ignorant. The thing's ignorant.

HARRY

It's not ignorant.

TED

Maybe it's pretending to be ignorant.

Harry types "==="

Reply:

",,,,"

Harry types "=",="

Reply:

"7 & 7"

BARNES

Are you enjoying yourself, Harry,
because I don't know what the hell
you're doing.

HARRY

He understands me fine.

Harry types: "Yes"

Reply:

"0004212232"

Harry types: "Hello"

A long beat. Reply:

"I am delighted to make your acquaintance. The pleasure is
entirely
mine I assure you."

They stare, stunned, at the screen.

NORMAN

Well, he's polite.

TED

Unless it's an act.

BETH

Why should it be an act?

"Are you the entity HECHO in Mexico?"

BARNES

Mexico? Where'd he get Mexico?

"Are you the entity made in the U.S.A.?"

TED

He doesn't wait for an answer.

BETH

Who says it's a he?

BARNES

Not now, Beth. Please. I want to know who we're talking to before we start talking. Where's Edmunds?

HARRY

She's not gonna know, sir.

TED

(to Harry)

Ask him. C'mon. Say something.

Harry types: "We are. Who are you?"

Reply:

"We are"

BARNES

Hell's that mean? "We are" what?

Harry types: "We are the entities from the U.S.A. Who are you?"

"Entities = entity?"

TED

We have to teach him plurals?

Harry: "No"

"You are a many entity?"

"No. We are many separate entities."

"I understand. Is there one control entity?"

BARNES

What?

HARRY

He's saying, "Take me to your leader." He wants to know who's in charge.

BARNES

I'm in charge.

"Yes. The control entity is Captain Harald Barnes"

BARNES

With an "o". Harold with an "o".

HARRY

What -- you want me to retype it?

Harry: "Who are you?"

"I am one"

"Where are you from?"

"I am here"

"Where is the location from where you began?"

TED

"From where you began?" That's not even good English.

"I am from AWARENESS"

BARNES

What is that, a planet?

"Where is AWARENESS?"

"AWARENESS is"

"Did you make a journey?"

"Yes. Did you make a journey?"

"Yes"

"I make a journey. You make a journey. We make a journey together. I am Happy."

BARNES

Great, okay. Ask him about his weapons.

NORMAN

That's smart. Let's talk about guns and violence.

BARNES

You don't think weapons are important?

NORMAN

I think we should be careful. Consider his emotional response.

TED

You want to put him on your couch, Norman. Grill him about his childhood?

NORMAN

When he uses a phrase like "I am Happy", I think we should think twice about what we ask him.

"Do Not Be Afraid"

The all stare at the screen, stunned.

NORMAN

Jerry, can you understand what we're saying?

"Every word"

Norman walks up to the screen, close to it.

NORMAN

Jerry, can you read our minds?

"Yes Norman"

Barnes goes to the intercom...

BARNES

Edmunds, I want you in here. Now.

Norman focuses on the screen, staring.

ON THE SCREEN -- blank.

Norman concentrating, on the screen.

THE SCREEN -- blank.

NORMAN

Jerry, are you there?

"Yes, Norman"

BARNES

We shouldn't talk here. Shut it off.

"I do not wish to Intrude"

NORMAN

We would like to talk alone.

"I do not agree. That is not possible. I enjoy to talk with you."

NORMAN

And we enjoy talking with you.

"Let us talk now"

NORMAN

We'd like to talk with you more. We admire your talents and your great power and understanding.

"Thank you"

NORMAN

And in your great understanding, you know that we are entities who must talk in private -- with each other.

"Do Not Be Afraid"

NORMAN

We're not afraid, we are uncomfortable.

"Am I offended you?"

NORMAN

Not at all, we enjoy you very much, but we need to talk alone, without you listening.

"I shall oblige"

NORMAN

Thank you.

"But I am Not Happy"

NORMAN

Jerry?...

"We'll be Right Back after a short break for these Messages from
our Sponsor"

NORMAN

Jerry? Are you still there?

SCREEN -- blank.

NORMAN

Jerry?

SCREEN -- blank.

BARNES

(into intercom)

Edmunds? Get in here. I want to know exactly how this is being transmitted.

HARRY

She's not gonna know.

BARNES

She wired this system.

HARRY

If the technology of that sphere is advanced enough -- the way it functions is gonna appear to us like magic.

ON TED AND NORMAN -

TED

Don't gimme that psychology bullshit, Norman. Psychology isn't a science, it's superstition. It's a bunch of soft, subjective theories without any hard data to back it up. With an intellect like this, emotions don't mean shit.

ON HARRY AND BARNES -

HARRY

It's like showing Leonardo da Vinci a laptop computer. He'd run screaming "witchcraft". And you couldn't explain it to him, either. Modems, microchips, particle physics.

BARNES

(into intercom)
Edmunds?

ON TED AND NORMAN -

TED

Don't make stuff up, these emotional theories, just so you can feel important here.

NORMAN

Frankly, Ted, I'd be much happier if Jerry was just a cold, emotionless intellect.

TED

Why's that?

BARNES

(into intercom)
Edmunds?

NORMAN

Because if Jerry is powerful and also emotional...

BARNES

Damn it, Edmunds?

NORMAN

... it raises a very serious question: What happens if Jerry gets mad?

INT. VIDEO FEED ROOM

BARNES (O.S.)

Edmunds? Can you copy?

An empty chair. Edmunds is not here. WE HEAR a repeating THUMP. THUMP.

THUMP.

BARNES (O.S.)

Edmunds?

ON A MONITOR -- WE SEE her body, wedged in a light stand bracket, floating in the water, lifeless. Her helmet THUMPING against the wall of the habitat.

INT. UNDERWATER -- OUTSIDE THE HABITAT

Norman and Beth, in jumpsuits and helmets, walk out from under the habitat. Still HEARING the THUMPING. They pause, looking around.

BETH

Coast is clear.

They go to the south end of the habitat. The THUMPING louder.

Norman climbs up the grid-like STANCHION, the support beam holding up the habitat. The BODY above him -- flapping in the current. THUMPING against the wall.

He climbs, reaching the body. A BOOT swings, catches the LOOP in his air hose. BUBBLES shoot out.

BETH

Norman, your suit -- it's leaking.

The BOOT comes off in Norman's hand -- and the NAKED FOOT, gray flesh, purple toenails, KICKS his faceplate. Startles him.

BETH

Norman. Look at this.

ON EDMUNDS' SUIT -- a long TEAR in the fabric, revealing red, mangled FLESH. Droplets of BLOOD float past Norman's faceplate.

BETH

Her flesh has been macerated.
Chewed. I've never seen a bite like this before.

Norman pulls her body out.

Edmunds' FACEPLATE whips around -- and Norman SEES her staring eyes, mouth open in horror.

NORMAN

I can't feel her bones. She's like a sponge.

BETH

She was crushed. Feel her skin --
it's like sandpaper.

NORMAN

What could have done this?

WE HEAR A SENSOR: PONG. PONG. PONG.

INT. VIDEO FEED ROOM

Barnes at the monitors, Ted with him.

PONG. PONG. PONG.

TED

What is that?

BARNES

The sensors are picking up something
outside.

TED

What?

Barnes flips a switch...

BARNES

It won't register. It's too big to
image.

TED

Too big?

EXT. UNDERWATER

WHITE EGGS, the size of golf balls descend from above. Hundreds
of them. Beth catches one, inspects it...

BETH

Norman.

NORMAN

What are they?

BETH

Eggs.

From inside their helmets...

BARNES (O.S.)

You people need to hurry back. The sensors have activated. I don't think you're alone out there.

INT. CORRIDOR

Ted walks with Norman and Beth...

NORMAN

What was it?

TED

Barnes didn't know. Couldn't get a reading.

NORMAN

Has Harry spoken with Jerry?

TED

Not that I know of. Why?

INT. COMMUNICATIONS ROOM

Norman and Ted at the console...

NORMAN

Jerry?

No reply.

NORMAN

Jerry, are you there?

No reply.

TED

You think Jerry has something to do with what killed Edmunds? With what's out there?

NORMAN

I'm not sure.

INT. LABRATORY

CLOSE ON AN EGG

Beth, scalpel in hand, is making an incision into the shell.

BETH

Looking at the coating here, it's definitely marine invertebrate.

Barnes, Norman, Harry and Ted stand around the table.

BARNES

Well, until we know exactly what it is, nobody goes outside, understood?

TED

What was Edmunds doing outside?

BARNES

Resetting the sub.

TED

What sub?

BARNES

In the dome hanger. All our tapes are transferred to the sub. It's on a 12 hour timer. If someone doesn't reset the "delay" button, the sub ascends to the surface with the tapes.

NORMAN

What for?

BARNES

If something should happen to us, the Navy will at least have partial records of what happened.

NORMAN

At least our obituaries will be accurate. That's reassuring.

ON THE EGG -- splitting open. A slimy pinkish-brown FLUID oozes out. A FETUS underneath.

They cover their mouths from the smell.

BARNES

What is it?

Beth picks at it with forceps...

BETH

I'm not sure. I've never seen anything like it.

BARNES

You're a fucking biochemist, aren't you? Can't you tell us something.

Beth glares at Barnes...

INT. CLOSET AREA -- DARK

Beth, holding a piece of paper in her hand, pulls Norman inside, pressing on him...

BETH

... He lied to us. He left us down here.

NORMAN

C'mon, Beth. Don't make this personal. He told me himself they were taking us back.

BETH

Yeah, he told you. Think. What was Barnes doing before they cut that cable loose? He was on the phone. Except that cable is a thousand feet long, Norman. They would've broken off communication with us four, five minutes before they cleared out.

NORMAN

So what?

BETH

So who was Barnes talking to at the last minute? Nobody.

NORMAN

You're jumping to conclusions, Beth. Don't get worked up --

BETH

Fuck you, Norman! It's right here...

She shows him the printout in her hand, putting a flashlight on the words, reads...

BETH

"Although advised of risks, all personnel elect to remain down for duration of storm to continue investigation of alien sphere and associated spacecraft. Signed,

Barnes, USN."

NORMAN

Where did you get this?

BETH

In Edmunds' things.

NORMAN

You went through Edmunds' things?

BETH

He's not just a Navy captain -- he works for the fucking Pentagon.

NORMAN

Calm down, Beth. Alright?

BETH

Don't tell me to calm down!

NORMAN

It's done, alright? It's over! And there's not a damn thing we can do about it now, okay?

He turns to leave...

BETH

You said something to him, didn't you?

NORMAN

What?

BETH

You told him about me?

ON NORMAN -- pausing, staring at her...

NORMAN

Beth --

BETH

You did, didn't you?

NORMAN

Don't do this.

BETH

You bastard.

NORMAN

Beth, I didn't. Hold it together.
Alright?

She looks at him, piercing into his eyes...

BETH

Yeah, okay. Sure, Norman.

NORMAN

Beth --

BETH

No, I should stay calm. Like you
say. Right, Norman? Stay calm.

Norman looks at her, concerned, knowing she doesn't believe
him...

BETH

Fletcher and Edmunds are dead,
Norman. And the only one we can
trust to run this place is a fucking
liar.

CUT TO:

INT. CONTROL ROOM

ON THE OXYGEN REGULATOR -- bobbing up and down -- keeping track
of the
little that's left.

CUT TO:

INT. VIDEO FEED ROOM

Barnes, Norman, Beth, and Ted are gathered around the monitors.
Barnes
addresses Norman...

BARNES

I don't want you talking to Jerry.

NORMAN

But sir, I think it's imperative. I
think the messages, the animals
we've seen, what killed Edmunds, the
reading you got earlier -- I think
they're all related.

TED

Jerry isn't hostile, Norman. He said earlier -- we were his friends --

NORMAN

Of course he did. He's been isolated for 400 years. He wants someone to talk to. Look, you put a human being in isolation for four days, they can become neurotic, sometimes psychotic. We're talking about 400 years here. An alien that shows emotional responses. I think we need to address him, before he reacts further.

BARNES

You think he killed Edmunds?

NORMAN

Yes, I do. Whatever's out there, I think is his response to us refusing to talk to him earlier.

BARNES

Bullshit. What's out there isn't alien. It's an animal.

NORMAN

Maybe so. But I think we need to ask Jerry about it.

BARNES

No. I think we should shut down the communication lines inside the habitat. He might be listening now.

BETH

I think he already is.

They turn to the monitors:

ON THE MONITOR: "DO NOT IGNORE ME"

BETH

Nice work, Captain sir.

BARNES

Shut up, Beth. I don't want to hear it.

NORMAN

Jerry, we don't want to ignore you.

"Don't underestimate my power"

NORMAN

We don't.

"Yes you do"

NORMAN

Jerry --

THE MONITOR blinks back -- WE SEE the sphere. It is closed.
Still.

WE HEAR the SENSOR: PONG. PONG. PONG.

CUT TO:

INT. LABRATORY

Harry, alone, stares at THE FETUS on the table.

CUT TO:

INT. VIDEO FEED ROOM

ON THE SONAR IMPULSE MONITOR -- lines jumping higher. PONG.
PONG. PONG.

Barnes, Norman, Beth, and Ted watching it.

NORMAN

Jerry?

No response.

NORMAN

Jerry?

The MONITOR flashes: "I'm Not Listening" -- blinks back.

AN OUTSIDE CAMERA FEED -- infra-red -- a large IMAGE streaks by.

BARNES

Direction's east coming!

BETH

What was that?

Barnes flips a switch...

BARNES

Going active.

NORMAN

Jerry?

No response.

BETH

It looked like a tentacle. Of a squid.

THE MONITORS -- BEEPING now.

BARNES

A squid? The size of a whale? I don't think so.

(beat)

Target acquired. Sixty yards.

PONG. PONG. PONG.

BETH

What if it attacks?

BARNES

Fifty yards and closing.

BETH

What do we use for defense?

BARNES

We're a habitat. Not a castle. The only defense we have is High Voltage.

BETH

High Voltage?

BARNES

It sends 200 volts throughout the cylinder surface. But we've never used it underwater before.

PONG. PONG. PONG.

BARNES

Forty yards.

BETH

But you've tested it?

BARNES

Sure. Each time it started fires
inside the habitat.

PONG. PONG. PONG.

BARNES

Thirty yards.

BETH

What are you saying -- we can't stop
what's out there?

THE MONITORS blink: "I AM COMING". The monitor blinks to BLANK.

BARNES

What the hell?
(bangs on the monitors)
It shut us down.

NORMAN

Jerry? Please. Stop this.

BARNES

Ted, go into the control room.
Listen for my instructions.

Ted goes out the door.

ALL THE MONITORS -- blank.

BETH

Where is it?

BARNES

Why can't I -- ? What the hell is
going on here?

They HEAR a metallic CLANKING.

BETH

What was that?

BARNES

He's right beneath us.

THE MONITORS blink: "I AM HERE".

CUT TO:

INT. LABRATORY

Harry looking at the FETUS on the table. It suddenly SLIDES down the table.

The room is rocked.

ON SHELVES -- Jars, petry dishes, test tubes SLIDE off shattering to the floor.

INT. CORRIDOR

BANG!

TED is thrown ruthlessly against the wall. His HEAD striking metal, splitting open his forehead.

THE WALLS -- CRACKING and GROANING.

WATER breaks through a crack, spreading out onto the floor.

INT. VIDEO FEED ROOM

Barnes...

BARNES

Ted? Ted?

INT. CONTROL ROOM

Ted, stumbles, reaches for the headset...

TED

Sir, we're leaking!

Blood dripping from his forehead.

INT. VIDEO FEED ROOM

BARNES

Increase positive pressure!

BETH

That's our reserve air.

BARNES

It's either that or we grow gills.

BANG! They grip onto the console...

INT. CONTROL ROOM

Ted, drousy, BLOOD gushing from his head, keeping balance,
searches
for the PRESSURE GAGE.

BARNES (O.S.)

Ted? Ted, are you with me?

Finds the GAGE. Turns it.

TED

Increasing positive pressure.

EXT. HABITAT -- UNDERWATER

AIR BUBBLES burst out of the walls.

INT. CORRIDOR

ON THE FLOOR -- the WATER scurrying back through the leaks in the wall.

INT. VIDEO FEED ROOM

Barnes, watching the monitors.

BARNES

That's enough Ted.

(beat)

Shut it off!

INT. CONTROL RROOM

THE PRESSURE GAGE -- the needle RISING...

ON THE HEADSET -- in the air, dangling from it's cord.

BARNES (O.S.)

Ted? Ted!

ON TED -- passed out on the floor. Blood covering his face.

INT. VIDEO FEED ROOM

Beth and Norman BOLT out the door

INTO THE HALLWAY

Running. BANG! They're thrown against the wall.

INT. CONTROL ROOM

THE PRESSURE GAUGE -- rising, higher, higher.

INT. CORRIDOR

THUMP! Norman and Beth, losing their balance, stumbling to their feet, running...

ON TED -- SLIDING out of the Control Room, down the corridor,
taken by
the water.

Beth grabs him, as Norman stumbles

INTO THE CONTROL ROOM

finds the PRESSURE GAGE, shuts it off.

INT. VIDEO FEED ROOM

BANG! Barnes grips his headset as he's thrown to the floor.

BARNES

Norman! Norman can you hear me?

INT. CONTROL ROOM

Norman grabs the headset, slips it on...

NORMAN

Yes, sir. I'm here.

BARNES (O.S.)

You see the lever on the green box?
Upper right hand corner?

Norman sees it, reads it:

NORMAN

High Voltage Defense System.

ON BETH -- in the hall, tending to Ted, looks up at Norman.

INT. VIDEO FEED ROOM

BARNES

You see the lever next to it?

INT. CONTROL ROOM/CORRIDOR

Beth yelling...

BETH

Don't do it, Norman!

BARNES (O.S.)

Do you see it?

ON NORMAN -- turning from Beth, to the lever.

NORMAN

I see it.

BARNES (O.S.)

Pull it.

BETH

Don't pull it, Norman. It'll start a fire we can't stop. Norman?

BARNES (O.S.)

Do it, Norman, it's the only choice we have. This thing is gonna crush us.

BETH

Norman, don't do it!

BANG! The WALLS CREAKING and SCREECHING.

INT. VIDEO FEED ROOM

Barnes on the floor, a MONITOR crashes alongside him, SPITTING SPARKS,
flashing: "I WILL KILL YOU"

BARNES

Do it now!

INT. CONTROL ROOM/CORRIDOR

Norman, sweating...

BETH

Don't do it!

BARNES

Now!

BANG! CREAKING, GROANING of metal.

BETH

Norman, please! Don't!

BANG!

BARNES (O.S.)

Pull it, damn it!

ON NORMAN -- puts his hand on the lever.

BETH

Norman!

He PULLS the lever.

INT. HABITAT

DOWN THE CORRIDORS -- a loud HUM from the generators. The lights
DIMMING.

BANG! WE HEAR what seems to be a SQUEAL, as the metal RENDS and
CREAKS.

INT. VIDEO FEED ROOM

An ALARM SOUNDS.

Barnes looks up...

THE WARNING BOARD lights up.

BARNES

Fire in Communications Room!

INT. COMMUNICATIONS ROOM

FIRE ROARS out from the walls...

INT. CORRIDOR

CLOSE ON FIRE EXTINGUISHER CASE -- Beth whips it open, grabs it.

ON NORMAN -- picking up Ted, lugging him awkwardly over his
shoulder.

ON BARNES -- running down the corridor towards them.

BANG! Barnes falls to the floor, taken away by the water.

CUT TO:

ANOTHER CASE ON THE WALL -- whips open -- Beth grabs GAS MASKS.
She
hears...

BARNES (O.S.)

Help!

She looks DOWN THE CORRIDOR at...

BARNES -- on the floor, flailing in the water, SCREAMING, as his legs are caught in a CRACK in the wall. Desperate...

