

TRAPPED

Written by

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OVER BLACK

The SOUNDS of a raging storm.

Wind howling.

Thunder booming.

Sheets of rain pouring from the sky.

A bolt of lightning electrifies the dark, illuminating --

THE BLADE OF A WINDSHIELD WIPER.

Furiously whipping back and forth across the glass. A metronome in overdrive. It barely makes a dent.

EXT. JUNGLE ROAD - DAY

The wiper belongs to a WHITE PICK UP TRUCK, the official seal of the MEXICAN POLICE emblazoned across its side.

The truck tears through the dense jungle, bouncing along a barely passable dirt road that's devolved into mud.

INT. POLICE TRUCK - DAY

A LOCAL POLICE OFFICER (40, but looks older, has lived a life) grips the wheel, squinting through the windshield. Visibility is almost nonexistent, but he floors it anyway and doesn't let up until the jungle suddenly opens up to reveal --

A SWIMMING HOLE.

Swollen from the rain. Surrounded by trees whipping in the wind. A waterfall violently slams into it from above.

There's a RED JEEP parked near the water's edge.

As the officer approaches, his headlights land on two figures emerging from behind the jeep -- a MAN and a WOMAN (early 30s, local), both soaked to the bone, waving wildly. The officer stops the truck, jumps out. As he slams the door, the man and woman run to meet him. Frantic.

WOMAN
(yelling over the storm)
Socorro! Socorro! Rapido!

The woman motions toward the water. She's hysterical.

WOMAN
Fue al ago... fue al ago!

The officer hurries toward the water, the man and woman close behind. Rain pours down the officer's face as he scans the swirling current -- nothing in there but sticks and debris.

WOMAN

-- *fue al ago... por favor...*
socorro, socorro... fue al ago --

Suddenly, the man steps forward, pointing toward the water.

MAN

Mirar! Mirar!

The officer turns to look --

There's a POP OF ORANGE bobbing in the water near the shore, being tossed back and forth on the current.

The officer and the man run toward it -- sliding down the muddy bank, navigating around slippery rocks until they get to the shoreline -- but the object is still out of reach.

They plunge into the water, splashing toward it. The storm continues to rage, obscuring the object from view.

The officer gets there first, pulls it out of the water --

His face falls. The man joins him, sees what he's holding.

MAN

No, no, no...

The man is distraught and now we reveal why --

The officer is holding a BRIGHT ORANGE SCUBA MASK.

Title: TRAPPED.

PRELAP OVER BLACK.

The ROAR of a jet engine.

EXT. MEXICO - TULUM AIRPORT - DAY

A 747 touches down on the runway of a regional airport.

EXT. TULUM AIRPORT - TARMAC - MOMENTS LATER

The plane is parked, stairs now rolled up to the open doors. PASSENGERS disembark directly onto the tarmac.

ALICE emerges from the cabin, squints into the sunlight. She's in her late 30s. Average build. Average height.

And very pale. Like she spends a lot of time indoors. She wears a simple gold wedding band on her finger.

She's dressed for the beach, wearing shorts and a worn t-shirt that says "I'd Rather Be Diving."

INT. TULUM AIRPORT - BAGGAGE CLAIM - DAY

Hundreds of PEOPLE are jammed inside the terminal. Mostly TOURISTS. It's loud. Chaotic. Alice stands alone, eyes glued to the carousel, watching for her bags. She spots the first one -- a small suitcase with a luggage tag: ALICE PATTON.

She grabs the suitcase, steps back. Craning her neck to see around the mass of people. Finally, she sees the one she's waiting for -- a large, bulky black duffel bag.

Alice hauls it off the carousel.

EXT. TULUM - STREETS - DAY

A taxi zips through the streets of Tulum, weaving through a sea of bicycles and cars. Horns HONKING. People YELLING.

The energy of the city is kinetic. Vibrant.

INT. TAXI - DAY

Alice is in the back, watching through the open window, taking it all in. The colorful stalls. The KIDS kicking a ball along the sidewalk. The open air restaurants.

The DRIVER glances in his rearview mirror.

DRIVER
Habla espanol?

Alice holds up her thumb and index finger.

ALICE
Un poco... lo siento.

The driver smiles, then switches to English.

DRIVER
First time in Tulum?

ALICE
First time in Mexico.

DRIVER
Ah! You will love it here.... most beautiful place in the whole world.

Alice smiles, looks back out the window, breeze on her face.

EXT. TULUM / INT. TAXI - DAY

As the taxi heads toward the edge of town, the city starts to recede, replaced by jungle on all sides.

EXT. OUTSIDE TULUM / INT. TAXI - LATER

The taxi is climbing now. Hugging a narrow paved road that winds up through the jungle. Finally, it crests the edge of a cliff and the trees part to reveal --

The money shot.

White sand beaches. Palm trees.

And the ocean. Fuck, that ocean.

A brilliant mix of turquoise and sapphire. Achingly beautiful. The kind of place you put on a postcard.

Alice can't take her eyes off it. The driver was right. This really might be the most beautiful place in the world.

EXT. HOTEL AZUL TULUM - DAY

The taxi has stopped in front of a small, no-frills hotel. A handful of mismatched huts surrounded by jungle.

Alice hauls her bags out of the car, then leans back into the windshield and hands the DRIVER some cash.

ALICE
Gracias.

The driver smiles and waves, then the taxi speeds off. Alice starts to drag her bags inside.

ALICE (PRELAP)
Hey babe, it's me...

INT. ALICE'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY

A bare bones hotel room. Alice's suitcase is open, she's in the process of getting settled. She moves around the room, phone tucked into her shoulder, pulling DIVE GEAR from her black duffel bag and laying it out on the bed.

ALICE
You might already be at your
brother's... I was just calling to
tell you I made it. I'm at the
hotel now and --
(MORE)

ALICE (CONT'D)
(looks down at her phone)
Oh... hang on, you're calling.

Alice switches over, still on the move as she starts to inventory her gear. Wetsuit. Fins. Tank.

We'll notice that her scuba mask is orange.

ALICE
Hi.

A burst of background noise. A muffled VOICE on the other end of the line, barely audible.

ALICE
Jason? Can you hear me?

JASON (O.S.)
Alice? Hey.

He's practically shouting over the din.

ALICE
Where are you?

JASON (O.S.)
Pritchett's. Bill took me out.

Alice glances at the clock.

ALICE
Starting early today.

She tries to say it lightly... which doesn't entirely work. But it doesn't matter because Jason didn't even hear her.

JASON (O.S.)
What?

ALICE
Nevermind.

JASON (O.S.)
Hang on, let me get outside.

Alice continues to organize her gear as Jason moves to a quieter place, the noise receding.

JASON
Is that better?

ALICE
Yeah.

An awkward beat. Now that it's quiet, they both realize they don't actually have much to say.

JASON (O.S.)
So... how's Tulum?

ALICE
Incredible.

JASON (O.S.)
Yeah?

ALICE
Yeah. The beach is just as gorgeous as everyone says... I've never seen anything like it. And the ocean... you can see right through it... I wish you were here.

JASON (O.S.)
Do you?

He's unable to hide the edge in his voice. Alice stops organizing her gear and straightens.

ALICE
You know how it is on these trips, babe. All I do is dive.

JASON (O.S.)
I know.

ALICE
It's not like we'd be spending time together.

JASON (O.S.)
Yeah.

There's a long silence. This is clearly not the first time they've had this conversation.

ALICE
You still there?

JASON (O.S.)
I'm here.

Another beat.

ALICE
I'm sorry.

JASON (O.S.)
No, I'm sorry.

ALICE
For what?

JASON (O.S.)
I guess I... I'm sorry you feel
like you have to go swim in all
these crazy places just to...

He trails off. Alice waits, but he doesn't finish.

ALICE
What, Jason?

Jason sighs.

JASON (O.S.)
I don't know. Avoid me?
(off her silence)
Whatever it is you're looking for,
I just wish you'd talk to me.

ALICE
(softly, genuine)
This isn't about you.

JASON (O.S.)
Maybe that's the problem.

Alice doesn't have an answer for that.

JASON (O.S.)
Listen, I have to go.

ALICE
Okay.

JASON (O.S.)
Alice?

ALICE
Yeah.

JASON (O.S.)
Be careful.

ALICE
I will. I love you.

Jason doesn't say it back, he just hangs up. Troubled, Alice picks up her scuba mask. She stares at it for a beat, then tosses it back onto the bed.

EXT. CASA ALMA RESTAURANT - SUNSET

A casual restaurant on the beach. Thatch roof. Lights strung up between palm trees. Wooden chairs clustered around fire pits. The place is packed and buzzing, filled with LOCALS drinking beer and speaking Spanish. Not many tourists here.

Alice eats alone at the bar, a dog-eared guidebook open in front of her. She's studying a section labeled GRAN CENOTE, filled with colorful photos of a stunning underwater cave.

Alice glances up only briefly as a LOCAL MAN (DIEGO) steps up to the bar next to her. Early 30s, boyish. He signals the BARTENDER.

DIEGO

Tres cervezas, por favor.

The bartender nods and moves to grab the drinks. The man looks around, notices Alice's book.

DIEGO

Too much money.

Alice looks up.

ALICE

Sorry?

Diego gestures at the book.

DIEGO

Gran Cenote. Such a beautiful place should be free. It is a crime that you must pay money to swim.

(then)

I'm Diego.

ALICE

Alice.

(beat, then can't help it)

I'm not swimming. I'm diving.

Diego's eyes brighten.

DIEGO

You scuba?

Alice nods. Diego holds out his hands -- his fingertips are covered with small cuts and scratches, a common scuba condition known as "diver's hand." Alice perks up.

ALICE

You're a diver too?

DIEGO

(nods)

I run a dive shop in town... with
my fiance Mia and my friend
Carlos... right over there.

Diego points to his table, where MIA and CARLOS sit, drinking and laughing. We've seen them before.

Carlos and Mia are the man and woman from the teaser.

The bartender slides the beers in front of Diego. He nods a thank you, scoops them up, then turns to Alice.

DIEGO

You should come meet them.

Alice hesitates for just a beat, then climbs off her stool.

EXT. CASA ALMA RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Night has fallen. There's a LOCAL BAND playing now. The place has gotten lively -- CUSTOMERS dancing, smoking, making out. A burst of LAUGHTER. Alice sits with Diego, Mia, and Carlos. The table is full of empty beer bottles. They've been here for some time. All are happily buzzed.

MIA

So what is it that you do, Alice?

ALICE

Financial management analysis.

No response. Amused, Alice takes a sip of her beer as Mia, Carlos, and Diego exchange confused looks.

ALICE

I'm basically an accountant.

Lightbulb. Nods all around. Now they get it.

ALICE

I write audit reports, analyze budgets, help management make strategic business decisions.

MIA

(being polite)

That sounds... interesting.

ALICE

No it doesn't.

Mia, Carlos, and Diego burst into laughter -- no, it doesn't.

DIEGO
No. Your job sounds...

CARLOS
Aburrido!

DIEGO
(translating)
Boring.

Another round of tipsy laughter.

ALICE
Very boring. I started there...
(oh wow)
Nine years ago? It was supposed to
be temporary, I always assumed I'd
move on to something else...
(regrets this)
I guess I never did.

She gets lost in her thoughts until Mia snaps her out of it.

MIA
Your husband...

ALICE
Jason.

MIA
Jason. Does he dive too?

ALICE
No... he hates that I do it. He
thinks I'm too reckless.

Carlos leans in, suddenly serious.

CARLOS
Then he does not understand diving.

MIA
He worries about you.
(re: Diego)
I worry about him too. Always
trying to go deeper and farther.

DIEGO
You know I am careful, *mi amor*.

Mia leans in close to Diego. He pulls a chain out from
underneath his shirt, a number of MILAGROS (silver charms)
dangling from it -- a heart, an arm, a saint praying.

DIEGO
That is why I wear these.

Diego touches each charm as he talks.

DIEGO
(re: the saint)
For protection.
(re: the arm)
For strength.

Mia leans into him, touches the heart charm.

MIA
For love.
(then)
To keep him safe when I am up here
and he is down there.

Diego leans in and kisses Mia. A sweet, intimate moment between them. A beat, then a thought occurs to Alice.

ALICE
Wait... don't you dive together?

MIA
I do not dive at all.

