

TIMBER FALLS

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FADE IN:

1 INT. TORTURE ROOM #1 1

CLOSE ON - A YOUNG WOMAN'S EYE. Bloodshot blue. Her eyelashes tremble. A tear rolls out. She blinks.

CLOSE ON - A filthy, coarse rope secures a dirty rag inside her mouth.

CLOSE ON - The same type rope binds her ankles together.

CLOSE ON HER HANDS - A mixture of blood, dirt. **IRON SPIKES ARE NAILED THROUGH HER PALMS.**

FROM ABOVE - The Young Woman, 20s, wearing a handmade dress with a small crest embroidered over the heart, lies nailed to a wooden table.

AN OVERHEAD LIGHT BULB DIMS, CRACKLES. OFF SCREEN: A BLOOD-CURDLING SCREAM cries out.

The Young Woman's breathing intensifies. She watches the light bulb, listens to the screams.

The light bulb returns to normal. The screams stop. Peace for a moment. But she knows that won't last.

2 INT. TORTURE ROOM #2 2

A YOUNG MAN, 20s, hangs by his wrists from iron shackles secured to the ceiling. He's bloodied, bruised... a mess.

CLOSE ON - The end of a pair of jumper cables. They TOUCH, sending SPARKS into the air. Brought together by...

A CONCEALED FIGURE. All that's visible are his hands. His

left hand is SEVERELY BURNED, SCARRED, while his right appears normal. He touches the jumper cables together again... SPARKS FLY.

YOUNG MAN

Please-please stop. D-don't.

The Concealed Figure ignores his pleas, connects the left cable to one shackle chain... and then the right side.

ELECTRICITY SURGES THROUGH THE BODY OF THE YOUNG MAN. HIS BODY CONTORTS. HE SCREAMS. The lights DIM and CRACKLE.

3 INT. TORTURE ROOM #1

3

CLOSE ON - The light bulb DULLS. The screams of the Young Man echo through the room.

2.

The Young Woman closes her eyes. Takes SEVERAL FAST BREATHS then... MUSTERS every ounce of strength in her body and...

Her right hand TREMBLES... The Young Woman GRIMACES, in unbelievable agony, but then... HER RIGHT HAND INCHES UP THE IRON SPIKE. Slowly and painfully. PIECES OF BLOOD, SKIN and BONE cling to spike as the hand moves up.

The light bulb returns again to normal. The screams stop.

The Young Woman gives a final hard push and... FREES HER RIGHT HAND. Blood pours from the wound.

No time to waste. She turns her attention, strength to her left hand... ever-so-slowly (and painfully) it moves.

4 INT. TORTURE ROOM #2

4

CLOSE ON - The jumper cable attaches to the metal and... ELECTRICITY SURGES THROUGH THE YOUNG MAN'S body. HE SCREAMS.

5 INT. CABIN - TORTURE ROOM #1

5

The Young Woman's left hand POPS free. Blood oozes out.

OFF SCREEN: SCREAMS FROM THE YOUNG MAN.

She sits up, goes for the gag, but her fingers cramp in pain. Finally, she unties the knot, removes the gag. She coughs,

tries to muffle the noise best she can.

The SCREAMS STOP. Lights return to normal.

Half way free. She goes for the ropes at her ankles, unties them, slides off the table. She grabs a couple rags, ties them around her palm's wounds.

6 INT. HALLWAY/ TORTURE ROOM #2
6

The Young Woman opens the door, checks to see if the coast is clear. It is.

We're at the end of a long, dark hallway (more like a tunnel, really). There are two more doors in the hall, one in front of her another to her right. The door across from her is slightly ajar...

YOUNG WOMAN'S POV THRU DOOR - The Young Man dangles from the chains. Suddenly, the Concealed Figure appears between the door and the Young Man.

The Young Woman retreats, but realizes the Concealed Figure has his back to her.

3.

THE YOUNG MAN sees past the Figure, LOCKS EYES with the Young Woman. No hope for himself, his eyes say: Save yourself.

The Young Woman fights back tears, mouths the words "I Love you". She carefully opens the door to her right, REVEAL a rickety set of wooden steps. She heads up, just as...

LIGHTS FLICKER. OFF SCREEN: The Young Man SCREAMS again.

The Young Woman quickens her pace. The SCREAMS drown out any sound, until... just before she touches THE TOP STEP...

The lights return to NORMAL. The Young Man STOPS screaming. The place goes silent.

The Young Woman's foot TOUCHES THE STEP... A LOUD CREAK RINGS OUT. The Young Woman FREEZES.

7 TORTURE ROOM #2--
7

The Concealed Figure TURNS towards the sound.

8 HALLWAY, STAIRS--
8

The Young Woman holds her breath. Did he hear her?

9 TORTURE ROOM #2--
9

A STEEL AXE/SICKLE hybrid (a scary, handmade invention), rusted, save for the razor sharp edge, sticks in a nearby wooden horse. The Concealed Figure SNATCHES the weapon.

YOUNG MAN
SARAH! RUN!

10 HALLWAY, STAIRS--
10

Sarah (Young Woman) bolts up the remaining steps.

11 TORTURE ROOM #2--
11

The Concealed Figure rushes for the door. In pursuit.

SMASH CUT

TO:

12 EXT. FOREST - SUNSET
12

SARAH races through the thick forest. Her bare, bloody feet and legs stomping over the hard dirt, branches, shrubs, anything in her way. Not too far behind...

THE CONCEALED FIGURE... (the majority of him still hidden) follows her. WEAPON IN HAND.

4.

SARAH... pushes through some thick brush, but... trips, falls. She SCREAMS IN PAIN, grabs her foot, notices... A LARGE GASH ACROSS THE BOTTOM. Sarah turns, hears...

THE CONCEALED FIGURE.. approaches in the distance.

SARAH... wills herself up, limp/runs away.

13 EXT. FOREST - CLEARING/CLIFF - SUNSET 13

Sarah exits the thick woods to discover, to her horror... SHE

STANDS AT THE EDGE OF A CLIFF, takes a peek over the side...

SARAH'S POV - JAGGED ROCKS and a small STREAM at the bottom, 200 feet below. A WATERFALL flows steadily nearby.

Before Sarah can fully digest the situation...

THE CONCEALED FIGURE exits the forest, SPINS THE WEAPON in his hand. Anticipating its use.

Sarah FREEZES in her spot. Breaths get shorter, heavier. Her eyes dart in every direction. What to do?

The Concealed Figure TAKES ONE STEP FORWARD and... SARAH JUMPS OFF THE CLIFF. Rather that fate than the other.

The Concealed Figure walks up to the edge, looks over...

AT THE BOTTOM... Sarah's dead body lays twisted and bloody among the rocks. The waterfall crashes next to her. BLOOD mixes with the water turning it a deep RED.

CUE TITLE: TIMBER FALLS...

DISSOLVE TO:

14 EXT. HIGHWAY - WEST VIRGINIA - DAY (HELICOPTER 2ND UNIT) 14

A black four-door VW Passat cruises the interstate. A Gortex duffel is strapped to the roof.

15 I/E. PASSAT (MOVING) - DAY 15

MIKE WARREN, late 20s, with a devilish grin and looks to kill, sits at the wheel. Even a flashy pair of sunglasses can't mask the twinkle in his eye.

SHERYL JAMES, late 20s, rides shotgun. This beauty's got it all: toned bod, sharp mind and a heart-stopping smile.

An opened bag of chips sit in her lap. A couple of Diet Cokes in the cup-holders. She cradles a cellphone MP3 player.

5.

MIKE

Come on, hit me.

SHERYL

(Flipping through tunes)

Chill...I gotta find -- alright.

MIKE

You got one?

Sheryl hits the "Play" button.

MIKE

"Warning Shots", Thievery Corporation.

Mike grins. Sheryl rolls her eyes.

MIKE

Come on. Next one.

Sheryl scrolls again, hits play.

MIKE

"Bullets" by the Editors.

Sheryl frowns. Mike grins and shoots her a wink.

SHERYL

You loaded these songs. You don't need to be so impressed with yourself.

MIKE

I know I don't have to be.

SHERYL

I haven't even heard of half these bands.

MIKE

It's called good music. You should try to familiarize yourself with it, instead of listening to the crap you do.

SHERYL

I listen to crap?

MIKE

Hurts me to be the one to tell you.

SHERYL

I'm sure it does.

6.

MIKE

You gotta be more like me, baby.
Think new, fresh, cutting edge. I'm
looking for the next Beatles, U2 or
Radiohead.

Sheryl scans through the MP3 player, spots one and smiles.

SHERYL

So, where does this band fall into
that group?

The music starts. BOY'S DON'T CRY, "I WANT TO BE A COWBOY"
blares.

SHERYL

Fresh, new or cutting edge?

Mike immediately begins to backtrack.

MIKE

How'd that get on there?

SHERYL

You loaded the songs. You tell me?

MIKE

Must be a mistake.

SHERYL

Says here you've listened to it 86
times.

Busted.

SHERYL

Is this true? Have you always wanted
to be a cowboy?

Sheryl spies more...

SHERYL

You also got "Men Without Hats"
greatest hits? I didn't know they
qualified for a greatest hits album.
Can you break me off a little "Safety
Dance"?

Mike reaches for the MP3 player.

MIKE

Okay, give me that.

The Passat speeds past a "West Virginia" state sign.

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7.

16 EXT. NATIONAL PARK ENTRANCE - DAY 16

The sun BURNS above. The Passat turns into the park.

17 EXT. PARKING LOT, RANGER STATION - DAY 17

The Passat rolls into a dirt parking lot. Next to the lot is the Ranger Station.

18 INT. RANGER BASE STATION - DAY 18

Maps and local artifacts adorn the walls. A display of some of the local animals, stuffed of course, including a giant bear, fill in the gaps.

Mike and Sheryl enter. They take in the place. Mike heads toward the Ranger's desk while Sheryl eyes the decor.

SAM, 65, a round-faced RANGER with a grumpy disposition, a hearing aid in his right ear, sits behind a desk. He continues working, scribbling on something as Sheryl and Mike wait. And wait. Then...

MIKE

Good morning.

Sam holds up a "wait a second" finger. After a beat...

SAM

Now what can I do you two for?

Sheryl spots some fliers tacked to a bulletin board. Hiking gear for sale, Tour Info, National Park History, etc.

MIKE

Well...ah...

SAM

First time here and you're not quite sure where to begin.

Sheryl grabs a National Park Information flier.

ANGLE ON - There are pictures, an Emergency Contact Information, Guided Tour Info, etc.

SAM

Something like that.

SHERYL

Precisely like that.

Sam stands, grabs his lower back, a recurring discomfort. As he digs around for something...

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8.

Sheryl notices, on the board...

ANGLE ON - A flier for a young missing couple. Below that...

ANGLE ON - A photo of a girl: "Sarah Travers" (from the opening scene).

Sheryl studies it and shakes off any concern by locking arms with Mike at the desk.

SAM

Get you started with one of these.

Sam grabs a map and lays it out in front of the couple.

SAM

How long you folks hiking for?

MIKE

Two days. Heading out early Sunday.

SAM

Well, if you move at a decent clip, you could hit the summit by midday tomorrow. Should still give you time to take it all in and make it down.

SHERYL

Any particular path?

SAM

You folks experienced hikers?

MIKE

We've done some ah--

SHERYL

(interrupting)
No. Nothing like this.

SAM

For first-timers, I recommend either Willow Creek Bridge or Donner Trail.

SHERYL

Donner Trail? As in "The Donner Party?"

SAM

I'm not sure of the name's origin. They're the two paths we regularly patrol. Something happens and you're on one of the other trails, it might be awhile before we find you.

9.

MIKE

Where do we camp?

SAM

Unless it says not to, you can set up where you like. Just make sure when you turn in that you extinguish your fire. Oh, and this here's bear country. They're not animals to fool with. You see one, you head the other way, especially if he's feeding. If the bear thinks you're getting in the way of his food, that's all she wrote.

Sheryl warily eyes the stuffed Bear in the station.

SHERYL

(Sarcastic)

Great.

SAM

You got yourself a first aid kit?

MIKE

Nurse Betty here's my first aid kit.

Sam looks confused...

SHERYL

Don't mind him. I'm a nurse.

SAM

Good for you. The question was, do you have a first aid kit?

SHERYL

Yes, we have a first aid kit.

SAM

Great, see how easy that was.

(Moving on)

It's off-season, park's pretty quiet.
Even more than usual. You may run
into a few locals, but--

SHERYL

People live up here?

SAM

We have a few generations of families
that have called these mountains home.
Most of `em are friendly. Respect their
land and they'll respect you.

10.

Mike twangs and air banjos, "Dueling Banjos" from
'Deliverance.' Sam is not amused. Sheryl fights her
temptation to laugh.

MIKE

Sorry.

SAM

(Moving on)

Base is just outside, to the left. At
about two miles up there'll be a
junction where you can pick your path.

MIKE

Thanks.

Mike and Sheryl offer a smile and quickly exit.

19 **EXT. RANGER BASE STATION - DAY**

19

Mike and Sheryl exit. They burst out laughing.

TIME CUT

TO:

20 **EXT. PARKING LOT, RANGER STATION - DAY**

20

Mike digs through his backpack, double-checking everything.
What he doesn't show Sheryl... wrapped in some socks: a .38
Revolver. He tucks it discreetly away.

Sheryl checks her bag as well. She clips a blue hikers' towel to her waist. Mike checks his cell phone. No service.

MIKE

You getting anything?

Sheryl checks her phone and shakes her head "no."

MIKE

I'll lock them in the car.

SHERYL

I'll take mine.

MIKE

Why?

SHERYL

Just to annoy you.

MIKE

Seriously...

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11.

SHERYL

In an emergency, I'd rather have a phone that may not work up there, than not have a phone that may work up there.

Huh? Mike shakes his head, puts his phone in the glove compartment.

Sheryl tucks her phone and the flier into a side pocket of her backpack. Zips it shut.

ANGLE ON - Mike's keys and his Boston Red Sox key chain. Mike locks the door.

MIKE

Okay, we all set?

SHERYL

(Excited)

Yup.

MIKE

Let's do this.

Mike pulls on his backpack, starts walking. Sheryl doesn't move. She eyes their tent still resting on the car's roof.

SHERYL

Hey, Einstein. What do you think, leave the tent or maybe take it with us?

Mike swallows his pride and retreats to the car.

MIKE

I was just seeing if you were paying attention.

Mike comes back to the car for the tent. Sheryl shakes her head and smiles.

21 **EXT. BASE TRAIL #1 - DAY**

21

The mountain is breathtaking. Nature at its best.

Mike and Sheryl have begun their ascent.

SHERYL

It could be fun.

MIKE

Not a chance. High School reunions serve only two purposes... to try to
(MORE)

12.

MIKE (cont'd)
rehash so-called glory days if you were popular or to gloat if you were a spaz and are now filthy rich, banging a super-model.

SHERYL

So what were you?

MIKE

Me? I was a stoner.

SHERYL

So what does that mean?

MIKE

How the hell am I supposed to remember? I was high all the time.

Sheryl swallows some water, checks her compass.

Sweat rolls down Mike's forehead, stinging his eyes. Sheryl doesn't have that problem. She's wearing a red bandana.

MIKE

Where'd you get that bandana?

SHERYL

It's cute, right? I stopped by that Army-Navy store on Grover yesterday. Keeps the sweat out of your eyes.

MIKE

And when you were buying it, you didn't think that maybe...

SHERYL

Oh...well...it was the last one...

MIKE

The last one?

SHERYL

Yeah...

MIKE

The entire Army-Navy store... sold out?

SHERYL

Completely. There was some sort of run on bandanas at the last minute.

Sheryl stifles a CHUCKLE. Mike shakes his head, then... she pulls out a GRAY BANDANA, hands it to him.

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SHERYL

Here... You big baby.

Sheryl turns, as she does... Mike pinches her behind, she playfully SHRIEKS, hustles away from him, but he pursues her, as they both CRACK UP, they spill off the trail...

OFF THE PATH... Mike and Sheryl continue their horseplay, when... SHERYL LOOKS DOWN, SCREAMS!

