

"D E L I V E R A N C E"

By

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Based on the novel

"Deliverance"

By

James Dickey

FADE IN:

EXT. MOUNTAIN RANGE - DAY

Snow covered glaciers stretch as far as the eye can see.
Rugged trails, harsh woodlands.

Grass covered plateaus, torn by bodies of water, make out the
valleys that connect the glaciers.

Fog vaporizes. Birds chirp.

EXT. WATERFALL - CONTINUOUS

A small but violent waterfall sends foamy white water through
jagged cracks in the rocks.

The water rains down into a narrow lake surrounded by fir
trees.

EXT. WOODS - CONTINUOUS

HELEN and **DONNA** (both 40s) clamber up a gravel path. The
trail leads through a maze of trees.

Dressed in warm clothes they use trekking poles to navigate
the terrain.

Mist forms around their mouths with each exhale.

HELEN

So what did he say?

DONNA

He denied it. You believe that?

HELEN

What? You pretty much caught him
with his hand in the cookie jar.

DONNA

(hurt, but doesn't want to
show it)

I know. He's pathetic.

HELEN

What are you gonna do?

DONNA

I met with a lawyer last week.

HELEN
Divorce?

DONNA
I'm thinking about it.

HELEN
Well, you go, girl.

They climb a small rock formation and jump the few feet to the ground just as --

COYOTES

-- dart away in a hurry. Startled, the women stumble, fall on their butts.

HELEN
Whoa. You okay?

DONNA
I'm all right. Jesus.

No sign of the coyotes.

They look at each other. Their faces grimace. Donna caves. Both burst into laughter.

Helen helps Donna to her feet. They still laugh as they stagger forward.

Donna stops dead in her tracks. The smile on her face vanishes.

Helen sees it too.

WOMAN'S VOICE (V.O.)
(echo)
Please.

Near a tree, halfway buried in the ground, lies a tangled mess of flesh and hair.

Donna takes a step back -- Helen a step closer.

WOMAN'S VOICE (V.O.)
(echo)
Pleeeaaase!

Helen squints her eyes to a narrow line, leans forward.

Features, obscured by soil and vegetation, reveal a human corpse.

A bone chilling scream echoes through the woods, past trees --

EXT. MOUNTAIN RANGE - CONTINUOUS

-- across mountain tops --

EXT. SMALL TOWN - DAY

-- and finally fades as the morning sun creeps its way up over a jagged horizon.

Its rays spill across the two intersections that, flanked by a few dozen small buildings, make up the town's center.

What the town lacks in size it makes up for in activity.

Several vehicles buzz to and from the town while backpackers run from one sporting goods store to the next.

A hefty SUV rolls through the street and pulls into a packed parking lot near a small diner.

EXT. DINER - CONTINUOUS

Four people exit the vehicle, all in their prime thirties. Their city slicker attire stand out like a sore thumb.

The driver, **BERT**, Ivy League R Us, lifts his chin to the sky and snorts in a deep breath through his nose.

BERT
Ah, smell that.

JONIE, a blonde petite piece of fit eye-candy, slips a hand into Bert's. She sniffs the air.

JONIE
I don't smell anything.

BERT
Exactly.

He leans over and kisses her frostbitten cheek. The two stare toward the horizon at the rising sun.

BERT
Look at that. You don't see many of those in the city.

Behind them, **TED**, annoyingly good looking -- and he knows it, and **RHONDA**, down to Earth in a bohemian way, exchange glances.

RHONDA
Aw, that's so sweet.

TED
Yeah, I'm getting cavities here. Bert,
can we haul ass inside, please? I
need to take a piss.

Bert sighs as "the moment" evaporates.

BERT
Teddy's gotta go, honey.

JONIE
It is kinda cold out here.

BERT
Yeah?

She squeezes his hand.

JONIE
Don't worry, won't be the last
sunrise you'll see on this trip.

Bert runs a hand across her belly.

BERT
How's Junior doing? He's kicking
yet?

JONIE
Bert, I'm five weeks pregnant. The
baby is about the size of a sesame
seed.

BERT
Wow. Nice visuals there.

She smiles and retreats to the diner with Rhonda and Ted.

Bert steals a last glimpse at the nearly orange horizon and heads off to join them.

INT. DINER - LATER

Warm colors. Cozy booths. Young waitresses run the gauntlet between tables in the packed establishment.

The mood cheerful.

Ted exits the men's room and maneuvers his way to a booth at the far corner.

On the way he bumps into a vibrant **WAITRESS** with a healthy set of mammaries and slides her a playful smile.

He reaches the booth and crams down next to the others. Rhonda taps her finger on the table.

RHONDA
I saw that.

TED
What?

RHONDA
You know what you did.

TED
What I do?

RHONDA
Jonie, you saw it too, right?

JONIE
I --

RHONDA
She saw what you did.

TED
Rhonda, what?

RHONDA
It's the same thing every time. You just can't help it, can you?

TED
What? I'm gonna shout at her for bumping into me?
(looks over at Bert)
Help me out here, man.

RHONDA
No no, leave my brother out of this.

BERT
Guys?

Rhonda and Ted look up.

BERT
The food's here.

The same vibrant waitress stands at the end of the table, four dishes balanced in her hands.

Ted puts on a straight face, completely unemotional. The waitress hands out the dishes.

WAITRESS
Enjoy.

TED
(detached)
Thank you, miss.

Rhonda stares at the waitress as she tends to the other customers.

RHONDA
(mocking)
Enjoy.

TED
Did you see what I just did there.
Totally cool. Swear to God, didn't
even notice her cleavage.

BERT
I did.

Rhonda can't help but smile. Jonie slaps Bert's shoulder playfully.

BERT
Come on, it was all over the place.

TED
(looks over his shoulder)
Shit, it was?

Rhonda and Jonie laughs.

EXT. WOODS (CRIME SCENE) - DAY

Well-worn boots trot across the leaf covered ground.

WILL (50s), his face sculptured by exposure to the elements, pulls his parka tight and adjusts his Sheriff's hat.

CHRIS (30s), Will's deputy, waits next to a large blue tarp on the ground. He waves Will over.

CHRIS
Morning, Sheriff.

Will hands Chris a Styrofoam cup of coffee.

WILL
What've you got?

CHRIS
A corpse.

WILL
Another bear attack?

CHRIS
I hope so.

Will gives Chris a questioning look. He squats by the tarp and lifts the fabric.

Recoils.

CHRIS
'Cause if it isn't, then we've got
a killer on the loose.

Will regains control. Peeks again.

WILL
Hilary called this in?

CHRIS
Yeah, a couple of hikers found it,
halfway buried.

WILL
She around?

CHRIS
Had to send her back down. It was,
um...you know.

Will drops the tarp.

WILL
Yeah.

He gets up, pulls a small steel flask from his parka and takes a swig. And another.

Chris gives him a slightly disapproving stare -- not the first time he's seen the flask for sure.

WILL
 What? You've got something you
 wanna say to me, deputy?

Chris let's it go, looks away.

WILL
 Thought not.

He pockets the flask.

WILL
 All right, get the D.C.I. guys from
 Helena up here. Secure the area.

CHRIS
 You got it...boss.

EXT. DINER - DAY

The four friends stand by the SUV. Bert slides open the trunk.

BERT
 All right, let's have 'em.

TED
 Dude, you're taking this safari thing
 way too serious.

BERT
 Come on, we already agreed on this.
 Remember? A nice recharging trip
 in a completely stress-free
 environment. Ring a bell?

TED
 Vaguely.

BERT
 And that means no cell phones, no
 laptops, no wi-fi access, iTunes,
 iPods, i...whatever, no nothing
 except us and mother nature.

The three of them stare at him like he just proclaimed cancer to be the greatest thing ever.

Finally...

Rhonda tosses her cell phone into the trunk of the car. Ted follows suit with his smart phone and iPod.

Bert nods and chucks his own phone onto the growing pile. He turns and stares at Jonie.

BERT
Honey?

JONIE
Oh, you meant all of us?

Bert nods.

JONIE
Right.

She takes out her cell phone and places it neatly in the trunk.

JONIE
There.

BERT
Jonie?

JONIE
(innocent)
Yes, dear.

BERT
Both of 'em.

Jonie throws her arms in the air.

JONIE
All right, all right.

She flings a second cell phone into the trunk.

BERT
Thank you.

He closes the trunk and taps the lock-button on his car keys.

BERT
Okay, let's go shopping.

INT. DIRK'S SPORTING GOODS STORE - LATER

The four of them pile into the store. Rows of hunting and fishing apparel take up most of the store space.

A section of rifles, knives and other weaponry catches Ted's attention.

Bert heads for a line of "outdoor clothes" -- not exactly Milan fashion, but still very functional.

JONIE

No. Way.

EXT. DIRK'S SPORTING GOODS STORE - MOMENTS LATER

The foursome exit the store, all wearing thick flannel outfits and vests with the exception of Ted, who dons a camouflage outfit.

Jonie checks out her reflection in the store window.

JONIE

This sucks on so...so many levels.

BERT

Forget it. You look great.

He slaps on a Boonie hat that doesn't exactly do wonders for his appearance.

JONIE

Christ.

Ted bends and twist in his outfit. Nods confidently.

TED

I could definitely get used to this.

Rhonda fondles him seductively.

RHONDA

You look very macho in that outfit, baby.

He pulls her close.

TED

Me Tarzan, you --
(searches)
-- shit, what's her name?

BERT

Jane.

TED

Nah, that doesn't sound right. Pam?
Angela?

BERT
It's Jane, trust me.

TED
Whatever.

He slaps a big kiss on Rhonda.

EXT. RENT-A-CORPSE - LATER

A row of severely beaten up used cars line a small lot in front of a tiny office.

Bert feasts his eyes on an ancient and rust-colored...scratch that...rusted Dodge Ram.

TED
Have you completely lost it?

BERT
No, it's perfect. No G.P.S. No climate control.

TED
No air bags or E.S.P.

BERT
Exactly. It's perfect.

The salesman, **PERRY** (40s), slithers closer.

BERT
How much is it?

PERRY
Thirty dollars a day. Plus insurance.

Ted gives the car an inspection tour. He kicks a tire and the front license plate falls off, clangs against the ground.

BERT
I'll give you twenty bucks for the weekend.

PERRY
Deal.

EXT. DAILY MART - LATER

The Dodge grinds to a halt in front of a buzzing convenience store.

Jonie and Rhonda wait outside with shopping bags in their arms.

The two guys jump out of the car. Rhonda stares at the run-down vehicle in disbelief.

RHONDA
Did you guys steal a car?

TED
Don't ask.

Bert snatches the shopping bags from their grasp and drops them in the cargo bed.

Backpacks and camping equipment already fill the hold.

JONIE
What about our own car? Our really good looking, safe, comfortable car?

BERT
I slipped the guy at the diner a couple of dead presidents. He's gonna look after it.

JONIE
Ber-ert.

BERT
It's only for two days.

He cavalierly opens the passenger's side door.

BERT
Ladies.

Jonie sticks her head inside the cabin and absorbs the heavily neglected interior.

JONIE
You're kidding, right?

BERT
All part of the experience.

JONIE
Bert, it smells like someone died in there.

Bert reaches into a pocket and yanks out a Wunder-Baum little tree.

BERT
Not for long.

RHONDA
How far is it again?

BERT
An hour. Hour and a half tops.

JONIE
To the cabin?

BERT
No, to where we park the car. From there on we hike.

JONIE
Why don't we just drive all --

BERT
'Cause that's how it works out here.

TED
There are rules to this?

BERT
Oh, hell yeah.

TED
Figures.

The engine sputters, revs, pops and, finally, roars to life.

EXT. WOODS (CRIME SCENE) - DAY

Will lowers the flask from his mouth, cringes as he swallows a mouthful of liquor.

He looks on as coroners remove a body from the freshly excavated hole in the ground and zips it up in a bodybag.

A man and a woman, both dressed in windbreakers stenciled with the words "Division of Criminal Investigation", poke around where the body was found.

They turn over soil, collect samples.

The woman, **MAGGIE** (40s), stops, bends closer to the soil.

MAGGIE
There's another one here.

Will rushes to the dig and stares down at partly soil-covered arm. His face creases with concern.

Maggie gently scoops out dirt until the features of a dead body lay exposed.

Though the features are unrecognizable, the curly hair that accompany it states that this is a woman.

Maggie gets up, brushes soil off her knees and pulls off her latex gloves.

She sticks a hand out to Will. He grabs it and helps her out of the hole.

MAGGIE

Some place you're running here,
Will.

WILL

Tell me about it.

MAGGIE

That's the first homicide in, what,
four years?

WILL

Six. Any idea how long they've
been here?

MAGGIE

Not long, days probably.

WILL

How 'bout a cause of death?

MAGGIE

The first one we found was
definitely foul play --
(nods at the body in the
hole)
-- this one?
(shrugs)
I don't know yet. We have to get
them back to the lab for analysis.

