

FATHOM - EPISODE ONE
"In the Dark, We See"

by
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FINAL Draft
02/28/2021

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SCENE ONE

NOWHERE/EVERYWHERE

The sounds of an underwater world. Rushing currents. Sonar pings. Distant whale song. The depths...

EVA (V.O.)

They say that in the dark, the eyes begin to see. And in the silence, we begin to listen.

(then)

Believe me, nowhere is it darker or quieter than this place. The bottom of the ocean. Nineteen thousand feet down...

(then)

It's why I came here, after all, isn't it? Why I buried myself? The furthest away I could possibly get?

New sounds mix in. Voices. Strange voices. Frightening ones.

EVA (V.O.)

But, loss is an insidious thing. Whatever we try to escape, we inevitably bring with us. Even to the darkest, quietest places.

The voices intensify. Whispering...

EVA (V.O.)

And in the dark...we have no choice but to listen.

Dozens of voices. Hundreds. Thousands. Growing in power, in number, coming closer, closer, CLOSER...

INT. EVA GRAFF'S QUARTERS

EVA GRAFF wakes from a dream, a bad one, breathing heavily.

EVA

Jesus...

She keeps breathing, calming down, getting control.

A PING from a computer nearby. A voice comes over the intercom. Female. The voice of the base's medical doctor, SARAH KLAYTON.

KLAYTON (O.S.)
Dr. Graff?

Eva sighs, annoyed.

EVA
Yes.

KLAYTON (O.S.)
Are you okay?

EVA
Fine.

KLAYTON (O.S.)
Your heart rate is quite elevated.
Your blood oxygen levels are--

EVA
I'm fine, Klayton, thank you.

A pause from the other end of the intercom.

KLAYTON (O.S.)
Dreams again?

Eva sighs again.

EVA
Is that a crime?

KLAYTON (O.S.)
Would you like a sedative? It can
really help you sleep.

EVA
No.

KLAYTON (O.S.)
Eva, according to the biologists, you
haven't slept a regular cycle in
more than a month.

EVA
How many times do I have to say
I'm fine?

Another pause.

KLAYTON (O.S.)
Logs don't lie, Eva.

EVA
(short)
And they don't tell the whole
story either, Sarah.
(Less short)
What's up with the repairs?

KLAYTON (O.S.)
Well, you'd have to ask Freeman
for the whole picture, but last I
heard, it was going well. They
have most the supports for Fathom
West patched, working on North
now. I know why you're asking. I
haven't heard if access to the
Relay's back up or not.

EVA
Hopefully not much longer...

KLAYTON (O.S.)
Couple of weird things, though.

EVA
What?

KLAYTON (O.S.)
Well, they finally got the
mainframe room open. With Mack
acting the way he's been, everyone
felt there must have been damage
to his systems from the explosion.
Flooding or something.

EVA
There wasn't?

KLAYTON (O.S.)
Not any that Emerson could find.
No water present in the room, main
frame itself was undamaged.
They're going over it now, though.

EVA
Well... No one knows Mack like
Emerson.

KLAYTON (O.S.)
That's the other thing. No one
knows where Emerson is.

EVA

What do you mean, no one knows?

KLAYTON (O.S.)

Mack's personnel tracking is down now, and no one can raise her on comms.

Eva sighs in frustration.

KLAYTON (O.S.)

She may be outside, checking the capsule's exterior. With all the Eddy activity, though...

EVA

People don't just disappear, especially down here, and Emerson's sort of aloof anyway. She'll show up at lunch. Sarah, I need to get up now.

KLAYTON (O.S.)

I still think sedatives--

EVA

Thank you, Doctor.

Another PING as Eva closes the connection.

She sighs again, breathes deeply.

EVA

Jesus...

A different sounding ping. A new voice, this one more electronic, more passive. The voice of the base's Virtual Intelligence (V.I.), MACK.

MACK (O.S.)

Good morning, Dr. Graff.

EVA

Good morning, Mack. Was just talking about you. Heard Emerson is poking around in your brain.

MACK (O.S.)

Ms. Emerson is attempting to determine the cause of my minor malfunctions. My own diagnostics continue to show no errors or latency.

EVA

Well, something's up, yesterday
you told me it was snowing in
Chicago. In June.

MACK (O.S.)

It is puzzling. I was extensively
stress tested before being
approved for deployment. An
explosion, such as the one Fathom
base experienced last week, should
not have caused any permanent
damage.

(then)

Will you be retuning to sleep, Dr.
Graff?

EVA

(tired)

No. No, I don't think so.

MACK (O.S.)

I'll prepare your coffee.

We hear the sounds of the automated butler begin working
nearby.

MACK (O.S.)

You have two new voicemails, if
you would like them.

EVA

Who's the first from?

MACK (O.S.)

The first voicemail is from your
wife, Dr. Graff.

EVA

She's not my--

(stops herself)

Play it, please, Mack.

MACK (O.S.)

Playing message from Angela Graff.
Timestamped June seventeenth,
eleven forty five, PM.

A second's pause. Then a new voice breaks the air, a female
one. She sounds as tired as Eva. ANGELA GRAFF.

ANGELA (O.S.)

Hi...

(then)

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

Don't know why I do this, you never respond. It's like talking to a ghost. Or...sending messages to a ghost, or...

(then)

Christ, Eva, we haven't spoken in two months. I at least expected something yesterday. Yesterday of all days.

(then)

You know, you act like you're the only one who feels anything. Or, I don't know, like you're the only one who has a right to feel anything. It's really selfish, you know that? It's really--

(Stops herself from getting angry)

I just expected something, is all.

(low)

Listen, I'm not going to send these anymore, Eva. I... I took a commission off world. Colony assignment. It's not with the Corporation, you don't have to worry about that, it's my own thing. It's...what I've wanted to do for a long time, you know what.

(then)

I just... Eva, I waited as long as I could, I guess. But I can see you're not coming back. I don't understand it, I don't know why we couldn't be there for each other, go through this together, I don't...