A BLOODY, MUTILATED FOX LAYS INSIDE A RUSTED BEAR TRAP. The Steel jaws of the trap have sliced the body in two. The kill looks fresh.

MIKE

Fucking nasty.

SHERYL

What is it?

MIKE

Looks like it's a, or was, a fox.
Come on.

Mike and Sheryl head back to the path.

ANGLE ON - The MUTILATED, BLOODY FOX.

21A EXT. BRIDGE ON BASE TRAIL - DAY 21A

Mike and Sheryl hike over a small wooden bridge.

22 EXT. BASE TRAIL #2 - DAY 22

Mike and Sheryl reach a small clearing. There are a number of signs pointing toward different trails. (Donner Trail, Willow Creek Bridge, Timber Falls, etc.)

Sheryl grabs the map and some water. Mike swigs some water, munches on trail mix, takes a peek in the guidebook.

SHERYL

What do you think? "Cannibal" Trail
or the other one?

MIKE

Guidebook says a couple of these other trails lead to some pretty sweet views.

SHERYL

We're not Lewis and/or Clark. We're gonna stick to one of the ones the Ranger said.

14.

IDA (OS)

You folks need some help?

IDA FOSTER, 40s, approaches, wheeling some supplies in a handmade wagon. She is worn, haggard, but has a friendly, smile. She wears a flannel shirt, old jeans and dirty boots.

MIKE

We're just going over our options here.

IDA

Well, take it from me, any way you choose, you can't go wrong.

SHERYL

The Ranger at base suggested Donner Trail or...

IDA

...Willow Creek Bridge. I think Sam only knows those two trails. Well. Between those, I'd pick Donner Trail. Willow Creek will shoot you to the top, but there's not as much to see. Donner weaves through Peddler's Point, it's a better hike and prettier all around view.

SHERYL

(To Mike)

What do you think?

Then, she notices a ring on Sheryl's finger.

IDA

That's a pretty ring.

SHERYL

Thank you.

IDA

Not your traditional wedding ring, but it's all the same in the Lord's eyes. How long have you two been wed?

Sheryl and Mike trade looks.

SHERYL

Oh... we're not married. Not yet anyway.

Mike shoots her a look: "not yet?"

15.

SHERYL

It's a ring my father gave me for

graduation.

IDA

(embarrassed)

Oh, I'm sorry. You just looked like you was married is'all. Both so beautiful.

(Beat)

I'm just an old fashioned silly-bird. I need to mind my own business.

SHERYL

No, it's fine.

MIKE

(changing topics)

Which one of those trails got the best clearings?

IDA

Clearings? Neither will give you much in the way of clearings. But, there's another path, this one here.

(Points to the map)

Timber Falls. Its got some beautiful vistas and one of the prettiest falls you'll ever see.

MIKE

Sounds perfect.

(To Sheryl)

Yeah?

IDA

Well, I'll leave you to it. Last thing you need is me fussing'round you, taking you from your private time.

SHERYL

Thank you.

MIKE

Yeah, thanks for the tip.

Ida walks off, but stops only a few feet away.

IDA

I'm just gonna say it and go, but if you two were to marry... I bet the Lord would bless you with a happy, healthy and handsome child. Good luck and God bless you both.

Sheryl and Mike don't know how to respond. Ida leaves.
Once
out of earshot...

SHERYL

I suddenly feel the need for
confession.

MIKE

(Still lingering on...)
Not yet? Love taking your shots,
don't ya?

Sheryl shoots him a stern, but playfully sexy, look.

SHERYL

When I see an opening.

MIKE

(Checks map)
That path she was talking about winds
through these falls. What do you
think?

SHERYL

I think... if you get eaten by a bear
and there isn't a Ranger around, I'm
not carrying what's left of you down
this mountain.

MIKE

And they say romance is dead.
(Smiling wide)
Timber Falls it is.

They throw on their backpacks and head on their way.

MIKE

Who's Lewis and/or Clark?

SHERYL

You really were stoned through high
school.

As Mike and Sheryl trek up the path...

ANGLE ON - The directional sign, "Timber Falls"

23 **EXT. TIMBER FALLS TRAIL #1 - DAY**
23

Looking back down on the thin path. FIND - Sheryl and Mike continuing their trek. (SPLINTER UNIT)

Mike maneuvers around a massive tree. He freezes. Gestures for Sheryl to be quiet and mouths the words, "Don't Move."

17.

Sheryl stops, startled. Mike motions towards...

A MOUNTAIN STAG, with magnificent antlers, chews on a plant in the distance.

Sheryl quietly slides out her digital camera. Snaps a photo of the animal.

The Stag stops chewing and looks at them. After a long beat, the Stag skips away through the trees.

Sheryl watches the animal disappear, smiles.

Mike removes his backpack and crosses to Sheryl. He helps remove her backpack and kisses her. She kisses him back.

ANGLE ON - Sheryl's heart-shaped locket through her shirt.

MIKE

You're going to lose that out here.

SHERYL

It's fine. I never take it off. Not since you gave it to me. Betcha don't remember...

MIKE

...February 27, 2006.

Sheryl stares incredulously, romantically at Mike. Speechless.

MIKE

I remember every moment with you.

SHERYL

I've got you so whipped.

They kiss. Sheryl climbs onto Mike's lap. He leans back, better positioning, places his hand down, when...

MIKE

OUCH! FUCK!

Mike brings his hand back up. BLOOD trickles out of a SMALL CUT across his palm.

SHERYL

What?

MIKE

My hand... Something stuck it.

18.

Sheryl quickly examines the cut. Mike quickly becomes flustered, woozy. He turns away from the wound.

SHERYL

It's okay. It's not too deep. Let me get the first aid kit.

Sheryl rummages through her bag. Mike, in more psychological discomfort than physical, looks away wincing.

Sheryl returns, wipes the blood away best she can. She applies some peroxide...

MIKE

Fuck. That stung.

SHERYL

Gotta clean the wound, baby.

24 OBSCURED POV - THROUGH TREES-- 24

From a distance... A SICKLE BLADE enters frame, pulls a branch aside. Sheryl attends to Mike's wound.

The POV narrows... solely on SHERYL.

25 TIMBER FALLS, TRAIL #1-- 25

Mike looks at Sheryl, a twinge of embarrassment in his eyes.

MIKE

You know me and blood... we don't do so well.

SHERYL

I know.
 (She finishes)
All done.

OFF SCREEN: CRUNCH of something stepping on a thicket.

Sheryl glances toward the sound. Mike admires the dressing of the wound.

MIKE

Not bad, Nightingale. Not bad at all.

SHERYL

Did you hear something?

Mike follows her eye-line. There's a softer CRUNCH.

MIKE

It's probably the deer.

19.

SHERYL

The deer went in the other direction.

Mike's demeanor suddenly becomes cold, creepy.

MIKE

Maybe it's someone, or something, stalking us.

SHERYL

Quit it.

MIKE

Something inhuman watching our every move.

SHERYL

I said, knock it off.

MIKE

Something coming for you, Sheryl.

Sheryl straps on her backpack.

SHERYL

Just when I think there's hope for you.

MIKE

What?

SHERYL

You're an asshole.

Sheryl walks away.

MIKE

This is a joke. You're not really mad,
are you? Sheryl...?

She turns the corner and is out of sight.

MIKE

I'm sorry!
(Under his breath)
Unbelievable.

Mike's in disbelief. He grabs his backpack, heads after her.

MIKE

Sheryl!

He turns the corner, looks up, but doesn't see her. The path
winds like a snake.

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20.

MIKE

Sheryl, wait up!

Mike moves up the winding path. He stops, eyes searching.
Something's wrong.

The path opens up. Mike can now see a hundred yards ahead,
but... No sign of Sheryl.

MIKE

(Calls out)
Sheryl?! This isn't funny.

Silence.

Two birds SCREAM and fly from their perch overhead. Mike eyes
the birds, then takes off.

Mike's heart-rate increases. He moves quickly up the path, a
steep incline. He brushes past a bush and stops. Lying just
off the path... SHERYL'S BLUE HIKER'S TOWEL. He picks it up.

MIKE

Sheryl?!

No reply. His heart now POUNDING.

Mike moving faster. Up ahead, he stops again, finds...
SHERYL'S RED BANDANA.

MIKE

Sheryl!

Silence.

Mike picks up the bandana. He's flying. He cuts through
some tiny evergreens, off the path...

26 EXT. JUST OFF THE TRAIL, TIMBER FALLS #1 - DAY

26

Mike freezes when he sees... Sheryl's backpack lies against
a tree. A few feet farther along, her cut-off jean shorts.
Next to them... her shirt. But no Sheryl, until...

SHERYL (OS)

Good old Hansel. Following the trail
of bread crumbs.

Mike turns to see Sheryl lying against a rock, wearing just
her bra and panties. She smiles at him coyly. Mike exhales
deeply. Relieved, but fuming.

MIKE

You bitch.

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21.

SHERYL

Doesn't feel good to be teased, does
it?

Okay, he had that coming.

MIKE

Truce?

SHERYL

Truce.

He takes her in. She's quite a sight. He sits down next to
her. They kiss. Then... Mike breaks the embrace.

MIKE

Don't disappear on me again.

Sheryl mouths the words, "I promise." Crosses her heart.

He leans in, they kiss again. Soft and sweet at first. Then it deepens.

Sheryl rubs his chest and removes his shirt. They kiss again. Harder this time. Their hands all over one another.

Mike slides his hand under Sheryl's panties, between her legs. She moans softly. Sheryl unhooks her bra and is about to remove it, when:

DARRYL (O.S.)

Hey, Brody, Lonnie. Check this out.

DARRYL, 30, a skinny local with a twisted smile and LONNIE, 20's, a slob, emerge from the forest. They are followed by...

BRODY, 35, scruffy and unshaven, their ringleader. Brody clutches a shotgun in one hand and a weathered sack in the other.

DARRYL

Looks like we got ourselves a little party.

Brody and Darryl ogle Sheryl. She tucks herself behind Mike, who shifts quickly into protective mode. She snaps her bra back closed.

MIKE

We were just moving our way up the mountain.

22.

LONNIE

You were moving your way'round more than just that.

Sheryl eyes her discarded clothes. Darryl spots them too. He grabs the shorts, SNIFFS them.

DARRYL

(Referring to the smell)
Like a peach.

Mike tries to seem relaxed and friendly.

BRODY

You folks best be careful about what you do up here... Never know who's watching.

MIKE

Appreciate the advice...I think we
learned our lesson.

Brody nods as he looks them up and down.

LONNIE

You city folk, ain't ya? Up from
Charleston roughing it, seeing how the
"other" half lives?

MIKE

No, we're from Virginia, just up for a
weekend trip. And, uh... you folks
live up here?

Brody glances at Darryl and Lonnie, then back at Mike.

BRODY

It's easy to spot the city folk. It's
like they're trying to be friendly,
when really they don't want to be.

MIKE

I think you just startled us is all.

Sheryl looks over at...

...Lonnie sticks his tongue between his fingers, rapidly
flails it about.

Uncomfortable silence.

23.

MIKE

We'll just be on our way.
(Re: Sheryl's shorts)
May I have those?

A bold move from Mike.

DARRYL

Finders keepers.

Long beat. Tension high.

BRODY

Darryl.

Brody concedes, gestures to Darryl to give the shorts back.

Darryl reluctantly obliges.

Mike passes them to Sheryl who slides them on. Darryl and Lonnie soak in every inch of Sheryl as she does.

Mike takes Sheryl's hand. They make a move, but... Brody stops them with the barrel of his shotgun.

BRODY

Where you runnin' off to?

LONNIE

Yeah, we just getting acquainted and shit.

Mike glances down at the barrel that runs across his chest. He can no longer hide his fear.

MIKE

We just want to get a little further along before the sun sets.

Darryl eyes the sky. The sun beams down through the trees.

DARRYL

Plenty of time'fore that.

MIKE

Look. We don't want any trouble. We just want to be on our way...

BRODY

And why do you suppose we mean to make trouble?

Mike looks down at the gun. Brody smiles a yellow smile.

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24.

BRODY

You folks enjoy the spirits?

MIKE

Excuse me? The what?

DARRYL

Spirits.

LONNIE

Booze!

MIKE

Sure. Yeah.

Brody hands Darryl the shotgun and drops his sack. Brody pulls a mason jar with clear liquid out of the sack.

BRODY

Why don't you try a taste of this?

Brody unscrews the cap and offers the jar to Mike. Mike eyes Sheryl. Clearly she doesn't think it's a good idea.

Mike accepts the jar, hesitates, then takes a sip. He squirms, winces, but forces it down. Mike turns red and coughs. Brody and Darryl are loving it.

DARRYL

Betcha never tasted nuthin'like that?

Darryl would win that bet.

BRODY

Fifty bucks.

Mike has no idea what he's talking about.

BRODY

I'll sell you the jar for fifty bucks.

DARRYL

(Ogles Sheryl)

Or maybe we could do us a little trade.

MIKE

Let me get my wallet.

Mike opens a zipper on his backpack, rummages around.

ANGLE ON - INSIDE THE BAG... the .38 Revolver.

25.

Mike thinks about grabbing it. Sheryl shocked to see the gun. She tenses up.

ANGLE ON - Brody. The shotgun.

Mike thinks, then...

SHERYL

Fifty bucks sounds like a bargain.
(To Mike)
Pay the man.

Mike reaches past the gun and grabs his wallet. He counts out the cash, hands it to Brody. Brody smiles, hands the jar to Mike.

BRODY

Pleasure doing business with ya. Take
care now.

Brody nods at Mike and Sheryl, walks off down the trail. Darryl grins at Sheryl, follows Brody.

LONNIE

Should you tire of your present
company... just holla and I'll come
running with bells on darling.

He smiles a creepy wide smile. He turns and catches up to
the others.

Once they are out of sight... Mike takes a moment to gather himself. Sheryl grabs her shirt still on the ground, puts it on.

MIKE

Are you okay?

SHERYL

You brought a gun?

No response. Sheryl picks up her towel and bandana.

SHERYL

Why did you bring a gun?

MIKE

Same reason you brought your
cellphone. Better to have it and not
need it. To protect us.

SHERYL

Lotta good it just did.

Sheryl turns from Mike, walks back to the path.

MIKE

(Then, call out)
You want to go back?
(No response)
Sheryl? I'm sorry.

SHERYL

We should have stuck to one of the
patrolled paths.

Sheryl charges ahead, back to the path.

MIKE

(Under his breath)
Fuck.

Mike gets up, grabs his bag and follows Sheryl.

27 EXT. MOUNTAINS - DAY (2ND UNIT) 27

The sun begins to set, basking the mountain range in a
magnificent light.

28 EXT. WATERFALL - TIMBER FALLS TRAIL #2 - DAY 28

Mike and Sheryl move right along. Still not speaking.

The path forks at a BEAUTIFUL WATERFALL. Mike stops, faces
the falls, turns to see... Sheryl behind him, catching up.
As she does, she slips...

MIKE

You alright?

SHERYL

(balances herself)
Yeah.

She's about to walk past him, but he reaches for Sheryl's
hand and holds it.

MIKE

I'm sorry.

SHERYL

Do you know how many times I've had
someone die on me? How many children?
I stopped keeping count.

MIKE

I thought... I wasn't thinking. What

do you want me to do?

27.

SHERYL

Get rid of the gun.

MIKE

What... now? Out here?

She holds firm.

MIKE

I can't just leave it here in the woods, some kid could find it.

SHERYL

Then get rid of the bullets now and when we get home, you get rid of the gun.

Mike thinks about it. His instincts SCREAMING not to do this, then...

SHERYL

Please.

Mike relents. He removes his backpack, ZIPS it open. He pulls out the gun, opens it, spills the bullets out.

Mike WITH A DEEP BREATH, TOSSES THE BULLETS into the woods.

SHERYL

Was that all of them?

MIKE

Yes.

Mike steps back to Sheryl, they hug.

SHERYL

Thank you.

CRACK! A strange sound, like wood snapping, startles Sheryl. Mike turns as well. Their eyes WIDEN.

CRACK! The FIGURE emerges from the clearing, practically landing on top of them. It's...

CLYDE, a Park Ranger, mid-50's, friendly. He's got a weed cutter in his hands, wears a PAIR OF WORK GLOVES. He's just

as surprised to see them.

