

Blood in the Water

(C) 2014

FADE IN:

EXT. LAKE - DAY

Shoulder to shoulder, three friends eye down the obstacle before them. Two hundred yards of lake, set between two beaches.

JOHN(25) tall, ripped and athletic. LIZ(24) short, curly brown hair, MICHAEL(21) skinny, the youngest of the bunch, walk toward the water.

Michael dips his feet into the water first.

MICHAEL

Shit, that's cold.

LIZ

There aren't like fish in there, right?

JOHN

Oh you bet there is. Big fish with long nasty looking teeth. Razor sharp. I heard a little boy last year got his toe bit off.

LIZ

You serious?

MICHAEL

Don't listen to him. It's bullshit.

LIZ

Than how come no one's here?

The lake's two beaches are completely vacant.

JOHN

Because their stupid. Look at this. This shit is beautiful.

A calmness resonates over the lake. The water undisturbed, peaceful.

MICHAEL

I swam here when I was a kid. I only made it half way, never made it to the other side. Then again I was ten.

LIZ

Why couldn't we just do this at a pool?

JOHN

No, no pool. We're here to settle a bet. This little fuck thinks he can out swim me.

MICHAEL

Oh, I know I can.

JOHN

You forget, I was on the high school swim team.

MICHAEL

And you forget, the swim team sucked.

JOHN

You see these guns?

John flexes for Michael and Liz.

Liz rolls her eyes.

John extends both of his arms.

JOHN

You see this wingspan I got. One of my strokes are like three of yours.

MICHAEL

You still have to account for your head though.

JOHN

Whadda' you mean?

MICHAEL

I mean the energy your gonna' to have to exert, just to keep that melon size head above water. I'm surprised you can even stay buoyant.

JOHN

And your talking? With those spaghetti string arms. You couldn't paddle your way out of a pasta bowl.

LIZ
Boys, boys. Are we swimming or
what?

JOHN
How much we say again?

LIZ
100 bucks.

JOHN
You in on this too?

LIZ
Oh what, you think a *women* couldn't
possibly out swim two men in a
race. Is that what you're saying?

JOHN
No, I just didn't know you had a
100 dollars to put up.

LIZ
Oh. Well I do.

MICHAEL
Alright, you guy's ready?

JOHN
I'm ready.

LIZ
Ready.

MICHEAL
3...2...1...GO!

They all sprint toward the lake, they dive straight in.

John takes the lead. Michael and Liz are close behind.

JOHN
I told you this was gonna be a cake
walk.

MICHAEL
Still a long ways to go buddy.

As they venture further from the beach, John has now gained
himself a considerable lead.

John stops in place to check out his lead.

JOHN
How you guys doin' back there?

John laughs to himself and continues on.

Michael gains his stride. Stroke by stroke, determined. Closing the gap between John and himself. Now, right behind him.

JOHN
Oh shit, look who it is.

MICHAEL
Half way there.

Both men give it all they got. Now, side by side, almost in sync.

Michael lifts his head back to look for Liz.

Just the lake and an empty beach behind him.

MICHAEL
John hold up.

John stops swimming. He turns.

JOHN
Where's Liz?

Both the men dive under the murky water. Nothing is visible. The clarity is poor at best. Just dark green meshed with sand.

They rise back up.

MICHAEL
LIZ!

JOHN
I swear if this some kind of trick
or tactic, and she's swimming under
us... I'm gonna be pissed.

Liz POPS up out of the water. Thrashing and splashing about.

LIZ
Help me! Help! Please Hel -

Her body gets violently pulled back under. A dark black fin peeks then submerges.

JOHN

LIZ!

MICHAEL

I think - maybe we should get out
of the water.

JOHN

What the hell was that? Did you see
that?

MICHAEL

I saw a fin.

JOHN

You seen the fin too right?

MICHAEL

Look like a shark fin.

JOHN

A shark?

MICHAEL

Look like it.

JOHN

Were in the middle of a lake.

MICHAEL

They found bull sharks in lakes
before. Swam along the river, right
into a lake. We're talking about
one of the oldest species in the
world.

A large ring of blood encircles Michael and John as it
bubbles to the surface.

JOHN

We gotta' get out of the water!

John and Michael now vigorously swim for the beach. No man
leads. As this friendly wager has now become a race for
their lives.

Fifty feet from shore.

Twenty feet behind them, the black dorsal fin cuts through
the water.

John looks behind in mid-stroke. He spots the Fin.

JOHN
Shit. Swim, Swim!

The men are now ten feet from shore.

Five feet.

Michael reaches the beach first and safely escapes the water. John, just feet away, takes those last big steps before he reaches land.

Elation on both their faces.

Until...John stops.

Elation is gone, fear is present.

John opens his mouth to yell and unbelievable pain. But before he can, he's thrown off his feet and pulled back under the water.

Horror across Michael's face.

A slight series of air bubbles breach the surface of the lake. But dissipate shortly after. Until the lake's surface is calm again.

Blood begins to wash up on shore.

Michael looks down at the blood washing over his feet.

He can see a leg slowly making its way to shore. The water pushes the leg in front of Michael.

John's tattoo of a crazed monkey is clearly visible on the back calf of the detached leg.

Michael looks up and see's the black fin sweep back and forth across lake.

The fin then dips back under.

Michael desperately tries to find an escape route. The beach he's on is blocked off by a rock wall. To get around it, he needs to go back into the water, and cut through the trees.

He spots an OLD MAN in a small fishing boat, drifting in the middle of the lake.

MICHAEL
Hey! Heyyy! Over here! Help!

The old man ignores his cries.

MICHAEL
Hey! OVER HERE!

Michael scans his surroundings. Calculates his options. Then makes a bold move. He grabs the mangled leg and chucks it as far as he can away from the fishing boat.

The dark fin peeks out of the water and darts for the leg.

Michael dives back into the lake.

He swims with pure determination. The best he's ever swam before.

The shark stops in place. Then redirects himself toward the fishing boat.

Michael just feet away from the boat.

MICHAEL
Hey! help me up. Theirs a fuckin'
shark in here. Help me.

The old man leans down to help Michael.

OLD MAN
What's that sonny?

MICHAEL
A shark! A shark just killed two of
my friends. He's right behind me.
Get me up, get me up.

The old man smiles.

OLD MAN
Now why would I do a thing like
that. He's obviously still hungry.

MICHAEL
What?

Michael reaches the boat. He tries to pull himself up -

The old man sticks a fishing knife clean through Michael's neck.

Michael gargles on blood and air.

OLD MAN
Oscar! Come and get it.

The shark swoops in and closes his jaws around the top half of Michael's chest cavity, pulling him under.

The old man smiles.

OLD MAN(CONT'D)
That's my boy.

The old man reaches toward the back of the boat, grabs a white five gallon bucket of chum, and tosses the chum into the lake.

OLD MAN
Don't forget desert.

The old man sits down, and proudly smiles, as the shark has his feast of blood.

He lights a cigar.

OLD MAN
Show me the -

FADE OUT: