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Pressure

By Louis Baxter

(SOFT MUSIC PLAYING)

ENGEL (V.O.)

A man goes to sea

for many reasons.

Perhaps to sense its beauty

and stare at the infinite

horizon...

that offers no questions,

seeks no answers.

Perhaps to stand in awe

of its power, savagery, grace.

This is all true, but there are

also those who go to sea...

ultimately because they

are lost and never want

to be found.

(DRAMATIC MUSIC FADES UP)

(MUSIC PLAYING ON HEADPHONES)

(ALARM BLARING)

(ALARM CONTINUES)

(MEN SHOUTING, INDISTINCT)

GUARD (OVER P.A.)

Security, code orange.

KARSEN (OVER P.A.)

I need her ready to go!

Do you want to be responsible

for shutting down the entire

pipeline?

As soon as you get that

chopper up, you call me,

you understand?

Why is the ship turned?

We got a low-pressure read

on the pipeline and manifold.

It's more than likely an anchor

dragged down from a passing

barge, but we don't know.

That doesn't answer

my question.

No, I thought not.

Just bring me what I need.

Right. We need to put

a team in the water.

Who do we have?

Dive teams have already
flown back.
And there's... Harris.
No, Harris is a fuck-up...
take Hurst.
It's gonna need a coated well,
so that's you.
A DC178 is right here.
Just make sure
that well holds tight.
You know there's a storm
in the way.
Trust me, I've had another
welder on this boat...
we wouldn't be having
this conversation.
You're in charge,
get it done.
I'll make sure upstairs
knows who to thank.
All right.
Oh, and give the kid
some bell time.
The kid? He hasn't gone
below 30 meters.
Putting a team down now.
Go! Fuck off!
Yeah, yeah,
they're on their way.
Hey, kid!
You're about to get broken out.
About time.
Congratulations, get suited up!
See you later on.
Hurst.
[HURST]
Fuck off.
Hurst.
It's a little early for Bible
class, ain't it, Mitch?
Oh, I think it's
a little late for that.
You know, it's funny.
I thought this was gonna be

a strictly no-alcohol vessel.

Yeah, I heard that, as well.

But if you need something,

you should let me know.

I need to get a team

in the water.

My shift's over, mate,

I'm done.

Double pay.

I'll start packing now.

Don't be packing

any of that, okay?

[JONES]

More money.

Yeah, I'll be back-- well, I'll

be back on Saturday, won't I?

It's only an extra day,

isn't it?

We've been through this,

haven't we? Just get whichever

pram you want.

I love you.

LISA (ON PHONE)

I love you, too. Take care.

CARMEL (OVER PHONE)

Hi, you've got the Mitchell

residence...

unfortunately we're a bit busy

to take your call right now...

but leave your message

after the beep and we'll

call you back.

Have a beautiful day.

(BEEPS)

(DISTANT THUNDER CRASHING)

KARSEN (OVER P.A.)

Dive team A report

to Sat Chamber 2 for lock-in.

Well...

This is gonna be a bundle

of laughs, isn't it?

See you at about midnight, Mike.

MAN (OVER P.A.)

Okay, Mitch, let's mix team

ready...
for atmospheric compression
and diving depth.
KARSEN (OVER P.A.)
Ready for blowdown?
Go for a seal.
Blowing down.
Got a seal.
MAN (OVER P.A.)
SAT Chamber 2, we have secure.
Five meters a minute, blowdown
commencing...
increasing the pressure to
650 feet, seabed equivalence.
You'll be at depth pressure
in 60 minutes. Over.
Look, kid, you might want
to take the lid off.
What?
You might want to unscrew that.
Fucking... bollocks!
For fuck's sake, man.
(OMINOUS MUSIC FADES UP)
KARSEN (OVER P.A.)
Going to go transfer
to diving bell B, over.
TECH (OVER P.A.)
The diver recovery system
is working properly.
Stabilizing clump weight.
KARSEN (OVER P.A.)
Open downstream valve,
check gas-to-diver and BIBS.
Bell supply skin valve open.
Reading 1-9-0 at the panel,
1-9-0 at the panel. Over.
KARSEN (OVER P.A.) Check side
door seal is clean and when
you're happy, go for a seal.
Diving bell B, ready for
transfer to moon pool.
TECH (OVER P.A.)
Saturation complete.
Have a good dive, lads.

Over.

Karsen, we're ready
to leave surface.

Blowing valve open.

Depth gauge... 3-0.

[MITCH]

4-0.

[MITCH]

8-0.

1-5-0.

[MITCH]

2-2-0.

Need a hand?

No, I'm good.

3-0-0. Come on, guys, let's try
and get the mood light, okay?

Anybody's got a problem
with anybody else, it stays up
top, all right?

All right?

[MITCH]

3-4-0.

4-2-0.

5-5-0.

That is 6-5-0.

All stop on the bell.

KARSEN (OVER P.A.)

All stop.

[MITCH]

Seal open, 20:

Yeah, how many? Roger that.