Sheryl and Mike breath a sigh and offer him a smile.

CLYDE

Oh. Didn't mean to startle you folks.
Just clearing some of the brush off
(MORE)

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CLYDE (cont'd)

the path. We had some heavy rains
this past week, knocked some trees and
branches down. One of the new
recruits was supposed to do yesterday,
but... if you want something done
right, you gotta do it yourself.

MIKE

It's fine. We were led to believe
this trail wasn't regularly patrolled.

CLYDE

It's not, but... It's one of my
favorite spots, so I often find an
excuse to swing by.

SHERYL

It's gorgeous.

CLYDE

Yup. There are a couple more falls in
the park, but none quite so...
inviting as this one. Now don't take
my word for it, you can see for
yourself... How long's your stay?

SHERYL

Just til Sunday.

CLYDE

Yeah, no. The other falls are clear on
the other side. It would take you a
couple nights just to get there.

SHERYL

Maybe next time.

MIKE

This is a quickie trip. Just getting
out of the city for a couple days.

CLYDE

The city, huh. Which? If it's Charleston, I wouldn't blame ya. Whole place smells like feet. I gotta haul myself all the way down to the hospital there for my yearly because the darn HMO's rules and regulations won't let me visit the local Doc. Not my cup of tea at all, but if you like it there, then...

SHERYL

No, we're not from Charleston.

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29.

MIKE

But apparently we look like we are.

SHERYL

We live in Alexandria. It's just outside of D.C.

CLYDE

Oh. I've been there, few years back. Now that city I like. Lotta beautiful churches if I recall correctly. Which congregation do y'all belong to?

MIKE

Um... Not sure. Sheryl keeps track of all that for us. Sheryl?

Sheryl gives Mike the "you're an asshole" look. Then...

SHERYL

Uh... We're between congregations at the moment.

Awkward.

CLYDE

Well... I should get back to work. Sun'll be down soon and that path ain't gettin'clear on its own.

Clyde walks off, until...

SHERYL

Excuse me... Sir?

Sheryl doesn't know his name. Clyde stops, turns back.

CLYDE

The name's Clyde.

SHERYL

Clyde, would you recommend a nice spot nearby to make camp for the night?

CLYDE

Be happy too... Let's see... Oh, I got it. "Five Corners" will be perfect. It's just a bit up the ways here, near the Lake. It's five large rocks which sit in a clearing with a view of the whole park. The rocks retain the heat from the day, so if you set up camp between them you won't be so cold.

30.

SHERYL

Sounds perfect.

MIKE

Thanks.

CLYDE

Just doing my job. You have fun and be careful. Good evening.

Clyde tips his cap and disappears.

29 **EXT. FIVE CORNERS - DAY**

29

Mike and Sheryl hike up a steep slope. As they step through the woods, they look upon...

FIVE LARGE ROCKS, arranged in an awkward semi-circle.

They walk into the circle, take off their backpacks.

SHERYL

This is incredible.

Mike opens the tent pouch, starts removing the many parts.

SHERYL

Ranger said there's a lake near by.

MIKE

What?

SHERYL

The lake. I'd kill to rinse off.

Sheryl makes a move...

MIKE

Whoa. Wait a sec. It'll be dark soon.

SHERYL

Where's your sense of adventure?

She takes off.

MIKE

Sher. Seriously. Let's wait `til morning.

30 OBSCURED POV--

30

On SHERYL as she stops. Looks out towards the water.

31.

CLOSE ON - THE CONCEALED FIGURE'S EYES. Two different colors, with his left being void of almost all color. Also notice SCARRING around the left eye, there's no eyebrow and his skin is pale and splotchy.

The Concealed Figure holds all his attention on...

31 FIVE CORNERS--

31

Sheryl realizes he's right and walks back over to Mike.

SHERYL

Fine.

Mike stares at the many assorted parts of the tent, the sheet of instructions laid out. He holds one of the poles, which consists of separate links connected by a string. He has no idea where to begin.

SHERYL

Do you know what you are doing?

MIKE

I think its pretty obvious that I

don't.

Sheryl laughs.

32 EXT. TREES, OUTSKIRTS OF FIVE CORNERS - CONTINUOUS 32

The Concealed Figure retreats into the forest.

DISSOLVE TO:

33 EXT. FIVE CORNERS - NIGHT 33

STARS FILL THE SKY. Crickets chirp, but aside from that, peace and quiet reign.

A fire CRACKLES. A tent for two has been pitched. Dirty pots, pans litter the area. Dinner's over and done.

Mike and Sheryl cuddle by the fire. A sleeping bag wrapped around them.

MIKE

That was... the worst dinner ever.

SHERYL

(Beat)

You cooked.

32.

MIKE

Yeah, I'm aware.

(Beat)

You know what would make this evening perfect? Moonshine. I got a whole jar of it. There's a sentence I never thought I'd say. "I have a jar of moonshine." Matter of fact, I've got enough to share with our entire congregation...

SHERYL

... in Charleston.

MIKE

Our home city, of course. But I should start with you... Would you like some moonshine?

Sheryl smiles, shakes her head playfully.

MIKE

Then what would you like?

SHERYL

I'd like to fuck you.

MIKE

Not very Christian of you.

SHERYL

I'm more Old Testament.

MIKE

What's that mean?

SHERYL

Not sure. But I think it's the nastier of the two books.

Sheryl pulls Mike into her, they kiss. Strong and deep. Sheryl abruptly breaks the kiss, enough foreplay. She stands up, pulls Mike into the tent with her.

34 INT. TENT - NIGHT

34

Sheryl pulls off her sweatshirt, then the T-shirt. Mike kicks off his shoes, drops his pants.

Mike unbuttons Sheryl's jeans, tugs them off.

Sheryl unhooks her bra, tosses it aside. Mike slides her panties down her legs and off.

33.

Few things in life can be described as perfect. Sheryl's naked body is one of them.

Sheryl pulls Mike's boxers down, climbs on top of him. She reaches down and slides Mike inside her.

Sheryl KISSES Mike. He slides his hands around Sheryl's butt. Sheryl paws his chest, bites his lower lip HARD.

The lovers move in unison. Perfection.

35 EXT. TENT - FIVE CORNERS - NIGHT

35

Inside the tent, Mike and Sheryl continue. Their campfire still burns. Suddenly...

A SHADOW creeps into frame. Then a BOOT. Someone's outside their tent.

36 INT. TENT - NIGHT
36

Breaths get shorter, stronger. Sheryl and Mike build to climax. They don't/ can't notice...

A SHADOW passes across the wall of the tent.

The last final moments before... climax. The lovers EXHALE. Sheryl crashes on top of Mike. He wraps his arms tightly around her.

TIME

CUT TO:

36 A EXT. TENT - NIGHT
36 A

The last FLAMES on the fire slowly BURN OUT.

36 B INT. TENT - NIGHT
36 B

Mike and Sheryl spoon, their hands and fingers messed together as one.

MIKE

I was good. I mean, even better than usual.

SHERYL

If you don't say so...

MIKE

... if I don't say so myself, yeah. Top notch performance. What, you disagree?

34.

SHERYL

Nah, it was good. Do you think I had anything to do...

MIKE

No. All me.

SHERYL

Fine.

(Beat; cautious)

I liked what the old woman said about us earlier.

MIKE

What did she say?

SHERYL

That she thought we were married.

MIKE

(Groans)

You are relentless.

Mike gets up, starts dressing.

SHERYL

I wouldn't be a proper girlfriend if I didn't nag every now and then.

MIKE

I get it, but it makes me feel like the bad guy every time. Which makes me feel like shit.

SHERYL

I'm sorry. I didn't mean that. Where are you going?

MIKE

Do out there, what you did in here.

SHERYL

What's that?

MIKE

Put out the fire.

Mike exits. Sheryl lies back down, exhales in frustration.

37 **EXT. TENT - FIVE CORNERS - NIGHT**

37

Mike, now fully dressed, pours a bucket of water over the campfire. In the background, bags hang from a tree (just as Ranger Sam asked them to do.)

A smoldering mist of smoke is all that's left of the fire. Mike drops the bucket, heads for the tent, when... He suddenly stops, notices...

ON THE GROUND... A FRESH MUDDY FOOTPRINT. Mike compares his boot to it. It's not the same size.

Mike surveys the area. All's quiet now. But an uneasy feeling has crept back into his bones. Mike climbs back inside the tent, zips it shut.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

38 EXT. FIVE CORNERS - SUNRISE
38

The sun peeks over the horizon and through the clouds. A BIRD crows.

39 INT. TENT - DAY
39

Sheryl's eyes SNAP open. She's nestled comfortably in Mike's arms. He's still asleep.

40 EXT. TENT - FIVE CORNERS - DAY
40

Sheryl, now dressed, towel in hand, bandana wrapped around her hair, vomits behind some trees.

After, she takes a couple deep breaths, swishes some water in her mouth. A beat later, she heads off.

41 EXT. LAKE - DAY
41

Sheryl stands on the lake's shore, checks a couple times over both shoulders. Then, she takes her sweats and bandana off. Lay them on top of her towel.

Sheryl, wearing only her locket, carefully steps into the water... it's cold. But nevertheless her desire to feel clean outweighs the temperature discomfort.

On her own little count to three... She dunks her head below the water. As she drops out of sight, REVEAL--

ON LAND, IN THE DISTANCE... THE CONCEALED FIGURE STANDS ON THE SHORE, WATCHES HER.

IN THE WATER... Sheryl POPS up, turns towards land and... THE CONCEALED FIGURE is gone.

Sheryl comes back to land. She grabs her towel, dries her hair and pats herself dry. She pulls on her sweatpants,

36.

starts to tie her bandana around her head, and turns straight into... THE CONCEALED FIGURE.

CLOSE ON - THE STEEL SICKLE/ AXE

SHERYL SCREAMS. The sound resonates over...

42 INT. TENT - DAY 42

Mike opens his eyes. Something woke him up, not exactly sure what. He sits up and yawns, stretches his stiff body. He's alone in the tent.

43 EXT. TENT - FIVE CORNERS - DAY 43

Mike, now dressed, stands behind a tree, takes a piss. He shudders slightly. It's cold.

Mike finishes his business, grabs his water bottle and takes a long drink. He peels off the bandage from his hand. It looks fine today.

He looks around, but no sign of Sheryl.

44 EXT. LAKE - DAY 44

Mike walks up to the water, looks in both directions. Nothing. A pang of concern registers.

He kneels down, cups some water and splashes it over his face, hair. As he opens his eyes, he notices something.

In the wash of the waves, sparkling in the sunlight. It's Sheryl's locket. The chain broken. He picks it up...

MIKE

(Calls out)

Sheryl!

Mike looks around. He's completely alone. The blood drains

from his face. Mike pockets the necklace.

He starts into the water... did she drown? Just as he gets knee deep...

OFF SCREEN: A SCREAM CRIES OUT!

Mike stops, turns back looking at the forest.

MIKE

Sheryl!

He hustles out of the water, heading for the woods.

37.

45 EXT. WOODS NEAR STREAM - DAY

45

Mike hustles through the thick patch of trees and hits the steep little slope. He flies up the slope but loses traction and slips, BANGING his knee.

MIKE

Fuck!

(Top of his lungs)

Sheryl!

Mike pushes himself up, continues on.

46 EXT. WOODS NEAR STREAM #2 - DAY

46

Mike's really moving now. He scoots through the first patch of trees and hustles down a slope.

47 EXT. CLEARING, TIMBER FALLS TRAIL - DAY

47

Mike emerges from the woods, drops into a clearing.
Looking
around wildly...

POV OF MIKE - Has he been here before? It all looks the same? Not even sure which direction he just came from.

MIKE

Sheryl!

Still nothing. Mike swallows. What to do now?

SMASH CUT

TO:

48 EXT. WOODS #1 - OFF TIMBER FALLS TRAIL - DAY
48

TIGHT ON MIKE as he races through the trees. HIS LEGS
trample over rocks, dirt, shrubs. Then...

Mike TRIPS, falls down HARD. He lifts his forearm to reveal
BLOOD, SCRAPES and a LONG SHARP SPLINTER sticking out.

The sight of it almost makes Mike puke right then and there.

Mike grabs hold of the splinter, turns his head... takes
about a thousand short quick breaths and... PULLS THE
SPLINTER OUT! BLOOD SQUIRTS ACROSS HIS FACE.

He removes the GRAY BANDANA from his back pocket, wraps it
around his wound.

Mike lays back, stares up into the sky. Tries to catch his
breath, calm down. Then...

Faint sound of LAUGHTER.

38.

Mike sits up. Again, faint sound of LAUGHTER.

Mike stands, takes a couple of steps toward the sound. MORE
LAUGHTER. Mike's got the scent, takes off in its direction.

49 EXT. WOODS #2, OFF TIMBER FALLS TRAIL - DAY

49

Mike follows the VOICES through a thick patch of trees. He
stops at the top and looks down.

POV OF MIKE - Walking along the main path, obscured by the
trees, is Darryl and Lonnie. They drink, LAUGH about
something. Lonnie carries some fishing poles.

Mike's about fifteen feet above them. He narrows his focus
in on...

MIKE'S POV - Darryl twirling something in his hand. It's
Sheryl's blue hikers' towel.

Mike turns red with fury. He looks back down...

MIKE'S POV - Darryl, a SHOTGUN slung around his shoulder.

Mike looks around and spots a large pointed stick lying near a tree, parallel to him.

50 **EXT. TIMBER FALLS TRAIL #4 - DAY**

50

Darryl and Lonnie continue along, until...

OFF SCREEN: A LOUD CRACK.

Darryl stops, turns. Lonnie looks at Darryl.

LONNIE

What is it? Hear something?

Darryl holds his look into the woods, then...

DARRYL

Nah. It's nothing.

Suddenly, Mike LEAPS from behind a tree, WHACKS the surprised Darryl across the face with the stick. Darryl drops like a sack of potatoes.

Mike locks eyes with a terrified Lonnie.

MIKE

Where is she!?

Lonnie pauses, frozen. He then takes off, disappearing through the trees.

39.

Darryl lies on the ground, MOANING. He pushes himself up to his knees. BLOOD POURS from a fresh gash across his head.

Mike grabs Darryl's shotgun, aims at Darryl.

DARRYL

Whoa... take it easy.

MIKE

Where is she?

DARRYL

Who? What the fuck you talking about?

MIKE

What did you do to her?

DARRYL

I didn't fuckin' do nothing.

MIKE

WHERE IS SHE?!

DARRYL

I don't know!

Mike CRACKS Darryl across THE JAW with the barrel.

MIKE

You have Sheryl's towel...What the fuck did you do to her?!

Darryl's a mess, his nose busted. He gags on blood and teeth. Mike stares at the bloody desight that is Darryl. Even Mike has to turn away for a moment for this. Then...

DARRYL

Foun' towel.

MIKE

What?

DARRYL

I foun' the towel.

MIKE

You found it? That's you're fucking story, you inbred fuck?!

(Points gun at Darryl's head)

Stop fucking lying or I will kill you!

40.

DARRYL

Don' kill me...Please...I foun' it...
Up...Up the paf back `dere...just a
bit ago... fuckin'swear!

Mike's finger itches the trigger. He's turning red. Breathing hard, heavy. Then... Mike relents. Lowers the weapon, turns his back to Darryl, stares into the woods.

The tension fades for the moment. But only a moment.

DARRYL

Didn't think you had dat in you, city boy.

(Looks at his shirt; the blood)

Shit... I just got dis shirt.

Darryl, while Mike is distracted, seizes his opportunity, reaches behind...

ANGLE ON - Darryl slides a POCKET KNIFE from his back pocket.

DARRYL

Damn shame you lost dat fine piece o'ass. Something dat sweet don't come 'round every day. Even for pretty folk like you.

MIKE

Shut the fuck up.

ANGLE ON - Still concealed from Mike, Darryl opens the pocket knife, the BLADE fully extended.

DARRYL

You best hope you find her'fore I do. `cause I will enjoy tearing her ass apart.

(Mike turns, faces Darryl)

And when I'm done there, I will cut her eyeballs out and skull fuck her.

