

CARCHARODON - KING OF THE SEA

Written by

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FADE IN

EXT. DIRT ROAD - LATE AFTERNOON

SUPER: "CENTRAL CALIFORNIA COAST"

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

INT. TRUCK BED - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

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

EXT. DIRT ROAD ALONG THE OCEAN - CONTINUOUS

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

INT. PICKUP - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

Driving is CRAIG TURNER(32) Blue collar handsome, rugged, a born explorer. Pulls a dog biscuit from the breast pocket of his flannel shirt. He hands his GOLDEN RETRIEVER, JETHRO the welcomed treat. Jethro adoringly watches Craig's every move.

EXT. DIRT PARKING LOT ON THE BEACH - CONTINUOUS

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

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

EXT. PATH TO THE WATER - MOMENTS LATER

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

EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN - CONTINUOUS

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

EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN FROM BELOW - CONTINUOUS

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

EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN REEF BREAK - CONTINUOUS

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

EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN FROM BELOW - CONTINUOUS

Legs dangle from the board, slightly bobbing.

EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN REEF BREAK - CONTINUOUS

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

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

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

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

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

EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN - DUSK

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

EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN FROM BELOW - CONTINUOUS

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

EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN REEF BREAK - CONTINUOUS

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

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

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

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

WE SEE a fast moving underwater view towards a surfer.

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

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

CRAIG (CONT'D)  
Fuck!

Fighting for his life, Craig claws through the water.

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

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

EXT. ON THE BEACH - CONTINUOUS

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

EXT. UCSB CAMPUS - NIGHT

WE HEAR a dog barking.

SUPER: UNIVERSITY CALIFORNIA SANTA BARBARA - MARINE BIOLOGY  
DEPARTMENT

INT. PROFESSOR'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

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

BOB

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

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

INSERT: A POLAROID of A HAPPY, LONG HAired TEENAGE BOB AND HIS YOUNGER BROTHER.

BACK TO SCENE

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

EXT. CRAIG'S HOUSE - EARLY MORNING

The sun peeks over a tiny beach cottage located at the end of a narrow street. A lone MAILBOX posts up where the driveway meets the side walk.

INSERT: A MAILBOX - CRAIG AND MARYAM TURNER 848 E. GARFIELD ST. MORRO BAY, CA 93442

BACK TO SCENE

INT. CRAIG'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

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

INSERT: - A WEDDING PICTURE OF CRAIG AND HIS BRIDE

- A PICTURE OF CRAIG HOLDING A NEWBORN MICHAEL

- A RECENT FAMILY PORTRAIT INCLUDING JETHRO

BACK TO LIVING ROOM

Fast asleep on a couch, covered with an INDIAN PRINT BLANKET. MARYAM(27) hugs MICHAEL(7).

Slowly stirring awake, she checks the time on her cell phone. Carefully slips away while gazing at her snoozing son.

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

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

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Looking for traces, Maryam finds nothing. An EMPTY COUNTER TOP. An EMPTY TABLE. Peeps outside to an EMPTY DRIVEWAY.

INT. BOB'S DEN - MORNING

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

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

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

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

BACK TO SCENE

The desk is cluttered with BOOKS and UNOPENED MAIL.

INSERT: A PICTURE OF BOB AND HIS WIFE.

BACK TO SCENE

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

BOB

Things Bob needs to do this summer.

Rolls eyes, smirks.

BOB (CONT'D)

Gee? Let me guess?

Continues.

BOB (CONT'D)

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

Fighting it, he cracks a smile.

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

BOB (CONT'D)

Yeah, this is Bob.

Perks up.

BOB (CONT'D)

Jerry, (smiles) how the hell are you?... (Loses smile).. When?...

Picks up a pen. Takes notes.

BOB (CONT'D)

Yes, I know the place.

Pen down.

BOB (CONT'D)

Yeah... Yeah, No problem Jerry.

Hangs up. Ponders... Looks directly at a BOOK on his desk.

INSERT: A BOOK WITH A GREAT WHITE SHARK ON THE COVER.

EXT - BEACH PARKING LOT - DAY

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

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

MARYAM

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

Michael exits the car.

MICHAEL

Mommy? Where's daddy?

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

INT. HELICOPTER - MOVING - DAY

The COAST GUARD PILOT combs the coast line searching for any clues.

INSERT: An overhead view of a surfboard with a chunk missing.

BACK TO INTERIOR OF HELICOPTER

PILOT

Davy Crocket to the Alamo, copy?  
(Static)

DISPATCH (V.O.)

Copy. (Static) Go ahead.

PILOT

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

EXT. BOAT ON THE OCEAN - DAY

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

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

EXT. SHARK CAGE UNDER WATER - CONTINUOUS

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

After a few moments, checks the time, climbs through the tight opening at the top of the cage and heads for the surface.



Using the cage's chain as a guide, suddenly spooked, the diver stops and checks the surrounding abyss... Nothing... Cautiously continues.

EXT. BOAT - CONTINUOUS

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

INT. BOAT CABIN - CONTINUOUS

A cell phone laying on the dining table buzzes.

INSERT: A PHONE CALLER I.D. THAT READS - KOZI.

BACK TO SCENE

EXT. BOAT DECK - CONTINUOUS

The diver's head breaks the surface..

NATHAN

Nada?

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

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

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

EXT. BOAT DECK - DAY

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

EXT. OUTDOOR BOAT SHOWER - DAY

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

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

INT. BOAT CABIN - LATER

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

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

VICKY

There's been a shark attack near Pismo.

Nathan's attention is peaked.

NATHAN

Bad?

She nods yes, then dials.

VICKY (ON PHONE)

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

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

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

JERRY

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

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

BOB

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

JERRY  
You still getting out there every  
morning?

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

BOB  
Nah... It's been a while.

INT. LABORATORY - DAY

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

THE EXAMINING TABLE

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Jerry scrunches his eyebrow's. Cracks a grin.

JERRY  
Bob... You talked to Brandon  
lately?

Bob's glare clearly says no.

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

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

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

BOB  
Hey Vick. How was the trip?

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

BOB  
That's too bad.

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

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

VICKY  
Remains?

