

The Lake Ghost

A horror screenplay by Wytemi

LOGLINE:

An ill-favored woman is terrorized by ghosts during a stormy night at her secluded cabin by the lake.

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EXT. SECLUDED CABIN, STORMY NIGHT

Rain bounces puddles on a lake. A secluded cabin sits by a rocky shore. Graffiti decorates the exterior.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Sounds of a woman GROANING loudly.

Rain pelts the windows. The living room is a disheveled mess with magazines, mail, clothes, and trash thrown about.

A ripped misspelled letter on the floor reads in bold:

RIPPED LETTER
DeAR MISS emma...WeRe SOrrY fOr...

The couch is torn up and long nails root through the fabric.

Sound of toilet FLUSHING.

EMMA(30); an average-height hot-mess brunette wearing *only* an oversized shirt, kicks open a bathroom door groaning and grasping her stomach.

She tramples the ripped letter

INT. KITCHEN

She passes by a counter and grabs a hot tea mug. She sips it, then regurgitates it.

EMMA
(growls)
This tastes like shit. Damn hippies. Thinks ginger is the answer to everything.

INT. LIVING ROOM

She peers out at the storm on a window sill. A metal baseball bat sits next to her.

She sips the tea grimacingly.

EMMA
(regurgitating)
Damn, storm...

A sudden CRASH echoes from the kitchen. she jumps, spilling her tea on her groin. She quickly shakes the tea off.

She picks up her bat and cautiously approaches the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN

Smashed dishes litter the floor around a wet, mossy rock. Water drips from a faucet. The above window is shattered. She tip-toes around the glass and turns it off.

EMMA
What the hell?

She hears faint splashing noises from the nearby beach. She looks at a door with locks from top to bottom.

EMMA (CONT'D)
(angrily)
Who the hell is it?!

EXT. SECLUDED CABIN

Crouching, Emma creaks open the door and shuffles out, wielding her bat in one hand and a flashlight in the other.

EXT. ROCKY BEACH, NIGHT

The storm rages, waves crashing violently. She creeps onto the beach and scans the waters nervously.

EMMA
Hello?

Emma sidles to the shoreline. Something stirs beneath the surface.

Her flashlight catches a glimpse of dark, twisting shapes.

EMMA (CONT'D)
(whimpers)
Don't toy with me!

The water churns. Emma grips her bat and crouches still.

EMMA (CONT'D)
Damn, kids! My ass has been tied to the throne room all day! I'm not having it!

A muggy hand rises from the water. Emma stumbles and screams. She drops the bat, turns, and crawls fast towards her cabin. The hand descends back into the water

INT. KITCHEN

Emma, covered in sand and pebbles, races through the kitchen door and slams it.

She clamps all the locks and frantically dials 911 on a wall landline.

She peers out the damaged window, breathless.

911 DISPATCHER (O.S.)
(over the phone)
911, state your emergency

EMMA
(hyperventilating)
The-there's something in the water!

911 DISPATCHER (O.S.)
Are you in danger?

Emma sees the muggy hand rise from the water from the window.

EMMA
(screaming)
Yes, please! Send someone! This is an emergency!

911 DISPATCHER (O.S.)
(mutters away from phone)
Sir?... Yeah, it's her again...

INTERCUT

It mimics a mouth, and then descends underwater.

INTERCUT

EMMA
(whimpering)
Hurry! The Lake Ghost is calling more...!

INTERCUT

The LAKE GHOST; a wet, cloaked, humanoid figure covered in seaweed, rises from the lake.

911 DISPATCHER (V.O.)
 (mutters away from phone)
 Should I send...?...Yes sir.

It picks up the bat and swings it like a baseball player.

INTERCUT

Emma sees a second Lake Ghost rise from the water. They pose at each other and swoon eerily towards Emma.

EMMA
 (screaming)
 Hurry up, there's two of them!

911 DISPATCHER (O.S.)
 (annoyed)
 We are sending you a trained professional. Just sit tight madam, and breathe. They will be there soon.

EMMA
 (crying)
 IT'S COMING NOW! Oh hell, I don't wanna go! I don't wanna goooo.

The dispatcher hangs up. The disconnected tone rings through the kitchen.

Emma sees the shadow of the Lake Ghost outside the window.

LAKE GHOST
 (eerily)
 EmMa...cOmE pLaY wItH uS...heHeHE.

The Lake Ghost bangs at the locked door.

Emma screams

LAKE GHOST (CONT'D)
 (eerily)
 EmMa...cOmE jOiN uS!!!
 (snickers)

INT. LIVING ROOM

She runs into the living room. She slips on loose mail on the floor. Her neck is impaled by a couch nail.

She dies instantly. Blood spoils the trash-littered floor.

The sound of a door KICKED open. The Lake Ghosts appear in the living room.

The ghosts break character and unveil their hoods to be two KIDS(16/15); both wearing wet, seaweed-drenched Halloween costumes.

KID 1
 Okay. That's a...
 (gagging)
 ...a lot of blood.

The kids hear a siren from outside.

KID 2
 (terrified)
 We gotta here!

KID 1
 (distant)
 This was not the plan!

KID 2 (CONT'D)
 (distant)
 I don't wanna go to jail!

The kids race outside. Sound of KNOCKING on the front door.

POLICE OFFICER
 Hello? Emma? We're here now.
 (continues knocking)
 ...Hello?

END SCENE