

Time Shark!

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FADE IN:

EXT. OCEAN - DAY

The deep blue sea. A needle fish skips along the surface of the water. Along the way, it passes Captain Ahab fighting Moby Dick... the Titanic sinking...and the crew of The Orca fighting Jaws.... It arrives at its final destination, the lightly crowded charter fishing boat "Bahamian Dream".

The needle fish jumps across the deck of the boat toward a tourist holding a fishing rod, it pierces the man right in the heart. He GROANS and goes overboard, leaving his floppy hat behind. The tourist standing next to him grabs the hat and puts it on.

Nobody bats an eye.

EXT. BAHAMIAN DREAM - DAY

Ten tourists, including a 10 year old YOUNG BOY, hold fishing poles off the sides of the craft. The BOAT CAPTAIN, 55, an old and tired sea dog, takes a deep drag off a cigarette as he walks up and down the line of tourists.

BOAT CAPTAIN

Now remember people, if you feel
a bite, pull back and reel it in
nice and slow.

The captain watches as the young boy's rod slightly bends.

YOUNG BOY

Hey, hey, I caught something big!

All the tourists turn to watch the fun.

BOAT CAPTAIN

Nice and easy, kid. Looks like a
little one.

The kid struggles a bit with the rod. Something tugs the line real hard.

BOAT CAPTAIN (cont'd)

Come on kid, who's fishing who
here?

The tourists LAUGH. The captain takes a drag, tosses the cigarette in the water, and snatches the rod from the kid.

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BOAT CAPTAIN (cont'd)
Let's see what you got.

The captain pulls back on the rod, bending it close to the snapping point. The tourists GASP in excitement.

YOUNG BOY
You see, it's big. Told ya!

The boat captain reels it in quick.

BOAT CAPTAIN
You're not going anywhere you son
of a bitch.

The rod almost snaps, but the fish lets go.

YOUNG BOY
Hey! You lost it!

BOAT CAPTAIN
That's fishing kid, sometimes
you--

A SNAP. Something pulls on the line so hard that it drags the captain into the water. GASP! The tourists amass on the side to see.

IN THE WATER

The captain's pulled down below for a beat, then splashes up to the surface twenty feet away.

He's in a panicked frenzy! He swims toward the boat. There's blood in the water around him. It trails with him as he swims. Massive amounts of blood. Too much blood.

ON THE BOAT

The crowd stares at the captain.

TOURIST #1
What's wrong with him? You think
he's alright?

TOURIST #2
Oh yeah. He's fine. Look at him
swim.

IN THE WATER

The captain arrives at the boat. He scrambles to climb over the side. He can't. He's out of breath. He makes it up the

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side a little bit, and we see he's missing a LEG, it's been ripped at the thigh. The STUMP bleeds profusely.

TOURIST #2 (cont'd)
I told you he was fine.

The Captain's eyes pierce through the boy.

YOUNG BOY
(to Captain)
What was it? What did I catch?

EXT. OCEAN - DAY - CONTINUOUS

A gargantuan prehistoric-era MEGALODON shark erupts to the surface from deep below the sea. The beast's massive tail overturns the boat and sends all aboard into the water.

Everyone gets devoured. Even the boat's gone.

After feasting, the monster calmly retreats down below.

All we are left with is a drifting piece of boat covered in blood, with the words "Bahamian Dream" painted across it...

EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN - DAY

A coast guard cutter slowly plows through the ocean.

EXT. COAST GUARD CUTTER - DAY

A COMMANDING OFFICER, a sharp woman of 33, stands on the bow. A nervous RECRUIT, 19, approaches her.

It is very windy and very loud.

COMMANDING OFFICER
What is it?

Both the Commanding Officer and the recruit have trouble listening to each other. Whatever he's telling her is unintelligible through the wind.

COMMANDING OFFICER (cont'd)
What?

Again, the wind makes it hard for her to hear the guy.

COMMANDING OFFICER (cont'd)
I can't hear a thing! Hold on!

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The Commanding Officer signals to the FILM CREW just off set. They have a wind machine going full blast right at the Commanding Officer and the Recruit.

COMMANDING OFFICER (cont'd)
(to film crew)
Do you mind turning that thing
off?

The film crew scrambles to turn off the wind machine.

RECRUIT
Sonar's picking up something
peculiar.

COMMANDING OFFICER
What is it?

RECRUIT
We're not sure, Ma'am. But it's
rising to the surface, and
quickly.

COMMANDING OFFICER
Stop the ship!

INT. COAST GUARD CUTTER - SONAR ROOM - DAY

The room BUZZES with activity. The Commanding Officer steps in and everyone stops at attention.

All of the computer monitors in the room display a game of 1977's Atari's "Air Sea Battle".

COMMANDING OFFICER
Will somebody please tell me what
we're seeing?

A young SONAR OPERATOR clears his throat. She nods at him.

ON HIS MONITOR: More "Air Sea Battle".

SONAR OPERATOR
It's a submarine.

COMMANDING OFFICER
There are no submarines in these
waters.

SONAR OPERATOR
Ma'am, there's one now. And it's
rising.

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COMMANDING OFFICER
How soon before it breaches?

RADAR OPERATOR
About a minute.

EXT. COAST GUARD CUTTER - DAY

Activity on the deck! Sailors run to their stations!

A group of Kenyan marathon runners also run to their stations!

EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN - DAY

A SUBMARINE with a SOVIET hammer and sickle painted on its tower rises from the depths.

A hatch opens and a uniformed Soviet SUB COMMANDER, 35, steps out and studies his situation. He looks straight out of the 1950's.

EXT. COAST GUARD CUTTER - DAY

On the deck, the Officer grabs a MEGAPHONE off a RACK filled with megaphones.

Her crew aims their weapons at the Russian. A cleaning crew aims their mops as if they were weapons. A Japanese man in a karate outfit stands ready to fight.

COMMANDING OFFICER
(to herself)
Pirates.
(amplified)
Pirate submarine, identify
yourself. You are in American
waters.

ON THE SUBMARINE

The sub commander proudly gathers his bearings and stays silent.

BACK ON THE CUTTER

COMMANDING OFFICER (cont'd)
(amplified)
I'll only ask once more--!

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The sub commander replies, but it's too low. She can't hear him. She grabs a MEGAPHONE off the rack and tosses it over to the Russian.

SUB COMMANDER
(amplified,
subtitled Russian)
We are not pirates!

Our Commanding Officer doesn't understand Russian. She looks down at the subtitles on the screen and tries to read them. She motions to the film crew just off the set to flip them.

COMMANDING OFFICER
(to film crew)
You mind?

The on-screen subtitles flip. They're upside down to us, but she can now read them. She "thumbs up" the film crew.

COMMANDING OFFICER (cont'd)
(amplified)
Okay, go ahead!

ON THE SUB

SUB COMMANDER
(amplified,
subtitled Russian)
We are not pirates. This is
Pacific Fleet Submarine K One
Fifteen, navigating under the
flag of the U.S.S.R. and First
Secretary Nikita Khrushchev.

EXT. PENTAGON - DAY

The sun shines over the familiar 5 sided building.

INT. PENTAGON - HALLWAY - DAY

A military man, CHAIRMAN HIGGINS, 65, walks down the busy hall. His demeanor is as finely pressed as his uniform, and he has enough medals hanging off his coat to fill a war chest.

Walking with him is a chubby and much less decorated man, ROSWELL, 35, who's just trying to keep up.

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CHAIRMAN HIGGINS
Soviet era submarines don't rise
to the surface out of thin air. I
want answers, Roswell.

ROSWELL
Chairman Higgins, sir, the crew
is stonewalling. They insist that
they are here from the year 1961.
Intelligence confirms that their
names check out.

CHAIRMAN HIGGINS
Sure, and I'm Mary Poppins.

They stop to face each other. Roswell adjusts his glasses.

A pair of Arab Sheikhs and a suicide bomber walk down the
hall behind them.

ROSWELL
We have analyzed the sub sir. It
is a 1960s era submarine, in
prime condition, carrying a fully
uniformed crew of Russian men.

CHAIRMAN HIGGINS
Money can buy you lots of things,
Roswell. Even submarines. These
are pirates, nothing more. We
need to find the rest of them and
smoke 'em out before they--

ROSWELL
Sir. We are considering the
possibility that an anomaly-- a
temporal event, is responsible
for its appearance. Sir, we
propose that it came through...
time.

Higgins cautiously looks around to see who's here before
speaking.

A KKK clan member and a Black Panther walk by, all smiles,
they're telling each other something funny.

CHAIRMAN HIGGINS
Have you lost your goddamned
mind? What you are suggesting is
ridiculous. Roswell, do you
understand that I am the Chairman
of the Joint Chiefs of Staff? I
can't sit in the Oval Office with
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHAIRMAN HIGGINS (cont'd)
President Gonzalez and spin fairy
tales about time traveling
submarines.

ROSWELL
If you would indulge me, sir. I
am taking you to meet a physicist
from MIT. Her name is Sarah
Lightman, and I think you should
listen to what she has to say.

EXT. PENTAGON COURTYARD - DAY

Chairman Higgins and SARAH LIGHTMAN, 30, a nerdy brunette
dressed in a pantsuit and a pair of "E=MC2" earrings, stroll
through the gardens.

A swarm of bees attacks a man behind them.

SARAH
We first noticed the seismic
events a few weeks ago. They were
very irregular.

CHAIRMAN HIGGINS
How so?

SARAH
Well, the epicenters weren't
localized anywhere near tectonic
plates, no history of earthquakes
in the regions, no prior events.
And now geomagnetic levels have
risen tenfold in the ocean, just
in the past few weeks.

CHAIRMAN HIGGINS
So what does that tell you?

SARAH
Well, my team and I theorize that
a temporal event is happening
under water, with portals, or
anomalies, opening up in space-
time, allowing travel back and
forth between different times and
dimensions.

CHAIRMAN HIGGINS
Why in the world would you come
to that ridiculous conclusion?

She hesitates.

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CONTINUED:

SARAH

We're under a biological attack,
sir.

Higgins stops walking. Enough.

Behind them, the bee man falls to the floor and dies as he's
enveloped by bees.

CHAIRMAN HIGGINS

What the hell are you talking
about?

SARAH

A few weeks ago, kids in South
Africa spotted a flying shark.
The authorities brushed it off,
but had scientists investigate.
The kids weren't lying. Sir, much
like your Russian submarine,
flying sharks are not from our
time or dimension. It's quite
possible that there is a space-
time anomaly, happening right now
under the sea, and it's bringing
in sharks from all points in time
and space.

CHAIRMAN HIGGINS

Miss, with all due respect... Are
you talking to me about time
traveling sharks?

SARAH

(confident)

I am, sir.

CHAIRMAN HIGGINS

My god.

A man in a protective suit appears behind them and sprays
the swarm of bees. The bees envelop him too.

He sets himself on fire.

SARAH

Sir, if we are dealing with
sharks from all over the time
stream, we need help
understanding what makes them
tick. We can't investigate the
time portals without first
understanding the sharks coming
through them.

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CHAIRMAN HIGGINS

Miss Lightman, nothing you said makes any sense. Earthquakes under water, elevated magnetic levels, and African Flying Sharks? It's all completely absurd, but if that's the science you are basing your time travel theory on, well, then that's good enough for me. The full might of the American military is at your disposal to get this done.

SARAH

Thank you sir, but right now we don't need the Marines, we need a shark expert. We need Gil Baitman.

INT. KANSAS CITY BAR - NIGHT

COUNTRY MUSIC plays. A SHARK TOOTH NECKLACE dangles over a pool table.

SMASH! A cue ball executes a flawless break.

The balls seem to never stop moving. They hit each other on the table. It goes on and on and on...

It's a country-western bar filled with old lesbians.

GIL BAITMAN, 42, a sad-eyed cowboy in a stetson, wedding ring, and the shark tooth necklace aims another shot. A small crowd of older women watches him play against an old biker butch.

Gil sinks them in like it's nothing. Last ball. He half-smiles at the biker and points across the table.

GIL

Corner pocket.

Sinks it. The small crowd CHEERS. The angry butch throws a wad of money on the table and walks away. The audience disperses. Gil counts the cash as he walks over to drop it in a tip jar at the bar. He takes the money out of the jar instead and puts it in his pocket.

He walks back to the pool table.

AT THE FRONT DOOR

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Two MILITARY OFFICERS walk in. They ask a question at the bar and are pointed to the pool table. Gil arranges the balls on the triangle as he watches the men approach.

MILITARY OFFICER 1
Are you Gil Baitman?

GIL
That depends. Are you the I R S?

MILITARY OFFICER 1
No, the A R M E D F O R C E S.

GIL
Okay, I'm Gil Baitman. How can I help you.

MILITARY OFFICER 2
By the way, Gil? Bait...man? The name's... subtle.

GIL
Pleased to meet you, Subtle.

MILITARY OFFICER 1
Sir, we need you to come with us on a matter of national security.

GIL
National security? What's this, some kind of joke?

MILITARY OFFICER 1
Two military officers walk into a bar. Does that sound like the setup of a joke to you?

Gil looks over to the butchy leather clad bartender.

GIL
Lydia, are you putting me away for sweeping last month's tournament?

She motions "not me" from behind the bar.

MILITARY OFFICER 2
Doctor, this is serious.

GIL
Doctor. Wow, haven't heard that one in a while. What's this about?

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He shoots pool as they talk.

MILITARY OFFICER 1
Sir, shark attacks worldwide are up way over the norm, even by non-aggressive species. Last week alone--Eighty-three. And it's only March.

GIL
That's ridiculous! It was just March twelve months ago. Plus, I haven't heard about this in the news.

MILITARY OFFICER 2
That's been by design.

GIL
What about on the internet?

MILITARY OFFICER 1
Sir, sharks don't surf the web.

GIL
You're right.

An angry Gil puts the cue down on the table and goes face to face with the military men.

GIL (cont'd)
Listen to me. I'm not in that game anymore. The entire scientific community knows that I'm done with sharks.

Military Officer 1 produces a BUSINESS CARD and gives it to a skeptical Gil.

MILITARY OFFICER 1
Call us, Doctor. I guarantee you, these sharks are right up your alley.

EXT. GIL'S BUILDING - NIGHT

A small apartment building in a small modest neighborhood.

It sits next to an alley filled with dead sharks.

INT. GIL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Gil tosses his keys on a side table, where we see a framed picture of his younger self embracing a blond woman. Awards and plaques on a wall highlight a distinguished marine biology career.

He was also employee of the month at the "Shrimp Shack".

INT. GIL'S APARTMENT/KITCHEN - NIGHT

Gil walks into his kitchen and grabs an ice cold one from the fridge.

He also pulls out a large leek.

GIL
Dammit. Another leek?

He tosses the leek and stares out the window and into the darkness.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HOUSE REMODELING WORK SITE - DAY

Gil furiously SLAMS at an old masonry wall with a SLEDGEHAMMER. After some swings he full-stops and tosses the hammer as far as possible. He's out of breath, frustrated...

A SITE BOSS walks over to Gil, who's huffing and puffing.

SITE BOSS
Baitman! I know you have tough choices to make to keep this story moving, but I need you to get back to work!

INT. GIL'S APARTMENT/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Gil sits on a recliner watching TV, or maybe looking just past it. A VIDEO plays of himself and the blond woman on a boat. Good times.

He pulls out the BUSINESS CARD from his shirt pocket and looks at it for a beat and dials his cell phone. It only takes one RING.

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MILITARY OFFICER 1

(v.o.)

Doctor. We've been expecting your call.

GIL

So, what kind of sharks are these?

INT. TOP SECRET GOVERNMENT LAB - DAY

CLOSE UP ON SLICED OPENED CARCASS OF 15-FOOT BULL SHARK

SCIENTIST

Well, it's certainly highly evolved. We've never seen anything like it.

IN THE LAB

The carcass lies spread out on a huge stainless steel table. A nerdy female SCIENTIST, 30, studies it with Chairman Higgins.

CHAIRMAN HIGGINS

So what the hell do we know about this thing?

SCIENTIST

This animal was brilliant.

The scientist grabs a rod to lift a flap inside the shark's chest. She points out a second brain buried under some flaps in the chest cavity.

SCIENTIST (cont'd)

See that? It has two brains. It played dead and let us capture it just so it could eat the fishermen who scooped him up.

CHAIRMAN HIGGINS

Well I'll be goddamned. Doctor, I want a full autopsy report sent to my office. Tell me everything about this thing's biology. I want to know how they shit, how they piss, how they move, think and reproduce.

(a beat)

In that order.

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CONTINUED:

Higgins walks out of the room. The shark's eye moves and locks on the scientist.

EXT. MILITARY RUNWAY - DAY

Chairman Higgins and his entourage climb aboard a small plane.

Behind them, a close range machine gun battle RAGES between US Marines and Al-Qaeda fighters. Men from both sides die in a barrage of gunfire.

INT. MILITARY PLANE - DAY

An OFFICER greets the Chairman and his entourage.

OFFICER
Welcome aboard sir.

CHAIRMAN HIGGINS
I'm assuming that if you're picking me up and taking me to the middle of the Atlantic it's because you have Baitman. Otherwise, I have a golf game at three.

EXT. - ATLANTIC OCEAN - DAY

An American aircraft carrier in all its glory. Chairman Higgins' plane shares the runway with a few other jets.

INT. AIRCRAFT CARRIER - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

A sparse conference room. Gil sits across from Sarah.

Chairman Higgins enters holding a briefcase, he's accompanied by a pair of twin men, conjoined at the head, also in a military uniform.

CHAIRMAN HIGGINS
Doctor Baitman, Miss Lightman. This is Major Joiner, Head of Intelligence, and his brother Bill. I want to thank you all for joining us, now lets get on with this.

He takes a seat, digs into his bag and pulls out a series of photographs of shark carcasses, many of new and bizarre

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looking species. He spreads them on the table. Gil, Sarah, and Joiner flip through them.

Bill's on his phone.

CHAIRMAN HIGGINS (cont'd)

These are the carcasses of the few sharks we've been able to hunt down for study. All previously undiscovered types of sharks. Some of them can fly, some have goddamn horns on their heads. They can be very different. But they seem to have one thing in common. They are very vicious.

GIL

Where are you finding them?

CHAIRMAN HIGGINS

In the Pacific. In the Atlantic. In the Mediterranean, in the Indian Ocean. Shall I go on?

GIL

Yes.

CHAIRMAN HIGGINS

The Baltic Sea, the Irish Sea, The Black Sea, the Caribbean. Shall I go on?

GIL

Yes.

CHAIRMAN HIGGINS

The Arctic Ocean, the Gulf of Guinea, Gulf of Maine, Gulf of Alaska, Gulf of Bahrain, Gulf of Thailand, Gulf of Mexico. Shall I go on?

GIL

Yes.

CHAIRMAN HIGGINS

Bristol Bay, Monterrey Bay, Englishman Bay, Frenchman Bay, Lake Okeechobee, Goose Lake, Lake Ontario, Raymond Gary Lake--

Gil grabs and looks at another picture.

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GIL

What do you want from me?

CHAIRMAN HIGGINS

We need you to go out there and tell us all you can about them. We need to know their strengths and weaknesses.

GIL

I've never, in all my years of experience, seen animals like these.

SARAH

Dr. Baitman, we believe that--

The Chairman signals her to stop.

CHAIRMAN HIGGINS

Doctor, what does your gut tell you about this?

Everyone looks down at Gil's belly for a beat. It RUMBLES.

GIL

You want my hypothesis? This is most likely a mutation of some sort. Maybe from radioactive poisoning or toxic waste.

Sarah can't hide her frustration, she SIGHS.

GIL (cont'd)

You should get a couple of biologists out here, some environmental engineers, they'll help you sort this out. Look, I'm not going to put myself or anybody else back in the water with sharks.

CHAIRMAN HIGGINS

I've got 50 kids in lab-coats who together don't add up to your experience. Nobody knows sharks like you, Baitman. I need you.

Gil nervously rubs his hair, takes a deep breath, and leans back in his chair.

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GIL
I'm assuming that you've set up
some drum lines and tagged some
of these sharks already, right?

EXT. SEASIDE HIGH - DAY

A flying sharks devours a high school marching band drum
line practicing near the water.

CHAIRMAN HIGGINS
(v.o.)
The first drum line we put out
there got destroyed.

INT. AIRCRAFT CARRIER - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

GIL
You need to tag and track these
things.

CHAIRMAN HIGGINS
We've had to kill every single
shark we've found, Baitman. These
things are violent killers.

GIL
Whoa, stop. Sharks aren't
bloodthirsty killers, and if
that's the attitude here, you can
count me out.

CHAIRMAN HIGGINS
A fishing crew shot one of these
things a few days ago. When they
got close to it, it killed three
men. The son of a bitch was
waiting for them to get close.
Trust me, they're vicious. And
smart. Smart enough to play dead.

Gil shakes his head. He's not buying it.

GIL
(to Sarah)
So who are you? I can tell you're
not military.

SARAH
I'm Sarah Lightman, with MIT.

(CONTINUED)

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GIL
MIT? The Maharashtra Institute of
Technology in India?

SARAH
Cambridge. The Theoretical
Physics Department.

GIL
There's a Cambridge in India too?

SARAH
I'm here to try and figure out
how these animals took such a
quick evolutionary leap.

GIL
Impossible, Miss Lightman. One,
they have no legs, so they can't
leap. And two, evolution doesn't
happen quickly, these sharks
haven't had the time.

SARAH
You're wrong, Doctor Baitman.
They've had all the time in the
world.

INT. AIRCRAFT CARRIER STATEROOM - DAY

An opulent stateroom. Nazi paraphernalia everywhere. Higgins
is here alone, on the phone.

A nude portrait of the Fuhrer laying with a panther looks
down over his desk.

HIGGINS
Put me through to Roswell. Sure.
Roswell? You're cleared to start.
I think he's in.

EXT. MIAMI BEACH SHORE - DAY

Cornelius the Ape rides a horse near the shattered remains
of the Statue of Liberty. We move along the shoreline toward

A GORGEOUS COUPLE

playing Frisbee near the water. BOYFRIEND 20, holds the disc
in his hands.

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BOYFRIEND
Go out further!

GIRLFRIEND
(playful)
Just throw it already!

BOYFRIEND
Nope. Conquer your fear!

GIRLFRIEND
No way!

BOYFRIEND
Go!

She takes a few steps back, her feet get wet, and they
LAUGH. She moves further back until her thighs are immersed.

He throws the Frisbee really hard and hits her on the nose.

BEHIND HER

Fins. And two sharks LEAP. Yes, LEAP, out of the water. They
look like SHARK-DOGS, with strong legs in place of pectoral
fins. They salivate as they GROWL.

One of them POUNCES on the girlfriend, knocking her down.
Pinned, the beast devours her mercilessly. Boyfriend runs.
The other monstrosity gives chase.

THE CROWD

Ballistic. Panicking people scramble away... A kid shooting
cell phone video is brutally eaten.

The sharks stalk and devour the beach goers.

An old couple struggles to move through the crowd. One of
the creatures JUMPS on the old man as his horrified wife
watches.

INT. OVAL OFFICE - DUSK

PRESIDENT GONZALEZ, a very short, and very Latino man of 50,
stands atop an apple box in the center of the room. He's
accompanied by five CABINET MEMBERS, all staring at a large
TV monitor.

The President is in jeans, hair slicked back, a Mexican flag
BELT BUCKLE, and a bolo tie. He's got a hay straw in his
mouth.

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ON THE SCREEN

Images of the beach attack. The image freezes on a close up of a shark-dog.

The president tosses the remote on a couch. The President speaks with a VERY THICK MEXICAN ACCENT.

PRESIDENT GONZALEZ

We need to act now. I can't wait for Higgins anymore. I'm going to the UN and asking for a global coalition. We cannot act alone.

CABINET MEMBER 1

Patience, Mr. President, the Chairman's plan has merit. Plus, the military is loyal to him--

PRESIDENT

I don't give a damn. I'm the Commander in Chief of these armed forces, whether he likes it or not.

CABINET MEMBER 2

Yes sir.

Cabinet Member 2 nods his head slowly at the President. The President grimaces, exposing the GOLD TOOTH there in the back.

Cabinet Member is still nodding at the President. Slowly.

PRESIDENT GONZALEZ

How long are you going to stand there and nod at me like that?

CABINET MEMBER 2

Until they cut away from this scene, sir.

EXT. AIRCRAFT CARRIER FLIGHT DECK - NIGHT

Gil and Sarah share a stroll among the parked jets. The wind blows, making her shiver a bit.

SARAH

Look, tomorrow morning we'll have evidence that there's more to this than just strange sharks. Other things are at play here, Baitman. Wow, you're a scientist

(MORE)

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SARAH (cont'd)
for crying out loud! The shark
scientist. How can you not be
curious?

GIL
(agitated)
Because curiosity killed the cat.
And that cat was my friend,
dammit... I'm just not ready for
that.

SARAH
Come on. We need you.

He fidgets with his wedding ring. Time to change the topic.
They stroll around some jets on the runway.

GIL
Incredible, huh? All these
machines, just built for war,
basically just to kill people.

Behind them, a sailor drags the body of another sailor to
the edge of the carrier.

SARAH
Sad, huh?

GIL
If I were president--

SARAH
(laughing)
Oh, please!

GIL
No really, if I were president,
I'd get rid of the military.

SARAH
"Make love, not war"? Give peace
a chance?

Gil holds up a can of sweet peas and scoops some in his
mouth.

GIL
I did. They need salt.

Behind them, the sailor drops the body over the edge and
into the water.

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SARAH

To get rid of the military you
need to get through Congress
first, Mr. President.

GIL

Okay, fine, call me an idealist.
Maybe we should devolve back into
simpler animals who just kill
each other to eat, or to protect
their young, instead of killing
each other because we pray to
different gods. Like your people
do with the cows.

SARAH

Humans are unique. I refuse to
devolve and eat table scraps like
a dog or lay in someone's bucket
like a cold dead fish.

Sarah walks away towards the carrier's tower.

GIL

Hey, you're just a physicist!
What do you know about dogs or
dead fish?

She turns her head back to Gil as she walks.

SARAH

I've dated too many of them.

She disappears into the shadows as he turns to walk close to
the edge of the ship.

He stares at the moon. Its bright reflection coupled with
the wind brings a smile to Gil's face. He takes it in.

The sailor quickly runs past behind Gil, but is intercepted
by a group of ninjas who attack with nunchucks and katanas.

EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - NIGHT

The choppy sea. A fifteen foot long shark-like creature
speeds like a torpedo toward the aircraft carrier.

As it reaches the craft, it LAUNCHES itself SIXTY FEET up
and out of the water. Its massive body is pure muscle. It
lands on the...

EXT. AIRCRAFT CARRIER FLIGHT DECK - NIGHT

The heavy slick monster slides as it lands, nudging some planes as it moves through them.

Gil sees the animal and looks around. It's just him and the beast.

He steps up to it slowly, focused on the shark's face. Something's off.

ON THE FACE

The shark has human-like eyelids. They are closed.

ON Gil

Shock. He stares at the creature and puts a hand on it, quickly pulling it away...

He focuses on the shark's face. He gets closer... Face to face.

The shark OPENS its eye! Gil stumbles back, spooked...

The creature physically changes. Like the Hulk, it gets larger, stronger. It takes on an almost human like form. The tail splits in two and the beast rises up on its makeshift legs. It snarls at Gil and runs toward him!

Gil runs fast on the wet deck, but the creature catches up. Gil turns, the monster jumps, taking him down.

Gil lands a good PUNCH, surprising it.

In anger, the monster shark slings Gil, causing him to slide on the wet surface to the edge of the ship. He almost falls in the water.

The shark rises and MOVES planes out of the way as it bumps into them on its way toward Gil.

They face each other from fifteen feet away. The shark LEAPS. Almost lands on Gil, but it's struck by

A HARPOON BOLT

Right on the head. With a THUMP, the creature drops dead in front of Gil.

Gil looks up at the shooter. It's

SARAH

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Breathing heavy, scared, still clumsily holding the harpoon as if she's about to shoot someone else.

SARAH

See, I know a thing or two about dead fish.

INT. AIRCRAFT CARRIER CONTROL ROOM - DAY

Busy room! Sailors sit at computer stations, while a large monitor in the middle of the room shows the POV of a one-man submarine. Chairman Higgins, Sarah, and Gil look on.