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

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

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

VICKY  
Bite radius?

Bob stops walking.

BOB

I think you need to see it for yourself.

VICKY

Any sightings in the area since?

BOB

No. You know the rarity of something like this. One in a million. I'm sure the shark will probably never be seen or heard from again.

EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN - NIGHT

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

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

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

SKIPPER

This is good.

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

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

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

FRED

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

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

EXT. BELOW THE SURFACE/ PACIFIC OCEAN - CONTINUOUS

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

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

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

EXT. ZODIAC - CONTINUOUS

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

FRED  
Damn, that was quick!

EXT. BELOW THE SURFACE/ PACIFIC OCEAN - CONTINUOUS

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

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

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

EXT. ZODIAC - CONTINUOUS

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

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

EXT. BELOW THE SURFACE/ PACIFIC OCEAN - CONTINUOUS

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

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

EXT. ZODIAC - CONTINUOUS

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

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

FRED  
Ah yeah... Good shit!

Something suddenly jolts the boat. It startles Fred.

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

The boat is lightly bumped again...

FRED (CONT'D)  
Sorry, but I just finished off the last of the tootski. (Laughs)

BAM!!! The boat is SLAMMED HARD!

FRED (CONT'D)  
I was just kiddin'! I gotta bunch left. You can have the rest! Damn.

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

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

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

FRED (CONT'D)  
Shit! Shit! Shit! This is bad.  
Really, really fucking bad.

He looks around contemplating what to do.

FRED (CONT'D)

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

He shrugs.

FRED (CONT'D)

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

The sharks head pops up again, teeth exposed.

FRED (CONT'D)

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

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

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

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

FRED (CONT'D)

Son of a bitch!

The shark greets Fred with its mouth agape.

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

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

EXT. BELOW THE SURFACE/ PACIFIC OCEAN

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



EXT. DIRT PARKING LOT ON THE BEACH - DAY

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

VICKY

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

BOB

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

Vicky pauses.

VICKY

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

Bob glares.

BOB

Forget about it! Not in this lifetime!

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

Bob stares out to sea.

BOB (CONT'D)

I'm sure it's long gone by now... A ghost...

Purposely nudging as she walks past.

VICKY

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

The statement hits home.

EXT. BEACH OFF OF CATALINA ISLAND - MORNING

SUPER: "CATALINA ISLAND, CA"

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

INT. SPEED BOAT - CONTINUOUS

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

HUSBAND

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

BOAT DRIVER laughs along.

BOAT DRIVER

How long have you two been married?

Looking at his WATCH.

HUSBAND

Roughly, about fifteen hours.

BOAT DRIVER

Newlyweds! Congratulations!

EXT. ABOVE THE WATER - CONTINUOUS

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

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

INT. SPEED BOAT - CONTINUOUS

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

HUSBAND

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

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

BOAT DRIVER

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

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

EXT. ABOVE THE WATER - CONTINUOUS

SCREAMING and waving for the boat to go!

WIFE

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

INT. SPEED BOAT - CONTINUOUS

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

BOAT DRIVER

What's she saying?

HUSBAND

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

Both laugh.

BOAT DRIVER

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

Both laugh harder. The boat stops.

EXT. ABOVE THE WATER - CONTINUOUS

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

INT. SPEED BOAT - CONTINUOUS

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

EXT. CATALINA BEACH - SAME

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

INT. VICKY AND NATHAN'S BEDROOM - DAY

MOANS OF PLEASURE RING OUT.

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

NATHAN

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

Vicky pries her lover off.

VICKY

Babe, I have to. Come on.

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

VICKY (CONT'D)

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

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

EXT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

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

BOB

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

NATHAN

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

Wheels turning while letting out a disappointed sigh.

BOB

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

NATHAN

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

VICKY

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

BOB

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

NATHAN

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

BOB

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

Irritated, Nathan pouts.

VICKY

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

BOB

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

VICKY

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

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

BOB

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

She continues with her mesmerizing stare.

BOB (CONT'D)

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

She won't quit.

BOB (CONT'D)

Just stop! Okay?

VICKY

You know, he is your brother?

BOB

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

Vicky laughs.

VICKY

He's our best chance.

Blood pressure raised, Bob glares at her.

EXT. CATALINA ISLAND - DAY

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

EXT. GOLF CART - MOVING - DAY

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

CART DRIVER

They said it was brutal. (So Cal twang)

BOB

You seen it? You were there?

Vicky and Jerry lean forward.

CART DRIVER

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

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

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

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

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

MAYOR (YELLS)

All right! All right! All right!  
Enough!

The crowd responds with silence and attention.

MAYOR (CONT'D)

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

The room bursts into chaos again.

FISHERMAN (1)  
I say we track that son of bitch  
down and kill it!

More YELLING!

ACTIVIST (1)  
That's your solution? To kill it?  
Gee! Then why not kill every shark  
in the ocean!

FISHERMAN (2)  
It's a man eater you tree hugging  
faggot!

ACTIVIST (2)  
Technically, one was a woman. So a  
woman eater.

The CROWD ROARS again.

MAYOR  
ENOUGH!

Silence.

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

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

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

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

FISHERMAN (3)  
That's Brandon Koziak's brother.  
(Smiles and nods)



INT. BOB'S HOUSE - NIGHT

INSERT: A large OSCAR FISH eating a smaller fish.

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

INSERT: A SMALL CERAMIC SIGN that reads: "NO FISHING!"

BACK TO SCENE

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

INSERT: A PICTURE OF A TEENAGE BOB WITH HIS TEENAGE BROTHER, ON A BEACH WITH SURFBOARDS IN HAND

BACK TO SCENE

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

BOB (ON PHONE)

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

He hangs up. Stares at it.

BOB (CONT'D)

Asshole...

EXT. OUTSIDE BAR - SAME - NIGHT

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

INSERT: A caller I.D. that reads: "FORMER BROTHER"

MALE VOICE(O.S.)  
Asshole...

EXT. JUNGLE ROAD - DAY

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

INT. LAND ROVER - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

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

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

BOB  
This was a bad idea.

EXT. TROPICAL BEACH - AFTERNOON

SUPER: "TAMARINDO, COSTA RICA. CENTRAL AMERICA"

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

The crew is in awe of the majestic scenery.

