

ACT ONE

EXT. DESTIN VILLAGE -- MORNING

Fourth of July. In front of the church, a parade forms: fire trucks lining up, men polishing them; the school marching band tuning up. A banner reads: HAPPY BIRTHDAY USA!

INT. ELLEN'S BEDROOM -- AN HOUR LATER

THE SCREAM OF A VACUUM CLEANER. Ellen pokes the vac under a treadmill and catches a sock. The vac WHINES. She shuts it off. We hear . . .

RANDY

Won't know till I go down there. Prob'ly lookin' at three,
four hours. Maybe five.

Outside the window, Randy is down in the dooryard, stripped to his skivvies, pulling on his wet-suit, working out of the back of his Cherokee. Ellen turns away.

O.S. we hear the THUD, THUD, THUD of footsteps over LOUD MUSIC--

INT. BEDROOM -- 30 MINUTES LATER

--as Ellen runs on the treadmill, ear-buds in, stripped down to her bra and sweating profusely.

SCOTT (O.S.)

(barely audible)

Ellie! El!

Scott grabs her from behind. She jumps, he saves her from crashing.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Hurry up! I need you!

ELLEN

What's the matter?

SCOTT

Now!

In Scott's hand, his cell phone rings. He answers as he runs out of the room.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Yeah, we got a guy caught in our dam-- The drainpipe--

Ellen, stark with fear, pulls on a t-shirt as she wanders down the stairs . . . Her bare feet follow Scott's wet footprints across the kitchen linoleum . . .

SCOTT (O.S.) (CONT'D)

We need a pumper! They're all in the parade, they'll
never get here in time!

EXT. PORCH -- CONTINUOUS

Ellen wanders out dizzily as Scott rummages through Randy's Cherokee, tosses a diving mask to her.

SCOTT
Bring this down to Neal!
(back to phone)
Well, find somebody! Just do it!

Ellen walks, then starts running through the pasture, scattering sheep.

EXT. FARM POND -- CONTINUOUS

Bright. Quiet. Water spills lazily over the dam. A lovely scene. Then a FLURRY OF BUBBLES BREAKS on the surface.

BACK SIDE OF THE DAM: Fifteen feet high. Near the bottom is an 8-inch drainpipe. Something moves inside the pipe: a pale white hand, fingers straining, grasping for air.

AS WE DESCEND UNDERWATER

In wavering sunlight, Randy sits pressed against the dam, his arm sucked into the drainpipe, blood oozing from his shoulder where the pipe cuts into his wet-suit. Shivering, he watches the sky, bubbles of Co2 break from his regulator. A shadow intrudes. Randy's eyes sharpen.

Neal stops out of reach, shows him five fingers, then taps his wristwatch. Randy gives him a thumbs-up. Help's on the way. Neal kicks for the surface. Randy watches. He labors to suck air from the tank. He checks his gauge. A thought hits him. He checks the gauge again. Then **TERROR**. His body jerks into motion, he pulls against the dam with all his strength. His shoulder **CRACKS**. His regulator **SPEWS** a **BUBBLING SCREAM**.

SURFACE-- Neal breaks into the air. Ellen tosses him the mask.

ELLEN
Neal, get him out of there.

NEAL
We're doing everything we can.

ELLEN
I mean it.

Scott runs onto the dam, breathless.

SCOTT
Can we winch him out? Hook up to one of those trees--

NEAL
You'll rip him in half. There's a half ton of pressure trying to pull him through the pipe.

Ellen turns to the pond, fills her lungs, and dives in.

SCOTT
Ellie, goddammit!

UNDERWATER

Ellen swims down until Randy comes into sight, a horrible grimace on his face. Tiny bubbles break from his regulator with the rapid rise and fall of the chest.

Suddenly his knife blade flashes up at her. She gapes. Randy's not attacking, he's begging her to cut off his arm. His wet-suit is sliced at the shoulder where he's already tried, cords of blood curling up. As Ellen stares, he tries again--sinks the knife into his shoulder. A gurgling MOAN and burst of bubbles, as blood inks thickly. Ellen kicks for the sky.