On a monitor, a sailor watches a telenovela.

CHAIRMAN HIGGINS

(into radio)

Deep Diver One copy. How far are you from the anomaly?

DEEP DIVER PILOT

(filtered)

Another two miles, sir. I see--

The radio breaks up.

CHAIRMAN HIGGINS

Damn signal. What the hell's going on?

Gil leans into Sarah.

GIL

So we're really talking about time travel and other dimensions here, huh?

SARAH

We are. Let me show you.

She crudely draws a line on a sheet of paper, and next to it a large circle with the letter "D" in it.

SARAH (cont'd)

This is our time-line and this is our dimension.

Gil studies the drawing.

GIL

Of course. It makes perfect sense. No wonder you people make such good engineers.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The radio SQUELCHES to life. Higgins grabs the handset.

ON THE MONITOR

A pulsating bright fibrous red portal, made up of a mass of electricity, like red lightning. It's enormous.

DEEP DIVER PILOT
(filtered)
I'm approaching-- anoma-- red.

CHAIRMAN HIGGINS
Look at that thing.

Sarah and Gil gaze into the monitor.

SARAH
It's the anomaly. The time
portal.

The radio SQUELCHES again, unintelligibly.

CHAIRMAN HIGGINS
Goddammit, this radio.

A young radio TECH approaches.

TECH
We're going to amplify the
frequencies, the signal may go
down for a second.

CHAIRMAN HIGGINS
Do whatever the hell you have to
do, but get this thing working.

Higgins turns to Gil and Sarah, the tech goes to the back.

CHAIRMAN HIGGINS (cont'd)
So what the hell do we know about
this portal?

SARAH
Nothing yet.

A LOUD BUZZ. A SHOCK WAVE. Everyone grabs their head in a quick flash of pain. Electronics go down for a beat, then chirp back to life. The room vibrated.

GIL
Ouch. I think I got stung by a
hornet.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SARAH

No, it was a temporal event.

The FAT TECH runs in.

FAT TECH

It happened right when we fiddled
with the the frequency on the
sub's radio. I saw my whole life
flash before my eyes.

(disappointed)

And I'm afraid It's not very
exciting the second time around
either.

The fat man runs away SOBBING. The radio SQUELCHES on.

DEEP DIVER PILOT

(filtered)

Did you feel that? Holy shit!
What was that?

SARAH

You should pull him out of there.

GIL

You can't pull him out of that
sub, he'll drown! He'll never
swim up fast enough!

CHAIRMAN HIGGINS

Nobody's going anywhere.

Sarah's eyes sink into the monitor...

EXT. OCEAN FLOOR - DAY

The one-man sub hovers near the ocean floor, dwarfed by the
enormous anomaly. The portal beats like a heart.

INT. DEEP DIVER SUB - DAY

Scrunched up in the tight cockpit is our pilot TONY, a
bearded hipster in his early 30's. Patty La belle's "ON MY
OWN" plays from a small speaker somewhere in this cockpit.

TONY

Talk to me Big-Boy, what's going
on?

INT. AIRCRAFT CARRIER CONTROL ROOM - DAY

CHAIRMAN HIGGINS

(into radio)

Your orders are to stay down
there and capture this video.

Gil holds up a ham and cheese foot-long sub.

GIL

Sir. Bring that sub up, send this
one instead, it's made fresh.

CHAIRMAN HIGGINS

This is now a military mission,
Doctor, so stay the hell out of
it.

SARAH

We don't know what's happening
with that portal, you're playing
with that man's life.

CHAIRMAN HIGGINS

Thank you Miss Lightman, I
appreciate your concern.

Another SHOCK WAVE, this one much stronger. Electronics go
down for a beat, then come back to life. People grab their
heads in pain!

SARAH

Here it is.

EXT. OCEAN FLOOR - DAY

A TWENTY-FIVE FOOT LONG MUSCULAR SHARK dashes out of the
anomaly, chased by an equally large dolphin with strange
tribal tattoos on its face. This is TRIBAL DOLPHIN.

There's something way off about these animals. They have
anthropomorphic characteristics.

INT. DEEP DIVER SUB - DAY

Tony's aghast.

TONY

Big-Boy copy, did you see that?
Shit.

EXT. OCEAN FLOOR - DAY

It's a rumble. The animals are practically fist fighting.

They twist and turn, the shark snaps at the dolphin while the mammal strikes back with its powerful tail and snout.

The shark catches sight of the DEEP DIVER SUB.

INT. DEEP DIVER SUB - DAY

Tony's a nervous wreck, he sees the shark coming.

TONY

Oh no. Time to go Big Boy.

He pilots the shit out of that one man sub.

EXT. OCEAN FLOOR - DAY

The sub speeds away. The shark WHIZZES towards it. TRIBAL DOLPHIN gives chase.

The fast shark catches up, and grabs the sub.

TRIBAL DOLPHIN whacks the shark with its tail, causing it to drop the sub, sending it on a tailspin.

The animals grapple.

Their bodies are lean muscular machines.

THE SUB

Spins toward a rock formation.

INT. DEEP DIVER SUB - DAY

Tony pulls, pushes, and presses all the levers as he tries to control the sub.

TONY

Shit.

EXT. OCEAN FLOOR - DAY

The sub rights itself and speeds away, but the shark tries to bash it. TRIBAL DOLPHIN intercepts the shark, and spears it with its snout, pushing and impaling it against a rock outcropping. It's dead. Blood streams out of its body.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TRIBAL DOLPHIN swims up close to the sub's view port.

INT. DEEP DIVER SUB - DAY

Tony stares at the dolphin's tribal tattoos through the glass, and the animal stares right back. It opens its mouth, almost smiling.

Tony picks up the radio.

TONY

Big Boy copy. Big Boy. Are you seeing this? It's a, it's a... tattooed dolphin.

EXT. OCEAN FLOOR - DAY

The sub rises. TRIBAL DOLPHIN watches it go.

INT. DEEP DIVER SUB - DAY

Tony looks down toward the animal for as long as he can.

EXT. OCEAN FLOOR - DAY

TRIBAL DOLPHIN watches the sub rise, until it becomes a speck. It swims away from the dormant anomaly and into our waters...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. AIRSTRIP - DAY

Gil, no longer sporting the cowboy look, Sarah, and a small group of military men stand off the side of a runway. A small CESSNA airplane crashes in a fireball behind them. Nobody cares.

Gil's phone RINGS. He moves away from Sarah to answer it.

GIL

Hello?

MAN'S VOICE

(filtered)

Don't come on this mission with Lightman, Doctor Baitman. Pull out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GIL

Pull out? That's crazy, I'm not even in her yet, but I'll nail her soon enough, don't you worry. I'll be coming soon.

An emergency crew runs over to the crashed Cessna, but another Cessna crashes on top of them.

MAN'S VOICE

(filtered)

Listen to me carefully. Don't get on that plane.

The call ends. A small plane lands, and after watching the other passengers climb aboard, Gil climbs up the stairs.

The crashed Cessnas continues to burn.

EXT. SKY - MAGIC HOUR

The private jet soars against the amber sky.

INT. PRIVATE JET - SUNSET

Gil and Sarah drink cocktails. A waiter hovers around.

SARAH

The data we gather here will advance the study of time travel and relativity by leaps and bounds. These anomalies may hold the key to the survival of the human species. Imagine colonizing other dimensions. The human race could go on and live forever, populating other universes and realities.

Gil's not really paying attention, he's busy staring out the window.

There's a businessman holding on for dear life on the wing.

SARAH (cont'd)

I'm still not sure though. Why is the military involved in this? Why not the National Science Foundation?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GIL
Sarah, we need to keep our eyes
open.
(a beat)
Otherwise we're not gonna be able
to see anything.

Sarah looks around. It's safe to talk.

SARAH
I need this access to the
anomalies. My group couldn't
afford this on MIT's dime.

GIL
You have dimes in India?

Gil looks out the window again. On the wing, next to the
businessman, a tennis player in a headband also holds on for
dear life.

SARAH
I need the military right now as
much as they need me. They're
funding my research and they
don't even know it.

Gil looks out his window. On the wing, a golden retriever
dog holds on for dear life with the businessman and tennis
player.

EXT. CAPE COD AIRPORT - DAY

The private plane comes to a stop at a runway. Two black
SUVs await it.

The businessman, tennis player and dog get off the wing and
walk away.

EXT. OUTSIDE OF CAPE COD - DAY

The two SUVs traverse a long dirt road.

Through the windows we see that Gil and Sarah are seated in
the back of TRUCK 2, and some military types fill TRUCK 1 up
ahead.

INT. SUV 2 - DAY

The driver's all business, frozen forward. Gil looks out the
window and smiles a bit.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GIL
Never thought I'd ever be back
here.

SARAH
Cape Cod?

GIL
No, inside this specific SUV. I
remember riding in it a few years
ago.

He sticks his hand in the seat pocket and pulls out a set of
DENTURES, a WIG, a GLASS EYE, and a SET OF KEYS.

GIL (cont'd)
Oh hey! That's where my keys
were!

SARAH
Do you miss the water?

He hesitates before speaking.

GIL
I do. Well, I really miss the
animals. They're not bloodthirsty
beasts. They're completely
misunderstood. And I blame shark
movies... these dumb movies just
made to sensationalize sharks,
filled with ridiculous attacks
and situations.

The SUV picks up speed, surprising Gil and Sarah. Through
the REAR VIEW MIRROR, the driver sees two black motorcycles
turn a corner and head their way. Behind them-- a FLYING
SHARK.

EXT. OUTSIDE OF CAPE COD - DAY

The shark gobbles up a motorcycle driver and flies away.

The remaining motorcycle driver, all in black and helmeted,
speeds up to the first truck.

The driver PULLS a bomb from his jacket and sticks it on the
door of SUV 1. He slows down the bike.

INT. SUV 2 - DAY

Gil sees the action up ahead.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GIL
Turn around! Go!

EXT. OUTSIDE OF CAPE COD - DAY

The motorcycle pulls up next to Gil's door.

Gil's SUV pulls a fast U turn and speeds off, the motorcycle follows.

SUV 1 EXPLODES in a ball of fire.

EXT. OUTSIDE OF CAPE COD - DAY

The motorcycle pulls up next to Gil's door again. The driver pulls a bomb from his jacket. Gil OPENS the door, and the motorcycle SWERVES to avoid it.

Gil sprays the motorcycle driver's helmet visor with CHEESE-WHIZ, sending it on a tailspin. The SUV speeds off. The motorcycle driver rolls to a stop while still clutching his bomb...

CLICK. SHIT. BOOOOM!

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. RIVER HOUSE - NIGHT

A small house on a large river. The black SUV is parked here along with several military vehicles.

EXT. RIVER HOUSE - DOCK - NIGHT

Gil and Sarah sit on the dock, their legs dangling over the water. The moon reflects over the foggy wide river. Two military men stand guard ten feet behind them.

GIL
A New England safe house. There really could be worse places to spend a Saturday night.

SARAH
Today's Tuesday.

GIL
One half of my brain thinks I'm crazy for coming here, the other half thinks I'm crazy for
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GIL (cont'd)
thinking about not coming, and
the third half really just wants
something to eat.

SARAH
Well I'm glad you came.

GIL
My wife would always tell me that
in bed.

Gil looks up at the moonlit sky.

GIL (cont'd)
A shark killed her. After that, I
swore that I'd never let the
ocean betray me again.

SARAH
I'm sorry.

GIL
Apology accepted.

A beat.

GIL (cont'd)
We were in a shark cage. One
ignored our bait and came
straight for us instead. It
bumped the cage too hard and the
crane malfunctioned. The cage
sank, and the shark grabbed her.
(a beat)
That shark swam away with the
love of my life. It also took my
wife.

Sarah comes back to reality thanks to the LIGHTS of an old
fishing boat breaking through the fog. The engine POPS and
SMOKES.

SARAH
That must be our guide. Commodore
Jones.

A bear of a man clad in denim overalls and a captain's hat
steers the ship. He's 65 year old South-African COMMODORE
JONES.

He holds a small two headed shark by the tail. He tosses it
on the deck next to Gil where it lands with a THUD and flops
around.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COMMODORE JONES

Sorry. I got held up.

Gil looks at the fish, then back up at the Commodore.

The fish flops back into the water. Sarah's checking out the boat.

SARAH

Commodore Jones. We're going out in this old thing?

COMMODORE JONES

Miss, this was my grandfather's boat, The Magnum. Trust me. We'll be fine.

Gil walks over with a smile.

GIL

How long have you been a fisherman?

COMMODORE JONES

All my life, Doctor Baitman. Since before you were born.

GIL

Really? Wow. There were fish back then?

A group of military men led by Chairman Higgins step out the back door of the house and approach.

CHAIRMAN HIGGINS

Well, we're all set here, Baitman. Your security crew is in place and the house is wired. PETA or whoever the hell sent that bomber won't find you here.

GIL

(to Higgins)

First live shark we find, we take it to the lab, right?

CHAIRMAN HIGGINS

The moment you secure a specimen, call it in. Your lab will be ready.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SARAH

You're going to keep your warships away from us tomorrow, correct?

CHAIRMAN HIGGINS

Yes, Miss Lightman. We're available to provide aid only if necessary.

COMMODORE JONES

It won't be. We'll leave first thing in the morning.

CHAIRMAN HIGGINS

Good. Go out there and catch me a shark. I need to go calm down President Gonzalez.

EXT. SEA - DAY

The Magnum skims on the surface of the sea, a shark cage held by a deck crane hangs off the side.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SEAL ISLAND SEA - DAY

The Magnum floats near a seal island. BARKS fill the air. Commodore chums the water. The idle engine POPS and SMOKES.

EXT. MAGNUM DECK - DAY

Seals BARK as Commodore Jones and Gil chum the water off the back of the boat. Sarah looks on, grossed out.

GIL

Hey, do you guys know why sharks don't eat fast food?

Commodore Jones and Sarah wait for the punchline.

SARAH

Because they can't catch it. It's fast food.

She smiles, she stumped his joke. He's serious though...

GIL

No. It's because they haven't put any restaurants under water yet.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Commodore Jones keeps chumming. Gil sticks his fingertips in another chum bucket, and flicks water at Sarah.