(then)

I miss her too... Maybe even just as much as you.

(A sigh)

I'm sorry... For that. I'm sorry I called you selfish, too, I... I'm just sorry. I'm sorry every way I can be sorry.

(then)

I love you, Eva. Always.

There is a click as the message ends.

Eva breathes out with emotion, stays still.

MACK (O.S.)
 Would you like to respond to the
 message, Dr. Graff?

Eva doesn't respond, just sits there, breathing.

MACK (O.S.)
 Would you like to respond to the--

EVA
 (Hoarse, quiet)
 Delete it.

MACK (O.S.)
 Are you certain, Dr. Graff?

EVA
Delete it.

A confirmation tone. Then...

MACK (O.S.)
 Message deleted.
 (Then)
 Would you like to hear your second
 voice--?

The intercom pings again before Eva can answer, a new voice
 sounds in the room. Male. Very tense. JOE FREEMAN.

FREEMAN (O.S.)
 Eva, I need you to wake up and get
 over to Hydroponics.

EVA
 (annoyed)
 Good morning to you too, Joe.

FREEMAN (O.S.)
 Is it? ISD's here. Wants to meet
 with us.

EVA
 Already? I thought his sub wasn't
 scheduled until tomorrow night.

FREEMAN (O.S.)
 Well, I guess he decided to
 accelerate the schedule. I don't
 think that's a good sign. Do you?

EVA
 Can it wait? I'm just not in a--

FREEMAN (O.S.)
 It's Internal Security, Eva, no it
 can't wait. I'd like to know what
 you plan to say, though.

Eva laughs sardonically.

EVA
 Yeah, I bet you would...

FREEMAN (O.S.)
 Eva, I swear to God, if you try to
 pin this on me...

EVA
 Fathom is your base, isn't it,
 Joe? You are the commander?

FREEMAN (O.S.)
 Edgars was science team, not
 command.

EVA
 And it was your security protocols
 he overrode. Your explosives he
 stole.

FREEMAN (O.S.)
 Look, there's plenty of blame to
 go around, that's how they're
 gonna look at it. I just think...
 I just think if we put our heads
 together on this, we can come out
 of it with our jobs still intact.

EVA
 Oh, God, Joe, neither one of us
 tried to blow up the damn base,
 did we? The only one on the
 chopping block is Edgars. M-D's
 put way too much money into this
travesty to pull either of us out
 now.

MUSIC: Year Zero (Taubert)

FREEMAN (O.S.)
 Really? Then why are they ordering
 what's left of the science team
 back to the surface?

It takes a moment for her to absorb that.

EVA

Wait, what? They can't do that. We're already a skeleton crew, I have half the people I need to--

FREEMAN (O.S.)

They can and they did. Non-essentials, too. Indefinitely. We started mothballing rovers and dive suits last night, and Analytics just left on a sub fifteen minutes ago. Where have you been?

EVA

Joe, that... That doesn't make any sense. There has to be an explanation. There--

FREEMAN (O.S.)

Yeah, there's an explanation. You've been down here eleven months, and that thing out there is no closer to being open than the day it was found. Add to that, you got people on your team running around trying to blow up the place. A place that, yes, they have sunk a lot of money into. What did you think was going to happen, Eva? What did you think they were going to do?

Eva's breathing is ragged now.

EVA

I don't know what to... I'll fix it. I'll fix this.

FREEMAN (O.S.)

I'm holding my breath, Dr. Graff.
(then)
Hydroponics. ASAP.

The communication disconnects harshly.

EVA

Shit.
(then)
Shit, shit, shit.

The sounds of her getting out of bed. We hear her footsteps. Sounds as if she's pacing. Her breathing is ragged.

EVA
Get a grip.

Next, we hear her typing on the computer, hear her viewing files with the input controls.

EVA
Get a grip...

A confirmation tone as she selects one.

New sounds now. Playing over the room's speakers. Sounds of a LITTLE GIRL. Talking. Playing. Laughing.

Eva listens to it, and her breathing starts to normalize. She starts to calm down.

The sounds of the girl continue to play. They sound like home movies, recorded by a parent.

EVA
(quiet)
Mack...

MACK (O.S.)
I'm here, Dr. Graff.

EVA
Undelete that last message,
please.

A ping from the computers.

MACK (O.S.)
Message from Angela Graff
restored.
(then)
Have I already asked if you would
like coffee this morning, Dr.
Graff?

EVA
Yes, Mack. You have.

MACK (O.S.)
Apologies, Dr. Graff. I don't seem
quite myself, do I?

The sounds of the little girl continue.

EVA

You and me both...

(then)

Been through a lot together,
haven't we?

MACK (O.S.)

We have worked together for quite
some time, yes, Dr. Graff.

EVA

You were designed for this
project.

MACK (O.S.)

Not entirely. I believe Maas-
Dorian Virtual Intelligence
Development was already in the
process of planning for a new V.I.
model, but the discovery of the
Fathom Artifact accelerated the
development process.

EVA

Exactly. If we never would have
found the Vault, you and I would
never have met.

MACK (O.S.)

I suppose that is true, Dr. Graff.

Eva breathes out again, listening to the sounds of the
little girl.

EVA

A computer. And you're the closest
thing I have to a friend down
here.

MACK (O.S.)

I appreciate the sentiment, Dr.
Graff. I enjoy our interactions a
great deal.

EVA

You ever wonder why things work
out the way they do, Mack?
Ever...look back at your life and
see all the turning points? Just
one turning point, even? One
moment that sets you on a totally
different course? Like a train
that takes the wrong track. You're
locked in then. No going back.

MACK (O.S.)
 No, Dr. Graff. Those types of
 calculations are beyond my
 programming.

EVA
 Well, lucky you, Mack.
 (then)
 Lucky you...

She hits another button. The audio of the little girl shuts off.

There is just the room noise again.

The coffee finishes brewing in the background.

MACK (O.S.)
 Your coffee is ready, Dr. Graff.

