

A HAZING AT DEAD LAKE

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FADE IN:

EXT. RUGBY FIELD - UNIVERSITY - DAY

A heated scrum is in progress. All MEN (ages 19 to 22), wear the same team shirt but half wear a yellow vest over theirs.

A VEST has the ball. He runs quickly, dodging SHIRTS then passing to a VEST behind him. That VEST runs then passes lateral to another VEST, GRANT ALEXANDER (19).

Grant's "model" good looks set him apart from the others. He sprints downfield, confidence in his step until. . .

SHIRT, PETE "THE PILE DRIVER" (22), a mountain of a man, lunges toward Grant, grabs him around the knees, lifts him off the ground then slams him down.

Another SHIRT, CLIVE "THE MARSHALL" (22), purposely steps on Grant's balls sending him into further agony.

MARSHALL

Oh! That musta hurt! Sorry rookie.

Marshall and Pile Driver laugh as they run downfield.

Two VESTS, IAN THOMAS and DUNCAN CAMPBELL (both 19), come to Grant's aid.

Grant's face is red with rage and embarrassment. Duncan grabs his hand to help him up.

DUNCAN

You alright mate?

GRANT

Foul bastards! Don't they know who I am!? One call to my father and. . .

IAN

Just let it go. They've gotta show us who's boss. That's how it goes.

As they walk off field, Grant glares over his shoulder at Marshall and Pile Driver, who still laugh at his expense.

MARSHALL

(yells over)

See you boys tonight! Aye Grant!
Maybe we'll name ya Tampon. Cus
you're such a bloody girl!

Several team members gather around Marshall and have a good laugh.

DUNCAN

(to Grant)

After tonight we'll be one of them.
Just don't let them break you.

On the sidelines COACH QUINN (50's), calls out to the team.

COACH QUINN

Five laps around the pitch before you
hit the showers!

The team heads to the edge of the field and begin their laps, single file.

EXT. WOODS - LATE NIGHT

The moon illuminates mist that swirls around the trees.

Twigs snap and dried leaves crunch under feet as a group of MEN run through the dark woods, single file.

Vapor escapes their mouths as they exhale.

In the front of the line are Duncan, Ian and Grant in only shorts and sneakers. Noticeably haggard, their bodies full of bloody scratches from running through sharp branches.

The other men, lead by Marshall, wear long pants and red windbreakers adorned with the same crest. Most of them have beer bottles in hand.

Marshall antagonizes the rookies, Grant in particular who is directly in front of him, physically pushing them to run faster.

MARSHALL

Lets go Tampon! Can't get by on
your Daddy's name on this team!

EXT. LAKESIDE - CONTINUOUS

The men exit the woods. Duncan first, followed by Ian, Grant and Marshall then a handful of other team mates.

The three rookies stare at the sight before them, a large lake, surrounded by hills and a small island of trees in the center.

Duncan nudges Grant and gestures to a small, rickety rowboat a few yards away.

Grant looks at the rowboat, then at Marshall.

GRANT

You don't expect us to get in that thing, do you?

MARSHALL

Oh but I do. If you wish to be a respected member of our team that is. You see, we don't care who you are or where you come from. . .

As Marshall speaks, the rest of them team drink beers and cackle at the rookie's discomfort.

MARSHALL (cont.)

We're your family now and it's up to you whether you want to be treated like a brother or a red headed step child. Now get in the boat.

Without a fuss, Ian and Duncan head over. Grant reluctantly follows.

The three squeeze in. Grant searches around his seat.

GRANT

Where are the paddles?

MARSHALL

No paddles.

Marshall beckons Pile Driver over to the boat.

MARSHALL

Push em in Pile Driver.

Pile Driver lifts the end of the boat and pushes it in the water. The rookies struggle to keep it from capsizing.

MARSHALL

We'll be waiting on the other side.

The men laugh and wave goodbye as the boat drifts away.

Ian uses his hands to paddle.

MARSHALL

Oh, forgot to mention. . .mind the snakes!

Ian quickly pulls his hands out of the water.

The three rookies watch as their teammates leave the lakeside and head back into the woods.

EXT. BOAT - CONTINUOUS

The rookies look around helplessly as they slowly drift.

GRANT

How the hell are we supposed to steer this thing?

DUNCAN

We need to do something because we're heading toward the island.

GRANT

Well I'm not putting my hands in there.

Ian reaches down to his feet and begins to take his shoes off. While he does so he inadvertently kicks Grant.

GRANT

Watch it you oaf. What the hell are you doing?

With a glare, Ian looks at Grant as he places his shoes in the water and uses them to row.

IAN

If we all do it we should reach the other side in about a half hour.

Without hesitation, Duncan takes his shoes off and begins to paddle. Grant gives in and slowly starts to remove his shoes.

Gradually the little light they had fades as a large cloud covers the moon.

Within moments it's pitch black.

GRANT

Bloody hell. How are we supposed to see where we're going? I'll tell you, if something happens to us out here those bastards will pay! I'll make sure of that!

IAN

Really? How you plan on doing that? I mean if something happens to us?

Not able to answer, Grant continues to remove his sneakers.

DUNCAN

I know this lake.

He has Ian and Grant's attention.

DUNCAN

My Auntie lives nearby. She used to tell us stories about it when I was a boy.

IAN

What kind of stories?