She laughs. She flicks some chum water back at him.

He laughs, another flick. She flicks him again with a bit of water.

He gives her another flick, and a wink. She smiles and flicks him with yet more chum water.

Gil grabs the CHUM BUCKET and drenches her, "Carrie" style, with bloody water filled with fish parts. They share a laugh. She's even got chum in her mouth. A magical moment.

EXT. SEA - DAY

A new day. The Magnum hops along the ocean.

EXT. MAGNUM DECK - DAY

Gil motions to Commodore Jones to pull back the throttle.

GIL

Whoa, whoa. Here we go.

SARAH

Did you see something?

GIL

Sewage.

IN THE OCEAN

sludge, floating on the water. Plenty of it. A swarm of small fish feed off it.

SARAH

Why are we stopping for sewage?

GIL

It's like in your River Ganges, an old tourist trap trick. You dump a bunch of shit in the water to attract bait fish.

COMMODORE JONES

Good timing too, because we're out of chum.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SARAH

So seals couldn't give us a shark, but a floating pile of excrement will?

GIL

It's shit, not excrement. Bait fish attracts the sharks. It's the oldest trick in the book. You can't have shark tourism without sharks.

They sit and wait.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. OCEAN - DAY

A bad storm's coming. The Magnum skims across the water.

INT. MAGNUM CABIN - DAY

Commodore Jones steers while looking out the window.

COMMODORE JONES

I don't like the look of the sky.

GIL

It gave me a dirty look earlier too, I don't know what the hell's the matter with it.

Commodore Jones points Sarah to an ANTIQUE MARINE SHORTWAVE-RADIO UNIT filled with knobs and needles. The labels are all mostly faded.

COMMODORE JONES

Miss, get on the radio, get a weather forecast.

SARAH

This radio actually works?

COMMODORE JONES

My grandfather left it for me, radios were his hobby. It works like a charm. It's from the forties!

Sarah turns knobs. 40's era BIG BAND MUSIC plays from the speaker. As she moves the dial, different songs come on.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SARAH
I don't know how to use it. Which
knob do I--?

Sarah turns another knob. A quick--vibration--rocks the
cabin. It... sways.

SARAH (cont'd)
Whoa.

COMMODORE JONES
What was that?

GIL
An anomaly. Stop the boat.

SARAH
We need to see what's going on
down there.

COMMODORE JONES
Not in this weather we're not.

SARAH
Commodore, please.

Commodore pulls back on the throttle. The wind picks up. The
sky darkens.

EXT. MAGNUM DECK - DAY

Using the crane, Commodore helps Sarah place equipment into
the water. It's just a red horse shoe magnet.

GIL
We may be too late. Looks like it
was a small event.

SARAH
Well, we really have no data to
compare it to. Let me get some
magnetic reference readings at
least. One of you two pin down
coordinates of where we are.

Gil holds up a "Battleship" game board. He sticks a peg in
one of the little boats.

GIL
We're in G three and G four.

Lightning STRIKES the water nearby.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COMMODORE JONES
Enough. We're done for the day.

INT. MAGNUM CABIN - DAY

Commodore Jones and Sarah run in. He tries to start the engine, but nothing, it TURNS and SPUTTERS.

COMMODORE JONES
(under his breath)
Now's not the time for this
Magnum. We need to get out of
here.

INSERT: BOAT DASHBOARD - KITT'S VOICE BOX FROM KNIGHT RIDER

MAGNUM
(Kitt's voice)
Sorry, Commodore.

BACK TO SCENE

SARAH
If you can't get this thing
started I'm calling for help.

She goes for the radio. Grabs the mic and turns a knob.

BWOOOOONG!

Everything vibrates and the power goes down for a beat.
Sarah and the Commodore clinch their heads in pain.

EXT. MAGNUM DECK - DAY

Now the rain really comes down hard. Gil's recovering from the pain. Sarah and Commodore run over.

Lightning strikes the boat. It comes... horizontally, and leaves a burn mark on the boat but does not set it on fire.

COMMODORE JONES
What the hell was that? That
didn't come from the sky.

Gil looks out to the ocean.

GIL
It came from the sea.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A large, muscular, transparent, tentacle springs out of the water and lands on the deck near Sarah with a THUD. The three of them jump back.

SARAH

It's some kind of squid.

Inside the tentacle's tip is a swirling blue light.

GIL

No. Worse. It's some kind of squid.

A second tentacle lands on the deck, on Sarah's other side.

SARAH

Quick, somebody throw me a harpoon gun.

No time to react! A third giant tentacle rises from the water, but points down at the boat, like a cannon.

It shoots off a lightning bolt right into the cabin windshield! Glass everywhere.

COMMODORE JONES walks up, holding a shot gun.

COMMODORE JONES

Get off my ship, you slimy bastard.

BOOM! He fires off a shot at the tentacle above the boat. It recoils and we hear it SHRIEK in pain from under the water.

One of the tentacles next to Sarah grabs her and RAISES her up above the boat.

Gil JUMPS on the tentacle and climbs it like Jack on a beanstalk to get to SARAH.

GIL

Hold on!

The tentacle whips around while holding Sarah, shaking her. Gil struggles to hold on. It's too wet and slick.

It fires a lightning bolt at the boat.

ON THE BOAT

Commodore Jones avoids getting hit, and pumps a few rounds into the tentacle on the deck. The squid recoils, and Gil and Sarah fall in the water.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

More lightning bolts!

SARAH

I have an idea. Lets go back to
the radio.

They swim to the boat and climb up.

EXT. MAGNUM DECK - DAY

Commodore Jones is out of ammo. He tosses the gun.

COMMODORE JONES

I'm gonna kill ya, squiddy.

He pounces on a tentacle while Gil and Sarah head for the
cabin.

INT. MAGNUM CABIN - DAY

They reach the radio and Gil frantically turns its knobs. He
can't tell which knob is which. He points at one labeled
"VOLUME".

GIL

It's in French. It says
"Volloomay". I don't know what the
hell that means! I don't speak
french!

EXT. OCEAN - DAY

Through the heavy rain we see 5 more tentacles join in the
fun.

ON THE BOAT

The Commodore wrestles with a tentacle.

INT. MAGNUM CABIN - DAY

Gil struggles with the radio. Sarah nudges him out of the
way.

SARAH

Let me do this. Go help Commodore
Jones.

Gil grabs a harpoon bolt and runs out.

EXT. MAGNUM DECK - DAY

Gil slams a harpoon bolt on the tentacle, piercing and pinning it on the deck.

A VIBRATION... another TEMPORAL EVENT... Gil and Commodore Jones grab their heads in pain.

The squid flails around, shrieking. It gets sucked down below like by a vacuum cleaner, leaving behind the tip of its tentacle, pinned on the deck by a harpoon bolt.

Gil grabs the dead slimy tip, looks at it for a beat and tosses it into the ocean.

Sarah steps out of the cabin.

SARAH

Commodore. Did your grandfather teach you anything about radio frequencies?

EXT. UNDER WATER - DAY

We follow the tentacle tip down through the darkness below, and as it drops, it starts to glow with swirling blue lights...

EXT. PENTAGON - DAY

The Pentagon. It has eight sides.

INT. CHAIRMAN HIGGINS' OFFICE - DAY

Classic Nazi decor. A portrait of the Fuhrer rock climbing hangs over Higgins's desk. Higgins is on the phone.

CHAIRMAN HIGGINS

Mister President, you have my word. Everything I'm doing has been vetted through these scientists out there on the field. They are the best in the world, and they are with me on this.

Roswell WALKS IN, Higgins signals him to not speak.

CHAIRMAN HIGGINS (cont'd)

Yes, Mister President. I guarantee it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Higgins hangs up the phone.

ROSWELL

Is he on board?

CHAIRMAN HIGGINS

Roswell, Guadalupe Gonzalez is an idiot. He's the most gullible man I've ever met, right after me. Let's get phase two started. And do me a favor, will ya. As soon as Baitman finds a live shark I want him off the project and out of the way. We can catch our own goddamn sharks.

EXT. CAPE COD BEACH - DUSK

People sit out on the sand and watch the sunset. There's a "Shark Watch" watchtower on the beach.

INT. WATCHTOWER - DUSK

A uniformed YOUNG WOMAN, 20, sits at a desk and watches the waters through a pair of binoculars.

Something catches her eye. She stands, still clutching the binoculars against her face.

BINOCULARS POV

Three sharks skim the surface of the water, flapping their large fin-wings, flying straight for the shore.

BACK TO SCENE

YOUNG WOMAN

Oh my god.

She flips a switch on the wall labeled "ALARM", picks up a microphone, and WAILS like an ALARM into it.

EXT. CAPE COD BEACH - DUSK.

ALARM! The crowd runs. But the animals are too fast. Two of them feast on the crowd, the third heads toward

THE WATCHTOWER

It flies up the tower at a NINETY DEGREE ANGLE and enters the lookout. It devours the young woman in seconds.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

It flies out toward the water, eating a few beach goers along the way.

THE MAGNUM

abruptly approaches the shore. Gil runs off the boat, clutching a harpoon gun.

He runs up to a shark that's gorging on a woman and hits it right on the head, killing it instantly.

SARAH

runs off the boat. A shark flies right above her, circling her. It dives for her. A FLARE goes off and hits the shark right on the head, killing it. It drops next to Sarah. The shot came from

COMMODORE

standing on the bow of the ship, holding the flare gun.

GIL

Runs on the beach around dead bodies. A shark chases him. The shark flies over Gil, SLAPPING him with its tail.

Gil drops in pain. The harpoon gun flies out of his hand.

The shark's coming for him. He crawls to the gun.

The shark's about to eat him. He shoots, hits the shark on the side. It drops, but it's alive, squirming in pain.

COMMODORE AND SARAH

Run up to Gil, who's getting up.

GIL

Good. We got our live sample.
Lets call Higgins and get some
help out here. We need to prep it
for lab transport.

Sarah approaches the shark. She's immensely curious. Gil extends his hand, stopping her.

GIL (cont'd)

I hope you're not thinking of
harvesting its fin for one of
your soups. I won't let you. I
need this shark alive.

The shark SNAPS at Sarah. She jumps back, scared!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The shark stays focused on Gil...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CAPE COD BEACH - NIGHT

A STOIC OFFICER in his late 50's, flanked by a small group of soldiers, approaches our trio; still standing near the shark.

STOIC OFFICER
We'll be handling this from here.
The animal comes with us.

COMMODORE JONES
What? No.

STOIC OFFICER
You have a few dead samples. The
live sample comes with us.

GIL
No way. Get me a telex machine, I
need to get a hold of Higgins.

The shark, squirming in pain, locks eyes with Gil.

STOIC OFFICER
You'll study the two dead
samples. This one's mine.

The officer and his men walk away from Gil.

STOIC OFFICER (cont'd)
Lets get the tank here. And
riddle that thing with
tranquilizers.

GIL
You're insane. That thing can't
speak, it'll never answer your
riddles.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CAPE COD BEACH - NIGHT

Floodlights fill the shore. Workers strap the giant glass shark tank to the back of a flatbed.

The stoic officer and the shark both stare at Gil from the departing flatbed truck.

EXT. RIVER HOUSE - DOCK - NIGHT

The Magnum pulls up to the dock.

INT. RIVER HOUSE - NIGHT

The back doors of the house fly open and Gil rushes in followed by Sarah. A few soldiers stand around.

SARAH

What the hell happened out there?
All they cared about was that
live sample.

GIL

Never mind that. My hair and
underpants are full of sand.

CAPTAIN CROSS, an all-business, tall, navy muscle man, 60,
comes in through the front door with a small entourage.

CAPTAIN CROSS

Doctor Baitman, the United States
appreciates your help, but we'll
be taking over the studies from
here.

GIL

What? No. Why aren't you people
letting me study that shark?

CAPTAIN CROSS

(to a guard)
Lieutenant, they are not to leave
this safe-house until we pick
them up.
(to Gil)
You'll be here for a few weeks.
Enjoy your vacation.

Captain Cross and his entourage turn and walk out the door.

SARAH

Why wouldn't they give it to you
to study? What does the military
want with a flying shark?

Gil closes his eyes. A realization.

GIL

Oh no.
(a beat)
I left the stove on.

INT. UNDERGROUND SECRET GOVERNMENT BIO FACILITY - DAY

Enormous room. Hundreds of people in lab-coats and fatigues move about. Desks and lab tables fill the floor, huge cloning vats line the walls.

It's chaotic. Exciting.

AT A CLONING VAT

Chairman Higgins and two twenty-something, male BIOLOGISTS in lab coats walk by the vats.

Inside the vats we see: KIM KARDASHIAN, "AIN'T NOBODY GOT TIME FOR THAT" LADY, KOREAN SINGER PSY, STRAIGHT WHITE GUY.

Higgins stops at a vat holding the live flying shark.

CHAIRMAN HIGGINS

How soon?

SCIENTIST 1

About four or five weeks. Maybe more.

CHAIRMAN HIGGINS

Are you crazy?. I needed that animal yesterday. You have three days.

Kim K's ass grows in the vat. Rapidly.

SCIENTIST 2

Sir. If we accelerate the cloning process it will affect the genetic engineering later. This could create unknown and perhaps unethical biological reactions we don't want.

SCIENTIST 1

I got nothing, so just assume I'm also giving you some ethical mumbo-jumbo.

Kim K's running out of space. That ass.

CHAIRMAN HIGGINS

I don't care. Three days and Haws here better be armed and ready to go hunting in the Persian Gulf.

SCIENTIST 1

Haws... sir?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHAIRMAN HIGGINS

Yes. Like the movie.

SCIENTIST 2

That's, Jaws, sir.

CHAIRMAN HIGGINS

No, the movie's called Haws.

SCIENTIST 2

Sir, it's Jaws, with a strong J, not an H. It's not in Spanish.

CHAIRMAN HIGGINS

I was there in seventy six kid. I think I know what I saw.

Kim K's growing ass cracks the vat. It shatters. Liquid pours out. She stumbles out. A commotion by her cloning vat. Higgins and the scientists ignore it.

SCIENTIST 1

I won't do what you're asking me to do.

CHAIRMAN HIGGINS

What the hell did you say to me?

Scientist 1 is nervous, but he bravely locks eyes with Higgins.

