

SHARK NIGHT

by

Jesse Studenberg and Will Hayes

Julie Kroil

FADE IN:

EXT. MORRIS LAKE - LOUISIANA - DUSK

Scattered starlight sprinkled across calm, glassy water.

ANGLE - LAKE

JESS (21) an attractive blonde stands waist deep holding a Super Soaker Water Blaster -- her tiny white bikini top struggling to earn its keep as she hops up and down GIGGLING.

UNDERWATER

We're approaching Jess' bare legs from behind, her WARBLING LAUGHTER filters down louder as we torpedo closer and closer.

SURFACE

Soft hands PUMPING the Blaster full of air, again and again.

UNDERWATER

Her feet sending out ECHOED VIBRATIONS as painted pink toenails rise and fall to the sandy floor...closer...louder.

SURFACE

Pump primed, finger pulls the trigger and...nothing? Stares down at the barrel. Stops giggling. Silence. Moment and...

JESS

AHHHHHHH!!!

PIERCING SCREAM as she GEYSERS HIGH out of the water, eyes wide and arms flailing before being VIOLENTLY RIPPED UNDER.

Moment and BOOOOSH! She EXPLODES BACK UP through the surface GASPING for breath -- watery foam quickly clears REVEALING...

Her handsome boyfriend KEITH standing beneath her shoulders.

JESS

Lemme down!

Keith LAUGHS, starts piggybacking her back towards the shore.

KEITH

Never.

But she adroitly back-flips off his shoulders, grabs the floating pistol and ZIPPP! Blasts the back of his head.

KEITH

Ow!

Faux angry, he spins, picks her up and dunks her under.

UNDERWATER

Jess LAUGHING BUBBLES as she struggles back to the...

SURFACE

Catching her breath -- arms tight across her chest because Keith is now holding her bikini top -- dangles it teasingly.

JESS

Oh, you're so dead!

She lunges for him, but he tosses it ten feet behind her.

KEITH

Fetch.

He turns, heads to shore. Jess pivots, begins swimming out.

ANGLE - BEACH

Keith out of the water walking toward their LAKE HOUSE, peek back at Jess, smiles, opens the door and disappears inside.

ANGLE - WATER

Jess grabs her top, begins strapping it back on. Grimaces.

JESS

What the hell?

Her body awkwardly jolts as the water begins FURIOUSLY BOILING UP all around her --

JESS

Keith?! Kei--

VOOSH! VICIOUSLY YANKED UNDER -- shocking speed -- moment and her terrified bulging blue eyes break the surface only to be sucked right back below a blanket of red. Game over.

ANGLE - HOUSE

Keith drying his hair as he sticks his head out the door.

KEITH

Jess?

Few steps out, looks around and sees... Nothing.

KEITH

Jess, where are you?!

SURF ROLLS IN washing the Super Soaker onto the sand -- Keith jogs down to it -- bends to pick it up -- stops -- grabs a small white stone instead -- flips it over -- flash of pink nail polish and realizes he is holding Jess' toe!

Blood drains from his face -- eyes up -- pure terror --

KEITH

Jess!!

Drops the toe and sprints out into the water -- waist deep and stops -- her bikini floating right in front of him.

KEITH

Where the hell are you?!

He leans down toward it -- close -- shocked eyes staring at the once pure white top now splattered red with blood --

Quiet moment as he tentatively reaches for the bikini top and... VOOOOSH! MASSIVE JAWS explode out of the water.

CUT TO BLACK.

SHARK NIGHT

EXT. TULANE UNIVERSITY - ESTABLISHING

Brick buildings, green grass, sunshine and palm trees -- HUNDREDS OF STUDENTS rushing back and forth across campus.

NICK (V.O.)

Where the hell are you?!

INT. JENNINGS DORMITORY - SAME

Action figures, comic books and sci-fi posters -- looks as if the editors of *Ain't It Cool News* decorated a dorm room.

NICK LADUCA (21) sits in a tattered recliner holding a Nintendo Wii controller -- vulnerable blue eyes set beneath a mop of brown hair -- ignorant of his bookish good looks.

NICK

Seriously, where'd you go Tiger?

Standing next to him is GORDON GUTHRIE (20) a short chubster with receding, curly red hair -- fancies himself a young Brad Pitt -- he's gripping his Wii controller like a golf club.

GORDON

Chill your nuts, I shanked it in the other fairway!

They are both facing a large TV, playing Wii Golf.

Gordon waggles a bit before his next shot -- ugly swing of the 'club' and holds his follow-through watching the ball soar through the air -- slicing straight towards water.

GORDON

So pure.

Nick stands -- pushes the still posing Gordon out of the way.

EXT. JENNINGS DORMITORY - SAME

A circle of five GRANOLA HIPPIES hackey-sacking outside the large brick dormitory -- their stoned fun interrupted by a two-headed tornado touching down...

MALIK HENRY (23) a huge, black, stud linebacker storming towards the building -- tank top and muscles -- pissed off.

BLAKE PETERSON (22) right behind him, model-handsome with frosted tips -- shorts and a green Tulane Swimming hoodie.

MALIK

LaDuca!

Malik SLAMS open the glass doors and they disappear inside.

INT. JENNINGS DORMITORY - NICK'S ROOM - SAME

Nick carefully lining up a long putt -- Gordon holding his controller like a mic -- providing GOLF WHISPER play-by-play.

GORDON

LaDuca's penchant for choking on his own dong again put to the test.

NICK

Dude, you're twelve strokes back!

GORDON

Folks, you can hear his heart racing, feel his groin sweating.

Nick smiles, slowly pendulums back the putter and --

MALIK (O.S.)

LaDuca!

Muffs the putt. Spins. Malik in the doorway. Steaming.

NICK

Malik?

Blake steps in behind him, closes and LOCKS the door.

MALIK

'Been looking all over for you.

NICK

(nervous)

Why? What's going on?

MALIK

'Bout to beat your bony ass is what's going on.

Malik starts toward him -- slow and intimidating. Gordon hops to his feet -- unsheathes a Star Wars light saber hanging on the wall and points it threateningly at Blake.

GORDON

Back it up or the male cheerleader eats saber!

BLAKE

Settle down, fire pubes.

Malik stops inches from Nick. Towering monster.

MALIK

The athletic department said you were the best tutor on campus. You knew I needed a 'C' to stay on scholarship!

Nick's face falls. Uh oh.

NICK

I'm sorry, I-- I don't get it? We went over everything... I mean, you said you thought it went fine?

MALIK

Yeah? Tell me if this feels fine.

Malik cocks a fist -- Nick flinches, closes his eyes -- moment and opens them -- staring at Malik's knuckles -- and written across them in red marker is a... B-.

MALIK
NFL train's back on track, baby!

Malik busts a Heisman pose as relief washes over Nick's face.

NICK
Jesus, you scared me. B-minus,
that's incredible! Congrats!

Malik spreads his monstrous arms wide.

MALIK
C'mon, now...gimme a lil'
interracial man-love.

Nick smirks as Malik wraps him in a power hug. Steps back.

MALIK
Pack a bag, Nick, we're rollin' to
Palski's lake house to celebrate.

Nick's eyes prop wide with excitement -- double checks --

NICK
Sara Palski?

MALIK
And just like that...
(then)
We're even.

Nick digesting -- nodding -- power smile blooming --

GORDON (O.S.)
'Sup guys?

Gordon standing in the corner -- palms up -- hopeful --

GORDON
Ain't no fun if the freckled homies
can't have none.

Moment. Malik and Blake look back at each other. Debating.

INT. TULANE - REC CENTER - SAME

A gorgeous brunette running hard on a treadmill -- shorts,
tank and iPod -- emotionless face staring straight ahead --
focused green eyes -- alone in a large gym -- quiet but for
the rhythmic WUMP-WUMP-WUMP of her sneakers pounding rubber.

This is SARA Palski (21).

ANGLE - TREADMILL MONITOR

03:15:34 and counting -- her hand enters the frame, presses the 'up' arrow a few times -- faster -- WUMP-WUMP-WUMP-WUMP.

ANGLE - SARA

Same face, same focus -- moment and a thin line of blood begins trickling out of her left nostril -- slow -- runs to her lip -- feels something -- wipes her mouth -- looks at her hand -- no surprise -- time's up -- she slows the machine -- slows, slows, stops. Stands there. Just letting it bleed.

JANITOR (O.S.)
Honey, I don't know who you're
running from...

A JANITOR bent over pushing a large white hamper. Stops.

JANITOR
But, I think you got away.

Paternal smile as he tosses her a fresh towel. Sara catches it -- nods 'thanks', deep breath and buries her sweaty, bloody face in the soft cloth. BLACK.

INT. WILMARTH HALL - BEDROOM

BLACK. *My Bloody Valentine* grows louder as we PULL OUT on one of four black walls in a dark, gothic, minimalist bedroom.

An ANGRY MOAN from the bed as a LUMP moves under a puffy black comforter. BETH MAZZA (21) turns to us -- Bettie Page hair above a pretty, multi-pierced face. Left arm fully sleeved in an intricate orange and green Celtic tattoo.

A DARK SHADOW slowly crawls over her porcelain skin...moment and WHOOSH! A bucket of ICE WATER SPLASHES over her head --

Beth's blue eyes explode open as she shoots up GASPING!

BETH
What the hell, Maya!

MAYA VALDEZ (22) holding the empty bucket. A sexy Latina with curly black hair -- curves and attitude --

MAYA
I told you not to booze last night.
Now, drag your vampire-ass outside,
we're leaving in ten minutes.

BETH

Die!

Beth pulls the blanket right back over her head. BLACK.

EXT. TULANE - CAMPUS - SAME

BLACK. Pull out on a BLACK RING BOX. Malik holding it -- opens it up revealing a sparkling engagement ring inside.

REVEAL Nick, Malik and Blake cutting across the busy campus.

MALIK

I'm gonna find a chill spot, get my sunset on and BAM! Bling that finger and lock her down for good.

GORDON (O.S.)

Are you snorting steroids?!

Gordon made the cut! Hustles up from behind Malik.

GORDON

You're a projected top ten pick, that's at least 4 mil guaranteed. Hot tubs, strip joints, fresh booty after every away game, why handcuff yourself to just one piece of ass!

NICK

We don't have to bring him.

MALIK

I got no love for the hoes. Maya was with me when I was poor, she deserves me when I'm ballin'. I'm telling you, man, she's an angel.

Gordon nods, listening earnestly, seemingly convinced...then:

GORDON

You're a disgrace to the modern athlete.

Malik starts LAUGHING, closes the ring box and slips it into his black messenger bag as they approach the PARKING LOT.

ANGLE - NICK AND GORDON

Walking side by side. They stop. Speechless. Jaws to the ground staring at Maya, Sara and Beth leaning against a slick black SUBURBAN -- each girl is wearing a hot little outfit.

WHAM-WHAM! Blake from behind wraps them in double-headlocks.

BLAKE

Welcome to the Bigs, ladies!

Nick and Gordon look at each other -- smiles spread as WE...

SMASH TO:

LIL' WAYNE BLASTING as the Suburban screams down the highway.

INT. SUBURBAN - SAME

Malik at the wheel RAPPING ALONG -- Maya sits shotgun, angled with her bare feet up across his lap, getting a massage.

Blake's head pops up -- seriously joins in --

BLAKE

*They call me Weezy Weezy fo sheezy
Banana clip on the heater Banana
whip on them sneakers --*

Malik glares hard at him --

MALIK

Nah, dude.

Blake nods, sits back down next to Sara who's leaning across Beth's lap laughing as they both stare out her open window.

Beth making eyes with a OLD TRUCKER driving an 18 wheeler beside them -- winks as she teases him with her tongue ring --

BETH

He needs to see pierced nipples
before he dies.

Mischievous grin as she suddenly leans out the window and whips up her tiny T-shirt -- we see the TRUCKER recoil, then smile -- laying on the HORN --

BETH

Your turn, Sara!

SARA

What're you high?

BETH

A little.

Shirt back up producing more HORN as we drift to the...

TRUNK

It's deep. Nick surrounded by luggage, totally isolated from the action as a SPEAKER BLARES right behind his head -- seems completely unfazed, head down reading a Preacher comic book.

GORDON (O.S.)

Yeah, you just relax over there,
don't worry about Marley and Me.

Gordon across from him -- looks miserable -- red-eyed and sniffing dealing with CLANCY, a slobbering Irish Setter.

NICK

What's your problem?

GORDON

Dude, you know pure breeds make my
testicles swell up...and not in the
good way.

NICK

Really? Three years pre-med and
I've never heard of that allergy.

GORDON

Would you report it?

Gordon SNEEZES -- staring at Clancy with utter contempt.

SARA (O.S.)

Is he bothering you?

Sara leaning over the backseat, smiling down at him. Gordon SCOFFS -- dons a brave face and nuzzles close to Clancy.

GORDON

You kidding me? I can't get enough
of this little guy!

SARA

Actually...I meant Nick.

Playful eyes swivel to Nick -- looks up, caught off guard --

NICK

Huh?

SARA

Look at you, rockin' the nerd porn.

Nick reddens as she grabs the comic book from his lap --

SARA
Preacher?! C'mon?

NICK
 What, you're not down with angel-
 demon coupling?

SARA
 Sooo 2002...
 (then)
 Check this out.

She reaches down into her bag -- shuffling around -- moment
 and pulls out a graphic novel -- holds it up -- the cover is
 a man in a white suit holding a gun -- written vertically is:

NICK
Sanctuary? What's--? I've never
 even heard of that.

SARA
 Japanese underground.

She offers it to Nick -- he takes it, impressed --

NICK
 What're you in the Yakuza or
 something?

SARA
 Yeah, so you better not smudge it.

Sara winks, extra beat of eye contact and turns back around.
 Nick looks at Gordon, hand out waving 'not bad' -- Nick rolls
 his eyes, then lightly kicks him in his engorged testicles.

EXT. SUBURBAN - SAME

We're above the car screaming through scenic Gulf Country --
 nothing around but sugar white sands and baby blue seas.

EXT. MORRIS LAKE - A FEW LATER

The Suburban speeding along a dusty road -- kicking up dirt
 as it passes towering green pines and quiet backwater bayous.

EXT. THE BINNACLE - ESTABLISHING

The Binnacle is an old, decrepit bait shop/general store. Red
 paint chips, ice cooler chained to the porch and two rusty
 gas pumps sitting out front.

SARA (V.O.)
 Last stop, kids. There's no
 reception on the lake, so make your
 calls, check your E-mail, update
 your status...blah, blah, blah...

The Suburban rolls into the GRAVEL LOT and pulls to a pump.
 Doors open and bodies pile out -- necks roll, arms stretch.

INT. THE BINNACLE - SAME

CLOSE on an ugly CATFISH. WHAM! A MEAT CLEAVER SLAMS DOWN
 chopping its head off. GIN (35) a wiry Asian in a bloody
 wifebeater is chewing tobacco behind the bait counter.

DING! Eyes to the door as Blake and Beth enter. Both recoil
 from the smell. DING! Nick, Sara and Gordon in behind them - -
 also GAG as they begin fanning up and down the aisles.

EXT. THE BINNACLE - SAME

Malik alone pumping gas -- looks up as an old, jacked-up
 black PICKUP TRUCK pulls into the lot -- *Crim Underwater
 Photography* is bannered across each side of the truck.

SPEED METAL BLARING from within as it stops opposite Malik.
 Moment. Driver's tinted window POWERS DOWN an inch. Stops.

INT. THE BINNACLE - SAME

Two chubby hands grab a case of *Budweiser*.

GORDON (O.S.)
 You gotta get Sara hammered!

Gordon and Nick in the beer aisle. Nick just stares at him.

NICK
 Lemme guess, 'the fate of my penis
 depends on it?'

GORDON
 Exactly! There's no way she's gonna
 nude up with you sober.

