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Deep Blue Sea

By Duncan Kennedy

Bigger. Smarter. Faster. Meaner....

Deep Blue Sea (1999)

So beautiful.

What's that?

- Did you feel something?

- Yeah, I feel something.

Hey, get back here!

Turn up the music!

We're having a party, man.

You guys are having fun. Boat's rocking.

Stop!

- You're paranoid!

- Listen.

Did you hear that?

Listen, listen.

- You hear that?

- What is that?

Everybody, shh!

Stay up there.

What is that?

Come on!

Okay, we've had some problems
at the facility.

What we're attempting to achieve
has never been done.

We're this close to the reactivation
of a human brain cell.

Doctor...

...the \$200 million I sunk into this company
is due in great part to your research.

But when the market opens Monday...

...despite my reputation,

I don't like heights.

Especially falling from them.

I'm sorry, honestly.

Tell me, Mr. Franklin, have you ever known
anyone with Alzheimer's?

Well, no.

By the end, all my father could do
was ask why my mother wasn't at home.

Each time I said she was dead,

I saw him take the loss like a car wreck.

200,000 men and women

develop Alzheimer's each year.

What if you could end all that suffering
with a single pill?
Give me till Monday morning. 48 hours.
I'll give you results
that'll skyrocket your stock price...
...or I'll help you pack the lab myself.
It's your call.
That was an impressive speech
you gave back there.
I read that article on you.
- The thing in the Himalayas.
- Alps.
Right.
We were just trying
to do something together.
Having fun.
Things went bad.
But you saved all those people.
Not all.
Navy built it for WWII submarine loading...
...refueling.
When they mothballed it, we picked it up,
added aquatic pens, underwater labs.
Your dime, I guess.
Looks like Alcatraz floats.
What do you think? She's a 12-footer.
She's beautiful.
- She wants to give you a big kiss.
- I bet.
She's got a license plate
jammed in her mouth.
It's a good deal, amigo.
Drop her, Billy!
Russell Franklin, Janice Higgins.
Marine biologist.
Jan will get you settled.
Welcome to our island paradise.
Where's Tattoo?
You know, short guy?
"The plane, Boss! The plane!"
Right.
I am getting old.
How much do you know about our facility?
Treat me like a tourist.

I hate tourists and I've decided
I'm going to like you.
"Louisiana."
I think he was bought in a pet shop
in Baton Rouge.
Ate everything in his tank,
and then ate the guy that bought him.
Next day, fills up the cab of the guy's truck
with water and drives to Baja...
...picking bones out of his teeth
with the license plate.
We need to talk.
Later.
Carter Blake, Russell Franklin,
president of Chimera Pharmaceuticals.
That was incredible.
Actually, they don't like the taste
of us very much.
If they bite you, it's because
they think you're a fat little seal.
Or a rich suit.
Nice meeting you.
Friendly place.
You got full sentences.
Usually, he just kind of nods.
Word travels fast
about why you're here and all.
Was that the Gen 1 that escaped?
That little guy? No way.
Those are the normals.
These three are the test sharks.
Two first-generation
and one second-generation female.
Beneath its glassy surface...
...a world of gliding monsters.
It's pretty scary stuff, huh?
Yes. It is.
Tower to water taxi.
Ben, I'm picking up a nasty little bitch
of a squall about 30 miles out.
Over.
Copy that. We'll be all right.
Jan, stay out of the rain.
Where are they going? They hate me too?

They're going home.
We run a skeleton crew on the weekend.
But they probably hate you anyway.
There's Dr. Jim Whitlock,
the most brilliant man ever.
He's pissing into the wind.
How brilliant can he be?
You'll see.
What happened, deadeye?
You miss with the first shot?
It took two hits to even slow it down.
Are you kidding?
Two of these should've almost killed it.
Go tell it that, Scoggs.
You missed. Don't get mad at me
because you can't shoot worth a shit.
If you hadn't left the pen open,
I could've had a good sleep.
I already told the doc,
I locked the pen like I do every night.
The fish got out some other way.
What are you looking at me like that for?
Who are you going to trust?
Me, that's who. You trust me.
You know why? Because I'm trustworthy.
How high are these fences off the water?
Given the surface variations
and tensile strength...
Short answer, man.
Eight feet, give or take a centimeter.
I'm sorry. I'm making Aquatica sound
like a mental hospital.
No, not really.
Well, maybe a little.
The truth is, it is.
But almost everyone here is top
of their game.
Living below is like living in space.
You don't get very many mistakes.
Besides the catwalks...
...you bought us titanium-based fencing
around all the lagoon and pens.
There are three sub-levels.
Sub-level One is living quarters.

