

# **Terror At Sea**

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. SANDY BEACH - DAY

SUPER: CAPE COD - 1975

Crowded and full of life. Young CHILDREN building sandcastles. PEOPLE stretched out on their towels soaking in the sun.

SAMANTHA "SAM", 13, soft eyes, cute, stands at the water edge and spots a multi-colored seashell. She picks it up.

SAM

Look at this one, mom.

JENNY, 35, slender, gives a thumbs up.

JENNY

Nice one, Sam. Take it with you.  
We're late.

EXT. DOCK - DAY

An old, wooden platform. Leads to a twenty foot speed boat with a outboard motor. JOHN, 58, fit for his age, waves to Jenny and Sam as they approach.

JOHN

I was starting to get worried you weren't gonna show.

JENNY

And miss some fun in the sun? Not a chance, dad.

SAM

Look what I got grandpa?

Sam holds a small bucket with a dozen seashells inside.

JOHN

Wow. They're absolutely beautiful.  
I bet they'd go perfect with the new aquarium. Which reminds me, I think there's something for you... it's over there on the boat.

SAM

What is it?

Sam smiles as she climbs into the boat.

A thirty foot fishing vessel passes by. At the wheel is NICK, 38, skinny, shaggy beard, staring at John and Jenny.

JENNY

What's his problem?

JOHN

Don't know. I've never seen him before.

Nick turns away. The fishing vessel chugs on. John and Jenny climb in the speed boat.

EXT. SPEED BOAT - DAY

Sam sits, holding a glass bowl with a small fish inside. She pours the seashells in the bowl.

JOHN

You found the surprise.

SAM

It's perfect grandpa. Thanks.

Jenny squints her eyes, holds her nose.

JENNY

Jesus. What's that smell?

John sniffs the air.

JOHN

I smell it too. Whatever it is... we're not staying to find out.

He starts up the engine. The boat pulls away, headed for the open ocean.

EXT. OCEAN - DAY

Sun glistens on the water. Peaceful. Quiet. Suddenly -- Sam SCREAMS. The boat slows. Engine remains on, idling.

EXT. SPEED BOAT - DAY

Sam's distraught. Wipes away a tear. The group gazes at the fish floating in the glass bowl.

SAM

It's dead.

JOHN

Doesn't make any sense. Seemed healthy when I bought it.

JENNY

What the hell is that?

Jenny points to tentacles poking out from the multi-colored seashell Sam found earlier.

JOHN

Well, I'll be... That's a cone snail.

JENNY

Cone what?

JOHN

Snail. Venomous like a snake. One touch and you're toast.

SAM

Enough to kill my fish?

JOHN

Enough to kill you.

A thin trail of black smoke filters from the engine.

SAM

Grandpa. Smoke.

JOHN

Shit!

John rushes over and turns the engine off.

MOMENTS LATER

The smoke has dissipated. John's at the edge of the boat wearing a mask and snorkel. He jumps in the water.

Sam leans on the front of the boat. Something catches her eye. In the near distance, birds scatter. Water ripples.

John grabs ahold of the engine rotor... Something doesn't feel right. He snaps around. Scans the water. Nothing.

Jenny leans over the side.

JENNY

Dad. Find the problem?

John holds up a frayed belt.

JOHN

Must have snapped.

John sniffs the air, nauseated. He swims to the front of the boat. Shocked to see -- chum spread out along the exterior of the boat.

Water ripples close by. John snaps around. Quiet. He places his face in the water. A large shadow moves under his feet.

The boat rocks. Sam falls forward, headed overboard. Jenny catches her in time.

JENNY

You okay?

SAM

What was that?

Jenny searches the water. No sign of John. Suddenly -- John shoots from the water ten feet away. Terrified.

JENNY

Dad!

John's pulled under. Gone. Blood bubbles to the surface.

Jenny's trembling. Frozen. Sam grabs her arm.

SAM

Mom... Mom. Where's grandpa?

Without warning -- the boat swings in a tailspin catapulting Jenny twenty feet overboard.

A large fin slices through the water, headed for Jenny.

