

Moby D.

Screenplay by
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(Based loosely on Herman Melville's Moby Dick)

Name (of company, if applicable)
Address
Phone Number

OPENING MONTAGE OVER CREDITS: NEWS REPORTS, YOUTUBE VIDEOS AND SOCIAL MEDIA POSTS ABOUT BOATS OR PEOPLE GOING MISSING OFF THE COAST OF NEW HAMPSHIRE AND BIZARRE STORIES OF WHALE SIGHTINGS.

CUT TO:

EXT. A SLEEPY NEW HAMPSHIRE BEACH TOWN - MIDDAY

The town bustles with energy and life, as people of all ages travel to and fro. The sun shines brightly, the sky is blue - it's a perfect summer day. We finally settle on a YOUNG MAN (17/18, traditionally handsome) dressed in very plain Amish clothing and carrying a simple homemade backpack - he's grossly out of place.

The YOUNG MAN is clearly alone, walking down the street away from people. He is nervous about interacting with anyone, keeping to himself and avoiding direct contact with anyone - going as far as crossing the street to avoid people who make him uncomfortable.

He continues to wander the streets, taking in all of the sights and sounds, marveling at people on cell phones and of course, the cute girls in bikinis. Mind: BLOWN. He smiles sheepishly as one of them giggles at him as she passes.

OLD MAN (O.S.)
(in NH accent) Not from around
here, are ye?

YOUNG MAN
No sir, just passing through,
seeing the sights.

OLD MAN
Aye, I know what brings you here.
Seen a few like you come through
before.

The OLD MAN (70s, grizzled but friendly) steps toward him, offering his hand. They shake.

OLD MAN (CONT'D)
Aye. Unsolicited advice: be
careful. There's a lot that can
mess with someone like you.
Remember who you are and what's
important to you.

The YOUNG MAN nods appreciatively.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OLD MAN

And one more thing.

YOUNG MAN

Sir?

The YOUNG MAN looks at him expectantly as the OLD MAN grins.

OLD MAN

Don't let that first hit o' pussy
ruin yer life!

The OLD MAN laughs hysterically as the YOUNG MAN backs away, embarrassed and shaken. He backs away as the OLD MAN continues laughing so hard he coughs.

CUT TO:

EXT. MARINA - MIDDAY

The YOUNG MAN walks the docks and sees a group of 5 young people similar in age sitting/leaning on a picnic table outside of a nearby restaurant. He sees a bench nearby and sits within earshot of their conversation. He sets his bag on the ground next to him, takes out his Bible and pretends to read while observing the group.

The girls in the group are hovering over a cell phone; the guys sit behind them mostly uninterested. This is BAYLEIGH (19F, Brunette), KAREN (20F, Blonde), BUD (22M, ripped surfer with mid-back length dirty blond hair), CAP (23M, tanned and in good shape), and the group's de facto leader ALYSSA (21F, athletic build, middle eastern descent).

BAYLEIGH

Bitch, how the fuck do you stay
getting like twenty thousand views
on every goddamn post?

KAREN

You know she gives 'em just enough
titties to make 'em wonder, but
not enough to make 'em stop.

The third girl - the subject of the conversation - smiles knowingly.

ALYSSA

If there's one thing the Habari
family knows, it's how to keep
people's attention. In my case-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She leans forward, pushing her bikini-clad breasts together with her movement, and smiles broadly.

ALYSSA (CONT'D)

-I'm just using what the good Lord gave me. (a beat) And everyone's fascination with nice tits.

The girls laugh. One of the guys, clearly her boyfriend, leans in and wraps his arm around Alyssa.

CAP

Not nice. SPECTACULAR. And alllll mine.

ALYSSA

As long as you act right, yes.

They make out. The other girls look at each other and roll their eyes. Bayleigh catches the YOUNG MAN at the next table pretending not to observe them. She nudges Karen who whispers something in her ear. They both giggle, then Bayleigh leans in Alyssa's ear and whispers to her as well. Alyssa nods and stands up. It's at that moment Ishmael notices her prosthetic leg - a blade.

ALYSSA

You know, this town was so nice before all the outsiders started showing up. It was so quiet and peaceful...

Alyssa now has the attention of the group - and the YOUNG MAN - as she starts to pace.

ALYSSA

...but all these damn AMISH people keep coming into our town, taking our food, reading their Bibles in public, disrupting our way of life...

The YOUNG MAN is suddenly nervous and embarrassed, immediately grabbing his bag to hightail it out of there. Alyssa steps in his way.

YOUNG MAN

(stuttering) I'm so sorry, I didn't mean any trouble! I'll go right now. Please excuse me!

Alyssa moves in closer to him, backing him up against the table. The young man fidgets with a thin scarf/kerchief that's wrapped around his wrist.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

He is very nervous and afraid, despite her being six inches shorter than him. The others gather behind her.

YOUNG MAN

Please, no violence, I just want to pass. I am sorry for intrud-

The group bursts into laughter. The YOUNG MAN is confused and still unsure what's happening.

ALYSSA

I'm just fucking with you, dude!
Relax! Breathe, Jesus.

YOUNG MAN

What?

They all back away and give him breathing room. Alyssa smiles her most winning smile.

ALYSSA

I love a good joke. I wish someone had been recording that though.

She side-eyes Karen and Bayleigh, who look away uncomfortably.

ALYSSA (CONT'D)

Let's start over. (extends hand)
What's your name, guy?

YOUNG MAN

Call me Ishmael.

ALYSSA

I'm Alyssa Habari. Hashtag AHAB on the internet. Pleased to meet you. This is (pointing to each as she intros them) Bayleigh, Karen, Bud, and the love of my life, Cap.

Cap offers Ishmael a fist to bump, but Ishmael is unfamiliar. Cap and Bud fist bump as an example, then Cap offers Ishmael another chance. Ishmael has his first bro moment and kinda likes it. He nods and smiles at everyone, relaxing as the prank now is clearly resolved and he's not about to get his ass kicked.

ALYSSA (CONT'D)

So look, let us make it up to you. Come have dinner with us, tell us about yourself.

CUT TO:

INT. SEAFOOD RESTAURANT - MOMENTS LATER

The restaurant is a whaling themed seafood joint, probably A grade in food quality and C grade in cleanliness. The waiters are decked out in whaler's gear and are apathetic at best. The group is seated at a round table in the center of the restaurant.

ALYSSA

So Ishy, tell us, what are you doing out of Amish country?

ISHMAEL

Call me Ishmael, please. And I am on the Amish journey of discovery, Rumspringa.

Bayleigh looks genuinely interested, Karen snickers, and Alyssa glances at the guys then back at Ishmael.

BAYLEIGH

Rumspringa...sounds like a hell of a cocktail, amirite? (laughs)

No one reacts. Bayleigh quiets down as Ishmael continues.

ISHMAEL (CONT'D)

No, we don't drink. At least, not as part of our daily lives. The exception is Rumspringa, where we live among you - who we call English - for a period of time to see what life outside the Amish is like. We are allowed to try out life the way you do, have experiences that we would not normally have, and hopefully learn the value of life and choose to continue to live as Amish.

Alyssa feigns interest while simultaneously typing rapidly with one hand on her cell. Karen receives a text (from Alyssa) and tries (and fails) to stifle a laugh. She types a fast reply just as the waiter approaches, dragging huge plastic harpoon.

WAITER

(dryly and disinterested) Yo ho ho and welcome to Pirate Jim's Booty Call Happy Hour. What can I pour down ye gullets? Can I recommend the Ambergris?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BUD

What the fuck is an... amb-er-gris?

WAITER

It's just goldschlager and schnapps. But the boss says it sounds cool.

KAREN

(to Bud) That sounds fuckin' sexy!

BUD

(to Karen) Don't it, babe?

Bayleigh opens her mouth to speak but is quickly cut off by Alyssa who bangs her fist on the table.

ALYSSA

SHOTS! TEQUILA! FOR ME CREW!

Karen squeals with glee. The rest chant.

ALL

Shots! Shots! Shots! Shots!

KAREN

First shots of the dayyyy!
YAAASSSS! Join us Ishy!

Bayleigh, also excited, joins in before Ishmael can correct Karen.

BAYLEIGH

Ishmael! Have a shot with us!

Ishmael, embarrassed, shrugs.

ISHMAEL

I've never...(clears his throat as he reconsiders) When among the English, do as the-

Cap cuts him off.

CAP

Just smile and nod, kid.

The waiter returns with 6 shots on a tray. The crew grabs them and hold them up. Ishmael sheepishly follows suit.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ALYSSA

To the greatest crew, to new
friends, and to reaching one
million followers THIS WEEKEND!

The crew cheers. Ishmael nods. Everyone downs their
shots, then look to Ishmael for him to take his.

ALYSSA

(chanting) Ishy! Ishy! Ishy!

ALL

ISHY! ISHY! ISHY! ISHY! ISHY!

Ishmael, embarrassed, tosses the shot back to make the
chanting stop. The tequila's effect is shocking to him.

ISHMAEL

(coughing and exhaling) You...do
this...for fun?

ALL

Fuck yeah!

CUT TO:

TITLE CARD: 3 HOURS LATER.

INT. RESTAURANT - EVENING

The crew is shitfaced. Ishmael is trying his best to keep
his composure, but he's a lightweight and the crew
continues to ply him with drinks. Off to the side, Alyssa
and Karen whisper something to Bayleigh, who smiles
naughtily and looks at Ishmael.

CUT TO:

SERIES OF SHOTS:

Ishmael follows the crew to the marina.

Aboard the yacht, the crew holds up champagne bottles.
Ishmael waves them off.

The crew drinks even more. Bud and Karen give each other
shots and then makeout.

Bayleigh sits on Ishmael's lap, and he's surprised he
doesn't hate it. Bud drags Karen below deck. Cap and
Alyssa also start to get handsy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Ishmael fidgets with the scarf/kerchief nervously as he watches everyone.

BAYLEIGH

What's the deal with that thing on your wrist?

ISHMAEL

It was a gift...reminds me of...home.

BAYLEIGH

From your family?

ISHMAEL

No, a, uh, girl. She told me it was to remember her by while I'm away.

BAYLEIGH

I see...and are you all...together?

ISHMAEL

Together?

BAYLEIGH

Is she your girlfriend?

Ishmael turns red, embarrassed.

ISHMAEL

No, no, we're not, uh, "together" or anythi...

Bayleigh puts her hand on his lap, mid thigh, and slowly moves it northbound. Ishmael looks nervous until Bayleigh turns his face towards her and they lock eyes. She grabs his hand and pulls him to his feet. Bayleigh takes Ishmael below deck and starts to make out with him.

Ishmael's eyes widen as Bayleigh heads south.

CUT TO:

EXT. YACHT DECK - MORNING

Ishmael stumbles up the stairs and onto the deck to realize the yacht is at sea. Between the hangover and the sea motion, he cannot keep it together and runs to the side, barely making it before all of the contents of his stomach erupt out of him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He finally stops, collapsing on the deck, then sees the crew watching him. They all burst into laughter.

ALYSSA

Awww. Baby's first hangover! This too is a right of passage, Ishy! Come get some breakfast! It'll help!

Ishmael starts to correct her but his stomach won't allow it. He retches again as we-

CUT TO:

Ishmael once again makes his way up the stairs, having cleaned himself up, and heads to the deck's breakfast table for a classic hangover breakfast. Karen hands him a plate with eggs, bacon, and a croissant, which he starts eating slowly but then consumes more rapidly as his strength returns.

KAREN

There ya go.

Bud slides into the seat next to Karen and they feed each other breakfast.

Bayleigh also emerges from below deck, stretching and taking in the sun. The crew sees her and hoot and holler as she passes by Ishmael and slides her hand across his shoulders and sits next to him.

Ishmael is horrified as realization of the previous night's activities with Bayleigh hits him.

ISHMAEL

What have I done? We're not...we...I...what have I done?

ALYSSA

Calm your tits, dude. Perfectly natural, what y'all did. And isn't that what your Rumspitter-

ISHMAEL

Rumspringa.

