

**LAKE PLACID**

Written by  
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Full Pink Draft

OVER BLACK we HEAR the distant but near melodic CRY of a LOON.

**SLOWLY FADE IN TO:**

**EXT. BLACK LAKE - NIGHT**

The loon continues its hypnotic call, as the steamy mist lifts off the dark water, which doesn't even ripple. The loon continues her nocturnal cry, as we savor the beauty of the lake, the elegance of the bird, and the haunting echo of her lonely call... until suddenly the bird is crisply pulled under, silenced forever. A lone feather surfaces and floats as:

Credits roll over the black lake to Richie Havens singing "I CAN SEE CLEARLY NOW." Then--

**OVER BLACK**

**KEOUGH (O.S.)**

And they pay you for this? To tag  
beaver?

**WALT (O.S.)**

Imagine.

As we FADE IN a face COMES INTO FOCUS from underwater. It is the face of WALT LAWSON (Maine Fish And Game) looking down from a boat.

**EXT. LAKE - DAY**

Next to him is SHERIFF HANK KEOUGH, paunch, disposition of an untipped waiter.

**KEOUGH**

Ask me, what an animal does in the  
wild is his own business so long as  
he doesn't do it to man. I think  
Mark Twain said that.

**WALT**

(dry)  
I think he didn't. But since  
you've said it, I guess we're  
covered.

Keough holds a stare. Walt drops overboard. Keough pulls a  
Twinkie from his pocket. Begins to unwrap.

**EXT. NEW YORK - MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY**

**INT. MUSEUM - DAY**

FIND KELLY SCOTT, pretty, thirty, as KEVIN CAMPBELL, forties,  
approaches.

**KEVIN**  
Kelly.

**KELLY**  
(warmly)  
Kevin, hey.

She beams affection, he exudes a little discomfort.

**KEVIN**  
Hi. Listen. Could I steal you a  
second?

**KELLY**  
(great idea)  
Absolutely.

**INT. KEVIN'S OFFICE - DAY**

They enter ON THE CUT, he closes the door.

**KEVIN**  
I had a great time last night.  
Again.

**KELLY**  
Me too.

Reading his look, she suddenly smells it. Her face drops.

**KELLY (CONT'D)**  
(deducing)  
That's not what you came to say.

**KEVIN**  
You work for me. I'm not  
comfortable with-- y'know, "us"...

She's a little crushed.

**KELLY**

I was working for you when "us"  
started, what's--

**KEVIN**

I know and I thought I could handle  
it but work and pleasure along with  
somebody else, it's a dangerous  
mix.

**KELLY**

Kevin, as long as we...  
(suddenly)  
What was that last part?

**KEVIN**

(sheepish)  
The somebody else part?

**KELLY**

Yeah, that part. There's...  
somebody who's um...

**KEVIN**

(feels terrible)  
Else.

A beat.

**KELLY**

(covering)  
Oh. Oh. That's okay. Well. This  
uh... this probably wasn't meant to  
be, y'know. I mean, I'm... God, I  
gotta be ten years younger and you,  
you... you're y'know...

**KEVIN**

(reading her mind)  
A jerk.

**KELLY**

(you have no idea)  
Oh...  
(then)  
No, no, I'm not angry I'm not, I'm  
just thrown, I'm...  
(checks her watch)  
I actually have an early lunch,  
so...

**KEVIN**

It's ten after nine.

**KELLY**

Yes, well...

(smiling)  
famished.

And she rushes out of the room. OFF Kevin, we:

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. UNDERWATER - DAY**

Walt dives down, visibility is lousy. Whether it's algae or dense vegetation, the water is extremely murky.

**EXT. LAKE - CONTINUOUS**

Keough unwraps the second Twinkie.

**EXT. UNDERWATER - CONTINUOUS**

Walt continues to swim.

**HIS P.O.V.**

Not much to look at. Then suddenly... no, just a snapping turtle swimming away. Walt descends a little deeper. He loves it beneath the water, there's a tranquility he can find nowhere else. Next best thing to meditation. Suddenly, he stops kicking.

**HIS EYES FOCUS**

A black water snake, it must be almost three feet in length.

**RESUME**

Walt flippers himself closer, wants a closer look. The snake seems unimpressed. Then suddenly, the snake lunges at him, misses. Shit. Walt's look says "what the fuck?" A beat. Then the snake swims off. Walt relaxes. A beat. But then... he looks around, uneasy. He gets this feeling he's not alone down there. Looks about, nothing but murky water. But he's not alone, we can feel he's not alone.

He looks left, right... then... four snakes, swimming, hovering, looking back at him. What's with these snakes? Walt decides he'll go back to the boat. Then... BOOM. Something hits him... and it's no snake.

**EXT. BOAT - CONTINUOUS**

Keough. Oblivious. Waiting. Suddenly-- Walt comes thrusting up with a scream!

**WALT**  
Sheriff!!

And Walt is promptly yanked back under.

**KEOUGH**

Hey!

Upon which Walt surfaces. He swims frantically for a beat before he's suddenly yanked under again. Then he surfaces, thrashing as Keough speeds over with the boat. He takes hold of him and pulls him on board. Actually... what's left of him. There's nothing below the waist. Walt is just a bleeding torso, though still conscious.

**KEOUGH (CONT'D)**

(going into shock)

Jesus Christ.

**ANGLE WALT'S REMAINING HAND**

clenching around Keough's arm.

**ANGLE WALT'S FACE**

He knows he's done. OFF Keough's continued horror, we:

**CUT TO:**

**BLACK AND WHITE**

A DINOSAUR (T-Rex) is angry and out for blood.

**REVEAL**

**INT. MOVIE THEATER - DAY**

We're watching an old classic creature feature. FIND Kelly alone, slowly eating popcorn, rapt, tense... watching the movie. As the suspense builds, her hand freezes halfway between the popcorn bag and her mouth.

**ANGLE THE SCREEN**

The monster pursues its human victim.

**ANGLE KELLY**

fear on her face.

**ANGLE THE SCREEN**

The monster makes its final surge, capturing its prey.

**ANGLE KELLY**

as she screams with fear and delight. Her scream is only partially muted by the shrieks of the other moviegoers.

After a beat, she calms, daring to eat popcorn again. Wearing gullibility, vulnerability all over her face. Then from behind a hand appears, taps her shoulder, causing her to let loose with the most blood-curdling scream of all.

All the moviegoers turn to SEE... as will WE:

**MYRA OKUBO**

Thirties, standing mortified; the woman who tapped her shoulder.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. NEW YORK CITY - DAY**

Kelly and Okubo emerge from the movie theater.

**KELLY**

What do you expect, mugging me from behind?

**OKUBO**

I tapped you.

**KELLY**

Well you shouldn't have. How did you even know where I was.

**OKUBO**

(sarcastic)  
Wild guess.

**KELLY**

I don't like to be scared, Myra, I have a thing about fright, don't ever scare me.

**OKUBO**

Kevin told me you were upset.

**KELLY**

Really? I never realized he was so psychic, how could he detect that, did he tell you there's somebody else?

**OKUBO**

(sheepish)  
Well... he didn't have to tell me that part.

Kelly freezes. Stares at her. Then:

**KELLY**

You?

**OKUBO**

It started before you, Kelly, I never would've--

**KELLY**

You?

**OKUBO**

It was just a quick thing which we thought was over, and and...

**KELLY**

You and Kevin.

**OKUBO**

It wasn't suppose to happen, I don't know what to say...

A beat.

**KELLY**

You don't know what to say, lucky for you action speaks louder than words.

**OKUBO**

Kelly--

**KELLY**

I'm not upset, Myra, okay. I just never thought of you as a y'know...

**OKUBO**

Backstabber?

**KELLY**

(don't be silly)

No.

**OKUBO**

Liar?

**KELLY**

(c'mon)

Myra.

**OKUBO**

Shitbutt?

**KELLY**

I really... I should get back.

And Kelly peels off to go on her way. Bumps into a Pedestrian. She then gives him an angry shove, under--

**KELLY (CONT'D)**

(to the pedestrian)  
Don't fuck with me!

And off she goes. The Pedestrian and Okubo exchange a look.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. LAKE - DAY**

Coroner's ambulance. Walt's covered body is being loaded, as JACK WELLS, Fish and Game, thirty, emerges from his truck. He approaches the body. Lifts up the sheet. Stares a beat in disbelief. Turns to Keough.

**JACK**  
What did this?

OFF Keough, we:

**CUT TO:**

**INT. MUSEUM - DAY**

Kelly's in her office, working at her desk. Kevin enters.

**KEVIN**  
Hey.

**KELLY**  
Kevin. How's it going, what's happenin', family good, great, nice to catch up, get out.

**KEVIN**  
This is business.  
(then)  
There was an accident in Maine, some guy got killed by something in a lake. Probably a bear, but... they found a tooth.

**KELLY**  
A tooth?

**KEVIN**  
A tooth they say couldn't have come from any bear. They say it looks prehistoric. Like maybe a dinosaur.

**KELLY**  
(without looking up)  
Oh, well then I'm sure that's it, he got killed by a dinosaur, anything else?



**KEVIN**

I want you to go there.

Now she looks up.

**KELLY**

Sorry?

**KEVIN**

I'm sure it's nothing, but you're a paleontologist, this is what we do, I--

**KELLY**

This is what we do?

**KEVIN**

I'd like you to check out this lake. See--

**KELLY**

Are you on drugs?

**KEVIN**

Kelly--

**KELLY**

I'm not going to Maine, I won't even go west of Forty-third Street--

**KEVIN**

Part of our research--

**KELLY**

I'm not even a field person.

**KEVIN**

Well on this one I'd like you to be.

Kelly stares back. The nickle drops.

**KELLY**

This was Myra's idea, wasn't it? Get me out of the office for a few days, until--

**KEVIN**

It has nothing to do with--

**KELLY**

I never do field work and even if I did, Maine, to look at a tooth of a dinosaur who bit somebody, couldn't you dream up something--

**KEVIN**

Kelly--

**KELLY**

I am not going to Maine. That's  
ridiculous.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. MAINE SKIES - DAY**

A sea helicopter is sailing up against the blue sky, nothing but  
Evergreens and lakes below.

**INT. HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS**

Kelly with the Pilot. She looks a little white.

**INT. JACKSON HOSPITAL - DAY**

Kelly is walking with Keough toward the morgue.

**KEOUGH**

He just came up screaming.

**KELLY**

Did he say anything?

**KEOUGH**

He just kinda gurgled. He was  
pretty much dead.

**KELLY**

And you didn't see anything?

**KEOUGH**

The lake was dead calm until up he  
came. The tooth is in there.

**KELLY**

(seeing)  
There? That's the morgue.

**KEOUGH**

Yes.

**KELLY**

Is the dead guy in there?

**KEOUGH**

That's where they keep them.  
(then)  
You want me to bring the tooth out  
here?

**KELLY**

Um.

(bravado)

No, no. Let's go.

**CLOSE ON THE TOOTH**

Reveal--

**INT. MORGUE - DAY**

The Medical Examiner, STEVEN DANIELS, is there with Keough and Kelly. Walt's torso is covered. Kelly is examining the tooth.

**KELLY**

I need to get a microscopic look at it.

**DANIELS**

Fine.

(indicating)

There you go.

**KELLY**

Maybe I should see...

(the body)

**KEOUGH**

(reading her)

I wouldn't.

**KELLY**

I'm fine, thank you.

**KEOUGH**

Have you ever seen a dead body before, Ms. Scott?

**KELLY**

Well.

(admits)

At wakes.

**KEOUGH**

This is a little different.

**KELLY**

I can look at dead things.

And Daniels is about to pull the sheet back--

**KELLY (CONT'D)**

Wait.

She takes a breath.

**KELLY (CONT'D)**

Okay.

And Daniels peels back the sheet. Kelly strains to disguise her extreme horror. Finally--

**KELLY (CONT'D)**

(fighting off nausea)

This... how long did this attack go on for?

**KEOUGH**

Seconds. Three, four.

**KELLY**

And this is how he came to the boat?

**KEOUGH**

Yes.