BARNES

Beth! Help, I can't -- !

ON BETH -- staring at him. Just watching him. Not moving.

BARNES

Beth!

BARNES -- his body falling through the crack, his HEAD BANGS into the wall, stuck in the crack, water choking him...

BARNES

Be--

... trying to SCREAM, his NECK RIPPING, SNAPS, and his body vanishes into the ocean.

ON BETH -- cold, turns away.

INT. COMMUNICATIONS ROOM

FIRE blasts out from the wall...

BETH and NORMAN (still with Ted) wearing GAS MASKS, RUSH into the room...

BETH

Stay low!

Beth sprays WHITE FOAM on the fierce FLAMES, licking up the side padding, smoke boils to the ceiling.

BANG! The room is rocked.

NORMAN

It won't stop.

Norman falls to the floor, losing Ted.

TED -- SLIDES away and UNDER the computer CONSOLE.

BANG! The computer CONSOLE breaks -- COMPUTERS, MONITORS, fall,

CRUSHING on Ted's legs. He SCREAMS out in agony.

NORMAN scrambles towards him through the smoke when...

THE CONSOLE catches fire, erupts in flame. Ted underneath it.

BETH -- her extinguisher out of foam.

NORMAN -- runs to a wall, finds an EXTINGUISHER CASING, it's been bent,
can't get it open.

TED -- reaches out in desperation as his LEGS catch fire.

TED

Norman!

NORMAN -- BASHES the casing in with his shoulder, grabs the extinguisher, turns...

TED -- his entire body on fire.

BANG! Norman falls, dropping the extinguisher -- it rolls across
the floor. He reaches out -- can't get it.

CLOSE ON TED -- his face burning...

TED

Norman! Nor--

BANG! The lights go out.

DARKNESS

NORMAN -- watches in horror as he watches TED, lit in flame,
burning to death.

NORMAN -- reaches for the wall for balance, grabs METAL, and he's
ELECTRICUTED. Falls backward, head first, and EVERYTHING GOES...

BLACK

A long beat.

NAVY SEAMAN (O.S.)

Dr. Johnson? Dr. Johnson?

INT. COMMUNICATIONS ROOM

WE FOCUS in on Norman, as he awakens. NAVY SEAMAN, 40s, African-

American, standing above him.

NAVY SEAMAN

Norman Johnson.

NORMAN

Does this mean what I think it means?

NAVY SEAMAN

It's over, sir, The storm has cleared.

NORMAN

The ships?

NAVY SEAMAN (O.S.)

They're topside. We're ready to take you home, sir.

The Navy Seaman helps Norman to his feet. Norman is smiling,
it's over.

INT. HALLWAY

Norman and the Navy Seaman walk down the hall.

NORMAN

How are the others?

NAVY SEAMAN

The others, sir?

NORMAN

Beth and Harry?

NAVY SEAMAN

They're in the sub, sir. Waiting.

Norman sighs, smiling. The relief, the jubilation.

NORMAN

That whole time -- I couldn't stop thinking of what Harry was saying earlier...

NAVY SEAMAN

What was that, sir?

NORMAN

About the time paradox.

(the Seaman nodding)
How we were all going to die --
that there was no way we would make
it out of here alive --

As Norman looks up, the Navy Seaman, still walking and nodding,
begins
to slowly DISAPPEAR. Disintegrating. VANISHING before his eyes.
Norman stops, looks around him. He's gone.

INT. VIDEO FEED ROOM

Norman watches on a monitor -- the VIDEO of him walking down the
hall,
the Navy Seaman walking next to him.

NORMAN (O.S.)
... how we were all going to die --
that there was no way we would make
it out of here alive --

ON THE MONITOR -- the Seaman disappears.

Norman stops tape. Looks over at the MONITOR showing the SPHERE.
It is
closed.

THE SCREEN goes BLACK. Flashes up: "Hello Norman"

NORMAN
Jerry?

"Yes Norman"

NORMAN
Jerry, did you create that man?

"The entity Navy Seaman was a Manifestation. Did you have a
Happy
talk?"

NORMAN
Jerry, are you manifesting what's
destroying our habitat?

"Did you have a Happy talk?"

NORMAN
Jerry, answer me.

"No."

NORMAN

Jerry?

A beat.

"Stop calling me Jerry"

The MONITOR shuts off.

Norman looks over at ANOTHER MONITOR labled "AIRLOCK FEED".

ON THE SCREEN -- Beth is putting on her jumpsuit.

INT. AIRLOCK

REFLECTED IN THE POOL OF WATER -- WE SEE Beth, slipping on her boots.

NORMAN (O.S.)

Where are you going in such a hurry?

BETH

I have to reset the sub.

Norman stands in the doorway...

NORMAN

Forget the sub.

BETH

Don't bother me, Norman.

NORMAN

It's not worth the risk.

BETH

It's also our only way out of here!
It holds three people. And there's
only three of us left now.

NORMAN

You, me and Harry?

BETH

You, me and Harry. He's asleep.

NORMAN

Wake him, then. Let's go. Get
outta --

BETH

We can't. The storm. The waves would toss us around worse than we got down here. And we have four days of decompression when we get up top.

NORMAN

Four days?

BETH

Get the helium out of our bloodstream. We go to the surface now, we'd pop like a soda bottle.

She begins to put on her helmet, when she stops.

BETH

Maybe you should go. To the sub.

NORMAN

Why should I go?

BETH

You should know how it works. Just in case.

NORMAN

In case you die, too?

BETH

I don't trust Harry to do it.

NORMAN

I would. But my suit --

BETH

I fixed your suit.

She goes to it. Brings it to him.

NORMAN

(watching her closely)
You fixed my suit?

BETH

You don't trust me?

NORMAN

But I don't know how --

BETH

You press a button, Norman. It's not brain surgery. Here, go ahead. You

only have 15 minutes to reset it. Go on, Norman...

She hands him a BRIEFCASE, the tapes inside.

BETH

... I'll watch the sensors for you.

EXT. UNDERWATER

Norman drops to the bottom with the BRIEFCASE. Lands on the ground.

BREATHING. Checks his LIFE SUPPORT BADGE. She must've fixed it.

BETH

You're clear, Norman.

He walks along, out from under the habitat. Carefully, looking around.

BETH (O.S.)

The sub's a 100 feet in front of you. You see it?

NORMAN

I can't see anything. How does it look? Still clear?

BETH (O.S.)

Still clear.

Norman, hesitantly, ventures out. The DARK WATER. Looking around.

Anything could be out here. Walking. WE HEAR him BREATHING. His

BREATHING gets shorter. He looks at his LIFE SUPPORT BADGE.

BETH (O.S.)

What's the matter?

NORMAN

You fixed this suit?
(no reply)
Beth?

BETH (O.S.)

Yes, Norman. I did. You're just nervous.

NORMAN

My air isn't... I'm coming back.

BETH (O.S.)

You can't. Counter's at 10 minutes.
You don't have time.

His BREATHING is short, but managable. He continues on.

AHEAD OF HIM -- the DOME HANGER attached to a large, gray cylinder,
forty feet high.

NORMAN

Still clear?

BETH (O.S.)

Still clear.

UNDERNEATH THE DOME HANGER -- Norman climbs up to the hatch DOOR. Looks
below him. Nothing around him. He SPINS the wheel, and pushes the
HATCH OPEN. Lifts himself up, awkwardly. Grabs HANDHOLDS, and PULLS
himself up into the POCKET OF AIR trapped inside the dome.

THE SUB -- in front of him. He finds the hatch, opens it, climbs inside
the sub.

INT. SUB

Norman sits in the small seat.

NORMAN

I'm in.
(beat)
Hello?

No answer. He bangs at his helmet...

NORMAN

Beth?

He searches the sub's CONTROL PANEL. Gadgets, switches, buttons. Up
top -- a flashing red-lit BUTTON: "TIMER HOLD". Punches it. It stops
flashing, and a small screen glows: "TIMER RESET -- COUNT:
12:00:00".
It begins counting backwards.

NORMAN

Beth? Hello?

No answer. He looks at the Control Panel:

A VIDEO SCREEN with the choices: "DESCEND, ASCEND, SECURE,
SHUTDOWN... "

THUMP!

The sub slightly SWAYS.

Norman sits still, nervous.

THUMP! Harder this time.

Norman looks through the GLASS WINDSHIELD. Sweating. Can't see anything in here.

BANG! It SWAYS faster, harder, back and forth. He grips the seat.

NORMAN

Beth! Beth! There's something -- !

THUMP! BANG! He's thrown around in the sub. He can't see anything,
tosses around. He reaches for the doorhandle.

BANG! He loses grip, his legs fly up in the air. The Sub almost turns
over on it's side.

NORMAN

Beth! Shit!

His HELMET BANGS into the glass, WE SEE his look of terror.
Water SPLASHING up from below.

Then, EVERYTHING stops.

The sub SWAYS to a still. He sits quietly. Waiting. Listening.

Reaches for the doorhandle, cautiously climbs out.

Stands on top of the sub. Keeping balance. He looks around,
finds a DOOR inside the dome. Tries to open it. Locked.

Looks around. Nothing else. Looks down at the water. Can he
risk it?
His BREATHING short.

NORMAN

Beth? Can you hear me?

No reply. He dips his leg slowly, quietly into the water.
Grimacing.

Then, cautiously slips down into the water...

EXT. UNDERWATER

CLOSE ON HIS FACE -- terrified. Looking everywhere. Searching.
Doesn't

see anything. Lands on the bottom.

His LIFE SUPPORT BADGE beeping. Shortness of BREATH.

He walks, trying to run, out from under the dome hanger. The
DARK

WATER. Can't see anything. Scared to death.

NORMAN

Beth? Beth? Shit.

THE HABITAT -- ahead of him.

Norman goes to a STANCHION. Grips onto it. Twists around.
Looking.

Searching. Doesn't see anything. LIFE SUPPORT BADGE bleeping
faster.

Barely BREATHING.

HARRY (O.S.)

... you there? Norman?

NORMAN

Harry?

HARRY (O.S.)

