

Primordial Deep
Prologue - "Dead Water"

by

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No Such Thing Productions

SCENE ONE

EXT. The Amity, Offshore Coney Island - NIGHT

We hear waves beating against the side of a boat, and the distant clangor of a fishing vessel's bell.

ROWAN GILROY leans over the side of the boat, staring at the distant city lights winking over the sea. She hums to herself, letting her hands play in the waves.

Behind her, ADAM HARKIN and CLAY RADCLIFF struggle to detangle a length of fishing net.

CLAY

Hey, Harkin. (nodding) Check out little miss mermaid over here. Talk about a model fisherman.

ADAM

Aw, leave her alone Clay.

CLAY

(calling out, grinning) Hey Rowan!

ROWAN

Hmm?

She looks up, pulling her hand out of the water. Below the waves, something moves, and we hear a shower of bubbles break the surface.

CLAY

I know you're incredibly busy, playing siren and all, but would you mind coming down from your watery tower of daydreams and helping us get these nets out?

ROWAN

(smirking) Why? It's not like you boys are going to catch anything.

Adam starts laughing.

CLAY

Yeah, fuck you too Gilroy!

ROWAN

You couldn't afford me.

CLAY

We don't pull anything in, that means you don't either. Which means nobody here's getting paid.

ADAM

We're getting paid?

CLAY

Yeah, laugh it up, smartass.

ROWAN

Adam has a point. It's been a lousy fucking summer. We haven't pulled anything in since, what, June? Face it Clay, the fish ain't here. And if they are, they're not biting. Might as well kick back and enjoy the sunrise.

CLAY

Aren't you supposed to be from Jersey? Where's your sense of blue-collar pride?

ROWAN

The fuck do you want me to do? Tie a pipe-bomb to the bait?

CLAY

Couldn't hurt.

ADAM

I'd pay to see that.

ROWAN

You two are idiots, you know that?

ADAM

Yeah, but you love us.

ROWAN

You sure about that?

CLAY

I'm pretty sure we've got an empty box of Magnums rattling around the cabin says you do...

ROWAN

Fuck you!

CLAY

Later. First, we get this net in the water.

ROWAN

Jackass.

CLAY

Thank you for noticing. Everybody ready? Okay. Cast 'er wide boys... On the count of three. One... Two... Three!

They cast the net, and we hear it splash down into the sea. The fishermen watch it bobbing in the waves, and for a moment, there is silence.

ADAM

Think we'll have any luck?

ROWAN

No.

ADAM

Aw, come on.

ROWAN

I'm serious.

CLAY

It's the ocean... Fish live in the ocean... something's gotta be down there.

ROWAN

We've seen nothing but a whole lot of empty, Clay. No reason to think any of that's going to change.

ADAM

Maybe something's just spooked them off.

CLAY

Like what?

ADAM

I don't know. Sharks, maybe?

ROWAN

Sharks?

CLAY

Sharks don't swim this close to shore.
Not without a damn good reason.

ADAM

Well... Climate change then. Or over-
fishing, or something. I don't know.

ROWAN

You're so cute.

ADAM

(flustered) Well YOU explain it then!

ROWAN

It's dead water, Adam. It doesn't
matter what the reason is, water's
dead. Nobody's had any luck, not since
Spring. We're just the only idiots
still dreamy enough to try.

CLAY

If you think it's so hopeless, then
why bother coming out at all?

ROWAN

(smiles) My favorite boys, a few hours
of quiet to watch the sunrise... And
tell me you wouldn't do anything for
just a hint of that skyline...

She wanders to sit on the edge of the boat, and continues her humming. Clay and Adam watch her, their voices fading to the background as Rowan moves closer to the crashing waves.

CLAY

... that woman's crazy, you know that?

ADAM

Hey, you're marrying her.

CLAY

Yeah, well you're dating her.

ADAM

Wait, I thought I was dating you?

CLAY

Oh drop dead.

ADAM

You wish.

A short distance away, we hear a splash. Rowan stops her humming and perks up, listening hard.

ROWAN

Did you hear that?