ALICE
I thought you owned a dive shop.

MIA
I'm in charge of the office... I
have no interest in risking my life
to see a few pretty fish.

Carlos playfully elbows Mia -- like a sibling would.

CARLOS
Mia prefers to stay on dry land.

Alice leans forward. She's passionate. She's also a little drunk, which makes her more honest than she intended.

ALICE
But it's not about the fish... or
how deep you dive or how far you
swim. It's about the feeling...
that incredible feeling you get
when you're underwater. It's just
you, down there, in your own world,
and whatever's happening above the
surface... it doesn't matter.
(MORE)

ALICE (CONT'D)
Disappointing job, disappointing
relationship, disappointing life...
none of that exists down there.
Down there, you feel lighter. You
feel alive. You feel... free.

Carlos and Diego nod in agreement. They understand. A beat as
that settles... the conversation took a deep turn.

MIA
Or maybe you are all just *loco*.

They all crack up -- the intensity of the moment is broken.

DIEGO
But we are all friends now, yes?
(off Alice's nod)
And as your friends, we cannot
allow you to dive Gran Cenote.

CARLOS
Gran Cenote is for tourists.

ALICE
I am a tourist.

DIEGO
Not tomorrow. You're coming with
us. There's a local spot we go to.
Very secret, very beautiful.

ALICE
You really don't have to do that.

CARLOS
You must join us... we insist.

MIA
I think they will not take no for
an answer.

Alice wavers. She looks back and forth between them, then:

ALICE
What the hell... Okay. Yeah. Let's
do it.

Diego and Carlos laugh and cheer. Mia smiles and rolls her
eyes. Diego downs the last of his beer, then stands.

DIEGO
It is settled then. Tomorrow, we
dive. But tonight... we dance.

Mia squeals as Diego grabs her hand and pulls her onto the dance floor. Carlos stands, politely extends his hand to Alice. She smiles, then stands up to join him.

EXT. CASA ALMA RESTAURANT - LATER

A MONTAGE of the four of them dancing the night away. Drinking, laughing, having the time of their lives. Off Alice, looking happy and free, we DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ALICE'S HOTEL ROOM - THE NEXT MORNING

The room is dark and still. Alice is dead asleep until --

BEEP. BEEP. BEEP.

Her phone lights up on the nightstand. A 5 a.m. alarm.

Alice gropes for the phone, silences it. She thinks about rolling back over, then groans and throws off the covers.

INT. ALICE'S HOTEL ROOM - MORNING

The sun is just starting to creep in through the window. Alice is up and dressed, carefully packing her dive gear into the black duffel -- wetsuit, tank, mask, fins.

EXT. HOTEL AZUL TULUM - MORNING

Alice stands outside the hotel with her duffel. Waiting. No sign of Diego. She glances up at the sky. It's overcast. The clouds show signs of darkening.

Alice pulls out her phone, goes to her messages. She pulls up her thread with Jason. No texts since yesterday. Her finger is still hovering over the keyboard when a RED JEEP approaches, screeching to a stop. Diego is at the wheel.

Alice shoves her phone into her pocket. She grabs her duffel and slings it into the back of the jeep.

DIEGO

Sorry I'm late. I had to take Mia to the shop and then she wanted to stop for coffee and... you know.

ALICE

It's okay. Where's Carlos?

Diego rolls his eyes as Alice climbs into the jeep.

DIEGO

He overslept. He'll meet us there.

EXT. OUTSIDE TULUM - DAY

The jeep speeds down a narrow paved road, surrounded by trees on both sides, passing just a handful of other vehicles.

EXT. JUNGLE ROAD TURNOFF - DAY

Diego slows the jeep and turns onto an unmarked dirt path leading into the jungle. It's barely wide enough to drive.

INT. JEEP / EXT. JUNGLE ROAD - DAY

Alice holds onto the track bar as the jeep bounces along the path, surrounded on all sides by dense jungle -- the trees are so close they almost lash the sides of the jeep.

They keep driving until suddenly, the trees open up into --

EXT. SWIMMING HOLE - DAY

A CLEARING, anchored by a SWIMMING HOLE.

This looks familiar now. But also different.

In the light of day, with no storm, it's beautiful. The water is a stunning shade of emerald blue. The trees are gently swaying in the breeze, filled with colorful flowers. The waterfall cascades over the top of the cliff.

Diego stops the jeep next to the water. Alice climbs out.

ALICE

Holy shit.

Diego laughs as he gets out of the jeep.

DIEGO

I told you.

(then)

The cave entrance is just
underneath the waterfall.

Alice wanders down to the water's edge, taking it all in.

ALICE

It's so beautiful.

Then suddenly, a PRIMAL YELL from behind her. Startled, she turns to see Diego run and leap into the air, cannonballing into the water with a huge splash. Alice shrieks, delighted.

Diego surfaces, laughing.

DIEGO
You coming?

As Alice smiles, HARD CUT TO:

ALICE. Now in her swimsuit. Standing on a rock near the shore. She takes a breath, then dives into the water.

FOLLOW ALICE as she plunges beneath the surface -- the water is clear and beautiful. Alice swims up, emerging from the water with a huge smile on her face.

Diego is floating on his back nearby. He looks at Alice.

DIEGO
Ready for something even better?

Off Alice, we CUT TO:

THE TOP OF THE WATERFALL

Alice is perched on the edge of the cliff. She takes a cautious step forward, leans over -- watching as the waterfall crashes down into the swimming hole. It feels much higher up here than it did down there.

Diego is treading water below, waving encouragingly. He's now operating a GoPro -- he alternates between filming himself and filming Alice, now perched high above.

DIEGO
You can do it!

Alice takes a deep breath, then runs and leaps off the edge of the cliff -- yelling as she plummets, arms windmilling all the way down until she lands with a SPLASH. She surfaces -- gasping for air, laughing, exhilarated.

ALICE
Oh my God, oh my God...

DIEGO
Fun, no?

ALICE
We have to go again.

Alice starts swimming for shore. Diego laughs, then follows.

EXT. SWIMMING HOLE - DAY

Alice is drying off near the jeep. Diego walks around with his cell phone, trying to get a signal. No sign of Carlos.

The sky is much darker now.

Diego joins Alice, shaking his head. Clearly pissed off.

DIEGO

Carlos isn't picking up. He might be close... or he might be asleep.

(then)

I'm sorry, he's usually reliable. We'll go without him.

ALICE

I don't mind waiting.

Diego moves to the back of the Jeep, starts pulling out gear.

DIEGO

It's going to rain later. The longer we wait, the less time we'll have in the water.

Alice looks up at the sky.

ALICE

How long until it rains?

DIEGO

Two... maybe three hours.

Alice smiles.

ALICE

We can see a lot in two or three hours.

DIEGO

(nods, exactly)

We're not going to miss out on dive time because of that *hijo de puta*.

He grabs Alice's duffel from the jeep and extends it to her. She smiles and takes it.

EXT. UNDERWATER - DAY

The stillness is shattered by a swirl of bubbles as Alice and Diego fall into frame. Both are now fully geared up.

Wetsuit. Mask. Oxygen tank. Fins.

Alice wears a HEADLAMP. Diego's GoPro is strapped to his head. He's holding a small FLASHLIGHT.

Alice takes a moment to get her bearings. She starts by checking the DIVE COMPUTER strapped to her wrist.

It's a bulkier version of a smartwatch, monitoring a wealth of information -- O2 LEVELS, DIVE TIME, TEMPERATURE.

Diego signals with his flashlight -- *this way*.

Alice swims after Diego, following him toward the waterfall. She can't see it, but she can feel its energy above her.

Diego arrives at the CAVE ENTRANCE, then wriggles through it.

Alice follows, swimming through the darkness until the tunnel opens into --

INT. CAVE - MAIN CAVERN - CONTINUOUS

A spectacular underwater cave.

Cobalt blue water. STALACTITES hanging down from the ceiling. SHAFTS OF LIGHT beaming down from surface openings. Tangles of GREEN VINES wrapped around limestone columns.

It feels like a different planet.

CLOSE ON ALICE

In awe of this underwater world.

Diego SIGNALS with his flashlight, snapping her out of it.

As Alice joins him, Diego pulls out a DIVE SLATE -- a waterproof, erasable board about the size of a notebook.

He scribbles on it, then holds it up to show Alice:

So?

Alice takes the slate, writes her own message, then turns it around so Diego can read it.

Hell. Yes.

Diego smiles and gives her a hang loose sign, then stows the slate.

He clicks his GoPro on -- motions for Alice to follow him.

A series of QUICK CUTS as they explore the cavern:

- Diego points out a PREHISTORIC DRAWING on the rock wall.

- A school of TROPICAL FISH whirl around Alice, forming a rainbow of NEON BLUE and RED.

- Diego turns his GoPro on Alice. She waves.

- They swim under a GIGANTIC LIMESTONE ARCH.

Finally, Diego stops at a far wall. He shines his flashlight into a HEAP OF ROCKS -- revealing the entrance to a TUNNEL.

It's small. Almost completely hidden behind the rocks.

Alice moves in for a closer look as Diego pulls out a DIVE REEL -- a spool with NYLON BRAIDED ROPE wrapped around it.

Diego secures the end of the rope to a stalagmite near the tunnel entrance. He pulls the rope once, testing it.

This is their GUIDELINE.

He looks at Alice, flashes a hand signal:

Ready?

Excited, Alice nods and flashes it back:

Ready.

Diego takes the reel and disappears into the passage, unspooling the line as he goes.

Alice follows him into the darkness.

INT. PASSAGE - CONTINUOUS

They're in a PASSAGE now, about the size of a storm drain tunnel, but textured. Stalactites of all shapes and sizes hanging down from the ceiling. The limestone walls and ceiling unevenly eroded from years and years of water flow.

It is very dark down here.

The only sources of light are Diego's flashlight and Alice's headlamp.

Diego is in the lead, unspooling the guideline as he goes.

Alice swims along behind him, taking in the cave.

The deeper they go, the darker and tighter it gets.

Alice looks up, her headlamp beam landing on --

A DEAD TURTLE stuck in a crack in the ceiling.

There are streaks of red across its shell.

It's sad. Haunting.

Alice can't take her eyes off the turtle as she swims past.

Out in front, Diego arrives at what initially appears to be a dead end but is really a T-shaped intersection.

They can either turn left or right.

Diego chooses right.

Alice follows.

ANOTHER PASSAGE

This one is barely large enough to swim through.

The ceiling just inches above their heads.

The stalactites are even more jagged in here.

Alice has to use FLUTTER KICKS now -- small and measured, so as not to disturb the walls and ceiling of the passage.

They continue on and now it's getting really tight.

Alice can't even use her arms to swim, the passage is too narrow. She has to keep them straight out in front of her.

Kicks only.

CLOSE ON ALICE

Focusing on her breathing as she moves through the increasingly claustrophobic space.

Her OXYGEN TANK starts to scrape the ceiling as she swims.

She slows her pace even more, progressing now in inches.

She flutter kicks again to propel herself forward --

But this time, she doesn't move.

Fuck.

She kicks again.

Still nothing.

Alice can feel the instinctive panic start to rise.

She tries to reposition. Kicks again.

Nope.

She is fully stuck.

Fuck, fuck, fuck.

Alice tries to stay calm. Panic is the enemy here.

Time for a different approach.

Alice attempts to move backwards, the way she came. But all that does is wedge her even more firmly into place.

Her breathing quickens.

She kicks her legs -- trying to shake herself loose -- but all that does is stir up a flurry of sediment -- sending visibility down to nothing.

Now she's stuck and blind.

CLOSE ON ALICE

Her breathing coming in short bursts now, which prompts --

The alarm on her dive watch to go crazy -- flashing red -- displaying a message over and over --

WARNING: OXYGEN DROPPING. WARNING: OXYGEN DROPPING.

Alice knows she has to get her breathing under control.

She closes her eyes. Focuses.

Breathe, breathe, breathe...

Breathe... breathe...

Breathe.

Finally, she's able to stabilize.

The alarm on her watch stops flashing.

Alice opens her eyes just as --

A BEAM OF LIGHT lands on her face.

Diego appears in front of her. Holds up his DIVE SLATE:

Okay?

Arms still outstretched in front of her, Alice takes the slate, wipes it clean with her fingers. Writes a new message:

It's my tank.