Norman, where are you?

NORMAN

I can't breathe... Am I... clear?

HARRY (O.S.)

You're clear. You see the airlock?

Norman, twists around, and as he does...

A SEA SNAKE

HISSES at his faceplate. Norman SCREAMS.

ON HIS HAND -- holding the snake, not the girder, lets go.

HARRY (O.S.)

Norman!

Norman falls... looking up: The SNAKE wrapped around the STANCHION, slithering between the grid-like posts.

THE SNAKE'S HEAD comes at Norman, as he falls to the ocean bottom.

Backpeddaling on his arms and feet. THE SNAKE, HISSING, coming at him.

It's long TONGUE flicking at him, inches from his faceplate. Norman

backpeddaling, can't BREATHE, the SNAKE coming down on him, Norman

falls on his back, the TONGUE WHIPPING across his faceplate, when...

NORMAN is whisked up.

HARRY has him by the collar of his suit. Taking him up.

INT. AIRLOCK

They burst out of the water. Harry throws Norman onto the floor. Unhooks his helmet -- Norman BREATHEs, fast and furious.

INT. CORRIDOR

Norman, panting, walks with Harry...

NORMAN

Thank you. My suit -- Beth said she fixed it --

HARRY

What happened to her?

NORMAN

What do you mean? She's not here?

HARRY

When I woke up, nobody was here.

NORMAN

She was supposed to be watching the sensor for me.

HARRY

Her suit's gone.

NORMAN

Beth left?

HARRY

I thought she was with you.

INT. VIDEO FEED ROOM

Norman and Harry at the mic...

BETH (O.S.)

... what do you mean? I'm in the ship.

NORMAN

What are you doing in the ship?

(beat)

Beth?

BETH (O.S.)

Getting food. We were out of food. what's wrong? You sound mad.

NORMAN

Yeah, well, I get that way when I'm facing death and someone deserts me.

BETH (O.S.)

Deserts you? Harry said he'd take over for me.

NORMAN

He what?

Harry shakes his head: "no way".

BETH (O.S.)

When he woke up, he said we were out of food. He told me to get some from the ship.

HARRY

I never said that.

BETH (O.S.)

Yes you did. Norman, I wouldn't leave you out there. You know that.

HARRY

We never even had a conversation, Norman.

BETH (O.S.)

Harry? That's bullshit. We stood
right there --

Harry covers the mic...

HARRY

She's cracking, Norman.

NORMAN

You didn't say that about the food?

HARRY

I was just in the cafeteria, there's
plenty of food in there. Take a look
for yourself.

NORMAN

But why would she -- ?

HARRY

She's lying, Norman. Just like she
lied about fixing your suit.

Harry uncovers the mic...

BETH (O.S.)

You get it straightened out?

NORMAN

I think so, Beth. Yes.

INT. CAFETERIA

Norman, sitting at a table, eating a couple pieces of cold
chicken.

A salad, some fruit, and boxes of crackers on the table.

Beth walks in, carrying a bag of food.

BETH

What's Harry doing with your suit in
there?

NORMAN

Fixing it.

BETH

Fixing it? But I fixed --
(notices the food)
Where'd you get all that?

NORMAN

The refridgerator.

BETH

The refridgerator.

NORMAN

It's a pretty common place to look for food when you don't think you have any.

BETH

That wasn't in there before.

NORMAN

We must've had it delivered then.

BETH

Wait a second --

NORMAN

1-800-Deepsea delivery. I hear they're good.

BETH

None of this was here before.

NORMAN

Did you look? It was on the top shelf.

BETH

No, it wasn't. I swear none of this was here. None of it.

(beat)

You think he hid it? Earlier. He must've hid it.

NORMAN

You think?

BETH

You don't believe me.

NORMAN

All I know is I opened that refridgerator --

BETH

Damn it, Norman. I swear. I had a whole conversation with the man when

he woke up.

NORMAN

This being after you so carefully fixed my suit.

BETH

You think it's me? You think I'm saying there was a conversation when there wasn't?

NORMAN

I don't know, Beth. I wasn't there.

BETH

Damn it, Norman! He's lying. Don't you get it? There is something seriously fucked up going on here -- and he's causing it. Why can't you believe me?

TO HER LEFT -- she looks -- HARRY is standing in a doorway, cold, holding Norman's jumpsuit. He turns away.

ON BETH -- looking back at Norman, tears rolling down her eyes.

CUT TO:

INT. AIRLOCK

Harry neatly hangs Norman's jumpsuit under the hook labeled: "JOHNSON".

Smoothens it out for him.

CUT TO:

INT. CAFETERIA

ON BETH -- sitting at a table, her face in her hands.

ON NORMAN -- looking at her, as he closes a box of crackers. Wraps

cellophane over the chicken. Walks with it over to the refridgerator.

Opens it, placing the chicken inside... but he can't.

INSIDE THE REFRIDGERATOR

are BOOKS -- neatly lined up on each of the shelves.

NORMAN -- backs away. What the hell?

Norman now looks at the CUPBOARDS. Goes to them.

INSIDE THE CUPBOARD

Books, neatly stacked.

Norman, panicking, opens each of the cupboards, all of them with **BOOKS**.

All of the books are the same. Entitled: "20,000 Leagues Under
The Sea
by Jules Verne."

Norman looks over at Beth.

BETH

What is it, Norman? Norman?

She comes to him. He stands there, bewildered, scared, mind racing.

BETH

Norman?

Norman paces, frantic almost, running his hands through his hair, trying to think. Stops. Turns to Beth.

NORMAN

Page 87.

BETH

What?

NORMAN

Page 87. "I could never read that far."

Norman quickly plucks a book from a shelf, turns pages, gets to
page
87. Reads...

NORMAN

"Our fisherman frequently see some that are more than four feet long. Some skeletons of squids..."

BETH

Squids?

NORMAN

"... according to calculations of some naturalists, one of these

animals, only six feet long, would have tentacles 27 feet long. That would make a formidable monster."

He looks up from the book, realizing something...

BETH

Norman?

SNAPS the book closed.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING QUARTERS

CLOSE ON HARRY'S DUFFLEBAG -- Norman rifles through notebooks. Turning pages.

TEARS off the first Jerry transmission.

Beth, standing at the doorway, keeping watch down the hall.

BETH

Norman, what is it?

Norman grabs Harry's YELLOW PAD OF PAPER.

CUT TO:

THEIR FEET -- scurrying through the water soaked corridor.

Norman ushers her into the Control Room. Looks around. SHUTS the door.

CUT TO:

INT. CONTROL ROOM

Norman SCRIBBLES on the printout, glancing at the yellow pad of paper...

NORMAN

After the attack, a Navy guy woke me up -- I don't know -- I thought he was an illusion. But I checked the tape, and Jerry said he manifested him.

BETH

Manifested?

NORMAN

Created. Brought to life. I don't know. But at the end, Jerry said, "Stop calling me Jerry". And --

Norman stops, staring at the pad.

NORMAN

He translated it wrong.

BETH

What?

Norman picks up the pad of paper, reads...

NORMAN

Hello. How are you? I am fine. What is your name?... My name is Harry.

CUT TO:

INT. CORRIDOR

Harry is walking towards the Living Quarters...

NORMAN (O.S.)

Remember when we first spoke to Jerry, Barnes kept asking for Jerry's real name? But Harry never would? He didn't because he was afraid the screen would say "Harry", instead of Jerry. We weren't talking to an alien intelligence when we talked to Jerry, we were talking to Harry... or a part of Harry.

BETH (O.S.)

What do you mean, a part of Harry?

BACK IN -- CONTROL ROOM

NORMAN

When did the messages start? The animals outside start showing up? After Harry came out of the sphere.

BETH

You think, in the sphere --

NORMAN

He acquired some sort of power. A power to manifest things.

BETH

But how?

NORMAN

I don't know.

BETH

How can the sphere do that?

NORMAN

I don't know, Beth. I'm not the fucking alien that built the thing. But it can. When Harry came out of the sphere, he mumbled something about page 87. How he would never read that far -- he was too scared to. Then you found the book, remember in your lab. Then in the cafeteria -- and page 87 talks about a giant squid...

BETH

Which I told Barnes was attacking --

NORMAN

It's his fear. The squid. He's manifesting his fears. Making them real.

BETH

But why is he doing it?

NORMAN

He must not realize he is. Like the Navy crewman -- Harry was sleeping then. He must've manifested his dream.

BETH

His dream? You can't control your dreams. And you can't control your fears, can you?

NORMAN

(shaking his head)

No. I mean, we've always believed we can think anything we want without consequences. You ever read the Bible?

(off her look)

It talks about our sinful nature,

you know? I mean, we can think, and believe, and desire whatever we want, but there's a part of us -- a shadow side, as Jung called it -- that can't be controlled. It's evil. It's inside us. It's what we are.

CUT TO:

IN -- THE LIVING QUARTERS

It's dark. Harry lies on his bunk, asleep.

BETH (O.S.)

And that's the part of Harry that's being manifested.

NORMAN (O.S.)

Must be. And if it is -- it's a part of him not even he can control.

Harry opens his eyes, stares at us.

WE BEGIN TO HEAR A LOW INSISTENT BEEPING...

INT. VIDEO FEED ROOM

ON SCREEN -- a transmission comes across...

"**CQX VDX MOP LKI...** "

Beth and Norman watch...

NORMAN

Looks like some sort of code.

BETH

Why would Harry go back to using a code?

HARRY (O.S.)

You mean Jerry, don't you?

Harry leaning against the doorframe, enters the room.

BETH

Jerry. Right. I said Jerry, didn't I?

HARRY

That's a hell of a mistake to make, Beth.

BETH

I'm sorry. Slip of the tongue.

HARRY

Yeah, I don't know how you could make that confusion.

Norman watching them...

HARRY

Wisconsin's your answer.

NORMAN

Wisconsin?

HARRY

(off screen)

Navy transmission. They're sent from Wisconsin.

NORMAN

How do we decode it?

HARRY

Don't have to. Watch. It'll do it for you.

