

THE LAST RESORT
BY
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FADE IN

EXT. RURAL HIGHWAY - MORNING

Kyra (16), scraped and bloody, in jeans and a T-shirt, stumbles out into the road.

A car races by, honks and swerves to avoid her.

A police car sits on the other side of the highway

INT. POLICE CAR (STILL) - SAME

A male officer ((40's) holds a radar gun on the speeding car - 76 MPH. He spots Kyra.

POLICEMAN

What the hell?

He jumps out of the car and the radar gun clatters onto the pavement.

ON THE HIGHWAY

Kyra collapses atop the center line.

The policeman lifts her into his arms, and takes her to the grass along the edge of the road.

He lays her head and shoulders across his lap.

POLICEMAN

It's okay. I got you.

Kyra's eyes flutter open.

POLICEMAN

What happened to you, honey? Can you talk?

Kyra swallows hard, speaks in an indistinguishable whisper. The policeman leans closer to listen.

EXT. HIGHWAY - THE PREVIOUS DAY - DAY

A large charred building, long abandoned, sits off to one side, it's gate ajar. On the ground near the gate is an old rusted sign, covered in leaves.

EXT. FOREST ROADSIDE - EARLY EVENING

A late model van rolls to a stop, down a path a short distance into the forest. A magnetic sign on the side reads, "Harlan and Nadine Byers, Counselors", and a phone number.

The forest teems with life. Sunlight peeks through a thick mass of trees and brush.

Nine people exit the van: JOSH, clean cut, with a baseball cap, carries a bat everywhere; MARK, with a goatee, dark glasses, long hair and a heavy metal T-shirt; DAMON, an all-star jock.

Along with them are four teen girls - Kyra, LIZ, cute, in a tiny shirt and jeans; TAMMY, the prettiest, very feminine, and HEATHER, a bad girl, Goth dresser, with ample pierced body parts.

In charge of the group are counselors HARLAN and NADINE BYERS, a married couple in their thirties.

Nadine is the typical college graduate professional, a pretty woman, but not glamorous. Harlan is semi-nerdy, with glasses too small for his head, and meticulously neat hair.

At the back of the van each of each of the campers grabs a backpack, and puts it on.

Tammy stretches with a hand at the small of her back.

TAMMY

God, what a drive.

NADINE

Yeah. No one will bother us out here, that's for sure.

Harlan looks to the sky, shields his eyes from the sunlight.

HARLAN

We should be able to set up camp by
dark - no problem.

Liz glances at her watch.

LIZ

By dark? But that's like two hours.
We're in the middle of nowhere as
it is.

Damon packs his lip with Skoal. He wipes the residue off his
fingers, onto his pant leg.

DAMON

No shit, Harlan. It's been a while
since we've even seen a car.

He spits on the ground, near Tammy's feet. She looks
disgusted and steps back.

NADINE

Whining already.
(scoffs)
Man, you'd think you guys were
geriatric or something.

Harlan grabs an ice chest, grins at Damon sarcastically, then
starts down the path.

EXT. FOREST PATH - DAY

Not well traveled, looks like feet haven't passed over it in
quite some time.

Harlan is first in line, followed by Nadine.

HARLAN

(singing)
Head 'em up, move 'em out rawhide.

The kids roll their eyes, shake their heads and gawk at him like he's a total geek.

MONTAGE

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Hours pass, as the sun sinks lower in the sky.

The light of the forest slowly closes in around them.

On the highway, the occasional car passes.

A light breeze rustles leaves near the abandoned, charred building. The gate sign is now uncovered; "Brookhaven Asylum".

The further the campers walk, the more the light fades, and with it, the sounds of the forest animals.

The path they travel becomes less obvious and harder to navigate.

END MONTAGE

EXT. FOREST - EARLY EVENING

Harlan still leads the single file group, with Nadine close behind, followed in order by Damon, Josh, Mark, Liz, Kyra, Tammy and lastly Heather. Damon now carries the ice chest.

The kids huff, sweaty and exhausted.

Kyra suddenly stumbles over a large tree root, and twists her ankle. She screams out in pain, falls hard onto the ground.

KYRA

(yelling, angry)

Shit! Shit!

Harlan only glances back, first at Kyra, then at Nadine. He shakes his head in aggravation.

Nadine sighs, reaches out to take the ice chest from Damon.

NADINE

I'll take it. Go check on her,
would you?

The others continue on as Damon approaches.

DAMON

(kneeling)
You all right? What did you do?

KYRA

(rubbing her ankle)
I don't know. I heard something
pop.

Damon feels all around it, and grins.

DAMON

I don't think it's bad. Come on.

He wraps her arm around his shoulder, helps her stand.

KYRA

Ow... it hurts like hell.

DAMON

Well, I've seen plenty of broken
bones on the field... usually
followed by fits of screamin' like
a bitch.

Kyra winces as they start off slowly.

KYRA

I wouldn't give those two the
satisfaction.

Not far ahead, Heather stops and listens intently. She searches the trees for signs of life, but all is eerily quiet. Eyebrows furrow and a look of angst crosses her face.

FATHER DOWN THE PATH

Harlan calls out to the teens lagging behind.

HARLAN

Less than a mile to go.

Mark slows his pace to allow Liz to catch up with him. He glances at Kyra, who winces and moans with every step.

MARK

If she doesn't stop whining,
they're gonna have us all running
laps around the campsite or some
stupid shit.

LIZ

Ughhh... All I wanna do is eat a
couple of Valium and crash. Can you
believe our parents are paying them
to torture us?

MARK

Hmmm... I don't think my HMO covers
torture.

He and Liz grin.

MARK

You've got some V's huh? My script
got cut last month.

LIZ

That sucks. If you want, I can slip
you a few.

Liz winks at him and grins.

LIZ

Our secret.

MARK

Cool. I'll sneak over after the
watchdogs go to sleep.

Mark glances at the ground for a second, then stares into Liz's eyes with a sultry look.

Liz smiles, and as he turns to walk ahead she stares at his butt, admires the tight curves in his jeans.

Josh stops for a moment and bends over, rests his hands on his knees. He blows out a ragged breath.

JOSH

Man, what a hangover.

The rest of the group walk past, except for Tammy, who stops to join him.

TAMMY

Come on Josh, before they start cracking the whip again. If I have to hear any more of their shit today, I swear I'm gonna kill somebody.

JOSH

Might as well be me - put me outta my misery. Ughhh... Jack and Tequila. Shoot me now.

He falls to the ground, plays dead, but his backpack keeps him partially upright.

Tammy grabs the front of his shirt, tugs a couple of times.

TAMMY

Get your lazy ass up. The faster we walk, the sooner we get there.

JOSH

Get where? Man, this place is nowhere. Got that whole "Deliverance" thing going on.

Tammy can't budge him, so she kneels down and takes a breather.

JOSH

You know Harlan likes to hunt.
Probably comes out here for Bambis
or little baby squirrels or
something.

Tammy smirks at him. He suddenly grabs her, and she falls to the ground. He tickles her, and she squeals with delight.

They laugh for a moment, then Tammy hops up. She grunts and strains.

TAMMY

Come on. You wanna give me a
hernia?

She finally manages to drag him to his feet.

They trot off to catch up with the others, with Josh chasing and tickling her.

TAMMY

(giggling)

Stop it, Josh. Quit!

He doesn't listen though, and when Tammy's had enough she stops, swings an open hand that connects with his arm.

Josh grabs the arm, feigns immense pain.

Tammy tilts her head to the side and gives him the 'as if' glare.

Josh stares stoically at her for a moment, then a facetious grin spreads across his face. He copies the crane stance from The Karate Kid with a "Whaaaa" sound.

Tammy turns away, mumbles to herself while he stands there looking stupid.

TAMMY

Such a retard.

EXT. CAMPSITE - DUSK

The tents are pitched. Two are for the four girls to share. There's one big one for the three guys, and another for the counselors.

An inviting fire burns, and the group sits in a circle around it. There are a couple of fallen trees/logs near the fire, one really large and the other a bit smaller.

Some kids sit on the logs and some on the ground, with backpacks scattered about.

Kyra swats at irritating bugs while Liz files her nails and Heather puffs away on a cigarette.

Mark pokes the fire with a stick, occasionally glances at Josh and Tammy. They whisper and giggle.

Nadine closes a bag of marshmallows, tosses it into the open ice chest, then dusts her hands off.

NADINE

Okay... I know we're all tired, so I'm gonna make this quick and painless.

Sighs and groans from the group. Nadine purses her lips in aggravation.

NADINE

Even though you're all here for different problems, it's the same basic reason; so, the first rule is let it all hang out.

HARLAN

(nods)

We don't hold anything back, and whatever happens in these woods, stays here.

Each person in the group either gives an unenthusiastic 'uh huh' or nods.

Kyra mumbles to herself.

KYRA

Yeah right.

Harlan and Nadine glance at each other, then shoot Kyra a disapproving glare.

She lowers her head and stares at the ground.

NADINE

No cell phones, no Blackberries,
right?

Another nod or unenthusiastic uh huh.

HEATHER

I think we shoulda brought just
one, in case something goes wrong -
somebody dies or something.

They all stare at her like she's a moron.

HEATHER

What? I'm just saying - I mean you
never know, right? Bears, snakes,
spiders...

NADINE

And what do we say about negative
thoughts?

Nadine surveys the group, but no one offers an answer.

NADINE

Negative thoughts are our enemy.
That's something we're gonna work
more on - your pesky little
paranoias, Heather.

Heather shoots Nadine a hateful glare. When Nadine meets her eyes, Heather just hisses at the air.

HARLAN

Lighten up. This is gonna be fun.

He looks around the group, at all the bored faces.

HARLAN

Look at it as a vacation - away from the crap at home, at school. We'll be out here for two nights, so we might as well make good use of the time.

NADINE

That's right. Yell, scream, swear; whatever it is you need to do to feel better. Then you can start to be better.

The teens all stare at Nadine and Harlan like they're totally lame.

MARK

Well, I'd like for it to go down on my permanent record, that I personally don't like this.

JOSH

I second that shit.

MARK

I don't get the point. I mean, why'd we have to come way the hell out to bum-fuck Egypt?

NADINE

No pressures out here. No parents... teachers. Nobody hanging over your shoulder, watching your every move.

HARLAN

We're thinking that maybe without all the outside influences you guys can start to take some responsibility - really see what you're doing to yourselves... and everyone else around you. Let's face it; it's been almost eight months and you're...

(to Josh)

Still getting drunk and using drugs.

(to Damon)

Skipping class.

(to Liz)

A total lack of respect... even for your own body.

Nadine pauses a moment, eyeballs the teens.

NADINE

(to Mark)

Still breaking curfew, taking meds you shoulda been off of a long time ago.

(to Tammy)

Detention every week - mouthing off to teachers and parents,

(to Heather)

Dressing like something out of a bad horror movie, lying, sneaking out in the middle of the night.

Harlan turns his attention to Kyra.

HARLAN

And some of you... well, it's mostly yourselves you're hurting. You can't get over the past, because you won't open up and talk about it. So scared to let anyone in, that you're shutting the whole world out.