NICK
 Wha--? I'm not trying to nude up!

GORDON
 Okay, here we go...
 (SIGHS; practiced)
 (MORE)

GORDON (cont'd)
 Now you do the thing where you pretend you're not into a chick 'cause you're too big a puss to step up, so some other d-bag crushes her while you crawl home to rock the fetal and I have to listen to your vagina cry itself to sleep!

NICK
 I don't think I like you anymore.

Gordon grabs a bottle of Jägermeister from the shelf --

GORDON
 Tough love, LaDuca, just throw a few Jäger bombs down her throat and thank me later.

Nick shakes his head laughing as Gordon forces the bottle into his hands -- suddenly violent SPEED METAL BLARES -- Nick turns -- looks out the window --

EXT. THE BINNACLE - SAME

The pickup truck's DOOR OPENS and RED (33) a short, bald stocky local in board shorts and flip flops gets out -- blatantly eyeballing Malik as he unscrews his gas cap.

MALIK
 'Sup, man?

No answer. Whatever, Malik resumes pumping. Moment and the Suburban DOOR OPENS -- Maya steps out, finishing up a call.

RED (O.S.)
 Awful sweet of you.

Cajun accent. Malik turns. Red standing in front of him.

MALIK
 How's that?

RED
 Lettin' the help sit up front.

Red smiles wide -- Malik recoils -- Red's teeth have all been filed down into small triangles -- beyond disturbing.

Before Malik recovers, Maya has a finger in Red's face.

MAYA
 What the hell did you just say?!

RED
No hablo engles, mamacita?

WHOOSH! Malik's right arm explodes forward, monstrous hand wraps around Red's neck -- anaconda fingers squeezing hard.

MALIK
You outta your damn mind?!

Red GASPING as the vice-grip tightens -- can't shake loose -- face turning blue -- eyes rolling back in his head --

DENNIS (O.S.)
Mind if I cut in?

DENNIS CRIM (23) standing by the passenger door -- a tall, surfer-handsome blonde in shades and a wetsuit -- the top half unzipped and pulled down below his ripped six pack, thick arms and wide barrel-chest tagged with odd tats.

He whips off his shades REVEALING a horrific scar running jagged from the top of his forehead down the bridge of his nose, hooking under his right eye and ending at his half-ear.

Malik effortlessly tosses Red hard into the truck -- WHAM! He then smiles over at Dennis -- palms up, waving him over --

MALIK
Step.

INT. THE BINNACLE - BATHROOM - SAME

A dirty, claustrophobic single-stall bathroom. Sara stands at the sink washing her hands.

BETH (O.S.)
Nick's kinda cute, huh?

Beth's voice from behind the stall. Sara just smirks.

BETH (O.S.)
Might be fun to slaughter his innocence this weekend.

SARA
Be gentle with that one. Maybe start with the rubber handcuffs.

Beth LAUGHS O.S.

SARA
What happened to hooking up with Blake?

BETH (O.S.)
 I dunno...I told you he spray tans
 his junk, right? Last time I had
 these orange stains all over my--

SARA
 O-kay...I'll just go ahead and
 repress that.

Sara covering her ears, doesn't hear the LOCKED DOOR JIGGLE.

OUTSIDE BATHROOM - SAME

Nick shrugs, moves to the adjacent bathroom and opens it --
 dark -- flicks on the light -- oops, storage closet -- mops,
 buckets, pallets and a large stack of boxes labeled **AXIOM** --
 he kills the light and shuts the door. BLACK.

ANGLE - SURVEILLANCE MONITOR

BLACK. A hand SLAPS a monitor to life and we're now watching
a black and white live feed of Beth in the bathroom stall.

WE PULL OUT on the live feed REVEALING Gin is watching this
 on a small SURVEILLANCE MONITOR mounted beneath the bait
 counter -- seems to be enjoying every frame until...WHAM!

The case of *Bud* drops in front of him. Gordon. Smiling.

GORDON
 What's on the tube, guy?

Gin looks at Gordon -- moment and spits in his tobacco cup.

GIN
 Gossip Girl.

GORDON
 Nice. I can't get enough of
 Blair's Machiavellian schemes.
 (then; whisper)
 Ass ain't bad either.

Gin looks back down at the monitor -- Beth's back to the
 camera as she buttons up her shorts -- moment and Gin shuts
 the monitor off -- eyes slowly back up across at Gordon.

GIN
 Ass ain't bad at all.

GORDON
 And...you are officially creeping
 me out, sir.

MAYA (O.S.)
Malik, no!

EXT. THE BINNACLE - SAME

Malik and Dennis squared off in the middle of the lot.

MALIK
You're about to taste West
Baltimore, son.

Dennis staring back hard. Steel blue eyes. Smoker's growl.

DENNIS
Try not to mess up my face.

Blake, Gordon and Beth pile out the door -- quickly join up with Maya -- anxiously pacing back and forth behind Malik.

Nick is standing off to the side holding a GROWLING Clancy.

MAYA
Don't do it, baby! Malik, please!
If you hurt him, they'll take away
your scholarship!!

MALIK
(eyes on Dennis)
Not if they don't find him.

WHAM! Malik two-hands his chest -- Dennis doesn't budge.

DENNIS
You a long way from Baltimore.

Flash of fear across Malik's face? Before we can tell...

VOICE (O.S.)
Dennis?

Familiar. Dennis spins to it. Sara. Frozen on the porch.

DENNIS
Sara?

MALIK
You know this punk?

Sara offers a faint nod, staring at Dennis. Eyes on eyes.

SARA
What's going on here?

DENNIS
Just a little misunderstanding.
Red's had a few too many today.

RED
My name's Red and I'm an alcoholic.

Red grins, flashing those creepy triangles again. Dennis pushes him toward the truck, spins back to Sara. Moment.

DENNIS
Wow! Sara Palski!

Wide smile as he starts toward her -- Clancy immediately starts BARKING -- Sara begins shifting anxiously --

DENNIS
How've you been?

SARA
Good. I'm fine.

He stops right in front of her -- uncomfortably close --

DENNIS
Still doing the college thing?

SARA
Yeah. One more year.

Quiet. Feeling his eyes. Awkward. Get me outta here.

SARA
And you... Are you...working?

DENNIS
Little bit -- picking up freelance
Gulf shoots whenever I can...
(then; points to face)
Gotta pay the bills 'till the
modeling career takes off.

Self deprecating LAUGH. Beat. She clears her throat.

SARA
Nice to see you, Dennis.

DENNIS
Oh. Sure. You too, Sara.

Head down as he turns around and starts toward his truck. Hand to the door and stops. Spins back around.

DENNIS

Hey, lemme know if you're up for a dive this weekend. It'd be fun to get back in the water with ya.

Winks, turns back, hops in and SLAMS the door. The TRUCK FIRES UP as everyone heads toward a somewhat shaken Sara.

BLAKE

Sweet crew, Sara.

SARA

I know, sorry, they're just...harmless locals.

MALIK

Yeah, well I was this-close to breakin' my foot off in his ass.

MAYA

No, Malik, you were this-close to being a goddamn idiot!

GORDON

It's all good, Maya, soon as Scarface lifted a finger I was gonna drop him with a spine-kick.

MALIK

I felt that, G-man.

LAUGHTER as Malik gives Gordon a fist bump. Not Nick. Zeroed in on Sara's pained face -- eyes glued to Dennis' truck as it exits The Binnacle. Moment and she once again flips the switch, turns back to all -- smiling, cheery --

SARA

Alright, c'mon, Blake's running out of tanning hours.

And she's down the steps jogging towards the Suburban -- all forgotten as the rest follow WHOOPING it up -- quickly turns into an full-on sprint for seat position as WE PAN DOWN to their flip flops and sneakers sprinting across the gravel...

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. MORRIS LAKE - DOCK - A FEW LATER

Flip flops and sneakers sprinting across a dock -- Clancy leads the way BARKING as the rest excitedly keep pace.

Sara stops in front of a sleek, sparkling 24 foot red and blue Super Air Nautique sport boat. State of the art badass.

Everyone begins boarding as Sara starts untying ropes. She notices Nick lingering behind -- just gawking at the boat.

NICK
You can drive this thing?

As a mischievous smile spreads across her face WE...

SMASH TO:

EXT. MORRIS LAKE - SAME

The sport boat cutting across open water, offering a sense of the lake's geography -- thick green forest fencing it all in and a few, secluded cottages scattered along the sandy banks.

EXT. SPORT BOAT - SAME

Nick sitting next to Gordon -- head back soaking in the sun, eyes up to the blue sky, light breeze in his face... Heaven.

SARA (O.S.)
Wanna give it a try?

Sara at the wheel, smirking back at Nick.

NICK
Sure.

He starts to stand -- Sara suddenly cuts hard left and Nick stumbles right back into his seat -- she looks back at him --

SARA
Nah, you're not ready.

Winks, smiles and turns back around. Nick just stares at her -- long brown hair pinned by the wind. Smitten.

MAYA (O.S.)
Little help, baby?

ANGLE - BACK OF BOAT

Maya stands taking pictures -- wobbly -- Malik up behind her -- hands on her waist holding her steady -- pecks her cheek.

Blake and Beth on the back couch -- Blake has his shirt off, chest covered in shaving cream -- he's holding a razor -- shaving. Beth is drinking a beer, LAUGHING hard at him.

BETH

You are such a cheesedick!

BLAKE

What? It cuts a few seconds off my
100 meter freestyle...

(then; bedroom voice)

And it's gonna feel bomb when your
tongue's playing slip and slide on
it tonight.

SPLAT! His chest is suddenly covered in brown chunks.

BLAKE

What the hell?!

GORDON (O.S.)

My bad, broseph!

Gordon leaning over a side rail wiping vomit from his mouth.

GORDON

Still looking for my sea legs.

Before Blake can respond...WOOP-WOOP-WOOP! POLICE SIRENS.
Blake and Beth spin around the back seat -- a LAKE PATROL
BOAT racing up behind them -- red and blue lights flashing.

FRONT OF BOAT - SAME

Sara checks her mirror, slows to a crawl -- eerie quiet on
deck waiting as the PATROL BOAT creeps alongside them and...

WHAM! Sara SLAMS UP the throttle and they ROCKET AWAY!

EXT. MORRIS LAKE - SAME

We're above the boats chasing across the lake -- lights
flashing and SIRENS BLARING -- crisscrossing back and forth.

SARA'S BOAT - SAME

Sara's eyes spark as she spots an ISLAND COTTAGE -- pins the
throttle and heads straight toward its long wooden dock.

EVERYONE

Stop!/Sara stop!/Sara!!

EXT. MORRIS LAKE - SAME

Above both boats ripping towards the dock -- neck and neck --
Sara manages to zip past it seconds before the PATROL BOAT.

SARA'S BOAT - SAME

Sara slows, turns around and pulls tight alongside the dock -- waiting and watching with her scared-silent crew as...

The PATROL BOAT again pulls alongside them. SHERIFF GREG SABIN (45) at the wheel -- moustached, paunch, khaki shorts and shirt, embroidered 'Sheriff' hat and mirrored sunglasses.

Arms folded staring at Sara -- stern face. Blake slyly steps in front of the red beer cooler -- trying to hide it.

SHERIFF SABIN
Well, well...looks like you're...
(then; smiles)
Still undefeated, Sar-bear.

SARA
Sheriff Sabin! Hey, you gave me a pretty good head start.

Sabin points to her boat.

SHERIFF SABIN
I need your old man to buy me one of these buckets -- even things up.
(then)
And I think you're old enough to call me GREG now.

SARA
Okay, Greg. No, that sounds weird.

SHERIFF SABIN
This the rest of your bible class?

He smiles, waves to Sara's crew -- they ad-lib back 'hello'.

SARA
Yeah, we just got in. How's the crime fighting business?

SHERIFF SABIN
Oh, you know, same old C.S.I. Morris Lake -- excessive noise complaints, salinity measurements, fishing hooks in toes...ugly stuff.
(checks watch)
Alright, I gotta go take a nap, you animals have fun. But, seriously?

One by one he points to each of the guys -- glaring --

SHERIFF SABIN

Condoms.

Sara shakes her head at him as the group starts laughing.

SHERIFF SABIN

Look, I don't love the glove
either, but sometimes you gotta
think with your big head.

Sabin shoots a finger-gun to Blake.

SHERIFF SABIN

Now throw me a tall boy, Seacrest.

Blake opens the cooler and tosses him a beer. Sabin takes out his keys -- holds the can horizontal with one hand -- SLAMS a key into the middle of the can -- quick to his lips, CRACKS the tab and SHOTGUNS the beer in 4 seconds.

SHERIFF SABIN

Still got it.
(then)
I'll stop by tomorrow, told your
mom I'd drop off her mail.
(smiles)
Good to have ya back, Sara.

Winks, walks back to his wheel and MOTORS OFF. Moment and Sara spins back to the crew -- arms wide -- smiling --

SARA

We're here!

EXT. SARA'S HOUSE - ESTABLISHING

A large, white, two-story Cape Codder raised above its own mini-island. Pines and soft pink beach surrounding it all.

INT. SARA'S HOUSE - ESTABLISHING

Nautical themed living room; porthole windows, mounted prize fish and antique diving spears artfully arranged around...

A giant brick fireplace. And hanging horizontally above it is an antique twelve gauge shotgun.

MUSIC UP as a BLUR OF BODIES busts through the front door...

A) Colorful rooms explored, drawers opened, clothes dumped.

B) Blake rips the cover off a slick WaveRunner.

- C) Malik opens a closet; wake boards, water skis, snorkels.
- D) The girls all in one room trying on different bikinis.
- E) A hand grabs a cold beer from the cooler.

EXT. SARA'S HOUSE - BEACH - A FEW LATER

Malik on his back in shallow water, cold beer in one hand, strapping himself into the wakeboard with the other.

Nick beside him, jaw agape staring up at the house as...

ANGLE - HOUSE

BAM!-BAM!-BAM! Sara, Beth and Maya parade out the door in miniscule bikinis. Wow.

ANGLE - NICK

Watching Sara slowly massage sunblock into her arms. Unreal.

MALIK

Can you finish eye-humping Sara after you buckle my ass up?!

Nick spins back to a smiling Malik.

NICK

Sorry...

Bends and helps Malik slide his left foot into the boot.

NICK

So what's...what's her story, is she...hanging out with anyone?

MALIK

What do I look like, E-harmony.com?

NICK

No, no, I'm just...curious.

MALIK

It's kinda weird, man, we've been friends with her three years, never seen her date, never seen her hook up at a party, she's just...with that goddamn dog all the time!

Nick nods, intrigued, buckles up the left boot. Looks back up at the beach where sunbathing Sara gives him a cute wave.

ANGLE - MAYA AND BETH

Next to Sara laying out on their towels. Baking. Moment and a DARK SHADOW slowly creeps across them.

BETH
You're blinding me, dude.

REVEAL a smiling, shirtless Gordon lording over them in all his pale, freckled, doughy glory. Points to his chest.

GORDON
Beth, I'll have you know this temple was genetically engineered for the Scottish Highlands. I'd be considered a god there.

He sets up his towel next to hers -- drops to his stomach.

BETH
Then go to Scotland, freckle-sack.

Maya laughs, props on her elbows to watch Malik's launch.

MAYA
Be careful, Malik!

ANGLE - WATER

Malik on his back ready to go -- smiles back up at Maya.

MALIK
I castrated Florida's offensive line and just humiliated geology, what's a little water gonna do?!
(head swivels)
Yo, Nick, let's do this thang!

ANGLE - BOAT

Nick at the wheel. Blake and Clancy on board with him. Nick FIRES UP and throttles forward -- a couple false starts before finding the perfect speed to pull Malik up and away...

