

**FEROCIOUS**

Written by

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For my daughter, Olive.

May you always be ferocious.

EXT. OCEAN - NIGHT

Water SWISHES gently. Perfect stillness, until --

An orange lifeboat labeled "Wild Thing" drifts out of the darkness.

A very frightened and disheveled YOUNG WOMAN, 20's, wearing a crew member uniform paddles with a single fiberglass oar.

And then, hope --

The very far away twinkle of shoreline.

She draws on her last reserves and paddles as hard as she can.

But then, her hand slips, slicing open on a shard of fiberglass. She flinches in agony.

Blood runs down the handle...

And spills into the black water.

A moment passes.

Her eyes slowly drift to the surface.

They saucer in fear.

Overhead, the silhouette of six SHADOWY BEASTS moving beneath the surface.

*Swarming towards the blood.*

The Young Woman takes a deep breath and begins to pray.

But today, her prayers will go unanswered.

Her crescent-shaped blue eyes are a reflection of despair and terror. The THUMP-THUMP of her heartbeat pulses in her ears.

Until it reaches a horrible crescendo.

MATCH TO:

EXT. CRYSTAL TIDES RESORT - MORNING

Silence.

A crescent of pristine blue ocean set against white-sand. Seagulls hover in the cloudless sky.

Welcome to the Crystal Tides Resort. Nestled in the affluent area of Half Moon Bay near San Francisco.

Spacious chalets with varnished wooden decks offer direct ocean access.

Tennis courts, pools, spas, tiki bars – the best life has to offer.

GUESTS, society's 1%, awake from their restful slumbers inside perfectly humidified rooms.

After a refreshing outside shower, they slip into beach wear and filter into the DINING AREA where they're met by an army of chefs and an organic farm-to-table breakfast.

EXT. OCEAN – MORNING

The cresting sun strokes the serene water with its perfect golden light.

All of a sudden, the water ripples...

Disturbed by NELL WEAVER, 26, as she cuts through it with smooth and confident strokes. At one with her surroundings.

Born for a life on the water.

Slight in stature, but carries herself with physicality. Everything Nell's got has been earned the hard way.

She takes pause for a moment. Appreciating the fresh breeze and picturesque beauty.

*This is her release.*

*Her therapy.*

But her moment of respite is interrupted by --

BEEP BEEP

The intrusive sound of the alarm on her dive watch pulls her out of the moment

It's time for work.

Her smooth, effortless strokes take on a new-found aggression as she pounds the water with increasing ferocity.

EXT. CRYSTAL TIDES RESORT, BOARDWALK - MORNING

Nell grabs onto the edge of a dock, pulling herself up powerfully.

The boardwalk is lined with a hodgepodge of shitty houseboats - this is where the employees live.

A far cry from the lux set up seen earlier.

EXT. NELL'S HOUSEBOAT - MORNING

Nell approaches her houseboat. A dilapidated structure covered in barnacles and slimy algae.

She SIGHS, hesitating before entering.

Back to reality.

INT. HOUSEBOAT, LIVING AREA/KITCHENETTE - MORNING

There's no A/C in this joint - just old fans pushing stale air.

Nell squeezes through the living area, grabbing the butt-end of a Wonder Bread loaf and lathering it in peanut butter.

She then pours coffee from a cheap machine into a ceramic mug.

With each step, the unsteady boat SWAYS from side to side.

Nell handles the unbalanced ground expertly, drinking without spilling a drop.

As she's about to bite into the bread there's PECKING on the window.

A BEATEN UP PELICAN who's seen his share of battles.

NELL

You again.

The pelican stares at her with beady eyes and GRUNTS.

Nell looks at the bread in her hand.

NELL (CONT'D)

(re: resort)

The good stuff's on that side.

We've been through this.

He TAPS the window enthusiastically with his beak. He's not going anywhere.

She opens the window and throws half of the bread to the pelican who quickly devours it.

He GRUNTS again, wanting the rest.

Nell SIGHS and throws the rest of the bread to him. He wolfs it down in one gulp and takes off.

NELL (CONT'D)  
Don't choke.

INT. HOUSEBOAT, BATHROOM - MORNING

Nell hurries into the cramped bathroom.

Her girlfriend CLAIRE WILLIAMS, 27, South African, brown-skinned, squeezes toothpaste onto a toothbrush. Lively. Exudes positive energy even during tough times.

CLAIRe  
Look who the tide washed in.

NELL  
Sorry, lost track of time.

CLAIRe  
You've been gone for three hours.

NELL  
Was I?

Claire brushes her teeth at a million miles an hour. Spits.

CLAIRe  
Sure everything's alright?

NELL  
I'm good. I just slept weird.

Claire rinses and looks at her skeptically.

CLAIRe  
Hey, I'm right here.

Nell, keeping her guard up, reaches for her toothbrush.

NELL  
We have a full class starting in thirty.

All of a sudden, the boat ROCKS violently, throwing the toothbrush out of Nell's hand and into the toilet.

NELL (CONT'D)  
Damnit!

CLAIRES  
(offering hers)  
Here, use mine.

Nell eyes the toothbrush with a smile, softening.

CLAIRES (CONT'D)  
There's that smile I fell in love  
with.

They lock eyes. Plenty of love between them. As they're about to kiss --

KELLI WEAVER, early 50's, enters. Ruining the moment.

KELLI  
Don't mind me, girls.

Kelli had Nell too young. Once a wild and free spirit, now tamed by a life of disappointment.

She squeezes between them.

Three of them crammed elbow to elbow in front of the mirror. Kelli checks out the display of make-up.

KELLI (CONT'D)  
I think I'm in the mood for Royal  
Red.

Kelli points a trembling hand toward the red lipstick - the result of early onset Parkinson's.

NELL  
Royal Red it is.

Nell picks up the lipstick and helps guide Kelli's hand, gently applying it to her lips.

EXT. CRYSTAL TIDES RESORT, EMPLOYEE AREA - MORNING

Nell exits the houseboat in a rush to get to work. She's wearing a hideous emerald-color uniform.

She looks over her shoulder to find Claire and Kelli, also in uniform, lagging behind. Giggling and chatting.

Nell SIGHS, frustrated by their tardiness.

Just then, a ship horn BLARES. Their attention is drawn to a double-decker boat ablaze in gaudy signage, "Crystal Tide Booze Cruise."

RUSSEL WHITE, 50's, waves at them from the boat's helm.

A shaggy large man with a face wrinkled from years at sea. Most alive when he's behind the wheel of a ship.

RUSSEL  
Ladies.

He nods at Kelli. She blows him a kiss back.

Kelli reaches into her pocket for a prescription bottle, but struggles to grip it with her shaking hand.

NELL  
I got you, ma.

Nell helps Kelli to empty a pill into her hand.

EXT. BOOZE CRUISE - MOMENTS LATER

The booze cruise makes the short journey into the main docking area of the resort.

Nell takes it all in. The cool breeze giving her a moment of respite.

She turns to see Russel with his arm around Kelli, allowing her to steer the vessel.

Nell smiles sadly. Observing two people who have found happiness far too late in their lives.

INT. CRYSTAL TIDES RESORT, DIVE STORE - MORNING

LUCAS REDMAN, 30's, sits behind a desk, leaning on his elbow.

Wiry frame with a deep tan and a cut-off t. A trident has been BRANDED into his arm - the symbol of the Navy SEALS.

He rises to reveal a stump where a missing arm should be.

As soon as Nell enters, he reaches for his prosthetic and reattaches it.

LUCAS  
Morning.

NELL  
What have you got for me?

INT. DIVE STORE, SCUBA EQUIPMENT ROOM - MORNING

Lucas, WHISTLING, leads Nell into a well-stocked equipment room. He motions to a cluster of scuba tanks.

LUCAS  
A few O-rings needed replacing,  
other than that you're golden.

Nell looks at him with playful suspicion.

NELL  
Someone's in a good mood.

LUCAS  
V.A reached out about my disability  
claim. I have a good feeling...

NELL  
Didn't you say the same thing last  
time?

LUCAS  
This feels different.

He grins.

LUCAS (CONT'D)  
Now we can finally run away  
together.

Lucas holds her gaze a beat too long before he breaks into a smile.

LUCAS (CONT'D)  
I'm messing with you.

Nell smiles.

NELL  
See you at The Tank later?

LUCAS  
Wouldn't miss it.

EXT. CRYSTAL TIDES RESORT, SWIMMING POOL - MORNING

Claire and Nell are giving an introductory scuba class to a group of Silicon Valley types.

NELL

Okay guys, we're going to practice  
clearing our masks underwater.

Nell helps a LITTLE GIRL, 12, who is struggling to perform the task.

NELL (CONT'D)

Tilt your head forward... just like that.

Nell smiles warmly at the little girl as she's suddenly distracted by the sight of Kelli in a maid's uniform.

Kelli carries a tray of half-eaten food from a guest's room.

It spills from her trembling hands, CRASHING to the ground, giving the guests a fright.

A MANAGER jumps on her mistake and chews her out.

MANAGER

What's the matter with you? You're scaring the guests.

Kelli and Nell's eyes meet.

Time stands still.

Nell, emotional at the sight of her mom being treated like dirt.

Claire clears her throat, snapping Nell out of it.

NELL

Um, now place pressure on the top of your mask frame.

Nell turns to a listless HUNGOVER DUDE who can't seem to grasp the instructions.

NELL (CONT'D)

Sir -

Just then, he spews vomit in the water around Nell. She takes a breath, wallowing in the humiliation.

INT. THE TANK - EVENING

An old back office that has been converted into an employee bar. Decked out in old scuba gear and nautical decor.

Karaoke is in full swing. A shrill, slurring voice is barely able to keep up with the lyrics.

People are clamored around the bar, including, Claire, Nell, Russel and Kelli.

The music changes to something slower.

Claire and Nell hold each other close as they slow dance - clearly very much in love.

Nearby, Kelli and Russel sway drunkenly from side to side.

Nell looks around, noting how depressing this all is - the same people, the same music and the same stench of sadness.

But then, through the crowd, Nell sees a despondent Lucas sitting alone on a bar stool in the far corner.

NELL  
(to Claire)  
Can you grab me a whiskey sour?

Nell moves through the crowd.

NELL (CONT'D)  
Shouldn't you be celebrating?

Lucas looks at her with sad eyes.

NELL (CONT'D)  
What's up?

LUCAS  
They rejected my claim again. They  
fucked me.

Nell puts her hand over his. He looks at it for a beat.

The music changes to something more up-tempo.

NELL  
C'mon.

To cheer him up, Nell drags him to the dance floor.

LUCAS  
You know, I kind of meant what I  
said.

Nell with a quizzical look.

LUCAS (CONT'D)  
About us running away together.

NELL

You're just upset.

LUCAS

We were good together, Nell. We  
were happy.

Desperate, sad, Lucas grabs Nell by the hand.

LUCAS (CONT'D)

Weren't we?

She gently removes his hand.

NELL

That was two years ago. I was still  
figuring stuff out.

(gestures to Claire)

Claire's my person.

LUCAS

Your person...

NELL

Trust me, one day you'll find your  
person too. It just isn't me.

Lucas looks at her. It's hard to get a read on him. Jaw set  
firmly. But then he smiles.

LUCAS

You're right. I'm just upset.

NELL

C'mon. Next round is on me.

