

GREAT WHITE IN GREAT BRITAIN

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FADE IN:

INT./EXT. BOAT OUT AT SEA - NIGHT

The sea ripples calmly as the luxury boat rests still on top of the water, illuminated both by the glow of the moon and the vessel's own lighting.

Six-year-old JAMIE sits at the bottom of the boat playing with two toy cars, making his own sound effects for the booming engines and the burning of rubber.

Jamie's MOTHER and FATHER, who will soon be known as KEVIN, sit at a table positioned just a few feet away from their son, glasses of wine in hand, and the remnants of dinner on plates before them. Two empty bottles of wine are on the table, as well as a half-full third.

KEVIN

Who's winning, son?

The toy cars both turn a sharp imaginary corner and Jamie chimes in with a fitting screech.

JAMIE

Mummy.

KEVIN

Mummy?

JAMIE

Mummy.

KEVIN

Mummy's winning the race?

With most of his concentration on his toys, Jamie lets out another screech to show another sharp turn.

JAMIE

Yeah.

KEVIN

Who is mummy racing?

JAMIE

You, daddy.

KEVIN

Me? You're racing mummy and daddy against each other?

JAMIE

Yeah, you told mummy you wanted to race her at the cantina.

KEVIN
The cantina?

JAMIE
Yeah.

JAMIE'S MOTHER
Yes, "daddy", the cantina.

Jamie's mother smiles at her husband, then gives him a little nudge.

KEVIN
Oh, the cantina!

Kevin's face expresses that he is still none-the-wiser.

JAMIE'S MOTHER
(lowering her tone so only
her husband can hear)
Star Wars! Seems like I play with
his boys toys more than you do.

KEVIN
You know I've never been a fan of
that, I'm a Trekkie.

JAMIE'S MOTHER
Yes, so you say, but every time
you're sat in front of the box when
it's on, you're snoring five
seconds later!

He giggles at his wife's light-hearted dig.

KEVIN
Hey, that's not fair, they hardly
ever show the classics anymore; I'd
take Kirk over Janeway any day.

JAMIE'S MOTHER
That's definitely not the best
excuse I've heard for your armchair
sleepiness.

KEVIN
Well, what do you expect after two
bottles of wine?

The couple share a laugh.

KEVIN (CONT'D)
(to Jamie)
Hey, wait a minute. Son, you said
that I challenged mummy to a race
at the cantina, in *Star Wars* world,
yes?

Jamie turns to attention.

JAMIE
Yeah, on Tatooine.

Kevin squints in thought.

KEVIN
Hmm, isn't that in the desert?

JAMIE
Yeah, lots of sand and worms and ugly people.

KEVIN
Like those slimy aliens?

JAMIE
(affirmatively)
Like those slimy aliens.

KEVIN
Mummy and daddy aren't some of those slimy aliens in the desert, are we?

JAMIE
Not mummy, but you are, daddy.

Kevin gasps in comical shock.

KEVIN
That's not very nice.

JAMIE'S MOTHER
A big old ugly, slimy alien. Yes, that sounds just like your father. Especially when he's in his armchair.

Jamie chuckles.

KEVIN
Oi! Why I ought to use my big old ugly, slimy alien claws and --

THUD! Something strikes the boat and it violently rocks. The family stay still and silent as to see what the impact was.

CRASH! An even more powerful blow surges through the boat, knocking the wine glasses and dinner plates off the table. They SMASH on the deck.

Jamie's parents get up and desperately begin to make their way over to their son, but another impact topples them to their knees!

JAMIE'S MOTHER

Jamie!

The parents holler furiously for their son and he gets to his feet. He latches onto the side, dropping his two toy cars into the water below.

Another hard hit! The boat is sent reeling and Jamie FLIES OVERBOARD into the sea!

His mother wails in terror.

JAMIE'S MOTHER (CONT'D)

Jamie, no!

Kevin leaps into action and stumbles over to where his son just stood. Nothing would phase him from helping his son.

KEVIN

Son, grab my hand, grab my hand now!

He leans over the side of the boat and stretches his hand out to Jamie.

Jamie struggles to keep his head above water, desperately reaching for his father's hand.

The fingers of the father and son barely touch before slipping away. Kevin reaches out further, as far as he can, and grabs his son's hand tightly. He pulls Jamie out of the water and puts him safely back on the deck.

JAMIE'S MOTHER

Oh thank God!

Just then, a GREAT WHITE SHARK rips through the water! It ENGULFS Kevin in its jaws and DRAGS HIM OFF THE BOAT! A twenty footer, at least. He's gone with a click of the finger, dragged down to the depths and surely bitten into oblivion.

Jamie's mother screams in even more horror than when Jamie fell overboard. She runs to the side of the boat as Jamie looks on in sheer fright.

JAMIE'S MOTHER (CONT'D)

Kevin! Kevin!

Nothing but a still silence as the water regains its calmness.

Yet another massive collision strikes the vessel hard, sending Jamie's mother SOMERSAULTING OVERBOARD with a splash!

She pounds the surface like crazy in desperate terror, with gargling screams as she hyperventilates and seawater fills her lungs.

Jamie, soaking wet, gazes ahead frozen in the purest form of fear.

The frantic sounds of Jamie's mother suddenly altogether stop.

Jamie slowly steps over to where his mother stood just seconds ago, his face void of expression. Too young to understand, to comprehend.

The area where Jamie's mother hit the water ripples and quickly turns red, as if all ten pints of her blood were spilled at once.

Jamie looks on as the blood expands through the water, then silence. The sea calms and we hear chaos no more, just peace, like when we first opened, the only trace of death being the red water.

As quick as they were there, the boy's parents were gone, gone forever.

Tranquil natural sounds as we...

FADE TO:

INT. JACK'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - THE NEXT MORNING

BEEP, BEEP, BEEP.

A DIGITAL ALARM CLOCK fills the neat room with its tedious soundbytes. A male arm reaches out from under bed covers and flicks it off.

JACK
(to the clock)
Yes, yes, God damnit.

We follow the arm to reveal the only American character in the film, JACK FULLER, topless and handsome in his late twenties, a beach security officer with an athletic, fairly muscular build.

Jack sighs tiredly and breaks into a yawn, then slides himself up against the headrest and stretches.

ALICE, late twenties, brunette and very pretty, arises beside Jack. She admires his physique.

ALICE
I can't think of anything better to
wake up to than that.

Jack takes a pillow and lightly puts it over Alice's face, blocking her view.

ALICE (CONT'D)

Hey!

She removes the pillow.

ALICE (CONT'D)

That's the first time you've ever denied me a viewing.

JACK

The first of many.

ALICE

It better not be!

Alice flashes Jack her shiny engagement ring.

ALICE (CONT'D)

Look, this officially means that I can look at you anytime I want, and in as little clothing as I want.

JACK

So, not just in the mornings then? You gonna call me up at the office and start making those kinds of demands?

ALICE

Maybe, maybe. Maybe I'll make you take a couple of pictures and email me them.

JACK

There's one problem for you there, my office is the sand and the sea, and I don't think the boats come with free WiFi.

ALICE

Damn. Hmm, in that case then, I'll force you, yes, I will force you to get back on dry land and find somewhere that does come with free WiFi! Even if it means that you have to break all the, boat speed limits?

JACK

Breaking the speed limit, huh? That doesn't sound too hot for someone working security. How about I just slip this little ring here off my finger and officially untie myself from my little dictator of a wife-to-be?

Alice gasps.

ALICE

No! I would scream bloody murder until you put it back on. There's no way you're breaking free now, not after dragging me all the way back to England!

JACK

You hate jolly old England that much? I thought Brighton would be a little bit like back home for you, and I'm talking about your home in the U.S. of A.

Alice giggles.

ALICE

Don't ever tell anyone else that.

JACK

What?

ALICE

That you swapped the sunshine of Florida for the gloom of Brighton, you might just get laughed at.

JACK

What's wrong with that?

ALICE

Oh nothing, don't worry, it's fine, I mean, only ninety-nine percent of the country would trade Brighton for Florida any day of the week.

JACK

Are you kidding me? You never told me that when we moved. I love the UK, it's got character and it's got history. Us Yankee doodles love your history, and besides, Brighton's got plenty of sun, sea and sand, and after two months, I've yet to see any gloom, so I'm happy, and summer's only just beginning. Why else do you think they call Brighton the British Miami?

ALICE

The sand's covered in fast food leftovers and the sea's green with God knows what.

(MORE)

ALICE (CONT'D)

And, if you're looking for a nice seashell souvenir to take back to your mother when you visit, you're far more likely to find a broken booze bottle wash up next to you. There's a reason I left England for Orlando, you know, but it wasn't so I could come back three years later!

JACK

Okay, okay, are you being serious Alice right now, or just plain old silly Alice? I mean, I'd love to know whether or not when you finally agreed to move back here, you weren't just wishing bad wishes for me.

ALICE

"Wishing bad wishes"? Hmm, never heard that one. I'll go get my little book that I've come to call Stupid Yankee Language Jack Comes Up With, or, The S-Y-L-J-C-U-W Book, or even, The Syljcuw Book, all depending on what you prefer, of course.

Alice shines Jack a short smile.

JACK

(doing a Yoda impression)
Me in the book, put don't please.

ALICE

Little green man or not, you're going straight in the book.

JACK

(in a bad British accent)
Bugger off, jerk!

Alice gasps jokingly again.

ALICE

You are definitely going in the book!

JACK

Hmm, thank God I don't look like that little green man, right?

ALICE

Of course, and that's why you're all mine.

They kiss, but then, whilst still lip-locked, Jack's CELL PHONE RINGS. He takes the call.

JACK

Yeah?

(beat)

What's the story?

(beat)

Alright. Let me just get ready quick and I'll be on my way over.

He hangs up and puts down his phone.

JACK (CONT'D)

Sorry, work calls.

ALICE

But you're not meant to start until nine, and that's in two hours.

JACK

I know, I know, but Max has got his hands full over two fatalities at sea or something.

ALICE

Isn't there anyone else Max can rely on but you?

JACK

He needs me, Al. Look, I'm sorry, but it's only two hours, it just means you'll be able to eat two breakfasts this morning.

ALICE

Yay.

JACK

Don't be like that. Hey, I'll even make it up to you.

ALICE

How?

Jack thinks for a second, then quickly lifts his shirt and flashes his toned chest for Alice.

JACK

Satisfied?

ALICE

Not in the least.

He kisses her on the lips.

JACK

Better?

ALICE

A little.

They smile at each other and then kiss again.

INT. POLICE STATION - MAX'S OFFICE - LATER

In a quiet corner of the city's main police station, Jack enters an office that looks like a bomb just went off inside it, paperwork scattered everywhere, a total mess.

Behind a large desk, files strewn all over it, sits MAX, early fifties, Detective Superintendent. Two-and-a-half decades of service under his belt, a real icon of law enforcement.

Jack wears a t-shirt with a silhouette of a Great White shark in the middle of it.

MAX

Jack.

JACK

Morning, Max.

MAX

First thing's first, forgive me for getting you up so early today.

JACK

Ah, don't worry about it, I was already up. So, what we got?

MAX

A six-year-old kid. Coast guard found him alone in a boat in the wee hours, just drifting. He would've probably made France by now had your waterside cousins not found him.

JACK

Runaway kid?

MAX

If only. He says his parents were killed by a sea monster or something, but the only thing is, a couple of empty wine bottles were found onboard, so I'm thinking his mummy and daddy dearest got a little too loose last night and fell in the drink. Current can get pretty rough at night if you're far enough out, even in the summer.

(MORE)

MAX (CONT'D)

No bodies have been found yet, and we're trying to play it as quiet as possible with the press for the time being, make things a hell of a lot easier on us.

Max lets out a sigh.

MAX (CONT'D)

Poor kid, to lose them at that age.

Jack gives a slight look of inner sadness. We will later find out why.

JACK

Yeah.

(beat)

So, where did this sea monster thing or whatever story come from?

MAX

Christ, he's six years-old, Jack, poor little blighter must think old Poseidon came up from the depths, or that bloody bastard of an octopus from those old films paid him a visit, you know, those ones set in ancient Greece. What was it called?

JACK

The kraken?

MAX

Ah, that's it, yeah, the kraken. Yep, probably got the boy all messed up for life now, a real bloody shame.

