

CARCHARODON - KING OF THE SEA

Written by

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FADE IN

EXT. DIRT ROAD - LATE AFTERNOON

SUPER: "CENTRAL CALIFORNIA COAST"

An OLDER MODEL PICKUP TRUCK speeds along leaving a large cloud of dust.

INT. TRUCK BED - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

Loosely strewn about, a WHEEL BARROW, LARGE TOOL BOX, SURFBOARD, SOGGY WETSUIT, and a few EMPTY BEER CANS.

EXT. DIRT ROAD ALONG THE OCEAN - CONTINUOUS

Rounding a corner, a MAJESTIC SEA pops into view. It's a lonely coastline. Dark blue water, nearly black due to the cold aquatic temperature.

INT. PICKUP - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

Driving is CRAIG TURNER(32) Blue collar handsome, rugged, a born explorer. With a big smile, he hangs up his cell phone, then pulls a dog biscuit from the breast pocket of his flannel shirt. He hands his GOLDEN RETRIEVER, JETHRO the welcomed treat. Jethro adoringly watches Craig's every move.

EXT. DIRT PARKING LOT ON THE BEACH - CONTINUOUS

Craig parks where the land meets the pacific. The last SURFERS are leaving for the day. Friendly gestures are exchanged.

Craig steps out of his ride, slowly shuts the door, never taking his eyes off of the ocean. Jethro jumps from the cab and sets off in exploration.

EXT. PATH TO THE WATER - MOMENTS LATER

Jogging through the sand, while simultaneously rubbing wax across the top of his board. Craig doesn't miss a beat.

EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN - CONTINUOUS

Skipping through the water like a kid playing hopscotch. With one final leap, he dives forward, board underneath, and effortlessly glides across the water.

EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN FROM BELOW - CONTINUOUS

Craig's arm's gently penetrate the water. Like a seagull skimming the surface, the board trims like a magic carpet.

EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN REEF BREAK - CONTINUOUS

Sitting up on the board facing the horizon, he breathes in the tranquility.

EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN FROM BELOW - CONTINUOUS

Legs dangle from the board, slightly bobbing.

EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN REEF BREAK - CONTINUOUS

Engulfed in the cold, dark water from the waist down. He checks his surroundings. Even a life long waterman, alone, in a remote, cold water location spooks the most alpha of surfers.

A long lull between waves. Eerie SILENCE fills the air.

YANK! Craig is nearly knocked from his board as something tugs at the leash. Flushed with fear, eyes wide... Nothing...

A seal pops it's head out of the water. With playful curiosity, darting in and out of the water around him. Exhale.

Craig turns back to the horizon just in time to take off on the first wave to roll through. He paddles, catches the wave, drops in, bottom turns, stalls on the face, pulls in the tube, and disappears behind the liquid curtain for a moment before being spat out onto the open face.

EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN - DUSK

Checking his watch, he paddles back out through the calm, deep channel. Shaking the water from his mane while grinning ear to ear.

EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN FROM BELOW - CONTINUOUS

Paddling a little faster, the sky above the surface has dimmed.

EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN REEF BREAK - CONTINUOUS

Nodding in silent appreciation, Craig turns back to the shore... YANK! Startled, then assuming it's the seal, he laughs it off.

CRAIG

You're a playful little shit aren't you?

WE SEE a close underwater view of a surfer sitting on his board.

Total stillness.. HAIR STANDS ON END. EYES DART SIDE TO SIDE.

WE SEE a fast moving underwater view towards a surfer.

BAM! A MASSIVE GREAT WHITE SHARK slams into the bottom of Craig's surfboard!

When gravity pulls them back to the water, Craig frantically swims towards land.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

PLEASE GOD, PLEASE GOD!

Fighting for his life, Craig claws through the water.

After twenty yards, he stops to catch his breath. GASPING. SCANNING THE SURFACE. Jethro BARKS from the shore.

WHOOSH! He's PULLED underwater!... HEAVY THRASHING... He surfaces and SCREAMS! Pulled under again. The SHARK'S HUGE CAUDAL TAIL splashes... The fight slowly subsides... The ocean becomes calm and the water turns red.

EXT. ON THE BEACH - CONTINUOUS

Whimpering and pacing along the waterfront. Heartbroken, Jethro lays in the sand facing the ocean.

EXT. UCSB CAMPUS - NIGHT

WE HEAR a dog barking.

SUPER: UNIVERSITY CALIFORNIA SANTA BARBARA - MARINE BIOLOGY
DEPARTMENT

INT. PROFESSOR'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

BRODY, an Australian Sheppard, BARKS. The dog is sitting under the desk of Professor BOB KOZIAK(42). Distinguished, old soul, and too serious. Yawning, Bob reaches down, pets his pup.

BOB

I know it's been a long day... A
"loonong" semester. But we made
it. You ready to get out of here?

After an exaggerated sigh, Bob stands, picks up a handful of unopened ENVELOPES and stuffs them into a well worn LEATHER SATCHEL. Opens a desk drawer, grabs his keys. A PICTURE of a YOUNGER, LONG HAired BOB and his little BROTHER lies in the neatly organized drawer.

Brody lets out a BARK of approval, they're off.

EXT. CRAIG'S HOUSE - EARLY MORNING

The sun peeks over a tiny beach cottage located at the end of a narrow street. A lone MAILBOX posts up where the driveway meets the side walk. The MAILBOX reads: CRAIG AND MARYAM TURNER 848 E. GARFIELD ST. MORRO BAY, CA 93442

INT. CRAIG'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Warm and soulful. An EASEL with a large BLANK CANVAS nuzzled in one corner. A LES PAUL GUITAR and a SMALL AMPLIFIER in another. A FIREPLACE MANTLE filled with PICTURES.

A WEDDING PICTURE OF CRAIG AND HIS BRIDE.

A PICTURE OF CRAIG HOLDING A NEWBORN SON.

And A RECENT FAMILY PORTRAIT INCLUDING JETHRO

Fast asleep on a couch, covered with an INDIAN PRINT BLANKET. MARYAM(27) hugs MICHAEL(7). Slowly stirring awake, she checks the time on her cell phone. Carefully slips away while gazing at her snoozing son.

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Glancing through the doorway. An EMPTY BED next to an EMPTY DOG BED. Concern sets in.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Looking for traces, Maryam finds nothing. An EMPTY COUNTER TOP. An EMPTY TABLE. Peeps outside to an EMPTY DRIVEWAY. She checks her texts and recent calls. The phone shows Craig's call from 5:23PM yesterday. She dials.

INT. BOB'S DEN - MORNING

A LARGE SHARK MOUTH SKELETON hangs on a wall behind a desk.

A FULL BOOK SHELF covers an entire wall. Another wall displays DEGREES, AWARDS, and CERTIFICATES.

Bored and bitter, Bob stares into space. Eventually focusing on a PICTURE at the corner of the desk.

AN OLD FAMILY PORTRAIT OF A CHILDHOOD BOB, LITTLE BROTHER, MOM AND DAD.

The desk is cluttered with BOOKS and UNOPENED MAIL. In the other corner, a PICTURE OF BOB AND HIS WIFE.

Staring at the picture, he inhales deeply.. Holds it... Exhales. Shuffling through the mail in his satchel, he comes across a SEALED BLANK ENVELOPE. Pauses... Curious... Tears into it. Unfolds the letter and reads.

BOB

Things Bob needs to do this summer.

Rolls eyes, smirks.

BOB (CONT'D)

Gee? Let me guess?

Continues.

BOB (CONT'D)

Number one. Stop being so damn grumpy... Number two. Get back in the water... Three. Tan... Four. Let go of the past... Number five. Smile... And number 6. Give me a raise... Love, your awesome assistant, Vicky.

Fighting it, he cracks a smile.

The land line RINGS. Despairingly, he glares at the PHONE. Hesitates... Answers.

BOB (CONT'D)
Yeah, this is Bob.

Perks up.

BOB (CONT'D)
Jerry, (smiles) how the hell are you?... (Loses smile).. When?...

Picks up a pen. Takes notes.

BOB (CONT'D)
Yes, I know the place.

Pen down.

BOB (CONT'D)
Yeah... Yeah, No problem Jerry.

Hangs up. Ponders... Looks directly at a BOOK on his desk. The cover has a LARGE GREAT WHITE SHARK on it.

EXT - BEACH PARKING LOT - DAY

Holding back tears, a distraught SURFER, GABE BENITEZ(28) is finishing up a report with TWO SHERIFFS and a COAST GUARD CAPTAIN. THREE SURFERS are standing near as well.

A ROARING ENGINE can be heard approaching fast. A primer gray "69 CAMERO flies around the corner. Gabe's disappointment becomes evident. The car slides to a stop. The door swings open. Maryam Bursts out of the car.

MARYAM
Gabe, what the fuck's going on?
Where is Craig! (Half crying)

Michael exits the car.

MICHAEL
Where's daddy?

The entire group turns to see the small child. Grief sets in.

INT. HELICOPTER - MOVING - DAY

The COAST GUARD PILOT combs the coast line searching for any clues. At an inlet, he spots a surfboard with a chunk missing.

PILOT

Davy Crocket to the Alamo, copy?
(Static)

DISPATCH (V.O.)

Copy. (Static) Go ahead.

PILOT

Debris spotted in sea lion inlet...
It appears to be a surfboard.

EXT. BOAT ON THE OCEAN - DAY

SUPER: "THE FARLON ISLANDS - 28 MILES OFF THE COAST OF SAN FRANCISCO"

A large catamaran sits on a wide open Pacific ocean. Gently swaying due to a light chop on the surface.

EXT. SHARK CAGE UNDER WATER - CONTINUOUS

A LONE SCUBA DIVER clings to the bars of a shark cage. Submerged twenty five feet below the surface, observing another world.

After a few moments, checks the time, climbs through the tight opening at the top of the cage and heads for the surface. Using the cage's chain as a guide, suddenly spooked, the diver stops and checks the surrounding abyss... Nothing... Cautiously continues.

EXT. BOAT - CONTINUOUS

Boat captain, NATHAN ALBRIGHT (27). Tan, blonde, and lover of all things green, makes his way to the side of the boat. Shoeless and shirtless, he scans the ocean surface with binoculars.

INT. BOAT CABIN - CONTINUOUS

A cell phone laying on the dining table buzzes. The CALLER I.D. reads: "KOZI."

EXT. BOAT DECK - CONTINUOUS

The diver's head breaks the surface..

NATHAN

Nada?

Disappointed, the diver gestures no. Scanning the water from above, like a bobber, the diver floats weightlessly on the surface for a moment.

WE SEE an underwater view of the diver. TENSE MUSIC BUILDS!

The diver reaches for a hand to get out of the water. Nathan assists.

EXT. BOAT DECK - DAY

Climbing aboard, the diver removes the scuba tank and fins. Pulls the scuba mask and wetsuit hood off. The diver is VICTORIA 'VICKY' GARCIA(28). Attractive, razor sharp wit, and infectiously optimistic. The couple starts kissing.

EXT. OUTDOOR BOAT SHOWER - DAY

Vicky rinses the salt water off. Sexy and perfectly proportioned, her dark tan lines tell of much time outdoors. Shampoo suds run down the small of her back. Nathan passes by the exposed shower, and decides to join her. He slips his board shorts off, and surprises her.

He kisses her neck. She turns around. Facing each other while continuously kissing, she lifts one leg and wraps it around him.

INT. BOAT CABIN - LATER

Still wet, slicked back hair, wearing a white bath robe, Vicky reaches for an ORANGE in a FRUIT BOWL on the table. Her DIAMOND ENGAGEMENT RING sparkles. A missed call shows on the cell phone next to the bowl. Vicky dials and listens...

Sporting a towel, Nathan, sneaks up from behind. Hugs her and kisses her neck. Vicky pulls away and holds up a "shush" finger. Nathan does a "what" gesture.

VICKY

There's been a shark attack near Pismo.

Nathan's attention is peaked.

NATHAN

Bad?

She nods yes, then dials.

VICKY (ON PHONE)

Hey Kozi, just received your message. Nathan and I have been diving up North all day. We'll hit the road as soon as we get back.

INT. CRIME DATA BUILDING/ SHERIFF'S DEPT. - AFTERNOON

Down a cold, sterile hallway, SHERIFF JERRY O'CONNOR(55) a kind, gentle giant, and long time friend, escorts Bob to the crime laboratory.

JERRY

I don't get it? My boy is out there every morning at sunrise. Like a damn addict.

Both laugh. Bob's face lights up. Briefly forgetting his problems.

BOB

Yeah, it gets in your soul. There's not really anything like it.

JERRY

You still getting out there every morning?

Bob's mood snaps back to reality. Lifeless again.

BOB

Nah... It's been a while.

INT. LABORATORY - DAY

In a neon glow, lying on a stainless steel table in the middle of the room rests a HALF EATEN SURFBOARD.

THE EXAMINING TABLE

Jerry passes Bob a pair of latex gloves. The two stand across from one another looking over the evidence.

In a trance like state, Bob gently caresses the board. His right index finger slowly traces the LARGE TEETH MARKS. Bob's eyebrows raise with morbid interest.

BOB
This...(Nods)... Was one big
animal.

Jerry looks up at Bob, wanting a better explanation. Bob
measures the distance between teeth marks with a METAL
CALIPER.

BOB (CONT'D)
Carcharodon carcharias... King of
the sea.

JERRY
Great white, right? (Shivers).. I
hate those damn things. Give me the
creeps.

BOB
Not just "A" great white...
According to these
measurements...(He looks up)... A
very "BIG" great white.

Jerry scrunches his eyebrow's. Cracks a grin.

JERRY
Bob... You talked to Brandon
lately?

Bob's glare clearly says no.

EXT. CRIME DATA/ SHERIFF DEPT. PARKING LOT - LATE AFTERNOON
PHONE RINGS.