**KELLY**

Okay.

(then)

And is there a place nearby I could go to vomit?

OFF this, we:

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. INDIGO MAINE - DAY**

It's a small, almost tiny town; general store, post office, fire station. Kelly and Keough are in front of the general store loading supplies into a van, across the street in front of the Sheriff's Department.

**KEOUGH**

Nobody lives within twenty-five miles, 'cept some old couple who live right on the lake. Teenagers trek in every once in a while, none have disappeared, and none have spotted anything unusual.

**KELLY**

You talk to the married couple?

**KEOUGH**

Not yet.

**KELLY**

What kind of backup do we have?

**KEOUGH**

We?

That strikes a nerve.

**KELLY**

(defensive)

What?

**KEOUGH**

Sorry. I'm just a little unclear as to why the Museum of Natural History would send somebody here.

**KELLY**

You have a thing against museums?

**KEOUGH**

I got nothing against--

**KELLY**

Ever even been in one?

He stares back. Then picks up a huge cannon-like gun. As he loads it--

**KELLY**

What is that?

**KEOUGH**

Lightweight Forward Area air device unit. Whatever's out there, one shot with this and he's dead.

**KELLY**

(incredulous)

And you stock these things for what, to fend off Russia?

A beat.

**KEOUGH**

You're sort of a rude person.

**KELLY**

It's just that--

Suddenly, like a shot, Kelly's arm jerks up as she jet sprays a white fog from a can of Yard Guard. Keough holds a look at her.

**KELLY (CONT'D)**

Mosquitos. I have a thing about mosquitos.

Upon which a sport utility vehicle pulls up, it's marked "Maine Fish And Game". Jack Wells emerges, Kelly's eyes scan him like radar.

**JACK**

We set?

**KEOUGH**

Ready.

(re Kelly; dry)

A museum in New York sent us some additional back up.

Kelly shoots Keough a look. Then:

**KELLY**

Kelly Scott.

**JACK**

Jack Wells. A museum sent you?

**KELLY**

Are we all museum bigots in Maine?

Jack holds a look, decides to let that pass.

**JACK**

Did you make anything of the tooth?

**KELLY**

Yes, it did seem prehistoric but I'm sure he just carried the thing for luck. Not that it worked, obviously. It probably somehow got lodged into his body.

Jack holds another look.

**KELLY (CONT'D)**

Why are you staring at me?

(to Keough)

Do I have a smudge on my face, it would be so you not to have told me.

Keough also lets that pass.

**KEOUGH**

(to Jack)

I'm ready when you are.

**JACK**

Let's go.

As they start out, Kelly grabs Jack by the arm.

**KELLY**

Excuse me. One other thing, it's a small point, but... I have a thing about being humored, and I'm

feeling humored, more by him, but  
you seemed quick to join in.

**JACK**

Ma'am, your first impression isn't  
going well.

As JANINE POST, sixteen, flirtatious little vixen, steps up.

**JANINE**

Excuse me? Is it true you're going  
to look for some kind of monster in  
Black Lake?

**KEOUGH**

We're just going to investigate an  
accident. There's no monster.

**JANINE**

We heard a man got bit in half.

**KEOUGH**

There was an accident, that's all.  
Nothing to worry about.

And Janine goes into the store. The men just watch her go.  
Sixteen going on twenty, nubile. Kelly just looks at the men,  
gaping at the girl.

**KELLY**

Please.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. LAKE - DAY**

Keough, Jack, and Kelly are in a boat motoring towards a  
farmhouse. No other houses in sight.

**INT. FARM HOUSE - DAY**

Jack, Kelly and Keough are questioning DELORES BICKERMAN, mid-  
sixties, eccentric if not slightly daffy. She's brought out  
refreshments.

**BICKERMAN**

Oh, my husband passed away almost  
two years ago.

**KEOUGH**

My department doesn't have any  
record of that, Mrs. Bickerman.

**BICKERMAN**

(with some attitude)

Oh well, I'm sorry. I didn't realize you keep such a firm track of the dead.

**KELLY**

(gently)

What was the cause of your husband's death, Ma'am, do you know?

Off Bickerman's silence--

**KELLY (CONT'D)**

We don't mean to invade your privacy but... was he ill, was he sick?

**KEOUGH**

Was he swallowed?

**KELLY**

(reprimanding)

Sheriff.

**JACK**

Mrs. Bickerman, the reason we're up here... a man was fatally attacked yesterday by some animal in this lake. Do you know how your husband died?

**BICKERMAN**

(brightly)

Oh yes. I killed him.

Keough clenches his eyes shut. The old woman's a loon.

**JACK**

You killed him.

**BICKERMAN**

(happily)

Oh, yes.

**KEOUGH**

And how would you have accomplished this, Ma'am?

**BICKERMAN**

(rattling it off quickly, simply)

Well, he was very ill and he refused to go see a doctor and well... I think he had Alzheimer's, he would be coherent one day, incoherent the next and one coherent day, he asked me to end



his suffering. I wouldn't do it but he kept insisting and insisting and deteriorating till the point the only cognitive thing he could really do was that I finish him off. Finally I just gave in and hit him on the head with a skillet then buried him under the bulkhead.

Jack, Keough, and Kelly just stare back at this crazy woman. Off their looks--

**BICKERMAN (CONT'D)**

(to Keough)

Dig him up if you don't believe me, Javert.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. LAKE - DAY**

Keough and Kelly are in the boat slowly traveling along the thickly wooded shoreline.

**KEOUGH**

Half mile up, there's a clearing.

**JACK**

You gonna dig up that lady's husband?

**KEOUGH**

I'll call the coroner.

**KELLY**

(looking around)

What is with this lake? It looks black and... there are no waves or anything.

**KEOUGH**

They wanted to call it Lake Placid. But somebody said that name was taken.

**KELLY**

(to Jack)

Gee.

Jack smiles, gets her sarcasm.

**KEOUGH**

The tents were sent ahead, they should already be set-up.

**KELLY**

(what?)  
We're staying in tents?

**KEOUGH**  
I told you. Two days, we'd have to camp.

**KELLY**  
Yes, camp, I thought that meant Holiday Inn, I never heard "tents", will there be toilets?

**KEOUGH**  
(seeing something)  
What the hell?

Keough's attention has been otherwise arrested. He sees something in the water.

**KELLY**  
What?

**KEOUGH**  
(slowing the boat)  
I thought I saw...

**KELLY**  
It looks like a branch.

He leans over to grab something floating in the water. Looks like a branch. He lifts it up, revealing it to be an antler. Connected to the severed head of a moose. Keough, seeing it as he lifts it, screams, throwing it.

It hits Kelly and she screams, a blood-curdling scream, as the HEAD hits the floor of the boat with a HEAVY THUD. Kelly rears back, still screaming, and belts Keough in the shoulder.

**KEOUGH**  
Hey!!

**KELLY**  
You threw it at me!!

**KEOUGH**  
(denying)  
I just let go of it.

**KELLY** You threw it at me!!  
(to Jack)  
Did you see that?

**JACK** Alright.

She belts him again.

**KEOUGH** Stop hitting me!

**JACK (CONT'D)** Ma'am!

**KELLY**

Don't throw heads at me,  
(to Jack)  
and stop calling me "Ma'am"!

**ANGLE THE HEAD**

**RESUME**

A beat. This head looks ripped off the body.

**JACK**

What is going on here?

**EXT. BEACHSIDE CAMPSITE - AN HOUR LATER**

A small tent camp is being set up. People unpacking. Two Deputies, BURKE and STEPHENS, present. Kelly is with Jack.

**KELLY**

How big do the bears get?

**JACK**

Big but... a bear couldn't do that  
to a moose or man in water. On  
land maybe. But...

**KELLY**

And they're sure he didn't get  
tangled under the outboard somehow?

**JACK**

Hank says he's sure.

Kelly takes in the scenic surroundings.

**KELLY**

It really is beautiful, isn't it?

**JACK**

Never been to Maine before?

**KELLY**

I was told they discriminate  
against people with hygiene.

(off Jack)

I never believed it.

He measure her. Then--

**JACK**

Why are you here? Really.

**KELLY**

I told you.

**JACK**

The Museum of Natural History  
doesn't send out investigators to--

**KELLY**

How would you know, what--

**JACK**

And even if they did, I doubt he or  
she would have problems with tents.

**KELLY**

So I don't like tents, why--

**JACK**

You don't like tents, mosquitos,  
look at your fingernails, you have  
about as much business being in the  
woods--

**KELLY**

What's wrong with my  
fingernails these are  
perfectly good--

**JACK (CONT'D)**

--as Emily Post, it doesn't  
make sense--

**JACK (CONT'D)**

(overriding)

They sent you out to examine a tooth,  
why are you out here on the on the lake?

A beat. Might as well tell.

**KELLY**

I am a paleontologist.

(throwing it out)

I also was dating my boss he turned  
out to be involved with a co-worker  
who was also my friend and for the  
sake of comfort, theirs, I was  
shipped off to Maine.

(then)

I don't feel like going back yet.

There. She said it. He stares back.

**KELLY (CONT'D)**

I'm not making it up.

**JACK**

Well. You don't have to stay out  
here, why don't--

**KELLY**

I've come, I'm here, I'm staying.  
Unless there are ticks.

We then HEAR the SOUND OF A DESCENDING HELICOPTER. She looks up. Then:

**KELLY (CONT'D)**

Oh my God.

**JACK**

What?

**KELLY**

If this is who I think it is.  
(as it gets closer)  
It is.

**JACK**

Who?

**KELLY**

Hector Cyr. He's a rich kook  
mythology professor. He's done  
some work with our museum. He also  
treks the world to swim with  
crocodiles.

**KEOUGH**

(arriving)  
With what?

**KELLY**

Crocodiles. He's an expert on  
them. And if he's here... then he  
must think that's what's in this  
lake.

**JACK**

In Maine?

**KELLY**

There have been Northern sightings.  
But not this North.

As HECTOR CYR, this giant ball of life, deboards his chopper--

**HECTOR**

(spotting Kelly;  
disappointed)  
You beat me. Balls.  
(then)  
I need some of you to help me  
unpack.  
(to Burke and Stevens)  
You and you.  
(to Keough)  
Not you.  
(to Kelly)  
Who do we have from Fish And Game?

**KEOUGH**  
(to Kelly)  
Who is this man?

**JACK**  
Me.

**HECTOR**  
(rapid fire)  
I could see the algae blooms just  
coming in, how long has this lake  
been stagnant?  
(extending his hand to  
Keough)  
Hi, Hector Cyr. The Earth is round  
and so should you be.

**KEOUGH**  
(to Kelly)  
--Who is he?

**HECTOR**  
I'll need any and all topographic  
studies.

**KEOUGH**  
Wait just a second. You don't just  
fly in here and start barking  
orders.

**HECTOR**  
I apologize, I just don't want to  
lose the light, we've got time for  
a quick scout,  
(to Kelly)  
you've had work done.

**KELLY** (flaring)                      **KEOUGH** (frustrated)  
I have not.                      Who is this man?

**HECTOR**  
Hector Cyr, I said it once, let me  
know when it sinks in,  
(to Kelly)  
have you seen it?

**KELLY**                                      **KEOUGH (CONT'D)**  
No.                                      Mister...

**KELLY (CONT'D)**  
It couldn't be a crocodile.

**HECTOR**  
They've been migrating north,  
Kelly, this lake connects to the  
ocean,--

**KEOUGH**  
(frustrated)

Mr. Cyr!

**HECTOR**

C'mon, we're losing light,  
(to Kelly)  
why does the big one heckle me?

Kelly yanks him aside.

**KELLY**

(sotto)  
Hector. The big one has no sense  
of humor. And since he's the one  
who decides whether you get to  
play, try not to be your obnoxious  
self.

**HECTOR**

That hurt my feelings.

And it did a little. Hector is a big Teddy Bear.

**JACK**

(arriving)  
If we're gonna go we better go.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. LAKE - SUNSET**

Keough and Kelly are in one canoe, Hector and Jack are alongside  
in another. Hector is operating one of his sophisticated sonar  
devices. The calm. The still. The beauty.