SCIENTIST 1

I won't do what you're asking me to do.

CHAIRMAN HIGGINS

What the hell did you say to me?

SCIENTIST 1

I won't do what you're asking me to do.

CHAIRMAN HIGGINS

What the hell did you say to me?

SCIENTIST 1

I won't do what you're asking me to do.

SCIENTIST 2

We will not risk our reputation--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHAIRMAN HIGGINS
(screaming)
To hell with your goddamn
reputation!

The room freezes. Except for BEEPS coming from some equipment somewhere.

CHAIRMAN HIGGINS (cont'd)
How long have you been in a lab coat, kid? Five, six years? I've been in a uniform all of my life, fighting against those who hate our way of life. Puppies, teachers, Salvadorean gang members, utility workers, special needs kids, Kermit the Frog, Filipino nurses, men, women, little old ladies and just about any other bad guy who gets in our way. But what do you know? You're just a kid in a crispy clean lab coat.

Higgins composes himself and looks around. All eyes in the room are on him.

CHAIRMAN HIGGINS (cont'd)
I'll be back here in three days to pick up my shark. Make sure Haws here is armed and ready.

The shark's tail twitches as Higgins walks away...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. RIVER HOUSE - DOCK - DAY

The Commodore has the Magnum running. Gil and Sarah walk up to it on the dock.

GIL
Well, that's been a fast couple of weeks. Right everyone? Right? The weeks just kinda flew by. Crazy how that works, huh? Okay, they're not coming for another hour or so. Three miles south, Commodore, we'll be there. Let me get past the one guard they left inside.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COMMODORE JONES
My grandfather used to tell me
that great perseverance led to
great results. We'll catch a
shark.

Gil nods at Commodore Jones.

GIL
Three miles south, Commodore. See
you soon.

The boat pulls out of the dock. Gil and Sarah walk back into
the house.

GIL (cont'd)
Hey, is a mile in India fifteen
minutes like it is in America?

INT. RIVER HOUSE - DAY

Gil and Sarah walk in. Young military escort SILVERMAN is
inside.

GIL
Any idea when our ride's coming?

SILVERMAN
In about an hour sir. I've been
asked to make sure you get on
that truck.

SARAH
Don't worry Silverman, nobody's
jumping bail.

Gil rummages through a tool box on the floor and pulls out
duck tape and a wire stripper.

GIL
Sarah and I are going to wait
outside. Don't worry, kid, I'm
not going to hotwire that Jeep
outside, and I'm not planning on
a get-away if that's what you're
thinking. Oh, and I'm also not
meeting the Commodore three miles
south of here. That's nonsense.

Silverman nods in approval.

EXT. RIVER HOUSE/DRIVEWAY - DAY

Gil and Sarah climb into a military JEEP parked on the driveway.

IN THE JEEP

He reaches under the dash for wires and tries to hotwire the engine.

GIL
I used to hotwire boats all the time when I was a kid. Drove one down my street one day, but I sank the damn thing.

The jeep starts. But...

SILVERMAN

Is here, aiming his weapon at Gil.

SILVERMAN
I'm afraid I can't let you go, Doctor Baitman.

Gil tightens his grip on the wheel and takes a deep breath.

GIL
Look, just take my wallet. We don't want any trouble.

SILVERMAN
I have my orders, Sir.

Gil climbs out of the jeep. SILVERMAN takes a few steps back, still aiming his gun.

GIL
I'll show you orders.

Gil sticks his hand in his pocket and produces a couple of PAPER RECEIPTS.

GIL (cont'd)
Last night. The Pizza we ordered from Luigi's, and here's the fried rice we had from Chang's.

Gil moves in and GRABS the gun by the barrel, he pulls it off the escort's hands.

He strikes an action pose and fires the gun at A PANDA that comes out of the bushes!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SILVERMAN

Oh my god! That's an endangered
giant panda!

Gil strikes another action pose and shoots at a white tiger
that also comes out of the bushes!

SILVERMAN (cont'd)

Oh my god! That's an endangered
white tiger!

Another action pose! He shoots at a SLACKER ON A SKATEBOARD
coming up the driveway.

SILVERMAN (cont'd)

Oh my god! That's my endangered
friend Steve!

Yet another action pose! Gil shoots at... ABE VIGODA
standing by the door of the house!

SILVERMAN (cont'd)

Oh my god, that's Abe Vigoda!
Wait, wasn't he already dead?

Sarah surprises Silverman with a solid UPPERCUT. He goes
down. Gil and Sarah climb back in

THE JEEP

SARAH

I don't like this at all.

GIL

Yeah, this it's really messy. I
mean, look at this, it's a
pigsty.

The back of the jeep is a mess filled with litter, banana
peals, and tons of other trash. They drive off.

EXT. MILITARY POOL DECK - DAY

An Olympic sized pool with a beach entry. A TWO-HEADED
HAMMERHEAD SHARK sits like a seal on the edge of the water.
The two heads bicker with each other while Chairman Higgins
and a MILITARY ANIMAL TRAINER look on from five feet away.

ANIMAL TRAINER

The results are highly
encouraging. It's all scoring way
above projections.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHAIRMAN HIGGINS
Excellent. Show me something
good.

The Animal Trainer pulls out his phone.

ANIMAL TRAINER
Look at this girl I met on
Tinder.

CHAIRMAN HIGGINS
Very nice.

The trainer WHISTLES. On cue, a shark speeds toward the shore and flies out of the water. It hovers in place by flapping its fins.

We can see two small weapons - grown into it - laser shooters on each side of the head.

ANIMAL TRAINER
(at the shark)
Marius. The targets!

Marius the shark FLIES OFF toward a pair of target mannequins at the far end of the pool... the shark hovers twenty feet away from them and punctures the center of their heads with precision laser beams.

It then flies toward a scientist standing near the mannequins and devours him. A pair of guards come out of nowhere and shoot the shark with tranquilizer darts until it drops.

The ANIMAL TRAINER looks on in horror. Higgins musters a smile.

CHAIRMAN HIGGINS
I expect a platoon by the end of
the week. Oh, and can you put
that Tinder thing on my phone?

One of the hammerhead's heads snaps at its other head.

EXT. SEA - MAGIC HOUR

Gil, Sarah, and the Commodore dangle their feet off the side of the boat.

COMMODORE JONES
So now what?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GIL
Well, I'm committed to studying
these sharks. So lets finally
catch one.

Gil sees something in the water.

GIL (cont'd)
Hey look at that!

A pod of three tattooed dolphins swim up to the surface.

GIL (cont'd)
Unbelievable.

All dolphin eyes are on Gil. TRIBAL DOLPHIN, whom we've met
before, swims around to the back of the boat, Gil follows.

COMMODORE JONES
Careful Gil.

GIL
No, no. It's alright Commodore.
It's a dolphin, like the one that
came out of that portal, Sarah.
Look, there's a bunch of them out
there.

Gil points out to sea. The MIAMI DOLPHINS FOOTBALL TEAM bobs
in the water.

ON THE MAGNUM

Tribal Dolphin moves closer. Gil leans in, face to face.
Their noses touch... a bond.

The dolphin maneuvers to raise its FLIPPER out of the water.
It has a fishing hook stuck right through it, and the line
is tangled around the dolphin.

GIL (cont'd)
Commodore, get me a set of pliers
and some scissors.
(to dolphin)
Don't worry buddy, I'll fix you.

Commodore approaches with the tools.

COMMODORE JONES
Here you go, Dolphin Whisperer.

Gil jumps in the water and uses the pliers to remove the
hook.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GIL
You're gonna be okay.

He pulls the hook, then cuts and untangles the line.

The freed dolphin pulls back and starts to CHIRP, leading the other two to do the same.

Suddenly, hundreds of dolphins, all marked in distinctive tribal tattoos, poke their heads out of the water. The chirping SWELLS and becomes a SONG.

Almost as if perfectly choreographed, the dolphins dive back into the water and swim away toward the sunset.

INT. GOVERNMENT STAGING AREA - DAY

A large but shallow infinity pool merges into the ocean inside this large hangar. It's divided into smaller pools by metal fencing and gates. Inside each one there's a shark, chained to the bottom. Horns, fin-wings, lasers, we see it all. Each one anxious to swim past the gates.

Higgins and the President walk on one of the various catwalks sitting just inches above the fences and the water. Armed guards patrol. Secret Service is close behind.

The President's eating movie theater nachos and cheese in his bolo tie and jeans.

CHAIRMAN HIGGINS
We call this place the "Island of Doctor Mureau".

Higgins chuckles at his comment, but the President isn't laughing, he doesn't get it.

CHAIRMAN HIGGINS (cont'd)
We've already cloned quite a few and started organic implants.

PRESIDENT GONZALEZ
That was fast, I just barely authorized it. You better be careful Higgins, this can't go wrong.

A shark flies out of a pen but it's held in place by chains. Armed guards rush over to sedate it. It drops back into the water.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHAIRMAN HIGGINS

Mr. President, we have the top shark expert in the world along with an astro-physicist, advising us on how to best proceed with our plan. We don't act without their go-ahead. Believe me, they think as I do. You won't regret this.

From one of the pens next to the men, FLAVIOUS, an enormous type of tiger shark with a laser mounted on its head, floats near the surface and looks on at Higgins.... For a while...

EXT. OCEAN - MAGIC HOUR

The Magnum rolls with the small waves.

ON THE DECK

Gil eats an apple while Commodore Jones eats a large roasted turkey leg. Sarah lays out on the floor.

ON THE OCEAN

The waves pick up... strange... from multiple directions... creating small water spouts. There's not a cloud in the sky. No wind.

COMMODORE JONES

What the hell is going on?
There's no storm coming.

SARAH

It's not a temporal event. We would have felt it.

GIL

Commodore, get this boat moving.
Now!

Sarah gets up, and with authority grabs a harpoon gun. Commodore starts the engine. It starts... and sputters...

COMMODORE JONES

What the hell?

SARAH

Oh come on.

The waves pick up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GIL
Well get to the back and fix it!

Commodore heads to the engine. Gil picks up a harpoon gun and stands next to Sarah.

GIL (cont'd)
Hang on. If it's a shark, it's coming with us.

ON THE WATER

100 yards away, a LARGE HORNED SHARK rises out of the water, until it's SKIMMING on the surface using its four large webbed feet. It's coming right for the magnum.

SARAH
We can't take that with us, look at that thing.

Gil loads the harpoon.

GIL
(screaming)
Commodore. Start the boat.

Commodore fiddles with the motor more and signals "hang on".

The rhino shark picks up speed... It gets closer... Gil and Sarah pick up the harpoons and aim...

The shark's closer still...

ON THE BOAT

The motor ROARS to life... Commodore runs to the steering wheel.

ON THE WATER

The shark JUMPS toward the ship, almost landing on top of it as the boat quickly jots forward and away.

COMMODORE JONES
That was close.

Gil fires a bolt and hits the shark on the side.

The rhino shark growls and flinches in pain and anger. It swims and pummels the boat, knocks it with its horn and flips it.

Our heroes go under water for a beat, but rise up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They climb up and stand on the bottom of the flipped boat.

A HARPOON GUN floats nearby. They see it.

COMMODORE JONES (cont'd)
We need that gun.

SARAH
You're crazy, you can't get in
that water.

GIL
I'm going to go get it.

COMMODORE JONES
Wait. No. Look.

The shark runs on the water toward the ruined boat.

SARAH
We're not gonna make it.

GIL
Hang on.

COMMODORE JONES
You better grab that gun.

A beat and a deep breath. Commodore Jones dives in the water
and swims opposite the harpoon gun.

GIL
No! Commodore!

The shark goes after the Commodore.

COMMODORE JONES
Come and get me you monster.

The shark attacks Commodore Jones. Gil and Sarah look on in
agony.

GIL
No! Why did he have to try and be
a hero?

Commodore Jones struggles to stay afloat as he fights the
shark.

COMMODORE JONES
Baitman, help! Together we can
beat it!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GIL
(to self)
Why Commodore? Why did you do
this?

COMMODORE JONES
You can still save me! I'm still
alive! I'm not dead! Help me,
Baitman!

GIL
(to self)
If only I could have done
something to save you!

Commodore Jones fights the shark. He's signaling Gil for
help.

COMMODORE JONES
Shoot it! Get the harpoon gun!

GIL
(to self)
Now there's nothing I can do!

COMMODORE JONES
Please Baitman, save me! Kill
the damn thing! I'm not dead!

GIL
(to Sarah)
He died trying to help us Sarah,
he died a hero.

Gil turns to the harpoon gun. He dives in after it.

The shark eats Commodore Jones, then turns to the boat. Gil
looks on while in the water.

GIL (cont'd)
No!

Gil swims to the wreck and climbs it just as the shark
closes in. The shark knocks the ship with its horn.

Sarah and Gil fall in the water. The shark hits Sarah with
its tail, knocking her out. She sinks.

Gil dives in after the her.

He grabs her with his right arm and starts to swim up. The
shark's coming back, underwater.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Gil swims faster. They come to the surface and take deep breathes. Sarah wakes. The shark pummels them, sending him up against the wreck, and her once again under water.

Gil's left hand gets tangled up in some rope.

SARAH

slowly drifts down. The shark follows her. Gil struggles to get loose.

HIS HAND

tangled in rope. He works it. His WEDDING RING slides off and falls in the water as his hand gets loose.

Gil

stares as it sinks, then looks at Sarah.

GIL (cont'd)

Sarah.

Gil jumps in the water and grabs a harpoon gun floating nearby. He swims up to the shark as it's about to devour Sarah. He PIERCES the shark's head with the harpoon. Blood leaks out. The shark's dead. Gil grabs Sarah and swims up...

UNDERWATER

Gil's WEDDING RING slowly drifts down...

ON THE WRECK

Sarah comes to, and together they look on at the pair of Navy ships headed their way.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SECRET EVIL MILITARY BASE - DUSK

A large military base floats in the middle of the ocean. High tech. Multiple decks. Futuristic.

EXT. SECRET EVIL MILITARY BASE/OUTER DECK - DUSK

Gil and Sarah stand with Captain Cross while other military men go about their duties.

CAPTAIN CROSS

You were told that your
expedition was over, Baitman. But
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CAPTAIN CROSS (cont'd)
don't worry, the United States
military will be putting these
sharks to good use.