ALYSSA

Yeah, isn't that what your trip is all about? Learning what we do out here?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ALYSSA (CONT'D)

Ishy, this is how we connect, how we enjoy life, how we connect to the Divine. It is natural...and it is FUN.

Alyssa turns to Bayleigh, smiling even bigger than before.

ALYSSA (CONT'D)

So Bayleigh, how was the Amish dickdown?

Ishmael turns bright red. Bayleigh, however, exhales deeply and smirks.

BAYLEIGH

The first time was really quick, and kinda trash.

They all laugh, except for Ishmael, who wishes he could die.

BAYLEIGH (CONT'D)

But the second time? I've never come so hard in my life.

The group is silenced. Ishmael, still embarrassed, realizes the look of the group has changed.

CAP

OK STUD. Let's fuckin' go!

BUD

OK, AMISH!

ALYSSA

Lemme find out the Amish might be hiding some good dick?

Karen laughs and bumps into Bayleigh, while the guys clap Ishmael on the shoulders. He feels weirdly accepted and smirks, but it fades as a realization suddenly hits him.

ISHMAEL

Wait. WAIT. Why are we out to sea? What happened?

The group look at each other, then break into hysterical laughter.

BUD

I fuckin' love this guy!

Ishmael doesn't understand.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ALYSSA

You really were fucked up last night, weren't ya?

Ishmael stares blankly.

ALYSSA (CONT'D)

We told you last night that we were going on a boat trip in the morning and you couldn't wait to go. Saluted me and Cap over there and everything.

Bayleigh leans on Ishmael's shoulder, which makes him even more uncomfortable. She rubs his head, which oddly relaxes him despite the situation.

ISHMAEL

Ok...but...WHERE are we going?

ALYSSA

Now THAT is the real question, isn't it?

Alyssa grins as she waves to Cap to accelerate the boat.

CAP

Aye, aye, Bae-Hab.

The boat gains speed and heads further out to sea. Ishmael watches as the land grows smaller with each passing moment.

ALYSSA

WE...have a mission. I'm sure you noticed THIS.

She taps her prosthetic leg, which makes a plink plink plink sound.

ALYSSA

This Oscar Pistorious looking monstrosity is courtesy of one very pissed off shark I met surfing out here about 3 years back.

Ishmael looks at the prosthetic, then back at Alyssa.

ISHMAEL

What's...an Oscar Historius?

She ignores him and continues.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

ALYSSA

So there I was, surfing, when I hit this wave that launched me into the air. My face collided with the board, causing a spray of blood. There was a shark in the waters below that caught a whiff of my blood in the water and, well, suddenly it was feeding time.

Ishmael's eyes widened.

ISHMAEL

Oh my...

ALYSSA

Anyway, one clean bite and off came my leg. But that's not the most interesting part.

The crew, who's heard this before, watch Ishmael intently as the story continues.

ALYSSA (CONT'D)

The interesting part is what came next. A huge, white whale emerged under that fucking shark and swallowed it whole. Biggest fucking whale I've ever seen. People don't believe me....keep saying I hallucinated it due to blood loss.

Alyssa leans in, staring directly into Ishmael's soul.

ALYSSA (CONT'D)

I. Know. What. The. Fuck. I. Saw.
And I'm going to find it again.

Ishmael searches the group for a reaction. There is none.

ISHMAEL

That's why we're...out...here. Oh my.

ALYSSA

I'm going to show the world, starting with my million followers, that I am NOT crazy, that there is a giant fucking white whale, and that I, #AHAB, am the greatest Influencer there is!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

KAREN

And get a bunch of sponsorships
and free shit too!

Ishmael exhales deeply.

ISHMAEL

(whispers) Dear God...what have I
gotten myself into?

Bud stands up, grinning from ear to ear.

BUD

Don't worry buddy! I've got
something special planned for
dinner tonight that'll make it all
better.

CUT TO:

TITLE CARD: DINNER.

Once again the group is assembled as Bud brings out a
huge pot, placing it in the center of the table. Everyone
anticipates the big reveal.

BUD

My latest culinary creation - and
soon to be signature dish:
Spaghetti Al Bundy!

KAREN

(sighs) Babe, I love you, but the
name needs...work.

BUD

Come on babe, that's a hilarious
name!

Everyone grabs a serving. Bud heaps an especially large
serving onto Ishmael's plate.

ISHMAEL

Thank you, Bud.

BUD

I really hope you enjoy this,
dude.

Ishmael sits with his pasta and watches as everyone
begins to eat. He sniffs; the aroma is weird. He takes a
forkful, tastes it - it's not terrible, actually, but
it's definitely not any spaghetti he's ever had before.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALYSSA

Bud. BUD. This is the worst
"creation" (with air quotes) yet.
This tastes like roasted owl ass.

Cap does a spit take at Alyssa's assertion.

BUD

What did you say?!

ALYSSA

I said this tastes like you raided
the fridge of a meth addict and
tried to make a gourmet meal. What
is this sauce, ketchup? And are
these ramen noodles and...what is
that, a cut up hot dog?!

Bud lowers his head. Karen rubs his shoulder, comforting him.

BUD

Yes.

ALYSSA

Jesus Hairstylin' Christ. I need
you to stop. I hope you brought
something for "dessert" to make up
for it.

TITLE CARD: DESSERT.

EXT. YACHT DECK - LATER

The food consumed, the crew is leaning back, full and happy, and Ishmael watches as Cap and Bud come up from below deck holding an odd sack.

CAP

And for dessert? Our extra special
mushroom treat.

ISHMAEL

Mushrooms for dessert? Never had
that?

BUD

Oh yeah, buddy. These? These'll
make ya see GOD.

They hand a few out to everyone. Ishmael is perplexed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ISHMAEL

How will I see the Lord with
these?

BUD

Eat up, buddy. Trust me.

Ishmael watches as everyone takes their handful. He shrugs and eats his. His face contorts - he's not a fan of the taste.

CUT TO:

TITLE CARD: 1 HOUR LATER.

EXT. YACHT DECK - SIMULTANEOUSLY

Bayleigh, Bud and Karen stand in front of Ishmael, who is zoned completely out and drooling a little.

BUD

Might have given him too much?

BAYLEIGH

Ya think?

BUD

Let's fuck with him.

Karen giggles as Bud leans in close to Ishmael's ear.

CUT TO:

EXT. YACHT DECK - NOW

Ishmael is alone on the deck looking out at the water. The surface of the water is broken by a white texture that grows larger and larger until it is revealed to be a massive white whale. The whale's eye is at Ishmael's eye level, and it opens and looks directly at him. Ishmael is frozen with fear and awe.

ISHMAEL

My God.

THE WHALE

I AM THE CREATOR. YOU WILL BOW
BEFORE ME.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Ishmael falls to his knees and raises his arms to the sky.

THE WHALE
ALL THAT IS, AND ALL THAT EVER
WILL BE, I AM.

ISHMAEL
I...I hear you, Lord. I-

THE WHALE
I HAVE BUT ONE COMMAND FOR MY TRUE
SERVANTS.

ISHMAEL
Yes! I am listening!

THE WHALE
GET LIT, FUCK BITCHES, FUCKIN'
LIVE BRO.

Ishmael looks around, confused.

ISHMAEL
Lord?

THE WHALE
GUYS WHAT ELSE CAN I TELL HIM?
SHOULD I MAKE HIM DO SOMETHING?

Ishmael shakes his head and the image clears. Bud stands in front of him grinning from ear to ear. Bayleigh and Karen laugh, though Bayleigh does slap him on the back chidingly.

ISHMAEL
That whale...was you, Bud? I...I
don't think I like your dessert.

Ishmael stumbles to the edge and vomits over the side.

BUD
Welp. It ain't for everyone.

KAREN
Man this guy pukes a lot.

FADE TO:

TITLE CARD: THE SECOND NIGHT.

INT. YACHT BRIDGE - NIGHT

Cap pilots the yacht further out to sea; Alyssa is draped in the copilot seat, vaping. She takes a huge drag from it, then exhales in Cap's direction.

ALYSSA

My fucking followers will LOSE
THEIR SHIT when they see the size
of this thing.

CAP

Listen, Bae-Hab, I KNOW you got a
plan and all, but this ain't a
long range boat. It's not built
for this kind of trip. We really
gotta head back.

ALYSSA

What're you, a li'l BITCH?

Outside the cabin, Ishmael approaches but hears Alyssa and stops, unsure if he should proceed and interrupt. He hesitates.

CAP

No Bae-Hab, I'm not a li'l bitch,
it's just my responsibility to
keep you and everyone else alive
and I'm telling you this shit
ain't safe. We can't keep pushing
this thing that fucking hard. It's
not built for that.

Alyssa takes another deep drag from her vape, pockets it, and gets to her feet.

ALYSSA

I'm sorry, I was just fucking with
you. You're not a li'l bitch.
You're my big, brave, hot ass Cap.
I know you're gonna get me where I
need to go. (a beat) And speaking
of fucking...

She climbs on his lap, then reaches back and hits the autopilot. Cap looks up at her as runs her hands across his chest and down between them. Cap grunts as Alyssa suddenly has her hands full.

Ishmael backs away quietly and heads back to his bunk.

INT. ISHMAEL'S CABIN - MOMENTS LATER

Ishmael opens the door to his cabin and finds Bayleigh already inside, wearing one of his button down shirts and nothing else. Ishmael averts his eyes.

ISHMAEL

What are you doing? Why are you in my shirt?

BAYLEIGH

I thought it would look cute...but if you don't like it, I can take it off.

She unbuttons it. It falls to the floor. Ishmael is torn for about 5 seconds, then moves toward her as we-

FADE TO:

TITLE CARD: DAY 3.

INT. ISHMAEL'S CABIN - MORNING

Ishmael is jolted awake by the ship's violent motion. Bayleigh rouses from her sleep and sees Ishmael is freaking out from the motion.

BAYLEIGH

It's ok, Ishmael, probably just choppy water. Let's go take a look, ok?

She rubs his back and helps him calm down enough to head to the deck.

EXT. YACHT DECK - MOMENTS LATER

Ishmael climbs the stairs, clutching the railing for dear life. He reaches the top, stumbles onto the deck and looks toward the others who are already gathered, staring intently at something on the opposite side of the ship. His view is blocked. He makes his way to the group and follows their gaze just in time to see it.

A massive white tail descends into the ocean. Ishmael's jaw drops: it's fucking real. He rubs the shit out of his scarf/kerchief as he takes it all in.

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CONTINUED:

He finally sees Alyssa trying to go live on Instagram, but her signal wasn't good enough to connect. She screams in frustration.

ALYSSA

I HAD THAT MOTHERFUCKER! HE WAS
RIGHT THE FUCK THERE!! WHY DIDN'T
ANY OF YOU ASSHOLES FILM THIS
SHIT?

The waves caused by the whale finally disperse, and the yacht finally settles. Alyssa, however, does not.

ALYSSA (CONT'D)

(calmer, but still pissed) We came
all the way the fuck out here to
get footage of THAT asshole
(pointing to the sea) and not one
of you had the fucking sense to
have your cameras out and ready.
Bunch of fuckin' idiots.

Karen puts her hand on Alyssa's shoulder.

KAREN

AHAB, it's all good sweetie, we
found it once and we're in the
right neighborhood so it shouldn't
be too hard to-

Alyssa pushes her hand off and shoves her aside.

ALYSSA

No, you dumb dense ditzy dicktrap,
we do NOT know if we're
(mockingly) "in the right
neighborhood" or not. We may never
get another shot at this.

She inhales deeply, catches Ishmael's uncomfortable gaze, exhales and regains her composure. She takes a draw from her vape, then notices Bayleigh behind Ishmael. Bayleigh is holding Ishmael's hand.

ALYSSA (CONT'D)

Whew! Well. Now that I've gotten
that out of my system, let's start
over. Everyone, please keep your
phones or cameras handy at all
times so we can be ready should
our big friend make another
appearance, ok?