He watches as Nell wraps her arms around Claire's waist and  
utters something in her ear.

They look in his direction with pity.

CUT TO:

AFTER LAST CALL

The bar has cleared out. Nell and Claire flick through the  
channels of a shitty tv.

A weather report, a few commercials, a movie - "Treasure of  
the Sierra Madre." Bogart's image suddenly skips to --

A news report. As Claire is about to flick to a different  
channel --

NELL

Wait-

On the TV, an image of a large luxury yacht.

NEWS REPORTER (V.O.)

Two days ago, this luxury yacht, the property of infamous social media star Raul Martin, sunk 60 miles off the coast of San Francisco. Search and rescue efforts have been hampered by poor visibility and inclement weather. Martin, along with 11 crew members are currently unaccounted for.

An image of RAUL MARTIN flashes onto the screen. Bearded. Capped teeth. Diminutive with a top-heavy build.

NEWS REPORTER (V.O.)

Martin, heir to the Martin oil dynasty, has gained a legion of online followers through his lavish lifestyle and outspoken personality.

Images of Martin partying with scantily clad girls.

Posing with a cluster of sparkling diamonds.

Just then, an extremely intoxicated Russel joins them.

Booze heavy on his breath, he points to the image of the yacht on the TV, entrapping them in a conversation.

RUSSEL

I was the captain of a ship just like that one.

Eye rolls. They've clearly heard this spiel a million times.

RUSSEL (CONT'D)

230 feet high and a 1000 feet wide.  
A perfect specimen. I had it all.  
Women especially. I was quite the sea dog.

CLAIRE

Gross, dude.

RUSSEL

And then I gambled it all away.

Russel goes quiet. Filled with regret and remorse.

RUSSEL (CONT'D)  
Serves me right for chasing that  
flush draw.

He drains a glass of foul-looking whiskey. Words slurring.

RUSSEL (CONT'D)  
One day, you're the captain of your  
own ship, the next, master of your  
own demise.

All of a sudden, Russel slips off his chair, but Nell is there to catch him and prop him up.

NELL  
Let's get you to bed, captain.

INT. HOUSEBOAT, EATING/LIVING AREA - NIGHT

Nell makes her way to bed, but pauses at the sight of a SNORING Russel and Kelli passed out on the sofa together.

A half-smoked joint hangs loosely from Kelli's fingers, dripping ash onto a dirty rug.

Nell removes the joint and throws a blanket over them.

She gives her sleeping mom a kiss on the forehead.

NELL  
Night, ma.

INT. HOUSEBOAT, NELL AND CLAIRE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Nell shakes off the sadness and nuzzles close to Claire.

There are pictures of beaches and magnificent shorelines on Claire's phone.

CLAIRe  
Mossel Bay. It's a little harbor town 400km east of Cape Town.

NELL  
Pretty.

CLAIRe  
Diving permits are cheap and rent is cheaper. The perfect place for our future dive school.

NELL  
You're wasted.

CLAIRe  
Just picture it, babe.

Claire is full of intent - this is more than just pillow talk.

NELL  
I thought you were done with small-town South Africa and its "homonormative bullshit."

CLAIRe  
It's not just about me anymore.

NELL  
Besides, moving entire continents costs money we don't have.

CLAIRe  
There's a word in Afrikaans, "Gees." It means guts. Balls.

Claire scrolls through her phone and hits play.

A collection of clips from Raul Martin's socials appears.

CLAIRe (CONT'D)  
Check it out.

*Martin poses with his hand on his hips in a pair of swimming shorts. Shit-eating grin. Blinging earrings.*

RAUL MARTIN  
Yo. It's your boy Raul. Look what daddy bought me for Christmas.

*He opens the palm of his hand revealing those familiar diamonds from the news report.*

RAUL MARTIN (CONT'D)  
Not these.  
(beat)  
This.

*All of a sudden, a drone rockets into the air providing an overhead view of Martin on the sundeck of his yacht.*

*The footage JUMPS TO Martin on the bow of the main deck, swinging a 2,000\$ Callaway driver from a driving green.*

*He misses the ball, sending the club flying into the water instead.*

*RAUL MARTIN (CONT'D)*  
*Whatever. I don't even play golf.*

*Another JUMP TO Raul inside his CABIN, massaging an opulent bed.*

*RAUL MARTIN (CONT'D)*  
*Every king needs his throne.*

*Next, he's bathing in a hot tub on the sundeck.*

*RAUL MARTIN (CONT'D)*  
*And when things get too hot, I cool down in style.*

*He dips a champagne flute into the bubbly water and takes a gratifying GULP.*

*Just then, the sky changes from blue to grey. Storm clouds swell.*

*All of a sudden, out of nowhere the wind HOWLS. Thunder ROARS.*

*The yacht JERKS violently, launching Raul out of the hot tub. The camera JOSTLES.*

*RAUL MARTIN (CONT'D)*  
*Oh shit-*

*The footage CUTS OUT.*

Claire cycles back, pausing on the image of the diamonds.

CLAIRES  
This asshole happens to own a collection of blue diamonds worth north of 60 million dollars.

Claire pulls up Raul Martin's Insta.

CLAIRES (CONT'D)  
This story was live-streamed on the same day the yacht sunk.

*A livestream of Martin placing the diamonds inside a small safe. He spins the dial.*

*He gives the camera the finger. The footage ends.*

Claire looks at Nell.

CLAIRe (CONT'D)

This troll douchefuck gave us the keys to his kingdom. We just have to go and get th-

Nell, a few steps ahead of her --

NELL

Forget it. Go to sleep.

CLAIRe

You know what good will and hard work gets you? Food stamps, scratch tickets and rich assholes puking their insides all over you.

NELL

I'm not doing this.

Nell, unwilling to engage, hops out of bed.

EXT. HOUSEBOAT - MOMENTS LATER

Claire follows Nell outside. She takes a moment to collect herself.

The houseboat stands before them - a place of broken dreams.

CLAIRe

Your mom's working herself to death. She's not gonna make it much longer if she keeps living like this. Is that what you want?

NELL

Of course not.

CLAIRe

Then let's do something about it.

Nell takes a beat to consider this, but then walks away.

A frustrated Claire picks up a pebble and SKIPS it across the ocean with a SPLASH.

MATCH TO:

EXT. CRYSTAL TIDES RESORT, SWIMMING POOL - MORNING

Bodies SPLASH in a pool as Nell finishes instructing another dive class.

NELL  
Great work today, everyone.

As the one-percenters exit the pool, Nell's eyes catch Kelli.

She sees Kelli struggling to carry a huge trash bag, bulging at the seams with refuse.

All of a sudden, the trash bag tears and spills open. Filth goes everywhere.

Nell watches as Kelli is reprimanded harshly by the same manager.

MANAGER  
Are you serious right now? We talked about this...

The manager's voice fades out as Nell is overcome with rage.

A few moments tick by.

Nell ducks under the water. She holds her breath and closes her eyes.

Seeking shelter and solace in the depths.

A beat passes. And then --

Under the water, Nell lets out a silent SCREAM.

Bubbles stream from her anguished mouth.

When she opens her eyes, she sees Claire looking down at her from the surface.

Claire extends her hand. Nell grabs it, hurling herself to the surface, taking a deep breath.

A look of grim resolve and determination on Nell's face.

She's in.

Claire smiles - enjoying the fight in her girlfriend's eyes.

EXT. RESORT, BEACH - DAY

Claire and Nell walk along a remote area of beach front. A heavy fog hovers above serene ocean.

They pass a group of "enlightened" guests gathered in a circle chanting and performing intricate yoga stretches.

NELL  
First rule of scuba. Never dive  
alone.

There's a renewed sense of focus in Nell's actions - someone with purpose.

NELL (CONT'D)  
We'll need a team. People crazy  
enough and desperate enough-

CLAIRe AND NELL  
Lucas.

EXT. CRYSTAL TIDES RESORT, BOAT DOCK AREA - DAY

Claire and Nell watch as Russel guides the booze cruise into its slip.

Russel waves at them with a big friendly smile.

They share a look.

They've found their captain.

INT. THE TANK - EVENING

Russel, Claire, Nell and Lucas run through the plan.

Claire's tablet is synched to the karaoke monitor, showing a screenshot of Raul Martin's yacht.

CLAIRe  
Meet the "Wild Thing."

RUSSEL  
She's magnificent.

CLAIRe  
12 cabins. 5 decks. Double-wide  
hallways. A staggering 275 feet.

NELL  
And we're just scratching the  
surface.

She swipes her finger across the tablet.

NELL (CONT'D)  
Every treasure hunt has a map. We  
have ours. Martin.

*The screen is awash with tweets, IM's, FB posts, TickToks, Reels, Twitch - an unfiltered look into Martin's world.*

NELL (CONT'D)  
 A deep dive through Martin's socials confirms this video was filmed inside the master cabin. That's where the safe is located.

*The same footage that Claire showed Nell earlier - Martin putting the diamonds in a safe.*

*Although the safe takes up the majority of the frame, there are still clues in the background - a mirror, lamp, etc...*

CLAIRE  
 This idiot did the work for us. We just needed to follow the trail.

*The various background images suddenly coalesce, forming a clear picture of the master cabin.*

NELL  
 Lucas will be lead diver. He has the most experience in wreck penetration. Russel will be our ears and eyes on the surface.

LUCAS  
 That's if he doesn't fall asleep at the wheel.

Russel gets in Lucas's face.

RUSSEL  
 I'm many things, son. But never question my integrity at the helm.

NELL  
 Easy, boys...

CLAIRE  
 The wreck is located 60 nautical miles west of the resort.

*A map on the screen identifies the precise location of the wreck in the form of a red dot.*

NELL  
 We've got optimal visibility between the hours of midnight and 6am. That leaves us with just a six hour window.

CLAIRe

And remember we only get one shot  
at this. No do-overs.

NELL

Questions?

Russel rises and observes the map. Concern creases his face.

RUSSEL

That's the *Red Triangle*.

CLAIRe

That's not really a question, Russ.

RUSSEL

200 miles of the most dangerous  
coastline in the entire Pacific  
Ocean.

To make his point, Russel uses a RED MARKER to trace over the map.

RUSSEL (CONT'D)

Home to the highest concentration  
of great white sharks on the  
planet.

There's now a large red triangle on the screen.

He then gestures to the position of the wreck - a perfect bullseye in the center of the triangle.

RUSSEL (CONT'D)

And our wreck is in the eye of that  
storm.

The gravity of the situation hits home. Silence.

There's a real chance they may never come back from this.

LUCAS

(re: prosthetic arm)

I served two tours. I'm not afraid  
of a few fish.

RUSSEL

A great white can smell blood from  
3 miles away. Just one drop stands  
between life and death.

Russel looks across the room with gravitas.

NELL  
Moral of the story. Don't bleed.

Russel is clearly on the fence.

RUSSEL  
I'm sorry.

NELL  
Russ-

RUSSEL  
The boat is yours. But I can't in  
good conscience go along with this.

He exits.

EXT. HOUSEBOAT - NIGHT

Nell breathes in the fresh ocean breeze.

She looks through the window and sees Kelli asleep on the sofa again.

Her reflection hauntingly drifts over her mom's. For just a split second it's as if they're the same person.

Soon, Claire's reflection joins Nell's.

