

The Encounter

By

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VIDEO	AUDIO
<p>PICT0031: Establishing shot of the entry area at Lake Rawlings Scuba Park.</p>	<p><u>NARRATOR (V.O.)</u> As winter fades into spring, scuba divers emerge from winter cocoons to re-enter the water.</p>
<p>PICT0035: Jim McNeal gives a pre-dive briefing to open-water scuba students.</p>	<p><u>NARRATOR (V.O.)</u> Scuba instructors, divemasters, and scuba students gather for a spring ritual -- the first open-water classes of the year.</p> <p><u>JIM MCNEAL</u> The mask must fit to your face, not to your hood, or it will leak. When that occurs, you will feel me working around your head -- I'll be moving your hood back. It's not a big deal. And remember, exhale through your nose, touch the top rim of your mask, and as you exhale, rotate your head back. You should be looking toward the surface of the water.</p>
<p>PICT0033: Mark Easter and his students enter the water.</p>	<p><u>NARRATOR (V.O.)</u> The air is warm, but the water is still cold.</p> <p><u>DAVE LAWRENCE (O.C.)</u> Hey, how are you man?</p> <p><u>MARK EASTER</u> All right, how're you?</p> <p><u>DAVE LAWRENCE (O.C.)</u> OK</p> <p><u>MARK EASTER</u> (As he reaches waist deep in the water.) Ooh, I'm not as all right as I was a second ago.</p>

VIDEO	AUDIO
<p>PICT0211, PICT0207, PICT0212: Show student divers demonstrating skills and swimming around.</p> <p>PICT0014, PICT0015: Footage of fish swarming me.</p> <p>PICT0018, PICT0019: Bass in spawning dance.</p>	<p><u>NARRATOR (V.O.)</u> The cold water deters no one. Student divers demonstrate competence in the skills they need to dive safely and explore an unfamiliar environment. Experienced divers get reacquainted with a second home.</p> <p><u>NARRATOR (V.O.)</u> Humans aren't the only ones active in the lake in the spring. The year-round residents study their visitors.</p> <p><u>NARRATOR (V.O.)</u> Some attend to the business of the next generation.</p>
<p>PICT0220, PICT0081: Footage of airplane, Seadoo, and rocks.</p>	<p><u>NARRATOR (V.O.)</u> I attended to the business of personal exploration. I was nearing the end of my second dive of the year, coming up on 46 minutes in 51 degree water.</p> <p>My body was feeling the effects of using muscles that had been too idle for most of the previous twelve months--age, injuries, and surgery had been dragging me down, but this day I was celebrating my refusal to surrender to it all.</p> <p>Despite the joy of a day well spent, the cold was seeping in through my wet suit and I was ready to crawl out into the sun.</p>
<p>PICT0226: Encounter with largemouth bass.</p>	<p><u>NARRATOR (V.O.)</u> Then he swam up. His behavior suggested that of a male disinclined to suffer fools like me.</p> <p>I accepted his challenge and stood my ground, inhaling the remaining air in my tank and sending the exhaust bubbling up through the few feet of water that separated me from the warm April sunshine other</p>

VIDEO

AUDIO

people were enjoying.

He came back again and again. I didn't dash away like the fish he normally contended with. But the needle on my pressure gauge soon slipped too deeply into the red. My air was being exhausted more quickly than his zeal for the attack.

As much as I wanted to stay, here he was master. It was time for me to cede the field.