JACK

Mind if I see him?

MAX

Go right ahead, he's in Bob's room, just opposite.

Jack turns and looks at Jamie through the blinds, he is sat still on a chair with his head down, and is alone in the adjacent office.

Jack nods at Max and leaves the room, then walks over to...

INT. POLICE STATION - BOB'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Jack enters the office of BOB, who we will meet later, a Detective Inspector. Jamie looks up and zooms from his chair behind Bob's desk, ducking for cover.

A moment later, Jamie's head steadily rises up from behind the desk and his eyes peer out at Jack.

JACK

Whoa, what's the matter? I'm not gonna hurt you, I'm with the Beach Patrol Unit.

Jamie stays put.

JACK (CONT'D)

I'm Jack. What's your name, little guy?

Jamie's eyes fixate on Jack's shark shirt.

JAMIE

Monster.

JACK

Your name's Monster? That seems a little odd, wouldn't you say?

JAMIE

Monster. Monster.

Jack notices Jamie's eyes stalking his shirt, he looks at it himself.

JACK

My shirt?

Jack edges closer to the boy.

Jamie gently rises from his cover and extends an arm out over the desk, then points to the printed shark silhouette on Jack's shirt.

JAMIE

Monster.

Jack looks worryingly at the shark image.

JACK

This? It's just a picture of a shark, that's all, it's not a monster.

JAMIE

No, it's a monster.

Jack turns his shirt back-to-front to reveal a blank side.

JACK

It's gone now, okay? The "monster" is away.

Jamie rises further out from behind Bob's desk.

JACK (CONT'D)
So, what's your name?

A beat of silence.

JAMIE
Jamie.

JACK
Okay, Jamie, that's a cool name.
Could you tell me where you've seen
that "monster" before? The one that
was on my shirt.

Another brief moment of silence, then...

JAMIE
The monster came out of the water
and took mummy and daddy back down
with it.

JACK
The monster on my shirt, right?

JAMIE
Yes.

Jack shoots a look of concern.

JACK
Thank you, Jamie, stay put buddy,
alright?

Jack leaves the room and walks back over to...

INT. POLICE STATION - MAX'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Jack re-enters the messy office and rejoins Max.

JACK
Max, I think I know what the
monster is that you said the boy
was talking about.

MAX
Oh, really? The giant octopus, was
I right?

Jack turns his shirt back the right way around.

JACK
He saw my shirt, Max.

MAX
And?

JACK

He said that the monster was on my shirt.

MAX

What?

JACK

The shark.

Max lets out a little chuckle thinking that Jack is joking, but then spots his facials and realises his seriousness.

MAX

Come along, Jack, with all due respect, I'm not sure one of those miniscule sharks we have out here could do away with the boy's parents, especially when they were on a boat.

JACK

That's no "miniscule" shark on my shirt, Max, that's a Great White.

Max laughs.

MAX

Don't be so absurd. There's more chance of one of those miniscule sharks jumping onto that boat, growing a pair of legs, and killing the boy's parents, than having a Great White in these waters, I've watched enough Discovery Channel to know that, and you're Beach Patrol.

Jack doesn't look so amused.

MAX (CONT'D)

Look, Jack, let's simply be realistic here, he's just a youngen, he doesn't know about sharks, especially from your shirt, it's just a silhouette, there's no detail. I'm sure to every six-year-old those things look like monsters, don't you? His mind's running rampant, nothing more. I mean, what could you expect with what he's going through?

JACK

You're probably right. We couldn't have a Great White here, the water's too cold.

MAX

I'm glad you're adapting well to Brighton marine life, Mr. Fuller. I trust your two months here have been enjoyable so far?

JACK

A bit of a culture shock, but an enjoyable one nonetheless.

MAX

A culture shock, exactly! So here's another, there are none of those predators here like there are in your native Florida. None. You're never gonna have to deal with killers in the drink here.

JACK

Thanks for that, but you'd be surprised, there are very few shark attacks on humans, and when there are, it's usually because they confuse us with sea-life like seals. I only ever had to deal with one attack back home.

MAX

Fatal?

JACK

Yeah.

There's a brief reflective silence.

MAX

Are you finished with the boy?

JACK

For now, but I may have to speak to him again later.

MAX

Good good. I've got to talk to him again in a short while, see if he can give us any more info on last night. You should go on now and take a look at the boat.

JACK

Isn't that your job?

MAX

Strictly speaking, yes it is, but not this morning; I've taken the liberty of organizing you a replacement, just so you can investigate that boat.

Jack is perturbed.

JACK

What? I'm no cop, Max, and I should be doing the job I'm supposed to, not yours.

MAX

It's just for this morning and you'll be paid as normal. Jack, I've known you for only two months now, and I already know how good you are at your work. I've got two bodies floating God knows where and a report to write. You're the best asset this town's got at dealing with the water, even better than the coast guard as far as I'm concerned, and I'm asking you this one time if you'll run over that boat for me.

Jack thinks for a beat.

JACK

Alright alright, since you asked nicely. I'll go above and beyond the call of duty this once, but that's it, okay?

MAX

Thanks, I appreciate it, and that boy will appreciate it too if you find anything that'll help with this investigation.

JACK

Oh, and who's my replacement?

Reluctance beams through Max's face, as if that question was the only one he didn't want to be asked this morning.

MAX

Mike.

Anger immediately strikes Jack.

JACK

Oh for the love of God, Max, he's no good, no damn good, not at his work and not as a person either.

MAX

Look, I know you've got some history with Mike, but it's only for a few hours and you don't even have to see him.

JACK

History? That's a real swell way of putting it, that S.O.B. has done nothing but take shot after shot at me since the day I got here.

MAX

Jack, calm down, please, it's going to be fine, okay? Like I said, just a few hours, see if you can find anything, that's all I'm asking of you.

JACK

Fine, whatever. I'm off there now then, get this over with. The marina?

Max nods in affirmation.

Jack heads out the door.

MAX

Thanks, Jack.

He slams the door shut.

MAX (CONT'D)

(to himself)

Thanks.

Max picks up his cell phone and dials a number. Someone picks up.

MAX (CONT'D)

He's on his way.

(beat of listening)

I'll be there soon.

Max hangs up and he grins almost deviously.

EXT. MARINA - LATER

Jack walks the marina boardwalk beside a variety of moored boats, from large luxury vessels to rusty little fishing boats that have seen much better days.

MIKE, a cockney-voiced Londoner in his late twenties, suddenly appears behind the advancing Jack. An incredibly cocky and arrogant individual who couldn't say a good thing about anyone other than himself.

MIKE

(calling out)

How's it going there, Jackie boy?

Jack's face morphs into utter disappointment and he stops in his tracks, then turns to face his colleague.

JACK

Max said I wouldn't have to see you today.

MIKE

The mouth on you. Better watch yourself around here with a mouth like that, mate.

JACK

What's that, some kind of cheap threat? And for the last time, I'm not your "mate".

MIKE

Jesus, Jackie boy, take a breath and chill, get some of that nice summer breeze in your lungs. I'm just trying to get you settled into British life, mate, that's all.

JACK

I've been here two months, not two days. I'm fine, just dandy, and I don't want, or need your help.

MIKE

Well then, if that's the way you feel about it, I won't be so bloody courteous next time. What's up? The missus driving you up the wall, is she? Don't worry about that, mate, the old ball and chain can get the better of all of us.

Jack cooks something up in his head for a beat.

JACK

Hey, now that you mention it, I would actually like some help.

MIKE

What's that then, mate?

JACK

Help understanding a damn thing that comes out of your mouth.

Mike rolls his tongue against the inside of his cheeks, bested by Jack.

MIKE

Don't get bloody cheeky, Jackie boy.

(MORE)

MIKE (CONT'D)

You're lucky I'm a reasonable bloke, else you'd be swimming with the fishes right about now, you know what I mean? Watch your lip, cause I'd hate to see me have to put you to sleep, alright fella?

JACK

Whatever you say, Mike, whatever you say. Now, if you'll just excuse me, I've got work to do, and so should you. Oh, and by the way, for the next time I have the bad luck of bumping into you, remind me to bring a translator, okay, Mikey boy?

A smile lights up Jack's face, then he strides away, happy with his little victory.

Mike puts his hands on his hips and continues to roll his tongue against the inside of his cheeks in defeat.

EXT. AT SEA - CONTINUOUS

The marina now in the distance, the FIN of the Great White shark emerges from the blue and eases through the water for a few metres.

EXT. MARINA - CONTINUOUS

Jack arrives at Jamie's parents' boat, moored up against the boardwalk. Bob, mid forties, is standing guard. The Londoner is a real gentleman; the kind of person who no one could honestly say a bad word about, except maybe Mike. A genuine, friendly face.

JACK

Hey Bob, how you doing?

BOB

Alright Jack, not too bad, thanks, yourself?

JACK

I'm doing okay, at least I was until I ran into Mike back there.

BOB

Tell me about it, he passed by a couple of minutes ago, said he had some business to attend to. Business? Yeah, likely story, that arrogant little bugger's always up to something, and nine times out of ten, it's no good.

JACK
Ain't that the truth, guy's a total
jackass.

BOB
Say, when are you and your fiancée
tying the knot then?

JACK
Ah, not long.

BOB
How long's "not long" then?

Bob smiles. Jack returns one.

JACK
Pretty much as soon as we can
afford it, you know?

BOB
Yeah yeah, I hear you.
(beat)
So, are you here to take a look at
the vessel?

JACK
I am indeed.

BOB
Right then, all aboard.

Bob steps aside for Jack and allows him to board the boat
first, then follows suit.

Jack scans the boat for a first impression.

JACK
So, how much of a look has this had
since the coast guard reeled it in?

BOB
Not much in all honesty. Max and I
were first on the scene when she
was moored, and so far, we've been
the last. He was here for no less
than five minutes, said he had to
go off urgently and told me to keep
watch.

JACK
What time was this? He called me
from his office at seven o'clock.

BOB

Oh, really? Well this was at about six-thirty, so I gather whatever was so urgent was sorted out quickly.

JACK

I guess so.

They walk over to the table where Jamie's parents were seated at the time the shark began its assault.

BOB

A couple of bottles of wine were found smashed on the floor here, I imagine they were on the table, and the same goes for a few plates. Max took the pieces for evidence, then left, said he'd have someone down in a little while. I gather you're that someone.

JACK

'fraid so.

BOB

Don't mean to be rude, Jack, but may I ask why Max has got you working outside of your job description?

Jack smiles.

JACK

Rude? That's not in your vocabulary, Bob. And yeah, I asked that exact same question, he told me I was good at dealing with the water and to investigate this boat, yet he's the cop. Go figure.

Bob shrugs his shoulders.

BOB

Odd. Well, it's obvious that he's got a lot of confidence in you, Jack, taken a real shine to you. We probably shouldn't doubt the man, he's a stand up chap, wouldn't say boo to a goose.

JACK

Unless that goose had just robbed a bank, right?

Bob laughs at the joke.

BOB

Right.

JACK

Anything else you can tell me about Max's five minutes on here?

BOB

I wish there was. He collected the fragments and that's it. Oh, and a young lad of about five or six was taken to the station when the coast guard found her, but I take it you know that already.

JACK

Yeah, I had a few words with him, said his parents were taken underwater by a monster or something, there's no trace of them so far. I've been trying to figure out what that means ever since, but he did refer to the shark on my shirt as a monster the second he laid eyes on me.

BOB

Bloody terrible thing to happen to a lad.

JACK

I know, it's awful. I'll try and get a few words with him again later, but as for now, I better start checking this out.

BOB

It's all yours, Jack. Oh, and mind yourself here, there's still bits of glass on the floor. I'm gonna go get a quick cup of tea, shouldn't be long.

JACK

Thanks, Bob, always looking out for me.

They shake hands. Bob steps off the boat and back onto the boardwalk, then goes off to get his beverage.

EXT. BRIGHTON BEACH - CONTINUOUS

Surfer friends PETE and DILLON, both about twenty, walk along the sand in their wetsuits as the sea comes in and the water wets their bare feet. They carry SURFBOARDS underarm.

DILLON

You still haven't asked her?

PETE

I'm waiting for the right time. Besides, you haven't asked her yet either.

