

THE LAKE

Written by

The One That Got Away

FADE IN:

EXT. LAKE - DAWN

A light fog hangs low across the picturesque landscape. Birds chirp in the surrounding woods as a fish jumps in the middle of the lake; perfect concentric circles emanate from where it reenters the water before it vanishes back into the depths.

EXT. LAKE - SHORELINE - MORNING

Two small tents sit across from each other. Embers smoke and smoulder in the previous nights fire.

INT. TENT - MORNING

MIKE, 35, ruggedly handsome with a beard that would be the envy of any man, lies bundled up in his sleeping bag next to ERIN, 32, who appears just as cozy.

They both wake with a start as someone violently shakes the tent from outside.

GEOFF (O.S.)
Rise and shine, you two! The fish
are jumpin' and I'm gettin' hungry.

Mike sits up and wipes the sleep from his eyes.

MIKE
Jesus, Dad! You're gonna send Erin
into premature labour.

Erin has a slow, long stretch, her sweater creeping up over her barely-showing belly.

Mike leans down and kisses it gently.

MIKE
(to Geoff)
Give us a minute would you?

With a grumble, Geoff walks away from the tent.

Erin and Mike lock eyes then burst into laughter.

ERIN
I can't believe you guys have been
coming out here for almost thirty
years.

MIKE

Such great memories from our annual Lake Edson fishing trips, quite the Breton family tradition.

Mike rubs Erin's stomach.

MIKE

This little guy... or girl, is gonna get roped into it one day as well you know.

ERIN

I truly can't wait, Mike.

The pair share a smile and a kiss.

EXT. LAKE - ROWBOAT - DAY

A stunning day, so still that the lake looks like a mirror which perfectly reflects the mountains and trees.

GEOFF, 60, the epitome of an outdoorsman in his khaki fisherman's vest, has his eyes laser-focused on the line cast in the water.

Mike sits on the other end of the small vessel with his own fishing rod in hand.

MIKE

Quiet day, Pops.

GEOFF

Bastards ain't bittin' today. Let's give it an hour and we'll head back in.

MIKE

No problem, I'm in no rush.

Mike glances out over the --

SHORELINE

Where Erin collects wood for the night's fire.

ROWBOAT

Mike smiles as he returns his focus to the task at hand.

Suddenly, Geoff's line goes taut, he jerks the rod back, stands, and promptly begins reeling in his prize.

GEOFF
Big one! Get the --

A thunderous sonic boom, way up in the sky, causes them both to gaze upwards.

MIKE
What the hell?! Was that a plane?

GEOFF
I don't --

Debris rains down around them. One small piece hitting Geoff hard, square in the head. His eyes roll back and his lifeless body crumples into the boat.

As quick as the shower started, it's over, there's silence and stillness once again.

MIKE
Dad!

Mike rushes to his father's aid, he feels for a pulse but it's too late.

Next to Geoff's body is the otherworldly piece of debris that took his life. A foreign symbol glows red in its center. With one hand still touching Geoff, Mike reaches over to grab it, as he does the entire area explodes in white light.

CUT TO WHITE

EXT. ROWBOAT - DAY

Eyelids slowly flutter open.

MIKE, now 15, wakes with a start. Across from him sits Geoff, now 40, who examines his hands with astonishment then touches his face. When he looks over at Mike his eyes go wide.

GEOFF
Mike? You're... What happened?

Mike, just as shocked, takes in his own younger body.

MIKE
I -- There was an explosion, you...
you died, and then --

He looks down at the glowing piece of debris.

MIKE

I was touching you when I picked --

Frantic, Mike's attention shifts, he examines the shoreline, there's only one tent and no Erin to be seen.

MIKE

Where is she?!

Geoff picks up the object, he stares at it intently.

MIKE

Erin!

GEOFF (O.S.)

Maybe... maybe we can go back?

Mike spins around, sees his father holding the object.

MIKE

But if we do, you might --

GEOFF

Son, you have to go back.

Mike and Geoff share a knowing glance, Mike's eyes well with tears, he shakes his head. Geoff smiles, opens his arms, and with the object still in his hand, wraps his son in a warm embrace causing the same explosion of white light.

CUT TO WHITE

EXT. LAKE - SHORELINE - DAY

It's as still and beautiful as ever. Mike and Erin walk hand in hand along the lake in silence, two fishing rods rest on Mike's shoulder.

JEFFERY (O.S.)

Look, Daddy!

Up ahead, JEFFERY, 5, points towards a jumping fish.

SUPER: 6 YEARS LATER

Mike smiles as he and Erin stop at a plaque fixed to a large boulder which reads: "In Loving Memory...".

Jeffery sprints to his father who ruffles the young boy's hair as he continues to excitedly point out at the lake.

FADE OUT.