(Mike simmers to a boil)

Any luck, Brody's already beat me to it.

MIKE

Sonofabitch!

Mike takes a step towards Darryl, when... Darryl LUNGES OUT **AT MIKE, POCKET KNIFE IN HAND.**

Darryl misses with his initial swipe, but it's enough to knock Mike down, the shotgun falls to the side.

41.

Darryl pins Mike to the ground, tries to dagger the knife into him, but Mike grabs his wrist. They struggle. Darryl PUSHES down, the knife INCHES CLOSER TO MIKE'S CHEST, until...

Mike HEAD-BUTTS Darryl, sending the skinny Hick off him. Darryl rolls away in pain.

Mike scrambles, crawls for... the shotgun. He grabs it.

Darryl regroup, turns around, but is met with...

WHACK! MIKE bashes Darryl's face with the butt. This
knocks

Darryl completely out.

Mike stands over Darryl. A beat. Then...

MIKE

SHERYL!

51 EXT. MOUNTAINS - DAY (2ND UNIT)

51

The morning fog has dissipated as streaks of sunlight pierce the cloudy skies.

52 EXT. FIVE CORNERS - DAY

52

Mike arrives back at their campsite, shotgun in tow. He freezes, completely floored.

Everything is gone. The tent, the backpacks, the mess kits, everything. Even the fire pit.

Mike looks around, turning, looking...completely helpless.

He SNAPS open the shotgun - he's got two shells. He closes it, heads back into the woods.

53 OMIT

53

54 EXT. WOODS #3, TIMBER FALLS TRAILS - DAY

54

Mike moves deeper into the woods. He's a mix of paranoia and determination.

Mike pauses, catching his breath, when... A FEW BLOOD DROPS OF BLOOD LAND ON HIS FACE. Mike wipes his face, looks at the blood. What the fuck?

A couple more DROPS hit him. Mike LOOKS UP...

A MANGLED, MUTILATED DEER HANGS IN THE TREES, secured by coarse thick ropes.

Mike takes a terrified step backwards, unaware... A FEW FEET

BEHIND HIM LAYS A RUSTED, STEEL BEAR TRAP.

Mike, still mesmerized by the blood and the deer, continues backing up... getting closer to the bear trap... closer... his foot HOVERS OVER THE CENTER OF THE TRAP...

SNAP! CRUNCH! MIKE STEPS IN THE TRAP, THE JAWS CHOMP DOWN ON HIS LEG!

Mike SCREAMS IN AGONY! He drops to the ground, stares at his leg, now a bloody mess of flesh and steel.

**MIKE
HELP!?!?!?**

Mike writhes in pain on the ground. His eyes watering. The pain UNBEARABLE. Then...

MIKE'S POV - Someone or thing appears, stepping from the forest. They come closer. THE SUN BLASTS DIRECTLY BEHIND The FIGURE keeping their identity hidden.

Mike's eyelids flutter, can't determine who/what it is. The pain overwhelms him. He doesn't care any longer. Then...

Ida bends down next to Mike.

IDA
Michael, can you hear me? Michael...

Her words fade out. He promptly PASSES OUT.

CUT TO

BLACK.

ON BLACK: A SHRIEKING WHISTLE SOUNDS.

FADE IN:

55 INT. IDA'S CABIN - DAY

55

CLOSE ON - Mike's eyes SNAP open, dart side to side, blink.

REVEAL - Mike lays on a ragged couch. The place is dark and dusty. A glance around...

Gaslights hang in the corners. A stack of logs rest next to an old fireplace. Just off the main room is a kitchen alcove, with a coal stove. On the stove a WHISTLING TEAPOT.

Mike's memory slowly comes back. He leans up when...

MIKE

Ow!

43.

A sharp pain shoots through his body. Mike reaches for his leg. The tourniquet conceals the damage. A damn towel is wrapped around where the wound is. A bandage has replaced the Gray Bandana on his arm.

Ida enters the cabin from the back door, into the kitchen. She removes the teapot from the burner. The whistling stops.

IDA

Look who's up.

MIKE

Where am I?

IDA

You're in my home, Michael. You gave me quite a scare. I thought I lost you.

Ida grabs a wet wash cloth, wrings it out over a basin and walks back to Mike.

IDA

Lucky the snap didn't break the bone, just bruised it. I know that's of little comfort now, but trust me, it's a good thing. That dirty trap however's prime for spreading infection, need to finish cleaning out that wound and then I'll get some "evening primrose" in you. Same stuff the Indian Tribes used it back in the day to heal, well... just about everything. So's do I.

Ida unwraps the tourniquet, examines the wound.

IDA

Try and relax.

Ida cleans the wound. Mike winces. He can't watch.

MIKE

Thank you. For saving my life.

IDA

You don't have to thank me. Up here,
we take care of one another. That's
the only way any of us survive.

MIKE

Um...

(Thinks...)

I'm sorry, but I don't know your name.

SHOOTING SCRIPT

OCTOBER 17, 2006

44.

IDA

Oh for the sake of sunshine... how
rude a host am I? Name's Ida Foster.

Ida moves to the kitchen, grabs a mason jar with clear
liquid. It looks just like the jar Mike bought from Brody.

MIKE

Ida, I need some help.

IDA

I'm moving as fast as I can, sweetie.

MIKE

No, not me. It's Sheryl. My
girlfriend. You met her with me
yesterday. Something's happened to
her. She was gone this morning when I
woke up. I looked everywhere and I
couldn't find her. We need to call
someone. A Ranger. Somebody. We
need to find her right away. Do you
have a phone?

IDA

I'm sorry, but I don't. Never really
had use for one.

(Beat)

I do have a radio. We can call down
to base if you'd like.

Ida comes back to the couch.

IDA

After we take care of you.

MIKE

I'm fine, Ida, please... if you could

call now.

IDA

You want to lose this leg? Cause that's what you're risking. Soon as we're done, I'll call. Okay?

Mike concedes. Ida hands a second rag to Mike.

IDA

Bite down on this... I ain't gonna lie... Lotta pain about to hit you sweetheart.

45.

Mike puts the rag in his mouth. Ida dips the used cloth in the moonshine. He closes his eyes TIGHT, and... Ida applies the moonshine to the wound.

Mike SCREAMS through the cloth.

IDA

It's okay. It's almost over.

Ida repeats. Mike SCREAMS again. His eyes water.

Ida offers her palm. Mike opens his mouth. The cloth falls into her hand.

Mike BREATHES HEAVILY, coming down from the pain.

Ida crosses to the kitchen, disposes of the two wash cloths and grabs a larger towel. She walks back to Mike and wraps his calf with the towel.

IDA

We'll get some of that primrose in you and you'll be good as new.

MIKE

Ida? The radio. Please... Can you call down please?

IDA

I'll take care of it right now.

Ida heads to a closed door on the far side of the room. She opens and enters, sure to close the door behind her.

Mike relaxes, as best he can anyway. Until...

KNOCK, KNOCK.

BRODY (OS)

Ida, you in there?!

MIKE'S POV - Through a small slit in the drapes, Brody waits outside.

Ida exits the room, heads for the door.

MIKE

(Whispers)

He's looking for me.

IDA

(Whispers; concerned)

Why's that?

46.

BRODY (OS)

Ida!

MIKE

(Whispers)

I think he had something to do with Sheryl going missing.

KNOCK, KNOCK.

IDA

(Whispers)

I'll take care of it.

BRODY (OS)

Ida, lemme in!

IDA

I'm coming!

Ida helps Mike stand, re-directs him to the kitchen alcove. He winces all the way. She leans him up against the near wall so that he is out of view of the door.

Ida goes to the front door, opens it halfway, revealing an agitated Brody, shotgun in hand.

Suspicious, Brody tries to peek past Ida into the cabin. She doesn't budge.

BRODY

What took you so long?

IDA

What do you want, Brody?

BRODY

I'm looking for a man hiker.

IDA

This "man hiker" alone or wit someone?

BRODY

He had a lady friend, but... I'm just
looking for him now.

ON MIKE - Listening nervously.

IDA

Well, I ain't seen no one in days.

Brody glares at her. She glares right back. Brody again
tries to see past her into the cabin, but she blocks him.

47.

IDA

What'd he do you for anyway?

BRODY

He busted Darryl's face in with a
shotgun. Left him a mess of blood and
teeth. Nearly killed him.

(Beat)

You spot anyone you don't know, you be
sure to find me.

IDA

Fine.

Brody eyeballs Ida one last time, then leaves. Ida watches
him go, closes the door and heads to the alcove.

IDA

He's gone. Brody and those boys are a
pain in the backside. I'm sure that
cousin of his had it coming.

Ida leads Mike back to the couch.

MIKE

What did the Ranger say? Does he need
to speak to me? When is he coming?

Ida heads back to the kitchen, grabs a mug and pours hot
water into it. She dishes a small spoonful of yellow powder
into the hot water.

IDA

Sorry, I wasn't able to reach anyone.

Ida stirs the powder in as she walks back to Mike.

MIKE

God damnit!

Ida pauses...then:

IDA

Please don't take the Lord's name in
vain in this house.

She GLARES LONG, COLD and HARD at Mike, until...

MIKE

I'm sorry.

IDA

Drink this.

48.

Ida hands him the steaming mug. Mike's mind races.

MIKE

Something's not right.

IDA

I'm sure they're just on rounds and
will be back any minute. We'll try
them again and we'll find Sheryl.
You'll see. She probably just took a
wrong turn up here, ended up in the
middle of "don't know where." Happens
lots of times.

(Looks to the mug)

Please drink up, Michael, it will make
you feel better.

Mike holds the mug, stares at the drink. He puts it to his
lips but then stops, looks at Ida. She stares at him.

Unnerved by the stare, Mike lowers the mug without sipping.

IDA

What's wrong?

MIKE

How did you know my name?

IDA

(Confused)

Excuse me?

MIKE

Michael. You keep calling me Michael. You did it just now. You did before, just after I woke up. You called me Michael. Nobody calls me Michael.

IDA

I'm sure you're mistaken. You musta told me before.

MIKE

No, I would have told you "Mike."
Only my grandmother, who's dead, ever called me Michael.

IDA

Well, how else could I have known your name?

ANGLE ON - IDA'S BOOTS.

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MIKE

(Beat; thinks...)

On my driver's license and credit cards, it says Michael. If you stole my wallet from the campsite... that's how you'd have known.

Long beat.

IDA

You're accusing me of stealing your wallet? I saved your life. Twice. Why would I steal your wallet?
(Mike doesn't respond)
Now, just drink your primrose...

MIKE

Fuck the primrose!

Mike **TOSSES** the mug across the room. It **SHATTERS**.

Mike lifts himself up. Despite the pain, he heads for the room Ida went in to make the radio call.

IDA

Where do you think you're going?

MIKE

I want to call the Ranger myself.

IDA

NO!

Ida springs to her feet, jumps in front of Mike.

MIKE

I'm getting in that room, Ida.

Mike maneuvers around her, when... Ida grabs the iron fire poker by the stove, holds it like a baseball bat.

IDA

I can't let you in there.

Mike takes a step forward. Ida **SWINGS** the poker. Nearly hits Mike. Mike jukes left, she **SWINGS** again. Misses.

MIKE

Where is Sheryl, Ida? She's in that room, isn't she?

IDA

You sinners are all alike. I heard you last night. Spitting in the face

(MORE)

50.

IDA (cont'd)
of the Lord and his laws. Dining on
the sins of the flesh.

FLASH BACK

TO:

56 EXT. TENT - FIVE CORNERS - LAST NIGHT

56

Inside the tent, Mike and Sheryl make love. Their campfire still burns. Suddenly...

A SHADOW creeps into frame. Then a BOOT.

REVEAL: IDA STANDS OUTSIDE THE TENT.

BACK

TO:

57 INT. IDA'S CABIN - DAY
57

Suddenly, Ida appears in a new light...

IDA

You and your bitch whore girlfriend
will atone for your sins.

Mike LUNGES forward, grabs hold of the poker before Ida can swing it again.

THEY STRUGGLE, CRASH UP AGAINST THE WALL! The poker falls to the floor.

Ida JUMPS on Mike's back, wraps her arms around his throat.

Mike spins Ida around in circles, then SLAMS Ida up against the wall. The two fall to the floor.

Mike pushes himself up, but before he can get away...

IDA GRABS HOLD OF HIS BEAR TRAP WOUND, SQUEEZES!

MIKE SCREAMS IN AGONY! Instinctively, Mike kicks Ida in the face, boot to nose. Ida's head snaps back, then falls face first on the floorboard.

Mike is PANTING, glances at Ida. She's out cold.

Mike pushes himself up, limps to the door. He grabs the handle, PUSHES IT OPEN...

58 INT. SEWING ROOM, IDA'S CABIN - DAY
58

Mike enters to find a sewing machine, some yarn, an antique radio, but more importantly, No Sheryl. He steps over to the radio, when he notices...

AN INCH THICK LAYER OF DUST COVERS THE RADIO. He swipes it with his finger. This thing hasn't been used in years.

Mike turns, steps on a throw-rug laying in the center of the floor... HIS FOOT SINKS a little. Mike tests the floor board again. It's RICKETY. He pulls the rug out...

REVEAL: A TRAP DOOR. Mike grabs the latch, lifts it open.

59 INT. TRAP DOOR STAIRCASE 59

FROM BELOW... Looking up past a weathered, worn and wooden staircase up at Mike.

Carefully, Mike makes his way down the steps, into...

60 INT. CHAPEL - CABIN BASEMENT - DAY 60

Religious artifacts, lots of them. Crosses, photos of Jesus, statues of Mary, etc. Don the walls, shelves... everywhere.

On the far side of the room... like an altar shrine... **NINE LARGE GLASS JARS FILLED WITH LIQUID...**

INSIDE EACH JAR - HUMAN FETUSES, all in various stages of development and DEFORMITY. Each jar is labelled with their own individual bronze nameplate (#1, MATTHEW... #2, JOHN... #3, PETER... #4, LUKE, etc...).

THE LAST JAR - The fetus is closest to term, maybe 8 months along). The nameplate reads, "TIMOTHY."

Mike, completely freaked out, backpedals, bumps into AN IRON DOOR. He turns the handle, opens it...

61 INT. HALLWAY - IDA'S CABIN BASEMENT 61

It's pitch black as Mike opens the door. Next to the door, a light switch... He flips it ON.

Sounding like small gunshots, a series of overhead lights TURN ON illuminating a long, narrow, curved hallway. At the far end... THREE DOORS. (RECOGNIZE THIS FROM THE OPENING SCENE.) A sound. It's distant, muffled...indistinguishable. Mike stirs, hearing the faint, muted sound from the end of the hallway.

Mike staggers, leans against the wall for support. He's woozy, but determined. He proceeds down the hall, towards the doors.

Just as Mike passes underneath a light... POP! THE LIGHTS EXPLODES. SPARKS, GLASS SHOWER onto Mike. As he brushes himself off.

52.

A SCREAM cries out.

MIKE

Sheryl!?

Mike moves faster, reaches the end of the hallway, faces the door. He turns the knob, pushes it open, and...

62 **INT. TORTURE ROOM #1 - IDA'S CABIN BASEMENT**

62

Mike steps into the room, the light from the hall SPILLS INTO THE ROOM, falls across...

Sheryl, tied to a beam that extends from the ceiling to the floor, a coarse rope secures a gag in her mouth. She's bruised with a lot of nicks and scratches.

Sheryl and Mike's eyes lock. Euphoria, pain all at once.

MIKE

Oh my God.

Mike runs to her, touches her face. He checks the ropes tying Sheryl. They're very secure.

MIKE

I need something to cut you down,
baby.

Sheryl tries to motion to the other side of the room.

Mike follows her gaze... Searching wildly... scanning the room... a tool bench... tools... TOOLS!

ON A TOOL BENCH - A litany of the conventional and unconventional. A hammer, screw drivers, axes, a FLASHLIGHT, then, finally... in the middle of bunch... A HUNTER'S KNIFE.

Mike grabs the knife, hobbles back to Sheryl. He slides the blade between her cheek and the rope, SLICES. Several tense moments later... the rope breaks.

Mike tosses the rope and gag away. They kiss.

MIKE

Are you okay?