Diego swims closer, arms outstretched.

He examines the situation.

Alice is right.

The tank strapped to her back has gotten jammed up against a particularly thick, low hanging stalactite.

Diego gently tries to dislodge the tank.

No luck.

He pulls harder.

Still no luck.

Finally, he tries rocking it from side to side.

And that's the method that works.

Diego backs up slightly, then nods to Alice. *Try it now.*

Alice cautiously tests it out, tries to move forward --

And this time, she does.

The tank is no longer stuck. Alice is free.

She breathes a sigh of relief.

Diego writes a new message:

Want to go back?

Alice shakes her head.

No.

She motions forward. Deeper into the cave.

Diego nods, then contorts himself in the passage -- a slow, complicated pretzeling that allows him to turn back around.

Once he's facing forward again, Diego starts to swim.

Alice takes a beat to collect herself, then follows.

INT. PASSAGE - DAY

The passage has widened. There's now enough space for full motion -- Alice is able to swim normally behind Diego.

She's enjoying herself -- taking in the wonders of the cave. The colorful mineral formations. The BLIND CAVE FISH -- a translucent fish with no eyes.

After a few beats, Diego stops up ahead. Alice joins him. The passage is wide enough now for them to be side by side.

He holds up his dive slate:

We should head back.

Alice is lifting her hand to signal back when she notices --

A small trail of bubbles rising toward the ceiling.

But the bubbles aren't coming from Diego's mask --

They're coming from his oxygen tank.

Alice's eyes widen. She gestures to the bubbles. Urgent.

Diego shakes his head -- he doesn't understand.

Alice is lunging for the dive slate, when suddenly --

BOOM!

Diego's HOSE EXPLODES! Ripping out of the oxygen tank, the force of it slamming Diego into the ceiling.

Chaos ensues.

Diego wrestles with the burst hose -- trying to get it under control -- it's like trying to tame a wild animal.

Meanwhile, Alice springs into action -- she moves behind Diego, yanks a SMALL BLACK BAG from his diving harness.

Diego rips the ruined hose from his mask as Alice pulls a new one out and attaches one end to his oxygen tank.

She hands the other end to Diego. He attaches it to his mask.

In a matter of seconds, it's over.

Diego is now safely breathing through the new hose.

They look at each other through their masks.

Both of them are rattled. That was close.

Alice signals:

Okay?

Diego signals back:

Okay.

Diego retrieves the spool he dropped in the chaos.

He turns back the way they came -- starts to swim toward the cave entrance -- Alice about to follow when suddenly --

A RUMBLE FROM DEEP WITHIN THE CAVE.

Alice and Diego look around -- *what the hell was that?*

The rumble gets louder.

The walls and ceiling start to QUAKE.

A handful of small rocks shake loose from the ceiling, falling eerily through the watery tunnel.

CLOSE ON ALICE

Looking into the tunnel, past Diego -- her eyes widening as she sees a TSUNAMI OF ROCKS coming toward them.

The tunnel is collapsing.

She grabs Diego's arm. He turns and sees it too.

Diego waves wildly in the opposite direction -- *Go! Go! Go!*

And now they swim for their fucking lives.

Away from the entrance -- deeper into the heart of the cave --

Alice is in the lead -- no time to switch places and let Diego get out in front -- Alice swimming as hard and as fast as she can -- controlled breathing fully abandoned --

Diego right behind her -- the same level of desperation --

The collapsing tunnel gaining on them --

Alice comes to an intersection -- no time to think --

She takes a sharp left -- keeps swimming like hell, gasping for air -- silt and rocks everywhere --

The wave of rocks threatening to overtake her from behind --

She spots an OPENING UP AHEAD. She has no idea where it leads, but it's her only option -- she races toward it --

And that's when she realizes --

Diego is no longer behind her.

But Alice can't dwell on it -- she has to keep moving --

Now the rocks are coming down in front of her too.

The whole place is about to collapse.

Alice keeps swimming toward the opening, when suddenly --

She's yanked backwards.

What the fuck?!

Alice glances down to see the guideline has somehow managed to wrap itself around her lower leg.

She tries to untangle it while on the move, but it's no use --

Alice keeps going, the guideline slowing her down -- creating a backwards pull, forcing her to drag the line along --

And now the rocks start raining down on her.

Alice can see THE OPENING just ahead -- she's close now.

Eight yards.

Seven.

A rock slams Alice in the back, pushing her toward the floor. She scrambles -- trying to recover, trying to keep going --

Six.

Five.

Now the ceiling in front of her is collapsing.

Four.

Three.

She's not going to make it.

Two.

One.

The ceiling comes crashing down, fully engulfing Alice as --
Her world goes dark.

Silence.

A long beat, then...

OVER BLACK

Heavy, rapid breathing.

The darkness is pierced by the red glow of a dive watch, an emergency message flashing across its display:

WARNING: OXYGEN DROPPING. WARNING: OXYGEN DROPPING.

In the dim light, we can barely make out Alice. She's the one gasping for air, the sound distorted through her mask.

She doesn't even try to get her breathing under control this time. Instead, she shuts off the watch alarm and --

The world goes black again.

We hear fumbling in the darkness, then --

CLICK.

Her HEADLAMP switches on. And now we get a look at Alice's situation -- which is very fucking bad.

She's suspended upside down in a NARROW SHAFT -- dangling SIX FEET off the ground -- held in place by the guideline that's still wrapped tightly around her leg.

She made it through the opening -- barely -- but the tunnel she came through has collapsed behind her.

The only good news... if you could call it that... is that Alice is now in a dry area of the cave.

Alice SCREAMS -- the sound muffled by her mask. Trying to free herself from the guideline, she flails wildly -- like a fish caught on a line. But the shaft is so tight that all she's doing is slamming herself into the rock walls.

She keeps thrashing anyway -- starting to hyperventilate --

Then she VOMITS into her mask -- an explosion of bile splattering across the clear shield. It's so awful that Alice vomits a second time -- her mask now a disgusting mess.

Alice rips it off -- spitting and sobbing and coughing all at the same time as she wipes the puke from her eyes and face.

ALICE

Oh my god... oh my god...

She just dangles upside down for a beat, gasping for air. Her headlamp is still strapped on, the light bouncing wildly off the walls of the cave as she sways back and forth.

ALICE

Diego? Diego! Diego!

Silence.

Alice closes her eyes, trying to gather herself, but she's having trouble catching her breath.

ALICE

Oh my god... fuck. Fuck.

It takes her some time, but she manages to calm down.

ALICE

Okay. Okay.

She shines her headlamp up, back toward the collapsed tunnel, trying to see the rope wrapped around her leg. But she can't get a good look at it, not from this angle.

Alice thinks for a beat, then reaches out, feeling for the walls. She discovers that she can't fully extend her arms -- the shaft is only around FOUR FEET in diameter.

But she can't worry about that now, so she feels along the walls, looking for something... anything to grab onto.

The right wall is fairly smooth, but the left is more textured -- there are small ridges and holes in the rock.

Alice reaches behind her and unstraps the OXYGEN TANK from her back harness. It clatters to the floor below.

She reaches for a ridge on the wall, then leaning heavily to her left, she maneuvers her torso up -- it's like she's contorting herself into the world's most awkward sit-up.

Because the shaft is so tight, she's able to use the leverage from her arms and her free leg to brace her back against the wall in a very awkward, but semi-upright position.

Now she's able to examine her leg.

The BRAIDED ROPE from the guideline is wrapped around her leg so tightly that it's punctured her wetsuit and is now digging into her skin.

Alice gently tries to loosen the rope with her fingers, but it's cinched so tightly that it doesn't move at all.

Frustrated, she tries again. With more force this time. She pulls -- screaming in pain as it digs deeper into her leg.

The rope doesn't budge. It might as well be made of steel.

ALICE

Shit.

Alice leans back, catching her breath, then --

She reaches for the SHEATH that's strapped to her free leg.

Pulls out her DIVE KNIFE. About the size of a switchblade.

She uses her knife to start sawing at the rope. The work is slow and painful. Made even harder by the awkward position she's forced to maintain. Every movement is a struggle.

Alice starts to sweat. Her palms get slippery. The knife almost slides out of her hand on multiple occasions.

One by one, the strands break free, until finally --

The entire rope snaps.

Alice SCREAMS as she drops the six feet to the floor -- her body banging against the walls of the shaft.

She lands in a heap.

Exhausted, Alice doesn't move for a beat. She just takes giant gulps of air, her chest heaving.

Finally, she manages to sit up. Her movements are awkward. The shaft is too tight to allow for a full range of motion.

She touches her forehead and winces as her fingers come away bloody from a small cut -- a souvenir from her fall.

Alice examines the wound on her leg -- there's an angry red burn where the rope cut through her flesh. It's painful, but it's not gushing blood, so there's not much to be done.

Alice moves her oxygen tank to the side, then stands.

She shines her headlamp up and around -- and now she's finally able to get a good look at the entire shaft.

The rock ceiling is only nine feet above her.

The diameter of the cave varies slightly, but it's never more than four feet.

The walls are made of limestone, but they're not smooth, they're craggy, with formations and ridges jutting out. The texture of the rock creates an occasional small ledge.

(NOTE: A couple of things to know about this shaft. One, it's completely dry. This is a real feature of many cave systems -- there are often dry sections called air pockets that exist even when the majority of the cave is underwater. Two, the headlamp is strong enough to illuminate the entire space. Like when you turn on a flashlight in a small, dark room.)

Alice spins around, taking in the shaft. Trying to stay calm.

ALICE

Okay... it's okay. Just have to
find another way out.

Alice shines her light all around, starts feeling all over the wall, searching for any kind of opening or passage.

No luck.

ALICE

Come on... come on...

She keeps searching. Growing more desperate. She drops to her knees, claws at the crevices and rocks near the floor.

Still nothing.

Alice is fighting panic now. She stands back up.

ALICE

Hello! Hello, can anyone hear me?!
Diego?! Hello!

Her voice echoes through the shaft.

Then silence.

She spins around, slowly taking it all in. The reality of her situation truly sinking in as Alice realizes --

There is no other way out.

She's hit with a spell of dizziness. Heart racing, she doubles over, bracing against the wall for support.

Shaking. Sweating. Gasping for air.

She's in the throes of a full on panic attack.

Tears pool in her eyes. She tries to fight them back.

ALICE
Stop it. Stop crying. Relax.

She closes her eyes, takes some deep breaths.

ALICE
They know where I am... they know
where I am... someone will come.

She slides to the floor, head in her hands. Still gasping.

Breathe, breathe, breathe.

It takes her a few minutes, but finally, she's able to get her breathing under control.

ALICE
That's it. Stay calm. Gotta think.

She opens her eyes. Looks around.

INT. SHAFT - MOMENTS LATER

CLICK.

A FLASHLIGHT BEAM dances across the wall of the shaft.

The light clicks off, then back on again.

REVEAL ALICE, sitting on the ground, testing her HANDHELD FLASHLIGHT. She turns it off, then sets it aside, still using her headlamp as the primary light source.

Alice is in business mode now.

She's removed her back harness, which is outfitted with several pockets and clips. She unpacks her gear, taking stock of her supplies and laying everything out on the ground.

Mask.

Regulator hose.

Oxygen tank.

Dive reel. A smaller version of the one Diego was using.

A plastic whistle on a lanyard.

Dive slate with pencil.

A bright red inflatable emergency buoy.

The handheld flashlight.

Her dive knife.

And finally, Alice assesses her food and water.

First up, a waterproof Camelbak with a straw.

She picks up the Camelbak, examining it in the light of her headlamp. The pouch is transparent, with volume markings on the outside. It's a little over halfway full.

Alice puts the straw in her mouth, about to take a drink, then changes her mind and spits the straw out instead.

ALICE

No.

She puts the Camelbak down, picks up TWO ENERGY GEL PACKETS. Like the kind runners use. Not much sustenance here.

She sets both gels aside. Takes a deep breath.

She leans back against the wall. Nothing to do now but wait. A wave of exhaustion washes over her.

ALICE

Someone will come.

Her voice echoes through the shaft.

Now that things are quiet, Alice can hear other sounds. The DRIP DRIP DRIP of water rolling off the limestone. The distant HOWL OF THE WIND echoing through the cave.

Alice squeezes her eyes shut. Focuses on her breathing. Tries desperately to keep herself together.