Claire laces her fingers through Nell's as they gaze out across the horizon.

Their dream of a better future might be within reach.

NELL  
See you soon, ma.

EXT. CRYSTAL TIDES RESORT, BOAT DOCK AREA - NIGHT

Under the cover of darkness, the crew loads the equipment onto the transport vessel.

Aka the "booze cruise."

As they do this, Lucas runs them through the gear.

LUCAS  
(re: wetsuits)  
Heavy-duty, industrial-grade, with  
panels of double-thick neoprene.  
Extra protection.

He motions to the scuba tanks.

LUCAS (CONT'D)  
Regular air burns too fast. Nitrox  
is our smartest play.

"Highly Flammable" stickers are pasted to each of the tanks.

NELL  
Mix?

LUCAS  
EAN36. SEAL-certified. Allows for  
more bottom time, a faster ascent  
and shorter surface intervals.

Lucas refers to a tablet. An image of the vessel with two  
points of entry circled in red.

LUCAS (CONT'D)  
We'll punch our way through the  
upper deck. If that's a bust, we'll  
take the scenic route through the  
engine-compartment hatch.

RUSSEL (O.S.)  
The coast guard might have  
something to say about that.

They turn to Russel on the boat. Happy to see him.

NELL  
It's good to see you, Russ.

RUSSEL  
Your mom would never let me live it  
down if anything happened to you.

CLAIRES  
Welcome back, Captain.

RUSSEL  
Let's not get ahead of ourselves.

He's holding the mouthpiece from a VHF marine radio.

RUSSEL (CONT'D)  
Reports are flooding in on marine  
radio about a renewed search and  
rescue effort and they're not  
wasting time either.

CLAIRES  
When?

RUSSEL  
4am.

The implications are clear.

NELL  
Our window just got a lot smaller.  
We've got three hours.

Nell looks around, doing her best to hide her fear.

NELL (CONT'D)  
Let's go.

INT. BOOZE CRUISE - MOMENTS LATER

The boat leaves the docking area.

As they drift off, Lucas reattaches his prosthetic arm into place.

Nell looks over her shoulder as the resort gets further away, soon fading into the darkness.

Quiet trepidation in her eyes.

INT. THE TANK - SAME

The RED TRIANGLE is still scrawled across the karaoke screen.

Remain on the triangle as it grows larger, until it overwhelms.

And then, inside the triangle, moving from the base, a tiny dot stutters towards the center.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BOOZE CRUISE - LATER

The boat edges towards the dive site.

Claire slices off shavings of "biltong" with her dive knife and pops them into her mouth.

Lucas looks at her, unsure and a bit grossed out.

CLAIREE  
Biltong. It's like jerky, but you can actually taste the meat.

He pops a sliver into his mouth and regards the pictures on Claire's phone next to her - the beautiful beaches of Mossel Bay.

LUCAS  
(re: pictures)  
Missing home?

CLAIRES  
Something like that.

Claire squeezes Nell's hand.

But her thoughts are elsewhere as she gazes pensively across the ocean.

She watches two carefree seals play in the water.

CLAIRES (CONT'D)  
What about you, Russ?

RUSSEL  
I've been casting my eye on a new catamaran. Kelli and I are going to sail the world and never touch shore again.

NELL  
Does mom know about this?

RUSSEL  
It was her idea.

Nell smiles at the thought.

Just then, something drifts out of the darkness.

A moment passes.

Russel turns on the masthead light, slicing through the coal-black night, revealing...

The same LIFEBOAT from the opening.

Dread sledgehammers the group as they watch the empty lifeboat float past them.

INT. BOOZE CRUISE, DIVE SITE - NIGHT

Russel kills the engine as the boat approaches the dive site.

He checks an infrared monitor positioned near the controls. On it is a graphic of the boat and the surrounding ocean.

RUSSEL

Fish finder is all clear. Drop anchor.

INT. OCEAN - MOMENTS LATER

An anchor CRASHES into the water and falls into the depths. It keeps sinking... and sinking. Seemingly with no end in sight.

INT. BOOZE CRUISE, DIVE SITE - SAME

The sound of the chain RATTLING as the anchor continues to fall.

Everyone keeps waiting, and then finally - they all JUMP as the anchor CRASHES to the bottom of the ocean.

CUT TO:

Nell, Claire and Lucas go through their final safety checks.

Tightening straps, checking releases, adjusting weight belts. They take two deep breaths in through their regulators.

To check buoyancy, they push the inflator button on their BCD's.

LUCAS

Deploying emergency air.

Six spare Nitrox tanks, aka "hanging bottles," tethered to rope, are flung over the side of the boat.

LUCAS (CONT'D)

If the sharks don't get you, the BENDS will. Remember your decompression stop. It's the most important 4 minutes of your life.

NELL

We kind of do this for a living.

Claire and Nell nudge Lucas aside and approach a platform aft of the boat, preparing to make their descent.

NELL (CONT'D)

Air.

They switch on their dive computers on their wrists. An LED screen displays air at 100%.

CLAIRES  
Shot line.

Lucas drops a line with a weight attached into the water.

Russel, Claire, Nell and Lucas watch as the line rockets to the bottom of the ocean.

A moment passes.

NELL  
Masks.

They then reach for their masks - fitted with state of the art comms system allowing them to talk underwater.

Russel refers to the fish finder. No blips on the monitor.

RUSSEL  
Still clear. You're all set.

Nell and the others slip their masks on and get ready to dive.

RUSSEL (CONT'D)  
Things change quickly at 250 feet.  
If they do, you know where to find me.

They step towards the edge of the platform.

RUSSEL (CONT'D)  
God speed-

And then --

SPLASH!

Claire and Lucas dive into the water.

Nell hesitates. She takes a couple of deep breaths, psyching herself up. It's now or never.

She launches herself into the water.

INT. OCEAN - MOMENTS LATER

Through Nell's perspective as the cold, dark water fills her vision.

INT. BOOZE CRUISE - SAME

Russel watches them sink deeper into the abyss.

*Failing to notice TWO BLIPS appearing on the fish finder.*

INT. OCEAN - MOMENTS LATER

In slow motion, like astronauts floating through space, the group follows the shot-line to the bottom of the ocean.

The feet tick down on their dive computer, 10, 20, 30 as they descend into the unknown.

Russel's voice CRACKLES through their headsets, startling them.

RUSSEL (O.S.)  
- And don't bleed.

Just then, the group approaches an enormous KELP FOREST.

INT. OCEAN, KELP FOREST - MOMENTS LATER

Led by Lucas, they drift through the kelp.

Flashlight beams slice between the thick, slimy curtains.

All of a sudden, Nell struggles.

A long strand of kelp has hooked around her leg.

NELL  
Shit.

She looks around frantically, but can't see the others.

Obscured by the underwater jungle.

Nell draws her dive knife to cut herself free.

She makes a slicing motion, hacking right through the kelp --

Stopping millimeters away from Claire's jugular.

CLAIREE  
Careful with that.

Because if they bleed...

For a few moments, they weave between the kelp --

Until they finally emerge into a clearing of open water.

The depth gauge on their dive computers continues to accumulate as they approach 100 feet.

The elongated beams of their underwater flashlights sweep the area in search of the wreck.

LUCAS  
I'm negative on a visual.

NELL  
We should be staring her right in  
the fa...

As Nell sweeps her flashlight across the charcoal vista, her voice hitches in her throat.

Lucas and Claire follow the path of her flashlight.

CLAIRe  
Holy shit.

Two very distinct words punch out of the depths, "WILD THING."

*The wrecked yacht.*

Situated on the crest of a steep slope that leads towards a trench, dropping off into a maw of infinite darkness.

It's enough to take their breath away. As --

RUSSEL (O.S.)  
What's your status?

CLAIRe  
Extremely promising.

They pound fists, lowering themselves a few more feet to get a closer look.

NELL  
You were right, Russ... she's  
magnificent.

But as they exceed 100 feet, Russel's voice DROPS OUT.

NELL (CONT'D)  
You there? Russ?

No response.

The group slowly work the light from the magnificent sun deck all the way to the keel of the vessel.

A marvel of nautical engineering.

Perfectly streamlined with endless windows, broken during the crash, wrapping around the entirety of the upper decks, providing 360-degree views.

Lucas makes a fist and motions to the upper deck - their way into the wreck.

As they dip down and swim towards their destination, a SHAPE crosses their path.

But it's only a couple of SEALS.

*The same playful ones Nell saw earlier on the boat.*

The trio share a smile. Enjoying the moment.

But then --

The seals scatter, spooked.

A sense of foreboding.

Out of the dark ether, two ominous silhouettes glide towards them, blocking their path to the upper deck.

TWO GREAT WHITE SHARKS.

All teeth and menace. Perfectly streamlined murder machines. About 8-feet in length - not yet fully matured.

CLAIRES  
Juveniles.

The sharks hover for a moment and then stalk towards them.

LUCAS  
Change course!

Nell, Lucas and Claire immediately change direction, making a beeline for the hull.

Swimming for their lives.

EXT. YACHT, HULL - MOMENTS LATER

They arrive at the engine-compartment hatch, situated at the base of the yacht.

Together, they strain to twist open a single large handle.

CRYING out with exertion.

After a moment, the hatch POPS open, revealing a short tunnel that will take them directly into the bowels of the yacht.

LUCAS

Go-go-go!

They quickly swim through the hatch.

As Nell enters, she looks over her shoulder.

Eyes, a pair of black, soulless pinpricks watch her from the distance and then disappear into the darkness.

INT. YACHT, ENGINE ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

They're spat into a shadow-drenched room.

Silence except for the sound of their heaving chests and BEATING hearts.

Adrenaline coursing through them after their very close encounter.

Claire throws her arms around Nell.

CLAIRe

I told you.

Lucas begins to THUMP his chest.

Claire follows his lead.

THUMP THUMP THUMP

Nell joins the chorus - and for the first time in a while, a smile breaches her face... maybe there is hope after all.

After a few moments, the excitement dies down and reality sets in.

NELL

Where are we?

Lucas powers up his flashlight.

They remove their masks and regulators, taking in the awesome sight.

An enormous maze of state of the art generators, turbines and giant HVAC ducts - operated from sleek touch-screen panels on the walls.

The heartbeat of the yacht.

This section of the yacht is yet to be flooded - water reaching their waists - a giant air pocket.

*\*Note: Certain areas will have air pockets/breathable air. In these moments, characters will remove their breathing apparatus.*

LUCAS  
The belly of the beast...

From there everything TILTS up, moving through the different layers of the yacht --

FADE TO:

INT. YACHT, SERVICE HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER (AIR POCKET)

Nell, Claire and Lucas, trudging through a very long and dank hallway filled with electrical boxes and thick cables.

SLISH-SLOSH

With each step taken, the water gradually rises, reaching their midriffs.

As they move through the yacht, Nell unspools guide line. Not ordinary guide line either.

It's luminescent, emitting a strong glow, creating a phosphorescent network.

*In the event of an emergency, this will provide an escape route.*

LUCAS  
When I cash out, I'm treating myself to a \$300,000 Bentley and parking it right outside my dad's trailer.

NELL  
And then what?

LUCAS

I'm gonna make sure that burnout  
never forgets what a 6 liter twin-  
turbocharged W12 engine sounds  
like.

CLAIRe

I take it you guys were close.