Engel, bring all
the welding rods.

Front plate locked.

Head forward.

Clamping on.

Diver one, two, and three,
all locked out.

Bell to divers, do you copy?

Over. Diver one?

Copy.

There's a mirror in my bag
if you need to check your hair.

Over.
Dickhead.
Bell to surface. Comms check.
How do you read? Over.
KARSEN (OVER P.A.)
Loud and clear. (INDISTINCT)
The weight coat is damaged.
The anchor dragged right
across the manifold.
There's a tear
across the feed pipe.
Make it hot.
It's hot.
(LOUD RUMBLING)
(METAL CREAKING)
All stop on the dive.
Jones, what was that?
I don't know, the whole bell--
Get on the radio now.
Okay! Bell to surface,
bell to surface.
Divers two and three,
are we good?
Diver two, all good.
Diver three, good.
Bell to surface!
The storm has come!
Repeat, the storm has come!
(INDISTINCT)
You're breaking up!
I can't hear you!
Shit!
The comms are breaking up!
I think Karsen wants back
to the surface!
He said something about a storm!
How much longer?
A few more minutes.
What?
We came here to do a job.
During a fucking storm,
we didn't. Fuck this.
Get back here, Hurst.
Hurst, get back here.

Engel, we need to finish
the weld.
Make it hot, then.
Lorimer, do you copy?
Hurst, I've lost contact!
Karsen? Karsen, do you copy?
Over.
Do you copy?
Hurst!
It's all right. Mitchell,
you need to get back here now!
We're done.
Get back to the bell now!
Mitchell, come in!
Jonesy, take up the umbilicals.
We keep going in and out
of contact.
I'll take it from here.
Jones, let's stash the hats.
Karsen, this is Mitch,
do you copy? Over.
KARSEN (OVER RADIO)
We've just been hit.
(INDISTINCT TRANSMISSION)
We need to get you--
If you can read me, we're set,
we're ready for ascent. Over.
Everybody get strapped in.
(INDISTINCT TRANSMISSION)
Ascending from storage depth
6-5-0.
6-0-0.
I didn't even get in the water.
Yeah, well, we can always leave
you down here if you want.
5-3-0.
5-0-0.
(METAL CREAKING)
There's something wrong.
Karsen, is there a problem?
MITCH (OVER RADIO)
Bell to Karsen,
do you read me? Over.
Bell to Karsen,

do you read me? Over.
Karsen, come on!
What's happening?
GPS signal is gone. We'll be
dragged all over the ocean
until we get a damn signal.
Bell to surface, do you read me?
Over.
Why aren't we stabilizing?
I don't know why we're
not stabilizing.
'Cause we're in one hell
of a storm, that's why!
We've dropped!
We're dropping at speed!
Karsen, all stop on the bell!
All stop on the bell!
Diving!
6-0-0!
Hold on, it's coming!
620!
Put a hat on!
Brace yourselves! Brace! Brace!
Brace!
(POWER WHIRRING DOWN)
(HIGH-PITCHED TONE)
(SCREAMING)
Hold him down!
Hold him down!
Hold him down!
Hold him down!
Hold him!
Open your jaw!
Hold him down!
Keep him still, Hurst!
We need him still! Keep still!
Easy.
(FLESH TEARING)
Oh, fuck.
Barotrauma...
pressure caught in a tooth
cavity, under your filling.
[MITCH] Bell to surface,
bell to surface.

Bell to surface, do you copy?

Over.

Internal pressure is stable.

I'm gonna assess the damage.

You're gonna do what?

I'm gonna assess the damage.

Do it.

Yeah.

Hurst, suit him up.

Right.

And check the seal.

Jonesy, you all right?

Oh, fuck it all.

Can you stand up?

You okay?

Fuck yeah.

Can you focus?

Oxygen cylinders

on port side all secure.

Damage from the fall

appears minimal.

We got off lightly.

OB3 pressure reading

at 90 percent.

The beacon on top of the bell

is transmitting as normal.

We're still pinging.

Still no comms.

[JONES]

Why did they drop us

so quickly?

Listen, Jonesy, we just

have to wait it out.

They put us on the floor for a

reason. They'll take us back up

to the surface when they can.

We just need to stay calm.

Bell to Karsen, it's Mitch,

do you read me? Over.

[JONES]

Why aren't they answering?

They're riding out the worst

of it, then they're gonna haul

us back up, right?

Hurst, we need an inventory
of the bell, first aid box,
survival suits, blankets...
Got it!
Flares.
Blankets, first aid...
no survival suits.
What?
There's no fucking
survival suits.
We should be okay. Back-up
heating supply is working.
Where's Engel?
With any luck, he's trapped
inside a whale.
MITCH (OVER RADIO)
Engel, give me an update.
How does she look?
ENGEL (OVER RADIO)
Hold on a minute.
I want to check
the umbilical to the ship.
You know your old man
was always teetotal
whenever we dived in Asia?
That's bollocks.
No, serious, he never
touched a drop.
He had this deep-rooted
fear of the place.
He was terrified he'd get pissed
and wake up...
with some lady boy with a big
stiffie, loving him long time.
You met your wife out there,
didn't you? Popping out
ping pongs?
Yeah, I caught a few.
Engel, what's the external
damage?
[MITCH]
What's the external damage?
Engel!
The ship is down.