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

At the top of the steps, she turns back.

VICKY  
Come on Kozi!

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

VICKY (CONT'D)  
Hola, como estas?...(Smiles)

Scrunching her eyebrows.

GIRL

You are not Americans?(Accent)

Pleasantly surprised, the group exchanges looks.

NATHAN

Oh! You speak English?

With a contagious smile she nods.

GIRL

Are you looking for Brandon?

VICKY

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

GIRL

He'll be back. Come. Wait inside.

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

INT. TREE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

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

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

GIRL (O.S.)

So, how do you know Brandon?

Vicky and Nathan look to Bob for an answer.

VICKY

Well, I've never actually met  
Brandon.

NATHAN

Me neither. (Smiles at Bob)

Bob rolls his eyes.

BOB (UNDER HIS BREATH)

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

NATHAN

Dude! This place is rad!

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

GIRL

You? How do you know him?

BOB

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

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

GIRL

So... You're uncle Bob?

Bob's face goes straight.

BOB

Uncle?

GIRL

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

Bob grins and nods in approval.

GIRL (CONT'D)

But he said you can be arrogant  
sometimes.

Bob grimaces. Vicky and Nathan are intrigued.

VICKY

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

GIRL

Esperanza.

Vicky looks Bob in the eyes. He softens up.

VICKY

Hope...

EXT. BEACH IN FRONT OF TREE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Just finishing his surf session, BRANDON(38) long hair, free spirited, and in excellent shape, Trudges out of the water.

Surfboard under arm. Met by QUINT (HIS YELLOW LABRADOR). He pets his happy friend.

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

INT. TREE HOUSE - LATER

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

VICKY

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

Esperanza nods.

NATHAN

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

BOB

Yeah, funny. Haha.

ESPERANZA

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

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

BRANDON (O.S.)

Oh, I don't know?...

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

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

BRANDON (CONT'D)

I'd kind of like to hear him beg.

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

BOB

Eh, forget it. Lets just leave.

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

BRANDON  
How'd you find me?

BOB  
...Mom...

Brandon squints.

BRANDON  
She never could keep a secret.

Bob looks off.

BOB  
Yeah, well.

Neither will budge.

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

Like defensive children.

BRANDON  
He's the asshole!

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

BRANDON  
Whatever!

BOB  
I am not working with him!

Brandon laughs.

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

ESPERANZA  
Dad!

VICKY  
Bob!

NATHAN  
Dudes?

Everyone turns their attention to Nathan.

ESPERANZA

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

Silence... Both men look like scolded children.

BOB

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

BRANDON

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

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

BOB

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

BRANDON

Quint.

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

BRANDON (CONT'D)

Well, I mean Quint the third.

BOB

Hello Quint the third.

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

BOB (CONT'D)

I've missed you little brother.

BRANDON

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

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

EXT. TREE HOUSE PATIO - NIGHT

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

EXT. PATIO TABLE - LATER

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

EXT. HARBOR - DAY

WE SEE an aerial view of Channel Islands Harbor.

SUPER: "CHANNEL ISLANDS HARBOR, OXNARD CALIFORNIA"

EXT. BOAT DOCK - CONTINUOUS

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

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

EXT. HARBOR SIDEWALK - CONTINUOUS

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

STUART

Jerry, it's been too long.

JERRY

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

STUART

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

Both laugh.



EXT. HARBOR PARKING LOT - LATER

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

INSERT: A sign - "STAND UP PADDLE BOARDING LESSONS"

BACK TO SCENE

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

EXT. LAX AIRPORT - DAY

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

INT. LAX BAGGAGE CLAIM - DAY

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

INT. LAX CARGO PICKUP - DAY

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

EXT. PASSENGER PICK UP AT LAX - DAY

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

An SUV pulls up.

BOB

This is us.

INT. SUV - MOVING - LATER

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

BOB  
Miss home?

BRANDON  
How could I not! Welcome to smell  
A.

Laughter erupts.

EXT. PACIFIC COAST HIGHWAY - LATER

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

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

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

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

Quint barks, the group laughs.

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

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

INT. SUV - DAY

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

BOB  
Nathan, you watch over her, you understand?

NATHAN  
Dude, come on.

BOB  
You better... Dude!

VICKY  
Okay, DAD!

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

BRANDON

Good kids.

BOB

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

Brandon laughs.

BRANDON

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

Bob gets serious.

BOB

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

BRANDON

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

BOB

There what is!

BRANDON

You still can't let it go can you? Bob, it's been twenty one fucking years! There's not a day that goes by that I don't regret that fucking night. But it "WAS" an accident! Are you ever going to fucking get it! Do you think I would of ever done anything in the world to hurt dad? I wish it would've been me.

Bob stares out the window. Guilt sets in.

BOB

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

INT. BOB'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

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

SAMANTHA (O.S.)

He was a good boy. No accidents and  
got along just fine with Ellen.

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

BRANDON

He looks just like...

BOB

Brody?

Bob smiles and nods.

BRANDON

No shit. (Laughs)

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

BOB

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

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

SAMANTHA

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

She looks to Bob for an explanation.

BOB

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

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

BRANDON

It's nice to meet you.

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

EXT. BOB'S DRIVEWAY - CONTINUOUS

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

SAMANTHA

I'm proud of you.

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

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

I miss you Bobby.

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

BOB

I miss you too.

INT. BOB'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

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

BOB

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

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

BOB (CONT'D)

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

Brandon ignoring his brother's wishes.

BRANDON

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

BOB

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

BRANDON

Oh, it was her fault?

BOB

Well no, but...

Brandon interrupts.

BRANDON

What do you have to drink around here?

Hesitating to answer, fearing the repercussion.

BOB

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

The wrestling match stops.

BRANDON

After dad?

BOB

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

Brandon laughs. Wrestling match continues.

BRANDON

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

Amused. Bob likes the statement.

BRANDON (CONT'D)

What do you say? Where's the closest watering hole?

INT. PUB - NIGHT

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

BRANDON

So that's it? That's why you two split? Jesus Bob. You can't let a woman like that walk out of your life for that.

