

NEPTUNE'S REEF

Written by

Insert talentless idiot's name here...

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Draft - way too early

Contact - please don't

EXT. SMALL BOAT - NIGHT

The boat is small, just a single outboard motor and two occupants illuminated by an LED lantern.

It moves swiftly through the still ocean, piloted by...

STEVO, 40s, sea hardened, and tanned, skin, straggly hair in an 80s ponytail, and a steady hand keeping the tiller on course.

STEVO

So, you got it?

JULES, 20s, pale blue eyes and equally pale facial skin are the only physical characteristic visible due to the full wet suit, nods.

JULES

At Neptune's Reef, dive down.

STEVO

Correct.

JULES

Then look for the grave.

STEVO

The gaudy one that looks like a lawn, with model pink flamingos and shit like that.

JULES

Gotcha.

STEVO

Then?

Jules pauses, thinks.

JULES

Use this...

He lofts a metal detector, white coil, green control box, large black knobs, Excalibur II emblazoned on the side.

JULES (cont'd)

To find the gold.

STEVO

It's in the lawn somewhere.

JULES

I still don't get why.

STEVO

Because my dear Father was an evil old bastard determined to leave me penniless, that's why he buried his coin collection with him.

Jules winces at the use of 'bastard'.

JULES

I could just let you have a go with this, it's not deep right?

He offers Stevo the detector.

STEVO

Not when I hired you as a fucking expert marine metal detector.

Jules winces again.

JULES

Detectorist.

STEVO

Say what?

He holds Excalibur up again.

JULES

This is a marine metal detector, a very good one too, whereas I am a detectorist.

STEVO

For fucks sake, do I look like I give an actual shit what you nerds call your crap?

Jules double winces, then shakes his head.

Stevo glances at his GPS unit, then ahead, where a large white buoy bobs gently up and down.

STEVO (cont'd)

We're here.

On the buoy hangs a neat sign, "Neptune Memorial Reef".

Stevo slows the boat down.

Jules gulps.

JULES

This seemed like a much better idea
back onshore.

STEVO

Look, when else are you **guaranteed** to
find gold?

JULES

But it's grave robbing.

STEVO

We are three miles from Biscayne, not
a soul to see you, only we know the
plan and were stealing from my
father... and now you get a pang of
the shitting morals!

Jules flinches.

JULES

I know but, the reason I usually go
detecting --

STEVO

Reasons! I gave you ten fucking
thousand of them to do this dive.

Mor flinching.

JULES

Yeah, sorry, I know... it's just a
bit weird.

STEVO

Weird is wandering around a massive
field with your beepy stick and
finding buttons all day long.

JULES

(petulantly)
I find other things.

STEVO

Whatever, are you ready?

Jules nods.

STEVO (cont'd)

Look for the flamingos and colorful
shit, like neon colorful.

Jules puts his regulator in, sticks a thumb up, and then
rolls backward over the side of the boat.

EXT. OCEAN - CONTINUOUS

Jules orients himself with the boat, the moon visible above it through the water.

Dives.

Briefly.

The water isn't very deep at all, only forty feet or so, and even in the dark, the memorial is immediately visible.

Whilst not deep, it covers a large area, spreading out in all directions for half an acre or so.

The 'graves' are all shapes, sizes and colors, urns and other ashes receptacles, displayed on most plots.

Jules takes a torch from his belt, turns it on, and scans around for his target.

Jules disturbs some sand, which moves under the torchlight, until it falls away to reveal a hidden ray swimming from its hiding place.

The light catches on something blue and orange, like a long cigar shape, definitely neony and gaudy.

Jules nudges it with the coil of his detector.

The Nudibranch, sea slug to his/her friends, is startled by the attack and reacts with the only defense it has.

It slowly turns and ejects a cloud of toxin-laced mucus towards Jules...

Who scrabbles away in a vain attempt to avoid it.

The mist of poison engulfs the flailing diver.

Jules thrashes and tries to swim away, but too late to stop the toxins permeating his skin.