What? What are you
talking about?
Don't listen to him, the guy's
a walking, fucking Jonah.
What the hell is that?
That belongs to the
winch mechanism.
Whoa, whoa, sure, the winch
mechanism may have sustained
some damage.
You're not listening to me.
Now the ship has other means
of rescue. They're going through
those options as we speak.
Now Jones, get on the radio.
Huh?
Get on the radio!
And the first thing that we need
to do is re-establish radio--
[JONES] Bell to surface.
Bell to surface.
The ship is down.
Radio contact--
The fucking ship is down!
[JONES]
Bell to surface.
I just saw Karsen's dead body
on the ocean floor.
There's no one there,
Mitchell.
We're on our own.
We should have left
when Karsen gave the order.
We're only alive because we
never made it to the surface.
We got what, around 18 hours
breathing supply?
How long until someone finds us?
I don't know. How could
I possibly know that?
We're around, what,
five hours from Mombasa.
Now the ship would have sent out
a Mayday, so the rescue teams

are probably under way.
But once they're in range...
they'll pick up the bell's
location beacon. I don't know!
We're in the middle of the
Indian Ocean off the coast
of Africa.
There are more pirates in these
waters than there are fish.
Do you really think that
Vaxxilon are gonna risk sending
another crew to rescue us?
Yeah, why wouldn't they?
[ENGEL]
Vaxxilon are in lockdown.
They're figuring out some PR
strategy to cover their asses.
They just lost one boat, they're
not gonna risk losing another.
Well, I guarantee you,
a rescue is under way.
And I guarantee you that they're
already filling out their
insurance claims.
Oh, come on!
How the fuck is this helpful?
It's simple economics,
you dumb ass.
You're say-- you're saying
they're not gonna come?
He's wrong!
It's in our contracts!
In an emergency situation,
all saturation divers
are transferred to a high--
The unit went down
with the ship!
Okay, well, then they'll send
another bell down.
If? If they're looking
for us!
Shut up!
No, you shut the fuck up!
Yo! Back off!

You think they would have sent
us down in a storm if they gave
a shit about our safety?
They'll write it off as a freak
of nature, as a force major,
as an act of God!
And your dotting wife
can go to your funeral...
in the misguided belief
that she lost a hero!
Shut up! Shut up!
That is enough!
Now none of us wants to be
in this situation...
but we do what we are trained to
do, we stay focused...
and I promise you we will
get out of here!
Vaxxilon will come to get us.
We sit, wait,
conserve oxygen, that's it.
Now, sit down!
Please.
We do know that the weld
was at the DC178 manifold.
Yeah, write this down.
DC178 manifold, 19 degrees,
14 minutes south...
71 degrees, 33 minutes east.
You got that?
Okay, get on comms, transmit
that position every 15 minutes.
We're a lost bell
from the DSV Lorimer.
Our coordinates are 19 degrees,
14 minutes south--
We need to float the bell.
Detach the clump weight
and make her buoyant.
We'll be a hell of a lot more
visible on the surface.
No, because right now, pressure
is equalized inside and out.
But the bell rises, the pressure

drops, the chamber could become compromised...
but we're not gonna know that until it's too late.
If we lose pressure inside the bell, we're all dead.
We follow procedure and wait for Vaxxilon.
Shit! We're losing oxygen!
Right! Put your emergency masks on now!
The CO2 level is nearly red.
My mask, I can't breathe!
My mask is broken!
Put the mask on!
It's broke! I can't put the mask on!
You need to reboot the power supply!
Clear the air with a fresh O2 tank!
Here, put the mask on.
Hurst--
Hurst, you got my mask!
Engel's down!
(COUGHING)
Engel, breathe!
[JONES]
Power supply rebooting.
O2 levels increasing.
It's stabilizing, breathe!
Hurst, you're a little late.
Breathe!
Bell's breathing system malfunctioned.
We were taking in our own carbon dioxide.
Two hours... how did we just lose two hours of breathing gas?
We lost an external cylinder.
I know we lost an external cylinder!
I sent you out there to check for damage!