INTERCUT - VICKY'S CAR MOVING/ BOB IN PARKING LOT

Bob pulls his cell phone from his pocket, checks the caller
I.D., answers.

BOB
Hey Vick. How was the trip?

VICKY
Hey Kozi, eh, didn't see much. One
Short Fin Mako from the deck, but
nothing from below.

BOB
That's too bad.

VICKY

No big deal. Next time. So, what's up though? What happened?

BOB

Leaving the lab now. Just seen what was left of the surfboard.

VICKY

Remains?

BOB

No, but we're assuming that it was his leg that washed ashore up the coast this afternoon. Waiting on DNA. I haven't seen any human remains yet myself.

VICKY

What did you gather from the board? Did you get an accurate bite radius?

BOB

Typical white shark attack. Mistaken identity of prey. It appears to be from one swift bite.

VICKY

Bite radius?

Bob stops walking.

BOB

I think you need to see it for yourself.

VICKY

Any sightings in the area since?

BOB

No. You know the rarity of something like this. One in a million. It's probably the last time this particular shark will ever be heard about again.

EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN - NIGHT

SUPER: "SEVENTEEN MILES OFF THE COAST OF OXNARD, CA.

A ten foot ZODIAC BOAT trolls the waters just off of Anacapa Island. A handheld spot light pierces the dark air.

Sitting in front, SKIPPER RHODES(57). Weathered and tough as nails. Steering, FRED O'SHANEHAN(56). A druggy, ex con, as slimy as the urchins he poaches. Dressed in all black, they're perfectly camouflaged with the cold dark water and the crisp late night air.

SKIPPER

This is good.

Fred cuts the low humming motor. Tosses a small anchor overboard.

WE SEE an underwater view of a boat floating above, lit only by moonlight.

Skipper pulls his scuba mask on, puts the air line into his mouth, and turns on a diver's flashlight. Fred checks their surroundings.

FRED

All right, hurry up man. (Scratchy smoker's voice)

Skipper rolls out of the water craft backwards, hardly making a splash. Disappears into the murky water.

EXT. BELOW THE SURFACE/ PACIFIC OCEAN - CONTINUOUS

Skipper's flashlight scans the ocean floor, mapping the JAGGED ROCKS.

A full moon illuminates the under water world. Skip hovers just above the ocean floor where everything seems to slow down.

He summits a small sub pacific mountain, a bottomless trench lies on the other side. Skip spots several ABALONE amongst the rocky terrain. Smiles. Tugs the air line.

EXT. ZODIAC - CONTINUOUS

Fred sees the AIR LINE go taught. A grin grows, exposing a few missing front teeth. Reaches for a beer in a small cooler. Cracks it open, takes a swig.

FRED

Damn, that was quick!

EXT. BELOW THE SURFACE/ PACIFIC OCEAN - CONTINUOUS

With the full moon now providing enough light, Skip turns off his flashlight. Pulls out a LARGE KNIFE. Starts to pry the abalone.

Overhead a LARGE SHADOW blocks the moonlight for a moment. Skip turns to look up, thinking the Zodiac must have drifted in front of mother nature's lunar glow... A HUGE GREAT WHITE SHARK passes by some twenty feet above. Skip's eyes open wide, bubbles stream from his airline mouthpiece.

The shark's caudal tail sways side to side, slowly moving the beast forward.

EXT. ZODIAC - CONTINUOUS

Fred sips a cold one, relaxes against the boat's inflatable side. Gazes up to the stars, raises the Red label Bud can in a toast to the Heavens. Belches loudly.

Just behind him, WE SEE the shadow of the HUGE SHARK heading straight for the Zodiac.

EXT. BELOW THE SURFACE/ PACIFIC OCEAN - CONTINUOUS

Skip watches in terror as the shark nears the boat. Shakes his head in panic... The shark dives just missing the boat and continues on.

Skip watches the shark disappear into the infinite underwater galaxy. Relief... Back to work prying the trophy sized mollusk from the rock.

EXT. ZODIAC - CONTINUOUS

Star gazing, Fred flicks the end of a lit cigarette overboard, reaches into his overall breast pocket and pulls out a small vile filled with a shinny white substance. His toothless grin appears once again as he unscrews the top of the small container.

He pours a small amount onto the top of his hand between his thumb and index finger, then snorts the substance and lets out a howl.

FRED

Ah yeah... Good shit!

Something suddenly jolts the boat. It startles Fred.

FRED (CONT'D)

God damn it Skip! Scared the shit outta me...(Laughs).. You ready for a lil' reward for all that hard work? (Laughs).. Gotta cold one here waitin' for ya.

The boat is lightly bumped again...

FRED (CONT'D)

Sorry, but I just finished off the last of the tootski. (Laughs)

BAM!!! The boat is SLAMMED HARD!

FRED (CONT'D)

I was just kiddin'! I gotta bunch left. You can have the rest! Damn.

The shark takes a bite out of the opposite side of the boat. WHOOSH! The air rushes out of the pontoon, the water craft starts to submerge.

Fred scrambles to throw any object he can at the exposed shark's head. A full beer can! The cooler! A tackle box! Nothing is fazing the animal. Its huge mouth chomps through the midnight air, trying to reach the tender morsal clinging to the other side.

The boat is nearly vertical now as it slips into the sea.

FRED (CONT'D)

Shit! Shit! Shit! This is bad. Really, really fucking bad.

He looks around contemplating what to do.

FRED (CONT'D)

God, I'm sorry for all the bad shit I did! Sellin' all that dope for all them years.

He shrugs.

FRED (CONT'D)

And, doin' all the dope I did for all them years... Still doin'... All the shit I stole. Sorry about screwin' Marcy's sister. But that wasn't all my fault, she knew I was drunk, she shouldn't a come onto me.

The sharks head pops up again, teeth exposed.

FRED (CONT'D)

Okay! Okay! I was the one that came
on to her! Sorry!

Fred realizes his only chance for survival is to swim to the island, some fifty yards away.

The shark submerges, the boat slowly follows. Fred gauges the distance, looks back down where the shark just disappeared, then back at the island. It's now or never! He jumps!

A split second before Fred penetrates the ocean water... The shark's refrigerator sized head breaks the surface. Fred's mouth drops, eyes wide, knowing a grizzly death is upon him.

FRED (CONT'D)

Son of a bitch!

The shark greets Fred with its mouth agape.

He screams as the shark bites down, severing him into two.

Both of his legs from the knees down pop off. The sharks teeth chomp his upper torso, from the chest up. His arms flail helplessly.

EXT. BELOW THE SURFACE/ PACIFIC OCEAN

Skip has to make it as far as he can on one last breath before the air line fills with water. He inhales a full breath, swims for the island, close to the ocean floor praying to remain out of the sharks view.

EXT. DIRT PARKING LOT ON THE BEACH - DAY

Searching for evidence, Bob, Vicky, and Nathan have just finished a long day scouring the beach where the first attack took place.

VICKY

All of my years of diving... Farlon Islands, Cape Town, all over Oz, Guade Lupe Island... I've never seen anything with the bite radius of this magnitude. Sixteen, eighteen, maybe even close to twenty feet, but twenty six feet?

BOB

You seen the board. You measured the bite marks as well as I did.

Vicky pauses.

VICKY
Bob... Have you thought about
reaching out to...

Bob glares.

BOB
Forget about it! Not in this
lifetime!

Holds her hands up in a passive gesture, mouths "okay."

Bob stares out to sea.

BOB (CONT'D)
I'm sure it's long gone by now... A
ghost...

Purposely nudging as she walks past.

VICKY
Who know's Kozi, maybe this "GHOST"
came for a reason.

The statement hits home.

EXT. BEACH OFF OF CATALINA ISLAND - MORNING

SUPER: "CATALINA ISLAND, CA"

Riding shotgun in a SPEED BOAT, a MAN(30) Preppy and goofy,
watches his newlywed WIFE(28) preppy and goofy as well, being
pulled behind the boat. PAIRASAILING. ACCELERATING. The CHUTE
catches wind. Lift off! The Man does a "thumbs up!". She does
it back! All smiles.

INT. SPEED BOAT - CONTINUOUS

He SNAPS a few pictures of his AIRBORNE WIFE. Talking over
the boat's revved motor.

HUSBAND
I still can't believe she's going
through with this! She's usually a
chicken shit with this kind of
stuff. (Laughs)

BOAT DRIVER laughs along.

BOAT DRIVER
How long have you two been married?

Looking at his WATCH.

HUSBAND
Roughly, about fifteen hours.

BOAT DRIVER
Newlyweds! Congratulations!

EXT. ABOVE THE WATER - CONTINUOUS

Taking in the AMAZING SCENERY from above. The beautiful island with it's RIVIERA LIKE STRUCTURES. PEOPLE playing on the BEACHES. The MARINA. The BLUE PACIFIC.

Laughing, enjoying the new adventure... Until she notices a LARGE DARK SHADOW that seems to be following her from just below the ocean's surface. Panic sets in! She starts screaming and pointing down at the shark.

INT. SPEED BOAT - CONTINUOUS

Oblivious. Carrying on in conversation, the husband glances back at his wife. Over the roaring engine, he's unable to make out what she's saying.. Laughing nonchalantly.

HUSBAND
You want down?(Yells to her). Okay!
It looks like she's had enough.
Mimosa's must have worn off!

Both laugh. The driver turns back. She's ERRATICALLY pointing down.

BOAT DRIVER
Better get her down. Doesn't look like she's having much fun. Heights aren't for everyone!

The MOTOR WINDS DOWN. The boat slows. The husband smiles and waves to his wife, assuring her everything is going to be okay.

EXT. ABOVE THE WATER - CONTINUOUS

SCREAMING and waving for the boat to go!

WIFE

No! No! Keep going! There's a
fucking shark! GOOOOO!

INT. SPEED BOAT - CONTINUOUS

The low DRONING MOTOR is still making it impossible to here
her.

BOAT DRIVER

What's she saying?

HUSBAND

I can't tell? She is known to
blabber.

Both laugh.

BOAT DRIVER

Just think, now you can hear that
blabbing for as long as you two are
married.

Both laugh harder. The boat stops.

EXT. ABOVE THE WATER - CONTINUOUS

Slowly plummeting to the waiting shark. She SCREAMS! Just
before touching down on the ocean's surface, the SHARK LEAPS
FROM THE WATER AND GRASPS HER! She is never seen again.

INT. SPEED BOAT - CONTINUOUS

Horrified. The husband shakes... Mouth hangs open... Eyes
fill with tears.

EXT. CATALINA BEACH - SAME

BEACH GOERS are in shock. A WOMAN holds her hands over her
mouth and CRIES. A FATHER makes a dash for his SON playing
just off shore. A GIRL SCREAMS.

INT. VICKY AND NATHAN'S BEDROOM - MORNING

MOANS OF PLEASURE RING OUT.

Dim light pierces through mini blinds. Rays filter over a
messy king sized bed. Vicky and Nathan are having passionate
sex. PHONE RINGS.

NATHAN

Don't answer it!...(Between
kisses)...

Vicky pries her lover off.

VICKY

Babe, I have to. Come on.

Pausing to catch her breath, she waits for one more RING.

VICKY (CONT'D)

Uh, hello... (Beat)... Oh
shit...(Beat)... Okay, see you in a
minute.

She turns to Nathan. He holds his hands up in a "What"
gesture. Enthusiasm instantly disappears.

EXT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

A COLLEGE STUDENT types away. A WAITRESS wipes a table. Bob
leans in as if he were speaking top secret information.

BOB

There is no way to know for sure,
but it sounds likely. Witnesses
said it was... Huge.

NATHAN

My biggest concern, what's going to
happen to the animal if it's found?

Wheels turning while letting out a disappointed sigh.

BOB

Well... It depends on who finds it,
and that's 'IF'... It's ever even
found.

NATHAN

I just hope it's not some whacked
out fucking fisherman! Looking for
the ultimate trophy fish.

VICKY

There shouldn't be a problem. The
endangered species status and all.

BOB

Lets hope not, but... two shark
fatalities at the beginning of an
extremely needed tourist season?

NATHAN

Dude, that's bullshit! It's not the shark's fault! The shark was in it's own environment. Doing what sharks do!

BOB

Yes... Dude (Mockingly)... We know that, but big money that runs the state may not see it that way. We're in a recession. The state needs all the revenue it can get. People afraid to go to the beach... in the summertime... In California... Do the math.

Irritated, Nathan pouts.

VICKY

If we could find it, tag it, and follow it, we may have a chance to protect it.

BOB

That's a big if! The media is going to run with this. When word gets out, that possibly the biggest great white shark in recorded history is lurking off of the California coast. (Shakes head)

VICKY

Then we have to make sure that we find it first!

Vicky looks at Bob, bats her eyes and smiles. Bob gets angry and waves his finger in Vicky's face.

BOB

No! No! No! That son of a bitch can go to hell! No way am I going to ask him for any favors! He's just a bad memory for me.

She continues with her mesmerizing stare.

BOB (CONT'D)

No Vick... I will not! You can get that idea out of your head right now. After everything that he's done, he should of been the one eaten by that shark! Not this poor guy with a family.

She won't quit.

BOB (CONT'D)
Just stop! Okay?

VICKY
You know, he is your brother?

BOB
I've forgiven my mom and dad for that... They were young and dumb.

Vicky laughs.

VICKY
He's our best chance.

Blood pressure raised, Bob glares at her.

EXT. CATALINA ISLAND - AFTERNOON

A HELICOPTER touches down on a landing pad overlooking the Pacific. Quickly exiting the chopper and ducking the blades, Bob, Vicky, and Jerry make their way to a waiting GOLF CART. The baseball cap wearing DRIVER(25) nods at the group.

EXT. GOLF CART - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

Winding through the streets of the Catalina hillside. Silence. Front seat, in dark aviators, Bob scans the pristine View.

CART DRIVER
They said it was brutal.(So Cal twang)

BOB
You seen it? You were there?