The crew nods. Ishmael looks around awkwardly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ALYSSA (CONT'D)

Ischy? I guess you don't have a phone or a camera, huh? Well, I'm sure Bayleigh can handle that for both of you. Bet that's not all she's "handling"!

She laughs. Her stare at the crew makes it clear she expects them to laugh with her. They do. It's awkward.

At that moment there's a horrible grinding sound as the yacht sputters then stops.

ALYSSA (CONT'D)

Now what? CAP?!

Cap emerges from the bridge.

CAP

We got a problem, Bae-Hab. Engine cut. Won't start back up. Think something might be jamming up the prop.

ISHMAEL

Prop?

CAP

Propeller. Might need someone to go down and check.

ALYSSA

Hey Ischy! You wanna go for a swim?

Everyone looks toward Ishmael, confused.

ISHMAEL

I'm not that good of a swimmer-

BAYLEIGH

I am, I'll go. No prob-

Bud interrupts, putting his hand to Ishmael's chest and gently pushing him back.

BUD

My time to shine! I got this.

Bayleigh steps forward.

ALYSSA

I hear you but I kinda think Ischy might be dying to go down there.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ISHMAEL

Call me Ishmael, please.

Alyssa ignores him, her eyes now locked with Bud's.

BUD

Nah, he can help get fish or something. THIS is Bud work.

Alyssa opens her mouth to object but realizes she can't win this one. She smiles instead and points at Bud.

ALYSSA

I WAS going to suggest you do it at first, but I thought maybe Ishy (changes her pointing direction to Ishmael) would want to contribute in a more meaningful way. But since you insist, who am I to disagree?

Bud had already turned away as Alyssa was talking. The crew watches as Bud pulls on his wetsuit, snorkel and flippers. He gives Karen a quick peck and dives into the ocean.

KAREN

Babe? BABE! Be careful!

Alyssa pulls her phone out and takes a few selfies while everyone else gathers to watch out for Bud.

KAREN (CONT'D)

Goddamn that man is so fuckin' hot.

CUT TO:

EXT. UNDERNEATH THE YACHT/UNDERWATER - SIMULTANEOUSLY

Bud swims under the yacht and travels the length of the boat. The water is very clear and well lit. He swims to the rear of the boat and finds there's a LOT of seaweed and kelp floating here. He surfaces.

EXT. OCEAN - SECONDS LATER

Bud waves to the crew. They hoot and holler at him.

CAP

Find anything yet?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BUD

Lots of seaweed and shit down there, probably jammed up the rotors. I'm gonna head back and check it. Shouldn't be too hard to clear if that's the problem.

Cap points to him with a huge grin, and Bud responds in kind. Alyssa shoves Cap aside.

ALYSSA

We're still not moving, hurry up!

Bud gives her the finger and dives again.

EXT. UNDERNEATH THE BOAT/UNDERWATER - SECONDS LATER

Bud investigates the propeller. As expected, the blades are jammed up with seaweed. Bud pulls out a knife and cuts chunks of it loose. It takes a bit of effort but he's making progress.

INT. YACHT BRIDGE - SIMULTANEOUSLY

Alyssa enters the bridge. She's impatient and clearly irritated.

ALYSSA

Hurry the fuck up, Bud. Got a fuckin' whale to find.

She starts to hum a tune and sees the starter button.

EXT. UNDERNEATH THE BOAT/UNDERWATER - SIMULTANEOUSLY

Bud continues to cut away at the seaweed. Great progress! Almost there.

INT. YACHT BRIDGE - SIMULTANEOUSLY

Alyssa starts to sing a song, tapping around the starter switch.

ALYSSA

Let's get this mothafucka movin' /
Got shit to do this evenin' /
Hurry the fuck up bitch /
Fuck it, I'm pushin' the switch!

Alyssa presses the starter.

EXT. UNDERNEATH THE BOAT/UNDERWATER

Bud cuts away at the last few pieces of kelp. The engine hitches and heaves and the propeller jerks, scaring him, but worse still pulling the kelp inward and him with it.

BUD

WHATTHEFUCK?!

Bud tries to pull loose but his hand is caught in some seaweed. He pulls harder, then slices at the seaweed with the knife. It finally cuts through, freeing him.

INT. YACHT BRIDGE - SIMULTANEOUSLY

Alyssa feels the engine shudder and gets excited.

ALYSSA

Yeah muthafucka! Let's go!

She presses the starter again and the engine sputters again, almost fully starting but cutting out again.

EXT. UNDERNEATH THE BOAT/UNDERWATER - SIMULTANEOUSLY

Bud twists away from the propeller just as the engine sputters to life. He tries to swim quickly in the opposite direction but as he twists his head around his hair gets pulled into the propeller jerking him backwards. His body jerks upward slamming against the hull of the ship before spinning him around as it pulls him in, scalping him. The engine cuts again just before he is pulled all the way in. The water fills with blood.

Bud is not quite dead and manages to push himself out from under the boat and get to the surface.

EXT. OCEAN - SECONDS LATER

Bud surfaces and screams hysterically, the top of his head bloody and scalped. He thrashes about in immense pain. The crew sees him and panics. Karen throws up on the deck while Bayleigh shouts unintelligibly and Cap grabs a life preserver and throws it near Bud.

CAP

Fuckin' hold on dude!

Ishmael looks on in horror - he's never seen anything like this.

INT. YACHT BRIDGE - SIMULTANEOUSLY

Alyssa presses the starter again and the engine starts up perfectly.

ALYSSA

Fuck yeah!

She leaves the bridge.

EXT. YACHT DECK - SECONDS LATER

Alyssa steps out on the deck to the chaotic scene.

ALYSSA

Oh, what the fuck is this horseshi-

She sees Bud in the ocean, scalped and now seizing as Cap dives into the water. Bud sinks quickly. Cap dives under to find him but there's now so much blood he can't see.

A moment passes. Everyone is now quiet and watching intently. Cap resurfaces. Alone.

CUT TO:

EXT. YACHT DECK - NIGHT

Everyone sits quietly in shock. Alyssa looks around at the group, then steps away from them. She takes out her phone and begins to record.

ALYSSA (TO PHONE)

Hi everyone. We...we just lost our dear friend, Bud, to a horrific accident. He bravely dove into the ocean to save us but didn't make it back. We were attacked by a giant fucking whale and he...he dove in to save us all. He was a true hero and, in his honor, I swear - as sure as my name is #AHAB - that I will find this whale and show the world that it exists and that Bud did not die in vain.

Still recording, she approaches the group.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALYSSA

I'd like the crew to say a few words on what a great, great friend Bud was to us all.

She hands the phone to Karen, who looks up at Alyssa with bloodshot, teary eyes, then nods in agreement.

KAREN

Bud... (begins to sob) Oh Bud! I fucking loved you! Why did you have to be so fucking brave? How am I supposed to go on without you? (sobbing uncontrollably now) I love you, you asshole...

She passes the phone to Bayleigh. She, joined by Cap, start their comments. Ishmael, however, looks very uncomfortable about all of this, so he turns toward Alyssa as the others record. As she turns to walk away from them, he sees her sly smile in the moonlight. A chill runs down his spine. He quickly moves below deck.

INT. ISHMAEL'S CABIN - NIGHT

Ishmael is curled up in the fetal position in his bunk. Tears stream down his face. This has been too much for one day. There's a knock on his door. He ignores it. He's too broken to deal with anyone right now.

BAYLEIGH (O.S.)

Ishmael? Can I come in? Please?

Ishmael cries silently. He does not move. He clutches the scarf/kerchief for dear life.

BAYLEIGH (CONT'D)

I'm so scared. I just...I've never seen anything so horrible...

She breaks down and cries outside. Ishmael pulls himself together and opens the door. Bayleigh steps inside and pushes against him. He embraces her. She sobs for a moment, then starts to nuzzle her face into his neck, kissing him gently. He starts to pull away, so she moves her face in front of his and kisses him again.

ISHMAEL

This isn't right--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BAYLEIGH

I just...I just want to forget.
Please, I just need to feel
something different. Better. Don't
you want to feel better?

Ishmael hesitates but ultimately can't resist. They fall
onto his bunk and we-

FADE TO:

TITLE CARD: DAY 4.

INT. ISHMAEL'S CABIN - MORNING

Ishmael awakens to find Bayleigh already gone. He
showers, dresses, then kneels by his bedside and says a
silent prayer. He looks out the porthole and notices the
ship is stopped.

CUT TO:

EXT. YACHT DECK - MOMENTS LATER

Ishmael emerges from below deck and heads towards the
breakfast table. Immediately he notices the spread is
greatly reduced from previous days: a few bagels, cream
cheese, a few apples. He glances at Alyssa, who waves him
over to join the others.

ALYSSA

Listen up gang, this is turning
out to be a much more difficult
trip than we originally thought.
We're gonna have to ration our
food to make sure we survive out
here for the duration of finding
this fucking whale.

Everyone looks at each other, confused and nervous.

ALYSSA (CONT'D)

You all agreed to be my ride or
dies on this adventure. This is
what that looks like! You guys are
my anchors on this sinking ship!

Ishmael recognizes the malapropism but is cut off before
he can say anything.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALYSSA (CONT'D)

We've been through a whole fucking lot over the last few days, but I KNOW we're close. WE'RE SO FUCKING CLOSE. And when we find it and capture it, then we just gotta make it back home. We got this! Now go eat, get your strength up. I need every one of you ready!

She waves them off and heads into the bridge. The others pick over the meager breakfast and make due. Ishmael watches Alyssa, then follows behind her.

INT. YACHT BRIDGE - A MOMENT LATER

Ishmael starts to step through the door but sees Alyssa and Cap with premade plates with FAR more food than the others had. Alyssa feeds Cap a piece of bacon, then bites a piece of mango. The juice dribbles sloppily down her chin. Ishmael backs away unnoticed and returns to the deck.

EXT. YACHT DECK - MOMENTS LATER

Ishmael watches the others eat their meager meal. Bayleigh catches his eye.

BAYLEIGH

You're not eating?

ISHMAEL

No appetite.

BAYLEIGH

You gotta eat, we have a lot ahead of us and you're gonna need your strength. Alyssa says-

Ishmael shakes his head and turns from her.

ISHMAEL

I'm fine. Maybe later. I think I need some more rest. I'll go below, maybe pray.

Bayleigh watches him leave. Alyssa appears and grabs another bagel.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALYSSA (CONT'D)

I'll have his, then, shit. Your little boyfriend can starve if he wants to, but the rest of us need our strength, right?

Bayleigh stares blankly at her before Alyssa realizes someone's missing.

ALYSSA

(between bites of bagel) Where's Karen?

BAYLEIGH

(concerned) She hasn't come out of her bunk yet. Losing Bud really fucked her up. I tried to check on her earlier and she cried and said she needed to be alone.

Alyssa bites the bagel once more, then tosses it over her shoulder into the ocean.

ALYSSA

(vapes, then exhales) Drama queen.

Bayleigh is horrified.

BAYLEIGH

What the actual fuck?

Alyssa laughs.

ALYSSA

Bitch I'm just trying to lighten the mood, ok? It's completely fucked up and I'm sorry he's gone, Jesus. You know humor is my coping mechanism! I can't go to pieces like the rest of you!

Bayleigh glares at Alyssa as she pulls out the vape pen again. She starts to puff but stops.

ALYSSA

OK, OK, I'm sorry. Fuck. (a beat) Look, can you check on her later for me, please? I'm shit with that kind of thing, obviously, and I don't want her to fall apart again.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Bayleigh's kind nature prevails; she knows Alyssa means well, mostly, and she really IS terrible at those kinds of things. Bayleigh nods, and Alyssa grabs her and hugs her tight.

ALYSSA (CONT'D)

You're the best, bitch.

EXT. YACHT DECK - AFTERNOON

The ship plows ahead at a decent pace. Alyssa stands on deck, the wind blowing her hair - it's an IG moment that she has to capture. She takes her phone out to snap a selfie, then sees something off the starboard side of the yacht.

ALYSSA

Oh fuck, is that--

She pockets the phone and grabs a pair of nearby binoculars. The whale partially surfaces, blasting a stream of water from its blowhole.