DILLON

I'm working on it.

PETE

How long have you been working on it, Dillon? Seems like forever.

DILLON

Piss off, Pete, you've been saying you're waiting for the right time for God knows how long too, so just leave it, alright?

PETE

Chill out, chill out. How about we both ask her together, at the same time?

DILLON

Screw that, I'm not gonna sit there while she picks one of us out to date.

PETE

Scared I'm gonna be her choice? Hardly surprising given my dashing good looks.

DILLON

Jesus, get over yourself, will you? She's hot, she's nice, and she's totally fuckable, the complete opposite of you, my friend, but even she is not worth the embarrassment of one of us if she had to make such a choice.

PETE

Why do you use Jesus' name like he's a higher power or something? Jesus just walked on water, we ride it.

DILLON

True. But nonetheless, we have to ask separately, and quick too, before some lucky bastard gets to go out with her instead.

PETE

You're right, we need to ask fast.
Hmm, how about a little contest to
see who gets to ask her out first?

Dillon's eyebrow raises, intrigued.

DILLON

Go on.

PETE

First person to get decked by the
sea and fall off their board loses.
The winner gets to ask first, and
tonight at that. Think about it,
that little question could make one
of us the luckiest guy in town.

DILLON

I like it, it's a deal. Shake on
it.

The surfers stop and shake hands, then prepare their boards
for the competition. Pete limbers up a little as Dillon looks
on, rolling his eyes.

Pete and Dillon then position themselves either side of each
other with about a feet of distance between them and get
ready to hit the water.

PETE

You ready?

DILLON

Hell yeah.

PETE

On your marks. Get set. Go!

Pete and Dillon sprint into the water and jump prone onto
their boards. They push off out to sea body-boarding...

INTERCUT Pete and Dillon's surfing competition with the Great
White shark's movements.

MOMENTS LATER

the surfers ride the waves and pull off a slew of impressive
tricks.

The Great White shark lurks just below the surface.

Pete and Dillon continue their surfing contest.

The shark's attention is grabbed by the two surfboards and it
changes direction. It notices the surfers and approaches with
undoubtedly violent intent.

Dillon and Pete pull off yet more tricks as they ride the waves, doing their best not to fall off their surfboards.

The Great White makes a charge for one of the surfboards, but whose we are not quite sure until...

Dillon FLIES OFF his surfboard as the shark crashes into him. He splashes into the water and the predator RAVAGES him instantly. He roars in panic for his life as he is torn apart by the ferocious creature. Blood gushes from the surface.

Pete is oblivious to his best friend's gruesome demise.

Dillon disappears behind the titanic teeth of the shark.

Pete looks over his shoulder to find that Dillon and his surfboard are nowhere to be seen. He heads for shore, believing that he has won the competition.

MOMENTS LATER

Pete runs onto the sand with an accomplished smile on his face. He tosses his board onto the ground and throws his arms up into the air in a victory pose.

PETE (CONT'D)

Woo, yeah!

MELISSA (O.S.)

Hi, Pete.

Pete turns around and embarrassment writes itself all over his face. It's MELISSA, an extremely attractive young woman, the very girl Pete and Dillon have been wanting to date.

PETE

Oh, hey, Melissa. Me and Dill were just having a bit of healthy competition in your name actually, we --

Suddenly, half of Dillon's surfboard washes up at Pete's feet, clearly bitten in two by the dagger-like teeth of the Great White.

INT. POLICE STATION - MAX'S OFFICE - LATER

Jack slams the late Dillon's bitten-in-half surfboard onto Max's desk. The Superintendent looks up, obviously startled.

JACK

A kid pointing to my shirt and yelling monster, half a chewed up surfboard, and another missing person. We've got a shark problem, Max, I know it.

MAX

What's the matter with you, Jack? A broken surfboard means nothing in this town, especially when you shout shark.

JACK

Look at the bite radius. It may mean nothing to you, but this is exactly what I saw that time before, that's the bite of a Great White.

MAX

If we have another missing person we'll go through the appropriate channels and start a search if needs be.

JACK

What's the point? You're only gonna find an arm or a leg, not much else. And that's if you're lucky.

MAX

Calm down, please. Take a seat, take a breath, collect yourself, replay in your head what we discussed earlier this morning: we have no killer sharks in the United Kingdom, let alone in Brighton, Jack.

Jack sighs and reluctantly takes a seat.

JACK

You think this board means nothing? That's a shark bite, I've seen it before. You're really trying my patience, Max, we've got a shark problem and it's already taken three lives, nearly a fourth, that six year-old kid's. Or did you forget about him already?

Max takes a deep breath.

MAX

You're really serious about this, aren't you?

JACK

Deadly.

Max thinks fast for a beat for any suggestions.

MAX

Look, how about I try and sort out a meeting with the mayor? You can explain what you're thinking to him and see what he says. After all, if somehow we are going to act on this, we'd need his permission anyway.

JACK

Then let's go.

MAX

Hang on there, the mayor's a busy man, even for a Superintendent. I'll have to arrange it first, and I've got to be somewhere in a little while, so it's not going to be right away.

JACK

Where have you got to be that's more important than saving people's lives?

MAX

Jack, please, as much as I like you, I have to adhere to police confidentiality on this one.

Max gets up from his chair and makes to walk out of his office, but he stops beside Jack.

MAX (CONT'D)

Oh, I almost forgot, did you investigate that boat?

JACK

Yeah, and I found nothing but broken glass.

MAX

No evidence of a shark then? Don't worry, I'll get it looked at. I'll call you.

Max puts his hand on Jack's shoulder to comfort him, then proceeds to leave his office.

Jack looks both displeased and distant, deep in thought over the day's events so far.

Jack withdraws his cell phone and calls Alice.

Alice's cell phone RINGS. She answers.

INTERCUT conversation over the phone between Jack and Alice, who sits in their apartment.

ALICE
Hello?

JACK
Hey baby, it's me.

Alice's face lights up.

ALICE
Jack! How's the overtime going? Max hasn't got you working too hard has he?

JACK
No, baby, it's fine. Listen, could you do me a favour?

ALICE
Of course.

JACK
I need you to go online and have a look if there have been any recorded shark attacks in the UK. Could you do that for me?

Puzzlement crosses Alice's face.

ALICE
Sure, but shark attacks? Jack, what's up?

JACK
Nothing, at least I hope not. Look, I'll tell you later, but if you could please do the search now.

Alice now sits at a DESKTOP COMPUTER that is already turned on. She switches her cell to speakerphone and puts it on the desk.

ALICE
I'm on it now, you're on speaker.

She opens up an internet browser and types, "shark attacks in the UK" into a search engine. She scrolls through the results, but nothing catches her eye.

ALICE (CONT'D)
There's nothing so far about any attacks, but Jack, I do know that a few years ago there were big sharks reported to have been sighted in the Southwest, Great Whites I think.

JACK
What about the rest of Europe?

ALICE
One second.

Alice types, "shark attacks in Europe" into the search engine.

We see that the first few results refer to the attacks in Venice. She clicks on a link.

ALICE (CONT'D)
I've found something, it's about Italy, I --

JACK
One minute, Al, I've got another call.

Jack's phone BEEPS accordingly. He presses a button to put Alice on hold and connect the incoming call.

JACK (CONT'D)
Yeah?

EXT. POLICE STATION - CAR PARK - CONTINUOUS

Max is on the other end, standing beside his car.

MAX
Jack, it's Max. It seems my matter is going to be running a little late so I got in touch with the mayor. He's agreed to a meeting, but not until tomorrow at noon. Can you make that?

BACK TO JACK

JACK
I'll be there. See you then.

Jack bluntly disconnects the call and puts Alice back on the line.

JACK (CONT'D)
I'm back. What you got?

ALICE
I've got a newspaper report from last year here about some shark attacks in Venice.

JACK
Venice? Shoot.

ALICE

Okay, right: "The individuals reported as missing over the last seventy-two hours in Italy's floating capital of Venice, have now officially been ruled as deceased after a number of predatory Great White sharks were revealed to have been released into the city's famed canals by mafia kingpin, Vito Clemenza, in a desperate attempt to keep divers away from searching for the country's fabled Medici treasure, that has been the subject of over five centuries of rumors regarding its hidden location somewhere underneath the city.

The crime boss had orchestrated a slew of dives in an effort to find the lost treasure for himself. In his latest plot, Vito violently forced American university teacher, Dr. David Franks into assisting with the operation, holding his fiancée at gunpoint.

The scheme was put to rest in a valiant rescue mission by Venetian armed police which resulted in the ironic death of the Don, after he was attacked by one of the sharks.

This is the first time Great White sharks have ever been seen to inhabit Venice. One was killed and another captured, however a reported third shark has not yet been found, nor has disturbed the city in the last twenty-four hours, so authorities now believe the creature to possibly have swam away into more suitable waters".

Jack puts his hand on his chin in thought.

JACK

(to himself)

What if that shark found its way to Britain?

ALICE

What?

JACK

Surely it couldn't have, I mean the water's too cold, and --

ALICE
Jack, you're not making any sense,
please tell me what's going on.

JACK
I'll see you later, I've gotta go.
I love you.

Jack hangs up.

Alice stares with worry.

ALICE
(softly to herself)
I love you.

EXT. MARINA - LATER

Jack strolls along the boardwalk and catches Mike tending to an open chest in his own personal boat, his back turned. Jack stops to confront him.

JACK
Does that look like work to you?

Startled, Mike jumps and quickly closes the chest, as if hiding the contents from Jack.

MIKE
Blimey, you scared the living
daylights out of me, Jackie boy.

JACK
What a shame. Anyway, I'm back now,
and you're supposed to have been
covering for me.

MIKE
Yeah, well, things are quiet today,
thought I'd have a little rest.

JACK
A rest from what? Everyday's a rest
for you. And what's in that chest
that made you shut it so fast?

Mike looks uneasy at the mention of the chest.

MIKE
You know, just bits and bobs,
useless crap, nothing special
really.

JACK
Really? Knowing you I'd have
thought it would be something
special, a lot like you.

Mike doesn't take too kindly to the cheap shot and steps off his boat to stand face-to-face with Jack.

MIKE

And what's that supposed to mean, mate? Mr. Shark in Britain. Oh yeah, Max told me all about that one. What are you, some sort of nutcase?

Jack looks down at the floor and grins, then stares back up at Mike.

JACK

Well, if you really wanna know, it means you're a first class jerk.

MIKE

You really are pushing your luck, have been for a bloody long time too. I'll have you for the high jump if you're not flaming well careful.

Jack sucks his lip and then loudly tuts.

JACK

Damn, forgot my translator.

Mike exhales and his cheeks puff.

MIKE

You're in no position to act like that, mate.

JACK

And neither are you, but oh, it looks like you did the last time we met, which was just a couple of hours ago actually. Did you forget?

MIKE

Yeah? Well you shouldn't get so much on my bloody nerves then. Is that clear?

Jack smiles, and suddenly PUSHES MIKE OFF THE BOARDWALK and into the water below! He comes to the surface seconds later, spits out seawater, then starts splashing and hollering!

Jack grins with great accomplishment as if he had just conquered a great aspiration.

JACK

Crystal.

Jack walks off as Mike continues hammering the water with his fists and open palms.

MIKE

You fucking prick! Get back here
now, I'm gonna fucking kill you!
You hear me? Kill you!

The shark's here! Its fin rises from the deep and makes its way towards Mike from behind...

Mike swims over to a ladder, oblivious of what's behind him.

The fin is closing in...

Mike climbs the ladder, one rung at a time... but slips down one!

The fin is closer still...

He regains his footing and climbs back up the rung.

Closer...

Mike gets back onto the boardwalk just as the shark would surely leap out of the water and take him alive. The fin moves away.

Mike stands soaking wet, with absolutely no idea of his near death experience.

MIKE (CONT'D)

(to himself)

Son of a fucking bitch.

EXT. CAFE - AFTERNOON

Jack is seated outside the cafe eating on his lunch break.

Max approaches and sits down beside him.

MAX

Thought I might find you here.

JACK

Come here every lunchtime.

MAX

I've noticed.

