

HAVE I EVER BEEN SANE?

Written by

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INT. BATHROOM OF A HOUSE - NIGHT

Unshaven man, JACK (30), tall, thin guy, washes his face by a tap.

JACK (V.O.)
It's been a month since I saw
that... thing emerging from the
water.

START FLASHBACK

EXT. EERIE LAKE - NIGHT

Creepy creature comes out of water.

JACK (V.O.)
I noticed right away it wasn't
human.

END FLASHBACK

INT. BATHROOM OF A HOUSE - NIGHT

Jack looks in the mirror.

JACK (V.O.)
Still, I feel a strong urge to come
back there, which I would if I
wasn't so damn scared.

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jack goes into the bedroom and looks anguished at a wall.

Papers with eerie drawings are fixed to the wall, sharing
space with newspaper clippings.

The drawings are basically horribly deformed faces and people
being killed.

A particular newspaper clipping is shown. Headline reads,
'Two more disappear.'

More headlines on newspaper clippings are shown, 'Couple
found afloat on Lake Death,' 'Bodies of three young women
pulled out of water,' 'Searches continue for missing father
and son...'

Jack tumbles on the bed and rubs his face with both hands.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Jack sits at a table, eating eggs, with a glass of orange juice beside the dish.

JACK
Damn conscience! Leave me alone!

EXT. SIDEWALK OF A SMALL TOWN - NIGHT

Jack walks on a dark street and stops in front of a police station, across the street.

JACK
Nah. They would just think I'm crazy.

Jack just stands there, across the street from the police station.

His anguished face is shown.

JACK (CONT'D)
Can't risk becoming the town buffoon just now.

INT. LIVING ROOM OF JACK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Jack sits on a worn-out couch, watching TV.

The TV is shown.

TV news anchor talks.

ANCHOR
There are still no explanations for the mysterious murders and disappearances around the very place which is now called the Lake Death; a case that so far baffles authorities. Who's kidnapping those people? What killed them? Did they suffer?

JACK
Of course they suffered, you idiot! Didn't you see how horridly deformed their faces were?

The TV is shown.

ANCHOR

Judging by how deformed the victims' faces were when they appeared afloat by the banks, we can reasonably assume they suffered beyond imagination...

JACK

Nice, genius.

The TV is shown.

ANCHOR

The place has already been thoroughly investigated. The best forensic specialists combed every inch of the area, practically turning the creek upside down, and found nothing. No clue whatsoever. Every drop of water was collected, inventoried, and carefully tested. Authorities reaffirmed later yesterday...

JACK

And I saw the damned thing.

Jack punches the wall hardly.

JACK (CONT'D)

But I'm just too much of a coward to do something about it!

He takes a deep breath.

JACK (V.O.)

What if it's just my imagination, and a simple person is actually doing all the killing? Anyway, I'm a wuss. Reputation means more to me than lives.

Jack turns the TV off.

JACK

Have I ever been sane?

A scary fog passes by his window.

JACK (CONT'D)

That's right. I know what I have to do. And it has to be on my own.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

In a very dark night, no moon or stars, a van runs on a narrow road, surrounded by woods.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Jack drives.

JACK'S POV - A shack, only partially visible, looms amidst twisted trees.

EXT. BARREN TERRAIN AROUND SHACK - NIGHT

The car stops in front of the shack. Jack leaves the car and approaches the worn-out cabin.

Rotten columns sustain a very old porch roof.

JACK
I don't even know how this can
possibly be standing.

The place is eerie.

JACK (V.O.)
Place has been abandoned since a
terrible wild fire broke last
summer, claiming the lives not only
of its residents, but also of
several brave firemen who tried to
save them.

Jack approaches the door to the house and hesitates.

JACK
Oh no! That's not why I'm here.

Jack walks away from the shack and to the lake.

EXT. SMALL PIER BY LAKE DEATH - NIGHT

A worn-out canoe swings under the cold of the windy weather.

JACK
If a storm really hits, I'll have
to call the whole thing off.

