

ALIMNAL

Jon Labrie

+1 323.304.2175  
jonlabrie@mac.com

CREDITS ROLL ON BLACK

SOUNDS of an ACTIVE BRIDGE aboard an UNDERSEA CABLE REPAIR SHIP slowly FADE UP. Ultimately, one conversation dominates--

AMY (O.S.)  
Won't budge.

CAPTAIN (O.S.)  
Not at all?

AMY (O.S.)  
No sir.

CAPTAIN (O.S.)  
How big is it?

AMY (O.S.)  
Hard to tell...nine, maybe ten feet  
across...wait a second, it's not -  
that can't be right.

PULL BACK SLOWLY TO REVEAL

The BLACKNESS we've been staring at is actually a BLACK DISC-SHAPED OBJECT centered on a MONITOR displaying a live VIDEOFEED of the ocean floor--

CAPTAIN (O.S.)  
What's wrong?

AMY (O.S.)  
Sidescan can't see it.

INT. CABLE SHIP *CS DEFENDER* - BRIDGE - NORTH ATLANTIC - DAY

Six crew members, including the CAPTAIN (50s) work to keep the ship on station while AMY MARTIN (30s, smart, fierce) drives a REMOTELY OPERATED VEHICLE from her CONSOLE--

CAPTAIN  
What do you mean? At that range  
sonar should resolve anything  
bigger than a goldfish.

The Captain walks over to glance at Amy's MONITORS - CONTROL, VIDEO, and SIDESCAN SONAR. Amy points at a GRAINY sonar image of the cable on the seafloor, with a CIRCULAR SECTION missing--

AMY  
No signal return at all. It's like  
a dead zone.

CAPTAIN  
 (louder)  
 Davenport. What do you make of  
 this?

DAVENPORT (40s, efficient) is the EXECUTIVE OFFICER (XO). He  
 crosses the bridge, examines the screens--

DAVENPORT  
 Might be malfunctioning.

AMY  
 It's fine. You can see everything  
 else.

DAVENPORT  
 Maybe we should get Lang up here.

AMY  
 (no no no no)  
 We don't need Lang. I'm telling  
 you, there's nothing wrong with the  
 sonar.

The Captain raises an eyebrow - and that is not good--

AMY (CONT'D)  
 Sorry Captain. I'm just sure the  
 problem is with-  
 (points at screen)  
 -whatever that is and not with us.

CAPTAIN  
 I'm sure you're right, Ms. Martin.  
 (to Davenport)  
 Weather holding?

DAVENPORT  
 Yes, sir.

CAPTAIN  
 We'll just have to cut around it.  
 That work for you, Ms. Martin?

AMY  
 Yes, sir. Two cuts.

CAPTAIN  
 How long do you need to set up?

AMY  
 Just a few minutes.

Amy yanks back on her control yoke and starts FLIPPING  
 SWITCHES--

CAPTAIN  
 Perfect. Plenty of time for the  
 ship's engineer to check out the  
 sidescan.

Amy grimaces. The Captain nods to DAVENPORT, who thumbs the  
 RADIO-MICROPHONE clipped at his shoulder--

DAVENPORT  
 (into radio)  
 Lang to the bridge.

INT. CS DEFENDER - BRIDGE - A MINUTE LATER

ANGLE ON a scowling Amy working a little too hard to set up  
 for the cable cuts as WE HEAR the bridge door opening--

NICK (O.S.)  
 Captain.

CAPTAIN (O.S.)  
 Mr. Lang. We're having some trouble  
 with the sonar on the ROV. Need you  
 to verify it's working properly.

There's a slight hesitation in Nick's reply - which turns  
 Amy's scowl into a smirk--

NICK (O.S.)  
 Alright.

NICK LANG (40s) steps up behind Amy, posture and tone  
 carefully neutral--

NICK (CONT'D)  
 What's up?

AMY  
 Nothing's up. Sidescan just doesn't  
 see this thing.

Nick leans over her, examining her screens. It's awkward -  
 there's obvious tension between them--

NICK  
 What thing?  
 (beat)  
 What is that?

AMY  
 You tell me.

NICK  
 Up.