

JETSKI

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1

EXT. SAN JOSE DEL MAR - NIGHT

1

A small Mexican resort on the Gulf of Mexico. A strip of sea front clubs and bars. Neon lights. The sound of thumping gangsta rap. Above the din we can make out the faint sound of a rhythmic chant. As we move across the sea towards the strip the chant becomes clearer and louder -

'Down in one. Down in one. Down in one...'

2

INT. BAR, SAN JOSE DEL MAR - NIGHT

2

Boom. There it is. One hundred sweating, glistening torsos. Bikinis, vest tops, cut offs, pecs, ink, tits and teeth. Welcome to spring break. The intoxicated throng chant *'Down in one'* as they surround the dance floor.

The crowd look on as Tyler(21), a chiselled college Jock, and Tom (21), a self-possessed pretty boy, stand on chairs in the middle of the dance floor. They each pour a can of beer into a funnel.

Beneath the funnel and with the end of a beer bong in her mouth is MILLY (21), a good time girl dressed in denim cut-offs and bikini top. The beer spills down her chin onto her tanned cleavage and soaks her bikini top.

The crowd of spring breakers continue to chant *'Down in One'* as Tom and Tyler each pour their cans into the funnel. Once empty, they turn their cans and put them on top of their heads. The crowd cheer.

Milly isn't far behind as she finishes the last of the beer. She triumphantly roars and shows her empty wide-open mouth to the throng of cheering spring breakers before she pulls out her cell and takes a selfie.

Tyler thumps his bare chest before he and Tom high five.

NAT (21), golden girl, and GREG (20), all round good guy, are close by as watch on.

GREG
(whoops, to Milly)
Girl, you whooped ass.

NAT
(whoops)
Way to go.

Greg and Nat high five a drunk Milly before Milly presses send on her cell and we see a screen grab of Milly's social media page with the selfie along with *#smashedit*.

Milly grabs Nat by the hand.

MILLY

Come on, miss prissy pants.

NAT

(sees what's coming)

Milly... No...

MILLY

Time to let those sun-kissed locks
of yours down.

Milly drags her to the middle of the dance-floor.

NAT

(self-conscious, through
gritted teeth)

Milly, please.

MILLY

(smiles)

It's spring break.

Nat shoots Greg a sideways look as she looks for support.

He can only smile and shrug.

Tom joins Milly and Nat and starts to clap for the benefit of
the crowd as he chants Nat's name.

TOM

Nat. Nat. Nat.

The other spring breakers join in. 'Nat. Nat. Nat...'

NAT

(pissed off)

Gee, thanks, Tom.

It only encourages him to chant her name louder.

The room is filled with the chant of 'Nat. Nat. Nat...'

Milly encourages the crowd to join in.

NAT (CONT'D)

(to Milly)

Okay, okay.

Milly guides Nat to the middle of the dance-floor.

MILLY

You won't be needing this.

She goes to lift Nat's vest top.

NAT

Hey!

MILLY

You want it soaked in beer?

A suddenly self-conscious Nat allows Milly to remove her vest to reveal her bikini top and cleavage.

Whooping and hollering from the crowd. Shouts of 'Way to go.'

Nat looks far from comfortable with her new found celebrity status as she takes the beer bong.

Milly takes out her cell and starts to take photos of Nat.

Tom and Tyler each open a can as they get back on the chairs and ready to pour the beer into the funnel.

TOM

You got this. I love you.

Nat smiles weakly for Tom's benefit as she hesitates as she looks at the bong in her hand.

STUDENT

(shouts from crowd)

Take it in your mouth.

Laughter and whooping and hollering from the other spring breakers.

TYLER

Better do as the man says.

Nat puts the bong in her mouth and Tom and Tyler pour the beer into the funnel.

The other spring breakers begin to chant '*Down in one. Down in one...*

But after only a few seconds Nat spits the bong and the beer from her mouth. The crowd break into boos and cat calls as the atmosphere is sucked out the room. We notice a bunch of the revellers wear University of Missouri vests.

Nat's eyes water as she gathers herself.

NAT

Damn, I choked.

TOM

(pointed)

Big time.

(shouts at the revellers)

Hey, assholes, Missouri sucks.

Tom goes to the bar followed by Tyler as the DJ pumps up the tunes to get the party re-started.

A drunk Milly joins Nat.

MILLY
(laughs)
How you gonna keep a guy if you
won't swallow?

Nat watches Tom and Tyler gyrating with other bikini-clad girls at the bar.

MILLY (CONT'D)
(shrugs)
'Spring break, sister.

Anything goes.

Milly and Greg bounce off to join the others.

Nat watches them go.

She's on the outside looking in.

3 **INT. BAR, SAN JOSE DEL MAR - NIGHT**

3

Nat, Greg, Milly, Tom and Tyler line up shots at the bar.

GREG
Salud!

They pick up their shot glasses and neck them.

Greg gasps for breath as the tequila hits the back of his throat.

Tyler slams his empty glass on the bar.

TYLER
Line 'em up.

Nat is still trying to finish her shot. She has to stop halfway.

Tom puts an arm round her shoulders and kisses her on the side of the head.

TOM
Hey, baby girl. Let me help you out there.

Tom takes her shot and drains it.

Tom whoops before he and Tyler high five.

GREG
(to barman)
Hey, amigo, cinco mas.

A drunk Tom drapes an arm round Nat and pulls her in for a kiss as Milly starts to bump and grind with Greg.

4 **INT. BAR, SAN JOSE DEL MAR - NIGHT**

4

Very loud music. Milly and Greg bump and grind as Tyler soaks them with beer.

A smiling Tom has his arm around Nat as he watches Milly. Nat's face tells us she isn't enjoying the din.

Tom takes his cell out with his free hand and away from Nat he begins to text one handed.

Milly feels her cell vibrate in the back pocket of her shorts. She momentarily turns from the others and pulls her phone out.

Tyler takes Milly's place with Greg on the dance floor and he starts to pretend to whip Greg's ass jockey style.

Milly looks at the message on the screen. It reads **CAN'T STOP THINKING ABOUT LAST NIGHT. SO HOT. T :)**

Milly smiles as she considers the message before she quickly takes a selfie and fires off a text and slips the phone back in her pocket. Milly pushes Tyler to one side and starts to grind with Greg.

Tom's cell vibrates. He brings up the text. The selfie of Milly and the words **SUUUPER HOTTT!!!! M xx :)**

Tom looks up from the text. His and Milly's eyes meet as she grinds with Tyler.

Nat is none the wiser but she's had enough of the din. She turns her mouth to Tom's ear as she points to the door.

NAT

(shouts)

I'm going to get some fresh air.

5 **EXT. STREET, SAN JOSE - NIGHT**

5

Nat takes in the night air as other spring breakers make their way between bars. She seems to be enjoying the relative calm when she suddenly jumps when she feels someone tugging at her top from behind. She turns sharply to see an old Mexican beggar in a rickety wheelchair. The old man has no legs and holds out a paper coffee cup.

BEGGAR

Por favor.

He rattles the cup. It contains a few coins.

NAT

(thrown)

Sure. Let me see.

Nat goes into her purse and takes out a couple of dollars and puts them in his cup.

BEGGAR

Gracias.

There's an awkward beat before Nat signals towards a nearby tacos stand.

NAT

Can I get you something to eat?

The beggar is blank.

NAT (CONT'D)

Quieres comer?

BEGGAR

No, gracias.

He pulls out a packet of cigarettes.

BEGGAR (CONT'D)

Cigarillo? Marlboro?

NAT

No, thanks. No fumo.

They share a smile.

But Nat can't help herself and her eyes wander down to his stumps.

BEGGAR

Donde estan tus amigos?

NAT

Erm, my friends? They're inside.
Partying.

The beggar realises she's looking at his stumps and he starts to point at them.

BEGGAR

Tiburon. Tiburon.

NAT

Shark?

BEGGAR

Gran Tiburon Blanco.

NAT

(spooked)
Great white shark.

The beggar makes a biting motion by closing his arms together like a giant pair of jaws as he makes a biting sound with his teeth.

Tyler and Tom slam from the bar onto the strip and join Nat.

TYLER
Fucking A!

They fist bump as Milly and Greg join them.

GREG
Hey, Nat, who's your new friend?

TOM
Aren't you going to introduce us?

NAT
He says there are sharks.

TYLER
Sharks!

A drunken Tyler laughs as he points at his own temple as if to say 'crazy'.

The beggar reacts to Tyler with a mouthful of machine gun Spanish.

NAT
Tyler!

GREG
(to the beggar)
We been at the beach all week,
hombre.

NAT
So?

GREG
(to Nat)
So, there's no sharks on this
stretch of the Gulf.

TYLER
Dude's loco.

MILLY
And in serious need of a bath.

TYLER
(whoops)
Let's party, homies.

The others make to move. Nat turns to the beggar with a smile but the beggar grabs her arm and holds it as he looks her in the eye. Nat reels back ever so slightly.

BEGGAR
(slowly mouths the words)
Cuidado... Cuidado...

TOM
Hey, dude. Hands to yourself.

The beggar lets go of her arm and wheels himself away.

TOM (CONT'D)
What the fuck?

NAT
Watch out... He told me to *watch out*.

A rattled Nat watches the beggar wheel himself in his chair down the street as he looks to hit on other spring breakers.

6 **EXT. SAN JOSE DEL MAR - DAYBREAK** 6

Day breaks over San Jose. A street cleaning machine clears the debris. Human detritus makes its way home.

7 **EXT. PROMENADE, SAN JOSE DEL MAR - DAYBREAK** 7

Nat and Milly sit on a low wall looking out to sea. Waves gently lap onto the beach.

On the promenade there is a banner advertising the Annual San Jose Swim for ninitos. The banner is adorned with bright colours and cartoon sea creatures to emphasise the age of the swimmers.

Milly rests her head on Nat's shoulder as she dozes. Nat thinks she hears Milly sniff back a tear.

NAT
Hey.

MILLY
Our last spring break, Nat.

Nat puts an arm round her as Milly takes a selfie of her and Nat.

MILLY (CONT'D)
This time next year...

Nat looks out at sea with a heavy heart.

NAT
Yeah.

Milly sends the selfie and we see a screen grab of it on her social media page *#lastspringbreak*.

Milly looks up at an emotional Nat.

MILLY

Hey! You're gonna ace your finals
and nail that postgrad.

NAT

Not according to my biomed
professor.

MILLY

Only 'cause you wouldn't put out.
Screw him.

NAT

(emotional)

You know, my mom and dad never got
the chance to go to college. I'm
the first in the family. If you
knew how much they'd sacrificed...

Her words trail off as she fights back a tear.

MILLY

Hey, basta, already! You got it,
girl.

Nat looks at her for more reassurance.

MILLY (CONT'D)

You're the bomb. You think a hot
guy like Tom would be with you, if
you weren't.

Nat gathers herself.

NAT

I'm sorry, thinking of home always
does that to me.

MILLY

(smiles)

Hashtag homebird.

NAT

(smiles)

It's Billy's birthday Sunday. He's
gonna be seven.

MILLY

How is the little munchkin? Still
as cute as a bug's ear?

NAT

When he's not being the annoying
little brother.

MILLY

You give him a big squeeze from me.

Milly breaks into a broad grin at the sound of clinking beer bottles.

MILLY (CONT'D)

They're playing my tune.

Tom, Tyler and Greg each carry a plastic shopping bag full of beer bottles as they make to join Milly and Nat.

TYLER

Vamos a la playa, homies.

High fives between the guys.

Milly sits up and runs her hands through her hair as she gathers herself.

MILLY

Okay, let's get this show back on the road.

NAT

(dead beat)

Nada mas. I need to sleep.

MILLY

Honey, come six o'clock this evening our asses are on a plane back to Kansas. And that's it. Adios.

Milly drapes her arms around Nat's shoulders and smiles at her as she tenderly clears a strand of hair from Nat's freckled, suntanned face.

MILLY (CONT'D)

Once we're back home you can sleep for the next fifty years for all I care, but right now you're gonna get that cute little butt of your's to the beach and we're gonna party.

Nat can't help but smile as the others make their way to the beach.

8

EXT. BEACH, SAN JOSE DEL MAR - DAY

8

The sun rises over the deserted beach.

Stacked sun-beds and parasols. Nearby there are six beached jet skis and a number of pedalos. There is a locked wooden hut nearby with a sign advertising 'water sports'.

Above the wooden hut there is another banner advertising the swim for the ninitos. The swim starts at 15.00

The sound of clapping and 'Go, go, go...'