Breathe, breathe, breathe.

INT. SHAFT - DAY

CLOSE ON A DROP OF WATER

Forming on the ceiling.

The drop swells, then breaks free and falls.

We follow the drop down, down, down --

Until it lands on Alice's cheek.

Her eyes snap open. Instantly alert.

DRIP.

Another drop of water lands on her. Alice touches her cheek.

DRIP. DRIP. DRIP.

Alice looks up.

Water is falling from the ceiling.

But it's not just normal condensation. This is a slow, steady stream -- almost like a light drizzle. Strange.

Alice is trying to make sense of this when she realizes --

She's sitting in a small pool of water.

ALICE
What the hell...

She scrambles to her feet, shines her light around the shaft and is horrified to discover --

Water is coming in from everywhere.

Pouring through the cracks in the walls and coming up through the floor of the cave.

ALICE
(realizing, oh shit)
The rain.

Alice looks down.

The water is rising. It's almost to her knees already.

Oh fuck. The cave is flooding.

ALICE
No no no...

Alice can feel the panic rising again. Her heartbeat is quickening, she's starting to get shaky.

ALICE
Oh my god...

She spins around. Freaking the fuck out now.

ALICE
Help!!! Please, someone help me!!!

She sees the GUIDELINE hanging up above, now dangling free from the collapsed tunnel several feet above her.

Alice frantically searches the wall, finds a SMALL CREVICE.

She scrambles up, but slips on the wet rock --

Slides awkwardly down the wall.

Alice cries out -- something between a sob and a yell.

She quickly dries off her hands, tries again.

This time, she manages to scramble up to the tunnel entrance, which is fully collapsed, blocked by rocks.

She pulls a small rock free. Then another. Then another.

It doesn't make a dent, but Alice is too desperate to care that it's futile. She screams into the collapsed tunnel.

ALICE

Help!!! Is anyone there?!! Help!!!

She keeps digging out rocks, one after the other, until --

A LARGER ROCK shifts, falling forward, jamming into the empty space. Alice feels around the edge of it -- there's barely enough room for her to slide her fingers around it.

She tries to pull, but the rock won't budge.

Alice yells as she tries again.

ALICE

Come... on...

Still, the rock won't move. It's like a cork in a bottle.

Alice keeps straining, refusing to give up. She's crying now, partially from frustration but mostly from panic.

ALICE

Dammit! Come on! Come on!!!

This time, the rock moves a fraction of an inch, but that fraction is enough to smash Alice's finger.

She yelps in pain and manages to yank her hand free --

But the momentum knocks her off balance --

Alice screams as she drops, landing with a splash in the small pool of water below.

Furious, she scrambles up and starts screaming at the cave.

ALICE
Fuck, fuck, fuck! Fuck you!

She claws at the walls, trying to pull rocks right out of the wall. She rages at them until her hands are bloody.

When that doesn't work, she picks up her OXYGEN TANK and starts slamming it against the wall.

Sobbing now, Alice yells as she hits the rock.

Again.

And again.

And again.

Finally, she loses her grip and the oxygen tank flies out of her hands, clattering to the ground.

Exhausted, she slides to the floor, collapsing into the shallow pool of water.

Her shoulders heave as she sobs.

She keeps sobbing until she has no tears left to cry.

(NOTE: Right now, there are six inches of water on the floor of the shaft. From this point forward, the water will continue to rise at a steady clip.)

INT. SHAFT - DAY

Alice has recovered and gotten to work.

She crouches in the pool of water -- using her DIVE SLATE PENCIL to scrawl a hash mark onto the wall of the cave, right at the water line.

She finishes. Straightens. Checks the time on her DIVE WATCH.

INT. SHAFT - DAY

A WHISTLE pierces the silence.

Once. Twice. Three times.

REVEAL ALICE

She's climbed back up to the collapsed tunnel and now she's blowing the plastic whistle in rhythmic bursts.

One. Two. Three.

Breathe.

She removes it. Her lips chapped. She yells into the tunnel.

ALICE

Diego?! Hello!!! Can anyone hear
me?! Diego?! Anyone?!

Her voice echoes throughout the shaft. She's quiet for a beat. Listening for any kind of a response.

But all she hears are the sounds of the cave. The flow of water. The wind racing through the depths.

Alice fumbles with the whistle again. Blows.

One. Two. Three.

Breathe.

One. Two. Three.

Breathe.

She pauses. The exertion is tiring her out quickly.

ALICE

Hello??? Please. I'm here!

She fights back tears. Lets the whistle fall from her lips.

INT. SHAFT - DAY

Alice sits in the pool of water.

She checks the temperature on her dive watch.

54 degrees.

Alice leans her head back. She wraps her arms around her knees to stay as warm as possible. Tries to fight sleep.

She stares vacantly up at the ceiling. Watching the light from her headlamp dance wildly around the shaft.

It takes her a minute to process that the beam is dancing because her HEADLAMP is flickering.

She pulls it off, examines it.

She taps the bulb a couple of times.

It stops flickering. For now.

Alice thinks for a beat. Torn. Then she shuts it off.

Plunging us into darkness.

INT. SHAFT - LATER

CLICK. The headlamp comes back on.

Alice blinks. Disoriented. *How much time has passed?* The darkness makes the passage of time feel strange. Untethered.

She splashes into a crouch. Moves to examine the hash mark.

The water has already risen a foot past it.

ALICE

Shit.

She's so distraught that she barely registers when something brushes up against her leg.

Finally, she tears her eyes from the hash mark, turns --

Sees a tiny head bobbing up and down in the water.

Alice leans forward -- *what the hell is that?* She carefully moves closer and as she does, her headlamp illuminates --

A TURTLE.

Swimming around in the pool of water, its legs furiously churning. The turtle runs into a wall, reverses course, then starts the whole process all over again.

ALICE

Oh my God...

Alice scrambles to her feet. Elated at the sight of another living thing in this lonely place.

ALICE

Hey there.

She gently scoops it from the water.

The turtle immediately retreats into its shell.

ALICE

It's okay. I won't hurt you.

The turtle doesn't move. She touches the shell, which is streaked with RED. It's familiar. It makes Alice deeply sad.

ALICE
Was that your family in the tunnel?

After a long beat, the turtle carefully sticks its head out.

ALICE
That's it. There you go.

Alice cups the turtle in her hands, holds it up to eye level.

ALICE
We're pretty fucked, aren't we?
(a beat, then realizing)
Wait... where did you come from?

She gently releases the turtle back into the water, then scrambles for her flashlight.

She crouches down near the water level. She feels along the surface of the rock, shining her flashlight into the cracks and behind the formations jutting out of the wall.

No luck.

Alice keeps searching, looking under the water line, her flashlight beam sweeping across the shaft, then --

She stops.

Right around waist level, she sees two parallel rock formations jutting out from the wall -- almost like a pair of rock lips. At first glance, there seems to be solid rock between them, but somehow water is streaming through.

Strange.

Alice moves in closer. She reaches out to touch the space and realizes that it's not solid rock at all.

It's actually dozens of LOOSE ROCKS crammed into the crevice.

She grabs one -- pulls it loose. It falls to the ground.

She pulls out another. Then another. Slowly at first, then faster and faster -- they splash into the water below.

After a few minutes, she's removed enough rocks to try for a better look. She shines her flashlight into the cracks, around the remaining pile of rocks and that's when she sees --

A passage. Stretching into the darkness.

ALICE
Holy shit.

From the little Alice can see of it, the passage looks like it might be just big enough for her to squeeze through.

Finally, a moment of hope.

ALICE

Maybe there is a way out.

She straightens. Sets the handheld flashlight aside and switches her headlamp back on.

Then she goes to work. With purpose. Energy.

She rips the rocks out. Faster and faster.

The water continues to rise.

The passage entrance gets wider.

Her fingers start to bleed, but she doesn't care.

The turtle swims around behind her. Oblivious.

Finally, Alice stops. Panting from the exertion.

Now that the rocks have mostly been cleared, she has a better look at the opening. It's about the size of a dog door.

Alice pokes her head inside, shining her headlamp into the dark tunnel... which stretches beyond the scope of the beam.

There doesn't seem to be any water flowing through it.

Alice pulls her head out of the tunnel, then straightens. Stares at the opening. Steeling herself.

ALICE

I can do this.

The turtle swims by her. She looks down at it.

ALICE

Right?

The turtle just keeps swimming.

Alice takes a deep breath, then climbs into the opening.

INT. SMALL PASSAGE - DAY

Alice wriggles herself into the passage. It's just large enough for her to crawl on her hands and knees.

The passage itself is uneven from years of water erosion. Lined with rough rock. No stalactites in here, just knobby texture with lots of curved rock and sharp edges jutting out. It's cold and wet in here.

Alice moves slowly. Trying to control her breathing.

She makes it ten yards... then the tunnel starts to narrow.

Alice stops for a beat. Considers. Psychs herself up.

ALICE

Okay. It's fine. This is fine.

She goes down to her stomach.

Switches to an army crawl. Resumes.

She advances a few more painful yards.

Then the tunnel narrows again. *Fuck.*

Alice pauses. Takes a deep breath. Constricts herself again.

This time, she's forced to lie prone. Pancaked between the floor and the ceiling. Wedged in so tightly that she can't even lift her arms or legs. She can barely turn her head.

We'll call this section THE VICE.

It's the stuff of nightmares.

Heavy, nervous breathing as Alice tries to advance. But the passage is so tight now that the only way she can move is to dig her toes into the sharp rock and push herself forward.

ALICE

Oh my god...

Alice squeezes her eyes shut for a beat. Fighting panic.

She's fucking terrified.

After a beat, she opens her eyes again. Continues forward.

Inch by inch by inch.

Still, her headlamp beam gets lost in the darkness.

How far does this tunnel go?

Alice stops to rest. Takes a few deep breaths. Resumes.

She gains another few inches.

Stops again. Panting now. Fuck, this is exhausting.

She pushes forward with her toes again, but this time --

She doesn't move.

She tries again.

Still nothing.

Her breathing quickens. Her heart beating out of her chest.

ALICE

Stay calm... breathe.

She shuts her eyes. Tries to hang onto her composure. Tries to stay calm and control her breathing.

A beat, then she shifts her body as much as she can, trying anything she can think of to get herself unstuck. This time --

RIIIIIPPP.

Alice cries out as her back scrapes along the sharp ceiling of the passage. Ripping her wetsuit. Tearing into her skin.

But she's still stuck.

And this time, there's no Diego to help her.

ALICE

No. No, no, no, no...

She tries once more. Still no luck.

And then she panics.

Alice starts to thrash and scream. A primal, instinctive reaction to being fully stuck in a place like this.

But her range of motion is so restricted, she might as well be fighting against a straitjacket.

ALICE

AHHHHHHHH.

The more she struggles, the worse it gets. She wedges herself in even tighter, the rocks digging into her skin.

ALICE

FUUUUUUCKKK.

Finally, Alice exhausts herself. Goes still. Her face is bright red, streaked with sweat and dirt and tears.

A long, agonizing beat, then Alice finally regains control.

She takes a deep, calming breath, then tries again. This time her movements are minuscule. Precise.

She rolls a millimeter to the right. Then to the left. She keeps trying different movements. Nothing works.

Eventually, she manages to roll slightly onto her left shoulder and this sideways approach turns out to be the key.

She gets herself unstuck.

ALICE

Okay. Okay, that's it...

She carefully starts working her way back the way she came.

But moving backwards is even more difficult.

She still has to use her fingers and toes to brace herself against the rock and push.

But now she's doing it in reverse.

After what seems like an eternity, the passage starts to open up again. Alice pushes herself to her hands and knees, still going backwards... scurrying and stumbling until finally --

INT. SHAFT - CONTINUOUS

She scrambles backwards out of the opening, letting out a relieved cry as she collapses into the pool of water.

She immediately starts to hyperventilate. She leans forward and dry heaves. Crying and gasping for air at the same time.

ALICE

Oh my god, oh my god...

She leans against the wall of the shaft, which somehow seems spacious after the tunnel. Trying to catch her breath.

Alice is gutted from the failure.

She spots the turtle, now perched on a rock.

ALICE

What now?

The turtle just stares at her.

Alice looks at the entrance to the passage. It's still above the water line, but not for long. She looks at the turtle.

