

THE STORM

A Short

Written by

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EXT. ALASKAN WATERS -- DAY (8 YEARS AGO)

A raging sea storm blows across our screen in SLOW MOTION. A tidal wave breaks, exposing a 30-foot SEINER, thrashing against the agitated sea, taking on water.

INT. SEINER, ALASKAN WATERS -- CONTINUOUS

Slow moving waves crash onto the small deck with the same destructive intensity as they would in real time.

The gale-force wind blows the long hair of GILES; a burly fisherman, positioned at the stern, fighting against the sea to pull an unseen object on board. His yellow teeth are clenched. His face twisted with the monstrous pain of knowing what would happen if he were to ever let go.

Giles' is 30. Young by life's standards. But an existence at sea makes him look older than his years.

Giles' swings his head around. His long Scandinavian blond hair slowly whips across his face as he YELLS over the storm.

GILES  
THE--HY--DRAU--LICS!

Giles' voice drifts through the air like a dream as we reverse on the ENGINEER, a thin man, looking into the hydraulics compartment by the wheel house with a flash light clenched between his teeth and a wrench in his hand.

Over the thunderous crash of breaking waves we hear his heart thump against his chest. Water drips like molasses from his waterlogged rain gear down onto his anxiety stricken face.

ENGINEER  
(eyes widening)  
THINK--I--GOT--IT!

Every word is epic, godlike, rolling echoes from the deep.

Suddenly, the hydraulic engine starts to crank. Hot, black smoke billows out from the stack.

The elated engineer whips his head around, smiles at Giles. Giles' eyes move down from the smoke stack to the bright eyes of the engineer. They trade hopeful looks. Giles then turns back to the object he's holding when his eyes grow terrifyingly wide. Hold on Giles' shattered smile. The color in his face drains before our eyes as an angelic voice calls out to him.

VOICE (O.S.)  
Gi--les ... Gi--les. Giles.

INT. NEW LIFE FERTILITY CENTER, KODIAK -- PRESENT -- DAY

Giles is pulled from his trance by a beautiful woman sitting beside him, squeezing love into his hand as she looks deep into his eyes.

SANDRA  
Sweetheart.

Giles looks to SANDRA; his beautiful wife of 7 years.

SANDRA (CONT'D)  
Are you alright?

Giles, 38 here and distant, just stares at Sandra. He's not alright. But there's a quiet nervousness to Sandra that comforts him. She smiles warmly.

SANDRA (CONT'D)  
The results from our test are in.  
The doctor asked which would we  
rather hear first. The bad or the  
good.

And this entire time we see that there is a DOCTOR sitting silently across from them. A file open on his desk.

Sandra sees that Giles is still reeling from his thoughts and so she turns to the doctor and makes the call.

SANDRA (CONT'D)  
The bad.

INT. BEDROOM, HOME -- NIGHT

Sandra wraps her arms around Giles as he crawls into bed.

SANDRA  
We'll find a way. I promise. If  
we have to, we'll try every clinic  
in this town.

They kiss.

SANDRA (CONT'D)  
I love you.

GILES  
Love you, too.

Sandra closes her eyes and sleep quickly pulls her off to another world. But Giles' eyes remain open as ominous SOUNDS build in the distance. Crashing water. Howling wind. The engineer's voice calling out to him.

INT. DECK OF THE SEINER, THE STORM -- DAY (8 YEARS AGO)

Giles' fear stricken face fills the screen. Slowly pull back to reveal the engineer running over with the speed of real time.

ENGINEER

What is it?

The engineer comes up behind Giles and is immediately stunned by what he sees.

ENGINEER (CONT'D)

(spoken slowly)

Holy shit.

Reverse down on what has caught both their eyes; a BABY, naked as if it were just born, caught in the mesh of a seine net. The baby is alive. Its' cries drown out the sounds of the raging storm.

Fear has Giles frozen. He comes to when he sees the engineer whipping into action, hooking the hydraulic block to the net.

ENGINEER (CONT'D)

Grab the baby before the net rolls through the block!

Black smoke rises from the stack as the engineer works the hydraulic levers. Giles stands ready at the rail. Kelp bulbs and other deep sea treasures come on board as Giles reaches forward and snatches the baby from the net.

The engineer locks the lever in place. The storms rages all around Giles as the baby looks deep into his eyes, its' wails softening down to a quiet smile.

The engineer runs over to Giles corralling the baby. He looks at the baby, then out at the treacherous sea, thinking:

ENGINEER (CONT'D)

How on earth is this baby not dead?

Giles and the engineer throw each other looks-- You tell me.

EXT. HARBOR -- DAYS LATER (8 YEARS AGO)

The Seiner slowly drifts across the calm waters of the picturesque harbor. The storm has passed, but many boats wear her beating.

INT./EXT. SEINER -- DOCK SPACE, HARBOR -- MOMENTS LATER

Giles emerges from the wheel house with the sleeping baby cradled in his arms. The engineer flanks a few feet behind.

ENGINEER

Where do you figure we take him?

EXT. SAFE HAVEN -- KODIAK -- A LITTLE LATER

Giles and the engineer walk inside a center. What a sight they must be as all eyes fall on them, two grizzly men carrying this soft sleeping baby.

A NUN-LIKE LADY, looking like Mother Theresa herself approaches the men.

She looks at the baby and puts her hand over her mouth as the beauty of the child fills her heart.

GILES

We found him at sea. Believe it or not.

The lady looks at Giles and the engineer. She holds no suspicion in her eyes. She extends her arms. Giles goes to hand over the baby, when it immediately wakes from its' slumber with a bone chilling wail.

The lady cradles the baby, whispers softly into his ear, trying to calm him. But the baby goes on crying. It's tiny hands reaching out, yearning for Giles.

The lady and the engineer look to Giles, who's stricken with bewilderment. The tiniest tear swelling in the corner of his eyes as he takes in the peculiar baby.

EXT. TOWN ROADS -- KODIAK -- SEVERAL DAYS LATER (PRESENT)

High white clouds in an early morning sky. Giles' pick-up truck barrels down the small town roads.

INT. GILES' TRUCK -- MOVING -- SAME

Giles drives. Sandra rides in the passenger seat. Their respective thoughts fill the silence.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE, HOPE FERTILITY CENTER -- LATER

Giles and Sandra listen to the DOCTOR(2) explain his finding.

DOCTOR (2)  
 (reading Giles' report)  
 Your semen analysis came back above  
 average. PH level is good. Anti-  
 Sperm Antibodies results read  
 positive. Your DNA fragmentation  
 index was fair.

The doctor closes the file. He folds his arms across his chest and sits back in his leather chair, truly dumbfounded.

DOCTOR (2) (CONT'D)  
 I am stumped. It's a mystery.  
 Both your test came back in the  
 highly fertile range. Truly, if  
 there was ever a case with no  
 logical explanation as to why the  
 two of you are not able to bear a  
 child, this would be the one.

Giles takes in this information. Sandra's cast down. A tear falls from her eyes as she breaks into a light sob.

Giles takes a deep breath to it all.

GILES  
 I'm sorry.

Sandra's shoulders are heaving now.

GILES (CONT'D)  
 I should have kept him.

Sandra's cries subside. She looks up at Giles with wet eyes.

SANDRA  
 Kept who? What are you talking  
 about?

GILES  
 The baby.  
 (looks to Sandra)  
 (MORE)

GILES (CONT'D)

I let him go. I let him go when I  
should have kept him.

- FADE TO BLACK