Tyler spins around the stick of a parasol as he plays Dizzy Izzy. (His forehead rests against the end of the stick that isn't in the ground and he turns until dizzy)

The others clap as he turns.

Milly takes photos with her cell.

Tyler eventually becomes so dizzy he staggers away and collapses in a heap on the sand.

The others whoop and holler.

TYLER

Is sprawled on the sand. He looks up to see the beached jet skis on the sand. A tight smile forms on his lips...

before he's drenched by Tom pouring a bottle of beer on his head.

TOM

Loser!

9

EXT. BEACH, SAN JOSE DEL MAR - DAY

9

Tyler and Tom are forcing the lock on the wooden hut with the stick from the parasol.

NAT

This is such a bad idea, y'all.

Tyler and Tom work in tandem.

TYLER

We're just borrowing a coupla jet skis....

TOM

For a quick spin round the bay...

TYLER

By the time everyone's up outta bed...

TOM

We'll have them back here...

TYLER

And no one'll know the difference.

NAT

It's still stealing.

TYLER

It's spring break. And it's our last chance to do dumb shit like this.

NAT

(of the swim banner)

They're having a swim for the local children.

TYLER

Not 'til three o'clock this afternoon. Jesus, take a chill pill.

NAT

I think I'm outta here, guys.

MILLY

(tuts)

You can take the girl outta Kansas.

Nat turns to her.

MILLY (CONT'D)

For a moment you were doing a pretty good impersonation of someone who knew how to enjoy herself.

A hurt Nat looks at Tom for support, he can only shrug.

Greg offers Nat a sympathetic smile.

GREG

Last spring break...

(shrugs)

...something to tell your grand kids.

With that the lock on the hut gives way. Tyler opens the door. On one of the walls are a series of hooks with ignition keys hanging from them.

TYLER

(face lights up)

Alright.

10

EXT. BEACH, SAN JOSE DEL MAR - DAY

10

Two jet skis sit in the water. Tom sits on one while Tyler pushes it away from the sloping sand shelf before he gets on to ride pillion.

Greg sits on the other jet ski as Milly makes to get on. None of them wear life vests.

Nat looks on from the beach.

MILLY

(to Nat)

Room for a little one.

GREG

(smiles, to Nat)

A five minute blast? And then churros for breakfast?

Nat turns and looks at the hut. Inside there are dozens of life vests hanging on a wall. She looks at them for a moment before she's interrupted by the sound of Tom and Tyler's jet ski gunning into life.

Nat turns and watches Tom and Tyler smoothly glide out to sea.

TYLER

Gets to his feet and yee-ha's, but as he lets go of Tom's waist, Tom deliberately pulls back the throttle hard and the jet ski shoots forward causing Tyler to topple backwards into the sea. He disappears under the water but a couple of seconds later he re-emerges.

TYLER

(to the laughing Tom)

A-Hole!

We now see that he's only waist high in the water as he waits for Tom to turn the jet ski and pick him up.

NAT

Breaks into a smile when she sees how shallow the water is.

MILLY

(to Nat)

Hop on, honey.

Nat slips off her flip flops and puts them next to four other pairs of beach shoes which have been left next to each other on the sand. Nat then puts her cell on top of one of her flip flops.

We stay on the shoes as we hear the sound of Nat's feet splashing in the water.

Inside, or next to, four of the five pairs of shoes is a cell phone... four cells in total.

11 **EXT. SEA, GULF OF MEXICO - DAY** 11

A long shot of the two jet skis as they buzz across the bay some two hundred yards from shore.

The sound of shrill laughter and whooping and hollering - the guys are having fun.

12 **EXT. SEA - DAY** 12

The two jet skis race neck and neck. Tom and Greg are on full throttle.

Milly and Tyler trade insults.

Nat clings onto Milly but the smile on her face tells us she's almost enjoying herself.

Milly films herself and the other jetski with her cell.

MILLY
 (shouts above engine)
 Assholes!

TYLER
 (shouts back)
 Douchebags!

13 **EXT. SEA - DAY** 13

Aerial.

Tom's jet ski is furthest from shore. He noses slightly ahead of Greg.

Tom then bears right as he peels off from Greg.

14 **EXT. SEA - DAY** 14

Tom and Tyler take a sharp turn and start to head further out to sea.

NAT
 Where are they going?

A grinning Greg turns his jet ski to follow them.

GREG
 (of Tom and Tyler)
 Jerk offs.

Milly squeals with excitement.

MILLY
 Go get 'em.

NAT
(shouts)
We're going too far out. I wanna go
back to shore...

But they can't hear her above the noise of the jet ski engine.

Nat casts an anxious look back towards the disappearing shore.

15 **EXT. SEA - DAY**

15

Aerial.

The two jet skis head out to sea. They are now some distance off shore.

Tom leads on one jet ski and Greg follows.

16 **EXT. SEA - DAY**

16

Tom puts the jet ski into a one hundred and eighty degree turn so he's facing the oncoming Greg.

TOM
(smiles at the advancing
jet ski)
Chicken shit.

He idles for a moment before he pulls back the throttle and shoots forward.

GREG

Is pumped up as he barrels towards Tom.

GREG
Yee-ha!

The two jet skis bear down on each other at a rate of knots.

NAT

Clings to Milly.

NAT
Greg! No!

But at the last moment both Greg and Tom make a sharp turn to the left. The jet skis avoid each other narrowly but the wash from each jet ski soaks the riders on the other.

Milly and the boys whoop and holler and punch the air.

NAT

Is pulling on Greg's shoulder from her position behind Milly.

NAT (CONT'D)

Greg, that's enough. This is wrong...

But a grinning Greg is pumped as he watches Tom turn back towards him.

NAT (CONT'D)

Please drop me back on shore...

But her words stick in her throat as Greg pulls back on the throttle and the forward propulsion causes her to fall back and grab onto Milly.

Greg turns his jet ski so he is once again facing Tom.

17 **EXT. SEA - DAY**

17

A long shot side on as the two jet skis race towards each other.

18 **EXT. SEA - DAY**

18

TOM

And Tyler are on one jet ski, pumped and full of beer and bravado.

GREG

And Milly are as giddy as children on the other jet ski while Nat clings on for dear life.

The two jet skis barrel towards each other.

This time they both leave it later to turn - **TOO LATE** - and this time they turn the **SAME WAY**. There's no time to react and nowhere for them to go and it all happens in a split second as Tom's jet ski broadside's Greg's jet ski...

Greg's leg takes the impact and is **CRUSHED** between the two jet skis. Somewhere in the sound of the collision is the sound of him screaming.

Tom and Tyler's jet ski **FLIPS** on impact.

The others are thrown into the water and Tyler is catapulted up into the air. He somersaults and lands on one of the jet skis, hitting his head before falling into the water.

Bodies everywhere...

The jet ski Tom was driving is still flipped over with its hull facing up towards the sky.

The engine has died and the water around it starts to discolour as fuel seeps out from its fuel tank which has ruptured in the collision.

The engine on the other jet ski splutters and then dies. It has damage to the bodywork on the side that took the impact. The running board is crushed and the side panels are badly dented.

NAT

Is the first to try to gather herself as she treads water.

She looks around to see a shaken Milly and Tom treading water before she's alerted by Greg's screams.

GREG

Aghhh! Fuck.... My leg.
(in agony)
My fucking leg!

The water around him is already beginning to turn red as he struggles to keep his head above the water.

Nat quickly swims her way across to Greg.

GREG (CONT'D)

(in agony)
Arghh!

Nat joins him and supports his head.

NAT

Okay. I got you.

She looks down to see the water beneath Greg is a deep crimson.

Nat mouths a *shoot* to herself.

GREG

(starting to
hyperventilate)
Is it bad?

NAT

(brave face)
No. Nothing we can't fix.

He can't catch his breath.

NAT (CONT'D)

Okay, breathe. You need to breathe.
Come on. One... two... One...
two... Breathe. That's it.

Greg tries to regulate his breathing as Nat scans the water.

Milly and Tom hold onto one jet ski as the other jet ski remains upside down in the water.

MILLY

What's that smell?

TOM

Gas.

(of the flipped jetski)

The fuel tank musta ruptured.

Nat can't see Tyler.

NAT

Tyler!

(to Tom)

Where's Tyler?

TOM

(shouts)

Tyler!

Tom swims round to the other side of the jet ski to see Tyler face down in the water.

TOM (CONT'D)

Fuck.

Tom grabs him and turns him face up. Blood streams from a cut on his forehead. For a moment we and Tom think Tyler is dead...

TOM (CONT'D)

(face creases with pain)

Dude?

Suddenly Tyler starts to cough and splutter.

19 **EXT. SEA (UNDERWATER) - DAY**

19

We're underwater. Somewhere beneath the jet ski. We're looking up at five pairs of legs as they move around the jet ski. **And a cloud of blood...**

20 **EXT. SEA - DAY**

20

Nat and Milly help Greg towards the jet ski.

NAT

(calm, to Greg)

We're gonna get you outta the water.

Greg stares blankly as he starts to shiver.

NAT (CONT'D)
 (to Greg)
 You're gonna be okay.
 (hushed, to Milly)
 He's going into shock.

MILY
 Shit.

Nat looks across to where Tom helps a groggy Tyler to the jet ski. Once there they hold on to its side and kick water.

NAT
 (to Tom, of Tyler)
 You need to talk to him.

TOM
 What?

NAT
 'Case he has a head injury.

Tom looks lost.

NAT (CONT'D)
 Say anything. Ask him some questions.

TOM
 Fuck. Okay. Hey, what's your name?

TYLER
 Huh?

TOM
 (urgent)
 Your name, dude. Your name.

TYLER
 (looks at him for a moment)
 It's Tyler. You dumb shit. How long you known me?

TOM
 (breaks into a smile)
 He's good.

NAT
 (urgent)
 We need some help here.

From beneath the jet ski. Legs kicking in the water. **And blood. Lots of it.**

Tom sits at the rear of the jet ski with his legs either side of the seat. He leans off the back of the ski as he tries to pull Greg on board by lifting him from under his armpits. The other three ease him from the water while being careful to avoid contact with his injured leg.

Greg screams with pain. The color is draining from him.

TOM

Nice and easy, bro.

They lift him clear from the water and for the first time we and they see the extent of the injury. Blood gushes from multiple deep wounds. Bone protrudes from a compound fracture. Bone and tissue are visible. His leg has been totally smashed.

MILLY

(has to turn away)

Fuck.

Tears form in her eyes.

TYLER

(hand to mouth)

Oh, Jesus.

TOM

(brave face)

Okay, dude, we got ya...

NAT

(calm, business like)

Lie his leg flat.

Tom eases Greg onto the seat as he slides his bum along the seat and works his way down the jet ski.

NAT (CONT'D)

Easy now.

Greg cries out with pain as they manoeuvre his leg.

NAT (CONT'D)

(urgent)

I need something for a tourniquet
to stop the bleeding.

Milly pulls off her vest top as Nat kneels up on the running board of the jet ski.

MILLY

Here.

She hands it to Nat.

MILLY (CONT'D)
(hushed) (upset)
We need to get him to hospital.

Nat positions herself so that she can begin to do the tourniquet.

NAT
(nods)
Fast.

Milly treads water as she holds onto the jet ski.

MILLY
My cell.

Milly goes into her back pocket and retrieves her cell phone.
She presses the home button. The screen is illuminated.

MILLY (CONT'D)
It's working...

Milly waits for a signal.

Nothing. She waits for the tell tale icon.

MILLY (CONT'D)
(but then)
Fuck. No signal.

Still nothing.

MILLY (CONT'D)
Fuck. Fuck. Fuck.

TOM
Here, let me.

Milly passes the cell up to Tom.

Tom holds the cell above his head. He waits a moment...
Nothing.

He stands up and starts to manoeuvre it above his head with his arm outstretched... Nothing.

TOM (CONT'D)
Sonofabitch. Come on.

A pair of flip flops float in the shallow surf on the still deserted beach.

The water begins to lap around the other four pairs of shoes and the cell phones. The tide is coming in. A couple of the shoes are taken by the waves.

In a few moments all evidence of them being on the beach will have gone.

24

EXT. SEA - DAY

24

Nat has finished the tourniquet. It slows the flow of blood but there's still a steady drip, drip, drip of blood which runs down the bodywork of the jet ski and into the water and forms powdery red clouds.

The other jetski is still upside down in the water but has drifted some twenty metres away. It has become more submerged as its engine and water intake valves flood with sea water.