ALYSSA

THERE'S THAT MOTHAFUCKAAAAAH!

She bangs on the windshield, getting Cap's attention and gestures wildly, then points in the whale's direction. Through the glass we see Cap acknowledge.

ALYSSA

FUCKING HURRY UP, WE'RE GONNA LOSE
HIS BIG ASS!

INT. YACHT BRIDGE - SIMULTANEOUSLY

Cap hits the throttle to accelerate the boat and turns hard in the direction Alyssa is pointing.

CAP

(exhales sharply) Here we fuckin'
go.

From Cap's perspective we see Alyssa cross the bow to the front and lean, grabbing the railing and pointing. Her shouting is unintelligible but it's likely something along the lines of "Hurry the fuck up!"

CUT TO:

INT. YACHT HALLWAY - SIMULTANEOUSLY

Ishmael steps out of his room, joined seconds later by Karen and Bayleigh. They grab the walls for support as the yacht is rapidly changing direction.

BAYLEIGH

The fuck is happening up there?

KAREN

AHAB has lost her shit?

BAYLEIGH

AHAB has lost her shit.

Ishmael shudders and heads above deck, gripping the railings as he makes his way up the stairs. The others follow him.

EXT. YACHT DECK - SECONDS LATER

Alyssa points as the whale tails splashes hard, creating a wave that nearly overturns the yacht. She falls backwards, but recovers, grabbing a railing as the others emerge from below deck and see the tail rise up again.

ALYSSA

(screaming) SOMEBODY TAKE THAT
MUTHERFUCKA'S PICTURE!

Before anyone can react, the whale submerges. The yacht arrives at the area the whale was. From above, a dark shadow fades into the ocean and the waters calm.

ALYSSA

GOD FUCKING DAMN IT! I WILL FIND
YOU!

Cap emerges from the bridge and joins everyone on the deck. He approaches Alyssa as she sinks to one knee, her prosthetic still upright. She runs her finger along the blade, tears quietly running down her face. Cap puts a hand on her shoulder, massaging it, then tilts her face upward to look at him.

CAP

Bae-Hab, you ok?

ALYSSA

No.

He helps her up, then pulls her into his arms and holds her tightly. After a moment, she pushes him away.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CAP

Wha-

ALYSSA

No. Fuck this. I will NOT be
beaten. I will NOT be defeated.
That fucking whale is MINE.

Cap looks at the others. His eyes lock with Ishmael, who
looks deeply uncomfortable.

ALYSSA (CONT'D)

Whatever it takes. Whatever we
have to do, we will catch up to
that whale.

CUT TO:

EXT. YACHT DECK - SUNSET

Alyssa has been standing on deck for hours. Once again,
she needs to capture how good she looks in this light, so
she takes a few selfies (the sun is just right at Golden
Hour, after all). In the phone's reversed image she sees,
over her shoulder, the whale rising out of the water. She
spins, nearly dropping her phone, sees it rise up and
then submerge again.

ALYSSA

There you are. CAP!!

She bangs on the window. Cap shakes his head and comes on
deck.

ALYSSA

Full reverse! U-turn this bitch,
the whale is behind us!

CAP

No, we've pushed this boat really
hard, I really need to give her a
rest, do some maintenance.

Alyssa grabs his shirt and pulls him to her.

ALYSSA

We. Go. Now.

CAP

Bae-Hab, if we push too hard we're
gonna blow-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALYSSA

What the fuck did I just say? You
wanna fuck around and find out?

Cap looks into her eyes. The degree of crazy is off the
charts. He wants NO PART of this.

CAP

Fuck it then. It's just our
funerals.

INT. YACHT BRIDGE - SECONDS LATER

Cap pulls a massive U-turn and engages the throttle. The
boat surges forward for a moment. Warning lights begin to
ignite, warning of overheating and other issues. He
shakes his head and pushes the throttle harder - FULL
THROTTLE. The yacht kicks into overdrive--

--for exactly 12 seconds, then the engine sputters and
dies. Warning lights and alarms all sound. Alyssa bursts
in, taking a deep draw off her vape before grabbing Cap.

ALYSSA

Why the fuck did we stop?

Cap, with nearly saint-like patience, gently removes her
hand from his shirt and carefully moves her back a few
inches.

CAP

Because we blew the engine.

ALYSSA

So fucking fix it, we gotta go.

CAP

You're a special kind of crazy,
you know that Bae-Hab? We cannot
move. Engine is DEAD. We...

He leans in.

CAP (CONT'D)

...are fucked.

Alyssa looks around, and for the first time does not seem
to have a witty retort or an order to give.

ALYSSA

Shit. FUCK! FAWWWWWK!!!

EXT. YACHT DECK - MOMENTS LATER

The crew gathers in front of Alyssa, who looks perturbed. Karen's eyes are bloodshot from crying over Bud. Bayleigh looks nervous and fearful. Ishmael stares ahead, concerned of what fresh hell they're about to face now.

ALYSSA

We've stopped because our engines are dead. Shotty construction, I say. Fucking second rate yacht company. Anyway, we're gonna be here for a while, till we can get help. Cap honey, send up a flare, please?

Cap mutters under his breath as he pulls out a high-end military style flare gun that can hold 3 flares. He loads them all, then points skyward and fires off one. They watch as it lights up the sky above them.

ALYSSA (CONT'D)

And now we wait. Try to rest and relax, conserve your strength. Get a good night's sleep. But in the meantime...

She puffs her vape.

ALYSSA (CONT'D)

If anyone sees that fucking whale, let me know.

CUT TO:

INT. ISHMAEL'S CABIN - MORNING

Ishmael sits quietly on his bunk, thoughts racing.

ISHMAEL

I am going to die here. WE are all going to die here.

Ishmael looks around the room, then out the window at the ocean. A pair of dolphins leap out of the water a distance away. He watches them for a moment, then rubs his hand across the scarf/kerchief with an intense focus, almost as though he's drawing strength from it.

ISHMAEL

No. (hesitates) F...Fuck that.
(closes his eyes in silent prayer)
Forgive me Father.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ISHMAEL (CONT'D)

I will keep us alive, through
faith in your works.

EXT. YACHT DECK - LATER

Ishmael emerges with determination on his face. He grabs a fishing rod from several mounted on the wall. From the meager offerings the breakfast table, he grabs some bread, then adds bait from the nearby bucket.

Without saying a word, he marches to the side of the boat and casts a line. Karen sees him from across the deck and rolls her eyes. She taps Bayleigh and points. They both watch as Ishmael almost instantly gets a bite.

KAREN

HOLY FUCK. Are you serious right
now?

BAYLEIGH

Shut up! Don't spook him!

Ishmael reaches zen levels of peaceful focus as he struggles, then reels in the fish. Cap joins him.

CAP

Look at the size of it!

Ishmael holds up the catch.

KAREN

Yep, it's a whopper alright!

Ishmael puts his finger to his lips, shushing them both. Cap carries the fish off as Ishmael casts his line again.

MONTAGE:

Ishmael reels in a fish.

Casts a line again.

Another fish.

And another one.

Cap, Bayleigh and Karen react excitedly.

Another fish.

Alyssa emerges from the Bridge and sees the excitement. She takes a deep drag of her vape and joins the group.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

There's a pile of 4 huge fish which Cap is already gutting and cleaning. Bayleigh rubs Ishmael's back while Karen excitedly runs toward Alyssa.

KAREN

We're saved! Can you believe it?
Ishmael saved us! Look at-

ALYSSA

(cutting her off) Good ol' Ishy comes through! Bout time you did something useful. If you'd helped out sooner, Bud might still be alive. But this isn't bad, I guess.

She vapes again, blowing smoke in Karen's now dejected face. She starts to cry again.

KAREN

But that's not-

Alyssa holds up her hand.

ALYSSA

All I'm saying is that it's nice he's finally pulling his weight on this trip. Thanks, Ishy. Cap, clean those up and then Karen and Bayleigh can cook them up for dinner.

CAP

I AM cleaning...right. (dryly) Aye aye, Bae-hab.

TITLE CARD: DAY 5.

EXT. YACHT DECK - MORNING

The yacht continues to float in the middle of the ocean. Cap paces the deck, holding the flare gun. He opens it, revealing 2 remaining flares. He looks skyward, clearly in thought. Behind him, Karen approaches and puts an arm on his shoulder.

KAREN

So. How completely fucked are we?

CAP

On a scale of 1 to 10?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Karen nods.

CAP (CONT'D)

372. Give or take a thousand.

Karen half laughs, half cries.

KAREN

This is NOT what we signed up for.

Cap looks over Karen's shoulder. Seeing nothing, he leans in.

CAP

Look, I know #AHAB is unhinged. I'm not blind or stupid. But I also know she means well...usually. Something else has happened. She's gone completely off the rails.

Karen huffs, irritated.

KAREN

So fucking do something about it then? Why are you just going along with this insane bullshit?

CAP

You don't understand. I'm not sure what to do. Usually, when she gets a little nutty, I give her a lil of the ol' "Vitamin D" and she sleeps it off and she's her normal lovely self. This? There's no amount of D that can fix THIS.

Karen crosses the deck and looks over the edge.

KAREN

My Bud is down there because your bitch of a girlfriend couldn't keep it in her pants and wait for him to finish what he was doing. And you're just ok with that.

CAP

What the fuck are you talking about? Bud's death was an accident. Don't try to put that shit on Alyssa!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

KAREN

FUCK YOU. I know what I saw and I know what I heard. We all watched him jump in, but she left us. Next thing you know the engine tried to start, and then he was dead. What the fuck do you think that means, dumbass?

Cap starts to speak but is interrupted by-

ALYSSA

What are you nerds talking about?

Cap whirls around to face Alyssa, and Karen stiffens before moving from the railing back towards Cap.

CAP

(nervously) Bae-haaaab. Nuthin' much, just uh, early morning shit talk. Nothing serious.

Alyssa draws her vape.

ALYSSA

Bit early for that, no?

KAREN

Fuck it. I can't do this.

Alyssa takes a deep drag and lets the smoke slowly emanate from her mouth. She re-inhales it through her nose. It's both intimidating and kinda hot.

ALYSSA

Do...what, exactly?

KAREN

You fucking killed him.

ALYSSA

No, THAT was the propellor.

KAREN

Fucking semantics! It was your fault! He told you to wait but you couldn't, could you. Just HAD to push shit. Impatient cu-

CAP

WHOA, WHOA! Let's not say something we're gonna regret here. Karen, I know you're hurting right now, but please, don't make-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ALYSSA

Shut up, Cap. I definitely wanna hear this. Please, finish your sentence, Karen.

Karen, now teary-eyed and shaking, considers her options.

KAREN

I looked up to you. I thought you were pretty fucking cool at first. But the more I got to know you, the more I came to HATE you.

Alyssa recoils in mock offense.

ALYSSA

Well, this is news to me!

She takes another vape drag.

KAREN

Only reason I kept hanging out with you was for the clout. And for the free shit. You're a total bitch and it's YOUR fault Bud is dead, and I really hope that that GIANT FUCKING WHALE BITES YOUR EVIL CUNTY ASS IN HA-

Before she can finish her rant, the whale emerges suddenly off the side of the ship, causing it to nearly flip. Karen is thrown off the side, screaming, and falls into the ocean. Cap grabs Alyssa's arm and anchors himself with the other to a railing.

Ishmael and Bayleigh stumble onto the deck and take in the scene in horror. They finally have a decent view of the massive whale for the first time and are awestruck yet horrified. The whale submerges and the ship falls back in the other direction.

Karen's head emerges from the ocean.

KAREN

WHAT THE ACTUAL FUCK?! HELP ME, PLEASE!!

Ishmael scrambles, looking for a life preserver. He finds it and throws it out toward Karen. She swims as fast as she can towards it. She grabs the preserver, and just as she pulls it over herself, a huge shadow forms under her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

Ishmael shouts an unintelligible warning. Bayleigh screams and points. Cap pulls Alyssa up to her feet and they also turn to look as the shadow grows under Karen.