ALICE

It's too small. I can't fit.

The turtle just sits there. Staring at her.

Alice checks her dive watch.

49 degrees now. The temperature is dropping fast.

Alice knows she has no choice.

Pulls herself together.

INT. SHAFT - DAY

ZIIIIIPPP.

Alice peels off her WETSUIT. She's wearing only her swimsuit underneath. She immediately starts shivering.

She stuffs her wetsuit into a crevice above the water line.

Then she turns to face the passage entrance.

She stares into the darkness. Fighting her fear.

ALICE

I am not going to die in here.

She steels herself, then climbs inside.

INT. SMALL PASSAGE - DAY

Alice crawls through the passage.

She arrives at the first constriction. Once again, she goes down to her stomach and begins to army crawl forward.

She CRIES OUT in pain. Without the wetsuit to protect her, the sharp rocks scrape off her skin, drawing blood.

Alice grits her teeth. Keeps going.

She makes it to the second constriction. Pauses.

ALICE

Okay... okay.

She keeps her arms glued to her sides. Uses her toes to propel herself forward. She's pancaked between the rocks now.

Alice advances. Slowly. Painfully.

She arrives at The Vice. Pauses. This is where she got stuck.

ALICE

Okay. Easy does it.

The only way through is to turn herself sideways.

Alice rolls her body ever so slightly, takes a deep breath, then carefully pushes herself forward.

Her progress measured in inches now.

One inch.

Two inches.

She flinches as her back scrapes against the ceiling.

Three.

Four.

Her headlamp starts to flicker again. Oh god, no. She keeps going. Her light threatening to extinguish at any moment.

Five.

Six.

Alice holds her breath. Making herself as small as possible.

Seven.

Eight.

And then finally, the passage widens ever so slightly.

She fucking made it. A small, but vital victory.

ALICE

Yes!!!

She taps her headlamp and it stops flickering. Returns to full capacity.

Buoyed by her success, Alice resumes.

Finally, the passage widens enough for her to army crawl.

She advances several more yards.

But there's still no sign of an exit. *Is this a dead end?*

She contorts her neck to look behind her.

Alice agonizes. *Should I keep going?*

Just when she's considering whether to turn back --

She feels a puff of air on her face. Almost imperceptible, but unmistakable.

A breeze. Alice lets out a stunned yelp.

ALICE

Wind.

With renewed energy, she continues to crawl forward.

Inch by painful inch.

Finally, her headlight beam lands on an OPENING --

The end of the tunnel.

She worms her way toward it.

Closer and closer and closer, until finally --

She makes it to the opening.

And her face immediately falls.

The opening itself is narrow, but theoretically large enough for her to wriggle through, except --

It's blocked by a LARGE STALAGMITE growing up from the floor.

Imagine a triangle of rock in the middle of a circle.

ALICE

Shit.

She leans around the stalagmite, using her headlamp to glimpse what's on the other side.

A CHAMBER

Spacious, with a current of water rushing through it.

Holy shit. Alice yells into the chamber.

ALICE

Hello! Hello, can anyone hear me?!
Diego?! Anyone?! Hello?!!

Silence.

Alice reaches out, testing the stalagmite.

She wraps her hands around the pointed top of the stalagmite, awkwardly tries to brace herself, then pulls.

It doesn't budge.

She strains again. Yelling from the effort.

This time, her fingers slide right off the slippery rock --

She almost hits herself in the face. *Shit*.

Next, she braces her palms against the pointed tip. Pushes.

ALICE

Come on, come on... please.

The stalagmite doesn't budge.

ALICE

Come on...

She pushes harder. More hysterical now.

But it's no use. That rock isn't going anywhere.

ALICE

Fuck!

Finally, Alice drops her arms. Completely devastated.

The path to freedom is right there, but she can't reach it.

After all that, she's no better off than she was before.

She drops her head, laying her cheek on the cold floor.

Stares vacantly at the wall. Gutted.

She stays like that for a long time.

Finally, she starts to slowly move backwards.

INT. SHAFT - DAY

Alice is back in the shaft, standing in the pool of water.

It's up to her waist now.

She winces in pain as she doctors the assortment of cuts and scrapes she acquired in the tunnel.

She doesn't have supplies, so all she can really do is use the wetsuit to try and wipe the blood and clean out the dirt.

When she finishes, she surveys her work.

ALICE

I guess that's better than
nothing... maybe.

Alice pulls her wetsuit back on. Gritting her teeth against
the pain as the suit digs into her cuts.

Her breath is now coming out in visible puffs of air.

She checks the temperature.

45 degrees.

Alice tries to sit down, but the water is too high.

She's forced to lean against a rock formation for support.

It's awkward. Uncomfortable.

Alice drops her head. Exhausted.

She fights sleep, but hypothermia is starting to creep in.

Finally, her eyes slide shut.

INT. SHAFT - DAY

SPLASH!

Alice wakes with a start. Realizes she fell asleep and then
fell into the water.

She clumsily splashes around. Heart racing.

She grabs for a hold on the wall to pull herself up --

But instead, a PIECE OF ROCK crumbles in her hand.

Knocking her right back into the water.

ALICE

Shit!

She stands up again. Still holding the rock.

She's about to toss it away -- then she stops.

She stares at the piece of rock for a long time. Thinking.

ALICE

Limestone... the cave is limestone.

Alice laughs. She's realized something. She hugs the wall of the cave, pressing her cheek against it.

ALICE
(shouting, joyous)
You beautiful fucking limestone!

INT. SHAFT - DAY

Alice rummages through her supplies.

She pulls out her DIVE KNIFE. Studies it.

Tests the blade by pricking her finger.

A drop of blood appears. Alice nods in satisfaction.

ALICE
Good.

She sets the knife aside, starts to run her hands along the wall of the shaft, then pulls out a LOOSE ROCK.

ALICE
Too big.

She tosses it aside and keeps looking. Testing several other rocks in the same way. Tossing each one aside.

Finally, she finds a FLAT ROCK about the size of her hand.

ALICE
You'll do.

INT. SMALL PASSAGE - DAY

Alice crawls back through the passage. No wetsuit.

She's strapped the dive knife around her bare leg. She clutches the flat rock in one hand.

It's as dark and claustrophobic and awful as ever, but Alice is focused. On a mission.

She arrives at the stalagmite at the opening to the chamber. Reaches for the knife strapped to her leg.

Next, she contorts her arms out in front of her.

One hand holds her knife, the other holds the flat rock.

She raises her arms, awkwardly maneuvering to get the tip of the blade right at the top of the stalagmite.

The space is restrictive, making all of her movements difficult. Finally she gets the knife in the right position.

ALICE

Okay... here we go.

With one hand, she holds the knife in place. With the other, she takes the flat rock and gently taps the knife handle.

A makeshift chisel.

Nothing happens.

Alice tries again. With more force this time.

Still nothing.

She hits the knife again. And again. Until finally --

The smallest chip of limestone breaks off.

It's not much, but to Alice, it's everything.

She stares. Can't quite believe it.

ALICE

It worked.

She tears up. Finally, a glimmer of hope.

A series of QUICK CUTS as she goes to work:

- Chip, chip, chip. Alice hammers away at the stalagmite. The process is slow and difficult. It's hard to tell if she's making any progress at all. She stops, flexes her hand.

- Back in the SHAFT, Alice takes a small hit from one of her energy gels. The turtle swims around behind her.

- Alice crawls back through the muddy PASSAGE. Water is starting to flow through it now.

- Chip, chip, chip. At the STALAGMITE, Alice stops. Considers her work. She's managed to break off the very top piece of the stalagmite. She examines her hands. They're now battered and bloody. She wipes them off as best she can. Continues.

INT. SMALL PASSAGE - LATER

Chip, chip, chip.

The water in the tunnel continues to rise. Forcing Alice to arch her neck to keep her head above water as she works.

She takes a breath, swallows a mouthful of water instead. Chokes. Spits.

She's totally spent. Shivering. Out of breath.

But she's still at it.

It's painful, awful work.

She stops hammering, takes a beat to consider.

She's made progress, but not enough. The top of the stalagmite has been chipped away, but the opening is nowhere near large enough for her to get through.

ALICE

Shit.

She raises her rock to hit the knife again, when suddenly --

WHOOOOSH.

Water races through the tunnel, like a powerful wave.

Sudden. Violent.

Filling the tunnel almost completely.

It slams Alice face first into the stalagmite -- knocking her underwater -- pinning her up against the rock.

The knife flies out of her hand.

Alice flails -- struggling against the current --

Fighting to get her head above water.

She surfaces. Gasping for air. She takes a few mouthfuls --

Then she's yanked under again.

The current is relentless, turning the water inside the passage into a wildly rushing river.

It cascades out through the small opening to the chamber.

Alice pokes her head up again. Takes huge gulps of air.

Suddenly realizes she's no longer holding her knife. *Fuck.*

She holds her breath. Dives.

Frantically feels around the floor of the cave.

No luck.

She surfaces again. Goes back under.

Finally finds the knife. Clutches it tightly.

Starts to scoot backwards as fast as she can.

Her neck arched to keep her mouth and nose above the water --

Which is now only TWO INCHES from the ceiling.

Her headlamp starts flickering again -- this time it blinks on and off, sending Alice in and out of terrifying blindness.

Every few breaths, Alice inhales water. But she can't go any faster because this passage is as tight as ever.

She makes it to THE VICE.

But this time, she's so focused on trying to outrun the water that she forgets to focus on her movement.

She's moving too quickly, forgets to turn sideways and --

She gets stuck. Oh fuck.

Alice desperately tries to wriggle free.

Tries to focus on her breathing, but the water's too high --

She swallows a mouthful of water instead.

Alice coughs. Lungs burning as she fights for air.

Oh fuck, oh fuck.

The water continues to pummel her.

She's hysterical. Taking big gulps of air as she wildly thrashes from side to side.

Then suddenly, she stops.

Goes completely still.

A mix of resignation and horror in her eyes as she realizes --

I'm going to die here.

She tears up and her whole body relaxes.

And that's the key.

Despite the roaring current, she's able to shift ever so slightly and squeeze through The Vice.

Relieved, Alice keeps scrambling backwards. Half crawling, half swimming. Always pushing against the current.

Every inch is a fight to keep her head above water.

Finally, she makes it to the entrance -- the intense water pressure spitting her out into --

INT. SHAFT - CONTINUOUS

Which is now also a raging whirlpool.

Gasping for air, Alice flails -- trying to keep her head above water -- trying to stand, but she can't --

The current tosses her around like a rag doll --

Alice SCREAMS as she's yanked underwater and slammed into the walls -- it's like she's caught in a washing machine.

She surfaces, gasping for air -- only able to take one quick breath before she's yanked under again.

Alice pops her head above water -- weakly, this time -- she's exhausted -- she doesn't have much fight left in her --

And then suddenly, out of nowhere --

The water calms. Returns to its normal rate of flow.

Panting, Alice is finally able to stand up.

Finds herself chest deep in water.

She takes a moment to catch her breath.

ALICE

What the hell...

She looks up. The turtle has found a safe perch higher up.

He looks down at Alice. She spins around. Puzzled.

ALICE

(realizing)

Must've been a flash flood.

She spots her DIVE SLATE floating nearby.

ALICE

Shit.

She spins around -- realizes that the flash flood has displaced her gear. Half of it is floating, half is missing.

ALICE
No. No, no...

She starts fishing her supplies out of the water. Haphazardly wedging them into crevices still above the water line.

Finally, Alice finishes. Catches her breath.

ALICE
Okay... we're okay.

She takes a deep breath to steady herself, then turns to examine the passage entrance --

Which is now completely submerged. She can't even see it.

Alice wades toward it, holds her breath, then drops underwater for a look. The water seems to be calmer in there too, but there are certainly no more air pockets.

She surfaces. Looks around the flooding shaft. Thinks.

INT. SHAFT - MOMENTS LATER

Alice braces her OXYGEN TANK on a ledge above the water line. She checks the gauges, then calibrates the sensor with her DIVE WATCH. The display flickers to life.

OXYGEN REMAINING: 38%.

Her face falls. Not as much as she'd like.

She looks up at the turtle, still on its perch.

ALICE
I'll have to move fast.

