

FADE IN:

EXT. PUBLIC PARK - NIGHT

A brick shed sits next to a small lake on a moonless night, its door illuminated by an overhead street lamp. An old truck pulls up, music playing. The truck turns off, then the driver's door opens. JACOB, early 20s, steps out of the cab, then slams the door shut.

SFX: Music plays as the truck drives up and comes to a stop. Truck turns off. Music stops. Door creaks open, then slams closed. Footsteps on dirt.

[music - "forget the whiskey...give me two...dollar beeeeerrrs" country style].

JACOB
(irritated)
Wish I was having a beer right now,
buddy. But noooo, water features don't
fix themselves apparently.

Jacob walks to a truck bed toolbox, opens it and pulls out a satchel of tools. He grabs the handheld radio from his belt.

JACOB
(to radio)
(bratty)
Remind me again *why* I'm doing this
again?

SARAH, early 30s, Jacob's boss, chimes in on the radio.

SARAH [RADIO]
(snappy)
Because I'm your boss, that's *why*.

Note: Any [RADIO] speech should be distorted as if it were a real mobile radio. Any (to radio) should have a key up sound.

JACOB
(to radio)
(whiny, trailing sinister)
But why'd it have to be tonight?! Swear
if someone ruins the ending of
Adventures in Space-time before I watch
it, I'll *end them*.

SARAH [RADIO]
That sounds like a "you" problem.
Faster you do it, the faster you can go
home.

Jacob walks to the shed and opens the door.

SFX: Footsteps on dirt. Metal door opening. A running water pump
is heard as the door opens. Light switch flicked. Hum of
fluorescent lights.

JACOB
(to radio)
May as well change out the filter and
run quality tests before I figure out
what the pump's deal is.

Jacob sets the toolbag down and digs for the pH testing kit and
salinity meter. He works on unbolting the filter housing's
cover.

SARAH [RADIO]
(smart ass)
Well look at you being proactive.
Gunning for my job?

JACOB
(to radio)
If it means I don't have to come out in
the middle of the night y-[ou bet].

SARAH [RADIO]
Just finish the damn job already.

SFX: Tool bag hits the ground. Bag unzips. Rummaging through tools in the bag.

JACOB

5/16" wrench...3/4" wrench. You know, they better not transmogrify The Traveler at the end of the season. The way that happened last time...ugh. Fanboys went nuts over speculation. 1/2". Bingo!

Water crashes to the floor as Jacob pulls the filter out. Bits of flesh and gore fall to the floor.

SFX: Wrench working on several bolts. Metal lid slides off. Water crashes on concrete floors. Several splats and slaps from bits of flesh and gore landing.

JACOB

Couldn't read Twitter for a week because of those man-[babies]. Don't get me started on Reddit.
<beat>
What the...why's the filter red? And there's crap all over it.

Jacob bends down to examine the bits on the ground.

JACOB

(grossed out)
What is this? Skin? Awww! Ewww. Ewww! Gristle? Gross! How- Where did it come from?! Shit, this ain't good.

Jacob reaches into the filter housing. Pulls out bones of various sizes.

SFX: Water splashes around, hits concrete.

JACOB

Bones? Fish bones are understandable here and there, but this is...

Jacob gasps and drops a large piece of bone.

SFX: Bone hits wet concrete.

JACOB

(concerned)

...is that part of a femur? Can't be, right? What the hell's going on in this la-[ke?]

(to radio)

Uhh...I think there's a piece of human bone in the filter housing.

SARAH [RADIO]

Nah, it's probably from a deer. Happens from time to time.

<beat>

I wouldn't be concerned.

KRAKKY

(distant)

<ancient roar, but cutified. Think tiny T-rex.>

Jacob opens the door and looks outside.

SFX: Shed door opens.

JACOB

(little nervous)

Anyone out here? It's illegal to be here after dark, you know!

SFX: Thrashing in water.

KRAKKY

(distant)

<thrill of the chase piercing roar>

JACOB

(upset)

Hellooooooo? I'm coming out there. You better not be fucking with me.

Light above the door goes out.

SFX: Pop and fizzle of a halogen street light-style bulb.

JACOB

(put out)

Great! Something else to deal with. Time to add 'replace bulbs' to the ever growing list of things for Jacob to do. I should just quit. Tired of all of this shit.