The whale's mouth opens wide and Karen is swallowed whole...but the whale's momentum doesn't stop there. As the whale's giant maw closes around Karen, it launches forward, breaking the water's surface and slamming against the yacht, tipping it over and capsizing it.

Everyone is caught up in the destruction and thrown wildly between yacht and ocean.

FADE TO:

TITLE CARD: 8 DAYS EARLIER.

EXT. AMISH COUNTRY - DAWN

The sun rises on a small village in Aroostook County, New England. A rooster crows, and the village slowly comes to life. A few of the men are already milling around outside, starting their day by heading out to the farm, getting firewood, etc.

INT. AMISH HOME, ISHMAEL'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Ishmael is already awake and sitting upright on his bed. As the rooster calls, he turns his head toward the bedroom window, then looks across the room. His younger brothers, Obediah and Jedediah, stir from their sleep.

ISHMAEL

Good morning brothers, it's time
to get up.

Obediah pulls himself up to a seated position, rubbing his eyes. Jedediah does not move, instead extending his arm out from under the covers and gives Ishmael the middle finger. Obediah gasps in horror.

ISHMAEL

Where did you learn that gesture?
What is wrong with you?

JEBEDIAH

The English. Last time Father took
us to trade in the buggy, an
English automobile passed us and
one of them did that.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ISHMAEL

Do you know what it means?

JEBEDIAH

Father said it meant they were unhappy with the current situation, like I am right now.

Ishmael paused. His brother wasn't exactly wrong.

ISHMAEL

Ok, but it's still a very rude gesture. Father would probably break your finger for that.

Obediah nodded.

OBEDIAH

Aye, brother, you know we aren't supposed to do as the English do, except-

Jebediah jumps out of bed and joins his brother.

BOTH

-for RUMSPRINGA!

OBEDIAH

Are you excited, Ishmael? You finally get to see what the English are really like!

JEBEDIAH

The English world...it seems so vast and...and...strange! What are you gonna try first?

OBEDIAH

I'd try the food! It looks so odd, but somehow, so good!

Ishmael raises his hand to calm them.

ISHMAEL

I cannot say. But I do know this: in my heart I am Amish, and I will do the will of the Lord, as He sees fit. I will learn about the English, and I will be able to warn you and everyone else of the evil wiles.

Obediah nudges Jebediah, who nods and inhales deeply before he asks his question. Ishmael begins to dress.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JEBEDIAH

How long do you think you'll be gone? Hezekiah, son of Abram? He was gone for 8 years, but Rebekah, daughter of Malacchi? She came back after two months, I think.

OBEDIAH

Rebekah looked really disturbed by what she saw. And she wanted to get married like right away. Mother said she had her first child a few months after that.

JEBEDIAH

The Lord works in mysterious ways.

Ishmael, now dressed, packs his bag.

ISHMAEL

I do not know. I guess I will be gone as long as God has me, 'til I see the wonders he has for me or I learn the lessons he wants me to learn. Either way, I will miss you both.

They all hug. Ishmael tosses his bag over his shoulder.

ISHMAEL

Now, get dressed. I'm sure Mother will have breakfast ready shortly.

CUT TO:

INT. AMISH HOME, KITCHEN - BREAKFAST

The family is gathered at the table, finishing the veritable feast prepared in Ishmael's honor. Ishmael's FATHER stands before them all, gaining their full, undivided attention. He is a stern and colossal man, powerful but not mean, and with a look that can be compassionate but also no-nonsense.

FATHER

My son prepares to go into the world of the English. Today he faces the challenge of the outside world.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FATHER (CONT'D)

It is, indeed, a right of passage for our people, to see the world of the outsiders, who some would call heathens, and choose to return to the simple and pure life that awaits them here.

Ishmael smiles. His brothers look to him with admiration before turning back to their father. Ishmael's MOTHER smiles with pride at her son.

FATHER (CONT'D)

The outside world is a complicated place, full of possibilities and temptations. My son, I warn you, take heed of all you have learned and cling to it. Hold it tight to your breast like a shield of protection. Cleave to your Word, recite it daily and nightly so you are not deceived into doing the bidding of evil doers. Protect yourself from the base desires that could pull you into the pits of hell, and above all else, know that our God watches over you and protects you, as you are his favored.

Ishmael nods reverently.

FATHER

Let us pray.

The family bows their heads respectfully.

CUT TO:

EXT. AMISH COUNTRY - LATER

Ishmael and his father walk the grounds of the village. Random Amish greet them with a wave, smile, or well wish as they walk.

ISHMAEL

I will miss this greatly while I'm away, Father. And you and the family.

FATHER

We will miss you as well, son. But it is time for you to step out on your own.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FATHER (CONT'D)

I am no longer your conscience,
and you are no longer my charge. I
will always be your father, but
you must be your own man, now. I
just hope-

They are interrupted by HESTER (16, cute in a girl next door/plain and Amish way) who runs up to them, nearly crashing into Ishmael.

HESTER

Ishmael! I am so glad I didn't
miss you!

Father smiles and nods to them, leaving them alone to speak.

ISHMAEL

Hester! Good morning.

HESTER

Today is the day, is it not?

Ishmael nods, unable to hide his smile.

ISHMAEL

Father and I were preparing to
leave. You made it just in time.

HESTER

It is so exciting that you're
going out...there. But I'm also
afraid...

ISHMAEL

Afraid? Of what?

HESTER

That you will go English instead
of returning here...to me.

Over her shoulder, Ishmael sees his father raise an eyebrow and smirk.

ISHMAEL

I doubt very seriously I will go
English. Their ways are strange
and they are basically heathens. I
will return, and we will talk
about that when I get back.

HESTER

I made you something...to remember
me by.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

She reaches in her pocket and withdraws the handmade scarf/kerchief, lightweight but clearly crafted with care and affection. Ishmael smiles genuinely. He is moved.

ISHMAEL

This is so thoughtful. I thank you, Hester. I will cherish it and think of you while on my journey.

Ishmael's father waves to him - time to go.

HESTER

Safe travels, and may God bless you and keep you.

ISHMAEL

Thank you. I will see you soon.

With that, he picks up his bag and jogs to his father.

CUT TO:

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - LATER

The horse and buggy clomp down the dirt road and turn onto a paved two lane road. A car passes them going in the other direction. Ishmael's father is unbothered.

FATHER

Hester is lovely. She would make a good wife for you. Comes from a good family, too. You could do far worse than her. Good birthing hips, as well. She'd give you many strong babies.

Ishmael, clearly embarrassed, looks away.

FATHER (CONT'D)

(a pensive pause) I am no fool. I know what you are about to see out in the English world. And I will not judge you for anything you do out there, so long as you repent for anything that is not of your faith, and that you make decisions that will return you home, safely.

Ishmael turns to regard his father, not expecting this level of understanding. He starts to speak, but cannot find the words.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FATHER (CONT'D)

Do you have your money?

ISHMAEL

Of course, Father.

Father reaches into his vest and withdraws a wad of cash.

FATHER

Good. This is for an emergency.
Keep it in your sock, inside your
shoe, so that no one may steal it.

ISHMAEL

Thank you Father.

Ishmael does as instructed as the horse clomps along. A car whizzes by and honks loudly.

FATHER

And take this.

Ishmael's father hands him a pocketknife. He opens it - it's older, but very sharp and well taken care of. He closes it and pockets it.

FATHER

And finally, remember this...

ISHMAEL

Yes, Father?

Ishmael meets his father's gaze.

FATHER

No matter what, never lose faith,
never lose hope, and never lose
God.

Ishmael nods, taking in the words as gospel and locking them away in his heart.

CUT TO:

TITLE CARD: NOW.

EXT. OCEAN - YACHT WRECK - MORNING

Ishmael's head pops out of the water amidst the wreckage of the yacht. He swims to the nearest floating wreckage and pulls himself onto it. He looks around for survivors. Bayleigh's head pops up on the other side of the yacht.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He climbs across to reach her. They embrace. Bayleigh points. 40 meters away, Cap grimaces as he struggles to pull Alyssa onto an inflatable life raft.

BAYLEIGH

Oh shit, they've got a raft! We could try and make it to them.

ISHMAEL

Wait.

He points downward. A dark shadow passes by the wreckage between them and the life raft.

BAYLEIGH

Fuck.

CUT TO:

TITLE CARD: 2 YEARS AGO.

EXT. A SLEEPY NEW HAMPSHIRE BEACH TOWN - SUMMER AFTERNOON

We follow a pair of woman's toned legs in a short wetsuit and pan up to see that she is carrying a surfboard. It is Alyssa Habari, with both of her legs intact, as she approaches a surf shop.

INT. SURF SHOP - SECONDS LATER

She leans her board against the window by the door - clearly she does this often - and heads to the counter.

ALYSSA

Yo, yo! You got my shit today?

The man behind the counter sighs deeply without turning around. He takes his hat off and a shocking amount of dirty blond hair falls down his back.

BUD

Habari. You're lucky you're bangin' my bro or else you'd be on my shit list.

ALYSSA

Come onnnnn. You know I fuck with you because I love you! Be cool!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Bud leans on the counter, staring at her for a full moment before reaching under and dropping a small canister on the surface.

BUD

Yes. I got yer shit. Fresh from China. Good luck with that.

ALYSSA

Fuck yeah! You're the man, dawg!

BUD

Don't tell anyone I got that for you. It may not be illegal, but it's definitely frowned upon.

ALYSSA

Thanks man. This is gonna change the game for me. You know that whale blubber is used for all types of shit, including lubricants? So this shit right here? It's like a super powered Sex Wax. 'Sposed to give the board extra friction, make me even faster and more badass than I already am.

BUD

That's the dumbest thing I've heard this week.

Alyssa scoffs.

ALYSSA

You won't say that after I've won every competition and am the number one surfer in the world! Now if you behave, I'll tell everyone YOU were the reason I won!

BUD

Please don't.

Alyssa grabs the board.

ALYSSA

Sayonara motherfucker! Tell Cap I'll see him tonight and to stretch before he sees me. I'm gonna get weird tonight!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

She exits. Bud rolls his eyes, grabs his phone and types a quick text.

BUD: Bro. Your crazy gf just left. Said you should stretch tonight. Gonna do weird shit to you.

CAP: Fuck. Thanks for the warning. Think imma break up with her 2nite. Tired of her crazy ass.

BUD: oh shit wurd? Bout fuckn time. Lemme know when done, get beer after.

CAP: Word.

CUT TO:

EXT. BEACH - LATER

Alyssa stretches out on the beach, her board next to her, and reads the Whale Wax. It reads, "Use 8 hours before surfing and let dry. Wax that isn't dry may attract predators." Alyssa shrugs and applies the wax, then lays back down.

TITLE CARD: 1 HOUR LATER.

Alyssa is antsy. She touches the board and it seems a bit tacky but mostly fine. She shrugs and stands up.

ALYSSA

Fuck it. Feels dry enough.

She paddles far out to sea, catches a wave and starts to ride it.

Below the surface, a cloud of whale wax trails her board, drawing the attention of a nearby shark. The shark follows her as she surfs, eventually catching up and ramming the board from below, launching Alyssa and the board into the air. The board collides with her face, spraying blood everywhere as she tumbles through the air and splashes into the water.

The shark, now swimming through the blood, becomes bloodthirsty and lashes out, snapping right through Alyssa's leg - a clean bite! She screams in pain while underwater, then struggles to find her way to the surface.

Her head pops up and she's right by the board. She pulls herself onto it, her leg still bleeding profusely. She's growing woozy - her sight starts to blur.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She cries out for help. She raises her head and sees the shark's fin approaching. Her mouth drops open.

She's about to die but she refuses to close her eyes. Just as the shark surfaces the great white whale emerges from the side and eats the shark WHOLE.

Alyssa's eyes grow wide in shock and horror just as she passes out.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

The standard monitor beeping fills the room as Alyssa regains consciousness. She looks around to see the usual hospital fare: IV, morphine drip, TV on random channel with the volume low, then her body covered with a blanket, then to her right is Cap, asleep in a chair.

