

**Same Frame, New Picture:
Changing Gender, Ethnic and Cultural
Representation in Hollywood Genre Cinema**

Volume II: Appendix

A thesis submitted in partial fulfilment of the requirements
for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy in Film Studies

Trinity College Dublin

School of Creative Arts 2019

Neasa Hardiman

SEA FEVER

an original screenplay

EXT. DEEP SEA - DAY

DEEP BLUE. A SLOW, SONIC PULSE. The camera TRACKS along the sea bed. Suddenly the sea bed FALLS AWAY: we drift DOWN into the deep hadal ocean.

It's an alien world. A long chain of what looks like Japanese lanterns passes through. A floating, luminescent tube. A shimmering, luminescent jellyfish wafts into frame. Inside it, a SHIVERING, SILVER FISH is BEING DIGESTED.

The deep-sea image FREEZES.

The image resolves into OUTLINE. A set of VECTORS and TRAJECTORIES plot, with numbers tracking variables, zooming out to a LATTICE of complex, moving, geometric information.

TITLE: SEA FEVER

INT. MARINE BIOLOGY LAB, UNIVERSITY COLLEGE GALWAY - DAY

SIOBHÁN: 25, red-haired, a solitary woman of rare focus and intelligence.

Siobhán stares hard at the video screen showing the half-digested, living fish. She enlarges a portion. There's something tiny on that fish's back.

She taps rapid notes into her sleek laptop. Her desk screams of obsessive tidiness. An environmentalist poster features an oil-covered whale and calf with the slogan "Where will we go?". From out of sight, a loud GUFFAW.

WIDEN to reveal she's alone at one end of a bright, white, high-tech lab. At the other end, a cluster of researchers LAUGH and sing "Happy Birthday" to one of their number. We're seeing the party through a tank of RED CRABS.

An older PROFESSOR approaches Siobhán. She stiffens, nervous.

PROFESSOR
Not joining in?

She points at the screen.

SIOBHÁN
I don't do joining in. Look. That parasite isn't hadal.

PROFESSOR
Siobhán?

SIOBHÁN

It's in totally the wrong place.

He realizes why she's so on edge.

PROFESSOR

No. You're in totally the wrong place. What time are you supposed to be on board?

SIOBHÁN

Three. But this is important, Professor -

The Professor checks his watch.

PROFESSOR

And your doctorate isn't?

Siobhán, uncertain how serious he is.

SIOBHÁN

You wouldn't fail me for not going?

PROFESSOR

I would have no choice.

Siobhán, shocked -

SIOBHÁN

My work is my life.

PROFESSOR

You'd better get moving then.

SIOBHÁN

You're serious? You're not joking?

PROFESSOR

Do I look like I'm joking?

SIOBHÁN

I'm not sure. Are you?

He closes her laptop. He's serious. Reluctant, Siobhán meticulously packs up her neat, colour-coded pens, pencils, notebook.

SIOBHÁN (CONT'D)

It's just I know my strengths. I'm a good observer. I'm good at seeing patterns.

PROFESSOR

You're an excellent scientist. That's not in question.

Another student taps the professor's shoulder.

SIOBHÁN

But I need space. I can't do other people -

STUDENT

- Prof - lice eggs in the crab tank.

PROFESSOR

(to Siobhán)

Stop wasting time. Sooner you get this done, sooner you get on with what I have no doubt will be a brilliant career.

(to the student)

Well run a few volts through the water. You don't need me for that.

The student pauses, forces a smile at Siobhán.

STUDENT

There's some birthday cake over there.

Siobhán looks blankly at the student. Embarrassed, he retreats back to his pals. Siobhán zips the last of her stuff into her bag.

PROFESSOR

You have *any* friends in this department?

SIOBHÁN

(defensive)

My work is my life.

The professor, losing patience with her. Picks up THE SUITCASE by her desk.

PROFESSOR

Get going. Get your hands dirty. Make a few friends.

Siobhán EXAMINES HER CLEAN HANDS.

Looks over at the GROUP OF STUDENTS LAUGHING IDIOTICALLY.

Shudders.

EXT. PIER, WEST COAST OF IRELAND

JOHNNY. 26, good humoured, good looking. Small silver ring through the top of his ear. Pacing anxiously.

He LIGHTS UP: Siobhán's hurrying awkwardly toward him, wearing a woolly hat, dragging her pristine suitcase and a bag of scuba gear.

JOHNNY

Suffering Jesus. I was starting to think you weren't coming.

SIOBHÁN

Sorry.

He takes half her baggage, starts rapidly up the pier. She follows.

JOHNNY

Skipper'll have my guts for garters.

Siobhán, struck by the image this conjures.

SIOBHÁN

Sounds painful.

Johnny can't help laughing.

JOHNNY

You haven't changed, I see.

They arrive at a STERN TRAWLER. Sixty foot, iron and wood, thirty years old. A rusty mix of high-tech and low-rent.

On the prow, A PAINTED CARVING of A BLONDE YOUNG GIRL festooned in ELECTRIC LIGHTS, marked NIAMH CINN ÓIR.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

You ready?

SIOBHÁN

No.

EXT. TRAWLER, UPPER DECK - CONTINUOUS

Johnny jumps lightly across the gap between pier and trawler. Siobhán passes him her suitcase and scuba gear. He stows them by the wheelhouse. KNOCKS on the wheelhouse window.

JOHNNY

She's here!

Siobhán STOPS DEAD on the pier's edge. There's a metre-wide GAP, with a five metre drop to churning sea, separating the firm, stone pier from the UNDULATING TRAWLER.

Siobhán, afraid to move. A HAND ON HER BACK - she STARTLES - It's CIARA. Fifty, tanned, strong. She's a tender soul with a soft spot for her nephew Johnny. Crate of food at her side.

CIARA

Trick is. Don't think. Just jump.

(to Johnny)

Come and give her a hand, Johnny.

Ciara hops onto the boat, reaches a hand out to Siobhán. Johnny reaches out too. Siobhán takes both their hands. Nervous, she shuts her eyes and JUMPS over the black water. Crumples with relief.

CIARA (CONT'D)

You're the scientist, I hear.

Ciara leaps back, hands a crate of food to Johnny, leaps across again. Siobhán takes in the boat. It's grubby. Slimy. Fails to answer Ciara.

CIARA (CONT'D)

(to Johnny)

She's a charmer.

JOHNNY

Siobhán. That's my aunty Ciara.

Siobhán looks blank. Ciara shrugs, takes her crate of food below deck. In the background, SUDI throws fish boxes onto the deck. Leaps aboard like a cat, stacks them. He's Egyptian, 21, smart and ambitious. We'll meet him in a minute.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

Listen. Can I give you some advice for while you're on the boat?

SIOBHÁN

I think you're going to.

JOHNNY

You need to answer people when they ask you a question.

Siobhán, uneasy. Knows she's bad at this stuff.

SIOBHÁN

I do.

JOHNNY

Ciara. She just asked you a question.

Siobhán, panicking that she's messed up already.

SIOBHÁN

What? She said I'm a scientist.
Which I am. How is that a question?

Johnny knows Siobhán. Gives up trying to explain.

INT. WHEELHOUSE - DAY

An old wooden ship's wheel with high-tech equipment crammed in. A peeling sticker declaring ILLEGAL FISHING IS KILLING IRELAND. NET THE PIRATES!

GERARD and FREYA, husband and wife. He's Irish, she's Danish. He's cocky, good-humoured, playful. She's serious, responsible. Both down-at-heel, threadbare, battle-hardened.

They've been having a painful conversation.

GERARD

(quiet)

Have I ever let you down? Apart from the times I've let you down, I mean.

She strokes the old ship's wheel with real affection.

FREYA

(quiet)

We'll need a miracle.

Johnny and Siobhán appear at the door.

JOHNNY

Want to meet our student?

Gerard and Freya switch to bright and optimistic.

GERARD

Here she is at last.

(to Siobhán)

I'm Gerard. Skipper. This is Freya. The real boss.

Freya beckons Siobhán to the wheelhouse.

FREYA

Siobhán, is it? In here with me.

GERARD

(to Johnny)

Listen, we owe you -

Gerard pulls Johnny out the door.

FREYA

Gerard don't forget to talk to
Omid.

INT. TRAWLER BILGE - DAY

OMID is 28, a quiet engineer from Damascus. Crouched
in a dark, claustrophobic space.

He heaves a large GATE VALVE. WATER GUSHES through
pipes from a huge STEEL TANK, bolted to the
trawler's hull. He climbs up to -

INT. ENGINE ROOM -

- the engine room, to join Sudi.

SUDI

You're getting weird about this,
you know.

Omid throws a lighter to Sudi.

OMID

It's our water. It's important.

Sudi moves the lighter along the pipe, checking for
leaks. Omid checks the pipe junctions at the tank.

SUDI

So when's the little princeling
arriving?

OMID

(excited)

Three weeks. Then I'm definitely
going to start looking for
something else.

SUDI

So - your job's up for grabs?

OMID

Steady on. I said I'm going to
start looking.

SUDI

Ah. You're always saying that.

Omid spots a leak. Whips out a spanner, tightens the
joint. Gerard clatters down the ladder.

GERARD

Alright lads. Good to go?

SUDI

I've checked over his work,
skipper. Made some corrections.

Omid rolls his eyes at Sudi's joke. Gerard, a little awkward. Lowers his voice.

GERARD

Listen. We owe ye money.

He reaches into his pocket. Omid misreads the gesture, thinking he's about to get paid -

OMID

Oh. Great.

Gerard pulls out a cigarette. Omid deflates.

GERARD

You'll get your last share on top
of this share.

OMID

What?

GERARD

Soon as we get back. You have my
word. Sound OK?

Sudi looks to Omid, both dismayed.

OMID

Skipper. I've the baby coming.

GERARD

I know. I know. You'll get your
shares. Are we good to go?

Omid has no alternative but to agree. Sudi follows his lead.

GERARD (CONT'D)

Thanks, lads. I'll make it up to
ye.

Gerard disappears. A disappointed silence.

OMID

We'll need a big fucking haul.

SUDI

Did Habibah read your coffee?

OMID

Maybe.

SUDI

And? Good omen?

OMID
I'm not telling you.

SUDI
Why not..?

Omid enjoys teasing Sudi. He shrugs.

OMID
'Cause you'll brood.

SUDI
Well now I will.

INT. WHEELHOUSE - DAY

Siobhán stands awkwardly before Freya, self-conscious.

Freya clears the last journey's charts off the desk. Wants to get this chat over quickly, they're already late.

FREYA
So what's your work?

SIOBHÁN
I identify and extrapolate patterns from variations in deep-sea faunal behaviour. Then I generate algorithms and computer simulations to predict ecological outcomes.

FREYA
Funny, that's what we do.

SIOBHÁN
(amazed and excited)
Really?

FREYA
No. What's your work while you're on board?

SIOBHÁN
Oh. I need to take deep-sea samples every twelve hours.

FREYA
This is a working boat. So don't get in the way. Anything else?

SIOBHÁN
I need to photograph your catch. Look for anomalies.

FREYA

Won't be hard. We get all sorts.

Gerard breezes into the wheelhouse, opens the ship's log. Freya looks at him - he gives her a little nod, all is well.

SIOBHÁN

And I need to do a short dive.

Gerard looks up.

GERARD

Like. Underwater?

SIOBHÁN

Do you dive?

An awkward silence.

FREYA

Fishermen don't swim.

SIOBHÁN

What? Why not?

Freya and Gerard glance at one another. He knocks on wood.

FREYA

'Cause it's better to go fast.

(she rushes on)

Listen. We do dangerous work. You have to be responsible. Don't take risks. Don't butt in. Alright?

SIOBHÁN

I like working alone.

GERARD

You'll be working alone wearing that. Take it off.

He's pointing at her green sweater.

FREYA

Green's bad luck on a boat.

Siobhán, wrong-footed.

SIOBHÁN

Why?

Gerard shrugs. Motions out the window to Johnny.

GERARD

Go on now. Johnny'll show you the ropes.

EXT. TRAWLER, UPPER DECK - CONTINUOUS

Siobhán emerges from the wheelhouse. Takes off her sweater. Her woolen hat falls to the deck, revealing her RED HAIR as she heads for Johnny.

Sudi ties off the hawser beside Johnny. Stops dead at Siobhán's hair.

JOHNNY

Sudi. You haven't met Siobhán.

SUDI

Fuckin' hell.

Siobhán goes to shake Sudi's hand. But he's too surprised to respond.

JOHNNY

She's pleased to meet you too.

SUDI

Does the skipper know?

Johnny glances over at the wheelhouse window. Gerard staring open-mouthed at Siobhán's hair.

JOHNNY

He does now.

Sudi pads around Siobhán, tips an iron strut three times, disappears below deck.

SIOBHÁN

What did I do wrong?

JOHNNY

It's the redhead thing.

SIOBHÁN

My hair?

JOHNNY

Your natural red hair.

SIOBHÁN

You don't take that bad luck stuff seriously.

Johnny, equivocal.

JOHNNY

There's two schools of thought.

SIOBHÁN

I can't change what I am.

Johnny shrugs: picks up her woolen hat.

COASTGUARD (O.S.)
*Freya. Listen. Bad news. We've sent
 you co-ordinates for an Exclusion
 Zone.*

Gerard pulls out his phone, checks the email.

Keys the Exclusion Zone coordinates into the GPS. On
 the GPS screen, it's a RED AREA.

GERARD
 Fuck. Bang on top of our fish.

FREYA
 It's nothing to do with the
 redhead.

GERARD
 I'm not an eejit.

FREYA
 Just saying.
 (to the Coastguard)
 OK. We'll steam through the
 Exclusion Zone. Over.

COASTGUARD (O.S.)
*No. No traffic permitted at all.
 There's a pod of whales and calves.
 Over.*

Freya shrugs: no alternative but to agree.

FREYA
 Roger that. Over and out.

Gerard recalibrates the GPS: a new blue line,
 avoiding the Exclusion Zone. Their mood is DAMPENED.

FREYA (CONT'D)
 Got to get going.

Freya hurries out to tie down a loose tarp.

Gerard watches her go. Looks at the fax, with its
 tempting shoal of fish. Looks at the Exclusion Zone.
 Makes a decision. PUNCHES a few buttons.

CLOSE on the GPS SCREEN. The LINE showing their
 projected trip now runs RIGHT INTO THE RED EXCLUSION
 ZONE.

EXT. TRAWLER, LOWER DECK - DAY

Siobhán, hat in hand, carries her suitcase. Follows
 Johnny through an iron door to a DARK INTERIOR.

INT. TRAWLER PASSAGE - DAY

Daylight dims, then vanishes altogether as Siobhán follows Johnny down a dark, airless passage.

Johnny pulls a heavy door, revealing smoky ICE and FISH BOXES far below.

JOHNNY

Down there's the fish hold. Fingers crossed, we fill it up.

He moves on, knocking on the wood panelling for luck.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

Knock.

SIOBHÁN

What?

JOHNNY

Knock. For luck.

Siobhán, wary that she's being teased.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

Knock on wood.

Siobhán gives the timber a half-hearted knock. Johnny visibly relaxes.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

It's bullshit. But. You know. Maybe it works.

Siobhán, unsettled.

INT. CREW CABIN - DAY

Siobhán and Johnny climb down into a dark, dank, chaotic cabin with FOUR BUNKS.

JOHNNY

You can work in here. Pick a bunk.

He grabs her green sweater, hides it under the detritus. Hands her a threadbare sheet. Siobhán puts her bag under a bunk. Stretches the sheet over the stained mattress.

A crumpled iron door swings open on its twine hinges. Sudi emerges from a grubby BATHROOM, zipping up his flies. He shrinks from Siobhán. Focuses on Johnny.

SUDI
Get your shares from the last trip?

JOHNNY
No. You?

SUDI
Better be a fucking big catch this
time out.

Sudi moves cautiously out the door, eyeing Siobhán's
hair like it might burst into flame.

SIOBHÁN
Why only four bunks?

JOHNNY
Shift work. Three people sleeping,
three people working.

He produces a sleeping bag and a blanket for her
bunk.

SIOBHÁN
How long's a shift?

JOHNNY
You get about two hours' sleep.

