THE LIGHT IN THE WATER

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FADE IN

EXT. BOAT LAUNCH - DUSK.

Two men load a small boat with fishing rods, a large tackle box and a cooler full of beer and snacks.

RUSS, 20’s wears a black hooded sweatshirt and jeans. He shoots everything with a small video camera.

KYLE, 20’s wears a camouflage jacket with jeans.

KYLE
Gettin’ late.

RUSS
That’s the point.

KYLE
Looks creepy out there, you ever been out at night?

RUSS
Nah, thought it could be fun, no one else on the water.

KYLE
Because the lake is closed.

RUSS
Just hurry up man, lets get out there.

They unload the boat from the trailer and into the water.
Kyle drives the truck and trailer to a nearby parking space.
Russ stares at the sunset, which is a brilliant orange that reflects against the still water.
Kyle comes back to the launch in a hurry.

KYLE
Creepy ass lake, here we come.

RUSS
(laughs)
Hell yea man, let’s do this.
INT. FISHING BOAT - SAME

Russ uses the outboard motor and takes them out into the depths.

Kyle opens a beer, tosses one to Russ who starts to drink.

It gets darker, there is no one either on the water or camping near the shoreline.

The boat bounces off the still water as Russ pushes the throttle forward more and more.

RUSS
Hey, do you even know how to fish?

KYLE
You mean put a line in the water and drink until the rod starts to wiggle? Yea I know how to do that.

RUSS
(Raises his beer)
Exactly.

KYLE
Can we get in trouble out here?

RUSS
Not really, maybe a fine, but it will be on me, not you. I can just play dumb, probably won’t do anything except kick us outta here.

KYLE
(Finishes his beer)
Fuck it.

INT. FISHING BOAT - LATER

It’s completely dark, the blue vastness below them now looks like a dark slab of moving pavement.

Their fishing poles are affixed to holders installed on the side of the boat.

At least a dozen empty beer bottles sit on the deck of the boat, along with wrappers from various food items.

Kyle is continuously drinking.

RUSS
You get any bites yet?

(CONTINUED)
KYLE
(beginning to slur)
Nah, thinkin’ of reeling it in.
Don’t feel like babysitting this thing anymore.

RUSS
(pointing to another spot)
Lets move over there, maybe better luck.

KYLE
Aren’t we throwing them back, anyway? Who cares if we catch anything.

RUSS
Yea, but that feeling of a scaly slimy thing on the end of the line is awesome. Plus I wanna see you’re ass get creeped out when you have to grab onto one and take the hook out.

KYLE
(stumbling)
Yea whatever, let me drive.

RUSS
Watch the edge, bro. Don't make me go swimming with you.

KYLE
Sure mom, whatever you say.

RUSS
Just be careful, don't go balls out all at once.

Kyle sits at the rear of the boat and starts the engine.
Immediately he hits full throttle while Russ stands up.
Russ falls over, dropping the camera.
The engine dies out after just a minute.

RUSS (cont'd)
(picking up the camera)
Goddamnit, I told you to go easy.
Russ puts the camera down and tries to start the engine.

RUSS
Dead, come on now.

KYLE
Fuck it man, just paddle us back to shore!

RUSS
Do you see any paddles in here?

Kyle shrugs his shoulders, finishes another beer.

Russ fiddles with the motor.

KYLE
Damn, I gotta take a leak.

Kyle stands and takes a leak off the side of the boat. A red light can be seen as it blinks under the surface. He finishes up and puts his face close to the water.

KYLE (cont'd)
Dude, what the hell is that?

Russ still fiddles with the motor.

RUSS
What’s what?

KYLE
Just get your ass over here, check it out.

Russ picks up the camera and leans down with Kyle.

RUSS
Probably a fish, aren’t there some that light up when they’re trying to mate? Heard that somewhere.

KYLE
Yea, in the ocean, dumbass.
RUSS
Oh I think I know what it is. Remember in The Abyss, at the end when Ed Harris is taken by some jelly fish looking chick and into some type of ship? It raises up to the surface all purple and shit. I bet it’s that.