**HECTOR**

If he's here, I'll find him.  
(to Jack, re Kelly)  
Did she tell you we had sex  
together?

**KELLY**

I never had sex with you!

**HECTOR**

Even so, you're allowed to boast.  
You look thin by the way, I've  
mentally undressed you, I can see  
your ribcage.

**KEOUGH**

I really don't mean to be  
discourteous.  
(patronizing)  
But how is it a person could come  
to believe that a crocodile is in  
New England?

**HECTOR**

They have saltwater glands, they can swim across oceans, it's only a matter of time.

**KEOUGH**

And what would he do come winter?

**HECTOR**

They can survive winter. As long as their nostrils don't freeze, they survive,  
(to Kelly)  
am I foolish to explain things, he had such trouble with my name?

**KELLY**

(scolding)

Hector.

**KEOUGH**

Hey.

**HECTOR**

(to Keough)

Is this where it happened?

**KEOUGH**

Around here. Yeah.

**HECTOR**

(knows his crocodiles)

If he's eaten in the area, he shouldn't be far away. Crocs hang around the food source.

**KELLY**

But they're nighttime hunters, Hector, he'd probably be on land now anyway.

**HECTOR**

'Cept he wasn't before, was he?

(then to Keough)

You know, when friends or family members say things, they tend not to register so sometimes it helps to hear it from a total stranger. You're fat.

**KELLY**

Hector.

Suddenly there are ripples, fish breaking surface about thirty feet away.

**JACK**

What's that?



**KEOUGH**

White perch.

**JACK**

Are they feeding?

**KEOUGH**

Doesn't look like it.

**JACK**

They look like they're jumping.

**KELLY**

They look scared.

Upon which something grabs the front of Kelly's canoe and with one crisp yank, flips it over like a spoon on a dinner table, sending them all flying.

In an instant, Keough and Kelly are swimming for their lives. Screaming/yelling, they scramble for the canoe, climb onto it's flipped-over back. Breathless, they all exchange confused looks. "What the hell happened"?

**KELLY (CONT'D)**

My hair.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. CAMPSITE - SUNDOWN**

Kelly, still in wet clothes, is talking on her portable phone. Keough is there as Hector approaches. Jack is approaching as well. Activity bustles in the b.g.

**KELLY**

(into her phone)

None of us actually saw anything.

(then)

I realize this Sir, but something flipped us over, I doubt very much it was a mink.

**HECTOR**

What's going on?

**KEOUGH**

They don't believe her.

**KELLY**

(still into phone)

Thank you, it's so rewarding to imagine my tax dollar finding its way to you, you Fucker.

(she clicks off)

**HECTOR**

Such the flirt.

**KELLY**

U.S. Wildlife won't send anybody  
without a confirmation.

**JACK**

Same thing from Fish And Game.

**KELLY**

Something's in that water.

**JACK**

Well until we see it, we're not  
gonna be convincing too many  
people.

As DEPUTY SHARON GARE approaches--

**GARE (O.S.)**

(calling)  
Sheriff.

Keough looks over.

**GARE**

(pointing to the ground)  
You might want to see this.

They all walk over.

**ANGLE THE GROUND**

There's hundreds, maybe a thousand worms squirming,  
surrounding... a human toe.

**KELLY (O.S.)**

Oh God, worms. I got a thing about  
worms.

**RESUME**

**GARE**

It's a human toe.

Hector studies it, picks it up. Then--

**HECTOR**

Some decomposition, little acidic,  
it has been swallowed.

(to Keough; holding the  
toe)

Is this the man who was killed?

Keough deadpans back. Then--

**KEOUGH**

We'd only just met.

**HECTOR**

Well, you've got a croc alright,  
they're keystone species.

**KEOUGH**

Keystone what?

**HECTOR**

Species, keystones affect the  
entire ecosystem, that could  
explain all these worms, the water.  
You've got a crocodile.  
(proffering the toe)  
Bury your friend.

Hector gives the toe to Keough, then heads off. Keough stands  
there, holding the tow, as we:

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**EXT. BEACH - NIGHT**

Kelly is testing a MACHINE that sends out little SQUEAKY SOUNDS,  
as Jack approaches. He stops. Takes a second to... well,  
admire her. She's an attractive woman. He then approaches.

**JACK**

Baby crocs?

**KELLY**

Adult males will charge hatchlings.  
If there's one out there...

**JACK**

If one could be out there... why  
does Fish And Game tell me it's  
impossible?

**KELLY**

Because they just consult their  
little indigenous charts.

A beat, as she tends to her work.

**JACK**

Listen... if you really do know  
crocs, you should know how stealth  
like they are. I wouldn't be  
standing a foot from the water.

She looks.

**JACK (CONT'D)**

He could be right there and you  
wouldn't see him.

**KELLY**

(still looking at the  
water)

I'd be able to see something.

Upon which, Jack tosses a rock over her shoulder. As it makes  
a splash, she screams and practically jumps into his arms.  
Then:

**KELLY (CONT'D)**

(realizing)

Oh that's funny. That was real  
funny.

And she heads off. OFF Jack, we:

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. HECTOR'S TENT - NIGHT**

Two deputies are digging deep pits about thirty feet in front of  
his tent. From within we HEAR MUSIC, the SOUNDS of a PARTY.  
Keough approaches... looks at Deputy Burke, who's digging.

**BURKE**

(shrugs)

He paid us. Five hundred.

Keough continues on toward the tent.

**INT. HECTOR'S TENT - CONTINUOUS**

His tent is on the palatial side. Stereo, generator, he's got a  
margarita bar going. There's a party. Hector's dancing with  
Deputy Gare, others are enjoying the drinks and MUSIC.

**HECTOR**

You're a beautiful woman.

**GARE**

Thank you.

**HECTOR**

And law enforcement, such dangerous  
work. The idea that you could die  
suddenly with no offspring,  
disconcerting, let's mate, commit  
your genes to perpetuity.

Upon which, Keough enters, doesn't like what he sees.

**KEOUGH**

Hey.

He goes, turns OFF the MUSIC.

**KEOUGH**

We are here on official business.

**HECTOR**

Cocktail?

**KEOUGH**

No!!

(then)

What's with digging the holes?

**HECTOR**

They come on land and they're brazen. They're also attracted to noise, you can see I make a lot of it.

**KEOUGH**

Everybody out, back to your tents, now!

They start to leave.

**HECTOR**

(re Gare)

Could she stay, we've tentatively scheduled intercourse.

**KEOUGH**

No!! Out!

And they all go, including Gare, who shrugs to Keough "he's kind of funny".

**KEOUGH (CONT'D)**

(to Hector)

You listen to me. The only reason I'm letting you be part of this is 'cause you got the helicopter and the radar--

**HECTOR**

And you like me.

**KEOUGH**

I do not like you.

**HECTOR**

Deep down, gut check. I'm growing fond of you and it's liberating to say so.

Keough stares back.

**KEOUGH**

You're a whacko.

And Keough leaves, to:

**EXT. CAMPSIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

As Keough heads off--

**HECTOR (O.S.)**

That hurt my feelings.

**CUT TO:**

**A CAMPFIRE**

**REVEAL--**

**EXT. BEACH CAMPSITE - NIGHT**

Kelly stands, alone, skipping stones. After a beat, Jack approaches.

**JACK**

What are you doing?

**KELLY**

Skipping stones. Look how flat that water is, you can get ten skips on a good one.

A beat.

**JACK**

Listen, uh... Hank and I think it best if you stay on shore.

**KELLY**

I beg your pardon?

**JACK**

Whatever's out there did flip over a canoe--

**KELLY**

I am not staying on shore.

**JACK**

It's too dangerous for--

**KELLY**

I didn't fly up here to roast marshmallows--

**JACK**

You flew up here because your boss--

**KELLY**

I am going out on that boat and why are you picking on me, is this some kind of--

**KELLY (CONT'D)**

hazing, new fingernails  
in the woods?

**JACK**

I'm not picking--

**JACK (CONT'D)**

(overriding)

I'm beginning to see why you were shipped off.

And her face falls.

**KELLY**

(wounded; quietly)

That was an awful thing to say to me.

**JACK**

(feels bad now)

I'm sorry but you're...

A beat. He doesn't finish the sentence.

**KELLY**

(genuine)

I do know crocodiles and I won't get in your way.

(then)

I really do want to be a part of this.

Jack reads her, he can see that she does.

**JACK**

Okay.

(then)

We're up at six.

**KELLY**

Good.

**JACK**

(a beat)

'Night.

There's a little chemistry here, though both would probably deny it. He heads off toward his tent, she sits with her book. She gives one last look, watches him go. Then she goes back to her book.

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**EXT. LAKE - MUCH LATER**

The lake is still, the campfire is out, the tents are quiet. The quiet SOUNDS of NIGHT. CRICKETS. A LOON. An OWL. A courageous raccoon looks about, seeing what he can rummage. By the water... a black bear takes a drink.

**ANGLE KEOUGH'S TENT**

He emerges, compelled by a full bladder, wearing only his trousers, carrying a revolver. He walks into the nearby woods. He removes from his shorts his bladder's connection to the outside world. Proceeds to URINATE. Then... he hears something. The SOUND of RUSTLING LEAVES. He STOPS URINATING, we HEAR a HALF SECOND of MOVEMENT. Then quiet. Must be his imagination. He RESUMES his business.

More RUSTLING, it's not just the sound of dense urine against leaves, he stops... something's out there in the darkness. Quiet. He starts up for a second, STOPS QUICKLY, and we HEAR it for sure. Something's RUSTLING TOWARDS him. With his free hand, Keough pulls out his revolver. More RUSTLING... Keough points the gun. Something on the ground is coming toward him. He moves slowly, gun drawn, into the darkness. The RUSTLING is getting LOUDER. It's almost upon him. A beat. CLOSER. CLOSER. Then Keough peels away a bush revealing:

**HECTOR**

Looking into a gun barrel. He screams. Keough screams. Then--

**HECTOR**

Jesus Christ!!

**KEOUGH**

What the hell are you doing?!!

**HECTOR**

What are you doing?!

**KEOUGH**

You're crawling around like a--

**HECTOR**

I'm laying a spring trap!

**KEOUGH**

A spring trap!

**HECTOR**

I keep telling you, they can come on land, I don't wanna wake up in the middle of the night--



**KEOUGH**

I coulda shot you, you--

**HECTOR**

This could end up saving your life,--

**HECTOR (CONT'D)**

You'll be glad you didn't shoot me then, you'll be tongue massaging my hemorrhoids, just before running off to get your sister pregnant, who you probably already call mom.

**KEOUGH**

Hey look, I'm sure you finished first in your class but I think you need to be retired to the big rubber room, where you can play with soft stuffed reptiles.

And now all the others, awakened, are charging.

**KELLY**

(arriving)

Hey! What is going on?

**HECTOR**

This man takes a pistol to pee!

**KEOUGH**

He's crawling around--

**KEOUGH (CONT'D)**

(escalating)

This is an official investigation, and this cuckoo bird is a civilian. I don't care how much money he's got, he's a total mental.

And Hector storms off. A beat.

**KELLY**

You hurt his feelings. I think you should go apologize.

**KEOUGH**

Apologize?

**KELLY**

We're a team here. It won't kill you to get along.

**KEOUGH (CONT'D)**

He's a fruitcake!

**KELLY (CONT'D)**

Look. The thing about Hector... he takes this crocodile business very...

(how to say it)

he thinks they're Godly.

A beat.

**JACK**

He thinks they're what?

**KELLY**

In his defense, every primitive culture known to man deified them. He's a mythology professor, he thinks crocs are divine conduits.

**KEOUGH**

Is this 'spose to make me take him more serious?

**KELLY**

It's to make you understand him, with understanding comes tolerance. Too bad they don't put proverbs in Twinkies, my load would be lighter.

**KEOUGH**

(befuddled)

Why does everybody insult my intelligence, I have intelligence, intelligent people eat Twinkies.

**KELLY**

I'm sorry.

Keough shoots a look to Jack.