SIOBHÁN
What?

JOHNNY
I know.

SIOBHÁN
Sleep loss affects cognition.

JOHNNY
Talk to me.

SIOBHÁN
You get emotional outbursts.

JOHNNY
I barely know who I am by the end.

SIOBHÁN
Even psychosis.

JOHNNY
Sea fever. It happens.

Siobhán, panic rising. He throws her a pillow.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)
Eejit. You're not on shift.

Siobhán, panic rising.

SIOBHÁN

But. There's people. In that state.
In here. All the time..?

INT. TRAWLER PASSAGE - DAY

Siobhán POWERS back up the corridor toward the light, dragging her suitcase fast as she can. Johnny follows - nonplussed.

JOHNNY

Hey -

EXT. TRAWLER, UPPER DECK - DAY

Siobhán SHOVES her suitcase up on deck. Scrambles over to collect her scuba gear. Johnny follows.

JOHNNY

What's wrong?

SIOBHÁN

I can't do this.

JOHNNY

What? Why?

SIOBHÁN

You know why. It's all the stuff
I'm shit at.

JOHNNY

They'll get used to you.

SIOBHÁN

Yeah. Right. Like school. They'll
fucking kill me.

Siobhán drags her bag to the gunwale. Gears herself up to make the jump from boat to pier. Johnny stays back. Checks the mooring ropes.

JOHNNY

(casual)

So you're going back to the lab?

SIOBHÁN

Yes I'm going back to the lab.

JOHNNY

And that'll work?

Siobhán hesitates. Thinks. Drops her suitcase a moment. Johnny eyes her: sees she's still uncertain.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

Last chance.

Reluctantly, she puts on the woolly hat.

Johnny flashes her a quick smile. He turns, waves to Freya and Gerard in the wheelhouse.

INT. WHEELHOUSE - DAY

Gerard notes the time in the ship's log. Presses an INTERCOM.

GERARD

Anchor's away.

EXT. TRAWLER - DAY

A BELL rings.

The engine KICKS IN with a low RUMBLE. The funnel erupts in a plume of BLACK SMOKE. And the trawler JUDDERS off the dock.

INT. TRAWLER, GALLEY KITCHEN - DAY

Ciara steadies herself against a STOVE with pots CLAMPED ON. She blesses herself. Focuses on a filling the huge FRIDGE/FREEZER, covered with fishing twine crucifixes and faded prints of Saints.

GERARD (V.O.)

Protect us o Lord from all the
perils of the deep.

INT. WHEELHOUSE - DAY

Gerard and Freya, heads bowed, holding hands.

GERARD

May Christ who filled the nets of
his disciples deliver us safely
back to harbour.

FREYA

Amen.

Gerard kisses a LOCKET around his neck. Stuffs it back under his sweater. Freya tips the plastic Virgin Mary.

EXT. TRAWLER DECK, STERN - DAY

Siobhán watches the pier receding fast. She's also reciting to keep calm.

SIOBHÁN

Two. Four. Sixteen. Two fifty six.
Sixty-five five thirty six.

Feeling stronger, she turns to find Johnny wrapping the mooring ropes at the stern.

SIOBHÁN (CONT'D)

Isn't there anywhere I can work alone?

Johnny considers.

JOHNNY

You met Omid?

INT. ENGINE ROOM - DAY

Johnny leads Siobhán down a ladder into the engine room. She WINCES at the noise - then her eye caught by a complex system of pipes attached to an electric motor.

JOHNNY

That's our water filtration system.

Siobhán looks more closely. Fascinated.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

We could stay at sea for years,
always have fresh water. Magic.

Omid emerges from behind the massive diesel engine, cleaning his spanner with a rag.

OMID

(playfully to Johnny)
'Magic'. Where did you go to school?

JOHNNY

Same place she did. Our *doctoral* student. Siobhán.

She's mesmerized by the water filtration system.

SIOBHÁN

How many filters?

Omid heads over to a neat workbench in the corner. Bright work light. Carefully arranges a row of gleaming tools.

OMID
Three. Ascending gauges.

SIOBHÁN
Ionizer?

OMID
Up there.

SIOBHÁN
You designed this?

OMID
Yup.

She's seriously impressed.

SIOBHÁN
This is brilliant. Why don't you
have a better job?

Omid, startled by Siobhán's bluntness.

JOHNNY
Don't be fooled by her winning
personality. She can be quite
blunt.

OMID
No kidding.

SIOBHÁN
I just mean. For such a talented
engineer. This is a low-status job.

Omid swallows this with good humour.

OMID
Well. I'm... waiting for the right
opportunity.

Siobhán rounds a corner, following the complex pipe
system. Working out in her mind how it functions.

Distracted, she TRIPS, FALLS against a CRACKED
EMERGENCY LIGHT. She gets a SHOCK from an exposed
wire.

Omid drops what he's doing. Repositions the light.

OMID (CONT'D)
(to Siobhán)
You OK?

JOHNNY
She needs a place to work.

OMID

Not in here. It's too dangerous.

SIOBHÁN

I'm not hurt.

OMID

Yeah but I'm afraid I might be.

Johnny's amused. Siobhán, uncertain what's just happened.

INT. FOREPEAK - DAY

Johnny pushes netting out of the way, Siobhán ducks past floats, nets, bits of iron and cables in his wake.

JOHNNY

Ciara. Any chance of a favour?

Ciara's lifting a small GAS CANISTER from a neat stack.

INT. GALLEY - DAY

Ciara points Siobhán at a long table, two benches on either side. Ciara moves on into the adjacent kitchen, where she connects up the gas cannister to the stove.

CIARA

It's not always quiet in there, but.

SIOBHÁN

It's great. Thank you.

Siobhán carefully positions her laptop and textbooks in a corner. Ciara gestures to Siobhán's woolen cap.

CIARA

Are you cold?

Shy, Siobhán reveals a little of her red hair.

CIARA (CONT'D)

Oh good Jesus.

Ciara glances at Johnny. He shrugs. She assesses Siobhán.

CIARA (CONT'D)

Get that thing off you. You're here now. We'd better get used to you.

Siobhán, grateful, pulls off her cap.

INT. GALLEY KITCHEN - DAY

Ciara's cooking. Listening to tinny music on a little stereo. Johnny comes in.

JOHNNY

You're not anxious about the hair,
are you?

Yes, she is.

CIARA

She needs minding, that one.

JOHNNY

I'll mind her. Listen. I just
wanted to say.

He produces a BOTTLE OF WHISKEY.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

Welcome back.

She's touched. Her hand SHAKES as she takes the bottle.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

How is he?

CIARA

Still adjusting. He won't walk
again. Eejit.

JOHNNY

That's an awful thing.

CIARA

The boat's in pieces.

JOHNNY

I heard.

CIARA

And half the insurance went to the
coastguard.

INT. WHEELHOUSE - DAY

Freya's making notes. Gerard, hand loosely on the wheel, picks up the radio TRANSCEIVER. A screw holding it in place rattles.

GERARD

Niamh Cinn Óir to Coastguard. Come in.

COASTGUARD

(crackling)

Coastguard here. What's the plan? Over.

GERARD

We're heading north, north west -

COASTGUARD

Exclusion Zone. Over.

Gerard, guilty, checks Freya can't see the GPS.

GERARD

- shifting west around the zone. We'll head up the fishing lane to Vestmannaeyjar, then head back for pints in O'Brien's on Friday night.

COASTGUARD

Roger that. You're buying.

EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - EVENING

The trawler, a dot on the VAST BLUE. Heading into the sunset.

INT. GALLEY - NIGHT

Siobhán heads confidently into the galley with her BOOKS and LAPTOP. Dismayed to find it's ALIVE with PEOPLE: Freya, Sudi, Johnny, Gerard and Ciara are laughing, eating together. The noise is DEAFENING - until they see Siobhán. Sudden silence.

SIOBHÁN

Is it OK if I -

CIARA

You hungry?

Siobhán's stomach rumbles. Everyone stares at her. Siobhán, painfully self conscious.

SIOBHÁN

No. No. I'm fine. I'll just.

She retreats.

INT. CREW CABIN - NIGHT

Darkness. Siobhán's wide awake in a narrow bunk, silently stuffing herself with a banana. Omid and Johnny SNORE. She SNAPS on her MAG LITE. Sleeping figures all around. Flips open her textbook for company.

JOHNNY

Turn it off.

Siobhán, unable to tolerate the cramped, dank space. Scrambles out from her sleeping bag. Stumbles over something with a loud THUMP. Omid turns in his sleeping bag.

OMID

Fuck's sake.

EXT. TRAWLER, LOWER DECK - NIGHT

Siobhán's curled under the ship's light with her laptop. Focussed, intent. Heavy workboots pass - it's Sudi. He STARTLES when he sees her.

SUDI

(under his breath)

Jesus.

Siobhán tries to make herself smaller.

SIOBHÁN

Sorry.

EXT. TRAWLER DECK, BOW - DAY

Siobhán lifts a long, narrow net. Examines several SMALL FISH. Frowns: one is markedly different from the others. She turns to throw them back into the sea - COLLIDES with Sudi - he SLIPS - hooks his arm around the HANDRAIL -

SUDI

(to Siobhán)

Keep away from me!

Siobhán, terrorized, retreats. Sudi regains his footing.

SUDI (CONT'D)

I'm fine by the way. Thanks for checking.

EXT. TRAWLER, UPPER DECK - DAY

Siobhán drops her narrow, long net into the water. Sees Sudi through the wheelhouse window. He's complaining, arms gesturing towards Siobhán. Freya and Gerard nod sagely.

INT. WHEELHOUSE - DAY

Freya avoids Siobhán's gaze. Gerard feigns business.

FREYA

Look. Sudi's great. He's just a bit jumpy about you.

SIOBHÁN

What should I do?

FREYA

Just. Stay out of the way.

Siobhán, at a loss -

SIOBHÁN

Where?

EXT. TRAWLER, LOWER DECK - NIGHT

Siobhán curls up alone under the light. Focussed on her textbook and laptop. A lonely, isolated figure.

A CREAK - she jumps - it's Freya, making her way from the wheelhouse to adjust the ropes. Sorry for Siobhán.

FREYA

You out here every night?

SIOBHÁN

Yes. When will we get a catch?

Freya sees something astern. She's suddenly emotional.

FREYA

Siobhán. Come and look.

EXT. TRAWLER DECK, STERN - NIGHT

Siobhán follows Freya to the gunwale. Her breath catches - A SHIMMER on the water surface lights up the starry night, falling away as the trawler moves forward. It's beautiful.

SIOBHÁN
Bioluminescent phytoplankton.

FREYA
It's one of the stories of Niamh Cinn Óir. She was so sad about losing her lover Oisín, she gave herself to the sea.

SIOBHÁN
Drowned herself?

Siobhán observes Freya wrap her arms around herself.

FREYA
No. She's immortal. But it's her hair lights up the sea.

Beat. Siobhán tries to decode Freya and the story.

SIOBHÁN
I don't get it. Why does her hair light up?

Freya, sorry she brought it up.

FREYA
Forget it. It's just a story.

Siobhán is scrutinizing Freya in an unsettling way.

SIOBHÁN
Does Niamh Cinn Óir make you sad?

Freya feels exposed, undermined. Shuts down the conversation.

FREYA
Jesus. No. Fuckin' hell.

She retreats to the wheelhouse. Nods to the glittering water as she goes.

FREYA (CONT'D)
It's a good sign, that's all. It means we'll get a catch tomorrow.

Siobhán, aware she's done the wrong thing, not sure what.

INT. GALLEY - DAY

Siobhán's focussed intently on her laptop. From the cabin, the sounds of laughing, swearing. A BELL SOUNDS.

Ciara, Sudi and Johnny CLATTER past the open door.
Johnny stops at the threshold.

JOHNNY
Siobhán. This is it.

EXT. TRAWLER, LOWER DECK - DAY

The bloated NET hangs over the open hopper. Sudi leaps up, unties the knot or cod-end at the base of the net. A mass of live creatures CASCADES into the hopper, writhing and slithering. Malformed ghosts from the deep.

Trying to see the catch, Siobhán TRIPS over a chain and falls heavily into Omid. Ciara laughs at her awkwardness. Omid, eyes down, kindly helps her up.

OMID
There's a dancer in all of us.

EXT. SHELTER DECK - DAY

Sudi delivers a plastic box of squirming deep-sea creatures to the gutting table. Siobhán switches on her camera. Stands directly in his path. He's irritated.

SUDI
Out of the way.

Johnny and Freya skillfully select fish to gut, drop them down a hatch into the hold. They throw others down a chute to the sea. Siobhán struggles to PHOTOGRAPH the catch as fast as they dispose of it.

(Possibly visible through the hatch, Ciara and Omid collect and box the gutted fish.)

FREYA
You're looking for anomalies,
right?

Freya picks out a gelatinous lump to show Siobhán. Siobhán, familiar with these creatures. PHOTOGRAPHS it -

SIOBHÁN
He's not an anomaly. He's just
melted.

FREYA
Melted?

SIOBHÁN
 Can't survive outside a cold, high
 pressure environment.

Sudi arrives with the next box.

SUDI
 Just like yourself.

Johnny and Freya BURST OUT LAUGHING. Siobhán, a
 little hurt.

CUT TO:

Sudi delivers the last of the fish from the hopper.

SUDI (CONT'D)
 Last box.

An EEL-LIKE thing slithers around the table in a
 trail of slime. Two feet long, pale, muscular, a
 narrow keel of wrinkled flesh. Siobhán can't believe
 what she's seeing.

SIOBHÁN
 Oh.

JOHNNY
 What?

SIOBHÁN
 That's totally in the wrong domain.
 A hagfish.

Siobhán pushes past Johnny and Freya, who glance at
 each other and pull their knives back quickly. She
 PHOTOGRAPHS the creature. Johnny picks it up. It's
 covered in stringy threads of thick slime.

JOHNNY
 Pretty.

SIOBHÁN
 In the water, the slime expands to
 ten times that volume. Suffocates
 anyone who comes near.

Johnny drops the hagfish fast. Sudi makes a retching
 sound. Freya scans the rest of the fish on the
 gutting table. Stabs her knife into the ceiling,
 leaves.

FREYA
 We'll be lucky next time.

EXT. TRAWLER DECK, STERN - DAY

Siobhán sadly watching the last few FISH CORPSES disappear in the trawler's bloody wake. It's a horrible sight.

Suddenly her eyes LIGHT UP. She leans over the gunwale. Transported in an ecstasy of empathy.

SIOBHÁN'S POV: A POD OF WHALES speeds past the boat. Glorious. Natural. Joyful.

INT. WHEELHOUSE - DAY

Gerard, feet up, one eye on the radar. Freya takes the wheel. He hits the intercom.

GERARD
Whales over starboard, lads.

FREYA
Imagine. Out here.

Gerard experiences a flash of guilt. Hides it.

EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - DAY

From above, the trawler is a small shape on the vast blue.

Alongside, the POD OF WHALES gambols and frolics. Dwarfing the boat.

EXT. TRAWLER, LOWER DECK - DAY

From behind, we see Johnny, Ciara and Sudi, all at the gunwale, all watching the whales. Their boots in the slop of diluted FISH BLOOD.

Johnny looks over at Siobhán. Her expression shifts as she thinks through what they're seeing.

JOHNNY
What's up?

SIOBHÁN
Just. Whales generally avoid fishing lanes. 'Cause of the noise. Something's wrong.

Ciara and Sudi, unsettled by this idea.

CIARA
Don't start that. Whales are a good omen.

SUDI

Whales are a very good omen.

The ship's bell CLANGS. The intercom crackles.

FREYA

(over the intercom)

*Another shoal dead ahead, less than
a mile. It's a big one.*

CIARA

(to Siobhán)

See?

They all hurry off to their stations. Pleased.

EXT. TRAWLER / ATLANTIC OCEAN - DAY

The trawler's rusted iron otter boards sink into the deep, dragging metre after metre of nylon net.

INT. WHEELHOUSE - DAY

Gerard stares at the sonar. Dread creeping into his heart.

GERARD

Freya.

FREYA

What.

GERARD

Hold onto something.

FREYA

What?

