

INT. CAB ONE

They're both going to have a lot of bruises...

Lindsey is surveying the damage. Water is spraying down on them like a shower, and lights are flickering.

LINDSEY

You did okay, back there. I was fairly impressed.

BUD

Not good enough. We still gotta catch Big Geek.

LINDSEY

Not in this thing.

Lindsey is flipping switches. Nothing works.

BUD

You totalled it, huh?

LINDSEY

Yeah. So sue me.

Bud looks down. There's already about a foot of water sloshing around the floor at their feet.

BUD

It's flooding like a son of the bitch.

LINDSEY

You noticed.

She picks up and hand-mike of the underwater telephone.

LINDSEY

Deepcore, Deepcore, this is Cab One, over.

She waits. No response.

BUD

Try again.

LINDSEY

Deepcore, this is Cab One. We need assistance, over. Deepcore, this--

With a SEARING CRACKLE or arc-light, a power panel shorts out and everything goes black.

LINDSEY

Well, that's that.

BUD

Wonderful.
(looking around)
There's some light from somewhere...

A faint illumination, dimmer than moonlight, washes in through the front port.
Lindsey scrunches up against the acrylic and scans the darkness.

LINDSEY
Over there. It's the rig.

A glow, beyond a rock promontory... like the lights of a town just over the hill in the desert.

BUD
Good hundred yards, I'd say.

LINDSEY
They'll come out after us.

BUD
Yeah, but it's gonna take them a while to find us. We better get this flooding stopped.

He picks up his helmet and clicks on the light. Using the thing like a bulky flashlight. The water is really pouring in, spraying them like a shower... almost two feet deep already.

LINDSEY
You see where it's coming in?

BUD
Somewhere behind this panel. Hold this.

She takes the light and he tries to reach the burst weld, which is blocked by a steel switch panel and a bunch of conduit.

BUD
Can't get to it. Have to pull this panel off.
You go any tools?

LINDSEY
I don't know, look around.

Bud scans the cramped interior, feels around under the water. It's past his knees.

BUD
Nothing. Son of a bitch. All I need's a goddamn crescent wrench.

He grabs the panel in both hands and starts torquing on it, trying to wrench it off the wall. Heaves on it repeatedly. Finally stops, panting. He's breathing hard now, and it's not just effort.

BUD

Son of a bitch!

LINDSEY

Calm down, Bud.

A nervous edge in her voice now. Bud's turning all around, looking around for anything, trying to think fast. Water up to their waists. The sea closing in.

BUD

Okay... okay. We gotta get you out of here.

LINDSEY

How?

BUD

I don't know how!

LINDSEY

We've only got one suit.

BUD

I know! I know! But we better come up with something.

LINDSEY

Aaargh!! I'm freezing!

She climbs up on the pilots seat, scrunching right up against the ceiling, keeping as much of herself as possible out of the frigid water. She's shaking all over with the cold, and getting drenched from above by water pouring in.

LINDSEY

Okay, look, you swim to the rig and come back with another suit.

BUD

Seven, eight minute swim each way... not enough time. Look at this...
(the rate of flooding)
Time I get back you'll be--

That stops the conversation for a second. About two feet of airspace left. Bud can't believe what this is coming down to. They both stare at each other

for a long moment.

He makes a decision. Starts pulling off his backpack.

BUD

Alright, put this on.

LINDSEY

What, you growing gills all of a sudden? You got it on, keep it on.

BUD

Don't argue, goddamnit, just--

LINDSEY

No way! Forget it. Not an option.

Bud has his pack off uncoupling it. She keeps fighting his hands, stopping him, hooking it back up. The desperation of the situation fuel the struggle.

BUD

Lindsey, just put the thing on and shut up--

LINDSEY

NO!! Now be logical, Bud, you're--

BUD

FUCK LOGIC!!

They're both right up against the ceiling, water up to their chests. Lindsey's lips are blue and trembling from the cold.

LINDSEY

Listen... will you listen to me for a second!? You're for the suit on and you're a better swimmer than me. Right? So I got a plan...

BUD

What's the plan?

LINDSEY

I drown, you tow me back to the rig--

BUD

WHAT KIND OF PLAN IS THAT!??

Lindsey's gut-scared... shaking violently, her eyes wide. But she's keeping it together. Thinking it out. Bud see the bottomless pit opening to take her and he can barely think.

