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# The Making of 'The Abyss'

By Unknown

[SonarPinging]  
Sixty knots ? No way, Barnes.  
The Reds don't have anything that fast.  
Checked it twice.  
I mean, it's a real unique signature--  
no cavitation,  
no reactor noise.  
It doesn't even sound  
like screws.  
-[Turns Up Volume]  
- [ Hum Resonating ]  
What the hell is it ?  
I'll tell you what it's not.  
It's not one ofours.  
Sir, contactchanging  
toheading2-1-4.

**Speed:**

eighty knots.  
Eightyknots.  
Still diving.  
Depth, 900--  
Still diving.  
Depth, 900 feet.  
Port clearance, 1 50 feet  
from the cliffwall, sir.  
- It's getting tight in here.  
- Yeah ?  
We can still give 'em  
a haircut.  
Helm, come right to 0-6-niner,  
down five degrees.  
Coming right0-6-niner,  
down five degrees, aye.  
Port side clearance, 1 20 feet.  
Narrowing to 75.  
-[Alarm Beeping]  
-Sir, we have a proximitywarning light.  
It's too damn close.  
We gotta back off.  
[Barnes]  
Sir, range to contact, 200.  
Contactjustjinked to bearing 2-6-0  
and accelerated to--

to 1 30 knots, sir.  
Nothin' goes 1 30.  
Sir, range to contact,  
Eightyyards, sir!  
Sixty !  
It's turbulence.  
We're in its wake.  
Helm, all stop.  
Full right rudder.  
Hydraulics failure.  
Planes not responding, sir.  
Hydraulics restored, sir.  
Oh, my God.  
- [ Grunts ]  
- [ Man Shouting ]  
Collision alarm !  
Collision alarm !  
Fire control to sonar !  
Let's get out of here !  
- Lighten her up, Charlie !  
- Torpedo room is flooded, sir !  
Blow all tanks ! Blow all the tanks !  
Blow everything !  
- All back full !  
- Answering. All back full.  
Give me a damage report.  
What's our depth ?  
[HullScraping Sides]  
Passing 1 ,400, sir.  
Main's forward tanks  
are ruptured !  
Still descending, sir.  
Passing 1 ,500, sir.  
Still descending.  
We're too deep  
to pump auxiliary.  
- Passing 1,650. Still descending, sir.  
- We're losin' her.  
- Passing 1,600, and still descending.  
- Launch the buoy.  
- Passing 1,650. Passing 1,700, sir.  
- Launching !  
[ Man Screaming ]  
[ Buoy Beeping ]

[ Man In Helicopter ]  
Benthic Explorer. Salvor 1 on final.  
[Man On Ship] Copyyou, Salvor 1.  
This is Benthic Explorer.  
You're cleared to land.  
Hey. They're coming.  
- This, uh, could get pretty ugly.  
- Yeah.  
It does not look good  
at all.  
Oh, no.  
Look who's with 'em.  
Queen bitch  
of the universe.  
[Man Over Radio]  
Sonny, how you doing ?  
I got two more welds  
on this bypass valve.  
No light from the surface.  
How deep are they ?  
- McBride ?  
- 1,700 feet.  
I need them  
to go below 2,000.  
No problem.  
They can do that.  
So that's it ?  
You just cheerfully turn  
the whole thing over to the goon squad ?  
Look, I was told to cooperate.  
I'm cooperating.  
Kirkhill, you're pathetic.  
Get Brigman on the line.  
Deep Core, this is Benthic.  
If Bud goes along with this,  
they're gonna have to shoot her  
with a tranquilizer gun.  
- [ Man Over Radio ] Roger.  
- Hippy, get me Bud.  
Catfish. Get them old buns  
up here and give me a hand.  
Hang on. I'll be  
up there in a second.  
You guys are milkin'

that job.

It's 'cause we love freezin'  
our butts off out here for you so much.

[Metal Banging]

- Hey, Bud !

- Yeah ?

Hippy's on the bitch box.

It's a call from Topside.

Benthic company man.

- Kirkhill ?

- Yeah.

That guy don't know his butt  
from a rat hole.

Harry, do me a favor.

Square away this mud hose.

Get rid of these empty sacks. This place  
is startin' to look like my apartment.

You got it, boss.

[Man On P.A.]

Bud, pick up the topside line, urgent.

I'm comin'. I'm comin'.

Geez, keep your panty hose on.

[Phone Buzzing]

Brigman here.

Yeah, Kirkhill,  
what's goin' on ?

Yeah, I'm calm.

I'm a calm person.

Is there some reason

why I shouldn't be calm ?

What ?

- Too much pressure

- This pressure got to stop

Allright,

I'm on land speed now.

[ Rumbling ]

[Sonny] Can you get that goddamn hippy  
shit music off the com line, please ?

Almost done with  
the shutoff valve.

- Sonny, I'm right behind you.

- Hang on a second.

- Okay, give it to me.

- Here you go.

Thanks, sweetie.

[ Continues ]

All divers, drop whatyou're doin'.

Everybody out ofthe pool.

[ Bud Over P.A. ] I mean everybody,  
right now. Sonny, One Night, let's go.

Damn it.

Wejust got out here.

There was a time  
when I would've asked why.

- Get a move on !

- Shit, woman !

Deep Core, this is Flatbed  
preparing to surface.

[Man OverRadio]

Roger, Flatbed. Come on up.

[BudOverP.A.] Allrigpersonnel,  
assembleat themoonpool.

Everybodygetsomething,

A.S.A.P.

Come on.

Get his hat off.

What the hell's goin' on ?

How come we got recalled ?

- Hell ifI know.

- I got it.

So, what's the drift, partner ?

Why are we up ?

Just follow standard procedure.

Flog the dog till somebody  
tells you what's happening.

- What's thestory, boss ?

- Folks, listen up !

We'vejust been told to shut down  
the hole and prepare to move the rig.

- What ?

- We've received an invitation to, um,  
cooperate in a matter  
ofnational security.

-Shit.

- Nowyou know as much as I do.

Getyourgearoffandget to control.

We'vegotabriefing in tenminutes.

Come on, come on !

Let's move it.

At 0922 local time today,  
an American nuclear submarine,  
the USS Montana,  
with 156 men aboard went down  
about 22 miles from here.

- Damn.

- Beenno contact with thesubsince.

The cause oftheincident  
isnotknown.

Yourcompany'sauthorizedthe Navy's use  
ofthis facility forarescue operation.

**Codename. :**

'OperationSalvor. '

- You want us to search for the sub ?

- No. We know where it is.

But she's in 2,000 feet ofwater  
and we can't reach her.

We need divers to enter the sub  
and search for survivors, ifany.

Don'tyou guys haveyour own stuff  
for this kind ofthing ?

By the time we get our rescue  
submersibles, storm front will be on us.

You can getyour rig in under the storm  
and be on site in 15 hours,

and that makes you  
our best option.

Why should we risk our butts  
for something like this ?

I have been authorized to  
offer special bonuses...

equivalent to three times  
normal dive pay.

Yes, sir, buddy !

Hell, for triple time,

I'd eat Beanie.

They could set me on fire and  
put me out with horse piddle.

I don't know what kind ofdeal  
you made with the company,  
but my people are not qualified.

- We're oil workers.

- This is a paycheck, man !  
Shut up !  
Hold it down.  
This is Lieutenant Coffey.  
He'll transfer down to you with  
a SEAL team and supervise the operation.  
You can send down whoever you like,  
but I'm the tool pusher on this rig,  
and when it comes to the safety  
of these people, there's me and  
then there's God, understand ?  
If things get dicey,  
I'm pullin' the plug.  
I think we're all  
on the same wavelength, Brigman.  
Now, let's get the wellhead  
uncoupled, shall we ?  
All right,  
let's get ready to move.  
Let's take it  
about five degrees left, all right ?  
Roger.  
Five degrees left, Bud.  
Plot these numbers to our position.  
I need to know when--  
Well, it's official, sports fans.  
They're calling it Hurricane Frederick.  
And it's gonna be making our lives  
real interesting in a few hours.  
Fred, huh ?  
I don't know, man.  
I think hurricanes should be  
named after women, don't you ?  
[Wind Gusting]  
- I can't believe you're  
letting them do this.  
- Hi, Linds.  
I thought you were  
in Houston.  
I was. Now I'm here.  
- Only here isn't where  
I left it, is it, Bud ?  
- Wasn't up to me.  
Jesus ! We were that close



to proving a submersible  
drilling platform could work.  
- I can't believe  
you let them grab my rig !  
- Your rig ?  
I designed the damn thing.  
And Benthic Petroleum paid for it, so as  
long as they're holding the pink slip,  
[ Whistles ]  
I go where they tell me.  
I had a lot riding on this,  
and they bought you, didn't they ?  
More like rented you cheap !  
I'm switchin' off now.  
Bye-bye.  
Oh, okay, Virgil, you wiener !  
You never could stand up to a fight.  
Bye-bye.  
Virgil ?  
God, I hate that bitch.  
Probably shouldn't have  
married her then, huh ?  
Try to get it settled !  
[Man OverRadio]  
Roger, Cab3. You're clear to launch.  
- Hang on, gentlemen.  
- [ Man ] She's clear !  
Touchdown.  
Crowd goes wild.  
[ Linds ] Explorer,  
this is Cab 3. We are styling.  
- How are you boys doing back there ?  
- Great.  
Explorer, this is Cab 3 starting  
our descent along the umbilical.  
-[Man] Roger that, Cab3. Good luck.  
- Luck is not a factor.  
[Bud OverRadio]  
One Night, how you doin' ?  
- Got white line fever, baby.  
- Yeah, I heard that.  
[ Country ]  
- I've been wet by the rain  
- Driven by the snow

Drunk and dirty  
but don't you know  
That I'm still  
[ Sighs ]  
Willin'  
- Out on the road late last night  
-[ManJoining In]  
I seen my pretty Alice  
in every headlight  
Dallas  
Dallas Alice  
And I've been from Tucson  
to Tucumcari  
Tehachapi to Tonopah  
Driven every kind of rig  
that's ever been made  
Driven the back roads  
so I wouldn't get weighed  
And if you give me  
Weed  
Whites and wine  
And you show me a sign  
Then I'd be willin'  
To be movin'  
[Linds] Deep Core, Deep Core,  
this is Cab 3 on final approach.  
Roger, Cab 3.  
Is that you, Lindsey ?  
None other.  
Oh, no.  
[MetalBanging]  
Howdy, boys. Hey, Lindsey.  
I'll be damned.  
Y'all shouldn't be down here,  
sweet thing. Might ruin your stockings.  
[ Chuckles ]  
The bad news is we got eight  
hours in this can blowing down,  
and the worse news is it's gonna  
take us three weeks to decompress later.  
We've all been fully briefed,  
Mrs. Brigman.  
Just don't call me that, okay ?  
I hate that.