Chris makes his way past trees and meets up with Will and Maggie.

CHRIS

What's happening

WILL

We found a second body.

CHRIS

What?

WILL

You've gotta get everyone out knocking doors right away. Start with the cabin areas and work your way down.

CHRIS

I'm on it.

He grabs his radio, turns away.

Will takes off his hat, runs a hand through his hair and lets his gaze slide across the woods in a contemplative way.

MAGGIE

What are you thinking?

WILL

Just...you think there could be more bodies buried out there?

MAGGIE

Wouldn't rule it out. We're gonna dig around for a while, come back tomorrow with a G.P.R. crew, see what they turn up.

WILL

G.P.R.?

MAGGIE

Ground Penetrating Radar.

WILL

Keep me posted.

MAGGIE

You've got it.

EXT. PIKE'S TRAIL - DAY

Wearing backpacks and carrying camping equipment, the four friends scamper up a narrow gravel trail.

Thick vegetation surrounds the path and heavy foliage blocks out most of the afternoon sun.

BERT

-- like I'm telling everyone; place your money with a discretionary macro or some long term equity hedge and you'll be fine, trust me.

TED

I do but it would be cooler if I actually understood anything you just said there.

BERT

All I'm saying is that the economy will rebound. Mark my words, your portfolio will do nice business.

TED

Now you're talking.

BERT

And so will mine.

TED

That matters less to me, buddy.

Ted stops, wipes sweat from his face and sips the beer can in his hand.

Panting, Rhonda slides off her backpack and massages her lower back.

RHONDA

Please tell me we're getting close.

Jonie, barely sweating, retrieves a bottle of water from her backpack and gulps down a mouthful.

JONIE

Come on guys. Chop-chop.

She marches on ahead.

RHONDA

Being that fit is so not sexy.

Ted stares at Jonie as she continues up the trail.

RHONDA

Right?

TED

What? Sure, right. It's disgusting. Obviously.

They gear-up again and follow Jonie as the trail snakes left and right.

BERT
 Hang on, guys.
 (waves his beer can)
 This stuff's running right through
 me.

Bert moves off to the bushes as they others slow down. He unzips his fly and lets nature run its course.

Watering the plants, he lets his gaze wander the bushes. The vegetation nearly as compact as a wall, not revealing much.

Bert spots the odd bird hopping around behind trees, the ever cute darting squirrel and --

A PAIR OF EYES

-- staring straight at him.

BERT
 Whoa.

Bert stumbles back and falls on his butt. A wet spot quickly forms around his crotch area.

BERT
 Aw, man.

He looks up as **SPYDER** (18), a sinewy kid with drooping eyes, squeezes himself through the trees.

He wears a dirty set of overalls. No shirt -- no shoes. A beat-up soccer ball lodged under his arm.

BERT
 You spooked me there, kid.

Bert rolls to his feet and zips his fly.

TED (O.S.)
 Yo, Bert? You all right?

Spyder stiffens at the sound of Ted's voice.

BERT
 Yeah, I'm okay.

Spyder tilts his head and sees Rhonda and Ted waiting further up the trail.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

Boy?

Bert turns to see a ragged and unshaven hermit-like man, **LEIGH** (50s), standing further down the trail.

Leigh taps his walking stick against the ground. Spyder jerks around and runs down the trail to him.

Bert raises a hand at the stranger.

BERT

Hey. How you doing?

Leigh doesn't respond, his eyes fixed on something behind Bert.

Bert follows his line of sight, sees Rhonda and Ted. He turns to Leigh.

BERT

Hey.

The hermit doesn't flinch.

BERT

(snaps his fingers)

Hey!

Leigh's eyes glide to Bert.

BERT

That's my sister, pal.

Leigh moves his jaw around and spits a brownish liquid to the ground.

LEIGH

I ain't looking at the woman, son.

Bert looks at Ted, raises an eyebrow.

BERT

Oh-kay.

With his eyes locked on Bert, he and Spyder back into the foliage and disappears.

Bert shakes his head and hikes toward Ted and Rhonda.

TED

Making new friends?

Bert turns to look at the direction Leigh and Spyder went.

BERT

I don't know. Something tells me
the kid's sister knew their dad a
little too well.

JONIE (O.S.)

Guys!

Bert looks up and bolts up the trail, Ted and Rhonda hot on
his heels.

Further up ahead, the trail widens. The foliage thins out
and --

EXT. CAMP SITE - CONTINUOUS

-- reveals a breathtaking vista of clear water and mountains.

Jonie overlooks a river from its rocky shore. Her backpack
rests at her feet. Bert spots her, breaths a sigh of relief.

JONIE

We made it.

The four of them gather at the shore and look out over the
slow flowing water. The sun glistens on its surface.

Idyllic log cabins dot the shores on both sides at spacious
intervals. Plenty of privacy here.

Simultaneously, the four of them breath a deep "Ahhh".

Ted opens his mouth.

BERT

Don't talk.

TED

I'm not.

JONIE

Shut up.

TED

I'm not saying anything.

Without warning Bert shoves Ted into the river. He splashes
around in the waist-deep water.

TED

Shit, it's freezing!

The others laugh. Ted regains his footing, tosses his wet hair away from his face and eyes Rhonda with a devious look.

TED

What are you laughing at?

RHONDA

No no no --

Before she can retreat, Ted catches her by the wrist and pulls her into the water. She squeals as he drags her under.

Jonie laughs.

She turns to Bert. An evil grin smears his face. He extends his hands like claws and arcs his back.

JONIE

Don't.

Bert lets out a wicked cackle.

JONIE

Don't!

He lurches forward, scoops her up over his shoulder and gallops into the water.

Soon the four friends tumble around in the river, cheering and fooling around.

EXT. LOG CABIN - NIGHT

Sprawled out in deck chairs, the four friends sit near a small campfire. Rhonda on Ted's lap, Jonie's chair right up next to Bert's.

The remnants of their meal cover the plastic table behind them.

A not so insignificant pile of empty beer cans rest between Bert and Ted. Both of them appear more than a little drunk.

Ted snaps open a fresh one and takes a big gulp.

RHONDA

You guys thought about a name for the baby?

BERT

Junior, obviously.

JONIE
In your dreams.

BERT
Hey, it's either that or Clint.

RHONDA
I still can't believe I'm gonna be
an aunty. I'm so gonna spoil that
kid rotten.

JONIE
You're gonna help me pick out a
stroller and colors for the
nursery.

RHONDA
Can I?

TED
Thanks a lot, buddy, now she's
gonna wanna have one of her own.

BERT
(sighs comfortably)
This is the life. No big city
rush.

TED
Yeah, I gotta admit it's all right.

BERT
Like in the old days.

Jonie leans against Bert's shoulder and gets as comfortable
as possible.

JONIE
Here we go again.

TED
What?

BERT
Nothing.

TED
Come on, what?

BERT
Well, I did a little snooping
around the family tree and it turns
out that our great-great-great--

RHONDA

--great--

BERT

--great-grandfather, you know, way
way back, was actually a Native
American.

TED

Get outta here.

RHONDA

No, it's true. A Blackhawk or
something.

BERT

Blackfoot, Rhonda. Foot.

TED

Are you saying my girlfriend's a
squaw?

BERT

Well, yeah.

TED

Awesome. I like my women exotic.

RHONDA

(smiles)

I can tell.

She rubs her bottom against his lap.

Ted struggles a hand to his pocket and pulls out a folding
knife with a wooden handle.

RHONDA

(disappointed)

Oh.

TED

There's a time and place for
everything, woman.

RHONDA

That's not what you said at the
beach.

BERT

Man, I do not need to hear this,
Ted.

A twig snaps behind them. They turn just in time to see Spyder trip through the bushes behind the cabin.

His dirty soccer ball bounces across the rocks and pebbles. Ted stops it with his foot.

TED
You spying on us, kid?.

Spyder looks up at them, a deep sense of nervousness dances across his face in tune with the crackling campfire.

BERT
Hey, I remember you.

Jonie approaches the timid boy.

JONIE
You okay?

Spyder backpedals on all four.

JONIE
It's okay.

Bert tugs her wrist.

BERT
He's not, like, all there, I think.

Ted chuckles.

TED
You retarded, kid?

RHONDA
Ted.

TED
What? If he is, he's not gonna
give a shit. If he's not...
(turns to Spyder)
...all apologies then.

With a swift jerk, Ted rolls the ball up onto the top of his shoe and balances it near the tip.

Spyder's face lights up with glee. He grunts a laugh.

TED
You like that, huh?

Ted bounces the ball from one foot to the other, juggles it on his thighs. Spyder claps his hands in a childish manner.

Bert looks on impressed.

BERT
What the hell?

TED
High school.

RHONDA
You go, boyfriend.

Ted bounces the ball high into the air and heads it in a wide arc over to Spyder.

The boy catches the ball.

TED
And that's how it's done.

His three friends hoot and cheer. Ted takes a bow and turns to Spyder with arrogant confidence all over his face.

TED
Let's see what you've got, kid.

Spyder cackles.

The ball rolls off his hand and lands on his bare foot.

He balances it for a couple of seconds, his drooping eyes fixed on Ted.

With a majestic swoop, Spyder leaps the ball onto the top of his head.

He takes a few steps forward, moves his neck steadily to fixate the ball on his forehead.

The others stare on in mesmerized disbelief.

Spyder arcs his body and lets the ball roll down his back and, just when it's about to hit the ground, he heels it into the air.

Ted's demeanor changes from astonishment to resentment.

Spyder catches the ball on his skinny chest, bounces it onto his knee and back to his foot.

From there the ball moves up and down, side to side while Spyder continues his amazing performance.

He taps off the show with a flurry of quick moves, moving his foot over and under the ball while in mid air.

Spyder catches the ball with his hands and receives a well deserved applause from everyone -- except Ted.

Ted looks at Spyder with utter dismay, shakes his head. Bert laughs and slaps Ted's back.

BERT
Man, you just got owned.

Ted shakes him off.

TED
Gimme the damn ball.

Spyder tosses the ball to Ted and waits with the anticipation of a child.

Ted weighs the ball in his hand, smiles at Spyder and kicks it into the river.

TED
Whoops.

Spyder gasps. His face morphs into a mournful pose as he watches the ball sail away.

Jonie attempts to put her arm around Spyder but the boy squeals and takes off into the forest.

JONIE
Jesus, Ted. Why do you have to be such a jerk?

TED
What? It was, you know, an accident.

Jonie grabs Bert's hand and pulls him towards the cabin.

JONIE
Let's go to bed.

Bert scowls at his friend.

BERT
Yeah.

TED
Come on. The night's still young.

Bert and Jonie disappear into the cabin.

TED
'The hell's wrong with them? It's just a damn ball for Christ's sake.

He brings a beer to his mouth but Rhonda stops him.

RHONDA

I think it's time to call it a night.

EXT. CAMP SITE - LATER

Crickets chirp in the moonlit night as the river slowly churns the water along.

Something taps the rocky shore (O.S.). The sound grows louder, closer.

A pair of bare feet trudge across the rocks and pebbles, accompanied by a wooden walking stick that hits the ground like a metronome.

Leigh eyes the cabin.

EXT. WOODS (CRIME SCENE) - DAY

A helicopter thunders by overhead. Its rotor blades chop the wind in a frantic rage.

A dozen people dressed in D.C.I. windbreakers mill about the place.

Will joins Chris and Maggie at a small table, observing a monitor. Cables run from the monitor to a computer.

Further away, a D.C.I. agent guides an apparatus that resembles a lawn mower across the ground.

The computer beeps at short intervals.

CHRIS

How long 'til we get a picture?

MAGGIE

The computer needs a minute or two to compile and analyze the data.

CHRIS

And this'll show us what's buried in the ground?

MAGGIE

That's right.

WILL

Any luck I.D.'ing the two victims?

MAGGIE

We're running their D.N.A. through the F.B.I.'s database. It could take some time. What about you guys? You've found out anything on your end?

WILL

Not a Goddamn thing.

The computer pings.

MAGGIE

Here we go.

The three of them gather around the monitor. They stare at the screen with a mixture of anticipation and foreboding.

A blurred image pops up. Grey and black shades form an unrecognizable background. White lines roll across the screen.

The image settles.

BEEP

A white shape reveals itself.

BEEP

A human shape.

BEEP BEEP

Another. And another.

One by one, four human shapes come into focus.

MAGGIE

Jesus Christ.

BEEP BEEP BEEP

The sound from the computer grows in intensity and morphs into --

INT. LOG CABIN - BEDROOM - DAY

-- the annoying BEEPING of an alarm clock.

Bert reaches over and silences the clock with a punch.

He squints as the bright morning sunlight bathes his face through the window.

He pulls the blanket around him and rolls over on his other side.

Jonie stirs beside him and slowly comes to life.

BERT
'Morning, honey.

JONIE
Good mor --

She slaps a hand over her mouth, tosses the blanket aside and hurdles into the bathroom.

Bert grimaces as Jonie vomits (O.S.).