ALYSSA

What...the fuck...?

Cap jerks awake.

CAP

Bae! You're awake. Oh my god, I was so worried.

ALYSSA

Yeah, yeah...what the hell am I doing here?

CAP

Uh...what do you remember?

Alyssa suddenly realizes she's been through some shit. She touches her face and realizes it's bandaged up and her nose is incredibly tender. She winces in pain.

ALYSSA

I was...surfing. Something happened with the wave and I fell off? Hit my face? And then...

Cap leans forward, nervously.

ALYSSA

Was there a fucking shark? And a fucking whale??

Cap stands up and takes her hand.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CAP

So...don't freak out. I mean, try
not to...like...don't lose your
shit but-

ALYSSA

Jesus Christ.

She whips the blanket off and sees her right leg is
missing below the knee.

ALYSSA

OH FUCK ME.

Cap squeezes her hand but she pulls away.

ALYSSA

FUCKING SHARK. A MOTHERFUCKING
SHARK.

Cap backs up a bit. He's never seen her this...enraged.

ALYSSA

(pauses, catches her breath) Wait,
what about the whale?

CAP

What whale?

ALYSSA

The fucking whale that ATE the
shark that ate my leg?

Cap shakes his head.

CAP

I don't know anything about-

ALYSSA

We need to find it. It's got my
fucking leg!

Cap closes his eyes in irritation and desperation.

CAP

Babe. Bae-Hab. The leg's gone. The
doc says we can get you a
prosthetic, some rehab, you'll be
back on your feet...er, foot? In
no time.

Alyssa stares ahead.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ALYSSA

No. We're gonna find THAT whale.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - VENDING MACHINE AREA - MOMENTS
LATER

Cap stands in front of the coffee machine, staring. He finally presses the buttons and the machine whirrs to life. The little cup drops down, and the coffee begins its horrible hissing sounds as it brews. Bud rounds the corner, nearly running into him. They bro hug.

BUD

Bro...she good?

CAP

No. No she's very NOT good.

Bud looks around for a moment. Cap waits for the coffee to finish, then takes it and sips. He makes a face, it's god awful. He sips some more.

BUD

How bad is "very NOT good?"

CAP

She lost her fucking leg, bro, and she's not taking it well. Plus, some shit about a giant whale that ate the shark? I dunno, feels like she's cracking up...but who can blame her? I sure can't.

BUD

So...I'm guessing you haven't broken up with her?

Cap stares blankly at Bud.

CAP

No, of course not. She needs me. Now more than ever. I can't bail on her, can I? That'd be a dick move. Besides...maybe this is our chance to fix things.

Bud rolls his eyes. He already knows where this is going. Cap takes another sip of coffee as we-

CUT TO:

TITLE CARD: NOW.

EXT. OCEAN - YACHT WRECK - RAFT

Cap's face is blank as he assesses the horrible situation. Alyssa is getting her bearings and trying to recover from the wreck and swim to the raft. Exhausted, they embrace. Cap holds Alyssa to his chest. She does not cry, but she is shaking violently. Her shaking isn't due to the cold...it's fury. After a moment she lifts her head and looks toward the wreckage. She can see Ishmael and Bayleigh sitting on the remnants of the ship.

ISHMAEL
(yelling) ARE YOU OK?

ALYSSA
(yelling back) NO YOU FUCKING
MORON I AM VERY MUCH NOT OK.

Bayleigh turns to look at Ishmael.

BAYLEIGH
Rude.

Ishmael nods. He looks around the wreckage. A few random boxes of supplies, yacht pieces, then - hallelujah! A crate marked "Inflatable Raft" just 30 or so meters away.

BAYLEIGH (CONT'D)
There. See that box? I think we
can swim to it if the whale
leaves.

ISHMAEL
I see it. I will swim to it, just
wait. Let me know when the whale
is far enough away.

The shadow of the whale moves under the surface and after a few tense moments moves away from the wreckage and submerges completely.

BAYLEIGH
I don't see it any more.

Ishmael nods. He rubs his scarf/kerchief anxiously before steeling himself to go into the water. He quietly and cautiously moves to the edge of the wreckage and lowers himself slowly into the water.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BAYLEIGH
(quietly) Careful, Ishmael...

CUT TO:

EXT. INFLATABLE RAFT 1 - SIMULTANEOUSLY

Alyssa and Cap watch as Ishmael slips into the water. Alyssa sits upright, stretching as high as she can. She pulls out her phone and zooms in, scanning the water. She sees the inflatable raft and recognizes what he's going after. She scans past that and sees boxes of supplies and gear.

ALYSSA
Cap. There's shit out there we need. Wake the fuck up.

Cap groans. He's clearly wounded but unclear how badly. He coughs up some blood and clutches his ribs as he tries to sit upright.

CAP
(grunts loudly) I'm pretty fucked up here Bae-Hab...Imma need a minute or two.

ALYSSA
Get your ass up. They're gonna get those supplies. You gotta get that shit first. It's us or them.

CAP
I ain't going nowhere right now. Think my ribs are cracked (coughs and spits up more blood)...or worse.

Alyssa sighs and continues watching.

ALYSSA
Fuckin' useless.

EXT. WRECKAGE - SIMULTANEOUSLY

Ishmael swims cautiously but directly to the floating box. Not far from there he can see another few boxes of assorted supplies. He takes note of them and then pushes the box in front of him, trading movements between swimming forward and pushing the box until he gets back to the wreckage.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Bayleigh reaches down to help him up. They begin to work on opening the box.

EXT. INFLATABLE RAFT 1 - SIMULTANEOUSLY

Alyssa breathes a sigh of relief. Ishmael only got one box and doesn't seem to be going back for the other packages.

ALYSSA (CONT'D)

Ok, ok. Cap...I know I ask a lot of you, I'm sorry. I'm stressed the fuck out, and I'm sorry. You've been my rock - you're always my rock, and you have taken care of me since that shark made me...less whole.

Cap looks up at her. Alyssa's eyes are welling up with tears as she continues.

ALYSSA (CONT'D)

And I know I'm difficult sometimes and I don't ask for things the way that I should...But I also know you love me, unconditionally. You put up with all of my shit, and that's not lost on me.

She takes his free hand - the other hand still clutches his cracked ribs (and likely internal bleeding).

ALYSSA (CONT'D)

But we're gonna die out here unless you get it together, stop being a pussy, and go get our shit before those assholes do. We. Will. DIE. If you don't get out there and get us supplies, so please, pretty please, with sugar on top and the promise of the best blowjob you've ever had, get those supplies for us so we can live!

Cap musters all of his strength, sitting fully upright, taking a long look at her, and then throwing himself over the side. After a long moment he surfaces, face pained with exertion and, well, pain, as he struggles to paddle in the direction Alyssa pointed him toward.

EXT. INFLATABLE RAFT 2 - MOMENTS LATER

Bayleigh and Ishmael, exhausted but momentarily relieved, lay on the raft.

BAYLEIGH

Thank you for going, Ishmael. (a beat, then breaking) This is so...fucked... (sobbing) I don't even like her. Why am I here? What the fuck even IS this?

Ishmael sits up, turns and watches as Bayleigh continues to sob. He starts to comfort her when he notices movement in the water. It's Cap, slowly swimming toward the supplies. He watches as Cap struggles.

ISHMAEL

Bayleigh, look.

He points. She gasps for air as she takes in the scene.

BAYLEIGH

What the fuck is he doing?

ISHMAEL

There's supplies over there. I didn't get to tell you yet. I think he's trying to get them.

Bayleigh stares at Ishmael, wide eyed.

BAYLEIGH

Why the fuck didn't you say that? They're trying to get it before we can!

Cap has reached the supplies. He's clearly exhausted, treading water. He looks back at Alyssa, who waves to him to come back with the stuff. He gathers a few boxes together and starts to try to push them toward their raft.

Bayleigh and Ishmael watch as he makes a Herculean effort. Push, swim, gasp for air, repeat. His determination is impressive as he pushes his body to the limit, cracked ribs and all. Push, swim, gasp, repeat. He's halfway there when a dark shadow appears behind him.

Ishmael sees it first and begins to yell.

ISHMAEL

Cap! Cap behind you! It's the--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Bayleigh screams in horror as the whale's massive head emerges from the water, and its great maw opens, drawing in water, debris, and Cap.

BAYLEIGH

NOOOOO!

Caps eyes widen in horror as he is pulled into the inescapable black hole of the whale's mouth. He struggles anyway, despite his broken ribs, but is sucked in. The whale, now satisfied, submerges, leaving even more destruction and despair.

Alyssa collapses on the raft. She wipes a tear from her eyes, then reaches in her pocket and withdraws her phone.

ALYSSA

Hey guys, AHAB here. So my
boyfriend just got eaten by that
fucking whale...

FADE TO:

TITLE CARD: DAY 6.

EXT. INFLATABLE RAFT 2 - MORNING

Alyssa stares straight ahead. She finally moves, turning her head toward the other raft.

ALYSSA

Hey! HEY ASSHOLES! MY FUCKING
BOYFRIEND DIED LAST NIGHT TRYING
TO GET FOOD FOR ALL OF US AND YOU
MOTHERFUCKERS AIN'T SAY SHIT!

Bayleigh and Ishmael look at each other, then back at her.

ALYSSA (CONT'D)

At least Cap tried! At least he
was willing to fight and not give
up! He was fucking hurt and he
still went out there. What did you
all do?

Ishmael lowers his head in shame. Bayleigh stares at Alyssa, indignant.

BAYLEIGH

The audacity of this bitch.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Ishmael raises his head to look at Bayleigh, confused.

ALYSSA

Nothing. You all didn't do a goddamn thing, and now my man is dead, we're gonna starve and/or get eaten by a giant cock of a whale, and for what? Huh?

Bayleigh puts her hand on Ishmael's thigh for reassurance.

BAYLEIGH

She's trying to bait us. You see that, right? She can't go out there so she's trying to guilt us into going so SHE doesn't die. She's a fucking manipulative bitch and she's going to get all of us killed. Don't let her get in your head, Ishmael!

Ishmael turns back to Alyssa, who's finished her rant and appears to calm down.

ALYSSA

We are going to fucking die out here if we don't do something, ok? I'm sorry for losing my shit but I'm feeling really scared and desperate and I don't know what to do! (pauses) I...I think one of you needs to swim over there and see if there are any supplies left so we might have a chance to get out of this. It's our only hope!

Ishmael's gaze shifts from Bayleigh to Alyssa and back to Bayleigh. He rubs his scarf/kerchief as he considers the situation.

ISHMAEL

She's right. Manipulation or not, she's right. We will all die here if someone doesn't do something. I will go.

Bayleigh rolls her eyes. She hates that he's right, and even more that Alyssa is winning.

BAYLEIGH

FUCK. Fine. But I'll go. You're still not recovered from getting the raft.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ISHMAEL

No! I will-

BAYLEIGH

Shut up, Ishmael. I can do this,
and you know you're not up to it.

She kisses him on the cheek.

BAYLEIGH

You're a good guy. Don't let any
of this change you.

She climbs into the water, slipping quietly away, and swims toward the area where the supplies were. Alyssa and Ishmael watch intently as she makes her way through the debris, checking box remnants and torn packages.

PAYDIRT! Bayleigh finally finds a crate of rations, and this one has a strap! She puts it over her neck to tow it back to the raft.

CUT TO:

TITLE CARD: 10 YEARS AGO.

INT. POOL - DAY

A crowd watches as a swim meet comes to its finale. Middle school aged youth compete as the parents and onlookers cheer them on.

12 year old Bayleigh stands on the side of the pool in her competition swimsuit. She's nervous but ready. Her MOTHER kneels in front of her, placing her hands on Bayleigh's shoulders.

MOTHER

This is what we've been pushing
for. You've made it and I'm so
proud of you. I know I've been a
bit of an tyrant but you are the
best student I've ever had. You
could be an Olympian, if you want
it. But it all starts HERE. Show
me you've got what it takes.