All right. Well, what would you like us to call you ?

'Sir' ?

Okay, here we go.

Y'all start equalizin'...

now.

[Air Hissing]

Let's watch each other closely for signs of H.P.N.S.

High Pressure Nervous Syndrome-- muscle tremors, usually in the hands first,

- nausea, increased excitability--

- Disorientation--

And a partridge

in a pear tree

[ Clears Throat ]

About one person in 20 can't handle it.

They just go 'buggo.'

Look, they've all made runs

to this depth. They're checked out.

I understand that. What I'm saying

is that it's impossible...

to predict

just who's susceptible--

They're checked out.

- These guys are SEALs ?

- Yeah. These guys ain't so tough.

I've fought guys

plenty tougher than them.

Now we get to hear how

you could have been a contender ?

- Hey ! You see this ?

- Yeah.

They used to call this

'the Hammer.'

Wow.

Y'all are done to a turn

and ready to serve.

Everybody okay ?

- They're really very sweet.

- [ Chuckles ] Oh, yeah.

Hey ! I don't remember putting

a wall here. How you doing, Jammer ?

- Pretty good. How are you, little lady ?

-I'm okay.  
- I want a full check on that gear.  
- Yes, sir.  
- These guys are about  
as much fun as a tax audit.  
- You got that right.  
Hippy, you're gonna give  
that rat a disease.  
Hi, Linds.  
Well, well.  
Mrs. Brigman.  
Not for long.  
You never did like  
being called that, did you ?  
Not even when  
it meant something.  
- Is that One Night in Flatbed ?  
- Yeah. Who else ?  
- Here. Say hi.  
- Hey, One Night, it's Lindsey.  
Oh, hi, Lindsey.  
[One Night]  
Obstacle avoidance showin' arise about  
- Copy, Bud?  
- I can't believe you were  
dumb enough to come down here.  
Now you're stuck here for the storm ?  
That was dumb, hot rod, real dumb.  
I didn't come down here  
to fight with you.  
Yeah ? Well, then,  
why did you come down ?  
You need me. Nobody knows the systems  
on this rig better than I do.  
Once you're disconnected from  
Explorer, you are on your own  
for how long this storm lasts.  
What if something was to happen  
after surface support clears ?  
What would you have done ?  
You're right. Us poor, dumb old boys  
might've had to think for ourselves.  
It could have been  
a disaster.

- Wanna know what I think ?  
-Jesus, lookwhere this thing is set.  
- You wanna know what I think ?  
- Not particularly.  
- I thinkyou were worried about me.  
- Then that must be it.  
Seriously, I thinkyou were.  
Come on.  
It's okay.  
You can admit it.  
I was worried about the rig. I've  
got fouryears invested in this project.  
Yeah. You only had  
threeyears invested in me.  
Well, you have  
to have priorities.  
It's kind ofmessy,  
but I guaranteeyou...  
it's the only bunk  
that won't be occupied.  
You can get a couple hours rest  
before we get there.  
What areyou still  
wearing that for ?  
I don't know.  
The divorce ain't final.  
I forgot to take it off.  
- Ihaven't wornmineinmonths.  
- Yeah.  
Well, what's his name  
wouldn't like it-- the Suit.  
Doyou always have to call him that--  
'the Suit' ?  
Makes you sound like such a hick.  
His name is Michael.  
How is Michael--  
Mr. Brooks Brothers ?  
Mr. BMW.  
Still seeing him ?  
No.  
No, I haven't seen him  
in a few weeks.  
Terribly sorry.  
What happened ?

- Why are you doing this ? Why ?

- What ?

This is none of your business.

It's not a part of your life anymore.

I'll tell you

what happened.

You woke up one morning

in those satin sheets.

- [ Groans ]

- You rolled over and there

was this good-looking guy,

well-groomed,

expensive watch on.

And you realized

this guy never makes me laugh.

That's it, Bud.

That's it. Aren't you clever ?

Jesus, you're clever.

You should start your own talk show !

Ask Dr. Bud-- advice to the love-lorn

from 300 fathoms.

-[DisgruntledSigh]

- Thank you. Thank you.

Oh, shit.

[ One Night ]

I'm cuttin' you loose, Bud.

[BudOverRadio] One Night,

stay clear. We're resettin' her down.

Touchdown !

[ Skipped item nr. 313 ]

This is us. We're sitting right  
on the edge of the Cayman Trough.

This is the Montana,

We think she slid down the wall,

and now sits here on this outcropping.

So we're gonna have to

drop straight down here.

This tell us how much radiation

we're gettin' ?

- I'm not going near radiation. No way !

- Aw, Hippy, you pussy.

What good is the money ?

Six months later, your dick drops off.

We'll take readings as we go.

If the reactor's  
breached or the warhead's  
released any radioactive debris,  
we'll just back off.

- Oh, okay.

- Hippy is not going,  
so McWorter,  
you can run ' Little Geek.'  
Goddamn it. You know McWorter  
can't run an R.O.V.

-[One Night] Then you better go.

- I'll go.

- Good !

- What is your problem, huh ?

On this dive, you'll do  
absolutely nothing...

without direct orders from me,  
and you'll follow those orders  
without discussion.

Is that clear ?

Allright.

I want everyone finished, prepped and  
ready to get wet in 15 minutes.

One of you guys give me a hand,  
okay? Let's get suited up.

Guys, guys.

Hold it a second.

Hold it ! Whoa !

Okay, here we go.

All right.

Look, um,

### **it's 3:**

These guys are running on bad coffee  
and about four hours of sleep.

- Maybe you could think about  
cutting them some slack.

- I can't afford slack.

Hey, you come on my rig.

You don't talk to me.

You start orderin' my people around.

It's not gonna work.

You got to know how to handle  
these people. We got a way

ofdoin' things around here.  
Right now, I'm not interested  
in yourway ofdoing things.  
Just getyour team  
ready to dive.  
These guys got  
no sense ofhumor.  
Bud, you know  
your hand is blue ?  
Finler, shut up  
and putyour gear on.  
Keep it coming.  
- Hippy, throw me one  
ofthem cyalumes, please.  
- Yeah, sure.  
- Good. Good.  
- Excuse me.  
- What is all this stuff ?  
- Fluid-breathing system.  
Wejust got them.  
- You use it when you go really deep.  
- How deep ?  
- Deep.  
- How deep ?  
It's classified. Anyway, you breathe  
liquid soyou can't get compressed.  
-The pressure doesn't getyou.  
-You mean you got liquid in your lungs ?  
- Oxygenated fluorocarbon emulsion.  
- Bullshit.  
Check this out.  
- Can I borrowyour rat ?  
- What areyou doin' ?  
- Hey, no, no, no.  
- You're gonna kill her !  
- It's okay. I've done this myself.  
- Areyoujust drownin' her ?  
She's gonna be fine.  
I've breathed this myself.  
It's gonna be fine.  
No, man. She's gonna drown !  
Look ! She's freakin' out !  
-Justgoing through  
anormaladjustmentperiod.



- Does this look normal to you ?  
- She's gonna drown !  
- He's taking the fluid into his lungs.  
He's taking the fluid  
into his lungs.  
There he goes.  
There's a bit of anxiety here.  
Now he's starting to relax.  
He's breathing fine.  
See his chest moving ?  
He's getting plenty of oxygen.  
Ha. Damn rat's  
breathin' that shit.  
That is no bullshit, hands down,  
the goddamnedest thing I ever saw.  
See, the fluid's harder to push in  
and out than air.  
It's a little more work to breathe,  
but he's doing fine.  
- He's diggin' it.  
- She's doin' it. She ain't diggin' it.  
Let her out now. Now !  
Okay. All right.  
Okay, now we let  
the fluid drain from his lungs.  
All right. Give her here.  
Give her. Give her.  
Here's your rat.  
- See ? He's fine.  
- It's a she.  
Going over the wall.  
Going over the wall.  
Coming to bearing 0-6-5.  
Flatbed, you on line ?  
[One Night] 10-4, Lindsey.  
We ready loud and clear.  
Starting our descent.  
Divers, how you doin' ?  
Everybody's okay so far.  
Hang on, boys.  
It's all downhill from here.  
Hey, how deep's  
the drop-off here ?  
This here's a bottomless pit, baby--

two-and-a-halfmiles straight down.

[BudOverRadio]

Cab3, it's Bud. Youon-line ?

Cab 3, check.

I'm right behind you.

Cab 1 , doyou see ityet ?

Magnetometer's twitching,  
but I don't see anything yet.

Hang on. I want to test my strobes.

[CoffeyOverRadio]

Cab 1, doyouhavea visual?

- Cab 1, doyoucopy ?

- Yeah.

Roger that. Found it.

[Coffey]

Cab 1, radiationreadings.

Neutron counter's  
not showing much.

All right. Just continue  
forward and along the hull.

Copy that. Continuing forward. You want  
me to get shots ofeverything, yes ?

Rogerthat. Documentasmuch asyoucan,  
butpleasekeepmoving.

Remember, we're on  
a tight time line.

[ Lindsey]

Copy that.

Coming up to the midship's hatch.