Vicky and Jerry lean forward.

CART DRIVER
I didn't see it personally, but my brother was driving the boat. He's a total wreck right now. So gnarly. He said it was massive.

In deep thought, Bob looks back out to the hillside.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Navigating their way through the CROWD, Bob, Vicky, and Jerry squeeze as close as they can get to the podium. Max occupancy. LAW ENFORCEMENT, COAST GUARD, FISHERMEN, TOWN RESIDENTS, ANIMAL ACTIVISTS, amongst others, fill the overheated room. The MAYOR enters.

CHAOS and CONFUSION. ARGUING. YELLING. Animal Activists argue with Fishermen. Sheriffs argue with Coast Guard. MAYOR(60) Barrel chested, booming voice, and sweating profusely, chimes in.

MAYOR (YELLS)

All right! All right! All right!
Enough!

The crowd responds with silence and attention.

MAYOR (CONT'D)

I don't give a shit how many God damned experts we have in here... We need a solution and we need one now! A young lady lost her life out there this morning as people watched on. The guy missing up North has a family. This isn't going to set well with anyone. I need a logical answer... What the hell are we going to do?

The room bursts into chaos again.

FISHERMAN (1)

I say we track that son of bitch down and kill it!

More YELLING!

ACTIVIST (1)

That's your solution? To kill it? Gee! Then why not kill every shark in the ocean!

FISHERMAN (2)

It's a man eater you tree hugging faggot!

ACTIVIST (2)

Technically, one was a woman. So a woman eater.

The CROWD ROARS again.

MAYOR

ENOUGH!

Silence.

MAYOR (CONT'D)

Now look God damn it, we're not going to make everyone happy in this situation!(Looks Around) But being at each other's throat's isn't going to solve anything... My question is... regardless of what happens to the shark... How the hell are we going to find one shark in the entire Pacific ocean?

In silence, the group looks to one another for a reasonable answer. Quiet chatter. Bob makes his way through the crowd until he's in clear view of the mayor.

BOB

I know a guy. He'll get your shark.

A RAGGEDY FISHERMAN in the crowd whispers to a fellow FISHERMAN.

FISHERMAN (3)

That's Brandon Koziak's brother.
(Smiles and nods in approval)

INT. BOB'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A large OSCAR FISH eating a smaller fish.

WE SEE a large HOME AQUARIUM against a wall. It's filled with PLANTS and FISH.

A SMALL CERAMIC SIGN in the aquarium reads: "NO FISHING!"

Bob is sitting at the desk in the den of his home. Staring at the phone. Flipping a pen between his finger's. His eyes glance to the opposite side of the desk at a framed picture. He grabs the picture. Examines it.

It's a PICTURE OF A TEENAGE BOB WITH HIS TEENAGE BROTHER, ON A BEACH WITH SURFBOARDS IN HAND

He sets the picture down and looks off into space, deep in thought. Glances back at the phone... Deeply exhales... Picks it up and dials. It RINGS, but goes to a voicemail. Second guessing.

BOB (ON PHONE)

Hey!... It's Robert... Uh Bob...
 It's been a while... Thought I'd
 call and uh... Catch up.(Sighs)...
 Look Brandon, the truth is... Uh..
 Well, I could uh... I could use
 your help.(Rolls eyes)... We had
 two white shark attacks here in
 less than a week. We don't yet know
 if it's rogue or even the same
 shark... And uh... Well, if our
 data is correct... We may have one
 the largest white sharks ever...
 Ever!.. I'm afraid if we don't get
 to it first... Well you know.
 Anyhow... Give me a buzz. 805-555-
 9291.

He hangs up. Stares at the PHONE.

BOB (CONT'D)

Asshole...

EXT. OUTSIDE BAR - SAME - NIGHT

WE SEE a MALE'S HAND holding a CELL PHONE. MUSIC plays in the background. VOICES, LAUGHTER and the CLANKING OF GLASSES.

The caller I.D. reads: "FORMER BROTHER"

MALE VOICE(O.S.)

Asshole...

EXT. JUNGLE ROAD - DAY

An OLD LAND ROVER winds down the well worn muddy path. THICK FOLIAGE on both sides. Old SQUEAKY WIPERS aren't much help with the POURING RAIN.

INT. LAND ROVER - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

Reaching over from the back seat, Vicky ruffles Bob's hair. Doubting this trip, he isn't pleased.

VICKY

How does it feel to be out of your
 office? Bet you almost forgot
 there's a whole big world out here.

BOB

This was a bad idea.

EXT. TROPICAL BEACH - AFTERNOON

SUPER: "TAMARINDO, COSTA RICA. CENTRAL AMERICA"

The Land Rover parks in front of a beach front TREE HOUSE. Rooms of the house sprawl out onto several branches of the ancient tree. It's GARGANTUAN. A CHORUS of tropical birds fills the air.

The crew is in awe of the majestic scenery.

Vicky and Nathan make their way to the front door of the multi-level sanctuary. Still apprehensive, Bob holds back.

At the top of the steps, she turns back.

VICKY

Come on Kozi!

Apprehensively giving in, Bob follows . Vicky knocks... A cute, skimpy dressed native Costa Rican GIRL(15) opens the door. All smiles.

VICKY (CONT'D)

Hola, como estas?... (Smiles)

Scrunching her eyebrows.

GIRL

You are not Americans? (Accent)

Pleasantly surprised, the group exchanges looks.

NATHAN

Oh! You speak English?

With a contagious smile she nods.

GIRL

Are you looking for Brandon?

VICKY

Yes. Yes we're looking for Brandon.
Is he here?

GIRL

He'll be back. Come. Wait inside.

Overly trustful, she welcomes the guests in. Dragging his feet, Bob is the last to enter.

INT. TREE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The girl guides the group up a windy, narrow stair case. Half the home is open to the outside. The other half is sealed behind doors. After multi-levels, they enter a large living room. TWO MODERN SOFAS, a LAZY BOY, FULL BOOKSHELVES, several MODERN PAINTINGS, and NATIVE POTTERY fill the room.

The girl gestures for the group to sit. She continues on, into the next room.

GIRL (O.S.)
So, how do you know Brandon?

Vicky and Nathan look to Bob for an answer.

VICKY
Well, I've never actually met
Brandon.

NATHAN
Me neither. (Smiles at Bob)

Bob rolls his eyes.

BOB (UNDER HIS BREATH)
Leave it to my brother to live in a
damn tree house. A girlfriend half
his age. (Shakes head) Is she even
legal?

NATHAN
Dude! This place is rad!

The girl re-enters the room with drinks for all. She looks at Bob. Smiles.

GIRL
You? How do you know him?

BOB
How do I know him?...
Brandon?...(Exhales).. Brandon's my
brother.

The girl freezes... Her face lights up. Bob shrugs.

GIRL
So... You're uncle Bob?

Bob's face goes straight.

BOB
Uncle?

GIRL

Dad talks about you. He says you're
a very smart professor.

Bob grins and nods in approval.

GIRL (CONT'D)

But he said you can be arrogant
sometimes.

Bob grimaces. Vicky and Nathan are intrigued.

VICKY

So you're Bob's niece? What's your
name?

GIRL

Esperanza.

Vicky looks Bob in the eyes. He softens up.

VICKY

Hope...

EXT. BEACH IN FRONT OF TREE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Just finishing his surf session, BRANDON(38) long hair, free spirited, and in excellent shape, Trudges out of the water. Surfboard under arm. Met by QUINT (HIS YELLOW LABRADOR). He pets his happy friend.

As the duo approach the tree house, Brandon spots the RANGE ROVER.

INT. TREE HOUSE - LATER

Bob has taken a liking to his new found niece. He see's his brother's gesture's in her movements.

VICKY

So, the truth is, we can really use
his expertise.

Esperanza nods.

NATHAN

Ol' uncle Bob here will even beg
him. (Winks)

BOB

Yeah, funny. Haha.

ESPERANZA

I don't think you will have to beg
him. (Laughs)

A voice from outside chimes in. A male silhouette stands in
the doorway behind the group.

BRANDON (O.S.)

Oh, I don't know?...

Tail wagging, Quint struts into the room and walks right over
to Bob and sits at his feet.

The group turns. Still wet with surfboard in tow, Brandon
steps into the room.

BRANDON (CONT'D)

I'd kind of like to hear him beg.

Staring Bob straight in the eyes. Bob doesn't flinch. Tension
builds as neither is willing to look away first.

BOB

Eh, forget it. Lets just leave.

Bob stands up ready to end the visit. Vicky's disappointment
shows. Esperanza's eyes dart back and fourth at the two
standing off....

BRANDON

How'd you find me?

BOB

...Mom...

Brandon squints.

BRANDON

She never could keep a secret.

Bob looks off.

BOB

Yeah, well.

Neither will budge.

ESPERANZA

Dad! That's your brother. He came
along ways to see you. Stop being
an asshole!

Like defensive children.

BRANDON
He's the asshole!

BOB
"YOU" are the asshole!.. Asshole.

BRANDON
Whatever!

BOB
I am not working with him!

Brandon laughs.

BRANDON
Yeah right! Like I ever agreed to work... To do anything with you!

ESPERANZA
Dad!

VICKY
Bob!

NATHAN
Dudes?

Everyone turns their attention to Nathan.

ESPERANZA
You two are acting like children!
Dad, you're always telling me about
the good times you had with uncle
Bob. Uncle Bob, you were just
telling me the same... Now stop it!
It's time for you two to become a
family again.

Silence... Both men look like scolded children.

BOB
He looks just like quint. (Gestures
to the dog)

BRANDON
It is... I mean, it's one of his
offspring. It's his grandson.

Bob adoringly stares at Quint, then reaches down and pets him.

BOB
No shit? Quint's great grandson.
Well I'll be. What's his name?

BRANDON

Quint.

Vicky, Nathan, and Esperanza laugh. A smile washes over Bob's face.

BRANDON (CONT'D)

Well, I mean Quint the third.

BOB

Hello Quint the third.

Bob and his little brother look each other in the eye. Bob smiles. Brandon smiles. Tears well up in Brandon's eye's.

BOB (CONT'D)

I've missed you little brother.

BRANDON

Me too... Big brother... Asshole.

Tears and laughter break out. The two brother's hug for the first time in years. Everyone in the room is touched.

EXT. TREE HOUSE PATIO - NIGHT

TIKI TORCHES light the CANOPY COVERED PATIO. TROPICAL RAIN POURS. BEER BOTTLES, WINE BOTTLES, FRUIT and COSTA RICAN CUISINE fill the table. LAUGHTER and SMILES abound.

EXT. PATIO TABLE - LATER

Bob and Vicky pass on the EVIDENCE PICTURES. Brandon's usual happy go lucky demeanor takes on a serious side. He slowly studies each photo while taking mental notes.

EXT. HARBOR - DAY

WE SEE an aerial view of Channel Islands Harbor.

SUPER: "CHANNEL ISLANDS HARBOR, OXNARD CALIFORNIA"

EXT. BOAT DOCK - CONTINUOUS

A civilian clothed Jerry walks along a sidewalk that borders the harbor. On a dock close by, TWO POLICE OFFICERS and a COAST GUARD OFFICER question a blanket covered, grungy looking Skipper Rhodes.

The POLICE CAPTAIN spots Jerry. Nods in approving manner to him, and exits the interview.

EXT. HARBOR SIDEWALK - CONTINUOUS

Jerry and STUART (police capt) both glad to see one another, reach out to shake hands.

STUART
Jerry, it's been too long.

JERRY
Stuart, good to see you. How's the City of Oxnard treating you?

STUART
You know, over worked and under paid, not too bad.

Both laugh.

EXT. HARBOR PARKING LOT - LATER

With a smile and nod of approval, the old friends shake hands and part ways. Jerry's scans the harbor. His eyes become fixated on a STAND UP PADDLING business sign.

The sign reads: "STAND UP PADDLE BOARDING LESSONS"

He pauses for a moment, then pulls his cell phone from his pocket and dials.

EXT. LAX AIRPORT - DAY

A SMOG FILLED METROPOLIS lies in the background as a 747 touches down. HEAT VAPORS rise. TIRES SCREECH as they make contact with the runway.

INT. LAX BAGGAGE CLAIM - DAY

A CLUSTER of PEOPLE fill the airport. RUDE PEOPLE cut in front of the group to get their bags first. Brandon looks at Bob, smirks and shakes his head. Bob laughs under his breath.

INT. LAX CARGO PICKUP - DAY

Quint is happily waiting for his master. His tail is wagging a hundred miles an hour. Brandon is just as excited.

EXT. PASSENGER PICK UP AT LAX - DAY

TRAFFIC is terrible. Cars HONKING. a CAB DRIVER with a thick accent yells at an ELDERLY MAN picking up his ELDERLY WIFE. Brandon watches in disbelief. He's been away from the city for too long.

An SUV pulls up.

BOB
This is us.

INT. SUV - MOVING - LATER

The SUV makes its way through LA TRAFFIC. Brandon gazes at the big city as the vehicle inches through a CONGESTED FREEWAY.

BOB
Miss home?

BRANDON
How could I not! Welcome to smell
A.

Laughter erupts.

EXT. PACIFIC COAST HIGHWAY - LATER

Out of traffic now, the SUV makes up for lost time. Hugging the coast line approaching PT. Mugu.

BRANDON (V.O.)
Anywhere to get a drink around
here?

VICKY (V.O.)
Brandon, it's ten o'clock in the
morning.

BRANDON (V.O.)
Yeah. I'm three hours past my
morning routine.

Quint barks, the group laughs.

EXT. VICKY AND NATHAN'S APARTMENT COMPLEX PARKING LOT - DAY

Coming to a stop, Nathan steps out, slings his duffle bag over his shoulder, and assists Vicky from the vehicle.

INT. SUV - DAY

Like an overly protective father on his daughter's prom night, Bob's head pops out of the passenger seat window.

BOB

Nathan, you watch over her, you understand?