Kyra looks down at her wrists, and there are two long ugly scars from an attempted suicide.

NADINE

This isn't a whim. We put a lot of thought into what to do with you. I know you don't, but you damn sure should appreciate it.

(scoffs)

I don't even like camping. We're here, whether your parents told you or not, to make a last...

(takes a deep breath,
sighs)

Last ditch effort to make some progress.

Harlan places a hand at his throat.

HARLAN

Your parents are fed up - had it up to here with all of it. So either this works, or... I don't know...

HEATHER

What the hell does that mean - "you don't know"?

NADINE

That we're out of options and you're fresh out of second chances.

LIZ

(to the other teens)

You know, I don't know about the rest of you, but I'm getting really sick of this. Every time we turn around there's somebody treating us like delinquents or nut-cases. It's bullshit.

HARLAN

Nobody's treating you like anything. And that's exactly the point; you've brought all this on yourselves. Prime example; you - all of you managed to alienate someone who really needed your help and support.

Josh sighs, rolls his eyes.

JOSH

God... Not this again.

NADINE

That's right. Again, and again and again, until one day maybe what you've done will sink in.

INT. NADINE AND HARLAN'S OFFICE - MONTHS PRIOR - DAY

A typical office with chairs, a comfortable looking sofa, a coffee table, and end tables. Magazines are scattered on the coffee and end tables and a few plants decorate the room.

On one wall degrees and certifications hang. A couple of tacky floral prints hang here and there.

All the teens sit around on the sofa and chairs, waiting for their group session to begin.

Liz braids Tammy's hair.

Heather leans her head back against the chair, eyes closed, listening to music from the headphones of her iPod.

Damon pokes his head out of the bathroom cautiously and smoke billows out.

Mark sits with his hands clasped behind his head, totally laid back.

Antsy, Josh taps out a rhythm on his knees and taps his feet.

Kyra reads a paperback romance novel, occasionally smiles or giggles.

Tammy glances at the clock on the wall. It's 6:22.

TAMMY

Man this is crap. We were supposed to start twenty minutes ago.

MARK

Yeah. I'm about to fly. My gut's telling me it's dinner time.

KYRA

Hey guys listen to this.

(reads from the novel)

Brandon slowly ran his tongue down the side of Miranda's neck. Her pulse raced with his every touch. She melted as he began to trail kisses along her collar bone and then lower between her breasts. She pressed her body against his, and feeling the fullness of his manhood, she begged him, softly whispering in his ear; take me now. I have to feel you inside me.

Mark leans up, sucks in a quick breath and grabs at his crotch.

MARK

Damn. Stop it. You're giving me a hard on.

Josh giggles.

LIZ

Awww... Johnny's ready to come out and play and got nowhere to go.

MARK

Yeah whatever. It's just a damned shame I'm stuck here for an hour or else I'd...

At that moment, a large overweight boy, with a really bad complexion, CALVIN, walks into the room.

Damon is just finishing his smoke. He runs into Calvin, as he steps out of the bathroom.

DAMON

Watch it freak.

Calvin wrinkles his eyebrows and speaks very softly.

CALVIN

You watch it.

DAMON

(in Calvin's face)

What? What did you say freak?

Calvin stands his ground. A bead of sweat forms on his forehead then rolls down his nose. He shakes slightly.

Mark stands up, approaches Calvin and Damon. He stands to the side of them and reaches over, sticks his finger into Calvin's chest.

MARK

Better back it up big boy, before it gets ugly up in here.

Calvin grabs Mark's hand, and twists it.

A fight ensues. Fists fly as Mark, Damon, and Josh gang up on poor Calvin.

Frantic, the girls scream over each other.

TAMMY

Stop!

KYRA

Please stop! You're gonna kill him!

HEATHER

Lay off! Leave him alone!

Mark lands a punch on Calvin's nose. Blood splatters onto a nearby wall.

Calvin staggers, falls back onto his butt.

The three boys dive on top of him like a football pile up. Calvin struggles for a moment, then breaks free.

He runs over to the nearest empty chair, holds it high over his head, prepared to crush the three boys, still trying to scramble to their feet.

Calvin lifts the chair even higher with a deranged, determined look on his face.

Heather suddenly comes from behind him, and grabs the chair's legs.

Calvin tries to swing it downward on the boys, but with the added weight, he cant.

Each time he tries to swing, Heather's feet lift slightly off the floor.

HEATHER

(firm, demanding)

No! They'll lock you up! Is that what you want?!

Calvin shakes, sweats.

HEATHER

Listen to me, Calvin!

At the mention of his name, Calvin begins to break out of his fugue. He stares for a moment into Heather's eyes, then spots Kyra, shaking her head at him with a pleading look.

KYRA

It's not worth it.

Liz and Tammy watch intently, while Kyra wrings her hands.

KYRA

Remember, like Nadine says? Let all
the anger go. Close your eyes and
let it just float away.

Calvin takes a couple of deep breaths, closes his eyes. As
Heather loosens her grip, he grows more calm.

Heather releases the chair completely and Calvin drops it on
the floor.

Damon, Mark and Josh all taunt Calvin simultaneously.

DAMON

Freak. Gonna kill somebody.
Freak. Freak. Get outtta
here. We don't want you
around. Freak. Freak.

MARK

Dangerous fucking idiot.
Freak Freak. Freak. Freak.

JOSH

They need to lock you up.
Freak. Throw away the key.
Freak. Freak. Freak.

DAMON

Man, you're fucking whacked
in the head.

Kyra takes a slow trembling breath and then lashes out.

KYRA

Shut up! Leave him alone!

HEATHER

That's enough!

The boys throw magazines at Calvin as they chant.

BACK TO:

EXT. FOREST CAMPSITE - NIGHT

NADINE

I called him, invited him to come
with us.

Some of the teens glance apprehensively at each other, but
the silence is thick as mud.

NADINE

You want to know what's really sad?

DAMON

(mumbles)

Not really... But I'm sure you're gonna tell us.

NADINE

He said he was scared.

A few more seconds of tense silence.

JOSH

(patronizing)

Oh come on. That fat moron didn't fit in with us and you know it.

HARLAN

Oh that's nice... real nice, Josh. I guess he just wasn't worthy, huh?

NADINE

Maybe you think he doesn't have as much right to be here as you. Why? Because he was overweight, a little introverted.

EXT FOREST - A NEARBY TREE - SAME

From behind the tree, A FIGURE watches.

EXT. FOREST CAMPSITE - CONTINUOUS

NADINE

Yeah, I suppose you're right. He didn't really fit in anywhere. But then again, maybe he could have, if even one of you took the time to get to know him.

Mark tips his chin at Kyra, narrows his eyes.

MARK
One of us did.

KYRA
Shut up, Mark.

Mark scoffs sarcastically, cracks a little grin.

Harlan and Nadine cast curious glances at Kyra. She looks anxious, stares down at the ground.

MARK
Oh... Oh hell. You didn't even tell
'em?

Kyra clenches her teeth together, just glares at Mark.

MARK
(to Nadine and Harlan)
The freak was watching her...

CUT TO:

EXT. POOL - DAY (WEEKS EARLIER)

MARK (V.O.)
Stalking her everywhere.

Kyra sits on a reclining tanning chair, sunglasses and a bikini on. She hums, spreads sunscreen on her arms and legs.

FROM THE BUSHES

Surrounding the pool, someone watches her. His breathing grows rapid as she applies the lotion to her cleavage.

ON THE CHAIR

Kyra hears the bushes rustle.

She squints, stretches her neck to see who's there.

BEHIND THE BUSHES

Calvin tries to scrunch down, to better hide his large body.

FROM THE CHAIR

Kyra spots the top of Calvin's head from about the nose up.

KYRA

Who's there?

Their eyes meet and Kyra instantly knows.

KYRA

Calvin? What are you doing...

Calvin bolts, runs away as fast as he possibly can.

Kyra furrows her brows and just shakes her head. A slight grin spreads across her face and she relaxes back onto the chair.

EXT. HOUSE - DAY (WEEKS EARLIER)

An average middle class house.

Kyra steps outside, a school backpack on, and then hops onto a bike parked a few feet from the front door.

Calvin stands across the street, around the corner of a tall fence, just casually watching her.

Kyra spots him, stares in that direction for a few seconds.

Calvin shrinks farther back behind the fence.

Kyra pretends she didn't see him, and rides off on her bike.

Calvin peeks around the corner, watches her peddle away, a puppy love, far away look in his eyes.

BACK TO:

EXT. CAMPSITE - NIGHT

KYRA

So he had a crush on me.
(shrugs)
I think it's kinda sweet.

Heather puts a finger in her mouth, pretends to gag.

Kyra curls her lip at her.

HARLAN

(concerned)
Did it occur to you that maybe you
should've said something? How could
you not tell us?

Kyra shrugs her shoulder, looks away sheepishly.

Nadine scoffs, just shakes her head in astonishment.

NADINE

I can't believe you. What were you
thinking?

KYRA

I was thinking how everything's one
big drama to you. And see; I was
right. Besides, what difference
does it make? He's harmless.

(leers at Mark, mumbles)
Some people need to learn to mind
their own business.

She looks away, folds her arms over her chest.

FROM THE BUSHES

The watcher stares at Heather. He holds his hand out and
traces the outline of her body from afar. Breathing quickens.
A low growl resonates in his throat.

CAMPFIRE

NADINE

Look, it's late. We're all tired.
Let's just... try to get a fresh
start in the morning.

FROM THE BUSHES

The watcher sees all the teens disperse toward their tents,
mumbling M.O.S.

Liz bunks with Kyra. Tammy bunks with Heather.

He sneaks around the campsite, at the edge of the forest, and
always out of sight.

As Damon stands, the lighter he borrowed from Heather drops
to the ground, but he doesn't notice.

The watcher pays little attention to Liz and Tammy, while his
eyes seem to linger on Kyra and then Heather.

EXT. FOREST CAMPSITE - SAME

Nadine and Harlan pick up some scattered cups and plates
around the campfire.

NADINE

(calling out)

The first session is tomorrow. Get
a good night's sleep.

A branch CRACKS (O.S.)

Nadine pauses, looks around, then shoots a sideways look at
Harlan.

HARLAN

Relax. Probably just a tree limb.

Nadine spots something, eyes narrowed - an outline of a dark, tall object against the bushes. She blinks a couple of times and the outline is gone.

FROM THE FOREST EDGE

The watcher sinks further back into the trees.

INT. LIZ AND KYRA'S TENT - NIGHT

Liz lies down and Kyra sits up with legs stretched out in front of her. The tent is dimly lit, by a small battery powered lantern.

Kyra rubs her fingers across one of her wrist scars. She seems to be deep in thought, far away in her own little world.

LIZ

You know they're never gonna leave you alone, until you decide to talk about that.

Liz nods her head toward Kyra's scars.

Kyra just shrugs, but doesn't bother to look up at Liz.

LIZ

You got some guts, I'll give you that. I've thought about it - too much of a puss, I guess.

Liz moves closer to Kyra and sits down.

LIZ

Why did you do it anyway?

Kyra sighs and looks Liz straight in the face.