Doyou see it, Cab 3 ?

Yeah, roger.

I got it.

- How doyou want me ?

- [Bud]Justholdaboveit.

- Roger. Holding.

- Okay, it'sallyours, Lieutenant.

All right, A-team.

Let's do it.

Okay, Perry, Hippy,  
let's get that R.O.V. launched.

Okay, we're on it, boss. Go.

Little Geek

is on the case.

Monk here, sir.

We got the midship's  
outer hatch open.  
Entering escape trunk.  
Entering hatch  
looks intact.  
It's flooded. All right,  
I'm gonna open her up.  
Okay, get in there.  
[Hippy]  
Roger. Somebody get on that tether.  
Got it.  
Sorry about this, little buddy, but  
better you than me. Know what I mean ?  
[ Meter Clicking ]  
- Coffey, these are  
the missile hatches, right ?  
-[Coffey] That's right.  
Looks like a couple of the hatches  
have sprung. Radiation's nominal.  
Warheads must  
still be intact.  
- How many are there ?  
- 24 trident missiles.  
That's 192 warheads,  
Coffey.  
- How powerful are they ?  
- Your MI RV is a tactical nuke.  
nominal yield,  
say, five times Hiroshima.  
Jesus Christ.  
It's World War III in a can.  
[ Coffey]  
Let's knock off the chatter, people.  
-[Hippy] I'm heading  
into the reactor compartment.  
-[Monk] Any reading ?  
- [ Meter Clacking ]  
- It's twitchin', but it's below  
the line you said was safe.  
All right.  
Let's get in there.  
[Coffey] Flatbed, drop down starboard  
and stay along the cliff edge.  
[ One Night ]

Okay, copy that.

Keep heading

for the bow.

Okay, Flatbed, this looks good.

Just set it down here.

- We're solid.

- Let's go.

[ Bud ]

All right. Let's go.

Okay, let's just take it

slow and easy goin' in.

Don't take any chances.

Where are we, Coffey ?

This is the forward

berthing compartment. This way.

[Hull Groaning]

[Bud]

You guys okay? Cat ? Jammer?

- Right behind you, Bud.

- Check your gauges.

- How's your O-2 ?

- I'm okay.

- Gauges are good.

- Okay, 16 minutes to go.

[Hippy]

Jammer, your C-O-2 is up.

- Breathes slower, Buddy.

- [Jammer] I'm okay.

[ Coffey ]

Come on. Let's keep up.

All right. Up this way

to the control center.

[ Straining ]

- It's jammed. Give me a hand.

- Get up here with that pry bar.

It's moving !

Pull !

Jesus !

All right. We knew we were

gonna see this. Just move on.

Come on, Jammer.

Let's go.

[Bud]

Okay, let's stay cool.

Everybody stay cool.  
We can't help these guys,  
but we might find somebody further in.  
Stay here.  
[ Breathes Heavily]  
- Hey, Jammer. You okay ?  
- Mm-hmm. Mm-hmm.  
How you guys doin' ?  
- I'm dealin'.  
- Triple time sounded like  
a lot of money, Bud. It ain't.  
We're here.  
Let's get 'er done.  
Brigman, take your men  
and continue aft.  
Split up into two teams.  
Come on. Let's get moving.  
We head back in 14 minutes.  
Let's go.  
[ Bud ]  
You okay, Jammer ?  
Yeah, fine.  
- What's this ?  
- It should be the missile  
launch control center.  
- Don't touch anything.  
- No, no, no, no, no.  
[ Chuckles ]  
This way.  
Right behind you.  
- You still with me, Jammer ?  
- Where are we ?  
Missile compartment.  
Those are the launch tubes.  
Shit ! Shit, shit, shit !  
[ Breathing Heavily]  
Hey, Jammer.  
Hey ! Hey ! Hey !  
Hey ! Hey ! Hey ! You okay ?  
Deep and slow,  
big guy.  
Deep and slow.  
Just breathe easy.  
Everybody's dead !

They're all dead.

- I'm taking you back out. Let's go.

- No !

I'm okay. I'm okay.

- I just can't go any further in.

- Okay, Jammer. No problem.

You stay right here.

I've got to check out

this compartment, all right ?

We'll stay in voice contact.

You hold on the end of this rope here.

- You have any problem whatsoever,  
you tug twice.

- I got it.

Pull it hard. Five more minutes.

Just relax. You'll be okay.

- Okay.

- Be right back.

[ Breathing Heavily ]

[ Heavy Breathing Continues ]

You still readin' me

okay, big guy ?

[Jammer]

Ready or fine, Bud.

Okay, just a few

more minutes.

There's a couple compartments

up ahead that might have air.

- Okay, no problem.

- We got to be sure, right ?

Hang on, Jammer. You just hold

on to that-- [Transmission Fades]

Shit !

Bud ?

Bud, can you hear me ?

Bud ? Bud ?

Goddamn it !

[ Hyperventilating ]

Oh, Jesus !

[ Breathing Slows ]

Bud, is that you ?

[ Loud Bang ]

Hang on, Jammer.

- [ Hyperventilating ]

- Lew, Cat, hurry up ! On the double !

[Lew]

I'm on my way.

-Jammer !

- [ Gurgling ]

- What's the problem ?

- He's convulsing !

It's his mixture.

Too much oxygen.

Got to get the O-2 cut down !

Turn him over !

Crank it down, man !

You're losin' him !

All right. We got to get him  
out of here. Let's go. Let's move it.

Easy, big fella.

That's it.

One Night, do you see the divers ?

Are they out yet ?

Negative, Lindsey.

Haven't seen hide nor hair.

Let's give them two minutes more max,  
and then I'll sound a diver recall--

[ Bud Over Radio ]

Lindsey, do you copy ?

Meet me at Flatbed. This is a diver  
emergency. Linds, do you copy ?

Uh, yeah, copy you, Bud.

I-I'm on my way.

Look, I'm just a medic,  
which is mostly about patchin' holes.

This type of thing, it's--

There's not much I can do.

A coma could last  
hours or days.

So you didn't get  
anything on the cameras.

No. I didn't get  
a picture of it.

- What about the video ?

- No.

We lost power right then. Look, I just  
don't want to talk about this, okay ?

Fine. Be that way.

Look, I don't know  
what I saw, Bud, okay ?  
Coffeywants to call it  
a Russian submersible, fine,  
it's a Russian submersible.  
- No problem.  
- Yeah, butyou think  
it was somethin' else.  
What ?  
One ofours ?  
- No.  
- Well, whose then ?  
Come on, Lindsey,  
talk to me.  
Look, Jammer saw something  
down there, something that  
scared the hell out ofhim.  
His mixture got screwed up.  
Jammer panicked.  
He pranged his regulator,  
and his mixture got screwed up.  
But what did he see  
that made him panic ?  
Well, what doyou  
think he saw ?  
I don't know.  
- Did any ofyou see it ?  
- No, sir. The Brigman woman saw it.  
It could have been  
a Russian bogey.  
Oh, Cinclantfleet's  
gonna go ape shit.  
Two Russian attack subs,  
a Tango and a Victor,  
were tracked within 50 miles ofhere.  
Nowthey don'tknow  
where thehell theyare. Okay.  
[ Sighs ]  
I haven't got any choice.  
I'm confirming you  
to go to phase two.  
You'llrecover  
one warhead, arm it...  
andwaitfor



further instructions.

- We got a problem with that ?

- Negative, sir.

- [ Whistles ] Better come on.

- Turn it up, folks.

Sources have not confirmed any reports that the Montana encountered...

a Soviet fast-attack sub prior to its sinking, and the Kremlin continues to deny any involvement.

Oh, that's us.

That's us, man.

Benthic Petroleum are apparently participating in the recovery operation, but we have little information about their involvement.

Bullshit.

We want names.

- That's the Explorer. We're famous.

-Shh, quiet.

There is a tremendous amount of activity.

With Cuba only 80 miles away, the massive buildup of American forces...

has drawn official protest from Havana and Moscow.

Russian and Cuban trawlers, undoubtedly surveillance vessels, have been circling the area,

- and Soviet aircraft have repeatedly been warned away.

- This sucks.

Hippy, what's the matter with you ?

What's the matter with me ?

Nothing.

We're just in the middle of some big-time international incident, like the Cuban missile crisis or something.

Figured that out for yourself,

did you, Hip ?  
We got Russian subs  
creepin' around.  
Anything goes wrong, they could say  
whatever theywant happened.  
Relax, will you ?  
You're makin' the women nervous.  
- Cute, Virgil.  
- You know, those SEALs  
ain't telling us diddly.  
- Somethin' is going on !  
- Come on, come on.  
Hippy, you think everything's  
a conspiracy.  
Everything is.  
Hurry up !  
Coffey's splitting with Flatbed.  
- I showed him how to work the controls,  
and they're outta here.  
- Damn it.  
- Didn'tyou tell him  
we need it right now ?  
- He didn't pay attention.  
- Where the hell is he taking it ?  
- Ihavenoidea!  
Shit ! Coffey ! Come back !  
We need the big arm  
to unhook the umbilical.  
There's a goddamn  
hurricane comin' !  
- Heswitchedoff.  
- It's unbelievable.  
Go back down.  
Tell those men to get below  
and stay there.  
We need to get unhooked  
and get out ofhere now.  
All right, do it then.  
No problem, exceptyour boys  
went sightseeing with Flatbed.  
My people need Flatbed  
to get unhooked at their end.  
- Back in two hours.  
- Two hours ?

We're gonna get the shit kicked  
out of us by our pal Fred in two hours.

- Set cold tab fitting to 200 P.S.I.

- Set.

There she goes. She's breaking loose.

Bringing her up.

Okay. Alright.

Get clear of the hatch. Keep goin'  
with it. Keep goin'. That's it, up.

Sir, the missile

looks intact.

Little is known at this hour about  
the events leading up to the collision.

The U.S. Navy guided missile

cruiser Appleton...

apparently struck

the Soviet destroyer...

in low visibility conditions.

