

Savage Lake

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EXT. FOREST ROAD - NIGHT

Dark, towering trees line a gloomy street. The only light comes from the dim crescent moon above. All is quiet except for--

The rusty wheels of a shopping cart rattling against the concrete.

A MAN (60's), long gray hair, weathered clothes, pushes the cart down the side of the road. He hums a raspy tune.

Up ahead, something catches his attention. He slows the cart, squints, sees a STRAY DOG approaching cautiously.

MAN

You again? Didn't I tell you to
quit followin' me?

The dog whimpers, licks its chops.

Grumbling, the man reaches into his pocket, throws the dog a handful of food scraps.

MAN (CONT'D)

There dag nabbit. Now that's all I
got you hear me?!

SOMETHING STIRS in the distance. The dog growls, revealing an ounce of courage before quickly running off.

The man pauses, scans the area, suspicious.

From a distance behind him, a blurry MASKED FIGURE appears on the pavement, footsteps approaching.

The Man turns, sees the figure standing before him, unmoved.

Spooked, he hurries off with his cart, wheels jerking about. He glances back, but the figure is still there.

Eyes forward, he's hobbling now, the best run he can do when--

A SECOND FIGURE MASKED FIGURE stands ahead, a RIFLE at its side.

The man clamors to a stop, a breath of terror escaping. He around to RUN --

BANG! The second figure fires a shot into the air.

Winching the man veers toward the woods diving for the embankment when -- BANG!BANG!

He falls forward, sliding face down onto the embankment, limp, moaning, blood trickling down his neck.

More footsteps approach just as the man is DRAGGED into the middle of the street by both figures who, from up close, are wearing CAMOUFLAGE HUNTING GEAR and a stretch hood over their faces.

The second figure pulls out a BROWN TARP, covers the man with it.

Both figures retract to the woods.

MOMENTS LATER

An SUV careens down the road, headlights foggy. It speeds up at the straightaway toward the brown tarp.

Under the tarp the man's chest rises and falls. Slowly, he raises up a bloody arm just before --

THE SUV slams on its break, screeching, swerving out of control.

OFF BLACK: A window-smashing, metal-crunching, debris-scattering CRASH. The engine hisses, the car horn blares.

At the edge of the woods, two figures linger in the shadows, watching, observing.

INT. HOTEL - BATHROOM - DAY

The sound of vomiting, violent and gut wrenching.

Jamaal Weston (20's), short dreads, dressed in business professional with glasses, hunches over the sink. He cups the water, rinses out his mouth.

Peering up, Jamaal examines himself in the mirror. He's weary-eyed, skin rather pale for his complexion.

He grabs a paper towel, wipes his face, stands tall, his physique lean and strong. He exhales nervously.

INT. BANQUET HALL - BACKSTAGE - CONTINUOUS

Jamaal chugs a cup of water, still clammy from earlier.

He watches another student, TREVOR WILLIAMS (20's), presenting on stage.

TREVOR

I believe that the marketable
potential that my innovation could
bring to Primetech would
nonetheless be the

Jamaal pulls out a stack of note cards from his jacket,
studies them nodding along to his thoughts, puts them back.

TREVOR (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Thank you. Go Panthers.

The crowd applauds Trevor as he walks backstage. He sees
Jamaal, loosens up, grins.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

Hey man, you got this, relax. Let's
go.

Trevor leans in for a fist bump.

JAMAAL

Thanks bro.

INT. STAGE - BANQUET ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jamaal walks on stage. The audience is quiet. He stops behind
the podium, sweat beading across his forehead from the harsh
lights above.

A beat. He scans the room. In front of him, are a rather
large crowd of business recruiters, and elites.

Hands trembling, Jamaal pulls out the stack of notecards for
his jacket.

JAMAAL

Um.

He shuffles the stack quickly, too quickly as they catch and
explode onto the floor.

Several people shift uncomfortably in the crowd.

Jamaal hurries to pick them up, slows when he notices A SMALL
PHOTO taped onto the back of a card. Pictured is a MAN
(50's), next to a boy (12) - its Jamaal and his dad.

He smiles, picks up the card with the photo, forgets the
notecards. He shakes it off, clears his throat.

JAMAAL (CONT'D)

Good afternoon. My name is Jamaal Weston and I am very pleased to present to you today my development strategy and proposal to support Primetech's 10 year vision of delivering quality products and services around the world--

He turns to the big screen behind him, clicks on his power point.

JAMAAL (CONT'D)

I've decided to approach this project by identifying three key opportunities and challenges for the company, but before we jump into that, let's first take a look at the Primetech organization as a whole--

INT. BANQUET ROOM - STAGE - LATER

Jamaal, Trevor, and a FEMALE STUDENT (20's) stand ON STAGE smiling for photos.

The EVENT HOST (50's), graying hair, steps into the frame. He smiles, card and microphone ready in hand.

EVENT HOST

Now, without further ado. After much consideration, the winner of the Primetech Business Innovation Award, with the grand prize of ten thousand dollars goes to, Jamaal Weston.

The crowd applauds. Jamaal is dumbfounded.

Next to him, Trevor gleams a proud smile, ushers Jamaal forward enthusiastically.

The female student pats Jamaal on the back.

Jamaal steps forward, smiling as the host unveils a large cardboard check for ten thousand dollars, hands it to him.

INT. HOTEL - LOBBY

The buzz of conversation as students and recruiters mingle and network.

Off to the side, Jamaal converses inaudibly with a RECRUITER (40's).

The man looks important, dressed impeccably. He hands Jamaal a business card, gives a firm handshake before disappearing.

EXT. HOTEL - VALET ROUND ABOUT - LATER

Jamaal exits the hotel, and is immediately bombarded by FRIENDS Trevor, BLAKE HUDSON (20's) and ALLEN NGUYEN (20's).

TREVOR

Hey man, good job today!

BLAKE

Yeah, you killed it.

ALLEN

Drinks on this guy tonight. You still owe me some shots bro.

BLAKE

Yeah you coming out tonight?

Jamaal laughs, trying to seem energetic

JAMAAL

I wish but I gotta hit the road tomorrow morning--

TREVOR

Goin on vacation?

JAMAAL

No I'm driving my daughter back to her moms in Oregon

ALLEN

That's deep bro.