**JACK**

Let's just all get some sleep.

And Keough heads off, under--

**KEOUGH**

I'm an intelligent person.

Upon which, he disappears from Earth. He's stepped into one of Hector's pit traps. A beat.

**KEOUGH (O.S.)**

(calmly)

I shall kill him.

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**EXT. LAKE - SUNRISE**

The steam is lifting off the lake.

**EXT. LAKE - MORNING**

Keough, Kelly, Hector, and Deputy Burke are cruising in the whaler. Hector and Jack are both in full diving gear. Jack also has a stick gun for protection. Hector does not.

**KEOUGH**

Again, I don't mean to be annoying with my questions. But if it is a crocodile which I don't think it is. And if they do charge these baby hatchling sounds...

(to Jack)

why exactly would you want to be underwater at the time?

(to Hector)

With you it makes sense.

**HECTOR**

They don't really attack underwater and--

**KEOUGH**

That "Walt" guy got hit underwater--

**HECTOR**

No crocodile has ever--

**KELLY**

(to Hector)

You should take a flax pole.

**HECTOR**

And what if I tranq him Kelly? He drowns. You think about that?

**KELLY**

I'm just saying last resort.

**KEOUGH**

Again. Not to be disruptive. Do we have a problem with it dying?

**HECTOR**

Crocodiles don't sever with their teeth, their molars are blunt.

As if that's suppose to clear it up. Keough stares back blankly. Then:

**KEOUGH**

Is this a trick?

**HECTOR**

What I'm saying is if it's a crocodile that cut a man in half he would have to be over twenty feet which would make him well over a hundred years old, it would be unthinkable to destroy him.

**JACK**

(to Burke)

Alright, let's just drop here.

Burke lowers the anchor, as Keough just continues to stare at Hector. Kelly readies the hatchling recorder. She lowers it into the water.

**KELLY**

They respond pretty quick. I'll wait till you get down before I turn it on.

**JACK**

Good.  
(climbing over)  
See ya soon.

**KELLY**

Good luck.

There was a twinge of real concern in her voice. He makes eye contact with her. Then drops over. Goes under.

**HECTOR**

(to Kelly)  
Two years married, divorced, used to be a lawyer, quit, I'm still waiting on his sperm count.

**KELLY**

What?  
(off Hector's look)  
Oh as if I'm interested.

**HECTOR**

As if.  
(as he's about to go overboard; to Keough)  
Will you miss me?

**KEOUGH**

(to Hector)  
I brought a pork chop, maybe we could hang it around your neck for luck.

**HECTOR**

No thank you, but maybe later you can chew the bark off my big fat log.

And Hector drops overboard.

**KEOUGH**

(to Kelly)  
Was that like a homo-sexual remark?

**KELLY**

(strict)  
I asked you to be nice to him.

Keough rolls his eyes.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. UNDERWATER - ANGLE ON JACK - DAY**

Jack, diving. We HEAR the HIGH PITCH of CROCODILE HATCHLINGS. Visibility is again pretty limited.

**EXT. LAKE - ANGLE ON HECTOR - UNDERWATER - DAY**

Hector dives through the dark black water. Visibility is lousy.

**EXT. UNDERWATER - THIRTY MINUTES LATER**

Jack dives, searched. Looks ahead, sees something... He moves closer... it's the carcass of the moose, no head.

**EXT. LAKE - AN HOUR LATER**

Kelly and Keough onboard.

**KELLY**

He may be a kook but he's also been all over the world with them. He even swam in the Grimetti with killer Niles all around him, he never got nipped.

**KEOUGH**

And that's why he thinks they're Godly?

**KELLY**

He said he knew it when he looked into their eyes.

**KEOUGH**

(simple)  
You like Jack?

**KELLY**

(thrown)  
What? I don't even know the guy.

**KEOUGH**

Hector thinks you like him.

**KELLY**

Well Hector's a giant cracker.

**KEOUGH**

You think Jack's handsome?

**KELLY**

What is this?

**KEOUGH**

I'm just curious. I can never tell what women think is handsome. Is he handsome?

**KELLY**

Well. He's probably rugged handsome I guess. Yeah.

A beat.

**KEOUGH**

Am I?

**EXT. UNDERWATER - DAY**

Jack and Hector, diving together.

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**EXT. LAKE - TWO HOURS LATER**

The boats sit still on the dead calm water. Kelly works the RADAR, Keough covertly eats a Twinkie.

**KELLY**

It shouldn't be taking so long.

They both scan the surface. Dead calm.

**EXT. UNDERWATER - CONTINUOUS**

Hector moves about. We can hear the HATCHLING RECORDER, but he's not seeing anything.

**EXT. UNDERWATER - (ANOTHER AREA) - CONTINUOUS**

Jack looks about. He looks up. Doesn't see much but he gets an eerie feeling. Something's out there.

**EXT. LAKE - CONTINUOUS**

Keough, Kelly, and Burke, standing idly, scanning the calm surface.

**KEOUGH**

(into headset)

Hector, Jack, we show you with about twelve minutes of oxygen left, and you're on the last tank. Time to go home.

**KELLY**

That was a bust.

A beat. Another beat. Then... something jerks the boat a little.

**KELLY (CONT'D)**

What was that?

**KEOUGH**

I don't know. It was like a tug. Something tugged us.

Upon which something really yanks the boat. So hard... Kelly flips over the back, into the water.

**KEOUGH (CONT'D)**

Hey!

The boat is moving, being dragged quickly.

**BURKE**

Something's got the anchor line!

**KEOUGH**

Kelly!!

But Kelly's alone in the water, the boat being pulled away.

**RESUME**

**KEOUGH**

(into headset)

Jack!! Hector! We're being dragged!!

(as he starts the motor; to Burke)

Cut the line! Cut the fucking line!

Burke goes to work on the anchor line as we ANGLE Kelly, treading water, in the middle of nowhere. She's completely vulnerable.

**EXT. UNDERWATER - CONTINUOUS**

Hector, swimming for the surface.

**EXT. LAKE - CONTINUOUS**

Kelly, treading water. FIND Keough on the boat, he now has the engine running, fighting against the drag but whatever has that boat has a fucking strong hold.

**KEOUGH**

Cut the Goddamn rope!

**BURKE**

(working away)

I'm trying!

And finally, as he severs the rope the boat almost goes airborne with a jump, Burke nearly sails out. Keough's boat then races to Kelly.

**ANGLE KELLY**

**KELLY**

Hurry up!!

Suddenly about thirty feet away... we SEE fish breaking water.

**KELLY (CONT'D)**

Shit!! Hank!!

The boat is zooming toward her. It arrives. As Keough and Burke go to pull her aboard, we see a dark shadow rising.

**BURKE**

(screaming)

Look out!!

And Jack explodes out of the water, it was his shadow. Keough and Burke pull them both aboard.

**KEOUGH**

(back to Kelly)

Are you alright?

**KELLY**

I think. My hair.

(then)

Where's Hector?!

(to Jack)

Where is he?

**JACK**

We went in different directions.

That water is thick, you can't see through it!

**EXT. UNDERWATER - CONTINUOUS**

Hector is swimming toward the surface. Suddenly... a shadow



looms over him. He looks up.

**HIS P.O.V.**

There is no boat. We can't see it, just a big shadowy mass.

**RESUME HECTOR**

He's scared.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. LAKE - CONTINUOUS**

**KEOUGH**

(into headset)

Hector! Hector, we got dragged off position, when you surface, you gotta yell.

**EXT. UNDERWATER - CONTINUOUS**

Hector is still charging toward the surface. The lack of visibility is frightening, something could be six feet away and he wouldn't know it.

**EXT. LAKE - CONTINUOUS**

**KELLY**

(pointing)

There's bubbles over there! Look!

Keough quickly maneuvers the boat to where Kelly indicated, under--

**KELLY (CONT'D)**

There he is. Here he comes!

And Keough has the boat to him as Hector breaks surface.

And they quickly pull Hector on board, all attention is on Hector as they lean over to rescue him. On the far right... two eyes... moving closer to the oblivious rescuers.

Slowly moving in, everybody is so preoccupied with Hector, Deputy Burke, at the end of the boat, is leaning way over to see Hector. If only he knew what he's not seeing. The eyes come closer. They're now in the water right below Burke's head. How can he not see it? A beat. Another beat. Then... suddenly, a mouth, a dragon, teeth, something, flashes from the water-- snap. And Deputy Burke's head is simply gone as his limp body hangs over the boat. Kelly screams in horror.

In a microsecond, Burke's head and life are both gone. OFF

their stunned faces, as Kelly continues to scream we:

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. CAMPSITE - SUNSET**

Burke's body is being loaded into an ambulance. People move in silence, the wake of tragedy. A few State Troopers are on the scene.

**KEOUGH**

(giving a statement)  
Nobody actually saw it. It  
happened sudden.

PAN TO FIND Kelly, staring almost blankly, as Jack, finishing a phone call, approaches. He measures her expression, she's still in shock.

**JACK**

You okay?  
(nothing)  
Kelly?

**KELLY**

Yeah.  
(then)  
Nobody saw anything?

**JACK**

No.  
(then)  
U.S. Wildlife is on their way.

**KELLY**

That's probably good.

**JACK**

Police want to keep it quiet, if  
the press gets word... lake  
monster. They just want us to sit  
tight.

**ANGLE KELLY**

She is visibly undone, she appears almost to be fighting off shock. Jack puts his hands on her shoulder to steady her.

**JACK**

Are you okay?

**KELLY**

Um... y'know...  
(swallows)  
Yeah.

Jack can see she's willing herself to be stoic.

**JACK**

A man died. You don't have to be  
so tough.

She nods, appreciatively. Part of her would love to collapse into him but a bigger part demands that she remain stoic.

**KELLY**

I'm fine. I uh... I'm fine.

PAN TO FIND Keough, walking. Still visibly shaken. He unwittingly approaches Hector. They hold a look.

**HECTOR**

(genuine)  
I'm sorry.

A beat.

**HECTOR (CONT'D)**

Was he a good man?

**KEOUGH**

Yup.

**HECTOR**

Whenever somebody dies I consider  
it such a waste that I didn't know  
him better.

A beat. Then--

**KEOUGH**

(fighting off disbelief;  
shock maybe)  
His head was just... bitten off.

**HECTOR**

(sadly)  
I used to have this recurring  
nightmare that I was headless.

Keough turns to stare at him with incredulity.

**HECTOR (CONT'D)**

(quietly rattling it off)  
I'd be on the ground looking up at  
my body, no head, walking around  
bumping into everything. And my  
parents wouldn't let me in the  
house 'cause they'd just bought all  
these new antique lamps and they  
were afraid I'd knock them over,  
made sense, and meanwhile, the  
neighborhood bullies would see my

round little head on the ground looking like a ball, and they'd come rushing over to start up a game of soccer. I'd actually feel grateful just for being allowed into the contest, that's esteem for you, what are your thoughts?

Keough has had enough of this guy.

**KEOUGH**

(a powder keg)

You know, Hector, I'm sure you're a fine person in your own mental way. But I think it would be best if you and I didn't speak.

And Keough heads off. He takes about four steps... then SNAP. Up goes his upside-down body like a rocket. He's stepped in Hector's spring-bow trap. A beat. He swings upside-down like a pendulum. Another beat.

**HECTOR**

This is a setback.

**KEOUGH**

You don't want to cut me down.  
'Cause I'll kill you.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. BEACH - NIGHT**

Kelly and Jack.

**KELLY**

Hard to believe there could be a monster under such peacefulness.

**JACK**

I thought I might track the shoreline tomorrow, look for prints.

She just stares out as if she didn't hear. And he fixes his own stare on her. Feeling it, she turns, catches him looking at her, he diverts the stare. She feigns a non-reaction. A beat.

**JACK (CONT'D)**

You know they say the brain confuses fear for passion.

**KELLY**

Excuse me?

**JACK**

When you get scared, the brain  
releases a chemical, same chemical  
it releases when somebody's...

(a beat)

in high school, the thing to do was  
to take the girl to a scary movie.

**KELLY**

What are you talking about?