SHERYL

Get me out of here. Hurry.

Mike starts cutting the ropes around her wrists.

SHERYL

He'll be back soon.

53.

MIKE

Who's he?

OFF SCREEN: A LOUD THUD resounds. Where did it come from?

Not wanting or waiting to find out, Mike doubles the effort.

SHERYL

Come on, come on, come on...

SNAP! Finally, the ropes tear. Sheryl's free. Just as...

ALL THE LIGHTS SIMULTANEOUSLY GO OUT. COMPLETE AND TOTAL DARKNESS SURROUND THE YOUNG COUPLE. Sheryl lets rip a short, but loud SCREAM. Mike quickly silences her.

BREATHING INTENSIFIES. Mike and Sheryl take refuge in each other's arms. Then...

Mike remembers... on the tool bench... THE FLASHLIGHT. He feels around for the bench, when... WHACK.

MIKE

Fuck!

He banged his injured leg on something.

SHERYL

(Whispers)

What are you doing?

Mike reaches the tool bench, feels around. Finds it.

SHERYL

(Whispers)

Mike? Mike?

Mike TURNS ON THE FLASHLIGHT. The beam CUTS through the darkness and onto...

The Concealed Figure, stands face to face with Mike brandishing his axe/sickle.

SHERYL SCREAMS!

The Concealed Figure swings the axe/sickle, slices Mike across the forearm. BLOOD SPRAYS ACROSS THE FLOOR.

Mike YELPS in pain, drops the flashlight and knife.

MIKE

Sheryl, run!

But Sheryl freezes.

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54.

He comes at Mike again, but... he eludes the attack.

Mike grabs the flashlight, the only weapon within his reach, and SWINGS, STRIKING THE CONCEALED FIGURE IN THE KNEE, he drops to the ground.

The Concealed Figure grabs Mike by the throat, runs him as hard and fast as he can against a wall!

Sheryl's frozen in fear.

He SQUEEZES his throat harder, tighter. Mike can't breathe.

Mike smacks the Concealed Figure in the face, squirms, all to no avail, until...

Mike JAMS his THUMB INTO HIS EYE. He SCREAMS, DROPS Mike. They both fall to the floor.

The fallen flashlight's beam illuminates Sheryl backed in the corner.

MIKE

(To Sheryl)

Get the fuck out of here! Now!

Finally Sheryl runs out of the room...

63 INT. HALLWAY - IDA'S CABIN BASEMENT

63

Sheryl feels her way out by touching the wall...

64 INT. TORTURE ROOM #1 - IDA'S CABIN BASEMENT

64

As the Concealed Figure writhes in pain...

Mike catches his breath, attempts to stand, only... his body buckles under the pain.

He throws a look to the Figure, then crawls over to the tool bench. He pulls himself up using the bench for support. He haphazardly feels for a weapon... any weapon.

He grabs a hammer, turns and...

The Figure grabs Mike's wrist, then HEAD-BUTTS MIKE between the eyes. He falls to the floor. Out cold.

The Concealed Figure holds his injured eye with one hand, grabs the SICKLE/AXE with the other.

55.

65 INT. HALLWAY - IDA'S CABIN BASEMENT

65

Sheryl reaches the iron door, but stops. Looks back into the darkness.

SHERYL

Mike?

(No response)

Mike?

Still no answer. Then... Sheryl spots the light switch, **FLIPS IT... THE LIGHTS SNAP ON!**

Suddenly, THE CONCEALED FIGURE APPEARS OUT OF THE DARKNESS!

SHERYL SCREAMS!

HE LUNGES FOR SHERYL, but misses. She runs through the door, into...

66 INT. CHAPEL - IDA'S CABIN - DAY

66

... Sheryl rushes into the room, but trips on something. When she gets up, the first thing she sees... THE FETUS JARS!

She coughs violently, almost pukes. She stumbles, hurries up the trap door steps...

A moment later...

The Concealed Figure pops through the iron door. For the first time we see the Concealed Figure wholly...

THIS IS DEACON. Half his body scarred, burned. He stands well over six feet tall, muscles rippling everywhere. A frightful sight.

He peers up the trap door steps, pursues Sheryl...

67 **EXT. IDA'S CABIN - DAY**
67

Sheryl BURSTS through the front door, running for the woods.

Deacon exits the cabin, spots Sheryl. Runs after her.

68 **EXT. WOODS #4 - TIMBER FALLS TRAIL - DAY**
68

SHERYL runs as fast as she can. Breaking branches in her way, leaping rocks. Anything to get away from...

DEACON follows. This is his terrain, turf. He moves quickly and efficiently through the brush.

56.

SHERYL looks back, and as she does... trips over some tree roots. She falls FACE FIRST INTO A GIANT PUDDLE. She pushes herself out of the puddle. She's soaked, but doesn't stop. She resumes running.

DEACON... closing the gap.

SHERYL, confused, scared and lost, looks around wildly. Has no idea where she's going. Then suddenly she hears something. She looks down a slight hill...

SHERYL'S POV - A RANGER TRUCK drives along a gravel road.

SHERYL

Thank you God...

(At the top of her lungs)

HELP!

Sheryl darts down the hill, and falls out onto...

69 **I/E RANGER TRUCK/ GRAVEL MOUNTAIN ROAD - DAY**

69

The RANGER TRUCK SLAMS on the brakes, inches from running

over Sheryl. She SLAMS her arms down on the hood.

Clyde, startled beyond belief, looks out at Sheryl. He gets out of the car, goes to her. She HUGS Clyde tightly, starts crying. He looks at her... the blood, cuts, etc.

CLYDE

Oh my stars, what happened to you?

SHERYL

(Out of breath)

You have to help me. I was kidnapped. My boyfriend came... And this man's chasing me. He's chasing me right now.

CLYDE

Calm down. I can't make heads or tails of what you're saying.

SHERYL

He's coming. He's right behind me.

Clyde looks up into the woods from where Sheryl came, but... all's peaceful at the moment. No Deacon.

CLYDE

Look, miss, there's no one there.

SHERYL

Oh my God, Mike.

57.

ANGLE FROM DOWN THE PATH - Clyde, his back to us, consoles Sheryl. Deacon steps into frame. Sickle/Axe in hand. He starts toward Clyde and Sheryl.

CLYDE

It's going to be fine, Miss. I promise you. Everything's going to be fine.

Sheryl pries her face from Clyde's chest.

SHERYL'S POV - Deacon's five feet behind Clyde and closing.

SHERYL SCREAMS. CLYDE HOLDS ONTO SHERYL.

Off her look, Clyde turns... DEACON AND CLYDE STAND FACE TO FACE. The moment's frozen. For too long.

Something's not right.

CLYDE

Deacon, what's going on? How the heck
did she escape?

Sheryl looks at Clyde, in shock. Deacon lowers his head,
ashamed.

CLYDE

Want something done, gotta do it
yourself.

Clyde removes a black, wooden club from his belt... Sheryl
turns, about to run, when... **CLYDE CRACKS HER ACROSS THE
BACK OF THE HEAD WITH THE CLUB.**

CUT TO

BLACK.

FADE IN:

70 INT. TORTURE ROOM #1 - DAY

70

SHERYL'S POV - OUT OF FOCUS, WOBBLY. LIGHTS, a rainbow of
FUZZY COLORS DANCE BEFORE US. Slowly, bring into focus...
Sheryl coughs, gags on something.

SHERYL'S POV - She lifts her arms to discover her wrists are
tied together tightly.

SHERYL'S POV - Ida enters the room carrying something.
Sheryl's breath quickens. Ida walks right up to Sheryl.

She

places a FLOWER WREATH in her hair, adjusts it to fit.

58.

IDA

Perfect. Just perfect. You are
lovely as a summer's day.

(Checks her watch)

It's almost time.

Sheryl catches her REFLECTION in a small wall mirror.

71 INT. CHAPEL - DAY

71

ANGLE ON - A ROPE looped through a hook in the ceiling.
FOLLOW THE ROPE DOWN... PASS A PAIR OF BLOODY AND BRUISED

HANDS, WRISTS... keep going... end on Mike.

Mike's passed out. He dangles in the middle of the room. He wears an old, moth-eaten sports jacket and slacks. A rope gags his mouth.

ANGLE ON - the SICKLE/AXE. As it moves towards Mike...

Deacon, a black ring surrounds his injured eye, steps in front of Mike, holds the blade CENTIMETERS from Mike's eye.

An eye for an eye?

Mike wakes and... immediately freaks out. He tries to shake loose, but can't. Deacon stares at him, but...

CLYDE (O.S.)

Deacon!

Clyde enters. He wears a long garment around his neck, carries a bible.

CLYDE

That's enough. Get him ready.

Deacon backs off. He undoes a slipknot on the far wall, which causes Mike to come CRASHING to the floor. Deacon lifts Mike to his feet, positions him.

It's only now Mike gets a gander at the room.

The FETUS JARS adorn the far wall. There's a giant WOODEN CROSS hanging over a makeshift altar. CANDLES anywhere and everywhere.

An old phonograph, one that you CRANK to play, rests in the corner. Clyde places the needle down on a record, CRANKS THE WHEEL. The MUSIC kicks in, CLASSICAL RELIGIOUS... It's hollow, full of static and futz.

Mike watches... HIS EYES OPEN WIDE, as...

59.

The iron door slowly CREAKS open.

ANGLE ON - A FILTHY PAIR OF WHITE DRESS SHOES. Ropes secure the ankles so movement's limited to inches at a time.

Shimmying into the room, wearing a dusty, old wedding dress and a flower wreath in her hair is Sheryl. Her wrists still

bound. Her mouth gagged.

Mike and Sheryl take each other in. Tears spring to Sheryl's eyes. She takes another jerky step closer.

Ida is visible behind her, guides her towards Mike. She positions her next to him so that both face the altar.

Clyde glances to Ida who silences the music.

CLYDE

And Jesus answered and said unto them,
"Each man should have his own wife,
and each woman her own husband. The
husband should fulfill his marital
duty to his wife, and likewise the
wife to her husband."

IDA

Amen.

CLYDE

And so, in the presence of our Lord
Jesus Christ, I ask you Michael... and
you Sheryl, do you accept the sacred
covenant of marriage?

Mike and Sheryl stare at Clyde. Neither flinch.

Clyde glances to Deacon, who immediately steps forward,
touches the sickle blade to Sheryl's throat.

CLYDE

I'll ask again... Do you accept this
covenant of marriage?

Sheryl nods immediately. Mike nods too.

Clyde signals for Deacon to step back. He obeys.

CLYDE

Then by the power vested in me, I
pronounce you man and wife.

Clyde signals to Ida.

60.

Ida removes Sheryl's graduation ring from her finger. She then slides TWO TARNISHED GOLD BANDS, one on Sheryl's finger, the other on Mike's.

Clyde unties the rope securing Mike's gag in his mouth, removes it.

MIKE

Why are you doing this? We did nothing to you people. Let us go!

CLYDE

You may kiss the bride.

MIKE

You fucking people are fucking sick!

Clyde's temper flares...

CLYDE

(Stern and cold)

Do not use that type of language in this house again. Now... kiss the bride or...

(Gestures to Deacon)

... he'll cut off your lips.

Mike stares in horror at Clyde, turns to Sheryl.

MIKE

I love you.

Mike kisses her briefly on the cheek.

Clyde smiles satisfied, nods to Deacon. He immediately lifts Sheryl up and throws her over his shoulder.

MIKE

What are you doing?

Deacon carries her from the room. Sheryl CRIES.

MIKE

LET HER GO! SHERYL!

(To Clyde)

Let her go!...Please, let her go!

Clyde pulls the ropes, hoists Mike back into a dangling position. He secures the knot before exiting the room.

MIKE

SHERYL!

(To Ida)

(MORE)

MIKE (cont'd)
Please. Don't hurt her. Whatever it
is you want, I'll give it to you.

IDA
I know you will.

She stuffs the gag in, secures it in place with the rope.
She ties the knot. Perfect.

Ida exits the room. Mike is alone.

Mike tries to yank his hands through the knot. His wrists
and hands turn red, his face is flushed...the knot is too
tight. He stops.

Mike takes a breath and tries again. His face and hands are
beet red. He pulls and pulls...but the rope doesn't budge.
Mike exhales. It's no use. He dangles there, helpless.

72 **EXT. IDA'S CABIN - NIGHT**
72

Resting under the FULL MOON, sits the cabin.

72 A **INT. CHAPEL - NIGHT**
72 A

Mike still dangles by his wrists. Clyde enters.

Clyde unties the end of the rope on the floor. The rope
UNFURLS, Mike DROPS to the ground.

Clyde picks him up, sits him in a nearby chair. Mike's
wrists, ankles and mouth still bound and gagged.

CLYDE
Gonna untie your mouth, now. Have a
little "man to man" talk.

Clyde undoes the gag in Mike's mouth.

MIKE
Please... It's not too late. Let us
go. We won't tell anyone.

CLYDE
(Beat)
How well do you know your bible,
Michael?

MIKE

Jesus Fucking Christ...

Clyde SLAPS Mike across the face.

62.

CLYDE

I told you before to watch that mouth,
mister.

MIKE

Fuck you.

Clyde PUNCHES him, not once, but twice. He readies a third.

CLYDE

You through?

Mike spits some blood on the floor. Nods.

CLYDE

I'll ask again... how well do you know
the bible?

MIKE

Not very.

CLYDE

That's okay. It's fine. That's why I
am here... teach you the way things
are and the way they should be.

73 INT. TORTURE ROOM #1 - NIGHT

73

Sheryl sits in a chair in the middle of the room. Still gagged. She wears a new outfit. A handmade dress with a small crest embroidered over the heart. **IT'S SIMILAR TO THE ONE WORN BY SARAH (GIRL FROM THE OPENING SCENE OF FILM).**

Ida pulls tight the rope securing her wrists to the arms of the chair. Satisfied.

IDA

I'll be right back.

Ida exits the room. Deacon stands by the door. He and Sheryl alone together.

Sheryl tries not to make eye contact.

Deacon stares at her. Longingly.

DEACON'S POV - On Sheryl's chest, expanding and contracting with every breath.

ON DEACON - SLOWLY PUSH INTO TIGHT CLOSE UP

DEACON'S POV - Sheryl, a heavenly glow encircles her (and her gag mysteriously gone), turns to Deacon. A look of calm and lust in her eyes.

63.

SHERYL

I want you, Deacon.

(Jump Cut to...)

I want you to fuck me. Hard.

ON DEACON - His stare deepens.

Sheryl, the heavenly glow gone, her gag back in place. Watches Deacon. She squirms, cries.

74 **INT. CHAPEL - NIGHT**

74

Clyde sits in a chair next to Mike.

CLYDE

Lord knows the will of a man gets tested. Cruelly most times. But the righteous persevere. They do what needs to be done, even though they don't want to. It's what makes a man, a man. Let me tell you the story of Judas, he was one of Jesus's apostles. Judas led Roman Soldiers to the capture and eventual death of our Lord Jesus Christ. And now, is supposedly seated next to Satan, his soul burning in hell forever for this sin. But I don't believe that's the case. I have my own theory. The death of Jesus was predicted thousands of years before Judas ever came along. And for the prophecy to be fulfilled, Jesus had to die. If he didn't, the gates of heaven couldn't be opened for mankind. I don't think, for an instant, Judas wanted to be the one, but... someone

had to. Judas helped Jesus, so Jesus could die for our sins. Save us all. And I believe at this moment... Judas is in heaven, despite his sin, because it led to the greater good.

(Beat)

Relations prior to marriage is a sin. You and Sheryl are sinners in the Lord's eyes. And because of those sins, your souls are damned. But Ida and Me, we're gonna give you a chance to save your souls and do the right thing, but... as previously stated, you will need to persevere and show the strength and will of your character. But you'll do it. Because that's what needs to be done.

64.

Mike stares unflinching at Clyde.

75 INT. TORTURE ROOM #1 - NIGHT

75

Deacon kneels before Sheryl who tries to move, but can't.

ANGLE ON - Deacon lays his scarred hand on Sheryl's thigh.

Sheryl squirms, but that's all she can do. Then...

IDA (O.S.)

Deacon!

Deacon jumps up, backs off.