BOB

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

BRANDON

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

Bob shakes his head in disbelief. Laughs.

BOB

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

BRANDON

Oh, and get married like you and Samantha?

BOB

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

BRANDON

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

BOB

Oh, now that says a lot.  
(Sarcastic)

BRANDON

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

Bob bursts out in laughter.

BOB

I'm sorry. I mean, when you put it that way, I understand... It just sounds funny to say I love my daughter as much as I love my dog.

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

BRANDON

Hey, do you still smoke pot?

BOB

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

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

BOB (CONT'D)  
Ah, do I still smoke pot... Like a teenage stoner? A college kid?

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

BOB (CONT'D)  
Why? Do you have some?

A smile grows on Brandon's face.

EXT. SANTA BARBARA HARBOR BOAT SLIP - MORNING

SUPER: "SANTA BARBARA HARBOR"

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

EXT. BOAT DECK - SAME

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

NATHAN  
Oh shit! Look at this!

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

VICKY  
What the?

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

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

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



Bob grins.

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

Brandon raises his finger.

BRANDON  
Correction! Is still drunk.

Bob walks past Vicky to the boat's cabin.

VICKY  
Kozi, you smell like weed?

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

NATHAN  
Dude, wait up!

Vicky looks back to Brandon. Impressed. Smiles.

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

Brandon lowers his Wayfarers, winks... Smiles.

He steps past her. The turn of her smile slowly goes opposite.

EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN - DAY

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

INT. BOAT CABIN - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

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

BOB  
Yeah, hello.

EXT. BOAT DECK - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

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

BOB  
Cut the engines.

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

EXT. BOW OF BOAT - CONTINUOUS

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

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

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

VICKY  
And?

BOB  
And, there's been another one.

NATHAN  
Shit!

VICKY  
Where?

BOB  
Off of Anacapa. An Abalone poacher.

NATHAN  
Tsk!

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

NATHAN  
Like a lot of whites do. They head  
to the deep waters off of Hawaii  
this time of year.  
(MORE)

NATHAN (CONT'D)

Hazard canyon is coastal, Anacapa is seventeen miles off shore, and Catalina is twenty six miles off shore. He's outta here! (Grins)

BOB

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

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

BRANDON

It's a possibility.

NATHAN

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

VICKY

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

BRANDON

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

NATHAN

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

BRANDON

It is.

NATHAN

How do you know? (Angry)

BOB

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

NATHAN

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

After a pause, Brandon smiles at Nathan.

BRANDON

Would you bet your life on it?

EXT. BOAT DOCK IN HARBOR - DAY

SUPER: "VENTURA HARBOR"

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

ON THE YACHT

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

ON THE DOCK

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

TODDLER

Fishy!.. (Laughing).. Fishy!

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

THE YACHT DECK

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

MOTHER

Blake? Blaaaaaake!

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

FATHER

What?

MOTHER

Where's Ezra? Is he with you?

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

FATHER

Yeah... He's right here.

THE YACHT DECK

MOTHER

I swear! Kids are such a handful.

The rich ladies shallowly laugh and agree.

ON THE DOCK

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

FATHER

Where do you think you were going  
buddy?

The child point to the water behind his dad.

TODDLER

Fishy! Fishy!

FATHER

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

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

EXT. BOAT FLYBRIDGE - MOVING - DAY

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

EXT. BOAT DECK - CONTINUOUS

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

BOB

Whew! That's a ripe one.

The whale has several LARGE BITE MARKS.

BOB (CONT'D)

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

NATHAN

Cool, so it hasn't been back.

BRANDON

You don't know that.

NATHAN

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

Brandon gazes across the vast ocean surface.

BRANDON

Not a rogue.

INT. SHERIFF'S STATION OFFICE - DAY

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

JERRY

Yes sir, I understand.

He takes notes as he listens.

JERRY (CONT'D)

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

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

EXT. BOAT - NIGHT

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

INT. BOAT CABIN - SAME - NIGHT

Bob, Vicky, and Nathan sit around the boat's dinning table. They've just finished a robust dinner. Empty plates and full wine glasses rest on the table. Nathan stands and stretches before walking over to the front window of the cabin.

VICKY

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

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

BOB

It feels good kid.

Bob winks, Vicky laughs, then becomes serious.

VICKY

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

Bob leans back, pauses, then looks off.

BOB

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

Vicky looks down in sadness.

BOB (CONT'D)

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

VICKY

I'm sorry.

BOB

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

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

NATHAN

Is he like some kind of guru or  
something?

Bob looks out the window from the table. Smiles.

BOB

I guess you could say... He has a  
gift. He's always had this uncanny  
connection with nature.

(MORE)

BOB (CONT'D)

When we were kids, when he wasn't in school or surfing, he would study everything he could get his hands on about the ocean. His whole life has been about the sea.

NATHAN

Then why did he hunt sharks?

Bob ponders.

BOB

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

EXT. BOAT DECK - SAME - NIGHT

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

EXT. VENTURA PIER - SUNRISE

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

HOMELESS MAN

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

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

HOMELESS MAN (CONT'D)

(Sings) Yo ho ho ho...

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

HOMELESS MAN (CONT'D)

What the? Holy shit! Where's my fishing pole?

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



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

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

HOMELESS MAN (CONT'D)  
Shit!

He pulls himself back up and looks over the rail.

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

The man staggers along.

EXT. BELOW OCEAN SURFACE - CONTINUOUS

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

EXT. ON PIER - CONTINUOUS

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

OLD CHOLO  
What the fuck? Benji earthquake?

Just as the homeless man stands to look over the edge... BAM! The pier takes another blow. The homeless man is knocked through the railing. Suddenly sober, he grasps the bottom rail for dear life.

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

HOMELESS MAN  
Help! Please help me!

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

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

OLD CHOLO (CONT'D)  
Go! Go! Go! Andale! Andale! Oh  
shit!

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

OLD CHOLO (CONT'D)  
Leave him alone puto!

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

OLD CHOLO (CONT'D)  
Damn... Poor bavoso... Fuck those  
warrants, I gotta tell the cops.

EXT. VENTURA PIER - LATER

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

EXT. BOAT - DAY

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

BOB  
Nathan! Turn it around.

