

# **LAKE SEARCH**

by  
Greg Lake

(c) 2021  
All Rights Reserved

FADE IN:

**INT. VAN - MOVING - DAY**

PETE, with GEORGE in the passenger seat, drives a van down a forested road.

In the cargo area is an object resembling a mid-sized metal box. George looks back at it.

GEORGE

Are you sure this is going to work?

PETE

Of course I am, it has to. If we can't find them, all that we've worked for will be lost.

GEORGE

They've been missing for a week now. We may find nothing but dead bodies.

PETE

That's a risk we have to take.

**EXT. LAKESIDE DOCK - DAY**

The van is parked with the rear cargo doors open next to a dock on a large lake. Trees surround the lake on all sides.

Pete and George load the metal box onto a fiberglass boat.

GEORGE

What's this thing supposed to do?

PETE

It detects metal objects beneath the surface. That's what it's supposed to do anyway. Haven't tested it yet.

GEORGE

Then why are we doing this? If they've been missing for a week they're probably dead.

PETE

Still, we have to try.

George walks to the back of the van and takes out a set of diving gear.

GEORGE

I don't like our chances. Not one bit.

**EXT. LAKE - DAY**

The boat floats in the middle of the lake. Pete walks over to the metal box and presses several buttons on the side.

PETE

If our buddies are down there, this should tell us where they are.

Pete presses a few more buttons. After a delay of a few seconds, a few beeps are heard. He looks at a small screen on the side of the box. Looks confused.

PETE (CONT'D)

What? That makes no sense...

GEORGE

What's wrong?

Pete indicates the screen.

PETE

Nothing's showing up. It's not detecting anything.

GEORGE

Try it again, maybe they moved or something.

Pete presses the same buttons. Looks at the screen again after the beeps.

PETE

Damn it. Still nothing.

GEORGE

How 'bout we go to the other side of the lake, perhaps it's over there?

PETE

Good idea.

Pete walks to the front of the boat and guns the motor.

**EXT. FOREST - DAY**

A small clearing in the woods surrounding the lake. The boat can be seen moving on the lake.

A man brings down a pair of binoculars from his eyes. A primitive cylindrical submarine is on the ground next to him. This is ADAM.

ADAM

It seems those bastards finally took the bait. Took 'em a week to do it.

Two other men, ROD and CHAD, sit on the ground beneath Adam.

CHAD

I can't believe I actually agreed to this scheme of yours. What's the point?

ADAM

You see that gizmo he has on that boat? He's trying to find us, which he won't. He wants those samples we have. But he won't get them either. I've seen to that.

ROD

To what end?

ADAM

To get his funding cut off of course. And to get him out of our way.

Adam points to the ground next to Chad. Puts on a pair of leather gloves

ADAM (CONT'D)

Hand me that sniper rifle.

Chad sheepishly hands it to him. Adam takes it and trains it on the boat, which has moved to the other side of the lake.

ROD

Are you sure you want to do this?  
There's no going back.

ADAM

I understand that. Trust me when I say that this is for the greater good.

Adam aims down the scope of the rifle at George, who is standing next to the metal box.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Say goodbye to your successful life, Pete.

Adam fires. George goes down. Pete turns around and kneels next to George's body. Looks frantically this way and that.

ADAM (CONT'D)

(cold)

Let's go. The authorities will take care of the rest.

All three men turn around and walk away, leaving the submarine on the ground.

FADE TO BLACK.