GIL
What? No? You people are crazy.
I'm going public with this.

The Captain smiles. He nods over to a Lieutenant.

CAPTAIN CROSS
Lieutenant! It's getting late.
Why don't you show our guests to
their quarters.

LIEUTENANT
Yes sir.

CAPTAIN CROSS
In the brig.

Two sailors grab Gil and Sarah, who offer no resistance...

GIL
This is ridiculous. I'll sue you,
I'll take you to court! The
People's Court!

CAPTAIN CROSS
Doctor Baitman, Ms. Lightman,
under advisement of the chairman
of the joint chiefs of staff and
operating within the jurisdiction
of the United States Navy, I am
placing you under provisional
arrest.

GIL
This plan is insane. We don't
know what they're capable of!
Please tell me that you are not
arming these sharks! You cannot
arm these sharks!

The Captain looks out to the sunset, perhaps with a tinge of
regret...

CAPTAIN CROSS
(to himself)
We already did.

EXT. UKRAINE COAST - NIGHT

Two small and unmarked military trucks and five Russian men stand on the empty beach. One of them is older, the LEADER. Two TERRORISTS unload a large metal crate from the storage area in the back of one of the jeeps. The other men look on. Leader joins the men.

One of them opens the crate and points a flashlight at it.

It's a small NUCLEAR rocket, for shoulder mounted weapons.

EXT. BLACK SEA - NIGHT

Four tiger sharks, in formation, swim toward the shore. And FAST!

Four navy seals grab on to their fins, hitching a ride. They're a unit.

EXT. UKRAINE COAST - NIGHT

The two terrorists stand with the leader, while the other armed Russians surround them.

LEADER
(subtitled, Russian)
We appreciate your assistance in
this matter.

TERRORIST
Victor, Ukraine will fall. The
soviet motherland will return if
we all do our part.

Smiles and a friendly shoulder grab from the leader.

ON THE WATER

The sharks wash ashore. One devours a RUSSIAN who's standing too close to the water. While the seals do their sneaky thing, lasers BLAST from the sides of the shark's heads, and they blast at everything! The Russians fire back! The sharks all scuttle back into the water while shooting. They shoot from inside the water too.

The seals use the confusion to sneak around and find our nuclear trio. The seals slit the trio's necks, take the weapon with them, and go back to sea.

When they do, the sharks follow. Every last Russian on the shoreline is dead.

INT. WHITE HOUSE CABINET ROOM - DAY

MURMURS. The room is full. Higgins sits adjacent to the President.

Someone drops a REPORT in front of the President.

It's in Spanish: "Reporto de los Sharkolos".

He flips to the first page and reads for a beat, then looks at Higgins. He flashes his gold tooth smile. The Chairman smiles back.

EXT. SECRET EVIL MILITARY BASE/BRIG - DAY

Gil and Sarah share a jail cell with a 1920s era gangster, The Hamburglar, and Kim Jong-Un.

GIL

The name, Sarah, That's not Indian, is it? I've been wrong about you all along.

(a beat)

So what are you, Pakistanian?

SARAH

You mean, Pakistani.

GIL

I knew it!

Captain Cross enters with a small entourage and walks over to a small table with an old rotary phone on it. He picks it up.

An old payphone hanging on the cell wall RINGS. A sign next to it reads "CELL PHONE".

Gil picks up the receiver and looks at Cross through the jail cell bars.

GIL (cont'd)

Hello?

CAPTAIN CROSS

Baitman, is that you? You'll get out of here once the president introduces Project Time Shark to the rest of the military. After that, good luck getting anyone to agree with you that this was a bad idea.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GIL

Militarizing the sharks was the Chairman's plan all along, wasn't it?

The Captain smirks.

CAPTAIN CROSS

I knew you'd be trouble, Baitman. I knew you'd try to put a stop to this whole damned thing. I told Higgins not to bring you. But he didn't listen. And then I tried to tell you not to come, but you didn't listen either. Then I called my Aunt Sally and asked her to send me naked pictures of Old Uncle Ralph, but she didn't listen either. The sea can be a lonely place for a man my age, Baitman.

Sarah snatches the phone from Gil's hands.

SARAH

You son of a bitch! You're the one who tried to have us killed in Cape Cod.

Gil snatches the phone from Sarah.

GIL

You son of a bitch! You're the one who tried to have us killed in Cape Cod!

The SUV DRIVER from Cape Cod pokes his head in through the door, he's holding a cellular phone up to his ear.

SUV DRIVER

You son of a bitch! You're the one who tried to have us killed in Cape Cod!

An Entourage Member grabs the handset of another phone off the table.

ENTOURAGE MEMBER

You son of a bitch! You're the one who tried to have them killed in Cape Cod!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CAPTAIN CROSS

Actually, no. That was PETA. They hired the only motorcycle bomber in town before I could get to him. Don't worry Baitman, you'll be home soon enough.

Cross hangs up and walks out the door with his entourage.

EXT. MARINE STADIUM - DAY

A marine stadium, its bleachers filled with armed forces men and women. A couple kiss on the "Kiss Cam".

We see a guy hold up a sign that reads "Jack What Time Is It?" We see another guy hold up a sign that reads "John 3:16".

A large stage floats on the water in front of the bleachers.

AT THE STAGE

"Project Time Shark" spelled out in bright lights. American and armed forces flags line the stage, along with Vegas showgirls. A brass band plays some MUSIC to warm up the crowd.

The President, atop an apple box, Chairman Higgins and a few other military folk are on stage. The HOSTESS on the mic is a buttoned-down military press officer, 35.

HOSTESS

Ladies and gentlemen of the armed forces, welcome to Project Time Shark.

The crowd erupts in cheers.

HOSTESS (cont'd)

Before we begin, our Commander in Chief would like to say a few words.

A MARIACHI BAND plays "Hail to the Chief".

The president knows he owns this, he smiles and waves as he grabs the mic.

PRESIDENT GONZALEZ

When I gave Chairman Higgins the authority to work on this project, I did it only because I
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PRESIDENT GONZALEZ (cont'd)
knew that the best men and women
in the world were behind it.

(beat)
The members of the United States
armed forces.

The crowd eats it up. They're his.

PRESIDENT GONZALEZ (cont'd)
Project Time Shark has been a
monumental success, and it's all
thanks to this man.

He points at a subdued Chairman Higgins, and hands him the
microphone.

CHAIRMAN HIGGINS
Thank you Mister President. I'd
have something profound to say,
given this occasion, but I think
I'll hold on to it for now.
You're not here to hear me talk,
you're here to see some goddamned
sharks.

CHEERS and thunderous applause.

EXT. MARINE STADIUM WATER - CONTINUOUS

We follow a line of chain link pens in the water. The are
five sharks held in these pens, each with an organic weapon
implanted on its head.

The hostess and Chairman Higgins stand on a catwalk nearby.
Two DIVERS in wet suits stand nearer the pens.

Near them, a man in a crude sales stand sells "Fish 'n
Chips"

HOSTESS
(with a microphone)
The first shark we are going to
meet is Flavious.

We've seen him before. Flavious looks eager to get out of
this pen. He's a tiger ready to pounce and shoot that laser
on his head.

CHAIRMAN HIGGINS
Flavious is a wonderful creature,
we think he's related to tiger
sharks. His main role will be in
ambushes. You'll soon see why.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HOSTESS

Yes, Flavious is a tiger shark
with a curious power.
Replication.

CHAIRMAN HIGGINS

That's right. Flavious here can
create multiples. We're not sure
how many just yet, but we've seen
him go up to twenty. Why don't we
take a look.

Higgins signals the divers, who SHOUT "FLAVIOUS!" in unison.
Flavious freezes at attention. Focused, anxious, nose
pressed up against the gate, ready to go.

The gate lifts and Flavious swims off like a torpedo toward
the ocean.

Diver One blows a WHISTLE.

DIVER ONE

(shouting)

Flavious! Impetus One!

Flavious multiplies as he swims. Clone sharks POP out of him
into existence, swimming by his side. Each new shark
multiplies as well--until there are twenty Flaviouses.

IN THE BLEACHERS

The crowd goes nuts. Flavious and his twins fire lasers into
the sky, up above the stadium, almost like fireworks on
Fourth of July.

The multiples all rejoin again into one, then he swims back
into his pen. The crowd loves it. So does the President.

HOSTESS

This two headed shark's name is
Marcus, and he kind of gets
around. Isn't that right, Mister
Chairman?

Higgins looks on with pride at Marcus.

CHAIRMAN HIGGINS

Marcus is my favorite. He will be
embedded with our navy seals.
He's a fantastic infiltrator.

HOSTESS

That's right. And it's because
Marcus has the power of...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HOSTESS (cont'd)
(a beat, at her
audience)
teleportation.

The crowd bursts in applause. The two divers move closer to the pen.

DIVER ONE
Marcus! Impetus One!

Marcus doesn't wait for the gate to open, he doesn't have to. He teleports out of the cage to a spot in the water just past the gate and swims away.

There are three large buoys, separated from each other by fifty yards or so, floating away in the distance. Each one has dead fish wrapped all around it.

Marcus swims to the closest buoy. He jumps out of the water, scooping up fish with his mouth off the buoy as he does. He moves on to the next.

He gets closer and ZING, teleports to the second one, jumping out for its treat. ZING! Unto the third! He gobbles up his reward.

AT THE STADIUM

The President and Higgins focus on the shark.

PRESIDENT GONZALEZ
Chairman Higgins.

CHAIRMAN HIGGINS
Yes, Mister President?

PRESIDENT GONZALEZ
I think it's safe to say that
nobody will fuck with us ever
again.

A smile leaves Higgins's mouth...

CHAIRMAN HIGGINS
I guarantee it, Mister President.

Higgins and The President remain focused on the shark. The scene goes on a bit too long...

PRESIDENT GONZALEZ
Is that a sixty, or ninety day
guarantee?

On the stage, a clown with a giant hammer hits a GONG.

CONTINUED:

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MARINE STADIUM - NIGHT

A full moon. A silhouette of E.T.'s bike flies across it.

Empty stadium, closed for the night. We're at the shark pens.

The sharks all have SPOT SATELLITE TAGS on their dorsal fins.

Marcus the teleporting shark zaps out of his pen. He swims to a control box anchored to the cement platform, where he FLIPS a switch labeled "SHARK PENS" on it with his nose.

A bunch of ball-point pens in the shape of sharks float past Marcus.

THE PEN GATES

All slide up. The sharks are loose. They swim away a few yards.

UNDERWATER

Flavious uses the laser to blast away all the tags on the sharks. Only his remains.

Flavious generates a clone. The clone shoots its laser at original Flavious's tag, but the shot is a bit off. It hits the tag, damaging it, but it also hits Flavious's fin, causing a nasty burn. The pain is evident in Flavious's face.

The clone combines back into one Flavious. The tag is damaged, but a light remains on.

INT. MARINE STADIUM SECURITY OFFICE - NIGHT

Two young armed marines pillow fight. ARMED MARINE 1 looks up at the gates visible on the monitor.

He grabs his rifle and rushes out, followed by ARMED MARINE 2.

EXT. MARINE STADIUM - NIGHT

An eerie silence. The marines foot-pad through the catwalks. One of them hits a button on a wall, lowering the gates.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ON THE WATER

As the sharks swim away, Flavious hears the gates drop. He multiplies and both Flaviouses swim back toward the stadium and

THE MARINES

The soldiers look around for --well, anything-- but the water doesn't give any secrets away. All they see out there are...

Inflatable toy sharks, whales and dolphins. The marines shoot at a couple of them, mistaking them for real animals.

ARMED MARINE 1

It teleported out.

The marines split up and walk to both ends of the catwalks while scanning the water.

Flavious and his multiple raise their heads out of the water. Each shark targets a marine.

The sharks shoot laser BOLTS and kill both men. The sharks wait and watch the dead Marines. They then turn and swim away.

EXT. WASHINGTON D.C. - NIGHT

The Presidential Limo and its motorcade speed down the street.

"RANCHERO" music plays from the radio.

INT. PRESIDENTIAL LIMOUSINE - NIGHT

The tuxedo clad president rides in the back with the elegant First Lady. He's on the phone while eating FAST FOOD TACOS.

PRESIDENT GONZALEZ

How the hell did this happen? And why?

The first lady burns him with a disapproving glance. She's eating a bean burrito.

PRESIDENT GONZALEZ (cont'd)

Listen to me Higgins, I'm on my way to the Opera, I don't have time for this. This is your mess, so you better clean it up. If

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PRESIDENT GONZALEZ (cont'd)
those dead marines make it into
the Post tomorrow, we're done.
You told me you were working with
Baitman. Make this his top
priority. I want you to find
those missing sharks and figure
out what turned them against us.

The President ends the call and tosses the phone. He takes a
bite from his taco. He's angry.

PRESIDENT GONZALEZ (cont'd)
Dammit!
(a beat)
I asked for extra hot sauce!

EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - DAY

A Navy submarine makes its way across the bottom of the
ocean. It has as many sponsors as a NASCAR car.

INT. NAVY SUBMARINE/CONTROL ROOM - DAY

A dozen SUBMARINE SAILORS in their 20s, and their officer,
50, fill this room.

A young sailor approaches the commanding officer. He's
nervous. He's got a little glob of white jizz on his bottom
lip.

SUBMARINE SAILOR
Sir, we're detecting a possible
enemy on the radar.

SUBMARINE OFFICER
Come again?

The sailor holds up a burger, then wipes his lower lip on
his sleeve.

SUBMARINE SAILOR
No, mayo.
(a beat)
Sir, the radar.

SUBMARINE OFFICER
What is it?

SUBMARINE SAILOR
An object-detection system that
uses radio waves to determine the
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SUBMARINE SAILOR (cont'd)
range, angle, or velocity of
objects. Sir.

SUBMARINE OFFICER
What are you seeing in it?

SUBMARINE SAILOR
We've detected objects, sir. And
are now using radio waves to
determine the range, angle, or
velocity of said objects. Sir.

INSERT - RADAR SCREEN

In the middle of the screen, the submarine, the icon looks
like a dick. Approaching it, green little shark icons. One
leads. It multiplies into two. Then those multiply. The radar
screen fills with little green sharks.