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

BRANDON  
What's up?

Bob shakes his head in disappointment.

VICKY  
Another attack!?

Bob's face says yes.

NATHAN

Where?

BRANDON

Ventura?

Bob agrees. Brandon shoots Nathan a glare.

NATHAN

Dude, how the hell did you figure that out?

BRANDON

He's not leaving a hearty food source.

NATHAN

But humans aren't part of their diet.

Brandon heads back to the bow.

BRANDON

They are for this one.

VICKY

So what now?

BOB

We need to get back to Ventura.

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

EXT. HARBOR - DAY

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

EXT. SAILBOAT ON THE OCEAN - DAY

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

ELDERLY MAN

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

The line goes taught... Slack... Taught, then the whole fishing pole is ripped from the stand, and shoots off to sea!

The man, stands and looks overboard... Nothing.... Walks to the other side of the boat, looks overboard, and sees a HUGE SHARK swim right next to the boat! His eyes bulge! The shark is as long as the boat.

INT. SAMANTHA'S HOUSE - DAY

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

INT. BOAT CABIN - DAY

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

EXT. FLYBRIDGE OF BOAT - DAY

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

EXT. ELDERLY MAN'S SAILBOAT - CONTINUOUS

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

ELDERLY MAN

Ahoy folks! You just missed it!

FLYBRIDGE

BOB

Missed what?

SAILBOAT

ELDERLY MAN

The biggest damn shark I have ever seen!

FLYBRIDGE

Bob, Nathan, Vicky, and Brandon exchange glances.

BOB

How long ago?

SAILBOAT

ELDERLY MAN  
Maybe five minutes? It was truly  
incredible!

FLYBRIDGE

NATHAN  
Which way was it headed?

SAILBOAT

ELDERLY MAN  
South West. (Points out to sea)

FLYBRIDGE

Bob checks the fish finder radar.

BOB  
Thank you.

Bob commands Nathan to go the same direction.

SAILBOAT

ELDERLY MAN  
You're not going after that thing?

FLYBRIDGE

BOB  
Yes sir. We are.

SAILBOAT

The elderly man laughs.

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

FLYBRIDGE

Nathan shoots Bob a worrisome look.

INT. BOAT CABIN - DAY

Brandon and Vicky stand over the radar and sonar equipment in the boats cabin. The radar picks up a school of fish and other smaller ocean creatures. There are storm clouds on the horizon.

EXT. FLYBRIDGE OF BOAT - LATE AFTERNOON

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

BOB

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

INT. BOAT CABIN - EVENING

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

INSERT:

A RADAR SCREEN PICKING UP A LARGE MOVING OBJECT.

BACK TO SCENE

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

BRANDON

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

NATHAN

No question, Pipe!

BOB

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

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

BOB (CONT'D)

Show time!

Everyone scrambles to the radar screen at the helm.

EXT. FLYBRIDGE OF BOAT - NIGHT

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

BRANDON

How far?(Yells over the storm)

BOB

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

VICKY

This is it!

BOB

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

BRANDON

How far?

BOB

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

BRANDON

Nathan, get that fucking strobe on!

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

BOB

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

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

VICKY

Oh my God!

BOB

Twenty!

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

VICKY  
Where is it?

BOB  
Fifteen.

NATHAN  
There!

BOB  
Ten! Brandon!

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

NATHAN  
It's fucking huge!

Brandon has the sights locked onto the fish.

BRANDON  
I got ya now.

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

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

BOB (CONT'D)  
Sound the sonar!

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

VICKY  
We got her! The device is attached!

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

NATHAN  
We did it!

BOB  
Good work everyone.

INT. BOAT CABIN - NIGHT

The group is celebrating their victory. Drinks have been flowing, the mood is light.



Brandon strums an acoustic guitar, while a buzzed Bob sings along. Vicky and Nathan are impressed with the duo. As they finish the song, their audience applauds.

BOB

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

VICKY

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

NATHAN

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

Bob shrugs to Brandon.

BOB

This younger generation. (Shakes head)

Vicky and Nathan head to the downstairs cabin.

EXT. OCEAN - LATE NIGHT

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

INT. BOAT CABIN - LATE NIGHT

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

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

BOB

What the hell was that?

Brandon hops to his feet.

BRANDON

What the fuck do you think it was!

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

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

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

Brandon undrapes a big harpoon gun on the bow.

NATHAN  
Nooooo! We can't kill it!

Nathan runs to stop Brandon.

VICKY  
Nathan! Stop!

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

BOB  
Vicky! Sonar! Sonar! Sonar!

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

BOB (CONT'D)  
I got you brandon!

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

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

VICKY  
Brandon!

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

VICKY (CONT'D)  
Come on! Hurry!

She slides down the ladder to assist in the rescue.

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

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

BOB

Brandon!

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

BOB (CONT'D)

God damn little brother. I thought I was going to lose you.

Brandon pats Bob on the back.

BRANDON

Not again big bro... Never again.

Both smile, glad the close encounter is over with.

INT. BOAT CABIN - NIGHT

The crew is gathered around the tracking screen.

INSERT: A screen tracking the shark.

BACK TO SCENE

VICKY

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

NATHAN

Hats off to science!

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

VICKY

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

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

EXT. HUNTINGTON BEACH, CALIFORNIA - DAY

SUPER: "HUNTINGTON BEACH, CA"

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

GIRL 1

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

GIRL 2

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

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

EXT. IN THE OCEAN - SAME

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

TANNER

Dude, that shark shit is crazy!

SURFER 2

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

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

TANNER

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

SURFER 2

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

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

INTENSE MUSIC!

EXT. REAR OF THE BOAT - DAY

There's BLOOD and WATER SPLASHING!

END INTENSE MUSIC.

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

BRANDON  
Want to help?

VICKY  
Ick!

Brandon jokingly holds a handful out to her.

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

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

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

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

WE SEE Brandon from below the ocean surface.

BRANDON  
You worry too much big bro.

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

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

EXT. CHANNEL ISLANDS HARBOR - DAY

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

EXT. CHANNEL ISLANDS HARBOR - DOCK - DAY

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

EXT. CHANNEL ISLANDS HARBOR - DOCK - LATER

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

EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN - DAY

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

INT. BOAT CABIN - DAY

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

BOB

Where is our fish?