LUCAS

I just want to see the look on that  
mean bastard's face.

There's resentment in Lucas's voice. The source of his  
desperate need for respect.

All of a sudden --

DOOF-DOOF.

Everyone freezes.

CLAIRe

What was-

Nell puts her hand over Claire's mouth.

DOOF-DOOF --

The sound of something BANGING rhythmically against metal.

It appears to be coming from within the walls.

They don't wait around to find out.

They keep moving, trailed by the ominous THUMPING.

INT. YACHT, HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER (AIR POCKET)

The water has now risen to their shoulders as they work their  
way towards the upper decks.

In the background, the rhythmic THUMPING continues.

Lucas refers to a visual of the yacht's layout on a tablet  
inside a waterproof case.

LUCAS

This is where we are. And that's  
the master cabin.

He points a gloved finger to their destination - another  
three decks above from their current location.

NELL  
The only way is up.

They slip on their face masks and respirators.  
And dive beneath the water.  
The rasping, alien-like sounds of their respirators fill the yacht.

INT. MAIN GALLEY, UPPER DECK - MOMENTS LATER

Nell, Claire and Lucas, completely underwater, emerge into the main galley.

Pots, pans and cutlery float in slow motion past them.  
Despite the crash, the galley is in pristine condition.  
Industrial-sized with sleek stainless steel appliances.  
Flashlight beams glint off the stainless steel finishes.  
The door to a gigantic WALK-IN FRIDGE stands open.  
Nell directs her flashlight onto what appears to be a small elevator built into the wall.

The DUMBWAITER.

They peer inside, flashlights searching. A chute of darkness running throughout the yacht like a vein.

Just then, inside the chute, something appears.

The group wait with baited breath.

But it's only a **GoPro**.

Nell reaches for the device and looks over it, fumbling for the power button.

To her surprise, it suddenly switches on.

Silent footage of the same girl from the opening.

Dressed in uniform, she's smiling at the camera and waving with a group of her colleagues on the sundeck of the yacht.

The footage switches to her relaxing in her cabin after a hard day of work, laying in her bunk.

One of her colleagues, a DUDE with tattooed arms, lies next to her. They kiss passionately for the camera.

Young love.

Their whole lives ahead of them.

CLAIRe (O.S.)  
You coming?

Nell kills the camera and looks up. Claire and Lucas have already made their way to the exit.

She pockets the GoPro and quickly catches up.

INT. MEGA YACHT, CREW QUARTERS - MOMENTS LATER

Extending from the galley is --

CLAIRe  
The crew quarters...

A hallway with multiple tightly-assembled cabins on either side.

Far from the glamorous existence in the decks above.

Nell's flashlights picks out the remnants of the crew's life. Bunk beds. A crucifix on a wall. Clothes floating.

Ordinary people just like Nell trying to make an honest living.

EXT. UPPER DECK AREA, VARIOUS - NIGHT

As they continue towards the master cabin, more glimpses of the yacht are revealed.

Bathrooms.

A gym.

A sleek GUEST HALLWAY.

Nell continues to unspool the guideline, creating a complex, phosphorescent spiderweb.

INT. UPPER DECK, STAIRCASE - NIGHT

They swim up a staircase and push through a set of double doors, taking them into --

INT. UPPER DECK, AQUARIUM HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

The entire deck is a giant, floor to ceiling cylindrical aquarium.

NELL

Woah.

While many of the fish are dead, a few still cling to life. Helpless. Trapped.

The ceiling provides a stunning view into the master deck above, extending all the way into the ocean.

They slowly glide down the hallway, the twisting cylinder tightening the further they go.

Only the sounds of their respirators as they take in the spectacle.

Just then, about halfway down, they are suddenly forced to stop.

CLAIREE

No. Fucking. Way.

They're confronted with the world's most dangerous obstacle course.

On either side of them, the glass walls have been shattered by the impact of the crash.

Giant shards jagging at vicious angles.

*A death trap.*

On the other side is a stairwell that offers direct access into the main deck area.

LUCAS

Everybody, check your air.

They check the Nitrox level percentages on their computers.

NELL

62

CLAIREE

58

NELL (CONT'D)  
We should probably change course.

He doesn't respond.

NELL (CONT'D)

Lucas?

An ominous silence.

LUCAS

It's 2am. We don't have the time or  
the air to change course.

He eyes the spiraling tunnel of glass. About twenty feet to  
the other side.

LUCAS (CONT'D)  
We're all in.

Any inkling of hope and optimism Nell had is extinguished.

NELL

This was a mistake.

Regret, remorse and all the bad luck in her life hits her  
like a sledgehammer.

NELL (CONT'D)  
A horrible mistake.

As she makes to retreat, Claire grabs Nell by the side of her  
mask, pushing their visors together.

CLAIRe

Nell, I need you to look at me.  
Look at me for godsake.

(beat)

The only mistake is not trying.

NELL

We're gonna die down here.

CLAIRe

I'd rather die down here than up  
there.

She suddenly pulls away from Nell.

NELL

Claire-wait-

But it's too late as Claire begins to lithely weave between  
the obstacle course of glass with remarkable dexterity.

Soon, Lucas follows and successfully navigates his way to the  
other side.

It's Nell's turn.

She looks behind her. She could turn around and go back.

Or she could defy the odds and keep going forward.

A crossroads.

Nell steadies her breathing, closes her eyes to clear her mind and then begins the perilous journey.

She zigs and zags, carefully maneuvering like a slalom skier between the pillars of glass, making herself as compact as possible.

She's nearly at the finish. Claire urges her on, but then her face falls.

She waves at Nell to warn her.

CLAIRES  
Behind you!

Nell freezes, slowly swiveling her neck, terrified.

Something is floating towards her out of the darkness.

Closer and closer...

Whatever it is, it's drifting right towards her eye-line.

But it isn't a shark.

It's a man.

Tattooed arms outstretched as if reaching for Nell. Mouth agape.

Leaving no doubt it's the young man from the GoPro footage.

Nell instinctively reaches to help him, but as she grabs his hand and pulls --

She's horrified to find all what's left of him is a torso - the other half of his body has been chewed off.

Nell, startles, hands flailing in shock and horror.

In the process, her hand pierces right through a shard of glass.

Luckily, the shard inserts itself perfectly between the webbing of her dive glove and the flesh itself.

As Nell exhales with relief --

CLAIRES (CONT'D)  
Don't move.

Nell follows Claire and Lucas's gaze.

Their attention is on the ceiling as an ENORMOUS SILOHETTE of a GREAT WHITE passes in the ocean above - making it appear that it's actually inside the aquarium itself.

For a few exasperating moments, no one breathes.

Finally, the majestic beast passes out of sight.

Being extra careful, Nell pries her hand free from the glass.

INT. YACHT, MAIN DECK - MOMENTS LATER

Clear of the glass death trap, the trio find themselves entering the main deck.

The slickest and most epic deck on the entire mega yacht.

It has undergone extensive damage, giving the area an otherworldly vibe.

Expansive 360 degree views, provided by shattered wrap-around windows. Sliding doors open onto an outside deck.

A large bar area. An upside down air hockey table. Plush furniture scattered to all corners. \$3,000 bottles of Dom Perignon Blanc float past them in slow motion.

NELL

Guys...

Nell points her flashlight towards an adjoining room - Martin's cabin.

As they set off, Lucas grabs Nell by her arm.

He looks at her intently.

LUCAS

It isn't too late.

Nell regards Lucas's hand for a beat and then removes it, shirking his touch.

CLAIRE

What was that about?

NELL

Nothing.

INT. YACHT, MARTIN'S CABIN - MOMENTS LATER

The trio finally enter the master cabin.

They take a moment to appreciate how far they've had to come to get here.

The cabin is sparse and minimalist. A large mirror-wall closet. An extravagant circular bed in the center.

NELL

Let's get to work.

As they begin their search --

CUT TO:

LATER

The entire cabin has been turned inside out in search of the safe.

The closet has been plundered, the drawers opened, furniture shifted and the artwork removed from the walls.

No sign of the safe.

Exasperation and frustration has set in.

LUCAS

Well, shit.

CLAIRE

We just need to look harder.

NELL

Or we need to look smarter.

Nell's attention falls on the bed.

CLAIRE

Hey, what are you-

NELL

(repeating Martin's words  
from the video)

"Every king needs his throne."

Nell reaches for a pouch secured around her ankle with various compartments - a dive legging.

The dive legging has an array of tools, including a blowtorch and a sleek underwater fold-up, extendable drill.

She removes the underwater drill, fires it up and drives it into the mattress, making huge incisions, pulling out the stuffing.

Chunks of white foam fills the water.

She reaches deep into the mattresses's guts like a surgeon performing heart surgery.

After a moment --

To everyone's astonishment, Nell pulls out a small safe.

LUCAS  
You're a goddamn genius!

CLAIRe  
How did you-

NELL  
I was just following his lead.

Their eyes fall on the safe. A moment ticks by.

LUCAS  
Open her up.

Nell uses the blowtorch to neatly trace a molten-hot line around the edges of the safe's door.

Within seconds, the searing heat has sliced through metal.

It's the moment of truth.

Nell grips the door and then gently pulls it off, revealing a black hole.

Nell slowly reaches into the gaping maw.

Her face collapses.

CLAIRe  
What? WHAT?!

NELL  
It's empty.

CLAIRe  
No-no-no-no...

LUCAS  
Bullshit. Check again.

NELL

I did.

LUCAS

Gimme that thing.

Lucas snatches the safe and shakes it around, tipping it over. Desperate.

LUCAS (CONT'D)

That son of a bitch is laughing at us.

NELL

Motherfucker.

Any self-pity Nell previously had has transformed to rage.

NELL (CONT'D)

MOTHERFUCKER!

She suddenly swims out of the cabin.

INT. YACHT, GALLEY - MOMENTS LATER

Nell, flippers thrashing, powers through the galley. Claire grabs onto her.

CLAIRe

Where the hell you going?

NELL

To find Raul.

That familiar THUMP-THUMP reverberates.

INT. YACHT, SERVICE HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER (AIR POCKET)

Face-masks removed, they trudge back through the waist-high water.

CLAIRe

The dude might be rich, but he's not immortal. He's gone.

NELL

Are you sure about that?

Nell listens carefully for the THUMP-THUMP, until she locates the precise area.

A large electrical panel with red and green knobs.

LUCAS

Are those-

NELL

Scratch marks.

Curiously, the entire area surrounding the panel is scarred with scratch marks.

*As if someone or something has been trying to get in.*

CLAIRE

You sure you wanna do this?

NELL

Yes.

Nell fiddles with the buttons, pushing and twisting them.

CLICK!

A mechanism is activated that POPS the wall like a secret bookshelf in a castle.

Dive knives pointed, they brace themselves for a great white to launch itself at them.

But it never happens.

Using all of their body weight, they lean into the door, forcing it all the way open, entering --

INT. YACHT, PANIC ROOM - SAME (AIR POCKET)

A sleek self-contained survival space with a bed, shower, fridge and all the other necessary amenities. A touch-wall display allows the user to control a multitude of settings.

Water reaches their knees.

RAUL MARTIN (O.S.)

About time.

Attention snaps to the man himself - RAUL MARTIN.

He was BANGING on the wall. The source of the thumping this whole time.