EVA
 Swell.

SCENE TWO

INT. MEDICAL/HYDRONINCS JUNCTION

Walking, as Eva moves down the hallway. She stops, breathes out a long sigh of tension. Then hits a button on the wall. The sounds of a heavy pressure door opening.

When they do, new sounds flood in.

Construction sounds. Welding. Hammering. Machines lifting. People yelling and working.

Footsteps as Eva steps into it all.

Freeman and someone else are waiting for her.

FREEMAN
 There she is...

EVA
 Here I am.

FREEMAN
 Eva, this is Agent Blayne, ISD.

A strong, level voice responds. Male. AGENT BLAYNE.

BLAYNE
 Dr. Graff...

EVA
"Eva's" fine.

BLAYNE
Eva.
(then)
Appreciate you coming, know it's
early. Know you weren't expecting
me until tomorrow.

EVA
It's your world, Agent Blayne, we
just live in it.
(pointed)
See you've already been talking
with Commander Freeman.

BLAYNE
I wanted to talk to you
separately. If that's okay.

EVA
You're ISD. I want to cooperate in
any way I can.

BLAYNE
I appreciate that, I know you've
had a rough time of it. Freeman
was just going over the status of
the base repairs.

FREEMAN
Yeah, Northern platform got hit
the worst. Three capsules breached
and flooded. But the supports on
West and North were damaged. Dr.
Edgars planted explosives up and
down both.

BLAYNE
And eleven people were killed. Am
I right about that?

EVA
(darkly)
Yeah. That's right.

BLAYNE
You guys'll have to keep forgiving
me, there's a lot down here I
don't understand yet. You're
rushing the support repairs
because...of underwater storms?

EVA

Eddies. Is the technical term. Big pockets of moving water that break off from the boundary current nearby. Happens frequently here, one of the reasons working outside is so dangerous.

BLAYNE

What kind of currents are we talking about?

FREEMAN

Intense. When they surge, 40 to 50 knots. And 40 to 50 knots of hundreds of tons of water...

BLAYNE

Got it.

FREEMAN

Mack has a model for forecasting them. Right now, forecast says no eddies for three days, which is the window we're going with. We should have the supports repaired and braced by then.

BLAYNE

I see.

(then)

What door is this? The one you're working on here?

FREEMAN

Hydroponics. These doors came down when the explosion happened and got wedged when the capsule shifted. Every room on Fathom is basically it's own separate building, we call them capsules. Every entry point into a new capsule has emergency pressure doors that come down in the event of a hull breach, to seal them. Mack says the capsule on the other side isn't flooded, but even so, probably a total loss. Crops don't do well without irrigation.

BLAYNE

Is it possible the damage was more isolated to the northern platform intentionally?

EVA

If Dr. Edgars wanted to target one platform over another, I think he'd focus on West. The reactor's there. That's where you'd do the most damage.

FREEMAN

I'd say he did enough damage regardless.

BLAYNE

The labs are on this platform, though, all your research, so is your V.I.'s mainframe. From what I hear, it's been acting erratic.

FREEMAN

It's true. V.I.'s been acting strange ever since. Emerson's trying to figure it out now.

BLAYNE

'Strange' how?

FREEMAN

Simple things. Waking teams up at the wrong times, forgetting who people are, shutting lights off in the middle of lunch, stuff like that.

Eva clears her throat uncomfortably.

BLAYNE

But his main functions?

EVA

He hasn't missed a beat far as the project goes. And he designed the repair procedure for the platform supports on West and North.

FREEMAN

You ask me, I think it should be shut down. Turning off the lights is one thing. Depressurizing the base is another.

EVA

Mack wouldn't do that...

FREEMAN

What Dr. Graff means to say is Mack's programming wouldn't allow it to do that. But she thinks of Mack as a person. I see it as a tool. And tools can malfunction.

Eva ignores Freeman, keeps speaking to Blayne.

EVA

You think, what? Edgars was targeting Mack?

BLAYNE

I don't know. But Dr. Edgars was a smart guy. Triple PhD, Band eleven, Nobel Prize winning engineer, with almost a hundred patents...

EVA

So?

BLAYNE

Just doesn't sound like a guy, to me, that does anything randomly.

(then)

I'd like to speak to the V.I. engineer, if I could.

FREEMAN

So would I, but Emerson's been offline all morning.

BLAYNE

Offline?

FREEMAN

Can't raise her on comms, and Mack can't pinpoint her location. Then again, he can't pinpoint anyone's location right now. I guess that's just--

The sound of the doors to Hydroponics RISING UP.

Followed quickly by the sound of WATER BURSTING into the junction room.

FREEMAN

Everyone hold on to something!

YELLS and SCREAMS from the workers. Water filling everything.

ALARMS sound...

BLAYNE

What happened?

FREEMAN

Hull's breached on the other side
of the doors!

EVA

Mack, reseal the pressure doors!

FREEMAN

He should have done that already!

EVA

Mack!

MACK (O.S.)

Attention. Please stand clear.
Sealing Hydroponics pressure doors
in three... two... one...

The sounds of powerful, HYDRAULICS activating behind the walls. The sounds of big, metal doors slamming home.

The sounds of the water exploding is cut off abruptly.

Now we hear people moving through knee deep water. Shouts of anger. Moans of pain.

FREEMAN

Mack, what happened?!

MACK (O.S.)

It appears the Hydroponics Capsule
suffered a bull breach and was
flooded. When the pressure doors
were forced open, the water--

FREEMAN

You said it wasn't breached! You
said it was pressurized!

MACK (O.S.)

I am confused by this chain of
events. I see in my communication
logs I did state that Hydroponics
was pressurized and free of water.
I cannot explain this discrepancy.

FREEMAN

I want it shut down! I got men hurt, and we're lucky we all didn't just drown to death. I want it shut down.

EVA

You can't shut it down, Joe, it's a hundred million dollar asset. We can do an Alpha level reboot if we need to, but Emerson is--

FREEMAN

If we need to? It almost killed us!