Two:

And Three:

and air-locked wet entry.

Welcome to Aquatica.

Did you dose the Gen 2 with the serum?

I had Carter do it as soon as you called.

It should be ready tomorrow night.

- But?

- We will not be ready.

Two months ahead of schedule.

We're skipping three rounds
of preliminary trials.

No choice.

You wait your whole life
for a single moment...

...and then one day, it's tomorrow.

So what exactly does a shark wrangler do?

Pretty much what it sounds like, I guess.

How'd you end up here at Aquatica?

I like the water.

Pay is good.

An AGA mask! Did some wreck diving
in one of these, off the coast of Spain.

Tourist thing.

Do you like wreck diving?

It's okay.

I bet you're really good at it.

We're on the water.

Whole cat-and-mouse thing don't float.

You're the man, right?

Yeah, I'm the man.

The man's always got a file. What's it say?

Two years, Leavenworth. Smuggling.

How'd you make your money?

You the first rich guy in history
who's squeaky-clean?

You do understand my concern, right?

Look, I got a workable deal here.

I don't make waves.

I meet the terms of my parole.

I'm not out to change the world,
like the doc.

I'm not out to wreck it either.
Eat me, asshole!
Hey, you dickhead!
Fat butt!
You got a big, fat butt.
You know what, bird?
You're trying my last nerve.
Don't make me drown your feathery ass.
Get myself a cat.
That's good. Yes. That's good.
That's it.
You got a nasty-looking tongue,
you know that?
Feeding time.
I'm releasing the tiger shark
in 30 seconds. Copy?
I hear you. I'm going in.
You guys hungry?
Dr. McAlester, we have a situation up here.
Could you please come to surface level?
Dr. McAlester, could you come
to surface level, please?
Surprise!
Happy birthday!
Damn, I hate that song.
You like the tunes there, Preach?
Carter, join us. There's too much woman
on this deck for Scoggs to handle.
Vodka, straight.
And by the way,
food was excellent, brother.
You're that guy that got caught
in that avalanche, right?
I'm the one.
Black men have enough ways
to get killed...
...without climbing up some mountain
in the middle of nowhere.
You need to leave that
to the white folks, "brother."
Happy birthday?
I'll let you know tomorrow.
How's life underwater?
It's a lot less complicated...

...than it is on the surface.
That's for sure.
Nice work with that new tiger shark today.
One day, you'll have to tell me
how you learned that.
One day, you'll take me up
on that beer and maybe I will.
It's all work for me, Carter.
But, like you said, "One day."
Sharks never get cancer, go blind
or show loss of brain activity as they age.
Unlike some people I know.
Sharks are the oldest creatures
on the planet...
...from a time when the world
was just flesh and teeth.
By using a hormonal enhancer...
...we increased this female's forebrain
to five times its normal size.
To harvest more protein.
Exactly. A protein that may reactivate...
That will...
...that will reactivate human brain cells
stored in the forebrain of the shark.
I'm just amazed that we've come so far,
so fast, without genetic tampering.
Genetic engineering to increase brain mass
violates the Harvard Genetics Compact.
Not to mention Chimera policy.
They're hunting in packs.
Like wild dogs.
They'll only eat other sharks.
You're reading too much into it.
That Gen 1 attacked a 25-foot boat.
Am I reading too much into that too?
Did you tell Franklin?
I'm just a fish keeper, lady.
But bringing in that shark
ahead of schedule was a very bad idea.
Do you like your job?
Are you threatening me, Doc?
No.
But if we don't pull off that test tomorrow,
we're all on the street.