KYRA

Why do you think? I wanted to die. Still do most of the time.

Liz leans over to get a better view of Kyra's scars.

LIZ

You did it the right way too. Man,
you were serious, huh?

Kyra's shoulders slump. She looks bored and irritated.

KYRA

Look... I'm gonna say this one
time. You don't repeat it and you
don't ever ask me again.

LIZ

Hey you know, if you don't want
to...

KYRA

When I was thirteen, I finally had
enough of my step father coming
into my room in the middle of the
night. I told my mom. She didn't
buy it, and she sent me off to live
with my Dad.

Kyra stares straight ahead. She scoffs.

KYRA

Some Mother, huh? Chose him over
me. I haven't talked to her since.

LIZ

Oh my God. I'm sorry Kyra.

KYRA

Sorry it happened to me, or sorry
you asked?

Liz looks away sheepishly for a second.

LIZ

You shoulda killed the sick fuck.

KYRA

(slowly shakes her head)

Easier to kill myself.

Kyra lies down, covers herself with her sleeping bag. She turns her back away from Liz, stares at the tent wall, cold and stoic.

EXT. CAMPSITE - OUTSIDE KYRA AND LIZ'S TENT - SAME

The watcher stares at their silhouettes. Liz rolls over close to the edge of the tent and her back presses into the thin material.

In the watcher's hand is a shiny object. Moonlight glints off of it just enough to tell that it's a long knife.

His breathing quickens and he raises the knife.

Liz sits up, away from the tent's side, just in time.

EXT. CAMPSITE - HARLAN AND NADINE'S TENT - CONTINUOUS

Harlan steps outside, kneels down to untie his shoes.

Laughter from Tammy and Heather's tent (O.S.)

Harlan glances in their direction.

EXT. LIZ AND KYRA'S TENT - SAME

The Watcher slowly and carefully steps back, blending in with the trees. He keeps his eyes on Harlan.

Harlan peers into the darkness, in the exact spot where the watcher stands. After a few seconds, he kneels back down, finishes untying his shoes.

He glances toward the watcher once more. Satisfied there's nothing there, he ducks back inside his tent.

The watcher turns, stares for a few moments at the other girls' tent. He steps back farther into the tree-line.

INT. LIZ AND KYRA'S TENT - CONTINUOUS

LIZ

You think they're bull shitting us?

Kyra rolls over to face Liz.

KYRA

What?

LIZ

Nadine and Harlan.

Kyra sighs deeply, props up on one elbow.

KYRA

Probably. They're usually chock full of shit. I mean, what are they gonna do anyway? I've been to like... six different foster homes already.

LIZ

Screw that. I'm not going to any foster home... or girls home or whatever. Fuck it. I'll just take off.

KYRA

And go where?

Liz just shrugs.

KYRA

Face it, we're all stuck - royally screwed. We might actually have to try to fit the mold... or fake it at least.

LIZ

Easy for you to say. My dad's always talking about how I should be a "lady".

(MORE)

LIZ(cont'd)

(scoffs)

Shit.. What does that mean
anyway... a "lady"? I just wanna
make my own choices - good or bad.
Just do my thing, ya know?

Kyra raises an eyebrow at her.

KYRA

And what is that - your thing?

LIZ

I don't know. I'm thinking I'll
figure it out as I go. But what I
wanna do right now...

A big facetious grin spreads across Liz's face.

LIZ

... is sneak over to the guys'
tent. Hey... you wanna go?

KYRA

For what?

LIZ

What do you think?

KYRA

Jesus, Liz, you're never gonna get
out of this group. Probably get
knocked up too.

Liz reaches into her pocket and pulls out a short string of
condoms, dangles them in front of Kyra's face.

LIZ

Oh no. No screaming kids for me. I
just wanna practice.

Kyra reaches out to try and grab the condoms, but Liz yanks
them out of her reach, and tucks them under her sleeping bag.

Kyra rolls back over, mumbling.

KYRA

Slut.

Liz giggles at first, then her expression turns somber, contemplative.

INT. TEEN BOYS' TENT - CONTINUOUS

They play cards in a small circle. A battery powered lantern casts a yellowish glow.

Josh lays down his cards so the others can see three queens.

JOSH

Three ladies read 'em and weep.

He laughs.

DAMON

Cheating fucker.

JOSH

Cheating how? You dealt the damn cards.

Mark tosses his cards into the middle of the circle.

MARK

This is shit anyway. What are we supposed to do all weekend?

DAMON

Yeah. I can only handle so much 'expressing my feelings'.

He says 'Expressing my feelings' with a high pitched, girlish tone. Then he picks up the cards and shuffles them.

INT. HEATHER AND TAMMY'S TENT - CONTINUOUS

Tammy, already in her night clothes, applies lotion to her body, while Heather inspects her belly button ring.

She walks over to Tammy on her knees, with her shirt up, revealing her belly button ring.

HEATHER

Does this look infected to you?

It's red, oozing.

TAMMY

Ewww... that's so gross. Why do you do that to yourself?

Heather shrugs her shoulders, stares down at her belly button ring.

HEATHER

It's kind of a hobby I guess, or maybe I'm addicted to it. I don't really know.

Heather sits down onto her butt, helps herself to Tammy's bottle of lotion.

EXT. OUTSIDE OF HEATHER AND TAMMY'S TENT - SAME

The watcher can just make out the shadows of the girls. A hand reaches out, and touches the shadow, in the area of Tammy's breasts.

INT. HEATHER AND TAMMY'S TENT - CONTINUOUS

TAMMY

Whatever does it for you I guess. I won't be putting any holes in myself though. If God didn't put them there I don't need them.

Heather glances at the earrings in Tammy's ears, then reaches out to touch one.

HEATHER

God? That's a joke.

(scoffs)

What about those?

Tammy reaches up, grins, and pulls one of the earrings off.

TAMMY

Clip-ons.

HEATHER

Chicken shit.

TAMMY

I'm not afraid of a piercing gun. I
just don't see the point. It
bleeds. It hurts.

She looks down at Heather's belly.

TAMMY

It gets infected.

Heather curls her lip teasingly at Tammy.

Tammy lies down, and tucks herself into her sleeping bag,
which is Heather's cue to move to her side of the tent.

Heather undresses, revealing a host of small tattoos on her
lower back, the back of her shoulder, and her upper arm.

TAMMY

You've got a thing for needles huh?
Just don't be trying to pierce
anything of mine while I'm
sleeping.

HEATHER

I'd be more worried about getting
poked with something else, if I
were you. Lots of hormones floating
around next door.

Tammy yawns and rolls over.

TAMMY

They're all talk - just talk, no
action.

INT. NADINE AND HARLAN'S TENT - SAME

Nadine and Harlan are lying down. Nadine lays her head on Harlan's chest. She snuggles in closer, and Harlan wraps his arm around her back.

NADINE

I've got a good feeling about this.
Maybe with a change of scenery,
we'll make more progress with these
kids.

HARLAN

I hope so.

Harlan strokes her hair silently for a few seconds, thinking.

HARLAN

I worry that some of them may be
too far gone though.

NADINE

What do you mean - 'too far gone'?

Harlan shrugs and then kisses Nadine's head lightly.

HARLAN

A couple of them really scare me.
It's like they have no conscience -
no soul.

NADINE

Uh huh. Let me guess - Heather and
Damon.

HARLAN

Umm... no. It's the quiet ones like
Kyra you have to worry about. So
much bottled up for so long.

NADINE

She's been chosen most likely to
commit suicide... on my list. I
just don't know what we can do for
her that we haven't already tried.

HARLAN

Eight damn long months, and still
not a word about her step father.
Makes me want to just shake her.

Nadine touches his face, then kisses him.

He sighs deeply and pauses, thinking, just stares into
Nadine's eyes. Then he reaches over, runs a hand along her
breast.

EXT. RUNDOWN CABIN - NIGHT

So old and decrepit that the trees and vines have almost
become one with the structure. It's camouflaged, would be
impossible to see unless you were really looking for it, or
knew it was there.

Candles burn inside the shack, through tattered curtains. To
the side of the shack is a small shed.

INT. RUNDOWN CABIN - CONTINUOUS

In the moonlit shadows, tools hang along a wall - an ancient
looking sickle, a hatchet, an axe, a machete, some rope, a
few knives, and various sizes of meat hooks.

An arm, not much clearer than a shadow, reaches out and grabs
a meat hook and a machete. Then he puts a knife in his
pocket, and tosses some rope over his shoulder.

INT. NADINE AND HARLAN'S TENT - NIGHT

She looks up at him, and they kiss again, slowly at first,
then more passionately.

As Harlan is about to take Nadine's shirt off, there's laughter from the boy's tent (O.S.).

Harlan sighs, moves to his knees, and pokes his head out of the tent.

The dim lights are still on in Heather and Tammy's tent, and in the boys' tent.

NADINE

Don't worry about them. Get back over here.

HARLAN

Yeah that's what we need, one of them catching us boot knocking. They're damaged enough already.

NADINE

(giggles)

Hey... maybe we could find a nice quiet spot in the woods. Ummm... romantic.

Harlan turns back toward Nadine and grins. He slowly moves on top of her, strokes her breasts, then runs a hand between her legs.

HARLAN

That's why I love you. I like the way you think. A little grass in the ass, huh baby?

They giggle.

NADINE

Goofy. You're so nasty. Just grab the sleeping bag before I change my mind.

EXT. FOREST - MOMENTS LATER

There's no light to draw attention to themselves, but the moon is full enough to lend a little glow to walk by.

They tromp through the underbrush, holding onto each other for more steady footing.

BEHIND THEM -- The watcher winds his way through the trees with soft footsteps, and always out of sight. A light wind blows to disguise the sound of his footsteps.

Nadine loses her footing, and slips, but Harlan catches her before she completely falls.

The forest is eerily quiet, except for the distant mumbling and occasional laughter from the teens.

HARLAN

You all right babe?

NADINE

Yeah. This should be far enough.

Nadine looks around. She can barely see the light of the campsite. She looks through the trees, and up at the moon. She suddenly looks nervous.

NADINE

Maybe this wasn't the greatest idea.

Harlan lays out the open sleeping bag, and sits down. He pats the spot next to him.

HARLAN

Don't worry baby. Nothings gonna jump out and eat you... except maybe me.

Harlan reaches up and grabs Nadine's hand. He pulls her down beside him.

She laughs low and sultry as he fondles and kisses her. They begin to undress each other.

Once completely undressed, Nadine climbs on top of Harlan.

SEVERAL YARDS AWAY

The watcher makes his way slowly and silently toward them. He stands behind a large bush, breathing heavily.

He spies on them as Nadine gives it all she's got, and both Harlan and she are clearly enjoying the ride.

NADINE

You like that? Yeah baby. I know what you need.

Harlan is breathless amidst the passion of the moment.

HARLAN

Uh huh. That's what I'm talking about.

Nadine's really into it. She pounds Harlan harder with each rise and fall.

A branch CRACKS loudly. The wind picks up and leaves rustle.

Nadine gasps and jumps off of Harlan. She reaches for her shirt, tries to cover herself with it.

HARLAN

Shit.