(beat)

Look, Jack, I don't want to be the bearer of bad news, but Mike went to Charlie about the incident you two had this morning, and I happened to be with Charlie when Mike burst into his office dripping seawater onto his nice new carpet. I don't need to tell you that Charlie wasn't best pleased and --

JACK

So? Prick deserved it, he's had that coming for a long time, trust me.

MAX

And he's suspended you, Jack. Indefinitely and without pay.

Jack drops his cutlery onto his plate in anger.

JACK

What?

MAX

You've really pissed him right off. He wanted to tell you himself, but I told him it may be for the best if you heard it from me.

JACK

You think that not having my boss tell me I've been suspended makes things easier on me? Suspended, without pay, and for an indefinite amount of time? That's all I need right now for Christ sakes.

MAX

I'm sorry, but what do you expect from him? You threw a colleague off the bloody marina.

JACK

He deserved it, he's the scum of the earth, and it doesn't help matters when it sounds like you're parading my concerns about a shark in these waters like some kind of damn joke.

MAX

I'm doing nothing of the sort. And suspended or not, you've still got your meeting with the mayor tomorrow at noon to express those concerns, alright?

Jack just looks down at the table, not sure what to think after that bombshell.

Max stands up.

MAX (CONT'D)

Go home, Jack, spend some quality time with your fiancée. God knows you need her right now.

Max heads off leaving Jack alone at his table contemplating what the day has given him.

INT. SEAFRONT BAR - NIGHT

An abundance of youthful customers enjoy their alcoholic beverages in the bustling bar. Most are sitting, but a few are on their feet, slowly jiving to the music whilst engaging in their own conversations.

A Jack who's had a little too much to drink sits on a stool, hunched over the bar with a mostly empty bottle of WHISKEY beside him and a full shot glass in his hand.

Opposite Jack on the other side of the bar, the BARTENDER busies himself by cleaning glasses.

Jack takes the whole shot of whiskey.

BARTENDER
You should slow down.

Jack keeps his head down.

JACK
(slurring)
Funny thing for a bartender to say,
isn't it?

BARTENDER
Well, you don't wanna start making
a habit out of going through
bottles like there's no tomorrow.
The stuff will kill you in the end.

Jack looks up at the bartender, amused.

JACK
Kill me? Hah, it's the drink out
there you should be worrying about,
and the killing machine that's in
it: the Great White.

The bartender's interest is struck.

Jack picks up the whiskey bottle...

BARTENDER
Great White? As in the shark?

...and pours himself another shot, then nods to the bartender to answer his question.

JACK
You bet your ass the shark.

BARTENDER
Those sharks are in this country?

JACK
You bet your ass that too.

Jack laughs drunkenly, then gulps down the shot.

BARTENDER
Remind me to never go swimming out
there again.

Jack puts his hand on the bartender's shoulder and looks at
him glossy-eyed.

JACK
Don't go swimming out there again.

Jack wheezes hysterically.

Bob suddenly appears at Jack's side.

BOB
Evening, Jack.

JACK
Hey, it's Bob! My favorite person
this side of the Mississippi.

Bob turns his attention to the whiskey bottle, now containing
about one last shots worth.

BOB
How much have you had? I'd take it
easy if I were you, don't want a
pain-in-the-ass hangover in the
morning.

JACK
My sentiments exactly, but
tomorrow, I can lay in bed all day
long.

BOB
How?

JACK
Cause I can.

BOB
What about work?

JACK
Well there would be work, but I got
suspended.

Bob can't believe his ears.

BOB
You got suspended? What the bloody
hell for?

JACK
I, I --

Jack bursts into laughter again.

JACK (CONT'D)
(fighting the laughter)
I pushed Mike off the marina!

BOB
You did what?

JACK
Pushed him right off the boardwalk,
you should've seen his face! Shame
that shark didn't smell that
bastard.

BOB
Shark?

JACK
The Great White out there.

BOB
Right, that's the scotch talking,
my friend. Come on, I'll take you
home, you need to sleep this off.

JACK
No, it's the truth, there's a shark
out there, I know it, but no one
will believe me, not until it swims
right up to them and bites them in
the ass!
(raising his voice so
everyone in the vicinity
can hear)
Shark! Shark in the bar!

Everyone turns to Jack wondering what the hell he's talking
about, glaring at him like he's some drunken fool.

JACK (CONT'D)
Don't worry, you're all safe, I'm
from Beach Patrol! But I can't
promise your safety come this
weekend!

BOB
You're making a scene, Jack. You
need to get home to Alice, does she
even know you're here this late?

JACK
What does she care?

BOB
What does she care? You're going to marry her, she's your everything and your her's. Come on, we're leaving.

JACK
Alright, alright, Bob.

Jack points to the bottle of scotch.

JACK (CONT'D)
One more, let me finish it.

Jack pours the last remnants of whiskey into his glass.

JACK (CONT'D)
Bottoms up.

He shots it.

JACK (CONT'D)
Okay, Bob. Bobby. Mr. Bob, let's hit the road.

Jack gets up off his stool and collapses, but Bob just barely catches him in his arms. Bob hoists him back to his feet and helps him out of the bar like a wounded soldier.

As the door closes, a young DRUNKEN COUPLE stumble out of the bar, both in their mid twenties.

They speed across the road and climb over a rail onto the beach. The DRUNK GIRL takes the lead and makes for the sea, but behind her the DRUNK GUY, who we will later know as STEVE, slips and falls on the sand.

STEVE
(calling out)
Hey, wait up!

The girl stops and walks back in her tracks to Steve, who lays back in the sand, extremely intoxicated.

DRUNK GIRL
There's no time to rest, cause we're going swimming!

STEVE
Swimming? But,
(impersonating Jack,
complete with American
accent)
There's a shark out there!

The two share a laugh at Jack's expense.

DRUNK GIRL

That guy was crazy, what a nut.

STEVE

I know. I mean, the only shark here
is me!

Steve makes an animalistic snarl and bites at his
girlfriend's pants.

DRUNK GIRL

(shouting sarcastically)

Help, I'm being attacked!

The drunk girl throws off her t-shirt and pants so that she
is just in her bra and underwear.

Steve looks on with a smile on his face, liking what he sees.

DRUNK GIRL (CONT'D)

Oh my God, it's dragging me into
the deep!

She runs towards the sea, arms flailing like a bad actress
running from some killer in hot pursuit.

STEVE

Hey!

Steve slowly gets to his feet as his girlfriend jumps into
the water and pushes off. He follows her footprints in the
sand in a stumbling jog, nearly falling flat on his face a
number of times.

The drunk girl screams with her flailing arms, continuing her
shark attack tirade. She's about twenty feet out now.

Steve trips over as he enters the water and falls. The cold
temperature a shock to his system, he quickly gets back up
and starts wading through the water.

STEVE (CONT'D)

(calling out)

Don't worry, the lifeguard's here
to save you!

Steve flexes his unimpressive muscles in a Hulk Hogan-esque
series of poses.

DRUNK GIRL

Woo!

Out of nowhere, the Great White shark explodes above the
surface directly underneath the drunk girl, swallowing her up
whole and then crashing back down and vanishing in a split-
second.

Steve freezes and looks on in both horror and disbelief.

INT. JACK'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - THE NEXT MORNING

Jack awakens lying on his side of the bed, not under the covers and fully clothed from the previous night.

Alice sits on the bed with wondering eyes.

ALICE
Rough night I take it.

JACK
(sleepily)
Huh? Oh, yeah.

ALICE
I could tell by the way you fell through the door and collapsed onto the bed, reeking of booze. Want to explain that?

Jack composes himself.

JACK
I'm sorry, but, I, I got suspended from work yesterday.

Alice freaks out.

ALICE
What? Why? How long for? Are you still getting paid?

JACK
I'm suspended indefinitely and, I'm not getting a penny.

ALICE
What the hell did you do?

JACK
I pushed Mike over, that's all.

ALICE
You pushed him over and they suspended you?

JACK
Yeah, but he ended up in the water.

ALICE
Jesus Christ, what were you thinking? We need all the money we can get if we're gonna get married this year.

JACK

You know what? That's all I thought about when I was out drowning my sorrows last night. I'm sorry, baby, yesterday was all screwed up.

ALICE

And what was all that about on the phone when you asked me to look up shark attacks in Europe?

JACK

That. Well, I think there's a shark out there. A Great White. I don't know how it got here, or how it's even surviving in these waters, but I think it's out there.

ALICE

Like those sharks in Venice?

JACK

What?

ALICE

That online report I read to you yesterday, it said about Great White sharks in Venice that were raised almost from birth in the canals, to assist some mafia honcho on finding treasure or something.

Jack sits up in a flash.

JACK

Of course, I almost forgot. Those sharks must have somehow adapted to the Mediterranean waters to the point of survival. You said one got away, right?

ALICE

Right.

JACK

That shark must have escaped Venice, and managed its way here. Most of the European waters aren't natural to the Great White and they aren't territorial creatures, so it could have swam the entire continent in the past year living on anything from seals to --

Jack has a sudden realization, and it's not a good one.

JACK (CONT'D)

Human beings. Shit.

ALICE

Have you seen one here?

JACK

I haven't seen one, but I've seen a bite in a surfboard, and that's good enough for me. I've got a meeting with Mayor Kemp at midday to talk about it, but I don't have my hopes high for any action, he's not gonna wanna hear it, not on the eve of his money-maker.

INT. CITY HALL - MAYOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Behind a large desk in a neatly arranged and pristine office sits the city of Brighton's mayor, JOHN KEMP, aged in his late forties. Opposite him sits Max and Jack.

MAYOR KEMP

Are you out of your mind?

JACK

No, it's just my concern for the safety of the people who live in this city.

MAYOR KEMP

You can say what you like, but there is no way, no way in hell I'm gonna close the beach just because of your empty little theory.

JACK

Three missing people in the last twenty four hours and a shark bite in a surfboard. You call that an empty theory? I call that a big fucking deal.

MAYOR KEMP

You better lower your tone and watch your language when talking to me, or you can get straight out of my office. People go missing, it's an unfortunate occurrence, but it's a part of everyday life. May I remind you, Mr. Fuller, that this is a city in its prime season, not some half-empty ghost town where everyone knows everyone. You of all people should know that coming from a state four-times the size of this bloody country.

The mayor lets that sink in.

MAYOR KEMP (CONT'D)

I've listened to what you have to say and I admire your concerns, but I do not deem them big enough to personally act on. There are no man-eating predators in British waters, Mr. Fuller, let alone sharks. None. I can't even believe you expect me to close the beach just twenty-four hours from the start of the Bash on the Beach festival. This weekend is set to be the busiest in our history, even your friends from across the pond will be joining us for a piece of the festivities. I'm not prepared for the city to lose out on millions all because you're bellowing nonsense about some killer shark. Please, do your job, not jump to conclusions. Now, if you're quite finished --

The door suddenly swings open and slams against the wall. It's Steve, the man who lost his girlfriend to the shark the night before. He storms into the office with Bob in his wake.

STEVE

My girlfriend is dead, fucking dead! You're sitting on your throne all high and mighty whilst I've fucking lost her!

MAYOR KEMP

Sir, please, what are you talking about? Bob, what is this?

STEVE

What am I talking about? She was swimming and a fucking shark came up from under her and then she was gone, just like that.

Jack and Kemp exchange a glance.

MAYOR KEMP

A shark. How can you be sure?

STEVE

I saw it rip right through the water and swallow her whole. What more proof do you damn need?

The mayor sits contemplatively.

MAYOR KEMP

Bob, Max, what's your input on this?

BOB

Well, Jack mentioned something about a shark to me last night, and now that I remember, during the day as well when he was speaking to me about that young lad.

MAYOR KEMP

Max?

MAX

With all that's transpired in the last day, maybe it's worth at least a search.

Kemp wipes the sweat from his brow and holds his head in his hand.

MAYOR KEMP

Right. Jack, you've got a search, but I'm not closing the beach.

Kemp looks at his watch.

MAYOR KEMP (CONT'D)

There's less than twenty-four hours until the Bash starts, so you've got until then to seek and destroy this thing if it really exists. Do whatever it takes. And come what may, the beach stays open.

JACK

If you expect me to hunt it, I'm gonna need a team.

MAYOR KEMP

A team? We don't have those kind of resources ahead of tomorrow.

Bob steps forward, without hesitation.

BOB

I'll go.

MAYOR KEMP

The hell you will, you've got your own work to be getting on with.