A series of QUICK CUTS as Alice prepares to dive:

- She rinses out her ORANGE SCUBA MASK.
- Alice secures the tank to her back harness, then tries it on. She shakes her head. *This won't work.*
- Alice unspools rope from her dive reel. She ties one end to the nozzle of the oxygen tank and ties the other end around her wrist.
- She attaches one end of the HOSE to her mask and the other to her oxygen tank. But when she opens the valve to test it --

WHOOOSH.

Air hisses from the hose. Alice frowns.

She takes off her scuba mask. Examines the hose.

Running her fingers up and down until she discovers --

A RIP.

So tiny you wouldn't see it unless you were looking for it.

ALICE
Seriously???

Alice looks up at the ceiling. Screams to no one.

ALICE
What in the actual fuck!!!

The turtle stares at her.

The water continues to rise around her.

Alice squeezes her eyes shut. Takes a few deep breaths.

ALICE
Come on, Alice... think. Think.

A beat. She looks around.

Sees her wetsuit stuffed into a crevice above the water line.

Lightbulb.

INT. SHAFT - DAY

Alice is performing surgery on her wetsuit. Her hands are heavy from the cold. Her fingers numb.

Working by the light of her headlamp, Alice lays the wetsuit out as best she can, then focuses on the COLLAR, which is ringed with STICKY BLACK DIVE TAPE -- the tape acts as a seal to prevent water from getting into the suit.

Using her dive knife, Alice carefully starts to cut the tape free, but cutting through neoprene is tricky. As she slices through it, Alice leaves a jagged trail along the neckline.

Suddenly, she's overcome by an involuntary, violent bout of shivering. So jarring that she almost drops the knife. When it finally subsides, she checks her watch.

41 degrees now.

ALICE
(mumbling)
That's not good.

She goes back to work. Finally, she cuts the collar free. Now she's left with a CIRCULAR PIECE OF DIVE TAPE.

Alice slices the tape into smaller pieces.

Once that's done, she goes to work wrapping the pieces of tape around the rip in her hose.

Next, Alice reconnects the hose to the mask and the tank.

She turns on the valve to the oxygen tank --

The hiss of air flowing as it turns on.

Alice takes a careful breath through her mask -- testing it.

She consults her dive watch -- so far, so good.

So she opens the valve a little more -- the air hissing --

WHOOOOSH.

This time, the tape doesn't hold -- the pressure is so intense, the air seeps out around the edges.

Frustrated, Alice shuts off the valve, pulls off her mask.

ALICE
I need you to work.

Alice goes back to the wetsuit. This time, she cuts the DIVE TAPE from around the wrists.

Then she repeats the whole process again. Cut the tape into smaller pieces. Wrap them around the hose. Gear up to test.

Once she's masked up again, Alice opens the valve.

The air starts to flow.

The tape holds.

Alice increases the pressure.

And this time, the tape still holds.

She looks at her dive watch -- everything looks good.

She turns off the tank, then rips off the mask. She pumps her fists in the air. Does a bizarre victory dance.

ALICE
That's what I'm talking about!

She pulls out her Camelbak, holds it up toward the turtle as if she's toasting.

ALICE
To not being dead yet.

She takes the tiniest drink. A reward for her success.

UNDERWATER

Now geared up again, Alice sinks into frame.

She's holding the oxygen tank like a football. Securing it with the nylon rope tied around her wrist.

She swims into the tunnel, disappearing into the darkness.

INT. SMALL PASSAGE - DAY

Alice hugs the oxygen tank as she half swims, half crawls through the more open part of the passage.

She stops. Glances down at her watch.

OXYGEN REMAINING: 37%.

The tape is holding so far.

INT. SMALL PASSAGE - DAY

Alice continues on through the passage. Dragging the oxygen tank behind her. She's almost to The Vice.

She checks her watch again.

OXYGEN REMAINING: 36%.

Good.

Alice stretches out her arms, repositioning the oxygen tank in front of her. She starts pushing it through the passage.

INT. SMALL PASSAGE - DAY

Alice keeps crawling through the flooded passage.

She's tired and her bare flesh is covered with cuts and bruises -- every time she moves, her flesh scrapes against the rock -- sending a jolt of pain through her body.

The pain makes her breath come faster. Her watch flashes:

WARNING: OXYGEN DROPPING. WARNING: OXYGEN DROPPING.

She stops.

Tries to master the pain and stabilize her breathing. She can't afford to burn through oxygen.

The alarm stops flashing. She checks the display.

OXYGEN REMAINING: 33%.

She starts moving again.

INT. SMALL PASSAGE - DAY

Chip, chip, chip.

Alice is back at work on the stalagmite.

Chip, chip, chip.

She stops. Flexes her hand.

Chip, chip, chip.

This is even more difficult underwater.

Chip, chip --

A large chunk of limestone suddenly breaks off.

Alice stops. Stunned.

She sets aside her tools, swims up toward the opening --

It's not quite large enough for her to squeeze through, but she's able to crane her neck and see deeper into the chamber.

ALICE'S POV:

The beam from her HEADLAMP sweeps across the chamber.

Twenty meters wide. Stalactites jutting out of the ceiling.

Mostly flooded, but not completely.

There's a sliver of an air pocket near the top.

Suddenly, Alice's beam STOPS.

CLOSE ON ALICE

Looking through her scuba mask.

Eyes filling with tears as she sees --

LIGHT.

Not from her lamp.

Daylight. From the outside. Shining into the cave.

A surface opening.

It's an exit.

Alice makes an excited gurgling sound through her mask.

She pulls her head back into the passage.

Resumes chipping away at the stalagmite. Now with a sense of renewed energy and purpose. *This just might work.*

Chip, chip, chip.

Nothing happens.

Chip, chip, chip.

Still nothing.

Chip, chip, chip.

Another tiny piece breaks off.

Alice stops to catch her breath. She stretches her fingers. Rolls her stiff neck from side to side.

She goes back to her work.

Chip, chip --

The knife slides off the rock. *Shit.*

She tries again.

Chip, chip --

Same thing.

Alice examines the knife in the beam of her headlamp. It's dull and mangled -- the limestone has worn it down.

She frowns. Frustrated.

She thinks for a beat, then starts moving backwards.

INT. SHAFT - DAY

Alice sweeps her knife across a large rock jutting out from the wall. She's sharpening her blade.

The water is to her shoulders now, forcing her to awkwardly hold the knife and rock up above the water line as she works.

Alice takes a break. Flexes her numb fingers. Her hand is shaking. She checks the temperature on her watch.

Down to 38 degrees now.

She grits her teeth, goes to sweep the knife again --

But then her headlamp goes out. Plunging her into darkness.

ALICE (O.S.)

Shit.

A rustling in the dark as she fumbles with it -- finally, it comes back on. But the beam is fainter now -- it won't last much longer.

Alice returns to the knife.

A few more sweeps, then finally, she's satisfied.

Alice slides her knife into the sheath, then reaches up to rummage through her supplies.

She pulls out the Camelbak, takes a small sip. Swishes it around in her mouth to prolong it. Finally swallows.

She closes up the Camelback and puts it back.

Alice is reaching for her dive gear, when --

She feels something brush against her leg.

She ignores it. Assumes it's the turtle.

She continues to assemble her gear. Mask. Hose. Tank.

Then she sees something out of the corner of her eye --

The turtle is perched on a ledge just above her.

Alice frowns. If the turtle's not down there, then what --

A CREATURE EXPLODES OUT OF THE WATER.

Four feet long. Two rows of razor sharp teeth. Orange and white spots. Looks like a giant snake, but it's not.

It's a DRAGON EEL.

Alice is too stunned to scream as --

The eel flies through the air -- Alice instinctively ducks --

The creature's teeth passing just inches from her face --

The momentum sends the eel crashing into the wall --

Knocking the turtle off the ledge, sending it ricocheting down the wall as --

Alice finally SCREAMS. Springs into action --

There's nowhere to go and she's neck deep in water --

She has to get higher.

She tries to scramble up the wall of the shaft -- grasping at anything -- she makes it a couple of feet, then --

Loses her grip.

Plunging into the water below --

UNDERWATER

Silent. Dark. Violent.

Alice opens her eyes, spins just in time to see --

A blur of orange -- moving so fast she can barely see it --

The eel.

Open jaws coming right for her --

Alice screams, the sound swallowed up by the water.

She dives -- kicking up at the creature --

The eel misses again.

But there's nowhere for Alice to go --

The creature is back on her in a flash --

Those huge fucking teeth again -- coming right at her --

Alice tries to go up this time -- finding her feet, pushing off the floor of the shaft to launch herself up --

BACK ABOVE WATER

She gasps -- taking huge gulps of air -- coughing out water --
Scrambling to gain any kind of foothold in the shaft --
This time she does.

She shimmies up the rock wall -- panting, desperate --
She's managed to pull herself almost out of the water when --
THE EEL LAUNCHES AGAIN.

It's spiky teeth latching onto Alice's leg.

Alice SCREAMS.

Loses her grip and plunges back into the water.

UNDERWATER

A foam of red.

The eel is still hanging on -- teeth dug into her leg --
Alice frantically kicking -- trying to shake it loose --
It's all a blur of blood and visceral motion.

Alice manages to kick it free -- surfaces again --

Gasps for air -- screaming in pain --

Eyes frantically searching -- thinking fast --

She grabs her oxygen tank that's wedged into a crevice --

PLUNGES UNDERWATER

The eel passing by in a blur -- whole body slithering and
flailing in fast motion -- ricocheting off the walls --

It's trapped and angry.

ON ALICE

Swinging the tank at the eel --

She misses -- slams the tank into the wall instead --

The eel spins, coming for her yet again -- mouth open wide --
Alice doesn't flinch -- waits until the very last second --

SLAMS THE TANK INTO THE EEL'S HEAD.

The force of the blow knocking the eel away --
She surfaces again -- gasping for air -- tank raised --
The eel follows -- launches out of the water again -- injured
but still alive --
Alice YELLS. Primal. Angry as she --
Charges the eel -- tank raised in one hand --
The other hand darting out for the creature's body -- driving
it into the wall of the shaft and pinning it there --
The eel flails wildly -- trying to get free as Alice --
SLAMS THE TANK INTO ITS HEAD.
The eel writhes as she hits it --
Again. And again and again.
Smashing the eel's guts into the wall of the cave --
Crying. Screaming. Panting.
Pulverizing the eel until she's sure it's dead.
Finally, she stops. Releases the eel into the water below.
Lets go of her tank.
Taking huge gulps of air.
Still up to her neck in water -- now a swirl of red.
It takes her a minute, but she finally catches her breath --
Winces.
Now that the adrenaline is starting to wear off, she's
becoming very aware of the pain in her leg.
But she can't get a good look at it.
The water's too deep.
Alice looks around. Considering. She has to get higher.
She starts to climb. Slowly. Awkwardly.
Each step sends a stab of pain through her injured leg.

Finally, she gets high enough to pull her leg out of the water -- her whole body shaking from the exertion and the pain -- she tries to brace against the wall --

And immediately slips and falls back into the water.

She surfaces. Angry. Frustrated. In so much pain.

Taking big gulps of air, she looks around. Thinks.

INT. SHAFT - DAY

Alice holds a strip of rope from the dive reel in her teeth. Her dive harness is wrapped around one of her arms.

She climbs back above the water line.

So slowly. So fucking painfully.

Finally, she makes it to the top of the shaft.

Runs her fingers along the craggy rock until --

She finally finds what she's looking for.

A PROTRUDING ROCK right below the ceiling.

She ties one end of the rope around it, then loops it through her dive harness several times. Ties it off.

A makeshift sling.

She pulls. Testing it.

The sling holds.

She breathes a sigh of relief.

INT. SHAFT - DAY

Alice has hoisted herself up into the sling. Her torso is clear, but her legs are dangling in the water.

She awkwardly stretches her hurt leg out on a small ledge.

This is not a comfortable position.

But it's enough for Alice to get a look at her injury.

Flesh torn off. Blood pouring. Cartilage peeking out.

Alice turns away. Chokes back vomit.

ALICE
Oh shit... oh my God...

Hands shaking, she reaches down. Carefully touches it --
HOWLS IN PAIN.

ALICE
Fuck. Fuck, fuck...

She leans her head back against the wall -- tears pooling.

She closes her eyes. Fights them back. In agony.

Finally, she opens them again.

Looks around. Thinks.