A SUDDEN GRINDING. Freya and Gerard TOPPLE FORWARD. The ship's SIREN SCREAMS. The RADIO TRANSCEIVER SMASHES to the deck.

INT. GALLEY KITCHEN - DAY

Ciara's little stereo CRASHES to the floor.

Johnny gets thrown against the wall.

Ciara grabs the stove rail. Tries to control her terror.

INT. WHEELHOUSE - DAY

Freya's picking up pieces of the RADIO off the floor.

FREYA
What did we hit?

Gerard flicks off the siren. Shakes his head: he doesn't know. Slams the intercom.

GERARD
Omid! What's the damage down there?

Beat.

OMID
(over the intercom)
Em. Can you send us down the student?

Freya and Gerard look at one another, alarmed.

INT. ENGINE ROOM - DAY

Siobhán climbs down into the engine room, nearly crashes into Sudi. He's STOPPED. STARING.

Omid is examining TEN SMALL CIRCLES like stains on the trawler's wooden cladding. Each about 10cm in diameter.

Siobhán squeezes past Sudi. Squats down, forensically examines one of the stains.

GERARD
(over the intercom)
We letting in?

Omid and Sudi checks the hull for signs of water.

OMID
(over the intercom)
No. We're OK.

Siobhán pokes a gloved finger carefully onto the stain. The wood BENDS a little. Omid swears quietly.

OMID (CONT'D)
(to Sudi)
Get the small-gauge timber plugs.

Sudi clatters up the ladder and away.

OMID (CONT'D)
(to Siobhán)
Tell me you know what that is.

Siobhán mutely shakes her head.

INT. WHEELHOUSE - DAY

Freya guns the engine. A sickening SCREECH as the engine tries to engage. She peers at the sonar.

FREYA
We're caught in something.

Gerard turns the GPS away from Freya. Takes down their coordinates. Freya lifts the rattling, broken radio transceiver.

FREYA (CONT'D)
Niamh Cinn Óir to Coastguard, come in. Over. Niamh Cinn Óir to Coastguard, come in. Over.

CRACKLE. Then WHITE NOISE. Freya tries to improve her repair job on the radio, talking calmly into the transceiver.

FREYA (CONT'D)
This is the Niamh Cinn Óir. E I four niner six niner. Come in. Mayday. Mayday.

More WHITE NOISE. She contains her panic.

FREYA (CONT'D)
Read me our coordinates, there.

Gerard pretends to be busy doing something else. Freya turns the GPS screen towards her.

CLOSE on the GPS: The trawler's BLUE DOT, in the MIDDLE of the shaded RED EXCLUSION ZONE. Freya looks at Gerard, blank.

FREYA (CONT'D)
You took us into the Exclusion Zone..?

INT. ENGINE ROOM - DAY

Sudi tears rags. In front of him is a box of small timber plugs, ready to repair the hull. Omid mixes pitch and oakum, finishes cutting squares of plywood.

Siobhán watches as a yellowish FILM slowly gathers on one of the circular stains. Omid approaches. Tips the head of his BRIGHT RED SCREWDRIVER, lifts up a stringy length of slime -

SUDI
What is that?

Siobhán rolls the viscous, slimy substance between her gloved fingers. Smells it. An awkward BEAT of SILENCE.

OMID
Chemical spill, maybe?

Abruptly Siobhán leaves. Omid and Sudi look at one another. Omid turns his wedding ring, unsettled.

INT. GALLEY KITCHEN - DAY

Siobhán BURSTS in. Ciara and Johnny tidying the mess. Ciara's hand is visibly shaking.

CIARA
What happened?

SIOBHÁN
I don't know.

Siobhán grabs a SPOON and goes to leave. Ciara grabs her arm.

CIARA
Are we sinking?

SIOBHÁN
I don't know.

Ciara, alarmed -

CIARA
What?

JOHNNY
Siobhán - Jesus -

Siobhán hurries out. Panicking, Ciara stumbles after her.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)
(to Ciara)
We're not sinking.

INT. WHEELHOUSE - DAY

Freya and Gerard in a standoff. She can't believe he's taken them here without telling her.

FREYA
You're a fucking eejit, you know that?

GERARD
I know.

FREYA

Christ knows what we're tangled up in. Could be anything.

GERARD

Probably just seaweed or something. Omid will sort it out.

FREYA

We'll have to explain this to the coastguard. We'll have to blame it on faulty equipment.

Gerard puts his arms around her.

GERARD

Damn that faulty equipment. It's led us right into a major fishery. All to ourselves.

He waltzes her around, she laughs in spite of herself.

FREYA

What are you doing?

GERARD

A major fishery.

FREYA

No radio.

GERARD

Not another soul. Freya. We have it to ourselves.

Freya, worried, but tempted -

FREYA

It's not right.

Gerard waltzes her over to the FISHERIES FAX.

GERARD

Look at that. This is our chance. We land a catch here. We can pay the lads.

She allows herself to be persuaded.

FREYA

You're thinking: just once. To get ourselves out of debt.

GERARD

Just once. Who are we hurting?

He's hopeful. It's contagious: she's hopeful too.

INT. ENGINE ROOM - DAY

CLOSE on Siobhán, carefully collecting a tiny DRIBBLE OF SLIME on her teaspoon, sealing it in a specimen case.

SUDI
So it's - like - pollution?

SIOBHÁN
It's organic.

Omid paces the hull, drawing a circle around each stain.

OMID
Keep an eye out for more spots.

GERARD
Good Jesus...

Gerard jumps the last steps of the ladder. Ciara behind him.

Gerard pokes a finger in one of the stains. BREAKS RIGHT THROUGH the softened wood. A small ORGANIC FORM, like the interior of an OYSTER, CONTRACTS against his finger.

Ciara lets out a little CRY. Gerard jumps back. A stringy thread of slime connected to his finger. He wipes it on his jeans.

GERARD (CONT'D)
Christ.

Sudi throws a nervous glance at Siobhán.

SUDI
Is it. Is it a hagfish?

Siobhán, half-scared, half-fascinated.

SIOBHÁN
Could be a species of barnacle.
(to Sudi's question)
It's not a hagfish.

OMID
Whatever. It won't get through the pitch and oakum.

Omid RIPS away the rest of the softened wood. Sudi dips a rag in pitch and oakum, Omid plugs the hole with a rag and a timber plug, covering the lot with a square of plywood.

GERARD

Pitch and oakum's not enough. We need to get them off the hull.

OMID

Oh yeah.

GERARD

From outside of the boat.

SUDI

You mean... you want someone to get into the water?

That's exactly what he means. The fishermen look at one another. Sudi backs away from Gerard.

SUDI (CONT'D)

Skipper I can't swim.

Omid, gripped by a deep-seated fear.

OMID

No. Don't look at me.

Gerard turns to Siobhán.

GERARD

You've your scuba gear on board.

Siobhán, surprised at being addressed.

SIOBHÁN

Yes.

GERARD

And you have to do a dive anyway, right?

SIOBHÁN

Yes.

GERARD

So you could do your dive and take off some barnacles for us.

SIOBHÁN

But. They could be anything.

GERARD

It's not that deep. And we'll have you on a guy rope.

Siobhán looks around the expectant faces. She's going to have to do this.

SIOBHÁN

I want lights. Lots of lights.

The fishermen, relieved and pleased.

EXT. TRAWLER, LOWER DECK - DAY

Siobhán's in her wetsuit, including gloves and boots. Johnny helps her shoulder the oxygen tanks, clips her guy rope.

JOHNNY

You OK?

No, she's nervous. But she nods. Glances into the dark blue sea. Steels herself. Straps on her high-powered HEADLAMP. Checks the switch.

Looks to the wheelhouse. Through the window, we see Freya nod, flick on the trawler's bright FLOODLIGHT, angle it straight into the deep.

Siobhán sits up on the gunwale. Johnny holds the guy rope.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

I've got you.

Gerard hands her a large GUTTING KNIFE.

GERARD

Piece of cake.

She looks blankly at him.

SIOBHÁN

It's a gutting knife.

GERARD

Just. Do your best.

She forces herself to SLIDE into the deep.

UNDERWATER -

Grey green bubbles. Striations of sea weed. The light from the trawler beams through CLOUDY WATER.

Siobhán's breathing, loud in her head. She fumbles with her HEAD LAMP. Floating SEAWEED SLAPS across her cheek, sticks to the lamp. She scrabbles it off.

Steeling herself, she kicks over to the lit-up hull. Pauses in wonder:

A cluster of slender, eel-like animals attached to the boat. Bioluminescent, pulsing quietly. Narrow HEADS buried in the ship's wood.

She moves closer to one. Gently, carefully works her knife between the animal's slender head and the boat. The eel-like creatures SHIVER and PULSE in unison. The hull CREAKS LOUDLY.

INT. ENGINE ROOM - DAY

The interior wood CREAKS as the boat's shell is pressed inward. Omid BANGS in panic on the hull wall.

INT. WHEELHOUSE - DAY

Freya touches the plastic virgin Mary. Whispers a prayer.

UNDERWATER - DAY

Siobhán pulls her knife away fast. Something touches her gloved hand in the cloudy water. She turns: a shimmering eel-like creature, standing vertical as a blade of grass. Eyes wide, she glances down -

A BUBBLE escapes her apparatus - she LOSES THE RHYTHM OF HER BREATHING -

EXT. TRAWLER, LOWER DECK - DAY

Gerard and Johnny see PANIC BUBBLES pop on the surface of the water. The guy rope in Johnny's hand PULLS DOWNWARD. They lean forward, concerned.

UNDERWATER - DAY

Siobhán is WIDE-EYED, FROZEN. Floating downward.

Below her, the slender forms join a MASSIVE SHIMMERING CIRCLE far below in the blackness. Dozens of strands and tendrils rise up blindly toward her.

Finally OVERCOMING her FROZEN PANIC, she THRASHES UPWARD with all her strength.

EXT. TRAWLER, LOWER DECK - DAY

Siobhán, sprawled on deck. Panting. Wide-eyed. Terrified.

Staring at the faces of Ciara, Freya, Sudi and Gerard around her (Johnny hangs back). They're all TALKING. She CAN'T HEAR ANYTHING. She's in shock.

GERARD
Did you get them off?

FREYA
How many did you see?

CIARA
What are they?

SUDI
Are they still attached?

Slowly her hearing returns.

GERARD
What happened?

There's a smear of that SLIME on her dive glove. She
TEARS it off in fear.

SIOBHÁN
I am never. Going down there again.

Johnny squats by her. Aware she's in shock.

JOHNNY
Just. Describe what they look like.

SIOBHÁN
It's one animal. One. Huge. Animal.

The crew, thrown for a minute.

GERARD
Wait. What? As well as the
barnacles?

SIOBHÁN
It's not barnacles. It's.
Connective tissue.

The crew look at her, uncomprehending.

GERARD
I don't get it.

SIOBHÁN
Long sinewy - arms -

Freya, skeptical:

FREYA
Like seaweed?

SIOBHÁN
No. Like tendrils. A lot of
tendrils.

JOHNNY
That can't be right.

FREYA
The water's cloudy. She doesn't
know what she saw.

They're disappointed. But Gerard is excited.

FREYA (CONT'D)
Freya. A squid. I bet it's some
kind of squid.

Siobhán, picturing the rippling image she saw
underwater.

SIOBHÁN
It could be.

A shift in mood: excitement ripples through the
crew. Siobhán, getting a better hold of herself.

SIOBHÁN (CONT'D)
But if it's a squid. It's bigger
than *anything* on record.

GERARD
A *giant* squid.

He slaps Johnny's shoulder with glee.

JOHNNY
You want the winch?

GERARD
Oh yeah. All hands on deck.

Gerard passes Siobhán without a look. Siobhán,
shaking. Can't understand why everyone's so
cavalier.

EXT. TRAWLER DECK, BOW - DAY

Freya's squinting into the water. She's excited.
Siobhán's dressed now, but still in shock. Appeals
to Freya.

SIOBHÁN
Please. Listen to me. We need to
get help -

FREYA
We'll be fine. This is what we do.

EXT. TRAWLER, LOWER DECK - DAY

Johnny and Omid prepare the WINCH.

FREYA (V.O.)
See. Squid can't hold their own
body weight in shallow water.

EXT. TRAWLER, UPPER DECK - DAY

Sudi and Ciara busy with ROPES and a HEAVY NET.

FREYA (V.O.)
So we lift it even a bit. It'll
have to loosen its grip on the
boat. That's how we get free.

EXT. TRAWLER DECK, BOW - DAY

Siobhán, relieved by Freya's explanation.

SIOBHÁN
Oh. OK. Good.

Gerard joins them. Peers over the gunwale into the sea.

GERARD
Then we tow it in to shore.

Siobhán, alarmed all over again -

SIOBHÁN
What? That thing is huge.

FREYA
Any better ideas?

SIOBHÁN
Radio for rescue.

Freya and Gerard exchange a LOOK: they don't want the crew to know the radio's out.

FREYA
That's ridiculous. If we abandoned
ship every time we ran into
something -

GERARD
We'd be laughed off the docks.
We're fishermen. This is what we
do.

Siobhán, uncertain if she's overreacting, tries to control her fear.

EXT. TRAWLER, LOWER DECK - DAY

Omid stands by the stern. Johnny throws a lever. The WINCH JUDDERS into life. Chains CREAK.

INT. WHEELHOUSE - DAY

Freya, monitoring events on the sonar.

EXT. TRAWLER DECK, BOW - DAY

Siobhán and Gerard watch, on tenterhooks. The sea is black. Nothing visible. Then Siobhán leans forward.

Deep in the water, a ripple of bioluminescent TENDRILS appears. Distorted, refracted, glistening and shimmering. Smooth and lean. Not tentacles.

SIOBHÁN

That's not a squid.

Gerard barks a laugh of excitement. Siobhán, all nerves, scrambles down to the lower deck for a better view -

INT. WHEELHOUSE - DAY

Freya stares at the transforming shape on the sonar monitor.

FREYA

It's a bloody miracle.

The sound of the winch GRINDING TO A HALT.

A cluster of floats ROLLS toward the bow. Freya looks from floats to stern. The boat's listing.

FREYA (CONT'D)

(warning him)

Gerard.

EXT. TRAWLER DECK, BOW - DAY

Gerard hears her warning, but he's focussed on the animal.

GERARD

(shouts to Johnny)

Keep it going!

(under his breath)

Come on. Come on. Come on.

Then a tarp SLIDES heavily toward the bow. The boat's listing further. He can see the winch isn't powerful enough.

GERARD (CONT'D)
 (quiet)
 Let go the winch.

A chain slides down the deck and SLAMS against Gerard's boot.

GERARD (CONT'D)
 Let go the winch!

EXT. TRAWLER, LOWER DECK - DAY

Siobhán's leaning at the gunwale, trying to see the animal far below.

Johnny RELEASES the winch brake - the chains and ropes move at speed - Johnny steps awkwardly to look over the gunwale - A SPATTER of blood on deck - Johnny SCREAMS in agony -

His FINGERS are CAUGHT in the ropes. Omid, ten feet away, points to the WINCH BRAKE, shouts to Siobhán -

OMID
 Hit the brake!

Siobhán FREEZES, terrified, confused -

OMID (CONT'D)
 Right there! There! Hit the brake!

She can't process what's happening -

Omid SCRAMBLES over frozen Siobhán, KICKS the brake. Johnny's released. He crumples in pain. His thumb a RAW BLOODY WOUND.

Siobhán, appalled at her own failure to act.

INT. GALLEY KITCHEN - DAY

Siobhán finds Ciara bandaging Johnny's fingers.

SIOBHÁN
 You badly injured?

Johnny, shaking, offers her a conciliatory smile.

JOHNNY
 I'm fine.

SIOBHÁN
It looked painful. I didn't help.

Ciara, silently judging Siobhán.

JOHNNY
I'm fine. Can you grab my tobacco?
It's by the winch.

EXT. TRAWLER, LOWER DECK - DAY

Siobhán finds Johnny's tobacco pouch in a SPATTER OF BLOOD on deck. Picks it up, wipes the blood off.

Turns to the horizon. A FLASH catches her eye.

INT. WHEELHOUSE - DAY

Gerard stares at the sonar: the blurry, uncertain shape of the animal in exactly the same place as before.

