

THE KRAKEN STORY

Written by

Pascal Kulcsar

Rue de Glaireuse, 130- LIBIN  
6890 Belgique  
pkulcsar@voo.be

FADE IN:

1

EXT. OCEAN - DAY (PAST)

1

Six large SPERM WHALES with their backs on the surface move forward, quietly splitting the water. Suddenly, the leader begins to dive in. It is immediately followed by the five other cetaceans.

SUPER: "Pacific Ocean, boundary of the Tropic of Capricorn on the Nazca Ridge in the Chile Basin. Late spring."

MAC DOWN (V.O.)

Below the thunders of the upper  
deep, Far, far beneath in the  
abysmal sea, His ancient,  
dreamless, uninvaded sleep The  
Kraken sleepeth: faintest sunlights  
flee about his shadowy sides; above  
him swell huge sponges of  
millennial growth and height; and  
far away into the sickly light,  
from many a wondrous grot and  
secret cell unnumbered and enormous  
polypi Winnow with giant arms the  
slumbering green.

2

EXT. OCEAN - CREST OF NAZCA - DAY (PAST)

2

The five sperm whales and their leader head straight for a very deep ridge. We suddenly see them fighting a bloody battle against a superorder DECAPODIFORMES of more than one hundred and thirty feet in wingspan.

This giant Cephalopoda causes red pustules to appear on all its powerful tentacles armed with strong hooks. She desperately protects her rocky-looking eggs the size of melons. It inflicts mortal wounds by bravely fighting the cetaceans.

Suddenly, she is violently knocked down by the whales. She accidentally dumps her offspring along the ridge. Then, resigned and badly injured, the giant cephalopod dies under the fatal assault of her assailants.

MAC DOWN (V.O.)

There hath he lain for ages, and  
will lie battening upon huge sea-  
worms in his sleep, until the  
latter fire shall heat the deep;  
Then once by man and angels to be  
seen,

(MORE)

MAC DOWN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

In roaring he shall rise and on the  
surface die.

(beat)

Poem by Alfred Tennyson in 1830.

The sperm whales search for and eat each egg of the  
decapodiforms while energetically stirring the seabed. Once  
sated, they begin to rise slowly to the surface.

In the background, wedged between the wreckage of old  
stranded marine vessels: an abandoned egg - stuck inside a  
jar with big handles.

3 EXT. OCEAN - "SELF-MADE MAN" VESSEL - DAY (PRESENT) 3

A shipwreck searcher vessel named "Self-made man" sails  
slowly under a generous sun. In full activity, it reveals  
four crew members. They pull their marine 'booty' from the  
water using large nets.

SUPER: "Pacific Ocean boundary of the Tropic of Capricorn on  
the Nazca Ridge in the Chile Basin. Late spring. Two days  
later."

4 EXT. OCEAN - "SELF-MADE MAN" VESSEL - DAY (LATE AFTERNOON) 4

On the foredeck, stands a 21-year-old MAN (Mac Down), African-  
American, short hair, delicate features. His face is sweaty,  
and he wears a sailor outfit. Of medium height and athletic  
build, he carefully directs the large net towards the ground.  
It is filled with mud and pieces of wreckage. Local MUSIC  
comes out of a small radio placed on the bridge.

MAC DOWN

Easy, Ailfred!

Mac nods nervously, grimacing.

MAC DOWN (CONT'D)

Bottom trawling is really not the  
right solution.

A strong-boned American sailor (AILFRED) in his early  
forties, sniffs heavily. He places the net on the deck and  
unhooks it mechanically. Then he looks to port.

AILFRED

Winch it, Joe!

A sailor (JOE), Caucasian American, looking calm, early  
forties, with a cigarette in his mouth and plump,  
mechanically pulls up the winch.

JOE  
There, Ailfred! There!

Mac, with a weary look, points at the loot.

MAC DOWN  
Nothing but... marine slop!

GARALT COLLINSONS, Irish type, in his fifties with an athletic appearance, appears dressed in jeans and wearing boots. Half-open, he steps forward with a firm step. He is tall with a lean face. Severe-looking, he is wearing a red cap and has a stubble. He quickly goes to Mac.

GARALT  
(Irish accent)  
Mac Down! You will definitely never understand what can move, exalt and excite a treasure seeker to such an extent.

With a sly smile, Garalt stops firmly in front of the young man.

GARALT (CONT'D)  
Tell yourself that everything I covet through the seabed belongs to me, even its unimportant debris in your eyes.

Mac shrugs slightly. He raises his hands in denial while looking towards the captain.

MAC DOWN  
I, I'm sorry Garalt! But recognize that what we just resurfaced is really...

Garalt puts a knee in front of the net, looking focused. With his large hands, he frantically rummages through the debris. He delicately pulls out a small piece of wreckage coated in mud. Then he looks at it jealously.

GARALT  
This insignificant fragment is certainly from a Spanish or Italian galleon... it could tell us much more about its history than it seems.

Garalt looks sternly at Mac.

GARALT (CONT'D)

See Mac, you think you want to be a treasure hunter, but you don't have faith!

Mac, almost taken aback, flinches a little.

MAC DOWN

(firmly)

I diligently study ancient civilizations every evening and analyze the remains. And I will become a researcher, an archaeologist. And despite what you say, also a treasure hunter.

Garalt's face suddenly tenses up. He gets up and walks nervously towards Mac. Then he grabs him firmly.

GARALT

Look at you poor bastard! Me Garalt Collinsons, I have a boat and a crew.

Garalt tightens his grip on Mac's neck, bringing his mouth closer to his ear.

GARALT (CONT'D)

Plus, I'm sponsored by several California millionaires while you...

Mac, his face reddened, gets rid of his boss's hands with difficulty.

MAC DOWN

Lu--luck belongs to the brave!

Garalt shoots him a sly look again.

GARALT

So the brave, begin by getting me this loot in the hold and cleaning out this damn deck before I get really mad!

(raises his voice)

Above all, don't imagine that one day you'll be my equal and hold on to your rank for the moment, ship's boy!

Mac frowns as he turns to face Garalt.

MAC DOWN

I, I am much more than an ordinary  
sailor in charge of maintenance and  
maneuver.

With a pernicious smile, Garalt starts to go to the cockpit.

GARALT

Impress me, then!

Joe tosses his cigarette, glancing towards Garalt.

JOE

Which course, boss?

Garalt, looking disappointed, slowly looks at his sidekick.

GARALT

We're going back to Anaheim Bay!  
There's nothing else to explore  
about this place.  
(enraged)  
Damn Italian boat!

Joe shakes his head "no," staring at Mac. Suddenly he starts  
smiling nervously.

JOE

He's a lone wolf! You understand  
why he lives alone now. He is  
unbearable, and only his ego  
comprehends him.

Mac breathes deeply and walks up to the net.

MAC DOWN

Yeah, right!

MAC, looking conscientious, cautiously begins to lower the  
net into the hold. Through the pieces of wreckage, at the  
bottom of a big jar with large handles filled with seawater,  
lies a rocky-looking egg.

5

EXT. "SELF-MADE MAN" VESSEL - DAY (MORNING)

5

The Self-made man enters gently into a small bay. We see a  
large marine research and work center taking shape. The boat  
is slowly heading towards the dock.

SUPER: "Anaheim Bay between Seal Beach and Sunset Beach,  
California."

6

EXT. ANAHEIM BAY QUAY - DAY (LATE MORNING)

6

A young kid, SALIE DURANGO, Mexican background, frail with tanned skin, is in a wheelchair. She waits smiling as she faces the "Self-made man" vessel. Her long black hair blowing in the wind, Salie suddenly waves her arms skyward.

SALIE

Hey, handsome!

Mac, looking tired, gets off the boat, bag on his back. Then, he smiles at Salie. Hurries toward her.

MAC DOWN

Salie Durango my first fan! Your Mom gave you permission to welcome a student in financial need.

They hug warmly.

SALIE

So, you have finally found the Inca treasure.

Mac shakes his head "no."

MAC DOWN

Only pieces of wreckage in poor condition and unfortunately marine slop!

Salie looks up, frowning.

SALIE

Garalt was convinced he'd find the treasure of the century though!

Mac looks proudly out to sea.

MAC DOWN

I'm the one who'll find the treasure of the century one day and will be this country's richest man.

GARALT (O.S.)

Hey! Mac!

Mac winces, looking at the boat.

MAC DOWN

Garalt!

Garalt, smirking, walks with a firm step toward Mac. He stops near him. Looks sternly and presumptuously at the young girl.

GARALT  
Hi Salie, how are you?

Fearful, Salie suddenly looks away.

GARALT (CONT'D)  
I think you know who's boss here!

Garalt's face darkens as he now looks at Mac.

GARALT (CONT'D)  
Did you forget anything before you  
left Mac?

Mac looks at his boss as he walks near him hesitantly.

MAC DOWN  
You-- You're not serious?

Garalt mockingly nods.

GARALT  
You weren't the one who said you  
wanted to become a great  
archeologist and treasure hunter?  
(sneaky tone)  
When I get back from vacation, the  
work at the research center had  
better be done, otherwise... you're  
fired!

Garalt turns and walks firmly toward the research center.

Salie looks up. She snaps her chair forward three feet toward  
Garalt.

SALIE  
He's a tyrant!

Mac, looking resigned, walks up to the little girl.

MAC DOWN  
I don't have a choice! He's my boss  
and if I want to eat my fill and  
continue my studies... I must  
protect my job before quitting.

Mac pulls out of his pocket his VIBRATING cell phone. Then,  
with a troubled face, he immediately turns it off.

Puzzled, Salie looks at him.

SALIE  
Why didn't you pick up?

Mac tenses up as he puts his cell phone back in his pocket.

MAC DOWN  
Nothing important.

Salie slightly smiles.

SALIE  
I bet it was Jessica!

Mac, pretending he didn't hear that, rushes to the back of the girl's chair. Then he pushes her calmly.

MAC DOWN  
We have to get back as soon as possible, because I have work waiting for me. You heard Garalt.

Salie looks amused as she frowns - glancing back at Mac.

SALIE  
Lame! Lame!

7

INT. MARINE RESEARCH AND WORK CENTER - EVENING

7

Mac, dressed in a white apron, slowly and carefully washes a small piece of wreckage coated in mud. Rap MUSIC from a radio ripples through the room. He looks scrupulously at the object and writes notes on a computer. Then, he delicately places it in a tray filled with other ancient representations.

In the background, a very large seawater aquarium is densely populated with species of fish and shellfish.

A young man, BRUCE FUSHUN, Asian American, in his 20s and plump, walks quickly toward Mac. He wears a goatee and thick dark glasses. His hair is pulled back and tinted by blonde and light brown streaks. His short-sleeved shirt reveals tattoos on his arms. He wears jeans and cowboy boots.

BRUCE  
(loudly)  
I see that Cupisnique, Mochica, Chimù and Lambayeque have no more secrets for you!

Mac frowns, glancing back at Bruce.

MAC DOWN  
Bruce Fushun! The greatest fisherman in Anaheim Bay.

Bruce makes a firm stride toward Mac.

BRUCE

You know it's my sole dream since  
the orphanage.

Mac turns and looks at the pieces of wreckage.

MAC DOWN

You're right, but for now my  
concern is here, in the large and  
vast pre-Hispanic Empire -- whose  
history and studies are my  
obsession.

Bruce wearily lowers his glasses, looking left to the right.

BRUCE

Shitty empire, you mean!

Mac with a tense smile looks toward his friend.

MAC DOWN

Be polite and respect my work a  
little.

Bruce, with a mocking face, moves toward Mac and hugs him  
fraternally. Then, he pushes up his glasses - looking at him.

BRUCE

Why are you still working for that  
asshole Garalt and his crooked  
company!

Mac, looking overwhelmed, drops heavily into his chair.

MAC DOWN

Because, he's the best in the area.  
And he was the only one who wanted  
to take me on his team so that I  
could continue my studies.

Bruce furrows his brows and moves even closer to Mac.

BRUCE

He's a huge jerk anyway!

Bruce suddenly sits up and pulls a bottle of liquor out of  
his back pocket. He brandishes it toward his friend.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

Do you wanna quickly get drunk with  
me?

Mac smiles from ear to ear, nodding.

MAC DOWN  
To our happy reunion my friend.

8 INT. MARINE RESEARCH AND WORK CENTER - NIGHT (LATER) 8

Bruce, drunk, fills up two glasses. Then he gives one to Mac. Both drink them in one gulp.

Mac slams his glass on the table.

MAC DOWN  
(wasted)  
So, what are you up to now?

Bruce is striking a flamenco dancing position.

BRUCE  
What I like the most! I will sing  
and dance to Spanish flamenco.

Mac's eyes widen.

MAC DOWN  
No!

A smiling Bruce puts his glass away. He heads toward his friend's sound system. Then, he introduces his USB key in the laptop, presses play and turns the volume up to the max.

Bruce starts SINGING and dancing frantically.

Mac joins Bruce and begins to dance clumsily, holding a bottle of booze.

In the background, seen through the pieces of wreckage in a large-eared jar filled with seawater, is the rocky-looking egg. It suddenly opens.

INT. MARINE RESEARCH AND WORK CENTER - DAY (MORNING)

Bruce sleeps and snores LOUDLY. Mac, a little further, sleeps lying in pieces of muddied wreckage. His right arm dips down to the elbow in the jar. Suddenly, Bruce's cell phone starts RINGING.

Bruce, groggy-faced, looks puzzled at his cell phone.

BRUCE  
Shit!

Bruce gets up, getting rid of his cape. Drunk, he nonchalantly heads for the exit.

BRUCE (CONT'D)  
What a night!

Bruce opens the front door, exits and slams it shut.

Mac jumps and opens his eyes.

MAC DOWN  
Bruce!

Still sleepy, Mac sits up straight and scans the room.

MAC DOWN (CONT'D)  
Ahh, damn hangover. How can he  
handle alcohol so much with such a  
small build?

Mac rubs his head.

MAC DOWN (CONT'D)  
It's surely thanks to relativity!  
Thank you very much Einstein.

Mac gasps --

MAC DOWN (CONT'D)  
Shoot! It's almost his birthday.  
Make sure not to forget the guitar.

Mac, looking feverish, gets up and mechanically repatriates his hand straight toward him: a young black DECAPOD equipped with two tusks at the end of two coiled tentacles rests on his forearm.

Mac stops as he takes an odd look at the cephalopod. A long gaze, eyes wide open...

MAC DOWN (CONT'D)  
An octopus!

Puzzled, Mac looks toward the jar.

MAC DOWN (CONT'D)  
You--You're an illegal immigrant!

Mac quickly searches the room with his eyes. Then he stares at a trash can sneakily.

MAC DOWN (CONT'D)  
Either I'll throw you out or I'll  
cook you tonight!

Mac heads determined for the trash can. Then he tries in vain to extricate the octopus from his forearm but it stays strongly attached.

MAC DOWN (CONT'D)

Let go of me!

Mac stops moving, zoning out all of a sudden...

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

A five-year-old child (Mac Down) with an anguished and frightened face stands in front of the gloomy entrance of an orphanage. He desperately holds the female hand of an adult.

LITTLE MAC DOWN

Mom! No! Don't abandon me!

END FLASHBACK.

Mac shakes his head nervously, exhaling heavily. Then, he watches and calmly walks toward the saltwater aquarium.

MAC DOWN

Fine! You won!

Mac plunges his right forearm suddenly into the water of the aquarium. The Decapod remains firmly attached.

MAC DOWN (CONT'D)

(comforting tone)

You have to let me go, now.

Mac puts his head against the aquarium. He looks amused at the octopus. Then he drums his fingers against the glass.

MAC DOWN (CONT'D)

I promise to throw you back into the sea as soon as tonight.

The octopus in turn strikes the glass with two tentacles armed with pointed tusks.

Mac shrieks and suddenly raises his head.

MAC DOWN (CONT'D)

Huh?

The octopus slips peacefully from Mac's forearm. It descends cautiously into the rocky bottoms. Then, lands there to hide between two rocks.

Mac wipes down his forearm, satisfied.

MAC DOWN (CONT'D)

It's time to go to lunch now, but I  
need to shower first.

Mac walks toward the exit door. SLAMS it shut powerfully.

The octopus reacts suddenly, reddening its pustules intensely. Suddenly, he rushes violently on a large HERMIT CRAB. Then, it rolls it up and punctures it sharply with the help of its two tentacles. Ferociously, it quickly eats the crab using its fearsome beak.

10

INT. RESTAURANT TERRACE - DAY (MORNING)

10

Mac is having lunch calmly seated alone at a table. We see arriving in the background a young woman, JESSICA - wearing makeup, with long blond hair, nicely dressed.

She arrives in front of Mac, posing as if to seduce him or draw his attention.

JESSICA

Hi, my love!

Mac freezes, still holding his knife and fork.

MAC DOWN

Jes-- Jessica...

Jessica leans lovingly toward him and kisses him tenderly. Despite intoxicated eyes, Mac remains stoic.

MAC DOWN (CONT'D)

I-- I'm sorry.

Jessica stands up straight. Frowns.

JESSICA

Why, Mac?

Mac looks uncomfortable. He looks sadly at her.

MAC DOWN

I'm sorry but... you can't cling to  
me. I mean--

She just stares at him, almost upset as she cuts him off --

JESSICA

I don't give a damn about your  
letter before you left -- asking me  
to break up.

She tries to hide her discomfort, shaking her long hair and standing erect --

JESSICA (CONT'D)  
Are you hiding something from me?

Mac looks tense.

MAC DOWN  
I'm not seeing anyone else!

Jessica suddenly looks at her necklace linked to a pendant representing an ancestral witch's head.

JESSICA  
Do you remember this? You gave it to me when we started dating five years ago, and ever since I've been dreaming of living with you.

Mac smiles nervously and slowly rises from his chair. He gently kisses Jessica's hands.

MAC DOWN  
I love you more than anything and I don't want to hurt you, but it's so complicated.  
(trembling voice)  
My past is inexorably catching up with me and, unfortunately, I cannot resist it.

Jessica, looking complacent, brings her face closer to Mac.

JESSICA  
You are adorable, sincere and your kindness is unmatched, but it's together my love that we'll succeed in overcoming this obstacle, whatever it may be.

Mac's face is full of sadness; he lets go of the girl's hands. Then he suddenly sits down in his chair.

MAC DOWN  
I know I'm making myself look like a dastardly bastard, but I'm not ready for this important part of my life.

Mac, looking distressed, pushes his meal away. In the background Bruce is fast approaching. He takes off his shades. He gets closer to Jessica, smiling.

BRUCE  
Hi Jessie, how are ya?

Jessica, with a scarred face, suddenly rips off her necklace and throws it curtly on the table.

JESSICA  
Think hard, Mac!

Jessica, looking sad, turns around. She quickly disappears down the street through passers-by.

A gaping Bruce puts his sunglasses back on his nose.

BRUCE  
She's still gorgeous, dude.

Bruce sits next to his friend. He looks at Mac, forcing a smile.

BRUCE (CONT'D)  
And you're a jerk.

Bruce raises his sunglasses slightly, looking puzzled at Mac.

BRUCE (CONT'D)  
No. A huge jerk!

Mac hides his face with his hands.

MAC DOWN  
Please Bruce, don't rub it in.

Bruce grimaces, resting his glasses on his nose.

BRUCE  
You're really off the mark  
sometimes.

Mac just frowns, looking at Bruce.