LINDSEY

Look, this water is only a couple degrees above freezing. I drown. I go into deep hypothermia...

my blood like icewater. I can maybe be revived after ten, fifteen minutes. You got all the stuff to do it on the rig.

Bud stops moving and looks into her face, inches from him. The water is up to their necks. He knows that, as always, infuriatingly, Lindsey is right.

BUD

It is insane.

LINDSEY

It's the only way, Bud. Now trust me.

She takes a deep breath. Before her nerve fails she busies her hands on his suit, rehooking everything.

BUD

Jesus, I don't believe this is happening.

She raise his helmet. Water up to their chins. They lock eyes, inches apart. He can feel her breath on his face... maybe for the last time.

BUD

Oh God, Lins... I--

LINDSEY

Tell me later.

He grabs her head in both hands and pulls her mouth to his. They lock together in a fierce kiss, fueled by passion and terror... the naked realization of love hanging over the abyss of death.

She breaks away at the last possible second and quickly pulls his helmet over his head. Seats is down over the neck ring. Lock the bail-out handle, sealing it. Even with her head press up into the highest point of the ceiling, Lindsey's mouth is barely above water. She give a scared little laugh.

LINDSEY

This is maybe not such a great plan, is it?

She is half-paralyzed with the cold, shaking pathetically. Puts her face to the glass of his helmet. Seconds to go.

LINDSEY

Hold me. Hold me, Bud... I'm so scared...

He can't hear her, but he read her lips. They clutch each other desperately.

The embrace last while the water rises over her mouth and nose. She starts to choke. Her hands grip his shoulders like claws. She bucks and thrashes. Bud holds her, and a scream tears loose from him, a pure agony of the soul.

BUD

NOOOOO!!!

The freezing seawater races into her lungs. Her fingers go slack, and her hands float lifelessly.

Bud stares, transfixed, as the last tiny bubble trickles out of Lindsey's open mouth. He kicks himself into gear, fingers frenzied as he spins the wheel of the lockout hatch.

CUT TO:

INT. DEEPCORE/COMMAND MODULE
191

TIGHT ON VIDEO SCREEN, one of the outside cameras. A ghostly figure swims out of the darkness, towing something.

ONE NIGHT

It's Bud. Oh my God... that's Lindsey!

BUD (V.O./faint)

Deepcore, Deepcore, do you read?

HIPPY

Read you, Bud. We're here.

EXT. DEEPCORE
192

Bud swims with long, powerful kicks, towing Lindsey. Her arms and legs float as gracefully as seaweed waving in a gentle current. Bud's voice comes in short rasps, breathing hard, but icy with control.

BUD

Go to the infirmary... get the cart .. oxygen... de-fib kit... adrenaline in a... ten cc syringe... and some... heating blankets. You got all that?

HIPPY (V.O.)

Got it. Over.

BUD

Meet me in the moonpool. Move fast.

INT. INFIRMARY
193

The door crashes open and Jammer thunders in. He picks up the CPR cart, meant to roll on wheels, and carries it out past Hippy, Catfish, and One Night, who are crowding in to get the rest of the equipment. They ransack the place in about ten seconds, grabbing everything they might need and half of everything else.

EXT. DEEPCORE/UNDER THE MOONPOOL
194

Bud moves up toward the rectangle of light, towing Lindsey to the diving platform. Through the surface we can see the others arrive at the edge, looking down.

INT. SUB-BAY
195

Hippy and Catfish are setting up the cart and the oxygen kit, dropping things, making mistakes. One Night is teaching herself how to fill a syringe from a bottle of adrenaline.

SONNY

Here he comes!

Jammer and Sonny leap into the freezing water, waist deep on the submerged diving platform. Bud bursts to the surface. Together they haul Lindsey across the platform, out of the water, and onto the deck. Her skin is blue-white, her chest still.

Bud rips his helmet off in a near-frenzy, like a man possessed, a man with a mission. The others are galvanized by his energy even though they all see Lindsey as dead, a corpse... cold and inert. Water flows from her mouth and nose and her lips are blue, her limbs completely limp. Hippy peels back one eyelid, to find the pupil fixed and dilated.

But when Bud shouts for them to move, they move.

BUD

Turn her over!

They flip his wife's body over. He straddles her, pushing down with both hands in the middle of her back. Seawater gushes from her slack lips. He does it again until the flow stops, then flips her onto her back.

BUD

Come on, hurry! Gimme the de-fib...