NAT
(of cell)
Anything?

TOM
Shit. No.

NAT
You think you can take us back to shore, nice and steady?

TOM
What, yeah...
(then)
but how do we all fit on?

NAT
(we don't)
Let's get Greg to hospital.

Looks between Milly and Tyler.

MILLY
Hey, hold on.

NAT
We'll come right back for you.

MILLY
What?

NAT
(in)
The sea's calm and the water's warm.

Milly looks at the shore line which is now over a mile away.

MILLY

(scared)

Shit. No way. Sorry...

TOM

You can hold onto the other jet ski
if you have to.

MILLY

Jesus, and choke on gasoline fumes.

Tyler puts a comforting hand on her shoulder.

TYLER

Milly, we're good right here. You
forgetting I'm on the swim team?

A disorientated Greg suddenly cries out in pain.

GREG

Please... I don't wanna die.

NAT

(hushed, of Greg)

We need to do this. Right now.

TYLER

(to Milly)

You're in good hands.

Milly nods as she relents.

25 **EXT. SEA, UNDERWATER - DAY**

25

We're some twenty yards away from the jet ski. Far enough
away to remain unnoticed but close enough to see the blood
dripping into the water... and forming tiny red powdery
clouds.

26 **EXT. SEA - DAY**

26

Tom sits behind the controls of the jet ski. Nat has her back
to Tom's back as she holds the barely conscious Greg by
wrapping her arms round his chest. Greg's injured leg is
propped up on the jet ski seat.

Tyler and Milly drift away from the jet ski as they tread
water.

TOM

(to Milly and Tyler)

You two cool?

TYLER

Nice day for a swim, bro.

TOM

Nat?

NAT

Yeah, I got him.

Tom turns the ignition. It's dead.

TOM

Shit.

He turns the key again. Nothing.

TOM (CONT'D)

Goddamn.

NAT

What is it?

TOM

It's dead.

Tom tries again. Nothing. Again. Nothing. And again. It's dead as a dodo.

TOM (CONT'D)

Muthafucka.

MILLY

Can you fix it?

TOM

I major in history.

(urgent)

Tyler, you know anything 'bout engines?

TYLER

I don't even know where the engine is.

NAT

Under the seat. Probably.

Tom turns to Nat.

TOM

You know about jet skis?

NAT

My dad used to mess around with motor bike engines when I was a kid.

Tom is already running his finger under the edge of the seat.

NAT (CONT'D)

Sometimes I'd help. And my uncle had a jet ski and dad tried to fix it.

Tom stops when he feels a catch at the front of the seat.

TOM

Feels like there's some kinda catch.

Greg moans with pain.

NAT

(hushed, to Tom)

We're gonna have to move him, so we can get the seat up.

27 **EXT. SEA, JET SKI - DAY**

27

Greg cries out with pain as Tom and Nat gently lower him into the water. Tyler and Milly hold onto the jet ski as they support the stricken Greg who floats on his back.

TYLER

Okay, dude, we got you.

28 **EXT. SEA, UNDERWATER - DAY**

28

Looking up at the jet ski and Tyler's and Milly's legs. The water around the jet ski immediately **clouds red** as they support Greg.

29 **EXT. SEA, JET SKI - DAY**

29

Tom stands in the foot well between the steering column and the front of the seat. Nat stands at the rear of the jet ski.

Tom presses the catch. It releases. He lifts the seat up which hinges at the rear of the jet ski. Under the seat is the engine which is cased in a hard plastic unit.

The seat props up once fully vertical.

The two of them look at the encased jet ski engine for a moment.

30 **EXT. SEA, UNDERWATER - DAY**

30

We're a few metres below the surface, moving slowly as we circumnavigate the jet ski and the kicking legs and the cloud of red blood.

31 **EXT. SEA, JET SKI - DAY**

31

Tom tries pulling at the plastic casing with this fingers but he can't get any purchase.

Nat leans in from the rear of the jet ski.

TOM

How am I supposed to get this thing off?

NAT

(urgent)

Is there a tool box?

Tom searches with his eyes.

TOM

No.

Tom tries pulling with his fingers again but he can't make any progress.

TOM (CONT'D)

Fuck!

He slams the casing with his hand.

NAT

(shrugs)

Try starting it again?

Tom turns so he's facing the steering column. He turns the ignition key. Nothing. He tries again.

TOM

Nothing.

NAT

Shoot.

From the water Greg cries out in pain.

TYLER

(to Greg)

Okay, dude, you're doing just fine.

(urgent, to Tom and Nat)

We need to get him outta the water, y'all.

Tom and Nat look at each other. She nods. Tom goes to put the seat back down.

32 **EXT. SEA FRONT, SAN JOSE DEL MAR - DAY**

32

An automatic street cleaner clears up bottles and crap from the night before from the sidewalk.

The street cleaner is driven by an elderly local who wears ear protectors and smokes a cigarette.

The town is deserted.

The driver has the sea on his left hand side. He concentrates on keeping a straight line on the sidewalk. He doesn't notice the sun shine off a reflective surface out at sea. He drives on. Another glimmer from out at sea. He stops. Looks up to his right. A street off of the strip covered in litter and crap. He considers it for a moment.

DRIVER

Animales.

He turns the street cleaner towards the side street. Once he turns his back on the sea there's another glimmer from out on the water.

33

EXT. SEA - DAY

33

Nat uses the screen of Milly's cell phone to reflect the sun towards the shore.

Milly and Tyler are in the water as they hold onto the jet ski.

Greg is propped up on the seat again.

MILLY

It's six in the morning.

Nat holds her tongue.

MILLY (CONT'D)

No one'll be up and about.

NAT

(snaps)

You any other bright ideas?

MILLY

I was just saying...

NAT

Well, don't. 'Cos everytime I listen to you I end up in deep doodoo.

An uneasy silence.

Tom turns and looks back to the shore. The town is disappearing over the horizon.

TOM

We're drifting out to sea.

NAT

What?

TOM

There was a church tower on the left. I can't see it anymore. The tide musta changed.

(urgent)

We need to get a signal on Milly's cell.

Greg moans with pain.

Nat starts flicking between functions on the cell as she desperately searches for a signal.

Tom turns his attention to Greg. He cups his hand and fills it with seawater which he then uses it to dampen Greg's forehead.

TOM (CONT'D)

Shhh, dude. Someone's coming.

Greg looks at him. His eyes are desperate.

TOM (CONT'D)

You're gonna be okay. Promise.

Tom looks up to see Tyler looking at him. Their eyes meet. They both know he's lying.

NAT

(quiet)

Can't stop thinking about last night.

TOM

What?

NAT

(upset)

So hot.

Nat is looking at the text conversation on Milly's cell from last night between Milly and Tom. It's a series of salacious texts and photos of the two.

TOM

Give me the phone.

Tom tries to grab the phone but Nat pulls it away and the pair of them cause the jet ski to wobble.

MILLY

(shrieks)

What are you doing?

NAT
(indignant)
What am I doing!

TOM
Give me the goddamn phone.

Tom swipes for the cell and knocks Nat's hand, causing her to drop the cell into the sea.

Tom looks at the water open mouthed.

NAT
(to Tom)
Asshole!

TYLER
Shit!

NAT
(tearful)
You are such an asshole.

A caught out Tom doesn't know what to say. He and Milly share a guilty look.

MILLY
(quiet)
Nat, I'm sorry.

NAT
Hashtag screw you.

Tyler is already pulling his T-shirt of.

He hands it to Milly before he takes a deep breath and then he disappears under the water.

34

EXT. SEA, UNDERWATER - DAY

34

Tyler kicks through the water as he propels himself to the bottom of the sea, a depth of some ten metres.

A steady descent as he kicks with his legs and swims a powerful breaststroke.

A small stream of blood comes from the cut above his eye and a small cloud of powdery red forms about his head.

Fish, sea life look on as Tyler nears the sandy bottom.

His contorted face tells us he is soon at his limit in terms of depth and air.

Tyler begins to search the sea bed, his eyes moving left and right.

Then sand on the sea bed kicks up nearby. There's something moving down there.

But Tyler is so engrossed trying to find the cell he doesn't notice.

35 **EXT. SEA - DAY** 35

The others wait anxiously for Tyler to reappear.

TOM
(guilty)
Shit, dude. Come on.

36 **EXT. SEA, UNDERWATER - DAY** 36

Tyler still can't see the cell. His air is running out. He's beginning to struggle. He starts to use his hands to search the sea bed.

More sand kicked up nearby... a shoal of fish evacuate the immediate vicinity...

And there it is.

A fleeting glimpse of large dark grey shadow between us and Tyler...

37 **EXT. SEA - DAY** 37

No sign of Tyler.

A worried Nat and Tom scour the water from their position on the jet ski.

Greg is barely conscious. Blood continues to drip down the body of the jet ski into the water...

Milly treads water as she holds onto the jet ski.

38 **EXT. SEA, UNDERWATER - DAY** 38

Milly's legs kick in the water. The area round her is clouded red from Greg's blood dripping from the jet ski.

Suddenly we're moving fast towards her legs. Cutting through the water at a rate of knots.

39 **EXT. SEA - DAY** 39

BUMPH! Something hits Milly hard below the water line.

A momentary look of confusion on her face before she's dragged under the water.

Splashing and flailing limbs.

Milly's head briefly re-emerges from the water and she gasps for air before she's dragged under again.

Tom and Nat are open mouthed for a moment before Milly re-appears with an exhausted Tyler clinging to her.

TYLER
(gasping for air)
Sorry.

Milly helps Tyler to grab hold of the jet ski.

MILLY
Shit, you almost dragged me under.

TYLER
(breathless)
Didn't think I was gonna make it.

He holds up the cell phone in his hand.

40 **EXT. SEA - DAY**

40

A long shot of the jet ski. It bobs up and down on the swell. The sun is higher in the sky. Passage of time.

The other jet ski is now almost fully submerged and has drifted some fifty metres away.

41 **EXT. SEA - DAY**

41

Tyler and Tom tread water as they hold onto the jet ski. Tom has swapped place with Milly who is squeezed on the jet ski with Nat and Greg.

Nat turns the ignition key. Once. Twice. Three times. But each time the engine is dead. In the end she gives up...

Milly sponges Greg's forehead. Greg moans lowly with pain as he slips in and out of consciousness.

MILLY
(mouths the words to Nat)
How long before...?

Her words trail off.

Nat looks at his crushed leg and the blood steadily oozing out of it.

She shakes her head... *not long.*

MILLY (CONT'D)
(fights back the tears as
she looks at the cell
phone)
Still no signal.

A beat as they seem to drift aimlessly.

A good ten seconds pass...

MILLY (CONT'D)
I'm so sorry...

A hurt Nat avoids eye contact.

Their conversation is hushed and away from Tom and Tyler.

MILLY (CONT'D)
I was drunk... So was he...

Nat still isn't looking at her.

MILLY (CONT'D)
He said you two weren't getting on.
That's why he...

Milly checks herself.

Now Nat turns to her. Her hurt has become anger.

NAT
(hushed, urgent)
That's why he what?

Nat hesitates.

NAT (CONT'D)
(quiet but firm)
Milly!

MILLY
(takes a breath, then)
I might not be only one...

Nat burns with quiet rage as she looks at Tom who remains unaware of their conversation.

But then...

TYLER
(oov)
Two point two miles.

MILLY
Sorry?

Tyler looks back towards the shore. He can just about see the top of the tallest building in the town.

TYLER

That's how far it is to the horizon
at sea level.

Milly is blank.

TYLER (CONT'D)

I swim two miles every morning.

TOM

In a pool, dude, where there's no
current.

TYLER

I can ace this.

NAT

Tyler, you took a bang to the head.

TYLER

(smiles, of his head)
Might be a problem if there was
something inside of there.

NAT

You don't have to do this.

Tyler looks at the fading Greg then back to Nat.

TYLER

I reckon I do.

Milly takes a friendship bracelet off her wrist. She hands it
to Tyler. On her wrist are a number of charity and festival
silicone wristbands.

MILLY

(emotional)
I got it when I was fourteen. At
the Platte County Fair. From a guy
working the bumper cars.

NAT

(loaded)
That the only thing he gave you?

Milly shoots Nat a sideways look before she turns back to
Tyler.

MILLY

(smiles)
Been real lucky for me.

Tyler smiles as he takes the friendship bracelet and slips it
on his wrist. He touches fists with Milly.

TYLER

So cool.

TOM

Bro.

Tom offers his fist from the water.