You're a good man, Carter.
But with your background...
Right.
How's Miss Smarty-Pants?
Hope she's not as dumb as she seems.
Raise those fences like I asked?
I took care of it. Let's go get a beer.
US Coast Guard advisories include:
All-craft warnings for waters south
of the US mainland and west of CA.
A tropical depression is generating
gale-force winds...
...and is associated with heavy rains
and ocean swells to 30 feet or more.
Any of your nonsense, and we'll have
tiny drumsticks on the menu tonight.
Fat butt!
That's right.
You can... all you want.
Welcome to my parlor, Mr. Franklin.
Wow.
Wet lab, we're taking a pounding up here.
Can't see past my nose.
So I suggest you check pen monitors
and lagoon monitors.
I can't imagine
there's much visibility below.
Carter, you copy?
Okay, I'm approaching the tunnel.
Bingo. Elvis has left the building.
We picked you up,
but visibility's near zero.
No problem.
How long have they been synchronized
like this?
Tell me I didn't see that.
They recognized that gun!
That's impossible.
Sharks can't swim backwards!
- Try to stay focused.
- What was that?
We lost picture in Gen 2 pen.
Okay, hold on.
Carter, do you copy?

Carter, do you copy?
Carter, talk to me, man. Do you copy?
Cut the crap! You're scaring everybody.
Boarding platform engaged. He's got her.
Did someone order the fish?
What in God's creation?
No, not His.
Ours.
Commencing scan.
Gen 2 is online.
Transferring exotics to remote terminals.
Vital signs to Terminal 1.
Diagnostic imaging to Terminal 2.
We're live and in color!
BP, 67 over 43.
Heart rate, 50 BPM.
Within norm.
She's sleeping like a baby.
Bad dream?
In position.
Vitals are stable.
Vitals?
Holding.
Aspirating 4.5 cc.
Introducing 2 cc of the protein complex...
...into cultured, inactive brain neurons
of an Alzheimer's patient.
And what you're looking for here
is lightning in a bottle.
Protein complex is interacting
with the neurons.
Neurons are becoming hyperosmotic.
Membrane integrity's improving.
They're firing!
- They're firing!
- One second.
Two. Three.
- Still firing.
- Four. Five. Six.
6.560 seconds.
I'll be damned.
No, sir. For 6.560 seconds...
...you saw what it's like not to be damned.
Congratulations.

- Impressed?
- Overly impressed.
6.560 seconds.
Now that you've got this...
...how long before you make
something permanent?
You did it, pal.
You did it.
No!
Carter, no!
Are you insane?
Tower, we need paramedics and evac now!
All frequencies, SOS.
This is Research Station Aquatica.
We have a medical emergency. I repeat:
This is Research Station Aquatica.
We have a medical emergency.
Please respond.
X-ray Alpha 2-18.
Coming off oil platform Chiapa.
We'll take that post you've always wanted.
Got it.
He's hemorrhaging!
They say the yellow butterflies are thick
as clouds there, remember?
Research Station Aquatica,
this is X-ray Alpha 2-18.
Have you in sight. Approaching from 0-6-0.
Copy, 2-18.
Stay with him. Keep talking.
Let's move!
- I'm not this kind of doctor.
- Just keep doing what you're doing.
Where's the chopper? Tower?
Come on, Brenda. Where's my chopper?
Franklin, this end!
Keep it coming!
Ready. It's all right, honey. Hold on.
Got it. Okay, move him out.
Let's go!
I love you!
- Come on!
- Get up! Come on!
Come on, Carter!

Pull up, 2-18! Pull up!
Damn! I can't get a picture.
Tower, have you got a visual? Copy.
I can't get anything.
- Do you copy?
- Going to back-up.
Got it!
I'm going to take this as a sign.
Where is he now?
Where is he?
- The whole system's shut down.
- Brenda?
Are you there?
This thing is dead.
Somebody, please...
...tell me what that is.
Please.
All right, people, let's move.
Now!
Get to the door!
Come on. You can't help him.
- The door frame is bent.
- Open.
Open it!
Turn it! Turn it!
No!
Tower, can you hear me?
Anyone, hello?
We got to get topside, find some help.
What?
We're flooded.
Shit!
There's no other stairway from this level.
Elevator?
It seals off automatically
to keep the shaft from filling.
There's no way up.
All right. Okay.
If this is a lesson about the drinking,
let's just say I've learned it.
No need to get carried away,
showing me your vengeful side.
I know Your wrath, Lord.
If Corridor B is dry...