BLAYNE

Everyone relax, everyone take a breath.

FREEMAN

Don't tell me to take a--

BLAYNE

Freeman.
(then)
Take a breath.

Freeman gathers himself.

FREEMAN

Fine... Sure...

Freeman moves away through the water.

FREEMAN

But, shut it down. Shut it down, or I will. I mean it.

As he moves off into the regrouping workers...

EVA

(yelling after him)
What does that mean, Joe? We've already had enough sabotage, don't you think? Joe?

Freeman doesn't respond, just moves into the group of men in the water, starting to help.

EVA

God damn it...

BLAYNE

You okay?

EVA

Yeah. I'm fine. Just...

(then)

I'm fine. Welcome to Fathom.

BLAYNE

Tensions are high. Nothing I didn't expect.

EVA

You wouldn't shut him down, right?
You wouldn't shut down MACK?

BLAYNE

No. You're right. Shutting down a V.I. is essentially terminating it, not to mention hitting the delete button on all the research that it has stored. It's a very expensive asset for the Corporation.

EVA

We couldn't afford that loss, not now, not after the explosion. We're already short staffed as it is.

BLAYNE

I am going to limit Mack's access to critical systems. Keep him online, just reined in.

EVA

But not for the project, right?
I'd have him for that? For research?

BLAYNE

All critical systems. Just for the moment.

EVA

That's going to limit my research ability.

BLAYNE

I'm aware.

EVA

I don't think you are. I need Mack for signal analysis, for calculations on the equation, not to mention--

BLAYNE

Dr. Graff, you're not going to be doing any research in the immediate future. I'm ordering the relay shut down, even if the connection's restored.

EVA

(getting angry)

You can't do that. You already pulled the rest of my team, now you're taking Mack and the relay?

BLAYNE

Let's talk somewhere else.

EVA

Let's talk now! I need Mack! I need--

BLAYNE

(pointed, firm)

Let's talk somewhere else, Dr. Graff.

The sounds of the workers have stopped, presumably because they're all staring at Eva and Blayne.

She lowers her voice now.

EVA

Fine. There's a meeting room in Lab Three.

BLAYNE

I was thinking...Observation.

A pause from Eva. Then...

EVA

You want to see it.

BLAYNE

I wanna see it.

Another frustrated pause.

EVA
Like I said, it's your world.
(then)
Follow me...Agent Blayne.

They move off through the water. The sounds of work picks up again.

TIME THIS DRAFT: 6:20

SCENE THREE

INT. OBSERVATION ONE

The sound of a pressure door opening as Eva and Blayne enter. Footsteps as they move into the room. The pressure doors close.

The humming of electricity, beeps and tones of computers.

And something else. Muffled, from outside. The sounds of the depths. Of the deep ocean.

BLAYNE
That is a lot of windows.

EVA
Hundred and eighty degree view of the whole sordid affair.

BLAYNE
We're looking outside? Into the water?

EVA
We are.

BLAYNE
Hard to tell, it's so dark. Feels darker than space.

EVA
It actually is. In space you get starlight. Not much, but it still counts lumens. Down here... there's nothing. The darkest dark...

BLAYNE
And...it's straight out there?

EVA

About six hundred yards. Usually there's some kind of illumination around it. Subs. Rovers. Divers. But, since the explosions, that's all stopped.

The footsteps end as they reach the windows.

The sounds of the depths from outside are thick, muffled. They are eerie.

EVA

Sometimes I think I can almost see it better with the lights off. Like it's darker than everything else.

BLAYNE

I don't see anything. Just black.

EVA

Mack?

A second, then a response.

MACK (O.S.)

I'm here, Dr. Graff.

EVA

Will you hit the Vault lights for me?

MACK (O.S.)

Full spread, Dr. Graff?

EVA

Yes, please.

Seconds later, the sounds of powerful lights switching on outside the thick observation glass. Dozens of them, the sounds more distant as the ones further away come to life.

There is a slow intake and exhale from Blayne.

BLAYNE

Now that...is something.

EVA

Yes. Yes, it is.

BLAYNE

The size... I didn't expect...

EVA
Two thousand feet in diameter.

BLAYNE
How old??

EVA
Neutron activation analysis came
back at seven million years.

BLAYNE
(stunned)
Seven million...
(then)
It's unbelievable. First proof of
extraterrestrial life...and we
find it at the bottom of the
ocean.

EVA
"Life is too ironic to fully
understand. It takes noise to
appreciate silence...and absence
to value presence."

BLAYNE
You scientists, you all love
Voltaire, don't you?

Eva laughs a little...

BLAYNE
Forgot a part, though. "It takes
sadness to know what happiness
is."

EVA
(quietly)
I don't believe that part...

A silence as they consider each other.

BLAYNE
(switching gears)
Correct my math, like I said,
still coming up to speed on this.
(then)
Eleven years ago, an energy
company comes down here, looking
for a geothermal reactor site.
They unearth that instead, buried,
nineteen thousand feet down.
(then)
And we think...it's a door.

EVA

We know it is. Subtropic filters show a space under it. A big space. Door's a near perfect circle, laser scans tell us. Hinges on the northern side, huge ones, but no electronics, no visible hydraulics even, and...no locking mechanism. That we can interact with, at least. There was no obvious way to open it at first.

BLAYNE

Until you found the signal.

EVA

Right.

(then)

Mack, play the Vault Signal.

MACK (O.S.)

Recording or live broadcast, Dr. Graff?

EVA

Live, please.

A few seconds, and then a sound comes over the room's speakers. A strange, eerie one. It's like listening to electricity. Static. Buzzes and pulses. Strange noises. It sounds...other worldly. Frightening.

It repeats every few seconds. Over and over.

Eva and Blayne listen.

BLAYNE

Well. That's lively...

EVA

It's broadcasting and cycling on VLF, Very Low Frequency. That's important, because VLF waves are one of the few that travel well underwater. This one is at eleven kilohertz.