Freya duct tapes the radio's loose segments. Flicks the transceiver. Silence. A CREAK. Siobhán, at the door, taking in the scene.

SIOBHÁN
There's another boat.

GERARD
What?

SIOBHÁN
That way.

Gerard lifts binoculars.

GERARD
Conniving bastards.

FREYA
You're unbelievable.

Gerard weighs up the options.

GERARD
We'd have to split the profits. But they might have a better winch.

Siobhán eyes the radio, covered in duct tape, with concern.

SIOBHÁN
And a radio.

Freya and Gerard glance at one another: she's right.

EXT. TRAWLER, LOWER DECK - DAY

Siobhán watches Gerard fire the FLARE GUN. The other boat is a silent silhouette.

INT. WHEELHOUSE - DAY

Gerard, binoculars to his eyes, watching the other boat. Freya at his side. He shakes his head: no response to their flare.

INT. GALLEY - DAY

The crew sit around the table. Johnny's fingers wrapped in a thick bandage. Ciara at his side.

FREYA

Gerard can't row over on his own.

Sudi shakes his head, gut-scared.

SUDI

I'm not getting in beside that thing, no way.

Ciara, unconvinced -

CIARA

It's a bad idea. Let's just wait for the coastguard.

Gerard shifts uneasily.

GERARD

Come on. Big commercial boat over there. They'll be able to help us.

Siobhán, keen to get home.

SIOBHÁN

I'll go.

Gerard shakes his head.

GERARD

You're too risky.

SIOBHÁN

You want me to wear my hat?

Everyone looks at her - uncertain if she's joking.

SIOBHÁN (CONT'D)

Please. I just want to go home.

JOHNNY
I'll go as well.

CIARA
No.

Johnny meets Gerard's eye.

JOHNNY
Gerard. Three of us.

Gerard considers.

INT. TRAWLER PASSAGEWAY - DAY

Johnny powers down the corridor. Ciara catches his arm. Confidential. Concerned.

CIARA
Bí cúramach leis an gcailín sin.

Johnny smiles, shy.

JOHNNY
I'll mind her.

CIARA
That's not what I meant.

EXT. ROWBOAT - DAY

The rowboat SPLASHES into the water, tethered by a single rope to the trawler. Johnny climbs down the ladder, jumps into the little boat. Siobhán climbs carefully after him.

Siobhán's struck by a stain of blood on Johnny's bandage.

SIOBHÁN
I'm so sorry - I just froze -

JOHNNY
(quietly to Siobhán)
I tell you something. If I was hanging off a cliff, I'd want you on the other end of the rope.

Siobhán considers this image.

SIOBHÁN
I don't think that's likely.

Johnny, about to explain - but Gerard joins them in the rowboat.

Takes a deep breath while looking at Siobhán's red hair. Knocks three times on the wooden prow for luck.

SPLASHES the oars heavily into the water. Siobhán, suddenly urgent -

SIOBHÁN (CONT'D)

Careful.

GERARD

What?

She glances down into the depths below.

SIOBHÁN

The noise. Attracts attention.

Gerard sees her logic. Pulls the oars gently.

EXT. TRAWLER, UPPER DECK - DAY

Freya, watching the rowboat recede. Anxious. Absently blesses herself. Hurries into the wheelhouse and the sonar.

EXT. ROWBOAT - DAY

Gerard rows softly over deep, black sea. It's slow. Arduous. Siobhán and Johnny, painfully aware of every movement in the water.

A sudden RIPPLE: a few meters below, a shimmering TENDRIL flashes by.

Siobhán tenses. Johnny looks to Gerard. Gerard is alarmed.

GERARD

Fuck this.

He POWERS toward the other trawler with strong, loud strokes.

EXT. SPANISH TRAWLER - DAY

The rowboat bumps against the other trawler. It's big: about twice the size of the Niamh Cinn Óir. A Spanish name painted on the side.

Relieved to be off the rowboat, Gerard leads the way up the ladder.

GERARD
Hello! Anyone aboard?

INT. WHEELHOUSE - DAY

Omid and Freya stare at the sonar. Comfortable in each other's company. Ciara, antsy, pacing.

ONSCREEN: Hazy outline of the tendrils, anchored in the deep.

FREYA
Never seen anything like it.

OMID
There was that giant bristleworm
Páidín hauled up that time.

FREYA
(unconvinced)
Well yeah.

OMID
Or says he did.

FREYA
Exactly.

Ciara stares out the window. Full of concern.

CIARA
We're due a third bit of bad luck.

Omid snorts in derision. He has no time for superstition.

FREYA
You getting sleep?

CIARA
Don't patronize me.

Freya, comparing the sonar with her maritime maps.

FREYA
There's so little detail on these
bloody things. That's a trench
there.

OMID
Maybe this thing got dragged out of
the trench. If they're seabed
trawling.

FREYA
Sure that's illegal.

EXT. SPANISH TRAWLER DECK - DAY

Gerard looking at a HUGE, ULTRA-FINE-MESH NET with a SOLID METAL BEAM. It's wet. Johnny inhales in sharp disapproval.

JOHNNY
Seabed-trawling.

Gerard, uneasy about his own transgression.

GERARD
(quietly)
Desperation makes you do things.
(calls)
Hello! We're from the Niamh Cinn
Óir! We're trawlermen!

Siobhán feels safer on this gleaming, modern vessel. Through the wheelhouse window, she spots a huge state-of-the-art RADIO TRANSCEIVER. Overjoyed, she stumbles into the wheelhouse -

SIOBHÁN
We can call for help!

INT. SPANISH WHEELHOUSE -

- heads straight for the radio. But the electronics have been RIPPED OUT. Siobhán, devastated.

SIOBHÁN
I don't understand -

Johnny follows her. Freezes, spooked.

JOHNNY
Sh. Listen.

SIOBHÁN
I can't hear anything.

JOHNNY
That's what I mean. No engine
noise.

Siobhán's optimism drains away. Replaced by a creeping dread. Gerard CALLS from the deck.

EXT. SPANISH TRAWLER DECK - DAY

Gerard and Johnny FORCE open the door leading below deck. It's dark down there. Siobhán backs off.

SIOBHÁN
We should just go.

JOHNNY
 (quiet)
 Let me check the engine.

He's gone. Gerard heads down into the boat after Johnny. Siobhán really wants to stay on deck.

GERARD
 Siobhán. Come with me.

Reluctantly she follows Gerard into the dark interior.

INT. SPANISH TRAWLER GALLEY - DAY

Siobhán and Gerard gingerly open the door into a SMOKE-FILLED dining area. They cough, eyes watering. Siobhán picks up an overturned bottle of DISINFECTANT.

In the centre of the room, a SMOULDERING HEAP OF TINDER. Gerard finds the fire blanket, smothers the embers. Uneasy.

GERARD
 Stay close.

INT. SPANISH ENGINE ROOM - DAY

Johnny, on the ladder, stopped. Below him, water sloshes around the engine. A SLEDGEHAMMER embedded in it. He's horrified. Hears Gerard call his name.

INT. SPANISH TRAWLER PASSAGE - DAY

Johnny climbs up from the lower deck, joins Gerard and Siobhán in the passage.

JOHNNY
 Skipper. We need to go.

Siobhán stops dead. MUSIC from behind a closed door. She glances back at the others, apprehensive. Leans closer, listening.

The door SWINGS OPEN a little. The room looks comfy, dark, but welcoming. A stereo is playing in the corner.

SIOBHÁN
 Hello..?

INT. SPANISH CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Siobhán steps in -

- SLIPS. Gerard is behind her, catches her. SKIDS a little himself on the wet surface. Johnny at the door, eyes wide.

BLOOD all over the floor. Siobhán's jaw drops.

FOUR BODIES in a circle. Three have STAB WOUNDS to the chest. A SHARP KNIFE in the hand of the nearest. One lies on its side, turned away from them.

JOHNNY

Jesus.

Gerard takes in the scene.

GERARD

(whispers)

Fucking hell.

Gerard, by the body holding the knife.

GERARD (CONT'D)

He must've gone mad.

Siobhán surveys the group of bodies.

SIOBHÁN

No. There's a pattern.

She traces the line of each injury on the three bodies lying on their backs.

SIOBHÁN (CONT'D)

All self-inflicted.

Gingerly, carefully, Siobhán moves around the other side to look at the face of the final body. She STOPS BREATHING.

Gerard and Johnny join her. Gerard staggers back. Johnny covers his mouth in repelled horror.

DARK HOLES where the body's eyes should be.

EXT. ROWBOAT - DAY

Gerard rows with powerful strokes away from the Spanish boat. Johnny's PALE, SHAKING. He VOMITS over the side of the boat. Siobhán's fearful, trying to make sense of what they've seen.

GERARD

Sea fever.

JOHNNY
Sea fever.

SIOBHÁN
What?

Gerard and Johnny share a look: a history between them.

JOHNNY
No sleep. One fella loses it.

GERARD
Spreads like wildfire.

Siobhán struggles to make sense of what they're saying.

SIOBHÁN
That might explain the suicides.
But the eyes?

GERARD
(clutching at straws)
Might've been birds.

SIOBHÁN
It wasn't birds.

INT. WHEELHOUSE - DAY

Freya squints into the sonar. Anxiety rising.

FREYA
Hey. Look.

Omid and Ciara try to read the fuzzy image, unnerved. Freya scrabbles for the BINOCULARS -

EXT. ROWBOAT - DAY

Gerard, rowing as fast as he can. His energy flagging. Frightened Siobhán might cause trouble.

GERARD
Listen. Say nothing about this.

Siobhán, uncomprehending.

SIOBHÁN
Nothing at all?

GERARD
Nothing at all.

SIOBHÁN

Why?

JOHNNY

(darkly)

People are suggestible.

GERARD

We don't want anyone jumping at shadows.

Siobhán pictures this. She can't contain herself any longer:

SIOBHÁN

OK. But. How do we get home now?

Gerard pulls the oars with renewed energy. Glances at Johnny. He has no idea.

EXT. TRAWLER, LOWER DECK - DAY

Gerard, Siobhán and Johnny climb aboard. Omid bounces over. All excitement.

OMID

How'd it go? They have a winch?

Siobhán catches Omid's eye. He sees she's uneasy - she's about to speak - Gerard takes over. Calm. Reassuring.

GERARD

They have their own problems. No help at all.

OMID

Well. We've something to show you.

He waves to Freya in the wheelhouse. Freya guns the engine.

A low RUMBLE. The funnel erupts in a plume of black smoke. The trawler JUDDERS into life. Omid grins.

OMID (CONT'D)

It's gone!

Johnny breathes a deep sigh of relief. Leans against the gunwale, tired and pale. Gerard's confidence floods back. He turns to Siobhán -

GERARD

Didn't I tell you we'd be fine?

Siobhán, uncertain. Still fearful. Looks to Omid.

SIOBHÁN
Can I see the hull?

Omid, aware she's concerned about something.

INT. ENGINE ROOM - DAY

Siobhán examines the mended sections of the hull. They're stained by dribbles of slime from the animal. It's pooled where the hull meets the deck.

SIOBHÁN
Animals don't trap something, then
just let it go.

Omid shrugs.

OMID
We prob'ly injured it when we tried
winching it up.

Siobhán's not convinced. She traces the pattern of slime dribbling down the wood.

SIOBHÁN
It could've secreted something
defensive, I suppose. Like a
hagfish.

OMID
Sounds plausible.

SIOBHÁN
Or venom.

OMID
And we're immune.

SIOBHÁN
Or it's a digestive substance. And
the boat's inedible.

Before Omid can respond, the SHIP'S BELL rings.

GERARD
(over the intercom)
*Large mass heading this way, lads.
About two miles off.*

Siobhán's stomach FLIPS. Omid's alarmed too -

OMID
Or it's coming back for another
crack at us.

INT. WHEELHOUSE - DAY

Freya's uneasy. Watching the sonar. Gerard, keen to catch the animal this time.

GERARD

Freya. We've no catch.

FREYA

Yeah but if that thing grabs on again?

GERARD

We'll net it before it gets near us. We know now.

Freya struggles.

FREYA

God. It's risky.

GERARD

Have I ever failed you? Apart from failing you in a charming and adorable way?

She smiles. He can see he's winning her over.

GERARD (CONT'D)

Look. If you want. We'll steam home right now. But we'll lose the boat.

Freya's torn. Can't help herself. Hits the intercom.

FREYA

Shoot the nets.

Gerard is excited.

EXT. UNDERWATER - DAY

The nets float down through the cloudy water.

INT. WHEELHOUSE - DAY

Freya and Gerard, at the sonar. Focussed. Tense.

GERARD

Come on. Come on. Come on.

They both let out a little CHEER. Freya hits the intercom.

FREYA

Winch it up there. Go slow.

He snakes an arm around her waist. Anxious.
Anticipating.

EXT. TRAWLER, LOWER DECK - DAY

Johnny and Omid at the winch. Nervous.

OMID
Careful.

Johnny KICKS the winch into life.

EXT. UPPER DECK - DAY

Freya and Gerard stand at the wheelhouse door,
looking down at the lower deck. Breath held.

EXT. TRAWLER, LOWER DECK - DAY

Siobhán, Johnny, Ciara and Omid hold their breath.
Sudi climbs onto the hopper. Carefully releases the
net's cod end. JUMPS BACK in fear.

A HUGE HAUL of slippery, silvery, normal, saleable
fish tumbles into the hopper.

Siobhán feels the wave of relief among the crew.

EXT. UPPER DECK - DAY

Gerard looks down at the haul. Disappointed. Covers
it with a smile. Freya's half-disappointed, half-
relieved. Calls down.

FREYA
We're heading home.

EXT. SHELTER DECK - DAY

Siobhán stays FAR BACK from the gutting table, out
of the way. Photographs the catch as Sudi, Omid and
Johnny gut the fish. They're working happily and
fast.

JOHNNY
What you doing with your share?

SUDI
Parts for the motorbike.

JOHNNY
Omid's old rustbucket?

OMID

It's a good bike, that bike.

SUDI

It's not a bike. It's a love-machine.

Johnny laughs.

JOHNNY

What's her name? Alice...

SUDI

Alison O'Reilly. We're hitting the highway. Just need a new sump.

JOHNNY

A new sump. Every girl's dream.

Johnny throws his fish into the chute, MISSES. Picks it up. Throws, MISSES AGAIN. Laughs - PLACES HIS FISH INTO THE CHUTE. Siobhán observes this, unsure what to make of it.

SIOBHÁN

You OK?

JOHNNY

No. I'm bloody knackered.

INT. CREW CABIN - DAY

Siobhán, nerves jangling from the horrors of the other boat. Scrolls through deep-sea species on her laptop, looking for any relevant information. Johnny emerges from the shower wearing a towel. Pulls on his jeans.

SIOBHÁN

Is it always like this?

JOHNNY

No. Sometimes it's scary.

He sees she needs something more. He's philosophical.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

Things happen at sea.

SIOBHÁN

But. Things like that other boat?

JOHNNY

Coastguard will deal with it. I've seen worse.

SIOBHÁN
You've seen worse?

JOHNNY
Listen. Can I give you some advice?

SIOBHÁN
(a little defensive)
I'm answering everybody's
questions.

JOHNNY
I know.

SIOBHÁN
It's exhausting.

JOHNNY
Maybe you don't have to answer any
more.

SIOBHÁN
What?

He sits down beside her. Tender.

JOHNNY
Maybe you don't have to answer
everything right now.

Siobhán, nerves still jangling.

SIOBHÁN
I have a lot of questions.

JOHNNY
I know. But. We're here. We're
safe. Just let it go. For a minute.
Rest.

She considers this.

SIOBHÁN
You mean my work doesn't have to be
my whole life?

This makes them both LAUGH.

SIOBHÁN (CONT'D)
What would I do instead?

Tentatively she touches his hand.

JOHNNY
(whispers)
You making a pass at me?

Yes. But now she's self-conscious.

SIOBHÁN

No.

JOHNNY

I've had people make passes at me
before -

Siobhán, even more embarrassed.

SIOBHÁN

I'm sure you have -

JOHNNY

What I mean is. It would be OK if
you were.