BOB

How can you expect Jack to get rid of a Great White shark all by himself? I'm sure Max can have me covered, just for today.

The mayor looks at Max, questioning him without speaking a word. Max nods.

MAYOR KEMP

Fine, go with him, but just for today, we don't have the manpower to waste on some wild goose chase.

STEVE

You bastard!

Steve lunges over Kemp's desk, but Bob just manages to restrain him before he can strike.

MAYOR KEMP

Get him out of here!

Jack stands and helps Bob with Steve. The three of them then leave the office.

INT. CITY HALL - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

STEVE

I'm going with you, this is personal. I was going to propose to her tomorrow night at the Bash. Son of a bitch has taken everything away from me. Everything!

JACK

You sure you wanna do this?

STEVE

There's nothing I want more right now than to kill that thing.

JACK

We're gonna need all the help we can get, but it looks like it's just gonna be the three of us. The mayor wouldn't even allow you to go, but --

STEVE

Fuck him.

JACK

Took the words right out of my mouth. Okay, I'm gonna pay a visit to that kid who lost his parents the other night. We'll take my boat, so I'll get it prepped for the hunt. How does the marina at two o'clock sound?

BOB

Got it.

JACK

Oh, by the way, I'm Jack Fuller of the Beach Patrol Unit. This is Bob, Detective Inspector.

STEVE

I'm Steve. I saw you two last night at the bar.

Jack and Bob exchange handshakes with Steve.

JACK

I'm so sorry for your loss.

STEVE

Yeah, me too.

INT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - HALLWAY

Jack walks up to the door of an apartment and knocks.

A moment later, a young woman in her early twenties opens the door, softly spoken Kate, the sister of Jamie. She looks wounded mentally; trying to keep her composure. She puts on a brave face.

JACK

Hello, I'm Jack Fuller, I'm with the Beach Patrol Unit. I spoke to Jamie yesterday about his parents. Would I be correct in saying that you're his sister?

KATE

That's right. I'm Kate, Jamie's staying with me at the moment.

JACK

Is there any way that I could see him?

Kate thinks for a beat.

KATE

Come in. He's just watching television.

She lets him into the apartment and shuts the door behind her.

INT. KATE'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

KATE

It's just through here.

Kate leads Jack to the doorway of the living room. Jamie sits cross-legged on the floor in front of the television.

KATE (CONT'D)
(keeping her tone low so
that Jamie cannot hear)
He's been silent for most of the
time since I got him from the
station, so I'm not sure how much
you'll get out of him. I guess
that's how six year-olds cope with
such a thing. There's still a
search on though, isn't there?

JACK
There is, but --

KATE
You don't think it'll be much use.
I know, I'm prepared for the worst.
(nods to Jamie)
Looks like he is too from what he's
said, seems adamant that they're
gone.

JACK
I'm really sorry.

Kate smiles sadly at Jack. Silence falls for a brief, awkward moment.

KATE
(clearing her throat)
Right, I'm gonna make his lunch.
Tea? Coffee?

JACK
No thank you, I'll only be a
moment.

Jack returns a polite smile, then Kate heads to the kitchen.

Jack enters the living room and kneels down beside Jamie, but the child ignores his presence, keeping his focus on the television.

JACK (CONT'D)
Hey champ, how you holding up?

Jamie doesn't move an inch.

JACK (CONT'D)
Look, Jamie, I know it's difficult.
You don't have to talk to me if you
don't want to, but I'd just like
you to know that I know what the
monster is that you were talking
about.

Jamie turns to Jack and looks him dead in the eyes.

JACK (CONT'D)
I know what it is, and I'm gonna
find it and send it away. Far, far
away.

JAMIE
Will mummy and daddy come back when
the monster goes away?

Jack swallows hard as he decides on an answer.

JACK
I don't think so.

JAMIE
They're gone forever?

JACK
I think so.

There is a beat of somber silence.

JACK (CONT'D)
My mommy and daddy were lost when I
was your age too. I know how you
feel, I've been there.

JAMIE
How did they get lost?

Jack pauses again decisively over a suitable response.

JACK
A monster took them away.

INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

A six year-old boy innocently walks into the room. His
parents lay dead at his feet, covered in blood and riddled
with bullets. Young Jack.

Jack looks up steadily to find a balaclava-clad BURGLAR
wielding a smoking gun. The killer stares at him for a brief
moment then runs out of the house, leaving Jack fixated on
the bodies. His parents gone forever, just like Jamie's.

INT. KATE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jack is turned away from Jamie, held by the vision of his
childhood.

JAMIE
The same monster?

Jack breaks out of the reminiscence.

JACK

Similar. Look, Jamie, I've gotta go and meet some friends of mine so we can send that monster on its way. I just wanted to let you know that I'm going to find it. Take care, champ.

Jack pats Jamie on the back and gets to his feet. As he makes for the door we see Kate leaning against the frame, she's been listening in on the conversation.

JACK (CONT'D)

Thanks for letting me speak to him.

Kate smiles in acceptance.

KATE

So you know what it is that he's been calling a monster?

JACK

I think so. I've been sworn to secrecy, but it's only right that you know. Certain events in the last day, such as your parents' disappearance, all seem to add up to a shark being in our waters.

A bomb is dropped behind Kate's eyes.

KATE

What kind of shark?

JACK

A Great White.

KATE

Jesus. Have you seen it?

JACK

No, but I've got evidence and an eyewitness. I'm just about to lead a hunt to prove its existence.

KATE

What about the Bash?

JACK

It's going ahead as planned, the mayor only hears what he wants to hear. Are you taking Jamie?

KATE

Yeah, I thought it'd take his mind off things.

JACK

Should do him some good, but
whatever you do, stay out of the
water.

KATE

Thanks.

JACK

I may see you tomorrow. Stay
strong.

Jack nods his farewell and walks out of the apartment.

EXT. MARINA - LATER THAT AFTERNOON

Jack tends to his boat making the final preparations for the
hunt, when Bob and Steve approach on the boardwalk, both
carrying GEAR BAGS.

Hearing their footsteps, Jack looks up.

JACK

Right on time.

STEVE

Being a minute late would be an
extra minute more to live than I'm
willing to give that fucking fish.

Bob hands over his gear to Jack, who drops it onto the boat,
and boards the vessel.

Steve then passes on his bag to Jack. He drops it beside
Bob's.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Whoa, whoa, whoa, shit, careful
with that.

JACK

What you got in it?

STEVE

Here, I'll show you.

Jack and Bob step aside as Steve climbs onto the boat and
kneels down to his gear. He opens the bag and rummages
through it, then pulls out a PISTOL and hands it to Jack,
then reaches back into his bag.

JACK

Jesus --

Steve withdraws a PUMP ACTION SHOTGUN and passes it to Bob.

JACK (CONT'D)

Christ.

STEVE

Watch yourself, both are loaded.
We're gonna need this firepower,
you wait until you see the size of
the bastard, it's gonna take a lot
to put him down.

Steve delves back into his gear, looks around for a moment, then steadily takes out TWO HAND GRENADES, the fragmentation kind, rusted and dusty with the look of sheer age. He shows them to Jack and Bob.

BOB

Bloody hell.

JACK

Are they --

STEVE

Grenades. Like I said, we're gonna
need all the firepower we can get.
After all, the mayor said to do
whatever it takes.

JACK

Where the hell did you get them?

STEVE

My dad was in the army and always
had them around when I was a kid. I
guess he stole them on a tour of
duty sometime. Could have been
World War Two for all I know, so
they could be useless antiques,
probably don't even work now.

BOB

Well, whether they do or they
don't, I'm turning a blind eye.

JACK

Let me guess, Bob, you got a
grenade launcher.

BOB

No, no, just a change of clothes.

Jack laughs.

EXT. AT SEA - A LITTLE LATER

Jack's boat heads out to sea and the hunt begins.

EXT. AT SEA - LATER

Jack's boat cruises the crystalline blue water, a few miles into the journey.

INT./EXT. JACK'S BOAT - CONTINUOUS

Jack mans the vessel as Bob and Steve look out for any sign of the shark.

STEVE

(to Jack)

You got any equipment on this boat, like radars or whatever?

JACK

Are you kidding? With the budget the mayor gave Beach Patrol, I'm lucky to even have this. The most advanced aquatic technology I've got on here is the chum bucket, and you should probably get a line going. Wherever that shark is, even if it's miles and miles away, it'll smell the blood in the water.

Steve reaches down to a rusty bucket full of fish entrails.

STEVE

God, it stinks.

JACK

Yeah, well fish guts don't smell too pretty.

Steve covers his mouth with one hand in disgust and grabs a bloody trowel with the other. He starts CHUMMING.

JACK (CONT'D)

That shark will start tearing towards us the second the first drop of blood hits the water.

BOB

Gives me the shakes being out here, so still and quiet with that thing out here somewhere. Anywhere.

JACK

Just keep your feet on here and you should be right as rain. But saying that, I don't know how big it is.

STEVE

From the size of its head, it could be twice as long as this boat.

Suddenly, a huge DORSAL FIN rises in the distance and begins moving towards the boat.

All three hunters simultaneously turn to see the fin and look on in absolute awe.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Oh shit.

BOB

Bloody hell.

JACK

Jesus, it's heading straight for us.

BOB

Go faster!

JACK

We can't outrun it, not in this thing.

Steve tosses the chum trowel aside and picks up his shotgun.

STEVE

Slow down, I'm gonna get it.

Jack releases the throttle and a MECHANICAL MOAN signals the slowing of the boat.

The fin moves through the water, closer and closer to the boat, totally ignoring the chum line.

JACK

It's not eating up the chum line.

STEVE

The fucker's got a taste for human flesh.

Steve points the shotgun at the approaching fin and follows it as in seconds it will hit the boat...

STEVE (CONT'D)

Come on, come on.

...but suddenly, the fin dives under and disappears.

BOB

Where did it go?

Steve lowers his gun in surprise, obviously anticipating the shark to leap at him so he could blow it away.

JACK

Shit, it's gone underneath us.

The trio scan the water around them nervously.

JACK (CONT'D)
Everybody hold --

WHAM! The shark ploughs into the boat from below, out of sight.

Bob and Steve collapse to the floor and Jack stumbles away from the steering wheel, then falls the six or so feet down to the deck.

A calm beat, then Bob gets to his feet, closely followed by Steve. They see that they're both okay, but then notice Jack still on his back.

BOB
Jack!

Bob springs into action and helps Jack back up to a vertical base.

BOB (CONT'D)
Are you okay?

JACK
(painfully)
Yeah, I'm alright.

Trickles of blood fall down Jack's face from a fresh cut on the top of his head.

STEVE
You're cut.

Jack gently feels the area of obvious discomfort and looks at his hand to see the blood.

JACK
It's okay, I'm fine.

BOB
Have you got a first aid kit around here, or --

CRASH! The shark breaks out of the sea right behind Steve, who flings himself forward to narrowly avoid death. The shark BITES A HUGE CHUNK out of the side of the boat, then goes back under.

Jack and Bob rush to Steve's aid and help him up. Steve grabs his shotgun confidently. Running on adrenaline, it hasn't quite sunk in how close he came to being lunch.

BOB (CONT'D)
Look at the size of that bloody fish.

JACK

It's gotta be twenty-feet long,
maybe more.

STEVE

Hey, Bob, you ever fired a gun
before?

BOB

No.

STEVE

Well, you just look down the barrel
and pull the trigger, there's no
chance of missing this big mother
fucker.

Steve whips out his handgun and gives it to Bob, who inspects it cautiously.

Steve points his shotgun in a tight clasp and FIRES at the dorsal fin, pumps to reload, then fires again.

Pumps, shoots. Who knows if the shells hit or miss, but it makes no difference at that range.

The fin dives again and we see the shark go under the boat. A moment later, the fin emerges on the other side.

Bob takes aim with the handgun and fires sparingly, trying to perfect the shots and conserve ammunition.

Jack wipes away a plunk of blood from his forehead.

JACK

I don't know if bullets are gonna
do much good.

Steve starts to fume and is quick to jump in, persistently;

STEVE

Keep shooting.

Bob compliantly fires off the gun as sparingly as before.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Gimme that.

