

THE LIGHT IN THE WATER

Written by

Steven Wood

steve84@gmail.com  
909-272-7195

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)

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KYLE  
(Laughing)  
Hey man, where was my designated  
driver?!

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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)

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 shoulder 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)



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)

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