...we go back to the maintenance ladder,
climb down to Level 3.
We get to the wet entry.
We take the sub topside, two at a time.
We go down to get up.
All right, let's move. Come on.
Sounds like somebody made it.
Over here! We're over here!
Preach?
What the hell is that?
Lab equipment maybe, banging around.
Think so?
Not a chance.
We got to get past that door.
Let's go!
Come on!
Open the door!
Go! Go!
Bird!
Come on, bird!
Where are you, bird?
Hey, dickhead!
Bird?
Fat butt!
Bird?
Anybody here?
- Cowboy, let me ask you a question.
- We should keep moving.
I'm talking to him!
Was that a goddamn shark
that broke through that door?
I expect so.
You expect so?
Well, well, well.
Am I the only asshole down here
who thinks that a tad bit odd?
It can do that? Bust through a steel door?
I ain't the expert.
Given Gen 2's size
and some room to move...
...she could put a couple tons,
maybe more, into a hit.
So, yeah, in my opinion.
If she wants through, she's coming.

And these sharks...
...they aren't breaking down doors
for the sheer joy of it, are they?
They're after us.
It's obvious we don't know
what they're doing.
What the hell did you do to those sharks?
Their brains weren't large enough to
harvest sufficient amounts of the protein.
So we violated the Harvard Compact.
Jim and I used gene therapies
to increase their brain mass.
Larger brain means more protein.
As a side effect, the sharks got smarter.
You stupid bitch!
I didn't want this to happen...
...but with this research, we could
wipe out degenerative brain disease.
Think of the generations
that would be saved.
How much dynamite do you have to set off
in your ears before your head clears?
You wouldn't understand.
I wouldn't?
Dumb old Carter wouldn't understand
that you used us?
That you used me?
Someone on the water
who wouldn't make waves.
Someone who wouldn't ask
too many questions.
Because he had something to lose.
You don't see what we've done here.
You've taken God's oldest killing machine
and given it will and desire.
You've knocked us to the bottom
of the goddamn food chain.
It's not a great leap forward, in my book.
The people we'll save...
Jim? Brenda?
Us?
All right, people.
These sharks are thinking hard and clear.
So here's the riddle.

What does an 8,000-pound mako shark...
...with a brain the size of a V8 engine
and no natural predators, think about?
I'm not waiting around here to find out.
Now you see how that works?
She screwed with the sharks
and now the sharks are screwing with us.
Please let me get out of here.
What if the sharks get through the fence
and into the ocean?
It's okay. The fence
on the ocean side is titanium.
And it gives, so it works just like a net.
Let's get to the sub.
We'll discuss it on the way to the top.
Eat me, asshole.
Careful, now.
Come on, bird. Come on.
Please, baby.
Dickhead.
See Daddy smiling?
Come on.
Bring your feathery ass here. Come on.
- Explosion caused that?
- No.
Nothing in here could've blown
with enough force to move that damn sub.
Whatever. It's junk.
We could all just dive in
and see who makes it to the top.
Isn't that the old Aquatica spirit, Dr. Susie?
Just dive in.
You could go first, to lead by example.
He was my best friend, Janice.
I'm not going in the water.
- No way, man! The sharks are in there.
- Listen!
We put these on. They help
fight hypothermia. That's a start.
And unless someone's got a better idea...
...we're going to have to swim out of here.
This isn't happening.
I'm not Daniel when he faced the lion!
So I appreciate the irony, Lord!

