

A black screen.

Water laps on a lakeshore. Insects buzz a summer song.

Footsteps pad on forest debris then crunch on lake pebbles.
Someone enters the water, splashing softly.

FADE IN:

EXT. LAKE LANIER - NIGHT

Inches above the surface of the moonlit water, we slowly scan a tree-lined bank. A small island on Lake Lanier is revealed as we track a horizontal view of the shoreline.

At the end of the island, a massive, jagged boulder pierces the horizon. Suddenly, a ripple races towards the rock base.

A slow 180-degree turn reveals a dark ominous lake.

SUPER: "Sixty miles north of Atlanta sits Lake Lanier."

SUPER: "The lake covers 59 square miles and has 160 uninhabited islands."

SUPER: "It is the most haunted lake in the United States."

In the distance, a pinpoint glow burns on the far side of the lake's edge.

Suddenly, we are speeding towards the glow, just above the water's surface.

Diving under, dark images seem to glide past. A school of bass sheltering in eelgrass. A sunken, rusted-out fishing boat. A twisted branch that resembles an outstretched arm.

Emerging from below the water, we come to a full stop at the side of a long wooden pier. Canoes are tied to the far side.

A reflective warning sign reads: "Never Swim Alone."

Directly ahead, the bright glow has grown in size, revealing a campfire.

SUPER: Camp Ada-Wos-Di, 2010

The faces of a dozen GIRLS (11-12) appear in the firelight. They poke sticks and stare into the flames.

SPLASH

The girls' heads whip in unison at the sound. Fearful faces.

From the water, we speed towards the adult camp counselor, DAVA (21, Caucasian), whose back is turned from the lake. She slowly swivels as we speed towards her...

Dava's serious expression morphs into curiosity.

DAVA

Catfish.

She turns back to the girls for a teaching moment.

DAVA (CONT'D)

A big one. Which is just one of the many reasons we don't swim on the lake at night, and what else?

GIRLS (IN UNISON)

"Never swim alone."

Satisfied, Dava's furrowed brow lifts into a playful arch.

DAVA

You girls want to hear a ghost story?

GIRLS (IN UNISON)

Yeah.

DAVA

You're not gonna get scared? Call your parents tomorrow and snitch?

GIRLS (IN UNISON)

No.

With a flourish, Dava locks out her arms out in front of her, lacing her thumbs into a rip entry diver's pose. This signal is the swimmers' version of a pinky promise.

DAVA

Promise?

One by one, the girls also straighten their arms and mimic rip entry -- at varying degrees of swiftness.

GIRLS (IN UNISON)

Promise.

Dava relaxes her arms, and the girls follow suit.

DAVA

Okay. This... is a true story.

Two girls, JENNA (11, Caucasian) and MEGAN (11, African American), sit side by side. They sneak a glance at each other and subtly roll their eyes. They wear identical woven BFF bracelets.

Jenna's height and lankiness are amplified by her reserved nature. She will be a someday beauty, but she has not yet grown into her angular features.

Megan's cuteness is accentuated by her short stature and mischievous nature. She races towards adulthood, as evidenced by her lipgloss and sparkly eyeshadow, applied all wrong.

DAVA

In 1956, Atlanta needed a source of water, so the U.S. Army Corp of Engineers decided to build a reservoir... here. They relocated all of the residents who lived in the area. Most of the people were rural farmers, but there was also a town. Oscarville. Once everyone had been (air quotes)

"moved," the Chattahoochee was rerouted and it flooded the area. Buildings were left standing, and slowly the water began to creep up the sides of houses. The school. A racetrack. A graveyard. A church. Even today, when the water is clear, you can see the church steeple below.

Megan makes a hand "here is the church, here is the steeple" hand gesture, and Jenna snickers.

Dava's eyes lock on the two girls. A wood log cracks in the fire. Jenna and Megan stiffen.

DAVA (CONT'D)

While the government swears they relocated all of the residents, not everyone made it out. Some of the townspeople swear that the day the water began to rise, neighbors straight up disappeared. They were never seen or heard from again.

The girls shift under the weight of this insinuation.