ANGLE - LAKE - A FEW LATER

Malik hopping wakes like a pro -- salt water spraying his smiling face -- LAUGHING, YELLING -- time of his life --

BOAT - SAME

Nick's confidence growing -- begins implementing precision bobs and weaves setting Malik up for monster jumps.

ANGLE - MALIK

Rockets up a wake, catches big air, lands and steadies.

MALIK
Hell, yeah! Faster!!

UNDERWATER

We're torpedoing towards the WHIRLING BUZZ of a boat motor -- the words "*Faster, Faster*" filtering down WARBLY from above.

ANGLE - MALIK

Shredding towards a large wake when his board is bumped from below -- CRACK! JAW SLAMS SHUT as he VIOLENTLY JERKS LEFT.

MALIK
Ahhhhh!

Hand to his mouth as he looks down to see what hit him -- blood begins seeping between fingers -- grimacing in pain.

ANGLE - BOAT

Blake watching Malik teetering left and right twenty yards behind them -- utterly unaware he's in any kind of danger.

BLAKE
Kid's about to eat it!!

Clancy's head over the side rail BARKING down at the water.

UNDERWATER

Beneath the wakeboard, angling up toward it at warp speed.

SURFACE

Malik again BUMPED hard off-balance, right hand off the bar to steady himself -- eyes to the water and spots a LARGE SHADOW -- cuts hard right to escape it, zips up a wake and catches HUGE AIR -- lands, steadies himself and yells ahead:

MALIK
Yo, get me outta--

Silenced as the wakeboard's VICIOUSLY RIPPED from under him -- feet TEAR OUT the bindings and hands release the rope as he flips forward SLAMMING FACE DOWN AGAINST THE WATER!!

ANGLE - BOAT

Blake recoils as the 'SMACK' echoes loud across the lake.

BLAKE
Ohhhh baby!!!

Shakes his head LAUGHING -- hand to Nick's shoulder.

BLAKE
Nick!

Blake points back at the Malik-less rope skipping across the lake -- Nick nods, throttles down and turns around...

ANGLE - WATER - A FEW LATER

The wakeboard floating in calm, open water...

Nick slowly trolls toward it -- Blake leans over, pulls it up and out. Both looking around the lake. No sign of Malik.

BLAKE
Where the hell is he?

Nick examines the board -- bindings completely ripped off? Weird. Eyes back scanning the water. Creepy silence.

NICK
Malik?!

Nothing. Blake at the bow -- cups his hands to his mouth:

BLAKE
C'mon, stop playin'!

Nick stares down at the water, could he still be under? Beat and his reflection is interrupted by...a slimy streak of red.

BLAKE (O.S.)
There he is! Yo, Malik!

Nick looks up -- follows Blake's eyes to the back of the house -- Malik swimming toward it -- ten yards away.

BLAKE
That was epic!

Nick walks back to the wheel and fires her up -- last glance at Malik making his way toward shore and motors off.

EXT. SARA'S HOUSE - SAME

Beth and Sara on the beach tossing the football. Monkey in the middle. Gordon is the monkey -- chasing it to and fro.

Beth throws to Sara -- the ball sails high over her head and SLAPS down in shallow water.

BETH
(imitating guys)
Dude you gotta catch that bro!

Sara LAUGHS, turns and jogs after it.

UNDERWATER

We're under the floating football. Moment and Sara's ankles SPLASH LOUD toward us -- hands DIP UNDER and scoop it out.

SURFACE

Sara cradling the ball, starts back to the beach --

MALIK (O.S.)
Sara...

She turns. Jaw drops as blood drains from her face.

SARA
Malik?

TIGHT on Malik. Pained smile as we PULL BACK REVEALING:

His left arm has been completely torn off.

MALIK
Sara...

SPLASH!! He collapses face down in the shallow water.

UNDERWATER

Laying unconscious -- HANDS CRASH UNDER and yank him out...

SURFACE

SCREAMS from the beach as Sara struggles to prop him up.

Nick and Blake sprinting across the sand -- wide-eyed taking in the horror -- too surreal -- everything a blurry flash --

BLAKE
Oh my god!

NICK

Malik!!

Into the water and grab him -- carrying him up the beach -- yelling at each other over the horrific symphony of chaos!

BLAKE

Call 911!

SARA

There's no reception!

NICK

First aid kit?!

Sara nods -- WE FOLLOW as she splinters off toward the house.

INT. SARA'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Sara explodes into the kitchen -- hands to a white closet with a red cross -- padlocked -- shaky fingers to the dial -- spins it left, right, left and CLICK! Tosses the lock, rips open the closet and... Empty.

EXT. SARA'S HOUSE - SAME

UTTER PANIC as they lay Malik down on the towel -- Maya is HYSTERICALLY SCREAMING -- Beth is down by the water bent over VOMITING -- Nick and Gordon stand frozen, staring at Malik.

BLAKE (O.S.)

Bastard!

Nick looks up -- all eyes on him -- Maya hysterical --

MAYA

What did you do to him?!!

Before he can even consider answering Blake is charging at him, no time to react before he's TACKLED hard to the sand.

BLAKE

You ran over his arm!

Straddling Nick's chest, pins his wrists down -- Nick staring back up at him -- helpless -- terrified -- could he have?

NICK

What? No way?! You saw him fall?!

BLAKE

Yeah, I saw him fall, I didn't see him get his goddamn arm cut off!

Blake raises a fist --

GORDON
Get off'm!

Gordon pushes Blake off Nick. Blake bounces to his feet.

BLAKE
Sit down, ya little bitch!

Two-hands Gordon in the chest sending him to the sand.

SARA (O.S.)
Stop it, Blake!

Sara out of the house with a handful of white towels.

SARA
It doesn't matter how!

Blake fuming -- SCREAMS as he walks away pulling his hair --

MAYA (O.S.)
Somebody do something!!!

Sara over to Nick -- on his ass -- out of it, shell shocked --

NICK
I was just...driving the boat...and
he went down...just...driving...

She nods, pulling him to his feet.

SARA
Nick, I know you're pre-med.
Please. You're the only one who
knows what to do.

Nick slowly snaps out of it -- grabs a few towels and walks over to Malik -- kneels and begins checking his pulse --

NICK
Malik? Can you hear me?

Malik can only MOAN. Nick quickly transitions into doctor mode -- eyes scanning -- points to a cluster of pine trees --

NICK
Gordon snap me off a branch, like a
foot long -- inch or so thick.

Gordon glad to get out of there -- quickly toward the trees.

Nick applying pressure with his left hand -- peels off his own shirt with his right -- tears it into thin strips as Gordon returns with sticks -- Nick grabs one --

NICK

Maya, I need you to move.

Maya sputtering all over Malik -- Sara whispers softly into her ear -- moment and gently leads Maya out of Nick's way --

Nick right to work -- folds a shirt strip into a triangle, wraps it above the shoulder, splints it with the stick and finishes it all off with a tight knot. Textbook tourniquet.

Nick grabs Gordon's hand -- brings it right to the wound.

NICK

Constant pressure -- Blake keep his head elevated!

Nick rockets to his feet -- starts sprinting toward the dock.

BLAKE

Where the hell are you going?

SMASH TO:

EXT. UNDERWATER - A FEW LATER

Nick swimming through bright, clear water -- exhales a LOUD BURST OF BUBBLES scattering a school of shiny silver fish.

EXT. LAKE - SAME

The boat back behind the house where Malik fell -- engine killed, bobbing rhythmically in the late afternoon water.

Sara bent over the rail searching for Nick -- her reflection suddenly ripples as an ominous shadow cruises past below.

Moment and...WHOOSH! Nick POPS UP HEAVING.

SARA

Anything?

Nick shakes 'no' -- DEEP BREATH and dives back under.

UNDERWATER - CONTINUOUS

Nick breast stroking toward the bottom, around a large boulder and...something bumps him, he spins wide-eyed at...

A piece of driftwood. He turns and continues down deeper -- hands cutting through lush green plant life when he sees...

Malik's arm propped in a bush.

Nick running out of breath as he swims even deeper for it, grabs it by the wrist and yanks it free -- pivots back to resurface but his path is suddenly blocked by A GREY WALL...

Nick's head tilts right REVEALING this wall is in fact an eight foot long BULL SHARK. Nick's eyes bulge wide -- can't believe what he's seeing -- struggling to hold his breath as the seemingly endless torso cruises past inches away --

Coast finally clear and...BLOOP! Nick lets out a single AIR BUBBLE -- the shark whips back around and is now heading right toward us -- black beady eyes closing in -- jaws crack open flashing rows and rows of serrated triangular teeth...

BOAT - SAME

Sara anxiously pacing when...BOOSH! Nick pops up GASPING.

SARA

Nick?!

Can't answer as he's FURIOUSLY SWIMMING toward the boat.

SARA

What is it?!

Question answered as a grey fin slices up thirty yards behind him -- about to scream -- two hands cupping her own mouth --

UNDERWATER - SAME

We're under and behind Nick -- chasing LOUD KICKING FEET --

BOAT - SAME

Sara hanging off the side ladder -- body shaking as she leans forward holding the metal rail -- hand stretching for him --

SARA

C'mon... C'mon...

UNDERWATER

We're torpedoing straight up toward his body --

SURFACE

Nick thrashing toward the boat -- closer -- closer --

BOAT

Sara stretching further -- shaky fingertips right at us --

SARA

Nick!!!

WHOOSH! Nick EXPLODES out the water using Malik's arm as a bridge to double his length -- Sara grabs the lifeless limb and pulls Nick forward -- CLANK-CLANK -- Nick two-hands the ladder as Sara tumbles backward holding the severed arm.

UNDERWATER

We're staring through wide jaws -- jagged teeth above and below us about to clamp down on Nick's feet climbing the ladder -- left foot slips and his heel SLAMS into our snout.

BOAT

Nick scrambles onto the boat, HEAVING EXHAUSTED -- looks over at Sara, back on her feet holding Malik's arm like a torch.

NICK

Are you okay?!

SARA

Yeah. Was that a...

Nods. Moment. Staring at each other. Bewilderment across Sara's face as the arm falls from her hand snapping Nick back to life -- he hustles up to the wheel, THROTTLES FORWARD and the boat ROCKETS AWAY...

BLAKE (V.O.)

Shark?! No way!

EXT. SARA'S HOUSE - DOCK - A FEW LATER

Blake, Beth, Gordon and Maya struggling to carry a semiconscious Malik onto the re-docked boat -- Nick and Sara still aboard -- helping them lie Malik down in the back.

NICK

Eight foot Bull.

SARA

I saw it too, Blake.

Nick ignoring the CHORUS of INCREDULITY as he opens the RED COOLER -- tosses out the beers and places Malik's arm on ice.

BETH
This is insane! We're on a lake!

GORDON
A salt water lake.

Blake furiously spins -- right in Gordon's face --

BLAKE
What the hell does that mean?!

Nick quick to his defense -- angrily steps between them --

NICK
It means it's not impossible! Now
get off the boat so we can leave!

Blake staring daggers at Nick -- moment -- steps off the boat
onto the pier -- next to Gordon and Beth -- Nick eyes them --

NICK
We'll send someone back as soon as
we can. Just hang tight...

Nick turns to sit -- moment and spins back --

NICK
And stay out of the water.

SMASH TO:

EXT. MORRIS LAKE - A FEW LATER

The sport boat ripping across open water...

EXT. SPORT BOAT - SAME

Malik's agonized face. Maya is kneeling behind him holding
his head steady as the boat tears across the choppy water.

ANGLE - MALIK'S TOURNIQUET

Knot loosening with every bump, we CREEP CLOSE on a single
drop of blood, following it as it falls to the...

BOAT FLOOR

WE FOLLOW the droplet C.S.I.-style as it nestles in a ridge,
slides down a long wet groove and disappears down a hole...

UNDERWATER

BOOM! BOOM! Blood droplets sounding like MORTAR SHELLS as they hit the water and dissipate -- BOOM-BOOM-BOOM!

EXT. BOAT - SAME

Sara silently driving -- eyes slip down to the cooler.

SARA
Think they can save it?

Nick beside her scanning the water for the shark -- he kneels down and opens the cooler -- moment inspecting the arm --

NICK
Yeah...if we can find an orthopedic surgeon in the middle of the bayou.

SARA
How much time do we have?

NICK
I'd say about...two hours.

He closes the cooler. Stands.

NICK
How far's the nearest hospital?

SARA
About two hours.

They stare each other as we move to the...

BACK OF BOAT

Malik caked in sweat -- labors to open his mouth.

MALIK
Maya...

Malik's hand hidden and moving inside his messenger bag.

MAYA
It's okay, Malik, we're okay...

He pulls his fist out of the bag -- COUGHING up blood --

MALIK
Will... Will...

He opens his monster paw REVEALING the black ring box.

MAYA

Malik?!

MALIK

Marry... Me...

Trembling hands to the box -- opens it -- eyes down at the diamond and...just loses it -- full body convulsions followed by a volcanic eruption of laughter and tears.

MAYA

You're talking crazy, baby! We gotta get you help!

MALIK

I... I need to know...

Not sure he'll make it. She peppers his head with kisses.

MAYA

Yes! Of course, of course! Yes!!

He smiles -- eyes begin shutting -- breathing slows --

MAYA

Malik!! Malik, stay with me!

Shaking him -- no response -- pops to her feet panicked --

MAYA

Nick!! NICK!!

WHAM! The BOAT ROCKED HARD! Maya off balance tumbles fast toward the rail, trips and goes flying overboard --

SPLASH! Nick and Sara simultaneously spin back to see...

Malik alone on the blanket.

NICK

Maya!

SARA

Maya!

Sara kills the engine and they both rush to the back of the boat -- WHOOSH! Maya's face breaks the surface SCREAMING --

MAYA

Help!!

NICK

Swim! Swim, Maya!

Sara to the back couch, rips away cushions, opens an emergency hatch and pulls out a white donut life preserver.

WATER - SAME

CLOSE on Maya's terrified face as the life preserver SPLASHES inches from her nose -- panicked SQUEAL as she grabs onto it -- fingers slide off and she swallows water -- CHOKING -- she manages to re-grip -- slippery -- trying to hold on --

ANGLE - NICK

Watching as a large grey fin slices up ten feet behind her.

NICK

Take us back!! Take us back, Sara!

Sara fast to the wheel, SLAMS the throttle and they EXPLODE AWAY -- Nick leans over the stern, desperately coaxing Maya.

NICK

Hold tight, Maya! Hold tight!!

ANGLE - MAYA

Digs her nails in deep -- the slack ends and the life preserver ROCKETS AHEAD -- SHOCKED SCREAM as she's RIPPED FORWARD -- her body SLAPPING HORIZONTAL across the water.

ANGLE - NICK

Hand over hand desperately pulling in rope -- palms ripping and fingers bleeding as he watches the fin disappear under.

NICK

You're doing great, Maya!!

UNDERWATER - SAME

Chasing Maya's KICKING FEET as Nick's voice filters down.

NICK (O.S.)

Kick! Keep kicking!!!

ANGLE - MAYA

BAWLING as she holds on with all her might -- squinched face blinded by the sharp salt water STABBING HARD at her eyes --

ANGLE - WATER

A school of SILVER FISH scatters as we chase a blur of toes --

ANGLE - NICK

Pulling Maya closer and closer, just five feet away when the grey fin slices right up behind her.

NICK

No...

Maya looks up -- locks eyes with Nick -- reads his fear --

MAYA

Nick?

WOOSH! A massive set of jaws break the surface behind her -- Nick closes his eyes -- THUNDEROUS CRUNCH OF BONES SNAPPING!

NICK

Maya...

Opens his eyes staring at the empty preserver skipping across the lake -- holding in vomit, he unclasps the rope and tosses it overboard -- his gaze holds on the water -- goodbye Maya.

Nick turns and staggers up to the front -- deep breath as he taps Sara -- shakes his head 'no' -- blank eyes and quivering lips -- registers -- looks over her shoulder -- Malik alone.