"Cook dies in his own oven!"
But I've got other plans!
You ate my bird.
Was that the surface?
No, the vibrations are too deep.
That was from inside.
I wouldn't get that close.
Just a suggestion.
Water's murky. We might make it.
No way! No, we won't!
It's 230 feet...
...from the lagoon floor
to the lagoon surface!
The average human swims
two feet per second.
The average shark swims
50 feet per second.
There's no way I'm getting into that pool!
What we have here is
your basic maintenance ladder.
This leads up to the surface.
I love you, Scoggs. I really do!
Why do I feel a "but" coming on?
But we don't know what shape
the surface level is in.
The shaft is air-locked.
But if the explosion breached the shaft
at surface level...
...we won't have enough pressure
to stabilize the wet pool.
If the pool isn't stabilized,
there's tons of ocean dying to get in.
You'll bring the whole facility down.
We're better off with the sharks.
You want to swim with your fishes?
Go ahead!
I'm opening this door
and climbing out of here!
- The hell you are!
- I don't work for you anymore!
- I don't have to take orders!
- Enough!
That's enough now, from all of you!
You think water's fast?

You should see ice.
It moves like it has a mind.
Like it knows it killed the world once.
It got a taste for murder.
When the avalanche came...
...it took us a week to climb out.
And somewhere we lost hope.
I don't know when we turned
on each other.
I just know...
...that seven of us survived the slide...
...and only five made it out.
Now, we took an oath
that I'm breaking now.
Swore that we'd say it was the snow
that killed the other two.
But it wasn't.
Nature can be lethal.
But it doesn't hold a candle to man.
You've seen how bad things can get
and how quick they can get that way.
Well, they can get a whole lot worse.
So we're not going to fight anymore!
We're going to pull together
and find a way to get out of here!
First, we're going to seal off this pool!
Oh, my God.
It just ate him.
It just ate him. Christ!
I'm not moving.
I'm not moving. Someone will come.
They'll come and they'll get us,
and we'll be fine.
No. I'm not moving.
Listen, Tom, what is the precise
structural failure limit for Aquatica?
3,200 tons.
What happens when we get more
than 3,200 tons of water in this rig?
The support struts go first.
Their tolerance is about seven tons.
They'll crack like toothpicks.
The walls will buckle. They can't handle
more than 10 tons of pressure.

You want to be here for that?
Hell, no.
The moment of truth. Again.
Go! Go! Go!
I got you.
It's burning!
The elevator's blocking the top.
If we make it to Level 1,
we can take the stairs out.
Let's get out of here!
Go! Go!
What are you doing?
If they break through,
water will bring them right to us.
Level 2 is only partially flooded.
If I can get that door open...
...the water will run off there,
buy us some time.
Big, real big.
- What's that?
- The size of your brass balls.
Be careful.
Go!
Jan, stay there!
Get me out of here, Carter!
I don't want to die!
Grab my hand! Come on!
I can't!
I can't reach!
- Take it!
- I can't reach!
Can you reach that door above you?
It's too high.
It's too high.
Sharks probably flooded that level too.
Good thing you came to this side.
The other side's underwater.
- We didn't exactly plan it.
- Yeah, it wasn't planned.
Are you all that made it?
We did it.
We're on Level 1.
We can take the stairs to the surface.
The stairs are flooded. Trust me, I know.

Are you sure?
Give us a goddamn break, can't You?
He always answers.
Sometimes, the answer you get
isn't the answer you want.
We're 60 feet from the surface.
There's an emergency hatch
on this level, right?
This level has bilge pumps on it
for storm runoff.
If we re-route the emergency generators,
we could drain a stairway.
You sure?
Who you going to trust?
- You.
- That's right.
You trust me.
We had poker here tomorrow night.
She'd always draw to the inside straight
when she could've stuck with a pair.
Big dreams.

Even in death:

Jan was a healthy girl.
Something in here has to run on batteries.
- Nice.
- Where would a girl keep her...
...thing?
What's the matter with you?
My skin's starting to hemorrhage.
The sharks smell the blood.
This'll coat it with oil.
Look, Carter, what you said down there...
...maybe you were right.
Everything I've done...
...I don't think I could've done it
without you.
I know, Susan. That's the problem.
Four A.M..
I know.
One night feels like a whole week.
Relativity.
What do you mean?
Einstein's theory of relativity.