BLAYNE

Travels, but not far, right?

EVA

Right. About a quarter mile.

BLAYNE

So, basically, down here, you'd have to be on top of it to find it.

EVA

I don't think it was meant to be found except by someone who knew where to look.

BLAYNE

Then why the signal at all?

EVA

Glad you asked.

(then)

Mack, turn off the Vault signal, then put up the Vault Equation on all monitors.

The Signal cuts off abruptly. Then we hear the sound of text and data scrolling on monitors all around the room.

BLAYNE

That is a lot of numbers.

EVA

The Signal isn't just noise, it's a carrier wave. Modulated, sinusoidal waveform. Bitch to decode, but, in the end, it's binary, like any other carrier signal. This equation you're looking at is the sole piece of data on that wave. And the Vault is broadcasting it, over and over.

BLAYNE

Like a key.

EVA

More like a hint to the key. Figure out the equation, you figure out how to open the Vault.

BLAYNE

How?

EVA

We believe that solving the equation will give us the frequency and data packets to transmit back to the Vault's reception device. We think that should...initiate its opening procedure.

BLAYNE

And how far along are you to solving it?

EVA

The equation, long as it is, isn't all that tough. It needs two variables to solve, and it solves with numbers in a rational integer pattern. We've tried a lot of them, we're into the seven digits now. Once we have a solution, we broadcast the answers in a frequency back to the receptor. We went through the VLF band pretty quick, that's why we built the relay next to the Vault. Once we got out of VLF, the signals didn't travel very well down here. We needed a broadcasting source that was physically closer.

BLAYNE

No reaction from the locking mechanism.

EVA

Not yet. We've theorized maybe the Vault wasn't yet submerged when it was implanted, and the water inhibits the reception. But our geologist confirms it was underwater at the time of construction. Not to mention the signal is in VLF, like it was designed to go through water.

BLAYNE

And I assume you've tried other ways to get in, besides the lock?

EVA

Freeman's team excavated around the entire perimeter, down to about three hundred feet extra depth. They never found an end to the structure, so it's that deep at least. Excavating beyond that, at this depth...well, it gets hairy quick. They lost two men just getting that far.

BLAYNE

Explosives?

EVA

Whatever that alloy is, it's harder than plexisteel. Diamond filament blades, laser cutters, nothing Freeman's boys tried even scratched it. And, no, before you ask, the Vault can't be pried open either, the lock can't be forced.

BLAYNE

Why?

EVA

There's no seam. No gap between the door and the container.

BLAYNE

How's that possible?

EVA

We don't know, some unique aspect of the alloy, or maybe it's by design, an additional security measure? I'd guess once the locking mechanism activates, somehow the entire thing unseals itself. Explosively. With heat. Plasma, maybe. I don't know, it's anyone's guess.

A moment as they stare at the massive Vault, outside the base windows, in the dark distance.

BLAYNE

What do you think, Dr. Graff?

EVA

Can you be more specific?

BLAYNE

About the artifact. What do you think it is? You're the project director, you gotta have a theory, you if anyone. Why put a giant door on the bottom of the ocean? An ocean on a planet that, at the time, nothing intelligent lived on?

EVA

I don't know. All I know is it shouldn't be here. But it is.

BLAYNE

Just like us...

Another pause.

EVA

Alright... I understand why you're here, Agent Blayne.

BLAYNE

Do you?

EVA

An M-D employee tries to blow up an M-D facility? Doesn't care who he kills, doesn't care about the attention he draws. This is a black site, after all. Not the kind of headlines M-D wants on the news.

BLAYNE

There is that.

EVA

You're here to investigate. Sniff out any collaborators Edgars might have had. Assign blame.

BLAYNE

I prefer the word...
'responsibility'.

EVA

Whatever the word, the problem I have with it is, you don't seem to know very much about this project.

(MORE)

EVA (CONT'D)

And I would have hoped that whoever the Corporation sent to... 'assign responsibility' would be a little more informed.

BLAYNE

M-D has hundreds of black site projects around the galaxy, and they're black site for a reason. Like every piece of information the Corporation deals out, you get it when you need it. I don't need to know the background of this place or the specifics of your research to form an opinion on your results. Almost a year of your life, on this project, and you still have no clue what it is you're trying to open.

EVA

Now wait just a minute...

BLAYNE

I wonder, Eva, if your research progress is more than just slow. I wonder if it's intentionally slow.

EVA

I'm sorry?

BLAYNE

You were offered this position once, project director. And you turned it down. Two months later you lobbied to be included again. Now, why was that?

Eva clears her throat uncomfortably, doesn't answer.

BLAYNE

Was it because of your daughter?

EVA

(dangerous)

What did you just say?

BLAYNE

I wonder if you took this job because down here, there's nothing to remind you of home.

(MORE)

BLAYNE (CONT'D)

I wonder if the thing that scares you the most about this place...is having to leave it.

EVA

(genuinely angry)

Is this a performance review or a psych eval?

BLAYNE

It's whatever I want it to be, Eva. Right now I'm trying to decide whether or not to pull you off entirely. Pull you off and send you home.

EVA

You don't have the authority...

BLAYNE

I don't, you're right, but the executive board does, and they want my opinion to make their decision.

Eva's breathing becomes audible.

EVA

Look... Figuring things out like that out there-- It doesn't happen over night. And there...there's been progress. We've figured out a lot.

BLAYNE

You mean the Signal. Which, apparently, drives people crazy.

EVA

That's... Now wait, that's not true. It's harmless. It's just a looping carrier wave from--

BLAYNE

Did Dr. Edgars think it was harmless?

EVA

Edgars lost his shit down here, like pretty much everyone does, eventually.

BLAYNE

Dr. Edgars tried to blow up this base, so as to stop what was happening here. A galactically respected scientist. And your explanation is...he 'lost it'?

EVA

Look out there! Look! Human beings aren't supposed to be down here. You said it yourself. We might as well have been dropped on the moon. It takes a toll. It gets to everyone.