NADINE

(whisper)

What was that? Honey somebody's out there.

HARLAN

(grumbling)

I swear to God I'm gonna kill these kids.

Harlan stands and looks around. He sees nothing. The forest is again silent.

A RABBIT jumps from behind a nearby bush, and hops away.

NADINE

Damn rabbit - Jesus.

Harlan settles back down, while Nadine sits upright, still looking around, shirt still covering her breasts.

She lies down slowly, somewhat reluctantly, on her back.

She squints into the darkness, sighs and runs her hands over her face.

HARLAN

See, just a little bunny. Where was I? Oh yeah...

He rolls over on top of Nadine, and they kiss a few times, then begin to have sex again.

There's a rush of pounding feet, so fast that Harlan and Nadine don't have time to react.

A look of sheer terror covers Nadine's face, as a dark figure bears down on them.

Her mouth opens to scream.

Harlan turns his head to see what it is, but in a split second the machete impales him through the side of the head. It slices completely through, and then through Nadine's open mouth.

The killer stands over them both, breathing heavily, kneels down, and strokes Nadine's hair, then leans down to kiss her on the forehead.

With a shaking hand, the killer strokes her cheek, as blood runs down it. He uses the blood to form a heart shape on her cheek.

Nadine's eyes stare blankly ahead. Harlan's body jerks with the last nerve impulses.

The killer stands back up, and pries the blood covered machete out of the bodies.

INT. LIZ AND KYRA'S TENT - CONTINUOUS

Kyra is asleep and Liz lies quietly, waiting to make sure the watchdog counselors have gone to sleep.

She crawls over to the tent door, pokes her head outside, looks toward Harlan and Nadine's tent.

There's no light on over there, and no other noise or sign of activity.

Liz grins and then crawls back over to Kyra, grabs her shoulder and shakes her.

LIZ

Hey? Hey, wake up.

KYRA

(groggy)

What? It's morning?

Kyra notices it's still dark, and quickly gets irritated.

KYRA

Go away Liz. I'm trying to sleep.

She pulls the sleeping bag over her head and rolls over, away from Liz.

Liz pulls the sleeping bag back down, while Kyra struggles to pull it back over her head.

LIZ

Come on. Get up. It's just for a few minutes. Please. There's too many guys to make them all leave.

KYRA

Why didn't you say something earlier?

LIZ

Cause.. I don't know. I wasn't thinking.

KYRA

Ughhh! This is my tent Liz. You didn't bring one remember?

LIZ

Shit. Come on Kyra. Don't make me go out in the woods and get poison ivy on my ass or something.

Kyra grumbles and sighs deeply.

KYRA

Fine. Run me outta my own tent.

She hobbles, with the sleeping bag around her, taking a moment to glare angrily at Liz, before she ducks outside.

LIZ

I owe you.

KYRA

Yeah... you do.

EXT. CAMPSITE - CONTINUOUS

Kyra groggily wobbles to the other girls' tent. Her hair is a wiry tangled mess.

INT. HEATHER AND TAMMY'S TENT

Heather and Tammy are already asleep.

Kyra scratches on the tent, since there's nowhere to knock.

Tammy slowly wakes to the sound. She reaches out, and pokes Heather's sleeping bag.

Getting no response, she pokes it again. Her eyes grow wider with the scratching sound on the side of their tent.

TAMMY

(whispering)

Heather? Heather, get up!

HEATHER

What the fuck? What is it?

TAMMY

Shhh... I don't know. Listen.

There's something out there.

Tammy turns on the small lantern. The scratching continues, and grows faster and louder.

TAMMY

God it's probably a bear. What do we do?

Heather moves to the door of the tent, seemingly unafraid.

HEATHER

Hello?

There's no answer, so Heather slowly begins to unzip the door.

TAMMY

Are you stupid? Wait... maybe it'll just go away.

Heather gives her a look as if to say, 'you're a dumb ass'.

HEATHER

Stop freaking. If it was a bear, it woulda ripped the tent apart already.

EXT. HEATHER AND TAMMY'S TENT - SAME

Kyra is now close enough to hear what they're saying. She grins as it occurs to her that it might be funny to give the two girls a scare.

INT. HEATHER AND TAMMY'S TENT - CONTINUOUS

Heather pokes her head outside, and sees that a small branch has partially broken from a nearby tree, and is scraping against the side of the tent.

Just as Heather reaches out to pull on it, trying to break it free and move it away from the tent, Kyra jumps in front of the tent's door.

KYRA

GRAAAAA!

Startled, Heather jumps and falls back on her butt, then scoots backward. Tammy screams.

Kyra kneels and crawls into the tent, somewhat hindered by her sleeping bag. She plops forward onto her stomach laughing.

KYRA

Oh man. That was too easy. You shoulda seen the look on your faces.

TAMMY

Kyra, you bitch! That is so not fucking funny!

Tammy throws a shoe at Kyra, but misses, which only makes Kyra laugh harder.

TAMMY

You scared the hell out of us!

HEATHER

Glad we could entertain you. Shit.

Kyra's laughter slows. She clears her throat.

KYRA

Yeah uhh... I'm not exactly here just for the entertainment though. Liz kicked me out so she could make a booty call. I'm afraid you're kinda stuck with me for however long it takes Mark.

TAMMY

What a slut.

HEATHER

Yeah, but Mark's a dog - probably likes 'em that way.

Tammy sighs with discontent and plops down in her sleeping bag.

TAMMY

Well, be my guest, if you can find a spot.

Kyra crawls over to the center of the tent, lies down with her sleeping bag, and covers her head up.

Tammy reaches for the lantern and turns it off. Heather stays sitting up, near the entrance of the tent. She stares at the tent door.

HEATHER

Well piss. I'm awake now.

She grabs her smokes, reaches into her jeans for her lighter, but it's missing.

HEATHER

Have you seen my lighter?

TAMMY

Yeah. I stole it. Maybe you'll have to quit smoking now.

HEATHER

I'm serious, it's not here. Fuck.
It's the only one I brought.

TAMMY

Why don't you just go outside, and
stick it in the fire? I don't want
to breathe that crap while I'm
trying to sleep anyway.

HEATHER

Tammy, if you weren't bitching,
you'd either be sleeping or dead.

EXT. CAMPSITE, FIRESIDE - CONTINUOUS

The fire is smoldering ash and a few small flames.

Heather sits on an old log at the side of the fire, sticks a
cigarette into the coals. She drags on it deeply to get it to
light.

She notices her lighter nearby on the ground, goes over to
pick it up, then back to the log, with the lighter placed
next to her thigh.

In a few moments --- she spots Liz and Mark coming from the
boy's tent, and making their way toward Liz's.

Liz and Mark don't notice her - too busy busy playing suck
face. They duck into Liz's tent.

Heather finishes her cigarette, then goes for her backpack,
and pulls out a roll of toilet paper.

At the tree-line at the edge of the campsite it's dark - very
dark. She hesitates.

HEATHER

God, I hate the woods.

EXT. INTO THE FOREST - MOMENTS LATER

Heather makes her way through the trees and underbrush, a couple of dozen yards, then pulls her pajama bottoms down and squats to pee.

CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST - MOMENTS LATER

Toilet paper in hand, Heather begins the trek back out of the thick trees, toward the campsite.

She pushes a branch out of her way, but it comes back to smack her in the forehead.

HEATHER

Fuck.

She grabs the branch and pushes it down hard as she walks by.

NOT FAR THROUGH THE FOREST

A small light flickers, a SCRAPING sound. The familiar sound of a lighter striking dawns on Heather.

HEATHER

(mumbling)

Dammit Kyra. I'm gonna kick your
ass.

FARTHER INTO THE FOREST

The flickering continues, but moves deeper into the forest.

Heather follows, as the campsite falls further and further into the distance.

She stumbles in the darkness, and falls down. When she rises, the knees on her pajama pants are filthy. She shouts.

HEATHER

Kyra!

She pushes a branch out of her way, but it snaps back toward her yet again, and smacks her hard in the cheek. She reaches up, and rubs her sore cheek.

HEATHER

God Dammit! This is not funny!

She looks at her hand. She can feel the moistness of fresh blood, and can just barely see the blood in the moonlight.

HEATHER

Oh, you are so dead!

The flickering of the lighter stops as suddenly as it began. It's very quiet, and Heather is pretty far away from the campsite now.

An owl screeches. She can't see it clearly, but there's the swoosh of its wings as it flies by. She nearly jumps out of her skin.

She turns, heads back in the direction she came from. A branch cracks, and she looks down at her own feet, but there's nothing there except grass and leaves.

She stands still as a statue, squints through the dim moonlight.

HEATHER

(just above a whisper)

Kyra? Tammy? Stop screwing around.

Behind her, a hand reaches out, barely touches her hair.

She gasps, spins around, but no one's there.

INT. LIZ AND KYRA'S TENT - SAME

In the midst of heated sex, Liz and Mark moan, heavy breathing fills the tent.

INT. BOY'S TENT - SAME

Damon and Jason are still playing cards. They've turned on a small boom box and Halloween commercials play. A deep sadistic male voice comes on the radio.

VOICE ON RADIO

So join us for the fright of your
life at the annual haunted mansion
scarathon brought to you by
K.R.P.Z. and the fine folks at
Winstead Realty.

EXT. FAR INTO THE FOREST - SAME

Suddenly, Heather hears footsteps and loud animalistic breathing. Fear clouds her face. She turns cautiously.

A shadowy figure stalks her, not much more than an outline.

As Heather begins to back away slowly, the figure approaches more rapidly.

Heather stops. The figure stops.

Heather begins to run. The figure runs after her.

She hides behind a tree and when she peers around, the figure is gone.

She closes her eyes, takes a moment to calm down.

The next time she peers around, a meat hook slams into her chest. She whimpers, stumbles back, just stares at the hook in dismay. She screams, a strangled, gurgling cry.

INT. BOYS' TENT - SAME

While Damon and Jason play cards, the same commercial plays.

VOICE ON RADIO

Step inside and lose your soul. Ha
Ha Ha Ha Ha!

At the end of the commercial, a woman screams loudly, and then screams again, drowning out Heather's screaming.

INT. LIZ AND KYRA'S TENT - SAME

Liz suddenly wails aloud as she reaches sexual climax, further drowning out Heather's screams in the forest.

Mark clamps his hand over Liz's mouth, to keep from waking the counselors.

MARK

Shhh. You wanna wake them mother fuckers up?

He turns his head, listens, but all is now eerily quiet. He gives Liz a quick peck, and quickly stands up to put on his clothes.

EXT. FOREST - CONTINUOUS

Heather gurgles on her own blood, unable to speak or scream. She runs with a meat hook shoved into her chest, growing weaker by the second.

She stumbles and falls.

She looks up at the killer and softly sobs. Defeated, she closes her eyes tight and turns her head away.

He swings the machete, chops her head off.

The head rolls across the ground, and comes to rest with the face against a tree trunk. The killer picks up the head, then walks over and pries the meat hook out of Heather's body.

KYRA'S DREAM

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

The teens all run to escape an unseen danger. All except Kyra, whose legs make the motions of running, but she's not moving.