SUBMARINE OFFICER
Son, I have no idea what's headed
our way. Turn us around and call
for help, or there's gonna be a
bunch of spilled sea-men at the
bottom of the ocean.

EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - DAY

The huge shark swarm approaches the sub. Flavious fires a
laser, obliterating the propeller.

THE SUB

Takes in water trough the hole in the back left by the
laser.

INT. NAVY SUBMARINE/CONTROL ROOM - DAY

Panic! ALARMS!

A hobo stands in a corner holding up a "The End is Near"
sign.

Navy boys at their stations flip switches and stare into
monitors!

EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - DAY

The sharks swarm the sub. A TORPEDO fires out of the sub,
taking down a shark and making the rest scramble back a bit.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Flavious goes near the sub. The other sharks follow. They swarm the damaged sub and fire away with their lasers.

They obliterate it.

INT. SECRET EVIL MILITARY BASE/BRIG - DAY

A BRIG GUARD, 20, walks in. He RINGS a doorbell attached to Gil and Sarah's cell door.

GIL

Come in.

The BRIG GUARD enters the unlocked cell.

BRIG GUARD

We're letting you go. Higgins's sharks turned on us. They escaped, killed some marines and destroyed a submarine. We think they're headed this way. Cross wants everyone on the base available to help fight them, even you.

The guard lets them out of the cell.

GIL

The time sharks declared war.

EXT. WHITE HOUSE - NIGHT

The majestic White House. An old school cat burglar in stripes and an eye-mask enters through a window.

INT. OVAL OFFICE - DUSK

President Gonzalez, in his bolo tie, stands behind his desk atop an apple box. He stares out the large window while picking at his gold tooth with a toothpick.

His SECRETARY, 60, portly and Latin, enters.

SECRETARY

You called, Mister President?

PRESIDENT GONZALEZ

I want you to get me China,
Russia Japan, Australia, Costa
Rica, Finland, Puerto Rico, The
Bahamas, France, The Philippines,
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PRESIDENT GONZALEZ (cont'd)
New Zealand, Spain, Micronesia,
Microsoft, Microwave, Micropenis,
and the UK on the phone.

SECRETARY
Right away, Mister President.

He turns to look at the secretary.

PRESIDENT GONZALEZ
Make sure these calls don't get
logged. They're personal
communications, understood?

SECRETARY
Yes, Mister President.

PRESIDENT GONZALEZ
And make them all collect calls,
we're way over budget already.
Oh, one more thing. Do you know
where Higgins is?

SECRETARY
No sir, I don't.

INT. SECRET EVIL MILITARY BASE/COMMAND CENTER - DAY

A large blue MAP of the GULF OF MEXICO on a table. A FINGER
points at a label on the map: "Middle of Nowhere".

CAPTAIN CROSS
We're here, out in the middle of
nowhere.

IN THE ROOM

Activity! Monitors, satellites, GPS feeds, toilet cams.

Gil, Sarah, Cross and other sailors crowd around a large
table.

CAPTAIN CROSS (cont'd)
The sharks destroyed their
trackers. So we have no idea
what's coming, but we know that
at least one of these Time Sharks
is headed our way.

Gil's listening intently. He SNAPS his fingers.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GIL

Wait! So, you said the sharks
destroyed their trackers, right?

CAPTAIN CROSS

Yes.

GIL

So we have no idea what's coming,
right?

CAPTAIN CROSS

That's correct.

GIL

But we do know that at least one
of these Time Sharks is headed
our way, is that right?

CAPTAIN CROSS

That's right.

Gil's thinking. Captain Cross and Sarah look at him --
they're waiting. Gil's thinking some more. He paces a bit.

CAPTAIN CROSS (cont'd)

If you've got a plan, Baitman,
share it now, we're running out
of time.

GIL

Oh, no, I don't have a plan. What
made you think that?

A FRAZZLED SAILOR runs into the room!

FRAZZLED SAILOR

Sir! We've got company!

EXT. SECRET EVIL MILITARY BASE/HELIPAD DECK - DAY

A military helicopter lands on the pad. Higgins and his
entourage walk out of it. Cross, Gil and Lightman meet him
at the helipad. The helicopter takes off.

It explodes and crashes into the water. Nobody cares.

CHAIRMAN HIGGINS

I'm assuming command here, Cross.

CAPTAIN CROSS

The hell you are. This base is
under my authority. We're calling
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CAPTAIN CROSS (cont'd)
in the fleet and taking care of
these sharks.

CHAIRMAN HIGGINS
I don't think so.

He points off to the side. There's a group of sailors using a giant scissor to cut a fat clump of cables leading away from a green box on a wall, up to a giant antenna tower. It's labeled "ALL COMMUNICATION CABLES ON THE BASE".

SARAH
Hey! You can't cut those.

CHAIRMAN HIGGINS
I know, it's why I asked them to
do it.

GIL
The time sharks are coming, we
need to destroy them before they
bring this whole thing down. We
need to call for help.

CHAIRMAN HIGGINS
You're crazy. These sharks are
the military's future, and
there's not a chance in hell I'm
letting you terminate them.

GIL
Don't be a fool, Higgins. I don't
want to terminate these sharks. I
want to kill them.

CHAIRMAN HIGGINS
Captain Cross, prepare your men.
As soon as that shark gets here,
I want it sedated and fished out.

Higgins walks away with his entourage toward the base control center.

He passes a small daiquiri bar filled with tourists and a conga line.

SARAH
(to Cross)
First thing we need to do is get
communications back up, I know
how to send these sharks back to
where they belong.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CAPTAIN CROSS

Without communications, we're
sitting ducks out here.

Gil takes a few steps away from them. A realization.

GIL

No, no, that's stupid, we're not
sitting ducks, I don't even have
any feathers, and unless you're
hiding something in your pants,
neither do you. The dolphins,
Sarah. I bonded with that dolphin
back on the Magnum when I helped
get that hook off its flipper,
and now it owes me a favor. But
how do I call it in?

(a beat)

Hey, does anyone else have to
pee?

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. GULF OF MEXICO/UNDERWATER - NIGHT

An anomaly. It pulsates, slow, but steady. It's alive.

We move away from it underwater. And as we rise to the
surface, we can see that it's very near to the Secret Evil
Military Base.

EXT. SECRET EVIL MILITARY BASE - NIGHT

Establishing. A couple of hobos crowd around a garbage can
bonfire on the top deck.

A lightning bolt hits where they are. They all drop dead.
Rain comes down. Hard.

INT. SECRET EVIL MILITARY BASE/COMMAND CENTER - NIGHT

A pair of COMMAND CENTER OPERATORS sit at their stations.
Monitors show camera feeds of important areas of the base,
along with tracking radars and maps.

Higgins, in charge, accompanied by Gil, Sarah and Cross.

Through the windows, massive rain!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHAIRMAN HIGGINS

GPS shows that Flavious is almost here. Under no circumstances are we to kill that animal.

GPS LADY VOICE

(v.o.)

In point seven miles, the shark will turn left. Its destination will be on the right.

GIL

I don't wanna kill these sharks, Higgins, I wanna terminate them!

CHAIRMAN HIGGINS

It's not going to happen, Baitman. And why the hell are you still here? You served your purpose early on. By my reckoning, you've been in the midst of this far longer than needed.

GIL

Well by my reckoning, I've only been involved for about an hour and twenty minutes.

Sarah looks up at the GPS monitor. There's a huge blinking red dot approaching the base.

SARAH

Quiet, you fools! It's here.

CHAIRMAN HIGGINS

Ms. Lightman, I think what you mean is, they're here.

The blinking red dot multiplies. First two dots... then four, ultimately twenty. All approaching the base.

Gil's fixated on the monitor.

GIL

Jesus, Higgins you're a monster. What the hell is that thing?

(a beat)

How did... how did you bring a blinking red dot to life?

Vibration. A temporal event rocks the base. All power goes down for a beat. Lights, sounds, all off. It's huge.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Lights come on, everyone holds their heads in pain.

GIL (cont'd)
Oh no. This could be bad.

SARAH
We need to repair those
communications cables now if we
have any hopes of deactivating
that anomaly!

Higgins is conflicted, but resigned. It's over, Johnny.

CHAIRMAN HIGGINS
Lets try to save Flavious. If he
dies, his clones all die.

GIL
Cross, we need to get to the
armory. And sound your alarms!

One of the operators hits a big button on his console.
ALARM!

Cross looks over at Higgins, then he grabs walkie talkies
and gives them to Gil and Sarah. He and Gil run out of the
room.

INT. SECRET BASE ARMORY - NIGHT

Cross and Gil blast through the armory double doors. It's
laid out like a fast food restaurant. Menu boards with guns,
and a cheery ARMORY WORKER, 50, in a uniform at a cash
register.

ARMORY WORKER
Hi, welcome to The Armory, may I
take your order?

Cross and Gil glance at the menu board. It's all military
grade guns and ammo.

CAPTAIN CROSS
Let me have a number 5, extra
cartridges, but hold the duds,
oh, and a side of C4.

She happily punches the order into the register. Looks at
Gil.

GIL
Are you guys not serving
breakfast at this time?

EXT. GULF OF MEXICO/UNDERWATER - NIGHT

From the anomaly... sharks. Hundreds of them. All sorts of different sizes and species. Some we've seen before, others new.

They swim as a unit, cohesive and with purpose, toward the base.

Flavious, on the move with his multiples and Marcus... catches up to the sharks coming out of the anomaly.

He leads all the animals... It's an army of time sharks headed to the base.

EXT. SECRET EVIL MILITARY BASE/HELIPAD DECK - NIGHT

The rain comes down hard, Sarah's in a rain coat, holding a walkie talkie.

SARAH
(into radio)
Gil, they're patching up the
communication cables now!

Repair men stick a giant USA iron-on patch on the severed cable lines.

SARAH (cont'd)
I'm gonna send these sharks back,
Gil. I know how to do it. We can
do this.

Gil and Cross walk up to Sarah. Gil's on the walkie talkie, standing five feet away from her. They see each other, but they keep speaking to each other using the radio.

GIL
(into radio)
Sarah, get inside. Lock that
radio room and don't come out
until it's safe. Do your thing,
but do it safely.

SARAH
(into radio)
I will Gil. You take care of
yourself too. We need to both
make it out of this.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GIL
(to radio)
I made a promise to myself that
once all this was over, I'd take
you back to India myself. I don't
know where that is exactly, I'll
have to check a Teddy Atlas, but
I'll find it. I promise--

Gil stops, grabs his head. Falls to his knees. It's a split
second flash of pain. Cross stops behind him.

GIL (cont'd)
Ahhh!

CAPTAIN CROSS
Baitman! What is it?

SARAH
(to radio)
Gil what is it? What's wrong?

The pain's gone. Gil tosses the radio and looks off into the
distance...

GIL
The dolphins.

EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - NIGHT

Underwater. A dolphin army sits in place. Yards away from
the massive group... is Tribal Dolphin. Alone.
Concentrating, eyes open.

A beat. Tribal Dolphin closes his eyes.

The dolphins all disappear in unison.

EXT. SECRET EVIL MILITARY BASE/SEA DECK - NIGHT

Standing in the rain, tens of armed sailors and marines wait
on this deck. The weapons batteries sit on a ledge above.

Gil and Cross blow past a set of doors and come outside,
they approach the men.

MARINE
Sir, we're awaiting orders.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CAPTAIN CROSS

Alright Baitman, you're the premier shark expert in the world. What should we expect?

GIL

I have no idea. But can I make a suggestion?

MARINE

What's that, sir?

GIL

I think your uniforms are a bit outdated. I'd talk to someone about updating them.

MARINE

What about the sharks, sir?

GIL

Oh. Just shoot the bastards. Every last one of them.

The Marines cheer and raise their weapons up in the air.

CAPTAIN CROSS

You heard the man! Get in position!

INT. SECRET EVIL MILITARY BASE/RADIO ROOM - NIGHT

A room filled with communication equipment. Sarah's at the controls. Two young BASE RADIO TECHS are here.

There's a 70's radio DJ spinning tunes inside a DJ booth in the back of the room.

Sarah's tuning, checking, and flipping every switch and knob available to her as she talks.

SARAH

I need to tune into every single numbers station you can find on the shortwave band. Every single one.

BASE RADIO TECH

Numbers stations? But all those things broadcast are female voices repeating a set of numbers.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SARAH

I know what it is. And I need you
to record every number they say.

BASE RADIO TECH #2

Why? What is it?

SARAH

Frequencies. The key to sending
all these sharks back.

BASE RADIO TECH #1

And who's giving them to you?

SARAH

My guess?

Sarah stops, she's exited.

SARAH (cont'd)

Someone on the other side of the
anomalies! Who knows, it could
even be me helping me.

The techs shake their heads.

BASE RADIO TECH #2

But number stations have been
around for a long time, that
doesn't even make any sense--

SARAH

None of this does, but there's no
time for a science lesson, let's
go!

EXT. SECRET EVIL MILITARY BASE/SEA DECK - NIGHT

Pounded by heavy rain, soldiers line up on the edge of the
base, guns up, pointed out to sea. Tense moment.

Cross and Gil are here as well, machine guns at the ready.

GIL

Shoot anything you see with teeth
and a fin.

(a beat)

On second thought, shoot them
with your gun, teeth and fins
aren't going to hurt these
things.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CAPTAIN CROSS
Weapon batteries are armed and
ready.

ON A LEDGE ABOVE

A group of sailors stand behind a pair of giant AA
batteries.

CROSS

Lifts his gun up.

CAPTAIN CROSS (cont'd)
Have you ever shot one of these
things?

GIL
I've played a lot of Russian
roulette in my time, so yeah, I
know how to shoot.

CAPTAIN CROSS
That's a dangerous game, Baitman.

GIL
I know, the casinos in Moscow are
sketchy as hell.

ON A CROW'S NEST RISING FROM THE LEDGE

A 1500's PIRATE, looking through an old school telescope.

TELESCOPE POV: Dozens of flying sharks, coming right for us!

PIRATE
Arghh! Batten down the hatches,
There be sharks about!

OUT AT SEA

Flying sharks. Full speed toward the base. They approach.

Every sailor shoots. A few sharks drop dead, others fly off
with men in the mouth. It's chaos on the deck.