Young Bayleigh nods and runs to the platform as they call for her race - the 200M Breaststroke. She takes her position. The crowd quiets down except for someone random in the stands screaming "WE LOVE YOU BAYLEIGH!"

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The tension builds as the announcer speaks.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

Take your marks.

The girls bend into position.

ANNOUNCER

Set.

They all tense, ready to go, waiting.

The gunshot! They all dive in and swim like their lives depend on it. Above the water the cheers of the crowd are loud and intense, below it only the sound of the water. Crowd, water, crowd, water, it all flows together for Bayleigh as she moves quickly and gracefully through the water, taking the lead. She reaches the wall, turns, and heads back, increasing her lead even more.

Bayleigh wins! And its not even close. The crowd goes ballistic.

ANNOUNCER

The winner, Bayleigh Richardson,
Southburn Middle School, with a
new record!

Bayleigh beams with pride as we--

CUT TO:

TITLE CARD: 2 MONTHS LATER.

INT. CAR - HIGHWAY - NIGHT

A 4 door sedan travels along the highway. It's pouring rain. Young Bayleigh is in the back seat, her hair wet and her swimming bag next to her - she's just coming from practice. Her mother drives. The wipers are on full speed, it's a downpour.

MOTHER

Bayleigh, honey, listen. I don't think...well, swim camp is crazy expensive this year and your dad and I just don't have it. We're barely scraping by as it is and we can't take on another expense. I know you had your heart set--

Bayleigh slams her hand against the car door.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

YOUNG BAYLEIGH

Dammit mom, you promised me!

MOTHER

First of all, watch your mouth,
and second, I said we would TRY.
Things got kind of bad after your
dad-

Bayleigh screams and slams her fists on the back of the
seat.

MOTHER

Jesus, Bayleigh, stop it!

Bayleigh kicks the seats again, tears flying from her
eyes.

YOUNG BAYLEIGH

NO! NO! IT'S NOT FAIR! I'M THE ONE
THAT WORKS HARD AND YOU AND DAD
AREN'T KILLING YOURSELVES! I AM! I
NEED THIS! I NEED TO GO! I-

Bayleigh's mom turns her head to look at Bayleigh, opens
her mouth to say something as the windshield grows bright
from oncoming lights and--

BOOM.

The crash is ugly and violent. The car collapses on
itself, glass flying everywhere and metal twisting and
wrenching and crushing.

The car finally settles. Smoke is everywhere.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Bayleigh sits next to a hospital bed, her eyes red with
tears as she holds a hand. The hand belongs to her
mother, clearly on her deathbed. She is wrapped up in
numerous bandages and casts, but the reality is there's
not much that can be done. Bayleigh's face is cut up and
her arm is in a cast, but she's relatively alright.

Her mother squeezes her hand with the strength she has
left and opens her mouth a few times before she can
finally find the words.

MOTHER

Bayleigh. I'm so very proud of
you, and I hate that I won't be
there to see what you accomplish.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MOTHER (CONT'D)

Your father will be with you, and
he will do everything he can to
keep you safe and happy and taken
care of.

Bayleigh chokes back tears as she squeezes her mother's
hand.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - VENDING MACHINE AREA

Bayleigh sits alone, quietly sobbing near the vending
machines. Another little girl joins her - Young Alyssa.

YOUNG ALYSSA

Whatcha doin?

YOUNG BAYLEIGH

(sniffles, not looking up)
Sitting.

YOUNG ALYSSA

Can I sit too?

YOUNG BAYLEIGH

Sure.

YOUNG ALYSSA

What's wrong?

YOUNG BAYLEIGH

My mother died. It was...it was my
fault. I distracted her while she
was driving in the rain and we got
hit by a car.

YOUNG ALYSSA

Fuck. That's fucked up.

Young Bayleigh looks at Alyssa like she's from Mars. She
did NOT expect her to curse. It somehow kinda snaps her
out of the moment.

YOUNG BAYLEIGH

Yeah. Yeah, it is fucked up, isn't
it?

Young Alyssa nods. She stands up, reaches her hand down
toward Bayleigh.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

YOUNG ALYSSA

Well, I'm dealing with some fucked up stuff too. My Dad's got cancer and shit, so maybe we just hang together for a bit?

Young Bayleigh takes her hand and stands. They walk off together holding hands.

CUT TO:

TITLE CARD: 8 YEARS LATER.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Inside a typical dive bar, Alyssa and Bayleigh and Karen are dressed to the nines - it's Bayleigh's 21st birthday! Bayleigh's got a shot, Karen's got a shot, Alyssa's got a shot and her phone - she's live streaming to her followers, and she's still got both legs.

ALYSSA

(to phone) It's this bitch's birthdayyyy! WOOOOOO! Show some love!! YEAH! Any guys wanna show this bitch a good time?!

Bayleigh leans into the camera, she's tipsy but still cool.

BAYLEIGH

(to phone, leaning against Alyssa) Wooo! Yeah! This bitch right here has been my ride or die since we were like 12. She's been there for me as long as I can remember. (to Alyssa) Fuckin' love you!

Karen pops up between them with another pair of shots.

KAREN

I love these two! Got you more shots! Hey Alyssa, who's sponsoring us tonight?

Bayleigh rolls her eyes and pulls back. Karen is happy to take her place.

ALYSSA

Ohhhh shit! We at "The Hammered Shark" tonight for drinks with Sabado Tequila shots, ya hearrrrrd?
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALYSSA (CONT'D)

Thanks for the reminder, Karen!
All y'all watchin' - tell
everybody you know to like and
subscribe to my shit! Make me
famous!!

KAREN

Make US famous!

ALYSSA

ME, bitch! (looks around) Where
the fuck did Bayleigh go?

She ends the stream and looks around the bar. Bayleigh is heading out the door. She stumbles after her. Karen rolls her eyes and heads to a hot guy at the bar - it's Bud.

EXT. BAR - MOMENTS LATER

Alyssa stumbles after Bayleigh, finally catching up to her.

ALYSSA

Biiiiish. What's your problem?

BAYLEIGH

Hey, look, thanks for bringing me out and everything, but like, I can't do your whole 'media mogul' bullshit tonight, ok? I thought it was just gonna be us hanging out but you got your stage 5 clinger hanging on for clout and I just CANNOT.

Alyssa actually looks hurt. She puts her hand on Bayleigh's shoulder.

ALYSSA

Shit girl, if I knew you felt like that I wouldn't have done all this, I'm sorry. I was just trying to get some views on us while we have fun. You know guys eat this shit up: hot girls at the bar looking to get railed on a birthday? That's views on views babe!

Bayleigh sucks her teeth, irritated.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALYSSA

But the thing is, I'm doing this for us. If I make it, we all make it. You're coming with me! And that clingy bitch Karen, too. Even Cap, even though I was thinking of dumping his dumb ass. Point is, we been friends a long fuckin' time and I can't imagine doing this without you.

Alyssa pulls her in for a hug. Bayleigh finally gives in, hugging her back.

ALYSSA

(opening her phone back up) Now, tell the fans you love me and give me a kiss!

CUT TO:

TITLE CARD: NOW.

EXT. WRECKAGE - NOW

Bayleigh swims through the watery debris field, towing the supply bag behind her. Ishmael watches intently as she expertly maneuvers through the ocean waters. She's incredibly badass. She beelines for Ishmael and their shared raft.

Alyssa watches and sees the direction she's heading. This will not do.

ALYSSA

HEY BITCH WHERE THE FUCK ARE YOU GOING? BRING THAT SHIT OVER HERE! I NEED YOU!!

Bayleigh keeps powering forward. A dark shadow forms behind her. Alyssa spots it and immediately starts to point and shout.

ALYSSA

MOVE YOUR ASS, IT'S COMING!!

Bayleigh hears the warning and glances over her shoulder. She double times it, swimming her fastest. She diverts from the raft to the wreckage and scrambles onto it, narrowly escaping the whale which passes by and submerges completely again.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALYSSA

You still got it, girl! That was awesome! I fuckin' knew you could do it! YEAH!

Bayleigh gives her the middle finger. She looks around. From her new perspective, the rafts are now on opposite sides of the yacht wreckage, Ishmael on the left and Alyssa on the right.

Bayleigh pulls the bag from her shoulder and opens it. There's food and water. She immediately begins to consume two full rations and 2 bottles of water.

ALYSSA

OK, OK, I get it, you hungry...but save ME some, ok? OK bitch?

Ishmael exhales deeply and watches as she greedily scarfs down the food and water. As she lays back on the wreckage, he turns his gaze back to Alyssa, who is glaring hatefully at Bayleigh.

ALYSSA (CONT'D)

M'kay. Now that you're all fed and shit, how 'bout swimming some of that food over here to your bestie?

Bayleigh doesn't budge. For a brief, grateful moment, she's actually feeling at peace, despite all of the insanity that's just happened. She takes a few moments to close her eyes and just...be.

ALYSSA (CONT'D)

Are...are you taking a fucking nap? I know you're not taking a fucking nap! Get over here and HELP ME!

Bayleigh still doesn't move...except to lift her arm fully and extend her middle finger. Alyssa screams.

ALYSSA

Imma kill this chick. After ALL I HAVE DONE FOR YOU?! All the shit I've put up with, all the thiiiiings I've given you? All the dick I've thrown your way?! The trips?! What the actual FUCK Bayleigh?!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Bayleigh finally sits up. Her entire countenance has changed. There's a dark determination on her face. She's fucking had it.

BAYLEIGH

Alright, you skanky hoe. If we're gonna die out here, I'm going out with a clear conscience. Let's fuckin' go.

She stands up on the wreckage. The sun is getting low so she's illuminated in that perfect golden glow. It'd be glorious for a photo shoot if it wasn't such a horrific situation.

BAYLEIGH

FIRST OF ALL. Let's just clear the air here. I am NOT your bestie anymore. I have been along on this fucked up ride because it was full of FREE SHIT. That's it. Who wouldn't go along with free trips around the world or random premieres or parties with whomever the fuck is popular right now?

Alyssa stares, dead eyed. Bayleigh continues.

BAYLEIGH

Second. The thiiinnngs you've given me. Meaning the shit you didn't want. Yeah, ok, that goes along with what I said before. Free. Shit. Whoptyfuckingdo. None of that matters in the scheme of things. If I'm being honest? I sold half of that shit to buy weed from Bud.

Alyssa's face darkens. The anger is welling up inside her, but still she waits while Bayleigh goes on.

BAYLEIGH

What was next? Oh, right, the DICK. Like I couldn't get any without your help? I never needed your sloppy seconds or your rejects. I do fine on my own, thank you, and once again, IF I'm being honest, most of those guys were already looking at me before you sent them (air quotes) "my way" so all you did was give them the green light for me.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

BAYLEIGH (CONT'D)

Guess I could thank you for that,
you didn't suck as a wingwoman.
Oh, and Ishmael over there? I was
gonna fuck him anyway. You didn't
make THAT happen either.

Ishmael's face turns red with embarrassment.

BAYLEIGH

AND FINALLY. Alyssa Habari.
HASHTAG AHAB to your sorry ass
followers. You're a horrible,
horrible miscarriage of a person.
I genuinely HATE you. Like, I hate
you with the heat of a thousand
suns. I loathe you more than the
Khardasians secretly hate Kanye.
If there was such a thing as
explosive gonorrhea, I would
enthusiastically pray that you got
a double case of it.

ALYSSA

Wha...what?

BAYLEIGH

READ A FUCKING BOOK. I FUCKING
HATE YOU BITCH, AND I HOPE YOU DIE
A HORRIBLE FUCKING DEATH OUT HERE.
I HOPE YOU GET EATEN BY THAT
FUCKING--

Everything explodes around her as the whale emerges from
under the wreckage, launching it and Bayleigh into the
air. As she careens head over heels through the air, the
whale leaps out of the water and swallows Bayleigh in one
clean gulp and splashes back into the ocean.

The whale submerges and disappears once again into the
depths.

Ishmael, shaken, stares blankly at the spot where the
wreckage once was.