She can't believe it. He touches her hand. They move
closer to one another. ABOUT TO KISS. It's electric -

Omid BURSTS in, breaking the moment. They SPRING
APART, EMBARRASSED. Oblivious, Omid pulls off his
boots and starts to undress. Sudi comes in -

OMID

Oi - No. I'm in the shower. You can
have it after dinner.

Sudi curses. Plonks on a bunk. Switches on tinny
music.

SUDI

Johnny. Your aunty says you're on
kitchen duty.

Johnny and Siobhán, left with no privacy.

INT. GALLEY - NIGHT

A spread of fried food. The whole crew drinks beer,
relaxes. It's warm. Convivial. A tired, loud, happy
family.

Siobhán's at the door. Johnny sees her hovering.

JOHNNY

Siobhán. Come and sit.

Shy, she sits by him on the bench. She notices a
bead of sweat on his temple. She speaks quietly with
him as the others chat. We favour Johnny and
Siobhán's exchange.

SIOBHÁN

(quiet to Johnny)
You're hot.

GERARD

So Omid you ready for the
responsibilities of
fatherhood?

JOHNNY
Thank you.

OMID
Born ready, skipper.

Siobhán touches Johnny's forehead.

SIOBHÁN
I mean. You might have a
fever.

FREYA
Get the child vaccinated
straight away. No messing.

Johnny shrugs.

JOHNNY
I've just had a shower.

Siobhán accepts this. Johnny passes her a soft drink
and a pile of fries. All warmth and affection.
Sudi's picked up on Johnny's last comment.

SUDI
Yeah for fucking half an
hour.

OMID
Bit of a bang off you, Sudi.

Johnny raises his can of beer to Siobhán -

JOHNNY
Redhead or not. Best student we've
had. Am I right?

A few voices of APPROVAL.

FREYA
Not too bad in the end.

GERARD
Nerves of steel.

Sudi snorts:

SUDI
Long as she's not trying to find
the winch brake.

Sudi waggles his fingers at Johnny's bandaged hand.
Siobhán, able to laugh now at her failure to act.

FREYA
(to Sudi)
Sure you were worse -

CIARA
We had to teach you how to eat
spaghetti -

Sudi shouts above their laughter.

SUDI
Spaghetti is stupid -

OMID
Who was it nearly destroyed the
engine?

Johnny, remembering. Laughing. Groaning.

SUDI

Ah come on. Not this again.

JOHNNY

(to Siobhán)

Let his rope fall around propeller -

GERARD

- Rope 'round the prop. That was bad.

SIOBHÁN

Why was that bad?

JOHNNY

(to Siobhán)

It jammed. Killed the engine.

OMID

We had to get towed in. Coastguard was creasing himself laughing.

Freya gives Sudi a playful shove.

FREYA

Eejit.

Sudi grins cheekily.

SUDI

I'll make a great ship's engineer, though. Right?

Omid and Freya LAUGH. Gerard rolls his eyes. Deliberately changes the subject. Raises his beer can to Siobhán.

GERARD

Best student we've had!

A ragged cheer. For the first time in her life, Siobhán feels like she's PART OF THE GROUP. It's a strange, exhilarating sensation.

JOHNNY

(quietly)

Are you OK?

She's flooded with happiness.

SIOBHÁN

Yes.

Johnny grips her hand.

JOHNNY

Come on. Let's go for a swim.

He's gone out the door. Siobhán is thrown.

SUDI

What did he say..?

SIOBHÁN

(reeling)

He said he wants to go for a swim.

The others fall into sudden shocked silence -

FREYA

Well fucking stop him.

Siobhán scrambles after Johnny. Ciara screeches after her.

EXT. TRAWLER, LOWER DECK - NIGHT

Johnny's stripping off at the gunwale under the stars. Feeling like a god. Looking beautiful.

Siobhán and Ciara scramble toward him, grab an arm each. Pull him back. He's laughing, but they're concerned.

INT. GALLEY - NIGHT

The party's breaking up. Omid, Freya and Sudi leave.

FREYA

What the hell goes swimming off a trawler to impress a girl?

SUDI

Lunatic. There's a motherfucking monster down there.

OMID

Too much beer. Sober up in the shower.

SUDI (CONT'D)

No - I'm having a shower.

FREYA

(to Sudi)

Good.

They're gone. Siobhán sits with Johnny. Gerard stands over him. Stern and fatherly.

Johnny RUBS HIS EYE briefly. Siobhán, observing his movements.

GERARD

What the fuck, Johnny?

Ciara enters from the kitchen, hands Johnny a cup of coffee. Splashes the last of the whiskey into it. Ciara's upset.

CIARA
What are you on?

JOHNNY
Nothing!

She doesn't believe him.

GERARD
If you brought drugs onto this boat.

JOHNNY
I didn't. I wouldn't.

CIARA
(to Siobhán)
Did you give him something?

SIOBHÁN
No. He was hot. I think his thumb might be infected.

Johnny does look strange. Sweating. Big eyed. Breathless.

JOHNNY
I am actually here, you know.

CIARA
Let me see your thumb.

He pulls his hand away.

JOHNNY
I'm fine. I need to sleep is all.

He RUBS HIS EYE a second time. Siobhán pulls her MAG LITE from her pocket. Hesitates.

SIOBHÁN
Johnny. Would you like me to look at your eye?

Johnny's unsettled by this idea. Looks straight at Siobhán.

JOHNNY
Alright.

She shines the light in his eye. He WINCES at the brightness.

CLOSE on his eye. A wide, black pupil. Then - in the black of his pupil, a WHITE FORM SWISHES BY.

Siobhán blinks. Fumbles with the Mag Lite. Looks again. Can't see anything.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

What?

Siobhán flicks a look over to Gerard. Fearful and angry, Gerard SNATCHES the Mag Lite. Shines it in Johnny's eye. Has a proper look. Throws the light down.

GERARD

I can't see anything.

Johnny FLOODED WITH RELIEF.

JOHNNY

Bloody hell. You had me going.

Siobhán, uncertain: maybe Gerard is right.

GERARD

You're jumping at shadows. Just. Relax the head. Get some sleep.

Gerard stomps out. Johnny drinks the coffee and whiskey in one gulp. Self-conscious, jittery.

JOHNNY

Yeah. I think I'll just.

He wobbles into the kitchen. Ciara looks at Siobhán. Anxious.

The sound of WATER SPLASHING. A ROAR of sudden agony. They both make a bolt for Johnny.

INT. GALLEY KITCHEN - NIGHT

Johnny's bent over. Rigid, white knuckle grip on the sink. PANTING. Siobhán comes close - Johnny REACHES FOR HER HAND. Breathless in pain and panic.

JOHNNY

Help me. Please.

Siobhán holds his hand -

Gerard is at the door - Omid joins him - Freya over his shoulder -

Johnny ROARS again. Like an animal dying. A SICKLY TEARING. Blood SPATTERS into the sink. Johnny's eye RUPTURES. Then the other eye.

Siobhán HOLDS HIS HAND TIGHT - horrified as -

DOZENS OF THEM slide out: tiny worms slithering around, sliding down the sink's outflow. Others swim up the tap's flow and disappear into the tap itself.

Johnny's shivering body FALLS.

Siobhán CATCHES Johnny. Helps him lie flat. Presses the heels of her hands over his eyes, trying to staunch the blood flow. Johnny clasps her wrists, holding on tight.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

Help me -

Siobhán PRESSES HER PALMS over his eyes. Helpless. Powerless.

A LOUD SOB escapes Ciara. She claps her hands over her mouth. CRUMPLES to the ground. It's shock.

Gerard and Freya watch in blank horror.

Omid shrugs off his sweater, lays it tenderly over Johnny's shivering form. Johnny's body stops its convulsions, goes LIMP. Shallow, painful panting. Then silence.

Siobhán lifts her hands from Johnny's eyes: his injuries are the same as the body on the Spanish boat.

Siobhán EXAMINES HER BLOODIED HANDS.

Looks to Ciara. She's hysterical with grief.

To Omid. He's glassy-eyed with shock.

To Freya. She's frozen.

To Gerard. He sinks down onto the floor. Puts his head in his hands. Quietly falls apart.

This causes Siobhán to stand up. Take responsibility.

SIOBHÁN

Move back. Don't touch anything.
Come with me.

INT. TRAWLER PASSAGE - MOMENTS LATER

From the galley, the sound of Ciara WEEPING inconsolably. Siobhán talks quietly with Freya and Omid. Gerard is struggling to think.

SIOBHÁN
Listen. They were parasites.

GERARD
What...?

OMID
In his eyes? How?

FREYA
Where did they come from?

SIOBHÁN
They went into the water.

OMID
They went into our water.

A fresh wave of shock hits everyone.

FREYA
I'll go and turn it off.

She thunders away. Gerard's eyes are riveted to Johnny's form, visible through the doorway.

SIOBHÁN
(to Omid)
Where's Sudi?

INT. SHOWER ROOM - NIGHT

Sudi turns on the shower. A narrow stream of water
HAMMERS on the fiberglass base like thunder. He
steps in.

INT. CREW CABIN -

Omid THUMPS on the rickety iron bathroom door.

OMID
Sudi. Turn off the water!

INT. SHOWER ROOM -

SUDI
Fuck off!

Irritated, Sudi turns up the BLAST of water.

Soaps himself. A TINY GOLD THREAD drops from the
nozzle. Lands on the back of Sudi's neck, slides
down the plughole.

A small TRACE OF BLOOD dribbles down his back. He doesn't notice. Closes his eyes and lets the water flow over him.

A half dozen GOLD THREADS slide unnoticed down his body, leaving razor-sharp CUTS in his back and shoulders.

Sudie soaps himself. The white suds turn PINK as he scrubs.

The water STOPS ABRUPTLY.

SUDI (CONT'D)

Oi, bastards!

Sudi looks up. From the shower head, A SHOAL of tiny gold threads DROPS STRAIGHT TOWARD US.

INT. CREW CABIN - NIGHT

Omid BANGS frantically at the locked door. Siobhán's behind him. She UNTIES the blue twine holding the bottom hinge. Jimmies the latch.

INT. SHOWER ROOM - NIGHT

Sudi, SHIVERING. Curled on the floor. COVERED in RAZOR-LIKE BITES. Streaming blood.

SUDI

What. The fuck.

Omid crouches. Wraps a towel around him. Sees a single GOLDEN THREAD SLIDE down the plughole.

OMID

(to Siobhán)

They'll get caught in the water filters.

INT. ENGINE ROOM - NIGHT

Siobhán shines her Mag Lite at the WATER FILTRATION PIPES.

Gerard fumbles with heavy FISHING GAUNTLETS. Still in shock. Numb. Freya finds a bucket. Hands shaking.

Omid climbs down into the room.

OMID

Skipper. I'll do it -

Gerard wordlessly hands the gauntlets to Omid. Omid carefully unscrews the pipe junction. Water GUSHES into the bucket - it's clear.

Omid reaches a GLOVED HAND into the junction. Pulls out the first filter. It's EATEN THROUGH.

Next filter comes out. Eaten through, too.

GERARD
Jesus Christ.

Omid pulls the final filter. Eaten through. His glove is RIPPED: a bead of BLOOD on his finger. He curses in Arabic.

SIOBHÁN
Where does this flow to?

INT. TRAWLER BILGE - NIGHT

Omid is in the cramped bilge. Heaves the large GATE VALVE, sealing the tank. Sound of SLOSHING WATER from inside it.

OMID
Nothing can get in or out now,
except through the lid.

SIOBHÁN
Open it.

OMID
Are you mad?

SIOBHÁN
If I can identify them, it'll be
helpful.

Siobhán climbs down into the tight space by Omid. He hands her the fishing gauntlets.

OMID
Put these on.

Omid UNLOCKS the tank lid. Siobhán positions herself just above it. Apprehensive.

OMID (CONT'D)
Careful.

She and Omid DRAG the iron lid back a few inches. Like fleas they LAUNCH themselves at her, jumping from the water, BITING at her gloved hands.

Siobhán SLAMS the lid closed in terror. Heart thumping. Rips off the gloves. Checks her shaking hands for bites.

OMID (CONT'D)

What are they?

SIOBHÁN

They're larvae.

Omid is shocked.

INT. GALLEY KITCHEN -

Gerard, Freya and Ciara silently wrap Johnny's body in heavy burlap. Ciara can't do any more. Leans against the wall as Gerard and Freya gently lift him and carry him out.

INT. GALLEY - NIGHT

Siobhán observes the group. Trying to stay calm. Thinking through what she's seen.

Omid sits by Gerard, who's shell-shocked. Ciara, full of grief, paces the room. Freya's cleaning and dressing Sudi's dozens of bite wounds. He's shivering in his blanket, covered in blood, trying not to cry.

OMID

What happened on the other trawler?

GERARD

Not relevant.

SUDI

Did Johnny get bitten like this?

GERARD

No. He didn't. Let's just. Focus. Get those things out of the tank.

CIARA

So empty it. What are you waiting for? Fuck's sake.

FREYA

How? We've no pump.

OMID

And we need our fresh water.

SUDI

They fucking bit me to pieces.

CIARA

Fish them out of the tank.

The CACOPHONY of voices builds as emotions spiral out of control. Siobhán stays back, struggling with the noise, struggling to follow what's happening.

FREYA

(to Omid)

We'll boil it.

(to Ciara)

They bit through the steel water filters.

OMID

Then what do we do for drinking water?

OMID (CONT'D)

What about some kind of plastic netting?

SIOBHÁN

(quietly)

They'll probably die in the next few hours.

Gerard, trying to listen to everyone. It's overwhelming.

FREYA

Hey. Hey. HEY.

Silence.

FREYA (CONT'D)

We've lost our Johnny. We're all grieving.

Ciara snorts: they're not all grieving.

FREYA (CONT'D)

(to Siobhán)

What did you just say?

SIOBHÁN

They're saltwater larvae in fresh water. They'll be dead in a few hours.

Gerard, relieved this sounds like a solution.

GERARD

Right. She's right.

SUDI

What about me? Are they in me?

They all instinctively turn to Siobhán.

SIOBHÁN

They're larvae. They bit you. But they can't infect you.

Sudi, a little reassured.

CIARA

So what bit Johnny?

OMID

What did they say on the other trawler?

Siobhán can't keep silent any longer.

SIOBHÁN

Nothing. They were all dead.

A GASP from among the crew. Gerard shoots an angry look at Siobhán. Jumps in -

GERARD

It was sea fever. Alright? They took their own lives.

Omid looks to Siobhán: is that true? She nods. Gerard wobbles to his feet. Struggles to assume command.

GERARD (CONT'D)

We need to keep our heads straight here. Omid, get Sudi into a bed. And.

He turns to Freya for help.

FREYA

Siobhán and Omid should check the water in two hours' time. See if those things are dead and we can filter them out.

GERARD

Good. Alright. We'll say a prayer for Johnny at dawn. Let's all get some rest now.

Everybody moves off.

GERARD (CONT'D)

(to Siobhán)

You take first watch.

CIARA

What? She's not one of us.

GERARD
 (to Ciara)
 She's fine.
 (to Siobhán)
 Any passing traffic. Shout down.

INT. TRAWLER PASSAGE - NIGHT

Siobhán stops Ciara.

SIOBHÁN
 I'm very sorry.

Ciara turns away. Full of grief.

CIARA
 Why are you always there when
 something terrible happens?

Siobhán, shocked.

INT. CREW CABIN - NIGHT

Sudi's still bleeding heavily. Omid wraps him in blankets. Helps him to lie down.

SUDI
 This is what Habibah saw in your
 coffee. Isn't it?

OMID
 Don't give me that bullshit.

Sudi, trying to be brave. Full of despair. Omid lifts Sudi's head, gives him some Coke. Speaks gently.

OMID (CONT'D)
 What she actually saw was you
 blasting down the highway with
 Alison O'Reilly.

Sudi laughs. Coughs.

SUDI
 She doesn't even know my name.

OMID
 Habibah? 'Course she does.

SUDI
 Alison O'Reilly. I've never spoken
 to her.

OMID
 What?

SUDI
I was waiting for the right time.

OMID
The right time.

SUDI
You know. When I'm drunk enough.
When the stars align.

Omid, filled with tenderness for young Sudi.