TOM (CONT'D)

Kick ass.

They touch fists.

NAT

Good luck, Tyler.

Another fist bump.

TYLER

(smiles)

Y'all, just sit tight now. And no partying while I'm gone.

He takes Greg's hand and squeezes it.

TYLER (CONT'D)

Dude.

With that he kicks off from the side of the jet ski. He's straight into his stroke and with his head down he starts to swim towards the shore.

Milly offers a lame and tired whoop.

MILLY

Go, Tyler.

They watch Tyler cut through the water. He swims wide of the flipped jet ski.

Milly's eyes wander to the partially submerged jet ski. Her brow furrows as it gently rotates 180 degrees in the water as if something was underneath the water moving it...

She computes what she's seen for a moment but thinks nothing more of it and her eyes go back to Tyler.

42 **EXT. SEA - DAY**

42

Tyler is in his rhythm as he leaves the jet ski behind him.

Long languid strokes and steady breathing. Blood still comes from the cut above his eye but it is no more than a trickle.

43 **EXT. SEA - DAY**

43

Aerial.

47 **EXT. SEA, JET SKI - DAY**

47

Milly and Nat look on open mouthed.

Tom is in the water holding onto the jet ski. He raises himself so he can get a better view of Tyler.

A beat.

MILLY
(scared)
Where did it go?

NAT
I don't know.

They watch Tyler as he swims on.

They wait with their hearts in their mouths, five, ten seconds pass as they wait for something to happen... but it doesn't.

TOM
You sure it was a shark?

MILLY
(upset) (confused)
Shit, I dunno. What does a shark even look like...

But the words stick in her mouth as she and we jump out of our skins as **a huge great white shark passes** right under their noses close to the surface of the water.

Tom is immediately scrambling to get on the jet ski but as he does so his weight causes it to wobble and Nat has to hold onto Greg to try to stop him sliding into the water.

NAT
Tom!

But the force of gravity is too much and Nat can't hold Greg who slides and causes the jet ski to tip.

Greg, Nat and Milly slide into the water.

48 **EXT. SEA, UNDERWATER - DAY**

48

Pandemonium. Legs and limbs flail around the jet ski which quickly rights itself. Blood from Greg's wounded leg colours the sea red.

49

EXT. SEA - DAY

49

It's panic stations as Milly, Nat and Tom try to help the semi-conscious Greg back onto the jet ski. Nat supports Greg's head.

NAT
(shouts for help)
We gotta get him outta the water!

Tom scrambles back onto the jet ski.

TOM
I'm on it.

Milly shrieks as she thinks she feels something brush her leg in the water.

NAT
(spooked)
What?

MILLY
I felt something on my leg...

Milly's eyes are everywhere as she three sixties as she frantically looks around herself for something in the water.

Tom quickly positions himself at the rear of the jet ski and reaches down and starts to haul Greg back on. Greg moans with pain.

TOM
Come on, I got you, dude.

Milly and Nat push Greg from the water.

MILLY
(panicking)
Hurry!

Tom hauls Greg down the jet ski seat to leave room for the other two at the rear.

Greg cries out in pain. His injured leg is angry, swollen and fleshy.

50

EXT. SEA, UNDERWATER - DAY

50

Two pairs of legs kick water at the rear of the jet ski. One of the pairs of legs scramble from the water onto the jet ski leaving one pair of the legs in the water...

we're suddenly barreling towards the remaining pair of legs...

51 **EXT. SEA - DAY**

51

Milly is in the sea at the rear of the jet ski. She holds out an arm for Tom to haul her on.

Nat holds onto Greg at the front end of the jet ski.

MILLY
(panic stricken)
Tom, please!

Tom grabs her wrist with his hand. His hand clamps her wrist firmly. We hold on his hand and her wrist for a split second...

then Tom, full of adrenalin, pulls Milly clear from the sea. She scrambles onto the rear of the jet ski.

MILLY (CONT'D)
(breathless)
Oh, Jesus.

Milly gathers her breath.

MILLY (CONT'D)
(tearful)
Sweet Jesus.

TOM
(hushed)
Okay, y'all, nice and easy, no sudden movement.

They can hear themselves breathe. Greg moans lowly.

NAT
(hushed)
Where'd it go?

Silence. A beat.

TOM
Dunno.

A beat.

MILLY
I can't see it.

Another beat.

They scan the water. Nothing.

Milly turns to Tom.

MILLY (CONT'D)
You think it's gone...

Tom and Nat don't answer, they're too busy scanning the sea.

MILLY (CONT'D)
 (hint of a hopeful smile)
 I think it's gone...

But the word 'gone' sticks in her throat as **BOOM!**

The jet ski is broad-sided by the full force of the shark causing it to list to one side. The four of them are thrown back into the water.

52 **EXT. SEA, UNDERWATER - DAY**

52

Looking up from down below. Above us, the jet ski and four pairs of legs frantically kicking water near the surface of the sea.

The sun burns down from the sky making the water crystal clear.

Then, above us and beneath the legs, it comes into view. We see it clearly for the first time.

Grey, sleek, deadly, sinister. Some fifteen feet long. A cold eyed killer... an adult great white shark.

It circles for a moment. Effortless and graceful. A sharp contrast to the manic action above it. Then it points it's conical nose points upwards and it climbs fast towards the flailing legs.

53 **EXT. SEA - DAY**

53

Greg is losing consciousness as Nat tries to hold his head above the water. She shoves her head under his armpit to support him. She then wraps his arm round the back of her neck and her shoulder. We notice Greg has a watch with a chunky metal link bracelet.

NAT
 (frantic, urgent)
 I need help!

But Milly ignores her as she shrieks as she tries to scramble back onto the jet ski.

Tom makes to go to Nat and Greg's aid when...

the huge conical snout, dead eyes and razor-sharp teeth of the shark breaks the water between them.

Milly screams as the shark arches its back before it dives again with a powerful flick of its tail. Tom is caught side on by the wash from the shark's tail and is thrown backwards.

Nat holds onto Greg as the shark momentarily disappears again.

NAT (CONT'D)
 (breathless, as she scans
 the water)
 Oh God, please...

She thinks she's hears movement and turns suddenly but there's nothing there.

NAT (CONT'D)
 (intones prayer, tears
 forming)
 Hail Mary... Full of grace...
 Huh...

She jumps when she thinks she senses movement. Nothing there. But all the time she keeps a hold of Greg.

NAT (CONT'D)
 The lord is with thee...

But she jumps as suddenly Greg roars with pain.

She turns her face to his. He stares at her. Eyes wide. Mouth open. A trickle of blood comes from his mouth.

NAT (CONT'D)
 Greg!

Then suddenly Nat finds herself moving in the water, as if she's being pulled along by an invisible force. Nat screams.

A dazed Tom gathers himself to see Greg and Nat being pulled through the water away from the jet ski.

TOM
 Jesus H...

MILLY
 Nat!

We now see that the shark has Greg's middle clamped in it huge jaws and is pulling him through the water. Nat holds onto Greg, her head under his arm and an arm round his waist.

MILLY (CONT'D)
 Let go!

TOM
 It's taking both of you!

Nat looks the stricken Greg in the eye. Blood oozes from his mouth and nose.

TOM (CONT'D)

(oov)

You have to let go!

NAT

(broken, to Greg)

I'm sorry.

Nat releases her hold on Greg but as she does so the metal-link bracelet of his wristwatch catches in the thick locks of her matted hair. Nat cries out as her head jerks back as she's taken by the hair with Greg and the shark.

TOM

Watches on open mouthed as the shark drags Greg along the surface of the water as he in turn drags Nat by her hair.

NAT

Gasps for air as her head is continually dunked in the water, while at the same time she begins to try to free her hair.

Then the shark slips under the water and takes Greg and Nat with it.

MILLY

Hand to mouth.

MILLY

Oh, Jesus. No.

54 **EXT. SEA, UNDERWATER - DAY**

54

A frantic Nat fights to free her tangled hair from Greg's wristwatch. But the more she pulls at it the more entangled it becomes.

The water in front of her clouds red as Greg bleeds out. The shark goes into a dive as it heads to the seabed to devour the lifeless Greg.

Air bubbles stream from Nat's mouth and nose as she quickly runs out of air.

55 **EXT. SEA - DAY**

55

A breathless Tom has joined Milly on the jet ski. They wait in silence as they scan the water.

56 **EXT. SEA, UNDERWATER - DAY**

56

The shark nears the sea bed as a desperate Nat pulls clumps of hair from her scalp.

But her hair has twisted like fibres in a rope and she can't extricate herself. She begins to lose consciousness.

As the shark reaches the sea bed it suddenly violently corkscrews and worries Greg like a rag doll.

The clasp on the bracelet of his watch snaps open and Nat's neck snaps back and the bracelet loosens and slips from his wrist.

Nat is suddenly free.

She floats away lifelessly, the last air bubbles coming from her mouth. Beneath her the lower part of one of Greg's severed legs sinks to the bottom of the sea.

Has Nat breathed her last?

57

EXT. SEA - DAY

57

Milly and Tom wait.

A beat.

Nothing.

Milly turns to Tom with tears in her eyes.

TOM
(choked)
I'm sorry...

Milly allows Tom to hold her.

She sobs into his shoulder. We're tight on her face. Creased with pain and anguish... we hold on her for a few seconds... eyes closed, sobbing quietly... when suddenly she jumps and screams.

Now we see a hand has a tight hold of her ankle.

A bedraggled and exhausted Nat coughs and splutters as she clings on for dear life. She's made it.

58

EXT. SEA - DAY

58

Aerial.

Tom and Milly help Nat to the jet ski.

59

EXT. SEA - DAY

59

Nat collapses face down onto the seat...

MILLY
 (tears of relief)
 I thought we'd lost you...

Nat starts to puke sea water.

60 **EXT. SEA - DAY** 60

We're underneath Tyler as he swims on the surface of the water.

The sun makes the water a clear, brilliant azure.

61 **EXT. SEA - DAY** 61

Tyler's stroke has slowed as he tries to plough forward against the tide. Exhausted, he stops for a moment and treads water as he takes a breather.

From his POV the shore line has come into view but is still some way off.

62 **EXT. SEA, UNDERWATER - DAY** 62

Tyler's legs kick in the water.

63 **EXT. SEA - DAY** 63

Tyler treads water for a moment longer before he takes a deep breath and sets off again.

64 **EXT. SEA - DAY** 64

Milly, Nat and Tom sit in silence. They are numb with shock. The sun beats down on them. Their lips are cracked with thirst.

Nat is badly shaken.

A prolonged beat.

After a while.

MILLY
 (numb)
 Is there any way...

Milly turns to Nat.

MILLY (CONT'D)
 (huge lump in her throat)
 Greg... I mean... maybe..

Nat shakes her head.

Milly starts to sob quietly.

A beat as the other two stare at the sea.

MILLY (CONT'D)
(child like)
I'm so thirsty.

A beat as Milly starts to sob her heart out.

MILLY (CONT'D)
Greg's dead and I'm crying 'cos I'm
thirsty...

A tearful Nat squeezes her arm as she allows herself to
forgive Milly.

NAT
Hey.

A beat as Milly tries to gather herself.

TOM
What is it?

Nat turns to Tom.

TOM (CONT'D)
The shark? I mean, you know what
kind...

NAT
(quiet, shaken)
Gran Tiburon Blanco.

MILLY
What?

NAT
The beggar... in the town. He told
me he'd lost his legs in a shark
attack.

TOM
Holy fuck.

NAT
He said it was a great white...

Her words hang in the air.

Tyler ploughs on. He now breathes every second stroke with
his head turning to his left.

If he were to breathe to the right he would see...

The dark grey fin of the great white stalking him some twenty yards to his right...

66

EXT. SEA, JET SKI - DAY

66

Milly, Nat and Tom burn up in the sun. Nat looks at her cell for a signal.

TOM

Anything?

Nat shakes her head.

NAT

(quiet)

No.

Tom turns to the steering column. He turns the ignition key. Nothing. He sighs as if totally defeated.

A beat.

MILLY

What if no one comes?

NAT

Tyler's gotta be almost there by now.

A beat.

MILLY

What if he doesn't make it?

NAT

He will.

A beat.

MILLY

What if the shark gets him?

TOM

Milly, shut up.

MILLY

Then comes back for us?

TOM

(snaps)

Shut the fuck up!

Milly swallows as she stares at the sea.

A beat.

TOM (CONT'D)
(emotional)
I'm sorry... I...

He looks at Nat.