MAC DOWN  
What are you talking about?

Bruce looks at Mac's food. Then he quickly pulls the plate toward him.

BRUCE  
May I?

Mac slightly nods, dumbfounded.

Bruce starts eating like he hasn't in days.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

We've known each other since we were cradled in the orphanage, if I may say so, and you were already very hard on your girlfriends.

With his mouth full, Bruce stares at Mac.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

You made them very unhappy!

(swallow)

Mac! I believe and am sure that you are haunted by the separation of your parents and also by the brutal abandonment of your mother.

Mac looks annoyed.

MAC DOWN

Not now, Bruce!

Bruce keeps eating.

BRUCE

Mac, you relive what you endured again and again and, undeniably, believe that you'll walk in the disastrous footsteps of your parents.

(raising his voice)

Everyone writes their own destiny.

Bruce chews hard.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

Do like me, turn this page of your life. Otherwise, nothing will happen.

Overwhelmed, Mac stands up abruptly. Then he looks at his friend.

MAC DOWN

I won't forget the past! And I have the ambition to become very rich and once that's done I'll protect myself from these wounds and get Jessica back.

Bruce points his fork at Mac.

BRUCE

You're like a pirate running after a treasure he will never find.

(MORE)

BRUCE (CONT'D)

(beat)

And she won't be waiting for you  
her whole life!

Mac turns to the crowded street. Then he begins to walk with a determined step toward it.

Bruce puts a vegetable in his mouth, watching Mac go.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

Thanks for the meal.

The WAITRESS arrives quickly. She places the check on the table. Bruce, surprised, looks at it. Then he shakes his head. He grows thoughtful as he takes the necklace from the table.

11 INT. MARINE RESEARCH AND WORK CENTER - DAY (AFTERNOON) 11

Mac, dressed in his apron, studies, washes and sorts a piece of wreckage from an old boat. He places it carefully in a compartment filled with others.

MAC DOWN

Nothing but pieces of ship,  
Frigate, Corvette, Schooner and  
even sailboats of any nationality.

Mac, looking pensive, drops his arms heavily to the floor like he's giving up. In the background, the octopus swims toward the glass of the aquarium.

MAC DOWN (CONT'D)

Jessica, my love!

Mac lays his clasped hands over his mouth wearily as he stares intently at the wreckage. In the background, the octopus moves smoothly toward the surface. Suddenly, it is stuck against the glass.

MAC DOWN (CONT'D)

Why was such a large concentration  
of its debris found on the Nazca  
Ridge in the Chile Basin?

(beat)

Plus, they were apparently  
destroyed in the same way, which  
strangely sets them apart from the  
heavy naval battles of the time!

Mac exclaims, shaking his head "no."

MAC DOWN (CONT'D)  
But what happened there?

The young octopus TAMBOURINES against the glass with his two tentacles.

Mac startles as he turns around and looks at the aquarium. He moves close to it, curious.

MAC DOWN (CONT'D)  
Look who's there! Our little clandestine.

All smiles, Mac arrives in front of the octopus. Then, he starts drumming lightly against the glass. Suddenly, the cephalopod responds to him.

MAC DOWN (CONT'D)  
Unbelievable!

Even more curious, Mac gets closer to the glass. He strangely stares at the octopus. It rises to the surface. Then it pulls out one of his tentacles.

MAC DOWN (CONT'D)  
Oh! Slowly!

Surprised, Mac cautiously and gently holds the octopus. Then, it curls up - clinging strongly to his forearm.

MAC DOWN (CONT'D)  
You-- you have to stay in the aquarium.

Mac plunges his forearm into the aquarium. Then, he begins to caress the octopus gently.

MAC DOWN (CONT'D)  
You feel lonely and abandoned! I understand you.

12

INT. HOUSE OF GARALT - OFFICE - NIGHT (LATE EVENING)

12

Garalt, looking preoccupied, sits in the seat of his desk. He holds his cell phone to his ear --

GARALT  
Hello! Mr. Singer! This is Garalt Collinsons.  
(frustrated)  
Unfortunately, we haven't found the Misericordia boat and its treasure yet.

Garalt nervously takes a letter opener.

GARALT (CONT'D)  
 Don't get upset Mr. Singer! I know how  
 much money it cost!  
 (beat)  
 Breaking the contract would be  
 useless! And giving it to my  
 competitor as well.

Garalt grips the letter opener tighter.

GARALT (CONT'D)  
 Okay! I promise you significant  
 results before the end of this year.

Angry, Garalt drops the cell phone on the desk. Then, he  
 violently throws the letter opener against the wall - stabbing  
 it.

GARALT (CONT'D)  
 What do those shareholders think!  
 That it's enough to dredge the  
 seabeds and bam, they make money!

Garalt reddens even more.

GARALT (CONT'D)  
 Everything I covet belongs to me!

13

INT. MARINE RESEARCH AND WORK CENTER - DAY (MIDDAY)

13

Looking pleased, apron on, Mac sighs heavily. He looks hand on  
 his hips at the wreck compartment.

MAC DOWN  
 Good job, Mac! Good job!

All smiles, Mac rubs his hands - turning to the aquarium.

MAC DOWN (CONT'D)  
 It's almost dinner time, but before...

Mac quickly heads to the aquarium. Then, he drums energetically  
 with his fingers against the glass. Suddenly, the octopus  
 appears: it's a little larger.

MAC DOWN (CONT'D)  
 Hi, my friend! It would seem that  
 octopus are of great intelligence.

Mac squints his eyebrows slightly. He TAPS ON the glass, facing  
 the octopus;

short and long sequenced pulse: 'come.' Suddenly, we see the octopus ECHOING exactly the same sequenced impulses against the glass.

MAC DOWN (CONT'D)  
You really are intriguing!

Mac takes freeze-dried fish food from the edge of the aquarium. He spreads it generously on the water above the octopus. Then, he starts tapping on the glass sequenced impulses: 'eat.' The cephalopod remains peacefully clinging to the bottom - RETORTING exactly the same pulses.

MAC DOWN (CONT'D)  
The Morse code message tells you to eat. So, eat!

Mac looks at the octopus, disappointed. Then suddenly, a small FISH comes consuming the food.

MAC DOWN (CONT'D)  
Pfft! You, you understood the message, it seems.

The octopus suddenly makes his pustules redden. It leaps toward the little fish. Grabs it violently, compressing it with his arms. Then, it pierces its head with a dry blow with a tentacle.

Stunned, Mac cringes.

MAC DOWN (CONT'D)  
Huh! What!

Mac looks disgusted at the octopus voraciously eating its small prey. Then, puzzled, Mac steps forward and looks curiously at it.

MAC DOWN (CONT'D)  
You've got a lot of energy! And this skin reaction.

Mac quickly looks toward a small bucket. He takes out the flesh of dead fish that's inside. Then he leaves it floating away at the surface of the aquarium above the octopus. Immediately, he TAPS ON sequenced impulses: 'eat.'

MAC DOWN (CONT'D)  
Well, let's do it again!

The octopus remains calmly resting at the bottom.

Mac gently scratches his head, frowning.

MAC DOWN (CONT'D)

Why?

Mac thinks in front of the aquarium with his fingers crossed. Then, he looks up - smiling.

MAC DOWN (CONT'D)

I got it...

A large VERTEBRATE comes to eat the dead fish's flesh. Suddenly, the octopus reacts: his pustules redden. Then, it leaps and violently hooks its prey with its tentacles.

Mac tenses as he puts his hands against the glass.

MAC DOWN (CONT'D)

He's too big for you!

The octopus wraps wildly around the large vertebrate. It prevents him from progressing using his suction cups while sinking his claws deeply. With a blow of his two tentacles armed with defense, it pierces its head.

Horrificed, Mac sticks his face against the glass.

MAC DOWN (CONT'D)

He only wants the living!

With the help of its tentacles, the octopus ferociously shreds the vertebrate. When it's done, he goes and hides at the bottom - remaining at a good distance from the rest of the carcass.

Mac, struck with stupor, gently straightens up. Then he grimaces - shaking his head.

MAC DOWN (CONT'D)

Garalt won't be happy!

14

EXT. CITY CENTER - DAY (EARLY EVENING)

14

Mac smiles as he pushes Salie in her wheelchair. They walk quietly along the shops. Then they stop at an ice cream parlor.

MAC DOWN

As usual my beloved Salie?

Salie laughs and nods.

Mac carefully pushes the wheelchair to a table. Then he sits down in front of Salie. A WAITRESS with a broad smile arrives and takes her notebook out.

WAITRESS

What do you guys want?

Mac looks at the waitress.

MAC DOWN

Two ice cream sundaes with extra  
fresh cream.

Mac stares at Salie.

MAC DOWN (CONT'D)

Do you still love fresh cream?

Salie just nods.

Mac sighs heavily.

MAC DOWN (CONT'D)

Y'know, you look frail. It can't  
hurt you anyway.

The waitress takes note and then disappears.

Salie shoots Mac a questioning gaze.

SALIE

What's with the treasure and...  
Jessica? Is she still clinging to  
your super abs!

Mac, looking embarrassed, looks away and then back at the  
girl.

MAC DOWN

Garalt keeps the information on the  
stranding of the Inca treasure a  
secret and will only disclose it as  
and when he is willing  
unfortunately.

(energetic tone)

But I continue to work on the  
pieces of wrecks hoping that they  
will divulge very valuable  
information before going back to  
sea.

Salie looks with assistance at Mac.

SALIE

And, Jessica!?

Mac grimaces, looks away.

MAC DOWN

Jessica and I are unfortunately experiencing some difficulties at the moment. But don't worry about it.

Salie looks sorry as she sighs heavily.

SALIE

Grown-ups...

The waitress arrives and puts the two ice creams on the table.

WAITRESS

Enjoy.

Salie's eyes open wide. She generously dips her spoon in her ice cream.

Mac grabs his spoon, looking pleasantly at her.

MAC DOWN

I have some news that will please you.

(cheerful)

This weekend, I invite you to SeaWorld in San Diego.

Surprised, Salie stares at Mac.

SALIE

(excited)

I will have the privilege of seeing dolphins and orcas!

Mac grimaces, pressing his hands against his ears.

MAC DOWN

(raising his voice)

What are you saying!

With her eyes wide, Salie exclaims happily.

SALIE

It's going to be a hell of a day!

Mac takes his spoon and dips it in the cream.

MAC DOWN

Eat fast otherwise your ice cream will melt.

Joyful, Salie plunges her spoon generously into her cup.

SALIE  
I love you, handsome!

15 INT. MARINE RESEARCH AND WORK CENTER - DAY (MORNING) 15

Carefully, Mac washes, sorts and tidies the pieces of wrecks of ancient boats. In the background, the front door opens and Bruce appears. Dressed in a fisherman's outfit, he moves nonchalantly toward Mac.

BRUCE  
Hi Mac!

Mac turns around and looks at his friend, smiling.

MAC DOWN  
Look who's here! How's Bruce aka  
the Andalusian singer and dancer?

Bruce, looking wary, stops near Mac.

BRUCE  
I'm exhausted!

Mac stands up and hugs his friend amicably, then wriggles away.

BRUCE (CONT'D)  
Soon I won't need to go to sea  
anymore.

Inconvenienced, Mac rolls on deodorant.

MAC DOWN  
Is your fish farming moving  
forward?

Bruce looks confident as he walks and sits near the large aquarium.

BRUCE  
Hell yeah! I'm building even more  
ponds on my livestock farm at the  
moment in order to increase future  
production.

Bruce looks curiously through the aquarium.

BRUCE (CONT'D)  
And you, still working on the  
Incas?

Mac turns to the pieces of ancient wrecks.

MAC DOWN

I have not yet found proof that  
this debris of boats is part of our  
treasure hunt, but I feel like I'm  
getting close to reaching the goal.

Bruce directs his attention to a large CRAB inside the  
aquarium. He taps indifferently with his fingers against the  
glass by the big crustacean. Suddenly, the larger octopus  
quickly appears causing its pustules to blush.

Then, with its two tentacles equipped with defenses, it  
pierces the crab's shell with a dry blow. The cephalopod  
wraps itself wildly around its victim, smashes it and eats it  
voraciously.

Bruce looks horrified, jumping.

BRUCE

Damn! That's disgusting!  
(raising his voice)  
Garalt has made a new acquisition.

Mac carefully drops off a piece of wreck, turning to his  
friend.

MAC DOWN

No! He's my little clandestine.

Bruce looks intrigued as he turns back to the aquarium.  
Then, he points to the octopus.

BRUCE

What are you talking about Mac!

Mac wipes his hands actively. He quickly moves to his friend.  
Then he leans over and looks admiringly through the aquarium.

MAC DOWN

I intend to throw it back into the  
sea tomorrow, now that it's already  
grown well.

Bruce, looking puzzled, looks toward his friend.

BRUCE

He's voracious! Where did you find  
the octopus?

Mac gently puts his fingers against the glass.

MAC DOWN

I found it in a jar the day after  
the legendary night we got smashed.

Mac taps long and short impulses with his fingers: "come."  
Bruce curiously brings his face closer to the glass.

Suddenly, the octopus approaches Mac.

BRUCE

You-- you taught him Morse code!

Mac, enthusiastic, shakes his head "no."

MAC DOWN

Just a few words at most. Look at  
it Bruce, I put this big old chest  
for it as a refuge so he could be  
safe.

Mac taps long and short impulses with his fingers: "house."

MAC DOWN (CONT'D)

House! Go home.

The octopus reacts and turns around. It moves to a very large  
old chest. Then, it quickly gets inside.

Almost in shock, Bruce suddenly lifts his glasses - looking  
at Mac.

BRUCE

That's insane!

Mac, looking enterprising, looks at his friend.

MAC DOWN

Hold on! It's not over.

With one of its tentacles, the octopus closes the lid above  
it.

Bruce, speechless for a second, looks at the chest.

BRUCE

You, you've trained it!

Mac smiles proudly, also looking at the chest.

MAC DOWN

Just tamed it as one would a dog.

Stunned, Bruce moves to his friend's work table. He sits in front of his computer. Then, he looks toward the aquarium - his glasses on the tip of his nose.

BRUCE

Like a dog!

Bruce quickly pushes back his glasses and looks at the screen.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

You've already researched which octopus it is, because some predict the lottery numbers. It could greatly serve your career without forgetting mine of course.

Mac smiles. Taps long and short pulses: "come."

MAC DOWN

Come!

The octopus gently lifts the lid. It carefully comes out of the chest. Then, it's heading to Mac. He plunges his right forearm into the water. The cephalopod gently curls up and clings to it.

MAC DOWN (CONT'D)

When I think I wanted to eat you!

Bruce studiously taps on the computer keyboard. Then, he nervously moves the mouse.

BRUCE

Octopus are ambiguous vernacular names of the Octopodidae family characterized by their eight arms and intelligence...

Mac gently strokes the octopus, looking at his friend.

MAC DOWN

Anyway as I told you, I'll put it back in the sea. And, I will replace the crustaceans and fish he ate.

Frowning, Bruce moves closer to the screen. He quickly taps his fingers on the keyboard.

BRUCE

Let's learn more first.

Mac looks curiously at the Decapod. A few seconds...

MAC DOWN  
How stupid I am!

Dumbfounded, Mac gently gets rid of the octopus. He quickly walks toward his friend. Then, he starts tapping dryly on the keyboard. Suddenly, he freezes.

MAC DOWN (CONT'D)  
Impossible!

16 INT. HOUSE OF GARALT - OFFICE - DAY (MORNING)

16

Garalt, with an anxious look, sits on his office chair. He handles his pen energetically. Then, he looks up in front of him.

GARALT  
Singer's given us until the end of  
this year to find the Inca  
treasure.

Garalt, looking upset, grimaces - throwing his pen at the desk.

GARALT (CONT'D)  
It's like looking for a needle in a  
haystack!

Joe and Ailfred sit opposite Garalt, glasses of whiskey in hands.

JOE  
It's okay, Garalt! We still have  
time.

Distraught, Garalt studies an old nautical chart. Suddenly, he points with his index finger to a specific spot in the Pacific Ocean, in western South America.

GARALT  
Based on the logbook of Commander  
Filippo Frassinetti dating from  
July 20 1860, the sailboat bringing  
up the rear, named Misericordia, of  
forty five meters long three-  
masters, gauging between four  
hundred to a thousand tons and  
during the night following its  
return to the country, it was  
literally crushed and sunk by  
monstrous creatures.

Garalt frowns, crossing his fingers.

GARALT (CONT'D)

Commander Frassinetti who was assigned to the Neapolitan-flagged Cosmos II, one of the largest Italian sailing ships weighing one thousand seven hundred and sixteen tons -- witnessed the violent scene with his second and crewmen.

Ailfred shoots him a mocking smile, and after taking a sip of his whiskey --

AILFRED

One more legend with mystical creatures. The reality is that Lieutenant Lombardo of the Misericordia was sunk by the guns of the American frigate called Constitution under the command of William Bainbridge.

Ailfred takes a sip of his glass. Swallows it.

AILFRED (CONT'D)

But proud as Frassinetti was, he did not want to damage his prestigious career by revealing reality.

Garalt hits his index finger against the map.

GARALT

It's here somewhere -- I'm sure of it.

Calm, Joe shrugs slightly.

JOE

The Misericordia was indeed loaded with one of the most important Inca treasures!

Joe grimaces.

JOE (CONT'D)

On this occasion, the Italians had just beaten the Spanish ogres.

Ailfred gulps down his glass in one go. Then, he puts it down strongly on the desk.

AILFRED

Once finalized and listed, the pieces, debris of wrecks will finally yield their secrets.

(confident tone)

(MORE)

## AILEFRED (CONT'D)

Then, we can go back in the footsteps  
of the treasure.

Thoughtful, Garalt calmly finishes his glass. Then, he puts it  
restrainedly down on the desk looking insightfully at his two  
acolytes.

## GARALT

Mac Down is right now in the center  
certainly finishing studying and  
sorting the pieces of wrecks. I'll  
meet him there in order to explain the  
mystery as soon as possible.

17 INT. MARINE RESEARCH AND WORK CENTER - DAY (MORNING) 17

Very focused, Mac stares his computer screen. He starts  
grinning. Then looks at his friend.

## MAC DOWN

Bruce!

Bruce approaches. Then, looks at Mac.

## MAC DOWN (CONT'D)

This is not an octopod -- these  
have eight tentacles. But a  
decapodiform of the super order...  
possessing ten tentacles!

Mac and Bruce turn back to the aquarium.

## BRUCE

And, it's obviously not a cuttlefish  
and even less a Spirula spirula!

Intrigued, Mac stands up and moves toward the aquarium.

## MAC DOWN

It's different!

Bruce stares at Mac through his eyeglasses.

## BRUCE

What do you mean?

Mac arrives in front of the aquarium and looks intensely at the  
Decapod.

## MAC DOWN

It also has its two formidable  
tentacles at the tip-shaped  
cartilaginous end.

(MORE)

MAC DOWN (CONT'D)

(almost to self)

This allows it to defend itself and  
attack at will any enemy who wants to  
compete with it.

Horrified, Bruce nervously gesticulates.

BRUCE

Yeah! I told you it was voracious.

Mac leans on the aquarium, closer to the Decapod.

MAC DOWN

And much more than that! It is growing  
rapidly. Its bright red skin reaction  
just before the attack is explosive.  
And its intelligence is surprising.