She reaches for her tattered WETSUIT, still stuffed into a high crevice. She pulls out her DIVE KNIFE.

Gritting her teeth against the pain, she goes to work.

Blood pours from her leg as she hacks through the suit.

She stops to rest. Lightheaded from the pain and blood loss.

Wills herself to resume.

Keeps slicing at the suit until she's holding --

A LARGE STRIP of the neoprene.

She holds it up. Satisfied.

She stuffs what's left of the suit back into the crevice.

Sets the knife aside.

Takes a deep breath. Steeling herself.

ALICE
Okay... okay. One... two... three --

On three, she wraps the strip of neoprene around her leg --
SCREAMS.

The pain so intense it takes her breath away.

But she's not done yet.

She blinks back tears. Takes a deep breath.

Wraps it around once more. Screams again.

ALICE
AHHHHHH. FUCK.

This time, she cinches it tightly.

Hot tears rolling down her cheeks from the pain.

Blood oozing out from around the neoprene as she knots it.

A makeshift tourniquet.

Breathless, Alice examines her work. It's messy, but it will have to do.

She leans her head back. Exhausted.

Reeling from the trauma and hypothermia and pain.

Her eyes get heavy. Start to close. A long beat, then --

Her head snaps up.

ALICE
No... can't do that.

She steels herself. Lowers herself back into the water --

SCREAMS in pain when the water touches her injured leg.

She tries to stand up, but discovers that she can't touch.

The water is over her head now.

She's forced to tread water.

She fights the panic. Takes a deep breath.

She's paddling toward her dive gear when she spots --

The turtle.

Wedged into a crevice. Tucked into its shell.

It's not moving.

ALICE
Shit.

She splashes toward the turtle. Carefully picks it up.

The turtle's shell is badly cracked in multiple places.

She tries to coax the turtle out.

ALICE
Hey come on... please come out.

Alice tears up.

ALICE
Come on... please.
(gutted)
I don't want to be alone. Please.

After a few long beats, the turtle slowly pokes its head out of the shell. It's an effort. Relief washes over Alice.

ALICE
There you go... that's it.

Alice thinks for a beat, then we HARD CUT TO:

INT. SHAFT - DAY

Alice hangs in her sling, the turtle on her lap. She's in the process of cutting more dive tape off her wetsuit.

Her movements are clumsy. Her hands shaking.

Alice manages to rip it into small pieces, then places the strips on the cracks in the turtle's shell.

ALICE
That's it... there we go.

After a beat, the turtle pokes its head out.

ALICE
There you are... it's gonna be
okay. You're gonna be okay. Okay?

The turtle vanishes back into its shell. Alice carefully sets it back on a high ledge.

Trembling from exhaustion and pain, she examines her wound. The tourniquet is holding, but her leg is turning blue. *Shit.*

ALICE
Come on, Alice.

Bracing, Alice takes a deep breath.

UNDERWATER

Alice drops toward the bottom of the shaft.

The oxygen tank has fallen to the ground.

Alice retrieves it. Swims back up.

INT. CAVE SHAFT - CONTINUOUS

Alice surfaces. Since the water is too deep for her to stand, she's forced to awkwardly loop one arm through her makeshift sling for balance, while using the other arm to gear up.

She connects her mask to the hose. Hose to tank.

Once that's done, Alice pulls on her mask.

She moves to open the valve on her oxygen tank --

But it's already open.

What?!

Alice's heart starts racing as she turns the valve off, then back on again. She takes a deep breath through her mask --

There's no air flow. *Oh shit.*

She rips off her mask. Consults her dive watch.

OXYGEN REMAINING: 0%.

ALICE
No... no, no, no...

Fully panicking now, she tries everything she can think of to fix it. Resets her dive watch. Unscrews the hose. Unscrews the mask. Reattaches everything. Nothing works.

Alice is frantic now. She spins around the shaft... searching for some kind of answer until she sees --

The dead eel. Floating on the surface.

And that's when it hits her.

FLASHES OF ALICE'S FIGHT WITH THE EEL:

Alice grabbing the oxygen tank -- swinging it at the eel.

The eel flying at her -- jaws open wide.

Alice slamming the oxygen tank into the wall of the cave.

Not realizing at the time that she knocked the valve open.

CLOSE ON ALICE

Horror in her eyes as she realizes what's happened.

ALICE
(gutted)
No.

She's out of oxygen.

Fuck. Fuck, fuck, fuck.

The ramifications of this hit Alice like a freight train.

Devastated, she allows herself to sink slowly --

UNDERWATER

Her eyes open and vacant as she drops to the bottom.

She goes limp. Making no effort at all. Just floating.

She's motionless for a long time.

INT. SHAFT - DAY

Alice hangs in the harness. Shivering. Slumped against the wall. Her wetsuit is too mutilated to put on, so she's resorted to wrapping it around her shoulders like a blanket.

She's brought the turtle up too. Placed it on a ledge next to her. It's not moving much either.

She looks at her watch.

32 degrees now. Fuck.

Alice fumbles with her Camelbak.

Puts the straw between her trembling lips --

Nothing comes out.

She pulls out the straw. Turns the Camelbak upside down.

No luck. It's completely dry.

Alice just stares at it for a long beat. Too tired and beaten down to even have much of a reaction.

INT. SHAFT - DAY

Her face has lost all its color. Her lips are blue. Her teeth chattering. She can't seem to stop shivering.

A deadly combination of hypothermia and blood loss.

Her eyes are getting heavy. They start to close --

ALICE

No... don't...

She fights like hell to stay awake.

INT. SHAFT - LATER

Scrape, scrape, scrape.

Alice concentrates. Her breathing ragged and shallow.

She's declining rapidly.

Using her knife to slowly carve a message into the wall --

I'M SORRY J...

Scrape, scrape, scrape.

I'M SORRY JA...

Alice stops to rest. Every movement is an effort.

Even up in the harness, the water is at her chest now.

She holds up the knife. Stares at it. Thinks.

She presses the tip of the blade against her wrist. Testing.

We understand what she's considering.

A DROPLET OF BLOOD emerges. Alice doesn't even wince. She just watches curiously. Like it's a science experiment.

She presses harder. But the knife is dull now. Even if she could go through with it, it wouldn't get the job done.

She goes back to carving her message.

Scrape, scrape, scrape.

I'M SORRY JAS...

She's about to start the O, when suddenly --

The knife slips out of her hands. Plunging into the water.

Alice watches it fall. Oddly impassive.

ALICE

Oh.

She leans her head back against the wall.

Finally, she can't fight sleep any longer.

She closes her eyes.

OVER BLACK

The sound of water flowing into the shaft.

A RUSTLING sound, like someone stirring.

Slow, shallow breathing.

Darkness. Then a clicking sound. Over and over.

Alice is trying to turn on her headlamp.

ALICE (O.S.)
What the hell...

More rustling in the darkness. Finally, a LIGHT CLICKS ON.

REVEAL ALICE

Now holding her handheld flashlight.

The beam is dull. Less powerful than the headlamp.

She pulls off her headlamp. Taps it a few times.

This time, it doesn't work. The light is dead.

Alice just stares at it. Too defeated to care much.

She's about to turn off the flashlight when she spots --

A FLASH OF SILVER floating in the water.

Alice frowns. *What the hell is that?*

She looks at it for a long beat -- it's unclear if she has the energy to investigate further.

Finally, she leans forward, clumsily tries to snatch it out of the water, but it's just out of her reach.

She fumbles with her harness. Releases herself.

Splashes toward it. Now that she's closer she realizes it's --

A familiar necklace.

A silver chain with three charms. Ear. Heart. Saint.

Alice is so out of it that it takes a beat to register.

ALICE
Diego.

She tries to pull it out of the water, but --
It doesn't budge. Like it's snagged on something. Strange.
Alice thinks. Her reactions are all much slower now.
Finally, she takes a deep breath, then sinks slowly --

UNDERWATER

Where her headlamp illuminates --

Diego's face. Dead eyes open and staring.

Alice SCREAMS. Shooting out a spray of bubbles.

She immediately surfaces. Freaking the hell out.

She tries to scramble away, to put distance between herself and his dead body... but there's nowhere to go.

ALICE
What the fuck.... oh my god...

She presses up against the wall of the cave. Cries.

She stays there for a long moment. Finally pulls it together.

ALICE
Okay... okay.

Once she's regained some kind of composure, she turns back.

The necklace is still floating on the surface.

Alice wills herself to move back toward it.

ALICE
Okay.

She drops back into the water.

Tries to avoid looking into Diego's lifeless eyes. The GoPro is still attached to his head. The chain is around his neck.

She takes a closer look at the situation.

The water pressure has shifted the rocks in the collapsed tunnel -- pushing some out of the entrance completely.

Diego's torso is free, but the lower half of his body is still pinned inside the tunnel.

Alice surfaces. Takes a breath. Dives again.

This time, she examines the entrance to the collapsed tunnel.

She tests a few of the rocks. Tries to pull them free.

A couple of smaller ones come loose, but mostly, they've contracted to fill the space around Diego's body.

She surfaces again. Discouraged. She's about to climb back into her harness, when suddenly, an idea occurs to her.

Another deep breath.

Back underwater, Alice maneuvers herself around Diego's body.

Gingerly reaches to turn the DIVE WATCH on his wrist.

But the watch is cracked. The display dark.

Alice releases his wrist. Eyes the OXYGEN TANK still strapped to his back. She carefully removes it, then swims up.

Back above water, Alice climbs back into her harness.

She fumbles with the tank. Examines the manual sensor.

OXYGEN REMAINING: 6%

Her face falls.

ALICE
Six percent.

It's not nearly enough.

She leans her head back against the wall. Exhausted.

Hating herself for getting her hopes up.

ALICE
Stupid. Stupid, stupid Alice.

She stares at the ceiling for a long time. Closes her eyes.

INT. SHAFT - DAY

Alice hangs in the harness, awkwardly pitched forward.

She's slipping in and out of consciousness.

Head dangling so close to the water line that she opens her mouth to breathe and inhales a mouthful of water instead.

She jerks her head up, sputtering and coughing.

Once her coughing fit subsides, Alice leans back again.

Rests her head against the wall.

Her eyes are just starting to close again when she sees --

The turtle.

No longer on the ledge.

It's bobbing upside down in the water.

Head and limbs outside its shell.

ALICE

No...

Alice clumsily reaches to scoop it out of the water.

ALICE

No, no, no, no...

The turtle's arms and leg are limp. Its head flopped down.

ALICE

Please, no... don't leave me...

Hand shaking, she gently touches its shell, still patched up with tape. Alice is devastated.

ALICE

Please.

The turtle doesn't stir.

Frozen forever in quiet death.

And this, finally, is what breaks Alice. She wails. Screams. Cries. After fighting so hard and enduring so much, this is complete and utter despair. The terror of knowing that she's going to die alone here in this cold, awful place.

ALICE

Oh god, oh god, oh god...

Eventually, she exhausts herself and the sobbing stops. She slumps in her harness. Leans against the wall. Defeated.

CLOSE ON A VIDEO SCREEN

Shaky. Tilted up toward the familiar waterfall. A much happier version of Alice stands high above. This is Diego's GoPro footage from the scene we saw earlier.

DIEGO (O.S.)
You can do this!

The camera goes back up to Alice. She leaps off the cliff, screaming all the way down. Lands in the water with a splash.

The footage speeds up in a blur -- the shots from inside the cave -- Alice waving at Diego -- then it goes black.

REVEAL ALICE

In the shaft. Fiddling with the GoPro. We'll notice that she's wearing Diego's necklace now.

She's sitting in her sling, now almost completely submerged.

But Alice doesn't look scared anymore. She looks resigned.

She presses a button on the GoPro.

GOPRO'S POV

Alice frames herself in selfie mode. Records a final message. She tries to put on a brave face, but each word is an effort.

ALICE
This is Alice Patton. I live in Fairmont, Ohio. I'm in a cave near Tulum... I don't know what it's called. I was diving with a local. Diego. A tunnel collapsed and I'm... uh, now I'm trapped.
(choking back emotion)
No one's coming.

She swings the camera around the shaft to show her situation.

ALICE
The water's been rising for a while now... I probably only have a few minutes left and I uh... I'm not doing so well... I'm losing blood. My body temperature is dropping... everything just... hurts.