Even in his frazzled, sun-deprived state, he's lost none of his vile charm as he scoops Lucky Charms into his mouth.

NELL  
(incredulous)  
You're alive.

RAUL MARTIN  
Alive and thrivin'.

He takes them in. A sly perceptiveness lurking behind his brash persona.

RAUL MARTIN (CONT'D)  
You're not search and rescue, are you? I can dig it. I'm just grateful for the company.

He winks luridly at Nell before jumping onto the next topic.

RAUL MARTIN (CONT'D)  
So, whatya think of my 3 million dollar add-on? One-hundred percent self-sufficient. Air. Water. Power. Snacks. I could legit Bear-Grylls up in here for another month.

LUCAS  
You're alone?

RAUL MARTIN  
You must be the smart one.

NELL  
Where's the rest of the crew?

Martin holds a face that betrays him.

*The scratch marks finally reveal to Nell that --*

NELL (CONT'D)  
You left them out there to die?

RAUL MARTIN  
"There can only be one."

CLAIREE  
Coward!

Claire grabs for him, but Nell and Lucas hold her back.

RAUL MARTIN  
For sure not search and rescue.

LUCAS  
No more bullshit. Where are they?

RAUL MARTIN

You're gonna have to be a whole lot  
more specific.

NELL

The diamonds, asshole.

RAUL MARTIN

You mean these diamonds?

Martin reaches into his pocket, revealing a small velvet pouch.

Everyone stares at them like a spell has been cast.

NELL

Hand them over and you'll be  
breathing fresh air in an hour.

RAUL MARTIN

I'm the heir to a twenty billion  
dollar empire, bitch. I don't need  
your charity.

CLAIRe

Look around you, bitch.

For the first time, Raul seems to be on the defensive.

NELL

So, we have a deal?

He looks around and considers their offer.

RAUL MARTIN

You have a deal.

As he's about to hand the diamonds over.

RAUL MARTIN (CONT'D)

Suck my twenty billion dollar dick.

NELL

PLEASE NO!

Raul empties the diamonds into his mouth, swallowing them.

He laughs maniacally, until tears stream down his cheeks.

But then, there's a pained expression.

His face begins to redden. Soon turning a hideous purple.

*He's choking.*

RAUL MARTIN  
H...e....l....

LUCAS  
Raul!

Lucas desperately does the Heimlich. Squeezing as hard as he can.

But it's to no avail as Raul's body goes limp.

Nell rushes over and checks his vitals.

NELL  
He's dead.

They stare at his body in utter disbelief and shock.

CLAIRe  
Jesus Christ...

Nell and Claire are absolutely pale - clearly the first time they've been confronted with a dead body.

Claire, hesitant and repulsed, slowly approaches the body.

NELL  
Claire, don't-

But Claire ignores Nell and continues.

She closes her eyes, GAGS and then reaches into Raul's throat, trying desperately to pry the diamonds out.

CLAIRe  
(distraught)  
They're gone.

LUCAS  
Not necessarily.

NELL  
What is that supposed to mean?

Lucas reaches for his dive knife - the insinuation is clear.

NELL (CONT'D)  
Are you insane?! Bodies have blood.  
Blood means sharks.

CLAIRe  
What she said.

NELL  
 (scrambling)  
 What if we bring him to the  
 surface?

LUCAS  
 He'll be fish food before he makes  
 it 10 feet.

NELL  
 There has to be another way.

LUCAS  
 There isn't.

Nell and Claire share a grave look.

CUT TO:

MOMENTS LATER

Raul has been moved into the now emptied fridge, creating a secure pod to prevent blood spilling into the water.

Lucas hovers over the body, knife in his grasp. About to perform the gruesome deed.

NELL  
 Be careful.

LUCAS  
 No guts. No glory.

Lucas, without flinching, carefully glides the knife across Martin's torso.

Nell turns around, unable to stand the sight.

Bile and blood slow-leaks out of Martin.

Once he's done with the incision, Lucas jams the knife into the side of the fridge.

Lucas then uses his hand to sift through the cavity, until he finds what he's looking for.

Nell and Claire gather round him. A beat passes.

Lucas rinses his bloodied hand, revealing a cluster of incandescent diamonds.

Utterly mesmerized, they don't notice a huge droplet of blood running down the hilt of the knife.

As the blood is about to fall into the water --  
Lucas casually catches the droplet in the nick of time. Phew.  
Lucas disposes of the bloodied knife and glove, tossing them  
into the fridge with Martin's body.

NELL  
Wait.

Despite the abhorrent life Raul Martin lived, Nell pays him  
his last respects by sliding his eyes shut.

They then close the doors, sealing the fridge like a coffin.  
Finally, Lucas places the diamonds into a bright yellow mesh  
pouch.

They all contemplate this momentous achievement.

CLAIRe  
We did it.

Claire holds Nell's hand as they share a loving smile.

In that moment, Lucas sees the affection they have for each  
other.

Rejection strewn across his face.

EXT. YACHT, SHOT LINE - MOMENTS LATER

Excited and triumphant, Claire, Nell and Lucas, using the  
shot line as their guide, prepare to surface.

The yellow pouch is clipped securely to Lucas's dive belt.

LUCAS  
At 125 feet-

CLAIRe  
Decompression stop. Four minutes.  
We heard you the first time.

NELL  
Let's go home.

Inflating their BCD'S, the group gradually begins their  
ascent.

150 feet, 140, 130...

Nell takes a moment to absorb the scenery around her.

Taking in the shape of the wreck as they rise. Growing increasingly smaller.

From the depths, she turns her attention upwards.

Claire squeezes Nell's hand tightly, following her gaze to the surface.

Their future awaits.

And then --

CLAIRe

Nell?

NELL

Uh huh?

CLAIRe

Where the hell is Lucas?

To their astonishment, Lucas is nowhere to be seen.

NELL

Lucas?

CLAIRe (CONT'D)

Lucas, where are you?

Nell instinctively reaches for her dive knife, but it's missing from its sheath.

NELL (CONT'D)

LUCAS?!

*And then, out of the darkness, Lucas floats ominously behind them like a snake slithering towards its pray.*

He draws his knife, eyes a blank slate. Drifting ever closer.

Claire and Nell remain oblivious, until --

CLAIRe

WATCH OUT!

Before either of them can react --

LUCAS

I'm sorry.

Lucas SLITS Nell's Achilles tendon.

She SCREAMS.

BLOOD CLOUDS THE WATER.

Both women are lost in a world of crimson. Momentarily separated.

Claire SHOUTS into her comms.

CLAIRES  
RUSSEL!

No response.

STATIC.

But then she remembers that they lost contact as they climbed above 100 feet.

Right now the depth meter on her dive computer is reading 105.

Nell's desperate voice fills the comms.

NELL (O.S.)  
Claire?!

Claire urgently propels upwards - the gauge climbing.

104... 103... 102... 101...

Nothing but static on the comms system as she continues to climb.

As Claire reaches 100 feet --

CLAIRES  
CAPTAIN!

This time the coms system CRACKLES to life. A far away voice.

And then --

Claire's body suddenly JERKS like she's stuck to something.

The comms CUTS OUT again.

Below, NELL's body JERKS at the exact same time as Claire's.

Nell notices that a piece of guide line has been tied around her ankle.

She follows the path of the guide line to find that it has been secured to Claire's ankle.

Tethered.

A trap set by Lucas.

Claire is a few feet above from Nell's position - a silhouette.

And then --

Lucas appears behind Nell and violently YANKS the inflator hose out of her BCD.

All of the air leaves Nell's vest - meaning no buoyancy.

She is now dead weight.

Nell suddenly PLUNGES to the bottom of the ocean, pulling Claire down with her.

Nell locks eyes with Lucas for possibly the last time.

He defiantly rips his comms system out of his face-mask, casually tossing it away.

As Nell continues to free-fall, Lucas rapidly fades until he's gone.

For a second or two, darkness rushes past Nell at frightening speeds.

And then --

KADOOOOOOOF!

Nell and Claire collide into the seabed with brain-rattling force.

A horrible RINGING in Nell's ear like feedback from a hundred microphones as the comms system feels the brunt of the fall.

Their bodies bounce.

Eventually, settling halfway up the slope.

And then they begin to slide.

The weight of Nell's diving belt and body mass pulling them downwards.

The world's scariest slippery slide.

At the edge of the slope is the lip of the trench - an endless maw that leads to God-knows where.

They desperately try to stop themselves, but nothing is working.

Momentum is against them.

Nell looks over her shoulder. The edge of the slope rushes towards her.

First her flashlight spills over the edge --

And then for a second Nell is weightless.

Falling in slow motion into the blackness.

Everything SPEEDS UP again as the guideline SNAPS taught.

She's now dangling.

Blood continues to plume from her slit Achilles.

Above, Claire has somehow managed to slam her dive knife into the ground - hanging on by the edge of a blade.

Nell is panic-breathing, the air percentage on her dive computer ticks down.

50%...49...48...47...

NELL  
Shit shit shit.

Claire, both hands gripped around the hilt, body taught with exertion, tries to get Nell to calm down.

CLAIRe  
Focus on your breathing. One. Two.  
Three. Breathe. One. Two. Three.  
Breathe...

Nell focuses and gets her breathing under control. The air percentage begins to slow.

CLAIRe (CONT'D)  
Good, baby. Good. Now reconnect the  
hose to inflate the vest.

Claire is doing her best to hide her own fear as the knife begins to slip out of its groove.

In order to reconnect the hose, Nell has to use her left arm to reach over her right shoulder and twist the hose back into the relevant slot.

She stretches, struggling to reconnect the hose.

CLAIRe (CONT'D)  
Hurry, Nell.

NELL  
I can't reach.

CLAIRe  
You have to.

The knife slips ever further - in any moment Nell will be dragging them into the abyss.

Claire, desperate, needs to somehow find the right words to reach Nell and inspire her to act.

CLAIRe (CONT'D)  
(with urgency)  
I come from a place where people like me weren't welcome. I was a stranger in my own home, so I went looking for a new one, and then I met you. You gave me a home. I finally belong.

Emotion trembles in Claire's voice.

CLAIRe (CONT'D)  
And I don't want lose that. I don't want to lose you. Fight. Please. For me. For us. FIGHT!

Nell, reenergized, suddenly lets out a ferocious ROAR, swivels her body and reconnects the hose.

At the same time, the knife slips free.

Claire braces herself, shutting her eyes, prepared to be pulled down into the never-ending darkness.

But it never happens.

Claire opens her eyes to see Nell rising out of the maw with her inflated BCD, buoyant and triumphant.

She offers Claire a hand up.

Together, they rise. Touching their face masks together - grateful to be alive and to have each other.

They reach the crest of the slope using it as a surveillance point.

Peering into the inky blackness.

Checking the horizon for any indication of great whites.

None as of yet.

Nell, grimacing, grabs at her Achilles tendon, trying to stem the bleeding.

Claire cuts a strip of neoprene off her wetsuit and cinches it around the wound.

It stops the bleeding... for now.

CLAIRe (CONT'D)  
We're live bait. We need to get to  
the wreck.

But then --

A BLUR of movement in their periphery.

Another BLUR.

Their fear-laden eyes pinball in a hundred different directions.

Trying to locate the source of the movement.

Their breath quickens. The sound of their respirators grows louder and more uneven.

A beat.

Nell's eyes saucer as she looks over Claire's shoulder.