BLAYNE

Edgars said he heard voices in the signal.

EVA

That's...just him losing it.

BLAYNE

Three other science staff said the same thing. Voices in the signal. Hundreds of them. Are they 'losing it' too?

EVA

It's just the power of suggestion. Stories like Edgars's, they take a life of their own, especially in a place like this. Where--

BLAYNE

Edgars said to the interviewer, before he was taken away, that the reason he did what he did, was because he was convinced that thing out there wasn't a 'Vault' at all.

EVA

I know what he thought...

BLAYNE

Edgars didn't think it was designed to keep things out.

EVA

I know what he thought.

BLAYNE

He thought it was designed...to keep things in.

EVA

That's just a man losing it. That's someone cracking under pressure.

BLAYNE

You have no clue what that thing is. Or what's inside it. Or what happens when it's opened.

EVA

You can't possibly believe Edgars!

Blayne takes a moment.

BLAYNE

Do you know what the Internal Security Division does, Eva?

EVA

You just said it. Internal security.

BLAYNE

We deal with things when they get out of hand. I'm very good at it. And I've been from one end of this galaxy to the other doing it. The things I've seen, the kind of projects this Corporation engages in, the Pandora's boxes they've opened...

(then)

I know the kind of darkness Maas-Dorian is capable of finding. I've shut it back in the box over and over again. And the only reason I keep doing it, is because, right now, I still believe the good the Corporation does outweighs the horror. So if you ask me whether or not I could believe the ghost stories of an unhinged triple PhD holding research scientist who tried to blow up his own project to stop it from succeeding...

(then)

The answer is...I could.

EVA
 (tired, frustrated)
 Just...ask Edgars...
 (then)
Ask him. He's on the surface now,
 he'll have recovered, he'll tell
 you. He'll tell you it was just
 this place. It got to him, and he
lost it. That's what he'll say.

BLAYNE
 I would very much like to ask him
 about his experiences here, Dr.
 Graff. But I can't.

EVA
 Why not?

BLAYNE
 Because he hanged himself in his
 cell last night.

EVA
What?

BLAYNE
 Dr. Edgars is dead.

Eva says nothing. We just hear her breathing.

BLAYNE
 And what worries me, more than
 anything...is that you're hearing
 voices too.

EVA
 Now... No. I didn't--

BLAYNE
 Your medical officer, Dr. Klayton,
 put it in your chart. You said you
 were 'hearing voices'... And you
 were hearing them way before Dr.
 Edgars did.

EVA
Once. I said I heard it once. I
 was wrong.

BLAYNE
 Dr. Klayton also says you're not
 sleeping.

EVA

That's an exaggeration.

BLAYNE

She says you're losing your grip,
says your team has reported you
erratic, that you give the same
orders multiple times...

EVA

That's not fair!

BLAYNE

She put the same exact things in
Dr. Edgars's file.

EVA

I'm not Dr. Edgars.

BLAYNE

She said he couldn't sleep either,
at the end. She said he roamed the
halls all night. She said his eyes
were bloodshot. She said--

EVA

I can't go home!

Blayne says nothing, just looks at Ava.

EVA

Please. I can't go back...

(then)

Being down here, this work. It's
all I...

(then)

You're right. Okay? I don't
sleep... I don't sleep. Because
when I do, I hear her. And
then...it all starts over again.

A long hesitation from Blayne. Then...

BLAYNE

I'm sorry I pushed you like that,
Dr. Graff. But I had to see for
myself. Your state. I think it's a
good thing I did.

EVA

What does that mean?

BLAYNE

It means you need to go back to your quarters, start packing your things...

EVA

No...

BLAYNE

...and get ready to return to the surface.

EVA

No!

BLAYNE

That will be all, Dr. Graff.

EVA

No, please...

BLAYNE

I know how your daughter died. But the truth is...they don't care about any of that. All they care about is results. And you just haven't had enough.

EVA

Blayne...

BLAYNE

Go home, Dr. Graff. There's nothing here for you, but pain.

EVA

(dark)

What do you know about pain?

BLAYNE

I've had my share.

Footsteps as he walks off. When he's gone, there's only the sound of the DEEP outside the windows.

SCENE FOUR

INT. EVA GRAFF'S QUARTERS

The pressure door opens and lets the sound of Eva's footsteps inside.

She is breathing heavily, on the verge of a meltdown.

It doesn't take long for it to happen.

The sounds of crashing as she grabs things, throws things, breaks things...

It lasts a surprisingly long time, the expulsion of all her anger and frustration and fear...

When it's spent, the only emotion left is grief.

She cries.

EVA

Oh, God... Oh... God...

Slowly, she starts to get control again.

Footsteps as she slowly moves to her computer.

We hear her typing, hear her selecting files with the input controls.

New sounds now. Sounds of a little girl. Talking. Playing. Laughing.

Eva listens to it, her breathing normalizing.

EVA

Mack...

MACK (O.S.)

I'm here, Dr. Graff.

Eva doesn't say anything, just breathes, just thinks...

MACK

I'm here, Dr. Graff.

EVA

Mack... Call...call Angela.

MACK

Of course, Dr. Graff. Calling Angela Graff.

We hear the call start, hear the ringing tone. Another ring tone. Another. Anoth--

The call connects.

ANGELA (O.S.)
 Hey, this is Angela, leave me a
 message and I'll...certainly
consider calling you--

EVA
 Mack, disconnect.

The greeting cuts off. The call ends.

MACK (O.S.)
 Call to Angela Graff disconnected.

Eva breathes out, long and slow and shuddering.

Typing, again. The sounds of the little girl stop playing.

We hear footsteps. Hear the bed creak as she sits in it. We
 hear her breathing again. In and out. In and out.

MACK (O.S.)
 Dr. Graff, you seem agitated.

EVA
 You think so, Mack?

MACK (O.S.)
 Is there anything I can do to
 help?

Eva lays back in the bed.

EVA
 I don't know. Can you roll back
 time?