He loses consciousness and drifts to the bottom.

As he does, the torch sweeps left, onto a pair of flamingos at the head of a green swathe of AstroTurf, about ten feet from where Jules has landed.

LATER

Jules regains consciousness when the ray he'd disturbed earlier cruises right over his face.

It takes a moment to come to.

When he does, he looks frantically around.

The sea slug is making a leisurely escape to the other end of the underwater cemetery.

NEPTUNE (V.O.)
That served you right.

Jules pushes himself off the ocean floor, into a standing position, and turns three-sixty to find out who talked to him... forty feet under the water.

NEPTUNE (V.O.) (cont'd)
I am Neptune, God of the Sea. And you were about to desecrate a grave within my domain.

He shakes his head, bubbles coming from his regulator, and waves his arms in protest... which doesn't help as he is still holding his detector.

NEPTUNE (V.O.) (cont'd)
You cannot lie to me, I can see inside your very soul, tiny and dark though it is.

Jules hangs his head in shame and admission.

NEPTUNE (V.O.) (cont'd)
Your punishment must fit the crime don't you think?

The water swirls through the graveyard, around Jules, pulling up wisps of sand and seaweed.

Below him the sand begins to ripple on the plots throughout the memorial, toppling the Flamingos and most of the other grave ornaments too.

That's enough for Jules, he makes for the surface, harder than sinking with a detector in his hand.

EXT. SMALL BOAT - CONTINUOUS

Jules breaks the surface about ten feet from the boat, and pulls his regulator out.

JULES
Start the engine, we gotta get out of here, now!

No answer from the boat.

Jules swims over, uses his detector to catch the side of the boat, and yanks himself closer.

The coil snaps under the unexpected force, leaving three broken prongs, and the rest embedded in the boat.

Jules doesn't care, he's too busy pulling himself inside the boat.

JULES (cont'd)
C'mon, let's go.

He turns to the front, to demand Stevo gets going.

Except there is no Stevo.

Sitting at the front of the boat is NEPTUNE, crown of shells, green beard, six-pack, trident, the works.

NEPTUNE
You cannot swim away from me.

Jules stands up in the boat, unsteady due to the limited room and orange flippers, looks around.

NEPTUNE (cont'd)
Escape is impossible, accept your fate.

JULES
Look it wasn't my fault, it was Stevo's idea.

NEPTUNE
You were the one in the water. Now you must pay.

Jules pushes Excalibur out towards Neptune, defense not attack.

But the broken coil, oddly like a trident, pushes forward into Neptune's chest.

NEPTUNE/STEVO
Fuck.

Jules flinches.

JULES
What the --

NEPTUNE/STEVO
You geeky fucking maniac.

Jules winces, looks bemused.

Blood oozes from the expansive muscles on Neptune's torso, which slowly morphs into Stevo's flabby one.

Jules shakes his head, unsure what's real now. The effects of the hallucinogenic toxins are wearing off.

The blood still runs.

NEPTUNE/STEVO (cont'd)
You little shit!

Stevo advances as Jules flinches again.

Jules pushes the detector forward.

STEVO
Bastard, stop doing that!

Jules is beyond reason and sanity.

Shoves the weapon forward again.

JULES
Stop fucking swearing at me!

One last upper thrust with Excalibur and the prongs go through Stevo's jaw, nailing it shut and forcing his lips into a maniacal grin.

JULES (cont'd)
Ha, cat got your tongue?

Stevo topples over the side of the boat, detector still stuck in his face.

JULES (cont'd)
You go find the fucking coins then!

Stevo is already sinking.

JULES (cont'd)
Time for some father-son time.

He laughs at the moon.

NEPTUNE (V.O.)
Now you've killed someone too!

Jules spins, as much as is possible in flippers, and slips.

Falls, catches the outboard motor on the way down, sends the boat lurching forward.

The hose from his tanks catches on the motor as he drops into the sea, drags him along at some pace, choking as he travels.

NEPTUNE

That'll fucking teach you.