Bruce quickly joins his friend in front of the aquarium.

BRUCE

Looks like you've found a new breed my  
friend!

Smiling, Bruce grabs Mac by his waist.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

You're rich Mac!

Puzzled, Mac looks at Bruce.

MAC DOWN

What are you saying?

Bruce smiles broadly, shaking Mac.

BRUCE

If it's unique then, you're the one  
who will interest the scientific world  
and its financiers.

Mac suddenly frowns, looking at the Decapod.

MAC DOWN

You may be right, but I have to  
confirm that.

Mac starts pacing. Then --

MAC DOWN (CONT'D)

I need to send an email right away to  
have it appraised by a marine  
biologist.

Bruce takes off his glasses and looks at Mac in amazement.

BRUCE

But then you have to find a name for  
it, because every person who discovers  
something new has the right to give it  
a name.

Mac, surprised, stops walking. He looks strangely at Bruce.

MAC DOWN

A name!

Joyful, Bruce rubs his hands vigorously.

BRUCE

Every dog has his day, it looks like!  
You'll become very rich and very  
important faster than expected.

Bruce quickly runs to the computer. He actively taps on the  
keyboard.

Intrigued, Mac leans and looks insightfully at the Decapod.  
Then, he slowly slides a hand against the glass.

BRUCE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Kraken!

Mac turns to his friend. They exchange a gaze.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

Like the Scandinavian medieval legend.  
(stares at Kraken)  
The monster of the seas!

Mac stands up straight proudly.

MAC DOWN

It's big and powerful.

Bruce stops smiling.

BRUCE

Yeah! And terrifying.

Mac enthusiastically looks at Kraken.

MAC DOWN

I then embrace the name of this  
Leviathan of the seas.

18 INT. MARINE BIOLOGICAL INSTITUTE - OFFICE - DAY (MIDDAY) 18

A young woman, ANYA BROTHERS, Native American with long trendy hair, works studiously on her computer.

SUPERIMPOSED TEXT: "Long Beach Marine Biological Institute."

She looks tired as she straightens up - looking at her watch. She removes her reading glasses with a sigh.

ANYA  
Finally! It's time for lunch.

Anya stretches her arms heavily. We hear the BEEP of an email received. She looks at her computer screen.

ANYA (CONT'D)  
What's that again?

Irritated, Anya puts her glasses back on. She leans toward the computer screen and reads aloud.

ANYA (CONT'D)  
"Hi, I would like to have an  
extraordinary and totally unique  
decapodiform cephalopod appraised."

Anya, looking indifferent, exhales deeply.

ANYA (CONT'D)  
Another one who believes he has found  
the mammoth of the seas!

Anya frowns as she gets closer to the screen and reads aloud.

ANYA (CONT'D)  
"I can tell you more on this when we  
meet where I work -- at the Center of  
Marine Archaeology of Anaheim Bay.  
Mac Down."

Anya looks annoyed. Straightens up and quickly removes her glasses. Then, she looks disillusioned to old shelves filled with tinkering and outdated gizmos of all kinds.

ANYA (CONT'D)  
Yeah, right! Also, that center has a  
horrible reputation for seafloor  
looters.

Anya frowns slightly, grimacing deviously. Then putting her glasses back on slowly, she looks at the screen and taps firmly on her keyboard.

ANYA (CONT'D)

Given that the institute is seeking funds to refresh its premises from another time, I won't balk at a small check -- quick and easy.

Anya snaps her finger vigorously on one last key.

ANYA (CONT'D)

Thanks in advance Mac and see you on Monday late morning.

Anya looks satisfied as she puts down her glasses on the desk.

19

EXT. SEA WORLD PARK - DAY

19

Mac, smiling, quietly pushes Salie. She looks enthusiastic as they circulate in the alleys of the park.

SUPERIMPOSED TEXT: "San Diego Sea world Park. California."

MONTAGE -- Mac and Salie visit the park:

-- They watch amused eating an icy cornet the penguins swimming and making cabrioles.

-- They admire the large aquariums filled with various exotic fish.

-- They eat popcorn, raving as they watch the dolphins do their show.

-- They have fun during the performance of seals.

-- They stare at the orcas progress and juggle under the direction of the trainer.

END MONTAGE.

Mac and Salie eat French fries and hamburgers under a large colorful tent. Suddenly, Mac's cellphone BEEPS. He takes it and stares at it.

SALIE

(languorous tone)

I bet it's Jessica!

Mac sighs, almost annoyed as he looks at his phone. Then he puts it back in his pocket and looks at the girl.

MAC DOWN

You're a soothsayer or what! You were right, it is her.

Salie grimaces, eating a fry bathed in ketchup.

SALIE  
What's the problem?

As Mac takes a bite of his hamburger --

MAC DOWN  
She's asking me to trust her to  
overcome this ordeal in our  
relationship.  
(swallows)  
I love her and I don't want to hurt  
her.

Salie swallows her fries, exclaiming.

SALIE  
You hurt him because you love her!

Mac nervously puts down his hamburger.

MAC DOWN  
No! I'm overwhelmed by some things  
from my past and I don't want her to  
pay the price.

Salie frowns, nodding nervously.

SALIE  
I don't understand anything you're  
saying. You adults are definitely very  
complicated in love.

Mac nods.

MAC DOWN  
You have no idea!

20

INT. MARINE RESEARCH AND WORK CENTER - DAY (MORNING)

20

Mac looks stressed out as he paces nervously in front of the Kraken's aquarium. Suddenly, he stops and takes his cell phone and then makes a call.

MAC DOWN  
Hello! Bruce!

BRUCE (V.O.)  
Sorry Mac! I have a last minute  
impediment. I absolutely have to  
supervise the laying of the  
coating in the new breeding ponds.

Mac stops walking.

MAC DOWN

I understand! Don't worry, Bruce.  
I'll call you as soon as the  
Kraken's analysis is done.

BRUCE (V.O.)

I'm sure you own the treasure of  
the century, my friend. Break a  
leg!

Mac puts his cell phone away. Looks at Kraken amused. Then he starts taping Morse code on the glass: "Come." Suddenly, the cephalopod reacts and moves quickly toward his left hand resting on the ledge.

MAC DOWN

I see you much later in life in a  
large pool doing cabrioles and  
responding to the orders of a  
trainer.

We hear a STRIDENT doorbell ringing.

Mac, looking surprised, jumps. He stands up straight.

MAC DOWN (CONT'D)

The biologist!

Mac starts walking toward the front door. Suddenly, he is stopped dead in his tracks. He looks startled toward the aquarium. Kraken holds Mac's hand firmly with several tentacles. Mac tries to remove Kraken's grip.

Suddenly, he stares seized at the suckers desperately clinging to his hand.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

21 EXT. ORPHANAGE - DAY

21

Five-year-old Mac looks terrified in front of the entrance door. He holds back his mother's hand.

MAC DOWN

Mom! No! No!

The mother opens the door with a firm hand and with the other pushes her son inside bluntly. Mac, in tears, resists and clings desperately to her hand. He nervously shakes his head "no."

END FLASHBACK.

BACK TO:

22 INT. MARINE RESEARCH AND WORK CENTER - DAY 22

Shaken, Mac clenches his right fist vigorously. Then, he moves slowly toward Kraken.

23 EXT. MARINE RESEARCH AND WORK CENTER - FRONT DOOR - DAY 23

Anya, looking impatient, insists on the doorbell. In the background the car of the Long Beach Institute of Biology is parked. Suddenly, the front door opens quietly.

Mac gives her a forced smile as he appears in the crack of the door ajar.

MAC DOWN

Hi. How may I help you?

Anya leans toward the door.

ANYA

Hi, Mister Mac Down! I'm Anya  
Brothers from the Long Beach  
Institute of Biology.

Anya, all smiles, extends her hand bluntly toward Mac.

ANYA (CONT'D)

I'm here for the decapodiform!

Mac opens the door wide. He hesitantly steps toward her. Shakes her hand.

MAC DOWN

(looks confused)

Oh, I'm truly sorry, I--

Anya keeps calm as she folds her arms.

ANYA

You maintained that it was  
exceptional! So, show it to me so  
that I can make an expert decision.

Mac, looking dismayed, looks down.

MAC DOWN

It's-- it's dead. Uh... last night!

Anya looks surprised as she unfolds her arms.

ANYA  
Oh, really?

Anya steps forward.

ANYA (CONT'D)  
How sad! But if you want, I can do  
an autopsy on it and maybe back up  
what your email said.

Mac looks nervous. Then he looks stunned at the biologist.

MAC DOWN  
Don't bother with that, it's  
unnecessary -- I threw the carcass  
to the dogs.

ANYA  
You did...?

Mac smiles nervously.

MAC DOWN  
Of course, I cooked it first.

Anya nods, looking Mac from top to bottom.

ANYA  
You better cook the mammoth of the  
seas, huh?

Mac frowns.

MAC DOWN  
The mammoth of the seas?

Anya looks at him, looking proud.

ANYA  
Don't worry, just some slang in our  
profession.

She claps her hands, as if to conclude the conversation.

ANYA (CONT'D)  
Time to write a check, ain't it?

Mac gasps.

MAC DOWN  
A check?

Anya sighs.

ANYA

I came here, didn't I? On a mission  
for the institute.

Mac nods, grimacing.

MAC DOWN

I'm sorry, I'm just still shaken.

Mac turns to the door. Invites Anya in.

24

INT. MARINE RESEARCH AND WORK CENTER - DAY (MORNING)

24

Uncomfortable, Mac walks in front of Anya. Rushes to his desk. Anya scans the room. Gazes at the many diverse shipwrecks. Curious, she approaches a large wooden rudder.

ANYA

What era is it from?

Mac stops.

MAC DOWN

This is only the rudder of the  
Swallows II, one of the English  
transport ships launched in 1782  
and assigned to the trade of the  
Orient and the Indies.

Anya looks interested.

ANYA

I see you're not just a looter of  
seabeds!

Mac starts to walk again.

MAC DOWN

I'm not a looter of seabeds. After  
my working hours, I ardently study  
marine archeology.

Mac sits down at his desk. He takes a check and writes it immediately. In the background, the biologist walks curiously toward the saltwater aquarium.

ANYA

There's not a lot of diversified  
fish! Also, you have to be very  
careful about the biological  
balance.

Mac nervously turns back to the biologist. Then suddenly, he tenses up and rolls his eyes.

MAC DOWN  
How... much?

Anya, facing the aquarium, scrutinizes the large old chest with the lid closed.

ANYA  
Cool...

MAC DOWN  
(raises his voice)  
How much?

Anya frowns, leaning closer to the aquarium.

ANYA  
Three hundred dollars!

MAC DOWN  
What's that?

With a mischievous grin, Anya turns back to Mac. Then she straightens up proudly.

ANYA  
This is the price for the trip, the visit and the advice of a qualified scientist.

Mac gulps, as he starts writing the check.

MAC DOWN  
Thank God for me, you didn't do the autopsy!

Amused, Anya comes closer to Mac. She snaps the check out of his hand.

ANYA  
An autopsy of whom and what?

Upset, Mac gets up from his chair. Then goes to Anya and walks her to the exit.

MAC DOWN  
Mrs. Brothers! See you again!

Anya, satisfied as she holds firmly her check, walks out.

Forehead sweating, Mac SLAMS the door shut.

Walks quickly to the aquarium.

MAC DOWN (CONT'D)

What a pain in the ass! And she ruined me!

Mac focuses on the aquarium. Morse code on the glass: "come." Kraken lifts up the chest lid, exits spreading out its tentacles. Mac puts his left hand into the water. Kraken wraps itself up around his arm.

MAC DOWN (CONT'D)

I've just missed a golden opportunity but I don't care! No way I'll abandon you.

Mac looks at the bottom of the aquarium.

MAC DOWN (CONT'D)

But she's right -- you need more fish.

25 EXT. RESTAURANT TERRACE - DAY (MORNING)

25

Jessica sits at a table, thoughtful. She looks at her cell phone and writes something. Then stops, puts it down and shakes her head --

JESSICA

Mac, my love! Why...?

26 INT. MARINE RESEARCH AND WORK CENTER - DAY

26

Joyful, Mac plays with Kraken - face close to the water. The cephalopod sticks its suckers on Mac's cheeks. Suddenly, the front door SLAMS.

Mac frowns, surprised. He looks at the door.

MAC DOWN

Garalt!

With his red hat on, Garalt puts down a huge crate against the wall near the door.

Mac, in panic, lets go of Kraken and using Morse code tells it to go "home."

MAC DOWN (CONT'D)

Hurry up!

Kraken moves quickly to the old chest.

GARALT (O.S.)  
So, Mac Down -- I hope for your  
sake you've made good progress.

Mac positions himself in front of the aquarium to hide the chest.

MAC DOWN  
Garalt!

In the B.G., Kraken enters the chest. Closes the lid.

MAC DOWN (CONT'D)  
Thought you were on vacation.

Garalt stomps toward Mac.

GARALT  
I had to cut it short because of  
urgent matters. Our investors are  
under pressure.

Garalt looks around; shoots Mac a stern gaze.

GARALT (CONT'D)  
What the hell are you doing?

Mac forces a chuckle, uncomfortable.

MAC DOWN  
Is there a problem?

Garalt moves Mac from the aquarium. Looks upset at it.

GARALT  
What the hell happened? Where are  
my fish?

Mac nervously bites his nails. Then points at the aquarium.

MAC DOWN  
I know! But I'll pay for this --  
don't worry.

Garalt grimaces.

GARALT  
Is this why I just saw a car from  
the Long Beach Biological  
Institute?

Mac opens his eyes wide. Remains stoic. Then, simply nods.

MAC DOWN

They-- they found a virus! I can't even pronounce the name of it...

Garalt looks at the aquarium. He worriedly looks at the remaining fish swimming near the chest.

GARALT

Freaking parasite!

Inside the OLD CHEST, Kraken is nestled comfortably - looking toward the outside.

KRAKEN'S POINT OF VIEW: Garalt gets really close to the glass. His frustration grows. Suddenly, he frowns and stands up straight. He walks fast to his desk.

GARALT (CONT'D)

Tonight, I'll empty and disinfect the aquarium.

He sits down at his desk. Turns on his computer.

GARALT (CONT'D)

I'll let my insurer know right away, so I get reimbursed soon and buy new fish for the aquarium.

Garalt, getting excited, turns to Mac.

GARALT (CONT'D)

You'll have to give me the report attesting of that virus.

Mac turns white.

MAC DOWN

The report?

Garalt shows his teeth, annoyed.

GARALT

I bet you didn't ask for one!

(louder)

This is why you're not improving!  
You're always too distracted.

Mac looks apologetic.

MAC DOWN

I'll make sure to get it asap!

Garalt stands up and walks satisfied toward the washed, sorted and stowed various wrecks.

GARALT

Thank God, this is done! I have to  
leave for two hours. When I come  
back, I'll study them.

Mac hesitantly walks toward his boss.

MAC DOWN

You're going to come back and stay?

Garalt gets mad again, looking at Mac.

GARALT

I just told you my vacation is  
screwed!

Garalt shakes his head "no" as he walks to the front door and  
steps out.

Mac nervously looks around.

MAC DOWN

Shit, I only have two hours to find  
a solution.

Mac is thoughtful. Paces. Then abruptly stops and... smiles.

27

INT. BRUCE'S FISH FARM - DAY

27

Looking worried, Mac walks quickly between many breeding farm  
basins. He firmly holds in his hand a large portable fridge  
and on the other the old chest.

Bruce calmly eats a sandwich standing in front of the last  
basin.

MAC DOWN (O.S.)

Bruce!

Surprised, Bruce turns around - his mouth full.

BRUCE

Mac! What are you doing here?

Mac approaches anxiously.

MAC DOWN

I need your help!

Bruce takes another bite. Smiles as he slowly chews on it.

BRUCE

He or she has recognized Kraken as  
a new race, still unknown and...

(raises his voice)

You need my bank details!

Mac nervously looks left and right. Then, toward his friend.

MAC DOWN

I wish!

Bruce swallows his bite, grimacing.

BRUCE

No!

Mac looks sorry, staring at Bruce.

MAC DOWN

I need you to put Kraken up for a  
few days.

Disappointed, Bruce drops his sandwich inadvertently.

BRUCE

Say that again?

Mac almost bites his fingers.

MAC DOWN

Garalt! He came back.

Bruce smiles.

BRUCE

I don't give a fuck that asshole is  
back.

Bruce's smiles fades away.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

I don't think you're telling me the  
truth.

Bruce frowns, looking at Mac's right hand: a tentacle comes  
out of the fridge. Picks up the sandwich from the floor.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

What the hell did you do!

Bruce looks at Mac, gaping.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

What about the expert?

Mac looks upset.

MAC DOWN

Not right now, it's an urgent matter. I'll explain later.

Bruce sighs.

BRUCE

I thought you wanted to become rich and famous!?

Mac's eyes widen. Lifts the fridge with difficulty, looking at it.

MAC DOWN

Please! It can't stay locked in there for too long.

Bruce ends up nodding. Then looks at the basin next to him.

BRUCE

You're lucky it's not occupied yet.

Mac looks relieved.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

I just tested the water. It's seven feet deep. It'll have enough room, for the time being.

Mac exhales slowly and lifts the lid of the fridge at the edge of the water. Then, he taps sequenced impulses against the side: "house." The larger Decapod carefully comes out of the fridge while feeling the side of the pool.

It glides gently through the water. Then, it begins to swim freely. Mac picks up the large ancient chest and throws it far into the water.

MAC DOWN

It's so he can feel safe at home.

They look at Kraken swimming.

BRUCE

(teasing)

Does it eat hormones or something?

Kraken steers and goes inside the trunk with difficulty. Then closes the lid but it remains slightly open.

Bruce guffaws. Then he looks at Mac.

BRUCE (CONT'D)  
 Explain to me now the appointment  
 and why the expert did not appraise  
 it!

Mac, looking anxious, turns apologetically to his friend.

MAC DOWN  
 I don't know what it is and I don't  
 give a damn. But no way I abandon  
 it.

Bruce frowns, grabbing Mac by the shoulders.

BRUCE  
 But why are you so overwhelmed?

Bruce looks worried at Mac.

BRUCE (CONT'D)  
 It's not a dog, Mac! But perhaps a  
 monster which we do not know the  
 extent of its voracity.  
 (fearful)  
 I've seen it in action before!

Preoccupied, Mac looks toward the pool, then Bruce.

MAC DOWN  
 On our friendship, I ask you for a  
 few days and then I promise, I'll  
 throw it into the sea.

Bruce nods, smiling.

BRUCE  
 You're definitely one sandwich  
 short of a picnic!

28

INT. MARINE RESEARCH AND WORK CENTER - NIGHT (LATER)

28

Garalt energetically rubs the panes of the emptied aquarium. Suddenly, he stops his gesture. Then, curiously, he moves closer. We see the imprints of the robust suction cups of Kraken --

GARALT  
 Wh--what the hell...?

Garalt, looking puzzled, sits up and throws down his rag. Then, he looks to his desk and walks over to it.

Garalt, anxious and angry, looks at several annihilated ship elements. Then he sits down and quickly consults old documents. Suddenly, he curtly throws the testimonies on the desk.

GARALT (CONT'D)  
Months of reading these bloody  
reports from Captain Frassinetti in  
order to find out what he knows  
about this shipwreck and to  
elucidate the mystery of this  
treasure!