NATHAN

Dude, come on.

BOB

You better... Dude!

VICKY

Okay, DAD!

Bob smiles. She shuts the door. His eyes follow the young couple.

BRANDON

Good kids.

BOB

She's a great kid. Sharpest student I've ever had... Him, eh.

Brandon laughs.

BRANDON

He's a good kid. He's just young.

Bob gets serious.

BOB

Her dad died when she was in high school... Cancer...(Shakes head)... I guess at least she was able to say goodbye.

BRANDON

Okay. I was waiting for it. And there it is.

BOB

There what is!

BRANDON

You still can't let it go can you? Bob, it's been twenty one fucking years! There's not a day that goes by that I don't regret that night. But it "WAS" an accident!

(MORE)

BRANDON (CONT'D)

Are you ever going to get it! Do you think I would of ever done anything in the world to hurt dad? I wish it would've been me.

Bob stares out the window. Guilt sets in.

BOB

Brandon... I'm sorry. I'm just... Life's difficult sometimes. You know?

INT. BOB'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Bob holds the front door open allowing Brandon and Quint to enter first. Brandon's impressed with the digs.

SAMANTHA (O.S.)

He was a good boy. No accidents.

Brody runs around a corner and jumps up to meet his master. Tail wagging frantically. Brody spots Quint and Brandon, and without hesitation, greets them as well. Brandon's enthused.

BRANDON

He looks just like...

BOB

Brody?

Bob smiles and nods.

BRANDON

No shit. (Laughs)

SAMANTHA(40), Attractive, classy, and polite, enters the room. She's stunned to see Brandon.

BOB

Samantha, this is Brandon... My little brother. Brandon, Samantha.

Samantha's face glows. Brandon perches his lip and nods.

SAMANTHA

Brandon... It is so nice... to finally meet you.

She looks to Bob for an explanation.

BOB

What? I wasn't sure if he'd come back.

Samantha hugs Brandon and kisses him on the cheek. Bashfully, he hugs her back.

BRANDON

It's nice to meet you.

Like a proud mother, Samantha nods. Bob shrugs. Tries to make light of the situation.

EXT. BOB'S DRIVEWAY - CONTINUOUS

Bob walks Samantha out to her car. She turns to him before getting in.

SAMANTHA

I'm proud of you.

Unsure on how to take a compliment, he looks away. Nods. Samantha leans in and kisses him on the cheek.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

I miss you Bobby.

He doesn't say a word, just stares into her eyes. She pauses, then with sad eyes, gets into her car and drives off. Bob watches the car until it's out of sight.

BOB

I miss you too.

INT. BOB'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Head down. Bob neatly places his shoes by the front door.

BOB

Brandon, I want you to feel free to...

Brandon, quite comfortable. Shoes off, sprawled out on the couch, wrestling with both dogs.

BOB (CONT'D)

Make yourself at home. Uh (Tone change) I usually don't let the dog... Dogs up on the furniture.

Brandon ignoring his brother's wishes.

BRANDON

Damn big broski, she's a hottie. How'd you fuck that up?

BOB
Excuse me? How do you know "I"
fucked it up?

BRANDON
Oh, it was her fault?

BOB
Well no, but...

Brandon interrupts.

BRANDON
What do you have to drink around
here?

Hesitating to answer, fearing the repercussion.

BOB
I uh... I stopped drinking a while
back.

The wrestling match stops.

BRANDON
After dad?

BOB
No... No, it was a long time after
that. I was... I was drinking for
all the wrong reasons.

Brandon laughs. Wrestling match continues.

BRANDON
Hell, there isn't a wrong reason to
drink. Alcohol is the cause and
solution to all problems.

Amused. Bob likes the statement.

BRANDON (CONT'D)
What do you say? Where's the
closest watering hole?

INT. PUB - NIGHT

Bob and Brandon are sitting at the bar in a local
neighborhood pub. They're feeling pretty good.

BRANDON
So that's it? That's why you two
split? Jesus Bob.
(MORE)

BRANDON (CONT'D)

You can't let a woman like her walk out of your life for that.

BOB

Yeah, well enough about that. So where's Esperanza's mom? Why didn't you marry her?

BRANDON

Bob, I have a kid, I'm not dead. You know I could never be with just one woman.

Bob shakes his head in disbelief. Laughs.

BOB

Brandon, You're almost forty years old. Don't you think it's time to grow up?

BRANDON

Oh, and get married like you and Samantha?

BOB

That's not fair. And we don't have children.

BRANDON

So what? I knock a broad up, and I'm supposed to throw my life away. Look, I'm a good dad. I'm raising Ezi to the best of my abilities. I love that damn kid. Hell, I love her as much as I love Quint.

BOB

Oh, now that says a lot.
(Sarcastic)

BRANDON

It does. Quint the first, second, and third have been my best friends. They never left me. And if I fucked up, they always forgave me. So yeah, I love those dogs... Like I love Ezi.

Bob bursts out in laughter.

BOB

I'm sorry. I mean, when you put it that way, I understand...
(MORE)

BOB (CONT'D)

It just sounds funny to say I love
my daughter as much as I love my
dog.

They look at each other and start cracking up. After a moment
of gut busting laughter, they catch their breath.

BRANDON

Hey, do you still smoke pot?

BOB

Jesus Brandon. I don't believe you.
You refuse to ever get married. You
compare your dog to your kid... And
at almost forty years of age,
you're asking me if I still smoke
pot?

Bob laughs and shakes his head. Brandon stares him in the
face.

BOB (CONT'D)

Ah, do I still smoke pot... Like a
teenage stoner? A college kid?

Brandon continues to stare. Bob laughs for a minute. Then
becomes serious.

BOB (CONT'D)

Why? Do you have some?

A smile grows on Brandon's face.

EXT. SANTA BARBARA HARBOR BOAT SLIP - MORNING

SUPER: "SANTA BARBARA HARBOR"

Bob, Brandon, Brody, and Quint are nearing their RESEARCH
VESSEL. Bob's mood has changed significantly. He has a bounce
in his step and the two brothers are laughing and carrying
on. Bob is sporting dark aviators to take the edge off of the
late night. Instead of sporting his usual conservative
attire, he has on long cutoff khaki's, flip flops, and an old
Primus T-shirt. Brody lets out a loud BARK!

EXT. BOAT DECK - SAME

Vicky and Nathan are loading the boat when Nathan spots the
motley crew approaching. He giggles.

NATHAN

Oh shit! Look at this!

Vicky looks up. Smiles as the crew arrives at the gang plank.

VICKY
What the?

BOB
Hello children! Arrrrrggggghhhh
matey's, may we come aboard ye fine
schooner!

Vicky is elated to see Bob in this new mood. The crew steps aboard.

VICKY
Oh my God. You guys raged last
night, didn't you?

Bob grins.

VICKY (CONT'D)
Somebody was drunk last night.

Brandon raises his finger.

BRANDON
Correction! Is still drunk.

Bob walks past Vicky to the boat's cabin.

VICKY
Kozi, you smell like weed?

Bob doesn't answer, he enters the cabin. Nathan excitedly follows.

NATHAN
Dude, wait up!

Vicky looks back to Brandon. Impressed. Smiles.

VICKY
What'd you do? Please share. Looks
like ol' grumpy butt has finally
lightened up again.

Brandon lowers his Wayfarers, winks... Smiles. Climbs aboard.

EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN - DAY

The boat moves along steadily over a glassy sea. Nathan is navigating from the flybridge with Vicky next him reading oceanic charts. Brandon is catching rays on the bow. Bob is passed out in the cabin.

INT. BOAT CABIN - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

Bob is fast asleep. Mouth open and snoring, the late night took a toll. His cell phone rings. Brody licks him in the mouth. After several rings, he stirs awake and answers it.

BOB
Yeah, hello.

EXT. BOAT DECK - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

With messy hair, five o'clock shadow, and red eyes, Bob climbs out from below. He gestures to Nathan to stop the boat.

BOB
Cut the engines.

Nathan releases the throttle and the boat comes to a slow halt. Bob waves down Vicky and Nathan to follow him to the bow.

EXT. BOW OF BOAT - CONTINUOUS

Bob, Vicky, and Nathan make their way up front to a focused Brandon.

BOB
All right, I just hung up with
Jerry...

Bob stands with hands on hips. The group waits with anticipation.

VICKY
And?

BOB
And, there's been another one.

NATHAN
Shit!

VICKY
Where?

BOB
Off of Anacapa. An Abalone poacher.

NATHAN
Tsk!

VICKY

Then we have a pattern, the animal is heading out to sea.

NATHAN

Like a lot of whites do. They head to the deep waters off of Hawaii this time of year. Hazard canyon is coastal, Anacapa is seventeen miles off shore, and Catalina is twenty six miles off shore. He's outta here! (Grins)

BOB

Well for anymore victims sake and the sharks sake, I hope so...
Brandon?

Brandon pauses, gazes over the ocean through his dark Wayfarers.

BRANDON

It's a possibility.

NATHAN

What do you mean a possibility!
It's obviously heading South and into deeper water. It's a typical migration pattern.

VICKY

They've been tagged and tracked following this route for years.

BRANDON

No man eater has ever been tagged and tracked... This isn't your typical shark.

NATHAN

We don't even know one hundred percent if it's the same shark.

BRANDON

It is.

NATHAN

How do you know? (Angry)

BOB

No, he's right. If it's found an abundant food chain. Why would it leave?

NATHAN

Bullshit! I bet it's way out in
deep water. It's nowhere near land.

After a pause, Brandon smiles at Nathan.

BRANDON

Would you bet your life on it?

EXT. BOAT DOCK IN HARBOR - DAY

SUPER: "VENTURA HARBOR"

An unattended MALE TODDLER waddles along the dock that his father's yacht is roped to. The wealthy FATHER and FRIENDS load party goods in the distance.

EXT. YACHT DECK - CONTINUOUS

With drinks in hand and not a care in the world, the toddler's MOTHER and a group of FRIENDS are seated at a large outdoor table on the deck.

EXT. DOCK - CONTINUOUS

A HUGE DORSAL FIN passes within feet of the toddler in the harbor water. The toddler takes notice, points at the shark, and walks towards the edge of the dock.

TODDLER

Fishy!.. (Laughing).. Fishy!

The child clumsily scurries closer to the edge of the dock.

EXT. YACHT DECK - CONTINUOUS

The careless mother notices that her child is missing. She scans the boat deck and becomes annoyed.

MOTHER

Blake? Blaaaaaake!

The father stops at the gangplank with a case of wine in hand.

FATHER

What?

MOTHER

Where's Ezra? Is he with you?

The father looks around and spots his kid near the end of the dock.

FATHER
Yeah... He's right here.

EXT. YACHT DECK - CONTINUOUS

MOTHER
I swear! Kids are such a handful.

The rich ladies shallowly laugh and agree.

EXT. DOCK - CONTINUOUS

The father scoops up his son and playfully tosses him into the air.

FATHER
Where do you think you were going
buddy?

The child point to the water behind his dad.

TODDLER
Fishy! Fishy!

FATHER
Those fishy's could gobble you up!
(Laughs)

WE SEE an underwater view moving towards the father and son. The father teasingly dangles the child over the water.

EXT. BOAT FLYBRIDGE - MOVING - DAY

The research vessel is combing the coastline near Hazard Canyon. Nathan is driving while Bob and Vicky scan the horizon with binoculars. Bob spots a floating whale carcass and points it out to Nathan.

EXT. BOAT DECK - CONTINUOUS

The boat comes to a stop next to the WHALE CARCASS. The smell is hideous. Vicky runs to the edge of the boat and vomits over the side. Still on the flybridge, Nathan observes and smiles. She looks back up at him and sticks her tongue out, then laughs.

BOB

Whew! That's a ripe one.

The whale has several LARGE BITE MARKS.

BOB (CONT'D)

It's a female. She's been dead for a while.

NATHAN

Cool, so it hasn't been back.

BRANDON

You don't know that.

NATHAN

Wouldn't it have come back to feed on her after the kill?

Brandon gazes across the vast ocean surface.

BRANDON

Not a rogue.

INT. SHERIFF'S STATION OFFICE - DAY

Seated behind a large tanker desk, Jerry is on his office phone.

JERRY

Yes sir, I understand.

He takes notes as he listens.

JERRY (CONT'D)

Okay...(Beat)... Will do... You bet... You as well sir.

He hangs up. Sits back in his chair, crosses his arms, and lets out a loud sigh.

EXT. BOAT - NIGHT

Now dark, the research vessel is anchored just off of Anacapa Island. The boat gently sways on the near glassy water.

INT. BOAT CABIN - SAME - NIGHT

Bob, Vicky, and Nathan sit around the boat's dinning table. They've just finished a robust dinner.

Empty plates and full wine glasses rest on the table. Nathan stands and stretches before walking over to the front window of the cabin.

VICKY

So, Kozi, how does it feel to be on the water again? You look good. You got some color today.

With gratitude, Bob looks Vicky in the eyes. Smiles.

BOB

It feels good kid.

Bob winks, Vicky laughs, then becomes serious.

VICKY

Bob... Can I ask you what happened? I mean I know there was an accident. But what happened?

Bob leans back, pauses, then looks off.

BOB

It was just that...(Looks back at Vicky)... It was an accident. It was my freshman year of college. Brandon was a senior in high school. He came home stoned one night. Had the munchies. Made something to eat... And forgot to turn the stove off.

Vicky looks down in sadness.

BOB (CONT'D)

Brandon was down stairs... So he was able to make it out... Dad was upstairs asleep.

VICKY

I'm sorry.

BOB

I've held onto it for all these years, and just realized... It was me all along. I was full of anger. My dad was taken away from me. I had to pin it on something. But Brandon would've never done anything purposely to hurt him. He loved him as much as I did. It was an accident... An accident.

Nathan watches Brandon through the cabin window. Brandon is sitting at the front of the deck. He's seated in the lotus position, meditating.