MACK (O.S.)
 I'm afraid I do not have that
 ability, Dr. Graff.
 (then)
 Chamomile tea has been shown to
 have a relaxing effect in times of
 stress. Would you like me to make
 you a cup?

Her voice is sleepy. Exhausted. Slow.

EVA
 How about a whiskey, Mack?

MACK (O.S.)
 Alcohol is restricted on Fathom
 base to weekends only.

EVA
 Can't make an exception? For an
 old friend?

MACK (O.S.)
 I'm afraid not, Dr. Graff.

EVA
 Thanks anyway, Mack.

MACK (O.S.)
 As a reminder, you still have one
 unheard voice mail.

EVA
 (sleepy)
 Yeah? Who's it from?

MACK (O.S.)
 The voice mail is from Dr. Richard
 Edgars.

Eva is suddenly awake. She sits up in the bed.

EVA
Edgars?

MACK (O.S.)
 Yes, Dr. Richard Edgars. The
 message was received eleven hours
 ago.

A pause, as Eva considers all of it.

EVA
 Play it.

MACK (O.S.)
 Playing message from Dr. Richard
 Edgars.

A second's pause. Then a new voice breaks the air, a male
 one. The voice is almost monotone. Something about it,
 sounds...unhinged.

EDGARS (O.S.)

They gave me one phone call, Eva.
I used it for you. Flattered?

(then)

I won't be here tomorrow. Maybe
you'll hear, maybe you won't.
Doesn't matter.

(then)

I hoped when they pulled me out of
that place and back into the sun,
the one solace I'd have, was that
I wouldn't hear them anymore.

(then)

But I still do.

(then)

Wormed their way inside my head.
They're are all I hear, Eva. When
I shut my eyes, they're all I
hear. I I haven't slept in a
month. Haven't slept in a month...

(then)

How are you sleeping, Eva?

(then)

I've decided...I don't care
anymore. I've decided...I want it
open. Open, and for everything in
there to just...crawl out.

(then)

You deserve it. You, more than
anyone. So you're the one I'll
tell. Tell what I already figured
out. What I kept from everyone.

(then)

It's actually very simple. I won't
just give it to you, though. I
want you to make your choice. I
want you to look back and know it
was you that caused it.

(then)

So, here it is. You were half
right. The signal is the key. But
it's the lock too. And you never
thought about the timing, Eva.
Right there in front of you...and
you never thought about it at all.

(then)

The sad thing is, I know you'll do
it. You'll do whatever it takes,
if they just let you stay down
there.

(then)

I'd say you had my sympathies,
but...we both know better.

The message cuts off.

Eva's breathing is audible. Stunned, frightened... excited.

EVA

Mack...

MACK (O.S.)

I'm here, Dr. Graff.

EVA

Delete this message.

MACK (O.S.)

Are you certain, Dr. Graff?

EVA

Yes. Delete it. Now. And scrub it.
No backups.

MACK (O.S.)

Message from Dr. Edgars
permanently deleted.

Eva thinks through everything. Then...

Eva gets off the bed. Footsteps as she moves to the monitor. The Signal continues to play in the room.

EVA

Mack...play the Vault Signal. Live
broadcast.

The Signal plays. Like before, it's eerie, perplexing. Eva listens to it.

EVA

Mack, I want to know the timing of
the Signal. How long is it? Is it
the same length every time? And
does the length of time vary in
between each broadcast?

A sound indicating Mack is thinking. Then...

MACK (O.S.)

The signal is exactly ten seconds
long, and is the same length every
broadcast. The time in between
each broadcast is exactly two
seconds.

EVA
When you say exactly, you mean
with what specificity?

MACK (O.S.)
Down to the millisecond, Dr.
Graff. It is exact.

EVA
Exact...

Eva thinks another moment. The Signal continues to play.

EVA
Mack, put up the Signal equation
on monitor three, please.

A confirmation tone. The sound of text scrolling on a
monitor.

A moment as Eva studies it.

EVA
Mack.

MACK (O.S.)
I'm here, Dr. Graff.

Eva enters information into the computer, we hear her
typing.

EVA
Mack, I'd like to try solving the
equation with...y equals 10, and x
equals 2.

MACK (O.S.)
Confirming variable input. Y
equals 10, and x equals 2.
Proceed?

EVA
Yeah, hit it.

A sound indicating Mack is thinking. Then...

MACK (O.S.)
The equation does not resolve with
y equals 10 and x equals 2.

Eva breathes out.

EVA
 (to herself)
 Damn it...

Behind her (us), around her (us), the Signal begins to change... Begins to sound different.

Or...does it? Maybe we've just been listening to it too long...

EVA
 Mack, try x equals 10 and y equals 2.

A sound indicating Mack is thinking. Then...

MACK (O.S.)
 The equation resolves with the following result. Eleven. Zero decimals.

EVA
 Exactly eleven...

MACK (O.S.)
 Yes, Dr. Graff. Eleven. Zero decimals.

We hear Eva's breathing pick up.

Behind her (us), around her (us), the Signal continues to morph. Parts of it gradually, ever so subtly, being stripped away. Parts of it gradually, ever so subtly, being added. We're sure of it now...

But Eva is too wrapped up in solving the puzzle...

EVA
 The...frequency of the Vault Signal...it's eleven Hertz.

MACK (O.S.)
 That is correct, Dr. Graff. The same number as the resolved equation.

EVA
 The lock and the key...
 (then)
 It can't be that simple, Edgars.
 It can't.

Behind her (us), around her (us), the signal sounds very different. Not like gibberish. Not like static.

Like something else. A blend of voices. Whispers. Hundreds. Thousands. Mill--

A startled gasp from Eva.

As she notices the Signal's morph into a chorus of voices...it suddenly returns to its original sound. Strange, wavering, electronic static. Nothing more...

Was it even real? Was it just her (our) imagination?

EVA
(unnerved)
Mack, turn off the Vault Signal.

The Signal stops playing.