**JACK**

I'm saying between the moonlight,  
a beautiful lake and a monster that  
bites heads off... you look good.

**KELLY**

Gee, that was so poetic, Jack. I'm  
all moist.

**JACK**

Forgive me for trying to be nice.

**KELLY**

Nice? Nice would be "you look  
pretty," nice is not some man-  
eating monster has tricked my brain  
into making you look good.

**JACK**

I didn't say it like that.

**KELLY**

You did, you--

**JACK**

I was trying to pay you a  
compliment, I was guising it as  
science 'cause I know you're  
comfortable in that arena.  
Science.

**KELLY**

A man just died, you're hitting on  
me with science.

**JACK**

Just forget it.

**HECTOR**

(arriving)

Beg pardon? Sorry to intrude but  
Hank seems to have gotten himself  
stuck in a tree.

**EXT. CAMPSITE - SECONDS LATER**

Hank hangs still, upside down, from the tree, as Hector, Kelly, and Jack approach.

**HECTOR**

I probably could've accomplished  
freeing him myself but he had a  
look of mayhem on his upside down  
face.

They arrive. Hank says nothing, he hangs there perfectly still.

**KELLY**

Hank?

**KEOUGH**

(calmly)  
Yes.

The three exchange looks.

**KELLY**

Are you okay?

**KEOUGH**

(calmly; almost sweet)  
Other than feeling slightly  
embarrassed, I'm perfectly fine.  
(then)  
Could you cut me down?

**HECTOR**

Promise you won't kill me, first.

**KEOUGH**

(calmly)  
I have no interest in ever looking  
at you, Hector.  
(again)  
Could you please cut me down?

Jack gives Kelly a knife.

**JACK**

You cut, we'll hold him.

Hector and Jack grab hold, Kelly cuts, they lower him to the ground. He rises.

**KEOUGH**

(calm)  
Thank you.  
(then)  
I lied.

And he charges after Hector, who runs toward the beach. Keough chases, Jack and Kelly pursue, trying to stop him. And suddenly, exploding out of the woods, a ferocious charging

GROWL. An attack. Screams all over, a half-second of confusion before we SEE it's a large BLACK BEAR jumping out of the darkness, right at Hector. Hector dives out of its path. Screams, panic, shouting, as the bear rears up on his hind legs. Seemingly about to lunge when... exploding out of the water the giant jaws of a crocodile.

In a flash instant, the beast engulfs the bear, twisting it, slamming it on the ground and then pulling it into the water.

The bear fights back ferociously for a second but there can only be one outcome here. In a matter of seconds, both bear and crocodile have vanished. And the water is calm again.

#### **ANGLE THE FACES**

Utter catatonia. Shock. Whatever they expected to find in this expedition, they weren't remote prepared for that. There are no words here. Shock is pre-empting every other human sensory. What they just saw... a crocodile head measuring five feet rise up out of the water and gobbled a fucking bear. A beat. Then--

#### **KEOUGH**

(admitting)

Okay. It's a crocodile. I'll admit it.

A beat as they gulp air.

#### **KELLY**

(to Jack)

You're cut.

There is a little blood over Jack's right eye. He dabs it.

#### **KELLY (CONT'D)**

(to Hector)

He was an Indo-pacific.

#### **HECTOR**

(daunted)

Are you sure?

#### **KELLY**

Scales were oval. It was an Asian crocodile.

#### **KEOUGH**

Asia? How... how could he get here?

#### **HECTOR**

Obviously some asshole in Hong Kong flushed him down a toilet.

#### **KELLY**

He had to be thirty feet long.

Another beat.

**JACK**

(charged)

Hank. The little cannon you brought, get it. Guard the shoreline. Otherwise, we're done. We made the I.D., our job is finished.

**KEOUGH**

Alright, Ms. Paleontologist. I wanna know why that monster is here. You got a theory?

**KELLY**

Why he's that big, I don't know. Why he's here... the wetlands are being developed, crocodiles are moving. Australia, Fiji, the things have started to cross oceans.

**JACK**

But why Maine and why alone? Crocs are social, why's this guy on the move by himself?

**HECTOR**

Maybe he doesn't play well with others.

**KEOUGH**

Is everything a big fucking joke to you?

**HECTOR**

(re his groin)

Bite my bishop.

And Keough starts for him, but Jack intercedes.

**KEOUGH**

I'm sick of him!

**JACK**

(interceding)  
C'mon.

**HECTOR**

Let him go! I'm sick of you too, let him go.

(then)

Thing about being rich, Sheriff, my parents had the added luxury of being able to ditch me off at Karate school, I'm a brown belt. So go ahead. Take your best shot.

Keough throws a haymaker, decking Hector. Lays him out.



**KELLY**

Hank!

**KEOUGH**

(who knew?)

He said he knew Karate!

**HECTOR**

(shaken)

At school they'd always say "go"  
first.

**JACK**

(to Keough)

Get your big gun and guard the  
shore. Hector. Go to your tent.

**HECTOR**

(muttering as he goes)

He never said "go".

**JACK**

(to Keough)

Get the gun.

**KEOUGH**

(muttering as he goes)

If I fall into a hole or get  
hoisted into a tree...

And he's gone.

**JACK**

(re Keough and Hector)

Like little children.

(then)

You okay?

**KELLY**

Yeah. I got some stuff for your  
cut.

**JACK**

I couldn't believe... did you see  
the size of that thing's mouth?

**KELLY**

I wonder if he's some kind of  
mutant.

(then)

That bear had to be surprised.

**JACK**

(taking her arm; ushering)

Let's get away from the shore.

She looks at his hand on her arm, which suddenly makes him self-conscious.

**JACK (CONT'D)**

Sorry.

**KELLY**

It's okay.

They hold a look.

**EXT. LAKE (WESTSIDE) - NIGHT**

We are at a small clearing on the other side of the lake. A four-wheel-drive of some sort is bumping down a fairly unpassable dirt road into the clearing.

**TOM (O.S.)**

Told you I could make it.

As the jeep comes more INTO VIEW, we REVEAL its occupants to be six teenagers, including Janine, and TOM, STEVE, DANNY, CAROL, ELLEN. They've been drinking but they're not sloppy drunk. As they climb out, Tom points to a swing rope which extends from the branch of a tree that overhangs the water.

**TOM**

There it is.

**STEVE**

(stripping)

Last one in's a dead man.

Could be more like first one in. The teenagers begin to strip off their clothes. As they giggle and laugh we:

**CUT TO:**

**INT. KELLY'S TENT - NIGHT**

Kelly is butterflying Jack's wound, necessarily working very close to him.

**JACK**

Ow. Shit.

**KELLY**

Just gotta pull it a little tighter.

**JACK**

Who taught you be be a nurse?

**KELLY**

Father's a surgeon. I can even

stitch in a pinch, wouldn't be a bad idea here.

**JACK**

No thanks.

**KELLY**

Keep it dry. No swimming.

**JACK**

(dry)

Thank you.

They hold a look. Then --

**JACK (CONT'D)**

You're having the best time of your life, aren't you?

**KELLY**

(caught)

What? Why... people have been killed, I hardly think I'm having a good time, why would...

(off his look; copping)

Does it show?

Jack nods slightly.

**KELLY (CONT'D)**

This is the first time I've actually... y'know been in the middle of anything. I've never really even gotten dirty before, with me showers have always been preventative.

Their eyes are locked now, making her self-conscious and nervous.

**JACK**

That's why you're here. To get in the middle of something?

**KELLY**

Maybe. I've always read about what's happened. I've never... I know it sounds silly but, it's nice to be someplace while something is actually... y'know... happening.

Something is happening right now. A beat.

**KELLY (CONT'D)**

We should probably go to bed.

(quickly)

Get rest, get some rest. Go to our

separate beds, get some rest.

The Freudian slip of her life. They hold another look. Then he starts to exit. He stops at the door, turns back.

**JACK**

Thanks for the... bandaid.

**KELLY**

(please don't go)

Night.

He holds another look, then leaves. OFF her punishing herself for both the slip of the tongue and for cutting the moment short.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. LAKE (WESTSIDE) - NIGHT**

The teenagers are now skinny-dipping, having a grand ol' flirtatious time. As they splash and frolic and cop their feels, we ANGLE... about fifty yards away. Two eyes pop above the surface... followed by the snout. GO TO:

**THE CROC'S P.O.V.**

Six fresh delicious teenagers. Midnight buffet.

**RESUME**

the croc as he slowly starts to move. The teenagers start to take turns, swinging on a rope from a branch which overhangs the shoreline. As they laugh and yell, Danny swings on a long rope... landing with a splash. About ten feet from the croc, waiting stealth-like, his eyes barely above surface. He could easily go for Danny... but he somehow knows the service will get better. As Danny swims back to shore, Janine takes hold of the rope.

**JANINE**

Here I come. Ready or not.

And she swings away... a better swing than Danny's... and she splashes down about five feet from the eyes. Again, the eyes don't move. The teenagers cheer Janine's record-setting swing as Tom takes hold of the rope.

**STEVE**

All or nothing, Tom.

**TOM**

From the jaws of defeat...

And he flies away. It's a leap to die for. As he splashes down... gulp. Like a seal grabbing a fish... and Tommy has

vanished. The kids, cheering at the leap, stop cheering when Tommy fails to resurface. A beat. They first think he's playing a joke.

**STEVE**

Ha ha.

Another beat. Still no sign of Tommy.

**JANINE**

(still in the water)

Tommy?

(then)

This isn't funny, Tommy.

And now they're concerned. They all move down toward the shore.

**STEVE**

Tommy?

**DANNY**

C'mon, Tommy.

And now they're starting to panic.

**JANINE**

Where is he?

**DANNY**

(yelling)

This isn't funny!!

Suddenly-- thrusting up out of the water. The crocodile, Tommy in its jaws. Bloodcurdling screams from all as we:

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. CAMPSITE - NIGHT**

Hector and Keough both hear the screams of the teenagers.

**HECTOR**

What's that?

**KEOUGH**

It came from across the lake.

**EXT. LAKE - NIGHT**

Keough, Jack, and Deputy Stevens are in the boat, zooming towards the teenagers.

**JACK**

(to Keough)

You said nobody came in here!

**KEOUGH**

Obviously I was wrong!

**CUT TO:**

**INT. HELICOPTER - NIGHT**

Hector and Kelly are flying toward the area, the search beams are on.

**CUT TO:**

**CLOSE ON JANINE**

**JANINE**

He just took him in his jaws.

**REVEAL**

**EXT. LAKE (WESTSIDE) - NIGHT**

The teenagers have some or most of their clothes back on. Hector's chopper is hovering over the area, its beams lighting the water. Lying on the beach, covered... is Tommy. Alive. And basically unhurt!

**KEOUGH**

He was in his mouth?!

**JANINE**

Yes.

**JACK**

(stunned; to Tommy)  
You're okay?

**TOMMY**

(in shock)  
I think; just cuts.

**DANNY**

The thing just came up out of the water and kind of spit him at us.

**JANINE**

You should have signs posted, for God's sake!

**JACK**

(examining him)  
You're really okay?

Tommy nods. Then--

**TOMMY**

I might need a Tetanus.

Keough and Jack exchange a look of disbelief.

**EXT. CAMPSITE - AN HOUR LATER**

Hector, Keough, Jack, and Kelly, looking tired, trek toward their tents.

**HECTOR**

Just spit him back out. Some shall live, some shall die, arbitrarily, sound like any higher power we know?

**KEOUGH**

(dismissive)

He didn't eat the kid cause he'd just swallowed a bear.

**HECTOR**

Sobek. Half man, half croc, oldest God--

**KEOUGH**

I'm tired, Hector. I know this because you're beginning to not bug me.

**HECTOR**

That sounds good but underneath it's hurtful.

(then)

Nightcap?

**KEOUGH**

Raincheck.

They're growing on each other. Jack and Kelly exchange a smile. Hector and Keough are developing an odd kinship almost. They continue on as Jack and Kelly stop at her tent.

**JACK**

Well. Goodnight.

**KELLY**

We seem to say goodnight a lot.