Garalt thoughtfully turns and gazes at the large empty aquarium.

GARALT (CONT'D)  
And when's that damn report  
attesting to the virus coming?

Garalt taps sharply on his computer keyboard.

GARALT (CONT'D)  
If the mountain doesn't come to me,  
then I go to the mountain.

Garalt, looking bitter, takes his cell phone and quickly dials a number. Then he puts it to his ear.

GARALT (CONT'D)  
Hello! I would like to speak to the  
biologist who recently visited my  
company...

29

INT. BRUCE'S FISH FARM - DAY

29

Mac, with an attentive face and growing beard, swims in the middle of the pool in a wetsuit with a large USA flag on his chest. He looks at Kraken in front of him resting at the bottom of the pool.

The cephalopod is now more than twenty feet long swimming quietly toward Mac. Then with its formidable tentacles, it wraps gently around his body. Considerate, Mac strokes Kraken's arms - swimming freely with it.

MUSIC comes out of a small radio placed on a shelf.

MAC DOWN  
You've been here for three weeks  
already. I really need to think  
about getting you back to sea.

Kraken lifts Mac flexibly and forcefully out of the water, looking at him intensely with its big eyes.

SALIE (O.S.)  
Mac, you're here!

Mac, looking surprised and annoyed, flexes away from Kraken. He looks quickly down the hall. Salie sports a frightened face, frozen in her wheelchair. Mac quickly swims toward the edge of the pool.

MAC DOWN  
Salie!

Petrified, Salie turns her wheelchair around and goes very quickly toward the exit.

Mac, looking overwhelmed, suddenly comes out of the water.

MAC DOWN (CONT'D)  
Salie, wait!

Soaked, Mac rushes to the front door.

FRONT DOOR

Mac, SLAMMING his bare feet on the floor, arrives. Suddenly, it opens letting Bruce appear - glasses on his nose.

BRUCE  
There you are!

Mac stops in his tracks.

MAC DOWN  
Have you seen Salie?

Bruce, with an annoyed face, closes the door behind him. Then he takes off his glasses and places them carefully in his pocket.

BRUCE  
I forgot to tell you that she's  
been looking for you since this  
morning.

Bruce, looking complacent, takes his friend warmly by the shoulder.

BRUCE (CONT'D)  
You've been spending most of your  
evenings here for several weeks.

Mac looks down, stepping back.

MAC DOWN

So what?

Bruce moves close to Mac.

BRUCE

So, that's why Salie's upset. She got worried you disappeared like that.

Mac sighs deeply.

MAC DOWN

And you got the great idea to tell her I was here with Kraken.

BRUCE

Exactly.

Tormented, Mac bites his lip.

MAC DOWN

She's fragile and more serious, she has a degenerative disease.

(beat)

But you're right! I lost track of time because of my growing friendship with Kraken.

Mac smiles, glancing at the pool where Kraken lives.

MAC DOWN (CONT'D)

It-- it's growing so fast and its exceptional ability to communicate is...

Bruce slightly nods, worried.

BRUCE

It must be appraised, because I have never seen an octopus so developed and threatening.

Mac shakes his head "no."

MAC DOWN

No way that we discover its presence and I have already told you I will not abandon it.

BRUCE

It's this transference that surfaces again, huh!

MAC DOWN  
It's got nothing to do with that!

In the background, Kraken comes out of its pool furtively. Progressing rapidly, it slips into another pool.

GARALT (O.S.)  
WHERE IS THE DECAPODIFORM?

Mac and Bruce look surprised at the exit door.

MAC DOWN  
Garalt!

BRUCE  
Garalt!

With a sly face, Garalt moves with a firm step toward the two friends. Once close to them, he stares intensely at Mac.

GARALT  
(raises his voice)  
For more than a month, I've been waiting for a damn report that attests to the virus.

Garalt jostles the two friends sharply and heads for the pools.

THE POOLS

Garalt approaches and looks hostilely one by one at the pools. Mac and Bruce, with a worried face, come up to him. Suddenly, he looks perniciously at Mac.

GARALT (CONT'D)  
And this morning, I hear that you said you had a super-order octopus!

Taken aback, Mac stares at his boss.

MAC DOWN  
What are you talking about?

With an arrogant smile, Garalt takes a step toward Mac.

GARALT  
About what you told Anya Brothers, the Long Beach biologist, dear Mac.

Dumbfounded, Mac takes a step back, biting his lip.

MAC DOWN  
It's a mistake!

Garalt turns around, steps forward and peers into another pool next to the one occupied by Kraken.

Thousands of fish are moving around. The captain, looking challenged, suddenly plunges his hand into the water.

GARALT

They look quite agitated.

POOL NEXT TO KRAKEN'S: at the bottom, Kraken remains motionless under the agitation of the fish. Suddenly, it gently moves a tusk-armed tentacle toward Garalt's quivering hand.

BACK TO THE SURFACE: Garalt, looking insatiable in front of the pool, suddenly pulls his hand out of the water. Then, he quickly heads toward Kraken's actual pool.

Mac, looking on high alert, interposes himself in front of his boss.

MAC DOWN

I do not own a super-order octopus.

Bruce puts his glasses back on.

BRUCE

Yeah! You're in my place and respectfully, get out.

Garalt slyly looks over Mac's shoulder. He suddenly forces himself past. Then, he insists with his gaze toward the inside of the pool.

GARALT

Why is it empty?

Dazed, Bruce looks inside the pool and then at Garalt.

BRUCE

It has to stay clean and sound, because tom... tomorrow, I have to transfer young fish to this tank to grow them for consumption.

Garalt insidiously insists on looking at Mac.

GARALT

The biologist didn't lie to me! Plus, I saw its suction cups impregnated on the glass of my aquarium.

Mac looks uncomfortably toward the pool then toward Garalt.

Slowly, he nods.

MAC DOWN

It was a mistake! I actually  
thought I found an exceptional  
octopus but it ended up being only  
a small harmless one.

Mac, looking overwhelmed, exhales sharply - looking down at  
the floor.

MAC DOWN (CONT'D)

Besides, it died quickly,  
unfortunately contaminating all the  
other fish in the aquarium...

Mac looks sorry at his boss.

MAC DOWN (CONT'D)

As you already know!

Garalt frowns, shooting Mac a wary look. Then, he sharply  
holds out his index finger toward him.

GARALT

You better pay me back every last  
dollar.

With an arrogant face, Garalt steps forward and grabs Mac.

GARALT (CONT'D)

Don't string me along and tomorrow  
come and finish your work,  
otherwise you can say goodbye to  
your career.

Annoyed, Garalt stalks toward the exit. Then he disappears -  
SLAMMING the front door shut.

Bruce blows heavily.

BRUCE

It was a close call!

Perplexed, Bruce looks at Mac.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

What are you gonna do, Mac?

Tense, Mac look inside Kraken's pool. Then, he quickly  
circumvents the basin. Suddenly, he see the cephalopod  
climbing the side heavily to slip gently into the water.

Bruce looks at Mac, stupefied.

BRUCE (CONT'D)  
Please, explain this to me!

Worried, Mac heads for the exit.

MAC DOWN  
I've got more urgent matters right  
now!

30 INT. SALIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

30

In the early evening, Mac RINGS the bell - worried. Then, knocks at the door.

The door opens slowly. Salie looks mortified in her wheelchair. Looking frightened, she looks at Mac.

SALIE  
What was that horrible thing?

Mac, looking complacent, slowly approaches the girl. He kneels down next to her and hugs her warmly. Then he looks at her.

MAC DOWN  
Is your mom at work?

SALIE  
No, she's in the kitchen!

MAC DOWN  
And your dad's still away for work?

SALIE  
Unfortunately, but according to his boss, this will be the last year and then he can stay closer to home and his family.

MAC DOWN  
Great! Have you taken your meds?

Tense, Salie nods shyly.

SALIE  
As usual and to my last day!

Mac looks imbued with joy as he smiles slightly. Then, he looks at Salie and shakes her hands affectionately.

MAC DOWN  
Trust is the faith of all living beings.

Salie winces as she brings her face close to Mac's.

SALIE  
Sorry but I don't believe in  
miracles!

Mac persuasively nudges his nose slightly at the girl's.

MAC DOWN  
So let me prove you wrong.

31 INT. BRUCE'S FISH FARM - KRAKEN'S POOL - NIGHT

31

Mac quietly pushes Salie's wheelchair. They move toward Kraken's pool.

MAC DOWN  
It all started after a drunken  
evening with my friend Bruce. That  
night, I discovered this  
clandestine when it was only a  
baby...

Mac and Salie get near the pool.

MAC DOWN (CONT'D)  
And ever since, it's been taking  
all my attention.

Mac positions himself on the edge of the basin. Then, he taps sequenced pulses: "come."

Salie, looking panicked and eyes wide open, looks at Mac.

SALIE  
What are you doing?

Confident, Mac just looks at Salie --

MAC DOWN  
Don't be scared.

Kraken makes one, two and then several tentacles appear out of the basin. They gently feel Mac's body.

Weary, Salie pushes her wheelchair a few inches back.

SALIE  
No, I can't!

Mac suddenly grabs Salie's chair. A tentacle moves cautiously toward her. Petrified, the little girl no longer moves. Mac gazes confidently at the child.

MAC DOWN  
Have faith in Kraken!

Kraken feels Salie's hand with its tentacle. She's stunned with disgust. Does not move. Suddenly, the tentacle meticulously roams her body. Another tentacle slides in feeling the wheelchair while another glues its suction cups to her face.

SALIE  
Mac, please!

Kraken suddenly sticks its head out of the water. With its big eyes, it stares intently at the little girl. Stressed out, she winces.

Mac smugly watches and strokes the cephalopod's head.

Then he turns happily to the little girl.

MAC DOWN  
As an ethologist would say: "They are frightening and fascinating while being exciting."

Salie, ill at ease, looks abjectly at Mac.

SALIE  
Yeah, right!

The front door SLAMS sharply.

Mac, looking surprised, suddenly looks toward the entrance. Bruce walks quickly toward Mac, with a hardened face. Then he suddenly stops in front of him.

BRUCE  
Mac, we need to talk now!

Kraken quickly retracts its head and draws its tentacles toward itself. Then it disappears into the water.

Displeased, Bruce looks at the cephalopod.

BRUCE (CONT'D)  
I just watched my CCTV footage and you know what...!

Taken aback, Mac calmly sits up in front of his friend.

MAC DOWN  
Why are you so angry?

Bruce waves his hands furiously at Kraken.

BRUCE

Why! Because apart from his rations  
of food graciously offered, he eats  
my fish, my work.

Mac exclaims while looking toward the basin then, toward  
Bruce.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

What?

Bruce, even more furious, points his finger at the production  
basins.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

The bastard is smart! It gets out  
of its pool and moves quietly from  
dish to dish.

Mac, struck in amazement, takes two steps back, his hands  
firmly placed between his head.

MAC DOWN

I will pay you for all the damage  
caused.

Bruce smiles slyly as he looks at Mac.

BRUCE

With what! Your lousy salary?  
(firm)  
It's gone, period! If tomorrow  
morning it's still here, I'll take  
care of it myself manu militari!  
(then)  
It's not a pet dog, Mac.

Mac cringes.

MAC DOWN

You're bluffing!

Bruce doesn't blink an eye as he steps closer to Mac.

BRUCE

Trust me!

Mac grimaces.

MAC DOWN

I guess you too had a miserable  
childhood!

Bruce's eyes widen in shock. He pushes Mac.

BRUCE  
Say that again!

Worried, Salie moves her wheelchair between the two friends.

SALIE  
Please, stop!

They both look at her.

SALIE (CONT'D)  
This isn't the most serious matter  
right now.

Mac and Bruce frown at her.

SALIE (CONT'D)  
Unfortunately, I crossed paths with  
Garalt on my way home earlier.

Taken aback, Mac leans toward the little girl. Then warmly,  
embraces her with his right arm.

MAC DOWN  
What do you mean, Salie?

32 INT. MARINE RESEARCH AND WORK CENTER - SAME TIME 32

Garalt, looking angry and determined, looks around. Then he  
goes to a cupboard and opens it. Suddenly, he arms himself  
with a harpoon.

GARALT  
Thanks Salie for the info!  
(looks at harpoon)  
I'm so disappointed in you, Mac.

Garalt looks resentful and hateful as he firmly cocks the  
harpoon.

GARALT (CONT'D)  
If this mollusk is so unique, it  
will be mine or it will die because  
everything I covet is mine.

33 EXT. ANAHEIM BAY QUAY - NIGHT 33

Mac and Bruce struggle to push a large metal outdoor trash  
can wrapped in plastic from the inside and on wheels - with  
the lid closed. In the background, a red van is parked with  
its door wide open. Our two friends head toward the quay.

BRUCE  
I'll calculate the damage and then  
give you the bill to pay.

Bruce winces, looking at Mac.

BRUCE (CONT'D)  
And in the meantime, I don't wanna  
see you again!

Mac and Bruce stop pushing the trash can. It is on the edge  
of the quay. Mac just looks at Bruce --

MAC DOWN  
I'm so sorry!

Angry, Bruce puts his glasses on.

BRUCE  
Not as much as I am! Throw that  
thing into the sea.

Bruce turns around and walks quickly toward the van. He snaps  
the doors shut and sits behind the wheel. Then, engine  
running, the vehicle disappears immediately.

Mac, looking distraught, nonchalantly lifts up the heavy  
trash can door. Then, he looks at the container filled with  
water where Kraken is immersed.

MAC DOWN  
We are alone! And Garalt now knows  
of your existence.

Distraught, Mac looks ahead.

MAC DOWN (CONT'D)  
Everything gets complicated!

Kraken timidly lets out the head of a tentacle. It wraps  
around Mac's hand.

MAC DOWN (CONT'D)  
I miss you, Jessica!

34 INT. BRUCE'S FISH FARM - NIGHT

34

Garalt walks with a determined step toward the pools, solidly  
armed with his harpoon.

GARALT  
Mac!

Bruce actively cleans up Kraken's pool. Suddenly, he turns to Garalt - puzzled.

BRUCE

Garalt! What are you doing here?

Garalt maliciously stands in front of Bruce. Suddenly, he points at him with the harpoon.

GARALT

Where is he! Where's that lying  
fuck Mac?

Bruce looks surprised, staring at Garalt.

BRUCE

What's the harpoon for?!

35

EXT. ANAHEIM BAY QUAY - NIGHT

35

Mac, carefully taps sequenced pulses against the trash can: "home." Suddenly Kraken's tentacles come out, carefully feeling the surroundings. The cephalopod lets its head appear out of the trash can. Then, it quickly and carefully heads for the water in the bay. Mac benevolently takes the large old chest out of the trash.

MAC DOWN

I won't abandon you Kraken, trust  
me.

Mac throws the chest very far from the edge. It bursts into the water then, sinks quickly. Kraken rushes and dives toward it. Then, it goes comfortingly above it. Suddenly, Mac's cell phone RINGS with a resounding beep. With a satisfied face, he smiles as he picks up.

MAC DOWN (CONT'D)

Here comes Bruce again! It's never  
been like him to hold a grudge.

Mac's face grows worried as he reads a text message on his mobile. Suddenly, he looks up.

MAC DOWN (CONT'D)

Garalt!

36

INT. BRUCE'S FISH FARM - NIGHT

36

Mac cautiously and quickly moves toward Bruce. Gagged, Bruce sits on a chair near the first basin. His face is marked with a big bruise.

MAC DOWN

Bruce!

GARALT (O.S.)

Hi Mac! I'm sure you understand  
what I want.

Bruce nods at Mac, nodding toward the last pool.

GARALT (CONT'D)

You saw what I did to your  
eccentric, asshole friend?

Mac looks troubled as he stops and looks at the last basin  
where Kraken used to be. Garalt firmly holds the harpoon.

MAC DOWN

What are you planning to do with  
that?

GARALT

(looks at the basin)  
Where is it?

Mac hesitantly walks toward Garalt.

MAC DOWN

It-- it's harmless!

Garalt turns back Mac. Then, he takes a dominant position -  
slamming the harpoon in his left hand.

GARALT

That's not what Salie told me when  
I saw her overwhelmed with fear.

MAC DOWN

(forces a smile)  
I'm sure she was even more scared  
of you -- just like everyone else!

With an authoritative face, Garalt raises his harpoon sharply  
toward Mac.

GARALT

Enough! Where's the super-order  
squid?

MAC DOWN

I, I just threw it in the bay.

Puzzled, Garalt suddenly cocks his harpoon.

GARALT

What!

Garalt threateningly raises the tip of the harpoon toward Mac's head.

GARALT (CONT'D)

You better stop messing around with me.

Mac freezes.

MAC DOWN

I'm telling you the truth, it's swimming quietly in Anaheim Bay right now.

With a conceited look, Garalt gently lowers the tip of the harpoon from the Mac's head. Then he begins to exhale heavily, smiling sadistically.

GARALT

If tomorrow morning, I'm not in possession of the cephalopod, I swear to you that you'll regret it bitterly as well as all those around you.

With a sly and benevolent face, Garalt lays his right hand friendly on Mac's shoulder.

GARALT (CONT'D)

Mac! Ever since I've known you, you've dreamed of becoming a well-known and wealthy shipwreck hunter.

Garalt approaches closer to Mac, staring at him.

GARALT (CONT'D)

Think about your future Mac and also your girlfriend! It's in your hands, and I'm the one who can help you make it happen.

Garalt, looking vindictive, sits up and disarms his harpoon. Then he nonchalantly heads for the exit.

GARALT (CONT'D)

Think about your future!

Looking shaken and pensive, Mac stares intently at Kraken's pool.

37

EXT. ANAHEIM BAY QUAY - DAY (MORNING)

37

Mac, looking undecided and worried, walks onto the quay. He faces Garalt who looks enthusiastic - standing in front of a large tank filled with seawater placed on an electric pallet truck.

MAC DOWN

You're going all out in your effort!

GARALT

The octopus is worth its weight in gold based on its description.

Mac looks nervously at the bay, then at the tank.

MAC DOWN

Just for the money it can earn you!

Resolute, Garalt lowers himself toward the foot of the tank. Suddenly, he stands up armed with a harpoon. Then he snaps it sharply in his left hand.

GARALT

We are hunters and as soon as we find an angle to make money, we seize it.

(then)

It's our job!

Pensive and hesitant, Mac looks at the bay then, at Garalt.

GARALT (CONT'D)

You can continue your studies and work in my center and in case you have forgotten, we have an Inca treasure to find together.

Mac nods. Then, he points at the marine weapon.

MAC DOWN

Okay, but no harpoon.

Garalt confidently puts the harpoon on the ground. Then he stares at Mac.

GARALT

Don't double cross me!

Mac walks toward a pillar. He kneels, leaning forward. With his closed hand, he taps sequenced impulses against it:  
"Come."

Puzzled, Garalt looks oddly at Mac.

GARALT (CONT'D)  
Fuck! You taught him Morse code.

Garalt frowns, walking toward Mac.

GARALT (CONT'D)  
So it wasn't a simple mollusk after  
all.

Mac continues tapping. Suddenly, a tentacle gently wraps around his arm. Then quickly Kraken's head emerges in full.

Garalt looks surprised as he suddenly stops walking. Mac carefully strokes the cephalopod. Then, he invites it to follow him to the tank.

Kraken cautiously gets out of the water and heads for it. Then, goes inside and settles down comfortably.