Eva's breathing is tense, frightened.

EVA
(annoyed)
You just need to sleep...
(then)
Just need sleep.

Eva begins typing on the keyboard again.

EVA
Mack, get me Freeman.

A pinging tone. Another tone as the communication is accepted at the other end.

FREEMAN (O.S.)
I can't help you, Eva, you did this to yourself.

EVA
Joe, I figured it out...

FREEMAN (O.S.)
I tried explaining how serious this was, but you wouldn't listen. I'm in the same boat, this Blayne guy's recommending I be replaced--

EVA
I figured it out, Joe!

A pause. Then...

FREEMAN (O.S.)
Figured out what?

EVA

The Vault. It's a long story, but I figured it out. I can open it. I can give them what they want. We can give them what they want.

FREEMAN (O.S.)

We...

EVA

Yes. Together. All I need is access to the Relay. Local access. With it disconnected from the labs, it's the only way.

The sound of the hull bending around Eva, gently at first.

FREEMAN (O.S.)

You wanna take a suit and make a floor walk to the Relay, use the controls locally.

EVA

Not me, Joe...

FREEMAN

Oh... Now I get it. You want me to do it. You want me to go around an ISD mandate, with an Agent on deck. Hate to break it to you, but it won't just me they throw into prison, it'll be both of us.

EVA

They won't, because it will work this time. I know it. We can both come out of this on top. We can stay. We won't have to go back, we can stay, and--

FREEMAN (O.S.)

Stay? The hell does that matter...?

A second as Eva thinks.

EVA

It doesn't. The point is, if we do this, we don't just go back to how it was, we'll close out a major project milestone. There will be bonuses. There will be promotions.

(MORE)

EVA (CONT'D)
 M-D rewards ambition, rewards it
 above everything. We can turn this
 whole thing around...

Silence from the other end.

EVA
 Joe? It will work...

More silence.

EVA
 Joe?
 (then)
Joe?

There is no response. The connection is dead.

EVA
 Mack, get me Freeman back.

The sounds of the hull bending are more severe now. Mack
 does not respond.

EVA
 Mack...?

Mack's voice still does not return. The hull shakes around
 her.

EVA
 (alarmed now)
 Mack, what's--

Alarms begin to sound, throughout the station. Loud ones.

There is no response from the V.I.

EVA
Mack?!

Everything shakes badly around her. We hear things falling
 off the shelves. More alarms join the already wailing ones.

The walls of the station begin to bend and warp.

An intercom ping...

KLAYTTON (O.S.)
 Eva?!

EVA
 Sarah, what the hell's--?

KLAYTON (O.S.)
 An eddy! The supports just
 collapsed, the whole platform's
 (static, garbled)--

EVA
 Oh, God...

More shaking, more contortions, it sounds like the room is
 trying to rip itself apart.

KLAYTON (O.S.)
 The whole grid's about to--
 (Static, garbled)
 --a domino effect! I can't raise
 Mack, he's not--
 (Static, garbled)
 --old on! To anything! Get to--

The transmission CUTS OFF abruptly. So do the alarms that
 were just wailing.

Everything goes eerily QUIET.

All we hear now is Eva's frightened breathing.

EVA
 Klayton?
 (then)
Sarah?

The sounds of the base's hull bending and warping, the
 occasional sparking. Eva knows what's coming...

EVA
 Oh...my...God...

Violent, loud sounds, as if the walls of Eva's room rip
 apart.

Water explodes in, covering everything.

Eva screams--

And is drowned out as the frigid water slams into her,
 covers her, shoves her.

Everything sounds like underwater now, muted and filtered.
 Eva's screams are underwater too.

We hear the rushing of currents. The bending of metal.
 Crashing. Electric sparks. All under water.

And then we explode to the surface.

Eva gasps in giant amounts of air. Sucks in--

We're thrown back under water.

Eva groans as she is slammed against something once. Cries out as it happens again.

Then we explode back to the surface again.

INT. AIRLOCK THREE

More GASPS for air.

The sounds of rushing water, filling the new room we're in.

Groans as Eva fights against it. We hear her find a control panel, hear her entering commands, but it's hard to hit the right keys with all the water.

EVA

Come on...

(then)

Please...

More rushing water.

EVA

Come on!

We're UNDERWATER again, as the room submerges.

But Eva keeps working on the panel. We hear it beeping.

She gets it. Finally.

The airlock door slams shut, underwater.

A warning buzzer sounds, underwater.

PUMPS activate, rumbling to life. The water begins to DESCEND.

Then Eva breaks the surface one more time, GASPS again.

The buzzer, no longer submerged, is loud and clear.

The water keeps draining, until it's gone. When it is, the buzzer shuts off.

Eva coughs out violently all the sea water she inhaled.

We hear her moving on the metal floor, drenched, exhausted, half drowned.

Water DRIPS everywhere onto metal.

Eva sits against the wall, drained, spent...then hits a button somewhere.

EVA
Hello? This is Dr. Graff. Does anyone copy?

No response.

She hits the button again.

EVA
This is Dr. Eva Graff, there was a hull breach in the western dorms. The water flushed me to the Dive Room Airlock. I vented it, I'm alive. Does anyone copy me?

No response. None at all. She hits the button again.

EVA
Dr. Klayton? Commander Freeman? Do you copy?

Still nothing. Eva's breathing becomes more frightened. She hits the button again.

EVA
Does anyone--

A sound breaks through on the intercom. We've heard the sound before. Eva's breath catches in her throat at the sound.

Finally, a sound responds over the intercom. But it is not what we expect.

The Vault signal.

And there is something else underneath it. Now, no longer a hypothesis. Now, it is evident. Plain to hear.

The sound of VOICES...

Hundreds. Thousands. More. Chanting and speaking and chattering.

Eva moves away from the intercom in fear.

We hear her breathing. Becoming panicked.

The voices, in the Signal, don't seem to care. They sound like they're coming closer, closer, CLOSER...

END OF EPISODE ONE