THE SCREEN -- jumbling it's letters until finally...

"SURFACE SUPPORT VESSELS TO YOUR LOCATION ETA: 1600 HOURS. END."

Norman and Beth smile...

NORMAN

The cavalry is on it's way.

THE SCREEN -- "16:00:00"... it begins decending in count.

BETH

Just in time, too.

HARRY

In time for what?

BETH

What?

HARRY

Just in time for what?

Beth, nervous, tries to cover...

BETH

Our habitat, I mean. This place
can't handle another attack.

HARRY

Another attack?

A long beat, as Beth stares at Harry.

HARRY

Why are you looking at me like that?

BETH

Like what? I'm not --

HARRY

You're staring at me.

BETH

No I'm not. I'm not star--

HARRY

Yes you are...

Harry looks at both of them, suspiciously...

HARRY

Did I miss something? You two seemed
to patch things up awfully fast.

A tense beat.

NORMAN

We just figured, you know, the three
of us -- we need to... work together
through this.

HARRY

The three of us.

NORMAN

That's right.

HARRY

(beat)

Is that why the two of you went
through my dufflebag?

Norman glances at THE SCREEN behind Harry: "I WILL KILL YOU ALL."

INT. LABRATORY

CLOSE ON THE MEDICAL CABINET -- WHIPPING open.

Norman quickly digs through the medicines...

NORMAN

Diphenyl parlene.

BETH (O.S.)

Something for burns.

NORMAN

Ephedrine hydrochloride.

Beth at the computer, looking up the names...

BETH

It's for motion sickness.

NORMAN

Valdomet.

BETH

Ulcers.

NORMAN

Sintag.

BETH

A synthetic opium analogue.

NORMAN

Does it cause drowsiness? That's all we need. To get him unconscious -- put him under.

BETH

Nothing about drowsiness.

NORMAN

Tarazine?

BETH

Tranquilizer. Causes drowsiness.

NORMAN

Bingo.

BETH

"... and may also cause bizarre hallucinations".

Norman throws it on the floor. Picks another...

NORMAN

Riordan?

BETH

Antihistamine. For bites.

NORMAN

Damn it! Chloramphenicol?

BETH

Antibiotic.

NORMAN

Parasolitrine?

BETH

How do you spell it?

NORMAN

P-a-r-a-s-o...

BETH

It's a soporific.

NORMAN

What's that?

BETH

Causes sleep.

NORMAN

It's like a sleeping pill?

BETH

"... used as an anesthetic if given
in combination with paracin
trichloride... "

Norman digs, finds paracin trichloride...

NORMAN

Here we go.

CUT TO:

BETH -- mixing the medicines...

NORMAN (O.S.)

(reading from the
computer)

"20 cc's of parasolutrine in combination with 6 cc's of paracin given IV produces deep sleep suitable for emergency surgical procedures... no cardiac side effects ... REM activity is surpressed... "

BETH

How long does it last?

NORMAN

Three to six hours.

BETH

I'll just boost the doses.

NORMAN

What? Wait -- isn't that dangerous?

BETH

How fast does it take effect?

NORMAN

Doesn't say.

BETH

What if it takes 20 minutes, Norman?
What if it takes an hour? And he can fight it off? We can't afford that.

Beth goes to the cabinet, grabs another medicine. Norman comes over as she adds it to the mix...

NORMAN

What is that? What are you doing?
What do you want to do -- kill him?

A beat...

BETH

It's an idea.

NORMAN

Beth --

BETH

To be on the safe side. I mean --

NORMAN

You want to kill him?

BETH

Look, it's either him or us, Norman.
Another attack, and we go down with
this place.

She fills the LARGE SYRINGE with the clear liquid mix.

BETH

You ever given an injection before.

NORMAN

Thirty years ago. In residency. I
passed out. You?

BETH

Only lab rats. Here.

She hands him the syringe...

BETH

Give him the whole thing. Hurry,
before he wakes up.

Norman looks at the syringe, like it's an assault rifle.

NORMAN

Where do I stick it?

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING QUARTERS

Harry sleeps on his bunk. The door to the room is closed.

INT. CAFETERIA

Norman spirals down the stairway from the lab. Hurrying through
the dark cafeteria, the syringe at his side.

INTO THE HALLWAY

shuffling down the corridor, nervously. Glancing at the syringe.

ROUNDS A CORNER

and SEES in front of the Living Quarters...

TWO AFRICAN-AMERICAN NAVY CREWMEN -- standing guard of the door.

Norman stops, hides behind the wall.

CUT TO:

INT. LABRATORY

Norman comes in...

NORMAN

He's got Farrakahn's army standing guard. What's plan B?

Suddenly, BANG! The room shakes. Shelves fall. Cabinet doors swing open. Norman falls to the floor.

THE COMPUTER MONITOR -- crashes down in front of his face. It reads: "I

WILL KILL YOU ALL"

INT. CORRIDOR

Norman and Beth running...

BETH

Harry!

BANG! Water shoots through the wall. Gushing out onto the floor. The walls CRACKING.

ON HARRY -- running out of his room...

HARRY

What is it?

NORMAN

You know what it is, Harry.

BANG! They lose their balance, still running...

NORMAN

It's the squid! Stop it!

HARRY

Stop what? What are you -- ?

BANG! Another CRACK -- water gushing inside.

NORMAN

You know damn well what. You're doing it!

Norman grabs Harry, pushes him up against the wall.

HARRY

Doing what? I'm not doing
anything -- !

Beth takes the syringe from her palm, and STABS Harry in the
SHOULDER.

HE SCREAMS IN HORRIFYING PAIN, FADING OVER INTO...

INT. ANOTHER CORRIDOR

Quiet now.

INT. CAFETERIA

Norman and Beth sit at a table, sipping coffee.

NORMAN

I'm sorry.

BETH

For what?

NORMAN

Not believing you.

BETH

You're not sorry. You're scared.

(beat)

You're a psychologist, Norman. You
pride yourself on knowing when
someone's lying to you, not telling
you the truth. And now you're scared
... because you're not sure you can
tell anymore.

ON NORMAN -- watching her, sizing her up.

INT. VIDEO FEED ROOM -- LATER

ON HARRY -- lying on a STRETCHER in the corner, propped up with
pillows
and a blanket. An IV in his arm.

NORMAN -- at the console, stares at the MONITOR of the SPHERE. A
long
beat. His reflection staring back at him. He slips on the
headset...

NORMAN

Beth?

INT. LIVING QUARTERS

The room is empty.

NORMAN (O.S.)

Beth?

INT. CORRIDOR

Empty.

NORMAN (O.S.)

Can you copy?

INT. AIRLOCK

ON THE JUMPSUIT HANGERS -- the jumpsuit under the name "DR. BETH HALPERIN" is missing.

NORMAN (O.S.)

Beth?

INT. VIDEO FEED ROOM

Norman at the mic...

BETH (O.S.)

What is it, Norman?

NORMAN

Where are you?

BETH (O.S.)

In the sub. Resetting the timer.
Why?

ON THE MONITOR -- Beth sitting in the sub.

NORMAN

The sphere looks different.

BETH (O.S.)

What do you mean, different?

NORMAN

The grooves around the door --
they've shifted. And the pattern --
the fluids -- they look darker now.

BETH (O.S.)

(beat)

How's Harry?

ON HARRY -- the IV in his arm.

NORMAN

He's fine.

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON A MONITOR: "12:30:00"... descending in count.

CUT TO:

INT. CAFETERIA

Norman pouring himself more coffee, alone.

CUT TO:

INT. AIRLOCK

Beth's suit still gone.

CUT TO:

INT. VIDEO FEED ROOM

Harry lying on the stretcher, still.

Norman watching him from above, sipping his coffee.

HEARS A SOFT BEEPING

Norman goes to the console, sits. Checks the monitors. Looks
around
the console, not knowing what it is.

A FLASHING LIGHT on the Sensor Board. Norman still doesn't know
what
it means.

THE MONITORS go blank.

NORMAN

Beth --

The MONITORS flash up: "I AM COMING."

Norman spins around, goes to HARRY -- lying still. Norman grabs
Harry's wrist. Checking pulse.

Norman returns to the console, slips on the headset...

NORMAN

Beth? Beth? Can you hear me? Get the hell out of there.

THE MONITORS boot up again. Norman looks at the SUB VIDEO MONITOR --
the sub is gone from under the dome.

NORMAN

Beth?
(beat)
Beth? Shit.

No reply. MORE BEEPING. Panicking. Bangs on the headset.

NORMAN

Beth? I'm getting some sort of reading. There's something --

He scans the MONITORS, looking for movement. Anything. They are all still.

Norman turns to looks at Harry...

CLOSE ON HARRY'S FACE -- still.

BACK ON -- NORMAN, sweating...

NORMAN

And whatever it is, it's not coming from Harry.

Norman looks at the monitors:

ON AN OUTSIDE CAMERA FEED -- a bright LIGHT blinds the SCREEN.
It's Beth in the sub, moving along the habitat.

The Sub's CLAW ARMS carry large RED BOXES. The lettering on the boxes isn't in focus.

Norman squints at the MONITOR -- can't make it out.

NORMAN

Beth? What is that? What are you doing?

The Sub's CLAW ARMS drops one of the BOXES, plumping it softly on the

muddy floor.

NORMAN

Can you hear me? Beth? Can you copy?
Get inside, there's something out
there.

ON ANOTHER MONITOR -- the Sub moves forward. Churning up the sediment.

It stops again, and releases another box.

Norman BANGS on the headset.

NORMAN

Damn it, Beth, I know you hear me.

THE MONITORS blink: "I AM COMING FOR YOU"

ON NORMAN -- breathing heavy.

NORMAN

What the hell?

ANOTHER MONITOR -- the Sub in view -- a closer view. It releases
it's

last box. Norman can read the lettering now: "CAUTION: TEVAC
EXPLOSIVES"

NORMAN

Beth? C'mon. What are you -- ?

THE MONITORS flash: "I WILL KILL YOU"

NORMAN

Oh shit.