In violent seas, little hope remains

for over 100 Russian crewmen...

still missing after

the sinking an hour ago.

Soviet military spokesmen have

claimed that the collision...

constituted

an unprovoked attack.

- This was denied by state

department officials...

- Bud, this is big time.

who said that Captain Michael Sweeney

was acting correctly--

Okay, it's clear.

It's all yours, sir.

- Swing it away and drop it.

- Check. Okay.

Bypass the ground connection

on the separation sequencer.

- Got it ?

- Separation sequencer disconnected.

Remove explosive bolts one through

six in counterclockwise sequence.

Check.

Removing bolt one.

Negotiators have walked out of

the Strategic Arms Limitation Talks...  
- in protest over  
the incident this morning--  
- [ Changes Channel ]  
[ Translator] The sudden deterioration  
of relations with the United States--  
Soviet buildup of tanks  
and aircraft has continued.  
Sometime this morning,  
all U.S. and NATO military forces  
have been put on full alert.  
It's on every channel.  
Well, you just  
feel so helpless.  
You can see it coming, but what  
can you do ? What can anyone do ?  
Hey, I mean, they love their kids too.  
So why are we doin' this ?  
If it happens,  
it happens.  
There's nothing I can do about it,  
right ? I just don't think about it.  
All right. Let's get their gear off !  
Then clear the sub.  
We got to get it out of here !  
Come on. Let's go. Let's move it.  
One Night, you're up.  
Get ready to roll, baby.  
- Don't touch that. Just back away.  
- Excusez-moi.  
Hey, Coffey, we are  
a little pressed for time.  
Prick. This ain't no drill,  
slick. Make me proud.  
Piece of cake, baby.  
[Loud Banging]  
[Bud Over Radio]  
What's the problem, One Night ?  
All hell must be breaking loose  
up there. This cable's pissin' me off.  
- I can't get a grip on it.  
- Well, keep tryin', baby.  
Just keep tryin'.  
Son of a bitch !

- Shit ! We got a problem !  
- [ Alarm Beeping ]  
- What's going on ?  
- We're losing number two thruster !  
Bearing's going !  
- It's not holding. We're  
swinging out of position here !  
- Goddamn it !  
- [ Metal Scraping ]  
- Ooh ! Jesus.  
Ah, shit !  
- The rig is movin' !  
- Yeah, I can see that.  
Topside ! Pay out some slack.  
We're gettin' dragged.  
- Down on number one winch !  
Down on one !  
- We're gettin' dragged!  
Bud, we're headed right  
for the drop-off.  
What the hell ?  
We just lost all the topside feeds.  
Shit ! Get him on the U.Q.C. !  
Bud !  
- We lost the crane!  
- Say again. What ?  
The crane ! We've lost the crane !  
It's on its way down to you !  
All right, everybody.  
Everybody, rig for impact !  
- [ Alarm Blaring ]  
- Close all the exterior hatches !  
[ Bud Over P.A. ]  
Go, go, go, go!  
Wait, wait, wait !  
Get in here !  
What the hell is goin'  
on around here ?  
I don't know.  
You two help secure the rig.  
Let's go.  
One Night, you hear me ?  
Get the hell out of there !  
The crane's comin' down !

[ Grunts, Groans ]  
[ One Night ]  
I'm okay. I'm clear, Bud.  
[Banging]  
[ Radar Pinging ]  
I've got it.  
It's headed straight for us.  
[RadarPinging Faster]  
[Banging]  
[ Relieved Sighs ]  
Oh, shit.  
- Oh, no, no, no, no, no, no, no.  
- [Lindsey] Oh, myGod!  
- Bud !  
- [Bud]Grab on to something !  
Jesus !  
[ All Grunting ]  
-[ Bud ] Battery rooms front. Let's go !  
-Cat, put that out !  
- Bud !  
- Yeah ?  
- Drill room's floodin' !  
- Get back down there !  
Go ! I'll take  
the battery room.Jesus !  
[ Alarm Blaring ]  
[ Panting Heavily]  
Shit !  
Get out ofthere !  
Close the door ! Seal the room !  
[DoorClosing]  
Lindsey,  
let's get out ofhere !  
Whoa !  
- [ Gasps ]  
- [ Squeaking ]  
[ Screaming, Panting ]  
[ Skipped item nr. 699 ]  
- [ Alarm Blaring ]  
- [Rumbling]  
- [ Moaning ]  
- Hold this on me !  
Okay.  
Lindsey!Lindsey!

- Aaah !  
- I got him.  
Let's get the hell  
out of here !  
Aaah !  
Let's go !  
Let's go !  
Get the door !  
Get the door !  
- Aaah !  
- Jesus !  
[ Muffled ]  
Bud ! Bud !  
[ Groans ]  
Finler, cut the hose !  
Cut the line  
to the motor !  
I can't open it  
from out here !  
- [ Screaming ]  
- Finler, cut the hose!  
-[LoudCreak]  
- Finler !  
[ Grunting, Coughing ]  
Hey ! Hey !  
Hey ! Hey !  
Come on, Sonny !  
Hey, Cat!  
Help me out, man!  
Hang on !  
- [ Both Grunting ]  
- The hose ! Cut the hose !  
The line to the motor !  
Hurry up !  
-[Hoses Hiss]  
- [ Grunts ]  
- Come on, Cat !  
- [ Grunting Continues ]  
Hurry !  
Come on, Sonny, help me out !  
Come on, push !  
Come on, Sonny !  
- Let's go !  
- Come on, let's go !

We gotta go, go, go !  
Get outta here !  
Come on, move it !  
Go, go, go, go, go, go, go, go, go !  
Get the hatch, Cat !  
Get the hatch !  
Get the hatch !  
[ All Panting ]  
[ Kisses ]  
You all right ?  
Everybody okay ?  
- Yeah.  
- Yeah. Oh, son of a bitch.  
[ Whispers ]  
Oh, man.  
[Sonny]  
Benthic Explorer, this is Deep Core2.  
Doyoureadme ?  
Benthic Explorer, Benthic Explorer,  
this is Deep Core.  
Doyou read me ?  
Over.  
Forget it, Sonny.  
They're gone, man.  
Mayday, mayday,  
mayday.  
Hey.  
They're gone.  
Okay ?  
I just want to  
get out ofthis.  
Just like to see mywife  
one more time.  
All right, then you'd  
better keep tryin', huh ?  
[ Clears Throat ]  
Mayday, mayday, mayday.  
This is Deep Core 2.  
Doyou read me ?  
Benthic Explorer, Benthic Explorer,  
doyoureadme ?  
This is Deep Core2.  
Over.  
Mayday, mayday, mayday.



This is Deep Core2.

Doyoureadme ? Over.

Hey, Jammer.

[Whispering]

Jesus.

-Shh!

- Waitasecond. Igotit, Igotit.

- I'll doit.

- You'll doityourself.

Find your buddy ?

- [ Groans ]

- No.

Tighter. Tighter.

- Brigman.

- What ?

I was under orders.

I had no choice.

How's it goin', Cat ?

What's the scoop, Ace ?

Well, I can get power

to this module in sub bay...

ifI reroute these buses,

but I gotta get past the mains,

which are a total meltdown.

[ Sighs ] Bud, there won't be enough  
to run the heaters.

In a few hours, this place  
is gonna be as cold as a meat locker.

What about O-2 ?

Yeah, well, braceyourself.

Ifwe close offthe sections

we're not using, we have

about maybe 1 2 hours' worth.

Storm's gonna last

a lot longer than 1 2 hours.

Yeah, well,

I can maybe extend that. Maybe.

There's some storage tanks outboard  
next to the wrecked module.

I'll have to go outside,

though, and tie onto them.

Hey, Linds.

- Linds.

- Yeah ?

I'm glad you're here.

[ Sighs ]

Yeah.

I'm not.

Hey.

Found Cab 3.

Deader than dog shit,  
boss.

That girder went right through  
the brainpan.

[Bud]

Yeah, I see that.

- Where are you ?

- Living quarters, level two.

Oh, geez.

[Hippy]

That's Perry.

That's it, then.

Finler, McWorter, Dietz and Perry.

Jesus.

Uh, we just

leave 'em there ?

For now.

We got no choice.

First priority's  
to get something to breathe.

[BudOverRadio]

Where are you now, Linds ?

I'm under

the starboard trimodule.

- Still with me, Hip ?

-[HippyOverRadio]

Right behind you, Linds.

How's it look ?

[ Lindsey Over Radio ]

You guys really screwed up my rig.

There's a lot

of wreckage out here.

- Well, don't get fouled.

- Hit me with that 9/16, okay ?

- Yeah.

- Thank you.

So, there you were.

Yeah, there we were,

side by side on the same ship  
for two months.  
I'm a tool pusher, and we're testing  
this automated derrick ofhers.  
We get back on the beach  
and we're living together.  
Doesn't mean  
you had to marry her.  
Well, we were due to go back out  
on the same ship-- six months ofttests.  
Ifyou were married, you got  
a stateroom. Otherwise, it was bunks.  
Okay, good reason.  
Come tighten this.  
Then what ?  
Everything was all right there  
for a while, you know.  
Then she got promoted to chiefengineer  
on this thing a coupleyears ago.  
She went front office  
on you, man ?  
Yeah, well, youknowLindsey.  
She'sjust too damn  
aggressive--  
-Son ofabitch.  
-[ToolClatters]  
She didn't leave me.  
Shejust left me behind.  
Bud, let me  
tell you somethin'.  
She ain't halfas smart  
as she thinks she is.  
- [ Laughs ] Get outta here.  
- [ Laughing ]  
[Hippy] Come on.  
Let'ssee thosemuscles.  
Bingo. That's one.  
Two for two.  
- Hey. Hey.  
- [ Static Humming ]  
Lindsey, doyou read me ?  
Over.  
Copyyou, Hippy.  
What's the matter ?