Garalt looks impressed as he quickly approaches the tank and firmly closes the lid.

GARALT (CONT'D)  
Extraordinary!

Garalt, looking relieved, looks across the bay from the quay at --

Salie, arriving quickly in her wheelchair - upset. She waves her arms desperately at Mac.

SALIE  
Mac! I'm so sorry.

Salie energetically moves forward on the  
QUAY OF THE BAY.

Mac looks puzzled at the little girl.

MAC DOWN  
Salie!

Garalt, with a smug and sly face, pulls the tank using the pallet truck toward the landing stage car park.

GARALT  
I'll leave you two to talk, I have  
scientists to see.

Helpless, Mac watches the tank move away. Rooted to the spot.

BEGIN FLASHBACK

A five-year-old child (Mac Down) with an anguished and frightened face stands in front of the entrance of an orphanage. He desperately holds back the female hand of an adult.

LITTLE MAC

Mom!

MOM opens the front door with a firm hand and with the other pushes her son inside with the same energy. In tears, Mac resists and clings desperately to his mother's hand.

MAC DOWN

Mom! Don't abandon me!

The mother, looking tormented but determined, abruptly pulls away from the child's little hand.

MAC'S MOM

Leave me alone, now!

END FLASHBACK.

BACK TO:

38

EXT. ANAHEIM BAY QUAY - NIGHT

38

Mac's face is stricken with pain as he slowly bends on his knees and stays in a crouch.

Salie looks intimidated at Garalt.

SALIE

Please, Mr. Garalt. Release it!

Garalt stares daggers at her.

GARALT

Let me go Salie, before I get mad.

MAC DOWN (O.S.)

Garalt!

Garalt stops. Turns around. Mac punches him. They start fighting.

MAC DOWN (CONT'D)

Salie! Pull the tank and throw it into the water.

GARALT

No!

Salie positions herself against the tank using her wheelchair. She takes control of the pallet truck. Then, she steers the tank with difficulty toward the bay.

Mac swiftly gets rid of Garalt. Then in a state of vigilant concern, he looks at the girl.

MAC DOWN

Be careful!

The tank falls heavily into the water. Salie is suddenly swept away in spite of herself - accidentally locking her foot in the wheel of her chair.

Mac, looking horrified, starts to run toward the little girl. But he is tripped and falls hard to the ground.

GARALT

Not so quick, asshole!

With a threatening and vengeful face, Garalt firmly takes the harpoon. Then, walks with a firm step toward Mac.

GARALT (CONT'D)

You better bring the beast back or you're gonna suffer.

Mac gets back up looking at the bay, then Garalt.

MAC DOWN

Let me help her!

Garalt doesn't move an inch, grinning. Points the harpoon to Mac's face.

GARALT

You are going to be responsible for this tragedy, dumbass!

39

INT. WATERS OF ANAHEIM BAY - SAME

39

Salie is dragged inexorably to the bottom. She fidgets in her chair trying to free her foot from the wheel. Then she screams in despair. The tank crashes to the bottom. Suddenly, Kraken's two tusks pierce the lid. Then they tear it violently. The little girl loses consciousness and slowly stops gesticulating.

Quickly the tentacles of the cephalopod covered with red pustules delicately surround the little girl.

The squid suddenly releases a thick cloud of bright red ink coating the kid.

40

EXT. ANAHEIM BAY QUAY - SAME

40

Mac looks revolted as he gets up firmly. He faces Garalt who holds his harpoon.

MAC DOWN

You scum! Fuck off and let me go  
help Salie.

Garalt looks venomous as he points his marine weapon dangerously in the direction of Mac.

GARALT

You shouldn't have tried to screw  
me over!

In the background of Garalt, further down on the quay, Salie's wheelchair and Salie resurface with the help of powerful tentacles and are deposited gently onto the ground. Then Kraken's arms quickly disappear into the bay.

MAC DOWN

Salie!

In shock, Garalt turns around to the girl.

GARALT

Jesus Christ!

Mac hits Garalt violently in the face. He stumbles and falls unconscious into the water of the bay. Relieved, Mac looks at Garalt.

MAC DOWN

Stay there, they'll believe it was  
an accident.

As Mac looks at the water, he sees waves begin to form in front of him. Suddenly Kraken's head appears furtively then dives in the direction of Garalt. Mac dives as well without hesitation.

MAC DOWN (CONT'D)

Kraken! No!

Mac swims and brings Garalt to the surface, then positions himself in front of him - protecting him.

Kraken cuts through the water, deploying its two formidable tentacles armed with defense toward Garalt.

In panic, Mac slams both hands underwater and claps powerfully sequenced pulses: "Stop."

MAC DOWN (CONT'D)

Even if he's the biggest scoundrel  
who's ever existed, there's no way  
you're killing him!

Kraken's defenses move forward and begin to mortally strike Garalt. Suddenly, it stops in front of Mac.

Relieved, Mac claps sequenced pulses with his hands: "Home."

The Decapod slowly relaxes its defenses. Then, it turns around and dives toward the trunk.

MAC DOWN (CONT'D)

Crap, I just saved my worst enemy.

Mac looks worried in the direction of the little girl. Then, he swims quickly and drags Garalt toward the edge of the bay. Then, he rushes toward Salie. She's completely covered in a viscous bright red.

MAC DOWN (CONT'D)

What is this sticky thing!

Mac quickly releases the girl from her wheelchair. He casually cleans her face. Suddenly, the girl regains consciousness.

Mac, looking pensive and questioning, looks toward the bay.

MAC DOWN (CONT'D)

Bruce is right! You can't stay here  
anymore! It's not your world.

(urgent tone)

Garalt -- this bastard becomes too  
dangerous by his dishonest  
intentions and many others  
unfortunately will quickly follow.

Mac takes a deep sigh as he watches the little girl slowly sit down on the floor.

SALIE

What, what happened?

Unconscious, Garalt is bound and gagged - sitting in a chair.

Mac and Salie face him. They look at each other, reassured.

MAC DOWN

You only give him water and above  
all -- don't forget to gag his  
mouth.

SALIE

I'll tell my mom that I'm playing  
with a girlfriend.

They exchange a knowing look. Mac points at the desk.

MAC

You have food in the fridge and the  
phone is there. I'll be back as  
soon as possible.

Curious, Salie gently moves her wheelchair toward the desk.

SALIE

Who are you going to pick up?

Thoughtful, Mac winces.

MAC

My God!

42

INT. BIOLOGICAL INSTITUTE - OFFICE - DAY

42

Mac looks nervous as he frantically drums on a door. On it,  
hangs a sign that reads the name of: Anya Brothers.

SUPER: "Long Beach Marine Biological Institute."

The door opens slowly. With a studious look and glasses on,  
Anya appears. Suddenly, her eyes widen and her face tenses  
up.

ANYA

Now that's a surprise! So it seems,  
you had a galloping virus according  
to your boss who, by the way, is an  
abject character.

Anya looks disconcerted as she slams the door shut.

Mac looks startled. Then, with a determined gesture, he bangs  
against the door again.

MAC DOWN

Anya! Please ! It is important. I,  
I need you.

The door opens again. The biologist, looking puzzled, shows her face.

ANYA  
What's up?

MAC DOWN  
You have to help me.

Mean-looking, Anya tilts her head slightly toward Mac.

ANYA  
You have found the sea mammoth!

MAC DOWN  
What sea mammoth?

Indulgent, Anya walks through the door. She positions herself firmly in front of Mac, slowly removing her glasses.

ANYA  
You have two seconds.

Mac anxiously walks from left to right. Then he stops in front of her.

MAC DOWN  
I did find a unique decapodiform.  
He answers to the name of Kraken.

Anya looks amused, crossing her arms.

ANYA  
Kraken! Like that of Scandinavian  
mythology.

Mac moves his hands nervously. Then he nods slowly.

MAC DOWN  
It was my friend Bruce's idea.

Anya frowns, leaning toward Mac.

ANYA  
What proof do you have this time!

Enthusiastic, Mac picks up his laptop. He turns it on and shows the screen to the biologist.

MAC DOWN  
It was still small at that time.  
But it's very endearing.

Anya looks at the screen, putting her glasses back on.

ANYA  
What do you mean, "small?"

Mac brings his laptop closer to her face.

MAC DOWN  
Today after six weeks and, after  
our meeting, it has reached the  
approximate length of twenty feet  
in length, including the head.

Stunned, Anya raises her glasses as she stares at the laptop screen.

ANYA  
Forty feet of wingspan -- that's  
impossible!  
(whisper)  
It would then come from a  
decabracchia of the super-order of  
the Coleoidea subclass...

Anya looks up at Mac, pointing vigorously at the screen.

ANYA (CONT'D)  
Unbelievable! He-- he has two  
extraordinary tentacles with avant-  
garde and pointed protuberance. I  
have never seen this before.

Mac proudly nods.

MAC DOWN  
Its intellectual faculties are  
surprising. It can to some extent  
deduce, memorize and learn quickly.

Anya, speechless, insists with her gaze toward Mac.

ANYA  
Really?  
(insisting)  
I want to see it.

Relieved, Mac starts to grin.

MAC DOWN  
I hoped you'd say that.

Anya removes her glasses, looking at Mac.

ANYA  
You're finally not what I feared.

43 INT. KARAOKE-BAR - DAY

43

Excited, Mac holds a large guitar-shaped gift box in his hand. He walks toward the stage followed by Anya.

ANYA  
Where's your friend?

Bruce enters the stage wearing dark spectacles on his nose, shaking his hips, and SINGING flamenco in front of the microphone. The room is filled with the sound of Andalusian music.

Anya stares at Bruce, then at Mac, perplexed.

ANYA (CONT'D)  
All he needs now is the guitar!

Mac looks resolute as he carefully places the large gift box on a chair facing the stage.

Bruce hands his guitar to Mac.

He turns around, pulling Anya toward the exit.

MAC DOWN  
Impossible to reason with for the  
moment!

Bruce, in ecstasy, sings and sways energetically.

44 EXT. ANAHEIM BAY QUAY - LATE AFTERNOON

44

Mac and Anya walk on the quay. Mac enthusiastically kneels. He faces a pillar. Then, he taps sequenced impulses against it: "Come."

Anya looks puzzled at him. Then she kneels facing the pillar.

ANYA  
Morse code?

Mac repeats the operation insistently. Suddenly, a powerful tentacle gently wraps around his arm.

Anya, surprised, doesn't move. The decapod appears and reveals itself completely. Anya gently touches and caresses a tentacle. Then, she directs her hands toward a cartilaginous defense.

ANYA (CONT'D)

Unbelievable! I've never seen such a class in this family of Myopsida and Oegopsida if, he or she belongs to this order that is to say...

Mac smiles at her.

MAC DOWN

I believe you are meeting your sea mammoth for the first time!

Anya looks at Mac, excited.

ANYA

This, this is not a squid and, not even an octopus! Since our arrival strangely its homochromy has not altered his coloring even under its excitement to find you.

Anya looks amazed as she lets herself be flexibly encircled by a tentacle.

ANYA (CONT'D)

Looks like an insidious combination. I must study it.

Mac is taken aback.

MAC DOWN

No!

The Decapod stares at Mac with its wide eyes and embraces him with a tentacle.

MAC DOWN (CONT'D)

It must go home! In the Pacific Ocean at the edge of the Tropic of Capricorn on the Nazca Ridge in the Chile Basin.

(fearful tone)

Otherwise, they'll capture it, shamelessly study it, and place it in a water park, like a caged animal for the rest of its life.

Anya looks complacently at the cephalopod.

ANYA

The Nazca Ridge? You found it there?

Mac looks shaken at the decapod.

MAC DOWN

Nope! Excavated by force!

Anya, looking embarrassed, slowly gets up. She gestures wearily with her arms toward Mac.

ANYA

But how are you going to do it! I mean the crossing is monumental and I don't own a boat, the trip would be much too hard for the young kraken.

(weights her words)

He wouldn't survive that much effort.

BRUCE (O.S.)

But I do have the boat that could take him home.

Mac, looking surprised, turns back to shore.

Bruce, with an enthusiastic and happy face, carries a guitar in his hands. He walks proudly toward the quay of the bay.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

You moved me Mac! Thanks to you I own a real Andalusian guitar.

Mac rejoices, applauding.

MAC DOWN

Holding a grudge is really not part of your vocabulary my friend.

Bruce proudly moves up to Mac.

BRUCE

It's the best birthday present I've ever received.

Mac gets up and hugs Bruce.

MAC DOWN

With my lousy pay I wish you a happy birthday, Bruce!

Bruce looks mad at Kraken.

BRUCE

Don't imagine that I forgot you Kraken, the fish eater.

All smiles, Anya shows her hand to Bruce.

ANYA

Hello, I'm Anya Brothers -- a biologist at the Long Beach Marine Institute.

(then)

You said you owned a boat?

Bruce shakes her hand, surprised.

BRUCE

I more precisely own a fifty nine-foot trawler capable of making the trip without too much difficulty. I managed to buy it thanks to the money once left by my parents.

Bruce, mean-spiritedly, looks at Mac.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

I said I owned the trawler that would take you on this trip. But not that I agreed to do it!

MAC DOWN

(with a pleaded look)

Bruce!

Bruce stares at Mac.

BRUCE

Don't imagine that you will get what you want without effort.

Anya, looking bewildered, takes a step back and looks puzzled at the two friends.

MAC DOWN

You're my only friend and as such, I kindly ask you to please join me in my odyssey. I will pay transportation and various costs for the rest of my life if need be.

Bruce puts his hand on Mac's shoulder.

BRUCE

We'll see later, how you'll plan to pay me the bill, but in the meantime if you want me to accept, you have to promise me to make peace with yourself and stop with this damn transfer, because it will end up getting the better of you and that I will never accept.

Mac, looking stricken, proudly stands up to his friend.

MAC DOWN  
I promise, Bruce.

Bruce smiles, nodding.

BRUCE  
That's a good start.

Relieved, Bruce looks at Anya.

BRUCE (CONT'D)  
Transport is apparently resolved.  
And you -- why wouldn't you come  
with us?

Anya, looking thoughtful, walks over to Mac.

ANYA  
But what would motivate me to make  
this trip and especially to take  
the risk of losing my job?

Mac stares at her.

MAC DOWN  
You're the only one who understands  
him or her better and maybe knows  
who he or she is.

ANYA  
Is that so?

Bruce looks at Mac and Anya, surprised.

BRUCE  
You...!

Anya takes a step forward, closer to Mac.

ANYA  
You authorize me to study it during  
the trip?

Mac, with a preoccupied face, takes a step back - looking  
toward the Decapod. It slowly disappears into the bay.

MAC DOWN  
Promise me not to harm it and that  
it will remain safe from the  
belligerent intentions of any  
scientists.

Anya grows serious as she nods.

ANYA  
I'll go back to the office and come  
back just as quickly with some  
equipment.

Bruce almost gasps.

BRUCE  
What about your job!

Anya nervously paces, looking at the fisherman.

ANYA  
I know a doctor who owes me a small  
favor.

BRUCE  
You're going to ask him to make a  
fake medical certificate!

45 INT. MARINE RESEARCH AND WORK CENTER - LATE AFTERNOON 45

Salie grimaces, holding a small bottle of water. She gives  
Garalt a drink. Then she puts the gag back in place.

MAC DOWN (O.S.)  
Everything good, Salie?

Relieved, Salie turns to Mac. Bruce is next to him.

SALIE  
Finally!

BRUCE  
You've kidnapped Garalt!

MAC DOWN  
He wanted to kill me.

Bruce grimaces.

BRUCE  
We must tie him more firmly and  
thrown him into the sea!

Salie moves her wheelchair toward Mac. He kisses her warmly.

MAC DOWN  
You can go home and thank you very  
much. I'll take care of the rest.

Salie frowns at Mac.

SALIE

What are you gonna do with Garalt?

MAC DOWN

I won't hurt him, don't worry, but  
you go now.

Salie, looking satisfied, hugs Bruce. Then, moves toward the exit. Suddenly, she turns to Mac.

SALIE

Do you remember Mac when I fell in  
the water with my chair?

Mac just looks at her.

MAC DOWN

I got the fright of a lifetime!

Thoughtful, Salie bites her lips.

SALIE

Since then, every member of my body  
tingles more and more.

Mac hesitantly moves forward toward the girl.

MAC DOWN

Ask your mother to go see the  
doctor ASAP and more importantly,  
take your medications.

Salie nods and turns around. Then she walks through the door.

In a hurry, Mac turns back to Garalt. He carefully checks the tightness of the ropes and the gag. Garalt looks malevolently at his captor.

MAC DOWN (CONT'D)

Don't worry Garalt, I'm sure  
tomorrow Joe and Ailfred will come  
and free you -- I left them a note.

Mac walks over to Garalt's desk. He rummages around and pulls a nautical chart out of a drawer, which he examines carefully.

MAC DOWN (CONT'D)

Here are the coordinates I was  
looking for.

Satisfied, Mac puts the map in a small backpack. Suddenly, he looks curiously on the desk at Frassinetti's old logbook and his nautical chart. Then, he steals it - carefully putting it away in his bag.

MAC DOWN (CONT'D)

We can go!

Mac and Bruce quickly head for the exit. Suddenly Mac's cell phone RINGS. He takes it and stops.

MAC DOWN (CONT'D)

Jessica texted me.

BRUCE

What are you waiting for?

Mac looks at Bruce, undecided.

MAC DOWN

I'm not ready.

BRUCE

You promised me you'd try.

MAC DOWN

Yes, but I'm not yet in the right state of mind, but I'll tell her that everything is fine and that as soon as I return I'll make my decision.

Mac turns his phone off and puts it in his pocket. Then they walk through the door and disappear.

Garalt, looking surly, stares hard at the exit door.

46

EXT. FOREDECK - BRUCE TRAWLER - DAY

46

Mac, Bruce and Anya look at the bow of the trawler. It sails fast across the sea.

BRUCE

Tell me, Mrs. Biologist, please explain to me all the stuff you brought on board.

ANYA

This is scientific equipment! Don't forget that I illegally borrowed it from the institute and must return it in good condition.

BRUCE

(tormented; looks at Mac)  
You are aware that from now on your  
dream of one day becoming a gold  
digger is ruined! Garalt will  
discredit you through the whole  
profession. Never again will you  
find a job in the sector.

Mac just looks at Garalt.

MAC DOWN

I won't abandon it!

Bruce grimaces, shrugging.

BRUCE

Fine! I'm going to check the course  
and the weather.

Bruce heads for the cockpit. Mac and Anya walk toward the  
rear deck of the trawler.

REAR DECK

Anya looks puzzled at two large cables immersed in the water  
supporting a large metal trash can on the water's floor.

ANYA

A trash can!

Mac waves his hands anxiously while smiling.

MAC DOWN

Bruce and I have drilled multiple  
large holes through the sheet metal  
so that Kraken can be in symbiosis  
with the sea and it will be  
reassured, because its chest is  
inside.

ANYA

Not very orthodox but effective!  
And for food, how will it sustain  
itself?

Mac frowns and walks over to the trash can.

MAC DOWN

(unsure)

Apart from a few rations of frozen  
fish in the hold of the boat, we'll  
stop from time to time so that it  
can eat naturally.

Anya squints and walks up to Mac.

ANYA  
What if it can't or escape?

Mac grimaces and looks towards the trash can.

MAC DOWN  
This is the risk and I take full  
responsibility for it.

