

American Shark in London

By

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EXT. RIVER THAMES - NIGHT

A row boat holding four men - only one of them rows - glides along the calm, quiet water.

EXT. ROW BOAT - NIGHT

The three non-rowers wear fine cut suits and sit staring menacingly at the rower.

The rower, GEORGE (40s), American, balding, middle-aged spread, is in shirt and pants, sweat pours down his face.

GEORGE
How much further?

STEVIE (30s), tailored Armani suit, lights a cigarette and blows the smoke into George's - who doesn't smoke - face.

STEVIE
You'll know when we tell you to stop.

PSYCHO DAVE (30s), wearing Versace, points a gun at George.

DAVE
That's the trouble with you fucking yanks, don't know when to keep your traps shut.

GEORGE
Is that a hunting term?

DAVE
Can I do the cunt now?

STEVIE
Not yet.

BEAR (40s), the muscle, in a fine cut Hugo Boss number, sits silently staring.

GEORGE
Why not just do it here?

DAVE
Shut the fuck up or you'll be rowing with this gun shoved up your arse.

GEORGE
Well that would be a little
difficult.

Dave stands angrily... rocking the boat.

STEVIE
Whoa. Sit the fuck down you mug. If
I end up in the drink I'll fucking
kill you, Dave.

DAVE
He's got to shut his gob, bruv.

STEVIE
Just don't let him wind you up.

George stops rowing.

GEORGE
That's it. I'm out.

He folds his arms.

Dave looks at Stevie incredulously. Stevie chuckles and
points his gun at George.

STEVIE
You what?

GEORGE
I think you heard me.

STEVIE
Pick up the oars.

GEORGE
No.

Stevie stands and shoves the gun into George's head.

STEVIE
Pick up the fucking oars!

GEORGE
Fuck you.

DAVE
Kill the cunt!

STEVIE
I swear to god George, if you don't
pick up those oars...

A heavy splash not far from the boat drenches everyone.

STEVIE
What the fuck was that?

GEORGE
Didn't sound natural to me.

DAVE
What the fuck do you know?

GEORGE
Hunted all my life, big game.

STEVIE
Well this is fucking London mate,
ain't no grizzly bears out here.

GEORGE
Ain't grizzly bears you find in
water.

DAVE
Jesus Christ, are you listening to
this cunt?
(to George)
Look bruv, it's just a fucking
otter or something.

STEVIE
Big fucking otter, mate.

DAVE
What then? What else could it be?

Dave turns to the darkness.

DAVE
Hello? Anyone fucking there?

STEVIE
Shut the fuck up!

Dave smiles knowingly.

DAVE
You're fucking scared ain't ya.

STEVIE
Just shut the fuck up.
(to George)
Row!

GEORGE

No!

Suddenly the boat takes a big hit from below.

Stevie and Dave fall back and manage to prevent each other from going into the water.

Bear holds either side of the boat to steady her.

GEORGE

That ain't no otter.

A small crack near Bear's feet seeps water.

STEVIE

Whatever it is, it's powerful.

DAVE

A dead body. Maybe somebody else had the same idea as us.

Dave looks pointedly at George.

GEORGE

Well, if you ask me, that weren't no dead body.

STEVIE

Nobody is asking you.

Bear peers into the darkness.

BEAR

I just saw something.

DAVE

Bollocks.

BEAR

Don't take me for a mug, Dave.

DAVE

I'm not saying that, bruv.

STEVIE

What was it?

BEAR

It... well, it looked like a fin.

Saliva sprays as an involuntary, incredulous laugh rips through Dave's closed lips.

Bear stares at him.

DAVE

Sorry bruv... but come on. Are you seriously telling me you think we're being stalked by a shark?

BEAR

I'm just telling you what I saw, Dave.

STEVIE

Dave's right, you can't get sharks in a river.

GEORGE

Maybe not an ordinary freshwater river.

STEVIE

What are you talking about?

GEORGE

Come on guys, this is your side of the pond, not mine.

BEAR

Just tell us.

GEORGE

Your, filthy, grime-ridden river Thames is a mixture of salt and fresh water. In parts it's almost sea water.

DAVE

Bullshit... can't you see what he's doing? He's setting us up.

Dave stands and pushes his gun into George's head.

GEORGE

Only one shark would attack a boat like this unprovoked.

Stevie pulls Dave away.

DAVE

You're not listening to him are you? His boys are out there right now fucking with us.

STEVIE
That doesn't ring true, Dave.

DAVE
I wouldn't put anything past these
American bastards.

George chuckles until he ends up laughing, wiping tears from his eyes.

STEVIE
Get the fuck...

Stevie moves George out of the way and takes the oars.
George stops laughing instantly.

GEORGE
Don't do that.

Oars poised, Stevie freezes.

GEORGE
They don't see so good. Soon as we
move, we'll draw attention.

DAVE
Fuck off George. You got your mates
in diving suits down there.
(to Stevie)
We have to move.

STEVIE
Fuck it. I'm not sitting here all
night.

EXT. THAMES - NIGHT

Oars hit with a splash and the boat glides across the water.
Behind, a fin - moving swiftly towards it - submerges.