DOWNSTAIRS - CONTINUOUS

Clean and nicely kept, the main living area sports a spartan interior.

Dressed casually, Rhonda stuffs a bag with perishables and a few cans.

Her arms full, she ducks down behind a counter and retrieves an apple.

A shadow falls upon her.

She looks up.

TED
Boo!

Fruit and vegetable fly in all directions.

RHONDA
Dammit, Ted. Scared the shit out of me.

Dressed only in boxer briefs, he leans his well proportioned body forward and kisses her on the mouth.

TED
Sorry about last night, that was --

RHONDA
Stupid?

TED
Well...you know.

Rhonda tries to play it cool, fails as Ted lets his hands caress the curvatures of her body, pausing at her breasts.

TED
You look tired, honey, I should definitely carry these for you.

Rhonda snickers and they embrace in a passionate kiss.

TED
Whoa.

RHONDA
I know.

TED
No, hang on.

Ted dislodges himself from Rhonda's grasp and walks to a wall mounted rifle.

He inspects its dark mahogany handle and lets a finger glide across the scope.

Ted pulls the rifle from the mount and clutches it tight.

TED
Man, this is so me.

Rhonda grabs him from behind and kisses his neck.

RHONDA
If you're a good boy I'll show you how it works.

TED
Yeah, like I need a woman to show me how a gun works.

Rhonda reaches around his waist and sticks a hand down his boxers.

RHONDA
Then maybe you can show me how this thing works.

Ted stiffens -- probably in more ways than one.

TED
Yes. Yes I can.

They slide to the floor.

EXT. CAMP SITE - LATER

A short and narrow wooden pier stretches from the rocky shore into the river. Two canoes tied to its pillars.

Rhonda and Ted load the canoes with equipment, tents and fishing rods.

Bert strolls down the walkway, looking hung-over.

TED
Top o' the morning.

Bert grunts a reply and looks on surly as Ted puts the rifle in one of the canoes.

BERT
What do you need that for?

TED
We're going fishing, aren't we?

Jonie, looking somewhat pale, exits the cabin and strolls down to the pier.

BERT
You feeling all right?

JONIE
Yeah, I'm fine...
(swallows)
...ish.

TED
Then let's get this show on the road, kids.

EXT. RIVER - LATER

Steep rock faces on one side and large forests on the other side enclose the wide body of water.

Bert and Jonie paddle their canoe downstream with Ted and Rhonda paddling shotgun, struggling to keep up.

Seated in the back of his canoe, Ted scrapes the surface with his paddle, making the canoe turn.

Rhonda looks over her shoulder.

RHONDA
You're doing it wrong.

TED
This shit ain't easy.

RHONDA
You've got to get the paddle deeper
into the water.

TED
Hush, woman.

The sun bathes them from a cloudless sky as the canoes glide peacefully through the serene wilderness.

Bert takes off his Boonie hat and runs a sleeve across his face. He tilts back his head, squints in the sun.

Out of the corner of his eye he catches a sight of a figure in silhouette, watching them from high above on the rock face.

Bert quickly shields the sun with a hand and takes another look.

Nothing. Just rocks.

JONIE
What is it?

Bert's eyes scan the rocky outcropping, shakes his head.

BERT
Thought I saw someone.

LATER

Bert swings his fishing rod, the line zings through the air and plops into the water.

He sits back down in the canoe and chuckles as Ted tries to imitate him.

Ted is, however, not successful and instead entangles himself in the line.

BERT
Need a hand?

TED
Fishing's for geeks.

RHONDA

What?

Rhonda swings her own rod with beautiful grace.

TED

Nothing.

LATER

The canoes glide towards a sandy shore that opens into a lush green forest.

They turn their canoes and let them slide up on the --

EXT. SHORE - CONTINUOUS

Bert helps Jonie out of the canoe and scouts the surroundings.

Ted and Rhonda join them and together they haul the canoes up on land.

RHONDA

Looks like a nice place to set up camp.

Jonie looks up at the sky. A mass of dark clouds approach from over the mountain tops.

JONIE

Not sure I wanna be caught out here in the rain.

BERT

Hey, we're roughing it, baby.

Rhonda grabs some equipment from the canoes while Ted grabs the rifle. He holds it tight against his shoulder and aims down the scope.

BERT

Don't shoot yourself in the foot. In fact don't shoot it at all.

TED

Yeah yeah yeah.

Bert helps Jonie unpack a tent.

Ted aims the rifle into the woods. Freezes.

RHONDA
Give me a hand with this.

As Bert helps his sister with the other tent, no one notices that Ted slowly sinks to a knee.

BERT
Where' you want it?

RHONDA
Let's put it --

BANG

Everyone jolts.

JONIE
Jesus Christ, Ted.

BERT
'The hell are you doing, man?

Ted lowers the rifle.

TED
I saw a deer. What's the problem?

Bert yanks the rifle out of Ted's hands and throws it to Rhonda.

BERT
The problem is you don't just shoot a gun off into the woods. You could've hurt someone.

TED
What? Come on, I wanted some meat. I'm not that big on fish.

JONIE
Oh, grow up, Ted.

TED
(pissed)
Jonie, I swear to God, if you don't --

BERT
Did you at least hit it?

TED
'Course I did.

Bert sighs, shakes his head.

BERT
All right, let's go get it then.

JONIE
Bert?

BERT
Can't let it go to waste.

RHONDA
He's right.

JONIE
Fine. I'm not eating it.

TED
More for me then.

BERT
Let's go.

The two friends head toward the --

EXT. WOODS - CONTINUOUS

Massive trees shoot high into the air, dimming the sun's rays.

Thick bushes and moss covered boulders obstruct them as they penetrate further in.

The shore dwindles in the background as the pair negotiate the natural obstacles.

Keeping their eyes poised, they scout the vicinity.

Bert looks back toward the shore. The thick vegetation obscures the view.

BERT
Lotta foliage, Ted. You sure you didn't shoot a tree?

TED
Sure I'm sure. It moved.

They reach a cluster of massive trees and zigzag through them.

A twig snaps nearby.

They look around.

TED

Over here.

An obscured figure darts past the trees.

BERT

What the hell?

Ted swallows. Bert moves forward, rounds a tree and stalks through the vegetation like a seasoned hunter.

Leaves move to his right. Bert changes direction and plows through branches.

A regular maze, the forest quickly engulfs him. He stops, catches his breath, looks around. No Ted.

BERT

Ted?

Footsteps across the crunchy undergrowth spins him around.

BERT

Ted? Is that you?

No one's there. Another blurred figure swishes past a row of trees.

BERT

Ted?

No reply.

Bert swallows, no longer his confident self.

The forest doesn't seem all that lush anymore -- now it's almost eerie, too many shadows, too many alien sounds.

Bert backs away, tries to retrace his path. More footsteps snap twigs behind him. Bert's breathing quickens.

Someone is following him.

He takes off and plows aimlessly through the woods.

He stumbles, rolls across the leafy ground, shoots to his feet, picks up his pace.

Bert ducks under branches and spots a familiar face through the vegetation. Ted's.

Bert rips himself through thorny bushes and stumbles out into a --

CLEARING - CONTINUOUS

Ted stands at its center, nailed to the ground.

BERT
Where the hell were you? Didn't
you here me calling?

LEIGH (O.S.)
Howdy.

Bert jerks around.

Leigh stands across from Ted. A twin-barreled shotgun hangs slung over his shoulder.

A wounded deer - a fawn - lies by his bare feet, suffering.

The hermit moves a large chunk of chewing tobacco around in his mouth and spits through his dark teeth.

Bert clears his throat and reluctantly moves his eyes from Leigh's shotgun to his face.

Leigh tilts his head, inspects Bert closer.

LEIGH
Cat's got your tongue, pardner?

BERT
Hey, what's up?

LEIGH
Oh, some you win, some you don't.

He scratches his balding scalp with a pair of dirty fingers and scoots away a couple of buzzing flies.

Ted's eyes dart from side to side, scanning the bushes.

LEIGH
(looks down at the fawn)
We don't usually take 'em this
young. And we for damn certain
don't let 'em suffer.

Ted winces as Leigh pulls a blade from his side and puts the fawn out of it's misery.

LEIGH
But I reckon a couple of city
slickers like yourselves wouldn't
know anything about that.
(MORE)

LEIGH (CONT'D)
 (taps the trigger gently)
 Would you?

Ted covertly slides a hand to his pocket.

LEIGH
 No respect for mother nature, no
 siree Bob. No respect for other
 people's property too.

Bert turns to Ted.

BERT
 Come on, let's head on --

LEIGH
 What's the hurry, pardner? I mean,
 while y'all here you might as well
 meet the family.

Ted slowly retracts a clenched fist from his pocket.

BERT
 Family?

LEIGH
 Spyder? Sami? Y'all come say hi,
 you hear?

Spyder parts the concentrated mass of green and steps out
 into the clearing.

He also packs a shotgun.

Bert looks at Ted, grits his teeth.

LEIGH
 This here's my boy. We call him
 Spyder. Ain't that right boy?

Spyder doesn't respond, his stone cold stare fixed on Ted.

BERT
 Hey, kid.

LEIGH
 He don't talk much. Some kinda
 thing's wrong with his mouth.

BERT
 Sorry to hear that.

LEIGH

Yeah.

(runs a hand through
Spyder's hair)

He's a good boy though. Never
makes a racket.

(eyes Ted)

Until last night though. Came home
crying. Ain't that right, boy?
Woke up everybody.

Ted shuffles his feet.

TED

Yeah, about that...

LEIGH

Uh-huh?

BERT

Look, we're really sorry about what
happened. We had a little too much
to drink, things got out of hand.
It was just a stupid thing to do.

TED

Well, actually your son did --

A stern look from Bert shuts him up.

BERT

Obviously we'll pay you for the
ball, that goes without saying.

LEIGH

Oh, we don't use money around here.

TED

(murmurs)

Surprise, surprise.

LEIGH

Besides, the ball was special.

TED

Really? 'Cause it looked like a
piece of --

BERT

Ted.

LEIGH

Yeah, his momma gave it to him a long time ago. She ain't with us no more.

TED

What did you do? Eat her?

BERT

Ted, shut the hell up.

TED

What? I'm gonna stand here and feel bad 'bout a piece of shit ball. I don't think so.

He digs into his pocket and pulls out a few dollar bills, throws them onto the ground.

TED

There's fifty bucks. Go buy your kid a real ball. And a pair of shoes while you're at it.

(to Bert)

We're leaving.

Leigh lowers his shotgun.

LEIGH

Oh, I doubt that.

Ted spins around.

TED

What? You're gonna shoot us over a fucking ball?

LEIGH

Hadn't planned on it.

TED

Thought not.

(to Bert)

Let's go.

WHACK

A thick branch splinters against the back of Bert's head.

He crumbles like stale bread and slumps to the ground unconscious.

A figure moves up from behind.

Ted opens his fist to reveal his knife. He jerks the blade open but stops as Leigh presses the shotgun barrels against his chin.

TED
What the hell, man?

Behind him, **SAMI** (30s), bigger, but just as grungy as Leigh, grabs Ted in a chokehold and drags him to the ground.

LEIGH
Yeah, hold his ass down, boy.

Leigh steps on Ted's wrist and pries the knife from his hand.

Ted's eyes bulge in their sockets. He claws at the broad arm pressed against his throat while he rasps for air.

Leigh takes aim and rams the butt of the rifle into Ted's face.

Ted goes limp. Sami lets go of him.

Blood streams from his broken nose as Ted struggles to keep his woozy eyes open.

Leigh grabs Ted's cheeks with his hairy hand and squeezes his lips together.

LEIGH
Oh, he sure got some purrrdy' lips
on him.
(to Ted)
Don't ya, big boy?

Sami grunts a laugh and reveals a set of decaying teeth. His face shows unmistakable signs of mongoloid trait.

LEIGH
But them's a little too tiny for my
liking.

He slams a fist against Ted's mouth. Ted reels in agony and clutches his lips.

LEIGH
That oughta do it.

Spyder pokes Bert with his foot. No movement.

Ted struggles around onto his stomach and desperately claws himself inch by inch toward the sanctuary of a nearby shrub.

Leigh strolls mockingly alongside him. He reaches down, grabs a handful of Ted's hair and yanks his head back. Ted groans.

LEIGH

How'd you feel about a bunch o' strangers desecrating your home? Your family? Year after year they come here and every time they find new ways of messing with us. We mind our own business, why don't you people?

He pulls Spyder closer, forces his mouth open. Ted sees the deformed lump that was once Spyder's tongue.

LEIGH

My boy ain't never hurt no one!

He smashes Ted's face back in the soft leafy ground and rubs it hard in the dirt.

LEIGH

What would you do, huh? Would you say 'sure, make yourself right at home, pardner'?

Leigh grabs Ted's ear and leans close.

LEIGH

(whispers)

Or would you desecrate them?

Ted moans and spits out a lumpy chunk of blood, his swollen lips cracked and messy. Tears streak his smeared face.