Anya, looking comforted, lays her hand friendly on the Mac's shoulder.

ANYA  
He really loves you, your friend,  
to help you this much.

Mac proudly looks at Anya.

MAC DOWN  
We grew up in the same orphanage.  
And we share practically the same  
pains of the past except for him,  
he tragically lost his parents in a  
road accident. He was only four  
years old then!

Suddenly, Bruce's voice SPURTS from the speakers attached to the cockpit.

BRUCE (O.S.)  
In order to inaugurate this long  
voyage, I've decided to flood the  
seas with the best Spanish  
flamenco.

Mac and Anya stare with awe at the cockpit. Bruce JAMS his guitar and SINGS flamenco.

47

INT. COCKPIT - BRUCE TRAWLER - NIGHT

47

Cheerful, Bruce proudly adjusts his guitar and dark glasses. He goes to his laptop placed next to a metal cup-and-ball. Then, he inserts a USB key into the terminal. Turns up the volume to the max, looking at the screen. We see J. Hallyday in concert in Paris in 2009.

Bruce starts SINGING euphorically, swaying with his guitar in front of the microphone.

48 EXT. FOREDECK - BRUCE TRAWLER - SAME

48

Mac and Anya turn to the cockpit, shielding their ears.

MAC DOWN

No!

ANYA

Please, stop!

Bruce keeps SINGING.

The lighted trawler generously stirs the foam, cutting through the sea and waving the national flag.

49 INT. MARINE RESEARCH AND WORK CENTER - DAY

49

Relieved, Garalt grimaces and squints at the morning sun. He is quickly joined by Joe and Ailfred. With a venomous and exhausted face, Garalt rises slowly from his chair.

GARALT

No way they escape from me! In my trunk, I have the duplicate maritime data because I know where they're going.

(raising his voice)

I want this damn decapodiform because everything I covet is mine.

50 EXT. AT SEA - BRUCE TRAWLER REAR DECK - EVENING

50

Mac is in scuba gear, he swims through a calm sea and toward the open metal trash can. Kraken cautiously feels the edge of the trash can with a tentacle.

SUPER: "Two days later."

MAC DOWN

Now is the perfect time!

Mac anxiously stops in front of the trash can and looks at the trawler's...

REAR DECK

...as Anya and Bruce head for the rear of the stationary boat, very focused. Then they look curiously at the trash can. The biologist turns to the fisherman.

ANYA

Are you in a relationship?

BRUCE  
 (taken aback)  
 Not right now, I'm too busy with  
 work. But--

Anya grimaces, looking at the horizon.

ANYA  
 I'm in the same situation  
 unfortunately.

Bruce stands proudly in front of her.

BRUCE  
 But I'm not really alone, you know,  
 I live with Dolofesse, my favorite  
 crustacean.

Anya laughs, looking at Bruce.

ANYA  
 You're so lame, dude!

Bruce slightly shakes his head.

BRUCE  
 In these times of isolation, I  
 wouldn't say that.

FRONT OF REAR DECK

Mac looks preoccupied as he taps energetically on the trash  
 can - long and short pulses with his fist: "come on."

Kraken slowly comes out of the trash can, cautiously feeling  
 the surroundings. Then, it unfolds around Mac. The cephalopod  
 slowly wraps a tentacle around his body. Looking at the  
 mollusk, Mac uses Morse code again, against the trash can:  
 "eat."

MAC DOWN  
 Find your food Kraken and, above  
 all, come back to me.

Kraken slowly dives and disappears through the seabed. Mac  
 looks toward the...

REAR DECK

Anya and Bruce both dubiously looking at the trash can.

ANYA  
 Unbelievable! It's already  
 understood the request.

Bruce shakes his head.

BRUCE

It will never come back, because  
the sea is its world.

ANYA

How was it at the orphanage with  
Mac?

BRUCE

(smiles)

He's the big brother I never had.  
We've always faced the most  
difficult situations everyday.  
Certainly because we experienced a  
sort of premature dilemma with the  
same outcome.

She just nods.

ANYA

An unfailing fraternity was born  
that day!

BRUCE

If only you knew how right you are!  
Nothing scared me anymore. Even the  
severity of the authorities with  
their righteousness and their  
disgusting food, not to mention the  
absurd looks and malicious, hateful  
and hypocritical attitude of the  
other tenants, but fortunately not  
all of them.

FRONT OF REAR DECK

Mac looks worried at the expanse of sea that surrounds him.  
Then, he swims toward the ladder and clings to it.

MAC DOWN

For his first time, I don't know  
how long it'll take to feed itself,  
but I'm going back anyway.

Mac pulls his body up to calf height against the ladder.  
Suddenly, he looks at his right foot pulled sharply toward  
the bottom.

MAC DOWN (CONT'D)

You're already back!

Mac looks amused as he pulls his foot hard.

MAC DOWN (CONT'D)  
Don't be in such a hurry! In any  
case, you're a great hunter.

Surprised, Mac is pulled and dragged brutally into the sea.  
He suddenly drops the ladder, falling entirely into the  
water.

MAC DOWN (CONT'D)  
Kraken! Enough, you're hurting me!

ANYA (O.S.)  
Mac! Be careful!

REAR DECK

Anya waves nervously at Mac.

ANYA (CONT'D)  
Hang on to the ladder!

Bruce looks worried for his friend. Then, he looks at Anya.

BRUCE  
What's going on?

Anya grows serious.

ANYA  
These are Dosidicus Gigas also  
called Humboldt. They're formidable  
voracious predators that can weigh  
up to hundred and ten pounds and  
measure more than fourteen feet in  
length!

BRUCE  
(panicked)  
Mac! They're fucking giant squids!

ANYA  
They even eat each other when  
necessary, they hunt and always  
remain in community.

Bruce looks alarmed, as he bends dangerously over the  
rampart.

MAC DOWN  
What the hell are you doing in the  
water, Mac!

Anya holds Bruce back.

ANYA

They adapt and extend dangerously across the oceans, irreparably disrupting the ecosystem. Climate change is certainly the cause.

Bruce looks freaked out.

BRUCE

We don't have time right now for a lesson on fucking climate change!

Worried and nervous, Bruce quickly runs to the cockpit - looking toward the rear deck.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

I'm gonna go get harpoons!

FRONT OF REAR DECK

Distraught, Mac struggles vigorously. Suddenly, he dives and disappears through the waters.

UNDER WATER

Mac desperately holds his breath, wiggles his arms nervously. He slides inexorably toward the bottom. Each of his lower limbs are hooked by the tentacles of two large squids. A third squid arrives with all its tentacles open propelling itself beak forward toward Mac.

With his compressed face, Mac waves his arms limply toward his attackers. The third squid with its open beak, is about to bite the body of its prey. Suddenly, it stops briefly. It is violently pierced through the head by a tentacle fitted with tusks.

Kraken's pustules are reddened to the maximum. It furiously gets rid of squids 1 and 2. It kills them quickly with its two tentacles. Then, it dismembers them using its other arms with sharp hooks.

Mac smiles slightly as he floats calmly with his arms outstretched. The cephalopod delicately rolls up Mac's body with a tentacle, protecting him against other squids - quickly rising to the surface.

51 INT. COCKPIT - BRUCE TRAWLER - NIGHT

51

In pain, Mac slowly opens his eyes. He slightly lifts his head up.

Bruce cautiously helps his friend sits up on the seat.

BRUCE  
Easy, easy Mac.

Troubled, Anya moves closer to Mac.

ANYA  
What the hell happened?

Mac opens his eyes wide, looking at her.

MAC DOWN  
It was extraordinary!

Bruce sits down at Mac's feet. He looks impatient.

BRUCE  
Tell us, c'mon!

Mac looks peaceful, looking ahead.

MAC DOWN  
Once I started being dragged under the depths and into the cold, I couldn't resist the mighty squids tethered to each of my legs. The air in my lungs was so contracted that I was undeniably sinking towards death. Suddenly, the squids froze for a moment, then as if electrified on the spot, they were violently pierced by Kraken's tusks.

Mac frowns, looking at Anya.

MAC DOWN (CONT'D)  
It-- it... its face, I mean, its head had taken on a more, how to say, conical shape!  
(calmed tone)  
Then, I felt a feeling of well-being and protection and fainted quietly.

Relieved, Bruce hands Mac a glass of water.

BRUCE  
Unbelievable! He saved you from those bloodthirsty predators.

Anya starts pacing, thoughtful.

ANYA

It defended you as if you belonged to its family. What's more, it certainly has very high frequency echolocation in order to be able to immobilize its prey from a distance.

Anya, looking troubled, suddenly stops walking. Then, she looks insightfully at the two friends.

ANYA (CONT'D)

It's more fearsome and sophisticated than I thought.

Mac downs his drink slowly, frowning. Then he slowly puts down his glass.

MAC DOWN

Where is Kraken!

Bruce grimaces.

BRUCE

It went into his trash can with a squid apparently still alive in its tentacles. Brrr! I wouldn't want to be in his place.

Mac looks out the window.

MAC DOWN

Seems like the weather is changing.

Bruce walks slowly toward the cockpit.

BRUCE

The weather forecast is not so dire. Just a small storm.

Mac gently rests his head on the backrest.

MAC DOWN

We can continue on our journey.

ANYA

Contact details! You have the exact coordinates of the location where you found the egg.

Mac points at his bag on the cockpit. Bruce takes the bag then walks over to the biologist. Anya looks curious as she withdraws several documents, she places on the table.

Then she separates an old nautical chart from an old leather-covered logbook.

52 EXT. TRAWLER'S REAR DECK - TRASH CAN - NIGHT 52

The dustbin with the lid closed shakes violently. Then, suddenly, it calms down. A tentacle loaded with fragments of the squid appears. It unfolds in the eddies of the sea, cleansing itself of its blood.

53 INT. COCKPIT - BRUCE TRAWLER - NIGHT 53

Anya, looking inquisitive, puts on her reading glasses and cautiously opens the old nautical chart, then the old logbook.

ANYA  
What's this?

Mac stares at it.

MAC DOWN  
It's, it's Captain Frassinetti's logbook! Garalt often told us about it, but he actually kept it well hidden and no one could read it, not even his two knuckleheads.

Anya slowly leafs through the pages one by one. Then, exclaims --

ANYA  
It's written in Italian!

Mac sits up, frowning.

MAC DOWN  
I'm sure Garalt had what interested him translated.

Anya carefully flips through the following pages. Suddenly, she stops with a delicate gesture.

ANYA  
You're right Mac! And here's the translation.

Bruce goes and sits on the seat, intrigued.

BRUCE  
What does it say?

Anya stares at the page she's on.

ANYA

Odd! It's based on a significant event.

Impatient, Bruce fidgets nervously - waving his hands.

BRUCE

I feel like I have a sea urchin under my ass! So, hurry Anya to tell us this story before I can't stand it anymore.

Anya settles comfortably on the bench between our two friends. They look at her with curiosity.

ANYA

(clear-cut)

On July 20 in the year of grace 1860, Commander Filippo Frassinetti assigned to one of the largest Italian sailing ships...

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

54

EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN - NIGHT

54

Two tall/large ships flying the Neapolitan flag sail very slowly. They are a good distance apart - full sail out under bright skies and a full moon.

SUPER: "Pacific Ocean boundary of the Tropic of Capricorn on the Nazca Ridge in the Chile Basin. In the year 1860."

FILIPPO FRASSINETTI (V.O.)

At the end of the evening, I took the lead of the convoy aboard the Cosmos II in order to bring back to the country's various commercial advantages stored in my holds. Closing the convoy and being under my orders, Lieutenant Lombardo sailing on the three-master, forty-five meter long Misericordia -- had entrusted in these holds part of the wealth of the Inca Empire.

55 EXT. COSMOS II REAR DECK - WHEELHOUSE - NIGHT

55

FILIPPO FRASSINETTI standing proudly at the cockpit on the wheelhouse, looks peacefully toward the great flame. It is perched at the top of the main mast.

FILIPPO FRASSINETTI  
Tailwind and light breeze, this  
gives us a moderate pace. This is  
called returning home peacefully.

Frassinetti looks satisfied as he opens his telescope wide. He pivots, looking to port toward the Misericordia sailboat.

FILIPPO FRASSINETTI (CONT'D)  
Lieutenant Lombardo has already  
taken his leave, I will say.

Frassinetti looks haughty as he quickly puts away his telescope. Then he nonchalantly heads for his quarters.

56 EXT. FOREDECK - MISERICORDIA - NIGHT

56

Three young SAILORS, looking curious and unwashed, are leaning on the rampart. They look out to sea below: a fifty-foot long DECAPODIFORM quickly catch fish on the surface. Then calmly eat.

SUPER: "MISERICORDIA."

SAILOR 1 looks deceitful as he takes a boarding hook tied to a rope. Then, he approaches the rampart between his two acolytes - waving his weapon and spitting vulgarly.

SAILOR 1  
We're going to fill our stomachs  
tonight.

SAILOR 3, looking enthusiastic, points at the cephalopod.

SAILOR 3  
That's an octopus and this one is  
really gigantic!

In ecstasy, Sailor 1 looks at his two acolytes.

SAILOR 1  
We have to catch it so all the crew  
can taste it and be proud of us.

SAILOR 2 frowns, looking at the octopus.

SAILOR 2  
Have you already eaten octopus!

SAILOR 3  
Much smaller I admit, but it's  
still an excellent dish especially  
well cooked with a little spice.

Sailor 1 swings the hook slightly.

SAILOR 1  
Well preserved, the rest of the  
carcass at the bottom of the hold  
will still make everyone happy  
during the trip.

Sailor 1 throws the hook vigorously, holding up the rope. He  
leans slightly and looks overboard toward the ocean.

SAILOR 1 (CONT'D)  
Horrible creature, I'll cut you  
into pieces and you'll be smooth in  
my mouth.

IN THE OCEAN

The Decapodiform ingests fish. Suddenly, one of its tentacles  
is hit by the boarding hook. It has a bright red skin  
reaction, gesticulating violently.

57

FOREDECK

57

Excited, Sailor 1 pulls quickly on the rope. It suddenly  
tenses up.

SAILOR 1  
We have to lift it up and kill it  
as soon as possible!

Sailor 3 takes a big axe. Then, he waits patiently, remaining  
on his guard. Sailor 1 and 2 help each other to lift the  
Decapodiform up with difficulty. Suddenly, a tentacle appears  
and starts feeling the floor of the deck. Sailor 3 avoids it.  
Angrily strikes the tentacle with his ax and cuts it in two.  
Then the cut part wriggles nervously.

SAILOR 3  
What the hell? It's wiggling!

Sailor 1 chuckles aloud as he continues to pull the  
cephalopod. Sailor 3 strikes again cutting off another  
tentacle.

SAILOR 3 (CONT'D)  
 So much food it's insane!

Sailor 2 leans slightly and looks overboard toward the ocean.

The Decapodiform WRITHES in pain as it shifts nervously and lets its blood soak into the sea.

58 EXT. FOREDECK - MISERICORDIA - NIGHT (LATER) 58

The sailors, devious and satisfied, help each other to lift up the rest of the Decapodiform with difficulty. Suddenly, a powerful and enormous tentacle armed with a cartilage tusk hisses through the air. It brutally pierces the body of sailor 3.

Then quickly another tentacle armed with a tusk rips open the top of the side of the boat and crashes furiously through the body of sailor 2. Suddenly the two unfortunates are thrown into the

OCEAN

...where three other Decapodiforms rise to the surface. They catch, dismember and devour the two sailors.

FOREDECK

Sailor 1, panicks, quickly gives the alert with a bell. Suddenly, he is pierced by a tentacle armed with a tusk. It propels him into the open sea under CRIES of pain.

59 EXT. COSMOS II REAR DECK - WHEELHOUSE - NIGHT 59

Commander Frassinetti looks worried as he quickly leaves his quarters. He walks nervously through the CREW MEN in full flight. Suddenly, he pulls out his telescope. Looks to port in the direction of the Misericordia. We hear the distant SCREAMS of Sailor 1.

FILIPPO FRASSINETTI  
 Why was the alert given?

FRASSINETTI'S POINT OF VIEW: The giant decapod equipped with the two tusks and other tentacles grabs all the crew members one after the other. Then he throws them violently into the sea. They are dismembered, killed and savagely devoured by dozens of decapodiforms.

Frassinetti, looking horrified and speechless, releases his trembling hand from his spyglass.

FILIPPO FRASSINETTI (CONT'D)  
What are those hideous demonic  
creatures from the depths?

Frassinetti gulps and with the help of his telescope looks again toward the Misericordia. We see the giant decapod furiously smashing the sailboat. It suddenly cuts the masts carrying the sails and the yards of the boat.

The pale-faced commander drops his spyglass heavily to the floor.

FILIPPO FRASSINETTI (CONT'D)  
That must be... two hundred and  
forty feet long!

Horried, Frassinetti steps forward and looks overboard toward the Misericordia...

The Giant decapod is suddenly joined by another equally large one. They violently attack the hull of the Misericordia. Then pierce it all over, pulverizing it. They capsize the boat. It sinks quickly.

Frassinetti looks haggardly at his deck officer, nervously waving his hands.

FILIPPO FRASSINETTI (CONT'D)  
Deck officer! Change of course and  
forward ho!

The officer with an alarmed face moves toward his commander.

DECK OFFICER  
And the Misericordia's treasure?

Frassinetti, looking upset and pensive, turns to the boat.

FILIPPO FRASSINETTI  
The Misericordia is gone already.  
If we stay, we too will be enslaved  
to those monsters' brutal death.

FILIPPO FRASSINETTI (V.O.)  
On this day of July 20, 1860, I  
realized after the sudden tragedy  
of the Misericordia, that the  
beast, the monster, the Leviathan  
of the seas lived among us and that  
we should, never wake it up or be  
subject to suffer its surge, its  
terror.

END FLASHBACK.

60

INT. COCKPIT - BRUCE TRAWLER - NIGHT

60

Mac, Bruce and Anya stare dumbfounded at each other for a long moment. The storm RUMBLES.

BRUCE

When I think that I called it  
Kraken just for the hell of it!

Pensive, Anya gently closes Captain Frassinetti's logbook.

ANYA

It's a dominant male!

Mac looks at her.

MAC DOWN

(troubled)

I now understand why the pieces of  
wreckage that I've been studying in  
the center were all destroyed in  
this way. And I now imagine where  
the Inca treasure rests!

Anya frowns.

ANYA

Two hundred and forty feet...

MAC DOWN

I know...

ANYA

(stands up)

That's impossible!

Bruce stands up as well.

BRUCE

The myth does indeed exist! And  
apparently there were even bigger  
ones.

Anya paces.

ANYA

Females must undeniably spawn in  
warmer water so that future  
juveniles hatch more quickly. This  
would explain their presence on the  
surface at this time of year.

Bruce bites his fingers.

BRUCE

It's a devourer of flesh, an enemy  
of humanity!

Mac stands up and nonchalantly steps across the cabin. Then  
he turns to his friend.

MAC DOWN

Stupidity and the inability to  
understand marine animals are the  
very enemy of man!

Focused, Anya nods mechanically.

ANYA

They'll watch over them in all  
probability as octopuses do and  
until death if necessary.

Bruce sits back down heavily on the bench seat.

BRUCE

Shit! It'll tear us to pieces as  
soon as the opportunity arises.

Puzzled, Anya suddenly stops walking.

ANYA

The males! They must undoubtedly  
separate from the females and reach  
the darkest depths. Then later the  
juveniles will be within reach of  
all predators before being able to  
reach the abyss in very limited  
numbers.

(raising her voice)

The King of the Seas has always  
been there! But in Commander  
Frassinetti's unfortunate story,  
the superorder decapodiforms were  
undoubtedly mating!

BRUCE

We then risk with global warming to  
end up with hordes of Kraken. Oh my  
God!

Mac looks pensive. Heads for the front door. Looks out the  
porthole. It pours.

61 EXT. FOREDECK - BRUCE TRAWLER - DAY

61

Anya, very focused and in a diving suit, checks several instruments of biological work then places them in her bag. In the background, Bruce is striding.

BRUCE  
I stopped the machines. Remember  
that time is running out.

ANYA  
(calmly)  
Just an hour at most, it's now or  
never.

Bruce looks out to sea.

BRUCE  
Exactly! Where's Mac?

Anya places a camera on her forehead, pivoting to starboard. Then she points at...

ANYA  
He should arrive shortly with the  
Kraken.

Startled and frightened, Bruce watches Anya place a large syringe in her diving bag.

BRUCE  
Is that necessary?

Anya smiles at him.

ANYA  
Don't worry, it's just a sample to  
study its metabolism.

Annoyed, Bruce grimaces as he walks toward the cockpit.

BRUCE  
I'll be at the helm!

62 EXT. OPEN SEA - STARBOARD OF BRUCE TRAWLER - DAY

62

Mac, looking happy, swims peacefully. He wears a large metal cup and ball game around his neck. Then he stops, takes the toy and separates it in two. Suddenly, he plunges it under water. Then using the rod, he strikes hard on the ball sequenced impulses: "come."

ANYA (O.S.)  
May I come?

Mac looks at her.

MAC DOWN  
I'm waiting for you.

In Mac's background, the surface water is seen to bulge. Suddenly the phenomenon moves rapidly toward Mac. And then he is embraced by several tentacles.

MAC DOWN (CONT'D)  
Easy, Kraken!

Mac, with a tender expression, strokes the Decapod's head. Then he turns to the biologist. She comes swimming quickly.

Anya walks cautiously toward Kraken. She begins to gradually caress one of its tentacles. Then the head.

ANYA  
When I think we found a three-year-old male octopus reaching twenty-eight feet in wingspan for more or less one hundred and fifty pounds whose suckers have the impressive diameter of four inches.

The Decapod tenderly embraces Anya's body with a powerful tentacle. Then, it gently attaches its huge suction cups to her body.

ANYA (CONT'D)  
So young, it blithely surpasses any cephalopods I've ever met in every way not to mention its extraordinary and deadly defenses.

Mac approaches her, jovial.

MAC DOWN  
He's grown another thirty feet and I can tell it seems to like you!

Anya, all smiles, starts filming Kraken from every angle.

ANYA  
I'm filming the most improbable contact of my life! That of one of the most powerful legends of the seas that we thought never existed.

Mac, side by side with the biologist, positions his diving mask.

MAC DOWN

How about we swim under water with it now! You'll see, it is surprising.

63 INT. UNDER WATER - DAY (MOMENTS LATER)

63

Mac and Anya next to each other swim with the Decapod. It evolves freely. Then, it carefully embraces the two divers. Gently, it pulls them toward it - accelerating its speed.

Suddenly it stops and releases them. It reacts and puts itself in an aggressive position, pivoting in the opposite direction. The two divers, looking alarmed, quickly rise to the surface.

64 EXT. OPEN SEA - STARBOARD OF BRUCE TRAWLER - DAY

64

Mac and Anya quickly pop their heads above water. They quickly remove their masks, facing each other.

MAC DOWN

I don't know what's going on with it!

ANYA

It put himself in a vanguard position much like the octopus would in imminent danger.

MAC DOWN

But why?

Anya, puzzled, looks out to sea. Suddenly she freezes and quickly points in one direction.

ANYA

Killer Whales!

Surprised, Mac looks to where she points. Several cetaceans move toward Kraken.

MAC DOWN

What do they want?

Anya looks preoccupied as she takes a portable sonar from her bag. She snaps it on and dunks it under water. Then, she pulls out the device - scrupulously looking at the data.

ANYA

Unbelievable! I'm picking up the echolocation of the Orcs and of Kraken.

(stares at Mac)

It-- it managed to block their echoes! It's surprising!

MAC DOWN

(steps forward)

What are you talking about?

ANYA

When you were attacked by squids, Kraken used this form of ranged paralysis, but in this specific case, it uses it to block the orcas.

Anya looks towards where the orcas were.

ANYA (CONT'D)

And, I have a feeling those killer whales aren't going to call it quits!

Kraken suddenly appears on the surface. Slowly, it moves toward the marine mammals. Mac looks at it.

MAC DOWN

What is it doing?

Anya thinks, looking at Kraken too.

ANYA

Crazy! It's going straight to the fight. An octopus would have already sought to hide from certain death but Kraken, despite its young age, will deliberately fight against the killer whales.

Mac, face shaken with fear, nervously picks up his cup and ball game. He plunges it under water, vigorously hitting the ball with sequenced impulses: "home."

MAC DOWN

Home! Home!

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

65

EXT. ORPHANAGE - DAY

65

Mac's mother opens the front door of the orphanage with a firm hand and with the other pushes her son inside. Mac, in tears, resists and clings desperately to her hand.

LITTLE MAC

Mom! Don't abandon me!

The mother, looking tormented and determined, abruptly pulls herself away from Mac's little hand.

MAC'S MOM

Leave me alone, now!

Mac looks betrayed as his mother snaps her hand away from him. He sobs, leaving his hand outstretched - crying his eyes out watching her leave.

END FLASHBACK.

BACK TO:

66

EXT. BRUCE TRAWLER - OPEN SEA - DAY

66

Mac looks desperately as Kraken tirelessly continues its progress toward the killer whales. Then he turns his head to Anya.

MAC DOWN

Why doesn't it listen to me?

ANYA

It is programmed for confrontation and wants to protect you.

MAC DOWN

(desperate)

It's going to certain death!

ANYA

Unfortunately, you have to resign yourself to it Mac!

Mac shakes his head "no."

MAC DOWN

Never!

Anya looks at the killer whales.

ANYA

We could not compete against six Orcas weighing more than two tons for the females and more than five tons for the males. They would kill us easily!

Revolted, Mac throws off his mask. Then he turns to the trawler.

MAC DOWN

Bruce! Bruce!

67 INT. COCKPIT - BRUCE TRAWLER - DAY

67

Bruce sings and jams quietly with his guitar an Andalusian tune. Then he looks up at Mac and Anya. Mac waves his arms nervously. Bruce stops singing, quickly putting down his guitar.

BRUCE

What the hell is going on?

Bruce quickly starts the engines. He jerks the throttle stick sharply, suddenly turning the helm in the direction of his friend.

68 EXT. FOREDECK - BRUCE TRAWLER - DAY

68

Mac and Anya take turns appearing on the trawler's rampart. Mac nervously throws his flippers and quickly heads for the foredeck. Preoccupied, Bruce toward them.

BRUCE

I knew it! It attacked you!

Mac looks around the deck.

MAC DOWN

I won't let them go after Kraken.

BRUCE

What are you talking about?

Anya moves toward Bruce and with her hand, she pulls his face in the direction of the Orcas.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

Oh, my God!

MAC DOWN

Where are the harpoons!

Annoyed, Anya walks quickly toward Mac followed closely by Bruce.

ANYA

There is no question of harpooning anyone! I'm a scientist and I believe Kraken's fate is inescapable.

BRUCE

She's right! It's nature, we can't interfere.

Overwhelmed, Mac walks close to Bruce.

MAC DOWN

No way I abandon it! Where are your harpoons Bruce? Give me your damn harpoons.

Bruce worriedly looks down.

BRUCE

This, this is not your fight.

Mac nervously shakes Bruce.

MAC DOWN

You're wrong Bruce! I swore to return it to its world, and that's what I'm going to do.

69 EXT. OPEN SEA - DAY

69

The Orcas form a large circle and surround Kraken. The killer whales keep a respectful distance from their prey. Kraken is on the defensive with its tentacles outstretched.

70 EXT. FOREDECK - BRUCE TRAWLER - DAY

70

Nervous, Mac continues to search. Then, he looks at Anya's crates. He heads for them.

Anya rushes to the crates and with her body, blocks Mac.

ANYA

It belongs to the institute and costs a fortune.

MAC DOWN

Please! I'm sure there's something in there that could help Kraken.

ANYA  
(bluntly)  
Sorry.

Mac looks devastated as he feverishly takes two steps back - looking at Anya.

MAC DOWN  
How can you be so indifferent?

Mac nonchalantly points at Kraken.

MAC DOWN (CONT'D)  
There's a legend of the seas still  
unknown to this day and you intend  
to do nothing to save it.

Anya shakes her head and shrugs.

ANYA  
It's in the order of things, it's  
nature that wants it that way.

Mac looks dejected, standing in front of the biologist.

MAC DOWN  
He would have given its life to  
save me, not so long ago. It  
deserves better. Please don't be  
insensitive to its fate! I'm sure  
you can do something. Imagine that  
thanks to this you might save the  
myth.

Thoughtful, Anya crosses her arms as she turns to the crates.

ANYA  
W-we can try something, I can't  
guarantee anything. But no use of  
harpoons!

Anya carefully opens one of the crates and carefully pulls  
out a large stun gun.

ANYA (CONT'D)  
It's absolutely necessary to find  
something in order to launch this  
gun as far as possible.

MAC DOWN  
I think I just found it!

Anya, puzzled, turns back to Mac. He holds a huge fishing  
rod.

MAC DOWN (CONT'D)  
 If we can cast for the swordfish  
 then, I think that won't be a  
 problem.

Relieved, Anya grins.

ANYA  
 Excellent, Mac!

Mac looks nervous as he faces the cockpit.

MAC DOWN  
 Bruce's directing us full throttle  
 toward the orcas.

Very focused, Anya quickly undoes some elements of the  
 electric gun.

ANYA  
 Hurry Mac! Let's hitch the gun  
 tight to the hook, because we won't  
 get a second chance.

Mac suddenly frowns as he looks at her.

MAC DOWN  
 Are you sure that won't kill  
 Kraken?

ANYA  
 I think so but honestly I can't  
 promise you. The orcas will be  
 groggy for a moment and then resume  
 their journeys.

Anya looks confident as she approaches Mac - pistol in hand.

ANYA (CONT'D)  
 It's very important that you don't  
 forget it's absolutely necessary to  
 intercept Kraken and maintain it,  
 otherwise it will be lost to the  
 ocean floor.

Mac inhales and exhales heavily, securely gripping the stun  
 gun attached to the hook.

A male Orca suddenly leaves its group. Heads toward Kraken,  
 launching a dazzling attack.

The cephalopod reacts quickly and slightly injures the killer whale's head - using its defenses. The orca returns to its group. Two orcas - male and female - immediately move quickly toward Kraken. Then, together, they attack and succeed in wounding and tearing off one of its tentacles.

Vigorously chewing their catch, they rejoin their congeners.

72

EXT. FOREDECK - BRUCE TRAWLER - DAY

72

Concerned and focused, Mac extends his arms to the maximum. He leaves the expanding fishing rod behind him - cable taut. He looks out to sea toward the Orcs.

MAC DOWN  
Hurry! Closer Bruce!

Three male Orcas suddenly move dangerously close to Kraken.

Mac nervously look at Kraken.

MAC DOWN (CONT'D)  
They're gonna kill it!

Anya raises her arms energetically toward the cockpit.

ANYA  
Bruce! Cut the engines!

Anya looks at Mac.

ANYA (CONT'D)  
It's now or never!

Mac throws the line into the sea.

INTERCUT BETWEEN TRAWLER AND SEA --

The three orcas launch their attacks simultaneously against the Decapod. In the foreground the electric gun suddenly dives in the water. Then, the indicators go to the maximum of their power.

The three killer whales and the cephalopod freeze. Then they turn back on themselves. The other killer whales in the group, disoriented and groggy, slowly swim away.

Happy but concerned, Mac joins Anya. In the background, Bruce comes rushing toward them. Puzzled, Anya looks at Kraken. Suddenly she relaxes and smiles fully.

MAC DOWN  
Bruce, the cable!

Bruce picks up a hook from the ground attached to a coiled cable at a pulley. Then, he hands Mac the hook.

BRUCE

With this, you can pull it easily.

Mac grabs the hook, leaving some ballast.

Anya stares at the open sea...

ANYA

We got a problem -- it's sinking!

Mac looks panicked at Kraken.

MAC DOWN

Kraken!

Mac belts himself quickly using the hook. Then, with clasped hands, he dives into the water toward Kraken.

Mac quickly swims toward the three orcas. Groggy, they begin to wake up and gently orient themselves to their congeners. Then, with a preoccupied face, Mac looks quickly from left to right. Suddenly, he dives and disappears

UNDER THE SURFACE

With a tenacious look, Mac sinks to the depths - searching desperately for Kraken. Suddenly, a tentacle armed with a defense appears. Lacking air, Mac desperately grabs the tentacle. Then using his other hand, he quickly takes the hook and attaches the arm firmly. Once moored, the cable stretches immediately.

73

INT. COCKPIT - BRUCE TRAWLER - DAY (LATER)

73

Mac, Anya and Bruce, exhausted, are slumped on the seat.

They all hold a glass of whiskey.

MAC DOWN

Thanks Anya for saving Kraken.

ANYA

I finally had my hemocyanin blood test! So science thanks you too.

Bruce reaches out his glass to Mac and Anya.

BRUCE  
 Tomorrow, it can finally go home  
 unfortunately with one missing  
 tentacle.

Anya slams her glass against Bruce's. Then they drink the  
 whiskey greedily.

ANYA  
 It will grow back very quickly  
 thanks to its united neurons in  
 ganglia.

Mac gulps down his glass and slams it on the table.

MAC DOWN  
 Now it needs to regain its strength  
 slowly.

Mac looks exhausted as he walks through the cabin, then  
 stops. Faces the front door window, thoughtful.

Suddenly appears, red cap on, the nasty, vindictive and  
 malevolent face of Garalt.

74 EXT. FRONT DOOR - BRUCE TRAWLER - NIGHT 74

Garalt, Joe and Ailfred look hostile, holding their harpoons  
 and wearing fisherman's coats. They stand up facing the  
 cockpit door.

Garalt grabs the handle vigorously. He swings opens the door.  
 Then he enters quickly followed by his two accomplices.

75 INT. COCKPIT - BRUCE TRAWLER - NIGHT (SAME) 75

Garalt, Joe and Ailfred menacingly look at Mac, Anya and  
 Bruce.

Garalt takes a step forward.

GARALT  
 Hi everyone! I hope you've kept the  
 octopus healthy for me.

Garalt slyly looks at Anya.

GARALT (CONT'D)  
 Who the hell are you?

Intimidated, Anya looks at Garalt.

ANYA  
I'm the biologist from the Long  
Beach Institute.

Garalt smirks, slightly raising his harpoons.

GARALT  
Okay! You'll tell me later why  
you're here.

Garalt moves closer to Mac, annoyed.

GARALT (CONT'D)  
I'm going to forget what happened  
on the dock and not tear you to  
pieces -- provided you deliver the  
decapodiform to me.

Mac just stares at him.

MAC DOWN  
Why do you persist? Don't you have  
Inca treasure to find?

GARALT  
(arrogantly)  
Everything I covet is mine! And I'm  
sure that as soon as I introduce  
the octopus to scientists, it'll  
bring me a lot more money and  
notoriety -- more than I could  
dream.

Anya exclaims, frowning.

ANYA  
I'll inform UNESCO of your actions,  
looting shamelessly the gold of the  
ocean depths!

Garalt shoots Anya a threatening look, then points his  
harpoon at Mac and Bruce.

GARALT  
That's enough! You'll now follow  
each of us. I hope for you that  
this will be fruitful if not, we'll  
have to use drastic measures!

76

EXT. FOREDECK - BRUCE TRAWLER - NIGHT

76

Armed with his harpoon, Garalt is with Mac. They are looking at Bruce and Ailfred heading for the hold of the boat. Then at Anya and Joe who quickly head toward the rear deck.

GARALT

Mac! We'll search the foredeck from top to bottom, but I'm going to explain a detail to you that you probably missed during all these years.

Mac looks perplexed at his boss.

MAC DOWN

What detail?

Garalt and Mac walk slowly toward the front of the boat. Garalt snoops around.

GARALT

You never wondered why my boat was called the "Self-made man?"

MAC DOWN

I imagine it has to do with your intentions of fame and wealth.

BRUCE

(nods)

Benjamin Franklin one of the founding fathers of our colossal country has been described as the greatest example of a self-made man.

MAC DOWN

The American dream.

GARALT

But for that, you have to be idealist, active, deserving, mobile and ambitious while starting from scratch.

MAC DOWN

Idealist! Without crushing and manipulating others in order to get what you want.

Garalt stops walking. Look at Mac.

GARALT

Mac! Look how you talk to me now.  
We're not so different you and me.

Mac shakes his head.

MAC DOWN

You're wrong Garalt! I got lost on  
my personal intentions and this  
partly affected my romantic  
relationship with Jessica.

GARALT

(mad)

Women, women! I want to be the  
architect of my own fortune and my  
own glory without being bothered by  
anybody.

77

INT. HOLD - BRUCE TRAWLER - NIGHT

77

Bruce is preceded by Ailfred armed with the harpoon. Bruce  
shows him different places. Then they head to a room crowded  
with equipment.

BRUCE

No octopus!

Ailfred sharply aims his weapon at Bruce.

AILFRED

Keep searching and make an effort,  
if not, you'll face the  
consequences.

Bruce looks intimidated as he walks nonchalantly toward the  
cold room.

Then he opens the sliding door heavily. Suddenly, dozens of  
large frozen fish fall to the ground.

BRUCE

You think it eats fish sticks!

Bruce half-heartedly invites Ailfred into the fridge.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

You don't seem convinced!

Ailfred steps forward then carefully sticks his head inside  
the fridge. Then looking reassured, peacefully comes out.

Suddenly he receives a powerful slap with a frozen fish and falls stiff to the ground.

BRUCE (CONT'D)  
Asshole! Serves you right!

Bruce quickly grabs the harpoon. Then looking revengeful, he looks toward the exit.

78

EXT. REAR DECK - BRUCE TRAWLER - NIGHT

78

Anya looks preoccupied. Joe precedes her, armed with the harpoon. They are moving toward the back of the boat, inspecting every corner.

ANYA  
Just like we told you, it's dead.

JOE  
Where's its body then?

ANYA  
In the water...

Joe points the harpoon at Anya.

JOE  
Stop bullshitting me!

Anya walks over to several boxes piled high. On tiptoes, she takes the one at the top - awkwardly pulling it toward her. Suddenly the boxes and their contents spill onto the fallen biologist on the floor.

ANYA  
No!

Joe suddenly drops his weapon. He rushes to her. Then, he rids her of the contents of the boxes.

JOE  
Chicks! So clumsy!

Anya looks mischievous as she suddenly pulls a stun gun out of her pocket. She electrocutes Joe. He falls hard.

ANYA  
Secret weapon, asshole!

79

EXT. FOREDECK - BRUCE TRAWLER - NIGHT

79

Upset, Mac moves toward the bow of the boat. Then turns to Garalt, pleading --

MAC DOWN

Leave it alone! I'll work for you  
for as long as you want.

Garalt looks coldly at Mac. In Garalt's background, appearing suddenly, tentacles moving along the floor.

GARALT

I think glory is within my reach!

MAC DOWN

What are you talking about?

Garalt arms himself with his harpoon and engages it. Then he directs it quickly toward the bow.

MAC DOWN (CONT'D)

What the hell are you doing?

Mac turns to the bow. Kraken's entire body on it. Suddenly, the cephalopod rises feverishly on its tentacles - brandishing its two tusks at Kraken.

MAC DOWN (CONT'D)

No! Kraken!

Garalt moves toward it.

GARALT

Everything I covet is mine!

Mac suddenly lunges at Garalt and manages to disarm him. Then a violent fight breaks out.

MAC DOWN

I'll stop you Garalt, if I have to  
die!

Garalt, vindictive, looks bitterly at Mac. Suddenly he punches him hard in the face.

GARALT

You're a jerk! And you're fired  
from my company! No one else will  
ever hire you, trust me.

(louder)

You're a loser and you're finished!

Mac comes back to his senses and punches Garalt's face with all his might. Garalt collapses heavily on the ground, inert. Panting, Mac proudly stands up and looks at Garalt.

MAC DOWN

You fucker, go back to your  
fucking, shitty company and stay  
there!

In the background, Anya and Bruce look at Mac - dazed.

BRUCE

Mac! I think you've just passed a  
milestone!

With a puzzled gaze, Anya stares at Kraken half erect on its mighty tentacles.

ANYA

The species that survive aren't the  
strongest or even the most  
intelligent but, the one that best  
adapts to changes.

BRUCE

(looks at her)  
Wouldn't that be from dear Charles  
Darwin!

80

INT. COCKPIT - BRUCE TRAWLER - NIGHT

80

Mac, Bruce and Anya sit comfortably and quietly on the bench. Anya looks at Mac.

ANYA

I hope you tied them up well.

MAC DOWN

(frowns; looks at Anya)  
Just enough to benefit from the  
time necessary to disappear from  
the Self-made man's radar.

Bruce points at the commands.

BRUCE

I engaged our autopilot for the  
night. One more day and we will  
finally arrive in Peru.

Taken aback, Anya stands up. She takes a drink and pours herself some whiskey. Then she takes a sip.

Then pours two more glasses of whiskey. Then present a drink to Mac and Bruce, sitting between them.

ANYA

I told you that my parents were desperately waiting for my return home with a boyfriend. But my life is like a long quiet river.

Anya raises her glass in front of her slowly.

ANYA (CONT'D)

Do you know that Anya means: snake venom?

Bruce smiles at her.

BRUCE

I understand better why no one wants to be with you!

Thoughtful, Anya gulps her glass looking at Bruce.

ANYA

You're such a jerk!

81 EXT. FOREDECK - BRUCE TRAWLER - MORNING

81

With a worried face, and in a diving suit, Mac takes his cup and ball game. He places it carefully around his neck. Then he carefully attaches to his belt the large old chest filled with several weights.

MAC DOWN

Here we are! The big day.

SUPER: "Pacific Ocean limit of the Tropic of Capricorn on the ridge of Nazca in the Chile Basin. One day later."

82 INT. COCKPIT - BRUCE TRAWLER - DAY

82

Anya looks at the cockpit, searching for something. She goes to the naval radar then to the sounder screen.

ANYA

Bruce! The sounder-- which power?

Bruce looks challenged as he stops the machines. Then he turns quickly to the biologist.

BRUCE

I have never tested it for such depths. It'll all depend on salinity, temperature and pressure. But I'm sure the monster will disappear forever!

Anya looks dumbfounded.

ANYA

Why this enthusiasm!

Bruce looks benevolent.

BRUCE

Mac is my lifelong friend and I worry deeply about his affectionate, even overly protectionist attitude toward Kraken.

83 EXT. OPEN SEA - DAY (LATER)

83

Mac quickly swims out to sea. Then he stops, takes his cup and ball game, and knocks strongly sequenced impulses with it: "come."

MAC DOWN

Kraken!

Suddenly in front of Mac, the surface of the water starts bulging. Kraken appears suddenly. Then, embraces warmly Mac with its tentacles.

84 INT. COCKPIT - BRUCE TRAWLER - DAY

84

Bruce takes his binoculars and looks in the direction of Mac. Suddenly looking satisfied, he begins to smile.

BRUCE

He's finally saying goodbye.

ANYA (O.S.)

Bruce! We've got a problem!

Bruce looks happy, binoculars resting on his eyes. He squeezes his left fist vigorously.

BRUCE

This is going to be heartbreaking!

With alarmed face, Anya looks up and jerks Bruce toward her.

ANYA  
The telemetries! Look, there are  
several very big echoes coming  
toward us from the East.

Bruce leans toward the naval radar, called out.

BRUCE  
What the hell is going on, again?

Bruce quietly watches the telemetry. Then suddenly, he stares closer at it.

BRUCE (CONT'D)  
Sperm whales!

Anya looks upset, biting her nails - looking at the open sea.

ANYA  
Maybe they'll change course.

Bruce stands up straight. Gives Anya a perplexed gaze.

BRUCE  
I really doubt it!

85 EXT. OPEN SEA - DAY (MOMENTS LATER)

85

Mac looks anxious as he gently intertwines himself through Kraken's mighty tentacles. Then, his eyes meets Kraken's for a long time.

MAC DOWN  
You still have plenty of time  
before you go home.

Mac swims quietly with the Decapod. Suddenly several HORN BLASTS resound. Mac stops and turns toward the boat.

MAC DOWN (CONT'D)  
What's going on?!

Kraken wiggles, brandishing its tusks.

MAC DOWN (CONT'D)  
Calm down! We're alone, there's no  
danger.

Mac, puzzled, turns and looks toward where Kraken brandishes its tentacles: a slight swell mask the horizon.

Then suddenly appear several Cetaceans in the distance - exhaling loudly sprays of water.

MAC DOWN (CONT'D)  
Sperm whales!

Mac, tense, quickly turns to Kraken. Suddenly, he grabs a tentacle pulls it.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

Young Mac cries a lot as he sees his mother leave from the orphanage.

LITTLE MAC  
Mom!

Young Mac looks disoriented and overwhelmed, turns back down a long hallway: livid and sterile colors. In tears, he begins to walk slowly toward a large, tall wooden door. Then on tiptoes, he grabs the handle with a trembling hand and pushes open it.

END FLASHBACK.

Upset, Mac suddenly lets go of the tentacle. Then sure of himself, he looks calmly at Kraken.

MAC DOWN  
No way that I leave you! I'll protect you! On the trawler, there are harpoons and certainly a gun if necessary.

BRUCE (O.S.)  
Certainly not!

Mac turns abruptly to Bruce.

MAC DOWN  
You can't swim!

Out of breath and angry, Bruce wears a life jacket. He swims quickly up to Mac.

BRUCE  
That's not the point, my friend.

MAC DOWN  
I've known you forever and never noticed that...

BRUCE

Well, I know you better than you think and I suspected that you would change your mind.

(looks at Kraken)

Mac, it's going to die! Either because of human stupidity or killed by its enemies coming in force. You got lucky with the orcas, but this time you won't be strong enough to put the sperm whales out of action.

(louder)

Mac! It's still young, give it a chance to live!

Sure of himself, Mac swims closer to Kraken. Then, turns to Bruce.

MAC DOWN

I'm gonna give Kraken that chance Bruce!

Bruce opens his eyes wide.

BRUCE

Yeah! You're transferring again! It's hard to hear but your mother abandoned you in order to give you a new chance. Whether you like it or not, or blame her for all the ills of the world -- know that she saved you from her own destiny, whatever that may be. Do the same with Kraken.

Mac looks stunned as he quickly reaches his friend and grabs him firmly.

MAC DOWN

What are you talking about? You're lucky you're my childhood friend or...

Bruce delicately puts his hand on Mac's shoulder.

BRUCE

Just because our parents became crooks, alcoholic, divorced or died tragically and prematurely doesn't mean we'll follow that same path.

(beat)

Mac, abandonment is not an end in itself!

(MORE)

BRUCE (CONT'D)

Make peace with yourself and trust  
those who love you like Jessica  
waiting for you and desperately  
waiting for an answer from you.

Mac stares at Bruce, upset.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

Young Mac grabs the handle with a trembling hand and pushes  
it open...

A HUGE ROOM

A four-year-old child (Bruce) with a sad, unhappy face, sits  
on a chair alone in the room - well supplied in various  
objects. Suddenly their complicit gaze crosses and  
intensifies. Then, Bruce gets up and walks over to Mac.

Hesitant and stoic, Mac remains rooted to the spot.  
Mechanically their left hand reaches toward each other and  
they end up hugging each other. They suddenly look calm and  
at peace.

Then they begin to walk calmly together through the room.

END FLASHBACK.

Mac enthusiastically lets go of Bruce.

MAC DOWN

You're right, Bruce! And... as  
Garalt would say, I'm the architect  
of my own life and my own destiny.

BRUCE

Save Kraken!

Calmed down, Bruce turns around and swims quickly toward the  
trawler. Mac looks concerned and holds back with one hand one  
of Kraken's tentacles. Suddenly the cephalopod begins to move  
toward the sperm whales.

MAC DOWN

Stop!

Mac quickly takes his cup and ball game. He plunges it under  
water. Then, he energetically strikes sequenced pulses:  
"home."

MAC DOWN (CONT'D)

You need to go home!

Mac looks saddened as he takes the old chest. Then, brandishes it to Kraken.

MAC DOWN (CONT'D)  
It's hard for me to say, but we  
have to leave each other. You must  
go as fast as you can.

Kraken suddenly stops. Turns calmly to Mac. They stare at each other. Kraken pets the closed lid of the old chest with one of its tentacles.

MAC DOWN (CONT'D)  
Home! Home!

Mac looks distressed as he powerfully throws the chest away. It quickly sinks.

MAC DOWN (CONT'D)  
If I have to retain one essential  
thing from meeting you, it is that  
wealth is not always what you  
think! And the glory can be  
intimate to oneself.

Mac, looking sad and overwhelmed, strikes strong pulses sequenced: "home." Suddenly, the cephalopod separates from Mac then, goes to the chest. Dives in and disappears under water.

MAC DOWN (CONT'D)  
Swim Kraken! Swim to the abyss,  
that of your motherland.

86 INT. COCKPIT - BRUCE TRAWLER - EVENING

86

Bruce and Anya look concerned, looking at the sonar. In the background, with an anguished look, Mac comes forward - wet and in diving clothes. He quickly wedges himself between his two companions.

MAC DOWN  
Where is it? I hope it's following  
the chest!

Bruce and Anya, upset, stand up straight - looking at Mac.

ANYA  
Unfortunately, the sperm whales  
have also started their descents  
and, they're quickly and  
dangerously catching up with  
Kraken.

Mac looks at the sounder.

MAC DOWN  
Come on, Mac. Go faster!

Bruce nods, looking at Mac.

BRUCE  
It's unfortunately not fast enough.

Worried, Mac straightens up and looks stunned at Anya.

MAC DOWN  
How deep do the sperm whales go?

Anya grins wearily as she looks sorry at Mac.

ANYA  
Sperm whales will only give up at  
the depth of ninety eight hundred  
feet.

Mac gasps, fearful.

MAC DOWN  
Ninety eight hundred feet?!

Bruce looks sorry too, as he puts his hand calmly on Mac's  
shoulder.

BRUCE  
Yeah! They're carnivores with a  
height of at least seventy feet and  
over fifty tons each.

MAC DOWN  
(nervously)  
What's your point?!

Anya looks at the sounder.

ANYA  
Calm down!

Anya clenches her fists and slams them against the ledge.

ANYA (CONT'D)  
It's still three thousand feet away  
from being safe in the abyssal  
zone.

87 INT. OCEAN - DAY

87

Kraken, all tentacles spread out, securely holds the chest. He quickly propels itself through the depths. Powerful sperm whales in group descend very quickly and EMIT a series of click sounds of very high intensity.

Kraken reacts and activates the red color of its pustules.

Then, it suddenly accelerates its course, penetrating through the abyss.

88 INT. COCKPIT - BRUCE TRAWLER - DAY

88

Mac, Bruce and Anya lean by the sounder. After a long time, they suddenly straighten up and jump for joy.

MAC DOWN

It made it! It's free!

Bruce, Anya and Mac hug each other.

MAC DOWN (CONT'D)

The sperm whales have turned back.

The happy and euphoric stooges pour themselves a glass of whiskey each. They drink it without moderation. Mac looks thoughtful...

MAC DOWN (CONT'D)

Jessica!

Satisfied, Anya steps forward and looks through the window at the open sea. She suddenly sees under the sunset come up several sperm whales, exhaling strongly sprays of water. The biologist smiles and begins to sigh happily.

89 INT. COCKPIT - BRUCE TRAWLER - MORNING

89

Mac, looking happy, sports stubble. He calmly pulls his mid-length braided hair back. Then he leans toward the cockpit and watch the bright sun.

SUPER: "Pacific Ocean limit of the Tropic of Capricorn. Pit of Atacama in the Chile Basin. In the summer, two years later."

MAC DOWN

Soon we'll be at the exact same spot where we left Kraken last.

Mac turns to Bruce, sitting on the bench seat. He quietly strums a few notes on his guitar.

MAC DOWN (CONT'D)

Thank you Bruce for hiring me during these last two years so that I can continue to pay my rent and finish my studies as an underwater archaeologist.

Bruce stops strumming his guitar and looks at Mac.

BRUCE

Don't forget that you still owe me some big expense for Kraken.

MAC DOWN

(joyful)

Everyone should have a friend like you.

Bruce puts down his guitar. Then he stands up and joins Mac.

BRUCE

Goddamn it, you're gonna make me cry! So go with our guests on the deck. I'll be there as soon as I cut off the engines.

90

EXT. FOREDECK - BRUCE TRAWLER - DAY

90

Mac looks attentive as he walks delicately toward Jessica who appears to have a round belly. He takes her warmly in his arms and kisses her passionately gently putting a hand on her belly.

SALIE (O.S.)

Hey! Easy guys, there's a kid on board!

Mac smiles at Salie. She walks up to Mac.

MAC DOWN

I still can't believe that two years ago you were in a wheelchair.

All smiles, Salie looks insightfully at Mac.

SALIE

I'm sure it's since the time I fell in Anaheim Bay during the altercation with Garalt.

MAC DOWN

I got the fright of a lifetime!

Salie turns peacefully to the open sea.

SALIE

The specialists still can't explain  
it and my mother firmly believes  
it's a miracle!

ANYA

She should!

Anya moves toward the little girl. Then she arranges and  
delicately caresses her hair.

ANYA (CONT'D)

You never told me about that  
incident.

SALIE

I'll tell you later.

Anya grimaces at Mac.

ANYA

I forgot to tell you Mac that the  
analysis made of hemocyanin taken  
on Kraken show huge possibility,  
not to mention that it does not  
have homochromy like octopuses!

BRUCE (O.S.)

Don't start again with your  
gibberish, Anya Brothers!

Bruce looks overjoyed at Mac. Walks up to him. Takes from his  
pocket a necklace tied to a pendant representing an ancestral  
witch's head. Gives it to Mac who takes it, expressing his  
gratitude. Then, he carefully puts the necklace around  
Jessica's neck and kisses her.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

Yeah! I knew it would come back to  
you one day and I thought today  
would be the perfect day.

Anya looks enthusiastically at Bruce.

ANYA

I don't wanna be a killjoy, but the  
aquatic mic is about to be thrown  
into the sea.

Mac rejoices, looking at Anya.

MAC DOWN

Thanks for coming with us again  
with your equipment.

ANYA

Remember that if it works and in  
the name of science, you will allow  
me to put a shoal transmitter on it  
in order to study its movements.

Mac slightly nods.

MAC DOWN

Always negotiating!

Anya walks toward the rampart. She throws the mic vigorously  
into the sea tied to its electric wire. Then she stands  
carefully in front of the hearing aid while operating the  
commands flexibly.

ANYA

It's gone on a loop! The message in  
Morse code says: "come" and it's  
broadcast at very high speed.

91

EXT. FOREDECK - BRUCE TRAWLER - EVENING

91

Anya, looking anxious, looks carefully at the hearing aid  
under the setting sun. She nervously manipulates the  
controls. Then, she looks at Mac - shaking her head. Annoyed,  
Mac strides toward the rampart. Looks at the sea. Jessica and  
Salie, looking sad and disappointed, warmly surround him.

BRUCE

I'm going to start the engines!  
We're going home.

Exhausted, Mac nods. Then he looks at everyone.

MAC DOWN

Thanks Bruce, and thanks everyone.  
I'm really sorry.

Anya sadly turns off her devices. Looks at Mac, standing up.

ANYA

Sound travels faster than in air,  
more exactly at a speed of three  
thousand three hundred and fifty  
five miles per hour so I think  
Kraken should have received the  
message, otherwise...

MAC DOWN

(irritated)

I don't want to know what you're  
about to say, Anya. But thanks for  
your tenacity.

Resigned, Anya quickly pulls the electric wire. Then, she  
puts the microphone next to the hearing aid - looking at Mac.

ANYA

I really appreciate your new  
orientation, that of becoming a  
true underwater archaeologist.

Anya makes her way to the cockpit with Jessica and Salie.

Mac looks overwhelmed and looks out to sea.

MAC DOWN

I can't believe it! And yet we must  
resign ourselves to the law of  
nature and God that it is sometimes  
hard, cruel and unjust.

With a distraught face, Mac turns to the cockpit. Then, he  
nonchalantly walks toward it. Suddenly, slowly resounds a  
GRATING of wood. Mac stops walking. Then frowning, turns  
around toward the rampart: the large old chest rests on the  
floor. Startled, Mac quickly walks toward it. Suddenly, he  
gets belted by a huge tentacle and is lifted rapidly aloft.

MAC DOWN (CONT'D)

Kraken!

Anya, Jessica, Salie and Bruce, puzzled, join Mac in his  
jubilation. Then all are seized by a powerful tentacle and  
pull toward the sea. Kraken rises to the surface. It has a  
phenomenal size of more than three hundred and fifty feet in  
wingspan. They're all gripped to a robust tentacle imprinted  
with many marks of struggle. Anya looks at the huge  
tentacles.

ANYA

What is there in the bowels of the  
seabed for it to be so affected!

Kraken suddenly emits several powerful sequenced pulses with its beak, looking at Mac. Suddenly around it emerge and appear several decapodiforms.

MAC DOWN

He did it! He did it!

MAC DOWN (V.O.)

They said, beware the underworld of the God Poseidon the shaker of the ground, splitter of the mountains and master of the seas, son of Cronos and brother of Hades. Because, perched on his horse armed with his famous devastating trident that can awaken the sea monsters, he is the undisputed guardian of Olympus and the blackest souls spawned by the earth.

(beat)

I say: "Let's not ignore the creature, that one pointed at unfairly. Let's be indulgent toward it as it would be toward us. Let's unite our knowledge lest we be ignored once our devouring and appetizing desire reached the paroxysm of marine annihilation. Let's learn to stand face to face for the survival of our world. Don't be afraid of the unknown and tame it before it tames us, for the seas do not belong to us."

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END

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