**JACK**

We could not say it and...

(suddenly a coward)

Well, that thing is ambulatory if you want somebody in your tent to...

She smiles. Then:

**KELLY**

Night.

He holds another look. She goes into her tent. He stands there. A beat. Waits to see if she calls him back. She doesn't. He then heads off. Her head pops out. Watches him go. Almost calls after him. Doesn't.

**EXT. BEACH - NIGHT**

We see the campsite, looking at it from the water. All is still. After a beat. An eye blink. We are not looking at the campsite. We are CLOSE ON an EYE, REFLECTING the campsite. Another blink. Still another. We HEAR a slight SNARL. Then:

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**EXT. LAKE - SUNRISE**

Hector and Deputy Gare, inside the chopper, lifting off, to begin an early morning search.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. SHORE - (DIFFERENT PART OF THE LAKE) - SUNRISE**

Kelly, Jack, Keough, and Stevens searching for tracks along the wooded shoreline, staying a good six feet from the actual shore. Their senses are very heightened. Keough has his cannon gun.

**JACK**

Get back from the shore. We know how fast he can leap out.

**KEOUGH**

We shouldn't even really be doing this.

**JACK**

They won't be here till at least noon. We got a few hours to kill.

**KEOUGH**

So does he.

**KELLY**

(obsessing)

I'm gonna get ticks. I know it. They're drawn to me. I got a thing about ticks.

**JACK**



(quickly)  
Ssssh!

**KELLY**  
What?

**JACK**  
I heard something.

He's staring at a brush thicket. After a beat, we HEAR a slight RUSTLE. The guns go up quickly. A beat. Nothing. Jack bends down, picks up a stone. Tosses it into the thicket. And out it charges. Kelly screams, they're all about to fire before they realize it's only a beaver. It scurries into the water.

**KELLY**  
(trying to gather herself)  
Shit, shit, shit, shit, shit.

**KEOUGH**  
(suddenly)  
Look.

**ANGLE A GIANT PAW PRINT**

embedded in the mud. It must be two feet in diameter.

**RESUME**

**JACK**  
(to Keough)  
Guard the water.

Kelly and Jack go quickly to examine the print.

**JACK (CONT'D)**  
That's pretty big.

**EXT. LAKE - CONTINUOUS**

The chopper is descending. Hector and Gare are inside.

**GARE**  
It seems like we're getting lower.

**HECTOR**  
It happens when I land.

**GARE**  
Why are we landing?

**HECTOR**  
'Cause this is the cove he obviously lives in.

**GARE**

(alarmed)  
So why are we landing?  
(then)  
Hector.

**EXT. SHORE - CONTINUOUS**

Kelly and Jack are still working on the footprint. Physical proximity, which they're both a little distracted by.

**KELLY**  
Thing we can lift it?

**JACK**  
Maybe. Don't mosh it.

**KELLY**  
(annoyed)  
I'm not moshing it.

**JACK**  
You're moshing it a little around  
the--

**KELLY**  
I'm not moshing it.

Suddenly another beaver scurries out from underfoot, scaring all of them, but particularly Kelly who jumps. Her foot lands on a long extended branch, and even more suddenly Burke's severed head seesaws out of the shallow water, hitting her in the shin. She screams as they all jump back.

**ANGLE THE HEAD**

**RESUME**

They just stare, as Kelly continues to scream.

**JACK**  
(holding her)  
Okay. Okay. Okay.

**KELLY**  
That is it!!

**JACK**  
Really--

**KELLY**  
No. I keep getting hit with heads!

**JACK**  
(holding her shoulders)  
Calm down.

**KELLY**

You calm down!

**JACK**

Calm down.

She takes a couple of calming breaths.

**KELLY**

I'm being very calm. I'm composed.  
This is the second time I've been  
hit with a severed head, I'm  
entitled to complain.

**STEVENS**

(re the head)

Is that uh...

**KEOUGH**

I can't recognize him from the  
back. It looks like him.

Keough takes a stick. Squeamish, he tentatively pokes the head,  
trying to turn it over.

**ANGLE THE HEAD**

It is Burke.

**RESUME**

Keough leans in for a closer look.

**KEOUGH**

That's him.  
(re something)  
What the...?

Something appears to be in his mouth. Keough takes a small  
twig, pries back a cheek... the mouth is full of worms.

**KEOUGH (CONT'D)**

Now I'm gonna puke.

**JACK**

(seeing something)  
You gotta be kidding.

**KELLY**

What?

**JACK**

(pointing)  
Look.

**THEIR P.O.V.**

About a hundred yards north, Mrs. Bickerman is leading a blindfolded cow to the water.

**RESUME**

Kelly raises her binoculars. So does Jack.

**KELLY**

What is she doing now?  
(then)  
Mother of God.

**KEOUGH**

What?

**KELLY**

Look ten feet into the water.

**THEIR P.O.V.**

There waiting... mouth fully open... is the fucking crocodile.

**RESUME**

Kelly, Jack, and Keough, as they lower their scopes. They look at each other, then back at the foregoing.

**EXT. BICKERMAN HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

Mrs. Bickerman, singing "Itsy Bitsy Spider" is happily leading the blinded cow to the shore. The cow, tentative, just allows itself to be led, not knowing what the plan is. As Mrs. Bickerman gets to the water, she looks out to the croc.

**BICKERMAN**

Come and get it.

And with that, she whips the hind of the cow causing it to jump forward. Almost simultaneously, the croc makes its charge and the cow is dead before it has a clue.

**CUT TO:**

**ANGLE JACK, KEOUGH, AND KELLY**

utterly agape. After a long beat:

**CUT TO:**

**INT. BICKERMAN HOUSE - DAY**

Keough, Kelly, and Jack are questioning a slightly hostile Mrs. Bickerman.

**BICKERMAN**

(indignant)

I haven't broken any laws.

**KEOUGH**

(bordering on  
condescension)

Oh, but you have, Ma'am. You lied to us, that could be obstruction of justice. A man's been killed in part 'cause of your silence, I could make out a charge of reckless endangerment and I'm sure PETA would be annoyed at how you treat your cows.

**BICKERMAN**

The reason I lied is if I'd told you the truth, you'd just hunt it down and kill it which seems to be exactly what you're doing.

**KELLY**

How long have you been feeding this thing?

**BICKERMAN**

About six years. He first appeared in May of nineteen-ninety-one. Bernie was out fishing and it followed him home. So we threw him some scraps and well... he didn't seem to bother anybody. He became kind of like a pet who lived in the wild.

**JACK**

He just appeared. You have no idea how he arrived in this lake?

**BICKERMAN**

No. Do you?

**KEOUGH**

Ma'am. Your husband, Bernie. You didn't, by any chance, lead him to the lake blindfolded?

**BICKERMAN**

(offended)

No, I did not.

(then)

The crocodile did kill him, though. But it was all... it was a mistake.

**KELLY**

A mistake.

**BICKERMAN**

One of our horses got loose two years ago, went to the lake to drink and... well the crocodile started coming in, Bernie went to intercede and... it was all a terrible misunderstanding.

(then)

If I reported it, they would've sent people to kill it.

Keough, Kelly and Jack can't quite believe what they're hearing. Then--

**KEOUGH**

Ma'am, how could you not report this? He puts human life at risk and--

**BICKERMAN**

Nobody lives on this lake. it's really his lake now.

**EXT. LAKE - CONTINUOUS**

The chopper, free-floating, is drifting near a small cove. Hector, in diving gear, is about to go into the water, as Gare tries to dissuade.

**GARE**

(getting panicked)

C'mon Hector. I know you're crazy but you can't--

**HECTOR**

I need to see his habitat.

As he drops in.

**GARE**

Please. I'll have sex with you, anything, but get out of the water.

**HECTOR**

He's not gonna hurt me.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. BICKERMAN HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

Kelly, Jack and Keough with Bickerman.

**BICKERMAN**

Murders and rapes in the cities.

People bomb planes... can the police stop them? No. But feed one little cow to a crocodile...

**KEOUGH**

You're to wait right here until the police show, you're under full house arrest.

**BICKERMAN**

Thank you, Officer Fuckmeat.

**GARE (O.S.)**

(through walkie-talkie)  
Hank! We got a problem with Hector.

**KEOUGH**

(into walkie-talkie)  
What problem?

**GARE (O.S.)**

(through walkie-talkie)  
He went swimming.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. LAKE - UNDERWATER - CONTINUOUS**

Hector is underwater, exploring.

**ANGLE GARE ON THE CHOPPER**

Her radar is up, she heard something. But she doesn't see anything. She scans the surface closely.

**EXT. LAKE - UNDERWATER - CONTINUOUS**

The water is slightly more visible as Hector swims. Other than the odd school of fish, an otter, a snapping turtle... nothing extraordinary. Then, a flash shadow looms over him. He looks up, but sees nothing. Probably just the sun ducking under a cloud. It does make him sufficiently nervous, however, to head for the surface. He swims upward.

**EXT. LAKE (SURFACE) - CONTINUOUS**

Hector breaks the top. Lifts his mask, looks toward the chopper, which he sees about forty yards out. He continues to breaststroke on the surface. Suddenly... the croc's head rises up right behind Hector, who's oblivious. He continues to swim. The croc follows. Then... maybe divine intuition... Hector gets

a feeling he's being followed. He then turns to look the other way, upon which his face goes rigid.

**HIS P.O.V.**

About three feet from his nose... are two giant eyes staring at him.

**ANGLE HECTOR**

ashen.

**HECTOR**

(weakly)

Oh.... my.

The croc doesn't move. It just stares at him. Then end of his snout is almost touching Hector. Hector himself doesn't dare move, for fear of spooking the croc into action. We get the idea that looking into the eyes of this crocodile is not filling any spiritual voids. A beat.

**HECTOR (CONT'D)**

I suddenly feel a bit foolish.

(then)

You're different from the others.

The croc raises his head now to reveal the snout. And his deadly smile. Hector just tries to tread water with as little motion as possible. He deathly fears a quick movement will cause his life to be over. Perhaps this is what he came for. To be judged by this symbol of mythology.

He backswims ever so slightly. The croc pursues just as slowly, their eyes are locked. He could snap off Hector's head in an instant.

**HECTOR (CONT'D)**

(terrified; trying to  
convince himself)

Holy spirit of Sobek. Holy ghost.

(swallows)

Holy shit.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. SEA CHOPPER - CONTINUOUS**

Gare still scans the water's surface, looking for any sign of Hector. And her face freezes. Oh yes, there's the sign.

**HER P.O.V.**

Hector continues to backswim slowly to the plane and the croc slowly follows.



**GARE**

Hector!!

We can hear the quaking fear in Hector's voice. As he continues to slowly backswim.

**HECTOR**

(to Gare; forced calm)  
Just turn the ignition, it's fuel injected.

Gare turns the ignition, the ENGINE KICKS and DIES.

**GARE**

Come on.

She turns it again and the ENGINE TURNS OVER.

**ANGLE HECTOR**

The crocodile is still right with him as they inch closer and closer toward the chopper.

**HECTOR**

I know under the circumstances,  
biting off my head might seem  
viable. It would cheapen you.

But nothing's funny about this to Hector now. What he's staring into is death. His own. Gare raises her rifle.

**GARE**

I might get a shot.

**HECTOR**

(fear in his voice)  
No. If you don't kill him  
instantly, I'm dead and you'll only  
kill him instantly if you get his  
brain, which is about the size of  
a cherry. And even if you were on  
target, a bullet might not  
penetrate his hide.

**ANGLE GARE**

**GARE**

(re the croc)  
Jesus.  
(to Hector)  
About twelve more yards. Keep  
coming just like that.

**ANGLE HECTOR**

craning to see how far away he is and as soon as he breaks eye contact with the CROCODILE, it GROWLS. Hector quickly locks

eyes with him again.

**ANGLE GARE**

**GARE**

(weakly)

Oh my God.

**RESUME**

By now Hector is almost to the chopper, the croc is right there too. Hector's right hand then goes slowly for his belt though it's impossible to discern why. The crocodile seems poised to finish him. There's a slight GROWL.