TED

Fuck you.

Leigh puts a hand behind his ear.

LEIGH

What's that?

With a venomous expression, he kicks Ted in the mid-section. Ted yelps and rolls into a ball.

Leigh turns to Sami and nods.

EXT. SHORE - CONTINUOUS

Vomit shoots from Jonie's mouth and sprays the rustic bark of a nearby tree.

Rhonda holds Jonie's hair and gently caresses her back.

RHONDA
(looking away)
There, there.

Jonie spits and catches her breath.

JONIE
Why do they call it morning
sickness anyway?

She grabs her knees and vomits again. Rhonda grimaces.

RHONDA
Yeah, that's right, get it all out.

EXT. WOODS - CONTINUOUS

Sami jerks Ted's limp body over a fallen tree and slams Ted's chest against the wooden trunk.

Huffing with excitement, the burly inbred climbs on top of Ted and sits on his back.

Ted coughs and gasps for air while Spyder moves around and aims the shotgun at his temple.

TED
(panting)
Don't. Please.

Behind Ted, Leigh unbuttons his overalls. The ragged cloth slides down to his ankles.

Leigh's sinewy upper body displays numerous purple scars, the largest one waves across his chest, beyond his left nipple which is no longer there.

He reaches around Ted's waist and unbuckles his pants.

Ted's eyes widen in horror. He panics, desperately trying to free himself.

TED
No. No!

Leigh stabs his pelvis forward.

Ted's eyes pop open and he let's out a bellowing cry.

His fingernails dig deep into the bark as Leigh pounds him hard from behind.

With a look of frenzy smeared upon his face, Leigh slaps Ted's naked ass.

He thrusts himself forward again and again. Their naked skin smack together while Ted cries out in pain.

LEIGH
Oh, he be tight, boys!

Sami rocks back and forth on Ted's back, swings a hand in the air like a cowboy.

SAMI
Yee-haa!

EXT. SHORE - CONTINUOUS

Rhonda stares into the woods, her brow curled in a suspect way.

RHONDA
You hear that?

Jonie, her eyes red and puffy, wipes her mouth and joins Rhonda.

JONIE
What did you hear?

Rhonda reaches out for the rifle.

EXT. WOODS - CONTINUOUS

Ted's strength fades with each stab of Leigh's manhood. Blood and tears drip from his face.

He manages to lift his head and lock eyes with Spyder.

TED
Please...

Spyder gives him a curious look.

Leigh trembles, he increases his speed and howls into the air as he orgasms.

Ted's arms dangle from his shoulders, a completely vacant look on his face.

Leigh retracts himself and wipes sweat from his upper lip.

He pulls up his pants and trots over to Bert. He grabs him by the shirt and pulls the groggy and dazed man to his feet.

Bert wobbles on jelly knees and tumbles back to the ground.

Spyder leaves his post by Ted and approaches Bert with his weapon raised.

Bert scoots back and covers his face with his arms.

BERT

No. Please.

Leigh pads the young man on the shoulder affectionately.

LEIGH

Good.

(turns to Sami)

Your turn.

Sami slides down Ted's back and feverishly fiddles with his belt buckle.

LEIGH

Easy, boy.

He helps Sami with his pants. The big man pants like a bull.

LEIGH

There.

With uncontrollable lust, the big man rams Ted from behind.

Weakened, Ted barely moans.

Leigh turns to Bert.

LEIGH

Time to make yourself useful,
pardner.

He grabs Bert by the hair and drags his face close to Spyder's crotch.

LEIGH

You're gonna do right by my boy.

Spyder cackles.

Ted's body bounces back and forth as Sami continues the onslaught.

A FLASH OF LIGHT --

-- from within the woods, catches his attention.

Bert sees it too.

Faint sunlight reflects in the rifle scope. Rhonda takes aim.

Ted nods. His teary eyes plead for deliverance.

Rhonda steadies herself.

BANG

Sami's head snaps back as the bullet impacts him just below the eye.

The back of his head explodes and blood sprays Leigh's face.

Sami sags to the ground like a rag doll.

LEIGH

No!

He raises his shotgun but another shot nicks his arm and spins him around.

Spyder screams.

Bert eyes a chance and grabs a hold of his shotgun. The teen struggles but Bert rips the weapon from his hands.

He trains the shotgun on Spyder. The teen freezes, looks at Bert with timid eyes.

Bert's finger trembles against the trigger.

RHONDA (O.S.)

Do it, Bert!

He takes aim down the barrel but notices Spyder's young and beaten features.

Bert blinks, shakes his head. He takes aim again, grits his teeth.

And fails again.

BERT

Get the hell outta here! Go!

Spyder runs to his father's aid and drags him to his feet.

Together they scamper through the woods and disappear from sight.

Bert slings the shotgun over his shoulder and runs to Ted.

Rhonda and Jonie break through the bushes. Jonie gasps and covers her mouth at the sight of the violated Ted.

Blood run down his thighs.

Rhonda tosses the rifle aside and runs to her loved one. She catches Ted as he slides down the tree trunk.

She gently lays him down on his back while the others gather around him.

Ted's whole body shakes and he murmurs off slurry gibberish.

Rhonda cries at the sight and tries her best to cover his naked lower body.

Ted clinches his teeth and pushes her away.

TED
(trembles)
Don't...don't touch me.

RHONDA
(sobs)
Baby...

He rolls over on his side and spasms as he regurgitates. His body convulses again and again as he tries to throw up.

But it doesn't come.

Instead he clutches his bloodshot eyes and screams at the sky. A drawn-out lung-draining cry.

Desperate, Rhonda turns to Bert.

RHONDA
Do something!

Looking out of his element, Bert kneels next to Ted, soothes his voice.

BERT
Hey, Ted? Buddy?

TED
Get away from me!

He curls up into a ball and cries profusely.

JONIE

He needs to get to a hospital, he's
bleeding.

Ted snaps around, grabs a hold of Bert's collar.

TED

No! No hospital.

BERT

Ted, please.

TED

No. No one can ever know about
this. Ever.

He lifts a trembling hand.

TED

You have to promise me that. All
of you.

JONIE

Jesus, Ted, we have to inform the
police about this.

(swallows)

We killed a man.

RHONDA

In self defense.

JONIE

Of course in self defense. But a
man is still dead for Christ's
sake.

She pauses, suddenly scared.

JONIE

Maybe they're gonna come back.

Rhonda retrieves the rifle.

RHONDA

Let 'em.

BERT

Cool it.

RHONDA

After what they did --

BERT

Rhonda, calm the fuck down!

RHONDA
 Shut up! It's all your fault
 anyway, why the hell didn't you
 help him?

JONIE
 Come on, guys?

BERT
 What the fuck you think I was
 doing? Dozing off?

He wipes blood off the back of his head, shows it to Rhonda.

BERT
 They had guns, you idiot.

RHONDA
 What did you call me?

JONIE
 Stop it!

The two siblings stare each other down. Neither flinch.

JONIE
 This is stupid. We need to figure
 out what to do here and this gets
 us nowhere.

Ted grimaces as he struggles to his feet and fixes his pants
 with trembling hands.

TED
 No police. No hospital. I mean
 it. If we go to the police or a
 hospital, they're gonna ask a bunch
 of questions. I can't...

He locks eyes with Bert. They share a guy-moment -- male
 rape, the humiliation, the taboo, the implied ridicule...

TED
 I can't do that, man.

Bert nods -- he couldn't either.

JONIE
 You're injured. You need to see a
 doctor.

TED
 No.

JONIE

This macho nonsense has to stop,
Ted. You're not the first person
in history to --

BERT

Jonie, enough.

JONIE

No, if Ted had been a woman we
wouldn't even be having this
conversation. But because he's a
guy it's different somehow?

BERT

Dammit, I didn't say that.

JONIE

Of course you did. Bruised egos
aside, we killed a human being.
(turns to Ted)
I understand you're hurting, but
there are people you can talk to
about this. Trauma specialists,
they can help you through --

TED

I appreciate your concern, Jonie, I
really do...
(gets in her face)
...but shut the fuck up!

BERT

Hey!

Bert separates the two of them.

BERT

Cool it! Everyone just cool it!

The four of them stare each other down like cowboys at high
noon. Nobody notices the raindrops that hit them from above.

RHONDA

So what's the plan.

BERT

Look, these hermits or whatever the
hell they are, I'll bet they live
in a cave somewhere --

JONIE

Come on.

BERT

-- all I'm saying is that no one gives a shit about them. Nobody knows they exist and if one of them goes missing, nobody's gonna...

He looks around.

BERT

You know?

RHONDA

Yeah. Yeah, that's right.

JONIE

We won't get away with it. It's wrong. It's just plain wrong.

TED

Fuck it!

He runs over to Sami lying dead on the ground and stomps his punctured skull repeatedly.

TED

Mo-ther-fuc-ker!

Standing in pouring rain, the three others stare on as Ted desecrates the body.

Ted drops to his knees and digs his fingers into the leaf covered ground.

He claws out a handful of dirt, tosses it aside and repeats the cycle at a frantic pace.

Rhonda drops the rifle and helps Ted.

Jonie wipes wet hair away from her face, shakes her head.

JONIE

This is wrong, Bert.

BERT

I know.

They look at each other. And join in.

LATER

Ted drops the final handful of soil on the grave and sprinkle leaves on top of it.

Dirty and wet, the four of them observe the small man-sized swell that constitutes Sami's final resting place.

TED

No one can ever know about any of this. Any of it.

Jonie's eyes shoot daggers at Ted.

RHONDA

No one's gonna say anything, Ted.

Rhonda looks to Bert and Jonie -- right?

JONIE

Let's just get out of here.

Ted spits at the makeshift grave.

Bert bends down to pick up the rifle but Rhonda gets to it first.

RHONDA

Might as well be someone who's willing to use it. Right, Bert?

Bert stares as Ted and Rhonda move through the bushes. Jonie puts an arm around him.

JONIE

Come on, let's go home.

EXT. SHORE - CONTINUOUS

No longer shielded by the woods, the rain hits them with full force. Lightning rips the grey sky as thunder rolls.

Ted tips his canoe over and empties the rain water out of it.

Foaming water gushes by as the river churns it white.

Soaked, Rhonda and Ted push their canoe toward the river just as another bolt of lightning cracks the sky overhead.

BERT

This is crazy. We'll never make it back to the cabin. The current's too strong.

Bert turns as Jonie shouts something to him. The weather drowns out the sound.

BERT

What?

JONIE

I'm not staying here!

TED

Nobody's staying here.

RHONDA

We'll follow the current. Where ever it takes us, at least it won't be here.

JONIE

What about the cabin?

TED

Fuck the cabin.

He rolls the canoe back upright.

Ted drags the canoe to the water. He and Rhonda jump onboard.

The moment the canoe leaves the shore, the river ferociously pulls it down stream.

EXT. RIVER - CONTINUOUS

Ted hangs on to the railing as the canoe rocks violently.

Rhonda buries her paddle in the white water, desperately fighting to slow them down.

Behind them Bert and Jonie's canoe nearly capsizes from the force of the water.

The river drags them along at a sickening pace. Rhonda and Bert do their best to avoid the dangerous rocks sticking out of the water.

Negotiating the treacherous terrain, Rhonda's canoe scrapes against the rock face wall spinning it around.

Bert's canoe shoots by, missing the other by a hair.

He looks back but his own canoe digs deep into the river and sends a wave of water in over him and Jonie.

JONIE

Bert!

He looks up and sees the river cascade downwards. Rocks protrude the water like steps.

BERT

Shit.

Their canoe grates the bottom, bounces over the steps and slams hard into the water.

The canoe wobbles and keels over. Bert and Jonie flail into the gushing river.

Behind them Rhonda fights to straighten the canoe but the current is relentless.

She sees the approaching waterfall.

Rhonda stabs her paddle deep into the river just as a lightning tears through the sky with a BOOM.

The canoe lurches onto its side and Rhonda, Ted and equipment plunge into the water.

The four of them clobber around partly submerged, tumbling down the cascade in the bruising kind of way.

Jonie comes up for air as a canoe speeds by and scrapes her face.

Bert strains to stay afloat in the cacophony of white water but the current drags him under.

Panting for air, Ted spots a small inlet further ahead on his left.

Exerting all of his strength he rips himself sideways toward the inlet but a sharp rock throws him off course.

He struggles in the foaming water, his wet clothes drags him down while his world spins around.

Coming up for a gulp of air he barges into Rhonda and goes back under.

Bert sees a low hanging branch coming up on his left.

He sticks out a hand and grabs hold of it, tearing the skin on his hand in the process.

Jonie's gurgled scream catches his attention. She barrels towards him.

Bert reaches out, gets a hold of her and with the transfer of momentum, nearly throws her up on the shore.

UNDERWATER - CONTINUOUS

A thunderous roar engulf Ted as he whirls around in the churning water. Rocks zing past him on both sides.

A jagged boulder approaches on a direct collision course.