NATHAN

Is he like some kind of guru or something?

Bob looks out the window from the table. Smiles.

BOB

You could say... He has a gift. He's always had this uncanny connection with nature. When we were kids, when he wasn't in school or surfing, he would study everything he could get his hands on about the ocean. His whole life has been about the sea.

NATHAN

Then why did he hunt sharks?

Bob ponders.

BOB

Guilt... Ocean water flows through his veins as much as his own blood. Being that the ocean is such a big part of him... I think it was a form of suicide. At least of his soul.

EXT. BOAT DECK - SAME - NIGHT

Brandon's eyes are closed as he sits in peaceful meditation. Suddenly his eyes pop open.

EXT. VENTURA PIER - SUNRISE

The sun is cracking to the East of the Ventura Pier. A drunk HOMELESS MAN (50'S) is stumbling along holding the handrail to keep from falling down. He stops and leans up against the rail and takes a big swig of cheap wine.

HOMELESS MAN

(Sings) Yo ho ho ho, the pirate's life for me!

He laughs and takes another mouthful. Swaying back and fourth, he peeps over the side of the pier. The cold water lies some twenty five feet below. He takes another sip.

HOMELESS MAN (CONT'D)
 (Sings) Yo ho ho ho...

He spots a HUGE SHARK swimming along the pier's pylons. He shakes his head in disbelief, not sure if it's real or the booze.

HOMELESS MAN (CONT'D)
 What the? Holy shit! Where's my
 fishing pole?

In his drunken stupor, he becomes angry and throws his half full wine bottle at the shark, hitting it on the dorsal fin.

HOMELESS MAN (CONT'D)
 Get the hell outta here! Local's
 only!

He laughs hysterically as he slides down into a seated position. Then realizes he just threw the last of his alcohol away. He stares at the hand that threw it.

HOMELESS MAN (CONT'D)
 Shit!

He pulls himself back up and looks over the rail.

HOMELESS MAN (CONT'D)
 (Slurring) Wait! Give that back.
 Uhhhh, I still needed that....
 Shit... He's probably not going to
 give it back... Oh well... Enjoy!

The man staggers along.

EXT. BELOW OCEAN SURFACE - CONTINUOUS

WE SEE the homeless man from below the ocean surface. We speed up and slam into a pylon. BAM!

EXT. ON PIER - CONTINUOUS

The pier is jarred. The homeless man is knocked to the ground. An OLD CHOLO (60'S) fishing down the pier catches the commotion.

OLD CHOLO
 What the fuck? Benji earthquake?

Just as the homeless man stands to look over the edge... BAM!
 The pier takes another blow.

The homeless man is knocked through the railing. Suddenly sober, he grasps the bottom rail for dear life.

The old cholo runs to try and save the man, but just as he reaches over the top rail, the man's hand's give way and he falls to the ocean below... Splash! He submerges below the surface for a moment. The cholo looks on in disbelief... The man resurfaces in panic mode.

HOMELESS MAN

Help! Please help me!

OLD CHOLO

Hell nah, I ain't jumping in there.
Swim vato! Swim! Climb up the pole!

The homeless man looks around, makes a dash for the pylon. A dorsal fin penetrates the water not far behind him, heading his way!

OLD CHOLO (CONT'D)

Go! Go! Go! Andale! Andale! Oh
shit!

He reaches the pylon and struggles to climb it. The cholo throws his fishing pole at the HUGE SHARK below.

OLD CHOLO (CONT'D)

Leave him alone puto!

The man slips back into the water for the last time. The shark devours the poor victim. The cholo watches in shock. Then backs away from the edge.

OLD CHOLO (CONT'D)

Damn... Poor bavoso... Fuck those
warrants, I gotta tell the cops.

EXT. VENTURA PIER - LATER

The old cholo is talking to TWO POLICE OFFICERS and TWO COAST GUARD OFFICERS. He's using very animated gestures as he explained what he witnessed earlier.

EXT. BOAT - DAY

The boat speeds along the open water with CATALINA ISLAND now in sight. Bob exits the cabin and yells up to Nathan.

BOB

Nathan! Turn it around.

Nathan can hardly hear Bob over the engine's roar. He lets off the throttle, and looks back down at Bob. The boat slows. Bob is clearly frustrated. Brandon makes his way to the back of the boat.

BRANDON

What's up?

Bob shakes his head in disappointment.

VICKY

Another attack!?

Bob's face says yes.

NATHAN

Where?

BRANDON

Ventura?

Bob agrees. Brandon shoots Nathan a glare.

NATHAN

Dude, how the hell did you figure that out?

BRANDON

He's not leaving a hearty food source.

NATHAN

But humans aren't part of their diet.

Brandon heads back to the bow.

BRANDON

They are for this one.

VICKY

So what now?

BOB

We need to get back to Ventura.

Nathan steps on the gas, the boat does a sharp u turn leaving a wake. Brody and Quint are both napping in the sun.

EXT. HARBOR - DAY

TWO LARGE COMMERCIAL FISHING BOATS are leaving a harbor mouth. The CREWS on deck show eager anticipation.

EXT. SAILBOAT ON THE OCEAN - DAY

An elderly man (70's) is napping on the deck of his vintage twenty five foot Coronado sail boat. He has a fishing line in the water. It suddenly goes taught! He stirs awake and takes notice.

ELDERLY MAN

Come on...(The line goes slack)...
Come on, take it. Dinner time...

The line goes taught... Slack... Taught, then the whole fishing pole is ripped from the stand, and shoots off to sea! The man, stands and looks overboard... Nothing.... Walks to the other side of the boat, looks overboard, and sees a HUGE SHARK swim right next to the boat! His eyes bulge! The shark is as long as the boat.

INT. SAMANTHA'S HOUSE - DAY

Samantha is lounging on her large sofa. She's holding a FRAMED PICTURE of her and Bob. She studies the picture before lying it on her chest.

INT. BOAT CABIN - DAY

WE SEE a small Polaroid picture of Samantha taped to the research vessel's wall.

EXT. FLYBRIDGE OF BOAT - DAY

Bob and Nathan guide the vessel on open ocean. Bob spots the elderly man on his sailboat. The man waves them down. Bob points to the sailboat. Nathan steers towards it.

EXT. ELDERLY MAN'S SAILBOAT - CONTINUOUS

The elderly man welcomes Bob the crew with enthusiasm and a spry smile.

ELDERLY MAN

Ahoy folks! You just missed it!

FLYBRIDGE

BOB

Missed what?

SAILBOAT

ELDERLY MAN
The biggest damn shark I have ever
seen!

FLYBRIDGE

Bob, Nathan, Vicky, and Brandon exchange glances.

BOB
How long ago?

SAILBOAT

ELDERLY MAN
Maybe five minutes? It was truly
incredible!

FLYBRIDGE

NATHAN
Which way was it headed?

SAILBOAT

ELDERLY MAN
South West. (Points out to sea)

FLYBRIDGE

Bob checks the fish finder radar.

BOB
Thank you.

Bob commands Nathan to go the same direction.

SAILBOAT

ELDERLY MAN
You're not going after that thing?

FLYBRIDGE

BOB
Yes sir. We are.

SAILBOAT

The elderly man laughs.

ELDERLY MAN
I think you're going to need a
bigger boat.

FLYBRIDGE

Nathan shoots Bob a worrisome look.

INT. BOAT CABIN - DAY

Brandon and Vicky stand over and study the radar and sonar equipment. The radar picks up a large school of fish and other smaller ocean creatures. Spooky STORM CLOUDS appear on the horizon.

EXT. FLYBRIDGE OF BOAT - LATE AFTERNOON

Nathan steers the boat over the open water while Bob scans the horizon with binoculars. A wicked sky with dark clouds and lightening lies off in the distance.

BOB

What do you say? About time to call
it a day?

INT. BOAT CABIN - EVENING

It's dinner time and the group is feasting. The boat sways from the storm. It's pouring rain. A wine glass slides across the table. Nathan raises his eyebrows to a worried Vicky. Brandon and Bob are right at home.

A RADAR SCREEN picks up a LARGE MOVING OBJECT.

The BEEPING SOUND in the background starts out quiet with long intervals. Slowly the beep becomes louder and the intervals get shorter.

BRANDON

If I had to pick only one spot?...
I'd probably say Uluwatu. I'm
regular foot, but prefer lefts. The
crowds have gotten ridiculous over
the years, but I'd still say it's
my ultimate wave. What about you?

NATHAN

No question, Pipe!

BOB

Yeah, you youngsters like those
waves of consequence. I'll take
home over anywhere. Give me four to
six foot Rincon. That's my baby!
Plus, old Brody can tag along.

Brody tilts his head and whimpers. The tracking beep becomes louder. The crew takes notice. Bob and Brandon's eyes lock.

BOB (CONT'D)

Show time!

Everyone scrambles to the radar screen at the helm.

EXT. FLYBRIDGE OF BOAT - NIGHT

Fighting heavy rain and a rough sea, Brandon makes his way to the bow with a high powered dart rifle (Tracking device). Vicky scurries up the flybridge ladder where Bob's attention is on the tracking screen. Nathan mans the large strobe light.

ON THE BOW

BRANDON

How far?(Yells over the storm)

FLYBRIDGE

BOB

Approaching at fifty yards from the North.(Yells back)

VICKY

This is it!

BOB

We need to stay in front of it! As soon as that tag is pinned, start blasting the sonar. We have to get it heading back out to sea.

ON THE BOW

BRANDON

How far?

FLYBRIDGE

BOB

Thirty five... Thirty yards shifting slightly North West.

ON THE BOW

BRANDON
Nathan, get that fucking strobe on!

FLYBRIDGE

Nathan shines the powerful strobe light across the ocean's surface.

BOB
Twenty five and closing. To the
left Nathan, left!

With high steaks, Nathan shifts the beam. Brandon sprawls out like a sharp shooter, barrel hanging over the side.

VICKY
Oh my God!

BOB
Twenty!

A HUGE DORSAL FIN penetrates the surface. It's moving straight for the boat.

VICKY
Where is it?

BOB
Fifteen.

NATHAN
There!

BOB
Ten! Brandon!

Brody and Quint are going nuts barking at the approaching monster!

NATHAN
It's fucking huge!

Brandon has the sights locked onto the fish.

ON THE BOW

BRANDON
I got ya now.

FLYBRIDGE

BOB
Dear God... That is one big fish.

CRACK! The rifle fires! The dart swooshes through the air!
 THWACK! The dart sticks into the beast's enormous back... The
 shark submerges...

BOB (CONT'D)
 Sound the sonar!

Vicky pushes the sonar button. Blip... Then again.
 Blip...(Everyone looks at each other)... Bob stares back at
 the radar screen. Vicky traces the tracking device screen.

VICKY
 We got her! The device is attached!

Over the sound of the rain, the crew erupts in celebration!
 Cheers, hooting, hollering, high fives!

NATHAN
 We did it!

BOB
 Good work everyone.

INT. BOAT CABIN - NIGHT

The group is celebrating their victory. Drinks have been
 flowing, the mood is light. Brandon strums an acoustic
 guitar, while a buzzed Bob sings along. Vicky and Nathan are
 impressed with the duo. As they finish the song, their
 audience applauds.

BOB
 Thank you, thank you very
 much.(Elvis Impersonation). Hey how
 about that STP song, that one about
 the mask you found?

VICKY
 As much as I'd like to hear another
 one,(she stands up) I think I'm
 going to turn in. It was quite a
 thrilling day.

NATHAN
 I think I will too. I'm pluuuuuum
 tuckered!

Bob shrugs to Brandon.

BOB
 This younger generation. (Shakes
 head)

Vicky and Nathan head to the downstairs cabin.

EXT. OCEAN - LATE NIGHT

The last raindrop splashes on the ocean's surface. The moon's glow penetrates the breaking clouds.

INT. BOAT CABIN - LATE NIGHT

The crew members are fast asleep. There's an eerie calm. On the couch with Brandon, Quint pops his head up and looks around. There's a quiet beep... It slowly gets louder and faster.

Silence.... BAM! The boat is slammed! Startled, Nathan and Bob are jolted awake.

BOB
What the hell was that?

Brandon hops to his feet.

BRANDON
What the hell do you think it was!

BAM! Like a bomb went off, the boat is rammed again! Nathan and Vicky scurry their way up from the bottom cabin.

BRANDON (CONT'D)
We gotta take that bitch out!

Brandon runs out onto the deck with the crew behind him.

Brandon undrapes a big harpoon gun on the bow.

NATHAN
Nooooo! We can't kill it!

Nathan runs to stop Brandon.

VICKY
Nathan! Stop!

Just before he reaches Brandon, BAM! The biggest of the collisions yet! It knocks Quint overboard. Without hesitation, Brandon jumps into the water to rescue his dog.

BOB
Vicky! Sonar! Sonar! Sonar!

Vicky flies up to the flybridge and pumps the button rapidly. Nathan is paralyzed in fear.

BOB (CONT'D)
I got you brandon!

Bob frantically struggles to detach the life preserver. It pops off, he turns to throw it to his brother... He's gone... Bob looks back up to Vicky. Her eyes are welled up with tears as her lips quiver. Nathan's mouth is open in shock.

BOB (CONT'D)
Brandon!... Brandon!... Quint!

VICKY
Brandon!

Quint barks! In the water from behind the boat. Vicky flashes a spotlight to the rear. Bob sprints to the back of the vessel, tosses the life preserver to Brandon. Brandon holds on with Quint in front of him. Bob pulls the rope with everything he's got!

VICKY (CONT'D)
Come on! Hurry!

She slides down the ladder to assist in the rescue.

WE SEE an underwater view of Brandon and his dog being pulled closer to the boat.

Selflessly, Brandon hands Quint up first. Bob takes Quint, hands him off to Nathan, then reaches back for Brandon. Just as they grasp hands, Brandon slips and falls back into the water!