Norman WHIPS off his headset, bursts out of his seat, OPENS a
CABINET.

Searching for tapes. Another cabinet. Then another.

A shelf labeled: "SPHERE" -- all the tapes are gone.

NORMAN

It's her.

THE MONITORS flash: "I WILL KILL YOU"

ON THE HEADSET -- resting on the console. WE HEAR faintly...

BETH (O.S.)

Norman? Norman?

INT. CORRIDOR

Norman pushes Harry and his IV down the corridor. Hurrying. An
inch or
two of water on the floor.

INT. LIVING QUARTERS

CLOSE ON A METAL CASE -- labeled: "Captain Harold Barnes."

Norman BANGS it against the wall, trying to bust the LOCK.
BANGING.

BANGING. Breaks the lock. Digs inside the case.

Pulls out a GUN.

INT. ANOTHER CORRIDOR

Norman pushing Harry and the IV stand. Wheels him into...

BATHROOM/SINK AREA

Norman stops. Turns off the main lights. The room goes dark.
The
florescent LIGHT above the sinks stay on.

Norman wheels Harry inside, places him by a wall. Checks the IV.

Norman goes to a STALL. Steps inside. Keeps the stall door
open. Can
still see Harry about 10 feet away.

Norman looks at the GUN. COCKS it. Pinches his finger.

NORMAN

Ouch.

He waits. Listening.

A FAINT HIGH-PITCHED HISSING SOUND

Norman looks over at the sinks.

A FAUCET is on. Water HISSING faintly from it.

Norman ignores it. Waiting in the dark. Listening.

ON THE FAUCET -- the water running.

ON NORMAN -- looking at it. Can't ignore it. Tries. But can't.

Norman walks quietly through the inch of water on the floor.

OVER TO THE SINKS

The light above them on. Norman turns the faucet off. The water stops.

But the HISSING SOUND remains.

Norman looks at the faucet, queerly. Turns it back on. Then off.

The HISSING SOUND still there. It isn't the water.

Norman looks down at his feet...

THE FLOOR -- seems to be moving. Something swimming in the water.

CLOSE ON NORMAN'S PANTLEG -- a long, tubular SEA SNAKE slithers up inside his pantleg, HISSING. His pants BULGING as the SNAKE slowly slides up past his knee.

HISSING LOUDER

As more SNAKES comes through the crack in the wall.

NORMAN watches with horror in the mirror in front of him as the SNAKE slithers up to his groin, and across the inside of his shirt.

Another SNAKE begins WRAPPING itself around the outside of Norman, sliding up around his neck.

WE HEAR FOOTSTEPS COME FROM DOWN THE HALL

NORMAN, standing still, watches as more SNAKES crawl up his sides, slithering around his arms, his shoulders, his neck, under his chin, over his face. Their forked tongues FLICKING and HISSING.

BETH (O.S.)

What time is it, Norman?

NORMAN looking in the MIRROR -- as Beth comes up behind him in her jumpsuit.

BETH

Do you know the time?

Norman GLARES at her in the mirror. His body STIFF.

BETH

I have to know the time of day,
Norman. Do you know?

SNAKES covering his eyes, SLITHERING across his mouth.

NORMAN

(through his teeth)
Your watch.

A SNAKE flicking it's tongue at Norman's lips. Trying to get
inside
his mouth.

BETH

What was that? I couldn't hear you.

NORMAN

Your watch.

BETH

Oh yes, my watch. I almost forgot.

She looks at her watch.

BETH

Splendid.

She begins grabbing the SNAKES off of him, carefully dropping
them to
the ground. SNAKES writhing in her hands, twisted around her
wrists.

Shakes them off. Some drop in the sink. She bends out of view -
- and
the SNAKE inside Norman's shirt, MOVES back down the way it came.

Past his stomach, his groin.

Norman HEAVES from his chest, VOMITS on the mirror...

CUT TO:

INT. CAFETERIA

CLOSE ON A POT -- pouring a white, milkish DRINK into a cup.

Beth walks it over to Norman, sitting at a table, looking ill.

BETH

Isotonic glucose supplement.

Norman looks at the cup.

BETH

Go ahead, drink it.

Norman places the cup down.

BETH

What's wrong, Norman?

NORMAN

I'm feeling better.

BETH

Are you?

Beth takes a seat. Stares at him. A long beat.

BETH

It's getting cold.

NORMAN

You think I'd really drink that?

BETH

You don't think I put something in it, do you?

NORMAN

You put explosives around the habitat, I can't imagine what you'd put in a drink.

BETH

I did do that, didn't I?

A beat. She picks up the drink, and begins sipping it. Norman watches her.

NORMAN

How do you feel about snakes?

BETH

Snakes? What do you mean, exactly?

NORMAN

You know what I mean.

BETH

Am I afraid of them? Not during the day. Sea snakes are diurnal. When the sun's out, they don't bite. Fortunately for you, I had on my watch.

(off cup)

This is quite good.

NORMAN

What are they doing down here? In the bathroom? Suddenly appearing.

BETH

You tell me.

NORMAN

Do you fear them?

BETH

Don't you?

NORMAN

Are you manifesting them?

BETH

If I was, then I would've had to have gone in the sphere, wouldn't I?

NORMAN

Did you?

BETH

What's the phrase -- "keeping up with the Joneses"?

NORMAN

Why did you go in the sphere, Beth?

BETH

Same reason I put explosives around the habitat. For defense. For the power. To protect myself.

NORMAN

Against what? Harry's unconscious. He's not a threat.

BETH

No, he isn't.

NORMAN

He can't manifest.

BETH

No, he can't.

NORMAN

Then why, Beth? Why go in? Why put out explosives? Why manifest the snakes?

BETH

You think I manifested the snakes?

NORMAN

Someone did.

BETH

Yes, someone did. But it wasn't me, Norman.

(beat)

It was you. You manifested the snakes.

A long beat between them.

NORMAN

Beth you're losing it. C'mon.

BETH

C'mon -- what?

NORMAN

You're lying --

BETH

Am I lying? Are you sure? Are you absolutely sure I'm lying?

(off his look)

Then explain to me about the jellyfish. Earlier. Why did we see jellyfish? Harry doesn't fear jellyfish. You do. They're your fear, aren't they?

NORMAN

But --

BETH

And the snakes? You want to know about the snakes? You saw one outside earlier, didn't you? When

you thought I had deserted you --
you were terrified.

NORMAN

(realizing)

That's when you went in the sphere.

BETH

One lonely, terrifying sea snake.

NORMAN

You manifested that, Beth.

BETH

Did I? Or was that you?

(beat)

When you were hiding in the bathroom
-- all conspiratorially like you were
-- you became frightened, didn't
you? Terrified. Like you were with
the snake earlier -- and suddenly
you have snakes slithering all over
the floor. You did that, Norman.

NORMAN

You're insane.

BETH

Am I? Or am I making so much sense
that you're going insane?

NORMAN

I never went in that sphere.

BETH

You don't remember you did. But I'm
sure you remember running like some
fucking hero to get Harry, don't
you? You remember that.

NORMAN

Yes.

BETH

You remember before you picked him
up -- when you looked up at the
sphere, you remember that -- when
the sphere opened?

(off his look)

That's right. But you can't remember
going inside, can you? No, of course
not. Harry couldn't either, could

he? "Like everything's on the tip of my tongue", he said.

NORMAN

That's bullshit.

BETH

Is it?

NORMAN

Beth, the message said Harry. "My name is Harry". My name isn't Harry.

BETH

No, it isn't. Your name is Norman. But your younger brother -- what was his name? The one who was stung when you were younger. The one that died. The one you couldn't save. What was his name?

(imitating)

"Mommy, we're going out to the ocean -- to go swimming." "But I don't want to go swimming, Norman. I'm scared." "C'mon, Harry, it'll be fine, it'll be fun."

(resuming)

You heartless fuck. That's why you're so scared of the water, isn't it?

NORMAN

Shut up, Beth --

BETH

When you were in that sub -- and that squid was attacking you -- are you sure it was the squid that was attacking? Do you know? "I can't get Beth on the radio. I'm in this tiny sub on the bottom of the fucking ocean. All alone. Surrounded by all this water." Was it really the squid that was attacking you, Norman -- or was it something else -- one of your fears? You never really saw what it was, did you?

Norman stares up at her, frightened. Is she right?

BETH

I'm not scaring you, am I Norman? I

hope I'm not frightening you. The last thing I want to do is frighten you. You feel okay, don't you?

NORMAN

It's not me, Beth. I swear. It can't be.

BETH

"It's not me, Beth. It's not me. It can't be. I'm not doing anything." Just like Harry said before I stabbed him with the needle.

Norman looks at her palm -- SEES the NEEDLE in her hand. Norman backs up, away.

NORMAN

Don't, Beth.

BETH

But I have to, Norman.

NORMAN

I promise --

BETH

Promise what, Norman? Tell me!

NORMAN

Beth --

BETH

You think I'd believe you? Believe anything you might say now? After you lied to me about telling Barnes about my past. About my problems. My problems. Not yours. Not his. Mine.

NORMAN

Don't, Beth. Please.

BETH

It's either this... or I kill you.

The GUN in her other hand.

NORMAN

Beth --

She comes at him, needle in hand...

BETH

It's your choice. Because it's not safe for you to be awake. To be walking around. To be thinking about things.

NORMAN

It's not safe for you to be either.

BETH

You think I care? You think I care if I die?

(almost laughing)

Would I put explosives around the habitat -- set on vibration sensors -- that can trigger automatically, if I cared about myself? Would I? I've tried twice before, Norman, why wouldn't I try a third time? I'm not thinking about myself -- No, Norman, I'm thinking about you. Your safety. Protecting you from your own self.

She lunges at him with the needle, missing. He RUNS for the SPIRAL

STAIRCASE leading to the lab. Norman grabs the handrail, begins climbing the stairs.

Beth's at his feet, grabbing for his ankles.

BETH

Norman! I'm doing this for you, Norman.

He frantically crawls up the stairs, her grasping at his heels.

BETH

Norman.