IDA

You get away from her. Git! Now!

Ida sets a tray she was carrying down, chases Deacon from the room. She shuts the door behind him.

IDA

I'm sorry about that, Sugar. My brother, he's not well.

She retrieves the tray, brings it over closer to Sheryl.

IDA

It's not all his fault. Our father wasn't very Christian and then there was the accident. Along with the

scarring, lost use of his vocals.
Can't speak a lick. Now, I've spoken
to him. What happened with the others
won't happen to you. He's promised me
that.

What others? What did he do?

IDA

I'm gonna take that out of your mouth
now. I brought you some tea, got some
primrose in it. Help you relax, get
some rest. Okay?

Ida unties the gag in Sheryl's mouth. She coughs a few
times. Ida raises the mug of tea to her lips...

SHERYL

Please don't do this. Please let me
go. Please..I just want to go home.

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65.

IDA

(Cold)
Drink the tea.

Ida brings the mug to her lips again, pours some in Sheryl's
mouth. She swallows a big gulp.

IDA

That's better. Good girl.
(Changing topics)
I almost forgot to ask... How does it
feel being married?

SHERYL

Why are you doing this?

IDA

I thought you'd be happy about that.
All I ever wanted out of life was two
things... to be married and to have a
baby. The Lord blessed me with Clyde
and I thank Him every day for that.

Ida pours some more tea into Sheryl.

IDA

But having a baby's been...
complicated.

Clyde walks over to the fetus jars. Stares at them. A sadness in his eyes.

CLYDE

She can conceive fine... just...
can't seem to make it all the way
through. Timothy was the toughest...
Made it to month eight.

ANGLE ON - The "Timothy" Fetus jar. The most developed of
them all.

CLYDE

City Doctor had some fancy mumbo-jumbo
words for the condition.

(Beat; turns to Mike)

Breaks my heart every time. That
woman was born to be a mother. It's
her calling in life. Just like you
and Sheryl have a calling.

MIKE

What exactly do you want from us?

66.

The IRON DOOR FLIES OPEN, Deacon emerges, stands over Mike.

Sheryl sways back and forth. Her EYELIDS heavy. The
primrose "kicking in."

Ida places her hand on Sheryl's cheek.

IDA

You're young, strong... It's gonna be
easy for you. Not like me.

SHERYL

(Barely conscious)

Wh-what...?

IDA

You're gonna have a baby, Sheryl.

(Beat)

My baby.

78 INT. HALLWAY - CABIN BASEMENT - NIGHT 78

Deacon drags Mike down the hall. Clyde follows.

79 INT. TORTURE ROOM #1 - NIGHT 79

The door to the room FLIES OPEN. Deacon drags Mike inside, Clyde right behind them.

To Mike's horror...

MIKE

Oh my God...

Sheryl lies unconscious on top of the table, Ida by her side.

ANGLE ON SHERYL - Each of her limbs tied down with heavy rope. Her legs are spread apart.

MIKE

What have you done to her?

IDA

She'll be out for hours, but she's fine.

CLYDE

Ida'll come back in a little bit, check to see that the deed has been done. If it hasn't...the next time you see your little lady...a piece of her will be missing.

(MORE)

SHOOTING SCRIPT

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67.

CLYDE (cont'd)

(Cold)

Don't test us on that one.

IDA

Now, we know conception's not automatic. So don't feel like all the pressure's on right now. We're prepared to do this however long it takes. You give us the effort each time, eventually the magic will happen.

MIKE

You're out of your fucking minds.

Clyde grabs Mike's wrist, turns over his palm. Clyde takes a knife from his belt, SLICES MIKE'S PALM.

MIKE SCREAMS. BLOOD POURS FROM THE WOUND.

CLYDE

What did I tell you about the language?

Ida grabs a fresh rag, wraps Mike's hand in it.

CLYDE

Deacon will be right outside that door. The only door. This room has no windows and is buried twenty feet below ground. Cutting to the chase... there's no way out and you can scream yourself hoarse, no one will hear you.

IDA

We'll let you have your privacy now.
(Remembers)
Oh, almost forgot.

Ida goes to the corner where the phonograph sits. She cranks the handle, places the needle on the record.

The record crackles, Pachelbel's "Canon" fills the room.

Deacon, Clyde and Ida exit. They SHUT and LOCK the door behind them.

80 INT. HALLWAY - CABIN BASEMENT - NIGHT

80

Deacon stands by the door. Ida and Clyde, holding hands, walk towards the stairs...

IDA

It's gotta work this time.

68.

CLYDE

It will.

IDA

Promise me.
(Beat; he doesn't...)
Promise me, Clyde.

CLYDE

I promise.

Clyde wraps his arm around Ida's shoulder, comforting her.

81 INT. TORTURE ROOM #1 - IDA'S CABIN - NIGHT 81

Mike makes his way to the table, to Sheryl. He pulls himself to his feet.

He takes Sheryl in. She looks peaceful. He runs his good hand through her hair. Tears roll down his cheeks.

Mike checks each of Sheryl's ropes. They are all tightly secured.

Mike haphazardly checks every nook and cranny of the room. But Clyde was right. No way out.

Mike stares at the phonograph... HE KICKS IT OFF THE TABLE, KICKS AND BASHES IT TO PIECES.

VFX: Mike's breathing INTENSIFIES. PUSH INTO TIGHT CLOSE UP... His world is not caving in, it's already caved.

82 EXT. IDA'S CABIN - NIGHT TO DAY (SPLINTER UNIT) 82

TIME LAPSE... The night sky rapidly changes from black to blue. The Sun RISES...

83 INT. TORTURE ROOM #1 - DAY 83

Sheryl's head falls to the side, bumps the table. She wakes.

She finds Mike is passed out sitting in a chair, his hand holding hers.

The door UNBOLTS, FLIES open.

Mike comes to and glances up as Deacon storms into the room, drags him out screaming.

84 INT. HALLWAY - DAY 84

Ida stands just outside the doorway, lets them pass. She slides some surgical gloves on, shuts the door behind her.

69.

ANGLE ON - SHERYL as the door SHUTS.

85 INT. TORTURE ROOM #2 - DAY
85

Mike, without his shirt, hangs by his wrists from iron shackles secured to the ceiling. (He's hooked up the same way the Young Man was in the opening scene of the story.)

Deacon secures the last of the restraints. Clyde enters, walks straight up to Mike...

CLYDE

Was I at all unclear yesterday?

MIKE

No, but...

CLYDE

Did you understand what was expected of you?

MIKE

Yes, but... How do you expect...

CLYDE

Clearly you did not understand. You did not even attempt relations last evening.

MIKE

What you're asking to do is sick. You're sick.

CLYDE

You didn't have a problem when penetration was a sin, but when it's your wife, it's sick?!? Unbelievable.

Clyde glares angrily at Mike, then heads to the door.

CLYDE

You knew the rules, Michael. I warned you. Now, Deacon, here, will remind you.

Mike turns to Deacon, who stands over the tool bench. DOZENS of sharp instruments of torture lay before him.

Clyde shuts the door on Mike.

86 INT. MAIN ROOM - CABIN - DAY
86

Clyde shuts the door. Ida waits, helps him with his coat.

SHOOTING SCRIPT

OCTOBER 17, 2006

70.

CLYDE

I'm going to be late for work.

IDA

Be home at the regular time?

Clyde removes a set of keys from his pocket... NOTICE THE BOSTON RED SOX KEY CHAIN... They're Mike's keys.

CLYDE

Might be a bit late. I have an errand that needs attending to.

Clyde kisses Ida, exits.

87 INT. TORTURE ROOM #2 - DAY

87

Deacon stands by the TOOL BENCH, his back to Mike. Deacon grabs several different SCARY INSTRUMENTS OF TORTURE, tests them out.

Mike tries to see what he's doing. HORRIBLE SOUNDS, METAL STRIKING METAL, BLADES SHARPENING, ETC.

Deacon finally selects a weapon, turns around...

Mike stares at Deacon who holds a CAT-O'-NINE TAILS in his hand. Deacon walks behind Mike...

MIKE

You don't have to do this. Come on.

Deacon pulls his arm back, WHIPS MIKE ACROSS THE BACK.

MIKE SCREAMS IN AGONY.

88 INT. TORTURE ROOM #1 - DAY

88

Sheryl hears MIKE'S SCREAMS, but she's in a predicament of her own.

Sheryl's tied to chair. Her hand is secured to table top. She can't move it. Fingers separated.

SHERYL

What are they doing to him?

IDA

You should concern yourself with
what's about to happen to you.

Ida opens a SEWING BOX, but instead of needles and yarn, she
removes a CLEAVER.

71.

Sheryl looks at the cleaver, then... to her hand... the pinky
finger separated and immobile.

SHERYL

What are you doing, Ida?

IDA

You think you're so much smarter than
me, don't you?

SHERYL

No.

IDA

Yes you do. Admit it'cause I can see
it in your eyes, darling. With your
fancy schools and job and such.

(Realizes)

You think you are better than me.

SHERYL

No, I don't.

Yes she does.

IDA

(Beat)

Might surprise you, but I was quite
the student back in the day. Straight
A's. Every subject'cept for Science.
Infuriated me how they tried to
explain away the Lord's creations.
Our teacher, Mr. Billings, once
said... in the future, humans won't be
born with a pinky finger'cause of
evolution.

(Frustration building)

Of all the... I shouted, "No! We are
created in the Lord's image... not
some nonsensical theory by Darwind."

Sheryl stares at Ida, terrified would be an understatement.

IDA

I suppose Mr. Billings and Mr. Darwind
can stand up and cheer, because you,
little lady... you're about to
evolve.

89 INT. TORTURE ROOM #2 - DAY

89

Mike dangles... HIS BACK CUT, BRUISED AND BLOODY.

72.

MIKE

No more. Please. No more.

Deacon faces Mike, looks him square in the eyes. He walks
back to the tool bench, lays the whipping device down.

Mike breathes a touch easier, until...

Deacon reappears, A JAR OF MOONSHINE in his hands. He dips
one of his scarred fingers into the liquid and GENTLY touches
a wound on Mike's body.

The liquid stings. Mike WINCES.

MIKE

What are you going to do with that?

ANGLE ON - MIKE'S BACK.

90 INT. TORTURE ROOM #1 - DAY

90

ANGLE ON - SHERYL'S PINKY.

Ida sits next to Sheryl. She raises the cleaver...

SHERYL

Please Ida, don't. Don't do this.

IDA

You think I want to hurt a pretty
thing like you? Pains me, but...
until you and your husband obey, my
hands, much like yours, are tied.

SHERYL

I know about your condition, Ida.
It's not your fault. There are a lot
of women that can't carry a baby full

term. I know how much you're hurting.

Ida takes her attention from the finger, starts to pay attention to Sheryl.

IDA

You don't know anything about me or what I've gone through.

SHERYL

I'm here for you now. I'll help you. Please.

Ida stares at Sheryl... debating...

73.

91 INT. TORTURE ROOM #2 91

Deacon SPLASHES THE ENTIRE JAR OF MOONSHINE ON MIKE'S BACK. A BLOOD-CURDLING SCREAM RINGS OUT.

92 INT. TORTURE ROOM #1 92

Ida and Sheryl turn in the direction of the SCREAM. This seems to bring Ida back from wherever she was, back to the matter at hand...

Ida looks into Sheryl's tear-filled eyes.

IDA

You can help... by following the rules.

Ida CHOPS off Sheryl's pinky finger. Sheryl SCREAMS.

ANGLE ON - SHERYL'S PINKY FINGER HITS THE FLOOR.

93 EXT. SWAMP - DAY 93

The SUN burns overhead.

Clyde stands on the banks of a algae covered swamp. He stares out, nervously watching.

Brody, in his beat-up Pick-up truck, pulls to a stop. Exits the truck, approaches Clyde.

BRODY

Clyde!

CLYDE

G'morning, Brody.

BRODY

I stopped by your place the other day.

CLYDE

Ida mentioned.

BRODY

So have you seen or heard anything
about that man hiker?

CLYDE

(Beat)

In fact I have. I saw him and his
lady leave.

BRODY

When was this?

74.

CLYDE

Yesterday. Just before dusk.

BRODY

Bullshit.

CLYDE

Believe what you want.

Clyde looks out at the swamp, then back to Brody, who never
stopped staring at Clyde.

BRODY

I saw their car last night in the
parking lot at base. So they didn't
leave, "Just before dusk."

CLYDE

Well, I was down at base this
morning... car's gone now.

BRODY

Something don't feel right here,
Clyde. Between you and Ida...

CLYDE

I don't have time for this...

He starts to walk away, but Brody grabs his wrist tightly.

CLYDE

Take your hand off me, Brody.

BRODY

What do you know about that hiker you ain't telling me?

Brody waits a beat, then lets him go.

CLYDE

I told you, Brody... I saw them leave. Let it go.

Brody watches Clyde head off. He's even more paranoid now than before. What Brody doesn't notice...

ANGLE ON THE SWAMP... Just below the water, sinking, the outline of the back of the Passat.

94 EXT. IDA'S CABIN - NIGHT (SPLINTER UNIT)

94

DARKNESS envelops the cabin. A coyote HOWLS.

75.

95 INT. TORTURE ROOM #1 - NIGHT

95

Sheryl on table, unconscious. Her hand/finger bandaged.

THE DOOR'S THROWN OPEN... Deacon throws Mike roughly to floor. He's tied per usual.

NOTICE: the back of Mike's shirt SOAKED in blood.

MIKE

How do you expect me to do this? Like this?

CLYDE

Do we need to provide you with some more motivation?

IDA

You wouldn't want to put that lovely bride of yours through a day like she had today again, now would you?

MIKE

You'll never get away with this. We have friends and family. They know where we went. They'll come looking for us. They'll find us!

CLYDE

That may very well be... but they won't find your car.

Clyde dangles the keys - HIS KEYS - in front of Mike. Deacon, Clyde and Ida leave.

THE DOOR BOLTS, LOCKS.

Mike limps over to Sheryl, he sees her bandaged hand.

MIKE

Oh baby, what did they do to you? I'm sorry. I'm so sorry.

SHERYL

(Without moving, barely audible)
Are they gone?

MIKE

(Surprised)
Yeah. You're awake?

Their entire conversation is no louder than a whisper.

SHOOTING SCRIPT

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Sheryl turns to face Mike... They kiss.

SHERYL

I didn't swallow that shit she gave me.

Sheryl spies the back of his jersey in a mirror's reflection.

SHERYL

Oh my God. Mike...

MIKE

It's okay. I'm okay.

SHERYL

You're not okay. We're not okay. What are we gonna do?

MIKE

I don't know.

Sheryl takes a moment. Thinks carefully about how exactly to phrase this... Then...

SHERYL

Maybe... we should just give them what they want?

MIKE

What?

SHERYL

If it stops them from hurting you and me... maybe we should...

MIKE

Absolutely not. No fucking way. Forget the fact, that the moment you get pregnant, they'll kill me. Then the moment you give birth, you're dead. Beyond both of those reasons... ain't no fucking way I am going to give them our child.

Tears POUR from Sheryl.

MIKE

For all my coward marriage moments... I've thought about our child. Is that stupid? I picture what he'll be like...

SHERYL

He?

77.

MIKE

Wishful thinking. I picture your heart... your eyes... And I picture us, raising him. Growing old with him.

(Beat)

No. Ain't no fucking way I'm going to give him to them. They keep talking about sins... that would be the worst sin of them all.

(Beat)

I'll get us out of this, Sheryl. I

promise you.

95A EXT. IDA'S CABIN - DAY (MAIN UNIT) 95A

Birds CHIRP overhead. Sunlight streaks through the clouds.

95B INT. CHAPEL - DAY 95B

ANGLE ON - A FINE CLOTH rubs delicately, but firmly one of the fetus jars (Timothy).

Ida finishes, steps off the small stool. The jars sparkle and shine brightly.

She gazes at the fetus jars with love, affection. The pain of lives unfulfilled weighing heavy on her strong shoulders.

The trap door opens, Clyde comes down the steps.

Ida turns to Clyde. A beat...

CLYDE

It's time.

96 EXT. MOUNTAINS - DAY (2ND UNIT)

96

The morning fog engulfs the mountains.