No, the umbilical was on the
ocean floor, that took priority!
That just cost us!
And you'd still be waiting
for a fucking ghost ship
to haul us back up!
We need to float the bell.
How many times are you gonna
make me go through this?
All we have to trust
in is your belief system.
If we locate the ship,
we'll have enough breathing
gas for a month.
The ship could be scattered
for miles. Just get back
on the comms!
Then we follow the main
umbilical. It has to lead
us to the ship!
If it's still attached.
We don't know we're gonna
find what we need!
[HURST]
I say we try.
We're not gonna have enough gas.
[JONES] Bell to surface.
Look, we gotta do something.
If the bell freezes, we die.
[JONES] Mayday, Mayday.
We run out of air, we die.
We don't do something soon,
we fucking die!
RADIO OP (OVER RADIO)
This is Jiuxing. Come in.
I've got something!
Bell to surface!
Give it to me!
Give it here!
RADIO OP (OVER RADIO)
Lorimer bell, Lorimer bell,
do you copy? Over.
Loud and clear. Over.
RADIO OP (OVER RADIO)

Position, please? Position!
This is Jiuxing.
Why emergency? Over.
Our support vessel, the DSV
Lorimer, has gone down, repeat,
gone down.
We are a four-man
saturation diving team...
in a bell 670 feet
below sea level.
We are in urgent need
of assistance. Over.
RADIO OP (OVER RADIO)
We can't hear you clear.
Signal weak.
Are there any Chinese citizens?
Negative. There are
no Chinese citizens on board.
But we are in need
of immediate assistance.
Repeat, immediate assistance.
Over.
RADIO OP (OVER RADIO)
We-- fishing boat.
Storm has damaged...
Please respond. Over.
RADIO OP (OVER RADIO)
Losing signal. Can't help.
Jiuxing, our last coordinates
are 19 degrees, 14 minutes
south...
71 degrees, 33 minutes east.
Over.
Please respond.
Jiuxing, do you copy? Over.
Jiuxing, please respond.
We are losing signal.
Bastards.
Do you know how much
I've spent on Chinese food?
Hurst, check and recheck
the cylinders on the port side.
We can't afford to lose
any more air.

Yeah, I'm on it.
EMMY LOU (V.O.)
You're lucky
I love your surprises.
Tell me.
Come on. I wanna know.
Walk out
to hear the first song
Look back from where I came
My tears
are tiny storm clouds
And dancing in the rain
[JONES]
You don't think anybody's
coming, do you?
If you don't have hope,
what do you have?
I have reason.
Onboard cylinder one secure.
Valve open and functioning.
OB cylinder 4 secure
on the starboard side.
Valve and reading's normal.
There's something
on the top of the bell.
Looks like a crane block.
Hurst, is there any damage
to the valve?
Hold on.
No, it doesn't look like it.
Okay, can you make it secure?
Yeah, I'm on it.
It's one heavy bastard.
Shit!
Mitch! Mitch!
Mitchell's down.
ENGEL (OVER RADIO)
What happened?
I-- I think he got hit.
No, Mitch is not moving.
He's not moving.
ENGEL (OVER RADIO)
What do you mean, he's not
moving? Can you read me?

I think he's unconscious!
ENGEL (OVER RADIO)
Mitch, respond.
Open his breathe flow.
I'm trying to open it.
ENGEL (OVER RADIO)
Right. Turn him face down
and drag him back to the bell.
I can't move him.
There's not enough slack.
ENGEL (OVER RADIO)
Hurst, what are you doing?
His umbilical's snagged.
Fuck! Fuck! It's stuck.
ENGEL (OVER RADIO)
Detach him.
The fucking thing is stuck.
ENGEL (OVER RADIO)
Detach him.
Fuck! Fuck!
ENGEL (OVER RADIO)
Hurst.
What do I do?
I can't move him.
Listen to me. If you don't
detach him, he's gonna die!
I can't move him.
I can't move him.
(DRAMATIC MUSIC PLAYING)
Come on!
Here you go. You're okay.
You're okay.
Get that weight off him.
Get it off.
How are you still diving?
The mechanism was fucked.
Your hands are useless. You have
no place being on the sat team.
What did you do,
forge your medical records?
How do you think I got
these hands?
Picking fucking daisies?
18 years. 18 fucking years

in the water.
18 years soaked in booze.
I nearly fucking died.
I fucked up. I'm sorry, man.
You just took your last dive.
Let's get this off.
CARMEN (OVER PHONE)
You've got the Mitchell
residence.
Unfortunately we're a bit busy
to take your call right now...
but leave your message
after the beep and we'll
call you back.
Have a beautiful day.
Mitch.
Yeah?
We've lost over half
of our air.
We've got to do something.
There's nothing that we
can do except wait.
Come on, even if they're
in the water, how are they
gonna know we're here?
We don't even know where we are.
[MITCH]
The bell's location beacon
transmits automatically.
And its range is what?
I don't know. 750 feet?
[ENGEL] So unless the boat is
directly above us, they won't
know we're here.
You've got to seal the bell
and take her to the surface.
You already know my answer.
What the fuck are you waiting
for? St Christopher?
Great.
Vaxxilon are coming, Engel,
and I'm not taking that risk.
[ENGEL] Of course, it's a risk.
So is doing nothing.

(HATCH OPENING)

I was joking about
your old man, you know.
What was he like?
He was a good diver.
And he was a funny fucker, too.
I barely saw him smile.
Yeah, well, families
ain't easy, are they?
When you're down here,
you wish you were back home.
And when you're with them,
you just wish you were
back down here.

It don't make a lot of sense.

