

WITH A SHAKE OF THE HEAD

Written by
Author's Name

INT. TRITON MINI SUBMARINE - UNDERWATER

The craft is cramped and dimly lit. An alarm sounds with a rhythmic klaxon noise as most of the instruments pulse on and off in unison.

Two unconscious women slump forward in their seats, oblivious to the chaos around them.

Through the subs front-facing windows, darkness.

One of the women, JUDY, 50s, weather-beaten skin from a life at sea, stirs with a MOAN.

She raises her gaze and surveys the sub.

JUDY

Fuck.

She shakes the other figure, SARAH, 20s, gashed forehead and broken glasses, awake.

SARAH

What the hell happened?

Judy shakes her head.

SARAH

Did we hit something?

JUDY

I don't remember.

SARAH

Gas leak?

Judy shakes her head, signs that she can't hear and, then hits a red button in front of her. The alarm stops.

SARAH

I said, gas leak?

JUDY

Possible.

Judy takes to the keyboard in front of her.

JUDY

Nothing showing in the data.

Judy hits some more keys and the instrument panels stabilize, one at a time, then the lights.

SARAH
Thanks, that's better.

Judy peers at one of the instruments.

JUDY
This isn't.

Sarah cranes her neck to see, removes her broken glasses and, squints at the panel.

SARAH
Oh, Jesus, how long were we out?

Judy shakes her head.

SARAH
Another head shake, really? We're thirty thousand feet down.

JUDY
Not at max yet though.

SARAH
What, seven miles isn't enough?

JUDY
It is what it is.

SARAH
I fucking hate that expression.

Judy shakes her head again.

JUDY
They'll be looking for us already.

Sarah nods.

JUDY
It's not just the sub that's high tech, so are the recovery plans.

Sarah allows her frown to lessen.

JUDY
And we've got enough air for --

She swivels her head left to read a different instrument.

SARAH
How long?

Judy taps some more keys.

SARAH
This in no time for suspense.

JUDY
I know, I'm just double-checking.

SARAH
And?

JUDY
Two hours.

SARAH
But we're what, four hours down?

Judy returns to the keyboard.

JUDY
Three hours fifty.

SARAH
Does that fucking help us?

Judy shakes her head.

SARAH
This was such a stupid idea.

JUDY
(petulant)
I didn't make you.

SARAH
No, you just did the usual 'do it for Mom' guilt bullshit.

JUDY
I thought it'd be good, catching up on the long descent. I just wanted --

SARAH
Stop it.

JUDY
What?

SARAH
Talking. It doesn't make any difference now. We're gonna fucking die down here. How's that for catching up?

Judy hangs her head.

SARAH
Connor!

JUDY
I --

SARAH
He's five. How's Ben gonna cope?

JUDY
Ben's a good fath --

Judy stops, mid-sentence.

SARAH
What?

JUDY
Two hours for two people.

SARAH
And?

JUDY
It's my fault.

SARAH
No.

JUDY
I've lived my --

SARAH
We're not talking about this.

Judy reaches for her daughter, takes her hand in her own.

JUDY
So, we both die, and Connor loses a
Mom, Ben his wife?

SARAH
Mom...

JUDY
I was never there for you, always
chasing the next aquatic adventure.

SARAH
It's your passion.

JUDY
A dangerous one.

Judy turns to the controls and the sub starts to rise.

SARAH
There's got to be something else,
some backup or something.

JUDY
Just the twenty minutes in the
emergency tanks. Nowhere near enough.

SARAH
Fuck!

JUDY
I won't suffer. I'll just dial up the
carbon dioxide, no oxygen.

She reaches behind her and grabs what looks like a small
fire extinguisher, but it has a mouthpiece on top.

JUDY
It'll be like falling asleep.

SARAH
Mom, no...

She trails off in resignation.

JUDY
It's okay, it's my time, not yours.

Judy fiddles with the dials on the small tank and places the
mask over her face.

Sarah looks away, and as she does her Mom presses another
button on a panel by her side.

HISS

Sarah turns back.

SARAH
Mom, something wrong?

JUDY
Won't be long now.

Sarah's frown returns.

SARAH
What's happening?

JUDY
You were right.

Sarah grasps her throat, struggling to breathe.

JUDY
It's my passion, and you were just a
mistake that interfered with it.

Sarah takes one last gasp and then stops breathing.

JUDY
But not again.

Judy hits some keys and a small HISS can be heard as
oxygenated air refills the cabin.

Judy takes her mask off and smiles.

CLANG, CLANG, CLANG.

A mechanical screwing sound fills the cabin.

The top of the cabin levers entirely open to reveal a DIVER,
full wet-suit, holding a pneumatic bolt gun.

JUDY
How...

DIVER
Subs alarm went off an hour ago, your
computer crashed, we had to remote
reboot. Thought we'd lost you.

JUDY
But, we were thirty thou down.

The diver shakes his head.

DIVER
Nada, we had you on sonar, no more
than three thousand.

JUDY
But --

DIVER
She okay?

Judy looks at her daughter, shakes her head one last time.