TOM (CONT'D)
You're right.

Nat is blank.

TOM (CONT'D)
I'm such an asshole.

Nat takes this on board, before...

NAT
How many others were there?

TOM
(awkward, of Milly's
presence)
Nat...

NAT
(firm)
How many besides Milly?

TOM
(quiet, ashamed)
Two...

Nat sucks it up, she isn't going to allow herself to cry.

TOM (CONT'D)
I'm sorry.

NAT
(she's hurting bad)
My mom and dad got you down as a
stand up guy, son-in-law material.
And Billy? He hero worships you.

Tom is too choked to speak.

Milly has to look away.

NAT (CONT'D)
How could we all be so wrong?

Tom is shamefaced.

NAT (CONT'D)
I mean, why you even still with me?

TOM
'Cos I love you.

NAT

Tom, the only person you love is yourself.

TOM

Okay, so maybe you should try showing yourself some love.

Nat looks taken aback by his words.

TOM (CONT'D)

And stop doing shit for people and tryna please everyone.

NAT

It's called showing respect.

TOM

It's called being a doormat. That's why people walk all over you.

Nat looks stung.

67

EXT. SEA - DAY

67

Tyler has slowed as he battles against the tide. Exhausted, he stops and treads water.

The shoreline is now less than a mile away.

He takes deep breaths as he fills his lungs as he readies to go again. Then he's distracted by the sound of music.

From the small town harbour a party boat full of spring breakers is setting sail. The sound of a thumping bass beat.

A tight smile forms on Tyler's lips. The boat is heading in his direction.

But then some fifty yards in front of him, between him and the boat, he sees something move in the water. A fleeting glimpse of a **dark grey fin...** before it disappears again.

TYLER

(he can't be sure, but)
What the fuck...

Tyler looks at the water where he thinks he saw the fin. Nothing. He looks either side, this way and that. He turns three sixty in the water. Nothing.

He puts his face into the water.

68 **EXT. SEA, UNDERWATER - DAY** 68

Tyler peers under the water. He lets his eyes adjust to the water and light before he swims in a circle to see if he can see anything. Nothing.

69 **EXT. SEA - DAY** 69

Tyler comes up for air. He tries to regulate his breathing as he tries to calm himself. He's about to set off again when he hears cheering voices from the party boat.

It's getting closer and heading towards him.

He takes one more quick look around. Nothing. He puts his head down and swims off to meet the boat.

70 **EXT. SEA, UNDERWATER - DAY** 70

Tyler swims on the surface. Beneath him a shoal of fish evacuate. The water distorts the sound of the music from the party boat.

We can't tell if it's the disturbing warped bass beat that spooks the fish or something else...

71 **EXT. SEA - DAY** 71

Music booms. The sound of spring breakers partying. Tyler swims towards the party boat. They are now some two hundred yards apart.

72 **EXT. PARTY BOAT - DAY** 72

A baying mob of spring breakers drink beer and cheer as a wet T-shirt contest gets under way. Start the day as you mean to continue.

73 **EXT. SEA - DAY** 73

Aerial.

Music booms. Spring breakers scream. Tyler swims towards the boat.

74 **EXT. SEA - DAY** 74

Music louder. Tyler closer. Some hundred and forty yards away from the boat when **BUMPH!**

Something hits him hard in the water. Hard enough to wind him and stop him. He winces with pain.

He looks down in the water... **Blood.** A little at first. Then the water begins to cloud red. He puts his hand beneath the water. And feels for his side.

75 **EXT. SEA, UNDERWATER - DAY** 75

But where he was expecting to feel his side, there's a hole which his hand disappears into.

76 **EXT. SEA - DAY** 76

Tyler reels back and cries out in pain.

TYLER

Fuck!

He tries to bring his breathing under control.

TYLER (CONT'D)

Fuck. Fuck. Fuck.

He leans back in the water so he floats on his back so he can assess the full extent of his injury. He raises his chin to see a large chunk of flesh has been bitten from his side.

TYLER (CONT'D)

(he has to look away)

No.

(scream as the adrenaline
kicks in)

No!

He turns towards the approaching boat and waves his arms.

TYLER (CONT'D)

Shark! Help! Shark!

The final word sticks in his throat as between him and the boat a **dark grey fin appears in the water some twenty yards away...**

and it's coming straight for him. Fast.

Tyler's eyes widen as the shark knives through the water and closes in.

TYLER (CONT'D)

(under breath)

Muthafucka!

Tyler clenches a fist as the shark bears down on him at speed. Now he can see the outline of it's cone shaped nose as it cuts through the water. Tyler's stare narrows as he sees the shark's beady lifeless eyes.

- 87 **EXT. SEA - DAY** 87
- Long shot. The jet ski bobs up and down in the swell.
- 88 **EXT. SEA, JET SKI - DAY** 88
- Milly, Nat and Tom bake in the sun.
- Tom sits at the front of the seat, the part nearest the steering column.
- He tries the ignition again. Dead.
- TOM
(to himself)
Fuck sake.
- A brooding Nat can't bring herself to look at Tom.
- A beat. Ten. Fifteen seconds pass.
- A fading Milly cups her hand and puts it into the sea. She lifts it to her mouth. Nat grabs her wrist.
- NAT
(terse)
Don't.
- Milly stares at her.
- NAT (CONT'D)
(businesslike)
You'll throw up. Be even more dehydrated.
- Milly lets the water run through her fingers.
- NAT (CONT'D)
Try licking your lips.
- Milly tries it. But she can't form enough saliva.
- 89 **EXT. SEA, JET SKI - DAY** 89
- A close up of a droplet of water. And then another one. They run down a brown surface... We now see they are beads of sweat on Tom's back.
- He and Milly and Nat bake in the hot morning sun.
- They sit in silence.
- 90 **EXT. SEA - DAY** 90
- A long shot of the jet ski drifting.

- 91 **EXT. SEA, JET SKI - DAY** 91
- Milly stares at the sea.
- MILLY
How long does it take to swim two
miles?
- Neither Nat or Tom are in the mood to answer.
- MILLY (CONT'D)
What's that? 'Bout fifty lengths of
the college pool?
- Nat and Tom look out to sea.
- MILLY (CONT'D)
Tyler does that before breakfast
most days. Easy.
- Milly's words can't lift the other two.
- 92 **EXT. SEA - DAY** 92
- A long shot of a small white-sailed, dinghy-like yacht sailing in open water.
- 93 **EXT. SEA, YACHT - DAY** 93
- A lone sailor (a middle aged Mexican man) sails the small yacht. The wind is light and he energetically works the boom to maintain forward momentum.
- 94 **EXT. SEA, JET SKI - DAY** 94
- Milly, Nat and Tom as before.
- Tom squints into the sun. His brow furrows.
- He slowly and carefully gets to his feet with his legs astride the seat. A tight smile forms on his lips.
- TOM
(shouts)
Hey, this way!
- Nat and Milly try and see what he's looking at.
- NAT
What is it?
- On the horizon is the small yacht.
- TOM
A boat. Over there.

Nat and Milly are suddenly both on their feet as well.

MILLY
We're over here.

NAT
Help, please.

95 **EXT. SEA, YACHT - DAY** 95

The lone sailor is preoccupied as he adjusts the boom so he can tack into the wind.

96 **EXT. SEA, JET SKI - DAY** 96

Nat, Milly and Tom shout and wave their arms in the direction of the yacht.

TOM
Dude, this way!

MILLY
Hey, we're over here!

97 **EXT. SEA, YACHT - DAY** 97

We now see the lone sailor wears a small pair of headphones as he listens to light classical music as he enjoys the solitude of the ocean.

He adjusts the boom again as he changes direction once more.

98 **EXT. SEA, JET SKI - DAY** 98

Tom, Milly and Nat wave their arms and shout as they see the yacht change direction. It looks like it's tacking away from them.

NAT
Is he turning?

TOM
(screams)
Dude! Please! For fuck sake!

NAT
He's going the other way.

MILLY
(shouts)
Hey! This way!

NAT
Hey!

99 **EXT. YACHT - DAY**

99

The sailor looks up at the sail. It's limp. The wind has died again. He adjusts the boom once more. The yacht slowly changes course. It slowly turns so it's now heading towards the jet ski once again.

100 **EXT. SEA, JET SKI - DAY**

100

Tom, Nat and Milly.

NAT

He's turning back this way.

TOM

Dude! Hey!

101 **EXT. YACHT - DAY**

101

The sailor's brow furrows as he sees the waving arms up ahead. He stands so he can see more clearly. He removes his head phones. Now he can hear their faint cries.

102 **EXT. SEA, JET SKI - DAY**

102

Nat, Milly and Tom continue to wave their arms.

TOM

This way!

NAT

Help!

From their POV they now see the lone sailor wave back at them.

MILLY

I think he's seen us.

103 **EXT. YACHT - DAY**

103

The sailor steers his yacht towards the jet ski. He is some two hundred yards away but closing.

104 **EXT. SEA, JET SKI - DAY**

104

Their level of excitement grows.

MILLY

He's seen us.

(shouts)

Hey!

Milly waves. From her POV the sailor waves back.

MILLY (CONT'D)
He's coming...

NAT
(emotional)
Thankyou, Jesus.

105 **EXT. SEA - DAY** 105

Aerial.

The yacht and the jet ski are now some one hundred and fifty yards apart. The yacht edges forward slowly due to the light winds.

106 **EXT. YACHT - DAY** 106

The sailor is now only a hundred yards from them. He and we can hear their faint shouts.

TOM
We broke down.

NAT
We're drifting.

MILLY
We need help.

The sailor offers them a thumbs up.

107 **EXT. SEA, JET SKI - DAY** 107

Tom offers a whoop in return.

Milly wipes a tear.

MILLY
(choked)
What will we tell Greg's folks?

Nat is only focussed on the sailor and the boat.

108 **EXT. SEA, UNDERWATER - DAY** 108

We're under the hull of the yacht. Following it as it cuts through the water.

109 **EXT. YACHT - DAY**

109

The sailor tacks across into the wind. His face is a picture of concentration.

He looks up to check on the position of the jet ski when he momentarily loses his grip on the boom and it slips from his grasp and it swings across the deck. The sailor moves from one side of the boat to the other as he makes to grab the boom but he isn't quick enough and the boom runs away from him.

The boat lists before it capsizes onto its side.

The sailor is thrown into the water.

110 **EXT. SEA, JET SKI - DAY**

110

Tom and the others look on open mouthed.

TOM

Fuck.

111 **EXT. SEA - DAY**

111

The sailor (in life jacket) gathers himself before he slowly swims to where the hull lies on its side.

TOM

(shouts)

Hey, hombre, you okay?

112 **EXT. SEA, JET SKI - DAY**

112

Milly, Nat and Tom look on as the sailor makes his way to the hull.

MILLY

(shouts)

Dude, you gotta get outta the water. There's a... (SHARK)

NAT

(in, sharp)

He needs to right the boat.

Milly turns to Nat. She looks surprised by her sharp tone.

NAT (CONT'D)

(firm)

He needs to right the boat.

Tom eyes Nat as she looks at the sailor with a steely glare. His face tells us it's a Nat he hasn't see before. No more doormat.

113 **EXT. SEA, YACHT - DAY** 113

The sailor treads water as he makes his way along the upturned hull.

114 **EXT. SEA, JET SKI - DAY** 114

The others grow impatient.

TOM
Dude, come on.

MILLY
Hurry, please.

115 **EXT. YACHT - DAY** 115

The sailor has moved to the dagger board which comes out of the hull at one hundred and eighty degrees.

He starts to push down with both hands and his full weight as he bids to right the yacht.

116 **INT. SEA, UNDERWATER - DAY** 116

The sailor's legs dangle enticingly in the water as he pushes down on the dagger board.

117 **EXT. SEA, JET SKI - DAY** 117

Tom, Nat and Milly look on from the jet ski.

TOM
(to himself)
Pronto, hombre. Pronto.

118 **EXT. SEA, YACHT - DAY** 118

With the sailor's full weight on the dagger board, the yacht begins to right itself.

119 **EXT. SEA, JET SKI - DAY** 119

The others look on with their hearts in their mouths.

NAT
(to herself)
Come on.

120 **EXT. SEA, YACHT - DAY** 120

The yacht is at an angle of thirty degrees before it flips back to the vertical as it rights itself.

It briefly wobbles on its hull before coming to rest.

121 **EXT. SEA, JET SKI - DAY** 121

Nat breaks into a smile.

NAT
Alright.