Jacob rummages in the tool bag. Grabs a flashlight. Clicks it on, but it doesn't want to work. Jacob shakes and smacks it. He walks towards the lake once it clicks on.

SFX: Rummaging in the tool bag. Metal tools fall out. Click the flashlight on and off several times. Shaking and smacking of a metal flashlight.

JACOB

(cranky)

Empty all the trash cans Jacob. Power wash the golf carts Jacob. Clean up the duck crap Jacob. Fucking flashlight.

(frustrated)

Turn on! Can't see shit out here. Come. On. Finally!

SFX: Footsteps on dirt. Water thrashing.

JACOB
(fake bluster)
I'm a park ranger!
(to self)
That's my title, right? Yeah...sounds
right.
(fake bluster)
I'll...uh...ticket you for swimming in the
duck lake!

KRAKKY
<chittery, tiny roar>

JACOB
(jump scare)
Ahh!
(surprised)
What in the actual *fuck* was that?!

KRAKKY
<mocking chitters>

SFX: Water thrashing. Footsteps on dirt.

JACOB
(nervous)
This keeps getting weirder. Someone has
to be pulling my leg.
(to radio)
You don't know of anyone or *anything*
being out here do you? There's some
kind of noise.

SARAH [RADIO]
Shouldn't be. We don't allow camping on
the grounds.
<beat>
Coyote maybe? Would explain the deer
parts.

JACOB
(to radio)
That's it. A Coyote then...
(to self)
(increasingly nervous)
Going to wrap up my work. Ignore it.
Neeeeever happened. I...

Jacob turns around, takes several steps back the way he came.
Stops. Sighs.

JACOB
(convincing self)
I...can't leave if something's out here.
Least I can do is stop a *trash dog* from
killing more. Fine. Fine! I'll go look.
(to radio)
I'm going to take a look around.
Coyotes and water don't mix.

Jacob walks back towards the lake. He scans ahead with the
flashlight. It flickers and dies.

KRAKKY
<anticipatory chittering>

JACOB
(nervous)
Really?! No. Don't you... Flashlight,
now's not a great time to die.

SFX: Clicking on and off the flashlight. Jacob smacks the metal
casing. Footsteps continue.

JACOB
(laughing off)
Heh heh...I don't need a light. There's
nothing out here! It's fine. It's...fine.
It's *fiiiiinnnee*.

Flashlight turns on again.

JACOB
Stupid light.

SFX: Clicks end. Footsteps in dirt. There's a wet slapping sound in the mud near the water.

JACOB
Whew...I mean, yeah you better turn on!

Jacob scans with the flashlight. Jacob pans the flashlight over a series of footprints.

JACOB
(confused)
Are those footprints?
(to self, trailing off)
Really done with this bullshit. Got
some sci-fi to watch.

SFX: Vigorous splashing close. Bubbles rush to the surface of the water.

JACOB
(startled)
Ahhhh...why? It's probably a damn duck.
Stop it.
(to radio)
Sarah...I...I'm gonna go home.
<beat>
You there?

Jacob looks around in a panic. He breathes heavily.

JACOB
(panicked, convincing self)
Get a hold of yourself Jacob. Force
yourself to look. You can do this.
<beat>
One step after another.
<beat>
Move those feet...

Jacob pushes forward hesitantly. The dirt and grass is now mud. Water thrashes about.

SFX: Slow, muddy footsteps. Water thrashing.

KRAKKY

(distant)

<primal victory roar. That sound raptors make>

JACOB

(trembling)

Nothing there. It's all in your imagination.

(to radio)

I've got footprints here. Close to the lake. Some other markings too. Looks like someone clawed at the ground to avoid...

(realization)

...being dragged into the lake.

Jacob looks towards the lake.

JACOB

(scared)

Oh gods...blood. And a shoe?

Jacob steps up to the shoe. He's shaking, breathing hard.

JACOB

(terrified)

Uh...No. Nope. Nope. Foot in a shoe. Nuh uh. Didn't sign up for this shit. Going home...

(to radio)

Sarah! Talk to me! Something is seriously wrong. I *found a fucking foot* on the ground out here. No a damn deer foot. A REAL DAMN FOOT!

A phone buzzes underneath the clothes.

