

INTREPIDO

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. FISHING TRAWLER DECK - NIGHT

SUBTITLE: TYRRHENIAN SEA, OFF THE COAST OF NAPLES

A dilapidated trawler cuts a path through midnight blue water. On deck, NICCOLO (40's) scans the moonlit sea with a grim expression.

NICCOLO
Arrestare!

The engine dies. The trawler drifts, dead silent.

Niccolo gestures, and the CREW jumps into action. Rough men roll 50-gallon barrels to the edge of the boat. The words PERICOLO and TOSSICO cover the barrels, punctuated by SKULL AND CROSSBONES symbols.

Niccolo watches intently as every last barrel is dumped into the sea. As the final barrel sinks beneath the surface, he stalks to the helm, activates the radio.

NICCOLO
(in Italian)
It's done.

VOICE (O.S.)
(in Italian)
The funds will be wired to your
account in the morning. A pleasure,
as always.

Niccolo kills the radio, nods to the HELMSMAN.

The trawler drifts back the way it came. In its wake, something emerges from beneath the surface. A monstrous eye BLINKS as it watches after the trawler.

EXT. FISHING YACHT DECK - DAY

The word INTREPIDO stands out in black script letters against the white stern of the small fishing yacht.

CONRAD (mid 40's) guides the ship through open water. He spies a pair of SWORDFISH FINS just ahead.

CONRAD
(to himself)
Perfect.

(CONTINUED)

HUNTER (11) sits on the prow, recording the swordfish with his iPod. He scans all around the ship.

Not a trace of land in sight.

Conrad glances at the Fish Finder as a SWORDFISH darts beneath the yacht. He eases back the throttle, kills the engine.

Conrad steps away from the helm. He doesn't notice the much LARGER CREATURE that appears on the Fish Finder view screen.

Conrad picks up a 7-foot long STEEL HARPOON. Although the shaft gleams in the sunlight, the weapon has an antique feel about it.

CONRAD

Hunter. It's time.

Hunter faces his father. He tucks his iPod away and shuffles toward his father, hesitant.

CONRAD

Ready?

HUNTER

I guess.

CONRAD

You guess? You can't guess, Hunter.
You have to know. Be decisive.

Afraid to speak, Hunter nods his assent.

CONRAD

Men have fished these waters for centuries, risking their very lives to provide for their villages, their families. Your great great grandfather was one of those men. He speared swordfish with this very harpoon. He taught his son, who taught his son, who taught me.

Conrad hands the harpoon to Hunter. The boy handles the weapon with a sense of awe and caution.

CONRAD

And now it's my turn to teach you.

HUNTER

We live in Brooklyn, Dad. I'm never gonna-

CONRAD
You're not afraid, are you?

Hunter's downcast eyes are all the answer Conrad needs.

CONRAD
A harpoon is strong, Hunter. And
the man who wields it needs to be
just as strong.

Conrad gestures back in the direction they came from.

CONRAD
Back there, people are going to try
to push you around. They'll try to
take advantage, and you can't let
them. Ever. You need to be strong,
Hunter. You need to be fearless.

HUNTER
Dad, I can't do this.

CONRAD
You can, and you will. Now head
back to the prow. I'll bring us in
slow, and when you're ready, take
your shot.

Hunter nods, turns. Conrad watches after his son with an unspoken pride. The older man never sees the TENTACLE that slides onto the deck behind him.

Hunter balances the harpoon in his hands, getting a feel for its weight. Behind him, a SPLASH. He turns.

The deck is empty. Conrad is nowhere to be seen.

HUNTER
Dad? Dad? Not funny.

Another SPLASH off to starboard. Hunter scrambles to the side of the ship. He heaves a sigh of relief when he sees his dad treading water.

CONRAD
Come on, Dad. Climb back up-

Hunter's words catch in his throat as the water around his dad DARKENS. When the lower half of his dad's body floats to the surface, SEVERED at the waist, Hunter SCREAMS.

THUMP! Something RAMS the boat from beneath, knocking Hunter to the deck. Hunter loses his grip on the harpoon. It slides toward the edge, but he SNATCHES it at the last second.

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THUMP! Harder this time. Hunter scrambles to the helm, flips the protective cover on the RADIO DISTRESS BUTTON, presses the button. An ALARM sounds.

THUMP! The yacht careens, starts to CAPSIZE.

Hunter scrambles for purchase as the ship continues to tip. He refuses to let go of the harpoon.

Hunter SLIPS, almost slides into the deep blue water, but he catches himself just in time. He clammers on top of the now capsized ship.

Silence. Hunter searches in every direction, frantic. When he sees the two halves of his father's corpse floating away from one another, Hunter begins to CRY.

He pulls his knees close and buries his face in his arms.

EXT. FISHING YACHT HULL - NIGHT

Hunter wakes with a start.

HUNTER

Dad!

He sits up, freezes. Realization sets in. He's still on the hull of the capsized yacht. His father is still dead, although the corpse is nowhere to be scene.

He looks down at the harpoon, still clutched in his hand.

Hunter scans the horizon as the last rays of the setting sun surrender to the light of a FULL MOON.

In the encroaching darkness, Hunter notices a tiny speck of light in the distance, moving toward him. A SHIP!

Hunter clammers to his feet, waves his arms. He yells as if they could possibly hear him.

HUNTER

Hey! Over here! Over here!

THUMP! The sound of Hunter's voice stirs the underwater predator back into action.

Hunter stumbles, caught off guard. He STABS at the hull with the harpoon to gain purchase, to steady himself.

A slimy TENTACLE traces up the side of the ship, searching for Hunter. Hunter scrambles away from it, as far as he can.

(CONTINUED)

In the moonlight, Hunter can make out calcified CLAW-LIKE PROTRUSIONS all along the tentacle.

Hunter looks to the far off rescue ship, still so far away. The tentacle slides back beneath the water.

Hunter's lower lip trembles. He threatens to cry, but a change takes hold of the frightened young boy.

Fear surrenders to a much darker emotion: HATE-FILLED ANGER.

Hunter braces his feet. He grips the harpoon in both hands and THUMPS on the hull with the dull end of the weapon.

The tentacle appears again, and this time he's ready for it. Hunter unleashes a PRIMAL YELL and SLASHES at the tentacle.

DARK ICHOR splashes on the hull from the open wound. The tentacle darts back beneath the surface.

Hunter THUMPS on the hull again, again, again. He waits, every muscle in his body coiled for an attack.

An uninjured tentacle shoots from the water behind him. He cries out as those unnatural claws draw BLOOD. He falls, SLASHING with the harpoon as he goes down. Another hit!

Hunter climbs to his feet as the tentacle disappears. He checks on the rescue ship again. Closer, but not close enough.

The water CHURNS, and the creature erupts from beneath the surface. Hunter finds himself face-to-face with a MUTATED SQUID-LIKE MONSTROSITY.

Calcified protrusions cover the abomination's long body. A THIRD EYE stares at Hunter from the center of the squid's head.

Hunter clenches the harpoon in a white-knuckled grip and LUNGES. A SCREECH OF AGONY pierces the night air as the harpoon slides deep into the creature's center eye.

The creature disappears beneath the water, taking the harpoon with it. Hunter watches the harpoon vanish with a sense of adrenaline-fueled triumph.

Trembling, Hunter collapses to the hull. Exhausted, empowered, he waits for his rescuers to arrive.

FADE TO BLACK