SAM

Mom swim! Swim to me!

Jenny spots the fin. Swims to the boat...to Sam.

SAM

Mom! Hurry!... Hurry!

The fin streaks at amazing speed. Fifty yards from Jenny... Forty!...Thirty!...Twenty!...Jenny's almost to the boat. The fin disappears. Jenny stops swimming. Big mistake! She's pulled under. Gone forever.

SAM

Mom!... Mom!

Sam faints, hits her head on the deck. Out cold.

INT. FISHING VESSEL - CABIN - NIGHT

Moonlight shines through a cracked window.

Sam awakes, rubbing her head. She darts her eyes around the room and spots a door.

She turns the doorknob, it's locked. BANGS on the door.

SAM

Hey! Anybody out there!

Footsteps approach from outside. Stop. The door swings open. It's Nick from earlier. Looking like a grease ball. Slicked black hair, ungroomed beard. Tattered clothes.

NICK

Good. You're awake.

Nick flips a switch. Sam shields her eyes from the ceiling light. Takes a sec for her eyes come to into focus.

The room is furnished with a chair and table. Windows are barred, locked.

What's more troubling is the gun Nick's carrying.

SAM

Who are you?

NICK

Who I am should be the least of your worries. What you should be asking yourself is how are you're gonna help me?

Nick grabs his crotch. Spits. Gently strokes Sam's face.

NICK

Yeah...You'll do real fine.

A tear rolls down Sam's cheek as she slaps Nick's hand away.

SAM

Don't touch me.

NICK

Feisty bitch... Save those tears, darling... We haven't even made love yet.

Sam escapes to the corner of the room. Away from Nick.

SAM

I want my mother.

NICK

Mothers dead... Or did you forget?

Nick displays a pocket knife.

NICK

Which begs the question, darling. Why would you dangle fish on the side of your boat? I mean, are you stupid in the head? Just trying to attract a shark... You know, I bet it's possible the guy who cut your motor belt could have planted them. What do you think?

Nick erupts in laughter.

SAM

Asshole!

Nick points the knife at her.

NICK

I'd watch that tongue if I were you.

SAM

Please...I just want to go home.

Nick smiles devilishly. Walks to the door, opens it.

NICK

You are home.

EXT. FISHING VESSEL - DECK - NIGHT

Nick's drinking. Drunk off his ass. Singing off key. He throws a beer bottle in the ocean.

INT. FISHING VESSEL - CABIN - CONT'D

Sam's at the window. Pushes and pulls on the bars. Not budging. She tries her luck with the door. Turning the doorknob to no avail...

NICK (O.S.)

There's my beautiful baby!

Sam peeks through a small hole. Nick's standing on the deck rail, drinking.

EXT. FISHING VESSEL - DECK - CONT'D

A beer bottle lands in the water, almost hits the large fin passing by.

Nick stares back at the cabin.

NICK

Let's have some fun, shall we?

INT. FISHING VESSEL - CABIN - NIGHT

The door swings open. Nick stands in the doorway, holding a chain attached to a dog collar.

EXT. FISHING VESSEL - DECK - MOMENTS LATER

Grunts and moans fill the air. Not the good kind!

Sam's on the deck rail leaning over the water. Gasping. The only thing saving her from going over is the collar around her neck. Nick's five feet away pulling on the chain.

NICK

Come and get er' ol' sharkie!...  
Ain't her ass sweet?

Nick loosens his grip. Sam falls further to the water.

A large fin passes right under her.

SAM

Let me up! Let me up! I'll be good!

Nick pulls Sam up. Sam falls to the deck, crying.

NICK  
Jus' havin' fun, darling. Ol'  
sharkie won't get cha'. Least not  
until I'm done with you.

Nick unties the collar from Sam's neck, picks her up and carries her to the --

INT. FISHING VESSEL - CABIN - NIGHT

Opens the door, pushes her inside.

NICK  
Get your rest. Got a long day ahead  
of you.

He closes the door.

LATER

Bold beams of sunlight burst through the windows, shining across Sam's face.

