

QUEEN OF THE DEEP

Written by

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EXT. DOCK - DAY

Sparkling blue far as the eye can see.

An old motor boat thumps against the dock. RICK MYERS, 50's, sun-dried and storm-tested, watches from it as...

ANNA CURRY, 20's, long legs, black pearl eyes, marches towards him in t-shirt and jean shorts. A thin scar runs across her face from chin to cheek.

ANNA

I was told there'd be a yacht.

RICK

Mam', this here's free-diving.
Whoever said you'd be diving off a yacht was having a laugh.

ANNA

That fucking bitch.
(sighs)
My sister.
(arms crossed)
I'm not getting in.

Rick shrugs, leans back to prove he's got all the time in the world. The stand-off only lasts a few seconds.

Anna grudgingly slides into the stern seat as the engine WHIRS to life...

EXT. OCEAN - DAY

Waves crash against the bow. Anna fidgets with a necklace tucked under her shirt - there's a flash of metallic blue.

ANNA

Got any alcohol on this raft?

RICK

No Mam'. Haven't had a drink in twenty-five years.

ANNA

Are you like a Mormon?

RICK

It's a personal choice.

ANNA

Look, this whole trip is penance so my sister doesn't feel guilty.

(MORE)

ANNA (CONT'D)

She introduced me to a guy. Things ended badly. I bailed.

RICK

How come?

ANNA

(mocking)

Personal choice.

Rick grins, cuts the engine. He prepares a wet suit as Anna unconsciously rubs her scar.

ANNA

It's good you don't drink. It changes people.

RICK

Also increases your heart rate. We want the opposite for diving. Most important lesson: your breathing.

Rick demonstrates.

RICK

Slow and steady. Make your exhale longer than your inhale.

He closes his eyes, doesn't notice her stand up.

RICK

One final exhale to empty the lungs, followed by a--

SPLASH! Rick looks up in time to see Anna slice through the water in a perfect dive.

UNDERWATER

She descends effortlessly, as she has many times before.

Kelp sways around her, vibrant coral below.

The pendant on her neck begins to GLOW BRIGHT BLUE. A sea turtle drifts towards her. Their eyes meet. Almost as if they're communicating.

A marlin arrives. More fish, different shapes and sizes. All drawn to the pendant. To Anna.

They swirl around her in a riot of color.

AT THE SURFACE

Anna bursts into the sunlight. Rejuvenated. She deftly climbs back into the boat. Skin glistening.

Rick watches, bemused.

RICK
Starting to think I wasn't hired
for my good looks or my diving.

ANNA
God, I needed that. Haven't been in
the water since...

Her expression darkens.

ANNA
I was afraid to leave my house at
first. Then I thought he was
following me. So I kept moving.
Till I didn't know what was real
anymore.

RICK
The mind'll do that.

ANNA
He has money. Resources you
wouldn't believe. I was blind to
everything.

RICK
Not your fault. Ya hear? Taking a
man's property is no cause for him
putting hands on you.

Anna goes very still. Her hand shifts to the necklace.

ANNA
I didn't say I took anything.

Rick smiles innocently.

RICK
Call it a hunch.

They stare at each other, the boat's gentle rocking the only sound. Her senses on high alert.

RICK
Tryin' to be sympathetic is all.
The man beat you half to death.

ANNA
Didn't say that happened either.

Rick's not smiling anymore.

Every muscle in her body tenses.

ANNA

How much is he paying you?

Anna bolts upright, Rick's faster -- WHAM! -- he backhands her clean off the side.

She hits the water... churning about... strong hands grab her hair. Yank her to the surface.

RICK

Now hand me that Dr. Dolittle toy
'round your neck.

She claws at his arm. Rick shoves her back down. Brings her up sputtering.

RICK

Know what I think? You got exactly
what you deserved.

Her head's plunged deep under. Mouth open in a silent scream. Limbs twisting uselessly.

He finally drags her up-- and she lunges for his leg! They fall together

BACK UNDER

Trashing. His hands find her throat, bright against the pendant's blue glare.

Then his eyes go wide. A tentacle latches onto his leg. A GIANT OCTOPUS looms below. More appendages, pulling him down. Bubbles spill from his mouth as he's dragged into the depths.

Anna kicks for the surface.

AT THE BOAT

A hand reaches over the ledge, she tumbles inside. VOMITS. Gasping for air. Barely able to move.

A noise jolts her to her senses. A LOW HUM. Coming from a metal chest at the far end. She crawls towards it. Opens it.

Takes out a metal cylinder. Grips it. Both ends suddenly extend with a POP. Three prongs jut out on one side.

She climbs to her feet, raises it up. The high-tech TRIDENT crackles with energy in her hands.