Ted empties his lungs in a bubbling scream, braces for impact.

The boulder fills his view as --

A HAND

-- grabs him from above and yanks him out of the water.

EXT. SHORE - CONTINUOUS

Sprawled on a sandy shore, Ted coughs up water. He quivers from hypothermia, his face bruised and battered.

JONIE (O.S.)
No...no...oh my god, no.

BERT (O.S.)
Breath, dammit!

Ted gasps for air and rolls over on his side.

Bert bends over Rhonda's lifeless body and gives her mouth to mouth.

Rhonda's cheeks balloon as Bert blows air into her lungs.

Jonie cries as Bert quickly moves to Rhonda's chest and performs C.P.R.

Bert's hands work fast. He pushes the chest down at a frantic rhythm.

Ted gets to his knees, tugs Rhonda's outstretched hand in his, kisses it.

Blood reddens the sand beneath Rhonda's head.

Bert puts an ear to her mouth. An air of desperation covers his face. He returns to her chest.

BERT
Come on!

Jonie slumps to her knees and holds Ted close as he continues to kiss Rhonda's hand, mouthing inaudible words to himself.

Bert checks her pulse. Checks it again.

Tears fall from his face onto hers. He kisses her forehead and gently closes her eyes.

JONIE

No. Bert, no.

Ted screams and hugs Rhonda's body close.

TED

Come on, Ronnie. You can do this,
you can beat it.

Her lifeless body dangles in his arms.

TED

Don't you leave me, Rhonda. Don't
you fucking leave me.

His words dissolve into a long cry. Jonie hugs him close and together they sob.

Bert stares at his dead sister with vacant trance-like eyes, as if the grim reality is yet to hit home.

He looks down, sees the blood on his hands. The rain does its best to wash it away but the blood remains.

Ted lies next to Rhonda's corpse. His head rests in Jonie's lap. She caresses his hair.

BERT (O.S.)

All this because you got your ass
wiped by a kid?

Jonie and Ted turn to Bert. His eyes, his whole expression, ooze hatred. He glares at Ted.

BERT

You fucking child.

JONIE

Bert, please. We're all hurting
here. Let's not --

BERT

(chokes back tears)
Look at her. Look at her!

Bert massages his temples, grimaces in internal agony and then --

-- sees something.

He tilts his head, bends closer to Rhonda's face, studies it closely.

Bert turns Rhonda's head to the side, leans even closer.

JONIE
What is it?

Bert holds up a hand and silences her.

He spots a small black puncture wound on the back of Rhonda's neck.

Another one at the base of her skull.

He rolls her body onto its side.

Several small circular wounds dot the back of her shirt around the shoulder area.

BERT
Jesus.

He lets go of the body and springs to his feet like a Jack In The Box.

He turns, his eyes dart, scouts the area.

TED
Bert, what the hell is it?

BERT
Hide.

JONIE
What?

BERT
Hide, dammit!

Bert pushes Jonie towards the cover of a low rock formation. He grabs Ted's shirt but Ted jerks himself loose.

TED
What the fuck?

BERT
She was shot.

Question marks don Ted's face.

BERT
She didn't hit her head. She was fucking shot.

Jonie bunkers behind the rock formation as Bert shoves a catatonic Ted down next her.

Bert peeks over the rocks. He scans the forest on the adjacent shore, the rain obscures most of his view.

JONIE

Shot?

Keeping his eyes peeled on the other shore, Bert nods.

Jonie quivers in the relentless rain. She lets her gaze fall on Rhonda's body.

JONIE

(panicking)

Oh, my God. They're after us,
Bert.

BERT

Keep your Goddamn voice down.

JONIE

(hysterical)

You've got to get me out of here.

Bert kneels down beside her.

BERT

Dammit, I will. But for all I know
that toothless piece of shit is out
there waiting for us. So just cool
it and let me figure something out.

He returns to his vantage point.

The thick vegetation on the other shore shakes -- could be movement in the woods -- could just be the wind.

A faint whistling from within the woods.

Another but different whistling responds from somewhere else within the forest.

Bert squints in its general location. Leaves stir about. He bites his lip.

The outline of a blurred figure appears behind the trees.

A HAND

-- parts the branches.

JONIE (O.S.)
What's going on?

The hand stops. Retracts.

BERT
Shit.

He slides down next to Jonie and Ted.

BERT
We gotta leave. Now. They know
we're here.

Jonie's staccato breath quickens.

JONIE
Oh, no.

Ted calmly shakes his head.

TED
I'm not leaving Rhonda behind.

BERT
I hate it too but we gotta go.

Bert points to a narrow canyon-like crevasse in the rock face partly hidden by bushes. He nudges Jonie forward.

BERT
Go through there. Go.

Jonie hesitates.

BERT
Come on.

JONIE
I don't wanna leave you.

BERT
We'll be right behind you. Now go.

Jonie takes off and disappears into the crevasse. Bert pulls Ted onto his feet.

Another whistling, this time closer by.

BERT
Ted, let's go.

He grabs Ted by the wrist and pulls him to his feet. Ted jerks his arm away.

TED
Get your fucking hands off me.

WHAM

Bert whacks Ted across the face, grabs him by the collar and yanks him close.

BERT
You listen. I would love to leave your sorry ass for dead here. But I can't do that. That's not who I am.
(points to Rhonda's body)
And that's not who Rhonda was.

Ted swallows, ridden by grief.

Bert pushes Ted towards the crevasse.

BERT
Now go.

EXT. CREVASSE - CONTINUOUS

With the setting sun low on the murky horizon, the three of them burst through the rain along the narrow trail.

A wet and uneven surface makes it a perilous run.

The echo from a howling yell chases them from behind. Ted stops and looks back.

TED
They're hunting us.

BERT
Ted, no. We gotta keep going.

TED
If they touch her --

Bert yanks him back on track. With Jonie on point they sprint through the crevasse which unfolds into a wide --

EXT. GORGE - CONTINUOUS

Jonie stops and catches her breath. She looks around at the desolate rock basin.

Pools of water form in the rain, some small -- some not.

JONIE
It's a dead end.

Bert does a three-sixty and spots a jagged trail ascending the precipices. Trees and bushes provide ample hiding places along the way.

BERT
There.

He heads for the base of the cliff, sizing up the climb. The rock face towers over them, the evening sky dwindles behind it.

TED
Are you kidding?

BERT
It's doable.

JONIE
I don't know.

BERT
No, we can do this.

TED
Bert.

BERT
One step at a time, guys. It's not impossible. We stay close, get down low and --

TED
Bert, stop it.

BERT
-- move carefully, I'm telling you
it is totally --

TED
Stop it!

BERT
What?

TED
Enough of this running shit. I say
we make a stand. Right here, right
now.

BERT
This ain't the fucking O.K. Coral.
They have guns, we don't.

TED
Fuck that. It's an old guy and a
kid.

BERT
You're assuming it's just the two
of them.

Ted contemplates this.

BERT
Hey, I want these bastards dead as
much as you do but I've got a baby
on the way, Ted. I can't risk
that.

Ted blinks tears from his eyes.

Bert takes a careful step up the rocky mountain side. He
reaches out for Jonie.

BERT
Come on.

Jonie bites her lip, looks to Bert and then to Ted.

BERT
Come the fuck on!

Startled into action, she grabs his hand and he hoists her up
onto the jagged trail. Bert pushes her forward and turns to
Ted.

TED
I'm not leaving her, man.

BERT
Dammit, Ted, don't make me repeat
myself.

Ted's eyes tear up.

TED
You saw what they did to her. To
me.

Bert sticks out his open hand.

BERT
 We'll come back for her. Okay,
 buddy?

Ted gives the crevasse a last look. And grabs Bert's hand.

EXT. SHORE - LATER

Rhonda's lifeless eyes stare up at the darkening sky, her hair decorated with crusted blood.

A walking stick punctures the sand next to her head. A dirty pair of bare feet follow.

EXT. CABIN AREA - DUSK

Officers from the Sheriff's Department question different tourists but only get shrugs and head-shakes in return.

Meanwhile --

EXT. LOG CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Chris approaches the four friend's cabin. He spots the leftovers on the table, the beer cans next to the deck chairs.

He moves to the front door and knocks. No answer. He cups his hands and peeks through a window -- sees nothing.

EXT. MOUNTAIN SIDE - NIGHT

Panting hard, the three friends hike up the treacherous trail.

Teeth clatter in the night, lit by a murky moon. The rain now a light but annoying drizzle.

Jonie stops and hugs herself.

JONIE
 I'm freezing.

BERT
 We have to keep going.

Behind them, Ted grimaces in pain.

TED
 I can't, man.

He sucks air through his teeth and groans.

JONIE
Bert, please.

Bert squints in the dark and scans the gorge below them, sees nothing.

BERT
Okay. Wait here.

He moves up the trail.

Carefully, Ted sits down. Jonie scoots close to him and breathes into her hands for warmth.

JONIE
You okay?

Ted straightens as a pang of pain shoots through him.

TED
No. You?

JONIE
Trying to cope but...

TED
Yeah, I know.

Jonie squeezes his hand.

JONIE
I'm sorry for yelling at you back there.

TED
No, you were right. You're both right, you and Bert. I mean, if I hadn't --
(pounds a fist against the surface)
-- Goddammit.

JONIE
It's okay, Ted. It's okay.

TED
No, it's not. It should have been me.

JONIE
Don't say that.

Pebbles trickle down the trail. Both of them stiffen.

Bert drops down next to them.

JONIE
Jesus Christ, Bert.

BERT
Sorry. Look, we need to find some
place where we can hold up for --

He spins around as AGITATED VOICES reach them from somewhere
below them.

He squints, tries to locate the voices.

BERT
Did you hear --

BLAM

A muzzle flare lights up the night like a strobe light.

Lead pellets ricochet off the rocks behind them. Ted and
Jonie scoot down low.

BERT
Whoa.

BLAM

A second hailstorm of tiny slugs tear through the night.

One catches Bert's arm and jerks him around. He cries out in
pain and wobbles, loses his footing.

Jonie throws out a hand in desperation as Bert slips and
disappears over the edge.

JONIE
No!

Jonie throws herself at the lip but Ted grabs her and pulls
her back to safety just as --

BLAM

-- another shot bounces off the rock face.

CRUNCH

Bert screams out in nauseating pain (O.S.).

JONIE

Bert?!

She tears herself loose of Ted's grasp and crawls to the edge and peers down.

Bert lies about ten feet below her on a jagged outcropping.

JONIE

Bert!

He cries out violently in the night and clutches his right leg.

Jonie narrows her eyes, sees the cause of pain.

Bert's splintered femur sticks out of a tear in his pants.

JONIE

(on the brink of tears)

Bert.

His bloody fingers tremble as they fumble around the wound.

BLAM

A slug explodes against the rock near Jonie, chips of shrapnel tears across her face.

JONIE

Stop it! Stop it!

Bert looks up at her, on the verge of unconsciousness, his face pale, his eyes placid.

Jonie turns to Ted who sits hunkered against the wall, his arms clutched against his chest, trembling.

JONIE

Help me.

He looks up with shell-shocked eyes.

JONIE

Please. I can't do this alone.

BLAM

Ted jolts, scared out of his mind.

JONIE

(pleading)

Help me.

Ted swallows and turns away. Jonie snakes closer, grabs his arm.

JONIE
He'll die if we don't get him out
of there so help me!

Her outburst rips him out of his catatonic state.

TED
What do you want me to do?

JONIE
We have to get down to him.

She slides back to the rock lip and sticks her head out over the edge.

JONIE
Bert, we're coming for you.

Bert acknowledges her with a tired blink of his eyes. He strains to breath, the air rasps in his throat.

Jonie searches for a way down while Ted reluctantly follows behind her.

She finds a jagged precipice, doable but dangerous, that leads down near to where Bert lies.

She points to it. Ted shakes his head.

BLAM

Jonie swings her leg over the lip and finds her footing on the hazardous rock face.

Her shoe slips. She grasps the edge tightly and struggles to find support.

She does and regains her footing.

Moving cautiously, Jonie slowly descends to the --

OUTCROPPING - CONTINUOUS

Jonie lands next to Bert and throws her arms around him.

JONIE
Bert.

His face a sickening pale, he squirms and grimaces in pain.

BERT

My leg.

JONIE

Can you move at all?

Bert shifts the weight of his leg, clenches his eyes shut and fights back the pangs of agony. Fails.

Ted arrives. He stares at the bloody piece of femur that sticks out of Bert's pants.

TED

Jesus.

BERT

(weak)

You have to straighten it out.

TED

What?

BERT

Pop it back in.

TED

I can't do --

JONIE

Do it!

TED

How?

BERT

Grab my foot. Pull it towards you.
Hard.

TED

Christ, man, I can't --

JONIE

Come on.

TED

Okay. Okay.

He grabs a hold of Bert's ankle with both hands. The injured man moans and sucks in shallow breaths.

Jonie leans in close to Bert, caresses his face.