VICKY

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

She turns around and smiles.

NATHAN

Told you guys! (Smiles)

Bob's face shows disappointment.

VICKY

What?

BOB

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

NATHAN

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

Bob continues eye contact.

VICKY

What?

BOB

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

Nathan throws his hands up in anger.

VICKY

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

NATHAN

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

VICKY

Did you tell Jerry we're tracking her?

BOB

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

VICKY

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

Bob nods in agreement.

EXT. BOAT - AFTERNOON

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

EXT. FLYBRIDGE OF BOAT - CONTINUOUS

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

VICKY

Guess what?

She kisses him.

VICKY (CONT'D)  
Kozi and Brandon are snoozing.

NATHAN  
Oh yeah?(Grin appears)

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

INT. BOAT CABIN - NIGHT

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

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

The two lovers gaze at each other smiling.

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

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

BOB  
Ah, to be young and in love.

VICKY  
Hurry back Kozi, our conversation isn't finished.

Bob steps out.

BRANDON (O.S.)  
So you stopped drinking and you're getting married? Why not end the suffering now and just let us feed you to the shark?

Laughter erupts.



EXT. BOAT DECK - NIGHT

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

BOB

Hey you.

INT. BOAT CABIN - LATER

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

VICKY

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

BRANDON

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

Bob pauses and grins.

BOB

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

The crew waits with anticipation.

VICKY

Well?

Bob's face lights up.

BOB

I gave Samantha a call.

Vicky playfully screams and shakes Nathan.

VICKY

Oh Kozi, that makes me happy.

NATHAN

Right on dude. About time.

BRANDON

Nice lady.

Nathan nods approvingly.

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

Bob hesitates.

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

VICKY  
You what?

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

Happiness fills the room.

BRANDON  
Good for you big bro... I don't  
know what in the hell you were  
thinking in the first place. You  
can't let a chick like that get  
away. She's WAY hotter than you  
are.

Laughter breaks out. Bob agrees.

EXT. UNDERWATER PACIFIC OCEAN - NIGHT

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

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

INT. BOAT CABIN - NIGHT

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

INT. BOAT CABIN HELM - SAME

The tracking screen's target has stopped moving.

INSERT: Tracking screen with complacent Target.

BACK TO SCENE

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

INT. SAMANTHA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Samantha is nuzzled in her bed. Her night stand lamp is on. She reaches for a picture on the stand. WE SEE Samantha's hand holding a FRAMED PICTURE.

INSERT: A PICTURE OF SAMANTHA, BOB, AND BRODY

BACK TO SCENE

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

EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN - MORNING

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

INT. THE LOWER BOAT CABIN - MORNING

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

VICKY

Mmmmmmmmm. What time is it?

NATHAN

It's early babe. Go back to bed.

He stands.

VICKY

Where are you going?

NATHAN

Pee.

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

VICKY

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

NATHAN

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

INT. BOAT CABIN - CONTINUOUS

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

NATHAN

(Whispering) Shit! Sorry Quint.

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

EXT. BOAT DECK - CONTINUOUS

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

INT. THE LOWER BOAT CABIN

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

EXT. BOAT - REAR SWIM PLATFORM - CONTINUOUS

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

WE SEE an underwater view of the Nathan and Quint.

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

NATHAN

Lucky we're guys huh, dude?

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

NATHAN (CONT'D)

Ahhhhhhhhhhh....

INT. BOAT CABIN - CONTINUOUS

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

BRANDON  
 Quint? (Whistles) Here boy!

Vicky comes up the stairs.

VICKY  
 Good morning. Coffee?

BRANDON  
 Morning Vicky. Yes please.

VICKY  
 Bob? Coffee?

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

VICKY (CONT'D)  
 Bob?

BOB  
 Uh... Yeah...

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

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

BRANDON  
 What are you talking about?

Bob points it out on the screen.

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

Brandon becomes alert.

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

EXT. BOAT - REAR SWIM PLATFORM - CONTINUOUS

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

INT. BOAT CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Quint strolls into the cabin. Tail wagging.

BOB

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

Brandon pets Quint.

BRANDON

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

BOB

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

BRANDON

I wonder where it's at?

EXT. BOAT - REAR SWIM PLATFORM - CONTINUOUS

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

WE SEE an underwater view of Nathan.

INT. BOAT CABIN - CONTINUOUS

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

VICKY

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

Brandon notices there's only three cups.

BRANDON

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

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

BOB

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

Bob has a eureka moment and looks up.

EXT. BOAT DECK - CONTINUOUS

Vicky steps outside.

VICKY  
BABE?

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

VICKY (CONT'D)  
BABE?

Confused now, she continues to the swim platform.

VICKY (CONT'D)  
BABE?

She checks the water... Nothing.

INT. BOAT CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Vicky enters the boat cabin.

VICKY  
Did Nathan come back in here?  
NATHAN?

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

EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN - CONTINUOUS

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

WE SEE Nathan treading water from below.

INT. BOAT CABIN - CONTINUOUS

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

VICKY  
Maybe he went for his morning swim?

Suddenly Bob's eyes open wide!

BOB  
Get him out of the water!

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

EXT. BOAT DECK - CONTINUOUS

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

INSERT: VICKY'S FOOT CONNECTING WITH THE CHAIN

BACK TO SCENE

She winces in pain, but continues.

EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN - CONTINUOUS

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

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

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

EXT. BOAT DECK - CONTINUOUS

Vicky sees the fin pop up. Panic sets in!

VICKY  
NATHAN!!!

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

BOB  
SWIM!!!

BRANDON  
NATHAN! COME ON!

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



BOB  
Get the spear!

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

EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN - CONTINUOUS

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

EXT. BOAT DECK - CONTINUOUS

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

BOB  
COME ON NATHAN!

Vicky is hysterical!

VICKY  
Please God! NOOOOO!

EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN - CONTINUOUS

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

EXT. BOAT - REAR SWIM PLATFORM - CONTINUOUS

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

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

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

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

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

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

BOB  
Get him a blanket. Wrap him up.