One Night and Catfish are fumbling with the emergency cart equipment. They've all been trained in CPR and use of the gear but that was years ago, and is a friend they're working on. They're all thumbs. Catfish drops the electrodes, picks them up quickly, hands them to Bud...

CATFISH

Here, here, here... no, you got to have bare skin, or it won't...

Bud rips into her clothing, opening her jumpsuit, literally tearing away her T-shirt, revealing her bare chest... bony and still.

BUD

Jesus. Gimme those, come on. Catfish, move it, man! Come on... come on!

He slaps the things into Lindsey's bare skin, one on the sternum and one on the side of the rib cage.

BUD

Is that it? Is this right?

HIPPY

Yeah! I mean, I don't know... it looks right.

BUD

All right. Do it!

One Night hits the switch and Lindsey's body convulses. It is a pure muscle reflex, and when it is over, there is not a hint of life. Hippy pushes him back and puts a black rubber oxygen mask over her mouth. He opens the valve on the cylinder and starts pumping the squeeze bag. They start packing electronic blankets around her to fight the intense hypothermia

BUD

Do it again, One Night. Zap her again!

The current hits Lindsey again and her back arches. Bud doesn't wait for a result... he's in his own reality now, driven. He's doing it all at once, somehow, in a senseless frenzy... pumping on her chest with his hands, squeezing the oxygen bag, placing the electrodes.

BUD

Aw. Christ... come on, baby. Again! Do it again!

Lindsey's back arches. Her body relaxes, inert.

BUD

Come on, One Night... what are you waiting for?

A hush seems to have fallen over the group. They know instinctively that it's over. But Bud can't accept it. He looks at them, beseechingly, like they are somehow intentionally holding out on him. One Night starts to cry, quietly.

CATFISH

(gently)

Bud, it's over, man. It's over.

There is a beat of silence. Bud stares down into Lindsey's half-open, motionless eyes.

TIGHT ON LINDSEY'S EYES, moving in until the pupil FILLS FRAME, a black void.

REVERSE, HER POV. SILENCE. A distant, distorted image, we see Bud, One Night, Jammer, Hippy, Catfish, staring down. It is like the circular top of a dark well, their faces shimmering as if through the surface of water. It is as if we are in a well, descending, looking up at a circle of faces growing smaller as we drop away... smaller and smaller, receding until it becomes a point of light in the void, like the fading bright dot at the center of a turned-off TV.

TIGHT ON BUD, rigid, staring. Catfish puts his hand gently on Bud's shoulder. Suddenly Bud tears Catfish's hand away and sets upon Lindsey like a madman, renewing his efforts in spades... totally manic.

BUD

No! NO! She's not... her heart is strong, she wants to live... can't you see that? Come on, Lins. Come on, baby! Zap her again! Do

it... DO IT!

They do. And Bud works, feverishly. He lock his lips over hers and starts mouth-to-mouth. It is frantic, passionate... the kiss of life.

BUD

Come on, breath! Goddamn it, you bitch, you never backed down from anything in life... now fight!

He slaps her face, hard. Her head lolls. He smacks her the other way.

BUD

Fight, Goddamnit!

LINDSEY's POV, from the bottom of the great well. The circles of faces and light rockets toward us in the blackness, as we soar upward from the pit. We see Bud yelling, but his voice is distant, windlike.

BUD

FIGHT!!

TIGHT ON LINDSEY, still. Then something incredible happens. Something they will never forget as long as they live. Lindsey coughs once, weakly, and her hands clench in a spasm.

Bud see it and his expression becomes beatific.

BUD

Come on, Lins. You can do it... fight your way back, baby...

The others look on in wonder as Bud wills this woman back.

She starts to cough, weakly at first... then more violently as she draws air into her lungs. Bud crouches over her, rubbing her limbs... trying to re-establish circulation. It is like a difficult birth. Lindsey comes hacking and howling back into the world, wet and naked and fighting for breath.

Bud puts the oxygen mask over her face and she draws breath after agonized breath. He pushes her wet hair back from her face with his trembling hands, and watches her breathe. Color is returning to her skin as she lies there, gasping weakly.

ONE THE GROUP... Catfish, Hippy, One Night, Jammer, the others... they're

all grinning, crying, beaming... gazing at the miracle of her rebirth.

ON BUD... tears are streaming down his face.

BUD

(a whisper, fierce and harsh)

You did it, ace.