SUDI (CONT'D)
You spend all this time waiting to
start your life. And then.
(The truth hits Sudi
afresh.)
I can't believe he's gone.

INT. WHEELHOUSE - NIGHT

Siobhán bursts into the wheelhouse. Closes the door.
Drops her text books on the chart desk.

What's just happened CRASHES over her like a
tsunami. She crumples against the door. Bereft.
Heartsick.

INT. SKIPPER'S CABIN - NIGHT

Soon as Freya and he are alone, Gerard covers his
face. Leans against the wall. Sick. Broken.

GERARD
How could this happen?

Freya shifts her unmanageable grief into blame.

FREYA
I don't fucking know, Gerard. But
you have to live with it now.

Gerard, aghast -

GERARD
This isn't my fault.

Freya, certain this is absolutely his fault.

INT. WHEELHOUSE - NIGHT

Siobhán pores over her textbooks. Looking for
anything resembling the animal and its spawn.

LIGHT sparks on the horizon. Siobhán scrambles to the wheel - finds binoculars. Focuses up. Another SHIP. Moving at speed. But definitely another ship.

Incoherent with excitement, Siobhán SHOUTS. Scrambles from the wheelhouse.

EXT. TRAWLER, UPPER DECK - NIGHT

Siobhán shouts down to the galley.

SIOBHÁN

Ship!

No response. Everyone's asleep. She skids back to the wheelhouse.

INT. GALLEY - NIGHT

She searches frantically, finds the FLARE GUN.

EXT. TRAWLER, UPPER DECK - NIGHT

Siobhán CLIMBS HIGH onto the gunwale, fumbles, FIRES the flare. The gun REBOUNDS. She stumbles. GRABS an iron strut - loses her grip - SLAMS into the SEA.

UNDERWATER - NIGHT

Bubbles. Seaweed. But it's NOT SEAWEED. She's surrounded by LUMINOUS TENDRILS - THEY CLAMP ONTO HER SKIN - OOZING SLIME and BLOOD - she releases a SILENT SCREAM in the water -

INT. WHEELHOUSE - DAWN

- Siobhán WAKES. Sits bolt upright in the wheelhouse. Omid stands before her. Net in hand.

OMID

It's been two hours.

INT. TRAWLER BILGE - DAWN

Siobhán climbs down into the tight space, net in hand.

Omid UNLOCKS the tank lid, Siobhán DRAGS the lid back a few inches. Nothing. She's relieved.

She dips the steel net through the water, pulls it out: it's BITTEN THROUGH. Omid curses.

SIOBHÁN

But they're weaker. They'll be dead
in a day.

OMID

A day. That's OK.

He slides the lid closed. They climb up. Switch out
the light. Silence.

From inside the tank, something SHUFFLES.

A loud THUMP.

Nobody there to hear it.

EXT. TRAWLER, LOWER DECK - DAWN

The crew in the dawn light. Siobhán observes them,
standing slightly apart.

Gerard reads shakily from the bible. Freya stands
apart from him, eyes down. Ciara's hands are
shaking, holding a set of rosary beads. Omid beside
her.

GERARD

He that puts himself in my hands,
though he were dead, yet shall he
live: and whosoever trusts in me
shall never die.

Gerard closes the book. Shoots a look at Freya. She
shuffles off to the wheelhouse. Won't meet his eye.
Ciara eyes Siobhán, fingering her rosary and quietly
intoning:

CIARA

'S é do bheatha, Mhuire, atá lán de
ghrásta. Tá an Tiarna leat. Is
beannaithe thú idir mna agus is
beannaithe toradh do bhroinne,
Íosa.

GERARD

Have you something to help you
sleep?

She ignores him. Shuffles off. Gerard moves to Omid,
murmurs.

GERARD (CONT'D)

Burn out the engine if you have to.
Just get us home fast.

As Gerard speaks, Siobhán focusses on the BRIGHT RED
SCREWDRIVER in Omid's pocket. Omid walks off.

His BOOT leaves a TINY MARK of that gold-coloured SLIME on the deck.

Siobhán has a sudden realization -

INT. CREW CABIN - DAY

Siobhán SEARCHES frantically through her suitcase. Finds the specimen case containing that golden slime. Smears a dot of the slime onto a slide.

Sudi watches from his bunk, depleted, pale, afraid.

SUDI

What are you doing?

SIOBHÁN

Looking at a slide.

She glances up. He's SHIVERING. She pulls back his covers -

SUDI

Don't touch me!

- his bandages are SEEPING WITH BLOOD.

SIOBHÁN

You're still bleeding -

Shocked, she covers him again. Searches the cupboards for another blanket. Suddenly he RUBS HIS EYES vigorously.

SUDI

Everything's fuzzy.

His breath quickens. Siobhán TENSES. Feels his forehead.

SIOBHÁN

You've no fever.

SUDI

Is this what happened to Johnny?

SIOBHÁN

No. He had a fever. You've just lost a lot of blood. So it's affecting your eyes.

She tucks an extra blanket over him. Sudi's terror only increases.

SUDI

You mean I'm going blind?

SIOBHÁN
Yes. It might be temporary.

SUDI
Might be??

SIOBHÁN
I can't help you now. I need to focus.

Siobhán returns to her work. Focuses up her MICROSCOPE. Peers at the sample. Sudi, feeling slighted.

SUDI
(mutters)
Fucking redhead. None of this would've happened without you.

Siobhán, still focussing up her microscope.

SIOBHÁN
You're confusing coincidence and cause. My hair and this happening is just coincidence. But...

Siobhán's breath catches. She's seen something. She looks from her sample up at Sudi. He can see her mind working.

SUDI
What?

Siobhán scrambles from the cabin and -

INT. ENGINE ROOM - DAY

- CLATTERS URGENTLY down the ladder. The engine is BELTING at maximum speed. Gerard is red-eyed, emotionally exposed, keeping an eye on the engine revs.

Omid, sweating, soldering a cracked pipe. Freya, pouring sea water on the radiator.

SIOBHÁN
It's the slime.

FREYA
Pardon?

SIOBHÁN
It's part of a life cycle. Like the medusa jellyfish.

Freya and Gerard look at one another. Nonplussed. Siobhán struggles to explain herself.

SIOBHÁN (CONT'D)

The animal that attached itself to
the boat.

FREYA

The squid.

SIOBHÁN

It's not a squid.

FREYA

Whatever.

SIOBHÁN

It mistook our boat for an animal.
Probably a whale.

Freya flashes a look at Gerard.

FREYA

Because of where we were.

GERARD

No.

SIOBHÁN

Yes. Because we were near the
whales.

Freya, her blame vindicated. Gerard bristles,
defensive.

FREYA

Well now we know.

Siobhán doesn't notice this exchange, she's carries
on.

SIOBHÁN

When it latched onto us, the animal
released a progenerative substance.

Omid pulls out his red screwdriver. The tip still
dyed a faint gold.

OMID

Oh.

SIOBHÁN

And Johnny had an open wound -

OMID

So the slime got into Johnny's
blood. And there were eggs in the
slime?

SIOBHÁN

Not were. Are. They're still alive.

They look around. The slime is in small dribbles around the repaired holes. Pooled where the hull wall meets the deck. On the sole of their boots.

GERARD
That stuff's alive?

SIOBHÁN
Sudi's got open wounds. We've all cuts. We're all vulnerable to getting infested like Johnny. If we're not already.

Gerard absorbs this prospect. Defensive and horrified.

GERARD
Any good news?

SIOBHÁN
We have to kill those eggs right now.

GERARD
Fucking how?

Siobhán, equally exasperated.

SIOBHÁN
I don't know. I study behaviour patterns in a lab. You kill things.

Omid and Freya exchange glances. No idea what to do next.

INT. GALLEY KITCHEN - DAY

Freya bursts in on Ciara. Tears open the bottom cupboard. Drags out a huge TUB OF BLEACH.

FREYA
We need to clean that slime stuff off the boat.

Ciara leans against the stove, a wave of GRIEF passes through her. Her hand SHAKES BADLY.

CIARA
Is that what infected Johnny?

EXT. TRAWLER, LOWER DECK - DAY

Through the ladder hatch, Ciara is visible FURIOUSLY SCRUBBING the galley below. She passes the large tub of DISINFECTANT up through the hatch.

Freya takes it, splashes it across the deck. Omid starts scrubbing. Freya passes the tub to Siobhán.

Siobhán holds a scrubbing brush. Examines the tub. It's an ENGLISH-LANGUAGE VERSION of the same disinfectant she found on the Spanish trawler.

SIOBHÁN

This won't work.

FREYA

This is your fucking idea.

Siobhán gently puts the brush down.

SIOBHÁN

I never said we should scrub the boat with disinfectant.

Freya, provoked, frightened -

FREYA

Well what do we do?

Abruptly, Siobhán walks away. Freya feels oddly snubbed. Uncertain for a moment how to respond. Then she turns back to scrubbing with a vengeance. Ciara observes, her grief hardening into resentment.

CIARA

(to Freya)

That one. We're tempting fate.

FREYA

Don't start.

INT. CREW CABIN - DAY

Sudi is sleeping. Blood stains mark his sheets. Siobhán searches carefully through a fat textbook. Finds something - checks in another volume - jumps to her feet.

INT. TRAWLER PASSAGE - DAY

Siobhán catches up with Omid. He's focussed on scrubbing the passage.

SIOBHÁN

Can you make a UV light?

He stops.

OMID

Why?

SIOBHÁN

Other hadopelagic species. You can kill their spawn with intense UV light.

Omid considers.

OMID

You have a smartphone?

INT. ENGINE ROOM - DAY

The engine THRUMS at full throttle. Omid places sticky tape over the flash LED on Siobhán's phone. She colours it with blue felt-tip. He lays more tape. She colours it purple. He lays more tape.

OMID

Learned this in the bar at Tishreen University.

SIOBHÁN

Where's that?

OMID

Syria.

SIOBHÁN

You met your wife there?

OMID

How'd you guess?

SIOBHÁN

I don't guess.

She indicates his wedding ring.

SIOBHÁN (CONT'D)

I study faunal behaviour patterns. You were touching it.

Omid, self-conscious. Siobhán finishes colouring her sticky tape. Switches on the phone's light. An eery UV BEAM.

SIOBHÁN (CONT'D)

It's tiny.

OMID

Just do the test. Then we can figure out how to make it bigger.

CUT TO:

Siobhán holds her doctored smartphone over the slide with a dot of slime on it.

The UV light makes the slime GLOW. It's beautiful, like PURE GOLD. Siobhán times herself.

Omid, watching Siobhán, scrubbing brush in his hand.

OMID (CONT'D)

Well? Can we stop scrubbing?

She places the slide into her microscope, full of hope. Examines it carefully. Refocuses. Crumples in defeat. It didn't work.

SIOBHÁN

Stupid idea anyway. How long 'til we get home?

OMID

I'd say about thirty hours.

Siobhán, at a loss.

SIOBHÁN

I don't know what else to try.

OMID

I don't either, believe me. But if we don't try. Nobody will.

Siobhán absorbs this, despairing. Leans against the wall. JUMPS away with a cry. Omid steps behind her: sees the CRACKED EMERGENCY LIGHT.

OMID (CONT'D)

Thought I fixed that. You get a shock..?

Siobhán looks from Omid to the slide to the emergency light.

SIOBHÁN

Omid.

OMID

What?

SIOBHÁN

I have another stupid idea.

OMID

Tell me.

SIOBHÁN

In the lab. They kill lice eggs with electricity.

He considers this idea.

OMID
How many amps?

SIOBHÁN
I don't know. Is it something?

He indicates the emergency lights.

OMID
We could use the capacitors. Sea water as a conductor. Run a current around the boat.

SIOBHÁN
Without killing everybody?

Omid, uncertain.

INT. WHEELHOUSE - DAY

Siobhán and Omid have just explained their plan to Freya and Gerard. Freya's nervous.

FREYA
Are you mad?

SIOBHÁN
Disinfectant doesn't kill the eggs. UV light doesn't either.

FREYA
So. You want to electrocute the Niamh.

OMID
Yeah. And any clothes we've been wearing.

Freya looks to Gerard. Gerard's self-confidence is shot.

GERARD
And you'll take responsibility?

OMID
Got my rubber boots ready.

Freya, angry at Gerard giving way so easily.

FREYA
Hold on a second. What about the engine? The motors?

OMID
I'll try and insulate them.

FREYA

You'll try? What's the risk of fire?

OMID

I would say. Medium to high.

FREYA

Then no. Fucking no. You're insane. You can't risk my boat.

She folds her arms. Gerard nervously touches the locket under his jumper. Siobhán observes their anguish.

SIOBHÁN

It's a risk either way. We risk the boat. Or we risk our bodies.

Freya finds this decision more difficult than it should be.

EXT. TRAWLER, UPPER DECK - DAY

Freya SPLASHES a final bucket of sea water across the deck. It's already SLICK with water. An array of BOOTS and CLOTHES slides along the wet surface. She hurries to the wheelhouse, tosses her own boots onto the deck.

INT. WHEELHOUSE - DAY

Gerard is staring out to sea. Checking for any traffic.

FREYA

Fuck's sake. This is insane.

GERARD

I'm pretty sure Omid will sort it out.

She braces herself. Grabs a fire extinguisher. Hits the intercom.

FREYA

OK, Omid. Do your worst.

EXT. TRAWLER, LOWER DECK - DAY

Siobhán watches Omid touch the cable off the wet upper deck.

She repeats his action with her capacitor on the wet lower deck.

An electrical SPARK from the shelter deck. It
FIZZLES - produces a trail of smoke - then nothing.

On the upper deck, Omid has his back to her.

SIOBHÁN

Omid?

He doesn't respond. Moves away. Then she sees it: a
PLUME of smoke from the prow.

An ANGUISHED CRY from the wheelhouse.

She sees Freya BURST from the wheelhouse, carrying
her FIRE EXTINGUISHER, RUNNING to the prow.

EXT. TRAWLER PROW - DAY

Siobhán scrambles up to the prow. Omid stops her
before she reaches -

Freya, standing at the prow, TEARS STREAMING down
her cheeks. Fire extinguisher on deck beside her.

SIOBHÁN

What is it? Are we on fire?

OMID

It's OK. It's fine. Just surface
electrics.

Freya glances back at Siobhán and Omid, her face a
mask of grief. Hastily she wipes her tears. Hides
her face. Hurries past them.

EXT. TRAWLER - DAY

The prow of the boat moving through the water. The
carved figure of the BLONDE YOUNG GIRL festooned in
ELECTRIC LIGHTS is charred and burned.

INT. CREW CABIN - DAY

Freya, red-eyed, changing Sudi's bandages. She
GASPS: they're SODDEN with blood. And he's still
bleeding. She tries to stay calm. Sudi's pale, weak.

SUDI

Get me to a hospital.

FREYA

We are. Fast as we can.

SUDI
 Fuck you. And fuck the skipper as well.

FREYA
 (trying to make light of it)
 I'll pass that on.

SUDI
 You don't pay us. You treat us like shit.

FREYA
 That's not true.

SUDI
 Yeah it is. I'm dying 'cause all you care about is your fucking Niamh.

Freya, anguished. Ashamed that Sudi's right.

INT. GALLEY - DAY

Siobhán, working at her microscope. A spread of slides around her. Notebook beside her. Freya is hovering. Chastened.

FREYA
 Did it work?

SIOBHÁN
 I think so.

Freya's relieved. Wants to make peace with Siobhán.

FREYA
 Listen. You did a good thing. Thank you.

SIOBHÁN
 We can go ashore, once we know we're clear.

Freya's wrong-footed -

FREYA
 Well. We are clear.

Siobhán looks up.

SIOBHÁN
 It took Johnny at most thirty-six hours from exposure.

FREYA

I know.

Siobhán, surprised she has to say this out loud.

SIOBHÁN

So. Obviously. We have to wait thirty-six hours from when we destroyed the eggs. Thirty-six hours from now.

Freya laughs in horror at Siobhán.

FREYA

We're making port tonight.

SIOBHÁN

We can't.

Freya's hackles go up. She won't be bullied again.

FREYA

Well, we are. Sudi's dying.

SIOBHÁN

But if any of us is infected.