Oh, shit. The power's jackin'  
around with us again.  
Lindsey, come back.  
I just lost video.  
Lindsey, are you there ?  
Hippy, do you copy ?  
- Linds, you copy ?  
- [ Radio Static ]  
Shit.  
What the hell--  
Hippy, do you copy ?  
Damn it.  
Bud, do you copy ? Over.  
Uh, I seem to be having  
a problem here.  
Shit.  
Damn it.  
[ Camera Shutter Clicking ]  
- That's a great shot, Linds.  
- You drop your dive line ?  
Come on, you guys.  
Come on.  
That's the smaller one. You can  
kinda see how it's zigging around.  
- Yeah, whatever it is.  
- I'm telling you what it is.  
- You're just not hearing me.  
- Now, Lindsey, you--  
There is something down there.  
Something not us.  
You could be more... specific.  
- Something that zigs.  
- Not us.  
Not human. Get it ?  
Something nonhuman, but intelligent.  
A nonterrestrial intelligence.  
- A nonterrestrial intelligence.  
- Yes.  
N.T.I.s. Oh, man,  
that's better than U.F.O.s.  
But that works too, huh ?  
Underwater flying objects.  
Are we talking  
little space friends here ?

Hell, yeah ! Hot rods ofthe gods !

Right, Linds ?

No, really.

It could be N.T.I.s.

The C.I.A. has known  
about 'em forever.

They abduct people  
all the time.

Hippy, would you do me a favor ?

Stay offmy side.

- Will you step into my office, please ?

- Certainly.

I-- Come here.

-Jesus, Linds.

- Oh, Bud, come on.

Something really important  
is happening here.

I'm trying to keep this situation  
under control.

- I can't allowyou to create  
this kind ofhysteria.

- Who's hysterical ?

- Nobody's hysterical !

- Shh.

All I'm saying is, when you're  
hangin' on byyour fingernails,  
you don't go

waving your arms around.

Look, I saw something. I'm not gonna  
say I didn't see it when I did.

I'm sorry.

Please.

You are the most stubborn woman  
I ever knew.

Yes. I am.

But I need you  
to believe me right now.

Come on, look at me.

Am I stressed out ?

Do I have any symptoms ofpressure  
sickness ? Tremor ? Slurred speech ?

- No.

- No.

Bud, this is me, Lindsey.

Okay ?  
You know me better  
than anybody in the world.  
Now watch my lips.  
I saw these things.  
I touched one of them,  
and it wasn't some clunky steel can  
like we would build.  
It glided.  
It was the most beautiful thing  
I've ever seen.  
Oh, God,  
I wish you'd been there.  
It was a machine--  
It was a machine, but it was alive.  
It was like a--  
like a dance of light.  
Please. You have to trust me.  
Now, I don't think they mean us  
any harm. I don't know how I know that.  
It's just a feeling.  
Geez. I'm supposed to  
go on a feeling ?  
How can I ? You think Coffey's  
gonna go on a feeling ?  
Well, we all see  
what we wanna see.  
Coffey looks,  
and he sees Russians.  
He sees hate and fear.  
You have to look  
with better eyes than that.  
- Please.  
- I can't, Linds.  
- No ? Mmm.  
- I'm sorry.  
[Coffey] All I want is 24-hour  
surveillance on the exterior cam.  
-[Cat Shouting]  
- I've got six people, I've got--  
Everybody just stop.  
All right,  
I want a round-the-clock manning of the  
sonar shack and the exterior cameras.

That Russian bogey comes back,  
I don't think we should be taking a nap.  
Oh, give me a break,  
Coffey.

Those things live three-and-a-half  
miles down in an abyssal trench.

Trust me, they're not  
speaking Russian.

- Have you finished the repairs on  
the acoustical transmitter yet ?

- Nope.

Why not ?

I was having  
my nails done.

Well, get it done.

Kiss my ass.

All right,  
get somethin' straight.

You people  
are under my authority.

- Look, partner--

- When I give you an or--

Look, partner,  
we don't work for you,  
we don't take orders  
from you...

and we don't much like you.

Hey, Cat. Cat !

- Yeah ?

- Why don't you take the  
first watch on sonar, okay ?

Right on.

Sonny, you get a couple hours sleep,  
then you spell Cat.

Hippy, you handle  
exterior surveillance.

[ Shuddering ]

One Night.

Would you do me a favor and see if  
you can get that transmitter fixed ?

- All right ?

- Be a couple hours.

- [ Click ]

- Got it.

All right.

Come on, A.J. squared-away,  
a little to the left.

[Hippy]

Whatis that ?

Oh, this is not happening.

Oh, man.

[Hippy] Lookatme. I'mshakin'.

Allright, wait, wait, wait.

And now...

here's MI RV.

Come on, man.

What else could it be ?

Why bring it here ?

It's gotta be some kind ofemergency  
plan to keep it away from the Russians.

Look, they hot-wire

one ofthe nukes,

they use some kind ofdetonator

that they brought,

then they stick it back in the sub,

fry the whole thing up.

Bam ! Slicker than snot.

I'm tellin' ya.

And I'm not bein' paranoi--

Hi, Linds.

Linds, will youjust

wait a second.

Goddamn it, ifyou don't

do something about it, I will !

Lindsey, we'll do something about it !

Just wait a second !

- Lindsey.

- What ?

-Just stop and think about this.

- What ?

[Banging Continues]

You got some huevos

bringing that thing into my rig.

With all that's going on

up in the world, you bring

a nuclearweapon in here ?

Mrs. Brigman--

Does this strike anyone as particularly



psychotic, or is it just me ?  
Mrs. Brigman, you don't need to know  
the details of our operation.  
It's better if you don't.  
You're right.  
I don't need to know.  
What I need to know  
is that thing is off this rig !  
Do you hear me, Roger Ramjet ?  
You're becoming  
a serious impediment to our mission.  
Now, you either do an about-face  
and walk out of here,  
or I'll have you  
escorted out.  
I will not do an about-face  
and get out of here.  
- Who do you think you're talking--  
- [ Alarm Bell Rings ]  
Emergency ! Maintenance Room B !  
Everybody move it !  
- On the double !  
- Now! Now!  
-[Alarm Continues]  
-In here ! Come on ! We've got trouble !  
- Now ! Come on !  
- What's goin' on ?  
- All right, all right,  
all right, all right !  
-[Alarm Stops]  
[One Night]  
What's up ? What's happening ?  
You let her go, man.  
Do it. Do it now !  
Let her go.  
[ Grunts ]  
That was the smartest thing  
you ever did.  
- Coffey, you son of a bitch--  
- Lindsey ! Cool it.  
-[Cat] What's the problem ?  
- Nothin'.  
We were just leaving.  
Weren't we ?

W-We don't need them.

We can't trust them.

We may have to take steps.

We're gonna have to  
take steps.

Linds, I wantyou to stay away  
from that guy.

- I mean it.

- The guy is gone.

Did you see his hands ?

What ? He's got the shakes ?

Look, he's operating  
on his own,

he's cut offfrom

his chain ofcommand,

he's showing signs

ofpressure-induced psychosis...

and he's got

a nuclearweapon.

So, as a favor to me, try to put  
your tongue in neutral for a while.

I gotta tell you, I give this whole  
thing a sphincter factor ofabout 9.5.

Look, you canjust punch into  
his primary guidance chip  
wherewant him to go...

and he'll go there,  
right ?

- No. Bad idea, Lindsey. Bad.

- Why ? Hip, come on.

Because even ifit could  
take the pressure at that depth,

- which I don't think it can,

- Yeah ?

without the tetheryou know what'd  
happen when it got down there ?

It wouldjust sit like--

Please.

It wouldjust sit  
like a dumb shit.

Something would have to pass in front  
ofthe camera foryou to see anything.

But we could get lucky, right ?

So we should go for it.

- I really ought to talk  
to Bud about this.

- This is between you and me.  
We get proof,  
and then we tell the others.  
If we can prove to Coffey  
that there aren't Russians down there,  
maybe he'll ease off the button  
a little bit.

I gotta tell ya, that guy  
scares me more than anything  
we're gonna find down there.  
He's a goddamn A.J. squared-away,  
jar-head robot.

It's--

All right, give me a couple hours  
to see what I can do.

Great. Thanks.

How's that ?

Thanks.

[ Snoring ]

Virgil, turn on your side.

[ Pinging ]

[ Static,  
Pinging Continues ]

All right,  
you're all set, big guy.

Hey, I told you  
to wipe that grin off your face.

Good night,  
little buddy.

[ Gasps ]

[ Whispers ]

Bud. Bud. Bud !

Get up.

What ?

Cat.

- Cat !

- Hey !

[ Mumbling ]

God-- Leave me alone.

[ Gasps ]

Bud.

Wait. It's okay.

Sweet Christ Almighty.  
I think it likes you.  
It's trying to communicate.  
[One Night]  
That's Bud.  
[ Laughing ]  
It's wonderful.  
It's me.  
- No, no, no.  
- Shh. It's okay.  
[One Night]  
Whatisit ?  
[One Night]  
Isitalive ?  
[Bud]  
Lindsey, no.  
Sea water.  
[One Night]  
Oh, man.  
Come on. Come on !  
- Hurry !  
- Where the hell's it goin' ?  
Huh ?  
Hurry! I think it's headed  
for 'B' module.  
Linds, you see it ?  
[ Gasps ]  
[ Shuddering, Grunting ]  
- Aah !  
- Aah !  
Aaah !  
[ Shivering ]  
[ Whimpering,  
Continues Shivering ]  
[ Static Stops ]  
[ Pinging Continues ]  
[Lindsey] So, raise your hand if you  
think that was a Russian water tentacle.  
Lieutenant ?  
No ? Well.  
A breakthrough.  
Hey, Ace, you done  
impressin' yourself?  
No way that thing

could just be sea water.  
They must have learned to control water.  
I mean at a molecular level.  
They can plasticize it, polymerize it,  
do whatever they want to do with it.  
They can put it  
under intelligent control.  
Maybe their whole technology's  
based on that.

- What ?

- Controlling water.