JACOB
(startled)
Ahh—damn it!

SFX: Phone vibrate sound.

JACOB
(calms slightly)
A phone? Good, good. A phone!
<beat>
Let's grab the *fucking* thing and leave.

KRAKKY
(close)
<"Hehehe" quiet chirps>

SFX: Radio static.

JACOB
(panic rising)
(to radio)
Sarah? You there? This isn't a joke.
Call the police. I think someone's hurt
out here.

SFX: Radio static.

JACOB
(shaken)
I can use the phone to identify the
footless person. Hand it over to the
cops. They can sort it. That'll be my
good deed for the week. I'm out-

KRAKKY
(right behind Jacob)
<teasing, boisterous roar>

JACOB
(fear)
Ahhh!

Jacob tries to run, but tentacles whip up from the water and grab his leg. Tentacles slap the muddy ground around as they pull the leg out from under, then entangle him. He drops the phone.

SFX: Violent water splash. Slopping sounds of tentacles hitting mud. Sound of Jacob being dragged through the mud after taking a couple steps and crashing down.

JACOB
(terrified)
No! No! Let me go! Help me! Anyone!
(to radio)
SAARRAAH! Something's got me!

SFX: Sarah's radio echoes Jacob's words nearby.

The tentacles pull Jacob to the edge of the lake. Jacob flails as the tentacles wrap around him. The body of the 3-foot-long kraken pulls itself from the shore, coiling around Jacob.

JACOB
(fighting the fear, desperate)
Someone HEEEEELLLLPPP! Nooooo! Owwww.
It's got me. I'm going to die. Ahhhhh!
(sobbing)
I just wanted to see the Adventures in
Space-time finale...

SFX: Footsteps in the mud.

SARAH [RADIO]
Oh pumpkin, you were...
(normal voice)
...never going to see it.

SFX: Sarah's voice starts out as radio, but turns into a normal speaking voice as she walks up to Jacob on the ground.

KRAKKY
<"Can I?" chortle>

JACOB
(in shock, fear overwhelming)
SARAH! WHY AREN'T YOU HELPING ME!

SARAH
(motherly)
Oh, you sure can sweetie. He's
breakfast!

KRAKKY
<"Thanks mom!" chippers, then
conquering growl>

SFX: Biting and tearing at flesh.
Jacob's throat is ripped out by the young Kraken. Jacob gasps
for air before choking to death. Sarah laughs as he dies. Krakky
crawls over to Sarah, up her legs and into her arms. Sarah
embraces the young kraken.

SFX: Tentacles slopping through mud.

SARAH
(motherly)
Aww, there's my boy! My widdle baby
kraken!

KRAKKY
<happy coos and yips>

Krakky touches Sarah's face with several tentacles. Sarah
unwraps herself from the kraken.

SARAH
(serious)
Now Krakky. Were you playing with your
toys again?

KRAKKY
<guilty chortle>

SARAH
(lecturing)
Didn't I tell you not to leave them
lying around?

KRAKKY
<affirmative growl>

Sarah picks up the shoe with the foot inside.

SARAH
(lecturing)
Do you see this shoe? Where did I find
it?

KRAKKY
<dejected "on the shore" growl>

SARAH
(lecturing)
That's right, on the shore. And you
didn't finish your dinner either! His
foot is still in there!

KRAKKY
<"But mom" growl>

SARAH
(disciplining)
That's a bad Krakky! Bad!

KRAKKY
<pouty chortle>

SARAH
(motherly)
Oh, who am I kidding? I can't stay mad
at you. Look at that *cute* widdle maw!
<beat>

(fun mode)
You wanna play? Wanna play foot?

KRAKKY
<happy yipping>

SARAH
Go long, Krakky!

Sarah throws the shoe into the lake, grunting with effort. The kraken slides into water, splashing in the lake. It chases after the foot.

SFX: Foot splashes into the lake, then bloops. Kraken slides and splashes into water.

KRAKKY

<Playful chortle and growl>

SARAH

Guess I should contact HR tomorrow.
Wonder how many it's been this month...

FADE OUT:

NARRATOR

This has been From the Tiny Depths, written and edited by Jordan
W. Anderson, with Obs, Jill Bee, and TBD.

para/Normal is a

(cough, clears through, begins again in dramatic, vampire voice)

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listening.