97 INT. RANGER BASE STATION - DAY

97

SAM, the Ranger that greeted Mike and Sheryl, enters sipping a cup of coffee. EVELYN, 20s, a perky and adorable Ranger, works at the desk.

EVELYN

Good morning, Sam.

SAM

Ain't no better than any of the other days, Evelyn, so bring the "glee" down some, would ya?

78.

Sam grabs some papers from his mailbox. Evelyn's used to Sam's moods.

EVELYN

Hey, Sam, do you remember a Virginia

CLYDE

We do appreciate your honesty,
Michael. And believe me, we
understand your extreme situation,
but... Punishment's going to have to
be handed down.

Suddenly, Clyde's walkie-talkie goes off.

SAM (V.O.)

Clyde, it's Sam at base, come back.

CLYDE

Go for, Clyde.

Mike screams trying to be heard while Clyde has button
pushed.

CLYDE

(To Deacon and Ida)
Restrain him.

Deacon holds Mike, while Ida grabs the gag.

SAM (V.O.)

Yeah, morning, Clyde. Got a missing
person's report. Young Couple out of
Alexandria. We're printing up some
flyers with their photos right now.

MIKE

I told you. I told they'd be coming.

Ida shoves the gag into his mouth, ties it secure.

SAM (V.O.)

When you get a chance, grab some and
let's start circulating, huh?

Clyde throws a concerned look to Ida.

SAM (V.O.)

Clyde?

CLYDE

Copy that.

Clyde thinks a beat, then...

CLYDE

(To Deacon)

Get him in the other room. Now.

Concern covers Clyde's face...

80.

99 A EXT. STREAM - DAY
A

99

Brody washes out some mason jars. His shotgun rests against a nearby tree. Lonnie smokes pot from his handmade pipe.

A walkie-talkie CRACKLES. Evelyn approaches.

BRODY

Shit. Get rid of the dope.

Brody hides the jars in his satchel. Lonnie quickly tucks his pipe away, fans the smoke away.

EVELYN

Morning, gentlemen.

(She eyes her watch)

Pardon me... Afternoon.

LONNIE

Evelyn, damn, hurts looking at you.
When you gonna give it up to me?

EVELYN

Now with a line like that, it's a shocker I haven't already.

LONNIE

You stone cold tease.

EVELYN

Was wondering if either of you had seen any hikers pass by in the last day or so?

Lonnie's about to respond, but Brody cuts him off...

BRODY

What's this about?

Evelyn hands them a flier.

ON THE FLIER - Photos of Mike and Sheryl, name, info, etc.

Brody's eyes light up.

BRODY

These two are missing?

EVELYN

It would seem so. Why, have you seen them?

Brody hesitates and then shakes his head "no".

81.

BRODY

You talk to Clyde about this?

EVELYN

All the Rangers are on the lookout. Family's even offering up a reward.

BRODY

(Beat)
How much?

EVELYN

Pardon?

BRODY

How much they offering?

EVELYN

Don't exactly know. I'm guessing it's a fair amount.

BRODY

Well, me and Lonnie will keep a lookout for you too. Anything we can do to help.

Evelyn begins walking off.

LONNIE

You change you mind, I'll ride you raw.

Evelyn ignores Lonnie, moves on her way.

LONNIE

It'd be the best fifteen seconds of your life, darling!

Brody watches her go. As she disappears, he grabs his gun.

100 EXT. IDA'S CABIN - DAY

100

Clyde comes up to Ida. She stands over a bar-b-q pit, just your run-of-the-ordinary backyard variety ones.

CLYDE

Noose is starting to tighten, Ida.

ANGLE ON - A GLASS JUG OF MOONSHINE

IDA

No. You promised. You promised, this time, would be the time. I want that baby. You promised.

SHOOTING SCRIPT

OCTOBER 17, 2006

82.

Ida flips open a silver lighter, SPARKS up a flame. She touches the flame to a piece of kindling, drops it into the bar-b-q.

A FIRE ROARS TO LIFE.

CLYDE

We're gonna have to double our efforts, here.

IDA

Leave that to me.

Ida lifts THREE IRON BRANDS from a long leather bag. She places the heads of the brands into the bar-b-q.

101 OMIT (SCENE HAS BEEN MOVED. NOW SCENE # 99A)

101

102 INT. TORTURE ROOM #1 - DAY

102

Sheryl sits alone, tied, gagged and confined to a chair on the far end of the room.

CLOSE ON - Behind Sheryl's back. Her bloody hands, sans one finger, tremble softly. Her remaining digits start to LOOSEN her restraints.

103 INT. TORTURE ROOM #2 - DAY

103

Mike hangs, once again. Clyde stands before him, Ida enters. She wheels the bar-b-q in the room.

IN THE PIT - It's filled with hot, smoking coals. Also,

THREE IRON BRANDS rest buried in the coals. All glow a FIERY ORANGE.

CLYDE

I think we have to have another... man
to man discussion, here, Michael.

But unlike previous moments, Mike is not begging or pleading.
He holds a calm demeanor.

CLYDE

Seems as though, time is now factoring
into our situation.

104 INT. TORTURE ROOM #1

104

Sheryl continues working the ropes, as... THE DOOR CREAKS
OPEN. Sheryl freezes, stops working the ropes.

Deacon enters, sickle in hand. He's calm and determined. He
stares at Sheryl. Sinister thoughts in mind.

83.

QUICK CUTS DEACON'S POV: Sheryl's mouth/ chest/ legs.

Deacon approaches Sheryl, kneels down in front of her. He
LAYS THE SICKLE ON THE FLOOR. Sheryl eyes the weapon.

Deacon takes something from his pocket, lifts his arms up
towards Sheryl's head.

She winces, expecting the worst.

Deacon slides Sheryl's locket around her neck. The chain
repaired. Deacon beams with pride.

Deacon shifts her skirt exposing more skin and places his
hands on Sheryl's bare thighs. She twitches instinctively
causing Deacon to squeeze her thighs TIGHTER.

Sheryl winces in pain, stops her struggle. Locks EYES with
Deacon. Suddenly, an aura of CALM falls over her.

BEHIND SHERYL'S BACK... She resumes untying the knots.

Deacon savors every moment of Sheryl. Her smell, form. He
glides his hands up her body, past her stomach and onto her
breasts. He GROPEs them, in his own heaven.

CLOSE ON - The knot loosens... almost there.

105 INT. TORTURE ROOM #2 - DAY
105

Ida ROTATES the brands in the bar-b-q, doing her best subtle intimidation.

CLYDE

We're not violent people, Michael. It
pains us to pain you.

MIKE

I don't know... Seems as though
Deacon and yourselves get a real kick
out of it.

CLYDE

Now see, this is what I am talking
about. It's your attitude. It's the
disobedience, the cussing... Sooner we
get what we want, then no further harm
has to fall upon you and your wife.

MIKE

Way I see it, you need us alive. You
need us, period. And now that Park
Services and State Police are looking
for us, you're starting to panic,

(MORE)

84.

MIKE (cont'd)

knowing your whole plan's crumbling
down before your eyes.

(To Ida STRONG)

So you can stop spinning those fucking
irons thinking you're scaring me,
cause you're not.

(Beat; to both of them)

You're a couple of demented, sick,
pathetic freaks.

Ida grabs a brand, JABS IT ONTO MIKE'S CHEST.

**MIKE SCREAMS. THE BRAND BURNS INTO HIS FLESH. HIS EYES
BULGE. HE VOMITS.**

106 INT. TORTURE ROOM #1 - IDA'S CABIN
106

Deacon TEARS open Sheryl's blouse, exposing her bra and more

cleavage. He slides his hands over her breasts... he's in heaven. Sheryl doesn't resist because...

CLOSE ON - The knot's undone. Her hands are free.

Deacon looks into Sheryl's eyes. He senses something different. Does he know?

Deacon pulls himself closer to Sheryl. Their faces only inches apart. He PULLS her gag out of her mouth, lets it dangle around her neck. Sheryl swallows nervously. Resists the urge to scream. She's frozen. Then... Deacon leans in... KISSES SHERYL.

Knowing it's now or never, Sheryl KNEES DEACON IN THE BALLS. He falls over in agony.

Deacon looks up at her, when... SMACK! She KICKS him right in the face. Sheryl springs from the chair, grabs the sickle, turns and...

CRACK! Deacon, already back on his feet, PUNCHES Sheryl hard across the jaw. She hits the wall, then falls to the floor, drops the sickle.

ANGLE ON - A SMALL POCKET KNIFE falls off a shelf in the room onto the floor.

Deacon grabs the sickle, then lifts her up BY HER HAIR and drags her across the room.

He throws her face/stomach down on the table top, flips her dress up onto her back. He slides the sickle between her ass and underwear and... CUTS HER PANTIES OFF IN ONE QUICK MOTION, SPREADS HER LEGS APART.

SHOOTING SCRIPT

OCTOBER 17, 2006

85.

Sheryl, still stunned from the punch, only now starts to realize what is happening to her.

SHERYL

(Weak, soft)

No.

She tries to wiggle off table or close her legs, but Deacon's too strong. He grabs the back of her head, SLAMS it against the table, pinning it in place. With the other hand, HE SLIDES OFF HIS PANTS.

SHERYL

(Stronger)

No!

107 INT. TORTURE ROOM #2 - IDA'S CABIN 107

Mike, his chest scarred, bloody, from the fresh wound, dangles helplessly. Vomit splashed down his body.

Clyde and Ida look to one another...

CLYDE

What was that?

108 INT. TORTURE ROOM #1 - DAY 108

Deacon slaps his left hand over her mouth, climbs on top of Sheryl using his weight to keep her in place. Deacon positions himself for penetration, when...

Sheryl SCREAMS, but Deacon's hand muffles the cries.

With every ounce of strength left inside her, SHERYL BITES DOWN ON DEACON'S HAND. He SCREAMS, falling off of her.

CLOSE ON DEACON'S HAND - blood oozes, a large piece looks ripped out.

Sheryl SPITS the small chunk of his hand out of her mouth.

Deacon grabs the SICKLE/AXE, starts towards Sheryl...

At the top of her lungs, SHERYL LETS LOOSE A BLOOD CURDLING SCREAM! And...

Ida bursts in the room...

IDA

Deacon! Stop right there!

Deacon turns to Ida, stops his attack on Sheryl.

86.

IDA

Out! Get out!

Deacon slinks away. Sheryl curls up in a ball, emotions consume her. She breaks down.

109 EXT. IDA'S CABIN - SUNSET 109

The Sun sinks on the horizon...

110 INT. TORTURE ROOM #1

110

Sheryl's tied, once again, to the table. Mike tied to a chair, which is dragged into the room by Clyde.

Sheryl sees Mike's burned chest.

CLYDE

This is getting out of hand, y'all. Nobody wanted what just almost happened to Sheryl to happen. But, you keep dragging this thing out... things are gonna... happen.

IDA

I sent Deacon away for a bit. He knows he done wrong. You say right now that you are ready to perform your marital duties, then I'll keep him away.

MIKE

Have you ever thought that God doesn't want you to have a child? That's why he fucking kills them before they're born. Because you're fucking insane monsters that don't deserve a child.

Ida SLAPS Mike.

IDA

You take that back!

MIKE

No.

IDA

Take it back.

Ida digs her hand into Mike's bear trap wound, squeezes. But Mike doesn't scream or squirm. He endures the pain.

87.

MIKE

Go ahead and torture me. There's absolutely no way I would ever give a child of mine to you.

IDA

How very brave. Fine. I won't torture you.

(Looks to Sheryl)

I'll torture her. I can bring back Deacon. Let him have her. Plenty of other holes he can go into where a baby can't be made.

Ida grabs a nearby knife, walks up to Sheryl.

IDA

Or maybe we can just start dicing. All we need is a healthy heart, brain and uterus. She don't need the rest of her fingers, or toes... or her nose, ears. I could carve out her eye right now.

Ida places the knife on top of Sheryl's cheek, just below the eye. The tip just centimeters away from the eyeball.

MIKE

No!

Ida takes the knife away, gets in Mike's face...

IDA

Then you will give me my baby. My child, born in wedlock, saved from its sinner parents and raised to fear God and give him praise.

Sheryl starts LAUGHING. Inappropriate, but nonetheless, She's cracking up. Has she finally cracked?

SHERYL

That's why you married us? So we could conceive our child in wedlock? The fucking joke's on you... I'm already pregnant. Eight weeks yesterday.

Clyde and Ida stare disbelievingly at Sheryl.

IDA

You're lying.

Mike stares in shock at Sheryl.

In that look, Ida knows Sheryl's telling the truth.

SHERYL

I was trying to find the right time to tell you.

TEARS fill both their eyes.

IDA

No, no, no, no! This can't be. NO!

Clyde grabs hold of Ida, tries to calm her down. When...

OFF SCREEN: A GLASS BREAKS. It came from upstairs.

IDA AND CLYDE SPRING INTO ACTION. They exit the room, **BOLT THE DOOR LOCKED.**

MIKE'S POV - THE POCKET KNIFE still on the floor.

111 EXT. IDA'S CABIN - NIGHT

111

Brody and Lonnie stand on the porch. Brody holds a shotgun, Lonnie a rifle.

Brody reaches inside the broken window, unlocks it.

LONNIE

We shouldn't just go in. Ain't right.

Brody slides open the window.

BRODY

I'm going in. You don't want to, then don't. Check round back or something.

Brody climbs inside. Lonnie heads around the back.

112 INT. TORTURE ROOM #1

112

Mike ROCKS his chair back and forth, building momentum... Finally, the CHAIR tips over.

He uses his feet to push himself along. Heading for **THE POCKETKNIFE.**

113 INT. MAIN ROOM - IDA'S CABIN - NIGHT

113

Brody moves through cabin, shotgun ready. All's calm,
quiet.

114 EXT. IDA'S CABIN - NIGHT
114

Lonnie walks in the back yard... Nothing here, except.

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89.

ON THE GROUND - Lonnie steps on patch of ground that's
different than the rest.

Lonnie peers curiously at the ground. What's he found?

115 INT. SEWING ROOM, IDA'S CABIN - NIGHT
115

Brody enters... the Trap Door in the floor is open. He
peers inside, then proceeds down.

116 EXT. IDA'S CABIN - NIGHT
116

Lonnie bends down, finds a handle. Lifts, REVEAL, A HIDDEN
TRAP DOOR ENTRANCE. Lonnie peers inside...

LONNIE'S POV - A dark staircase leads down. At the bottom, a
wooden door, which is closed.

LONNIE

Hello?

117 INT. TORTURE ROOM #1
117

Mike hears this...

MIKE

Help! Down here!

118 EXT. IDA'S CABIN - NIGHT
118

Lonnie takes a step down, when...

FALLS **CLYDE APPEARS, BURIES AN AX INTO LONNIE'S HEAD. LONNIE**
INTO THE HOLE AND DOWN THE STAIRS!

His body crashes through the closed wooden door, into the hallway.

119 INT. TORTURE ROOM #1
119

MIKE'S POV - UNDER THE GAP BETWEEN THE FLOOR AND DOOR,
Lonnie's body lands. Eyes stare at Mike.

120 INT. CHAPEL
120

Brody stares at the FETUS JARS, "WHAT THE FUCK?"

THE IRON DOOR SWINGS OPEN... IDA, SHOTGUN IN HAND, BLASTS
BRODY IN THE CHEST. BLOOD FLIES ACROSS THE WALLS.

121 EXT. IDA'S CABIN - NIGHT
121

The MOON hides behind some dark clouds.

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122 EXT. WOODS BEHIND IDA'S CABIN - NIGHT 122

A giant pile of dirt. The dead body of Brody sits inside the makeshift grave. Ida pushes Lonnie's carcass in next.

Clyde watches Ida, concern in his eyes.

CLYDE

Ida... you know what we have to do?

IDA

(Already anticipating)

No. I can give her an abortion. Get rid of the bastard child, make them conceive one in wedlock. And then we are right as rain.

CLYDE

Abortion? No. That we won't do.

IDA

It'll work. Ain't no sin to abort a demon.

CLYDE

Ida, writings on the wall here. Michael's right. With a reward on the

table, do you think Brody and Lonnie will be the only two coming? Gonna have lots people looking for these two.