JONIE

It's okay. I'm here.

Bert locks eyes with her, his look determined, ready.

TED
All right. On three. One --

BERT
Just do it.

YANK

Ted pulls so hard that he jerks Bert across the rocks. The femur pops back in with soggy PLOP.

Bert's eyes pop wide open, his face reddens. A scream gags in his throat, the pain too much for his vocal cord.

Jonie squeezes his hand as the numbing pain courses through his body.

JONIE
Breath.

MUFFLED VOICES

Jonie and Ted squeeze themselves against the ground.

Bert groans.

Jonie slaps a hand across his mouth, drowns out the sound.

Voices sound off close by, still too muffled.

Jonie holds her breath.

Ted scans the area above them with terror painted across his face.

The voices glide closer.

ABOVE THEM - CONTINUOUS

Bare feet negotiate the trail. Nostrils sniff the air.

OUTCROPPING - CONTINUOUS

Ted swallows, presses himself closer to the rock face.

In a drawn out moment of excruciating silence, the three friends wait for the inevitable moment of discovery.

It doesn't come.

They hear Leigh above them as he clears his throat and spits.

A brownish gooey chunk lands eerily close to Bert.

They wait, holding their breath, too scared to make any sort of movement. Finally --

JONIE

I think they're gone.

The three of them breath again.

TED

(re: Bert)

What do we do with him?

TRAIL - LATER

Jonie leads Ted, who strains with Bert hunched over on his shoulder, along a new stretch of mountain trail.

She spots an opening in the rock face, peeks inside.

JONIE

In here.

EXT. WOODS (CRIME SCENE) - NIGHT

Massive floods light the excavation. Several law enforcement officers roam about or watch as the dig progresses.

Will and Chris watch from a distance as D.C.I. officers lift a dirt covered body from the ground and place it on a white sheet.

CHRIS

What in God's name happened here?

Will sips coffee from a Styrofoam cup. His eyes drifting, along with his thoughts.

Chris notices his vacant expression.

CHRIS

Sheriff?

WILL

Yeah?

CHRIS

You all right?

WILL
(nods at the dig)
What do you think?

Chris nods: "I hear ya".

CHRIS
Did the Mayor get a hold of you?

WILL
Uh-huh.

CHRIS
What, um, what did he say?

Will empties the cup with a final gulp, stares on as the coroners hoist another dead body from the ground.

WILL
That this is very bad for business.

CHRIS
I'll bet. Anyway, we've been through most of the upper areas, no one's seen or heard anything.

WILL
You've talked to everyone?

CHRIS
A couple of the cabins were empty. I mean, we know someone's staying there, they just weren't home.

WILL
So they could be out there somewhere.

CHRIS
Yeah.

Will contemplates for a second before --

WILL
Get a search party out there right now. I want them found and brought back.

CHRIS
Sheriff, we've got over one million acres of forest, rivers and mountains, I don't know where to start. It's dark now...we can't --

WILL
We've got six corpses here that say
we can. Make it happen.

CHRIS
Okay. Okay.

He takes off as Maggie strolls over to Will. Dirty and
tired.

MAGGIE
We just pulled out the two last
bodies.

WILL
Lemme' guess, no I.D. on 'em?

MAGGIE
'Fraid not. Look, there's no need
for you to wait around here all
night. This'll take a while.

WILL
I'm gonna stick around. The two
last bodies, any women among them?
A blond maybe?

MAGGIE
No, they're both males.
(curious)
Why?

WILL
No reason.

Maggie doesn't buy it.

MAGGIE
Will?

He looks away.

WILL
It's nothing, Maggie. Really.

INT. HOLLOW - NIGHT

Jonie tighten a torn piece of shirt around Bert's injured
shoulder. He winces.

Two lean branches flank both sides of his broken leg, kept in
place by more strips of torn shirt.

JONIE
You're a mess.

Bert, drowsy, barely breaks a smile.

Bert and Jonie sit at the opening, arms around each other, losing the battle to keep warm.

Behind them, in the dark and rocky alcove, Ted lies on his side with his back to them, curled up in a fetal position.

His eyes closed, his breathing deep.

BERT
You should try to get some sleep.

JONIE
Could you?

Bert stares down at the pitch black gorge below them. He can hear faint sounds from down there.

Whether they are natural or not...

BERT
I think we'll be safe here for the night. Tomorrow we'll find a town. People.

He rubs Jonie's trembling fingers, kisses them. He looks over at Ted, looks down.

JONIE
What is it?

BERT
It's just...

His voice quivers.

JONIE
Your sister?

Bert clears his nose and wipes tears from his eyes.

JONIE
There was nothing you could've done to save her.

She kisses his cheek.

JONIE
You did everything you could.

BERT
I didn't really.

JONIE
What do you mean? Of course you
did.

Bert's eyes go distant. Something painful urges itself out
of him.

BERT
When they attacked us, me and Ted,
in the woods --

EXT. WOODS - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Ted screams out in pain as Leigh thrusts his manhood back and
forth.

Bert lies on the mossy ground, apparently unconscious.

BERT (V.O.)
-- I...I wasn't quite out.

His eyelids slowly glide open.

LEIGH
Oh, he be tight, boys!

A sense of deep unfiltered fear passes in front of Bert's
eyes.

TED
Please...

Bert shuts his eyes just as Spyder looks over his shoulder at
him.

SAMI
Yee-haa!

INT. HOLLOW (PRESENT)

Sami's deranged yell still echoes through Bert's head as he
runs a hand through his hair. He turns to Jonie.

BERT
I was...scared. You understand?

He wipes away more tears.

BERT

It wasn't because I was unconscious that I didn't help my friend. It was because I was terrified that they might do the same to me if...

He looks away, guilt-ridden.

Jonie puts a comforting hand on Bert's thigh, kisses him again.

He leans into her and she embraces him as he quietly sobs.

Behind them on the ground, Ted's eyes slide open.

Wide awake.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Flashlights dance around in the thick forest as the search party proceeds. Dogs bark, sniff the ground.

EXT. SHORE - CONTINUOUS

Police officers fan out across the pebble shore.

EXT. RIVER - CONTINUOUS

Park Rangers sail along in motor boats, floodlights sweep across the water.

EXT. MOUNTAIN SIDE - CONTINUOUS

Winds travel across the jagged surface. Crickets chirp under a blanket of darkness as night turns into --

INT. HOLLOW - DAY

Bert's eyes pop open and frantically looks around, confused; "where am I"?

A sharp pang of pain in his leg contorts his face...and then he remembers.

He realizes that he is all by his lonesome. No Jonie. No Ted.

Panic sets in.

Bert struggles to get onto his one good leg. Fails. He slides down on his butt, winded, groans in pain.

A SCRAPING SOUND from outside freezes him. He holds his breath, drags himself away from the opening.

The sound moves closer. Someone's coming.

Bert looks around for a weapon, finds a good-sized rock. He picks it up, raises it above his head, ready to strike.

His timid breaths echo against the rock walls -- too loud.

A shadow passes the opening. Bert tenses. Every fiber in his body ready to strike out.

And then --

A PAIR OF LEGS

-- dangle from the top of the opening. Hoarse breathing. A groan followed a --

THUMP

-- as Jonie lands in front of him.

Bert breathes a deep sigh of relief and drops the rock.

BERT

Jesus. I almost hit you over the head.

Jonie holds up a hand -- "hang on" -- and catches her breath.

BERT

Where's Ted?

JONIE

(winded)

That's the thing. I don't know. He was gone when I woke up. I went looking for him. Nothing.

BERT

He wouldn't just take off.

JONIE

Well, I can't find him.

EXT. MOUNTAIN TOP - CONTINUOUS

Ted staggers across a jagged ridge in the morning sun. Even though his face is in tatters and dirty, his eyes are focused.

TED
 (to himself)
 I can only trust you, Ronnie.

He's coming apart.

TED
 Only you. Always you. No one else.

Taking a different route than the day before, he crosses another outcropping and reaches an edge.

Ted slows down, squats and looks down at the shore where they left Rhonda's body, several hundred feet below him.

Rhonda's body is nowhere to be seen.

Ted's nostrils twitch. His jaw muscles tighten. Anger, the feral kind, builds in his eyes.

He swings a leg over the lip and descends the precipice.

EXT. MOUNTAIN SIDE - CONTINUOUS

Jonie peeks over the rocks and takes in the gorge below them.

Nothing.

BERT
 I think I know where he's headed.

JONIE
 Rhonda?

Bert nods solemnly.

JONIE
 What about those...people, Bert?

BERT
 I don't think he planned that far ahead.

JONIE
 We have to go after him.

BERT

No.

JONIE

He's gonna get himself --

BERT

No! You're gonna go find some help.

JONIE

I'm not leaving you.

BERT

Yes, you are. I can't get down this mountain and you can't carry me, so, you're gonna go out there and you're gonna find some help.

JONIE

What about --

BERT

You're gonna get to the police and get us out of here.

JONIE

What about Ted? We can't just leave him out there.

BERT

First things first, all right?

JONIE

Okay.

BERT

And you don't take any chances what so ever. No matter what happens.

He glides a hand across her pregnant belly.

BERT

No. Matter. What.

They look at each other. An uneasy moment for both of them.

BERT

Do you understand what I'm saying?

Jonie kisses his cheek -- she does.

EXT. MOUNTAIN SIDE - LATER

Jonie jumps from rock to rock at a hasty tempo. She looks back at frequent intervals, making sure no one is following her.

She slips, slides down a jagged passage, bumps her knee, gets back up and presses on.

EXT. MEADOWLAND - LATER

Jonie negotiates a small ridge and spots a run-down cabin in the distance.

She picks up her pace, crosses the soggy grass field and heads for --

EXT. RUN-DOWN CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Jonie runs towards the shack-like structure and --

-- something catches her foot.

She tumbles to the ground and slides across a muddy patch.

She looks back, spots a wire on the ground that runs from the cabin and off deeper into the landscape.

Jonie quickly inspects it -- a telephone wire?

She moves closer to the cabin on cautious feet.

The cabin is built on short poles, which leaves a partly grass infested crawlspace underneath it.

No apparent activity inside the cabin. Jonie presses her face against a small and stained window, peeks inside.

A semi well-kept interior, nothing fancy but --

-- AN OLD FASHION TELEPHONE ON A TABLE

Jonie's eyes light. She taps the window.

JONIE

Hello?

No answer.

She moves around to the front of the cabin and moves up the steps to a small porch.

The wood creaks beneath her feet as she minces to the door, knocks on it.

JONIE
Anyone? Hello?

Nothing.

She tries the door handle. Locked.

JONIE
Dammit.

INT. HOLLOW - CONTINUOUS

Bert nods his head, sleepy, pale. He jerks his head back upright, massages his face, forces himself to stay awake.

He looks down at his injured leg, blood crusted around the tear in his pants.

His eyes go drowsy again, the eyelids heavy. His head sinks to his chest while his eyes glide shut and --

-- they pop back open. He takes a deep shivering breath as the barrel of a shotgun comes to a rest on his left cheek.

Leigh squats beside him.

LEIGH
Howdy, pardner.

Bert doesn't dare to move anything but his eyes.

LEIGH
You didn't really think we would
let y'all just stroll on outta
here, did ya?

Bert's fingers gently feel the ground next to him, covertly searching for a rock.

Leigh nods at Bert's wounded shoulder.

LEIGH
Yeah, I knew I hit ya, boy. Just
couldn't find ya in the dark.
(points to his eyes)
Them ain't as good as they used to
be.
(spits on the ground)
(MORE)

LEIGH (CONT'D)

Good thing I waited around though,
huh? Saw your lady friend leave a
while ago.

Bert stiffens.

LEIGH

That's right. I know where she be
headed too. Won't be too much
trouble tracking her down.
Spyder's real good at that, believe
you me.

(shrugs)

Might even have caught her by now.

Bert's mind races.

LEIGH

I ain't gonna lie to ya, son. I
will hurt her. Badly.

BERT

She hasn't done anything to you,
man, you let her go.

LEIGH

But she means the world to you,
don't she? Like my son did to me.

(leans closer)

I will take my time with her.

BERT

You sick fucking freak, you already
killed my sister. Killing all of
us won't bring your son back.

LEIGH

True. But it'll feel right.

WHAM --

EXT. RUN-DOWN CABIN - CONTINUOUS

-- Jonie rams the door with her boot. The wood moans a bit
but not much else.

She tries again. Same result.

Jonie steps back, distraught, winded. She moves to a window,
gives it measuring look. Small but doable.

She pries off her jacket, wraps it around her hand and raises
her arm, ready to strike.

Freezes.

Something catches her attention out of the corner of her eye.

A figure on the horizon.

SPYDER

Jonie gasps and ducks down out of view. She sneaks a glimpse around the cabin -- did he see her?

Maybe not -- but he's definitely coming her way. And he's armed.

Jonie moves to the opposite end of the porch, takes the wooden railing in a quick leap and lands on the ground.