Grab hold of a hot pan,
a second can seem like an hour.
Put your hands on a hot woman...
...an hour can seem like a second.
It's all relative.
I spent four years at Cal Tech. That's
the best physics explanation I've heard.
It works.
You stay with the doc.
Me and Scoggs are going to try
to get to the wet lab...
...drain that stairwell.
- Preach?
- What?
Would you zip me up, please?
We got one, there's two sharks left...
...and you and the doc are doing
a little bathroom love.
They got a pill for what's wrong with you?
I need to get some things
from my quarters. Research data.
The tests, they worked.
So much death around us,
to risk any more life for some numbers...
Without that data, everyone dying
isn't just tragic, it's useless.
Death is always useless, Doctor.
This is it.
Stay here. I'll be back before you know it.
What's going on?
What the hell's going on? What is that?
It's okay!
- What is that?
- We're all right!
- What the fuck?
- It's okay.
I thought you were coming back for me.
One of your monitors is blocking the panel.
You want to help me move it?
I say we do everything right together.
Right together.
Hello.
My name is Sherman Dudley...
...and if this message finds you,

I did not survive, so this is my legacy.
I have loved the pulpit
and I have loved the bottle.
I did my best to be a good husband,
a father.
I came up wanting.
So what do I have to say to you?
What mark do I have to leave behind?
We'll begin with the perfect omelet,
made with two eggs, not three.
Amateurs often add milk for density.
This is a mistake.
Come on!
I got you. Come on.
Damn you, Scoggs.
Where's Susan?
I'm done.
Brothers never make it out
of situations like this. Not ever!
Did you do it?
Where's Scoggins?
I hate to interrupt this moment
of burgeoning intimacy...
...but can we get the fuck out of here?
- Is this the only way?
- Exits are flooded.
Whole place is sinking.
It's this way or no way at all.
You can bring on the good news
anytime now.
Sharks are attracted to churning water,
bright colors.
These extinguishers will be a distraction.
What about us?
The vest'll bring you up too fast.
Your lungs'll pop like a balloon.
You weren't the sunny kid in your class.
I never went to class.
How far to the surface? Sixty feet?
There's nothing to it.
Exhale on the way up,
and get the hell out of the water.
I got to equalize the pressure
before we blow the air lock.

I got to let the room fill up with water.

It'll only take a few seconds.

You ready?

No.

Not in the least.

"Though I walk through the valley
of the shadow of death...

"...I shall fear no evil...

"...for Thou art with me...

"...Thy rod and Thy staff, they comfort me.

"Surely goodness and mercy shall
follow me all the days of my life..."

...because I carry a big stick...

...and I'm the meanest motherfucker
in the valley.

Two sharks down, Lord.

One demon fish to go.

Can I get an "amen"?

Amen!

- I can't hear you!

- Amen!

Give me an "amen"!

- Stay with us, Lord!

- Amen.

Okay, hold on three! Ready?

One! Two! Three!

Swim!

Oh, my God!

It's the devil, you know.

He'll be okay if we can get out of here.

Son of a bitch.

What?

Those fences are titanium underneath,
but on top, they're just plain steel.

They've been herding us,
pushing us where they want.

Using us to flood the facility.

Oh, my God.

That's the answer to the riddle.

Because that's what

an 8,000-pound mako thinks about.

About freedom.

About the deep blue sea.

We have to kill her.

That's the first real smart thing
you've said all day.
Here we go.
Let's go.
We ought to get 2.5 sticks of dynamite
out of these flares.
From up here, you ought to be able
to see me spear it.
When I do, you take this end of this cable...
...hook it up to the positive side
of the boat battery.
And boom!
Damn! I can't get her!
She's too far away!
I know how to get her.
How?
Bait.
She may be the smartest animal
in the world...
...but she's still just an animal.
Come to Mama.
No!
Susan, don't!
Get out of the water!
All right, Lord...
Shoot it, Preach!
This is for Scoggins.
Shoot it!
Damn!
Blow it, Preach! Blow it!
The battery!
Blow it!
Do it!
Bring me some sushi!
Forty-five-foot shark...
...and you hit me.
Nice.
Could've been worse.
I could've let him eat your ass.
Carter, we're sinking, right?
Yeah.
Let me ask you something.
Are you sure it was just three sharks?
Yeah.

That's more like it.
Here comes the next shift.
Let me tell you, man...
...I quit this job.
Take me back to the ghetto.
Amen.