Steve angrily forces the handgun out of Bob's hands and into his own. He drops the magazine and gets a fresh clip from his pocket, then reloads.

Steve takes firm aim and starts shooting, but keeps pulling on the trigger non-stop, blasting away with a rage-stricken face like the pistol was a machine gun.

JACK

Steve, stop it! Calm down, you're
wasting bullets. Stop it!

CLICK CLICK. Out of ammo. Steve's emptied the magazine but keeps pulling the trigger, staring wide-eyed at the shark fin in a trance-like state. All he wants is vengeance.

JACK (CONT'D)

Steve!

Steve blinks and takes a breath, clocking back into reality.

He throws the gun to the floor and picks up his shotgun, then PUMPS IT ready for action.

The shark quickly swims around to the other side of the boat.

JACK (CONT'D)

You got any more ammo for the
pistol?

STEVE

In my bag.

Jack kneels down to Steve's gear bag and looks inside. Bob looks on.

The shark now has distance on the vessel. The dorsal fin once again starts moving full steam ahead towards the boat from afar. It wants to build speed.

Steve watches the fin like a hawk and positions himself for another unloading of shotgun shells.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Come on, jump up, jump up. Show me
your ugly bastard face, I'll
fucking blow it off. Come on.

The fin speeds closer still.

STEVE (CONT'D)

(quietly to himself; the
fin continues to rage
towards the boat)

I'm gonna kill you. I'm gonna kill
you. I'm gonna kill you. I'm gonna
kill you. I'm gonna kill you. I'm
gonna kill you. I'm gonna kill you.

The shark reaches the boat!

STEVE (CONT'D)

I'm gonna kill you!

The Great White shark POUNCES OUT OF THE BLUE and ENGULFS
Steve!

It bites him at the waist and pulls him violently off the boat, tossing him up in its jaws and CRUNCHING down on him.

Suddenly, a BLAST from the shotgun! We see no flame or light, only hear the weapon's muffled discharge. The shark instantly crashes back underwater and disappears. Dead?

The water around the side of the boat where the shark just struck turns blood red.

Without fearing for their own safety, Bob and Jack scurry over to where Steve just stood and scream for him;

BOB

Steve! Steve!

JACK

Damnit! God damnit!

Jack grabs the chum bucket and throws it overboard with all his might in a flash of sad rage. There's so much blood in the water already that the chum does little to add to it.

INT. CITY HALL - MAYOR'S OFFICE - LATER

We join a meeting in progress between Jack, seated, and Mayor Kemp, who stands defiantly and with a venomous stare.

MAYOR KEMP

You took someone who had absolutely no permission or right out with you to hunt for that fish and now he's dead? Dead? What the hell were you thinking?

JACK

He came by his own decision, I, nor Bob forced him or even asked him to come along. That man lost the love of his life to that shark just yesterday as you already know, and I think that is his right for coming. He wanted revenge.

MAYOR KEMP

Oh, well that's just all well and good then, isn't it? Do you know what the media is gonna do? Do you know how irresponsible and careless the media is gonna portray this office? Why can't you just use your head for one bloody second? And of all the days that you could pull a stunt like this, it has to be on the eve of this weekend's festivities. You really have bloody excelled yourself this time.

(MORE)

MAYOR KEMP (CONT'D)

You're already suspended, you're a loose cannon!

Kemp slams his fist down on his desk and grabs a bottle of whiskey and glass from a drawer. He pours himself a double and downs it.

MAYOR KEMP (CONT'D)

Jesus Christ. I don't want a single word about that shark being said, okay? Whether you say it's dead or alive or not, I don't care, the Bash on the Beach will go ahead as scheduled, and you better do your job of making sure another complete fuck up like today doesn't happen tomorrow.

Jack irately jumps up from his chair.

JACK

Don't you dare talk to me about doing my job. I have every intention of doing all I can to protect that beach this weekend, but when all those men, women and children go running into the water, without a care in the world, that shark, if it's still out there, is gonna have a forty-eight hour buffet, and for all I care, you can be the first one in.

Jack glares steely-eyed at Mayor Kemp, who looks obviously intimidated by Jack's defence.

Jack storms out of the office for the second time today as Kemp pours another whiskey.

EXT. BRIGHTON BEACH - THE NEXT DAY

The opening day of the annual Bash on the Beach weekend.

The beach is bustling with visitors of all ages who have come to enjoy the sunny British tradition that is the Brighton summer.

Banners promote the weekend, food and refreshment vendors operate their businesses across the beach, children frolic about the place and laugh joyfully.

A BANDSTAND has been put up that comes out into the water. Four wooden beams stuck deep in the sandy bottom support the structure.

There is a SMALL STAGE set up on the beach with balloons tied to every conceivable part of the structure and a lectern in the middle, complete with a mounted microphone. Mayor Kemp stands behind it proudly with assistants and security at his side.

A huge CROWD has gathered before the stage anticipating the official opening of the festivities.

MAYOR KEMP
(into microphone)
Ladies and gentlemen, boys and
girls, children of all ages. No,
this is not a circus.

The crowd breaks a small laugh.

MAYOR KEMP (CONT'D)
But the beginning of something very
special in the hearts of the great
British public: the Brighton
summer!

The crowd cheer eagerly.

MAYOR KEMP (CONT'D)
I would like you all to know that
this season is looking to be the
city's biggest in history!

Those gathered around the stage give a round of applause.

MAYOR KEMP (CONT'D)
I know that we have many guests in
attendance this weekend who have
travelled the world over just to
taste the heritage and tradition of
the British summer, so please
welcome our international visitors
this year with a warm round of
applause.

The crowd clap and cheer again.

MAYOR KEMP (CONT'D)
You can all expect some exciting
events taking place all weekend
long to kick off the season, from
live music to the traditional
firework display this evening!

Another cheer from the audience.

MAYOR KEMP (CONT'D)

Speaking of live music, in just moments I hear, some fantastic performers will grace the bandstand to kick-start the soundtrack to your weekend! And with all that's happening on the beach, don't forget, the water's lovely! Enjoy this year's Bash on the Beach! Thank you, thank you very much.

A huge round of applause and cheers to match erupt for Kemp. He soaks up the appreciation with a clown-like grin, no doubt counting his money already and preparing to laugh his way to the bank.

The crowd begin to disperse and start running down the beach, propping up on the sand, gathering around the bandstand, and leaping into the sea.

We see Jack, arms folded, looking at Kemp from afar and certainly not impressed. He turns and watches the plethora of families run into the sea, concerned.

Jack takes a pair of binoculars and looks through them.

BINOCULAR P.O.V.: Jack spots Jamie walking on the beach alongside his sister, Kate.

He puts the binoculars away and jogs over to them.

JACK

Hey guys.

KATE

Afternoon, Mr. Fuller.

JACK

Please, just call me Jack. I hate formalities.

Jack kneels down to Jamie.

JACK (CONT'D)

Hey champ, how you doing today?

JAMIE

Fine. Is the monster gone? Did you send it far, far away?

Jack goes to answer, but stops himself in mid-breath, unsure of how to react.

JACK

Yeah, that's the last we'll be seeing of that monster.

JAMIE

Does that mean I can go in the sea now?

JACK

Uh --

KATE

You know, I don't think you want to go out there today, I mean it's so busy, there would be no room to swim and play. How about we go another day?

Kate gives Jack a look that tells him she detected his uncertainty when answering Jamie's question.

JAMIE

But we went in the sea last year.

KATE

I know we did, petal, but you heard what Mr. Mayor said, it's the busiest time ever, especially this weekend. How about today we build sand castles and go on the pier?

JACK

Yeah, and you can get some rock candy. Do you like rock candy, champ?

JAMIE

Yeah.

JACK

Well in that case, I'll leave you to go get your rock candy, before it's all gone. It's the best I've ever had, you certainly don't wanna miss out.

JAMIE

Okay.

Jack stands back up.

JACK

You two have a good time today, okay?

(to Kate)

And, yeah, don't go in there.

Kate nods understandingly.

KATE

We'll see you later then, Jack.

JACK

Have fun.

Katie and Jamie walk off.

Suddenly, Alice appears from out of nowhere and jumps onto Jack's back and lifts herself up.

JACK (CONT'D)

Whoa there!

They hug. Alice smiles with her eyes closed as she rests her head on Jack's shoulder. We then see Jack with eyes wide open, scanning the sea for any sign of the Great White shark.

ALICE

Working hard?

JACK

Naturally. It's gonna be a long day let alone a long weekend. Let's hope there's no problems.

ALICE

People should just relax, let go and enjoy themselves instead of making trouble. Surely there's enough to do this weekend without needing to act the fool.

Jack just stares at Alice unconvincingly.

ALICE (CONT'D)

You're talking about that shark, aren't you?

JACK

It could still be out there and the mayor won't allow any word of it to come out, no safety precautions, no nothing. He hasn't even filled in any of my colleagues about the risk; what are they supposed to do if it comes back? They don't have training, they don't know what to do. Only Kemp, Bob, Max and Mike know about the shark, it's sickening, and because I don't wanna lose my job, I haven't said a word. But at what expense, human life? The lives of mothers, fathers, husbands, wives, sons, daughters? I feel selfish and all screwed up.

ALICE

Jack, you're doing your job and you're doing it well.

(MORE)

ALICE (CONT'D)

You're doing what's expected of you and no one can fault you for that. Just take it easy, you're not selfish, you're far from it. And if the mayor's gonna lay all the blame and all his guilt at your door, then I will personally give that bastard his due. Now, you said that shark may have been killed and you're probably right. No sighting or attacks in the last twenty-four hours, right?

JACK

Right.

ALICE

Then I'm sure it's dead or it swam somewhere else. You told me it's probably swam the whole continent in the last year, so I'm sure it's moved on, plenty of places better than England to stop by.

Jack cracks a short smile.

ALICE (CONT'D)

Please, just put your mind at ease, it's not healthy to worry so much, you don't need or deserve what you're feeling. Let it go, if not for yourself, then for me, okay?

They embrace without Jack opening his mouth. Again, Jack stares widely at the sea.

ALICE (CONT'D)

I'll see you later, alright?

JACK

Alright.

They kiss briefly, then Alice walks off.

EXT. AT SEA - CONTINUOUS

The fin of the Great White shark rises above the water. We go under and see the predator in full. It's alive all right, not a mark on it. It swims past us.

EXT. BRIGHTON BEACH - CONTINUOUS

We return to Jack, still fixated on the sea.

MAYOR KEMP (O.S.)

Keeping your eyes peeled?

Mayor Kemp appears behind Jack with Max.

JACK

There's a lot to look out for when I'm the only member of security who knows about the shark.

MAYOR KEMP

Alright, keep your voice down, no need to get feisty. I trust you'll do the right thing if anything happens to, pop up out there. Now, if you'll excuse me.

Kemp grins a farewell smile to Jack and Max nods to acknowledge his presence. The two walk off together and start engaging in conversation.

OFF JACK

we journey around the beach again to see the festivities in full swing. A FOUR-PIECE BAND now plays SURF MUSIC on the bandstand. The crowd around the structure dance and have a good time.

EXT. AT SEA - CONTINUOUS

The Great White's fin on the sea's surface. The shark is far from the beach, but we can hear the surf music quietly in the distance above the tune of SEAGULLS overhead.

The creature dives and zooms past us, picking up speed. Then in a flash, the shark leaps spectacularly through the air and clamps its jaws on a LOW-FLYING SEAGULL. Feathers flutter everywhere as the ferocious predator splashes back underwater. Utterly awe-inspiring.

A brief moment later, the shark's dorsal fin returns and starts heading in the direction of the beach!

EXT. BRIGHTON BEACH - CONTINUOUS

BINOCULAR P.O.V.: Swimmers, sand castle builders, general summertime beach antics, but no shark. But there's Mike, lugging a SUITCASE that looks like it's been stuffed to the last millimeter, towards a small car park.

Jack puts his binoculars away and heads over to Mike, intrigued as to why he isn't doing his job. No surprise there.

Jack closes in on Mike, when something falls out of the bulging suitcase. Jack goes over and picks it up, Mike oblivious: a WAD OF CASH, at least £5,000 worth of notes.

Jack jogs over to Mike with the money in hand to investigate.

JACK
What's this, loose change?