Without a moment of pause, she rolls into the --

CRAWLSPACE

-- underneath the cabin and lets the grass conceal her.

INT. HOLLOW - CONTINUOUS

Leigh scopes Bert's leg wound, grimaces and --

LEIGH
That had to hurt.

-- prods it with a finger.

Bert yelps and shoves Leigh's hand away.

BERT
Don't you fucking touch me.

Leigh's face morphs into a vicious sneer.

LEIGH
Shut your Goddamn trap.

He jerks the shotgun harder against Bert's face.

LEIGH
You killed my boy! And you don't get to do that! You come out here, to my home, with your fancy mouth, thinking you can do --

BERT
Look, we didn't --

LEIGH
 Shut up! All of you, you're all
 the same.

Bert finds a rock, clutches it in his hand.

Leigh stands.

LEIGH
 Get up.

BERT
 I can't.

LEIGH
 Stand the hell up!

BERT
 Why the fuck should I?!

LEIGH
 'Cause I wanna see you fly.

Leigh grabs Bert by the collar and yanks him up to his feet.

Bert screams out in agony, staggers back, leans against the
 rock wall.

LEIGH
 You scream a whole lot for a man,
 you know that?

Bert feigns a fall and slides forward. Leigh reaches out for
 him --

-- Bert seizes the opportunity.

He swings the rock at Leigh's head --

-- Leigh ducks.

It misses.

Bert stumbles to the ground, yelps. Leigh presses a naked
 foot against the back of his head.

LEIGH
 I gave you a chance to end it quick
 and painless. Guess what?

He raises the butt of the shotgun.

LEIGH
 That chance came and went, son.

WHACK

He rams the rifle into Bert's face, knocks him unconscious.

EXT. RUNDOWN CABIN - CRAWLSPACE - CONTINUOUS

From her vantage point underneath the cabin, Jonie makes out Spyder through the tall grass, as he gains on the cabin.

She spots the shotgun in his hands, tenses up.

Spyder, very close now, stops and gives the cabin a quick once over.

Jonie ducks down into the grass, holds her breath.

Spyder proceeds closer until his feet are the only things visible.

Jonie's eyes follow them as they move slowly around the cabin, she twists her body with each step, keeping the feet in her line of sight.

They stop at the steps to the porch and take them two at a time.

The wooden floorboards creak above her. Jonie rolls with the sound --

-- stops, bites her lip.

She sees her jacket on the ground next to the crawlspace, exposed and revealing.

She quietly stomachs her way towards the edge of the crawlspace, the jacket within reach.

Jonie brings up her hand, reaches out for the jacket and --

-- retracts it as Spyder's feet land next to it.

His hand pulls the jacket out of view, he sniffs it (O.S).

Jonie scoots backwards, away from the opening but --

-- cringes as a big fat multi-colored CENTIPEDE creeps across her hand, up along her arm.

Its gazillion tiny legs roll across her shoulder, around her neck, into her hair.

Jonie, frozen in a petrified pose, clenches her eyes shut and fights back the unbelievable urge to scream.

Her hair waves along her scalp as the centipede creepy-crawls on to the top of her head.

It peers its head through her hairline, its antennas wiggle around.

Jonie shudders, struggles to keep calm.

The centipede glides down her forehead, balances on the bridge of her nose and --

-- falls to the ground. It scurries through the grass and disappears as if nothing ever happened.

Jonie takes a deep trembling breath. Looks up.

SPYDER'S GONE

She checks left, then right.

No Spyder.

Jonie breaths a sigh of relief just as --

HANDS

-- lock around her ankles and yank her out --

EXT. DERELICT CABIN - CONTINUOUS

-- screaming. Jonie twists around just in time to see the butt of Spyder's shotgun racing towards her face.

SMACK

And everything goes --

BLACK

A moment of silence, then --

Labored breathing. Groans. More breathing. A weak moan.

The light returns and reveals --

EXT. WOODS - LATER

-- Jonie, hanging over Spyder's shoulder as the kid marches through the forest with his weapon in his free hand.

Her eyes blink open underneath a nasty bruise on her forehead.

Dizzy, her arms hang limp from her shoulders as she bounces up and down.

She shakes the cobwebs, comes around for real and struggles against Spyder's arms.

The teen grabs the back of her shirt and pulls down. She lands on wobbly feet and Spyder quickly shoves her to the dirt.

He puts a finger across his lips -- shut up -- he motions the shotgun -- or else.

But Jonie doesn't cower.

JONIE

Why are you doing this? Do you even know?

Spyder's face twitches.

JONIE

This has gone too far. No one has to get hurt. Not me, not you.

No reaction from Spyder.

JONIE

(changes tactics)

You like playing soccer? I know a place, close to where I live, were young kids like yourself go and play. They have these huge fields with goal posts. It looks like a lot of fun.

The kid softens a bit, interested.

JONIE

Wouldn't you like to try that...

(searches)

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

I'm Jonie. What's your name?

Spyder talks but it sounds like someone talking with a whole potato in their mouth -- weird.

JONIE

I'm sorry I--I don't...

More gibberish from Spyder.

Jonie sees the lump in his mouth that was once his tongue.

JONIE

What --

(points to his mouth)

-- happened? Did someone hurt you?

Spyder's demeanor changes.

JONIE

Who hurt you? Who did that to you?

Was it...your father? Did he --

Spyder hurls himself at her and screams unintelligible slurs in her face.

Jonie recoils, taken aback by the outburst.

The intensiveness of Spyder's fury builds. Spit chases his guttural threats. Veins throb on his neck, his face red.

A punch snaps Jonie's head back. Blood spurts from her nose.

She blocks more punches with her arms, takes another blow to the face.

Spyder raises the shotgun, grabs it like a bat and swings it towards Jonie's head as --

TED

-- tackles him to the ground.

The two of them struggle for a bit before Ted gains the upper hand and opens up a nasty can of whoop ass on Spyder.

Again and again, Ted unleashes Mike Tyson'esque haymakers, oblivious to the fact that Spyder is already unconscious.

JONIE

Stop.

He doesn't.

JONIE

Ted, stop! He's just a kid.

Ted snaps around. His maniacal eyes shut Jonie up.

This is not the Ted she started out the weekend with. This is someone else.

Ted gets up and wipes blood off his bruised knuckles. Jonie sticks out a hand for him to help her up with.

He ignores it.

JONIE
Where have you been?

No answer. Jonie get's up.

JONIE
Bert's all alone up there. He
needs us.

Ted shrugs -- "so"?

JONIE
What do you mean? What's wrong
with you?

Ted grabs Spyder, tries to shake him back to consciousness.

TED
Come on, wake the fuck up.

JONIE
Please, Ted.

TED
Wake up!

Spyder comes around. Ted stands, grabs Spyder's shotgun and presses it against the kid's forehead.

TED
You're gonna take me to her, you
piece of shit. You hear me?

JONIE
Her? Rhonda's dead for Christ's
sake. Bert's alive and he needs
our help.

TED
So did I!

Jonie realizes -- he knows.

TED
So did I...

JONIE
Ted...

Ted drags Spyder to his feet and shoves him forward.

TED
Take me to her.

Spyder stumbles but moves deeper into the woods with Ted on his trail.

Jonie contemplates, unsure what to do. She looks around. Everything looks the same and nothing looks familiar.

She hesitates but decides to follow Ted.

EXT. INLET - DAY

Will squats next to a mangled canoe that lies capsized on the muddy cove.

His eyes trace a path along the shore where various camping equipment is scattered about.

A deputy pulls a tent from the water, turns it over, studies it.

Will straightens as his walkie-talkie buzzes.

CHRIS (V.O.)
You copy, Sheriff?

WILL
(into walkie-talkie)
Go ahead.

CHRIS (V.O.)
We've found another canoe about
three hundred yards further down.

Will sighs.

WILL
(under his breath)
Goddammit.
(into walkie-talkie)
Get the divers out. Put everyone,
you have in the water and...
(heads towards his truck)
...contact Parker's Bay, tell 'em
to be on the lookout for floaters.
I'm gonna head up-stream and make
sure we didn't miss anything.

CHRIS (V.O.)
Got it.

EXT. SHORE - DAY

Leigh puts Bert down on the ground with a groan.

LEIGH

Reckon I can trust you not to run
off.

Bert massages his swollen cheek as Leigh heads on down to the river and scoops a couple of handfuls of water into his mouth.

LEIGH

We've been here for generations.
My father. His father.

He stares at the serene forest around them.

LEIGH

The Indians get casinos and what do
we get? A boot in the ass.

He turns to Bert.

LEIGH

That ain't right.

Bert doesn't take the bait, he just keeps his eyes peeled at Leigh.

LEIGH

But what would you know about real
life anyway?
(turns to the forest
behind Bert)
Y'all come on out now, girls.

Bert jerks his head around in time to see **SERENA** (30s) and **BETTY** (20s), both clad in shabby severely out-of-style dresses.

Both of them sinewy and ugly - in the inbred way.

LEIGH

Take him.

Bert doesn't even manage to fend for himself before strong hands grab his arms and haul him into the forest.

Leigh gulps down a final handful of water and follows the others.

EXT. WOODS - CONTINUOUS

Spyder leads Ted and Jonie at gunpoint. He casts covert glances left and right as they maneuver through the woods.

Ted, focused, keeps close to Spyder with Jonie cautiously in tow.

Spyder stops and points up ahead. Ted steps forward and squints at the vegetation, doesn't see anything.

TED

What?

Spyder points again and this time Ted spots a bit of smoke obscured by leaves and branches.

He nudges Spyder in the back with the shotgun, forces him forward.

They squeeze by trees and bushes until they reach a small --

CLEARING - CONTINUOUS

An old pot sizzles over an open fire. A broth of some kind boils inside it. Clothes, hung out to dry, sway from thick branches.

Ted and Jonie glance around at the deserted opening.

TED

What is this place?

JONIE

I think this is where they live.

She gasps as leaves part near an impossible-to-see cave entrance. **LAURA** (16), a dirty girl, steps out into the clearing with a baby on her arm.

She freezes in her spot, her frightened eyes dart from Ted to Jonie. Spyder calms her with a hand gesture just as Ted grabs him by the neck.

TED

Why did you take us here? Where's Ronnie?!

The baby in the girl's arms breaks out into a high pitched cry.

TED

Shut that kid up!

Spyder yanks himself free of Ted's grasp and stare at him with murder in his eyes.

Ted tilts his head - gets it.

TED
 The kid's yours, isn't it?
 (shakes his head)
 Fucking freaks.

He aims the gun at Spyder's face.

TED
 Where's Ronnie? Talk!

JONIE
 He can't.

Spyder nods to the side. Ted follows the direction with his eyes, spots a leaf covered shape partly hidden by trees.

TED
 (swallows)
 Is that...

Spyder nods.

TED
 Jonie, check it out.

JONIE
 Ted, please.

TED
 Check it!

Jonie staggers towards the shape, kneels and scoops the leaves away.

Rhonda's dead eyes stare at her. Jonie covers her quivering lips.

JONIE
 (fights back tears)
 It's her. It's Rhonda.

Jonie pushes herself to her feet and accidentally dislodges the body. More leaves slide away --

-- exposing Rhonda's left arm, which has been severed at the elbow.

Jonie yelps.

TED
 What?

Jonie's eyes glide from the bloody stump to the pot --

-- and she keels over and regurgitates violently.

TED
What the fff...

He spots the carnage, blood drains from his face. It returns with a vengeance as he turns to face Spyder.

TED
(raises the shotgun)
You mother --

BLAM

A shotgun blast strikes Ted at the hip. He crumbles to the ground with a squeal.

Leigh steps out into the clearing, Serena and Betty behind him with --

JONIE
Bert!

-- in their arms.

Spyder makes a run for it but Ted trips him with his hand, grabs his ankle and drags him close.

He jams the shotgun against the back of the kid's head as Leigh readies a second shot.

Leigh, in turn, aims his weapon at Bert.

JONIE
No.

She runs to Bert but a backhand from Serena sends her tumbling across the ground.

Bert struggles, in obvious pain, against the hands that hold him. To no avail.

LEIGH
Let my boy go.

He presses the barrel harder against Bert's back, letting Ted know he means business.

Ted looks from Leigh to Jonie and finally to Bert. The two men lock eyes for a drawn out moment.

Bert, unable to read Ted's expression, turns to Jonie. He sees her bruised face, her tear-streaked cheeks...her pregnant belly.

He nods to her. Offers her weak smile.

BERT
(mouths the words)
No matter what.

JONIE
(almost inaudible)
No.

Impatient, Leigh grabs a handful of Bert's hair and eyeballs Ted with unveiled anger.

LEIGH
Let my boy go or I kill this fella
right here.

A faint hint of a smile twitches Ted's lips.

Bert sees it. So does Jonie.

TED
Then kill him.

Leigh's eyes flicker.

Bert grits his teeth and, with a pain-defying burst of energy, throws himself backwards and rams his skull into the base of Leigh's jaw.

BERT
Go!