Alyssa pulls out her vape and takes a long, deep draw
from it.

ALYSSA

Serves ya right, bitch.

FADE TO:

EXT. OCEAN WAVES - LATER

The two life rafts float in the midst of the debris field in the ocean. Ishmael rubs his scarf/kerchief raw as he tries to calm himself. He's all but broken at this point but he's trying to pull himself together.

ALYSSA

Hey! Hey Ishy! HEYYYY!

Ishmael turns to face her.

ALYSSA

I got an idea. Hang on a sec!

Alyssa detaches her blade/leg. She holds it up, trophy-like, before using it as an oar. She starts paddling and shockingly it kind of works, moving her boat toward Ishmael. He watches as she gets closer, but then sees a container not too far away. FOOD.

ALYSSA

Oh fuck yeah!

She pivots away from him and starts to make her way toward the food container. Ishmael watches as she paddles as if possessed. She finally reaches the crate and pulls it into her raft. She searches for a way to open it before finally cracking it open with her blade/leg.

ALYSSA

Thank the goddess! WOOO!

She tears into the crate, ripping open ration after ration and greedily demolishing the contents. Disgusted, Ishmael turns away, scanning the water for another food source. Ishmael rubs his scarf/kerchief and closes his eyes to pray.

ISHMAEL

Father, hear my prayer. I have sinned in ways I never thought I would, and I ask for forgiveness. Please, provide for me, grant me safety and survival, and I will never stray from the path you set before me again. Please, grant me food to survive.

He lays back to rest and closes his eyes, dozing off.

FADE TO BLACK:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THWAP! Ishmael suddenly is awakened by something heavy landing on his lap. He looks around confused before realizing a flying fish leaped out of the water and landed in his raft. Ishmael looks around, confused, almost shocked that his prayer was answered. He looks at Alyssa, who continues to gorge herself on rations. He looks skyward and mouths a grateful "thank you" to God. He pauses for a moment before remembering his knife. He reaches in his pocket - it's still there! He opens it and begins gutting the fish. He pauses, a tear running down his face before he bows his head.

ISHMAEL

My God, thank you! My prayers are answered! How could I have ever doubted. I am truly blessed and grateful. Thank you, Father.

He starts to clean the fish, and before long he carves a piece out to eat raw. Somehow it is the best food he has ever eaten. He glances back at Alyssa who continues to gorge herself on rations.

FADE TO:

TITLE CARD: DAY 7.

EXT. MIDDLE OF THE OCEAN, AMIDST DEBRIS, MORNING

Ishmael awakens on his raft, still adrift. The sun is just rising on the ocean, illuminating everything in a warm glow. He sits up slowly, taking in the beauty despite the horror that he's experienced thus far. As he closes his eyes in gratitude that he's still here to feel the sun on his face--

ALYSSA (O.S.)

Glad you finally woke up, Ishy.
Been waiting for you.

He turns his gaze toward her voice and sees Alyssa already awake and staring at him from her raft.

ISHMAEL

Good morning, I suppose?

ALYSSA

(laughing) God you're corny.
Whatever. That whale is still nearby. We're gonna get it on camera if it's the last thing we do.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Ishmael's eyes widen in disbelief.

ISHMAEL

We? Last thing? Are you mad?

Alyssa laughs.

ALYSSA

I'm INCREDIBLY pissed, yes. But that's not important right now. I didn't come all this way out here, put up with everyone's shit, lose damn near everything to return home empty handed. WE are going to do this or die trying.

ISHMAEL

WE already have nearly died. Repeatedly. Why are you so obsessed with this? Why are you willing to have everyone you know die -- and you as well -- to, what, prove something? I do not understand!

Alyssa rolls her eyes. She pulls out her phone and begins recording.

ALYSSA

(to camera) Heyyyy Habari-babies! It's ya gurrrrrrl. I been through some SHIT ya'll. Let me tell you. But I got something to show you!

She turns the camera to show the wreckage and debris, panning around before turning it back to herself.

ALYSSA

All this shit right here? Used to be my friend's boat. That whale murdered my whole friend group! Y'all thought I was crazy but I'm finally gonna prove to you it's real! All I gotta do now is lure it in...one...more...time.

She points the camera to Ishmael who watches in confusion.

ISHMAEL

What are you doing?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ALYSSA

Sorry Ishy, but if you want something done right, you gotta do it yourself. That fish needs one more worm before it's mine.

With that, Alyssa reaches down into the raft with the other hand and picks up a flare gun. She points it directly at Ishmael, who recoils and instinctively puts his hands up. She shifts her aim to his left and fires into the water. The flare cruises past him and into the ocean behind him. He turns to watch the flare disappear into the water.

ALYSSA

(to camera) Watch this.

She keeps the camera on selfie mode and turns around so the view of Ishmael is over her shoulder. From the camera's perspective, a huge watery form emerges behind Ishmael's raft.

IT IS THE WHALE.

Alyssa screams into the camera as the whale begins to fully emerge.

ALYSSA

I TOLD YOU MOTHERFUCKERS IT WAS REAL! I FUCKING TOLD YOU!

Ishmael watches in abject terror as the whale rises next to him. He stares as the whale's eye - at least as big as his own head - comes into view. The eye blinks, then turns to face him. Ishmael is eye to eye with the whale. A massive geyser blasts out of its blowhole as the eye focuses on Ishmael.

As the blowhole geyser water falls around him, Ishmael closes his own eyes, rubs the scarf/kerchief, and begins to pray aloud.

ISHMAEL

Father in heaven, Creator of all things great and small, I pray that you show this great and powerful beast that I am your servant. Protect us both, Father, from the one who wishes to do us harm. I am your humble servant. Amen.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Ishmael slowly opens his eyes. The whale's eye stares at him for a moment, then shifts toward Alyssa who continues to rant and rave.

ALYSSA
(to camera) Watch this whale eat
this sad Amish motherfucker!!
(hysterical laughter) Eat! That!
Bitch!!

The whale slowly moves away from Ishmael and towards Alyssa who is too busy laughing hysterically about her point being proven to notice the whale growing in size in her camera's view.

ALYSSA
YOU ASSHOLES THOUGHT I WAS CRAZY
BUT I'M NOT! I TOLD YOU! I TOLD
YOU WHAT I FUCKING SAW! AND NOW
YOU SEE IT TOO! THAT FUCKING WHALE
IS--

Alyssa stops abruptly as she realizes the view in the camera has changed dramatically. It is now all whale.

She turns to see the whale's giant maw open.

ALYSSA
(into camera) Aw, fuck.

The raft, Alyssa and all, are sucked into the whale's giant open mouth.

ALYSSA
ISHY!! HELP ME ISHY-

The whale's mouth closes, and she is consumed. The whale submerges into the depths. Ishmael continues to rub his scarf/kerchief rapidly.

The water falls silent as the sun continues to rise higher into the sky. Ishmael is all alone now. He looks down into the water and sees Alyssa's leg/blade floating past. He grabs it and uses it as a paddle to head in, well, any direction other than this debris.

FADE TO BLACK.

TITLE CARD: DAY 8.

EXT. OCEAN WAVES - MIDDAY

Montage:

Ishmael rows his raft using Alyssa's blade. It's slow and plodding, but at least he's moving.

Ishmael uses his knife and stabs a fish that's swimming right alongside the raft and pulls it in.

Ishmael cleans, guts and cuts the fish and eats it.

Ishmael wraps his shirt around his head and rows some more.

Ishmael collapses in his raft, exhausted.

EXT. OCEAN WAVES - NIGHTFALL

Ishmael awakens and looks skyward. The sky is full of stars. A shooting star passes overhead. He closes his eyes again.

CUT TO:

EXT. OCEAN WAVES - NIGHT

A loud noise like a choir throng jerks Ishmael out of his sleep. The world is completely blown out by white light at first before he manages to raise his arm to block the harsh whiteness.

ISHMAEL

My Lord, is it my time already? I
only wish I could have done more
to serve you...

Out of the whiteness, a human form emerges, descending toward him from on high.

ISHMAEL

Jesus...it's You? You came...for
me...in person?

The form becomes more clear as a hand reaches toward him. The figure is indeed male, and he's bearded, and his hair blows majestically around as he gets closer and closer to Ishmael.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RESCUER

Heh, I've had a few women say 'oh God!' to me, but that's the first time anyone's called me Jesus! Come on, son, let's get you out of here!

Ishmael passes out, unaware that this is NOT the Son of God but a rescuer from the Coast Guard descending from a helicopter rope ladder. A stretcher lowers from the helicopter and the rescuer grabs it. Ishmael sees none of this as he is unconscious.

FADE TO:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAYS LATER

Ishmael opens his eyes to find himself in a bed. The monitors beep rhythmically as he struggles to piece together what has happened. He looks down to see an IV in his arm, then across the room to see his chart and the nurse's schedule on the wall. He tries to speak but his voice won't work at first. He starts to move but everything hurts - he's in great pain due to exposure and malnutrition.

NURSE (O.S.)

Well, well, well! Our sea rescue has finally come to! Welcome back to the land of the living, friend!

Ishmael smiles weakly as the nurse comes into view and checks his vitals.

NURSE (CONT'D)

I can only imagine what you've been through, lost at sea all that time, all your friends gone...I'm so so sorry for what happened to you. (a beat as she adjusts his pillows) Uh, there's a detective, wants to talk to you real quick about some things, ok hun? I'm just gonna bring him in real quick.

She walks to the door, leans out, then is joined seconds later by DETECTIVE ROBERTS, who nods to her as she exits. He grabs a seat from by the wall and moves it next to the bed facing Ishmael.

ROBERTS

Hello, uh...Ish...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ISHMAEL

Please...Call me Ishmael.

ROBERTS

Ishmael, yes. Thank you. I can only imagine how you must be feeling. What you've been through...it's harrowing, to say the least.

Ishmael tries to speak but is raspy. He looks around, sees a cup of water, sips it, then tries again.

ISHMAEL

(clears throat) Thank...thank you.

Roberts pulls out a familiar looking device - Alyssa's cell phone.

ROBERTS

The good news is, most of what we need to know is actually right here. Coast Guard had run across the wreckage of the ship before you were rescued, and when they searched they found this floating among the debris.

Ishmael stares at the phone, shocked.

ISHMAEL

That's her-

ROBERTS

Cell, yes. At first we thought it was really weird to find this and literally no survivors, but then we found you a few miles away. Raft ID matches the wrecked yacht, so we were able to put two and two together.

Ishmael nods.

ROBERTS

So, of course we were anxious to know what the hell happened out there, and like I said, miraculously, the cell phone was just floating there, so we had forensics do its thing and, well, we got a lot of answers.

Roberts leans forward, raising an eyebrow.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ROBERTS

So...this whale was real, and it ate all of your friends, ending with this, uh, Alyssa Habari, but it spared you. The last video shows that she was basically trying to sacrifice you, but the whale seems to have chosen to eat her instead. Help me understand...why?

Ishmael closes his eyes and exhales.

CUT TO:

INT. AMISH HOME, LIVING AREA

Inside of a meager Amish home filled with traditional Amish furniture and the bare necessities, an old man sits in a rocking chair surrounded by 6 grandchildren of varying ages. The old man rocks gently. One of the youngest children leans forward.

AMISH BOY

Well? What did you tell him?

Old Ishmael smiles as his wife, Hester - the girl who gave him the scarf/kerchief, now also old - joins him at his side. She puts her hand on his shoulder, and he holds it with his.

OLD ISHMAEL

The truth. Great or small, all creatures are here for a purpose and deserve our respect, and we must never take them for granted, or use them for our own glory. At the moment that I faced my greatest adversity, I locked eyes with the great whale, and he saw me, and we both knew I was not the threat. Maybe God spoke to him for me, maybe not. But he knew. And he spared me. And so, I spare every other being that shares the earth with us, because it is right.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Next to his foot, a tiny mouse squeaks. He reaches down and picks it up, strokes its tiny head before pinching off a piece of cheese from a plate next to him and feeding it to the mouse. He then sets it down gently, allowing it to run off freely.

THE END.