I have a son.

I haven't seen or spoken
to him since he was five.

He's married now.

I don't even know

his wife's name.

That won't happen to me.

Yeah.

That's what we all say.

(HATCH OPENS, CLOSES)

MITCH (V.O.)

Even though I walk
through the darkest valley...

I fear no evil,

for you are with me.

The Lord is with you.

Wherever you go.

(RADIO STATIC)

(RADIO STATIC)

(RADIO STATIC)

Mayday, Mayday, Mayday.

Is there anybody out there?

(RADIO STATIC)

MITCH (OVER RADIO)

Is there anybody out there?

Hurst.

What happened?

Hurst's in the water.

What?

Hurst's in the water.
Hurst, come in. Over.
Oh, shit.
Hurst, what are you doing?
HURST (OVER RADIO)
I'm gonna fix things.
What does that mean?
HURST (OVER RADIO)
I'm gonna find the ship.
You are not authorized
to be in the water.
I am instructing you
to return to the bell now.
He'll never find the ship.
[HURST]
I remember your first
sat dive, Mitch.
You could barely put one foot
in front of the other.
I guided you.
MITCH (OVER RADIO)
I remember, okay?
Now, turn around. You're gonna
get yourself killed.
I was diving in the North Sea
when they were losing
over a hundred a year.
That was before all of you.
MITCH (OVER RADIO)
And I'm telling you...
to turn around.
HURST (OVER RADIO)
Go fuck yourself.
Hurst!
It's getting warm.
It's so warm down here.
How long have you been
in the water?
HURST (OVER RADIO)
He's missing his dad.
I'm still his dad.
[ENGEL]
He's rambling.
It's hypothermia.

They take from you,
but they don't want you.
They just push you--
The wreckage could be scattered
for miles.

Hurst.

I'm gonna have to sit down.

Hurst.

It's too hot. It's too hot.

Keep on top of things.

He's gonna freeze to death.

Can't we pull him in?

He's too far out.

The valve on his suit
won't hold.

Hurst, come in. Over.

It's going-- It's--

Should have...

Cut the gas.

He's wasting vital air.

We're not cutting off
anybody's breathing supply.

He's using three times
the amount of air.

The longer he's in the water,
the less air we have.

We don't decide who dies.

Maybe you don't.

One less breath in here...

could be the difference between
you seeing your wife and
children again...

or them seeing you in a box.

No... no.

[ENGEL]

We gotta do something, Mitch.

HURST (OVER RADIO)

My boy never--

The free flow
is pumping vital air.

[MITCH]

You need to respond. Over.

Hurst, talk to me now. Over.

HURST (OVER RADIO)

My boy... it's hot--
(BREATHING STOPS)
(EERIE MUSIC PLAYING)
MITCH (V.O.)
If we live,
we live for the Lord.
And if we die,
we die for the Lord.
So if we live or die,
we belong to the Lord.
Amen.
(ETHEREAL MUSIC FADES UP)
(MUSIC CONTINUES)
(GASPING)
[MITCH]
Breathe.
You all right?
We're not gonna make it,
are we?
Don't lose hope.
Lisa hates hospitals.
She doesn't even like
walking past them.
Says they smell of... loss.
Full of broken people.
Who's gonna go with her?
She'll be on her own.
What's it like?
What? The birth?
I'm terrified of it.
There ain't a man alive
who's not afraid of that.
I mean, one minute you're
standing in this strange room
and the next you're...
holding this precious--
You won't ever wanna let go.
I remember when Taylor was born.
My first.
I was stuck offshore.
By the time I arrived,
Carmel had been in that room
for over 13 hours.
She gave me such a look.

You know, I mean,
I thought she was gonna kill me.
And then suddenly out he came.
And I said to her,
you know, I said...
"He wasn't ready to come out.
He was waiting for the
right time.
"He was waiting
for his daddy to arrive."
And she said to me,
"If that's the case,
Peter Mitchell...
"you should have been here
at the start, you idiot."
How did you end up
in the water?
You know, the beauty of it.
The peace.
It's kind of like an affair,
you know?
I won't let go of her
and she won't let go of me.
(ELECTRICITY FIZZLES)
It's the heater.
Oh, shit.
The element's gone.
Shit.
What are the options?
This gonna work?
Yeah, absolutely.
I mean, it's a little crude,
but... it should do the job.
One homemade steam boiler.
Well done, kid.
Hey, at least we'll die warm.
How long we got?
[MITCH]
A little over an hour.
MITCH (V.O.)
To my sweet Carmel...
I'm writing these words
in the hope...
that you never get

to read them.

Forgive me.

I know I should have listened
when you said you wanted
me to stop.

Dah dah dah dah dah

dah dah dah dah dah

(RADIO STATIC)

COMMANDER (OVER RADIO)

Lorimer bell. Lorimer bell.

COMMANDER (OVER RADIO)

How do you read me? Over.

Yes, yes, loud and clear.

Over.

COMMANDER (OVER RADIO)

This is the commander of the
navy frigate HMS Marlborough.