FREYA

Then we're better off in hospital.

Freya goes to leave. Siobhán, dread creeping into her veins. She struggles to explain -

SIOBHÁN

Freya. Wait. You know Christmas Island.

Freya, sick of being wrong-footed like this.

FREYA

What? What are you talking about now?

SIOBHÁN

It used to have world's biggest population of red crabs.

FREYA

Really.

SIOBHÁN

A few yellow ants arrived on Christmas Island with human ships. Blinded all the red crabs. Just a few ants. Now there aren't any more red crabs. Do you see what I mean?

FREYA

Yeah. The crabs should've gone to hospital.

Siobhán, getting really anxious now:

SIOBHÁN

This is what I do. Faunal behaviour in species -

FREYA

Yeah. I know. In a lab. This is the real world. With real people.

SIOBHÁN

In the real world. If we go ashore. And one of us is a carrier. Those things will spread. Really fast.

FREYA

Sudi's my responsibility.

SIOBHÁN

We can't just think about Sudi.

Freya, shocked that Siobhán's feels that way.

FREYA

Listen. I'm not letting another crew member die out here.

Freya's gone. Siobhán, dismayed.

INT. ENGINE ROOM - DAY

Siobhán finds Omid spot-welding beside the THRUMMING engine.

SIOBHÁN

We're going faster than normal, aren't we?

OMID

Bloody right.

SIOBHÁN

Is it bad for the engine?

OMID

This old tub goes for ever.

SIOBHÁN

But you could slow us down.

OMID

Why would I do that?

SIOBHÁN
We need thirty-six hours.

OMID
Before we make port?

SIOBHÁN
Yes.

OMID
No way.

SIOBHÁN
But if it's bad for the engine.

OMID
Have you seen Sudi? He won't make it if we delay.

He realizes something.

OMID (CONT'D)
You've already asked Gerard and Freya this, haven't you?

Siobhán, unable to lie.

SIOBHÁN
Yes. Freya said the same thing.

OMID
Then you have your answer.

SIOBHÁN
OK. Then help me.

OMID
If I can.

SIOBHÁN
When we get to port. Help me keep everyone on the boat. Just til we know we're not infected.

OMID
Yeah, that'll happen. First sniff of land. We'll all be off and gone.

He twists his wedding ring. Siobhán, even more concerned now.

SIOBHÁN
Where do you live?

OMID
Galway.

SIOBHÁN
Two hundred thousand people in
Galway, right?

Omid smiles -

OMID
It's like a village.

SIOBHÁN
Omid. We're only six people. We
can't say we're so important it's
worth risking the lives of two
hundred thousand people.

Omid considers this.

OMID
Maybe. But who are you to say Sudi
definitely has to die so someone
else can avoid a risk?

Siobhán absorbs his answer.

EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - DAY

The trawler POWERS through the water at high speed.

INT. CREW CABIN - DAY

Ciara replaces Sudi's blood-soaked bandages. Her
hand SHAKES. Sudi is pale, shivering, very weak.
Cocooned in blankets.

SUDI
Are my eyes open or closed?

CIARA
Open.

SUDI
Ciara. I can't see.

He starts to cry. Turns his face into the pillow.

CIARA
Shh. You'll be alright.

He stops crying. She leans in.

CIARA (CONT'D)
Sudi.

He's not breathing. He's DEAD. It takes Ciara a
moment to understand. She DOUBLES OVER, all the air
gone out of her.

INT. CREW CABIN - DAY

Freya, Gerard, Omid and Ciara gently wrap Sudi's body.

GERARD (V.O.)
(reading)
God is our hope and strength. God
is our help in trouble.

INT. FISH HOLD - DAY

Staggering with tiredness, Freya, Gerard Omid and Ciara place Sudi's remains next to Johnny's wrapped form in the corner of the freezing room.

GERARD (V.O.)
We will not fear, though we be in
the midst of the sea.

EXT. UPPER DECK - DAY

Everyone stands before Gerard, prayer book in his hand. Dry mouthed. Pale. He loses his place. A wash of grief passes through him. Siobhán pays attention to his movement. Freya takes the book from Gerard.

FREYA
God is with us, and we shall not be
removed. Amen.

Siobhán's gaze moves to Ciara. She's SHAKING. PALE. SWEATING. She spits on the deck as she passes Siobhán. Siobhán JUMPS back like it's contagious.

Siobhán looks out at the sea: the trawler's moving fast. She looks back at Gerard, pale, holding himself upright.

INT. WHEELHOUSE - DAY

Gerard, hunched over the GPS. Tracking the boat's slow movement Eastward. Freya at the wheel. She DOUBLE-CHECKS THE GPS over his shoulder.

GERARD
Freya.

FREYA
What.

GERARD
Stop blaming me.

Freya, no energy for a fight. Siobhán interrupts the moment.

SIOBHÁN
Can we wait thirty-six hours now?

GERARD
Make her fuck off, will you?

FREYA
Look. When we're in range, I'm calling the coastguard. He'll know what to do.

SIOBHÁN
I know what to do.

GERARD
Well that's just great.

SIOBHÁN
We quarantine ourselves. Now.

GERARD
Maybe you've no life. But we have responsibilities.

Freya, trying to soften the message:

FREYA
Look. He's right. Habibah needs Omid. Ciara's husband's in a wheelchair. They need to get back.

GERARD
If they want, they can get themselves to hospital. Now seriously. Fuck off.

Siobhán, distraught.

SIOBHÁN
But -

GERARD
Did you not hear me?

Siobhán, unable to comprehend their attitude.

EXT. TRAWLER, STERN - DAY

Siobhán pads to the gunwale. Looks below. Right underneath her, she can see the DISTURBANCE created by the propeller.

Slowly, deliberately, she unties the slimy MOORING ROPE from around a cleat.

Lets one end of the rope SLIP SILENTLY over the edge, just over the propeller.

EXT. UNDERWATER - DAY

Siobhán's rope hooks around the propeller. TANGLES into its blades.

EXT. TRAWLER, UPPER DECK - DAY

Omid emerges from below deck. He needs some air. He spots Siobhán at the stern, looking out at the foaming sea below. Can't face her right now.

He sees Gerard retreat further into the wheelhouse rather than face him. Freya comes out. Omid gestures toward Gerard.

OMID
How's Gerard?

FREYA
Not infected, if that's what you mean. You?

OMID
OK. I think. You?

FREYA
Christ knows. We need help.

OMID
Yeah.

A sudden SICKENING CRUNCH. The engine STOPS.

FREYA
What is that..?

Gerard emerges from the wheelhouse.

GERARD
Omid? Can you sort that out?

Omid feels a horrible foreboding.

OMID
(quietly)
No. No. No.

He heads for Siobhán.

EXT. TRAWLER DECK, STERN - DAY

Omid sees the TAUT ROPE wrapped around the cleat. He knows what it means. Siobhán drops her eyes.

A beat.

Omid's fury overwhelms him. He GRABS her by the hand.

EXT. TRAWLER, UPPER DECK - DAY

Omid PULLS Siobhán toward Freya and a bewildered Gerard. Ciara climbs up from below, alarmed.

CIARA
Why's the engine stopped?

OMID
(to Siobhán)
Siobhán. Why's the engine stopped?

Freya, confused. Gerard looks from one to the other.

SIOBHÁN
(quiet)
I've disabled the boat.

FREYA
Pardon?

SIOBHÁN
I disabled the boat.

FREYA
(threatening)
No. I can't have heard you right.

Ciara LAUGHS.

CIARA
She disabled the boat.

And Ciara PUNCHES Siobhán straight in the face. Siobhán FALLS, winded - Ciara ROARS with satisfaction - Gerard stands, watching, impassive -

This isn't what Omid expected. He's aghast - regrets dragging Siobhán up here. He GRABS Ciara. She struggles.

CIARA (CONT'D)
Fucking redhead.

OMID
Ciara - stop -

CIARA
Dump her over the side.

Freya gets between Ciara and Siobhán.

FREYA
Hey.

The crew catch their breath.

FREYA (CONT'D)
(to Siobhán)
Stupid bitch. What the fuck?

Siobhán, terrified. On the ground. Touches her nose,
it's BLEEDING.

SIOBHÁN
We've all got cuts.

Their hands - covered in cuts and scrapes from
gutting fish.

OMID
We've killed the eggs -

SIOBHÁN
But any of us could have got
infected before that -

FREYA
Then we need to get help -

SIOBHÁN
(shouts)
There is no help.

That lands with everyone.

OMID
So - what. You want us to just sit
out here and die?

SIOBHÁN
I want us to stay on the boat. 'Til
we're sure none of us is infected.

FREYA
Your bloody thirty-six hours.

SIOBHÁN
Not mine. Your family's.
(to Ciara)
Your husband's.
(to Omid)
Your baby's. Blame me if you want -

FREYA
I do blame you -

SIOBHÁN
But we have to take action. We have
to take responsibility.

Omid slumps down. Defeated. Ciara leans against the
gunwale beside him. Slams the wood in frustration.

But Gerard is struck by Siobhán's courage.

GERARD
(quiet)
She's right.

Shaking, Siobhán backs away from them. Limpes down
below deck.

Freya refuses to accept defeat. She runs to the
wheelhouse.

EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - DUSK

The trawler, drifting aimlessly as the sun sets.
Freya fires the FLARE GUN high into the sky.

Not a soul as far as the horizon.

INT. TRAWLER BILGE - NIGHT

A SCUFFLING and CREAKING from the tank. Something is
growing stronger inside.

INT. WHEELHOUSE - NIGHT

Gerard is scanning the sea. Freya comes in. Mobile
in hand.

FREYA
Too far out for a phone signal.
I'll take watch.

He's been going over his actions. One by one.

GERARD
Listen. I know I caused this.

FREYA
Don't. There's no point.

GERARD
I know I asked for too much.

FREYA

I don't believe in that kind of God.

GERARD

It's the truth. And those poor souls on the other boat. I did them a terrible wrong.

Freya sighs. Tries to overcome her own rage and blame.

FREYA

Look. I let you. We could've gone home when that thing let us go. I kept us out here. It's not all on you.

Gerard, relieved to hear her say this. Inspired, he goes to leave -

GERARD

I'm going to tell the crew what I did -

She pulls his arm to stop him -

FREYA

Jesus. No.

GERARD

I need to say it.

FREYA

We need to keep everyone on an even keel.

GERARD

An even keel? We're at the mercy of whatever's in our bloodstream.

FREYA

Maybe there's nothing in our bloodstream.

Gerard, his fear and frustration boiling over.

GERARD

Christ I can't stand this not knowing.

Freya considers this.

INT. SHOWER ROOM - NIGHT

With shaking hands, Siobhán applies alcohol wipes to her cuts and bruises.

Freya RIPS open the door. Siobhán COWERS, ready for another attack. Freya's impatient.

FREYA
You saw something in Johnny's eye.
Before he died. Didn't you?

It's a harrowing memory.

SIOBHÁN
Yes.

FREYA
Can you test for it?

SIOBHÁN
I just looked in his eye. It was a
fluke really.

FREYA
Do it. Do it for all of us.

Siobhán, nervous of another beating.

SIOBHÁN
You sure?

INT. GALLEY - DAY

Omid's WIDE OPEN EYE. Siobhán shines her Mag Lite.

SIOBHÁN
I don't see anything.

OMID
You want me to do you?

SIOBHÁN
Yes.

Gerard stands watching, awkward beside Freya. Ciara next to them, unsettled, defensive.

Omid shines the light into Siobhán's eye.

OMID
I don't see anything.

SIOBHÁN
Look again. It's really faint.

He checks each eye. Shakes his head.

CIARA
Do me.

Siobhán takes the torch. Ciara recoils.

CIARA (CONT'D)

Not you. Omid.

Siobhán holds her gaze. Omid touches Ciara's hand.

OMID

Let her do it.

Ciara grits her teeth. Reluctantly submits to Siobhán's examination. Siobhán fumbles, DROPS the light. Ciara nervously RUBS HER EYES as Siobhán scrabbles to pick it up.

Siobhán shines the light into Ciara's eyes. Shakes her head. Ciara, relieved.

Siobhán checks Freya's eyes.

SIOBHÁN

I think you're OK.

Freya peels the key on a single can of beer. Holds it up.

FREYA

Last one.

Takes a swig, hands it to Gerard. He passes it on.

FREYA (CONT'D)

Looks like we're in the clear.

CIARA

She scuttled us. For nothing.

GERARD

You haven't done me.

SIOBHÁN

I don't need to do you.

GERARD

What?

Gerard looks from his wife to Siobhán. He's pale. His eyes are dilated. A film of sweat glistens on his forehead.

FREYA

Give me that.

She snatches the Mag Lite. Shines it into Gerard's eye. A beat. Gerard shifts, uneasy.

Freya's eyes fill with tears. Gerard - uncertain, disbelieving.

CIARA
Wait. He's infected?

Abruptly Gerard SLAMS the wall next to Ciara.

GERARD
FUCK.

They all jump. But it was a just momentary flash of rage. He's immediately flooded with regret.

GERARD (CONT'D)
Oh God. Sorry. Sorry.

Ciara, full of pity.

CIARA
It's alright.

This is hard for him to say.

GERARD
No. Listen. That place. Where all this happened.

CIARA
Yeah.

Freya, devastated, anxious to protect Gerard.

FREYA
Gerard. You don't have to say any more -

GERARD
We weren't meant to be there.

Siobhán's attention snaps to Gerard. Omid startles.

OMID
What?

CIARA
What d'you mean?

GERARD
I changed course. I didn't tell anyone.

Siobhán, putting it together.

SIOBHÁN
That's why we saw whales.

Gerard, ashamed. Freya wants to be alone with her husband. Takes his arm.

FREYA
Gerard. Come on.

Omid and Siobhán, both shocked. Ciara hardens.

CIARA
You changed course.

GERARD
I changed course.

CIARA
So. Does the coastguard know where
we are?

Gerard shakes his head. Ciara's anger is growing.
Omid feels horribly betrayed. Looks to Freya.

OMID
Did you know this?

Freya feels the drop in emotional temperature. Pulls
a GUTTING KNIFE from her belt.

FREYA
(to Gerard)
Gerard. You need to go.

GERARD
(pleading)
Ciara.

Omid, trying to control his temper.

OMID
Skipper I think you should go.

Gerard, confused, stumbles from the room. Freya
turns the knife toward Ciara, Omid and Siobhán.

FREYA
If any of you go near him, I'll do
the lot of you. I swear.

Ciara HURLS herself at the door after Gerard - But
Siobhán's beaten her to it. She stands between Ciara
and the door. They all hold their breath.

SIOBHÁN
We can't turn on each other.

Ciara LAUGHS at her -

CIARA
You're the one turned on us.

But Omid moves so he's shoulder to shoulder with
Siobhán.

OMID

Ciara, come on. Take it easy.

Ciara gets a hold of herself. Sinks down onto the bench. Siobhán, relieved. Shaking. Hands the knife back to Freya.

FREYA

(to Ciara)

We're family.

CIARA

Oh yeah? I had my own family.

Freya escapes the room. Omid follows Freya.

As he sweeps out, Johnny's empty WHISKEY BOTTLE TOPPLES.

Ciara, startled by the sound. Looks past Siobhán. Spooked, Siobhán turns to see what she's looking at. Nothing.

CIARA (CONT'D)

(whispers)

Johnny. Is that you?

The boat SHIFTS, the bottle ROLLS toward Ciara. She's happy - like she's been given a gift. A BEAD OF SWEAT on Ciara's temple.

SIOBHÁN

Ciara. You've got a fever.

Ciara gently, lovingly smooths Siobhán's red hair. Siobhán, uncertain, lets her do it.

CIARA

A doctor now, are you?

SIOBHÁN

No.

CIARA

See? You can answer questions when you want.

Ciara smiles. Then SLAMS Siobhán's head against the wall, STRONG HANDS around Siobhán's THROAT. A wave of CONFUSION passes over Ciara -

CIARA (CONT'D)

God. I'm so sorry.

Siobhán STRUGGLES - SCRAMBLES away -

INT. TRAWLER PASSAGE - NIGHT

Siobhán stumbles up the ladder as fast as she can - Ciara, sobbing, terrified, sweating - showing all the signs of infection -

CIARA

Wait. Come back, pet -

She LUNGES after Siobhán.