SARA

Maya?!

All she can not to lose it as she spins back to the wheel and WHAM! The boat is ROCKED again -- LOUD CRANKY GEARS GRIND!!

Nick spins -- black smoke pouring out the back -- quick to the stern -- bends and pops open the engine cover -- gas tank leaking -- oily track pouring across the water -- eyes lift up few feet -- spots the fin coming up quick behind them.

NICK

(over shoulder)

You got a lighter?!

Sara opens a drawer -- fingers rummaging -- screws, pins, pens -- finds a blue lighter -- grabs it and spins --

SARA

Here!

Throws it to him -- Nick catches it and turns back -- the fin five feet away and closing as he leans all the way over the rail -- shaky hands hovering above the water and -- FLICK!

ANGLE - WATER

We're just above the surface behind the boat as FLOOOSH! A bright orange flame is ripping across the water right at us!

ANGLE - NICK

Watching as the fire forces the fin to disappear back below --

SARA (O.S.)
I can't slow down!

NICK
Aim for the dock!

Nick COUGHS, squinting through billowing black plumes as...
The singed fin slowly slices back up.

EXT. SARA'S HOUSE - SAME

Blake, Gordon, Beth and Clancy perched on the shore -- Blake is holding a set of binoculars to his eyes.

BINOCULAR - POV

Cross-hairs scanning the water...left...right...left...

GORDON (O.S.)
Anything?

BLAKE (O.S.)
Nah, guess they--

Silenced by the smoky boat screaming right at them!

EXT. BOAT - A FEW LATER

Nick and Sara are standing over the side rail, backs to the water ready to jump off the out-of-control boat. Nick is propping up Malik and Sara is holding the cooler.

NICK
Wait... Wait...

Hot and fast heading toward the dock -- collision imminent --

NICK
Now!

Whoosh! They jump off just before SMASHING into the dock!

UNDERWATER

BOOSH-BOOOSH-BOOSH! We're below CLOUDY EXPLOSIONS as Nick, Malik and Sara cannonball down to the shallow sandy floor.

ANGLE - DOCK

The flaming wooden walkway splintering as the boat sinks.

ANGLE - WATER

Blake and Gordon already in the water helping Nick and Sara carry Malik toward the beach. Beth trembling, watching from shore -- looking around. Freezes. Face suddenly goes pale.

BETH
Where's Maya?

UNDERWATER - SAME

CHORUS OF WADING LEGS interrupted by Beth's PIERCING SCREAM!

INT. SARA'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

DOOR BUSTS OPEN as they carry Malik in past the kitchen, straight through the living room and right into the master...

BEDROOM

They set him down on the bed -- unconscious, labored breaths. Nick quick to his wound -- spins back to all --

NICK
We have to get someone out here!
(then)
Blake, gather up some branches...
whatever you can find and start
building a fire -- highest point on
the beach.

Blake nods and rushes out -- moment and Beth stumbles in -- SOBBING, body shaking, absolutely hysterical --

BETH
I gotta get outta here, get me
outta here...

SARA
Beth, please, you're not helping.

BETH
This a nightmare!

Sara turns to her -- two stern hands on her shoulders.

SARA

I know you're scared, but if you don't calm down I swear to christ I'm gonna slap those rings right off your goddamn lips.

BETH

It's your fault! You brought us--

WHACK! Sara slaps her across the face. Beth goes silent. As does the room. Nick rubbing his temples -- thinking, thinking -- anxious eyes over to Gordon --

NICK

Did you bring your alka seltzer?

GORDON

C'mon, Nick, this is no time for tummy troubles!
(off Nick; realizing)
Hell yeah, MacGyver's in the house!

SERIES OF SHOTS --

A SCISSOR cuts slits into the end of an empty PAPER TOWEL ROLL -- the roll is taped vertical to a DINNER PLATE -- a FILM CANNISTER is opened -- the film inside discarded -- RED FOOD COLORING pouring into the empty film cannister --

GORDON (V.O.)

Found 'em.

EXT. SARA'S HOUSE - BEACH - A FEW LATER

Dusk. Everyone circled around Nick as he kneels in the sand next to the paper towel tube -- he extends his palm out to Gordon who hands him two alka seltzer tablets.

Blake stands off to the side building a fire -- looks over -- shaking his head skeptical.

BLAKE

Why are we wasting time with these Boy Scout tricks!

NICK

Eagle Scout, actually.

BLAKE

What's the difference?!

Nick drops the tablets into the film cannister, SNAPS it closed and drops the canister into the tube.

NICK

This...

Moment and...WHAPOOOSH!

A rocket launches -- homemade distress flare -- we follow its luminous red tale streaking high across the greying sky...

EXT. MORRIS LAKE - SAME

A green PATROL TRUCK parked along the perimeter of the lake.

INT. PATROL TRUCK - SAME

Sheriff Sabin at the wheel blasting POISON'S 'Unskinny Bop'.

SABIN

(singing along)

*Unskinny bop, bop all night and day
Unskinny bop, bop, bop, bop...*

He closes his eyes for an air guitar solo -- the flare SOARS past overhead -- eyes open oblivious -- back to lead vocals.

EXT. SARA'S HOUSE - BEACH - HOURS LATER

A DISTRESS BONFIRE raging in the middle of the beach.

BLAKE (O.S.)

C'mon hold 'em steady!

Blake kneeling by the water -- REVEAL he is holding the SHOTGUN from above the fireplace -- two-hands aiming it out at the lake. Gordon standing behind him -- bent over holding BINOCULARS to Blake's eyes.

GORDON

I'm trying, I'm not used to this kind of male intimacy.

BINOCULARS - POV

Crystal clear GREEN CROSS-HAIRS scanning the water -- they sweep right -- sweep left -- sweep right and...pass a fin.

BLAKE (O.S.)

My eleven!

Crosshairs slowly sweep back left -- his 'eleven' is dead-on as we're now holding on the green fin thirty yards out. We hear the GUN COCK. KA-BOOM! Watching water EXPLODE! Clear.

BLAKE (O.S.)
We gotta get closer!

Blake brushes aside the binoculars -- amped up, adrenaline pumping as he takes a step into the water --

GORDON
Blake, stop! Stop!

Blake stops. Turns back. Strangling the gun -- wild eyes.

GORDON
Dude, you can't...you can't shoot underwater, it's too thick, the bullets won't go anywhere and you'll probably blow your hand off.

Blake stares at him -- then looks over at the battered dock -- jutting out about 20 yards -- the end of it is burnt, jagged.

BLAKE
Alright, c'mon...

Blake takes off toward the dock, beat and Gordon reluctantly follows -- side by side running across the hard wet sand --

BLAKE
I know I've seen guys blast sharks on TV before?

GORDON
I'm sure you have, and I'm sure they were using BANGSTICKS...

They stop at the pier. Moment and cautiously step onto the suspect wood -- walking slowly across the CREAKY PLANKS.

BLAKE
What stick?

GORDON
Bang. Bangstick. They're like long tubes with bullets inside...and they only fire when you slam 'em into sharks.

Gordon demonstrates -- two-hands stabbing down at the air.

UNDERWATER - SAME

We're underneath the dock tracking their feet across the shaky planks above -- reach the end of the dock and stop.

DOCK - SAME

Blake lying flat on his belly aiming the shotgun out at the water -- Gordon is lying right next to him -- again holding the binoculars up to Blake's eyes -- looking around himself --

BINOCULAR - POV

Cross hairs slowly sweeping right...left...passes the fin!

BLAKE (O.S.)
My two! On my two!!

Cross-hairs sweep back to his 'two' -- holding on the fin fifteen yards out -- sitting dead center in our sights and KABOOM! WATER EXPLODES! CHA-CHUNK! Moment and...KA-BOOM!

UNDERWATER - SAME

Another GUNSHOT and a FOUNDATION POLE shakes and splinters.

DOCK - SAME

Gordon sliding to his right and WHAM! His hand busts through the wood --- down to his elbow -- pulls it back up -- scared - - looking down at the water -- a strange ripple -- nerves --

GORDON
I'm not really feeling this, Blake.

Gordon puts down the binoculars, stands and starts quickly walking back down the pier -- Blake glares back at him --

BLAKE
What're you doing! I need your help! C'mon, man-up for once! We gotta kill this thing!!

On Gordon as he keeps walking -- without turning around --

GORDON
Let's just wait for help!

BLAKE (O.S.)
And what if nobody comes?! Huh?!
(then; screams)
What if it was Nick!!

Gordon stops. Slowly turns back around. Staring at Blake. Moment. Opens his mouth to answer and...

CRRRUUUNCH! The entire dock suddenly IMPLODES beneath Blake!

UNDERWATER

WHA-BOOOM! AVALANCHE OF HEAVY WOOD! Blake's face a panicked blur as he's immediately buried -- starts digging free -- but his left leg's completely trapped -- water level just above his head -- stretching for a breath -- straining for the...

SURFACE

Blake's panicked eyes breach the surface -- spots Gordon on the shore staring at him -- swallowing water as he screams --

BLAKE

Gordon! Plea--

ANGLE - SHORE

Gordon stands paralyzed watching Blake dip back under, frozen because there is a menacing fin thirty yards behind his head.

UNDERWATER - SAME

Ripping towards the LOUD PILE OF WOOD -- faster -- closer --

ANGLE - BLAKE

Can't get a clean breath -- head back -- nostrils poke the surface -- inhales -- snorts some water -- choking -- coughing -- brutal -- back under -- two hands to his leg --

ANOTHER ANGLE

Torpedoing toward Blake -- faster -- closer -- faster --

ANGLE - BLAKE

Desperately yanking his own leg -- eyes bulge staring at something -- almost out of breath -- EXPLODES HIS BUBBLES --

Planks of wood start flying off his leg -- two hands in a white muddy cloud -- Gordon frantically digging him free --

ANOTHER ANGLE

Ten feet from Gordon and Blake as we swallow the binoculars --

ANGLE - GORDON

Rips off the final plank, takes Blake's hand and pulls him up to his feet -- Blake clutching the shotgun with his other hand -- loses his slick grip and slips backwards -- SPLASH!

UNDERWATER

Blake BOMBS to the sand right in front of us -- jaws open as Blake spins and in a split-second-flash stabs a soulless black eye with the gun nozzle! BLURRY TAIL THRASHING as a familiar hand clamps Blake's wrist, yanks him up to the...

SURFACE

Gordon pulling Blake toward shore -- exhausted slogging the last few yards -- quicksand -- finally stumble onto the beach and stagger a few more feet where they both collapse HEAVING.

GORDON
Man enough for ya?

BLAKE
Thanks, fire pubes.

Exhausted, arm over and pats Gordon's head -- he nods 'you're welcome' -- hyperventilating -- eyes blink -- props up on his elbows -- looking out at the horizon -- was that a...light?

INT. SARA'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - SAME

Malik in bed on his back -- eyes closed, face drenched in sweat. Nick at his side fixing the tourniquet. ENTER Sara.

NICK
How's Beth?

SARA
Threatening to press charges before
the Xanax kicked in.

Nick nods, ties off a fresh knot and stands -- looks down at his bloody hands -- shakes his head -- unreal --

SARA
Gimme those.

Sara grabs clean a towel from the night stand. Nick holds out his hands -- she begins cleaning them off -- sensual -- wiping away -- Nick trying real hard not to enjoy it --

GORDON (O.S.)
Someone's here!

Their hands separate. Gordon out of breath in the doorway.

GORDON
There's a boat! Someone's here!

EXT. SARA'S HOUSE - A FEW LATER

Blake at the water's edge waving the shotgun SCREAMING at a BLINDING YELLOW HEADLIGHT -- Nick and Gordon flanking him.

BLAKE/NICK/GORDON
Here! Over here!!

KA-CHUNK!! A LOUD DIESEL ENGINE SHUTS DOWN and a creaky BLACK DIVING BOAT slowly creeps to shore. Seems like forever before a BLURRY FIGURE finally appears on deck.

BLURRY
Howdy boys.

BLAKE
Who's that?

Eyes finally adjust and BLURRY comes into focus. Red.

GORDON
The guy from the bait shop!

RED
That's right, little man...

He jumps off the boat -- SPLASH -- waist deep in the water.

RED
The guy from the bait shop.

Flashing those creepy teeth as he begins wading towards them.

LARGER FIGURE (O.S.)
Now, I'm insulted...

Eyes to a LARGER FIGURE on deck. Dennis Crim. He points a half-bottle of Jack down toward some floating dock scraps.

DENNIS
Y'all started partying without us?

SPLASH! He hops off, tethers his boat to a battered dock pole and starts slogging forward, swigging his sauce.

DENNIS
That's just unneighborly.

He passes Red the bottle as they meet at the water's edge. Both in wetsuits -- they step up onto the beach together.

NICK
Thank god you guys--

They brazenly breeze right past Nick, Blake and Gordon.

BLAKE (O.S.)
Yo!

Dennis and Red stop. Turn. The BONFIRE ROARING behind them.

BLAKE
The hell do you think you're doing?
Red smirks as Dennis bends to light a smoke.

DENNIS
Stopped by to tuck in the girls.
Nick steps forward -- hands up, peaceful --

NICK
Hey, I don't think you--

RED
Which room's senorita in?

BLAKE
You sonofabitch!

Blake raises the shotgun and points it at Red!

NICK
Easy, Blake!!! They don't
know...they don't know...

Calming him with his eyes. Blake slowly nodding...WHAM!
Dennis grabs the barrel -- rips the gun free -- sweep kicks
Blake's legs -- pins his chest with his bare foot and holds
the nozzle right between his terrified blue eyes. Beat.

DENNIS
BAM!

Blake jumps as Dennis' scarred face slowly tilts to Nick.

DENNIS
What don't we know, college boy?

Nick stares at him. Terrified. Trying to hide it.

NICK
Senorita's name? It's Maya.
(then; swallows)
And she's dead.

Nick's face. Too real. Dennis quickly sobers -- looks down at Blake and slowly moves the gun away from his face.

INT. SARA'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - A FEW LATER

Malik squirming in bed, sweating and GROANING. Sara sits by his side steadying a bag of ice on his head -- looks back --

SARA
You'll help us?

Dennis and Red in the doorway, shocked eyes down at Malik.

DENNIS
Jesus, of course.

RED
We'll take him to Manchac General.

Dennis frowns, Nick catches it.

NICK
What's the problem?

DENNIS
Manchac's a dump. They can't handle trauma like this -- he'll just end up sitting around for hours waiting to get transferred.
(then; pointed)
Trust me, I know.
(then)
We gotta get him to St. Francis.

RED
How's that faster?

DENNIS
They have Medivacs. We can go grab a signal and call 'em -- they'll be able to chopper out a surgeon within the hour.

Dennis surveys the group with his eyes --

SARA
Do it.

DENNIS
 Alright, let's haul ass Red.

VOICE (O.S.)
 Take me.

Beth. Red-eyed, zonked bedhead in the doorway.

BETH
 Please. I can't stay here.

CUT TO:

EXT. SARA'S HOUSE - BEACH - A FEW LATER

Beth and Sara hugging goodbye in the shadow of Dennis' boat.

SARA
 Are you sure? What if... I mean,
 you saw what it did to our boat.

RED (O.S.)
 Don't worry, ma'am.

Red leaning over the stern, listening as he pulls up a rope --

RED
 Safer than hell with this baby.

REVEAL tied to the rope's end is a black ELECTRONIC BOX.

RED
Shark Shield Mariner. Sends out
 paralyzing, electrical impulses.
 Can't get within 100 yards of us.

Sara concerned -- locks eyes with Dennis -- untying ropes.

DENNIS
 It works. Been using it for two
 years, haven't seen a fin.

Sara nods as Beth wades out to the boat -- Red takes her hand
 and helps guide her up the steps and aboard.

ANOTHER - ANGLE

Gordon swaggering down from the house -- Nick on his tail.