BOB
Brandon!

Brandon struggles to get back out... He reaches for Bobs hand... They clasp hands... Bob pulls his brother up... The shark's head blasts from the water! Teeth snapping, just misses Brandon's feet! Brandon is finally pulled on board. The two men drop to the deck huffing and puffing.

BOB (CONT'D)
God damn little brother. I thought
I was going to lose you.

Brandon pats Bob on the back.

BRANDON
Not again big bro... Never again.

Both smile, glad the close encounter is over with.

INT. BOAT CABIN - NIGHT

The crew is gathered around the tracking screen.

VICKY

Looks like it's finally on track to deeper waters. The sonar worked.

NATHAN

Hats off to science!

Nathan smiles, looks back and fourth to Bob and Brandon. Bob laughs, Brandon shakes his head and smirks.

VICKY

I just hope we didn't traumatize every marine animal within fifty kilometers.

Not saying a word, Bob and Brandon's eyes focus on the beeping dot. Bob glances at Brandon.

EXT. HUNTINGTON BEACH, CALIFORNIA - DAY

SUPER: "HUNTINGTON BEACH, CA"

The Beach is packed with people. The sand, the water, the pier, all maximum occupancy. The sun's shining and it's a hot one. Two attractive college aged GIRLS are catching some rays.

GIRL 1

Isn't that crazy? Those shark attacks up North?

GIRL 2

Oh my God, that's like so scary! I'm so glad that never happens down here. If Tanner was ever eaten... I would be like so depressed.

Girl 1 rolls over and sits up to check on her surfer boyfriend that's in the water.

EXT. IN THE OCEAN - SAME

Two college age MALES are sitting next to each other in the water, waiting for a set to roll through.

TANNER

Dude, that shark shit is crazy!

SURFER 2

Dude, fuck cold water! I'll never surf North of LA.

WE SEE an underwater view of the two surfer's floating on their boards.

TANNER

Brah, that could happen down here just as easy. Remember that dude that got munched in San Diego a few years ago?

SURFER 2

Dude, it'll NEVER happen here. Guarantee it.

A wave approaches, both surfer's turn and paddle for it. WE SEE an underwater view of them catching the wave. WE SPEED UP after them.

INTENSE MUSIC!

EXT. REAR OF THE BOAT - DAY

There's BLOOD and WATER SPLASHING!

END INTENSE MUSIC.

Brandon is tossing BUCKETS OF CHUM over the rear of the boat. He's standing on the water level swim platform in the rear of the boat. Vicky watches with a dismay look. Brandon turns to her.

BRANDON

Want to help?

VICKY

Ick!

Brandon jokingly holds a handful out to her.

BRANDON

Oh, come on now, not a sashmi fan, huh?.

She cringes in disgust. Bob looks down from the helm.

BOB

Damn it Brandon! If you're going to stand on the swim platform at least tie yourself off.

There's a tense pause with Bob's view watching the water behind Brandon... Brandon grins.

WE SEE Brandon from below the ocean surface.

BRANDON

You worry too much big bro.

CU of Brandon's smiling face. (Tense beat)

BOB

Yeah, well, all the same. Get your ass back on the deck.

EXT. CHANNEL ISLANDS HARBOR - DAY

A fishing vessel is pulling into Channel Islands Harbor. The crew is on deck and bursting with excitement.

EXT. CHANNEL ISLANDS HARBOR - DOCK - DAY

The fishing boat has docked. On the deck of the boat lies a DEAD SIXTEEN FOOT GREAT WHITE SHARK. Blood drains from it's mouth.

EXT. CHANNEL ISLANDS HARBOR - DOCK - LATER

The shark is now hoisted up, hanging from a crane on the dock. Several bystanders look on. Camera's flash. Stuart the police officer watches from a distance. He dials his cell phone.

EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN - DAY

WE SEE a shark heading straight for us. As it passes, we see the tracking device attached near the dorsal fin.

INT. BOAT CABIN - DAY

Bob enters the boat cabin while Vicky and Nathan are locked onto the tracking screen.

BOB

Where is our fish?

VICKY

Roughly around a hundred yards in front of us. Moving steady at five to seven knots.

She turns around and smiles.

NATHAN
Told you guys! (Smiles)

Bob's face shows disappointment.

VICKY
What?

BOB
(Sighs)... I just spoke with Jerry.
His cop buddy in Oxnard informed
him that a sixteen foot male was
killed seven miles off of Port
Hueneme.

NATHAN
So it's open season now,
huh?(Sarcastic)

Bob continues eye contact.

VICKY
What?

BOB
There were also two killed in San
Diego this morning. A six foot
juvenile near La Jolla, and a ten
foot male near Ocean Beach.

Nathan throws his hands up in anger.

VICKY
A juvenile! Weren't they even aware
that it was an adult?

NATHAN
Told you! They don't give a shit!
Now the whole coast is fair game.

VICKY
Did you tell Jerry we're tracking
her?

BOB
Yeah... I told him not to give our
location out. Or... You can
imagine.

VICKY

We've got to get this shark out as far as we can. The research can wait.

Bob nods in agreement.

EXT. BOAT - AFTERNOON

The research vessel briskly moves across the open ocean's surface.

EXT. FLYBRIDGE OF BOAT - CONTINUOUS

Nathan is the loan navigator of the watercraft. Vicky scales up the ladder to him, surprising her beau.

VICKY

Guess what?

She kisses him.

VICKY (CONT'D)

Kozi and Brandon are snoozing.

NATHAN

Oh yeah?(Grin appears)

The breeze blows through Vicky's long black mane. She kisses him again. He fully embraces her and sits her on the dash. The young lover's eagerly take advantage of their brief alone time.

INT. BOAT CABIN - NIGHT

The crew surrounds the dinning table for another feast. The table is filled with good eats and wine bottles. Vicky, not drinking wine again, takes a sip of bottled water. Her and Nathan can't take their adoring eye's off of one another. Bob notices.

BOB

Jeez, enough already. What is it?... Three whole months? Can't it wait?

The two lovers gaze at each other smiling.

NATHAN

Yep! Three more months and this lovely young lady is officially off the market permanently.

Brandon rolls his eyes. Bob excuses himself from the table.

BOB

Ah, to be young and in love.

VICKY

Hurry back Kozi, our conversation isn't finished.

Bob steps out.

BRANDON (O.S.)

So you stopped drinking and you're getting married? Why not end the suffering now and just let us feed you to the shark?

Laughter erupts.

EXT. BOAT DECK - NIGHT

The moon glistens over the sea. Stars look within reach. Bob is mesmerized with the infinite beauty. He's alive again and it feels good. He dials his cell phone... A smile softens his face.

BOB

Hey you.

INT. BOAT CABIN - LATER

Bob enters the cabin unable to hide his enthusiasm. The crew takes notice.

VICKY

What's this? What were you doing out there Kozi? (Winks)

BRANDON

You have a look of relief. What'd you do? Rip a giant fart?

Bob pauses and grins.

BOB
Although I love how eloquent you
put it... But no... I did not rip a
giant fart.

The crew waits with anticipation.

VICKY
Well?

Bob's face lights up.

BOB
I gave Samantha a call.

Vicky playfully screams and shakes Nathan.

VICKY
Oh Kozi, that makes me happy.

NATHAN
Right on dude. About time.

BRANDON
Nice lady.

Nathan nods approvingly.

VICKY
Yeah she is! And, she's the love of
his life.

Bob hesitates.

BOB
Now, hold on. It was only a phone
call. But I... I uh...

VICKY
You what?

BOB
I told her I think that we should
uh... Get back together and work
things out.

Happiness fills the room.

BRANDON
Good for you big bro... I don't
know what in the hell you were
thinking in the first place.
(MORE)

BRANDON (CONT'D)

You can't let a chick like that get away. She's WAY hotter than you are.

Laughter breaks out. Bob agrees.

EXT. UNDERWATER PACIFIC OCEAN - NIGHT

WE SEE the huge great white scouring just below the sea's surface. Rays of moonlight project through the water.

WE SEE the tracking device attached in front of the shark's dorsal fin.... It becomes loose... It detaches and sinks to the ocean floor.

INT. BOAT CABIN - NIGHT

It's the wee hours of the night and the crew is in fast asleep. Bob and Brandon are retired on their usual cabin couches, while Nathan and Vicky sleep in the lower cabin bed. The young couple are wrapped in one another's arms. Nathan's hand lies on her stomach.

INT. BOAT CABIN HELM - SAME

The tracking screen's target has stopped moving.

However, the fish finder radar show a large blip coming towards the research vessel.

INT. SAMANTHA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Samantha is nuzzled in her bed. Her night stand lamp is on. She reaches for a picture on the stand. The framed picture is BOB, SAMANTHA, and BRODY.

Worried, she lowers the picture onto her chest, then closes her eyes.

EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN - MORNING

The golden hue of a new day is mirroring itself over the Pacific. The research vessel floats effortlessly on the vast liquid mirror. Not a ripple in sight.... Until! A large dorsal fin pops from the marble-like water canvas.

INT. THE LOWER BOAT CABIN - MORNING

Nathan is the first to stir awake. He slowly opens his eyes, looks around, strokes Vicky's hair, then sits up.

VICKY
Mmmmmmmmm. What time is it?

NATHAN
It's early babe. Go back to bed.

He stands.

VICKY
Where are you going?

NATHAN
Pee.

Eyes still closed, Vicky sits up. Half asleep, she climbs out of bed.

VICKY
I'm first. She kisses him as she passes on her way to the bathroom.

NATHAN
Really?... (Laughs) Fine, I'll go outside.

INT. BOAT CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Nathan quietly makes his way through the cabin trying not to wake Bob or Brandon. He accidentally kicks Quint. Quint whimpers.

NATHAN
(Whispering) Shit! Sorry Quint.

Nathan reaches down to pet him. Quint lowers his head as if nothing happened.

EXT. BOAT DECK - CONTINUOUS

Nathan steps onto the deck and greets the morning with a stretch and yawn. The beautiful calm over the ocean's surface raises a smile on his face. He makes his way to the back of the boat. Quint decides to join him and follows along.

INT. THE LOWER BOAT CABIN

Vicky climbs back into bed. She pulls Nathan's pillow tight. Eyes closed smiles and inhales.

EXT. BOAT - REAR SWIM PLATFORM - CONTINUOUS

Nathan lifts Quint over the rear of the boat onto the swim platform.

WE SEE an underwater view of the Nathan and Quint.

Quint lifts a leg and does his business. Nathan giggles.

NATHAN

Lucky we're guys huh, dude?

Quint finishes, Nathan lifts him back over onto the deck. It's Nathan's turn. He steps over the rear of the boat, looks to sea, and pees.

NATHAN (CONT'D)

Ahhhhhhhhhhh....

INT. BOAT CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Bob and Brandon are now awake. Bob checks the shark data.

BRANDON

Quint? (Whistles) Here boy!

Vicky comes up the stairs.

VICKY

Good morning. Coffee?

BRANDON

Morning Vicky. Yes please.

VICKY

Bob? Coffee?

Bob doesn't answer. He taps the tracking screen.

VICKY (CONT'D)

Bob?

BOB

Uh... Yeah...

Vicky starts to make the Java. Brandon moseys over to the screen.

BOB (CONT'D)
The tracker isn't moving?

BRANDON
What are you talking about?

Bob points it out on the screen.

BOB
Here. The tracker... It's not moving.

Brandon becomes alert.

BRANDON
What depth is it at? Where's the depth meter on this one?

EXT. BOAT - REAR SWIM PLATFORM - CONTINUOUS

Nathan is finished peeing. Dribble, dribble, shake, zip. He turns to see where Quint went.

INT. BOAT CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Quint strolls into the cabin. Tail wagging.

BOB
See here. Son of a bitch! It must of detached late last night.

Brandon pets Quint.

BRANDON
Good morning buddy...(To Quint)... Those aren't cheap either.

BOB
Yeah! Thank you! I know... What the hell are we going to do now?

BRANDON
Wonder where it's at?

EXT. BOAT - REAR SWIM PLATFORM - CONTINUOUS

Nathan swooshes his foot through the water to check the temperature.

WE SEE an underwater view of Nathan.

INT. BOAT CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Vicky grabs three coffee mugs from the cupboard. She pours two for Bob and Brandon. Hands it to them.

VICKY
BABE?... Oh, it's a given. (To self)

Brandon notices there's only three cups.

BRANDON
No alcohol AND no caffeine? What? Are you joining the covenant?

Vicky smiles and says nothing as she steps out. A distracted Bob hears the statement.

BOB
By night, the hardest drinking young lady that I've ever known... And never without a Starbucks cup in her hand by day.... Now neither? You'd think that she's...

Bob has a eureka moment and looks up.

EXT. BOAT DECK - CONTINUOUS

Vicky steps outside.

VICKY
BABE?

No nathan at the bow. She walks to the rear.

VICKY (CONT'D)
BABE?

Confused now, she continues to the swim platform.

VICKY (CONT'D)
BABE?

She checks the water... Nothing.

INT. BOAT CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Vicky enters the boat cabin.

VICKY

Did Nathan come back in here?
NATHAN?

BRANDON

No, he went out on deck a little
while ago.

EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN - CONTINUOUS

Nathan breaches the ocean surface. He's some twenty feet from the boat. He playfully squirts water from his mouth, as he treads the water.

WE SEE Nathan treading water from below.

INT. BOAT CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Bob is off in deep thought contemplating the shark's whereabouts. Brandon sips his coffee.

VICKY

Maybe he went for his morning swim?

Suddenly Bob's eyes open wide!

BOB

Get him out of the water!

Bob blasts off from his chair in desperation! Brandon follows. Confusion, then worry wash over Vicky's face. She sprints for the door!

EXT. BOAT DECK - CONTINUOUS

Bob, Brandon, and Vicky burst out of the cabin door! Bob looks over the starboard side, Brandon runs to the bow, Vicky to the rear. Vicky accidentally kicks the large anchor chain.