Vicky and Nathan make their way to the cabin.

BOB (CONT'D)  
Jesus Christ.

Brandon brushes his hair from his face. Vicky lets go of Nathan for a second to check her toe. She places her foot on the boats edge. There's a moment of calm... BAM! The boat is slammed! Vicky is knocked overboard! There's a millisecond of eye contact with the crew. Nathan jumps in to rescue her! Bob and Brandon race to the side. Brandon pulls the life preserver and tosses it overboard!

BOB (CONT'D)  
VICKY!!!

Time stands still... Vicky freezes and stares Bob in the eyes... Then Nathan... Without a sound, she disappears under water.... The crew is frozen in disbelief. Nathan's mouth quivers. Eyes fill with tears.

NATHAN  
VICKY!!!

Brandon snaps back to reality.

BRANDON  
NATHAN! GRAB THE FUCKING LIFE  
PRESERVER!

Bob stares into the bloody watery grave. Teary eyed and slack jawed.

BRANDON (CONT'D)  
NATHAN! GRAB IT NOW! SHE'S GONE!  
COME ON!

Bob shoots Brandon an instantaneous look. Then jumps in to save an in shock Nathan.



EXT. BOAT - NIGHT

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

EXT. BOAT - MORNING

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

INT. BOAT CABIN - DAY

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

BRANDON

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

Without looking up Bob stares blankly.

BRANDON (CONT'D)

No way to charge my phone. It's been out of juice since yesterday.

Bob slowly raises his phone to check it. Nothing.

BRANDON (CONT'D)

Has the kid been up?

Bob shakes his head no.

BRANDON (CONT'D)

I wonder if his phone has anything left?

Bob stares ahead.

BRANDON (CONT'D)

Look Bobby, we need to act now. We don't have much food left, the desalinator is useless without the generator. We're way the fuck out to sea. We're past the EEZ.

(MORE)

BRANDON (CONT'D)

If we don't figure something out soon, we're all going to end up shark shit.

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

BRANDON (CONT'D)

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

Nathan pops up from below. Straight faced.

NATHAN

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

Brandon looks to Bob for approval. Bob nods.

EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN - DAY

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

INT. SANTA BARBARA SHERIFF'S STATION - DAY

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

BOB (O.S.)

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

Jerry hangs up... He dials again.

JERRY

Hey Kyle, Jerry here...(Beat)...  
Not too bad, other than this damn shark situation...(Beat)...  
Yeah...(Beat)... Hey, how far are your patrols out right now? The territorial twelve?...(Beat)...  
Yeah...(Beat)... I have a friend out there, the Professor guy you met... (Beat)... That's him...  
Thing is, they were out there in that damn storm, and I haven't been able to reach him....( Beat)...

(MORE)

JERRY (CONT'D)

Yeah...(Beat)...Out of Santa  
Barbara Harbor... (Beat)...  
Yeah...( Beat)... I appreciate that  
Kyle...(Beat)... Yes sir, the next  
one's on me....(Beat)... You bet...  
Thank you...

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

INT. SAMANTHA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Samantha sits on a leather sofa in her tiny but classy apartment. She anxiously waits for her phone to ring.

INSERT: A CELL PHONE ON HER COFFEE TABLE

BACK TO SEEN

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

INT. BOAT CABIN - NIGHT

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

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

BACK TO SEEN

Brandon buries his face in his hands. Sighs.

BRANDON

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

No one says a word.

BRANDON (CONT'D)

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

Bob eyes slowly look up.

INT. BOAT'S MOTOR ROOM - NIGHT

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

INT. BOAT CABIN - SAME

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

INT. BOAT'S MOTOR ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bob's now holding the box.

BRANDON

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

BOB

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

EXT. BOAT DECK - NIGHT

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

BRANDON

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

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

BRANDON (CONT'D)

Well looky here! If I'm not mistaken, that appears to be three sticks of TNT... DYNO-MITE! (Like JJ).

BOB

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

BRANDON

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

BOB  
Not for this fucking fish.

INT. BOAT CABIN - NIGHT

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

EXT. BOAT - NIGHT

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

INT. SAMANTHA'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Samantha gazes through her Arcadia window, coffee in hand. She glances at her phone.

INSERT: A CELL PHONE ON A TABLE.

BACK TO SCENE

She sighs.

INT. SHERIFF'S STATION OFFICE - DAY

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

INSERT: A LAND LINE PHONE.

BACK TO SCENE

He kicks his desk in frustration.

INT. BOAT CABIN - DAY

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

INSERT: BOB'S CELL PHONE.

BACK TO SCENE

He glances at his picture of Samantha.

INSERT: A PICTURE OF A HAPPY SAMANTHA



BACK TO SCENE

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

INSERT: A PICTURE OF BOB AND VICKY AT HER GRADUATION.

BACK TO SCENE

He sighs. Glances through the front window where Brandon and Nathan are preparing for the battle. Determination sets in.

EXT. BOAT DECK - DAY

The crew is fast at work preparing their makeshift weapons.

MONTAGE: THE CREW PREPARING FOR BATTLE

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

END MONTAGE

EXT. BOAT DECK - AFTERNOON

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

INT. INSIDE COAST GUARD HELICOPTER - EVENING

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

HEADQUARTERS (O.S.)

Lets call it a day.

PILOT

Rodger that. 10-4.

EXT. COAST GUARD CHOPPER - CONTINUOUS

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

INT. BOAT CABIN - NIGHT

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

BOB  
Thanks... Brody seen that you know?

Bob looks down to his dog.

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

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

INSERT: A ZIPPO LIGHTER WITH A POT LEAF EMBLEM

BACK TO SCENE

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

Brandon examines the lighter he's holding. Shrugs.

BRANDON  
At least it not a torch anymore.

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

BOB  
Not tonight.

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

INSERT: THE LIGHTER

BACK TO SCENE

BOB (CONT'D)

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

BRANDON

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

EXT. BOAT DECK - NIGHT

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

INT. BOAT CABIN - MORNING

Brandon and Quint stir awake. The cabin is empty.

EXT. BOAT DECK - MORNING

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

BRANDON

Anything?