NELL  
(terrified whisper)  
Claire....

Claire follows Nell's eye-line.

In the distance, those familiar dull, lifeless pinpricks.

Soon, another pair of eyes emerges.

It's the same two juveniles from earlier.

The sharks glide towards Nell and Claire and with murderous intent.

They pick up the pace. Caudal fins THRASHING with excitement.

Claire and Nell utterly at their mercy.

As the juveniles close in --

The bright-red phosphoresce of a flair lights up the water.

The juveniles DISPERSE.

In the distance, a SHAPE floats towards them.

The red glow of the flair continues to pulse, revealing that the far-away shape is none other than RUSSEL in scuba gear.

He heard the distress call.

Nell and Claire wave their arms.

NELL (CONT'D)  
Hey! Over here!

Russel gives them a big thumbs up as he approaches.

CLAIRE  
Russ, watch your back!

RUSSEL  
Come again-

CLAIRE  
I said-

The words barely leave her mouth as the silhouette of LUCAS seems to materialize out of nowhere.

NELL  
CAPTAIN!

Resembling a scene from a Giallo movie, back-dropped by the red glow of the flair, Lucas's knife cuts through the water.

Piercing right through Russel's shoulder blade.

Pain ratchets though his body, but the old dog still has some fight left.

He spins, grabbing onto Lucas's arm, doing his best to fend the knife away.

They wrestle - a slow laborious scrap.

Nell and Claire can only watch on, mere spectators.

Lucas finally gains the upper hand, ripping his hand free, SLASHING the blade at lightning speed.

Going right through the wetsuit, puncturing holes in Russel's body like some kind of stuffed toy.

NELL (CONT'D)  
NO!

And then the flair fades, painting the ocean in darkness once again.

Russel's lifeless body sinks weightlessly towards the ocean floor.

Claire and Nell immediately swim towards him.

EXT. OCEAN, BED OF CORAL - MOMENTS LATER

They find Russel propped up against a bed of coral.

WHEEZING. Barely alive. Blood leaking out of the multitude of stab wounds.

NELL

Russel...

Russel looks at the girls with remorseful eyes.

RUSSEL

It's okay.

He suddenly arches forward and shoves something into Nell's hand, closing his hand around hers.

Nell unfolds her hand to reveal --

The yellow pouch with the diamonds inside.

RUSSEL (CONT'D)

I finally played a good hand.

Just then, the pair of juvenile great whites seep out of the darkness.

RUSSEL (CONT'D)

Take care of your mom for me.

NELL

(tearful)

I will.

RUSSEL

Go on.

That's all that needs to be said. His race has been run and they know it.

With the diamonds secured, Nell and Claire regard Russel sadly for the last time before swimming away.

They dart towards the safety of the wreck.

Russel looks at the sharks closing in on him.

He then turns his attention towards the imperious vessel.

There's a twinkle in his eye. A final reminder of his glory days.

He's found his peace.

RUSSEL (CONT'D)  
Let's have it then.

The great white CLAMPS its jaws around his head with a sickening CRUNCH.

INT. YACHT, HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Nell and Claire, looking over their shoulders, swim through a hallway, guided by the luminescent guidelines.

Their primary source of light.

At the same time --

EXT. OCEAN, NEAR THE SURFACE - SAME

Lucas makes for the surface.

The hanging bottles (emergency tanks), dangle in the water above, swaying from side to side.

He looks into the darkness below and then considers the tanks.

An idea brewing.

INT. YACHT, STAIRWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Claire and Nell continue to swim for their lives.

They soon realize that there's a trail of blood - the wound from Nell's Achilles tendon is leaking blood again.

Behind them, fleeting movement in the periphery.

*They're being followed.*

CLAIRe  
Come on!

They follow the contours of a wide stairway.

EXT. OCEAN, HANGING BOTTLES - MOMENTS LATER

Lucas draws his dive knife and cuts the tanks loose one at a time.

With all the tanks severed, he reaches for the diamonds.

Of course they're not there.

He realizes Russel must've taken them. The old man had the last laugh.

His face pulls into a grimace.

Fuck.

And then --

Out of nowhere, Lucas is SNATCHED by a vicious blur of movement and dragged away.

INT. WILD THING, UPPER DECK - MOMENTS LATER

Nell and Claire find themselves back in the upper deck. No sharks in sight... yet.

After a moment.

NELL

Claire-

CLAIRe

Yeah?

Nell points.

NELL

Up there...

*The emergency tanks are falling towards them, streaking through the dark water like missiles.*

CLAIRe

Watch out!

Before they have a chance to react --

Thirty-five pounds of falling metal WHOOSH past them, somehow missing.

SMASHING through the wreck with deadly velocity and destroying everything in their path.

Piercing right through the guide lines, severing them.

Claire and Nell are left in DARKNESS.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)  
Nell.

NELL  
I'm right here.

They struggle to see clearly in the murky surroundings.

Claire reaches for her flashlight.

It turns on for a moment and then dies - busted from the fall.

CLAIRE  
Goddamnit!

But then, Nell has an idea.

She reaches for the GoPro she found earlier in the crew quarters.

Nell turns on the camera and activates the automatic flash function.

She's creating a new source of light.

FLASH --

Nothing.

FLASH --

Through the surrounding wrap-around windows a large *GREAT WHITE* drifts towards the wreck.

FLASH --

Another one appears.

FLASH --

And another.

Each FLASH seems to bring more sharks as they materialize out of the depths.

Soon, the wreck is surrounded in all directions as great whites converge. All shapes and sizes.

A moment passes.

They begin to viciously turn on each other, the promise of fresh flesh sending them into a frenzy.

FLASH --

Nell and Claire don't see the pair of juveniles entering the area.

FLASH

The other great whites close in on the wreck, hovering near the huge windows.

FLASH --

All of a sudden, one of the approaching great whites outside VANISHES.

As does another one.

One by one the other sharks are being taken out by a *mysterious force*.

But the juveniles are still lurking, closing in on Nell and Claire.

As they're about to strike --

FLASH --

A MASSIVE PAIR OF JAWS CLAMPS around both juveniles, gripping them inside a giant mouth.

The hapless creatures are massacred in a spray of blood and cartilage.

FLASH --

Nell and Claire are confronted by a vicious 18 foot female great white covered in mating scars.

This is the same shark that appeared in the ceiling of the aquarium.

Her mouth is drenched in the blood of her massacred brethren.

The queen of carnage.

For clarity, she'll now be known as THE QUEEN.

Whatever sharks remain quickly withdraw from the surrounding area.

*This is her territory.*

Claire and Nell flee for their lives, retreating into the confines of the wreck.

HALLWAY

Nell weaves through the network of serpentine hallways.

A trail of her blood, like a jet-stream, follows her, leaking from the gash on her Achilles.

Nell pauses, taking stock of her surroundings, trying to orientate herself.

She frantically looks around.

NELL

Claire?

To her shock Claire is nowhere to be found.

She's all alone.

Nell WHISPERS urgently into the comms - beyond terrified.

NELL (CONT'D)

Where the hell are you?!

Just then, she's assaulted by the SCREECH of feedback - the same RINGING she heard earlier.

Nell SLAMS her hand against her face-mask and the sound stops.

A faint CRACKLE remains.

She watches as the blood continues to plume from her Achilles.

It's only a matter of time before the Queen has picked up her scent.

Nell needs to find a way to make the bleeding stop and quickly.

She remembers the underwater blowtorch.

Nell removes the blowtorch from the legging strapped around her ankle.

She FIRES it up.

An explosion of flame and spark lights up the water in a glorious display of orange.

Nell draws in a breath, grits her teeth and --

Presses the flame against the open wound.

NELL (CONT'D)  
AHHHHHHHH!

An assault of blinding pain that nearly makes her pass out.

But it does the job. The bleeding stops.

The wound has been cauterized.

But then --

If things couldn't possibly get any worse...

Her dive computer starts to FLASH indicating her Nitrox levels have dipped below 20%.

NELL (CONT'D)  
Shitshitshit.

Preoccupied with her rapidly depleted air, she doesn't notice a bloated shadow rounding the corner.

It's the Queen.

The sides of her muscular body scrape against the walls.

Nell, still distracted, remains oblivious.

The Queen spreads her mouth open, about to attack. The whites of her eyes like globes of death.

At the same time Nell's sixth sense kicks in --

She spins with the blowtorch and BLASTS it at the Queen, adrenaline pumping, SCREAMING --

NELL (CONT'D)  
DIE!

For a moment, in the bright light, woman and beast are face to face.

Kindred spirits.

The Queen backs away from the flame, remaining just outside of its blast radius.

Swimming backwards, Nell uses the blowtorch to keep the beast at bay.

A dangerous high wire act.

But then --

Nell makes her move.

She lunges forward like a fencer and SLASHES the flame across the Queen's nose.

The beast immediately THRASHES and recoils in pain.

And then, within a matter of seconds, the creature retreats into the shadows.

Nell ROARS triumphantly.

A rare victory.

This buys her the time she needs to get the hell away.

She cuts through a doorway, entering --

INT. YACHT, GUEST AREA - MOMENTS LATER

Nell moves through the guest area, straining her eyes to see through the mirth, terrified, desperate. Tries to hold it together.

The floor is inlaid with alternating slats of Italian marble and glass.

NELL

(into comms)

If you can hear me, please say something. Tell me you're okay.

But her pleas are only met by that familiar and hopeless CRACKLING.

As Nell grows more despondent --

She doesn't see movement below her.

*The shape of the Queen.*

Appearing in fleeting increments as it moves between the glass and the marble.

After a moment.

The beast rises, getting closer to the floor.

She shows no signs of stopping.

And then --

In a glorious display of power, The Queen BREACHES right through the entire floor.

Mouth agape, its massive jaws appear to lock around Nell's ankle.

CRUNCH!

Fortunately, the Queen only manages to get a chunk of one of her flippers.

Flailing, twisting and bending, Nell somehow pulls herself free.

She swims, bending around corners, cutting through multiple doorways.

Behind her, the Queen is in hot pursuit.

She pushes through a set of double-doors, finding herself inside --

INT. YACHT, GALLEY - MOMENTS LATER

Nell searches for a place to hide.

Her eyes fall on the industrial-scale triple-wide OVEN.

She checks her air again.

**18%**

INSIDE THE OVEN

Nell is able to see into the galley through a small glass panel.

The oven extends back surprisingly deep, allowing Nell to cocoon herself away safely.

Nell watches, daring not to breathe. Seconds tick by as the Queen floats through the galley.

Its large caudal fin swings from side to side, destroying everything in its path.

All of a sudden, the Queen launches herself at Nell.

SMASH!

But it's only Nell's reflection bouncing off the surface of one of the stainless-steel cupboards.

The colossus, confused and dazed, swivels, makes to exit.

Nell is finally able to breathe again.

But then, at precisely the wrong time --

Her comms system BURSTS to life as Claire's voice comes through!

CLAIRe (O.S.)  
Nell, come in.

Nell scrambles to turn off her comms, but it's already too late.

The Queen has stopped in her tracks. Attention fixated on the oven.

Hovering. Unsure.

Maybe she hasn't discovered Nell's location.

But that's only wishful thinking.

The vicious predator suddenly launches herself towards the oven.

CRASH-BANG-

Razor sharp teeth lock around the door and begin to tear it away, desperate to get to Nell.