122 **EXT. SEA, YACHT - DAY** 122

The sailor swims breaststroke as he makes his way to the stern of the yacht.

123 **EXT. SEA, UNDERWATER - DAY** 123

We're beneath the sailor as he slowly and steadily swims round the boat.

124 **EXT. SEA, YACHT - DAY** 124

The sailor grabs hold of the stern of the yacht. He seems to hesitate as he gathers himself.

125 **EXT. SEA, JET SKI - DAY** 125

Tom has had enough. He is still some sixty yards away.

TOM
(shouts)
Get outta the water, dude. Now!

126 **EXT. YACHT, SEA - DAY** 126

The sailor holds onto the stern. He looks confused by Tom's shouts.

TOM
Get outta the water!

He looks across to the jet ski to see the three of them gesturing with their arms. *Get out!*

The sailor makes to push himself up from the water. His legs dangle in the sea for a moment before...

127 **EXT. SEA, JET SKI - DAY** 127

The others watch on as the sailor finally pulls himself back onto the deck of the yacht.

TOM
(relieved)
Shit.

MILLY
Jesus.

Tom holds his fist out, Milly touches it. They wait for Nat. She thinks about it but turns away and back to the sailor.

Tom and Milly share a scolded look.

128 **EXT. YACHT - DAY** 128

The sailor is safely back on deck. He catches his breath. As he does so he goes to tidy up the ropes on the deck. But one of the ropes is taut. The sailor's eyes follow the rope. It feeds over the stern. It must have become entangled in the rudder.

He swears under his breath as he leans back over the stern and begins to try and untangle the rope.

129 **EXT. SEA, JET SKI - DAY** 129

Tom, Nat and Milly can see the sailor leaning over the stern of the yacht.

NAT
What's he doing?

MILLY
Dunno.

130 **EXT. YACHT - DAY** 130

The sailor pulls at the rope. He works it this way and that as he tries to ease it free. It's not budging. He leans further over the stern, his chin almost touching the water. He's about to give it another tug when the rope suddenly comes free in his hand. He pulls the end of the rope from the water. It's shredded. Like it's been cut with a serrated blade...

The sailor is puzzled as he looks at the rope in his hand... when WHOOSH!!!... We and he jump when he's slapped hard in the face by a rogue wave..

He smiles at the absurdity of his reaction when BOOM!!!

The huge gaping jaws of the shark come from the water and grab him by the upper body and drag him into the sea...

- 131 **EXT. SEA, JET SKI - DAY** 131
- Milly and Nat jump and shriek as they and Tom watch the shark thrash about in the water as it tears into the sailor.
- 132 **EXT. SEA - DAY** 132
- Aerial.
- The water around the yacht churns and turns red as the shark flips the stricken sailor in the water and tears at his flesh with its teeth.
- 133 **EXT. SEA, JET SKI - DAY** 133
- Milly has to bury her head into Tom's shoulder.
- Nat is numb.
- 134 **EXT. SEA - DAY** 134
- The sea. Sun. Silence. Passage of time.
- 135 **EXT. SEA - DAY** 135
- The yacht drifts on the light wind.
- 136 **EXT. SEA, JET SKI - DAY** 136
- The yacht is some hundred metres from them. They watch in silence.
- A beat.
- NAT
- There might be a radio.
- A beat.
- NAT (CONT'D)
- Or a flare.
- Nat turns to Tom.
- NAT (CONT'D)
- (hard) (you owe me)
- It could be our last chance.
- Tom's face. He knows what she's asking of him.

137 **EXT. SEA, JET SKI - DAY**

137

Tom lowers himself into the water. He has tears of fear in his eyes which dart everywhere as he looks for the shark.

Milly holds her hands to her mouth as tears well up in her eyes.

Nat remains strong and calm.

Tom can hear himself breathe.

NAT

One hundred yards. Max.

A frightened Tom gasps for breath as he submerges himself fully into the sea.

NAT (CONT'D)

Two lengths of the pool.

Tom holds onto the side of the jet ski with one hand. He takes a deep breath as he prepares to swim.

NAT (CONT'D)

You can do it.

But then...

TOM

I can't.

NAT

What?

TOM

I can't do it.

NAT

You've gotta do it.

TOM

I can't. I can't...

NAT

Tom!

Tom scrambles back onto the safety of the jet ski. He gathers himself, he's a mess.

TOM

I'm sorry.

Nat looks at him with barely disguised disdain before she turns away.

She knows it's down to her now.

- 138 **EXT. SEA - DAY** 138
- Silence. Nat, Tom and Milly watch as the yacht slowly drifts away. And with it their final chance of being rescued.
- All is lost...
- 139 **EXT. SEA - DAY** 139
- A long shot of the jet ski as it drifts on the tide.
- 140 **EXT. SEA - DAY** 140
- An exhausted and dehydrated Nat, Milly and Tom drift on the jet ski.
- The sea has become rougher and small waves crash against the side of the jet ski.
- The yacht is now some two hundred yards away.
- Clouds have covered the sun.
- 141 **EXT, SEA, UNDERWATER - DAY** 141
- We can make out the hull of the jet ski as it bobs up and down on the surface of the water.
- 142 **EXT. SEA, JET SKI - DAY** 142
- Milly shrieks as the jet ski lists on the swell. She has to cling onto the seat to stop herself sliding.
- MILLY
- Oh, Jesus...
- A wave breaks nearby.
- Milly shrieks again.
- TOM
- It's just a wave.
- MILLY
- Sorry, I thought it was... (the shark)
- Nat holds out a hand.
- NAT
- Did you feel that?
- TOM
- Feel what?

NAT

Rain.

A few drops start to fall.

Milly sticks her tongue out to capture some moisture.

143 **EXT. SEA, JET SKI - DAY** 143

Torrential rain.

Nat, Tom and Milly are getting drenched.

They cup their hands as they fill them with rain water which they then thirstily drink.

144 **EXT. SEA - DAY** 144

Long shot. The rain has turned into a squally storm. The jet ski is tossed around on the swell.

A couple of hundred metres away, the yacht capsizes and begins to break up in the storm.

145 **EXT. SEA, JET SKI - DAY** 145

Nat, Tom and Milly cling on for dear life as the jet ski lists from side to side.

The jet ski is hit by a big wave and Milly slides off of the seat. Tom grabs her and just stops her falling into the sea.

MILLY

(breathless, terrified)

Shit... thanks.

But no sooner are the words out of her mouth than they are hit by an even bigger wave and all three of them are tipped into the sea.

146 **EXT. SEA, UNDERWATER - DAY** 146

The water churns up. Legs flail. Poor visibility. Panic stations.

147 **EXT. SEA - DAY** 147

Nat and Tom battle to get back to the jet ski but they are swamped by a wave.

Nat gathers herself as she tries to catch her breath as she grabs hold of the jet ski. She looks around.

NAT
Milly? Where's Milly?

Tom tries to see above the waves.

TOM
I can't see her.

NAT
Milly!

Nat jumps and cries out when she feels something sharp on her back.

NAT (CONT'D)
Argh!

148 **EXT. SEA, JET SKI - DAY**

148

Sun. Blue sky. Calm.

They are back on the jet ski.

Small bits of wreckage from the yacht float on the surface of the water.

Tom looks at four deep scratch marks on Nat's back.

TOM
Ouch.

NAT
You need to get your nails cut.

MILLY
Sorry, I panicked. I thought I was gonna drown...

Milly looks at her nails.

MILLY (CONT'D)
And by the way. These nails cost me thirty bucks.

It's a rare moment of levity.

But the smiles don't last as they hear something splash close by in the water.

TOM
D'you hear that?

NAT
Yeah.

MILLY
Fuck, no, please.

They look in the direction from where they heard the splash. Nothing.

But then there's the sound of a larger splash from the other side of the jet ski.

TOM
(geeing himself up)
Sonofabitch.

They scan the water from where they heard the second splash. A fin appears.

Nat, Tom and Milly freeze.

Then another fin. Two of them side by side.

MILLY
Jesus. No.

But then the fins come from the water as backs arch and two dolphins leap from the sea.

NAT
They're dolphins.

Nat is overcome by emotion.

MILLY
Dolphins?

NAT
(nods)
They wouldn't be here if there was a shark close by.

Milly starts to sob.

MILLY
Oh, God.

The tears well up in Tom's eyes.

NAT
Hey.

She pulls them in for a group hug.

One of the dolphins breaks the water no more than six feet away from them. It stands on its tail.

MILLY
(face lights up)
It's come to say hello.

149 **EXT. SEA - DAY** 149

Aerial.

A pod of dolphins swim around the jet ski.

150 **EXT. SEA, JET SKI - DAY** 150

Nat, Milly and Tom watch as a single dolphin swims alongside and leaps from the water.

TOM

Where did the others go?

A worried Nat and Milly look at each other.

They watch the remaining dolphin swim away from them.

MILLY

Hey! Come back!

The dolphin swims into the blue yonder.

They watch it in silence until it eventually disappears.

They're all thinking the same thing but it's Milly who says it.

MILLY (CONT'D)

The shark's back, isn't it?

151 **EXT. SEA, JET SKI - DAY** 151

The three of them are squeezed on the jet ski seat back to back. Tom sits at the front nearest the steering column, the other two behind him. The sun is hot again. Their skin is burning. Their lips cracking.

Nat pulls the cell from the pocket of her cut-offs. She checks for a signal.

Nothing. The battery is low.

NAT

Still no signal. And not much charge.

Nat slips the cell into the pocket of her cut-offs.

Nat scans the water round the jet ski to see if she can see the shark.

NAT (CONT'D)

We sit here and do nothing we're shark bait.

Bits of wood from the wrecked yacht drift close by. Nat considers them for a moment.

NAT (CONT'D)

You think we can reach some of the drift wood?

152 **EXT. SEA, JET SKI - DAY**

152

Tom holds Nat by her left hand as Nat stretches out with her right hand as she tries to grab a piece of wooden decking from the sea.

Milly sits with her weight on the other side of the jet ski to stop it listing too far to one side.

The one metre long piece of wood is just out of Nat's grasp.

NAT

Shoot. Nearly...

Tom extends his arm full so that he and Nat are at full stretch.

153 **EXT. SEA, UNDERWATER - DAY**

153

Above us the figure of the vulnerable Nat stretching out from the jet ski across the water.

154 **EXT. SEA, JET SKI - DAY**

154

Tight on Nat's hand in Tom's hand. Their sweaty hands start to slowly ease free from each other.

TOM

You're slipping.

Nat manages to reach the piece of wood.

NAT

Got it!

Tom just manages to pull Nat back to the jet ski before she slips from his grasp. She has in her hand a piece of decking that is just over a metre long a foot wide.

MILLY

What now?

155 **EXT. SEA, JET SKI - DAY**

155

Tom uses the piece of wood to paddle the jet ski towards other similar sized pieces of driftwood.

Nat leans from the jet ski and picks up another piece of the wooden decking.

She hands it to Milly.

NAT

For you.

156

EXT. SEA, JET SKI - DAY

156

The three of them have improvised wooden paddles.

TOM

Which way to shore?

Nat looks around herself three hundred and sixty degrees. Water every which way. No reference points.

NAT

Dunno.

MILLY

San Jose is east facing. The sun rises in the east. We need to follow the sun west.

NAT

What the heck?

MILLY

I was a girl scout. For two months.

NAT

(let me guess)

Then you discovered boys?

Milly nods as she manages to muster a smile.

MILLY

What time is it?

TOM

(looks at watch)

A quarter to two.

Milly holds up her piece of wood so it casts a shadow on the water. She points with confidence.

MILLY

West.

157 **EXT. SEA, JET SKI - DAY** 157

The three of them paddle. A breathless Tom paddles on one side of the jet ski and an equally breathless Nat and Milly paddle on the other. The jet ski moves slowly through the water.

Nat is on the front of the seat, Tom in the middle and Milly at the back.

158 **EXT. SEA - DAY** 158

Aerial.

Nat is doing two strokes for every stroke Milly does. Tom is out of rhythm.

159 **EXT. SEA - DAY** 159

A long shot. Milly struggles as the jet ski inches forward through the water. Nat is exhausted but drives forward.

160 **EXT. SEA, JET SKI - DAY** 160

An exhausted Milly manages another tired stroke before she has to stop paddling to catch her breath.

NAT

Hey! Come on, back there.

MILLY

(breathless)

I'm pooped...

NAT

Just do it!

MILLY

(broken)

I can't.... I'm sorry.

NAT

Sorry's not good enough.