He looks around.

JACK (CONT'D)
No such luck, I guess.

The water is dreadfully agitated.

JACK (CONT'D)
No way, man!

Jack turns his back on the water and walks away. But he stops.

JACK (CONT'D)
Stop being a chicken! Stop being a
chicken, you spineless shit...

Jack walks back to the water and jumps to the canoe. The small boat shakes even harder and makes all sorts of cracking noises.

JACK (CONT'D)
Damn it, I'm not even sailing yet,
and I'm already seasick!

EXT. LAKE DEATH - NIGHT

Jack paddles along the funeral lake. Fear is all over his face.

JACK
I can't take this any longer!

The place around him is ominously dark.

The shack disappears from view as the boat goes. Bizarre shapes can be seen in the near distance, like ghosts and apparitions.

The canoe dangles back and forth. More cracking noises are heard, together with weird sounds, coming from the water and the woods around the lake.

JACK (CONT'D)
I'm not coming back, am I?

The canoe suddenly stops for no reason, almost dropping Jack straight to the freezing waters. He has trouble getting a grip and restoring balance.

He tries to paddle, but the boat does not move.

Jack paralyzes in fear.

A sinister creature rises in the darkness and materializes before Jack.

Jack's face is whiter than marble.

JACK (CONT'D)
(stammering)
Did you kill those people?

Two evil eyes appear on the creature, staring directly at Jack.

Jack takes two steps back and loses balance, nearly falling.

CREATURE
They fed me. Dying was a
consequence.

JACK
How did they feed you?

CREATURE
Energy from themselves...

The creature's heinous voice slightly falters.

JACK
I-I don't get it.

The monster's eyes get angrier.

The canoe shakes hardly. Jack loses balance again.

CREATURE
Because you don't have it...

The creature's eyes are now furious, its voice more raucous.

Jack's face is the image of fear. His head trembles when he
looks over his shoulder. No more boat. Nowhere to run.

JACK
(stammering)
What do you mean, I don't have it?

The creature grows, almost swallowing the entire place.

Standing by the edge of the shaking boat, Jack is about to
fall. He looks at the creepy water.

JACK (CONT'D)
I can't take this any longer!

Jack climbs the edge of the canoe, to jump in the water.

The creature's eyes grow monstrously.

CREATURE
YES!

Jack stops. He frowns.

JACK
Seriously?

It is Jack's turn to open his eyes a lot, with a strange
malice in them.

JACK (CONT'D)
Got you, motherfucker!

Jack turns to the creature, spinning his head really fast.

The monster's eyes now show fear.

CREATURE
(faltering)
You're not like them...

JACK
Damn right, I'm not. That's why you
didn't kill me the first time.
That's why you're not gonna kill me
now. And this is how I end you, ya
bastard!

CREATURE
NOOOOO!

The creature collapses on itself and explodes in a gigantic,
blinding sphere of light.

Jack covers his face, but the explosion throws him backward,
violently.

Everything disappears.

Jack opens his eyes. He's lying on the canoe under a starry
sky, with a giant full moon.

FADE OUT.

ONE YEAR LATER

FADE IN:

EXT. BIG PARK AROUND FORMER LAKE DEATH - DAY

It is a bright, shiny, sunny day.

People have picnics, while children play around former Lake
Death, now full of life and paddle-boats.

Families and friends have a barbecue in the backyard of the
reconstructed shack, the same one destroyed by a fire two
summers before.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Jack sits on a stool by the counter, having a beer.

A gorgeous woman in her twenties comes to him.

WOMAN
Buy me a beer, sailor?

JACK

It's been a year since I last stepped on a boat, but yes, you can call me sailor.

WOMAN

What about the beer? I can see it hasn't been a year since you last had one.

JACK

Okay, I'll buy you a beer, but know one thing.

WOMAN

What?

JACK

Sometimes, loneliness can be strangely rewarding.

WOMAN

Don't I know that? I'd say we make the most of loneliness, together.

FADE TO BLACK.