She looks down at her feet - bogged down in a sticky, gooey substance. It's as if she is stuck in an overgrown puddle of gum.

No one can help her. They're too busy running for their own lives.

END DREAM

INT. TAMMY AND HEATHER'S TENT - CONTINUOUS

Tammy is sound asleep.

Kyra suddenly wakes and gasps loudly, lurches upright. She blows out a ragged breath, realizing it was her own mind - a nightmare that had trapped her in the puddle of goo.

Tammy stirs, but doesn't wake.

Sweating profusely, Kyra peels the sleeping bag off her body, disgusted by the wetness.

EXT. CAMPSITE FIRE - SAME

A few tiny flames still burn here and there.

The killer, still unseen, heads toward the logs by the campfire. A hand reaches out and places Heather's head on one of the thick logs.

His gaze wanders around at the tents, as if deciding where to go next.

The shadow of a large male, Damon, stands up inside the boy's tent, and then the door flap of Tammy and the late Heather's tent starts to move.

The killer quickly sinks back into the shadows of the forest trees, but lingers to watch.

MOMENTS LATER

Kyra steps out of the tent, and starts toward the dwindling fire. She rubs her eyes, yawns, then wraps her arms around herself as if she's caught a chill.

Damon steps out of the boys' tent.

Kyra spots him. He has no shirt on, and the lines of his muscles stand out prominently against the dim light of the dwindling fire.

She watches his every move as he walks toward her.

He knows she's staring, knows she likes what she sees, and he smiles at her.

DAMON

Can't sleep?

He stretches. Then he spits a wad of Skoal laden saliva on the ground.

Kyra looks disgusted, suddenly remembering that despite how cute he is, he's got a really gross habit.

KYRA

Well, I was.

Clearly shaken, Kyra rubs her face, runs a hand through her messy hair.

DAMON

Nightmares, huh? I used to have 'em almost every night. As much as I hate to admit it, they got better after I started coming to group.

Damon reaches out, touches Kyra's shoulder.

She pulls back, and stares at him in silence.

DAMON

Hey; it was just a dream right?

KYRA

I know... but it felt so real. We were all running and running, but I couldn't. You just left me... all of you.

Kyra looks toward the fire, avoiding eye contact with Damon. Then some movement catches her eye.

There's a THUMP - Heather's head rolling off the log.

KYRA

What was that?

Damon shrugs.

DAMON

Came from over there.

Apprehensively, they start toward the large log. Kyra grabs his arm.

He glances at her hand, then into her eyes. He pulls his arm away and creeps over to the log.

Kyra stands very still, glances all around and over her shoulder.

Damon peeks around the log. He can see something, but that side of the log is fairly dark, and it's not clear what the object is.

He leans down, reaches out. He feels Heather's head, runs his hand around on it.

KYRA

(loud whisper)

What is it? Damon?

Damon feels around on the head some more. He hits the bloody stump of the neck, and a strange, confused expression covers his face.

He moves his hand up a bit, and feels Heather's lips, and then nose and finally eyes.

He feels down further below the neck, once more, and suddenly realizes that it is a head, but no body.

He scurries backward a few feet and stares at the log, fear and shock covering his face.

DAMON

Oh my God.

Kyra starts toward him, but he holds up his hand. It is covered in blood. Kyra gasps.

DAMON

Listen to me... just stay away,
Kyra. Don't look at it.

Kyra starts to cry. Damon's breathing is fast and shallow.

DAMON

Go and get Harlan.

Kyra turns and runs over to Harlan and Nadine's tent.

Damon crawls over and picks up a stick from the fire that has a flame on the end. He shines it over Heather's head, and then gags, nearly throwing up.

EXT. EDGE OF THE FOREST - CONTINUOUS

The killer giggles, soft and sadistic.

INT. NADINE AND HARLAN'S TENT - CONTINUOUS

Kyra opens the flap of Nadine and Harlan's tent, but it's empty. She runs back to Damon.

FROM THE EDGE OF THE FOREST

The killer's POV, he watches Damon and Kyra.

KYRA

They're gone. They're not there,
Damon.

Kyra pauses, staring at him, confused. She raises her voice to near a yell.

KYRA

What is going on? Where is the
blood from? Just tell me what it
is!

BY THE FIRE

Damon just looks at Kyra. He's still holding the fiery stick. He's pale. Disgust and disbelief cover his face.

Kyra tries to step past Damon, to see for herself what the problem is.

He steps in her way, grabs her arms.

DAMON

No, Kyra. Don't.

Kyra pulls away from him.

KYRA

Then just tell me what it is!

Damon takes a deep, shaky breath, but still doesn't answer.

KYRA

I'm talking to you God Dammit!

DAMON

It's not... It's a head.

She stares at him in dismay.

KYRA

A head? Like... like an animal?

Damon sighs, grabs Kyra's arm, and drags her over to the log. He points the fiery stick down behind it to illuminate Heather's head. The eyes seem to stare right through Kyra.

She screams and jerks away, then stumbles back, a hand over her mouth.

The others come running out of their tents, Josh with his baseball bat in hand, ready for battle.

EXT. EDGE OF THE FOREST - NIGHT

The killer sinks even further back into the shadows and disappears.

The campers hear his footsteps, other footsteps heading in the opposite direction too (O.S.).

The teens' eyes dart all around them.

MARK

What the fuck is going on?

JOSH

Jesus, I thought somebody was dying.

Damon and Kyra glance at each other. Kyra sobs.

JOSH

(confused)

What?

DAMON

Heather... never seen nothin' like that.

Josh and Mark look at him, and then at each other, unsure what to make of it all.

Kyra sobs too hard to even speak.

Liz and Tammy try to calm her down. Liz wraps an arm around her shoulders, and Kyra buries her face into Liz's chest, while Tammy strokes Kyra's hair.

LIZ

Shhh. Shhh. Okay... it's okay.

TAMMY

What is it?

Kyra looks up from Liz's chest, points a shaking hand toward the log.

Tammy, Liz, Josh, and Mark walk toward it. Liz and Tammy scream, begin to cry.

Frantic, they all panic and yell.

JOSH

What the fuck? Oh Jesus.

MARK

Mother.... God damm! What the fuck?

DAMON

I don't know. We didn't see anything! We didn't hear anything!

KYRA

Oh God... Nadine and Harlan.

Liz, Tammy, Josh, and Mark all look toward their tent, and at each other.

TAMMY

What? Where are they?

MARK

They're not in the tent?

Kyra is still crying, and Damon shakes his head.

The teens stand around silently confused and in shock.

JOSH

Well, we have to go look for them.

When nobody answers him, he gets irate. He stares them all down.

JOSH

What the fuck is wrong with you?!

The other teens just look at him, all of them clearly afraid.

DAMON

What if they're already dead? You really want to go looking? Whatever or whoever did that...

(pointing at Heather's head)

JOSH

Fuck this. Bunch of pussy's.

He reaches into his backpack, grabs a large metal flashlight, and takes off into the woods.

Damon follows him with his eyes for a moment, and Mark just looks scared and confused.

Damon turns to him, with a defeated look on his face.

DAMON

Shit. Stay with the girls.

Mark nods.

Damon takes off in a trot to catch up with Josh. He still has the stick in his hand, and it's still burning, but the flame is beginning to dwindle.

The girls cry, tremble. Kyra runs over to Damon, grabs him by the arm and spins him around to face her.

Damon stares at her tear filled eyes, unsure of what to say.

Josh continues into the forest but slows, not too sure if he wants to go in alone.

KYRA

Please... just tell me you're coming back.

Damon stares into her eyes for a few seconds.

KYRA

Just say it.

DAMON

Get some more wood on that fire,
and find something for protection.

(glances around nervously)

Just look out for yourself.

Tammy yells at the two boys.

TAMMY

This is fucking stupid! We need to
stay together!

IN THE FOREST

Josh has made his way twenty feet or so in, so Damon trots to
catch up with him.

AT THE CAMPFIRE

Kyra, slowly makes her way back toward the center of the
campsite, near Tammy, Liz and Mark. Along the way, she picks
up small sticks for the fire.

TAMMY

God this isn't happening. I wanna
wake up and make it all go away.

LIZ

Well, its not gonna just go away.
Shit. I can't believe we're just
gonna sit here and do nothing.

Kyra, still sniffing, tosses the sticks on the fire.

KYRA

I'm going to check the tents.

LIZ

Check them for what?

KYRA
Anything we can use.

INT. NADINE AND HARLAN'S TENT - MOMENTS LATER

Liz searches through their bags for anything to use for protection. She finds the van keys. On the chain is a miniature canister of mace/pepper spray.

INT. BOYS' TENT - SAME

Kyra does the same, looks all around for something useful. She limps a little from her twisted ankle.

She finds a baseball, then grabs a long sock from the floor. It doesn't look too clean. She sniffs it and nearly gags.

She shivers at the smell, drops the baseball into the sock, and swings it around.

EXT. EDGE OF THE FOREST - SAME

Tammy finds a large branch, whacks it on the ground but it shatters. She walks a little farther into the forest.

Her eyes dart all around. Even the smallest sound of leaves rustling, or a slight wind frightens her.

She realizes she has walked a little too far in for comfort, so she turns to head back the way she came.

Suddenly, an unseen figure grabs her from behind and clamps a hand over her mouth and nose.

She tries to scream, her eyes wild, but she can't even breathe and the sound is too muffled for anyone to hear.

Tears stream down her face, but still her screams go unheard.

The killer drags her --

DEEPER INTO THE FOREST

Finally, Tammy has been deprived of oxygen for too long, and falls unconscious.

The killer ties a rope around her ankles and hoists her limp body overhead - the other end of the rope thrown over a large tree limb.

Tammy dangles. The killer paces around her, as if contemplating what to do with her.

Tammy starts to come around, tries to scream, but again the killer clamps a hand over her nose and mouth.

The killer withdraws a knife from his pocket. It looks like a kitchen/steak knife - not all that sharp.

He slowly saws at her throat with the knife. She is awake the whole time, but eventually begins to spew blood from her mouth.

The killer removes his hand from her mouth, and moves his face close to hers to watch her die.

When she stops twitching and writhing, he takes out the meat hook, which is already bloody, and begins to use her as a pinata.

Mad with rage, the killer growls and grunts with each blow. Finally he pauses, just stares at her swinging body, as a final breath escapes her.

EXT. FOREST - NEAR NADINE AND HARLAN - CONTINUOUS

Damon and Josh walk stealthily through the forest, parallel and about ten feet apart from one another. Their light is scarce.

Josh's flashlight grows more dim by the second, and Damon's stick torch is almost out.

DAMON

All bull aside; this is whack.

JOSH

Yeah well, we could always go back
and wait.

DAMON

Fine by me. Or else we better find
'em soon, cause that light's gonna
give out.

Josh looks at his flashlight. It flickers, and he taps the
end of it against his palm. It gets a bit brighter
momentarily, but continues to flicker.

JOSH

Give it a few more minutes. Then
we'll head back.

Damon nods, and turns his attention back to the area in front
of him. He squints through the darkness.

Then, he suddenly stops dead still, which Josh notices.