SURFACE--She breaks water with a GASP. Scott mounts the bank, pick-ax in hand.

ELLEN

We can pull him out! All three of us--

SCOTT

We tried! I know it goes against your goddamned nature, Ellen, but right now you've got to do what I say. Get up here and man the phone!

As Ellen pulls herself onto the rocks, Scott climbs down the back side of the dam with the pick-axe. Ellen looks back.

ELLEN

No. No.

Maddy, sunglasses and designer sun dress, marches toward the pond.

MADDY

Mo loses her baby, and I hear about it at coffee?

From below, a DEAD CLANG of the pick-ax slamming against the granite wall. Scott, shirtless, SLAMS the pick-ax against the granite. CLANG.

MADDY (CONT'D)

What is he doing?

ELLEN

Maddy, it's a bad time--

SCOTT

Who are you talking to? Are the EMTs here?
(*seeing Maddy*)
Fuck! Get her out of here!

MADDY

Excuse me?

A DESTIN POLICE CRUISER comes racing down the dusty farm road, skids to a stop. Sugar Westerback jumps out and comes running, wearing a softball uniform. In the pond, Neal splashes up.

SUGAR

(*mounting the bank*)

Rescue units on the way!

NEAL

Where's the tank?

SUGAR

What tank?

SCOTT

Scuba tank! We need a scuba tank! I told you!

SUGAR

I'll call it in!

NEAL

He's only got a minute.

SUGAR

Okay, okay-- Rope. I got rope. We'll tie up to my car and haul him out.

NEAL

You'll tear his arm off.

SUGAR

Better an arm than his life. Get ready to dive!
(running to his truck)

ELLEN

Scott!

Sudden quiet. Ellen watches the water. No bubbles. Neal dives down.

SCOTT

His hand's still moving.

MADDY

His hand?

Maddy looks down, sees Randy's fingers reaching out of the pipe.

MADDY (CONT'D)

Oh. My. God.

CLANG. Scott swings the pick-ax. CLANG! And here comes Maddy, climbing down the dry side of the dam, heading for the drain pipe--

ELLEN

Maddy, no!

Discarding her sunglasses, Maddy kneels and reaches into the pipe, stroking Randy's hand.

MADDY

God, he's freezing.

SCOTT

Ellie, get her out of here!

ELLEN

Maddy, let him work!

MADDY

Wait!

The white hand comes alive. The index finger starts scratching at her palm.

MADDY (CONT'D)

He's writing something! M! He made the letter M.
Wait . . . U! M-U.

Ellen looks down, petrified. Sugar runs back up to the bank beside her.

SUGAR

M-U-- what's up?

MADDY

R!

Ellen freezes.

SUGAR

M-U-R?

Scott rears back and slams the pick-axe into the wall. CLANG! Chips fly, spraying Maddy's head.

ELLEN

Maddy, get out of his way!

SUGAR

Scotty, hold on.

Maddy watches intently, as the white finger trembles across her skin . . . inscribing a D.

MADDY'S EYES -- rise up to Ellen.

ELLEN

M-O, not U. Is that it, Maddy? M-O-R? "Moreen?"

SUGAR

Moreen? Wait now. That's--

(a look at Ellen)

That's not Randy down there?

Maddy SCREAMS.

ELLEN

Maddy?

MADDY

My hand!

She strains to pull away, but her hand gets pulled into the pipe--

MADDY (CONT'D)

He's breaking it! He's breaking my--

Suddenly released, she falls back on the rocks. The hand convulses, then drops, hanging limp. Behind Ellen, a great burst of bubbles breaks on the pond. Neal surfaces. Ellen weaves dizzily, drops to her knees. A SIREN rises up.

Down below, Maddy looks up at Ellen, who turns away from her gaze.