EXT. ROW BOAT - NIGHT

Stevie rows hard, slight panic etched into his face.

Then...

...the boat is hit, wood-splintering hard, making everyone
hold on tight, the oars hit the water and sink till caught
in the rings, preventing them going any further.

Everyone peers into the blackness.

Spotting his chance, George pushes Dave into the water where he lands with a splash.

George hurries to the side of the boat and offers Dave his hand. Dave stares at him - panic all over his face.

GEORGE

Splash around, you'll confuse it.

Dave splashes around, easy in his panicked state, while George reaches out to him and feels inside his jacket - searching for the gun.

DAVE

What are you doing?

Something grips a hold of Dave's leg. He screams and is taken swiftly below the surface.

George's hand comes away empty and he curses silently.

Stevie and Bear reach into the water, but it is too late.

EXT. THAMES - NIGHT

Dave emerges, quite a distance away, screaming at the top of his lungs. Red stains the water around him, spreading further and further out. Then he is taken under again.

EXT. ROW BOAT - NIGHT

Stevie and Bear stare accusingly at George.

GEORGE

I was nowhere near him. Didn't even see what happened.

STEVIE

You've been bad fucking news since we met you George.

GEORGE

Well put a bullet in me now and you ain't getting out of here alive.

Stevie and Bear pull guns.

GEORGE

That's a Great White, a bull, in season.

STEVIE
What the fuck?

GEORGE
Used to hunt them back home.

George winks.

GEORGE
You know what always makes me laugh
about you English dickheads?

STEVIE
Go on.

GEORGE
Your blind fucking arrogance.

George points into the water.

EXT. RIVER THAMES - NIGHT

Dave's body parts float to the surface.

EXT. ROW BOAT - NIGHT

Stevie throws up.

GEORGE
That ain't a hungry shark. That's a
pissed shark. You find a bull in
season, he's coming for you, for
anything, that gets in his way.

BEAR
How did it get here?

George makes a fish-swimming motion with his hands.

STEVIE
Bullshit.

GEORGE
Now you're starting to sound like
Dave. Look what happened to him.

Stevie looks at the body parts.

BEAR
So what do we do?

STEVIE

You're not listening to this cunt
are you?

BEAR

George seems to know what it is,
and I believe him.

STEVIE

Oh this is just fucking great. It's
a fucking fish, we've got guns.

Stevie stands and fires a few rounds into the water.

GEORGE

No! Stop him. He's drawing
attention to us.

Without thinking Bear grabs hold of Stevie's gun arm. Stevie
stares at him incredulously.

STEVIE

What the fuck?

The shark rams hard, the boat rocks violently from side to
side.

George, with a good grip on either side of the boat, helps
it along.

Disarmed by Bear and with a look of abject horror, Stevie
loses balance - falls backwards.

Too late, Bear reaches out for him, just misses grabbing the
lapel of his jacket, fingertips stroke against material.

A splash as he hits.

Bear lunges forward, his mouth resting over the edge of the
boat, hand out as the current tugs Stevie just out of reach.

BEAR

Take my hand.

George slams his foot into the back of Bear's head, and
grinds his face into the edge of the boat.

Bear twitches while George searches him - removes the guns.

GEORGE

There, there big fella. Easy now.

EXT. THAMES - NIGHT

Stevie struggles against the current.

EXT. ROW BOAT - NIGHT

George points the guns at Stevie while Bear twitches next to him.

GEORGE

The great part about all this is
that I don't have to kill you
myself.

STEVIE

You're dead, George.

George fires at the water to attract the shark.

GEORGE

Don't worry, I'll take care of your
wife for you. Whenever she needs a
dick to suck... or one up the ass.
Or, should that be arse?

Stevie looks around in a panic.

GEORGE

You can feel him coming, can't you.

Bear grabs a hold of George's leg and tugs.

Panicked, George flails for purchase in thin air as he falls.

EXT. THAMES - NIGHT

He lands with a heavy splash and squeals as the current drags him away from the boat. He lets go of the guns and swims towards it, looking behind him in outright panic.

Stevie swims gently against the current, maintaining proximity to the boat and manages to snatch one of the guns.

A grin spreads across George's face as his hand reaches the side of the boat, just one more lunge and...

...his face changes to surprise, then denial, then...

He goes under.

Water bubbles and claret rises to the surface.

Stevie sees his chance and makes it almost to within reach of the boat. Bear's arm flops over the side.

STEVIE
Cheers mate.

Stevie grabs a hold of Bear's arm and pulls himself in.

EXT. ROW BOAT - NIGHT

Stevie takes aim at the water.

George screams, an arm rises out - a call for help.

STEVIE
Silly American cunt.

Stevie shoots George in the head then fires at the shark.

The fin disappears below the surface.

Stevie fires again and again, he switches to the other side of the boat and empties the entire clip into the water.

After waiting for a brief time, Stevie tends to Bear, tries to move him, but Bear is in a bad way.

STEVIE
I'm going to get you some help.

Stevie takes the oars and rows.

EXT. RIVER THAMES - NIGHT

Behind the boat and moving fast towards it, a fin appears ominously out of the water.