Climbing, climbing -- round and round -- the STAIRS never seem to end.

He looks up:

THE STAIRS -- expanding in front of him, strangely increasing in number. He climbs, racing, PANTING. Beth, right behind him, laughing almost.

BETH

Come here, Norman.

She GRABS his ANKLE. She raises the NEEDLE. Norman turns, KICKS her in the FACE.

She WAILS, blood SPITTING from her nose.

Climbing, climbing. The STAIRS increasing above. He LUNGES for the top step, GRABS it. Pulls himself up...

INTO THE LAB

Scrambling. He stares down at Beth -- the GUN pointing at him.

BETH

Norman --

He SLAMS the HATCH DOOR, on top of her, BASHING her head down. He holds the DOOR closed. Trying to regain his breath.

BETH (O.S.)

This is what I'm talking about,
Norman. Don't you see? It's in you.
This vindictiveness. This rage.

NORMAN

Get away from the door, Beth.

He slides a heavy FILE CABINET over on top of the door.

BETH (O.S.)

Oh, Norman, I don't want to come
in...

The door's METAL PIVOT turns...

CUT TO:

ON BETH -- on the stairs, spinning the door's WHEEL...

BETH

... I want to lock you in.

CUT TO:

INT. LABRATORY

Norman staring at the wheel. CLICK! It's locked from the outside.

Norman falls to his knees. PANTING.

CUT TO:

INT. LABRATORY -- LATER

CLOSE ON A SURVEILLANCE VIDEO CAMERA -- in the upper corner of the room.

BETH (O.S.)

You're a psychologist, Norman. You of all people, don't want to admit to your shadow side...

CUT TO:

INT. VIDEO FEED ROOM

ON A MONITOR -- WE SEE Norman -- sitting in a corner of the lab, staring up at US.

BETH (O.S.)

... You have a professional stake in believing in your own mental health, don't you? Don't you, Norman?...

CUT TO:

INT. LABRATORY

Norman, huddled on the floor.

BETH (O.S.)

Of course you're going to deny it. You want to blame someone else. You want to blame Beth. Because you hate Beth.

NORMAN

Don't fuck with me, Beth.

BETH (O.S.)

I'm not fucking with you, Norman. You've fucked yourself.

Norman JUMPS up, looks at the ground -- WATER on the floor.
Rising in level.

NORMAN

Turn off the water, Beth.

The entire floor is covered in water, rising higher, and rising fast.

NORMAN

Beth!

BETH (O.S.)

You're frightened, aren't you,
Norman?

Norman, WADING through the water, searching...

NORMAN

Where is it coming from, Beth?

BETH (O.S.)

Don't you know?

Rising higher...

NORMAN

Beth, stop it!

BETH

Stop what? Don't blame me. It's not
me.

Norman frantically checking for a crack, a leak.

NORMAN

Then where's it coming from?

BETH (O.S.)

From you, Norman. From your mind.
You're doing it.

It's up to his waist. He climbs on top a lab bench. Puts his
hands to
his temples, straining. WE HEAR Beth laughing.

A SPECIMEN BOTTLE -- EXPLODES right next to him.

BETH (O.S.)

There's no ventilation in the room,
Norman. The pressure's going to kill
you.

Another BOTTLE SHATTERS, shooting fragments of glass across the
room.

NORMAN

Stop it!

BETH (O.S.)

It's you, Norman. Your fear of
drowning. You have to face it.

Microscope lenses CRACK. Bottles, Test Tubes, Dishes EXPOLDE.

BETH (O.S.)

C'mon, Norman. Let me put you under.
Before you kill yourself!

SHATTER! CRACK!

Bottles floating in the water POP! The water too high -- Norman
swimming in it now, keeping afloat. His FACE strains from the
pressure. He looks at the CAMERA in the corner...

BETH (O.S.)

It's over, Norman.

Next to the CAMERA, he SEES the HATCH DOOR in the ceiling.

BETH (O.S.)

Don't even think it. You don't have
your suit, Norman. The water will
freeze you.

He reaches up at the door. Can't get it. The water rising. He
DIVES
down in the water...

UNDERWATER

He swims to a cabinet near the floor, OPENS it, searches, THINGS
floating out -- AN OXYGEN CYLINDER and MASK -- he GRABS it.

CUT TO:

NORMAN'S FACE -- bursts above water level, slips on the mask,
BREATHES.

BETH (O.S.)

It won't help, Norman. Your body is
boyant. You're gonna shoot right to
the surface and explode, Norman.
Don't you get it? It's over.

He BREATHES a last breath, reaches up to the ceiling HATCH DOOR,
SPINS
it.

BETH (O.S.)

Norman, what are you doing! You're
insa--

The DOOR opens and WATER gushes inside. He grabs the frame of
the door, and his body shoots up through the hole...

CUT TO:

EXT. OCEAN -- UNDERWATER

His body upside down, his hand holding onto the frame. He grabs
a PIPE next to it, pulls himself hand over hand, along the pipe.

HIS FACE -- straining from the freezing chill.

MOVING along the pipe, hand over hand. He loses grip. His body
thrusts upwards.

CLOSE ON HIS RIGHT HAND -- purple, frozen, holding onto the pipe.
Barely gripping.

HIS FACE -- his eyes fluttering. He blows air from his mouth,
BUBBLES burst from his lips.

HIS BODY slightly descending.

HIS LEFT HAND -- grips the pipe. He continues on.

HAND OVER HAND. Pulling himself...

UNDER THE HABITAT

He SEES the airlock in front of him.

He SCOOTs along, but slower, now. He stops. Can't continue. He
clasps his hand to his CHEST, it's burning. He SEES the airlock. His
eyes fluttering, he's losing consciousness. He can't do it. And he
lets go of the pipe.

FLOATING UPWARDS -- is he gone?

HIS HEAD -- BANGS into the habitat floor. His body flat
underneath it.
Being sucked upwards against it.

He pushes forward... trying to grab the floor with his hands.
He's inches from the airlock.

Plants his feet against the wall -- and pushes forward. His body
SUCKED UP and away...

CUT TO:

INT. AIRLOCK

... His head BURSTS above the water level, BIG BREATH. GASPING.
He flails his arms over to the ladder. Grips the ladder, but his
hands are like ice. Can't hold it. He slips.

Flailing in the water.

He HEAVES his chest over the METAL RIM. Twists his legs around,
out of the water, and flops his body onto the deck.

Shivering.

Tries to get up. Falls over. His body shaking. His lips
purple. His eyes barely open, looking at...

HIS JUMPSUIT -- hanging on the wall.

Norman crawls toward the suit, his body shaking violently. He
reaches out for his boots on the floor. Can't grip them. Inches his
HEAD toward his suit, tries to BITE at his suit, but his TEETH
chattering.

BETH (O.S.)

I know what you're doing, Norman.
But you can't save yourself.

He grips the wall, his hands pulling him up. He RIPS his suit
off the hanger.

BETH (O.S.)

It's over, Norman. It's all over.

Slipping on his suit, he HEARS a MAN'S voice...

MAN (O.S.)

Your attention, please. Your
attention, please. All construction
personnel clear the blast area now.
Tevac explosives are now activated.
Countdown beginning. Mark 15
minutes, and counting.

ON NORMAN -- as he slips on his helmet, his teeth -- chattering.

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON THE AIRLOCK HATCH DOOR -- Norman trying to open it.

BETH (O.S.)

(through Norman's
helmet)

Locked. Don't try, Norman. You can't
get in. I won't let you in.

Norman turns, dives back in the water.

CUT TO:

UNDERWATER

Norman swims out from under the habitat. Looks around at the
cylinders, the walls.

Goes to the outside of a WALL. Looking for a CRACK, a LEAK, a
way in.

TO HIS LEFT -- Barnes' body, floating, hooked to the wall.

Norman goes to him. SEES the CRACK.

Climbing inside. Struggling through the CRACK, careful not to
rip his
suit.

CUT TO:

INT. CORRIDOR

Flooded to the top with water. Completely filled. Norman
emerges
through the crack. MOVES down the hall.

A BOX OF CORN FLAKES

floats by his faceplate.

BETH (O.S.)

Norman, where are you? I can't see
you, Norman. Tell me where you are.

Norman pulls at the cylinder's HATCH DOOR. He HEARS faintly
through
his helmet...

MAN (O.S.)

Twelve minutes, and counting.

He OPENS the door. Slips inside, the water going with him.

CUT TO:

INT. VIDEO FEED ROOM

BEEP! BEEP! BEEP!

A SCREEN -- flashes: "D CYLINDER HATCH DOOR -- OPEN"

The CHAIR in front of the console -- spinning, empty. Beth just
left.

CUT TO:

INT. CORRIDOR

Norman closes the door. Runs. Down the corridor...

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM-SINK AREA

Norman ducks inside.

THE STRETCHER, the IV -- empty. Harry's not there.

CUT TO:

INT. ANOTHER CORRIDOR

ON NORMAN -- running.

MAN (O.S.)

Eleven minutes, and counting.
Please evacuate.

NORMAN

Beth? Can you hear me?
(no reply)
Beth.

INT. VIDEO FEED ROOM

Norman runs inside...

The chair, stopping it's spin.

BEEP! BEEP! BEEP!

THE MONITOR -- flashes: "B CYLINDER -- DOOR OPEN".

Norman's out the door.

CUT TO:

INT. CORRIDOR

Norman, running. SEES the B Cylinder door. Goes to it. Spins
it,
OPENS.

CUT TO:

INT. B CYLINDER

Norman climbs inside, takes off his helmet.

THE CYLINDER -- a maze of pipes and equipment. Heaters,
controls, and
wires everywhere. Difficult to see.

THROUGH PIPES

WE SEE NORMAN -- walking through the cylinder. Holding his
helmet at
his hip.

NORMAN

Beth?

BETH (O.S.)

Leave me alone, Norman.

He goes to her voice in the back. Past pipes, equipment.

NORMAN

I can't do that.

ON BETH -- huddled in the back corner, wedged among pipes. Her
eyes
red. Holding the GUN in her hand. Pointing at Norman as he SEES
her
through the pipes.