She closes her eyes for a beat. Exhausted. Opens them again.

ALICE
If anyone finds this, please get it to Jason... my husband...
(MORE)

ALICE (CONT'D)
(chokes back tears)
Jason, I'm sorry... for all of
this. You were right... I was
running. Chasing... something. I
don't even know what. I guess I
just... I just thought my life
would turn out different somehow...

She looks away. Blinks back tears. Wipes them away. Resumes.

ALICE
I was unhappy... afraid. I blamed
you. I'm sorry.
(can barely get it out)
I love you... so much.

She shuts it off. CAMERA BLACKS OUT.

ON ALICE

Leaning back. Completely spent. Her neck craned. Her mouth
and nose only inches above the water.

She closes her eyes. Prays that it will end soon.

Shuts off the flashlight, then passes out.

Plunging us back into darkness.

A long beat.

Time seems to stop completely until:

DIEGO (O.S.)
Alice. Alice, wake up. Alice.

A stirring in the dark. Then CLICK.

INT. SHAFT - DAY

Alice struggles to open her eyes. Fumbles with the
flashlight. So close to dying that she barely reacts when the
shaky beam lands on --

Diego.

Alive and well. Looking at her intently.

Alice finds herself sitting across from him in the cramped
shaft. But it's not flooded anymore. It's completely dry.

Alice stares at Diego. He stares back.

DIEGO
You're wearing my necklace.

ALICE
(flatly)
You're not real. You died.

DIEGO
Yes. That was unfortunate.
(re: the shaft)
You don't seem so good either.

Alice shuts her eyes. Leans back.

ALICE
It's almost over now.

DIEGO
I can see that. Looks like you've
got... hypothermia? Blood loss?

ALICE
(pointed, re: Diego)
... hallucinations.

DIEGO
So you've given up.

Alice looks away. Doesn't respond.

DIEGO
I always heard that drowning was
one hell of a way to go. Not as
peaceful as you'd hope.

ALICE
(no shit)
Why are you here?

DIEGO
You tell me. Maybe you're not ready
to die just yet.

They're both silent for a beat.

ALICE
The tunnel we came through is
collapsed. I found a smaller
passage, but it's blocked too.

DIEGO
Okay.

ALICE

I tried to clear it... but I used
up all my oxygen.

DIEGO

You have my tank now.

ALICE

It only has six percent left. Six
percent will barely get me through
the tunnel.

DIEGO

Maybe that's all you need to do.

ALICE

Stop being so fucking cryptic.

DIEGO

I'm in your head.

Alice leans her head back. Frustrated. Shuts the light off.

Darkness.

A long beat, then she turns it back on.

Diego is still there. He smiles. Alice is annoyed.

DIEGO

See? You do have resources.

ALICE

A flashlight isn't going to keep me
from drowning.

Diego considers her for a beat.

DIEGO

How long have you been diving?

ALICE

What?

DIEGO

A year? Five years? Ten years?

A long beat. Diego waits. Finally, Alice gives in.

ALICE

Three years.

DIEGO

Okay. Three years. Day one, what's the first thing they teach you?

ALICE

I can't remember...

Alice is getting tired. Her eyes start to close.

DIEGO

Alice.

ALICE

Oxygen tanks... they teach you about oxygen tanks.

DIEGO

How to fill them.

ALICE

Yes.

DIEGO

How to monitor them.

ALICE

Yes.

DIEGO

And what else?

Alice starts to nod off again. She mumbles a response.

ALICE

I don't know...

DIEGO

Alice. What else?

ALICE

They teach you how to... umm... how to keep them from exploding...

Suddenly, she lifts her head. Diego smiles.

DIEGO

That's right.

Alice stares at him for a long beat. She understands now.

ALICE

It won't work.

DIEGO

It might.

ALICE

But if it doesn't...

... it will kill me.

DIEGO

(yes, but)

Alice? Look around you.

As he says that, water starts to pour in again. Quickly filling the shaft -- an accelerated version of the slow rise we've been watching. It's heightened. Surreal.

Alice looks at the water. Knows he's right. Knows she has no choice. Grief-stricken, she turns back to Diego.

ALICE

I'm sorry, Diego.

DIEGO

Yeah. Me too.

Tears roll down Alice's cheeks.

DIEGO

Do me a favor. Get the hell out of

here. And when you do?

(re: the necklace)

Give that to Mia.

Alice nods. Diego nods back. Satisfied.

DIEGO

You can do this, Alice.

Alice wipes the tears from her eyes and when she looks up --

Diego is gone.

She's back in her harness, where she's been the whole time. Still gripping Diego's necklace.

The water now up to her chin.

Alice agonizes for a beat. She squeezes her eyes shut. Takes a deep breath.

Opens them again. Resolved.

INT. SHAFT - DAY

A series of QUICK CUTS as Alice MacGyvers her gear. We're not sure yet what exactly she's doing, but the work is a struggle. There are only a few inches between the water line and the ceiling. Alice is exhausted. On her last legs.

- Alice uses her dive knife to slice through the INFLATABLE BUOY. Removes the BRIGHT GREEN GLOW STICK that's embedded in the bottom.
- Holding the glow stick in her teeth, Alice turns off the flashlight. The glow stick is now her only light source, illuminating the shaft in an EERIE FLORESCENT GREEN.
- Keeping her flashlight above the water, she unscrews the cap and carefully removes the LITHIUM BATTERY.
- Still biting down on the glow stick, Alice cuts more strips of DIVE TAPE from the collar of her mutilated wetsuit.
- Holding Diego's oxygen tank above the water, she tapes her FLASHLIGHT BATTERY onto the tank's REGULATOR.
- She wraps the fabric from the INFLATABLE BUOY around the regulator and battery to keep them as dry as possible.

INT. SHAFT - MOMENTS LATER

Alice treads water as she fumbles with her gear. The shaft is almost completely submerged now. She has to crane her neck, practically kissing the ceiling to take a breath.

This makes gearing up difficult -- she's forced to ready her equipment underwater -- popping up for an occasional breath.

She pulls on her scuba mask.

Wedges the glow stick into it.

She hooks her mask and hose onto Diego's souped up tank. Holds it under one arm like a football.

Checks her DIVE WATCH -- now calibrated to Diego's tank.

OXYGEN REMAINING: 6%

She touches Diego's charm necklace. Steels herself.

Fighting the pain. Fighting exhaustion.

This is it. Try or die.

Once more, she stops treading water. Sinks below the surface.

UNDERWATER

Alice swims for the small passage -- casting one last glance at Diego's body as she wriggles through the entrance.

INT. SMALL PASSAGE - DAY

Alice on hands and knees -- half crawling, half swimming through the wider part of the tunnel.

OXYGEN REMAINING: 6%

INT. SMALL PASSAGE - DAY

Alice on her stomach now. Propelling herself forward. Pushing the oxygen tank out in front of her.

OXYGEN REMAINING: 5%

INT. SMALL PASSAGE - THE VICE - DAY

Alice maneuvering through The Vice. Inch by inch.

OXYGEN REMAINING: 4%

INT. SMALL PASSAGE - DAY

Alice arrives at the exit that leads to the chamber beyond. Still blocked by the stalagmite. Just as she left it.

OXYGEN REMAINING: 3%

She wedges the oxygen tank into the opening. It's still connected to her hose. Covered by the buoy fabric.

Alice sets her watch for THIRTY SECONDS.

She takes a deep, full breath through the hose -- sucking all the air she can into her lungs.

Reaches to remove the hose from the tank, then stops.

Hesitates. Hand hovering above the hose.

Terrified eyes staring at us through her mask.

This is the point of no return.

One more deep breath, then --

In one fluid motion, she disconnects the hose from her mask. Rips the buoy off, exposing the lithium battery to the water. She cranks the regulator valve on her tank, then --

Starts the timer as she scrambles backwards -- moving as fast as she possibly can -- forced to hold her breath now.

Her dive watch starts going crazy. Flashing red.

WARNING: OXYGEN DISCONNECTED. WARNING: OXYGEN DISCONNECTED.

Alice keeps moving backwards -- the clock ticking down -- the passage getting tighter and tighter, then she comes to --

THE VICE

The tightest squeeze of all.

ON ALICE

Still holding her breath.

If she gets stuck now, it's all over.

Her watch continues to flash its dire message.

WARNING: OXYGEN DISCONNECTED. WARNING: OXYGEN DISCONNECTED.

Alice forces herself to relax her body -- turns slightly.

Begins to carefully contort herself backwards.

She's made it about halfway through The Vice --

Ten seconds.

Alice tries to stay calm, but her heart is racing.

Five seconds.

Four.

She stops moving, but there's no way to protect herself. Her arms are pinned to her sides, leaving her totally exposed.

Three.

Two.

All she can do is put her head down.

One.

ON ALICE

Squeezing her eyes shut -- the world goes silent -- time slowing down and then stopping completely until --

BOOM!!!

The oxygen tank EXPLODES.

ON ALICE

Still facedown. Caught up in the furious swirl of rock and water -- her body whipsawed like a rag doll.

The cave quakes -- boulders start to shake loose from the ceiling and rain down on Alice, who still hasn't moved --

Finally, after an agonizingly long beat --

Alice lifts her head. Stunned to be alive.

But she's not out of the woods yet.

She forces herself into action -- starts crawling forward as fast as she can --

Still holding her breath -- her lungs screaming for air --

Alice gropes her way through the passage -- now filled with sediment and dirt -- there's no visibility at all --

She's totally blind as the tunnel shakes around her -- her entire body battered and bloody -- finally she arrives at --

THE OPENING

Now large enough for Alice to crawl through.

The stalagmite has been blown to pieces.

Alice wriggles through the opening and into --

THE CHAMBER

Now completely flooded.

Alice looks around wildly -- almost out of air now -- sees the SHAFT OF LIGHT high above -- a surface opening --

She summons all her strength -- swims toward the light --

Up and up and up.

ON ALICE

Her brain starved for oxygen.

She's dizzy. Eyes getting heavy.

She tries to keep swimming, but she's slowing down --

Her vision narrowing -- darkness creeping in around the edges as the chamber starts to spin wildly --

She's on the verge of losing consciousness.

Her strokes start to slow and then stop completely.

She's looking up at the light -- she's so close now -- but she can't make her arms and legs move toward it --

Her body goes slack -- it's finally giving out on her --

She starts to sink toward the bottom.

ON HER FACE

Exhausted.

Defeated.

And then finally, her eyes slide shut.

A long beat.

UP FROM BLACK:

EXT. SWIMMING HOLE - DAY

The storm rages. Wind howling, whipping the trees. Lightning streaks across the sky. Rain pours into the swimming hole.

We've returned to the opening teaser.

The woman we now know as Mia stands on the edge of the shore. The officer and Carlos are in the water. The officer is holding up the BRIGHT ORANGE SCUBA MASK.

OFFICER
(shouting, in Spanish)
Reconoces esto?

Carlos is too distraught to reply. He takes the mask, holds it up for Mia to see. Mia starts SCREAMING.

Carlos starts toward shore. The officer is turning to follow him, when suddenly, he stops. Squints his eyes.

A FLASH OF SILVER. Gone as quickly as it came.

The officer moves deeper into the water. Craning his neck.

Another flash. There's something out there.

The officer plunges deeper into the water -- swimming toward the flash. As he gets closer, he realizes --

It's a body. Floating facedown in the water. Wearing a silver necklace. He turns the body over to REVEAL --

ALICE.

Eyes closed. Face battered and bloody.

It's unclear if she's breathing.

A flurry of shouting in Spanish as the officer calls for Carlos -- he turns around and charges toward them --

Both men working to drag Alice out of the water.

CLOSE ON ALICE

Not stirring as the officer and Carlos pull her onto shore.

The shouting continues as Mia joins them -- all three of them hovering over Alice -- trying to rouse her --

Finally, after an agonizingly long beat --

Alice coughs up a stream of water.

She stares up at the sky. Not moving much.

The others are still talking -- a whirl of frantic motion --

But to Alice it all sounds distorted. Distant.

Her head falls to the side -- and there, perched on the shore at the edge of the water, she sees --

A TURTLE.

A tear slips from her eye.

She stares at the turtle for a long time.

Then she looks back up to find that the storm has broken.

The sun peaks through the clouds.

Alice smiles.

FADE OUT.

THE END