- [Hippy] Was it the same thing  
that you saw the last time ?

- No.

You know, I don't think that  
that thing you saw was one of them.

- What are you talking about ?

- I mean, I don't think it was an N.T.I.  
I think it was their version  
of an R.O.V., like Big Geek.

- [Cat] Hippy, you mean  
they were just checking us out ?

- Yeah.

- How come ?

- [Lindsey] Curious, I suppose.  
We're probably the first people  
that have ever seen one.

Who's been down this far ?

- [ Grunting ]

- [Cat] Sure hope they don't  
judge the rest of us by him.

[ Grunts ]

Went straight  
for the warhead,  
and they think it's cute.

You need to get  
some sleep.

[ Panting ]

We have no way...  
of warning the surface.

You know what that means ?

It means whatever happens...  
is up to us.

Us.

[ Grunting ]  
[One Night]Soyou think  
they're from down there originally,  
orfrom, youknow--  
[ Laughs ]  
I don't know.  
I think--  
I think they're from ''you know.''  
Someplace withsimilarconditions--  
cold, intensepressure.  
Oh, man.  
Happy as hogs in a waller  
down there, probably.  
[Metallic SpinningSound]  
[ Gasps ]  
[SpinningSoundContinues]  
[SpinningSoundContinues, Louder]  
[ Gasps ]  
Sniffsomethin' ?  
Did you, rat boy ?  
[ Grunts ]  
- [ Grunting ]  
- Hey, hey, hey !  
Freeze ! Don't move !  
That's right.  
You okay, Hip ?  
- They're using Big Geek  
to take the bomb to the N.T.I.s.  
- What ?  
- We set it up to go right to 'em.  
- Oh, my God.  
Oh, my God.  
Take this.  
We're going to phase three.  
[ Groaning ]  
What ? We don't have orders for that !  
[Hippy]  
IprogrammedBig Geek...  
togo down to thebottom ofthe trench  
andshootsome video.  
-Nowthey'vegot the warheadtiedtoit.  
-Coffey ?  
- Linds--  
- Coffey-- No. Come on.

Just think about  
whatyou're doingjust one minute.  
Just think about  
whatyou're-- Aaah !  
Get back !  
This is something  
I've wanted to do since we first met.  
[Tearing]  
[ Whimpers ]  
Easy. Easy.  
Take it easy.  
- [ Grunting ]  
- [ Lindsey Moaning ]  
Into the kitchen.  
Let's go.  
- Move, partner !  
- Getyour damn hands offofme !  
- Get in there !  
- I know the way.  
Your boss is fixin'  
to pull the pin on 50 kilotons,  
and we're all  
gonna be ringside !  
He'shaving  
a full-onmeltdown !  
- What's the timer set for ?  
- Threehours.  
- Shut up. Don't talk.  
- Threehours ?  
We can't get to minimum safe distance  
in three hours.  
- We can't go to phase three.  
What about these people ?  
- Shut up.  
What's the matterwith you ?  
Everybodyjust stay calm.  
The situation  
is under control.  
[ Grunts ]  
Anybody touches that door, kill 'em.  
Schoenick, your lieutenant's about to  
make a real bad career move.  
- The guy's crazier  
than a shithouse rat !

- Schoenick !  
- They're trying to make contact!  
- Can't you see he's lost it ?  
- Shut up !  
- The shockwave'll kill us.  
- Quiet !  
- It'll crush this rig like a beer can.  
- What are you talking about ?  
- We gotta stop him.  
Shut up !  
This is not our mission.  
We can't detonate without orders.  
[Lindsey]  
Schoenick, please!  
[ Grunting, Yelling ]  
He's about to declare war  
on an alien species just when  
they're trying to make contact !  
Please !  
- I think I'm reaching him.  
- Yeah.  
[ Lock Clanks ]  
-[Hippy Chuckling]  
- I'll be damned.  
-[Bud]Jammer!  
- Is everybody okay ?  
- [ Laughs ]  
- Oh, man !  
- Don't move, jar face !  
- I'm the least of your problems.  
- Take it easy, Hippy.  
- I'm all right.  
How you feelin',  
big guy ?  
I'm okay, Bud, I--  
I just figured I was dead back there  
when I saw that angel comin' for me.  
Uh-- Yeah, okay.  
Tell us about it later.  
Come on.  
He's got it tied off  
with somethin'.  
- Ready ?  
- [ Grunts ]



- [ Exhales ]  
- We're not gonna be able to budge it.  
Now what ?  
This is the only door to sub bay.  
- What areyou doing ?  
- I'm gonna swim to hatch six.  
What ?  
I'm gonna get inside  
and open the door from the other side.  
Bud, this water is freezing.  
Then I guess  
you'd betterwish me luck.  
- Wish us luck.  
-[Bud] Youcomin'along ?  
Looks that way.  
- All right, Cat.  
- Come on.  
- In case I don't die.  
-[One Night] This is insane.  
Come on, Bud. Let's go, partner.  
I ain't got all day.  
[ Exhaling ]  
[ Panting, Exhaling ]  
[ Gasping ]  
[ Coughing ]  
Come on, yank on it.  
[ Both Grunting ]  
[ Panting, Coughing ]  
Gonna have to--  
Have to go to the moon pool.  
It's the onlyway.  
I can't.  
I can't make it, partner.  
I'm real sorry.  
Okay. Okay, Cat.  
You head on back, all right ?  
[ Rapid Exhaling, Inhaling ]  
Shit !  
[Pulley Chain Clanking Slowly]  
[ Shivering ]  
- What is he doing ?  
- He can't make it to the door.  
He's gonna try  
and take him out himself.

No. Oh, God, he couldn't be that dumb.

That guy's a trained killer.

[Clacking Continues]

-[BudGasps]

- [ Grunts ]

No !

Coffey. Coffey, listen--

[ Click]

[ Gasps ]

[ Grunting, Groaning ]

[ Inhales Deeply, Coughs ]

[ Panting ]

- Hey !

- [ Gasps ]

- [ Muffled Yell ]

- Aaaaah !

[ Bud Groans ]

[ Grunts, Screams ]

Hey!

Bud! Youallright ?

Get him, Cat !

[Hatch Slams]

[ Grunts ]

He's dogged it, Bud.

We gotta get this

offofhere.

Come on, help me.

Pull the gripper ! Pull it !

Cat, get the door.

Ohh ! Shit.

Come on !

- Shoot ! Shoot !

- Areyou all right ?

The safety's on !

Safety's on !

Give me that !

[Bullets Hitting VesselHousing]

Come on, let'sgo!

Helpme out!

- Give me a hand ! Move it !

- One Night, what about Cab 1 ?

Ready to launch.

Go! You'rebetter

in these than Iam !

You got air ?  
Come on, come on.  
Yougotair.  
Yougotair.  
[ Grunts ]  
Shit.  
[JoystickWhirs ]  
[LindseyOverRadio]  
Bud, getoutofthe way!  
Shit !  
[ Motors Failing ]  
[ Panting, Gaspig ]  
Get in ! Hurry up !  
I'm comin', baby.  
Keepyour panty hose on.  
[ Grunting ]  
- Areyou okay ?  
- Yeah.  
- Doyou see Big Geek ?  
- Yeah. Right out in front.  
- Oh, my God !  
- Get after him !  
- Okay, okay ! Get on the arm.  
- Ease up. To the left.  
- A little more.  
- You missed. Try it again.  
- Stand steady. Stand steady.  
- Okay.  
- Grab it.  
- Yeah. Got it !  
- Pretty slick, Slick.  
- Hold it really steady.  
-Just hold it still.  
- I am. I am.  
[ Both Yelling ]  
[ Yelling Continues ]  
[ Lindsey Gaspig ]  
Shit ! We lost Geek !  
Where is he ?  
Doyou see him ?  
I'll take a look.  
He's comin' up fast.  
Step on it.  
Shit !

- Go to the right. Swing to the right.

- Shit.

[Bud]

Keepmovin', baby.

Come here.

- That's right.

- [ Both Yell ]

[Bud]

Thatson ofabitch.

- Ohhh !

- Hard left, baby. Left, left, left !

[ Moaning ]

-Jesus Christ, lady.

- Ifyou can do any better,  
then you're welcome up here.

[ Coffey Grunting ]

Son ofa bitch.

- Is he right on us ?

- Yeah, he is right on your ass.

- Okay. Okay.

- Whereyou goin' ?

Hang on.

[ Grunting ]

Aaah !

[ Whimpering ]

[Cracking, Crunching]

[ Screaming ]

[LindseyOverRadio]

Deep Core, this is Cab 1. Doyouread?

Deep Core, Deep Core,  
this is Cab 1 . Over.

I'm not getting any answer.

And we're flooding  
like a son ofa bitch.

Yeah ? You noticed ?

You know, you did okay back there,  
Virgil. I was fairly impressed.

Yeah, well, not good enough.

We still gotta catch Big Geek.

Yeah ? Well, notin this thing.

Deep Core, Deep Core,  
this is Cab 1 . Over.

Try it again.

Deep Core, this is Cab 1 .

We need assistance.  
Over--Aaah!  
-[GeneratorFailing]  
- You all right ?  
Yeah.  
- Well, that's that.  
- Yeah. Wonderful.  
There's light comin' from somewhere.  
It's off to the right.  
Yeah. That's the rig.  
It's a good 60, 70 yards,  
I'd say.  
Well, they'll come after us.  
Yeah, but it's gonna take 'em  
a while to get here.  
We gotta get  
this flooding stopped.  
- Can you see where it's coming in ?  
- Yeah. Hold the lamp for me.  
There's a busted fitting  
behind this panel.  
Problem is,  
I don't think I can get to it.  
[ Grunts ]  
You got any tools ?  
I don't know.  
I'll have to look around.  
Yeah, well,  
I looked already.  
Goddamn it, all I need is  
a goddamn crescent wrench.  
- Come on.  
- [ Both Grunting ]  
Aaaah !  
Shit !  
Son of a bitch !  
Okay, calm down, Bud.  
- Calm down.  
- Okay.  
Okay.  
Okay.  
- We gotta get you out of here.  
- How ?  
- I don't know how.