And then suddenly, a small underwater POP, followed by an EXPLOSION out of the water. it's an inflatable life vest and as it pops out of the water, the croc lunges for it.

As the croc goes for the vest, Hector makes his dash for the chopper. In almost an instant, he's climbing on board as the croc pulls the vest into darkness underwater.

Hector's up on the chopper's ski.

**HECTOR**

Move over!!

The crocodile's head comes thrusting up, its massive jaws snapping shut, missing Hector by an inch, maybe two. Hector dives into the chopper, screaming.

**GARE**

Go!!

She REVS the CHOPPER. The croc comes up again, chomping down on one of the landing skis. Both Gare and Hector scream as the whole helicopter is jerked mightily.

**GARE (CONT'D)**

(screaming)

Go!!!

**HECTOR**

I'm trying!!!

The croc releases and the chopper rights itself and begins to thrust off, when the croc surfaces again, mouth open. Gare FIRES her REVOLVER. It might as well shoot BB's. The croc is undaunted but he does miss the ski and by now the chopper is up and running, finally safely out of the reptile's reach.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. CAMPSITE - TWENTY MINUTES LATER**

Jack is nearly manhandling Hector, pulling him by the elbow towards his tent. Kelly and Keough are there too.

**JACK**

(livid)

This time, I'm gonna kick your  
ass.

**HECTOR**

Bastard bit my chopper.

**JACK**

Hey!!

Jack simply grabs his arm and squeezes a pressure point. Hector yelps in pain.

**JACK (CONT'D)**

You wanna kill yourself, that it,  
you looking to commit some kind of  
divine suicide?

**KELLY**

Alright, Jack!

**JACK**

No!

(back to Hector)

You might think they're Godly, you  
might get some spiritual lift  
backstrokin' with dragons but you  
just put a deputy at risk and--

**HECTOR**

(flaring)

Let's not overlook he didn't eat  
me, maybe--

**JACK**

'Cause he just ate a cow, you  
stupid--

**KELLY**

Jack!

**HECTOR**

I'm a civilian! You don't have any  
authority--

**KEOUGH**

I can arrest you!!

**HECTOR**

Then do it!!

**KEOUGH**

You probably do want to be killed

by it, that was you trying to meet  
your maker.

**HECTOR**

So profound and fat.

Hector, feelings hurt, stomps off again. Kelly looks at Jack.  
Then Kelly follows Hector.

**INT. HECTOR'S TENT - A MINUTE LATER**

Hector enters, sits. A beat. Kelly enters, goes to sit next to  
him.

**KELLY**

(softly)

Did you want to be killed by it?

**HECTOR**

You think I'm that nuts?

**KELLY**

(softly)

Hector.

(then)

What you just did... there was at  
least some sort of a death wish  
going on.

**HECTOR**

Nothing's real.

**KELLY**

Excuse me?

**HECTOR**

Nothing's real.

(escalating)

I'm rich, people are automatically  
my friends, sycophants ooze out  
like oil slicks and and and--

He's sounding erratic.

**HECTOR (CONT'D)**

With crocodiles... everything's  
even.

**KELLY**

I'm no psychiatrist. But I would  
think there have to be better  
places to look for autonomy, than--

**HECTOR**

(pained)

I'm an empty man, Kelly, wealth has

robbed me of the dream in life, I  
sit here broken, a hollow sack--

**KELLY**

Oh, bullshit.

And Hector drops the act.

**HECTOR**

Didn't even sound good?

**KELLY**

No.

**HECTOR**

(worth a try)

Eh. Fuck it.

**KELLY**

Can I tell them you won't go back  
in the water?

**HECTOR**

Yes. You may. But maybe... I  
don't know...

He has trouble saying it.

**KELLY**

What?

**HECTOR**

Could we have intercourse?

She just whacks him. Then exits. OFF Hector, "worth a shot",  
we:

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. CAMPSITE - DAY**

Jack and Keough are there to meet Kelly.

**JACK**

Just heard from Wildlife and  
Florida Fish And Game. They should  
be here by four.

**KELLY**

Okay.

**JACK**

We might as well pack.

**KELLY**

Good idea.

**HECTOR (O.S.)**

They'll kill him.

They turn to see, Hector is standing there.

**HECTOR**

They're not going to be able to snag him in pitmans. Tranq him in water, he drowns.

**KELLY**

They could try to tranq him on land.

**HECTOR**

(knowing)

They won't. He's taken human life, the mission will be to put him down.

**KEOUGH**

Gee, that would really disappoint me.

**HECTOR**

Forget about him being God, he's thirty feet long, he is a miracle of nature, who somehow made his way to Maine. This is a grand beast. A grand dragon. An attempt should at least be made to capture him alive.

**JACK**

Well, you can try talking them into that, if--

**HECTOR**

I have enough flaxedil with me to put him out. And I think I know a way to--

**JACK**

Forget it.

**HECTOR**

Look. I know I'm crazy, but when they come, they will kill it. They have to, politically, he's too dangerous, if something were to go wrong... the odds are he will be destroyed,--

**KEOUGH**

Which is exactly what...

**HECTOR (CONT'D)**

Please, Hank, let me finish I'm having a sane moment, this

is a window.

**HECTOR (CONT'D)**

If he were neutralized when they got here... they might consider saving him.

**KELLY**

And how would we neutralize him?

**HECTOR**

We lure him on land and pump him with the drugs.

**JACK**

No way.

**HECTOR**

Jack. We've all seen it. He's probably a hundred and fifty years old, he's bigger than an elephant.

Hector's impassioned here, he's not fooling around.

**JACK**

So maybe Wildlife will try to save him, they're more equipped to--

**HECTOR**

We both know what they'll do.

Silence. Admission by silence. Then--

**JACK**

Even if we could tranq him-- how would we get him on land.

**KEOUGH**

Other than to eat us?

**HECTOR**

He follows anything that moves. You guys can be in the trucks with tranq guns. If he charges, drive off, plus Hank you've got your hand-held cannon. We could do this with no safety risk. If it works, we save a beast that should be saved.

A beat. They are sympathetic to the idea.

**JACK**

And again. How would you get him on land?

**HECTOR**

That's actually the easy part.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. BICKERMAN'S HOUSE - AN HOUR LATER**

We HEAR the CHOPPER.

**BICKERMAN**

(to Keough)

I'll sue you.

**KEOUGH**

Go ahead.

And up goes Hector's chopper. And... REVEAL connected to a long cable... a cow. An airborne cow, dangling from the chopper.

**BICKERMAN**

(to Jack)

You can't take a cow by eminent domain.

**JACK**

We won't let him get hurt, Ma'am.

**BICKERMAN**

You're all fuckers. Vicious little fuckers.

Jack turns to Kelly.

**JACK**

Are we crazy?

**KELLY**

Well...

**JACK**

We've got a cow hanging from a helicopter.

She shrugs.

**KEOUGH**

Let's get back to camp.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. CHOPPER - CONTINUOUS**

Hector pilots.

**HECTOR**

Not much drag. As long as I can keep him from swinging, we're okay.



**EXT. LAKE - CONTINUOUS**

Hector's chopper is flying the befuddled animal toward the cove.  
FIND Keough, Kelly, and Jack on the water cruising back to camp.  
Keough has his gun.

**EXT. CAMPSITE - TWENTY MINUTES LATER**

Two pickup trucks have been backed in for a shooting vantage.  
Kelly, Jack, Keough. Riflemen are ready with tranq guns.

**ANGLE JACK**

**JACK**

(into headset)

Keep enough tension to hold him up,  
Hector, we don't know if he can  
swim.

**HECTOR (O.S.)**

(through headset)

Right.

**JACK**

The more he thrashes, the better.

**HECTOR (O.S.)**

(through headset)

You ready on shore?

**JACK**

We're ready.

**RESUME**

The chopper lowers the cow. He starts to kick his legs in  
anticipation.

**JACK (O.S.)**

(through headset)

If he tires, lift him out.

And the cow goes into the water. He swims frantically a few  
meters. The chopper lifts him out briefly.

**JACK**

It can't work.

**KELLY**

He has been going after everything.

It could work.

(then)

But this is not a happy cow.

**JACK**

He looks like a giant tea bag.

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**EXT. LAKE - AN HOUR LATER**

The cow has been dipped more times than a stale donut now and he just hangs there like pasta. Jack, Keough, and Kelly are poised with tranq guns on the beach.

**JACK**

(looking through  
binoculars)

He doesn't seem to be swimming. Is  
he swimming?

**KELLY**

(looking through  
binoculars)

He's floating. Take it home.

**JACK**

(into headset)

Hector.

**HECTOR (O.S.)**

Hold on!

**INT. CHOPPER - CONTINUOUS**

**HECTOR**

I got something on the screen.

**JACK (O.S.)**

You do?

**ANGLE THE SCREEN**

There's a mass... moving toward the cow.

**HECTOR**

He's coming.

**EXT. BEACH - CONTINUOUS**

**JACK**

(into walkie-talkie; now  
adrenalized)

Where? Where?

**HECTOR (O.S.)**

(through walkie talkie)

Thirty meters or so. Moving slow,

but straight toward Elsie.

**JACK**

Can you confirm visually or just radar?

**HECTOR (O.S.)**

(through walkie talkie)  
Radar, he's underwater. But he's definitely coming.

**JACK**

Okay. Lead him in.  
(to the others; barking)  
Okay, everybody up on the trucks.  
We aim for the stomach or side...  
there's little chance the darts  
will pierce his hide. Everybody up  
on the trucks.

They move into position.

**INT. HECTOR'S CHOPPER - CONTINUOUS**

**HECTOR**

(charged)  
On our way. There, he's surfacing,  
there's the snout. You little  
sucker.

**EXT. LAKE - CONTINUOUS**

Sure enough... that giant snout breaks the surface. Ever so calmly... it moves toward the cow.

**EXT. BEACH - CONTINUOUS**

**KELLY**

(into walkie-talkie)  
If he gets close, you go up,  
Hector, don't you endanger that  
cow.

**KEOUGH**

She's worried about the cow now.

**HECTOR (O.S.)**

(through walkie-talkie)  
He's following. Here we come.

**ANGLE THE RADAR SCREEN**

Depicting the same.

**EXT. BEACH - CONTINUOUS**

**JACK**

(to Hector)

Nice and slow.

(to the others)

Let's get ready.

Hector's chopper, cow dangling, is slowly approaching the shore. Behind it... the snout and eyes of a giant croc. Back on the shore, Keough's men ready themselves for action. Tranq guns. rifles... the team is mobilized. We HEAR a DISTRESSED CRY from the COW.

**KELLY**

He's mooing.

**JACK**

You wouldn't?

**KEOUGH**

They're coming right in.

**KELLY**

Such a simple idea and it's working. What does that tell you?

**KEOUGH**

That it's about to go wrong.

**JACK**

(into walkie talkie)

Almost here, Hector. Don't forget to lift up the cow.

**HECTOR (O.S.)**

(sarcastic, through walkie talkie)

Thank you, Jack.

**JACK**

(to the team)

You shoot on my order. If he charges, I'll be yelling "go" which means drivers take off. And drive fast, they can move on land.

(to Keough)

You set?

**KEOUGH**

Don't worry about me.

Incredibly... the plan is working. A giant dragon is following a dangled suspended cow to the shoreline.

Hector dangles the cow closer, they're now nearing shore. The

big crocodile, eyes on the prize, is moving in for the flank steak. The time is now.

**INT. CHOPPER - CONTINUOUS**

**HECTOR**

We're in about four feet of water now.

**EXT. BEACH - CONTINUOUS**

**JACK**

Little closer. Three, two, one...

The crocodile then suddenly thrusts up after the cow, snapping at air. Hector pulls up with the chopper.

**JACK (CONT'D)**

Fire!!

Jack, Gare, and other officers pump the beast with tranq darts. But Hector has taken his chopper up too fast, causing the cow to swing like a pendulum. It rocks the chopper.

**INT. CHOPPER - CONTINUOUS**

**HECTOR**

Oh, shit.

The chopper is in trouble. The cow sways, the helicopter struggles to stay airborne.