Kyle, who is very much drunk at this point, responds.

KYLE
You think so?...man fuck you don’t put that shit in my head.

They both laugh.

INT. FISHING BOAT - EVEN LATER
Kyle is sleeping.
Russ places the camera down and grabs one side of the boat.
Russ starts to rock the boat.

RUSS
Holy shit what the fuck is that?!

Kyle wakes up in a hurry, kicks his feet violently.

KYLE
Fuck you alien assholes!

Russ laughs hysterically.

RUSS
(laughing)
I got all that shit on camera.

The bright light of the camera hurts Kyle’s eyes.

KYLE
(Shielding his eyes)
Whatever man, can’t you put that thing on night vision or something? Too bright right now.

RUSS
Yea, my bad. Hey that light thing must like us. We drifted a bit since you knocked out but it’s still here.

(CONTINUED)
KYLE
Dude I don’t care, just let me sleep!

RUSS
Party pooper. Learn how to hold your liquor son!

A hum is heard in the distance.

KYLE
What’s that noise.

RUSS
I think they’re coming.

KYLE
Seriously, shut up a second.

They both listen and it sounds like a motor.

KYLE (cont'd)
I think your bright ass camera light saved us. Probably saw that shit from space.

Russ tries anxiously to start the motor but to no avail.

RUSS
Piece of shit, come on!

Kyle stands up and shouts out to the boat that approaches.

It’s a similar boat with a cop and a man with diving equipment.

COP, 50’s, wears a police uniform.

DIVER, 30’s, wears a wet suit and has an oxygen tank and goggles.

COP
What are you boys doing out here? Fishing hours are over. Turn off that damn light, will ya?

KYLE
(sarcastically)
They are? Ohh, I thought those hours were for weekdays only.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

COP
(stares at Kyle intently)
It's Thursday...Not gonna ask again about the light.

RUSS
(says to Kyle under his breath)
Idiot.

Russ turns off the light, switches to night vision and puts the camera down.

KYLE
Oh, well the hours should be the same everyday!

COP
(to Russ)
Handle him; he wouldn't like me to do it.

Russ pushes down on Kyle's should to sit down; he's on the verge of passing out.

The cop pulls out a note pad and starts to ask questions.

COP (cont'd)
What brings you out here?

RUSS
Just fishing, we're about to leave.

COP
Not so fast. Hand over your tackle box.

The cop rifles through it.

COP (cont'd)
100 pound line? What ya’ll plan on catching.

KYLE
Nessy.

COP
(surprised)
Excuse me?

KYLE
Nothin!

(CONTINUED)
COP
(pointing to diver)
OK then. This man’s partner went missing just before the lake closed up for the day. Fell off the boat; no sign of him until now. He has some kind of GPS that he activated about an hour ago and led us here. I'm not too familiar with how it works, but here we are.

The diver begins to put on his gear

DIVER
It's an older GPS, just gives a general area.

Before diving into the water, the diver attaches a wrist band with a green light that flashes.

Russ picks up the camera, turns off night vision and turns the light on.

RUSS
Hey man, what’s that light?

DIVER
A simple GPS, green for full charge, red for low charge.

RUSS
We saw a red one over--

COP
--What?! Where?

Russ points behind.

RUSS
It was over there, but disappeared under the boat before you guys got here.

The diver immediately jumps into the water.

COP
You couple of morons.

Everyone stares down into the water as the diver’s green light blinks brightly before he goes under the boat.

After a moment, a red light joins the green light as they come out from under the boat.
CONTINUED:

The diver pops up to the surface while the red light shines below.

DIVER
Get my knife, hurry! He’s tangled.

The cop scurries for the knife in the diver’s bag, hands it to the diver.

The diver goes back down.

One of the fishing poles on Russ’ boat begin to wiggle.
It bends at a sharp curve.
It snaps back into it’s original position.

The diver comes back up.

The red light is attached to the other diver.

His body is limp and fishing line is wrapped around his midsection, trapping one arm to his body.

COP
Dear God in Heaven, what have you boys done.

The cop radios for ambulance and snatches away the camera from Russ.

FADE OUT