Leigh keels towards the ground as Jonie springs to her feet and races into the woods.

Betty reaches out for her but Bert shoulders her aside just as --

-- Leigh's shotgun goes off and tears half of Bert's skull apart in a spray of blood.

Ted squeezes his own trigger and empties both barrels into Leigh's chest.

Spyder lets out a gurgled scream and runs to his dying father.

Ted slumps to the ground, winces and grabs his wound. He looks up into the obscured sky. Smiles.

Spyder shoves Betty and Serena away and kneels next to his father.

The old hermit coughs up chunks of dark blood but before he can utter a word --

-- he dies.

Spyder's jaw muscles tremble as he straightens. He looks to Laura with the crying baby. Then to Betty. Then to Serena.

The oldest of the women retrieves Leigh's shotgun and gives it to Spyder.

SERENA

You're the Pa now.

Betty nods. Laura kisses the baby on the forehead...and nods.

Spyder accepts the rifle and heads off after Jonie.

As he leaves, Serena picks up a thick branch from the ground, throws it to Betty and finds another one for herself.

Together they move over to Ted.

He stares up at the sisters.

TED

What?

The first swing hits him in the face. So do the following twelve.

EXT. WOODS - CONTINUOUS

Jonie sprints for her life, tears mixed with desperation crowd her eyes.

She dashes between trees, oblivious to the thorns that cut into her skin.

Jonie stops, catches her breath, gets her bearing. Trees everywhere.

She looks back as the sound of Spyder's pounding feet reaches her.

Not wasting any time, she charges on and plows through a hoard of Poison Ivy.

She rounds a large tree and leaps behind it into the cover of a sprawling bush.

Jonie scoots down as low as possible as Spyder charges by and disappears from sight.

She waits a few seconds before venturing a peek.

Nothing.

She gets to her feet and heads off in a new direction.

ELSEWHERE

Spyder screeches to a halt. He checks the ground for tracks, doesn't like what he sees.

He turns, looks to where he came from...and doubles back.

BACK WITH JONIE

Jonie struggles forward, the forest thicker now. She stops as she hears something. Something that doesn't belong here.

A CAR ENGINE

Fueled by new hope, she gives it another burst and spots a truck through the vegetation.

She staggers closer, weak and winded.

JONIE

Help.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Will's truck sits in the sun, parked close to the forest with its engine running.

INT. WILL'S TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Will uncorks his steel flask and takes a good swig. He doesn't notice the woman taking shape behind the trees at the edge of the forest.

Jonie waves her arms as --

EXT. WOODS - CONTINUOUS

-- Spyder grabs her from behind and jerks her out of sight.

INT. WILL'S TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Will's head snaps around at the commotion to his left, catching just a glimpse of the action.

He leans closer to the window - did he just see something? A woman? A blond woman?

The forest reveals nothing.

He keeps his eyes on the woods. Nothing happens. Will sighs and pockets the flask. He shifts the truck into gear and pulls out.

EXT. WOODS - CONTINUOUS

Jonie struggles against Spyder's powerful grip. She bites down on the hand that covers her mouth, drawing blood in the process.

Spyder hisses and smacks her a hard one on the side of the head.

More in rage than anything else, Jonie swings a punch at Spyder. The blow lands cleanly on his nose and snaps his head back.

It's difficult to see who's the more surprised, Spyder or Jonie.

Never the less, Jonie goes for seconds and swings another punch.

Spyder drops to one knee and Jonie takes off blindly into the woods.

EXT. PIKE'S TRAIL - DAY

Will parks his four-by-four near the trail-head. He gets out and casts a suspicious glance at the beat-up Dodge Ram parked a bit away.

He walks over to the vehicle, puts a hand on the hood to check for any engine heat.

Will looks through the dirty windows, sees a Wunder-Baum little three dangling from the rear view.

But not much else.

He grabs his walkie-talkie.

WILL
(into walkie-talkie)
Chris? You read me?

CHRIS (V.O.)
Go ahead, Sheriff.

WILL
(into walkie-talkie)
Run a plate for me, will ya? It's
Four-Romeo Six-One-Six-Bravo-Alpha.

CHRIS (V.O.)
Copy that. I'll get back to you.

Will wipes sweat from his brow, stares up the trail that fades into a murky darkness.

He trots up the trail, spots a tossed aside empty beer can, picks it up.

A twig snaps to his left.

Will turns towards the sound. Sees nothing. Moves on.

Leaves rattle behind him.

He stops.

WILL
Anyone there?

Silence. The eerie kind.

He looks around. The thick vegetation hides everything.

Without moving his eyes, he slides a hand to the holstered revolver at his side, flips off the safety strap.

Another twig snaps.

One foot in front of the other, he slowly nears the leafy thicket.

Will reaches out, grabs a branch, part the leaves.

CHRIS (V.O.)
Sheriff?

Spooked, Will jumps.

WILL
Shit.

He catches his breath.

WILL
(into walkie-talkie)
What?

CHRIS (V.O.)
You better get up here right now.

WILL
You've got an I.D. on the car?

CHRIS (V.O.)
No. On the victims. I'm with the
coroners --

WILL
I'm on my way.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

Jonie jumps across a fallen tree trunk, slips and slides down a short hill. She looks back up and spots Spyder.

He aims his shotgun at her. Instinctively she throws herself off to the side before he can squeeze off a shot.

She regains her footing and tumbles forward. She spots the river to her left, plows through an opening and runs out onto the --

EXT. SHORE - CONTINUOUS

Pebbles crunch under her feet as she storms across the shore, desperately looking for help.

She finds nothing.

Defeated, Jonie's legs stops moving as she stares around at the wide deserted area.

JONIE
No...

Spyder tackles her to the ground.

EXT. PIKE'S TRAIL - DAY

Will gives the trail a final look and turns back.

A WOMAN'S SCREAM --

-- spins him around. His eyes quickly scan the trail: where did it come from?

ANOTHER SCREAM --

-- this timer further away.

Will rips his revolver from it's holster and sprints up the trail.

He pulls right, tears through the bushes and heads into --

EXT. WOODS - CONTINUOUS

As if nature deliberately does its best to slow him down, the branches slap him in the face, claw at his uniform.

MORE SCREAMS

Will reels sideways, regains his balance, throws caution to the wind and barrels ahead.

His hat flies off, tumbles around in his wake. He spots two tiny figures through the foliage. One chases the other.

His vision obscured by the leaves, Will sees, what looks like a woman, tumble to the ground.

The other person jumps her.

SHE SCREAMS

Will leaps over a fallen tree trunk --

-- slips and careens across the ground. He lifts his head.

The two figures struggle.

Will pushes himself off the ground and ignores the trees that bounce him from side to side as he fights his way through.

With his eyes locked on the two figures, he exerts his final strength in a violent burst of energy --

-- crashes through the last branches and reaches --

EXT. SHORE - CONTINUOUS

Will sees the two figures that still struggle. He raises his gun and skids across the rocky surface.

WILL
Get the hell off her!

A preppy TEENAGE BOY -- not Spyder -- reels around, surprised.

He spots Will's revolver, throws his hands up in utter fear.

The stylish TEENAGE GIRL -- not Jonie -- staggers to her feet, the smile on her face evaporates.

EXT. DIFFERENT SHORE - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Jonie fights for her life. She claws and bites at Spyder but the droopy-eyed kid is much stronger than he appears.

He belts her across the face, blood shoots from her mouth. His strong hands close around her face.

Jonie tears at them as Spyder places his thumbs over her eyes and --

-- presses down.

Jonie lets out a bone chilling scream.

EXT. SHORE - DAY (PRESENT)

Will moves closer to the two teenagers.

TEENAGE BOY
Please don't hurt us, sir.

TEENAGE GIRL
We didn't do --

WILL
Did he hurt you?

TEENAGE GIRL
What?

WILL
Did he hurt you?!

TEENAGE BOY
We were just --

WILL
Shut up!
(to the girl)
Did he hurt you?!

TEENAGE GIRL
 (on the brink of tears)
 No. No. We were just messing
 around. He's my brother. Please
 don't hurt us.

Confused, Will lowers the revolver.

WILL
 Brother?

He looks off to the side as MOM and DAD come running towards them from their cabin.

DAD
 What's going on here?

Will holsters his weapon, holds up his hands.

WILL
 A big misunderstanding, sir. I'm
 sorry, I thought...

Mom hugs her children tight who both cry in her arms.

WILL
 ...I'm terribly sorry.

DAD
 You're sorry? You threaten my
 children at gunpoint and you're
 sorry?

WILL
 I...

Dad shakes his head in disgust. Huddled together, the family makes its way back to their cabin.

EXT. DIFFERENT SHORE - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Spyder gets up, looks down at Jonie who screams profusely.

She grabs her spongy eyes, while blood runs through her fingers.

Spyder jerks her to her feet and picks up the shotgun from the ground.

Jonie staggers around, blind. She frantically holds up her hands in front of her, waves them from side to side.

JONIE

Please. Don't hurt me anymore.

Spyder just stands there, head tilted, observing her in a peculiar way.

JONIE

Please.

She grabs her belly.

JONIE

Pleeeaaase!

Spyder raises his shotgun, aims it at Jonie's stomach.

Takes his time. Leans into it.

BLAM

EXT. SHORE - DAY (PRESENT)

The blast from the shotgun still echoes through the air as Will bows his head, still confused but also ashamed.

Will runs a hand across his face, shakes his head, defeated.

He grits his teeth and kicks a stone towards the river.

His eyes follow the stone through the air but come to an abrupt stop as they focus upon --

SPYDER

-- who observes him from the opposite shore.

Will squints, returns Spyder's stare.

The scrawny kid smiles in an odd, even eerie way. He raises a hand and sends Will a mock salute.

And disappears into the woods behind him.

INT. WILL'S TRUCK - LATER

Will grips the steering wheel tight, as the truck thunders along the road.

EXT. CLEARING - NIGHT (FLASHBACK - SERIES OF SHOTS)

- The same clearing where the four friends buried Sami. Spyder digs a shovel into the loose soil.
- Serena looks on as Spyder shoves Bert's corpse into a freshly dug grave.
- A shovel load of soil hits Jonie's face.

EXT. MORGUE - NIGHT (PRESENT)

Will's truck screeches to a halt at a grey one-storey building. He jumps out of the vehicle and heads for the entrance.

INT. MORGUE - AUTOPSY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Will punches a set of metal sling doors open and enters the tiled room.

Chris looks up, hands him a few sheets of papers and speaks to him (M.O.S.).

Will ignores him and heads to the row of steel gurneys along the wall.

A male FORENSIC PATHOLOGIST points to a particular cluster of sheet covered bodies. He also talks to Will (M.O.S.).

Will moves closer to the gurneys, grabs a sheet, pulls it back.

SAMI

Will moves to the next gurney --

LEIGH

On to the next --

RHONDA, her features scrubbed clean, peaceful.

And the next --

TED, bruised, not pretty.

Moving on --

BERT, a train wreck.

And finally --

JONIE, her eyes closed. Forever asleep.

Will recognizes her, bites his lip, covers her back up.

INT. BERT AND JONIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Panoramic windows overlook the Manhattan skyline. A modern style interior topped off with expensive furniture, a big flat Screen TV and a fancy stereo.

Bert, Jonie, Ted and Rhonda sit around a dining table -- the few leftovers from their meal in front of them.

Ted leans back, taps his belly and lets out a satisfied sigh.

TED

Jonie, that was absolutely delicious.

JONIE

Thank you.

Bert, his tie loose at the collar, grabs a bottle of wine from the table -- their second -- and offers it around.

TED

A canoe-trip?

BERT

Well, yeah.

TED

Why?

BERT

Because...you know, the last four years we've been to the Caribbean, Vegas --

TED

Vegas was awesome.

BERT

Yeah, but we never really get to unwind, you know?

He looks over at Jonie, slips his hand into hers. She smiles.

BERT

Or spend some quality time together. It's always so...so rushed.

Ted scratches his chin, not convinced.

BERT

I don't know, I just thought this time we could do it a little different.

TED

Canoeing?

BERT

Not just that, fishing too, hiking. Just us and mother nature. We leave the phones at home and --

TED

Whoa whoa whoa, no phones?

BERT

Yeah.

Rhonda warms to the idea, nods.

RHONDA

You know, that actually sounds kinda nice.

(to Jonie)

What do you think?

JONIE

Well, it's --

(snickers)

-- different.

TED

Different meaning bad, right?

JONIE

No, just different, Ted.

Ted still isn't convinced.

RHONDA

Come on, it'll be fun.

TED

Define fun.

He looks around at the rest of them, still a little sceptical.

BERT

What do you say, buddy?

Ted reluctantly nods.

TED
Yeah, okay. What the hell, right?

Bert raises his glass. The rest follow suit.

BERT
To...

TED
Canoeing?

JONIE
To us.

RHONDA / BERT / TED
(together)
To us.

Their wine glasses meet above the center of the table with a reverberating clink.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END