Never taking his eyes off of the view.

BOB

Other than a dolphin pod... Not  
much.

BRANDON

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

Frustrated, Bob lowers his binoculars.

BOB

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

Brandon throws his hands up.

BRANDON

Then what?

BOB

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

BRANDON

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

BOB

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

BRANDON

And if we don't?

Bob smiles at Brandon.

BOB

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

Brandon shrugs... Then nods yes.

BOB (CONT'D)

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

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

BRANDON

I can go for a little payback. Absofuckinglutely.

BOB

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

BRANDON

Raw fish?

BOB

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

EXT. BOAT DECK - AFTERNOON

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

INT. BOAT CABIN - NIGHT

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

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

BOB  
Five more minutes.

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

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

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

Brandon continues to search for his lighter.

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

CU Nathan's face.

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

Brandon makes his way to the stove.

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

Bob nudges him away.

BOB

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

Brandon leans down to the stove to light the joint.

BRANDON

Fine, I'll step outside.

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

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

BOB

Fuck! Nathan, grab the fire extinguisher!

BAM! The boat is rammed again!

WE SEE the fire extinguisher roll overboard into the water.

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

EXT. BOAT DECK - CONTINUOUS

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

NATHAN

Bob! Get out of there!

Smoke billows from the cabin's door. Coughing hard, Bob scurries out. Nathan assists. The two turn back to watch the flames grow.

INSERT: THE PICTURE OF BOB AND VICKY CATCHES FIRE

BACK TO SCENE

BOB

We've got to get off the boat!

NATHAN

But the fucking shark!

BOB  
Grab the gear!

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

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

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

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

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

Brody jumps into the water. Quint follows.

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

EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN - CONTINUOUS

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

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

BOB  
Paddle! Paddle! Paddle!

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

EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN - LATER

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

NATHAN

Bob, we're sitting ducks in this thing.

Bob punches the raft.

BOB

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

Brody whimpers.

BOB (CONT'D)

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

NATHAN

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

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

EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN - NIGHT

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

BOB

What is it boy?

Nathan helps Bob up onto the side of the raft.

BOB (CONT'D)

Give me the spear! Get the flare gun!

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

CU WATER



Bob raises the spear! Brandon points the flare gun! Brandon gulps..... All three are breathing rapidly. Hearts pounding... The dogs stop barking... Quint tilts his head in curiosity...

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

BOB (CONT'D)

Damn it Quint. Scared the shit out of me.

Brandon pets Quint. Bob looks to Brandon.

BOB (CONT'D)

How's your head?

BRANDON

No worse than a night of heavy tequila drinking.

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

BOB

Shit!

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

BRANDON

Come on!

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

BOB

The spear!

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

BOB (CONT'D)

You gotta be fucking kidding me.

BRANDON

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

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

WE SEE an underwater view of the boat.

EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN - SUNRISE

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

BOB

Water.

Brandon opens his eyes and looks around.

BRANDON

Yeah, no shit. There's a lot of it.  
We are in the ocean.

BOB

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

BRANDON

Water amongst several other  
factors.

BOB

Not now Brandon.

BRANDON

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

Bob's not amused.

EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN - LATE AFTERNOON

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

EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN - NIGHT

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

BRANDON

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

BOB

No, no I'm good.

Brandon pulls his exhausted brother on board.

BRANDON

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

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

BOB

Remember the first time dad took us  
deep sea fishing?

BRANDON

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

Both laugh.

BOB

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

BRANDON

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

BOB

Nine.

Both laugh.

BOB (CONT'D)

Dad was certainly determined to  
make water men out of us.

BRANDON

He'd be proud of you Bobby.

BOB

You know he loved you the most.

BRANDON

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

BOB

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

BRANDON

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

BOB

I really miss him.

BRANDON

I do too Bobby.

BOB

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

BRANDON

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

BOB

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

Brandon's eyes well with tears.

BRANDON

I love you big brother.

BOB

I love you too little brother.

EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN - DAY

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

BRANDON

Leave the dolphins alone. (Eyes still shut)

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

NATHAN

Oh fuck! Get up! It's back!

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

BOB

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

NATHAN

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

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

BOB

The lighter?

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

BRANDON

You snagged my lighter?

BOB

Don't worry about who has the damn lighter, just be ready to light the fuse as soon as that fucker shows up.

BRANDON

But that's my lucky lighter.

BOB

For God sakes Brandon! Just be ready.

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

BRANDON

Oh shit!

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

NATHAN

There! There! There!

Bob shoots Nathan the most serious look of his life.

BOB

Now.

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

BOB (CONT'D)

Come on! Come on! Come on!

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

BRANDON

Nooooooo!

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

BRANDON (CONT'D)

Get down!

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

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

BRANDON (CONT'D)

Now what? We have one stick left.

Bob's frozen in shock.

BRANDON (CONT'D)

Bobby! What the fuck are we going to do!

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

BRANDON (CONT'D)

Nathan! Nooooooo!

BOB

NATHAN!

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

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

INSERT: THE LIGHTER FLYING THROUGH THE AIR

BACK TO SCENE

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

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

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

BLACK SCREEN

EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN - AFTERNOON

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

BOB  
Brandon...(Weak voiced)

Bob shakes Brandon awake.

BOB (CONT'D)  
Brandon!

EXT. SANTA BARBARA HARBOR - AFTERNOON

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

EXT. SANTA BARBARA HARBOR HELICOPTER LANDING - CONTINUOUS

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

EXT. SANTA BARBARA HARBOR - CONTINUOUS

A tear runs down a relieved Samantha's cheek. She hugs Esperanza tight. A teary eyed Jerry nods.

EXT. SANTA BARBARA HARBOR HELICOPTER LANDING - CONTINUOUS

Bob makes eye contact with Samantha... Then with Jerry. Bob's head drops. The helicopter takes off.

EXT. SANTA BARBARA HARBOR - CONTINUOUS

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

BOB

I love you... Bo much.

He looks over his shoulder to the sea.

BLACK SCREEN

EXT. RINCON BEACH PARKING LOT/ PATH - MORNING

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

EXT. RINCON BEACH - CONTINUOUS

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

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

FADE OUT.