NICK
 When did you Mapquest your balls?

GORDON
C'mon, we can't send her alone,
these dudes are pretty sketch.

They stop by the water -- Gordon slyly flexes a bicep.

GORDON
Any problems?

NICK
Spine kick.

Gordon smiles, nods -- handshake -- Nick pats his head and pushes him out towards the boat where Red helps him aboard --

Sara walks over to Nick -- side by side quietly staring at Dennis climbing metal steps up toward his WHEELHOUSE --

SARA
Thanks, Dennis!

Dennis has a hand on the door -- pauses -- looks back.

DENNIS
You got it.

Smiles and disappears into the WHEELHOUSE. Moment and the BOAT FIRES UP and smoothly starts CHUGGING AWAY --

MALIK (V.O.)
Maya...

INT. SARA'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - SAME

Malik sitting up in bed -- face tight in a pained grimace, forehead raining sweat -- but alert and semi-coherent.

Blake next to him on the edge of the mattress, hand on knee.

BLAKE
How ya feelin', bro?

Malik looks down at his tourniquet/stump -- growls --

MALIK
Like a one-armed linebacker.

BLAKE
Nah, it's all good, we got a doc coming out, gonna humpty dumpty your ass back together.

Malik MOANS -- wound killing him -- manages a smile to Blake.

MALIK
She said yes.

Blake smiles -- pats Malik's leg.

BLAKE
Of course she did.

MALIK
Believe that? Half-a-man and she
still wants to marry me...
(then)
Where's...she at?

Blake's face drops -- assumed he knew. Stalling.

BLAKE
We're gonna...get you home tonight
and just...uh...just gonna...

No idea what he's saying, blinking back tears.

MALIK
Where is she?

BLAKE
She's...

Blake bites his lip -- fighting it -- can't speak.

MALIK
Blake... Look at me....

Blake slowly lifts his head -- wet eyes meet Malik's.

MALIK
I'm too tired to play...
(then; swallows hard)
Where is Maya?

Moment. All Blake can do is slowly shake his head 'no'.

BLAKE
I'm sorry.

Malik closes his eyes and releases a GUTTURAL MOAN -- loud
and long -- his agonizing cry BLEEDS into the sound of...

EXT. MORRIS LAKE - ESTABLISHING

Dennis' black diving boat CREAKING across the lake.

INT. DENNIS' BOAT - WHEELHOUSE - SAME

Dennis alone in the WHEELHOUSE -- two hands on the wheel -- pitch black but for the cigarette dangling from his lips.

BOAT DECK - SAME

Red standing on deck below the wheelhouse sipping a beer and staring at Gordon and Beth who are sitting side by side on a cold metal bench. Windy, wet mist slamming them. Freezing.

GORDON

We really appreciate the help, Red.

No response as Red just keeps slugging his beer -- beady eyes glued tight to Beth's chest as he tosses his empty overboard.

UNDERWATER

The aluminum beer can lands right above us -- PING! LOUD METALLIC VIBRATIONS sent echoing out across the water.

BOAT DECK - SAME

Red CRACKS another beer. Gordon nervously CLEARS his throat.

GORDON

I would never question your strategy or...your dentist...but won't that...attract the shark?

Red ignores, holding on Beth as he POUNDS the beer -- she feels his eyes, arms tight across her chest, staring down.

Red finishes the beer, locks eyes with Gordon and tosses the empty can over his shoulder.

UNDERWATER

The can hits the water and PING! Louder this time. Closer.

EXT. SARA'S HOUSE - SAME

Nick and Sara sitting side by side on the beach. Warm bonfire CRACKLING beside them as they watch Clancy dig.

NICK

I can't stop...seeing her face.

SARA

Maya?

Nick nods, SIGHS, picks up a small stick and tosses it.

NICK
I shouldn't have let her on.

SARA
You couldn't have stopped her.

Moment and Clancy trots over with the stick in his mouth, drops it at Nick's hands. He tosses it again.

NICK
I coulda jumped in.

SARA
And now you'd both be...gone. Don't play this game, Nick, you can't win and trust me...
(then)
It never ends.

Nick nods as Clancy brings the stick back.

NICK
(then; SIGHS)
We had to meet like this.

Nick gives it another toss -- Clancy chases after.

SARA
What does that mean?

NICK
I dunno, I just... I hope...

Head to the sand -- difficult --

NICK
Maybe when we get outta here, if you want...maybe...we could...do something...ya know, go somewhere.

Moment. He looks up. She's smiling at him.

SARA
Yeah? Where ya gonna take me? Rome? Paris?

NICK
Or...I was thinking we could check out Mini-Kiss at the Waterfront.
(off her)
The all midget Kiss tribute band?

Breaking the tension -- she LAUGHS --

SARA
Oh my god...

NICK
No? More of a laser tag girl?

SARA
Nick, you are sooo crushing on me
right now!

NICK
What?! No, no... I'm just...

She puts her hand on his -- walks her fingers up his wrist.

SARA
C'mon, admit it?
(then)
A lil' bit?

NICK
I-- I guess.

Sara's face suddenly goes ice cold -- chilly eyes.

SARA
Well, stop.

EXT. MORRIS LAKE - SAME

Dennis' black boat CHURNING across the water.

EXT. DENNIS' BOAT - SAME

Red still glued to Beth's chest.

BETH
My eyes are up here.

RED
Oh, I know where your eyes are.

Continues staring at her breasts. Gordon leans down.

GORDON
Let's try and keep it clean, huh?

Red waves his head out of the way. Beth SIGHS annoyed.

RED.
Almost there, sweetie.

KA-THUNK! The boat jerks. ENGINE BACKFIRES. Once, twice...
Dead. WHAM! Eyes to the WHEELHOUSE DOOR as it SLAMS OPEN!

DENNIS

Damnitt!

Dennis two-at-a-time down the metal wheelhouse steps --
storms to the middle of the deck, slides aside a large metal
camera case, pulls open a hatch and disappears below deck.

EXT. SARA'S HOUSE - BEACH - SAME

Nick and Sara alone by the fire. Quiet. Long.

NICK

I'm sorry. I didn't mean to...

He looks at her. Pained green eyes right back at him.

SARA

You don't wanna know me, Nick.

(then)

The last guy who did...

She trails off.

NICK

Dennis.

SARA

Somebody's been paying attention.

NICK

What happened?

Sara's eyes down to the water -- watching the surf roll in.

SARA

Opossum pipefish...

Closes her eyes -- hears the SURF -- a FAMILY LAUGHING...

EXT. GULF OF MEXICO - DAY - THREE YEARS EARLIER

Sunny. Crowded beach. A LAUGHING FAMILY. Next to them is a
bikini-clad Sara Palski (17) sitting on a towel. Reading.

SARA (V.O.)

I mean...I'm not dumb...

She lifts her head from the book -- sunglasses down to the sand -- a tan, muscular, beach god in board shorts walking by the water -- alone -- head down fiddling with a camera -- long sun-blond hair masking his face -- cigarette hanging from his lips -- oblivious of the countless gawking women --

SARA (V.O.)
*I know it's a total cliché, falling
 for the blonde, rebel beach guy...*

Still fiddling with his camera as he walks past Sara -- pauses -- lifts his head REVEALING pre-scar Dennis Crim -- insanely handsome -- blue-eyes laser in on Sara -- smiles.

SARA (V.O.)
But, I was only seventeen...

EXT. MORRIS LAKE - DENNIS' HOUSE - THREE YEARS AGO

Red light. Chemical trays. Recently developed photographs hang dripping from a clothes line running across the ceiling.

Each photograph captures a unique, gorgeous sea creature -- a Golden Croaker, a school of Red Drum, a Spotted Sea Trout.

SARA (V.O.)
And he knew how to work that...

Dennis and Sara in the tiny darkroom -- close, intimate -- Dennis explaining his work to Sara as she listens impressed.

INT. SARA'S HOUSE - THREE YEARS AGO

A red lamp sits next to a black phone on an end table. A Tulane acceptance letter sits beside the lamp.

SARA (V.O.)
*Three summers we were inseparable.
 But. I was going to school, and he
 was never leaving the water. So...*

We hear Sara choke up as a hand picks up the phone, dialing.

SARA (V.O.)
I broke it off.

EXT. SANIBEL ISLAND - FLORIDA - THREE YEARS AGO

An empty skiff with an outboard motor bobbing in open water.

SARA (V.O.)
We went diving off Sanibel a couple days before I left, just to say goodbye, whatever -- and we're down there messing around...

UNDERWATER - SAME

Sara in full scuba gear -- alone -- smiling as she watches a school of shiny red fish swim by -- face suddenly squinches --

SARA (V.O.)
We're under for like ten minutes when all a sudden...I couldn't breathe. Tank gauge was wrong...

Sara looks at her tank gauge -- full -- nervous eyes across the water and spots Dennis, 100 yards away with his back to her -- holding breath, she frantically starts swimming over --

SARA (V.O.)
I swam over, gave him the signal...

SMASH TO:

EXT. SARA'S HOUSE - BEACH - PRESENT

Sara slicing her hand back and forth across her throat. Nick quietly listening, absolutely captivated --

SARA
*He raised his hand...I thought he was gonna share some oxygen...but he just...pushed me out of the way so he could get a clear shot of...
 (beat; hard)
 An opossum pipefish.*

NICK
Jesus, that's...horrible.

EXT. SANIBEL ISLAND - THREE YEAR AGO

Skiff bobbing quietly. Suddenly Sara's head pops up -- rips her mask off GASPING -- furious, pulls herself into the boat.

SARA (V.O.)
Somehow I made it up to the surface, hopped in our skiff, spun away to leave him there and...

Sara pull-starts the motor -- hand on the tiller looking ahead -- beat and her head spins back -- eyes bulging with horror -- hand to her mouth as it opens to SCREAM...

SMASH TO:

EXT. SARA'S HOUSE - PRESENT

Quiet. Sara staring at Nick. Long. Then, matter-of-factly:

SARA
And I ripped open his face with the propeller.

Dead silence.

SARA
America's sweetheart.

NICK
It was an accident, Sara.

SARA
But, I never visited him in the hospital...and that was on purpose.
(then)
Still wanna take me somewhere?

Nick hurts just staring at her -- so wounded, so vulnerable, cups a soft hand to her cheek, opens his mouth to answer --

BLAKE (O.S.)
He's gone!

Moment broken -- Blake frantically out the door.

BLAKE
Malik's gone!!

Nick hops up -- head on a swivel looking around the beach.

NICK
What?! What happened?!

BLAKE
I dunno, he knocked my ass out!

He points to a large welt on his forehead.

EXT. SARA'S HOUSE - BACK BEACH - A FEW LATER

A large familiar body standing ankle deep -- his back to us --

NICK (O.S.)

Malik?

Nick walking down the beach toward him -- Malik slowly spins around -- blood smeared across his face like war paint.

NICK

What're you doing?

What he's doing is holding a twelve foot DIVING SPEAR.

MALIK

West Baltimore, rules. You take one of mine, I take one of yours.

Dead serious. Malik turns -- starts wading out deeper.

NICK

C'mon, Malik, don't be crazy!

(then)

Malik! Get outta the water!!

Nick SPLASHES out after him -- hand on his shoulder -- Malik spins back and in the same motion BELTS Nick in the face!

UNDERWATER

Nick CRASHES below as Malik's WARBLLED YELL filters down.

MALIK (O.S.)

I'm gonna kill it, Nick!

Nick pushes himself up off the sandy floor back to the...

SURFACE

Hand to throbbing jaw, staring into Malik's desperate eyes.

MALIK

I have to.

NICK

No you don't, Gordon and Beth are on their way to get help.

MALIK

Maya's dead!

Nick drops his head.

NICK

I know.

MALIK

Nah, you don't know, Nick. You got a nice G.P.A. but you don't know a damn thing about this.

(then)

She was my life.

NICK

I'm sorry.

Malik nods, swallows a lump.

MALIK

I like you man, but you need to take your ass back inside.

Malik stares at him. Hard. Moment, turns and starts back out into the water. Nick left grasping, YELLS after:

NICK

How are you gonna find it?!

MALIK

I'm not....

Malik lifts the spear -- thick fishing line tied to the tip --

MALIK

It's gonna find me.

Holds it high out of the water REVEALING his lure to be...

His own severed arm.

NICK

Noooo!

SPLASH! Malik drops it back into the water.

UNDERWATER

The arm dangles -- scent of death spreading.

EXT. MORRIS LAKE - SAME

Dennis' black fishing boat bobbing in the calm, dark water.

EXT. DENNIS' BOAT - SAME

WHAM! FLOOR HATCH OPENS and Dennis reappears up the steps.

DENNIS

Thought we snagged six cookies?

RED
We did. Four were too small.

DENNIS
The other two ready to roll?

RED
Yup. Gimme five minutes.

Dennis nods, good -- bends and lights a smoke. Gordon and Beth watching from the bench -- scared and confused -- moment and Gordon suddenly hops to his feet -- annoyed --

GORDON
C'mon, guys, what're we doing?

Dennis spins fast -- orange cigarette tip framing his scar.

DENNIS
Sit down.

Whoa. New tone. New person. Gordon sits back down beside an anxious Beth who's scanning the boat deck -- she spots a small bait knife protruding from underneath a camera case.

GORDON
(nervous)
Five minutes... 'till what, Red?

Red stares at them both -- flashes those creepy triangles --

RED
'Till showtime.

EXT. SARA'S HOUSE - SAME

Malik stands waist deep -- arm cocked high holding the spear.

MALIK
C'mon...

A blur FLASHES past his leg. He spins. Nothing. Spins back as a fin slices up ten yards behind him -- he doesn't see it.

UNDERWATER - SAME

We're navigating through a meteor shower of blood droplets, rocketing towards their source -- the dangling severed arm.

SURFACE

Paranoid Malik JUMPS NERVOUS as a BUBBLE POPS by his side.

MALIK
The hell you at...

UNDERWATER

An ominous shadow coming toward us -- closer -- faster -- clearer -- an iconic barbell-shaped head sweeping side to side like a metal detector -- zigzagging back and forth as it casually closes in on the scent of Malik's arm -- this is not a Bull Shark -- this is a terrifying six foot HAMMERHEAD.

SURFACE

Malik staring hard at the water, feeling it -- anxious fingers re-gripping the wooden spear handle just as...

MALIK
C'mon...

The Hammerhead zips right past his knees -- Malik pounces --

MALIK
Ahhhhhhhhh!

PRIMAL SCREAM as he DRILLS the spear straight through its tail fin -- violent torso convulsions -- a mini-tsunami --

MALIK
AHHHHHHHH!!!

Trying to hold on but the shark's too strong -- RIPS the handle loose --

UNDERWATER

We're swimming right behind the wounded shark -- keeping pace with the spear still lodged through its tail --

SURFACE

Malik weaponless, slogging back to shore, one arm pumping as the SPEAR HANDLE pops up like a periscope behind him, starts chasing -- Malik spots it over his shoulder, slogs faster.

UNDERWATER

But this shark has the taste, closing in without caution -- torpedoing right at his legs -- slowly opens its jaws and...

SURFACE

Malik SCREAMS in agony as he falls backwards into the water.

UNDERWATER

Malik on his ass blinded by a mud cloud -- waving his hand frantic -- vision clears just in time to see lifeless black eyes closing in fast -- the Hammerhead now on top of him --

Shovel head pinning his chest to the sand -- quickly vacuuming up toward his neck -- freaky jaws crack open wide --

Malik frees a shoulder, cocks his right fist and WHUMP! unleashes a powerful hook into the left eye of the shark -- the Hammerhead immediately spins away -- Malik manages to grab the spear handle -- leverages himself back up to the...

SURFACE

Hard tug and the spear dislodges -- he holds it up high --

MALIK
Here we--AHHH!