Mike looks back startled to see Jack with the cash. Jack flicks the notes rather blatantly like a deck of cards.

MIKE
(nervously)
Just a little holiday money, that's all.

JACK
About five grand's worth constitutes as "a little"? What's in the case?

MIKE
None of your bloody business.

JACK
Open it.

MIKE
No way, it's private. You don't have the right to look inside my personal belongings. Stop interfering, get back to work.

JACK
Likewise.

Mike proceeds to walk away, really struggling to carry the suitcase. Suddenly, one side bursts open and a couple more wads of dough fall onto the floor!

JACK (CONT'D)
Alright, Mike, the fun's over, open the case. I know there's more in there, and on our wage, I know it ain't yours.

MIKE
Bugger off.

JACK
I don't appreciate you wasting my time when I've got a hell of a job to do today, so if you don't mind, open the damn case, Mike.

Mike's eyes roll around his head as he thinks of what to do next.

MIKE
Alright mate, you win. I'll let you in on my little secret. Look, come over to my car and I'll show you everything.

Mike holds the suitcase together and heads over to his car. Jack picks up the cash and follows him.

Mike stops at his SUV, unlocks it, then pops the trunk open. There's ANOTHER SUITCASE inside, equally as fat as the one Mike's been hauling from the beach.

Mike attempts to lift the suitcase into the trunk, but Jack blocks him with an arm.

JACK

Whoa, whoa, whoa, you're not putting that in there.

Mike puts the suitcase back down on the ground.

JACK (CONT'D)

Is this all money?

MIKE

See for yourself.
(referencing trunk
suitcase)
Open that one.

Jack leans in to open the suitcase when all of a sudden, Mike SLAMS THE TRUNK DOOR ON THE BACK OF JACK'S HEAD, then bundles him into the back!

Mike looks around for any witnesses. None. He throws the burst suitcase into the trunk with an unconscious Jack and shuts the door.

Mike hops into the driver's seat, starts the engine and hastily drives away.

UNDERWATER - CONTINUOUS

The Great White shark. It zooms past us then heads to the surface, the all too familiar dorsal fin now visible.

Straight ahead we can see and clearly hear the bandstand.

The shark goes back under. We immediately see the wooden support beams of the bandstand and the shark homes in on one!

CRASH! The Great White SLAMS STRAIGHT INTO THE TARGETED SUPPORT. It creaks under the force, then breaks jaggedly in two!

EXT. BRIGHTON BEACH - BANDSTAND - CONTINUOUS

The Four-piece Band continue to play their surf music just as the support beam breaks.

Suddenly, the entire structure groans and leans to one side, then falls in on itself as the other three beams buckle, and the bandstand COMPLETELY COLLAPSES!

The four members of the band plummet into the water as articles of wood, metal and canvas fall on top of them!

The crowd roar in terror as they witness the destruction of the bandstand, completely unaware of the shark's involvement. No fin or shadow is anywhere to be seen as the debris is cloaking it.

The band emerge unharmed from underneath the floating carnage, but are quickly DRAGGED UNDER by the unseen shark and devoured!

A large sheet of CANVAS floats away from the wreckage with an eerie sense of direction. It floats towards the astonished swimmers who stopped their fun and games to witness the bandstand carnage.

EXT. BRIGHTON BEACH - CONTINUOUS

From afar, Mayor Kemp looks on petrified, but no doubt in no concern for the safety of the band members and his guests, but for his own image and fortune.

His cell phone rings. He answers and almost instantly his facial expression deteriorates into a deeper sense of concern. He rushes away still on the phone.

BACK TO

the shocked swimmers, all eyes on what's left of the bandstand.

The floating sheet of canvas draws right up to a particular MALE SWIMMER. He just notices it as it floats past him and looks at it inquisitively. The man grabs hold of the canvas and lifts it up revealing the fin of the Great White!

The swimmer lets out a bloodcurdling SHRIEK that probably could be heard by the entire city. Everyone on the beach and in the water turn to see the commotion and spot the shark!

Chaos ensues, all hell breaks loose. Everyone in the sea scrambles to get onto dry land.

The shark obliterates the male swimmer with its mandible daggers, then immediately rushes off towards the other fleeing swimmers. This is not about hunger, it's a pure lust for blood.

A LIFEGUARD (male) sprints down the beach with a MEGAPHONE in hand.

LIFEGUARD

(into megaphone)

Everybody out of the water, get out
of the water now! Everybody out,
shark in the water, shark in the
water! Get out now!

The lifeguard throws the megaphone away and runs straight into the sea to help the swimmers escape the predator.

A DINGHY spins around on the water with no direction. FOUR PRETEEN BOYS sit inside, paddling like crazy with their hands, but not going anywhere.

A SEVERED ARM, bitten to the bone at the forearm, floats over by one of the boy's hands, nearly touching him. He cries out and jumps back in fright... but THE DINGHY CAPSIZES! All four boys fall backwards into the water.

The shark smells fresh flesh in the water and we see the fin instantaneously start travelling towards them.

LIFEGUARD (CONT'D)

Mother of God.

The lifeguard pushes off and swims like an Olympian over to the boys and their dinghy as if he was directly being pursued by the shark.

The lifeguard reaches the preteens and turns their dinghy back over on its right side.

LIFEGUARD (CONT'D)

Get on, get on!

The boys scramble onboard the dinghy as the shark closes in on them!

The last boy in the water tries to hoist himself up onto the inflatable craft, but slips off! The lifeguard gives him a helping hand and lifts him onto the dinghy.

LIFEGUARD (CONT'D)

Go!

Just as he speaks, the shark's jaws open wide and ENGULF THE LIFEGUARD AT THE WAIST, but he just manages to PUSH THE DINGHY AWAY FROM HIM! It heads towards the safety of the sand!

The lifeguard gargles salt water and blood in a harrowing visual as he fights for survival, drowning as the hero gets torn limb from limb by the shark.

The dinghy reaches the shore and the boys hurry off, greeted by a wave of Bash on the Beach guests helping them onto the beach.

We see that all those in the sea have now safely gotten onto solid ground, with the bravery of the lifeguard acting as a distraction, allowing all the swimmers to flee certain death.

ON JAMIE AND KATE

walking down the beach having just come from the pier. Jamie is eating rock candy. They see the shark's path of destruction, not to mention its creepy fin.

JAMIE

(pointing)

That's the monster that took mummy and daddy away. The man said that he sent it far, far away.

KATE

Jamie, don't look.

Kate brings Jamie in close and wraps her arms around him, shielding him from seeing the beast that slaughtered their parents.

KATE (CONT'D)

Don't look.

After seeing the shark for the first time, seeing the killer of her mother and father, tears trickle from Kate's eyes, but she can't look away. She holds her brother tightly as she breaks down.

ON ALICE

just a few feet behind Kate and Jamie. She wonders the beach in search of Jack, worst case scenarios running through her head after seeing the terror that just unfolded.

BOB (O.S.)

Alice. Alice, have you seen Jack?

Bob appears behind Alice. She turns to face him.

ALICE

(dazed and lost)

I saw him a little while ago, now I can't find him. What's going on? What's happened?

BOB

It's that shark, it's come back and it's taken more lives.

Tears now begin to stream down Alice's face.

ALICE

Then Jack should be here. Where's Jack? I can't see him, is he hurt? Where is he?

BOB

I don't know, but I'm sure he's fine and trying to get that shark. I've got to get something from my car, okay? Look, just stay on the beach, everything's gonna be alright.

Bob runs off leaving Alice scanning the beach in distraught tears for her fiancée, completely overwhelmed by the events of the last few minutes and jumping to the worst conclusions, as many of us do in such dire situations.

BACK ON THE GREAT WHITE SHARK

it loses interest in the empty sea just off the beach and swims away looking for more victims to feast upon.

EXT. MARINA - MIKE'S BOAT - CONTINUOUS

Mike stands before Jack, unconscious and slouched back in a seat. Mike slaps Jack around to revive him.

MIKE

Wakey wakey, eggs and bacey.

Jack comes to and dizzily tries to regain his focus. He spots Mike and immediately sits up, trying to pounce on his rival.

Mike pulls a HANDGUN and points it straight at Jack.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Whoa, whoa, whoa, easy there Jackie boy, don't want you to get hurt just yet.

Jack checks his surroundings and sees the two suitcases that Mike had with him earlier on.

JACK

What the hell are you doing?

MIKE

Well, it looks like you've discovered what I do on my days off.

Mike smiles deviously.

JACK

Why am I not surprised? Armed robbery?

MIKE

Here we go again with the rudeness. Mate, I told you to watch your big mouth, it could land you in hot water, and well I guess it has, eh?
(MORE)

MIKE (CONT'D)

You should've learnt some manners,
or at least seen this coming,
Jackie boy. Ah well, diddums.

Oh, and since you ask, no, not
armed robbery. I like to think of
it as, extravagant laundry,
something a little more exciting
than bedsheets and boxers.

JACK

You've been laundering money?

Mike shoots Jack an evil grin.

MIKE

Oh, and by the way, I'd like to
introduce you to a certain someone
before we get started:
(referencing his gun)
Gun, Jack. Jack, Gun.

Mike takes aim and prepares to fire, when...

MAX (O.S.)

Stop right there.

Mike keeps his focus on Jack, despair stuck on his face.

Standing behind Mike and pointing a PISTOL at his back is
Max! Behind Max we see the figure of a WOMAN, we can't see
who, but it looks like Max's holding her still.

MIKE

Max?

MAX

Max indeed.

Mike's expression suddenly changes from despair to that of a
Cheshire cat.

MIKE

(insincerely, exaggerated)
Oh no! For the love of God, no!
Max, please don't, no, no!

Mike bursts into a ghoulish giggle.

Max suddenly turns his gun's attention to Jack and takes aim!

MIKE (CONT'D)

Sorry mate.

JACK

Max? You gotta be kidding me, what
the fuck is going on here?

MAX

I'm terribly sorry, my friend, but that's just the way things go.

Mike breaks into maniacal hysterics.

Max pulls the woman around from behind him, it's Alice! She's bound at the wrists and gagged with tape. Blood shines in a fresh cut above her left eye.

JACK

Al!

MAX

Your wife just wouldn't shut up. I'm sorry, but she left me no choice but to get physical.

Max rips the tape gag off Alice's mouth.

ALICE

Jack!

MIKE

Don't be too hasty there, mate, they're not quite husband and wife yet.

JACK

You son of a bitch! Leave her out of this, this has nothing to do with her.

Max sticks the gag back on Alice.

MAX

You're quite right, Jack, and I could say the same about you, but you stuck your big nose in our business, and Michael and I can't have that now, can we?

MIKE

Not at all, Superintendent.

JACK

It's my fault, not hers, she's done nothing to compromise your little scheme. Nothing.

MAX

Always with the honesty, Jack, but you're quite right yet again, she didn't do a thing wrong. But, ask yourself this: who would be the first to start running their mouth when you didn't come home this evening?

(MORE)

MAX (CONT'D)

Who would be the first to go to me?
Please don't think for one second
that you're walking away from this.

As much as we don't want to silence
you both, I'm afraid to say that I
value the contents of those
suitcases more than our friendship.
It kills me to have to be the one
to put a bullet in the head of such
a bright young man, but too much of
a goody-two-shoes at that.

JACK

You bastard.

MAX

Michael, take Mr. Fuller's lovely
fiancee.

Max throws Alice into Mike's clutches. She struggles, but
Mike shakes her steady, then blatantly smells her hair.

MIKE

And lovely she is. Mm,
strawberries.

JACK

Don't you fucking touch her!

MIKE

Sorry, Jackie boy, no can do. No
one to blame but yourself for all
this, you would've turned a blind
eye and walked away if you had any
sense, but it's too late for any
regrets now.

Max goes over to the steering wheel.

JACK

You're not gonna get away with this
pieces of shit!

MIKE

Says who, a deadman and his tart?
Our razor-toothed friend is gonna
digest all traces of you, just like
all those other bastards.

MAX

A terrible, terrible misfortune. A
top member of the Beach Patrol Unit
and his blushing bride-to-be,
swallowed up by the Great White
menace that haunted the waters on
Bash on the Beach weekend. Yes, I
can see that in the tabloids now.

MIKE

Don't worry, mate, why the long face? We're not completely heartless, we'll be sure to put you in each other's arms when we toss you in the drink.