COMMANDER (OVER RADIO)

Can you give me a sit rep
on your number of divers? Over.

We are a four-man
saturation dive--

Correction.

We are a three-man dive team.

COMMANDER (OVER RADIO)

Can you state your exact
position? Over.

Commander, we don't know
our exact location.

I would imagine that Vaxxilon
have sent the pipeline
coordinates.

COMMANDER (OVER RADIO)

Negative. We have had
no contact with Vaxxilon.

COMMANDER (OVER RADIO) Your
distress signal was intercepted
by a Chinese vessel.

COMMANDER (OVER RADIO)

Can you give your last known
coordinates? Over.

Jonesy, notebook, notebook.

Our coordinates were

19 degrees, 14 minutes south...

71 degrees, 33 minutes east.

Over.

COMMANDER (OVER RADIO) Without exact coordinates, it's going to be time-consuming. Over.

Well, time is one thing that we have precious little of, Commander.

COMMANDER (OVER RADIO)

Roger that, but I'm afraid we are talking hours...

not minutes. We're coming.

Over and out.

Vaxxilon just hung us out to dry.

[ENGEL]

Mitch, Mitch, I've got an idea.

If we can find a field marking...

the drywall chambers on the pipelines carry spare cylinders.

If we mix the gas with our remaining helium...

it might--

might just buy us enough time.

We'll have drifted for miles.

There's no way of knowing where it is.

It's like the interstate highway down there.

Now we hit one direction, we're bound to hit a pipeline sooner or later.

What if the drywall chambers are empty?

We're gonna die before that ship arrives anyway.

I don't think we have a choice.

I'm heading out,

heading north.

Are we happy?

I think so.

One sec.

I thought you said

you were done.
Come on, Jones.
I am. I am. I am.
Engel, how's the heat?
More Seattle than Florida.
His umbilical's at halfway.
Can you see anything?
ENGEL (OVER RADIO)
No, not yet.
Water.
There must be something here.
Halle-fucking-lujah.
He found it.
Can you see any markings?
I'm by a field joint.
Okay, but you're running
out of umbilical.
I'm at SG3A5.
JONES (OVER RADIO)
Yeah, I've got it.
Okay, there's no weld chamber
there. Okay, try the adjacent
pipeline.
It's about 30 meters
if you head East.
I'm cold. I need more heat.
No. No.
We're out of gas.
Engel, there's no more heat.
You need to get back here now.
No... if I do that,
we're all dead.
ENGEL (OVER RADIO)
Bodies everywhere.
I'm in situ. Where now?
Southwest or northeast?
Southwest.
Are you sure? How far?
Come on.
It's 20 meters.
I've found it, Mitchell.
Shit.
What?
The umbilical's all played out.

I'm at the end of the line.
I can see the drywall chamber.
I'm gonna detach.
MITCH (OVER RADIO)
No, that's not a good idea.
You'll lose your comms.
ENGEL (OVER RADIO)
Switching feed to bailout.
Engel.
Engel.
Okay, you need to keep both
channels open, and let me know
if he responds.
Engel, can you hear me?
Engel, head back
to the field joint.
I'm on my way.
You need to respond.
(DRAMATIC MUSIC PLAYING)
Engel, do you read me? Over.
I'm at SG3A5.
Engel, talk to me.
Mitch, have you got a visual?
I'm at the end of his
umbilical. He's detached.
Turn off diver two
breathing supply.
Wait.
I think I see him. He's down.
But I think he's got
a cylinder.
Jones, he's got a cylinder.
He's got a cylinder.
Engel.
Come on.
I'm at the end of my umbilical.
Can't rea--
I got him. I got him.
(DRAMATIC MUSIC PLAYING)
JONES (OVER RADIO)
Mitch, how much further?
We're ten feet from the bell.
Get ready to haul him in.
(ALARM BLARING)

Come on. Come on. Come on.
Come on. Let's get you--
Mitch, hurry up!
Let's go.
I need you to do
the cylinders. Go!
Do the fucking cylinder!
(GAS HISSING)
[JONES]
It's on.
Oh, my god.
Oh, fuck.
He moved.
[JONES]
He just fucking moved.
He just fucking--
Help me get him up.
Lift him up.
Get the emergency mask.
Put it on him.
(BREATHING DEEPLY)
[MITCH]
I don't know how he's
still alive...
but he's just given us
another two hours.
Hey, how you doing?
Huh?
That good?
COMMANDER (OVER RADIO)
Lorimer bell. Lorimer bell.
Please respond. Over.
How close are you? Over.
COMMANDER (OVER RADIO) We
should be in range of your
coordinates within 90 minutes.
But we'll still need to locate
your exact position.
Vaxxilon have closed
all communications.
We don't have the maps.
We need to speed up the search.
Over.
What about the location beacon?

Over.

Are you picking up the signal?

COMMANDER (OVER RADIO) Negative.

We can use sonar, but the
ship's wreckage is scattered.