Bit again, he SCREAMS -- drops face first into the water --

UNDERWATER

On his stomach -- shark at eye level -- angry -- coming right at us -- Malik spots the spear -- reaches for it -- too far -- shark closer -- reaching -- closer -- grabs it -- stands -- exhausted -- summons all he has left to raise it high and...

Drills the beast right between the eyes -- WE SEE FLASHES of spastic shark siezuring at his waist -- teeth and fins -- bucking hard -- WATER EXPLODING EVERYWHERE!

But Malik holds on as the thrashing slows, slows... Stops.

He bends exhausted -- leaning heavy on the spear -- catching his breath as vengeful eyes stare daggers at the vanquished Hammerhead shark floating quiet in the lake. Dead.

MALIK (V.O.)
What'd I'd tell ya, Nick?

EXT. SARA'S HOUSE - A FEW LATER

Still on the Hammerhead, but now it's up on the beach beside the bonfire. Sara standing over it. Speechless.

MALIK (O.S.)
I killed it...

Malik on his back in the sand. Bad shape. Nick at his side, bandaging his calf -- FLASH of a triangular wound.

NICK
West Baltimore rules, buddy.

Nick looks over at Sara -- they exchange a frightened glance.

NICK
Pressure, Blake.

Blake nods as Nick stands and walks to Sara -- kneels -- the two hovering side by side over the fresh shark carcass.

NICK
Six foot Hammerhead.

SARA
And the one we saw...

NICK
Was an eight foot Bull.

SARA
Two sharks?

NICK
Impossible. I mean, I know it's salt water, so I know they can survive...but, still...how did they get in here?

SARA
Hurricane season they open the floodgates under I-5...all that gulf water pouring in...maybe they snuck through somehow...

Nick's curious fingers performing an autopsy -- lifting, poking, prodding -- he reaches under the pectoral fin -- pauses -- raised brow as he pulls back his fist...

NICK
Or, maybe...

Turns the fist over and slowly opens his palm REVEALING...

A tiny video camera. He looks up at Sara.

NICK
Someone put them here.

EXT. MORRIS LAKE - NIGHT

Dennis' black boat sits bobbing in the water.

EXT. DENNIS' BOAT - SAME

Dark. Quiet but for LAKE WATER LAPPING against the wooden hull. Gordon and Beth alone on the metal bench. Beth suddenly jumps up -- sprints across to the camera case.

GORDON
(loud whisper)
Beth?!

She bends and grabs the BAIT KNIFE, slips it in her back pocket -- sprints back and sits just as WHAM! The HATCH OPENS -- Red appears up the steps, back on deck. He closes the hatch -- cups his mouth up to the wheelhouse:

RED
We're rollin'!

Dennis' bare feet slow down the wheelhouse ladder -- he strolls to the bench -- bends and lights a smoke.

DENNIS
Now you can stand.

GORDON
Me?

DENNIS
Yeah. I need some help.

Gordon hesitates, slowly stands.

GORDON
What can I do?

Dennis inhales deep -- his jagged scar glowers bright.

DENNIS
Get in the water.

Gordon nervously CHUCKLES.

GORDON
What?

Dennis exhales a cloud of smoke right in his face.

DENNIS
Get in the water.

Gordon starts COUGHING -- Beth SNAPS, explodes to her feet.

BETH
 Alright, enough--

Dennis suddenly reaches behind his back, pulls a .44 from his wetsuit waistband and BAM! Shoots Gordon in the left thigh!

GORDON
 Aaaaaaaaa!!!

Beth SHRIEKS as Gordon drops to the deck SCREAMING. Dennis grabs Gordon's hair and RIPS him right back up to his feet.

BETH
 Get off him!

Beth starts punching Dennis -- Red grabs her from behind, clenches her mouth tight silencing her down to her knees.

Dennis drags the pained, petrified, bloody Gordon to the side of the boat, throws him hard against the metal rail and presses the steel tip of his pistol deep into his forehead.

DENNIS
 Get. In. The. Water.

GORDON
 There's a... There's a...

Dennis COCKS THE HAMMER --

DENNIS
 Shark?

Dennis smiles, drops the gun, picks Gordon up with both hands and tosses his SCREAMING, flailing body overboard -- SPLASH!!

UNDERWATER - SAME

KA-POOSH! Gordon's body sinking like a cannonball -- arms pinwheeling to reverse course -- slows his descent -- turns -- eyes bulge wide -- hands up over his face SCREAMING as a dark shadow closes in -- faster -- closer -- darker and... BLACK.

BLAKE (V.O.)
 How long's he got?

NICK (V.O.)
 Hour.

INT. SARA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - SAME

BLACK. Eyes flutter open. Malik's. Lying on the sofa. Ghastly face. Blank stare. Perilously close to death.

Nick and Blake hovering over him.

NICK

Tops.

Blake nods. Nick ambles over to the kitchen table where Sara sits scrubbing clean the camera -- starts petting Clancy --

BLAKE (O.S.)

Wait!

Blake quickly over -- spark in his eye --

BLAKE

The jet ski!

SARA

What about it?

BLAKE

We can tie Malik to my back and I'll take him across.

NICK

The sharks, Blake.

BLAKE

The shark's dead.

Nick shakes his head 'no'. Sara puts a soft hand on his arm.

SARA

There're more out there.

BLAKE

So, what? It's midnight, they're probably sleeping.

NICK

Blake, they never sleep and they never stop moving.

BLAKE

How fast is the jet ski?

NICK

You're not hearing me, Blake. Their senses are insane. They'll smell his blood, they'll hear the motor, they'll feel the electrical--

BLAKE

How goddamn fast!!

SARA
It gets up around sixty.

NICK
You gotta subtract at least ten miles an hour if you're carrying Malik.

BLAKE
Fine. How fast do sharks swim?

NICK
I dunno...fastest ones can probably get up around fifty.

Blake trying to do the math in his head. Nick helps.

NICK
It's a dead heat.

The words hang there. Heavy. Blake looks over at Malik.

EXT. MORRIS LAKE - SAME

Dennis' black boat sits bobbing in the water.

EXT. DENNIS' BOAT - DECK - SAME

Red stands clutching a hysterical Beth from behind. Dennis standing in front of her -- expressionless.

BETH
Who are you freaks?!

DENNIS
Bra and panties.

BETH
Screw you. Screw both of--

Dennis SIGHS, slowly reaching behind his back...

BETH
Okay! Okay-okay-okay!!!

Hands shaking as she slowly peels off her shirt -- humiliating -- unbuttons her tiny jean shorts, bends to pull them down and with surprising speed she pulls the bait knife from the pocket, spins and STABS Red in the left shoulder!

RED
Ahhh!!

Dennis LAUGHS as she turns to run -- Red grabs her arm -- yanks her back hard as he pulls the knife out -- furious, he brings the blade tight to her throat --

DENNIS

Red?

Red GROANS -- eyes pleading with Dennis --

DENNIS

Don't worry, scars build character.

Red reluctantly drops the knife as Beth stares at Dennis.

BETH

What are you...gonna do to me?

Dennis just quietly ogles her. Quite the sight -- shivering in her black bra and panties. Red still clutching her tight from behind -- leans close to her ear -- hot breath --

RED

We're gonna make you a star.

Dennis bends and lights a smoke -- up and smiles at her.

DENNIS

You know how many species of sharks there are?

She shakes 'no' as he stops inches away -- slowly inhales.

DENNIS

350. A lot, right. Believe me, I know, been filming 'em forever -- bulls, nurses, lemons, threshers... and I'm only up to...how many Red?

RED

Forty-five as of yesterday.
(then)
But...

Again leans close to Beth's ear -- creepy whisper --

RED

We went diving this morning.

Beth shudders as Dennis winks at her.

DENNIS

Let's meet forty-six.

EXT. SARA'S HOUSE - SHORE - SAME

Blake and Malik at the edge of the water sitting back-to-back on a badass silver Yamaha FZR WaveRunner.

Nick looping thick rope around their chests, tethers them tight, finishes the knot and steps out of the shallow water.

Sara shakes them around a little, Malik glued to his back.

NICK
Gimme your watch.

BLAKE
Why?

NICK
You wanna be shark chow? They're attracted to anything shiny.

Blake unclasps the watch and hands it over.

NICK
Try and keep it pinned and...

BLAKE
Keep the moon on my left shoulder,
I got it, I got it.

Blake fires her up -- yellow headlight lasers out ahead. Sara over and pecks his cheek. Nick follows up with a fist.

BLAKE
Hey, bro, sorry about earlier, I--

NICK
We'll hug it out on the other side,
Blake. Just get him across.

Blake nods as they bump fists. Nick pats Malik goodbye and...VROOOM! The WaveRunner rockets out across the water.

EXT. MORRIS LAKE - SAME

Dennis' boat sits bobbing in black water.

EXT. DENNIS' BOAT - SAME

Near-naked Beth stands shaking at the edge of a sauna-sized opening in the middle of the boat's deck -- eyes down to the water below -- black but for FLASHES OF FLUORESCENT GREEN.

BETH
What is that?!

Hands across her bra SHIVERING as she looks over at Dennis sitting in the shadows, casually holding his gun on her.

DENNIS
Pretty, huh? Called photophores.
Cells that produce light...

Dennis opens a filthy bait cooler at his feet -- pulls out a thigh sized chunk of bloody bait -- tosses it in the hatch --

DENNIS
Unique to *Isistius brasiliensis*.
Or, more commonly known as...
(then; smiles)
The COOKIECUTTER SHARK.

Blood drains from Beth's face --

UNDERWATER - SAME

The bloody bait slowly sinking -- green shadow heading toward it -- we're now CLOSE ON A COOKIECUTTER SHARK -- brown and just a foot long, looks like an ugly cigar -- you have never seen a creature like this -- it's suctional lips attach to the bait as large serrated teeth clamp hard into the meat.

DENNIS (O.S.)
You know what else is weird about 'em? They swallow their own teeth. Only way they can get calcium...

Moment and with teeth still embedded the shark's body quickly spins 360 degrees removing a cookie-shaped plug of flesh.

DENNIS (O.S.)
Because their regular diet is nothing more than skin, blubber...

ANGLE - BOAT

Dennis sits staring at Beth -- smirks --

DENNIS
And flesh.

Beth still processing as she spots Red storming toward her.

BETH
No!

He grabs her face and squeezes her mouth shut -- violently pushes her back toward the open water and KA-SPLASH!!

UNDERWATER - SAME

Beth's arms and legs windmill as she torpedoes below -- something stops her descent -- she looks down -- fishing net below her toes -- moment and a GREEN MASS bumps her --

She SCREAMS BUBBLES -- panicking, swims left -- more net -- bumped again -- swims right -- more net -- out of breath --

SURFACE

Dennis and Red stand side by side quietly staring down at the water. Moment and...BOOSH! Beth's face pops up GASPING!

BETH

Lemme out!

They look at each other and...begin SADISTICALLY LAUGHING!

UNDERWATER - SAME

A Cookiecutter closes in on Beth -- attaches its lips to the back of her thigh -- her arm swings down to bat it away --

Meanwhile another one sucks onto her back -- she frantically reaches for it -- straining, straining -- so close --

And just as the Cookiecutter's body begins to spin --

BETH (O.S.)

AHHHHHHH!!!!

BOAT DECK - SAME

Dennis and Red getting off on Beth's agonizing SCREAMS.

BETH

AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!

UNDERWATER

Beth back under battling a cookiecutter away with one hand -- the other hand into her bra -- moment fidgeting and she pulls her hand out REVEALING a sharp, lightning bolt NIPPLE RING --

She begins sawing net with it -- running out of breath -- cutting -- cutting -- small hole -- squeezing through -- tight -- squirming -- slips free and works her way to the...

SURFACE

Beth pops up gasping behind the boat -- hyperventilating in the cold night water -- KA-CHUNK! Spotlight spits out from the boat -- quickly sweeping towards her -- she grabs a deep breath and ducks back...

UNDERWATER

Holding her breath watching the spotlight pass overhead -- waiting, waiting -- spins to swim away and...freezes --

BETH'S POV

A six foot GOBLIN SHARK heading right at her -- lean pink torso, shovel-shaped head, long nose and...tiny RED LIGHTS under each pectoral fin thanks to the two clamped cameras.

INT. DENNIS' BOAT - WHEELHOUSE - SAME

Dennis and Red hunched over a laptop WHOOPING it up over the sound of VICIOUS CHOMPING -- we creep over their shoulders for a quick peek catching FLASHES of arms, legs, hair and fingers before the screen is wiped out by a cloud of red.

EXT. SARA'S HOUSE - SAME

Red. Then blue. Sirens FLASHING above the LAKE PATROL BOAT.

ANGLE - SHORE

Nick and Sara at the water's edge eagerly waiting as Sheriff Sabin wades to shore -- he's knee deep, carrying a thermos.

SABIN

What's shaking, kids?

Out the water and onto the beach -- Nick and Sara swarm him.

SARA

They just left!

NICK

We need your radio!

SABIN

Whoa-whoa-whoa... What?

Moment. Nick and Sara look at each other. Then Sabin.

NICK

Who sent you?

SABIN

That.

Sabin points up at the bonfire.

INT. SARA'S HOUSE - A FEW LATER

Sheriff Sabin sitting at the kitchen table -- furrowed brow down to the small camera he's rolling around in his hands.

SABIN

This was on a friggan shark?!

Nick and Sara sitting across from him. Both nod. Thermos on the table. Nick is scarfing down a bowl of Sabin's soup.

Sabin places the camera down on the table -- spins it.

NICK'S POV

Watching the camera spinning 360 -- fast and forever -- finally stops -- the label staring Nick right in the face.

AXIOM

Moment and Nick drops his spoon -- punched in the stomach.

NICK

Dennis. Denis and Red. I saw a closet of these at *The Binnacle*.

Sara buries her face in her hands. Realizing...

SARA

Beth and Gordon.

Concern washes over Sabin's face -- rips the radio from his belt and brings it to his mouth as he rushes toward the door.

SABIN

L.M. Sabin we got a possible 10-66.

And he's gone. Quiet. Then a LOUD CRACK OF THUNDER!

EXT. MORRIS LAKE - ESTABLISHING

Lighting FLASHES as the sky opens up -- TORRENTIAL DOWNPOUR.

EXT. WAVERUNNER - SAME

Blake and Malik SKIPPING across the water -- Blake's hand pinning the throttle as RAINDROPS stab hard at his eyes.

UNDERWATER

We're swimming just below the POUNDING RAINDROPS chasing the GROWING ROAR of the WaveRunner engine.

ANGLE - BLAKE

Eyes to the speedometer -- needle straining to hold at 45.

BLAKE

You still with me, Malik?

Peek over his shoulder -- comforted by a slow thumbs up.

ANGLE - MALIK

Limp head bobbing while glassy eyes stare down at the water -- peaceful rhythm until... A fin slices up ten yards in front of him -- eyes widen as he stares at the menacing triangle glowing red from the taillight --

MALIK

No...

His lone hand lifts to the knot -- begins untying -- fingers working furiously as...a loose end drops to the water.

UNDERWATER

Right below the WaveRunner's wake listening to the amplified WUMP-WUMP-WUMP of the rope tip skipping fast above us.

ANGLE - MALIK

Watching helplessly as the fin keeps pace right between his legs -- close enough to touch -- another loop undone and the rope slacks -- Malik begins slowly sliding underneath it.

MALIK

Won't...take you...with me...

Malik closes his eyes and makes the sign of the cross -- calm smile and slowly falls forward just as JAWS BREAK THE WATER!

ANGLE - BLAKE

Forced to hold tight as the WaveRunner suddenly explodes forward -- eyes to the speedometer -- needle catapults to 70?

BLAKE

Malik?

Crane his neck back over his shoulder --

BLAKE

Nooo!!!!