EXT. TRAWLER, LOWER DECK - NIGHT

Siobhán scrambles up the ladder. Ciara stumbling after. Siobhán's bleeding where Ciara's fist caught her eye. She turns, tries to reason with Ciara.

SIOBHÁN

Let me try and help -

Ciara nods thoughtfully. She understands, but -

CIARA

Only it's your red hair.

Siobhán, horror-struck. Ciara DRAGS her toward the gunwale, intending to throw her overboard. Siobhán FIGHTS BACK - Ciara's head SMASHES against the iron shelter deck.

Ciara stands for a shocked second. COLLAPSES to the deck.

A smudge of foam at the edge of her mouth. Siobhán, horrified.

INT. TRAWLER PASSAGE - DAY

Omid follows Freya down the corridor. Calling her. She turns, brimming with grief.

FREYA

Leave us alone.

Omid pulls back, chastened.

INT. SKIPPER'S CABIN - DAY

Gerard is on his bunk. Sweating. Hunched over. A CREAK. Freya sits down beside him. He's got the locket open in his hand. A PHOTO of a little BLONDE GIRL, about 2 years old. She looks like the CARVING ON THE FRONT OF THE BOAT.

Freya takes the locket. Touches the picture tenderly.

FREYA
Little blondie head on her. My
little Niamh.

GERARD
I thought nothing that bad could
ever happen to us again.

She tries to take his hand, but he's gripping a
GUTTING KNIFE. He rubs the heels of his hands into
his eyes.

GERARD (CONT'D)
I did it for the Niamh Cinn Óir.

FREYA
I know.

GERARD
Rusty iron and rotten wood.

FREYA
I know.

GERARD
Funny thing is. I don't mind going.

FREYA
Gerard.

He's looking at the photograph.

GERARD
'Cause I'll see her again. Will you
help me?

He hunches over, his head aching. She puts her arms
around him. Crying. Takes the knife from his hand.

EXT. TRAWLER, UPPER DECK - NIGHT

Omid squats down by Siobhán. She's tucking her
sweater around Ciara. Omid goes to lift the body.

SIOBHÁN
Don't move her -

OMID
Siobhán.

SIOBHÁN
She had a fit. She might've
fainted.

OMID
She hasn't fainted.

At that moment, a weak, tiny GOLD THREADWORM struggles from Ciara's eye. Omid and Siobhán STARTLE - Omid STAMPS on it in a panic.

OMID (CONT'D)
Get back -

SIOBHÁN
Wait -

They wait - nothing happens. Ciara's gone. No more little creatures emerge. Siobhán, flooded with guilt.

INT. TRAWLER PASSAGE - NIGHT

Siobhán moves quickly. Panicky. Calling.

Freya opens the door from the Skipper's quarters. Moving like a sleepwalker. Eyes red. She's wearing Gerard' LOCKET.

SIOBHÁN
Freya.

FREYA
It's OK. He didn't suffer. Tell Ciara.

Freya passes her without a word. Siobhán glimpses Gerard's body through the open door. A pool of blood beside him.

EXT. TRAWLER, UPPER DECK - NIGHT

Freya leans over Ciara's body. Smooths Ciara's hair. Whispers to her. Siobhán watches, full of remorse. Suddenly Freya stands. Fully in control.

FREYA
Deal with the body.

Siobhán, reeling at this abrupt shift.

EXT. TRAWLER, LOWER DECK - NIGHT

Freya lowers the rowboat into the water. Focussed. A small bag on her back. Omid and Siobhán at her side.

SIOBHÁN
Wait - please.

FREYA

Two vessels. Double your chances of being found.

OMID

But you're three days from shore in that thing.

FREYA

Call it quarantine. I'll make it or I wont. But you're better off.

Freya slips on a life jacket. Checks her compass. Throws the flare gun into the boat. Climbs down after it. Omid and Siobhán watch, helpless.

FREYA (CONT'D)

There's white spirit and stuff in the wheelhouse. Make a flare. There's the rib if you need it.

OMID

What about the Niamh Cinn Óir?

FREYA

Do what you want with it. It's only a boat.

Freya pushes off from the trawler.

INT. FISH HOLD - NIGHT

Freezing air. Siobhán and Omid add two more wrapped bodies to Johnny's and Sudi's remains in the corner. An ominous THUD from below. They tense. Look at each other.

SIOBHÁN

Something's under the boat.

OMID

I'll check the sonar.

INT. WHEELHOUSE - NIGHT

Omid scans the sonar. Siobhán anxiously peers into the night.

OMID

I don't see anything.

SIOBHÁN

Might've been a whale.

Siobhán shivers. Rubs her arms.

SIOBHÁN (CONT'D)
I'm so cold.

OMID
Dehydration.

She slumps against the wall, exhausted. Can't face the huge task that is:

SIOBHÁN
We need to filter out those dead larvae.

Omid's dog-tired too. Finding it hard to focus.

OMID
How long since we ate?

INT. GALLEY KITCHEN - NIGHT

Omid searches the shelves, finds two cans of soup. Holds them out to Siobhán. She points to one. He starts heating it up.

SIOBHÁN
Have you picked out baby names?

Omid laughs dryly.

OMID
Habibah thought it was bad luck.

Siobhán, filled with pity for him.

SIOBHÁN
I'm so sorry.

She's surprised when Omid laughs.

OMID
We're not going to die.

SIOBHÁN
What?

OMID
We're close to home, here. We'll be spotted. Two days, three at the most.

Siobhán, hope returning. Looks around the shelves.

SIOBHÁN
We've enough food for that.

OMID

And it doesn't look like we're infected.

SIOBHÁN

We still have to be careful. We still have to observe quarantine.

OMID

Bring on the quarantine.

He switches on Ciara's little stereo. TINNY MUSIC.

OMID (CONT'D)

Three days' time, you'll meet Habibah. She'll like you.

SIOBHÁN

Really?

OMID

We'll celebrate her birthday. Drink champagne. I make a mean chocolate cake.

Siobhán takes a moment. Realizes something.

SIOBHÁN

We're friends.

OMID

We're friends.

SIOBHÁN

Before this trip. I never had a proper friend.

OMID

Well you do now.

Playful, he grabs Siobhán's hands. She finds herself swaying to the music with him. It's clumsy. Unbeautiful. But happy. It makes her LAUGH.

A distinct sound of METAL CREAKING from below. They freeze. She switches off the music. They strain to hear. A THUD.

SIOBHÁN

That's inside the boat.

INT. TRAWLER PASSAGE - DAY

Siobhán and Omid head down the dark, airless passage and down a ladder to the lower deck. Another CREAK. They quicken their pace.

INT. TRAWLER BILGE - NIGHT

Siobhán and Omid climb cautiously down to the tank. It's silent. They listen intently. Nothing.

SIOBHÁN
They must be dead.

Cautiously, Omid unlocks the tank lid. Instantly something VERY BIG PUSHES UPWARD, opening lid -

Omid and Siobhán THROW themselves onto the tank.

SIOBHÁN (CONT'D)
Lock it! Lock it!

INT. GALLEY - NIGHT

Siobhán, eating fast. Frightened. Omid tries to eat calmly.

SIOBHÁN
Fresh water. They're alive in fresh water.

OMID
Yeah.

Siobhán, working it out.

SIOBHÁN
They ate each other. Like tadpoles. One animal wins.

OMID
So how do we get the one animal out?

SIOBHÁN
Stun it. Run electricity through the tank.

He shakes his head.

OMID
Only works in saltwater.

Shit.

SIOBHÁN
What about an electric wand of some kind?

OMID
An electric wand. OK. You open the tank and try that.

SIOBHÁN

I think it would probably attack me
before I could stun it.

OMID

I think it would.

She wipes her empty plate. Examines the empty soup
can on the counter. Forcing herself to focus.

SIOBHÁN

OK. OK. It has a parasitic life
cycle. It's hadopelagic, but
pressure's not a problem.

OMID

Yeah.

A symbol for MICROWAVE on the side of the can.
Something clicks in her mind.

SIOBHÁN

It's hadopelagic.

OMID

You said that already.

SIOBHÁN

It likes deep cold. We heat the
water.

Omid, hopeful.

OMID

Will that kill it?

SIOBHÁN

Probably not. It's survived this
long.

OMID

Oh.

SIOBHÁN

But heat will slow it down.

OMID

Enough for us to kill it. Get our
water back.

Siobhán winces.

SIOBHÁN

Enough for us to safely return it
to the wild. Get our water back.

OMID

Are you insane?

SIOBHÁN
It's a rare animal.

OMID
So are we.

SIOBHÁN
We are intelligent.

OMID
That's debatable.

SIOBHÁN
We have a duty.

OMID
You'll risk dying to protect
something that wants to kill us?

Siobhán won't discuss it any further.

SIOBHÁN
How do we heat the water?

INT. FOREPEAK - NIGHT

Omid passes the nets and floats. Finds the GAS
CYLINDERS.

INT. ENGINE ROOM - NIGHT

Omid fastens a screw with a gutting knife,
connecting a pipe to the gas cylinder.

Siobhán unfolds a LARGE STEEL MESH NET. Gestures to
his work.

SIOBHÁN
Tishreen University teach you that
as well?

He shakes his head.

OMID
Habibah fought in Raqqa. She used
this to kill people.

He lights a match. A PLUME of flame at the end of a
pipe. A HOME-MADE BLOWTORCH.

Siobhán, unsettled, thinking about Ciara.

SIOBHÁN
I've killed somebody.

OMID

Listen. If you weren't here. We'd
all be dead.

Siobhán, considering whether to be reassured.

INT. TRAWLER BILGE - NIGHT

The deck boards are removed, revealing the full
shape of the water tank, five feet below, bolted to
the trawler's iron strut skeleton.

Omid's balanced on an iron strut, FLAMING the lower
parts of the tank. Sounds of AGITATED MOVEMENT from
inside it.

Siobhán's at the tank lid, holding the STEEL NET
over it. Listening. THE SOUNDS OF MOVEMENT SLOW.

SIOBHÁN

He's slowing down.

A SLOW SPLOSH from inside the tank - then - SILENCE.
They look at one another.

OMID

Now?

SIOBHÁN

OK. Now.

Omid turns off the gas. Climbs back to Siobhán,
secures his end of the net.

Together, slowly, they inch open the lid. Nothing. A
little more. A little more. Siobhán, concerned -

SIOBHÁN (CONT'D)

We heated it too much -

THE LID FLIES off - THE LIGHT GOES OUT -

- A FLASH of GLOWING TENDRILS UNFURLS like a
peacock's tail - they SWING BLINDLY toward Siobhán
and Omid -

Siobhán stumbles back against the wall - Omid PULLS
HIS GUTTING KNIFE, ready to strike - she PULLS him
back -

SIOBHÁN (CONT'D)

(roars)

NO -

He STRUGGLES to escape her grip and STUMBLES - FALLS
five feet onto an iron strut and CRACKS his leg. He
swears in Arabic at the wave of pain -

And the tendrils DISAPPEAR down into the tank with a sickening RIP.

Siobhán creeps to look over the tank lip -

A RAW RIPPED HOLE in the base. The tendrils of the animal just visible, slipping away into the depths.

Siobhán's jaw drops.

SIOBHÁN (CONT'D)
Right through the hull.

Water POOLS around Omid's feet. Omid, rapidly processing.

OMID
Get the food.

Siobhán's stomach flips.

SIOBHÁN
We're sinking?

OMID
We're sinking.

INT. GALLEY KITCHEN - NIGHT

Omid holds open a waterproof sack. Siobhán throws cans of food into it. Omid, full of fear. Can't contain it.

OMID
I hate the water.

SIOBHÁN
Why?

Forces himself to say it:

OMID
Because I was in the water before.
For a long time.

Siobhán absorbs this.

EXT. TRAWLER, UPPER DECK - NIGHT

Siobhán's in her wet suit. Omid's zipping up the patched, bright orange drysuit.

Siobhán ducks into the wheelhouse. Comes out with the can of WHITE SPIRIT and a LIGHTER.

SIOBHÁN
We can make a beacon -

OMID
With what?

SIOBHÁN
With the boat.

Omid, accepting the finality of burning the trawler.

EXT. TRAWLER, LOWER DECK - NIGHT

Siobhán SPLASHES white spirit on the varnished wooden deck.

SIOBHÁN
Ready?

OMID
No.

Omid forces himself to ease the inflated rib overboard. With shaking hands he dons a life jacket, hands one to Siobhán.

Siobhán SETS FIRE to the boards. Flames spread quickly along the varnished wood.

She checks the BLACK WATER below. No sign of the animal.

She looks to Omid, trembling at her side. The flames take hold of the boat behind them.

Heart banging against her ribs, Siobhán shoulders the sealed bag of food. Slowly, carefully, she climbs down the ladder into the rib.

EXT. RIB - NIGHT

Siobhán makes it into the rib. She pulls the guy rope. Holds the boat as close as possible to the trawler.

EXT. TRAWLER DECK / RIB - NIGHT

Omid steels himself. Uses his good leg to hoist himself over the gunwale. Gingerly, awkwardly HOBBLER down the ladder. He's nearly there - his injured leg BUCKLES.

He TUMBLES the last metre, KNOCKS against the rib. SMASHES into the water. Grabs the rib's edge. Siobhán GRASPS his arms.

Omid cries out - tendrils have TANGLED around his legs.

Siobhán FREEZES in horror -

The animal TRIES TO PULL AWAY, dragging Omid down by his legs - he CLINGS to Siobhán - he's losing his grip.

Siobhán, FROZEN for a few horrible, endless seconds. Watching Omid's hands slip from her grasp. Unable to move.

With superhuman effort, she FORCES herself to stand. She JUMPS -

UNDERWATER - CONTINUOUS

In the black water, Siobhán works at the confusion of tendrils tangled in Omid's legs - bubbles and blood in the water -

EXT. RIB - CONTINUOUS

Siobhán pushes Omid up into the rib. He's COUGHING, THROWING UP sea water. She scrambles in herself. ROWS AWAY FAST.

He's TALKING. She CAN'T HEAR ANYTHING. She's in shock. Rowing frantically. The world is a collage of burning trawler, lashing tendrils, churning water.

Her breathing calms. She focuses on Omid. Her hearing returns.

OMID

Siobhán. Slow down. Look.

She follows his gaze. In the distance, a BRIGHTLY LIT TRAWLER. Heading towards them.

She can't believe it. They're saved. A moment of PURE VICTORY.

OMID (CONT'D)

We did it.

SIOBHÁN

We did it.

She HUGS Omid. Then in the light of the trawler, she sees it - the ugly WOUND on her arm. Oozing dark red blood.

She touches the SMEAR OF SLIME on the injury.

SIOBHÁN (CONT'D)
 (struggling to believe it)
 I'm infected.

Omid scoops up sea water, rinses the wound.

OMID
 You don't know that for sure.

He SCRABBLES with the rib's small first aid kit.
 Tears a bandage. Tourniquets her arm. She watches
 him do it, reeling.

OMID (CONT'D)
 We'll tourniquet the area. Reduce
 the risk of any poison spreading.

SIOBHÁN
 OK.

OMID
 And you might be immune.

SIOBHÁN
 Yeah.

Siobhán EXAMINES HER BLOODY, SLIME-COVERED HANDS.

Looks to Omid. He's looking her right in the eye.
 Full of concern and affection. She smiles back.
 Stops his hand.

SIOBHÁN (CONT'D)
 Omid.

OMID
 What?

SIOBHÁN
 Promise me something.

OMID
 OK.

SIOBHÁN
 Don't waste your time.

OMID
 What? Siobhán -

She stands up. DEEP, BLACK WATER churns before her.
 She takes a deep breath. Unafraid. DIVES into the
 deep.

UNDERWATER - NIGHT

Siobhán kicks down into the black.

The SHIMMERING, IRIDESCENT animal appears below her. She's one small figure in the dark, ENCIRCLED by a beautiful, mesmeric life form.

EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - NIGHT

Omid, bereft. Stands up. Waves to the approaching boat. A SHIMMER of BIOLUMINESCENT ALGAE suddenly lights up the night.

CUT TO
BLACK