Nell has made herself as small as possible, pushed all the way to the back of the oven.

With the door ripped off, the predator sticks her entire mouth into the oven.

SNAPPING teeth stop only millimeters away from Nell and from tearing her to pieces.

Nell tries to fire up the blowtorch, but her hands are shaking too badly.

NELL  
Come on... come on...

A moment of respite as the Queen pulls her head out to make another assault.

As she does --

Gloved hands reach for a two-pronged fork floating in the water.

And JAMS it into the creature's eye.

CLAIRES  
Bullseye, bitch!

The Queen THRASHES wildly.

Immediately turning her attention towards none other than CLAIRE.

Blinded by rage, in horrible pain, Claire now has the Queen's full attention.

Which is exactly what Claire wants.

Because she has a plan.

Claire draws the beast towards the gigantic walk-in FRIDGE.

The beast takes the bait.

INT. FRIDGE - SAME

Claire swims inside, and in one motion, pirouettes and then swims back out into the galley.

She closes the door, but struggles to pull the bolt through the slide.

It's jammed.

Just then, Nell's hands grab onto the bolt. Working together, they slide it shut.

CLUNK!

Trapping the creature inside for the time being.

NELL  
You made it.

CLAIRES  
(heartfelt)  
So did you.

Their brief reunion is interrupted by unrelenting BANGING.

The Queen's body collides into the fridge, causing indentations in the stainless steel.

The door is moments away from blasting off its hinges.

SMASH-BANG-SMASH

CLAIRE (CONT'D)  
Do you trust me?

NELL  
Why?

*Claire draws her knife, removes her glove and then cuts her own finger.*

Blood streams out.

NELL (CONT'D)  
What the hell?!

The door suddenly explodes off its hinges.

CLAIRe  
SWIM!

Without time to debate the matter, Claire takes off. Nell right behind her.

They exit the galley.

CREW AREA

They swim through the crew area.

HALLWAY

Bend down another hallway.

AQUARIUM ROOM

They find themselves back at the entrance to the infamous aquarium room.

Without hesitating, Claire swims towards the maze of glass, stopping just short of it.

Nell has no choice but to follow.

NELL  
Now what?

Claire holds her finger up. Tendrils of blood slow-leak into the water, enticing the beast to come after them.

CLAIRES  
We wait for her to bite.

Just then, the Queen appears at the entrance, drawn by Claire's blood. Eye missing from the stab wound.

The Queen sizes them up.

A stand-off.

CLAIRES (CONT'D)  
(sotto)  
What are you waiting for?

A beat passes.

The shark is overcome by its pure animal instinct and goes full tilt towards them.

Nell and Claire expertly navigate the jutting spires of glass.

Driven by pure and insatiable bloodlust, with no regard for her own wellbeing, the Queen speeds directly towards the glass maze.

A devastating collision.

Glass juts into skin, piercing flesh, cutting, shredding, stabbing, puncturing organs.

It appears to have no effect.

But then, like a freight train hitting the brakes, the beast begins to slow down.

Gradually succumbing to her injuries.

Eventually, coming to a stop a mere few feet from Nell and Claire.

Soon, the Queen takes her last breath.

Her reign of terror is over.

Claire and Nell absorb this, hugely relieved.

CLAIRES (CONT'D)  
Still trust me-

The Queen suddenly TWITCHES.

NELL  
Holy shit.

Nell and Claire jolt.

But then, the Queen stops moving. They wait a few seconds just to be sure.

CLAIRES  
We need to go.

NELL  
You've seen what's out there.

CLAIRES  
Which leaves us with only one option.

She locks eyes with Nell, defiant.

CLAIRES (CONT'D)  
We fight like hell.

They leave as blood continues to seep from the Queen's masticated form.

Her body begins to shake and tremble. A tiny bit of life is left after all.

And then --

*Something begins to slowly push its way out of her large belly.*

First a small head protrudes, followed by a torso and finally a tail.

A fucking newborn shark pup.

*The Queen was pregnant.*

The pup is five feet in length, fully developed and totally self-sufficient.

Connected to its mother by long piece of embryonic cord, which extends from a bulbous yolk sac.

A few moments tick by --

As TWO MORE PUPS spill from the Queen's womb.

The pups swim around each other, exploring their new environment.

All of a sudden, pup #1 takes a playful and loving nip at the dying Queen.

Pup #2 and pup #3 follow.

Seeking comfort from their protector.

But this is far from a heartfelt moment.

The pups violently turn on their own mother, ripping out chunks of her flesh.

*They're eating her alive.*

Once they've had their fill, the pups slither off.

Seeking their next meal.

INT. YACHT, PANIC ROOM - MOMENTS LATER (AIR POCKET)

While the water has risen, it still only reaches Nell and Claire's shoulders, allowing them to remove their face-masks.

Claire's eyes dart as she searches the area.

CLAIRES

There.

Attached to the wall is a bright orange waterproof case.

Claire pulls it down and pops it open, revealing an emergency safety kit inside.

A couple of flares, lifejackets, flashlight, etc.

Claire snatches the flares and attaches them to her dive belt.

CLAIRES (CONT'D)

We'll go through the engine-compartment hatch and use the flares to clear a path.

NELL

Surface time is eight minutes.

Claire affords a grin.

CLAIRES

480 seconds...

Despite the overwhelming odds against them, there's a semblance of belief that they can do this.

NELL

Clai-

Claire slaps on her face-mask and dives underneath the water before Nell can say anything else.

INT. YACHT, ENGINE ROOM - MOMENTS LATER (AIR POCKET)

Underwater, Nell and Claire swim towards the engine-compartment hatch.

As they get closer to the point of no return --

Nell suddenly surfaces, rips off her face mask and sucks in a breath of stale air.

CLAIRe

Hey? You good?

Nell gives Claire a remorseful look.

NELL

Claire, I really need you to  
listen...

CLAIRe

If this is you saying goodbye  
you're wasting your time.

Nell grabs Claire's hand.

NELL

Please.

Nell steadies herself and searches for the right words.

NELL (CONT'D)

I want you to know that I see it.  
All of it. Mossel Bay. The diving  
school. Mom playing with her  
grandkids.

Claire smiles wistfully at the mention of children.

NELL (CONT'D)

I see our future. You've shown it  
to me, Claire.

CLAIRe

(emotional)

Nell...

NELL

So, no. No, this isn't goodbye.

Nell reaches for the biggest diamond in the cluster and places it above a finger on Claire's left hand.

NELL (CONT'D)  
This is just the beginning.

*She's proposing to her.*

NELL (CONT'D)  
This is the rest of our lives.  
(beat)  
What do you say? Wanna get hitched?

Claire considers the diamond and then looks at Nell. Proud to see how far she has come.

CLAIRe  
Hell yes.

She kisses the diamond and places it in a zip-up pocket right next to Nell's heart.

CLAIRe (CONT'D)  
Hold onto her for me. For safekeeping.

A beat.

CLAIRe (CONT'D)  
I fucking love you.

NELL  
I love you too.

Just as they kiss --

The entire wreck suddenly SHUDDERS and vibrates as the bodies of great whites collide into it.

The water starts to rise, soon covering their faces, immersing them.

The air pocket disappears.

Their lips remain locked together.

For a few precious moments the world around them doesn't matter.

*They don't see the pups slipping into the room, weaving between the pieces of machinery.*

Beneath the water, the women reattach their masks and breathing apparatuses.

In the reflection of Claire's face-mask, Nell sees the shadowy forms of the pups emerging from the labyrinth of machine parts.

NELL (CONT'D)  
The Hatch. Hurry!

But as they turn towards the hatch --

Pup #3 blocks their path.

CLAIRe  
This way.

Nell and Claire jag left, slaloming between the columns of parts.

The pups stalk them, effortlessly navigating the complex maze of metal and steel.

A deadly game of cat and mouse.

Nell and Claire pause for a beat. Taking heed of their position.

Being careful not to make any sudden movements.

CLAIRe (CONT'D)  
Where'd they go?

A moment passes.

Movement in the HVAC ducts above them - resembling food passing through a python's distended belly.

Claire and Nell remain oblivious to the danger that awaits them.

As they're about to slip through the opening and into the ocean beyond --

The pups BURST through the aluminum foil ducts --

DRAGGING Claire towards the ceiling.

NELL  
CLAIRe!

Nell grabs onto Claire's leg.

A horrible tug of war.

NELL (CONT'D)  
Hold on!

As the pups rip, tear and mutilate Claire's flesh --

Claire SCREAMS.

One of the pups (pup #3) breaks from the pack and zeroes in on Nell.

Despite the crippling pain, and with pup #1 and #2 taking chunks out of her body, Claire finds the inner strength to tear herself free.

She draws her knife and THRUSTS it into the pup's spine before it can get to Nell.

The ultimate act of love.

Her final act.

The remaining two pups soon overwhelm Claire.

Nell loses her grip of Claire's ankle.

Slipping away from Nell forever.

CLAIRe

GO!

The words have hardly left Claire's mouth when pup #1 hooks its teeth around her neck.

A fleeting moment of recognition in Claire's eyes that it's all over.

Time freezes.

NELL

NO!

The pup brutally TEARS out Claire's throat.

Claire's body instantly goes limp.

Her fight is over.

Nell lets out a CRY of pure, unfettered anguish.

The love of her life is gone.

Her life will never be the same again.

Crippled by devastation, Nell is left with no other choice than to retreat.

INT. YACHT, VARIOUS - MOMENTS LATER

Blinded by despair, Nell swims with no particular destination in mind.

Drifting aimlessly through hallways and decks, lost in a haze of sorrow.

Any hope that Nell previously held onto has been cruelly torn away from her.

INT. YACHT, MAIN DECK - MOMENTS LATER

Nell finds herself back in the main deck area.

She hovers and looks out into the ocean. Into the endless black depths.

Searching for any semblance of hope and purpose.

The vast silhouettes of great whites filter towards the wreck in increasing numbers.

A majestic and hypnotic sight.

Nell is overcome with stillness. It's as if she has found some kind of peace.

But this isn't serenity. It's resignation.

The sharks drift ever closer.

Nell draws in a deep breath, possibly her last one.

She grabs onto her regulator.

Nell closes her eyes, blanking out the world around her. Breathing slow and steady.

Her hand hovers on her regulator.

And then she rips it out of her mouth, depriving her body of precious air.

Waiting for the inevitable.

With a single breath, she'll fill her lungs with water and it will all be over.

The seconds tick by.

Suddenly, as if by instinct, Nell's hand goes towards her heart.

Touching the pocket where Claire placed the diamond for safekeeping.

A moment.

Her eyes SNAP open.

Something has been stirred inside of Nell - a ferocity waiting to be born.

She SLAMS the regulator back into her mouth.

Air fills Nell's lungs.

Bringing her back to life and renewing her with purpose.

NELL  
(repeating Claire's words)  
Fight like hell.

She reaches for her dive legging, finding the retractable underwater drill.

At the same time, she looks up and sees a SHARK coming towards her.

In one motion, she flicks the drill, extending it to its full length.

She pulls the trigger.

The long metal drill-head CHURNS powerfully through the water.

As the shark bares down upon her --

Nell drives her body up and THRUSTS the drill into the creature's stomach.

A savage CRY of triumph.