The boys, laughing, don't seem to hear her. The splash comes again, nearer this time.

ROWAN

Hey, idiots, shut up! Shut up!

ADAM

Rowan?

CLAY

What's wrong?

ROWAN

I heard something.

Adam and Clay move closer.

CLAY

Where? Something wrong with the engine?

ROWAN

No, out there. I think-...

Another splash. This time closer, the sound rapidly crescendos into a violent thrashing.

ROWAN

Holy shit! There's something in the nets!

Clay lets out a whoop of excitement.

CLAY

I KNEW IT! I knew it!

ROWAN

Pull it in!

The three race to one side of the boat. We hear an old mechanical winch starting up as the crew begins to pull in the nets. The machine lets out a horrible, grinding whine.

ADAM
Sounds like a big haul.

ROWAN
Clay, the Amity's not gonna take that kind of strain.

CLAY
Then we're gonna have to give her a little help. Adam, grab a hook. Rowan, get ready to snag a corner. We'll pull her in manually.

Adam moves to pick up a hook. We hear its metal tip scrape against the deck as he lifts it, then splash down into the water as he fishes out the nets. He grunts, struggling with the haul.

CLAY
Any time this century, Adam.

ADAM
I'm... trying! It's so... heavy...

CLAY
Is it stuck?

ADAM
No, (laughs) just a fighter! Don't worry, I got it under con-

Adam is cut off as the thing in the water thrashes violently, yanking him off his feet, and he vanishes over the side of the boat with a splash.

ROWAN
ADAM!

CLAY
Holy shit!

ROWAN
Get him out!

CLAY
Where's the life preserver?

Adam bobs back to the surface, gasping and screaming.

ROWAN
I see him!

ADAM

HELP!

CLAY

Adam, it's okay! It's okay, we're coming to get you! Just hang on!

ADAM

My leg! My leg! It's got m-

He's dragged under again. The water churns and writhes. A moment later he resurfaces.

ADAM

(sobbing) No, don't- DON'T- Jesus Christ, SOMEBODY HELP M-

His screams are choked off as he is pulled under the waves. We hear thrashing in the waves. Bubbles. Silence.

Clay and Rowan stare at the surface in mute horror.

Behind them, the winch stops, making them both jump. The empty, tattered net swings in the breeze, dripping water and blood to the deck.

ROWAN

(numb) ... It chewed through the net...

CLAY

(forced calm) Rowan... Get the harpoon, now.

ROWAN

It killed him...

CLAY

Rowan. We have to get out of here. Move-

BAM! Something crashes into the side of the boat with the force of a freight train, splintering the wood and knocking Rowan and Clay off their feet.

CLAY

Rowan, GO!

The creature slams into the side of the boat again, water sloshes over the side. Rowan scrambles to her feet and goes to a metal tool chest. The lid creaks as she pulls it open

and starts rummaging through it.

CLAY

Rowan!

ROWAN

(clicking one of the spears into place) I've got it!

CLAY

Keep it trained over the side! I'm gonna get the motor running.

ROWAN

But Adam-

CLAY

Is dead. We can come back for whatever's left of the body later, right now, we have to get out of here, get help-

WHAM! Another impact shudders the boat and sends them crashing to the ground again. Water begins pouring over the side.

ROWAN

Clay!

CLAY

Jesus Christ, it's gonna flip the boat!

ROWAN

Get away from the side!

CLAY

Hold onto something!

BAM! BAM! CRRRACK! There is a sound of wood shattering and creaking as the Amity is upended. There is a horrible instant of suspension, then the boat crashes into the sea and begins to sink.

Rowan breaks the surface, coughing and gasping.

ROWAN

Clay?! CLAY?!

Silence. Rowan splashes in the water as she turns to search, but Clay is nowhere to be found.

Behind her, something under the water moves.

ROWAN

Fuck!

Rowan turns, and we hear the ratcheting then click of the harpoon being primed. Rowan's breathing is anxious, but she tries to force focus and calm as her eyes track the waves.

ROWAN

(under her breath) Come on, you
bastard.