ABOVER HER HEAD -- a computer SCREEN, reading: "DETONATION
SEQUENCE
09:32"... descending in count.

Norman stares up at the SCREEN, concentrating.

BETH

You can't stop it, Norman. You can't
fight me.

NORMAN

I know. You're too strong, Beth.

BETH

Oh please, don't shrink me, Norman.
Not now.

NORMAN

I --

BETH

Don't tell me about me. I already
know too much.

NORMAN

Beth -- gimme the gun.

BETH

Oh, sure. Here. Anything else, Beth
can get you? Some more chicken,
perhaps. Let Beth check the fridge.

NORMAN

C'mon --

BETH

Top shelf, is it?

NORMAN

Let's get out of here, Beth. Let's
go home.

She sees HER REFLECTION on a PIECE of BROKEN GLASS on the floor.
She
puts her fingers to her matted hair, tries to comb it.

Over the intercom...

MAN (O.S.)

Nine minutes, and counting.

NORMAN

C'mon, Beth.

ON THE GUN -- WE SEE Beth's wrists. The two scars.

BETH

It's over, Norman. Go on, get outta here.

Norman walks toward her. Beth freaks...

BETH

What is that? What are you doing?

NORMAN

What?

BETH

You hear that?

NORMAN

Hear what?

BETH

Get away from me!

NORMAN

Beth --

BETH

Get away --

BAM! From behind her -- Harry -- WHACKS Beth across the head with a WRENCH, sending her to the ground.

Norman goes to her, checking her pulse.

HARRY

Did I kill her?

NORMAN

I don't think so.

HARRY

I could hit her a little harder. More toward the cranium.

Norman stares at the NUMBERS on the SCREEN above him.

HARRY

If she's still conscious, you can't

fight her. You can't stop the numbers.

Over the intercom...

MAN (O.S.)

Eight minutes and counting.

HARRY

Killing her's the only way --

NORMAN

Hey! Look! We didn't kill you, alright? And believe me Harry, I would've found great pleasure in bashing your head in.

Norman RIPS off a piece of her t-shirt, ties it to the wound around her head.

HARRY

Fine.

NORMAN

Help me lift her.

INT. CORRIDOR

Norman, carrying Beth in his arms, races awkwardly down the hall...

HARRY

We're never gonna make it.

NORMAN

Shut up and open the door.

Harry does.

INT. AIRLOCK

Harry, in his suit now, helps Norman slip on Beth's boots and jumpsuit.

HARRY

How much time you figure to get to the surface?

NORMAN

Two and a half minutes. Once we're in the sub.

HARRY

How far away's the sub?

MAN (O.S.)

Six minutes and counting.

NORMAN

A little less than six minutes.

EXT. UNDERWATER

Norman carrying Beth on his back, hurries through the water.

MAN (O.S.)

Five minutes. I repeat five minutes
to detonation.

CUT TO:

EXT. UNDERWATER

UNDERNEATH THE SUB'S DOME HANGER

Norman tries to climb up the ladder with Beth on his back. She
falls off, deadweight to the ground.

NORMAN

Shit.

(picking her up)

Harry! I'm gonna have to lift her up
to you.

Harry leans down from the Sub's airlock...

HARRY

Alright. Hurry.

Norman pushes her up to him, but she bends at the waist.

HARRY

I can't reach her.

NORMAN

Hold on.

Norman flops her up in the air, but she bends again at the waist.

HARRY

Push her, c'mon.

NORMAN

I'm trying. Shit. Here -- catch her.

He flops her up again.

HARRY

Missed.

NORMAN

Are you trying, damn it? Just --

MAN (O.S.)

Four minutes and counting.

Norman loses grip, drops her.

NORMAN

Hold on.

HARRY

Hurry, Norman. Four minutes.

NORMAN

I heard! I heard!

Picking her up...

HARRY

Three fifty-six, three fifty-five,
three --

NORMAN

Shut up and catch.

Norman flops her up once more, and Harry grabs her AIR HOSE.

HARRY

I got her. I got her.

Harry pulls her toward the airlock, Norman climbs up after.

INT. SUB AIRLOCK

The pocket of air around the sub. The three of them crammed inside.

Norman opens the door on top of the sub.

NORMAN

Alright, here, I'll... wait, you --
just give her to me.

Norman takes Beth and pushes her on top the sub. The sub sways
back
and forth.

HARRY

Norman, what are you --

They lose balance, Beth almost falls, Norman catches her.

NORMAN

Shit. Alright, Harry, get in there.

Harry jumps on top of the sub. Slides inside it. Reaches his
arms out,
catching Beth's legs.

MAN (O.S.)

Three minutes and counting...

NORMAN

Take her, come on. Just --

Beth's LEG swings up and hits Harry in the helmet.

HARRY

C'mon, Norman!

NORMAN

I'm trying to keep balance with --

HARRY

Gimme a second --

NORMAN

Just pull her -- down like inside --
Harry, work with me here!

HARRY

Her legs are in the way.

NORMAN

You got her?

Harry pulls Beth down inside, as Norman steps on top of the sub,
helps
push Beth's head inside.

NORMAN

Get her out of the seat, I need room
to sit. Harry?

HARRY

I'm trying. There.

MAN (O.S.)

Two minutes-thirty and counting.

Norman drops inside.

INT. SUB

Norman in the seat. Beth's leg hangs over his right shoulder.
Harry looks at Norman who assesses the flight controls.

HARRY

You know how to work this thing?

NORMAN

No idea.

HARRY

Well, press something!

NORMAN

Wait!

MAN (O.S.)

Two minutes and counting.

HARRY

How long did you say --

NORMAN

Shut up. Let me think.

Norman presses a button.

THE SCREEN -- blinks: "DESCEND, ASCEND, SECURE, SHUTDOWN... "

Norman hits "ASCEND". The Sub WHIRRS, RUMBLES and drops down below.

Norman works the steering wheel, gliding it upwards.

EXT. UNDERWATER

The SUB comes out from under the dome. Rising above the habitat...

HARRY

Less than a minute, we're never gonna make it.

NORMAN

Nine hundred feet to surface.

HARRY

It's not fast enough, Norman.
There's a helluva lot of explosive
down there.

EXT. UNDERWATER

The sub ascends past the spacecraft tail fin.

INT. SUB

Harry looking down below him...

MAN (O.S.)

Thirty seconds to detonation.

HARRY

The shock wave's gonna crush us,
Norman.

NORMAN

Maybe. Brace yourself.

Harry just stares at Norman. Norman grabs Beth, trying to
stabilize
her.

HARRY

(off Norman's suit)
How's that working out, by the way?

NORMAN

Good. Thank you. Now that I have it
on.

(Harry laughs)
Why are you laughing? You don't even
know what that means.

HARRY

No. I don't. But I always said to
myself, when I die, I want to die
laughing.

Harry laughs.

Ascending... waiting... and then...

A THUNDEROUS EXPLOSION below them...

Rocking the sub, spinning it up and around, surging it upwards to
the
surface.

THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD -- RACING toward the surface, toward the
SUNLIGHT -- it's BLINDING -- and the screen GOES WHITE.

CUT TO:

INT. DECOMPRESSION ROOM

A pale, white room.

ON NORMAN -- sleeping. His eyes begin to open. He awakes.

BETH -- is next to him, looking at him. There is a long beat.

BETH

Thank you.

Norman looks up at her...

NORMAN

You know, I think you really need to
see a psychologist.

She stares back at him, and smiles. Begins laughing with him.

EXT. DECOMPRESSION CHAMBER

TWO NAVY CREWMEN stand outside the door, looking in.

CREWMAN #1

Has anyone spoken to them yet?

CREWMAN #2

(shakes his head)

The Admiral's going over the tapes
they brought up now.

CREWMAN #1

Does he know yet what really
happened down there?

Looking INSIDE -- Norman, Harry, and Beth sit at a table.

INT. DECOMPRESSION CHAMBER

At the table...

HARRY

They're going to want answers and

they're going to keep asking until they get them.

BETH

We can refuse to talk.

HARRY

Won't make any difference. The tapes document everything.

A long beat.

NORMAN

There is one possibility.

HARRY

We all kill ourselves?
(laughing, then)
Bad joke. Sorry, Beth.

She smiles.

NORMAN

The power allows us to manifest our fears, right? What if we feared the power to go away?

HARRY

You mean forget?

NORMAN

It would erase all our knowledge of it. All of our power.

BETH

Would it work?

NORMAN

Yes. And I think we already know it will.

BETH

How's that?

NORMAN

Down below, Harry said we would all have to die. Since there was no evidence on that spacecraft that anybody knew time travel through a black hole was possible -- and we all knew -- then we would all have to die before we could tell anyone.

Death was the only logical explanation. But sitting here, we still know. So how is that possible?
(beat)
Unless we make ourselves forget.

INT. SHIP'S HALLWAY -- LATER

Norman, Harry, and Beth walk with the CREWMEN.

INT. ADMIRAL'S OFFICE

The ADMIRAL, 60s, many stripes on his sleeves, sits behind his desk.

Harry and Beth sit in front of him. The TAPES on the desk.

ADMIRAL

There are some questions that we need to address here.

HARRY

What about?

ADMIRAL

When you were being transferred to decompression, Dr. Adams, you mentioned something about a squid.

HARRY

A what?

ADMIRAL

A squid. However, there doesn't seem to be any squid recorded on these tapes.

BETH

A squid? I don't remember anything about a squid.

(to Harry)

Did you say something about a squid, Harry?

Harry shakes his head.

EXT. SHIP DECK -- DAY

A bright, sunny day.

ON THE HELIPAD -- the helicopter's propeller begins whirling.

INT. HELICOPTER

An OFFICER sits in the passenger's seat, glancing at a clipboard.

OFFICER

You all ready to go, Dr... ?

The PILOT from the opening scene...

PILOT

Johnson. The psychologist. The one
that wrote the report.

ON NORMAN -- in the back.

NORMAN

What report?

CUT TO:

BLACK.