Footsteps approach. The door swings open. Nick's at the door with a bucket in hand.

NICK  
Get up. Time's a wasting.

EXT. FISHING VESSEL - DECK - DAY

Sam looks like hell. Black and blue bruises around her neck.

Nick drops the bucket, lands at Sam's feet. Inside the bucket is a sponge and water.

NICK  
Been awhile since my boat had a  
proper cleaning.

Nick reaches behind his back, displays the gun.

NICK  
Try any funny business. I'll kill  
ya. Try to swim away. Ol' sharkie  
will kill ya. Do I make myself  
clear?

Sam nods Yes.

NICK  
Good. Get to it.



INT. FISHING VESSEL - CABIN - NIGHT

Nick drags Sam into the room. A days work of scrubbing has paid its toll on her. She collapses on the floor. Out cold. Nick strokes her hair running his hand down her shoulder, down her back and stops at her thigh.

NICK

Hate to see you this way,  
darling... You and I...we in this  
for the long haul.

LATER

Sam awakes. Alone. Her hands blistered from the scrubbing. She rubs her eyes. Spots something. It's the fish bowl from John's boat sitting on the table.

Sam holds the fish bowl. Staring at the seashells inside. Her eyes become huge with excitement. The cone snail's tentacles poke from its shell.

Footsteps approach. The door swings open. Nick enters. Looks different. His hair no longer slicked back but now parted to the side. He shaved his beard. Appears youthful. Tattered clothes, now replaced by a clean suit.

Nick has his hand behind his back. Sam sets the fish bowl down on the table.

SAM

I was quiet. I did what you...

NICK

Stop! I come in peace, darling.  
This is for you.

Nick displays a yellow flower.

NICK

Go on. It's yours. Take it.

Sam grabs the flower. Confused.

NICK

The seashells add a nice touch to the room, don't you think?. Thought to myself, Nick, she would adore you if you surprised her with it. Then it hit me, why not save it for a special occasion. Well darling, tonight's that special occasion. Now let me get a look at you.

Nick glances up and down Sam's body.

NICK  
Absolutely stunning, darling...Now  
if you'll allow it, may I have this  
dance?

Nick puts out his hand.

SAM  
But there's no music.

NICK  
We'll improvise.

He grabs her. They embrace, dancing slowly around the room.

Sam can't take her eyes off the fish bowl.

Nick leans in. Kisses Sam. She fidgets, tries to break free.

NICK  
Hold still.

Sam slaps his face. Breaks free, runs to the fish bowl.

NICK  
Bitch!

Sam reaches inside the fish bowl. Snatches the seashell.

Nick wraps his arms around her.

NICK  
I deserve that, darling. Please  
don't label me. I can be a  
gentleman, you'll see... Here,  
lemma' show you... Can I hold that?

Nick takes the seashell, admiring its beauty.

NICK  
I can see why you're quite fond of  
this one.

The boat rocks. Nick drops the seashell next to the door.

NICK  
Well now I've gone and done it. Ol'  
sharkie doesn't like me all lovey  
dovey with someone else. You'd  
better stay here while I calm her  
down.

Nick opens the door. SCREAMS. Falls to the ground in pain  
pulling off the cone snail attached to his foot.

Sam smiles.

Nick falls back hitting his head on the ground. Paralyzed.

NICK  
Bitch!... Think thisss...  
is...is...funn...

Sam drags Nick out to the --

EXT. FISHING VESSEL - DECK - CONT'D

And places him against the rail next to buckets of chum.

Sam pours a bucket of chum in the water. Takes a second bucket dousing Nick and that cheap suit he's wearing.

With all her might, she picks up Nick. Tosses him overboard.

The large fin swoops in. And for the first time Sam witnesses the sharks powerful jaws in motion. Nick is swallowed up. Gone.

Sam stares for a moment. Smiling. Dawn breaks over the horizon. The nightmare is finally over... She's alive.

EXT. OCEAN - DAY

The fishing vessel heads for land in the distance.

The large fin slices through the water headed the opposite direction... passes a buoy that reads: Entering the waters of Amity County.

FADE OUT