MILLY

(upset)

Screw you, Nat.

NAT

And screw you, Milly.

Nat angrily thrusts her paddle back into the water.

NAT (CONT'D)
(in rhythm with her
stroke)
Screw... you... screw... you...
screw (YOU)...

But she and we jump as before her next stroke **the shark emerges from the water and bites her paddle in two.**

Milly shrieks.

The shark immediately comes back for more, its huge jaws snapping at the side of the jet ski. Milly screams as she and Nat pull their left legs up.

Tom smashes her makeshift paddle down on the shark's head. The paddle breaks and the shark dives.

Their eyes are everywhere.

MILLY
(terrified)
Where'd it go?

But as quick as it disappeared it re-emerges on the other side of the jet ski. It lunges for Tom's leg, he pulls it away but the shark climbs from the water and its razor sharp teeth catch his foot.

Tom cries out in pain before Nat takes the splintered end of the remnant of her makeshift paddle and drives it at the shark's face. The end of the piece of wood goes deep into one of the shark's eye.

The shark dives sharply downwards. A flick of its tail as it disappears.

A beat.

They can hear themselves breathe.

They scan the water. Eyes everywhere. Nothing.

Tom grimaces with pain. He looks at his foot. Three long deep flesh wounds.

TOM
Holy shit.

Nat is already removing Tom's vest top.

161 **EXT. SEA - DAY**

161

Long shot. The three of them on the jet ski. Drifting. Waiting.

162 **EXT. SEA, JET SKI - DAY**

162

Tom's foot is wrapped in the vest top. He sits at the front of the jet ski using the steering column as a support. Blood soaks through the makeshift bandage. Silence. They're exhausted. And, for the moment, beaten.

A beat.

MILLY
(scanning the water)
Nat hurt the muthafucka real bad...

A beat.

MILLY (CONT'D)
I mean, real bad...

A beat.

MILLY (CONT'D)
So, why would it even think of
coming back?

TOM
'Cos now it's pissed as well as
hungry.

It's not what Milly wanted to hear. A beat.

NAT
We gotta get this thing started.
We all need to get up off of the
seat.

MILLY
No way am I getting in the godamn
water.

The jet ski rolls on the swell.

Milly shrieks as the jet ski lists.

TOM
How we gonna do this?

NAT
Milly and I get up real slow. Milly
you go to your left and me to the
right and stand on the running
board. And we hold onto each other,
keep ourselves from falling into
the sea.

Nat and Milly make to move. The jet ski wobbles.

MILLY
Jeez.

NAT

We gotta move at the same time.
Keep this thing from flipping.
Okay?

MILLY

Yeah.

Nat moves slowly to her feet as does Milly. They stand astride the seat.

Nat twists her trunk and offers Milly her right hand.

NAT

Give me your left hand.

They hold hands.

NAT (CONT'D)

I pull my right leg 'cross the seat
same time you pull your left leg
'cross. Okay?

Milly nods.

NAT (CONT'D)

One, two, three.

They each pull one leg over the seat. The jet ski wobbles. Milly momentarily loses her balance.

MILLY

Nat!

Nat's grip is strong enough to hold Milly and herself and they quickly regain their balance.

They finish their manoeuvre. They stand either side of the seat, facing each other and holding each other by their two hands.

NAT

Okay, we're good.

Tom uses the handlebars to get to his feet. He winces as he puts weight on his bleeding foot. He then slowly turns so he is standing between the steering column and the seat.

He presses the catch and lifts the seat up. The seat props up once fully vertical.

The three of them look at the jet ski engine for a moment.

We're a few metres below the surface, moving slowly as we circumnavigate the jet ski.

164 **EXT. SEA, JET SKI - DAY**

164

Tom pulls at the engine casing with his hands as before.

NAT

We gotta get that casing off and
get into the engine.

He tries to prise it loose with his fingers.

TOM

If I can get something under it and
work it loose.

MILLY

(oov)
Oh, fuck, no. Please.

Tom and Milly look up from the engine to see a wide eyed
Milly staring out at sea.

They follow her stare so they can see what she's looking
at... **The grey fin in the water. Some thirty yards away...**

They watch in silence as the fin begins to slowly circle the
jet ski.

Some ten, fifteen seconds pass. They can hear themselves
breathe.

NAT

(hushed)
What's it doing?

They follow it's movement. They whisper to each other.

TOM

Circling us.

MILLY

Why?

With that the jet ski lists on the swell. Milly stifles a
cry.

MILLY (CONT'D)

(tearful)
Sweet Jesus.

The shark continues to circle.

Ever decreasing circles.

They follow it with their eyes.

Ten, fifteen, twenty seconds pass.

NAT
It's getting closer.

TOM
Let's get the seat back down.

Nat and Milly carefully and quietly lower the seat. One hand each on the seat while holding hands with each other with their free hand.

NAT
Sit down? Feet up?

TOM
(nods)
Nice n' easy.

165 **EXT. SEA, UNDERWATER - DAY** 165

We're ten yards away from the jet ski. Just under the surface of the water. Moving slowly around it. We can see movement on the jet ski as Milly and Nat finish lowering the seat.

166 **EXT. SEA, JET SKI - DAY** 166

Once the seat is lowered, Milly swings a leg over the seat and sits down. Nat follows her while all the time watching the fin. They pull their feet up onto the seat as best they can.

Nat signals to Tom that he should sit down.

NAT
(to Tom)
Okay.

Tom squishes on the seat. He pulls his feet up. He winces in pain as he manoeuvres his injured foot.

Silence as the shark continues to close in while circling at the same time.

The shark is less than ten metres away when it suddenly dives.

NAT (CONT'D)
Where'd it go?

MILLY
(spooked)
Dunno.

Their eyes are everywhere as they scan the sea. Silence. Calm water. Nothing. No fin. No shark.

BOOM!!! The shark torpedoes the hull of the jet ski and it lifts it clean out of the water and Nat, Milly and Tom are catapulted into the sea.

The jet ski bounces on the water as it comes down on its hull.

Nat is the first to emerge from the water. She gathers herself as she looks around for Tom and Milly.

Milly emerges a split second later. She gags and coughs as she panics.

NAT

Tom! Where's Tom?

167 **EXT. SEA, UNDERWATER - DAY** 167

Two pairs of flailing legs. The jet ski rocking on its hull. No sign of Tom. Or the shark.

168 **EXT. SEA - DAY** 168

NAT

Reaches her arm out as she grabs for the jet ski. She turns to see Milly some ten metres away.

MILLY

Coughs water and cries as she frantically scrambles to the jet ski.

NAT

Looks around for Tom again. No sign.

NAT

(to Milly)

Come on!

Nat holds a hand out for the approaching Milly when **Tom suddenly emerges at pace from the water between them...**

For a moment it looks like he's merely ascending from the depths before we realise he's been propelled by the shark who has him in its jaws...

The shark flips Tom in the air before they both splash down into the water. The wake from the shark's splashdown catches Milly who gets washed under.

The shark dives under.

TOM

Cries out in pain in between hyperventilating. His upper body is badly lacerated and the water around him quickly colours red. He struggles to keep his head above the water.

NAT

Kicks off from where she holds onto the jet ski.

NAT (CONT'D)
Hang on, I'm coming.

Half a dozen strokes and she's there.

She puts his head on her chest as she goes onto her back lifeguard-style.

NAT (CONT'D)
(to herself as her mind
works overtime)
I got you. I got you. I got you.

She starts to swim backstroke, lifeguard-style towards the jet ski. Her eyes are everywhere as she looks for Milly. And the shark.

NAT (CONT'D)
Milly! Milly!

Tom cries with pain as Nat drags him through the water.

169 **EXT. SEA, UNDERWATER - DAY** 169

Above us Nat drags Tom through the water through a cloud of red as they make their way to the jet ski.

170 **EXT. SEA, JET SKI - DAY** 170

Nat takes Tom's hand and places it on the rear of the jet ski.

NAT
(urgent)
Hold on.

Nat scrambles up onto the jet ski.

Once up there she quickly looks round for Milly.

NAT (CONT'D)
Milly!

No sign.

NAT (CONT'D)
Shoot.

She gets down on her knees at the rear of the jet ski and grabs Tom's hand.

Tom cries out in pain.

NAT (CONT'D)

Tom, you're gonna have to help me.
You hear me?

He manages to nod.

NAT (CONT'D)

You push with this hand...
(she taps his hand which
is on the jet ski)
...when I pull.

Nat pulls Tom by the hand.

NAT (CONT'D)

Okay?

The wounded Tom uses his other arm to push himself up. He roars with pain. But between them they manage to pull him onto the jet ski.

Tom slumps on the seat.

Nat and we now see the extent of his injuries. His bare back bears a huge bite mark. Deep lacerations elsewhere. Bone and tissue visible. He bleeds freely. He's a bloody mess.

Nat does well to hide her tears.

TOM

(weak)
I gave that sonofabitch as good as
I got.

NAT

(brave face)
Didn't reckon on us being from
Kansas.

But we and Nat jump out of our skins as Milly is slammed into the side of the jetski.

NAT (CONT'D)

Milly!

We can see below the water's surface that the shark has Milly in its jaws by her middle.

Nat instinctively grabs one of Milly's hands as the water around her starts to cloud red and we lose sight of the shark.

NAT (CONT'D)

Hold on! I got you!

A shocked and desperate Milly's eyes are wide and staring as she looks at Nat.

Nat pulls for all she's worth.

Suddenly Nat falls back a little as though the shark has released it's grip.

Nat emits a small cry of relief.

NAT (CONT'D)

Okay, okay, I got you.

But the words stick in Nat's throat as when she pulls Milly's hand to help her on board she and we see that her arms, shoulders and head are no longer attached to her body. She's been bitten in two.

Nat reels back and screams as she lets go of the dead Milly's hand.

171 **EXT. SEA - DAY**

171

Long shot. Nat cradles Tom. Silence.

172 **EXT. SEA, JET SKI - DAY**

172

A numb Nat holds a fading Tom.

Nat has tears in her eyes as she stares at the cruel sea.

A beat.

NAT

(galvanises herself)
I'm a Kansas girl...

TOM

(weak, barely audible)
Go, Kansas.

NAT

(strong)
Kansas girls go down fighting.

Tom doesn't react.

NAT (CONT'D)

Tom.

He's too weak to raise his head to look at her.

NAT (CONT'D)

Tom!

He manages to raise his eyes to her.

NAT (CONT'D)

Stay with me. Okay?

She looks him in the eye.

NAT (CONT'D)

We're getting outta here.

173 **EXT. SEA, JET SKI - DAY**

173

Nat kneels at the rear of the jet ski as she works an eight inch piece of metal trim that has come loose from the body work. She works it this way and that, left and right, until it gives and snaps and comes away in her hand

174 **EXT. SEA, JET SKI - DAY**

174

The seat is up. The badly injured Tom sits in the foot well between the seat and the steering column.

Nat has two legs astride the engine compartment as she uses the piece of metal to lever the casing off the engine. The casing comes free to reveal the engine.

175 **EXT. SEA, JET SKI - DAY**

175

Nat uses the torch on the cell phone to explore the darker recesses of the engine. She works quietly and efficiently. She has her game head on.

NAT

Best linebacker?

TOM

Huh?

NAT

Talk to me, Tom. Best Chiefs' linebacker?

TOM

(barely audible)
Bobby Bell.

NAT

Bell sucks. Derrick Thomas all day long.

Her brow furrows as she finds a snapped rubber band beneath the engine block.

NAT (CONT'D)
Best quarterback?

Nothing from Tom.

NAT (CONT'D)
Tom, come on, best quarterback?

TOM
Easy... Mahomes.

Nat holds the piece of rubber together so it forms a rubber ring which is some ten inches in circumference. She goes back into the engine with her torch. She can now see where the rubber ring would attach to two drive shafts to form a drive belt.

She curses under her breath. She needs something to replace it.

NAT
I can't hear you, Tom.

Tom grunts.

Nat pulls at the straps on her bikini top. Too flimsy.

NAT (CONT'D)
Keep talking.

TOM
I'm thirsty.

She looks at her shorts. Tom's shorts. No...

NAT
We'll be back in San Jose drinking
a cold cerveza in no time.

Then she looks at her wrist. She wears a thin silver bangle. She stops as an idea forms.

NAT (CONT'D)
Oh God...

176 **EXT. SEA, JET SKI - DAY**

176

Nat stands on the running board.

The stricken Tom is still in the foot well.