Damon holds his dwindling torch up a bit higher, and Josh
walks over to investigate.

DAMON

I think I see somethin' over there.

Josh shines his light in that direction, and they see what
looks like a mound.

JOSH

(apprehensive)

You go ahead. I'm right behind you.

The flame on Damon's stick flickers one more time, and goes
out. He blows on it, but it's hopeless.

DAMON

Screw that. You've got the light.

Josh steps in front of him, and Damon throws his stick onto the ground. He stays close behind Josh. At first it seems it may be a stump, a mound of dirt or a small grassy hill.

As they draw closer, it slowly becomes clear that it's a couple of bodies, one atop the other.

The boys' eyes are wild with terror. Damon, still behind Josh, peeks around his shoulder.

DAMON

Oh God.

Josh reaches out, timid, hands shaking, and rolls Harlan's body off of Nadine. A pool of blood surrounds them.

Damon looks around, suddenly more petrified than ever.

DAMON

Let's go. Let's just take the girls
and get outta here.

JOSH

Fucking aye right.

MARK/KYRA/LIZ (O.S.)

Tammy! Tammy!

Josh and Damon shoot each other a concerned glance and head back through the woods.

The flashlight flickers and suddenly goes out. It's dark and they can barely make out a hand in front of their faces.

EXT. CAMPSITE - SAME

Mark, Liz, and Kyra sit around the campfire, each with their weapon of choice.

Mark throws a large bowie knife at the ground, making it stick and pulling it out, over and over.

LIZ

Where the fuck is she?

Branches CRACK. All eyes dart to the edge of the forest.

KYRA

Tammy... thank God.

She squints into the darkness.

When there's no answer, they stand, all ready to fight off the attacker. After a few seconds of tense silence, they all sit back down.

Kyra reaches down and rubs her ankle now and then.

KYRA

I can't take much more of this.
Nadine, Harlan, Heather, and
probably Tammy too...

LIZ

Oh God. What if Tammy... if none of
them come back at all?

MARK

Then we'll go and find them.

KYRA

And then what if we don't come
back?

MARK

I don't know, okay? Let's just shut
up and keep our eyes open.

The girls stare at Mark, like he should have all the answers, and know what they should do.

He takes a deep breath, and musters up some courage, stands up.

MARK

Stay here.

Liz steps in front of him.

LIZ
Where are you going?

MARK
To find Tammy.

Kyra moves next to Liz. They both stare Mark down.

KYRA
Oh no. You're not leaving us here.
We don't even know what's out
there!

He steps around them and walks away.

They watch him go, helpless to stop him.

LIZ
God dammit, Mark!

MARK
I'll be back. Just stay put.

He takes a few steps and then stops for a second, looks back at them over his shoulder.

MARK
And if I'm not, don't come looking
for me.

LIZ
(mumbles)
Shit.

EXT. FOREST - JOSH AND DAMON'S LOCATION

The killer watches their every move from several yards away. He stalks them, keeping his steps in line, parallel with theirs.

EXT. FOREST - MOMENTS LATER

Mark is just a short distance in, when he hears something CREAK and SWAY. He looks up and droplets fall on his face. He can't see well.

It's just an outline in the moonlit sky - something large hung from a tree. He rubs his face and realizes the droplets are blood.

A loud crack resonates through the silence, and then the object plummets toward him. As it grows closer, his face is cloaked in horror.

The tree branch has broken off. He tries to dodge the object and the limb, but it lands on him, knocks him to the ground.

Tammy's body drapes over him. He screams as he tries to push it off.

EXT. CAMPSITE FIRE - CONTINUOUS

The girls jump to their feet, and run to the edge of the forest. Kyra limps a bit from her twisted ankle.

LIZ

Mark! God dammit Mark!

She screams and cries. Kyra grabs her arm, pulls her toward the fire. Scared out of their minds, they huddle together.

Suddenly Mark comes into view, covered in blood.

Liz breaks away from Kyra and runs to Mark, throws herself in his arms. She kisses him over and over. Then she leans back, looks at all the blood on him.

LIZ

Mark... oh God. What happened to you?

MARK

It's Tammy. She's dead.

KYRA

What! Oh God! No!

Mark nods sadly.

MARK

Hanging from a tree like a slab of
beef.

Liz and Kyra stare at him with wide, horrified eyes.

MARK

He's picking us off one by one.

EXT. FOREST - CONTINUOUS

Something big and heavy suddenly rushes by, not far away from Damon and Josh. They both jump, startled. They start to back away from the sound of the footsteps.

As they back away, they are drawing farther and farther apart.

Josh suddenly trips, falls backward. He looks up and sees the outline of a huge figure standing over him. He screams and scurries like a crab, then turns over onto all fours.

The killer has a large meat hook in one hand, and the machete in the other.

Josh screams.

EXT. CAMPSITE FIRE - CONTINUOUS

The three campers all run to the edge of the forest. They scream in unison, into the darkness.

MARK

Josh! Damon! Can you hear me!

LIZ

Damn you! Damn you whoever you are!

KYRA

God! What do you want from us!
Leave us alone!

The girls are crying, and Mark begins to pace.

MARK

I'm going after them.

Kyra grabs his shirt hard, and stops him.

KYRA

No! Please... don't leave!

LIZ

Oh God! Oh God! We're gonna die!
We're all gonna die!

Mark stares into their faces, realizes he can't leave them,
and he can't help his friends.

MARK

Fuck! Fuck!

EXT. FOREST - AT JOSH AND DAMON - NIGHT

Damon's face is covered in shock and horror. He turns toward
the sound of his friends' voices.

He takes a couple of steps toward Josh, but the killer might
spot him. Instead he tiptoes over to a nearby tree, hides
behind it.

He closes his eyes and prays in a whisper.

Josh crawls, looks back over his shoulder as the killer
nonchalantly stomps after him.

Terrified, Josh can't seem to get his legs to work - to get
up and run.

DAMON

(whispers to himself)
Please. Please just go away.

(MORE)

DAMON(cont'd)

Don't let him find me. I'm not
here. I'm not here. Oh... please.

After several seconds, Josh almost makes it to his feet, but the killer suddenly shoves the huge machete into him, impaling him from rectum to chin. The killer twists it around inside Josh's body.

Josh gurgles on his own blood and flops onto the ground, writhing and twitching.

The killer attempts to remove the machete. It seems to be stuck, and after pulling a couple of times, he gives up.

He stands, straddles Josh's body, and waits there until Josh stops twitching. Still his face is unclear in the darkness.

Once Josh is perfectly still, and very dead, the killer begins to look around for Damon.

Damon remains hidden behind the tree.

The killer draws closer. Damon hears the footsteps, stops whispering to himself and even stops breathing.

He slides down against the tree, feels around on the ground for something - anything to use for a weapon.

His hand hits something solid - a rock.

When the footsteps are close enough, Damon flings himself from behind the tree and screams out in fear and rage.

He crashes the rock into the side of the killer's head with all his might. The killer stumbles sideways, falls to his knees.

Damon walks over and raises the rock over his head. Tears stream down his face.

The killer breathes hard and labored.

DAMON

Eat this you sick fucker!

Damon brings the rock down toward the killer's head, but the killer swings an uppercut with the meat hook, and lurches out of the path of the rock.

The hook sticks into Damon, just below the breastplate. The killer turns it, and forces it downward, through Damon's entire abdomen.

Tears fall, as Damon's eyes flutter and then roll back into his head.

The killer pries Damon off of his hook, and the body falls to the ground.

Damon takes a few breaths, very shallow and trembling, then silence.

The killer rises to his feet. He seems woozy and dazed by the blow to his head. He trudges off into the forest.

EXT. CAMPSITE - NIGHT

Mark, Kyra and Liz stand in the center of the campsite, near the fire.

LIZ

Screw this. I'm outta here. You want to wait around to die then fine, but I'd rather take my chances and head for the van.

Liz goes to her tent, and comes back out quickly with her back pack. She starts for the path they came in on, but Mark steps in front of her.

LIZ

Get out of my way, Mark.

MARK

Just stop and think for a minute, okay? You really want to be out there alone?

LIZ

No, but I don't wanna be here
either.

Tears well up and her lips quiver.

LIZ

I just wanna go home.

Mark just shakes his head in dismay.

LIZ

If you're so worried, come with me.
Then I won't be alone.

KYRA

What... we're just gonna leave Josh
and Damon? They still out there
searching...

LIZ

Oh they're searching all right;
searching for the bright light at
the end of the tunnel. They're
dead, Kyra, and you know it! So
let's just cut the shit, okay?!

Mark sighs and steps away from Liz. He plops down onto a
nearby log, runs his hands through his hair nervously.

MARK

(mumbles)

Why... doesn't make any sense.

KYRA

What?

MARK

Why would they be after us, or
maybe it's not us... could be
anybody who comes along.

LIZ

They? So you think a person did this?

MARK

At first I thought maybe a bear or something... but then there'd be claw marks or teeth...

LIZ

(hands over her ears)

Ohhh... stop. Just stop okay. I can't do this.

MARK

Heather... her head was cut clean, not torn up or chewed.

Kyra looks like she might vomit, while Liz presses her hands harder over her ears and hums loudly.

Mark grabs Liz's hands, pulls them down and looks her square in the eye.

MARK

Listen to me! If we know what we're up against, maybe we'll have a better chance of getting out of here in one piece.

Liz and Kyra glare at Mark as if to say, "bad choice of words."

MARK

Look... I'd say this isn't the time to panic, except obviously is fucking is.

LIZ

Exactly, so why are we still here?

MARK

Because somebody has it in for us... somebody who wants us dead.

FLASHBACK

INT. NADINE AND HARLAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Calvin backs away toward the door, scared, confused, crying, twitching. Mark, Damon and Josh chant and torment him.

CALVIN

I wish you were all dead.

The teens glance at each other. Damon snickers, wiggles his fingers in front of Calvin's face.

DAMON

Oooooo...

He slams the door in Calvin's face.

BACK TO SCENE

EXT. CAMPSITE - NIGHT

Kyra just shakes her head.

KYRA

Oh come on. Calvin?

MARK

Why not?

KYRA

Because he's not even capable of this. It's just crazy.

LIZ

And so are we if we stick around.

Kyra and Mark just look at her like she's lost it, as she reaches for her backpack.

LIZ

Your funeral.

Liz pushes past Mark, but he grabs her by the shoulders. He spins her around and looks directly into her eyes.

Irritated and distraught, she tries hard to twist away from him.

MARK

Liz... I'm really sorry.

He punches her hard in the jaw and she crumbles into his arms.

Shocked, Kyra's mouth flies open.

KYRA

What the hell is wrong with you?

MARK

You wanted me to just let her go?

He grabs Liz under the armpits and starts to drag her.

MARK

Help me. Grab her feet.

It's quite a struggle with Kyra's wounded ankle, but she gives it her best.

They drag Liz over to the log, and prop her up against it.

She slumps over onto the ground. Mark lifts her back into a sitting position.

He tries to turn away from her, but each time he lets go of her, she starts to slump, and he has to turn back to her and lift her back up to sitting again and again.

Strangely enough, Kyra starts to giggle. Mark looks at her like he can't believe she could laugh right now.

KYRA

You knocked her out - stone cold out.

Meanwhile the lifting and slumping happens a few times. It really shouldn't be funny, but it is.

Kyra watches, giggles awkwardly like shock is setting in. Finally she pulls it together and kneels down to hold Liz upright.

Mark grabs a nearby folding camping chair and opens it. He plops Liz on the chair, dumps out one of the duffle bags.

He rifles through the stuff on the ground, and eventually finds a small amount of string, wound onto a cardboard roll.

LATER

Mark and Kyra sit around the fire. Kyra is on the ground, seated against one of the logs. Mark is next to her, on top of the log.

Liz is still out cold, tied up in the chair.

As the fire dwindles, Mark tosses sticks in.

Kyra yawns, eyelids weak and heavy. She shakes her head, takes a deep breath, and opens her eyes wide.

KYRA

(groggy, talking to
herself)

Wake up Kyra.

MONTAGE

As time passes, the fire burns.

Mark struggles to stay awake.

Kyra's eyes close and she slumps down further against the log.

Liz sits in the chair, still bound, but now wide awake. She eyeballs Mark with a look of pure hatred.

Mark goes over to talk to her (MOS), and she nods her head, a pitiful, pleading look on her face.

Mark unties her and she rises from the chair, rubs her wrists. She walks past him, bumps into him hard. She doesn't even look at him, as she plops down on the ground.

Kyra begins to twitch, sweating and mumbling in her sleep.

On the highway, a car passes by now and again.

EXT. CAMPSITE - ALMOST DAWN

Eventually, Mark is unable to keep his eyes open, and falls asleep as well.

Liz watches him, and when she's sure he's asleep, she creeps over to her backpack, takes out a fluorescent light stick, then heads out into the --

FOREST

She trudges through the thick trees and bushes. It's dark, so only the light of the florescent stick guides her. She's deep in the forest, and not on a path.

She stops and looks around, concerned and anxious.

LIZ

Come on. I don't wanna be lost.

She steps into a spider web hanging between the trees. She grunts and hisses at the air in disgust.

LIZ

Oh... this sucks so bad.

EXT. FOREST - DAWN

The forest is again teeming with life. Birds chirp and animals scurry around.

The sun begins to rise in the distance.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAWN

A few cars travel down the highway intermittently.

One car passes a large and very CHARRED BUILDING.

A light wind causes leaves and litter to dance across the asphalt

A POLICE CAR sits on the side of the road.

The POLICEMAN inside the car, 40, overweight and in need of a good shave, chomps on donuts and sips on coffee. On the seat next to him is a radar gun.

A car passes and he points the radar gun - it displays the car's speed at 54 MPH.

He looks disgusted, takes another bite of a donut.

EXT. CAMPSITE - DAWN

Mark is asleep. Kyra shakes him, and he nearly jumps out of his skin. Kyra stands in front of him, a backpack thrown over her shoulder.

KYRA

Get up.

Mark's eyes dark around the campsite nervously, looking for Liz.

KYRA

She's gone.

MARK

Shit... shit!

EXT. FOREST - MOMENTS LATER

Liz's light stick is very weak. As she walks, it grows more and more dim, and finally goes out.

She can barely make out the surroundings. She shakes the light stick a couple of times, then growls and throws it at a tree.

She continues on. Suddenly, she sees movement out of the corner of her eye.

She jerks her head in that direction, and stops dead still. She sees nothing, but something doesn't feel right to her. Her breathing grows rapid and panicked.

She looks toward the light of the rising sun, and whispers to herself.

LIZ

Sun rises in the East. We came in
by the North.

Liz heads North. She continually glances back over her shoulder, looking all around her, as if she knows someone's watching.

She suddenly smiles, realizing she's in a somewhat familiar place. She makes her way to a slightly cleared path - the one they came into the campsite on.

A whistle, kind of like a bird, but with a too human quality (O.S.)

Liz's breathing quickens. She stops, still as a statue.

Again, the whistle, but now closer.

Liz starts running, and when she's just a few steps away from the path, someone grabs her by the hair and throws her against a tree.

Her back hits it hard, knocking the breath out of her. She tries to scream but can't manage to pull any air into her lungs.

She runs clumsily toward the path and heads for the van. She looks back at the killer who's always right behind her - his feet padding noisily in the leaves.

She falls and crawls along the ground for a few moments.

EXT. FOREST, NEAR CAMPSITE - SAME

Kyra and Mark set out. In one hand she holds the sock with the baseball inside.

She steps on a branch and it cracks loudly.

Mark holds up his hand and turns his head, listening.

A faint scream (O.S.).

He and Kyra take off deeper into the forest, toward the scream.

EXT. FOREST - CONTINUOUS

Liz pulls out the van keys, with the can of mace attached, and turns over. She screams and sprays the killer in the face, then scrambles away.

The killer squeals, then he tromps up behind Liz and slams a foot down on her back. He breathes hard, whines like a child.

Liz screams at the top of her lungs, as the meat hook comes down on her and sticks into her back.

She screams one last time and as the hook tears her flesh she moans and dies.

Her head turns to the side, eyes stare straight ahead, cheek pressed into the forest floor.

The van keys fall out of her hand and roll onto the ground. The killer picks them up.

EXT. FOREST - NEAR CAMPSITE - MORNING

Mark and Kyra run through the woods at breakneck speed.

Branches and thorny vines hit them in the face, arms and neck, leaving bloody scratches, tearing bits and pieces from their clothes.

Kyra winces and limps from her sprained ankle.

They finally come upon the path, still running, out of breath.

Mark drops to his knees.

Kyra leans against a tree, sweating and panting to the point of total exhaustion. She drops the pack from her shoulders, rubs her ankle.

MARK

You all right?

She takes a better look at the ankle, now horribly swollen.

KYRA

Yeah... let's just keep moving.

Mark looks in all directions, keeping an eye out for the killer. He glances at Kyra, as she reaches down for her backpack.

MARK

Leave it.

Kyra drops the back pack, but she keeps the sock in her hand. She limps as they start out again, with Mark in front.

KYRA

I'm sorry... about Liz.

Mark just stares at her for a moment, sullen.

INT. TENT - NIGHT (FLASH BACK)

Mark lies atop Liz, kisses her softly.

MARK

Yeah. Me too.

CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST - NEARER THE VAN

The killer stalks Mark and Kyra, through the trees and just out of sight.

EXT. FOREST PATH - MORNING

The sounds of a living ecosystem are all around them. They keep a watchful eye out, still fearful of the killer.

As Mark and Kyra round a small curve in the trail, they see someone up ahead, standing over a body.

In the blink of an eye, they recognize the clothes. It's Liz's body.

The someone has their back to Kyra and Mark, so they can't tell who it is - a large man in jeans and a T-shirt.

Mark pushes Kyra behind a tree and ducks behind it with her. He leans out a bit, strains to see who it is.

The person doesn't turn around as he grabs Liz's ankles and drags her lifeless body off the path.

Kyra pins her back against the tree, breathing rapid and shaky.

Mark places a finger over his lips to signal her to be quiet. He pulls the Bowie knife out of its sheath and tries to sneak towards the man.

But he hears Mark's footsteps and turns around. It's Calvin dragging Liz's body.

Mark's face is veiled in shock, which quickly turns to realization.

BEHIND THE TREE

Kyra peeks out, sees who it is. She quickly hides behind the tree again, stunned.

FOREST PATH

When Calvin sees him, Mark runs at him with the knife clasped in his hand, holding it over his head, screaming with rage and angst, and ready to strike.

Calvin drops Liz's legs and ducks, trying to deflect Mark's blows. Calvin grabs the arm holding the knife and easily pushes Mark's hand down.

They struggle, falling into bushes and running into trees. Mark trips over Liz's body and nearly falls to the ground. He stumbles and then recovers to attack Calvin again.

CALVIN

No! Stop! Oh God!

BEHIND THE TREE

Kyra still cries and shakes. She peeks around once in a while and can see, though not very well, the two fighting amidst the trees.

NEAR THE PATH

Mark knees Calvin in the groin and then lands an upper cut, which stuns Calvin and nearly knocks him out.

Calvin recovers, shoves Mark to the ground.

He drops the knife, frantically rifles through the leaves, but the knife is hopelessly lost.

Mark scurries backward on his rear.

MARK

Get away you sick fuck!

Calvin tromps toward him, an angry look on his face.

Mark quickly spots a large branch, picks it up and slams it into the side of Calvin's head.

Calvin's eyelids droop. He wavers like he might fall, but doesn't.

Mark hits him again.

Calvin falls like a stone, a bloody gash on the side of his forehead.

He looks into Mark's eyes. The color slowly drains from Calvin's face.

He takes one big raspy gulp of air, and his head flops to the side, eyes wide open.

Mark pokes Calvin's body with his foot, but Calvin remains perfectly still.

Mark makes his way back to Kyra, who is now standing on the path.

She stares at Mark, with a look of utter shock and exhaustion on her face. Her eyes are red and swollen and her cheeks are wet with tears.

Mark wraps his arms around her.

She breaks down into uncontrollable sobs. Kyra's face is turned to the side, with her head against Mark's chest.

Eyes blurry from her tears, she slowly starts to make out the shape of something moving toward them through the trees. She blinks a few times, and lifts her head.

It becomes clear that something big is heading toward them.

Through the trees is a glimpse of dark, scraggly hair, a flannel shirt, shoulders that stand an easy six feet from the ground.

The sound of branches cracking underfoot and heavy tromping.

Kyra screams. She shakes with tremendous fear, as she pushes away from Mark and takes off running.

Mark instinctively turns in that direction, and then glances at Calvin's body.

MARK

Oh God...

Seeing what Kyra saw, Mark takes off running after her.

MOMENTS LATER

The large man - the killer, takes huge steps, and quickly closes in, despite the fact that Mark and Kyra are running.

Kyra turns to look back over her shoulder and she trips. Mark then trips over her. He gets to his feet first, and drags Kyra to hers.

Kyra screams out in pain.

KYRA

My ankle! It's my ankle!

Mark wraps her arm around his shoulder and helps support her.

As they run, now more slowly, the killer draws closer. Kyra cries to the point of continuous screams and sobs.

She turns to look over her shoulder once, and the killer is too close for comfort.

Her gaze settles on his mouth, smiling and full of rotten teeth.

KYRA

(screams)

Why are you doing this? What do you want from us? God!... Leave us alone!

They continue to run with the killer constantly just behind them. Finally, they near the van. They can see it only eighty yards or so away.

Mark turns to look over his shoulder and realizes the killer has mysteriously disappeared.

He slows to a walk, and turns his entire body, and Kyra, whose arm is still hanging on his shoulder, around in a circle, looking in every direction.

All is very quiet - too quiet.

Then there's the sound of labored breathing, loud growling and pounding feet moving toward them, but this time from in front of them.

MARK

This way!

They turn and run through the thick forest, hoping to escape or hide.

MOMENTS LATER

They come upon a huge tree, large enough for both of them to hide behind.

The FOOTSTEPS of the killer approach (O.S.).