Grant now joins in the paddling, yet not with as much effort as Ian and Duncan.

DUNCAN

People call it Dead Lake. She told me that over the years many men have gone missing after coming out here. The legend is that a lady comes out

DUNCAN (cont.)
of the water and snatches them then
brings them down to her underwater
castle to add to her collection.

IAN
Shit. I could have done well without
that information.

DUNCAN
Gwragedd Annwn I think. And there
was something about a bell chiming.

GRANT
Well I think your Auntie must be a
nutter. That's one hell of a story.

As the cloud passes, the moon casts a dim light, enough for
them to get their bearings. The boat is right on course.

Grant looks toward the island. Through the mist he sees
the faint figure of a WOMAN, long platinum blonde hair,
sheer dress that gracefully blows with the light wind.

GRANT
You see that?

He points toward the island but the woman is gone.

IAN
See what? Trees?

GRANT
No. There was a woman.

Ian and Duncan study the bewildered look on Grant's face as
he stares toward the island, his eyes squinting to catch
another glimpse.

They can't help but laugh at him.

DUNCAN
Who's the nutter now?

Another cloud covers the moon. Again it goes dark.

In a daze, Grant drops one of his shoes in the water.

GRANT

Shit!

As he lunges his arm in to try and grab it, a bell chimes in the distance. He quickly pulls his arm out.

IAN

What the hell was that?

DUNCAN

I'll bet it's the guys. They're just trying to scare us.

It's worked. The rookies are scared.

Ian places his shoes in the water and begins to paddle, faster this time. Duncan does the same.

The bell chimes again and suddenly the boat stops.

Startled, Ian and Duncan pull their hands up quickly.

IAN

Are we stuck on something?

GRANT

What the hell could we be stuck on out here?

DUNCAN

(toward Grant)

Use your shoe to feel around.

GRANT

Bugger off. You feel around. I'm not putting my hand in there.

IAN

Jesus Grant. You really are a bloody girl.

Ian plunges his shoe into the water and feels around the boat. His hand still in the water, he looks at the guys.

IAN

Nothing. I don't know why we can't move.

Suddenly something under the water jerks on Ian's arm, pulling him off the boat.

Grant recoils but Duncan grabs onto Ian's legs.

DUNCAN

IAN!!!!!!

But Duncan loses his grip and Ian quickly disappears into the lake.

The boat rocks as Duncan stands up. He balances, trying to see into the black water.

DUNCAN

We have to get him! Where is he? Oh my God! What the hell is in there?!

Grant is frozen in fear. Duncan is completely panicked. He sits and tries to steady the boat.

DUNCAN

What are we gonna do? Grant? Hey you selfish, lazy bastard!

GRANT

(dazed)

This can't be happening to me. Not to me. Don't they know who I am?

Duncan lunges toward Grant and shakes him. He slaps him in the face but Grant is still dazed.

On his own, Duncan reluctantly puts his shoes back in the water and attempts to row. The boat still won't move.

DUNCAN

You son of a bitch. I know who you are. You're an over privileged, spoiled. . .tampon!

A bell chimes in the distance. Instinctually, Duncan pulls his hands out of the water but not fast enough. Something grabs a hold of him.

He reaches for Grant but to no avail. Grant just watches as Duncan is pulled under the water.

Suddenly the boat begins to drift slowly at first then faster like it's somehow being pulled.

As the moon emerges momentarily, Grant watches helplessly as he heads right for a large rock at the edge of the island.

He grabs the sides and prepares for impact.

EXT. ISLAND - MOMENTS LATER

Grant's eyes flutter as he tries to focus.

The woman with the long hair stands over him. He tries to sit up but grabs his bloody head in pain.

She speaks to him in a strange language he can't understand. Her voice is hypnotic.

EXT. LAKESIDE - SAME TIME

On the opposite side of the lake, as promised, Marshall and his team drink beers and wait for the rowboat.

Bells chime in the distance.

MARSHALL

There go those bloody bells again.

Something splashes in the water. Marshall walks to the water's edge to get a better look. He motions for Pile Driver to come over.

MARSHALL

Go have a look see will ya?

PILE DRIVER

Like, go in the water?

MARSHALL

Yes you dink. Take off your shoes and get in there.

Pile Driver obeys, takes off his shoes and walks in.

Something grabs his ankle. He calmly reaches down and pulls up Ian, exhausted and waterlogged but okay.

IAN
(out of breath)
Duncan is behind me.

They spot Duncan as he struggles to make it to shore. Pile Driver goes in after him.

MARSHALL
(to Ian)
What the hell happened? Where is Grant?

IAN
She let us go. Didn't want us, she wanted him.

MARSHALL
What are you talking about? Who is she?

EXT. ISLAND - NIGHT

The long haired woman whispers strange, unrecognizable words in Grant's ear.

GRANT
You need to let me go. My father will send people to look for me. Don't you know. . .who I am?

She nods "yes" then kisses him gently, releasing a vapor into his mouth. His body goes limp.

She gracefully motions toward a large rock. It lifts up revealing a large hold underneath. She slithers in, pulling Grant inside with her.

The rock settles back in its spot.

INT. UNDER WATER CASTLE

Propped on a chair is Grant. His dead eyes aimed at five other lifeless men posed around a table.

The long haired woman smiles at her collection.

FADE OUT