She winces in pain, but continues.

EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN - CONTINUOUS

Nathan is nonchalantly backstroking when he here's the crew yelling out to him. He turns to the boat. Vicky appears.

NATHAN

Hey babe! Come on in! The water's
nice.

Fifty feet behind Nathan a dorsal fin breaks the surface.
It's heading straight for him!

EXT. BOAT DECK - CONTINUOUS

Vicky sees the fin pop up. Panic sets in!

VICKY
NATHAN!!!

She points behind him! He looks and sees the fin. Bob and
Brandon nearly fall overboard as they screech to a halt at
the boat's rear!

BOB
SWIM!!!

BRANDON
NATHAN! COME ON!

Vicky screams and cries. Bob hops on the swim platform.

BOB
Get the spear!

Brandon sprints to the weapon hanging from the cabin's wall.

EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN - CONTINUOUS

Nathan swims with everything he's got. The dorsal fin is
closing in!

EXT. BOAT DECK - CONTINUOUS

It's complete chaos on the deck! Brandon makes it to the swim
platform with the eight foot spear. The crew yells Nathan on
to make it.

BOB
COME ON NATHAN!

Vicky is hysterical!

VICKY
Please God! NOOOOO!

EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN - CONTINUOUS

Nathan is closing in on the boat. The shark is right behind him! He's made it to the swim platform! Bob reaches for his hand, while Brandon readies the spear.

EXT. BOAT - REAR SWIM PLATFORM - CONTINUOUS

There hands clasp! Almost super human, Bob pulls Brandon from the water with one tug! The shark's head erupts from the water! Mouth agape!

Brandon sticks the spear into the top of the beast's huge head! Not fazed, the monster chomps at it's human prey.

Brandon stabs it again... Nothing! The sharks bites mere inches from Nathan's legs! THUNK! The spear stabs the shark again. This time, the animal submerges... They scramble to get over the boat's rear, back on deck. Vicky and Nathan give the embrace of a lifetime. Bob looks like a ghost with mouth open and in shock. Brandon deeply exhales.

VICKY

(Crying) I love you. I love you so much.

NATHAN

It's okay baby. I'm fine.(Gasping for air)

Bob and Brandon share a moment of silent victory. Bob nods.

BOB

Get him a blanket. Wrap him up.

Vicky and Nathan make their way to the cabin.

BOB (CONT'D)

Jesus Christ.

Brandon brushes his hair from his face. Vicky lets go of Nathan for a second to check her toe. She places her foot on the boats edge. There's a moment of calm...

BAM! The boat is slammed! Vicky is knocked overboard! There's a millisecond of eye contact with the crew. Nathan jumps in to rescue her! Bob and Brandon race to the side. Brandon pulls the life preserver and tosses it overboard!

BOB (CONT'D)

VICKY!!!

BRANDON

Bobby, the generator... We're running low on fuel. We need to think about heading back to port.

A CB radio fades in and out.

BRANDON (CONT'D)

Bobby?

In an emotionless daze, Bob lifts his head.

BRANDON (CONT'D)

Look man, I know what she meant to you. But Bobby, we have to think about saving our own asses now... Nathan, bro... The kid's a wreck. We've got to get him out of here.

The light's dim again. There's a lightning flash, then thunder, closer this time. Bob stares blankly.

EXT. BOAT - NIGHT

The storm has hit. It's brutal! The research vessel is bobbing up and down over the large storm surge. Lightning, wind, and pouring rain are wreaking havoc. Large waves are breaking over the bow. The open array antenna snaps like a twig. Sparks fly. The lights flicker several times. The lights go out completely.

EXT. BOAT - MORNING

A lone seagull chirps. The storm has subsided. The sky is clear and the ocean surface calm. The boat floats lifelessly. Debris strewn about the deck. The open-array antenna hangs by wires... Brandon examines the damage. Hands on hips.. Deep sigh.. Frustrated.

INT. BOAT CABIN - DAY

Bob sits alone at the dinning table. Stares into his coffee. Brandon takes a seat at the table.

BRANDON

Well, we're fucked now. The generator is done. We're out of fuel, and we have no communication.

Without looking up Bob stares blankly.

BRANDON (CONT'D)
No way to charge my phone. It's
been out of juice since yesterday.

Bob slowly raises his phone to check it. Nothing.

BRANDON (CONT'D)
Has the kid been up?

Bob shakes his head no.

BRANDON (CONT'D)
I wonder if his phone has anything
left?

Bob stares ahead.

BRANDON (CONT'D)
Look Bobby, we need to act now. We
don't have much food left, the
desalinator is useless without the
generator. We're way the fuck out
to sea. We're past the EEZ. If we
don't figure something out soon,
we're all going to end up shark
shit.

Bob's glares at Brandon. Brandon hold his hands up.

BRANDON (CONT'D)
I'm sorry. I didn't mean it like
that. But come on, what are we
going to do?

Nathan pops up from below. Straight faced.

NATHAN
We're going to kill the mother
fucker. That's what we're going to
do.

Brandon looks to Bob for approval. Bob nods.

EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN - DAY

The research vessel floats lifelessly. The shark's fin
circles the boat.

INT. SANTA BARBARA SHERIFF'S STATION - DAY

A worried Jerry sits behind his desk. He dials his phone. It
goes straight to voice mail.

BOB (O.S.)

Hello, you've reached Professor Bob Koziak, please leave your name, number, and the time you've called, and I will get back with you shortly.

Jerry hangs up... He dials again.

JERRY

Hey Kyle, Jerry here...(Beat)...
 Not too bad, other than this damn shark situation...(Beat)...
 Yeah...(Beat)... Hey, how far are your patrols out right now? The territorial twelve?...(Beat)...
 Yeah...(Beat)... I have a friend out there, the Professor guy you met... (Beat)... That's him...
 Thing is, they were out there in that damn storm, and I haven't been able to reach him....(Beat)...
 Yeah...(Beat)...Out of Santa Barbara Harbor... (Beat)...
 Yeah...(Beat)... I appreciate that Kyle...(Beat)... Yes sir, the next one's on me....(Beat)... You bet...
 Thank you...

He hangs up, puts his hands over his face. Exhales and watches the phone.

INT. SAMANTHA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Samantha sits on a leather sofa in her tiny but cozy apartment. She stares at her PHONE and anxiously waits for it to ring.

She squeezes a couch pillow and blows her hair out of her face.

INT. BOAT CABIN - NIGHT

The crew sit at the dining table. A half empty bottle of scotch sets in the center. Candles and flashlights light the room. Nathan's change is visibly obvious. Eyes half open with a thousand yard stare. Supplies fill the boat's floor.

TWO GALLONS OF WATER, TEN CANS OF FOOD, THREE BOTTLE OF SCOTCH, A CASE OF WINE, A SPEAR, A FLARE GUN, FIVE FLASH LIGHTS, CANDLES, FIVE FISHING POLES, AND A FISH CLUB.

Brandon buries his face in his hands. Sighs.

BRANDON

So this is it? This is our arsenal?
What the fuck are we supposed to do
with this? I've killed many a
shark, but not with this bullshit.
We have one harpoon on deck. If we
miss...

No one says a word.

BRANDON (CONT'D)

Come on! What the fuck are we going
to do?

Bob eyes slowly look up.

INT. BOAT'S MOTOR ROOM - NIGHT

Bob and Brandon head below deck into the motor room. There is
a wooden box in a corner, he cautiously dusts it off.

INT. BOAT CABIN - SAME

Nathan sits alone at the table. He reaches for his glass.
Puts it down and reaches for the bottle of scotch. Takes a
big gulp. Slams the bottle down. Closes his eyes.

INT. BOAT'S MOTOR ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bob's now holding the box.

BRANDON

What the fuck is that? You going to
throw a box at it?

BOB

I think it's best if we open this
on deck.

EXT. BOAT DECK - NIGHT

Bob leads Brandon to the bow, where he squats and gently sets
the box down. He pauses before opening it. Doubt sets in.

BRANDON

What is it Bobby? What's in the
box?

Bob opens the box, reaches in and pulls out three sticks of dynamite. Brandon smiles.

BRANDON (CONT'D)
Well looky here! If I'm not mistaken, that appears to be three sticks of TNT... DYNOMITE! (Like JJ).

BOB
You're not mistaken. That's precisely what it is.

BRANDON
I thought you animal activist, environmental types were seriously opposed to blast fishing?

BOB
Not for this fucking fish.

INT. BOAT CABIN - NIGHT

The crew sit at the table. Glasses full. A note pad with diagrams sets in front of Bob. Brandon questions the plan. Bob explains in detail. Nathan's in his own world.

EXT. BOAT - NIGHT

The BOAT floats silently on a moonlit ocean. Candle light flickers from the cabin's windows. The battle planning inside goes well into the night.

INT. SAMANTHA'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Samantha gazes through her Arcadia window, coffee in hand. She glances at her PHONE. Still no call.

She sighs.

INT. SHERIFF'S STATION OFFICE - DAY

Jerry is talking on his land line. He hangs up. Crosses his hands behind his head. Leans back. Stares at the phone. Then kicks his desk in frustration.

INT. BOAT CABIN - DAY

Bob sips his coffee at the dinning table. He stares at his dead PHONE.

He glances at his PICTURE of SAMANTHA.

Next to Samantha's picture is a PICTURE of BOB and VICKY at her college graduation. She has on her cap and gown. Both boast proud smiles.

Pain shows in his expression. He glances through the front window where Brandon and Nathan are preparing for the battle. Determination sets in.

EXT. BOAT DECK - DAY

The crew is fast at work preparing their makeshift weapons.

MONTAGE: THE CREW PREPARING FOR BATTLE

- Brandon duct tapes a stick of dynamite to the spear.
- Nathan tightens up the harpoon gun.
- Bob rolls up a large rope.
- Brandon gathers all of the life preservers.
- Nathan assists Bob in pumping up a small life raft.
- Quint carries a rope in his mouth to Brandon. Smiles break the tension for a moment.

END MONTAGE

EXT. BOAT DECK - AFTERNOON

The sun is sweltering. The crew is ready for war. All standing in silence, Bob nods in approval.

INT. INSIDE COAST GUARD HELICOPTER - EVENING

A Coast Guard chopper scans the open sea. The sun is setting.

HEADQUARTERS (O.S.)
Lets call it a day.

PILOT
Rodger that. 10-4.

EXT. COAST GUARD CHOPPER - CONTINUOUS

The helicopter makes a large sweeping turn and heads for shore.

INT. BOAT CABIN - NIGHT

The crew is finishing the last of their food supply. Brandon tears his cheese sandwich in half and feeds Quint a piece. Quint gladly takes it.

BOB
Thanks... Brody seen that you know?

Bob looks down to his dog.

BOB (CONT'D)
I guess it's better to be hungry
than to be an asshole, right?

Brody barks. Tale wags. Bob follows suit and shares his sandwich. Brandon reaches in his Hawaiian shirt's breast pocket and pulls out a tightly rolled joint. He then pulls a Zippo lighter from his shorts pocket. The LIGHTER has a POT LEAF EMBLEM.

BOB (CONT'D)
Nice lighter.(Sarcastic)

Brandon examines the lighter he's holding. Shrugs.

BRANDON
At least it's not a torch anymore.

Bob shakes his head. Brandon lights the joint. Takes a big hit. Hands it to Bob. He waves it off. He sets the lighter on the table.

BOB
Not tonight.

He passes it to Nathan. Nathan pauses... Then grabs it and takes a hit. Nathan stares at the LIGHTER.

BOB (CONT'D)

Lets not get to soused gentlemen.
We need to be alert if a certain
unwelcome visitor shows up
unannounced.

BRANDON

If this could possibly be my last
night... I might as well enjoy it.

EXT. BOAT DECK - NIGHT

Bob stands on deck taking in the beauty of the moon's
reflection on the water. Not saying a word, he looks to the
Heavens as if he's waiting for an answer.

INT. BOAT CABIN - MORNING

Brandon and Quint stir awake. The cabin is empty.

EXT. BOAT DECK - MORNING

Brandon and Quint step on deck to another toasty day. Bob
surveys the horizon with binoculars from the flybridge.

BRANDON

Anything?

Never taking his eyes off of the view.

BOB

Nah... A dolphin pod.

BRANDON

Bobby we're running out of
everything. We've got to get out of
here.

Frustrated, Bob lowers his binoculars.

BOB

What are we going to do? Paddle
three men and two dogs in a two man
blow up raft while there's a big
fucking shark out there that seems
to have a really shitty attitude
towards people?

Brandon throws his hands up.

BRANDON

Then what?

BOB

Be patient. Search and rescue has to be all over this by now. They'll find us.

BRANDON

Maybe... Maybe not... The night we lost power, we could have been blown off course a hundred miles? Maybe more. I say we chance it and fire off the flare.

BOB

There's only one left. Not until we at least spot something.

BRANDON

And if we don't?

Bob smiles at Brandon.

BOB

You were always the expert sailor... Can you still navigate from the stars?

Brandon shrugs... Then nods yes.

BOB (CONT'D)

Then I say we wait. I don't know about you, but I'm looking for a little payback.

Brandon looks out to sea... Looks back at Bob.

BRANDON

I can go for a little payback. Absofuckinglutely.

BOB

In the meantime, why don't you toss a line out. Catch us some dinner.

BRANDON

Raw fish?

BOB

There's an old Coleman stove below deck. Should have enough butane for a couple meals.

EXT. BOAT DECK - AFTERNOON

Brandon has caught his share. He reels the last fish in. Bob applauds from the flybridge.

INT. BOAT CABIN - NIGHT

Bob is grilling the fish on the portable stove. Brandon and Nathan sit eagerly awaiting their dinner.

BRANDON
You about finished over there? I'm
not trying to fast at the
moment. (Winks)

BOB
Five more minutes.

BRANDON
I wonder if and when our friend is
going to show up?