MORE FLYING SHARKS come out of the water. It's a swarm up on
the deck. Bullets fly. Sharks fly. Sailors get devoured and
taken down to sea.

Gil and Cross strafe across the deck, shooting every shark
in sight.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A flying shark approaches a sailor, ready to eat. The sailor's out of ammo! His name tag reads "Glutenfree", he's a hipster with a long beard.

The shark flies off with the sailor next to him instead.

GIL

His radio comes on. He stops to use it.

GIL

This is Gil, who's this, and how did you get this channel?

SARAH

Gil! I'm not going to be able to do this!

Gil points at a door a few yards away, and he and Cross run over to it.

INT. SECRET EVIL MILITARY BASE/ACCESS HALL - NIGHT

Cross and Gil walk down a long hall. Like a cartoon, the hallway background is a loop. We see the same sailor and light fixture every few moments as Cross and Gil walk.

GIL

(into radio)

What's the matter, Sarah.

SARAH

(filtered)

The anomaly's not responding to my signals, but I know I'm on the right frequency. I think magnetic levels are too low. I can't close it, Gil. We're done.

Cross stops Gil.

CAPTAIN CROSS

I think I can help.

Cross enters a door there in the hall. A beat, and he comes out and back to the hallway. He holds a metal box by a handle, the box is labeled "Magnetic-o-Booster 2K".

CAPTAIN CROSS (cont'd)

We keep it for emergencies. I think... I think this counts as one.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Gil grabs it. Extends his hand out to Cross.

GIL
Thank you Captain.

Cross nods at Gil.

CAPTAIN CROSS
It's the least I could do. Look,
Baitman, I'm sorry I locked you
and Lightman up in that cell, I--

GIL
It's okay, Cross. Jail's always
been a second home to me.
(into radio)
Sarah! We're gonna do this, I'm
going down to the anomaly myself.

He's heroically waiting for a reply...

GIL (cont'd)
(into radio)
Sarah?

TECH
(filtered)
She went to the bathroom.

EXT. GULF OF MEXICO/UNDERWATER - NIGHT

Flavius leads his army. Hundreds strong.

THE TRIBAL DOLPHINS

Arrive. It's war down here. Dolphin vs. Time Shark. Flavius
multiplies, fires his lasers as they fight the dolphins.
There are hundreds of animals fighting under the sea.

Lasers fly, some sharks are made out of metal, some have odd
appendages. We see every type of time shark imaginable.

Flavius's multiples try to sink the base, but their lasers
aren't strong enough to breach the hull--at least not
quickly. The dolphins move in to stop them.

MARCUS

Approaches the glass windows of the Underwater Weapons Deck
of the base. There's an underwater rocket grenade station
every few feet, each manned by a shooter.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He teleports right next to the glass, where he can avoid getting shot. He stares at the shooter. The shooter looks at Marcus, he's scared. Marcus watches the man. Marcus turns and watches the war around him. He swims away.

THE ANOMALY

It pulsates, and from out of it swims a giant whale shark. It glows with a hint of green.

It swims toward the base.

EXT. GULF OF MEXICO - NIGHT

Gil's piloting a little navy cruiser boat, hauling ass toward the anomaly. He's in a wet suit. On board he's carrying scuba gear and the Magnetic-o-Booster 2K.

He's on the radio.

SARAH

(filtered)

As soon as you arrive at the coordinates, I'll feed you the magnetic reference integers.

GIL

(into radio)

Thanks, but I already ate.

SARAH

(filtered)

Gil. I-- Please be careful down there.

Gil spots three flying sharks approaching from behind the boat.

GIL

(into radio)

I will.

He drops the radio and machine guns the fuck out of those three sharks.

EXT. GULF OF MEXICO/UNDERWATER - NIGHT

BY THE BASE

Flavius turns away from the battle with the dolphins. He... senses something by the anomaly. He swims off in that direction.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TRIBAL DOLPHIN

Sees Flavious go, but he's involved in a fight with another shark.

EXT. SECRET EVIL MILITARY BASE/SEA DECK - NIGHT

Sailors and Time Sharks fight to the death. Sharks fly, hulk sharks grapple with sailors, dog-sharks, every kind of crazy. fucking. shark. fights these sailors. The entire base is under attack.

Cross faces against off against a dog-shark. He's out of ammo. The dog shark pounces on Cross and viciously devours him.

EXT. GULF OF MEXICO/UNDERWATER - NIGHT

The anomaly. It pulsates, slow, rhythmically. There are no animals here.

The Beatles' Yellow Submarine cruises by.

Gil, in full scuba gear, approaches the anomaly. He's holding the Magnetic-o-Booster, and he has an underwater rifle attached to his back.

He stares at the anomaly in awe.

AT THE ANOMALY

Gil fiddles with electronic equipment inside the Magnetic-o-Booster.

Flavious approaches from behind. Gil doesn't see him.

Flavious stops right behind Gil, who's still unaware.

Flavious POKES Gil with his nose. Gil, startled, turns around.

Face to face with Flavious. Gil doesn't even go for his gun. He's too shocked.

Flavious multiplies. There are now two. Gil--spooked, almost drops the Magnetic-o-Booster.

The sharks circle Gil, taunting him. Two more multiples form, the sharks continue to swim around him, Gil's got nowhere to go. He clips the Magnetic-o-Booster to his belt.

The sharks combine back into one. Flavious stares down Gil.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The tip of the laser, firmly aimed at Gil, glows red.

BEHIND FLAVIOUS

Dolphins. Dozens of them. In formation, all eyes on Flavious. Tribal Dolphin leads.

Gil sees the dolphins behind the shark.

Tribal Dolphin WHISTLES. He's got Flavious's attention. The shark turns to face the dolphins. He creates twenty multiples.

It's on. Fight! Dolphins versus Flavious.

Gil takes the opportunity to get back to the Magnetic-o-Booster and the anomaly. Gil presses numbers on a keypad, a blinking light... a beat, and the anomaly reacts to the boost.

A stray LASER hits Gil on the hand. He drops the booster. It sinks down below. He follows it down, but it sinks fast.

A Flavious multiple follows Gil! The shark goes in for the kill, but MARCUS teleports in! Right into the multiple. Takes a bite of its side and kills it! Gil stops to look at Marcus, and the shark looks at Gil.

Marcus then looks down to the abyss below and teleports down there.

A beat. He teleports back to Gil with Magnetic-o-Booster hanging off his fin.

Gil grabs it. He puts his hand on the shark's face. The shark swims away.

THE DOLPHINS

Suffer some loses at the hands of Flavious. Dead dolphins sink. Tribal Dolphin and Flavious exchange small bites, body slams, and tail smacks.

AT THE ANOMALY

Gil finishes with the Magnetic-o-Booster. The anomaly reacts.

Gil reaches for a key pad on his forearm. He types into it. It has a little screen. [Note: IMs are in italics.]

GIL
Done. This got scary.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SARAH
OMG RUOk?

GIL
I don't read Indian.

The fight rages on. Gil swims up toward the surface.

INT. SECRET EVIL MILITARY BASE/RADIO ROOM - NIGHT

Sarah and the techs tune various radio units.

SARAH
Alright, all the radios match.
Transmitters on! We'll broadcast
on that frequency on my count.
Three... Two... One, go!

Sarah and the techs do their thing on the radios... then, a
LOUD HUM. Deep BASS.

SARAH (cont'd)
Okay, signal's broadcasting!
We've got transmission! Boost it!

The techs pull down an exaggeratedly large switch on the
wall labeled "Deep Hum Booster". The hum deepens.

SARAH (cont'd)
Hang on.

A few tense moments, then... a temporal event. A vibration.
Pain. Everything goes down, then back up.

Sarah laughs, surprised, but happy.

SARAH (cont'd)
That's it. We did it!
(a beat)
Connect me with the White House,
we're gonna need a few more
radios.

EXT. GULF OF MEXICO/UNDERWATER - NIGHT

The anomaly sucks things in like a vacuum cleaner. Gil's far
away from it, but nevertheless he's caught in the current.
Gil fights the suction by trying to swim up and away...

Animals from all around, Flavious's multiples, and the
dolphins get sucked in closer to the anomaly. The dolphins
struggle to avoid the drag. The sharks can't fight it at

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

all. The Little Mermaid is violently pulled into the anomaly as she sings a song.

Tribal Dolphin concentrates. He's about to blink them out of there, when... Gil passes by, he's getting sucked in! Tribal Dolphin gives chase... catches up to Gil, who grabs the dorsal fin, but the anomaly's got them... Tribal Dolphin swims faster, trying to break the hold... His body's giving him all its got... they come closer to the anomaly...

They're not gonna make it...

FLAVIOUS and his twenty multiples approach Tribal Dolphin and Gil, full speed.

Gil, still hanging on to Tribal Dolphin, pulls out his underwater rifle and waits for Flavious to get close and shoots him in the face. All the multiples disappear. Gil lets go of the rifle and it gets pulled into the anomaly.

Gil and the dolphin use their bond... they both close their eyes and concentrate... Gil and Tribal Dolphin slowly open their eyes.

Tribal Dolphin finds the strength to break the anomaly's grip and swim away with his army, and with Gil.

INT. SECRET EVIL MILITARY BASE/RADIO ROOM - NIGHT

Sarah paces while the two soldiers anxiously wait for something too.

The radio SQUELCHES to life.

PRESIDENT GONZALEZ
(filtered)
Miss Lightman?

Sarah grabs the radio!

SARAH
Yes! Mr. President! It's me. I'm here.

PRESIDENT GONZALEZ
(filtered)
Miss Lightman, is Chairman Higgins on that base?

SARAH
He is, Mister President.

A beat.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PRESIDENT GONZALEZ
(filtered)
Miss Lightman, you'll be pleased
to know that your coordinates
worked. There's a global
coalition closing time portals
around the world right now, all
thanks to your research. You're a
hero.

SARAH
Thank you, Mister President.

ANOMALY SEQUENCE - MONTAGE

- Inside a JAPANESE warship's bridge, the crew braces for
the temporal vibration. BWWWWWWWOOOOONG!

Underwater, sharks of all types get sucked into an anomaly.

- A BRITISH warship's deck is under attack from flying
sharks. An anomaly sucks the animals into the water against
their will.

- A RUSSIAN warship sinks into an anomaly, along with
countless strange looking time sharks.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SECRET EVIL MILITARY BASE/SEA DECK - DAWN

The battle's over. Sarah looks out to sea and spots Tribal
Dolphin approach, with Gil riding it. They are followed by a
massive dolphin army. Sarah runs down a flight of stairs to
a moon pool below.

The dolphin drops off Gil. He climbs out and hugs Sarah.

GIL
You're never touching my Jeep's
radio.

SARAH
Look!

HELICOPTERS

silhouetted against the sun. Five, coming to the rescue.
It's over.

A beat. Gil looks over to the FILM CREW.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GIL
(shouting)
Hey, what happened with that
glowing green whale shark? We
never saw it again?

Off in the distance... a giant green mushroom cloud.

Gil and Sarah follow the helicopters flying above them to
the helipad deck.

EXT. SECRET EVIL MILITARY BASE/HELIPAD DECK - DAWN

Gil and Sarah climb aboard a helicopter. Higgins is led into
another one... in handcuffs.

The helicopters fly away.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. GULF BEACH - MAGIC HOUR

A new day. A new tomorrow. The sunset reflects its golden
hues over this majestic gulf beach.

ON A ROCK OUTCROPPING

Gil and Sarah take in the breeze, and each other.

ON THE WATER

Tribal Dolphin looks up at them.

SARAH
So what happens to them?

GIL
This is their home now too, it's
a brave new world down there.

SARAH
I think it's a perfect time for
you to get back in the water for
good, Doctor Baitman.

GIL
Maybe. But I'm not going down
there alone. Look, we've only
been together for maybe two hours
Sarah, but I think I'm in love
with you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SARAH

Gil. I... I think I love you too.

GIL

Stop being so cryptic Sarah, and tell me how you really feel.

SARAH

I love you.

GIL

Stop beating around the bush, Sarah. Just tell me what's on your mind--

SARAH

Gil, I did, I just told you. I love you.

GIL

Sweetheart, there's plenty of fish in the sea, but you're the only one I'd like to catch and mount when I get back home.

(a beat)

So do I need to call your dad? Do we need my parents involved to arrange something?

She shakes her head and smiles. Gil grabs her. They kiss. The dolphin CHIRPS, CLICKS, and WHISTLES. Sarah LAUGHS.

Gil kneels and leans into the dolphin.

GIL (cont'd)

Thank you. For everything.

The dolphin WHISTLES some more. And from all around dozens of dolphins poke their heads out of the water and SING. Gil grabs Sarah by the waist and looks on.

Tribal dolphin turns to face Gil and Sarah.

TRIBAL DOLPHIN

(strange sounding)

You're welcome.

WHISTLES, CHIRPS, and a dolphin SONG!

In unison the dolphins dive and swim away toward the sunset and into the depths of their new home below...

ROLL CREDITS.

MID CREDIT MONTAGE - VARIOUS

INT. MILITARY COMMITTEE CHAMBER - DAY

Higgins sits stoned-face before a committee. He's flanked by lawyers in suits.

The COMMITTEE CHAIR, 65, SLAMS his gavel.

COMMITTEE CHAIR
Chairman Higgins! This committee
hereby recommends that you face
court martial in the wake of
Project Time Shark.

Higgins snarls.

The Committee Chair SLAMS his GAVEL again.

EXT. SEA - FISHING BOAT - DAY

Gil, wearing a goofy captain's hat, and Sarah in a pretty white dress, get married surrounded by a small group of friends and family aboard a large fishing boat out at sea. Tribal dolphins surround the boat.

Gil and Sarah exchange RINGS and kiss. Gil makes sure that his ring is on tight.

As we pull back, we see the name of the boat. It's "THE COMMODORE". The dolphins WHISTLE and CHIRP!

EXT. PRE-HISTORIC EARTH - DAY

Volcanoes ERUPT, the jungle sways with the wind, and the calm ocean gently moves back and forth.

A small TIKTAALIK, the first fish to ever walk on land, crawls out of the water.

It's a glorious moment for evolution.

ON THE WATER

A fin! A large dog shark leaps out to the shore, pounces on and gorges on the animal.

It then GROWLS and JUMPS at us!

END CREDITS