- All right, we've only got one suit.  
- We've gotta come up with s--  
- Oh, my God. I'm freezing.  
- Come here. Come here a sec.  
- [ Groans ]  
Listen, you're smart.  
Think of somethin'.  
Can't you think of somethin' ?  
Okay, why don't you swim back  
to the rig and bring back another suit.  
That'd take me about  
seven, eight minutes to swim,  
get the gear, come back.  
I wouldn't make it.  
By the time I got back you'd be--  
- Okay.  
- Linds.  
Let's look around.  
Just look a-- Oh, my God.  
[ Panting ]  
Is that working ?  
- [ Inhales, Sighs ]  
- Shit.  
[ Gasps, Moans, Continues Panting ]  
[ Continues Gasping ]  
- All right. All right, all right.  
- Bud, I'm getting cold.  
- Here. You put this on.  
- No, no ! What are you--  
Don't argue with me.  
Just put it on.  
- Look, this is not an option,  
so just forget about it.  
- Lindsey, shut up !  
Put this thing on.  
- Just be logical.  
- Fuck logic !  
Please listen !  
Just listen to me for one second.  
You've got the suit on, and you're a  
much better swimmer than I am. Right ?  
- Yeah, maybe--  
- Right ? Yes. So I've got a plan.  
- What's the plan ?

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

No. No !

Yes. This water is only  
a couple ofdegrees above freezing.

I'd go into deep hypothermia.

My blood'll go

like ice water. Right ?

My body systems will slow down.

Theywon't stop.

- Linds--

- You tow me back and I can--

I can be revived after  
maybe 1 0 or 1 5 minutes.

- Linds, you put this on.

- No ! It's the onlyway.

Youjust put this on.

You know I'm right.

Please. It's the onlyway.

You've got all the...

stuff... on the rig to do this.

Put this on.

Bud, please !

This is insane.

- Oh, my God. I know.

- You okay ?

It's the onlyway.

- Here, hold this.

- [ Continues Gasping ]

-Just hold on.

- Okay.

You can do this, you know.

[ Shivering ]

You can do this.

- Oh, God, Linds, I--

- I know.

You can tell me later.

[ Moaning ]

[ Gasping, Whimpering ]

[ Screams ]

[Lindsey, Muffled]

Oh, God!

Oh, God!

[ Sobbing ]

This is maybe not  
such a good idea !  
[ Gasping, Sobbing ]  
Oh, my God !  
Bud ! Ohh !  
[ Continues Gasping ]  
[ Continues Sobbing ]  
I can't--  
Help, Bud ! I'm scared !  
No !  
Igothim !  
Igothim !  
- Where ?  
- Oh, my God. It's Lindsey.  
- Deep Core, doyouread?Over.  
- We gotyou, Bud.  
- We'rehere.  
- Go to the infirmary.  
Get the cart oxygen,  
defib kit,  
adrenaline and a 1 0cc syringe,  
some heating blankets.  
- You got all that ?  
- Got it. Over.  
- Meet me at the moon pool !  
Make it fast !  
- Now ! Let's go !  
- Hippy, get the hot packs.  
- Got 'em.  
Here he comes !  
- Get her up.  
- Watch her head.  
- I got it. I got it.  
- Watch her feet.  
Watch her head comin' down.  
Watch it. Okay.  
Clear that.  
Is she clear ? Is she clear ?  
Get the defib ready.  
Hurry up, Cat.  
Okay, okay. Got it.  
- Okay ?  
- Yeah.  
Three-one thousand,



four-one thousand,  
- five-one thousand--  
- Breathe !  
One-one thousand, two-one thousand,  
three-one thousand--  
No, no, no. You gotta  
have bare skin or it won't work.  
Three-one thousand,  
four-one thousand-- Breathe.  
- Here.  
- [ Continues Counting ]  
Is that right ?  
Is this it ?  
- I got it, Bud.  
- Well, do it !  
Breathe!  
- Come on, zap her.  
- Clear !  
- [ Thump ]  
- Come on, baby. Aw, Christ !  
- Nothing.  
- Breathe!  
- I check out 300.  
- All right, do it again, One Night.  
- Zap her again.  
- It's going, it's going. It's charging.  
Charging. Charging. Charging.  
- Now.  
- Clear !  
-[DefibrillatorZaps]  
-[Thump]  
-[Bud]Anything ?  
-[Hippy]Nopulse.  
- Come on, baby.  
- It's charging. One more time.  
- Zap her again. Come on !  
- [ Defibrillator Beeping ]  
- Come on !  
- Clear !  
[ Thump ]  
God ! No pulse.  
Bud, it's flat.  
Goddamn, it's flat.  
One, two, three, four, five,

one thousand.  
One-one thousand,  
two-one thousand-- Breathe.  
One, two, three, four--  
Breathe !  
[BudExhalingRhythmically]  
Breathe. Come on, baby.  
One-one thousand,  
two-one thousand,  
three-one thousand,  
four-one thousand--  
Come on, baby.  
One-one thousand, two-one thousand,  
three-one thousand,  
four-one thousand, five-one thou--  
Come on, baby, breathe.  
Come on.  
- Two-one thousand, three-one thousand--  
- Bud. Bud.  
Bud ? Bud.  
It's all over, man.  
It's all over.  
I'm sorry.  
No pulse.  
No ! No !  
She has a strong heart !  
She wants to live !  
Come on, Linds !  
Come on, baby !  
Zap her again. Do it !  
- Charging.  
- Do it !  
[DefibrillatorBeeping]  
-[Steady Tone]  
- Come on, baby.  
- Clear.  
- Clear !  
- [ Thump ]  
- [ Whimpers ]  
- Get back.  
[ Exhaling ]  
Come on, breathe, baby.  
Goddamn it, breathe.  
Goddamn it, you bitch ! You never

backed away from anything in your life !

Now fight !

Fight ! Fight !

Right now ! Do it !

Fight, goddamn it !

Fight ! Fight ! Fight !

Fight !

Linds. That's it, Lindsey.

That's it, Linds.

You can do it.

That's it, Linds. Come on back.

You can do it, baby.

[ Coughing ]

Lindsey.

[Coughing Continues]

- [ All Chuckling, Sighing ]

- Okay.

- [ Coughing Continues ]

- Get her some air. Get her some air.

- Easy. Breathe easy.

- Look at that.

- All right. All right.

-[All Chattering, Chuckling]

You did it, ace ! Huh ?

Yeah ! Yeah !

You did it, babe.

Easy. Breathe easy.

Watch her-- Make sure--

Make sure her heart's doin' okay.

Big boys don't cry.

Remember ?

Hi, lady.

Hi, tough guy.

[ Shudders ]

- I guess it worked, didn't it ?

- Yeah, ofcourse it did.

You're neverwrong, areyou ?

Howyou feelin' ? Huh ?

I've felt better.

[ Gasps ]

What did you do to me ?

Next time it's your turn. Okay ?

Yeah.

Yeah, you got that right.

Okay, these are so your eyes can focus  
in the breathing fluid.

How's that feel ?

There it is.

If you can't see, you can't  
disarm the bomb. Right ?

Okay, with this much weight  
you're gonna fall like a brick.

We still got about an hour, so  
we should get there in plenty of time.

When you get down there,  
all you gotta do is cut one wire,  
drop the weights  
and come on home.

[ Inhaling, Exhaling ]

- Hand me that wrench, will ya ?

- Maybe I oughta check and see--

Uh, yeah, that's a good place.

This is loose.

I'll fix that up.

Bud, you don't

have to do this.

Somebody's gotta do it.

It doesn't have to be you.

Who, then ?

So, I-- I can hear you,  
but I can't talk, right ?

The fluid prevents the larynx  
from making sound-- Excuse me.

- It'll feel a little strange.

- Yeah, no shit.

I gotta warn you all--

I'm a pretty lousy typist.

[ Chuckles ]

[ Sighs ]

The moment of truth.

- Come on. Let's go.

- Let's go.

Okay. Easy.

Okay.

I need it in the front  
a little bit. Thank you.

- Got it.

- [ Fasteners Securing ]

- Set.  
-Set.  
- Clamp.  
- Set.  
Okay, let's rock and roll.  
- [ Pump Hissing ]  
- Crack it.  
Headset. Headset, please.  
- Okay ?  
- Relax now, Bud. Just relax.  
- Bud. Watch me.  
- Relax now, Bud.  
- Relax. It's okay.  
- Okay ? Watch me. Watch me.  
Don't hold your breath.  
Take it in.  
Just let yourself take it in.  
Take it in.  
- That's it.  
-[Cat] Oh, man.  
Don't hold your breath. Take it in.  
There you go. Don't hold your breath.  
Take it in.  
That's it. There you go.  
- Bud-- This is not normal !  
- [ All Shouting ]  
This is normal. It'll pass  
in a second. It's perfectly normal.  
It's perfectly normal.  
We all breathed liquid for nine months,  
Bud. Your body will remember.  
That's it. That's it.  
- Perfectly normal.  
-[Cat] Christ, he's breathin' it.  
Give me that.  
Can you hear me ?  
- There he goes. He's got it.  
- Yes. Yes.  
- Okay, Bud.  
- That's it.  
Try your key pad.  
[ Chuckling ]  
[Hippy]  
Right.

