

In the River She Rested

written by

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EXT. A CALMLY FLOWING RIVER - SUNSET

NARRATOR (V.O.)

In the river she rested, as will
you too. That's what they said.

A group of children ride their bikes alongside the river
path. One boy stops to stare at the waters surface. THE BOY,
11, a soft looking average boy, hair hangs in his face.

NARRATOR - THE BOY

Nobody had ever seen her
themselves, but they said if you
had you wouldn't be here to tell
the tale anyways. Was she a spirit?
A siren? We weren't sure, everyone
in town had their own version of
her story.

Boy's friends call for him, he takes one last look at the
water and rides off to the direction of his friends voices.
The water shifts abnormally.

EXT. FISHERMAN'S SHACK - DAY

An elderly fisherman talking with his hands to the children
outside the shack.

THE BOY

The old fishermen would swear that
she walked herself into the river
after the death of her lover,
romantics those old guys were.

INT. THE LOCAL BODEGA

The shop keep leans over the counter to whisper to the
children.

THE BOY

The shop keep would tell you that
her lover was the one who did the
drowning.

EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY

Riding bikes down the street with friends, passing whispering
shop patrons, stopping to observe a billboard filled with
missing persons ads.

THE BOY

The rest of the town thought of it
as nothing more than a scary story.
And us we thought the same, just a
story to keep us out of the
unpredictable waters of the river.

EXT. OLD IRON BRIDGE RUNNING ACROSS THE RIVER - LATE
AFTERNOON

THE BOY

We'd dare each other to jump in.
Haze those who didn't. Nothing bad
ever happened during those times,
But, we never went after dark of
course.

We watch the sun fade behind the bridge and then to black.

INT. OFFICE -NIGHT

A man types away on his computer, his wife kisses him
goodnight, but he keeps getting distracted in thought.

THE BOY, NOW A MAN.

It was a normal evening at home
when I thought of her, and how
silly I had felt thinking of my
fear of her tale. I felt silly now,
as I got up from my work and went
for my keys.

He gets up from his desk and heads for the door.

INT. THE MAN'S CAR - DRIVING- NIGHT

THE MAN

What was I trying to prove? That it
really was just an old folk tale?
Nothing but a means of scaring us
as children.

He parks the car at the rivers edge and gets out.

EXT. THE RIVER - NIGHT - LIT BY CARS HEADLIGHTS

The man stands at the river, staring into the rushing
blackness, listening, searching for anything. He turns to
leave and hears a splash.

A chill down his spine, but he turns around to stare into her blank white eyes as she hovers over the river. He goes to scream. Silence.

CUT TO BLACK.

THE MAN

In the river she rested, and now so
do you.

EXT. A CALMLY FLOWING RIVER - DAY

Fade into a beautiful scene of the river between the reeds. The camera moves below to show the murky depths, and the rotting corpse of our narrator, covered in mud and river rock.

CUT TO BLACK