The powerful beast THRASHES wildly.

But Nell keeps drilling with such force that the entire drill is sucked into the monster's stomach, continuing to spin by itself.

Her eyes are wide and alert - more alive than she has ever been.

Nothing can stop her.

An avalanche of blood clouds the water, showering Nell in viscera.

Soon, Nell has disappeared into a world of red mist.

For a few moments all is quiet.

Just then...

Nell drifts out of the red haze, materializing like a specter.

A woman reborn.

But there's no time to dwell.

*She needs a plan.*

NELL (CONT'D)

Think...

Nell quickly scans the area in search of inspiration.

She soon finds it.

Her attention falls on one of the fallen Nitrox tanks that Lucas cut loose.

It's lodged in the expensive marble bar counter.

*She has an idea.*

Nell YANKS the tank free and then quickly gathers a stray piece of guideline.

But then --

Out of the murky blood-drenched water, a shark BURSTS towards her.

Nell scrambles away from its monstrous form and gets the fuck out of there.

HALLWAY

With the tank in her grasp, Nell is pursued by shadowy forms down the hallway. They're just out of her eye-line.

But they're close.

And getting closer.

GALLEY

As Nell rounds the corner and enters the galley...

Two more great whites follow.

Colliding into everything in their path, desperate to get to Nell.

To avoid them, Nell slips inside the dumbwaiter.

#### DUMBWAITER

Nestled in pure darkness the great whites are unable to reach her. The entry point is too small.

They CRASH and BASH into the dumbwaiter, trying to force a way in.

But soon they give up.

Nell, shrouded in darkness, frantically feels for the pouch of diamonds.

They're still there. Phew.

She then reaches for the blowtorch, using it to illuminate the area and gather her bearings.

The chute stretches into the bowels of the yacht, seemingly with no end in sight.

Nell then opens the valve of the tank - the HISS of air escapes.

Satisfied, she uses the guide line to secure the Nitrox around her waist, allowing Nell to have her hands free.

Nell sparks the blowtorch again, using it as a flashlight.

She sees two shapes slipping into the dumbwaiter, entering from one of the decks above.

*It's the two remaining pups.*

They descend upon Nell.

It's now a race to the bottom.

#### INT. YACHT, SERVICE HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Nell exits the dumbwaiter, exiting into the now flooded service hallway.

The tank trailing behind her.

INT. YACHT, ENGINE ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

She powers towards the engine-compartment hatch - her point of escape.

Her freedom beckons.

EXT. YACHT, OCEAN - SAME

Half of Nell's body now emerges into the ocean.

And as she's about to exit --

One of the pups latches onto her damaged Achilles, dragging her back into the wreck.

She YELLS in pain.

NELL  
SON OF A BITCH!

She tries to free herself, but the pups are relentless, dragging her even further.

Nell is losing the fight.

But she's not ready to give up.

With one hand, Nell suddenly grabs the Nitrox tank and twists the valve, releasing the highly flammable gas.

HISS!

With her other hand, like a giant can of aerosol, she holds the blowtorch flame to the gas.

By doing this, Nell creates an ever BIGGER flame.

NELL (CONT'D)  
BURN!

The pups are seared alive, freeing Nell from their vicious grasp.

Her body finally spills into the ocean.

EXT. YACHT, HULL - MOMENTS LATER

Nell swims beneath the vessel, using it to shield herself. Just a tiny silhouette, dwarfed by the vast ocean.

Great whites swarm the yacht - their new feeding ground, oblivious to Nell.

#### GUIDE LINE

Nell follows the guide line to the surface which cuts right through the kelp forest.

As Nell ascends, she fails to notice the trail of blood leaking from her mangled Achilles.

#### KELP FOREST

As Nell enters the kelp forest, her dive computer suddenly begins to BEEP, indicating the mandatory 4-minute decompression stop.

She looks around, obscured by the thick curtains of kelp.

In order to obscure herself further, she moves even deeper into the kelp.

The wait begins. The dive computer counts down.

3:30...

Every now and then, the strips of kelp sway like curtains in the current. Fluttering ominously.

#### WHOOSH-WHOOSH

Nell's eyes flick in all directions, constantly checking the time on her dive computer.

3 minutes...

#### WHOOSH-WHOOSH

Just then, through the swaying kelp, Nell thinks she sees something --

A fleeting shadow.

She peers between the curtains, but there's nothing there. Only stillness.

But then, from the opposite direction --

The massive HEAD of a great white CRASHES through the curtains and RAMS Nell, her entire body WHIPLASHES.

The head retracts as quickly as it appears.

The impact causes the pouch with the diamonds to dislodge from Nell's dive belt.

Helpless, Nell watches as the diamonds fall to the bottom of the ocean.

Gone forever.

But there's no time to dwell as the creature returns for another assault.

Recognized as one of the juveniles. Badly wounded and mutilated after the attack by the Queen.

A wounded lion looking for easy pray.

The wounded juvenile attacks again, but this time Nell is ready.

She releases the valve on her tank and IGNITES the blowtorch, warding the creature off with the flames.

At the same time, the kelp catches alight.

Creating a tunnel of heat and flame, burning bright orange in the black water. A barrier between Nell and the beast.

A surreal and otherworldly sight.

But the heat is too intense. If Nell stays she dies.

And making matters even more critical --

Nell's dive computer indicates she's officially out of air.

0%.

With 90 seconds remaining of her decompression stop and out of air, Nell is forced to make a decision.

Reveal a bird's eye of the burning tunnel of kelp aglow in the coal-black water.

A moment.

And then --

Nell emerges out of the flames, scrambling for the surface.

To make herself lighter, Nell sheds pieces of her dive equipment, until all that remains is her wetsuit.

She's now free diving. Relying solely on the air in her lungs.

Nell's face reddens with strain, but then, blood also starts to flow from her nose.

Her vision begins to blur.

*A sign of the bends.*

Increasingly disorientated and oxygen-deprived, Nell sees a reflection in the surface of the water.

Claire's smiling face, flittering in out of view like a mirage.

*Nell is hallucinating.*

NELL  
You're not real...

Claire is mouthing something, but it's impossible to tell what it is.

Just then, Nell's body begins to lose propulsion as she gradually succumbs to her maladies.

She begins to sink.

Nell then looks towards the surface again for possibly the last time.

But now Claire is SCREAMING.

Her disembodied voice cuts through the depths with startling clarity.

CLAIRe VISION  
FIIIIIIIGGGGGHHHHT!

Nell channels these words, exploding back into action.

Holding her breath, Nell fights her way to the surface. Driving through the water.

Up, up, up.

And then --

EXT. SURFACE - DAWN

Nell breaks the surface with a GASP, breathing in the fresh California air, relishing it.

Grateful to be alive.

NELL  
(to Claire)  
Thank you.

She bobs in the water for a few moments, head spinning. Eyes-blood shot.

A few feet away she sees the Booze Cruise and smiles.

She paddles towards it.

EXT. BOOZE CRUISE, LADDER - MOMENTS LATER

Using the ladder, Nell pulls herself onto the boat with every last remaining fiber of strength she has left.

INT. BOOZE CRUISE - MOMENTS LATER

Nell's body THUDS onto the deck. On her hands and knees, she suddenly vomits.

A voice JOLTS her.

LUCAS (O.S.)  
Good for you.

She turns towards LUCAS.

He's slumped against the side of the railing. There's a massive bite mark on his thigh and his prosthesis is missing.

His breathing is slow and strained.

LUCAS (CONT'D)  
Looks like sharks hate gimps too.

He laughs. A horrible RASP.

His eyes then work their way over Nell, realizing there's no yellow pouch.

LUCAS (CONT'D)  
(re: diamonds)  
I see you've come empty handed.

Remorse and underlying anger in his voice.

LUCAS (CONT'D)  
I guess we all left something behind.

NELL

Why? I was your friend for Godsake.  
We all were.

LUCAS

Were you?

NELL

Yes.

LUCAS

Bullshit.

Lucas's dive knife lies exactly in the middle of them.

LUCAS (CONT'D)

I thought you were different. But  
you're just like the rest of them.

NELL

It's always someone else's fault,  
isn't? Your dad. The V.A. Me...

Nell drives to the heart of it.

NELL (CONT'D)

But you're just a coward.

LUCAS

What did you say?

NELL

You're pathetic.

There's a cruel smile on Lucas's face.

LUCAS

So this means I'm still not your  
person, huh?

NELL

Go fuck yourself.

LUCAS

I guess not.

That's when Lucas makes his move.

He launches himself towards the dive knife.

As he grabs it --

Nell STAMPS down on his hand as hard as possible.

The knife spills and scatters.

Lucas SCREAMS, and as quick as a python striking its pray, he LUNGES for Nell and quickly gains the upper hand.

He drives his forearm under her chin, propelling her head over the railing.

He pushes down with all of his might, choking her out.

Disorientated from the bends and rapidly losing consciousness, Nell desperately clings onto life.

Hope is fading fast.

Nearby, she sees a NAIL protruding.

And then --

She SLAMS her own hand onto the nail!

The pain stirs her senses and refocuses her mind.

Mustering her last ounce of strength, Nell PLUNGES her fingers into Lucas's eyes.

He BELLOWS in agony, gripping his face.

Blood seeps from his sockets.

Nell quickly spins out of his vice grip, breathing hard. Trying to regather herself.

As she looks up, she sees a SCREAMING Lucas charging straight towards her - blinded by rage and pain.

But as he gets close, Nell sidesteps him, causing Lucas to lose his balance.

But as he's about to fall into the water --

Nell catches him by his stump.

A mixture of Nell and Lucas's blood DRIPS into the water below.

LUCAS (CONT'D)  
Help me.

Nell contemplates letting him go.

LUCAS (CONT'D)  
I know you're a good person, Nell.  
(beat)  
Please.

A few more moments tick by - Lucas's life hanging in the balance.

Nell GRUNTS and then starts to pulls him back towards the safety of the boat.

LUCAS (CONT'D)  
Thank you.

But then, a sadistic expression fills Lucas's face.

The DIVE KNIFE is now tucked into the back of his wetsuit.

He regained it during the course of their struggle.

LUCAS (CONT'D)  
See you in another life.

In one fluid motion, he reaches for the knife with his good hand and THRUSTS it under Nell's chin.

Just before the knife strikes Nell --

The injured juvenile LAUNCHES itself out of the water, doing serious hang-time, SNATCHING Lucas.

But then, as the juvenile makes contact with the water --

The mutilated figure of the QUEEN BREACHES the surface, grabbing both the juvenile and Lucas at the same time.

SUCKING them into the depths.

It's over.

Silence.

Nell takes a moment to collect herself. Blood pouring. Vision blurred. Chest HEAVING.

She limps towards the ship's helm and grabs the wheel.

After a beat, Nell starts the engine.

VRROOOOM!

She presses the throttle forward and guns it across the ocean.

The boat speeds right past the cluster of search and rescue vessels.

The cool dawn air rushes against Nell's face, reinvigorating her.

It's a new day.

She reaches into her pocket and pulls out the massive diamond that she gave to Claire.

Soon, Nell is met by a familiar and comforting sight.

The same two seals from earlier. Nuzzling, splashing and playing.

Nell stares at them with a blank expression.

Tears cloud her eyes.

And then --

She SCREAMS. Primal. Raw...

... **FEROCIOUS**