I already have.  
[ All Laughing ]  
Okay, let's go.  
- Okay.  
- That's okay. I got it.  
[Cat]  
Igotit.  
- Okay, Hippy, yougot that ?  
-[Lindsey] Holdon,Jammer.  
- Okay, Bud.  
-[One Night] Easy. Easy.  
Watch out. Watch theback.  
[ Lindsey ]  
Careful.  
I rigged in Little Geek's chip  
the same as Big Geek.  
It should takeyou  
straight there.  
All you have to do  
is hang on.  
- What's his depth ?  
- Thirty-two hundred feet.  
Your depth is 3,200 feet.  
[ Lindsey Over Radio ]  
You're doing fine.  
You'd betterwatch out for crane  
wreckage. You should be almost to it.  
Forty-eight hundred feet.  
It's official.  
Yeah.  
Bud, according to Monk here, youjust  
set a record for the deepest suit dive.  
Beyou didn't thinkyou'd be doing  
this when you got up this morning, huh ?  
One mile down.  
Still grinnin'.  
Eighty-five hundred feet.  
[ Sighs ]  
Eighty-five hundred feet, Bud.  
Everything okay ?  
Ask him about  
pressure effects--  
tremors, vision problems, euphoria.  
Ensign Monk wants to know

howyou feel.  
It's starting.  
It hits the nervous system first.  
Keep talking.  
Let him hearyourvoice.  
Okay, Bud, your depth is 8,900 feet.  
You're doing fine.  
No, Lindsey.  
Talk to him.  
Bud.  
There are some--  
some things I need to say.  
It's hard for me, you know.  
It's not easy  
being a cast-iron bitch.  
Takes discipline  
and years oftraining.  
A lot ofpeople  
don't appreciate that.  
Jesus, I'm sorry I can't  
tell you these things toyour face.  
I have to wait till  
you're alone in the dark,  
freezing, and there's 1 0,000 feet  
ofwater between us.  
I'm sorry.  
I'm-- I'm rambling.  
[ Chuckles ]  
Comin' up on  
the big ten thou.  
Twelve thousand feet.  
Jesus, I don't believe he's doin' this !  
[ Whispering ] Hippy !  
Shut up ! What's wrong with you ?  
[ Sighs ]  
Bud, how areyou doing ?  
[One Night]  
Signal's fading.  
No. No, Bud,  
I'm not going away. I'm right here.  
Kill everything we don't need.  
Catfish, knock out those  
exterior lights. Now ! Go !  
Run it through the digital processor.

Cook it as much as you can.  
I am right here  
with you, Bud.  
Bud, this is Lindsey.  
Please.  
I'm right here with you.  
Okay ?  
Try and stay calm.  
I'm right here. All right ?  
Bud ?  
He's losing it.  
Talk to him.  
- Keep him with us.  
-[Hippy]Coming up on 16,000.  
B-Bud, it's the pressure.  
All right ?  
Listen to my voice.  
You have to try. Concentrate.  
Alright ?  
Just listen to my voice. Please.  
Seventeen thousand feet.  
Christ Almighty,  
this is insane.  
Bud-- I'm not getting anything.  
-Whoa, whoa, whoa-- Oh, come on. No. No.  
-What ? What ?  
Little Geek just folded.  
[ Whispers ]  
Jesus.  
He can still make it.  
Bud,  
I know how alone you feel.  
Alone in all that  
cold blackness.  
But I'm there in the dark  
with you.  
Oh, Bud, you're not alone.  
Oh, God.  
Do you remember that time--  
You were pretty drunk.  
You probably don't remember.  
The power went out in that little  
apartment we had on Orange Street.  
We were staring at that



one little candle and I said  
something really dumb, like,  
'That candle is me,' like--  
like every one of us is out there  
alone in the dark in this life.  
And you just--  
you just lit up another candle  
and put it beside mine...  
and you said,  
'No. See, that's me. That's me.'  
We stared at the two candles,  
and then--  
Well, if you remember  
any of this,  
I'm sure you remember  
the next part.  
But there are  
two candles in the dark.  
I'm with you.  
I'll always be with you, Bud.  
I promise that.  
How you doin', partner ?  
You still with us ?  
Come back.  
- You talk to us, Buddy boy.  
- [ Sobbing ]  
- Come on.  
- Bud.  
Bud ? Now, come on.  
You hangin' in there ?  
You have to talk to me, Bud.  
Please.  
I need to know  
if you're okay.  
[ All Sighing ]  
[ Lindsey ]  
You see-- You see a light ?  
What kind of light, Bud ?  
He's hallucinating badly.  
- He made it.  
- [ Sighs ] Oh, my God.  
Oh, man.  
Okay, Bud,  
we'll go step by step.

Remove the detonator housing...  
by unscrewing it counterclockwise.

All right, Bud,  
you have to cut the ground wire,  
not the lead wire.

It's the blue wire  
with the white stripe.

Not-- I repeat--  
not the black wire  
with the yellow stripe.

[ All Sighing ]

[ All Cheering ]

- Yes !

- Quiet ! Quiet. Save your air.

Bud, give me a reading  
off your liquid oxygen gauge.

What ?

- It took him 30 minutes  
just to get down there !

- Bud, do you hear me ?

You drop your weights and start back  
now, Bud ! That gauge could be wrong !

Do you hear me ? Just drop  
your weights and start back now.

Your gauge could be wrong !

Your gauge could be wrong !

You drop your weights  
and start back now !

No, you won't stay there !

Do you hear me ? You drop your weights.

You can breathe shallow !

Do you hear me ?

Bud, please ! Listen to me,  
please ! Goddamn it !

You dragged me  
back from the bottomless pit !  
You can't leave me here alone now !

Please.

Oh, God, Virgil, please.

Please.

I love you.

[ Inhaling Deeply ]

[ Coughing ]

Howdy.

Uh, howyou guys doin' ?  
...attempts to convene a summit between  
heads ofstate have collapsed--  
Soviet buildup oftanks  
and aircraft have--  
[Man #2]All citizens tostayon their  
jobs, restrictunnecessary travel--  
- [ Man #3 ] We had moments ago  
an unprovoked attack--  
- Holy shit.  
Across the country, National Guard  
units have been mobilized,  
and also defense volunteer staff  
have been called to full-time duty.  
You watch ourTV.  
That's whatyou're tellin' me--  
thatyou know what's  
goin' on up there ?  
Seismologists worldwideare reporting  
an enormous disturbance...  
throughout the world's oceans which  
apparently began about 1 5 minutes ago.  
They are acoustic shockwaves,  
like tsunamis, but with no  
apparent seismological source.  
The wavesarepropagating toward  
theshorelines ofeverycontinent.  
[ Woman ] Dr. Berg, would you  
please, based on the--  
Young lady, listen to me.  
We don't know what's going on yet.  
We don'thavea clue.  
The horizon has already  
grown dark.  
People are running everywhere.  
It's-- It's sheer panic.  
Stay on me ! The wave-- The wave  
is maybe 1 ,000 feet high already.  
Gettingbigger  
as I'm watching.  
Still miles out.  
Oh, my God.  
- We're out ofhere.  
- We're staying !

Give us a minute. I don't even know  
if I'm still broadcasting.  
I can't be sure.  
I'll just keep going as long as I can.  
- Get out of the way !  
- A thousand--  
You guys are doing this.  
You guys are doing this, right ?  
You can control water.  
That's your technology.  
But why are you doin' this ?  
[ Loud Hum Resonating ]  
Okay.  
Okay, that's enough.  
I get the point !  
How do you know that  
they're really gonna do it ?  
Where do you get off passin'  
judgment on us ? You can't be sure.  
How do you know ?  
[ Horns Honking ]  
[ People Shouting, Screaming ]  
[ Man Speaking Russian Over P.A. ]  
[ Alarm Blaring ]  
You could have done it.  
Why didn't you ?  
[ Chuckles ]  
[ Man Over Radio ] Deep Core, do you  
read? This is Benthic Explorer. Over.  
Do you hear, Deep Core ?  
Deep Core, do you read ?  
Do you read me, Deep Core ?  
[ Faintly ] Deep Core, do you read?  
This is Benthic Explorer. Over.  
Hell, yes, we read.  
Good of you to join us.  
- Copy, Deep Core. Hey, I've got 'em !  
- How's that storm up there ?  
It's strange. It just blew  
itself out all of a sudden.  
Hell, son, you better get  
a line down to us.  
We're in moderately  
poor shape down here.

We lost seven people, includin' Bud.  
And we're about out of 0-2, so whatever  
you're gonna do, you better do it fast.  
And we're about out of 0-2, so whatever  
you're gonna do, you better do it fast.  
You boys make up your mind  
how to get us out of here yet ?  
They're talking about flying  
in a D.S.R.V. from Norfolk.  
- Just wish I could've seen it.  
- Okay, how long is that gonna take ?  
How do you stop  
a half-mile high tidal wave in--  
Hey. Hey. Hey, it's Bud !  
That's impossible.  
-[Bud Over Radio] Do you read me,  
Deep Core ? Do you hear ?  
- No, it's not.  
- Yes !  
- W-Wait. We got a message from Bud.  
- Bud ?  
- What's it say ?  
Here. Here.  
Oh. It says--  
It says, ''Virgil Brigman  
back on the air.''  
- [ All Laughing ]  
- Yes !  
'' Have some new friends  
down here.  
Guess they've been here a while.''  
''They've left us alone, but it bothers  
them to see us hurting each other.''  
''Getting out of hand.''  
''They sent a message.  
Hope you got it.''  
I'd say that's a big 1 0-4, Jack.  
''They want us to grow up a bit  
and put away childish things. ''  
''Of course,  
it's just a suggestion.''  
[Laughter Continues]  
Looks like you boys  
might be out of business.

[Rumbling]

What the hell's goin' on ?

- One Night, get to sonar.

- Good God Almighty.

[RadarPinging]

Fellas, I'm gettin' some  
awful big readings here.

- Something's coming up the wall.

- What is it ?

Whatever it is, it's major !

Something's definitely  
going on down there.

Active is pinging back  
something really big. It's huge.

-And it's coming up right underneath us.

-Where ?

Where ? It's everywhere.

There ! Starboard bow.

[Rumbling]

This is the Benthic Explorer.

[LoudBanging]

There ! Look ! Look !

Help, Cat.

We should be dead.

We didn't decompress.

They must've done something to us.

Oh, yeah. Yeah, I think  
you could say that.

Ha ! Hoo !

Hi, Brigman.

Hi, Mrs. Brigman.