No Malik. Disbelief staring at HEAVY RAINDROPS bouncing off chunky dark water -- he swings his devastated eyes back to the road -- headlight punches another ISLAND HOUSE in the near distance -- he shakes his head -- fighting back tears --

BLAKE

So close, Malik... We were--

WHAM!! The WaveRunner BUMPED SPINNING 180 -- Blake holds on, regains control and throttles back around toward the island.

BLAKE

C'mon, c'mon...

Blake pinning it as the fin slices up to his left -- angling to cut him off -- two path's converging -- closer -- closer -- three feet away as Blake stands, pulls back the handlebars and VOOSH! SKIPS OFF TORSO catching HUGE AIR!

WHAM! Lands hard and steadies -- cuts back toward the island -- fin now angling from his right -- Blake again stands, pulls back the handlebars and VROOM! MONSTER AIR as they criss-cross again -- WHAM! lands and steadies -- island close -- shreds left towards it -- desperate fin knifing to cut him off -- gonna take another pass -- closer -- Blake stands --

WHOOOSH! Flash of blue torso as a six foot MAKO SHARK launches out of the water tackling Blake off the WaveRunner!

WE HOLD on the unpiloted WaveRunner as it continues up the beach, SMASHES into a tree and EXPLODES into a FIREBALL!

ANGLE - WATER

Blake pops up GASPING -- spots the fireball, drops his head and starts for it -- strong, smooth, fast -- a blur of athleticism as he closes in on the outstretched dock.

UNDERWATER

Zippering towards Blake's dolphin-like body -- closer, closer --

SURFACE

Blake reaches the end of the dock -- hands to the ledge -- pulling himself up -- slips hard -- SPLASH!!

UNDERWATER

Blake working back to the surface -- spots the nine hundred pound Mako Shark closing in -- mouth extended beyond its large dark eyes creating the illusion of an evil grin.

SURFACE

Blake HEAVING -- hands to the ledge, again pulling himself up -- wet wood -- fingers slipping -- fighting it --

UNDERWATER

We're closing in fast on Blake's squirming lower body.

SURFACE

Blake manages to work himself up onto the dock -- safe at last -- bends, hands to his knees catching his breath as he stares down at the water -- moment and turns to walk away.

VOOOSH! The Mako rainbows out of the water right at us --

BLAKE'S POV

A flash of long, curved, serrated teeth --

ANOTHER ANGLE

We're above the lake watching the massive Mako rip Blake right off the dock -- SPLASH! -- SURPRISED SCREAM as he's pulled under water. Then silence. Raindrops. Done.

INT. SARA'S HOUSE - SAME

Nick and Sara at the kitchen table zipping up duffel bags -- front door SLAMS OPEN as soaking wet Sabin barrels back in.

NICK

Any luck?

SABIN

Nothin' on your friends, but Fish and Game's puttin' eyes on the drink and Manchac PD's sittin' cars at the piers. If Dennis and Red are out there? They'll find 'em.

(then)

Alright, let's roll.

Nick and Sara start for the door -- Nick suddenly stumbles left -- surprised hand to the table to steady himself.

SARA
Nick?

NICK
Yeah...

Tries to walk again and his legs give out -- Sabin and Sara quickly over -- help him back down into the chair.

SABIN
Easy, easy...

SARA
You okay?

NICK'S POV

Sara's lips start melting -- her words begin spilling out slow and WARBLY -- record on the wrong speed.

SARA
Areee youuu Oookayyyy?

Psychosis intensifying -- colors begin bleeding, the ceiling starts bending -- world spinning -- futilely fighting sanity.

NICK
Sara--

Glassy eyes staring at her and WHAM! Nick's head SLAMS DOWN on the table. Out cold.

SARA
Nick!

Sabin lifts his head -- stabilizing as he takes his pulse.

SABIN
Breathing's normal...I think he just fainted.
(then)
C'mon, grab his legs.

Sabin hooks his hands under Nick's armpits and lift him out of the chair -- Sara picks up his legs and they carry him into the living room -- carefully set him down on the couch.

SARA
Nick?

Soft hand to his cheek, props another pillow under his head.

SABIN
He'll be fine...

Clancy into the room GROWLING -- jumps up to Sabin's chest.

SABIN
Whoa, boy!

SARA
Down, Clancy!
(then)
Sorry, he's crazy today.

SABIN
Probably smells one of my pugs.

Sabin smiles -- pushes Clancy down to the floor. Clancy jumps up again -- Sabin pushes him harder --

SARA'S POV

Watching him push Clancy down to the carpet -- her eyes move to Sabin's left foot -- a spec of blood bounces off his boot -- she follows a line up to his wrist -- jutting a few inches past his sleeve cuff -- just far enough for Sara to see...

A triangular incision, identical to the one on Malik's calf.

This is a fresh shark bite.

Sara freezes. Trying to hold it together as he continues playing with Clancy -- deep breath -- thinking, thinking --

SARA
I'm gonna...get Nick a water, you want anything?

SABIN
Shot of bourbon.

Sara 'laughs' as she walks past him into the...

KITCHEN

Nervous gasp of air as she drops the facade -- eyes to the thermos and the empty soup bowl in front of Nick's chair -- closes her eyes -- moment and moves to a drawer -- quietly opens it -- silverware tray -- lifts a monster steak knife.

She turns and starts back toward the LIVING ROOM -- clutching the knife behind her back -- Sabin bent away from her playing with Clancy -- steps closer -- closer -- raising the knife...

WHOOSH! A large hand suddenly grabs her wrist from behind as another hand violently clamps down over her mouth!

VOICE (O.S.)
Just saved your ass, Greg.

Sabin spins -- Dennis Crim is clutching Sara from behind.

SABIN
Rock and roll, partner!

Sara fighting to break free as Sabin steps in front of her.

SABIN
Honestly? If you could just get past the whole 'who ripped who's face off' thing. You two would make an absolutely adorable couple.

Sara bites Dennis's finger -- he screams, loses his grip -- free second and Sara SPITS in Sabin's face -- Dennis slams her mouth shut again as Sabin wipes his face laughing.

SABIN
Shoulda had the soup, Sare-bear.

Sabin loses the smile as he raises his gun --

SARA'S POV

A pistol coming down hard and fast at us. WHUMP! BLACK.

EXT. LAKE HOUSE - ESTABLISHING

A small, brown cottage propped on stilts -- dark and forgettable, lost in a secluded nook of the lake.

INT. LAKE HOUSE - BASEMENT - SAME

Nick is duct taped to a metal folding chair set dead center in the middle of the basement's glass floor -- freshly awakened eyes staring down at...

An eight foot Tiger Shark swimming below his feet -- rows of jagged, black stripes run up and down its torso.

NICK
What the hell?!

Struggling to free himself, bucking back and forth knocks over his chair and WHAM! Falls face first to the glass. Another Tiger Shark cruises past his eyes.

NICK

Help!

Cranes his neck sideways to drink in this sparse dungeon -- light bulbs swinging from the ceiling, black foamy soundproof walls, a couple red gasoline cans on the floor and adjacent to the only door is an ENTERTAINMENT SYSTEM.

NICK

Help!!!

We follow his futile plea as it carries outside only to be drowned out by the sound and fury of a RAGING THUNDERSTORM.

EXT. LAKE HOUSE - SAME

RAIN POUNDING Dennis' boat anchored just outside his house.

EXT. DENNIS' BOAT - SAME

CLOSE on Sara, drenched and sitting on a metal folding chair.

SARA

Where's, Nick?

PULL BACK REVEALING her chair is located inside a large STEEL DIVING CAGE -- Clancy at her feet, wet and WHIMPERING.

DENNIS (O.S.)

So, that's your type now?

Dennis is crouched on top of the cage hooking it to the end of his boat's HYDRAULIC CRANE. CLANK. Fastened. Hops off.

DENNIS

I bet he's a good listener.

SARA

Where is he?

DENNIS

Inside. Playing with Greg.

SARA

And Beth and Gordon?

Dennis bends, lights a smoke. Exhales.

DENNIS

You'll see 'em soon enough.

Sara swallows as he walks over and sits on the metal bench.

SARA

Why?

DENNIS

I'm tired of eating spaghetti every night.

SARA

Money? I can give you money.

DENNIS

Nah...not this kind of money.

(beat)

And not this kind of satisfaction.

CRACK OF THUNDER as he inhales to calm himself -- hand to a sheath on his wetsuit -- pulls out his serrated diving knife.

SARA

It was an accident!

DENNIS

I'm sorry, I missed that, could you please repeat it into the ear that you didn't chop off!

Dennis starts walking toward the cage, twirling the knife.

SARA

I swear, it was an accident.

DENNIS

Spilling milk, dialing the wrong number, stubbing your toe...

(then)

Those are accidents!

SARA

I was drowning!

Sara starts tearing up -- her voice softening --

SARA

I was...drowning.

DENNIS

But, you didn't, Sara.

Dennis steps into the cage. Stands facing her.

DENNIS

You're sure you were out of air?

CRYING now, she shakes her head 'yes'.

DENNIS
Because, I'm damn sure I look like
this every day.

She looks down. He puts the knife under her chin and lifts her head back up -- whimpering -- tearing --

SARA
I'm sorry...

Clancy BARKS -- jumps up at Dennis -- he drives his foot through his belly -- kicks him out of the cage YELPING.

SARA
Please...

He gently presses the tip of the knife to her forehead.

SARA
No...

He begins slowly tracing the same outline as his own scar -- she shuts her eyes SOBBING, her entire body shaking.

A RADIO CRACKLES. Dennis pauses -- puts the knife back in its sheath, unclasps a sporty black mini-walkie hooked to the his wetsuit's waistband and brings it to his mouth.

DENNIS
Whaddya got?

RED (V.O.)
We're ready to launch!

DENNIS
Stand by.

Dennis smirks -- Sara buries her face in her hands.

INT. LAKE HOUSE - SAME

Nick taped to the chair, still face down on the glass watching Tiger Sharks swim back and forth under his eyes.

VOICE (O.S.)
Awww?

Nick looks to the door -- Sheriff Sabin holding a Narcojet -- a sleek, black, dart pistol -- modern tranquilizer gun.

SABIN
Nicky fell.

NICK
Where's Sara?

Sabin sets the pistol on top of the TV.

SABIN
Don't worry, she and Dennis are
catching up on old times.

NICK
What-- What is this?

Moment and opens them back up -- Sabin across the floor --
halfway towards him -- stops a few feet away and squats.

SABIN
This?

Two hands to a handle and bends back up pulling open a GLASS
HATCH -- the room suddenly roars to life with the energizing
sounds of FRESH LAKE WATER below.

SABIN
Is...

He walks over to Nick's chair and props him back up.

SABIN
The end!

Starts sliding him across the floor toward the open hole.

NICK
No! Noooo!

Trying to use his feet as breaks against the slick glass --
Sabin just LAUGHING -- chair to the edge of the glass and he
tips it forward --

NICK'S POV

His eyes helplessly hovering just above the surface -- a
Tiger Shark swims past -- JAWS SNAP UP inches from his nose --

NICK
No!! Nooo!!!

Sabin sets the chair back down. Nick catching his breath.

SABIN

Tigers. Also known as Requiem
Sharks. That's not too perfect,
huh? Dustbins of the sea, things'll
eat anything -- tin cans, license
plates...college pricks.

Sabin walks over to the wall and picks up a red gas can.

NICK

I was unconscious, you coulda just
thrown me in.

Sabin nods as he begins dousing a wall with gasoline.

SABIN

Bor-ing. Who wants to watch that?

Nick's brow furrows. Putting it together.

NICK

Watch?

(beat)

You're...filming shark attacks?

SABIN

Why so cynical, Nick? Just because
you found a camera?

Sabin is now walking around the perimeter of the room soaking
each wall -- fast and sloppy -- gasoline splattering
everywhere -- including right back onto his khaki pants.

SABIN

Dennis lives in the ocean, clamped
those on hundreds of creatures --
seals, marlins, manatees -- all in
an honest effort to study their
unique behavior without the
distraction of human interference.

He finishes the last wall and sets the can down.

SABIN

Sure it would be tragic if one his
tagged subjects harmed someone,
but, c'mon, that would be
completely out of his control.

Sabin walks over to the television -- turns it on. SNOW.

ANGLE - NICK'S WRISTS

Hands working a small lump from his back pocket up towards the top -- fingers straining -- incredibly hard to maneuver.

NICK

But, he would control the footage.

SABIN

Huh. I guess so?

Sabin LAUGHS as he picks up a DVD case, opens it, takes out a DVD, inserts in the DVD PLAYER and presses PLAY. Moment and RAINBOW BARS APPEAR -- WE BEGIN BEEPING DOWN from 10, 9, 8...

Sabin spins back to Nick -- starts walking toward him.

SABIN

Popped our cherry last month -- this beamed back to us three hours after dumping an eight foot Thresher.

NICK

You're nuts? Who's gonna buy this?

SABIN

Well. I know you're not supposed to do this. But....

Sabin steps behind Nick, squeezes his cheeks hard with both hands and forces his eyes up to the monitor.

SABIN

I'm gonna answer your question with a question.

ANGLE - TELEVISION MONITOR

We are literally between a shark's eyes zig-zagging through clear green water -- eerie and menacing -- this is the **AXIOM** footage -- amazing visuals and loud, crisp audio.

SABIN (V.O.)

What is cable's longest-running programming event?

Two bare legs coming into view -- the pink toenails remind us that this is giggly Jess from the opening scene.

SABIN (V.O.)

Clue. Last year it was watched by over 20 million people.

Closing in from behind, inches away when massive jaws open --

ANGLE - NICK

Eyes closed tight in disgust -- shakes his head free of Sabin's hands and stares back up at him.

NICK
Shark Week.

Sabin points at him.

SABIN
Bango, buddy. And a few of those
twenty million want the hard-core
stuff you can't get on basic cable.
(then; smiling)
And they'll pay big money for it.

He smiles -- heads back towards the entertainment system.

NICK
You guys are sick.

SABIN
It's a world of moral relativism,
Nick. Nothing's sick anymore.
Remember Faces of Death? Real,
killings on tape? Used to be banned
in 40 countries. Today? An 8 year
old can order it on Netflix.

ANGLE - NICK'S WRISTS

Nick has worked the lump to the top of his pocket ---
struggling to get it out -- starts buying some time --

NICK
What if they don't buy it?

SABIN
Oh, the offers are in. You mean
what if we decide not to sell it.
(off Nick)
Great question. Documentary. They
used the same cameras for March of
the Penguins. Inferior quality back
then -- still won an Oscar.

Sabin starts LAUGHING as he points down to a Tiger Shark, WE
HOLD on the terrifying beast ominously circling the water.

SABIN (O.S.)
 Imagine Morgan Freeman doing play
 by play while that thing rips your
 goddamn head off?

EXT. DENNIS' BOAT - SAME

Sara standing in the cage two-handing the bars -- glaring
 across at Dennis sitting on the bench having a smoke.

DENNIS
 So what...you got lost on your way
 to the hospital?

SARA
 I-- I didn't know what to say.

DENNIS
 How about... Sorry?

SARA
 You don't know how sorry I was.

DENNIS
 You're right, Sara. I don't.

Clancy BARKS. Dennis spins -- no sign of the dog -- Sara
spots the gun in his waistband just before Dennis spins back.

Quiet. Sara thinking, wheels turning. Finally looks at him.

SARA
 I'm curious. Did you ever even
think about how it affected me?

Dennis stands -- two hands over his heart -- sarcastic.

DENNIS
 Were you scarred on the inside?

He starts walking toward her.

SARA
 I was scared, okay? I'm sorry, I
 was seventeen and I was terrified
 and I didn't know how to handle it!
 I couldn't even look at myself, how
 could I even think of facing you?!

He continues toward her -- unmoved --

SARA

I wrote you for six months and you couldn't respond once? And to answer your question, I don't know if I'm 'scarred on the inside', Dennis, but I do know I haven't touched a guy in three years, been stuck in therapy for two and--

DENNIS

Please.