Another sound of something cutting the water from behind. She's being circled.

ROWAN

Face me you fucking freak!

The ocean roils. The Xiphactinus launches itself out of the water, hissing and snapping. Rowan screams and pulls the trigger of the harpoon. The spear thuds into the body of the fish, which writhes and hisses, thrashing as it dies.

The creature begins to sink. We hear bubbles. Silence... The crashing of the waves.

FADE TO:

SCENE TWO

EXT. Shore, Coney Island - DAWN

Ambulance and police sirens cut mournfully through the air. We hear the soft murmur of conversation as the cops move across the sand.

Rowan sits alone, wrapped in a blanket. We hear footsteps on the sand. KIRAN FLINT stands a few feet away, watching the woman. He moves towards her. A nearby cop goes to stop him.

COP 1

Excuse me, sir, this is a private
investigation, you can't-

COP 2

It's alright, Hughes. Let him through.

KIRAN

Thank you for your service, officers.
My people will take over from here.

COP 2
Mr. Flint.

KIRAN
Is that her?

COP 2
Yeah. Saw the whole thing, and put in
the call.

KIRAN
I see. Well. We'd better get started.

He walks over to Rowan and sits by her side.

KIRAN
I hear you're very lucky to be alive.

ROWAN
(dully) Am I?

KIRAN
Tremendously. Though I understand it
might not feel like it right now.

ROWAN
Who the hell are you?

KIRAN
Kiran Flint. I'm part of a... special
organization. We're going to make sure
all this is taken care of.

ROWAN
You mean goes away. A cover up.

KIRAN
Oh goodness, no. That would be an
insult to the memory of your friends-

ROWAN
Boyfriend. And fiancée.

KIRAN
I'm so sorry.

ROWAN
Yeah. Been hearing a lot of that.

KIRAN
Can you tell me what happened here?

ROWAN

We... we were fishing... Something-...
That... that THING-... it got caught
in our nets... We tried to pull it
aboard and-... and-...

She finally breaks, and begins to cry.

KIRAN

Have they found the body?

ROWAN

Th-they've been pulling out pieces of
Adam... They say they're still looking
for Clay... If they can't find any
sign of him soon, they're going to
have to close down the beach...

KIRAN

(gently) Of course. I-... I'm so
sorry... I meant the creature.

ROWAN

(pointing, bitter laugh) Oh yeah.
Dragged him to shore myself. Biggest
haul we've ever pulled in in our
lives... Twenty-two footer... He's
right over there.

KIRAN

May I?

ROWAN

Knock yourself out.

KIRAN

Excuse me.

He stands and moves over to the shoreline. Waves crash. The
Xiphactinus lies dead in the surf. Kiran lets out a low,
whistle, then laughs softly to himself.

KIRAN

Finally.

He crouches and brushes some sand off the corpse.

KIRAN

Hello again old friend.

We hear footsteps in the sand behind him. Kiran doesn't turn

around.

KIRAN

How is she?

COP 2

Not well... But about as good as anyone can expect, really.

KIRAN

The other two are dead?

COP 2

Most likely.

KIRAN

And you've taken her statement?

COP 2

Yes sir.

KIRAN

And no one else has seen our little friend here, have they?

COP 2

No, Mr. Flint.

KIRAN

Good. Give the girl one of these.

He reaches into his pocket. We hear the slight crinkling of paper as he removes a small paper bag and hands it to the cop.

KIRAN

To calm her nerves. Such a shame she wasn't showing any symptoms through the shock... but after this sort of an ordeal, a heart attack isn't really too terribly surprising.

COP 2

Yes, sir.

KIRAN

It's such a pity. She's so young. (straightens, brushing sand from his suit) Clear the beach. We'll take over from here. You know what to do with the reports.

COP 2

They'll be on your desk an hour after
they're filed.

KIRAN

Thank you. Now, if you'll excuse me...
I have to make a call.

The cop walks away. Kiran glances back at the Xiphactinus,
and smiles to himself.

KIRAN

... This is going to be a very
interesting day.

Waves crash. A sea bird cries.

FADE OUT.

END.