Brandon pulls a joint from his pocket. Fumbles for his lighter in the other pocket.

BOB
You're not going to smoke that
right now? Jesus Christ Brandon,
Don't you think you should be on
your toes?

Brandon continues to search for his lighter.

BRANDON
I'm not going to smoke anything if
I can't find my damn lighter. What
the hell did I do with it?

CU Nathan's face.

BOB
That's what happens when you smoke
too much of that shit. You'd lose
your dick if it wasn't attached.

Brandon makes his way to the stove.

BRANDON
Yeah, yeah, ha ha. Move over Rover
and let Brandon take over.

Bob nudges him away.

BOB

Come on. Don't smoke that shit in here. I don't want a damn contact high right now.

Brandon leans down to the stove to light the joint.

BRANDON

Fine, I'll step outside.

Just as he lights it, BAM! The boat is jolted! Brandon is slammed into the counter where he's knocked unconscious. Bob is knocked to the floor. The stove flies off of the counter where it catches a couch on fire. Nathan acts quickly and slings Brandon over his shoulder and carries him outside.

Bob pops up and reaches for the fire extinguisher only to remember that it's on deck with the other supplies.

BOB

Fuck! Nathan, grab the fire extinguisher!

BAM! The boat is rammed again!

WE SEE the fire extinguisher roll overboard into the water.

The flames grow rapidly! Bob tries to smother them with a blanket, but there's no use. The fire is out of control!

EXT. BOAT DECK - CONTINUOUS

Nathan lies Brandon on the life raft. Brandon's head has a bleeding gash.

NATHAN

Bob! Get out of there!

Smoke billows from the cabin's door. Coughing hard, Bob scurries out. Nathan assists. The two turn back to watch the flames grow. The PICTURE of SAMANTHA CATCHES FIRE. The PICTURE of BOB and VICKY goes up too.

BOB

We've got to get off the boat!

NATHAN

But the fucking shark!

BOB

Grab the gear!

Nathan hesitates, then sprints to the bow. Bob wipes the blood from Brandon's face.

BOB (CONT'D)
Come on little brother. I need you
right now. I can't do this by
myself.

Brandon remains unconscious. Nathan returns with the dynamite, the spear, and the flare gun. Just as he turns to get the rest of the arsenal, the CABIN'S SIDE WINDOW BLOWS OUT! FLAMES PLUME into the night's sky. Bob pulls Nathan back.

The two men share a look of terror. They toss the life raft over board with Brandon and the weapons inside.

BOB (CONT'D)
Go boy! Get in the raft!

Brody jumps into the water. Quint follows.

Nathan jumps into the water. Bob turns to the fire, pauses, then jumps. Just as he jumps, an EXPLOSION blows the cabin up! FLAMES shoot high into the air.

EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN - CONTINUOUS

Bob and Nathan scramble to get into the raft. The boat isn't big enough for everyone. Bob vows to hang from the side.

WE SEE an underwater view of the life raft with bob's legs dangling freely.

BOB
Paddle! Paddle! Paddle!

Nathan digs the paddle in deep and paddles with all his might. Bob kicks his feet as fast as he can. ANOTHER EXPLOSION BLASTS from the BOAT! The entire craft is now engulfed in flames.

EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN - LATER

At a now safe distance, Bob and Nathan watch the research vessel burn to the water.

NATHAN
Bob, we're sitting ducks in this
thing.

Bob punches the raft.

BOB

Fuck! What the fuck was I thinking!
Using that stove inside. Stupid!
Stupid! Stupid!

Brody whimpers.

BOB (CONT'D)

I'm sorry Nathan. I'm sorry for all
of this. It's my fault we're here.
It was all my idea. You Vicky...
Brandon. The dogs. What did I get
us into?

NATHAN

Bob... Do you honestly think you
could of kept Vicky from pursuing
this shark? Do you think you could
of stopped me? It's what she loved.
It's what WE love. We all would of
been out here regardless.

Bob's eyes well with tears. He bites his lip. Pats Nathan on
the leg. Nathan squeezes Bob's shoulder. Bob puts his head
down and cries.

EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN - NIGHT

Everyone's asleep. Bob has a rope tied around himself that's
attached to the raft. Quint raises his head, ears perk up. He
growls. Brody's head pops up. They both bark, waking Bob and
Nathan.

BOB

What is it boy?

Nathan helps Bob up onto the side of the raft.

BOB (CONT'D)

Give me the spear! Get the flare
gun!

Brandon moans, grabs his head. Slowly opens his eyes. The
dogs are going crazy now! Fear sets in. All three men stare
wide eyed into the water in front of the boat.

CU WATER

Bob raises the spear! Brandon points the flare gun! Brandon
gulps..... All three are breathing rapidly.

Hearts pounding... The dogs stop barking... Quint tilts his head in curiosity...

WE SEE an underwater view of the raft with Quint's head looking over the edge. Bob glances at Brandon. Bob does a quick check around the perimeter... Nothing... Bob sighs and lowers the spear. Nathan lowers the flare pistol... Relief fills the air...

BOB (CONT'D)

Damn it Quint. Scared the shit out of me.

Brandon pets Quint. Bob looks to Brandon.

BOB (CONT'D)

How's your head?

BRANDON

No worse than a night of heavy tequila drinking.

A fin pops out of the water behind Brandon! Bob points!

BOB

Shit!

Bob is startled and falls off of the raft. Nathan turns to see the fin and in one action shoots the flare at it. The flare misses and penetrates the water and lights up the sea for a brief moment before disappearing.

BRANDON

Come on!

Brandon scrambles to pull Bob back onto the raft. Nathan's eyes dart around in search of the fin! It's gone...

BOB

The spear!

Bob makes it back on the raft. Panic sets in once again... Twenty feet from the boat, a dolphin jumps from the water. Confused, the crew look around to each other.... Another dolphin jumps... Then another... Laughter breaks out.

BOB (CONT'D)

You gotta be fucking kidding.

BRANDON

Get the old heart rate up there a little bit bro?

Bob shakes his head, smiles with relief. Nathan sighs and lets his head drop.

WE SEE an underwater view of the boat.

EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN - SUNRISE

Exhausted, hungry, thirsty, and scared, the crew is passed out. Bob straddles the side of the raft, with an arm and a leg submerged in the water.... He wakes. Raises his head. Licks his parched lips.

BOB

Water.

Brandon opens his eyes and looks around.

BRANDON

Yeah, no shit. There's a lot of it.

BOB

No... We need water or we're not going to make it.

BRANDON

Water amongst several other factors.

BOB

Not now Brandon.

BRANDON

Do you have something against dying with a sense of humor?

Bob's not amused.

EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN - LATE AFTERNOON

The overcrowded raft floats aimlessly on a calm sea. The sun bakes the crew.

EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN - NIGHT

Nathan and the dogs are sleeping. Bob is holding onto the side of the raft half submerged in the water.

BRANDON

Trade me places. You've been in there long enough.

BOB
No, no I'm good.

Brandon pulls his exhausted brother on board.

BRANDON
Come on. I could use a bath anyway.
We're starting to smell like ass.

Bob's body is limp. Brandon positions him as if he were a helpless child. Brandon slides overboard.

BOB
Remember the first time dad took us
deep sea fishing?

BRANDON
Yeah... I didn't realize that your
eight year old body could produce
that much vomit.

Both laugh.

BOB
I was sick as a dog. My God, that
was a miserable experience.

BRANDON
Well, at least you got back on the
saddle. How many times did you
throw up the second time?

BOB
Nine.

Both laugh.

BOB (CONT'D)
Dad was certainly determined to
make water men out of us.

BRANDON
He'd be proud of you Bobby.

BOB
You know he loved you the most.

BRANDON
Oh bullshit. You were the scholar.
You were his favorite.

BOB

No, no. He knew from the time you were a little kid, that you had the free spirit. You were the daring one. I was too much like him. He always wanted to be more of a risk taker. Like you.

BRANDON

I guess I got it from mom. She was the flower child of the two.

BOB

I really miss him.

BRANDON

I do too Bobby.

BOB

I just want you to know... If we don't make it out of this situation.

BRANDON

Don't even talk like that. We're getting out of this situation big bro. We're not quitters.

BOB

Just hear me out. If... By chance we don't. I want you to know... I know it was an accident. It could of happened to anyone Brandon.

Brandon's eyes well with tears.

BRANDON

I love you big brother.

BOB

I love you too little brother.

EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN - DAY

The crew is once again passed out under the hot sun. Bob is back on the side of the boat. Leg and arm dangling in the water. Quint barks... Just a few feet behind Bob, a HUGE DORSAL FIN passes by.

BRANDON

Leave the dolphins alone. (Eyes still shut)

Quint and Brody both start barking erratically. Nathan sits up, yawns and stretches. Then notices the shark fin slowly submerge.

NATHAN

Oh fuck! Get up! It's back!

Startled Brandon and Bob are now wide eyed and awake. Bob slips overboard! Nathan and Brandon pull him right back into the raft.

BOB

Where? Where is it? Are you sure it was a shark?

NATHAN

Yeah, I'm fucking sure! (Points)
Its dorsal and caudal fin just went under.

Bob scoops up the spear with a stick of dynamite taped to the end.

BOB

The lighter?

Brandon rifles through his pockets. Nathan pulls it from his pocket.

BRANDON

You snagged my lighter?

BOB

Don't worry about who has the damn lighter, just be ready to light the fuse.

BRANDON

But that's my lucky lighter.

BOB

For God sakes Brandon! Just be ready.

BAM! The raft is nudged! The crew holds tight.

BRANDON

Oh shit!

The dogs bark. Wide eyed glances dart back and fourth. The fin breaks the ocean surface twenty feet from the raft!

NATHAN

There! There! There!

Bob shoots Nathan the most serious look of his life.

BOB

Now.

Nathan struggles to light the dynamite's fuse. The lighter flickers.

BOB (CONT'D)

Come on! Come on! Come on!

The lighter finally stays lit, the fuse burns. Just as Bob throws the spear, the fin submerges. The spear misses the shark as it penetrates the water.

BRANDON

Noooooooo!

Bob freezes. Hope leaves his face. Brandon pulls Bob down.

BRANDON (CONT'D)

Get down!

KABOOM! The dynamite EXPLODES, SENDING A FOUNTAIN OF WATER INTO THE SKY!!

The crew cautiously rises. The tension in the air is thick enough to cut with a knife.

BRANDON (CONT'D)

Now what? We have one stick left.

Bob's frozen in shock.

BRANDON (CONT'D)

Bobby! What the fuck are we going to do!

Nathan's face goes straight. The dorsal fin emerges once again! It's heading straight for the raft! Nathan looks Bob in the face, grabs the last stick of TNT, then jumps into the water directly in the sharks path.

BRANDON (CONT'D)

NATHAN! NOOOOOOOO!

BOB

NATHAN!

Nathan sparks the Zippo several times... Finally lights the explosive...

The shark's head raises from the water with mouth open wide... Bites down on its awaiting prey... Nathan screams in agony. Blood spurts from his mouth as the shark devours his torso. In his last second of life, Nathan tosses the lighter back to the raft where Brandon catches it....

The shark grinds Nathan's body in its massive rows of teeth. Nathan pushes the lit dynamite deep into the predator's mouth. The shark and Nathan dip below the surface...

Nothing... Bob and Brandon look to each other for explanation.... BOOM! A HUGE ERUPTION BLOWS WATER EVERYWHERE! BLOOD and SHARK CARCASS DEBRIS fill the air!

Bob buries his face in his hands... Brandon stares blankly, mouth agape.

BLACK SCREEN

EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN - AFTERNOON

Bob sits in silence. Brandon, and the dogs are asleep. The DISTANT SOUND OF A HELICOPTER can be heard. Bob spots it.

BOB
Brandon...(Weak voiced)

Bob shakes Brandon awake.

BOB (CONT'D)
Brandon!

EXT. SANTA BARBARA HARBOR - AFTERNOON

An anxiously awaiting Samantha, Esperanza, Jerry, Vicky's MOM and SISTER, and NATHAN'S MOM and DAD sit tight praying for the best. The HELICOPTER approaches the landing platform.

EXT. SANTA BARBARA HARBOR HELICOPTER LANDING - CONTINUOUS

The Coast Guard chopper lands. A COAST GUARD OFFICER helps a blanket covered Bob from the chopper. Brandon is lifted from the aircraft on a stretcher with an IV inserted into his arm. Both dogs jump from the chopper.

EXT. SANTA BARBARA HARBOR - CONTINUOUS

A tear runs down a relieved Samantha's cheek. She hugs

Esperanza tight. Bob makes eye contact with his wife. She smiles and bites her bottom lip. Bob then looks to Jerry. Relieved that his friend made it, Jerry nods.

EXT. SANTA BARBARA HARBOR - CONTINUOUS

Vicky's mom buries her face in her hands and cries. Her sister does the same.... Nathan's mom turns into his father's chest and weeps. His father's face fills with pain and confusion. He pulls his wife in close.... Esperanza runs to her dad and hugs him.... Bob approaches Samantha. She runs into his arms crying. They embrace.

BOB

I love you... So much.

He looks over his shoulder to the sea.

BLACK SCREEN

EXT. RINCON BEACH PARKING LOT/ PATH - MORNING

RAIN drizzles. WAVES pump. Brody and Quint scurry their way down the muddy path to the beach. Brandon follows. Bob watches... (Contemplating)... He pulls the wetsuit zipper up.

EXT. RINCON BEACH - CONTINUOUS

Stopping at the water's edge, Brandon mind surfs the perfect peeling waves. Brody BARKS and a playful chase ensues. Quint, hot on his tail.

Brandon turns back to his brother. Sadness turns to enthusiasm. Like a playful child, Bob sprints past his little brother into the sea. Dives on top of his surfboard. Glides effortlessly across the water's surface. A smiling Brandon follows his big brother's lead.

FADE OUT.