Nat tucks the jagged piece of metal she took from the bodywork and slips it in the side of her bikini bottoms. She then takes a deep breath as she gees herself up.

NAT
(to herself)
Come on, get your shit together.
You can do this.

Nat takes another deep breath before she proceeds to dive into the water.

177 **EXT. SEA, UNDERWATER - DAY** 177

Nat kicks downwards towards the bottom of the sea. Strong, determined kicks and strokes. Her eyes wide open as she searches for something. Air bubbles stream from her mouth as she nears the bottom. She begins to search with her eyes but she's soon on her limit.

A large fish swims to one side of her face. She jumps and panics as she catches it in her peripheral vision.

Short on breath she starts to ascend to the surface.

178 **EXT. SEA - DAY** 178

A breathless Nat breaks the surface. She gasps as she fills her lungs with air again.

Tom moans lowly on the jet ski.

Nat considers him for a moment and then kicks under again and dives.

179 **EXT. SEA, UNDERWATER - DAY** 179

Nat is on way to the bottom of the sea once more. She takes long, strong determined strokes and her legs kick all the time.

She nears the sandy bottom. Sea life and plants. Sea grass sways on the movement of the sea. And then she sees what she sees looking for. Amongst the sea grass, some darker strands swaying in the sea. It's Milly's hair. Her bottomless corpse has sunk to the sea bed.

Nat grabs Milly's wrist and starts to remove the silicone charity wrist bands. All the time Milly's lifeless face seems to stare at Nat.

Nat is on her limit as she pulls away from Milly and ascends again.

180 **EXT. SEA - DAY** 180

Nat breaks the water and gasps for breath. She has three wristbands in her hand.

She is five metres away from the jet ski. She kicks towards it but suddenly freezes as the grey fin passes serenely between herself and the jet ski...

Nat can hear herself breathe as her eyes follow the fin which moves from left to right before it disappears below the surface.

Nat's hand goes underwater to her bikini bottom and she pulls out the jagged piece of metal before she makes the short swim to the jet ski.

She's a metre short when from nowhere there's a flash of razor sharp teeth as the shark makes another pass. Nat screams and lashes out with the piece of metal and stabs the shark in its side. Its enough to cause the shark to divert.

Nat scrambles back onto the jet ski. It takes a moment for the blood to start seeping from her side. She's been hit.

181 **EXT. SEA - JET SKI**

181

Nat stretches one of the silicone wrist bands between the two drive shafts. She then stretches a second wrist band into place.

Nat expires hard with the effort as we see she is bleeding from the wound in her side. She holds a blood soaked vest top to it in an effort to stem the flow of blood.

A dazed Tom sits in the foot well.

182 **EXT. SEA, JET SKI - DAY**

182

The seat is down.

Nat helps ease Tom onto the seat while trying to maintain her balance. Tom wobbles as he sits. Nat takes his hands and shows him where to grip either side of the seat.

183 **EXT. SEA, JET SKI - DAY**

183

Nat sits on the front of the seat. She twists her trunk so she faces Tom who sits behind her. Now she takes his hands from where she placed them and she drapes each of his arms round her waist.

NAT
(she winces with pain)
Not too tight.

Tom's eyes widen.

TOM
You're bleeding.

NAT
 (grimaces)
 It's nothing.

She turns to the steering column and takes a deep breath...

She turns the ignition key. Nothing. She turns it again.
 Nothing.

NAT (CONT'D)
 (mouths the words)
 Please, God...

She turns the ignition again. The engine turns over one beat
 before it cuts out.

It's enough to give her hope and bring a tight smile to her
 lips.

184 **EXT. SEA, UNDERWATER - DAY** 184

Above us the jet ski. The disembodied sound of an engine
 spluttering as it tries to turn over.

185 **EXT. SEA, JET SKI - DAY** 185

Back with Nat. Another turn of the ignition and the engine
 kicks into life.

NAT
 Sonofagun.

Nat squeezes Tom's arm.

NAT (CONT'D)
 (emotional)
 Hang on, y'all.

She slowly pulls back on the throttle and the jet ski starts
 to move forward across the water.

186 **EXT. SEA, UNDERWATER - DAY** 186

The hull of the jet ski moves above us and some twenty metres
 in front of us.

187 **EXT. SEA - DAY** 187

The jet ski moves across the water but the engine doesn't
 sound clean.

- 188 **EXT. SEA - DAY** 188
- Aerial.
- The jet ski moves across the water.
- 189 EXT. SEA - DAY 189
- The jet ski is labouring but it's making steady progress.
Then we see the trace of a smile on Nat's face.
- NAT
- Tom, I can see the shore.
- There on the horizon the spire of the church in San Jose.
- NAT (CONT'D)
- Hang on, we're almost there.
- Tom is barely conscious as he clings on.
- Then, behind the jet ski, the dark form of the shark appears from the depths.**
- It's tailing them at a distance of some twenty metres...
- 190 **EXT. SEA, JET SKI - DAY** 190
- Nat presses on. Tom holds on to her. He's slumped on her back.
- Over their shoulders the shark fin closes in.
- Fifteen metres. Ten metres. Five metres...
- Nat and Tom carry on blissfully unaware until **BUMPH!**
- The jet ski shakes and falters in the water as the shark bumps it with its snout. Nat turns to see the shark fin a matter of feet behind the jet ski.
- Nat pulls back on the throttle and momentarily pulls away from the shark but the jet ski labours.
- The shark is soon on her tail again.
- The jet ski falters once more as the shark bumps it.
- This time Nat feeds one arm behind her back to make sure she has a hold of Tom, before she goes into a sharp turn as she steers with her other hand.
- Her manoeuvre works as she seems to have shaken the shark off.
- For now.

191 **EXT. SEA - DAY** 191

Aerial.

The jet ski moves across the water. Clear water...

Then the shark re-emerges close to the surface some ten metres behind the jet ski.

It starts to close as it effortlessly knifes through the water.

192 **EXT. SEA, JET SKI - DAY** 192

Nat grabs a look over her shoulder to see *the fin close in again.*

Nat pulls back on the throttle. She's at her maximum but the shark still gains.

Nat wills the jet ski forward when **CRUNCH!**

The jet ski falters again as the shark bites at it.

One of the two exhausts is bitten clean off by the shark.

Nat can feel the power suddenly drop right off. She pulls hard on the throttle and the engine over-revs and labours as the jet ski momentarily moves clear again and it allows Nat to go into another turn.

193 **EXT. SEA - DAY** 193

Aerial.

The crescent shaped wake of the jet ski as Nat does her all to shake off the shark.

The shark dives.

194 **EXT. SEA, JET SKI - DAY** 194

Nat looks around herself for the shark. For the moment it's gone. The jet ski engine misses a beat as it slows. Nat allows the jet ski to idle for a moment. She looks back to see the rear of the jet ski has been badly damaged by the shark.

NAT

Godamnit. We don't have the power
to outrun the sonofabitch.

Nat turns back and looks at the fuel gauge which is almost on zero.

NAT (CONT'D)
And we're low on fuel.

Nat looks forward but she takes Tom's hand and holds it in her's.

NAT (CONT'D)
(emotional)
We try and make a run for it, it's gonna hunt us down and we're both gonna die...

Her words trail off she suddenly notices the time on Tom's watch. It's 14.55

NAT (CONT'D)
Oh, Jesus. And so are lots of children. The swim starts in five minutes.

Nat takes a deep breath as she fights back the tears.

NAT (CONT'D)
One of us has to try to get back to shore, while the other one...

Her words trail off as she releases Tom's hand.

A tearful Nat pulls a lock of hair from her head. She ouches before she puts the hair in one of her hands. She then clenches both fists.

Tom's eyes widen as he sees the **shark fin start to track them on the port side of the jet ski.**

NAT (CONT'D)
(tearful)
Which hand?

Tom watches the shark fin for a moment...

NAT (CONT'D)
Tom? Which hand?

Tom allows his hands fall from Nat's waist.

TOM
(into Nat's ear)
Tell your folks and Billy I really was a stand up guy...

NAT
Tom?

TOM
I love you...

He allows himself to fall from the jet ski into the water.

NAT
(screams)
Tom!

But Tom is already in the sea. He struggles to keep his head above the water.

The fin of the shark heads straight for him.

NAT (CONT'D)
(shouts)
Tom! No!

Tom braces himself.

TOM
(to shark, barely audible)
Fuck you.

The shark is upon him and opens its huge jaws and grabs him.

NAT
Tom!

The shark has Tom in its jaws by his midriff as it glides along the surface of the water. Tom is wide eyed as he looks into the white of Nat's eyes as he's slowly dragged away to his death.

Nat covers her hand with her mouth.

NAT (CONT'D)
(sobs)
Tom. Oh, Tom.

A numb Nat watches Tom being taken away by the shark. Their eyes meet for the final time...

Then she turns away and gathers herself...

Before she pulls back on the throttle and draws away.

195

EXT. SEA - DAY

195

Nat pushes on towards the shore which is now only a mile away. Tears stream down her cheeks.

The jet ski labours as the engine misses another beat as it struggles along on one exhaust. The engine revs drop and it almost cuts out.

NAT
Come on, come on...

196 **EXT. BEACH, SAN JOSE DEL MAR - DAY** 196

The cackling sound of excited young children. A busy beach as giddy children are taken into the water by their parents. There's a PA announcer somewhere and Mexican pop music playing in the background.

197 **EXT. SEA, JET SKI - DAY** 197

Nat can now make out the figures on the beach and she can hear the noise of the beach goers. She looks at the fuel gauge. It's on zero. But she's still moving forward.

198 **EXT. BEACH, SAN JOSE DEL MAR - DAY** 198

The jet ski can now be seen from the beach. It's only a hundred metres away.

199 **EXT. SEA, JET SKI - DAY** 199

Nat can see the children in the water. She tries to shout above the noise of the engine.

NAT

Shark! Tiburon! Get outta the water!

But no one can hear her.

NAT (CONT'D)

Tiburon!

She is fifty metres short of the beach when the jet ski engine suddenly dies.

NAT (CONT'D)

Shit.

She tries to turn the engine over but it's dead. No fuel.

Nat gets to her feet and stands on the running board, one foot either side of the seat.

NAT (CONT'D)

Tiburon! Sal!

200 **EXT. BEACH, SAN JOSE DEL MAR - DAY** 200

We're looking at the blood soaked Nat screaming from the jet ski.

NAT

(screams)

Shark! Tiburon!

A parent notices her. And then another. The word *tiburón* spreads across the beach like a wildfire. Nat is still screaming. One parent grabs her child. And then another. It's pandemonium as parents search for kids, kids fall over, kids scream for their parents but somehow the water quickly starts to clear.

201 **EXT. JET SKI - DAY**

201

Nat watches the water clear. For a moment there even looks like there's a trace of smile on her lips. But then she is suddenly aware that some of the beach-goers are shouting at her. And the word they're shouting is **TIBURÓN!**

Nat turns to see the grey fin some forty metres behind her in the water.

Nat doesn't think twice as she dives from the jet ski into the water. She kicks herself to the surface before she puts her head down and swims for all she's worth.

202 **EXT. SEA - DAY**

202

Panic stations as Nat swims like a woman possessed. Her head turning one side to the other, her arms cutting through the water, her breathing short and sharp.

It's a blur. The disembodied sounds of voices screaming at her from the beach and the distorted faces of the beach-goers willing her to safety.

The voices become louder and the faces clearer. They are almost close enough to touch.

203 **EXT. BEACH, SAN JOSE DEL MAR - DAY**

203

There she is. Nat. Less than ten metres shorty of safety. We can almost see the relief in her eyes. We can almost reach out and touch her...

When the grey fin emerges from the water only a metre behind her.

A child's piercing scream.

CUT TO BLACK:

THE END

204 TEN SECONDS OF NOTHING. SILENCE.

204

Then we hear the voice of an American news anchor.

NEWS ANCHOR

(v/o)

Mexican coast guard are reporting
the students from Kansas State
University were on spring break
when they were attacked by a great
white shark...

CLIPS OF CELL PHONE FOOTAGE

- The gaping bloody jaws of the shark metres from the beach.
- Beach-goers panicking and screaming,
- The bloodied, lifeless body of Nat is dragged from the surf by beach-goers.
- Parents shield the eyes of crying children.

NEWS ANCHOR (CONT'D)

(v/o)

The sole survivor has been named as
twenty two year old Natalie
Stewart, a senior biomedical
student from Kansas city...

- A bloodied Nat is wrapped in a beach towel. Her eyes flicker. She made it.

FADE OUT: