

In Deep

By

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EXT. LAKE HOUSE - DAY

A small house with a well-kept yard, overlooking a lake in upstate New York. A canoe lies on the grass near the shore. At the patio near the house, Jack prods some burgers on a gas grill. His girlfriend, MARY, prepares ears of corn.

MARY

I wish Kate and Joe hadn't canceled. It would be nice to share this weekend with someone. They haven't been up to the lake this summer.

JACK

It'll be fine. I like the quiet.

MARY

(softly)

Sometimes it's a little TOO quiet.

JACK

Hmmm?

MARY

Maybe we could talk about where we're headed.

JACK

What...?

MARY

Our relationship. I mean, we've been dating five years. I've got my place, you've got yours. Plus this summer rental.

JACK

(looking up)

What the Hell's that?!

A streak of light sears across the sky, followed by the an explosion of water and mud.

JACK (CONT'D)

It landed right over there!

Jack takes off, running down to the water's edge. Mary follows.

Jack reaches the shore and leaps into the water, wading through the swampy shallows.

MARY

What was it, a meteor?

JACK

Could be. Although once it hits the earth, it becomes a meteorite, I think. But I'm no meteorologist.

MARY

I don't think that's what meteorologist means.

JACK

Look, the water's bubbling here.

In the shallow water, we see a round chunk of space rock, giving off streams of bubbles. The water glows a vibrant green.

Jack touches it.

MARY

Careful!

JACK

It's not hot. There must be some gases coming off it.

Jack stands up fast. Then sways unsteadily.

JACK (CONT'D)

Whoa.

MARY

Jack!

Jack takes a step towards land, slips and falls. His head hits against a large rock. Mary quickly gets an arm around him, helping him up.

JACK

I don't feel right.

MARY

Let's get you to the patio. You're bleeding!

A FEW MINUTES LATER

Mary is finishing with a bandage on Jack's forehead.

JACK

I don't know what it was, but the whole world went gray for a second.

MARY

Probably lack of oxygen. You were breathing the gas coming off that thing.

JACK

What were you saying before?
Something about our relationship?

MARY

Don't worry about that now. We should get you cleaned up.

JACK

Oh, man, the burgers!

Jack jumps to the grill and lifts the lid to reveal four smoking hockey pucks.

JACK (CONT'D)

What a start to the weekend.

MARY

Jack, your hand!

Jack sees that he's holding open the grill, not by the handle, but by the hot lid itself. His hand is sizzling. He releases the lid. His hand is red and puffy, but quickly returns to normal.

JACK

Didn't even hurt.

He touches the bandaged cut on his forehead.

JACK (CONT'D)

I don't feel the cut anymore.

He pulls off the bandage. Mary makes a move to stop him, then looks in awe. The cut is gone.

MARY

It's healed. Jack, what's happening?

(CONTINUED)

They're interrupted when an old Jeep drives up, coming to a sudden stop in the lake house driveway.

Out of the Jeep steps DARYL (50s), an unkempt man with a ponytail. He carries a camera with a long lens.

DARYL

Did you see it? Did it pass by here?

MARY

I'm sorry? Who are you?

DARYL

Daryl Johnson. Did you see the UFO? I was tracking it from the highway. I lost visual, but if I got my math right...

JACK

Yeah, it hit right over there.

DARYL

Hit?!

MARY

A meteor, not a UFO.

DARYL

Anything is a UFO until it's identified. Might not be a meteor. Are you a meteorologist?

MARY

What? No... That's not what that means...

DARYL

I'm going to take some pictures. Mind if I take some pictures?

Daryl starts taking pictures.

JACK

Mary, listen, if you were going to ask me about moving in together, that's a pretty big step--

MARY

What? Jack, really? Let's talk later.

JACK
But we're in a good place
financially. And with our jobs...
You may be right...

Jack looks off into the distance.

JACK (CONT'D)
You know, we started slow, dipping
our toes, then waded for a while,
but now we're in deep. But I like
that. Being in deep with you.

MARY
Jack, you'd better sit down.

DARYL
Did you notice anything out of the
ordinary with the UFO? Strange
lights? Missing time? Smells?

Daryl sniffs.

DARYL (CONT'D)
Smells like... charred beef.

JACK
(to Mary)
I HAVE been thinking about us, you
know. Wasn't sure when was the
right time to bring it up. But... I
want to spend the rest of my life
with you.

Jack takes Mary's hand. She smiles at him. Then looks down
at his hands. And screams.

MARY
AAAAA! Jack! YOUR HANDS!

Jack's hands are twice their normal size.

DARYL
Well, I'd call that out of the
ordinary.

INT. LAKE HOUSE - MINUTES LATER

Mary is on the phone.

(CONTINUED)

MARY

No, he's conscious. Lucid. It's his hands. They're huge.

She listens.

MARY (CONT'D)

I'm not going to answer that.
Please, just send an ambulance.

EXT. LAKE HOUSE - YARD

Jack and Daryl are sitting, shucking corn. Jack's hands are still way too large.

DARYL

Really, five years? That IS a long time.

JACK

I just wish I had been the one to bring it up. You get complacent you know.

Mary returns to the patio.

MARY

There's an ambulance on its way.
For now, You should go inside and lie down.

JACK

If you say so. I feel fine. Say, check out the frog Daryl found down by the water.

DARYL

Pretty freaky, huh?

Daryl nudges a bucket sitting next to his chair. Mary looks inside.

INSIDE THE BUCKET

Is a frog the size of a bowling ball.

BACK ON MARY

Trying to keep it together. She closes her eyes.

MARY
Will you please just go inside and
lie down?

JACK
Sure, sure.

Jack stands up. He is now TEN FEET TALL.

MARY
(screaming)
Aaaaah! Jack!

JACK
Oh, damn.

Jack's body has been catching up with his hands. His shirt
and shorts are way too short now, bursting at their buttons.

DARYL
Well, at least now your hands don't
look so big.

JACK
It must have been the gases I
inhaled from the meteor.

A vehicle pulls into the driveway.

MARY
Is that the ambulance?

JACK
Not unless it's from Channel 9.

A man wearing a suit runs up. He has perfectly coiffed hair
and carries a microphone.

GLENN WILLIAMS
Did someone call for a
meteorologist?

DARYL
I did! The meteor is right down
there.

GLENN WILLIAMS
(to Mary)
Hi, Glenn Williams. Channel 9 News.

(CONTINUED)

MARY

What?... Why?... How?..

GLENN WILLIAMS

Those are just some of the questions we meteorologists ask in the biz, ma'am.

(to Jack)

Wow, you're a tall one, aren't you?

MARY

(softly)

But that's not what meteorologists do.

A Channel 9 cameraman enters the yard.

GLENN WILLIAMS

C'mon, let's set up down by the water.

Glenn Williams, the cameraman, and Daryl make for the shore.

GLENN WILLIAMS (CONT'D)

(fading)

You know, technically, once it hits earth, a meteor is called a meteorite.

MARY

Jack, I'm concerned.

JACK

I know dear. I think everything will be all right, though.

MARY

You do?

JACK

Sure. It doesn't matter whether you move in with me, or me with you. Or we could go house hunting... buy a new place. I want you to be happy.

MARY

Dammit Jack!

MINDY MOORE (O.S.)

Hello? Hello, anyone here?

(CONTINUED)

JACK
We're around back!

From the side of the house come two graduate students, MINDY MOORE and LANCE LESSMAN.

MINDY
Hi, I'm Mindy, biology grad student.

LANCE
I'm Lance, biochemistry.

MINDY
Daryl said we could come by to see the specimen?

MARY
How many calls did Daryl make?

JACK
It's right here.

He gestures to the frog bucket, now tipped over and empty.

JACK (CONT'D)
Well, it was here.

From the end of the yard comes a scream of horror.

DARYL (O.S.)
It's got my leg! Oh God oh God oh God!

AT THE SHORE

Wrapped around Daryl's leg is a giant tongue. The giant tongue belongs to the giant frog, now the size of a double-decker bus.

Glenn Williams slaps the cameraman on the shoulder.

GLENN WILLIAMS
Get the shot! Get the shot!

AT THE PATIO

Seeing what's happening, Jack acts. He grows another few feet and rips off his too-small shirt. He hands the shirt to Mary.

(CONTINUED)

JACK

Sorry dear, I'll have to lie down
later. I really do feel fine.

With that, he strides to the shore where the Daryl/Frog
fight continues.

MINDY

Incredible! Spontaneous tissue
generation!

LANCE

Clearly the result of an
accelerated metabolism.

Jack leaps in the air and puts a choke-hold on the frog.

Mary watches, holding the shirt absently.

Two paramedics enter the yard.

PARAMEDIC

Somebody call for an ambulance?

EXT. LAKE HOUSE YARD - LATER - TELEVISION BROADCAST

We see Glenn Williams giving an on-the-spot report.

GLENN WILLIAMS

I have with me now Daryl Johnson,
who was the victim of Frog-zilla's
brutal attack. Tell the audience,
Daryl, how did you survive?

DARYL

Well, the monster had sucked me
into its mouth when Jack -- he's
the big guy -- must have hit it
hard enough to spit me out. Man, I
am really slimy.

GLENN WILLIAMS

Yes. Yes you are. And then, as our
live viewers saw, Jack Fleischmann
beat the mighty amphibian back into
the lake from whence it came.

The camera pans to the lake, where we see the giant forms of
man and frog wrestling in the water, a battle royale. The
camera moves back to Glenn Williams.

(CONTINUED)

GLENN WILLIAMS (CONT'D)
And with me now is Mary Willis,
Jack's significant other. Tell me,
Mary, do you think Jack will
triumph?

MARY
I know he will.

GLENN WILLIAMS
And why's that?

Mary squeezes the shirt she still holds and smiles.

MARY
Because we're going to spend the
rest of our lives together. We're
in deep.

THE END