(Beat)

We're gonna have to make it so no one can ever find them.

IDA

No.

Ida and Clyde. A sadness covers their faces, especially Ida.

CLYDE

We'll find another couple, Ida.

IDA

No. You promised me, Clyde, this time was the one.

CLYDE

It's too dangerous. We'll find another couple. A better one.

IDA

(Long beat)

It's not fair.

91.

Clyde nods. They hug.

A CRACKLE OF LIGHTNING followed by a ROLL OF THUNDER.

CLYDE

I'll do what needs to be done. You finish up here... And watch your time, rain's coming.

Clyde hands her the shovel. Ida nods, tosses a pile of dirt into the grave.

123 **INT. HALLWAY - IDA'S CABIN BASEMENT - NIGHT**
123

Clyde walks down the hall, loads Ida's shotgun with a couple fresh shells.

He unlocks, then pushes open the door to Torture Room #1.

124 INT. TORTURE ROOM #1 - NIGHT
124

Mike sits in the chair, exactly where he and Ida left him.
Mike's head sags, he appears to be sleeping.

Sheryl lies on the table, out cold.

Clyde levels the shotgun to Mike's head. But something odd
catches Clyde's attention...

ON THE FLOOR - Behind Mike's chair, some rope shavings,
pieces.

CLYDE

What the...?

Mike SPRINGS TO LIFE, GRABS CLYDE PULLS HIM IN.

As Clyde falls into Mike's body. The SHOTGUN FIRES
HARMLESSLY INTO THE GROUND.

Mike swings his hand around, PLUNGES the pocket knife into
Clyde's neck!

Clyde SCREAMS. The knife embedded in his neck. He throws
his hands to it, stumbles backwards and falls.

Clyde tries to speak, but it comes out GURGLING and BLOODY.

MIKE

Believe me, I understand your extreme
situation, but... Punishment's going
to have to be handed down.

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92.

Mike aims the shotgun at Clyde and... BOOM! The blast takes
half of Clyde's head and neck apart. Mike stares at Clyde's
body.

MIKE

One down.

125 EXT. WOODS BEHIND IDA'S CABIN- NIGHT

125

THE RAIN STARTS...

Ida stops, she heard the two shots. The deed done. She
grabs her shovel, walks back towards the cabin.

125A INT. TORTURE ROOM #1 - NIGHT

125A

ANGLE ON - The open shotgun as Mike takes out the two empty shells.

Mike, now next to Clyde, feels Clyde's pockets for more shells, but there are none.

MIKE

Fuck.

SHERYL

What is it?

MIKE

No more ammo.

Mike glances around the room, then spies... THE KNIFE he stabbed CLYDE with. He picks it up off the floor.

OFF SCREEN: In the distance, the IRON DOOR CREAKS OPEN.

OFF SHERYL AND MIKE'S LOOK, WE...

CUT TO:

126 INT. HALLWAY - IDA'S CABIN BASEMENT - NIGHT

126

Ida approaches the room, pushes open the door.

127 INT. TORTURE ROOM #1 - NIGHT

127

IDA'S POV - The room is empty. Except for...

ANGLE ON - Clyde's dead body.

IDA

NO!

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93.

Ida drops by his side, cradles his body. The love of her life is gone. Before she know what's happening, she turns...

MIKE, knife in hand, EXPLODES FROM TORTURE ROOM #2, RUNS STRAIGHT FOR IDA, but...

Ida SWINGS THE SHOVEL, KNOCKS MIKE'S LEGS OUT FROM UNDER HIM. He trips and falls to the floor.

Ida gets up, STOMPS DOWN ON MIKE'S HAND. The knife drops.

FROM THE HALLWAY... Sheryl looks out, watches as...

BACK IN THE ROOM... Ida grabs the knife, PLUNGES it deep into Mike's calf.

IDA

In for a penny, in for a pound. I can't save your soul now, Michael. I tried. I gave you a way to cleanse yourself of all your sins and deliver you to heaven... and how do you repay me?

Ida takes the knife, DAGGERS IT INTO MIKE'S THIGH.

IDA

BY KILLING MY CLYDE?!?

SHERYL--

Spots the shovel on the floor, grabs it...

IDA

There is no soul blacker than yours. And now, by the grace of God, I must deliver you to Satan myself.

Ida retracts the blade, pulls herself on top of Mike. Ready to stab again, when...

SHERYL SLAMS THE SHOVEL OVER IDA'S HEAD.

ANGLE ON - THE SHOVEL BLADE sprayed with blood.

Ida falls over. Sheryl and Mike stare at her lifeless body.

Sheryl steps over Ida's legs. She takes a big step, clears Ida's upper body...and stumbles.

Sheryl goes to Mike, wraps his arm around her, lifts him up. But just as his foot touches the ground... A SURGE OF PAIN CRIPPLES HIM. Mike falls back to the ground.

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94.

MIKE

I can't make it.

SHERYL

I'm not leaving you.

MIKE

(Thinks)

Clyde's walkie-talkie. It's probably upstairs. Find it. Call the Ranger base.

(Remembers)

My gun. See if you can find our stuff. My gun's in my backpack, side pocket.

SHERYL

What good's the gun? You tossed away
the bullets.

Mike turns away. Guilt etched on his face.

MIKE

There's another box of ammo.

SHERYL

Mike...!?!

MIKE

Let's get out of this alive first,
then you can bitch me out, okay?

Sheryl concedes. She goes to the ladder, stops... turns.

Mike looks at her. They stare at one another.

MIKE

It's okay, baby. Go.

Sheryl turns, ascends the ladder.

128 INT. MAIN ROOM - IDA'S CABIN - NIGHT
128

Sheryl exits the sewing room, enters...

129 INT. CLYDE AND IDA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT
129

Sheryl searches the bedroom for the walkie-talkie.

A FLASH OF LIGHTNING, illuminates... In the window, Deacon appears.

Sheryl doesn't see Deacon. She FINDS the walkie-talkie...

SHERYL

(Pushes button)
Hello? Come in, please. We need
help. Is anyone there?

INTERCUT

WITH:

130 I/E RANGER BASE STATION - NIGHT
130

RAIN beats against the windows, pounds the roof. Evelyn,
with poncho, stands outside, just locking the door, when...

SHERYL (V.O.)

Please, someone? Is anyone there that
can help?

SHERYL... Lowers the walkie, waits for an answer.

EVELYN... stops. She heard something, but not sure exactly
what. She re-enters, heads over to the CB. Just as she
picks up the CB Mic...

DEACON, dripping wet, appears in doorway, lunges for Sheryl.

Sheryl screams, drops walk-talkie, as Deacon tackles her onto
the bed. The WALKIE-TALKIE BREAKS into pieces.

EVELYN... Pushes the "talk button" on the CB...

EVELYN

This is Ranger Base, Go again?

SHERYL AND DEACON... The headboard SLAMS against the wall,
causing a Crucifix to dislodge off a nail and fall onto the
pillow by Sheryl's head.

131 INT. HALLWAY - IDA'S CABIN BASEMENT
131

Mike hears Sheryl scream, realizes it must be Deacon. He
lifts himself up using the wall as balance.

132 INT. CLYDE AND IDA'S BEDROOM
132

Deacon strangles Sheryl with one hand.

Sheryl's eyes BULGE out of her head, her face BEET RED.

Deacon raises the sickle/axe into the air with the other.

Sheryl's hand finds the Crucifix and JABS IT INTO DEACON'S JAW. Deacon grabs for the cross, lets go of Sheryl rolls off her, the bed and collapses to the floor.

96.

Sheryl coughs, struggles for some air. She climbs off the bed, runs out of the room.

133 INT. TORTURE ROOM #2
133

Mike enters, scours for a weapon. Finds a MACHETE.

134 INT. CLYDE AND IDA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT
134

Deacon YANKS the Crucifix from his jaw. BLOOD SQUIRTS,
POURS from the wound.

135 INT. SEWING ROOM, CABIN - NIGHT
135

Sheryl runs in, screams down the trap door hole...

SHERYL

Mike!

136 INT. HALLWAY/ TORTURE ROOM - IDA'S CABIN BASEMENT
136

Mike exits room, passes Ida's lifeless body. Trudges down the hall. Each step painful.

137 INT. SEWING ROOM, CABIN - NIGHT
137

Deacon enters. One hand covers his wound, the other holds the sickle/axe.

Sheryl grabs a candlestick, uses it to defend herself.

Deacon swipes at her, but misses.

Sheryl cracks him across jaw with candlestick... he falls, but GRABS ONTO SHERYL...

THEY BOTH FALL UNCONTROLLABLY DOWN THE TRAP DOOR STEPS,
into...

138 INT. CHAPEL
138

Sheryl and Deacon TUMBLE, CRASH into shelf wall with the fetus jars. They wobble, shake, then...

THE ENTIRE SHELF WALL CRASHES ON TOP OF SHERYL AND DEACON.

The FETUS JARS BREAK, SPILL OUT EVERYWHERE.

The shelf wall BLOCKS the Iron Door from opening.

139 INT. HALLWAY - IDA'S CABIN BASEMENT
139

Mike looks up, hears the commotion. It only quickens his pace.

97.

MIKE

Sheryl!

A path of blood left in Mike's wake.

140 INT. CHAPEL
140

Sheryl shakes the cobwebs free, opens her eyes, moves her head slightly, just as...

SLAM. THE SICKLE BLADE SLAMS INTO THE WOODEN FLOOR AN INCH AWAY FROM SHERYL'S HEAD.

Sheryl scrambles to her feet, when...

SQUISH. HER FOOT STEPS DOWN ON TOP OF THE SMALLEST FETUS. PUSS AND MUCUS OOZE OUT.

Deacon tries to push the shelf off him. It's heavy. It moves a little.

Sheryl limps up the trap door steps.

141 INT. HALLWAY - IDA'S CABIN BASEMENT
141

Mike pushes up against the Iron Door, but it doesn't move.

The shelf wall blocks it.

142 EXT. IDA'S CABIN - NIGHT
142

Sheryl races from the cabin. RAIN POURING DOWN ON HER. She spies...

ANGLE ON - Moonshine jar, a lighter. The ones Ida used earlier.

143 INT. CHAPEL
143

Deacon pushes the shelves again, this time success. He gets to his feet, grabs his weapon.

144 INT. HALLWAY - IDA'S CABIN BASEMENT
144

Mike, with every ounce of strength left, PUSHES at the iron door. It budes, just a little. He PUSHES again and, finally, THE DOOR OPENS! Mike scrambles into the Chapel.

145 EXT. IDA'S CABIN - NIGHT
145

Deacon exits the cabin, steps off the porch. He peers into the rain and the darkness of the woods surrounding the cabin. No Sheryl anywhere.

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98.

SHERYL (O.S.)

Hey!

Deacon turns, looks up...

ON THE PORCH ROOF...

Sheryl, a fresh tear in her dress, holds the SILVER LIGHTER in one hand, the moonshine jar in the other. The Moonshine jar has a torn length of her dress sticking out, a homemade Molotov Cocktail. She glares down at Deacon, lights the cocktail...

SHERYL

Burn in hell you sonofabitch!

She drops it...

THE COCKTAIL HITS. THE FLAMES CONSUME DEACON, SPREAD QUICKLY OVER HIS ENTIRE BODY.

Deacon flails wildly, trying to put out the flames, stumbles forward, runs off towards the forest. He trips and falls just as he enters.

SHERYL... the rain pouring down, stares at...

ANGLE ON - DEACON'S BURNING CORPSE lays in the thick brush.

146 OMIT 146

147 OMIT 147

148 INT. MAIN ROOM - IDA'S CABIN - NIGHT 148

Sheryl enters... Mike limps to her. He drops the machete, collapses in her arms. They hug tightly.

149 INT. CHAPEL 149

ANGLE ON - A BLOODY HAND grabs a POKER from the fireplace.

150 INT. MAIN ROOM - IDA'S CABIN - NIGHT 150

Mike looks, across the room...

IN THE MIRROR'S REFLECTION - IDA, THE BLOODY MESS THAT SHE IS, STEPS FROM THE SHADOWS, AN IRON FIRE POKER in her hands.

Mike pushes Sheryl to the couch, safely away just as... IDA **STABS MIKE IN THE STOMACH WITH THE POKER.**

SHERYL SCREAMS. SHE RUNS TOWARDS IDA, SICKLE/AXE IN TOW... SHE SWINGS THE BLADE... IT SLICES THROUGH THE AIR, AND...

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ANGLE ON - IDA'S HEAD, SEVERED AT THE NECK, HITS THE FLOOR, ROLLS TO A STOP.

Sheryl turns away from Ida, runs to Mike's side.

Mike's a bloody mess, his life slips from him by the second.

Sheryl TEARS Mike's shirt, BLOOD POURS from his stomach. She finds the wound, but has nothing to stop the blood.

SHERYL

You did it, baby. You saved me. You

said you would and you did. Stay with me, Mike. Stay with me.

MIKE

(Barely audible)
Love you.

SHERYL

Well, if you love me... Fight. Please baby, fight.

She looks around wildly, spying... A wardrobe by the kitchen.

SHERYL

I'll be back in a second, Mike.

Sheryl jumps up, races for the wardrobe.

INSIDE THE WARDROBE--

On a shelf are some towels, linens, etc.

Sheryl grabs the towels, but as she does. She sees, on the floor of the wardrobe... HER BACKPACK.

Sheryl quickly rummages through her backpack. She finds... her CELLPHONE. The fliers with the emergency contact info.

JUMP CUT TO:

Sheryl drops down by Mike's side. She leans in, listens for breath sounds, feels for his pulse, finds one. Very weak, but it's there.

SHERYL

Don't you even fucking think about leaving me alone.

She PRESSES THE TOWEL against his stomach wound, all the while the phone's pressed between her ear and shoulder.

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100.

The "NO SIGNAL" TONE chimes in her ear.

SHERYL

Shit.
(To Mike)
Come on, baby. Fight.

Sheryl re-dials, only to get another NO SIGNAL TONE.

SHERYL

Oh please God.

Sheryl raises the phone into the air.

ON THE SCREEN - ONE SINGLE BAR POPS ON.

Sheryl hits RE-DIAL.

ON THE SCREEN - DIALING... DIALING... DIALING... CONNECTED.

DISSOLVE TO:

150A	OMIT	150A
150B	OMIT	150B
151	EXT. IDA'S CABIN - NIGHT	151

The RAIN has STOPPED. A couple of RANGERS along with a PARAMEDIC UNIT surround the scene.

SHERYL... sits, completely still, a PARAMEDIC works on her cuts and hand. She watches as...

THE OTHER PARAMEDICS load a gurney into the back of the Ambulance. A sheet covers the body. Mike's body. Once inside, the Ambulance's doors close.

Sheryl watches the Ambulance pull away. She places her hand on her stomach. It's just the two of them now.

EVELYN... steps from the midst of the activity, up to Sheryl. She leads her away from the ambulance, towards the Ranger truck.

EVELYN

Called your folks. There gunna meet us at the hospital. Be a while since they're coming in from D.C.

The words go straight through Sheryl. No reaction.

101.

EVELYN

Sorry, but I just have to ask... You told the Sheriff there was someone in on this whole thing with Clyde and

Ida. Big fella, scars all over him?
(No response)
Mame?

Sheryl's eyes meet Evelyn's. She nods about to continue on,
until she notices Evelyn's demeanor.

SHERYL

Why? What is it?

EVELYN

(Changing topics)
You've had an exhausting night, why
don't you...

SHERYL

(Hard, cold)
What is it?

EVELYN

We didn't find anybody like that in
the yard or the house.

SHERYL

(Concern growing)
No. It's not possible.

She turns, looks around, but spies nothing...

EVELYN

Calm down. It's gonna be alright...

SHERYL

Fuck you it's gonna be alright.

Sheryl turns to the woods, holds her look. As if she
knows...

152 EXT. WOODS NEAR THE CABIN - NIGHT

152

In the distance... past the trees, deep into the woods.

COME TO A REST OVER THE SHOULDER OF DEACON. Very much alive.
He stares at the cabin for a beat, then CROSSES out of frame.

CUT TO

BLACK.

FADE

OUT.

THE END