**EXT. BEACH - ANGLE KELLY - CONTINUOUS**

**KELLY**

(screaming)  
Watch out!!

**JACK**

Keep firing!

The men continue to pump the beast with tranquilizing darts.

**INT. CHOPPER - CONTINUOUS**

Hector's having trouble righting his chopper.

**HECTOR**

Motherfucker.

**EXT. BEACH - CONTINUOUS**

Suddenly the croc goes up and grabs the dangling cow, snapping off the cable.

**JACK**

Shit!!

And down comes to the chopper, Hector cannot control it. It crashes into the lake.

**KELLY**

Hector!!

**JACK**

(to Keough)  
Take him.

**KEOUGH**

I can't. I'll get Hector!!

**JACK**

Where is he?!

**KELLY**

We gotta get to Hector!!

**JACK**

(to the driver)  
Back us in a little, we need to get  
a shot!

Hector pops his head out of the overturned chopper. He looks around.

**HECTOR**

Where is he?

**JACK**

(to the Deputies)  
Tranq guns down, rifles up!

The men switch guns, under--

**JACK (CONT'D)**

(yelling to Hector)  
Do not go in that water!  
(to the driver)  
Back us in!!

As the pick-up backs closer to the shore--

**JACK (CONT'D)**

(to Keough)  
If you get a safe shot...

**KEOUGH**

I'll take it!

**JACK**

Hector. Do not move.

The water is calm again. A beat.

**JACK (CONT'D)**

(to Gare)

You see anything?

**GARE**

(looking through binocs)

Nothing. Maybe he swam out.

Upon which the croc comes thrusting up out of the water charging the truck. Screams.

**JACK**

Go!! Drive!!

The pick-up spins dirt, lurches forward, throwing Keough off balance. The croc heads back for the water as Keough regains his balance.

**JACK (CONT'D)**

Take him!!

And Keough blasts. It detonates the ground near the croc causing him to surge airborne into the water. And he goes under. Silence. A beat.

**KELLY**

Did you get him?

**KEOUGH**

I don't know.

(to the Driver)

Back the truck--

**ALL**

No!!!

**JACK**

Hector, you see anything?

**ANGLE HECTOR**

on the pontoon of his chopper. He's looking about, studying the water.

**HECTOR**

No!

**KEOUGH**

(sarcastic)

I just have this feeling  
everything's totally safe.

**HECTOR**

(yelling)

I see blood. Maybe you got him,  
Hank.

And as Hector looks further. Behind him... up surfaces the crocodile in all his stealth. His head is two feet from Hector and nobody knows it. Least of all Hector.

**HECTOR (CONT'D)**

I can't see him, but this is  
definitely blood. Maybe you got  
him.

And as he turns back, he sees it. The croc comes up as Hector screams, jumps off. Screams. Keough leaps off the truck and charges into the shallow water with his gun, looking to give Hector some cover.

Hector then resurfaces swimming to his bobbing chopper. He climbs in.

**KEOUGH**

Where is he?!

**HECTOR**

I don't know!

No sooner said than the croc comes launching up. As he springs toward the open chopper cabin, Hector, leaps out on the other side. The croc's head comes crashing clear through the cabin and he becomes wedged. The crocodile is stuck, he protrudes right through the chopper. He's not completely immobilized but wherever he goes now, the helicopter is going with him.

**KEOUGH**

Hector!!

But now Jack has joined, rifle in hand. Hector surfaces again, swimming for shore. Jack runs to help him onto land.

**KEOUGH (CONT'D)**

(taking aim)

Alright. Game over.

But the croc looks feeble now. He lets out this MOAN of DEATH. And even Keough hesitates to pull the trigger.

**KEOUGH (CONT'D)**

(to Kelly)

Should I?

**KELLY**

Wait.

**RESUME**



The croc, unable to dive, is now thrashing toward the beach. But there's no rage in his behavior now. He seems desperate. He's taken some bullets, he's tired, he's wedged inside a two ton piece of metal and he's exhausted.

**KELLY**

I think the drugs are kicking in.

Breathing heavily, he lumbers into the shallow water, unable to free himself from the mangled wreckage. As unbelievable as that cow looked dangling from this very chopper, the sight is even more astonishing, if not preposterous, now. A thirty foot exhausted crocodile is wearing the broken helicopter. And he just cannot go on anymore.

Kelly, Hector, Jack, Keough, stare back. They approach with caution. They all stare at the tired crocodile.

**ANGLE THE CROC**

He's now looking back. Bleeding, gasping... beaten. In his eyes... we can see it. The beast is beaten.

**ANGLE THE PRINCIPLES**

There's no triumph. In their eyes... sadness.

**JACK**

I don't think we really want to wait for him to catch his breath.

It continues to breathe heavily.

**KELLY**

He's through fighting. Look at him.

**JACK**

I don't care. Hank. End it.

Keough raises his cannon.

**HECTOR**

No. Look. He's got nothing left.

**JACK**

Yeah and every time we think there's no more danger--

Upon which, a twenty footer, another croc, thrusts up out of the water, seizing Hector. Screams. It death rolls Hector, flings him out of his mouth and in seconds, he's coming up for more. Keough blasts his Avenger. A direct hit.

It takes the smaller croc's head right off sending it sailing into the air. It splashes down, the first head not to hit

Kelly.

They all then go for Hector, pulling him to shore. He's bleeding.

**HECTOR**

I'm okay.

**KELLY**

You're not okay, your leg's a mess.

**JACK**

Get him onto shore.

**KELLY**

He needs a tourniquet.

Keough quickly peels off his shirt. Gives it to Kelly, who goes to work.

**KELLY (CONT'D)**

You're gonna be okay.

**HECTOR**

Guess I finally got bit.

**KELLY**

Yeah, you got bit. I'm gonna fix it.

A sudden ROAR. Kelly screams as Jack and Keough wheel to see... the big croc. Maybe his final roar, he looks weak. GASPING in the crashed chopper. Jack and Keough approach.

**KEOUGH**

(quietly; re the big croc)  
He's done. He's dying.

**JACK**

Don't count on it.  
(then)  
We better take him out.

But something about this crocodile... his eyes looking back at them... nobody wants wants to take him out.

**ANGLE THE CROC**

looking back at them. He knows he's in their hands now. He knows.

**ANGLE THE HUMANS**

A beat.

**HECTOR**

(quiet)

Flax him under his tail. Two  
hundred cc's. Under the tail,  
that'll put him to sleep.

Upon which we HEAR the SOUND of TRUCKS. Florida Fish And Game,  
U.S. Wildlife, arriving on the scene.

**JACK**

Thank God.

OFFICER COLSON, Florida Fish And Game, emerges, approaches.  
Stares with utter disbelief.

**KELLY**

We need to get it some medical  
help.

(re Hector)

And him too.

By now the Florida army has moved in. They all stare with the  
same suspended disbelief.

**KEOUGH**

(explaining)

We trapped him with our chopper.

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**EXT. BEACH - AN HOUR LATER**

A crew, including vets, are working on the sedated croc, trying  
to free it from the wreckage. FIND the PARAMEDICS with Hector,  
on a stretcher. Jack, Kelly, and Keough are there.

**PARAMEDIC**

We're gonna airvac him to Portland.

**KELLY**

Okay.

(to Hector)

That's where they're taking the  
croc, Hector, they've got some big  
tank there.

**HECTOR**

He's gonna live?

**KELLY**

Yeah. Thanks to you.

**HECTOR**

And Hank.

(to Keough)

I know you weren't really trying to  
hit him.

**KEOUGH**

(gently)

I was aiming for you.

Hector smiles.

**HECTOR**

Thanks for the rescue.

Jack leans down.

**JACK**

You take care.

**HECTOR**

You talk to Bickerman?

**JACK**

She didn't tell us about the other  
croc 'cause she was afraid we'd  
blow it's head off.

**HECTOR**

Women's intuition. Are there  
anymore?

**JACK**

Just those two.

**PARAMEDIC**

We gotta take him.

**JACK**

Okay.

**PARAMEDIC**

We got room for one.

**JACK**

Well... I got stuff to pack up  
and...

He looks to Kelly, but before she can say "yes"--

**KEOUGH**

(grudging)

I'll go.

Hector smiles. The Paramedics board Hector. Keough turns to Jack.

**KEOUGH**

Thanks for your help.

**JACK**

You too.

Handshake. Respect. That's about as much affection as you get from Keough. He then extends his hand to Kelly.

**KELLY**

I'm sure this would offend you on principal but... could we keep in touch?

**KEOUGH**

I guess.

And she kisses him on the cheek. Keough fights off his blush, boards the chopper. As it then lifts up, Kelly turns to Jack.

**KELLY**

Well...

**JACK**

You wanna ride in my truck?

**GARE**

(arriving)

Your truck is jammed. Should we take some stuff out?

**KELLY**

No, no, I'll be a while anyway. I'm gonna say goodbye to the lake.

**JACK**

You sure? I don't mind...

**KELLY**

No, I actually want to stay for a little while.

They hold a look. Then--

**KELLY (CONT'D)**

I'll miss you most of all scarecrow.

And she kisses his cheek.

**JACK**

If I'm ever in New York...

**KELLY**

Yeah.

They hold another look.

**JACK**

Y'know, if we didn't live in separate worlds and...

(a beat)

**KELLY**

But we do.  
(then)  
Hey, we'll always have Maine.

He smiles.

**JACK**

It was... something meeting you.

**KELLY**

Likewise.

He kisses her hand. Holds a look. Heads off.

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**EXT. BEACH - DUSK**

The tents are down, everything's packed. A couple trucks remain. The croc is gone. Things are quiet. Kelly stands down by the water, staring out.

**HER P.O.V.**

Hypnotic beauty. The lake doesn't even ripple. She soaks it in as if she knows it may be a while before she ever gets close to this again. She HEARS every BIRD. Including a DISTANT LOON. Serenity has returned. Then suddenly... a stone goes skipping out, four, five, six skips. Kelly turns around. Jack stands there. They hold a look.

**JACK**

I thought I should say goodbye to  
the lake too.

He approaches. Takes her hand.

**KELLY**

(weakly)  
Different worlds, Jack.

**JACK**

Yeah, I thought about that as I was  
driving... and... I haven't found  
somebody in my world. You found  
anyone in yours?

**KELLY**

No.

**JACK**

So I was thinking... maybe if I met  
anybody in my world who was good  
for you and if you know somebody in  
New York good for me, we could fix

each other up.

**KELLY**

You think?

**JACK**

Worth a try. We don't wanna be  
alone forever, do we?

**KELLY**

Probably not.

They hold a look. He kisses her softly.

**JACK**

That was... y'know if the guy asks  
me can she kiss, now I'll be able  
to tell him if you can.

**KELLY**

Good thinking.

And they kiss again, this one escalates a little. They break.  
And then he holds her. Tightly as the CAMERA PULLS UP to an  
AERIAL VIEW of them, embracing at the water's edge.

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**EXT. MAINE TURNPIKE - AERIAL SHOT - DUSK**

Police cars, lights flashing, motor down the highway. Behind  
them... on a flatbed truck... a thirty foot giant crocodile.  
Headed down the southbound lane of the Maine turnpike. Rolling.  
Rolling. Rolling along. It doesn't even look ridiculous.  
We've become accustomed to such sights.

As we lift up higher and higher, Richie Havens' "I CAN SEE  
CLEARLY NOW" RESUMES. Eventually, we:

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**EXT. CAMPSITE - SUNSET**

Jack and Kelly board his vehicle. They drive off, as we:

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**EXT. BICKERMAN FARM - SUNSET**

Daffy Mrs. Bickerman sits at the end of her dock, feet dangling  
in the water. Throwing bread crumbs.

**BICKERMAN**

Cute little Buttons. Mommy loves

you. Come eat your supper little  
buttons. Nibble Mommy's toes.

**REVEAL**

Three, maybe four, crocodile hatchlings, a foot in length, are  
swimming near her feet, eating the bread, nibbling her toes.  
OFF them, THEN happy Mrs. Bickerman, we:

**FADE OUT.**

**THE END**