It could be a long search.

Over.

Well, hurry up 'cause we're
running out of time.

COMMANDER (OVER RADIO)

We will contact you
once we have more to go on.

Over and out.

Mitch, what if we float
the beacon?

It's still attached.

How do we do that?

We de-rig it, we bring it
into the bell and then we
make it buoyant somehow.

Take the umbilical as far
as she goes and then float
the beacon from there.

Otherwise it could get caught
in the deep water currents. It's
possible.

Get it closer to the surface.

Yeah.

Yeah.

Yeah, that could work.

It has to hold.

It will, but it'll drain
the charge fast...

so once you're set, you flick
the switch and it activates
the signal.

The ship should be in range
within the hour.

Who goes?

I do.

[ENGEL]

Where's the beacon?

It'll be a couple of minutes.
It was my birthday last week.

Apparently I promised
Carmel I'd stop diving
by the time I was 35.
I don't even remember
making that promise.
It's the longest we haven't
spoken since we were 19.
I don't mean anything
without them.
Is that sad?
It's perfect.
You know, I was
almost married once.
I'd just proposed to her
and we were on our way home.
She was singing along
to this song that she loved
on the radio.
And she seemed so-- so happy.
And then suddenly this--
this car appeared out of nowhere
and sideswiped us.
It hit us hard
and knocked us off the road...
through a barrier
and into this lake.
It all happened really fast.
But then time became so... slow.
It took us forever
to sink to the bottom.
I-- I tried to pull her
out of the car...
and I couldn't because
she was... stuck.
So I-- I told her...
about all these wonderful places
that we would see...
and the great things
that we would do.
But, of course,
she couldn't hear me...
because she was...
dead.
So I-- I held her tight...

and I promised her
that I would never let her go.
You see, it wasn't survival.
It was-- it was fear.
When the car had filled up
with water...
I rolled down the window
and I--
I swam to the surface.
And I-- I let her go.
I shouldn't have done that.
No... I shouldn't
have done that.
Come back to us, Mitchell.
And don't let us go.
Diver one locked out and set.
ENGEL (OVER RADIO)
Slow your breathing.
I'll monitor your gas levels
for you here.
Take it steady.
MITCH (OVER RADIO)
Roger that.
Mitch, remember...
once you're above
the deep water currents...
go to the end of your umbilical
and only then release
the beacon.
Visibility's good.
MITCH (OVER RADIO)
Currents are strong
but not too strong.
Come on. Come on.
How much left on the umbilical?
You have another 25 feet to go.
Wish I could just keep going.
Don't even think about it.
It can't be that far.
You have to concentrate
on the situation.
I'm at the end of my umbilical.
All right, Mitch.
Hit the switch and come back

down, nice and easy.
I can't--
I can't get a grip.
It's not turning on.
The switch is...
Take your time.
Hang on.
I'll take my gloves off.
Come on. Come on.
ENGEL (OVER RADIO)
Mitch, you got it?
I just need to-- just...
ENGEL (OVER RADIO)
What? What is it?
I got stung!
Are you okay?
Hundreds of jellyfish.
They're everywhere. Agh!
Mitch.
There are so many!
Oh, no, no. I lost the beacon!
Can you see it?
I must have lost the beacon
before I could activate it!
I can't reach it! I gotta
disconnect my umbilical!
[ENGEL] Mitch, no.
There's no other way!
If you do that,
you won't get back to the bell.
There's no other way!
Mitch.
Mitch. No, Mitch.
You won't get back to the--
Mitch, talk to me.
Mitch!
Oh, no.
Mitch, talk to me!
Talk to me!
Talk to me! Shit!
No. No, no, no, no.
Kid, cut the gas!
No, please!
Cut the gas!

No. No, no, no, no, no!
He's wasting vital air!
Cut the gas!
He's using vital air!
I'm never gonna see my girl.
Cut the gas!
I'm never gonna see my girl.
Stop! Stop! Get up!
Get up! Get up!
Get up! Get up! Get up!
Keep it together! Get up!
Get off me! Get off me!
MITCH (V.O.)
Carmel, you know, you truly
become more beautiful...
with every passing day...
and I wanted to grow old
by your side...
sharing the years
and watching our boys together.
It breaks my heart.
But I'll always be at your
side if you need me.
I love you. I love you all.
Now and always, Pete.
If they don't come,
I don't wanna suffocate.
I don't wanna die in that way.
[JONES]
I want it to be quick.
I don't think I can
do it myself.
COMMANDER (OVER RADIO)
Surface to bell. Come in. Over.
Bell to surface. I read you.
Over.
COMMANDER (OVER RADIO) We've
intercepted your beacon which
tells us you must be close.
It's going to take at least
an hour for our divers
to find you. Over.
It'll be too late. Over.
COMMANDER (OVER RADIO)

You need to do everything you
can to conserve oxygen. Over.
We're gonna float the bell.
Over.

COMMANDER (OVER RADIO)

Will it hold? Over.

We don't have a choice,
Commander. Please be ready.