SARA

Dr. Heingold, you want his number?!

He steps into the cage. Towering over her. Staring.

SARA

That's why...I came back here. I wanted to...make things right.

Moment. He studies her. Those green eyes melting him.

DENNIS

You wrote me?

She nods, starts welling up.

SARA

Of course...

Soft smile -- lightly grabs his pinky.

SARA

I loved you, Dennis.

Tear drops. Moment and he puts a gentle hand behind her head -- leads her soft to his chest -- she folds deeper into his embrace -- arms tight around him -- Dennis closes his eyes, smelling her hair -- she begins rubbing his back -- slowly -- up and down, up and down...

DENNIS

I loved you, too--

She suddenly rips the pistol out of his waistband!

SARA

Shut up!!

She hops back -- body shaking as she points the gun at him.

DENNIS
Okay, okay, Sara...

He raises his hands -- submissive --

SARA
Shut the fu--

FLASH as Dennis' hand explodes forward RIPPING the gun free while viciously sweep-kicking her legs out from under her.

DENNIS
Bitch!

Sara on her back MOANING in pain as Dennis presses the gun nozzle into her cheek -- hard -- hand trembling with rage.

DENNIS
Goddamn bitch!!!

Pressing the steel deeper -- rapid breaths gradually slow.

DENNIS
No. Not again.
(then)
Not screwin' up another payday.

Tucks the gun back in his waistband, steps out the cage, SLAMS the door and STORMS up steps disappearing into the...

WHEELHOUSE

Crazed, he POWERS ON the HYDRAULICS -- enraged hands pull down a large a steel lever -- fiery eyes out the window watching as the diving cage slowly starts to elevate.

NICK (V.O.)
Ahhhhhhh!!!

INT. LAKE HOUSE - SAME

Nick WRITHING in pain -- his jeans sliced open on his right thigh -- Sabin standing over him holding a Swiss Army knife --

SABIN
You know they can smell a single
drop in an olympic-sized pool?

Both watching blood trickle from his thigh toward the water.

NICK
This can't be worth it?!

SABIN

Giving up my social standing as a lake janitor? I think I'm ready to let someone else get shat on by rich punks for 12 bucks an hour.

(imitating whiny teen)

"I can buy and sell you."

(then)

Well, I don't need to buy you, Nick. I own you. And now...

Sabin grabs the back of Nick's chair, again tips him forward -- face heading toward the dark water -- closer -- closer --

NICK

No!

SABIN

I'm gonna sell you.

SPLASH! He SLAMS Nick's face underwater!

UNDERWATER

Nick fighting against Sabin's hand -- spots a tiger shark out the corner of his eye closing in fast -- can't shake loose -- BLOWING PANIC BUBBLES as the shark zips closer, closer and...

Sabin pulls him up out of the water -- Nick lurches back GASPING, face freezing, dripping water everywhere as Sabin walks back toward the TV -- casually over his shoulder --

SABIN

You know, you're 15 times more likely to get killed by a falling coconut than a shark? 50 times more likely get crushed by a soda machine? Yeah, Nick...you're about to beat some weird-ass odds.

Sabin starts flipping through CD's -- stops -- smiles down at one -- out the case and into the stereo -- fingers hit PLAY -- moment and POISON'S *Nothin' but a Good Time* starts BLARING.

SABIN

Poison fan? Guilty right here. Big hair band guy. I'd wear leather pants on the force if they let me. But, if there's something else you'd rather die to?

(then)

The Sheriff takes requests.

Sabin back toward him -- Nick BUCKS WILD -- back and forth -- chair legs teetering -- everything he has to break loose and WHAM! Knocks himself over again -- face down to the glass.

SABIN

Love the effort, buddy!

Sabin bends to pull the chair back up --

ANGLE - NICK'S WRISTS

Right palm closed, slowly opens REVEALING the blue lighter -- holds it to Sabin's gasoline stained pantleg and... FLICK!

SABIN

Ahhhhhhhhhhh!!!

VAROOOOOSH! BRIGHT ORANGE FLAMES sprint from his leg to his face -- entire body immediately engulfed -- SCREAMING -- arms flailing -- POISON blaring -- burning -- no choice -- he turns and jumps into the shark infested water -- SPLASH!

UNDERWATER

WHOOSH! Sabin SCREAMING PAIN BUBBLES as he sinks like a stone -- black smoke billowing up from his singed body.

ANGLE - NICK

On his back crab-walking to the bloody knife, over it and manages to cut his wrists free -- quickly sheds the chair and hustles over to the glass hatch door -- lifting it high --

SABIN (O.S.)

Don't!!

A disgusting, half-burnt face staring at him -- Sabin treading water, trying to get out -- eyes pleading with Nick.

SABIN

I'll cut you in!! We can split--

But he's forced to duck back underwater as WHAM! Nick SLAMS the hatch down hard over his head sealing his watery grave.

SABIN'S POV

Holding his breath POUNDING UP at the glass -- looks over his shoulder -- a Tiger Shark closing in fast -- POUNDS HARDER --

SURFACE

Nick sprints over to the TV and grabs the dart pistol -- glance back at Sabin FRANTICALLY POUNDING up at the glass -- Nick drowns it out by cranking the POISON -- shoots Sabin goodbye metal horns and disappears out the door.

SABIN'S - POV

Closes his eyes resigned as the shark opens wide for dinner --

POISON (V.O.)

*Don't need nothin' but a good time
How can I resist -- ain't lookin'
for nothin' but a good time And it
don't get better than this!*

EXT. DENNIS' BOAT - SAME

Dennis inhaling a butt as he carries a heavy BLACK BUCKET to the side of the boat -- exhales and we ride with the white smoke as it floats out past the top of the CRANE which is...

Holding the DIVING CAGE underwater -- just deep enough so that Sara's head and neck rest above the surface -- face cold, white and wet. Teeth chatter. Dead eyes up at Dennis.

ANGLE - DENNIS

Leaning over the side of his boat with the bucket -- ready to dump it and...the WALKIE CRACKLES. Dennis GROANS, sets the bucket down, unclasps the WALKIE and brings it to his mouth.

DENNIS

What?!

RED (V.O.)

He's waking up!

Dennis looks down at Sara. Moment. Walkie slow to lips.

DENNIS

Send him.

EXT. MORRIS LAKE - DAWN

We follow the lone, windy road outlining the perimeter of the lake before finding a LONG TRUCK parked under a dark, tree-canopied section at the water's edge -- sliver of light reveals the back of the truck is a glass TRANSPORT TANK.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Red stands at the edge of the water -- walkie to his mouth.

RED

Sent.

Next to him is Gin, the wiry Asian from The Binnacle -- pulling an empty STEEL CAPTURE CAGE up from the water.

They stand side by side in front of the truck staring out at the water -- eyes wide and jaws open watching a MASSIVE FIN slice towards Dennis' house and boat in the near distance.

EXT. DENNIS BOAT - SAME

Dennis clips his walkie back on his wetsuit -- bends and lifts the bucket back up -- Sara looking up at him.

SARA

What's that?!

DENNIS

Garnish.

Dennis turns the bucket over and... WA-POOSH!

SARA'S POV

Three gallons of THICK CHUM waterfalling down on her!

SARA

Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!

Looks like Carrie at the prom as oily fish guts SLAM HER...

UNDERWATER

The powerful red implosion driving her deep below.

BOAT - SAME

Dennis hanging over the rail watching as Sara's blood matted head pops back up GASPING -- terror personified.

SARA

Dennis, please! Lemme out!!!

Scar glows bright as Dennis takes a long, last drag before flicking his butt down at her -- FIZZLES OUT by her nose.

ANOTHER ANGLE

We step around a corner finding ourselves standing ten feet behind Dennis -- his back to us leaning over the rail -- we quietly step toward him...closer, closer, and a BOARD CREAKS!

Dennis spins -- staring at Nick holding the dart pistol on him -- Dennis smirks, bends and fires up a fresh smoke.

DENNIS
(sotto)
Nice work, sheriff.

Exhales and steps forward -- Nick grips the gun tighter.

NICK
Stop!

But Dennis just LAUGHS, keeps on walking.

DENNIS
Trust me, man, she's not worth--
THWIRRRRP! A tranq pellet rips into his left thigh.

DENNIS
Ahhh!

Dennis GROANS -- drops to a knee -- quickly pops up and charges Nick -- THWIRP-THWIRP -- eats two more to the chest -- force sends him stumbling back against the rail.

DENNIS
Okay! Okay-okay!

Hands up resigned. Nick stops right in front of him -- raises the pistol and holds it right between Dennis' eyes -- staring at each other -- moment and...Dennis starts LAUGHING.

DENNIS
You don't have the--

THWIRP! Nick BLASTS him in the forehead sending Dennis tumbling backwards over the rail into the lake -- SPLASH!!

Nick leans over the rail -- spots chum-caked Sara trapped in the cage -- relieved green eyes right back up at him.

SARA
They just released one!

Nick turns and sprints across the deck -- bolts up the wheelhouse steps and quickly slips inside.

WHEELHOUSE

Nick POWERS ON the HYDRAULICS, pulls a LEVER -- anxious eyes out the window as GEARS GRIND and...the cage begins to rise.

UNDERWATER - SAME

Zooming toward the LOUD ELECTRICAL PULSES sent out by the diving cage -- sniff of fresh chum and we pick up the pace.

DIVING CAGE - SAME

RAIN POUNDING Sara as she slowly exits the cold, night water - - cage all the way out and...CLANK-CLANK -- two hands gripping bottom bars -- a head pops between them... Dennis.

SARA

Nooo!!!

She starts stomping his fingers -- no use, he pulls himself up on top of the cage -- begins unlatching it from the crane.

Sara presses her face between the bars -- eyes to the boat.

SARA

Nick!!

INT. DENNIS' BOAT - WHEELHOUSE - SAME

Nick staring back at Sara through the glass -- her desperate screams silent -- drowned out by the POUNDING THUNDER STORM.

NICK

Sara!

Nick spins -- tearing open drawers and cabinets -- opens a box -- staring at a POWERHEAD -- this is a short metal tube loaded with a 12 gauge shotgun cartridge and firing pin.

Nick grabs it, looks back out the window -- locks eyes with Dennis above the cage -- he smiles at Nick, waves and --

NICK

Don't!

WHOOSH! Sara, Dennis and the cage plummet out of sight.

UNDERWATER - SAME

LOUD WHITE CLOUD as the CAGE EXPLODES UNDER -- Sara quick to the cage door -- holding her breath -- pushing, pulling --

INT./EXT. DENNIS' BOAT - WHEELHOUSE - SAME

Nick a tornado in the wheelhouse -- grabs a broom and SNAPS off the long handle -- snags a roll of duct tape and quickly fastens the POWERHEAD to the top of it creating...

A homemade BANGSTICK!

He grabs a DIVING LIGHT with his other hand, explodes out the wheelhouse, tears down the steps, runs over to the side of the boat and launches himself into the lake --

UNDERWATER - CONTINUOUS

Nick's yellow light cutting through the murky water -- spots the STEEL CAGE and swims down to it -- Sara tugging at the door, out of breath, gives Nick the 'across the throat' sign.

Nick ignores her and rockets up and away -- WE HOLD on Sara's shocked, disappointed eyes -- moment and he's back -- cheeks fully inflated with fresh oxygen -- face through the bars -- she does the same -- lips on lips -- exhales into her mouth.

A MASSIVE BICEP suddenly wraps around Nick's throat -- Dennis strangling him from behind -- Nick lets go of the BANGSTICK to fight him off -- watching it float away as Dennis' grip tightens -- Nick can't break free -- eyes suddenly bulge --

NICK'S POV

A 12 foot GREAT WHITE SHARK torpedoing at him -- soulless black eyes set above and behind massive jaws that crack a sliver flashing 300 triangular, serrated, razor sharp teeth. Under each pectoral fin is blinking red light -- AXIOM CAMS.

DIVING CAGE - SAME

Sara on her knees in the cage -- hands through the bars unsheathes Dennis' diving knife -- spots the monster shark closing in on Nick and stabs Dennis in the back of the thigh!

ANGLE - DENNIS

SCREAMS in pain and releases Nick who rockets off -- the Great White honed in on Dennis now -- he pushes off the cage to escape -- snaps back down -- tries again -- looks back --

His wetsuit leg-straps have been tied to cage bars -- Sara smiling at him, gives him the finger -- he spins back -- furiously trying to break free as his terrified pupils reflect blinking red lights -- cowers as monstrous jaws open!

SURFACE - SAME

WHOOSH! Nick pops up GASPING, HEAVING, CHOKING!!

UNDERWATER - SAME

A shaken Sara cowering in the corner of the cage staring out at all that is left of Dennis -- the tied wet suit strap -- further visibility near zero -- thick, messy, cloudy water --

SARA'S POV

The Great White slices through the cloud heading right toward us with incomprehensible speed and force -- WHAM! The beast RAMS the cage! WHAM! -- STEEL CREAKS -- WHAM-WHAM!!

SURFACE - SAME

Nick finally recovers, takes a DEEP BREATH to duck back under and... WOOF! WOOF-WOOF! Nick's eyes brighten looking at...

Clancy paddling toward him with the BANGSTICK in his mouth!

Just another game of fetch.

UNDERWATER - SAME

Sara now out cold in the corner of the cage. WHAM! The shark making progress -- WHAM!! Bars bend wide -- WHAM-WHAM! Clear path to Sara -- half its body inside the cage --

ANOTHER ANGLE

Nick torpedoing straight down at the beast -- two hands clutching the bangstick -- and just as the shark's jaws spread wide to clamp down on Sara he SLAMS the powerhead between the shark's eyes right into its brain -- KABOOOOM!!!

THE GREAT WHITE SHARK EXPLODES INTO A HUNDRED PIECES!

Nicks fights through the shower of grotesque carnage, inside the cage, pulls out Sara and works her back up to the...

SURFACE

Exhausted, holding her head above water as he kicks toward the shore -- struggling -- dips under -- fights back up -- out of gas -- kicking slows -- sliding back under again...

Clancy paddles over -- teeth to Sara's shirt -- carrying the bulk of the load as they swim her to shore...

MUDDY SHORE

Nick pulls Sara up onto the bank, kneels, fingers to her neck. Nothing. He immediately starts CPR -- lips on lips --

NICK
C'mon, Sara!!

Palms frantically pumping her chest -- 1,2,3 -- 1,2,3 --

NICK
Please! C'mon!!

Lips back to her mouth -- 1,2,3 -- 1,2,3 -- chest and mouth again and again -- her eyes remain closed -- under too long.

NICK
Dammitt!

Clancy WHIMPERS, licking Sara's face -- Nick's watery eyes just staring at her when Dennis' leg washes up beside him --

He angrily turns to push it back into the water -- a hand suddenly clamps on his -- he jumps -- spins back around --

NICK
Sara!

Sara sitting up, catching her breath, getting her bearings --

NICK
Are you-- Are you okay?

SARA
Yeah...

Nick brings his fingers to her neck -- checking her pulse -- but she grabs his whole hand -- holds it tight -- staring at him with pained, grateful green eyes --

SARA
Thank you.

Her eyes start welling up -- squeezing his hand tighter --

SARA
Thank you...

NICK
It's okay, Sara...

She collapses into his chest -- he strokes her hair --

NICK
It's okay...

She begins CRYING uncontrollably -- emotional release --

NICK
It's over...

Rain pounding their bodies as he wraps his arms around her -- holding her close -- warm -- closes his eyes and kisses the top of her head -- the two gently rocking as one --

NICK
It's all over...

We peek over his shoulder toward the lake -- moment and a fin casually slices up -- ominously circling under the moonlight -
- round and round in time with Sara's rhythmic sobbing...

It never ends.

FADE OUT.