Kyra tries to compose and quiet herself.

The killer walks past them slowly. He takes several steps away from them and looks all around. He seems confused. He takes a couple more steps, then slowly turns in their direction.

Mark shoves Kyra away from him.

MARK

Run Kyra! RUN!!!

Kyra screams and darts away. Mark faces the killer. He darts past and the killer takes the bait.

Kyra heads back down the path toward the van. She's almost there - just a little further. She's so frightened and exhausted, she can hardly breathe.

She stops and stares at the sock weapon in her hand, then towards where she last saw Mark. At the sock, back to Mark again, as if she might go back to help him.

But that's too risky. She runs off as fast as she can manage on her sore ankle.

INT. FOREST

Mark runs with all the strength he has left, but the killer is closing in on him fast.

Mark screams out in pain, as the killer catches up to him and shoves the meat hook deep into his shoulder. Mark falls to his knees, and the meat hook pulls out of his body.

He flops forward on top of it. He lies perfectly still and closes his eyes, playing dead.

The killer stands over him for a few moments, withdraws a big knife from the front of his overalls, then turns to walk away.

Mark timidly opens his eyes, slowly pushes up onto all fours and picks up the meat hook from where it was lying beneath him.

He staggers to a standing position, then screams and runs toward the killer.

The killer barely has time to turn around when the meat hook slams into his chest. He flops onto the ground, face first.

Mark steps back slowly, wobbling. He pokes the killer with his foot. No reaction. When he doesn't move for several seconds, Mark tries repeatedly to pry the meat hook from the killer's chest.

It's stuck too deep. Mark heaves, spits on the killer's body and then kicks it several times, screaming and grunting.

MOMENTS LATER

Kyra makes it to the van, but has no keys and the doors are all locked. She runs around to each door and the rear hatch, pulls on them frantically.

She pounds and screams.

The sound of an approaching car (O.S.).

EXT. HIGHWAY - MORNING

Kyra runs to the edge of the road. Not a car in sight.

Suddenly, from behind, a hand grabs her shoulder. She gasps and screams.

She turns and stumbles a few feet back. It's Mark. She lunges at him and wraps her arms around his neck.

MARK

You're okay. You're okay. I think
he's dead.

He holds and consoles Kyra for a few seconds, then he grabs her by the hand.

EXT. VAN - MOMENTS LATER

Mark reaches for the door handle.

KYRA

(breathless, tearful)
It's locked.

MARK

The key's...

KYRA

I don't know. I don't know!

Mark picks up a rock and breaks the glass. They both jump inside.

INT. VAN - CONTINUOUS

The killer's angry scream (O.S.).

Mark and Kyra glance at each other, frantic.

Mark searches for a key, flips the visor down, leans across Kyra and rifles through the glove compartment.

He quickly rips open a panel under the steering wheel.

He tries to hot-wire the van. He doesn't really know what he's doing, so he's touching wires together, but nothing's happening.

Kyra watches him.

KYRA

Oh God... hurry! Do you even know what you're doing?!

MARK

No, God dammit! Just give me a minute to think, all right?!

EXT. FOREST - CONTINUOUS

The killer tromps toward the path.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHARRED BUILDING - SAME

The police officer exits his car and makes his way to the open gate. He picks up both ends of the rusty broken chain, ties it in a knot to secure the sides of the gate, then tugs on it.

Satisfied, he gets back in the car and pulls away.

BACK TO:

INT. VAN - MORNING

Mark tries some wires again, but still nothing. He sits up and slams his open hand into the steering wheel, angry and frustrated.

Both of them notice the killer is on the path, not far in front of the van.

The meat hook juts from his chest. Their eyes dart to his outstretched arm and the keys in his hand. He dangles them, shakes them around, taunting.

Rotten teeth smirk at Mark and Kyra.

KYRA

Oh God!

Mark finally he gets the right wires and there's an electrical spark. The engine coughs weakly, but doesn't crank.

MARK

God dammit! Start!

KYRA

Mark! Go! Go! Start it!

MARK

Fuck! I'm trying! Crank! Go you bitch!

The engine coughs again, and finally cranks.

OUTSIDE

As Mark tries to back out, the wheels of the van slip, spinning in the soft ground.

The killer is drawing closer, now just a few yards away.

IN THE VAN

The closer the killer gets, the harder Mark presses on the gas.

He cant go back, so he puts it in drive and screams as he drives toward the killer. Kyra screams too as they run over the killer.

Mark has a determined look on his face, as he puts it in reverse and then in drive, running over the killer a few more times.

He backs up to get a good look at the killer. He lies on the ground, lifeless.

They sit perfectly still, breathless and in shock, as they stare at the body on the ground. They look at each other with relief, then hug.

Kyra has her eyes closed. She hears a dog barking, and she opens her eyes.

She sees the killer at Mark's window. He's so tall that what she can see mostly is his wounded chest and thick, dirty neck.

Quick as a flash, he shoves his knife through Mark's eyeball, and far into his brain. Mark's body jerks a couple of times.

Kyra screams and shrinks back against her seat. She swings the heavy sock at the killer and hits him, but he's only slightly affected.

Mark's head flops sideways and his one remaining, lifeless eye stares out at Kyra.

She screams and yanks on her door handle, desperate to get out and run away, but she can't get it to open.

Suddenly, loud pounding footsteps and leaves rustling.

Calvin comes into Kyra's view as the killer turns around.

He hits the killer hard with his fist, right in the ear.

KYRA

Calvin!

OUTSIDE THE VAN

The killer stumbles a bit, covers his ear with his hand.

They grab each other, wrestle around, landing a punch now and again. The fight continues all around the van.

INSIDE

It rocks back and forth, each time they run into it. And every time, Kyra whimpers a little more.

She screams, hides her face.

OUTSIDE

Calvin is punched in the nose. Blood runs from it like a faucet.

He growls and grabs the meat hook, pries it from the killer's chest.

The sound of flesh RIPPING.

Calvin brings the meat hook down, over and over, into the killer's body.

Satisfied, he drops the meat hook onto the ground.

IN THE VAN

Kyra hears the killer groan.

Shaking, she timidly turns to look back over her shoulder. She sees the back of the killer's head and a blood trail left behind as he slides down, against the back window.

Calvin stands over him. He glares at Kyra with concern, through the rear window.

CALVIN (FROM BEHIND THE GLASS)

Kyra... you okay?

Kyra sobs, hangs her head.

When she lifts it back up, she sees a look of sheer terror on Calvin's face. The killer stabs him with the meat hook.

KYRA

No! No!

Calvin falls, and then the killer's eyes roll back in his head. He too falls to the ground.

Kyra sobs uncontrollably.

A few moments later, she reaches over and opens Mark's door.

He slumps forward onto her. Blood drips all over her clothes.

She squeals, shoves him off and climbs out the door.

OUTSIDE

She timidly takes a few steps toward the back of the van.

KYRA

Calvin?

As she rounds the corner she finds Calvin and the killer both dead, with the killer's body lying on top of Calvin's.

Kyra just stares at them for a moment. She tries to push the killer's body off of Calvin, but he's too heavy.

She glances down the path toward the highway and starts off in that direction.

She stumbles, wavers side to side down the path like a drunk. She looks pale, physically drained.

Everything seems to spin around her as she desperately tries to wipe the blood from her face with the end of her T-shirt.

She breeches the edge of the woods, spots the police car.

CUT TO:

EXT. SIDE OF THE HIGHWAY - MORNING

Kyra lies in the policeman's arms, clutches at his shirt with a pleading look.

KYRA

Dead... they're all dead.

The policeman glances into the edge of the woods, then lifts her into his arms.

INT. POLICE CAR - MINUTES LATER

Curled into a fetal position in the back seat, Kyra stares straight ahead with blank eyes. She shivers. Drool seeps from the corner of her lip, onto the seat.

The policeman picks up the transmitter of his C.B. radio, and presses the button to talk.

POLICEMAN

Dispatch this is thirty four.

DISPATCHER (ON RADIO)

Go ahead thirty four.

POLICEMAN

Listen Eunice, I got a strange situation here. Found a girl wandering in the middle of the road... pretty beat up. Mumblin' somethin'... says her friends are all dead.

There's a slight pause, while the policeman waits for the dispatcher to acknowledge.

DISPATCHER

Say again?

POLICEMAN

Just send out a couple of cars, all right? About four miles in, off the highway one fifty-nine junction. We need to take a look, see what happened out there.

DISPATCHER

Roger that thirty-four.

He glances at Kyra in the back seat, then out of the window.

THROUGH THE WINDOW --

is the badly CHARRED BUILDING again - BROOKHAVEN ASYLUM'.

EXT. FOREST PATH - CONTINUOUS

Calvin lies dead at the back of the van, but the killer is gone.

All that remains of him is a puddle of blood and a faint trail leading away from the van, farther into the forest.

SUPER: DAYS LATER

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Two POLICEMEN, mid-thirties, tromp around in the forest. They survey the surroundings, push through the heavy brush with their nightsticks.

One policeman spots a small piece of material in the bushes, badly torn and bloody.

He whistles to his partner, just a few yards away, and holds up the material.

Policeman #2 makes his way over there.

POLICEMAN #1

I don't get it. Just doesn't make
any sense.

The other policeman shakes his head in dismay.

POLICEMAN #2

If they're dead, where are the
bodies?

Policeman #1 spots a rundown cabin, barely visible beneath
the trees and covered in vines.

He slowly approaches, followed by his partner.

Policeman #1's foot hits a piece of string, pulled tight
along the ground.

A bell RINGS.

The policemen's eyes follow the string up to a bell, hung on
a tree - it's a makeshift perimeter alarm.

They glance apprehensively at each other, and then step over
the string.

AT THE CABIN

Policeman #1 pulls several vines away, revealing a small side
window. He wipes years of dirt away with his hand.

Both of them peer inside; a few pots and pans, and a burning
candle sitting on a rustic table, fashioned from tree limbs.

POLICEMAN #1

What the hell is this?

POLICEMAN #2

Looks like somebody's actually
living in this rat hole.

Policeman #1 moves some more vines and finds the doorway.

He pushes against it, and it opens a crack, but seems to be jammed.

His partner steps in to help. Grunting and straining they manage to force it open.

INT. CABIN - DAY

The policemen step inside.

A ragged curtain separates the bed from the rest of the room.

Several items don't seem to belong - a ladies floral dress on a rusty hanger, a teddy bear, several key rings, a child's school backpack and lunch box, Josh's baseball cap atop a human skull, and next to it, his bat.

On a rickety counter is an old, yellowed newspaper. The headline reads, 'ASYLUM BURNED IN MIDNIGHT FIRE. SOME STILL UNACCOUNTED FOR.'

Policeman #1 peers into the pot, and suddenly grows pale. He turns his head and gags.

Policeman #2 looks inside the pot - lots of blood, a human ear, and something which looks like a kidney.

POLICEMAN #2

Jesus...

Movement catches his eye. He spins around, eyes wide.

He screams - a short strangled yelp.

IN THE FOREST

A couple of GUN SHOTS. Then, the screams of both policeman mingle together (O.S.).

FADE OUT