COMMANDER (OVER RADIO)

Understood. Good luck. Over.

Will it work?

We'll soon find out.

I think she should float.

(DRAMATIC MUSIC PLAYING)

Strap yourself in, kid.

Things could get rough.

Come on.

It's happening, Engel.

We're doing it, eh?

Yeah.

Come on!

Come on!

250!

Come on.

[JONES]

What's happened?

I think the umbilical
got caught.

Shit!

Oh, shit. Shit.

What does that mean?

We stay here

and we use the remaining gas...

or we use what we have

to swim to the surface.

I'll swim up, but...

swim up 170 feet?

One hat.

Shit.

We have a predicament.

This is so fucked up.

It's a tough, tough dive, kid.

You've never gone below

30 meters, have you?

It's an almost impossible dive.
We need to accelerate
the decompression.
Once the umbilical plays out...
the remaining distance will
have to be done in one single
breath.
You think you can do it?
I'm diving?
It has to be you.
I almost died four hours ago.
I wouldn't have a hope
in the water for that long.
I'll adjust the partial
O2 from here.
Well, if you do that,
the whole bell will flood.
If I don't, we both die.
Here.
When you reach
the end of the umbilical...
detach and just do it,
don't over think it.
You'll feel disorientated,
light-headed.
But just listen to my
words. Focus on my words
and nothing else.
Okay?
When you get to the surface,
activate this.
How can you know?
Know what?
That you're not gonna make it.
I told you, my lungs are shot.
You're gonna die anyway.
What's the difference,
here or in the water?
If I was you,
I'd take that risk.
We don't have time
for this shit.
Here.
You're sacrificing

your life for me.
I can't live with that
unless I know why.
I figure I owe someone.
It might as well be you.
I need to know.
When I swam to the surface,
I waited.
I waited for the driver
of the other car.
I would have killed him
with my bare hands.
And when I swam down
to check if he was dead...
I saw him, his kid,
strapped in the back.
I could have saved him.
He died because of me.
Now go. Come on.
COMMANDER (OVER RADIO) We're
scanning the surface for you.
Teams are in the water. Over.
Roger that, Commander.
Remember what I told you, kid.
Take it slow.
Keep your movements
and breathing steady.
Talk to me.
Talk to me.
Kid?
I hear you.
Just keep going.
Concentrate.
Push through it.
Keep going. Keep going.
[JONES] I can't do this.
Yes, you can.
Okay, you're gonna feel pain.
You're gonna feel pain
in your joints. That's okay.
You just need
to work yourself through it.
You're gonna feel as if your
body's about to explode.

But you can get through it.
You can get through it. Kid?
Come on, kid.
My arms! My arms!
Can you hear me, kid?
I'm scared. I'm scared.
I know you're scared,
but you can do it!
You can do it! Come on!
You can do it, kid.
You can do it.
How much further?
You've got about another 20 feet
on the umbilical...
and then you're almost home,
all right, kid?
I want you to empty
your lungs of air...
and then I'm gonna
want you to detach.
I want you to get rid
of your hat.
You're gonna start feeling
like a lead weight...
when you get to the surface,
okay?
Detach the hat now!
It won't detach!
I can't take it off!
Detach!
(DRAMATIC MUSIC PLAYING)
I hope you're close.
I hope you're close, Commander.
Come on, kid. Come on, kid.
Come on. Come on.
Got you, son! Hold on!
Get on-board, quickly!
Lift!
COMMANDER (OVER RADIO)
We've got him. We've got him!
They've got him.
They've fucking got him.
They've got him.
(SOMBER MUSIC PLAYING)

(POWER WHIRRING DOWN)

(BELL CREAKING)

(LOUD CLANGING)

I see my window open
The summer sun pours in
I hear a Siren calling
a tune we used to sing
Walk out to hear
the birdsong
Look back from where I came
My tears

are tiny storm clouds
I'm dancing in the rain
Walk out
to hear the birdsong
Look back from where I came
My tears

are tiny storm clouds
I'm dancing in the rain

(SOFT MUSIC FADES UP)

(MUSIC FADES UP)

(MUSIC CONTINUES)

(SOMBER MUSIC PLAYING)

(SOFT MUSIC PLAYING)

All she ever wanted
was to see a satellite
She talked about its beauty
and the magic of its light
She went on
about the future
And the endless games
he played

Like a wave forever cresting
her desire would not fade
Throw it in the water
count the leaps and bounds
Hear the ripples thunder
causing havoc underground
Sink your teeth in gently
taste the blood you drew
Remark upon her beauty
for she's your perfect view
Stillness overcame her every
thought and every whim

The future she had made was
never meant for her or him
The satellite flew over but
she missed it all the same
As she whispered
from her row boat
A prayer said
in love's name
Throw it in the water
Count the leaps and bounds
Hear the ripples thunder
causing havoc underground
Sink your teeth in gently
Taste the blood you drew
Remark upon her beauty
for she's your perfect view
(SOFT MUSIC PLAYING)