JACK

Think you can just play God and get away with it all? If there's any justice in this world, you'll be the ones turned into shark chow.

MIKE

Ouch, ouch, ouch, talking justice to a pig. That's gotta hurt, Max.

MAX

Let him have his last words. He's right anyway, but unfortunately for him, the justice in this world is greatly outweighed. We're bad men, Michael, fiends even. But smart.

Max fires the boat up.

MIKE

And mighty bloody rich. Fucking French frogs won't miss this dough.

JACK

France? You've been to France and back laundering cash?

Max pushes down the throttle and the boat pulls out of the marina.

MIKE

Correctomundo, Jackie boy. I've been cruising the French waves, sipping on champagne, and petting me and Max's nice little fortune like one of their frog poodles. Got a good tan out of it as well. Haven't you noticed?

JACK

Fuck you. Fuck you both straight to hell!

MIKE

You first, mate, and your little whore too.

EXT. MARINA - CONTINUOUS

Mayor Kemp and Bob, carrying the same gear bag as in yesterday's shark hunt with Jack and Steve, stand on the boardwalk just feet from where Mike's boat left the marina moments ago.

We see Mike's boat advancing in the distance. Kemp and Bob can just make out the figures, but cannot see the situation onboard.

BOB

That's Mike's boat. I think I see Jack, Mike must be on there too. And there's a third.

MAYOR KEMP

That's Max.

BOB

They must all be after the shark.

MAYOR KEMP

We've got to get to them. We'll take my boat, it's just here.

Kemp leads the short way to a top of the range SPEEDBOAT. They both jump on, Kemp rushes to the controls.

Bob puts his gear bag down and the boat starts up. It accelerates out of the marina and heads for Mike's boat.

EXT. AT SEA - MIKE'S BOAT - CONTINUOUS

Mike continues to hold Alice in his clutches, with his gun trained on Jack. Max still mans the boat.

MIKE

So, my Yankee pissant friend, planned the wedding yet? Cause if you have, I mean, what a shame.

JACK

You sick fuck. You think money makes the world go round and human lives are just expendable? You're pathetic.

MIKE

And that's where you don't see the bigger picture, Jackie boy. Why the hell should I care who lives and who dies as long as I'm filthy fucking rich?

(MORE)

MIKE (CONT'D)

You got in the way of things,
you're the one to blame, the one
who's dragged little miss sweetness
along with you to death's door.

It's a shame, it really is. I'd
have liked to have a piece of the
pie, if you know what I'm saying,
but I guess I can still have my
fill.

Mike runs his gun suggestively down Alice's torso.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Bound and gagged, just the way I
like it.

Jack jumps to his feet, but Mike points the gun right at his
forehead, dead centre.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Now now, calm down. At that
distance, you may just get Alice
covered in your brains.

Jack hesitantly sits back down. God knows what's running
through his head.

Suddenly, Mayor Kemp's boat appears close behind Mike's.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Looks like we've got a tail, Max.

Max looks around and spots the speedboat.

MAX

That's Kemp's boat.

Mike draws his weapon close to his side to hide it from view,
but still keeps it trained on Jack.

BACK ON MAYOR KEMP'S SPEEDBOAT

Kemp aligns the vessel with Mike's boat and maintains the
same speed.

BOB

(calling out)

Hey. Slow down. We're coming
aboard.

BACK ON MIKE'S BOAT

Max pulls back the throttle and the boat's speed rapidly
decreases. It quickly comes to a halt.

Mayor Kemp's speedboat semi-circles around Mike's and then
comes to a stop at the back, both vessels floating within one
foot of each other.

BOB (CONT'D)
Everyone okay? We're coming aboard.

Bob, leaving his gear bag on the speedboat, climbs aboard Mike's boat.

MIKE
Everything's just fine here, Bobby.

As Bob looks around at Mike, Max, Jack and Alice, he quickly notices that something just isn't right... he sees Mike's gun!

BOB
Wait a minute, what's with the gun?

BLAM! A GUNSHOT rings out. Bob freezes instantly in a wide-eyed gaze, a bloody bullet hole now in his chest. He falls sideways off the boat and into the water below to reveal, a smoking PISTOL in the hands of Mayor Kemp! Three guns versus none.

JACK
No!

Tears stream down Alice's face as she cries uncontrollably under the muffling gag.

JACK (CONT'D)
You bastard! You fucking bastard!

MAYOR KEMP
I told you to watch your tone when you speak to me, you ignorant fuck. Let's just get this over with, we're far enough out.
(looking at Mike)
Now, Max, tell me exactly what this under-educated fuck is doing here?

MIKE
Excuse me?

MAX
Michael's the contact.

MAYOR KEMP
This useless shit is your contact?

MAX
Yes, he's been running the cash, I thought --

MIKE
Hang on, hang on, I said excuse me, Mr. Mayor, as in, repeat just what came out of your fucking mouth. You don't bloody talk to me like that.

MAYOR KEMP

I can't talk to you like that? Son,
I can talk to whoever I want,
however I want, I'm the Mayor, now
hand me my money, you little shit.

MIKE

Hey, you know what? Fuck your share
of the money, fuck it, I've --

Mike spots something over Kemp's shoulder.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Oh shit, that fucking fish is here!

The giant dorsal fin of the Great White shark speeds through
the water!

Jack suddenly leaps to his feet in a flash of a second! Jack
TACKLES the distracted Mike to the floor, along with Alice,
just as Mayor Kemp fires a round. Jack dodges and the bullet
NAILS MAX IN THE CHEST!

Max drops his gun and collapses to the floor in instant
death.

Jack wrestles with Mike on the deck and forces the gun out of
his hands! The weapon slides out of both men's reach.

Mayor Kemp points his handgun, now not giving a damn who he
blows away, but he tries to obtain a clear shot at least, and
he's found it. He steadies his hand and his finger presses on
the trigger, but BOOM!

The Great White shark pounds its massive weight straight into
the speedboat, knocking Kemp CLEAN OFF HIS FEET!

Kemp's boat rocks so hard it looks like it could capsize, but
it somehow manages to stay afloat as the seesawing motion
calms.

On her knees, Alice desperately tries to free her wrists from
the binds, but it's no good.

Jack and Mike continue their back and forth struggle, with
Jack just able to overpower the Englishman and mount him like
a cage fighter. Jack throws a solid PUNCH and knocks Mike
clean out!

Jack takes a brief moment to catch his breath, then clambers
off Mike and over to Alice. He frees her wrists from the
restraints and rips the gag off her mouth.

JACK

Baby, are you okay?

ALICE

Jack, I'm so scared.

JACK

I know, baby, we've gotta get out
of here, hang on.

Suddenly, a CLICKING SOUND. Jack moves back, only to feel the cold barrel of Mayor Kemp's pistol at his head! The noise was Kemp thumbing back the hammer. He sneaked aboard the boat during Jack and Mike's struggle.

MAYOR KEMP

For an upstanding man of the law,
Bob sure liked to carry illegal
items along with him.

Mayor Kemp is clutching tight a HAND GRENADE! Taken straight from Bob's gear bag, and former property of our long lost friend, Steve.

MAYOR KEMP (CONT'D)

This money came from France, didn't
it? So I suppose "bon voyage" would
be quite fitting.

Suddenly, Mike regains consciousness and grabs his handgun. BLAM! He fires at Kemp's gun, disarming him with perfect accuracy; the weapon flies out of his hand and into the sea!

Jack jumps to his feet and DIVES right off Mike's boat and onto Mayor Kemp in his!

Alice KICKS Mike right square in the jaw, sending him reeling backwards!

On Kemp's speedboat, Jack mounts the mayor like he did Mike, and the two EXCHANGE PUNCHES to the face, neither one refusing to give up.

Jack delivers a skull-splitting HEADBUTT to Kemp! He roars in pain and the grenade rolls out of his hand! Jack grabs it and PULLS THE PIN, then pops it in Kemp's jacket pocket!

Jack dives back onto Mike's boat to escape the inevitable blast.

Mayor Kemp gets to his feet and from his boat stares Jack right dead in the eyes. He then looks down to his suit jacket pocket and sees the fragmentation grenade. His jaw drops.

Jack scrambles to the deck and shields Alice.

A hellishly suspenseful beat... and no blast? Dud! Steve said the grenades were so old they probably didn't work. Antiques.

Jack looks up at Mayor Kemp and they again stare deep into each other's eyes. Kemp starts laughing at his luck, when suddenly the shark BULLETS OUT OF THE WATER BEHIND HIM IN SLOW MOTION! The creature stabs its teeth into his body and SWIPES HIM OFF THE SPEEDBOAT!

Kemp disappears in the Great White's deadly jaws, as the greatest predator of the sea crashes back down underwater.

The fin creeps to the surface a moment later, and then BOOM! An explosion under the surface! The hand grenade finally blew up! In what looks like an atomic bomb was just detonated underwater, a SHOCKWAVE spreads out across the sea and a tower of water shoots out from the centre, then quickly falls, like an aquatic mushroom cloud.

Gore bellows out of the sea and rains down upon the two boats, covering Jack, Alice and Mike in shark blood and guts, even though Alice was shielded by her fiancée.

The three look on in an astonished daze, but Jack and Mike snap out of it almost simultaneously. Mike reaches for his gun and grabs it, but Jack pushes it out of his hands and it falls into the now red sea.

Mike throws a RIGHT-HANDER, but Jack blocks it, then KNEES HIM IN THE GUT, and follows up with a SERIES OF PUNCHES to the face, all with the expressions that tell a story of their own, unleashing all Jack's hate upon Mike for what he's done. Sweet and satisfying vengeance.

Another wicked punch knocks Mike flying backwards and onto the suitcases, now badly busted open with his own life-blood running down his face.

JACK
(to Alice)
Get on there and start it up!

Alice hops off Mike's boat and onto Mayor Kemp's. She fumbles with the controls and the seacraft fires up.

Jack steps over Mike, lying on the cases, and drops to his knees. He looks at Mike's cut up face, then throws another sickeningly forceful punch. Speaking in cannon with each strike;

JACK (CONT'D)

I
 (another punch)
Said
 (punch)
Fuck
 (punch)
You
 (punch)
Straight
 (punch)
To
 (final punch)
Hell!

We shouldn't see it, but we can just imagine and hear that Jack's punching a completely broken face; shattered bones and fleshy chunks of skull.

Jack steps over to Mayor Kemp's speedboat. Alice has now composed herself.

JACK (CONT'D)
You ready to get the hell back to shore?

ALICE
You bet.

Jack suddenly notices something.

JACK
Wait a second.

Bob's gear bag, still open. Jack reaches inside and pulls out the second hand grenade. Uh oh.

Jack looks over to Mike, who is somehow still alive, and embracing the suitcases, face awash with red. Jack takes a deep breath and PULLS THE PIN! He throws the fragmentation device onto the adjacent boat and it rolls right beside Mike!

JACK (CONT'D)
Hit it!

Without hesitation, Alice flips the throttle and the speedboat, in name and nature, gets the hell out of there.

KABOOM! No delay this time. Mike's boat EXPLODES INTO A GRAND FIREBALL, and the money from the two suitcases flutters everywhere!

At a safe distance, Alice turns off the ignition and the boat comes to a stop. They watch the inferno and the burning notes flittering in the sea breeze.

ALICE
There was money in those suitcases?

JACK
Yup, a few hundred grand's worth
I'd say, maybe even more.

ALICE
Jesus, and to think we didn't take them.

JACK
Take all that cash that's been channeled through France in an elaborate laundering scheme? Are you kidding me?
(MORE)

JACK (CONT'D)

Someone's missing all that money
right now and it's only a matter of
time before the trail is followed
right up to good old Brighton,
England.

ALICE

I suppose. What would we do with
that much anyway?

Jack reaches into his pocket...

JACK

I don't know, get married maybe?

...and pulls out a WAD OF CASH, about £5,000!

Alice's jaw drops in happiness and she wraps her arms around
Jack. They share the ultimate embrace, fuelled with love,
adrenaline, and the will to survive.

The hot summer sun shines on Jack and Alice as the speedboat
floats calmly on the surface, heading towards the shore, the
burning wreckage that staged hell on earth now getting lost
further and further in the distance and the past...

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END